

**CONFESSIONS OF RADIO ROMEO**—See Page 9  
**PHYLLIS ROBINS** **BILLY COTTON**

# RADIO PICTORIAL!

FAMILY MAGAZINE

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EVERY  
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*Elizabeth*  
**COWELL**

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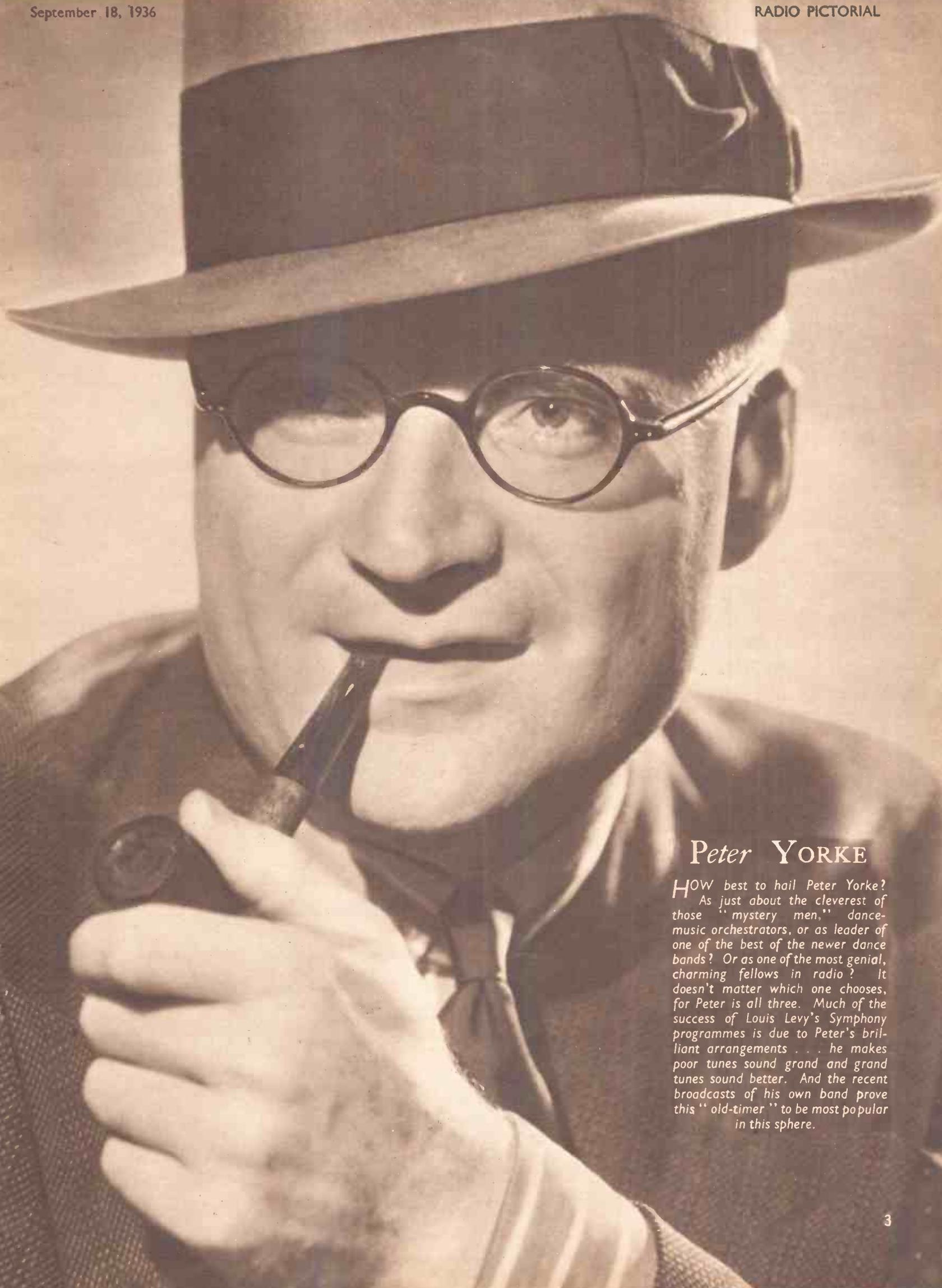
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# YOUR CHANCE to be AN ANNOUNCER

What You Have to Know :: When Eric Maschwitz Comes Home :: Busy Days for Gordon McConnel

**J**ASMINE BLIGH, about town for a day before returning to the strenuous life in the television studios, 'phoned Elizabeth Cowell to ask how she was getting on. Betty said she was loving it. In the first programmes broadcast for Radiolympia, the lighting played some funny tricks with the pictures. For a moment Hyam Greenbaum looked like Charles Laughton, and R. D. Birkinshaw, the engineer, who is as white as they are made, appeared as a black man! They have a receiver working at Broadcasting House, and each day during Olympia there were television parties in a darkened room. Everyone wanted to play with the new toy.

### Out of the Limelight

**T**HE limelight never beat so fiercely on an announcer as it does upon the announcerettes at Ally Pally. But the announcers' room at Broadcasting House is taking it all very calmly. Which reminds me that Sheila Borrett was in the studio last week playing in "The Fight for Women's Freedom." She was a pioneer in this line herself. By the way, if you want that male announcer's job you should write at once, because Monday is the closing date for applications.

### Have You Got It All

**S**INCE I am mentioning this announcer's job I had better give you the essential qualifications. They are: Age 22 to 45, a good speaking voice and good pronunciation, ability to read and pronounce French, German and Italian; and preference will be given to applicants who have some knowledge of music, drama and literature, and an interest in broadcast programmes. So it is not easy to qualify, and lots who do will fail in the mike test. In this ordeal, Professor Lloyd James, the announcers' coach, and B.B.C. officials listen to a trial run with an old news bulletin. I hear that the lucky candidates will join the B.B.C.'s new training college.

### When Eric's Back

**E**RIC MASCHWITZ hasn't heard a wireless programme for two months. That is what he wrote on his last card before leaving Salzburg for home, and I guess this establishes a record for any B.B.C. man. There are lots of little jobs he will like doing around St. George's Hall when at last he has got the handshaking over. Philip Brown is waiting to show him the dance band bookings, which now include our old friend Jack Hylton, broadcasting to us for the first time in a year on October 7. Then he will want to inspect the Compton organ, which is his particular "baby," and a new variety accompanist has to be engaged by the end of the month. It is a toss-up whether a man or a woman will be chosen. The B.B.C. doesn't care. It is talent that counts.

### All Very Neat

**M**ISS KNIGHT has his room all clean and neat, and when Eric Maschwitz returns on Monday, the Variety Director will find flowers on his desk. Everything will be just as he left it three months ago—everything except the scent. His secretary has had the tall French windows

Jasmine Bligh at Sevenoaks recuperating from her illness. Lucky dog, by the way!



open for a week, but the smell of paint and the peculiarly hygienic odour of distemper remain. The bright green carpet has been cleaned and the big table, which would grace a board room, is tidy (though Eric will soon alter that). Like the wise man he is, Charles Brewer has chosen to work in his own comfortable room across the passage, while his chief has been away. His is the room that is littered with papers.

### Busy Gordon

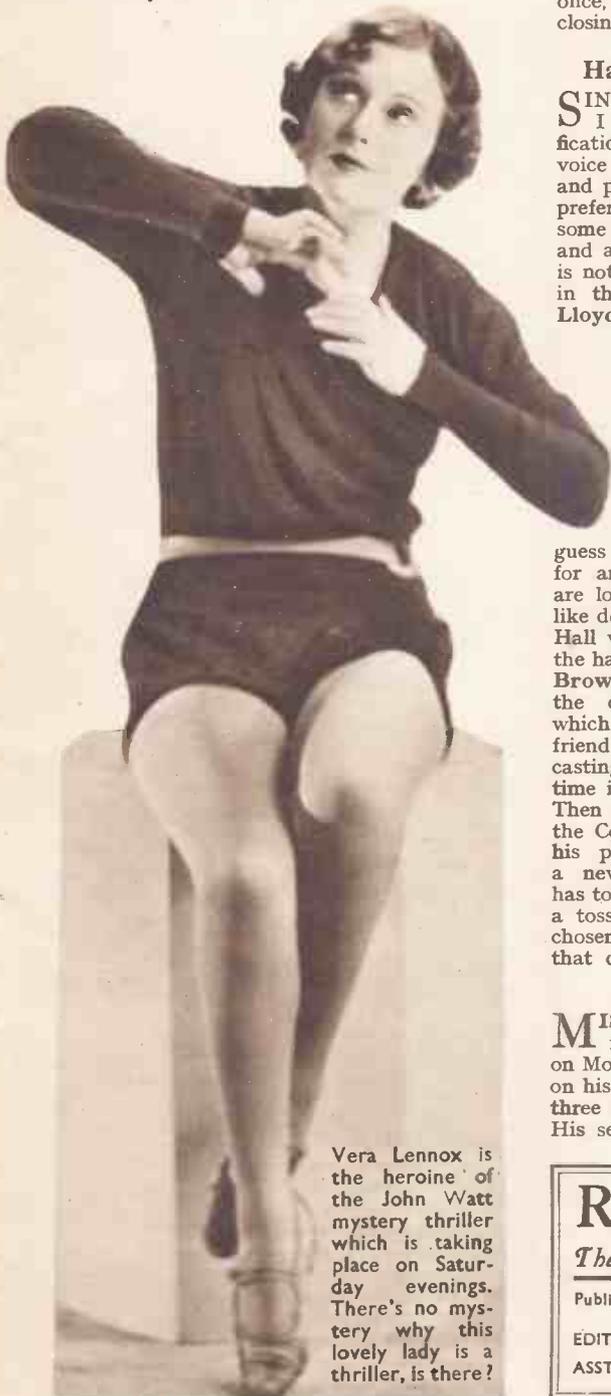
**S**TANFORD ROBINSON has promised to return from his wanderings round the opera houses of Europe to conduct his beloved Theatre Orchestra in a European concert which Gordon McConnel is producing before Christmas. Curious how the pendulum swings. This autumn the McConnel type of programme is much in favour, and Gordon has almost too much to do, while last winter he had barely enough. The Arcadians, The Last Waltz, and a Johann Strauss pot-pourri are all in his diary, besides comic opera programmes with Marie Burke and other high spots.

### Mixing with the Cabbies

**F**ELIX FELTON has been dining at the Junior Turf, one of the most exclusive clubs in town. Felix was not celebrating its jubilee, which occurs this year, he was just in search of talent for his programme, "London Traffic." He had been in touch with a driver, aged ninety, of one of the "knife board buses"—that is going back a bit—and he wanted others to talk of days gone by. So he hove to the cabmen's rendezvous down Piccadilly way where they discuss the finer points of a barouche and a victoria, though they all use petrol now. It will be a first-hand link with the past, this programme on Monday week.

### Berry and Burston

**I**T will seem like old times for Reg Burston to be conducting for W. H. Berry again when "The Boy" is produced in a Birmingham studio early next month. Reg has often watched the famous wartime comedian from the orchestra pit and he never could resist laughing, though he knew every line by heart before the end of a run. The Midland people are quietly delighted to have scooped this show, and it is a real compliment to Reg Burston that the stars should travel from London to Birmingham for the broadcasts. The rest of the company will be Midland artists, and Reg will conduct the Midland Regional Revue Orchestra. The dates suggested are October 2 and 3.



Vera Lennox is the heroine of the John Watt mystery thriller which is taking place on Saturday evenings. There's no mystery why this lovely lady is a thriller, is there?

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## Radio Pictorial—No. 140

### 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

Rehearsing in the Bath ::

Children's Hour Changes

MONDAY is a big day in the Children's Hour at Broadcasting House, for "Barbara" is coming back for a time. She left to marry "David" a few months ago, and now Enid Maxwell, that is, "Anne," has gone to Birmingham to take over the Midland Children's Hour. Mrs. "David" is returning to lend a hand. Quite a swop round is occurring in Children's Hour Circles. Ruth Field, who has been in charge at Birmingham, is coming to town to produce for schools, while Miss Walton, of Edinburgh, has handed in her resignation because she is going to get married before Christmas.

Nice Compliment

IT used to be a far cry from a dance band programme to a promenade concert, but it is not so to-day. Last week I found myself sitting next to John Ireland at Queen's Hall, listening to Rubenstein playing John's piano concerto. The last time we met was in a studio at Savoy Hill, where Jack Payne was playing this very same work. It was considered a bold move in those days for a serious composer like John Ireland to arrange his concerto for a dance band. Now one of the world's most famous pianists has chosen this British work for his first appearance at the proms. John has every reason to be pleased, and so has Jack. Congratulations to both!



Basil Ridgeway, broadcasting son of broadcasting father, snapped at Worthing on holiday with his sister Roma (right) and a friend

Vocal Sex Appeal

IT seems that Cavan O'Connor has been having a lot of fun on his provincial tour. The Two Leslies have shared several bills with him, which accounts for a whole lot! Two of the funniest incidents occurred thus. On one occasion Cavan was trying over some top notes when in his bath. He left the bathroom hurriedly and two chambermaids who had had their ears (I hope it was their ears) glued to the keyhole, tumbled into the room in a flurry of embarrassment.

Then there was the charwoman who visited the local theatre and, on being asked how she enjoyed it, said "Lovely! Especially the Vagabond Lover, the bloke wot sings through a microscope!" The Two Leslies cracked this story on the stage... only they called Cavan "The Rag-and-Bone Lover," which wasn't kind.

:: Midland's Surprise Item

The Hydens Abroad

IMMEDIATELY his appearances with the "Cafe Colette" Orchestra at Radiolympia were over, Walford Hyden and his wife, Cleo Nordl, went off to Finland for a holiday. It was the first respite Walford had had for six years! In a lovely valley, on the banks of a fjord in Finland lives Cleo's mother, and it was she whom the Hydens went to see. You can imagine that both Walford and Cleo were excited at the advent of the trip, and although they had fully intended going in the usual manner, by ship, on the day of their last Radiolympia show they grew so impatient to be off, that they booked their passage by air instead! Incidentally, when television programmes begin, the Hydens will be very much on the air, too.

Surprises in Store

ONE of the most popular features in Midland programmes of some years back was the Surprise Item, and many listeners will be glad to hear that it is due for a revival in the near future. It will be presented in two ways. Occasionally, a well-known radio celebrity will visit the studio at short notice. Or alternatively, the microphone will be taken to some very unusual spot. Of course, the B.B.C. will do its best to keep this secret!

And Now for Films

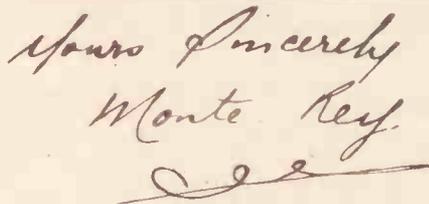
BASIL RIDGEWAY, the sixteen-year-old son of the famous Phillip Ridgeway, told me the other day that he is contemplating going into films, on the producing side. He has broadcast on several occasions.

He also told me that his father is broadcasting again on September 29. Philip is appearing with his partner Irene, and will be supported by Annette Keith, Joan Gates and Dorothy Dakin.

The picture you see on this page shows Basil with his sister Roma, and a friend. Roma, by the way, has marvellously long golden hair, and can easily sit down on it.

"WANDERING MIKE"

For Your Autograph Album



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.

TO Sir Noel Ashbridge, Chief Engineer, B.B.C.

Dear Sir,

I am sure that the recent relay from Fort Worth, Texas, of the famous Paul Whiteman and his band, was looked forward to by a very large audience of dance music enthusiasts in this country, yet this popular programme was completely spoilt and robbed of all entertainment value by continual fading, and swishing and swashing noises.

I know that in the past there have been many technical difficulties in receiving a programme direct from America and re-broadcasting it in England, but several of the new all-wave receivers appear to be able to get American stations direct without all this annoyance.

I should be interested to learn why the re-transmissions of American broadcasts are so seldom satisfactory.

JOHN LISTENER.

TO Gerald Cock, Director of Television, B.B.C.

Dear Sir,

No fewer than 123,683 visitors to Radiolympia saw the television programmes which you broadcast from Alexandra Palace. In addition, many thousands of people "looked-in" at the numerous private demonstrations, at the Science Museum at Kensington, and elsewhere.

I think you can fairly claim that in face of the most formidable difficulties you have not only put television on the map but have placed Great Britain in an indisputable position of world leadership in this new sphere.

Congratulations! And to all your staff!

JOHN LISTENER.

TO Sandy Powell, Broadcast Comedian.

I listened the other night to the broadcast of

your Road Show company. There was not one dull moment. You yourself, as usual, were the life and soul of the party.

What a pity it is that we don't hear more hilarious broadcasts of this sort.

JOHN LISTENER.

TO Ben Oakley, Dance Band Leader, London.

Dear Ben,

Among the many comparatively new dance bands recently tried out by the B.B.C., I think yours is one which deserves to find a permanent place in the radio fare.

Your long experience in the dance band game was clearly reflected in the performance to which I listened the other night, which was popular in appeal, musically in character and faultlessly executed.

JOHN LISTENER.

TO Douglas Moodie,

Producer, Broadcasting House, London.

Dear Sir,

The programme entitled Strictly Confidential, which you produced the other night contained a good deal of excellent talent, but you made a grievous mistake in allowing so much repetition of the words "Strictly Confidential."

It was all very well to make this gag the key-note, so to speak, of the show, but when it was used several times every minute, I finally came to a point where I was using words which I

Unposted Letters



could only tell you strictly confidentially? And, of course, I just switched off the set.

Thought you would like to know.

JOHN LISTENER.

TO Shirley Houston, Broadcast Comedienne.

Dear Shirley,

So you have linked up with your sister, Billie, in a brand new act which was broadcast for the first time the other evening?

At first I found it difficult to imagine the Houston Sisters as anyone but Billie and Renée and, therefore, you started off with a bit of a handicap. Nevertheless, you did extremely well, and the new act should prove a great success.

But here's a wee friendly word in your ear, Shirley. Pay a little more attention to diction. The finest songs and the wittiest words at the microphone are lost if they are unintelligible.

JOHN LISTENER.



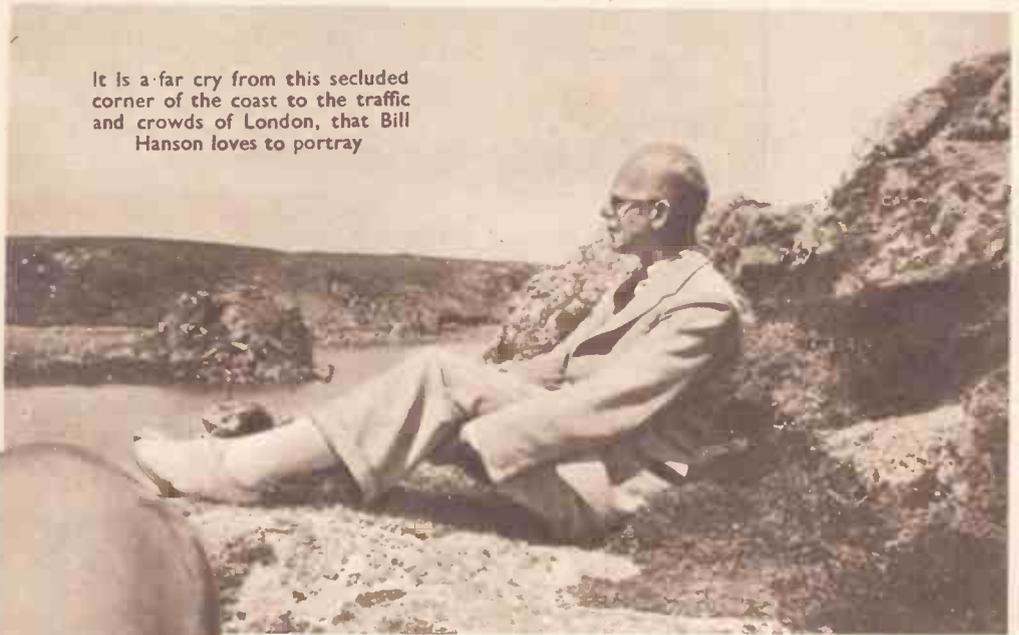
Billie and Shirley Houston... "started off with a bit of a handicap."

What "RADIO PICTORIAL" readers told John Listener.

Please turn to page 28.

**A. W. ("Bill") Hanson  
Reveals**

*Secrets of the New* **'IN TOWN TONIGHT'**



It is a far cry from this secluded corner of the coast to the traffic and crowds of London, that Bill Hanson loves to portray



**I**N TOWN TO-NIGHT! '101st edition! We hope to bring you something interesting each week."

"The whole thing," 'Bill' Hanson explained, "was Eric Maschwitz's idea—one of his many brilliant inspirations. But a few days before the programme was due on the air, we didn't know what form it would take or who would be in it! Even the popular signature tune, *Knightsbridge*, was a fluke. We had several records up to try out and picked on this one just by chance. And I believe it's that tune as much as anything else that has carried the programme to its present place in listeners' affections. It's astonishingly popular.

"*In Town To-night* began with celebrities visiting London, and so on, but after a week or two we decided to introduce a new element—people with unusual jobs who had odd or amusing tales to tell. It is they who are the backbone of the programme as it is to-day.

"Although listeners like to hear about famous people who are in town to-night, they are even more interested in human stories told by ordinary people. That's one of my chief aims—to find ordinary people with extraordinary stories and plenty of personality. It isn't easy, of course; my head is always a little balding by the end of an *In Town To-night* season!"

"How do you find your broadcasters?" I asked. "I've got several ways of finding them," said Bill. "I don't do all that work myself, naturally. I've got a team of script writers who are untiring workers. They comb London and elsewhere for interesting characters. They are all perpetually on the look-out for fresh talent and new ideas!"

"Listeners, too, are very good about sending in new suggestions. I never reject any idea without considering it from every possible angle. I can't afford to miss anything which might add interest to the programme.

"Some of these suggestions are excellent and some are equally absurd. A lady wrote in the



Mrs. Hanson "never misses a programme."

other day and asked if we would like her to broadcast a record of how many pairs of socks she had knitted per week during the War, adding that she knitted so much the needles wore thin places on her hands! On the other hand, some of our most successful broadcasters have been casual callers or people who have rung up and offered their services.

"Because of these remarks I hope readers won't inundate me with letters

proposing themselves or their friends for *In Town To-night*. The type of broadcaster I want is a person whose life story is really vivid and interesting, and preferably about a job which has not been dealt with before. And the teller must have a strong personality.

"I once had three little street boys to broadcast on Guy Fawkes' Day. I wasn't at all sure how their voices would come over the mike, so one of my script writers had the children in his office and got them to sing and talk to me over the 'phone. They were natural artists and duly appeared in the programme.

"Another amusing broadcaster was a very distinguished overseas visitor. He gave his talk and sat in the studio waiting for the programme to finish. He heard the announcer cry, 'Carry on, London!' and the traffic noises start again. He came up to me afterwards and said, 'Did they really stop all the traffic of London for people to listen to me?'

"We sometimes have difficulty, too, in arranging fees. Two street sellers once promised to appear in *In Town To-night*, but when it came to fixing terms they said they couldn't do the broadcast, as leaving their pitches on a Saturday night would cause them to lose a great deal of money. I argued and cajoled for a long time and finally settled the matter. I then asked them to tell me briefly how they spent their day. 'Well,' said one of them, 'we sometimes sit for hours and hours and don't make a bloomin' penny!'

"We have a record of all the people who have broadcast in *In Town To-night*, carefully listed

under their various occupations. But there are some that are rather difficult to classify, so we have solved the difficulty by three lists, headed *Miscellaneous*, *Outdoor Occupations*, and *Unusual Occupations*. In the latter you will find a food taster, a 'human ostrich,' a dog chef and a man who tests asbestos suits, while the miscellaneous list has autograph hunters, gipsies, the boy with the largest ears, and so on!"

"WHAT form will the programme take this year?" I asked.

"You mustn't ask me to tell you that," smiled Bill Hanson. "You ought to know by now that the essence of *In Town To-night* is surprise. I think that's why it's so successful, because no one knows what will be in it from week to week. I start on Monday with perhaps one or two items fixed, but very frequently reach Friday without a definitely settled programme. I have several good scripts up my sleeve at the moment, and some extremely interesting suggestions from listeners, but wild horses won't drag them from me! You must wait and see!"

"Are you making any innovations this year?" I persisted.

"Yes," said Bill. "One or two, but I shan't tell you what they are! The programme is really reverting this year to the form in which it made its name—and, incidentally, mine too. 'The Saturday Magazine' is being scrapped—there was very little in it that couldn't be incorporated in 'In Town To-night'—and the old programme is coming back in all its glory."

"For how long?"

"Half an hour. That gives us time for quite a number of interesting people *In Town To-night*."

"I suppose the talks will take the form of interviews, as before?"

"For the most part, yes. It all depends on the type of tale to be told. Some stories demand a straightforward narrative without interruption, others are more satisfactory in the form of an interview."

"And you'll continue to do the interviewing yourself?"

"I hope so," said Bill. "Bryan Michie will do a certain proportion of it, of course. *In Town To-night* wouldn't be the same without Bryan."

"And what about women?" I hazarded.  
Please turn to page 26

**The man behind In Town To-night is A. W. (Bill) Hanson who tells Tessa Maxwell in this exclusive Radio Pictorial interview all about himself, his programmes, and his plans for the new series of In Town To-night, which begins its fourth season on October 10.**

Studio Small-Talk

by NERINA SHUTE

# 'WICKED' WOMAN EXPLAINS



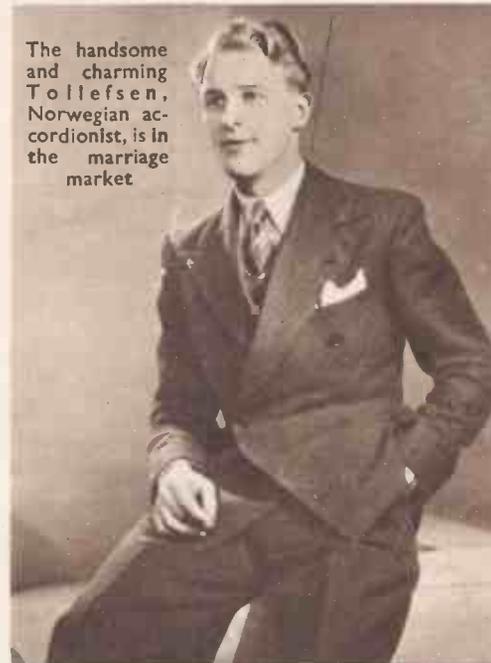
Lola Shari: "The trouble is I am so exotic!"

Allen is obviously a very big name and Kitty may find herself less important by comparison. I may be all wrong," he added, "we shall soon see what happens."

I think myself it's a grand partnership, because Kitty has an enormous following. And ever since the Henry Hall days her fans have been clamouring for the Les Allen partnership.

Kitty said to me: "I have hundreds of letters asking me to work with Les Allen. And hundreds have asked Les Allen to work with me. So what else could we do?"

She said nervously: "Of course it's a big step to take. All my life, even as a child, I have worked on the stage alone. I feel bewildered. I take my work very seriously, and forming a partnership is almost as frightening as getting married!"



The handsome and charming Tollefsen, Norwegian accordionist, is in the marriage market

years ago I was singing a song called 'Ha-Ha-Ha-He-He-He.' That same song goes down marvellously with any audience even now. Funny, isn't it?"

Sam Mayo makes a packet of money. He writes all his own songs, and a lot of stuff for other people.

Sam wrote the song made famous by Marie Lloyd, "I Can't Forget The Days When I Was Young."

Another favourite was a romantic little number called "Where Do Flies Go In The Winter Time?"

At Radiolympia I saw and heard Tollefsen for the first time. Tollefsen is the Norwegian boy with the accordion.

He stands alone on the stage, with a strong light on his bright blonde hair, and looks like a very Greek god.

So I got hold of him and asked questions.

His father is a Norwegian customs officer. Toralf Tollefsen is only twenty-two. He is very happy in England, and after living here for six months he says quite definitely that he wants to marry an English girl.

In his own words: "I like to marry an English girl. I like marriage very much. Don't you?"

A woman said to me last week: "The trouble is I am too exotic! I am so exotic that it gets me into trouble! I am so exotic that film producers won't even give me a job on the screen!"

"My greatest ambition is to go on the screen," she added, "but I look so wicked that I'm difficult to cast."

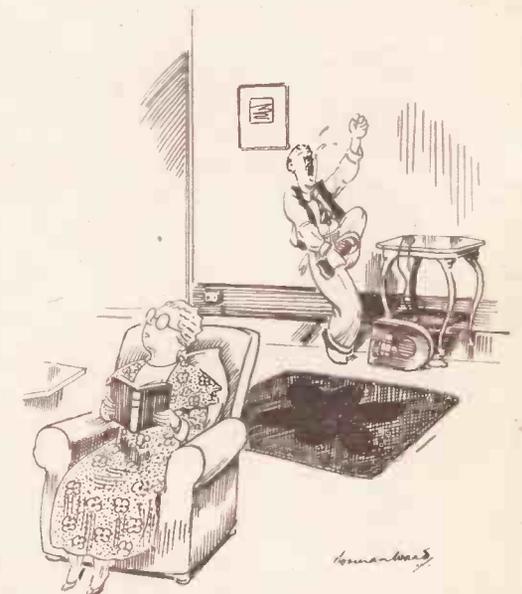
The lady talking was attractive and talented Lola Shari. (She sings in "Café Colette" show.)

She has jet black hair coiled up in a smart bundle on her neck, dark eyes which certainly do look wicked, a lovely long mouth and a lovely long neck. Very smart altogether. How she is to stop looking exotic and wicked I can't imagine.

Lola Shari is half Russian, half Hungarian. She was brought up in Johannesburg. Then she came to England, spent all her money, and had a horrid time trying not to starve.

Finally, by sheer chance, Walford Hyden heard her singing in a little Soho restaurant. He gave her a broadcast right away in "Café Colette."

"Since then," she told me, "I have done very well with broadcasting and cabaret work. But I want to stop looking exotic and go into musical comedy and films."



"Switch that play off, Rupert. The language is dreadful"

**I** HAVE no grievance against Jack Payne. I was his manager for five years. Why did I leave him? Because I wanted to run my own band—according to my own ideas!"

This was said with a broad grin, by Billy Thorburn.

Such a nice generous grin.

And now everyone is talking about Billy Thorburn because of the new band. This month he gives two more broadcasts, on September 19 and 26, in addition to the one last Saturday.

"I am going to pay my boys big money," he told me. "On top of their normal salaries they get well paid for any extra work—recording, etc. In other words, I don't want to make a huge profit myself. I want to go shares with my boys."

A few years ago Billy Thorburn was the organist in a Kensington church at the dazzling salary of £30 a year.

Strange world.

"During the war when I was in the Air Force," he told me, "I learnt about a thing called jazz. After the war I went back to my church organ but I soon got tired of it. I suddenly realised that popular music gives a musician much more liberty than classical music. You can't take liberties with Beethoven! But you can do anything you like with rhythm and the result depends entirely on your own originality! Which means that the musician becomes more important than the composer!"

So Billy Thorburn, church organist, is now one of the men of the moment.

His wife is a first-class pianist, helps him with orchestration work, and looks after all his fan letters. They live in the country. Very happy. Very ambitious.

Another thing we are all getting excited about is the partnership between Kitty Masters and Les Allen.

Is it a good idea or not?

A theatre man said to me: "I think it may be a dangerous partnership for Kitty. Les

Cheering up she said: "But then I know Les and his wife so well. I love them both. Everyone does. And Les is a person I feel I can work with happily."

Nervously: "So I think it will be all right. Don't you think so?"

A story to show what Kitty Masters is like in private life.

Six months ago I met her for the first time. We had tea together, and a long talk, and she offered to give me a bottle of special perfume. Afterwards I forgot all about the perfume. Why should she be bothered?

Then, last week, I met her for the second time. Said Kitty Masters, who never forgets anything: "Here is your perfume. I have been keeping it for you for six months."

And did you know that marvellous old Sam Mayo has been on the stage for forty-nine years?

Amazing.

As a boy of 14 he ran away from his parents in Waterloo Road, went to Aldershot, entertained the soldiers in a little canteen show. In those days he earned thirty shillings a week. To-day he earns as much as £100 a week.

I met Sam at Radiolympia. A big man with a face like a withered sunflower. He was wearing the biggest and blackest pair of horn-rimmed glasses I ever saw.

Said Sam: "I'm an old man but I'm not so old as people think. I first went on the stage as a child. I was a singer even then. Yes, and thirty

The sad story of a man whom women won't take seriously!

# Confessions OF A "RADIO ROMEO"

"They All Call Me Uncle" is the mock-miserable lament of **PAUL ENGLAND** (The popular Radio Vocalist)



Paul England

**UNCLE PAUL . . . Uncle Paul . . . Uncle Paul!**

Why? Why, I ask you, do all the pretty girls call me Uncle Paul? Last year I brought over from Hollywood twelve of the most glamorous girls in the world. Just when I was putting on my white tie, and brushing down my tails, they turned round and called me "uncle."

I'm very unlucky at love. The girls simply won't take me seriously. Not that I want all of them to, of course, but sometimes my eye alights on a picture that sets the heart racing.

