

**DRAMATIC SHORT STORY** by *Barbara Cartland*

**GERRY FITZGERALD :: SOPHIE TUCKER :: STANLEY HOLLOWAY**

**AN EX-B.B.C.  
ANNOUNCER  
CONFESSES**

# RADIO PICTORIAL!

THE FAMILY MAGAZINE

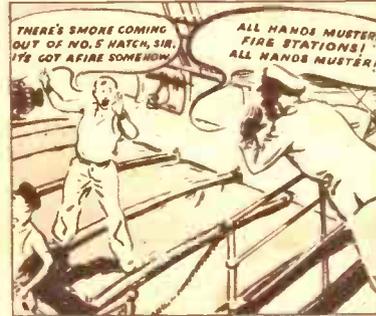
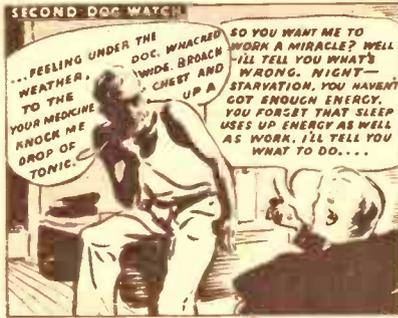
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EVERY FRIDAY



*Anne*  
**LENNER**



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Let's go round to Norman Long's is the title of a series of bright and breezy programmes for Kruschen Salts now being broadcast on Sundays from Luxembourg (11 a.m.) and Normandy at 10 p.m. Here are Norman Long and Stanelli rehearsing at the microphone

**Radio Pictorial—No. 142**  
**The FAMILY MAGAZINE**  
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 ASST. EDITORS.....HORACE RICHARDS  
 MARGOT JONES

**Presenting**  
**The**  
**RADIO**  
**PARADE**

Harry Lauder, for example, will be unlucky if he asks them for a bed when he next comes up from Scotland!

**Neither One Thing nor the Other**

IT was a long and tense business listening to the piano tests at Maida Vale, but every now and again the strain was relieved by the wit of the chairman. After hours spent round the loud-speaker the judges would give their opinions. Then it would be the chairman's turn. "You mean, gentleman," he said at the end of one such session, "that this piano is like kissing your sister—neither good nor bad."

**They All Want a Job**

THE lure of the mike is still pretty strong, judging by the response to the B.B.C.'s advertisements. I am told that nearly a thousand had applied for the announcer's job before the closing date, and lots who answered the advertisement when it first appeared were still writing to Broadcasting House. They had thought of some extra reasons why they should get the job and wanted the B.B.C. to know.

A whale of a post followed the B.B.C.'s announcement that it wanted a Talks Director and would pay at least twelve hundred a year, while more than five hundred applied for the Children's Hour vacancy. Sorting out the applications is a big job, and it takes a long time because they are all examined most carefully.

# ADMIRAL'S GUESTS FORGOT TO PAY

*Western Brother Buys a Plane :: Broadcasting House Dilemma :: Amateur Hour's Success*

**G**EORGE WESTERN, shorter of the two famous cads, has bought an aeroplane. It is the brothers' intention to fly from theatre to theatre when they are touring the country. In the past they have motored from 600 to 6,000 miles a week on tours. The plane will also enable them to broadcast when, on the same day, they may be in the West or up North. They will just hop into the cockpits and skim up to London between their stage appearances.

The Cads' Club, by the way, is forging ahead. Now it has over 5,000 members, and has given £770 to hospitals.

**Petty Cash Account**

**B**BROADCASTING HOUSE dilemma I witnessed the other afternoon:

Sir Charles Carpendale, awesome Deputy Director-General, striding about the vestibule, impatiently waiting. Two taxis draw up outside. Carpendale dives into posh "drawing-room" where distinguished visitors are received.

Eight foreign-looking, dapper little gentlemen tumble out of the taxis, and led by immaculate leader with black imperial beard, are ushered by polite receptionist into Sir Charles' presence. They were representatives of a tiny mid-European state's radio system, visiting the B.B.C. to be shown round the building.

Five minutes later, commissionaire bustles in from outside looking frightfully flustered. Speaks in worried whispers to receptionist. Receptionist looks aghast. Phones officials all over the building.

Receives from somebody a prompt order which makes him replace telephone quickly and snap open the petty cash box which he keeps by him for artists who want change for public telephones. Gives handfuls of silver to commissionaire, who bolts out into Portland Place with it.

Explanation. The two taxi-men in Portland Place were a trifle angry because the B.B.C.'s foreign visitors had forgotten to pay their taxi fares and tips.

**Calls for Carroll**

**A**FTER most of the evening programmes, the B.B.C. receives 'phone calls from listeners

stirred to interest—whether it be critical or praising—by what they have heard. But Broadcasting House telephone operators were never so deluged with calls as they were after Carroll Levis's amateur programme. Within five minutes of the programme's end, sixty calls were received from listeners all bubbling over with enthusiasm.

If that doesn't prove that amateur hours, run by Levis, are the real goods, what will?

But the B.B.C. is still wary of amateurs before the mike, and although Levis's smashing success cannot be denied further programmes of the same style, I hear that the order has gone forth that these must be broadcast only "very occasionally." Nothing recedes so much as success—at the B.B.C.!

**Looking After the Young 'Uns**

**L**ONDON may be just a great, roaring, glittering, glamorous surprise to a juvenile up from the provinces and when Carroll Levis brought his young and ardent team to town the B.B.C. felt kind of responsible. So Carroll and the B.B.C. got together and decided to look for a nice clean hotel not far from Broadcasting House.

They found one quite close to the railway stations which would be handy for artists going North in the morning, and that was where the "discoveries" spent the night. They tell me at Broadcasting House that this hospitality won't be a regular feature. Sir

Entrancing, isn't she? Jeni le Gon recently came over here to play in Cochran's *Follow the Sun*, and is to appear again in a Rinso Music Hall from Luxembourg on October 11



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She's married a musician. The lady is Doris MacLaren, chorus girl from Leslie Henson's last show "Seeing Stars"—and the bridegroom is Tommy Nevison, saxophonist in Debrov Somers' band. The osculatory gentleman is, of course, Leslie Henson.

**Radio Gazette**

**HARRY MORROW**, the sportsman producer who knows as much about golf as he does about the mike, is helping **H. L. Fletcher** with *Radio Gazette*, which starts again on Saturday week. Like the serial story, *Radio Gazette* was first heard in *Saturday Magazine*, and this season they have both been promoted to places of their own in the programmes. The new recording vans will be used to gather the sound news of the week, and *Radio Gazette* will follow the news at half-past six each Saturday night.

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 John Reith, B.B.C. Director-General.**  
Dear Sir,

Figures published a few days ago show that a large increase in the number of wireless licences in force took place in August of this year, as compared with August, 1935—a jump of 570,034. This continual increase shows that as yet we are nowhere near saturation point.

And it probably means that, comparatively soon, the B.B.C. will have the colossal licence revenue of almost £5,000,000 to play with.

The B.B.C.'s programmes are always improving, but, all the same, I hope you will apply most of this increased revenue to a general betterment of the radio fare, to provision of much-needed alternative programmes, and increased rates of pay for certain classes of broadcasters, particularly those in the provinces. **JOHN LISTENER.**

**To John Watt, Producer, Broadcasting House.**  
Dear Sir,

Your ambitious series of broadcasts entitled, "The Full Story," proved too much of a good thing for me. I suggest it is not a really practical plan to broadcast the chapters of a mystery serial at weekly intervals, for how many listeners can remember from week to week what it is all about?

If you must do it, the only satisfactory way is to broadcast the instalments on consecutive evenings. **JOHN LISTENER.**

**To Leonard Henry, Broadcast Comedian.**  
Dear Leonard,

As usual, you made me rock with laughter the other night. You always display an exuberant jollity which is positively infectious. Your parodies of Charlie Kunz and Noel Coward, by the way, were a great success, and were wonderful examples of perfect microphone entertainment.

**JOHN LISTENER.**

**To Louis Levy, Musical Director, London.**  
Dear Louis,

Why have your exceedingly interesting "Music from the Movies" programmes come to such a sudden end?

After presenting them twice a month for the past nine months, you can fairly claim to have created one of the most popular musical features in recent years—programmes which have been outstanding for the sheer interest of the material, brilliant orchestration and wonderfully polished execution.

I hope that "Music from the Movies" will be



Louis Levy: "... does not deserve to be left out."

**The Tiniest Studio**

**THE** bright young men of "Fletcher's Flying Squad" are delighted with the new vans which have been fitted out at the B.B.C.'s depot in Clapham. Experience with the old vans taught them what was needed, and the new cars are self-contained units which can travel all over the country without returning to re-charge their batteries.

There's the tiniest studio ever built, just behind the driver's seat, and a miniature conservatory above it, from which a commentator can view the countryside. Each van is equipped with four mikes and a portable "mixer" to link them up.

**"Soft Lights" Back Again**

**ERIC SIDAY** back from a grand trip to the South Seas via America, turned up with his band on Wednesday night to play for *I've Got to Have Music*.

And with any luck we shall hear him with **Carroll Gibbons, Reginald Leopold, Bill Shakespeare**, and all the old gang in *Soft Lights and Sweet Music* in a fortnight's time. That is if **John Burnaby** can get together the team which made the feature so popular in **Austen Croom-Johnson's** day.

John hopes that **Anne Lenner** will be able to sing in the show and, as I write, **Carroll Gibbons** is on the way home from America, so it should all be fixed up soon.

**He Was Amused!**

**CHARLIE CLAPHAM** was amused to hear that **Oliver Wakefield** was asked to broadcast again so soon after his little bit of fun in **Henry Hall's Hour**. Perhaps he was thinking of his own 'spot of bother' a few years back. With his fresh, crisp humour **Oliver** is definitely a find, though America found him some time ago.

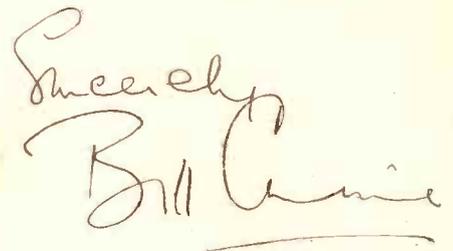
In places where they talk frankly, they are saying it is lucky that **Henry Hall** is around to bring such visitors to the mike. But for his vigilant eye, several artistes with big names in other countries might have come and gone without being heard in a British studio.

**The Doctor Calls**

**WITH** many of the staff of the B.B.C. getting inoculated against colds, I suppose we have

**For Your Autograph Album**

Bill Currie, of Harry Roy's Band



got to admit that autumn is here. They take particular care at Broadcasting House to prevent colds spreading. Nothing sounds worse than a husky tenor at the mike, and he is apt to blame the B.B.C. if he picks up a cold in the building.

Though you will never get sunburned in the studios, the air-conditioning plant keeps the "tower" as healthy as any place in London. Same time, a sneezing staff might infect others, so the B.B.C. arranges for any member who suffers to be inoculated if he chooses. A doctor attends once a week to do the job.

**Heroines All**

**IT** is a bit early to talk about November, but good news never keeps and I've already made a note to hear *Feminine Fame on Parade*. It is a satire on well-known women through the ages, and **Douglas Moodie**, who is producing, tells me that we shall hear the Gold-diggers of 1777 and thereabouts—that is, **Madame Du Barry, the Pompadour and Madame de Maintenon**, besides **Mrs. Julius Caesar, Cleopatra, Mrs. Oliver Cromwell, Boadicea**, the wives of the crusading barons, **Lucretia Borgia, Queens, Elizabeth and Mary** and the **Wives of King Henry the Eighth**.

**Yankee Birthday**

**AMERICANS** never do a job by halves, and it will not be the N.B.C.'s fault if any listener misses their tenth anniversary. Actual date is November 15, but for months fore and after they are planning special programmes. The B.B.C., for instance, has been asked to put on a big show for them on October 15, and Broadcasting House is making plans.

When I called last week, the "stars and stripes" was fluttering from the flagstaff high above the entrance hall, in honour of one of their "big shots." "See you again at the coronation" is what they say as they hurry to sail in the *Queen Mary* from Southampton. **WANDERING MIKE**

**Unposted Letters**



revived in the immediate future; your "Symphony" orchestra does not deserve to be left out of the programmes for long.

**JOHN LISTENER.**

**To Val Gielgud, B.B.C. Director of Drama, London.**  
Dear Sir,

I looked forward to hearing the recently broadcast version of **Edgar Wallace's** racing comedy, *The Calendar*, but was disappointed in your production of it. The original brilliant story seemed to be most unfortunately confused.

**JOHN LISTENER.**

**To Paddy Brown, Broadcast comedienne.**  
Dear Paddy,

Your first broadcast a few nights ago in one of **Bryan Michie's** variety programmes was quite a success. Your monologues were refreshingly original and your general style shows great promise.

**JOHN LISTENER.**

Turn to Page 23 for Readers' Comments on recent Unposted Letters by John Listener

*Behind the Scenes at Broadcasting House*

# CONFESSIONS OF AN EX-B.B.C. ANNOUNCER

Few men are better qualified to tell the inside story of broadcasting than Mr. Roy De Groot who, formerly, was a prominent B.B.C. official. Here is the first of a series of three brilliant articles which frankly tells the truth about British Broadcasting and its many personalities

By  
**ROY De GROOT**

(Ex-B.B.C. announcer, producer and commentator, who is now commentator for a famous screen news reel)



Roy De Groot as he is now

**I**N a cellar . . . complicated apparatus on table . . . "wireless"—we hadn't heard the word radio, then—had come. Friend was carefully winding turns of enamelled copper wire on to a cardboard former, while I chipped small pieces off a largish lump of crystal that had cost all my pocket-money.

Set finished at last . . . catwhisker lost—and found . . . chimney-pot cracked through putting up aerial . . . catwhisker again lost—and again found. . . .

Silence—shouts of joy—then a voice: *The Lord Mayor of London sends greetings to the Citizens of London.* . . .

I still wonder what that early Chelmsford test was about. Can anyone tell me?

For the next nine years I watched—and heard—a kaleidoscope of developing programme technique. As a youngster, with earphones glued to my ears, I noted the passing of every radio milestone. I can remember now how it all went, just as vividly as though it were yesterday.

Those first Children's Hours, with Uncle Arthur and Uncle Rex . . . the Savoy Havana Band . . . the King's broadcast at opening of Wembley . . . Lance Sieveking's early experimental plays . . . Peter Eckersley and his crazy gang at the annual B.B.C. "birthdays" . . . Marconi House to Selfridges . . . Company into Corporation, and the feeling of losing that old friendly spirit . . . Stobart's Grand Good nights . . . Ambrose, Elizalde, Sidney Firman, Jack Payne . . . the first O.B.'s . . . the Derby without any mention of the race . . . and then my first visit to Savoy Hill that is like a dream come true.

Then in March 1930 I had an introduction to the man responsible for those Grand Good nights—J. C. Stobart, Director of Education.

The white-haired, gentle-mannered, slightly shrivelled old man still remains in my memory as one of the most charming and yet brilliant of all B.B.C. personalities.

My second B.B.C. interview was with H. Bishop—still Assistant Chief Engineer—



Roy at the age of 3!

the man with the dark, deep-set eyes that make him the most-feared man on the technical side. His, perhaps, fierce expression is off-set by his charming manner—but when I went up for my interview I was put "on the spot" and made to feel that I'd had a thorough grilling . . . and then I was offered a job!

Since, I have discovered that Bishop's counterpart on the programme side is Admiral Carpendale.

They are among the men who really do put discipline into Broadcasting House.

The happy conclusion to my "tough" interview was that I was offered a job on six months' trial, with a permanent contract at the end of that time if all went well.

My dreams had come true—I was inside the B.B.C.!

Strictly speaking, I wasn't. The old Savoy Hill building was even then far too small, and the staff had bubbled over to neighbouring buildings on all sides.

I was installed in an office a stone's throw from the B.B.C. itself—in Cecil Chambers in the Strand, overlooking the old Hotel Cecil, scene of Jack Payne's dance music activities before he, too, had migrated to Savoy Hill to accept a B.B.C. contract.

Technically-minded as I was, there was a bitter disappointment for me in that I was too far removed from the studios and control-room. The bustle of the studios fascinated me—and in the centre of all that Savoy Hill rush and scurry to put programmes on the air was a fair-haired girl who has what is regarded as the ideal broadcasting voice.

This girl had come straight from the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, training ground of stars such as Charles Laughton.

She was given a year's contract by the B.B.C. just to be available for speaking over the mike whenever they needed her.

This may seem a strange interlude for a technically minded young man, for at the time I had never even heard of this golden-voiced girl, Katherine Hynes.

**Little did I dream that one day she would be my wife!**

It took me some months to learn B.B.C. routine and semi-Civil-Service rules, but there was nothing in the B.B.C. office life that seemed to me harsh, unfair or uncongenial.

Our work became more intense, and soon I had to go out into the country and get firmer contact with the schools and institutions who were depending on B.B.C. advice and help.

**I** start on my job, to last for nearly two years, of ranging the country in a B.B.C. car . . . visiting two-roomed schools in Westmorland villages, and great colleges in smoky Northern cities . . . interviewing directors of education and financial heads of County Councils . . . supervising the installation of little sets bought with the proceeds of jumble sales—and supervising installation of those whose cost runs into hundreds of pounds. It was an extremely interesting job, and I met many famous people.

My base was always the local B.B.C. station when working in an area, and an office and a secretary were placed at my disposal.

Newcastle was still using its old draped studio that was a hospital ward during the War, but in spite of that the Station Director Mr. Marshall was a most go-ahead fellow, and he is now Northern Ireland Regional Director. He has an imposing presence—a sort of "Lord of the Manor" in his castle . . . and quite apart from broadcasting he had a big responsibility—to see that the batteries were always charged for the B.B.C. Vice-Chairman's radio set!

The late Lord Gainford had his estate nearby, and every month freshly-charged H.T. accumulators had to be sent up to the house, where the Vice-Chairman used a B.B.C. official battery set.

In Manchester I found them still using the old transmitter in the heart of the City, with the aerial slung to the power station chimney, and the valves held in place with bits of string. But already Moorside Edge was going up.

**E. (for Edward) G. "Red-thatched" Living keeps his staff under iron discipline.**

At Leeds I met the Station Director "Son-of-Town-Clerk" Fox—a tall, easy-going figure probably more at one with his staff than any other Chief Executive of a B.B.C. unit.

At one miner's institution in Yorkshire we were troubled with echo blurring the speech from the

*Please turn to page 29*



Katherine Hynes, who is Mrs. De Groot

Don't Miss Next Week's Article in this Series: "I Meet Sir John Reith."

Studio Small Talk

By NERINA SHUTE

# NAUGHTY RENÉE

Dick Hearne is the lucky man who is sharing a taxi with Jane Carr. But, alas for Dick, it's only a scene from the new film, "Millions."



last week. Said Bryan Michie: "This young man is full of brilliant ideas. I'm helping him to run the amateur programme."

Said Carroll Levis: "I've been running the amateur programme in Canada for the MacDonald Broadcasting Company. I worked there for eighteen months. I was also the compère for dozens of commercial programmes. But I threw up a job for £60 a week because I wanted to see England."

"In America," said Carroll, getting angry, "many people have been ruined by these amateur programmes. Do you know why? A man with a good job gets a chance to broadcast, see, and then an agent comes along and flatters him and offers him a six-weeks' job on the stage. The poor man is so flattered that he accepts. And then, after six weeks, he finds himself with no job and no prospects!

Once again Nerina Shute brings you inside gossip about your favourites. When did Carroll Levis go grey? What happened about Jane Carr's tonsils? Is Renee Houston naughty? Read this page and find out!

Everywhere she goes the dogs go too. (All the buses stop when they cross the road.)

Said Jane in her sweet vague voice: "I have been very ill. First of all I had quincy or something, and all sorts of things were taken out of my throat in a hospital. And then," she said, with natural pride, "I had some enormous tonsils. Do you ever have tonsils, my dear? Never mind, you will some day. Anyway, I was very ill and my tonsils were so big that I put them in a bottle and took them with me to France to show to friends."

"Did your friends in France like your bottled tonsils, Jane?"

"Well," said Jane in her sweet vague voice, "I went to France by aeroplane and, unfortunately, I had to throw my tonsils into the sea. The trouble was they were so big and heavy, my dear! You see," she explained, "I couldn't afford to pay any more money for excess luggage!"

Jane Carr is definitely the most vague person I ever met. A pose? A very charming pose.

But I discovered that she really has been very ill, terribly ill. That was why she suddenly dropped out of a Harry Pepper programme called *The White Coats*.

After three months of operations and hospitals and trained nurses, she finally went to Deauville for a holiday. Yachting.

Now she is all right again and back for good in *The White Coats*.

"By the way," she said, "please go and see me in my new film. It's called *Millions*, with Gordon Harker. Also a film called *It's You I Want*, with Seymour Hicks."

And then I had a cheerful conversation in peculiar English with Maria Minetti. She gave her first broadcast in the Mabel Constanduros show, *Love At Par*.

"All my life I work on the stage," she said, "and now what is happening to me? I am a beginner! I know nothing! The microphone—she make me feel like a child with jam on my face."

Maria Minetti appears in the new Renée Houston film, *Fine Feathers*. Takes the part of a French maid. (She is half French, half Italian, and speaks excellent "Yvonne Arnaud".)

"Renée Houston," she told me, "is a naughty girl. But so naughty! She make us all laugh in the film studio. Making faces at the camera, lifting her little skirt, talking such nonsense—but so naughty and so funny. If I could only tell you how naughty Renée Houston is!"

**S**UPPOSING you were earning a salary of £60 a week.

Would you have the courage to throw up your job and go abroad? Just for adventure?

I know a crazy young man who did this. He came to England a few months ago from Canada. He brought with him an idea. He went straight to the B.B.C., had a talk with Eric Maschwitz, and sold his idea.

And now this crazy young man is the B.B.C. sensation.

His name is Carroll Levis—the man who started a programme called *Amateur Hour*.

And Carroll Levis is only twenty-seven. A hard-boiled guy.

His hair is quite grey and he looks twice his age, and all his life he has lived on his wits. He travels all over the world, has a marvellous time, and makes enormous sums of money.

Said Carroll: "I persuaded Eric Maschwitz to start an amateur broadcasting programme here in England. It's terribly popular in the States. Why not make it popular in this country?"

So now an amateur programme has been started by the B.B.C.

Carroll Levis goes all over England, gives auditions in the cinemas, and now anybody with talent gets a chance to broadcast.

And the whole idea was started by a man of twenty-seven—for the simple reason that he was bored with life in Canada.

"But here in England nothing like that can possibly happen. If we give you a chance to broadcast we make you sign an agreement. According to this agreement you are not allowed to accept any stage engagements for six months without our permission. So you can't be fooled by any unscrupulous agent."

Carroll Levis. . . . I have got to tell this story.

When he was fourteen, still a schoolboy, he earned his living on the stage. Studied algebra in the day time and sex appeal at night—on the music halls.

At the age of nineteen, he became a professional hypnotist.

"I guess I was the youngest hypnotist in the world," he told me proudly. "I learnt the art of hypnotism from a guy called Doctor Raymond, a very famous hypnotist. And then I toured all over the country. I hypnotised members of the audience. Yes, it's true. I can hypnotise anybody. I can tell a person to fall flat on his face and then—hey presto!—that guy falls flat on his face. I know it sounds crazy," he added, "for a boy of nineteen to be a hypnotist. But it's true. I got away with it because my hair was grey. My hair went grey when I was seventeen!"

Jane Carr now. I found Jane Carr wandering about London with a couple of little black dogs, Aberdeens.

I had tea with Carroll Levis and Bryan Michie

PERCY . . .

. . . GIVING HIM AWAY



# GIRLS I FALL FOR

By  
GERRY FITZGERALD

*"I am not a cynic, I am not hard-boiled," insists Gerry; "I am forever 'falling' for some charming person—but, so far, my heart has not ruled my head."*



Gerry Fitzgerald is the sort of young man that girls fall for—but he's wary about returning the compliment!

**W**HEN heart-impulses and ambition-impulses clash, it is fairly safe to say that one of those impulses has got to be exterminated. Or, at least, it has got to be given a temporary anaesthetic!

When I came to England two years ago, I was engaged to a very charming girl in Canada, and we planned that she should join me a few months later . . . after which (so we dreamed) it would soon be wedding bells for two, and roses all the way.

Dreams may flourish by starlight, but are apt to fade under the cold, hard light of life's realities.

We broke it off; it was rather a painful business for us both, for we were both very young, and not hardened to knocks like that (for myself, I hadn't even thought about falling in love till I was twenty-five).

But when I realised what a hard struggle lay before me, I knew that every minute of my time and every ounce of energy would be required if I wanted to make good. I realised that, with somebody dependent upon me, I would not be able to take those occasional gambles with fate that are so essential to success. It wouldn't be fair to her. . . .

So we faced the situation honestly; and, regardless of our personal feelings, we decided to end it.

Looking back on that very disturbing phase of my life, I wonder whether I could really have been in love. For though I could perceive in that girl all the beauty and charm that any man could possibly want, yet my heart could not rule my head.

Will it ever, I wonder. At twenty-seven one is apt to wonder that!

**M**y chief interest in girls now is for their social companionship, and the inspiration I may receive from them is not necessarily a romantic reaction. But if their presence encourages my enthusiasm about the many matters in which I am interested, then they definitely become a source of inspiration.

I am convinced that people who go around saying that their wives and mothers are their only "inspiration" are talking sheer hokum. Inspiration comes from something more than contacts of that sort.

Personally, I must confess that the permanency of marriage has a tendency to make me very wary of making a mistake.

On the other hand, there is another side of my nature that has a definite leaning towards domesticity; for I am, I believe, affectionate—certainly imaginative, and something of a romantic. These are the things that sometimes come into conflict with my desire for a concrete career.

I am not a cynic. But I am never

going to place a girl in the position of being a secondary thing to my professional life.

When I can see the peak of my career, when everything ahead appears to be plain sailing, then I may open up both arms to this thing called romance. In the meantime, to all intents and purposes, I am definitely in circulation!

I try as much as possible, however, to limit my circle of feminine acquaintances to those who are stimulating to my imagination.

Certain types must be bored with me when I can find no interest in them—when, however beautiful they are, they fail to offer intelligent companionship—by reason of the fact that they can talk about nothing but dresses, or what Lulu has been doing since she's been back in Town!

Yes, I'm a firm believer in the old saying that beauty is only skin-deep. A woman's beauty may be very apparent to me at the first moment of our meeting—but in another ten minutes I usually know whether she is going to be mentally stimulating or not.

If so, O.K.! If not, then frankly I am not interested. Of course, sometimes they fool me—but not very often!

Call me "hard-boiled" if you like, but that's how it is. As far as I can see, in my attitude towards women I am just a normal young man, being neither over-susceptible nor yet immune. I "fall" maybe once, maybe twice, in the course of a year.

But when I say "fall" I do not mean in love (that blind, unthinking state wherein one endows

the adored one with a hundred often imaginary virtues); rather I mean I am *intrigued* by the charm of some person to the extent of spending more time than usual in her company. *Not*, however, to the extent of interfering with my work.

This preoccupation with one person may last a few months, after which the friendship continues in equally charming but less "concentrated" form.

**A**t this point I must mention that one of my most constant sources of inspiration has come from the care and consideration given to me and to my work by my personal manager, Margerie Scott (the New York actress and commercial radio producer).

I have been asked whether I could really be "faithful."

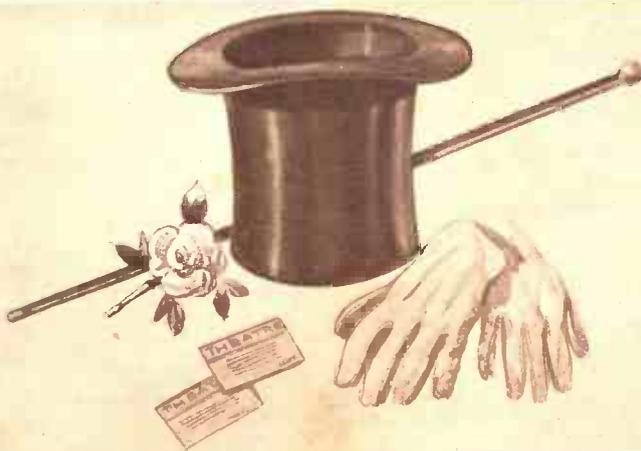
The answer is, *yes*, because faithfulness is an ideal of mine.

But there are various forms of fidelity. For instance, one can be faithful to one woman, as long as there is admiration and respect—or faithful to one's own conception of an artistic standard!

When a woman actively helps one to keep up to that artistic standard, then—and then only—can one be faithful to both.

Now here's another confession. There is a secret source of inspiration locked in the innermost depths of my heart (which is a very sensitive organ!), and it has been there for the past eighteen months.

But—please—let me keep just that one little bit of my private life!



## NEXT WEEK

JOHN TRENT, SUSAN COLLYER, BUDDY BRAMWELL, ELISABETH ANN, BARRY WELLS, HELEN BRETT, WANDERING MIKE, MARY STRONG and MRS. STANLEY WRENCH will all be writing in a bumper issue!

Radio Pictorial - - - Price 3d.

