

“MY LOVE STORY” by Mrs. Charlie Kunz
MORE CONFESSIONS BY EX-B.B.C. ANNOUNCER

RADIO PICTORIAL

THE FAMILY MAGAZINE

3^D
EVERY
FRIDAY



*June
Clyde*

IN THE RINSO MUSIC HALL

THIS SUNDAY AT 6-30

LUXEMBOURG-NORMANDY [TRANSMISSION FOR NORMANDY ARRANGED THROUGH THE INTERNATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY LTD]

Ella Shields



ROBB WILTON

BERYL ORDE

George Beatty

JENI LE CON

Gypsy Nina

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SUNDAY, OCT. 18TH AT 6-30

MABEL CONSTANDUROS



IVY ST. HELIER

JOCK Mc KAY

SHAUN GLENVILLE

Max & Harry Nesbitt

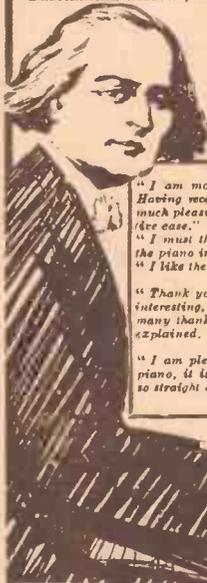
Walter Williams & Marjorie Lotinga

RINSO MUSIC HALL

**"They Laughed at First—
but when I began to play—**

a hush fell upon the room. I played the first few bars of Beethoven's immortal Moonlight Sonata. I heard gasps of amazement. My friends sat spellbound. I played on as I thought you would like me to play, and when the last notes died away you should have seen the excitement on my friends' faces! 'Where did you learn?' 'Who was your teacher?' 'How do you get that lovely singing tone?' 'I receive similar letters daily from students of MY POSTAL LESSONS for the Piano who started without knowing a note. There is positively no obstacle to the same delightful experience being yours. Even if you are already of middle age and do not know a note, I can teach you to play so beautifully that you will be welcome wherever you go: Or, if already a player, I CAN TEACH YOU TO PLAY BETTER beyond your dreams. I am enrolling 50-100 adult pupils each week, have taught more than 2600 these last 12 months, over 46,000 during 32 years—and I CAN TEACH YOU!

I will send you, BY POST, using Ordinary Musical Notation (no freakish methods) enabling you to read and play at sight any standard musical composition, such Original, Sun-clear Fascinating Lessons, each arranged for your personal needs, that your difficulties of Tone, Time, Fingering and Reading shall simply disappear.



I would emphasise that during tuition you are personally in touch with me, and questions arising out of your studies are encouraged. In many cases I write my answer upon the same sheet of paper as the question is asked. I grade my lessons to suit your individual needs, adding special supplementary lessons as requirement arises.

PROOF

"I am more than pleased with the progress I have made. Having received the book of pieces last week, it has given me much pleasure to be able to play one of the pieces with comparative ease."
G. A. D. 12/9/36. Z 46746. Age 35.
"I must thank you for putting this opportunity of learning the piano in my grasp."
A. E. C. 22/9/36. Z 46232. Age 28.
"I like the thoroughness of your lessons."
E. O. 14/9/36. Z 46523. Age 30.
"Thank you so much for my first lesson. It has been most interesting, and I really feel quite pleased with myself and many thanks are due to you for the simple way everything is explained. I am much looking forward to my next lesson."
H. M. J. R. 18/9/36. Z 46413. Age 35.
"I am pleased to tell you how I enjoy learning to play the piano, it is so easy to learn from your lessons and it is all so straight and easy to follow."
W. J. 21/9/36. Z 46132. Age 16.

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SEND THE COUPON with your name and address for a free copy of my book, "Mind, Muscle and Keyboard," my special pamphlet, "Truth in Advertising," and form for free advice. Say if Beginner, Elementary, Moderate or Advanced player.

Mr. H. BECKER (Dept. 122),
69 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

NEW HEALTH

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

Buy a copy to-day of the splendid
OCTOBER ISSUE

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

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN SUNLIGHT TREATMENT

THE TREATMENT OF SEBORRHOEA

DRESSING FOR EFFICIENT HEALTH

DO YOU BELIEVE IN DREAMS?

WHAT IS MALNUTRITION?

On Sale at all Bookstalls and Newsagents - - - **6D.**



Gordon LITTLE

ONE of the most talented and popular of the newer radio stars is baritone Gordon Little. Originally trained for the Army, he gave it up and spent some time in a business office before rebelling and turning to the stage and radio for a livelihood. His rise in little more than two years has been remarkable. His appearance in the stage show "Stop Press" put him on the map theatrically; in radio he has made many appearances in musical comedy, revue and variety, and is also a prominent compère and vocalist in sponsored radio.

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(Please write in block letters)

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SUNSHINE VITAMINS

Radio Pictorial—No. 143
The FAMILY MAGAZINE
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 ASST. EDITORS.....{HORACE RICHARDS
 MARGOT JONES

Presenting
 The
RADIO PARADE

PUBLIC FAVOURITE No. 1?

A Gardener Heads The Fan Mail List :: No Vacancies at B.B.C. College :: Stanford Robinson Off On His Travels Again

A FEW weeks ago I mentioned that fan mail figures at Broadcasting House would cause surprise if they were published. The cat's out of the bag, and C. H. Middleton is revealed as the champ. Sunday is the only day I am free to fork my garden and think it is the right time for his "earthy" talks. So do other listeners and I am told at Broadcasting House that this expert gardener's broadcasts "meet with the greatest and most sustained response of all." What have the crooners got to say to this?

Young Hopefuls

IT is just bad luck that one of the three women students joining the B.B.C. college for its first term should bear a name that is famous in musical comedy. She was bound to be known as "Our Miss Gibbs." Mr. Beadle, the young and handsome "head," tells me that he has had an enormous post from mothers with lads leaving school. Thinking of broadcasting as a career for their hopefuls they ask for a prospectus, full details and fees. The first letters seemed a good joke, but so many followed that it became embarrassing.

Fun and Games

THE fact is that the Training department is only open to the lucky few who are chosen by selection boards after applying for jobs at the B.B.C. In the big house in Duchess Street they will be able to play at producing programmes with real microphones in dummy studios—and it should be the greatest fun. They will have news bulletins, plays, music, variety—the whole bag of tricks—but with no one listening except the instructors and other pupils with a loudspeaker in the room next door.



They call Marjorie Holmes Radio's Sunshine Girl. To which we reply "Hear, hear." This beautiful little lady can be heard on National on October 14 (10.5—10.30 p.m.) in "Stepping Out." We'll be stepping in to listen



Clarkson Rose seems booked for a fall—but it's worth it at the hands of such charming kidnappers as the Four Rosebuds. Clark's "Twinkle" concert party is on the air on Tuesday, October 13 (9.15 p.m.) from the Pump Room, Bath. Don't miss the show!

Domesticated Starlet

LOVELY Anne Twigg, who is on the air once again in "Cavalcade" on October 8 and 9, plays the small, but important part of the kitchenmaid and, unlike most real-life kitchenmaids whose capabilities are confined to cleaning the stove and washing up, she really can cook!

Anne's mother, whose pen-name is Moira Melghn, is an expert on cookery, both ancient and modern; her book "The Magic Ring" which deals with the culinary arts from every angle, has just been published, and most of her skill in the kitchen has been passed on to her daughter.

Dark, slender and ethereal, you would never suspect Anne of being domesticated, yet she can claim to make ten different egg dishes, or serve up a perfect four-course dinner.

Chance Meeting

MET Stanford Robinson home on a fleeting visit and he talked of his travels—Salzburg—Zurich—Vienna and other romantic places. Hours spent in opera houses, back-stage at rehearsals, in front on gala nights, café life in the intervals. At one point found himself "digging" next door to Julius Burger, now over here for another "pot-pourri," so he was able to help with translations of lyrics and dialogue. Another chance meeting was more remarkable. Dashing out for a coffee in an interval of "The Mastersingers" he found in the café Eric Maschwitz, Variety Director, Robert Speight, the actor, and Wilfrid Rooke-Ley. "Robbie" rubbed his eyes. It might have been the café across the way from Broadcasting House but for the Tyrolean hat and the sun-tan which made Eric look like a schoolboy.

Going Places Some More

PUT all the artistes Stanford Robinson met on his travels in a list and it would read like a musical Who's Who. Toscanini, Bruno Walter and Weingartner were all conducting and he studied their methods in turn. Now he is off again to see and hear some more. Maybe to Italy, maybe to Germany. 1936 is a year this young man is sure to remember.

Late Music Hall

TO-MORROW we hear the first of the late Music Halls—to be broadcast at nine-thirty so that late Saturday shoppers, shop assistants and other workers shall have their turn. It is an experiment, so please let John Sharman know if it suits you. For artistes it is an awkward time because the second house at the halls is well under



Here is Anne Twigg, at present playing in "Spring Tide" at the Duchess Theatre. She'll be in the radio revival of "Cavalcade" to-night.

Record?

PUTTING new artistes before the mike is not always a profitable pastime. It is like backing outsiders without getting long odds. That is why so many producers stick to old favourites. With names that are known they cannot go wrong. If any man deserves a medal for experimenting in talent he is Ernest Longstaffe, who has presented no less than fifty-eight new artistes in his shows this year, which has still three months to run. By Christmas he should hold the record. You can read about Ernest in an excellent article next week.

Globe Trotting

SIR JOHN REITH is going to miss his secretary who leaves the B.B.C. to travel after twelve years faithful service. Miss Nash—that is her name—took grace leave this summer and, finding herself in a position to see the world, decided to do so. No one could blame her, least of all Miss Stanley, Sir John's assistant secretary for eight years, who now takes over.

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



Captain T. O. Corrin, an Irish favourite, at the mike.

way. Still John has a good bill with Mrs. Waters' Daughters, Bennett & McNaughton, and Pop-Eye the Sailor man. Surprising how important time can be in the entertainment business. Radio music-hall at 8.30 made life a whole lot easier for artistes engaged in town. They could dash to Broadcasting House after their first act and be back at the theatre in time for the second house.

Uncle Tom Back

THERE are no uncles or aunts at the B.B.C. now. But in the days when the Children's Hour was a nice friendly kind of family affair, "Uncle Tom" was remarkably popular in Northern Ireland. And a very fine uncle he was. After spending ten years more or less as a globe-trotter, he could spin fine yarns about central Europe and the East, and could make a story about how a Beethoven or Mozart symphony came to be written as interesting as a fairy tale. In fact, the greatest gift of Captain T. O. Corrin, the "Uncle Tom" that was, is his flair for explaining rather difficult music in simple terms.

On Friday night next (October 16) he is returning to the mike to give an introductory talk about the first important Irish musical event of the season, the Belfast Philharmonic Society's Orchestral Concert, at which the soloists will be Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson, the famous pianists.

New Starlet

PEGGY MOORE, 15-year-old Streatham schoolgirl, has risen to fame overnight. She is one of Carroll Levis' discoveries.

Scat-singing over the air for the first time in "Amateur Hour" the other night, her personality gripped the many thousands of listeners-in and resulted in the hundreds of telegrams and letters which came pouring in soon afterwards. Hitherto unknown, she secured her lucky break at an audition at the Gaumont Palais, Hammersmith, where she took the audience by storm with her hot, catchy numbers.

Your Chance

CARROLL LEVIS is still busy combing the country for acts to take part in his "Amateur Hour," and has arranged with Gaumont-British to organise competitions at three of their London halls, during the next few weeks.

He will be staging these shows in Stamford Hill, Whitechapel and Edgware Road, so that the North, East and West London aspirants to radio fame can compete, although anybody from the South will be welcome!

In addition to the winner going "on the air" with Carroll, the contests will carry cash prizes for the first, second and third finalists at each cinema. One of the shows was staged last week at the Regent, Stamford Hill, the others will be at the Rivoli, Whitechapel, October 12th week; Grand, Edgware Road, October 19th week.

Intending competitors! Please write to the manager of any of the above-named cinemas—not to RADIO PICTORIAL!

Irish Interlude

IF you had entered an office on the top storey of the Belfast studios almost any night last week, you'd have found Edward Wilkinson of the Variety department, looking rather puzzled and surrounded by an enormous pile of gramophone records and two very charming middle-aged gentlemen—Bob McCandless and Jimmy Hodgen.

To the majority of listeners they are better

known as Rabbie and Jamie. Both are veteran actors who have seen many a curtain rise and fall from the business end of a stage.

On Saturday night next, they are going over to the other side of the footlights for a change. They are waiting themselves in memory back to the pit of a Belfast theatre in the 'nineties for a kind of running commentary on the famous stars of those days. The trouble is that they have personal reminiscences of so many old-timers, from Vesta Tilley and Mark Sheridan to George Lashwood and Marie Kendal. If they had their way, the programme would last till midnight. Hence the puzzled look on Edward Wilkinson's face and the pile of records.

Radio Roadsters

ONCE again London streets are being combed for talent and a scout has his eye on the "buskers" who live by amusing theatre queues. A few new ones will be found and brought to the studio, but I shall be surprised if most of the ten acts for "Street Symphony" are not already on the books at Broadcasting House. "Busking" must be a healthier and happier life than you'd think because, once started, families will work their pitches for years and most are known by name and reputation at the B.B.C. After the last show S. E. Reynolds and Pascoe Thornton were deluged with applications for auditions and all the artistes who wrote are tabulated. These producers are such keen students of the art of street entertainment that you have only got to name a "beat" and they will tell you the names of the artistes who work it.

Sign, Please

WHEN using Broadcasting House Henry Hall often leaves by one of the "secret" exits up Portland Place. So there is not much point in waiting at the door. It is not that the dance band director is heartless or cares to disappoint the little crowd of autograph hunters which always assembles at the entrance when he is around—the plain fact is that his engagements with the mike and others throughout the day won't allow him to pause to sign albums on every public appearance. So Henry avoids the hunters when he can though he stops and obliges whenever he is caught. The really big job of signing is done in his office at Maida Vale, for Henry makes a rule of giving his autograph to every listener who writes for it, and, believe me, hundreds do every week. I've seen the pile of albums stacked beside his desk.

WANDERING MIKE.

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 Major W. E. Gladstone Murray, Assistant Programme Controller, Broadcasting House, London.

Dear "Bill,"

I was particularly pleased to read in the newspapers that you have been appointed to the post of General Manager of the newly constituted Canadian Radio Corporation.

As Sir John Reith's "right-hand man," you have faithfully served Britain's listeners for the past 12 years—mostly behind the scenes—and your promotion is a fitting reward for your tireless service.

Congratulations—you deserve them, and the very best of luck in your new work!

JOHN LISTENER.

To Lloyd Shakespeare, Dance Band Leader, London.

Dear Lloyd,

Began listening to your broadcast the other night but was rather put off at the outset by the preliminary entreaty to listeners: "We do hope you will enjoy our programme." As a matter of fact, we decided after about ten minutes to switch you off and play a game of rummy instead.

A little problem in psychology for you.

JOHN LISTENER.

To "The Three Sisters," Vocalists with Henry Hall and the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra.

Dear Sisters,

I think you can claim to being a great success

with the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra.

Your singing is beautifully sweet and rhythmic, and every one of your words can be clearly understood.

