

RADIO REVIEW

The Snappiest Thing in Broadcast Criticism



Lew Stone and Gerardo.

FOR a female child to be called after and baptised with the Christian name of her god-father is something of a novelty, but in the case of Vivien Lambelet, the well-known mezzo, the reason was that her sponsor was that famous singer, Maurice Farkoa. They still sing his songs to this day—"I like you in velvet," "Fleurette"—you know them!

Just Vivien.

Vivien was actually christened Vivienne Ada Maurice Lambelet, but, as she told me the other day, "although it may sound beautifully musical to the ear, it takes up far too much room on any programme!" So she is simply Vivien! You may also have heard her name announced as composer of some particularly attractive songs.

Young and Attractive.

I remember many years ago, two intelligent ladies—quite young—coming to Savoy Hill to give an audition. It was something new—consisting of poems, prose and original music. The two executants were Barbara Couper and Vivien Lambelet. You know what has become of them—they are both established stars now, and Miss Couper in addition has become the wife of Howard Rose. Vivien is still single, still young, still attractive, and still singing as well as ever!

Was It a Xmas Gift?

I don't know if it was a Christmas present or even if it belonged to him, but Joseph Farrington certainly had a fine-looking car waiting for him outside

the Queen's Hall when we stamped feet and flapped arms in the bitter cold of Portland Place. We must have looked like a couple of miniature windmills!

Sheffield in Luck.

In between puffs and blows and clapping of hands "Joe" told me he is excited at the prospect of appearing in Sheffield in the City Hall with T. C. Fairbairn's production of "Hiawatha," and I gather that Sheffield will have everything on the same grand scale as London had at the Albert Hall.

Soprano to Bass.

"Joe" is one of the heartiest and most delightful men who sing to you.

MOSTLY PERSONAL by LONG WAVE

But he is so modest. As a boy he was a soloist at King's College, Cambridge, and at the age of fifteen he became one of those rarities in music—a soprano breaking his voice and going straight into bass register. Remarkable!

An All-Rounder.

He has been through all the various sections during his B.B.C. career—concerts, opera, oratorio, plays with music—and is probably one of the best all-rounders in broadcasting. Loves his pipe and would smoke it in front of the mike if they'd let him—which they certainly won't!

Mrs Jack Hylton.

You have no doubt seen the announcement that Mrs Jack Hylton will make her appearance in the Music Hall programme on Saturday night. Although announced as her first time, believe me it is not! Ah, if they said her second, it might be nearer.



Al Collins and Ambrose.

All Herself.

I wonder how many of you remember that Mrs Hylton appeared on the stage for several years as Ennis Parkes. She is a most delightful and talented performer, and sings and dances with great charm: "Mrs Jack" has made an enormous reputation in the variety world since I saw her final rehearsals at the Victoria Palace a year ago. Even Jack himself, who sat beside me, could hardly believe that it was his own wife conducting. She had done it all herself!

Second Time Here.

Oh, I forgot—has she broadcast? Why, of course. She gave a fine show from Savoy Hill many years ago, when Jack "lent" her several of his star artists as a background—you know, Rudy Starita on the xylophone, and all the early bunch of "aces." So, although her band is different this Saturday, St George's Hall should really be called her "second appearance," even if maybe her boys make their first!

The Music Hall Has Got 'Em.

The Old-Time Music Hall, revived at the Garrick Theatre, London, seems to be drawing more and more on radio talent for its stars. This week we have Janet Joye and our Hebrew friend, Julian Rose, while at the Pavilion over the way the Western Brothers and Horace Kenney are making the laughter. That business about not co-operating with the B.B.C. seems to be dead once and for ever, doesn't it?

Hard Luck, Roger!

The news that Mr Roger Eckersley has been granted four months' leave from Broadcasting House has not come as a bolt from the blue. It has been felt for some time that even he might require a respite from his arduous duties as head of the programmes.



2pm to 6am

WHAT A DAY

By

HARRY ROY
of the
MAYFAIR



Harry tries a new disc on his portable.

HOW do I fill a day? You've asked me something! I hardly know just where my day does start!

It generally commences about twelve o'clock mid-day, when I open one eye cautiously, just to convince myself that there are not hordes of people surging round the end of my bed clamouring for autographs. I've been dreaming of my "fans."

I wonder "what's on" to-day. Grab the 'phone and find out. Lucky thing that I got this extension wired through to my bedside, saves getting out of a nice warm bed.

"Hullo!" No answer. Of course, it had to happen! I must have been too tired to switch the extension through last night. Oh, well, there's nothing for it, I suppose I must get out of bed.

After a cold wait at the 'phone desk on the other side of the room, I manage to get through to my secretary.

"Hullo! That you, Miss Grossmith? Anything on to-day? Break it as gently as you can. Ouch! At two o'clock, did you say? Yes, all right. Why can't those people wait with their records?"

Well, there's time for another half-hour in bed. Is there? Oh, dear no! Every time I make up my mind that I'm going to have five minutes more in bed, there's a terrific racket outside. Ivor Moreton and Bill Currie appear.

That always means a "major" scrap. I generally find after all that I don't feel like getting back into bed again.

Feeling Nice and Untidy!

On with the electric fire, and a dressing-gown. I like a dressing-gown. One can feel so untidy without looking it!

Ivor sits on the piano stool. I perch my feet

over the fire. We start the new-born day with a new-born song that one of the boys has thought of when he should have been asleep.

That goes on for half an hour. Heavens! I nearly forgot that appointment! Two o'clock, and it's past one!

A dash for the bathroom. I revel in my bathroom. It is "the apple of my eye." I could stay hours there if I only had the time, but every time that I go there to shave, bath or wash, the 'phone starts or somebody calls for a chat.

My breakfast consists of two or three buttered toasts and a cup of tea. Of course, the tea always gets cold before I'm ready.

"Come on, you fellows, out you all go. I've an appointment at two, and fifteen minutes to go."

Off we go and dig up the Sunbeam. We can just do it only those "stop and go" red and green lights work properly. Oh, how cosy the car feels to-day!

