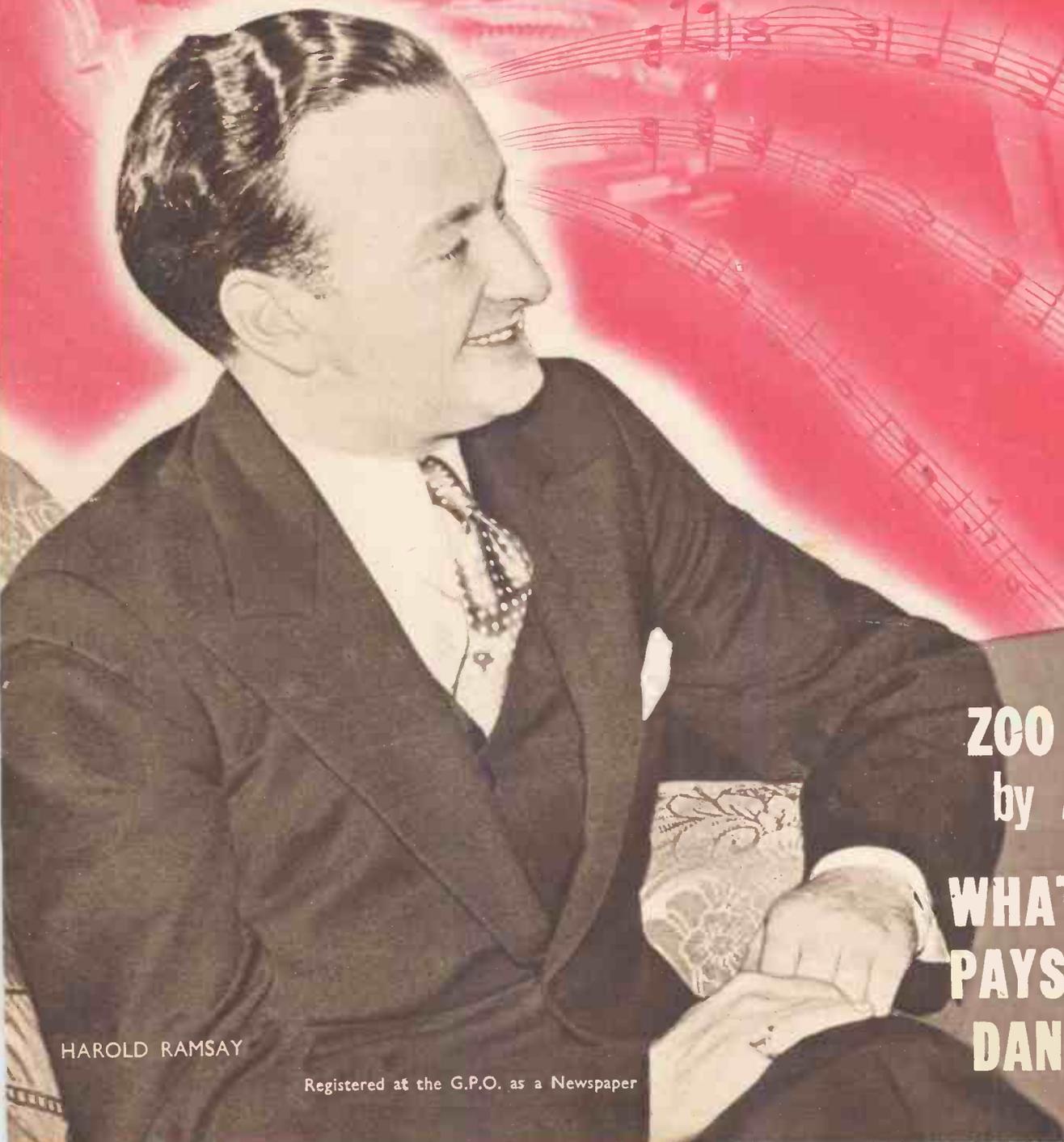


FULL ENGLISH PROGRAMMES FROM THE CONTINENT

40 PAGES

RADIO PICTORIAL



3^d

EVERY
FRIDAY

**"TWO
ZOO TICKETS"**
by A. J. ALAN

**WHAT THE B.B.C.
PAYS FOR YOUR
DANCE MUSIC**

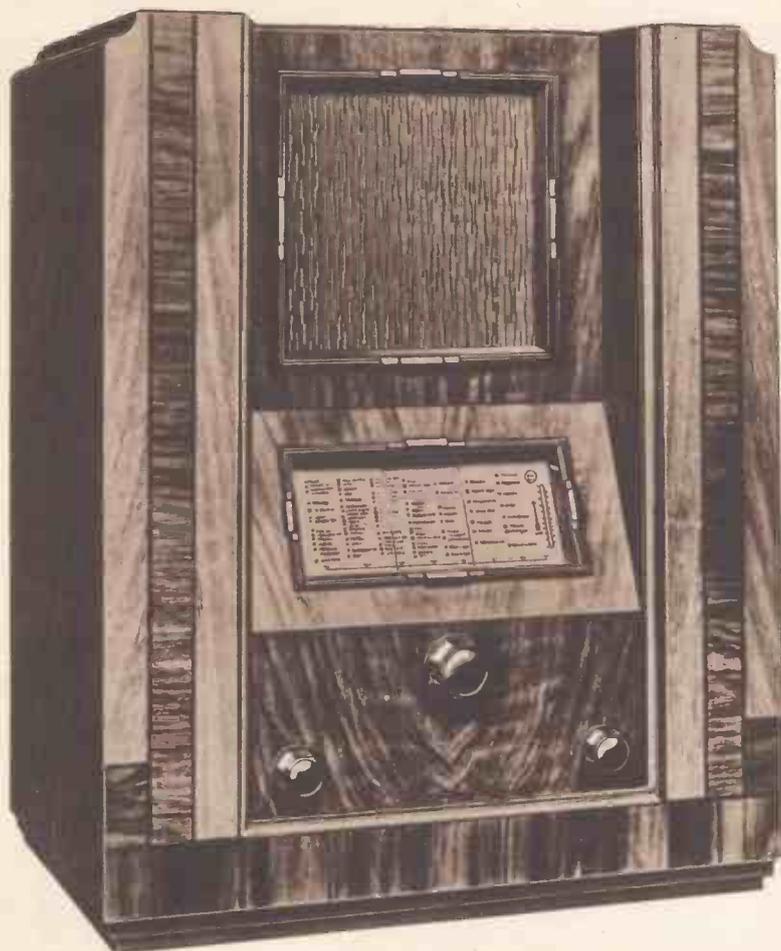
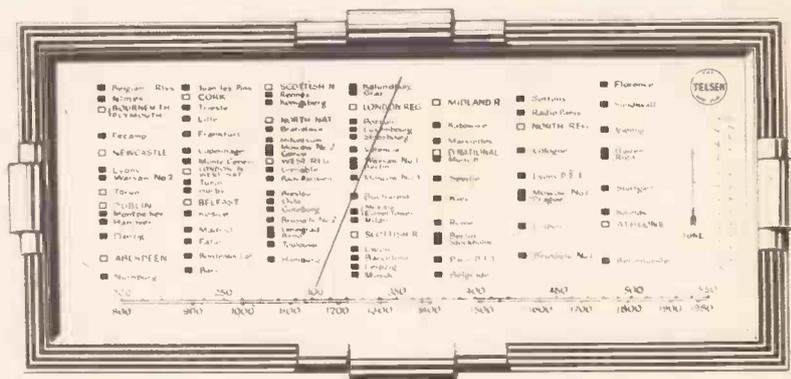
HAROLD RAMSAY

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Editor KENNETH ULLYETT

Allen J. EIDINOW, an American radio enthusiast on a visit to this country, tunes in to some B.B.C. broadcasts and here tells you what he thinks

An American Tunes in —to US!



"Radio dramas, as you portray them, would be considered too highbrow. The Yanks insist on thrillers over the air. . . ." Eidinow tunes-in to America and the B.B.C. and makes a striking comparison



Bill Hay, the famous announcer of the Amos 'n' Andy programme, with a spring salmon caught recently at Victoria, B.C., where he and his wife have been holiday-making.

B.B.C. ANNOUNCERS . . . the first voices I heard. They're so different from ours.

Yes, Siree! The American broadcasting companies pay their announcers big money. They are really the main feature of any programme.

Take Graham McNamee. He gets £20,000 a year for three running commentaries a week on sporting events, and £200 for any other chatter he puts over. He gets this kind of dough, because he is a show in himself. When he broadcasts a fight he puts so much colour and personality into it that you can actually see the two fighters. He lives the part. I saw him once in the Madison Square Garden. "Boy! Oh boy!" he said. "What a fight! There he goes; left to the jaw; one to the right; Frank's reeling!" And Oh!—he got up, crouched, and his right hand swung clean on the jaw of his partner, knocking him out. He was so engrossed in his comments that he had unconsciously fitted his action to the words.

He is sent out every year to California to comment on the football game between Stanford and the University of California. The event is known as "Football among the roses." It is a national hook-up and covers an area of 3,000,000 square miles.

I remember tuning in. Graham's voice came over the mike and to our surprise, he apologised, telling us he had been on the train for seven days getting out to California. Met some friends and they had been rehearsing Christmas toasts, so he could hardly see straight. Nevertheless, he kept myself and Christmas guests in shrieks of laughter at some of the comments he made.

I have been in the studios of American Broadcasting Companies. The type of announcer usually engaged has been a publicity agent all his life. Now, on this particular occasion, for weeks past, newspapers had been announcing that a prominent opera star would sing for the "Electro" hour. "Now folks," he said, "I'm right at the mike and this programme is being broadcast to you through the courtesy of the 'Idex Corset Company,' the ideal and correct corset for the stylish stout. And they have pleasure in presenting to you the well-known spaghetti-eater—I mean tenor—Signor So-and-So. Yes folks, I've got him here right beside me. He's smiling and happy. Just a minute! Sorry folks! I just tried to get the signor to say a few words to you; but he has promised he will, after this song. The first number will be—a gramophone record of the famous tenor was put on. The listeners had been keyed up to such a pitch by this clever announcer, that they not only imagined they saw the singer, but heard his breathing! And what could have been more convincing than the great tenor keeping his promise, and making a little speech of thanks—which, of course, had also been recorded specially for this occasion.

Morton Downey, who was one of the most popular radio stars to come over here, is one of the few artists in America who not only does his announcing, but

Continued on next page

BEHIND THE MICROPHONE

Variety



THE Chap-Who-Runs-Variety
 Faced crisis, at the B.B.C.
 They'd moved their offices, until
 They'd just one shilling in the till.
 Was ever man in such a plight?
 There'd be no Vaudeville to-night!
 He stirred the sawdust on the floor;
 The band alone were wanting more!
 He heard their several voices mount
 At what he'd paid them on account.
 So turned and sobbed his heart out on
 The kindly shoulder of Sir John!

But wait! With infinite elan,
 The chap from the detector van

Dashed past the horde of stars irate
 With, gagged and bound, a real pirate!
 The Chap-Who-Runs-Variety
 Called all the dance-band in. Says he,
 "Now, here's your fee. Let's end this strife,
 And I'll take back my stamps, and knife.
 The other seven shillings are
 For fourteen weeks we owe the char
 The show, O Rapture, is now certain;
 Go, Henry lad, ring up the Curtain!"

RATZ.

There is one man you've got here that they can't touch in the States. He makes you feel you're his pal and that he's talking from his fireside... no exaggerated manner here... That's Christopher Stone. My dough's on him that he goes big with the "Palookas" in America.

There's a little lady that I've heard quite often. She ain't so bad—Anona Winn. You see, with me it's not so much the voice that counts. She's got the mike "It." That's what gets me—"It." She has the "sex appeal" of the air, making me want to write in and ask for her picture and her autograph.

For my money, the star of stars of the British dance bands is Henry Hall and I think that boy is the best bet that has come to the mike since Paul Whiteman started slimming. His arrangements are right; he does not allow his vocalists to overstep the mark. He shoves his personality right over you; even when the number is being sung, you feel it. You know he is encouraging, restraining. He makes you feel he's there to entertain you. His soft music is a tonic that would make even a methodist shake a foot.

Harry Roy—he's too much the showman. I think he overplays, although I do admit that his comedy numbers are very good.

And now let me take my hat off to stars like James Agate. His series "Stars in their courses" was a classic, a masterpiece of presentation.

The "Concert Party White Coons"—now, that's an act I'd like to book and take to America with me. They open with a bang! They go on with a smash! And they make me wish that the B.B.C. would let us have more like 'em.

In looking over your programmes, customers of the B.B.C., I never knew before that there was so much chamber music in the world. Gosh! Don't they spoon-feed you with it? But there is one number who made me learn to like him. That was Albert Sandler and his orchestra. He gives you just enough of the classic, with a dash of the popular, so that you can't help liking it. Sandler is not only a musician, but a perfect salesman.

He sure does sell his stuff.

I am convinced that if the B.B.C. had a real showman at the head, yours would be the greatest wireless programmes in the world. Your stars work hard. They want to please. They want to give you of their best; but I have felt as I listened in that something was holding them back, that they were under restraint, and I agreed with one of your greatest stars, Norman Long, when he sang that song "They won't let me do that."

"makes up" for every number he sings, even changing his collar and tie. While affecting these changes, he announces under whose auspices he is appearing. You all know, of course, that broadcasting is used as a medium of advertising in the United States.

Since Franklin Roosevelt became President, he has made a point of talking to the nation every Friday. This again is a national hook-up. He is announced as, "Folks, The President!" He has a studio voice and makes his speech a personal affair; talks to the unseen audience as fellow-citizens, explaining that when he is at the *mike* (which, by the way, is made of pure gold and has his initials on it—a present from the National Broadcasting Company) he wants to be considered not as the President, but as a fellow-citizen.

Radio dramas, as you portray them, would be considered too high-brow. The Yanks insist on thrillers over the air. The most entertaining of these was produced by a detective story magazine, and, to create more interest, they offered a prize to anyone who would send in a minute description of the villain, known as the shadow.

Gillie Potter and Henry Hall could hang their hats up in any studio in America. Gillie Potter because of his original methods and Henry Hall because he plays that soft music which goes over better and not, as generally supposed in this country, "Hot Rhythm!" Whereas you hear the Henry Hall type of music going on every minute of the day at some station, Duke Ellington, Cab Calloway and the like only broadcast once every fortnight. As the American says, "A little of that goes a long way."

One of the most elaborate programmes to come over the air in America is "Variety," usually consisting of a star appearance in every principal city of the States. Why, in one night, I have heard Jolson in New York, Will Rogers in Philadelphia, Sophie Tucker in Chicago, and Eddie Cantor in Los Angeles.

For some of these stars, it was their first appearance before the microphone and they freely admitted they were scared stiff. The first time Texas Guinan was on the air, there was a dead pause after she had said a few words. Then, to my surprise, the announcer's voice was heard. He explained that she had fainted from sheer nervousness.

Now, a word about announcers' explanations. They are so different from the polite B.B.C. In their case, he just says: "Folks, Tex has gone out like a light. Scared of the mike!" Can you imagine what would happen if they apologised for being two minutes late, as they do here sometimes? Why, in America the listener would think something was wrong, run to the telephone, call up the Broadcasting Company and say:

"Two minutes late! Who cares? Why bring that up?"

The American radio fans demand showmanship, and the lack of it is one of the great faults of the B.B.C. They strain too much for the artistic effect, thereby catering for only a small percentage of their listeners.

Your stars are not only stars; they are artists. They stand head and shoulders above any Americans. Take Stan Holloway—why, that Guy radiates personality. He makes you feel that you can actually see him doing his stuff. His job is to entertain you, to make you laugh—and he does. He's a riot—a panic! He knocks me off my seat with laughter every time he pulls his stuff about "Sam and his musket."

Gillie Potter—What a man! What an act! John Tilley, his humour is international; he'd make everybody's lip split and roar with laughter. The toughest Yank who doesn't have time for the limey would have to tell them they were good.

ANOTHER COMMENT ON THE PROGRAMMES!

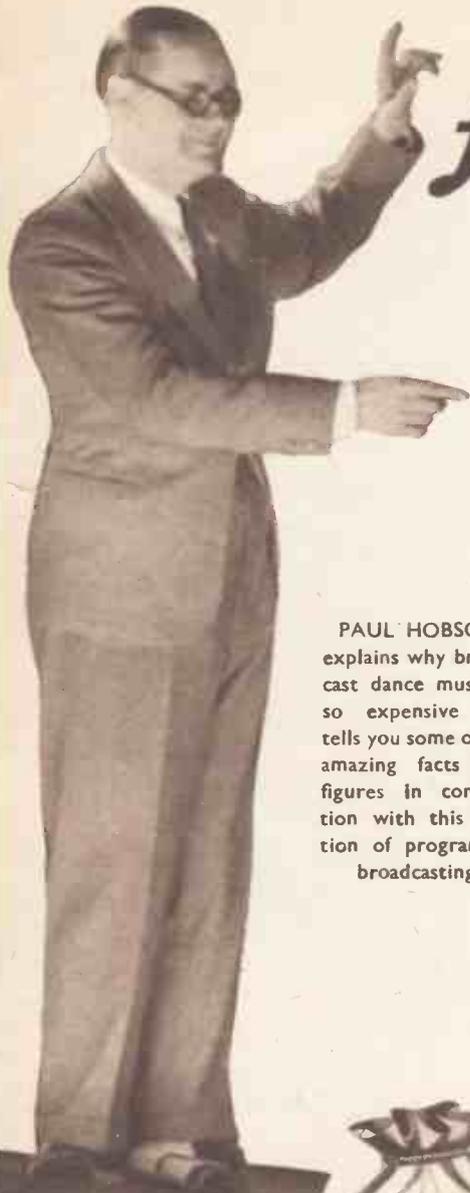
"Yes, Ma'am, I was a dealer in wireless crystals but the Sunday programmes put me out of business!"



£50 an Hour!

—What the B.B.C.

Pays for Our Dance Music



PAUL HOBSON explains why broadcast dance music is so expensive and tells you some of the amazing facts and figures in connection with this section of programme broadcasting.

As is well known, the B.B.C. on that occasion could not arrange to meet Jack Payne's terms, and millions of listeners, disappointed, may have wondered where all the expense goes in dance music.

Your radio dance music costs approximately £50 an hour (not when played on gramophone records, of course!), so you see it would take a very wealthy B.B.C. to broadcast a lot of it.

Formerly, the B.B.C. did not pay fees to outside broadcasters such as Sydney Kyte, Harry Roy, Dare Lea and Charlie Kunz when their bands were relayed but subsequently, owing to a change of policy, it was considered advisable to pay fees to the outside broadcasting bands to cover the cost of special musical arrangements and other incidental expenses.

A general fee of £40 a night was agreed upon and this is the scheduled fee received by every band broadcasting from an outside source. This fee is paid on at least five nights a week, so that £200 a week, or approximately £10,000 a year is spent in this way.

In addition, the B.B.C. has to pay heavily for the cost of landlines connecting all transmitters with the hotels and restaurants.

Many of the outside broadcast bands are con-

siderably out of pocket after each broadcast as the cost of special musical arrangements and orchestrations is heavy.

This is a big item in the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra, as most numbers cost anything from five to ten guineas to orchestrate, and it is reasonable to assume that the present "library" of tunes featured by the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra has cost £5,000 for orchestrations.

All the members of the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra are under contract direct with the B.B.C. and are paid salaries. A very conservative estimate of expenses and salaries is £5,000 a year.

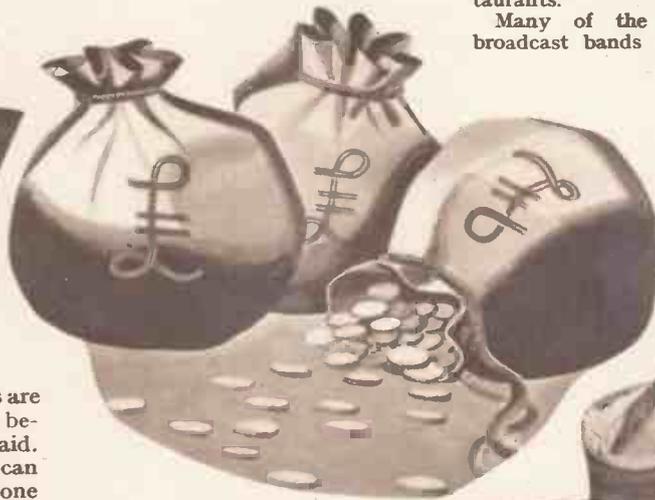
We have to face the fact, therefore, that outside band expenses are over £10,000 a year, and salaries and orchestration expenses of the B.B.C.'s own band may amount to easily over £10,000.

Twenty thousand pounds a year has thus to be spent by the B.B.C. even before it starts to broadcast dance music, and another huge expense is incurred directly each programme has commenced.

The composers of dance tunes earn royalties at each broadcast. These royalties are paid by the B.B.C. to the composers through the Performing Right Society, and, as in general, more money has to be spent on dance music than on serious music, the royalties can easily increase the cost of dance music from £30 an hour to £50.

Royalties on dance music are a justifiable expense, for song composers are entitled to profit by each performance or broadcast of their works.

Owing to the large number of tunes played by the broadcasting bands, the bill for royalties totals up to an amazing figure.



Billy Cotton, the popular dance-music leader, directs, while . . .

DANCE musicians are accustomed to being highly paid. Henry Hall can command £1,200 for one week in the variety world, and the enormous applause he has had at Radiolympia and at the Palladium is justification for this huge fee.

Jack Payne and Jack Hylton command big fees at all variety centres when they tour the country with their popular bands, and dance-music leaders such as Ambrose, Harry Roy, Lew Stone and Jack Jackson, who have made names for themselves in directing dance music at famous West End hotels and restaurants, earn salaries which put into the shade fees secured by many artists in the variety world.

So it is not to be considered surprising that the B.B.C. finds its dance music expensive.

In dealing with dance music at all it is dabbling in a very strange and romantic world in which there are many heartbreaks and disappointments, but in which fame and fortune are rapidly to be made by a few lucky people.

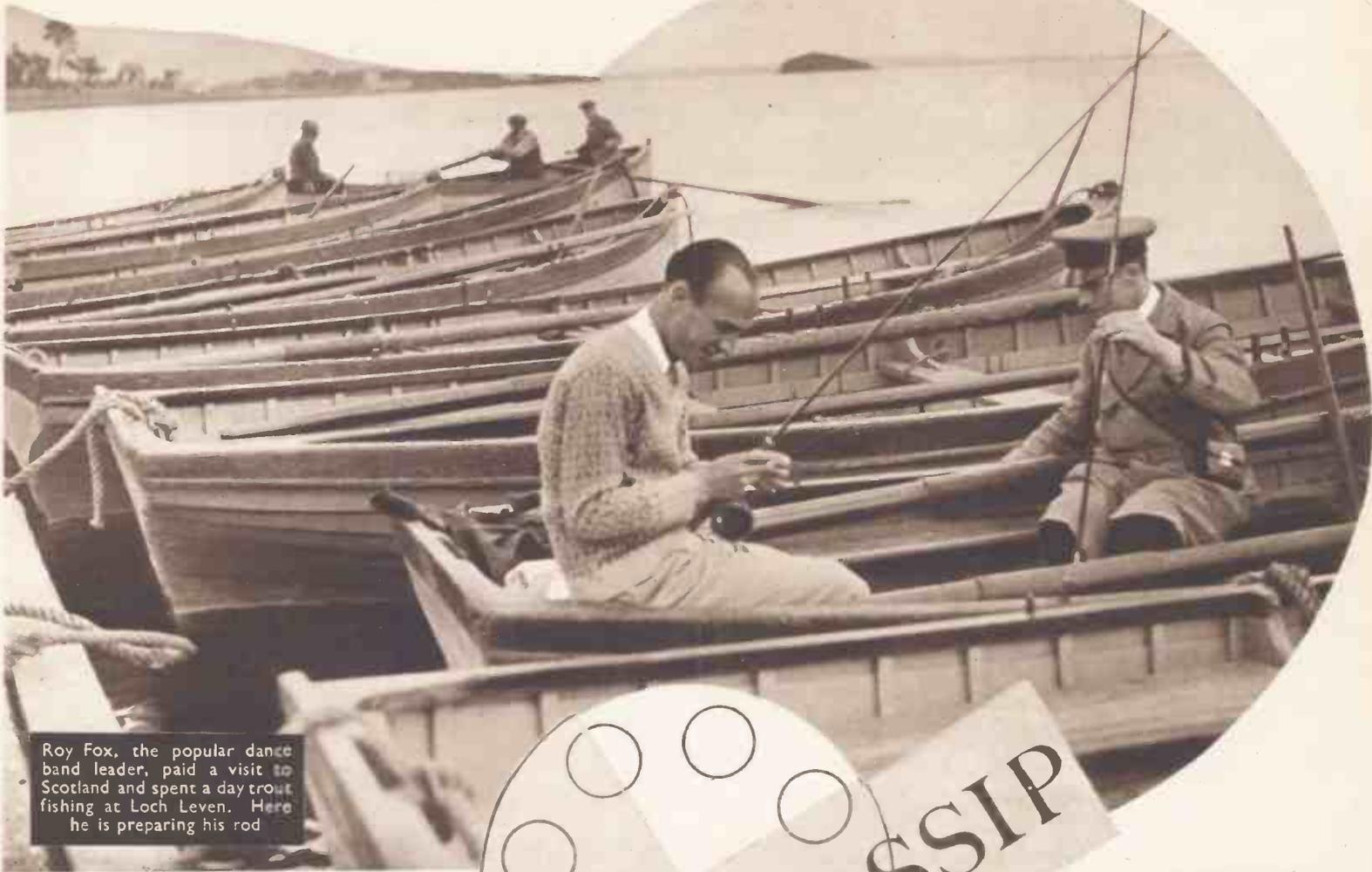
When the B.B.C. wants to secure outside stars, such as Jack Payne and Jack Hylton, for occasional broadcasts, the corporation has to pay at least in proportion to the variety circuits.

Bands of this order will not broadcast on only a few occasions for fees less than about £200 a session.

When Jack Payne was invited to play for a week at the B.B.C. during Henry Hall's holiday, a big money contract was suggested involving a large fee for one mid-evening broadcast in addition to the teatime sessions.



Leonard Henry listens in cheerfully on his Portadyne receiver. Dance music may cost £50 an hour, but he seems to be enjoying every minute of it.



Roy Fox, the popular dance band leader, paid a visit to Scotland and spent a day trout fishing at Loch Leven. Here he is preparing his rod.

Two Who Sing

Henry Hall certainly believes in varying the vocal output of his band. Dan Donovan, a new singer, plays the saxophone and Charlie Price, who comes from Sydney Lipton's band to play the second trumpet, also sings. Do you get the subtle distinction?

Don has been a choirboy, a motor engineer and an amateur operatic singer in his time and once sang Ko-Ko in the *Mikado* and Jack Point in the *Yeomen of the Guard*. He tells me that he is not altogether new to the mike, as he was running his own band for two years and it used to broadcast from Cardiff. Lately he has been with Debroy Somers and toured South Africa with this outfit. Both start on September 18.

“Newsmonger’s”

RADIO GOSSIP

It is a new departure for the B.B.C. to train engineers this way, and competition was keen for the half-dozen places available. No more candidates will be wanted for at least a year.

Manager—Without the “Stage”

On the programme side Broadcasting House has been training producers for some time and E. J. Inglis who joined the staff as an apprentice producer, has just been appointed stage manager in the Drama Department.

It is an odd title, since there are no stages in the dramatic studios, but every production requires a good deal of managing, as several studios and the dramatic control panel are used for each show. When a large cast is distributed about the building it is not always easy to ensure that the right man is talking to the right microphone at the right moment. Jack Inglis will do this, and more.

Broadcasting College!

Six “new boys” joined the B.B.C. last week. They are student apprentices in engineering, starting on a two-year course. All hold degrees and there is no reason why one of them should not be Chief Engineer one day if he works hard, keeps early hours, and . . . but, you know the rest.

The Twiddleknobs—by FERRIER



Gone Away

"A Basinful of the Briny" was the last tune played by the B.B.C. Dance Band before leaving for holiday.

Most of the boys chose to spend their leave in England and one of the Northern lads has gone to Blackpool. Bert Read, the pianist, has taken his pretty North London bride to the Isle of Capri and some of the others will meet the boat when the pair return.

I wonder whether it was the popular tune he has played so often which gave Bert this idea for his honeymoon? We shall hear the band again on September 18.

