

GRAND PANEL PORTRAIT of GEORGE ELRICK

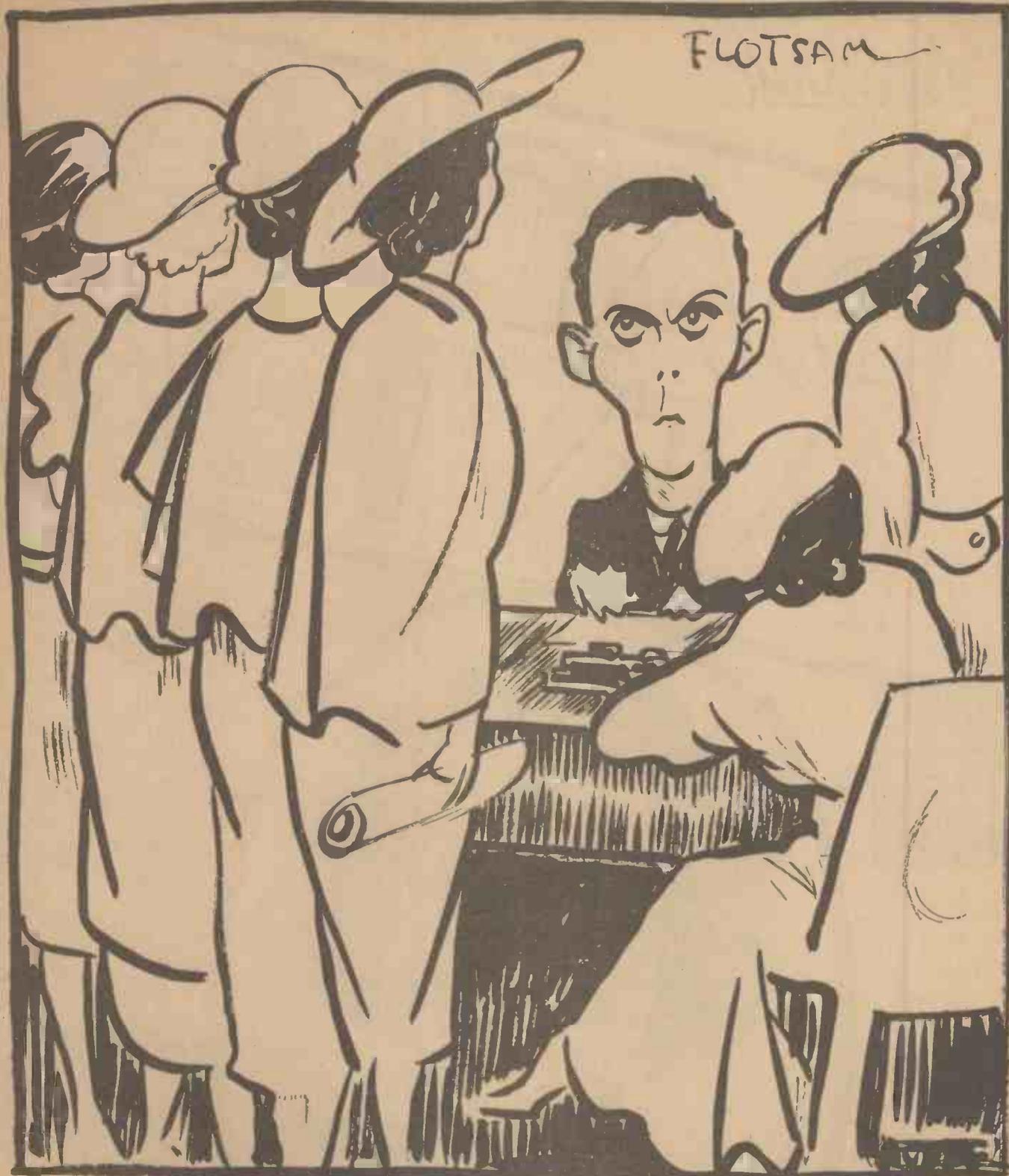
*Free Inside!*

# RADIO REVIEW

№ 28  
MAY 16  
1936  
PRICE  
2¢



Smiling  
Peggy Desmond  
SYNCOATED  
PIANISTIC  
STAR



THE picture reproduced on this page was recently made the basis of a remarkable series of experiments by our esteemed friend, Professor Jan Klick, of Lithuania.

Professor Klick, whose monumental work, "From Amoebe to Superman" ("Jag Gug Mutt," Brocken, 1927), has so far failed to receive the recognition it deserves, has kindly permitted us to publish his conclusions.

It is unfortunate perhaps that Professor Klick, in the characteristic way which he has made his own, conceived the daring idea of writing his book in one of the Indo-Burmese dialects. More strangely still, the particular dialect employed is one with which we are not acquainted.

Readers will appreciate, therefore, that any vagueness in the translation is due to the fact that only three hours were at our disposal in order to master the language.

Professor Klick, then, showed the pictures on this page to a group of schoolboys (schoolmasters, janitors?), whose ages ranged between seven and nine (17 and 19; 71 and 90?). They were asked what the picture represented.

The result of the test showed that 96.4 per cent. (49.6 or 9.64 per cent.?) were of opinion that the picture showed a booking clerk (bookbinder, bookmaker?) at a railway station (publishing office, race meeting?).

The other 3.6 per cent. (63.6 or 36.3 per cent.?) believed the picture to illustrate a scene from "Mary Rose" ("Rose Marie," "Der Rosenkavalier," "Rose of Tralee"?)

The second group to whom the picture was shown consisted of mechanics (mathematicians, musicians, merchants?), aged between 4 and 12 (21 and 40, 42 and 120?).

Their answers were different.

Fully 65.1 per cent. (1.56 or 15.6 per cent.?) were agreed that they were looking at the picture of a piano-playing (piano-throwing, pie-eating?) contest. The others didn't know (did know?) what the picture represented.

It is strange (only to be expected?), adds Professor Klick, that such a large (small?) number of persons should have succeeded (failed?) in the examination.

In a letter which accompanied the book was a letter from the Professor asking us to tell him the subject of the picture.

Mr Flotsam informs us that Eric Maschwitz has inadvertently arranged an interview with the Boswell Sisters at the same time as the Carlisle Cousins.

We are writing the Professor accordingly.

# WHY NOT BE YOURSELF?

By \_\_\_\_\_  
**GRACIE FIELDS**



ONLY the other day I encountered two young men with two young women in the street. The men wore American shirts and ties, together with hats which gave them the appearance of the toughest gangsters ever seen on the screen.

Beside them, as they swaggered along, walked their two friends—one with a "Garbo bob," the other with eyebrows slanted up in the manner of Marlene Dietrich.

The young men chewed gum, and talked from the side of their mouths in approved film gangster style. The conversation of all was full of "Okays," "Say, get this," "On the level, baby," and many other expressions which George Raft and others have popularised in this country as well as in America.

Why do they do it?

Why must so many young fellows go about looking as if they have just stepped out of an American film of crooks and killers?

Why must so many young women try to look like Garbo, Dietrich, or some other star, whom they slavishly attempt to imitate in make-up, hairdressing and, to the best that their purse will allow, in dress?

George Raft Shirts and Dick Powell Hats

And why must they all, men and girls, use American slang expressions on every possible occasion?

Why can't they just be natural? Why not be themselves?

How much better it would be if those young folk, instead of copying screen stars and affecting the characteristics of the types they portray on the screen, would just try to develop their own character, their own personality.

None of us are without character or personality. If these young imitators of the stars would only realise that, how much happier they would be—and how much more pleasant they would be to look at!

If we want to see George Raft or Greta Garbo, we can do so at the cinema—and see them in their appropriate settings. We don't want to see them—or imitations of them—walking our streets.

British young men look all wrong wearing George Raft shirts and Dick Powell hats.

Our girls look wrong with Dietrich eyebrows and Joan Crawford lips.

They don't sound a bit right when they say, "Okay, big shot," "Get this, you mug," and the other numerous and varied expressions ("wisecracks," I believe they're called) used in films from Hollywood.

Our boys look much better in British shirts and hats and caps.

Originality  
is the  
Keypoint  
of "Our  
Gracie's"  
Success.

Our young women look so much nicer, so very much more attractive, with their eyebrows shaped to suit their own individual faces, and with their lips made-up to look as if they were lips—not crimson smears!

We can't all have handsome profiles or pretty faces. We can't all have scintillating personalities or he-man characters.

But we can make the best of the good points we have. We can develop our best points—both in regard to our appearance and our characters. And without copying the film stars! Without pretending to be a big shot or a bored and beautiful society vamp. But just by, being ourselves. Our own true selves.

If only we all would make up our minds to be ourselves, instead of trying to fool ourselves and other folk that we're somebody different, how much happier we should be.

How much more pleasant the whole world would be!

Anyway, imitating those who are successful, those who have "got there," won't make you successful, won't "get you there." In fact, it'll do just the opposite.

I don't mean, of course, that the stars, the men and women who are "the top," can't teach you a lot. They can.

There's Nobody Else Like You

Ronald Colman can show you that restraint, for example, is much stronger than bluster and noise.

Claudette Colbert can teach you that a simply-cut frock can look more effective and more attractive than a dress that has everything on it but the kitchen-stove.

But a young man doesn't have to wear a Colman moustache to prove that he believes more in restraint than in noise. Particularly if his face is all wrong for a moustache.

And a girl doesn't have to wear a Colbert fringe to show that quiet clothes look nicer than loud ones. And especially if her brow isn't made for a fringe.

We can all learn a lot from others.

There's a lesson in every successful man or woman, which the less successful can study, with tremendous benefit to themselves. But remember—those at the top of the tree are there because they are. Not because they've pretended to be somebody else.

There are millions of imitators in the world to-day. But it's the originals who are the favoured few. If you're just yourself you must be original. For there's only one you. There's nobody else like YOU.

So, by being yourself, you're being original. By being original, individual, you stand more chance of gaining success and happiness than by slavishly copying others.

Learn from others. But don't try to look like them. Don't try to be them.

Why not be yourself?

WITH the advent of summer, "Radio Review" suspends publication with this issue. Rex King, radio's keenest critic, will continue to review the radio programmes in his vivid style in "Thomson's Weekly News."



LATEST  
and  
BEST  
RADIO  
GOSSIP  
By  
LONG  
WAVE

**T**URN the limelight this way for a Man with a Voice. Maybe as yet you know little or nothing about him—but one day, I prophesy, all radioland will ring with his fame. I tuned in the other day and was thrilled by a tenor voice singing "O, Lovely Night." What gramophone record was this, I wondered, and what famous name? I turned to my programme. It was not a record—it was somebody named Harry Porter. I had not heard him before. He was definitely "the top."

#### A Boy from Birmingham

I set out to track Harry down. I found him, a 23-year-old good-looking boy from Birmingham. "I am a hardware assistant," he told me, "and have had two such jobs since I was sixteen."

#### His First Broadcast

Hardware and harmony—a strange mixture! I asked him how it came about. "When I was twenty-one," he explained, "I entered for the open tenor solo at the Leamington Musical Festival. I won it. Owing to this, I appeared in the Birmingham Philharmonic Society concert, which was broadcast. The Birmingham senior announcer, Mr Cowper, rang me up afterwards and asked me to broadcast from the studio." So here he is—Harry Porter, hardware assistant, and a tenor with a future!

#### The Talent's Here

Every day, radio is proving to British film producers that there's no need to import foreign stars at hair-raising prices. Met Cavan O'Connor, looking very gay, and heard his good news. "As the result of my singing two songs in a new film," he explained,

"the film company has booked me for two more pictures." And off he went, humming happily!

#### "Lofty an' Shorty"

We're going to have fun on June 6, when another "Eight Bells" programme is being produced. The stars in this will include none other than happy Denis O'Neil and his partner, Harry Hudson. Denis, strangely enough, will take the part of "Lofty," and his taller partner the part of "Shorty." "Shorty and Lofty" are two rollicking sailor lads!



Paula Green.

#### The Inside Story

The inside story of this is interesting, and throws a happy sidelight on the understanding nature of a B.B.C. official. Denis O'Neil was under contract for the previous "Eight Bells" show, but found suddenly—and to his horror—that he had accidentally got signed up for a stage date, which interfered with radio rehearsals. It bothered the B.B.C. as much as it did him, but

### Peppy Pars About the Stars

they released him. Yet they managed to "get together" on the next show. Good work!

#### Here Lies Love?

Met our friend Mantovani still faintly blushing at the memory of a most unexpected experience in Glasgow. Seems a bonny girl gate-crashed his room backstage, and said, "I just had to meet you. My father's a clever violinist, so now I'm going out front to hear you, to find out if you're as good as they say you are." After the show, she rushed backstage again. "You were marvellous," she said, "and now I'll tell you something—I've fallen in love with you!" Whereupon Mantovani explained that he already had a most charming wife. Once more poor Cupid took the k.o.!

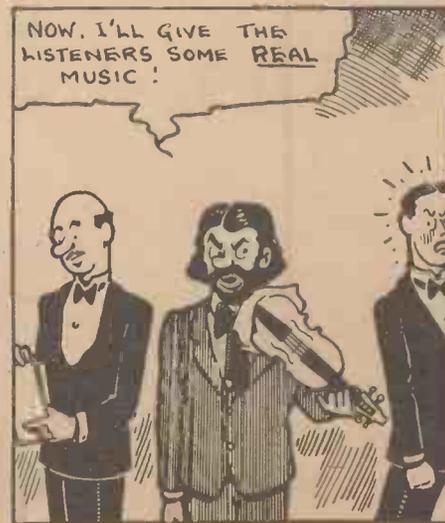
#### Happy Event.

Eddie ("America Calling") Pola is now sitting on top of the world—for a baby girl has arrived to rule the roost. Eddie plans to call her "Patricia Lynn"—and we plan to call around for a cigar at any moment now!

#### The "Old Gang" Fixed

I have just drunk a toast to Miriam Ferris, who informed me her next "Do You Remember" programme—wherein the old Savoy Hill gang looks back—has been booked for June 8. Miriam, incidentally, has been investing a little in a few stocks and shares of late—and to her amazement the prices keep rising higher and higher. She can't explain this fortunate fact, but tells me—"I think it must be the weather!"

## CUTHBERT THE CROONER



**Longwave Sees All  
and Hears All**

**Vice Versa**

From stocks and shares we turn to shocks and stares! Have you ever dreamed you were walking in the street in your nightshirt? Well, Pierre Fol, famed violinist and orchestra leader, had much the same sort of feeling in real life! It was his fondness for bridge which caused it—and left him, one evening, with just a few minutes to change. He flung on his white tie and tails, leapt into the car, got to the theatre just on time—and then walked on the stage wearing evening dress, and golf shoes and socks!

**Excitement**

Gentle-voiced croonette, Paula Green, has been telling me of an exciting time she had while singing at a private entertainment. Just after her number, the lights fused, and all around her sounded the splashing of soup, veg, junkets, and so forth, as waiters tumbled over each other. Emerging unscathed—and unstained—through this ordeal, she then sat down to a quiet game of cards with her friends—whereupon fire broke out! Just a quiet little party!

**Sentimental Interlude**

Catching Paula's eye over the mike, it occurred to me that here is one of the few stars one can label "sweet" and get away with it. Did you know Paula's only nineteen, but has already had years of experience at the microphone. Another label — "Blonde Bombshell." This I tie to little Babette O'Deal, panto and concert-party star, who's singing with George Doonan in

"After Dinner," at Shaklin this summer. It is planned to put these revels on the air.

**"Sunny Side" Broadcast**

Talking of "pep," that dark-eyed songstress, Elizabeth Welch, will charm us in a show called "On the Sunny Side," scheduled for May 21. You are likely to hear a double act in this, entitled "Ebony Black and Mr White," or a similar title.

**New B.B.C. Music-Man**

Have just been congratulating my old friend, Charlie Shadwell, who took over his new post at the B.B.C. on



Harry Porter.

Monday. Charles will be taking over the Variety Orchestra when charming Kneale Kelley leaves for his musical directorship at Eastbourne in September. And Stanford Robinson, I understand, is off for a lengthy tour, to study opera on the Continent. Good luck to the three of 'em.

**A Fellow You'll Like**

So those much-looked-forward-to "Household Hints," by Sydney

**BITS  
and  
PIECES  
about  
BROADCAST  
PEOPLE**



Howard, have been postponed till the end of May. Well, try to hear him—it will be worth it. About eight years ago this grand stage and screen comedian was supporting himself and his wife on £2 a week. Nowadays, his old pals who call on him in his Park Lane suite find him as chummy and happy-go-lucky as ever. His big break, he tells me, was in "Hit the Deck."

**His Big Thrill**

"I came home at the end of that week's work," chortled Sydney Howard, "with the salary I'd always dreamed about. 'Hold t'apron oop, love,' I said to the wife—and, oh my, how she held that apron up. Then I flung all my money into it, whilst she just sat and gasped. Believe me, it was the proudest moment of my life!"

**Hot Stuff**

Two of the "hottest" tennis players in radioland are Alfredo Campoli and Robert Ashley—I watched them the other morning playing in a fierce, fast, but friendly little battle—and how that ball whizzed!

**A Mimic Hits Back**

Peter Cotes, clever impersonator, has been reading the "Menace of Mimicry" article which we published recently, and now comes to the defence of mimics:—"There are bad mimics, as there are bad crooners," he says, "but nobody attacks crooners in general because they are not up to Bing Crosby standards. I think most artistes like being impersonated. In fact, the supposed 'victim's' position is often improved by such mimicry. For to be included in an impersonator's repertoire is a sure sign that an artiste has achieved stardom." Bull's eye for Mr Cotes!

**No. 4—A CUTTING REMARK**



# OUR LIFE STORIES ON THE HARMONY HIGHWAY



## CURTIS NOW TAKING OVER.

Last week I told you how, after struggling along on a few francs a day, I finally got a job in an Ostend hotel orchestra. But I didn't mention that if I hadn't been very tactful at the right moment—the orchestra leader would have undoubtedly cut my throat!