# The HOLLOWAY ROAD to FAME

Star singer who became a name when he turned comedian—that's popular STANLEY HOLLOWAY, the man who has made Sam, Albert, and the Tower of London household words! In this interview with Herbert Harris you can read about his career.



"With her head tucked underneath her arm!" Stanley Holloway in his famous "Bloody Tower" monologue and (lower picture) as he appears in a new film, *Cotton Queen*.

**Y**OU don't meet many people so exuberantly good-humoured as Stanley Holloway. His eyes twinkle as he talks to you. He bursts into laughter every now and again.

Yet there is one thing which disillusiones you when you meet him for the first time. He hasn't a trace of Lancashire accent. He is a Londoner born and bred, his sole connection with the Land of Cotton being that his maternal forbears were North Country folk.

The rich Lancashire accent he adopts for such household word songs as *Sam and His Musket*, *Albert and the Lion*, and *With Her Head Tucked Underneath Her Arm* comes as natural to him as walking down the street.

When I asked him to what he attributed his eloquence in Lancashire dialect, he replied: "There were two things that helped me to get under the skin of North Country character. First of all, Leslie Henson and I used to chatter in the dialect just to amuse ourselves. That was before the War. Then, during the War, I was with a Yorkshire Regiment."

We were chatting in Stanley's dressing-room at Elstree between scenes of *Cotton Queen*, the film in which Stanley and Will Fyffe play rival Lancashire mill-owners. But we talked of everything else but films.

"It seems rather strange," said Stanley, "that it's only in the last seven years that the public's really got to know me. It's only seven years, you see, since I turned comedian—at the age of thirty-nine."

**A**t first—well, from the age of ten to the age of thirty-nine, I was a straight singer. I never dreamed of becoming celebrated as a comedian. In fact, in the days when I hoped to become an opera star I might have been even horrified at the thought of becoming a comedian.

"Isn't it amazing? You devote your life to the thing that seems to be your natural bent, then all of a sudden, before you know where you

are, you become known to the public for something entirely different!

"I was a choirboy at ten, at All Saints' Church, Forest Gate, London. I had rather impressed my family by harmonising to the hymns when my sister played the piano on Sundays (yes, before the days when radio and records ousted drawing-room 'musicals'). I had rather a deep voice for a child.

"Singing in the choir trained my voice, and I must have got pretty good, because at thirteen the family thought my voice good enough for the professional platform. I sang in concerts all over the place, and they billed me as 'The Marvellous Boy Soprano'!" Stanley chortled.

**M**y voice didn't disappear at fourteen, as normally, but only developed a more manly tone, and henceforth I became a 'baritone.' I did very well indeed singing at concerts, and joined up with the *White Coons*, the concert party run by Harry Pepper's father.

"I remember Harry Pepper as a slim, studious schoolboy, crazy about music, and writing songs for his father's show. Harry and I have often renewed acquaintanceship since, of course.

"When I was twenty-three, I went to Milan to study for the opera. In the midst of my studies war broke out, and I beat it back to England. But for the War, I might now be a fully-fledged opera star—well, in opera, anyway!

"After the War, I resumed singing in various forms—concerts, musical comedy, and was one of the original *Co-Optimists*. It was not till 1925 that I went to Savoy Hill to broadcast for the first time.

"That was to sing classical songs on a Sunday afternoon. Stuart Hibberd was the announcer, and he didn't know me from Adam. He announced my songs but not my name, and a member of the B.B.C. personnel phoned Stuart up and said, 'Why don't you announce Mr. Holloway's name? Don't you know he's one of the original *Co-Optimists*?'"

"That sounded impressive, I suppose, and poor Stuart apologised to me most profusely.

"But those were happy days at Savoy Hill. Broadcasting wasn't quite such a 'business' then. We all sort of pleased ourselves, and going to broadcast was like going to a family party. There were Hibberd, Arthur Burrows, Cecil Lewis, John (Boat Race) Snagge, and other good fellows, all 'pioneering,' so to speak, in a friendly, jolly sort of way.

**Y**ou were received at Savoy Hill just as though you'd arrived at a party. You shook hands, had a drink, and all that. I sometimes wish we had the old Savoy Hill atmosphere back again. But still, the B.B.C. Army of to-day is all right.

"Actually I was one of the first to broadcast in the Sunday commercial concerts from Radio Paris. That was five years ago. Philco sent me over and did right by Stanley—first-class air liner ticket, hotel expenses, substantial remuneration. I sang Lancashire dialect songs, a rather different Sunday broadcast from my first in 1925!

"I expect you want to know how Sam of Musket fame was born. In 1929, I was booked for my first appearance in vaudeville, singing straight songs as usual. I thought it would be a good idea to 'break up' the straight singing with some comedy dialect singing. I had recited in dialect only at parties, and decided to try it on the stage.

"One of my recitations had resembled the 'Sam' one, and I lay awake at night, turning it over in my mind, and transforming it into a comedy song. I got up at three in the morning and wrote it out in the form which you know.

"It was a difficult job. I didn't want it to be entirely at variance with my reputation as a straight singer. I wanted the change from straight to comedy singing to be gradual and not too incongruous.

"*Sam and His Musket* didn't become an immediate success. It was a long time before it became really popular. Broadcasting, of course, brought it national fame.

"Then Marriott Edgar told me he had an idea for a song which was right up my street. I asked him to write it. The result was *Albert and The Lion*. This was at once successful, because *Sam and His Musket*, its forerunner, had by this time caught the public's fancy.

"When Weston and Lee wrote *With Her Head Tucked Underneath Her Arm*, I at once snapped it up. It was ideal for me. But when I first suggested broadcasting it, the B.B.C. had their doubts.

"They were cautious—and quite rightly so—as to how 'Bloody Tower' would sound over the 'mike.'

**W**e debated the point for some time, and it was finally agreed that the 'Bloody Tower' was a historical name, a London landmark like Woolwich Arsenal or the National Gallery. Nobody could take exception to it, because it was no worse than singing about the 'Traitor's Gate.' Moreover, the word which has unfortunately become an offensive adjective sounded less harsh when spoken with a Lancashire intonation.

"Sam, Albert, and the Tower are the three landmarks in my career of comedy."

# Elisabeth Ann's Page

# HEALTH AND BEAUTY GROW TOGETHER

Go in search of Beauty or Health and you find Both, says ELISABETH ANN. The art of Beauty culture is not merely to hide defects, but to Discover your best Self

SOME TIME ago, when I was forecasting the future of beauty—it sounds presumptuous, but I had been asked where the present interest in beauty culture would lead us—I said: to Healthfulness. Because I know, from personal experience, that everything in beauty is being rapidly improved, perfected, scientifically changed so that it benefits as well as beautifies.

And now health runs hand in hand with beauty in a new shampoo, a fragrant liquid shampoo which is soapless, cleansing, and a tonic to the hair. A sixpenny bottle is sufficient for two washes and it is suitable for all types of hair colourings. No special rinse is necessary, because with this liquid shampoo all the fugitive colourings in the hair are discovered and brought, gleaming, to the surface. For every one of you who have written me recently about hair difficulties and hair health, try this shampoo. Won't you let me send you details?

Another item concerned actively with your health is a specially prepared pad for relieving rheumatic and other pains in any part of the body. The pad resembles a bottle into which you pour a little hot water, which is absorbed. The heat remains in the pad for seven to eight hours at a time, and can be "worn" all night if liked.

A linen bag with strapping arrangements is supplied with it for application over the lumbar region, or under the shoulder, wherever the pain happens to be. If you have rheumatic tendencies (and they always find themselves at this time of the year) you will want this pad. And at the same time, do revise your diet and cut out acid-forming foods, won't you?

The "Cosmetist" is just one of the neatest, smartest compact-cum-beautifiers which has appeared on the beauty market. In pale coral, or Coronation blue, or jade, or black, and several other shades, it resembles the fashionable *minaudière*, but is half the size and contains all the essentials for complete make-up.

In its own small way, it is a "beauty bar." Four little wells contain cleansing cream, foundation, powder and cream rouge. A lipstick automatically clings to the centre. A comb slides in at the side, and back of

## MAX FACTOR SENDS YOU ANOTHER BEAUTY SECRET

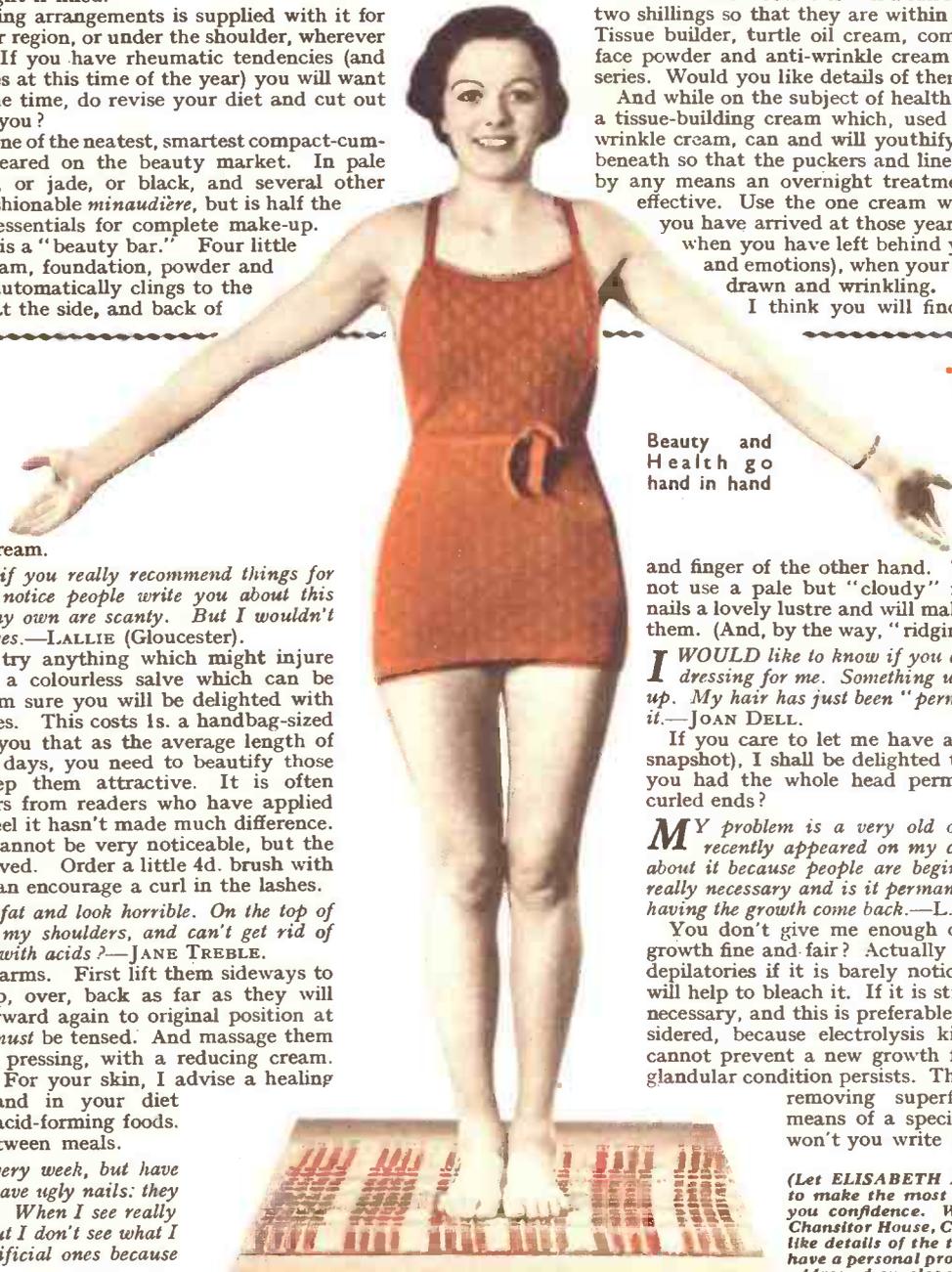
He says: "Have you ever noticed a woman who has applied a beautiful make up—which STOPS SHORT AT THE LOWER CHINLINE? In Hollywood we call it the 'high water mark.' It gives a horrible effect, and it's a perfect ground for lines and wrinkles. The neck tends towards a darker skintone—that is why I recommend to the film stars a liquid powder or make up blender. Choose one of these in the same shade as your face powder. When you have finished your regular make up, take a small portion of the blender in your hand and apply it to your throat. Start right under the chin, where the 'high water mark' usually begins, and smooth in. Carry the make up blender below the neckline of whichever frock you've decided to wear, because it DOES NOT leave marks on your clothes."

the mirror is a large flat puff. That is not all—a complete refill box, with all the essential creams and cosmetics for the "Cosmetist" is offered to readers at two shillings and ninepence, so that the actual case can never fall out of use. That has been the trouble with some of those lovely gifts in enamel and silver. There have been no refills made specially, and when the first supply has been used, the container has gone empty.

And with the "Cosmetist" is a full range of preparations, priced at two shillings so that they are within every reader's reach for trial. Tissue builder, turtle oil cream, complexion milk and eye lotion, face powder and anti-wrinkle cream are among the many in this series. Would you like details of them?

And while on the subject of health with beauty, I must mention a tissue-building cream which, used in conjunction with an anti-wrinkle cream, can and will youthify the skin, and build up from beneath so that the puckers and lines are smoothed out. It is not by any means an overnight treatment, but used regularly, it is effective. Use the one cream with the other, as directed, if you have arrived at those years (pleasant though they seem when you have left behind you some of youth's mistakes and emotions), when your skin is beginning look dry and drawn and wrinkling.

I think you will find them most effective.



## ANSWERS

In response to TUTTY, of Cardiff, I shall be delighted to send her a chest-reducing exercise if she will let me have her personal address. Also the details of a slimming cream.

I WOULD like to know if you really recommend things for growing the lashes. I notice people write you about this and I have just been told my own are scanty. But I wouldn't do anything to injure my eyes.—LALLIE (Gloucester).

I wouldn't like you to try anything which might injure the eyes, but if you try a colourless salve which can be "worn" day or night, I am sure you will be delighted with the difference in your lashes. This costs 1s. a handbag-sized jar. But I must remind you that as the average length of life of an eyelash is sixty days, you need to beautify those lashes perpetually to keep them attractive. It is often disappointing to get letters from readers who have applied a grower for a week and feel it hasn't made much difference. In a week the difference cannot be very noticeable, but the strengthening is being achieved. Order a little 4d. brush with your grower so that you can encourage a curl in the lashes.

MY upper arms are too fat and look horrible. On the top of that I have spots on my shoulders, and can't get rid of them. Is it something to do with acids?—JANE TREBLE.

Try swinging the upper arms. First lift them sideways to shoulder-level, now lift up, over, back as far as they will go (tensed), round and forward again to original position at shoulder level. The arms must be tensed. And massage them each night, kneading and pressing, with a reducing cream. May I send you details? For your skin, I advise a healing lotion, antiseptic soap—and in your diet avoid too much meat and acid-forming foods. Drink plenty of water between meals.

I READ your answers every week, but have not met my problem. I have ugly nails: they are square, wide and ridged. When I see really lovely nails I am envious, but I don't see what I am to do. I can't wear artificial ones because of my work.—DOLEFUL.

## TO READERS

Beauty and Health go hand in hand

If you mean the fingertips are square, these can be tapered by massage, working down from the fingertips to the palms of the hands, and pinching the fingertips between thumb

and finger of the other hand. To disguise the ridging, why not use a pale but "cloudy" nail enamel? This lends the nails a lovely lustre and will make you feel much better about them. (And, by the way, "ridging" often indicates nerviness.)

I WOULD like to know if you can suggest a new style of hair-dressing for me. Something unusual but not difficult to keep up. My hair has just been "permed" so I'm feeling brave about it.—JOAN DELL.

If you care to let me have a description of yourself (or a snapshot), I shall be delighted to suggest a hair style. Have you had the whole head permanently waved, or only the curled ends?

MY problem is a very old one—superfluous hair. It has recently appeared on my chin, and I must do something about it because people are beginning to notice. Is electrolysis really necessary and is it permanent? I cannot bear the idea of having the growth come back.—L. A.

You don't give me enough details in your letter. Is the growth fine and fair? Actually I don't recommend the use of depilatories if it is barely noticeable. Twenty vol. peroxide will help to bleach it. If it is strong and dark, a depilatory is necessary, and this is preferable where expense has to be considered, because electrolysis kills the existing growth, but cannot prevent a new growth forming at a later date, if the glandular condition persists. There are other, simpler ways of removing superfluous hair, particularly by means of a special wax made by Laleek. But won't you write giving me closer particulars?

(Let ELISABETH ANN help you with your beauty, to make the most of your appearance, and to give you confidence. Write her c/o "Radio Pictorial," Chansitor House, Chancery Lane, W.C.2, if you would like details of the treatments she describes or if you have a personal problem, and please enclose stamped addressed envelope for her reply.)

# GOOD THINGS TO EAT

By Mrs. Stanley Wrench

**T**HIS is the month when "windfalls" should be plentiful, and apple sweets are so delicious that plenty of changes can be rung. Raw apples are good for children; lovely salads can be made with the help of diced apple; we can have apple pie, apple tart, apple pudding and apple dumplings, and with a dash of cinnamon, cream, and sugar these are delicious. What about Apple Charlotte, or Brown Betty, apple fritters, and stuffed baked apples? Children love these, and you can vary the stuffings in all sorts of ways.

### STUFFED BAKED APPLES

**INGREDIENTS.**—One apple per person, one table-spoonful Demerara sugar per person, mincemeat, or shredded nuts, raisins, dates, figs, jam or any shredded fruits.

**Method.**—Wipe each apple, but do not peel. Core each one, and fill the cavity with a stuffing of nuts and fruit, or mincemeat. Make a caramel of syrup with the sugar and sufficient water, and put this in a baking dish. Set the apples in this and cook till tender, basting occasionally with the syrup. Serve hot or cold.

### APPLE CHARLOTTE

Can be made in different ways. A layer of cooked apple and a layer of breadcrumbs with little dabs of butter between them baked in a fireproof dish, well greased, is a simple method. Here is another way.

**INGREDIENTS.**—Slices of stale white bread, sufficient stewed apple to fill a cake-tin, a good piece of margarine or butter.

**Method.**—Melt the margarine. Cut the bread into fingers about one eighth of an inch thick and dip in this. Cut a round of bread to fit the bottom of a cake-tin, and dip this in the melted margarine. Line the sides of the cake-tin with the fingers, put the round of bread at the bottom, then fill with stewed apples, sweetened, and cover with another round of bread. Bake till a nice crisp golden brown, then turn out on a hot dish and serve with custard.

I find men like this sweet, and the apple can be flavoured with powdered cinnamon, cloves, or a little sherry. It is one of the apple sweets that tastes as good hot or cold.

If you can get large, firm, rosy-cheeked apples, they make lovely receptacles for fruit salad, or for serving American salad. In the States our American cousins mix fruit, nuts and vegetables and serve them bound together with mayonnaise dressing; very good these are. You can make all sorts of salads this way to serve with cold meat, or they may be eaten alone, or with fish. Try this one:—

### AMERICAN SALAD

**INGREDIENTS.**—2 cupfuls diced raw apple, 1 cupful diced celery, ½ cupful chopped nuts, one onion minced finely, ½ cupful diced beetroot, enough mayonnaise or French dressing to bind together. Salt and pepper to taste.

**Method.**—Prepare all the ingredients and toss them together in the dressing, then use the halves of apples from which you have scooped the interior to hold the mixture, or use half a grapefruit with the pulp removed, or take young lettuce leaves and heap the salad on these. Sometimes this kind of salad is served in melon. Children like it, and raw vegetables, such as carrots (scraped) cauliflower and others may be served this way when children are old enough to have this kind of raw food. Celery and apples with dates or figs blend well.



Matita suit in stone cream and jade tweed. Ideal for autumn.



(Above) Attractive wooden tubs make very good salt cellars or sugar basins, and little handles are exceptionally practical. They cost 2s. 9d. each.



(Left) A good pan-cleaner for 6d. This simple device scrapes and scrubs, without harming your hands or the enamel. It gets into corners easily.

# GARDEN NOTES

By F. R. Castle

**SWEET PEAS FOR EARLY FLOWERS.**—Plants from seeds sown now, either in pots containing sandy soil or in the open air, produce earlier and much finer flowers than others sown in the spring. Where possible use pots, as they can be protected most easily during severe weather. Six seeds in a 4 ½ inch pot will be ample.

**Preparing for Fruit Trees.**—Get all ground intended for fruit tree planting next month deeply dug and, if possible, heavily manured some time in advance. If this is done the soil will be sweetened and will "work" much better than if left till planting time.

**Logan and Similar Berries.**—Cut away all shoots on which fruit has been borne and any unwanted weak shoots of this year's growth. Neither are of any use for fruiting and only retard the proper ripening on other shoots.

**Pentstemons.**—Cuttings of Pentstemons inserted before the end of the present month should make sturdy plants and give an early display next summer. A cold frame, or even a handlight will afford ample protection in all save the coldest districts. Use a sandy soil. One good watering in will suffice.

**Winter Moths.**—You will have noticed that they are now active in the orchard. The female, being wingless, is easily caught if grease-proof bands are now bound round the trunk of the trees and kept well smeared with any greasy substance until the crawling season is over. This little precaution, if taken in time, is likely to have a marked effect upon next year's apple crop.

**Cabbage.**—Last spring, Cabbages were to be had only at very high prices. You can serve your pocket well by ensuring a supply from your home garden by planting a few score each of *Harbinger* and *Imperial*. These two form a good succession and are of a size well suited to most housewives.

**Bulbs For Unheated Houses.**—Home-grown pots of flowering bulbs are always appreciated. All are not suited to the small unheated house, but readers who during the next few weeks pot or box up good bulbs of Iris, Snowdrop, Scillas or Darwin Tulips should have the satisfaction of seeing flowers of each several weeks in advance of others in the open ground.

A new way of using the flat fur which is to be so popular this autumn. The sleeves of this little coat have the squared line, and the cloth used is fancy bouclé. From Selfridge, London



shoes, the ghillie style has a flat heel and its own type of lacing. Court shoes are effective if they suit your feet, and you can walk happily in high heels, but they are not so suited to office life if you have travelling to do.

And stockings—I made an experiment in stockings recently. A friend of mine—she is due to appear in a new revue shortly—makes a habit of good stockings always. She pays 6s. 11d. a pair, buys some "service weight" and some "sheer," and she says three pairs last her quite three months, so that her stocking bill works out at something less than 2s. a week.

Yet a reader in a business office tells me she

material is made into the yoke of the frock. All these dresses are inexpensive, beautifully tailored, and fashioned from woven and knitted fabrics. Would you like details by post?

What Readers Ask:

**I** AM going to be very busy knitting this autumn for a small niece, and wondered what was best to buy in the way of silk or wool. I want it to wash nicely and avoid that matted effect so many baby wools have. Can you advise me of a good knitting book for children—especially little girls? —ANNA KAY.

I am sure you will be delighted with Nursery Viyella knitting yarn, one of the favoured shades in which is Teddy Bear Buff, though for the little niece I can imagine the pale coral pink and the "Snow" white. You can order this through any good-class store, and a special book of knitting for baby is available at 6d. Let me know if you would like other details.

**W**HERE can I send for some really nice but warm pyjamas? I am going up North for the winter, and I want something warm but attractive. Not too expensive, but pure wool will be best.—DEIDRE (Sussex).

I have just glimpsed some delightful wool pyjamas, with lace openwork bodice, small puffed sleeves and button-up front, with shaped trousers which tailor in to the waist and do not gather up. These cost one guinea, in peach, turquoise, and white. They should answer your purpose well.

(Would you like ELISABETH ANN to solve your dress problems? She will be pleased to answer any queries free of charge—tell you where to shop to suit your pocket and send you patterns of fabrics if desired. Write her c/o "Radio Pictorial," Chansitor House, Chancery Lane, W.C.2, enclosing stamped addressed envelope for her personal response.)



Ripple knitwear fabric makes this neat little suit in a charming rust colour. Model by Crichtons

Striped washing crêpe—so washable and wearable—is used for this delightfully business-like blouse from Marshall & Snelgrove



CLOTHES MAKE THE PERFECT SECRETARY

By Elisabeth Ann

**I**N America more importance is attached to business dress than it is here. I don't know why, because while I am not presuming that all my readers are secretaries, I know many of them are in the running for just that kind of promotion. They are juniors, clerks, shorthand typists, telephonists, as well as shop assistants and factory workers. But in regard to office life, clothes are important.

You need to dress up to your work as much as a film star dresses up to a rôle; though in an entirely different fashion.

I have just glimpsed some perfect secretary clothes I want to describe to you. Firstly, a charming little suit in mulberry shade, eminently wearable. And though it has an angora finish, it is made from a special non-stretching stockinette which is warm, reliable in wear, and looks most attractive. As a blouse, a mulberry tie silk, with a Peter Pan collar, and short sleeves. Yes, short sleeves, because in a busy office, especially where the heating is not overpowering, you will probably wear both coat and skirt throughout the day.

Business dresses stress fashion's new notes—slightly exaggerated and squared shoulders, drawn-in waistlines, medium-length hems, and plain, tailored, but often slit skirts.

A charming tunic dress in vivid green over black—can you imagine it?—has the tunic in a nubby wool stockinette, fastened with a calf belt. Gauging at centre front of the tunic, and long, close-fitting sleeves. If you are tall and slim, with a long waist, you will love this style.

You know how much your shoes matter, when you are making your own way in the world? Suède shoes are soft, lasting, and always look attractive, especially with a Cuban heel and a front lacing. Or if you prefer strictly walking

cannot afford to pay more than 2s. 11d. a pair for her stockings, and she is always buying them. In fact she works it out at about a pair a week. On the whole, then, the good stockings are more economical. But for general day wear and hard wear, there are some extra fine, dull-surfaced georgette stockings at 4s. 11d., which provide a happy medium.

In New York, they are "highlighting" knitted dresses and suits. Handknits which look like woven fabrics, and other knits which look like velvet, and feel like it, too.

A splendid little house dress in royal blue has small red butterflies marching down centre-front, and again on the belt. House dresses ought to have "something special" about them, because they have a psychological effect on the wearer. You want to be gay and bright, as well as practical, when dressing for indoors.

Another dress in pale grey had white dots all over it. Designed for the not-so-slim woman, the flat white jabot is detachable, but a collar of self

FIVE-SHILLING HINT

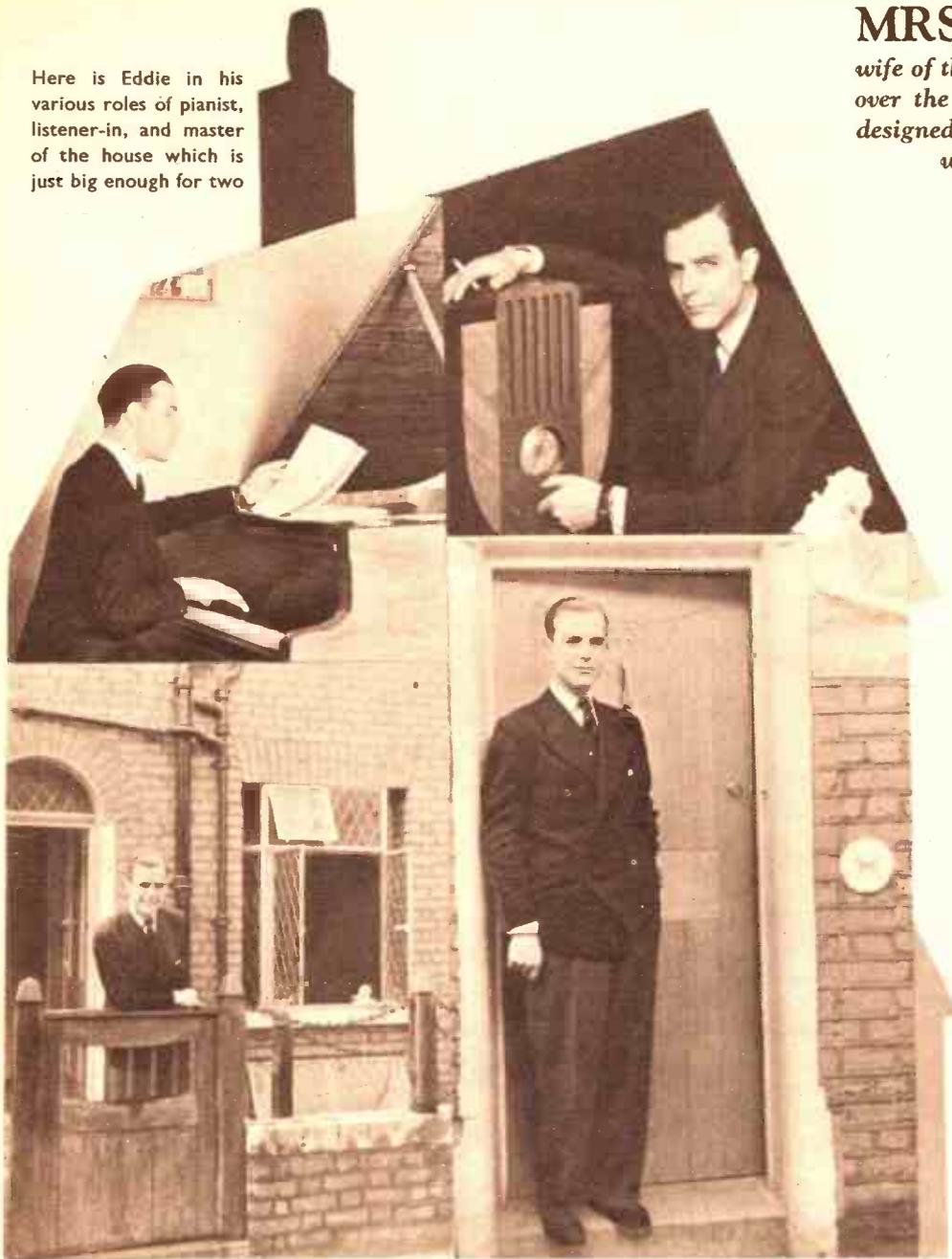
Have you got a favourite "wrinkle" or recipe? Then send it to "Margot," c/o "Radio Pictorial," Chansitor House, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2. Five shillings are offered for every hint published on this page

CLEANING BRASS

**I**F you treat your brass in the following way it will keep clean for months. First clean and polish it thoroughly in the ordinary way, then paint on a coat of copal varnish, applying it smoothly with a fine, soft brush. The brass will look as if it has been freshly polished, and will not be affected by damp.—Mrs. R. Cruse, The Elms, Wadborough, Worcester.