The New Band

Keane Kelly is having a busy week conducting auditions for the variety orchestra which he is going to conduct. Five hundred applicants are on the waiting list—and no more are needed! From these he has to choose fifteen players, and I wonder how long it will take?

The orchestra is due to broadcast before the end of October; so he will have to get a move on. There are several women in the Symphony and Theatre orchestras and many feminine players have applied for places in the new band.

A Woman Leads the Proms.

It was strange to see a woman leading the orchestra at the Prom. last week, and it must have been an ordeal for Marie Wilson, but she never faltered. For the second time in thirty-two years, Charles Woodhouse was away and Marie Wilson moved up one to take his place.

She is accustomed to leading a section of the Symphony Orchestra in the studio and occasionally leads the "Prom." orchestra at rehearsal while Charles Woodhouse waves the baton. It is another matter to face a Queen's Hall audience.

New Programmes from Rome

There is enormous interest in English programmes from the Continent, and you may like to make a note of the fact that English sponsored programmes are now being given by the International Broadcasting Co. of London, through the Rome transmitter.

These programmes are given on 420.8 metres (712 kilocycles), and as the power is 50 kilowatts, you will have no difficulty in getting Rome at full strength. You are invited to write to "Radio Pictorial" or to the International Broadcasting Co. of 11, Hallam Street, Portland Place, W.1., and report how this fine station is received.

Brightening Broadcasting

Most women look awkward when seen in a room beside mannequins, and I take off my hat to Jane Carr for appearing in a programme with Gloria and Dawn. She is one of the few actresses who could survive such a test of grace.

The models were showing the latest autumn fashions in gowns, hats, furs, and coats in the television studio, and I noticed at rehearsal that the display attracted all the stenographers who could find an excuse for passing the studio door.

Television has made life more lively at Broadcasting House!

Our Cover

I am sure you will be interested to see a popular radio star, Harold Ramsay, on the cover of RADIO PICTORIAL this week. Ramsay has been broadcasting the organ from the Granada at Tooting for a considerable time; he organised the famous eight-piano symphony and has now come into the variety programmes with a huge Rhythm Symphony Orchestra.

Greta Again

Greta Keller, who recently returned to England after a two years' absence, is as popular with listeners on the Continent as she is with listeners in this country.

The morning after her first broadcast on her recent visit she was given a day off from her Palladium engagement to fly to Hilversum to broadcast from there. That was on the Friday night. Greta was such a success, that the Hilversum broadcasting authorities persuaded her to broadcast again on the Sunday.

Meanwhile, Greta had to be back at the Palladium for three performances on the Saturday. She flew from Hilversum to Croydon through the Friday night, made her appearances at the Palladium, flew back to Hilversum on the Sunday

**Listen to the
RADIO PICTORIAL
CELEBRITY
CONCERTS**

EACH week a number of pages of RADIO PICTORIAL are devoted to English programmes from the Continent. These broadcasts are given through popular transmitters which are well received in this country, Paris, Luxembourg, Normandy and many others. The programme details given week by week are absolutely full and complete, and even include the names of the announcers who introduce the items to you at the microphone.

For the entertainment of all radio listeners RADIO PICTORIAL is now providing a series of Celebrity Concerts from various Continental stations. The first of these was given (as announced last week) last Sunday through Radio Normandy.

The next Celebrity Concert is from Paris (Poste Parisien) at 10.45 p.m. on Thursday, September 20. Tune to 312 metres (959 kilocycles) and you will pick up the powerful transmissions of this giant 100-kilowatt broadcasting station.

Also on Sunday, September 16, tune-in to Radio Normandy at 2 o'clock in the afternoon to a fine broadcast of gramophone records. Normandy broadcasts on 206 metres (1,456 kilocycles) and full details of this programme are given on page 22 of the programme section in this issue.

Further "Radio Pictorial" Celebrity Concerts will be given every week from Paris (Poste Parisien) and Radio Normandy and on each occasion full details will be given in the special "English Programmes from the Continent" supplement, which starts on page 21 every week.

Fore! Roger Eckersley driving from the first in a golf match between the B.B.C. staff and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra at Northwood. There are many keen golfers at the B.B.C., and a match like this always provides good sport.

morning, broadcast, and finally flew back to London on the Sunday night, ready to start her second week at the Palladium on the Monday.

A Newcomer

I met Walford Hyden and his wife, Cleo Nordi, between the acts of Café Colette at a music hall last week. He was off to Glasgow to appear in the programme which the B.B.C. is staging in the Kelvin Hall for the exhibition and has several other interesting dates before Christmas, including six broadcasts.

For his programme last week on September 10, he booked Leo Mussi to sing with the band. Leo is the tenor who sprang into fame overnight. Working in his father's chocolate factory, he had kept from his family the knowledge that he was training his voice, though they thought it a little odd that he should suddenly give up smoking, dancing and tennis. That started in 1929. Mussi stuck to his lessons with Signora Borgan, though he had to travel across London after work each evening to take them and in 1932 his studies were rewarded with a broadcast.

He has a Spanish wife who was in the secret and he has always trained on her dishes. Italy is the country of his father's birth and it was there that young Leo was educated. Maybe its sunny climate puts singing in the blood. I wonder whether many Englishmen, successfully launched in business, would make such a sacrifice for art.





J. Murray SMITH

tells you what it is like to handle the control knobs at the B.B.C. He has made a tour of inspection of the control desk at Broadcasting House and here tells you about the "handy men" who handle the B.B.C.'s vital controls

Volume control knobs have to be regulated while variety programmes and radio plays are produced at Broadcasting House. In the photograph on the left you see Eric Maschwitz, the B.B.C. Variety Chief, working one of the control switches in a listening room while talking through the speaking microphone to the artists in a B.B.C. variety show.

KNOBBS

A SOLITARY man sits at the tall desk in the listening - room. Hunched on the high stool, his feet supported by a rail, there is in his attitude a strange mixture of nonchalance and expectancy.

Through the heavy glass panel he watches the figures in the studio. Strangely unnatural they seem, like people caught in awkward attitudes by the Two Minutes' Silence.

That is what it might be—a two-minutes' silence. The conductor has his arms raised like some immaculate scarecrow, the members of the orchestra seem stricken into their various attitudes of agonised effort.

The man at the microphone—the one on the platform—leans towards it tenderly, as though it were speaking to him very softly.

Somewhere on the wall of the studio a light flashes a peremptory signal. Little red lamps over the doors glow warmly, and the announcer draws a breath.

Through the glass the watcher in the listening-room sees his lips move. In the same instant a voice booms from the loud-speaker, filling the tiny chamber with relentless sound.

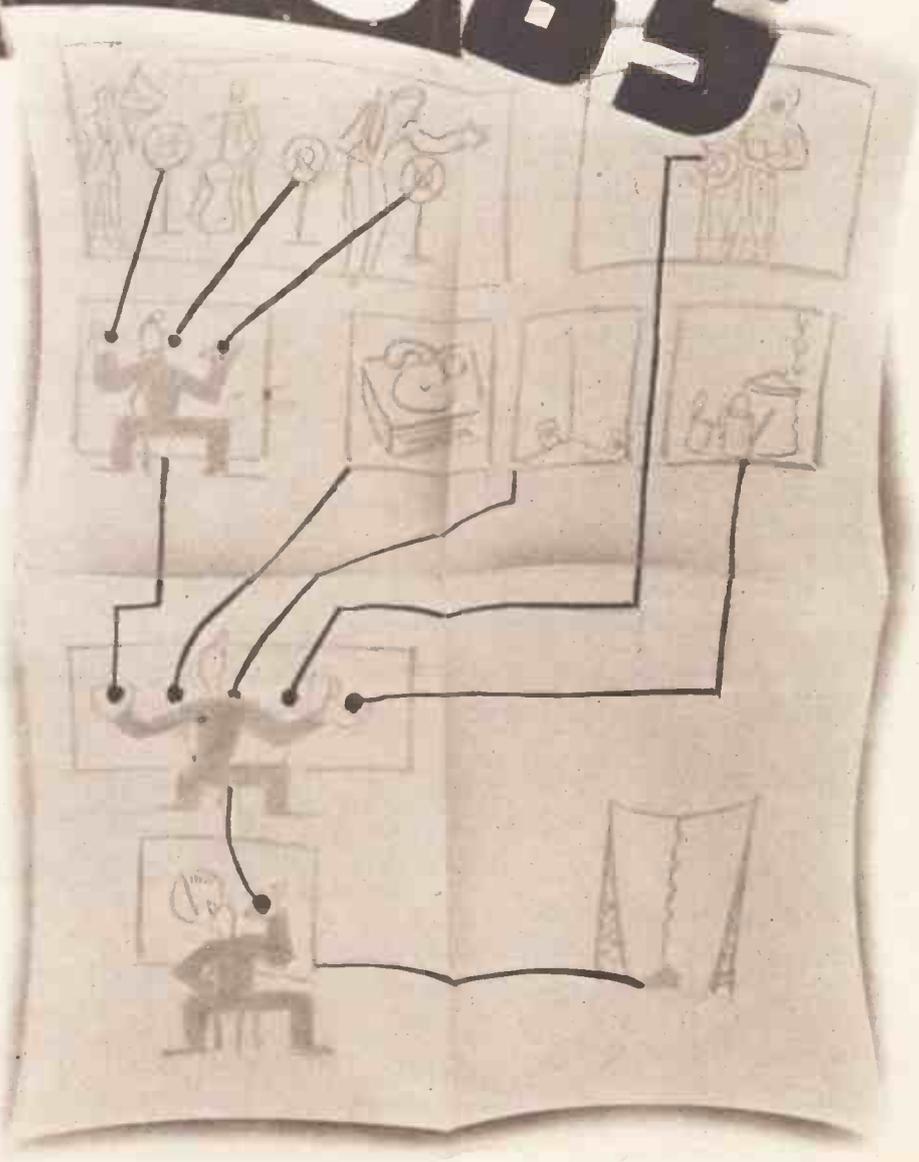
In half of its first sentence the voice is too loud, too metallic. But then the solitary man on the high stool stirs, his left hand changes its position almost imperceptibly, and the voice immediately assumes a more pleasant tone.

The announcer has finished. Through the glass the onlooker notes his nod to the conductor. Again the slight stirring of elbows on desk, the movement of hands.

The music comes in at once, rich and pure. For several minutes it goes on, until a violinist stands up to take a solo. His bow is raised, the conductor is holding him with, poised baton.

Out in the listening chamber the observer is staring

At the right is a page from an engineer's note book showing the programme scheme investigated by Murray Smith. At the top are until the two studios in action while underneath is the listening room, the gramophone studio, the echo room and the "Effects" studio. Beneath these is the dramatic control panel and finally the control panel operating on the programmes lines to Brookman's Park.



at that bow. As it cleaves the air his right hand trembles, and the sound of the violin emerges ever so faintly from the sounds around it.

All through the broadcast that solitary man sits at the tall desk in the listening-room. Not a movement of any person in the studio escapes him, yet all the time he follows the score of the music and the words of the speakers.

He is there to balance the output of the microphones in the studio. His hands rest caressingly on the large knobs projecting like organ-stops from the panel before him, his eyes move endlessly from the script to the actors, from the script to the conductor, from the script to the musicians.

His is a task of anticipation. He knows from the manuscript before him what is going to happen within the next half-minute, and he is ready to deal with a thousand trifling emergencies. One group of instruments is too loud, another too soft; one too near the microphone, another too far away. In each case a slight movement of the wrist remedies the deficiency, by reducing or increasing the output of a particular microphone.

There are three of these instruments in the studio—two for the orchestra and one for the speakers. To obtain the finest effect he must know precisely when to raise or lower the sensitivity of each.

Meanwhile, however, everything he does is being carefully observed—by another "handy-man" at the dramatic control panel in the little room near the roof.

Here is another set of "organ stops," but far more ambitious and imposing than the first. It looks like the gigantic dashboard of some fantastic car fitted with hundreds of headlights.

Before this great panel sit two men, one to direct operations from the script or score and the other actually to operate the controls.

This is the "mixing department" for the output of several studios. Our patient friend, sitting in the listening room downstairs, has a knob to himself, and occasionally his efforts are restrained or encouraged a little. But there are other knobs, too, for the effects, for the gramophone, for a second and third studio, and for "echo."

Consider, then, the vast amount of individual effort which is at the mercy of the D.C. operator. He is the vital link between speaker and listener.

His is a task calling for a high degree of specialised skill. Indeed, there are only one or two producers at Broadcasting House who have the courage to "control" their own shows—the others prefer to leave the matter literally in the hands of a specialist.

To watch one of these balance and control men during a broadcast is to experience a thrill as vital as watching a great surgeon performing a major operation. Even the surgeon could learn something from the unerring precision of those long fingers, the delicate poise of those thin hands.

At one moment they caress a control, moving it as slowly as the minute hand of a clock. Next moment they have slipped along to the next knob, twirling it full on and then full off before you have realised their intent.

Study the score for a moment. You realise that someone is supposed to be singing in a courtyard. As the voice rises upon the opening bars a hand grasps the knob marked "echo" and coaxes it slowly round. So perfectly is the illusion introduced into the steady flow of sound that, in imagination, you can see that man standing before a high building, singing to the empty night.

A girl in a room above is singing in response. A girl in a room—the echo fades away abruptly and a different idea is conveyed inevitably to the listener. Yet the two singers are using the same mike downstairs!

That is but a small part of the art of the D.C. operator. He has to be ready, to an infinite fraction of a second, to bring in the effects—after flashing a warning signal to the effects studio—and upon his timing of the sequence of events depends the effectiveness of an entire scene.

Let us imagine, then, that the output of the various studios has been successfully blended at the dramatic control panel. There is still another "handy-man" through whom the stream of sound must pass on its way to the loud-speakers of ten million sets. In point of fact, of course, all these men hear the broadcast at precisely the same time as the listeners who have never even seen Broadcasting House; but so keen is their sense of anticipation that it is scarcely possible to think of them except in the sense I have indicated.

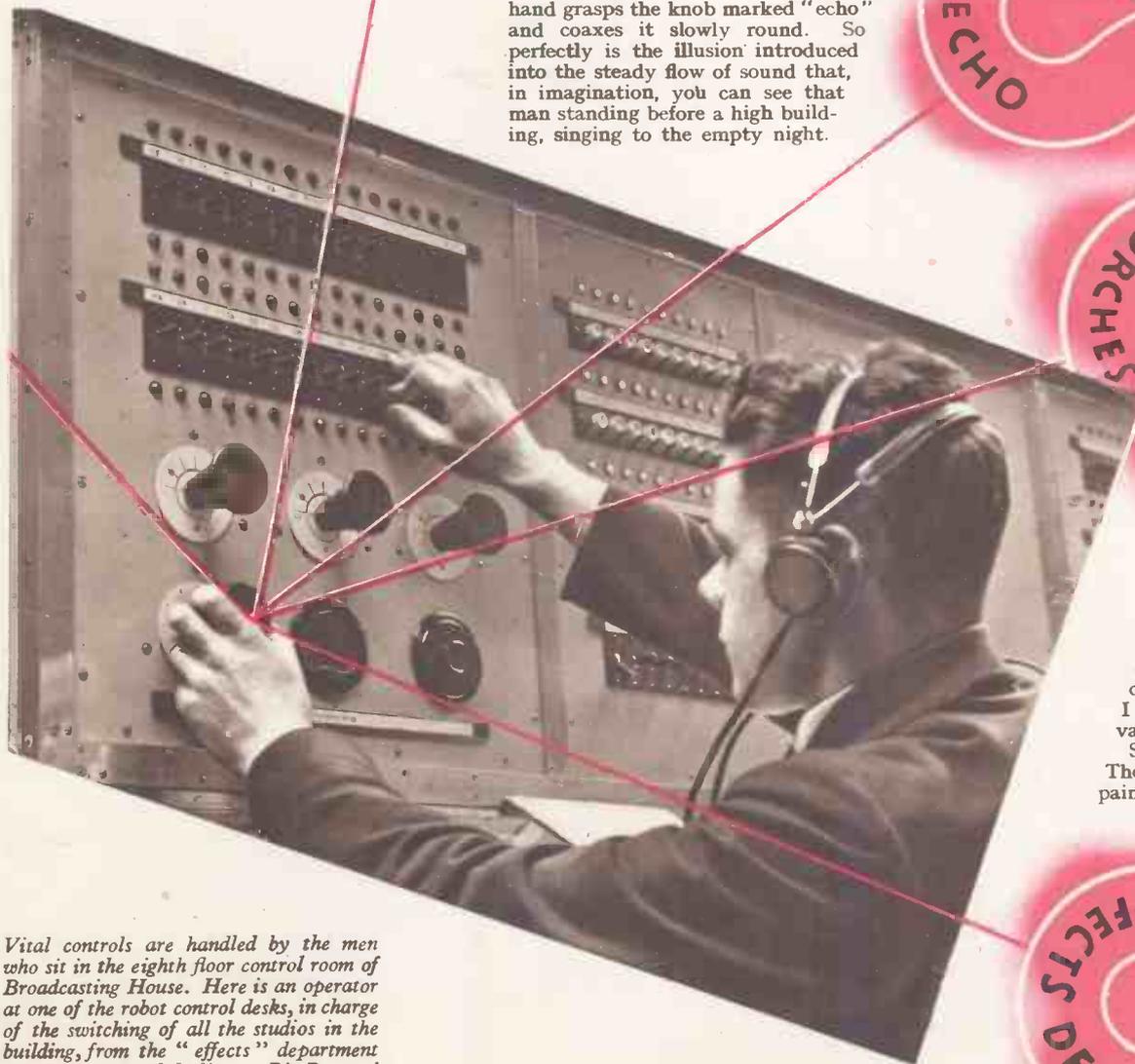
The last man, then, also sits in a little chamber, and he has to be content with only one knob. Beside this, however, on his own little panel is a dial or meter, just like the one on any ammeter, only larger. He sits, also with the score before him, but with one eye on the needle dancing against the dial.

His job is to control the volume in the sense of electrical impulses. He has nothing to do with the actual noises, and he would be there if the broadcast featured anything from a tin whistle to the massed bands of the Guards.

So, whenever the needle leaps too much to the right he turns his control to the left, and so on. He has to keep the needle within certain definite limits, and when I tried to do so the thing went right round out of sight.

Immediately lights began to shine agitatedly, so I resigned. I have since received an unpleasant letter which gives me to understand that only by good fortune is Brookman's Park still there, and that I am personally responsible for the fact that millions of wireless valves died suddenly last week. However, you can't prove anything, of course, and I expect a little recognition from all the valve makers!

So much for the "handy-men," then. They are among the most patient and painstaking specimens of humanity.



ANNOUNCER

ECHO

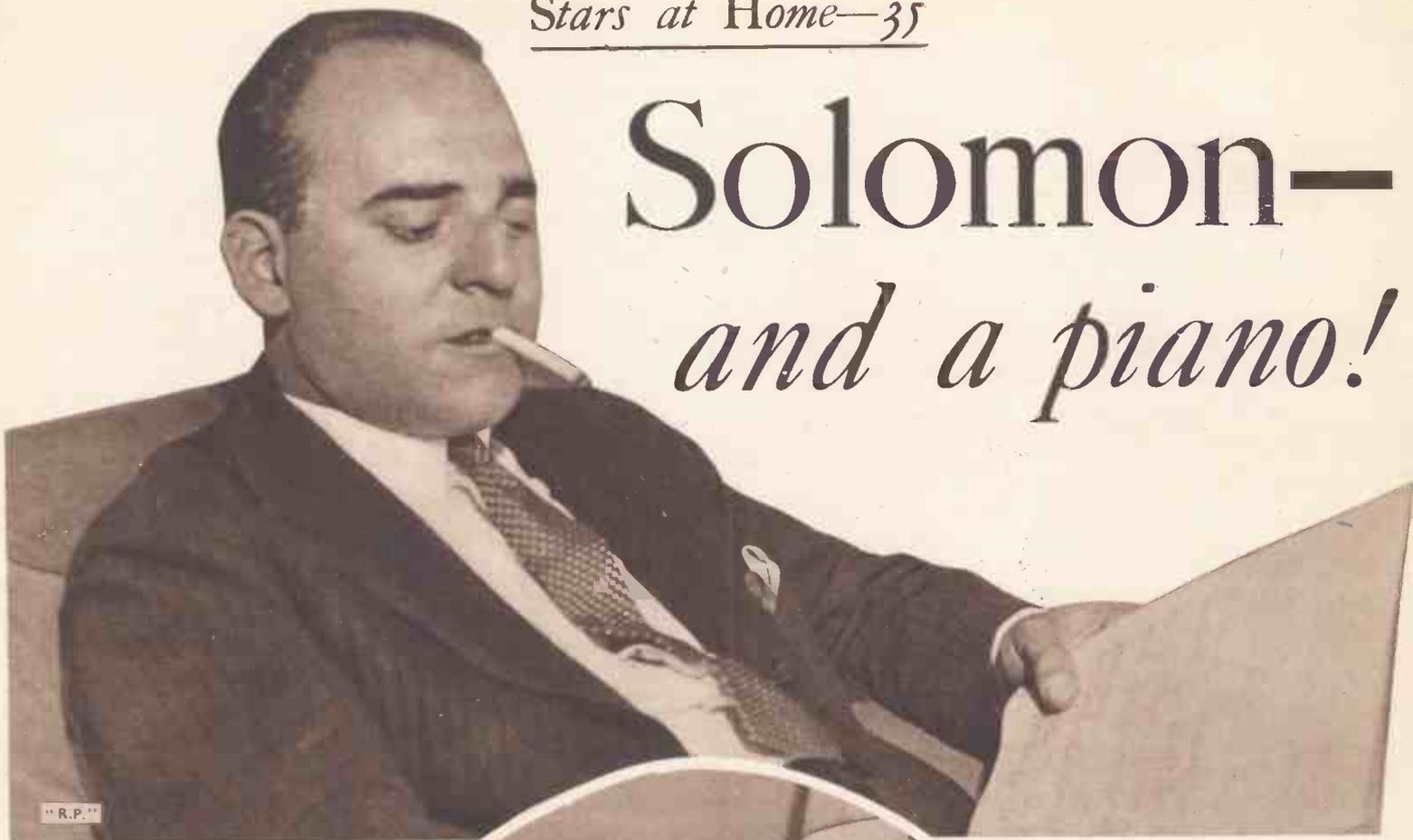
ORCHESTRA

EFFECTS DEPT

Vital controls are handled by the men who sit in the eighth floor control room of Broadcasting House. Here is an operator at one of the robot control desks, in charge of the switching of all the studios in the building, from the "effects" department to echo rooms and the lines to Big Ben and the time signal "pip" apparatus.

Stars at Home—35

Solomon— *and a piano!*



HAVE you heard Solomon play Chopin? If so you will hardly have forgotten the fact.

I had an hour with him a week or two ago and persuaded him to play to me. He discussed all sorts of different renderings of noteworthy passages by various pianists, and generally talked "shop."

Directly you meet Solomon you feel the attraction of an intensely sympathetic personality. When he begins to play you realise your first impression was correct. His first thought, he said this in as many words—was to produce beautiful sounds—tone, in other words. To him, nothing matters in piano-playing so much as tone.

As he played on, and his brain warmed along with his fingers, his tone refined into something intensely beautiful. You know you are listening to a man who has given his whole soul to his art. Sheer musical sympathy!

Not a chord over-hit; not a blemish in the tonal sense. Having taken him more or less unawares, I was left to wonder what his tone would be after two or three hours' careful practice.

With regard to practice, he told me his minimum was four or five hours, which he considered plenty in the ordinary course of events; but he also told me he would practise up to sixteen or seventeen hours when working on a concerto, especially a new one.

He uses a virginal-clavier—a silent piano with a contrivance for making the touch light or heavy. The proper practice on these instruments is to turn on a clicking effect so that if the fingers press right to the bottom of the notes, this clicking is heard. Sheerly a device for strengthening the fingers and wrists, of course. The sort of instrument to fly to after a holiday to get the fingers in trim again.

Evidently Solomon learns his work carefully. He played me a certain nocturne. It so chanced he did not include it in his repertoire and had not played it for twenty years. Yet he produced it



His study is simply furnished. Much music, of course; a desk, a piano, and the clavier and two or three comfortable chairs.

Peter, the cat, is evidently an important personage in the establishment. He knocks at the study door for admittance, and makes himself at home when he is allowed to enter.

He is a singularly obedient cat. He came out on to the pavement to say good-bye. Solomon told him he was not to go into the roadway. Peter slashed his tail with sheer annoyance. After a few moments, he thought an opportunity had arrived to make a coveted excursion.

"I think you are forgetting, Peter," said the pianist. Peter slashed his tail again, but decided to return. Quite an amusing animal.

Viewed apart from work, Solomon is just a lively young man of thirty-two.

He admits he has only lived that number of years, but says it has really been a long life. During these summer months he is frequently to be found on the tennis courts by seven o'clock in the morning. He will play two or three hard sets with a friend and then return to work.

He is very keen on his car and thinks nothing of 400 miles to a provincial concert and back in a day. He does not play golf. Besides tennis, the only other game he plays is poker. When asked what his handicap is, his reply was "Lack of money." Something in that, of course.

He is a keen football player and now that the soccer season has opened you will often find him in the throng watching an important match. There is a prevailing impression that all musicians are eccentric individuals. It is refreshing to find a man who has reached the high spots in the musical world and yet has very much of the ordinary listener about him. He has great ambitions but little time to do all he wants. There is also another handicap because fame and fortune do not always go together in the musical world and his poker handicap is often a handicap in other things as well!

He says he is not married for the same reason. But perhaps he will marry before he is much older.

beautifully. When playing, he did not look at the keys, except for long stretches. He appeared to go to sleep, reminding you of the turbines that "sleep" while their power comes out.

He teaches a great deal and has a great gift that way, judging from the fact that his conversation is full of vivid and accurate descriptions.

Another arresting characteristic is a nicely-modulated voice and singularly pure English, noticeable even on the telephone. He is only thirty-two, but has a wisdom far beyond his years.

He lives in Bayswater in a quiet maisonette.

The photographs on this page are taken by the "Radio Pictorial" cameraman, and full-size copies can be purchased

Whitaker WILSON on :—



The sort of listening I do not advocate is to leave the set on and let chamber music, or even dance music, float round you while you read a book or write a letter. There is no relaxation in such a procedure. Indeed, I go so far as to say I think it a definitely bad plan. Bad psychology. One of the worst uses of music—light or serious—is to let it form a noisy background to one's home life.

I have been waiting in vain for the last three years for the B.B.C. to give us a series of *Summer Serenades*. The hour of dusk is the enchanted hour in an English garden.

Summer Serenades! The idea appeals to me enormously. Like you, probably, I lead a busy life. All

with a delicate sense of tone and rhythm played Chopin to me—a nocturne or two, the *Berceuse* or the *Barcarolle*—I should leave this world for a while and come back to it refreshed.

Moods change. Mine do frequently. Another night, lying in the same garden chair, under the same moon, near the same rustling trees, my *Serenade* might easily be Delius. *Brigg Fair*, if you like. I should revel in some nice old-fashioned English thoughts and, after the music had ceased, I should think for a while and be thankful I am English and live in England. Good for me, of course.

I should hate to listen to a topical talk of any kind. I would not have my peace of mind disturbed by hearing about all the dreadful things going on in —. I am sorry they are going on, and wish they were at peace over there, but I am all against being told about it in the seclusion of my garden. In any case, I can't do anything about it.

So the ten-fifteen news can go hang.

If we all liked the same sort of programmes, most of the difficulties now confronting the B.B.C. would disappear like magic. But people look at broadcasting from different points of view. There is a good deal to be said for using it as a relaxation, for instance. Probably the B.B.C. would be the first to encourage the idea.

On the other hand, if there is a symphony concert on or a good play, I listen intently. For one thing, I can't absorb a symphony unless I give it my whole attention, and certainly not a play, especially as I cannot see the players.

That sort of listening is definitely strenuous. None the worse for that, but the fact remains. Anything of a highly artistic nature demands an adequate response. It all depends on our power to expend energy, whether we enjoy the result or not.

My Radio Nightcap

through these summer evenings I have felt the want of something in the way of an intellectual nightcap. No need for it to be highbrow all the time. *Summer Serenades* is a title that might cover a multitude of artistic sins, surely?

If Evelyn Scotney sang me the *Nightingale Song* of Saint-Saëns one still summer evening, when the night wind rustled the trees at the bottom of my garden, and a half-risen crescent moon floodlighted a patch in the south-western sky, I should feel as near heaven as I expect to feel at this stage in my career.

Or, if someone like Solomon



My *Summer Serenades* must be definitely peaceful. I have had a long day. I may possibly read until 1.30 to-morrow morning. I generally do. A *Serenade* will have rested me, and I can turn to my studies with a calm and, therefore, powerful mind.