This man was driving himself in to a state of nervous desperation by constantly gambling—and losing—in various casinos. On several occasions, strolling through to watch the play, I'd seen him at the tables, and tried to get him to leave. But this only drove him to a state of fury, so I had to leave him.

Then one night, before our show was due to start, I saw him come reeling into the hotel with a wild sort of look in his eyes, and go straight up to his private room. When we were due to start playing, and he hadn't joined us, I went up to see what was the matter.

I found him standing in front of a mirror with an open razor in his hand.

"What do you want here?" he snarled at me. I asked him what he was going to do. "Cut my throat and yours, too," he replied. "You're always butting in," and he came slowly towards me.

I forced a smile and said, "That's silly. If you really want to leave this world, why don't you borrow my revolver? I'll go and get it." Whereupon he put down the razor. I picked it up, walked out of the room, and telephoned a doctor. The doctor gave him a sleeping draught, and I went downstairs to conduct the orchestra. The next day the leader came up, smiled, and said, "I say, was I very drunk last night?"

I met another unusual character in this hotel. In the cocktail bar one night somebody said to me, "See that fellow behind you? He's a big American gangster."

"So what?" I asked, refusing to be impressed.

"So have a drink," said a voice behind me. I turned, and found a pleasant-looking, well-dressed man grinning in our direction. "My name's Jack Diamond," he said.

His name didn't mean much to me then, but I found him quite charming.

## ADVENTURES OF AMES.

About the same time that Curtis was seeing life in Ostend, yours truly—playing in a Paris hotel—was also finding the new career unexpectedly dangerous!

For instance, one of the bars was much frequented at the time by high-spirited Americans "seeing life."

This bar was surrounded by wall-mirrors. When a rough-and-tumble started, somebody would go through one of those mirrors. On no less than three occasions I myself was pushed through those mirrors—by accident.

Then there was an incident which I thought would result in a stabbing. An Englishman and a Spaniard had a quarrel over a lady—

a very haughty lady, and something of a "gold-digger."

Apparently she had just jilted the Englishman, and she and her Spanish friend leered loudly at him as they walked off. The Englishman stood very quiet by the exit door, then, as the gold-digging damsel and her partner walked out, he quickly grabbed the back of the damsel's flimsy dress—and tugged! The next minute there she stood in her "step-ins," while the crowd gasped with amazement.

The Spaniard stood stock-still—and I waited for hell to break loose.

Instead, the man from Spain burst into laughter, and laughed till the tears ran down

a drum-stick and just missed each bell, hitting the lamps between instead, and shattering each one with a "pop."

I introduced myself and asked if he'd join my band. "That lamp-smashing business was a great act," I added.

"Sorry I can't join your outfit," he said, then, whispering in my ear, "And, incidentally I might as well admit I hit those lamps by accident!"

That gentleman's name was Ames—and that was the last I saw of him for ten years!

I had some "smashing" times with my band, too. One night we were booked to play at a millionaire's mansion. We walked in expecting to find a party in progress, but found the millionaire sitting at a big banquet-table all by himself in a vast room.

We played and played, while the wealthy eccentric sat there and sputtered out the choruses, and drank wine, and thumped on the table to keep time.

Finally he got tired of this, and picked up the poker—then started smashing all the crockery and glasses on the table rhythmically! Then he rushed up to my orchestra, pushed me aside, and started "conducting."

I didn't mind this, but when he started giving one or two of my boys playful taps on the head with his "baton" I intervened. He then tried to hit me with the poker, but at that point two butlers walked into the room, whispered to him—and out he walked, quiet as a lamb.

Ah well, we got big money for that little riot!

Later on I took my orchestra to Sweden, and here I had the honour, on two occasions, of playing at the palace of the King of Sweden. He was most charming. I toured the country, having a grand time everywhere, but at last—well, I felt myself longing to be back in England. So I bid a sad farewell to the "boys," and set off—all unaware of the amazing good fortune that lay in store.

## AMES CONTINUES HIS ADVENTURES— MORE THRILLS AHEAD!

I decided to quit Paris and see the world. So I formed a snappy little trio, and set off for Cairo.

In Cairo we landed some well-paying engagements in various fashionable hotels, to which the local society folk were then flocking. We also landed amidst sweltering heat—for it was June, the hot season.

We saw a Turk go mad from the heat and run "amok." It happened while we were wandering through the bazaars one evening. We heard a sudden shouting, and saw panic-stricken peddlers tumbling over each other as they ran for safety.

Then a huge native came in view, running fast and swinging an axe as he came—straight for us. There was only one thing to do—we pushed over a stall right in his path, and ran for it. The stall was piled high with melons, and the last we saw of the fellow he was hacking away at the fruit.

(Please turn to page 27.)

by  
**CURTIS AND AMES**  
NEW RADIO HARMONY PAIR

his cheeks. After which the Englishman most courteously handed the lady his overcoat, and she stamped out, still trying to look haughty. The last I saw of the Spaniard, he was still standing by the door, laughing!

Shortly afterwards I moved into another Parisian hotel orchestra as drummer. Now there was one distinguished-looking patron who often came in and always gave my drum a friendly kick in passing. One night, having been irritated by someone else earlier in the evening, I jumped up as he kicked my drum and invited him to "come outside."

The man smiled at me gently, shook hands, and passed on. Then the band leader grabbed me by the coat-tail as I was about to follow, and hissed in my ear, "Do not be foolish—that is Monsieur Georges Carpentier, the champion boxer!"

So I laughed and sat down, realising the joke was well and truly on me!

## CURTIS SPEAKING.

I decided to leave the Ostend hotel orchestra and start a band of my own. Before I checked out, however, I went along to see a certain sweet little French lady whom I'd met in another orchestra. "Shall we get married?" I asked her, and she smiled and said "Oui!"

We set off for Paris, where I soon got my band together, and started touring.

I met a drummer in a Paris hotel whom I specially tried to get for my band, but failed. When I saw him he had a set of bells on a frame amongst his gadgets, with an electric bulb glowing between each bell. At one point during a dance number he picked up

## Mantovani Tells On Himself

# CHALLENGES THAT HAVE MADE ME A SUCCESS

**T**HEY tell me I'm quite a successful man nowadays. It makes me smile rather, in my more secret moments.

Because I wouldn't really have bothered whether I'd been a "success" or not! I was quite content to remain a dreamer—until people began challenging me!

It began at school. I was quite content to scrape a fiddle in my spare time, and let mathematics and history go hang. Then one day my form-master smiled somewhat contemptuously, and sighed, "Ah, well, you'll never get any higher."

A challenge! Next year I was second from the top!

Around this time I had an unholy fear of water. One day somebody called me a coward—that's why I learnt to swim!

A few years later I heard two members of my club talking about a snooker cup that was being competed for, but about which I hadn't bothered. "Mantovani won't quite get there," I heard one member say. "You see, he's too nervous." Another challenge!

I have that snooker cup at home to-day!

My father, a very wise man, deliberately played upon my pride in that way. When he heard me fiddling, he'd laugh and say, "Ah, my boy, you'll never be able to play 'Dance of the Goblins.' It's a difficult piece."

So I learnt to play it, just to "show off." Then, most cunningly, he promised me his valuable old fiddle—if ever I reached a certain stage of perfection, which he "very much doubted."

In due course, thanks to pop, that fiddle was mine. The greatest musical thrill I've had was when I realised one of my biggest ambitions and played the Saint-Saens Concerto on my father's violin at Queen's Hall.

One day, at a fair, somebody "read my palm," and said I was a hard worker, but "not creative." After that I started composing music. My first work was "Impromptu Serenade," which I am hoping Kreisler will play one day; I am revealing for the first time here the fact that I have composed songs under the name of "Manilla," "Paul Remi," and "Paolito," as well as several other noms de plume!

Yes, I've got to be challenged to succeed. They told me I couldn't put



on a stage show. I did put one on. They told me I couldn't play dance music. I hope you'll agree that my dance broadcast last month proved otherwise!

You might call mine a defiant nature—almost a resentful nature. Goodness knows, I'm not boasting about it. It makes me into quite an irritable person at times.

I get irritated when my wife—who is a complete darling—comes into the room when I'm practising and says, "What would you like for lunch, dear?"

I get irritated when my dog—a lovable spaniel—comes in when I'm playing some tricky piece, and starts biting my shoes!

I get irritated if I'm woken up too early in the morning. But if it's the baby that wakes me up—well, it gives me such a smile that I am no longer irritable.

Whenever I come home with nerves on edge, after a busy day, a few minutes play with that kiddie and all my troubles are forgotten.

Sometimes—yes, I'll confess—I lose my temper at rehearsals, but when I've "got it off my chest" we're all friends again.

It's sheer agony to me when things aren't perfect. I remember once we made one gramophone record fifty-six times, and a player still hadn't got it as I wanted it. We dosed him up with brandy—he was paralysed with nerves—and he came through O K on the very last wax left in the studio!

My wife has a more difficult job than I. She has to live with me! Luckily, she understands me by now.

She knows that when I say I'll be in to lunch at one o'clock, I mean 2.30. So she doesn't get lunch till 2.30, and if by chance I do happen to be "punctual"—well, I'm just an hour and a half too early!

My wife is my ideal girl and my ideal pal.

She helps me to forget my fears.

Yes, I have been afraid.

I was very frightened, just after my marriage, when I looked around and found no work in view. That came as a dreadful shock. With her encouragement, her challenge, I won through.

I am frightened of hurting my hands. That's why, when I played cricket against Harry Roy, I bowled, batted, and fielded with gloves on!

I am frightened of not doing all the things I want to do. One day somebody will insult me and work me up into a real rage and tell me I'll never be allowed to give a recital at the Albert Hall!

That's one of the things I want to do before I die.

When I am urged on to it, I'll do it!

Until I am urged on, I want a thing, but I don't want it enough to go out and get it. That's the real Mantovani.

### Star Who Stopped a Suicide

Charlotte Greenwood tells a moving story about the result in New York of a monologue she gave over the air. After the show one night a girl came to her dressing-room and said that she had spent her last penny on a theatre ticket with the intention of committing suicide afterwards. However, Charlotte's inspiring monologue had given her courage to live. Some time afterwards Charlotte was in Hollywood. A girl was announced to see her. "You don't remember me," were her first words, "but I thought you might like to know that, thanks to you, I am now the head of a prosperous business." It was the forlorn creature she had encouraged years before.

# VENGEANCE IS SWEET

AN  
AMERICAN SHORT STORY  
by  
MARK HELLINGER

LEFTY stood on the corner. It was night. And cold. His hands were thrust deep in his pockets. His left hand closed around the barrel of the revolver. It was so cold, his hand almost stuck to his gun.

He smiled a little as people hurried by. He didn't mind waiting. Didn't mind it at all. Because, within an hour, he was going to kill his old pal, Slocum . . . .

There was no sentiment in Lefty's mind about it. His old pal, eh? Who cared? Slocum had turned out to be a rat, and Lefty had never learned how to tolerate the breed. Dead rats were the only good rats.

But they talked about the guy with the five bucks. Lefty said he could use five. Slocum introduced himself and said he could use two-fifty of it.

They nailed the guy halfway down the block and got it easily. One belt on the nose did it.

After that, Slocum never did a job without Lefty. They worked all the rackets together.

Slocum may have thought that Lefty was slow—but the letters showed so much sweetness and light that he believed them.

"After all," wrote Lefty, "we often said that it was every man for himself, and if they gave you the chance to turn State's evidence and get off lightly, why, take it! That's your break. I'm not sore. I was at first, but now that I've had time to think it over, I can see where I would have done the same thing.

"When you get out, try and send me cigarettes now and then. They cost a buck a pack in this place, and I can't afford it.

"Keep in touch with me by mail if you can. And try to keep your nose clean until I get out. Regards,—Lefty."

Slocum believed those letters. And Lefty was happy. That would make it so much easier. He was so anxious to knock off his buddy that he decided to stage the event the night after he was freed.

## The Best—and the Simplest

In jail there was plenty of time to think over the method. And the best turned out to be the simplest. He would meet Slocum on a busy corner, where thousands passed every hour. They'd talk over old times, and walk around a bit. On a dark side street he'd give it to him quickly.

It never occurred to Lefty that what he was going to do was "ratty" in itself. The sneaky element never presented itself to his mind.

The thought never struck him that, had their positions been changed, he would have "ratted" to the police about Slocum to save own hide.

He waited a long time for Slocum, but eventually he saw the man coming through the crowd. They shook hands and patted each other on the back.

"Ya lookin' swell," said Slocum. "Well, you ain't exactly dyin'," smiled Lefty. "Let's take a walk. It's cold, and that copper on the other corner has been eyein' me since I got here. How goes the world, feller? What's new?"

## Slocum Felt Rotten

They talked as they walked. Slocum said he felt rotten about turning State's evidence. Lefty pooh-poohed the thing. It was forgotten, he said. There were jobs to be done—and they were still going to be pals, weren't they?

"You betcha we are!" said Slocum.

Lefty casually steered Slocum into a side street. It was dark. The gun in Lefty's pocket was practically against Slocum's hip. This was going to be a cinch.

He was about to pull the gun when he noticed a high-powered car coming up the street. No sense taking a chance on witnesses. He'd wait until it passed.

An hour later three men sat in an office uptown. One sat behind a desk vaguely cleaning his nails. He was a fat, mild-mannered man. The two in front of the desk were talking rapidly. They looked like ex-pugs.

"Well, boss," said one, "when they turned down this dark street were we happy? Baby! We stepped on it and turned around the block so that we'd be coming up against them. Our orders was to get Slocum, the dirty rat! We got him, all right—but we hadda kill the other guy, too.

"That's okay, though. No matter who the other guy was, he must have been ratty, or he wouldn't have been hangin' out with a punk like Slocum!"



Slocum squealed on his best pal.

Any means of getting money was legitimate to them.

Then they had the misfortune to be caught. It was a burglary job. A pretty good one, Jewellery. They were arrested. And Slocum decided that confession was good for the soul—and the skin, too. He squealed. The police didn't have much of a case against Lefty before that. But when Slocum finished telling, they sent Lefty away for five long years.

## Those Long Forgiving Letters

Now Lefty may have been a bit slow in his mental processes. But he wasn't exactly dumb. He wrote long, forgiving letters to Slocum, who only got eighteen months.

Lefty thought of how he met Slocum for the first time. Twelve years ago. Surely that. Maybe more. They were practically kids. They were playing pool in a back room, and a kid at another table flashed five bucks.

"That's a lot of dough," said Lefty quietly.

"It depends," said Slocum, "on who has it."

They smiled and continued the game.

**T**HERE'S more behind a B.B.C. programme than meets the ear.

A broadcast begins six weeks before it is heard. During those six weeks it passes through the Silent Departments of Broadcasting House.

Six hundred odd workers in those departments are B.B.C. folk you never hear. The majority of them have never seen a microphone—wouldn't know John Watt or Henry Hall if they met them in the street.

A good half of Broadcasting House is occupied by the Silent Departments. That half is just like any other block of business offices.

There may be romance and rhythm in the studios, but it's just typewriters and telephones in the offices!

It's nothing unusual being in that section of the B.B.C. staff. It's just a daily grind, month in, month out.

But without the grind you'd hear no programmes. That's why you should honour the Silent Department with a little attention.

One fine morning Eric Maschwitz decides to put on a Variety programme—six weeks hence. Very well, he must inform Programme Compilation Department of his intention.

There, under the direction of a certain Mr Wellington, a staff juggles with proposed programmes, fitting them in to the broadcasting hours available for the week six weeks away. Sounds involved—and it is.

That done, Mr Maschwitz tells Mungo Dewar, Variety Executive, who is go-between betwixt variety producers and the business departments.

Mungo Dewar turns to Copyright Department, which, despite its unattractive name, manages to attract the artists for the programme.

#### AH, IF ONLY WE KNEW!

It would be illuminating to know what goes on between this department and the artists! What bargaining! What financial strategies! But the B.B.C. keeps these dealings confidential. Indeed a silent department!

The artists found, fees settled, the contracts are sent out.

Then Mr Maschwitz decides that a spot of publicity is required to tell listeners about the programme. So he sends details to the Press Department.

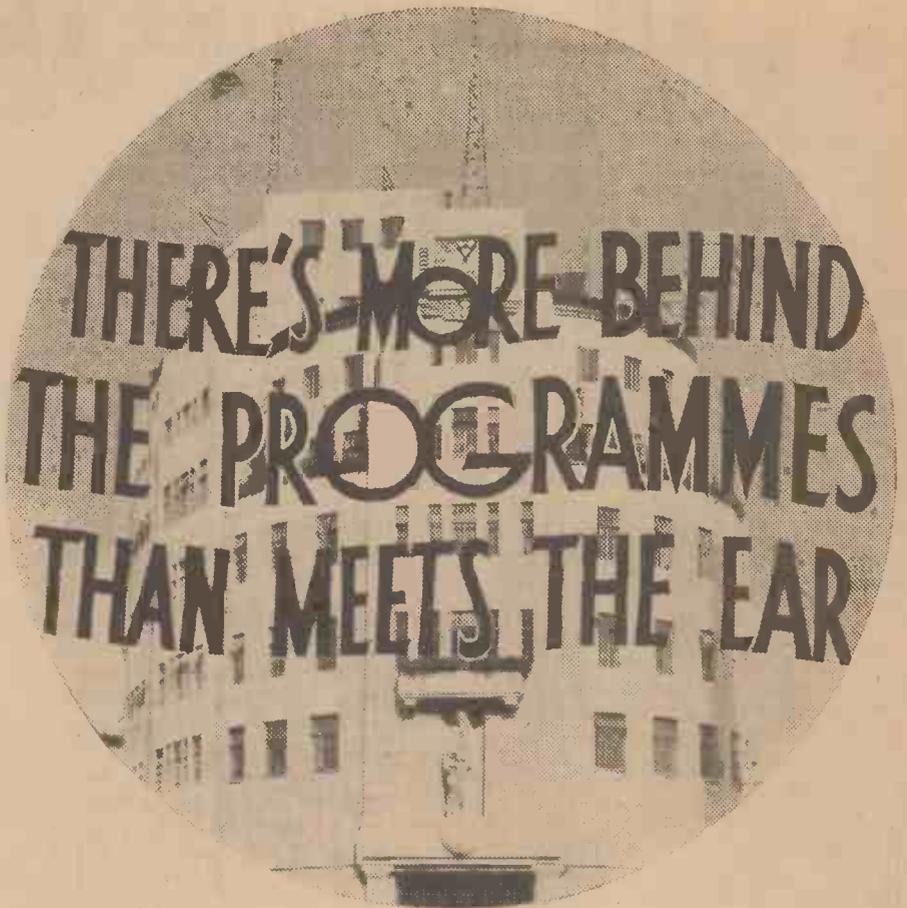
Under the direction of the awesome sounding Controller of Public Relations, Sir Stephen Tallants, this department fills five rooms on the ground floor with a buzz of dictation, discussion, and telephone bells.