Just listen to this. Some time ago I was motoring to Berlin, and stopped the car in a little village where the scenery left nothing to be desired.

I lit my pipe and settled down to absorb the overwhelming beauty of the countryside. Everything was peaceful and romantic. I must have been sitting there ten minutes when I heard a voice at my elbow.

I looked round. Before me was a vision even more beautiful than the one I had been admiring. She had fair hair and blue eyes. That's all I care to remember.

"Well?" I said.

### Exit Paul

She rambled off in German, and would have gone on had I not held up my hand in protest. She seemed to understand because she nodded and said very slowly: "Paul England?"

Somehow we managed to converse for a while, and I gathered she had heard me on the B.B.C. and had a photograph of me. That, apparently, was how she recognised me.

To cut a long story short, I moved on to Berlin and promised I would call on her on my way back. I did and spent several happy days roaming the countryside with her. At last I had to leave and she promised to write long letters every week.

She was only about eighteen then, and she kept her word. For months after that I received letters—in German—asking me to come and visit her again some time.

But, alas, a few weeks ago I received another letter. She invited me to her wedding. She was marrying a young airman.

### And so, once more, exit Paul.

When I was in Hollywood I saw a very beautiful little extra girl standing about the set in one of the studios. I had often seen her doing odd jobs here and there, but I had never spoken to her. Anyway, I thought I'd give her a little encouragement, so I spoke to her one day.

That same evening she waited for me at the studio door. I asked her politely if she was waiting for anyone, and she told me that she was expecting a car to pick her up, but it was late.

I offered her a lift in my car, which she readily accepted and we drove around for some time until we were really friendly. I pulled up at a "drive-in" stand for a snack and some coffee. It was then she asked me whether I had ever thought of directing as a career.

### It wasn't a Joke!

I shrugged, and explained it took up too much time and cost far too much money.

"What could you do with four million dollars?" she asked.

"What could I do with it?" I replied, laughing, "what couldn't I!"

I passed the matter off as a joke, and took her home. I met her several times after that, and on each occasion our friendship grew. In time my liking for the girl grew stronger, and when I left Hollywood I promised to return some day.

Apparently she disappeared from Hollywood after I left because all my letters were returned from the studio with a letter explaining that the girl had left to go east with her parents.

But there is a sequel. I was dining with some Hollywood friends who were over here on vacation, and showed them a photograph of the girl, explaining she was an extra who had taken my fancy.

"Extra!" exclaimed one of them, "that girl's a dollar millionairess. She just did film work for the fun of the thing."

Anyone who sings for the B.B.C. soon starts to receive a large and varied fan mail. I get some offering valuable suggestions, others full of compliments, and some from love-sick young girls.

And I like to receive them all.

One or two are very consistent writers. A woman, who refuses to sign the letters or even put an address on them, writes regularly every month. The letters come from all over the country and they are the most amazing I have ever seen.

Every line is a scriptural quotation, captioned with the chapter and verse. What is more, they make sense. When I read them I can understand exactly what she means.

I also receive letters from an old lady who writes regularly after every one of my broadcasts. They come from Scotland, but she won't put her address on them because she doesn't want to put me to the trouble of replying every time.

Not long ago I started to receive letters from a young girl who was obviously madly in love. She implored me to meet her and to take her places. Put yourself in my shoes; what would you do? Exactly. I wrote and told her it was impossible.

### She Had Been Stupid!

But it didn't seem to worry her. She began to telephone nearly every night. I tried to be polite and asked her to see reason, but it was no good. In the end I was forced to instruct the Post Office to intercept all calls and not to put hers through.

A week later I received a letter asking for forgiveness. She said she could now see reason, and that she had been very stupid, and wouldn't worry me any more.

Well, that was one affair that I personally put a stop to, and she didn't even call me uncle.

I had a remarkable experience with a young girl whose greatest ambition was to go on the stage. She had tried most of the agents in town,

Please turn to page 35

*A Human Article that Every Woman will Love!*

# NANNIE'S DAY OUT

Susan Collyer visits RENÉE ROBERTS, wife of RONALD FRANKAU, and meets Renée the mother rather than Renée the actress

By  
**SUSAN COLLYER**



Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Frankau and a very precious mite—Robbie!



This independent looking little lady is young Rosemary Frankau!

**T**HURSDAY afternoon. . . . Renée Roberts, suddenly transformed into Mrs. Ronald Frankau, the mother of Rosemary and Roberta, takes possession of the nursery.

Robbie, nine weeks old, blue-eyed, rosy and fragrant, sleeps in her wicker cradle in the middle of the room. Her cradle is on wheels, for convenient transport to the night nursery next door, where Rosemary at this moment is sleeping on her bed.

Mrs. Frankau leads a double life. Most of the time she is the "darling of the stage"—the young, attractive, blonde, provocative Renée Roberts, whose name shone in lights beside her husband's for a year and six weeks at the Prince of Wales Theatre.

But it is Mrs. Ronald Frankau who dashes up to the nursery in the mornings, with a "Hullo, darling. Be a good girl. Goodbye," before she has to hurry away, and whose first thought, when she gets in in the evening is once again the children.

"I always wanted to have children," she declared, "but we made up our minds that it was no use until we could afford a Nanny. Now I've got a very good one. Mind you, I'm only talking about *my* case—the case of a woman with a career and therefore very little time for family cares. I think we both despise the woman with no profession who won't be bothered with children."

### Important Afternoon

But to get back to Thursday afternoon. Rosemary wakes. Then she and her mother take the small Robbie out for a walk in her pram. They can't go very far, but Rosemary chooses the way, either to Regent's Park or some other gardens near by.

Tea is in the nursery. Ronald Frankau is usually there, too—bound to make any nursery tea-party go. "He is really better with the children than I am," says Mrs. Frankau, with a smile. Sometimes he even turns to and gives Rosemary her bath.

**He's an adoring father—but extremely firm, too.**

"Children mustn't be allowed to rule the house," Ronald says.

Rosemary is three. Her favourite games are imaginary ones, played with the obliging co-operation of her father.

"Look, see that elephant over there? Give him a bun. Here you are—here's one."

Rosemary with a very serious face takes a pinch of air from his fingers and trots over to the imaginary elephant. "I want a ride," she announces.

"All right, up the steps with you." She does a little "knees high in front" business and clambers over a chair. This is the sort of game she never gets tired of!

"What are you going to be when you grow up, Rosemary?" asks the visitor.

"An actress," says Rosemary, stoutly.

"Nobody has ever taught her to say that," says her mother. "She has never seen me on the stage, or stayed up late to hear a broadcast. Only once was she taken to a matinée to see her father, and then she only sat in front for a few minutes. But when she stood by the side of the

stage for a while, she was enthralled and absolutely unafraid of the limes and footlights.

"That night in her bath she told me she was going to be an actress. 'Wouldn't you like to act on the stage?' she said to me. I thought that, after fifteen years, was a bit cruel!"

Some young mothers, finding themselves with a tiny baby to bath and a little girl to look after at the same time, might get a bit flustered. Mrs. Frankau sails easily through such a test. She looks forward to Thursdays and Sunday afternoons, when she has her family all on her own.

She is full of dodges for keeping Rosemary happily occupied. When the baby is being washed at night, for instance, Rosemary is made to feel that she is helping by doing a little fetching and carrying.

After the baby is out of the bath, Rosemary puts her doll in the water and follows exactly the same procedure. Then she gets her own chair, and feeds her baby side by side with the real one.

### She Can't Understand It!

She is not yet very used to the fact that she has a small sister.

"What do you think of your baby sister?" she is asked.

"Do you mean that what Nanny has got?" she asks doubtfully.

Baby Roberta is responsible for her Mother's greatest disappointment. She should have been a boy!

Renée is still almost broken-hearted when she realises she hasn't got a son.

An open letter from Ronald Frankau to "the girl who should have been a boy" was published in the *Daily Sketch* when the baby was only four days old.

"We planned a boy," he wrote. "What is to be the psychological effect on you of that fervent months-old wish and the consequent disappointment?"

### What Ronald Wishes

"Are you to be a bossy, swaggering, swearing type of he-girl? Oh, I hope not."

"I would like you to have the breadth of mind, the sense of humour, and the complacency of the male, but with them the powers of self-sacrifice, the sympathetic nature, and all the attributes, domestic and otherwise, of what is now called the Victorian girl. Above all, so long as I am alive, you must be a good listener."

The Frankaus have determined on one thing.

"I never want a child of mine to hear that phrase, 'I've sacrificed myself for you,'" said Renée.

"I don't want Rosemary or Roberta to sacrifice themselves for me, and I won't sacrifice myself for them. Once they are grown up, they are free to do what they please."

There speaks the sane and honest mother.

### NEXT WEEK

Look out for  
**AMAZING RADIO SCANDAL**  
A Sensational Article by our  
Special Investigator.

★ How would you like to work every week-end? That's the hard lot of PHYLLIS ROBINS—as she explains in this article. But don't sympathise too much; actually Phyllis loves it!

FRIDAY, 1.30.

**T**HERE are succulent smells occasionally arising from the kitchen, and Evelyn, the maid, is efficiently laying the table.

"Do you realise, Phyl," says Iris, my sister, "that we shan't be home here to have any of Marie's cooking for nearly a month. Don't you ever get sick of touring?"

Secretly, I do. I have worked for many years in variety, and the time I had at the B.B.C., giving me the opportunity for a home (which is difficult to maintain when you're on tour) and serious work was one of the most enjoyable times of my life.

Of course, the B.B.C. is not able to compete with the variety stage in payments to artistes, and as I am fully booked up for London and provincial touring till after next February, I am not likely to do any more broadcasting or filming on an extensive scale.

My home is now in Chelsea—a lovely old house

**PHYLLIS  
ROBINS**

says—



Phyllis Robins (left) with her great friend, Mrs. Kunz

# "MINE'S A NON-STOP WEEK-END"

which I am soon regrettably (in many ways) leaving for a luxury flat. The Chelsea home (shared by Iris and myself) takes my very capable maid, Evelyn, a woman and my very excellent Irish cook, Marie, to run it.

When I am on tour for months at a time, the whole place is often empty, and lovely as it is, I have decided that a luxury flat in the West End would be more convenient for one such as myself—to whom the whole of life nowadays seems to be hotel-gramophone-studio-B.B.C.-stage-hotel.

Having finished a light lunch, Iris and I leave—Iris to do some shopping in Sloane Square and I to go to the B.B.C. for a variety rehearsal.

**T**he garage people have sent the car round (Evelyn having 'phoned for it, after it has been washed and greased) and taking short cuts to Portland Place, I arrive at the St. George's Hall entrance at 3.15, in good time for the 3.30 rehearsal.

It is a Sharman show, and John, shirt-sleeved and energetic, as usual, soon gets the rehearsal into form. Everything is timed again and again. It is all great fun, and everything is done in such a happy atmosphere. I have a hunch this broadcast is going to be a success... but rehearsing is hard work, and my tongue is hanging out by 4.45.

I am meeting Peggy O'Neil, who is a great friend of mine for tea, and this will just give me time to go up Oxford Street to get a few personal things before I'm due at the theatre.

You probably think show folk have an

Pity Phyllis can't have a real week-end with a car like this!



easy time of it: you can have no idea of the strict discipline needed. It's no use being half an hour late for the curtain and apologising that you had a puncture, or met Lady So-and-So. You MUST be at the theatre on time, and that's that!

So to my dressing room, to change into evening dress... and then, on with the show! Between first and second houses the time slips by. There are always streams of people to see, autograph hunters and friends in the profession who drop in for a drink and a chat—especially in London and the Midlands, where my friends are.

By 11 p.m. I can say good-bye to work to-day, and then I get the car out of the park and slip through the West End to Cadogan Gardens, get the car put away and then drop into the comfy green settee in the spacious ivory lounge.

**I**ris is waiting for me with the good news that Marie has roasted a duck—and by 11.30 p.m. the two lone members of the Robins family sit down to the one big meal of the day.

After years of strange meal-times, caused by theatre and music-hall timing, I have schooled myself to be able to exist with no breakfast, only a light lunch at almost any hour, and then one big meal at night when work is over. And I can sleep too, without getting nightmares!

SATURDAY, 8.30

**E**VELYN is waiting at the bedside with tea, and a reminder that this is my morning for recording. Iris comes bounding into the room with the papers—and so it is 9.15 before we start to dress. By then it is time

for our orange juice (morning ritual!), and then before I leave we have another cup of tea.

This has been a lazy hour, but is the only hour's rest I shall probably get to-day. In the old days I used to love tinkering with the car (and generally ran oldish American cars which did need tinkering with, in view of the large weekly mileage I did) but now there simply isn't time.

I am just thankful that the car is there outside, with the engine ticking over and warmed up ready for my through-town run to the Rex studios.

I am early, but Jay Wilbur, the popular musical director of Rex, is there before me. I do a few numbers to rehearse, and then take the timings of the three new numbers I'm to do.

I never have much difficulty about recording: I mean I don't get nerves or anything like that.

**M**ostly I run a number through once for timing and phrasing, do a rehearsal of it and then make a wax. That's how things run this morning, so I'm free by 1.30—which means I shall go home to lunch as I promised.

Iris is starting to supervise the packing by the time I arrive, and for half an hour after lunch we run through the things which will have to be sent on by train. I stow music and bags in the back of the Bentley, but it won't take everything we need on this trip.

My family live in Sheffield, and as I am covering Leeds and Manchester on this trip I can stay for at least four weeks with mother. That means a break, anyway, from the continual hotel life, so thrilling at first, and so boring when you have to do it week after week.

4.30 sees an appointment with the hairdresser, just giving me time again to get to the theatre, where I am on to-night early first house and late second house, so giving me time to get to the B.B.C. in the interval.

(Please turn to page 30)



"His Hi-De-Highness of Ho-De-Ho"  
—Cab Calloway—in  
action with his boys.

# SWING SLANG!

The words that go with swing music are not always crazy! Here's a sort of "jazz dictionary and geography combined" of the land of the Blues by

**LEONARD HIBBS**  
(Editor of "Swing Music")

**WHO is Spencer Williams?**

Sometimes I think he must be the composer of all dance music, because it certainly seems that he has written mostly all the good old ones of jazz. Here are half a dozen which must bring this coloured composer in a nice pension in royalties: "I Ain't Got Nobody," "Basin Street Blues," "Everybody Loves My Baby," "I've Found a New Baby," "Royal Garden Blues," and "Mahogany Hall Stomp."

More recently he has given us "There's Jazz in Dem Dere Horns," and soon we are to hear "Swanee Swing." But Spencer tells me that he has written more than a thousand tunes all told. Incidentally, I should tell you that his collaborator in nearly all his new numbers is Pat Castleton.

But before I tell you more about Spencer Williams, let me explain the reason for this article.

The idea for the subject proper came to me during a chat with Buddy Bramwell. We were talking about the modern popular song. I ventured to say that the words of many of the tunes we import from America must be as Greek to the average British listener.

As an example, I wondered how many people realise that "Mr. Charlie" in Negro slang means "a coloured man." An explanation is automatically found in this way for the oddly titled tune, "Swing, Mr. Charlie."

Another Negro expression is contained in the word "high." In Jessie Matthews' film song "Gotta Dance My Way to Heaven," there is the line "I feel as high to-night as any kite." The original Negro phrase "high as a kite" meant a certain state of happiness brought on by drugs; but latterly it has been corrupted (or purified) to refer to any great happiness. Nevertheless, I do feel that the line I have quoted must be pretty meaningless when it is just dumped into a British film song.

Of course, there are dozens of similar words with different meanings from the usually accepted ones. I just happened to pick on those two when chatting to Buddy.

A side-issue to this conversation brought up the fact that, similarly, many of the places mentioned in American songs are unknown to the average British listener. In fact, one of the chief objections to swing music by many people has been the seeming lunacy of the titles.

I have no doubt that the majority of RADIO PICTORIAL readers remember enough geography to know that the towns of St. Louis and Memphis are on the Mississippi river; and they are no doubt aware that each town has a large coloured quarter.

Thus when they hear the famous Blues songs that immortalise these towns they must feel a little of the negro's love of his home towns. They feel that no matter where he is when he sings or hears these songs, memories come crowding in on him and he sees again the familiar places in which he spent his early days.

Anyway, Buddy Bramwell convinced the Editor that if I would write an article on the subject, listeners in England would feel a new interest in these grand old numbers when they were broadcast.

The general idea was that I should write a sort of jazz dictionary and geography combined. That I should tell you that when W. C. Handy wrote the St. Louis and Memphis Blues, he was putting his whole heart and soul into the music as a tribute to the land of his birth. Handy was brought up in Memphis and spent his childhood on the pavements of Beale Street, which is the main street of the coloured quarter of the town.

When next you hear the deep sentiments so simply expressed in the lyric, maybe these few words will have helped you to get into closer touch with the man that wrote them.

**If there is anybody who could help me to create for you a background to swing music, it is Spencer Williams.**

Swing music and Spencer Williams were both born in New Orleans. And (reverting to the Atlas once more), New Orleans marks the spot where the mighty Mississippi empties itself through five mouths into the Gulf of Mexico. Those five mouths form the enormous bayou, or delta, of which the negroes love to sing. The lower banks of the Mississippi have been artificially built up to form a levee or embankment.

This levee is the playground for thousands of coloured kiddies, and the place where dusky sweet-hearts walk of an evening. Is it any wonder that these places have been the inspiration for a hundred songs?

For two thousand miles of its great length, the Mississippi is navigable by steamboats. They have had a place in the hall of song right back from the days of "Steamboat Bill." Some of them are pleasure boats

and some carry passengers and cargo. But right from the earliest days of this century, they have each had their jazz bands.

Mostly all the famous names of swing learned their stuff on the riverboats. Louis Armstrong, King Oliver, Benny Goodman, Bix Beiderbecke, and a host of others all loved to play in these bands. And what grandly appreciative audiences they had!

At a time when swing is becoming popular in this country, it makes you think a bit when you consider that Louis Armstrong was blowing his heart out on the riverboats some twenty-five years ago!

Way down yonder in New Orleans they have a very large coloured population, and right in the heart of the Negro section is Basin Street.

Spencer Williams could tell me all about Basin Street. You see, he was born there. He wrote "Basin Street Blues" because it was his playground of childhood days. On this street he ran errands for pennies. At one end of the street is the new basin where the fishing ships dock.

Spencer describes it as a street of wine, women, and song—a good-time thoroughfare of cabarets and gambling houses. On a corner of Basin Street stood a "good-time palace" run by one "Lulu White"; it was called the Mahogany Hall.

I could write reams more about the fascination I find in trying to conjure up this city built up by French refugees and in which so many of the names are of French origin. The whole jazz scene is coloured by the sunburnt intensity of its birthplace.

Jazz and its language travelled north to Chicago. While he was in Chicago, Spencer Williams wrote many numbers for Louis Armstrong. The Royal Garden Café there gave him the title for another of his Blues.

**But the majority of English people associate Black Jazz with Harlem, the coloured quarter of New York.**

Harlem has given many new words to the lyricists of Tin Pan Alley. If I were even to commence anything like a representative list, I would soon be pushing out the programme pages at the end of this issue.

But I would like to take you to the Savoy Ballroom (of "Stomping at the Savoy" fame). Friends who have been there, tell me that it is the most intoxicating experience they have ever undergone.

Here, every night, thousands of happy coloured folk sway to the swinging rhythms of two of the greatest coloured bands in the world. From early evening until after dawn they swing out at the Breakfast Ball. By day, these happy dancers fill menial positions downtown in white New York, but by night they are kings in their own right.

Dances that have become famous were originated here. The Charleston, the Heebie Jeebies, the Shim Sham Shimmy, Truckin'.

(Please turn to page 31)

## Elisabeth Ann's Page

Trying out a new hair style is even more intoxicating to the self-esteem than a new hat! But first your hair must be in good condition, burnished, smooth, and silky. In this article, Elisabeth Ann tells you how to achieve new hair beauty

# HAIR TO THE FOREHEAD

## BEAUTY FOR READERS, ON REQUEST:

**H**AIR stylists in Paris and Cannes and also in London are devising new styles for the Autumn season and in nearly every case they are sweeping the hair away from the face. You will probably say to me: "But you advised me to wear it round my face because it is so thin." And quite possible I have, because it is certain that hair worn softly round the face does detract from thin contours.

But it is going to be very fashionable this season to wear your face thin, or round, or long, or short. Just expose the contours, make them look beautiful with beauty "aids," give attention to the eyes and the lips, then sweep your hair off the face!

The style in the illustration below is a new version of the halo, allowing a side-parting. The hair is cut short round the face, combed back, curled upwards, and the top hair curled back off the forehead, as shown in the illustration. The crown of the head is left almost flat, and the hair practically straight. Only the halo is curled. If you have naturally curly hair, you will find it difficult to keep it straight (but I find continual brushing down over the head helps).

Which brings us to brushing. Hair-health specialists are more than ever keen on brushing the hair. Permanent-waving has been an excuse for many readers not to brush the hair out of its "set," but really the curls are tighter if you brush them out in the morning, then coax them in again, with a special curling-comb.

Use a good pure bristle brush and spare your hair that little attention either night or morning, or both.

Now in regard to the hair, if it is suffering from any disorder, from dandruff, from greyness, or from excessive greasiness—or if it is falling out rather badly—let me send you a hair diagnosis

*(Write ELISABETH ANN, c/o "Radio Pictorial," Chancery House, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2, if you would like details of the treatments she describes or if your problem has not been mentioned here, enclosing stamped addressed envelope for her personal response.)*

**M**Y face is covered with little red pimples and my skin is very coarse. Also I suffer from open pores. Would you please advise me if it is a tonic I need as my friends tell me there is something wrong with my blood. Can you name the lotion to cleanse the pores and improve the circulation? I am twenty-seven.—DOLOROUS.

If you take medicinal paraffin to which has been added phenaphtholin (your chemist will make this up for you), this will greatly help your problem. Also I would like to send you an exercise to correct the trouble. For the open pores, use the Laleek Astringent Lotion, which is most effective for closing and refining the pores. Exercise and plenty of red meat, also liver in your diet, will help the circulation. If you need a special diet-chart to follow, let me know.

**I** HAVE just had my first perm. My hair is medium brown with lights in it. Can you please tell me how I can set it myself as I would like to keep the waves in as long as I possibly can.—ANXIOUS SIXTEEN.

You must set the hair quickly, while it is very wet, because permanently waved hair so quickly crinkles. Use a new curl-set lotion for this, which is non-sticky and a "curlcomb" which turns the hair up at the tips in an amazing fashion, and is helpful, too, when the "perm" is growing out.

*Hair will be shaped this season; none of it will be worn thickly round the head; mostly it is to be shorter.*

### MAX FACTOR QUOTES HOLLYWOOD FAVOURITES ON BEAUTY

—from DICK POWELL: "I've always liked an old-fashioned girl. The girl I marry will be natural and down-to-earth."

—from PAUL CAVANAGE: "I like the girl with an old-fashioned peaches and cream complexion. I do like a few freckles, though."

—from OTTO KRUGER: "It's the most natural thing in the world for a woman to adorn herself for a man's benefit. I like a bit of artful artificiality! Why shouldn't a girl enhance her natural charms or cover up defects by applying cosmetics? A man should be flattered that a woman doesn't want him to see her unless she is looking her best."

—from WARREN WILLIAM: "I like women sophisticated, not in the theatrical manner, but chic and *petite*."

—from BUCK JONES: "A girl who can play tennis without worrying about a smudge of dust on her face."

*(Max Factor is Hollywood's Make-Up Genius.)*

chart which you can fill in and forward to hair-doctors. These specialists will advise you just what your hair needs, and you can inform them from time to time how the hair is progressing.

I notice from your correspondence that less of you are bothering to bleach your hair. I don't know whether Jean Harlow is responsible with her new "brownette" hair, but you will enjoy more luxuriant and more manageable hair if you can be content to use a really good shampoo with just a colour tinting rinse, rather than regular peroxide and ammonia. And soft, dark shades of hair, also red shades, are always appealing, unless you have really natural fair hair.

**The new version of the "halo" has a side parting. The hair is cut short round the face and combed and curled upwards and outwards**





(Left) A fancy stitch and stone grey silk combine to make this chic little hand-knitted jumper. The snug neckline is decorated with a flattering tie—and notice the little yoke



(Right) Curled ostrich feathers give a lovely feminine air to the straight lines of this little felt hat with an upturned brim. This is a Glenster model

(Below) "Blouses!" says Elisabeth Ann. Here is one of palest blue cashmere, featuring a clever interlaced front and puffed sleeves, that would flatter any autumn outfit

## A READER ASKS ME—

**I** ALWAYS look forward to your fashion page. May I ask you to advise me where I can study dressmaking by post? I wish to take a course in my spare time and to become a dressmaker later on. I am going to marry in six months' time, and I thought this would help our income.—IN DOUBT (Birmingham).

I think it is a splendid idea, in your circumstances, to take up dressmaking. I suggest you take separate courses in the making, the cutting, and also in "tailoring." The cost of each course is from five pounds ten shillings, and all details are sent by post. Would you like me to send you a prospectus?

(Let Elisabeth Ann help you when you go shopping—with sound advice about clothes and fabrics. Free!)

## THIS BUSINESS OF THE BLOUSE

By Elisabeth Ann

**N**O matter what kind of autumn suit you will be wearing, whether it is Scottish tweed or flannel, the subject of the blouse or jumper which will accompany it is all-important. And the controversy between blouse and jumper continues. A happy go-between is the blouse which stays outside the skirt, reaching about two inches below the top of the skirt, and fitting to the waist. This allows a little "pouch" at the waistline, where the fullness overlaps the fitted waist and looks very attractive on nearly every kind of figure.

I have just seen some of these blouses, priced at a guinea, with square yoke, short sleeves and button-down front, in washable dull-finish crêpe. Model entitled "Neil." Another in woven check with a high neckline and long sleeves. Blue with white is an ideal colour-choice if your autumn suit happens to be navy or grey. Pink is wiser if you have indulged in green or heather mixtures.

A milanese "shirt" is always invaluable for the modern girl's wardrobe, especially if it fastens like a jacket, has breast-pockets, and a neat, Peter-Pan collar.

Crépon is a cool, fresh-looking fabric for all occasions and, in oyster-pink, looks ravishing. Choose a V-shaped neckline, heavily-stitched, with a tiny cravat and button-down front. Dress designers are fast realising the comfort of these jacket-fastening jumpers, since they save dragging over the hair when it has been freshly arranged.

A striped taffeta blouse is not always suited to the autumn suit, but for special occasions, or with a little odd skirt, it has a distinction of its own. A bow-tie neckline, puffed sleeves and shaped waist make the ideal blouse for many skirts and suits.

And now for winter coats, since from the autumn suit to the coat is such a very short "cry." Large fur ties will be more popular than the conventional fur collar this season, and I have just glimpsed a fascinating coat for the *petite* woman, with slightly (oh, very slightly) exaggerated sleeves and a huge squirrel tie at the throat which manages to twist and fold and sit up on one shoulder, at five and a half guineas. Moderately priced when you consider that the material is a novelty bouclé, that the design is utterly new and the fur has a softening line for throat and face. Indian lamb is another popular fur for trimming a coat, especially if it is used as huge revers, finishing with sharp points. And sometimes trailing up sleeves to the same points. A summer tweed coat which is a little tired but



from which you mean to get a little more wear, will brighten up considerably at the thought of an Indian lamb collar of this description.

Don't try to apply it yourself, unless you are expert with the needle. It needs lining and setting, and fur is much too expensive a trimming (if it is good) to spoil with amateur cutting. Besides, your experienced dress-maker or tailor will know just how to perk up the collar or tie so that it caresses the throat and does not sit flatly on the shoulders. This is done by means of a series of small godets on the wrong side, which have to be cut away afterwards.

Autumn millinery—you have heard all about high hats and berets and exaggerated points. But have you seen the new velveteen sports hats which are intriguingly new, in various colours, including navy and black? One is shaped like a "pocket" beret—if you cycle a lot you will love it. Another has a glamorous peaked front, with a bow, and tips over one eye, fitting the head. A third falls forward, softly, lifts off the side of the brow, and is kind to nearly all facial contours. A bow of self-material is arranged at the side. These hats are priced at ten shillings and ninepence and at twenty shillings, according to style.



—And here is the ideal suit for your precious blouses. It is boldly checked in brown and beige. Comes from Harrods



Can you make cream horns? These little twopenny gadgets are used to wind the strips of pastry into forms. They slip out easily after baking

## GARDEN NOTES

By F. R. Castle

**PHYSALLIS FRANCHETTI.**—Known popularly as Cape Gooseberry this is an exceedingly ornamental and useful border plant. If you desired to make the best use of the "Lanterns" for winter decoration, cut them when the leaves are quite dry with as long a stem as possible and keep away from damp.

**Polyanthus.**—The introduction of the newer "Giant" strain of Polyanthus has resulted in the almost complete elimination of those types once so familiar in all cottage and country gardens. Readers wishing to have something novel in this line are advised to invest in a few plants of *Hose-in-Hose* or *Jack-in-the-Green*, also the distinctive *Gold Laced* variety. The flowers may not be as large as the *Munstead* variety but they have a charm and interest not found in others.

**Lavender, Munstead Dwarf.**—Each year this variety makes a host of new friends and judging from our own plants, this year has been decidedly favourable to growth and flowering, the miniature bushes, not more than 15 inches high, having been a mass of flower from July onwards. Being of such Dwarf growth, it is possible to plant it where the ordinary variety would be quite unsuitable.

**Lawns from Seed.**—Where the ground is well drained and conditions favourable, the present is a good time to make a new lawn. If possible, add a good lawn fertiliser to the soil before the final raking down. It is usual to allow about one ounce of seed to the square yard but I prefer to use twice this quantity. After sowing, rake over very carefully and give a good rolling. Where birds are likely to give trouble, use black cotton freely.

## GOOD THINGS TO EAT

By Mrs. Stanley Wrench

**C**ORN from the cob! Sweet corn looks terribly tempting, but I find many people hesitate over trying a good thing because they do not know how to cook it. Some have owned that they have tried it, but found it tough. The secret is this: don't add salt to the cooking water till just before you remove the corn.

### BUTTERED CORN COB

**Ingredients.**—1 or more corn cobs, preferably young, seasoning of salt and pepper, and a good lump of butter.

**Method.**—Peel off the outer husk and silky strands. Plunge into boiling water and cook rapidly for 10 to 20 minutes, according to size. Add a teaspoonful of salt just before removing the cobs. Melt the butter and pour over. It may be eaten with forks, or a wooden pick inserted at each end, but remembering the maxim, "Fingers before forks," that method seems best. A finger-bowl and paper napkin is all one needs besides.

But do remember that the cooked corn removed from the cobs and made hot in a creamy white sauce is good; equally delicious in cheese sauce. Or you can make sweet corn into a sweet or savoury according to taste. Add sugar and cinnamon, or eat it with jam.

When plums are cheap, all kinds of delicious sweets can be made, and plum tart, or a plum and rice mould with lots of cream will take a deal of beating. Do remember that pickled plums, such as our grandmothers made, are a real delicacy. Spiced, as well as pickled, you will have something to give guests for Sunday night supper later on in place of ordinary pickles.

### PICKLED PLUMS

**Ingredients.**—To 3 lb. plums allow 1 pint malt vinegar, 2 lb. brown sugar, 12 cloves, 1 teaspoonful allspice, a blade of mace, and a stick of cinnamon broken up.

**Method.**—Stalk, wipe, and prick the plums and put them in a stone jar. Put the spices in a piece of clean muslin. Boil sugar, vinegar, and spices together for 5 minutes, then pour over the plums. Let them stand 3 days. Drain off the liquid and boil for 20 to 30 minutes till it is a syrup. Add the fruit and cook till boiling point is reached, then cool off, pack into pots, and tie down.

Here is a recipe for those nice old-fashioned fairy cakes, beloved of menfolk, especially when freshly made. Light as the proverbial feather, too.

### FAIRY CAKES

**Ingredients.**—To ½ lb. of plain flour allow a teaspoonful baking powder, 3 oz. butter or margarine, 3 eggs, 3 oz. castor sugar, 3 oz. cherries (preserved), a few drops of cochineal, and the grated rind of a lemon; a little milk for mixing.

**Method.**—Sieve together flour and baking powder. Cream the butter and sugar, beat up the eggs and add to the sugar and butter, then mix in the flour, lemon rind, minced cherries, and cochineal, and, if necessary, stir in a little milk. Grease some small patty-pans or queen cake tins, put in the mixture, and bake for 10 minutes in a fairly quick oven. These are very easy to make when on holiday, and can be stored in a tin if a supply is made at one baking.



## 5/- HINTS

Have you got a favourite "wrinkle" or recipe? Then send it to "Margot," c/o "Radio Pictorial," Chansitor House, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2. Five shillings are offered for every hint published on this page

### HOLES IN PAILS

**T**O mend zinc pails and enamel ware, place a small piece of putty on the inside of the hole and a large piece on the outside. Press it down well and stand the vessel or pail in the open air until the putty is hard.