I want *Autumn Serenades*. I shan't be in the garden then, of course. I'll take a play, if it is thoughtful. I don't mind being amused. Stanelli can give me a recital on that Hornchestra of his, and I shall roll about in my chair and shout with laughter. He nearly destroys me with that thing.

I am dead sure the *Serenade* idea will be immensely popular. It wants labelling, though. Very easy to arrange and capable of all sorts of variation. It isn't too late, even, for *this* summer; but I definitely suggest the B.B.C. allots a space for something of the kind for *next*.

It can be timed for the evening twilight—the glory of England's summer.

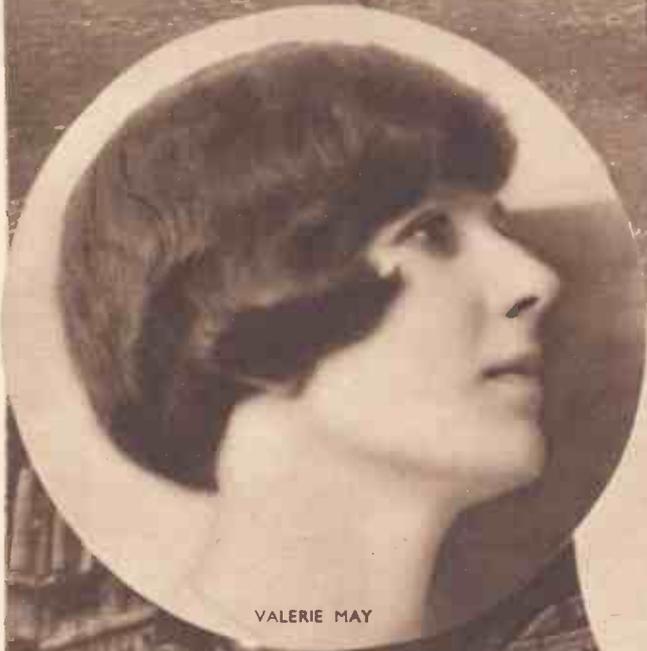


Whitaker Wilson appeals for summer serenades! This is how it might be done in a B.B.C. studio, where an orchestral programme is in progress

On the Air...



A farewell concert to Sir Dan Godfrey will be given by the Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra and the Bournemouth Military Band, conducted by Sir Dan himself, on September 30. The relay will be from the Pavilion, Bournemouth



VALERIE MAY



VITYA VRONSKY

Vitya Vronsky takes part in the National programme on Sunday, September 16

Valerie May accompanies Paul Mortimer in a programme of her own songs to be broadcast from the North Regional on September 14.



The Coliseum, which is the subject of the eighth of the series of "Old Music Hall" programmes (London Regional, September 18)



Maynard Grover has again been chosen to represent the Midland Composers in a programme from Midland Regional on September 20

We Visit

*Radio-Côte
d'AZUR Juan-
les-Pins*



SOME people are lucky. This certainly applies to the happy little band of people who work at Radio-Côte d'Azur. No more charming site can be imagined than that chosen for the broadcasting station at Juan-les-Pins, situated, as it is, only a few yards from the beach of this popular Riviera resort.

When we went to the station we left London at 11 o'clock on Saturday morning, reaching Paris shortly after 5, and a couple of hours later after dinner, we were speeding southwards in the famous "Blue Train."

The next morning, we were being carried along the edge of the Mediterranean, past St. Raphael, Agay, Cannes, and at a still comparatively early hour, we found ourselves at Antibes. Juan-les-Pins, of course, is really an off-shoot of the old town of Antibes, with its grey stone fort and small harbour.

Instead of going direct from Antibes station to Juan-les-Pins, we went round by the Cap d'Antibes, and once you have seen this lovely piece of scenery you can well understand why so many people go there for their holidays.

Actually, Radio-Côte d'Azur is housed in a building next to the famous Casino at Juan-les-Pins; in fact, on walking into the main entrance, you think at first that you are going into the Casino, and, in spite of the fact that the whole of the station is equipped with the most modern and up-to-date plant, the whole appearance of the station has a holiday atmosphere.

By the time we had looked over the transmitting plant and control-rooms it was time for lunch. Mr. de Presale, the managing director of the company owning the station, took us to lunch on the Casino terrace, where we had a most delightful view of the sandy beach with hundreds of sunbathers, and sea and sky of that vivid blue it is so hard to realise in this country. As we left after lunch, the announcer, Mr. Blanck, read over the usual 1 o'clock news bulletin, supplied by one of the Nice newspapers, and this was followed by a concert, which continued until two.

Radio-Côte d'Azur commences its evening concert at 8, and on many evenings of the week, relays are carried out from the Monte Carlo Casino. These relays are particularly popular all along the coast. When we got back to the station, the evening transmission was in full swing. We had the pleasure of meeting

(Continued on page 36)



These photos give you a peep into a very popular Continental station. The main studio is shown at the top left. (Centre) is M. Brun, the Chief Engineer, and (right) is M. Gerbeaux, the Programme Director.

A page of Programme Items from Abroad in addition to the Special English Programmes from the Continent on pages 21—26



Programme Items from Abroad



SUNDAY (SEPTEMBER 16)
Athlone (531 m.).—Vocal Quartet 10.45 p.m.
Berlin Deutschlandsender (1,571 m.).—Play for Children 2 p.m.
Berlin Funkstunde (356.7 m.).—Trio Concert with songs. 6.30 p.m.
Hamburg (331.9 m.).—Harbour Concert ... 6.15 a.m.
Kalundborg (1,261 m.).—Instrumental Concert ... 3 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Orchestral Concert of Opera music 8 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Records 9.45 a.m.
Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Organ Recital ... 8 p.m.
Reykjavik (1,345 m.).—Records 10 p.m.
Schenectady (379.5 m.).—A Sketch 7 p.m.

MONDAY
Athlone (531 m.).—A Sketch 8.30 p.m.
Berlin Deutschlandsender (1,571 m.).—Bagatelko (Dvorák) for Piano, 2 Violins and Cello 6.10 p.m.
Berlin Funkstunde (356.7 m.).—Concert of Yugoslav Music. 9 p.m.
Hamburg (331.9 m.).—Concert from Hanover Castle 12 noon
Cologne (455.9 m.).—Early Concert 6.25 a.m.
Kalundborg (1,261 m.).—Dance Music ... 10.55 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—The Leipzig Symphony Orchestra 9 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 7 p.m.
Pittsburgh (306 m.).—The Chicago Symphony Orchestra 9.45 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—
Radio Normandy (206 m.).—
Reykjavik (1,325 m.).—Records 10 p.m.
Schenectady (379.5 m.).—A Sketch 7.15 p.m.

TUESDAY
Athlone (531 m.).—Recital of Sullivan and Edward German songs ... 8 p.m.
Berlin Deutschlandsender (1,571 m.).—The Laughing Philosopher of Old Vienna—Variety 8.10 p.m.
Berlin Funkstunde (356.7 m.).—Mozart Concert ... 8.15 p.m.
Kalundborg (1,261 m.).—Dance Music ... 10.55 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 12 noon

Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Records 7.30 p.m.
Pittsburgh (306 m.).—The Chicago Symphony Orchestra 9.45 p.m.
Reykjavik (1,345 m.).—Records 10 p.m.
Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Paul Whiteman and his Orchestra 7 p.m.

WEDNESDAY
Athlone (531 m.).—Recital of Vocal Duets ... 7.55 p.m.
Berlin Deutschlandsender (1,571 m.).—String Quartet 6.20 p.m.
Berlin Funkstunde (356.7 m.).—Light Music ... 10.50 p.m.
Breslau (315.8 m.).—Early Concert 6.25 a.m.
Kalundborg (1,261 m.).—Concert of French Music ... 10.10 p.m.

Leipzig (382.2 m.).—The Leipzig Symphony Orchestra 9 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Chamber Music ... 6.30 p.m.
Pittsburgh (306 m.).—The Chicago Symphony Orchestra 9.45 p.m.
Reykjavik (1,345 m.).—Records 11.30 p.m.
Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Song Recital ... 7 p.m.

THURSDAY
Athlone (531 m.).—Recital of Saint-Saëns' Songs ... 8 p.m.
Berlin Deutschlandsender (1,571 m.).—Concert by the Berlin Philharmonic ... 8.15 p.m.
Berlin Funkstunde (356.7 m.).—Light Music ... 6.20 a.m.
Cologne (455.9 m.).—Early Concert 6.25 a.m.
Kalundborg (1,261 m.).—Dance Music ... 10.30 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Concert of Light Music ... 8.10 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Request Records ... 6.50 p.m.
Madrid (274 m.).—
Pittsburgh (306 m.).—The Chicago Symphony Orchestra 9.45 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—
Radio Normandy (206 m.).—
Reykjavik (1,345 m.).—Records 11.30 p.m.

Sunday at Radio Luxemburg

A Programme of Songs and Music to be broadcast on Sunday, September 16.

12-12.30 p.m.—Orchestral Music.
Littlewood's Programme.—1.30-2.0 p.m. Variety, including items by Clapham and Dwyer and Browning Mummery. 3.0-5.30 p.m. Light Music.
Bush Radio's Super-programme.—5.30-6.0 p.m.
"Sunday Referee's" Programme.—6.0-7.0 p.m.
Gaumont-British Film Fans' Hour.—7.0-8.0 p.m. Dance Music.
Palmolive's Programme.—8.0-8.30 p.m.—"The Palmolivers." Olive Palmer and Paul Oliver will play and sing "Broadway's Gone Hill-billy," "Fare Thee Well," "The Heart of a Rose," "Fair and Warmer," "Absent," "Sweet and Simple," "Good-night, Sweetheart," "Christmas Night in Harlem."
 9.0-10.30 p.m.—Light Music.
 11.15-12.0 p.m.—Light Music.

Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Song Recital ... 7 p.m.

FRIDAY
Athlone (531 m.).—Recital of International Ballads ... 9 p.m.
Berlin Deutschlandsender (1,571 m.).—Cycle of Folk Songs 9 a.m.
Berlin Funkstunde (356.7 m.).—Variety Music ... 8.45 p.m.
Breslau (315.8 m.).—Concert of Stolz Music ... 8.15 p.m.
Kalundborg (1,261 m.).—Mandoline Concert ... 10.40 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—The Leipzig Symphony Orchestra 6.20 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Request Records ... 6.30 p.m.
Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 5.45 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—
Radio Normandy (206 m.).—
Reykjavik (1,345 m.).—Records 11.30 p.m.
Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Concert 12 midnight

SATURDAY
Athlone (531 m.).—Tenor Recital 8 p.m.
Barcelona (379.7 m.).—
Berlin Deutschlandsender (1,571 m.).—Variety ... 7.30 p.m.
Berlin Funkstunde (356.7 m.).—Light Music ... 4 p.m.
Breslau (315.8 m.).—Early Concert 6.25 a.m.
Kalundborg (1,261 m.).—Radio Ball for the Older Generation 8.30 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Die Landstreicher, Operetta (Ziehrer) 8.10 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 7 p.m.
Pittsburgh (306 m.).—The Chicago Symphony Orchestra 9.30 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—
Radio Normandy (206 m.).—
Reykjavik (1,345 m.).—Records 11.30 p.m.
Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 7 p.m.
Madrid (E.A.Q.) (30 m.).—



Broadcasting House, Copenhagen. This curiously shaped annexe to the Royal Opera House contains the Danish State Radio Broadcasting studios and offices

A special concert for British listeners is broadcast every evening from Radio Luxemburg, 6.30-7.30 p.m.



Horace
KENNEY
Photo: Navana

When
Horace KENNEY
toured with Charlie Chaplin

hangs in the Irish National Gallery at Dublin. His grandfather, Charles Lamb Kenney, was dramatic critic to *The Times* and a song and play writer, while his own father, Charles Kenney, played with Henry Irving, and at the time of Horace's birth, was playing in a pantomime at the Grand Theatre, Leeds.

But in spite of this theatrical heritage, the father was against young Horace going on the stage, and when he came to leave school he was put into a stockbroker's office in Throgmorton Street.

"I hadn't my heart in that business," said Horace, smiling at me as the memory of his "trial turn" came back. "I was always telling the clerks the latest music-hall jokes. And then one day I lost some shares! The boss called me in and said 'I think it's time you and I dissolved partnership'—or words to that effect. And out I went!"

He had various other jobs, including that of a mining engineer, and then one day he answered an advertisement for a knockabout comedian at the Grand Theatre, Clapham.

"When I got there I found I had been given a job vacated by a young comedian called Charles Chaplin! I was to get £1 6s. a week—it seemed a tremendous amount! Chaplin was leaving the show to take a job at £2 10s. a week—and, believe me, that prodigious salary of his was all the talk in the dressing-room for months after!"

That was not Horace Kenney's only connection with the little "custard pie comedian" who was to shake the cinemas of the world with laughter.

"In 1912 I was playing in Birmingham, and Chaplin was playing there in another show at the same time. We met, and I have often recalled a remark he made to me one day as we were walking through an arcade in that city. Chaplin was always eccentric. His dress was excessively smart, and he carried a most elegant cane. He suddenly turned to me in a dramatic manner and said, 'Boy, I've been a fool.' He paused, and taking a stride away from me, looked at me with cane poised in mid-air. 'I've always been going to do something big—but I've always failed,' he said, and, unconscious of the crowd which had gathered, added, 'But, I'll do something big some day, you—mark—my—words!'

"Just after that Charlie went to America—and you know what happened. He had wanted very much to take me with him, but I wouldn't go."

What might have happened had Horace gone? Would he now be living in a palatial house in Beverly Hills, I wonder?

"Shortly after that," Horace Kenney continued, "I had a part in 'The Whip,' a play about the turf. We used real horses on the stage, and there was one scene where a race horse had to be led on to the stage amidst a crowd. One night we had a fresh horse doing this job, and seeing the crowd, it took fright and kicked out. It landed the handsome hero down in the orchestra pit, and I've never seen a stage cleared so quickly in my life!

"I remember, too, the catastrophe which happened when I was playing in an old tragedy, 'The Bells of Haslemere' at the Grand Theatre, Brighton. The play had been produced in a rush, and one of the actors forgot his part. That muddled the character he was talking to, and they both got into a fine mix-up. Finally, one of them remembered that he had to shoot the other somewhere in the play, so he did it then. The shot should have come at the end of the play, and the result was the performance finished half an hour before it ought to have done!"

All this time, Horace was ever filling his spare moments scribbling sketches for the music halls. One day he wrote a sketch which was put on at the Victoria Palace and was a success. Then Horace began going from strength to strength. He had a number of his sketches produced, and he was now playing good parts in long-running shows.

"I was beginning to find my style," he said. "I was trying to get out of the ordinary, and was moving towards something on the Alfred Lester lines. I made quite a success in 'Pins and Needles' at the Gaiety and toured in it for three years. I also played in Africa in 'Mercenary Mary' and in pantomime.

"Then I wrote 'The Trial Turn.' I said to myself, 'This will either get the bird or they'll see it!'"

"And?" I queried.

"Well—they saw it!"

"And they've been seeing it ever since!"

"Yes. It's a fairly good turn!"

Horace lives in a cosy flat at Clapham, but at the present moment a charming house is being built for him in beautiful surroundings at Mitcham.

"I am a very quiet sort of person," he said smilingly. "I've two children that I'm fond of playing around with. If the three-year-old one is ever in the theatre when I'm on, you can be sure he'll yell out, 'That's my daddy!'"

"What about your hobbies?" I asked.

Horace seemed to be a bit at a loss. "Oh—I don't know. Most of my time goes. I'm always trying to think out ideas for plays, sketches, and songs and things. Just now I'm doing a series of film scenarios written around a character similar to the one in 'The Trial Turn.'"

"You've done some film acting?"

"Yes, I was father to Gracie Fields in *Love, Life, and Laughter*. It's great working with her. There's no 'side' on her. She's just one of the people."

YOU all know Horace Kenney's voice. That thin, crackled, rather miserable voice whose owner comes to an employer for a job and just as he is going to get it, something always goes wrong. In fact, Horace Kenney's "The Trial Turn" is known wherever there is a music hall, and now, of course, since the coming of broadcasting, wherever there is a wireless set. That turn is one of the most successful ever created and never grows old.

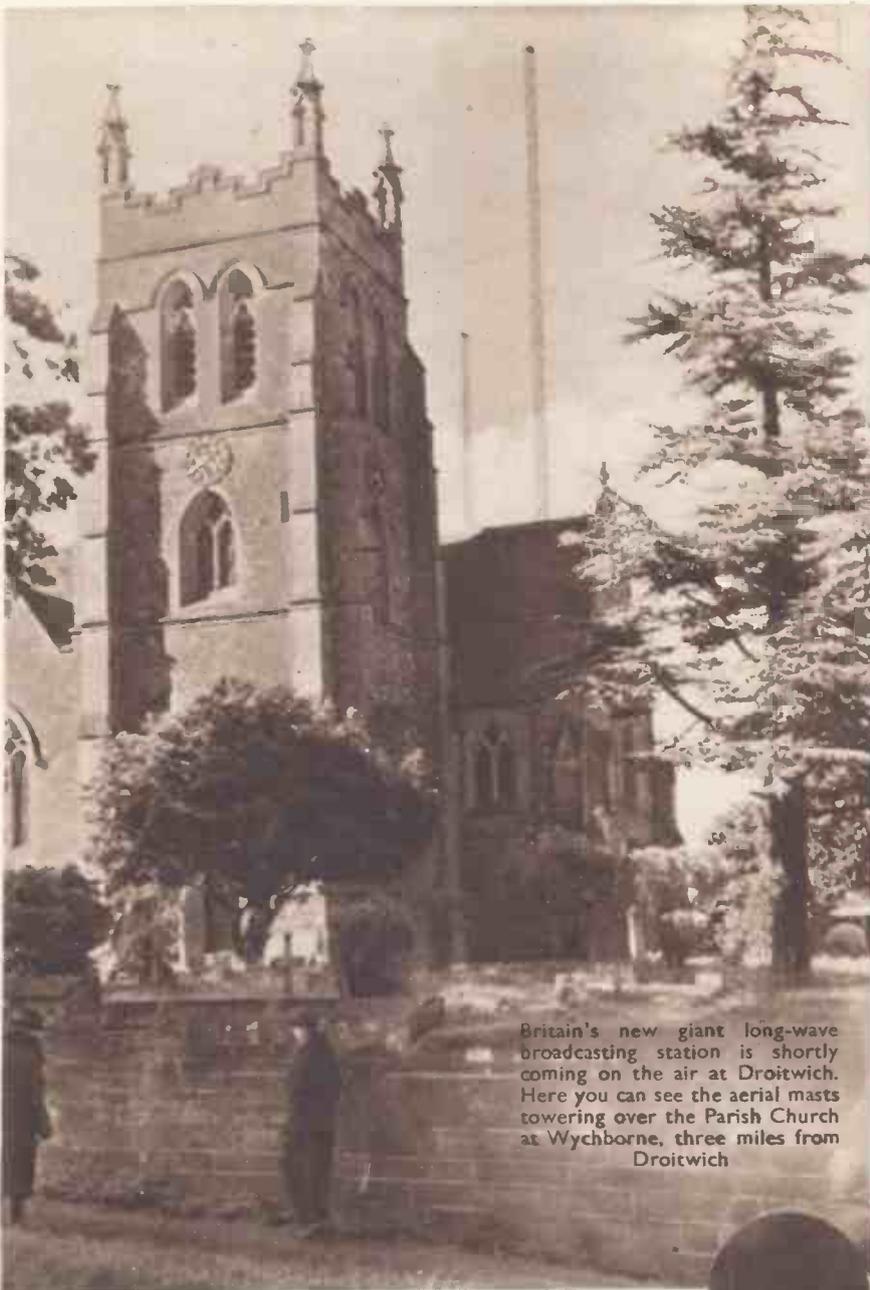
It was in a chat with me the other day that Horace Kenney confessed that at the beginning of his career he was a bit of a trial turn!

He was born of theatrical stock forty-six years ago at Leeds, though his family are of Irish extraction—a portrait of his great grandfather

NEXT FRIDAY :

At Home with Carroll Gibbons





Britain's new giant long-wave broadcasting station is shortly coming on the air at Droitwich. Here you can see the aerial masts towering over the Parish Church at Wychborne, three miles from Droitwich

I THINK I told you some time ago John Watt was thinking of following up his immortal *Songs from the Shows with Songs From the Films*. Well, he is doing it. He begins on September 27 and repeats on the 29th. The usual crowd in it, of course. Stanford Robinson *avec* Theatre Orchestra; Harry Pepper cum Doris Arnold at pianos; John as compère; and Anona Winn, Reginald Purdell, Gordon Little and the Carlisle Cousins as singers. On the 20th the third of the *Picture People* broadcasts comes on.

On the 30th there will be Sir Dan Godfrey's farewell concert from Bournemouth. Ina Souez will be the singer.

Midland Regionists will be interested in a relay from Bourne in Lincolnshire. There is a Dunmow Fitch Trial arranged for the evening of the 21st. Stainless Stephen is to be Judge, and some Peterborough lawyers will be counsel. Sounds interesting. They still ring a curfew at Bourne Abbey Church, one of the few places that keep up William the Conqueror's ideas.

Claude Jephcott will give you Midlanders a talk on the League football season in the Midlands on the 22nd. He is, of course, well known to you.

Scottish children are to have a treat on the 21st. There is to be a public Children's Hour in the Beach Pavilion, Aberdeen. Harry Gordon is arranging everything. Harry is to be on the air again during the evening.

On the 22nd William Reid is going to give an eye-witness account of the Scottish League Match—Hibernians v. Queen of the South.

On the same day Mary Ferrier comes to the Scottish Regional microphone in a concert with the Scottish Military Band, conducted by John A. McIvor. One of the chief features of this programme will be the rendering by the band of Hamish MacCunn's famous overture, *Land of the Mountain and Flood*.

Are you a tunnyist? If you are, or have leanings that way, get on to the North Regional on September 22 to hear Major Seaton Gray, who will tell you *how* to tunny, *where* to tunny, and what you tunny *with*. They are nice little fish. They weigh anything out to eight hundred pounds. You might catch a brace or so and put them in with the goldfish in the front parlour window.

SOLUTIONS to "Radio 'Rithmetic" on page 35 last week.

1. Allistone; Allison. 2. Lyle; Carlyle.
3. Joyce; Joye. 4. Woodhouse; Woodgate.
5. Winn; Winnick. 6. Sieveking; King.



Children's NEWS
MOTTO

by Commander Stephen KING-HALL

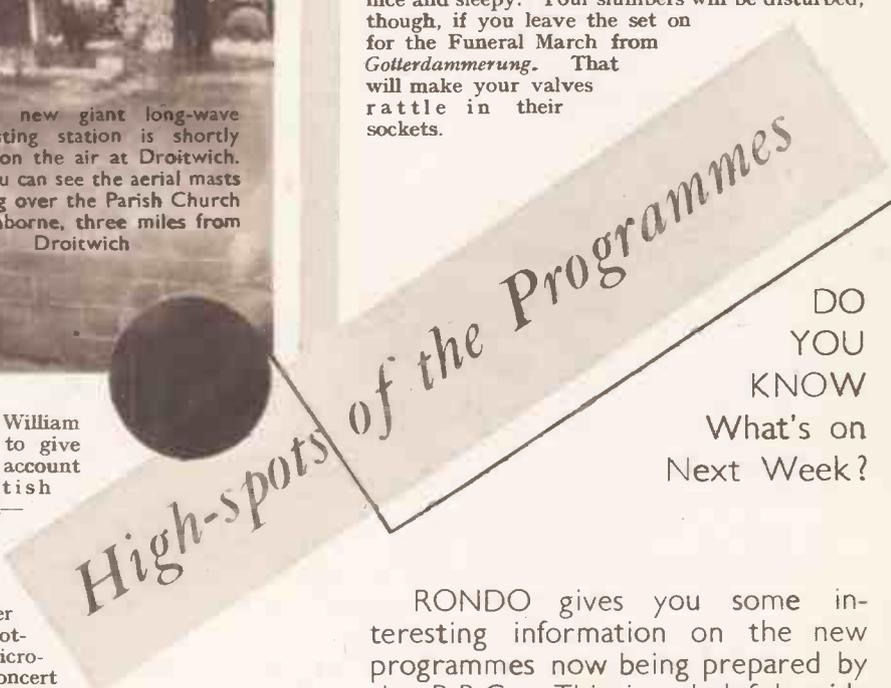
"That is the best government which desires to make the people happy, and knows how to make them happy."

These lines were written by the famous English historian, Lord Macaulay, in connection with the history of Greece. He lived from 1800 to 1859. You will find the key on page 36.

Stephen King-Hall

Only another fortnight of the Proms. I shall be sorry when they are over. The orchestra won't probably. To-morrow night, Saturday, you will probably find a good deal to your liking. A popular programme. *William Tell* overture, Handel's *Largo*, and the *Unfinished Symphony*, Ina Souez sings an aria from *La Bohème*, and Temianka plays the D Minor violin concerto of Wieniawski, which is very tuneful—almost too tuneful. So there's something light and airy for you.

On Monday (Wagner) you mustn't miss the *Siegfried Idyll*. Makes perfect broadcasting. So nice and sleepy. Your slumbers will be disturbed, though, if you leave the set on for the Funeral March from *Götterdämmerung*. That will make your valves rattle in their sockets.



DO
YOU
KNOW
What's on
Next Week?

RONDO gives you some interesting information on the new programmes now being prepared by the B.B.C. This is a helpful guide to your next week's listening.

Tuesday is a bits-and-pieces night. First and foremost, listen to Szigeti playing the Mendelssohn violin concerto. The slow movement is one of the loveliest things in music. For the rest, there is a Bach symphony and Constant Lambert's *Rio Grande*, Angus Morrison playing the piano part in the latter.

Wednesday is a Brahms and I suppose the piano concerto is the attraction because Myra Hess plays it.

You might also listen to Holst's *Somerset Rhapsody*. I like it very much, but I like all Holst wrote. I think he was a great musician. Thursday is Vaughan Williams all to himself. He is conducting two of the items, one of which is the *London Symphony*. I am glad the B.B.C. has given him an evening. A great honour but, in his case, well deserved. You will like the *London Symphony*.

Quick-fire Commentaries

—that's what WE want!



Running commentaries are given through German broadcasting stations by means of a travelling microphone equipment. Here is the commentator, Herbert Seehofer, on the car roof

rather hear a description of the general scene in a quieter 'conversational' style than a rapid, Americanised, pepped-up version. He could also do with a lot more actual relay of crowd noises.

"The alternation of quiet conversation with 'quick-fire' reporting—yes, and even frenzied yells of excitement at the most thrilling moments—gives a more actual impression than the carefully phrased descriptive flights of the expert journalist."—P. T. Rodney, Cheltenham.

"Your commentary is not perfect, but it is better than ordinary B.B.C. commentaries because Murray Smith is not tied down to B.B.C. red tape. He says things in a way which B.B.C. commentators could not follow, because I understand they are tied down by regulations. I remember some years ago, a B.B.C. commentator on the boat-race tried to give us an idea of how crowded and littered the river was. He said there were a lot of — ginger beer bottles floating around the B.B.C. launch, mentioning the name of a well-known manufacturer. The B.B.C. very nearly refused to let him broadcast again because of that one "publicity" mention. If Mr. Murray Smith had to observe a lot of red tape rules before he was allowed to get at the microphone, he would not be so filled with his expressive adjectives and 'word pictures.'"—J. K., Islington.

"First, I notice such phrases as 'The crowd is roaring again . . . there's an expectant hush . . . the referee is counting—two—three—four—' How much better to let any sounds such as these be heard by the listener himself. There's no need for the commentator to describe *sounds* these the listener can hear for himself; let him confine himself to what he sees.