The dictation is of attractively phrased descriptions of the coming broadcast—"this brilliant coming attraction!"—the discussion is between members of the department and the radio correspondents of the newspapers who call; and the telephoning goes on between all the Silent Departments working on the show, the Press Department ceaselessly calling for more and more details.

#### IN COMES THE FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

As the date of the broadcast approaches, the complications in its arrangement increase. Mr Maschwitz wishes to include a funny song about an Italian. Well, believe it or not, that immediately brings another department into the fray—the Foreign Department.

You see, the B.B.C. believes in being very careful that



nothing it broadcasts will offend a foreign nation. So the advice of Miss Benzie, a young woman who has worked her way up the B.B.C. staff to the position of Foreign Director, is taken.

In programmes which include a relay from a foreign country, Miss Benzie's department arranges the relay.

Although they might not be so much needed in a straight variety programme, many a "feature" programme and a play can only be produced with help from the three Silent Departments, which might be called the B.B.C.'s "Treasure Trove." These are the Gramophone Library, Reference Library, and Recording Department.

Under L. Bowker-Andrews, the Gramophone Department has built up a library of 35,000 serious and light music records and 10,000 dance records. There are two copies of each record—sometimes three—so that should the same record be required in two programmes close together in the broadcast timetable, the records are always available.

A permanent staff of eight look after this store.

#### RECORDS FOR THE PROVINCES.

Besides providing the records as producers need them, they provide them for the regional stations. Ten boxes of records a week travel to and fro between the B.B.C. provincial centres. This department, it is, too, which arranges the programmes of gramophone records we hear. One interesting corner of the Record Library is the Curiosity Corner, where there are records of sound effects of all kinds—including a Zulu war dance!

The Reference Library is needed just as much by harassed producers. You would be surprised how much research is required to ensure the accuracy of programmes.

Miss Milne, the Librarian, has a busy time in her apple-green library with its ever increasing shelves of books and newspaper files.

(Please turn to page 26.)

# THE BEST TIME OF LIFE

I DON'T know whether you happened to listen to Philip Wade's play, "The Game," when it was broadcast recently. If you did, you may remember that a pompous business man, talking to a lot of schoolboys, pulled out the old platitude, and told them that they were having the happiest time of their lives.

Was he right? Were you really happy when you were at school? Or did you find it rather a tiresome period, made intolerably irksome by what seemed totally unnecessary rules and restrictions?

You may argue, of course, that the child lives so much for the moment, and is so free from the responsibilities which will worry him in later years, that he is as happy as he is ever likely to be.

I cannot believe, indeed, that anyone could enjoy life more thoroughly than my small five-year-old son. But then he is not a schoolboy, and I think children of school age often have worries which loom large in their young minds.

Small worries, perhaps, when looked at from the adult point of view, but were you, for instance, ever frightened of the dark? I was, and no fears I have ever had since were quite as bad as those which lay in wait for me at night, when I slept alone in a room at the top of an old house.

What, then, is the best time of life? Some people, women especially, will vote for youth, when the world is fresh and exciting and we can throw off our cares with light-hearted resilience. I am not, altogether sure, though, that I would be young again if I had the chance. Youth is an uncertain time.

If our pleasures then are keen, our problems also are acute. We are setting sail on an uncharted voyage, painfully aware that our navigation is a little shaky.

It is not easy for the young man or woman of to-day to face a chaotic world with confidence. I know this is true from the letters which readers of "Radio Review" have been good enough to write me. Only last week I had three very similar letters asking for advice about careers, letters which

by

HOWARD MARSHALL

made me wish I could be more definitely encouraging.

The point is, though, that many of those who read this article will be young themselves. Certain things I envy them—their ideals, their hopes, their capacity for enjoyment and sleep, their appetite. Never again will happiness seem to them so keen, never will the world be more stirringly alive with romantic possibilities. It may be, of course, that they will know only happiness and romance in their lives, but I am afraid they must face the likelihood of disenchantment.

It does us no harm, this disenchantment. It is a natural process. When I was very young—and I am not so desperately old now—I was quite sure that I understood most things far better than my elders. Unfortunately they did not agree with me, and that made me angry. I believed passionately that my ideals were right. It irritated

me beyond measure when older men quietly suggested that these ideals of mine were impracticable.

Well, I realise now that they were right. The process of disillusionment was bitter, but it did not leave me entirely desolate. Another process took its place. I began to reason things out a little, instead of plunging at them blindly. I began, in short, to think.

Have you ever sat down and really thought a thing out? Perhaps that seems an impertinent question. I ought to assume that you think very clearly. I'm afraid I very much doubt whether one person in a hundred ever bothers to think at all. You are possibly that one person. If so, you will know what I mean by thinking.

I mean taking a problem or a difficulty or a situation of any sort, and going through it logically, objectively, thoroughly, until it becomes crystal clear in your mind. Apply it to politics or the international crisis or your own family budget, and you will be surprised at the result.

I suggest, at anyrate, that as we grow older we may lose the keenest edge of enjoyment, but we do gain a sense of proportion, a sense of humour, even, and life is thereby richer. I would be prepared to argue that I am happier at this very moment, all things considered, than I have ever been before, despite the uncomfortable fact that I have a headache and far too much work to do.

Happiness, to my mind, goes deeper than superficial ills. It is an attitude of mind and will, a determination to make the best of things and count our blessings, however difficult our present circumstances may be.

Goodness knows, there are days when it seems impossible to be cheerful, days when the whole world, and our little corner of it in particular, appears grey and depressing and intolerable. Those are the days which appealed particularly to Mark Tapley, most lovable of Dickens' characters, days when a man could take some credit for being cheerful.

I think, indeed, that we have reached the best time in life when we realise that happiness is a virtue which we can control, since it lies within ourselves. Until then we are searching for happiness outside ourselves, and the search is barren.

This realisation may come to us at any age. Wisdom takes no count of years. Young or old, rich or poor, it makes no difference. The philosopher's stone is within our reach, and one day we shall find it. May I suggest that the lamps which will light our way most surely are kindness, a job honestly done, and, best of all, an easy conscience.



BEHIND THE HEADPHONES  A SHIP'S OPERATOR EIGHT BELLS 

"ONE bell, sir." Struggling up through the mists of sleep, I become aware of an oilskin-clad figure standing by my bunk.

"All right, quartermaster," I answer, snuggling down beneath the blankets for an extra five minutes. Eventually clambering out with much shivering, for it can be exceedingly cold on the North Pacific Ocean in January, I hurriedly don clothing.

Eight bells, midnight, is striking as I step out on deck and slip along to the wireless cabin.

The Third Operator, his watch ended, hands over the telephone receivers with the brief remark, "She's all yours, there's nothing special, good-night." He vanishes bunkwards.

Turning my attention to the receiver, I begin to explore the 600-metre wave-band, the international calling and listening wavelength for ships. In a few minutes I begin to get the "feel" of wireless conditions existing at the moment in an effective range area which extends from the Equator to Alaska and from North America across the Pacific to Japan.

Signals from ships, strung out along the ocean "lanes," and from land station are heard constantly. A bedlam of sound.

The low drone of the Marconi "rotary" vies with the shriek of the quenched-spark, while the melodious tone of the valve transmitter steals through like the voice of a flute. The ethereal chorus swells and diminishes in volume like the movements of a symphony.

An American ship commences to call San Francisco Wireless Station in a characteristic manner which can only be described as syncopated Morse.

It is surprising how telegraphists of different nationalities betray their national characteristics in this way. An experienced operator can recognise with unerring accuracy the nationality of a station with whom he is communicating long before that station actually signals its identification call letters.

The stolid, thorough style of the German and Dutch operator is quite distinct from the excitable style of the Frenchman and the staccato Italian, or the emotionless, machine-like precision of the British telegraphist.

No atmospheric, an ideal time for long-distance working. Wireless ranges are extremely good during the winter months in these latitudes south

of the barren Aleutian Islands, about halfway between North America and Asia.

Half an hour of careful searching rewards me with quite a respectable "log." Hong Kong, Shanghai, Ozezaki, Japan, and Choshi are heard frequently.

From the eastward, San Francisco Radio, Portland Oregon Radio, and Estevan Radio on Vancouver Island are heard consistently.

During a quiet period a thread-like

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### Share a watch with a ship's operator.

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note comes wavering in and is identified as Adelaide Radio in Australia.

Signals from Estevan are coming in exceptionally well and I decide to give him a T.R.—the daily position report. At the moment he is engaged with a Canadian Pacific "Empress" liner, but presently they both signal end of work. Now is my chance.

Manipulating the signalling key, I morse a brief call. VAE VAE VAE (Estevan's call letters) de (from) GBMS GBMS GBMS (ship's call letters) QRK? (How are my signals?) TR K (go). The drone of the spark sounds deafening in the telephones.

After a brief interval the flute-like note of Estevan is heard responding. GBMS de VAE QRK (I am receiving you well) K (go).

Elated at "raising" him at first call, I return with VAE de GBMS TR SS Iolanthe bound Vancouver from Yokohama QRB (distance between our

station) 2000 miles, QRU (I have nothing for you).

Estevan answers, GBMS de VAE R (received) QRU SK (end of work). The shipping news in the morning edition of the Vancouver newspapers will include the above information for the benefit of the ship's agents and other interested parties.

Now a few entries are made in the log-book. Meanwhile, complete silence falls over the ether. This is one of the bi-hourly three-minute silence periods which all maritime wireless stations are bound to observe, the only signalling permitted being distress (S O S) or very urgent navigational messages.

The telephone between wireless and chartroom rings, and the voice of the Second Officer is heard inquiring about a time signal. He is anxious to check his chronometers.

The time by the wireless-room clock is 11.50 Greenwich Mean Time. Owing to the fact that the wireless wave does not respect terrestrial boundaries, it is necessary that all ships adopt a standard time. Therefore all maritime wireless work is based on Greenwich Mean Time.

At 11.55 I retune the receiver to the 18,000-metre wave-band. Up here are the giants of the ether. The transcontinental stations, using enormous power and having world-wide range.

Out of the chaos of signals I separate those of the Nauen station, near Berlin, on a wavelength of 18,130 metres, sending preliminary signals to the time signal proper.

At 11.57 the time signal commences, and at the correct moment, marked by a special signal, I tune through to the  
(Please turn to page 17.)



## Bob and Alf Pearson Put You Wise

# THEIR SONGS GO ROUND THE WORLD

**M**EET Bob and Alf Pearson, cheery duettists of radio and gramophone fame!

Six years ago these boys were plasterers on an estate near London.

One day a famous music publisher was looking for a new house on the Kingston By-Pass. He heard the brothers singing "Tiptoe Through the Tulips," as they worked on their ladders.

From that moment their feet were on the rungs of another ladder, the ladder of fame and fortune.

At the publisher's studio next day they met Jack Hylton.

After hearing them sing two songs, Jack was greatly impressed by the tone and rhythm of their performance, and gave them some engagements right away.

### The Piano That Held Up The Stage.

Since then, Bob and Alf Pearson have sung on the radio scores of times. Their gramophone sales total over a million.

"Funny things happen," Bob Pearson, the taller of the two, told me. "Once we were booked to appear at a cinema which had suddenly decided to feature variety turns in their programme.

"We arrived on the Monday morning, and discovered that the small stage had been extended—very crudely—by the stage carpenter—in his spare time.

"Where's the piano?" I asked him.

"Piano?" repeated the carpenter, a wizened-faced old fellow. "Why, are you a piano act?"

"Of course, we are," I replied.

"Whereupon he muttered something about telling the management not to book any more piano acts, just as though he had some say in the matter.

"You see," he explained, "we're using the piano to keep the stage up!"

Alf Pearson, who is short, with merry eyes, looks extremely like Gordon Richards, the famous jockey. Often he has been mistaken for the champion.

Once—while they were standing in a hotel lounge—Bob, for a joke, said in a loud voice, "Well, you certainly rode some winners yesterday, old man!"

A fellow standing nearby, who had



been surveying Alf very closely, decided that he had not been mistaken, and hurried across to beg Alf for his autograph, under the impression that he was Richards.

But Alf just smiled and obliged!

"You should have seen the chap's face when Alf just wrote his own name on the extended card!" Bob chuckled.

### Arrived For Broadcast With Half a Minute to Spare.

One exciting experience concerned an Empire broadcast. The lads were living in a London suburb at the time. And—owing to a breakdown on the Underground—it looked very much as though they were going to disappoint the overseas listeners.

Eventually they persuaded a friendly car-owner to give them a lift as far as a station further up the line, which

was not affected by the breakdown, and reached the studios just 30 seconds before they were due to sing.

"Well, I'm afraid it wasn't one of our best performances," Bob laughed. "We were practically breathless. But we got through somehow!"

Finally, Bob and Alf related a curious experience in connection with a record, in which they were appearing anonymously. A pal of theirs, who had got together a small syncopated band was offered a "first record" by one of the companies. He wanted somebody to do the vocal chorus, and—to help him—the brothers agreed to do it without fee.

### When They Made Their First Record.

Well, the band was poor and they recorded badly: Half of them did not seem to be able to keep in tune or time. And from half-past two in the afternoon until six in the evening the business of recording went on, while the Pearsons solemnly chimed in with their vocal chorus, which the engineers invariably announced to be O K.

At last one of the officials came over and drew them aside. He was quite unaware, of course, that they had already made a number of records with another company.

"You don't want to hang about with this crowd," he told them. "We'll give you work—on your own!"

"Thanks!" replied Bob and Alf politely.

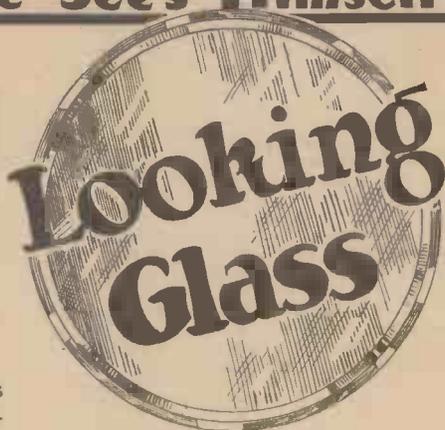
Then they disclosed their identity! "But the first record we ever made provided the most amusing wise-crack," Bob concluded, with a grin. "Of course, we were rather nervous, and very anxious to hear the verdict. As the studio manager appeared, we both gulped, 'Well, how did it sound?'"

"He scratched his chin. Then he said grudgingly, 'Well, the time's all right!'"

"We had to do it again!"

# A Star As He Sees Himself

## Myself In The



By  
**HARRY LEADER**

THE man I see in the looking-glass is a stormy, rebellious, hot-blooded sort of chap; quite young, of course, but when I was younger still I must have been as difficult as an armful of "quins"!

Now, however, that I have lived up to my name and become a "leader," I am easier to get along with. You see, I could never bear to have somebody in authority over me. That's why, in my early days, I stamped raging out of one job after another.

My first job as a "showman" was as an assistant to a so-called magician. I was quick at the job, too, but all the same he always swore at me under his breath during the act. One day I had to slip him a rabbit, unobserved, from beneath my coat. "Hurry up with that blank rabbit, you so-and-so," he whispered.

"If you're in such a hurry," I loudly retorted, "here it is." And to everybody else's delight I held up to full view the wriggling bunny!

After that I was employed as a dance instructor, but after a few 15-stone blonde babies had jiggled all over my feet, I told my boss I'd rather be a coal heaver!

Then I became my own boss, opened up a little office, bought "job lines," and dealt in everything from five-shilling watches to tins of sardines.

All the time I was eaten up with bitter discontentment—tortured with it. Presently I "discovered" music, and it gave me solace. I studied violin and saxophone.

The memory of my first professional engagement as a musician—is still like a scar in my mind, the terrible humiliation of it. I got an engagement to play the sax in a little "gig" band. After my very first number, the leader sent me home!

If it weren't for that incident I should not be a band leader to-day.

It was an insult to my pride which had to be wiped out. I had to make good.

I realise now that to be stern with people when they make a mistake is for their own good. It also does one good to "let off steam" occasionally, so sometime I "blow up" when I'm annoyed, and after that, work goes on more smoothly.

I confess I've got my own little faults, which must sometimes irritate people who know of them. For instance, it's no unusual thing for me to telephone my wife at 6.30 p.m. and tell her I will not be home at 6 p.m. as promised!

Again, I bring my musical scores in to dinner with me and cover the table with them while I eat. Also I practise the saxophone and clarinet at all hours, which annoys my wife.



Then there are my practical jokes. Some people enjoy them, some hate 'em. When we have visitors staying at the house, I am almost invariably tempted to sew up their pyjama sleeves and make them "apple-pie" beds with clockwork mice, flat-irons, flower pots, and anything else I can lay my hands on.

I make no excuse for these school-boyish pranks. It is very low-brow of me, but I just happen to have a taste for slap-stick comedy!

Superstitions are another weakness of mine. I know it is foolish to believe in them, but I can never rid myself of a vague fear with regard to certain of them.

I literally dare not be the third one to light a cigarette from one match. And I dare not have anything green in the house—the mere sight of anything green under my roof scares me stiff.

I have told you that I am a rebellious, restless sort of bloke, never quite satisfied with my achievements, always wanting to go one better. Well, if it weren't for the soothing influence of my wife and my ten-months-old baby, Marion, my keen ambitions would make my life an unbearably anxious one.

