

**YOUR FRIEND AT BROADCASTING HOUSE** See page 7

**MELLIE WALLACE—BERT YARLETT—KITTY MASTERS**

# RADIO PICTORIAL

THE FAMILY MAGAZINE

3¢  
EVERY FRIDAY



*Jane*  
CARR

# WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY to SECURE THIS SUPERB 7-PIECE FRUIT SET

**DELIVERED IMMEDIATELY**

No waiting — No tokens to collect

*But you must apply NOW!*

**A**CT now, otherwise you may miss RADIO PICTORIAL's amazing presentation made exclusively to its readers—a glorious 7-PIECE HAMPTON IVORY FRUIT SET at a price that is almost unbelievable. Not only is the price absurdly low but this charming Fruit Set can be yours immediately! There is no waiting, and no tokens to collect.



This announcement cannot appear again as supplies are almost exhausted—make certain of yours to-day.

The tens of thousands of RADIO PICTORIAL readers who accepted our recent offer of Hampton Ivory Tea Sets will know what beautiful pottery the name "Hampton" stands for. The Fruit Set is of exactly the same design and colour so as to match the Tea Set. Each piece is the pride of Staffordshire's most brilliant craftsmen, exquisitely finished with narrow bands of silver and green. Any woman would be proud to see these seven pieces on her table filled with delicious salads or fruit compotes. Directly you show this Fruit Set to your friends they will want one too.

Read the following simple instructions and order immediately—otherwise you may be disappointed.

### DO THIS NOW!

In order to secure your presentation 7-Piece Fruit Set, you must first place a standing order with your newsagent



for RADIO PICTORIAL to be delivered to you every Friday for the next four weeks. Complete Form No. 3 at the bottom right-hand corner of this page, and hand it to your newsagent to-day. The next step is to complete Forms Nos. 1 and 2. In Form No. 1, which is your Privilege Certificate, fill in your name and address clearly in block letters and pin to it a Postal Order for 2s. 6d. (which includes insurance against damage in transit, postage, etc.) crossed /& Co./ and made payable to Bernard Jones Publications, Ltd. Then in Form No. 2 give the name and address of your newsagent in order that we may confirm your order for RADIO PICTORIAL with him.

Finally, cut out Forms No. 1 and No. 2 without separating, and post, together with the P.O. for 2s. 6d., in a sealed envelope to "Fruit Set" Dept., RADIO PICTORIAL, 37 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

This is a wonderful opportunity; don't miss it; post your forms and remittance TO-DAY.

## SPECIAL PRIVILEGE CERTIFICATE for 7-Piece Hampton Ivory Fruit Set

To "Fruit Set" Dept., "Radio Pictorial," 37 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

Please send me immediately, as per your special offer, one 7-Piece Hampton Ivory Fruit Set to the address below. In return I have instructed my newsagent to reserve "Radio Pictorial" for me for the next four weeks and until countermanded. I have completed the attached order form so that you can confirm with my newsagent. My P.O. for 2s. 6d. (which includes cost of postage, insurance, etc.) is enclosed herewith.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

No. 1

Write in BLOCK letters please.

### TO BE SENT WITH YOUR CERTIFICATE (on left)

In accordance with the conditions of your offer I have given below the name and address of my newsagent with whom I have placed an order for "Radio Pictorial" for the next four issues and until countermanded. I understand you require this information so that you can confirm my order with him.

Newsagent's NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Reader's NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

DO NOT SEPARATE THESE No. 2 TWO FORMS

### HAND THIS FORM TO YOUR NEWSAGENT

To (Newsagent).....

Please deliver /reserve/ for me a copy of "Radio Pictorial" every Friday for the next WEEKS and continue countermanded.

Signed .....

Address .....

No. 3



## George BARCLAY

**K**KNOWN as the "Shy Singer" among his friends, modest George Barclay has won for himself a great reputation as crooner with the Casani Club Orchestra, directed by Charlie Kunz. George has also sung a great deal with Mantovani's Tiplca Orchestra on both stage and air

**IN THE RINSO MUSIC HALL**

**THIS SUNDAY AT 6.30**  
(LUXEMBOURG AND NORMANDY)

**Billy Bennett**

**MARIE KENDAL**

Vic Oliver

**THE RHYTHM SISTERS**

**LILY MORRIS**

Afrique

**WALTER WILLIAMS**

AND

**MARJORIE LOTINGA**

**NEXT SUNDAY AT 6.30**

**Billie Houston**

MIRIAM FERRIS

Lucan and MacShane

TALBOT O'FARRELL

**Teddy Brown**

WITH HIS XYLOPHONE

MARIE LLOYD, Jnr.

**Beryl Orde**



**SUNDAY, AUGUST 23 AT 6.30**

Rob Wilton The Four Aces

**MABEL CONSTANDUROS**

Ronald Gourley Harry Champion

**BERNARD HUNTER**

**NEW HEALTH**

Sir W. ARBUTHNOT LANE, Bt., C.B., Editor

AUGUST CONTENTS SIXPENCE

**SPECIAL HOLIDAY NUMBER**

**A NEW CURE FOR SUNBURN**

By Bryan Leighton

**JOYS OF SWIMMING**

By Sid. G. Hedges.

**NEW WAYS WITH SUMMER SALADS**

By Stanley B. Whitehead, D.Sc.

**WHY CHILDREN GET "NERVES"**

By Professor D. F. Fraser Harris, M.D., D.Sc., B.Sc. (Lond), F.R.S.E.

**SAVE UP BEAUTY**

By Lady Lawford

**BIRTH CONTROL: OPPOSING VIEWS**

The Countess of Iddesleigh and Dr. Graham Stewart

**THAT HOLIDAY TAN**

By Dr. Ethel Browning

**FROM A DOCTOR'S NOTEBOOK**

**AVOIDING SUMMER MISHAPS**

By Sir William Arbuthnot Lane, Bt., C.B.

**KITCHEN WISDOM**

**THE HOLIDAY PICNIC**

By Ivan Baker

**HAPPY FEET MAKE HAPPY HIKERS**

By E. P. Moore

**WHEN THE FAMILY GOES ON HOLIDAYS**

By Len Chaloner

**HAVE YOU AN INFANT PRODIGY OF SPORT?**

By Nan Debenham

**WHY DON'T YOU SMOKE A PIPE?**

By T. W. MacAlpine

On Sale at all Bookstalls and Newsagents

Keep Your

**RADIO PICTORIALS**

in a

**Handsome Self-binder**

READERS who have not yet started keeping their copies of "Radio Pictorial" in one of the special binders which we supply should send for one to-day enclosing a remittance of 4/6.

These binders are extremely useful in that copies of "Radio Pictorial" can be slipped in week by week and gradually build up a very fine volume.

Those readers of "Radio Pictorial" whose binding cases are nearly full should now send for the new ones which accommodate 26 of the 1935 issues.

Just send a Postal Order for 4/6 to:

Publishing Department, RADIO PICTORIAL, Chansitor House, 37-38 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

**Send for Yours TO-DAY!**

Presenting "The Radio Parade"

# GRAND TREK to THE PALACE

JOHN SHARMAN CAN'T SIT DOWN : AUSTRALIA IN FULL FORCE : BIG BRASS BAND DRIVE : TALKING ABOUT COWS

**B**y the time these notes are in print it is likely that experimental television transmissions from Alexandra Palace will have begun, for I am told that at last the "Zero Hour" of television will certainly occur in the first fortnight in August.

Gerald Cock, the B.B.C.'s Television Chief, and D. H. Munro, Productions Manager, took up their new quarters at the Palace last week, and the remainder of the productions staff are now in the throes of moving.

One of the problems now being tackled in earnest is that of television studio lighting, for the disposition of the illumination and grouping of the subjects naturally has a big bearing upon the quality of the televised picture. This work is mainly in the hands of Stephen Thomas, the well-known stage director, who recently was appointed a B.B.C. television producer, and the two newly-appointed television stage electricians.

### John Hits the Spot

**JOHN SHARMAN** is used to making people laugh, for it is just a part of his job. He knows all there is to know about tumbling, too, because he was a member of a tumbling act before the War. All the same, he will agree that he never had a bigger laugh for a fall than he got at Brighton last week-end.

John knew that ice keeps butter fresh, for his wife has a refrigerator; and he knew that ice keeps lager cool, but he never guessed that ice could cause such fun till he hired a pair of skates at Brighton. It is a painful subject; let's dismiss it.

### Bonza for Lance!

**NEVER** knew there were so many Aussies in London till I dropped in for Lance Sieveking's rehearsal of *Wings Over Westralia*. The play is on Tuesday, and, believe me, the accent is genuine "digger." It happened like this. The author, Gordon Ireland, is an Australian, and he had a few friends.

Eight turned up for audition and

### Inside News and Views on Radio Topics

Gert and Daisy with some of the entrants at a Baby Show at a fete which the famous sisters opened recently.



H. L. B. Wakelam, with his wife and daughter, sets out for a spin in the country. Maybe he's going to watch some tennis? or not?

several were good, though others had been in England so long that they had lost the twang of the "bush." But the eight had friends the author did not know, and brought them along; so, in the end, Lance had no difficulty in picking thirteen he-men blessed with the genuine "backwoods" Australian speech.

### Brass Band Scout

**LET** us get this right from the start. **Kenneth** and **Denis Wright** are not related, though they have a good deal in common. Now Denis has joined the staff at Broadcasting House, both have big jobs in the Music Department, and both have composed test pieces for the annual brass band festival at the Crystal Palace. The appointment of Denis means that the B.B.C. intends to

make brass-band broadcasts big. He is the expert who is going to travel the country finding, auditioning and testing brass bands for the mike. His chief, of course, will be "Bandy" O'Donnell, cricketer, and conductor of the Military Band. Whatever their ultimate niche, it is curious how many well-known musicians have graduated by way of the organ and a music directorship at school. **Denis Wright** is no exception.

### Ethics of Cow Matters

**CAUGHT** S. J. de Lotbiniere in a reflective mood last week. "My job," he claimed, "is to belie the old saying that no one can be in two places at once. It is my business, while leaving listeners at their fireside, to take them to places where they would prefer to be—to Wimbledon, Lords, the races, and so on."

And then an argument started. Was it cheating during an outside broadcast to move a cow to make it moo? For my part, I cannot see why a cow should not be produced, always provided it is not made to bark. I must ask **Clapham** and **Dwyer**'s opinion.

### A Record?

**HOW** many radio artistes can claim to have broadcast three times in one day? That is the feat of **Norris Stanley**, the well-known Midland violinist, and it occurred quite recently. He began by leading the Birmingham Philharmonic String Orchestra in a midday concert on National. At 8.15 the same evening they broadcast another programme on Midland Regional, and an hour later **Norris** was leading his own sextet in one of the popular "Summer Serenade" programmes.

"It wasn't too easy to fit in all the rehearsals, but we managed to do it eventually," says **Norris**, who is one of the most experienced radio artistes in the Midlands.

### Athletic Pianist

**A** CLEVER young pianist who is coming to the fore at Midland Regional is **Joy Bridgens**, a native of South Africa. She has also broadcast from the Empire studios in London on many occasions since she came to this country.

During her last year at school in South Africa, she took up swimming very seriously, and rapidly



"Continuing our series of talks 'In Darkest Africa,' Professor Phipps will lecture on 'Life in the Tangled Undergrowth of the Jungle'"

**Radio Pictorial—No. 134**  
**The FAMILY MAGAZINE**  
 Published by BERNARD JONES PUBLICATIONS, LTD.,  
 37-38 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.  
 EDITOR.....K. P. HUNT  
 ASST. EDITORS.....HORACE RICHARDS  
 MARGOT JONES



Roy Fox caught looking unusually worried! We don't know what Roy has to worry about, for he and his band are now on holiday, and on their return have dates fixed right up to August, 1937! That's organisation. And Success.

a swan. Robert is the fine Labrador which Sir Henry Wood presented to Frank last November. Unluckily, the dog was two boat lengths upstream from the dinghy when the swan sprang on his back.

In the water, dogs stand no chance against fully grown swans, which leap on their backs, seize their necks, and force their heads under water with their beaks. It took three minutes for Frank to turn his boat, row to the dog, and beat the swan off. In the end, Robert was so exhausted that Frank had to lift him into the boat. All's well that ends well, and Frank will be able to tell Sir Henry that Robert is fit when they meet at the Parsifal "Prom."

and beat the swan off. In the end, Robert was so exhausted that Frank had to lift him into the boat. All's well that ends well, and Frank will be able to tell Sir Henry that Robert is fit when they meet at the Parsifal "Prom."

**In the Mail**

**A**FTER nearly fourteen years, B.B.C. announcers are still getting letters with a throb! Here's another:—

*"I simply must write to you to congratulate you on your announcing. I can honestly say I have never heard anyone speak so clearly and distinctly before.*

*"I hope you do not mind my writing to you in this way, because, after all, I feel it a listener's duty to write a cheery word to help you on your way.*

*"I feel certain that you must sometimes be very tired and bored, while we sit down to a nice quiet evening with the radio on.*

*"Of course, there are worse-off people than us in the world; so we must not worry. My motto is: 'Smile; brighter days are on their way.'*

*I live in the heart of the country, where there is nothing but mud and water these terrible days, and often get fed up, I can tell you.*

*"I don't want to be inquisitive, but could you please tell me the name of the woman who sings so beautifully in the daily service? I think she has a marvellous voice, and I should love to know her name. This next question I hardly like to ask you. Would you object to putting me in touch with a man correspondent, please?"*

*"I would very much like to write to someone away who would appreciate country-cousin letters.*

*"I am a young lady of nineteen and live at home with my parents, as mother is delicate and cannot work.*

*"Thanking you so much. I shall await your reply."*

Eight women take turns to sing in pairs during the morning service!

**Whispers**

**I** hear that J. E. K. Esdalle, the announcer, is one of the first "students" to enrol for the B.B.C. training college which opens in October.

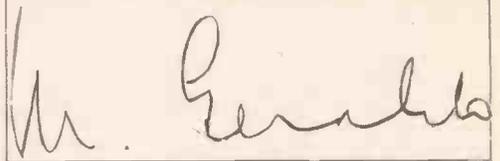
— That Debroy Somers has a surprise for listeners in his broadcast to-night, a date which he accepted at short notice when Geraldo was prevented from playing.

— That John Watt is delighted to have

**Turn to pages 18 and 19 for Buddy Bramwell's Dance Band Gossip**

**For Your Autograph Album**

The famous Geraldo gives you his signature this week



"bagged" the one and only Gertrude Lawrence for the lead in his production, *Never Talk to Strangers*, which is to be broadcast on August 25. The story is by Philip Leaver and the music by Kenneth Leslie Smith, a young composer whose name will one day be known all over the town.

— That Miss Jordan, woman announcer from Moscow, is in London. We know her voice.

— That Jasmine Bligh and Elizabeth Cowell are being measured for their first dresses for television. At first they will not have a big wardrobe at the Palace. More gowns will be ordered as the programmes develop.



Dan Donovan and Mrs. Dan relax, far away from the Maida Vale studios. They make a cheery, good-looking pair.

**A New Venture**

**P**OPULAR Bertram Fryer, at one time Variety Director and Station Director at the B.B.C. has made a big success of his London School of Broadcasting. Now he has started a new venture which promises to be equally welcome to the public. The London Gramophone Recording Company has been started in Bond Street and it is a venture on which he is to be congratulated. He is offering his recording facilities to the public at really remarkable prices. The recording is excellent and there is no doubt that well-known stars will be as eager to make records of their voices as will amateurs.

WANDERING MIKE.

**Guests Drop In**

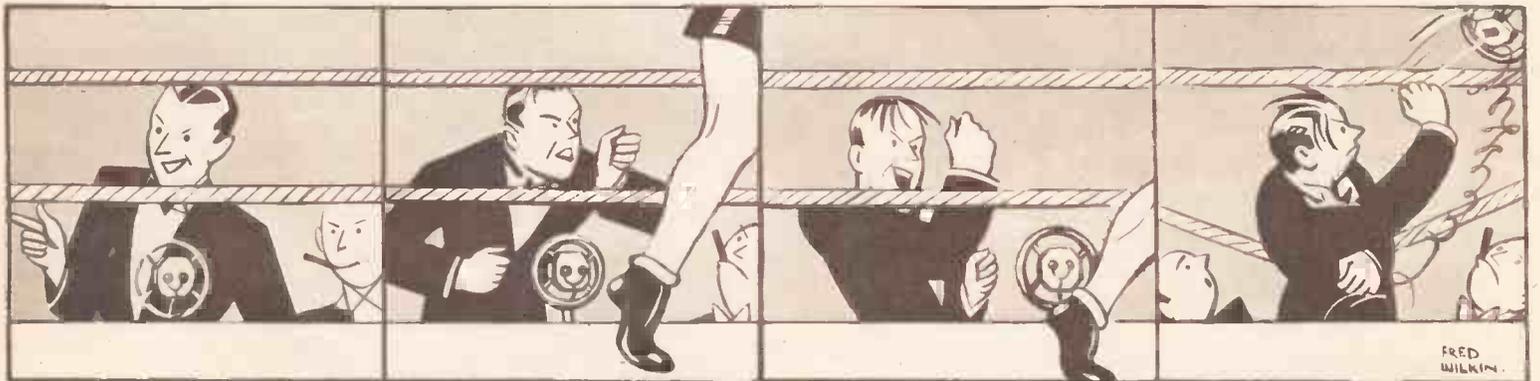
**T**HERE was a pleasant surprise for Midland listeners in a recent variety bill, when Clapham and Dwyer were introduced unexpectedly by the Western Brothers, then appearing at a Birmingham music-hall, while Bert Thomas and his Band had as guest artiste none other than Mrs. Jack Hylton, who travelled down specially from London to sing three numbers with the band.

Clapham told us that he had recovered from his slight injury in the recent air accident, and certainly showed that he was on top of his form, particularly when he recited his Surrealist alphabet by special request.

**Near Squeak for Robert**

**S**WANS, like many of us, are never at their best before breakfast. Ask Frank Titterton if you doubt the truth of this nature note. The only sunny morning last week, the singer was taking his daily dozen in a dinghy, with Robert swimming peacefully behind, when the dog was attacked by

**ENTHUSIASM!**



FRED WILKIN.

# YOUR FRIEND at the B.B.C.

Introducing  
Sir  
**STEPHEN  
TALLENTS**

**O**N a sunny Sunday afternoon down at Dartford you might find a tall, spare figure pacing an old English lawn. The suspicion of a smile lights up his otherwise solemn countenance. An old felt hat is pulled down over his eyes, and he is strolling with a small scythe through the fields.

Odd.

You would expect such a man to be always in a black coat and smart striped trousers. Perhaps spats. Perhaps a monocle.

You guessed right. This is Sir Stephen Tallents. Stephen George. Few people know that "George" tucked away in the middle. Plain Stephen to the family, and to half a dozen important people at Broadcasting House.

This is his afternoon off—well, almost off, anyway. The sunshine has tempted him out of doors to hunt thistles and to see that all is well with the cricket-bat willows that he grows as a hobby. Then he'll be going back indoors to listen to the wireless and read through the papers.

That's all part of his job. A job worth a shade over £2,000 a year, but one which he nevertheless takes very keenly. Seven days a week. He listens to many foreign stations on Sundays, and knows what Continental stations are broadcasting.

That's why you can never trip the B.B.C. up by suggesting that such-and-such a station broadcasts a certain kind of variety, and why can't the B.B.C. do it?

Sir Stephen always knows the answer. He has to know the answer to many a more difficult question than that.

You see, he is YOUR representative at the B.B.C.

People were talking of a very popular chap at the Post Office. Tallents. Used to run the Empire Marketing Board, or something like that. Sir John Reith knew that his salary was £1,500.

**K**new that he was worth almost double to the B.B.C. Decided that it was in listeners' interests that he should be offered a B.B.C. job.

But this arduous B.B.C. job hasn't wiped all the kindly smile off Stephen George Tallents' face. He is busy all the week, and likes to get back to his home and family at St. John's Jerusalem, Sutton-at-Hone, Near Dartford.

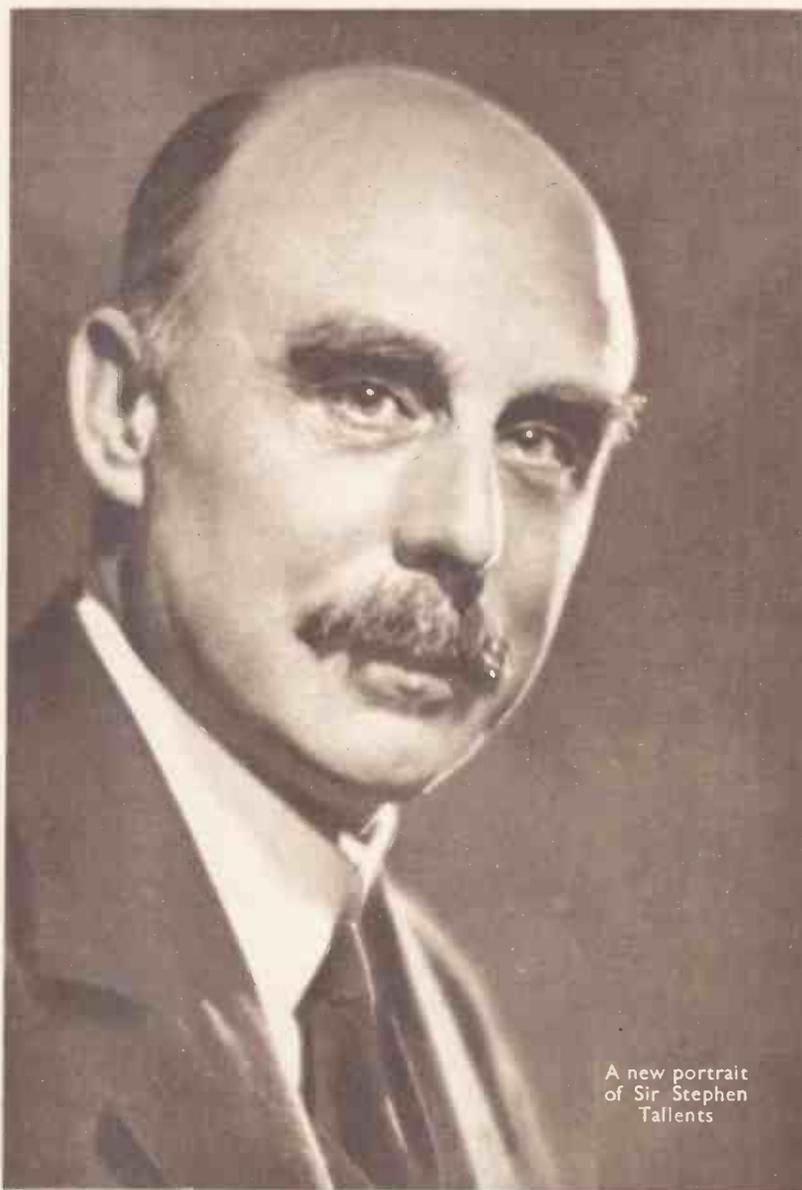
"George" is not a great club-man. Belongs to the Oxford and Cambridge as a matter of form. Really has no time for this sort of thing.

After having a pretty tough time during the War, he filled various important positions until in 1926 he accepted the job of running the Empire Marketing Board.

He had been married 12 years—to Bridget Hole—and had two sons and two daughters.

Then he was asked to pep up the Post Office. A strange job to be offered to a man nearing 50.

He was Sir Kingsley Wood's choice—and a good choice, too. Having begged the public to "Buy British," he changed his tactics and begged them



A new portrait  
of Sir Stephen  
Tallents

An  
Intimate  
Pen-Picture

He found that listeners had insufficient opportunity of being represented. There was often too great an air of secrecy at Broadcasting House.

So "George" invited a large party of newspapermen to the B.B.C. Council room. Gave them tea.

Told them that he couldn't ask all the ten million listeners to tea, so these public representatives would have to get busy and state what they wanted!

They did.

They talked. Raised all the thorny points on which the public has been longing to get at the B.B.C. No proper news, dull Sundays, and all the rest.

I should explain that at that time Sir Stephen had only been at the B.B.C. a few weeks. He didn't pretend to know answers to many of the questions.

**W**ith a B.B.C. official on his right, and another on his left, he made direct answers.

"I don't know the replies to your criticisms—yet," he said frankly. "I've only been here a few weeks. But if these are your grumbles I will do all I can to see them put right."

The visiting Pressmen kept him up to his promise.

Sir Stephen agreed that at least once a month—or as often as they wished—they could meet and air their grievances. Within a month he would do what he could to put them right.

He has, I am able to reveal, had many long talks with his fellow B.B.C. workers on these questions of listeners' programme preferences.

Soon he hopes to get busy on carefully-planned schemes for letting listeners have more of a say in the choice of programmes.

**S**ir Stephen wants British broadcasting to be the best in the world. He loves England. Has even written a book called "The Protection of England."

And if you delve deeper into what he does in his spare moments, you may discover that he wrote "The Dancer" and "The Starry Pool." But about these he is very modest.

He's not so modest about projecting England, for this book was all about filming England so that the rest of the world could see our wonderful resources. It is a pet theme with him. He hopes that television will give the B.B.C. a chance of projecting England so that all listeners and lookers-in can see our life and countryside as they really are.

Sir Stephen is still little more than 50. When he has really put the B.B.C. on the map, and linked up listeners with Broadcasting House, so that they can demand the broadcasting service they—you—need . . . then, perhaps, he will go on to another, still bigger, job.

Right now he is doing one of the most useful jobs at the B.B.C., for the benefit of ten million listeners. He is *your* friend at Broadcasting House.

M. C. L.

*Continual adjustments of the B.B.C.'s programmes are being made in accordance with listeners' preferences.*

*The man in charge of the Public Relations Division—which is the link between the broadcasting organisation and listeners—is SIR STEPHEN TALLENTS, the subject of this interesting article.*

*He is your friend at the B.B.C.*

to use P.O. facilities—to use P.O. Savings Banks, and P.O. trunk 'phones.

"George" gave many hard-bitten advertising men an eye-opener when he was awarded the cup of the London Publicity Club—the highest award in the advertising world. It didn't bother him a bit that he was the first Civil Servant to win the cup.

When he first went to the B.B.C. he had to get over a difficulty which many clever men have had to face. He was asked to do a job which an extremely popular B.B.C. chief, Major Gladstone Murray, had done for ten years.

"Bill" Murray, as he is known to most officials at Broadcasting House, is unknown to most listeners, but it is no exaggeration to say that the smooth working of B.B.C. policy in the past has been largely due to Major Murray. A difficult man to follow.

At Broadcasting House, Sir Stephen Tallents started on his real job. Of putting listeners in touch with the B.B.C.

Studio Small-Talk

By NERINA SHUTE

# WANTED — A WIFE!

## The lament of "The Street Singer"!



The Street Singer in full song

### ROMANCE again.

I ran into the famous Arthur Tracey (The Street Singer) who, with passion in his voice, said to me: "What I want is an English wife! What I want is breeding!"

It seems that Arthur Tracey is perfectly sincere.

For a long time he talked about marriage—about the dignity of English girls, about the sadness of American girls who think all day and dream all night about money.

"I want to live like a gentleman," he said, "You can't do that in America. I want to be a gentleman, and I want to marry an English lady—if only I can find one who will have me."

Poor Arthur Tracey.

Very rich, and very successful, and very lonely.

Last year, when he was in England, he

broke records even in theatres where Gracie Fields has played.

Now he has made so much money that money means nothing. In America they pay him £20 a minute.

"And yet," he said, "I go out on the stage, and the audience goes wild with delight, and afterwards I go back to my dressing-room—ALONE. What does it all mean?"

I guess it means that Arthur Tracey is very pathetic. With his broad American voice, and his dazzling neck-tie, and his flashing pearl tie-pin.

So rich and successful.

But if an English girl marries him the neck-tie and the pink shirts will have to be buried in the garden. That's what I think.

Said Arthur Tracey to me, completely un-selfconscious: "More than anything else I want to get married—to an English girl. I want a girl who is feminine, and dignified, and full of breeding. The trouble is I am always moving about. Never have time to stay put and make the advances. But I DO want to get married. I DO want a woman to work for—a woman to love me and share my success."

What about this, reader?

Do you feel you have enough breeding?

Quite seriously, Arthur Tracey is a sweet, charming, ingenuous person. I think he means what he says. I long to see what happens—especially about his neck-ties.

Esther Coleman—so lovely, a bit sad looking, with a gift for making people talk and laugh and feel happy.

Esther was telling me about her voice-trouble.

It seems that she works too hard. Then suddenly her voice goes right away and leaves her stranded in the middle of a sentence.

It is not a bit funny, but it makes me laugh all the same.

The picture of poor Esther Coleman talking away and not a sound to be heard. Like a talking picture with no talk.

"It happened to me a few weeks ago," Esther said, "in Cardiff. I was singing at a big cinema. After one performance I caught the night train to London, did some recording work at 4 a.m., and then returned to Cardiff immediately. No sleep at all. And when I got back to the cinema, all ready for my second performance, I suddenly discovered my voice had left me. I began talking to a man and he thought I was crazy. My lips moved. Apart from that nothing happened!"

Poor Esther was without a voice for three weeks. Cancelled all her engagements.

Now she is all right, and very thrilled about a holiday in Germany.

"Last summer I had a riding accident in Germany. The horse fell, and I landed on my head, and my only pair of glasses went down a rabbit hole and were never seen again. In future," said Esther firmly, "I shall ride in England—on a very old horse."

One more scrap of news. Leslie Mitchell, television announcer. He said to me: "What I want is to be a very informal announcer. Perfectly natural. No tricks and mannerisms. I am hoping that I may even be allowed to sing. That happens to be one of my great ambitions. And why not? Don't you think it would liven up the programme?"

### TO George Bernard Shaw, B.B.C. Committee on Spoken English.

Dear G.B.S.,

I am told that a decision was reached recently to curtail the activities of the B.B.C. Advisory Committee on Spoken English and that the next meeting may be the last under your chairmanship.

To be frank, why not scrap this busybody committee altogether and leave us all to speak naturally? "Announcer English" is perfectly correct, of course, but it would be a thousand pities if all the broad and subtle little distinctions of speech not only in Britain but throughout the Empire were resolved by degrees and replaced by one inflexible standard.

Anyway, surely you've discovered by now that we Britons just can't be dictated to in matters of pronunciation—even by G.B.S.!

JOHN LISTENER.

### To Barbara Burnham, Broadcasting House, London.

Dear Miss Burnham,

Here is another letter to add to the hundreds no doubt you have received thanking you sincerely for the broadcast play "Good-bye, Mr. Chips," of which you were the producer and joint author.

The voices of the boys and the masters were most admirably chosen, and altogether the play was enveloped in such a realistic school atmosphere that I quite forgot I was listening-in. That's the acid test, isn't it?

In the long list of your brilliant radio productions, "Good-bye, Mr. Chips" will stand out as one of the most notable examples of broadcast drama we have yet heard.

More power to your elbow.

JOHN LISTENER.

### To Philip Brown, Dance Music Department, Broadcasting House, London.

Dear Sir,

Outspoken newspaper criticism followed the broadcast not long ago of a provincial band in

## Unposted Letters



John Listener didn't post these letters—but he very much wanted to! Would you have written them as he has done? Or not? Send your comments on a postcard to John Listener, c/o "Radio Pictorial," 37-38 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

which, it was alleged, you were interested prior to your recent B.B.C. appointment.

No doubt, the band fully merited the broadcast. But if you have not already done so, may I suggest you should immediately sever any previous associations with bands now that you have become an official in the B.B.C.'s dance music department?

JOHN LISTENER.

### To Elsie Carlisle, Broadcast Vocalist.

Dear Elsie,

Hearing you in "Music-hall" the other night prompted me to write to tell you how much I enjoyed your contribution.

Although I believe you admit to being a crooner, you have never found it necessary to adopt that awful nasal American style which some other syncopation singers affect, and you have proved that singing in good old English style can be just as peppy and rhythmic.

Why aren't you being starred at Radiolympia this year?

JOHN LISTENER.

### To Bryan Michie, Broadcasting House, London.

Dear Mr. Michie,

You gained fresh laurels with your recent production of Mr. Barley's *Abroad*. Your best show yet.

And quite a surprise for most of

us to hear that "professional idiot," Claude Dampier, doing so marvellously in a straight part.

Congratulations again!

JOHN LISTENER.

### To Joe Loss, Dance Band Leader, London.

Dear Joe,

According to B.B.C. announcements, you are scheduled to give the late dance music session next Monday, and again on Wednesday.

Naturally, your many fans will be delighted; but why, I wonder, have you been chosen for so signal an honour, when so many other bands cannot get an airing?

JOHN LISTENER.

### To Horace Kenney, Comedian.

Dear Horace,

Judged by the applause, your recent contribution to "Music-hall" was screamingly funny—to the privileged few who could see you. Yet to me, and possibly many more listeners who could not see you, I am afraid your act was somewhat unintelligible and consequently boring. Think it over.

JOHN LISTENER.



Joe Loss "... Why this signal honour?"