Ordinary press studs are useful for mending small holes in pans, bowls, or other tin or enamel ware. Split the stud, put one piece each side, and fasten on to the hole. Then with a hammer and solid background, hammer the press stud until it is completely flat with the surrounding part of the vessel.—(Miss) G. M. Elliott, Welford, Rugby.

### A TEST FOR MILK

**P**LACE a bright steel needle in the milk. If the milk adheres and drops off slowly it is pure; if it runs off quickly, leaving the needle bright, the milk has been adulterated.—(Miss) W. A. Rees, 14 Winnington Lane, Winnington, near Northwich, Cheshire.



Rehearsing with the "mike" while she is cooking. This is Annie Twigg, who recently broadcast in Cavalcade

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w.o.n., K. 4, K. 2 tog., working into the backs of the 2 sts., P. 4).  
**2nd row**—(K. 4, P. 11, K. 4)  
**3rd row**—(P. 3, K. 2 tog., in the fronts, K. 4, w.o.n., inc. in the next st. by knitting into front and back, w.o.n., K. 4, K. 2 tog., in the backs, P. 3).  
**4th row**—(K. 3, P. 14, K. 3).  
**5th row**—(P. 2, K. 2 tog., in the fronts, K. 4, w.o.n., K. 4, w.o.n., K. 4, K. 2 tog., in the backs, P. 2).  
**6th row**—(K. 2, P. 16, K. 2).  
**7th row**—(P. 1, K. 2 tog., in the fronts, K. 4, w.o.n., K. 6, w.o.n., K. 4, K. 2 tog., in the backs, P. 1).  
**8th row**—(K. 1, P. 18, K. 1).  
**9th row**—(K. 2 tog., in the fronts, K. 4, w.o.n., K. 8, w.o.n., K. 4, K. 2 tog., in the backs).  
**10th row**—(K. 5, P. 10, K. 5).

Rep. the 10 pat. rows with No. 7 needles, then change to No. 5 needles and rep. the 10 pat. rows 4 more times (60 rows).

### THE ARMHOLES

After working the 10 pat. rows 6 times altogether, shape for the armholes as follows:—

**1st row**—Cast off 5 (note that the first st. of the row is now on the right needle, and no instructions are given for it), K. 2 tog. in the fronts, K. 2, w.o.n., K. 4, K. 2 tog., in the backs, P. 4, rep. the first pat. row 3 times (71 sts.).  
**2nd row**—Cast off 5, P. 9, K. 4, rep. the 2nd pat. row till 14 sts. remain, K. 4, P. 10 (66 sts.).  
**3rd row**—K. 2 tog., in the fronts, twice, w.o.n., inc. in the next st., w.o.n., K. 4, K. 2 tog., in the backs, P. 3, then rep. the 3rd pat. row twice, P. 3, K. 2 tog., in the fronts, K. 4, w.o.n., inc. in the next st., w.o.n., K. 2 tog., in the backs twice (68 sts.).  
**4th row**—P. 2 tog., P. 9, K. 3 (K. 3, P. 14, K. 3) twice, K. 3, P. 9, P. 2 tog. (66 sts.).

## £500

### KNITTING CONTEST

EVERYONE who knits will be interested in a new Knitting Competition sponsored by the makers of "Ronuk" Polishes, with prizes amounting to £500.

Competitors are asked to knit a Lady's Jumper (Class "A"—1st Prize £100), a Man's Pullover (Class "B"—1st Prize £50), and a Baby's Dress (Class "C"—1st Prize £25), from knitting directions designed exclusively for the Competition by Messrs. Patons and Baldwins, Ltd. There is also a Class for children under fifteen years of age.

All you have to do is to send in for your knitting directions and Entry Form, and start at once. The complete Leaflet with Entry Form and full particulars of the Competition is obtainable from the RADIO PICTORIAL Offices, Chansitor House, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

**CLOSING DATE IS NOVEMBER 21, 1936.**

Don't miss this great opportunity of earning money while you knit!

Please turn to page 29

### YOU WILL NEED

14 ozs. Golden Eagle "HASTENIT" in Pale Blue, shade No. 5. 1 oz. Golden Eagle "HASTENIT" in Dark Blue, shade No. 14. A pair of Needles in each of the sizes, 9, 7 and 5.

### ABBREVIATIONS

St., stitch; K., knit plain; P., purl; w.o.n., wool over needle to make a stitch; tog., together; dec., decrease by taking 2 sts. together; Rep., repeat; pat., pattern; inc., increase 1 stitch by working 2 sts. into the next stitch; S., slip.

### MEASUREMENTS

Length, from shoulder to lower edge, 19½ inches. Unstretched bust measurement, 35 inches, stretching to a 36-inch bust size. Sleeve seam, 20 inches, or as required.

### TENSION

On No. 5 needles, in plain knitting, there are 4½ sts. to the inch, after pressing. 13 rows to 2 inches.

### BACK

Cast on 64 sts. loosely with No. 7 needles and dark wool. Knit 1 row. Change to light wool and purl 1 row. Next 20 rows—In single ribbing, which is K. 1, P. 1. The welt should now measure 3 inches. Change to No. 9 needles and rib for another inch, finishing with a row on the right side.

**Next row**—With wrong side facing, inc. to 80 sts. as follows (P. 3, inc. purlwise in the next st.) to the end of the row. Now commence the pat. with No. 9 needles. The instructions in each set of brackets complete 1 pat. and are repeated 4 times in each row.

**1st row**—(P. 4, K. 2 tog., working into the fronts of the 2 sts., K. 4,



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# BREEZY BILL

An Intimate Close-up of BILLY COTTON  
By BARRY WELLS

As They Are. No 12.

One of the cheeriest of all radio personalities is BILLY COTTON. Get to know the real man in this sparkling article

**A**LL of us who move and have our being in the circles where radio folk lurk, work, think, drink, eat and bleat must, at some time or other, beat futile fists against the breasts of the great god "Blah" and shriek for escape.

Escape from what?

From the incessant shop-talk, hot air, little jealousies, pitiful posturings of the *near* stars . . . from the failures. Most radio folk are grand, but some are a pain in the journalistic neck.

Then it happens that the radio scribe can do one of two things. He can seek out his favourite pub on the Sussex Downs, a little spot where they still think London Regional is the name of a dirt-track team, and where the sea-breezes can lull him back to sweet reasonableness.

Or he can go and see Bill Cotton, with just about the same refreshing result.

For Billy Cotton stands out in startling relief as one who is as devoid of hot air as Donald Duck is of good manners. He's a man's man, bluff, hearty, equable of temper. Bill couldn't pose for all the Rockefeller dollars. You take him as you find him, and if you don't like him that way, well, that goes a hundred per cent with Billy Cotton.

He is fairly tall, stout (though latterly he has lost a lot of flesh and, indeed, considering the energetic life he leads, I wonder how he avoids being worn to a shadow!), with scanty hair, a shining expanse of unlined forehead, blue, twinkling eyes, the clean complexion of a healthy boy, and a mouth that is constantly smiling in a quiet way. . . .

**H**e moves slowly, calmly, almost lazily; and he talks in the same slow, even tones.

But—

"The scene changes,  
We're in a cool theatre  
And it's a full theatre,  
'Cause Bill and his Band are here."

Then you see a different Bill. No longer slow-moving, but a huge dynamo of unleashed energy. There's nothing static about Billy when he's on his job. He darts here and there on the stage whipping his men to a pinnacle of enthusiasm. And you can sense the same volatile personality behind the Cotton broadcasts.

The secret? Enthusiasm, and the knowledge that above all things, the public loves a show. And a show Bill gives them, sparing no labour in his efforts.

And—

"The scene changes,  
We're on a track at Brooklands,  
It's good to be back at Brooklands,  
'Cause Bill and his car are here."

There you see another Bill. Billy Cotton the sportsman; a daring, intrepid athlete driving a race-car with the same spontaneous, whole-hearted energy and force which he puts into his daily job of conducting his band.

Actually, then, you have two Bills, dance-band conductor and racing motorist. The two are

really one, because success in both spheres has been earned by the same formula, "Ability plus keenness plus hard work."

There's a rare and attractive honesty and bluntness about Billy which are worth a ton of elegant refinements and pretty speeches. You'll get none from Bill. Blunt. Straight-to-the-point. Genial. But never a soft-soaper.

I've never seen him bad-tempered, but I imagine that when roused he can be a very demon. Inefficiency would almost certainly stir him. So would disloyalty. "If you've got any criticism to make about me, let's hear it!" I can almost hear him saying, "but don't slang me behind my back."

Billy's the sort of fellow who wants to know where he stands with people. You're a friend of his? Fine. Walk into his dressing-room at any time and you'll get the treatment of a friend. You're an enemy? That's fine, too. But don't pull an act and make Billy *think* you're a friend. Because he'll find out, and when he does—exit—*finis*.

**H**e hates the thin-lipped, sleek-haired gigolo type of man: "Pansy!" he'll say with an unsuspected venom. He also detests the gushing, loud-voiced type of woman who radiates a superficial sex-appeal and yet is just about as alluring as a dead haddock. He dislikes, too, the sort of person who expects Billy to be all art-crafty because he happens to be a band-leader.

He's married to a charming woman who keeps completely in the background in regard to her husband's public life. She has no wish to share his limelight, because, in her own words, "there's got to be an audience for Billy else he wouldn't be needed!" Wise words.

They live in a North London suburb and have two kids who are real chips off the old block. Teddy, aged approximately twelve, and Billy, jun., aged, roughly, seven. Billy wants to keep them out of the show business, but at the moment he's not worrying very much, being far too busy moulding them as keen sportsmen.

Sport again. One always comes back to it when writing about Bill.

He used to play for the R.F.C. during the war, and later for Brentford, at soccer. He can still wield a pretty cricket-bat and golf, tennis, and swimming also appeal to him. He is—or was—vice-president of the Leander Swimming Club. He also likes to watch boxing and all-in wrestling.

But his chief loves are to be at the wheel of a racing car or at the joystick of an air-plane. He has competed in several track races this year, always with distinction. "It helps to take my mind off this music racket," says Bill, grinning.

Bill's happiest moments have been spent in the air. "It gives you a fresh slant on life up there. Makes you realise how puny and unimportant you really are in this universe. That's a humbling, but very good thing," says Philosopher Billy.



Here is Billy Cotton, a man's man—without pose

It isn't easy to get Billy talking about himself. He'll talk about anything else, but when the subject of Billy Cotton arises he usually shrugs his shoulders and jerks his head towards Arthur Gadsby, his very loyal, charming and efficient manager. "Arthur'll tell you. He knows everything about me!"

But sometimes, when the day's job's done you can get Billy yarning and he'll talk about his early struggles; graphic descriptions, seasoned with salty, breezy language; of the days when every time he made a forward movement, Life handed him a fourpenny one and pegged him back a pace; of his struggles to keep his band intact (whenever he "made" a player, someone else used to come along and snatch him from Bill's outfit!).

Yes, Billy's pathway to his present position, where he's in the money and gradually becoming more and more a radio personality, has not been strewn with roses. That's why now that he's nearing his goal he realises that the only darned thing that matters is the job. The superficial trappings of fame are all bunk.

**A** very lovable, simple person is Billy. I mean "simple" in the real sense; actually he's a shrewd, hard-headed business man.

He'd rather have fish and chips than caviare; wines leave him cold, but he likes good healthy beer; he smokes cigarettes, but prefers cigars. Parties and the like just don't register with Bill.

He goes in for well-fitting but comfortable clothes and his pet conceit is for ties. His dressing-room is always full of ties, strange, multi-coloured sports ties, usually—and his selection of the one to wear home is a sort of sacred rite.

He is a devoted son and can often be seen wandering around Smithfield Market with—to use his own words—"my old man." They all know and love Bill down Smithfield way. And he returns that admiration for there's something in the tough, manly atmosphere there which rings all the bells with Bill.

"Britain for the British" is his motto, and British song-writers can always be sure of a square deal with Billy Cotton. But there, I don't know why I should single out song-writers. Everybody gets a square deal with him.

That's why, though he has his enemies and his detractors—as has every man who possesses a backbone and despises "Yes-men"—none of them fails to respect him.

You can't say fairer than that in testimony of a man.



Mrs. Newly-Wed-Fred-erique, sparkling cabaret star, is off to South Africa

# TELEVISION CHANCES

Tommy O'Hara "has a lot to learn" :: Barber's Shop to Broadcast Studio :: A Heartbroken Song Hit

and will create a new and important field of work especially for those band leaders who can boast a real sense of showmanship.

As already hinted exclusively in *Radio Pictorial*, Henry Hall and the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra are booked for several shows in the first week of the regular radio television programmes.

If you are keen on American bands, make a note that Hal Kemp is taking part in a World Concert relay from New York, to be broadcast here on Sunday, September 20.

THAT little live-wire piano accordionist, Tommy O'Hara, is on the air again on September 23, and I hear he also has a contract for the Children's Hour on September 28.

Tommy was born in Toronto, Canada, and crossed the Atlantic when just over a year old, arriving in Liverpool on the Saturday before war was declared!

He took up the piano accordion at the age of 12, and is self-taught on this instrument. In addition to presenting his accordion act, Tommy has been pianist in Al Berlin's band, and with Phillip Brown's and Tony's Red Aces, having broadcast to the Empire with the latter.

Tommy can tell a funny yarn in a really funny way. Told me that while he was playing at a certain hotel he had given them everything on the accordion from classics to jazz, when up came an old Irish woman who requested him to play an Irish jig.

"Why," said Tommy, "I can't remember ever having played one."

"Begorrah," exclaimed the old lady, "ye hev a lot to learn yet, mister."

"Soap gets in your eyes" might well have been the first theme-song of band-leader Syd Chasid (broadcasting again September 24,

5.15). For, as a boy, his job used to be lathering the customers in his parents' barber shop. In his spare time he studied the violin and prayed that ambition would be more than a bubble!

Then his father died, and young Syd—only thirteen—decided to go out and make money with his fiddle instead of just studying it. He got a job in a cinema band at five shillings a week.

Two years later—yes, at fifteen—he was offered his first Musical Directorship, at the Blue Hall, Islington!

How often has the loss of a loved one been the spur that urged one on to better things! It was so, again, with hit-writer Joe Gilbert (remember his "Why Don't My Dreams Come True?", "When You Played the Organ and I Sang the Rosary"?). "Au Revoir, But Not Good-bye" is his latest hit.



This little girl wanted Henry Hall's autograph—but Henry just wouldn't look her way!

Sixteen years ago Joe's mother died. Heartbroken, Joe wrote a song called "I Lost the Best Pal I Ever Had." It was the only way he knew to express his love and his grief. He didn't want to sell it, didn't want it published. He turned down all offers.

But one night he happened to play it in the rooms of Horatio Nicholls (otherwise Lawrence Wright, music publisher). When he got home he found a £100 cheque in his pocket—Lawrie had slipped it in, and Joe hadn't known a thing about it!

So Lawrie published the song. It was Joe's first big hit.

For those who like probing behind mysteries it is interesting to know that Don Rietto and his Accordion Band and Don Rinaldo and his Music heard on records are the same man. They are also Lou Preager. Three more noms-de-melody and the Dionne Quins can resign!

Takes pluck to walk out of the assistant-managership of a bank to become a dance-band manager. Desmond O'Connor, 35-year-old Irishman who looks after Lou Preager's band, did it and has no regrets. A few months ago he got tired of bank-notes and turned to music notes.

While at the bank he used to write comedy songs and material and Ambrose spotted him. Max Bacon is still using some of O'Connor's material.

He's now getting £1,000 a year, which sounds like sweet music to this scribe.

Found Louis ("Symphony") Levy enjoying half-an-hour's relaxation in the Listeners' Inn t'other evening—and boy, he'd earned it!

DOES the advent of the B.B.C.'s high definition television system mean really big opportunities for dance musicians? Or is it merely a flash in the pan?

Television has "arrived" so suddenly. And, to be quite candid, a terrific amount of boloney already has been written on the subject.

The television programmes broadcast from Alexandra Palace undoubtedly provided the chief novelty at Radiolympia this year, and, although the excerpts of films were important as demonstrating the utility of the new process, there can be little doubt that the three or four actual performers, together with the 22-piece television orchestra under "Bumps" Greenbaum, contributed most to the entertainment value of these wonderful demonstrations.

I notice that my old friend Edgar Jackson, writing in our esteemed contemporary *The Melody Maker*, seems to think that television will have little, if any, immediate influence upon dance music generally, and that some years may elapse before it becomes a really commercial proposition.

Edgar is wrong.

If he had seen television in operation at the Alexandra Palace, as I was privileged to do during the Radiolympia week, I am sure that he would have formed a totally different opinion.

Edgar is also wrong in what he wrote about television receiving sets. Apparently he is unaware that at least nine different makes of receivers were demonstrated during Radiolympia week, one priced as low as 35 guineas.

The truth is that television is soon going to offer wonderful opportunities for dance bands,

## AFTER 11.30

READERS of this weekly corner will have realised that in the better American bands, there are many unsung heroes without whom swing music would never be made.

Just such a hero is Arthur Bernstein. He plays the double bass and to this writer's best knowledge, he has never yet led his own band; but I reckon that you all know the absolute importance of the double bass player in the dance band. Not only must he keep the tempo as steady as a rock, but the very great players on this instrument are responsible for a great deal of the lightness that distinguishes the great swing bands.

My excuse for writing about a man whose name is never broadcast is that he is so popular in America that almost every radio and recording band-leader considers his services essential to their work.

From the end of 1929 to the present day, he hasn't had a day out of work, and yet he has only had two steady jobs, each of short duration in that time.

It is nothing unusual for him to play in four or five orchestras a night. In other words, he is the most sought after instrumentalist in New York.

Oddly enough, he is classically trained as a Cellist. He won a prize on that instrument while still at school. But when he left school he found that 'Cellists were two a penny and

there was no straight work going. Even then he hated jazz so much that he never even thought of dance band work.

One day, a friend asked him if he could play the double bass and Arthur was so fed up with no work at all that he said "yes." He borrowed an instrument belonging to his brother who plays double bass in the New York Philharmonic, practised a bit, and got the job.

Right from that day onwards, he has played with every famous band in the States. Two of the first he was with were Benny Goodman's and Red Nichols'.

You see, Arthur is a musician; he can get right into the mood of any band that he plays with. But don't imagine he is only a swing man. He plays with almost every combination from Chamber Music to Symphony.

Now I'll let you into a secret that Arthur jealously guards. Although he has been playing the Bass now for over six years, he still uses the same tuning that he used for the 'Cello. Not that he thinks there is anything smart about this: he just can't play the right way.

In person Bernstein is the jolliest fellow alive. Curly hair, bronzed, always smiling, can talk on any subject, keenly interested in social economics, and is a practising Attorney at the New York Bar.

Is he versatile?

# FOR DANCE BANDS

240 Guineas a Broadcast :: The Smallest Band Leader :: Bill Ternent Wins a Fiver

"Besides my broadcasting, I'm working on eight films at the moment," he mentioned. I asked him how he did it—and here's his time-table:

Rises 7.30, and reaches the office 9.30. Works on film music till 7.30. Home for dinner, then goes on with his "home-work" till 1.30 a.m. (if no broadcast). In other words, about fifteen hours solid work a day! Who'd be a star?

"There are thirty of us, and Louis Levy pays us eight guineas each when we're broadcasting"—said one of Louis' expert musicians to me.

According to which, this fine "Symphony" outfit costs 240 guineas a broadcast.

The B.B.C. pay Louis £60 per broadcast!

So, you see, energy's not the only thing you spend on the Starry Way.

How many thousands of fans, I wonder, have remarked upon those super-immaculate dress-suits of Roy Fox. "I buy four of them every year"—he told me—and when I had the nerve to ask him how much he paid, he said: "Twenty-two pounds each. Also"—he added—"I use up twenty-four white waistcoats a year! Then, of

course, there are dress-shoes, dress-overcoats, ties, socks, dress-shirts . . . and laundry bills!"

Altogether, his evening-kit must cost over £200 per annum!

Jan Berenska tells me that he is seriously considering chartering an aeroplane to fly his band out to Leamington for the broadcasts, which are now usually on Sunday evenings, and Jan is doing quite a lot towards brightening the Sunday programmes. Midland dance enthusiasts may be interested to hear that Jan is running a star ten-piece dance band this winter, composed mainly of his boys from the broadcasting outfit. In addition, he is going to put on a xylophone and piano act with Vernon Adcock, who now features prominently in all broadcasts with the orchestra. So there are busy days ahead for Jan.

INSIDE  
DANCE-BAND  
CHATTER  
By  
BUDDY BRAMWELL

Seen around town—Ambrose's pianist, Bert Barnes, in a tremendous hurry. Asked why, he said: "My wife's away on holiday, so made me promise to go to the pictures!" (Other wives, please copy!)

Billy Merrin returns to the Midland microphone on September 18 after a very successful season at Ramsgate, where the band becomes more and more popular every year. Billy tells me that his sixteen-year-old crooner, Rita Williams, was a great attraction at the seaside resort this summer. He is inundated with letters of inquiry after every broadcast in which Rita sings, for she has the voice of a girl in the twenties, particularly in that great favourite, "Alice Blue Gown." There is no doubt that Rita has a great future before her, and she owes a lot to "Uncle" Billy, as she is the first to admit.

Roy Richards, band leader at Hammer-smith Palais, claims he's the smallest band leader in the business (now wait for the correspondence to flow in). Height 5 feet. Weight, 7 stone 4 lbs. Roy wanted to be a jockey, but music turned the scales . . .

Heard t'other day how Jack Jackson might easily have become a ship's officer instead of a band leader.

When Jack was fifteen he was playing in a ship's orchestra when he was spotted by a director of the line. "Nice, smart lad," thought the director, and offered Jack a chance as a ship's cadet.

Then the ship hit the Bay of Biscay on a rough day! And that's why we've still got Jack!

Is this a record? Billy Ternent, famed as Jack Hylton's star arranger, once won a fiver when someone bet him that he couldn't play every instrument in the orchestra pit. There were forty of 'em, but Bill played the lot, some of which he hadn't seen before! (N.B. I'm not offering any fivers!)

Did you know that Jimmy Messini, Welsh crooner with Gonella's Georgians, is a B.Sc. of Taunton University? Can speak seven languages, including Greek, Portuguese and Turkish. I'd like to hear Jimmy putting over "Laughing Irish Eyes" in Turkish!

One of the mysteries that puzzle me is why Gerry Moore hasn't hit the top with a resounding bang. Sure we hear him on records, but why isn't he with a first-class outfit, and why don't we hear him on the air?

Reggy Foresythe and Arthur Young both consider him one of the best pianists in the country, and they're no fumbleurs with the keys. Time someone made Gerry a star.



Syd Chasid, on the air next Thursday, was once a barber's assistant! See opposite page

Newly-married cabaret-star Frederique tells me she's off to South Africa in October, to sing at a new Jo'burg theatre and do some broadcasting. Tells me she's very happy about being married and doesn't think it will ever wear off.

SEEN climbing out of a coal-mine near Cardiff recently—Sam Browne and The Radio Three, covered with coal-dust but grinning happily. "We had a lovely time, indeed to goodness," Sam informs me, "and the next day was also interesting, when I crowned a Carnival Queen at a charity fete!" (these radio romeos do get the breaks!).

Sam's promised me some pictures of his gay doings whilst on tour—so look out!

And listen in to-morrow (19th) when you'll hear him again in the Music Hall programme.

Clean Fun Department. Hard-boiled bass player seen in Archer Street carrying his instrument. Impertinent youth calls out: "Hey, you, do you play solo on that?" "Yeah," replies bassist, "I keep the winnings inside!" Credit that one to Laurie Johnson of Billy Cotton's outfit.

Line Up No. 19

A NORTHERN BAND which has become popular all over the country is Jack McCormick and his Ambassadors, who, after a season at the Astoria Dance Salon, Charing Cross Road, returns to-morrow (Sept. 19) to the Rialto, Liverpool. Here are the boys in the band: Jack McCormick (sax, clarinet and violin), Alan Johnson (sax and vocals), George Harrison (sax, clarinet and violin), Jack Martin (string bass, trombone), Arthur Haydock (drums, tymps, etc.), Frank Woods (piano and accordion), Bill Murphy (trombone and trumpet), Alf Sharkey (trumpet, vocals and accordion), Gordon Homer (trumpet, vocals and piano). Versatile lads.

Next Week's

**LATE-NIGHT DANCE MUSIC**  
(Subject to unavoidable late alterations)

**Monday**—The GROSVENOR HOUSE Dance Band, directed by SYDNEY LIPTON.

**Tuesday**—MAURICE WINNICK and his Orchestra.

**Wednesday**—SYDNEY KYTE and his Band.

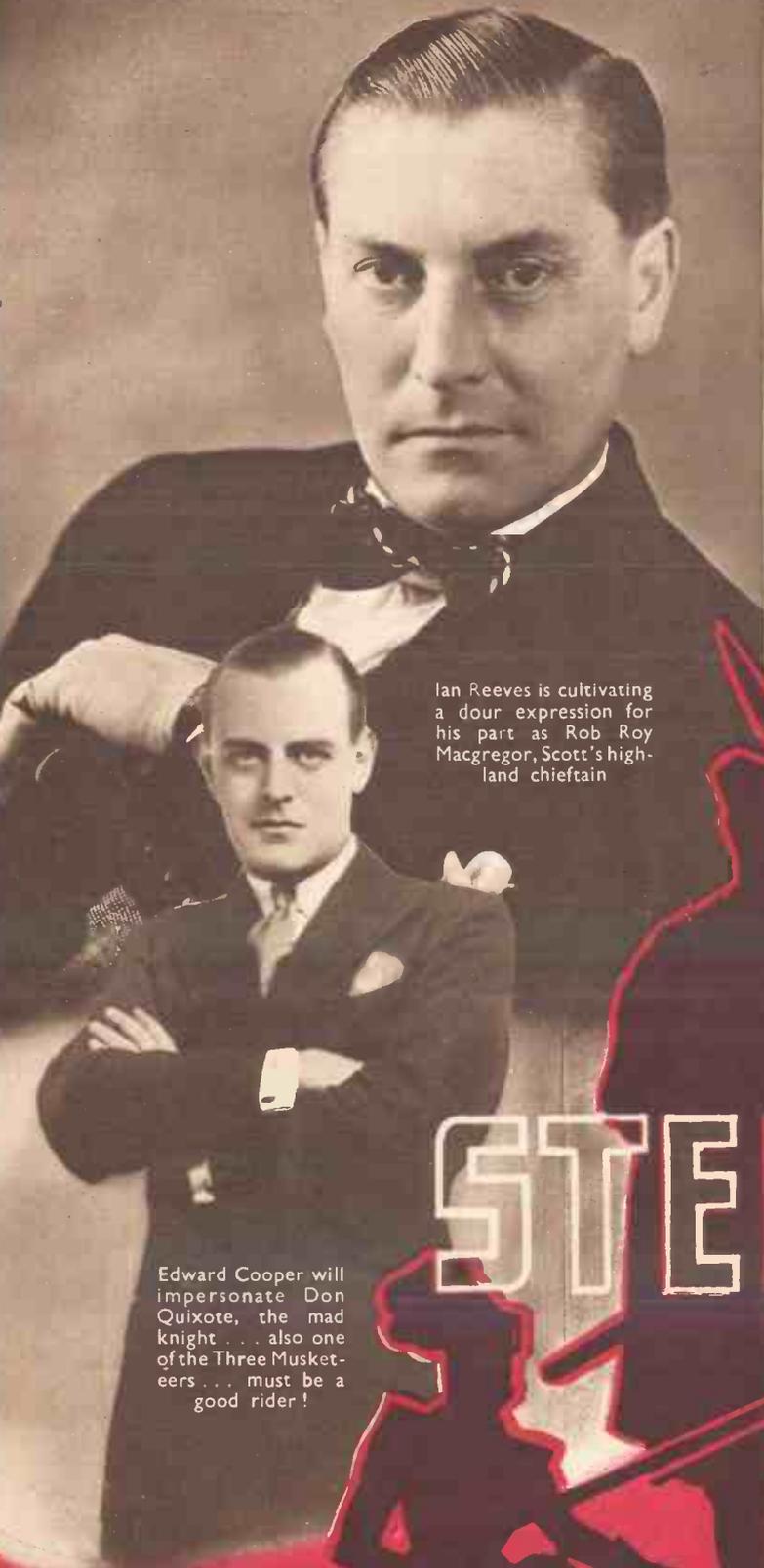
**Thursday**—BILLY COTTON and his Band.

**Friday**—HARRY ROY and his Band.

**Saturday**—HENRY HALL and the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra.



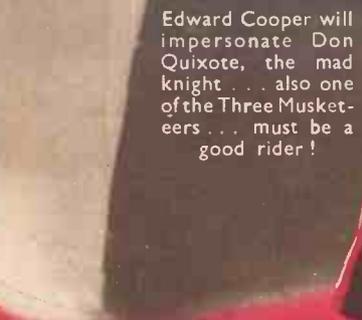
Congratulations! This happy pair is Joe Loss and his fiancée, Miss Mildred Rose



Ian Reeves is cultivating a dour expression for his part as Rob Roy Macgregor, Scott's highland chieftain



The charming Molly O'Callaghan will double the roles of Rider Haggard's "She" and Judy of the "Daddy Long Legs" book



Edward Cooper will impersonate Don Quixote, the mad knight . . . also one of the Three Musketeers . . . must be a good rider!

# STEPPING O



She

Rob Roy

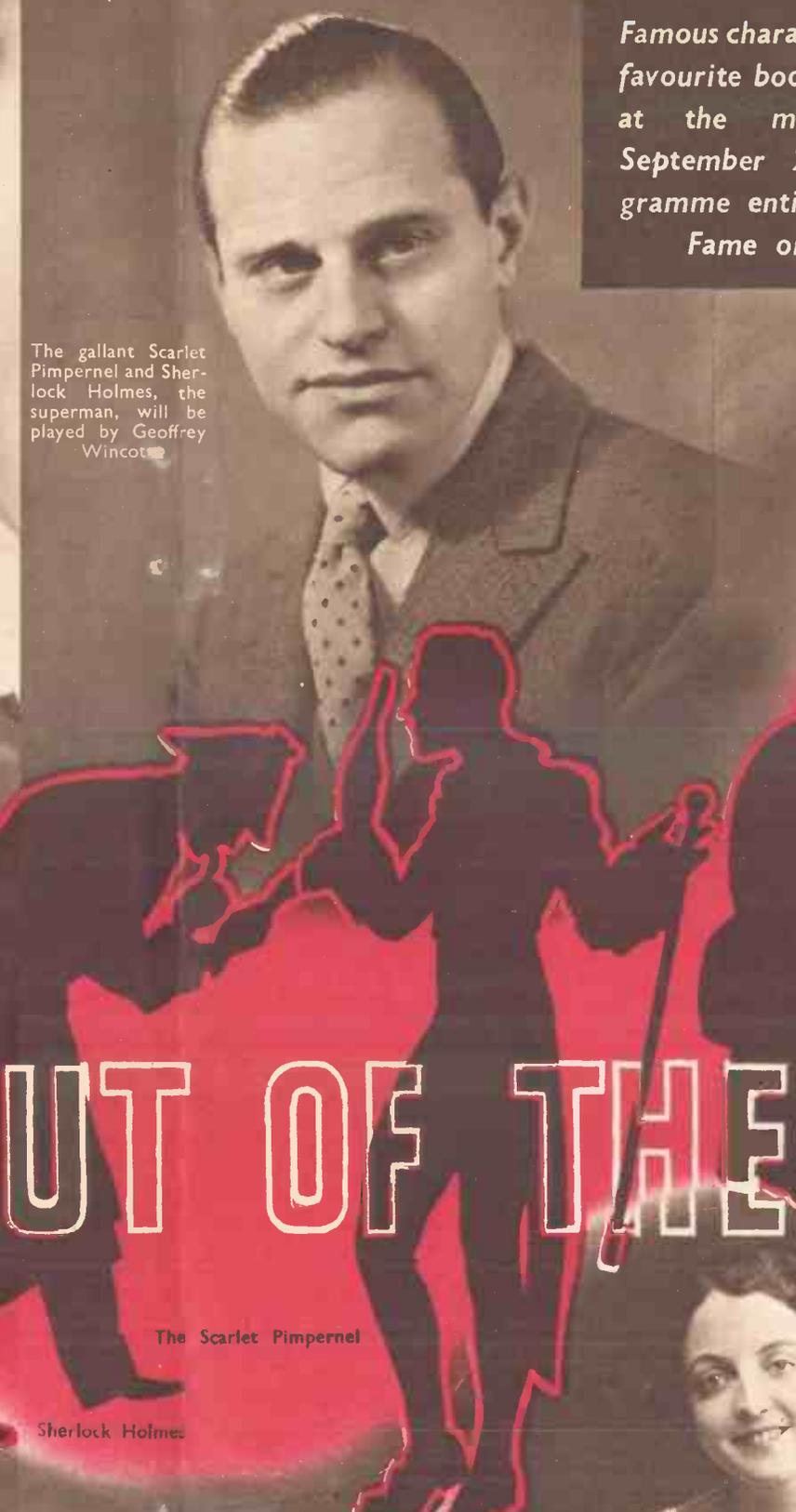
Don Quixote



The producer, Douglas Moodie, is new to National listeners. This is his first London production, though he has had a great deal of experience in Scotland and, recently, in the Empire programmes

Famous characters from your favourite books come to life at the microphone on September 22, in a programme entitled "Fictional Fame on Parade"

The gallant Scarlet Pimpernel and Sherlock Holmes, the superman, will be played by Geoffrey Wincott



Alice in Wonderland



Lady Blakeney

# OUT OF THE PAGES

The Scarlet Pimpernel

Sherlock Holmes



Joan Young (right) devised the programme, and will herself play Lady Blakeney, the wife of the Scarlet Pimpernel, and Becky Sharp. Nene Smith (left) composed the music



Marie Dainton has been chosen for the part of Alice in Wonderland



A New Fortnightly Humorous Feature



By THE IRRESPONSIBLE LISTENER

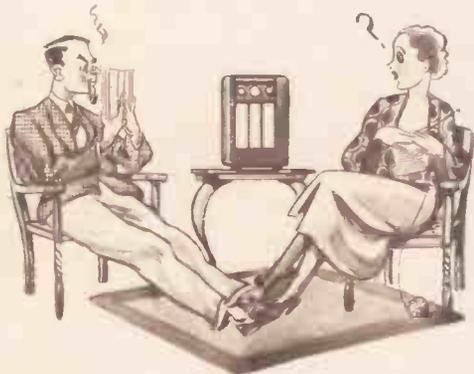
**M**Y new set's marvellously selective. I was listening to dance music the other night and couldn't stand the crooner. So I just tuned him out and let the band carry on alone.