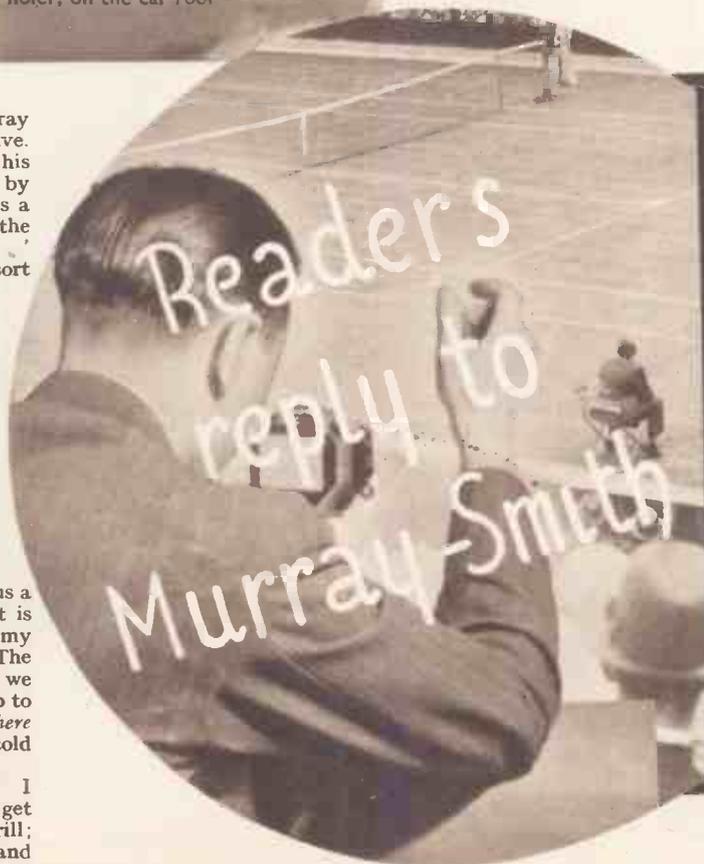
"Another thing. Mr. Smith used several banal phrases—'a remarkably fine match'—'it's a perfect night'—'very little to choose between them so far.' Every commentator who has ever broadcast has used exactly these same words.

"The perfect commentator should have described briefly the appearance of each of the fighters—not merely their physique, but their faces—named and described the referee—mentioned anybody distinguished in the audience—described the queue at the booking office, and given some idea of the look of the interior of the hall itself."—W. Appleyard, Sidcup.

"THE boxing commentary by Murray Smith was vivid and descriptive. He said 'There he is shouldering his way down the gangway, followed by his seconds. His dressing gown is a bright blue. It is constantly submerged by the brown and white and black of the crowd . . . Frankly, good as this is, is it better than the sort of word pictures we get from Wakelam, Brand, Gilby and our dear old friend George Allison? What we really need are American style commentaries, or news bulletins as given by Walter Winchell. Let's have bulletins timed to the second. Single words. Expressive. Don't tie the commentators down to word pictures, grammar or Oxford English. Quick-fire commentaries, that's what we want. Then we shall get their idea of what is happening on the field or in the ring, and it will be easier to follow.'"—L. C., Birmingham.

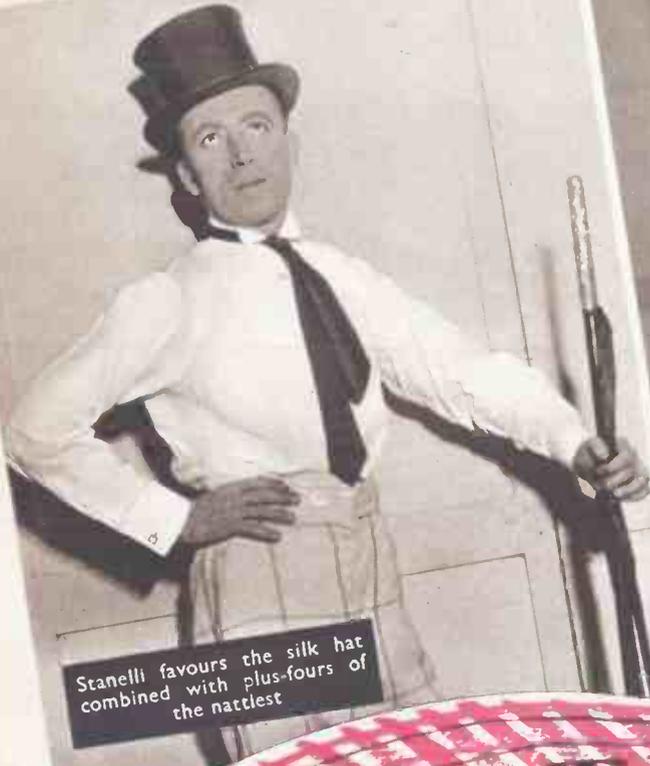
"What Murray Smith has done is to give us a very readable account of a fight that is altogether too impersonal and too perfect for my idea of the perfect running commentary. The conversational style he objects to, and which we have all suffered from at times, really does help to give us the feeling that we are actually *there* ourselves—not reading something served up cold the next morning.

"He insists on 'short, pithy sentences.' I agree that at the most exciting climax they get over to the listener the right tension and thrill; but in the intervals, the audience relaxes and returns to normal. The listener, too, would



Readers state what improvements they want in B.B.C. running commentaries

In "Radio Pictorial" for August 31, our contributor J. Murray Smith gave his idea of a running commentary on a boxing match. We invited readers to criticise this "broadcast," and here are some constructive criticisms



Stanelli favours the silk hat combined with plus-fours of the nattiest

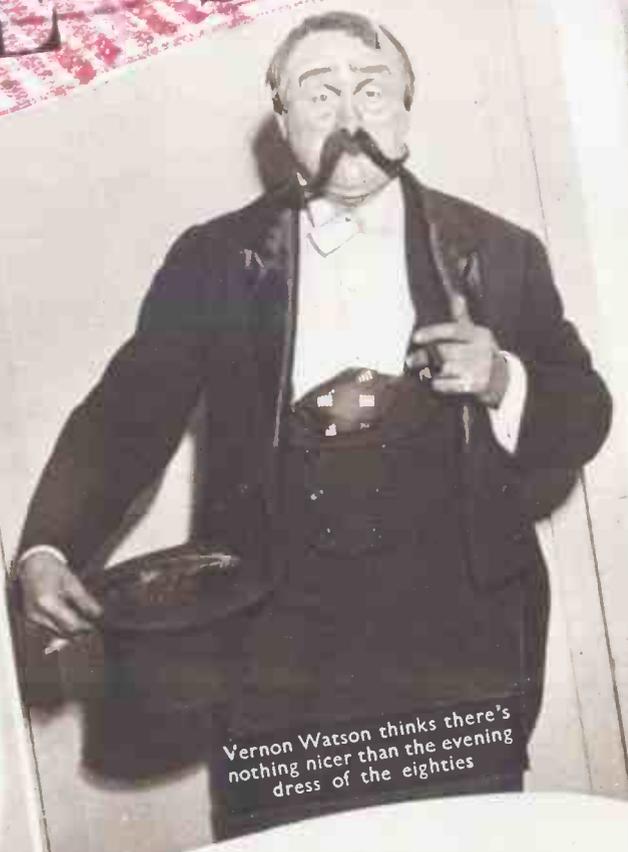


John Rorke in coster coat, scarf, and shiny buttons

WINNERS AT THE STARS



A distinguished radio group — can you spot them? — faces the camera to show you what's what in the world of fashion. The donkey in the background, with the Pearly King and Queen, points the moral



Vernon Watson thinks there's nothing nicer than the evening dress of the eighties

As a result of the discussions in the daily papers as to who is the world's Best-dressed Man, our Special Representative was commissioned to track down Britain's Best-dressed Radio Star! He was successful in discovering a distinguished constellation at Radiolympia, who kindly obliged by posing in their best Sunday-go-to-meeting suits. Our cameraman was in attendance—and here is the result of our investigations!



Denis O'Neil displays his figure to advantage in cutaway coat and white flannels



Stainless Stephen and Arthur Prince—in individual versions of the morning mode



ARE WEARING!



Dwyer as the jolly Tar with Clapham dressed as a modish lady passenger



Alec McGill is plainly captivated by his extremely original and striking costume

Concluding VAL GIELGUD'S famous radio play

Red Tabs



Val Gielgud, the B.B.C. drama director, wrote the radio play "Red Tabs," the concluding instalment of which is published this week. Here you see him at work in his office at the B.B.C.

[A clock strikes ten.]

GORE: I'm sorry, gentlemen, to have had to ask you to this meeting at such short notice. Well, I have asked you here this morning, not as your commanding officer, but as a man faced with an appalling difficulty. I want you to help me by the expression of your individual points of view. I should add that I realise only too well that the ultimate responsibility is mine.

BRETT: But, General Gore—you will forgive plain speech—but I can see no problem. You have been given an order. It is for you, as it is for us, to carry it out—and damn the odds!

GORE: You mean, I have no right to question it?

BRETT: None, as I see it.

GORE: You believe in Cardigan at Balaclava? If the latter had questioned his orders he would have saved the lives of about three hundred men.

BRETT: The legend of the Light Brigade was worth more than three hundred lives. It established the principle of unquestioning obedience to orders, which has saved the Army thousands of lives since 1854. It was a magnificent investment. Sir John's order to this division is another investment—with victory for its dividend.

GORE: If we could be sure of that—

BRETT: A soldier must have confidence in the judgment of his superiors.

GORE: Then what happens in this case? I don't believe in Sir John's scheme. Now, Brett, do you trust my judgment or Sir John's? We are both your superiors.

LIVINGSTONE: A hit, Brett!

BRETT: That's a debating point, sir. But suppose every private in the division questions your judgment?

GORE: I know. I'm not such a fool as to believe that war can be fought by committees. None of us is likely to forget what Kerensky did to the Russian Army, and Order No. 1, twenty years ago. That's only a debating point, too, Brett. I'm putting the question to you, not to irresponsible privates.

BRETT: Well, I've given you my answer. I feel it my duty to add, General Gore, that I consider this course of yours a gross breach of military etiquette. Whatever we answer, we put ourselves in an impossible position.

LIVINGSTONE: That's no excuse for your forgetting your manners, Brett.

BRETT: Thanks, Livingstone. This is an occasion for plain speech. We all know you were at Eton.

LIVINGSTONE: It's a pity that you never give us a chance to forget that you weren't!

EDWARDS: Good heavens, what are we wrangling about? General Gore asked us our opinions on a matter of importance. I expect he knows all about fourth-form behaviour, without being given a practical demonstration. I think you two are forgetting the point. This attack means the death of ten thousand men.

LIVINGSTONE: I must apologise, General Brett and I are a couple of fools—

BRETT: Kindly speak for yourself!

LIVINGSTONE: A couple of fools. But you're insisting on the one point we must all do our best not to remember. I've been a soldier for forty years now. If I'd thought first of human lives, how many attacks could I have ordered?

GORE: Go on, please, Livingstone.

LIVINGSTONE: Exactly none. I'm a normal, kind sort of man. I hate seeing blood; I shrink from physical pain. Most of us do. But you can't win battles without pain and blood, and we've got to find out how to win battles. The wise man adapts himself to his circumstances, General.

GORE: But suppose all soldiers followed their original impulse and did not adapt themselves. What then, Livingstone?

LIVINGSTONE: I prefer not to follow that line.

BRETT: You're an idiot, Livingstone! Why not follow it? The answer is simple. Why, you'd get no soldiers and no battles! A world full of cranks and nut-eaters!

EDWARDS: Your occupation gone, Brett! Serious for you, I admit, but would it matter much to the rest of humanity? Surely we all agree round this table that war *per se* is the worst evil in the world?

GORE: Surely.

LIVINGSTONE: No, I don't, for this reason. Look at the average person in peace time. Money is his only standard and his pet relaxation. He is flabby, selfish, and inconsiderate, and he believes that the world is bounded by the walls of his office or the palings of his garden suburb.

EDWARDS: That's a half truth.

LIVINGSTONE: It's true enough to give us all a bit of a shudder down the spine. In the old days

it was different. Security was not the be-all and end-all of world organisation. If you were flabby, someone came along and made you sit up and do your daily dozen. But now we are humanitarians. If you're weak, or inefficient, or unlucky, someone comes along with other people's money and gives you a hand. I don't say it's not right and proper and Christian and all the rest of it. But I do say it leads to flabbiness of body and mind. And though war is a terrible thing and a foul thing, it isn't in itself as bad a thing as flabbiness. War may blow you into bloody rags, but flabbiness hands you body and soul to the devil!

EDWARDS: If we could get rid of war, I'd back our chance to cope with the devil when the time came.

GORE: This is extremely interesting, gentlemen, but I'm afraid we can talk like this for hours and get no further practically. I gather, Brett, that your opinion is—?

BRETT: That you must obey your orders. And you ought not to have asked us here to tell you so.

GORE (quietly): Thank you. That's frank at any rate. Edwards?

EDWARDS: As a soldier, I obey orders, General. But as you give me the opportunity to express an opinion, for which I'm more than grateful, I feel you should send in a reasoned protest to the C-in-C., and that if he insists you should resign, I suggest that in the circumstances we three should support you with our resignations into the bargain. The combination would carry enough weight I think.

BRETT: Nothing would induce me.

GORE: Thank you, Edwards. Livingstone?

LIVINGSTONE: I'm afraid it doesn't seem as simple to me as it does to Edwards and Brett. I admire both of them—Brett because he would walk—or ride, for choice—up to a battery, shooting at him over open sights, without question. I couldn't do it, not without just asking myself mildly if the fellow who had told me to do such a stupid thing wasn't a bit of an ass. I should ask myself, and then, feeling a bit gloomy about it, I should go. I admire Edwards, because he wouldn't mind being cut in his mess afterwards, or called lily-livered in cheap newspapers, because he had asked why, hadn't been convinced of the necessity, and so hadn't gone. You see, General, I don't find life simple. Brett believes in simply obeying orders from a superior. Edwards believes simply in obeying his own conscience. I believe that you can't be sure either of the divine right of superior officers or of superior consciences.

EDWARDS: One for me!

LIVINGSTONE: I don't mean to be rude, but I just do not believe in infallibility. I can't. The C-in-C. may be right, but there are too many factors in the problem for it to be reasonable for us to feel certain that he's right. Similarly Edwards may be right in believing that it is worth sacrificing his career to save the lives of ten thousand men. But suppose Sir John accepts our resignations, puts in the Butcher to command the division, and carries on? What good have we done? How can we know?

GORE: But what is your decision?

LIVINGSTONE: I'm sorry, I've been talking too much. Well, I follow my principle, I'm afraid. I question—I always do. I'm intelligent and curious, but I obey, because I've been a regular soldier for years and because in my view the difference between the loss of one life and the loss of ten thousand lives is an utterly fallacious one, certainly in war. We must keep our sense of proportion, gentlemen, whatever we do. It's one of the few things that doesn't let us down. A sense of humour is the only other I know—except, perhaps, really old brandy.

GORE: And you advise?

LIVINGSTONE: I suggest, General, that you do as you please, and let us like it or lump it. But, if I were you, I should minute your objections to

Continued on page 34

Sunday, September 16 to
Saturday, September 22, 1934.

ENGLISH PROGRAMMES from the CONTINENT

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Sunday, September the Sixteenth

ALL TIMES STATED ARE BRITISH SUMMER TIME

PARIS (Poste Parisien)
312 metres, 959 Kc./s., 100 kW.

Announcer: C. P. Hope

Afternoon Programme

5.0 p.m. DANCE MUSIC BY STANLEY BARNETT

AND HIS ORCHESTRA
(Gramophone Records)

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----------|
| Stevodore Stomp | Ellington |
| You're Still in My Heart | Yellen |
| Wild Goose Chase | |
| Sophisticated Lady | Mills |
| Old Man Blues | Ellington |
| Lightning | |
| Echoes of the Jungle | Ellington |
| Jazz Cocktail | |

5.30 p.m. SOME WELL-KNOWN AMERICANS

(Gramophone Records)

- | | |
|--|---------|
| Fare Thee Well to Harlem (Jack Teagarden) | Mercer |
| One Morning in May (Turner Layton) | Parish |
| Repeat the Blues (Johnny Green) | Green |
| Louisville Lady (Sophie Tucker) | Hill |
| Swing it Sister (The Mills Brothers) | Adamson |
| Once in a Blue Moon (Bing Crosby) | Gordon |
| The Man on the Flying Trapeze (Eddie Cantor) | O'Keefe |
| I Can't Give You Anything but Love... | Fields |
- (Duke Ellington and Ethel Waters.)

6.0 p.m. SANATOGEN BROADCAST

ORCHESTRAL MUSIC

- | | |
|------------------------------|----------|
| Nights of Gladness Waltz | Ancliffe |
| Little Grey Home in the West | Lohr |
| Selection—Rose Marie | Frim'l |
| London Bridge March | Coates |
- Sanatogen helps you to feel your best. For free booklet, write Genatosan, Ltd., Loughborough.**

6.15 p.m. DANCE MUSIC

- | | |
|---|----------|
| My Dog Loves Your Dog—Fox trot | Yellen |
| I Bring to You Sweet Music—Fox trot | Croom |
| I Ain't Lazy—I'm Just Dreaming—Fox trot | Franklin |
| Dreamy Serenade—Fox trot | Carr |

6.30—7.0 p.m.

SOCAPOOLS' BROADCAST

REQUEST PROGRAMME

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------|
| Making a Talkie | Clapham and Dwyer |
| Put On Your Old Grey Bonnet | Murphy |
| Little Dutch Mill | Barris |
| You Oughta be in Pictures | Suesse |
| Beside My Caravan | Vacek |
| Selection—The Maid of the Mountains | Fraser |
| I Ain't Lazy, I'm Just Dreamin' | Franklin |
| Happy | Lupino |
- Football Fans! Write to Socapools, 91 Regent St., W.1, for details of Football Competition and Free Gift Schemes.**

Evening Programme

10.30 p.m. WILLIAM S. MURPHY'S (EDINBURGH)

BROADCAST

LIGHT MUSIC

- | | |
|--------------------------|---------|
| Beautiful Spring | Lincke |
| Dark Eyes | Geiger |
| Song—High Barbaree | Trad. |
| Narcissus | Nevin |
| Old Music Hall Memories. | |
| Song—Daddy | Behrend |
| Love's Old Sweet Song | Molloy |
| Waltz Memories. | |

To secure big prizes for a small outlay, write for Football Coupons to Wm. S. Murphy, 29 Albany St., Edinburgh.

11.0 p.m. OLD FAVOURITES

- | | |
|----------------------------------|--------------|
| Blaze Away | Holzmann |
| Good-bye-ee and Priceless Percy. | |
| Jollification | Reeves |
| Song of Songs | Moya |
| Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes | arr. Quiller |
| Little Grey Home in the West | Lohr |
| I May Be Crazy | Shuart |
| The Old Brigade | Barr |

11.30 p.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

RADIO LUXEMBURG
1,304 metres, 230 Kc./s., 200 kW.

Announcer: H. Gee

Afternoon Programme

12.30—1 p.m.

IRISH HOSPITALS SWEEPSTAKES CONCERT

Arranged by the I.B.C. (Ireland), Ltd.

DANCE MUSIC

- | | |
|--|----------|
| Signature Tune—Come Back to Erin. | |
| We Like a Gay Song—Fox trot | Hoffmann |
| Madonna Mine—Fox trot | Rafaelli |
| Spanish Love—Tango | Bazan |
| Lazin'—Fox trot | Brunelle |
| Night on the Desert—Fox trot | Hill |
| I'm Somebody's Sweetheart Now—One Step | Moreton |
| When You've a Little Springtime in Your Heart—Fox trot | Woods |
| The Old River Road—Waltz | Halley |
| Ill Wind—Fox trot | Woods |
| Signature Tune—Come Back to Erin. | |

2.0 p.m.

BALLITO CONCERT

DANCE MUSIC

- | | |
|------------------------------------|----------|
| Signature Tune—Happy Feet. | |
| I've Had My Moments—Fox trot | Kahn |
| So Help Me—Fox trot | Berlin |
| She's An Old-Fashioned Girl—Waltz | Johnson |
| It's All Forgotten Now—Fox trot | Noble |
| Tinkle, Tinkle—Fox trot | Woods |
| Lullaby in Blue—Fox trot | Magidson |
| The Click of Her Heels—Tango | Bonavena |
| Ridin' Around in the Rain—Fox trot | Austin |
| Signature Tune—Happy Feet. | |
- Ballito Pure Silk Stockings never lose their pearly dullness. It's all in the weave.**

2.30—3.0 p.m.

VERNON'S ALL-STAR

VARIETY CONCERT

(Gramophone Records)

- | | |
|---|--------------------|
| Light Cavalry Overture | Suppé |
| Band of H.M. Coldstream Guards. | |
| Down South | Myddleton |
| Jack Hylton and His Orchestra. | |
| In Town All Night | Kester |
| Max Kester. | |
| Danny Boy | Weatherley |
| Danny Malone. | |
| Charmaine | Rapee |
| De Groot and the Piccadilly Orchestra. | |
| Soft Lights and Sweet Music | Arr. Croom Johnson |
| Elisabeth Welch. | |
| Shipmates o' Mine | Sanderson |
| Debroy Somers Band with Raymond Newell. | |
- Vernon's Football Pools, Liverpool, pay splendid dividends. Write now for Coupons.**

ROME
420.8 metres, 713 Kc./s., 50 kW.

Evening Programme

8.0—8.30 p.m.

DANCE MUSIC BY ROY FOX AND HIS BAND
(Gramophone Records)

- | | |
|---|---------|
| I'll String Along With You—Fox trot | Dubin |
| Little Valley in the Mountains—Fox trot | Kennedy |
| Swaller Tail Coat—Quick step | Tobias |
| Fair and Warner—Fox trot | Dubin |
| Dreamy Serenade—Fox trot | Carr |
| When To-morrow Comes—Fox trot | Kahal |
| You Have Taken My Heart—Waltz | Mercer |
| Every Time I Look At You—Fox trot | Moreton |

RADIO-CÔTE D'AZUR (Juan-Les-Pins),
240 metres, 1249 Kc./s., 10 kW.

Announcer: Miss L. Baillet

10.30 p.m.

STRANG'S FOOTBALL POOLS BROADCAST

- MUSICAL COMEDY AND OLD-TIME FAVOURITES
- | | |
|---|------------|
| Sweethearts of Yesterday | arr. Hall |
| A Little of What You Fancy. | |
| Two Little Girls in Blue | Graham |
| In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree | Williams |
| One Alone—The Desert Song | Romberg |
| A Bachelor Gay (The Maid of the Mountains). | |
| Looking Backward—Pot Pourri | arr. Finck |
| O Dem Golden Slippers | Bland |
| Sweethearts of Yesterday | arr. Hall |
- For entry forms and full particulars write to T. Strang, 24, Forth Street, Edinburgh.**

11.0—11.30 p.m.

MILITARY BAND CONCERT

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------|
| With Sword and Lance | Starke |
| Bells Across the Meadow | Ketelbey |
| Praeludium | Jarnefelt |
| Zampa—Overture | Herold |
| Birthday Serenade | Lincke |
| Cradle Song | Brahms |
| Weymouth Chimes | Howgill |
| The Thunderer | Sousa |

(Continued on page 22, column 4)

RADIO NORMANDY
206 metres, 1456 Kc./s.

Announcers: C. Danvers-Walker, J. Sullivan
and B. McNabb

Morning Programme

10.0 a.m.

A FEW TYPES FROM AMERICA

- | | |
|------------------------------|-----------|
| He's a Colonel from Kentucky | Tobias |
| The Cowboy's Last Wish. | |
| Golden Gate Kate | Roy |
| Sadie the Shaker | Miller |
| Jimmy Had a Nickel | Sigler |
| Porgy | Fields |
| Hallelujah, I'm a Bum | McLintock |
| Beale Street Mama | Turk |

10.30 a.m.

ORCHESTRAL MUSIC

- | | |
|---|--------------|
| Strauss and Lanner—Pot Pourri | arr. Wysocki |
| Sparshatt's of Portsmouth specialise in the repair and maintenance of Dennis Commercial Vehicles. | |
| That Naughty Waltz | Levy |
| You'll be sure of getting good value for your old gold if you sell it to Spinks. | |
| Pizzicato Pierrette | Gennin |
| The Juggler | Groitzsch |
| Victoria to Ryde in 90 minutes! Travel by London-I.O.W. Air Line. To book, 'phone Haves 410 or Sloane 0202. | |
| The Cockney Lover | Ketelbey |
| Violin Solo—Serenade | Drigo |
| Collect the coupons from each bag of Bargate Self-Raising Flour and secure splendid free gifts. | |
| Bal Masque | Fletcher |
| Live at Littlestone, the seaside resort of the future. Write C. E. Andrews, Estate Offices, Littlestone-on-sea, Kent. | |
| Second Serenade | Heykens |

11.0 a.m.

SACRED MUSIC

- | | |
|------------------------------------|-----------|
| Lead Kindly Light | Newman |
| Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun | Rimington |
| Sun of My Soul | Keble |
| Holy, Holy, Holy | Dykes |

I.B.C. Sunday transmissions from PARIS (Poste Parisien, 312 m.) will in future be given from 5 to 7 p.m. and 10.30 to 11.30 p.m.

Sunday, Sept. the Sixteenth

RADIO-NORMANDY—cont.

11.30 a.m.—12 (Noon)
PHILCO HAPPY HALF-HOUR
 LIGHT MUSIC
 Philco Signature Tune.
 Selection—Evergreen.
 A Night in May Strauss
 Song—Gipsy Love Song Herbert
 Narcissus Nevin
 My Hawaiian Queen Noble
 Popular Waltz Piano Medley.
 Moonlight Bay Madden
 The Frog's Wedding Beil
 Philco Signature Tune.
 Philco's 1935 models mean luxury radio for the man of moderate income.

Afternoon Programme

2 p.m.
"RADIO PICTORIAL"
CELEBRITY CONCERT
 (Gramophone Records)
 Verdi Memories.
 London Palladium Orchestra.
 Thou Art My Star Eisemann
 Richard Tauber.
 La Cathedrale Engloutie Debussy
 Mark Hambourg.
 Old Father Thames Wallace
 Peter Dawson.
 There's Millions and Millions of Women.
 Gracie Fields.
 Jazz Goblins da Costa
 Rase da Costa.
 The General and the Private Brown
 Tommy Handley.
 Mr. Magician O'Flynn
 Elsie Carlisle and Sam Browne.

Radio Pictorial—bigger and better than ever. Radio Pictorial is on sale at all newsagents every Friday, price 3d.

2.30 p.m.
DANCE MUSIC BY HARRY LEADER AND HIS BAND
 (Gramophone Records)
 My Lucky Day—Fox trot Woods
 Ideal positions have been chosen for the houses on the Hasler Estates, Worthing.
 Louisiana Hayride—Fox trot Diets
 Oh Suzanne—One step Noel
 Put an end to your foot troubles by a visit to Chas. Baber, Regent Street, W.1.; the well-known shoe specialist.
 Why Wait—Fox trot Warren
 Tick, Tock—Fox trot Vienna
 Old gold is still fetching excellent prices at Spinks, 5 King Street, S.W.1.
 It Never Occurred to You—Fox trot Warren
 Something Must be Done—Fox trot Thompson
 Sometime, Somewhere We'll Meet Again—Fox trot Hammett

3.0 p.m.
MILITARY BAND MUSIC
 The Dog's March Rosse
 Twist and Turn—One step Kottawa
 Until Sanderson
 Maritana—Overture Wallace
 Shurzine Ointment heals while you sleep; Is. 3d. a tin from all good chemists.
 Marching with Sousa.
 Berceuse Lacombe
 The Water Melon Fete Thurban
 The Soldiers of the King Stuart

3.30 p.m.
REQUEST PROGRAMME
 Black Eyes Ferraris
 On With the Motley (I Pagliacci)
 Leoncavallo
 London Bridge March Coates
 O Sole Mio di Capua
 Choose your radio set from Currys—the firm with branches everywhere.
 Pianoforte Solo—Balloons... .. Magine
 The Song of Songs Moya
 Lady of Madrid Hargreaves
 You Are My Heart's Delight Lehar

4.0 p.m.
SELECTIONS FROM THE SHOWS
 C. B. Cochran Presents.
 Mr. Whittington Medley Green
 For memorable holidays go to Hungary. Details from Hungarian & General Travel Bureau, Ltd., 3 Berkeley Street, London, W.1.
 Hand in Hand (Three Sisters) Hammerstein
 Chas. Baber, of Regent Street, London, W.1. has stylish shoes to suit every type of foot.
 I'll Follow My Secret Heart (Conversation Piece) Coward

RADIO-NORMANDY—cont.