JOHN LISTENER.

To Al Collins, Dance Band Leader, London.

Dear Al,

Let me give you a play-back of your own broadcast the other night:—

"Who's there?" said Mary.

"Ira," came the reply.

"Ira who?"

"Ira Member."

And that served as an introduction to your next song, "I Remember."

"Mary, Queen of Scots, said to the executioner: 'Hey, Buddy, wait until I have put on my dancing shoes, I gotta dance my way to heaven.'"

That was the prelude to another song, and so on..

Do you—a talented musician with a popular band—really need this sort of wise-cracking to put over your dance tunes? All that Elizabethan back-chat grafted on to modern jazz struck me as painfully incongruous—especially as your commentator had such a pronounced Amurrican accent!

JOHN LISTENER.



Arthur Brown "making a great mistake, if..."

To Arthur Brown, Booking Agent, B. B. C., Broadcasting House, London.

Dear Sir,

It has been reported that some friction over the matter of fee has occurred recently between the B.B.C. and those famous broadcasters, "Flotsam and Jetsam."

As matters stand, it is said to be doubtful whether these popular performers will again be heard over the wireless.

I suggest you are making a serious mistake if, for the sake of effecting a small economy in the fee paid to Flotsam and Jetsam, listeners will be denied hearing them. Are first-class acts in B.B.C. Variety programmes so plentiful as all that?

JOHN LISTENER.

For a few of our readers' candid comments on John Listener's Unposted Letters see page 12. Let us know what you think—whether or not you agree with John Listener your views will interest us.

MY LOVE STORY

A Romance of Music—that is the story of the happy marriage of CHARLIE KUNZ and his charming wife Eva. She was intrigued by his playing and love blossomed

I CAN sympathise with girls who fall in love with a radio star. I did so myself. That started a romance which even fourteen years and all the struggles, worries and ambitions of married life have failed to destroy.

Fourteen years. Cynical folk who say that every marriage goes on the rocks after the first three years may smile. They may disbelieve my story. People willing to sneer at a girl who falls in love with a band leader will try to pretend that my romance is not real. There are always people who will sneer at love.

Let me tell you my love story, and then judge for yourself. See how our romance began. Then see our happy home in London, our two growing lads and Charlie's happy, contented home life. Then you will see that no marriage need go on the rocks. That if two sensibly-minded people want to make a go of it they can do so, and triumph over any difficulties.

Oh yes, we have had our troubles. But if life were always a bed of roses it would just be so monotonous that we should yearn for a good "row" to break the boredom. Happy harmony and good comradeship are what make a successful marriage.

Now let me turn back the clock to 1922. Adventurous years, with the war safely behind, and everybody optimistically hoping for peace and a trade boom.

England was once again a land of opportunities, and Charlie (having made a success of dance music after playing the organ in church and working in a steel factory!) decided to throw up a successful band engagement at an American summer resort and come to England.

Paul Specht got him a London engagement, and he came over to open at the Trocadero.

That's where I come into the story.

I used to go to Sunday afternoon teas at the Troc., mostly going with a boy who was a friend of the family.

For about a couple of weeks I didn't go, and then this boy said "Eva, you must come to the Troc. this week. There's a wonderful pianist there. Everybody's raving about him."

Well, I didn't believe all that, but I went. My mother and sister Marie went, too, as we often did on a Sunday.

There was a little band of about seven—a nice quiet band. But the pianist was the sensation. As I learned afterwards, the band was Charlie's; but nobody there cared much whether it was good or bad. They just wanted to hear the pianist.

So did I.

His playing intrigued me. It was so different from any of the "hot" playing I had heard before.

Secretly I longed to meet that sleek, dark youngster who put so much skill into his playing.

Then one Sunday our mutual friend—this boy who was a friend of my family—introduced us.

A friendship soon sprang up, and before long we were talking about domestic matters, and Charlie was explaining to me over coffee (his staple diet!) how he liked England but was feeling lonely and perhaps just a bit homesick as it was so long since he had seen his own home town, Allentown, Pennsylvania.

His loneliness was soon to be cured by the fact that he and the band were free on Sunday

By
"NINETTE"
(MRS. CHARLIE KUNZ)

evenings (they were playing only for the afternoons at the Troc.), and so Charlie came home to spend evenings with us at Wimbledon.

I can only tell you that he had a most charming manner, and that he very quickly became a great friend of the family in general, and of little me in particular!

To cut a short story still shorter, we met in the September and were so much in love that we planned to get married by Christmas. Unfortunately, as I will explain, our plans didn't come out like that.



They met at the London Troc.—the result was Love!

Charlie's proposal was the strangest thing. He is rather shy and said "'Ninette' (his nickname for me), the one thing I can't do is to ask your parents' permission."

So instead we hit on a novel plan.

Most of the band had been getting home-sick and had all their arrangements made to go back to America.

Instead, Charlie wrote to Paul Specht and said that he didn't want to go back; in fact he was thinking of marrying and settling down.

Paul's reply, full of good wishes for the marriage, was then tactfully shown to mother and father—who then gathered for the first time that the girl Charlie was thinking of marrying and settling down in England with was—me!

Our plans were upset by the sad fact that my mother died just at Christmas, and so it was

June before we were married.

Paul came over from America to open at the Coventry Street Corner House just then, and so he was in time to be best man at our wedding.

We were married at the Paddington Registry office, and in the very height of Charlie's rush work any question of a honeymoon was impossible. It was glorious weather that June, and we spent a romantic week-end at the coast. Then back on Monday for work as usual. We were not rolling in money, and in any case a long holiday would have upset Charlie's engagement at the "Pop."

Luck followed him. He secured an engagement at the Grafton galleries and then left to play for Bertram Mills in the sawdust ring at Olympia.

We set up home in a little flat at Maida Vale. Very central, not too expensive, and on our favourite side of London.

I shall never forget when Charlie came back to the flat one night and told me he had got a long engagement at Chez Henri. It seemed as though our luck had turned definitely for the best.

In the throes of our young married life we wanted all the luck we could command!

One night Charlie told me how he had nearly been in disgrace for insulting—quite unknowingly—the Duke of Kent, then Prince George!

A man at Chez Henri had asked for a certain tune to be played, and was persistent about it. As it was a new American tune for which permission had not then been granted, it couldn't be played at that time, and as the man had been so persistent, Charlie had perhaps irritably refused.

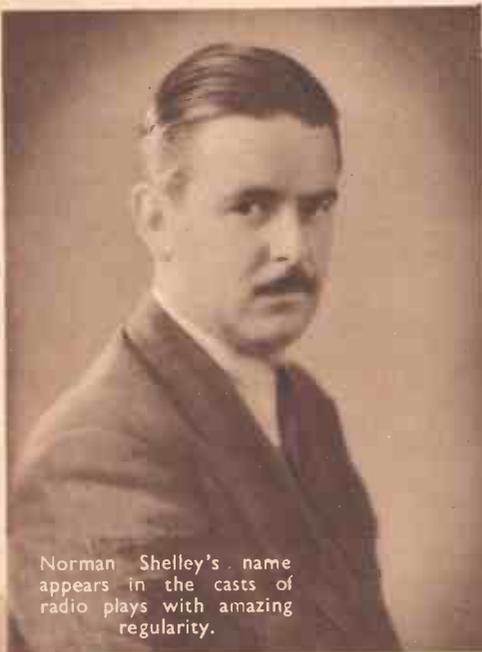
After a hush—an awed hush of people sitting nearby—Charlie was told that the persistent inquirer was none other than Prince George!

Please turn to page 29



The latest studio portrait of Mrs. Charlie Kunz. She has been his inspiration for years.

WILL BRIAN MARRY MARJORIE?



Norman Shelley's name appears in the casts of radio plays with amazing regularity.

screen and privately thinks he looks more like a villain than a hero. Which worries him. Because in "Calling All Stars" he plays hero.

Brian is twenty-seven. I always think of him as twenty-two or twenty-three. According to Marjorie he needs looking after, and behaves exactly like a little boy, and his mother spoils him because she adores him. All of which is hotly denied by Brian.

"He never gets any sleep," says Marjorie. "Do you know what he does? He comes home at 2 in the morning, tired out, and instead of going to bed he turns on the wireless and listens to America. And that goes on till 5 or 6 a.m. What do you think of that?"

According to Brian he is very much bullied by Marjorie. Henpecked. Treated like he doesn't know what. "An awful time," she gives him.

Anyway, these two children are very happy together. And I like them a lot. And I thoroughly enjoyed my cup of coffee with them. And afterwards Jack Hylton came over to our table and joined us. A violent argument on politics.

Here is a story for you.

Last week I met an actor who earned £90 for exactly ten seconds work on the screen.

The man was Norman Shelley.

The film in which he appeared for ten seconds was *Things to Come*, by H. G. Wells.

Clever Norman Shelley (very much the cheerful hearty-looking, bluff Englishman with tailored moustache) has what they call "the perfect B.B.C. voice."

Every time I turn on the wireless I hear Norman Shelley... that rich, fruity voice... squashy like a melon... no one else has that voice.

He played the part of Alfie-Palfie in *The Bread-Winner*, by Somerset Maugham. In the Children's Hour programme, working in the excellent *Treasure Island* production, he played the part of Silver.

Here is Norman Shelley's record.

- 1933-67 broadcasts.
- 1934-90 broadcasts.
- 1935-97 broadcasts.
- 1936-65 broadcasts up till last June.

But Norman Shelley, who looks like the Englishman who hunts and shoots and changes for dinner on a desert island, is actually a highbrow and even an intellectual.

For fifteen years he worked for the Gate

Theatre and the Children's Theatre—which means ART with no MONEY.

In spare time he paints pictures of oak trees.

He said to me last week: "I want to be a film star now. Tired of artistic success on the stage. Want to make a lot of money and buy an aeroplane."

Jan Van der Gucht is another highbrow—the kind of highbrow who scorns the idea of making money.

I said to him: "You ought to have more publicity."

Said Van der Gucht: "I don't really believe in publicity. Besides I am very uninteresting. I don't even know that I much want to make money. All I want to do is to sing—serious music."

According to Mark Lubbock Jan's voice is one of the finest you can hear.

His next important broadcast is *The Three Cornered Hat* (with Marie Burke) at the end of October.

And Jan Van der Gucht, tiny little man with a rough head of hair and the personality of a charming schoolboy, is so nice—and so wrong about certain things.

Terrribly sensitive because he is small.

"But don't you realise," I said, "that being so small is your charm? You're different from other people. You're attractive because you're different. If I were your manager I should commercialise the very thing you seem to be so sensitive about!"

Jan Van der Gucht thought I was crazy.

He is a true artist, and not caring a hang about publicity or money, or anything commercial, and is terrified of all journalists.

In his spare time he plays cricket and drinks beer in a pub with other highbrows—nice sensible highbrows with short hair.

But one of these days, if only he will get himself a clever manager, Jan Van der Gucht may be as famous as Tauber.



Photo: Norman Parkinson.

Marjorie Stedeford and Brian Lawrance are at the "looking in each other's eyes stage!"

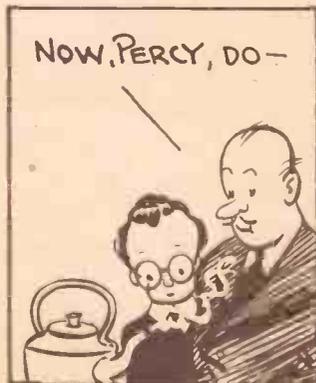
So Diana Wynyard is to broadcast (for the second time) in *The Lady Of the Lamp*.

Date settled is October 19. Personally, I wish she would choose a less earnest sort of part. With more charm and less nobility... which reminds me about the brighter Sunday programmes. In the middle of November (on a Sunday) Val Gielgud will produce Ronald Squire in *The Importance Of Being Earnest*, by Oscar Wilde. Grand Idea.

Next Week

NERINA SHUTE will again present her weekly gossip—the intimate "inside" stories that you all like to know about your favourite radio stars

PERCY ...



YOU KNOW WHY THE STEAM COMES OUT OF THE SPOUT ?



RATHER, DAD, SO —



THAT MOTHER CAN —



OPEN YOUR LETTERS !



AS THEY ARE No. 13

"PRINCE CHARMING"

PATRICK WADDINGTON

will be seen on the West End stage as "Prince Charming" in a pantomime this Christmas. That is his real-life rôle, too, as you will see from this illuminating article about this popular young radio star.

HE has the cultured accent, the debonaire, "hail-fellow-well-met" friendliness, the perfect grooming of the complete Young Man About Town.

Indeed, those who only know him casually are misled by these outward signs, and refer to him affectionately, albeit a trifle condescendingly, as "The Playboy of Radio."

That makes Patrick Waddington laugh.

Because he is frequently to be seen at first nights and film premières, because he strolls casually into the Bolivar and into cocktail parties and is immediately the centre of a gay little gang of friends, because he wisecracks his way through the day, apparently without a care in the world . . . because of all these things the unthinking see him as a hedonist.

No wonder Patrick laughs.

How can a man who is one of our most constant broadcasters (he was on every night of the week recently), taking music-hall, musical comedy, revue, straight plays, Children's Hour programmes, and poetry readings in his stride, be a playboy?

Especially if you realise that when not broadcasting he may be found starring in films, West End shows, on sponsored radio records and at cabarets. This young man's a worker not a dilettante . . .

He smiles his way through life because he likes to live that way and because he has found that wearing one's troubles on one's sleeve has never yet solved a problem. But beneath his exuberant exterior Patrick is a serious young man who has known poverty, gnawing anxiety, and much disillusionment. More of that anon. . . .

Tall—over six feet—with the slim, easy carriage of an athlete; brown hair, worn quite thick and with a sweeping curl; warm, alert eyes; a wide mouth with a smile that is a challenge to gloom and which splits his face asunder into a thousand tiny, quizzical creases; a cultured, expressive voice which helps him to be one of the most fluent, indefatigable conversationalists I know; and the possessor of a disarming charm which is quite irresistible, both to men and women.

The Waddington charm is not specious. It has a profound effect on women, making elderly women feel young and young women feel old enough. He spoke for three minutes on the 'phone to my mother and she—not an impressionable woman—is now his devoted admirer, though she has never met him!

His charm is easy to analyse. It owes its being to an innate courtesy which is rare in this hurried age. I have counted Patrick as friend for some years and I have never known him consciously to be rude to anybody . . . least of all to women. With amazing facility he puts people at their ease and, somehow, compels shy people to blossom forth as wits.

When I think of Patrick, the accent's on poise.

His chief extravagance is clothes. About them he has a strange whim. He likes either to be dressed in the acme of correctness or so wildly unconventionally as to be breath-taking. Dressing in the morning must be a gay adventure for Patrick. You go to meet him without knowing whether he will be dressed in black jacket, striped trousers and black Homburg (perhaps a gesture to his escape from the Diplomatic Service to which he was originally destined?) or in a grey jacket, brown trousers, suede shoes, and a green soft hat! He buys lots of clothes, they're all good, and he mixes his colours amazingly, yet effectively. And, smashing at The Young-Man-About-Town legend, he feels at his best in country clothes.

In fact, he prefers country to town—and very

quiet spots at that—which is why, whenever he is free, he escapes from Town at week-ends.