Wish to goodness that I could get more time to do a little more driving. There's nothing I like more than a good "blind" on a straight bit of macadam.

You Should See Mick

Well, here we are! I shan't be long, boys. A hurried dash and I'm "on duty," just as the clock strikes two. Good, to time again, boys!

Now for lunch. Who am I lurching with to-day? I wonder. Must find out.

Dash for the nearest 'phone. "Hallo! That you, Miss Grossmith? What's on for lunch to-day? Oh, him! All right. What—they want real stories! Oh!"

It's all dash. I never stroll anywhere. There are too many things to be done.

Am I fond of animals? Now you have touched me on a point that really gives me something to wilt about.

I wish you could see my Mick—he's great. The only thing is, I only see him week-ends. Oh, sorry, forgot to tell you. Mick is my pet dog—

"Sweet dreams!"—And Mick is sharing them.

a terrier. When I get home, Mick is always with me.

Yes, I love any kind of animal. Syd, my brother, knows that. Gave me a huge stuffed cat for good luck. "Pussy" goes everywhere with the boys.

But it is the week-end that I like most. Then I can get home to see my mother and sister and all the family pals.

He Hasn't Been Found Out Yet!

I get up earlier. Must have a round of golf first. I could play golf every day of the week and still enjoy it. I do manage it some days in the week, but that means getting up too early!

Then Mick has a good time. He dashes about all over the place. Whenever Mick turns up with me to golf, the members all want to know what has happened. Golf balls seem to disappear in a mysterious way. Mick hasn't been found out yet!

Oh, I forgot to tell you about my mail. That is "served up" when I wake. Letters from all over the world, and I just love 'em.

Some of them I cannot read, so I reply by cutting out the address on the writer's letter and sticking it on my own envelope! I ~~can~~ wonder who gets that reply!

The boys come over whenever there's time to do a bit of impromptu work. I'm not saying there's no noise, nor am I saying there is NOISE. Along to the Mayfair.

Between numbers there's sure to be a few photos to autograph. No wonder I get writer's cramp. That goes on till two o'clock in the morning.

I give a whoop, and pack up for home. No, there's a party down West that I promised to attend. Oh, well! And, in the end, it's bed at six a.m.!

Rex King Replies to His Readers

Roy Fox's Whispering Trumpeter.

Dear Sir,—I think your Radio Review the best thing ever. It contains so much up-to-date news about all radio stars.

Why don't we hear more of the Harmo Knights under Reg Conroy? The selections of Old-Time Dances which he broadcasts are simply great.

One item about Roy Fox. Does he still play his whispering trumpet during broadcasts? If not, who is it?—"B. E. N."

Rex King Says—Thanks for the compliments. No, Sid Buckman plays the whispering trumpet nowadays.

A Len Berman Fan.

Dear Sir,—I am a keen dance music fan, and my favourite orchestras are Henry Hall's and Harry Roy's.

Will you please try to get a picture in "Radio Review" of the man who sings "Rhythm Man" in Henry Hall's band, and, please, what is his name?

I like Harry Roy's crooner better than Les Allen.—L. Milburn (Salford).

Rex King says—Len Berman is your man. Look out for a photo.

Harry Roy's Pianists.

Dear Mr King,—Could you please tell me if there is another pianist with Ivor Moreton in Harry Roy's band during the "Tiger Rag" number?—"Listener-in" (Openshaw).

Rex King says—Always are two pianists in

I'll be very glad to have your views on the B.B.C. programmes. Tell me just what you think.

Drop me a line, please, to:—

Rex King,
c/o Radio Review,
"Topical Times,"
12 Fetter Lane,
Fleet Street,
London E. C. 4.

Harry Roy's band. In "Tiger Rag" the two pianists, Dave Kaye and Ivor Moreton, play on one piano.

Ambrose's Announcer.

Dear Rex,—I have told all my friends about "Radio Review," and most of them have started getting it. They think it is a treat.

Would you be so kind as to tell me who the announcer is in Ambrose's, and oblige?—Miss M. Young (Bradford).

Rex King replies—Sam Browne announces for Ambrose.

It Was Harry Bentley!

Dear Rex,—Could you tell me who the singer was in Roy Fox's second band during August while Roy was touring the Continent?

He had a marvellous voice, and I am anxious to know whether I shall hear him over the air.—"Belty" (Newcastle-on-Tyne).

Rex King says—It was Harry Bentley—now often heard in Chas. Kunz's band.

Why American Stars Junk The B.B.C. Mike

WELL, folks! I'm not only telling you, but telling the world, that the only thing that an American ace performer gets that "goosie feather feeling" over is when he hears that he is to go across the pond to do his stuff before a B.B.C. mike.

The mere thought of it "puts him or her in a panic."

Take the Boswell Sisters. In America they are among the highest paid wireless stars in the Union. Their fan mail is five hundred letters a day!

The National Broadcasting Company of America sent out a questionnaire on this feature, and they found that nearly nine out of every ten listeners tuned in to hear these sweet sentimental singers.

With that great reputation they were booked for an appearance here. But the British public never heard them over the air, for they worried so much and their anxiety to please was so great that they had a nervous breakdown.

Yes, siree! The radio in the States is an amusement held in itself. There are agents who do nothing else but book for the various stations. When they see a promising artiste they "bally-hoo" him up to such a pitch that the artiste is over "big" before he has ever uttered a word or a note over the air.

"Just Another Act"

But when he comes over here he is an unknown quantity. Just as Harry Richmond, the 2000 dollars-a-week star, said to me—"Why, when I got there, I was just another act!"

One of the highest-priced comedians in America is Joe Cook. In fact, he has led Earl Carroll's "Vanities" so often that he has become a fixture at his theatre. His method is "extemporaneous adlibs"—he kids his way through the whole show.