My wife's been marvellous. I shall never forget that very funny wedding, five years ago. I sneezed all through the wedding lines, and spent my honeymoon alone with two hot water bottles, a mustard poultice, and a heavy bout of influenza!

For the five years of happiness that have followed I am extremely grateful. I wish I could express that gratitude more often in words, especially after we've had some meaningless little quarrel. I'm too shy of sentiment.

However, my wife understands me—and thank goodness I can always "say it with a song."

### News of People in the News

Helena Millais, whom we hope to hear on the air again before long, was the first woman entertainer to broadcast from Marconi House in November, 1922.

Geraldo has lost over two stone in weight during the last year, which delights him! It is not unusual for this busy and efficient man to change from gaucho costume into evening dress in his car during an evening of engagements.

Patrick Waddington nearly met his death at a very early age. Some playful school-fellow, when he was first learning to swim, pushed him under and held him there. Pat had to be fished out by the swimming instructor—unconscious.

Henry Hall tells an amusing story. At the time of the wedding of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, a South African paper printed the news that the Royal couple were spending part of their honeymoon with Henry Hall—instead of at HIMLEY HALL.

**A** **N**OTHER victory for the British Army! Week before last, Gen. Sir Ian Hamilton delighted us with his virile views on books. Last week, Bernard Fergusson, Black Watch battalion, gave a great account of his varied ventures in boats. Fergusson, a Scot, proved himself to be a young man with a sense of humour as refreshing as a sea breeze. He recounted how he and his companions on a yawl lost their way on a trip from Milford Haven to Scotland. A storm put their compass and patent log out of order. Fergusson tried to sight their position from the sun. After half an hour's abstruse calculation he found they were half-way between Leeds and Sheffield!

**L**ATER Fergusson and three other officers bought a 4-ton boat for £65. The fun started. "At 12.45 a.m. our first trip began. At 12.55 a.m. we were on a sandbank," he said. On another occasion they bumped twice into a barge within two minutes. Did that bargee live up to his reputation! **They Had Had Enough.** There was another time, too, when Fergusson's craft became involved with a string of dinghies in the River Crouch. When he was sighted off the Crouch a year later everybody got out their fenders! A grand talk—with salt spray, suspense, and a smile in every sentence.

**A**N announcer nodded the other night. Put on a record of "Ain't Misbehavin'" by Arthur Young and other star swingers. When it finished he gave out the name of another number. But the strains of "Ain't Misbehavin'" sounded again. Record was almost half-played before the announcer noticed. Then he hurriedly took it off and apologised. He shouldn't have. It was the only record in the bunch worth hearing twice.

**T**HAT entertaining series, "Tunes of the Town," ended on rather a flat note. An excerpt from Andre Charlot's revue, "The Town Talks," was relayed. No doubt the show is tuneful and witty. Unfortunately we cut into the middle of the second half while a spectacular song scene was on. Another stage spectacle was "Bloomsbury Square of 1710." Again, even John Watt's description was hardly a substitute for television. In the Square scene, June and Donald Stuart sang what to me was a depressing dirge-like ditty. The relay was saved by brilliant burlesques of Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Marie Tempest, Elisabeth Bergner and Non-Stop Variety. June, as Bergner

in "whimsy-whamsy" mood, gave us a delicious little piece of fooling. Almost cruel—but awfully clever!

**A** WEEK or two ago I took exception to a comedian's questionable gags. As a result a chap from up Dornoch way evidently danced—with rage. He wrote telling me I was too pure to live. Suggested I should give up crits and take up croquet. Well, so far I haven't learned to purl, and at my peril I'll mention another comedian who raised my ire with a quip in rather poor taste. In "The Town Talks" he sang a song, "There Never Was a Girl Like Mary." Quite innocuous it was. Until the last line when the "jest"—one against motherhood—was made. The relay began at 8 p.m. A good many children aren't abed at that time.

**T**ROISE and his Mandoliers were in magnificent form the other night. Made even "O Sole Mio," the most hackneyed of 'em all, worth hearing. No mean feat.

**D**ID you ever hear from Rome or Naples a year or two ago a lovely female voice making announcements? It was well known to foreign station fans. Its beautiful owner, Berthe Grossbard, became quite famous. Miss Grossbard the voice has adorned the air again. Miss Grossbard, once announcer at Rome and Naples, spoke from London about Vienna. She described, in attractive accents, her childhood in the gay city. She remembered seeing Emperor Franz Josef riding in his carriage. Told us entertaining tales of the Emperor's friendship with Kathie, a remarkable woman—an actress who knew everyone and everything about Vienna.

**M**ISS GROSSBARD gave her romantic talk in a romantic way. Change from some of the solid, stodgy souls we sometimes suffer!

**F**ROM sublime to the slovenly. A male vocal trio with one of the dance bands had a spot of bother with the number, "You Hit the Spot." Time and again they rendered the words, "You Hit the SPORT." By this I thought they were hitting at the Football League. Then I realised our old enemy the intrusive R was at it again. Similarly during the week I heard crooners perpetrate "CaliforniaR" and "KaluaR." You pays your ten bob and you takes your choice!

**"FESTIVAL of Folk Music" does not sound a very thrilling prospect. I was glad I tuned in. Dr Julius Buerger's pot-**



pourri of national tunes was a thoroughly entertaining show. There were tunes from eleven countries, including Britain. Most of them were cheerful and catchy, and it was a fascinating game comparing them. The presentation was slick and bright, the comper describing dresses and dances of the various peasants. I was surprised when he told us the Spanish folk-dance music could not be broadcast owing to copyright difficulties. Still, a fine tenor singing an Andalusian love song made up for that. I liked the comper's quotation of a friend's words, "The Volga Boat Song" has been sung so often and so badly that it is now funny without being 'Volga.' Neat. Words of praise are due the B.B.C. Chorus (Section D) and that splendid, hard-working combination, the B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra.

**H**ISTORIANS have always seemed to me to be dry sticks. Not so Arthur Bryant. His description of a journey from the Midlands to London 250 years ago gripped the imagination.

He gave it with a wealth of entrancing detail. Thus, amongst many other things, we learned it cost 35/- to travel from York to the Metropolis in one of the new flying 5 m.p.h. coaches. Main roads were soft, grassy trackways, often with ruts about a foot deep. Sights on the trip were a corpse creaking on a gibbet, trains of pack horses with merchandise, gentlemen's coaches ablaze with heraldry, pedlars, herds of cattle and geese being driven to market. Mr Bryant described, too, dreaded Finchley Heath, haunt of highwaymen. Travelling apparently was a perilous business in ye olden times. Mr Bryant captured all the thrills. He covered a lot of ground!

**O**NE of the best dance band items of the week—Henry Hall's band playing Reginald Foresythe's "Rhapsody" with Reginald conducting. Superb pianos.

**I** THOUGHT I'd caught the B.B.C. making a tremendous blunder shortly after 10.30 a night or two ago. What appeared to be part of a children's hour was in progress. A soprano was singing all about a little hen which went "Chook, chook, chook." A choir of mixed voices chimed in regularly with the simple but touching refrain, "And another little egg won't do us any harm." A glance at my programme and the mystery was solved. A Scottish show was taking the air. I listened. A female voice asked, "What do you think of that (ballad of the hen)?" "Foul" came the witty punning reply. I agreed.

**E**QUALLY weird and wonderful was the humour that followed this masterpiece. "Highland policeman" recited a story of a murder case in which a sword-swallower swallowed a knife.

**W**eird and Wonderful. What a rib-tickling denouement. The dialogue throughout reminded me irresistibly of the school stories I read as a boy.

**M**EET Jack of All Tunes. Alias Jack Wilson. He and his Versatile Five from Midland provide the surprises. I knew they lived up to their description, but they excelled themselves this time. First they went all Romany and did the sobbing violins act. Hey presto and hey! hey! a dance number followed quite swingily played. Pause for Schubert's Serenade, then on to "Sweet Sue," "I Ain't Got Nobody," and "Chinatown." Classics and hot

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## MIRRORS

But for mirrors there might have been no progress in the last two or three thousand years.

Mirrors—as I think you will agree in a moment—are the beginning and end of half the statesmanship and big business of the world, for no woman could possibly finish dressing without a glance in her mirror, and all else follows.

She cannot go to the grocer's or to the Lord Mayor's Banquet without making sure her frock is just so, her hair is just so, and all other things (I use this vague phrase to cover up my ignorance of feminine art) just so.

It is this "just-so-ness" which makes us fall in love with her, or grow rich to win her, or toil to please her, or rise to power and position to be worthy of her, or adoringly to obey her—and she inspires and impels only because she has first made sure she is inspiring and impelling by looking in her mirror.

Therefore, let us bow down to mirrors—or, at any rate, reflect in them.

Admittedly one can see oneself without a mirror from a handbag or hung in a steel frame, or shining on the walls of a milliner's establishment, or a show where one appears too long or too short.

Before ever a glass was made there were silent pools such as Echo looked in, and Narcissus used so happily.

With mirrors we trace the stars in the depth of space, and with mirrors the motorist sees what is behind him. Reflection is all about us.



"Marigold." Another King Charles of the keyboard.

**TOMMY HANDLEY** always hits the high-spots with his flow of inconsequential, irrepressible, and ingenious chatter. His latest effort, an account of a world tour, was up to his usual high standard of fun-making. In fact, it went completely over the heads of the studio audience. No doubt they wanted to laugh dutifully, but apparently did not know when! There were only one or two nervous giggles. When Tommy zipped to a stop, there was a pause. Then the privileged persons applauded heartily—too heartily. Seemed as if they were breathing freely after a period of indecision.

**HERE'S** a comparison. On the same bill was a well-known Scottish comedian, Jock M'Kay. Now, Jock has also, like Tommy Handley, a personality just made for the mike. His diction is clear, and his manner breezy. But one or two of his gags were as bewhiskered as a Victorian soldier. And like old soldiers, they never seem to die. I heard Jock telling one of the self-same jokes on the stage, several years ago. "Difference between a Scotsman and a banana? 'You can skin a banana!'" The studio audience roared!

**INTERESTING** twenty-minute pre-midnight feature was "The Trial of Warren Hastings." It began in the House of Lords, in February, 1788, and lasted 22 years! Hastings was charged with baving, while holding the post of Governor of Bengal, indulged in "fraud, speculation, and tyranny." An enthralling story of the scenes, accusations, and the downfall of the little emaciated man who formerly ruled millions and had princes prostrate at his feet, was evolved from works and speeches of various essayists and orators. Dramatic climax was the Lord Chancellor asking the Earl of Douglas, "Is Warren Hastings guilty or not guilty of high crimes and misdemeanours?" and the Earl's verdict, "Not guilty."

**ANOTHER** girl with a friendly voice—Doris Hale. She has the intimate air. Makes you feel she's singing for you, and you alone. Very nice, too—if the wife's out. Doris gave us Noel Coward's "Mad about the Boy," first as herself and then as a Cockney gal would sing it. A great little act. I was sorry when we were told Ronald Hill could not take part in this variety half-hour, owing to indisposition. In Ronald's place appeared Rudy Stahl. And Rudy proved the hit of the evening, where I was concerned. I've heard imitators

by the score. Few can touch Rudy. He beats the band, and gives an impression of one. Saxophone, clarinet, sousaphone, trumpet, and mandoline are only a few of the instruments he imitated in the broadcast. And he accompanied himself on the piano.

**I LIKED** Bryan Michie's compering of the above show. Excellent because of its unobtrusiveness. No attempting to rule the roost. No laborious wisecracking. Bryan has a chuckle in his voice. That suffices for him to put a show over slickly and successfully.

**REMEMBER** Austen Groom-Johnson's charming and popular "Soft Lights and Sweet Music?" Northern Ireland, with "Stop Dancing," gave us a show on similar lines the other night. It was a winner. Artistically presented with a wealth of musical talent and ideas. In half an hour Three In Harmony, girls' trio, a fine tenor, James Johnston, and a small orchestra, which included a celeste, gave us dance music, syncopated kind, in every shape and form. Trio sang a peppy number, "I'm Gonna Have Trouble With You." Saxophonist Percy Waterhouse played the accompaniment, and continued it with a hot solo. James Johnston resuscitated catchy "Valencia." "Three In Harmony," in the novel accompaniment, gave an amazing imitation of the American stars, The Pickens Sisters, who had a way of humming all their own—until "Three In Harmony" came along and demonstrated they could do it easily!

**JAMES MOODY**, who arranged the programme, showed with a grand piano that "Little Man" and Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite and other classics could be blended to produce pleasant music. Dorothy Morrow, soprano, gave a sweet rendition of "Moonburn." Accompanying clarinet, celeste, and guitar were excellent. The all-too-brief "Stop Dancing" ended perfectly with gradual fade-out on "Mood Indigo." I'll stop dancing any time to hear another show like it. Up Belfast, every toime!

**LOU PREAGER'S** new band disappointed me. I had heard that he was dropping stereotyped commercial arrangements of numbers and going in solely for swing music. Perhaps I was misinformed, or Lou changed his mind. Anyway, he pulled two or three pretty dull and unambitious tunes out of the bag. Swing numbers he did play did not reach the standard I hoped for. I may be wrong, but I felt the boys hadn't settled down. Talent's there, certainly.

numbers—they're all tackled by Jack and his boys.

**DISTINCTLY** easy on the ether is Paula Blane, heard from Newcastle with Joe. Q. Atkinson's band. She really might be termed the "band leader's ideal." Paula can render a romantic number really romantically. She can "go to town," as the hot fans have it, with a rhythm number. But most important of all, she's an ace announcer. Paula doesn't weave feeble flippancies around names of dance tunes. She goes over big solely on her attractive voice, one of the friendliest in radio. I might even listen to a Bach recital with zest if Paula presided.

**JOS. Q. ATKINSON'S** middle name should be Quality. Tanyrate, he gave us a classy forty-five minutes of dance music. There was sax appeal, as well as sex appeal. A brilliant trumpet and sparkling piano solos from Jos. himself were other notable features. Only things I didn't fancy were the long, rather involved concert-style introduction to "Hawaiian Paradise" and the nearness of the string bass to the mike. These matters are easily rectified.

**I HEARD** some polished playing from Jay Wilbur's savants of swing. Viola, violins, vibrapbone, and organ were delightful. As the B.B.C. seem to have adopted as their theme song the tune "I'm Putting All My Eggs in the One Basket," where entertainment is concerned, I had with regret to leave Jay and travel to "Treasure Island."

**I FORGOT** all about dance bands when I tuned in to "Treasure Island." 'Fraid I forgot even the B.B.C. Here was real red-blooded stuff. No Oxford accents. No gents with tremulous or tired voices. No hoary gags. "Treasure Island." It did our hearts, and ears, good to hear the gruff Billy Bones arriving and demanding his noggin o' rum at the Admiral Benbow Inn. Then, without further ado, we were plunged into the thick of adventure. The terrifying tapping of Old Pew's stick as the blind pirate calls at the inn to give Cap'n Billy the dreaded Black Spot came over eerily. Jim Hawkins's discovery of the treasure map and his flight from the inn with his mother as the band of buccaneers approach through the fog, had me as thrilled as I was when I read "Treasure Island" in the long-distant short-pants period.

**BALIO HOLLOWAY** in the star part of Long John Silver gave us a treat. His voice could be smooth as silk. Sbock came when Jim Hawkins, concealed in an apple barrel aboard ship, overheard him discussing mutiny. Voice changed completely to one in which cruelty blended with cunning. "Better to finish 'em off on the island," he growled. His tones gave me the shivers. Scenes on the island were brilliantly acted and presented. Gaps in the narrative were skilfully bridged over by Jim Hawkins at times telling us his own experiences. The artifice worked smoothly—only one of the clever ideas in E. M. Delafield's well-thought-out, enjoyable presentation.

**SWEET-SOUNDING** combination that provided a tuneful fifty minutes at night last week was Charles Ernesco's Quintet. Swell pianist did justice by Billy Mayerl's



The "Three Radio Rogues,"—ace American vocal team.



**MR TUTT** sneaked in the doorway, taking an uneasy conscience with him. Time and again Esmerelda had lectured him on this weakness of his. Time and again he had promised that he would never do it again. Here he was, doing it once more.

Hurrying home the day before, Mr Tutt had passed a notice which said, **NOW ON VIEW.** He had paused, Esmerelda would be angry if he bought anything, he knew, and the last time he had bought something at a sale she had been furious. "What in the world do we want with an old oak chest in the hall?" she had demanded.

As Mr Tutt couldn't think of any use for it, he had had to hear all and say nothing. She had "gone on" terribly about it, and Mr Tutt had undertaken never to buy anything at a sale as long as he lived.

But that was more than a year ago. Besides, and at this thought Mr Tutt brightened, the sale was not till the following day. There could be no harm in just looking round, he had thought; there was no danger in that. In he had gone. Nothing had tempted him till he had come to a little bureau in a corner, a charming bit of furniture; the very thing for his den. It would have been cheap at ten pounds, or so Mr Tutt thought.

As soon as he had reached home he had tried to fill Esmerelda with enthusiasm about it. She, however, had said they had more furniture than they knew what to do with. His descriptions of the beading along the top, and the space for a few books behind glass doors, and the way the drawers opened seemed to fall on deaf ears.

To-day Mr Tutt elbowed his way into the saleroom, not to buy the bureau, mark you, but just to see what it fetched. If it went very cheaply he

could at least go home and tell Esmerelda what a bargain he had missed.

The saleroom was crowded. The auctioneer (Mr Tutt could catch a glimpse of him now and then) seemed enthroned above the people. Warm sunshine filtered through a skylight. Bidding was going slowly.

"All the better," thought Mr Tutt as the auctioneer sang the praise of lot 316. "Good," said Mr Tutt to himself, "they ought to get to lot 332 pretty soon now—inside half an hour."