# "DADDY and I HAVE SO MUCH IN COMMON"

says

## CELIA LIPTON

(Daughter of SYDNEY LIPTON, Grosvenor House Dance Band Leader)

### "WHAT I THINK OF DADDY"

#### No. 3

#### in our Brilliant New Series



Celia Lipton  
(aged 12).



Sydney Lipton conducting part of his popular Grosvenor House Dance Band.

**M**UMMY and I listen very carefully to all Daddy's broadcasts. He says we are his best but most severe critics. Mummy, in fact, always keeps a pencil and paper beside her and makes ever so many notes about anything that occurs to her.

I, too, tell Daddy exactly what I think about his broadcast programmes, and if I have an idea for an improvement, I tell him so!

I know that my Daddy's broadcasts make other people happy, but I did not realise it fully until one day I had a pathetic letter from a little girl who was a life-long invalid. This poor girl was confined to her bed. She couldn't play games as I do.

She wrote to me: "I always listen to your father's broadcasts, and I do love them. You see, I am an invalid and often very sad. But when I hear your father's orchestra, I am happy again. Will you please send me his photograph and one of you, too? I shall treasure them both so very much."

Wasn't that a sweet letter? I wrote to her quickly in return, and sent her two of our best photographs.

I was so proud of Daddy then. But that is only one of hundreds of letters like that. We keep getting them, and we answer them all.

My Daddy is a very serious man, especially where his work is concerned. He is always so busy and works so hard. I think he is doing very well and he deserves to, because he really is a clever musician.

#### My Favourite Meal

Every night, Mummy, Daddy and I have dinner together at home, I wouldn't miss that dinner for worlds, for it is the only meal-time when I am certain of seeing Daddy.

Do we talk about his music at dinner-time? Occasionally. But we have so many other personal incidents to talk about—I tell him about school and games and some of the funny things I do. He laughs and understands me completely. He is a *real* Daddy to me, and I can't imagine what I should do without him.

Last Easter I went to Scotland all alone for a long week-end. Daddy came to put me on the train in London, and I must confess that when I said good-bye to him I was just a bit quaky at the thought of such a long journey by myself. At the end of my journey my friends met me

and you can guess I was very tired. I went straight to bed and slept like a top.

Now comes the big surprise. When I woke in the morning, who do you think was standing by my bed? Daddy! He and Mummy had decided at the last moment to motor up from London and spend their week-end with me after all. Daddy didn't like to think that I was all those miles away from him. . . .

Shall I tell you the story of Soosoo? She is a lovely white and beige Pekinese. Mummy and I saw her more than a year ago, just after she was born. We "fell for her" immediately, but Daddy didn't like her. "We don't want Pekes around the house," he said.

Four weeks passed and during that time we were arguing every day about Soosoo. At last Daddy agreed that we could have her, and now he's secretly as fond of her as we are. I often find him fondling her, although he won't *always* admit how nice she is.

#### Meet Soosoo

You would like Soosoo, too. She looks so sweet, with that big blue ribbon bow around her neck.

Soosoo has a sleeping basket in my bedroom. When we first had her she always slept beside my bed. But now that she is growing up, I'm afraid she is inclined to be noisy, so I only allow her to share my room when she promises faithfully to be quiet.

Daddy and I once had a marvellous trip to the Isle of Wight by aeroplane. It was simply wonderful. I had never flown in an aeroplane before and you can guess how thrilled I was. Daddy was giving a Sunday concert on the island, and, as a special treat, allowed me to go with him. The trip was perfect, Daddy's concert was perfect, and the island too, was perfect. All my life I'll remember that lovely Sunday.

When I was ten years old we had another day trip that I'll not forget. Mummy, Daddy and I went on a steamer across the channel to Calais. It was a beautiful summer's day and the sea was so blue and calm. I loved it on the ship and thought Calais was most interesting. I had never been to the Continent before, so it was extra-exciting.

I always enjoy those days together most of all because I feel that Daddy *really* belongs to Mummy and me then, and doesn't have to smile and talk to everyone else.

Daddy and I have so much in common—games particularly. When we go for our summer holidays we swim and sun-bathe together. I like swimming best. Daddy and I have races. I'm afraid Daddy always wins the races, but I suppose a man should beat a woman, so I don't mind.

I actually try to play golf with Daddy sometimes, but that isn't always so successful. I walk around the golf course with him and if I'm good he lets me try to "get a hole in one." I haven't done so yet, though. . . .

Sometimes when Daddy comes home ever so late at night from Grosvenor House, he tunes the radio on to America and listens to the dance music. The music usually wakes me and I sit up in bed and listen-in too. I like those American broadcasts.

But, I must say that best of all, I like Daddy's broadcasts. His band, somehow, is different from other bands. His music is sweet, but more sophisticated than any other music I have heard.

Home is a beautiful place, isn't it? Our home is, anyway. I have a treasure in my bedroom that I wouldn't part with for anything. She is Mitzi, my furry dog which Daddy gave me when I was very tiny. Mitzi is a toy, of course, but I wouldn't be without her for worlds.

#### A Broken Heart

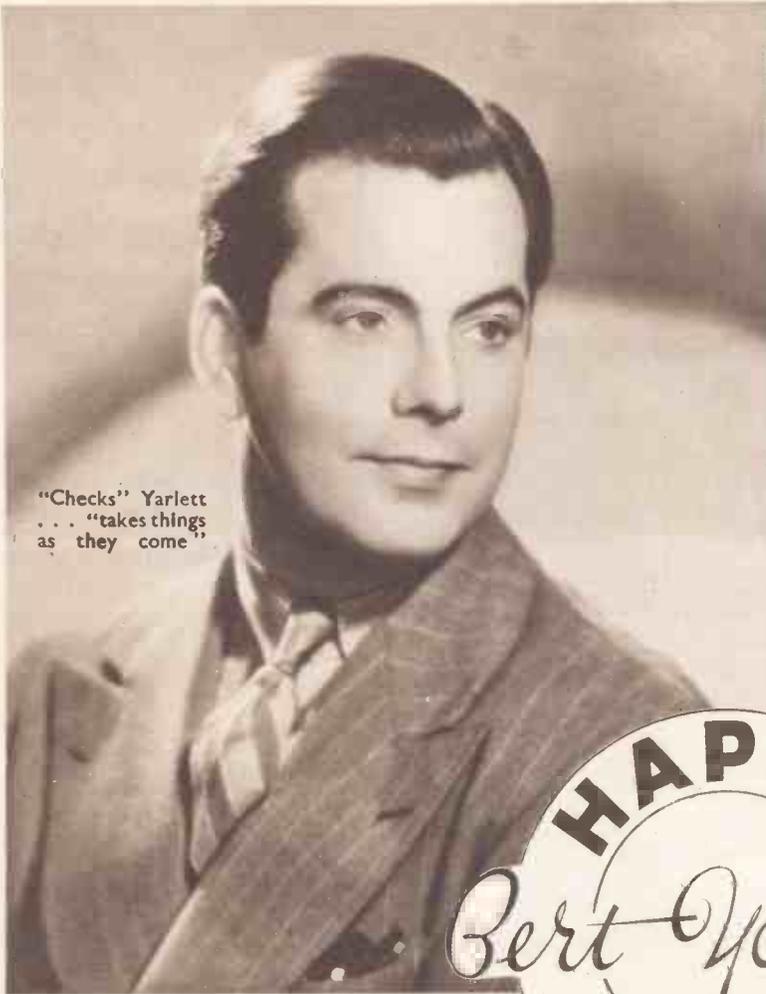
I once had two pet bunny-rabbits. They were my greatest pets, but they had a tragic end.

One of them was very frightened by thunder and lightning. The shock of the lightning killed her. Soon afterwards her mate died as well.

He died of a broken heart. Wasn't that sad? Schooldays are fine, aren't they? I like my school at any rate. I enjoy my work, but the games I enjoy most of all. Tennis is a game I play a lot, but dancing is my speciality. My friend Marjorie and myself, make up our own dances and give little displays to Mummy and Daddy at home and they do enjoy them.

I am something of a musician myself—at least, I play the piano and violin. I suppose I must inherit my musical tendencies from Daddy.

When I am older I shall be a great actress—I hope. Daddy says I can follow any career I want, but that unless I work hard I shan't get anywhere. I know that is true, and I *will* work hard because I want to be a success to do justice to Daddy.



"Checks" Yarlett  
... "takes things  
as they come"

AS  
THEY  
ARE

No. 9

By  
BARRY  
WELLS



**I** DOUBT if anyone had ever seen the real Bert Yarlett until about a month ago. They knew a cheery, good-humoured fellow, but they did not know him all. You see he wasn't all here. His heart was in Toronto.

But now Miss Aileen Sandiford has come to these shores, has shed her maiden name for that of Mrs. Bert Yarlett, and helped to make Bert complete.

He is now an entirely happy man.

Meet Herbert Charles Yarlett, one of Henry Hall's team of vocalists. Five feet nine in height, twelve stone in weight, dark-haired, heavy featured, broad-shouldered, swarthy-complexioned. Age twenty-nine last June.

Most of these things would appear on his passport and would occasion us no surprise. But one thing would appear on his passport which is going to hand a big surprise to all but a few of his home-town people who "knew him when."

Bert is not a Canadian. For the first time in any paper I can reveal that he was born in Reading, Berkshire's biscuit-town. Which makes him as English as me and you, and, maybe, you.

He went to Canada when he was six, and, till a year ago, remained there or thereabouts. Thus, he assimilated an American accent, an American taste in clothes and American habits. But he never lost his intense pride of being English.

#### What might have been

There are two other surprises concerning this quiet, intensely interesting young man. (a) He might have become a soldier, and (b) he might equally well have become a minister.

Instead, he became a singer.

You see, he went to Military School in Canada, but started playing around with a cornet and found he could pick up quite a lot of money in his spare time. So he threw up his military career ("might have been a brass-hat by now" says Bert, a shade wistfully) and turned to music.

Then he felt the call of religion and entered a seminary with a view to making that his vocation. But he lost faith, or, at least, found that his inward yearnings for a musical career were ill attuned to a religious vocation.

So, he reluctantly abandoned that career. . . .

Now let's get a line on this young man who in a short time has built up a terrific following in this country.

He impresses me as a man of simple tastes and desires. Ambitious, of course . . . for only ambition can keep a man tied to the heart-breaking, fraught-with-disappointment profession of the show business.

But things like his wife and home, his friends, his reading and his faith have places in his life which no success can ever displace.

To be unknown, but to be alive—in the real sense of the word, would, I am sure, appeal to Bert far more than to be a big name, and with it mentally and spiritually dead.

I don't want to lay too great a stress on the fact that he is a religious man. To strip a man of his innermost thoughts and ideals even in what purports to be a revealing article would be an impertinence.

#### He goes to Church

But, surely, somewhere there is a lot of significance in the fact that a man who lives and has his being in the show-world (" . . . such a wicked, wicked place, my dears . . .") will admit earnestly, yet without ostentation, that he reads and studies his Bible and attends Church of England service every Sunday morning.

It gives us fresh perspective on the type of man to whom we are privileged to turn for entertainment in this enlightened age.

"I believe in the hereafter," Bert confesses. "I am convinced that there is life after death, though I don't pretend to understand completely how and why. Otherwise, life would be pretty futile, don't you think?"

Yes, this man's life is not bounded by the sentiments of the often toshy lyrics that he has to sing. . . .

Now, let's turn to the superficial things that help to give a swift pen-picture of him.

He is a light eater, being particularly fond of vegetables and fresh fruit. For breakfast he insists on his eggs and bacon, but dinner is his favourite meal.

Show Bert a dish of Scotch salmon and he

Everyone thinks that BERT YARLETT is a Canadian. He's not! This is just one of many new facts revealed about him

will lose interest in everything else till he has sated his appetite. He finds Scotch salmon much more palatable than Canadian salmon. He hates mayonnaise, but that's his only fad regarding food. He drinks a lot of coffee and tea; actually, he is just beginning to get a liking for our tea.

Nothing very faddy about his food-tastes, is there? And in other ways he's just as easy-going.

He is crazy about clothes, particularly sports clothes.

"I spend an awful lot of money on clothes," Bert admits, "and I've definite likes and dislikes. I like them looser than men wear over here, and I'm particularly fond of checks."

"Checks" Yarlett is his nickname among the boys in the band. He goes in for large, pronounced checks and his love of colours is reflected in his ties (a glorious mixture of red, blue and sundry background colours permeated the creation he wore when last I saw him).

But, like many men, he clings ferociously to old battered trilby hats and shoes.

Browns and greys are his favourite colours for clothes . . . but, for the rest, anything goes! For instance, his drawing-room in his Bayswater flat is resplendent in cream and green, with a radiogram to match!

#### Likes wide open spaces

Invariably physically fit (his contention is that no singer can do himself justice unless he is fit), this may partly be due to the fact that he does not smoke and rarely drinks. An occasional glass of sherry satisfies him.

It is also due to the fact that he loves an open-air life. He suffers slightly from claustrophobia, which, to save you reaching for the dictionary from the top shelf, means hatred of enclosed areas. Small stuffy rooms get him down badly.

Shooting, tennis, swimming and riding are his pet sports. He is a particularly good swimmer and shot. In fact, he has a high-powered air-gun and has fixed a target on the bathroom door at which to practice. I have a vague feeling, however, that this is going to cause an imminent crisis in the domestic harmony of the Yarlett household. Aileen is already getting a little petulant about that target!

He also collects pistols, but that is also failing to gain his wife's approval.

I hope I'm not creating a wrong impression! He and his wife share most tastes. The question of his shooting, and the slight argument as to whether they should have a Great Dane or a Scottie terrier as a pet, are the only things on which they fail to see eye to eye. (The Great Dane is, of course, Bert's idea . . . but I'm afraid it's going to be a Scottie!)

One of Bert's complaints is that he cannot get enough exercise in Town. He is seeking for a good gymnasium to guard against an expanded waist-line, and his mother-in-law, who is a prominent member of a branch of the Woman's League of Health and Beauty in Canada, has already lured Bert into physical jerks before breakfast!

#### Bert reads Shakespeare

His gramophone and reading are his two great relaxations. He reads so much that he now has to wear glasses for it. Though not a highbrow he likes more serious reading than the average light novel can provide. Shakespeare, Kipling (his favourite poet), Sinclair Lewis, Charles Morgan . . . these are typical examples of his choice in literature. For light stuff he turns to Sabatini. By the way, modestly, he swears that he "only nibbles a bit at Shakespeare!"

He insists he is not superstitious, and, in the same breath, admits that he goes out of his way to walk under a ladder. I guess that's real superstition, Bert.

Bert is a man who knows himself. "I'm afraid my chief fault is impulsiveness. I make sudden, rash decisions, and, though so far I've been pretty lucky, I must have had some very narrow shaves."

Please turn to page 31

MY WEEK-END

"GARBO of the AIR" CONFESSES!

Kitty Masters describes her Saturday of hard work and her precious Sunday interlude with her mother

SATURDAY and Sunday used to mean a lot to me, but with the rush of my present life, which started when I worked for the B.B.C., and has continued ever since, these two days are much like any others.

I get up at 8.30, to a breakfast of orange juice, bacon, toast and coffee.

First job this morning is to deal with the post (some of which I brought home last night from the theatre, as a stage dressing-room is not a good place to try to do the serious work of dealing with mail), and to put through a few 'phone calls in connection with business.

On this Saturday morning there's a rehearsal at 11 a.m., interviews and—now—telephone calls to London.

When I was living in London I could spend many mornings meeting music publishers. Now I am on tour I have to do a great deal of business on the 'phone.

Scheming a Broadcast

Yesterday two complete numbers were hummed to me over the trunk telephone line from Charing Cross Road.

Next week I probably have a broadcast and recording session, and this Saturday afternoon I take a whole hour to scheme out arrangements for my next broadcast.

It's not just a matter of walking up to the microphone and singing.

I always try to give an individual interpretation of the songs I choose, and this, of course, takes time.

Next, I do a little shopping, after which I dash to the theatre and sip a cup of tea whilst making up.

Dinner is sent to me between the first and second houses.

Saturday is always a busy night at the Theatre, but I love the bustle and excitement of it all.

My brother and his wife travel with me and whilst Bert is carefully packing the microphone equipment, Bessie is taking care of my stage dresses and personal things.

Meeting My Friends

They refuse to let me join in the good work, so I take this opportunity to spend a little time with some of my fellow artistes.

Now that so many radio acts are in variety, I always seem to be running across friends I made at Broadcasting House. Naturally we have a lot in common.

After the second performance I devote half an hour to the girls and boys who wait out at the stage door for me.

I remember when I was terribly young, waiting hours for a glimpse of my favourite actress to be rewarded by only a passing glance as she dashed into her car, escorted by several

Saturday is a lot to me, but with the rush of my present life I work for the B.B.C. these two days are much like any others. I used to need the week-end but will live for the moment.



Kitty Masters is one of Radio's favourite crooners

A pensive study of Kitty as she studies a new number



is very good. She always gingers me up by singing the praises of other artistes. This is an old wheeze which never fails!

The hours roll quickly by and soon we are on the road again to the town where I am engaged to appear on Monday.

Very often there's a Sunday concert in the evening and at the end of the day I feel quite ready to sleep soundly.

I'm afraid I don't have time to indulge in many parties, or to "go places," and that is probably why I am sometimes referred to in the press as the Garbo of the Air, but actually I love parties and fun and hope someday to make up for these busy days.

Probably all this doesn't sound very exciting, but sheer love of show business—the thrill of working to a packed house and of broadcasting is excitement enough for me.

Meanwhile I do manage a little dancing, swimming and my newest and greatest craze, horse-riding.

gentlemen. I made up my mind then that, if ever I became famous and people thought me worth waiting for, I'd be glad to spare them a little of my time.

After I've said my goodbyes I go to my hotel for a light supper and bed.

If at all possible I like to spend a few hours at home every Sunday, so next morning my brother calls for me at 7 a.m. and away we go to Manchester.

Eventually we arrive—mother is delighted to see us. She is quite alone now (apart from a very kindly maid) and these few hours are very precious to us.

Mumsie Reports

She is an invalid and unable to walk (though quite young) and naturally radio means a lot to her and when I get home I have a full report of what has been happening on the air. I am too busy these days to listen much, so you understand how valuable this is to me.

Mumsie tells me all about the new girl in somebody's band who

NEXT WEEK WHAT I THINK OF DADDY by Norman Allen (Son of the famous Les Allen)

# THERE ARE TWO

## Nellie Wallace

*Every comedian aspires to play tragedy—but the world won't let him. Nellie Wallace, in this interview with Herbert Harris, reveals that her ambition is to play strong, dramatic roles. "But I can't convince people that there is a Nellie Wallace outside the Nellie Wallace of the variety stage and radio," says this brilliant comedienne*

just one whirl," said Nellie seriously—as seriously as she could manage, anyway, for one finds it difficult to look upon her as anything but a laugh-provoker.

"I've got a three-year contract at Elstree to make three films a year. Charlot has signed me again for pantomime, and soon I'll have to start thinking about that.

"In between there are broadcasts—two broadcasts to the Empire and one from Luxembourg in the next few weeks. There are people ringing me about vaudeville dates, and a newspaper begging me for my life story.

"Then there are umpteen fan letters one must answer to the best of one's ability.

"Honestly, I don't know sometimes whether I'm coming or going. Still, there it is," she ended philosophically.

We got to talking of radio—and television.

"I've already been televised, you know. They tell me my face is worth a fortune in television. I'm certainly very interested. Radio and films are such totally different businesses from the stage. They call for a

different technique, and it takes time to adapt one's ideas.

"When I first broadcast from Savoy Hill about six years ago, I was as nervous as a green beginner. They put me before a 'mike' and told me not to move too far away from it.

"I just stood stock still, with my body and nerves tightened up to such a pitch, that when I'd finished my broadcast I nearly collapsed. I'd stood so rigid, afraid to move an inch, that I'd actually developed cramp, and I could hardly walk! It seemed so unnatural working without costume, too.

"How very different is broadcasting at St. George's Hall. What a boon it is to have a full audience. You've no idea how much better it is to go through your act in costume and with all the usual movements, just as in an ordinary music-hall.

"It might be annoying to a listener when he hears the audience laughing at some comedy-business he can't see, but the listener should try and remember that the artiste is only at his best when doing all those things an audience expects.

"I've had some happy times at the B.B.C. They're all very, very charming, and John Sharman is one of the most 'human' persons I've ever met." Nellie refers to anybody she likes as "human." She's very "human" herself, and likes everybody else to be.

"The progress radio has made is bewildering. What a colossal difference between the old Savoy Hill studios and Broadcasting House!—yet it seems only yesterday I was at the Savoy Hill mike. . . .

"Imagine broadcasting to the Empire, too. How uncanny to know that people in India are listening to you as though they were in the same room. And the way we flit back and forth to places like Luxembourg, thinking nothing of

it to-day. This came home to me recently when they asked me at Luxembourg to sing one of my old songs. I'm afraid I 'dried up' in the middle of the last verse.

"How people work nowadays! On my last film at Elstree, I was up at 6.30 a.m., and we worked all day and into the small hours of the following morning. And there are some people who still think belonging to the entertainment world means a lazy life! It's the most tiring and at times the most trying job conceivable.

"I speak from experience, after all. I was on the stage at six, dancing. Those were free and easy days—with no restrictions on child performers. I remember being on the stage with Little Tich till eleven at night. You ask me how I got on the stage. Well, in those days, if you were a stage-struck kid, you just walked on the stage and somehow got through it! It just happened!

"You had to carve your own niche then, and start young. I did. I was one of six children, and we hadn't much money. I was dancing at three. I think I was born dancing. It seemed the natural thing to drift into the theatre, though neither of my parents was professional.

"I never dreamed then my name would be a byword all over the globe. I got to the top and when I got there, I found—like others—there was the more difficult job of staying there, of adapting the stock-in-trade to each new phase of the entertainment world.

"The screen and television open new fields for me. It is my ambition to play a 'Marie Dressler' role, but I find it hard to convince people that there is another Nellie Wallace outside

Please turn to page 29

Nellie Wallace in one of her famous character studies. Difficult to realise that she's the same person as the one below

**S**OME people are so famous that if a caricaturist draws a couple of lines and curves and asks you to name his subject, you can do so without hesitation. Chaplin, Garbo, Robey belong to this class—and Nellie Wallace. Immortal names, I should say.

Nellie talked to me about it the other day, but only because I drove her to it. She threw up her expressive hands, tried to look serious, and sighed.

"Honestly, you can't imagine what it's like to have a name that is a household word! Do you suppose there's any place at all where they might not know me? If you do, then for goodness sake lead me to it.

"When you've got a name that practically belongs to the dictionary, you cease to belong to yourself any more. You're national property. Everywhere I go, people know my face, and they know my voice, too.

"I never know whether to be amused or sorry at the disappointment in their faces when they find I'm only a human being, that I'm wearing ordinary clothes, and have no little hat and feather boa.

"Whenever I go into a store to buy something, I get a warm welcome from all the assistants. Mind you, I love it, because at once we feel we are friends.

"Being Public Property is just a wee bit wearing at times, but I know I should be unhappy without my public's affection. And in my heart of hearts, I still get a bit of a kick out of being asked for my autograph, though I must have worn out a cartload of pens and pencils in this way!"

We sat chatting in Nellie's delightful flat—a sleek, modern flat, in St. John's Wood, near Lord's Cricket Ground. The phone bell rang incessantly while we talked, and Nellie kept popping in and out.

"You see how it is, don't you? Life is



Nellie Wallace saves her grotesque clothes and make-up for her work! Here she is on holiday with two escorts

## Elisabeth Ann's Page

# Film Star Loveliness

Copy the stars of the screen—use the same secrets of make-up as they do—and discover glamorous beauty in yourself, says

### ELISABETH ANN

SO many of you have your beauty standards by the film celebrities of to-day, that I am sure you will be intrigued to hear that a famous hairdressing and hair-health house are continuing their search for "film doubles." They have already found readers who resemble Ann Harding, Jessie Matthews, Joan Crawford, to mention a few, and if you feel you resemble a film star, or with the aid of cosmetics, can resemble her, why not enter for the contest? I shall be delighted to send you details. I am going to warn you now, that if you happen to be one of the lucky "doubles," an appearance at your local cinema will be asked of you!

But it is not only in hairdressing that you can resemble your favourite "star." Perfume has much to do with it, too. If you are the little-girl type, romantic and old-fashioned, and use just the right perfume, very sparingly, you are going to deepen the type of girl you are. And if you are modern and sophisticated, and thoroughly independent, and adopt a perfume which really expresses that independence, so that people feel it about you when you are introduced, you are going to be more definitely that type.

Not that I suggest you should imitate celebrities, because you might surrender some of your individuality if you did. But if you are a film-star type, sometimes it lends you confidence to deepen that likeness.

Perfumes are difficult to choose, but I do want you to try a new compact perfume, which is in the nature of a secret. By some special process the actual petals of flowers have been used, with highly concentrated essences, to make these perfumes, and they are packed in charming boxes for the handbag. Just a touch to brow, to nape of the neck, to back of the hand, and behind the ear, will give you that delightful fragrance which is never too obvious. The box of perfume costs only one shilling.

So select the perfume you prefer, and keep to it.

And mention of the ear—here is a "tip" from the Hollywood Make-up Genius.

#### Max Factor Beauty Secret

Do you realise the importance of beautiful ears? The "ears-out" trend has been the inspiration of some really outstanding coiffure styles in Hollywood—Joan Crawford, for instance.

Ears that show veins, wrinkles or "off colour spots" will receive excellent if temporary, beautification from the application of foundation cream. Use the same shade that you use on your face, but apply it more liberally.

Be sure to use make-up on your ears.

If they are pale and colourless give them a little life with just a faint blush of rouge on the lobes—no more. The final flourish is a light dusting with your regular face powder. If you wish to get the perfect satin-smooth effect with your make-up, I advise you to clear away the surplus powder with a soft face powder brush.

If you haven't used a complexion brush, you have something in store. When you apply your face powder, you don't lift away the cream on the face but when you attempt to "rub" away the superfluous powder, then you do lift the cream with it, and it adheres to your puff, making it greasy. That is why the complexion brush is a boon. It dusts off stray flecks of powder, and leaves the skin looking transparent.

## READERS INQUIRE:

IT is so nice to confide in you. My problem is a flat chest. I would do anything to be a little stouter. My figure itself is slim, but all that worries me is my bust. Could you recommend me to some developing cream, or something? If you could, I would be so very grateful to you, but, if possible, nothing too expensive please. My age is eighteen.—"ALWAYS HOPING."

Let me send you a chest-developing exercise and use a nourishing skinfood for gentle fingertip massage to help "round out." If you are definitely thin you will need tonic tablets to remedy the condition.

IS there such a thing as a lipstick which won't change colour on the lips? I look so blue with most of them. Please help me—and I don't want anything too expensive.—"GLORIA GIRL" (Caterham).

It is never wise to economise over your lipstick if you value smoothness and lasting colour. But I am sure you will be delighted with the new Laleek lipstick, in its black and gilt "container," automatic in action, and priced at

**FREE OFFER:** One of Beauty's essentials is dazzling white teeth, and my special offer this week is a Free tube of toothpaste, guaranteed to scour and whiten and polish. Just send me a postcard, c/o Radio Pictorial, 37-38 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2, for this valuable beauty aid.

2s. 6d. The colour, by an entirely new process, does not change on the lips, even while bathing. May I post you details?

WOULD you kindly help me to clear my face of superfluous hairs? I have tried everything and nothing seems to go to the roots. I also have a lot of blackheads and pimples. Hope to have a reply in "Radio Pictorial" next week.—J. I. C.

I am sorry to hear you have tried "everything" for that problem. A depilatory wax will be most effective, I think, because it does draw the whole hair and does not break it off. For the blemish problem take a milk of magnesia in liquid form, and use a healing ointment.

I TAKE a great interest in your page, but I thought I would write to you personally. First of all, I have sound strong teeth but they are terribly dingy. I read about your advising dental magnesia:

Yes, that is Virginia Bruce above, "featured" in the act of make-up. No hasty daub of colour on her lips, you note! The lady with the complexion brush is Maureen O'Sullivan. Try one yourself; it is the perfect way to powder!

where can I buy it? Next, where can I buy the eyelash grower which costs one shilling? Also, is almond oil good for the skin? I have been using it lately. Can you recommend a good hair tonic, my hair is full of dandruff? Hoping you can give me details.—ANON.

Phillips Dental Magnesia costs from 6d. from any good-class chemist. Laleek Cream Mascara costs 1s. from Boots or direct from the maker. Almond oil is cleansing and lubricating for the skin. I suggest a good but inexpensive tonic for the hair—but may I post you details of this?

Won't you write ELISABETH ANN if your problem is concerned with health and beauty? Address her c/o "Radio Pictorial," Chansior House, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped addressed envelope for her personal response—and as she receives hundreds of letters from you every week, every inquiry is answered in strict rotation. What is your beauty problem?]

# GOOD THINGS TO EAT

By Mrs. Stanley Wrench

**M**ANY may be "holidaying" in August, but remember that, with the exception of mackerel, most fish is seasonable. Tomatoes will be cheap; so, if called upon to give supper to a friend who has dropped in, remember

## STUFFED TOMATOES

*Ingredients.*—Allow two large tomatoes per person, with equal quantities of breadcrumbs and cold meat or chicken minced up. Allow salt and pepper to taste, a teaspoonful minced parsley and thyme, and for each tomato a piece of butter the size of a walnut.

*Method.*—With a sharp knife cut each tomato in half and scoop out the inside. (This may be used to-morrow for soup or sauce.) Mince up meat or chicken (substitute grated cheese, if you like.) Mix breadcrumbs with this, add herbs and seasoning and stuff each half with this. Put butter on top. Set the tomatoes in a fire-proof dish, put in oven, or over gas-grill (with asbestos mat beneath), and cook till hot through. Time 20 minutes. Serve on buttered toast spread with a little anchovy, ham or chicken paste. Delicious!

This makes a nice breakfast dish, too, for the family, and if you like, half an onion, minced finely, may be added.

## GREEN PEAS AND HAM

Have you ever tried giving "Himself" a rasher of ham (or gammon or even ordinary bacon) with green peas? Try it, for a change.

*Ingredients.*—Half a pint of peas per person; 1 slice of ham, gammon or 2 rashers of bacon per person, a pinch of castor sugar, a sprig of mint and a pinch of salt.

*Method.*—Cook the peas with a little water, with the mint, sugar and salt, and GRILL the ham, gammon or bacon. (Don't fry it.) Drain the peas and shake the saucepan, then add the ham or bacon fat to the peas and shake again. Have a very hot dish. Put the peas on this and lay the grilled slices of ham around. This makes a capital supper dish, but, although you may not believe it, it is equally good for breakfast.

A man who had travelled all over the world leaned back and declared this was a dish fit for a king.

Children don't want meat in hot weather. Try

## RICE CHEESE.

*Ingredients.*—One cupful rice, one cupful cold water, one cupful milk, one cupful grated cheese, one egg, salt and pepper to taste, a piece of butter the size of a small egg.

*Method.*—Use a double saucepan. Put the rice and cold water in the upper half and cook till water is absorbed, then add the milk, grated cheese, butter and seasoning and cook again. It looks after itself. Finally, beat up the egg and stir in. Have a buttered dish ready, put the mixture in, set beneath the grill or in oven to brown—and there's a delicious and satisfying dish which I have never found fail to please children. Grown-ups like it, too, instead of a pudding. It is a dish any bachelor girl can cook on her own.

## A NEW FEATURE

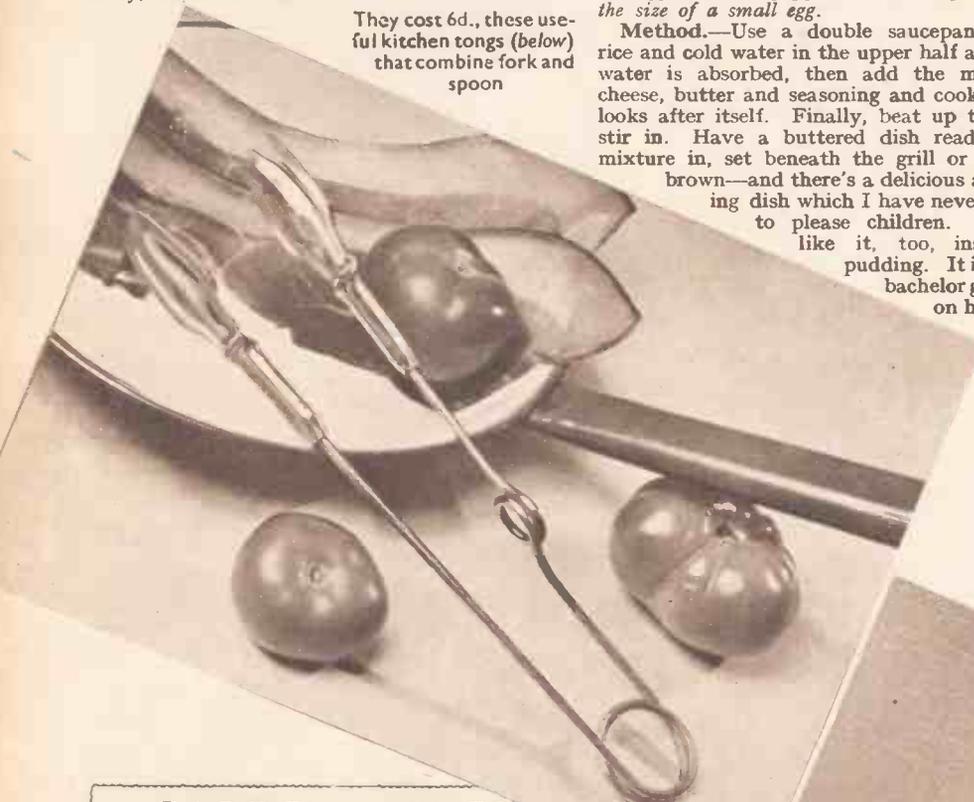
—by Mrs. Stanley Wrench, Cookery Expert, popular novelist and well-known writer for many papers, begins on this page this week, under the title of "Good Things to Eat." Mrs. Wrench not only caters for the Housewife but pays special attention to the needs of the Bachelor Girl living in "digs," and does not forget to provide recipes specially suitable for children. Every reader will look forward to her homely, practical article each week, full of new ideas and clever tips.