Recently he opened at a London theatre



Rudy Vallee.

at a record salary of £700 a week. I saw him in his suite at the Savoy. His manager was pleading with him to do his stuff over the air. "Man!" he said, "I would sooner take it right on the button from Jack Dempsey than face an unseen English audience. Wait until I get better acquainted with the folks here and I'll savee what to dish them up!"

That's the dope in a nutshell. It's ballyhoo that makes the American wireless star, and to prove my contention let me relate the following incident:—

You've heard of Rudy Vallee. Well, this same Rudy Vallee once went before the mike under a pseudonym. He sang the same songs in his own imitable manner.

Now it is the custom for the American announcer to say at the conclusion of a programme, "Well, folks, if you like this programme, kindly write and let us know all about it. If you don't like it, tell us what you do want."

Do I have to tell you that the fans wrote in that this crooner was the worst ever?

The next day Rudy went on as himself, and it took a small-sized lorry to cart in the mail telling how wonderful he was.

Ballyhooed Vallee was a "wow," but unknown quantity Joe Aikin was a "flop!"

"The Duke" Had the Wind Up

The great "Duke" Ellington told me that he was never so nervous in his life as when he stepped out of his Rolls Royce to go to the B.B.C. studio to do his stuff.

Another reason for all this is that the dignity and the rigid discipline that is part of the B.B.C. organisation is strange to the American artiste.

The outside of Radio City, which is the home of American broadcasting, resembles the Broadway theatrical rialto. You can see similar sights on the pavement of Leicester Square. There are the publicity hounds looking for news, cheap agents and managers' touts lounging around.

As each one of these greets him the artiste feels that he is just one of the boys with a big "rep"; that he is real good and that he is just going to earn a few more shekels, doing his stuff to an unseen audience.

He goes into the building. The porter gives him the high sign, which tells him in what room the "crap game" is going on, where he can roll the bones and gamble away his salary or perhaps win a few "grand." This he does till he is called to the studio to do his fifteen or twenty minutes.

What a shock for our Yankee performer! When his automobile stops outside of the B.B.C. building, everyone is cold. The officials are dignified. That alone, Jack Dempsey told me, sent him into a cold sweat.

It alone has been enough to knock them sky high and put them in a panic when they faced the mike with the initials "B.B.C." on it.

THIS "MIKE FRIGHT" BUSINESS

A "Specialist" Who Puts the Stars Through Their Paces

"MICROFRIGHT" is a malady nearly every radio performer has to overcome. It is just as real to the microphone artiste as stage-fright is to the theatrical performer.

The specialist who helps the mike patient to win through is Mrs Percy Pitt, one of the most interesting people behind the scenes of radioland.

Mrs Pitt is the widow of Percy Pitt, the famous B.B.C. and Covent Garden musical director, and although like most specialists is not too keen to give away professional secrets, has lifted the veil for the benefit of "Radio Review" fans.

One of Mrs Pitt's pupils is Denis Pountain, otherwise known as Denny Dennis, whom we often hear "on the air" with Roy Fox's band.

Mrs Pitt has only the highest praise for Denny, and while on the subject of crooning, she holds steadfastly by her motto, "Sing first—croon afterwards."

Singing Lessons for the Crooners

She believes it impossible for a person to croon really well if he has not had singing lessons first. These lessons exercise a control over the voice which is necessary to a crooner.

We are all familiar with Frances Day, a talented little artiste, William Stephens, Raie Da Costa, Queenie Leonard, Marjery Wyn, and Henry Kendall, the well-known British film star.

They all owe part of their success as "mike" artistes to the excellent tuition of Mrs Pitt.

About Henry Kendall, Mrs Pitt has a rather amusing little story.

Apparently Henry is an exception to the rule, and displays absolutely no nervousness when in front of the "mike." In fact, he looks for the least opportunity to get in front of it.

Quite recently he was broadcasting in "The Circus Princess," and when he was shown the song he had to sing, he refused to sing it.

The only alternative was to find a substitute, and it was suggested that Henry need only hum it. The result was that Henry hummed it so well that it was decided that he should sing it—and sing it he did, with a large amount of success!

Frank Lawton, who has also been under the tuition of Mrs Pitt, had a trial before the "mike," and listened-in to himself through earphones.

Right in the middle of the performance he snatched the earphones from his head and shouted "Never again! Never again!"

This perhaps may explain why we never hear some of our stage favourites "on the air." Their voices, although amazingly good, just do not seem to suit the "mike."

Scaling the Throat!

A few days ago Denny Dennis visited Mrs Pitt and confessed that he had sung forty numbers in one day. Can it be wondered, then, that Mrs Pitt has a system whereby she is able to clear the huskiest of throats by process of various scales?

As most radio artistes are very hard-worked, she has to resort to this excellent method, which is usually most effective.

A few minutes at these scales and they are able to proceed to the studio and give their usual brilliant performance.

Another point about which Mrs Pitt is very definite, and that is that over-rehearsal is as big a danger to a radio artiste as under-rehearsal. She inclines to the view that an over-rehearsed performance loses some of its spontaneity and sincerity.

AROUND AND ABOUT WITH THE STARS

Wyn Richmond is understudying Claire Luce as Fred Astaire's partner in the Palace show in London.

H. Temple Abady and Tony Lowry have written the music for Princess Elizabeth's first visit to a children's performance of a new fairy play—"Ever So Long Ago."

Harry Jacobson has made his first solo gramophone records—they're fine.

Colin Wark, creator of Troise and His Mandoliers, is supervising the musical arrangements at Sound City, Shepperton.

Mrs Percy Pitt is taking her two children, Pat and Biddy, to Switzerland for Christmas.

William Stephens is worrying about the cold spell. He lives in an old cottage at Aylesbury, and has to carry his drinking water from the pump on the village green two hundred yards away—and it looks like being frozen! The baritone may have to live on soda!

John Sharman, variety director, is making most of Christmas presents himself by hand. He is a brilliant designer, and executes trays, lamps, pictures, etc., in many different kinds of material—wood, brass, copper—any variety you like!