A man in a green baize apron held up a rocking chair. "Now this is a singular piece of furniture," said the auctioneer persuasively. "A grand chair, this, seasoned mahogany or I'm a Dutchman. Who'll bid thirty shillings? Don't be backward. What, ten shillings? Ten shillings for a chair like this? Ladies and gentlemen, I couldn't let it go—twelve-and-six? Thank you. I've twelve-and-six offered for one of the best—fifteen



shillings? A chair fit for a queen—and I've only fifteen shillings, ladies and gentlemen, I can't let it go—any advance on fifteen shillings? Going at fifteen shillings."

It went. Mr Tutt pushed in another step, hiding behind a tall man, but getting a glimpse of the auctioneer at the far end of the room. "Good," he murmured. "Things are going cheap. Let's see what the bureau fetches."

At last lot 332 was lifted to the platform, the man in the green baize apron flicking a duster caressingly over it before opening the front to reveal its pigeon holes. Mr Tutt, who had found room to polish his glasses, now stood eagerly on tip-toe.

"A bargain," the auctioneer declared, "even for twenty pounds.

Solid oak writing bureau, fitted with lock and key, pigeon holes, secret drawer for love letters—what would life be without its bits of romance, eh? Bookcase for Shakespeare and Ethel M. Dell, spiral legs, perfect condition, good as new, an inspiration to anybody who wants to write a letter. Bless you, you've only to sit down at this bureau, and you'll write pages . . .

"How much? Who bids five pounds? Four pounds? I can't go any lower . . . why, the wood's worth it without the craftsmanship. You don't see furniture like this—I've thirty shillings bid for this handsome piece of furniture, useful and ornamental . . . you're joking, sir. Thank you—two pounds—two pounds—ten—and fifteen, thank you, madam. Two-fifteen for the solid oak bureau—three pounds from the gentleman in the corner—thank you, sir."

Mr Tutt glanced nervously to his right. He wished the gentleman in the corner would hold his tongue.

"Three pounds," went on the red-faced auctioneer beyond the shaft of sunlight. "Three pounds! Come, madam, it's worth three times the money. Thank you, madam. I've three pounds-five. Now, sir, any advance on three pounds-five? Three pounds-five—come, sir, another five shillings—anyone bid three pounds-ten?"

Mr Tutt put up his hand. Apparently the man in the corner was through, so there was only the woman to beat.

The auctioneer was quick to catch the signal. "That's right, sir," he said encouragingly. "I've three pounds-ten bid for this lovely bureau. Hold it up, Bill—let the gentleman see it. Now, madam, any advance on three pounds-ten? You aren't going to let it—thank you, madam. I've three pounds-fifteen bid. Going at three-fifteen. There never was such a bargain—thank you, sir.

"I've four pounds bid. Any advance on four pounds? Thank you, madam, I've four-five for the solid oak bureau. Going at four-five—now, sir, don't hold back—four-ten. Thank you, sir. Going at four-ten. Isn't it worth another five, madam?"

"Shall we say four-twelve-six? Going at four-ten—any advance on four-ten? The ladies win every time, you know—ah, I thought you would. I've four-twelve-six offered for this excellent bit of furniture. Thank you,

EIGHT BELLS—Cont. from Page 11

sir. Four-fifteen . . . Going at four-fifteen . . . Any advance. Going . . .

Mr Tutt flushed. He held his breath in the warm silence. He half hoped the woman at the front would say "seventeen and six." The auctioneer was flattering. "Going," he said. "At four pounds and fifteen shillings. You aren't going to lose it for half-a-crown, madam? Going, going . . . gone."

The hammer came down, and Mr Tutt, jubilant and nervous, motioned to Bill to fetch his card. Then he slipped away. He had triumphed, but almost wished he had been defeated.

How was he to break the news to Esmerelda? It was unpardonable disobedience. He had done it in opposition to all she had said. It wasn't particularly cheap, either. If it hadn't been for that woman he'd have got it for three pounds-ten. However, he had been forgiven before, so he went hopefully home — perhaps Melinda would stick up for him.

She was coming down the path to meet him. Esmerelda had not got home, she informed him, and Mr Tutt was relieved. Briefly he told her what he had done. "Be a sport, Linda," he said, putting his arm round her and giving her a hug. "Stick up for your poor old father."

"Husbands ought always to obey their wives," said Melinda archly.

Mr Tutt beamed. "See that yours does," he said.

He was in no hurry to break the news to Esmerelda when she came in ten minutes later. Tea was half over before Esmerelda said, "Joseph, I've a little surprise for you."

"Indeed?" Mr Tutt was glad—for he had one in store for Esmerelda.

"You know," she said gently, "I like you to have what you want sometimes, so this afternoon I looked in at a sale room, and when I saw that bureau you talked about, I felt . . ."

Mr Tutt coughed.

"I felt," said Esmerelda sweetly, "that for once you had been right. So I made a bid for it, and I should have got it ever so cheap if it hadn't been for a man . . . whatever is the matter with you two?"

"You tell her!" said Mr Tutt, appealing to Melinda.

"Well," Melinda explained as best she could for laughing, "the joke is that it was father who ran up the price."

For a minute Mr Tutt thought Esmerelda was going to be very angry indeed. Then the drollery of it dawned on her. She smiled. "I hope," she declared, "that every time you sit down in front of it you will remember to do as your wife tells you."

"Esme," said Mr Tutt going over to her, "it was lovely of you to do it, lovely! It just serves me right, my dear—and you know, I'd rather have the bureau than be in the Cabinet,

chartroom, where the Second Officer is standing by the chronometers.

Searching among the multitudinous signals, which sound like a nest of crickets, I now select a station calling CQ (all stations) de GBR.

This is Rugby, the largest wireless station in the world, about to commence the midday transmission of British Official Wireless Press.

For forty minutes, only broken by a three-minute silence period, my typewriter taps merrily as I receive news of the outer world.

The press concluding, back again on to 600 metres while I carefully check and prepare the wireless press for inclusion in our daily news bulletin.

At 12.48 I again tune to Rugby to listen to a list of ships for whom there are messages. There is nothing for my ship, so back again to 600 metres.

While the press was being received, a quartermaster handed into the wireless room a local weather report addressed to the United States Weather Bureau. This message must reach San Francisco before 13.00 so as to permit its inclusion in the general weather report for the eastern half of the North Pacific Ocean, emitted by San Francisco Naval Station later.

Dutch Harbour, Alaska, is the nearest naval station. I proceed to call him in the usual manner. However, the station is very busy with ship

weather reports and I am requested to wait my turn.

Just when I had almost given up hope of getting my report off before 13.00, the chuckling note of Dutch Harbour calls and I proceed to rush the message through.

The appearance of the quartermaster with tea and sandwiches is a very welcome interlude.

During the latter half of the watch, signals from stations to the eastward begin to fade. This means that dawn is breaking over the Pacific coast of America.

The Heavyside Layer, that imaginary wireless "ceiling" which encircles the globe is disintegrating and becoming ionized by the action of the sun's rays. The wave radiated from the transmitter is no longer earth bound. Instead of being reflected back to the surface of the earth from the "ceiling" it flies off into space.

However, signals from stations to the westward are still coming in strongly. As daylight advances westward across the earth they, too, will fade out and resume their normal daylight range.

The remainder of the watch is spent in routine listening on 600 metres for distress signals and possible traffic. At 4 a.m. the Senior Operator takes over the watch and I depart for my bunk to sleep till breakfast time.

KETTLES

They gave us our railways and teach us to be cheerful!

They have found their way into our common speech, for we say, "Here's a pretty kettle of fish," and the old song, "Polly, put the kettle on and let's have tea," has found a lasting place in our thoughts.

But the most astonishing thing about a kettle is the immense power and wealth which has come out of it.

It is not yet 200 years since a thoughtful boy watched a kettle boil, idled his time away holding a silver spoon in front of its spout, pressing his finger on the lid, and asking himself the question, "Why?"

He is said to have got into trouble for wasting time as he did, or as he seemed to be doing, but we know now that James Watt was not wasting time, but thinking out the principle of the steam engine—the improved steam engine with its condensing machinery.

From his kettle he went on to making a steam engine with a power undreamed of.

From his harnessing of the giant, steam, have come all the factories of the world, all the railways of the continents, all the riches which the industrial revolution of last century brought into being.

I always loved a kettle. For big, black kettles I have no love, but only for the little, chubby shining kettles which sit so placidly among the glowing coal, and puff away so merrily, and seem so friendly, the firelight gleaming on their polished sides so that they seem to wink knowingly.

How cheerful they are—and, as one of our modern poets reminds us—they sing so bravely that we may take a hint from them, and when we are up to the neck in hot water we may think of the kettle—and sing.



**T**HERE is a lot of truth in the old saying that the highly efficient man is less satisfied with himself than the inefficient. I know dozens of vocalists of very ordinary ability who never dream of settling down to some serious practice. Yet a man like Brian Lawrance, unquestionably one of the best vocalists on the air to-day, takes his work so seriously that he has two or three singing lessons every week. He devotes a part of every day to practising.

#### That's Why Brian is the Top.

Indirectly, I should say that no vocalist in London pays more for his lessons and practice than Brian, because, apart from the high fees which he is paying, he turns down lucrative recording engagements so that his tuition and practice will not be interfered with. Now you have part of the explanation why he stands ahead of anybody else in his particular type of work.

#### Marjorie Stedeford—Announcer.

Have you noticed that Marjory Stedeford is blossoming forth as an announcer—as well as a vocalist—and a very good job she is making of it, too? Of course, Marjory does not work with this band regularly, but nevertheless she is a very frequent patron at Lansdowne House and is seen dining and dancing there most evenings.

#### Busy Barry Gray.

Another vocalist who takes his work very seriously is Barry Gray, brother of Denny Dennis, who sings nearly every number from 11.30 p.m. to 4.30 a.m. at the famous "400 Club" with Reginald Foresythe's band. In addition to this he sings with the small band at the Mayfair Hotel which plays each evening until about 11.30, when Harry Roy's boys arrive from the Palladium.

#### A Solo Session Soon.

Barry's real break on the air comes very soon, when he is doing a solo

session, accompanied by Reggie on the piano. By the way, Barry considers that his job at the 400 Club is the most interesting in London. Not only is he thrilled at working with such a distinguished musician as Reginald Foresythe, but every known celebrity in Europe or America visits this famous club in Leicester Square.

#### The Boys on a Busman's Holiday.

Saturday night seems to be band leader's night. More often than not you will see Carrol Gibbons, Harry Roy, Sydney Lipton, Jack Jackson, and a whole host of others having a busman's holiday listening to the band and dancing.

#### Bram Martin Made His Mark.

Of all the new bands which have come on the air during the last few months, I think it is safe to say that none has made its mark as much as Bram Martin's. I am delighted to hear that, from May 22 onwards, Bram will be on the air once a fortnight from the Holborn Restaurant.

#### A Keen Angler, Too.

Bram is one of the keenest anglers in the country. He holds one particular record for the Thames. The other evening I heard him making an appointment with a fellow angler to meet at 4.30 a.m. Only enthusiasm in the extreme would make a man who works to about 1 a.m. do a thing like this.



Jack Payne.

#### Pougson Sells Fish.

Talking of fish reminds me of Pougson, the famous sax player of Jack Jackson's band, who has one of the most interesting aquariums in this country. Pogy recently had a visitor—an official from one of our most celebrated zoos. The distinguished person made him an offer for two rare

## NEWS ABOUT THE

### ARRANGEMENTS FOR QUEEN MARY RELAYS.

#### DOCKSIDE SCENES, NEWS FLASHES AND DANCE MUSIC.

The broadcasting arrangements for relays from the Queen Mary are now almost completed. The liner is timed to leave Southampton at 4.30 p.m. on Wednesday, May 27. Scenes at the dockside will begin immediately after the running commentary from Epsom, at approximately 3.15 p.m.

During this time it is hoped to broadcast a short programme of dance music from the ship's band, which, for this maiden voyage, is under the direction of Henry Hall.

The "Tour of the Ship" programme will be relayed on the National wavelength on the 29th from 8.15 to 9 p.m.

The ship is scheduled to dock in New York at four o'clock American time (which is nine o'clock in the evening here) on Monday, June 1. Immediately after arrival, the captain, Sir Edgar Britten, is going to dash to a

studio of the N.B.C., where he will give his impressions of the voyage. This is going to be relayed over here and also throughout the United States.

In addition to the special feature programmes, news "flashes," lasting five minutes of happenings on board, will be given during the news bulletin at 9.30.

\* \* \*

### "TWO ON A TRAM."

#### RADIO BURLESQUE FROM NORTHERN.

"Two on a Tram," or "A shop-girl's Romance," is the title of a radio burlesque which is to be heard from Northern on the 28th and 29th.

Two young Manchester authors, Pip Andrews and John Bridgeman, are responsible for the book and lyrics, whilst Henry Reed has composed special music.

The story opens on a tram-top with a love scene between two young shop assistants. A villainous shop-walker hampers the romance, but the end comes with the couple together again.



Arthur Young and His Youngsters.

a sling due to acute neuritis, and all his conducting is left handed. As a result of a fall his wife will be in bed for some time yet. His young daughter is in hospital for an operation, and his prize bull dog is at the vet's.

**Here's Hoping.**

Frank must have a marvellous spirit to stand in front of that band every night and look the same bright and breezy fellow which the patrons expect him to be. Let's hope that his troubles are soon over and also that his band as well as his brass quintet will be on the air on many occasions.

**Boy Soprano.**

Several years ago a boy soprano called Alexander Leo Mussi, born in Aberdeen, created great attention by his singing in the local church. Many people suggested to his parents that young Leo should take up singing as a career, but in spite of that in later years as a young man he went out with a pal to Forno to open a rubber plantation.

**Opera and Broadcasting.**

Naturally Alexander kept up his singing as a hobby. One day he was heard by Signora Tornaghi-Borgani (the last living pupil of the celebrated Lamperti) and she began coaching him immediately. Very soon it was 'goodbye to the rubber plantation and we find Leo singing grand opera in Milan and also broadcasting.

specimens. They were sold, and now are being seen publicly.

**Troublous Times for Frank Biffo.**

Frank Biffo, who directs the dance band at Tussaud's Restaurant (the band which was heard on the air quite recently) has had a whole bundle of trouble lately. His right arm is in



**To Sing With Charlie Kunz.**

Time passed on and he returned to his native Scotland; later coming to London where he soon made a great name for himself. On May 13 he will sing for the first time with a dance band. Under the name of "Leo" he will make his debut with Charlie Kunz's Band.

**Jessie Robbins Going on Tour.**

You will remember I drew your attention recently to a new rhythmic singer, Miss Jessie Robbins, who has been heard on the air with Harry Leader. News has now come to hand that she will be featured with Lou Preager's band during his 18 weeks' season in Glasgow.

**She Should Make the Grade.**

Jessie will be in all Lou's broadcast programmes, and I hear on good authority that these will occur on alternate Saturday afternoons. Regular broadcasting like this should help to establish Jessie and make her as popular a vocalist on the radio as she has been in ordinary dance business in London for a long time.

**Eddie Carney Broadcasts.**

Eddie Carney, that popular band leader from Birmingham, paid another one of his flying visits to Town last week. His fans will be glad to know that he has another four or five broadcasts during the next few weeks. Even when he leaves Birmingham to take up his resident summer season at Llandudno, he will not be lost to radio listeners. On June 12 he will give his first broadcast from Llandudno. I hope we will hear him regularly from the North Wales holiday resort.

**Two Dates to Note.**

Tommy Kinsman, who now runs the band at Fishers' Restaurant, Bond Street, and who was on the air a few weeks ago, returns to the studio on May 23. Dave Musikant, who has spent so many seasons at Margate and who is one of the best known band leaders in London, will be on the air on May 21.

# STARS AND SHOWS

**IN MEMORY OF LORD KITCHENER.**

**SPECIAL FEATURE FOR TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY.**

"Kitchener" is the title of a special feature to be broadcast on National on Tuesday, June 2.

That week is the week of the twentieth anniversary of the death of Lord Kitchener, which occurred in the sinking of the H.M.S. Hampshire on June 5, 1916.

This broadcast takes the form of a dramatic narrative. Lord Kitchener's career will be traced from his success in the Soudan and also during the South African War.

The material for the programme has been based on biographies, memoirs, despatches, and letters, and will be produced by Laurence Gilliam.

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Variety from the Empire Theatre, Peterborough, on Midland on Friday, 29th, will consist of excerpts from the "Summer Smiles" Concert Party, presented by Daniel Mayer.

**SPECIAL REVUES FOR MAY AND JUNE.**

**STAR CAST FOR "THIS MONTH OF MAY."**

Two special revues are due to take place in May and June. "This Month of May" is coming on the air on the 27th on National. The cast includes Hermione Baddeley and Jean Sablon with Edward Cooper and Richard Ainley (son of Henry Ainley). The latter makes his first appearance in light fare. Rest of the cast includes Adele Dixon, Doris Hare, Ernest Sefton, and the Radio Three.

It is interesting to note that Charles Shadwell will be in charge of the music in this his first musical appearance since leaving Coventry.

\*\*\*

Vincent Ladbrooke and his Music, who recently made their broadcasting debut from Midland Regional, have further radio dates next Tuesday and also on June 19.

# TRIALS of a WOULD-BE SONGWRITER

## The "Rook Squad" Racketeers

THE man at the other side of the desk looked at me with round eyes. He held up a fat hand in horror.

"Are you aware," he almost choked; "that you've rhymed 'June night' with 'Moonlight'?"

"Yes," I replied innocently. "I rather like that couplet."

With a supreme effort the music publisher controlled himself.

"Never do it again," he pleaded. "It's a terrible crime—almost unforgivable. Heavens, it would ruin an established reputation!"

Unsuccessful in my dealings with dance bands and film studios, I was back again in "Tin Pan Alley." In the directory you will find it called Charing Cross Road and Shaftesbury Avenue.

Before getting an audition I called on six publishers. The sixth was the gentleman who objected to "moonlight" being rhymed with "June night."

Outside his office I changed the offending words. I called on more publishers.

Eventually I was seated at a large grand piano. Two yards from my elbow a particularly efficient private secretary tapped out a brisk accompaniment on a typewriter.