Mackintoshes no longer look like mackintoshes. Here is a Dunlop waterproof made of Viyella! With flared back and velvet collar.



Below—First aid for sunburn — coconut oil, cotton wool and calamine lotion. (See Household Hints column)

They cost 6d., these useful kitchen tongs (below) that combine fork and spoon



## GARDEN NOTES

By F. R. Castle

**SCARLET SALVIAS.**—Although all varieties of Salvias may be raised from seed sown in early spring, the results, especially in a wet season, are rarely satisfactory. It is far better to lift a few plants from the open border now and put in pots sufficiently large to take the roots without disturbance of soil. If these plants are removed into a greenhouse before the end of September, scarcely a leaf will be lost and next spring each will be well furnished with cuttings.

**Feeding Winter Greens.**—Where plants of any of the best known winter greens were put out earlier into badly prepared or unmanured ground, the deficiency in plant food should now be made up by liberal surface feeding. Sprouts, kales, and cabbages will stand lots of liquid nourishment. I would not, however, advise its free use upon late Broccoli or Portugal Cabbage, for should a severe winter follow, the growth would be too sappy to withstand a long hard spell without injury or perhaps total loss. Peruvian Guano used in the ration of two ounces to three gallons of water is a safe "help" if given weekly until the end of September. It is worth while taking the trouble.

## Pyrethrums.

Large roots may now be divided, and, if well cared for, should make good clumps for flowering next June. Use only small portions with roots attached and plant in a very sandy compost. Give them plenty of water and provide shade from hottest sun.





Decorative sleeves and nose-gays at the neckline are features of the newest fashions. This very lovely evening model by Elsie Leventhal has a three-quarter coat to match

(Elisabeth Ann invites you to send her dress queries: she will be pleased to send sketches and patterns of fabrics if desired. Address her c/o "Radio Pictorial," Chansitor House, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.)

## NEW DESIGNS ON OLD

By Elisabeth Ann

**T**HERE is a time when even fashion calls a halt, when the summer season is ending, and we have not yet arrived at those autumn "previews" which indicate just what you will wear for the cooler months.

But one thing I will tell you. Fashions are to be simple. And graceful. The decorations and the ornamentation are devoted to sleeves, in the shape of flowing cuffs, gay sashes about the waist, and artificial flowers at the softly draped neckline. So that you can conjure up all kinds of ways in which to bring a plain frock up to date.

A plain navy gown in wool mousse, for instance—the type of frock you wear every day, and of which you get a little tired.

Picture it with massed white camellias round the wrists, and a semicircle of them about the throat. Have your flowers in stiffened piqué or organdi.

And a plain evening gown with a clinging line. Imagine the one you have in black, and wind a two-toned sash round the waist, in cherry and white, and let it trail to your toes in front. Or a brown—have two brilliant shades of green chiffon that tie in a bow at back, and let the ends fall nearly to your ankles. It will give you a brave new feeling about the gown.

Again, if your gown is taffeta and sleeveless, have a complete change and introduce huge taffeta sleeves in similar colouring, gathered on the shoulders and falling just below your elbows, drawn in there so that they resemble billows and are very feminine.

All these things can you do to tired dresses, before the new season begins, to refresh them.

## Readers' Queries:

**I**F you can tell me what to do I shall be ever so grateful. I have just had a crêpe dress cleaned which has shrunk. It has no hem, so I can't lengthen it, but I don't want to waste it.—"BUNNY BROWN."

Day dresses are all worn shorter, you know. But why not take the waist apart and insert a band of velvet to form a sash. You may have to alter the hips a little because you will be wearing the skirt at a different angle.

**I** AM very worried because I perspire and take the colour out of my dresses. Is there anything to replace the colour?—IDA (Cobham.)

I am afraid there is little you can do to the ruined dresses. You probably suffer from some form of acidity, and you will be wise to check and deodorise the perspiration with the aid of a deodorant cream. And another time protect your dresses with "Sudol," a new preparation for protecting clothes from perspiration.

**I** DO enjoy your fashion notes so much. Can you advise me what to wear for a September wedding? I want to wear the frock on my honeymoon afterwards, but as it is a church wedding, I want to look attractive.—"FAIR JANET."

Why not have a soft blue crêpe ankle-length dress, which could be shortened immediately afterwards—or worn for afternoons, as it is? Long sleeves, full on the shoulders, a little white straw hat with blue veil falling down to your shoulders, white gloves, and a bouquet of pink carnations?

## FIVE-SHILLING HINTS

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

### TO KEEP FLOWERS FRESH

**V**ASES of flowers can be kept fresh and free from flies if a sprig of mint is pushed in amongst the foliage.—(Miss) T. Masters, "The Homelands," Vicarage Road, Yalding, Kent.

### TO PREVENT BURNING

**E**VERYBODY aims at getting brown as quickly as possible, but it is important to achieve the correct shade of tan without becoming unpleasantly burnt by the sun. Be careful to take your sunshine in small doses at first. To prevent burning, rub all the parts exposed to the sun with coconut oil or specially prepared preparations that are on the market for this purpose, but avoid the use of olive oil; this will just fry on the skin and cause great discomfort. When the skin has been caught by the sun, avoid washing in cold water at all costs. Soak a pad of cotton wool in a calamine lotion, or, failing that, gently rub in some cold cream. The lotion soothes the inflamed skin and leaves a protective layer of powder behind. No fluid used should be cooler than the temperature of the skin.—"Experienced," Epsom, Surrey.



Here are the new billowy sleeves, ending just below the elbow, on a gaily patterned frock. Contrast: a vivid evening dress with high front and cut-away back. From Marshall and Snelgrove.

# WHY NOT JOIN US?

EVERY SUNDAY MORNING—  
EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON—  
EVERY MONDAY MORNING—  
EVERY WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON—

## The CARTERS CARAVAN

SETS OUT ON  
"THE OPEN ROAD"

### SONGS—DRAMA—MUSIC

Remember the times and the stations:

**RADIO LUXEMBOURG** (1293 metres)

11.15 a.m. every Sunday

8.45 a.m. every Monday

**RADIO NORMANDY** (269.5 metres)

2.45 p.m. every Sunday

9.0 a.m. every Monday

5.0 p.m. every Wednesday

**POSTE PARISIEN** (312.8 metres)

6.30 p.m. every Sunday

You'll be switching on to an entirely new kind of musical show! The Carters Caravan will fascinate you with Music, Song and Drama—the brightest show on the air. You and your family must "listen-in" to this programme.

Listen to "The Open Road" programme sponsored by the makers of

### CARTERS Brand LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Poste Parisien and Radio Normandy transmissions arranged through International Broadcasting Co. Ltd.

## LONG MOTOR DRIVES UPSET THE STOMACH

Every motorist who goes for long trips, whether in a nippy sports model or in the driver's cabin of a heavy coach or lorry, knows only too well how prone the stomach is to get out of order. Hurried meals are only half digested before the journey has to be resumed. Before ten miles have been covered, the stomach protests. It won't work in these unfair conditions. The rest of the journey is misery.

Motorists and motor drivers can save themselves all discomfort by taking two tablets of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder just before starting off after a halt for food. Some drivers who have experienced the great relief brought about by Maclean Brand Stomach Powder go so far as to carry some ready mixed in a bottle of water, but the tablets make an excellent alternative. The effect of the powder or tablets on the stomach is magical. Discomfort disappears immediately and you feel better altogether.

Always insist when buying MACLEAN BRAND, either the powder or tablets, on seeing the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle. Nothing else is so effective. 1/3, 2/- and 5/- per bottle, powder or tablets. Never sold loose.

Soprano and bass notes are all the same to him  
*Daily Express*

The strangest voice in the world... advise everyone to hear it  
*Glasgow Herald*

Unique and delightfully entertaining  
*Dublin Mail*

# BILLY COSTELLO

Europe's Newest Thrill

**RADIO LUXEMBOURG**  
**SUNDAY MID-DAY, 12.15**

# A NEW USE FOR

# COLOUR CONTRAST

Soft bands of brown, orange and blue are used for the narrow yoke that blends so effectively with its background of fawn.

Raglan sleeves, you see, are in the news again. They look very effective on this demure and charming jumper.



### MATERIALS

6 ozs. PATONS "LORNA" wool, fawn (shade 2064) and 1 oz. each of BEEHIVE, or PATON'S SUPER, Scotch Fingering Wool, 3-ply, Brown (shade 2040), Orange (shade 556) and Blue (shade 2014). Two No. 8 "BEEHIVE" Knitting Needles (or "INOX," if Metal preferred), measured by the Beehive gauge. Five Buttons.

### MEASUREMENTS

Length from top of shoulder, 18 ins. Width all round at under-arm, 32 inches. Length of sleeve from under-arm, 5 inches.

### ABBREVIATIONS

K., knit plain; P., purl; tog., together; wl. fwd., wool forward.

Work at a tension to produce 6½ stitches to the inch, measured over the plain, smooth fabric—the correct size will only be obtained by exactly following this instruction!

### THE FRONT

Using the fawn wool, cast on 84 stitches.

1st row—K. 2, \* P. 1, K. 1, repeat from \* to the end of the row. Repeat this row thirteen times. Proceed as follows:—

1st row—\* K. 5, increase once in the next stitch, repeat from \* to the end of the row (there should now be 98 stitches on the needle).

2nd row—K. 1, purl to the last stitch, K. 1.

3rd row—Knit plain.

Repeat the 2nd and 3rd rows until the work measures 11½ inches from the commencement, ending with the 2nd row. Decrease once at each end of the needle in the next and every alternate row until 76 stitches remain. Proceed as follows:—

1st row—K. 1, P. 27, turn. 2nd and alternate rows—Knit plain to the last 3 stitches, K. 2 tog., K. 1. 3rd row—K. 1, P. 23, turn.

5th row—K. 1, P. 19, turn. 7th row—K. 1, P. 15, turn. 9th row—K. 1, P. 11, turn.

11th row—K. 1, P. 7, turn. 13th row—K. 1, P. 3, turn. 14th row—K. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 1.

15th row—K. 1, P. 67, K. 1. Proceed as follows:—

1st row—K. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 25, turn. 2nd and alternate rows.—Purl to last stitch, K. 1. 3rd row—K. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 21, turn.

5th row—K. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 17, turn. 7th row—K. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 13, turn.

9th row—K. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 9, turn. 11th row—K. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 5, turn.

13th row—K. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 1, turn. 14th row—P. 2, K. 1.

Break off the fawn wool. Join in the orange. In the next row K. 1, K. 2 tog., \* (wl. fwd., K. 2 tog.) three times, wl. fwd., K. 3 tog., repeat from \* to the last 5 stitches, wl. fwd., K. 2 tog., wl. fwd., K. 3 tog.

In the following row K. 1, P. 28, turn. Continue working on these 29 stitches as follows:—

1st row—K. 1, \* K. 2 tog., wl. fwd., repeat from \* to the last 2 stitches, K. 2 tog.

2nd row—K. 1, purl to the last 2 stitches, K. 2. 3rd row—K. 1, K. 2 tog., \* wl. fwd., K. 2 tog., repeat from \* to the last stitch, K. 1.

4th row—K. 1, purl to the last 2 stitches, K. 2. 5th row—K. 2, \* wl. fwd., K. 2 tog., repeat from \* to the last 3 stitches, K. 2 tog., K. 1.

6th row—K. 1, purl to the last 2 stitches, K. 2. Break off the orange wool. Join in the brown. Repeat from the 3rd to the 6th row once. Break off the brown wool. Join in the blue. Repeat from the 3rd to the 6th row twice, then from the 3rd to the 5th row once.

Cast off knitways loosely. Using the orange wool, cast on 4 stitches and purl the remaining 25 stitches on to the end of the same needle. Proceed as follows:—

1st row—\* K. 2 tog., wl. fwd., repeat from \* to the last 3 stitches, K. 2 tog., K. 1.

2nd row—K. 2, purl to the last stitch, K. 1.

3rd row—K. 2 tog., \* K. 2 tog., wl. fwd., repeat from \* to the last 2 stitches, K. 2.

4th row—K. 2, purl to the last stitch, K. 1.

5th row—K. 2 tog., \* wl. fwd., K. 2 tog., repeat from \* to the last stitch, K. 1.

6th row—K. 2, purl to the last stitch, K. 1. Break off the orange wool. Join in the brown.

Repeat from the 3rd to the 6th row once. Break off the brown wool. Join in the blue.

Repeat from the 3rd to the 6th row twice, then from the 3rd to the 5th row once.

Cast off knitways loosely.

### THE BACK

Using the fawn wool, cast on 84 stitches. Work exactly as given for the front until 11½ inches have been worked from the commencement, ending with a purl row.

Decrease once at each end of the needle in the next and every alternate row until 70 stitches remain.

Proceed as follows: 1st row—K. 1, P. 23, turn. 2nd and alternate rows—Knit plain to the last 3 stitches, K. 2 tog., K. 1. 3rd row—K. 1, P. 17, turn. 5th row—K. 1, P. 11, turn.

7th row—K. 1, P. 5, turn. 8th row—Knit plain to the last 3 stitches, K. 2 tog., K. 1.

9th row—K. 1, P. 64, K. 1. Proceed as follows: 1st row—K. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 21, turn.

2nd and alternate rows—Purl to the last stitch, K. 1. 3rd row—K. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 15, turn. 5th row—K. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 9, turn.

Please turn to page 30



# HOT GOSPELERS OF RHYTHM

Benny Carter does a hot break

Introducing  
**BENNY CARTER**  
famous saxophonist  
and arranger

**H**AVE you noticed a gradual and indefinable improvement in Henry Hall's B.B.C. Dance Orchestra during the last few months? Did you ever pause to wonder why the playing sounds crisper and cleaner, the saxophones more mellow, the brass more brilliant than ever before?

The answer to the first question is probably "Yes," but to the second a negative is likely. However, if you had taken the trouble to wonder what it is that has brought about this metamorphosis of one of Britain's favourite bands, your reasonings would all boil down to one name. The name of Benny Carter.

Bennett Lester Carter arrived here in March to write special orchestrations for H.H.'s boys. His work has a character and a spirit that rarely seems to be captured by British arrangers. Benny can take a banal, everyday tune, dress it up in subtle and charming harmonies, adorn it with unfamiliar tone colours, and turn it into a work of art. And the Rhythm Club fans will tell you that his arrangements "swing."

The advent of Benny Carter at the B.B.C. was a tremendously significant event in the march of superior jazz.

### Good Jazz and Bad Jazz

Recently it has become a fetish in our daily papers to talk about "swing" as though it were a special ingredient of jazz which is either inserted or omitted at will—just as one might talk of "quick-starting" properties in petrol or "non-ladder" stockings.

Actually there is no hard-and-fast line between jazz that swings and jazz that does not. To students of this type of music there is merely good jazz and bad jazz. Both swing music and non-swing music can fall into either of these categories. The salient fact, though, is that the individual musician in this country cannot, in the majority of cases, bring a natural sense of swing into his playing. It is a matter of environment, national characteristics, rather than a racial problem.

In America there are hundreds of musicians, both white and coloured, who possess that innate flair for "swinging." Instead of using printed parts for their solos, they improvise their own ideas. Since British musicians in general are not born with a silver swing in their soul, so to speak, it is necessary for somebody to write down music for them in such a manner that it is bound to swing when they play it.

**BENNY CARTER**, the brilliant coloured musician and arranger, has already had a tremendous influence on our dance music although he has not been in this country very long. In this article he and his work are discussed by Leonard G. Feather.

George Elrick, Bert Read and "Guv'nor" Hall himself will tell you with glowing faces how Benny Carter's arrangements "swing by themselves," and how this American genius has improved the band almost beyond recognition.

By now you will be asking just what this elusive quality is that pervades Benny Carter's orchestrations, and how it is going to affect the future of dance music in this country. "Swing" is a term almost impossible to define, and I shall make no attempt for the moment.

### Modernising Their Bands!

As to the effect these swing orchestrations are having, I feel sure that Henry Hall's precedent will soon have other bands looking to their laurels. They, too, will try to modernise the style of their performance, to bring it in line with the example the B.B.C. Band has set them.

There have been considerable repercussions already in the record industry. The day after he arrived in London, Benny Carter was signed up to inaugurate the new Vocalion Swing Records, and the public, gladly paying half a crown to listen to Benny himself playing, have shown that swing music is a rising market for the gramophone trade.

A sign that there are already some musicians in England who can vie with America's best will be found in such records as Benny's *Swingin' the Blues*, in which two or three British artistes play a series of extemporised solos which almost bear comparison with the magnificent alto sax and trumpet solos by Benny himself.

Here, by the way, is another indication of which way the wind is blowing. When the musicians are so gifted that they do not need manuscripts to read from, both time and trouble are saved, as well as money; and, since the presence of too many solo instruments would result in a clashing of the various improvised melody parts, bands of this type are generally quite small, which again helps on the financial side.

By **LEONARD G. FEATHER**

There is thus a fashion amongst recording companies nowadays to form small swing bands (also known, for some obscure reason, as "jam" bands) to provide a pleasant and economical contrast with the big orchestras.

Members of these small groups enjoy themselves so well that you may often hear impromptu "jam sessions" at some obscure night club in the very small hours, when members of larger bands come along to take a busman's holiday by joining in the fun.

One night in Soho not long ago, there was a memorable "jam session" at which Benny Carter played trumpet, saxophones, clarinet and piano to a deliriously enthusiastic audience. In the band which swung with him were one member of Ambrose's Band, one of Harry Roy's, and one each from the bands of Lew Stone, Roy Fox and Henry Hall!

It is at an informal gathering of this kind that you really begin to appreciate the spirit of true jazz; worlds apart from the elaborate symphonic arrangements of Whiteman and Hylton, or the dull succession of over-plugged commercial ballads which constitute the routine of the average English band.

### Famous "St. Louis Blues"

At these "jam sessions" no written music, no tunes at all need be used; just any old sequence of chords on which to found the solos. The best-known of all is the "twelve-bar blues" sequence, typified by the chorus of *St. Louis Blues*. In Harlem I have heard the traditional blues theme played for half-an-hour without a pause. It is second nature to these artistes to play the blues.

Naturally the day has not yet arrived when English improvisation (or "busking") will reach the heights of creative talent displayed across the Atlantic; but both musicians and fans can learn more about jazz than any words can tell, simply by studying the best American records.

Don't be scared by your first reaction that hot music is just a lot of noise. Perhaps you found port wine very unpleasant until you cultivated an appreciation for it, or maybe you were ill after smoking your first cigarette.

Swing music is an acquired taste. For your first taste listen to Mildred Bailey, the greatest living white jazz vocalist, singing *Willow Tree* on Parlophone R2201, with Teddy  
Please turn to page 29

# SHOULD BANDLEADERS



Whilst Marius B. Winter rolls his lawn, he is busy thinking out stunts for his next "Chez Marius" programme.

## Inside Chatter from the DANCE-BAND WORLD A New Weekly Feature

**A**DDRESSING a meeting of newspapermen at Broadcasting House, Eric Maschwitz, B.B.C. Director of Light Entertainment, intimated that he intended immediately to investigate afresh the whole question of rates of pay for broadcast dance music with a view to removing all genuine grievances and establishing, once and for all, a fair basis.

That was getting on for a year ago. Has Mr. Maschwitz, or anyone else, actually begun this long overdue investigation?

If the £40 per session paid to the "big" bands is insufficient, as I contend it is, what about the many smaller London combinations and provincial bands which usually get half or less than half that sum?

In the recent orgy of new-band-mania, for instance, one particular 12-piece band with which I am acquainted, was paid 25 guineas for a 40-minute broadcast. The leader assured me privately that after paying for extra musicians to augment the show for the broadcast, a vocalist, and various special orchestrations, he was about £15 out on the deal.

Another London bandleader, who got £25 for a broadcast, was similarly out of pocket.

In the provinces, broadcasting dance bands are paid even less: cases of as little as £7 10s. have been reported.

It is all very well for B.B.C. officials to talk about the publicity value of broadcasting.

Baby needs a new pair of shoes which only cash can buy!

The present situation is patently an impossible one which cannot last much longer, for it means in effect that a majority of the band leaders now on the air are obliged to pay for the privilege of broadcasting, which, as Euclid said, is absurd.

What is urgently needed, in my opinion, is a knowledgeable system of selecting bands for broadcasting and the institution of standard and adequate rates of pay.

**I** WAS genuinely grieved to hear of the sudden death from heart failure of my old friend Al Davison, and no doubt many readers of these pages who knew him as I did will raise their hats in silent tribute to a great figure in the dance-band world.

Al, who was a Mus. Bac., was quite outstanding among jazz merchants for his amazingly deep knowledge of "straight" music, and his authority in this respect was recognised even as far back as 11 years ago, when I first met him.

His passing will leave a gap which no one else, so far as I know, can really fill.

Last time Henry Hall went to France he brought back a number that everybody hummed. Do you remember? "Lying in the Hay" was its English title and months later America raved about it. He is off again to Paris at the end of next week. Looking around with both ears open, and if there is any tune both new and good, he will bring it back in his bag. Meanwhile the Hall family will be "beaching" quietly in Cornwall where Henry will join them on his return. Straight from the boat train, if I know our Henry.

About the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra changes. Henry Hall is hoping that Vivienne Brooks will find time to broadcast occasionally when the band returns on September 7. Though Elizabeth Scott and Bert Yarlett will be free to take other engagements, they will sing with the band part-time, and the "Three Sisters," too, will be heard a good deal. A dance band can never be static. I wonder what other changes the autumn will bring.

**W**ELL, folks, that old rift in the B.B.C.—Nat Gonella—lute (or trumpet) has been well and truly

patched. You'll remember that at one time the wireless wallahs became somewhat perturbed over "scat-singing" . . . but *that's* all over now.

Nat Gonella and His Georgians are going to be heard quite a lot in future—the August dates are the 10th, 17th, and 29th.

Seems like Charing Cross Road will soon be re-named Swing Pan Alley!

The silver-voiced tenor in Nat's outfit, who hits these top notes with a smile, is Jimmy Messini. "This looks like the big radio break I've been waiting for," says Jimmy, overjoyed at the news from Broadcasting House.

He's worked for his break, has Jimmy. When his father's business crashed, and that parent died, Jimmy took a gamble, came up to London—and nearly starved. For two nights he slept out in the open. Then he wrote a few songs (lovely things, too) and sold them just when he couldn't pull in his belt any tighter!

His first regular job was with Percival Mackey's Band.

**I** hear that Al Berlin, at the Tower Ballroom, Edgbaston, Birmingham, is pulling down the house with his new band. He's just been given a radio test by Midland officials, and it looks as though everything is going to be A 1 for Al.

By the way, Albert Harris—one of England's finest guitarists (there's only about two others up to his standard)—once played in a schoolboy's band that Al formed at the age of thirteen!

Billy Gerhardi (broadcasting from the Piccadilly next Friday, 14th, and August 31st) had his earlier musical experience in a college band in South Africa. He left college and came over here to study medicine—"But I knew I was no good at *that*"—confesses Billy, "so after just one week I joined 'The Ragpickers,' one of the first American jazz bands in this country."

Sydney Kyte, society baton-swinging of Piccadilly fame, goes on tour with an enlarged band towards the end of this month. Sydney's regular and always polished broadcasts have made him "the top" with the fans and I guess they'll rush to see him in person.

Mario de Pietro and Sunny, his mascot. Mario's back on the air on August 9th.

## By BUDDY BRAMWELL



### AFTER 11.30

**E**ACH week, in future, I intend to devote this corner to a few words about the people you hear in the "pot-luck" programme of dance records radiated in the National programme after 11.30 each night.

"Pot-luck" is the only way in which to describe a programme that contains every style and period of dance tune, and in which the whole range of modern jazz is covered from sweet music to swing music.

But the main fascination of these sessions is that they introduce new personalities to the British listener.

For instance, there is Jack Teagarden.

Jack and his brother Charlie both play in the rotund Paul Whiteman's famous band: but their best records have been made with upwards of more than a dozen other purely recording bands.

Nobody dreams of calling them by their full names. They are just Big "T," and Little "T."

Big "T"—who happens to be one of the grandest singers and trombone players that have happened to dance music—was born down in Texas 'bout thirty years ago.

There's a good story told of how Paul Whiteman's band was travelling to an out-of-town engagement by motor-coach.

During a halt, Jack popped out for a quick one—and was left behind.

"Ah'm suttinly sore at you all," he said afterwards in his slow Texan drawl. "Not you pussonally, Paul, but ever' one else. Ah had mah eye on that bus, and when ah put mah glass down it was gone. Why, even a train rings a bell, and goes 'Who, whoo!'"

**B**IG "T" can be heard in two records that will be aired next Wednesday (August 12). The first of these should be a great hit with lady listeners who care to sit up late. I am assured that Jack's voice is extraordinarily like Clark Gable's. Maybe it is, but I still think that Jack's record of "A Hundred Years from To-day" is one of the most perfect things in dance music.

In complete contrast on the same evening, there is a record to please the most out and out of swing fans. "Texas Tea Party" was composed by Mr. "T" who sings the vocal chorus and plays a wicked trombone solo. This is what the fans call "gutbucket" music. That is to say, someone hums a tune just before the record is made, and after that everybody plays "the number they'd first thought of."

# PAY TO BROADCAST?

Farewell to Al Davison :: Henry Hall off to  
"Gay Paree" :: Nat Gonella Back Again

High Priest of Hotcha, **Harry Roy** (now on holiday) has his tour of the halls worked-out as follows: August 31st, Brighton; September 7th, Portsmouth; 14th, Liverpool; 21st, Glasgow; 28th, Edinburgh; October, Leeds, Birmingham, London; November, Sheffield, Cardiff, Birmingham, Nottingham, Manchester.

That'll do to be getting on with, anyway.

"And these are my most treasured possessions," said **Tommy Kinsman**, rummaging through his desk. "I was given them when I was playing at the Ritz." But all I could see were some old scraps of paper, maybe torn from a waiter's pad.

Then Tommy pointed out that they were requests for tunes made by the King, when Prince of Wales.

Kinsman now plays at Fisher's Restaurant, London, and gets another airing on August 27th.

**Monte Rey**, who's been singing with **Joe Loss** as well as **Geraldo** of late (and will be at Radiolympia with Joe), fully intended to be a grand opera singer at one time. He was a "spare-time singer" working in a Scottish distillery, and popped over to the Isle of Aran one Sunday to take part in a charity concert. Here, the **Duchess of Montrose** met him, heard him, and was so struck by his voice that she helped to finance his operatic studies on the Continent.

"But a man's got to live, and there's more money in dance-music nowadays," said Monte.

Seen Around Town.—**Roy Fox** in swlegant new Rolls Royce. **Gerry Fitzgerald** popping in for a quick matinee shave. **Eddie Carroll** holding a blonde spell-bound with tales of Harlem (O.K. Mrs. Carroll, the blonde was my stooge!). **Walford Hyden** being introduced as Mr. Kaif Colette!

**MIDLAND** listeners generally associate **Jan Berenska** with the violin, but he is one of the most versatile musicians broadcasting from the Birmingham studios. I was watching a broadcast the other evening, and in the middle of a number noticed Jan hand over his violin to another member of the band, and himself take over the 'cello. Later on, he dashed across to the celeste, laid his violin on top of it, and played a few bars on the celeste, then picked up his fiddle and "filled in" on that instrument, later going back to the celeste again. He certainly earned his fee that evening—yet it is doubtful if even the announcer was aware that he would display such astonishing versatility. Jan never boasts about his achievements.

Had a chat with **Kitty Masters** the other evening on the subject of **Henry Hall**. "I always remember when I told Henry that I had received a handsome music hall contract, he said: 'Good luck, Kitty, I always knew you'd be a star, and then you'll forget all about Henry Hall.'"

"And that's the only mistake I ever knew Henry make," says Kitty, "because he's always at the back of my mind. Whenever I introduce a new song to my act I wonder what he would think about it, and if I make a record that pleases me particularly, I want him to hear it right away. In fact, he's just as much guide, philosopher and friend to me as ever he was."

**Jack Wilson**, of Versatile Five Fame, is looking very proud of himself these days. He recently became the father of a bonny boy weighing no less than nine pounds! What pleases Jack most is the youngster's hands. "He's a born pianist—why I believe he could span a tenth already," declares the admiring father.

Listeners in the North and Midlands have had an opportunity of seeing Jack in person just recently, for he has been making a number of stage appearances, both as a soloist and with his band. He has already broken all records at

two cinemas, and is so much in demand that it looks as if he will be unable to take any holidays this year.

**MARIO DE PIETRO**, the "wizard of the mandolin," wrote to me last week from the Isle of Wight. He sent me the snap of himself and "Sunny" which you see on page 18. Mario will be on the air again with his new band, which is called "Estudiantina," on August 9.

"And now what?" That is the catchy title of the programme to be broadcast on August 12 by the Northern Revue Orchestra. I am told that the programme will be devoted to symphonic arrangements of jazz music, both swing and sweet. This broadcast has again been devised and arranged by **David Porter** and **Thomas Matthews**, the latter conducting the orchestra.

Embarrassing Moment. "When I had to play relief opposite **Duke Ellington** on his visit to the Palais de Danse!"—says bandleader **Bert Thomas**, of Birmingham.

Friend Bert—who now plays at Toni's—is

*Eddie Carroll about to try out a speedy racing car. Eddie is as hot-stuff on the track as he is on the piano keys.*



leading the band in a Midland broadcast on August 15.

Hollywood dress-designer turns cabaret artist! Sweet little Parisian, **Suzanne McClay** (who sang last week—29th—in a programme of **Cole Porter** songs with **Val Rosing**), hopes to be on the air in a series of "sophisticated song" broadcasts. This girl looks to me to be plus that little something which means stardom.

By the way, readers, **Gerry Fitzgerald's** romantic-menace moustache is no more. Yes, I know that it's been missing for some time, but I thought it was just a temporary measure. Oh, no. It's gone—never to return.

Reason? Sssh! It's a hint that one of Gerry's biggest ambitions may be realised in the autumn. I'll tell you more later.

Incidentally, Gerry showed me a fan-letter which said simply: "What have you done with your romantic glamour?" and attached in a small envelope were a small false moustache and some wax! Subtle hint.

Those popular radio songwriters, **Michael** ("Ol' Faithful"), **Carr** and **Jimmy Kennedy**, have written the music for a new Palladium show—"O.K. for Sound" is the tentative title—and they tell me it opens around September.

**Noel Gay** tells me that he has written another big naval song as a scena for a **George Black** show. They ought to make Noel an admiral or something!

The San Marco was agog the other night.

Next Week's

LATE-NIGHT DANCE MUSIC

(Subject to unavoidable late alterations)

Monday—**Joe Loss** and his Band.

Tuesday—**Bram Martin** and his Dance Orchestra.

Wednesday—**Maurice Winnick** and his Orchestra.

Thursday—**Joe Loss** and his Band.

Friday—**Billy Gerhardi** and his Band.

Saturday—**Henry Hall** and the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra.

**Maurice Winnick** and **Judy Shirley** both swear that **Garbo** was in the restaurant! "I was amazed," Maurice told me. "If it wasn't Garbo then it was her living double."

Well, that's as good a story for a bandleader to pull in a hurry as any I've heard. Apparently Maurice took one look and then drawled: "I w-a-ant to play 'Alone.'"

This is news. Maurice is almost sure to go to America come the fall, as they say out there.

I hear that **Brian Lawrance** has had a stage offer at a personal salary of £200 a week—but when I last spoke to him he was still wondering whether to take it!

**MARIUS B. WINTER** brings another of those jolly "Chez Marius" dance-music shows to the mike, on August 18th. The party will include **Paul Green**, **Pat O'Brien**, "the Irish street singer," and **James** and **Thomas**, comedians.