**MRS. EDDIE CARROLL,**  
*wife of the popular radio pianist, proudly shows you  
 over the Smallest Cottage in London. Mrs. Eddie  
 designed the decoration herself, and is full of Ideas  
 which will appeal to other housewives*

Here is Eddie in his various roles of pianist, listener-in, and master of the house which is just big enough for two



be any room for a bath. Since that's a somewhat important item we've got sliding doors that vanish away into the walls.

I chose green for the bathroom, and when I say "green" that's only the half of it. It's a heavenly shade of jade, with a good bit of blue in it, and the paint is very bright and shiny, and goes over the ceiling, too, the same as in the sitting-room. The curtains are black American cloth, and make the room even brighter, strange though it may seem.

Next door to the bathroom is our bedroom (usually rather untidy owing to the presence of the all-wave radio, and a few wires, which are transported from the sitting-room every night for listening in the early hours. The walls and ceiling are the same colour as the bathroom and the furniture is very pale wood.

There aren't any pictures here either, except a big photo of Rex—he's my Alsatian who lives in the country because if he stood in the sitting-room and waved his tail he'd knock the bath salts off the bathroom shelf!

Now I'm going to take you downstairs again, to the best room of the cottage. We go through the sitting-room, out into the hall and down another wiggley flight of stairs and there we are.

Palest cream-washed walls and black oak beams, that's my dining-room-cum-kitchen. To keep the lighting in the right tradition I bought a dark oak chandelier with electrified candles and this hangs over the table. It's the most amazing room—cool as a refrigerator in summer and as warm as the South of France in the winter, and there are French windows opening on to a little area under the living-room windows to give plenty of fresh air.

I thought for ages about cooking apparatus. I didn't want a gas stove because it would make it look too kitcheny, so eventually I found a grand arrangement, a sort of three-in-one affair. There's a coal fire on the right of it that heats the room and gives us hot water, there are two cooking apparatuses on the left, a large oven, in which I cook the roast beef that Eddie'd sell his soul for, and a smaller affair on top for saucepans and things, but all enclosed so as not to show.

While we're talking about food, I'll let you into a secret. Eddie's great weakness is beef tea! That's the strangest thing about my husband, I always think.

# OUR LITTLE COTTAGE *of* DREAMS

**T**HE smallest cottage in London, that's where Eddie and I live. We're both thin and active, thank goodness, or else we shouldn't be able to climb up and down stairs, *that's* how small it is!

You see, when we married we lifted up our voices like a small Greek chorus and said, "If we've got to live in town" (and of course we have got to because of Eddie's work) "then we'll live *right* in town."

Well, a flat wasn't much good because people wrote letters to us complaining bitterly about American stations coming over the radio at peculiar midnight hours, so we looked around for a house. The moment we saw this one, tucked away behind large and imposing mansions, we simply had to have it.

I designed all the decorating and saw that it was done while Eddie was in America with Henry Hall, and then we moved in, lock, stock and barrel, even though the removal people had to take the doors off in order to get Eddie's piano into the sitting-room!

Shall I tell you about the decoration? Maybe it would give you ideas for your own homes or flats because it really looks awfully nice now that it's finished.

There's just one room on the ground floor, with

lattice windows looking out into the street over the small bit of paving that serves instead of a front garden. I had the walls done in very deep cream—the colour of thick Cornish cream made from Jersey cows—know it?—and I told the men to carry the paint right over the ceiling, too. The door and the window sill are white enamel, and the fireplace tiles are a sort of terra-cotta shade.

I've got a couple of armchairs and a sofa upholstered in leaf-green and the curtains are velvet, about five shades darker than the walls. The rest of the furniture consists of a small fireside table of unpolished walnut to match Eddie's piano.

**I** keep lots of flowers in the room because I think they make just all the difference between a room and a Room, if you get the idea! But I economise on pictures all I can; they make the room look much smaller for one thing, so the only one in the sitting-room is a caricature of Eddie by Sallon, and since it took six weeks of pleas and threats to get Eddie to bang a nail into the wall for *that* to hang on, it's just as well I don't want a portrait gallery in the house!

'Way over in the left corner of the room is a twisty little staircase that leads up to the first floor. The bathroom's just at the top of the stairs and if there were a bathroom door there wouldn't

Eddie, the most undomesticated man in the world (turn back and read the history of the sitting-room nail if you don't believe me) liking good plain food like beef tea and steaks and things!

He's got a caviare character and an apple tart appetite. That's Eddie.

I've bought a primrose yellow dinner service for this adorable room of mine, and that lives on dark oak shelves above the small electric griller I use to produce quick breakfasts and eggs-and-bacon-at-odd-hours sort of meals.

And on your way out, I must take you into the sitting-room once more to show you what I do to the fireplace during the summer. I simply pile up a whole lot of pine cones in the empty grate and it doesn't look naked any longer.

Do you like our smallest cottage? We adore it!

## NEXT WEEK

**CHARLIE KUNZ'S CHARMING WIFE** gives you a new impression of the famous radio star in an article about her love-story

# A CHILD'S SMOCK IN KNITTING



Wouldn't your kiddy look sweet in this charming little dress?

An adorable garment for the 2-3 year old

### THE BACK

Work as the front until the first row of pattern has been worked. With spare needles and wool, cast on 10 sts. and work in rib of k. 1, p. 1 for 10 rows. Pick up work and continue as follows:—

**1st row**—Work in the pattern for 45 sts. Join on and rib across the 10 sts. of the flap. Turn.

**2nd row**—Rib across 10 sts. and continue in the pattern to the end. Rep. these 2 rows twice more, then work the first row.

**8th row**—Rib 10 sts., \* p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 5. Rep. from \* alt. to the end, the line finishing with p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1.

**9th row**—K. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 5. Rep. alt. to the last 10 sts., rib these sts.

Rep. these 2 rows, casting off 5 sts. at the beginning of 12th, and dec. at the same edge on 14th and 16th rows (48 sts.). Rep. the first 8 rows, ribbing the last odd 3 sts.

Work in st.-st., keeping the 10 sts. at centre edge in rib for 18 rows.

**Next row**—Cast off 15 sts., knit to the end. **2nd and each alt. row**—Purl. **3rd row**—Cast off 4 sts., knit to the end. **5th row**—Cast off 3 sts., knit to the end. **7th row**—Cast off 3 sts., knit to the end. Cast off the remaining sts.

Join wool to the other half of the back and work the next 5 rows exactly the same as the left half, but omit the 10 rib sts. of flap. **Next row**—Work to the last 7 sts., k. 2 tog., w.o. work last 5 sts.

Continue work as for the other half, making a buttonhole as previously on every 8th row until there are 5 in all. Work 1 more row. At the neck edge cast off 10 sts., work to end. Work the neck dec. as before.

### THE SLEEVES (both the same)

Cast on 55 sts. in white wool and work 4 rows in garter-stitch. **5th row**—K. 2 tog., w.o. twice. Rep. to last st., knit this st. **Next row**—K. 1 \* k. 1, k. through 1 loop, drop the other, \* rep. from \* to \* until last st., k. 1.

Work another 3 rows in garter-stitch. Join on green wool and k. 1 row. **Next row**—P. 1, purl twice into next st. Rep. to last st., purl this st. (82 sts.). **2nd row**—Knit. **3rd row**—\* P. 3, purl twice into next st. Rep. from \* to last 2 sts., purl these sts. (102 sts.)

Continue in st.-st. for 16 rows. **Next row**—Knit to last 2 sts., turn. **2nd row**—Purl to last 2 sts., turn.

Continue on working 2 sts. less every row until 70 working sts. remain (102 in all). Turn. Now k. 2 tog. 35 times, knit remaining 16 sts. Cast off.

### THE COLLAR

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work toward you, in white wool pick up and k. 99 sts. round neck. Knit another 3 rows in garter-stitch.

**Next row**—K. 1, \* k. 2 tog., w.o. twice. Rep. from \* until 2 sts. remain, knit these sts.

**Next row**—K. 1, \* k. 1, k. through 1 loop, drop the other, \* rep. from \* to \* until last 2 sts., k. 2. Knit another 2 rows in garter-stitch.

### TO MAKE UP

Press all parts well under a damp cloth. In white wool smock through the centre of all the ribs round the waist. At lower edge halve the white border and hem along on the wrong side. This forms the picot edge. Do likewise with the border at the neck and the sleeves. Sew seams and press.

### MATERIALS

6 oz. Golden Eagle "PEARL-SHEEN" 3-ply, in green, 1 oz. Golden Eagle "PEARL-SHEEN" 3-ply, in white; 1 pair No. 10 knitting needles; 5 buttons; ½ yard elastic.

### MEASUREMENTS

Width across yoke, 10 inches. Length from shoulder to hem, 16½ inches. Length of sleeve seam, 2½ inches.

### TENSION

Width, 8 sts. to 1 inch. Depth, 10 rows to 1 inch.

### ABBREVIATIONS

k., knit; p., purl; tog., together; dec., decrease; w.o., wool over; alt., alternate; rep., repeat; st.-st., stocking-stitch; st., stitch.

### THE FRONT

With No. 10 needles and white wool, cast on 160 sts. Work in garter-stitch (i.e., knit every row) for 4 rows.

**5th row**—K. 1, \* k. 2 tog., w.o. twice.\* Rep. from \* to \* until the last st. remains. Knit this st.

**Next row**—K. 1, \* k. 1, k. through 1 loop, drop the other, \* rep. from \* to \* until last st., k. 1.

Work another 3 rows in garter-stitch. Break the white wool and join on the green. Continue in st.-st. (i.e., 1 row plain, 1 row purl) until the work measures 11 inches (longer if necessary). Finish on a knit row. **Next row**—P. 15, p. 2 tog., to the last 15 sts., purl these sts. (95 sts.). Now commence the pattern.

**1st row**—K. 5, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, alt. to the end. **2nd row**—P. 5, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, alt. to the end. Rep. these 2 rows for 3 times more. **9th row**—P. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 5, alt. to the end. **10th row**—K. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 5, alt. to the end. Rep. these 2 rows, casting off 5 sts. at the beginning of 11th and 12th rows, and dec. both ends of the needle on the 13th and 15th rows (81 sts.). Work 1 more row.

**17th row**—K. 3, \* k. 5, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1. Rep. from \* alt. to the last 3 sts., knit these sts. **18th row**—P. 3, \* p. 5, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1. Rep. from \* to the last 3 sts., purl these sts. Rep. these 2 rows for 3 times. Continue in st.-st. for 16 rows. **Next row**—K. 33, cast off 15 sts., k. 33.

Continue on these last 33 sts. as follows:—

**1st and alt. rows**—Purl. **2nd row**—Cast off 4 sts. Work to the end. **4th row**—Cast off 3 sts. Work to the end. **6th row**—Cast off 3 sts. Work to the end. Continue without shaping for 4 more rows. Cast off. Work the other shoulder likewise.

## Listen to: "KITCHEN WISDOM"

from  
RADIO NORMANDY (269.5 m.)  
Every Friday Morning  
(10.0 to 10.15 a.m.)

Ten o'clock—Friday morning! NOW, for a few moments, after the early morning rush and bustle, you can sit down in the easiest chair and tune in to "KITCHEN WISDOM" from Radio Normandy.

This new series of programmes sent to you by the Makers of BORWICK'S—that oldest, finest and most famous of all Baking Powders—contains music to soothe, and expert advice to simplify the many problems which face you in the kitchen.

Every woman to whom Economy, Efficiency, Family Health and Taste are important, will be delighted with BORWICK'S new "KITCHEN WISDOM" Series. REMEMBER—"You Lighten Baking Day with BORWICK'S!"

**BORWICK'S**  
BAKING POWDER  
The Best in the World

## 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.

A New Fortnightly Humorous Feature



# "Crackles and Sparks!"



By THE IRRESPONSIBLE LISTENER

PASSING Broadcasting House the other day I was amazed to hear the entire staff, led by the stentorian tones of Sir J-hn R—th, singing that famous war-time ditty: "We don't want to lose you, but we think you ought to go." On asking the reason for this outburst I was told they had just read the latest article by Mr. Jolly Socks, the radio critic of the "Daily Wail."

## ONIONS FOR OSWALD

MY dear little nephew Oswald came to see me last night. Yes, he's just like your nephew, only more poisonous. Forty per cent. over proof, is Oswald. We were revelling in a lovely bit of Chopin from the Queen's Hall, but that didn't worry Oswald. He promptly started twiddling knobs and after tearing round Europe to the accompaniment of banshee shrieks from tortured valves left the set huskily bleating French chansons with Hitler in the background spitting verbal mustard plasters.

"Why don't you broadcast, uncle?" asked Oswald.

"Well—er—it's not quite my line, Oswald."

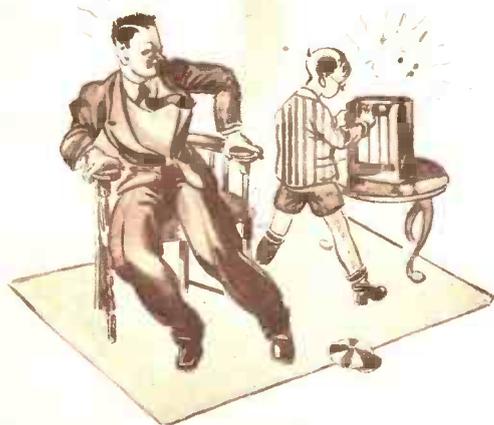
"I don't mean sing or play," persisted Oswald. "Why don't you give a talk? Lots of stupid people give talks. I've listened to 'em."

"They may sound stupid to you," I said with dignity. "You'll understand them better when you're older and have more sense. One has to be very clever and know all about some interesting subject to give a talk."

"Then why did you switch off and say it was drivelling tripe the other night when that man was talking about 'Earwigs as Pets'?"

"It just didn't appeal to me. The B.B.C. can't make every talk interest all their millions of listeners."

"Well, won't you tell me about one of the B.B.C. talks that did appeal to you, uncle?"



"...tearing round Europe to the accompaniment of banshee shrieks from tortured valves"

"I—er—can't think of one at the moment, but lots of them have been very interesting."

"Couldn't you think of an interesting talk to broadcast, uncle?"

"Yes, I could," I said grimly. "I could talk on 'My Favourite Character in History.'"

"Who's that, uncle?"

"Herod!"

## THE CONTINENTAL PROGRAMME MYSTERY

I HAVE evolved a THEORY about Continental programmes. I expect they treat you in just

A gay article by our wise-cracking contributor who somehow doesn't seem able to take radio seriously

the same shabby way as they do me? Like this: The B.B.C. is drooling from all stations, so you run your pointer slowly down the medium wave scale until you hear something light, bright and tuneful being wafted from Spain, Italy, Russia or some other spot where life is one long whirl of gaiety. With a sigh of relief you settle into your armchair, light a cigarette and pick up your evening paper. Directly you are really comfortable the music stops abruptly—often in the middle of a bar—and a raucous male voice starts coughing Czechoslovakian advertisements at you.

I refuse to admit that it's all coincidence. It might happen sometimes by accident, but not always. The only alternative is that occasionally you tune in to frenzied bursts of applause. You hear cheers and bravos, and you think that you've hit the high spot of the ether. You wait excitedly for the applause to die down and the next item to commence. But it never does. The applause fades into silence, and on come the C.S. advertisements aforementioned.

This, then, is my theory. The B.B.C. is a jealous B.B.C. and hates us to listen to those naughty Continental stations when we ought to be having our minds improved and our morals uplifted by the B point B stop C period, as Stainless would say. So the B.B.C. engineers have invented a marvellously sensitive instrument for LISTENING IN TO LISTENERS. Directly you tune into the Continent the B.B.C. hears you through their eavesdropping gubbins and promptly blasts away your pretty music with a gramophone record of Czechoslovakian advertisements. It must be a record, because it's always the same voice and always the same advertisements. If anyone agrees with me we'll organise a Party, wear rainbow shirts, and blow Broadcasting House to blazes.

P.S. Don't ask me to pay for the shirts, that's all.

## THIS WEEK'S RUMOUR

The B.B.C. has at last devised an alternative programme that really is an alternative.

## IMPASSIONED INTERVIEWS. No. 3

THIS evening we have a delightful surprise for listeners. In fact, I think I can describe it as an intellectual treat," said the announcer, his voice throbbing with ill-suppressed excitement. "We have persuaded Mr. Charles Augustus Draw, the world-famous author and playwright, to come to the microphone for an interview. Very few men are so famous as to be identified the world over by their initials, but mention C.A.D. and we all immediately think of Mr. Draw. You have all read his books and seen his plays. Some of you will have heard his speeches. But through the medium of this interview you will find that Mr. Draw is one of the world's wittiest and most entertaining conversationalists.

"Now, Mr. Draw, I think I am correct in saying that you are over ninety years old?"

"Yes," said Mr. Draw.

"Yet you find your mental faculties unimpaired and are still able to write your brilliant plays?"

"Yes," said Mr. Draw.

"Will you tell listeners the source of your inspiration. From what secret reservoir do you obtain your boundless energy?"

"Carrots," said Mr. Draw.

"I beg your pardon?" said the announcer.

"Granted," said Mr. Draw. "You misunderstand me, I think. Do you say you were inspired by carrots? How can that be?"

"I eat 'em," said Mr. Draw.

"Oh—ah—yes, you are a vegetarian, of course. Well, will you tell listeners something about your early struggles?"

"Had none," said Mr. Draw.

"All your life you have fought for your ideals. Many great reforms owe their inception to your fertile brain and have been carried to triumph by your eloquent pen. Tell me now, is there not some great task you have set yourself which is still unfinished? Is there not some scourge that devastates the earth which you would like to see abolished? Suppose it were possible for you to sweep instantaneously from the world some terrible plague that brings untold misery to suffering humanity, to which one would you put an end for ever?"

"Stupid questions," said Mr. Draw.



"Of course, you would choose a Thursday to start messing about with the wretched wireless"

## MIRABEL HOLDS FORTH

IT wasn't as though I was doing anything serious to the set. Just making sure that all the connections were tight and the valves properly home in the holders. Oh, and replaced a bit of flex, and so on. Then this happened. Mirabel (non stop): "Of course you would choose a Thursday to start messing about with the wretched wireless. You know perfectly well that Thursday is my day for turning out the drawing-room and I've slaved and rubbed and brushed and scrubbed to get it nice because your mother is coming to-morrow. But just because you've nothing better to occupy your idle hands with you must start pulling the set to pieces and making a filthy mess all over the floor I've just cleaned. What's wrong with it, anyway? Can't you leave well alone? It sounded lovely when I had it on this afternoon, and now when I particularly wanted to listen to the Variety Hour you must pull it all to little bits. Even if you get it together in time I'm pretty sure it won't work. I don't know what you'll do next, I'm sure. As soon as I turn my back for five minutes you must start some idiotic job that does no good to anybody and only means more work for me clearing up after you. Honestly, you're more trouble than a two-year-old toddler."

Me (very quickly): "Here's-Bryan-Michie compèreing-the-variety-programme."

# LAST OF THE RED HOT MOMMAS

The Story of the Inimitable

SOPHIE TUCKER

**S**O Sophie is back!

Sophie Tucker, the inimitable Red Hot Momma, has come to town again to do a short season at the Grosvenor House Hotel and her countless fans will welcome her as they always have done in this country, and, indeed, always will.

What is the secret of this consummate artiste's hold over her public? Why is it she stands supreme in her own particular line?

It is simply that she is different . . . as completely unlike any other variety and radio artiste as are Sir Harry Lauder, Gracie Fields, and the other handful of people who have the power to stop any show in which they are appearing.

The story of her rise to the pinnacles is the story of a woman who came to a decision early in her life that she was going to have money and fame, and that to achieve these twin objects she would sacrifice leisure, personal comforts and even the hobbies and pleasures beloved of any cultured person.

From the moment she got her first break she kept before her eyes the vision of the name "SOPHIE TUCKER" in electric lights.

How brilliantly she has achieved her ambition is proved by the fact that she is an international star in the theatre, the broadcasting studio and on records. To everything she attempts she brings a personality that commands success.

Her real name is Abuza, and her parents were born in Odessa. They were poor people and, eventually, poverty drove them to emigrate to America. It was on the emigration boat that Sophie made her appearance in this world. It was the first of what were to be many spectacular and dramatic appearances . . . only later they were to be illumined by spotlights, instead of being shrouded in the squalor of an emigration boat's steerage.

Her parents opened a small café and, as soon as she was old enough, Sophie started to work. She was cook, waitress, hostess, cashier . . . almost everything that could be packed into a long day Sophie did in that little café.

She detested the work and, even more, she detested the thought that her ageing mother should also have to slave in such an atmosphere. In fact, it was that circumstance which first lit the spark of ambition in Sophie. She decided that she must make money, if only to get her mother away from the cheap neighbourhood in which they had their business.

Though she hated the café life, Sophie's cheerful nature was even then quite irrepresible. She used to sing constantly at her work, and her voice became quite an attraction to the café customers.

"Sing us a song, Soph," they would shout and, all unwittingly, applauded a star of to-morrow.

## Real Life versus Fiction

I suppose you can guess the rest? You're right. A famous New York theatrical impresario found his way casually to the café and heard Sophie singing. That's the way it happens in novels and films.

But in novels and films there is usually a grand climax. By rights that impresario should have made Sophie a star overnight. Alas, in real life glorious climaxes usually turn out to be inglorious anti-climaxes.

"Come to New York," he said, and Sophie took a chance and went. But when she arrived the impresario had no job for her, and no one else appeared to have one, either.

However, Sophie had burned her boats. She was in New York . . . the hub of the theatrical world . . . and she resolved that here was the



Sophie Tucker, beloved by all

could have stopped her. But Ziegfeld's presence certainly hastened her progress.

His was a magic finger. He had but to point it to a name and that name was made. He came, he saw Sophie, he heard her and he was conquered. He put her into one of his Follies shows . . . and within three days had fired her! For once, the man who glorified American womanhood made a mistake.

But even to have appeared in a Ziegfeld show stamped Sophie as a certain top-liner.

The rest of her story is show-history. In show after show she starred, bringing her amazing artistry to add lustre to glittering revues and musical comedies. She became the toast of New York town; producers, recording and broadcasting companies fought for her services.

To hear her sing—or, rather, recite to a musical background—such numbers as *Louisville Lou* and *Some of these Days* is to fall under the spell of sheer personality. Notice the magic hush that comes over the theatre as she walks on to the stage, a hush that is immediately replaced by a storm of clapping.

## Achieved Her Ambitions

A handsome, dignified figure, brilliantly gowned, beautifully coiffured, a voice that runs the gamut of emotions, thrilling, vibrant, tinged with sadness and yet sparkling with humour and life. That is Sophie Tucker.

In her middle age she is famous. She has earned a fortune. In a word, she has achieved both her ambitions.

What manner of woman is she?

She is a person of simple tastes. She diets rigorously, rarely drinks, smokes fifteen cigarettes a day, reads light romances and plays bridge for relaxation, dresses beautifully (she cultivated a clothes sense because she knew it would be an enormous help in achieving theatrical fame) and does most of her song study-

ing in the early hours of the morning.

She never rises till lunch-time (her coloured maid guards that bedroom door against early morning visitors with touching fidelity) and her first visitors are her four Scottie terriers, Blackie, Rob Roy Tucker, Shusan Mirn and Jackie.

I last met her in Edinburgh and it was then that she told me simply yet very sincerely how she had disciplined herself and kept her eyes fixed firmly on that goal of Fame. She seemed to me to be a happy woman. She has revelled in her fight for fame and fortune and the fight has not hardened or embittered her.

I doubt, though, whether she could be happy away from the show business. It will be a wretched day for Sophie as well as her fans when she decides that the time has come when she must retire and she leaves for the little villa in the South of France on which she has set her heart.

But that day will not be for many, many years. "I am a fatalist," she told me. "I believe that the future is all planned, so that when I feel that I no longer have the affection and the interest of the public, I shall walk out of the spotlight! I shall know that the arranged time has come and that I cannot do anything to prevent it."

Dear, lovable Sophie. A woman of a tremendous spirit and a brave heart. Jack Yellen, the songwriter, first coined the title for her of *The Last of the Red Hot Mommas*. No phrase could be more apt. She is indeed the last. There will never be another like her.

## NEXT WEEK

Patrick Waddington comes under the "As They Are" Spotlight. Revealing and intimate!

Some news is always good news, as, for example, the news that SOPHIE TUCKER is back in England. The story of the woman who rose from poverty to world-wide fame and fortune is told here by

ROSS REDFERN

one certain place where she could win her fortune.

Eventually she got a job at the German Village café, as a coon-shouter. A coon-shouter was a coloured negro singer and Sophie was, virtually, the forerunner of the line since made famous by Al Jolson.

Then she broke into the famous Tony Pastor's Hall which, at that time, was a theatrical show-window. Any artiste appearing at Pastor's was on the verge of success . . . if he or she possessed talent.

Well, Sophie had that talent. She secured a vaudeville engagement and toured for some time.

Out of the blue came Sophie's biggest break. Her vaudeville engagements brought her to Springfield in Massachusetts, and, by one of those miracles, Flo Ziegfeld happened to be in the town.

It is idle to speculate as to whether Sophie would have become such a colossal success had Ziegfeld not been there at that time. Such is her brilliance that it is fair to believe that nothing

A Popular Weekly Feature

# JACK'S BACK!

Inside Chatter from the DANCE-BAND WORLD

By BUDDY BRAMWELL



Married last June but no honeymoon yet! Dashing Mrs. Don Rico (Marita Calve)

so far as I know, this is the first all British ladies' band to visit the Dominions.

So Mr. and Mrs. Don Rico have decided to make this South African tour a honeymoon also.

Congratulations!

LOOKING back, folks, looking back:—

The curtain at the little music-hall goes up, revealing one large conjuror, complete with usual "props" and one small assistant. The act starts but the conjuror is in a bad humour. As he comes to the point where a real live rabbit is due to appear from his top-hat, he whispers fiercely to his assistant—"Hurry up with that blankety rabbit, you blankety-blank so-and-so."

The hard-working youngster stops dead, then shouts at the top of his voice: "Well, if you're in such a darned hurry for it, here it is" and from beneath his coat he pulls the struggling bunny, while the whole house roars!

That one small assistant was Harry Leader, making his very first "public appearance"!

TO every heart, I suppose, there is some particular song—or songs—which brings back memories, memories sweet or bitter-sweet. It is so with Sidney Lipton.

"I'll never forget a tune called *Dancing Honeymoon*," he told me—"for I was conducting it at a dance-hall when I first saw the girl I intended to make my wife.

"Another tune I shall never forget is called *When Love Dies*. It was her favourite number at the time, and one evening—after we'd had a tiff—I caught sight of her dancing round with somebody else. So I got the boys to play that tune she loved . . . and everything ended happily!"

AS I foreshadowed exclusively in these columns some weeks back, Henry Hall has been lined-up for an early television broadcast.

Next Wednesday afternoon is the time selected and Henry and the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra will give their 5.15 tea-time broadcast immediately after from Alexandra Palace. This will be, I believe, the first time that the Television station has been used for a sound broadcast of a dance band.

AFTER a too-long absence from the microphone, Jack Hylton is staging a spectacular come-back next Wednesday evening at 8.0 p.m. (National).

While he was a tremendous success in America and, no doubt, made pots of money, it is useless denying that in this country his name has almost disappeared from current lists of band leaders. I wonder whether he has been wise in allowing this state of affairs to come about?

Hylton was once the biggest name in British dance music. What does his future hold?

Jack was particularly unlucky about his appearance in the B.B.C.'s television studio at Alexandra Palace during the experimental transmissions from there to Radiolympia.

I was not at the studio on the day Jack was televised, but I am told it was the only occasion that the apparatus broke down! I believe it was an inspiration of D. H. Munro's, the B.B.C.'s popular television productions manager, that the old poster slogan entitled: *Jack's Back* which, for many years Jack Hylton used, should be personified by showing Jack's back to televiewers.