He eats nothing but fruit for breakfast and, as a loyal Yorkshire "tyke," his favourite dish is cold York ham and eggs. Salads are also liked a lot by Patrick. He smokes and drinks reasonably.

Sailing is Patrick's favourite sport—he is good at it as well as liking it, a distinction with a difference. He is also a keen swimmer, tennis player and horse-rider. In fact, he likes riding so much that, with the thoroughness that is characteristic of him, he proposes taking a week off at the earliest opportunity entirely to have riding lessons. He wants to increase his efficiency at this sport.

He drives a car well, but is happier on the bicycle which (no legend this) he actually does ride constantly in London. It started as a "gag" but Patrick found it such a convenient form of transit that he braved the jeers of his friends and the derision of errand-boys by continuing to ride it.

On one occasion, for a wager, Patrick, clad in immaculate "tails," even to top-hat, cloak and gardenia, steered "Eliza" (the bike) to a very swagger dinner-party. The ranks of Mayfair's butlerdom have never yet fully recovered from what they regarded as a deliberate insult . . . and nothing could appease the ire of the particular "Jeeves" to whom fell the task of directing "Mr. Waddington's conveyance to the tradesmen's hentrance . . ."

In his leisure moments "Wadd-Wadd," as he is familiarly known, is a keen reader. "I'm not very good at novels," he confesses, "but like reading about real things and real people." Thus biography, autobiography, history and philosophical works appeal to him.

To look at his nonchalant, irresponsible exterior one would not suspect that Patrick is an avid student of politics. Coupled with his ambition to have a theatre of his own in the course of years is a desire to go in for politics. He is an ardent Socialist and believes that wealth should be worked for. "I would not allow people to inherit money," he says. "Everyone should earn what they possess."

Patrick believes that no one has really lived unless he has known want. Take his own case. But for a twist of fate he might have spent all his life as one of the gilded minority, financially independent. "It wasn't till my prospects vanished that I realised who were my real friends amid a huge number of acquaintances. I think when my family lost its money it was, indirectly, the finest thing that could have happened for me."

Now that Patrick is the breadwinner of his immediate circle he has had to sacrifice a lot of his ambitions on the altar of £ s. d. But his responsibilities have helped him to find himself. I don't want to turn this article into a political treatise, but it is obvious to me that Patrick has thought very deeply about many political matters. He believes that all children should be State-educated at the beginning, and that only those who prove themselves sufficiently clever should have the advantage of a public school or university training. "And I think it is a crime that some children should be allowed to grow up under-



Serious Interlude for Patrick Waddington

nourished, under-educated, under-exercised. Any children who cannot be sufficiently exercised, educated and nourished should be taken over by the State," says Patrick . . .

But to talk to Patrick about politics is asking for a long session . . .

He is not a religious man, though he admits that he passed through the idealistic stage when he thought he was religious. Now, the philosophy that he has carved for himself does not admit of him consciously hurting any other person. But that is as far as Patrick will commit himself.

In his early thirties, Patrick is still a bachelor and a very eligible one at that. I think he will marry . . . but not for some little time. Two years ago he was in love, but circumstances prevented marriage, and now, well, he is too busy earning his living.

"I'd never marry anyone in show business," he declares. "The life is so crazy and insecure. What sort of girl would I marry? Well, I'm not sure. I only know that one would marry for either or both of two reasons (a) for companionship, (b) to have children, and the person with whom as a bachelor one can be crazily infatuated is not necessarily the person whose companionship one would seek for the rest of one's life or whom one would necessarily choose as the mother of one's children.

"It's very bewildering, but I suppose it will work out in time. Meanwhile, well . . . I've got five shows and six rehearsals this week, which doesn't leave much time for romantic ponderings!"

Whoever does win Patrick must be prepared to love his dog, George, the little Scottie who is now filling the blank left two years ago by the death of Derry. Derry, was the little Scottie who was inseparable from Patrick, and was a familiar West End figure. She must also be prepared to overlook Patrick's hasty and violent temper, which, he insists, is his worst fault.

He even gave up golf because it was helping to feed his temper. "It has taken me fifteen years of living in the South to get my temper under control," says Patrick with a grin, "and the things that cause it to flare now are inefficiency of any description, mean and disloyal people, and sycophants."

That, then, is Patrick Waddington, a gay companion, a cheery, smiling young man who is a reproach to every dullard and pessimist.

Behind the Scenes—

I STARTED my first full-time announcing job on November 14, according to the letter from Admiral Sir Charles Carpendale.

But in actual fact I did not do my first broadcast for some time, as there was so much to learn and so many people to meet.

Broadcasting House was—and still is—such a vast place that it takes several days even to learn the names of those in authority, let alone meet them personally.

From now on my story becomes packed with detail, so to shorten it I will express myself in abbreviated "running commentary" fashion.

Broadcasting House is seething—producers, artists, engineers, are in the midst of the tenth birthday celebrations.

John Watt's tour of Broadcasting House—wonderful show—goes with a swing.

Watt says: "Now we are taking you inside the Control Room, where the Chief Engineer is waiting to speak to you."

Silence! Engineers rush madly about—the Chief waits by his mike—the programme must go on—Watt: "Sorry we can't get the Control Room, so we'll take you on..."

Too late, engineers discover they, in their own department, have pushed in the wrong plug—loud laughter in Broadcasting House!

I am in a whirl—all day I seem to be tearing along passages at someone's heel—introductions—Val Gielgud in his blue walled office—W (for Bill) ("Schoolboy Smile") Wellington—how few people realise what tremendous influence he has behind the scenes.

L (for Leslie) "Shock Headed" Woodgate—takes one look at my height—bends down—walks between my legs!

The other announcers include Stuart "Golden Voice" Hibberd—with a character as smooth, soft and unruffled as his voice—F (for Freddie) "Our Bill" Grisewood—G (for Godfrey) Adams (now Announcer's Executive)—J (for John) "Boat Race" Snagge (now O.C. Outside Commentaries).

Broadcasting House is still a maze to me. I am taken from studio to studio—but still not allowed anywhere near a mike.

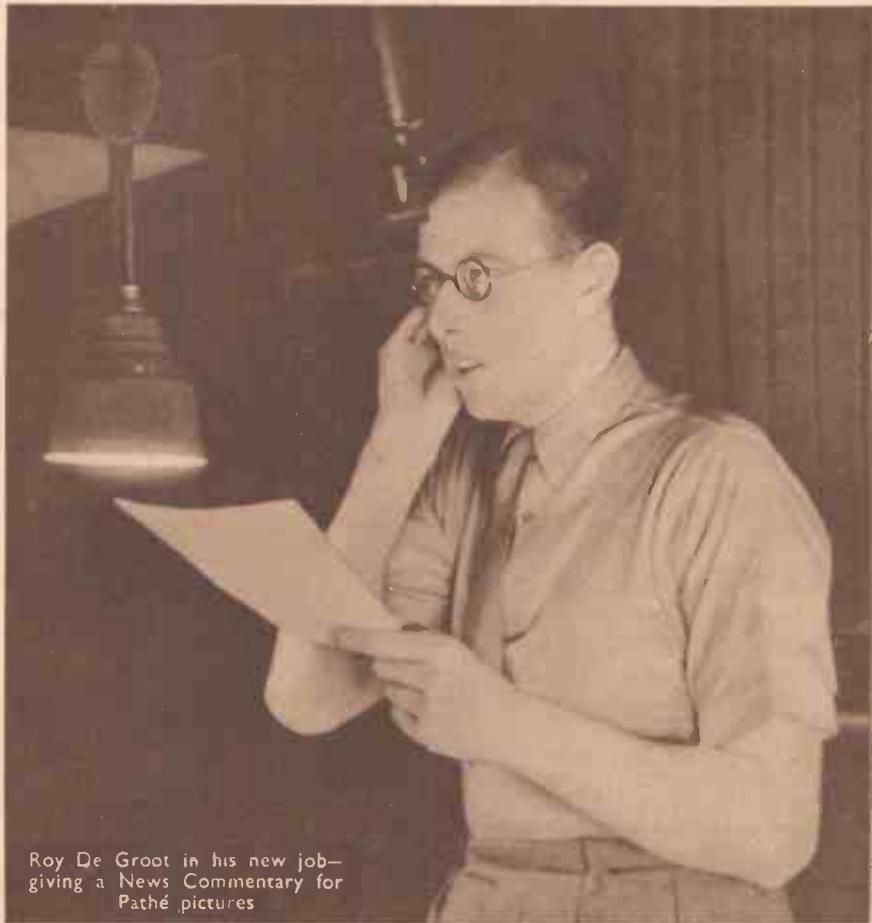
One evening I come in at 5.30 for night duty to find a message—"hold yourself in readiness to go to Sir John Reith."

The biggest moment of all. I have to go first to Carpendale's office—for he must introduce me to the D.G. He goes into Sir John's office—I wait outside—he comes out—I spring to attention—he tells me to sit down—goes off.

Minutes seem hours—but when at last I am in the most sacred room in B.H.—there is less to tremble about than at that first interview with Carpendale. It's a softer room—the only one in B.H. with a blazing coal fire—dark, slightly old fashioned furniture contrasting completely with the rest of the building—and that wonderful glass globe of the world illuminated from inside.

And the man behind the table. Above all he radiates power. He has what I am sure Mussolini and Hitler must have in their official interviews with their staff—the aloofness of the man who sees all, knows all, discusses, decides, watches the machine respond.

But this man has something more—a sympathy with those who work under him, that is born of



Roy De Groot in his new job—giving a News Commentary for Pathé pictures

At Broadcasting House

There are hectic days when I have to finish Canadian tests at 3 a.m., and to carry on with Australian early next morning. Then I sleep in Broadcasting House—in the small conference room on the third floor converted to a bedroom—B.B.C. being sufficiently human to provide silk curtains, reading-lamp over bed.

This means an early call by watchman—from third floor to bathroom in basement in my dressing-gown—shock to early charwomen—breakfast in canteen—eat as much as I like—no charge to Empire announcers!

So the first phase of tests are over, new Empire announcers arrived and I go back to home programmes.

My first "all on my own" programme is with the London Zigeuner Orchestra.

It's a queer fact that while all alone with gramophone and "mike" for Empire tests, I never had the slightest trace of nerves. Now with the orchestra tuning, sense of preparation in studio, knowledge that friends in this country will be listening—it all gives me a flutter.

Red lights flick—"Quiet, please"—press "ready" button to control room—red lights come on steady.

"This is the London Regional Programme . . ."

voice steady, but nerves will out. Hand slips into pocket—rattles money furiously! All regional control rooms rang London to find out what the tinkling noise was, and it was logged as "unauthorised noise in studio!"

Next day I read the First News. The sheets are handed to me exactly seven and a half minutes before I am due "on the air." Chinese war is on. You know what that means.

Hibberd rushes through it with me—marks rough pronunciation on sheets—thirty seconds to go—tear along passage to studio.

Later the same evening a message comes through from one of the news agencies on the tape machine in the news room: " . . . the clear voice of a new announcer broadcast one of the news bulletins to-night . . . his enunciation was perfect . . . his assurance admirable . . . his pronunciation of French, German, Japanese, and Chinese names are exemplary . . . All the B.B.C. would say officially was, "All our announcers are anonymous."

I am still proud of that message, but most credit should go to Hibberd!

By now I am "in the swing" of announcing, and here's how we are organised:—

The fourteen-hour programme day (10 a.m. to 12 midnight) is in two halves.

Day duty is from 10 a.m. to 6.30 p.m. The junior announcers, Godfrey Adams, John Snagge, myself, divide the days amongst ourselves. The seniors, Stuart Hibberd, Freddie Grisewood, do the nights, with one of us to step in on their nights off.

Every other week-end I have off from Friday evening to Monday evening. On the weeks when I am due for week-end duty, I have two mid-week days off.

Day duty means being in at 10 to sort out the day's programme sheets, then down to studio 3E (the chapel) for the morning service. No announcement, but I am responsible for switching over at the right moments from the reader's "mike" to the chorus. It sounds easy, but isn't really.

I sit in listening room adjoining studio. I hear through loudspeaker, watch through window; reader

Please turn to page 24

I Meet SIR JOHN REITH

By ROY De GROOT

First interview with Sir John Reith—joining the Empire Department Announcers—a shock for the Charwomen—tribute to De Groot's voice

his fiery zeal for the job that he is doing.

He tells me to sit down—fires question after question at me—I go back to the announcers' room feeling ten times more enthusiastic about my job than I was half an hour ago.

The next day I am told that as the Empire Department have not yet made up their staff of announcers, I will be called upon to carry out the first two or three weeks of the tests.

So, after all, my voice is to start up what may well be the most important work that the B.B.C. has ever undertaken.

Owing to the difference in time, tests designed for different Empire "Zones" have to be sent out at different periods of the day. First tests are for Australia—9.30 a.m. to 11.30 a.m.

I am given a pile of gramophone records, a few dozen copies of World Radio and put into studio 6A to alternate records with short readings.

And while I read and announce record titles, I know that all over the world radiomen are turning dials, pressing earphones closer to heads and speeding off cables to the B.B.C. with reports.

For me the air is electric in this quiet Broadcasting House Studio!

Australian tests are repeated at the same times for a few days—followed by Indian (2.30 to 4.30 a.m.)—African (6 p.m. to 8 p.m.)—Canadian (1 a.m. to 3 p.m.).

It is an amazing feeling to be in Broadcasting House after home programmes have finished, when only night watchmen, engineers, remain.

There's an uncanny quiet—light reflected on smooth-running turntables—records, mike, sending their vibrations half across the world—distant people having dinner—listening in log cabins on vast prairies.

Further Confessions by Ex-B.B.C. Announcer Roy De Groot are told Next Week

NEWS

Everyone switches on to the news, when the events of the day are summarised for the benefit of listeners. This article takes you into the News Room, presided over by John Coatman, and also tells you how the news bulletins are planned.

HE works in an unpretentious office, and is an unpretentious man, this Napoleon of the News. Many officials at Broadcasting House holding less important jobs than John Coatman have more imposing quarters. Maybe their inspiration needs the stimulus of the decorator's art.

From a desk with his back to the window at the end of a long, narrow room on the fifth floor the chief News Editor of the B.B.C. directs the bulletins we hear each evening.

No department of the B.B.C. has developed more quickly in the past three years than his, and now thirty men and women are working on the bulletins.

Things always get a move on when John Coatman takes the helm. Let us take a look at him.

Even before the War he was pioneering in news. While serving with the Indian Police he saw the need for closer co-operation with the press and sent a memorandum to the Punjab Government. It was a novel idea in India at that time and there were those who did not like it, but now all governments keep in touch with the newspapers.

Once a police officer and then a professor, the Chief News Editor looks like neither. Yet this background gives a clue to his character, for John Coatman is that rare combination—a man of action, vision and learning.

If you want to start an argument, suggest that radio harms the press and John Coatman will explain that broadcast bulletins help to sell the papers by arousing listeners' curiosity. Why, the whole bulletin could be printed in only a column and a half of a daily paper!

Of course, there are ways in which the microphone scores. For dramatic effect printed material can never compete with the spoken word. Read your favourite play and put it to the test. On the other hand broadcast news must be short and selective.