The publishing manager, a jovial looking gentleman, seemed not only unimpressed but actually bored.

"Good," he said when I had finished, "but not good enough. I hope you haven't come all the way from Scotland to let me hear that!"

"But you've got ability, son," he added more kindly. "Keep on trying. Write me something else and bring it along. Here's my card—you won't need to trouble about an appointment."

I made a date some days later with a somewhat obscure publisher.

Our appointment was kept in a modestly furnished room which contained a museum relic in the form of an ancient battered piano.

The publisher was suspiciously enthusiastic.

"Ah, you've got ideas!" he cried and—as I have told you I cannot write notation—he wrote out the score of one of my numbers.

"I'll accept two of your songs," he said heartily. "I've seen nothing as good as 'em for months."

"We usually set about having proof copies printed. Generally the number is three—one for the song-writer, one for ourselves, and the third to submit to people who might be interested. Soon as we have evoked interest, we publish and wait for the flood of money."

The way his tongue rolled over the phrase "flood of money" was calculated to inspire! Then his voice became a trifle colder.

"Naturally," he concluded, "as a certain amount of expenditure is involved we feel it only fair that the song-writer should—in a small way, of course—share the expense. Generally we charge 25s per number. When your songs are selling we'll pay you 40 per cent. royalties on all sheet music."

I muttered something about times being hard and I'd think it over. Anyway, my suspicions were awakened. Once outside the office I dashed to Piccadilly and

described what had happened to a friend who knew all about the song business. His advice was valuable.

"My dear chap," said my friend, "come out of it as soon as you are asked for money. Not one dependable publisher in London—or anywhere else—would dream of asking for money. I know the man you've just seen. Take my advice and quit!"

"Give him the fee and he has fulfilled his contract by printing one copy of your song. You have no hold on him at all. When they talk of a fee you know you're among the 'ROOK SQUAD.' Then it's time to retire gracefully."

Back with my enthusiastic "publisher," I had to plead, harangue, and threaten before I got back my MS.

During the next week or so I composed a few more songs, but I was puzzled about the next move. At last I decided to try my luck again in Tin Pan Alley. First of all I went to see the gentleman who was horrified to see "June night" rhymed with "moonlight."

The card he had given me was a passport past commissionaires and clerks. To the unflinching barrage of the typewriter I played over my new songs.

When I had finished the publisher read my lyrics, and, without enthusiasm asked me to play one song over again. When I came to the end he stroked his chin and made me a surprising offer.

"I've a show on at the seaside," he said. "How would you like to be a crooner?"

I turned it down. Song-writing, I feel, is my mission in life. Besides, I didn't want to leave London.

"A pity," said the publisher. "You've got a pleasant voice." And he handed me back my songs.

By the time I succeeded in meeting another publisher, I had written what I think is a really fine song.

It was lucky. The publisher had only a few minutes to spare when I went in to his office. As a matter of fact, on several previous visits I found him too busy to see anybody.

"There's only time for one number," I was told before going to the piano. "Give us your best."

At the last note I turned to the publisher. You can imagine how happy I was when I saw that he was smiling.

"Yes, sonny," he said. "I want to say that I like the melody."

But the words, it seemed, would have to be changed. The lyric was almost the same as one he had just published.

"Write another lyric," he said kindly. "Then we might be able to do something."

Next day I was back at the office with a new song—and the table at home was nearly hidden under scraps of inky paper!

The publisher and myself were together for the best part of an afternoon. We altered phrases and changed words. Soon the publisher was beyond the point of mere interest.

"O K, Mr —," he said at last. "I'll submit this tune to our general manager. If he says it's all right, we'll publish."

Now it seems that I am really going to be a song-writer. Perhaps I'm going to be "In the Money" instead of "Underneath the Arches."

# MAIL BOAT

by  
DONALD  
HOWARD



**E**XCEPT to the hardened traveller, there is no more pleasant thrill in the world than an ocean voyage in a mail boat.

In a moment all the life you knew has slipped from your shoulders. In its place you have no single worry or care to burden you—unless, of course, it be of your own making.

New nights, new sounds—new everything, and nothing to do except enjoy it all. There are respectful, well-trained servants at your beck and call, every form of amusement a floating city can offer you, and a bewildering variety of food and companionship.

Because it is all so wonderful it also offers an opportunity to certain unscrupulous people to turn the opportunity to their own advantage.

**I**F I were to classify mail boat characters in order of importance, the person at the head of my list would undoubtedly be the card-sharper.

It would take a volume to tell you all about his—and sometimes it is her—tricks. But I can at least put you wise to the basic traits of the profession.

The first thing to remember is that, no matter how much you may have been warned, he will not admit that he is a card-sharper. That is the card-sharper's ace of trumps—the peak of his technique.

It is not as if he tries to disguise himself as a parson or a cowboy or anybody else. He remains just a most charming, well travelled, delightfully courteous personality to everyone—even his victim.

They seldom pluck more than one pigeon each trip, but him they leave without a feather.

What organisation behind the scenes is necessary for this, only the card-sharper, working singly or in a gang, can say. But it is done in a way that leaves no trace of crooked play. Hardly in one case in a thousand can the victim lodge a complaint.

I know myself of one instance where to the very end, a real, hard-headed American business man maintained that it was only bad luck that beat him—after the ship's

## How cardsharper operate

### on the Atlantic crossing

authorities had warned him not to play with the man who took his money!

"I've played poker from the days of my youth," the business man started, "and I was reckoned good in Texas." High as the standard of Texas poker is, it is "rabbit" play to the mail boat card-sharper.

Nevertheless, such was the charming technique of the plucker that the pigeon—100,000 dollars worth of "feather" missing—went off smiling and offering to play double stakes next time.

**T**HE ways of card-sharpers are many and depend for their application on the character of the man using them.

The usual sleight-of-hand is a thing of the past. Even the Maskelyne and Devant type of palming would be regarded as much too crude, possible of detection by some expert watcher, and likely to hurt the victim.

This, in return, would boomerang back on the card-sharper resulting in anything from a scandal to a recommendation among the victim's friends to ban the sharper socially. It is essential that the card-sharper, if he wants to be successful, must have entree to the big money.

The secrets of the "trade" are generally inviolate, but one or two have come my way. Though even if you looked out for them you would find it difficult to know when they were being applied.

One, for example, caught my breath in its cleverness. The bar steward—a valuable member of the gang—prepared small marks with invisible ink on certain cards—the court cards—before he served them as new packs.

As they were all marked with invisible ink, it did not matter which the players took.

Remember that the actual card-sharper player never saw or touched the cards before they were put on the table.

When play began he used to screw his monocle into his eye—he was the perfect monocle type—and . . . get down to it.

The eyeglass was slightly coloured, so slightly that it was hardly noticeable, but it was the exact shade that would show up the invisible markings on the cards.

All the card-sharper did then was to play "straight"—but he backed his hand when his cards were better than his opponents. The trick was only found out when the barman "struck" for a larger rake-off.

**S**OMETIMES card-sharpers are women. They are the real Philip Oppenheim adventuresses come to life except that, like their male counterparts, you would believe them anything but that.

Usually they take the part of decoys when it is necessary to go as far as this. But when they attain high perfection in the manipulation of cards or show a card sense, they take their place at the tables.

Card-sharpers have a strange habit. They confine themselves to their own pitches. The North Atlantic "runners" are rarely seen on the Buenos Ayres mail boats or the China Clippers.

If they do try to poach on other preserves they get short shrift from their friends "in the trade" unless, of course, it is a matter of "get out or get jail," when room is made for them and a "transfer" arranged.

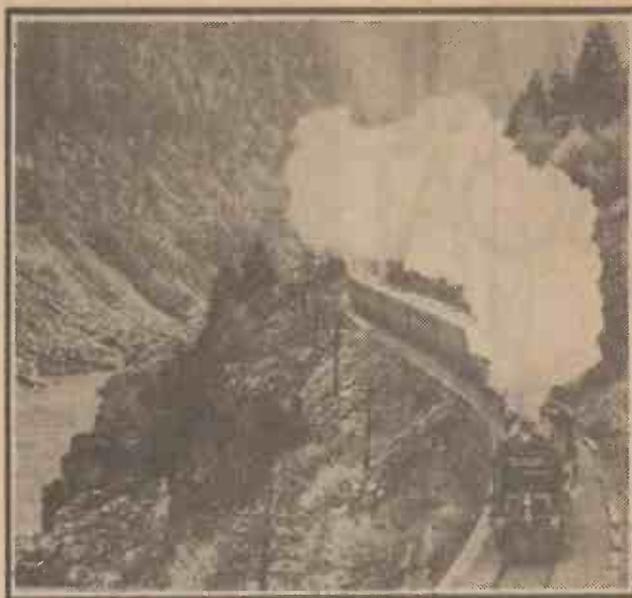
The gentlemen of the profession are fairly well known to the staff, but beyond warning passengers nothing much can be done.

After all, passengers are supposed to be grown-up men and women and a mail boat voyage is so full of other delightful activities that—almost—no sympathy is given to anyone foolish enough to allow himself to be inveigled into the clutches of a card-sharper.

# HOBOING "DOWN UNDER"—

Arthur S. Rich

# The TRAIN-JUMPING RACKET



"RACKETEERING" is something which is nearly always associated with America. Yet I came into very close contact with a "racket" which has not been heard of by the average person. This particular racket cost me four days in the "cooler," and completely spoiled a date which I had made to attend a little bush town dance.

I arrived in Sydney, N.S.W., and had four days in which to reach Macksville, where I had written to friends saying I would attend the annual show ball.

I had bad luck from the start. Jumping a goods train from Hornsby just out of Sydney, I was making good progress, but the police chased us off the train at Gosford, and I had to waste a whole day and night on the road to avoid being "pinched."

Eventually I got another train and reached Taree on the Manning River. There, in company with about a dozen other hoboes, I left the train, which was stopping at this town, to be "made up" again before continuing north.

About two o'clock that afternoon I grabbed my suitcase and made towards the "yards." Several other fellows were coming away from the train which was due to leave.

"It's no good trying her, clobber," they said. "There's not an empty truck anywhere." I was intent on reaching Macksville, over one hundred miles north, by next morning to give me time to get prepared for the dance in the evening. "Well I'll get this train or bust," I said.

When I got alongside I found the train loaded high with goods, and all the trucks were covered by tarpaulins, nearly twelve feet above the ground.

Presently the train started to move. I stepped alongside watching the trucks. One drew level; it wasn't quite so high as the rest. I heaved my case up; it went over to land and wobble perilously on top of the tarpaulin.

The train was shifting by now, and several trucks passed me before I was able to sprint alongside and get aboard.

I clambered on top, but I had to jump the gaps between several trucks to reach my case. Then I sat beside it and admired the countryside.

All went well until the train reached Telegraph Point. Here an empty truck was picked up. It was dark then, and I got down and made myself comfortable in the empty truck.

About 10 p.m. I saw the lights of Kempsey ahead of me; another thirty-six miles from there and I should be at Macksville.

The train was slowing up, rather carefully, I thought, then I scrambled close in to the near side of my truck. Something was definitely wrong.

The truck stopped right bang in front of the main platform. Two flash-lights blazed

down on me. "Come on, get out!" cried a couple of voices.

Naturally I dived for the other side, but only to be met with the blinding glare of two more torches. "On the platform, you!" came the command.

I went back and climbed out on to the platform. Two "dicks" grabbed me.

"Is your name Bill Brown?" said one.

"No, Arthur Stephens," I said, giving the first phoney name I could think of. After the usual why's and wherefore's, the detectives asked me who else had travelled on the train.

I told them I had seen no one.

"Well, there's been about two hundred and fifty pounds' worth of goods stolen from this train. What do you know about it?" came the staggering question.

The police looked through my suitcase. It was filled with a new rig-out of clothes. They were very suspicious about how I obtained these clothes, but my explanation was quite satisfactory. One of the detectives

turned to the stationmaster, and said, "Well, he has nothing on him; shall we let him go?" "No, you'll have to prosecute!" came the reply, and all thoughts of dancing were washed from my mind. I was sentenced to four days in Kempsey Jail for jumping trains.

On the third day, a certain Detective Douglas, of the Railway Police, came up from Sydney to interview me.

"I'm Douglas, of the Railway Police," he said, as I was brought before him.

"Oh," I said, tendering my hand, "I'm Arthur Stephens, glad to know you."

There was a slight explosion, but eventually the railway "dick" cooled off. After about half an hour of questioning me, Douglas told me that I'd be doing a good thing if, when jumping trains at any future time, I reported any thieving that I happened to see going on.

When I explained in words carefully picked that I was not a "stool pigeon," I found that once again I had touched a sore point. I was warned that if I did not behave more carefully I should be doing a longer "stretch."

Now, I knew nothing whatever about the robbery on the train between Taree and Kempsey. But I did know that such happenings were not uncommon. I will tell you

how I received some first-hand information regarding this racket.

I was in Mackay, in Queensland. One day a fellow known as Dumpy came into camp. I had met him some six months previously in Maryborough. We got talking, and I asked him what he had been doing since I last saw him. "I've just come out, I had three months in 'Bogga Road' (a big prison in Brisbane) for train thefts," he said. Then he told me all about it. It seems he met a fellow in a certain town who had a big general store. This man offered to buy all the goods that Dumpy could steal from goods trains. Dumpy gathered a few friends together, and they started work. As ordinary hoboes, they would go to the goods yard, locate a truck containing suitable merchandise and take the number of it. That night two of them would ride the train out in an empty truck. At an arranged stopping-place, Dumpy and his pals would leave the empty truck. Reaching the one they intended to rifle, they would break the ropes and seals of tarpaulin, one get inside, and the other would tie the tarpaulin down again to prevent suspicion should the guard walk past. Once the train was on the move, the fellow inside with the goods would cut the ropes of the tarpaulin and dump out as much goods as he could, within a reasonable distance of the spot they had arranged to meet the car or lorry. Then the stuff would be picked up and delivered to the shady storekeeper before the police had time to find out about the robbery. Dumpy told me that he averaged about five pounds a week for two months. Then the inevitable happened. He had just dumped several cases of butter off and several packages containing clothing. He jumped off the train, then his eyes bulged, as he saw two flash-lights moving towards him. He made a break for it, but the police caught him and took him to their car on the road. Just as they got to the car, another car came along. It was Dumpy's pals. "I've never seen such cool nerve in all my life," said Dumpy. "My pal who was driving pulled up, and said, 'Can I give you any assistance?'" "The copper said, 'No, it's all right.'" "Sorry," said my pal, "I thought you'd broken down," and calmly drove off again." It was only the cool nerve of Dumpy's confederates that completely disarmed the police.

## Stealing a Ride to Rob the Train.

# REX KING'S

## Replies to Readers' Letters

# FAN MAIL

### HARRY ROY'S BOYS.

Dear Rex,—Could you please tell me the personnel of Harry Roy's band?—"Miss D. W." (Dunston).

Harry Roy, leader; Harry Hayes, Joe Arbiter, Nat Temple, Harry Goss, saxes; Bert Wilton, Tommy Porter, Alf Horton, trumpets; Jack Colls, Dick Boothroyd, trombones; Maurice Sterndale, violin; Joe Daniels, drums; Tom Venn, guitar; Stanley Black and Norman White, pianos; Arthur Calkin, bass; Bill Currie, vocalist.

### THE BEST BAND.

Dear Rex,—I read "Radio Review" every week, and I think it's grand. I am with you in most of your criticisms about radio stars. The only thing I can't understand is how listeners can enjoy Henry Hall.

Several of your readers have expressed the opinion that Harry Roy is too hot. I don't think so. Every Harry Roy programme is well worth listening to. Bill Currie is the best vocalist on the air, approached only by Billy Scott-Coomber of Jack Payne's band. The latter is the only band that comes anything near Harry Roy's grand combination.

Could you please give me the personnel of Harry Roy's band?—"Harry Royite" (Shotton Colliery).

For Harry Roy's band list please see reply to "Miss D. W." (Dunston).

### ABOUT LES ALLEN.

Dear Rex,—Would you be kind enough to answer the following questions:—

- (1) How old is Les Allen?
- (2) The colour of his hair and eyes.
- (3) Has he a son called Norman? If so, please state his age.—"Les Allen Fan" (Bacup).
- (1) About thirty.
- (2) Grey eyes, light brown hair.
- (3) Yes, Norman is about ten.

### RADIO AND FILM STARS.

Dear Rex,—Could you please tell me the addresses of the following radio and film stars:—Tom Walls, Ralph Lynn, Robertson Hare, Cicely Courtneidge, George Arliss, Claude Hulbert, Jack Buchanan, Claude Dampier, Peter Haddon, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Gordon Harker, Bobby Howes, Anna Neagle, Ivor Novello, Nova Pilbeam, and Emyln Williams?—"J. P." (London).

Write Tom Walls, Ralph Lynn, Robertson Hare, Cicely Courtneidge, George Arliss, Claude Hulbert, Peter Haddon, Cedric Hardwicke, Gordon Harker, Bobby Howes, Anna Neagle, Ivor Novello, Nova Pilbeam, and Emyln Williams, all c/o G.B. Studios, Lime Grove, W.12. Write Jack Buchanan and Claude Dampier c/o "Radio Review."

### PANEL PORTRAITS WANTED.

Dear Rex,—I would just like to tell you how much I appreciate your paper. I have been in bed for nearly two years, so you can imagine wireless has been a great boon to me. But, I am sorry to say, it was only a week ago that I discovered there was such a thing as "Radio Review."

Is it possible to obtain all the panel portraits you have issued in your previous issues of "R.R."? The ones I have are of Dan Donovan and Buddy Rogers, but I would like very much to get the portraits that came before these.—"R. R." (Glasgow).

The first of the panel portraits were given in issue dated February 1. These can be obtained from the Back Number Dept., 12 Fetter Lane, E.C.4.