Anyhow, the apparatus broke down, and the "Daddy of British Jazz" was conspicuous by his absence.

Would it not have been far better if Jack Hylton had been invited as guest conductor of the B.B.C.'s 22-piece Television Orchestra which, by the way, came out excellently on the television screen? But there, it wasn't done, and it's no good talking about it now.

Better luck next time, Jack!

THE photograph on this page is of Marita Calve who in private life is the wife of Don Rico. She is the Spanish dancer who has been with the band for the last three and a half years.

They were married last June but, on account of the very busy season that Don Rico and his Gypsy girls have had, there has been no time yet for a honeymoon.

The band has been broadcasting regularly once a month, but is sailing to-day for the British Empire Exhibition in Johannesburg. Don Rico is taking out sixteen girls who are all British and,



Caught by the Television camera. Do you recognise Larry Adler? He's in the studio at Alexandra Palace

IF you like to be kept guessing, you might do worse than tune into the Northern Ireland programme on Thursday night. At 7.30, James Moody, a very clever syncopated pianist, is giving a kind of musical competition, in which listeners will be invited to guess the theme of the tunes he plays.

"YES yes, we'll give you Brighter Sunday Broadcasts," tee-heed those gay young things at Broadcasting House, nervously fondling their long grey beards the nonce. And then, gnashing their teeth in an ecstasy of benevolence, I am told, they sat them down and passed an order that Jan Berenska (who sometimes included some sweet dance-songs in his Sunday broadcasts) should henceforth stick entirely to "dead-straight" music on such occasions.

No, Jan didn't tell me that. A little bird told me—a mocking bird—Or was it a laughing jackass!

EARLY this evening (Friday) the Ritz Players come to the mike. This outfit is led by Maurice Iliffe, who once again has been leading his band at the West Park Pavilion, Jersey (grand hall, this). I've trod many an ungainly measure to Maurice's music this summer, and can recommend it as a fine band, particularly good at comedy. He'll have with him George Parry, excellent vocalist from the late Wilf Hamer's band.

Line Up No. 21

JAY WILBUR'S BAND with *Melody Out of the Sky*, has already become an ace feature on the radio. These are the boys in the band: Pat Dodd (piano), Jack Simmons (guitar), Billy Bell (bass), Jack Simpson (drums), Hugo Rignold, Reg Leopold (violins), George Melachrino, (viola), Fred Gardner, Frank Johnson, George Smith (saxes and clarinet), Alf Noakes, Billy Farrell (trumpets), Joe Ferie, Ted Heath (trombones), Chas. Smart (organ).

## AFTER 11.30

TO talk about Duke Ellington in this tiny corner of "Radio Pictorial" is like trying to condense one of Shakespeare's plays into a couple of paragraphs.

And yet we hear a grand amount of Duke after 11.30 in the B.B.C.'s programmes, so here in brief, is this brilliant young man's life story. If anyone ever deserved that much-used word "brilliant," Edward Kennedy Ellington does. Genial and burly, with the figure of an athlete, Duke has the hands of an artist.

He did, in fact, very nearly become a painter. He won a scholarship in Fine Art from what we would call the Council School where he was educated. He was born, by the way, on April 29, 1899.

When he was fourteen he could play the piano by ear and, because he had to earn his living, he took a job as a pianist. At nineteen he was married and the responsibility made him take his music more seriously as the leader of a small band in Washington. But life was pretty tough for many years after that. Often they had, in Duke's own words, to "split a hot-dog five ways."

However, in 1927, he took a big band into the famous Cotton Club in New York, and from that moment he has never looked back.

Now for some illuminating angles on the character of this undoubted King of Jazz. The first may seem rather trivial. When you hear him take piano solos in the records of his that you hear over the air you may notice a queer "moaning" noise. That is Duke humming to himself as he plays.

Ellington the man is deeply religious, a Methodist, and he reads his Bible every night before he goes to bed, and never forgets to say "Grace" before meals.

In spite of his great success, he is very modest, and a gentleman in the best sense of the word. So great is the colour prejudice in his country that in order that he shall not be in any way misunderstood, he will not speak to a white woman unless he is accompanied by his manager.

## EVELYN HARDY

trumpeter and leader of the famous All-Women Radio Band, introduces you to her clever team and lets you into the secret of her exciting job.

I HAVE been in the show business nearly all my life, but I can tell you that now, as ever, there is a real thrill in running a radio band. Picture this.

A gay seaside town *en fête* at night, with myriads of coloured lights and happy, dancing couples . . . then a hush and the thrilling anticipation just before the programme begins . . . my band of twelve is on the stand, and the lights are up. "O.K.," whispers a B.B.C. engineer. "You're on the air."

And as we break into our opening number we know that over 2,000 people are sitting just right in front—that there are 5,000 more standing at the back . . . that away in their homes are thousands of other folks tuned in to this happy seaside broadcast—and that my clever team of girls are the key-point of it all.

This is not fiction. It has happened at Exmouth, from which I have not long been back after a season's engagement.

Unfortunately, there's no time to sit back and enjoy the memory of these thrills. Life has to be too much of a rush. After the B.B.C. date we finished at around 11 p.m. at Exmouth, and were up at 5.30 next morning. Then soon after dawn we started a hard drive to London, ready for rehearsals and five shows a day.

That would be a hard routine for men, but for a woman's band it does show the wonderful enthusiasm and *esprit de corps* of the girls. It is this which has enabled us to do so many broadcasts and get so many variety contracts—jobs for which men are equally eligible, but which we girls manage to secure!

Our first broadcast was from Bingley Hall, Birmingham, way back in 1931; and again the following year. We made the first broadcast from Minehead in 1933, and actually have played at Minehead every year from 1928 to 1933—five years without a break. We have been booked for Exmouth next year for an extended season at an even bigger fee than this year, and in addition to playing there and broadcasting, I acted as a sort of unofficial sports and amusements manager rolled into one, running carnivals, dances, beauty competitions and so on.

I have broadcast from every B.B.C. region, and made a name for our band in the Regions long before we came into the National Programme at Christmas of 1935. Max Kester asked us to join the special *All Girls Together* feature, and so after trying out most of the studios and Outside-Broadcast sites in the provinces, we made our "break" into National.

But let me introduce you to the team.

You can smile and think it strange that twelve women should make up such a happy band, and get on well together. The truth is that they are all good team-workers. And they are all friends of mine. I have not had to advertise for any of them. Many of them have been famous in other spheres.

May Johnson, my pianist, was for many years pianist and accompanist at the B.B.C. in the North.

Mabel Collis, one of my sax. team, has broadcast over thirty times solo.

All my girls have been with me two years at least: many of them for six or seven years.

Lottie Kiss is the arranger and leader.

Lillian Ramsay is rep. violin.

Thelma Hammond plays saxophone, clarinet and fiddle (and, incidentally, the ability of most of my team to "double" on several instruments enables us to use very full, interesting arrangements of popular numbers).

Mabel Collis, the broadcaster I have told you about, doubles on saxophone and clarinet, while "Val" Wilson not only plays sax. (tenor) and clarinet, but is a fine cellist.



# THE THRILL OF RUNNING A WOMAN'S BAND

By  
EVELYN HARDY

Lillian Smith is trumpet and violin.

Minna Kent is expert on the trombone, and the already-mentioned May Johnson presides at the piano.

I have a clever drums and xylophone "man" in May Thirlwell, while completing the team are Doris Ivy (banjo) and Kate Sutton (bass).

I conduct, play trumpet, posthorn and cornet—and in addition help my manager, Francis Wilmott, to conduct the heavy business work which must be faced in the running of a large touring orchestra.

Well, that's our team, and a very happy family we all are.

It may interest you to know that I am a Rotherham girl, and have been playing the trumpet and cornet all my life. It is, of course, an unusual instrument for a woman, and demands excellent physique, strong lips and ceaseless practice. But I find it fascinating.

(Left) *EMPEROR CLAUDIUS* may not be looking, but you may be sure he's listening to the exhibition of skill to which he was treated by Evelyn Hardy, the woman trumpeter.

There have been trials and tribulations.

A reporter wrote: "A girl trumpeter played and smiled in Blackpool last night, though every note was torture to her. That was a real-life drama behind the scenes at the Opera House. . . ."

And the truth was that the day before this big concert I had contracted a poisoned lip—and just before I went on the stage it was swollen. But the show had to go on—and it did!

I was thrilled about my first broadcast from Minehead, and when the announcer said "This is Miss Evelyn Hardy's Band, broadcasting from the Blenheim Gardens . . ." I came as near to fainting as I ever was.

The fact was that I'd been talking with Mr. Francis Wilmott about this first broadcast from Minehead. It meant so much to him, for he was enthusiastic about fixing up our series of broadcasts from this seaside resort. The strain and the excitement told on me—and though a fainting woman band-leader would have made a lovely story for the Press, it would have ruined Minehead's chances of being a star Regional town on the air.

I made friends with many B.B.C. experts in this famous broadcast. Mr. Settle, West Regional director, made the announcements. I was under the eagle eye of W. N., official of the Programme Staff at Cardiff, throughout the broadcast, while equally anxious about technical arrangements of the band, the microphone and the wiring was D. James, of the B.B.C.'s Cardiff Engineering branch.

The nearest approach to real danger I've had was when I met the ill-fated Rhythm Sisters.

I met them at Morecambe when the three girls, Jean Conibeare, Kay Smythe and Helen Raymond, with Pat Taylor, were appearing with Sam Browne.

They were tired out after their show, and were planning—the three sisters and 17-year-old Pat—to dash back to London in a car to get on with rehearsals for a broadcast.

We all had a chat together in the theatre before they left—and they very nearly induced me to go with them as I had one or two matters to attend to in London. Fortunately for me, I just had a notion at the last minute that I ought not to leave Morecambe in case there was any business to attend to for my band. So I stayed behind, and as all the world now knows, the car crashed near Rugby and Jean was killed outright.

I thank the lucky inspiration which held me back from accompanying them on the trip . . . and a very true remark was made by the Coroner (Mr. E. F. Hadow) at Rugby. He said: "This young lady's death will deprive a great many homes in England of happiness."

It is that very duty to the public which often compels me to go on, even when we get week after week and month after month of busy engagements. We can boast that in two years we have been idle for only four weeks.

I've still many thrills to come. We've always been too busy to do recording, although as there's so much interest in a woman's band we have been frequently pressed to put some of our numbers on wax.

Then television. By the time you read this we shall have appeared at a series of concerts at the Alexandra Palace within a stone's throw of the B.B.C. Television studio. I'm looking forward to going on the air and facing Baird and Marconi-E.M.I. lenses. Television would add one more pleasure—and would enable a woman's band to get the last word.

And women should have the last word don't you think?



An animated glimpse of White Coons in full cry.

Two White Coons—Patrick Waddington, a new recruit, and the glamorous and beautiful Jane Carr.

C. Denier Warren

Stanley Holloway

Jane Carr

Wynne Ajello

Paul England

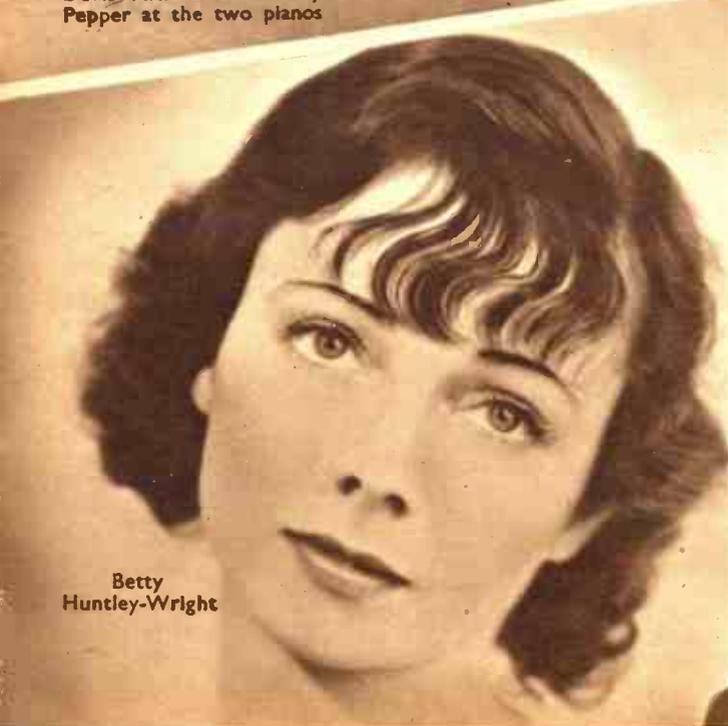
Wynne the r before

**WHITE COONS**  
October 3, 4.15 p.m. Regional.  
Cast: Joe Morley, Wynne Ajello, C. Denier Warren, Tommy Handley, Jane Carr and Patrick Waddington (Stanley Holloway and Paul England are regrettably absent on this occasion).



Showing you what the White Coons look like while they broadcast—with Doris Arnold and Harry Pepper at the two pianos

# HIGH LIGHTS



Betty Huntley-Wright



(Right) Hella Langdon



Margaret Lauder (left)

**COMIC OPERA**  
October 6, 8 p.m. Nat.;  
October 7, 9 p.m. Reg.  
Starring Betty Huntley-Wright, Thomasini, Hella Langdon, Margaret Lauder and Morgan Davies

...Ajello listens to radio in the firelight setting out to broadcast

Miriam Ferris (below) contributes to the gaiety of Rex's show.

Florence Oldham, another pappy personality

**LONDON'S LATEST**  
October 8, 10.20 p.m., Nat.;  
October 10, 4.15 p.m., Reg.  
Rex London's new revue  
includes: Florence Oldham,  
Horace Percival, Miriam Ferris,  
Janet Lind, Raymond Newell and  
Edward Cooper in the cast,  
and is presented by Ernest Longstaffe.

**VARIETY**  
Oct. 10, 9.20 p.m.  
National.  
Featuring Bennett and McNaughton,  
Elsie and Doris Waters, Billy Costello and Harry Bidgood

# OF THE WEEK

Billy Costello (right)

Harry Bidgood (left)

Elsie and Doris Waters

Bennett and McNaughton



A man may beckon to Romance, but to what end, if she keeps her eyes averted, and saves her smiles for another? The story of a Table for Two, and a third who kept the appointment

**T**HE Rolls Royce drew up smoothly at the door of the latest river café, and the millionaire owner, squat, over-corpulent, and smoking a too long and too fat cigar clambered heavily out of it.

He was bowed through the door by two scarlet-coated flunkeys, whom he treated with the rather self-conscious arrogance of a self-made man.

"Fetch the manager," he commanded, and they disappeared, leaving him alone, to saunter to the verandah that overlooked the river.

Here, stone alcoves, covered with roses, were cunningly devised from an old Georgian terrace which ran the whole length of the front of the house. Once the ancestral home of a long and aristocratic line, it had been sold by the last impoverished owner to become society's latest and smartest rendezvous when the hot, sultry nights in the season drove them from town to the cool and seductive shade of the country.

The millionaire put his hands in his pockets, and surveyed the place with a grunt of satisfaction. This was the ideal spot.

When the fairy lights were lit in the trees overhanging the river, and the tiny paths which led through the flower-filled gardens were lit likewise, the whole place would be gay and alluring.

There would be glamour which might even disguise his corpulence and advancing years in the eyes of the woman he most desired to please.

His reverie was disturbed by a discreet footstep behind him, as the manager approached.

Very tall and dark, he was a man of forty, yet with a carriage and ease of manner which made the millionaire, looking up at him, feel suddenly envious. Quickly he checked the thought.

This man was no more really than a waiter—a foreign waiter at that. But there was no servility in his manner as he bade the millionaire good-afternoon.

"I want to order dinner for to-night," the millionaire said abruptly, making no answer to the greeting. "I shall want your quietest and most discreet alcove—the one over there, on the left, will do. I must have perfect service and a perfect dinner. You understand?"

"Perfectly, sir," the manager answered quietly. "Would you like to order the dinner now?"

"I will leave that to you. I understand that the food here is good, and that your wines are excellent. Kindly give me the very best to-night, and, what is more, I want your band to play some Russian music during dinner."

"Russian?" the manager questioned, and the millionaire answered sharply:

"Yes—and mind it is Russian, too. My companion will know the difference. Russian songs, you understand, sentimental tunes—you know the type of thing."

Just a faint smile appeared at the corners of the manager's somewhat severe mouth.

"Certainly, sir. I understand perfectly."

"Kindly see there is no mistake," the millionaire said more sharply still. He had perhaps detected that faint smile. Anyway, he felt resentful towards this man—the suave polish of him, the strong, athletic figure, which he himself would have given so much to have.

"And see, too," he continued, "that every possible attention is paid to the lady I am bringing here.



In the farthest alcove, the millionaire sat with the Princess Ivor Drokosky

The millionaire was bowed back into his Rolls Royce. The car moved away down the avenue of elms which had bordered the drive for generations. The manager stood at the front door watching it go.

There was a strange look on his face, and he still stood staring after the car until it turned into the main road and was lost to view.

**T**he band was playing sentimentally, the tables lit with red shaded lights which threw a rosy glow on the faces of the diners.

Women laughed and talked, the jewels on their arms glittering as they moved their hands, their heads silhouetted against the dark night, which was warm and heavy, without the faintest stirring of a breeze.

The river reflected the fairy lights in the overhanging trees, and the only movements on its smooth darkness were white swans which arched their graceful necks in the shadows, disturbed in their rest by the gay chatter around them.

In the farthest alcove, the millionaire sat with the Princess Ivor Drokosky. She was exceedingly beautiful—small, dark-haired, with an oval face which seemed almost too small for her huge dark eyes.

On the table between them, now that they had finished dinner, lay a blood-red ruby ring.

The band was playing a sentimental love song, the scent of the roses around them was almost overpoweringly sweet.

"Please, Nada," the millionaire whispered, in what he hoped was a thrilling whisper. "Please accept it."

The Princess gazed out over the river. "I don't know," she said. "I don't know if I want to marry again. My husband meant so much

She is very important indeed—very. You understand?"

"Perfectly, sir," said the manager, and again that faint smile.

"Damn him!" thought the millionaire. "I dislike this fellow!" He grew more aggressive and arrogant than ever.

"As a matter of fact, although I don't want you to give the matter any publicity, I don't mind telling you that my guest this evening is the Princess Ivor Drokosky."

"Who?" The question came sharply.

"Ha! That's impressed him," thought the millionaire. "Nothing like a title to bring these foreign devils to their knees!"

"The Princess Ivor Drokosky," he repeated loudly.

He glanced at the manager, and to his surprise saw that his attitude had completely altered. He was standing stiffly staring with an extraordinary expression on his face. But, even as the millionaire looked, the expression was gone, so swiftly that he wondered if he had fancied it.

"I shall be honoured and happy," the manager said suavely, "to welcome Princess Ivor to my restaurant."

# REUNION

Prince meets Princess—and sordid drama is transformed into fairy-tale in this alluring short story told by a Favourite Author

by

BARBARA CARTLAND

to me." She made a gesture, then picked up the ruby ring.

"Take it back now," she said. "I will think it over. I will, really."

"Decide now," he pleaded. "I will give you everything in all the world. There is nothing that you could want that I cannot give you."

Nada gave a little shiver, then she smiled, and it seemed to him as though she were going to yield.

There was a discreet step outside, and the waiter stood before them.

"What is it?" said the millionaire, furiously. "I do not wish to be disturbed. What is it?"

"I am very sorry, sir," said the waiter, "but you are wanted on the telephone—they say it is urgent."

"Impossible! Who is it?" the millionaire blustered.

"I regret, sir, but they refused to give a name."

"Better go and see," the Princess suggested, casually.

Angrily the millionaire rose to his feet and thrust the waiter aside. The Princess gave a little sigh, picked up the ruby ring and weighed it in her hand, then let it fall almost roughly on to the white tablecloth.

"You always were careless of jewels, Nada," a voice said behind her.

She turned with an exclamation, which died on her lips as she saw who was standing there. For a moment she was so still it was as if she were paralysed by the shock.

"Ivor!" she said at last, with a cry.

The manager advanced into the alcove.

"Yes, it is I, Nada," he said. "You seem surprised to see me."

"Ivor!" she cried again, her voice trembling and breaking as she spoke. "They told me you were dead! But it is you—alive, after all these years!"

"Yes, alive," he said, quietly. "I thought you would be surprised to see me when they told me you were coming, but you can't be as surprised as I am to see you."

"They told you I was coming?" she questioned. "But—"

"Your—your host," the manager interrupted, "told me that Princess Ivor Drokosky was coming. I was very interested to see the wife I never had. Somehow, it never occurred to me that it would be you, though I have often wondered what happened to you."

"Have you really wondered, Ivor?" she asked, and made a gesture as though she would put out her hand. But she stopped. "I'm sorry I took your name," she said, dully. "It didn't seem to matter, after the Revolution. They told me you were dead, and I realised that as a refugee I had more chance as the legitimate wife of Prince Ivor Drokosky than as Nada Broutchsky, his mistress."

Ivor suddenly smiled, and took both her hands in his.

"Such a very lovely mistress, Nada, and such very happy years. Heavens, we were happy then!—and what was so fantastic, we didn't realise it!" "I did," she said, gently, and her eyes filled with tears.

For a moment they remained gazing into each other's eyes.

"I must go," Ivor said, dropping her hands. "I have my work to do."

"You are . . . ?" Nada said, questioningly.

"The manager of this charming, up-to-date riverside café—Ivor Bosky, at your service."

"When shall I see you again?" she said quickly. "I hope your Highness will often patronise our establishment," he said, "especially when you become the wife of the gentleman with whom you have been dining. You will be a most valued client, I assure you."

Nada stamped her foot. "Don't!" she cried, angrily. "Ivor, have you really forgotten everything there was between us?" "Everything," he answered, but something in his eyes convinced her that he was lying.

Then she gave a little laugh that was very near

tears, and moved away from him, even as the millionaire came towards them.

"Preposterous—ridiculous!" he said. "When I got to the telephone, there was no one there. There must be a mistake or some incompetence on the part of the operator here. I must apologise for leaving you," he said to Nada. "Have you had everything you wanted?"

"Everything," she said, and there was deep meaning in her voice as she turned and met Ivor's eyes.

"No, no—there is something more Madame requires," the manager said.

"And what is that?" the millionaire asked testily.

"More coffee!" Ivor replied, turning to go, and there was a lightness and a laughter in his voice

which reminded Nada vividly of the past, when he had pursued her and teased her so often in that huge castle which had been his.

"And now," said the millionaire, when they were alone again, "and now we can continue our conversation, most beautiful Princess."

"And finish it," Nada answered him. She picked up the ruby ring and put it firmly into the pink Cartier case. "The answer is definitely—No."

"But—you can't—" the millionaire started to say, then uttered an ejaculation of anger, as the manager reappeared with more coffee.

Ivor put it down on the table between them, and taking the sugar tongs, turned towards Nada.

"Will Madame?" he said gently, and she gave him one of her flashing smiles, as she replied,

"The answer is—Yes!"

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

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:—

Brian Lawrance, Broadcast Vocalist.

I AM writing in protest against the letter John Listener published in RADIO PICTORIAL re Brian Lawrance.

I don't think we ever could hear too much of him. His singing is easily the best on the air.

Mrs. A., Hadleigh, Essex.

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

I SEE you praised Collie Knox for trying to obtain brighter Sunday programmes.

Surely, every week our Sunday is becoming more and more like a holiday instead of a holy day.

What a pity Collie Knox does not use his "characteristic vigour" in helping us to keep our Sunday reverently.

A LOVER OF SUNDAYS, Chichester.

Gracie Fields, Comedienne.

YOU were quite right. Gracie Fields' recent broadcast should have been heard by Home listeners.

It was nothing short of an insult to the faithful British public, who put this artiste where she is to-day, to offer as consolation a three-minute talk from Blackpool at the opening of the radio show, *Top o' th' Tower*.

C. M. C., Bushey Heath.

Sydney Lipton, Band leader.

WHAT a pity you did not post your letter to Sydney Lipton.

The band is not so dusty, but those announcements—oh, so tired!

E. A. H., Southend-on-Sea.

Tommy Kinsman, Dance band leader, London.

I AGREE with you in regard to Tommy Kinsman and his fine band which, I think, ranks with the best on the air.

He deserves a bigger and better break.

I would also like to add a word of praise to his very fine singer, Bert Cowper. I think his voice is great. I wish you the best of luck, and here's to more of Tommy.

A KINSMAN FAN, Kingston-on-Thames.

Charles Manning, Conductor, Radiolympia Orchestra.

I WAS interested in your letter to Charles Manning as I don't like Stainless and I didn't mind how much Charles rushed the music.

You must admit though, that Mr. Manning knows what to play. I think his band is one of the best on the air.

C. H., London.

Oscar Rabin, Dance Band Leader.

I AGREE with all your *Unposted Letters* except the one to Oscar Rabin. I think he has a good band and deserves his broadcast.

In my opinion Oscar Rabin is better than Henry Hall, although I won't say Henry Hall has the worst band on the air.

A. S., Oldham.

Re your letter to Oscar Rabin. I feel you should think twice before posting it.

I can safely say that there are many listeners who, with myself, greatly appreciate the excellent quality of this dance band, and the fine choice of vocalists.

I would be very grateful if you would publish this.

B. M., Stoke Newington.

Stanelli of Bachelor Party fame.

I DISAGREE entirely that Stanelli's "Bachelor Parties" are overdone.

The spontaneous gaiety, the adventures of lovable Jim Emery, the really talented numbers put over by each artiste, and above all the realistic atmosphere that we are listening in to Stanelli's flat, makes this ideal entertainment.

Here's wishing Stanelli every success, and offering him hearty thanks and appreciation for all the work he has put in to give us listeners such enjoyable broadcasts.

A. M. G., Thornton Heath, Surrey.

ADVENTUROUS LISTENING Below 145 metres



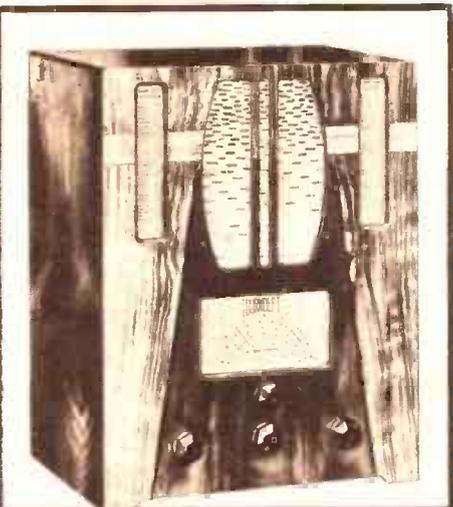
Berlin ON 31.45 METRES

THE SPOKESMAN OF HITLER SAYS :— "OUR GERMAN GUNS ARE POINTING EAST"

There is adventure in listening to the short-wave stations between 13.5 and 145 metres on a Burndept All-Wave Receiver. You can hear the news and views, the philosophies and controversies of the world leaders—you can eavesdrop on Hitler's fiery passages with Moscow, on Mussolini building a new Imperial Italy, on Stalin spreading the Russian ideals—you can judge for yourself on the great international questions of the day by listening direct to the news on Burndept All-Wave Radio.

And while you are searching the ether with absolute ease for these broadcasts, you will hear the Stars of American broadcasting quite easily; you will stumble on original conversations between the Amateurs of America and England, on ships speaking to the shore and to each other, on newspaper correspondents communicating with their papers, on multitudinous broadcasts in English and in strange tongues from strange lands.

From the ends of the earth Burndept All-Wave Radio will bring you "Surprise Items" you cannot hear on any ordinary receiver, and for which you need the wonderful new Burndept Automatic Overdrive Dial to make their reception easy and certain. And, of course, this new Burndept All-Wave Receiver brings you all the usual Home and Continental stations at great power and with exquisite tonal quality.



BURNDDEPT ALL-WAVE RECEIVER £7.19.6

AND ALL YOUR USUAL HOME AND CONTINENTAL STATIONS AS WELL

Go to your Burndept Dealer for advice. We have selected him for his commercial integrity. He will advise you the best receiver for your needs. (In some cases it may not even be a Burndept Receiver, but whatever he does recommend, you may depend upon his unbiassed judgment.) Ask him to show you Burndept All-Wave Radio, and let him demonstrate it in your own home without obligation. In case of difficulty, send the coupon on right for full descriptive All-Wave Listening Brochure, and name of your local Burndept Dealer.

BURNDDEPT



To Advtg. Dept.,  
**BURNDDEPT LTD.,**  
 ERITH, KENT.

Please send World-Wide Listening Brochure describing Burndept Four-Band Receivers.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

R.P.B.40.

# LATE EXTRA! By KENNETH JOWERS

Short-wave Editor of "Television"

Additional Radio News Bulletins you can hear with an All-Wave Receiver

**S**PEED of communication between countries is one of the greatest wonders of this modern age. News events are flashed around the world in a matter of seconds, so that no longer can a country be isolated as in the old days.

Broadcasting has done a lot to keep the people of this country in touch with world events. What is even more wonderful is the transmission of news bulletins to our Empire from the fountain head in London, so that our colonial listeners know as soon as we do, and occasionally sooner, just what is happening in the important centres of the world.