4.15 p.m.
The Thought for the Week
 The REV. JAMES WALL, M.A.
 (Precentor of Durham Cathedral)
ORCHESTRAL MUSIC
 Simple Aveu Thome
 Love Tales arr. Hall
 Kashmiri Song Woodford's Finden
 Maureen O'Dare Ramsay

4.30 p.m.
The I.B.C. Nursery Corner with the Uncles
BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

4.45 p.m.
LULLABIES
 Wiengenlied Brahms
 Berceuse Grieg
 Ma Curly Headed Baby Clutsam
 Sweet and Low Barnby

5.0 p.m.
I.B.C. Member's Request Programme
 compiled by
 Mrs. Sayers of Southampton
"THE AGONY COLUMN"

I'm Left with the Blues Carier
 Keep Smiling Hammerstein
 Would You Take Me Back Again?
 I Love You Truly Jacobs
 Sittin' Up Waitin' for You Razaf
 Where Are You Dear? Berio
 Garden lovers! Details of free offer of rockery bulbs are given in the Catalogue of Walter Blom & Son, Ltd., Cranleigh, Surrey.
 No More Heartaches King
 I'm Somebody's Sweetheart Now Moreton

5.30 p.m.
"SUMMER SEAS"
PINK SALMON CONCERT
ORCHESTRAL MUSIC
 Selection—Veronique Messenger
 Serenade Toselli
 Hearts and Flowers Tobani
 Selection of Haydn Wood's Songs.
 Send for free cookery book to "Summer Seas" Brand, 35 Gt. James Street, London, W.C.1.

5.45 p.m.
PIANOFORTE SELECTIONS
 Dancing Days—1921. da Costa
 Moods da Costa
 Don't hoard your old gold. Sell it to Spinks, the well-known British Jewellers.
 My Heart Stood Still Rodgers
 English Dance Mayert
 Cricket Dance Mayert

6.0—6.30 p.m.
SOCAPOL'S BROADCAST
DANCE MUSIC
 Once in a Blue Moon—Fox trot Gordon
 Because It's Love—Fox trot Carr
 Carioca—Rumba Youmans
 The Voice in the Old Village Choir—Waltz Hill
 Nasty Man—Fox trot Yellen
 Adorable—Waltz Whiting
 Wagon Wheels—Fox trot Hill
 Little Man You've Had a Busy Day—Fox trot Wayne
 Socapools Football Coupon includes Radiogram Competition. For details write 91, Regent Street, London, W.1.

Evening Programmes

9.30 p.m.
ORCHESTRAL MUSIC
 Marche Joyeuse Chabrier
 Violin Solo—Hymn to the Sun Rimsky Korsakov
 Serenade Schubert
 Intermezzo (Cavalleria Rusticana) Mascagni
 Song—The Admirals' Broom Bevan
 Alpine Memories arr. Winter
 A Summer Evening Waltz Waldteufel
 Fantasia on Sea Shanties.

RADIO-NORMANDY—cont.

10.0 p.m.
OLD FAVOURITES
 Selection—The Quaker Girl Monckton
 Song—Rose Marie Friml
 For news of your favourite Radio Stars, see this week's "Radio Pictorial."
 Silver Threads Among the Gold Rexford
 Widdecombe Fair arr. Jacob
 Buying a radio set? Hear all the leading makes demonstrated at your nearest Currys' branch.
 Maid of the Mountains Waltz Fraser Simson
 Down Vauxhall Way Oliver
 Destiny Waltz Baynes
 Selection of Hermann Lohr's Songs.

10.30 p.m.
CHARLES STEVENS' CONCERT
LIGHT MUSIC
 Echoes from the Pusztá Ferraris
 Heather Bells Haydn Wood
 Café in Vienna—Fox trot Hill
 Madonna Mine—Fox trot Raffaelis
 Kiss Me Again Herbert
 Rippling Stream Genniss
 Just Like Jack, Just Like Jill—Fox trot Decuna
 Lazin'—Fox trot Brunelle
 Charles Stevens, 204 Worpole Road, Wimbledon, S.W.20, offers free book on the treatment of tuberculosis.

11.0 p.m.
CONCERT OF BELTONA RECORDS
 The Miller O' Dee.
 La Matichiche (Apache Song).
 Romance and modernity go hand in hand in Hungary, the land for happy holidays.
 The Cairding' o't.
 Lad With the Plaidie.
 Fairy Dance.
 Song—My Ain Wee Hoose.
 An Original Eightsome Reel.
 The Posty.
 New Jewellery for old! Consult Spinks, 5 King Street, St. James, S.W.1.
 Loch Katrine.
 Loch Leven.
 A Fit' ba' Concert.

11.30 p.m.
IRISH HOSPITALS SWEEPSTAKES CONCERT
 Arranged by the I.B.C. (Ireland), Ltd.
DANCE MUSIC
 Signature Tune—Come Back to Erin.
 Fair and Warmer—Fox trot Dublin
 I've Had My Moments—Fox trot Kahn
 My Shawl—Rumba Adams
 Love Thy Neighbour—Fox trot Gordon
 Soft Green Seas—Fox trot Fio Rito
 Love is a Song—Waltz Kester
 We Like a Gay Song—Fox trot Roy
 I Ain't Lazy, I'm Just Dreamin'—Fox trot Franklin
 Signature Tune—Come Back to Erin.

12 (Midnight)
Club Concert for Carnarvon Listeners.
Part I—DANCE MUSIC
 Swaller Tail Coat—Fox trot Tobias
 The Beat o' My Heart—Fox trot Burke
 Jungle Drums—Tango Lecuona
 Cocktails for Two—Fox trot Gordon
 Night on the Desert—Fox trot Hill
 Love's Last Word is Spoken—Waltz Bixio
 The Lion and the Unicorn—Fox trot Wells
 Rolling in the Hay—Fox trot Boyle
 Temperamental—Blues Roy

I.B.C. Time Signal.
12.30 a.m.
Part II
 Sailor's Waltz Redi
 Creola—Tango Rippp
 Let's Have a Basinful of the Briny One step Butler
 Over My Shoulder—Fox trot Woods
 When a Woman Loves a Man—Fox trot Mercer
 Spanish Love—Tango Batan
 Moon Country—Fox trot Carmichael
 When Tomorrow Comes—Fox trot Kahal

1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

RADIO-CÔTE D'AZUR (Juan-les-Pins)

Continued from page 21, column 3

11.30 p.m.
CONCERT OF GRAMOPHONE RECORDS
 The Butterfly Bendix
 Josephine Burton
 Selection—Evergreen Woods
 Humming to You Reaves
 Silvery Moonbeams Terrell
 The Breeze Sacco
 Grinning Benatzky
 Dixieland arr. Stoddon

12 (Midnight)
DANCE MUSIC
 Over My Shoulder—Fox trot Woods
 The Very Thought of You—Fox trot Noble
 I Can't Remember—Waltz Berlin
 Mauna Loa—Fox trot Gibson
 Homeward—Fox trot Hargreaves
 A Place in Your Heart—Fox trot Coslow
 Madonna Mine—Tango Sarony
 Little Dutch Mill—Fox trot Freed
 When You've Got a Little Spring-time in Your Heart—Fox trot Tobias
 Madame Will You Walk—Fox trot Mireille
 Emaline—Fox trot Parish
 Lullaby Lady—Waltz Johnson
 Go to Sleep—Fox trot Hargreaves
 You Oughta be in Pictures—Fox trot Heyman
 In Town To-night—Fox trot Coates
 Two Can't Sit on a Three-piece Suite—Fox trot Hargreaves

1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

I.B.C. SHORT WAVE EMPIRE TRANSMISSIONS
E.A.Q. ARANJUEZ
30 m., 10,000 Kc./s., 20 kW.

Announcer : H. Gordon Box.

12 (Midnight)
PHILCO BROADCAST
SPANISH MUSIC
 Philco Signature Tune.
 Bad People Bérrelines
 Secrets Discepolo
 Volante March Alexander
 Veronicas y Faroles Lago
 Sevilla Albeniz
 Fiesta Samuels
 Luisa Fernanda Torroba
 Philco Signature Tune.
 Philco dedicates these programmes to 500,000 owners of Philco All-Wave Radios. Write to Philco, Aintree Road, Perivale, Middlesex, for details of 11-valve Model, 16-B. Hear Australia, Buenos Aires, Mexico and America.

12.30 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

UNION RADIO, MADRID,
274 m., 1095 Kc./s., 15 kW.

Announcer : H. Gordon Box.

2.0 a.m.
DANCE MUSIC
 Riding on a Haycart Home—Fox trot Dale
 Love is a Song—Waltz Noble
 Who'll Buy My Lavender—Fox trot Gibson
 Snowball—Fox trot Carmichael
 Sweetheart Darlin'—Fox trot Kahn
 Lagrimas Negras—Rumba Malamoros
 Mama Don't Want no Peas—One step Gilbert
 Madame Will You Walk—Fox trot Mireille
 The Very Thought of You—Fox trot Noble
 Little Black Shawl—Fox trot Hill
 Swaller Tail Coat—Quick step Miller
 That's Why I Need You To-night—Waltz Carr
 Black Beauty—Fox trot Ellington
 There's a Cabin in the Pines—Fox trot Hill
 It's Time to Say "Goodnight"—Waltz Hall

3.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

Monday September the Seventeenth

RADIO-NORMANDY,
206 m., 1456 Kc./s.

Morning Programme

11.30 a.m.—12 (Noon)
PHILCO HAPPY HALF-HOUR
MILITARY BAND MUSIC
Philco Signature Tune.
Soldiers of the King ... *Stuart*
Valse Creole ... *Tchaikovsky*
Glow Worm Idyll ... *Lincke*
Barcarolle ... *Tchaikovsky*
Hobomoko ... *Reeves*
Praeludium ... *Jarnfelt*
A Merry Hunting Day.
The Gladiator March ... *Sousa*
Philco Signature Tune.
Philco's shadow tuning gives you the right station without experiment, and with undistorted tone.

Afternoon Programme

4.30 p.m.
BALLITO CONCERT
DANCE MUSIC
Signature Tune—Happy Feet
I'll Strive Along With You—Fox trot ... *Dubin*
1,000 Words of Love—Tango ... *Margulies*
Cupid—Fox trot ... *Coslow*
Fair and Warmer—Fox trot ... *Dubin*
I've Had My Moments—Fox trot ... *Kahn*
You Have Taken My Heart—Waltz ... *Jenkins*
Over My Shoulder—Fox trot ... *Woods*
Out for No Good—Fox trot ... *Dubin*
Signature Tune—Happy Feet.
Wherever fashionable women meet you'll see Ballito Pure Silk Stockings.

5.0 p.m.
Chichester, Bognor, Hastings and Eastbourne Concert

Part I
Public Bar
At the Old Pig and Whistle ... *Butler*
Ask to see the full range of Ballito Stockings in Diagonette and Fishnet Patterns.
The Merry Widow ... *Lehar*
The Cobbler's Song ... *Norton*
The Village Blacksmith Up to Date ... *William*
Write to Charles Stevens, 204 Worpole Road, Wimbledon, S.W.20, for details of tuberculosis treatment.
Aria of the Miller ... *Dargomizshky*
Beer is Best ... *Weston*
Another Little Drink ... *Grey*
A Thousand Goodnights ... *Donaldson*
Film Fans will appreciate the luxury of the Shaftesbury, Apollo and Palace Cinemas in Portsmouth and Southsea.

5.30—6.0 p.m.
Southend Concert
ORCHESTRAL CONCERT
Crown Diamonds Overture ... *Auber*
Intermezzo—Cavalleria Rusticana ... *Mascagni*
Bal Masque ... *Fleischer*
Don't sacrifice charm to durability! You'll get both in Ballito Pure Silk Stockings.
Cavatina ... *Raff*
Barcarolle (Tales of Hoffmann) ... *Offenbach*
Get your sales message home with Radio Advertising. For details apply to the I.B.C. Essex Representative, R. W. Haydon, 100 Hamlet Court Road, Southend-on-Sea.
Lane Wilson Melodies.
Marche Joyeuse ... *Chabrier*

Evening Programmes

PARIS (Poste Parisien),
312 m., 959 Kc./s., 100 kW.

10.30 p.m. MILITARY BAND MUSIC
March of the Herald ... *Nicholls*
Washington Greys ... *Grafalla*
Old Panama ... *Alford*
Changing of the Guard ... *Floisam*

10.45 p.m.
GORDON MACKAY BROADCAST
LIGHT MUSIC
Signature Tune—The Man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo.
Other Days—Selection.
Hiawatha's Cake Walk ... *Moret*
Marta ... *Gilbert*
Selection—Love, Life and Laughter
Signature Tune—The Man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo.
Win or lose, you receive Free Goods Voucher for every 2s. 6d. invested in the Football Pools of Gordon Mackay and Co., of Leeds.

11.0 p.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

RADIO-NORMANDY—cont.

11.0 p.m.
Talkie Time
TUNES FROM THE TALKIES AND SHOWS
Signature Tune—Sittin' in the Dark.
Cocktails for Two (Murder at the Vanities) ... *Johnson*
It will be to your advantage to consult Spinks about your old gold and silver.
My Dog Loves Your Dog (George White's Scandals) ... *Henderson*
C. B. Cochran Presents.
Selection—Flying Down to Rio ... *Revel*
So Green (That's a Good Girl) ... *Furber*
The House is Haunted (Ziegfeld Follies) ... *Rose*
The Man on the Flying Trapeze ... *O'Keefe*
Visit Hungary for an ideal autumn holiday. You'll enjoy every moment of your stay.
Selection—Going Hollywood.
Signature Tune—Sittin' in the Dark.

11.30 p.m.
IN THE CLUB THIS WEEK
Signature Tune—Farewell Blues ... *Rapallo*
Let's Have a Basinful of the Briny
Racing Selections by the Irish Hospitals special English Racing Commissioner.
1,000 Words of Love ... *Margulies*
What Every Girl Should Know ... *Frankau*
Lazin' ... *Brunell*
The Beat o' My Heart ... *Burke*
Tick, Tock, Town ... *Jones*
Coom Pretty One ... *Sarony*
Cempra March ... *Godden*
Signature Tune—Farewell Blues.

12 (Midnight)
Club Concert for Llandudno Listeners
DANCE MUSIC—Part I
Oh, Suzanne—Quick step ... *Noel*
Ridin' Around in the Rain—Fox trot ... *Austin*
Emaline—Fox trot ... *Parish*
Caro Mio—Tango ... *Cibolla*
Little Man, You've Had a Busy Day—Fox trot ... *Wayne*
Riptide—Fox trot ... *Gallaraga*
Sailors Waltz ... *Radi*
The Very Thought of You—Fox trot ... *Noble*
Waitin' at the Gate for Katie—Fox trot ... *Kahn*

I.B.C. Time Signal.

12.30 a.m.
Part II
Little Black Shawl—Fox trot ... *Hill*
Love, Life and Laughter—One step ... *Haines*
Café in Vienna—Fox trot ... *Kennedy*
Little White Church on the Hill—Waltz ... *Fields*
Better Think Twice—Fox trot ... *Seymour*
Repeat the Blues—Fox trot ... *Green*
El Besco—Rumba ... *Castellanos*
May I—Fox trot ... *Gordon*
In Town To-night—One step ... *Coates*

1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

RADIO SAN SEBASTIAN,
238 m., 1258 Kc./s., 1.0 kW.

Announcer: H. Gordon Box

2.0 a.m. AFTER SUNDOWN
Whistling under the Moon ... *Ewing*
Midnight, the Stars and You ... *Woods*
Black Moonlight ... *Johnston*
Moonlight Down in Lovers' Lane ... *Pitman*
In the Valley of the Moon ... *Tobias*
Star Song.
Gipsy Moon ... *Borganoff*
Silv'ry Moon ... *Fraximi*

2.30 a.m. ORCHESTRAL MUSIC
Symphonic Rhapsody ... *Coates*
Sanctuary of the Heart ... *Ketelbey*
Senorita ... *Remy*
Wedgewood Blue ... *Ketelbey*
Xylophone Solo—Marionette ... *Gaston*
Persian March ... *Friml*
Sweethearts of Yesterday ... *arr. Hall*

3.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

Tuesday September the Eighteenth

RADIO NORMANDY,
206 m., 1456 Kc./s.

Morning Programme

11.30 a.m.—12 (Noon)
PHILCO HAPPY HALF-HOUR
DANCE MUSIC
Philco Signature Tune.
Every Time I Look at You—Fox trot ... *Mort*
Isle of Capri—Slow Fox trot ... *Kennedy*
Let's Have a Basinful of the Briny—Quick step ... *Butler*
Dreamy Serenade—Fox trot ... *Carr*
Dancing in the Moonlight—Fox trot ... *Donaldson*
Arlene—Waltz ... *Seymour*
Oh! Muki, Muki Oh!—Fox trot ... *Hill*
Over My Shoulder—Fox trot ... *Woods*
Philco Signature Tune.
This season Philco are offering better radio sets at lower prices.

Afternoon Programme

4.30 p.m.
Torquay, Exeter, Plymouth and Devonport Concert
Part I—Chestnuts
Please ... *Robin*
Let's Put Out the Lights ... *Huffeld*
I Don't Want to Go to Bed ... *Gay*
Please Mr. Hemmingway ... *Silver*
Ooh, that Kiss ... *Warren*
Wanderer ... *Flanagan*
I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plans ... *Schwartz*
On the Air ... *Connelly*

5.0 p.m. Part II—DANCE MUSIC
When You've Got a Little Spring-time—Fox trot ... *Woods*
Ballito Pure Silk Stockings keep their elasticity to the very end.
So Nice—Fox trot ... *Yellen*
I Hate Myself—Fox trot ... *Davis*
Beside My Caravan—Tango ... *Kennedy*
Swaller Tail Coat—Quick step ... *Miller*
The Show is Over—Fox trot ... *Dubin*
Philco Automatic Volume Control prevents fading.
Love's Last Word is Spoken—Waltz ... *Bixio*
Happy—One Step ... *Lupino*

5.30—6.0 p.m. Part III—GRAMOPHONE RECORDS
Old Songs—Selection.
The General and the Private ... *Brown*
Lysistrata—Waltz ... *Lincke*
Buy Ballito Pure Silk Stockings—they're British and best.
Spanish Serenade ... *Heykens*
The Night Herding Song ... *O'Flynn*
Mister Magician ... *Hammerstein*
I Live for Love ... *Folazzi*
Tinche in Campagna ... *Folazzi*

Evening Programmes

PARIS (Poste Parisien),
312 m., 959 Kc./s., 100 kW.

10.30 p.m.
BALLITO VARIETY CONCERT
(Gramophone Records)
Signature Tune—Happy Feet.
Café in Vienna ... *Vacek*
March Weber and His Orchestra.
The Breeze ... *Sacco*
Brian Lawrence and His Quaglinos Quartet.
In the Hills of Colorado ... *Leon*
Troise and His Mandoliers.
Song—London Girl ... *Snodgrass*
Peter Dawson.
Waves of the Danube ... *Ivanovici*
Blue Hungarian Band.
Pianoforte Solo—Alexander's Rag-time Band.
Moria Litter.
The Lion and Albert ... *Edgar*
Stanley Holloway.
Blue Moments ... *Davidson*
Layton and Johnstone.
Signature Tune—Happy Feet.
Ballito Stockings in fashionable Diagonette and Fishnet patterns are made in Pure Silk, Artificial Silk, and Lisle.

11.0 p.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

RADIO-NORMANDY—cont.

11.0 p.m. MILITARY BAND CONCERT
Distant Greeting ... *Loring*
Maritana—Overture ... *Wallace*
Soldiers in the Park ... *Monckton*
An announcement for everyone interested in the treatment of tuberculosis.
Floradora ... *Stuart*
In a Persian Market ... *Ketelbey*
Don't wait till prices fall! Sell your old gold to Spinks, 5 King Street, S.W.1.
The Vagabond King ... *Friml*
A Hungarian holiday offers both sporting facilities and medicinal spring cures.
Old Panama ... *Alford*

11.30 p.m. IRISH HOSPITALS SWEEPSTAKES CONCERT
Arranged by the I.B.C. (Ireland), Ltd.
LIGHT MUSIC
Signature Tune—Come Back to Erin
Blue Roses—Piano Medley.
Racing Selections by the Irish Hospitals special English Racing Commissioner.
And Yet the World Rolls on ... *Harburg*
Gipsy Love Song ... *Herbert*
The Birth of the Blues ... *Henderson*
Ridin' Around in the Rain ... *Lombardo*
Manquerating in the Name of Love ... *Dubin*
Pianoforte Solo—Mighty Lak'a Rose ... *Nevin*
A Thousand Goodnights ... *Donaldson*
Signature Tune—Come Back to Erin.

12 (Midnight) CLUB CONCERT FOR BANGOR LISTENERS
Part I—DANCE MUSIC
Marie—Quick step ... *Berlin*
Lullaby in Blue—Fox trot ... *Magidson*
St. Moritz—Waltz ... *Hollander*
Easy Come, Easy Go—Fox trot ... *Green*
A Day Without You—Fox trot ... *Coslow*
Ranno de la Noche—Tango ... *Manuel*
Homeward—Fox trot ... *Evans*
I Stole Back the Girl—Quick step ... *Moreton*
My Little Grass Shack—Fox trot ... *Cogswell*

I.B.C. Time Signal.
12.30 a.m. Part II
Little Dutch Mill—Fox trot ... *Freed*
One Morning in May ... *Mitchell*
Boston Two Step ... *Everett*
Riding on the Clouds—Fox trot ... *Haines*
Hold my Hand—Fox trot ... *Yellen*
Inka Dinka Doo—Fox trot ... *Ryan*
Little Locket of Long Ago—Waltz ... *Woods*
The Blue Room—Fox trot ... *Hart*
Gay Vienna—Fox trot ... *Rotter*

1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

I.B.C. SHORT WAVE EMPIRE TRANSMISSIONS
E.A.Q. ARANJUEZ
30 m., 10,000 Kc./s., 20 kW.

1.0 a.m. MILITARY BAND MUSIC
Light of Foot ... *Latann*
Medley of British Songs ... *Latann*
Tally Ho ... *Barsotti*
Les Cloches de St. Malo ... *Rimmer*
The Wedding of the Rose ... *Jessel*
The Mill in the Black Forest ... *Eisenberg*
The Phantom Brigade ... *Myddleton*

1.30 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

UNION RADIO, MADRID,
274 m., 1095 Kc./s., 15 kW.

2.0 a.m. DANCE MUSIC
In Town To-night—Fox trot ... *Coates*
Tinkle Tinkle—Fox trot ... *Woods*
Every Time I look at You ... *Mort*
Bananas—Rumba ... *Whitcup*
Madonna Mine—Tango fox trot ... *Sarony*
La-di-da-di-da—Quick step ... *Carters*
Little Dutch Clock—Novelty fox trot ... *Reaves*
I'm Learning to Play the Guitar, I Am—Waltz ... *Butt*
It's All Forgotten Now—Fox trot ... *Noble*
True—Fox trot ... *Samuels*
When a Soldier's on Parade—Quick step ... *Sarony*
Unless—Waltz ... *Hargreaves*
Three of Us—Fox trot ... *Wendling*
Near and Yet So Far—Fox trot ... *Kester*
Goodnight, Little Girl of My Dreams—Waltz ... *Tobias*

RADIO LJUBLJANA
569 m., 527 Kc./s., 7 kW.

10.30—11.0 p.m. I.B.C. CONCERT

I.B.C. concerts are now given from PARIS (Poste Parisien, 312 m.), every Sunday between 5 & 7 p.m. & from 10.30 to 11.30 p.m.

Wednesday September the Nineteenth

RADIO NORMANDY,
206 m., 1456 Kc./s.

Morning Programme

11.30 a.m.—12 (Noon)

PHILCO HAPPY HALF-HOUR
REQUEST PROGRAMME

Philco Signature Tune.
Carioca—Rumba ... *Hahn*
The Kunz Medley.
That Man of My Dreams ... *Johnson*
Dancing Days.
Little Man, You've Had a Busy Day ... *Hoffmann*
By a Waterfall ... *Kahal*
Noel Coward Medley ... *Warren*
Philco Signature Tune.
For details of luxury sets at moderate prices, write to Philco, Aintree Road, Perivale, Middlesex.

Afternoon Programme

4.30 p.m.

Isle of Wight, Portsmouth and Southsea Concert

Part I Musical Newspaper

Stale News.
It's All Forgotten Now ... *Noble*
Weather.
How Can It Be a Beautiful Day? ... *Kahn*
Crime.
The Wrong Bus ... *Hessingtree*
Sport.
Everybody Loves the Races ... *Musdell*
Film Critic.
You Oughta Be in Pictures ... *Heyman*
Nature Notes.
Two Little Flies on a Lump of Sugar ... *Fain*
Music of the Week.
We Like a Gay Song ... *Roy*
Ladies' Page.
Put On Your Old Grey Bonnet ... *Murphy*

5.0 p.m.

Part II—DANCE MUSIC

As Long as I Live—Fox trot ... *Kochler*
Ballito Pure Silk Stockings are sold by good drapers everywhere. Prices from 2s. to 10s. 6d.
Tinkle, Tinkle—Fox trot ... *Woods*
You Have Taken My Heart—Waltz ... *Jenkins*
Listen for an important announcement which may be to your advantage from Bulpitt's, Ltd., King's Road, Southsea.
I'll String Along With You—Fox trot ... *Dubin*
The Portsmouth Central Wireless Company are Philco Dealers.
Louisiana Hayride—Fox trot ... *Woods*
Poema—Tango ... *Greco*
I've Had My Moments—Fox trot ... *Kahn*
Charles Stevens, 204 Worple Road, Wimbledon, S.W.20, offers free book on the treatment of tuberculosis.
Because It's Love—Fox trot ... *Carr*

5.30—6.0 p.m.

Part III—LIGHT MUSIC

Animal Antics ... *Wark*
Portsmouth Greyhound Racecourse—admission, 1s. and 2s., including tax. Racing every Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., at 8 p.m.
In Vienna One Night ... *Bordin*
Song—In a Year, In a Day ... *Heyman*
Dainty Lady ... *Leo Peter*
Let the Portsmouth Central Wireless Company supply your radio needs.
Pianoforte Solo—Balloons ... *Magine*
Throw Open Wide Your Window ... *Calson*
Ballito Pure Silk Stockings fit perfectly with never a wrinkle.
Song—Josephine ... *Burton*
Her First Dance ... *Heykens*

Evening Programme

PARIS (Poste Parisien),
312 m., 959 Kc./s., 100 kW.

10.30 p.m.

SOME REQUESTS

Knightsbridge—March ... *Coates*
What Every Girl Ought to Know ... *Frankau*
Beside My Caravan ... *Vacek*
Song of the Volga Boatmen.
Temptation ... *Freed*
At the Court of Old King Cole ... *Boyle*
It's a Long Way to Tipperary ... *Judge*
Selection—Chu Chin Chow ... *Norton*

11.0 p.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

RADIO-NORMANDY—cont.

11.0 p.m.

TUNES FROM THE TALKIES AND SHOWS
Signature Tune—Sittin' in the Dark.
Selection—A Southern Maid ... *Fraser Simson*
Health and happiness await you in Hungary. Details from Hungarian & General Travel Bureau, Ltd., 3 Berkeley Street, London, W.1.
Lazy Day (Going Hollywood) ... *Kahn*
Fair and Warmer ... *Dubin*
(Twenty Million Sweethearts)
Just by Your Example (Evergreen) ... *Hart*
Secure the best prices for your old gold and silver by selling them to Spinks.
Love is a Song (Princess Charming) ... *Kesler*
Who Do You Think You Are? (Mr. Whittington) ... *Green*
Selection—Wonder Bar ... *Warren*
Racing Selections by the Irish Hospitals Special English Racing Commissioner.
Signature Tune—Sittin' in the Dark.

11.30 p.m.

BALLITO CONCERT
DANCE MUSIC

Signature Tune—Happy Feet.
How Can It Be a Beautiful Day—Fox trot ... *Kahn*
I Hate Myself—Fox trot ... *Davis*
Memories of Hours Spent With You—Waltz ... *Smyth*
Oh! Muki, Muki Oh!—Fox trot ... *Hill*
In Town To-night—Fox trot ... *Coates*
Marahuana—Rumba ... *Johnson*
True—Fox trot ... *Samuels*
Nasty Man—Fox trot ... *Yellen*
Signature Tune—Happy Feet.
Buy Ballito Pure Silk Stockings—Chiffonette to wear with your filmy frocks, Service Weight for tweed occasions.

12 (Midnight)

Club Concert for Pwllheli Listeners

DANCE MUSIC—Part I

The Sun is Round the Corner—Fox trot ... *Grey*
I Found You in My Dreams—Fox trot ... *Gilbert*
Unless—Waltz ... *Hargreaves*
Let's Fall in Love—Fox trot ... *Kochler*
I Had to Change the Words—Fox trot ... *Bennett*
Shanghai—Rumba ... *Chamfleury*
Goin' to Heaven on a Mule—Fox trot ... *Dubin*
Roses in the Wind—Fox trot ... *Reaves*
Doggone I've Done It—Quick step ... *Franklin*

I.B.C. Time Signal.