MacCarthy's Way With Red Tape

SAID the announcer, "Desmond MacCarthy is going to talk about new books." Said Desmond MacCarthy, "I am not going to talk about new books." Now, that was refreshing! The announcer presents red-tape, the rule-of-thumb. The speaker showed he was under nobody's thumb, and right under the announcer's nose he broke through stern officialdom. It was a new note from the mike.

THIS talk should have been given by G. K. Chesterton, but he was ill, and Mr MacCarthy came along to fill the breach. Instead of new books, Mr MacCarthy gave us a criticism of G.K.C.

A Talk That Was Different. This again was new and refreshing. We lost something in not hearing G.K.C. talking of Christmas, but Mr MacCarthy gave us a fine revelation of this modern poet and philosopher. This great bulk of a man who can jest so merrily, and be indignant and serious and fierce, is a wonderful being. He stands for a fierce freedom, and all that is simple and subtle and sunny in life. **The B.B.C. are often accused of not giving us men of real independent character. In G.K.C. they have given us one who is different from every other critic.** I hope he recovers from his illness, and spends such a Christmas as he would wish every one to spend

Peep-Punch-

Rex King Critic

ROSSES Of Picardy" has been coming over the air in many varieties recently. Olive Groves was at Bournemouth, and she sang this song. What feeling she got into every word!

Perfect. Olive. I just want to tell her that everyone I have spoken to about it considers that she made a perfect rendering on that Sunday evening

guest called them a lot of suckers, and he was given the frozen mitt!

A Scrooge That Fell Flat

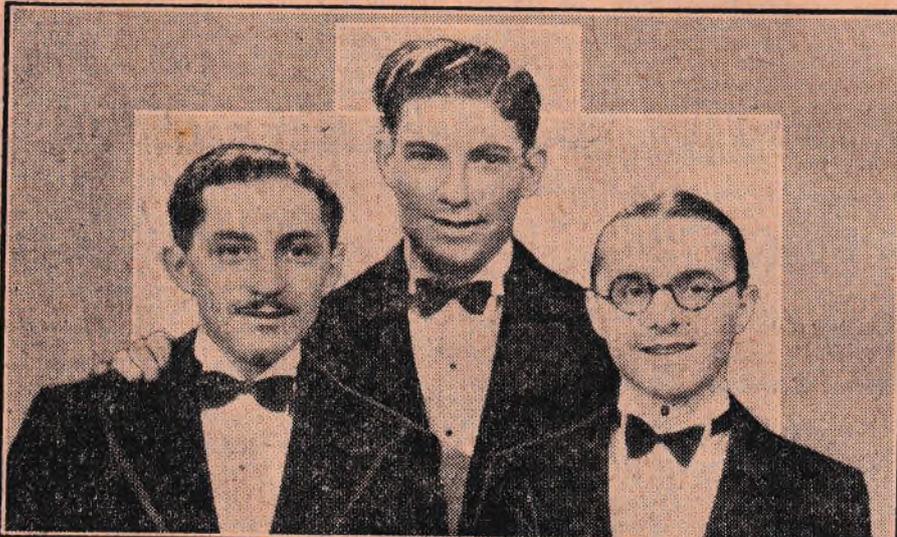
AS a preparation to getting the Christmas spirit, the radio version of "A Christmas Carol" was as cheerful as a Highland dirge. If Scrooge had bad dreams, the listeners had nightmares. The play was lopsided, and became submerged under a deadly gloom. No one listening to Seymour Hicks' "Scrooge" could ever believe that this character could reform and give anyone a merry Christmas. The hateful spirit of Scrooge dominated the air for 75 minutes, and for 75 seconds at the end he became generous. And you didn't believe it! The final scene should have been a joyous party, with the Cratchits, and Tiny Tim becoming the hero with his "God bless you." Without Tiny Tim, you miss the whole message that Dickens wanted to convey to us. He was getting right at our hearts, and his aim was to make them bleed.

THE announcing was faulty. Listeners who did not know the play thought that Tiny Tim and Scrooge had died. It was a case of the announcer taking too much for granted, and so dream and reality got mixed. There was so much scope for jollity, too, but none of the characters rose to it, and even the fiddler's notes were flat. The effects department played up. That biting wintry wind which came out of the loud-speaker "nipped" my Christmas tulips!

"THE Path Of Glory," by L. du Garde Peach, proved to be a brilliant bit of broadcasting. The selection of the caste was very happy, and I can't remember listening to a radio play in which every voice fitted so well. The cynicism was biting. I could see all the brass hats and armchair war critics who listened in curling up at the loudspeaker. The B.B.C. should put on this play for our next war scare. It would knock the death or glory lads paralytic.

Microphone Tours

THE Regional stations were taken to a lovely inn on the top of a Westmoreland hill. We were to get a glimpse of the folks of unchanged England. It was to be a broadcast in the raw



The Cubs—a trio of Roy Fox's vocalists (left to right)—Ivor Mairants, Les Lambert, and Harry Gold.

YOU will notice that sometimes the B.B.C. call their vaudeville programme "Music Hall," and sometimes "Variety." I often wondered why the change of name. To me the bills looked the same. But the other night we were solemnly told that the programme was called "Music Hall" when dancing was included. "Variety" contained more homely and intimate turns. I have pondered over the definitions. It must be meant as a compliment to the step-sisters. No sisters—no music hall. We'll leave it at that.

Who is the Culprit?

THESE intervals, during which we heard the deathly tick-tick-tick from the studio, are like our evenings now—they are stretching out. To-night (Monday) we have just had five minutes. Last week I noted six minutes, and two or three minutes are almost a daily occurrence. To my readers and myself, electricity is being used up. That may not mean much to the Broadcasting House people. To the ordinary man it means waste of cash, and should be avoided.