I usually go along to these parties, and even crack a gag or two in front of the mike. But not for worlds would I confess how I once caused a miniature riot by nearly sitting on the xylophone-sticks just before a solo!

**Clean Fun Department**: Did you hear about the simple girl who thought that a concert arrangement meant a date for the Queen's Hall?

Colleague **Barry Wells** tells me that vocalist **Bert Yarlett** is searching earnestly for a good gymnasium. It's got to be somewhere handy to Bayswater, where Bert lives. If any readers have any suggestions I wish they'd come clean. Write to me or Barry or direct to Bert himself c/o this office. Thanks, pals!

LINE-UPS No. 13

NOW meet the boys in **Billy Cotton's** bright and breezy band. Here they are: **Billy Cotton** (conductor), **Edgar Bracewell**, **Frank Kenyon**, **Mick Burberry** (saxes), **Ernie Fearn**, **Jack Doyle**, **Teddy Desmond** (trumpets), **Phil Phillips** (violin), **Laurie Johnson** (violin and banjo), **Lew Casey**, **Alan Breeze** (guitars), **Clem Bernard** (piano), **Joe White** (bass), **Arthur Baker** (drums), **Ellis Jackson** (dancer), **Peter Williams**, **Jack Doyle** and **Alan Breeze** (vocalists).

See you next week, fans. Good listening. . . .

Claude Hulbert and his wife, Enid Trevor, present another of their famous double acts, with their customary genius for fooling

Mabel Constanduros (below) one of the mike's brightest stars, and always welcome

Walter Williams—you hear him often, especially from Luxembourg—will partner Winnie Collins on this occasion

Mario Lorenzi brings his harp to the party

Variety is billed again for August 15, at 8.40-9.40 p.m. on National. Davy Burnaby, incomparable com-pere, will conduct the cast through their turns. Tune in!

(Left) Davy's dimples have disappeared behind his ferocious moustache. This is how he appeared in the film *Radio Parade of 1935*

# VARIETY OF THE WEEK

Fans! Les Allen is on the air again

Curtis and Ames, the immaculate two

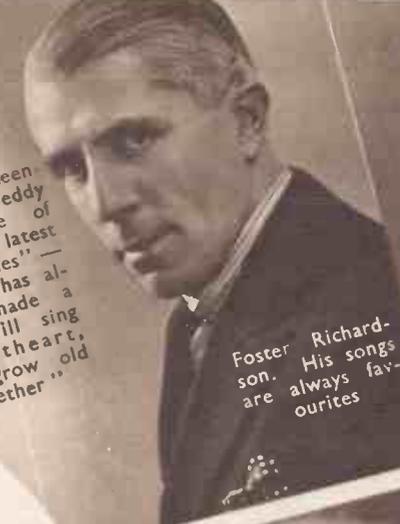




"Royal Hotel" presented to you by Leslie Weston



Left) Fourteen-year-old Teddy Riley, one of radio's latest "discoveries" — (and he has already made a film) will sing "Sweetheart, let's grow old together"



Foster Richardson. His songs are always favourites

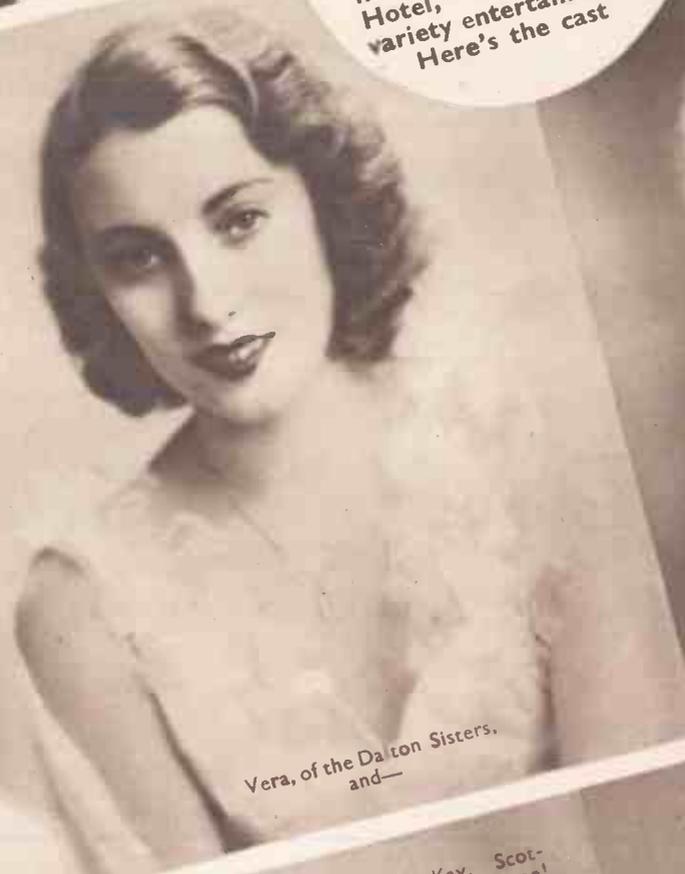


Clarence Wright, Bright Young Man

Variety Whoopee, This week sees two good shows. First, tune in on Monday, August 10 (8-9 p.m. Regional) for a first-class hour's entertainment called "Royal Hotel," a musical variety entertainment. Here's the cast



Daisy Dalton



Vera, of the Dalton Sisters, and—



Nita Dalton



The Three Admirals, jolly tars aboard the good ship Prano



Jock McKay. Scottish to the backbone!



Alma Vane, once a Midland, now a National favourite

Another Fine Instalment of our great Seaside Serial

# THE MYSTERY OF THE VANISHING LADY!



BY  
**LEONARD  
HENRY**

## WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

**T**O stimulate interest in his concert party at Brightbourne, Leonard Henry decided to run a big amateur talent contest, with the help of Scotson Towndale, a well-to-do patron of the show. Leonard has rescued a charming girl, Sheila Fordyce, from the unwelcome attentions of Augustus Lamberry, and the concert party takes Sheila under its wing. It is arranged that she shall enter for the amateur contest in the hope that she wins it. Arthur Coppliss, crooner in the party, falls in love with Sheila, to the annoyance of Arthur's partner, Angela Desmond. Preparations for the contest are given a big fillip by the news that a stage-struck heiress is missing and will probably enter for the contest. On the eve of the contest Sheila is found to be missing from her lodgings and, suspecting the hand of Augustus Lamberry, Leonard and Arthur set out to try to discover the girl's whereabouts. Lamberry's landlady tells them that he has left Brightbourne in a hired car, and, having questioned the driver, they are driven to the cottage where Lamberry has Sheila as a prisoner. They burst in and Arthur and Lamberry fight. The former wins easily and Sheila is rescued. Sheila appears with huge success in the Talent Contest.

## NOW READ ON

**I**N my time I have lived through some pretty hideous days, but I think the Friday of that week wins in an easy canter for sheer, unadulterated putrefaction. Arthur, instead of being elevated by Sheila's triumph, was as jumpy as a cat, and naturally he infected the rest of us. "It's all going too easily, Leonard," he growled. "I've set my heart on having the girl with us for the rest of the season, winning the competition's the only way it can be managed, and on current form she has a walk-over. Now I'm waiting for Old Man Fate to come and bash us over the head with his umbrella."

"You saved her for one nasty little mix-up with friend Lamberry, and I managed to yank her out of another," I reminded him. "I don't think the fellow will give us any more trouble." "He'd better not try," said Arthur grimly. "All the same we can't get away from the fact that there's a bit of a mystery about Sheila, and though I'm certain she's perfectly innocent of anything wrong, there's bound to be a snag somewhere. For instance, if she's this Stage Struck Heiress her people will never agree to her marrying a penniless actor. If—oh hell, what is it?"

Cecile Leslie's rosebud mouth drooped at the corners. We were at the Pavilion for a brief morning rehearsal, and the youngster had interrupted our conversation.

"It's nothing, Arthur," she said. "Only Pat and I wondered if you'd take us through that new dance routine again. We're still a bit shaky on some of the steps."

For a moment I thought Arthur was going to curtly refuse, but then he told them to go ahead. For twenty minutes he bullied those unfortunate kids till Cecile was in tears and Pat's eyes were blazing with fury. I couldn't very well interfere, as he was undoubtedly putting a snap and polish into their work which had never been there before. At last he was satisfied and gave them the word to knock off.

"Are you sure you've quite finished with us, Mr. Coppliss?" asked Pat with icy sweetness.

## THE CHARACTERS

**LEONARD HENRY.**—Comedian. Himself.

**ARTHUR COPLISS.**—Crooner. Slim. Slight. Dark, wavy hair. In love with Sheila.

**ANGELA DESMOND.**—Soprano. Metallic blonde. In love with Coppliss, and furious because he refuses to take her seriously.

**BETTY BATES.**—Soubrette. Leonard Henry's wife.

**JIMMY DONALD.**—Pianist. Cheerful, snub-nosed young fellow. Voice goes falsetto in moments of stress. Wizard at the piano. Manager to Leonard Henry.

**ROBERT HARDING.**—Baritone. Romantic appearance, but slightly wooden manner. No sense of humour.

**PAT and CECILE LESLIE.**—Close harmony singers. Sisters. First professional engagement in concert party.

## OTHER CHARACTERS

**SHEILA FORDYCE.**—Aged 21. Dainty and slim. Never been on stage, but has had voice well trained and has been taught stage dancing.

**SCOTSON TOWNDALE.**—Well-to-do man. Thirtyish. Has taken a fancy to Leonard Henry and frequently patronises concert party.

**AUGUSTUS LAMBERRY.**—Tall. Six feet one. Fleeshy. In late twenties. Fat faced. Pompous.

Yes. You don't look quite so much like a pair of rocking horses now."

"Well, would you like me to send Miss Desmond to you now? It seems such a good moment for you to rehearse 'Every Little Smile'."

Arthur opened his mouth to reply, but for once words failed him. Then he laughed.

"I'm sorry I was such a beast to you, kids. Fact is I'm all strung up today. Still, I've done your dancing a devil of a lot of good!"

"Look here, old man," I said, "I know what's eating you. Tell you what, I'll do the Children's Matinée this afternoon instead of you. That will give you a chance to keep your eye on Sheila."

At first he wouldn't hear of it, but I didn't have much difficulty in persuading him that it would be very bad for the show if Sheila were nobbled in any way, so he went off happily to charter a car and take the girl for a run in the country. In the evening she came to see the show again from the front and applauded the efforts of her amateur rivals, so what with one thing and another we lived through the day.

Saturday, the day of the Finals, dawned all bright and smiling, and I must say that I felt more optimistic than I had ever done since we started this crazy idea. The house was sold out for the evening show, and even for the afternoon matinee there were only a few odd seats left which would undoubtedly be snapped up at the last moment. That seemed the really important point.

**T**he Competition might have made the evening house a sell-out, but the matinee going so well



"That interpretation of Bach lacked finesse, don't you think, Bert?"

proved we had caught on at last and the patronage of the residents would keep us going until the town filled up with holiday-makers. Believe me, it makes all the difference to a resident concert party if new arrivals are told: "It's a marvellous show. You simply must see them!" It's so much better an advertisement than: "I believe they're quite good, though I haven't been myself."

Saturday evening we were all at the Pavilion in good time, and my first job was to check over the amateur finalists, make sure they had their music and other oddsments, see they were decently made up, arrange their order of appearance, note the names of their numbers so that I could announce them, and finally park them in a quiet corner out of the way to sit and wait patiently till it was time for them to go on.

The lucky—or talented—ones were Sheila, of course; Towndale's friend Miss Croxton, who sang songs in a languorous contralto and accompanied herself on the guitar; Ralph Renton, the Boy Soprano; a conjuror who called himself Mystico and had beaten another of Towndale's friends—the violinist—by a short head; and, surprisingly enough, the plump little man who had been unlucky with his gargle.

He owned the incredible name of Sebastian Rumpet, and proved to have a tenor voice of terrific volume. I fitted him into the Friday programme and he was the dark horse of the meeting—blasting out his rivals by sheer brute force!

The order of appearance I decided on was first, Ralph Renton, the boy Soprano; then Miss Croxton, songs with guitar; next the conjuror Mystico; then Sebastian Rumpet, tenor; and lastly Sheila Fordyce, dancer and diseuse. I felt a bit guilty at giving Sheila the last place on the bill, but I think she deserved it, sentiment apart.

You see, if there is any doubt about the winner—the decision depends on the length and volume of the applause—the one who appeared last is nearly always remembered best and so gets the verdict when the audience is asked for a final vote.

Anyhow, all the preliminaries were settled at last and I hurried off to the dressing-room to make-up and get ready. I had nearly finished when Jimmy Donald came hurrying in, looking rather scared.

"There's a couple of bobbies asking for you, Leonard," he said.

"Good Lord! What have I done now? I can't remember murdering anyone or riding a bicycle without a light. You'd better bring them in here, Jimmy. They always warn boxers before a prize fight that they'll be charged with manslaughter if anyone is killed, so I expect they've mistaken us for a spot of all-in wrestling."

Inspector Timbrell, of the local constabulary, whom I had met several times, tramped in, followed by a man who, though he was in plain clothes, had "copper" written all over him.

"Good evening, Mr. Henry," said Inspector Timbrell. "Sorry to trouble you at what must be an awkward time, but we won't detain you a moment. This is Detective Inspector Armitage,

Next Week Leonard Henry will be at the Southampton Hippodrome. Try and go along to see him!

of Scotland Yard, who will tell you what he wants."

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Henry," said the detective. "I've often heard you on the wireless. Well, I'm given to understand that a young lady calling herself Miss Sheila Fordyce is appearing with you tonight. I'm afraid I must ask you to let her come along with us to the police station."

"What the devil for?" rasped out Arthur.

Detective Inspector Armitage raised a pair of bushy eyebrows.

"I don't think I was talking to you," he said.

"May I ask what you want Miss Fordyce for?"

I put in quickly before Arthur could reply. "You see, it's very important to me she should stay here."

"Oh, nothing very dreadful. We just want

I glared at Arthur, who looked as though he would fly at the detective's throat at any moment, and signalled that it would be best to leave things to me. He hesitated for a moment, and then quietly slipped out of the room.

"Look here, Inspector," I said desperately, "this means a big thing to all of us. We started this amateur competition because the show was in a bad way, and it's been a huge success. Miss Fordyce was easily the success of the week and now here we are on finals night, the house packed to the doors—largely to see her—and you want to take her away. It might easily wreck the show and ruin our whole season. It sounds horribly fishy, and the public doesn't forget things like that."

Detective Inspector Armitage suddenly became very stern. Looking at him I could understand

"At first Miss Stockford's parents didn't treat the matter very seriously, as the girl has run away before. But she's never been gone nearly as long as this, and it's never been so difficult to get any real clue as to what has happened to her. Now they're worried and frankly, we're beginning to suspect foul play."

I didn't answer. I was thinking hard, and my thoughts were getting more and more unsatisfactory. Then Detective Inspector Armitage spoke again and his voice had a rasp in it that made me jump out of my skin.

"Don't you understand, man? There's just the chance that this Fordyce girl is a murderer, and you keep me here wasting time gossiping. Get a move on, or I'll take matters into my own hands."

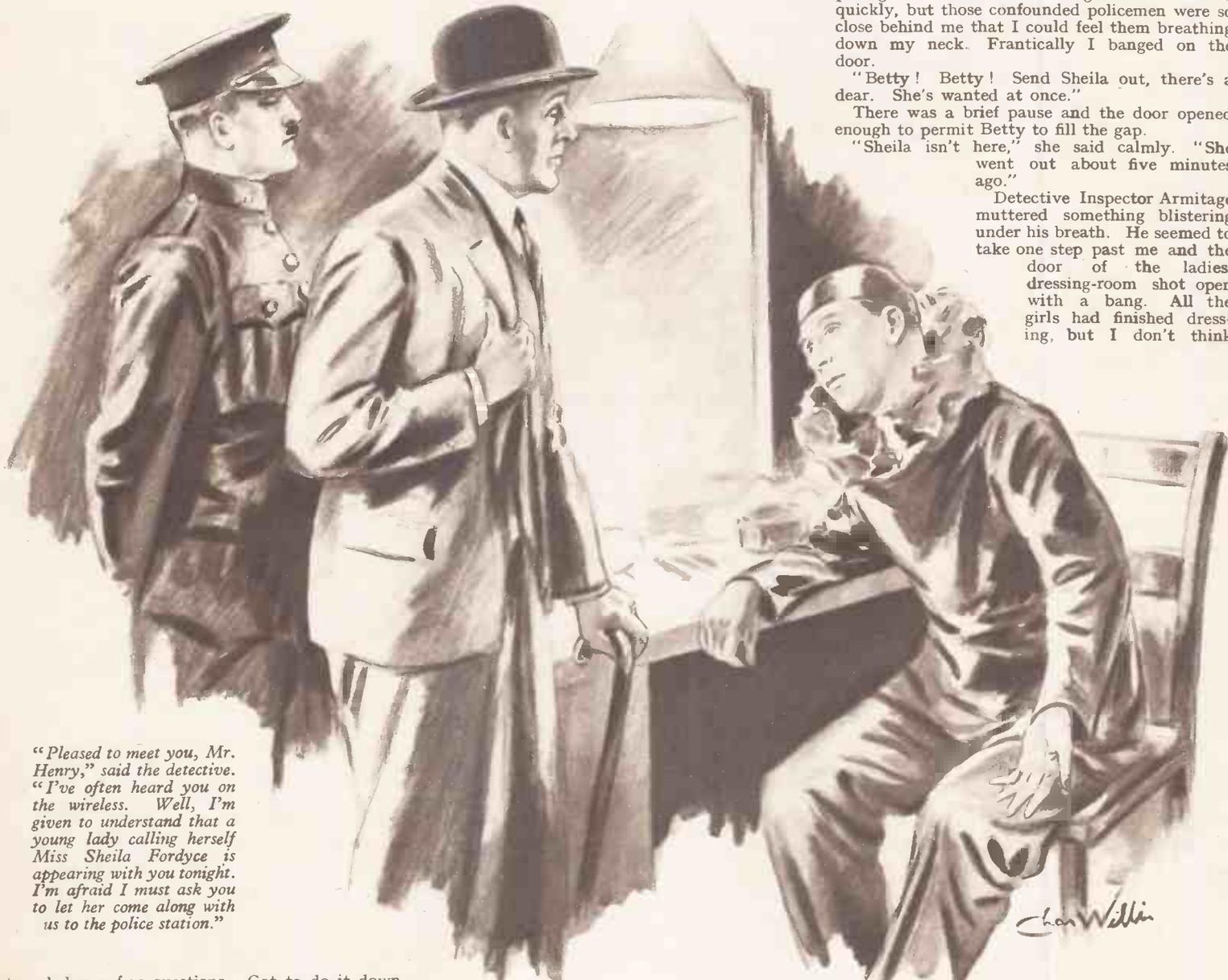
I sprang for the door and bolted down the passage to the ladies' dressing-room. I moved quickly, but those confounded policemen were so close behind me that I could feel them breathing down my neck. Frantically I banged on the door.

"Betty! Betty! Send Sheila out, there's a dear. She's wanted at once."

There was a brief pause and the door opened enough to permit Betty to fill the gap.

"Sheila isn't here," she said calmly. "She went out about five minutes ago."

Detective Inspector Armitage muttered something blistering under his breath. He seemed to take one step past me and the door of the ladies' dressing-room shot open with a bang. All the girls had finished dressing, but I don't think



"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Henry," said the detective. "I've often heard you on the wireless. Well, I'm given to understand that a young lady calling herself Miss Sheila Fordyce is appearing with you tonight. I'm afraid I must ask you to let her come along with us to the police station."

Chan Willin

to ask her a few questions. Got to do it down at the station, though. Red tape, you know. Everything got to be noted down and signed afterwards."

"But I've read something about these police questionings," I exclaimed. "They go on for hours sometimes, don't they? Miss Fordyce has to be here to appear on the stage in the second half, but she'll be free then. Can't you wait till she's done her turn?"

"Fraid not," said the detective regretfully. "I'd like to do anything I can to oblige you, but when we're on official business we're not allowed to waste time. You see, I might have to rush back to London, I might have to stay here, I might have to be off at a moment's notice to the other side of the country. It all depends on what Miss Fordyce is able to tell us. But the one thing I can not do is to sit and twiddle my thumbs while she sings songs."

why criminals always come quietly when a bobby taps them on the shoulder. Take it from me, if the Inspector had wanted to march me off to spend the night in the cells I should have gone without a word.

"I don't think you quite appreciate the position, Mr. Henry. This girl is mixed up in some way with the disappearance of a Miss Cynthia Stockford. You may have seen something about it in the papers—the Stage Struck Heiress they call her. For all I know, Miss Fordyce may be Miss Stockford herself. I'll know directly I see her. But if she isn't, then we have proof that the two are linked up and Miss Fordyce will be asked to account for certain things we have discovered. She may have a satisfactory explanation—or again, she may not.

that accounted for the expression of disappointment that swept Armitage's face as he scanned the room.

"Take me round this place quick, Timbrell," he snapped.

Those two big men went through the backstage arrangements of the Pavilion like a couple of streaks of blue lightning, but there was not a sign to be seen of Sheila. Finally, hot and angry they stopped once more in the passage outside the dressing-rooms.

"This is a serious matter, Mr. Henry," said Inspector Timbrell.

"Thank Heaven I was with you all the time," I said piously. "You can't say I had anything to do with the Vanishing Lady!"

(What will happen now? See next week's issue)

The Mothers' Page



This Mother thinks her child is not too young for solid food!

# BABY'S FIRST SOLIDS

by

Nurse Cooper, S.R.N.

At six months old the first great changes in Baby's life begin. Little by little he has now to be introduced to solid food. But this can be quite easily managed if you follow Nurse's directions in this article.

**B**ABY is such a big fellow," writes a mother, "and now he is six months old, I feel he ought to have something more solid. I have fed him myself up to now. Will you send me directions for making a change?"

Now the age at which a baby needs solid food varies according to different authorities, but everyone agrees that by the time the little one is six months old, certain additions should be made to his diet. A good way to start this is by giving a little sieved lettuce or spinach or raisin, before the 2 p.m. feed. Only the smallest amount is required at first, as it is not given for extra food value, but to teach baby to deal with a new taste, and to take something from a spoon, instead of in liquid form. All his food up to now has been liquid, and so a change of this sort will take him a step further in his education.

Do not worry if he spits out the sieved vegetables and appears to dislike them. Just offer a very tiny amount on a small spoon, and then follow with his milk or milk mixture, in the ordinary way. Actually, you see, baby does not require a great deal more food at six months. If he is naturally fed, Nature looks after his food, and if he is bottle fed, then he should be having the amount required for his age and weight.

Towards eight months, the first baked crust is given, but this is taken dry, not soaked in water or milk.

Here again, the crust is given for teaching purposes more than actual nourishment. I

**NEWS!**

A new series of authoritative articles on **CHILDREN'S HEALTH TOPICS** will begin shortly in *Radio Pictorial*. They will be specially written by a well-known

**HARLEY STREET DOCTOR**

whose name, however, owing to the etiquette of the medical profession, cannot be published.

**NO MOTHER SHOULD MISS** reading these helpful articles.

cannot impress upon mothers too strongly the need for baby to learn to deal with his crust in *dry* form, for this is the time when he is learning to chew and to bite his food—the most invaluable lesson, for preserving both his teeth and his digestion in the future. Never again will he have

the chance to learn in this way; that is why we use the last four months of the first year for introducing solid foods of different kinds, until by the first birthday, baby has quite a varied diet; in fact, at ten months, coddled egg can be given. (It is already given in the milk mixture, but that is in liquid form). By ten months, vegetable soup and cereal jellies are added to the diet. At eleven months, a little milk pudding forms the second course, and after twelve months, a little steamed, white fish can be given twice a week.

Baby should sit in his little chair to take his meals from eight months onwards. He will, of course, be fed with a spoon, and wear a large feeder to protect his clothes, as he will eat his rusk by himself, very often feeding his nose and ears as well as his mouth! He can also learn to drink his own milk by this age, holding an unbreakable little tumbler with both hands. Bottles should be quite forgotten by a year old, and the breast-fed baby weaned at eight or nine months, should never start them.

All solid food must be sieved until there are sufficient teeth to chew it, finely chopped, at about fourteen months, and all new foods must be given in very small quantities—about two teaspoons only at first, gradually increasing to three level tablespoons at one year.

These are golden rules, and if you would like directions for feeding baby, you have only to write to me with full details of his weight and present feeding, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope, so that I can send you diet sheets.

## MY READERS WRITE:

**Natural Feeding**

*I am feeding my baby girl myself. She is one month old, and cries rather a lot, and seems to suffer with wind. I do want to continue feeding her.—Mrs. T., Peterborough.*

**I** FEEL sure you will be able to continue. Drink plenty of water—sipping a tumbler each time you feed baby, and get some rest each afternoon, if you can, with your feet up, for a short while; failing that, feed baby lying down, so that you get rest at definite periods during the day. Encourage baby to suck well, and help her to break wind by holding her up over your shoulder, and rubbing her back upwards, during and at the end of the feed, before putting her down again on her side to sleep in her cot or pram.

**Injection Treatment**

*I suffer from piles very badly, and should be so relieved if you could give me some help.—Mrs. F., Somerset.*

**C**OULD you arrange to visit your nearest hospital, so that you can have the injection treatment? This is given most satisfactorily now, and you would only have to attend as an out-

patient, and to pay according to your means by arrangement with the lady almoner. Do let me know how you get on.

**Good Progress**

*I want to thank you for your kind advice. Baby is now so contented and happy since following your directions. It makes life so different with a happy baby to look after instead of a fretful one, as she was before I wrote to you. Do you advise any change in*

*her routine or milk mixture now?—Mrs. B., Spalding.*

**F**ULL directions for increasing baby's food have been sent you, and I am indeed glad to know that you are managing her so well, and she is so happy and contented. Be sure to write again in a month or so, won't you?

**A Weight Problem**

*Since my Baby's birth nine months ago, I have put on a great deal of weight, and as I am very short, measuring only 5 ft. in height, I find this very uncomfortable. Can you give me any suggestions for overcoming this?—Mrs. C., Bradford.*

**Q**UITE a number of women do experience this increase in weight, and it is often due to the fact that some of the glands in the body are not working quite as they should. You would therefore be wise to consult your doctor, as he would be able to give you some tablets to overcome this and decrease the weight. I have sent you suggestions for meals, through the post, as these will benefit your general health, and help you to become slimmer.

*Please write to Nurse Cooper if you have any question to ask about your baby's progress. Address the envelope c/o "Radio Pictorial," 37-38 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for a personal reply. Nurse is always pleased to hear from readers.*

### VEGETABLE PURÉES

**Spinach or Lettuce Purée.**—Wash the spinach or lettuce and put it in a saucepan with one tablespoon of water and a pinch of salt. Let this cook for ten minutes with the lid on. Sieve. If straining is necessary, the water may be used as a drink.

**Raisin Pulp.**—Wash the raisins and soak in fresh cold water for two or more hours. Then boil, stone and sieve. The water may be used to drink.

# FORTY-ONE YEARS of "PROMS"

To-morrow night will be broadcast the first of this season's Promenade Concerts conducted once again by Sir Henry Wood. This article captures some fleeting but amusing memories of the world famous conductor.

**S**O to-morrow (Saturday) that amazing man, Sir Henry Wood, will ascend the Queen's Hall concert platform for his forty-second season as conductor of the Promenade Concerts.

It stirs many memories. . . . I cannot remember in which year I first saw Sir Henry, but it must be getting on for thirty years ago. He had a jet-black beard and much more hair than he has now. It also was jet-black.

I used to go round in the second half of the concert and sit with him. I was only a youngster, of course, and I thought every word he uttered was wisdom personified. I am not sure I have changed my opinion very greatly now that I am approaching the fifties and he the seventies.

Sir Henry was pleasant and kind to me in those, my student days, and always ready to tell me yarns about the Proms. He tells a yarn inimitably. One amusing incident stands out rather clearly in my mind.

Some years ago a Russian soprano came over to sing in the Proms, and there was the usual sort of fuss in the papers about her. Having my season ticket, as usual, I thought I would go and hear the lady.

Candidly, she was a disappointment. I thought she seemed to have difficulty in reaching her high notes, and that the orchestra played none too well for her.

One other thing worried me about this particular singer. The aria she sang was modern Russian, and I did not know it. It was very chromatic and decidedly difficult, and seemed to be in a very extraneous key.

**W**ell, anyhow, I thought this a rotten performance, to put it bluntly.

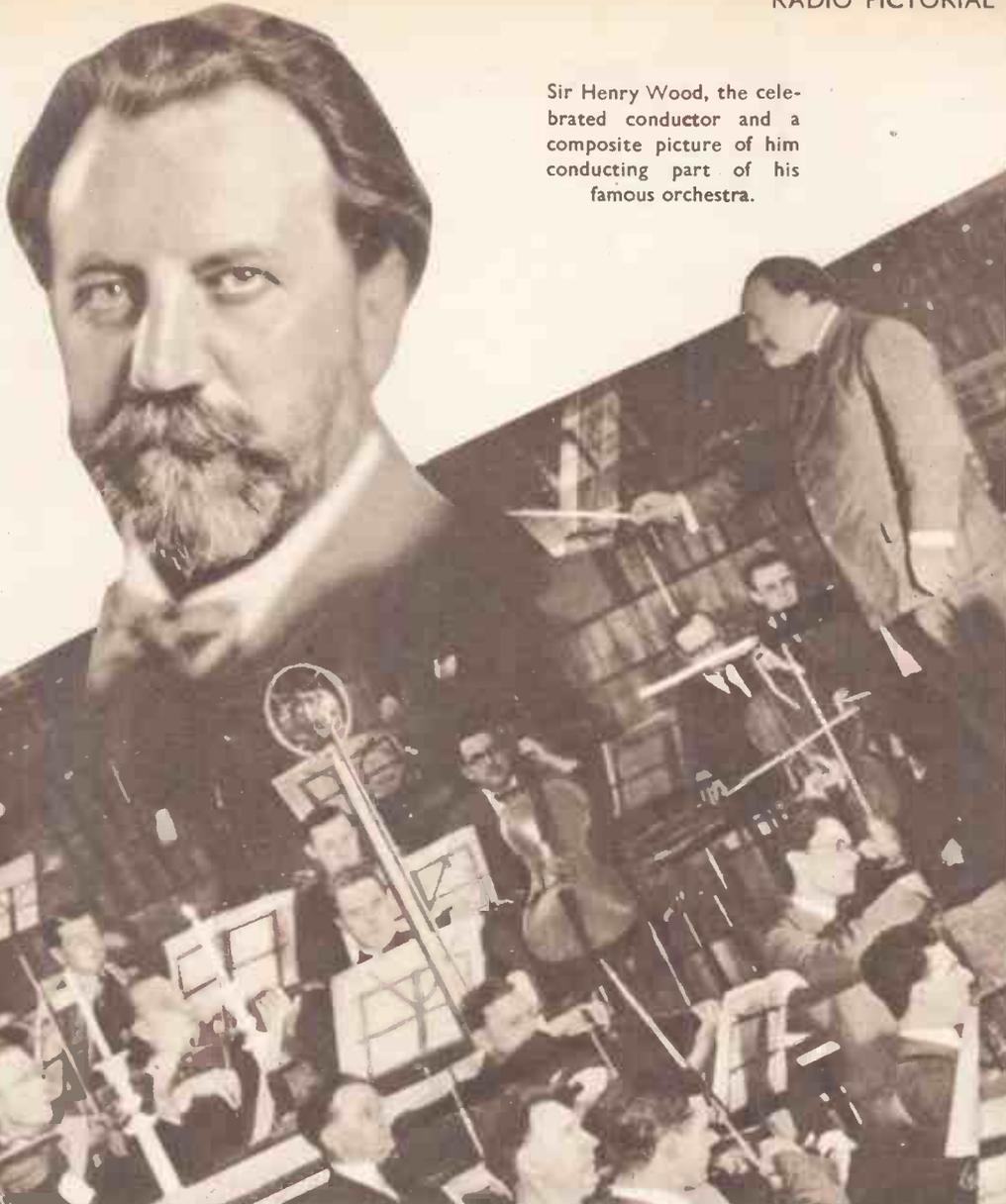
The next evening I espied Sir Henry sitting in a first-class compartment in a train bound for Chorleywood, where he then lived. So I looked in through the window and said: "Well, I didn't think much of your soprano last night."

"Neither did I," said Sir Henry. Then, as the train moved off, he added: "I've a got a yarn to tell you about her."

A few days later I met him again. "What was that yarn you were going to tell me?" I asked.

"That woman annoyed me!" announced Sir Henry. "She told me she thought our pitch was lower than that used in Russia, and I told her I would have her song transposed a semitone. The copyist who did the work found himself all amongst double-sharps and the finished manuscript was practically unplayable without a good deal of practice. In the end I had to work on it, and, by a process of periods in flats and periods in sharps, made it at least readable."