12.30 a.m.

Part II

Lonely Feet—Fox trot ... *Hammerstein*
Ballerina—One step ... *Kennedy*
Fox trot ... *Gordon*
'Long About Midnight—Fox trot ... *Mills*
Song of Surrender—Waltz ... *Dubin*
Now That We're Sweethearts Again—Fox trot ... *Fisher*
O Aragona—Tango ... *Stransky*
No More Heartaches, No More Tears—Fox trot ... *King*
Music Makes Me—Fox Trot ... *Kahn*

1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

RADIO BARCELONA
377 m., 795 Kc./s., 8 kW.

Announcer: H. Gordon Box.

2.0 a.m.

HALF AN HOUR WITH THE GIPSIES

Hungarian Medley ... *arr. Leggett*
Black Eyes ... *Traditional*
Little Romany ... *Leon*
Komm Zigany ... *Kalman*
Hungarian Dance No. 6 ... *Brahms*
Selection—The Gipsy Princess ... *Kalman*
Two Hungarian Dances ... *Brahms*

2.30 a.m.

Military Band Music
A WAGNER PROGRAMME

Rienzi Overture.
Nibelungen March.
Selection—The Mastersingers of Nuremberg.
Introduction to Act III, Lohengrin.
Tannhauser March.

3.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

Thursday September the Twentieth

RADIO NORMANDY,
206 m., 1,456 Kc./s.

11.0—11.30 a.m.

PHILCO HAPPY HALF-HOUR
ORCHESTRAL MUSIC

Philco Signature Tune.
Selection—Lilac Time ... *Schubert*
Echoes from Puszta ... *Ferraris*
Creola—Tango ... *Riff*
Poem ... *Fibich*
Demoiselle Chic ... *Fletcher*
Summer Afternoon ... *Coates*
Cockney Suite—At the Palais de Danse ... *Ketelbey*
London Bridge March ... *Coates*
Philco Signature Tune.
Hear radio at its best with one of the new Philco models

4.30 p.m.

Worthing, Littlehampton, Brighton and Hove Concert

Part I.—In the Hayfield and In the Office
IN THE HAYFIELD
Rollin' in the Hay ... *Dale*
I Ain't Lazy, I'm Just Dreamin' ... *Franklin*
Riding on a Haycart Home ... *Dale*
Louisiana Hayride ... *Dietz*

IN THE OFFICE
Don't Be Late in the Morning ... *Le Clerq*
I've Got to Get Up and Go to Work ... *Hupfeld*

Tick Tock ... *Vienna*
Try Gettin' a Good Night's Sleep ... *Redman*

5.0 p.m.

Part II—DANCE MUSIC

That's Love—Fox trot ... *Rodgers*
Nasty Man—Fox trot ... *Yellen*
When the Mighty Organ Plays—Klennner
True—Fox trot ... *Samuels*
Whatever your taste in hosiery, it can be met by the wide range of Ballito Pure Silk Stockings.
Madonna Mine—Fox trot ... *Raffaelli*
Just Like Jack, Just Like Jill ... *Decuna*
Negra Bachatera—Rumba ... *Riestra*
Lazy River—Fox trot ... *Carmichael*

5.30—6.0 p.m.

Part III—ORGAN RECITAL

Selection—Rose Marie ... *Friml*
Roses of Picardy ... *Haydn Wood*
Song—Poor Man's Garden ... *Russell*
A Donna Clara.
There's a Ballito Pure Silk Stocking to suit every occasion.
Chanson (In Love) ... *Friml*
Classica ... *arr. Faving*
Song—Tired Hands ... *Sanderson*
Ca c'est Madrid ... *O'Henry*

Evening Programme

PARIS (Poste Parisien)
312 m., 959 Kc./s., 100 kW.

10.30 p.m.

BALLITO CONCERT

TUNES FROM THE TALKIES AND SHOWS
Signature Tune—Happy Feet
Selection—Chu Chin Chow ... *Norton*
Keep Smiling (Three Sisters) ... *Hammerstein*
Like Monday Follows Sunday (Mr. Whittington) ... *Green*
Goodnight, Lovely Little Lady (We're Not Dressing) ... *Gordon*
Signature Tune—Happy Feet.
Complete the smartness of your outfit with Ballito Pure Silk Stockings.

10.45 p.m.

"RADIO PICTORIAL" CONCERT

ORCHESTRAL MUSIC
My Treasure Waltz ... *Beccucci*
Heather Bells ... *Haydn Wood*
Selection—The Chocolate Soldier ... *Oscar Straus*
La Paloma ... *Yradier*
Be sure to ask your newsagent tomorrow for "Radio Pictorial"—on sale every Friday, price 3d.

11.0 p.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

RADIO-NORMANDY—cont.

11.0 p.m. VARIETY

Happy Memories.
Mr. Magician ... *O'Flynn*
Write to Charles Stevens, 204 Worple Road, Wimbledon, S.W.20, for details of tuberculosis treatment.
I Love You Truly ... *Jacobs*
Philco car radio runs off the ordinary car accumulator—no other batteries needed.
Why Can't We? ... *Gay*
Little Man, You've Had a Busy Day ... *Hoffmann*

RADIO-NORMANDY—cont.

11:0 p.m. continued

While the peak prices last sell your old gold to Spinks, 5 King Street, St. James, S.W.1.
Banjo All Sorts.
Try Hungary this year—and enjoy every moment of your holiday.
The Five Year Plan ... *Rutherford*
For news of your favourite radio stars, see this week's "Radio Pictorial."
The Merry-makers' Carnival.

11.30 p.m.

IRISH HOSPITALS SWEEPSTAKES CONCERT

Arranged by the I.B.C. (Ireland), Ltd.
TUNES FROM THE TALKIES AND SHOWS
Signature Tune—Come Back to Erin.
Fair and Warmer (Twenty Million Sweethearts) ... *Dubin*
Racing Selections by the Irish Hospitals Special English Racing Commissioner.
Can't Help Loving dat Man (Show Boat) ... *Kern*
Tinkle Tinkle and Over My Shoulder (Evergreen) ... *Woods*
My Dog Loves Your Dog (George White's Scandals) ... *Henderson*
Pianoforte Selection—Conversation Piece ... *Coward*
My Darling (Circus Princess) ... *Kalman*
Selection—Flying Down to Rio ... *Youmans*
A Nous la Liberte ... *Auric*
Signature Tune—Come Back to Erin.

12 (Midnight)

Club Concert for Portmadoc Listeners

DANCE MUSIC—Part I
Dixie Doorway—Novelty Fox trot ... *Parish*
She Loves Me Not—Fox trot ... *Heyman*
When a Soldier's on Parade ... *Sarony*
Madame Will You Walk ... *Nohain*
It's the Animal In Me—Fox trot ... *Gordon*
Arlene—Waltz ... *Seymour*
Butterfingers—Fox trot ... *Berlin*
Cupid—Fox trot ... *Coslow*
Shadows of Love—Fox trot ... *Kaufman*

I.B.C. Time Signal.

12.30 a.m. Part II
You Have Taken My Heart ... *Mercer*
Love is Love Anywhere—Fox trot ... *Kochler*
An Hour Ago This Minute ... *Green*
La Veeda—Rumba ... *Vincent*
Liebestraum—Fox trot ... *List*
Paddy—Waltz ... *O'Keefe*
Open the Window and Let in the Sun—Fox trot ... *North*
I'm Gonna Take My Mother Out To-night—Fox trot ... *Leon*
When a Woman Loves a Man ... *Mercer*

1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

I.B.C. SHORT WAVE EMPIRE TRANSMISSIONS
E.A.Q. ARANJUEZ
30 m., 10,000 Kc./s., 20 kW.

1.0 a.m. LIGHT MUSIC

Old Timers Medley.
I'll Give Her a Ring ... *Farrar*
Bees Among the Clover ... *Barker*
O! Man River ... *Kern*
Sweet Sue, Just You ... *Harris*
Paris Noel ... *du Perron*
Passion Flower ... *Kennedy*

1.30 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

UNION RADIO, MADRID
274 m., 1095 Kc./s., 15 kW

2.0 a.m. DANCE MUSIC

Good Morning Glory—Fox trot ... *Gordon*
Ridin' 'Round in the Rain ... *Austin*
Cupid—Fox trot ... *Coslow*
If—Waltz ... *Hargreaves*
Rolling in the Hay—Fox trot ... *Boyle*
Night on the Water—Fox trot ... *Clarke*
The Show is Over—Fox trot ... *Dubin*
Spanish Love—Tango ... *Bazan*
You're in My Power—Fox trot ... *Hoffmann*
Ballerina—One step ... *Kennedy*
Little Man, You've had a Busy Day When You've Got a Little Spring-time in Your Heart—Fox trot ... *Woods*
Three of Us—Fox trot ... *Wendling*
Yvonne—Waltz ... *Pola*
At the End of the Day—Fox trot ... *Nesbit*

3.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

Short-wave enthusiasts should tune-in to E.A.Q. Aranjuez. (30 m.) every Sunday at midnight and every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 1 a.m.

Friday September the Twenty-first

**RADIO NORMANDY,
206 m., 1456 Kc./s.**

Morning Programme

11.30 a.m.—12 (Noon)
PHILCO HAPPY HALF-HOUR
 CONCERT OF GRAMOPHONE RECORDS
 Philco Signature Tune.
 The Bohemian Girl Overture ... *Balfe*
Silver Stars Band.
 Let's Have a Basinful of the Briny ... *Buller*
Tommy Handley.
 C. B. Cochran Presents.
 The B.B.C. Dance Orchestra with *Alice*
Delysia and Les Allen.
 Night on the Desert ... *Hill*
Hawaiian Guitar and Wurlitzer Organ.
 Masquerading in the Name of Love ... *Dubin*
Layton and Johnstone.
 White Flower of the Islands ... *Abraham*
Troise and his Mandoliers.
 Gee Whizz ... *Gennin*
Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra.
 Philco Signature Tune.
 Ask your dealer for a demonstration of the new Philco Radio sets.

Afternoon Programme

4.30 p.m. BALLITO CONCERT
 DANCE MUSIC
 Signature Tune—Happy Feet.
 That's Love—Fox trot ... *Rodgers*
 Dreamy Serenade—Fox trot ... *Carr*
 Love is a Song—Waltz ... *Kester*
 Ridin' Around in the Rain ... *Austin*
 Madonna Mine—Fox trot ... *Raffaelli*
 Soft Green Seas—Fox trot ... *Fio Rito*
 Femme et Roses—Tango ... *Cibolla*
 When Tomorrow Comes—Fox trot ... *Kahal*
 Signature Tune—Happy Feet.
 Ballito Pure Silk Stockings combine hard-wearing qualities with perfect fit and finish.

5.0 p.m.
**Bournemouth, Weymouth,
Southampton and Winchester
Concert**
 Part I
Accusations and Admissions
 ACCUSATIONS
 You've a Tiny Little Hair Upon ... *Towers*
 Your Shoulder ... *Towers*
 Ballito Pure Silk Stockings mean better quality at lower cost.
 You're Mine You ... *Green*
 Nasty Man ... *Yellen*
 Butterfingers ... *Berlin*
 ADMISSIONS
 I'm No Angel ... *Ellison*
 There's Nothing Too Good for My Baby ... *Cantor*
 I Can't Remember ... *Berlin*
 You'll be proud of your cakes when you make them with Bargate Self-Raising Flour.
 I'm a Failure ... *Comber*

5.30—6.0 p.m.
 Part II—ORCHESTRAL MUSIC
 Fingal's Cave—Overture ... *Mendelssohn*
 Choose your bicycle from the fine stock at Dowling & Bromley's, 265-7 Shirley Road, Southampton.
 Barcarolle (Tales of Hoffmann) ... *Offenbach*
 Charles Stevens, 204 Worple Road, Wimbledon, S.W.20, offers free book on the treatment of tuberculosis.
 The Merry Wives of Windsor Overture ... *Nicolai*
 Every quality of the fashionable woman demands in her stockings is summed up in one word—Ballito.
 Procession of the Sirdar ... *arr. Finck*
 Valse des Fleurs (Casse Noisette Suite) ... *Tchaikovsky*
 Celenus, the delicious fruit drink, is sold by all good grocers and by Cave & Co., Broad Street, Southampton.
 Dance of the Hours ... *Ponchielli*

Evening Programmes

**PARIS (Poste Parisien),
312 m., 959 Kc./s., 100 kW.**

**10.30 p.m. BILE BEANS
CELEBRITY CONCERT**
(Gramophone Records)
 Signature Tune—Young and Healthy.
 Prelude to Act III, "Arabella" ... *Strauss*
Berlin State Opera Orchestra.
 In a Persian Market ... *Ketelbey*
Peter Dawson and Male Quartet.
 Frasquita Serenade ... *Lehar*
Albert Sandler and Orchestra.
 Pianoforte Solo—Musical Comedy Memories.
Jack Wilson.
 Over My Shoulder and When ... *Woods*
 You've a Little Springtime in ... *Woods*
 In Your Heart ... *Woods*
Leslie Hutchinson.
 Sam, Pick Up Tha' Musket ... *Holloway*
Stanley Holloway.

PARIS—continued

If You Were the Only Girl in the World ... *Grey*
Violet Lorraine and George Robey.
 Teasing Tongue Twisters ... *Grey*
Bobbie Comber.
 Signature Tune—Young and Healthy.
 Renew your health with Bile Beans, the tried and safe remedy

Get a copy of "Radio Pictorial" for all the latest radio gossip and pictures. On sale every Friday, price 3d.
11.0 p.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

RADIO NORMANDY—cont.

11.0 p.m. Talkie Time
 TUNES FROM THE TALKIES AND SHOWS
 Signature Tune—Sittin' in the Dark.
 This Little Piggie Went to Market ... *Porter*
 (Three Girls in a Boat) ... *Porter*
 Turn your old gold to glittering cash at Spinks, 5 King Street, S.W.1.
 The Physician (Nymph Errant) ... *Porter*
 Song of Surrender (Moulin Rouge) ... *Dubin*
 Selection—Conversation Piece.
 An Hour Ago This Minute (Big Business) ... *Green*
 She Didn't Say Yes (The Cat and the Fiddle) ... *Kern*
 For inexpensive and delightful holidays, visit Hungary. Full details from Hungarian and General Travel Bureau, Ltd., 3 Berkeley Street, London, W.1.
 Selection—Princess Charming ... *Kester*
 (The Grasshoppers and the Ants) ... *Morey*
 Racing Selections by the Irish Hospitals Special English Racing Commissioner.
 Signature Tune—Sittin' in the Dark.

11.35 p.m.
"RADIO PICTORIAL" CONCERT
 WALTZ FAVOURITES
 Wine, Women and Song ... *Strauss*
 The Merry Widow ... *Lehar*
 Missouri ... *Shannon*
 Moonlight on the Alster ... *Fetras*
 The Count of Luxembourg ... *Lehar*
 The Maid of the Mountains ... *Fraser Simson*
 The Blue Danube ... *Strauss*
 "Radio Pictorial"—the Radio Fans' paper—is bigger and brighter than ever. On sale every Friday, price 3d.

12 (Midnight)
**Club Concert for
Colwyn Bay Listeners**
 Part I—DANCE MUSIC
 Cupid—Fox trot ... *Coslow*
 Night On the Desert—Fox trot ... *Hill*
 I'll String Along with You ... *Dubin*
 Because It's Love—Fox trot ... *Carr*
 Love's Last Word is Spoken ... *Bixio*
 Sweet and Simple—Fox trot ... *Yellen*
 Oh! Muki, Muki Oh!—Fox trot ... *Hill*
 Over My Shoulder—Fox trot ... *Woods*
 It's All Forgotten Now—Fox trot ... *Noble*

I.B.C. Time Signal.
12.30 a.m. PART II
 We Like a Gay Song—Fox trot ... *Roy*
 Caro Mio—Tango ... *Cibolla*
 In the Court of Old King Cole ... *Boyle*
 Cocktails for Two—Fox trot ... *Johnson*
 Little Man, You've Had a Busy Day ... *Wayne*
 Arlene—Waltz ... *Seymour*
 Little Black Shawl—Fox trot ... *Hill*
 I Love You Truly—Fox trot ... *Jacobs*
 Love, Life and Laughter—Fox trot ... *Haines*

1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

**RADIO VALENCIA
352.9 m., 850 Kc./s., 2 kW.**

Announcer: H. Gordon Box
2.0 a.m. A TRIP TO FRANCE
 Paris Noel ... *Du Perron*
 Monsieur Tricotrin ... *Rawlingson*
 Les Cloches de St. Malo ... *Rimmer*
 Beautiful Nice ... *Latorre*
 Tango de Paques ... *Cuevlier*
 Mademoiselle ... *Nesbitt*
 Mon Amour ... *Paolita*
 Au Revoir ... *Cuevlier*
2.30 a.m. VARIETY
 Fanfare Selection ... *Frazzini*
 Silvery Moon ... *Frazzini*
 The Song of Jealousy ... *Mascheroni*
 I'll Give Her a Ring ... *Farrar*
 Tiger Rag ... *La Rocca*
 You Rascal, You ... *Theard*
 Blaze Away ... *Kennedy*
3.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down

Saturday Sept. the Twenty-second

**RADIO-NORMANDY.
206 m., 1456 Kc./s.**

Morning Programme

11.30 a.m.—12 (Noon)
PHILCO HAPPY HALF-HOUR
 DANCE MUSIC
 Philco Signature Tune.
 I've Had My Moments—Fox trot ... *Kahn*
 True—Fox trot ... *Samuels*
 It's Time to Say Goodnight—Waltz ... *Gibson*
 Tinkle, Tinkle—Fox trot ... *Woods*
 Emaline—Fox trot ... *Parrish*
 Forgive—Tango ... *Pssebaex*
 Madonna Mine—Fox trot ... *Raffaelli*
 I Wish I Were Twins—Fox trot ... *Lange*
 Philco Signature Tune.
Journey's end is quickly reached when your car is equipped with a Philco car radio.

Afternoon Programme

4.30 p.m.
**Tunbridge Wells, Isle of
Thanet, Dover and Folkestone
Concert**
 Part I—VARIETY
(Gramophone Records)
 Hula Blues ... *Noble*
 Just By Your Example ... *Woods*
 Chin Chin Cheerio ... *Frankkau*
 Once in a Blue Moon ... *Gordon*
 Congo Nights ... *Hughes*
 Everybody Loves the Races ... *Mossell*
 When You've Got a Little Spring-time ... *Woods*
 Swing Out ... *Higginbotham*

5.0 p.m.
 Part II—DANCE MUSIC
 Out for no Good—Fox trot ... *Dubin*
 Ballito Pure Silk Stockings range from 2s. to 10s. 6d. In all styles and shades.
 Lazin'—Fox trot ... *Brunelle*
 You Have Taken My Heart—Waltz ... *Jenkins*
 Everytime I Look at You—Fox trot ... *Mort*
 By the Old Wishing Well—Fox trot ... *Pease*
 Live and Love To-night—Fox trot ... *Johnson*
 Why Tell Lies—Tango ... *Redi*
 Old gold is fetching excellent prices at Spinks, 5 King Street, St. James's, S.W.1.
 Little Man You've Had a Busy Day—Slow fox trot ... *Wayne*

5.30—6.0 p.m.
 Part III—LIGHT MUSIC
 Lightning Switch ... *Alford*
 Ballito Pure Silk Stockings give lasting satisfaction.
 Piano Pie ... *Johnson*
 Heaven Help the Sailors ... *Weston*
 Paree ... *Jordan*
 And Yet the World Rolls On ... *Harburg*
 Waltz Echoes ... *Cliff*
 Roll on Blue Moon ... *Cliff*
 For direct deliveries of delicious mineral waters send a postcard to Gilby, Son and Webb, Ltd., Southampton.
 Swing Me Up Higher ... *Mackeben*

Evening Programmes

**PARIS (Poste Parisien),
312 m., 959 Kc./s., 100 kW.**

10.30 p.m. ORCHESTRAL MUSIC
 Love of the Three Oranges ... *Prokofieff*
 Rhapsody in E Flat ... *Brahms*
 Waltzes from "Arabella" ... *Strauss*
 "Radio Pictorial," the Radio Fans' paper is bigger and brighter than ever. Price 3d.
 A Song Before Sunrise ... *Delius*
10.45 p.m. LIGHT MUSIC
 Spanish Life ... *Rizzi*
 The Fairies' Gavotte ... *Kohn*
 Russian Medley ... *Gieger*
 Souvenir d'Ukraine ... *Ferraris*

11.0 p.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

RADIO-NORMANDY—cont.

11.0 p.m.
**I.B.C. Member's Request
Programme**
compiled by
Miss Kathleen Andrews of Gosport,
Hants
THE STORY OF CINDERELLA
 By the Fireside.
 My Wishing Song ... *Kahal*
 An announcement for everyone interested in the treatment of tuberculosis.
 Five Minutes to Twelve.

RADIO-NORMANDY—cont.

After the Ball.
 While the peak prices last, sell your old gold to Spinks, 5 King Street, St. James's, S.W.1.
 I've Got a Shoe ... *Miller*
 I've Found the Right Girl ... *Lupino*
 Whether you are seeking sports or cures, you'll find what you want in Hungary.
 Cinderella's Fella ... *Brown*
 Happy Ending ... *Parr*

**11.30 p.m. IRISH HOSPITALS
SWEEPSTAKES CONCERT**
Arranged by the I.B.C. (Ireland), Ltd.
 MUSIC FROM THE OPERAS
 Signature Tune—Come Back to Erin.
 Overture—The Mastersingers of Nuremberg ... *Wagner*
 Racing Selections by the Irish Hospitals Special English Racing Commissioner.
 Opening Chorus and Easter Hymn (Cavalleria Rusticana) ... *Mascagni*
 Home to Our Mountains (Il Trovatore) ... *Verdi*
 Bridal Procession (Le Coq d'Or) ... *Korsakov*
 Gipsy Song (Carmen) ... *Bizet*
 Selection—H.M.S. Pinafore ... *Sullivan*
 Barcarolle (Tales of Hoffmann) ... *Offenbach*
 Signature Tune—Come Back to Erin.

12 (Midnight) DANCE MUSIC
 Dixie Lee—Fox trot ... *Hill*
 The Lion and the Unicorn ... *Wells*
 Each of Currys' 200 branches is a miniature radio exhibition.
 Love is a Song—Waltz ... *Kester*
 Your old jewellery may be valuable. Take it to Spinks, 5 King Street, S.W.1.
 Night on the Water—Fox trot ... *Clarke*

12.15 a.m.
**GORDON MACKAY
BROADCAST**
 DANCE MUSIC
 Signature Tune—The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo.
 I'll String Along With You ... *Dubin*
 Nasty Man—Fox trot ... *Yellen*
 Where Are You, Dear?—Tango ... *Berto*
 Love Thy Neighbour—Fox trot ... *Gordon*
 Signature Tune—The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo.
 Send a postcard to Gordon Mackay and Co., of Leeds, for Gift Book, Football Pool Coupon, and Free Goods Voucher.

I.B.C. Time Signal.
**12.30 a.m. Club Concert
for Denby Listeners**
 DANCE MUSIC
 Hot Chocolate Soldier—Fox trot ... *Freed*
 Riptide—Fox trot ... *Kahn*
 I Ain't Lazy, I'm Just Dreamin' ... *Franklin*
 She's an Old Fashioned Girl—Waltz ... *Johnson*
 I'm Somebody's Sweetheart Now ... *Morison*
 Souvenir—Tango ... *Porschmann*
 Be Careful—Fox trot ... *de Sylva*
 Homeward—Fox trot ... *Evans*

1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

**I.B.C. SHORT WAVE
EMPIRE TRANSMISSIONS
E.A.Q. ARANJUEZ
30 m., 10,000 Kc./s., 20 kW.**

1.0 a.m. ORCHESTRAL MUSIC
 Light Cavalry Overture ... *Suppe*
 Liebesleid ... *Kreisler*
 Souvenir de Printemps ... *Holbrook*
 Komm Zigany ... *Kalman*
 Intermezzo (Cavalleria Rusticana) ... *Mascagni*
 Nocturne ... *Grieg*

1.30 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

**RADIO BARCELONA,
377 m., 795 Kc./s., 8 kW.**

2.0 a.m. ORCHESTRAL MUSIC
 The Merry Wives of Windsor ... *Nicolai*
 Humoreske ... *Dvorak*
 Cavatina ... *Raff*
 Pas des Fleurs (Nailla) ... *Delibes*
 Songs My Mother Taught Me ... *Dvorak*
 Violin Solo—La Precieuse ... *Couperin*
 Barcarolle ... *Offenbach*
2.30 a.m. LIGHT MUSIC
 Selection—Out of the Bottle ... *Levant*
 Dinah ... *Lewis*
 Second Serenade ... *Heykens*
 Lazin' ... *Brunelle*
 How Ya Getting On ... *Sarony*
 The Canary ... *Poleakin*
 Selection—The Shamrock ... *Myddleton*
3.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