I AM quite sure Miss Phyllis Neilson Terry will make a great hit as Prince Charming at the Palace Theatre, Manchester. During a rehearsal, she was brought to the mike. Listen to the kind of thing we got. Interview—**Now Why?** "Are you in favour of the Christmas panto?" It would have been first-class radio entertainment if Miss Terry had replied "Certainly not! It's all a lot of tommyrot, make-believe nonsense. It is bad for the children, and all parents should keep their money in their pockets." Miss Terry's reply was "Good gracious, yes!" She did tell us that a panto rehearsal was entirely different to a play rehearsal. **When stars are brought to speak over the air, those responsible should see to it that their appearance is made worth while.**

NOW and again, after the SOS and police messages, we do get a bit of startling news. For instance there was that item due to the frost. A wedding was being held in Buda-pest. The bride's father discovered that the wine had frozen, so he broke it up and handed the wine round in chunks! A later report said an American

Oh Yeah!

WHAT ARE YOUR VIEWS OF RADIO PROGRAMMES?

RADIO'S KEENEST CRITIC

Personality

Radio Criticism

No Pints! unrehearsed and untampered. The lads of the village came, and, unaccompanied, bravely sang of Tally-ho and Helvellyn stags and foxes and maids of the mountains. At least, I guessed that much, because their dialect, while soft and broad, was unintelligible. **These local shows are intensely interesting to the local folks, but the interest does not extend beyond walking distance.** The feature of these local inn sing songs is the tankard of ale—and with it in front of you, you can listen to anything and enjoy it. The listener had no ale. The item was broadcast on the Empire wave-length. To have to listen to it, say, on the scorched plains of Africa, and to hear that round of English ale being called for, must have been a tantalising experience. **Our broadcasters might show a little more consideration for folks at home and abroad.**

THIS feature was given as the first of "Microphone Tours," which will be in the nature of a surprise item. The fellows who select these subjects have got to remember that because certain parts of England are "unchanged," they are not necessarily interesting. And unrehearsed shows generally end in confusion. These Mike Tours may come on yet.

They're Short of Ideas!

THE experiment of airing "First Time Here" from Birmingham I thought was a good one. **Headquarters seem to be getting tied up for lack of ideas.** Why not have a series of "F. T. H." from the provinces? **"First Time Here."** In this way we might discover local talent with a national appeal. **It isn't true, you know, that all future stars are living south of Broadcasting House.**

LES ALLEN and Phyllis Robins simply refuse to let me pass them by. One O.K. after another. Their latest to tickle my ear is "We're A Couple Of Pals." That domestic quarrel was delightful. **It proved to me that Phyllis is not only a singer, but is quickly becoming a great radio actress.** The test is that she makes that young wife in the song a living character.

IF you had switched on when a powerful baritone voice was stirring the air with "When The Sergeant-Major Is On Parade," and you'd listened ever so carefully, you'd never have guessed that the voice belonged to Miss Dolly Fletcher, the lady baritone. She got it over in swell military fashion. **Now we've heard a lady baritone and a man soprano in the per-**

son of Frank Colman, I wonder how they'd appeal to us as a team! It would be a novelty. Perhaps the B.B.C. could arrange to get them on the same variety broadcast.

JUST as "The Three Musketeers" got me years and years ago, they got me when they were aired the other night. I enjoyed the wild gallop to Calais. The radio producers are beginning to move from place to place and take us with them. **It's great fun meeting favourite heroes in this way.** When the actor

"The Three Musketeers."



Popular vocalists—Henry Leoni and Olive Kavann.

gets the right voice, we can picture the character, watch his actions, listen to his sallies, and the radio play becomes easy to follow and a real pleasure. **D'Artagnan's voice was just a bit weak for him, but the fight-on-all-occasions spirit was there.** Madame Bonacieux was very well done, and I liked Anne of Austria. The most effective scene, I thought, was that between the Queen and Buckingham. The walk through the passages and up and down the stairs was a fine bit. **Melodrama over the wireless opens out great possibilities for real entertainment.**

I SEE that "Italian Warehouseman," a play specially written for broadcasting by W. Cumming Tait, is to be repeated on January 9. The play was first put over on November 7, 1933. I was fortunate enough to hear it. **At the time I gave it as A Tip To The Big Bugs, my considered judgment that it was one of the finest radio plays.** The characterisation was excellent. The play is too good to be confined to one region. It should be made a National broad-

cast. I make the suggestion to the programme-builders while they have yet time.

DARE LEE'S is the latest band to come on the air. I understand he is out to keep a balance between rhythm and harmony, and in his first performance he made a brilliant effort. **His show was pleasing without A Dance Band being inspired.** At the moment the playing lacks character. This is only to be expected in a band so young, but it has the makings of a winning combination. The trumpet section seemed to get the upper hand. There was too much shouting in "Remember My Forgotten Man," and the best item was "Without That Certain Thing."

Geraldo's Latest

GERALDO of the Tango has gone. Many will regret this. **Geraldo of the Sweet Music has come.** There will be a fierce division of opinion about this. The hot-cha-cha merchants will go berserk. The melody maids and men will sit back contentedly and bask in the romance of sweetness of the new band. It was a soothing hour, and I can see lots of folks looking forward to this as a change from the wild stuff. The danger Geraldo will have to watch is dullness of the kind which allows us to fall asleep. I like the new signature tune, "Sweet Music," by Austin Croom Johnston. I liked the singing of Gerald Richards, especially in "My Song Goes Round The World." The new version of "Night And Day" was effective, but the comedy number did not fit. Maybe it was because I've heard "Well, Well, Well!" done

better by other bands. The fiddle-playing was almost perfection. **But why not a lady vocalist?** A light soprano would give us variety, and naturally bring sweetness with her.

WHEN we published that picture of "The Cubs," who star with Roy Fox, a mistake was made in the order of names. I am publishing a new photograph on my page this week, so that you will get the likenesses of "The Cubs" fixed properly. And just to show you the fun spirit which bubbles over in these lads, here is a letter I got:—

"Dear Rex,—The picture should have read from left to right—Ivor Mairants, Les Lambert, Harry Gold. We draw your attention to this solely because Ivor is at present inconsolable. After having tried for three years to produce such a wonderful growth of hirsute appendage (moustache), and then to have the honour given to Les Lambert, who has the face of a prize-fighter! This has been too much for him. His heart is broken. So please rectify this. Herewith enclosed is another photo. Please help our Ivor to enjoy his food once more.—Sincerely yours, Harry Gold, Les Lambert (The Cubs). Now we will be able to visualise them correctly, and enjoy their next broadcast all the more.