Then Sir Henry's face clouded with annoyance at the very thought of what happened. "Believe me or believe me not," he said. "At the very last moment, after all that work, she said to me: 'Do you know, Sir Henry, I think I will sing it in the original key!' I was furious with her. 'No you don't, my dear,' I said. 'Either you



Sir Henry Wood, the celebrated conductor and a composite picture of him conducting part of his famous orchestra.

sing it in that key or you don't sing it at all!"

She sang it—with the execrable result already mentioned.

That reminds me of another occasion when, with good cause, Sir Henry became incensed at a rehearsal. An American soprano came over to sing an aria by, I think, Rossini. Anyhow she brought her own score and band parts, which were in a dreadful condition. They had been altered and smudged, cuts had been made and restored; they were torn, they were dirty. The orchestra simply could not read them.

Sir Henry told her as much, and she replied, rather rudely, that American orchestras had managed to read them. Sir Henry retorted that the fact remained they were too illegible to be of use. At that moment the girl's mother strode on to the platform and electrified everybody by shouting: "Look here, Sir Henry, d'you mean to tell me that these parts cannot be read by . . ."

**S**he got no further. Sir Henry turned on her. "Pardon me, Madam," he said icily. "I don't conduct mothers!"

As you know, Sir Henry does not confine his attention to the Proms alone. On one occasion he went to Liverpool. Shortly afterwards I saw him and asked him how he fared.

Apparently he travelled up in the morning to be in time for a long rehearsal in the afternoon.

The concert was at seven-thirty the same evening, and at his hotel he ordered his customary light meal before the concert, which consisted of a pot of tea, an egg and some dry toast. This he ordered for half-past-six. He then went to the rehearsal which ended about five. Then he went back to the hotel again and lay down on the bed to rest before the concert.

Having made arrangements for his tea to be brought at six-thirty, he took no account of time

until he suddenly awoke to find his watch pointing to ten minutes past seven. No tea, either!

He got up, dressed as quickly as possible, and tore off in a taxi to the concert hall, arriving there just in the nick of time.

**I leave you to imagine what Sir Henry said when at six-thirty the next morning a boy marched in with the tea!**

I remember at one Saturday night Prom there was a minor disturbance caused by some young Fascists who chanted some rigmarole just as Sir Henry was going to begin. Sir Henry slowly dropped his arms and proceeded to fidget with his cufflinks until the demonstration had subsided. Then he calmly proceeded.

**O**ne final story. I have saved it to the last because it is so typical of him. One day in 1932 the temperature was 100 deg. in the shade. It was a Friday, and I gave up all thought of going to Queen's Hall in the evening. Instead, I listened to Beethoven in the garden. I saw Sir Henry the following Monday. "How did you get on in the heat on Friday?" I asked.

"The hall was over ninety," he said. Then he smiled broadly. "But after the concerto, while they were applauding, I scuttled off to my room."

He prised off his coat and waistcoat first. Then he undid his dress tie (which snaps on) and took off his collar and shirt, which are in one piece. He ran all over himself with a cold sponge, dressed again with another shirt and appeared on the platform before they had finished applauding!

And now he is in his forty-first season. He was 67 on March 9 last. He began those Proms and he has made them what they are.

And, when he steps on to the platform for the first concert, Queen's Hall will ring with cheer after cheer. . . .

By  
**WHITAKER  
WILSON**



Joe Daniels of Harry Roy's Band—one of the best drummers in the business

## WHAT LISTENERS THINK

### We'd Love To

WILL you please publish a photograph of Kitty Masters, who sings in the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra, in RADIO PICTORIAL?—*J. F. Allen, Gray Street, Aberdeen.* (See page 11, but Kitty no longer sings with the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra.)

### Orchestre Mascotte

WHY not a broadcast by the "Orchestre Mascotte"? We hear this delightful and unusual combination by means of electrical recordings, but never otherwise. I am sure this suggestion will be welcomed by thousands of listeners.—*Regular Reader, Dorking.*

### More Tea-time Hall?

SINCE Henry Hall has enlarged his band, we do not hear him nearly as much as in former times. I am sure others would like to hear him more often in the 5.15 p.m. programmes.

RADIO PICTORIAL is the nicest paper I have read, but I notice they very rarely publish letters from Scottish readers. Are they not as good as the English?—*"Age 15," Briar Road, Newlands, Glasgow (Scotland).* (Just as good letter-writers, but less prolific!)

### Likes New Band

I AM a keen enthusiast of modern dance music; consequently I make a special point of listening to every dance band broadcast, and of all the new bands who have recently been on the "air," Neville Oppenheim's was to my mind one of the best. He gave a very entertaining programme; his band played sweetly and melodiously, and on top of this I thought his announcing was excellent.

Here is a real B.B.C. discovery, and I sincerely hope that there will be many more broadcasts of this fine band. Good luck to the RADIO PICTORIAL.—*(Miss) J. Carr, Leighton Road, N.W.*

### Give Credit

AS an ardent dance band fan, I congratulate George Scott-Wood on his excellent programmes, and especially the method of introducing each member of his Six Swingers. Why cannot all bands be introduced in the same way? I am sure fans would like to know who played that sax. solo, or trumpet break, as the case may be. With so many new bands, and changes in the better known ones, it is well-nigh impossible to keep trace of such stars as Lew Davis, Miff Smith, "Poggy," or Bruts Gonella, to mention only a few. Wishing the RADIO PICTORIAL every possible success in the future.—*James B. Yuill, Wellgatehead, Lanark, Scotland.*

### Surprise Idea

HERE is an idea which I pass on to the Variety Department, free, gratis and for nothing. It isn't startlingly original by any means, but to my mind at least, it is worthy of consideration and development.

I mean, simply, the inclusion in the weekly programmes, of some novel "Surprise Item"—time of this to be made known only. Such a feature would be extremely interesting, and thoroughly welcomed by almost every listener. The element of mystery would, I believe, make its success completely assured—provided, of course, that the fare dished up, really justified the title, and came as a satisfying surprise.

Ideas for such a feature abound, if Mr. Maschwitz will but bother his head. I don't intend to elaborate on these—it's not my job! I wished merely to bring to light the nucleus of what could, I think, be made a popular and interesting regular feature.—*Thos. J. Driscoll, Legar Crescent, Clones, Co. Monaghan.*

# "Tell

More Hall at Tea-time?:

Congratulating George Scott-Wood:

What about a Surprise Item?

### New Lease

I AM afraid I do not agree with the reader of Bristol. "Saddle Your Blues to a Wild Mustang" was rather a back number when I first heard it sung by Peter Dawson. This song, however, was sung so well by this artiste, that in my opinion it was given a new lease of life thereby.

It certainly is to the credit of an artiste to be able to sing many different types of songs, and I should like to hear many more of our dance songs sung by straight singers, as well as by crooners.—*(Miss) J. Watts, Gourrock Road, Eltham, S.E.9.*

### Share the Fading-out

FIRST may I express my sincere appreciation of RADIO PICTORIAL; it is a very fine book and deserves the best of anyone's appreciation.

I don't as yet know whether this letter will be published in the next issue, but I would like to express my thoughts with reference to the B.B.C.'s attitude of "Programme Timing." Very few of RADIO PICTORIAL readers send complaints regarding the fading-out of light music programmes of our most popular broadcasters. There seems to be a certain discrimination between the fading-out of light programmes to symphony or chamber concerts. The B.B.C. favour the symphony programmes more than they would favour a programme rendered by Jan Berenska or Haydn Heard, etc., etc. I certainly do not consider this fair treatment if a symphony concert is allowed to over-run their time by fifteen minutes. Why is it that a light programme is suddenly "cut off"?

Hearty success to RADIO PICTORIAL.—*Herbert D. N. Waring, 8 Swan Street, Sileby, near Loughborough.*

### Charming Idea

I AM sure your new series "What I Think of Daddy" will be a great success. It is such a novel and altogether charming idea.—*M. Judge, Dublin.*

### Unequaled Rhythm

PLEASE let me pay a compliment to the Three Sisters of the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra. I think their melody and rhythm is unequalled in the dance-band world; as a vocal trio I think the Boswell Sisters are their only rivals.—*"Make It Hot," Devonshire House, King Street, Maidstone.*



The Three Sisters—Molly, Mary and Marie (See letter above)

### No Symphonies, Please

I AGREE with K. Radford of Essex that symphonic arrangements of dance tunes should not be played. Can't we hear more of Nat Gonella and Harry Roy? Nat is very seldom heard. Could you publish a photo of Joe Daniels, drummer of Harry Roy's band? Thanking you for "R.P."—*Schoolboy "Hotchamachacha" Fan, Frances Street, Chesham, Bucks.* (See above for photograph of Joe.)

### Bouquets

I HAVE only been a licensed wireless listener for a short time, and being a RADIO PICTORIAL reader I take the opportunity of writing as short as possible my very keen appreciation of every session I have listened to, and how I have benefited by the hours of the most soothing enjoyment, helped immensely by our patient announcers. Congratulations to Stuart Hibberd, and F. Grisewood, of the B.B.C., also announcers of Radio Normandy. One must say that great care has been taken to give us the best sessions obtainable. I like all bands, particularly brass bands, which we hear quite a lot this time of year and are very good. The dance bands vary. Naturally our B.B.C. Dance Band should head the list, owing to the sessions Henry Hall has during the week, each one different; great praise should be given to Henry Hall, also all his soloists. Jay Wilbur's "Melody from the Sky," Louis Levy and Al Collins are all more than enjoyable, and made particularly more interesting by F. Grisewood's jolly announcing. Congratulations to A. W. Hanson, for his "In Town To-night," which I am looking forward to recommending in October. Seaside shows, variety, music hall, etc., etc., etc., I'm sure are very enjoyable. I never miss the miscellaneous, variety and new gramophone record sessions, and I get many a laugh from them. More congratulations are due to the following organists for their very fine talent: Reg. Dixon, H. Farmer, Robinson Cleaver, F. Bayco and H. Crousden. My candid opinion of the whole week through—mornings, afternoons and evenings is "perfect." I have tried to get all on one page. You can publish what you like, but I should like you very much to pass on to all mentioned in this letter my appreciations.—*Interested (London).*

(Grand to find at least one listener who is really satisfied. There must be many more!)

### Variety Fan

I FULLY realise the task of the B.B.C. in catering for such a huge audience, but I fail to understand why variety, which is easily the most popular item, is denied so often to London listeners (that is, those taking London National and London Regional programmes). Every day there are numerous relays from other regional stations of studio orchestras and other similar orchestras, until it becomes monotonous, but when the other regional stations are having variety programmes, especially those from theatres, the London listeners are offered another orchestral programme. Why not replace some of this music with gramophone variety, and soloists, both instrumental and vocal, of the type which have a popular appeal, such as syncopated piano, saxophone, banjo programme, and other novelties. Wishing your journal success.—*H. W. Hall, Clever Road, Custom House, E.16.*

# that to the Marines!"

"Tell that to the Marines!" says Reader Margaret Kirkbright in a letter which criticises John Trent's recent article on "A Case for the B.B.C." Without necessarily agreeing with her opinions "Radio Pictorial" is pleased to follow its usual policy of stating every point of view. Her constructive letter wins her half a guinea.

## ★ STAR LETTER

TWO of the assertions in John Trent's article, "A Case for the B.B.C." are, if not enough to make a cat laugh, at least enough to make pussy smile!

As listeners, our reply to the statement: "The B.B.C.'s strength lies in its responsiveness to public opinion," is the rude one of: "Tell that to the Marines!"

We know the B.B.C. ought to listen to the listener, but in the past it has not. Formerly it has been useless to try to present listeners' reactions to programmes broadcast, because the official attitude has invariably been that of "Mother knows best, dear"! In fact, the one and only time the public was allowed to know better, was when a certain "spot of bother" got "Mother" into bother!

And, if in the past, Sir John Reith and his assistants have kept their ears as close to the ground as Mr. Trent affirms, they must have been their deaf ears! If not, why was the B.B.C. such a very long time in hearing that: 1. Many listeners wanted an alternative to the late Dance Music? 2. The Foundations of Music, which we've had to endure each evening, are anathema to the majority of listeners? 3. Our dismal Sunday programmes, which even now they've been brightened considerably do not satisfy the Ullswater Committee, were driving us to listen to the less lugubrious continental stations, and incidentally to the advertising the B.B.C. so deeply deplores?—Margaret Kirkbright, c/o 44 Brooklands Rise, Hampstead Garden Suburb, N.W.11.

Letters are welcomed for this page, though "Radio Pictorial" does not necessarily agree with any of the views expressed. Anonymous letters are ignored. Write to "What Listeners Think," "Radio Pictorial," 37-38 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

## Adolescence

WHY not have an hour on the radio for young people in their teens? There are the Children's Hour for the smaller ones, cookery and household talks for the ladies, fishing talks and sports and racing commentaries for the men, but no special feature for the "in between" ones.

It could be held, say, once a week in the evening. They could have young artistes of the same age as the listeners, to perform, and new books for young readers could be dealt with. I am sure a talk by Commander Stephen King-Hall would not be amiss either, as these are few and far between.

The best of luck to RADIO PICTORIAL. It's a tip-top paper.—Sheila Furniss (aged 14), Chester Road, Streetly, Sutton Coldfield.

## Anti-jazz

READING the weekly letters in the RADIO PICTORIAL, it amazes me to observe the low intellect of those listeners who write of nothing but jazz bands; jazz, and more jazz, is all they ask for.

The only time cinema organs are broadcast is in the morning, when most people are at work, and occasionally in the evening.

There is nothing more nerve-wracking than listening hour after hour to the screeching of the saxophone and the raucous voice of the vocalist.

Why cannot we have more military bands and light orchestral music?

Down with jazz!—Nina V. Berry, Culver Road, Reading.

## French Broadcasts

THE request for listeners' opinions on outside broadcast of Grand Prix de Deauville, I think, is a splendid idea to give English enthusiasts an opportunity of telling how they enjoy participating in the thrills of a Continental G.P., and I am sure many of us would much appreciate more relays of this sort. The commentary on this occasion, as at G.P. Dieppe, was well given and kept one interested throughout. Perhaps we may get a broadcast of some of the more important events such as French G.P. or Le Mans, in the future.—C. H. Sutton, Waldringfield, Woodbridge, Suffolk.

## Likes Don

WILL you please publish this letter, also a photograph of Don Carlos, tenor, singer of Troise and his Mandoliers. I think he is one of the best singers of his type and thanks to reading RADIO PICTORIAL I know exactly when to turn to another station to hear him more often than if I waited for the fortnightly appearances which we get on English stations.—E. J., St. Agnes Place, Kennington Park, S.E.11.



## Here She Is

PLEASE will you publish a photograph of Renara, that brilliant syncopated pianist whose playing enthalls thousands of people? I don't think I've ever seen her photograph in any paper.—G. W. Bishop, Cheyne Walk, Nottingham

## Why Play Records?

WHY must the B.B.C. stop the dance band broadcast at 11.30 p.m. in order to give us records of dance music? The orchestras are usually being relayed from hotels and restaurants, and the relay could surely be just as well continued until midnight. But if we must have records, please, B.B.C., make them more interesting. It is becoming a habit with us to turn off the wireless at 11.30 p.m., with the exception of one night, once a fortnight, when we thoroughly enjoy this last half-hour—thanks to Henry Hall and his Music Makers.—B. O'Brien, W.14.

## Marvellous Medley

I HAVE been spending a very pleasant holiday in St. Erin, Isle-of-Man. One day during lunch time the wireless was turned on and an orchestra was heard playing a medley of catchy tunes which we all knew. The guests, about a hundred in all, began to sing or hum each tune as it came along. Everybody was happy, and at the end shouted "Encore!" "A very good selection." Surely this is the sort of music people want at lunch time.—(Miss) M. Greenwood, Albion Street, Burnley, Lancs.

## Plea for Peace

THERE have been many letters of complaint, written to a daily paper, about people who foist their loudspeakers upon neighbours who are not in the mood for listening in, or who may wish to rest. A message broadcast during each programme, asking listeners-in to keep the loudness of their sets within reason, might help to keep peace in suburbia.—(Mrs.) Ida Smith, Overdale Road, South Ealing, W.5.

## Laurels For Leonard

MY friend and myself would like to know if that famous comedian, Leonard Henry, is still in existence. How we greatly miss his wonderful broadcasts; he always puts new life into us when we read his name amongst other artistes in the variety concert. We wonder how many other listeners feel the same about him as we do?

Take our tip, everyone who likes variety, especially if you feel weary, worn and sad—never miss Leonard Henry. He's good.—D. Harvell, Broadmayne, near Dorchester, Dorset.

## Sports Bouquets

AS a lover of sport, cricket and tennis preferred, I must congratulate the B.B.C. on their wonderful running commentaries from Wimbledon and Lords, etc. Also to Capt. Wakelam I extend my sincere thanks for his wonderful commentary; his description of the game was excellent. Best wishes to RADIO PICTORIAL.—Sports Lover, Clifton Road, Southall, Middx.

## Len Alone

WHY not give Len Bermon a twenty minutes broadcast by himself? I am sure it would be a success. He has proved that he is an all-round entertainer since his days with Henry Hall. I am looking forward to the day when I shall hear Len in a programme of his own, so why not give him a break?—"Laughing Irish Eyes," Doverfield Road, Brixton Hill, London, S.W.2.

## Favourites

I AM a regular reader of RADIO PICTORIAL and always read "What Listeners Think," so thought perhaps some of your readers would like to know that I for one do not like Bing Crosby. My favourite singer is the one and only Les Allen; his voice always gives me a thrill and I would rather hear him sing than anyone else.

My next radio favourite is Henry Hall; he always tries to give us the best of everything—a wonderful man, he is. "A Les Allen and Henry Hall Fan," Millhouse, Sheffield.

## Sportsman

I AM a keen sportsman and I listen with great interest to running commentaries of various sporting events. But although some listeners are complaining that there are too many, I say there are not enough. My favourite games are tennis and football. I will admit we have had plenty of tennis but hardly any football. Also, the B.B.C. could arrange a programme and call it "A Sportsman's Diary," in which there could be passed sporting events based upon electrical recordings, such as football, tennis, horse racing and other sports. There must be other sporting readers of the "R.P." who agree with my suggestion.—K. Drury, Spring Street, Huddersfield, Yorkshire.

## Set Trouble

I CALLED at a friend's house the other evening. He said "Come and listen to my radio, Tauber's singing; I think he's got a rotten voice." I listened to it, the reproduction was rotten. I said to my friend, "Come along at once to my house and listen!" I only live a few doors away. I tuned-in at once to Tauber and got wonderful reception. "Great Scott!" said my friend, "I can't understand it; why, his voice is simply magnificent on your set!" That's my point—the public are too quick to condemn musical and other items that their instruments are incapable of reproducing with correct tonal value. A B.B.C. standard of reproduction would be a guarantee for artistes and listeners alike. Manufacturers whose sets pass this standard would gain the confidence of listeners, and surely the B.B.C. would co-operate, for it is to its interest that listeners get reproduction in tone with the broadcast. At the moment, no matter what one pays, there is no standard tonal value, and musical items badly suffer on some, and not the cheapest sets.—G. V. Pepper, Eispeth Road, S.W.11.



"One of the best singers of his type...," says one of our readers of Don Carlos

# The Children's Hour



## OUR LEAGUE CORNER RADIO PICTORIAL LEAGUE

(In aid of The Queen's Hospital for Children, Hackney Road)

**M**Y DEAR CHILDREN,  
Mr. Bessell, the secretary of the Queen's Hospital, had a very interesting story to tell me this week. It seems that one small baby, who only last week was seriously ill, can now be said to be quite out of danger and is getting on splendidly. That perhaps does not sound so very exciting, but in course of treatment, no fewer than four resident doctors and medical officers gave their blood to the baby.

That makes you realise, doesn't it, what wonderful things a modern hospital can do. There are so many emergency treatments available there, and so many ways of saving lives for which otherwise there would be no hope.

We are *saving lives*—that is what we are doing when we join the *Radio Pictorial League*, and pay our sixpenny subscriptions into the hospital fund. It's a proud thought.

Write and let me know how you are enjoying the holidays, and whether you have thought of any new ways of making your Collecting Boxes heavier.

Yours affectionately,

THE HOSPITAL LADY.

### DO YOU RECOGNISE HIM?

It's Leonard Henry, of course, trying all his favourite arts on a "mike," treating it as an old friend, and telling it jokes. Leonard and Ronald Gourley will be in your Hour this Saturday—you mustn't miss them

## Conducted by Uncle Barry



**M**ANY of you young cricket lovers have read a book called *The Cricket Match*, by Hugh de Selincourt, who is a distinguished critic of the game. The book itself must be considered a little classic in its way, but it is a gem of writing and complete understanding.

Another book by the same author was *Young 'Un*—the story of his own childhood's experiences. It is from this book that Mr. de Selincourt reads in the Children's Hour this afternoon. Stephen King-Hall appears as usual in his *Here and There* series.

The programme on Saturday, August 8, will be broadcast from London all over the country. It will be in the nature of Variety entertainment, with Leonard Henry and Ronald Gourley—two very certain favourite wireless stars. Hugh E. Wright will also relate another of his own funny stories, and then a special item will be some records specially made at the Olympic Games in Berlin. These should be worth hearing.

The Victor Olof Sextet will pay one of their rare visits to Children's Hour on Tuesday, August 11—don't forget to listen to the "Zoo Man" on Monday—while there will be another story dealing with the Adventures of Trooper Useless, read by Ivan Samson.

Any young people keen on their gardens should listen to Margaret Donovan during the same afternoon.

The third of the dialogue stories in *The Babs and Mr. Bun* series, by W. M. Letts, will be broadcast on Wednesday, August 12. The calendar tells us that "Grouse Shooting Begins" on this day, but it will not affect your programmes in any way. I don't think there are many children who like grouse—in any shape or form! Wednesday is also the day for the "Star Gazer."

Dragon plays are invariably popular, so listen to one by Kenlis Taylor on Thursday, August 13. It is called *The Dragon Who Had a Cold In His Nose*, and the part of the monster will be acted by Andrew Churchman. Andrew excels so in these particular parts that he is even nick-named "Dragon" Churchman. His voice is naturally deep and resonant, and seems just suited to the part!

The strong cast includes Walter Hudd, Norman Shelley, Mary O'Farrell, Cathleen Cordell and, of course, "Dragon" Churchman.

Until next week.

UNCLE BARRY.

### MUSICAL MIX-UP

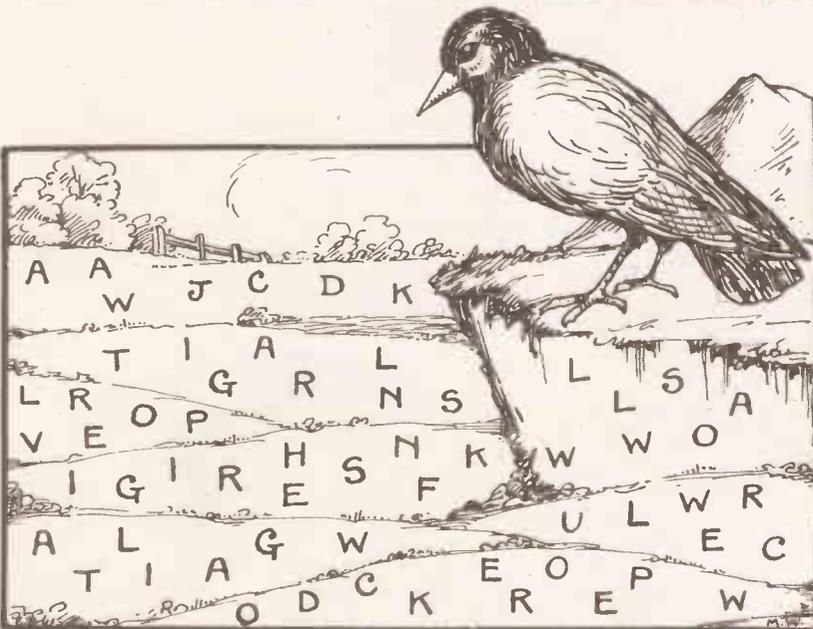
Add one letter to each of the following words, rearrange the letters, and find a musical instrument:

- (1) MUTTER
- (2) CENTRAL
- (3) LEFT
- (4) BALMY

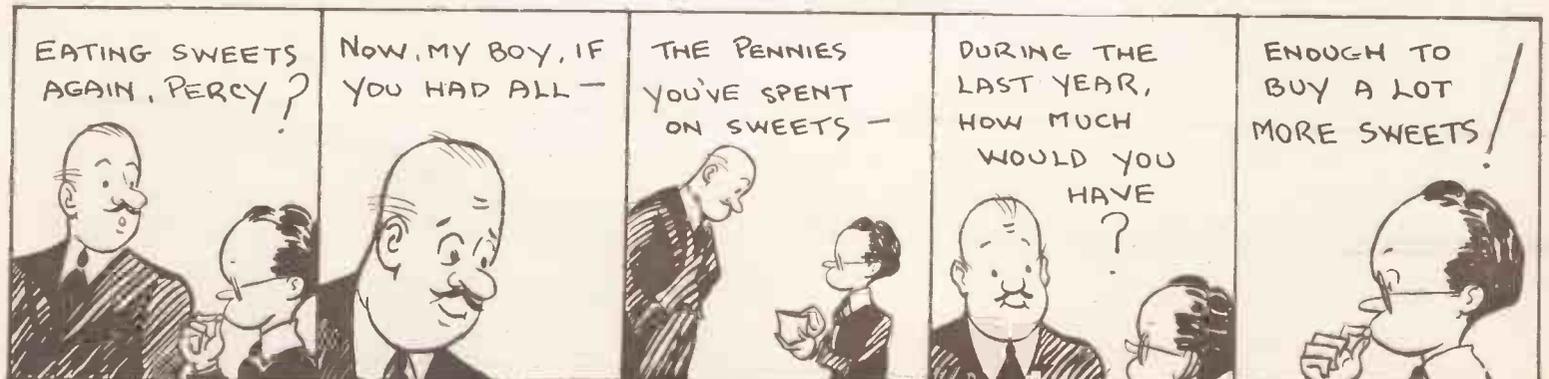
(Solution next week)

Answer to "You'll All Know Me"

MANTOVANI



In the Fields and Hedges with Romany, North Regional's famous gypsy naturalist. On this particular ramble you can find eight birds. See if you can find their names—but do not send in your solution. The answer will be on this page next week



EATING SWEETS AGAIN, PERCY?

NOW, MY BOY, IF YOU HAD ALL—

THE PENNIES YOU'VE SPENT ON SWEETS—

DURING THE LAST YEAR, HOW MUCH WOULD YOU HAVE?

ENOUGH TO BUY A LOT MORE SWEETS!

PERCY . . .

HOW TRUE!



"Reelly, Gert," says Daisy. "You are a one . . . you say the most awful things, reelly you do"

The famous act of Elsie and Doris Waters (herewith) came about by accident

## HOT GOSPELLER OF RHYTHM

Continued from page 17

Wilson, the superb coloured pianist, and Johnny Hodges, star sax man from Ellington's Band.

Then listen to some of the greatest white artistes in jazz on Decca F5883—Jack Teagarden (vocal and trombone), Charlie Teagarden (trumpet), Jimmy Dorsey and Benny Goodman (clarinets), Joe Venuti (violin), the late Ed Lang (guitar), and the most stupendous rhythm section ever recorded. For Benny Carter try *Big Ben Blues* on Vocalion Swing Record No. 7, or *Nightfall* on No. 4, amongst others.

Play these records over until you find yourself starting to like parts which originally sounded discordant. Then you will know that you are beginning to feel a natural reaction towards good jazz. It is difficult to cultivate enthusiasm deliberately, but, if you rid yourself of all prejudice from the start, it will soon come of its own accord.

Then gradually many of the dance musicians of this world will have to change their styles to suit your more initiated taste; the B.B.C. will engage a whole staff of special hot arrangers; there will be swing concerts in the Albert Hall; England will become the Mecca of modern music, and, in the opinion of many people, it will be a far, far better world!

# THE IDEA IS THE THING!

By HAROLD A. ALBERT

Ten minutes on the air—but often days to work up the act. That is the secret of radio success.

**S**NAP comes the radio music-hall patter—as swift as thought. It seems so natural, so impulsive, so fresh. Perhaps, even as you laugh, you smile superiorly, knowing practically every word broadcast to have been typed beforehand.

Do you guess also at the frantic search for material, the quest for new ideas, the hard work that goes on even before an official at Broadcasting House reads through the manuscript broadcast-to-be?

And do you guess at the romantic element that chance can play in the discovery of good ideas?

Elsie and Doris Waters would never have been "Gert and Daisy" if one of the records they were making in their early days had not run rather short. In about five minutes they had to invent some patter to fill the disc. In that hectic interlude they fell back on Cockney dialogue with which they had sometimes amused themselves at the tea-table. So, through the inspiration of the moment, laughter was born.

Florence Desmond, too, was launched on her career when somebody remarked, "You look like Tallulah Bankhead—you ought to imitate her." Stainless Stephen's fame has gone round the world (comma) with a brand of unique humour (query). Stainless found it when as an Army signaller he had a lot of punctuation to do in Morse messages.

Jeanne de Casalis experienced a hectic morning in her flat one day. The telephone bell rang incessantly, tradesmen called, friends paid unexpected visits and stayed to lunch. Keeping her sense of humour amid the bustle, Jeanne conceived "Mrs. Feather," the world's most harassed housewife.

**W**hole programmes have originated in equally casual fashion. Leslie Baily had broadcast from North Regional a selection of music and sketches under the title "Scrapbook." It occurred to him that a programme might approach nearer its title. Thus were evolved the highly successful scrapbooks of past years.

The idea is the thing! Tommy Handley and Leonard Henry both confess to discovering their best jests in the bathroom. "My best ideas come to me when shaving," Leonard Henry said to me. "Probably this is because I have to think of something to take my mind off the face I'm looking at. My bathroom is a regular ideas factory. In my study I find it much harder going."

The Western Brothers, faced with a broadcast in the evening, decide on a good deal of patter after looking through the newspaper after breakfast. Flotsam and Jetsam, too, rely on the news, though one of their most popular songs, "Little Joan," arose from their actual friendship for the little girl in the song. In more serious vein, Comander King-Hall relies on the paper as a fertile source of suggestion for his discussions on foreign affairs.

For some, idea-hunting proves more difficult still than a shave, a newspaper, a chair. Leslie Weston goes on train journeys, finding a railway carriage an aid to concentration. Perhaps it is—Leslie wrote his very first song, "The Art of Proposing," after watching two young people making amorous advances to each other in the opposite corner.

Spontaneity seems a reality in the case of the Houston Sisters and Clapham and Dwyer, among others. Deceptive appearances conceal the considerable amount of hard work. Clapham, one early morning, says something to Dwyer. Dwyer snaps back and Clapham returns the service.

Then they volley at each other, taking notes busily. With dozens of odd remarks scribbled on paper, they turn up for their rehearsal. Even at the rehearsal, Dwyer can never be sure of what Clapham is going to say next. But, nowadays, it becomes cut-and-dried before the "night."

**C**harlie Kunz seems to mix his delectable piano medleys according to the mood of the moment. He has sold gramophone records in hundreds and thousands as a result of these "impromptus." Actually, the idea and tempo for each separate medley is carefully thought out. Every note is the result of skilful planning and practise.

A. J. Alan in the same way will gain an idea from some trivial happening in real life and then put in months of work on the story, recording it time and time again on the dictaphone and listening critically to the playback of his own voice until he is telling the tale to his liking.

Vernon Bartlett—who broadcasts all too infrequently nowadays—is no less thorough. Afraid that he won't be ready in time, he prepares a rough of his talk the morning after he has broadcast the previous one. So important does he consider his opening sentences—listeners will switch off at a bad one—that he sometimes takes an hour over it, marching up and down the room dictating, trying to be as everyday as possible.

Mabel Constanduros may work for an hour over one line of her Buggins dialogue. Even then, she often feels that it isn't funny. In a sense she is always working, for she watches real life for her material. Many an adventure of Grandma comes from a snatch of conversation overheard in a bus or tram.

**A** few radio stars, finding that they can tell jokes but can't find them, buy their material from gag-writers. Men like Con West, John P. Long, and George Harris are figures behind the scenes working like trained journalists at type-writers and dictaphones in order that you shall one evening laugh.

Other artistes spend their lives hunting and often their material comes from real life. Harry Hemsley keeps a book of all the funny sayings he hears from children. Similarly, I was once interviewing Jack Hulbert.

"I think the nightingale broadcasts a failure," said Jack. "You know, you can almost see the engineers close at hand lying on their tummies in the long wet grass." I laughed, Jack laughed—and from that joke of the moment sprang one of Jack's best sketches, a nightingale burlesque. But between the moment and the mike were days of thought, of writing, re-writing, and rehearsing.

Philip Wade, in his capacity as a radio playwright as well as a character actor, keeps a watchful eye on life.

From it comes the theme that he turns into a play, tapping a typewriter steadily for several hours a day. One of his efforts occupied him three months. A two nights' performance running an hour each—and it has passed into a pleasant memory.