TELEVISION TWISTERS

**T**ELEVISION is going to give the B.B.C. wallahs some pretty little problems to solve. Talks, for instance. In an ordinary broadcast they can supervise the manuscript and make sure it says nothing that even my maiden Aunt Clara could object to. Then the chap who reads it hasn't a dog's chance of playing monkey tricks with it. If he does, he's faded out.

But television will alter all that. A knowing wink can turn the simplest statement into a spicy innuendo. A twisted lip and a raised eyebrow can say "I don't think" even more clearly than the words themselves. Say "all thinking men must bestir themselves" with a sufficiently fierce scowl and it becomes almost seditious.

I can imagine the supervisor of light and shade



"... the sixth book in succession I'd brought home dealt with murder"

(or whatever is the television equivalent of balance and control) saying to the assistant supervisor of light and shade something like this:

A. S. L. S.: *That was a dirty look he gave then—positively Rabelaisian! Shall we fade him out?*  
S. L. S.: *Oh, Percy, how could you? I don't mean what you mean. I just thought he was a little too intense for a lecturer on "Why Worms Wriggle."*

Perhaps on one great and glorious day the B.B.C. will be sued for slander because it cut short a lecturer's facial expressions, and the lecturer will win his case by proving his face has always been like that and no one has complained about it before.

MIRABEL HOLDS FORTH

**M**IRABEL looked at me a bit queerly, I thought, when she found that the sixth book in succession I'd brought home from the library dealt with the husband who murders his wife and gets away with it until he's exposed in the last chapter. But can you blame me when I have to put up with this sort of thing? We'd just finished listening to a wireless play.

MIRABEL: *Thank goodness that's over!*

ME: *Why, I thought it was a very good play.*

MIRABEL: *Oh, the play was all right—what I could hear of it.*

ME (frantically twiddling knobs): *I thought the set didn't sound quite—*

MIRABEL (irritably): *Leave the thing alone, do. The set's all right. It's the crashes and whizzes and gurgles and booms that I can't stand.*

ME (with dawning comprehension): *You mean the effects?*

MIRABEL (with superb scorn): *Like a lot of silly little boys banging tin trays and blowing penny trumpets. Trying to show how clever they are!*

*He's here again—that happy, care-free listener who refuses to take his listening seriously! And you mustn't take him seriously. But we do guarantee you a lot of laughs!*

*In real life you don't shout at each other through a background of noise. You first blot out as much noise as you can and then you forget about what's left. So, as far as you're concerned, it isn't there. So why should the B.B.C. shove it in and make you listen to it?*

ME (feebly): *Yes, but in that play we've just heard a gale was supposed to be raging and—*

MIRABEL (fiercely): *Does a novelist keep on saying "the gale was still raging, the wind was still howling, the tempest was still—tempting" about every other line? He tells you there's a gale and credits you with sufficient intelligence to remember that it doesn't stop until he's given you the word.*

ME (defensively): *But in a wireless play you only have words. The actors can't help things by any gestures or appeal to the eye—*

MIRABEL: *So all the attention ought to be given to the words. Did you ever talk through a haze of groans and incidental music?*

ME (triumphantly): *Yes!*

MIRABEL: *Where?*

ME: *In a restaurant!*

IMPASSIONED INTERVIEWS—No. 2

**I**T is our privilege to introduce to you to-night the world's most glamorous film star," said the announcer in tones that suggested he was feeling his position acutely. "A face that is equally well known in the mightiest city and the humblest cottage; a voice that has thrilled millions. Miss Lotta Ludo!"

Awful pause for ten seconds. Announcer, in a tremulous whisper, "Would you please say 'Good evening' to the listeners, Miss Ludo?"

"Oh, am I on the air? What a bore! Er—good evening, everybody. May I go now?"

"But Miss Ludo, this is an interview. You have your script in your hand."

"Is this my script? It's not much use, I'm afraid. I can't read."

"Well, we must just do it impromptu," said the announcer, rallying gamely from the shock and grimly determined that the B.B.C. should have full value for every penny of the ten guineas they were paying Miss Ludo. "Now—er—who is your favourite screen lover?"

"I loathe the lot of them. If you only knew how dull it is to make love when both of you are smothered with yellow grease paint you wouldn't ask a stupid question like that."

"Then perhaps you will tell listeners what you think of our London policemen?"

"London policemen, huh? If I could get my claws into the big blue bozo who ran me for speeding when I was practically in reverse there'd be one policeman whose own mother wouldn't know him."

"Miss Ludo! Think of your fans! Think of the millions who look upon you as their Dream Girl!"

"They're all right! You needn't kid yourself they're listening in to this tripe. They are all at the pictures seeing my latest smashing success, *The Husband She Hated*, produced by Ike Goldblatt with a superb, all-star cast of—"

(Here a terrific crash indicated that the announcer had lost all balance and control and had stunned Miss Ludo by hitting her over the head with the microphone.)

THIS WEEK'S RUMOUR

**T**HE B.B.C. pundits are at last giving way to the Brighter Sunday enthusiasts, and for a start it is suggested that the epilogue

should be at ten-thirty a.m. instead of ten-thirty p.m.

O.B.'s AT THEIR BEST

**W**ELL, here we are at Doncaster Race-course, and in a few minutes you will be listening to a description of the famous St. Leger. Perhaps some of you don't know that St. Leger is the patron saint of bookmakers and is the only ledger that most of them know anything about.

"Perhaps we will have a chance a little later. Meanwhile, let me tell you something about the race. I can see the Aga Khan down there in the paddock looking at his horses.

"As I expect you know, he is the owner of ten out of the eleven horses running in the St. Leger to-day, and many good judges are confidently expecting the winner to be found from amongst his entries.

Ah, he has just gone to talk to the Honourable Percy de Voile. The Hon. Percy is the owner of the other runner, you know. Perhaps the Aga Khan is trying to buy him out. No, Percy shakes his head, laughs, and walks away. I hear that if Percy's horse doesn't win to-day he's ruined. Quite like a racing novelette, isn't it?

"Well, now they're at the starting gate. Percy's horse, Phlebite, seems to be giving a bit of trouble. She's kicking and bucking a lot. Now she's quietened down and they're all in line.

"I think they'll be off in a moment—no, Rass Beri, the favourite, has dropped back. Percy is looking white and strained. He's tearing his dickey into shreds and dropping them on the hat of the man in front of him. —THEY'RE OFF!

"Phlebite is left at the post. One of the Aga Khan's horses is leading, but they all look so much alike it's difficult—yes, I think it's Bahgum. Phlebite is travelling marvellously and has already made up a lot of ground. Now Frutesaltz is leading, and running very well too. Sultan Peppa



"... the announcer had stunned Miss Ludo with the microphone"

is second, and Rass Beri third. Phlebite is about sixth and hasn't a chance I'm afraid.

"Here they are coming down the straight. It's going to be a grand finish. Rass Beri's in front. Rass Beri will do it, I think. Frutesaltz is simply fizzing along, but can't catch Rass Beri. Rass Beri. NO! It's PHLEBITE! Phlebite has come in with a simply marvellous burst of speed and left the rest standing. Yes! Phlebite! PHLEBITE WINS! Percy is saved. Hurrah for the Old School Tie!"

# FORBIDDEN LOVE

Marigold knew what she wanted—but it was a queer twist of fortune that won her heart's desire

By  
**JOAN  
SUMMERS**

**M**ARIGOLD shifted her head a little to one side. Her golden curls spilled their sunlight over the dark navy cloth that was Harry's shoulder and his arm tightened a little around her. She brushed her lips against his cheek.

"Dearest," she said in a small voice that was husky-sweet, "it's no use thinking. There just *isn't* a way out."

His voice was hard when he answered. Hard and a little hopeless.

"There must be, my darling, if only I could see it." Then he grew angry. "Why should your father refuse to see me, refuse to let you be my wife just because I'm a band leader? Anyone would think I was a thief or a blackmailer or something. Dammit, there's nothing *wrong* about having a band, is there?"

She ran tender fingers along the line of his jaw. Her voice was far away and dreamy.

"I sometimes think you'd stand a better chance if you *were* a thief," she told him. "Father's got this strange complex about jazz and swing music and everything jolly and modern. He won't have the wireless *on* after half past ten unless there's some dreary classical programme from National."

"We could run away to Gretna Green, I suppose, though I hate the idea; I want to marry you properly in front of the whole world with orange blossom and *Lohengrin* and a brace of ushers."

"Father would get the marriage annulled," she told him flatly. "I know he would. No, the only thing to do is to wait until I'm twenty-one."

He pressed his lips to her mouth and they lost themselves in the passion of the moment. She felt his hand slip from her shoulder and press the soft flesh of her breast tenderly. Her breath came sobbingly and she clung to him, her small hands locked behind his head.

Presently he moved his mouth away from hers. "I can't wait," he said, very low. "I—I want you so, my dear love."

There were bright tears trembling on her long, gold-tipped lashes.

"I want you, too," she whispered. "Oh, Harry. . . ." Her voice was like a sigh.

He put his hands on her shoulders, holding her at arm's length.

"I know," he said very seriously. "That's half the trouble, my sweet, that's what makes it so difficult to wait another two years. But if we have to wait we *shall* wait, Marigold; we won't spoil things for each other."

She was crying now, unashamedly.

"It's so cruel," she said. "Things will change, I know they will. They always do, whatever sentimentalists say to the contrary. The first, fine, careless rapture goes and the solid friendship

Flinging herself face downwards on the bed and crying again into the handkerchief Harry had lent her. She could still feel the touch of his hands on her body, and her fingers caressed the small, pink mark, on the side of her neck where he had kissed her too hard and too long.

that takes its place isn't what I want when we marry. I want to marry you *now*—to-day—while we still want each other madly, desperately." Then she saw the pain in his eyes and stopped, fumbling in her bag for a handkerchief.

"Here you are," he said gruffly, pushing a large white square of linen into her hand. Marigold dabbed at her eyes, then she smiled up at him bravely.

"I'm going home to ask father again," she said. "I shall tell him that at least he can *meet* you before he gives you a bad name. Do you realise that he doesn't even know your surname; he's never let me get further than 'Harry'."

She pulled on her tiny pointed hat and gave herself a new mouth with a gay, scarlet lipstick. He watched her as she stood in front of the mirror, loving her every movement. She was a small, blonde girl with a penchant for dark brown street clothes and white roses, and she kissed like a slightly demoralised angel. She was the loveliest thing that had ever happened to him, he thought; she was worth more to him than even his beloved band. He would give up everything for her—wealth, good name, comfort.

He stuck his hands in his pockets and stared hopelessly at a small cigarette burn in the carpet.

Marigold faced her father with a white, tense face. He was a tall, thin man with fine white hair and little lines running fanwise from the corners of his eyes. She said:

"Father, I want to talk to you about Harry."

He looked up quickly from his newspaper. She stood there, slim as a lance with her cool, careless profile etched against the dark curtains behind her.

"I don't wish to hear that name spoken again," he said. "I'll have no truck with spineless young men who play noisy music on horrible instruments. Unfortunately, I can't prevent you from meeting this—this creature, but you will not meet him in my house."



Marigold found that her hands were trembling. She stuffed them into the pockets of her tan suit like a small girl.

"When I'm twenty-one," she said thinly, "you can't stop me from marrying him."

He smiled at her a little grimly.

"Meanwhile, my dear," he said, "you're nineteen, and two years is a long time. . . ."

She ran from the room. Up the broad, curving staircase into her tiny sanctuary. Flung herself face downwards on the bed and crying again into the handkerchief Harry had lent her. She could still feel the touch of his hands on her body, and her fingers caressed the small, pink mark on the side of her neck where he had kissed her too hard and too long.

Presently she switched on the portable wireless he had given her when he learned that her father wouldn't allow dance music to come over the air on the radiogram downstairs. He was playing at six-thirty, he had gone straight to Broadcasting House after they had parted an hour before.

"This is Harry Laing and his music," he told her over the long wave. "We will begin our programme with 'These Foolish Things.'"

She smiled a little and ran her fingers over the small, pink mark on her neck again. It was wonderful to lie there alone and listen to Harry's voice filling the room, but it was unsatisfactory. Far better to have his arms about you. To have his firm lips pressed hard against yours.

"My thoughts have wings,

These foolish things

Remind me of you . . ."

She sat with her knees drawn up to her chin, her hands slung around them, wondering. Wondering if his thoughts had wings, too, if they could see into the small room and picture her there, her heart full of love for him; just as she could see him, standing straight and tall, broad of shoulder and incredibly slim of hip, in the hot little studio.

Please turn to page 35

# SING-SONGS FOR THE YOUNG

**WHAT LISTENERS THINK**

★ **STAR LETTER**

**M**AYBE you and many other readers heard an excellent broadcast the other evening given by Lord Baden-Powell. It was followed by a rousing "camp fire" sing-song sung by a large number of Boy Scouts.

Being an Ex-Scout, it interested me a lot, and, I dare say, crowds of others, too.

To some grown-ups it may have seemed piffle, but why cannot we have more programmes of this type? Why not have programmes by representatives of all the different types of youth organisations of this country? It would arouse a great interest in the "in between," as a Miss Sheila Furness recently pointed out to you.

We have had a programme, called "Camp-fire on the Karroo," which is a grown-ups' sing-song; so why not one by Scouts, Guides, or Boys' Brigade? How about the Y.M.C.A. or debates by cycling clubs?

Why, it opens up a great new field for the B.B.C., who always are supposed to be on the look-out for new ideas.

What do fellow Pictorialites think?—*H. Watt, 61 Lyon Street, Newtown, Southampton.*

A reader who is an Ex-Scout makes a suggestion on behalf of our younger listeners, and wins this week's half-guinea.

looking forward to, and those services are of television. —(*Miss*) *B. Bramble, Beach Road, Caister-on-Sea, Norfolk.*

**Swell Drummer**

**I**N the last two weeks I have heard Ossie Noble, the Wizard of the Drums broadcasting with the Tiger Ragamuffins, last week from Plymouth and this week from Radiolympia. I think he is *sensational*, and his drum solo which is so novel, is put over with such pep and personality that the listener feels he is in the theatre. I think this is a fine example of a personality strong enough to make itself felt over the air.

Let's hear more of him. The pianists could afford to improve their act, by giving him more scope and time to show what he can do.—*Wendie, Church Villa, Ystrad, Rhondda, South Wales.*

**Maybe You're Right—Maybe Not!**

**I** WONDER if I am right in thinking—or feeling sure—that I have solved the mystery of "The Stranger" in last night's broadcast of "Light Fare." Can he be Johnstone—late of Layton and Johnstone? The Stranger's voice is certainly beautiful and sounds familiar to me. Again I wonder—am I right?

Whether or no—good luck to him, whomsoever he may be, and may we soon have the pleasure of hearing him sing again. Good luck, also, to RADIO PICTORIAL, which is, I think, a delightful and most interesting weekly.—*C. Fitzgerald, Richmond Terrace, Liverpool.*

**Disappointing Records**

**I**N the few hours which I have to listen in to my radio I feel that certain items on the programme are very unsatisfactory or disheartening, especially the period of "Gramophone Records."

How many hours of the day does dance music not arrive? It would make a stork stand on its two legs if it had to put up with the unaccountable stuff we feel like weeping over.

How many working people want to sit during lunch, listening to Dance Music. I always thought that was the sort of a rattle used at night.

All the records that are on during the day are under Dance Headings. Where do the records of singers go? I read not so long back that the B.B.C. stocked every record made. Is it the compère's fault or don't they stock them. Hoping to hear from McCormack, Kiepora, Caruso, in future.—*Irishman, Lover of good singers, Featherstone Road, King's Heath, Birmingham.*



By request: here's Alan Breeze, popular vocalist with Billy Cotton's Band

**Cotton Vocalists**

**W**OULD you please publish photographs of Peter Williams and Alan Breeze, vocalists in Billy Cotton's Band? I have heard them several times, but never seen them and I should be very grateful if you would do this little favour for me.

I think Buddy Bramwell's weekly articles are very lively and interesting. Perhaps a photograph of Buddy one week? Wishing RADIO PICTORIAL every success.—*I. E. G. (Rubery).*

**I** SHOULD like to congratulate Billy Cotton on obtaining another good vocalist in the shape of Caleb Quayle, the young coloured boy.

Could you possibly publish a photograph of either Caleb or of Alan Breeze, also of Billy's band? It would be asking too much for a photo of both of them, wouldn't it? Best wishes to RADIO PICTORIAL.—(*Miss*) *N. H. (Reading).*

**Enjoying Himself**

**I** CANNOT agree with Miss Moss that Brian Lawrance is spoiling his voice, singing Irish jigs, etc. To my mind, Brian is never happier than when singing traditional songs with Fred Hartley's Quintet. His record of "Phil the Fluter's Ball" is one of the happiest things I have heard and Brian seems thoroughly to enjoy himself. Brian is no more likely to spoil his voice singing this kind of song than he is by singing the nonsense that comprises the vocal refrain to most dance tunes.

Brian Lawrance certainly possesses a fine voice and a sympathetic understanding of his songs. His rendering of "The Mountains of Mourne" is one of the most charming I have heard and I have heard many versions by singers more mature and renowned than he!—*G. A. J. Major, Woodlands Road, Guildford.*

**Why?**

**T**WO letters have recently appeared in your PICTORIAL with reference to Henry Hall's band which apparently makes one correspondent sick and drives the other to tears. Why, in the name of goodness, do they listen to a band if they know they will be subject to those complaints?

The most recent letter stated Henry's band had lack of swing which is absolutely ridiculous as in my opinion he is equal to any band in America.—*H. E. Beale, Highworth Place, Witney, Oxon.*

**Great Comfort**

**W**HAT great comfort and wonderful company is brought to millions of lonely and careworn people, through the radio. It is quite safe to state that in nearly every home, from the humble cottage to the stately mansion, the radio is the great favourite of all. Radio Stars are, if one looks deeply into their lives, really human fairies; they bring so much happiness to others. As I remark, the wireless is the wonderful instrument of the present day, but the future holds still better services for one's benefit which we are all

## LET MARY STRONG HELP YOU!

*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** HAVE been engaged to a girl who lives in my district for two years. We have got on fairly well until about six months ago. Perhaps I had better be quite frank and say that I got tired of her. I let things slide and got out of seeing her quite so much. About a fortnight ago things came to a head, and I told her I thought we had better call the whole thing off. She turned up rough over it and (backed heavily by her mother) threatens me with a breach of promise action. Do you think she could get damages?—*Nervous Lover, Wolverhampton.*

I imagine she could. And quite easily. The fact that you have promised to marry her, and are threatening to break that promise, brings you within reach of the law. In cases of breach of promise a girl is entitled to recover the cost, say, of a wasted trousseau, or the value of a situation given up. Also any damages given sentimentally or punitively as a jury may consider adequate. A contract for marriage in this country is as binding as any other contract, of course. Still, there is the other side to it. You must use tact. I suggest you have a long talk with your fiancée over the whole question, which is—happiness for you both. You must be reasonable and not unkind in any way. You have to point out that your love for her has waned, which you should do very gently. If you can bring her to see there will be no happiness in a marriage under such conditions, she will probably be sensible and look at it that way. What she feels, most probably, is the opinion of her friends. No girl likes to think she has been jilted. Tell her you will

protect her in every way. You can agree to say that you have both come to the same conclusion, etc., etc. If she is still in love with you she may resist, but quiet reasoning on your part should persuade her that unless love is equal on both sides there will not be much happiness in it. It is because this is a fact that I suggest you do break it off if you possibly can—for both your sakes.

To J. H. W. (Prestatyn).—I think you will do well to read the above answer. There may be no question of breach of promise in your case, but the principle is the same. You and she are, on your own showing, dragging on your engagement and neither getting much out of it. If you have another three years to wait the situation will hardly be better then, will it? I am sure it is the same reason that holds you both back—fear of your friends and what they will say, especially if you meet them frequently. Take my advice and have a long talk together. Make the best of the situation. Do not quarrel; just agree to part and allow your engagement to become a reasonable friendship. Be frank if you are asked about it. There is nothing to hide. You have found out the mistake the safe side-of marriage. How much better than leaving it too late!

*Mary Strong*



You can be sure of hearing Sidney Torch, maestro at the organ, by tuning-in to Luxembourg every Wednesday at 6.30 p.m.



Our old friend Bertha Willmott, brilliant singer of the songs of the good old days, is as full of exuberance in private life as she is in front of the mike. Here you find her snapped—on holiday, in her garden, and with her son Donald. He is also employed by the B.B.C.!

## Bertha Willmott says

# "I Like Old Songs, Old Friends ... the Best"

**T**EN minutes conversation with Bertha Willmott the other day revealed three things of which she is immensely but justifiably proud.

Her boy. Her husband. Her work.

Few listeners, I suppose, know that Bertha Willmott's son, who is 15½ years old, is employed at the B.B.C.

"My boy often has the job of showing me up from the reception desk at Broadcasting House to the studio in which I am to broadcast," Bertha told me, "but"—and her eyes dilated with excitement—"will you believe me, he takes his work so seriously that when I arrive he keeps an absolutely straight face and does not show one flicker of recognition. Business is business with him!

"Will you come this way, please," he says, and I follow behind him like a lamb just as any other broadcasting artiste does.

"Funny, isn't it—but it's true!"

In private life, Miss Bertha Willmott is Mrs. Reginald Seymour. She lives in a new house—only about two years old—at New Malden, Surrey. The great feature about this house, I discovered, is its perfect comfort. Bertha is really keen on comfort. For instance, I found no fewer than eight armchairs in two rooms!

"You can't be comfortable," Bertha whispered, "sitting in a straight-backed chair, can you?"

This house of Bertha's, by the way, is called—what do you think? When the new home was in course of building, everyone kept asking Bertha to be sure to send the new address. "What is your house to be named?" her many friends asked.

"Oh, I dunno," Bertha replied to all these queries.

That sort of thing went on and on until the house was actually finished and ready for occupation. Still she was answering the same question with the same terse reply: "I dunno."

So, finally, someone suggested that the house itself had better be called "Oidunno." And that is the name it bears to-day.

A lovely little place it is, too, with chickens at the back, tomatoes, lettuce, roses, apples and pears. The house itself has oak panelling and parquet flooring. It has one of those ingle-nook fireplaces, too. Romantic-like.

When at home, Bertha, I gathered, personally looks after the feeding of the fowls.

Bertha simply adores birds. She has a beautiful aviary housing twenty budgerigars. Then she has two lovely canaries and a brightly coloured parrot who, incidentally, is a remarkably fine talker.

"Monarch," an outside in Alsations, is another important member of the Seymour household; but oh, I nearly forgot, there is also a pond in her garden full of goldfish.

Bertha loves cooking, and at "Oidunno," I learned, they liked good, plain, old-fashioned fare. But one little custom they have—a sort of midnight ritual—rather intrigued me. Bertha and her husband invariably share a pot of tea before going to bed, no matter how late the hour!

You may remember Bertha in the de Courville revue, "Razzle Dazzle," at Drury Lane Theatre. As

In this exclusive interview, PAUL HOBSON introduces you to Bertha Willmott, famous Radio Comedienne and Proud Mother. Her next broadcast is on September 19 in "Music-hall."

far back as April, 1924, however, she broadcast from the old 2LO station and since then has made a great hit in old-time music-hall programmes on the wireless. "How did you rise to radio fame?" I asked. "What made you specialise in the old-time songs?"

"I love old songs the best," she confided, "and I believe that the majority of listeners do as well.

"There is something about the old-time songs—a melodious lilt—which even the best of your modern jazz ditties doesn't quite attain. Some of these old songs have been sung for several generations, yet they are still as popular as ever. Can you imagine many of the present-day jazz tunes attaining the same universal popularity which lasts for years?"

"In my case," Bertha went on "I have to find songs which fit in with what I may call the 'Bertha Willmott atmosphere.' Once you have built up a definite type of performance, it is most necessary never to step out of it. Otherwise most of your fans will be grievously disappointed."

Then she told me a story about a small boy who asked her to sign his autograph book.

"You're a star, ain't yer?" he said.

Bertha took the album from his hand, and said: "But you don't know who I am?"

"Of course I know who you are," he replied derisively. "You're Mybel." The boy, of course, thought that Bertha was Mabel Constanduros.

"Oh, no," said Bertha, "I'm not Mabel."

"Struth!" or words to that effect, exclaimed the boy, who was somewhat nonplussed at his own ignorance.

"If you ain't Mybel, then 'oo are yer?"

"Bertha Willmott."

"Never 'eard of yer!" And then, condescendingly: "But you can sign my book, all the same."

So Bertha meekly appended her signature, realising, no doubt, the hollowness of fame.

"I've often tried to puzzle out," Bertha said, "why I get so many letters from child listeners. I will make no secret of the fact that I get more letters from kids than anyone else. Why?"

"Only a few weeks back, when my maid opened the front door of my house one morning, there on the portico was a large bunch of beautiful marigolds

'from an admirer.' The only clue to the identity of my mysterious listener friend were the words 'Joan, aged 10.'

Charming, pathetic and rather sad, I thought.

"One of the reasons why old music-hall songs are so popular with listeners," Bertha explained, "is that they appeal to highbrows and lowbrows alike.

"Even your modern dance-band fan finds pleasure in listening to old-time songs. On the other hand, the listener who abhors jazz and regards crooners as a horrible phase of our modern musical evolution, equally can find pleasure in listening to music-hall songs which, in their day, swept the country.

"Thus, in my opinion, they command a universality of audience greater than either modern dance tunes or classical songs. This is an important point, for really wide popularity can never be achieved by singing any type of song which appeals only to one section of the public."

I began to wonder how far I was being convinced by Bertha's telling arguments or by her attractive manner of talking.

Sung by anyone else, I do not think these songs sound quite the same, for Bertha carries on the old tradition and sings famous old ditties like "Down by the Old Bull and Bush," "Everyone is Doing it Now," and so on, with that same flair which made the songs famous when they were first introduced.

In doing this, she is working nowadays under difficulties which her predecessors did not experience. Florrie Forde, for instance, had the whole stage to work on, and could employ all the arts of pantomime to put over a song effectively. When Bertha does the same number to-day, she has to stand still in front of a microphone, relying entirely upon what the Americans call "sheer personality."

And, by the way, I forgot to tell you that Bertha Willmott was recently laid up for three long weeks with pleurisy and flu, but I am glad to tell you that she is now fully recovered. Listeners to her broadcast to-morrow night and her many fans will rejoice that she is well again, and join me in wishing her all the best of luck.

# THE NEW "IN TOWN TONIGHT"

Continued from page 7

"You had one or two interviews done by a woman last year, didn't you?"

"Yes, and I intend to make more use of them this year if I can, but it's entirely a question of finding the right kind of voice personality."

"What are your greatest difficulties with 'In Town To-nighters'?" I asked.

"Nerves and forgetting glasses!" replied Bill promptly. "The first can usually be overcome with patience, but the second is more difficult. It's surprising how many people forget their glasses! If they live near to Broadcasting House they can go home and fetch them, or send a boy, but if they come from a long way off it's very difficult. I had one old gentleman once who had forgotten his spectacles and couldn't read a line without them. Another 'In Town To-nighter' lent his for the occasion and the old fellow said he'd never seen so well in his life!"

"I have one rehearsal in the late afternoon, allowing about fifteen minutes for each person. There is a loudspeaker in the waiting room so that they can hear each other's efforts and by the end of the rehearsal they're all talking cheerfully together. It's extraordinary how friendly they become in a short time. Celebrities and chimney sweeps exchange confidences during the rehearsal, and by the time the show is over they're one happy family—nerves completely forgotten. Of course, some people need more handling than others, but I know how it feels to have 'mike fright' and can put myself in their place and sympathise. Everyone is usually all right by seven o'clock, after a snack in the B.B.C. restaurant."

"I suppose you do have mishaps now and then?"

"Oh, often! But never, so far, anything really frightful that has spoilt the whole programme. I remember I did a very silly thing myself once. I was interviewing a girl who was talking about old customs in Henry VII's time. She should have said, 'In those days they had carpets on the table instead of on the floor.' Instead of which she remarked, 'They had carpets on the floor instead of on the table.' I never noticed her mistake and repeated foolishly, 'Really, so they had carpets on the floor instead of on the table?' in a tone of great astonishment!"

"Does Mrs. Hanson help you at all with *In Town To-night*?" I queried.

"Certainly she does," said Bill. "Some of the most interesting London characters we've had have been her suggestions. She never misses a programme of mine and always comes to Broadcasting House and goes into the Listening Hall, without any idea beforehand of what she is going to hear. In that way she is able to give me unbiased criticism and an impartial view of my work. She doesn't spare me when anything goes wrong but, on the other hand, she does give praise when it is due."

What manner of man is this 'Bill' Hanson? Let me tell you, quite briefly, something about his amazing history.

"Bill" is always smiling—or nearly always—genial and easy to get on with; his shrewd brain weighs you up as you talk. Nothing escapes his notice. No detail is too small for him, and that is



"But I give you ze autograph yesterday, yes?"  
"I know, but I'd like my fountain pen back."

one of the reasons why his programmes are so successful. No one gets past him with anything slipshod.

He hasn't always been connected with the entertainment world, although a love of the theatre runs in his family. His cousin, Alfred Field-Fisher, went out to Australia and became one of the leading comedians there, and the Field-Fisher Quartet, composed of other cousins, was famous forty years ago.

Bill Hanson when young was a choir boy and amateur pianist. One day the organist at his church, knowing he played the piano, asked him to play for the choir practice. Then and there Bill decided to teach himself to play the organ. He soon became very enthusiastic about it, though he confesses he always belonged to the "one-pedal brigade" and never was first-class! He was organist at several churches and ultimately became organist and choirmaster at a church in West Acton. He had a natural flair for training choir boys—his first attempt at producing a show—though of rather a different kind from those he undertakes now!

When he left school his father decided that he should go in for house agency. He was not at all keen on the idea, but like a dutiful son fell in with his father's wishes.

Then came the offer of a job in the Accounts Department of an Education Authority. He took it, but liked accounts even less than house agency. He bided his time, still playing the organ and piano in his spare moments, and also—here comes the first indication of his future career—experimenting with wireless. He was madly keen on it and spent hours with the new invention, going as far as learning the Morse Code. He had a vague idea that if he mastered this he could become a wireless operator on a ship, for the sea was then, and still is, one of his greatest joys.

He was still dissatisfied with his career and when he saw an advertisement for a cinema organist he applied for the post. Alas, when he got to the office the job had already gone, but

the director to whom he went said that if he liked he could join the Aeolian Company as a piano salesman. Bill jumped at the chance; anything to do with music.

Then began an amusing life. He tried to sell pianolas, with varying success and, every pianola purchaser being entitled to a free lesson, was sent from house to house teaching people to play the instrument.

"It was great fun," grinned Bill Hanson. "Some people told me to wait in the kitchen, others asked me to dinner, but few of them knew anything about pianolas!"

War broke out. He volunteered on the first day for both Army and Navy. The Army wrote to him; the Navy wired, so he joined the Navy, where his knowledge of Morse proved very useful. September found him on board the *Speedy*, which struck a mine and slowly sank, several of the crew being killed. Not so Bill, who was picked up three-quarters of an hour later, little the worse for his experience. He went right through the War with the Navy and, apart from this little upset at the beginning, was never seriously hurt.

War over, he went back to the Aeolian Company, which in the meantime had begun the production of gramophone records. Bill was appointed recording manager and was responsible for the work of many famous artists. In 1932 the company, now known as the Vocalian Record Company, was merged with another concern. By now Bill had had enough of the recording business and decided to make a change, thinking his experience might perhaps be useful to the B.B.C.