REX KING WILL BE GLAD TO HEAR THEM!

Woman Baritone, Male Soprano.

A Lancashire Lass Who Imitates 300 Stars

LET me introduce Miss Beryl Orde. See her as a smiling little Lancashire girl of nineteen or so. Dark hair, fine eyes, and broad sense of humour.

"On the air," she may be any one of many personalities—from Jack Hulbert to the Houston Sisters.

Beryl might be better described as a radio meteor than a star, for one night she was unknown, the next the most talked of turn on the other.

Who is she? What is she like? And how was she discovered? Well, folks, here's how, who, and why.

Beryl, at the age of five, was the tomboy of the Orde menage in Liverpool, and the despair of her parents and sisters. Not a gesture or a tone of voice that she could not imitate to perfection, so that she had literally to be seen to be believed.

Hetty King First

From a gramophone record she became word and tone perfect as Hetty King, and was in great demand at local charity shows.

Her repertoire now includes nearly three hundred famous personalities.

Beryl's gift for mimicry is positively uncanny. After a few moments' study of a person's voice and mannerisms, she can impersonate them to a "T".

In the sound studio, where she was practising, Beryl, in a gruff Scottish burr which she forgot to switch off for a moment, said, "Och, I dinna think there is a lot I can tell ye about myself."

RADIO'S METEOR



Miss Beryl Orde

19-Year-Old's Rise to Broadcast Fame

I gathered that she was Will Fyffe, for the moment!

"Seriously, though," said Beryl, "I seemed to have had a busy but not exciting life. Nearly drowned, but now I can swim!

"No; I shall leave the Channel to those that like it."

Beryl's ambition is to go to Hollywood and study first-hand the famous stars. Promises to spare neither the Garbo nor Mickv Mouse.

At the age of nine Beryl was granted a special license to make her professional debut as an impersonator.

Appeared on the stage of most theatres in the North of England, and when only ten gave a complete programme of songs, dances, and impersonations, basing her style on that of Ruth Draper.

"One of my big moments," said Beryl, "was when I was on the same bill as Wee Georgie Wood. "Unknown to me, he watched the act, and then sent for me.

Wee Georgie Wood's Compliment

"Now for it! I thought, but Georgie complimented me, and two weeks later he sent a letter containing the full scripts of 'The Black Hand Gang' and 'Half a Clown,' with his full permission for impersonating him."

Beryl's versatility extends to sports and tennis, rowing, golf, cycling, and even cricket, all help to absorb her tomboyish energy.

Her hobbies, which she speaks of separately, are motoring, hiking, and studying.

Was chief comedienne in Archie Pitt's "Comedy King," which toured for eighteen months.

PITHY — PERSONAL — PERT

WHO'S WHO ON THE RADIO ROW

THE
PEOPLE
BEHIND
THE
VOICE

Yvette Darnac

A storm in mid-air somewhere between London and Paris, very nearly put an untimely end to Yvette Darnac's broadcasting career. She was flying over to broadcast from Radio Paris, when the plane encountered a violent snowstorm, but they reached their destination without mishap.

Miss Darnac is Parisian to the finger-tips, and came to England just before the end of the war to begin her professional career!

Sinclair Logan, the Blind Musician

ONE of the most remarkable broadcasters, in my opinion, is Sinclair Logan, the blind musician.

He says himself, "I always have completely ignored my blindness so far as my own attitude towards it is concerned. I've travelled alone since I was nine, and have even travelled on the Continent by myself."

One of his most amazing achievements was to cross the Swiss Alps, the first and only blind man ever to do this! Even then he chose one of the most difficult routes—the Upper Glacier at Grindelwald.

"It was quite easy, so long as you kept your head," he told me. "I was wearing mailed boots, but in spite of that, I had one or two narrow shaves.

Sinclair Logan has studied music all his life, and can write L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M., and A.R.C.O. after his name. He is the organist and choir-master of St Ninian's, Golders Green, London.

Ten years ago he got married—"the best and most delightful thing which has happened to me," he'll tell you.

IT'S a far cry from the wilds of the Australian Bush to the super-civilisation of Broadcasting House, but Eileen Joyce has bridged the gap—and she is only twenty-one.

Eileen spent her early childhood with wild dogs as companions and snakes and kangaroos as her pets. Her father was an Irish Australian labourer, and he and his wife and young family migrated into the wilds of Western Australia, pitching their tent wherever it seemed they might find food. Then a bush fire drove them into Boulder City.

Although a piano had never been a part of her life, Eileen so impressed the local priest with her playing that he sent her to the nuns of Loreto Convent to study.

The rest of her life reads like all the fairy stories that have ever been written! Backhaus heard her playing and was so astounded that he advised her strongly to go to Leipzig. This, of course, was out of the question for Eileen, but a theatre manager gave her a £25-a-week contract when he heard of this, and organised a concert tour which raised the necessary funds for her training.

London, Sir Henry Wood and Albert Coates finished her training and listeners have had opportunities to judge this "Bush" girl for themselves.

Harry Hemsley—Man of Parts

Harry Hemsley has been choir-boy, office boy, black-and-white artist, contributor to comic papers and travelling artist!

At eighteen he decided he wanted to see more of the world, and took his board and easel and

sallied forth. His idea was to paint houses and cottages, and confront the houseowner with the finished painting and request the sum of 2s 6d for the picture. His first effort was a country cottage.

He tapped on the front door, which was opened by a typical cottager, wiping her hands on her apron. "No, I'm not wanting anything, thank you," she told him before he opened his mouth. But she thought the picture "very pretty" and expressed her willingness to buy it if she had had half-a-crown. "If a dozen eggs would be any use. . . . But Harry didn't think he could possibly travel round the world with a dozen eggs! At 9 a.m. the same morning he painted and sold his first masterpiece; at 10 he had breakfast with the shilling he earned!