British taxpayers finance the Empire short-wave programmes, yet how many of them ever trouble to tune in on the short-waves and hear some of the programmes radiated for the benefit of our colonial brothers?

How many times have you missed the last news bulletin and had to wait until the following day for some particularly important news items? This need never happen again if you realise that in addition to the normal news bulletins broadcast from London there are at least six other bulletins broadcast on short-waves.

Really hot news can be received before breakfast which will leave the daily Press standing.

Tune in to the Daventry station GSD or GSB at 7.55 a.m., and listen to a twenty-minute news commentary. You will find these stations on 25.53 metres and 31.55 metres.

People living in the country do not get those lunch special editions, while in the majority of cases the first newspaper comes down on the evening train about 6 o'clock. Why not listen to a news bulletin at 1 o'clock which is broadcast through Daventry stations GSH and GSG? GSH is on 13 metres odd and can be received most reliably at the moment. GSG on 16.86 metres is not so reliable, but for three parts of the year is receivable at 1 o'clock.

Here is a special bulletin for housewives and those fortunate people who are at home in the afternoon. A really chatty news bulletin is broadcast through GSH, GSG, and GSF. GSF is on 19.82 metres, which is quite a good wavelength for this time of the day. This news bulletin is a most convenient one, giving quite a



Boake Carter

lot of late information and is more or less a forerunner of the important bulletin broadcast at 6 o'clock over the National programme.

Sunday is a very good day for special programmes on short-waves. A weekly news letter compiled in a very chatty style is broadcast at six different periods during the day. These news letters review the week's news, tell listeners of the weather in London at the moment, and almost invariably include a commentary on any important event that took place during the previous week. I have in mind such items as the Football Cup Final, Rugby League matches, motor racing, and so on, which are recorded on Blatterphone and re-transmitted at a later date.

Invariably I have listened to the Cup Final on Sunday morning. It is very convenient if one has to go out the previous day and cannot be home between 3 and 5.

I suppose a lot of readers will spend the day in London next year to see the Coronation. Standing in one spot doesn't give one a very good idea of what is happening elsewhere, but it will be re-broadcast in full later in the evening of May 12 and also during May 13 for the benefit of our colonial listeners. A lot of information not given during the normal news bulletins will also be included in the Empire news letters.

Make a point of listening in next Sunday at any of the following times: 7.55 a.m., 1 p.m., 3.55

p.m., 6 p.m., or if you are about at the time, at 1 a.m. and 3.40 a.m. It seems to me that these last two times are only suitable for night watchmen. It may seem rather ridiculous to think of a night watchmen listening in to short-waves at that time in the morning, but I know of one bright fellow who regularly does this and sends me long reports of how the stations come in through the night, so if one watchmen can do it, so can all the rest.

Talking about news and short-wave programmes, I have found what I consider to be a rival to Lowell Thomas, the world-famous Pittsburg "news-reeler." Listening over W2XAD the other evening I heard a real pattern in news commentaries given by Boake Carter.

He gave me a précis of what was happening in the world in about ten minutes, not wasting any words at all and giving all the actual fruity pieces out of the news bulletin without any padding.

# "Stricture

## ALMOST COMPLETE."

"I have had serious operations for it and instruments were used regularly for three years, but nothing did me so much good as 'Shadforters,' and these, without pain; one box worked wonders." (Testimonial No. 1173.)

No harmful drugs. Just soothing, healing, cleansing balsams and oils with other remedial ingredients, which the best doctors recommend for Backache, Cystitis, Disturbed Nights, Prostatitis, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Stricture, Gravel, Gall Stones or Liver, Kidney or Bladder trouble. "Shadforters" can do nothing but good. Don't worry yourself into a nervous wreck. Get immediate relief and avoid an operation with the proved remedy. Ask for "Shadforters" (Shadforth Brand Bladder Comforters). Prices: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300 pills).

From your nearest chemist, including Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, or Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd. (Dept. R.P.25), 49 King William St., London Bridge, E.C.A.

# You CAN BE 3 INCHES SLIMMER IN 10 DAYS... or it won't cost you a penny!!



Actual photographs showing clearly how "Slymlastik" Corsetry reduces fat bulges and corrects Figure faults.

**JANE GARR** writes: "I cannot conceive of any safer, quicker or more pleasant way of figure-reducing than that achieved by the wonderful massage-like action of 'Slymlastik' Rapide Corsetry perfected by Nurse Sinclair. Her personal service, too, must surely prove most acceptable to the stouter woman, and to the slim woman wishing to retain her figure."

So many of my customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with my new improved "Slymlastik" RAPIDE Reducing Corsetry that I want you to try it for 10 days at my expense!

## REDUCES BY MASSAGE

The new "Slymlastik" RAPIDE Corsetry is ventilated to allow the skin to breathe. The large perforations form minute suction cups which work constantly while you walk, work or sit... its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminates fat with every move you make.

## MORE THAN 500,000 WOMEN HAVE REDUCED THIS SAFE, SURE WAY!

The "Slymlastik" Corset Belt is supplied to your individual measurements and worn like any ordinary corset, giving natural balanced support to your figure—keeping your body cool and fresh, with perfect liberty of action. **IT MAKES YOU LOOK THIN WHILE GETTING THIN.** The inner surface is lined with a cosy material to prevent rubber touching the skin.

## TEST IT FOR 10 DAYS AT MY INVITATION

You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this efficient belt will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny... try it for 10 days... then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results... and your money will be immediately refunded... including the postage! Send coupon or call at my Showrooms.

★ Styles for every FIGURE-TYPE requirement, in Side or Front fastening and Step-in models. Models copied in my workrooms.

## SEND FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

To NURSE SINCLAIR (Dept. 85/4), 4, Vernon Place, London, W.C.1. (Corner Southampton Row). Phone: Holborn 7449 and 6221.

Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the "Slymlastik" Corsets, Belts and Brassiere and your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER. I enclose 1½d. stamp for postage. My measurements are:

Waist..... Hips..... Bust..... Height.....

Name.....

Address..... Pin 1½d. Stamp Here



**WHAT LISTENERS THINK**

# FAIR PLAY in FADING OUT!

says Reader Frank Falla in his Star Letter below

★ STAR LETTER

**T**HE high-handed unfairness of the B.B.C.—with regard to fading out—has hardly ever been better demonstrated than on Friday evening, September 11, when some Regional listeners were treated to a *solid ten-minute Bow-Bell (interval signal) recital.*

The cause of this was a highbrow violin and piano recital! Need I ask you, Mr. Editor, what would have been the result if a popular (midbrow or lowbrow) programme had over-run its schedule? It would have been faded-out instantly!

Is this the B.B.C.'s idea of what they choose to term "justice for and to all listeners?"

The American system of fair play in this respect commends itself; briefly, it is: "Adhere strictly to schedule, regardless

whether the President, Bing Crosby or the local dustman is broadcasting! Fade them out on the instant their programme is timed to finish."

Is it asking too much to hope that the B.B.C. will soon think fit to give all listeners a "square deal" by using *one clock* to operate on every programme?

Congratulations on the continued excellence of the RADIO PICTORIAL and to its Editor, for being so fair-minded in publishing so honest and excellent a letter as that of "Midbrow," who, in a recent Correspondence Column, voiced the wishes of thousands of listeners like myself, for Five Stations and Five Programmes!—*Frank W. Falla, "Hillside," Brock Rd., St. Peter Port, Guernsey, C.I.*



TWO weeks ago on the "What Listeners Think" page, we intended at the request of many readers, to publish a photograph of Alan Breeze, brilliant vocalist with Billy Cotton's band. Unfortunately, in error, a photograph of that popular favourite, Billy Thorburn, was printed instead. The numerous fans of both of these clever artistes have already rapped us on the knuckles for this regrettable error, and we apologise to both Alan and Billy. Let us get this clear—Alan Breeze is above, and Billy Thorburn is on the left! Sorry, everybody!

# His Stomach

## will lose him his job



"I can't stand this, I am going home . . ."

**BAD  
DIGESTION  
IS A  
TERRIBLE  
HANDICAP**



"You will end by getting the 'sack.'"

**Y**OU can't do your work properly if your stomach is out of order and digestive ailments come over you like a scourge and break your "morale." Many efficient managers, many excellent employees have lost all their "go," all their initiative and ambition because they can no longer put their heart into the job. Even those apparently trivial stomach troubles—indigestion, heaviness, wind and heartburn—often develop into really serious illnesses, such as gastritis, chronic dyspepsia or stomach ulcers. You must stop those troubles right from the outset, and for this there is nothing like 'Bisurated' Magnesia. Give it three minutes and 'Bisurated'

Magnesia, the outstanding and world-famous family remedy against all stomach ailments, will bring miraculous relief. If you feel sleepy after meals, more often than not faulty digestion is to blame, and in the same way, sleeplessness, which makes daily work such a burden, has no other cause than a bad stomach. Nearly always these troubles can be traced to excess acid, and this can be neutralised instantly by 'Bisurated' Magnesia.

Try it to-day, and you will prevent serious complications which may affect your whole future.

Prices: Powder, 1/3 and 2/6; Tablets, 6d., 1/3 and 2/6.

# 'Bisurated' Magnesia For the Stomach

**"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.

**Discoveries**

**M**R. CARROLL LEVIS is to be highly congratulated on his *Discoveries*. It is a great thought to give new artistes a chance. Many people are talented and never get their chance. I call it "Real British" justice on Mr. Carroll Levis' part to think of new *Discoveries*.

Three cheers for him and may others follow in his steps.—*E. Sadler (Scoutmaster), Harrow Weald, Middx.*

**Tolerant**

**S**OME people like Henry Hall; some don't. Why must those who don't criticise? He has never done anybody any harm by broadcasting, and if some people don't care for his band, why don't they turn their radio off, or tune in to a different station for the time being.

Do listeners ever think how much they would like to be in Henry Hall's position? If they would only realise that, after all, poor Henry is only human, and can only do his best, as you or I would if we were the other side of the microphone. I, for one, am more than grateful for what every radio artiste is doing for me, and I appreciate any programme there is to be heard.—*Miss C. Thomson (age 16 years), Marks Tey, Nr. Colchester.*

**Plea to Fans**

**B**EING very interested in the article written by our Al Bowly in this week's R.P., I would like you to publish my letter, if possible.

Re the remark that Mrs. Al Bowly is the envy of thousands of women, let me say that after reading his article on "Microphone Sex Appeal," if they stop to think they will pity her instead.

Had I the misfortune to be the wife of a public idol I should not be jealous (too sure of myself), but I certainly should inwardly shrink when he returned home and kissed me, knowing that every lip-sticked admirer of his had touched his lips. I should hate also to have him cheapened in that way.

Not really much of a compliment to him if that is how his singing reaches us then, is it?

I hope his article will show that type of "fan" just where they are.—*Beatrice Mary Conway, 44 Alma Square, St. John's Wood, N.W.8.*

**AL BOWLLY—DISGUSTING?**

**I** WAS very much disgusted after I had read "What is Microphone Sex Appeal?" by Al Bowly in the September 4 issue of the PICTORIAL.

Why you allow such rubbish to be printed, I cannot understand, it was absolutely the most ridiculous article for a man (if he can be called such) to write.

Don't you think that for a married man this article by Al Bowly is disgusting? I do not know how he has the nerve to write this trash, it makes you ashamed of your sex.

In conclusion, I think that a much better use could be found for your paper than to allow it to go to the dogs in this fashion.—*A Reader in Stockport.*

# WIRELESS WITHOUT WORRY

*All-Wave Receivers that Hit the Spot*

**D**URING the past fifteen years Burndept have built up an enviable reputation for high-quality radio receivers. They have now gone whole-heartedly into the production of all-wave receivers and high-fidelity broadcast sets. One of the most popular sets of this season is going to be the Burndept 259 All-wave Super-het, using 8 valves and tuning from 13½ to 2,100 metres. This is a real all-world receiver and complete home entertainer.

Almost everyone will be familiar with the original battery-operated all-wave receiver introduced last year by Burndept, for this model battery set a new standard in inexpensive radio. This year these cheap all-wavers have been continued, but have been modified to give even greater sensitivity and better all-round performance at a slightly lower cost.

Model 251 at £7 19s. 6d. tunes from 13½ to 2,100 metres, giving fine results on all four wave-bands. Those who are blessed with mains supply should make a mental note of the Burndept Model 251, which is suitable for A.C. or D.C. mains, and is priced at 9 guineas.

The simplest way to hear short-wave stations is to buy an inexpensive converter and couple it in front of the existing radio set. Such a converter has been designed by Vidor, and tunes between 13 and 50 metres. It is only a single-valve affair fitted with one slow motion control knob, but it has a tuning scale accurately calibrated in metres. This means that if you want to hear Chicago on, say, 49 metres, you simply adjust the tuner to the point marked 49 and turn on the volume control.

It is supplied all complete with a two-in-one valve, while power supply can be obtained from the existing receiver. The price of this little unit is only 47s. 6d., so ask for Model 250.

Those readers who built up kit receivers in past years will surely wonder where the prices will ultimately finish when they find that Vidor supply a complete 3-valve receiver with almost super-het selectivity, automatic grid bias, a moving-coil loudspeaker to give good quality, and a super capacity high-tension battery, all for £6 15s. This means that you can have super radio and the purchase price means the last expense. Nothing has to be added.

Radio gramophones are all very nice providing price is reasonable. Who can complain about the Vidor Model 235? This is an A.C. operated pedestal operated gramophone, covering all waves, for 15 guineas. If you want an A.C./D.C. model, try 247 at 16 guineas.

## HELP YOURSELF

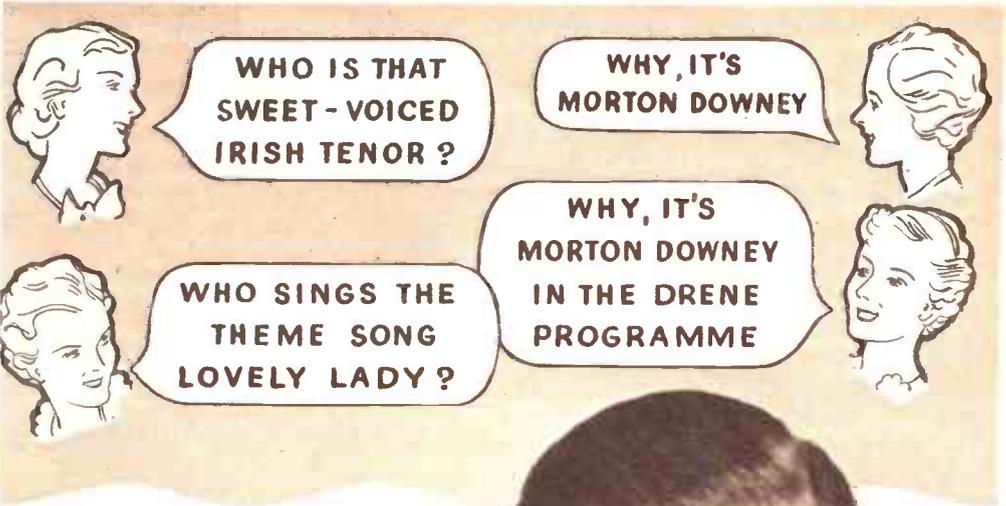
**M**ONDAY, October 5, will be a red-letter day for many people when the famous "Help Yourself Annual" will make its reappearance. It's safe to believe that countless half-crowns will again be exchanged for what is a feast of fun and fiction. That's without even contemplating the costly prize list!

Look briefly at the contents. Of prime interest is a handsome ten-colour portrait of H.M. King Edward VIII, which is the work of S. Van Abbe, R.B.A., A.R.E., and which is all ready for framing. There are brilliant short stories by such masters of their craft as Frank Shaw, Pamela Frankau, Ivor Brown, Marjorie Bowen, Douglas Newton, and Morton Howard. Humorists such as Bert Thomas, Heath Robinson, Hynes, Starr Wood, and Fred Buchanan have contributed comic drawings, and the children's supplement has been increased from eight to twenty pages.

The prizes this year are to be awarded by competition. There is something for every member of the family. For adults there are four simple contests and the first prize for each contest is a freehold house, value £635. There are 250 prizes for each competition, and the total value of the prizes is £6,500. There are competitions for children under 15 and also a very important competition for boys and girls under 12. It is an essay competition and the prizes are educational grants which may make all the difference to the education of your kiddies.

There are Life and Special Sickness Insurances which you cannot afford to ignore.

All this and much which space forbids us to mention for the sum of 2s. 6d. Remember that the half-crowns go to Hospitals—£570,000 has already been distributed—and no one will regret ordering a copy of the 1936 "Help Yourself Annual."



WHO IS THAT SWEET-VOICED IRISH TENOR?

WHY, IT'S MORTON DOWNEY

WHO SINGS THE THEME SONG LOVELY LADY?

WHY, IT'S MORTON DOWNEY IN THE DRENE PROGRAMME

# MORTON DOWNEY

who has been retained by

**drene**  
THE NEW LIQUID  
SOAPLESS SHAMPOO



## BROADCASTING EVERY SUNDAY

WITH JAY WILBUR & HIS  
DRENE ORCHESTRA FROM

**RADIO LUXEMBOURG** (1293 metres) 2.45 to 3.0 p.m.

**RADIO NORMANDIE** (269.4 metres) 10.15 to 10.30 p.m.

AFTER just one broadcast, it's plain that the new Drene programmes are going to become one of the most talked-of features in Sunday broadcasting. And no wonder! Morton Downey has won the hearts of millions of women in two continents. They can't resist that soft tenor voice with the fascinating dash of Irish in it... They thrill to that intimate style of his. And so will you. Listen for Morton Downey singing and whistling that haunting signature tune in the Drene programme every Sunday—he's irresistible!



**DRENE** the entirely new liquid soapless shampoo washes every hair of your head absolutely clean because it removes the microscopic bits of lime-scum that have been dulling your hair after every soap shampoo. One speedy lathering—clear water rinsing, and your hair is left clean to feel, easy to set and lovely to look at.

**BUY DRENE** at all chemists, including Boots, Timothy Whites, Taylors and Department Stores. 6d. size gives 2 shampoos. 1/6 'Economy' Family size gives 8 shampoos or more.

THOMAS HEDLEY & CO. LTD., NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AND MANCHESTER

**GLAMOROUS**  
Hollywood **BEAUTY**



**ROSALIND RUSSELL**

Miss Rosalind Russell, the beautiful and fascinating M.G.M. star, says:

"You'll be thrilled the first time you use Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream, it's the beauty preparation you have longed for, so soft and clinging, so natural and alluring."



Every jar is fitted with a dainty mirror. In popular shades everywhere.

**1/-**

There is simply nothing to compare with it for preserving and beautifying the complexion.

**Potter & Moore's BLUSH CREAM** is the ideal cream rouge for use with Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream. You 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.

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

**STOMACH TROUBLE BRINGS OTHER ILLS**

One of the worst aspects of stomach trouble is that it brings other troubles in its wake. Mr. E. Carter, of Great Malvern, found that, in addition to his stomach weakness, he was suffering badly from constipation. But both troubles went when Mr. Carter took the proper steps. Let him tell you what happened:—

"After taking your famous Maclean Brand Stomach Powder I can honestly say I am now completely cured. Constipation has vanished, 'fullness' and every sign and form of stomach pain has completely vanished.

"My appetite is marvellous, I can sleep soundly, lie on my back without fear of heartburn and eat and drink almost anything with full confidence.

"I cannot praise your wonderful powder too much. It is a really marvellous and cheap medicine. I shall never be without it."

No matter how long standing your stomach trouble may be, the original MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder will relieve it as it has relieved tens of thousands before you. Your own personal case can hardly be worse than Mr. Carter's. Don't wait a day longer. Go now and get this magic powder and see that the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" is on the bottle. 1/3, 2/- and 5/-, powder or tablets. Never sold loose.

The  
**Convict Who Recognised Me!**

**PAT HYDE**

tells of an Amazing Experience in this Exclusive Article



Every radio listener knows and appreciates the skill of charming Pat Hyde

difficult, because the other two girls of the trio were Scots girls with a broad Scots accent, and it wasn't easy, believe me, to harmonise with them!

During the time of these broadcasts I was touring England still doing my Variety act with mother. For several months my life was a really mad rush from various parts of North, South, East and West of England to London for these lightning appearances with famous radio dance bands.

Sandy Powell asked me to broadcast with him in Empire broadcasts from St. George's Hall, last September. Then Charlie Kunz "borrowed" me again for several broadcasts. So did Lou Preager and some of the other boys.

The favourite habit of all of them was to ring me up when their star vocalist of the moment fell ill! "We can rely on you, Pat," they all said in such pleading tones that wherever I was, I usually made a flying visit, determined not to disappoint them for their broadcast.

**Y**OU all know Bubbles—the angelic little boy with golden curls and a velvet suit who is used on posters to advertise a famous brand of soap? Well, picture a four-year-old child with a head of curls, a green velvet suit and a quavering voice singing "I'm for ever blowing Bubbles," at an East Ham charity concert.

I was Bubbles come to life, and I was then making my debut as a variety artiste.

My mother, Ivy Hyde, is well known on the variety stage, and I have to thank her for launching me on my professional career so early in life. I taught myself to play the guitar and saxophone. I am sure that saxophone playing helped me as a crooner, because my breathing improved so much.

My first big microphone thrill was a broadcast relayed from the Empire Theatre, Middlesborough, when I was sixteen years old.

Howard Jacobs, the famous dance-band leader, who was then at the Café Anglais, London, was listening-in and by sheer chance, heard my first broadcast. The result was that he asked me to call on him.

I did so, and he wanted me to broadcast with his band. "But I have had no dance-band experience—I am a variety artiste," I protested.

My protests were in vain, however, for Howard insisted that I should have an audition at the Gargoyle Club, London. While I waited—a bag of nerves—I overheard a conversation between two men. "We must have swing rhythm," they agreed.

So I determined to sing "swing rhythm" and chose the ever-popular "Dinah."

**H**oward was the man who asked for "swing rhythm." Consequently he was delighted with my choice of song, and booked me on the spot for a series of broadcasts from the Café Anglais.

From the time of my first broadcast with Howard, I was bombarded with requests to appear with other famous bands. With Charlie Kunz at the Casani Club, Lou Preager at Romano's, Jack Jackson at the Dorchester, Orlando at the Welcombe Hotel, Stratford-on-Avon—I have crooned through the mike for all these well-known bands.

Let me tell you how I got a "break" with Bert Ambrose and his famous broadcasting outfit. You know the Rhythm Sisters who broadcast with Ambrose? The sudden illness of one of them gave me my first chance from the B.B.C.'s London studios. Ambrose wanted someone in a hurry to sing in the trio. I was "picked up" by accident while trying over songs in my publisher's office!

Two nights later I sang on the air for the first time with Ambrose. I found it exceedingly

Here's one of the strangest stories of my career. Once I visited Pentonville Prison with my mother and some more variety artistes in order to give a Sunday concert to the convicts.

Six hundred grim-looking convicts awaited us in a vast hall. I crooned to them, and chose as my chief song, "When a Woman Loves a Man." Why I chose that song, I can't imagine. It is an old number, and until that day I had not sung it for many months.

The entertainment went off without mishap and I left Pentonville with the feeling that the men there were an appreciative audience.

Now comes the thrilling part of the story. Mother and I were recently invited to a party at a famous London night-club. I was asked to sing, and I chose one of the popular melodies of the day. When I went back to my table I was accosted by a charmingly-spoken and immaculately dressed man, who courteously asked me to sing "When a Woman Loves a Man."

I was bewildered, for I had not sung that song for some time, but at last I agreed. That man did not take his eyes off me until I had finished singing the song. Then he applauded vociferously and so spontaneously that I felt there must be some link between us. What was it?

When mother and I eventually went to call a cab to return home, the immaculate stranger came to me.

"Thank you so much, Miss Hyde, for singing that song," he said. "The boys and I loved every word of it when you sang to us some months ago."

Then, hesitatingly: "Don't think too hardly of them, will you? They're not all bad . . ."

I blushed and left him. That man was an ex-convict from Pentonville, and actually had remembered the song I sang in that forbidding prison, to cheer up the unfortunate inmates.

Apparently my crooning cheered those convicts. And why not?

Crooning has its critics, but to me it is a beautiful form of self-expression—perhaps the Irish blood in me makes me love it more than any other form of melody. What music is sweeter, anyway, than an Irish lullaby, softly crooned? And what medium is more suitable than the wireless waves for sending forth a message of happy song?

# EX-B.B.C. ANNOUNCER CONFESSES

(Continued from page 7)

speakers, due to high, stone-walled rooms. At my suggestion they turned one room into a "reception studio" with the echo killed by covering the walls with building board, as is now done in many broadcasting studios.

From that grew the idea of draping large halls and giving practical demonstrations showing striking difference between good and bad reception. We fixed up sets, turntables, good and bad loud-speakers (the bad ones with the names carefully erased!) and gave tests with speech.

As nobody else was available, I read a talk. That was my first introduction to the microphone—and the first discovery that I have a particularly good voice for broadcasting.

From then on I often read talks at demonstrations and somehow or other the report on my "radio" voice reached London B.B.C. chiefs.

I suspect that this was something to do with T. (for Tony) Rendall, who has since become an executive at West Regional.

He was previously Chief Education Officer, and he came North to witness a show at which a colleague and I provided some really super reception stunts. I did a whole lot of reading at the microphone, and then, with the serious business over, we provided a programme of a "trip round the world" with gramophone records, and comic announcements which I read from the studio next door. Some neat mixer-panel work on the part of colleague Sarney (now engaged in recording for the B.B.C.) made a good show, and I certainly found the announcing an attractive job.

Four months later—on a dull September morning—came a letter from Broadcasting House.

Would I care to apply for the job of an announcer for the new Empire service, for which the final short-wave masts are going up at Daventry.

Would I not! Then followed a hectic period for me—to London to interview Cecil Graves (now Programme Controller) and other officials. Graves then, and still does, took my vote as one of the "big three" of the B.B.C.

Followed the frightening business of a voice test.

Test over . . . Thank you very much . . . will let you know . . . good afternoon . . . evening train back to Leeds . . . work extra hard to make up for lost day.

A week later another letter arrived from London, signed by G. C. Beadle, of the Programme Administration.

Regret that your voice is considered by the Chief Engineer to be too deep for good short-wave transmission . . . are, however, prepared to give you a further test with a view to your appointment to the London Home Announcing Staff.

So to London again I went, for an interview with Beadle, and then to be led "lamb-to-the-slaughter" fashion to be seen by Sir Charles ("Quarter-Deck") Carpendale.

The secretary comes out . . . "Sir Charles is ready" . . . Beadle walks in first, announces: "This is Mr. de Groot, sir."

Two electric blue eyes bore into me from the centre of a gorgeously-furnished office . . . the voice that is used to being obeyed . . . "Stand over there by the window, de Groot, and tell me about yourself."

A weaker but wiser man is led for the second time to Studio 4A, and for the second time I go through a voice test, while a different committee listens-in downstairs.

Back in Leeds I wait—until on November 7th comes a letter . . . I am pleased to inform you . . . transfer you to our Head Office Announcing Staff . . . November 14th . . . report at 10 a.m. . . yours faithfully C. D. Carpendale.

Do I jump for joy? Do I spend seven hectic days celebrating? Not a bit. I spend the most hectic seven days ever, unravelling all the final technical knots—leaving everything O.K. for my successor in the North.

And then to London, to meet nearly everybody at the B.B.C. from Sir John Reith downwards, as I will recount next week.

(To be continued)



Tommy Handley relies on Ovaltine for his health!

# NEW HEALTH for OCTOBER!

BE FIT—KEEP FIT!

THE October issue of "New Health" is now on sale, price 6d., and those who have not yet seen this excellent magazine will do themselves a good turn by ordering a copy at once.

Here are some of the excellent articles, all written sanely by authorities on the subject of health for the man in the street.

The October issue is a special Winter Sunlight number and there is an authoritative article on "Recent Developments in Sunlight Treatment." Other helpful articles are: "The Treatment of Seborrhoea," which, more simply, deals with the care of acne, boils, red noses, pimples and so on; "Dressing for Efficient Health," "Do You Believe in Dreams?" and "What is Malnutrition?"

These are just titles picked at random. There is a wealth of helpful, entertaining and instructive material in the October issue and it is good value for all who appreciate the need for a sound mind in a sound body.

Adelaide Grey of LALEEK SAYS

You live in an Age of Beauty

Lovely eyes add enormously to your beauty . . . if your lashes are short, rough or uneven, the allure is lost . . . Laleek "Longlash" is a real eyelash grower and an excellent mascara . . . making the lashes long, strong and beautiful. In four waterproof shades—Midnight Blue, Copper Beech, Raven Black, and Colourless for night use.

Laleek "Longlash." Price 1/-. Special Brush 4d.

A beautiful face is often spoilt by hair or down. This can be removed safely and so easily with my Laleek "Waxaway" which definitely weakens the growth. Laleek "Waxaway" has no unpleasant odour.

Laleek "Waxaway." Price 3/6.

True beauty can never be attained when the skin is lifeless and under-nourished. Feed it, as you beautify it . . . with my Laleek Rose Skin Food, which nourishes and restores its youth.

Laleek "Rose Skin Food." Price 2/9.