He interviewed several people, including Eric Maschwitz, who was enthusiastic from the start. Bill joined the B.B.C. staff on June 1, 1933, as assistant to the Variety Director and official in charge of visiting dance bands. He also had to select bands to take the place of Henry Hall and the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra when they were on holiday.

He was given various programmes to produce, the first being *Café Colette*, which has become another popular favourite. In September Maschwitz had a brainwave and suggested *In Town To-night*, deputing Hanson to look after the new show.

"What is your aim with the new 'In Town To-night's which are about to begin'?" I asked.

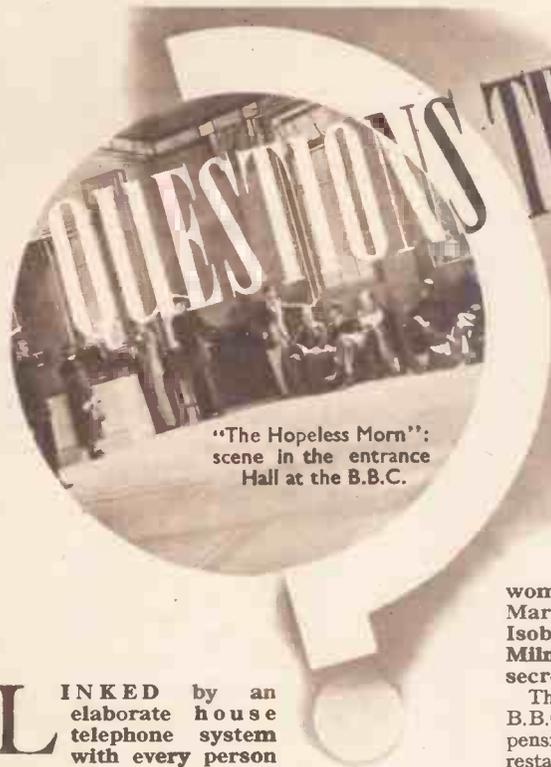
"My aim," said Bill very seriously, "is to produce a programme which will, in that short half-hour, crystallise the very spirit of London. I don't mean that I only want Londoners to broadcast—far from it; we welcome people from the provinces, overseas, everywhere—we'd put a Martian on the air if we could!—but I want in the programme to convey, if possible, something of the spirit of London, the great city which is like a magnet to nearly every Englishman at home or abroad."

"Of course, by far the most important thing about *In Town To-night* is balance. It doesn't matter how many famous film stars are in town on that night, I mustn't have them all—it would upset the balance. A little of everything is my motto. There must be something to appeal to everyone and, above all, something to keep them amused."

"*In Town To-night*, 101st Edition! We hope to bring you something interesting each week."

## ACCORDING TO FATHER!





"The Hopeless Morn": scene in the entrance Hall at the B.B.C.

# THE B.B.C. CAN'T ANSWER

Many thousands of curious folk visit Broadcasting House every week . . . and ask all manner of questions, some of which take a lot of answering! In this article, JOHN TRENT gives the answers to some of the most usual queries

advice is to wait until applications are invited for the kind of post a fellow wants. A selection board sees a short list of men who apply and the best man gets offered the job.

The answer to, "How do you like working for a woman?" is, "I should not be here if I didn't." Several important posts are held by women at Broadcasting House. Miss Mary Somerville is Schools Director, Miss Isobel Benzie Foreign Director and Miss Milnes librarian. Sir John Reith has women secretaries.

Three weeks is the usual holiday period for B.B.C. staff. A contributory scheme ensures a pension and a shilling secures a good lunch in the restaurant. A black hat is no part of any uniform.

Can we see Sir John Reith? What does he look like?

Sir John is rarely heard at the microphone, and takes no active part in the morning service. He has broadcast about a dozen times in thirteen years and always on big national occasions. He was last heard announcing the news of King George's death. A loudspeaker in his office

enables Sir John to listen to daytime programmes whenever his work permits.

Can we see the microphone which the King uses? That is another question with a negative answer.

The studio from which the King likes to broadcast is 3B, on the third floor. The microphone which transmits his voice is an ordinary instrument taken from stock and, like the studio, is in regular use every day.

"Where do members of the B.B.C. go on Sundays?" is yet another frequent but unanswerable question. How a variety producer chooses to spend the Sabbath naturally is no concern of the B.B.C.'s. The sports ground at Motspur Park is open on Sundays for games, and is much used by both junior and senior staff.

If programmes are broadcast throughout the night, then are there a number of bedrooms at Broadcasting House? Only the Empire announcers and producers sleep at Broadcasting House though engineers work right through the night on maintenance work which cannot be done while programmes are being broadcast.

The answer: "Will you please broadcast an  
(Continued on page 31)

**L**INKED by an elaborate house telephone system with every person of importance and no importance at Broadcasting House, the officials at the Reception Desks spend their hours of duty, apart from receiving visitors, in replying to questions, Questions, QUESTIONS.

It is no easy job: these officials need to be not only walking (or rather sitting) encyclopædias, but diplomats of the first order, as I will explain.

Some rather frank questions are answered equally frankly. "How can I get a job with the B.B.C.?" is a frequent query, for instance, which is not received with a cold, incredulous stare, as you might suppose.

But the reply to the numerous people who naively ask: "Please tell us all about Broadcasting House," certainly is a peculiar kind of withering look from behind the desk. You would require a whole day properly to walk round and inspect the scores of departments at B.B.C. headquarters, let alone to hear what everything is for and how everything is done.

Thousands of enthusiastic listeners want to know how they can get permission to watch a broadcast actually in progress.

To them the reply is to write to the Director of Office Administration at Broadcasting House or to the appropriate Regional headquarters. There is a waiting list of four thousand names, however, for the London studios alone, but it is worth while putting your name down, because there will be more "Music-hall" programmes with studio audiences in the Autumn. Five hundred visitors should then be wiped off the list every week. Evening dress is not worn by visitors. Only staff on duty at night and artistes are expected to change.

**T**ours of Broadcasting House cannot be fixed unless the applicant is a foreign broadcaster or has some other special claim.

Studios are always in use and strangers are never welcome in the control-room.

Liquor is only offered to distinguished guests on very special occasions, but the catering department is ready to provide all other refreshments from a breakfast to a buffet supper.

To revert to the matter of getting a job. Here are the facts.

There are no fewer than 2,500 people on the staff of the B.B.C. Of these 1,700 are men and 800 women. About one hundred work at each Regional headquarters and it takes about twenty-five men working in shifts to operate a Regional transmitting station.

The answer to the girl who wants to know how she can get a job as secretary is that she should write to the Women's Supervisor, Broadcasting House, London. Good speed is required in both shorthand and typing. Languages are an advantage, and if there is a vacancy, an interview with Miss Freeman will follow in due time. There is at the moment, however, a long waiting list.

All good jobs for men are advertised and best

# STOP STOMACH PAIN!

**THE QUICKEST WAY TO  
STOP INDIGESTION**

is to remove the cause of the trouble—excess stomach acid. Recent medical research and X-ray experiments proved that 'Bisurated' Magnesia contains the quickest-acting and most effective antacid and stomach correctives known to medical science.

**ECONOMY SIZES (POWDER OR TABLETS) 1/3 & 2/6**

**"NEW SONGS  
FOR OLD"**

THE dear, old songs of years ago, ballads we knew and loved in the half-forgotten past, and the lively melodies of modern song and dance—all are brought to you each Sunday in the new 'Bisurated' Magnesia concert series, 'New Songs for Old,' featuring Gerry Fitzgerald, the popular radio star. Tune in to Radio Luxembourg at 10.30 a.m. and Radio Normandy at 5 p.m. every Sunday to these delightful new programmes.

From My Diary . . .

By a Harley Street Doctor

## TAKE CARE OF THOSE TONSILS

**W**HEN our first baby arrived, some ten years ago, I told my wife I hoped she would never become a lazy mother. "How will you know?" she asked, "you're out most of the day." "There is one infallible sign," I replied "If ever I see Baby sucking a dummy I shall know you are shirking your job."

The only reason a baby is given a dummy to suck is because it cries. Now no baby ever cries without a good reason. Healthy babies are happy little mortals, and usually there's no reason why they should want to cry. They may cry from indignation and resentment when they are being washed and would rather be doing something else, but at most other times they only cry from pain or discomfort.

The sensible and conscientious mother finds and removes the cause of the trouble, and the crying ceases. The lazy mother pops a dummy into the unfortunate little creature's mouth—and paves the way for all kinds of future trouble. The dummy in babyhood is one of the most frequent reasons for endless sickness during childhood arising from diseased tonsils and adenoids.

Few members of the general public seem to understand what tonsils and adenoids are and how they work. In simple language, they are germ traps. Both are composed of the same kind of tissue (adenoid tissue), but the tonsils are situated at either side of the base of the tongue and the adenoids are on the back of the cavity behind the nose.

**I**n the normal way the germs are trapped, destroyed and disposed of, but if they are constantly overworked the tonsils enlarge themselves to deal with the extra work. Unfortunately the blood and body mechanism by which they are cleaned and through which the impurities are carried away cannot undergo a corresponding enlargement. Therefore the adenoid tissues gradually accumulate waste products, become inflamed, and end by being a source of infection instead of a germ barrier.

A famous Harley Street medical man, whose name, owing to reasons of medical etiquette, cannot be disclosed, continues his weekly notes on common ills and chills, with reference to the doings of Mary, John and Peter.

Once this has happened there is really very little one can do except to cut out the infected parts. A few years ago tonsils were taken out on the flimsiest of excuses, and there is no doubt that far too many were removed. Now we have gone to the other extreme, and tonsils are being left in when they would be far better out. The difficulty is that no amount of gargling or painting will reach the deep folds and clefts into which the tissue forms itself, and even if the worst of the

inflammation is cured we are still left with the problem of over-enlargement that is bound to cause more trouble before long.

Therefore, even though a parent's kind heart shrinks from inflicting on a child the pain and discomfort that is bound to follow even such a small operation as this, it is better to face it if the doctor advises that there is definite and permanent enlargement of the affected parts.

The ideal at which to aim is to prevent infection as much as possible and so avoid overworking these sensitive parts of the throat. My own children have never given me any anxiety in this respect, but I am always on the look-out for danger signals. Breathing through the mouth, dullness and listlessness through no apparent cause, susceptibility to colds, recurring sore throats—these are the indications that tonsils and adenoids may be giving trouble.

**T**he chief difficulty usually arises when the children go to school. Mary is away at boarding school, but when she was at a day kindergarten there was the constant danger of catching colds from other children whose parents were not sufficiently conscientious to keep their youngsters at home during attacks of the snuffles. We shall, of course, have the same worry when John and Peter go to school, but meanwhile we concentrate on building up their bodily resistance.

Plenty of fresh air, fresh fruit and fresh water; a tepid or cold sponge down every day; liberal doses of cod liver oil during the winter; daily gargling with a mild antiseptic (even two-year-old Peter does his gargle in a shrill, ecstatic treble), and I am able to say with the utmost thankfulness that colds are a rarity in our home and that in all probability the children will keep their tonsils and adenoids intact as long as they live.

"... liberal doses of cod liver oil during the winter."



## JOHN LISTENER WAS MOSTLY RIGHT— —but Sometimes Wrong!

Candid comments by readers on some of John Listener's "Unposted Letters."

Brian Lawrance, Broadcast Vocalist.

**A**S a critic you are one of the few plain outspoken ones, but the letter you suggested sending to Brian Lawrance was a little too silly and beyond a joke.

I am a staunch radio listener, and have never yet heard such a lovely, soothing voice that could convey so much to the listening public as that of the dapper little band-leader of the Lansdowne.

I hope we hear more and more of this fine voice, and when you begin to appreciate the best singing, perhaps you will be able to give him "bouquets" instead of "brickbats."

G. P. C., Cardiff.

May I say that I think Brian Lawrance is the finest light vocalist heard on the air, and that we can never have too much of him?

His flawless diction alone has given me hours of pleasure.

L. B., Hull.

I am a new reader of RADIO PICTORIAL and was surprised to read that anyone was hearing too much of Brian Lawrance. I cannot hear him enough!

He has more expression and sincerity in his voice than all the Bert Yarletts and Bing Crosbys in the universe.

K. S., Bloxwich.

John Listener's weekly "Unposted Letters" to broadcasting artistes and B.B.C. officials have proved to be one of the most popular features ever begun in "Radio Pictorial." You will find this week's letters on page 6.

Here are a few of the opinions—favourable and otherwise—which readers have sent to John Listener about his suggested communications to the following radio personalities:—

Gracie Fields, Comedienne.

**I** AM writing to tell you that I agree with all your *Unposted Letters*, especially the suggested one to Gracie Fields, whose next appearance before the mike is long overdue.

L. S., Rochdale.

Have just read your suggested letter to Gracie Fields. If Gracie were to know just how disappointed her fans are, she would be the first to oblige for, as she herself says: "There isn't enough money in the world to buy the happiness that it gives me in making other people happy."

With all best wishes to R.P., also to John Listener.

E. R. L., Southampton.

Why waste postage and valuable time by sending your letter to Gracie Fields?

Great artistes whom the public have placed on

high pedestals should realise when signing contracts for broadcasting to the Empire that they owe most of their success not only to the B.B.C. but to those who pay to see them in Variety, shouting themselves hoarse, and these are the ones they should think of first.

F. W. G., Hammersmith, W.6.

Collie Knox, Radio Editor, *The Daily Mail*.

**I** AGREE with your letter to Collie Knox, but I wonder why it should be that the radio editor of a daily paper should have to show the B.B.C. what listeners want, and, furthermore, why he should have to force their requests upon B.B.C. officials.

The B.B.C. will have to do something about it, to remove the suspicion from listeners' minds that their suggestions are not welcomed at Broadcasting House.

A. W., London, W.14.

Bryan Michie, Producer and Compère, Broadcasting House, London.

**T**HE Variety programme, to which you referred in your *Unposted Letter* to Bryan Michie, certainly was rather awful.

But Bryan's charming, diffident voice is always a pleasure to hear, with or without embroidery.

All the best to you and RADIO PICTORIAL.

L. R., London, N.W.8.

# CONSTIPATION

## Can be Conquered

Yes, even the most stubborn case of constipation will yield to the right treatment—but it is useless to have recourse to violent purgatives which only achieve their object by "shock" methods. These weaken the whole system and, apart from the obvious danger involved in their continued use, invariably aggravate the trouble by their "binding" effect.

What is needed is a systematic course of a mild antacid laxative; 'Milk of Magnesia' is admirable for this purpose. It never occasions the slightest discomfort; its mild action cannot possibly cause strain to the most delicate. It is definitely not habit-forming. In addition to its mild laxative properties it has the most beneficial effect on the entire digestive tract. In remedying indigestion it removes the very cause of constipation.

Get a bottle of 'Milk of Magnesia' from your chemist to-day. Take it regularly for a week, adjusting the dose as directed to your needs. You will be delighted with the all-round improvement in your health and well being. Thereafter an occasional dose, say at intervals of a week, will provide all the prompting that your system needs. Once you have tried this gentle, safe relief, that doctors so strongly recommend, you will never use anything else. Be sure to get 'Milk of Magnesia' which is the trade mark of 'Phillips' preparation of magnesia. Of all Chemists: Prices 1/3 and 2/6. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small. 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.

## 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.

### "THE SIX SWINGERS"—APOLOGY

TO MR. GEORGE SCOTT-WOOD.—We apologise to you for having advertised as appearing on Sunday, the 23rd August, 1936, at the Royal Aquarium, Great Yarmouth, as "The Famous Six Swingers," a sextet of musicians from Mr. Marius B. Winter's Band which was not the Six Swingers and in no way connected with your well-known combination of that name. We very much regret the damage, annoyance and inconvenience you have suffered in consequence of our wrongful act, which occurred through our being misled by others that in fact the Six Swingers had been booked to appear for us at the Royal Aquarium on the date in question.

Dated the 3rd day of September, 1936.

CLIFF GLEN DIAMOND, The Royal Aquarium Ltd.

## IN TWO SHADES OF BLUE

Continued from page 16

### THE YOKE SHAPING

Next row—With right side facing, K. 20, and leave the remaining 40 sts. on a holder. Continue on the 20 sts., working in stocking stitch, which is K. 1 row, P. 1 row, and dec. 1st in every row at the yoke edge, keeping the armhole edge straight, until 2 sts. remain. Cast off. Return to the 40 sts. on the holder, place the next 20 sts. on a safety pin, for the back of the yoke, join wool and knit to the end of the remaining 20 sts. Finish this second side to correspond with the first side, by working a dec. at the yoke edge in every row till 2 sts. remain. Cast off.

### THE YOKE

Cast on 8 sts. with light wool and No. 5 needles, and with right side facing, pick up and K. 18 sts. along one side of the yoke shaping, knit the 20 sts. on the safety pin, pick up and K. 18 sts. along the other side of the yoke shaping, cast on 8 (72 sts.).

Next row—Knit with light wool. Next 2 rows—Knit with dark wool. Cut the dark wool. Next row—Knit with light wool. Next 3 rows—In single ribbing. Next row—(Rib 9, S. 1, P. 2 tog., pass slipped st. over 2 sts. purled tog.) 6 times (60 sts.). Next 5 rows—In single ribbing. Next row—(Rib 7, S. 1, P. 2 tog., pass slipped st. over) 6 times (48 sts.). Next 2 rows—In ribbing. Change to No. 7 needles, and rib 4 rows. Change to No. 9 needles, and rib 4 rows. Cast off with dark wool loosely in ribbing.

### FRONT

This is the same as the back, until the two sides of the yoke shaping are completed, and the 20 sts. remain on the safety pin. Place these 20 sts. on the No. 5 needles once more and work as follows:—

1st row—K. 4, K. 2 tog., in backs, P. 8, K. 2 tog., in fronts, K. 4. 2nd row—P. 5, K. 8, P. 5. 3rd row—K. 4, K. 2 tog., in backs, P. 6, K. 2 tog., in fronts, K. 4. 4th row—P. 5, K. 6, P. 5. 5th row—K. 4, K. 2 tog., in backs, P. 4, K. 2 tog., in fronts, K. 4. 6th row—P. 5, K. 4, P. 5. 7th row—K. 4, K. 2 tog., in backs, P. 2, K. 2 tog., in fronts, K. 4. 8th row—P. 5, K. 2, P. 5. 9th row—K. 4, K. 2 tog., in backs, K. 2 tog., in fronts, K. 4. 10th row—Purl. Change to No. 7 needles, work 4 rows in stocking stitch and decrease 1 st. at both ends of last row (8 sts.). Change to No. 9 needles and work 6 rows in stocking stitch. Cast off loosely.

### YOKE

With pale wool and No. 5 needles, cast on 10 sts., then pick up and K. 18 sts. along one side of the yoke shaping, with the right side facing (28 sts.). Knit back in light wool.

Next 2 rows—Knit with dark wool.

Next row—Knit with light wool.

Next 3 rows—In ribbing. Next row—Rib 6, S. 1, K. 2 tog., pass slipped stitch over, rib 5 (24 sts.). Next 5 rows—In ribbing.

Next row—Rib 5, S. 1, P. 2 tog., pass slipped stitch over, rib 9, S. 1, P. 2 tog., pass slipped stitch over, rib 4 (20 sts.). Next 2 rows—In ribbing. Change to No. 7 needles, and rib 4 rows. Change to No. 9 needles, and rib 4 rows. Cast off loosely in ribbing with dark wool.

For the other side of the front of the yoke, with the right side facing, pick up 18 sts. along the edge of the yoke shaping, then cast on 10 sts. using light wool and No. 5 needles. Knit back, knit 2 rows with dark wool and continue with the same instructions as for the first side. Sew the edges of the yoke to the edges of the centre portion.

### SLEEVES

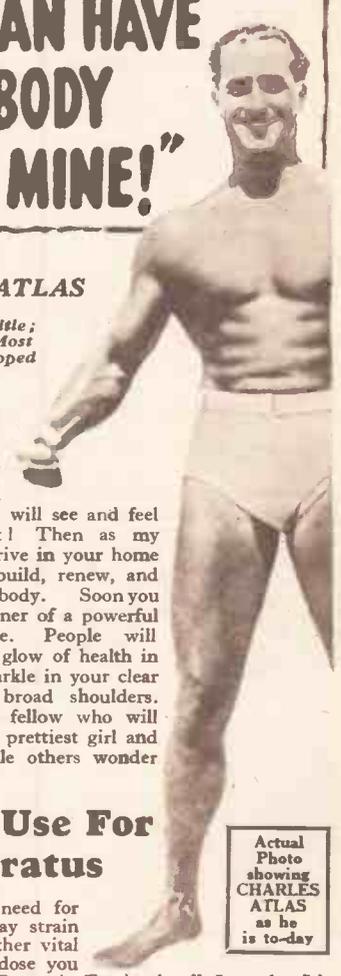
Cast on 30 sts. loosely with No. 9 needles and dark wool. Knit 1 row. Change to light wool and purl 1 row. Work in single ribbing for 5 inches, finishing with a row on the right side.

Next row—With wrong side facing, inc. to 40 sts. as follows: rib 10 (K. 2 sts. in next st., P. 2 sts. in next st.) 5 times, rib 10.

Next row—Rib 10, work next 20 sts. as 1st pat. row, rib 10. Next row—Rib 10, work next 19 sts. as 2nd pat. row, rib 10. Next 7 rows—Rib the 10 sts. at either end of the row, and work the middle 20 sts. as the 3rd to 9th pat. rows respectively. Next row—(K. 2 sts. in next st., P. 2 sts. in next st.) 5 times, work next 20 sts. as 10th pat. row (K. 2 st. in next st., P. 2 sts. in

Please turn to page 30

"GIVE ME YOUR MEASURE AND I'LL PROVE IN THE FIRST 7 DAYS YOU CAN HAVE A BODY LIKE MINE!"



By CHARLES ATLAS

Holder of the Title; "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

I'LL give you PROOF in 7 days that I can make you a NEW MAN. Right in the first week you will see and feel the improvement! Then as my weekly lessons arrive in your home I continue to rebuild, renew, and "overhaul" your body. Soon you are the proud owner of a powerful build like mine. People will notice the ruddy glow of health in your face, the sparkle in your clear eyes, and your broad shoulders. You will be the fellow who will walk off with the prettiest girl and the best job while others wonder how you did it!

## I've No Use For Apparatus

I haven't any need for apparatus that may strain your heart and other vital organs. I don't dose you or doctor you. *Dynamic Tension* is all I need. It's the natural tested method for developing real men inside and out. Are you under weight? I'll add pounds where needed! Are you fat in spots? I'll pare you down to fighting trim! And I'll also give you rugged health that banishes constipation, pimples, bad breath, and similar conditions that rob you of the good things of life.

Actual Photo showing CHARLES ATLAS as he is to-day

## 48-page Book FREE

Post coupon below for FREE copy of my new book, It reveals the secrets that changed me from a 7-stone weakling into a husky who won the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

Tells all about my method and what it has done to make big-muscled men out of run-down specimens. Shows from actual photos how I develop my pupils to my own perfectly balanced proportions. My system can do the same for you, too. Don't keep on being only half of the man you CAN be! Put your name and address on the coupon and post it TO-DAY, as supply is limited. Charles Atlas, Dept. 43-J, Shell-Mex House, London, W.C.2.



## CHARLES ATLAS

Dept. 43-J, Shell Mex House, London, W.C.2

I want the proof that your system of *Dynamic Tension* will make a new man of me. Send me your book, "Everlasting Health and Strength," FREE.

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(Please print or write plainly)  
Address.....  
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## JESSIE MATTHEWS' Beauty Secret

Miss Jessie Matthews, the famous Gaumont-British Film Star, writes: "During long days and late nights rehearsing, I have found Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream invaluable for keeping a nice complexion. It clings perfectly without clogging and maintains a lasting, lovely finish. It seems to me such an excellent idea to have combined powder and cream in one, and the mirror in the bottom of the jar is a real inspiration."



In all popular shades everywhere Per Jar 1/-

**Potter & Moore's BLUSH CREAM** is the ideal cream rouge for use in combination with Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream. You really must try them both. Apply the cream rouge first and you will be amazed at the perfect results. The Blush Cream is sold in dainty glass containers for sixpence everywhere.

## Potter & Moore's MITCHAM LAVENDER POWDER-CREAM

### THE RIGHT TREATMENT FOR STOMACH TROUBLE

"Homely remedies" so often turn out to be useless in the treatment of stomach trouble that it is not surprising they are rapidly losing supporters. Hot water, Bi-carbonate of Soda and temporary palliatives of that sort can set up worse trouble than they try to cure.

The curative remedy that is most widely favoured by Doctors and Hospitals is the balanced formula on which Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is based. This wonderful powder has brought lasting relief in thousands of private cases which no home remedy or any other could possibly benefit. Ask your chemist which stomach powder he sells most of. Which is the one the public pin their faith on? The answer is always the same—MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder. You can always recognise it by the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle and carton. Why bear the burden of stomach trouble—why run the risk of experimenting when such a popular, dependable remedy is so easily obtainable? 1/3, 2/- and 5/- per bottle, powder or tablets. Never sold loose.

## MY WEEK-END

Continued from page 11

A rapid change . . . make-up . . . the first house over, and out to the car again (still in my stage make-up) for the quick run from the West End to St. George's Hall. Then back to the theatre again, and so home.

No lonely late dinner to-night, though. Eight friends have come back to the Chelsea house to sort of "see me off," as I shan't be back in London again for so long.

After a little camera show I have two photo-flood bulbs plugged in so that I can take a ciné picture of the good folk at the party . . . but when one of the photo-floods goes off with a bang the party is nearly wrecked. Actually it isn't wrecked until about 2 a.m., when they decide to fold up their tents like Arabs, and silently steal away, etc., etc!

### SUNDAY, 6 a.m.

**EVELYN**, tea, Iris, orange juice . . . and above all, a thick headache! More orange juice, packing, domestic notes written and orders left . . . a note I meant to write to my brother Bill (he was married recently and is now settled in Sheffield) . . . adieus to the maid, and to the cook, who weeps, bless her heart, and in her broad Irish brogue bids me farewell.

And so to the broad highway, with your Phyl at the wheel and Iris stowed in among the luggage, music, records and sports kit!

We're making for Glasgow to-night, and in spite of our 6 a.m. waking it is nearly 10 a.m. before we get away. But with my foot nearly flat on the floorboards the Rolls-Bentley hums its way silkily through Bedford and Nottingham, arriving at last in Handsworth Road, Sheffield, to pay a surprise call on mother.

The dear is glad and surprised to see us, because she wasn't expecting us till next week, when we play Leeds. But we must make Glasgow to-night, and so with only a brief hour at home we set off again and are in George Square, Glasgow, before it is really late, having stopped for a snack at Carlisle.

Drowsily, for the frantic rush of air in the drop-head coupé car is terribly tiring, we finish our customary very late meal (which has sent the waiter scurrying at 11.30 p.m.) and wend our way up to bed.

A week-end? Hardly. My week doesn't seem to stop.

## IN TWO SHADES OF BLUE

Continued from page 29

next st.) 5 times (60 sts.). Next 30 rows—Rep. the 10 pat. rows three times (with sts. in brackets rep. 3 times on each row) on No. 9 needles. Change to No. 7 needles. Next 30 rows—Rep. the 10 pat. rows three times. Change to No. 5 needles, and work in the pat. for 30 rows.

**SHAPING AT THE TOP OF THE SLEEVE**  
When the 10 pat. rows have been worked 9 times, it should be time to shape the top.

**1st row**—Cast off 2, P. 1, K. 2 tog., in the fronts, K. 4, w.o.n., K. 4, K. 2 tog., in the backs, P. 4, rep. 1st pat. row to the end. **2nd row**—Cast off 2, K. 1, P. 11, K. 4, rep. the 2nd pat. row to the end, finishing with K. 2. **3rd row**—Cast off 2, K. 4, inc. in the next st., w.o.n., K. 4, K. 2 tog., in the backs, P. 3, rep. the 3rd pat. row twice, finishing P. 1 (54 sts.). **4th row**—Cast off 2, P. 12, K. 3, rep. the 4th pat. row, finishing P. 13 (52 sts.). **5th row**—Cast off 2, K. 5, w.o.n., K. 4, K. 2 tog., in the backs, P. 2, rep. the 5th pat. row once, P. 2, K. 2 tog., in the fronts, K. 4, w.o.n., K. 4, w.o.n., K. 2, K. 2 tog., in the fronts (50 sts.).

**6th row**—Cast off 2, P. 11, K. 2, rep. the 6th pat. row once, K. 2, P. 12 (48 sts.). **7th row**—Cast off 2, K. 4, w.o.n., K. 4, K. 2 tog., in the backs, P. 1, rep. the 7th pat. row once, P. 1, K. 2 tog., in the fronts, K. 4, w.o.n., K. 7 (46 sts.).

**8th row**—Cast off 2, P. 10, K. 1, rep. the 8th pat. row once, K. 1, P. 11 (44 sts.).

**9th row**—Cast off 2, K. 3, w.o.n., K. 4, K. 2 tog., in the backs, rep. the 9th pat. row, K. 2 tog., K. 4, w.o.n., K. 6 (42 sts.). **10th row**—Cast off 2, P. 4, K. 5, rep. the 10th row, K. 5, P. 5 (40 sts.).

**11th row**—Cast off 2, K. 3, P. 4, rep. the 1st pat. row, P. 4, K. 6 (37 sts.). **12th row**—Cast off 2, P. 3, K. 4, rep. the 2nd row, K. 4, P. 4 (35 sts.). **13th row**—Cast off 2, K. 2, P. 3, rep. the 3rd pat. row, P. 3, K. 5 (34 sts.).

**14th row**—Cast off 2, P. 2, K. 3, rep. the 4th pat. row, K. 3, P. 3 (32 sts.). **15th row**—Cast off 2, K. 1, P. 2, rep. the 5th pat. row, P. 2, K. 4 (30 sts.). **16th row**—Cast off 2, P. 1, K. 2, rep. the 6th pat. row, K. 2, P. 2 (28 sts.).

**17th row**—Cast off 2, P. 1, rep. the 7th pat. row, P. 1, K. 3 (26 sts.). **18th row**—Cast off 2, K. 1, rep. the 8th pat. row, K. 2 (24 sts.).

**19th row**—Cast off 2, K. 2 tog., in the fronts, K. 3, w.o.n., K. 8, w.o.n., K. 4, K. 2 tog., in the backs, P. 2 (22 sts.). **20th row**—Cast off 2, purl to the end. Cast off.

### TO MAKE UP THE JUMPER

Press the parts, except the ribbing, on the wrong side under a damp cloth.

With a wool needle work a row of chain stitch in dark wool along the little seams where the sections of the yoke are joined in front. Stitch all seams, and press.

## OUR LEAGUE CORNER

### RADIO PICTORIAL LEAGUE

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

### MY DEAR CHILDREN,

And now I suppose most of you are back at school again, and have almost forgotten what it feels like to be on holiday. As I have, though I *did* have wonderful weather, and a wonderful time, for the fortnight that I was away in Austria. I am one of those people who are always lucky with the weather—so much so, that people ask me to go away with them to make sure the sun shines all the time! I hope that you all were as lucky as I was.

Betty Grieve wrote me a very nice letter this week. She is one of those hundreds of readers who are now busy all over the country saving up old postage stamps for the Hospital. She says "There are lots of foreign ones; do I keep them separate? . . . Reading a letter of yours in an old RADIO PICTORIAL set me going some months ago."

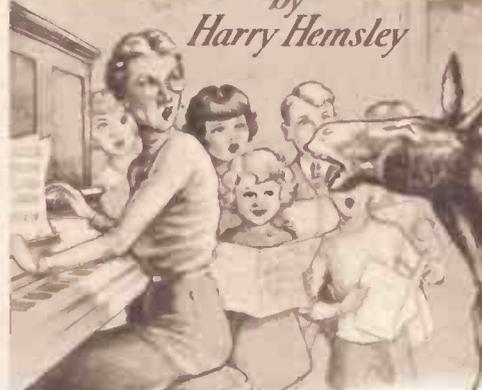
Yes, please keep the foreign stamps separate, if you can. But there is no need to count them, or strip them off the paper. Just tear off the whole corner of the envelope, and send it to me or to the Hospital. We shall be most grateful for your help.

I must just say "Thank you" to Dulcie Pritchard, for the three hundred stamps she sent, before I finish.

Yours affectionately,  
THE HOSPITAL LADY

## Listen to the NEW RADIO ADVENTURE STORY

by Harry Hemsley



## entitled: "A term at St. EAGLE'S"

You must listen to the Harry Hemsley adventure story which is now being serialised in the Ovaltine Programme every Sunday from Luxembourg at 5.30 p.m.



Ekco High Fidelity Radio for 12½ guineas. This model AC97 with a cabinet designed by Jesse Collins, is one of the high lights of the Ekco range. It is a powerful 9-stage super-het, giving perfect reproduction which in previous years has only been possible in receivers of almost double the price.

**IODINE FOR HEALTH**

MR. J. W. SIMPSON, M.P.S., a famous analytical chemist, realising the health value of Iodine spent many years of research in order to produce a range of Toilet preparations, containing seaweed iodine in its most beneficial form. This range of preparations has now been placed on the market, and includes Toilet Soap, Shaving Soap and Skin Ointment.