PROGRAMMES IN BRIEF

SEPTEMBER 16th—SEPTEMBER 22nd

PRINCIPAL ITEMS FROM THE TRANSMISSIONS

SUNDAY		MONDAY		TUESDAY	
10.00 a.m. RADIO NORMANDY "A Few Types from America."	9.30 p.m. RADIO NORMANDY Orchestral Music.	11.30 p.m. RADIO NORMANDY Military Band Music.	11.30 a.m. RADIO NORMANDY Dance Music.	11.30 a.m. RADIO NORMANDY Dance Music.	11.30 a.m. RADIO NORMANDY Dance Music.
11.00 a.m. Sacred Music.	10.00 p.m. Old Favourites.	4.30 p.m. Dance Music.	4.30 p.m. "Chestnuts."	5.00 p.m. Dance Music.	4.30 p.m. "Chestnuts."
11.30 a.m. Light Music.	10.30 p.m. PARIS (Poste Parisien) Light Music.	5.00 p.m. "Public Bar."	5.00 p.m. Dance Music.	5.30 p.m. Gramophone Records.	5.00 p.m. Dance Music.
12.30 p.m. RADIO LUXEMBURG Dance Music.	10.30 p.m. RADIO CÔTE d'AZUR (Juan-les-Pins) Musical Comedy and Old-Time Favourites.	5.30 p.m. Orchestral Concert.	5.30 p.m. Orchestral Concert.	10.30 p.m. RADIO LJUBLJANA Dance Music	5.30 p.m. Gramophone Records.
2.00 p.m. Dance Music.	11.00 p.m. PARIS (Poste Parisien) Old Favourites.	10.30 p.m. PARIS (Poste Parisien) Military Band Music.	10.30 p.m. PARIS (Poste Parisien) Military Band Music.	10.30 p.m. PARIS (Poste Parisien) Variety Concert (Records)	10.30 p.m. PARIS (Poste Parisien) Variety Concert (Records)
2.00 p.m. RADIO NORMANDY Celebrity Concert (Records).	11.00 p.m. RADIO CÔTE d'AZUR (Juan-les-Pins) Military Band Music.	10.45 p.m. Light Music.	11.00 p.m. RADIO NORMANDY Talkie Time.	11.00 p.m. RADIO NORMANDY Military Band Music.	11.00 p.m. RADIO NORMANDY Military Band Music.
2.30 p.m. RADIO LUXEMBURG All-Star Variety Concert.	11.30 p.m. RADIO NORMANDY Dance Music.	11.00 p.m. RADIO NORMANDY Talkie Time.	11.30 p.m. In the Club this Week.	11.30 p.m. Light Music.	11.30 p.m. Light Music.
4.30 p.m. RADIO NORMANDY The I.B.C. Nursery Corner.	12 (mid-night) Club Concert for Carnarvon Listeners.	11.30 p.m. In the Club this Week.	12 (mid-night) Club Concert for Llandudno Listeners.	12 (mid-night) Club Concert for Bangor Listeners.	12 (mid-night) Club Concert for Bangor Listeners.
5.00 p.m. PARIS (Poste Parisien) Dance Music by Stanley Barnett and his Orchestra (Records).	12 (mid-night) RADIO CÔTE d'AZUR (Juan-les-Pins) Dance Music.	12 (mid-night) Club Concert for Llandudno Listeners.	2.00 a.m. RADIO SAN SEBASTIAN "After Sundown."	1.00 a.m. E.A.Q. ARANJUEZ Military Band Music.	1.00 a.m. E.A.Q. ARANJUEZ Military Band Music.
6.00 p.m. Orchestral Music.	12 (mid-night) E.A.Q. ARANJUEZ Spanish Music.	2.00 a.m. RADIO SAN SEBASTIAN "After Sundown."	2.30 a.m. Orchestral Music.	2.00 a.m. UNION RADIO, MADRID Dance Music.	2.00 a.m. UNION RADIO, MADRID Dance Music.
6.00 p.m. RADIO NORMANDY Dance Music.	2.00 a.m. UNION RADIO, MADRID Dance Music.	3.00 a.m. Close Down.	3.00 a.m. Close Down.	3.00 a.m. Close Down.	3.00 a.m. Close Down.
6.30 p.m. PARIS (Poste Parisien) Request Programme.	3.00 a.m. Close down.				
8.00 p.m. ROME Dance Music by Roy Fox and his Band (Records).					
WEDNESDAY		THURSDAY		FRIDAY	
11.30 a.m. RADIO NORMANDY Request Programme.	11.00 a.m. RADIO NORMANDY Orchestral Music.	11.30 a.m. RADIO NORMANDY Concert of Gramophone Records.	11.30 a.m. RADIO NORMANDY Dance Music.	11.30 a.m. RADIO NORMANDY Dance Music.	11.30 a.m. RADIO NORMANDY Dance Music.
4.30 p.m. "Musical Newspaper."	4.30 p.m. "In the Hayfield and In the Office."	4.30 p.m. Dance Music.	4.30 p.m. Dance Music.	4.30 p.m. Dance Music.	4.30 p.m. Variety (Records).
5.00 p.m. Dance Music.	5.00 p.m. Dance Music.	5.00 p.m. "Accusations and Admissions."	5.00 p.m. Organ Recital.	5.00 p.m. "Accusations and Admissions."	5.00 p.m. Dance Music.
5.30 p.m. Light Music.	5.30 p.m. Organ Recital.	5.30 p.m. Orchestral Music.	10.30 p.m. PARIS (Poste Parisien) Tunes from the Talkies and Shows.	5.30 p.m. Orchestral Music.	5.30 p.m. Light Music.
10.30 p.m. PARIS (Poste Parisien) Some Requests.	10.30 p.m. PARIS (Poste Parisien) Tunes from the Talkies and Shows.	10.30 p.m. PARIS (Poste Parisien) Celebrity Concert (Records).	10.45 p.m. Orchestral Music.	10.30 p.m. PARIS (Poste Parisien) Celebrity Concert (Records).	10.30 p.m. PARIS (Poste Parisien) Orchestral Music.
11.0 p.m. RADIO NORMANDY Talkie Time.	10.45 p.m. Orchestral Music.	11.00 p.m. RADIO NORMANDY Talkie Time.	11.00 p.m. RADIO NORMANDY Variety (Records)	11.00 p.m. RADIO NORMANDY Talkie Time.	10.45 p.m. Light Music.
11.30 p.m. Dance Music.	11.00 p.m. RADIO NORMANDY Variety (Records)	11.30 p.m. Dance Music.	11.30 p.m. Tunes from the Talkies and Shows.	11.30 p.m. Dance Music.	11.00 p.m. RADIO NORMANDY Request Programme: "The Story of Cinderella."
12 (mid-night) Club Concert for Pwllheli Listeners.	11.30 p.m. Tunes from the Talkies and Shows.	12 (mid-night) Club Concert for Colwyn Bay Listeners.	12 (mid-night) Club Concert for Portmadoc Listeners.	12 (mid-night) Club Concert for Colwyn Bay Listeners.	11.30 p.m. Music from the Operas.
2.00 a.m. RADIO BARCELONA Half-an-Hour with the Gypsies.	12 (mid-night) Club Concert for Portmadoc Listeners.	2.00 a.m. RADIO VALENCIA "A Trip to France."	1.00 a.m. E.A.Q. ARANJUEZ Light Music.	2.00 a.m. RADIO VALENCIA "A Trip to France."	12 (mid-night) Dance Music.
2.30 a.m. A Wagner Programme.	1.00 a.m. E.A.Q. ARANJUEZ Light Music.	2.30 a.m. Variety.	2.00 a.m. UNION RADIO, MADRID Dance Music.	2.30 a.m. Variety.	12.30 a.m. Club Concert for Denby Listeners.
3.00 a.m. Close down.	2.00 a.m. UNION RADIO, MADRID Dance Music.	3.00 a.m. Close down.	3.00 a.m. Close down.	3.00 a.m. Close down.	1.00 a.m. E.A.Q. ARANJUEZ Orchestral Music.
	3.00 a.m. Close down.				2.00 a.m. Orchestral Music.
					2.30 a.m. Light Music.
					3.00 a.m. Close down.

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Tom Jones

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In Praise of Melody

Every radio listener who has an interest in music will be interested in these notes by Cuthbert Reavely.

THERE is hardly a Briton who has not a more or less expert knowledge of at least two subjects—his profession and one or more games.

If I were to allude to Larwood as "Surrey's famous googly bowler," or express my opinion that "Dixie" Dean was the finest goal-keeper that Tottenham Hotspur had ever known, this is the last article of mine that you would ever read. I should be torn to pieces over the week-end!

If only as a nation, we could acquire something of that expertness in our judgment of music, how

much greater would be our enjoyment as listeners!

Without the touch of a master, the finest grand piano and a Stradivarius violin are similarly inept, whilst a melody loses its magic unless it is comparatively well played or sung, or if it falls upon an ear unendowed with a measure of understanding. In this country, the standard of instrumental playing is higher than that of vocalism.

This latter inadequacy is largely the fault of our mentors.

May I say at once, however, that that extraordinary sound emanating from the back of the throat is not singing. Yet it seems to be accepted as such by many, and this fact is strenuously exploited by some of our native warblers, who have founded that remarkable institution, the School of the Back Collar-Stud Bleat, which is such a source of wonder to foreigners.

Put on a record of Caruso's, and you will hear singing in *excellent*. Many listeners doubtless enjoyed the glorious forty-minute commemoration relay, reminiscent of the great tenor's visit to Blackpool.

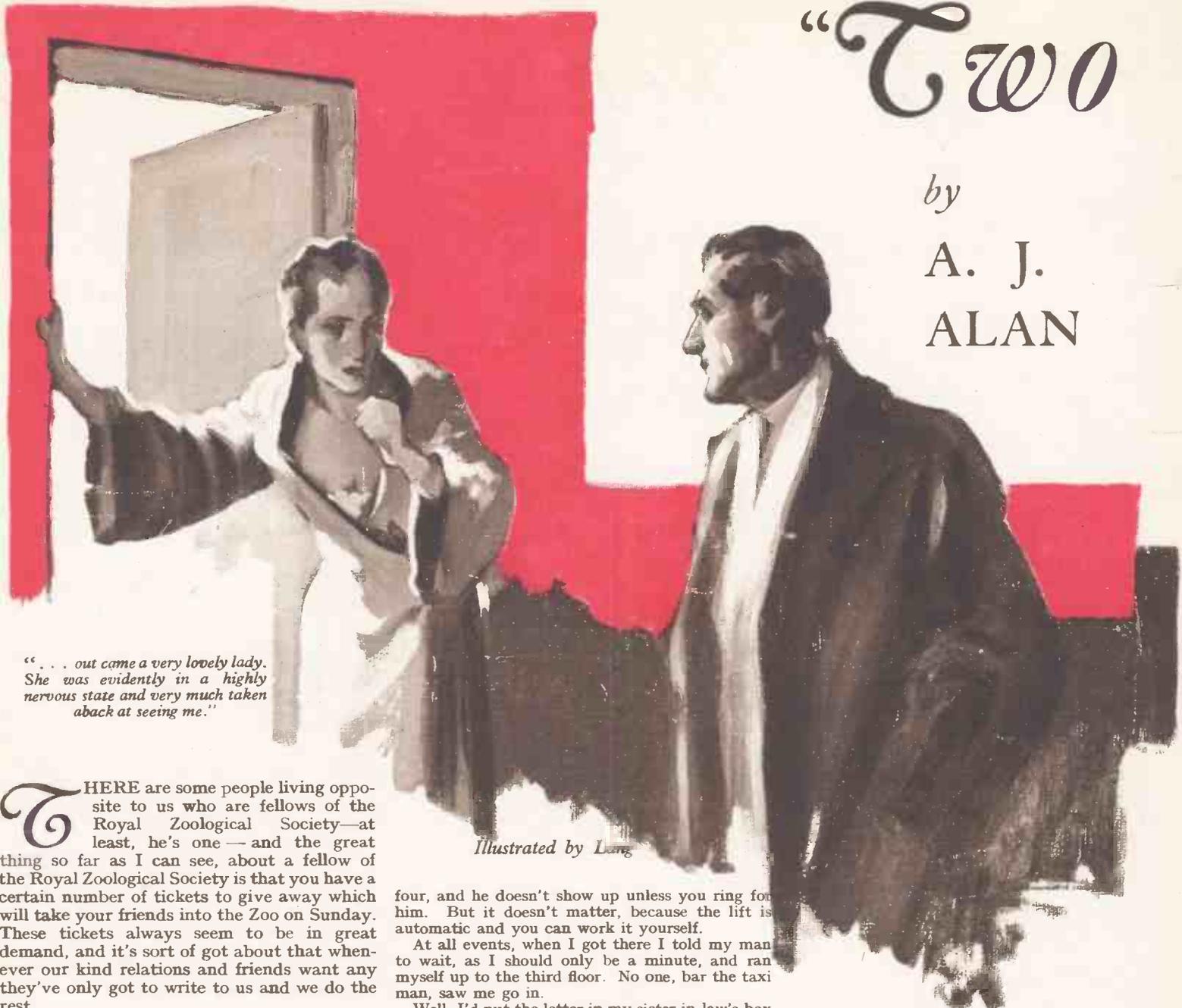
There is no living singer who can be so much

Continued on page 34

"Two

by

A. J.
ALAN



"... out came a very lovely lady. She was evidently in a highly nervous state and very much taken aback at seeing me."

Illustrated by Lang

HERE are some people living opposite to us who are fellows of the Royal Zoological Society—at least, he's one—and the great thing so far as I can see, about a fellow of the Royal Zoological Society is that you have a certain number of tickets to give away which will take your friends into the Zoo on Sunday. These tickets always seem to be in great demand, and it's sort of got about that whenever our kind relations and friends want any they've only got to write to us and we do the rest.

Very well.

About two years ago, on a certain Friday, there was a letter from my wife's sister asking if she could have two tickets for the following Sunday; in other words, the next day but one. She'd got an old nurse coming up to stop with her, and she didn't know what the—how on earth to amuse her.

At any rate, my wife went across during the day and "procured" these tickets and shoved them into an envelope. She then put this envelope on a table there is in our hall where letters are apt to collect, and with luck someone posts them last thing.

It happened to be my turn that night to go to the pillar-box and, as it was raining and I had two wild, plunging dogs to cope with, I put the letters in my overcoat pocket to keep them dry. Now, that's always a stupid thing to do; and when I finally got to the pillar-box I duly posted them all except one. That one, the one remained behind in abeyance, as it were, and I didn't come across it again until the next night—Saturday, that is.

We were coming back from the theatre—in fact, it was even later than that: we'd been out to supper afterwards—and just before we got home I happened to put my hand in my overcoat pocket, and there was this infernal letter. Well, obviously, in this up-to-date country it was no use posting it then; so the only way out was to put my wife down at the house, go on in the taxi and leave it myself, which I proceeded to do.

Now, the flats where my sister-in-law lives are in Gloucester Road, on the right-hand side as you go down. There are four blocks of them; and late at night there's only one hall porter between the

four, and he doesn't show up unless you ring for him. But it doesn't matter, because the lift is automatic and you can work it yourself.

At all events, when I got there I told my man to wait, as I should only be a minute, and ran myself up to the third floor. No one, bar the taxi man, saw me go in.

Well, I'd put the letter in my sister-in-law's box and was walking back towards the lift, when the other front door on the landing opened—there are just the two flats on each floor—and out came a very lovely lady. She was evidently in a highly nervous state and very much taken aback at seeing me.

She said: "Are you a doctor, by any chance?" Why, goodness only knows. I mean, I've never been accused of looking like a doctor, but it may have been because I hadn't got a hat on. Anyway, I said: "No, I'm not; but I can soon get hold of one. What's the matter?" She said: "Oh, an absolutely appalling thing has happened and I simply don't know what to do. I wonder if you'd come in and see for yourself." So we went in and she took me through to her drawing-room. I hadn't time to notice much about it except that it was all very gorgeous. There was a big arm chair by the fire and in it was sitting a middle-aged man. He had grey hair and was rather inclined to fat. His collar and tie were undone and his shirt front was open, and he'd got his chin right down on his chest. I didn't like the look of him at all. I went across and touched him and then felt his pulse as a matter of form, and then turned to her.

She said: "I suppose he is dead, isn't he?" I said: "I'm afraid he is, quite. How did it happen? Who is he? Is he your husband or what?" She said he wasn't her husband. He was merely an old friend, and he'd happened to drop in after dinner. She hadn't even been expecting him—so she said—and they'd been just talking and he'd suddenly said, "Oh!" and fallen forward, and he hadn't moved since. This had been about an hour before, and it struck me as a little

peculiar that she hadn't sent for help earlier. She'd tried various things—brandy, sal volatile, and so on—but without any effect. She was frightfully upset, naturally; but I rather gathered that it wasn't the shock it might have been, because he'd had a groggy heart for years, and he'd always been warned that something of this kind might happen, but it was quite dreadful enough.

I did my best to calm her down, and said she'd done everything possible; but that wasn't quite it. Her chief trouble seemed to be that she was all alone in the flat. I said, "Good gracious, don't let that worry you," and I told her that I had a perfectly good sister-in-law about five yards off who'd be only too pleased to take her in for the rest of the night, and that as soon as she'd gone there I'd do the telephoning. I explained that a doctor would have to be sent for and, of course, that her friend's people ought to be told. There were also certain other formalities which would have to be complied with.

Well, I could see that she didn't like that idea at all. She hesitated a bit and then she said "Yes, but the moment you do that everyone will know that he died here." I said: "Of course they will, but it can't be helped. It's not your fault. The poor feller had to die somewhere, and it's just rotten bad luck that it happened at your place." But she seemed so extra bothered about it that I asked her if it was going to make a great deal of difference, and she said it was—an awful lot. She then told me who they were—who she was and who he was—and I couldn't help seeing that it did make the situation extremely delicate. She

Zoo Tickets -- "

was very highly placed in Society and she had the best of reasons for not wanting to get into the papers just then; certainly not over an affair like that. And he was the very devil.

To begin with, he was quite a distinguished foreign statesman of international renown and at the moment, he was supposed to be at Geneva. Instead of that, he'd flown across to London that afternoon and was staying at his Legation on the quiet. I thought: "My hat, won't the Foreign Office be pleased." They simply love episodes like that with diplomatic privilege and I don't know what cropping up, and this had the makings of a first-class row; but it didn't alter the case. I said: "All right, I grant you that it is a ghastly mess, but it's bound to come out; and that means we shall have to be all the more careful to do the right thing." But I couldn't make her see it and she began to be downright tiresome. She said: "Yes, but why has it got to come out? If he'd died at home, instead of here, there'd have been no trouble at all." I said: "No, I dare say there wouldn't; but he didn't die at home and he did die here; so what's the use of talking?" But that didn't stop her; she went on for as long as you like, and she finally came out with her disgraceful proposition—not that I hadn't seen it coming.

She said: "Why can't you take him back to the Ser—his Legation and pretend he died on the way?" I said: "My dear, good, sweet lady, don't be ridiculous. This is England. You can't go moving people about like that. There are any amount of regulations on the subject." She said: "Oh, are there? Then, perhaps you'll answer me this. Have you ever heard of anyone being had up for doing anything of the kind?" And I had to admit that I hadn't. As a matter of fact, I knew of two cases in which it had been done, with complete success (and it saved no end of trouble), but I wasn't going to tell her that. I said: "No, I can't give you an actual instance, but it stands to reason that it must be against the law." She said: "There you are. You don't actually know and, in any case, it can only be a purely technical offence." I thought "Technical be blown!"; but, on the other hand, she put it to me quite frankly that if there was to be a scandal she didn't intend to face it, and that if I wouldn't help her or someone didn't she was going to—well—do away with herself, and she looked as though she meant it.

Now, honestly, what was one to do?

If she'd stormed or had hysterics it would have been easy. One could have walked out on her or rung up the police, as the case might be, with a clear conscience. But she didn't. She was calm and cool, but completely desperate, and it was no good arguing. I said: "Oh, very well, let's talk about it and see if anything can be done; but there is one thing I think I'm entitled to know first, and you mustn't mind my asking. Is this a genuine case of heart or not? Can you give me any sort of proof?" And she said: "Well, I don't know that I can, but if you look in his waistcoat pocket you should find a little tube of pills which he takes, and there may be a label or something on them. And sure enough there was, and the name of the stuff was natibaine.

Now, natibaine is a drug which does contain digitalis, but it's a foreign drug and she couldn't possibly have guessed—I mean the chances against her finding anyone on her doorstep who'd even heard of it were so enormous that I was bound to accept it as evidence. So I said: "Good enough, as regards that. Now the next thing is—supposing—only supposing, mind you, that we were to make some foolhardy attempt to take your friend home, and it didn't come off, what lines would you take?" And she said: "Oh, in that case I should, of course, come forward and swear that he was alive when he left here; but I do want to try this one chance first, and I'm sure you'll manage it quite all right." (It's wonderful what a lot of confidence some women seem to have in total strangers.)

Anyhow, to cut a long story short, I finally said: "Well, look here; this is against all the rules, but

I've got a taxi waiting at the door. If you'll help me, I'll try to get him into it somehow. We shall have to pretend he's only ill. After that, goodness knows what'll happen." She said: "It's more than kind of you" (or words to that effect), and I thought so, too.

It may sound a trifle weak to have given in so easily, but you must take my word for it that the circumstances were just about as extenuating as they could be. She produced his hat and coat, and we put them on, and then carried him to the lift. This was comparatively easy, with no one about. My hands were rather full, so it was she who pressed the button and down we all went; but we didn't stop at the ground floor—we went on into the basement. I said: "You must have made a mistake." She swore she hadn't and pressed "Ground Floor" again. I saw her do it. This time we went up to the first floor; and, do you know, we played that amusing game "the next train passes," up and down, for about five minutes, and I remember thinking: "A little more of this and we shall wake the night porter, and then what?" But it didn't come to that.

We found that the control (the switch thing) was out of order, and you had to keep your thumb firmly pressed on "Ground Floor" or else you didn't stop there. At all events, we did eventually manage to get out, and we started off down the corridor which led to the front door. That part of the journey was entirely horrible, and how I cursed the Zoo. We didn't dare turn any lights on and there were two steps half-way along we'd forgotten about—marble ones. We didn't exactly fall down, but we stumbled—all of us. But I must say the experience was useful. I mean, we found out on the way how difficult it was going to be to give anything like a convincing display in public. I said: "If the taximan says

anything we shall have to tell him that your friend is completely paralysed, because nothing else will be the slightest good." Anyway, when we got to the glass doors at the entrance we put him down, and I crept out very cautiously to see how the land lay.

As far as the taxi was concerned it lay extremely well. The man was fast asleep with his head on his arms, across his steering wheel, but coming up the road was a bobby, shining his little light into all the doorways, and we had to wait while he went by. Incidentally, I've never seen anything move more slowly, but when he'd gone we did our quick dash across to the cab, and it couldn't have gone better. The job was done before the driver was properly awake. With a little more luck he wouldn't have seen my lady friend at all. As it was, he just did, when she was saying good night; but he didn't know that there was anyone else in his cab besides me. I told him where to go and we started off.

So far so good. All I had to do now was to make sure that the Legation people took him in, which was most important. Once they'd done that, they'd be up a gum tree, because the question of extra-territoriality would come in, and to all intents and purposes he'd be on foreign soil. You have no idea how involved it all is. The law of England doesn't apply. It's splendid. Why, even if they find a burglar in an embassy or a legation they've got to shovel him out on to the pavement before a policeman can touch him. I had some inkling of all this and I was rather counting on it to help.

When we stopped at the house I got out and rang the bell. Nothing happened for a bit, and then the door was opened by a sleepy foreign individual in shirt and trousers. I asked him if Mr. X was stopping there, and he said he was, but that he didn't think he was in. I said: "I know he isn't, because I've got him with me." By this time various other foreigners in dressing-gowns and things seemed to be appearing and getting agitated, and I explained to them that as I was coming along Cromwell Road I'd found the old gentleman holding on to a lamp post, evidently feeling very ill. He'd managed to give me his name and address, and I'd brought him along, as one would. They were frightfully obliged and concerned

(Continued on page 36)

Hullo, Children AUNT BELINDA'S Children's Corner

DEAR NIECES AND NEPHEWS,
It is a long time since Lady Tree had given a programme in the Hour, and I was interested to see that she fashioned her new one "Something Young and Something Older" on the lines that "Mac" has adopted since last Christmas of catering for the very small nieces and nephews as well as for the eighties to fifties. Lady Tree is very busy these days rehearsing for the new play at His Majesty's Theatre. This Theatre must be full of proud memories for her, for it was here that her late husband, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree produced success after success some years ago. Her daughter, Viola Tree, is carrying on the

family tradition and is playing opposite to Reginald Purdell in the new musical comedy at the Saville Theatre.

I hear that Arthur Davenport's play, "A Country Holiday," has been published, so there is some excellent material for any of you who want to take part in the lovely game of "Let's Pretend."

Which reminds me that Helen Alston, whose songs at the piano you all know so well, loves acting. She tells me that one of the parts she has most enjoyed playing was that of a small boy—and a naughty one at that!—in "Eric—or Little by Little." She has broadcast nearly 300 times and in all kinds of programmes.

You will probably be interested to hear that Maynard Grover, who set so many of "Mac's" lyrics to music for the Children's Hour (especially "The Worm"!) has been chosen to represent Midland Composers in a programme next week. He has written three new songs specially for the occasion.

Bruce Belfrage and I were chatting the other day when I walked Bryan Powley. He it was who gave those very clever imitations in one of the programmes last week. I have known Bryan for some time, and wishing to be polite, turned to Bruce and said, "Do you know Bryan Powley?" Bruce roared with laughter! I couldn't see any joke, so when he at last "reverted to normal" I asked what was the matter. "Bryan's my uncle!" was the somewhat disconcerting reply!

Until next week,
AUNT BELINDA.



PROGRAMME HEADLINES of the WEEK



Anne Broadhurst
(Sept. 16, 12.30 p.m., National)

NATIONAL

SUNDAY (Sept. 16).—A Religious Service, relayed from Barking Parish Church.
 MONDAY (Sept. 17).—Golden Dragon City, a play by Lord Dunsany.
 TUESDAY (Sept. 18).—Promenade Concert, relayed from Queen's Hall, London.



Eugene Pini
(Sept. 17, 7.15 p.m., London Regional)

WEDNESDAY (Sept. 19).—Concert Party programme.
 THURSDAY (Sept. 20).—Promenade Concert, relayed from the Queen's Hall, London.
 FRIDAY (Sept. 21).—Students' Songs—choral programme.
 SATURDAY (Sept. 22).—The Last Load Home, feature programme.

LONDON REGIONAL

SUNDAY (Sept. 16).—Orchestral concert.



Tessa Deane
(Sept. 18, 8 p.m., London Regional)

Dance Music of the Week

Monday. Lew Stone (B.B.C. Studios).
Tuesday. Sydney Kyte and his Band (Piccadilly Hotel).
Wednesday. Sydney Lipton and his Band (Grosvenor House).
Thursday. The B.B.C. Dance Orchestra, directed by Henry Hall (the B.B.C. studios).
Friday. Harry Roy and his Band (May Fair Hotel).
Saturday. Casani Club Orchestra, directed by Charlie Kunz (Casani's Club).

MONDAY (Sept. 17).—Concert Party programme.
 TUESDAY (Sept. 18).—The Mogul and the Coliseum, feature programme.
 WEDNESDAY (Sept. 19).—Promenade Concert, relayed from Queen's Hall, London.
 THURSDAY (Sept. 20).—The Skin Game, a tragi-comedy, by John Galsworthy.
 FRIDAY (Sept. 21).—Promenade Concert, relayed from Queen's Hall, London.
 SATURDAY (Sept. 22).—Brass Band concert.



Sir Dan Godfrey
(Sept. 19, 3.15 p.m., National)

MIDLAND REGIONAL

SUNDAY (Sept. 16).—Free Church Service, relayed from the Methodist Central Hall, Birmingham.
 MONDAY (Sept. 17).—Military Band programme.
 TUESDAY (Sept. 18).—Concert Party, relayed from Skegness.
 WEDNESDAY (Sept. 19).—A Light Musical Entertainment.
 THURSDAY (Sept. 20).—Light Music by Midland Composers, orchestral concert.

FRIDAY (Sept. 21).—Trial for the Flitch, relayed from Bourne, Lincs.
 SATURDAY (Sept. 22).—Samuel Johnson—a programme to mark the anniversary of his birth, relayed from Lichfield.

NORTH REGIONAL

SUNDAY (Sept. 16).—Roman Catholic Service, relayed from the Holy Name Church, Manchester.
 MONDAY (Sept. 17).—Orchestral concert.
 TUESDAY (Sept. 18).—Muggleston on the Map, a Municipal Mockery, feature programme.
 WEDNESDAY (Sept. 19).—Variety, relayed from Blackburn.



Mantovani
(Sept. 19, 6.30 p.m., London Regional)

THURSDAY (Sept. 20).—Orchestral concert, relayed from Blackpool.
 FRIDAY (Sept. 21).—Carnival Follies, concert party, relayed from St. Annes-on-Sea.
 SATURDAY (Sept. 22).—Brass Band concert.

WEST REGIONAL

SUNDAY (Sept. 16).—A Baptist Service, relayed from Orchard Place Church, Neath.
 MONDAY (Sept. 17).—The Trial of Samuel Goodere and Matthew Mahony, a dramatic reconstruction by Cyril Wood of a famous West Country Trial.



Olive Kavann
(Sept. 16, 4.30 p.m., London Regional)

TUESDAY (Sept. 18).—A Bristol Concert to celebrate the Opening of the Bristol Studios, with opening ceremony by the Lord Mayor of Bristol.

WEDNESDAY (Sept. 19).—Choral Concert, relayed from Morriston.
 THURSDAY (Sept. 20).—A Concert of Welsh Contemporary Music.
 FRIDAY (Sept. 21).—Concert Party, relayed from Ilfracombe.
 SATURDAY (Sept. 22).—Variety, relayed from Newport.

SCOTTISH REGIONAL

SUNDAY (Sept. 16).—Scottish Religious Service, relayed from Govan Old Parish Church, Glasgow.
 MONDAY (Sept. 17).—Band concert.
 TUESDAY (Sept. 18).—Meal and Ale, a harvest programme, relayed from Kintore.
 WEDNESDAY (Sept. 19).—Variety, relayed from the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh.
 THURSDAY (Sept. 20).—Highland Music, relayed from Inverness.
 FRIDAY (Sept. 21).—Concert Party, relayed from Aberdeen.
 SATURDAY (Sept. 22).—Reel Time, instrumental concert.

BELFAST

SUNDAY (Sept. 16).—Service, relayed from St. James's Parish Church, Belfast.



Frank Thomas
(Sept. 17, 1.15 p.m., National)

MONDAY (Sept. 17).—Music by Camille Saint Saens, orchestral concert.
 TUESDAY (Sept. 18).—A Relay from the Empire Theatre, Belfast.
 WEDNESDAY (Sept. 19).—The Buried Bride, the dramatised version of an actual happening in County Tyrone, by Wilson Guy.
 THURSDAY (Sept. 20).—The Skin Game, a tragi-comedy by John Galsworthy.
 FRIDAY (Sept. 21).—Orchestral concert.
 SATURDAY (Sept. 22).—Echoes of Ulster, feature programme.

Radio Times gives full B.B.C. programme details

What Listeners

We give a Guinea for the best letter each week!

Think...



★ Dance Music Experts

ALTHOUGH at all times a great admirer of the sterling musical qualities possessed by the B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra, I cannot help feeling that it is out of place accompanying certain acts in the variety programmes. I refer to that type of act that exploits, in song or instrumental solo, modern dance music, a thing which is beyond the scope of the 'straight' player, who has not been schooled in the subtleties of modern dance rhythms.

"I should like to suggest that there should be included in the new Variety Orchestra seven musicians with vast experiences in dance music. I further suggest that the instruments in the dance section should be drums, piano, string bass, trumpet, trombone, saxophone, doubling clarinet, and violin.