Each bulletin is, in fact, a miracle of compression and in this work John Coatman has the help of experienced Home and Foreign Editors and a staff of sub-Editors who put the news in conversational form.

The principal news agencies, Reuters, Press Association, Central News and Exchange Telegraph provide the raw material for all news. Their machines tick busily all day in silent cabinets in the News room.

Boys take the paper from these tape machines to the editors' desks and about four o'clock in the afternoon the work of preparing the first news begins in earnest.

The diary of the day's events has given a clue to some of its probable contents, but big stories have a way of "breaking" suddenly and it is not until 5.58, when the announcer hurries away with the typewritten sheets in their final form, that any one can be sure what the first item is going to be.

For the past quarter of an hour the announcer has sat in the news room reading the sheets as they are passed from the typist to the News Editor's hands. He likes to get the sense of the news before he faces the mike and there may be

words or foreign place names on which he would like to check up.

When he is satisfied, or has no more time to spare, as the case may be, the announcer takes the bulletin to one of the two tiny news studios on the floor below. It is always read in the same place and the studios have glass windows through which late items of news are passed to the announcer while he is reading the bulletin.

But in these days this is only part of the work. Berlin, Paris or Brussels may be the centre of interest, in which case international telephone lines have been booked and the news has been timed so that at exactly three minutes past the hour a speaker can be heard from a distant capital.

Then there is a recording which has been made earlier in the day of a speech in the United States. This has been done by means of an American short wave transmission which has been picked up by the B.B.C. listening post at Tatsfield and recorded at Maida Vale, where engineers are now



"Hot from Reuters"—John Coatman, News Editor of the B.B.C., eagerly takes the latest flimsy... soon the news will be on the air.

By
JOHN TRENT

waiting for a signal to start a machine to reproduce the words from a metal tape.

Or maybe there is a topical talk, another important section of the news activity, and a speaker is ready in a studio below to explain at exactly twenty-three minutes past the hour what it feels like to fly upside-down from London to Brighton and back.

And so it goes on, a masterpiece of timing, a service which annihilates space.

Now to discuss the changes in the News Bulletin.

Some occurred on September 14 but not until the Proms were over did the new scheme take full effect.

It started on October 5, and now five bulletins will be broadcast every weekday evening and each will have a character of its own. The first news at six in the National programme will be quite short to allow time for sports results, police messages and announcements.

At seven, when father has got home from work, will come the first solid news from the Regional transmitter. This will contain no topical talks and no sport and should be full of news that matters. At the end, Regions are likely to have a few minutes for their own particular affairs, such as market prices, local sport and so on.

Then at 9.0 the high-spot news of the evening will be broadcast on the National wavelengths. Big "front page" stuff with perhaps an important topical talk, such as an observer speaking from Geneva. Only a really important sports result will be allowed to penetrate this Bulletin, as, for instance, the result of a Test Match.

Those who like their news to be short and snappy should listen at ten to the Regional programmes, when the bulletins will be presented in simple form with short, topical and sports talks.

The late news at eleven-thirty, for those returning from an evening out, will also be in quickly digestible summary form.

The latest weather forecasts are telephoned to the News room by the meteorological office of the Air Ministry just before each broadcast and the S.O.S. service is also handled in Mr. Coatman's department. Altogether, his must be a busy life.

ON THE AIR!

NINA DEVITT is being televised at 3 p.m. on Saturday, October 10th

SHE MUST HAVE SPEED

Nina Devitt, Australia's Personality Girl, set out to be a dancer. Now she's won fame as a singer.

By **PAUL HOBSON**

Charlot's Starlets in his 1929 revue—Iris Craig-White and Betty Frankiss were two who were with her—and that meant Nina having reluctantly to put her ballet ambitions aside while she got down to the heartbreaking, ankle-cracking task of learning to tap.

Tap-tap-tappity-tap. . . .
The months pass. Nina becomes "Betty" in *Hold Everything*, the show in which Sunny Jarman starred and gained fame by marrying a Guardsman.

Tap-tap-tappity-tap. . . .

She formed a new variety act, tap-dancing and singing with Jack Browning. Then—you know how it happens—a snap decision put her on the road which has brought her success! She decided to cut out her dancing, except as a useful background, and concentrate entirely on her singing.

The result is the Nina Devitt we know. The girl who strides up to the mike and puts over songs of scatty speed, vivacious pep. You hear her at the B.B.C. and also in *Rinso Music Hall* and other sponsored programmes. And now she looks like being an ace television personality.

Nina is a jolly girl, with a penchant for wearing slacks and for writing letters that break away from the orthodox. Her voice on the telephone always sounds like good news to me. Like most Australian girls (*vide* Marjorie Stedeford) she is a keen sportswoman.

Her first loves are motoring and aviation, speed being a craze with her. She learned to drive her mother's car in Australia when she was fourteen and, she says, had to be propped up with cushions to reach the steering wheel. She raced for the first time when she was sixteen. Came fourth, too, and being a most chivalrous scribe I won't mention that there were only four entrants.

She has nearly earned her pilot's licence. Indeed, such is the speed with which Nina does things when she makes up her mind that it would not surprise me to know that she has done so since I spoke to her last—about a fortnight ago!

She lives with her mother in a flat at Victoria, but would like to live in the country cottage that her mother has just bought and near to which she can indulge in her love of swimming.

Nina is liked by everybody she knows, but she has one really intimate friend and the attachment of these two for each other is delightful to behold. The friend is named Natalie, and the two are inseparable. I ought perhaps to mention that Natalie is her sports car.



Ready for that mike! Nina Devitt, neat and workmanlike in her streamlined slacks.



Nina tapped her way into the Victoria Palace version of *Folies Bergere*. And she might, have gone on being a successful small-part player in musical comedies until Old Father Time handed her her cue for exit. So Nina got out again and decided to rely on her own personality.

Of course, we like our old radio friends. But it's useless to deny that the arrival of a new personality on the radio horizon is stimulating. It's like going to one's regular bar and finding that the Master of Ceremonies has invented a new cocktail. Life begins anew. . . .

Hence, bouquets for Nina Devitt, who has only lately achieved prominence in radioland. But, drawing on my frayed old cloak of prophecy, I suggest that she is here to stay. Australia's Personality Girl has got what it takes.

She's a brunette, aged twenty-six, and you've heard her in several music-hall programmes lately singing songs that are saucy, songs that are gay, in the effervescent sort of voice that makes you go away and warble in your bath and realise that, really, the world's a cheerful old spot.

Nina's a dancer who has become a success as a singer. She was educated at a convent and, as a kid, she suffered from poor health. Delicate. So her father, who is a doctor, took out the stethoscope that he reserved for the family, tapped Nina in appropriate spots and prescribed dancing lessons to be taken regularly before meals.

Nina took to her medicine like a chorus girl takes to a fur coat. With avidity. She joined Pavlova's company and toured Australia. Though not a star, Nina had the spotlight on her in one divertissement and it seemed that she had a big future before her as a ballet dancer.

So she curtsied nicely before Pavlova, thanked her for giving her a break and started a vaudeville act of her own with six other girls. The Tivoli Pastelle Ballet they called themselves and they toured the large, important Tivoli circuit Down Under.

Then, eight years ago, Nina came to England. Here's a warning to you, Mrs. Worthington, before you put your daughter on the stage. Nina's got looks, personality, talent, ambition, and a gluttonous appetite for hard work. Yet it's taken her eight years to become known. So what? The path hasn't been easy. She became one of

JOHN LISTENER WAS RIGHT—

Frank comments by readers on some of JOHN LISTENER'S recent Unposted Letters. Turn to page 6 for this week's candid communications.

To Douglas Moodie, Producer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1.

"GREAT minds think alike." Give me your letter to Douglas Moodie, and I will pop it into the pillar box! Were I not such a "perfect lady," my language would have put yours to shame—I could have screeched at "Confidentially Yours."
L. R., London, N.W.8.

To Oscar Rabin, Dance Band Leader, London.

YOU must have been drunk when you wrote your "Unposted Letter." It's absolutely rot. Oscar Rabin has a jolly good band and good luck to him; I hope he has many more engagements.

Your conception of Stanelli's parties, too, is all wrong. They're O.K., and let's have more of them.
M. R., Sandwich, Kent.

To Brian Lawrance, Broadcast Vocalist.

WHAT pleased me most in RADIO PICTORIAL was the way John Listener praised Brian Lawrance. Brian must be one of our most versatile young artistes. Good luck to you, Brian!
S. C., Colchester.

I HEARTILY agree with you about Brian Lawrance—one broadcast by him is one too many!
G. K., Preston, Lancs.

AS a very sincere admirer of Brian Lawrance, I feel justified in adding my protest against John Listener's very unkind and ungrateful letter to Brian. The paltry few who fail to enjoy his broadcasts must be unique in their lack of appreciation of good singing.

BUT SOMETIMES WRONG!

Speaking for the vast majority of my fellow listeners. I say—let's have as much as we can get of Brian Lawrance, and the best of luck to him!
G. S., Gloucester.

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

YOU surely ought to send a letter of protest to Collie Knox, not a letter of congratulation. Suggestions are welcomed at Broadcasting House, but most decidedly not such disgusting suggestions as Collie Knox and some people make regarding the "B.B.C. Sunday Programmes." It really does distress me very much indeed to know that anyone can agree with you regarding your letter to him.
C. A. K., Worcester.

To Billy Thorburn, Dance Band Leader, London.

YES, Billy Thorburn was wise to adopt your suggestion and scrap his "Continental" announcer-vocalist. I did not consider the gentleman "clever"—merely "unsuitable."
"Listener," N.W.8.

To Ben Oakley, Dance Band Leader, London.

WITH regard to your appreciation of the dance band leader, Ben Oakley, I would like to mention that we tuned in on the particular night that this hitherto unknown orchestra was broadcasting, and were practically bored to tears.

Let us have more musicians like Henry Hall, Jack Jackson, Ambrose, Jack Payne, Jack Hylton, etc. Please don't encourage the B.B.C. to give us worse programmes than we are already allotted. If we must listen to newcomers, then for heaven's sake let them be original, and not "just another band."
R. M. B.

Elisabeth Ann's Page

Beauty

ANSWERS THE 'PHONE

I HAVE seen hands displayed at table, on glass counters, and holding crystal cups. But they are never more prominently displayed than when answering the telephone. From the moment you lift the receiver, curling your fingers around the stem, hands and nails come into prominence. And it is because so many of you to-day use the 'phone either to friends or in business and shops, that the hand beauty problem is acute.

Have you thought of using a special sixpenny trial outfit of varnish, remover and nail creams in a box made with a finger indent so that you can rest it while beautifying? It is well worth a trial.

Have you thought of trying a pink-pearl varnish to make your nail-tips rosy and delicate? I hope so. One of our younger fascinating actresses was wearing an "Anna May Wong" dress at dinner the other evening and had white pearl nail-tips. They are rather curious, and pale, but delightfully fresh in appearance.

And what do you do for your hands? Are they neglected hands? Dull, discoloured, wrinkled hands? I like capable hands, hands which have worked. You can be proud of them. But keep them beautiful, firm, white as creams or lotions will keep them, and others will be proud of them, too.

Hands can be miracles, you know. They respond so quickly to daily care. They lose that tired, "toiled" appearance the moment you put a cuticle oil round the base of the nail and massage with a cream.

Exercise them, too, by using the wrist as a pivot and twisting the hand round and about to make them supple.

Don't wear long nails unless you have idle hands. A clear white tip, softly rounded, slightly less than the crescent of moon at the base, is attractive enough, and will not break or chip the moment you are busy.

Use a nail white in pencil form—did you know the cost is threepence?—or a tube from which the white oozes underneath the nail, since white tips are so feminine.

So many of you seem to be having trouble with

"A clear white tip, softly rounded"

If you use the 'phone on your job, remember that is when your hands matter! Try what transformations you can work with pearly varnish, whitening lotions and manicure, says

ELISABETH ANN

your nails. You know that soft, breaking nails denote a lack of calcium in the system, and the "cure" is a course of calcium tablets.

You know that brittle, splitting nails mean ultra-acidity, and this can be counteracted by having plenty of milk, butter, cream and cream cheese in your dietary.

Then, if your nails incline to bend, file them almost in a straight line for a while, from side to side, to strengthen them, and be generous with cuticle oil.

Over the period of growing nails, artificial ones may be worn, and these you can affix yourselves, with a solution, then varnish to desired shade. Actually this wearing of artificial nails is in the nature of a cure for "biting" the nails, since the real nail cannot be touched while the artificial one is worn. When you have broken the habit, use a nail-growing salve to hasten matters.

When you go out to tea, to dinner, if breakfast



for two is the best part of your day, if you smoke, and when you powder; when you speak on the telephone—look to your hands.

MY SPECIAL OFFER

this week is a trial manicure outfit, including varnish, remover and nail creams made by a famous firm. Please send sixpence in stamps and your name and address to Elisabeth Ann, c/o "Radio Pictorial," Chansitor House, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2, and your box will be forwarded to you at once.

READERS IN DOUBT:

I HAVE the terrible habit of picking the skin of my fingers. Would you tell me, please, how to cure myself, and what to do to make them look nice again?—MOLLY (Glasgow).

This is a nervous habit which can only be cured with perseverance. Smooth on a nourishing Orange Cream at night, to heal the skin, and if possible, whenever sitting idle, wear thin gloves which will prevent the habit. Take Ovaltine at night to help the nerves.

I DO hope you can help me, Elisabeth Ann. Round about my mouth is very yellow and little hairs are forming, which look so terrible. Please advise me what to do, as I am only seventeen.—DIANA.

Use Laleek Skin Bleach to whiten the skin about the mouth. Don't use anything for the "down" which is quite natural. And in your diet omit thick soups, rich sauces, seasoned and spiced foods, acid-forming fruit such as oranges, lemons, tangerines, plums, rhubarb and red currants, and take at least six glasses of hot or cold water between meals during each day. This should cure the sallowness.

I DO wish I had an attractive skin. I have blackheads, open pores and pimples, it is what one might call a coarse skin, and when I use make-up it goes quite greasy. I am willing to try anything if it will improve it. My age is just 28 years; I have dark eyes and hair, also a dark skin. My features are round. I am using a cream and powder, but I can't say whether it suits with my face being like this. Would it be too much trouble, dear Elisabeth Ann, to explain what I must ask for, as I never know how much or what to get?—"ANXIOUS WIFE."

May I suggest you take a course of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in liquid form nightly for a fortnight, and thereafter for a week out of every

month, to clear the system of acids. In your diet omit thick soups, rich sauces, seasoned and spiced foods, acid-forming fruit such as oranges, lemons, tangerines, plums, rhubarb and red currants, and take at least six glasses of hot or cold water between meals during each day. Outwardly apply a special healing ointment over the blemished portions of the skin. Also I would suggest for you a reliable series of cosmetics, creams and powder. May I send details of these to you at your address?

I DO wish you could settle a doubt in my mind. My nerves have been very bad for a while and I am told Glucose is good. But I don't want to get fatter. Is it possible to take something which will help the nerves but won't fatten?—"IN DOUBT" (Pagham).

Several tests have been made with a certain brand of Glucose, and where flesh is not really needed, it does not make more. It is very beneficial for nerves and poor circulation, and I would certainly advise you to take it. If particularly thin, the Glucose does assist in "rounding out."