Readers of RADIO PICTORIAL will probably be familiar with the famous Simpson Iodine Locket, over two million having been sold to the public, and thousands of testimonials received by Mr. Simpson show how effective his Iodine Lockets have been in warding off "Flu" and colds.

**PHYSICAL HEALTH**

HAVE you bought your September number of *New Health*? It is now on sale, price 6d., and is the ideal magazine for everybody who is interested in the important subjects of health, strength and beauty. You will find it practical and entertaining.

**"MORNING MOUTH"**

is Nature's Warning: You're not well!

THE cause of a *foul-tasting mouth* first thing in the morning is in your stomach. "Morning mouth" is a sure sign that your system contains decayed food waste matter that is poisoning your whole body. The immediate results are headaches, bad breath, flatulence, bad skin, and depression. The eventual results of stomach disorders and constipation, however, may be serious organic disease. Feen-a-Mint rids you of "morning mouth" because it cleanses your system thoroughly, quickly and naturally, giving you a clear complexion, bright eyes, "sweet" breath and vitality. Start Feen-a-Mint to-day and such health as you never knew before will be yours. Feen-a-Mint's fresh mint flavour makes it a favourite with the whole family, and 15 million regular users testify to its popularity. Sold in 1/3 packets by chemists and stores everywhere.

**ORGANISE SIXIT CLUBS**

Only six members needed. No goods over 6/-. Easiest club agency in the country. Quality goods give every satisfaction. Rapidly popularised, organisers soon have big number of clubs. Clothing, Footwear, Household Goods, Furnishings at 3/- and 6/-. Wonderful variety, quick service. Commission every six weeks, why wait longer? Send P.C. NOW for latest edition of catalogue and all particulars. Geo. Day Ltd., (Dept. 141), 40 Portland Street, Manchester, 1.

**QUESTIONS AT THE B.B.C.**

Continued from page 27

S.O.S. for George, the dark young man from an insurance office and Betty my pedigree Dachshund?" definitely is, "No." Apart from official messages supplied by the Police the B.B.C. will transmit no messages, concerning missing persons, and none at all about dogs.

Ah! I knew it! You want to broadcast?

To many people who feel they ought to broadcast, the best answer is, "Forget it."

But if you can't, then write to the B.B.C. Drama auditions are held at regular intervals, but few without professional training can hope to succeed. For the musical programmes it is even more difficult, as the standard of performance among professional pianists and singers has never been higher. For Variety it is easier, but only if the applicant has something new to offer. In any case the best course, in the first place, is to write for an audition.

If you try this one—"Who fades out the programmes?"—you may get a rude reply from members of the Variety Department. Actually a senior official

is always at Broadcasting House in charge of presentation. He knows exactly how each programme is running, and when necessary warns conductors and producers to cut and in an extreme case orders a "fade-out."

"What do the stars look like?" is a question which cannot be answered at the Enquiry Desk. You are not allowed in the studio tower which no one but artistes, producers and others actually working on the programmes may enter.

All letters to the B.B.C. on programme matters are read by the people actually responsible for the programmes. The post arrives in sacks in the morning, and later is distributed to the various departments and returned for reply.

No fewer than 150,000 letters on programmes are received each year. And I am assured that every correspondent who gives an address receives an answer. Very few letters are sent anonymously, but any such are destroyed. Once a "mad" file was kept of peculiar letters but now these go straight to the waste paper basket.

**SWING SLANG**

Continued from page 12

When Lindbergh flew the Atlantic, Harlem celebrated his epic flight by creating the Lindy Hop. On this side of the water, it did not catch on. At the Savoy Ballroom it is as popular as ever, but at the Savoy, dancing is dancing. It is the expression of the personality of the dancer.

No words of mine can quite do justice to the scene, so I will quote (from "Esquire") an article by E. Simms Campbell. He is describing the Lindy Hop, "a dance of sheer joy and abandonment: 'Ole Lindy did it! done crossed de ocean!—on, swing it, boy!—swing it!'"

"This creation is an intricate dance done in stomp time to fast two-step music. It is stimulating to watch. A lithe black boy and a full-bosomed girl, heads thrown back, eyes closed, strut toward each other like game cocks.

With the wildest abandon, they clinch and begin to whirl, their feet making an intricate maze of concentric circles, and it is often hard to tell who is leading. The girl is as loose-hipped as a marionette. The boy seems to be made of india rubber.

"There follows a spinning break in which the girl is thrown away in the Apache manner, though not released. She is yanked back to him, they twist apart, twist together, and as she is finally flung away, released, each becomes obviously unconscious of the other. Each has his own interpretation of the Lindy, although they are both keeping time to the mad tempo. "This is no specialty number by picked and trained dancers. . . . These are two of hundreds who are executing this amazing Harlem creation all over the floor. Incredibly, no one bumps or collides with the others, each dancer seeming to know just where he belongs in this maze of colour, cigarette smoke and cadence."



*Blondes* ★  
have all the fun of the Fair!  
★ make your hair tones lighter without bleaching

Gain that elusive quality that makes some girls the centre of attraction wherever they go—poise that comes with a perfectly-planned appearance. Begin head-high. For Blondes there is Amami No. 5 to bring new loveliness with the first shampoo—clearer, more golden tones. (Amami No. 1 helps Brunettes to more lustrous richness. "Redheads" add to their vivid beauty with Amami Special Henna.) 47 carefully chosen herbs and tonics make Amami the most complete hair beauty treatment. Let Amami put your hair in trim for the new Season's gaiety.

AMAMI No. 1 gives deeper gloss to Brunettes. 3d. & 6d. AMAMI No. 5 is especially for Blondes. 3d. and 6d. AMAMI Special Henna burnishes "In-betweens." 6d.

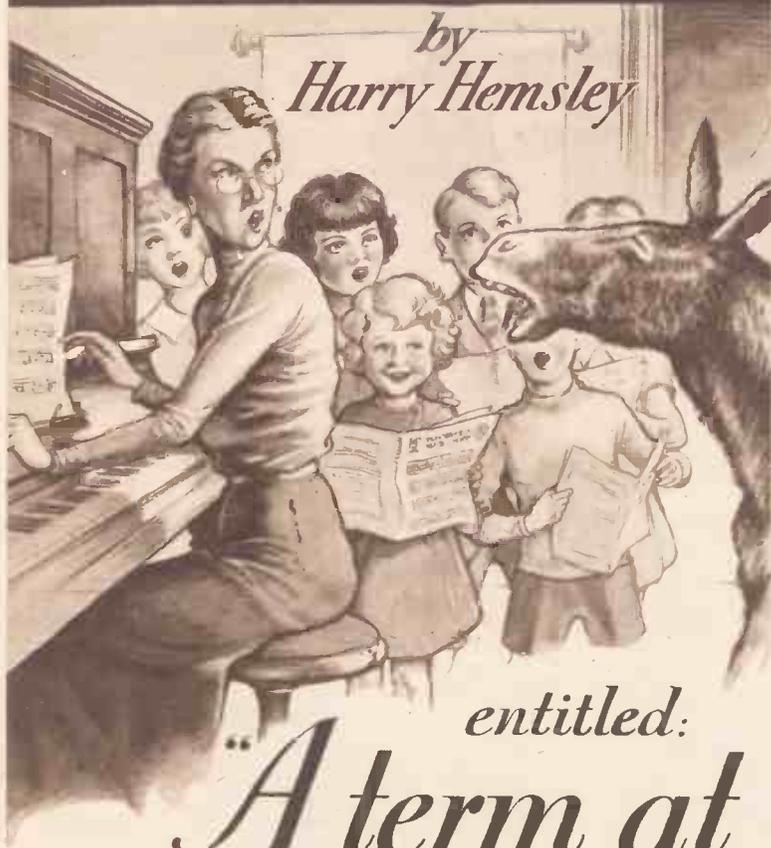
AMAMI No. 12. The new soapless shampoo. Leaves the hair splendidly glossy. Two variations—one for fair, one for dark hair. . . . only 3d.

**AMAMI SHAMPOOS . . . 3<sup>D</sup> & 6<sup>D</sup>**



**FRIDAY NIGHT IS AMAMI NIGHT**

# Listen to the NEW RADIO ADVENTURE STORY



by  
*Harry Hemsley*

entitled:

# "A term at St. EAGLE'S"

EVERY boy and girl—and parents, too—should make a point of listening to "A Term at St. Eagle's," the new Radio adventure story by Mr. Harry Hemsley. It is part of the excellent programme given every Sunday evening from Radio Luxembourg by the Ovaltineys Concert Party, which includes the Ovaltineys Orchestra.

These programmes are sponsored by the makers of 'Ovaltine'—the supreme tonic food beverage. Experience has proved that this delicious beverage—prepared from malt, milk and eggs—has no equal for giving and maintaining robust health and energy for every member of the family.

Listen to  
**The Ovaltineys Concert Party**  
from Radio Luxembourg  
Every Sunday evening 5.30-6 p.m.

Grown-ups will also enjoy the 'Ovaltine' Programmes of Melody and Song from Radio Luxembourg every Sunday from 1.30 to 2 p.m.

# LUXEMBOURG CONCERTS YOU SHOULD NOT MISS

1293 M.

## SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 20

10.15-10.30 a.m.

**CARSON ROBISON AND HIS PIONEERS**

Presented by THOS. HEDLEY & CO., LTD., makers of OXYDOL, Newcastle-on-Tyne

Ramblin' Cowboy.  
Zeb Turney's Gal.  
Lay Down Dogies.  
Ridin' Down that Ol' Texas Trail.

10.30-10.45 a.m.

**NEW SONGS FOR OLD**  
With GERRY FITZGERALD, PHIL GREEN and BILL SNIDERMAN  
Compered 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

Marching Through Georgia.  
Wear a Great Big Smile.  
Match Parade ... Lockton  
Circus Comes to Town.  
There's Something About a Soldier ... Gay

12.15 p.m.

The makers of EX-LAX present **BILLY COSTELLO**  
**EUROPE'S NEWEST THRILL**  
Accompanied by **HARRY BIDGOOD'S BUCCANEERS**

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

The Candle Light in the Window.  
Trouble for the Range Cook.  
Goodnight, Ladies.  
Lay Down Dogies.  
Listen to the Mockin' Bird.  
Seeing Nellie Home; Comin' Round the Mountain; Oh, Susannah (Medley).  
Lonesome Railroad.

4 p.m.

**HORLICK'S TEA-TIME HOUR**

With **DEBROY SOMERS AND HIS BAND**  
Featuring **MORTON DOWNEY, PAT O'MALLEY, THE THREE BACHELORS** and **RUTH ETTING**

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 **LIFEBUOY 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**  
**ELLA SHIELDS, JOCK MACKAY, GIPSY NINA, RONALD GOURLEY, GEORGE BEATTY, JENI LE GON, AND RAWICZ AND LANDAUER**  
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"  
On Ilkka Moor ... Traditional  
Swing ... Ellis  
Got to Dance My Way to Heaven ... Coslow  
Is it True What They Say About Dixie? ... Caesar

7.15 p.m.

**MORE MONKEY BUSINESS**  
With **BILLY REID AND HIS ACCORDION BAND** and **FRED and LESLIE DOUGLAS**

Presented by the makers of **MONKEY BRAND**

7.30-7.45 p.m.

**WALTZ TIME**

Gipsy Love... Lehar  
And Love Was Born ... Kern  
Waltz (Katja the Dancer) ... Gilbert  
Waltz (Maid of the Mountains) ... Fraser Simson

Presented by

**PHILLIPS' DENTAL MAGNESIA**

8.0-8.30 p.m.

**PALMOLIVE PROGRAMME**  
With **OLIVE PALMER, PAUL OLIVER, BRIAN LAWRENCE** and **MORTON DOWNEY**

Nothing Blue But the Sky.  
Every Time I Look at You.  
Oh, Miss Hannah ... Brian Lawrence  
Stomping at the Savoy  
Until ... Paul Oliver and Olive Palmer  
A Waltz was Born in Vienna.  
Romance Medley.  
Laughing Irish Eyes.  
These Foolish Things ... Morton Downey  
You Gotta Know How to Dance.

9.0-9.15 p.m.

**MACLEAN'S CONCERT**

Hungarian Melodies ... Tzigane Orchestra  
Under the Roofs of Paris.  
De Groot and his Orchestra  
Only a Rose ... Dennis King  
Evergreen Favourites  
Edith Lorand and her Orchestra

9.45 p.m.

**THE COLGATE REVELLERS**

I'm Going to Sit Right Down.  
I'm Shooting High—Piano duet.  
I Don't Know Your Name.  
All My Life.  
I've Got a Heavy Date.

10.0-10.30 p.m.

**POND'S SERENADE TO BEAUTY**

**THE PROGRAMME FOR LOVERS**

**TUESDAY, SEPT. 22**

7.0-7.15 p.m.

**GUEST NIGHTS AT THE MUSTARD CLUB**

Mirth and Music with **THE BARON DE BEEF, MISS DI GESTER, SIGNOR SPAGHETTI, LORD BACON**, and other members

Presented by **J. & J. COLMAN, LTD.**

**WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 23**

6.30-6.45 p.m.

**SIDNEY TORCH AT THE ORGAN**

Guest Artiste: **JOE CROSSMAN**

Black Eyes.  
La Paloma.  
Dizzy Fingers.  
Smoke Gets in Your Eyes.  
Your Heart and Mine.

Presented by the makers of **ROBINSON'S LEMON BARLEY WATER**

**FRIDAY, SEPT. 25**

8.45 a.m.

**WILL HE SING YOUR SONG?**

**SINGING JOE**, the Sanpic Man, sings, the songs you ask for in the **SANPIC QUARTER HOUR**

Presented by **RECKITT & SONS LTD.**

Sunday, September 20, to Saturday, September 26, 1936.

# PROGRAMMES

from the

# CONTINENT in ENGLISH

Information supplied by International Broadcasting Co., Ltd., 11 HALLAM STREET, PORTLAND PLACE, LONDON, W.1

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## Sunday, Sept. the Twentieth

All Times stated are British Summer Time

### RADIO LUXEMBOURG 1293 m., 232 Kc/s.

#### Morning Programme

9.30 a.m.  
ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS

10.15 a.m.  
**CARSON ROBISON AND HIS PIONEERS**  
Ramblin' Cowboy.  
Zeb Turney's Gal.  
Lay Down Dogies.  
Ridin' Down that Ol' Texas Trail.  
Presented by the makers of  
**Oxydol, Newcastle-on-Tyne**

10.30 a.m.  
ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS

11.15-11.30 a.m.  
**THE OPEN ROAD**  
Marching Through Georgia ... *Wark*  
Wear a Great Big Smile ... *Gilbert*  
Match Parade ... *Lockton*  
The Circus Comes to Town ... *De Rance*  
There's Something about a Soldier ... *Gay*  
Presented by  
**Carter's Little Liver Pills,**  
64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1

12.30 p.m.  
ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS

1.0-1.30 p.m.  
**THE LATEST DANCE MUSIC**  
Presented by  
**Zambuk,**  
C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds

#### Evening Programme

10.30 p.m.  
**THE LATEST DANCE MUSIC**  
Presented by  
**Bile Beans,**  
C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds

11.0 p.m.  
ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS

11.45 p.m.  
LULLABY PROGRAMME

12 (midnight) I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

### RADIO NORMANDY 269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

Times of Transmissions.  
Sunday : 8.00 a.m.—11.30 a.m. Weekdays : 8.00 a.m.—11.00 a.m.  
2.00 p.m.—7.30 p.m. 2.00 p.m.—6.00 p.m.  
10.00 p.m.—1.00 a.m. Thursday : 2.30 p.m.—6.00 p.m.  
12 (midnight)—1.00 a.m.

Announcers : J. Sullivan, D. J. Davies, J. B. Selby, F. R. Plomley.

#### Morning Programme

8.0 a.m.  
**LIGHT MUSIC**  
Scottish Medley ... *arr. Somers*  
King Chanticleer ... *Ayer*  
Dancing Days, 1921.  
Jump on the Wagon ... *Connor*  
8.15 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.  
The Laughing Saxophone ... *Glombig*  
Carioca ... *Youmans*  
Gee, But I'd Like to Make You  
Happy ... *Ward*  
Slippery Sticks ... *Brooks*

8.30 a.m.  
**SACRED MUSIC**  
Thy Way Not Mine O Lord ... *Meale*  
Jesus Where'er Thy People Meet ... *Wareham*  
**The Thought for the Week**  
THE REV. JAMES WALL, M.A.  
I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes ... *Whitfield*

8.45 a.m.  
**ORCHESTRAL CONCERT**  
Selection—Les Cloches de  
Corneville ... *Planquette*  
Aisha ... *Lindsay*  
Voices of Spring ... *Strauss*  
The Glow Worm ... *Lincke*

9.0 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.  
**MEDLEY**  
Malaga ... *Rizner*  
Dance of the Octopus ... *Norvo*  
Always in All Ways ... *Harling*  
Old Yazoo ... *Waller*  
Sentimental Gentleman from Georgia ... *Parish*  
I Can't Give You Anything But  
Love, Baby ... *McHugh*  
Swing Along ... *Cook*  
Whistle Your Troubles Away ... *Jones*

9.30 a.m.  
**MUSICAL REVERIES**  
Circus March ... *Smetana*  
Invitation to the Waltz ... *Weber*  
On with the Motley (Pagliacci) ... *Leoncavallo*  
Love, Here is My Heart ... *Silésu*  
Presented by  
**California Syrup of Figs,**  
179 Acton Vale, W.3

9.45 a.m.  
**"I SPY"**  
A Novel Entertainment including a  
**Code-Phrase Free Gift Offer**  
Presented by the makers of  
**Preservene Soap**

10.0 a.m.  
**WALTZ TIME**  
Gipsy Love ... *Lehar*  
And Love Was Born ... *Kern*  
Waltz (Katja the Dancer) ... *Gilbert*  
Waltz (Maid of the Mountains) ...  
*Fraser Simpson*  
Presented by  
**Phillips' Dental Magnesia,**  
179 Acton Vale, W.3

10.15 a.m.  
**RECREATION CORNER**  
Merrymakers' Dance (Nell Gwynn  
Suite) ... *German*  
A Star Fell Out of Heaven ... *Revel*  
Garden of Happiness ... *Haydn Wood*  
Let's Sing Again ... *McHugh*  
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  
Selection—Colleen ... *Dubin*  
When Evening Comes ... *Stanton*  
But Definitely ... *Revel*  
The Scene Changes ... *Hill*

Presented by  
**Brown & Polson,**  
43 Shoe Lane, E.C.4

(Continued on page 34, column 1)

#### REMEMBER RADIO NORMANDY'S NEW TRANSMISSION TIMES . . .

Every weekday (except Thursday) the afternoon programme  
begins at 2.0 p.m. and continues till 6.0 p.m.

Thursday afternoon's programme begins at 2.30 p.m. and  
continues till 6.0 p.m.

### 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)  
Strike Up the Band ... *Gershwin*  
Boston Orchestra.  
Come to the Fair ... *Easthope Martin*  
Stuart Robertson.  
Choristers' Waltz ... *Phelps*  
London Palladium Orchestra.  
There's Something About a Soldier ... *Gay*  
Band of His Majesty's Coldstream Guards  
Presented by  
**Macleans, Ltd.,**  
Great West Road, Brentford

6.15 p.m.  
**ORCHESTRAL CONCERT**  
Finckiana ... *Finck*  
I Bring a Love Song ... *Romberg*  
Child, You Can Dance Like My Wife ... *Fall*  
Forest Idyll ... *Esslinger*

6.30 p.m.  
**HEALTH AND HAPPINESS**  
Through Night to Light ... *Laukien*  
The Darling of the Guards ... *Meskill*  
Anchor's Aweigh.  
The Good Green Acres of Home ... *Kahal*  
Dusty Shoes ... *Harburg*  
Presented by  
**Carter's Little Liver Pills,**  
64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1

6.45 p.m.  
**CELEBRITIES IN MINIATURE**  
(Electrical Recordings)  
Paul Robeson Medley.  
Paul Robeson.  
Remembrance ... *Melfi*  
Albert Sandler.  
One Morning in May ... *Parish*  
Turner Layton.  
I Live in My Dreams ... *Schertzing*  
Tullio Carminati.

10.30 p.m.  
**IN SEARCH OF RHYTHM**  
Shoe Shine Boy ... *Chaplin*  
Mood Ruby ... *Fillis*  
Lonesome Without My Baby.  
Rhythm Saved the World ... *Chaplin*

10.45 p.m.  
**SOME POPULAR RECORDS**  
We're Tops on Saturday Night ... *Kennedy*  
Ambrose and his Orchestra.  
Where Yorkshire and Lancashire  
Meet ... *Evans*  
Kitty Masters.  
Budapest ... *arr. Rawicz, Landauer*  
Rawicz and Landauer.  
The Panic is On ... *Clarke*  
Connie Boswell.  
Presented by  
**Bile Beans,**  
C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds

11.0 p.m.  
**"TIMES" TEMPO**  
Melody in F ... *Rubinstein*  
The Dollar Princess Waltz ... *Fall*  
Leslie Stuart Selection ... *arr. Underhaye*  
Fifty Years of Song.  
Pacific 231 ... *Honegger*  
Garden of Weeds ... *Foresythe*  
An American in Paris ... *Gershwin*  
Dnieper Water Power Station ... *Meytuss*

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

MRS. JEAN SCOTT gives you **Cookery Advice** in **MUSICAL MENU . . .** broadcast every Sunday at 10.45 a.m. from  
**RADIO NORMANDY.**

# Sunday, September the Twentieth

**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)  
 Aldershot Command Searchlight Tattoo, 1936—Music of the Drums.  
*Massed Bands of the Aldershot and Eastern Commands.*  
 Boris on the Bass ... Arden  
*Jay Wilbur and his Band.* ... Kalman  
 Gipsy Princess Waltz ... Kalman  
*Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra.*  
 Would You? ... Brown  
*Casani Club Orchestra.*  
 Presented by **D.D.D.**, Fleet Lane, E.C.4

**11.15 a.m. BOLENIUM BILL**  
 presents  
 Electrical Recordings of  
**ALBERT SANDLER**  
 Playing Famous Serenades  
 Presented by **Bolenium Overalls**, Upton Park, E.13

**11.30 a.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH**  
*Assm. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie*

### Afternoon Programme

**2.0 p.m. TOMMY HANDLEY'S WATT-KNOTS**  
 including  
**JEAN ALLISTONE**  
**FLORENCE OLDHAM**  
**THE RHYTHM SISTERS**  
**RALPH CORAM, JACK CLARKE**  
 and, of course,  
**TOMMY HANDLEY HIMSELF**  
 Presented by **Kraft Cheese Company**, Hayes, Middlesex

**2.30 p.m. Jane Carr Selects**  
**MUSICAL HITS FROM THE FILMS**  
 (Electrical Recordings)  
 Presented by the makers of **Lixen**, Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., Radio Dept., London, E.2

**2.45 p.m. THE OPEN ROAD**  
 Marching Through Georgia ... Wark  
 Wear a Great Big Smile ... Gilbert  
 The Match Parade ... Lockton  
 The Circus Comes to Town ... de Rance  
 There's Something About a Soldier ... Gay  
 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. MUSIC THROUGH THE AGES**  
 (Electrical Recordings)  
 Minuet in G ... Beethoven  
*Marek Weber and his Orchestra.*  
 Spring Song ... Mendelssohn  
*Marek Weber and his Orchestra.*  
 O For the Wings of a Dove ... Mendelssohn  
*Master Ernest Lough.*  
 Hungarian Dance No. 5 ... Brahms  
*The Hallé Orchestra.*  
 Presented by **Huntley & Palmers, Ltd.**, Biscuit Manufacturers, Reading

**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  
**MORTON DOWNEY**  
**PAT O'MALLEY**  
**THE THREE BACHELORS**  
 and  
**Ruth Etting**  
 Presented by **Horlick'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**  
 Goody Goody ... Mercer  
 Intermezzo ... Coleridge-Taylor  
 Rose Marie ... Friml  
 At the Café Continental ... Kennedy  
 Presented by **Vitbe Brown Bread**, Crayford, Kent

**5.30 p.m. PLEASURE CRUISE**  
 With **Esther Coleman and Gordon Little**  
 On Ilkka Moor ... Traditiional  
 Swing ... Ellis  
 Got to Dance My Way to Heaven ... Coslow  
 Is it True What They Say About Dixie? ... Caesar  
 Presented by **Milk of Magnesia**, 179 Acton Vale, W.3

**5.45 p.m. ALL-STAR VARIETY**  
 (Electrical Recordings)  
 A Sunbonnet Blue ... Kahal  
*Les Allen and his Canadian Bachelors.*  
 Empty Saddles ... Hill  
*Bing Crosby.*  
 Charlie Kunz Medley.  
*Charlie Kunz.*  
 No Words Nor Anything ... Gordon  
*Harry Roy and his Orchestra.*  
 Presented by **Thorn's Portable Buildings**, Brampton Road, Bexley Heath, Kent

**6.0 p.m. POPULAR CONCERT**  
 Langham Place (London Again Suite) ... Coates  
*London Palladium Orchestra.*  
 Beautiful Pearl of the South (The Flower of Hawaii) ... Abraham  
*Orchestra Mascotte.*  
 Mause (Victoria and Her Hussar) **Abraham Rudy Starita.**  
 Washington Greys March ... Grafulla  
*Band of H.M. Royal Air Force.*  
 Presented by **Macleans, Ltd.**, Great West Road, Brentford

**6.15 p.m. NURSE JOHNSON OFF DUTY**  
 Morning (Peer Gynt) ... Grieg  
 Down in the Forest ... Landon Ronald  
 Bird Songs at Eventide ... Coates  
 Presented by **California Syrup of Figs**, 179 Acton Vale, W.3

**6.30 p.m. RINSO MUSIC-HALL**  
 with  
**ELLA SHIELDS**  
**JOCK MACKAY**  
**GIPSY NINA**  
**RONALD GOURLEY**  
**JENI LE GON**  
 and  
**RAWICZ AND LANDAUER**  
 Presented to listeners by the makers of **Rinso**, Unilever House, Blackfriars, E.C.4

**7.0 p.m. BLACK MAGIC**  
 Who? ... Kern  
 You're Driving Me Crazy ... Donaldson  
 Excuse Me, Lady  
 I've Told Every Little Star ... Kern  
 Presented by **Black Magic Chocolates**

**7.15 p.m. "VOICES OF THE STARS"**  
 present  
**HAROLD NICHOLAS**  
 The diminutive Star from "Blackbirds of 1936"  
 With the Music of **Monia and His Troubadours**  
 Sponsored by **Rowntrees**, The makers of Chocolate Crisp

**7.30 p.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH**  
*Assm. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie*  
**Evening Programme**

**10.0 p.m. LET'S GO ROUND TO NORMAN LONG'S**  
 Featuring  
**NORMAN LONG AND CLAPHAM AND DWYER**  
 With  
**SYDNEY JEROME AND HIS ORCHESTRA**  
 Presented by **Kruschen Salts**, Adelphi, Salford

**10.15 p.m. RAINBOW RHYTHM**  
 I've Found a New Baby ... Palmer  
*The Chicago Rhythm Kings.*  
 Moonburn ... Heyman  
*Bing Crosby.*  
 It's Love Again ... Coslow  
*Jessie Matthews.*  
 Rose of Washington Square ... McDonald  
*Red Nichols and his Five Pennies.*  
 Presented by the makers of **Tintex**, 199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

**10.30 p.m. ALL ABOARD!**  
 Presented by **Cunard-White Star, Ltd.**, 26 Cockspur Street, S.W.1

**10.45 p.m. MUSICAL MELANGE**  
 Non-Stop Quarter Hour  
 Devised and Presented by **David J. Davies**

**11.0 p.m. VARIETY**  
 Them Hill Billies are Mountain  
 Williams Now ... Cavanagh  
 Celeste Blues ... Lewis  
 Just a Vagabond Lover ... Kester  
 The Photograph of Mother's  
 Wedding Group ... Hargreaves  
 Three Minutes of Heaven ... Butler  
 Frankie and Johnnie ... arr. Crumit  
 Fritz ... Bligh  
 A Musical Comedy Waltz Concoction arr. Hall

**11.30 p.m. ALL WORK AND NO PLAY**  
 Let's Put Some People to Work ... Sigler  
 Let Yourself Go ... Berlin  
 Holidays ... Naughton  
 I Love to Ride the Horses on a Merry Go Round ... Yellen  
 Celebratin' ... Woods  
 Lazybones ... Mercer  
 The Punch and Judy Show ... Black  
 It's Nicer to Be in Bed ... Lauder

**12 (midnight) DANCE MUSIC**  
 Get Rhythm in Your Feet ... Robinson  
 Change Your Mind—Fox trot ... Noble  
 A Waltz was Born in Vienna ... Loewe  
 Supposin'—Fox trot ... Butler  
 Cuban Pete—Rumba ... Norman  
 Christopher Columbus ... Rasaf  
 A Melody from the Sky ... Mitchell  
 How Can You Face Me? ... Rasaf

**12.30 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
 Marilou—Tango ... Mariotti  
 Knick Knacks on the Mantel ... Fio Rito  
 The Scene Changes—Blues ... Hill  
 Blazin' the Trail—Fox trot ... Whitcup  
 Wah Hoo ... Friend  
 Nevermore—Waltz ... Coward  
 Laughing Irish Eyes—Fox trot ... Mitchell  
 I'll Stand By—Quick step ... Davis

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

## 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 CONCERT**  
 Sailing Along on a Carpet of Clouds ... Sigler  
 Laughter and Lemons ... Grey  
 Celebratin' ... Woods  
 Frolics ... Cowler  
 A Fly's Day Out ... Kennedy  
 Swiss Yodelling Song ... Hasler  
 Do the Runaround ... Sigler  
 Drink, Drink, Drink Brothers, ... Bendix

**11.0 p.m. LIGHT ORCHESTRAL CONCERT**  
 From Far and Near—Waltz  
 Melodies ... arr. Goltz-Honne  
 Speak to Me of Love ... Lenoir  
 Song—Sylvia ... Speaks  
 Phantom Brigade ... Myddleton  
 Faithful Jumping Jack ... Heykens  
 Song—This Lovely Rose ... Ramsay  
 The Waltzing Doll ... Poldini  
 Praludium ... Jarnefeldt

**11.30 p.m. MILITARY BAND MUSIC**  
 Stars and Stripes March ... Sousa  
 May Day Revels ... Cope  
 Soldiers in the Park ... Monckton  
 The Mill in the Dale ... Cope  
 Marching Through Georgia ... Miller  
 Serenade ... Heykens  
 The Whistler and his Dog ... Pryor  
 The Guards Patrol ... Williams

**12 (midnight) DANCE MUSIC**  
 The Army Fell for Little Isabel ... Butler  
 Hypnotised—Fox trot ... Silver  
 The Wheel of the Wagon is Broken ... Box  
 San Roque—Cumbiamba ... Maldonado  
 The Breeze—Fox trot ... Sacco  
 Don't Let it Bother You—Fox trot ... Gordon  
 Sympathy—Waltz ... Butler  
 Tick Tock Town—Fox trot ... Jones  
 When To-morrow Comes—Fox trot ... Kahal  
 Red Pepper—Quick step ... Lodge  
 Do the Runaround—Fox trot ... Sigler  
 Primrosa—Mazurka ... Maldonado  
 Song of the Trees—Fox trot ... Damerell  
 Old Bohemian Town—Fox trot ... Kennedy  
 Sweet Dreams Pretty Lady—Waltz Downey  
 Little Valley in the Mountains ... Kennedy

**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. LIGHT MUSIC**  
 Southern Serenade ... Elgar  
 The Sweepers ... Gilbert  
 An Old-Fashioned Sweetheart ... Waldteufel  
 Skaters' Waltz ...  
**1.15 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
 Lay Your Head on My Shoulder ... Conrad  
 That's Georgia ... Young  
 Snowman ... Archer  
 Selection—Out of the Bottle ... Levant

**1.30 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody.**

Continued from page 39, column 4  
**FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25th**

## RADIO LJUBLJANA

569 m., 527 Kc/s.

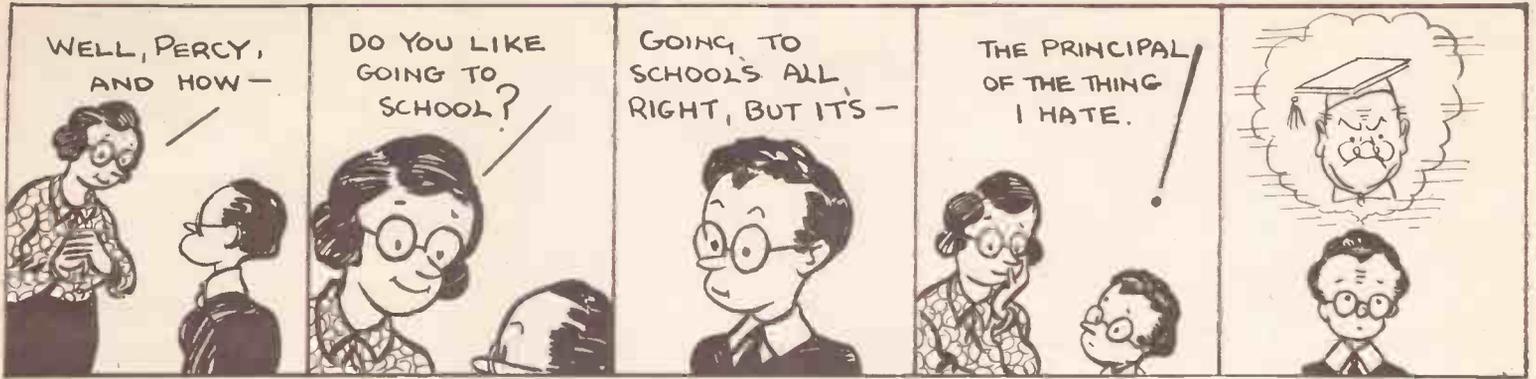
Time of Transmission  
 Friday : 10.30 p.m.—11.0 p.m.