"That this would be justified and popular has, I think, been proved. Consider the success achieved by the 'Soft Lights and Sweet Music' series—with the accompanists all first-class dance musicians."—*Ronald J. C. Young, Royston, Herts.*

(A cheque for one guinea has been forwarded to this reader, winner of the guinea "star" this week.)

S. P. B. M. Criticised

In the 'R.P.' of August 25, I read S. P. B. Mais' article on 'Advertising on the Air.' As a means of calling to our attention certain articles of merchandise, the idea is admirable, but, don't you think that listeners, comprising as they do, 75 per cent. working people, want entertainment and not a perpetual reminder of the commercial aspect of life? I have every respect for S. P. B. Mais and his travel talks, but I think he is now treading on strange ground."—*P. Willis, W.12.*

CATHERINE KEARSLEY'S ORIGINAL

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Prompt and Reliable for Ladies.

Awarded Certificate of Merit, A Well-known & Valuable Remedy for Female Complaints & for Anæmia. 1s. 3d. & 5s. of all Chemists, or post free 1s. 4d. & 3s. 2d. from

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REFUSE ANY PILLS NOT KEARSLEY'S
Please mention "Radio Pictorial"

T.B. — "THE DOOM OF 150,000 PEOPLE"

is the title of a book recently published containing letters appealing to the Ministry of Health for an official test of Umckaloabo to prove whether or not it can be looked upon as a remedy or cure for the disease of Tuberculosis. It is well worth reading, and a copy of it will be sent free of charge to anyone applying for same to—

CHAS. H. STEVENS,

204 WORPLE ROAD, WIMBLEDON, S.W.20.

£100 would not buy RELIEF



No victim of Stomach or Nerve Trouble can fail to be infused with New Hope at the magnificent tribute to Yeast-Vite which we publish to-day. It is penned by one whose whole life was ruined by these dread afflictions.

The lady whose letter is published below suffered for 20 YEARS!—tried EVERYTHING and spent over £100 in trying to get relief, with no result. Then she took Yeast-Vite. The result was marvellous. She Was Better After The First Few Doses. Fancy, £100 Failed to Bring Relief

BUT 1/3 DID!

Kensington.

Gentlemen,—As a sufferer of over 20 years from severe MORNING SICKNESS and NERVE TROUBLE, it may interest you to know that your Yeast-Vite Tablets have cured me.

The sickness has often been for hours every morning and continued until the strain was so great that I was practically unable to attend to any business. I HAVE BEEN UNDER TREATMENT AND AT LAST TO A NURSING HOME FOR FIVE WEEKS, WHICH COST ME OVER £100. A fortnight after leaving there I was just as bad as ever.

I have tried every remedy with no result, until I took Yeast-Vite Tablets. I WAS BETTER AFTER THE FIRST FEW DOSES and have continued so ever since.

This is only a few weeks ago and I have had no return of the old trouble. In fact, I not only feel well, but I eat a good breakfast, which I have not done for many years.

I shall continue to take Yeast-Vite, but write this as a small appreciation from one who has suffered.

I am, Yours faithfully,

(Sgd.) E. R.

NO CURE —NO PAY

Simply obtain a 1/3 bottle of YEAST-VITE Brand Quick Tonic Tablets from any Chemist. Try the treatment at our risk and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY, and TONIC PROPERTIES of YEAST-VITE, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase and your money will be refunded in full.

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- NERVE PAINS - - IN 5/15 MINS.
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- DEPRESSION - - IN 10/20 MINS.
- "NERVES" - - IN 10/20 MINS.
- INDIGESTION - - IN 15/30 MINS.
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BRAND TABLETS

T.C.B.



This sophisticated hat is in black felt, with a white bird poised on the front of the crown

JANE CARR
ON
TOOTHBRUSH DRILL

THE people whose faces are at their best in repose can close their lips firmly and leave it at that. But a smile immediately reveals the dazzling perfection—or not, as the case may be—of our teeth. So that, apart from all reasons of health, it behoves us to spend two minutes at least three times a day on our teeth.

After every meal is the golden rule, so that the evil effects of all the soft rich foods we eat can be immediately neutralised. So much of our civilised too-well-cooked meals lack the necessary elements to build up the tissues of the teeth. Strong and beautiful teeth need plenty of eggs (which, by the way, contain full measure of the essential vitamin D); also milk, butter, vegetables—the turnip and carrot kind as well as green ones—and whole-grain cereals.

Just enough attention to your diet to see that it includes plenty of these things is not a fad—it is necessary to preserve your teeth in good condition. And pastries and sweets are the things to go slow on.

The whole "beauty-box" of preparations for your teeth includes two tooth-brushes—yes, two, so that they can be thoroughly dried before re-use—a good dentifrice, and a mouth-wash, for cleaning and freshening. A good way to use the wash is first as a gargle; then roll it round your mouth to exercise the mouth and cheek muscles.

Your brush should have fairly stiff bristles of various sizes, and when new it is advisable to place it in boiling water or disinfectant for five minutes. Another important matter—see that you have new tooth brushes every two months or so. Otherwise you will be wasting all the hard work you put into your brush-drill.

Which reminds me that there is a right way and a wrong way of brushing your teeth—and the way *not* to follow is the backwards and forwards method, which cannot reach the crevices and does practically no good at all. Your brush should move either in a see-saw or a rotary direction, and the backs of your teeth must not be left out either. And, remember, that in addition to the brushing you do yourself—which, by the way, can only reach two-thirds of the area taken up by the teeth—a dentist's cleaning is a necessity two or three times a year.

Massage for the gums is another most important factor in the general health of your mouth. This is done with your toothbrush in a rotary direction to stimulate circulation and increase the resistance of the tissues.

Jane Carr.

The WOMAN

FASHION · · · COOKERY

THIS WEEK'S
FIVE SHILLING HINTS

Five shillings for every "hint" published in these columns. Have you sent yours to "Margot"?

Write to "MARGOT" About It

If you are worried over any household or domestic problems, then tell your troubles to "Margot." Fashion, cookery, and home-craft, to mention only a few examples, can be dealt with in this service. Send stamped addressed envelope for reply to "Margot," RADIO PICTORIAL, 58-61 Fetter Lane, E.C.4.

TO CLEAN MARBLE

Marble mantelpieces which have become dirty and stained can be cleaned with a paste made of whiting and hot soda water. Dissolve the soda in the water first before adding the whiting. Make the paste thick and cover the marble with it. Then leave it on until it has dried, when it can be removed with a damp cloth. Polish with a soft duster.

COFFEE STAINS

Coffee stains can be taken out quite easily if they are treated immediately—provided, that is, that the material is washable. Cover the stain with borax then stretch the fabric tightly over the mouth of a basin and pour boiling water through it.

A FEW USES FOR VINEGAR

When the shops are shut, the housewife should have recourse to the kitchen cupboard, where she will find that ordinary household goods, especially vinegar, will supply a number of her needs.

A weak solution of vinegar and water is excellent for dabbing on insect bites to take away the inflammation. To freshen a sick room, put a few coals on a shovel and sprinkle them with vinegar. Rub your joints with vinegar in hot weather to keep it fresh; it also keeps away flies.

Vinegar mixed with water is a good polisher for windows and furniture; mixed with methylated spirit it removes ink from furniture. Glass jugs and vases can be kept crystal clear if cleaned with vinegar and tea leaves.

A sponge will never become slimy if it is washed occasionally in vinegar and hot water.

Dark-haired people should add vinegar to the rinsing water when washing their hair to keep it healthy and glossy. And when washing clothes coloured green or pink a teacupful of vinegar added to the rinsing water will keep the colours from running.

DELICIOUS MARROW JAM

Here is a recipe for clear, syrupy marrow jam. Take some nice young marrows, peel them and remove the seeds, and cut them into thin slices and then fine shreds. Make a syrup with 1 lb. of demerara sugar to 1 pint of water (allowing 2 quarts of syrup to 6 lb. of marrow) and pour it, boiling, over the marrow. Allow them to soak for two days and nights. Then strain off the syrup. Allow 1 lb. of loaf sugar to 1 lb. of marrow, the rind and juice of 1 lemon, and 1 oz. of whole ginger tied up in muslin. Place together in a saucepan and boil until clear. A small glass of brandy added at the last moment improves the flavour. Pour into jars and tie down.



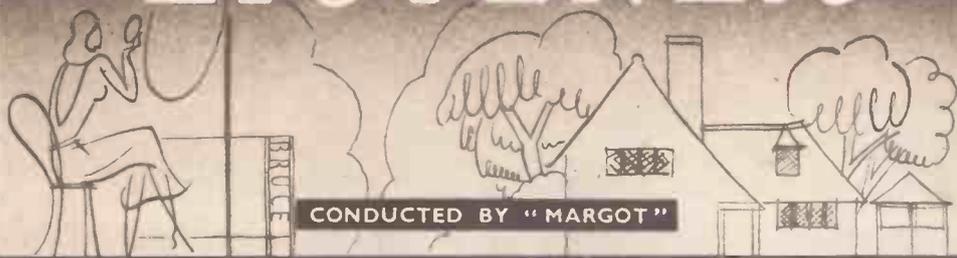
The "Grippett" comes in useful for lifting out boiled puddings, washing-up, and taking clothes out of the copper. Price 1s.

Margot



This charming frock is in brown and gold check knit-wear, with cream collar and cuffs. A Zarla model Photograph by Blake

LISTENER



BEAUTY . . . HOMECRAFT

MRS. R. H. BRAND
invents
SOME SAVOURY DISHES

MINCE COLLOPS

Ingredients.—1 lb. of steak; ¼ lb. fat; 2 oz. fresh bread-crumbs; 1 onion; pepper and salt; 1 oz. dripping; ½ pint of stock; Worcester sauce.

Mince the steak and fat together and chop the onion finely; put the dripping into a saucepan and when it is smoking hot fry the onion in it for a few seconds, then add the steak and let it brown. Stir all the time with a wooden spoon, taking care the meat does not go into lumps; add salt, pepper and stock (hot).

Allow the meat to simmer very gently for 1½ hours at least, then mix in the bread-crumbs (these will soak up any liquid fat there may be) and a little Worcester sauce or ketchup. Cook for a further 20 minutes. Serve on a hot dish with a border of boiled macaroni, rice or mashed potatoes.

SUMMER STEW

Ingredients.—1 lb. of peas; ½ lb. each of young carrots, turnips, potatoes and tiny onions; some thick slices of cold cooked mutton; pepper and salt; ½ pint of thickened gravy.

Prepare the vegetables for cooking and if small, leave them all whole. Get a large saucepan of boiling water and boil the carrots for 10 minutes, then add the turnips and onions and cook all together for further 20 minutes. The peas must be boiled for 10 minutes only and may be added to the rest of the vegetables. Drain thoroughly. The potatoes do not require previous cooking; should they be large, cut into thick slices, if small leave whole.

Get a casserole or large pie-dish, put some vegetables at the bottom, cover with slices of meat, season each layer with pepper and salt, repeat these layers until the dish is full, finishing with vegetables; pour in the gravy which must be cold.

Cover closely and cook in a very slow oven for 2 hours.

STEAK AND BACON ROLL

Ingredients.—1½ lb. of steak; ¾ lb. of bacon; 6 oz. fresh bread-crumbs; 1 egg; 2 tablespoonfuls of stock or water; 2 small onions; 1 teaspoonful of mixed herbs; pepper and salt.

Mince finely the meat, bacon and onion together and put them into a basin with the bread-crumbs and herbs; beat the egg and add to it the stock, stir into the meat, adding another egg or more stock if the mixture seems too stiff, season highly with pepper and salt.

Shape into a thick roll and put into a floured pudding cloth, roll up allowing room for swelling, tie the ends tightly and sew up the join to prevent the water from getting in.

Have ready a large saucepan full of boiling water, put in an inverted saucer and place the roll over it. Boil gently for four hours.

Bellina Brand.



If the bottom of a flower vase is porous, give it a coat of enamel

JEANNE DE CASALIS on THE AUTUMN MODE

WE come to that exciting moment in Fashion's story, the end of one season and the beginning of another. Already in early August, Paris was being shown the first designs for Autumn, and by now the essential characteristics of the clothes we shall soon be wearing have declared themselves.

To run over the "points" of the new mode. Slits are a new departure and remarkably smart, from the waist-deep slit front evening décolleté, and the slit down the back of day dresses, to the slits that make themselves very apparent on skirts, either at the sides or the front, to show the wearer's legs to the knee. For evening wear, especially, slit skirts of black velvet will be seen with knee-length tunics of chiffon striped with velvet or dull lamé.

The new silhouette is slim—that goes without saying—with perfectly flat shoulders achieved by raglan yokes; basques, where they are used, also perfectly flat. Necklines tend to be low in front, either a deep, wide square, or a deep, narrow V.

Covered shoulders in the evening are still, however, the rule—fortunately, as autumn draws near. Most evening dresses have sleeves or sleeve-effects of one kind or another—collars, berthas, frills, capes, and so on. Feathers, by the way, are going to be seen much of this winter.

Trains, after a brief season of glory, have now disappeared from the new season's dresses. Instead, skirts are even all-round, or just a little lower at the back than at the front.

Jeanne de Casalis

JUNE CAREY'S COLUMN

GLOVES AND HANDBAGS

NEVER have gloves played so interesting and exciting a part in our general dress scheme as now. By the choice of the right ones, you can give yourself all the appearance of an entirely new turnout! Let me tell you about the fascinating ones I have seen.

There is a craze for gloves in taffeta, velvet piqué and cotton and silk fabrics—some with gauntlets so big they look like sleeves; but all the new gloves have gauntlets long enough to ruck well over the cuffs of your coat or frock. Even the simplest washing suède have amusing wristlet-ends in all sorts of queer designs and shapes. Nothing can beat these, of course, to wear with a navy blue outfit, especially if there is a touch of white on hat and blouse to match.

Washing suède can be had in most colours, including grey and beige, both of which are immensely smart just now. I saw the most fetching pair of grey gloves with huge bow-effects on the wrists, and a scarf to match. They would be the making of any suit. There was a sister set in green with marvellous wristlets of burgundy red in a quaint new design—most attractive!

Such a delicious pair, I saw, too, of white ottoman silk to go with a black ottoman silk coat and skirt. Plaid taffeta gloves give a gay, up-to-



Gloves with ornamented gauntlets as worn by Miss Cora Goffin, charming screen and radio actress

date effect to any dark suit or ensemble, and so do the sets of blue *crêpe de chine* or foulard ones with monster spot-designs in white or colours.

Handbags to Match

These fabric gloves demand, naturally, a handbag to match, and so handbags have adopted spots and plaids, as you will see if you look in any of the smart shop windows. Some of the new gloves have the spotted idea carried out in perforations in the leather. I have seen some stunning ones like this in grey, plaid-silk or velvet; in navy blue, and all white.

Another idea is white kid bags with wavy stripe-designs picking up the colours of the gloves and tartan linings. Gay linings are a feature of all the up-to-date bags and gloves.

Then there are cruising gloves with matching cravat ties, knitted in wool, with spot designs to tone. These are tremendously effective especially when worn with a white coat and skirt. The blouse should be made of spotted fabric to match gloves and scarf.

June Carey



Did you hear the Welsh miners giving their broadcast from the B.B.C.? Half an hour previously they were singing for coppers in the streets of London. They were brought to the B.B.C. microphone by Mr. J. C. Cannell, (third from left) who assists in the "In Town To-night" series and brings new people to the "mike."

Red Tabs

Continued from page Twenty

Sir John. Then, if he persists, the responsibility is his without question.

GORE: Thank you. But you know I don't really care what posterity thinks of me according to future histories of this war.

LIVINGSTONE: I was thinking less of posterity than of the War Office.

EDWARDS: I think you might give the General credit for thinking of very little but the lives of his men.

LIVINGSTONE: That wouldn't be altogether complimentary, Edwards. How about that sense of proportion?

BRETT: Oh, damn your sense of proportion! I've got work to do. You've had my opinion, General. D'you mind if I go?

GORE: By all means, Brett. Thanks for being so straightforward.

BRETT: I may be a fool, but I know there's something you've got, something none of us have, something pretty fine. But it's not practical, General. I'm sorry.

GORE: I think, perhaps, you are all assuming too promptly that I am prejudiced against this attack. I merely wanted other views against which I can check my own.

LIVINGSTONE: Then you've not decided yet, sir?

GORE: Certainly not. But you've given me plenty to think about. You shall have your orders by to-morrow night at latest. Thank you, gentlemen.

[Silence for a little. Outside a bugle sounds the Fall-in. Swell up and fade down into distant gun-fire.]

MAYNE: Good evening, Sergeant. Who's signals officer on duty?

SERGEANT: Mr. Stanford, sir.

MAYNE: Ask him to—Oh, Stanford. The General will want a line urgently to the three brigades in about five minutes.

STANFORD: Very good, sir. All's very quiet this evening. We're ready when the General is.

MAYNE: Good.

GORE (distant): Captain Mayne?

MAYNE: All set, when you are, sir.

GORE: Capital. Here are the orders for the brigades. Order of seniority, of course. That means General Livingstone first.

MAYNE: Yes, sir. But I didn't realise these were to be the orders for the attack. I shall want the cipher book.

GORE: No. Send them *en clair*.

MAYNE (stupefied): *En clair*, sir?

GORE: I said so, Captain Mayne.

MAYNE: But the enemy are bound to be tapping in, sir. I know it's not my business, but—

GORE (pleasantly): There's a method in my madness, Mayne. It's the only chance for the

division. The enemy won't believe that orders sent *en clair* can possibly be real orders. We may pull wool over their eyes after all, and it may halve our casualty list.

MAYNE: But suppose they remember Tannenberg, sir? You remember, the Russians sent their orders without ciphering, and the Germans had 'em on toast. If they do take the orders on their face value, it means massacre, sir.

GORE: Then we shall only have done as we were told, Mayne. By the way, I shall make an early start the morning of the attack. I shall watch from the front line.

MAYNE: Yes, sir.

GORE: I shall go up alone.

MAYNE: But, I say, sir, that's—

GORE: I shall go up alone. Is that understood?

MAYNE: Yes, sir.

GORE: Good. Then send those orders.

MAYNE (whispering): Insanity and suicide, poor devil! God help the division! Sergeant, line to the 89th Brigade, please.

[Telephone buzzer.]

SERGEANT: 89th Brigade, sir.

MAYNE: I want the Brigade Major.

SERGEANT: On the line, sir.

MAYNE: Right! Hullo, that you, Bearsted?

Listen. Orders for the Brigade for March 31 to April 1. Can you hear me? The battalion in the line will be relieved during the night of the 30th. White tapes and shelter trenches will be laid out as a preliminary to a general assault . . .

[Mayne's voice fades gradually out into soft gun-fire, which gradually swells up into a heavy bombardment, and finally into the rattle of machine-gun fire.]

Dead silence for a few seconds.]

C.-IN-C.: Hullo, Walter, what is it?

CHIEF OF STAFF: The 25th Division have done their job all right, sir. A marvellous attack! I'm afraid they've smashed themselves to bits.

C.-IN-C.: I'm afraid so.

C.-OF-S.: They say Gore is missing, sir.

C.-IN-C.: Really? Perhaps it's just as well.

C.-OF-S.: What do you mean, Sir John?

C.-IN-C.: Look at this, Walter. Just in from Third Army. Enemy attacked this morning and broke through in three places.

C.-OF-S.: Good heavens!

C.-IN-C.: Yes, we didn't anticipate that. Nor that Gore would try to be so damned clever by not ciphering his orders. Between the two we're in the soup. The main attack must be cancelled. See to it, Walter. The reserves must go south at once.

C.-OF-S.: I see. It's bad luck, sir.

C.-IN-C.: It's worse luck for Gore and his division.

C.-OF-S.: I wonder. We're still alive, sir.

C.-IN-C.: Yes. It's just a question of point of view.

[Fade up gun-fire into machine-gun fire, and the latter into the tapping of a typewriter.]

EPIGRAPH

AN ELDERLY VOICE: You're not the young woman I had yesterday.

TYPIST: No, sir.

ELDERLY V.: She could type, and she wasn't a fool. No, don't argue about it. This work is important and can't wait. Take a fresh piece of paper, two carbons, and pay attention. Now. Heading: A History of the Second World War, 1936-1939, Volume III, Chapter 6. Got it?

[Clatter of typewriter.]

Come along, you're very slow, you know, young woman.

Paragraph. The year opened with an unfortunately typically catastrophic example of futile leadership.

[Clatter of typewriter.]

Spelling, please. Catastrophic is not spelt with a K.

Paragraph. Major-General Repton Gore, who was suddenly promoted to the command of a division, apparently for no better reason than that his experience had been confined to the home front, launched a frontal attack on the strongest sector of the enemy front. It has since been established that the enemy were fully aware of his plan, as with criminal folly he dispatched his orders to his brigadiers without bothering to have them enciphered. His callous disregard for the lives of his men was undoubtedly one of the factors which contributed to the serious mutinies which took place in four divisions during the early part of the year. Come along; come along!

[Clatter of typewriter.]

We're writing history, you know!

[Fade out typewriter.]

In Praise of Melody

Continued from page Twenty-seven

as mentioned in the same breath as Caruso. But there are many fine artists who approach within varying distance of the golden-voiced Neapolitan, whilst the general level, more particularly with regard to musical intelligence and artistic perception, is higher than in the days of Caruso.

If you enter the famous Galleria Vittorio Emanuele in Milan—an edifice resembling two Burlington Arcades intersecting at right angles, greatly enlarged and studded with cafés—you will see little groups of earnest men engaged in excited discussion, garnished with a wealth of gesture. You may well wonder wonder what it is all about, and what can make these men so interested.

If you will stroll with me to the top of the Galleria, at the opposite end to the Piazza del Duomo, where stands, splendidly impartial towards mortal dispute, the most beautiful Cathedral in the world, I will show you the scene of the main cause of the discussion.

For there, within a stone's throw of the Galleria itself—provided that you are a fair hand with a stone, though I pray you not to exercise your art on this historic structure—rises the famous Teatro alla Scala.

And it is here, if you please, within these sacred precincts—more sacred to many, I fear, than its stately neighbour, the Cathedral—that a tenor, a foreigner, mark you, at that, has dared to introduce a *cadenza* at the end of "La donna è mobile" in last night's performance of *Rigoletto*, and, crowning enormity, presumed to conclude the *aria* on the high B!

Small wonder that faces look grave. The situation assumes the aspect of a national calamity, as though a "star" back over here had put a ball through his own goal or a Test batsmen intentionally thrown away his wicket. True, the offender had been roundly "fischiate" (whistled—a mark of acute Italian disapproval) at the time, but the matter clearly could not be allowed to end there.

The tenor, then, is dissected as expertly and remorselessly as any centre-forward here, whilst the baritone (or centre-half) must also bear his share of similarly merciless criticism.

Melody, scientifically considered, colours vividly the lives of these swartthy Latins. It would colour ours, too, if only we would take a little more expert interest in it.

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We Visit Radio-Côte d'Azur

Continued from page Thirteen

Mademoiselle Baillet, one of the two "speakerines" who work at Radio-Côte d'Azur.

Mademoiselle Baillet, in addition to carrying out her duties as an announcer in French, speaks English just as well as you or I; in fact, she is half English, and it is her voice that you hear from 10.30 to 1 a.m. on Sunday, announcing the programme which is sent from this station by the International Broadcasting Co. These English concerts are given every Sunday night and are listened to not only by large numbers of people in this country, but also to many English people living in and visiting the South of France, to whom Mademoiselle Baillet's voice is as well known as Christopher Stone's is to those of us who have never been outside England. At 9 o'clock, Mademoiselle Baillet was called to the telephone to speak to someone in London to give one or two final instructions regarding the programme which was to be on the air in another hour and a half. She told us that this was a regular part of the routine adopted, all particulars of the programme being forwarded well in advance and final instructions being telephoned through each Sunday evening. Thus, with a broadcasting station situated hundreds of miles away, it is possible to use modern methods of communication for final details.

Most of the transmissions from Radio-Côte d'Azur take place from the main studio, a photograph of which is on page 13. The studio is furnished in grey and blue, all the curtains being of soft grey velvet, the other hangings being of the same material in blue.

During the English transmissions two announcers are always on duty, and although Mademoiselle Baillet can announce in two languages, it is considered advisable for the French announcements to be given by another announcer.

Two Zoo Tickets

Continued from page Twenty-nine

about this, of course, and their one idea was to get him indoors as quickly as possible, which needless to say, I helped them to do.

Then I went out and paid my taxi-man and sent him away. He looked at me rather hard, but, funnily enough, he didn't ask any questions.

My wife was a bit worried when I got back and told her about it all, but she really needn't have been.

We didn't hear anything more for three days, and then it was only a notice in the paper that Mr. X had died suddenly at Geneva. How they

Normandy's Chief Announcer

T. St. A. Ronald, who is at present the chief announcer at Radio-Normandy. He is perhaps the best known of all English announcers at Continental stations, as he has been doing this work for nearly five years. Many listeners will remember him from the early days of Radio Paris. He has also been in charge of the concerts from Paris (Poste Parisien) and later came back to Normandy, where he has been in charge since Christmas. Owing to his experience of programmes, he may soon be recalled to the London headquarters to assist in programme arrangement.



Thought for the Week

"KNOW thyself"; these words, in letters of gold around the temple at Delhi, were at once the heart and the inspiration of ancient Greek religion. They were the secret of the Greek outlook upon life, and in succeeding ages they have been a guiding principle to many.

Said old Polonius in *Hamlet*: "To thine own self be true—And it must follow as the night the day—Thou canst not then be false to any man." People object that this is all very well, but it leaves out God. But if, as I believe, we have each one of us within himself a spark of the divine, self-knowledge implies the proper cultivation of the divine, no less than of the admittedly human.

Well, that is the thought I commend to you this week—"Know yourself." It isn't as easy as it sounds. Yours is a very complex self; it does things that it really doesn't want to do; often it hasn't the courage or the strength to do what it does want to do. It thinks one thing at 10 p.m.—and something else at 4 a.m., and something entirely different again at 10 a.m. Sometimes it seems just like



By The Rev. JAMES WALL, M.A.

Precentor of Durham Cathedral

an animal; at others, strangely, quixotically divine. Yet it is all the same self, if only you can get to know it. Try.

Know yourself; seek earnestly and if you would be happy to live—and to live with—be true to what you find. At first, superficially, you may find that you have a pleasant smile or attractive eyes or an agreeable speaking voice; or people may rejoice to find in you an interested and sympathetic listener. Very well; find out what your gift is, and play it up. Make the best of what the good Lord gave you. Be yourself—only a bit better.

That is the way to develop charm, which is the beginning of character. But don't stop there. I boldly invite self-knowledge, because I believe that if you delve deeply enough, you will presently come to that stratum in yourself which makes you akin to Jesus Christ and to God.

This address was broadcast by Canon Wall from Radio-Normandy at 4.15 p.m. last Sunday. Another "Thought" next week.

another one like it which my son drives." Then he went on: "I think I've driven you before." I said: "Oh, have you?" He said: "Yes, sir; it was last January. I brought you and a lady back from the West End. You dropped her here and then took me on to Gloucester Road, where you kept me waiting a very long time." I said: "Oh, really?" He said: "Yes. You were seen off from there by a lady, and when we got to So-and-so Square I found that you'd got another gentleman with you. He didn't seem very well." I said: "No. Now you come to mention it, I believe he was feeling a bit off colour; but fancy you remembering!" He said: "Not at all, sir; I've every reason to remember it. You see, I was a prisoner of war for two years, and I understood what you said to the people at the door, and it wasn't true." I said, "Oh, wasn't it?" And he said: "No, sir, it wasn't, and I couldn't make it out; and when I got back to the 'garridge' that night I had a good look through my cab. On the back seat I found a little ornament about as big as a sixpence. It was the picture of a lady with diamonds round it, and it looked as though it had been broken off a neck chain. I recognised the lady, and next day I went back to Gloucester Road and showed it to her, and she gave me seven hundred and fifty pounds for it."

Key to Commander King-Hall's Children's News Motto on page 16

Soon we shall know what is to be the new government of Australia, for on Saturday, September 15 the Federal elections are to be held in the Dominion. There are three parties in the field: the United Australia party, led by Mr. Lyons, who is Prime Minister in the present government; the Country Party; and the Labour Party, which is again split into moderates and extremists.

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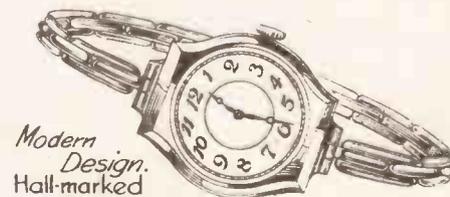
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