THE best lipstick, please, for wearing with mauve? I have a mauve nail enamel, and want lipstick to tone. Also can you describe an exercise for slimming the waistline? I am wearing the new tunic dress and notice I look thick at the waist.

Yes, I can advise you of a very attractive lipstick with a blue tinge. I think I know the "smoky" varnish to which you refer. And here is an exercise which will take inches from the waistline: Stand with feet twenty inches apart. Raise the arms above head, turn body sharply to right, from waist, swoop over and touch right ankle with left hand. Straighten up, turn sharply to left side, swoop over and clasp left ankle with right hand. Repeat twelve times, night and morning.

(Write ELISABETH ANN, c/o "Radio Pictorial," Chansitor House, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2, if you would like details of the preparations she mentions, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for her personal response.)



Treat yourself to a new jacket-blouse of slipper satin to smarten up an old dress. In pink, blue, white, coronation red or black. This one comes from Harvey Nichols, London.



"Little basques can look so flattering." The basque on this brown woollen dress gives the effect of a separate jumper. A Femina model.



Lantern sleeves carried out in ciré braid are featured by this elegant "Celebrity" evening dress in black novelty crepe.

BEING "IN FASHION"

By Elisabeth Ann

LONDON—or perhaps I should say Mayfair—has shown her autumn collections, and they have never been lovelier. They set the fashion for Autumn and Winter—the models dictate what you will wear to be "in fashion."

First, there are tunics for day and evening. If you are slim or well-proportioned, and fairly tall, you will have to have a tunic. And you can make these up from cloqué or from soft woollens, for wear over trim skirts. Or they can be made "in-one" in a new dress.

Viyella fabrics make ideal tunics, both plain and checked effects. It is so warm, so delightfully soft, and above all, in these days of shapely silhouettes, it has no bulk. Imagine mustard yellow tunic over nigger brown. Green over black. Midnight blue over navy. If you would like patterns of Viyella, let me send you some.

Then there are peplums and basques—like little flared skirts fluting from the waist, stiffly or softly. And if you are slim-waisted, or with practically no waistline, but a straight-up-and-down figure, these little basques can look so flattering. You can even introduce one on an old frock if you have some of the material left over. Cut it on the cross, or better still, in a circle, and join in at the waist, under a large belt. You'll adore the change.

If you don't feel like going to the expense of a new evening gown, if you go out rarely, have a new jacket instead. One in slipper satin or brocade, or silver cloth. Have a tailored style, with severe sleeves, plain revers, and shaped into the waist. Or high up at the neck with epaulette

sleeves, like the one in the photograph. These jackets are a feature of the evening. Worth is showing them, Patou and Martial et Armand.

Another novel feature of Autumn fashion is the belt—oh, all kinds of belts, wide mostly, and wider in front so that they do not cut in. Jewelled belts, too, with bright stones inset, to give colour to plain frocks. I have never seen so many unusual, attractive belts, clips and brooches, all of them serving fashion as elaboration for day and evening models.

P.S.

Last-minute notes on the London dress shows: Cloqué is being worn for all afternoon and evening dresses. Soft woollens—feather-weight—for day dresses. Lightning-fasteners are a solution and Schiaparelli uses them on all her dresses instead of hooks, buttons and other fasteners. Now that you can get these in every imagined shade, they are in the nature of a decoration.

Day dresses have very high neck-lines, severe and yet very youthful in appearance. Ciré satin is employed for minute little turn-down collars.

Colour combinations include a lovely dark rust with midnight blue, purple with gold, and purple with blue. Gold braid with red in it makes colourful a purple dress. The richness of these colourings foreshadows what is to be a most memorable Coronation Year.

READERS' QUERIES:

CAN you advise me whether it is possible to get stockings with an extra width at the top? Most I have tried split here, because my legs are wide at the knee. I don't want to pay more than 4s. 11d. a pair, and I prefer dark shades.—MRS. DARE.

I shall be delighted to recommend some stockings at the price you mention, on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope. Yes, there are

stockings made with extra "pull" and width at the knee, in service weights.

I ALWAYS enjoy your dress hints, and indeed I have followed them many times. A client of mine wants a dress made up in artificial silk, with velvet, but doesn't know whether she should use velvet or velveteen. The material is quite light, with a leaf pattern in it.—DRESSMAKER.

Velvet will be softer than velveteen if it is being used for collar or belt, and in any case velvet allies very well with the newest synthetic silks. Velveteen is more suitable for children's dresses, capes and day suits.

I HAVE just bought a dress length, and it is a purple. I don't know how to make it up. I am fairly short, plump and present fashions don't suit me. I have dark hair, good colouring, and blue eyes. Also what can I wear with purple? I don't want a coat of it.—AMANDA (Uckfield).

Purple is something of a problem, but, strange as it sounds, just a touch of nil green at the throat will relieve it. This is a new colour-note. Have it made with new high waistline, don't wear a belt, and so emphasize your height. I am afraid black will be the only other note you can strike with purple, but have a touch of purple velvet on your hat or in a scarf. May I put you in touch with the makers of some very attractive scarves?

[Write ELISABETH ANN, c/o RADIO PICTORIAL, Chansitor House, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2, if you would like details of the items she mentions or if you have a dress query of your own. Elisabeth Ann personally sees all the newest models, and is always pleased to advise you. Send a stamped addressed envelope for her response.]

GOOD THINGS TO EAT

By M. S. W.

THERE is a country saying:
"Fresh October brings the pheasant
Then to gather nuts is pleasant."

But for a while pheasants are too expensive for a family dish. Later on, old birds are worth trying *en casserole*, but here is a tasty dish for a family meal, which, smelling it when cooking, a man thought was pheasant for dinner, and when he got Stuffed Steak was not disappointed. Served with watercress and chip potatoes, crisp and brown, and a little rowan jelly, you may believe you are eating pheasant.

STUFFED STEAK

INGREDIENTS.—1½ lbs. beefsteak, 6 tablespoonfuls *Atora* or chopped suet, 2 dessertspoonfuls finely chopped parsley, 2 teaspoonfuls dried mixed herbs (thyme and marjoram), a pinch of cayenne, pepper and salt to taste, 1 egg; the merest touch of grated lemon rind and juice improve the flavour.

Method.—Mix the breadcrumbs, suet, herbs, flavourings and then beat up the egg and mix in. Beat the steak with a rolling-pin, after laying it flat on a pastry board, and brush over with a little olive oil. Spread with the forcemeat, then fold over, and with needle and cotton sew up into a neat shape. Cover with a greased paper, set in a baking-pan with dripping to baste, and cook in a hot oven, basting frequently, removing the paper towards the end for the dish to brown. Serve with watercress and brown potatoes.

A bunch of soft coloured velvet ribbon trims this little Glenster hat of black felt.



5/- HINTS

Five shillings is offered for every "hint" published on this page. Have you sent yours to "Margot"?

WASHING DAY

MANY housewives are frightfully afraid of the wash day during the winter months owing to the bitter cold and frost-bite, but here is a good tip that will banish all their fears and ensure nice supple hands. When about to hang the clothes out on the line, rub a little vaseline well into the finger tips and the palms of the hands when they are still slightly damp. It will be found the hands will not get chapped and the cold will not be felt. The hanging out will be a pleasure but *don't forget*, rub the vaseline well in while the hands are slightly damp; otherwise no difference will be felt. Hoping all housewives try this tip and benefit.—Mrs. R. M. Beaver, 64 Luck Lane, Marsh, Huddersfield.

BROKEN KNITTING NEEDLES

WHEN knitting needles break, a new point can soon be made with a pencil sharpener. Finish off by rubbing with emery.—Mrs. Edwards, Bridge House, South Sway Farm, Sway, Hants.

Have you Cookery queries or Gardening difficulties? Then write to our experts for free advice.

Stewed celery goes excellently with this. As an alternative, sage and onion stuffing is equally good, and the stuffed steak is delicious eaten cold as well as when hot the first time.

At this time of year school children get really hungry and it is now that old-fashioned suet puddings come back into favour. A really delicious sweet, appetising, and as a school-boy said, "filling," too, can be made with the aid of Robertson's Golden Shred marmalade, and if you heat a little of the marmalade and pour over just before serving, it becomes a real

GOLDEN PUDDING

INGREDIENTS.—½ lb. Self-Raising flour, or if using plain flour allow 1 teaspoonful baking powder; ¼ lb. shredded suet or *Atora*, a saltspoon of salt, 2 ozs. granulated sugar, ½ lb. "Golden Shred" marmalade, 1 egg and a little milk.

Method.—Mix all the dry ingredients well together then stir in the "Golden Shred." Beat up the egg, add to this a tablespoonful of milk, and stir in. Have a greased basin ready, pour in the mixture and steam for 1½ hours. Heat a little extra marmalade and when the pudding is turned out pour this over the top.

If the bachelor girl is throwing a party, Scotch Eggs make a very good dish (also for herself, hot or cold).

SCOTCH EGGS.

INGREDIENTS.—To 4 eggs allow ½ lb. sausage meat, a little flour, fat for frying, 1 egg, 1 small cupful breadcrumbs, pepper, salt and a dust of nutmeg.

Method.—Boil the eggs hard, put them in cold water, and shell them when cold. Dry each egg and dip in flour. Now cover each with sausage meat, pressing firmly. Roll in beaten egg and breadcrumbs and fry in deep fat a golden brown. They may be served hot with tomato sauce and fried tomatoes, or cold on a bed of watercress. (This makes a good dish for Sunday night's supper for a family, too.)

GARDEN NOTES

By F. R. Castle

A SPARAGUS SPRENGERI.—Plants in baskets which up till now have been hanging outdoors should now be taken under cover. A warm greenhouse is best, but time and again I have found a light airy shed, from which frost is excluded, answers very well for old established plants. Little water will be needed until next year.

Roses.—It is a good plan to make new rose beds during the present month. This allows immediate planting on receipt of the trees next month and also ensures quick root action. In addition to well rotted manure, bone meal, at the rate of ¼ lb. to each square rod added to the surface and lightly forked in, is a good investment.

Carnations.—Where layering was done early in September the layers should now be sufficiently rooted to bear removal. Wherever possible, all choice named varieties should be given single pots and afforded the protection of a cold frame until next March. If planted in boxes, stand them on a thick layer of coal ashes at the foot of a warm wall.

Cacti.—This family has become very popular with amateurs and those who own plants can now rest from their labours for many weeks or months. Most of the varieties may be left unwatered until the end of February. If these are standing in an unheated house have ready plenty of old newspapers for covering should severe frosts be likely. No re-potting is necessary until next March.

Myosotis.—In view of next year's Coronation, most readers will aim at having their gardens in the national colours during and after this period of rejoicing. The *Myosotis* may safely be relied upon to give the Blue, but as this family produces so many shades in this colour aim at getting a true strain of Suttons Dark Blue.

Arabis.—The double variety of this popular spring flowering plant will associate capitally with the Forget-me-Not mentioned above.

Get the plants into position as early as possible. Always plant a good portion of the stem, every part of which will quickly form roots and help to produce a much more sturdy plant than is usually seen.

Make interesting biscuits with the aid of this small gadget. Five different shapes can be adjusted. You put the paste inside and turn it gently on to the baking tin.



Cleaning lacquer trays. For cleaning your Japanese lacquer trays and cabinets, there is nothing like dry flour. A light polish afterwards with furniture cream—and they look like new.





THE MODERN IDEAL OF HAIR BEAUTY-CULTURE

Ellsabeth Ann, "Sunday Dispatch"

Just one voice in the chorus of praise from Beauty Editresses, Court Hairdressers, the Medical and Nursing Professions, and the discerning Public alike... the finest discovery for the hair ever made. It feeds the hair with fresh tonics which impart strength and superb sheen even to "difficult" hair and cleanses, curls and corrects in one operation.

IT DOES NOT SMART THE EYES

for it contains no soap and is different in composition, application, action and results from everything else. Simply shampoo the hair with foaminol and hair beauty such as you have never known before will be yours—even with hard water. Very concentrated, therefore economical.

THE CHAMPAGNE OF SHAMPOOS

Made in four blends: Standard; No. 2 Vitamin F (for very dry hair); Camomile, and Henna. Price 1/3 and 3/- per bottle from Boots and other Chemists and hairdressers.

foaminol Laboratories,
Lebanon Road, Wandsworth, S.W.18.

MOTHERS' PROBLEM WITH GROWING GIRLS.

Many mothers do not realise that when their daughters are approaching their 'teens complete and regular bowel movements are of vital importance to their normal development. That is why doctors and nurses recommend a regular weekly laxative. Be careful, however, not to resort to harsh remedies which might easily harm the child and lead to serious internal troubles in later life. Choose 'California Syrup of Figs.' It is the ideal laxative for adolescent girls, safe and gentle in action and particularly suited to the female constitution.

Give your daughters 'California Syrup of Figs' once a week to make sure that the bowels are clean and entirely free from poisonous waste.

'California Syrup of Figs' is a natural fruit laxative, recommended by doctors and nurses everywhere.

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists, 1/3 and 2/6. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand.

RIBS GO ROUND AND AROUND

Garter and stocking stitch—What could be easier, and what could be more attractive than this striped Autumn jersey? It will cost you 5/3 to make

MATERIALS

7ozs. Jaeger "Feather Fleck" and 1 pair No. 8 knitting needles.

MEASUREMENTS

Length down centre back 18 inches; width all round under arms 34 inches; length sleeve seams 17½ inches.

ABBREVIATIONS

K., knit; P., purl; St., stitch; St. St., stocking stitch; dec., decrease; sl., slip; pss., pass slipped stitch over; rep., repeat.

TENSION

13 Sts. to 2 inches in width and 9 rows to 1 inch in depth.

Always work the first row into back of all cast on sts. to procure firm edges.

BACK

CAST on 97 Sts. and K. 15 rows in garter St. Now continue as follows:—

K. 14 rows St. St. beg. with a K. row; K. 14 garter St. Rep. these 28 rows throughout but at same time dec. 1 St. at each end of 3rd row St. St. and then every 6th row following until there are 91 Sts.; then continue without dec. until the centre of second St. St. band; then inc. 1 St. at each end of next K. row and then every 8th row following until there are 105 Sts., then continue without inc. until you have completed the 4th St. St. band. K. 4 rows.

Now shape armhole thus:—K. 10 more rows, casting off 4 Sts. at beg. of first 2 rows, then dec. 1 St. at each end of remaining 8 rows. 81 Sts. left: Rep. the 28 rows dec. 1 St. each end first 2 rows (77 Sts.) until you have completed the 6th St. St. band from beg. then shape neck thus:—

Next row—K. 32, cast off 13; K. to end. Continue on last 32 Sts. Next row—K. to last 2 Sts., K. 2 tog. Next row—Cast off 6 sts., K. to end. Next row—K. to last 2 Sts., K. 2 tog. Now continue in garter St., but casting off 4 Sts. at beg. of every row until all are cast off. Go back to remaining 32 Sts., join wool at centre. Cast off 6 Sts., K. to end.

Next row—K. to last 2 Sts., K. 2 tog. Now cast off 4 Sts. at beg. of every row until all are dec.

FRONT

Work this exactly as for back.