Laleek Beauty Preparations are medically approved, used by Royalty, and they cover every beauty need.

Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers and Boots or from my Salons.

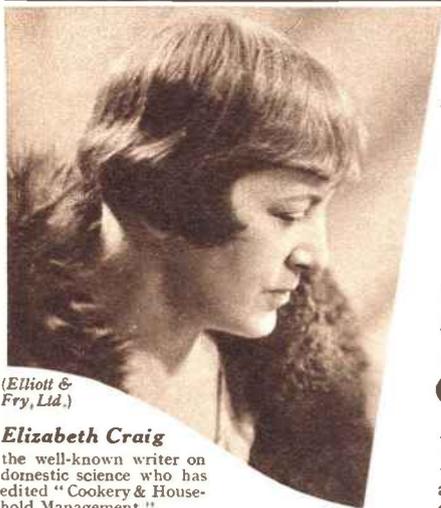
Face Massage at my Salons 3/6. Consultations daily—Regent 5825

ADELAIDE GREY  
27, OLD BOND ST., W.I.

# 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."

"WHEN I was only three, my mother, a widow, married a widower with one son, a boy of six. He and I were brought up together as brother and sister—great pals. Now we are nineteen and twenty-two respectively, and Peter is very anxious to marry me. Mother and my stepfather would like us to marry and live at home. Peter is very much in love with me and I with him, but somehow it doesn't seem right. What shall I do, Mary Strong? "—Momax, Hampstead, N.W.



(Elliott & Fry, Ltd.)

**Elizabeth Craig**

the well-known writer on domestic science who has edited "Cookery & Household Management."

Here are some of the interesting contents of these splendid books

Over 1,000 New Recipes for Nourishing Dishes

The Successful Running of Your Home

SLIMMING AND FATTENING DIETS  
MEDICAL DIETS

How to Make, Renovate, Preserve, Wash, Clean and Iron Everything in use in your Home.

These books explain THE CHEMISTRY OF THE KITCHEN, The Properties of Vitamins, and the right ways of Roasting, Boiling, Stewing, Braising, Baking, Grilling, Pot-Roasting and WATER-LESS COOKING.

With hundreds of new recipes for Soups, Sauces, Joints, Fish, Game, Entrees, Sweets, Ices, Cookery of Timed Foods, Sweets, Drinks, and the Correct Making of Tea, Coffee, etc.

**FIVE DAYS' FREE APPROVAL**

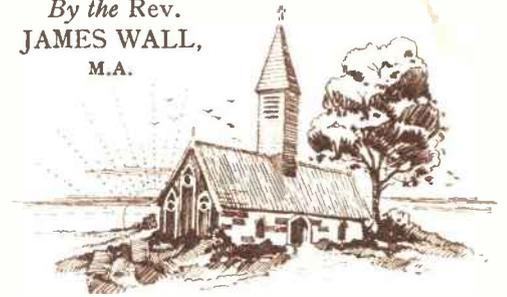
Send now for a Free Examination of 'COOKERY & HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT' Beautifully bound in two volumes, profusely illustrated, this work is literally a complete encyclopædia of the home.

You and Peter have grown up together. You have been constant companions and have loved with a brotherly and sisterly love. Now there is a question of a marriage which is perfectly legal and right from every point of view. How many lovers have had the opportunity of knowing each other as well as you and Peter do, I wonder? I never hesitate to advise marriage where I think there is a chance of happiness. Whether you are wise in living at home is another matter. If it is necessary by all means do, but let it be a temporary measure only. You will want a little place of your own. Take your happiness and be thankful. Would you marry anyone else? Or would he? I think not. The circumstances are strange, but there is nothing against such a marriage. My best wishes to you both!

To Edith, Surbiton.—Stick to your guns, my dear! Who is being married—you or your mother? Nobody has a right to push you into a marriage you do not wish to contract. The reasons given you are quite good reasons, but that does not affect the situation in the least. If you do not love the man, there is no more to be said, is there?

# HEAVEN HELPS THOSE . . .

By the Rev. JAMES WALL, M.A.



EACH of the three great Greek tragedians of the 5th century B.C., wrote in one form or another that heaven helps those who help themselves. The sentiment must have occurred to men as far back as they could think: and it is still good sense. Not, however, in the cynical way in which it is sometimes invoked, implying that God, if He exists, stands by so inactive and completely disinterested in our efforts, that those with the most initiative and energy get farthest, leaving those who implore His blessings to come in at the end of the race.

God, we believe, has brought this mighty piece of mechanism, the universe, into existence. He has put into it conflicting forces of good and evil, of selfishness, and unselfishness to fight out their battle. And if we are right in believing that He is love, then love must eventually win. Meanwhile each man is a microcosm of the whole. He has his own battle to fight, his own work to do, his own share in the great purpose to fulfil.

He is on one side of his being of the same nature as God. Energy can therefore flow from the great divine without to the soul within.

This energising is the basis of Christian prayer. If you ask God for a thousand pounds, you won't get it; though if you ask him properly, you may well get from him an idea which worked out will bring in what you want.

Whatever you ask in prayer, you must expect to do your share in co-operating. The Oriental attitude of Kismet, of sitting helpless under the will of the all-powerful Allah, is not infrequently struck, but it is not Christian. The incompatibility of the interests of classes, the so-called incurable disease, the historic hatreds of neighbouring peoples, suburban pettiness, the divorce of industry and ethics—to accept these as immutable the Will of God is only to malign and blaspheme His benevolence.

He will not alter them while we lie down and take a nap. We can't pray passively: "Thy Will be done," and put our own wills out of action. Rather must we get our wills attuned to His, and then go all out on them.

He works through those who, helping themselves, will join in His purposes of love and mercy.

# OUR LEAGUE CORNER

RADIO PICTORIAL LEAGUE

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

MY DEAR CHILDREN, The results of our recent Painting Competition—a picture of a squirrel, you remember?—are now ready, and here they are:—

Class A: Joan Pearce (age 10), 8 Rennie Terrace, Redstone Estate, Redhill, Surrey. Highly Commended: Joyce Falla.

Class B: Freda May Leese (age 12), 42 Hill Street, Smallthorne, Stoke-on-Trent.

Class C: Joan Fraser (age 15), Arlington, Christchurch Road, Malvern.

Each prizewinner has been sent an album containing six postcard portraits of favourite broadcasters. I must congratulate them and everybody else, too—the colouring was in nearly every case very pretty and well applied. Some pictures were cleverly shaded, and Joan Fraser got a wonderful autumn atmosphere with her windswept sky and leaves turning brown.

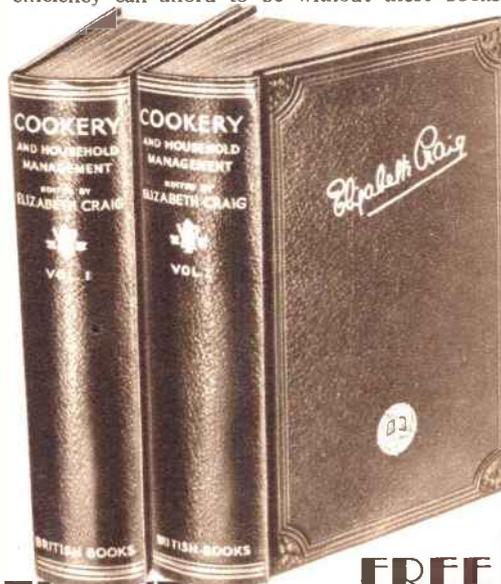
I must just say two particular "Thank-you's" this week—first, to Miss Playden and her small pupils for collecting 3,678 stamps for the Hospital Cot, including many new and foreign ones; and, secondly, to Mrs. Heap, who sent in 2,000. I am very grateful indeed to these readers and to all the others who have sent in large or small collections. The Hospital asks me to say that the new King Edward stamps are urgently needed; and if you have been able to save some, will you send them in as quickly as possible, so that the Hospital may benefit?

Yours affectionately,

THE HOSPITAL LADY.

Let Elizabeth Craig help you in your cookery problems

HERE are two books which should find a place in every home. Edited by Elizabeth Craig, the well-known authority on domestic science, these books are indispensable to the successful running of your home. Over 1,000 recipes alone are given in the Cookery Section, using economical and nourishing ingredients. Every possible problem of Household Management is dealt with by Elizabeth Craig clearly and simply. No woman who prides herself on her efficiency can afford to be without these books.



**FREE EXAMINATION FORM**  
BOOKS OF DIGNITY AND SERVICE,  
62, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

Send me, carriage paid, on approval, for 5 days' FREE Examination COOKERY AND HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT, by Elizb. Craig. I may return the two volumes on the fifth day without obligation. If I keep them, I will send first payment of 3/- on the fifth day after I receive the work, and, beginning thirty days after this first payment I will send nine further monthly payments of 3/- (Or price for Cash on the fifth day, 28/6.)

NAME .....  
OCCUPATION .....  
ADDRESS .....  
DATE..... R.P.11

*From My Diary . . . By a Harley Street Doctor*

# LET THEM EAT WHAT THEY LIKE

A commonsense article on children's diets, that will commend itself to every mother of a family

**I** FEAR my three young pickles are sometimes a sore trial to our more old-fashioned friends when they are taken out for tea and other meals. The other day we were all lunching with a middle-aged lady and John, as is his custom, left all his fat on the side of his plate. Our friend surveyed him in grim disapproval.

"When I was a child I was expected to eat everything that was put before me," she said primly.

"Oh, I never eat fat," said John cheerfully.

"But fat is very good for you, and you ought to eat it," she said. "I am surprised at you, doctor. I never believe in encouraging children to have fads and fancies."

I murmured something, and tactfully changed the conversation. The lady is one of my oldest patients and as I invariably have to treat her for digestive troubles she isn't the best possible advertisement of the methods she advocated.

Many parents, however, make the same mistake. They think that because they like certain foods and because they have

found those foods are good for them, their children should have the same tastes and preferences. They forget the old adage that there is no accounting for taste, and they forget, above all, that the immature body of a growing child may often be urgently in need of some form of food and find others quite unnecessary to its proper development.

I have always found that children have an almost infallible instinct for the foods that are going to suit them, and be beneficial to them. Therefore right from their babyhood I have insisted that my children should eat exactly what they liked and how much they liked. The only way in which they have been dictated regarding their food is that they have had their meals at specific times, and I have firmly forbidden the eating of snacks and oddments between meals.

These, incidentally, do not include definite additions to the diet such as a cup of orange juice, a glass of milk, an apple or some other equally valuable foods which are given them at properly regulated times. Children, even more than adults, thrive on a fairly large number of small meals as opposed to a small number of large ones. Besides the regulation breakfast, lunch, tea and supper,

some little snack can very well be given in the middle of the morning and again in the middle of the afternoon. It may only be a snack, but it has its food value and is a valuable part of the complete diet.

A raw apple to bite during the morning; a glass of orange juice in the afternoon; a cup of hot milk just before being tucked into bed; these are extremely beneficial. But it is obviously absurd to give children this extra food and then expect

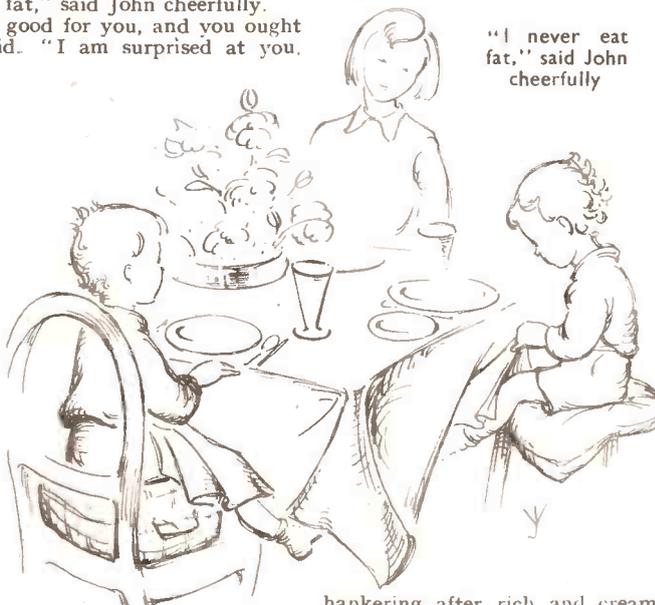
them to eat at their regulation meals the vast quantities that children of our own generation managed to tuck away.

If a child shows an inordinate preference for some food which, on the face of it, is unsuitable, it can usually be given in some other form and is generally a sign that there is a definite deficiency in the normal diet. For example, the child that is always

hankering after rich and creamy cakes coated with sugar probably needs a larger proportion of sugar in his diet than he is getting. This can be very well remedied by regular doses of glucose and as the sugar deficiency is made good, the unhealthy craving will disappear.

There is only one acid test of whether a child's diet is suiting it. If the child is healthy, strong, and good-tempered; if it sleeps well and wakes up bright and alert; if it steadily increases in size and weight; and if its motions are good and regular; then there is no need to worry. The diet, whatever it may be and no matter what apparently important items are being rejected, is almost certainly the ideal diet for that particular child.

One other difficult lesson must be learnt by all parents. That is to let the child eat not only what it likes but how it likes. I hasten to add that I am not suggesting that table manners should be ignored! The trouble is that over anxiety causes most parents to pay far too much attention to what the child is eating, and meals are taken to a running accompaniment of instructions, corrections and exhortations. Directly the child finds that all this attention is being focused on him—he naturally plays up!



*Blondes* ★  
**be fair to!  
your hair!**  
★ **make it tones fairer  
without bleaching**

Dancing time will soon be here! Is your hair doing for the brilliance of ballroom lights? Begin at once on Amami treatment! Shampoo with Amami No. 5. Lift the film from your blondeness. Remove all doubts of its true colouring—without bleaching or harmful chemicals. Look in the mirror and see it tones lighter after the first shampoo. (After several weeks you will find it in better condition, healthier, more vigorous than ever before; thanks to the 47 scientifically blended ingredients in every Amami Shampoo). Prepare for a season of gaiety this very day—ask your chemist for Amami No. 5.

AMAMI No. 1 gives deeper gloss to Brunettes. 3d. & 6d. AMAMI No. 5 is especially for Blondes. 3d. & 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**

## ARE WE A MUSICAL NATION?

**M**R. BECKER, of 69 Fleet Street, London, thinks we are and he should know for he has taught 43,000 adult pupils to play the piano. There is very little doubt that we are coming back to a regard for real music—that of the great masters and to a desire to play—to create for oneself instead of being satisfied only to listen.

Mr. Becker teaches by correspondence, and has published a book on the Principles of the Becker System of Pianoforte Tuition. Readers of RADIO PICTORIAL can obtain a Free Copy of this book called "Mind, Muscle and Keyboard," by sending a postcard to RADIO PICTORIAL, 37/38 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.



**“Ovaltine ensures regular, healthy Sleep”**  
says MANTOVANI

**B**BROADCASTING . . . recording . . . appearing with his band in theatres all over the country . . . life is strenuous for Mantovani, the famous violinist. “Every night,” he says, “whether at home or on tour, I take a cup of ‘Ovaltine’ and find that I wake thoroughly refreshed and ready for the day’s work.”

Long experience proves that ‘Ovaltine’ is the world’s best night-cap for ensuring sound, natural sleep. As a daytime beverage, too, it is without equal for building up robust health, sound nerves, and abundant vitality.

Scientifically prepared from the highest qualities of malt extract, creamy milk and new-laid eggs, ‘Ovaltine’ definitely stands in a class by itself for quality and value. There is nothing “just as good.”

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

*Everybody’s Favourite  
Radio Programmes*

Sunday : 1.30-2 p.m. from Radio Luxembourg.  
**A PROGRAMME OF MELODY and SONG**

Sunday : 5.30-6 p.m. from Radio Luxembourg.  
**The Ovaltineys Concert Party**

**HARRY HEMSLEY**  
in his Thrilling New Serial

**“ A TERM AT ST. EAGLE’S ”**  
**THE OVALTINEY ORCHESTRA**

1239M.

**LUXEMBOURG CONCERTS**

**SUNDAY, OCTOBER 4**

10.15-10.30 a.m.

**CARSON ROBISON AND HIS PIONEERS**

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

There’s a Bridle Hanging on the Wall.  
I’m Leaving on that Blue River Train.  
Baby Shoes.  
Twelfth Street Rag.  
Moonlight and Roses.  
Red Wing.

10.30-10.45 a.m.

**NEW SONGS FOR OLD**

With GERRY FITZGERALD, PHIL GREEN, and BILL SNIDERMAN

Compared by PAT BARR  
Presented by the Proprietors of BISURATED MAGNESIA

11 a.m.

**LET’S GO ROUND TO NORMAN LONG’S**

With NORMAN LONG, “JIM EMERY” (Stanelli’s Butler), and SYDNEY JEROME AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Presented by the makers of KRUSCHEN SALTS, Adelphi, Salford

11.15-11.30 a.m.

**THE OPEN ROAD**

Presented by the makers of CARTER’S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Carnival of the Dwarfs.  
Madame, Will You Walk? ... Nohain  
Mona Lisa ... Sullivan  
There’s a New Day Comin’ ... Young  
Back to Those Happy Days ... Nicholls

12.15 p.m.

The makers of EX-LAX present **HARRY BIDGOOD’S BUCCANEERS**

Guest Artist, DOUGLAS BYNG

1.30-2 p.m.

**OVALTINE WEEKLY PROGRAMME**

OF MELODY AND SONG  
Presented by the makers of OVALTINE

2.45-3 p.m.

**MORTON DOWNEY,**  
the Golden Voice of Radio,  
and

**THE DRENE ORCHESTRA**  
Presented by THOS. HEDLEY & CO., LTD., makers of DRENE, Newcastle-on-Tyne

Please Believe Me.  
Laughing Irish Eyes.  
Au Revoir But Not Goodbye.  
Glory of Love.  
Among My Souvenirs.

4 p.m.

**SEA-TIME HOUR**

Cruising the World with an All-Star Cast of Radio, Stage and Screen Favourites aboard, including

**MAX MILLER,**  
**AL and BOB HARVEY,**  
**ALMA VANE,**  
**RONALD HILL,**  
**SAM COSTA,**  
**NORMAN SHELLEY,**  
**DOROTHY KAY,**  
**THE RHYTHM BROTHERS,**  
**MOLLY CARDEW,**  
**ARTHUR GOMEZ,** and  
**DEBROY SOMERS AND HIS BAND**  
Presented by HORLICK’S

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

6.15 p.m.

The makers of **LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP** present

**AMBROSE AND HIS ORCHESTRA**  
in a programme of **MODERN RHYTHM MUSIC**

6.30 p.m.

**RINSO MUSIC HALL**  
PAYNE AND HILLIARD

**RETTA RAY**  
**FRED BARNES**  
**THE FOUR ACES**  
**LILLIAN GUNNS**  
and  
**VALAIDA**

**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”  
Jungle Drums ... Iecwona  
I Feel Like a Feather in the Breeze ... Gordon  
Airman’s Song ... Gray  
Under Heaven’s Blue ... Payan

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**

Sleeping Beauty Waltz ... Tchaikowsky  
Would You? ... Brown  
Luna Waltz ... Lincke  
No Moon, No Stars, Just You ... Moya

Presented by **PHILLIPS’ DENTAL MAGNESIA**

8.0-8.30 p.m.

**PALMOLIVE PROGRAMME**  
With **OLIVE PALMER, PAUL OLIVER, BRIAN LAWRANCE** and **FREDERIQUE**

That’s What You Think.  
What’s the Name of that Song?  
Masabi ... The Palmolivers  
Trotting to the Fair ... Brian Lawrance  
Alone at a Table for Two.  
It’s No Fun ... The Palmolivers  
Always ... Frederique  
In My Estimation of You.  
It’s Great to Be in Love Again  
The Palmolivers  
I’ll Follow My Secret Heart  
Paul Oliver and Olive Palmer  
Am I Gonna Have Trouble With You? ... The Palmolivers

9.0-9.15 p.m.

**MACLEAN’S CONCERT**

Evergreen Medley—Part I.  
Billy Reid and his Accordion Band.  
Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life.  
Charles Kullman.  
Heyken’s Second Serenade.  
Novelty Players.  
Gipsy Baron—Pot Pourri, Part I.  
Bernard Derksen and Orchestra.

9.45 p.m.

**THE COLGATE REVELLERS**

I’ve Got My Fingers Crossed.  
Piano Duet: Nobody’s Sweetheart.  
Awake in a Dream.  
It’s Great to Be in Love Again.  
We Agree Perfectly.

10.0-10.30 p.m.

**POND’S SERENADE TO BEAUTY**

**THE PROGRAMME FOR LOVERS**

# YOU SHOULD NOT MISS

## TUESDAY, OCT. 6

8.45-9 a.m.  
**SUNNY JIM'S PROGRAMME OF "FORCE" AND MELODY**  
 Oxford Street ("London Again")  
*Eric Coates*  
 Villikins and His Dinah  
 Old Stay at Hcme. *Flotsam and Jetsam*  
 Heykens Second Serenade *Heykens*  
 Presented by A. C. FINCKEN & CO.

6.30-6.45 p.m.  
**SIDNEY TORCH AT THE ORGAN**

Guest Artists—THE THREE T's  
 March from Aida.  
 Empty Saddles.  
 In a Monastery Garden.  
 Mamma Don't Allow It.  
 I Can't Escape From You.  
 Presented by the makers of  
**ROBINSON'S LEMON BARLEY WATER**

## FRIDAY, OCT. 9

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.

## WEDNESDAY, OCT. 7

8.30-8.45 a.m.  
**SUNNY JIM'S PROGRAMME OF "FORCE" AND MELODY**  
 Glorious Devon *German*  
 Springtime Serenade *Heykens*  
 Devonshire Cream and Cider  
*Curzon and Sanderson*  
 Sea Songs Medley *arr. Debroy Somers*  
 Presented by A. C. FINCKEN & CO.

## SATURDAY, OCT. 10

8.30-8.45 a.m.  
**SUNNY JIM'S CHILDREN'S PROGRAMME OF "FORCE" AND MELODY**  
 Mosquitoes' Parade *Kennedy and Whitney*  
 Owl and Pussy Cat *Hely Hutchinson*  
 Teddy Bears' Picnic *Kennedy and Bratton*  
 Musical Box *Heykens*  
 Presented by A. C. FINCKEN & CO.

# Instant Relief



**FROM ECZEMA, PSORIASIS ACNE, PIMPLES, CHILBLAINS, BAD LEGS, DERMATITIS, DANDRUFF, ETC.**

No need to suffer a day longer. Get a bottle of the magic D.D.D. Prescription now and watch your skin disease melt away. The first application brings instant relief, as many skin sufferers gratefully testify. D.D.D. Brand Prescription cures where other remedies fail because it gets right down to the deepest layers of the skin, drawing out all impurities, and stimulating the healing process at the root of the disease. Don't trifle with dangerous skin diseases when relief and cure can so easily be obtained. Go to your nearest chemist and get a 1/3 bottle to-day.

**FREE** Write for a free trial bottle to D.D.D. Laboratories, R.P.3, Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4, and see the magic drops charm your trouble away.

★ TUNE IN TO RADIO NORMANDY EVERY SUNDAY 11 A.M.

**D.D.D.**  
*Prescription*  
 FOR YOUR SKIN TROUBLE

# THIS SUNDAY FROM LUXEMBOURG

## BRIGHT AND TUNEFUL

TUNE in to another tuneful quarter-of-an-hour from Luxembourg at 10.30 a.m., when the inimitable Gerry FitzGerald delights his fans with popular numbers under the title of *New Songs for Old*. Phil Green and Bill Sniderman, that sparkling combination, will also be there and Pat Barr runs the whole show; here is a compère who really is a compère. We commend this programme to listeners in search of good singing and good songs.

## THE GOLDEN VOICE

IT'S good news, isn't it, that Morton Downey is now to be heard every Sunday regularly? His is one of the most famous



Morton Downey

imitation Downeys. He is the vogue, and fans will certainly make a point of listening to the "Golden Voice" on Sunday afternoon.

## NORMAN'S AT HOME

DO you like the kind of informal party where everybody takes it in turn to entertain the rest—with a song or a "piece" on the piano? If so, you ought to make a date with Norman Long on Sunday mornings at eleven (Luxem-



Sydney Jerome

bourg wavelength). He keeps the best of company—you'll find butler Jim Emery there with Sydney Jerome and his boys—and you can be sure of an entertaining quarter-of-an-hour in the best, breezy hearty Norman style.

## HOT TRUMPETER

THE peppiest thing in trumpet playing you've heard in years—Valaida, in the Rinso Music-hall at 6.30 p.m. Born in Washington D.C. and an apt pupil of the famous Louis Armstrong.

voices discovered by radio, and we count ourselves lucky that he has made the trip across the Atlantic to give us a chance of hearing him. Already our budding Bing Crosbys are transforming themselves into

## Advance News

of a

# Notable Normandy Broadcast

One which indirectly affects the health of thousands and which yet concerns to their advantage, the pockets of hundreds

FRIDAY - OCTOBER 9

RADIO NORMANDY . . at 9.00 a.m.

Selection—White Horse Inn	...	Benatzsky
The Desert Song (The Desert Song)	...	Romberg
And Love was Born (Music in the Air)	...	Kern
Tell Me Pretty Maiden (Floradora)	...	Stuart

# HELP YOURSELF SOCIETY

inaugurated by

*The Stock Exchange*

*Dramatic and Operatic Society*

2, Copthall Buildings, E.C.2

Sunday, October 4, to Saturday, October 10, 1936.

# PROGRAMMIES

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, October the Fourth

All Times stated are Greenwich Mean Time

#### RADIO LUXEMBOURG

1293 m., 232 Kc/s.

##### Morning Programme

11.15—11.30 a.m.

##### THE OPEN ROAD

- Carnival of the Dwarfs ... *Rathke*
- Madame, Will You Walk? ... *Nohain*
- Mona Lisa ... *Sullivan*
- There's a New Day Comin' ... *Young*
- Back to Those Happy Days ... *Nicholls*

Presented by

Carter's Little Liver Pills,  
64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1

1.0—1.30 p.m.

##### THE LATEST DANCE MUSIC

Presented by

Zambuk,  
C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds

##### Evening Programme

10.30—11.0 p.m.

##### THE LATEST DANCE MUSIC

Presented by

Bile Beans,  
C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds

#### 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 : D. J. Davies, J. R. Fellowes, F. R. Plomley, J. Sullivan.

##### MORNING PROGRAMME

8.0 a.m.

##### LIGHT MUSIC

- Selection—Chu Chin Chow ... *Norton*
- The Happy Whistler ... *Baptiste*
- Kitten on the Keys ... *Confrey*
- And Love Was Born ... *Kern*

8.15 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.

- Vibraphone Waltz ... *Lohr*
- Xylophone Solo—Hole in the Wall ... *Norvo*
- The Banjo Song ... *Homer*
- Vivienne ... *Finck*

8.30 a.m.

##### SACRED MUSIC

- Ring the Bells of Heaven ... *Root*
- Tell Me the Old, Old Story ... *Doane*

##### The Thought for the Week

THE REV. JAMES WALL, M.A.

For He Shall Give His Angels Charge  
Over Thee.

8.45 a.m.

##### PREPARING BREAKFAST

- The Song of the Kettle ... *Anthony*
- What Would Ja Like for Breakfast? ... *Kent*
- The Girl on the Little Blue Plate ... *Scholl*
- Coffee in the Morning ... *Dubin*

9.0 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.

##### LIGHT ORCHESTRAL CONCERT

- Chanson ... *Friml*
- Reaching for the Moon ... *Berlin*
- La Violetera ... *Patilla*
- Medley of Wilfred Sanderson's  
Songs ... *Sanderson*

9.15 a.m.

##### SCOTT'S MARCHES ON

- Sons of the Brave ... *Bidgood*
- Stars and Stripes for Ever ... *Sousa*
- Sabres and Spurs ... *Sousa*
- Through Night to Light ... *Laukien*

Presented by the makers of

Scott's Emulsion,  
10-11 Stonecutter Street, E.C.4

9.30 a.m.

##### MUSICAL REVERIES

- Selection—Music in the Air ... *Kern*
- The Enchanted Lake ... *Liadov*
- Garden of Happiness ... *Haydn Wood*
- Selection—Romance in Moonlight.

Presented by

California Syrup of Figs,  
179 Acton Vale, W.3

9.45 a.m.

##### "I SPY"

- A Novel Entertainment—including the  
Code-phrase Free Gift Offer
- Medley of Hornpipes.
- Maire My Girl ... *Aiken*
- Phil the Fluter's Ball ... *French*
- Father O'Flynn ... *Stanford*

Presented by the makers of  
Preservene Soap

10.0 a.m.

##### WALTZ TIME

- Sleeping Beauty Waltz ... *Tchaikowsky*
- Would You? ... *Brown*
- Luna Waltz ... *Lincke*
- No Moon, No Stars, Just You ... *Moya*

Presented by

Phillips' Dental Magnesia,  
179 Acton Vale, W.3

10.15 a.m.

##### RECREATION CORNER

- For You Rio Rita ... *Santeugini*
- I'm an Old Cow Hand ... *Mercer*
- Little Grey Home in the West ... *Lohr*
- Hors d'oeuvres ... *Comer*

Presented by

Currys, Ltd.,  
Great West Road, Brentford

10.30 a.m.