By six o'clock that evening he had a pile of promises but no further sales—and he had developed a surprising hunger!

A charming young lady opened a cottage door, and Harry gave her the picture. Three minutes later he was sitting round the tea-table with the family!

And that's why Harry Hemsley is an entertainer!

Stand By, Folks!

The Three Ginx Tell You All About Themselves!

How This Hot Radio Act Got Going



The Theatrical Manager Who Took a Walk with the Takings!

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen—got a minute to spare?

Three Ginx calling!

No, people have made that mistake before. It's Ginx, not ginks!

"Radio Review" has given us orders to reveal ourselves in our true colours, and show the public the sort of fellows we really are.

We're coming clean!

It's a long and sad story, so if you think you can stand up to it, we'll tell it to you like a bed-time story, just to soften it down a bit!

Once upon a time there were three little boys! Sons of poor—but honest—parents, they were all remarkably handsome children.

One of them lived in Andover, Hants, and he was called Eric Handley, the second lived in Accrington, Lancs., and he was called Ivor Robbins, and the third one had to be satisfied with living in London. This last one, believe it or not, was called Jack Joy.

Years passed by and the children were turned out into the great big world to earn their livings. Eric became a chemist, like his dad; Ivor was a

band sergeant in the Army; and Jack carried a living as an engineer.

They were all fond of music, and after the war they decided to take it up as a profession. Great minds thinking alike!

They joined dance bands, and went touring the country, each with a different band!

Into Partnership

Then came 1923, when they met for the first time at Southsea. Although more or less in competition, they became great pals, and with the close of the summer season, they decided to form a partnership.

They got on fairly well, right from the start, and in 1924 decided to come to London, a wicked city, but very good for dance bands.

They came, they saw, but they were a long time conquering.

They didn't know a soul in Town, but after tramping round the agents' offices, they got fixed up with a cabaret show at one of the big hotels.

A week or so later the show left on tour, and our three heroes went with it. They kept it company as far as Leicester, when the boss decided to take the cash receipts for a walk!

In fact, he enjoyed his walk so much, and the money proved such pleasant company, that he never came back!

They did part of the journey back to town by rail, but they couldn't afford to pay for the whole journey, so they came on milk lorries and other "things" for the best part of the way.

They got another job in a London club, where they first started their vocal act. They sang just one song. That was all the public would stand for! It is exactly the same kind of harmony they are putting across to-day, but their audience hadn't yet been educated up to it!

A Wreath for the Secretary

They were at this club for a few weeks, until they turned up one day and found the place had been vacated. The proprietors had left in a hurry, and they'd taken everything with them. Furniture, fittings, the band's instruments—even the parquet dance floor had been lifted!

The only thing left was a picture of the secretary hanging on the office wall. Somebody had hung a wreath of flowers round it. If our lads had found the secretary then that wreath would have been needed elsewhere!

About this time our heroes started to call themselves the Three Ginx. It was, of course, a play on the newly-coined expression "gink," which means "goop" or "stiff."

They got their instruments back eventually, and another job, this time being a little more lucky. They kept the job for four years, before deciding to go on the stage as a saxophone trio.

They enjoyed a certain amount of popularity. Then Paul Whiteman started sending records over to this country. He made a big feature of syncopated vocalising, and this time the public fairly lapped it. Once again America had to show us what to like.

Naturally, seeing this, the Ginx started to do the same thing, and leaped up into fame with a bang.

Within a few weeks they were getting engagements all over the place, and in May, 1929, got an audition with the B.B.C.

Picture them in the audition studio, surprisingly calm! A tiny little room it was, the only furnishing being a big boxed-in mike. They were told to do two numbers, and two numbers only.

They Sang Five Numbers

So they did, and nothing happened. Nobody came in to them, so they sang another number, and another. Then they sang another, and so on. After the fifth number an official came in, looking as if he had enjoyed the performance, and the three Ginx got a contract right away.

Since then they have never looked back. They have all married, and Ivor has a little daughter. They are quiet simple people, with equally quiet and simple tastes.

Ninety per cent. of their time is taken up with work, either giving shows or rehearsing and "working out" new numbers, but in spare moments most of them listen in.

Eric is a keen gardener—so he says. He spends most of his time building pergolas and rustic furniture, though, so his is more a timber works than a garden.

Not long ago they had an engagement at a private house in the country.

They announced their arrival to the butler, who went inside and came back in a few minutes. He looked a bit dazed, and no wonder! He had told his mistress that the Three Ginx were on the doorstep, and received instructions to "put it in the scullery!"

But these things happen! And the Three Ginx are still living happily ever after!



THE THREE GINX POSE FOR RADIO REVIEW.

THE LADS WHO ARRANGE "H.H.'S" DANCE MUSIC

Allow me to introduce two of Henry Hall's arrangers. One never hears much of the men behind the scenes—so I was pleased to have an opportunity of meeting Philip Cardew and Stan Bowsher, both rehearsing their latest works during a session with Henry the other day.

Phil, with the reddish hair and glasses, looks, and is, a very serious-minded person. His best work for

fans has been his arrangements of "I Cover the Waterfront" and "42nd Street." He probably does as many tunes for Henry as anyone in the business.

The other music arranger, Stan Bowsher, wearing a tiepin in the shape of a saxophone, had just delivered his latest effort—"La-La-La," another of those amusing novelties which you've probably heard by now bringing in Phyllis, Les, Len and the vocal trio.

Dance Band Gossip

By One of the Boys

Does Mrs Jack Hylton Like Number 13?

CAB CALLOWAY TO
GIVE US A TUNE!

JACK HYLTON is doing a Continental tour at the present time, and Mrs Jack, after finishing her engagement on Saturday night at the Lewisham Hippodrome, flew over to join her husband for the festive season.

13!