Cast on 37 Sts. and rep. the 28 rows as for back



beg. with the 14 rows of St. St. but at the same time inc. 1 St. at each end of 13th row; then every 8th row following until there are 67 Sts., then every 4th row following until there are 79 Sts. Work a few rows without inc. until you have completed the 6th St. St. band, K. 2 rows then shape top by dec. 1 St. at each end of every row until 19 Sts. remain. Cast off.

CUFFS

Cast on 16 Sts. and P. 1 row. Continued as follows:—1st row—K. twice into first St., K. to last 3 Sts., sl. 1, K. 1, pss., K. 1.

2nd row—P. Rep. last 2 rows 6 more times. 15th row—As 1st. 16th row—K. Rep. last 2 rows 6 more times. Rep. these 28 rows once more. Cast off.

COLLAR

Cast on 36 Sts. and P. 1 row. Rep. these 28 rows as for cuffs 5 times. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press on the wrong side with a warm iron over a damp cloth. Join shoulders. Sew cuffs to sleeve edges, right side to right side. Sew sleeves into armholes. Join collar. Press seams. Join under arm and side seams. Fold cuffs under and hem to join. Place right side of collar to right side of neck and run tog. at edge. Fold over and hem to join at inside. Press seams. Roll back cuffs and press into a flat band with seams at centre back, making cuffs stand slightly away from sleeves. Catch in this position at seam.

BELT

If belt is preferred, cast on 22 Sts. and P. 1 row; then rep. the 28 rows of cuffs 12 times or for length required. Join lengthways, then press flat with seam down centre.

FREE TO YOU

CHARLES ATLAS, who holds the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man," was once a seven-stone weakling. He built up his wonderful physique by his own unique method of development called Dynamic-Tension. Claiming that a perfect physique is within the reach of everyone, Charles Atlas has written a 48-page book explaining his methods called "Everlasting Health and Strength." Readers of RADIO PICTORIAL will be sent a Free copy of this interesting book by sending the coupon below to 37-38 Chancery Lane, London, E.C.2.

The Editor,
"Radio Pictorial," Chansitor House,
37/38 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
Please send me, free of charge, a copy of "Everlasting Health and Strength," by Charles Atlas.
Name
Address

Make sure of obtaining your Copy of **TELEVISION** and **SHORT-WAVE WORLD**

Of all Newsagents. Price 1/-



Flower Photographs by courtesy of Carters Tested Seeds Ltd.

WHAT makes the deepest impression on those privileged visitors who from time to time are shown over Broadcasting House? Is it the Control Room, the Council Chamber, the studios themselves, the awe-inspiring Entrance Hall, the Commissionaires? All these receive their due measure of praise, but there is one thing that no visitor ever omits to remark on with enthusiasm.

The flowers.

They are the first thing you notice when you come in through the huge swing doors—two enormous jars full, one each side of the hall. You are always sure of finding a lovely splash of colour and some new and decorative arrangement that gives you a shock of surprise and delight.

"It is a greeting," says Mrs. Webbsmith. "People have sometimes said to me . . . 'But how extravagant to have all those flowers all the year round!' My answer is that they are absolutely necessary. They help to create a friendly atmosphere, and make shy arrivals, broadcasters or visitors, feel at home." (How many First-Time-Heres, left alone in a bare studio to do their bit, have blessed that friendly vase of flowers, I wonder?)

Ever since Broadcasting House started, Mrs. Webbsmith has been arranging the flowers there. On Tuesdays and Fridays you have only to walk through the door at the far side of the hall to find her at work in her small domain—a greenhouse-like little room with shelves of jars, and mountains of flowers and green debris.

Early Day!

She begins work at 4.30 in the morning. That time sees her at Covent Garden (fortunately just round the corner from her Adelphi home), bargaining and choosing. "Long stems are my trouble," she says. "I must have tall flowers to fill those enormous jars. What wouldn't I do if I had masses of small bowls to arrange! But they would be lost in these large rooms."

Another of Mrs. Webbsmith's sorrows is that most of her flowers, except those for the hall and drawing-room, are seen by artificial light. "Electric light robs mauve and blue," she says. "My favourite colour schemes are blues with deep magenta shades to throw them up. For instance, delphiniums and puce gladiola, and michaelmas daisies.

"This week I have used all sorts of michaelmas daisies—two kinds of white, a pale mauve, a pink mauve, a puce and the *King George*, a violet. Then with those I had half a dozen vivid pink chrysanthemums."

"And dahlias?" I asked.

"No, no dahlias, I can never use those, because of their tubular stems. They don't last."

Next Week

JENNY HOWARD, MARJERY WYN, DAN DONOVAN, ERNEST LONGSTAFFE, ROY DE GROOT, and GEORGE BARCLAY Star in Next Week's "RADIO PICTORIAL"

Another "Behind-the-Scenes" Article

"FLOWERS ARE A GREETING"

says

MRS. WEBBSMITH

(the B.B.C. flowers expert)

in an interview

with **SUSAN COLLYER**



"Another scheme I have just carried out is with those bright red gladiolas called *Flaming Sword*, mixed with *Lady Boreal*, a pale pink one splashed with the same shade of red. I've put them in a creamy-white bowl. . . ."

"What flowers have you planned for the next few weeks?" I asked. I was thinking that other housewives might find Mrs. Webbsmith's suggestions useful.

"*Bullrushes* . . . they always look well, especially with golden feather, or golden rod, as some people call it. And beech leaves, of course—those tawny brown and yellow shades.

"Let me tell you how I treat my leaves. You want fine flat sprays—you can buy them anywhere in town, or pick them in the country. Cut the stems and put them into glycerine solution—two parts glycerine and one part of water. Don't put the leaves in water first, and keep them in the glycerine for at least a fortnight. This way they last for months, keeping their natural beauty.

"Another thing I like doing is using bare branches—larch, or any nice twiggy sprays—and lacquering them a brilliant red. Ordinary quick dry enamel does very well.

Decorative Branches

Do you know that apple—or crab-apple—makes very decorative branches? I paint them a dull white and attach those orange celanum berries—you know them?—with thin wire. But this has to be done very carefully.

"Oh, a wonderful thing happened to me last spring. I had painted some beech twigs, and quite by accident, left them standing in water. In the spring they sprouted lovely pale green leaves. In spite of the paint. I wouldn't have believed it!

"At Christmas I arrange special decorations. Last year I had Christmas trees in the hall, decorated with fir cones painted brilliant gold and silver. I hung the cones in groups just as they would grow naturally. Beams of light were thrown on them, and though it took me a whole week to do I thought they looked very effective."

"What time of year do you most look forward to?" I asked.

"Well," said Mrs. Webbsmith, "I can tell you the time of year I *don't* look forward to! I must say I rather dread January. You see, then the chrysanthemums are over, and there is nothing whatever to buy. My heart sinks, and I think 'What *am* I going to do?' After that the white lilac arrives from Holland and the yellow forsythia—I do look forward to the forsythia.

"I am very fond, too, of pure white flowers—small frothy ones with one or two solid ones amongst them. In a deep blue bowl they look very beautiful."

"What do you think are the best kinds of vases to use?"

"I have some very nice blue bowls—a

mottled blue—and with deep coloured flowers I like off white jars. Green glass is always useful. Then so many of the rooms here are upholstered in jade leather and so for them I have some jade pottery exactly to match. I think flower vases should always be dull—metal catches too much light and detracts from the flowers.

"Come and look at my crystal vases." These were heavy solid shapes striped with jade green. Very handsome. I noticed that some of the vases seemed to be packed inside with twigs. I looked at them curiously.

A Secret Divulged

"Ah, that is my secret," smiled Mrs. Webbsmith. "I keep twigs of forsythia specially for the purpose. Pack the necks of your jars and then you can arrange your flowers just as you want them."

"Here's another valuable tip. If you want to change the water in the vases without disturbing the flowers, use a syringe. I have a man assistant who does this very cleverly for me—he first sucks up the old water and then gently refills the vase—but it takes a lot of patience!"



Mrs. Webbsmith at work in her "office"—the only one in Broadcasting House with a sink instead of a desk!

B.B.C. GRAPPLING WITH

Billy Merrin's Two Discoveries :: Ike Hatch's Embarrassing Moment



Ike Hatch, the Sepia Songster

ACCORDING to the B.B.C.'s official journal, the new block-booking of late night dance bands, which has been devised by **Philip Brown**, should mean that lovers of dance music get better broadcasts this autumn than ever before.

Instead of having a list of dance bands each of which goes on the air once a week, the new plan gives the same band say five nights in a fortnight. This, it is claimed, will enable the B.B.C. to book popular bands that are touring the music-halls.

What do listeners think about this new scheme? What do band leaders themselves think about it? So far, I have heard only two comments which are favourable; all the rest are whole-heartedly against it.

AFTER 11.30

IT seems inevitable that in these "after 11.30" life stories I should continually be writing about those people whose names are never announced.

Another such is **Jimmy Mundy**. Mention his name to the average so-called swing fan and he will raise his eyebrows until they almost shape the question mark that the movement implies.

Mundy is a coloured man who does a large number of the arrangements for **Benny Goodman's Band**. The importance of the arranger to the modern swing band cannot be over-estimated. He not only has to write arrangements that can be swung, but he has to be able to explain how they should be played. Mundy can do both these things to perfection, and he does!

Jimmy Mundy's first introduction to swing came when, around 1919, he played a fiddle in an orchestra travelling with a famous coloured evangelist named **G. Wilson Becton**. The frenzied swing of those revival tunes really excited Jimmy. He felt that he must express the reactions inspired by that atmosphere, so he bought a sax, and joined a jazz band in Washington.

IN 1931 **Earl Hines**, famous Negro pianist and band leader, was playing at a spot called the **Crystal Cavern** in Washington. He wanted a new signature number. Mundy wrote "Cavernism" for him, and everybody realised that here was a new swing composer and arranger of the first water.

Mundy joined the **Hines** aggregation on sax, and as No. 1 arranger. For three and a half years his fame steadily grew, until **Benny Goodman** asked him to work for him. Recently he has left Hines, and is attached as a staff arranger to the **Goodman Band**, for whom he writes five orchestrations every week, working an average of six hours a day to get this done.

The fantastic thing about this young man's success (he is only twenty-nine) is that he has had no formal training in harmony at all, and yet he does not even use a piano when working. When a score has been finished, he takes it along to a rehearsal to explain to the boys just how he "feels" the arrangement.

When you have your chance to see "The Big Broadcast of 1937" film, in which the **Benny Goodman Band** is prominently featured, you will hear a swing arrangement by Mundy of the "Wedding March" from "Lohengrin." This is played by the studio orchestra, and if Jimmy can make an ordinary studio orchestra swing, he must be good!

The two people who commended the scheme were well-known band leaders who have been worried for a long time because they were not getting enough air publicity. The reason, being that while they are so busy making money on provincial tours they cannot be in London at the same time to broadcast! They want the big money and the radio publicity. This new scheme suits them fine. They get the cake and the penny, too.

If the scheme were applied to these bands only, I think it would be very good and very welcome, but I wonder whether the B.B.C. is not carrying the matter too far.

What reason can be advanced, for instance, why a band that is not touring and not in a regular job in London, should be ignored completely by the B.B.C. for many weeks, then suddenly given five broadcasting dates in one fortnight, finally again dropped and denied to listeners for a further period of six weeks or two months?

The essence of good radio programme arrangement is variety. In special cases, such as touring stage bands, the B.B.C.'s new arrangement certainly offers them a chance of broadcasting instead of being off the air altogether, and therefore it is a good idea. But where there is no necessity for this block-booking as in the case of many bands who are available any evening, but who I understand now come under the scheme, it offers no advantages but many disadvantages, one of the chief being that, during the short period any particular band has its block of dates, listeners are likely to get rather "fed-up" with the same band.

It is evident that the full implications of this scheme have not been fully figured out, but it is a step in the right direction.

Think again, Philip, please!

BILLY MERRIN brought two new recruits with him back from **Ramsgate**, where he has been spending the summer season. Ten-year-old **Jessie Nicholson** was the most confident broadcaster I have ever seen, reeling off impressions of **Mae West**, **Greta Garbo** and **Zasu Pitts** without turning a hair. Billy has a new crooner in **Eric Stanley**, who came up to him at a dance and asked to be allowed to sing with the band. He's certainly a discovery—hailing from **Loughborough**, and Billy has him under contract. He replaces **Ken Crossley**, who is now free-lancing in London. Meanwhile, little **Rita Williams** goes from strength to strength, and compares more than favourably with any crooner in the West End. She's only sixteen—so I can see her service being greatly in demand in a year or two's time.

Have just met that happy fellow **Ike Hatch**, the singing, swinging, ukulele-player. Imagine my surprise when he confessed he once had "high-brow" tendencies, sang opera, and gave stiff-shirt recitals in America. "But it didn't make money," he said, "and I wanted cash to help pay for my studies. I aimed to be a doctor. So I went into 'swing' music to get that cash—and it started coming in so fast that I forget all about becoming a doctor!"

Ike tells me his life's most embarrassing moment occurred in a

Scottish theatre, where he was playing. The piano was so old that the ivory started coming off the keys, and had to be stuck on before the show. But the glue didn't dry in time—and all the time Ike's accompanist was playing the ivories kept falling off!

Above ukulele hombre will be heard in **Harry Pepper's Kentucky Minstrels**, October 31.

FEW people know of the incident in **Sidney Lipton's** life when he took his first step towards band-leading fame and a side-step from death at the hands of a madman—all on the same night!

In his quiet, unaffected way, Sid told me all about it: "I was playing in a *palais-de-danse* band," he explained, "where the leader was a man of abnormally violent temper. One night he quarrelled with one of the players, and—shouting with rage—suddenly pulled a revolver. I wrenched the gun out of his hand, and he was hustled away. Yes, we found the gun was loaded all right!

"Ultimately he went into an asylum. I took over leadership."

The recent birth of **Mr. and Mrs. Harry Roy's** baby, **Roberta**, reminds me that I once bet a pal a platinum toast-rack that Harry would never get married!

That was just after Harry had confided to me: "I don't want to fall in love, because I don't want to get hurt again. I've only once said 'I love you,' and that was way back in 1924. Mind you, I'd love to find my ideal girl, and it wouldn't matter a hang whether she were blonde or brunette. But I wonder whether she even exists!"

Just over two years back, he told me that . . . and little **Dan Cupid** was laughing up his sleeve all the time!

Pep Personified—**Evelyn Dall**, who'll be on the air with **Ambrose** on Saturday



DANCE BAND PROBLEM

Billy Cotton's Domesticated Band :: Jean Melville Throws a Farewell Party

Here's somebody else whose name means amazingly big money—**Charlie Kunz**. Charlie has been making solo stage appearances of late—and “knocking ‘em cold” with his piano-music plus personality.

“I was present when Charlie was offered £200 for a week's solo work”—one of my pet sleuths told me yesterday—and **Santos Casani**, on behalf of Charlie, turned it down. Seems he'd received between two and three hundred pounds on a percentage basis, last time he played at the theatre in question!”