##### MORE MONKEY BUSINESS

With

BILLY REID AND HIS ACCORDION BAND  
and

FRED AND LESLIE DOUGLAS

Presented by the makers of

Monkey Brand,  
Unilever House, Blackfriars, E.C.4

10.45 a.m.

##### MUSICAL MENU

Mrs. Jean Scott,  
President of the Brown and Polson Cookery  
Club, gives you Free Cookery Advice each  
week

- Is it True What They Say About  
Dixie? ... *Caesar*
- I Lost My Heart in Budapest. ... *Kreisler*
- The King Steps Out—Medley ... *Woods*
- Slipping Through My Fingers ... *Woods*

Presented by

Brown & Polson,  
43 Shoe Lane, E.C.4

11.0 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.

##### POPULAR SELECTIONS

- Serenade ... *Mozart*
- Empty Saddles ... *Hill*
- Speak to Me of Love ... *Lenoir*
- Shoe Shine Boy ... *Chaplin*

Presented by

D.D.D.,  
Fleet Lane, E.C.4

11.15 a.m.

##### BOLENIUM BILL

presents

- Recordings by  
ALBERT SANDLER
- Softly Awakes My Heart ... *Saint-Saens*
- Song of Paradise ... *King*
- Patiently Smiling ... *Lehar*
- Londonderry Air ... *Traditional*

Presented by

Boleium Overalls,  
Upton Park, E.13

11.30 a.m.

##### PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH

Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

(Continued on page 35, column 1)

#### 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

- Marche Symphonique ... *Savino*
- Piano Selection—Budapest  
arr. Rawicz, Lanlauer
- Learn How to Lose ... *Kreisler*
- Three English Dances—No. 2 ... *Quilter*

Presented by

Macleans, Ltd.,  
Great West Road, Brentford

6.15 p.m.

##### THE ORIGINAL HOOSIER HOT SHOTS

(Electrical Recordings)

- Wah Hoo ... *Friend*
- Meet Me by the Icehouse Lizzie. ... *Kreisler*
- I Like Bananas Because They Have  
No Bones ... *Yacich*
- Sentimental Gentleman from Georgia ... *Parish*

6.30 p.m.

##### HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

- Marching Through Georgia ... *Wark*
- Wear a Great Big Smile ... *Gilbert*
- The Match Parade ... *Wehke*
- When 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

(Continued on page 39, column 1)

### RADIO NORMANDY

**TO-DAY :**

**SEA TIME**  
Presented by  
**HORLICKS**  
Sunday, 4.0 p.m.

**MUSIC HALL**  
**ALL STAR VARIETY**  
With the compliments of  
**RINSO**  
Sunday, 6.30 p.m.

**VOICES OF THE STARS**  
Introduced by  
**ROWNTREES CHOCOLATE**  
**CRISP**  
Sunday, 7.15 p.m.

**MORTON DOWNEY**  
**THE GOLDEN VOICE OF**  
**RADIO**  
Presented by  
**DRENE**  
Sunday, 10.15 p.m.

### RADIO NORMANDY

**THIS WEEK :**

**JACK SAVAGE**  
and  
**HIS COWBOYS**  
Featured by  
**CRAZY WATER CRYSTALS**  
Mon., Tues., Wed. at 9.15 a.m.

**HEALTH MAGIC**  
by  
**THE SOCIETY OF**  
**HERBALISTS**  
Tues., 9 a.m. Sat., 5.15 p.m.

**THE CHILDRENS**  
**CORNER**  
With the good wishes of  
**HORLICKS**  
Every Weekday, 4.45 p.m.

**RAMON**  
in  
**ROMANTIC SONGS**  
Presented by  
**STABLOND SHAMPOO**  
Thursday, 8.15 a.m.

THE KRAFT CONCERT PARTY . . . with TOMMY HANDLEY'S WATT-KNOTS! . . . broadcast every Sunday  
34 at 2.0 p.m. from RADIO NORMANDY.

# Sunday, October the Fourth

## RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

## RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

Continued from page 34, column 3.

### AFTERNOON PROGRAMME

**2.0 p.m.**  
**KRAFT CONCERT PARTY**  
 Tommy Handley's Watt-Knots  
 including  
 JEAN ALLISTONE  
 FLORENCE OLDHAM  
 THE CARLYLE COUSINS  
 RALPH CORAM  
 BRUCE MERRYL  
 and  
 TOMMY HANDLEY  
 Presented by  
 Kraft Cheese Company,  
 Hayes, Middlesex

**2.30 p.m.**  
 Jane Carr Selects  
**MUSICAL HITS FROM THE FILMS**  
 (Electrical Recordings)  
 Swing ... .. Ellis  
 I'd Rather Lead a Band ... .. Berlin  
 A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody ... .. Berlin  
 Selection—The Charm School ... .. Gordon  
 Presented by the makers of  
 Lixen,  
 Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., Radio Dept., London

**2.45 p.m.**  
**THE OPEN ROAD**  
 Carnival of the Dwarfs ... .. Rathke  
 Madame Will You Walk? ... .. Nohain  
 Mona Lisa ... .. Sullivan  
 There's a New Day Coming ... .. Young  
 Back to Those Happy Days ... .. Nicholls  
 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**  
 Schubertiana ... .. arr. Finch  
 Minuet in G ... .. Beethoven  
 Dance of the Tumblers ... .. Rimsky Korsakow  
 Faust Ballet Music ... .. Gounod  
 Gingerbread Waltz (Hansel and  
 Gretel) ... .. Humperdinck  
 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.**  
**SEA-TIME HOUR**  
 Cruising the World  
 with an All-Star Cast of  
 Radio, Stage and Screen Favourites  
 Aboard  
 including  
 MAX MILLER  
 AL AND BOB HARVEY  
 ALMA VANE, RONALD HILL,  
 SAM COSTA, NORMAN SHELLEY,  
 DOROTHY KAY  
 THE RHYTHM BROTHERS  
 MOLLY CARDEW, ARTHUR GOMEZ  
 and  
 Debroy Somers and His Band  
 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,  
 Braydon Road, N.16

**5.15 p.m.**  
**LISTEN TO VITBE**  
 Selection—Limelight ... .. Woods  
 It's a Sin to Tell a Lie ... .. Mayhew  
 Is It True What They Say About  
 Dixie? ... .. Lerner  
 Slipping Through My Fingers ... .. Woods  
 Presented by  
 Vitbe Brown Bread,  
 Crayford, Kent

**5.30 p.m.**  
**PLEASURE CRUISE**  
 With Esther Coleman and Gordon Little  
 Jungle Drums ... .. Lecuona  
 I Feel Like a Feather in the Breeze ... .. Gordon  
 Airman's Song ... .. Gray  
 Under Heaven's Blue ... .. Payan  
 Presented by  
 Milk of Magnesia,  
 179 Acton Vale, W.3

**5.45 p.m.**  
**ALL-STAR VARIETY**  
 (Electrical Recordings)  
 Sky-high Honeymoon.  
 Load the Covered Wagon.  
 Chinese Blues.  
 I Wanna Woo.  
 Presented by  
 Thorn's Portable Buildings,  
 Brampton Road, Bexleyheath, Kent

**6.0 p.m.**  
**POPULAR CONCERT**  
 The Linnet's Parade ... .. Brewer  
 Hejre Kati—Czardas ... .. Hubay  
 My Heart is Always Calling You ... .. Pepper  
 Pomp and Circumstance March No. 4 ... .. Elgar  
 Presented by  
 Macleans, Ltd.,  
 Great West Road, Brentford

### EVENING PROGRAMME

**6.15 p.m.**  
**NURSE JOHNSON OFF DUTY**  
 By the Tamarisk ... .. Coates  
 Tarantelle (Covent Garden) ... .. Coates  
 Fête Bohème (Scènes Pittoresques) Massenet  
 Selection—The Great Ziegfeld ... .. Adamson  
 Presented by  
 California Syrup of Figs,  
 179 Acton Vale, W.3

**6.30 p.m.**  
**RINSO MUSIC HALL**  
 PAYNE AND HILLIARD  
 RETTA RAY  
 FRED BARNES  
 THE FOUR ACES  
 LILLIAN GUNNS  
 and  
 VALAIDA  
**All-Star Variety**  
 Presented to listeners by the makers of  
 Rinso,  
 Unilever House, Blackfriars, E.C.4

**7.0 p.m.**  
**BLACK MAGIC**  
 Hold Me Tight I'm Falling ... .. Lisbona  
 The Touch of Your Lips ... .. Noble  
 Let It Be Me ... .. Dixon  
 The Glory of Love ... .. Hill  
 Presented by  
 Black Magic Chocolates

**7.15 p.m.**  
**"VOICES OF THE STARS"**  
 present  
**ARTHUR TRACY**  
**"The Street Singer"**  
 Sponsored by  
 Rowntrees,  
 The Makers of Chocolate Crisp

**7.30 p.m.**  
**PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH**  
 Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

**10.0 p.m.**  
**LET'S GO ROUND TO  
 NORMAN LONG'S**  
 featuring  
 NORMAN LONG AND JIM EMERY  
 with  
 SYDNEY JEROME AND HIS ORCHESTRA  
 Presented by  
 Kruschen Salts,  
 Adelphi, Salford

**10.15 p.m.**  
**MORTON DOWNEY**  
 The Golden Voice of Radio  
 and  
 The Drene Orchestra  
 Please Believe Me ... .. Goell  
 Laughing Irish Eyes ... .. Stept  
 Au Revoir But Not Goodbye.  
 Glory of Love ... .. Hill  
 Among My Souvenirs ... .. Nicholls  
 Presented by the makers of  
 Drene,  
 Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd.

**10.30 p.m.**  
**ALL ABOARD!**  
 Sunshine Ahead ... .. Rolls  
 Where the Lemons Bloom ... .. Strauss  
 Shuffle Your Feet ... .. Fields  
 Bandanna Babies ... .. Fields  
 Cuban Pete—Rumba ... .. Norman  
 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  
 D. J. Davis

**11.0 p.m.**  
**VARIETY**  
 Gay Gossoon ... .. Ossman  
 Marta ... .. Simons  
 Empty Saddles ... .. Hill  
 A Couple of Fine Old Schools ... .. Eytton  
 Every Woman Thinks She Wants to  
 Wander ... .. Straus  
 Roll on Mississippi, Roll On ... .. McCaffrey  
 Eddie's Twister ... .. Lang  
 River Stay 'way From My Door ... .. Woods

**11.30 p.m.**  
**REQUEST PROGRAMME**  
 Ballet Egyptian ... .. Luigini  
 Joshua ... .. Lee  
 Entrance of the Little Fauns ... .. Pierné  
 Riding Down to Bangor.  
 Wine, Women and Song ... .. Strauss  
 They Call Me Sister Honky Tonk ... .. Ellison  
 My Dear Soul ... .. Sanderson  
 Aloha Oa ... .. Lilioukalani

**12 (midnight)**  
**DANCE MUSIC**  
 There's a New World—Fox trot ... .. Kennedy  
 You Can't Pull the Wool Over My  
 Eyes—Fox trot ... .. Ager  
 Sweetheart, Let's Grow Old  
 Together—Waltz ... .. Bratton  
 I Live for Love ... .. Dixon  
 Tea for Two—Fox trot ... .. Youmans  
 Will I Ever Know?—Fox trot ... .. Gordon  
 She—Fox trot ... .. Kennedy  
 The Touch of Your Lips—Fox trot ... .. Noble

**12.30 a.m.**  
**I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
**SUPERSTITION**  
 I've Got My Fingers Crossed ... .. McHugh  
 You Are My Lucky Star—Fox trot ... .. Brown  
 A Couple of April Fools—Fox trot ... .. Kennedy  
 Mister Magician—Quick step ... .. O'Flynn  
 Falling Star—Fox trot ... .. Heymann  
 The Voodoo—Fox trot ... .. Monaco  
 By the Old Wishing Well—Fox trot ... .. Pease  
 New Moon—Fox trot ... .. Brunelle

**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 : 12 (midnight)—12.30 a.m.  
 Announcer : E. E. Allen.

**12 (midnight)**  
**SOFT MUSIC**  
 The Nightingale's Morning  
 Greeting ... .. Rechtenwald  
 In the Moonlight ... .. Ketelbey  
 On the Edge of the Lake (Summer  
 Days Suite) ... .. Coates  
 Jhelum Boat Song ... .. Woodforde-Finden

**12.15 a.m.**  
**I.B.C. Time Signal.**

Wedgwood Blue ... .. Ketelbey  
 Serenata ... .. Toselli  
 Whisper Sweet ... .. Johnson  
 A Street in Old Seville ... .. Arden

**12.30 p.m.**  
**I.B.C. Goodnight Melody.**

## RADIO COTE D'AZUR (Juan-les-Pins)

235.1 m., 1,276 Kc/s.

**10.30 p.m.**  
**MILITARY BAND MUSIC**  
 King Cotton March ... .. Sousa  
 Gaiety Echoes. ... .. Ardit  
 Il Bacio ... .. Ardit  
 Songs—When the Sergeant Major's  
 On Parade ... .. Longstaffe  
 A Jovial Monk Am I ... .. Audran  
 The Whistler and his Dog ... .. Pryor  
 Praeludium ... .. Jarnefeldt  
 Down South ... .. Mydleton

**11.0 p.m.**  
**LIGHT MUSIC**  
 Sweethearts of Yesterday ... .. arr. Hall  
 Just a Little Dash of Dublin ... .. Sigler  
 The Doll Dance ... .. Brown  
 Celebratin' ... .. Woods  
 The Mocking Bird Went Cuckoo ... .. Malvern

**11.0 p.m.—Light Music—continued**  
 Grinzing ... .. Benatzky  
 Charlie Kunz Medley.  
 The Herdsman's Delight ... .. Gross

**11.30 p.m.**  
**THE NEW LIGHT SYMPHONY  
 ORCHESTRA**  
 (Electrical Recordings)  
 Parade of the Tin Soldiers ... .. Jessel  
 The Waltzing Doll ... .. Poldini  
 Barcarolle (Tales of Hoffman) ... .. Offenbach  
 Spanish Dance in G Minor ... .. Moskowski  
 At Dawning ... .. Cadman  
 Three English Dances—No. 3 ... .. Quiller  
 Intermezzo (Cavalleria Rusticana) ... .. Mascagni  
 The Policeman's Holiday ... .. Ewing

**12 (midnight)**  
**DANCE MUSIC**  
 May All Your Troubles Be Little Ones ... .. Sigler  
 Do the Runaround—Fox trot ... .. Sigler  
 Pimorosa—Mazurka ... .. Maldonado  
 Mickey's Son and Daughter ... .. Lisbona  
 Whistling Lovers' Waltz ... .. Damerell  
 When's It Coming Round to Me? ... .. Carr  
 Mauna Loa—Fox trot ... .. Gibson  
 My Little Grass Shack—Fox trot ... .. Gogswell  
 Antoinette—Quick step ... .. Damerell  
 Little Valley in the Mountains ... .. Kennedy  
 Go to Sleep—Fox trot ... .. Hargreaves  
 Paddy Waltz ... .. O'Keefe  
 Crazy Weather—Fox trot ... .. Sigler  
 Give a Cheer—Fox trot ... .. Swifen  
 The House Where I was Born ... .. de Sylva  
 Mammy Bong—Rumba ... .. Norman

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

Monday, Oct. 5th

Tuesday, Oct. 6th

RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

MORNING PROGRAMME

- 8.0 a.m. LIGHT MUSIC
The Golden Musical Box ... Krome
Spanish Quick step Medley.
Nagasaki ... Dixon
The Mosquitoes' Parade ... Kennedy
8.15 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.
NEWS PARADE
Song of the Vagabonds (The Vagabond King) ... Friml
Entr'acte and Valse ... Delibes
You Are My Heart's Delight (The Land of Smiles) ... Lehar
Barcarolle (Tales of Hoffman) ... Offenbach
Presented by
The Editors of "News Review"
8.30 a.m. HAPPY DAYS
Keep a Twinkle in Your Eye ... Mercer
Frankie and Johnnie ... arr. Crumit
Pep ... de Pietro
American Medley ... arr. Somers
Presented by
Wincarnis,
Wincarnis Works, Norwich
8.45 a.m. SUNNY JIM'S PROGRAMME OF "FORCE" AND MELODY
Gleneagles ... Hawley
Under the Lilac Bough ... Clusam
I Love the Moon ... Rubens
English Medley ... arr. Somers
Presented by
A. C. Fincken & Co.,
195 Great Portland Street, W.1
9.0 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.
THE OPEN ROAD
Bond of Friendship March ... Logan
Down Sunshine Lane ... Powell
Round the Bend of the Road ... Klenner
Song of the Highway ... May
Whistle Your Worries Away ... Jones
Presented by
Carter's Little Liver Pills,
64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1
9.15 a.m. JACK SAVAGE AND HIS COWBOYS
In the Early Morning Round-up
Get Along Little Doggies.
Little Grey Home in the West.
Goin' Down Cripple Creek.
Stay 'Out of the South.
Shortnin' Bread.
I Know there is Somebody Waiting for Me.
Presented by
Crazy Water Crystals,
Thames House, S.W.1

AFTERNOON PROGRAMME

- 2.0 p.m. DANCE MUSIC
2.30 p.m. THE MAGIC CARPET
Oxford Street ... Coates
Ca C'est Paris ... Padilla
An Evening on the Rhine ... Richartz
Budapest ... arr. Rawics
The Roaming Yodeller ... Norton
Turn to Surriento ... de Curtis
Selection—Waltzes from Vienna ... Strauss
Russian Medley ... Geiger
In Tulip Land ... Pazeller
3.0 p.m. LET'S SEE A SHOW
Pollywolly Doodle (The Littlest Rebel) ... de Sylva
There Isn't Any Limit to My Love (This'll Make You Whistle) ... Sigler
Romance (The Desert Song) ... Romberg
O-Kay for Sound (O-Kay for Sound) ... Kennedy
These Foolish Things (Spread it Abroad) ... Strachey
A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody (The Great Ziegfeld).
West End Nights.
Tony's in Town (It's Love Again)... Woods
This'll Make You Whistle (This'll Make You Whistle) ... Sigler
3.30 p.m. ORCHESTRAL CONCERT
Dance of the Hours ... Ponchielli
La Vida Breve (Spanish Dance) ... de Falla
Intermezzo (Cavalleria Rusticana) Mascagni
Shepherd's Hey ... Grainger
Parade of the Gnomes ... Noach
Song—The Eton Boating Song ... Johnson
Caprice Viennois ... Kreisler
Humoresque ... Dvorak
4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR
With Debroy Somers and Other Artists
I Love to Ride the Horses ... Yellen
Echoes of Ireland ... arr. Lange
Ten Cents a Dance ... Rodgers
4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR
9.30 a.m. ADVANCE FILM NEWS
Laughing Irish Eyes ... Mitchell
A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody ... Berlin
All My Life ... Mitchell
I Don't Want to Make History ... Robin
Presented by
Associated British Cinemas,
30 Golden Square, W.1
9.45 a.m. MELODIANA
No Words or Anything ... Gordon
Empty Saddles ... Hill
Will of the Wisp ... Kuster
I've Got a Heavy Date ... Kahn
Presented by
Milk of Magnesia,
179 Acton Vale, W.3
10.0 a.m. SOME POPULAR RECORDS
Oxford Street (London Again Suite) ... Coates
The Whistling Waltz ... Woods
Oua Oua. ... Heykens
Serenade ... Heykens
Presented by
Bile Beans,
C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds
10.15 a.m. DANCE MUSIC
Sky High Honeymoon ... Meskill
There's a Star in the Sky ... Eytan
La Cucaracha—Rumba ... arr. Cibelli
There Isn't Any Limit to My Love ... Sigler
10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT
Moment Musical ... Schubert
Two Hearts and a Waltz Refrain ... Lehar
Les Millions d'Arlequin ... Drigo
La Cinquante ... Marie
Presented by
Macleans, Ltd.,
Great West Road, Brentford
10.45 a.m. ALFRED RODE AND HIS 18 TZIGANES (Electrical Recordings)
Thousand and One Nights ... Strauss
Selection—Countess Maritza ... Kalman
Czardas ... Monli
Fantasy Rumanesco ... Stefanescu
11.0 a.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH
Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

EVENING PROGRAMME

- 12 (midnight) AN HOUR OF DANCE MUSIC
If Harlem Came to Mayfair ... Thomas
Quicker than You Can Say Jack ... Wendling
Robinson—Fox trot ... Handy
Negrita—Rumba ... Bryne
Log Cabin Lullaby—Fox trot ... Ahlert
I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter ... Ahlert
Spreadin' Rhythm Around ... McHugh
The Winter Waltz ... Altman
With All My Heart—Fox trot ... McHugh
12.30 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.
Hypnotised—Slow Fox trot ... Silver
Whose Big Baby are You? ... McHugh
Keep a Twinkle in Your Eye ... Mercer
Take My Heart—Fox trot ... Ahlert
A Rendezvous with a Dream ... Heyman
Welcome Stranger—Fox trot ... Mercer
The Family Album—Waltz ... Coward
You Gotta Know How to Dance ... Dublin
1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

MORNING PROGRAMME

- 8.0 a.m. JACK BUCHANAN (Electrical Recordings)
Selection—The Flying Trapeze.
Stand Up and Sing ... Furber
Oo! La! La! ... Furber
Let's Put Some People to Work ... Sigler
8.15 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.
GOLDEN HARMONY
The Merry Mill ... Peros
On the Beach at Bali Bali... Sherman
Will o' the Wisp—Fox trot ... Kuster
Oxford Street (London Again Suite) ... Coates
Presented by
Spink & Son, Ltd.,
5, 6 and 7 King Street, St. James's, S.W.1
8.30 a.m. THE BOSWELL SISTERS (Electrical Recordings)
Let Yourself Go ... Berlin
Gee, But I'd Like to Make You Happy ... Shay
Alexander's Ragtime Band ... Berlin
Every Little Moment ... Fields
Presented by
Vitacup,
Wincarnis Works, Norwich
8.45 a.m. POPULAR MUSIC
Aida ... Verdi
Her Name is Mary ... Sievier
The Music Comes ... Straus
Happy Swiss Memories ... arr. Betz
Presented by
Fels Naptha Soap,
195 Great Portland Street, W.1
9.0 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.
HEALTH MAGIC
Spring Song ... Mendelssohn
Hearts and Flowers ... Tobani
Barcarolle (Tales of Hoffman) ... Offenbach
Romance ... Rubinstein
Presented by
The Society of Herbalists,
Culpeper House, 21 Bruton Street, W.1
9.15 a.m. JACK SAVAGE AND HIS COWBOYS
In the Early Morning Round-up
Sailing Down the Chesapeake Bay.
Lay Down Little Doggies.
She's a Lassie from Lancashire.
When You're Smiling.
When They Ring Those Golden Bells.
Bile Them Cabbage Down.
Presented by
Crazy Water Crystals,
Thames House, S.W.1
9.30 a.m. TUNES WE ALL KNOW
See Me Dance the Polka ... Grossmith
In My Little Bottom Drawer ... Haines
Theatreland Memories.
The Sun has Got his Hat On ... Gay
Presented by the makers of
Limestone Phosphate,
Braydon Road, N.16
9.45 a.m. TUNEFULLY YOURS
Keep a Twinkle in Your Eye ... Mercer
I Lost My Heart in Budapest ... Mihaly
A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody ... Berlin
Bellita—Rumba ... Batell
Presented by
California Syrup of Figs,
179 Acton Vale, W.3
10.0 a.m. TEN O'CLOCK TUNES
Selection—Queen of Hearts ... Haines
Tell Me To-night ... Spoliansky
Bolero ... Ravel
Lily of Laguna ... Stuart
Presented by
Zambuk,
C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds
10.15 a.m. TUNES FROM THE TALKIES
You Gotta Know How to Dance (Colleen) ... Dubin
Polly Wolly Doodle (Littlest Rebel) ... Clare
One of the Little Orphans of the Storm (Queen of Hearts) ... Haines
Selection—Limelight ... Woods
10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT
Medley of Daly's Favourites.
Portrait of a Toy Soldier ... Ewing
Kashmiri Love Song (Four Indian Love Lyrics) ... Woodforde Finden
Marche Militaire ... Schubert
Presented by
Macleans, Ltd.,
Great West Road, Brentford
10.45 a.m. LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC
Overture—The Queen's Lace Handkerchief ... Strauss
Baby's Sweetheart ... Corri
Katja the Dancer ... Gilbert
The Balkan Princess ... Rubens
11.0 a.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH
Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

AFTERNOON PROGRAMME

- 2.0 p.m. DANCE MUSIC
2.30 p.m. THE THREE SEASONS
Rustle of Spring ... Sinding
Summer Days Suite—Wood
Nymphs ... Coates
Dance of the Flowers ... Delibes
Under Heaven's Blue ... Pola
Dancing Butterfly ... Young
Autumn ... Chamisnade
Raindrops ... de la Riviere
Falling Leaves ... Kennedy
3.0 p.m. REQUEST PROGRAMME
La Comparsa—Cuban Dance ... Lecuona
Love's Last Word is Spoken ... Bixio
Westwards (Four Ways Suite) ... Coates
Leatin' ... Sterndale-Bennett
Manhattan Serenade ... Alter
Knave of Diamonds ... Steele
Perpetuum Mobile ... Strauss
Handel in the Strand ... Grainger
3.30 p.m. DANCING TIME
Got to Dance My Way to Heaven ... Woods
You Gotta Know How to Dance... Dublin
Dancing Days—1920.
Let's Face the Music and Dance ... Berlin
3.45 p.m. JACK SAVAGE AND HIS COWBOYS
Blue Skies.
Ridge Runnin' Roan.
Florene Waltz.
Put on Your Old Grey Bonnet.
No Night There.
Poor Little Angelina.
Presented by
Crazy Water Crystals,
Thames House, S.W.1
4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR
With Debroy Somers and Other Artists
Diddle Dum Dee ... Dunn
Leslie Stuart Medley ... Stuart
Three Bachelors.
Is It True What They Say About Dixie? ... Caesar
Fighting Strength ... Jordan
4.0 p.m. Tea-Time Hour—Contd.
You Started Me Dreaming ... Coats
He Met Ena in an Inn ... Saville
New Orleans Twist ... Gifford
If You Love Me ... Noble
Square Face.
Crazy Guitars.
The King's Breakfast.
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
Keep a Twinkle in Your Eye ... Mercer
You Can't Pull the Wool Over My Eyes Ager
Gershwin Fox trot Medley ... Gershwin
Your Heart and Mine ... Mercer
Presented by the makers of
Tintex,
199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4
5.15 p.m. FRED HARTLEY'S QUINTET (Electrical Recordings)
Marigold ... Mayerl
Second Serenade ... Heykens
A Little Love, a Little Kiss ... Siltsu
Musette ... Peter
5.30 p.m. WHAT'S ON IN LONDON
News of the Latest Films, Shows and Other Attractions
5.45 p.m. THIS THING CALLED "SWING"
You Can Call it Swing ... Chaplin
Everybody's Swingin' It Now ... Davis
Swing Me a Lullaby ... Raye
Swing Me Here ... Krupa
6.0 p.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH
Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie
4.0 p.m. Tea-Time Hour—contd.
June ... Tschaikowsky
A Melody from the Sky ... Mitchell
Sleepy Time Gal ... Lorenzo
Dr. Heckle and Mr. Jibe ... McDonough
I'm Fishing Cherry Stones.
Sea Fantasia.
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
Hot Pie.
At the Cafe Continental ... Kennedy
My Heart and I ... Robin
Kitten on the Keys ... Confrey
Presented by the makers of
Tintex,
199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4
5.15 p.m. THE BOOK OF THE WEEK
Black Eyes ... Traditional
It's a Sin to Tell a Lie ... Mayhew
Amapola ... Lcallo
Just Like in a Story Book... McCarty
Presented by
Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd.,
London
5.30 p.m. WHAT'S ON IN LONDON
News of the Latest Films, Shows and Other Attractions
5.45 p.m. FINGERING THE FRETS
A Programme for Instrumental Enthusiasts
Kazbeck.
Love Dreams of Lula Lu ... White
Destiny Waltz ... Baynes
Hawaiian Honeymoon ... Stiffler
6.0 p.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH
Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie
12 (midnight) AN HOUR OF DANCE MUSIC
Wah Hoo—Fox trot ... Friend
Selection—The Great Ziegfeld ... Adamson
I'll Stand By—Quick step ... Davis
On the Beach at Bali Bali—Fox trot Sherman
Nagasaki—Fox trot ... Dixon
The Scene Changes—Blues ... Hill
Robins and Roses—Fox trot ... Burke
My First Love Song—Waltz ... Parr-Davies
Slipping Through My Fingers ... Woods
At the Cafe Continental—Fox trot Kennedy
Au Revoir—Fox trot ... Gilbert
I Don't Have to Dream Again ... Dublin
Marianna—Rumba ... Sunshine
We're Tops on Saturday Night ... Carr
Some Day Sweetheart—Fox trot... Spikes
I'll Bet You Tell That To All the Girls ... Slept
1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