**10.30 p.m. I.B.C. CONCERT**  
**LIGHT MUSIC**  
 March of the Mountain Gnomes ... Eilenberg  
 Teddy Bears' Picnic ... Bratton  
 The Honeysuckle and the Bee ... Penn  
 Seven Little Steps to Heaven ... Mercer  
 The Moon was Yellow—Tango ... Leslie  
 Just Another Dream of You ... Davis  
 I Wanna be Loved ... Green  
 Sarawaki—Quick step ... Gordon

Let **MARY LAWSON** take you **BEHIND THE SCENES** on Sunday afternoon at 3.45 p.m. . . . **RADIO NORMANDY.**

## PERCY . . .

## STRICTLY ON PRINCIPAL



## FORBIDDEN LOVE

Continued from page 23

Presently she switched off the radio and ran a comb through her hair, ready for dinner. She heard the hollow sound of the gong below and kissed her hand to the silent set.

She sat across the table from her father and ate her grapefruit in silence. They had nothing in common, nothing to talk about; those two. Perhaps if her mother had been alive things might have been different, but Richard Paton was a soured, silent man, brooding over the things that might have been if his ash-blond, ineffectual wife hadn't died ten years before. He had cut those things from his life that reminded him of her—dance music, gay, trivial revues, inconsequential chatter.

He eyed Marigold carefully over the tawny-gold chrysanthemums on the table. He noticed that her eyes bore pink tear-circles around their edges, but he steered his heart.

"I met an old business friend of mine in the city to-day," he said firmly. "Very tragic thing, Marigold; half a dozen years ago he was one of the leading men on the Stock Exchange, then he got hammered. You know what that means."

Marigold nodded. She knew all about being hammered. It meant the end of everything. It meant that you were finished as far as the Stock Exchange was concerned.

Richard Paton's voice went on.

"Though as it turned out, perhaps, it wasn't such a tragedy after all. He was telling me to-day about how his son turned up trumps. Started from absolutely nothing, and to-day he's keeping his parents and keeping them dam' well, too. He crashed his fist on the table. "That's the sort of young man I admire. That's the sort of man I want as a son-in-law; not a little milksop who waves a stick about in front of a band."

Marigold said nothing. There was nothing to say.

He went on casually—too casually.

"I've asked them to dine here to-morrow night," he said evenly. Avoiding her eyes.

Marigold threw one word at him.

"Them?"

He didn't answer, because there was no need to do so. He knew that Marigold understood. She knew that there was no point to be gained by argument. Instead, she asked: "And what does this paragon of a son do for his living that is so manly?"

Richard Paton hesitated for a moment. It hadn't occurred to him to ask, but in his own mind he was sure. There was only one thing that old George's son would do. The Stock Exchange.

He spoke gruffly.

"He's on the Exchange, of course. What did you think he did? Fiddled for a living—or crooned?"

The front door bell rang impatiently and Marigold could hear vague voices in the hall. She brushed a little more rouge across her cheekbones and painted her mouth more vividly. Make-up—a little too much make-up—gave you confidence, she thought, and made you look as cold as you felt inside.

She hadn't seen Harry at all since yesterday afternoon; perhaps if they had been able to joke together, between kisses, about the Paragon Who Kept His Aged Parents she wouldn't feel so bad. Her lips ached for the feel of his kisses—

her whole body cried out for the touch of his hands.

She heard the door of the lounge close and she knew that her father's guests would be drinking the specially dry sherry he kept for "occasions." She smiled to herself, maybe a sherry would help a little—give her that careless feeling and lend flippancy to her conversation.

She walked downstairs slowly, kicking her long, chiffon skirts at each step. As she opened the lounge door she heard her father say:

"This is Marigold, my daughter. . . ."

She got a hazy impression of two men—one tall, broad of shoulder and incredibly slim of waist. The other shorter, older, stouter. And a quiet, charming woman in a black velvet gown.

Her father said:

"Mrs. Laing—my daughter." He turned to the older, stouter man and introduced him. Marigold thought, "I'm going mad—I've died or something and this is heaven . . ."

She heard her father's voice coming to her from a great distance. "And here, Marigold, my dear, is Harry Laing."

Marigold came to earth with a bang. She grinned impishly at her father.

"You're telling me!" she said.

## IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE—

## Amazing Radio Scandal

A Sensational Article by Our Special Investigator.

## Real Star Gazing

by WILL HAY

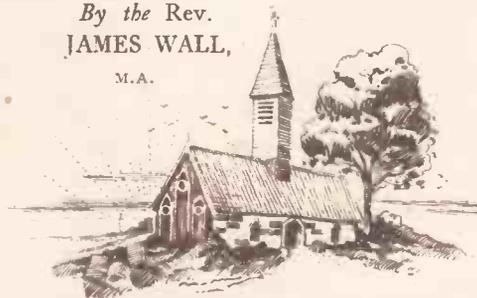
Other articles featuring ROY FOX, RUTH ETTING, and many more favourite broadcasters.

Also

## The Wager A Love Story with a Thrill

by EVERETT LAWSON

## Valley of the Shadow

By the Rev.  
JAMES WALL,  
M.A.

HERE comes a time when the least timorous of us finds himself glancing at the ages on tombstones, and interspersing average-expectation-of-life tables with mental arithmetic. Or again, to revisit the fields and villages of youth, as I have recently done, is to have it thrown at us that time is passing, and we with time. A generation we knew is clean gone, carried on its last journey up the hill. The children going to and fro to school, and so rapidly growing to maturity, did not exist when we knew the place.

When we were young it seemed as if life was static: children were children, and grown-ups, having grown up, would unquestionably remain constant as long as we cared to revisit them. It now seems clear that ten years will make vast inroads upon our friends, and upon ourselves.

## RADIO ROMEO

Continued from page 9

but her lack of experience prevented any of them taking a chance.

These days there are thousands of experienced young girls, and all very beautiful, trying to get odd jobs on the stage. Any agent could provide a dozen at a moment's notice. What chance had a pretty but inexperienced and raw young thing in a battle like that?

I found her sitting in my car one evening after a show. I looked and frowned. Then I asked her what she was doing in my car.

She told me her story. All about the heart-breaking trek from agent to agent, manager to manager, but without getting a single break.

She might have been a fraud, but you soon get to know whether a girl is sincere in this business. I knew that all she wanted was a job, and the fact that she was sitting in my car had no ulterior motive.

I got in the car and asked her where she lived. She told me, and on the way I gave her a good talking to, explaining the foolishness of trying to get a job without a reasonable amount of training in a dramatic school or a repertory company.

When I put her down at her house she came round to my seat to thank me for the help I had given her. Then, to my utter surprise, she kissed me on the forehead.

I wouldn't do that again, though. If ever I find another girl sitting in my car I won't be quite so soft hearted. It gives me the "uncle-complex"—a thing I'm trying my hardest to lose!

If it's Radio write to RADIO PICTORIAL about it. Give us your views on wireless programmes and personalities. We welcome letters from readers.

It is part of the divine tempering of the wind, that when we are in health we can hardly contemplate the possibility of our ceasing to be here. Often when men are very old and incapacitated from active work, they can still hardly visualise any coming change. Some people see it coming, and shut their eyes. Cosmetics, I cannot help thinking, legitimate enough in their way, are too often employed in a vain attempt to disguise from oneself the inevitable finality of life. Other people go on with an affected cynical indifference, living from day to day.

To my mind it is not morbid to look ahead. It is merely common-sense to have a policy, and to make that policy as far-sighted as we can. The Christian claims that the ideals of beauty, truth and unselfishness, being eternal, are outside time, and therefore are not affected by it. He pitches his hopes, and shapes his conduct, accordingly.

The great Huxley was once chaffing a brilliant Old Testament scholar at the Athenaeum. "I don't know why it is," he said, "that you waste your time in that old book." "There's no book like it," Dr. Ginsberg simply replied. But Huxley wasn't convinced. "If I had a brain like yours," he said, "I wouldn't waste it as you do. Why don't you use it for something bigger, something broader?" The reply came: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil" . . . Dr. Huxley, if you can find anything as satisfying as that in all your science, I'll switch over to-morrow." And he repeated: "There's no book like it."

This time the great scientist did not dispute it; and after that never treated Dr. Ginsberg's studies with anything but profound respect.

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

# Monday, September the Twenty-First

## RADIO NORMANDY 269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

### Morning Programme

8.0 a.m. **JACK SAVAGE AND HIS COWBOYS**  
In the Early Morning Round-Up  
Presented by  
**Crazy Water Crystals,**  
Thames House, S.W.1

8.15 a.m. **I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
**NEWS PARADE**  
The Merry-makers Dance (Nell Gwynn Dances) ... German  
Marcheta ... Schertzing  
Tambourine Chinois ... Kreisler  
A Little Love, a Little Kiss ... Silesu  
Presented by  
The Editors of "News Review"

8.30 a.m. **HAPPY DAYS**  
Smile Darn Ya, Smile ... O'Flynn  
The Return of the Gay Caballero ... Crumit  
Selection—The Music Goes Round ... Brown  
My Lady Dainty ... Hesse  
Presented by  
Odol,  
Odol Works, Norwich

8.45 a.m. **SUNNY JIM'S PROGRAMME OF "FORCE" AND MELODY**  
London Bridge March ... Coates  
When the Harvest's In ... Wright  
Master Melodies.  
Les Cloches de Corneville ... Planquette  
Presented by  
**A. C. Fincken & Co.,**  
195 Great Portland Street, W.1

9.0 a.m. **I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
**THE OPEN ROAD**  
King Cotton March ... Sousa  
Over on the Sunnyside ... Flynn  
I'm Sitting High on a Hilltop ... Johnston  
March of the Musketeers ... Friml  
Sing as We Go ... Haines  
Presented by  
**Carter's Little Liver Pills,**  
64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1

9.15 a.m. **MANTOVANI AND HIS TIPICA ORCHESTRA**  
(Electrical Recordings)  
Her First Dance ... Heykens  
In a Vienna Beer Garden.  
The Piccolino ... Berlin  
Pas des Fleurs (Naila) ... Delibes

9.30 a.m. **ADVANCE FILM NEWS**  
A Rendezvous with a Dream (Poppy) ... Robin  
Selection—Colleen ... Warren

9.30 a.m. **Advance Film News—contd.**  
State of My Heart ... Heymann  
Selection—The Great Ziegfeld ... Adamson  
Presented by  
**Associated British Cinemas,**  
30 Golden Square, W.1

9.45 a.m. **MELODIANA**  
Firebird ... Hughes  
Sing an Old-Fashioned Song ... Young  
Let's Sing Again ... McHugh  
Yankee Doodle Never Went to Town ... Hanighen  
Presented by  
**Milk of Magnesia,**  
179 Acton Vale, W.3

10.0 a.m. **SOME POPULAR RECORDS**  
(Electrical Recordings)  
The Merry-makers Carnival ... Haenschel  
The Merry-makers with Orchestra.  
Lazy Pete ... Werner  
International Concert Orchestra.  
Twilight on the Trail ... Mitchell  
Bing Crosby.  
Piano Pastimes ... Deneke  
Three Brothers. Nehring.  
Presented by  
**Bile Beans,**  
C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds

10.15 a.m. **OLD-TIME FAVOURITES**  
Selection—The Quaker Girl ... Monckton  
Lily of Laguna ... Stuart  
Tell Me Pretty Maiden (Floradora) ... Stuart  
Daisy Bell ... Dacre

10.30 a.m. **POPULAR CONCERT**  
(Electrical Recordings)  
Selection—No, No, Nanette ... Youmans  
The London Palladium Orchestra.  
Roses at Dawning ... Moret  
Peggy Wood.  
My Heart Stood Still ... Rodgers  
Edythe Baker.  
Bal Masqué ... Fletcher  
Grosvenor Symphony Orchestra.  
Presented by  
**Macleans, Ltd.,**  
Great West Road, Brentford

10.45 a.m. **FIFTEEN MINUTES WITH BING CROSBY**  
(Electrical Recordings)  
Please ... Robin  
I Wish I Were Aladdin ... Gordon  
We'll Rest at the End of the Trail ... Rose  
My Heart and I ... Robin

11.0 a.m. **PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH**  
Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

### Afternoon Programme

2.0 p.m. **DANCE MUSIC**  
Slipping Through My Fingers ... Woods  
Merry Go Round—Fox trot ... Mills  
My First Love Song—Waltz ... Parr-Davies  
Matlou—Tango ... Mariotti  
These Foolish Things—Fox trot ... Strachey  
Alone at a Table for Two—Fox trot ... Fio Rito  
Ingratitude—Rumba ... Fuentes  
Saddle Your Blues to a Wild Mustang—Fox trot ... Haid

2.30 p.m. **LIGHT MUSIC**  
Celebratin'—Quick step ... Woods  
Rhythm Saved the World ... Chaplin  
Samoan Love Song ... Kibel  
Beyond the Blue Horizon ... Robin  
Donegal Cradle Song—Fox trot ... Hughes  
In Tulip Land—Waltz ... Pazeller  
Always in All Ways ... Harling  
Boubitchka (Russian Folk Song) Trad.

3.0 p.m. **LISTEN TO THE BAND**  
Nautical Moments ... arr. Winter  
The Syrian Maid ... Rimmer  
Zelda—Caprice ... Code  
Marche Indienne ... Sellenick

3.15 p.m. **INSTRUMENTAL BREAK**  
The Dance of the Octopus ... Norvo  
Dedication to Eddie Lang ... Harris  
Down South ... Spueth  
Mandoline March.

3.30 p.m. **LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC**  
Muncher Kindl—Waltz ... Komzak  
London Again (Oxford Street) ... Coates  
Selection—Merry Widow ... Lehar  
You Will Remember Vienna ... Romberg  
Scottish Medley—One step ... arr. Somers  
Teddy Bears' Picnic ... Bratton  
Song—My First Thrill ... Sigler  
The Gipsy Princess—Waltz Medley Kalman

4.0 p.m. **TEA-TIME HOUR**  
With Debroy Somers and Other Artists  
Fancy Meeting You ... Wallace  
Music Hall Scrap Book.  
Ireland.  
Thanks a Million ... Johnston  
Marche Montmartre.  
Sailor Beware ... Robin  
Il Trovatore ... Verdi  
Isn't it Funny?  
How Sweet to Be a Cloud.  
London Hippodrome Memories.

4.0 p.m. **Tea-Time Hour—contd.**  
Followed at 4.45 p.m. by  
**THE CHILDREN'S CORNER**  
With the Uncle  
**BIRTHDAY GREETINGS**  
Presented by  
**Horlick's, Slough, Bucks**

5.0 p.m. **I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
**RAINBOW RHYTHM**  
Shim-me-sha-Wabble—Fox trot ... Williams  
Dirty Face ... Hillier  
I'd Rather Lead a Band ... Berlin  
I'll Stand By—Quick step ... Davis  
Presented by the makers of  
**Tintex,**  
199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

5.15 p.m. **MUSICAL QUERIES**  
Shall I Be An Old Man's Darling? ... Haines  
Would You? ... Brown  
Why Did I Have to Meet You? ... Parr-Davies  
What Shall Remain? ... Kreisler

5.30 p.m. **WHAT'S ON IN LONDON**  
News of the Latest Films, Shows and Other Attractions  
5.45 p.m. **CHEER UP**  
Look Up and Laugh ... Parr-Davies  
Singing a Happy Song ... Meskill  
Joy Dance ... Kirby  
Happy Ending ... Parr-Davies

6.0 p.m. **PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH**  
Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

### Evening Programme

12 (midnight) **DANCE MUSIC**  
You Gotta Know How to Dance ... Warren  
Two Heads Against the Moon ... Ager  
I'll Stand By—Quick step ... Davis  
It's Love Again ... Woods  
When Somebody Thinks You're Wonderful—Fox trot ... Woods  
Rhythm of the Sea—Fox trot ... Evans  
I Ain't Got Nobody—Slow Fox trot Williams  
You Fit Into the Picture—Fox trot Green

12.30 a.m. **I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
A Beautiful Lady in Blue—Waltz ... Lewis  
Indian Love Call—Fox trot ... Friml  
Breakin' in a Pair of Shoes ... Washington  
Shoe Shine Boy—Fox trot ... Chaplin  
Woe is Me—Fox trot ... Cavanagh  
Don't Tell a Soul—Fox trot ... Pepper  
Goombay Rumba Drums—Rumba Lofthouse  
Let Yourself Go—Fox trot ... Berlin  
1.0 a.m. **I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.**

## RADIO LUXEMBOURG 1293 m., 232 Kc/s.

### Morning Programme

8.15—8.30 a.m. **ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS**

8.45 a.m. **ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS**

9.15 a.m. **GOOD-MORNING PROGRAMME**  
Bohemian Polka (Schwanda) ... arr. Bauner  
Minuet ... Paderewski

9.15 a.m. **Good-Morning Prog.—contd.**  
Sweetheart, Let's Grow Old Together Bratton  
Selection—Waltzland.  
Presented by  
**Horlick's, Slough, Bucks**

9.30—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**  
Rhythm Saved the World ... Chaplin  
I Don't Want to Make History ... Robin  
I've Got an Invitation to a Dance ... Neiburg  
Bolero ... Boucheron  
Presented by the makers of  
**Tintex,**  
199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

10.45 p.m. **YOUR RADIO REQUEST RECORDS**  
You Can't Pull the Wool Over My Eyes ... Ager  
The King Steps Out—Waltz Medley ... Kreisler  
The Scene Changes ... Hill  
What People Make a Living From ... Picon

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

# Tuesday, September the Twenty-Second

## RADIO NORMANDY 269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

### Morning Programme

8.0 a.m. **JACK SAVAGE AND HIS COWBOYS**  
In the Early-morning Round-up  
Presented by  
**Crazy Water Crystals,**  
Thames House, S.W.1

8.15 a.m. **I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
**GOLDEN HARMONY**  
Geraldoland.  
Laughing Irish Eyes ... Mitchell  
Dance of the Octopus ... Norvo  
You Will Remember Vienna ... Romberg  
Presented by  
**Spink & Son, Ltd.,**  
5, 6 and 7 King Street, St. James's, S.W.1

8.30 a.m. **GRACIE FIELDS**  
(Electrical Recordings)  
Poor Little Angelina ... Kennedy  
Down at Our Charity Bazaar ... Aza  
Alone ... Brown  
Look Up and Laugh Medley ... Parr Davies  
Presented by  
**Vitacup,**  
Wincarnis Works, Norwich

8.45 a.m. **POPULAR MUSIC**  
To-night ... Valerio  
Carnival of Venice ... Benediclan  
Shepherd Boys' Song ... Pepper  
Look to the Left, Look to the Right ... Casiling  
Presented by  
**Fels Naptha Soap,**  
195 Great Portland Street, W.1

9.0 a.m. **I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
**HEALTH MAGIC**  
Live, Laugh and Love ... Heymann  
You Are My Heart's Delight ... Lehar  
Les Millions d'Arlequin ... Drigo  
Falling in Love Again ... Robin  
Presented by  
**The Society of Herbalists, Ltd.,**  
Culpeper House, 21 Bruton Street, W.1

9.15 a.m. **LIGHT MUSIC**  
Medley of Daly's Favourites.  
Sing Before Breakfast ... Brown  
Hand Me Down My Walking Cane Trad.  
Rosewood Riddles ... Byrne

9.30 a.m. **TUNES WE ALL KNOW**  
(Electrical Recordings)  
Selection—No! No! Nanette ... Youmans  
Columbia Vocal Gems.  
Tina—Tango ... Kennedy  
Alfredo and his Orchestra.  
I Give My Heart (The Dubarry) Millocker  
Winnie Melville.  
Master Melodies.  
London Palladium Orchestra.  
Presented by the makers of  
**Limestone Phosphate,**  
Braydon Road, N.16

9.45 a.m. **TUNEFULLY YOURS**  
Selection—The Great Ziegfeld ... Adamson  
Tony's in Town ... Woods

9.45 a.m. **Tunefully Yours—contd.**  
I'm Pixilated Over You ... Heyman  
It's a Sin to Tell a Lie ... Mayhew  
Presented by  
**California Syrup of Figs,**  
179 Acton Vale, W.3

10.0 a.m. **TEN O'CLOCK TUNES**  
(Electrical Recordings)  
Sandler Serenades.  
Albert Sandler and his Orchestra.  
You Look so Sweet, Madame ... Heymann  
Maurice Chevalier.  
In a Little Rendezvous in Honolulu Burke  
Roy Sneek and his Hawaiian Serenades.  
Wood Nymphs ... Coates  
Band of His Majesty's Coldstream Guards.  
Presented by  
**Zambuk,**  
C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds

10.15 a.m. **THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE**  
There'll be Some Changes Made ... Higgins  
Love Will Find a Way ... Fraser Simson  
The Sun is Round the Corner ... Green  
You're Gonna Lose Your Gal ... Young

10.30 a.m. **POPULAR CONCERT**  
(Electrical Recordings)  
Twist and Twirl ... Kottaun  
Band of His Majesty's Coldstream Guards.  
Fiddlesticks (Harry Robbins) ... Jones  
Springtime Serenade ... Heykens  
Marek Weber and his Orchestra.  
Nautical Moments ... arr. Winter  
London Palladium Orchestra.  
Presented by  
**Macleans, Ltd.,**  
Great West Road, Brentford

10.45 a.m. **EDITH LORAND AND HER VIENNESE ORCHESTRA**  
(Electrical Recordings)  
A Little Dutch Girl Potpourri ... Kalman  
The Flowers' Caress ... Leuljens  
Poème ... Fiebich  
Le Plus Jolie Réve ... Arizzo

11.0 a.m. **PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH**  
Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

### Afternoon Programme

2.0 p.m. **DANCE MUSIC**  
This'll Make You Whistle ... Sigler  
Sophisticated Lady—Fox trot ... Ellington  
Fado do Amor—Rumba ... Emer  
Whenever I Think of You ... Woods  
Won't You Get Off it, Please ... Waller  
Don Fabrico—Tango ... Galiazzo  
Happiness Ahead—Fox trot ... Dixon  
My Old Flame—Fox trot ... Johnston

2.30 p.m. **OPINION**  
You've Got Everything ... Kahn  
You're Sweeter Than I Thought You Were ... Sigler  
Eadie Was a Lady ... Brown  
Heaven Will Protect an Honest Girl ... Weston  
Rhythm Saved the World ... Chaplin  
A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody ... Berlin  
You Are Too Beautiful ... Rodgers  
Tain't No Use ... Magidson

Are you tuning-in to RADIO NORMANDY at 2.0 p.m. ? . . . It's the new time for beginning the afternoon programme

# Tuesday, September the Twenty-Second—cont.

## RADIO NORMANDY 269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s. Continued from page 36, col. 4

**3.0 p.m. LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC**  
 Poranek—Waltz ... *Lindsay*  
 Wedgewood Blue ... *Ketelbey*  
 Indian Love Call ... *Friml*  
 On a Local Train Journey ... *Rathke*  
 Song of the Vagabonds ... *Friml*  
 Anitra's Dance (Peer Gynt) ... *Grieg*  
 Gipsy Love Song ... *Herbert*  
 Selection—Princess Ida ... *Sullivan*

**3.30 p.m. WALTZ SANDWICH**  
 Marche Hongroise ... *Berlioz*  
 Waltz Time ... *Brahms*  
 Marche Militaire ... *Schubert*

**3.45 p.m. KEEP HOPING**  
 I Hope Gabriel Likes my Music ... *Franklin*  
 There's Always To-morrow ... *Furber*  
 In My Little Bottom Drawer ... *Haines*  
 When April Comes Again ... *Symes*

**4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR**  
 With Debroy Somers and Other Artists  
 Off We Go ... *arr. Baynes*  
 Fifty Years of Song... ... *arr. Baynes*  
 Kisses ... *Hall arr. Zaluska*  
 Music Hath Charms ... *Hall arr. Zaluska*  
 Doll Dance ... *Brown*

**4.0 p.m. Tea-time Hour—cont.**  
 The Henderson Stomp ... *Henderson*  
 Spanish Serenade ... *Herbert*  
 It's Very Very Funny.  
 Cottleston Pie.  
 Palace Theatre Memories.  
 Followed at 4.45 p.m. by  
**THE CHILDREN'S CORNER**  
 With the Uncles  
**BIRTHDAY GREETINGS**  
 Presented by  
 Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

**6.0 p.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH**  
*Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie*  
**Evening Programme**

**12 (midnight) DANCE MUSIC**  
 Hold Me Tight, I'm Falling ... *Lisbona*  
 Thank You, Mr. Bach ... *Phillips*  
 Wake Up and Sing—Fox trot ... *Friend*  
 Say That You Will not Forget ... *Marischka*  
 Moonburn—Fox trot ... *Carmichael*  
 Babs—Fox trot ... *Young*  
 Here Comes the Bride ... *Leon*  
 Leave it to Love—Fox trot ... *Stolz*

## RADIO LUXEMBOURG 1293 m., 232 Kc/s.

### Morning Programme

**8.15—8.30 a.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS**

**8.45 a.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS**

**9.15 a.m. GOOD-MORNING PROGRAMME**  
 Bartered Bride—March ... *Smetana*  
 Quaker Girl—Waltz ... *Monckton*  
 A Rendezvous with a Dream ... *Robin*  
 Waldeufel Memories ... *Waldeufel*  
 Presented by  
 Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

**9.30 a.m. MUSICAL MENU**  
 Mrs. Jean Scott,  
 President of the Brown and Polson Cookery  
 Club gives you a Free Recipe  
 Popcorn.  
 Why Did I Have to Meet You? ... *Loewe*  
 A Waltz was Born in Vienna ... *Loewe*

**9.30 a.m. Musical Menu—contd.**  
 It's a Sin to Tell a Lie ... *Mayheo*  
 Presented by  
 Brown & Polson,  
 43 Shoe Lane, E.C.4

**9.45—10.0 a.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS**  
**Evening Programme**

**6.15 p.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS**

**6.30 p.m. THE KING'S MEN QUARTET**  
 Mosquitoes.  
 Nobody Knows de Trouble I've Seen.  
 Desert Sands.  
 Strange Interlude.  
 Let's All Sing like the Birdies Sing.  
 Presented by  
 Rowntrees Gums and Pastilles,  
 York

**6.30—7.15 p.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS**

**5.0 p.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
**RAINBOW RHYTHM**  
 Firebird—Fox trot ... *Hughes*  
 I'm Pixilated Over You ... *Heyman*  
 Selection—The Great Ziegfeld ... *Adamson*  
 Let Yourself Go ... *Berlin*  
 Presented by the makers of  
 Tintex,  
 199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

**5.15 p.m. FINGERING THE FETS**  
 A Programme for Instrumental Enthusiasts  
 On the Beach at Bali-Bali ... *Meskill*  
 Love, For Ever I Adore You ... *Miller*  
 Dim Light ... *Donato*  
 Tremolo Study ... *Tarrega*

**5.30 p.m. WHAT'S ON IN LONDON**  
 News of the Latest Films, Shows and Other  
 Attractions

**5.45 p.m. FINALE**  
 Alone at a Table for Two ... *Fio Rito*  
 Now That You're Gone ... *Fio Rito*  
 The Physician ... *Porter*  
 That's a Plenty ... *Pollack*

**12.30 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
**JACK JACKSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA**  
*(Electrical Recordings)*  
 Vienna in Springtime—Fox trot ... *Leon*  
 How Can You Face Me? ... *Razaf*  
 You Can't Do That There 'ere ... *Rolls*  
 She Fell for a Feller from Ooopsala ... *Butler*  
 My Old Dog—Fox trot ... *Sarony*  
 You Have That Extra Something ... *Ellis*  
 The Bridal Waltz ... *Drake*  
 And So to Bed—Fox trot ... *Ellis*

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

**PARIS (Poste Parisien)**  
**312.8 m., 959 Kc/s.**

**10.30—11.0 p.m. DANCE MUSIC AND CABARET**  
 Relayed from "Chez Scheherazade"  
 Commentary in English

# Wednesday, September the Twenty-Third

## RADIO NORMANDY 269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

### Morning Programme

**8.0 a.m. JACK SAVAGE AND HIS COWBOYS**  
 In the Early-morning Round-up  
 Presented by  
 Crazy Water Crystals,  
 Thames House, S.W.1

**8.15 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
**HAPPY DAYS**  
 Selection—Follow the Fleet ... *Berlin*  
 Beautiful Ohio ... *Earl*  
 Following the Drum (Viktoria and  
 Her Hussar) ... *Abraham*  
 Wedded Whimsies ... *arr. Alford*  
 Presented by  
 Wincarnis,  
 Wincarnis Works, Norwich

**8.30 a.m. LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC**  
 Selection—The White Horse Inn ... *Stolz*  
 Capricious Intermezzo ... *de Micheli*  
 Amina ... *Lincke*  
 The Doll Dance ... *Brown*

**8.45 a.m. SUNNY JIM'S PROGRAMME OF "FORCE" AND MELODY**  
 Marche Lorraine ... *Ganne*  
 Phil the Fluter's Ball ... *French*  
 Master Melodies.  
 Dancing Through the Ages.  
 Presented by  
 A. C. Fincken & Co.,  
 195 Great Portland Street, W.1

**9.0 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
**DANCE MUSIC**  
 Yankee Doodle Never Went to  
 Town—Fox trot ... *Hanighen*  
 I'm Pixilated Over You ... *Heyman*  
 My First Love Song—Waltz ... *Parr-Davies*  
 There Isn't Any Limit to My Love ... *Stigler*  
 Presented by  
 Sanitas,  
 51 Clapham Road, S.W.9

**9.15 a.m. THE BOSWELL SISTERS**  
*(Electrical Recordings)*  
 Don't Let Your Love Go Wrong ... *Whiting*  
 I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and  
 Write Myself a Letter ... *Young*  
 Gee, But I'd Like to Make You  
 Happy ... *Ward*  
 Every Little Moment ... *Fields*

**9.30 a.m. MILITARY BAND MUSIC**  
 King Cotton March ... *Sousa*  
 Milestones of Melody ... *arr. Wright*  
 Parade of the Tin Soldiers ... *Jessel*  
 Wood Nymphs ... *Coates*

**9.45 a.m. MUSICAL REVERIES**  
 Circus March (The Bartered Bride) ... *Smetana*  
 Invitation to the Waltz ... *Weber*  
 On With the Motley (Pagliacci) ... *Leoncavallo*  
 Love Here is My Heart ... *Siltsu*  
 Presented by  
 California Syrup of Figs,  
 179 Acton Vale, W.3

**10.0 a.m. LIGHT MUSIC**  
 Ginger Snaps ... *Bourdon*  
 Oua Oua ... *Norvo*  
 Dance of the Octopus ... *Norvo*  
 Song of the Vagabonds ... *Friml*  
 The Busy Bee ... *Bendix*  
 Nagasaki ... *Dixon*  
 At the Café Continental ... *Kennedy*

**10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT**  
*(Electrical Recordings)*  
 Martial Moments ... *arr. Winter*  
 Band of His Majesty's Coldstream Guards.  
 Leanin' (Harold Williams) ... *Sterndale-Brennet*  
 The Butterfly ... *Bendix*  
 J. H. Squire's Celeste Octet.  
 Wine, Women and Song ... *Strauss*  
 Alfredo Roade and his Eighteen Tsiganes.  
 Presented by  
 Macleans, Ltd.,  
 Great West Road, Brentford

**10.45 a.m. SELECTIONS FROM MUSICAL COMEDY**  
 Hold My Hand (The Three Sisters) ... *Kern*  
 Rose Marie (Rose Marie) ... *Friml*  
 Deep in My Heart (The Student  
 Prince) ... *Romberg*  
 Selection—The Cat and the Fiddle ... *Kern*

**11.0 a.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH**  
*Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie*

### Afternoon Programme

**2.0 p.m. DANCE MUSIC**  
 Christopher Columbus—Fox trot ... *Razaf*  
 Marianna—Rumba Fox trot ... *Sunshine*  
 Ducky Wucky—Fox trot ... *Ellington*  
 Rehearsing a Lullaby—Waltz ... *Stigler*  
 The Traffic was Terrible—Fox trot ... *Bernier*  
 Rosa Mia—Tango ... *Potter*  
 Dinah—Fox trot ... *Akst*  
 The Sun Has Got His Hat On ... *Gay*

**2.30 p.m. DIFFERENT DANCE**  
 Ballet Russe—Czardas ... *Luigini*  
 Gipsy Dance ... *Bizet*

**2.30 p.m. Different Dance—contd.**  
 Danse Créole ... *Chaminade*  
 Ballet Egyptien Suite ... *Luigini*  
 Dance No. 5 ... *Granados*  
 Slav Dance in E. Minor ... *Dvorak*  
 La Vida Breve (Spanish Dance) ... *de Falla*  
 Dance of the Seven Veils ... *Strauss*

**3.0 p.m. VARIETY**  
 This'll Make You Whistle ... *Sigler*  
 Grandma's Days and Nowadays ... *Rose*  
 Shoe Shine Boy ... *Chaplin*  
 Please Believe Me ... *Jacobs*  
 One of the Little Orphans of the  
 Storm ... *Haines*  
 Frivolous Joe ... *de Pietro*  
 On the Beach at Bali-Bali ... *Meskill*  
 Somebody Stole My Gal ... *Wood*

**3.30 p.m. FROM THE TALKIES AND SHOWS**  
 Every Time I Look at You  
 (Dancing Feet) ... *Mitchell*  
 Got to Dance My Way to Heaven  
 (It's Love Again) ... *Coslow*  
 Laughing Irish Eyes (Laughing  
 Irish Eyes) ... *Mitchell*  
 Selection—The Great Ziegfeld ... *Adamson*  
 I'm Building Up to an Awful Let  
 Down (Rise and Shine) ... *Mercer*  
 Selection—The King Steps Out  
 Hallelujah, I'm a Tramp  
 (Hallelujah I'm a Tramp) ... *Rodgers*  
 Without Rhythm (This'll Make You  
 Whistle) ... *Sigler*

**4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR**  
 With Debroy Somers and Other Artists  
 Swing ... *Ellis*  
 With All My Heart ... *McHugh*  
 Is it True What They Say About  
 Dixie? ... *Caesar*  
 Russian Medley ... *Guger*  
 Love Sends a Little Gift of Roses.  
 The Cobra and the Flute ... *Openshaw*  
 Uncle Sammy March.  
 Lines Written by a Bear of Very Little Brain.  
 Sing Ho! for the Life of a Bear.  
 Memories of the London Hippodrome.  
 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**  
 Fall in and Follow the Band ... *Haines*  
 Hand in Hand ... *Kern*  
 Hyde Park Corner ... *Evans*  
 I Love a Parade ... *Arlen*  
 Meet the Navy.  
 Presented by  
 Carter's Little Liver Pills,  
 64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1

**5.15 p.m. RAINBOW RHYTHM**  
 Change Your Mind ... *Noble*  
 Sophisticated Lady ... *Ellington*  
 Nightfall ... *Lewis*  
 Farewell Blues ... *Rappolo*  
 Presented by the makers of  
 Tintex,  
 199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

**5.30 p.m. POTPOURRI**  
 Medley of Daly's Favourites.  
 Wah Hoo ... *Friend*  
 Rendezvous ... *Aletter*  
 Monkey Tricks ... *Groitzsch*  
 My Lady Dainty ... *Hesse*  
 Beyond the Blue Horizon ... *Robin*  
 Rio de Janeiro ... *de Gredos*  
 Oxford Street ... *Coates*

**6.0 p.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH**  
*Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie*  
**Evening Programme**

**12 (midnight) DANCE MUSIC**  
 Swing—Quick step ... *Ellis*  
 Leave it to Love—Fox trot ... *Stolz*  
 Rhythm in My Nursery Rhymes ... *Luceford*  
 Falling in Love—Waltz ... *Haners*  
 Cherokee—Fox trot ... *Lisbona*  
 At Your Service, Madame ... *Warren*  
 Lady from Mayfair ... *Carr*  
 Broadway Cinderella ... *Warren*

**12.30 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
 Cuban Pete—Rumba ... *Norman*  
 Star Dust—Fox trot ... *Carmichael*  
 How Can You Face Me? ... *Razaf*  
 Lost—Quick step ... *Mercer*  
 My Old Flame—Fox trot ... *Johnston*  
 Christopher Columbus—Fox trot ... *Razaf*  
 Alone Again—Fox trot ... *Woods*  
 Selection—Lime-light.