The Blue Notes, a big broadcasting attraction with Joe Loss's outfit

Harry Engleman, Midland's clever young syncopated pianist, tells me that he has just had another song published called “With Confetti on my Shoulder.” This young man will go a long way in the song writing world. Not long ago, he conceived the unusual idea of writing a series of novelty piano solos around games of various descriptions. So we have “Snakes and Ladders,” which has had over a hundred broadcasts, “Chase the Ace,” which is proving equally popular, and a third is on the way, though Harry hasn't quite decided on a title. In between whiles, he has written another piano work called “Fingerprints.”

ARTHUR GADSBY claiming that **Billy Cotton's** is the most domesticated of all bands of its size. As evidence produces the startling information that, between them, the boys have twenty-five children.

Want details? O.K.

Ellis Jackson, the little chocolate trombonist and tap-dancer, gives the band a flying start with *eight* (Ellis, Lilian, Dorothy, Bessie, Ida, John, Stella and Jean); **Peter Williams** has three (Joan, Dyllis and Peter). So has **Nick Burberry** (Pat and Jean—twins—and Maureen). **Billy Cotton** has **Teddy** and **Billy** and **Arthur Gadsby** himself has young **Arthur** and **Billy**. Pianist **Clem Bernard** is poppa to **Joy** and **Allan**. **Teddy Desmond**, **Jack Doyle**, **Phil Phillips** and **Frank Kenyon** have one each (Michael, Fay, Audrey, Ann). Finally, **Laurie Johnson** has recently had a baby boy, as yet unnamed.

Any other band wishing to qualify for the Nursery Stakes please send details to **Buddy Bramwell**, who, however, regrets he is unable to be godfather!

Way down in the depths of a coal mine in Wales worked **Eddie Gunter**, and he whistled as he worked. One and a half years in the mines he spent, then fell out of work.

Long years on the dole could not kill the music and the high courage that filled his heart. A little while back he started to hitch-hike from Wales to London, in search of work. Five days it took him to reach town, and by then there wasn't much leather left on his feet. He entered for an amateur talent competition at **Hammer-smith**, and **Oscar Rabin** heard him. Still whistling.

And that's the story behind the twenty-three-year-old boy who's bird-like notes you've heard in

Oscar's broadcasts. **Eddie's** only been with him a few weeks, but at mike and on stage his whistling's brought him the big hoorays.

If that sort of quiet heroism doesn't tug at your heart-strings, there's ice in your veins.

SEEN around—**Austin Treliving**, whose Dance Band recently gave its first broadcast and got a big fan-mail—giving a B.B.C. audition with a smaller outfit. The idea, if all goes well, is to do a series on the *Soft Lights and Sweet Music* lines.

Clean Fun Department. **Gerry Fitzgerald** telling the yarn of the crooner who liked himself so much that he gave up crooning. He hated not being able to tune-in to himself.

Dropped in on smiling **Bill Bissett** (Canadian conductor now at the Savoy) around cocktail time, and he told me about vocalist **Alice Mann**, who's broadcasting with him. “I heard her singing in a New York ‘sustaining’ broadcast,” said **Bill**, “and knew at once she'd make good if given a break.”

Hey-ho, the complex ways of officialdom. **Alice Mann** comes all the way to England, then finds she can't get a permit to sing while dancing is in progress!

However, the permit for broadcasting O.K., also for cabaret, in which **Alice** has been excelling. But if anybody tries to dance while she sings, they'll have to be pulled back to their chair and firmly sat on!

There was a big turn out at the **Langham Hotel** recently at a cocktail party flung by **Jean Melville** as a sort of farewell to the B.B.C. **Eric Maschwitz**, **Ernest Longstaffe**, **John Sharman**, **Paul Askew**, **Martyn Webster**,



...giving a B.B.C. favour... Melville at her... will party. You may... able to spot Go... McConnell, Billy Thorburn... Mark Lubbock, Paul As... and John Sharman...

Inside Dance Band Chatter

By

BUDDY BRAMWELL

Next Week's

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

Monday—**SYDNEY LIPTON** and the **Grosvenor House Dance Orchestra**.

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

Wednesday—**BRAM MARTIN** and his **Holborn Restaurant Dance Orchestra**.

Thursday—**LEW STONE** and his Band.

Friday—**BILLY COTTON** and his Band.

Saturday—**AMBROSE** and his Orchestra.

Gordon Little, **Billy Thorburn**, **Gordon McConnell** and **Mark Lubbock** were just a few I spotted who had arrived to honour one of the most charming and popular B.B.C. stars ever.

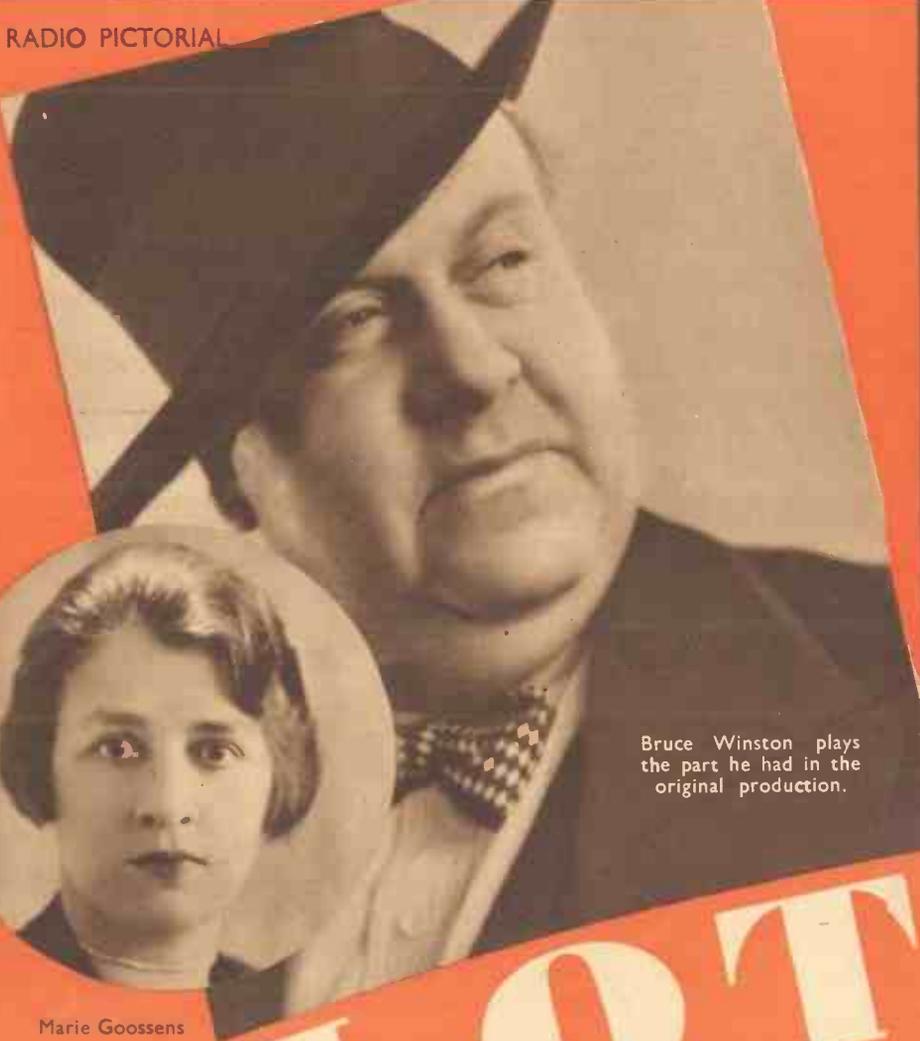
Her future plans are vague at the moment, but whatever she decides to do it is quite certain that she'll make a success of it. Good luck, **Jean**. Your many fans are with you one hundred per cent.

Line-Ups No. 22

HERE are **Ambrose's** two brilliant outfits. **Danny Pola**, **Joe Jeanette**, **Billy Amstell** and **Syd Phillips** (Saxes); **Lew Davis**, **Eric Breez**, **Leslie Carew** (Trombones); **Clinton French**, **Tommy McQuater** (Trumpets); **Bert Barnes** (Piano); **Dick Ball** (Bass); **Albert Harris** (Guitar); **Max Bacon** (Drums); **Jack Cooper** and **Evelyn Dall** (Vocals).

Embassy Club Orchestra—**Reg Pursglove** (Violin); **Freddie Gardner**, **Chester Smith**, **Johnny Walker** (Saxes); **Joe Brannelly** (Guitar); **Maurice Zafer** (Drums); **Slim Wilson** (Piano); **George Senior** (Bass).

Eric Maschwitz's sparkling musical fantasy, "Lots of Love," is to be revived this week (October 12, 6 p.m., Regional, and October 13, 8 p.m., National), with Richard Ainley, Joan Carr and Norah Howard in the leading parts.



Bruce Winston plays the part he had in the original production.



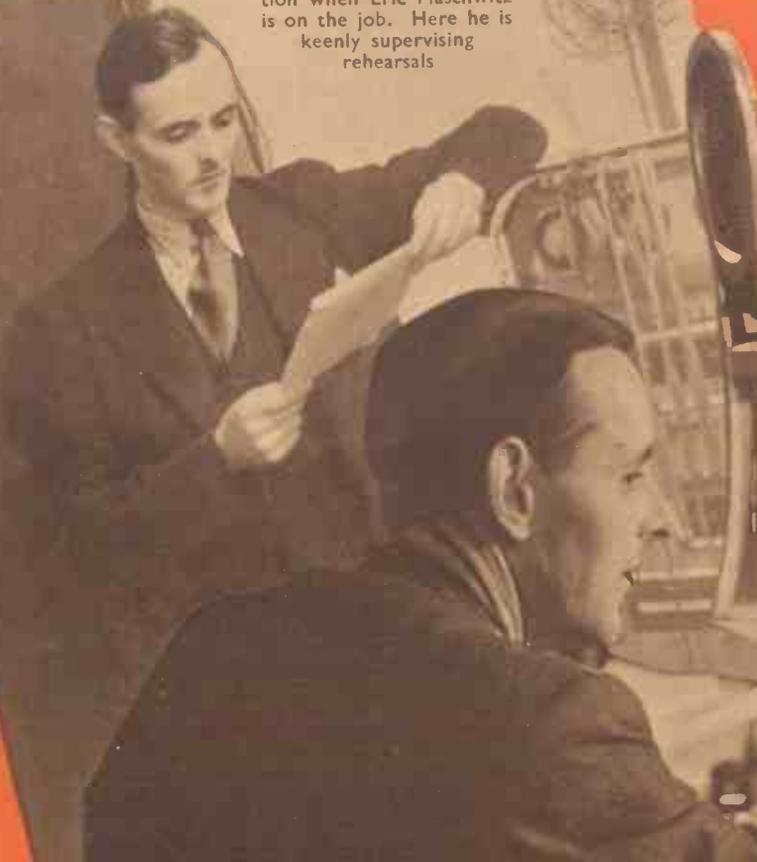
Marie Goossens

LOTS

Maestro of the piano and the accordion—
Jim Hands



Expect a slap-up production when Eric Maschwitz is on the job. Here he is keenly supervising rehearsals



Don Juan, villain is played by D

October 9, 1936

RADIO PICTORIAL



Don Juan hero,
played by Dick Ainley



Passionate, elusive Iris Flame,
played by Joan Carr

Norah Howard is
Don Juan's second
love



John Ticehurst

OF LOVE

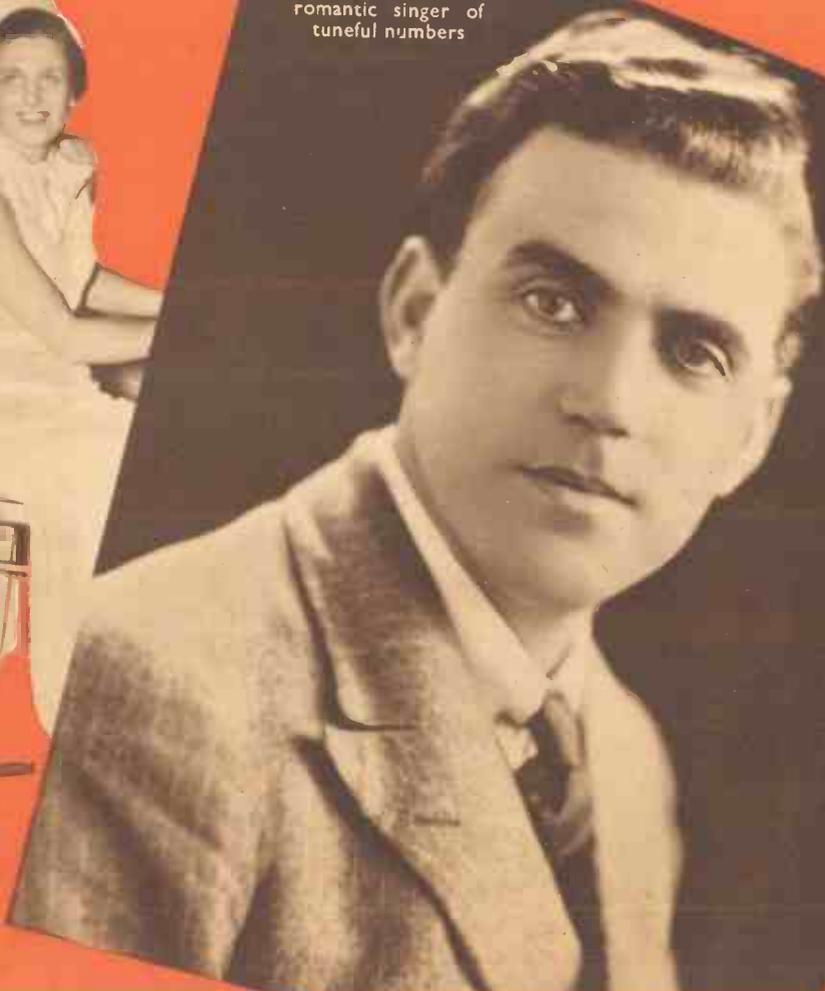


This alluring person,
possessor of a silver voice,
is Anne Ziegler



Inseparable, incomparable,
indispensable Radio Three

John McKenna,
romantic singer of
tuneful numbers



★ "Be your age," thought Duncan Grant when he knew that he had fallen in love with a small, pitiful voice and a fluff of silver-gilt curls. But love knows neither rules nor logic and Duncan surrendered completely to its charms

LOVE by

ACCIDENT

THE headlamps of Duncan Grant's great, low Bentley pierced the semi-darkness with two fat pencils of light. They picked out the small two-seater a hundred yards in front and made diamond-bright flashes from the back window.

Duncan eased his foot up slightly on the accelerator and the speedometer needle wavered and dropped a fraction. He felt for the dimming switch in case his too-powerful lights should cast a reflection on the windscreen of the two-seater and dazzle its driver. He crept up behind it, waiting to pass after the road had forked. Mentally he decided that the car in front would take the left fork when suddenly it swerved a little, braked and stopped dead.

He whistled between his teeth and braced himself for the crash. His foot tense against the brake, his hands in front of his face as a protection. It was less severe than he thought, the great Bentley shuddering only a little as it took the weight of the smaller car on the bumpers, throwing it two yards forwards through sheer force of impact.

Duncan swung himself over the side of the Bentley and peered into the darkness of the little car. He said:

"Why the devil did you do that? Haven't you got any hands?"