### PERSONNEL OF BILLY COTTON'S BAND.

Dear Rex,—Could you kindly oblige me by answering the following questions:—(1)

- How many men are there each in Billy Cotton's and Harry Roy's bands? What are their names and what instruments do they play?
- (2) Why does Ray Noble and his band, or Billy Reid and his accordion band never broadcast?
- (3) What are the signature tunes of the following bands:—Roy Fox, Teddy Joyce, Joe Loss, Syd Lipton?
- (4) Could we not have more dance music records broadcast?
- (5) Could you give me as many details as possible of Henry Hall?—"C. G." (Newcastle-on-Tyne).
- (1) Billy Cotton, conductor; Frank Kenyon,

Mick Burberry, Frank Barnes, Edgar Bracewell, saxes, clarinets; Jack Doyle, trumpet and vocalist; Ernie Fearn, Teddy Desmond, trumpets; Tommy Ward, trombone; Ellis Jackson, trombone, tap dancer, and vocalist; Phil Phillips, violin; Laurie Johnson, banjo; Les Casey, guitar; Joe White, string bass and sousa; Clem Bernard, pianist and arranger; Arthur Baker, drums; Alan Breeze and Peter Williams, vocalists. Harry Roy, conductor; Joe Arbiter, Nat Temple, Harry Goss, saxes; Bert Wilton, Tommy Porter, Alf Horton, trumpets; Jack Collins, Dick Boothroyd, trombones; Maurice Sterndale, violin; Stanley Black and Norman

### SIGNATURE TUNE WITHOUT A TITLE.

Dear Rex,—Please could you tell me if Louis Levy and his Symphony Orchestra play the signature tune of Gaumont British News, and could you tell me the title of it?—"K. B." (Tottenham).  
Yes, an original composition by Louis Levy, without a title.

### DON CARLOS IS IRISH!

Dear Rex,—(1) What nationality is Don Carlos? Is he married? How old is he? Has he always been with Troise?  
(2) Where was Jack Cooper born?—"F. A. S." (Stockport).  
(1) Don Carlos is Irish! As far as I know, he is not married. He is thirty and has been with Troise for some months.  
(2) Jack was born in London.



Bill Currie.

White, pianos; Joe Daniels, percussion; Arthur Calkin, bass; Tom Venn, guitar; Bill Currie, vocalist.

- (2) Ray is in the States. Billy Reid is on tour.
- (3) Roy Fox, "Whispering"; Teddy Joyce, "The World is Waiting for the Sunrise"; Syd Lipton, "Get Rhythm in Your Feet."
- (4) It doesn't rest with me!
- (5) Henry was born in London thirty-seven years ago. He's six feet tall, with dark hair and grey eyes. Is married with two children.

### ARE PAYNE AND HYLTON RELATED?

Dear Rex,—Please could you tell me if Jack Payne and Jack Hylton are related.—"M. B." (Tottenham).  
No relation whatever.

### ADDRESSES WANTED.

Dear Rex,—Would you please tell me the addresses of these people:—Clark Gable, Bing Crosby, and Joe Loss?—"C. F." (Blackburn).  
Clark Gable, M.G.M., Culver City, Hollywood, California; Bing Crosby, Paramount-Public Studios, Hollywood, California; Joe Loss, Astoria Dance Salon, Charing Cross Road, W.C. Enclose international correspondence coupon.

### ANNOUNCING WITH HENRY HALL.

Dear Rex,—Can you please tell me if Henry Hall does his own announcing?—"A.B.C." (Dalston).  
Henry's manager, George Hodges, does most of the announcing.

### IS HENRY HALL MAKING MORE FILMS?

Dear Rex,—(1) Is Henry Hall making any more films than "Music Hath Charms"?  
(2) Is Henry Hall his proper name?—"H.R.H. Fan" (Yorkshire).  
(1) Not at the moment to my knowledge.  
(2) Yes.

## No. 2 LIMERICKS RESULT

HERE is the result of "Radio Review's" Limerick Competition No. 2.

A top-hole Columbia radiogram goes to Mr N. G. Read, 3 Crexford Gardens, Wood Green, London, N.22 for the following limerick:—

*Village parson were listening one noight,  
When he gazed at the speaker in freight.  
For 'twixt me an' you,  
Billy Bennett were due,  
P'raps parson thought set'd catch aloight.*

The senders of the following limericks receive consolation awards:—

*A flapper from East Semolina,  
Was nuts on Slick Eddie Pola,  
But strange to relate,  
She chose for her mate  
Bill Bloggs, who drives a steam roller.*

—MISS WOOLLISCROFT, 26 Harding Road, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent.

*There was a young man of Madrid,  
Who could dance the tango—and did.  
To the strains of Geraldo  
He danced the fandango,  
But "Contango" caused him to skid.*

—Mrs DAWNEY, 39 Courteney Gardens, Upminster, Essex.

*There was an old dame from Lahore,  
Who said crooning was her favourite bore,  
Then the knob she did sliick,  
And tuned in George Elrick,  
Now, like Othor Twist, she wants more.*

—B. LLOYD, 9 Charnwood Avenue, Cavehill Road, Belfast.

*There was a young lady of Lent,  
Who went out to camp in a tent,  
With a short wave receiver  
And a golden retriever,  
She got Hungary and Chili, then went.*

—L. WHITEFIELD, 126 Norbury Avenue, Thornton Heath, Surrey.

*A cigar king called Timothy Twine,  
Had a fault in his telephone line,  
He picked up the receiver  
And heard Robinson Cleaver,  
And said, "So he's crossed the line."*

—MISS G. COOLEY, Broom Cottage, Esher, Surrey.

# HIGH SPOTS OF THE

**WEDNESDAY.**—The National high-spot this evening is a relay by Clarkson Rose's well-known Concert Party Company—"Twinkle." The troupe for this broadcast will include Olive Fox, Eddie Henderson, Betty Kent, Madge Villiers, Gordon Holdom, Peter Miller, Conrad Leonard, the Four Clarkson Rosebuds, and Clarkson Rose himself. Listeners who miss this relay can hear the company twinkling again tomorrow evening on the Regional wavelength.

Regional present another in the series "From the London Theatre," whilst Brian Lawrance brings his Sextet to play dance music at 5.15 p.m. Eddie Pola presents his first "Twisted Tunes."

Midland broadcast the children's concert of the Kidderminster Schools' Musical Festival from the Town Hall, Kidderminster. Schools from Chaddeley, Cookley, Hartlebury, Stourport, Wribbenhall, and Wolverly take part. The conductor will be Cyril Winn. Later Martyn C. Webster produces a burlesque in rhyme, "The Belle of Boopadoo," by Moore Raymond. The story concerns the visit of an explorer to the jungle of Boopadoo, his interview with King Umbopo and his love affair with the king's ex-governess, Maisie Smith

of Golder's Green. Helmar Fernback plays the part of the explorer; Alfred Butler, the King; and Marjorie Westbury that of Maisie Smith. Music is by John Morley, with the B.B.C. Midland Revue Chorus and Orchestra conducted by Reginald Burston.

Winter Gardens, Morecambe, supply the Variety show for Northern listeners.

West produce "Mixture for May," which will include a number of items dealing with May-time in the West. Snowy Hopton will tell dialect stories, Stan and Jan give an original turn, R. N. Green-Armytage will read extracts and comment upon them, and Eldred Walker will give an account of the Wells May Market when he was a boy. West also welcome, for the first time, The Exeter Light Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Alfred E. Healey, which was formed three years ago.

Welsh have a light programme by the University Welsh Society from the Powys Hall, University College, Bangor.

Northern Ireland have a Variety relay from the Empire Theatre at Belfast.

**THURSDAY.**—National reserve a "spot" this evening for "Music From the Movies," with Louis Levy's Symphony Orchestra and vocalists Janet Lind and Robert Ashley. After this the "Vagabond Lover" will be introduced by Lorna Hubbard, and will be supported by B.B.C. Variety Orchestra, conducted by Kneale Kelley.

"Twinkle," Clarkson Rose's popular concert party, have a repeat performance on Regional. Following this, the Charles Ernesco Quintet play light music, with Richard Collando as the vocalist. Opera lovers can tune in to Act 3 of "Gotterdammerung" from the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. Late dance music is by Joe Loss's band from the Studio.

The second episode in Sybil Clark's serial play, "The Adventurous Journey," will be presented in the Midland Children's Hour at 5.15 p.m.

Sheffield will be on the air in the Northern programme. Listeners may remember that arrangements for a broadcast from the Theatre Royal were made in January. But on the eve of the transmission the theatre was completely destroyed by fire. Since then the management have transferred to the Lyceum Theatre, Sheffield. It is from this theatre that the relay will come this evening. Excerpts will be taken from the following bill:—Harry Carlton, Walter Amner, Holmes and Edwards, Frank Wilson and Dawn Davis.

West relay a programme prepared by John Lampson with the title "For Amusement Only." The West Country Chorus and the Clifton Light Orchestra will be conducted by J. Leslie Bridgmount. Lillian Keyes will be vocalist.

Dr Adrian Boulton pays a visit to the Welsh Region, where he will be the guest conductor at the Montgomery County Music Festival held in Newtown.

Ruddick Millar and Harry S. Gibson have written a new show for Northern Ireland listeners called "Looking At Life." Two window-cleaners view various aspects of life seen through the windows they clean. The music is by Stendal Todd, and the producer will be Edward Wilkinson.

★ ★ ★

**FRIDAY.**—The feature programme on National has the title "Pleasure Garden." It is described as being a picture in words and music of London's old pleasure garden at Vauxhall. A section of the B.B.C. Men's Chorus and Theatre Orchestra will be conducted by Mark H. Lubbock. The singers will be Alfred Reynolds, Garda Hall, Jan Van der Gucht, and Morgan Davies. Late dance music is by Lew Stone and his band from the Café de Paris.

Regional have a play, "Dream Faces," by Wyn Miller, and a light programme by the Leslie Bridgewater Quintet.

The Church Gresley Male Voice Choir pay a return visit to Midland studios, with Clement Jackson conducting. Interlude will be filled by Patrick Cory playing pianoforte solos. To-night's "Variety of Theatres" relay comes from the Theatre Royal at Hanley. Tony's Red Aces, play dance music.

Northern listeners may remember that last October, excerpts from Ronald Gow's play, "Gallows Glorious," were broadcast by members of the Liverpool Repertory Co. Jan Bussell has now made a special radio adaptation of the play which will be broadcast on this evening.

"West Country Gazeteer" will be featured from West. The county will be Glorious Devon.

Welsh relay the second Festival Concert from the Three Valleys Festival from Mountain Ash. Verdi's "Requiem" will be the performed work. A choir of twelve hundred singers drawn from the Valley towns will be supported by such well-known singers as Elsie Suddaby (soprano), Gladys Ripley (contralto), Parry Jones (tenor), and Harold Williams (bass). The Welsh Symphony Orchestra will be led by Samuel Kutcher, and conducted by Dr Malcolm Sargent.

★ ★ ★

**SATURDAY.**—At 4.30 in the National programme, Troise and his Mandoliers, with Don Carlos, play light music. The 5.15 dance music session is taken by the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra, directed by Henry Hall. "Music Hall" features Billy Caryl and Hilda Mundy, Larry Adler, Alexander and Mose, and Elsie Revnell and Grace West.

Al Collins and his Orchestra play dance music on Regional at 7.45 p.m.

Walford Hyden visits the Midland Station this evening to act as guest conductor of the B.B.C.



## Introducing the Romany Band The Co-Operative Dance Orchestra

THE Romany Band, recent newcomers to the ranks of broadcasting, is the only co-operative dance band in big time.

The band is nine strong. The income is shared equally among them, after the bare expenses have been paid.

Everything has been taken into consideration. A small sum is deducted each week for a sick fund. To swell this fund, if any man arrives late on the stand, he is fined five shillings!

The organisation is in the hands of Oscar Rabin, to whom must go the credit for the whole idea. Hamish Christie, the trombonist, acts as secretary.

Matters musical, arrangements, &c., are left to Johnny Swinfen, Sid Brown, and Ray Doughty.

It is thirteen years since Oscar Rabin first conceived the idea of running a dance band on co-operative lines, and he has never regretted taking this step.

Although at times things did not run as smoothly as it was hoped, the boys stood together unflinchingly, sharing their losses as well as their gains.

Grim determination won through. The Romany Band went from success to success, culminating in a broadcast date.

Variety, films, and palas claim the Romany Band, proof of their undoubted versatility.

Every member of the band "doubles" instruments, various interesting combinations thus being obtained. There is no leader, and the boys share solo parts.

The full line-up of the band is:—Harry Cavis, guitar and vocalist; C. Lailey-Walden, drums; Oscar Rabin, sax and violin; Alf Kaplin, piano, vocalist, dancer; Johnny Swinfen, saxes, violin, and piano; Raymond Doughty, saxes, vocalist; Sid Brown, saxes, vocalist; George Burgess, trumpet, Hamish Christie, trumpet, trombone, and vocalist.

# WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

Midland Orchestra. Following this, Bob Tredinick presents a programme of "Star Ballads" on the gramophone.

The B.B.C. Northern Orchestra, conducted by T. H. Morrison, plays works composed as incidental music to Shakespeare's play "Henry VIII." The composers represented will be Edward German, John Foulds, and Arthur Sullivan. This is on Northern.

"Western Cabaret No. 17," on West, comes from Grand Atlantic Hotel, Weston-super-Mare. Listeners will hear Reginald Williams' Futurist Band.

James Moody returns to the Northern Ireland studios to broadcast more syncopated piano music. Later, Philip Whiteway will conduct the B.B.C. Northern Ireland Orchestra in a programme of musical comedy, in which Evelyn Gibb (soprano) and S. Weir McCormick (baritone) are the soloists.

\* \* \*

**SUNDAY.**—The National Morning Service comes from Edgbaston Parish Church, with address by Canon Stuart Morris. At 1.30 the Walford Hyden Magyar Orchestra give a light programme. At 5.30 the Brosa String Quartet play chamber music, with Esther Coleman as soloist. The Studio Service is conducted by Rev. J. S. Whale. The Park Lane Hotel Orchestra, conducted by Albert Sandler, and the Bridgewater Harp Quintet conclude the day's programme.

The Regional Service at 8.0 p.m. is a Congregationalist Studio Service, with address by the Rev. N. Mickle, principal at Mansfield College. The B.B.C. Military Band, conducted by B. Walton O'Donnell, have David Wise (violin) as soloist. At 6.15 the Eugene Pini Tango Orchestra, with Diana Clare, give a light programme.

During the early evening, William Brightwell conducts the Oxford New Theatre Orchestra from Midland, and Herbert Cave (tenor) sings two groups of songs. The religious service is from

Birmingham Cathedral, with address by Canon Stuart Morris.

The Bells of Selby Abbey, Yorkshire, will be relayed as part of the "Ringing Isle" series in the Northern programme. The bells number ten, and two of these are new.

F. A. Wilshire, Recorder of Bridgwater, will give comments on the hymns and tunes in the "Carolare" feature by the Choir and Congregation of Mint Methodist Church, Exeter, in the West Region. A Baptist Service on this wavelength will be broadcast from Knowle West Baptist Church, Bristol. Address will be given by the minister, Rev. Vivian Evans.

Northern Ireland listeners can listen to some oratorio—this time Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise. The artistes taking part are Margaret Collier (soprano), Kathleen Daut (soprano), and Ernest Hargreaves (tenor). The B.B.C. Northern Ireland Chorus and Orchestra, led by Philip Whiteway, will be conducted by E. Godfrey Brown.

\* \* \*

**MONDAY.**—Walford Hyden presents his "Café Colette" for National. Leslie Heward conducts the B.B.C. Orchestra (Section D), with Mary Jarred (soprano) as soloist. Late dance music is by Harry Leader and his band—and "Perhaps the Song of the Nightingale!"

The B.B.C. Dance Orchestra, directed by Henry Hall, have a Regional session at 7.55 p.m.

On Midland, Harry Engleman's Quintet, with Vernon Adcock (xylophone), have their usual weekly programme of light music. The B.B.C. Midland Singers, and Gilbert Mills, organist, will give a programme of modern church music from the Church of the Messiah, Birmingham. The programme will be presented by K. G. H. Heath Gracie, organist and Master of Choristers at Derby Cathedral since 1933.

West relays the popular Concert Party "Out of

the Blue," with Dickie Pounds, Eddie Reinhart, Wilfred Gartrell, Phyllis Edmundsen, Frank Bishop, Jan and Marise, Jessamy Lodge, Ronald Brandon, and the "Out of the Blue" Belles.

"Better Days," a comedy by Ronald Elwy Mitchell, is on Welsh. The action is set in Mynyddon, a boarding-house in the seaside town of Aberelwy.

\* \* \*

**TUESDAY.**—Big National feature is "Sixty Smiles." As the play is for an hour, that should be one smile a minute! Laurie Wylie is responsible for the programme. The cast includes Billy Merson, Dicky Francis, Marjorie Lotinga, Clarence Wright, Fred Yule, and the B.B.C. Variety Orchestra. Late dance music is by Jack Jackson and his Band.

Regional has the B.B.C. Military Band, conducted by B. Walton O'Donnell, and the B.B.C. Orchestra (Section E), conducted by Constant Lambert, with Albert-Sammons as soloist.

Immediately following Midland First News, Vincent Ladbroke and his Music, with Dick Barker vocalising and announcing, play dance music. The New Theatre, Northampton, will be described during the "Variety of Theatres" series. Listeners will hear Elsie Carlisle and her two pianists.

For Northern, Dr Teasdale Griffiths will conduct the Birkenhead Philharmonic Society when they broadcast in conjunction with the B.B.C. Northern Orchestra. They will play Coleridge Taylor's cantata, "Endymion's Dream" (words by C. R. B. Barrett). Soprano and tenor soloists are Lily Allen and Arthur Wilkes. In addition, the B.B.C. Northern Orchestra (leader, Alfred Barker), conductor T. H. Morrison, will play Weber's overture, "Oberon," "Caprice Brilliant," by Glinka, and other works.

## TALKS AND TALKERS

**WEDNESDAY.**—Mr Edward Shackleton comes again to the microphone this morning at 10.45 on National to tell us more of Travels in the Arctic. At 2.5 you will hear Miss Rhoda Power talking of "Staplers and Adventurers" in the British History series. Just to make it more simple, Miss Power is actually going to tell us of shipmen of the ancient days, and the merchants whose goods they carried over the seas.