## THERE ARE TWO NELLIE WALLACES

Continued from page 12

the Nellie Wallace of the variety stage. They forget I have played in the legitimate theatre."

Shortly afterwards, while showing me her collection of photos, she gave me an impersonation of a super-artistic, finicky photographer for whom she had posed. She paraded up and down, wearing her famous expression of extreme aloofness, twisting her thin form and expressive hands into hilariously funny postures.

Here was the real Nellie Wallace, not just a frame for comic costumes, not just a singer of comic songs, but an honest-to-goodness character actress whose possibilities have not to this day been fully exploited.

Shall we, I wonder, ever have tears—other than those of laughter—brought to our eyes by this remarkable woman?

Stranger things have happened . . . .



Brian Lawrance, the popular singer, says that his regular cup of Ovaltine always ensures a refreshing night's sleep



## "HEAR ME ON THE AIR!"

Says OLD HETHERS

"Yes, I'm on the air nowadays—along with my friend Sidney Torch. And every week Sidney invites a well-known guest artist to join us. Believe me, it's a real treat for all concerned! And, come to that, so's my barley water. It's all the rage this summer—but it only costs 1s. 9d. the bottle, and that means only a penny a glass. . . . By the by, here are times we're on—

<b>LUXEMBOURG</b>	<b>NORMANDY</b>
<b>WEDNESDAYS</b>	<b>FRIDAYS</b>
<b>6.30-6.45 p.m.</b>	<b>9.15-9.30 a.m.</b>

These programmes are presented by courtesy of Keen Robinson and Co., Carrow Works, Norwich, the makers of Robinson's Lemon Barley Water.

CVS-222

## WOMEN SHOULD LEARN USES OF 'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

To women who suffer from nausea, or so-called "morning sickness," this simple measure is proving a blessing. Nurses know it, and it is advised by leading specialists.

Take about half a tumbler of warm water and add a spoonful of 'Milk of Magnesia.' Sip slowly and you will be entirely relieved.

Its antacid properties enable 'Milk of Magnesia' to give immediate relief in heartburn, disordered stomach, flatulence. Its mild, but effective laxative action assures regular bowel movement.

With every bottle of 'Milk of Magnesia' full directions for its many uses are enclosed.

Used as a mouthwash it helps to prevent acid erosion and tooth decay during expectancy.

Of all chemists. Prices: 1/3 and 2/6. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small. Be careful to ask for 'Milk of Magnesia,' which is the registered trade-mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia, prescribed and recommended by physicians for correcting excess acids. Now also in tablet form 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' brand TABLETS 1/- per box and in bottles 2/- and 3/6 for family use. Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of the liquid preparation.

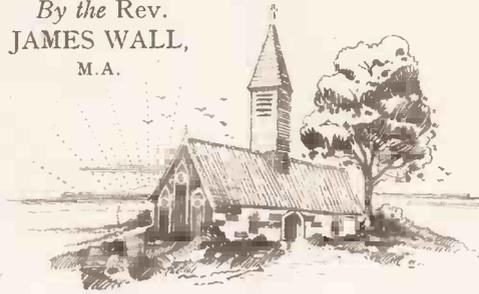
Have you ordered your copy of

## TELEVISION AND SHORT-WAVE WORLD

Now on Sale. Price 1/-

## KEEPING YOUNG

By the Rev.  
JAMES WALL,  
M.A.



**T**O-DAY a word especially to those splendidly leggy young creatures who go out hiking and biking. Whenever we see you, you are always so wonderfully happy. Governments rise and fall, there are wars and rumours of wars, rates have to be paid, bills met, but you seem always to be on top of the world, to think it is worth being on top of, and that it was made for you to be there.

As time goes on you will come to find that life isn't all hiking and biking. Little things will try to worry you, and still more so bigger things. The world will try to depress and embitter you, to force you in self-defence into an armour of self-sufficiency or of open aggression. It will try in countless ways

to take away your youth and happiness. There is no reason at all why it must succeed. Do you realise why it is that you are so radiantly happy now? It is not that you own much of the world: hopes and plans are probably much longer than your financial reserves. It is not that you are free from troubles. Young people are inevitably so lacking in judgment that their few troubles are at least as grievous to them as the heavier burdens of later life.

**Y**our radiance comes simply from your being in love. Love is flowing in your blood, a selfless passion for thinking of another person, of other people, first; which sees in the world not so much to possess, but so much to enjoy together.

Keep that up, and the vicissitudes of life will never be able to unseat you. For those who go on loving to the end, constantly making good the ravages of selfishness with fresh inspiration from the spirit of life, Who is Love, there is no such thing as Time, as growing older, as losing the happiness of youth.

Such people are a joy to themselves and a joy to live with. "To love," wrote R. L. S. "is the great amulet that makes the world a garden." That is why he could look back and say, quite truthfully, "No man has more outlived life than I, and still it is good fun."

This address was broadcast by the Rev. James Wall from Radio-Normandy at 8.30 a.m. last Sunday. Another "Thought" next week.

## NEW USE FOR COLOUR CONTRASTS

Continued from page 16

7th row—K. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 3, turn.

8th row—Purl to the last stitch, K. 1. Break off the fawn wool. Join in the orange. In the next row K. 1, K. 2 tog., \* (wl. fwd., K. 2 tog.) three times, wl. fwd., K. 3 tog., repeat from \* to the last 5 stitches, wl. fwd., (K. 2 tog.) twice, K. 1. In the following row K. 1, purl to the last stitch, K. 1. Proceed as follows: 1st row—\* K. 2 tog., wl. fwd., repeat from \* to the last 4 stitches, K. 3 tog., K. 1. 2nd and 4th rows—K. 1, purl to the last stitch, K. 1. 3rd row—Like the 1st row.

5th row—K. 1, K. 2 tog., \* wl. fwd., K. 2 tog., repeat from \* to the last 3 stitches, K. 2 tog., K. 1. 6th row—K. 1, purl to the last stitch, K. 1. Break off the orange wool. Join in the brown. Repeat the 5th and 6th rows once, then the 1st and 2nd rows once. Break off the brown wool. Join in the blue. Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows once, then the 5th and 6th rows twice, then from the 1st to the 5th row once.

Cast off knitways loosely.

### THE SLEEVES

Using the fawn wool, cast on 60 stitches.

1st row—K. 2, \* P. 1, K. 1, repeat from \* to the end of the row. Repeat this row seven times. In the next row \* K. 6, increase once in the next stitch, repeat from \* to the last 4 stitches, K. 4 (there should now be 68 stitches on the needle). Continue in plain, smooth fabric, increasing once at each end of the needle in every following 6th row, until there are 74 stitches on the needle. Work 11 rows without shaping. Decrease once at each end of the needle in the next and every alternate row until 54 stitches remain, ending with a purl row. Proceed as follows:—

1st row—K. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 23, K. 2 tog., K. 23, K. 2 tog., K. 1. 2nd and alternate rows—K. 1, purl to the last stitch, K. 1. 3rd row—K. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 45, K. 2 tog., K. 1. 5th row—K. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 20, K. 2 tog., K. 21, K. 2 tog., K. 1. 7th row—K. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 40, K. 2 tog., K. 1. 9th row—K. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 18, K. 2 tog., K. 18, K. 2 tog., K. 1. 11th row—K. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 35, K. 2 tog., K. 1. 13th row—K. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 15, K. 2 tog., K. 16, K. 2 tog., K. 1.

15th row—K. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 30, K. 2 tog., K. 1. 17th row—K. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 13, K. 2 tog., K. 13, K. 2 tog., K. 1. 19th row—K. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 25, K. 2 tog., K. 1. 21st row—K. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 10, K. 2 tog., K. 11, K. 2 tog., K. 1.

23rd row—K. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 20, K. 2 tog., K. 1. 25th row—K. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 8, K. 2 tog., K. 8, K. 2 tog., K. 1. 27th row—K. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 15, K. 2 tog., K. 1. 29th row—K. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 5, K. 2 tog., K. 6, K. 2 tog., K. 1. 31st row—K. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 10, K. 2 tog., K. 1. 33rd row—K. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 3, K. 2 tog., K. 3, K. 2 tog., K. 1.

35th row—K. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 5, K. 2 tog., K. 1. 37th row—K. 1, (K. 2 tog.) twice, K. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 1. 39th row—K. 1, (K. 2 tog.) twice, K. 1. 41st row—(K. 2 tog.) twice. Cast off. Work another sleeve in the same manner.

### THE SLEEVE TRIMMINGS

Using the orange wool, cast on 16 stitches.

1st row—K. 1, \* wl. fwd., K. 2 tog., repeat from \* to the last stitch, K. 1. 2nd row—K. 1, purl to the last stitch, K. 1. 3rd row—K. 1, \* K. 2 tog., wl. fwd., repeat from \* to the last 3 stitches, K. 3 tog. 4th row—K. 1, purl to the last stitch, K. 1. Break off the orange wool. Join in the brown. 5th row—K. 1, K. 2 tog., \* wl. fwd., K. 2 tog., repeat from \* to the last 3 stitches, wl. fwd., K. 3 tog. 6th row—K. 1, purl to the last stitch, K. 1. 7th row—K. 2 tog., \* wl. fwd., K. 2 tog., repeat from \* to the last 2 stitches, K. 2 tog. 8th row—K. 1, purl to the last stitch, K. 1. Break off the brown wool. Join in the blue. Repeat the 7th and 8th rows once.

11th row—K. 1, K. 2 tog., wl. fwd., K. 2 tog., wl. fwd., K. 3 tog. 12th and 14th rows—K. 1, purl to the last stitch, K. 1. 13th row—K. 1, K. 2 tog., wl. fwd., K. 3 tog. 15th row—(K. 2 tog.) twice. Cast off. Work another trimming in the same manner.

### TO MAKE UP THE JUMPER

With a damp cloth and hot iron press carefully. Sew up the side and sleeve seams. Sew in the sleeves, placing seam to seam, stretching the seams to the fullest extent whilst sewing up, so as to give the correct elasticity to the fabric. Sew the 4 cast-on stitches in position on the wrong side at the neck-opening. Sew the trimmings in position at the centre of the sleeve, above the ribbing. Sew three buttons in position down the left side of the opening, using the holes in pattern as button-holes to correspond. Sew a button to the top of each sleeve trimming and catch to sleeve.

### NEXT WEEK

Brilliant Article by  
**NAT GONELLA**

(The famous trumpeter)

entitled

**"GIRLS WHO WANT TO MARRY ME"**

**Nat Tells All!—Don't Miss It!**

# HAPPY MAN

Continued from Page 10

His easy-going attitude towards life is revealed in a chance remark to me. "I take things as they come, and people as they are. But I realise that to-morrow is another day, and one must prepare for it."

Unjust criticism is the only thing that is likely to get Bert in a rage. He admits that since being over here he has had none—"Everyone's been swell to me"—so maybe we haven't seen a real Yarlett storm yet.

But, oh, I don't know, that smile of his is too pleasant, his eyes too tolerant for there to be any risk of him being thoroughly bad-tempered.

Although he detests crowds Bert is a good mixer, a natural attribute of anyone with a sense of humour. At the party following his wedding his pyjama trousers were sewn up by none other than Henry Hall. So Bert bided his time, and sent a telegram: "A stitch in time saves nine, thanks a lot" to his Guv'nor.

Many people might have sent that telegram. It requires a master-touch to send it so that Henry was dragged out of bed at 3 a.m. to receive it! Even Henry, the victim of that well-timed retaliation, must appreciate that!

Before his engagement to Aileen Sandiford he had had several girl-friends. The first thing he looks for in a woman is good teeth and a pleasant smile; a man he judges, on first meeting, by his hand-shake. Both very sound judgments.

I said that he was a keen radio fan. Billy Cotton's band is the best in this country, in his opinion, and Mary Lee, without a doubt, the finest vocalist. "Roy Fox's crooner is the nearest I've ever heard to Connie Boswell," says Bert.

Bing Crosby is the finest singer of light songs he has ever heard, and Gigli the best operatic star. "I admit I prefer Gigli to Crosby," he remarks with a grin.

And, as a film-fan, he hands out bouquets to Claudette Colbert.

Yes, he has lots of ambitions. He wants to be in pictures (heavens, they all do!), he wants his own band as he had in Canada, and, above all, he wants, in time, to retire to the country, live a simple outdoor life, have dogs, horses, shooting and swimming.

In fact, to be a country squire.

But Bert doubts whether his wife would like to leave Town, and, since he is crazy about her, it is probable that he'll keep this particular ambition locked up in his mind for his quiet moments.

You'd like Bert Yarlett. He's got no airs and talks to his agent's office boy exactly as he talks to the Big Shots he meets in his business.

You can't help liking a fellow like that. . .

# RADIO ATHLONE

531 Metres

Week Commencing SUNDAY, AUGUST 9

## SUNDAY

- 2.0-4.0 p.m. Records.
- 8.15. Anniversary Talk.
- 8.30. An Hour of Opera.
- 9.30. Variety.
- 10.30. What Happened To-day.
- 10.40. Irish Sports News; Ceilidhe Band.
- 12.0 midnight. National Anthem.

## MONDAY

- 1.30-2.30 p.m. Musical Comedy Records.
- 5.30. Children's Hour.
- 6.15. Fintan Lalor Pipe Band.
- 6.35. Irish News Feature.
- 7.0. Songs in Irish by Aine Ni Oisín.
- 7.15. Talk in Irish by Domhnall MacGianni.
- 7.30. Puck Farm.
- 8.0. Dublin Concert Halls, No. 2—T. H. Weaving.
- 9.0. Great Irishmen, by R. A. Anderson.
- 9.15. Mary Kay (contralto).
- 9.30. Variety.
- 10.30. What Happened To-day; Light Music.
- 11.0. National Anthem.

## TUESDAY

- 1.30-2.30 p.m. Variety and Dance Records.
- 5.30. Children's Hour.
- 6.35. News in Irish.
- 7.0. Station Orchestra.
- 7.45. Gaelic Talks on World Literature.
- 8.0. Great Romances, No. 2.
- 8.45. What Has Your County Done?
- 9.0. Humorous Songs at the Pianoforte.
- 9.25. The Week's Anniversary.
- 9.30. Variety.
- 10.30. What Happened To-day; Light Music.
- 11.0. National Anthem.

## WEDNESDAY

- 1.30-2.30 p.m. Request Records.
- 5.30. Children's Hour.
- 6.15. Military Bands on Records, No. 3—Germany.
- 6.35. Irish News Feature.
- 7.0. Here Are Our Treasures—Royal Irish Academy.
- 7.20. Light Music by the Station Orchestra.
- 7.45. Songs in Irish by M. O'Mathghabhna.
- 8.0. A Feature Programme.
- 8.45. Edgar Glasspool and Margaret Harris on Two Pianofortes.
- 9.15. How the Other Half Lives, by Joan MacEnri.
- 9.30. Variety.
- 10.30. What Happened To-day; Light Music.
- 11.0. National Anthem.

## THURSDAY

- 1.30-2.30 p.m. Recent Records.
- 5.30. Children's Hour.
- 6.35. Irish News Feature.
- 7.0. Debate in Irish.
- 7.20. Station Orchestra.
- 8.0. Music Debate.
- 8.20. Irish Ballad Writers by Hubert Rooney.
- 9.15. Great Adventures, No. 2, by Thomas Carnduff.
- 9.30. Variety.
- 10.30. What Happened To-day; Light Music.
- 11.0. National Anthem.

## FRIDAY

- 1.30-2.30 p.m. Records.
- 5.30. Children's Hour.
- 6.15. Our First Broadcast.
- 6.35. Irish News Feature.
- 7.0. Irish Music by the Station Orchestra.
- 8.0. Look After Your Garden—G. O. Sherrard.
- 8.10. Netherlands Hour, Station Orchestra.
- 9.30. Variety Programme.
- 10.30. What Happened To-day; Light Music.
- 11.0. National Anthem.

## SATURDAY

- 1.30-2.30 p.m. Irish Records.
- 5.20. What's On Next Week?
- 5.30. Irish News Feature.
- 5.45. Famous Marian Hymns.
- 6.15. Variety—The Rakes of Athy.
- 7.0. A Visitor Interviews.
- 7.15. Carillon from St. Mary's Cathedral, Cork.
- 7.45. Variety.
- 8.15. Station Orchestra.
- 8.30. Monster Meeting at Tara.
- 9.0. Variety with the Station Orchestra.
- 10.30. What Happened To-day; Light Music.
- 11.0. National Anthem.

## NEXT WEEK!

Alec McGill and Gwen Vaughan (Radio's Cheerful Chatterers) invite you to look in at their

## HOUSE OF SMILES!

In typical Alec McGill fashion he writes an article which will amuse and entertain you all. Don't miss this sparkling contribution in next week's issue, which is better and brighter than ever.

# Hello CURLY HEAD



★ A head of curls by Amami Wave-Set is bound to win the admiring attention it deserves. And never were waves and curls set so economically. Six perfect settings from one sixpenny bottle. Immediately after the weekly Amami Shampoo, perms and natural waves must be deftly arranged with Amami Wave-Set. (A quick application and "comb through" keeps order on the other days of the week). Go and buy a bottle of this easy-to-use, non-oily non-powdery lotion today!

# AMAMI WAVE SET ... 6<sup>p</sup> & 1/3



## and AMAMI SHAMPOOS 3d. & 6d.

AMAMI No. 1 gives deeper gloss to Brunettes. AMAMI No. 5 is specially for Blondes. 3d. and 6d. AMAMI Special Henna burnishes "In-betweens." 6d. AMAMI No. 12. The new soapless shampoo. Leaves the hair splendidly glossy. Two variations—one for fair, one for dark hair ... only 3d.

Friday Night is Amami Night



"Hey, listeners, look in the next column!" says cheery Alec McGill.



*Remember-  
OVALTINE  
COLD or Hot  
is now served  
at Cafés.  
Restaurants,  
Bathing Pools  
& Milk Bars*

## "I combine Health with Pleasure"

**D**URING the warm summer days you will find that a glass of 'Ovaltine'—served cold—is as delicious as it is health-giving and sustaining.

This refreshing, creamy drink, with a fascinating flavour, is brimful of the nourishment which builds up strength, energy and abundant vitality.

And this is just what you need at a time when the light summer meals you prefer are insufficiently nourishing to meet all the demands on your strength and vigour. But, be sure it is 'Ovaltine'—there is nothing "just as good."

# OVALTINE

Served **COLD**

Prices in Great Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3.

P.138A

### Everybody's Favourite Radio Programmes

Sunday, 5.30 to 6 p.m.  
From Radio Luxembourg

#### THE OVALTINEY CONCERT PARTY

**HARRY HEMSLEY**  
in his  
thrilling Radio Adventure:  
"THE CAMPERS"

#### THE OVALTINEY ORCHESTRA

Latest News of the  
League of Ovaltineys

Sunday, 1.30 to 2 p.m.

From Radio Luxembourg  
A NEW PROGRAMME  
of MELODY & SONG

Friday Morning, 10 to 10.15 a.m.  
from Radio Luxembourg  
and

Friday Morning, 10.15—10.30  
from Radio Normandy  
MUSICAL COMEDY  
PROGRAMME  
for the  
Woman at Home

# LUXEMBOURG CONCERTS YOU SHOULD NOT MISS

1293 M.

## SUNDAY, AUGUST 9

10.15-10.30 a.m.

**CARSON ROBISON AND HIS  
PIONEERS**  
Presented by THOS. HEDLEY & CO.,  
LTD. makers of OXYDOL Newcastle-  
on-Tyne

Prairie Town.  
Prune Song.  
My True Love is Gone.  
Now! I Don't Wanna be Rich.  
Left My Gal in the Mountains.  
When I Was a Boy from the Mountains.

10.30-10.45 a.m.

**NEW SONGS FOR OLD**  
With GERRY FITZGERALD, PHIL  
GREEN and BILL SNIDERMAN  
Comped by PAT BARR  
Presented by the Proprietors of  
BISURATED MAGNESIA

11.15-11.30 a.m.

**THE OPEN ROAD**  
Presented by CARTER'S LITTLE  
LIVER PILLS  
Entry of the Gladiators ... Fucik  
Jolly Good Company ... Wallace  
Marching with Sousa ... Sousa  
Valencia ... Padilla  
Confetti.

12.15 p.m.

The makers of EX-LAX present  
**BILLY COSTELLO**  
EUROPE'S NEWEST THRILL

1.30-2 p.m.

**OVALTINE WEEKLY  
PROGRAMME  
OF MELODY AND SONG**  
Presented by the makers of  
OVALTINE

2.45-3 p.m.

**CARSON ROBISON AND HIS  
OXYDOL PIONEERS**  
Presented by THOS. HEDLEY & CO.  
LTD., makers of OXYDOL, Newcastle-  
on-Tyne  
Where the Morning Glories Twine Around  
the Door.  
Mary Lou.  
Goin' to the Barn Dance To-night.  
When the Moon Comes Over the Mountains.  
Boots and Saddle.  
When the Bloom is on the Sage.

4 p.m.

**HORLICK'S TEA-TIME  
HOUR**

With DEBROY SOMERS AND HIS  
BAND  
Featuring HILDEGARDE, the famous  
Musical Comedy Actress

5.30 p.m.

Entertainment broadcast especially for  
THE  
**LEAGUE OF OVALTINEYS**  
Songs and stories by the OVALTINEYS  
themselves, and by HARRY HEMSLEY,  
accompanied by the OVALTINEYS'  
ORCHESTRA

6 p.m.

The makers of LIFEBOUY TOILET  
SOAP present  
**AMBROSE AND HIS  
ORCHESTRA**  
with EVELYN DALL (the American  
Blonde Bombshell) and MAX BACON  
in their first series of Luxembourg  
Broadcasts  
"MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT"

6.30 p.m.

**THE RINSO MUSIC HALL**  
WALTER WILLIAMS and MARJORIE  
LOTINGA, VIC OLIVER, LILY  
MORRIS, THE RHYTHM SISTERS,  
MARY KENDAL, ARIQUE, BILLY  
BENNETT  
All-Star Variety presented to listeners  
by the makers of RINSO

7 p.m.

A "PLEASURE CRUISE"  
Featuring ESTHER COLEMAN and  
GORDON LITTLE  
Presented by "MILK OF MAGNESIA"  
Honey Coloured Moon ... Carter  
Awake in a Dream ... Robin  
Beautiful Lady in Blue ... Coots  
Let's Face the Music and Dance ... Berlin

7.15 p.m.

**MORE MONKEY BUSINESS**  
With BILLY REID AND HIS ACCOR-  
DION BAND and FRED and LESLIE  
DOUGLAS  
Presented by the makers of MONKEY  
BRAND

7.30-7.45 p.m.

**WALTZ TIME**  
Presented by  
PHILLIPS' DENTAL MAGNESIA  
Spring in Japan ... Tdsawke  
Nothing Lives Longer than Love ... Lewis  
Last Waltz ... Straus  
Dreams of Aloha ... Lopes

8.0-8.30 p.m.

**PALMOLIVE PROGRAMME**  
With OLIVE PALMER, PAUL  
OLIVER, BRIAN LAWRANCE and  
MORTON DOWNEY  
Nothing Blue but the Sky.  
The Mountains of Morne.  
Brian Lawrance.  
I Nearly let Love go Slipping Through My  
Fingers.  
Café Continental.  
Only a Rose.  
Paul Oliver and Olive Palmer.  
I'll Never Let You Go.  
I Surrender, Dear.  
It's Love Again.  
Knick-knacks on the Mantel.  
Morton Downey.  
When a Great Love Comes Along.

9.0-9.15 p.m.

**MACLEAN'S CONCERT**  
Ecstasy.  
Ferdy Kauffman's Orchestra.  
Thrills.  
Charles Ancliffe and his Orchestra.  
I Dream of a Garden of Sunshine.  
Walter Glynn.  
Vienna in Springtime.  
Campoli and his Orchestra.

9.45 p.m.

**THE COLGATE REVELLERS**

10.0-10.30 p.m.

**POND'S SERENADE TO  
BEAUTY**  
THE PROGRAMME FOR LOVERS

### WEDNESDAY, AUG. 12

6.30-6.45 p.m.

**SIDNEY TORCH AT THE  
ORGAN**  
Guest Artist of the Week: FRANK  
TITTERTON

Wee Macgregor Patrol ... Amer's  
Song of Songs ... Moya  
Prelude in C Sharp Minor ... Rachmaninoff  
I Know of Two Bright Eyes ... Glusam  
Robins and Roses ... Burke  
Presented by the makers of  
ROBINSON'S LEMON BARLEY  
WATER

### FRIDAY, AUGUST 14

10.0-10.15 a.m.

**OVALTINE PROGRAMME  
OF FAVOURITE MUSICAL  
COMEDIES**  
Pardon Madame (Viktoria and her Hussar).  
Maid of the Mountains Waltz.  
Rose Marie Vocal Gems.  
Love is a Dancing Thing.

Sunday, August 9, to Saturday, August 15, 1936.

# PROGRAMMES

from the

## CONTINENT in ENGLISH

Information supplied by International Broadcasting Co., Ltd., 11 HALLAM STREET, PORTLAND PLACE, LONDON, W.1

Copyright Reserved

### Sunday, August the Ninth

All Times stated are British Summer Time

#### RADIO LUXEMBOURG

1293 m., 232 Kc/s.

Times of Transmissions.  
 Sunday : 9.30 a.m.—11.15 a.m.  
 12.30 p.m.—1.00 p.m.  
 11.00 p.m.—12 (midnight)  
 Weekdays : 8.15 a.m.—8.30 a.m.  
 8.45 a.m.—10.00 a.m.  
 6.15 p.m.—7.15 p.m.

#### Morning Programme

9.30 a.m.  
 ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS

10.15 a.m.  
**CARSON ROBISON**  
 And His Pioneers  
 Prairie Town.  
 Prune Song.  
 My True Love is Gone.  
 Naw ! I Don't Wanna be Rich.  
 Left My Gal in the Mountains.  
 When I Was a Boy from the Mountains.  
 Presented by the makers of  
**Oxydol, Newcastle-on-Tyne**

10.30 a.m.  
 ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS

11.15—11.30 a.m.  
**THE OPEN ROAD**  
 Entry of the Gladiators ... *Fucik*  
 Jolly Good Company ... *Wallace*  
 Marching with Sousa ... *Sousa*  
 Valencia ... *Padilla*  
 Confetti.  
 Presented by  
**Carter's Little Liver Pills,**  
 64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1

12.30 p.m.  
**THE GOLDEN HOUR OF MUSIC**  
 For Irish Free State Listeners  
 Arranged by the Industrial Broadcasting  
 Corporation of Ireland, Ltd., Dublin  
 Poor Little Rich Girl ... *Coward*  
 La Veeda ... *Alden*  
 Nirvana ... *Weatherley*  
 Gopak ... *Moussorgsky*  
 I Was Lucky ... *Meskill*  
 When I Grow Too Old to Dream ... *Romberg*  
 Star Dust ... *Carmichael*  
 Diane ... *Rapee*

1.0—1.30 p.m.  
**THE LATEST DANCE MUSIC**  
 Presented by  
**Zambuk,**  
 C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds

(Continued on page 34, column 3)

#### RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

Times of Transmissions.  
 Sunday : 8.00 a.m.—1.00 p.m.  
 2.00 p.m.—7.30 p.m.  
 10.00 p.m.—1.00 a.m.  
 Weekdays : 8.00 a.m.—11.00 a.m.  
 4.00 p.m.—6.00 p.m.  
 12 (midnight)—1.00 a.m.  
 Announcers : J. Sullivan, D. J. Davies, F. R. Plomley, J. B. Selby.

#### Morning Programme

8.0 a.m.  
**HAPPINESS AHEAD**  
 Il Bacio ... *Arditi*  
 Smiles and Cheers—Fox trot ... *Hecker*  
 Tzinga Doodle-Day ... *Wimperis*  
 Step By Step ... *Bawcomb*  
**8.15 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
 Laugh and You'll Feel Grand ... *Grey*  
 You're Such a Comfort to Me ... *Gordon*  
 The Clouds Will soon Roll By ... *Woods*  
 It's a Long Way to Tipperary ... *Judge*

8.30 a.m.  
**SACRED MUSIC**  
 The King of Love (St. Columba) ... *Stanford*  
 There's a Friend for Little Children ... *Milane*  
**The Thought for the Week**  
**THE REV. JAMES WALL, M.A.**  
 Praise My Soul the King of Heaven ... *Goss*

8.45 a.m.  
**ORCHESTRAL PROGRAMME**  
 Entry of the Spring Flowers ... *Kockert*  
 Polonaise Militaire ... *Chopin, arr. Waller*  
 Gopak ... *Moussorgsky*  
 Cupid's Army ... *Ibanez*

9.0 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.  
**BEAUTY DECKED**  
 Velvet and Silk ... *Ziehrer*  
 Perfume Waltz ... *Kroke*  
 Orchids to My Lady ... *Carr*  
 Demoiselle Chic ... *Fletcher*

9.15 a.m.  
**YESTERDAY'S FAVOURITES**  
 I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles ... *Kenrovin*  
 Play Fiddle, Play ... *Lawrence*  
 Wildflower ... *Youmans*  
 Because I Love You ... *Berlin*

9.30 a.m.  
**MUSICAL REVERIES**  
 Children's Overture ... *Quilter*  
 Serenade ... *Pierne*  
 Abandonado ... *Moskowsky*  
 Marche Joyeuse ... *Chabrier*  
 Presented by  
**California Syrup of Figs,**  
 179 Acton Vale, W.3

9.45 a.m.  
**A MUSICAL MOTOR RIDE**  
 A Beautiful Lady in Blue ... *Lewis*  
 African Ripple.  
 Wake Up and Sing ... *Friend*  
 Eny Meeny Miney Mo ... *Mercer*  
 Presented by  
**General Motor and Tyre Company,**  
 81 Queen Street, Hammersmith

10.0 a.m.  
**WALTZ TIME**  
 Spring in Japan ... *Ohno*  
 Nothing Lives Longer than Love... *Lewis*  
 Last Waltz ... *Straus*  
 Dreams of Aloha ... *Lopes*  
 Presented by  
**Phillips' Dental Magnesia,**  
 179 Acton Vale, W.3

10.15 a.m.  
**RECREATION CORNER**  
 March of the Caucasian Chief ... *Ippolitov Ivanov*  
 Rhythm Saved the World ... *Chaplin*  
 Love, Here is My Heart ... *Ross*  
 Got to Dance My Way to Heaven ... *Costlow*  
 Presented by  
**Currys, Ltd.,**  
 Great West Road, Brentford

10.30 a.m.  
**MORE MONKEY BUSINESS**  
 with  
**BILLY REID AND HIS ACCORDION BAND**  
 and  
**FRED AND LESLIE DOUGLAS**  
 Presented by the makers of  
**Monkey Brand,**  
 Unilever House, Blackfriars, E.C.4

10.45 a.m.  
**MUSICAL MENU**  
**Mrs. Jean Scott,**  
 President of the Brown and Polson Cookery  
 Club, gives you Free Cookery Advice each  
 Week  
 Is it True What They Say About  
 Dixie? ... *Caesar*  
 At Your Service Madame ... *Dubin*  
 Robins and Roses ... *Burke*  
 It's Love Again ... *Costlow*  
 Presented by  
**Brown & Polson,**  
 43 Shoe Lane, E.C.4

(Continued on page 34, column 1)

#### SPECIAL HOLIDAY PROGRAMMES

Arranged by Sunny Jim

At the Minstrel Show on the Beach ... **Wednesday, 8.45 a.m.**  
 On the Broads ... **Friday, at 8.45 a.m.**  
 A Tour Round London . . . **Special Programme for the Children.**  
**Saturday, at 8.45 a.m.**

Tune-in to RADIO NORMANDY

#### PARIS (Poste Parisien)

312.8 m., 959 Kc/s.

Times of Transmissions.  
 Sunday : 6.00 p.m.—7.00 p.m.  
 10.30 p.m.—11.30 p.m.  
 Weekdays : 10.30 p.m.—11.00 p.m.  
 Announcer : C. Danvers-Walker.