With her own band she broadcast on Saturday night. This will rather upset that very extraordinary coincidence of hers concerning the number 13. Have you heard that amazing "13" story of Mrs Hylton's? No? Then here it is.

HERE'S THE STORY.

Mrs Hylton's birthday is on the 13th of the month. When she first decided to commence a band of her own to win that bet from Jack, rehearsals began on the 13th of the month. When everything was ready, a certain amount of newspaper publicity naturally followed: the first announcement was in a paper dated Friday the 13th, and was on paragraph 13 of page 13. Later the band of 13 performers made its debut in public, again on the 13th.

THEN IT'S COMPLETE.

After a short tour in the provinces, they went to the London Palladium—and were number 13 on the programme. This almost reads like a fairy story, but every word is true. And now to complete the coincidence, count up for yourself the number of letters there are in the name Mrs Jack Hylton.

FLUTES TO YOU!

There is a lot of talk in band circles at the present time about introducing flutes—of course, this idea came from America, where flute sections are becoming quite an important thing in dance bands. Well, the first person to do this in England was Mrs Hylton.

HOT NEWS.

Cab Calloway, King of Hi-de-ho, will be



Here's Mrs Jack Hylton.

in London early in the New Year. This is all very welcome, but it is a pity that the American authorities do not feel that way towards our bands.

MISS HELEN RAYMOND—CROONER.

Evidently we haven't yet heard all the lady crooners who are just waiting for the opportunity to make themselves famous by singing with dance bands over the air—the latest is Miss Helen Raymond, who sang with Sydney Kyte. This was not Miss Raymond's debut as a radio artiste, but it was her debut as a dance band crooner.

THE BOSWELL TYPE.

She originated from the Guildhall School of Music, but, in the words of her own parents, "was interested in anything under the sun except sing-

SYDNEY KYTE'S
NEW CROONER

ing." After leaving the Guildhall School, she emigrated to Canada with the intentions of a business career—in that particular country she lived with friends who were very musical, and which included three sisters who were excellent harmony singers of the Boswell Sisters type. For the first time in Miss Raymond's life she was seized with a real enthusiasm for vocalisation—this hot vocal trio soon became a vocal quartette, and enjoyed a deal of success over the Canadian broadcasting stations.

WE'LL HEAR HER AGAIN.

After her very excellent performance with Sydney Kyte the other night, there is no doubt we shall hear much more of her in the future—although this, no doubt, will give her less time to pose for a few well-known London sculptors, an occupation which has been in the nature of a recreation to her for some considerable time.

CARROLL GIBBONS ON THE AIR.

Although we are not having any more broadcasts from the Savoy Hotel, Carroll Gibbons is still a regular weekly feature on the "air"—of course, I am referring to the broadcast every Sunday afternoon from Luxembourg. Although it is not an English station it is as easy to receive as our own National or Regional transmitters.

THE VOCALISTS.

If you have already heard any of these broadcasts, I wonder if you recognised the vocalists—one of them is none other than our old friend, Harry Bentley, of Charlie Kunz's band, and the lady is Miss Diana Clare, who, as you may already know, is the same person as that well-known concert singer, Esther Coleman.

HILDEGARDE IN PARIS.

Probably you have noticed that the famous American vocalist, Hildegarde, is not singing with Ambrose at the present time—this is because she is doing a season of cabaret in Paris, and from all reports is a big sensation.

Budding Radio Stars Make Their Bow

MORE Canadian plums! Meet "Curly" Nixon and his partner, "Scotty" Morrison. These two lads have just arrived from the other side, bringing with them a fine reputation as radio entertainers. I found them in a little flat in Battersea, where they have installed themselves pro. temp. to spend their first exciting days trying to make a mark in London's entertainment circles.

Curly hails from Sunderland and Scotty, as his name implies, is from Glasgow. Just another little romance of the war.

After demobilisation, Curly emigrated to Canada, and joining "The Dumbells"—an Army concert party like "The Splinters"—he met his pal, Scotty Morrison, already a member of the party. They have been working as a double act on stage and radio, and after twelve years have returned to the old country to try their luck.

It looks as if John Sharman has found another good "double" for his variety programmes.

Anyhow we offer the glad hand to our two boys from Canada. Pleased to meet you, Curly and Scotty, and lots of luck!

And Is She Good-Looking?

Nick and Maria. For years past there has been a wave of accordion playing sweeping over the air, soloists, duos and complete bands. These two spring from the Macari Sereaders—a well-known combination.

Italians can certainly play the piano-accordion, and although the two on Saturday last are still

**FIRST
TIME
HERE**

young, they look like stars already in the making. Their combined ages can't be more than 45—if that, and until television really comes along you must be denied the pleasure of seeing Maria. She is beautiful—very!—And if I told you she was English you'd not believe me, would you?

I think you'll find that Nick and Maria will become a popular Anglo-Italian alliance.

Boys, Maria's another Dolores del Rio and Raquel Torres—all in one!

So He Got His Leading Lady!

And while we are on the subject of good-lookers, let me introduce you to **Billie Baker**—a new discovery by Bert Aza. He found her, sent her to the B.B.C. for a test—and you know the result. She comes from Bath, and has been trying to get a hearing since she was ten!

Well, here she is, in the running at last, and still under twenty-one. Height—five feet two, a head of fair hair, and two lovely blue eyes above dimpled cheeks.

She got her first real chance in Exeter when she was touring with "The Belle of New York"—a show that has made many names famous.

She was just understudying both the Belle and Fil, when the owner of the Exeter Theatre, Mr Dunsford, sent for her. "Listen, little lady, how would you like to play principal girl in my next pantomime?"

A bit sudden for young Billie—she'd think it over. And she did—by writing to her father. "Sure," replied the head of the family, "have a shot."

Mr Dunsford got his leading lady, and she played seven weeks last Christmas.

A good, hard-working start has led to playing in "The Belle" again this year, with concerts, variety, and cabaret thrown in for extra experience.

Petite in herself, quite unsophisticated in her ideas, single in state, intelligent in the studio and a lot in hand has Miss Baker!