EVENING PROGRAMME

# Wednesday, Oct. 7th

# Thursday, Oct. 8th

## RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

### MORNING PROGRAMME

- 8.0 a.m. **VOCAL DUETS**  
 Hold My Hand ... Elwin  
 I'm on a See-Saw ... Carter  
 Every Little Moment ... Fields  
 Where the Arches Used To Be ... Flanagan
- 8.15 a.m. **I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
**HAPPY DAYS**  
 Melody Trumps.  
 Canadian Capers ... Chandler  
 Wine, Women and Song ... Strauss  
 The Swing Song (Veronique) ... Messenger  
 Presented by **Wincarnis**,  
 Wincarnis Works, Norwich
- 8.30 a.m. **LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC**  
 The Gipsy Princess ... Kalman  
 Capricious Intermezzo ... de Micheli  
 Schubert Time ... arr. Rawicz, Landauer  
 Marche Symphonique ... Savino  
 Presented by **Juvigold**,  
 21 Farringdon Avenue, E.C.4
- 8.45 a.m. **SUNNY JIM'S PROGRAMME OF "FORCE" AND MELODY**  
 Glorious Devon ... German  
 Springtime Serenade ... German  
 Devonshire Cream and Cider ... Sanderson  
 Sea Songs Medley ... arr. Somers  
 Presented by **A. C. Fincken & Co.**,  
 195 Great Portland Street, W.1
- 9.0 a.m. **I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
**DANCE MUSIC**  
 Sky High Honeymoon—Quick step ... Meshill  
 Throw Open Wide Your Window ... Strauss  
 Selection—The Great Ziegfeld ... Adamson  
 This'll Make You Whistle ... Sigler  
 Presented by **Sanitas**,  
 51 Clapham Road, S.W.9
- 9.15 a.m. **JACK SAVAGE AND HIS COWBOYS**  
**In the Early Morning Round-up**  
 When the Moon Shines Down on the Mountain.  
 Home, Sweet Home.  
 Mummy of Mine.
- 9.15 a.m. **Jack Savage—Continued**  
 Farmer's Boy.  
 Preacher and the Bear.  
 Going Home.  
 Presented by **Crazy Water Crystals**,  
 Thames House, S.W.1
- 9.30 a.m. **POPULAR CONCERT**  
 The Middy March ... Alford  
 Waltz Romantique ... da Costa  
 The Harvester ... Talbot  
 Memories of Sweden ... Heinicke  
 Presented by **Fynnion, Ltd.**
- 9.45 a.m. **MUSICAL REVERIES**  
 Selection—Music in the Air ... Kern  
 The Enchanted Lake ... Liadow  
 Garden of Happiness ... Haydn Wood  
 Selection—Romance in the Moonlight.  
 Presented by **California Syrup of Figs**,  
 179 Acton Vale, W.3
- 10.0 a.m. **LIGHT FARE**  
 Musical Comedy Gems.  
 Lazy Bones ... Mercer  
 Don't Be Afraid to Tell Your Mother ... Tomlin  
 Dance No. 5. ... Granados  
 Fritz ... Bligh  
 In the Shadows ... Pinch  
 That's the Kind of Baby for Me ... Tobias  
 Keep a Twinkle in Your Eye ... Mercer
- 10.30 a.m. **POPULAR CONCERT**  
 Entry of the Gladiators ... Fucik  
 Billy Mayerl's Own Selection ... Mayerl  
 A Little Bit of Heaven ... Brennan  
 Jolly on the Mountains ... Fetras  
 Presented by **Macleans, Ltd.**,  
 Great West Road, Brentford
- 10.45 a.m. **INTERNATIONAL NOVELTY QUARTET**  
*(Electrical Recordings)*  
 Echo Waltz ... Kennedy  
 In Tulip Time Beside the Water Mill ... Ailboul  
 Lily of Laguna ... Stuart  
 Turkish Patrol ... Michaelis
- 11.0 a.m. **PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH**  
*Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie*

## 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**  
 Mellow Mountain Moon.  
 When You're a Long Way from Home.  
 Old Fiddler Joe.  
 Keep a Light in Your Window To-night.  
 In the Blue Hills of Virginia.  
 Pretty Little Pink.  
 Presented by **Crazy Water Crystals**,  
 Thames House, S.W.1
- 8.15 a.m. **I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
**RAMON**  
**The Romantic Singer of the Air**  
**And His Accordion**  
 Presented by **Stablond Shampoo**,  
 10 Henrietta Street, W.1
- 8.30 a.m. **THE REVELLERS**  
 Counting Crotchets in My Sleep ... Iver  
 Rise and Shine ... Youmans  
 You Started Me Dreaming ... Davis  
 Lost ... Mercer  
 I'm Gonna Clap My Hands ... Reilly  
 Presented by **Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream**,  
 Colgate, Ltd., S.W.1
- 8.45 a.m. **POPULAR MUSIC**  
 A Thousand and One March ... Blankenburg  
 The Hills of Donegal ... Sanderson  
 Her First Dance ... Heykens  
 Glow Worm Idyll ... Lincke  
 Presented by **Fels Naptha Soap**,  
 195 Great Portland Street, W.1
- 9.0 a.m. **I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
**DANCE MUSIC**  
 Havana Heaven—Fox trot ... Johnston  
 Boris on the Bass ... Arden  
 It's a Sin to Tell a Lie ... Mavhew  
 Dream Time—Fox trot ... Davis  
 Presented by **Woodward's Grape Water**,  
 51 Clapham Road, S.W.9
- 9.15 a.m. **THE MELODY LINGERS ON**  
 Musical Hits of Yesteryear  
 Compered by **Martin Henry**  
 Presented by **Vikelp Brand**  
 Health and Body-building Tablets,  
 10 Henrietta Street, W.1
- 9.30 a.m. **MILITARY BAND MUSIC**  
 Washington Grays ... Grafulla  
 The Mill in the Dale ... Cope  
 Humoresque ... Dvorak  
 Twist and Twirl ... Kottaun
- 9.45 a.m. **MELODIANA**  
 Your Heart and Mine ... Mercer  
 I Don't Want to Make History ... Robin  
 Stay Close to Me ... Kreuder  
 Hobo on Park Avenue ... Hudson  
 Presented by **Milk of Magnesia**,  
 179 Acton Vale, W.3
- 10.0 a.m. **LIGHT ORCHESTRAL CONCERT**  
 Invitation to the Waltz ... Weber, arr. Walter  
 Mazurka (Coppelia Ballet) ... Delibes  
 Selection—The White Horse Inn ... Benatsky  
 Song—Just a Vagabond Lover ... Kester  
 Piano Duet—Ace of Spades ... Mayerl  
 The Piccolino ... Berlin  
 Bolero ... Ravel  
 The Dancing Clock ... Ewing
- 10.30 a.m. **POPULAR CONCERT**  
 Lazy Pete ... Werner  
 Sandler Serenade.  
 Ho! (Riding Song of the Riffs) ... Romberg  
 Ay, Ay, Ay ... Gartman  
 Presented by **Macleans, Ltd.**,  
 Great West Road, Brentford
- 10.45 a.m. **REQUEST PROGRAMME**  
 The Glory of Love ... Hill  
 Charlie Kunz Medley. ... Meskill  
 Rhythm of the Rain ... Meskill  
 Whispering ... Schonberger
- 11.0 a.m. **PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH**  
*Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie*

### AFTERNOON PROGRAMME

- 2.0 p.m. **DANCE MUSIC**  
**2.30 p.m. OVERTURE TO MIDAS**  
 The Dollar Princess Waltz ... Fall  
 Nickel in the Slot ... Mannone  
 Brother, Can You Spare a Dime? ... Harburg  
 Jimmy had a Nickel ... Sigler  
 Gold and Silver Waltz ... Lehár  
 If I Had a Million Dollars ... Clare  
 A Penny for Your Thoughts ... Sunshine  
 Fifty Fousand Quid ... Burnaby  
 All for a Shilling a Day ... Gay
- 3.0 p.m. **THE MUSIC OF FRANZ SCHUBERT**  
 Schubert Time.  
 Serenade.  
 Marche Militaire.  
 Ave Maria.  
 Rosamunde—Entr'acte.  
 Cradle Song—Wiegenlied.  
 Song—Thine Is My Heart.  
 Love's Message.  
 The Unfinished Symphony.
- 3.30 p.m. **VARIETY**  
 Boris on the Bass ... Arden  
 Yancy Special ... Lewis  
 You Can't Pull the Wool Over My Eyes ... Ager  
 I'm An Old Cowhand ... Mercer  
 Shout, Sister, Shout ... Williams
- 3.45 p.m. **JACK SAVAGE AND HIS COWBOYS**  
**I'm Sitting on Top of the World.**  
 Little Golden Lock.  
 Play Party Song.  
 Hide Away.  
 Sleep, Baby, Sleep.  
 Go Tell Auntie Ruddy.  
 Presented by **Crazy Water Crystals**,  
 Thames House, S.W.1
- 4.0 p.m. **TEA-TIME HOUR**  
**With Debroy Somers and Other Artists**  
 Love Me Forever ... Schertzing  
 Dancing on the Green.  
 Come and Listen to Our Radio.
- 4.0 p.m. **Tea-Time Hour—contd.**  
 The Donkey Laughs.  
 Jitter Bug.  
 Little Grey Home in the West ... Lohr  
 The Wedding of Jack and Jill ... Coote  
 Sneezles.  
 Shaftesbury Theatre Memories.  
 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.**  
**HEALTH AND HAPPINESS**  
 Marching Along Together ... Steininger  
 When a Soldier's on Parade.  
 Watch the Navy ... Howells  
 When the Band Goes Marching By ... Sarony  
 Sing As We Go ... Parr-Davies  
 Presented by **Carter's Little Liver Pills**,  
 64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1
- 5.15 p.m. **RAINBOW RHYTHM**  
 Rumba Medley.  
 Doin' the New Low Down ... McHugh  
 Rosetta ... Woods  
 Free ... Kennedy  
 Presented by the makers of **Tintex**,  
 199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4
- 5.30 p.m. **WHAT'S ON IN LONDON**  
 News of the Latest Films, Shows and  
 Other Attractions
- 5.45 p.m. **TALKIE TUNES**  
 The King Steps Out—Waltz ... Krissler  
 Medley ... Robin  
 I Lost My Heart (It's a Great Life) ... Gordon  
 Will I Ever Know? (Palm Springs) ... Brown  
 Would You? (San Francisco) ... Brown
- 6.0 p.m. **PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH**  
*Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie*

### AFTERNOON PROGRAMME

- 2.30 p.m. **DANCE MUSIC**  
 Thank You, Mr. Bach ... Phillips  
 Sugar Rose—Fox trot ... Waller  
 Violetta—Tango ... Mohr  
 Miss Anabelle Lee—Fox trot ... Clare  
 Sing, Sing, Sing—Fox trot ... Prima  
 Smoke Rings—Slow Fox trot ... Gifford  
 After You've Gone—Fox trot ... Cremare  
 The Touch of Your Lips ... Noble  
 On the Beach at Bali Bali ... Sherman
- 3.0 p.m. **THE CLASSICS OF JAZZ**  
 Georgia ... Carmichael  
 I Can't Give You Anything but Love ... McHugh  
 Avalon ... Jolson  
 Tiger Rag ... La Rocca  
 Sweet Sue ... Young  
 Dinah ... Akst  
 Star Dust ... Carmichael  
 Chinatown, My Chinatown ... Schwartz  
 Alexander's Ragtime Band ... Berlin
- 3.30 p.m. **S.O.S.**  
 Baby, Won't You Please Come Home? ... Clarence  
 Lost ... Mercer  
 Where Are You? ... Berlin  
 My S.O.S. for You ... Rogers
- 3.45 p.m. **JACK SAVAGE AND HIS COWBOYS**  
**The Old Chisholme Trail.**  
 Drifting and Dreaming.  
 Pop Goes the Weasel.  
 My Little Home in Tennessee.  
 How Beautiful Heaven Must Be.  
 Tuck Me Up in My Old Kentucky Home.  
 Presented by **Crazy Water Crystals**,  
 Thames House, S.W.1
- 4.0 p.m. **TEA-TIME HOUR**  
**With Debroy Somers and Other Artists**  
 Hold Me Tight I'm Falling ... Lisbona  
 Jerome Kern Melodies ... Kern  
 Until To-morrow.
- 4.0 p.m. **Tea-Time Hour—contd.**  
 The Donkey Laughs.  
 Jitter Bug.  
 Little Grey Home in the West ... Lohr  
 The Wedding of Jack and Jill ... Coote  
 Sneezles.  
 Shaftesbury Theatre Memories.  
 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**  
 Maurice Chevalier Medley.  
 It's No Fun ... Ager  
 No Other One ... Lavenhurst  
 The Mouse, the Piano, and the Cat ... Casson  
 Presented by the makers of **Tintex**,  
 199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4
- 5.15 p.m. **BILLY MAYERL**  
*(Electrical Recordings)*  
 Marigold ... Mayerl  
 Selection—The Desert Song ... Romberg  
 Please Handle With Care ... Stride  
 Mignonette ... Mayerl
- 5.30 p.m. **WHAT'S ON IN LONDON**  
 News of the Latest Films, Shows and  
 Other Attractions
- 5.45 p.m. **LIGHT MUSIC**  
 Oh Maiden, My Maiden ... Lehár  
 Harmony Lane ... Foster  
 Just a Vagabond Lover ... Kester  
 Barcarolle (Tales of Hoffman) ... Offenbach
- 6.0 p.m. **PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH**  
*Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie*

### EVENING PROGRAMME

- 12 (midnight) **AN HOUR OF DANCE MUSIC**  
 Havana Heaven—Fox trot ... Johnson  
 Learning—Fox trot ... Symes  
 Hot Pie No. 2 ... Garber  
 My Dear—Waltz ... Kennedy  
 I'll Step Out of the Picture ... Ellington  
 Mood Indigo—Fox trot ... Noble  
 If You Love Me—Fox trot ... Tunbridge  
 Song of the Cello—Fox trot
- 12.30 a.m. **I.B.C. Time Signal.**

### EVENING PROGRAMME

- 12 (midnight) **AN HOUR OF DANCE MUSIC**  
 The Glory of Love—Fox trot ... Hill  
 Wake Up and Sing—Fox trot ... Friend  
 No Greater Love—Fox trot ... Symes  
 Sugar Rose—Fox trot ... Waller  
 Sweet Mary Rose—Waltz ... Schmitz  
 Thank You, Mr. Bach ... Phillips  
 El Relicario—One step ... Padilla  
 Don't Tell a Soul—Fox trot ... Pepper
- 12.30 a.m. **I.B.C. Time Signal.**

Friday, Oct. 9th

Saturday, Oct. 10th

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... 9.15 a.m. Morning Melodies—contd. Vivienne... 9.30 a.m. RADIO FAVOURITES Snowflakes... 9.45 a.m. TUNEFULLY YOURS Popcorn... 10.0 a.m. KITCHEN WISDOM Minuet... 10.15 a.m. THE SUNMAID SONGSTERS In a Non-stop Programme... 11.0 a.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

AFTERNOON PROGRAMME

- 2.0 p.m. DANCE MUSIC YOUR REQUESTS Under the Bridges of Paris... 3.0 p.m. WHO'S WHO Denis the Menace from Venice... 3.30 p.m. MUSIC OF THE BELLS Joy Bells... 3.45 p.m. JACK SAVAGE AND HIS COWBOYS Saddle Your Blues to a Wild Mustang... 4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR With Debroy Somers and Other Artists... 5.0 p.m. I.B.C. Time Signal. RAINBOW RHYTHM Restless—Fox trot... 5.15 p.m. WHAT'S ON IN LONDON News of the Latest Films, Shows and Other Attractions... 5.30 p.m. INSTRUMENTAL NOVELTIES Marimba—Dance of the Octopus... 6.0 p.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

EVENING PROGRAMME

- 12 (midnight) DANCE MUSIC Your Heart and Mine—Fox trot... 12.30 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal. TREKKIN' THE TRAIL Roll Along, Covered Wagon... 1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

MORNING PROGRAMME

- 8.0 a.m. MUSICAL CAVALCADE Czardas (Coppelia Ballet)... 8.15 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal. THE MELODY MAKERS With Sam Browne, The Radio Three and Reginald Forsythe and Jack Penn... 8.30 a.m. PERSONALITY The Way with Every Sailor... 8.45 a.m. Sunny Jim's SPECIAL CHILDREN'S PROGRAMME of "Force" and Melody... 9.0 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal. SOME POPULAR RECORDS I Wanna Woo... 9.15 a.m. THE MELODY LINGERS ON Musical Hits of Yesteryear... 11.0 a.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

AFTERNOON PROGRAMME

- 2.0 p.m. WE'RE ON THE AIR Let Yourself Go—Fox trot... 2.15 p.m. DANCE MUSIC 2.30 p.m. HASHED HISTORY Selection—1066 and All That... 3.0 p.m. ORCHESTRAL CONCERT The Three Bears Fantasy... 3.15 p.m. RAINBOW RHYTHM Harmony Lane... 3.30 p.m. I.B.C. Time Signal. JACK SAVAGE AND HIS COWBOYS Back to Old Smoky Mountain... 4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR With Debroy Somers and Other Artists... 12 (midnight) AN HOUR OF DANCE MUSIC This'll Make You Whistle... 12.30 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.

EVENING PROGRAMME

- 12 (midnight) AN HOUR OF DANCE MUSIC Goombay Rumbah Drums... 1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

# PARIS (Poste Parisien)

321.8 m., 959 Kcs.

## Monday, October 5

10.30 p.m.  
**RAINBOW RHYTHM**  
Supposin'—Fox trot ... Evans  
Sing You Sinners ... Coslow  
Dance of the Octopus ... Norvo  
Lady of Spain—Paso Doble ... Evans  
Presented by the makers of  
Tintex,  
199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

10.45 p.m.  
**RAIE DA COSTA MEMORIES**  
I'll String Along with You ... Dublin  
True ... Samuels  
What are Your Intentions? ... Lehmann  
A Thousand Goodnights ... Donaldson

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

## Tuesday, October 6

10.30—11.0 p.m.  
**DANCE MUSIC AND CABARET**  
Relayed from  
THE SHEHERAZADE NIGHT CLUB  
Commentary in English

## Wednesday, October 7

10.30 p.m.  
**RAINBOW RHYTHM**  
Frankie and Johnny ... Leighton Bros.  
Beneath the Curtain of the Night ... Bryto  
Song of the Islands—Waltz ... King  
Someday Sweetheart—Fox trot ... Spikes  
Presented by the makers of  
Tintex,  
199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

10.45 p.m.  
**RADIO STARS**  
Piano Medley.  
What Makes You So Adorable? ... Tobias  
The Valparaiso ... Carter  
Goody Goody ... Mercer  
Presented by  
"Radio Pictorial"

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

## Thursday, October 8

10.30 p.m.  
**RAINBOW RHYTHM**  
Hide and Seek ... Comer  
Rhythm Lullaby—Fox trot ... Razaf  
Spring Flowers Waltz ... Wormsbacher  
Popcorn—Rumba ... Costella  
Presented by the makers of  
Tintex,  
199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

10.45 p.m.  
**SONGS BY GRETA KELLER**  
Chasing Shadows ... Silver  
Would You? ... Brown  
Let Me Sing You to Sleep with a  
Love Song ... Gordon  
Take My Heart ... Ahlert

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

## Friday, October 9

Evening Programme  
**FRENCH THEATRE RELAY**

## Saturday, October 10

10.30 p.m.  
**RAINBOW RHYTHM**  
Darktown Strutters' Ball ... Brookes  
Fiddlesticks ... Jones  
Shoe Shine Boy ... Chaplin  
Maori Song of Goodbye ... Keuleman  
Presented by the makers of  
Tintex,  
199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

10.45 p.m.  
**ADVANCE FILM NEWS**  
Let's Sing Again ... McHugh  
I'm Pixilated Over You ... Heyman  
It's a Sin to Tell a Lie ... Mayhew  
A Rendezvous with a Dream ... Robin  
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 LUXEMBOURG

1293 m., 232 Kc/s.

## Monday, October 5

9.15—9.30 a.m.  
**GOOD-MORNING PROGRAMME**  
Turkish Patrol ... Michaelis  
Glow Worm ... Lincke  
I Don't Want to Make History ... Robin  
Desert Song ... Romberg  
Presented by  
Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

## Tuesday, October 6

9.15 a.m.  
**GOOD-MORNING PROGRAMME**  
Mosquitoes' Parade ... Ewing  
That Tiny Teashop ... Raymond  
Would You? ... Brown  
Classical Memories.  
Presented by  
Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

9.30—9.45 a.m.  
**MUSICAL MENU**  
with Mrs. Jean Scott  
Got to Dance My Way to Heaven ... Coslow  
Will I Ever Know? ... Gordon  
At the Cafe Continental ... Kennedy  
Rhythm Saved the World ... Chaplin  
Presented by  
Brown & Polson,  
43 Shoe Lane, E.C.4

6.30—6.45 p.m.  
**THE KING'S MEN**  
Boo Boo Boo.  
O Dem Golden Slippers.  
The Owl and the Pussycat.  
The Monotone.  
Red Hot Milkman.  
Presented by  
Rowntrees Gums and Pastilles,  
York

## Wednesday, October 7

9.15—9.30 a.m.  
**GOOD-MORNING PROGRAMME**  
Hungarian Dance No. 6 ... Brahms  
On the Beach at Bali-Bali ... Meskill  
Clockwork Courtship.  
Scotch Broth—Medley.  
Presented by  
Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

## Thursday, October 8

9.15 a.m.  
**GOOD-MORNING PROGRAMME**  
Knave of Diamonds ... Steele  
The Scene Changes ... Hill  
Valse des Fleurs ... Tchaikowsky  
In the Magic Words of Weber.  
Presented by  
Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

## Thursday, Oct. 8 (cont.)

9.30—9.45 a.m.  
**MUSICAL MENU**  
with Mrs. Jean Scott  
Cuban Pete ... Norman  
I Lost My Heart ... Strachey  
We're Tops on Saturday Night ... Kennedy  
Twelfth Street Rag ... Bowman  
Presented by  
Brown & Polson,  
43 Shoe Lane, E.C.4

## Friday, October 9

9.15—9.30 a.m.  
**GOOD-MORNING PROGRAMME**  
Poppies ... Moret  
Under Heaven's Blue ... Payan  
Every time I Look at You ... Mitchell  
Lehar Melodies ... Lehar  
Presented by  
Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

6.30—6.45 p.m.  
**THE KING'S MEN**  
Miranda.  
Chinese Honeymoon.  
Eleanore.  
Goodbye Boys.  
When Your Chinaman Goes to War.  
Presented by  
Rowntrees Gums and Pastilles,  
York

## Saturday, October 10

9.15 a.m.  
**GOOD-MORNING PROGRAMME**  
Through Night to Light ... Laukien  
Fire Dance ... de Falla  
Hearts and Flowers ... Czibulka  
A Fantasy in Blue.  
Presented by  
Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

9.30—9.45 a.m.  
**MUSICAL MENU**  
with Mrs. Jean Scott  
Darktown Strutters Ball ... Brooks  
Swing me a Lullaby ... Raye  
Alone Again ... Woods  
Piano Madness.  
Presented by  
Brown & Polson,  
43 Shoe Lane, E.C.4

# PARIS (Poste Parisien)

312.8 m., 959 Kc/s.

SUNDAY (Continued from page 34)

6.45—7.0 p.m.  
**SONGS BY GRACE MOORE**  
(Electrical Recordings)  
Stars in My Eyes ... Kreisler  
The End Begins ... Kreisler  
Love Me Forever ... Schertzinger  
What Shall Remain? ... Kreisler

10.30 p.m.  
**YOUR RADIO REQUEST RECORDS**  
Save Me, Sister ... Harburg  
Ol' Man River ... Kern  
At Dawning ... Cadman  
Boris on the Bass ... Arden

10.45 p.m.  
**SOME POPULAR RECORDS**  
Okay for Sound ... Kennedy  
You Can Call it Swing ... Chaplin  
I Lost My Heart in Budapest ... Mihaly  
Clogs and Shawl ... Haines  
Presented by  
Bile Beans,  
C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds

11.0 p.m.  
**VARIETY**  
The Great Ziegfeld ... Adamson  
Take My Heart ... Ahlert  
Jazz Justice ... Pola  
Swing Me a Lullaby ... Raye  
Cheer Up ... Mayerl  
Melody Trumps.  
Frankie and Johnny ... Leighton  
I've Got a Pain in My Sawdust ... Wade  
Selection—Colleen ... Dublin

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

# RADIO NORMANDY

STAR FEATURES

**SEA TIME**  
Presented by  
**HORLICKS**  
Sunday, 4.0 p.m.

**MUSIC HALL**  
**ALL STAR VARIETY**  
With the compliments of  
**RINSO**  
Sunday, 6.30 p.m.

**VOICES OF THE STARS**  
Introduced by  
**ROWNTREES CHOCOLATE**  
**CRISP**  
Sunday, 7.15 p.m.

**MORTON DOWNEY**  
**THE GOLDEN VOICE OF**  
**RADIO**  
Presented by  
**DRENE**  
Sunday, 10.15 p.m.

**JACK SAVAGE**  
and  
**HIS COWBOYS**  
Featured by  
**CRAZY WATER CRYSTALS**  
Mon., Tues., Wed. at 9.15 a.m.

**HEALTH MAGIC**  
by  
**THE SOCIETY OF**  
**HERBALISTS**  
Tues., 9 a.m. Sat., 5.15 p.m.

**THE CHILDRENS**  
**CORNER**  
With the good wishes of  
**HORLICKS**  
Every Weekday, 4.45 p.m.

**RAMON**  
in  
**ROMANTIC SONGS**  
Presented by  
**STABLOND SHAMPOO**  
Thursday, 8.15 a.m.

# RADIO LJUBLJANA

569 m., 527 Kc/s.

Time of Transmission.  
Friday: 9.30 p.m.—10.0 p.m.

## Friday, October 9

9.30 p.m.  
**I.B.C. CONCERT**  
**LIGHT MUSIC**  
The Teddy Bears' Picnic ... Bratton  
Reginald Dixon.  
A Little Bit of Heaven ... Brennan  
Denis O'Neil.  
An Old Time Music Hall.  
The Variety Singers.  
Marching Through Georgia ... Miller  
Band of His Majesty's Welsh Guards.  
Oh Maiden, My Maiden (Frederika) ... Lehar  
Leo Kernon.  
Pas de Fleurs (Naila) ... Delibes  
Mantovani and his Tipica Orchestra.  
Seven Little Steps to Heaven ... Mercer  
The Rhythm Kings.  
The Merry Widow Waltz ... Lehar  
Marek Weber and his Orchestra.



*Myrna Loy*  
M.G.M. STAR  
in "THE GREAT ZIEGFELD"  
USING MAX FACTOR'S FACE POWDER

25P  
*Charming*  
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Notice Myrna Loy's make-up—isn't it lovely? Note how satin smooth her skin appears, how charming her lips look! The secret of her beauty is colour harmony, Powder, Rouge and Lipstick, created by Max Factor—the Hollywood Genius—a new kind of make-up that holds the secret of loveliness for YOU! Proved perfect before the camera which magnifies even the tiniest flaw in texture, this make-up will give you more loveliness than ever before.

Powder created by Max Factor in your colour harmony shade will enliven your skin with youthful radiance, give you a velvety finish that remains perfect for hours. The Rouge will add an exquisite life-like colour to your cheeks, and the lipstick will accent your lips with an appealing, lovely colour.

POST THE COUPON NOW and you will receive a correct complexion analysis and Colour Harmony Chart, together with samples of Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in your Colour Harmony.



*Virginia Bruce*  
M.G.M. STAR  
in  
"THE GREAT ZIEGFELD"  
USING MAX FACTOR'S ROUGE AND SUPER INDELIBLE LIP STICK



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Max Factor's "Cosmetics of the Stars" are obtainable at all leading Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers throughout the country.

**POST FOR POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOUR HARMONY**

Complexion	Eyes	Hair
Very Light..... <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue..... <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Fair..... <input type="checkbox"/>	Grey..... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light..... <input type="checkbox"/> Dark..... <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy..... <input type="checkbox"/>	Green..... <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium..... <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel..... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light..... <input type="checkbox"/> Dark..... <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy..... <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown..... <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow..... <input type="checkbox"/>	Black..... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light..... <input type="checkbox"/> Dark..... <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled..... <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES	REDHEAD
Olive..... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light..... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light..... <input type="checkbox"/> Dark..... <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN	Dark..... <input type="checkbox"/>	If hair is Grey, check type
Dry..... <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	above and here..... <input type="checkbox"/>
Oily... <input type="checkbox"/> Normal... <input type="checkbox"/>	Over 35..... <input type="checkbox"/>	
	Under 35..... <input type="checkbox"/>	

Max Factor's Make-Up Studios (Dept. A.),  
49, Old Bond Street, London, W.1.

Send this together with 6d. in stamps or P.O., to Max Factor (Dept. A.), 49, Old Bond Street, London, W.1, for your personal complexion analysis, make-up colour harmony chart, samples of powder, rouge and lipstick in your correct colour harmony and 48-page booklet on the *New Art of Society Make-up*, by Max Factor. R.P.5

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....