#### Evening Programme

6.0 p.m.  
**POPULAR CONCERT**  
 (Electrical Recordings)  
 The Whirl of the Waltz ... *Lincke*  
 Orchestre Mascotte.  
 Espanita ... *Kroeger*  
 Fritz Kroeger.  
 Lily of Laguna ... *Stuart*  
 Sydney Gustard.  
 March Review Medley ... *arr. Woitschach*  
 London Palladium Orchestra.  
 Presented by  
**Macleans, Ltd.,**  
 Great West Road, Brentford

6.15 p.m.  
**NURSE JOHNSON OFF DUTY**  
 Holiday Express ... *Macaffer*  
 Fishermen of England ... *Phillips*  
 Carnival Overture ... *Dvorak*  
 Presented by  
**California Syrup of Figs,**  
 179 Acton Vale, W.3

6.30 p.m.  
**HEALTH AND HAPPINESS**  
 Marche Heroique de Szabady ... *Massenet*  
 Happy Days are Here Again ... *Yellen*  
 El Abanico ... *Javaloyes*  
 St. James's Park ... *Leon*  
 Carnival of the Dwarfs ... *Raasch*  
 Presented by  
**Carter's Little Liver Pills,**  
 64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1

6.45—7.0 p.m.  
**WALTZ TIME**  
 Spring in Japan ... *Ohno*  
 Nothing Lives Longer than Love... *Lewis*  
 Last Waltz ... *Straus*  
 Dreams of Aloha ... *Lopes*  
 Presented by  
**Phillips' Dental Magnesia,**  
 179 Acton Vale, W.3

10.30 p.m.  
**DANCING AT THE PIANO**  
 Glamorous Night Waltz Medley ... *Novello*  
 Glamorous Night Fox trot Medley ... *Novello*  
 I'll Never Say Never Again Again ... *Woods*  
 Stardust ... *Carmichael*

10.45 p.m.  
**SOME POPULAR RECORDS**  
 Cuban Pete—Rumba ... *Norman*  
 Ambrose and his Orchestra.  
 Got to Dance My Way to Heaven ... *Costlow*  
 Jessie Matthews.  
 Hawaiian Ripple—Fox trot ... *Lopes*  
 Not Lane's Hawaiian Orchestra.  
 Clogs and Shawls ... *Haines*  
 Gracie Fields.  
 Presented by  
**Bile Beans,**  
 C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds

11.0 p.m.  
**DANCE MUSIC BY BOB CROSBY AND HIS ORCHESTRA**  
 (Electrical Recordings)  
 What's the Name of That Song? ... *Lawnhurst*  
 So This is Heaven ... *Burke*  
 No Other One ... *Lawnhurst*  
 And Then Some ... *Lawnhurst*  
 Christopher Columbus ... *Razaf*  
 Beale Street Blues ... *Handy*  
 The Dixieland Band ... *Hanighen*  
 Two Together ... *Johnston*

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

You are invited to come for A MUSICAL MOTOR RIDE every Sunday morning at 9.45 a.m. . . . RADIO NORMANDY.

# Sunday, August the Ninth

**RADIO NORMANDY** 269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s. Continued from page 33, col. 3.

**11.0 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
**POPULAR SELECTIONS**  
*(Electrical Recordings)*  
 Kerry Dance ... Molloy  
*Carroll Gibbons and Johnny Green.*  
 Alexander's Ragtime Band ... Berlin  
*Brian Lawrence and his Lansdowne House Sextet.*  
 Melody in F ... Rubinstein  
*New Light Symphony Orchestra.*  
 Cuban Pete ... Norman  
*Harry Roy and his Orchestra.*  
 Presented by  
**D.D.D.,**  
 Fleet Lane, E.C.4

**11.15 a.m.**  
**BOLENIUM BILL**  
 presents  
**Some Strauss Waltzes**  
 Wine, Women and Song  
 A Thousand and One Nights  
 Vienna Life  
 Morgenblätter  
 Presented by  
**Boleเนียม Overalls,**  
 Upton Park, E.13

**11.30 a.m.**  
**PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH**  
*Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie*  
**Afternoon Programme**

**2.0 p.m.**  
**THE MUSIC SHOP**  
*Introducing Velveeta*  
 The Shopkeeper with Jimmy and Tommy  
 A PROGRAMME OF POPULAR MUSIC  
 Presented by  
**Kraft Cheese Company,**  
 Hayes, Middlesex

**2.30 p.m.**  
**SILKEN STRINGS**  
 Presented by  
**The Society of Herbalists, Ltd.,**  
 Culpeper House,  
 21 Bruton Street, W.1

**2.45 p.m.**  
**THE OPEN ROAD**  
 Entry of the Gladiators ... Fucik  
 Jolly Good Company ... Wallace  
 Marching with Sousa ... Sousa  
 Valencia ... Padilla  
 Confetti.  
 Presented by  
**Carter's Little Liver Pills,**  
 64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1

**3.0 p.m.**  
**SERENADE TO BEAUTY**  
 Presented by  
**Pond's Extract Co.,**  
 Perivale, Greenford

**3.30 p.m.**  
**LIGHT ORCHESTRAL CONCERT**  
 Wedding of the Winds ... Hall  
 Only My Song ... Lehar  
 Song—Lucia ... Lisbona  
 The Kiss Waltz ... Strauss

**3.45 p.m.**  
**MARY LAWSON**  
*(By permission of Twickenham Films, Ltd.*  
 in  
**"BEHIND THE SCENES"**  
**The Diary of a Chorus Girl**  
 Presented by  
**Pond's Face Powder**

**4.0 p.m.**  
**TEA-TIME HOUR**  
 With Debroy Somers and His Band  
 featuring  
**FLOTSAM AND JETSAM**  
 and  
**JOHN DUDLEY**  
 Presented by  
**Hotlick's, Slough, Bucks**

**5.0 p.m.**  
**NEW SONGS FOR OLD**  
 featuring  
**GERRY FITZGERALD**  
 with  
**PHIL GREEN**  
 and  
**BILL SNIDERMAN**  
 Compered by  
**Pat Barr**  
 Presented by  
**Bismag, Ltd.,**  
 Braydon Road, N.16

**5.15 p.m.**  
**LISTEN TO VITBE**  
 I Travel the Road ... Thayer  
 Selection—Roberta ... Kern  
 Happy—Fox trot Medley.  
 The Wedding of the Rose ... Jessel  
 Presented by  
**Vitbe Brown Bread,**  
 Crayford, Kent

**5.30 p.m.**  
**PLEASURE CRUISE**  
 With Esther Coleman and Gordon Little  
 Honey Coloured Moon ... Wayne  
 Awake in a Dream ... Robin  
 Beautiful Lady in Blue ... Coots  
 Let's Face the Music and Dance ... Berlin  
 Presented by  
**Milk of Magnesia,**  
 179 Acton Vale, W.3

**5.45 p.m.**  
**ALL-STAR VARIETY**  
*(Electrical Recordings)*  
 Rise 'n' Shine ... Youmans  
*Roy Fox and his Orchestra.*  
 Please Let Me Sleep on Your Door-  
 step To-night ... Weston  
*Billy Bennett.*  
 Sailor Beware ... Robin  
*Bing Crosby.*  
 That's a Plenty ... Pollack  
*The Tiger Ragamuffins.*  
 Presented by  
**Thorn's Portable Buildings,**  
 Brampton Road, Bexleyheath, Kent

**6.0 p.m.**  
**POPULAR CONCERT**  
*(Electrical Recordings)*  
 Artists' Life Waltz ... Strauss  
*Marek Weber and his Orchestra.*  
 When the Band Goes Marching By ... Sarony  
*Reginald Dixon.*  
 The Song of the Kettle ... Anthony  
*Peter Dawson.*  
 Selection—Faust ... Gounod  
*London Palladium Orchestra.*  
 Presented by  
**Macleans, Ltd.,**  
 Great West Road, Brentford

**6.15 p.m.**  
**NURSE JOHNSON OFF DUTY**  
 Holiday Express ... Maccaffer  
 Fishermen of England ... Phillips  
 Carnival Overture ... Doorak  
 Presented by  
**California Syrup of Figs,**  
 179 Acton Vale, W.3

**6.30 p.m.**  
**THE RINSO MUSIC HALL**  
 with  
**LILY MORRIS**  
**MARIE KENDALL**  
**THE RHYTHM SISTERS**  
**WALTER WILLIAMS**  
 and  
**MARJORIE LOTINGA**  
 and  
**AFRIQUE**  
**All-Star Variety**  
 Presented to listeners by the makers of  
**Rinso,**  
 Unilever House, Blackfriars, E.C.4

**7.0 p.m.**  
**BLACK MAGIC**  
 Happy Days are Here Again ... Yellen  
 Oceans of Time ... Green  
 Dear Little Café ... Coward  
 Exactly Like You.  
 Presented by  
**Black Magic Chocolates**

**7.15 p.m.**  
**"VOICES OF THE STARS"**  
 present  
**OWEN NARES**  
 With the Music of Monia and  
 His Troubadours  
 Sponsored by  
**Rowntrees,**  
 The Makers of Chocolate Crisp

**7.30 p.m.**  
**PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH**  
*Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie*  
**Evening Programme**

**10.0 p.m.**  
**HUNGARIAN CONCERT**  
 Radetzky March ... Strauss  
 Whisper in My Ear ... Aladar  
 Slavonic Dance in G Minor ... Dvorak  
 Hungarian Melodies ... Korbay  
 Presented by  
**Hungarian National Office for Tourism**  
 210 Piccadilly, London, W.1

**10.15 p.m.**  
**RAINBOW RHYTHM**  
 Amador—Tango ... Jalowicz  
 Sing, Sing, Sing ... Prima  
 The Whistling Waltz ... Woods  
 Brazilia—Paso doble ... Sinclair  
 Presented by makers of  
**Tintex,**  
 199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

**10.30 p.m.**  
**ALL ABOARD**  
 American Medley ... arr. Somers  
 The Gridiron Club March ... Sousa  
 Honeymoon Express ... Robinson  
 Queen of the Sea ... Nicholls  
 Presented by  
**Cunard-White Star, Ltd.,**  
 26 Cockspur Street, S.W.1

**10.45 p.m.**  
**MUSICAL MELANGE**  
 Non-Stop Quarter Hour

**11.0 p.m.**  
**DREAMY QUARTER-HOUR**  
 By the Wachau ... Arnold  
 Vibraphone Waltz ... Lohr  
 My Mother was a Viennese ... Gruber  
 Dream Waltz ... Fraiz

**11.15 p.m.**  
**STRAIGHT FROM THE ARGENTINE**  
 Don Fabrico—Tango Argentina ... Galiazzo  
 I Want Nothing But Your Love ... Lopez  
 Rosita—Argentine Tango ... Berco  
 Tangled Tangos No. 2.

**11.30 p.m.**  
**PIERRETTE**  
 Pierrette Chérie—Valse Lente ... Ives  
 Moonlight (Werther) ... Massenet  
 (a) Scarf Dance ... Chamínade  
 (b) Pierrette ... Chamínade  
 Bitter Sweet Waltz... ... Coward

**11.45 p.m.**  
**PARISIEN ECHOES**  
 Parisien Pierrot ... Coward  
 Folies Bergère—March ... Lincbe  
 Paris, Stay the Same ... Schertzinger  
 Midnight in Paris ... Conrad

**12 (midnight)**  
**DANCE MUSIC**  
 Dream Time—Fox trot ... Davis  
 Here Comes the Bride ... Leon  
 Knick Knacks on the Mantle ... Fio Rilo  
 Say That You Will Not Forget ... de Curtis  
 It's Been So Long—Fox trot ... Adamson  
 A Little Rendezvous in Honolulu... Burke  
 Play, Orchestra, Play—Fox trot ... Coward  
 If You Love Me—Fox trot ... Noble

**12.30 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
 I'm Nuts about Screw Music ... Lunceford  
 The Duck Song—Comedy Waltz ... Damerell  
 Honey Coloured Moon ... Wayne  
 You Were There—Fox trot ... Coward  
 Violetta—Tango ... Mohr  
 Top Hat, White Tie, and Tails ... Berlin  
 A Couple of April Fools ... Kennedy  
 Moon Over Miami—Fox trot ... Burke

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

**I.B.C. SHORT WAVE EMPIRE TRANSMISSIONS**  
**E.A.Q. (Madrid)**  
**30 m., 10,000 Kc/s.**

Time of Transmission.  
 Sunday: 1.0 a.m.—1.30 a.m.  
 Announcer: E. E. Allen.

**1.0 a.m.**  
**CELEBRITY CONCERT**  
*(Electrical Recordings)*  
 Let's All Go Posh ... Hargreaves  
*Gracie Fields.*  
 I'll Give Her a Ring ... Farrar  
*Cicely Courtneidge.*  
 Puttin' on the Ritz... ... Berlin  
*Fred Astaire.*  
 The Echo of a Song ... Edgar  
*Turner Layton.*

**1.15 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
 Give Her a Little Kiss ... Steinger  
*Carl Brisson.*  
 Ol' Pappy ... Levinson  
*Jack Teagarden.*  
 You Don't Know the Half of It ... Sigler  
*Binnie Hale.*  
 You Rascal You ... Theard  
*The Mills Brothers.*

**1.30 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody.**

**RADIO LUXEMBOURG** Continued from page 33, col. 1

**Evening Programme**

**10.30 p.m.**  
**THE LATEST DANCE MUSIC**  
 Presented by  
**Bile Beans,**  
 C. E. Fullford, Ltd., Leeds

**11.0 p.m.**  
**ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS**

**11.15 p.m.**  
**VARIETY**  
 East of the Sun ... Bowman  
 The Lion and Albert ... Edgar  
 The Star and the Rose ... Schwartz  
 National Economy ... Parr  
 Joseph the Juggler ... Buller  
 I Found a Dream ... Hartman  
 Chinese Blues ... Cotterill  
 'Way Down Yonder in New Orleans ... Creamer

**11.45 p.m.**  
**LULLABY PROGRAMME**

**12 (midnight)**  
**Goodnight Melody and Close Down.**

**VOICES OF THE STARS present OWEN NARES to-night (Sunday) at 7.15 p.m. Tune-in to RADIO NORMANDY.**

RADIO-CÔTE D'AZUR (Juan-les-Pins) 235.1 m., 1276 Kc/s.

Time of Transmission. Sunday: 10.30 p.m.—1.0 a.m.

10.30 p.m. VARIETY. Let's All Dance the Polka... Experiment... Song of the Lift... Rochdale Hounds... Pardon Me Pretty Baby... Fresh as a Daisy... Smiles and Cheers... Perfume Waltz...

12 (midnight) DANCE MUSIC. The Army Fell for Little Isabel... Hypnotised—Fox trot... The Wheel of the Wagon is Broken... San Roque—Cumbiamba... The Breeze—Fox trot... Don't Let it Bother You... Sympathy—Waltz... Tick Tock Town—Fox trot... When To-morrow Comes... Red Pepper—Quick step... Do the Kunaroud—Fox trot... Primrosa—Mazurka... Song of the Trees—Fox trot... Old Bohemian Town—Fox trot... Sweet Dreams Pretty Lady... Little Valley in the Mountains...

11.0 p.m. AMERICAN SONGS. The Railroad Boomer... Twilight Yodelling Song... Fortunes Galore... O Dem Golden Slippers...

11.15 p.m. ORGAN RECITAL. Popular Irish Medley... La Paloma... Sweet and Lovely... The Old Spinning Wheel...

11.30 p.m. SUMMER IDYLL. A Summer Evening... The Song of the Nightingale... This Lovely Rose... The Butterfly... Trees... On a Dreamy Summer Night... Sweet and Low... Dreams on the Ocean...

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

Continued from page 38, column 4 FRIDAY, AUGUST 14th

RADIO LJUBLJANA 569 m., 527 Kc/s.

Time of Transmission. Friday: 10.30—11.0 p.m.

10.30 p.m. I.B.C. CONCERT LIGHT MUSIC. She Wore a Little Jacket of Blue... Love is the Sweetest Thing... We're a Couple of Soldiers... In the Valley of Yesterday... Butterfingers... When the Guards Are on Parade... The Cuckoo in the Clock... A Thick, Thick Fog in London...

RADIO NORMANDY 269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

Morning Programme

8.0 a.m. THE DAILY DOZEN. The Merry Widow Waltz... Every Now and Then... Parade of the Wooden Soldiers... I Feel Like a Feather in the Breeze...

8.15 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal. NEWS PARADE. Irish Waltz Medley... Only a Rose... Chopin Melodies... L'Amour, Toujours l'Amour...

8.30 a.m. HAPPY DAYS. Alexander's Ragtime Band... Oh, Rosalita... Piano Pastimes... It's Great to be in Love Again...

8.45 a.m. SUNNY JIM'S PROGRAMME OF "FORCE" AND MELODY. Sussex by the Sea... I Can't Remember... The Busy Bee... My Lady Dainty...

9.0 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal. THE OPEN ROAD. To-day I Feel so Happy... Joggin' Along the Highway... Rain or Shine... Almond Blossoms... There's a New Day Coming...

9.15 a.m. LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC. Selection—Cat and the Fiddle... Springtime Waltz... Here's the Circus... Daisy Bell...

9.30 a.m. ADVANCE FILM NEWS. Stay Awhile... Melody from the Sky... Stranded... My Dear...

9.45 a.m. MELODIANA. After You've Gone... Allah's Holiday... Georgia on My Mind... Leave it to Love...

10.0 a.m. SOME POPULAR RECORDS. The Forge in the Forest... Got to Dance My Way to Heaven... Viennese Waltz Medley... All My Life... Ted Fio Rito and his Orchestra...

10.15 a.m. MILITARY BAND CONCERT. Regimental Marches... The Kilties Courtship... Stein Song... Aldershot Command Searchlight Tattoo, 1934... Excerpts—Martial Moments.

10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT

(a) Scarf Dance... (b) Pierrette... Plaza Theatre Orchestra... Serenade... Funiculi, Funicula... Where the Woods are Green... Alfredo Campoli and his Salon Orchestra...

10.45 a.m. MID-MORNING EXTRA. Down Upon the Farm... King Chanticleer—Two step... Errand Boy's Parade... Goodbye Trouble...

11.0 a.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH. Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

Afternoon Programme

4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR. With Debroy Somers and Other Artists. Overture 1914... Skiddy Dumpty Di Doh... Dixieland... Blackthorn... Doge's March... Serenade to a Rag Doll... Children's Dance and Intermezzo... The Dollar Princess...

Followed at 4.45 p.m. by THE CHILDREN'S CORNER With the Uncles BIRTHDAY GREETINGS Presented by Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

5.0 p.m. I.B.C. Time Signal. RAINBOW RHYTHM. Got to Dance My Way to Heaven... Sweeter than Sugar... Barcarolle... Dream Time...

5.15 p.m. REQUEST PROGRAMME OF HAWAIIAN MUSIC. Hilo March... Hula Girl... Hawaiian Song of Love... Goodbye Hawaii...

5.30 p.m. WHAT'S ON IN LONDON. News of the Latest Films, Shows, and Other Attractions

5.45 p.m. SUNSET SERIAL. Romance... Love sends a Little Gift of Roses... A World of Romance... Melody at Dusk...

6.0 p.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH. Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

Evening Programme

12 (midnight) DANCE MUSIC. Goombay Rumba Drums—Rumba... Smoke Rings—Slow Fox trot... At the Close of a Long, Long Day... Dill Pickles—Ragtime... Bye Bye Blues—Slow Fox trot... Swing—Quick step... My Heart and I—Fox trot...

12.30 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal. I'll See You in My Dreams... Amore, Amor, Portami Tante Rose... Every Minute of the Hour... My Sweetie Went Away... The Touch of Your Lips... The Juba—Rumba... Apple Blossom—Fox trot... Puszta—Fox trot...

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

PARIS (Poste Parisien) 312.8 m., 959 Kc/s.

10.30 p.m. RAINBOW RHYTHM. Dream Time... Nirewana... You Let Me Down... Lion Rag (Tiger Rag)...

10.45 p.m. FOUR NOVELTY FOX TROTS. The Pig Got Up and Slowly Walked Away... Mama Don't Want No Peas... Thank You So Much, Mrs. Lowborough Goody... There's a Body on the Line...

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

RADIO LUXEMBOURG 1293 m., 232 Kc/s.

Morning Programme

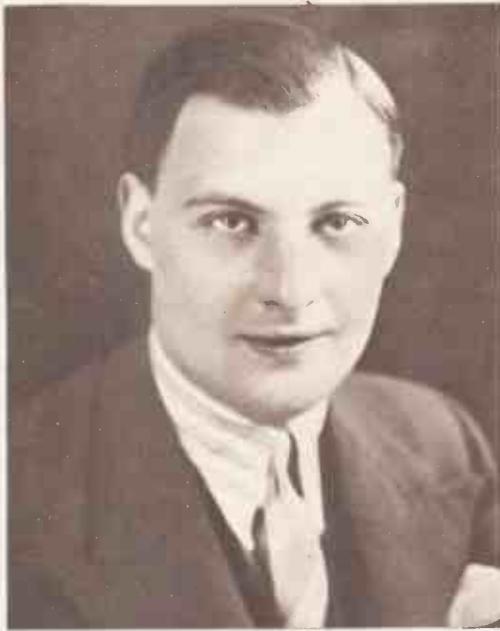
8.15 a.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS. 8.45 a.m. MORNING CONCERT. 9.0 a.m. ROSE'S HAPPY MORNING MATINEE With the Happy Philosopher. If My Heart Could Sing... A Voice in the Old Village Choir... You're Sweeter than I Thought... You Were...

9.15 a.m. GOOD-MORNING PROGRAMME. Through Night to Light... There'll Never be Another You... Love Everlasting... Selection—Lucky Break...

9.30—10.0 a.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS. Evening Programme. 6.15—7.15 p.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS.

MONDAY—Continued from column 4.

Regional  
Band  
Leaders  
No. 7



**HARRY  
ENGLEMAN**  
and his  
**Quintet**

**T**HIS dapper little pianist, whose quintet is proving so popular on National and Midland wavelengths, can't quite remember the first time he ran his fingers over the keyboard, but his professional experience dates back to his fourteenth birthday, when he left school to start his career in his father's orchestra.

Engleman senior is a very well-known composer; in fact, a day rarely goes by without one of his works being broadcast. So it is hardly surprising that young Harry began to think of life in terms of music at a very early age.

While in his 'teens he was playing at various Birmingham cinemas, and, since then has been pianist at the Grand, Empire and Hippodrome music halls. He is now employed in this capacity at Aston Hippodrome, and fills in his afternoons playing at a large Birmingham café, where he is a great favourite.

But this leaves his mornings free, and, idleness to Harry is an abomination. So he spends his mornings doing special orchestrations for his quintet, and composing novelty piano solos and dance tunes. His piano solo, "Snakes and Ladders," is always very much in demand, and its successor "Fingerprints," seems likely to prove just as popular. And now his latest song-waltz, "Rosalie" has just been published—you have probably heard it on the air by this time.

In the autumn, syncopated piano fans in London will have an opportunity of hearing Harry give a recital of his own numbers in the Wigmore Hall. But if you would hear him before then, you'll find some of his records in the Panachord catalogue.

**B**efore Leslie Lewis, the well-known Midland xylophonist, joined the new B.B.C. Scottish orchestra, he broadcast regularly with Harry Engleman's Quintet, and, during one week when they had no other engagements, they made an appearance at a Birmingham music hall. They were such a success that the circuit immediately offered them a twelve weeks' tour, which they reluctantly had to refuse.

Since Leslie has been in Scotland, his successor with the quintet is Vernon Adcock, who is becoming equally popular with listeners. He is featured as a soloist, apart from the quintet, the com-

bination of which is two violins, 'cello, bass and piano.

So skilfully are their pieces arranged, however, that they often sound like a ten-piece band, particularly in tangos and Viennese waltzes, which are their strongest features.

The quintet has now been in existence for two years. Previous to that, Harry was a frequent solo broadcaster, and did a lot of work in the Midland Children's Hour. His services are often in demand for Midland variety programmes, and he frequently appears under a *nom de plume*, much to the mystification of listeners, who write in to inquire the identity of the latest discovery in syncopated pianists.

**T**he quintet broadcasts attract a large fan mail, particularly when they are on the Empire wavelength. Only recently, Harry had a letter from the radio station at Buenos Aires, asking if he could forward some of his best numbers, and inquiring who arranged his items. This, of course, is done by his father, and when Harry wrote and explained this, he had a reply asking him to broadcast from Buenos Aires sometime in the future.

He is also to broadcast his novelty piano solos from Hilversum, where Dutch listeners are anxious to hear "Snakes and Ladders" played by the composer. Incidentally, this piece had ninety-eight broadcasts in six months.

After every broadcast, Harry gets a long letter from an invalid girl in Manchester, praising or criticising, and making suggestions for future programmes, and he generally manages to carry them out.

His more recent new activities include an interest in the Midland School of Broadcasting, where he gives tuition in syncopated piano playing. Yet Harry himself has never had a proper lesson in his life! He's one of the lucky ones to whom piano playing is a second instinct.

He has begun to take his song-writing very seriously of late, encouraged by his collaborator, Basil Thomas, and they are very busy on a successor to "Rosalie."

Still in his early twenties, this enthusiastic young musician has conquered many fields—and will conquer many more. C. H.

**THE MAGAZINE FOR THE HEALTH-LOVER**

August "New Health" now On Sale

**A** MAN or woman who is not interested in good health is not interested in living. Virile health is as near a synonym for happiness as can be desired.

"New Health" is a magazine which caters not for hypochondriacs or health-crankers and faddists, but for ordinary men and women who desire the maximum health and contentment from life.

It approaches matters of vital interest in a novel and arresting manner. Its contributors are authorities on their particular subjects, and they write in a bold, stimulating way.

In short, "New Health" is the ideal magazine for the families. The August issue is now on sale at any bookstall or newsagent, price 6d.

Take a look at some of the strong features which are to be found in this magnificent issue.

"New Cures for Sunburn."—It is true that so far our English summer has been such that any cure at all for sunburn may seem superfluous. But grey skies cannot last and when the sun bursts forth we shall be faced with a problem

which is an annual headache for some of us! Sunburn can be a most painful complaint, and this article will help you to minimise possible suffering considerably.

"Avoiding Summer Health Mishaps."—The editor, Sir William Arbuthnot Lane, Bt., C.B., contributes another of his forceful articles of particular topical value.

"New Ways for Summer Salads" is an article with an obvious appeal to housewives who are often at their wits' end to know how to find novel ways of preparing hot weather diets.

Another article which every parent should study with care is called: "Why Children Get Nerves," and deals with parents who, by lack of understanding and sympathy, kill their children by inches.

Beauty, birth-control, the value of swimming and many other absorbing topics are dealt with in this excellent issue.

Why not get a copy now? You will be repaid by hours of entertaining and instructive reading.

**WRITE TO**

*Mary Strong*

and Let Her Solve Your  
Troubles

*Write to Mary Strong, "Radio Pictorial," 37 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2, and she will do her best to help you in your troubles. For a private reply you must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. PLEASE ADD A NOM-DE-PLUME AT THE END OF YOUR LETTER AS THE MOST INTERESTING LETTERS WILL ALSO BE ANSWERED IN "RADIO PICTORIAL."*

**"I** AM eighteen and am thinking of going in for a musical career. My great friend thinks there is a good deal to be made out of playing the piano in a dance band, but I would rather do something better than that. I would rather teach, I think. I am fairly good, but should like, of course, to become better. I have an uncle who will pay for me to have good lessons. Can you advise me what to do about this because my uncle says he knows nothing about such things.—"Pianist, Croydon."

To begin with, I don't agree with your great friend about the dance band. Don't touch it. Unless you are really devoted to dance music you are not going to make much of a show at it. It is something by itself in music. You mention teaching. Although there is nothing like the teaching to be had there used to be, you can make some sort of living at it provided you are well qualified. I suggest you get your Uncle to pay for you to have a complete course of training at the Academy or the College. Take a diploma. That will help you enormously.

**"I** AM engaged to be married. My people like my boy very much. There is only one thing they have against him—his religion. He is a Roman Catholic. I don't think I mind that myself, but he won't hear of our being married in our own parish church, and my people are against my being married in a Catholic church. What am I to do? How far ought I to hold out against either of them? So far I have said very little either way.—Bride, Croydon."

I am afraid you will have to, though! The easiest plan, if you can do it, is to become a Catholic yourself. If your boy is a strict one, he will not agree to being married in any but a Roman Catholic church. A young friend of mine has just married a Roman Catholic. She made no bones about it. She just "went over." Honestly, I think that is the easiest solution of the problem. If you are not prepared to do that then I think you must be definite and say exactly what your feelings are.

**"I** AM having rather a rotten time at home. I am expected to do most of the housework, which I hate. My parents are of the old-fashioned sort and think a woman's place is in her home. I want to go into an office but my father refuses to let me. As I am only twenty, I suppose I must do as he wishes, or do you think I can please myself?—Bored, Chester."

Legally, I suppose you must be twenty-one before you do as you wish, but I am not sure it applies to that sort of thing. More to marriage, I think. There is no question that, so long as you remain in your father's house and are kept by him, you cannot assert your own authority as you evidently want to. It is an awkward position. I am afraid the tide is against you because, even if you simply "went and got a job" you would have to be at home just the same so far as living is concerned. If you manage to get one away from home and can support yourself, I think you are entitled to take the reins in your own hands. Think carefully before you do that, of course; but if you are determined and your parents equally so, I think that is the only way you can settle the question.

To Marie, Leeds: No, I don't think you need think you are acting "disgracefully" by breaking off that engagement. If you know what you are doing, and it is definite that you are in love with someone else, that is the best thing you can do.

# Tuesday, Aug. 11th

# Wednesday, Aug. 12th

## RADIO NORMANDY 269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

### Morning Programme

10.15 a.m. WELL-KNOWN WALTZES  
 Invitation to the Waltz *Weber, arr. Walter*  
 Potpourri of Waltzes.  
 Viennese Waltz Medley ... *Strauss*  
 Desert Song Waltz ... *Romberg*

10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT  
*(Electrical Recordings)*  
 Martial Moments ... *arr. Winter*  
 Band of His Majesty's Coldstream Guards.  
 The Clatter of the Clogs *Flynn, arr. Blight*  
 Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra.  
 Bavarian Waltz Medley ... *Richardz*  
 Orchestre Mascotte.  
 The Whistler and His Dog ... *Pryor*  
 Reginald Dixon.

Presented by  
**Macleans, Ltd.,**  
 Great West Road, Brentford

10.45 a.m. BY SPECIAL REQUEST  
 R. Bradshaw, 1 Brook Cottages,  
 Rudwick, Sussex.  
 Saddle Your Blues ... *Haid*  
 The Wheel of the Wagon is Broken ... *Box*  
 Over the Waves ... *Rosas*  
 Song of the Lift ... *Butler*

11.0 a.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH  
*Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie*

### Afternoon Programme

4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR  
 With Debroy Somers and Other Artists  
 March Medley.  
 As Long as Our Hearts are Young *Kester*  
 The Bees' Wedding ... *Mendelssohn*  
 Stealin' Through the Classics *arr. Somers*  
 Offenbachiana ... *arr. Winter*  
 Gay Gossoon ... *Ossmann*  
 Praeludium ... *Jarnefeldt*  
 The Street Singer ... *Fraser Simson*

Followed at 4.45 p.m. by  
**THE CHILDREN'S CORNER**  
 With the Uncles  
 BIRTHDAY GREETINGS  
 Presented by  
**Horlick's, Slough, Bucks**

5.0 p.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.  
**RAINBOW RHYTHM**  
 Selection—It's Love Again ... *Woods*  
 A Swanee Sing Song ... *Grimshaw*  
 I'm All Alone ... *Vernon*  
 Christopher Columbus ... *Razaf*

Presented by the makers of  
**Tintex,**  
 199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

5.15 p.m. FINGERING THE FRETS  
 A Programme for Instrumental Enthusiasts  
 Blaze Away ... *Kennedy*  
 The Jovial Hunstman ... *Morley*  
 Spring Fever ... *Mairants*  
 Toreador et Andalouse ... *Rubinstein*

5.30 p.m. WHAT'S ON IN LONDON  
 News of the Latest Films, Shows and Other  
 Attractions

5.45 p.m. LATE AFTERNOON SPECIAL  
 Slipping Through My Fingers ... *Woods*  
 You Look So Sweet, Madame *Heymann*  
 The Mannequin's Parade ... *Derveaux*  
 Where Yorkshire and Lancashire  
 Meet ... *Butler*

6.0 p.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH  
*Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie*

### Evening Programme

Dance Music runs till 1.0 a.m. For  
 Programmes see page 39

9.30 a.m. MUSICAL MENU  
*Mrs. Jean Scott,*  
 President of the Brown and Polson Cookery  
 Club, gives you a Free Recipe  
 Doin' the New Low Down ... *McHugh*  
 You Opened My Eyes ... *Roberts*  
 We'll Rest at the End of the Trail...  
 Whotcha Gotcha Your Trombone  
 For? ... *Kennedy*

Presented by  
**Brown & Polson, 43 Shoe Lane, E.C.4**  
 9.45—10.0 a.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS

6.15 p.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS  
 6.30 p.m. KING'S MEN QUARTET  
 Everyone Says I Love You ... *Tobias*  
 I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl *Von Tilzer*  
 The Hen and the Fish ... *Moellendorf*  
 Avalon ... *Schonberg*  
 My Scandinavian Girl ... *Tobias*

Presented by  
**Rowntrees' Gums and Pastilles, York**  
 6.45—7.15 p.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS

## RADIO NORMANDY 269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

### Morning Programme

8.0 a.m. JACK SAVAGE AND HIS BOYS  
 Ridin' Down the Sunset Trail ... *Kennedy*  
 Ramona. ... *Wayne*  
 Little Golden Locket. ... *Kennedy*  
 Sour Wood Mountain.  
 Too Many Parties.  
 Goin' a Have a Big Time To-night.