**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**  
 The King Steps Out—Waltz Medley ... *Kreisler*  
 Without Rhythm ... *Sigler*  
 Black Coffee ... *Sigler*  
 Everybody's Swingin' it Now ... *Davis*  
 Presented by the makers of  
 Tintex,  
 199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

**10.45 p.m. RADIO STARS**  
*(Electrical Recordings)*  
 A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody ... *Berlin*  
 Roy Fox and his Band.

**10.45 p.m. Radio Stars—contd.**  
 It's Been so Long ... *Adamson*  
 Ruth Etting ... *Frankhu*  
 Clothes ... *Frankhu*  
 Murgatroyd and Winterbottom.  
 Sleepy Head (Pat Hyde) ... *Kahn*  
 Presented by  
 "Radio Pictorial"

**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—8.30 a.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS**

**8.45 a.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS**

**9.15 a.m. GOOD-MORNING PROGRAMME**  
 Dancing Doll ... *Brown*  
 A Waltz Dream ... *Straws*  
 We'll Rest at the End of the Trail... *Rose*

**9.15 a.m. Good-morning Prog.—contd.**  
 Selection—The Geisha ... *Jones*  
 Presented by  
 Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

**9.30—10.0 a.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS**  
**Evening Programme**

**6.15—7.15 p.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS**

Have breakfast to the music of JACK SAVAGE AND HIS COWBOYS ... Monday to Friday  
 mornings at 8.0 a.m.

# Thursday, September the Twenty-Fourth

## RADIO NORMANDY 269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

### Morning Programme

8.0 a.m. **JACK SAVAGE AND HIS COWBOYS**  
In the Early Morning Round-up

Presented by  
**Crazy Water Crystals,**  
Thames House, S.W.1

8.15 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.

### THE STA-BLOND SPECIAL

Join  
**June Manners and Jack Lyndon**  
In their American Tour

Presented by  
**Sta-Blond Shampoo,**  
Acton Lane, NW.10

8.30 a.m. **THE REVELLERS**  
Beautiful Lady in Blue ... *Lewis*  
I'm Building Up to An Awful Let  
Down ... *Mercer*  
My Heart and I ... *Robin*  
Calabash Pipe.

Presented by  
**Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream**  
Colgate, Ltd., S.W.1

8.45 a.m. **POPULAR MUSIC**  
Animal Antics ... *Wark*  
Loch Lomond ... *Jeffrys*  
Dirty Face ... *Hillier*  
Thrills ... *Ancliffe*

Presented by  
**Fels Naptha Soap,**  
195 Great Portland Street, W.1

9.0 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.

### DANCE MUSIC

A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody ... *Berlin*  
Supposin'—Fox trot ... *Evans*  
The Cubalero—Rumba ... *Young*  
I Like Bananas—Quick step ... *Yacich*

Presented by  
**Woodward's Grippe Water,**  
51 Clapham Road, S.W.9

9.15 a.m. **FACING THE MUSIC**  
with The Melody Master

Presented by  
**Vikelp Health and Body-building Tablets,**  
10 Henrietta Street, W.1

### 9.30 a.m. FAVOURITE MELODIES

(Electrical Recordings)  
Marching with Sousa ... *Sousa*  
*Band of H.M. Grenadier Guards.*  
Stein Song (Rudy Starita) ... *Fenstead*  
Who's Been Polishing the Sun? ... *Gay*  
*Jack Hubert.*  
Free and Easy ... *Porschmann*  
*Barnabas von Geczy and his Orchestra.*  
Presented by  
**Freezone Corn Remover,**  
Braydon Road, N.16

### 9.45 a.m. MELODIANA

You Gotta Know How to Dance ... *Warren*  
Shoe Shine Boy ... *Chaplin*  
We'll Rest at the End of the Trail ... *Rose*  
Swingin' at Maida Vale ... *Carter*  
Presented by  
**Milk of Magnesia,**  
479 Acton Vale, W.3

### 10.0 a.m. SPECIAL MUSICAL PROGRAMME

Presented by  
**Murdoch, Murdoch & Co.,**  
Piano Showrooms, 463 Oxford Street, W.1

### 10.15 a.m. LIGHT MUSIC

Folies Bergère March ... *Lincke*  
Step by Step ... *Bawcomb*  
Gaiety Echoes ... *arr. Caryl*  
Come, Gipsy ... *Kalman*

### 10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT

(Electrical Recordings)  
Selection—The Maid of the Mountains ... *Fraser Simson*  
*London Palladium Orchestra.*  
One Night of Love (Grace Moore) ... *Scherzinger*  
In the Teahouse with a Hundred ... *Yoshimoto*  
Steps ... *Ferdj Kauffman and his Orchestra.*  
The Policeman's Holiday ... *Ewing*  
Band of H.M. Coldstream Guards.  
Presented by  
**Macleans, Ltd.,**  
Great West Road, Brentford

### 10.45 a.m. CHEERY TUNES

Jolly Brothers Waltz ... *Lisbona*  
Joy Dance ... *Kirby*  
I Laughed so Hard I Nearly Died ... *Hall*  
We're Tops on Saturday Night ... *Kennedy*

### 11.0 a.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH

*Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie*

### Afternoon Programme

#### 2.30 p.m. OPTIMISM

There's a Rainbow Round My ... *Jolson*  
Shoulder ...  
Because No Power on Earth Can ...  
Pull it Down ... *Rutherford*  
Life Begins Again ... *Flanagan*  
I Believe in Miracles ... *Lewis*  
When the Robin Sings His Song ... *Chaplin*  
Again ... *Parish*  
Some of These Days ... *Brooks*  
There's Always To-morrow ... *Furber*

#### 3.0 p.m. ORCHESTRAL CONCERT

Selection—White Horse Inn ... *Stolz*  
Chanson ... *Friml*  
As Long as Our Hearts are Young ... *Kester*  
Spring in Japan ... *Ohno*  
The Wedding of the Rose ... *Jessel*  
Song—Bird on the Wing ... *Kennedy*  
Faust Frolics ... *Gounod, arr. Somers*  
Flapperette ... *Greer*

#### 3.30 p.m. WESTERN FILM DRAMA

The Old Homestead—Little Valley ... *Kennedy*  
in the Mountains ...  
The Hero—Ragtime Cowboy Joe ... *Clarke*  
And His Horse—Ole Faithful ... *Carr*  
The Heroine—Lily Vail Lane ... *Hedges*  
The Villain—The Villain of the ...  
Piece ... *Sarony*  
The Chase—Wild Ride ... *Hall*  
The Rescue—Saddle Your Blues to ...  
a Wild Mustang ... *Haid*  
Love Theme—Whistling Lovers' ...  
Waltz ... *Damerell*

#### 4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR

with Debroy Somers and Other Artists  
Tap Your Tootsies ... *Sigler*  
Southern Medley ...  
Around the Old Bandstand ... *Iida*  
Carmen ... *Bizet*  
Skinner's Sock.  
Shake it Off.  
March of the Giants.

### 4.0 p.m. Tea-time Hour—contd.

They All Went Off to Discover the Pole.  
Three Cheers for Pooch.  
Lyric Theatre Medley.

### 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

There'll Be Some Changes Made ... *Higgins*  
Film Waltz Songs Medley.  
Moanin' for You ... *Brooke*  
You Gotta Ho-de-Ho ... *Brown*  
Presented by the makers of  
**Tintex, 199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4**

### 5.15 p.m. MUSICAL COMEDY MEMORIES

The Mousse Overture ... *Monckton*  
Star of My Soul (The Geisha) ... *Jones*  
The Quaker Girl—Waltz ... *Monckton*  
The Shade of the Palm (Floradora) ... *Stuart*

### 5.30 p.m. WHAT'S ON IN LONDON

News of the Latest Films, Shows and Other Attractions

### 5.45 p.m. POPULAR TUNES BY ACCORDION

BANDS  
Valencia ... *Padilla*  
I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles ... *Kenbrovin*  
Peggy O'Neill ... *Pease*  
Because I Love You ... *Berlin*

### 6.0 p.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH

*Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie*

### Evening Programme

#### 12 (midnight) DANCE MUSIC

Get Rhythm in Your Feet ... *Robinson*  
Doon' the New Low Down ... *McHugh*  
I Like Bananas—Quick step ... *Yachich*  
Whotcha Gotcha Trombone For? ... *Kennedy*  
Robins and Roses ... *Burke*  
Rise n' Shine—Fox trot ... *Youmans*  
A Waltz Was Born in Vienna ... *Loewe*  
It's Love Again—Fox trot ... *Coslow*  
**12.30 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
DANCE MUSIC

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

## RADIO LUXEMBOURG 1293 m., 232 Kc/s.

### Morning Programme

8.15—8.30 a.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS

8.45 a.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS

9.15 a.m. GOOD-MORNING PROGRAMME

Spring's Delight.  
Westminster Meditation ... *Coates*  
On the Beach at Bali Bali ... *Meskill*  
Selection—The Early Twenties.

Presented by  
**Horlick's, Slough, Bucks**

### 9.30 a.m. MUSICAL MENU

Mrs. Jean Scott,  
President of the Brown and Polson Cookery  
Club gives you a Free Recipe  
It's Great to be in Love Again ... *Koehler*  
Darling, je vous aime beaucoup ... *Sosenski*  
When I'm With You ... *Gordon*  
Anything That's Part of You ... *Dixon*  
Presented by  
**Brown & Polson,**  
43 Shoe Lane, E.C.4

### 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

This'll Make You Whistle ... *Sigler*  
A New York Symphony ... *Ellstein*  
The Moon is Low ... *Brown*  
Marianna—Rumba ... *Sunshine*  
Presented by the makers of  
**Tintex, 199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4**

### 10.45 p.m. DANCE MUSIC

A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody ... *Berlin*  
Ooh, Looka There! Ain't She ... *Todd*  
Pretty? ... *Kreiser*  
Stars in My Eyes ... *Robin*  
I Don't Want to Make History ...  
**11.0 p.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

# Friday, September the Twenty-Fifth

## RADIO NORMANDY 269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

### Morning Programme

8.0 a.m. **JACK SAVAGE AND HIS COWBOYS**  
In the Early Morning Round-up

Presented by  
**Crazy Water Crystals,**  
Thames House, S.W.1

8.15 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.

### YOUR OLD FRIEND DAN

Round the Bend of the Road ... *Klenner*  
I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles ... *Claribel*  
Come Back to Erin ... *Caeser*  
Is it True what They Say about  
Dixie? ...

Presented by the makers of  
**Johnson's Wax Polish,**  
West Drayton, Middlesex

8.30 a.m. **LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC**

Whistling Rufus ... *Mills*  
Invitation to the Waltz ... *Weber*  
London Bridge March ... *Coates*  
Xylophone Solo—Robbin' Harry ... *Innes*

Presented by  
**Juvigold, 21 Farringdon Avenue, E.C.4**

8.45 a.m. **SUNNY JIM'S PROGRAMME**  
OF "FORCE" AND MELODY

El Capitan ... *Sousa*  
Moonlight and Roses ... *Moret*  
Clogs and Shawl ... *Haines*  
Amina ... *Lincke*

Presented by  
**A. C. Fincken & Co.,**  
195 Great Portland Street, W.1

9.0 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.

### FAVOURITES OF THE YEAR

Selection—Follow the Fleet ... *Berlin*  
I've Got a Feelin' You're Foolin' ... *Brown*  
Alone ... *Brown*  
On the Beach at Bali Bali ... *Meskill*

### 9.15 a.m. MORNING MELODIES

Selection—H.M.S. Pinafore ... *Sullivan*  
The Dancing Tailor ... *May*  
Cheery Souls ... *Burke*  
Katja, the Dancer—Waltz ... *Gilbert*  
Presented by  
**Colman's Starch,**  
J. J. Colman, Ltd., Carrow Works, Norwich

### 9.30 a.m. RADIO FAVOURITES

(Electrical Recordings)  
Goody Goody ... *Mercer*  
*Henry Hall and his Orchestra.*  
Selection—The Great Ziegfeld ... *Adamson*  
*Anon and the Paramount Theatre*  
*Orchestra.*  
España Waltz ... *Waldteufel*  
*Sydney Kyle and his Orchestra.*  
Poor Butterfly.  
*Victor Silvester and his Orchestra.*  
Presented by  
**Brooke Bond Dividend Tea and Coffee**  
Essence, London, E.1

### 9.45 a.m. TUNEFULLY YOURS

Tzinga Doodle-Day ... *Wimperis*  
Hush My Mouth ... *Sigler*  
Marigold ... *Mayerl*  
This'll Make You Whistle ... *Sigler*  
Presented by  
**California Syrup of Figs,**  
179 Acton Vale, W.3

### 10.0 a.m. SPECIAL MUSICAL PROGRAMME

Presented by  
**Murdoch, Murdoch & Co.,**  
Piano Showrooms, 463, Oxford Street, W.1

### 10.15 a.m. THE SUNMAID SONGSTERS

In a Non-stop Programme  
High Water. ... *Youmans*  
Without a Song ...

### 10.0 a.m. The Sunmaid Songsters—cont.

That's Why Darkies Were Born ... *Brown*  
Sweetheart Let's Grow Old Together ... *Bratton*  
Shoe Shine Boy ... *Chaplin*  
I Dream I Was a Pirate ... *Pola*  
Presented by the proprietors of  
**Sunmaid Raisins, 59 Eastcheap, E.C.3**

### 10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT

(Electrical Recordings)  
The Grenadiers' Waltz ... *Waldteufel*  
*Regimental Band of His Majesty's Grenadier*  
*Guards.*  
The Mountains of Mourne ... *Collinson*  
*Peter Dawson.*  
The Rose Beetle Goes a-Wooing ... *Armandola*  
*Ferdj Kauffman and his Orchestra.*  
Spanish Gipsy Dance ... *Marquina*  
*Troise and his Mandoliers.*  
Presented by  
**Macleans, Ltd.,**  
Great West Road, Brentford

### 10.45 a.m. DANCE MUSIC

It's No Fun—Fox trot ... *Ager*  
Marianna—Rumba ... *Sunshine*  
At the Café Continental ... *Kennedy*  
Hobson Park Avenue—Fox trot ... *Hudson*

### 11.0 a.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH

*Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie*

### Afternoon Programme

#### 2.0 p.m. DANCE MUSIC

Love is Everywhere—Fox trot ... *Davies*  
Rhythm Saved the World ... *Chaplin*  
Olga Pulloffski—Comedy Waltz ... *Weston*  
Cuban Pete—Rumba ... *Norman*  
Saddle Your Blues ... *Haid*

### 2.0 p.m. Dance Music—continued

For You, Madonna—Tango ... *Newville*  
Friends—Waltz ... *Damerell*  
Woe is Me—Fox trot ... *Cavanagh*

### 2.30 p.m. LIGHT FARE

Melody Trumps.  
Mama Don't Allow It ... *Davenport*  
Charlie Kunz Medley.  
It's Holiday Time Again ... *Van Dusen*  
No Other One ... *Lawnhurst*  
She Came from Alsace Lorraine ... *Iida*  
The Great American Tourist.  
*The Yacht Club Boys*  
*Brennan*

### 3.0 p.m. THE LONDON PALLADIUM ORCHESTRA

(Electrical Recordings)  
Medley of Wilfred Sanderson's  
Songs ... *Sanderson*  
Animal Antics ... *Wark*  
The Valley of the Poppies ... *Ancliffe*  
Grasshopper's Dance ... *Bucalossi*  
Forge in the Forest ... *Lloyd*  
A Birthday Serenade ... *Lincke*  
A la Gavotte (Two Little Dances) ... *Finch*  
Nautical Moments ... *arr. Winter*

### 3.30 p.m. THEATRE SUCCESSES

Selection—Floradora ... *Stuart*  
Waltz (The Merry Widow) ... *Lehar*  
A Bachelor Gay (Maid of the  
Mountains) ... *Tate*  
Selection—No! No! Nanette ... *Youmans*  
Oh Maiden, My Maiden (Frederica) ... *Lehar*  
I Give My Heart (The Dubarry) ... *Millocker*  
Selection—The Vagabond King ... *Friml*  
A British Mother's Big Flight  
(Streamline) ... *Herbert*

When other stations are silent, tune-in to RADIO NORMANDY for late night dance music ... 12.0 midnight till 1.0 a.m.

# Friday, September the Twenty-Fifth—cont.

**RADIO NORMANDY 269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.** Continued from page 38, col. 4

**4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR**  
 With Debroy Somers and Other Artists  
 Up the Hill to Happy Days ... Wallace  
 Famous Radio Waltzes.  
 Give 'im to 'er  
 Washington Grays ... Grafulla  
 I'll See You in My Dreams ... Kahn  
 Waltz (Miniature Suite) ... Coates  
 Old Comrades ... Teike  
 The More it Snows  
 I Could Spend a Happy Morning.  
 London Pavilion Medley.

**4.0 p.m. Tea-Time Hour—cont.**  
 Followed at 4.45 p.m. by  
**THE CHILDREN'S CORNER**  
 With the Uncle's  
**BIRTHDAY GREETINGS**  
 Presented by  
 Horlick's, Slough, Bucks  
**5.0 p.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
**RAINBOW RHYTHM**  
 Don't Mention Love to Me ... Levant  
 Doln' the New Low Down ... McHugh

**5.0 p.m. Rainbow Rhythm—contd.**  
 Tidal Wave—Fox trot ... Morgan  
 Some of These Days ... Brooks  
 Presented by the makers of  
**Tintex,**  
 199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

**5.15 p.m. WHAT'S ON IN LONDON**  
 News of the Latest Films, Shows and Other  
 Attractions

**5.30 p.m. BEACHCOMBINGS**  
 On the Beach at Bali Bali ... Meshill  
 By the Lazy Lagoon ... Keuleman  
 Drifting and Dreaming ... van Alstyne  
 My Hawaii, You're Calling Me ... Lewis

**5.45 p.m. TAPPING OUT RHYTHM**  
 Puttin' on the Ritz ... Berlin  
 Tap Your Tootsies ... Sigler  
 Got to Dance My Way to Heaven  
 Tap Dance Medley. ... Coslow

**6.0 p.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH**  
 Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

**Evening Programme**  
**12 (midnight)**  
**RAY NOBLE AND HIS ORCHESTRA**  
 (Electrical Recordings)  
 When I'm With You—Fox trot ... Gordon  
 You Have Taken My Heart ... Mercer  
 But Definitely—Fox trot ... Gordon  
 Japanese Sandman—Fox trot ... Whiting  
 Sing As We Go—Quick step ... Parr-Davies  
 Tiger Rag—Fox trot ... la Rocca  
 El Relicario—Paso Doble ... Padilla  
 Soon—Fox trot ... Rodgers

**12.30 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
**DANCE MUSIC**  
**1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and**  
**Close Down.**

**For RADIO LJUBLJANA Programme**  
 see page 34

**PARIS (Poste Parisien) 312.8 m., 959 Kc/s.**  
**Evening Programme** FRENCH THEATRE RELAY

## RADIO LUXEMBOURG 1293 m., 232 Kc/s.

### Morning Programme

**8.15—8.30 a.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS**  
**8.45 a.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS**  
**9.15 a.m. GOOD-MORNING PROGRAMME**  
 Puppechen ... Kalmar  
 Maria Mari ... di Capua  
 You Never Looked So Beautiful ... Adamson  
 Selection—The Student Prince ... Romberg  
 Presented by  
 Horlick's, Slough, Bucks  
**9.30—10.0 a.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS**

### Evening Programme

**6.15 p.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS**  
**6.30 p.m. THE KING'S MEN QUARTET**  
 Nay, Nay, Neighbour.  
 Love is the Sweetest Thing ... Noble  
 Sneeze Song.  
 Lazy Bones ... Mercer  
 Spirit Flower.  
 Presented by  
 Rowntree's Gums and Pastilles,  
 York

# Saturday, September the Twenty-Sixth

**RADIO NORMANDY 269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.**

### Morning Programme

**8.0 a.m. MUSICAL CAVALCADE**  
 Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy and  
 Trepak ... Tchaikowsky  
 Bal Masqué ... Fletcher  
 Pas des Fleurs (Naila) ... Delibes  
 Country Dance (Nell Gwynn  
 Dances) ... German  
 Presented by the Publishers of  
 Cavalcade,  
 Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2

**8.15 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
**THE MELODY MAKERS**  
 With Sam Browne, The Radio Three and  
 Arthur Young and Reginald Foresythe  
 Fascinating Rhythm ... Gerstwin  
 Florida Moon ... Gilbert  
 Au Revoir but Not Good-bye ... Gilbert  
 Hallelujah ... Youmans  
 Please Believe Me ... Goell  
 Presented by  
 Rowntree's Gums and Pastilles,  
 York

**8.30 a.m. MUSICAL MIXTURES**  
 Selection—Wonder Bar ... Warren  
 Eton Boating Song ... Johnson  
 Waltz Memories from Vienna ... arr. Rawicz  
 Selection—Curly Top.

**8.45 a.m. SUNNY JIM'S SPECIAL**  
**PROGRAMME FOR CHILDREN**  
 Marche Militaire ... Schubert  
 The Man Who Brings the Sunshine ... Cooper  
 Down in Demarara ... Traditional  
 Children's Overture ... Quiller  
 Presented by  
**A. C. Fincken & Co.,**  
 195 Great Portland Street, W.1

**9.0 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
**SOME POPULAR RECORDS**  
 Ye Merry Blacksmiths ... Bellon  
 Charles Manning and his Granada  
 Orchestra.  
 Sweeter Than Sugar ... Mills Brothers  
 The Mills Brothers.  
 The Lovely Aspidistra in the Old  
 Art Pot (Gracie Fields) ... Weston  
 Skies of Blue (Orchestre Mascotte) ... Kutsch  
 Presented by  
 Bile Beans, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds

**9.15 a.m. TUNES WE ALL KNOW**  
 Serenade ... Schubert  
 Medley of Wilfred Sanderson's Songs.  
 Olga Pulloffski ... Weston  
 Soldiers of the King ... Gay  
 Presented by the makers of  
 Limestone Phosphate,  
 Braydon Road, N.16

**9.30 a.m. A QUARTER OF AN HOUR'S**  
**ENTERTAINMENT**  
 For Mother and the Children  
 Presented by  
**UNCLE COUGHDROP**  
 and the  
**"PINEATE" AUNTS AND UNCLÉS**  
 Presented by  
 Pineate Honey Syrup,  
 Braydon Road, N.16

**9.45 a.m. DREAM WALTZES**  
 Amoretentanze ... Gung'l  
 Our Days Together ... Kennedy  
 A Brown Bird Singing ... Wood  
 The Rose in Her Hair ... Dubin  
 Presented by  
 True Story Magazine,  
 30 Bouverie Street, E.C.4

**10.0 a.m. LIGHT MUSIC**  
 American Medley ... arr. Somers  
 Free and Easy ... Porschmann  
 La Cinquantaine ... Marie  
 San ... Lindsay  
 Blue Sparks.  
 Marigold ... Mayerl  
 You Can Call it Swing ... Chaplin  
 Goody Goody ... Mercer

**10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT**  
 (Electrical Recordings)  
 The Jolly Whistlers (Jean Pierre) ... Genin  
 The Whirl of the Waltz ... Lincke  
 Orchestre Mascotte.  
 Song of Songs (Charles Kullman) ... Moya  
 Turkish Patrol ... Michaelis, arr. Lloyd.  
 London Palladium Orchestra.  
 Presented by  
**Macleans, Ltd.,**  
 Great West Road, Brentford

**10.45 a.m. LAYTON AND JOHNSTONE**  
 (Electrical Recordings)  
 Little Dutch Mill ... Freed  
 Layton and Johnstone Medley.  
 Dirty Face ... Hillier  
 You've Got Everything ... Kahn

**9.30 a.m. MUSICAL MENU**  
 Mrs. Jean Scott,  
 President of the Brown and Polson Cookery  
 Club, gives you a Free Recipe  
 Sunshine Ahead ... Rolls  
 Selection—Queen of Hearts ... Haines  
 Here's to You and Love ... Wayne  
 At Your Service, Madame ... Dubin  
 Presented by  
**Brown & Polson,**  
 43 Shoe Lane, E.C.4

**9.45—10.0 a.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS**  
**Evening Programme**  
**6.15—7.15 p.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS**

**11.0 a.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH**  
 Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

### Afternoon Programme

**2.0 p.m. DANCE MUSIC**  
 You Started Me Dreaming ... Davis  
 Poor Little Angeline—Fox trot ... Kennedy  
 The Piccolino—One step ... Berlin  
 Ingratitude—Rumba ... Fuentes  
 To-night—Tango ... Lesso  
 Boogie Woogie Stomp—Fox trot ... Smith  
 Everybody's Swingin' it Now ... Davis  
 The Scene Changes—Blues ... Hill

**2.30 p.m. MILITARY BAND CONCERT**  
 Joy of Life ... Moorhouse  
 Le Réve Passe ... Krier  
 Song—The Admiral's Yarn ... Rubens  
 Wood Nymphs ... Coates  
 Cornet Solo—Zelda—Caprice ... Code  
 Song—Cheery Souls ... Burke  
 Le Bombardier ... Pares  
 The Kilties' Courtship ... Mackenzie

**3.0 p.m. FILM STARS' PARADE**  
 (Electrical Recordings)  
 Eddie Cantor  
 Jeanette MacDonald  
 Adolphe Menjou  
 Pola Negri John Boles  
 Marlene Dietrich  
 Conrad Veidt and Al Jolson

**3.30 p.m. LIGHT ORCHESTRAL CONCERT**  
 Narcissus ... Nevin  
 Dicky Bird Hop ... Gownley  
 Wedgwood Blue ... Kettelbey  
 Song of the Islands ... King

**3.45 p.m. COLOUR ODDITIES**  
 Blue Roses ... Ellis  
 Green Tulips ... Croon-Johnson  
 Blue Sparks  
 Kaleidoscope ... Harris

**4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR**  
 With Debroy Somers and Other Artists  
 Blue Devils March ... Williams  
 The Golden Waltz  
 Give Me Animals.  
 Sunshine of Your Smile ... Ray  
 I Hear You Calling Me ... Marshall  
 All the Fun of the Fair.  
 Poor Little Romany.  
 The Butterflies Are Flying.  
 Christopher Robin's Going.  
 Drury Lane Medley.

**4.0 p.m. Tea-Time Hour—contd.**  
 Followed at 4.45 p.m. by  
**THE CHILDREN'S CORNER**  
 With the Uncle's  
**BIRTHDAY GREETINGS**  
 Presented by  
 Horlick's, Slough, Bucks  
**5.0 p.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
**RAINBOW RHYTHM**  
 You Were There—Fox trot ... Coward  
 Gombang Rumba Drums ... Lofthouse  
 Sweeter Than Sugar ... Mills Brothers  
 We Saw the Sea—Fox trot ... Berlin  
 Presented by the makers of  
**Tintex,**  
 199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

**5.15 p.m. HEALTH MAGIC**  
 Marta ... Simans  
 Isn't It Romantic? ... Rogers  
 Jealousy ... Gade  
 I Bring a Love Song ... Romberg  
 Presented by  
**The Society of Herbalists, Ltd.,**  
 Culpeper House, 21 Bruton Street, W.1

**5.30 p.m. WHAT'S ON IN LONDON**  
 News of the Latest Films, Shows and Other  
 Attractions  
**5.45 p.m. SWING MUSIC**  
 Request Programme from W. H. Atkinson  
 of Dagenham, Essex  
 (Electrical Recordings)  
 It Don't Mean a Thing ... Ellington  
 Duke Ellington and his Orchestra.  
 Swingin' the Lead ... Scott-Wood  
 The Six Swingers.  
 Dinah ... Lewis  
 "Fats" Waller and his Rhythm.  
 Ain't Misbehavin' ... Razaf  
 Claude Hopkins and his Orchestra.

**6.0 p.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH**  
 Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie  
**Evening Programme**  
**12 (midnight) DANCE MUSIC**  
 Beny Meeny Miney Mo ... Mercer  
 We Saw the Sea—Fox trot ... Berlin  
 Everybody Kiss Your Partner ... Sandford  
 La Carcajada—Tango ... Firpo  
 Dill Pickles—Fox trot ... Johnson  
 Rhythm Saved the World ... Chaplin  
 My Dear—Waltz ... Garber  
 Learning—Fox trot ... Symes

**12.30 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
**DANCE MUSIC**  
**1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and**  
**Close Down.**

**PARIS (Poste Parisien) 312.8 m., 959 Kc/s.**

**Evening Programme**  
**10.30 p.m. RAINBOW RHYTHM**  
 Every Time I Look at You ... Mitchell  
 Twilight on the Trail ... Mitchell  
 Shoe Shine Boy ... Chaplin  
 Mi Buenos Aires Querido—Tango  
 Presented by the makers of  
**Tintex,**  
 199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

**10.45 p.m. ADVANCE FILM NEWS**  
 Stars in My Eyes ... Kreiser  
 We'll Rest at the End of the Trail ... Rose  
 At the Café Continental ... Kennedy  
 Twilight on the Trail ... Mitchell  
 Presented by  
**Associated British Cinemas,**  
 30 Golden Square, W.1  
**11.0 p.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
**I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close**  
**Down.**

**RADIO 128**  
**STARS**

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