The London Scene talk at 6.50 is given to-night by Mr R. A. Osborne, who is going to chat about Westminster Abbey. This should prove an interesting subject, for apart from being "the National Valhalla," it is also a continual object of criticism, on account of the extraordinary number of monuments to people of questionable importance which are crammed within, and effectively hide, its stately walls.

On Regional at 8.0 there is a Discussion on "The King's Highway," being a debate by various typical and characteristic road-users. Ought to be interesting.

\* \* \*

**THURSDAY.**—Morning talk on National at 10.45 is one of the "potted" series At Home To-Day.

At 2.5, also National, Mr W. L. Andrews takes up the task of Discovering England, this time exploring with us The East Riding and the Yorkshire Coast. This is followed at 2.30 by Miss Eileen Power's World History talk. She discusses to-day the Opening of Africa.

The "What Do You Think?" talk at 3.50 is again on Leaving School, and is given by last week's speaker, Basil L. Q. Henriques.

At 7.30 on National we are to hear something about the organisation of the Voluntary Social Services. Mr W. M.G. Eagar is to let us into the secrets of flag-days, and the many other ways in which the public is induced to help the services along.

An interesting discussion for most of us is timed for 8.50, when there is to be a debate on the Means Test. Not sure of the talkers are to be named over the microphone, but that capable

friend of listeners, John Hilton, is to be in the chair.

\* \* \*

**FRIDAY.**—In the Health At Your Service talk at 10.45 on National we are to hear an account of his day's work by A Sanitary Inspector. At 3.15 there is one of those interesting talks—last-minute fixtures, given by people in the news at the moment.

At 6.50 gardener C. H. Middleton comes along for his weekly talk to amateurs, and this week we are promised something specially good. Middleton tells us he hopes to bring along Mr M. C. Allwood to talk about Carnations. What Mr Allwood doesn't know about these beautiful flowers isn't worth the telling.

For their musical talk to-night Messrs Leslie Heward and Victor Hely-Hutchinson discuss Vogel's "Wagadu," to be broadcast in part to-morrow.

At 8.0 comes another of the short "I Protest—" talks by listeners with a grievance against the little nuisances of life.

Last but one in the series of the Three Nations talks is due at 10.0, when we are to hear England's point of view expressed by Lord Howard de Walden.

\* \* \*

**SATURDAY.**—The Week in Westminster talk this morning is given by Mr J. P. L. Thomas, M.P., who should have some interesting things to tell. The 6.30 Sports Talk is about Baseball, and is given by Mr R. Carpendale, son of Admiral Carpendale.

Between 8.0 and 9.30 there is also the usual Topics in the Air talk.

\* \* \*

**SUNDAY.**—The first of a new series on Religion and Social Realities is given at 4.50 this afternoon by Maurice Reckitt. Subject generally is the authority of the Church to deal with Social matters, and to-day's talk comes under the sub-heading, "Why the Church is Involved."

The talk on Spiritual Healing, timed for 5.10, is to be given by a Medical Psychologist.

There is another "Living in the Past" talk at 6.45, this time by Alice Ritchie, who is to talk

about "Having a Meal." Idea is to show us how the "nobodies" of history spent their lives.

At 8.15 the Rev. J. S. Whale comes to close his series of talks on The Problem of Evil.

Mr Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, comes to the microphone again to-night, not to try and explain away any threepences on the income tax, but in another guise. Speaking from Midland studios he is to appeal on behalf of the Birmingham Citizens' Society, of which he is vice-president.

**MONDAY.**—We are to have a lively little chat this morning on National at 10.45, when we are to hear more about Week-Ends at Work. Talker this time is Mr T. E. Howard, rat-catcher. Mr Howard's family has been in this line of business for about 200 years now, so he should be speaking as One Who Knows!

At 2.5, also National, Mr F. W. Costin continues the Science and Gardening talks with a chat on Hedges and Trees.

Commentary from Lord's on the M.C.C. v. All India game at 5.45, and at 6.45 there is the holiday talks series under title This Time Last Year. This time we are to hear about the cycling adventures of Mr G. A. Sutherland.

The books talk at 7.10 is given by Lord Ernest Hamilton, and at 7.30 we have another visit from Professor Ritchie, who again takes us Behind the Scenes in Nature. His subject to-night is the Return of the Migrants.

The weekly talk on World Affairs follows at 10.0.

**TUESDAY.**—The Cook's Morning chat is again given by Mrs Arthur Webb, this morning at 10.45 on National. She will continue to tell us about vegetables, chutneys and salads which she has made her special takes.

At 2.5 C. C. Gaddum takes us Round the Countryside again, and he is followed at 4.0 by another old friend, Professor John Hilton, whose talks on "This and That" have gained for him one of the largest audiences of any radio speaker in this country.

Having last week discussed the political organisation of the Commonwealth, in the series called Empire Affair, Mr H. V. Hodson is to discuss Economic Organisation at 7.30 this evening.

The late night talk, at 10.0, is in the Down to the Sea in Ships series. To-night's talker is Lord Essenden, who is to chat about Running a Liner.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE ETHER—BY A MARINE TELEGRAPHIST.

# Dots and Dashes in Dutch Aren't Greek to Me

IN marine wireless telegraphy, there obviously must be a method of talking or at least signalling to operators of any and all nationalities. When a man on a Japanese vessel desires to communicate with a British operator on, say, a Greek ship, he doesn't have to get an interpreter.

It is quite a feat, not of linguistic powers, but of international collaboration. When marine radio was first mooted, it was decided by international convention that there should be (like ordinary telegraphy) collective agreement between various maritime nations.

That is why I, when a radio operator, could hold communication with an operator of any nationality. Rather a queer sensation, too, the first time you switch over from signals with a German to a Dutchman or a Spaniard. Still, it's easy. By an agreed code, anybody can speak to anybody.

Every radio man of every country has to learn thoroughly a set of abbreviations. Wireless, in fact, is really a mass of abbreviations, particularly the Morse section of it.

From the earliest days of radio telegraphy, there has been a table of abbreviations which operators have called the Q code. Years ago it was comparatively short, but to-day it has grown considerably, and is likely to stretch even lengthier.

The Q group of questions and answers being compiled for international use covers most items in radio signalling, for instance:—QRA—"What is the name of your station?" QRT—"Shall I stop sending?" QSB—

"The strength of your signals vary," and so on.

Thus if a Mexican operator learns that sort of thing when studying for his ticket, and an Australian does likewise, there is no reason why the two shouldn't be able to get on very well together if only a few hundred miles apart. In practice it works extremely well, as I can vouch for. But there is one snag

## How Operators Talk To Each Other.

which most operators have rather easily overcome, and that is it is very official—  
not very chatty.

Away down in the dead and alive (so far as radio signals go) seas of the other side of the world, the stunted abbreviations of the official instructions aren't particularly worried about, although between nationalities they are usually the only way of exchanging signals. But, if a foreigner has a sprinkling of English and you happen to have a word or two of his language, then international abbreviations go by the board.

Still, that's a divergence from the abbreviation business. British operators are the real lads at that game, and have carried it to a fine art. Many times have I had slung

at me a combination of signals which needed quite a moment's thought to spread to full language.

G M O M. OW R U ? rattled out in a fine style just means "Good morning, old man. How are you?" We used it to "friendly opposite numbers" when on the out-of-the-way trades. C U L just means "Call you later." AV U ANI PX ? was the ever-asked question "Have you any press?"

After only a few months at sea, the marine operator could easily pick up the gist of anybody's abbreviations. One chap I signalled off Fernandho de Noronha slung the following at me, WOT I DBY ANI PX CKT ? Which eventually turned out to be, "What won the Derby? Any cricket news?"

Even foreigners abbreviate most successfully. I even heard one Spaniard (after a strange argument between a Frenchman and a Dane) break in with "Car-a," which was the shortened way of giving his native exclamation "Caramba!" It sounded rather natty in Morse, too.

How they sling about the ether; GN for "good night," GM for "good morning" from English-speaking men; BV from practically every man in the world, and which everybody knows means "bon voyage," although from a Spaniard it says "buen viaje"; BD from practically all the Latin-speaking operators, which is translated as "buenos dias." MCI from a Frenchman is his thanks. O K is everybody's common acceptance that the signals are, well, just O K.

The finest of all which I ever heard, though, was that whipped through the ether by an irate American. After repeated attempts to clear his traffic, he butted in against two other operators with G O T A U 2 WMN. A calm UD (which signifies a question or repeat) from one of the pair who had been causing the trouble made the American open out in full. Slowly, like a man fed to the teeth, he repeated in full, "GET OFF THE AIR YOU TWO WOMEN!"

## There's More Behind The Programmes Than Meets The Ear *Continued from Page 9*

An equally hard-working silent section of the library is the Music Library, where there is a copy of almost all the music ever composed!

The Recording Department, though responsible for all sorts of noises, carries on its daily duties so silently in the background that few listeners know of its existence.

H. Lynton Fletcher is its chief. He sends off his staff in mobile vans recording political speeches, big events, and so on, and though you may hear some of these records a large number are kept in the B.B.C.'s archives to become a benefit for posterity.

The work of this department will enable our children and grandchildren to listen to such things as the launch of the Queen Mary and the Jubilee scenes, President Roosevelt speaking in America, boat races and cup finals, Princess Marina's "Yes," and everything that is going to make the history of our times!

### A Job That Requires Tact.

To get back to Mr Maschwitz's variety programme—a week before it is to go on the air, rehearsals must begin. Studio accommodation for rehearsals is arranged by the Studio Executives' Department.

This department must so arrange things that all 22 of the studios at Broadcasting House are put to use to the convenience of every producer needing studios every day

of the week—a job requiring tact! Producers sometimes want the same studio at the same time for different programmes!

You must remember that frequently one studio is on the air in the National programme, another in the Regional, and a third in the Empire, while all the others are being used for rehearsals!

### A Silent Department—Full of Voices.

Once this programme into which so much work has been put has had its broadcast, you may think that the Silent Departments have finished with it. Not all of them. We listeners cause a job of work after the broadcast.

Our letters—with 2000 others—are delivered at 6 a.m. to the Post Department. Two dozen girls sort them out, and the letters criticising—or appreciating—programmes are sent to the last of the Silent Departments, the Programme Correspondence Department.

You will be surprised to learn that, despite its official air of indifference, the B.B.C. does keep listeners' letters. It files them away, and all the producers are told how many letters have come in each morning praising or condemning their programmes.

So this Silent Department is full of voices—listeners' voices.

How many of them does the B.B.C. turn a deaf ear to?

Programmes That Please—and Some That Don't !

# AN INVALID'S POINT OF VIEW

**E**IGHT years ago I was well and strong; I played tennis, visited places of interest, and attended cricket matches. I fought for a good seat at the Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall, and I was willing to wait for hours in the gallery queue at well-known West End theatres; Boat Race day found me on the towpath eagerly scanning the river for the sight of the oars flashing in and out of the water—in fact wherever there was anything worth seeing I was there.

But alas, Fate plays strange games. I am now a permanent cripple.

Outwardly my horizon is bounded by the distance an invalid chair can be pushed, but—and as each day passes I am more certain of its truth—the invention of wireless has entirely altered life for the invalid.

Reading is often difficult for those lying down; books are heavy and newspapers have a habit of refusing to turn over or slipping to the floor.

With the radio switched on, no effort except that of listening is required.

I can still enjoy the delightful concerts of Sir Henry Wood, in fact I get more than I want of the Proms, and I am sometimes glad to change to a wavelength that provides lighter fare.

Music of all kinds—except, perhaps, the "hot" numbers—is a great tonic to invalids.

For myself, I most enjoy the programmes of Reginald King and Fred Hartley. Their selections usually contain something from bygone days and I can hum or sing the words.

I think my fellow invalids will agree that we do like to hear tunes that we ourselves played or sung or danced to.

After all, in order to be happy we have to create a world of our own, and in my opinion there is nothing so good as the radio for helping us to do this. By a turn of a knob, we can be transported half round the world;

we are brought in touch with the happenings of everyday life.

Twenty years ago we should never have believed that lying in bed in one's own house one would be able to hear the voice of our beloved King, or the actual sounds of the launching of the Queen Mary!

This brings me to the outside broadcasts. These, I think, are much appreciated—for the man or woman who has played tennis and visited Wimbledon, the ping of the balls on the racquets and the applause of the crowd do afford a little consolation.

When Howard Marshall is describing a cricket match, the invalid is no longer in his own room—he is sitting in the stand, watching eagerly as the bowler swings his arm and the batsman comes out of his crease to play the ball.

On Derby Day it would be impossible for an invalid-chair to thread its way through motor cars and donkey carts to Epsom Downs, yet, by the word pictures of Mr Lyle, the animated scene is brought to my home. Even if the horse on which we put our "bob" doesn't finish in the first three, we enjoy it.

Some of the talks interest me. I must confess to preferring talks to schools to the more highbrow talks of the evening programmes. The reason for this may be that those of us who are not physically strong get tired, towards the end of the day, and Variety or musical comedy is more suited to our mood.

Dance music is cheerful and very enjoyable, if there is not too much of it. Several foxtrots following each other may be all right for the dancers—they are too busy to listen to the "crooning"—but it gets monotonous for the "stationary" listener.

Plays? Some I enjoy, especially those with a spice of humour, but I do not like thrillers—some of the

sound effects in "The Mystery of the Seven Cafes" and "Bulldog Drummond" were horrid, especially for sick people.

The weather forecasts do not worry me much, except that they do tell me when to insist on my family taking umbrellas and top-coats.

Now the religious services. The real value of these lies in the fact that if I feel depressed I can switch on to the morning service or to the Thursday mid-week service, and I do not have to ask someone to wheel me round to church.

Wireless has given invalids a feeling of independence. We are no longer dependent on others for our amusements; we can spend hours alone and never have a dull moment.

Our grateful thanks!

## Yorkshire Reader Wins Limerick No. 1

Mr A. DEAN, 65 Spencer Street, Keighley, Yorks., wins "Radio Review's" magnificent Columbia 5 Radiogram in Limerick Competition No. 1.

Here's his effort:—

*As a minstrel, Denier Warren's first rate,  
But one day he remembered—too late  
That his face was still black—  
He was tapped on the back,  
And a voice said, "Three bags—Number 8!"*

Handsome consolation prizes go to the senders of the following:—

*There was a young fellow named Kaye,  
Who met Ivor Moreton one day.  
They both came to town,  
So together sat down,  
And played "Tiger Rag" straight away!*  
—J. GILLMAN, 2 Apsley Road, New Malden, Surrey.

*Said a parson in Clacton-on-Sea,  
"I love steak and chips for my tea,  
But best of all,  
I like Henry Hall,  
But a 'Lew Stone' in my shoe worries me."*  
—CHAS. TAYLOR, 45 Cromwell Road, Southend-on-Sea.

*The "Saucy Sam's" crew shed a tear,  
They hadn't caught fish for a year,  
Then one tuned Pat Hyde  
And the fishes all cried,  
"Lower your hooks, it sounds muffled down here."*  
—F. SHAW, 1 Sulky Drive, Greaves, Lancaster.

*A saucy young curate named Green,  
To his vicar said, "Listen old bean!  
I've got to confess a  
Deep passion for Tessa,  
The head of whose family's a Deane."*  
—JOHN P. LAMB, 17 Ann Street, Tillinghley, Clackmannanshire.

*While listening to "hot stuff" one night,  
The audience got such a fright,  
When they started to sneeze  
Keeping time to the "keys,"  
Then they knew it was "Pepper" all right.*  
—Mrs CAMERON, c/o Lennie, 30 Bryson Road, Edinburgh.

## ON THE HARMONY HIGHWAY

Continued from page 6.

We trekked out of Egypt at last, and hit the high seas for England, which I hadn't seen for a number of years. On my first day in London I dropped, quite by chance, into a certain hotel in Piccadilly. Sitting next to me I suddenly noticed a man I'd met before . . . now where was it we met?

All at once I knew—it was Curtis. At that moment he caught my eye, and simultaneously we chorused, "Well, I'll be darned!" "I got in to-day from Cairo," I told him.

"And I landed to-day from Sweden," he replied.

That stroke of chance made us chums.

When we'd finished celebrating, we decided to buy a little club and run it between us. That's how we first got together as songsters, entertaining our patrons. But we didn't know much about clubs, and after a while we gave it up and made singing a whole-time job.

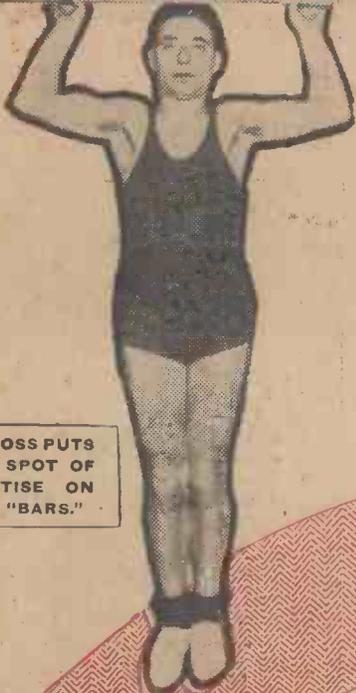
Then came our first big break with the B.B.C. On June 3 we found ourselves on the air for the first time. Another date followed. We met Marius Winter, and were tied up for yet another broadcast, in his late-night December show—and what a merry party it was!

Here's looking forward to more merry meetings with the good old mike.

# Radio's Sons & Daughters



WITH BRIAN LAWRENCE—BOB FINDLAY, JIMMY DURRANT, AND JIMMY GORDON.



JOE LOSS PUTS IN A SPOT OF PRACTISE ON THE "BARS."



DASHING LEADER OF THE DORCHESTER HOTEL BAND—JACK JACKSON.



TEDDY BROWN, CHARMING THE EAR WITH HIS SAXOPHONE.



THAT GRAND TRIO—THE RADIO THREE.