Presented by  
**Crazy Water Crystals,**  
 Thames House, S.W.1

8.15 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.  
**HAPPY DAYS**  
 When You're Smiling ... *Fisher*  
 Saddle Your Blues to a Wild Mustang *Haid*  
 Got to Dance My Way to Heaven *Coslow*  
 Cuban Pete—Rumba ... *Norman*

Presented by the makers of  
**Odol,**  
 Odol Works, Norwich

8.30 a.m. LIGHT ORCHESTRAL PROGRAMME  
 Gitana, Gitana—Paso doble ... *Romero*  
 The Dance of the Octopus ... *Norvo*  
 Entrance of the Little Fauns  
 Over the Sticks ... *Pierné, arr. Mouton*  
 ... *Starita*

8.45 a.m. SUNNY JIM'S PROGRAMME OF  
**"FORCE" AND MELODY**  
 At the Minstrel Show on the Beach  
 Presented by  
**A. C. Ficken & Co.,**  
 195 Great Portland Street, W.1

9.0 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.  
**DANCE MUSIC**  
 Slipping Through My Fingers ... *Woods*  
 Alexander's Ragtime Band ... *Berlin*  
 Would You?—Waltz ... *Brown*  
 Mexicali Rose—Fox trot ... *Stone*

Presented by  
**Sanitas,**  
 51 Clapham Road, S.W.9

9.15 a.m. VOCAL CORNER  
*(Electrical Recordings)*  
 I'm Putting All My Eggs in One  
 Basket (*Ginger Rogers*) ... *Berlin*  
 We Saw the Sea ... *Berlin*  
 Fred Astaire.  
 Honeymoon Hotel ... *Dubin*  
 Dick Powell.  
 Down on the Delta ... *Williams*  
 The Boswell Sisters.

9.30 a.m. SUNNY JIM'S PROGRAMME OF  
**"FORCE" AND MELODY**  
 Anglo-American March.  
 The Man in the Street ... *Longstaffe*  
 Laughing Policeman ... *Grey*  
 Fox and Hounds ... *Hawkins*

Presented by  
**A. C. Ficken & Co., Ltd.,**  
 195 Great Portland Street, W.1

9.45 a.m. MUSICAL REVERIES  
 Children's Overture ... *Quiller*  
 Serenade ... *Pierne*  
 Abandonado ... *Moszkowski*  
 Marche Joyeuse ... *Chabrier*

Presented by  
**California Syrup of Figs,**  
 179 Acton Vale, W.3

10.0 a.m. CLASSICAL CONCERT  
 Sylvia Ballet—Procession of  
 Bacchus ... *Delibes*  
 Barcarolle—Tales of Hoffman ... *Offenbach*  
 Hungarian Dances ... *Brahms*  
 Marche Militaire ... *Schubert*  
 The Golliwog's Cakewalk ... *Debussy*  
 Selection—La Boutique Fantasque  
 Faust Waltz ... *Rossini, arr. Carr*  
 Sylvia Ballet ... *Gounod*  
 ... *Delibes*

### 10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT

*(Electrical Recordings)*  
 At the Palais de Danse (Cockney  
 Suite) ... *Ketelbey*  
*Ketelbey's Concerti Orchestra.*  
 Woman's a Fickle Jade (Rigoletto) *Verdi*  
 John Turner.  
 In a Clock Store ... *Orth*  
 Orlando and his Orchestra.  
 Tambourin Chinois ... *Kreisler*  
 Eugene Ormandy and the Minneapolis  
 Symphony Orchestra.

Presented by  
**Macleans, Ltd.,**  
 Great West Road, Brentford

10.45 a.m. MORNING CLOSE-DOWN  
 See Me Dance the Polka  
*Grossmith, arr. Solomon*  
 Cavalcade of Variety.  
 Barn Dance ... *Luts*  
 Happy Ending ... *Parr-Davies*

11.0 a.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH  
*Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie*

4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR  
 With Debroy Somers and Other Artists  
 Savoy English Medley ... *arr. Somers*  
 Rhythm ... *Dale*  
 The Gay Nineties.  
 Savage in My Soul ... *Bloom*  
 Prelude No. 1 (Merchant of Venice) *Rosse*  
 Serenata ... *Toselli*  
 Second Serenade ... *Heykens*  
 All's Luck ... *Coslow*  
 Rusticatin' Rufus ... *Charrosin*  
 Madame Pompadour ... *Fall*

Followed at 4.45 p.m. by  
**THE CHILDREN'S CORNER**  
 With the Uncles  
 BIRTHDAY GREETINGS  
 Presented by  
**Horlick's, Slough, Bucks**

5.0 p.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.  
**THE OPEN ROAD**  
 Marching with Sousa ... *Sousa*  
 Here Comes that Rainbow.  
 Gladiator's Farewell ... *Blankenburg*  
 Andalusia ... *Gorn & Z*  
 Balserina ... *Kennedy*

Presented by  
**Carter's Little Liver Pill**  
 64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1

5.15 p.m. RAINBOW RHYTHM  
 It's Been So Long ... *Adamson*  
 Freeze an' Melt ... *McHugh*  
 Wherever You Are ... *Noble*  
 Sing, Sing, Sing ... *Prima*

Presented by the makers of  
**Tintex,**  
 199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

5.30 p.m. MUSICAL ADVICE  
 Don't Save Your Smiles ... *Fio Rito*  
 Experiment ... *Porter*  
 Tell Me I'm Forgiven ... *Kutschler*  
 Give Me Your Heart To-night ... *Stolz*

5.45 p.m. WORDS AND MUSIC BY NOEL COWARD  
*(Electrical Recordings)*  
 Noel Coward Medley—Part I.  
 Mad Dogs and Englishmen.  
 Noel Coward Medley—Part II.  
 Let's Say Goodbye.

6.0 p.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH  
*Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie*

Evening Programme  
 Dance Music runs till 1.0 a.m. For  
 Programmes see page 39

## RADIO LUXEMBOURG 1293 m., 232 Kc/s.

### Morning Programme

8.15—8.30 a.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS

8.45 a.m. MORNING CONCERT

9.0 a.m. ROSE'S HAPPY MORNING MATINEE  
 With the Happy Philosopher  
 Looking Forward to Looking After  
 You ... *Woods*  
 Always in My Heart ... *Turk*  
 Sweetheart, Let's Grow Old  
 Together ... *Bratton*

Presented by  
**L. Rose & Co., Ltd.,**  
 89 Worship Street, E.C.2

9.15 a.m. GOOD-MORNING PROGRAMME  
 Ol' Man River ... *Kern*  
 Bells of St. Malo ... *Rimmer*  
 Where Am I? ... *Dubin*  
 Selection—La Bohème ... *Puccini*

Presented by  
**Horlick's, Slough, Bucks**

## PARIS (Poste Parisien) 312.8 m., 959 Kc/s.

10.30—11.0 p.m. RELAY OF DANCE MUSIC  
 From a Paris Cabaret  
 Commentary in English

## RADIO LUXEMBOURG 1293 m., 232 Kc/s.

### Morning Programme

8.15—8.30 a.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS

8.45 a.m. MORNING CONCERT

9.0 a.m. ROSE'S HAPPY MORNING MATINEE  
 With the Happy Philosopher  
 Every Time I Look at You ... *Mitchell*  
 Play Fiddle Play ... *Lawrence*  
 Leave it to Love ... *Stolz*

Presented by  
**L. Rose & Co., Ltd.,**  
 89 Worship Street, E.C.2

9.15 a.m. GOOD-MORNING PROGRAMME  
 El Relicario ... *Padilla*  
 Dream Time ... *Davis*  
 Nola ... *Arndt*  
 Souvenirs of Vienna.  
 Presented by  
**Horlick's, Slough, Bucks**

9.45—10.0 a.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS

Evening Programme  
 6.15—7.15 p.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS

## PARIS (Poste Parisien) 312.8 m., 959 Kc/s.

10.30 p.m. RAINBOW RHYTHM  
 If You Were Mine ... *Mercer*  
 Three of a Kind ... *Davis*  
 When Somebody Thinks You're  
 Wonderful ... *Woods*  
 I'll Stand By ... *Davis*

Presented by the makers of  
**Tintex, 199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4**

10.45 p.m. RADIO STARS  
*(Electrical Recordings)*  
 The Valparaiso (*June Clyde*) ... *Wayne*

10.45 p.m. Radio Stars—contd.  
 Pal o' Mine ... *Green*  
 Les Allen with Mrs. Allen and Norman.  
 In a Persian Market ... *Ketelbey*  
 Quentin Maclean.  
 Sweet Sue ... *Harris*  
 Nat Gonella.  
 Presented by  
**"Radio Pictorial"**

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

SUNNY JIM entertains you at THE MINSTREL SHOW ON THE BEACH . . . to-day (Wednesday) at 8.45 a.m. (RADIO NORMANDY).

Thursday, August 13th

Friday, August 14th

RADIO NORMANDY 269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

Morning Programme

8.0 a.m. JACK SAVAGE AND HIS BOYS
Puttin' on the Style.
Mother's Crazy Quilt.
Hold on Little Doggies.
Flop Eared Mule.
Heab'en Heab'en.
I Love My Little Rooster.

8.15 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.
THE STA-BLOND SPECIAL
Join
June Manners and Jack Lynden
in their American Tour

8.30 a.m. THE REVELLERS
We Saw the Sea
Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man
It's Love Again
Is it True what They Say About Dixie?

8.45 a.m. POPULAR MUSIC
L'Amour
Stay with Me Forever
That Tiny Tea Shop
The First Letter

9.0 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.
DANCE MUSIC
Just Once For All Time
Every Minute of the Hour
La Tortuguita—Rumba

9.15 a.m. FACING THE MUSIC
with
The Melody Master
Vikelp Health and Body-Building Tablets,

9.30 a.m. FAVOURITE MELODIES
Parade of the Tin Soldiers
New Light Symphony Orchestra.
Here's to Romance
Nino Martini.
You Can't Do That There 'Ere
Jack Jackson and his Orchestra.
Marche Militaire

9.45 a.m. MELODIANA
Sunshine Ahead
I Like Bananas
Get Rhythm in Your Feet
California, Here I Come

10.0 a.m. LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC
A Hunt in the Black Forest
Dance of the Hours
Spanish Song
Flight of the Bumble Bee
Song—Dream of Home (Il Bacio)
London Suite—Knightsbridge March
Souvenir d'Ukraine
Dance of the Hours (Conclusion)

10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT
La Petite Tonkinoise
Alfredo Campoli and his Novelty Orchestra.
Wedding of the Rose
Squire Celeste Octet.
Liebestraum (Quentin Maclean)
March Hongroise
Royal Opera House Covent Garden Orchestra.

10.45 a.m. MILITARY BAND CONCERT
Standchen
Selection—The Gondoliers
Strauss March

11.0 a.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH
Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie
Afternoon Programme

4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR
With Debroy Somers and Other Artists
Pomp and Circumstance
The Broken Record
The Grasshoppers' Dance
Song of the Dawn
Everybody Shuffle
Stealin' Through the Classics
Manhattan Moonlight
My Florence
Noah's Ark

5.0 p.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.
RAINBOW RHYTHM
Rhythm Saved the World
Got to Dance My Way to Heaven
Lazybones
Irving Berlin Waltz Medley

5.15 p.m. POPULAR MUSIC
Jealousy
Tap Dance
Maria Mari
The Golden Musical Box

5.30 p.m. WHAT'S ON IN LONDON
News of the Latest Films, Shows and Other Attractions

5.45 p.m. CINEMA ORGAN RECITAL
Selection—Roberta
Lily of Laguna
Drury Lane Memories.
Organ Imitations.

6.0 p.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH
Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie
Evening Programme
Dance Music runs till 1.0 a.m. For Programmes see page 39

RADIO NORMANDY 269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

Morning Programme

8.0 a.m. SWEET AND LOVELY
Indian Love Call
Love is a Dancing Thing
Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life
Love's Dream After the Ball

8.15 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.
BREAKFAST TIME BREVITIES
How Are You?
Ten Tiny Toes, One Baby Nose
Let's All Dance the Polka
Jack Payne Memories.

8.30 a.m. LIGHT ORCHESTRAL CONCERT
Argentina
Selection—The Chocolate Soldier
Pianoforte Solo
Procession of the Sirdar

8.45 a.m. SUNNY JIM'S PROGRAMME OF "FORCE" AND MELODY
On the Broads

9.0 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.
INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT
Zelda—Caprice
Nursery Masquerade
Piano Medley.
Robbin' Harry

9.15 a.m. SIDNEY TORCH AT THE ORGAN
Guest Artist of the Week:
Frank Titterton
Wee Macgregor Patrol
Song of Songs
Prelude in C Sharp Minor
I Know of Two Bright Eyes
Robins and Roses

9.30 a.m. RADIO FAVOURITES
Paraphrase on Strauss Waltzes.
Albert Sandler Trio.
Song of Paradise
Marek Weber and his Orchestra.
Londonderry Air (De Groot Trio)
Piano Time Medley (Baldwin and Howard)

9.45 a.m. TUNEFULLY YOURS
Goody Goody
Rose Marie
Whispering
Every Minute of the Hour

10.0 a.m. GREETINGS
Hello Beautiful
Greetings to Vienna
How Ya Getting On?
Hello Gorgeous

10.15 a.m. PROGRAMME OF FAMOUS MUSICAL COMEDIES
Lilac Time
Anything Goes
Chu Chin Chow

10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT
Chanson Bohemienne
De Groot and his Orchestra.
Du und Du Waltz (Die Fledermaus)
Alfredo Rose and his Eighteen Tziganes.
The Mountains o' Mourne
Slippery Sticks
Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra.

10.45 a.m. FOUR STAR FAREWELL
Slipping Through My Fingers
Jessie Matthews.
Farce Thee Well (Noel Coward)
Selection—Words and Music
Billy Mayerl.
Steal Away (Paul Robeson)

11.0 a.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH
Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie
Afternoon Programme

4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR
With Debroy Somers and Other Artists
Passing of the Regiments
Midnight in Paris
Prelude No. 2 (Merchant of Venice Suite)

4.15 p.m. BIRTHDAY GREETINGS
Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

5.0 p.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.
RAINBOW RHYTHM
Oh, Rosita
Star Dust
Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life
Honeysuckle Rose

5.15 p.m. WHAT'S ON IN LONDON
News of the Latest Films, Shows and Other Attractions

5.30 p.m. LIGHT ORCHESTRAL CONCERT
Columbine's Rendezvous
Gipsy Idyll
The Merry Mill
The Miller's Daughter
Come, Sing to Me
Waltz Potpourri
We Were Dancing (To-night at 8.30)
Irving Berlin Waltz Medley

6.0 p.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH
Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie
Evening Programme
Dance Music runs till 1.0 a.m. For Programmes see page 39

For RADIO LJUBLJANA Programme see page 35

RADIO LUXEMBOURG 1293 m., 232 Kc/s.

Morning Programme

8.15—8.30 a.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS

8.45 a.m. MORNING CONCERT

9.0 a.m. ROSE'S HAPPY MORNING MATINEE
With the Happy Philosopher
Would You?
I Lay Me Down to Sleep
What's the Name of That Song?

9.15 a.m. GOOD-MORNING PROGRAMME
Animal Antics
Slipping Through My Fingers
In the Shadows
Selection—The Beggars' Opera

9.30 a.m. MUSICAL MENU
Mrs. Jean Scott,
President of the Brown and Polson Cookery Club, gives you a Free Recipe
Wake Up and Sing
Laughing Irish Eyes
I'll Stand By
Got to Dance My Way to Heaven

9.45—10.0 a.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS

6.15 p.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS
6.45 p.m. THE PEACEFUL VALLEY PROGRAMME
Presented by
Crazy Water Crystals,
Thames House, S.W.1

7.0—7.15 p.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS

PARIS (Poste Parisien) 312.8 m., 959 Kc/s.

8.15—11.0 p.m.

A Play in French
DURAND BIJOUTIER
by
Leopold Jouhaud

RADIO LUXEMBOURG 1293 m., 232 Kc/s.

Morning Programme

8.15 a.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS

8.45 a.m. MORNING CONCERT

9.0 a.m. ROSE'S HAPPY MORNING MATINEE
With the Happy Philosopher
I'll Stand By
Don't Blame Me
Twilight on the Trail

9.15 a.m. GOOD-MORNING PROGRAMME
Castanets.
Melody from the Sky
Vivienne
Selection—Madame Butterfly

9.30—10.0 a.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS

6.15 p.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS

6.30 p.m. KING'S MEN QUARTET
While Strolling Through the Park
Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes
The Green Grass, Grew All Round
Home on the Range
Stay on de Right Side of de Road

6.45—7.15 p.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS

PARIS (Poste Parisien) 312.8 m., 959 Kc/s.

10.30 p.m. RAINBOW RHYTHM
Selection—Rise 'n' Shine
Lucia
I'll See You in My Dreams
Carry Me Back to the Lone Prairie

10.45 p.m. FOUR SONGS BY JESSIE MATTHEWS
Got to Dance My Way to Heaven
Tony's in Town
Slipping Through My Fingers
It's Love Again

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

SIDNEY TORCH plays to you on the organ every Friday morning at 9.15 a.m. from RADIO NORMANDY.

# Saturday, August the Fifteenth

## RADIO NORMANDY 269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

### Morning Programme

**8.0 a.m. MUSICAL CAVALCADE**  
 Vienna Blood ... *Strauss*  
 Toreador et Andalouse ... *Rubinstein*  
 Hungarian Dance No. 8 ... *arr. Joachim*  
 Memories of Sweden ... *Heinricke*

**8.15 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
**THE MELODY MAKERS**  
 With Sam Brown, The Radio Three and Arthur Young and Reginald Foresythe  
 Yours Truly is Truly Yours ... *Fio Rito*  
 Bullfrog Patrol ...  
 The Old Oak Tree ... *Lossler*  
 Good-night Sweetheart ... *Noble*  
 I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket ... *Berlin*  
 Presented by **Rowntree's Gums and Pastilles, York**

**8.30 a.m. LIGHT MUSIC**  
 Selection—The Kid from Spain ... *Ruby*  
 Bullfighter—March ... *Volpatti*  
 Here's How ... *Grimshaw*

**8.45 a.m. SUNNY JIM'S SPECIAL PROGRAMME FOR CHILDREN**  
 A Tour Round London  
 Presented by **A. C. Fincken & Co., 195 Great Portland Street, W.1**

**9.0 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
**SOME POPULAR RECORDS**  
 The Eton Boating Song ... *Johnson*  
 Eton College Musical Society ...  
 Whistling Rufus ... *Mills*  
 Alfredo Campoli and his Novelty Orchestra ...  
 Tell Me I'm Forgiven ... *Katscher*  
 Guen Farrar with Arthur Young at the Piano ...

## RADIO LUXEMBOURG 1293 m., 232 Kc/s.

### Morning Programme

**8.15-8.30 a.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS**  
**8.45 a.m. MORNING CONCERT**

**9.0 a.m. ROSE'S HAPPY MORNING MATINEE**  
 With the Happy Philosopher  
 Laughing Irish Eyes ... *Slept*  
 Unless ... *Hargreaves*  
 We'll Rest at the End of the Trail ... *Rose*  
 Presented by **L. Rose & Co., Ltd., 89 Worship Street, E.C.2**

**9.15 a.m. GOOD-MORNING PROGRAMME**  
 Naughty Nanette ...  
 At the Close of a Long Long Day ... *Moll*  
 Echoes from the Puszta ... *Ferraris*  
 The Open Road ... *arr. Somers*  
 Presented by **Horlick's, Slough, Bucks**

**9.0 a.m. Some Popular Records—cont.**  
 A Swanee Sing-Song ... *Grimshaw*  
 Emile Grimshaw Banjo Quartet.  
 Presented by **Bile Beans, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds**

**9.15 a.m. LIGHT ORCHESTRAL CONCERT**  
 Turkish Patrol ... *Michaelis*  
 Lily of Laguna ... *Stuart*  
 Piano Pastimes ... *Deneke*  
 Beautiful Pearl of the South Sea ... *Abraham*

**9.30 a.m. FAVOURITE MELODIES**  
 (Electrical Recordings)  
 War Marching Songs ... *Debroy Somers Band.*  
 Where My Caravan Has Rested ... *Lohr*  
 Marek Weber and his Orchestra ...  
 In My Little Bottom Drawer ... *Haines*  
 Gracie Fields ...  
 Through Night to Light ... *Laukien*  
 London Palladium Orchestra.  
 Presented by **Freezone Corn Remover, Braydon Road, N.16**

**9.45 a.m. DREAM WALTZES**  
 A Beautiful Lady in Blue ... *Lewis*  
 The Night is Young ... *Romberg*  
 Bird Songs at Eventide ... *Coates*  
 Giannina Mia ... *Friml*  
 Presented by **True Story Magazine, 30 Bouverie Street, E.C.4**

**10.0 a.m. POPULAR PEOPLE**  
 (Electrical Recordings)  
 Rosewood Riddles ... *Byrne*  
 W. W. Bennett with the Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra ...  
 The Panic is On ... *Clarke*  
 Connie Boswell ...  
 Somebody Stole My Gal ... *Woods*  
 Reginald Dixon ...  
 Why Was I Born? ... *Kern*  
 Larry Adler ...

**9.30 a.m. MUSICAL MENU**  
 Mrs. Jean Scott,  
 Head of the Brown and Polson Cookery Club gives you a Free Recipe  
 Two Trumpet Toot ... *Kern*  
 Sweetheart Let's Grow Old Together ... *Bratton*  
 Mexicali Rose ... *Stone*  
 It's No Fun ... *Ager*  
 Presented by **Brown & Polson, 43 Shoe Lane, F.C.4**

**9.45-10.0 a.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS**

**Evening Programme**  
**6.15-7.15 p.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS**

**10.0 a.m. Popular People—cont.**  
 Doin' the New Low Down ... *McHugh*  
 The Mills Brothers and Cab Calloway ...  
 Sweetheart Let's Grow Old Together ... *Gracie Fields.*  
 Nobody's Using It Now ... *Scherzinger*  
 Maurice Chevalier ...  
 The Barrers in the Walworth Road ... *Sarony*  
 Norman Long ...

**10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT**  
 (Electrical Recordings)  
 Bal Masque ... *Fletcher*  
 Grosvenor Symphony Orchestra ...  
 Only a Rose (The Vagabond King) ... *Friiri*  
 Doris Vane and Harold Williams ...  
 Springtime Serenade ... *Heyl*  
 Marek Weber and his Orchestra ...  
 Stars and Stripes March ... *Sos*  
 Sousa's Band ...  
 Presented by **Macleans, Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford**

**10.45 a.m. BAND SELECTION**  
 Anglo-American March ...  
 Joy of Life ... *Moorhouse*  
 Barnum and Bailey's Favourite ... *King*  
 Policeman's Holiday ... *Ewing*

**11.0 a.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH**  
 Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

### Afternoon Programme

**4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR**  
 With Debroy Somers and Other Artists  
 With Sword and Lance ... *Starke*  
 You Took My Breath Away ... *Coslow*  
 Serenade ... *Till*  
 Waiting for a Girl ... *Holmes*  
 Chopin Waltz Medley ... *Chopin*  
 Dream of Delight ... *Nicholls*  
 I'd Rather Listen to Your Eyes ... *Dubin*  
 Parade of the Marionettes ... *Cheyne*  
 I'm Gonna Sit Right Down ... *Ahlert*  
 Sunny ... *Kern*

Followed at 4.45 p.m. by **THE CHILDREN'S CORNER**  
 With the Uncles  
**BIRTHDAY GREETINGS**  
 Presented by **Horlick's, Slough, Bucks**

**5.0 p.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
**RAINBOW RHYTHM**  
 With All My Heart and Soul ... *Hudson*  
 Piano Pastimes ... *Deneke*  
 Would You? ... *Brown*

## PARIS (Poste Parisien) 312.8 m., 959 Kc/s.

### Evening Programme

**10.30 p.m. RAINBOW RHYTHM**  
 Goombay Rumba Drums ... *Lofthouse*  
 I'd Rather Lead a Band ... *Berlin*  
 Sugar Rose ... *Waller*  
 Eeny Meeny Miney Mo ... *Mercer*  
 Presented by the makers of **Tintex, 199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4**

**5.0 p.m. Rainbow Rhythm—cont.**  
 She Came from Alsace Lorraine ... *Ilda*  
 Presented by the makers of **Tintex, 199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4**

**5.15 p.m. SWING MUSIC**  
 Request Programme from The Hill Rhythm Club THE ORIGINAL HOOSIER HOT SHOTS (Electrical Recordings)  
 Wah Hoo ... *Friend*  
 Them Hilly Billies are Mountain Williams Now ...  
 I Like Bananas Because They Have No Bones ... *Yacich*  
 San ...

**5.30 p.m. WHAT'S ON IN LONDON**  
 News of the Latest Films, Shows and Other Attractions

**5.45 p.m. TUNES FROM THE TALKIES AND SHOWS**  
 (Electrical Recordings)  
 There'll Be No South (The Music Goes Round) ... *Scherzinger*  
 Peter Dawson ...  
 I'm Falling in Love with Someone (Naughty Marietta) ... *Herbert*  
 Richard Crooks ...  
 Turning Night into Day (Wonder Bar) ... *Katscher*  
 Elsie Randolph with Arthur Young ...  
 You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me (42nd Street) ... *Dubin*  
 Bing Crosby with Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians ...

**6.0 p.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH**  
 Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

### Evening Programme

**12 (midnight) DANCE MUSIC**  
 In the Dark—Fox trot ... *Hill*  
 In a Little English Inn ... *Coslow*  
 Broadway Rhythm—Quick step ... *Brown*  
 Out of the Rag Bag—Medley ...  
 Some Other Time—Fox trot ... *Coslow*  
 What a Night—Waltz ... *Friend*  
 When Budapest Was Young ... *Kennedy*  
 Thanks a Million—Fox trot ... *Kahn*

**12.30 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
**AMBROSE AND HIS ORCHESTRA**  
 (Electrical Recordings)  
 Lady from Mayfair ... *Carr*  
 Lost My Rhythm, Lost My Music ...  
 Lost My Man—Fox trot ... *Brown*  
 I'd Rather Lead a Band ... *Berlin*  
 A Beautiful Lady in Blue ... *Lewis*  
 Day by Day—Fox trot ... *Nicholls*  
 I Dream Too Much—Waltz ... *Kern*  
 Let Yourself Go—Fox trot ... *Berlin*  
 Auf Wiedersehen My Dear ... *Sigler*  
**1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.**

## RADIO NORMANDY—Dance Music Programmes—Continued from pages 37 and 38

**TUESDAY, AUGUST 11**  
**12 (midnight) DANCE MUSIC**  
 Eeny Meeny Miney Mo ... *Mercer*  
 Sunny Days—Fox trot ... *Krugger*  
 Bluein' the Blues—Fox trot ... *Ragas*  
 Olga Pullofski—Comedy Waltz ... *Weston*  
 We Saw the Sea—Fox trot ... *Berlin*  
 Miss Annabelle Lee—Fox trot ... *Pollock*  
 I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket ... *Berlin*  
 My Dear—Waltz ... *Garber*  
**12.30 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
 Sing, Sing, Sing—Fox trot ... *Prima*  
 Night Wind—Fox trot ... *Pollock*  
 Swing—Quick step ... *Ellis*  
 Learning—Fox trot ... *Neiburg*  
 Rhythm Saved the World ... *Chaplin*  
 Would You?—Waltz ... *Brown*  
 Make Believe—Fox trot ... *Hammerstein*  
 Harlem After Midnight—Fox trot ... *Garland*  
**1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.**

**WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12**  
**12 (midnight) DANCE MUSIC**  
 Long Gone from Bowling Green ... *Handy*  
 Mutiny in the Parlour—Fox trot ... *Lawnhurst*  
 A Little Rendezvous in Honolulu ... *Burke*  
 Spread it Abroad—Fox trot ... *Walker*  
 I'll Follow My Secret Heart ... *Coward*  
 The Glory of Love—Fox trot ... *Hill*  
 Counting Crotchets in My Sleep ... *Ives*  
 You Started Me Dreaming ... *Davis*  
**12.30 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
 It's Great to be in Love Again ... *Koehler*  
 All My Life—Fox trot ... *Slept*  
 Lady from Mayfair—Slow Fox trot ... *Carr*  
 The Cubalero—Rumba ... *Young*  
 Listening to the Violin—Waltz ... *Grotke*  
 Nobody Knows—Tango ... *Reisch*  
 I Feel Like a Feather in the Breeze ... *Gordon*  
 Dancing in a Dream—Fox trot ... *Evans*  
**1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.**

**THURSDAY, AUGUST 13**  
**12 (midnight) DANCE MUSIC**  
 You Can't Do That There 'Ere ... *Rolls*  
 Amorette—Waltz ... *Gungl*  
 Cherokee—Fox trot ... *Lisbona*  
 These Foolish Things—Fox trot ... *Marvell*  
 The Lonely Linden Tree—Fox trot ... *Kennedy*  
 The Duck Song—Comedy Waltz ... *Evans*  
 Robins and Roses—Slow Fox trot ... *Burke*  
 I'll Step Out of the Picture ... *Kennedy*  
**12.30 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
 Every minute of the Hour ... *Kenny*  
 At Your Service Madame ... *Dubin*  
 Cuban Pete—Rumba ... *Norman*  
 I'm All In—Fox trot ... *Alter*  
 Whotcha Gotcha Trombone For? ... *Kennedy*  
 Melody from the Sky—Fox trot ... *Mitchell*  
 Alexander's Ragtime Band ... *Berlin*  
 Lights Out—Fox trot ... *Hill*  
**1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.**

**FRIDAY, AUGUST 14**  
**12 (midnight) DANCE MUSIC**  
 I'm Feeling Happy—Quick step ... *Hall*  
 Honey Coloured Moon—Fox trot ... *Wayne*  
 Just Little Bits and Pieces ... *Hall*  
 In My Heart of Hearts—Waltz ... *Hall*  
 There's No Time like the Present ... *Hall*  
 Music Hath Charms—Fox trot ... *Hall*  
 Many Happy Returns of the Day ... *Hall*  
 Speak to Me of Love—Waltz ... *Lenoir*  
**12.30 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
 My Shadow's Where My Sweetheart Used to Be ... *Ilda*  
 Bird on the Wing—Fox trot ... *Kennedy*  
 There'll Never be Another You ... *Woods*  
 One Night in Chinatown ... *Leon*  
 Now You've Got Me Doing It ... *Burke*  
 Puppchen—Fox trot ... *Kalmer*  
 Lookin' for Love—Fox trot ...  
 Smoke Gets in Your Eyes ... *Kern*  
**1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.**

# Make their choice **YOURS!**

## Solid Perfumes

from the  
world's  
loveliest  
flowers

### Aziadé Compacts

are obtainable in the following delightful perfumes . . . .



**Princess Pearl**  
[Mrs. Harry Roy]

says:

"I know of no more delightful perfumes and the handy compact form is a thing every modern woman will appreciate."



**June Clyde** says:

"You are to be congratulated on providing such delightful perfumes in a wonderfully convenient form."



**Renée Houston** says:

"This is good and I know something about perfumes."

- Jasmine
- Violet
- Lilac
- Carnation
- Gardenia
- Chypre
- Lavender
- Sweet Pea
- Lily of the Valley
- Santal
- Narcissus
- Wallflower
- Mimosa
- Eau de Cologne
- Rose
- Spring Flowers



**Jane Carr** says:

"What a wonderfully convenient way to carry perfume—and what lovely perfume, too! 'Spring Flowers' is marvellous. I'm all for Aziadé."

Discerning women everywhere are adopting Aziadé as their own perfume. They cannot resist its fresh fragrance and the novel convenience of its compact form. Just a tiny compact—even the new "De Luxe" 2/6 size, containing four times the quantity of the trial size, fits easily into the daintiest handbag. Aziadé Perfumes are the highly-concentrated essences of freshly-picked flowers. A touch is sufficient to surround you with a subtly distinctive fragrance. So economical—no liquid to spill or evaporate or bottle to break. No single perfume can possibly suit all personalities, but from the complete Aziadé range you can choose one to suit your personality. Buy an Aziadé Compact TO-DAY and enhance your charm with its irresistibly appealing fragrance.

Completes handbag essentials



2/6

1/6

1/-

Aziadé (Pronounced AZI-R-DAY) perfume compacts are obtainable at Boots, Tailors, and all good chemists and hairdressers. If, however, your dealer is sold out post the coupon below and we will send you, by return, the compact perfume you require post free. Prices: 2/6 (de Luxe), 1/6 and 1/-

# AZIADÉ

The Essence of Compactness

We invite you to make this test of the excellence of Aziadé compact perfumes. Smear a little of any one of the scents on a piece of cloth. Warm slightly. Then, blindfolded compare the scent with a bunch of the natural flowers it represents. You will be unable to tell any difference.



**COUPON**

To Aziadé, Ltd., 172 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.

Please send..... Aziadé Perfume Compacts in the following scents .....

.....

State size required (2/6, 1/6 or 1/-).....

Name and Address.....

.....

P.O. or cheque-value enclosed..... 1