A girl's voice said:

"I'm sorry . . . I didn't know the way and I only saw 'London' on the signpost when I was half-way across." It was a very small, pitiful voice and the last word was like a sigh.

Duncan said:

"I'm sorry. I didn't know you were a woman or I'd have been more polite. Are you hurt?"

"I don't think so . . . much," she said, as he opened the door of her car. He saw a slim ankle clothed in a smoke-screen of silk above a tiny, high-heeled black shoe and then, suddenly, she had fainted.

Duncan pulled her out of the car, and thought, fleetingly, that it was the wrong way to get to know a girl. First her ankles, then her long, attractive legs. Hips that were fantastically slim and finally a pale, heart-shaped face under a formal array of silver-gilt curls. Her lashes made little semi-circles of shadow on her cheeks and there was a smear of dirt across her forehead that was rapidly becoming a large and probably painful bump. He held her in his arms and quite suddenly he knew that this was important. This was one of the most important things that had ever happened to him.

As he stood there staring at her, lying limp and unconscious in his arms his thoughts whirled madly about in his brain. He thought, wildly, "don't be ridiculous—you can't. You can't have fallen in love with a small, pitiful voice and a fluff of silver-gilt curls." He thought, "Pull yourself together, man, and be your age. Probably the dame's married."

He glanced surreptitiously at her left hand, swinging sadly somewhere down near his hip to make sure that there was no ring on the third finger. He had to lean very close to her face and just as he did so her eyes opened and stared into his.

Their first kiss was brief, unpremeditated. One moment they were smiling at each other, blue eyes into brown in the half-light and saying: "Feeling better, huh?" and "Rather, I'm grand



He bound the damp pad of cotton wool around her forehead and tied the bandage in a ridiculous bow at the back of her head

now." The next moment and their lips were touching lightly, swiftly but with a promise for the future.

At first sight she had been a light and frivolous person. A girl belonging to the world of artificial lights and dance bands and bacon-and-eggs-at-three-o'clock-in-the-morning. But when you saw her eyes things were different. You knew then that there was something besides the latest swing number in her small head.

Duncan set her on her feet in the road, but he still kept his arm around her in case she should feel faint again. He said:

"Look, I'll drive you up to town. I've got some arnica in my flat that'll stop that bump from becoming a bruise, and you're not in a fit state

to drive yourself." He prayed silently that she wouldn't remember that it was only six o'clock and that chemists had dotted their shops all over the road to London.

She said:

"You're very kind. I shall have to telephone, you see it isn't my car. I borrowed it."

He nodded briefly.

"I'll drive it on to the side of the road," he said, "and tell you the name of the place. You can 'phone your friends from my flat."

She climbed into the Bentley and he wrapped a rug around her knees with infinite care.

"Would it be a good thing to know your name," he asked, "or shall I call you 'hi there!' or 'you' for the rest of our lives?"

She echoed:

"For the rest of our lives—"

"Yes," he said, very seriously, looking deep into her eyes, "didn't you know?"

"Yes," she told him, quite simply, "I knew."

They rode back to town very close together, with their shoulders touching and his thigh making a small patch of warmth where it was pressed against hers.

Duncan said, conversationally, as he felt for the electric light switch at the door:

"If you don't like this flat, say so. I'd hate you to live in a flat you didn't like."

She smiled up at him, pointing to the visiting card stuck in a square frame by the door.

A
Love Story with a Thrill
By
HELEN BRETT

Out of the night came two cars. Collision! And love came to two people in an instant. But even Duncan Grant didn't know the strange ironic twist that Cupid had prepared for him

"Are you Duncan Grant?" she said, breathlessly, "the Duncan Grant who's broadcasting to-night with 'Lorelei'?"

He said: "You've been reading the newspapers, darling. But you're wrong. I'm not broadcasting with any appalling American torchsinger to-night. I'm staying home making love to . . . dammit girl, do you realise you *still* haven't told me your name?"

"Jean Weston," she said, and then went straight on, "why 'appalling', Duncan? And she isn't American, she's English."

"I know," he said, "but she's been in New York for years and she's temperamental and blonde, so they say, and I don't like blondes." He noticed that she was laughing. "Yes, that's funny," he said, "I never have liked blondes—before. Anyway I'm quite sure she's the type of girl I hate. I like your type, my angel, sensible and feminine and . . . serious." He put a hand under her chin and tipped her head up so that the light shone on her eyes, "you *are* serious, aren't you?" he asked.

"Yes," she said slowly, "I'm serious . . . darling."

"Good," he said, looking away quickly from the things he saw in her eyes. Dazzling, exciting things. "Now for that arnica or you'll get a bruise the size of a cricket ball."

She looked around the room, while he potted in the medicine cupboard. A cool, green room with a great piano standing by the window and a caricature of Duncan hanging on the wall behind it. She stared at it closely for a moment, then she blew it a kiss. "Darling," she said very softly, "oh, you darling, *darling* person."

"That," said Duncan, coming into the room quickly, "is a wicked, wicked waste. Save your kisses, my child, until I've anointed you. You'll need all you've got then."

They sat side by side on the deep, green sofa and she smiled when she saw that his hands were trembling. She understood. She was nervous, too . . . wanting his kisses, wanting to feel his strong arms around her, nervous with anticipation of the moment that was not to be delayed much longer.

He bound the damp pad of cottonwool around her forehead and tied the bandage in a ridiculous

bow at the back of her head. Then he gathered her in his arms.

He kissed the pink lobes of her ears and her closed eyelids, driving her crazy with desire for his mouth, until she said, in a whisper, "Darling, darling, kiss me . . ."

Then he pressed his lips on hers. A different kiss from that light, swift touch of two hours ago.

The telephone rang shrilly.

It was Benny, the drummer, hysterical with anxiety.

"For heaven's sake, Duncan," he shouted, "haven't you left yet? The restaurant's packed and Pagani's fainting with nervousness. We're on the air in a quarter of an hour and that American dame hasn't shown up either."

Duncan grinned boyishly.

"I shan't be with you to-night," he said, "go right ahead, Benny. Len can imitate my voice well enough for the announcements and you won't need me if you cut the two-piano solo."

He held the receiver away from his ear as Benny replied.

"I know," he answered, "I know all that. Pagani'll get over it by to-morrow and he can't blame me if Lorelei's gone temperamental again."

He listened for a moment. Then:

"No, I'm not ill," he said, laughing. "I'm in love."

"I am, you know," he said to Jean, as he hung up the receiver. "Hopelessly, helplessly in love. And ain't it grand? I'll say it is." He collected her small body into his arms. "Kiss me," he said, "and do it as if you meant it."

She held him away for a moment, looking at him seriously:

"That's the nicest thing that's ever happened to me," she said slowly, "to have a broadcast chucked away recklessly like a banana skin . . ."

"You're the sweetest thing in the world," he said, huskily, "I love you, Jean. Love you and love you."

Next Week

A magnificent short story by
PAUL HARDIE entitled
"LOCAL RECEPTION"

Duncan read the copy of the notices that sat on every table in Pagani's. "Owing to a slight indisposition," they said, blackly, "the world-renowned 'Lorelei' was unable to appear last night. To-night she will sing you your favourites and her favourites."

He looked at his wrist watch. Eight o'clock. Time they were filing in to the restaurant to take their places on the dais. In two—three minutes time he would see her again. Jean of the silver-gilt hair and the heart-shaped face. She had promised faithfully that she would be in the restaurant, and he knew she wouldn't let him down. He wondered just where she would sit, and as he walked on to the small stage amid a burst of clapping he looked hurriedly at every table.

He knew a moment's sharp disappointment at not finding her there. Still, she'd come. She'd promised. And after he'd finished playing they would go back to the flat together.

He sat down at the piano and played the first few chords of his signature tune. Benny whispered: "Now!" in his ear, which meant that "Lorelei" was standing behind the heavy velvet curtains, waiting for her entrance cue.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, as he played softly, "may I present 'Lorelei' who has kindly consented to sing with my band to-night as guest artiste?"

He stood up and turned towards the slim figure that stood there in a silver sequin gown. Pale, heart-shaped face up-turned to laugh at him, silver-gilt curls piled high above pink-lobed ears he had kissed.

"Jean!" he said, in a small, furious whisper, "you little fiend . . ."

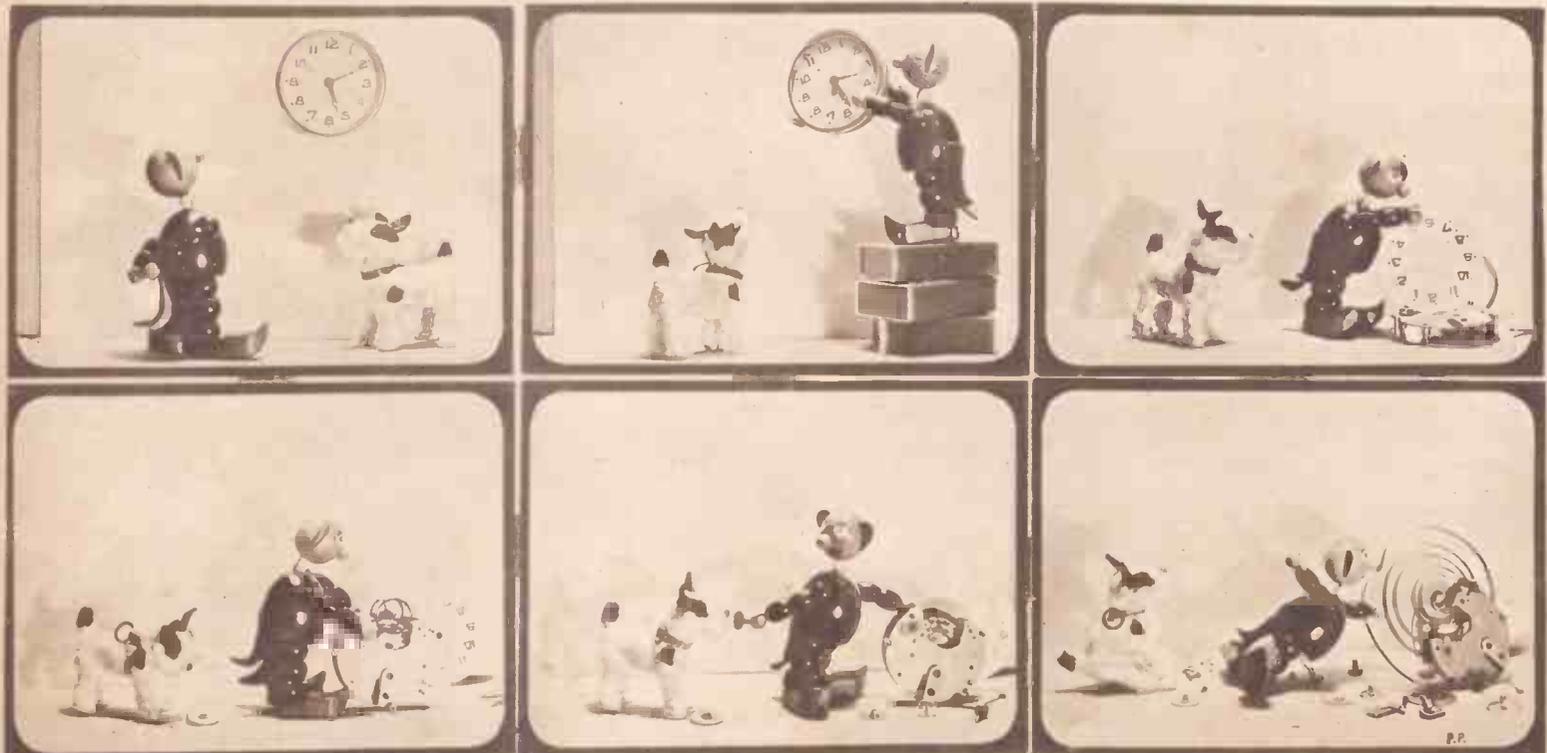
She walked forward to the edge of the dais amid the clapping and adoration of the diners.

"Thank you so much, everybody," she said in her small, cool voice. "It's so kind of you and so kind of Mr. Grant to let me sing with his band because," her voice became an intimate, thrilling thing, "he really doesn't like blondes. I know, because he told me so himself!"

(ALL CHARACTERS IN 'LOVE BY ACCIDENT' ARE FICTITIOUS AND REFER TO NO LIVING CHARACTERS.)

INTRODUCING TOTO

HE MENDS A CLOCK



From My Diary . . .

By a Harley Street Doctor

NURSING THE SMALL INVALID

Another individual and entertaining article by our Harley Street Doctor, who advises parents to keep a Treasure Chest by them, in case of need

ALTHOUGH it mercifully is not used very often, we have our special set of equipment for turning the nursery—or even the spare bedroom, if no nursery is available—into a sick-room for any of the youngsters who get ill enough to have to be kept in bed for a day or so. We got it together first for Mary, and as the others came along we added to it as knowledge and experience suggested until now a few days in bed can be faced without qualms, even when the tiniest one is concerned. It doesn't mean much in the way of expense, but a little common sense and the expenditure of a few shillings will save endless worries, not to mention repeated trots upstairs in answer to pathetic cries of "Mummy, I want—"

The one thing that costs a little money, but is well worth it, is one of those blankets of very smooth wool that are soft almost to silkiness. There are several good ones on the market; they combine warmth with a complete absence of scratchiness and tickle. A feverish child must be kept warm at all costs and a blanket instead of sheets is an absolute necessity. But there is nothing more fretful than a sick child wrapped in an ordinary blanket that irritates its sensitive skin beyond endurance. The problem is usually solved by kicking it off—often with disastrous results.

THE next item is a special set of cups, plates, and other eating utensils. These can be picked up cheaply at the sixpenny stores, but should combine gay colours with diminutive size. For example, frequent drinks of water or fruit juice will be needed, and to a child who has lost its appetite the normal cup seems huge and discouraging. A tiny tumbler of bakelite or coloured glass will encourage lots of little drinks, if only for the joy of draining the small tumbler at a gulp or so and asking for more. Wee plates on which to serve dainty little portions of food will mean bigger meals than large portions on a full-sized plate that are only pushed round, left till they are

cold and finally rejected with tears. Little imitation silver knives and forks with pretty handles will also help to make being ill "an awfully big adventure."

A bed table of some kind will be wanted, but this can be made by the most inexperienced handyman by screwing four short legs to a smooth piece of wood and applying either a coat of varnish stain or some attractively tinted paint. Two or three ordinary pillows will provide adequate support if the child is allowed to sit up, but one extra pillow must be bought or made. That is a kind of miniature bolster to slip beneath the knees. Most grown-ups know the comfort and relief that is given by a pillow under the knees when one is lying in bed, but the normal size is too large to be any use to a child. A bolster about eighteen inches long and six inches in diameter solves the problem to perfection, and is easily made from a long bag stuffed with kapok.

Another useful item is a cheap screen. If there is a suitable one in the house, all well and good. If not, buy or make one, and the cheaper it is the better will it serve its purpose. Let it be perfectly plain and of a dull brown or buff colour. I have seen an excellent one made by taking an ordinary clothes horse, nailing sheets of thin plywood over it, and glueing brown paper on top. Then, with a dozen or two drawing pins it can be turned into a delightful picture gallery by pinning on its pictures hastily cut from magazine covers and newspapers. These can be constantly changed and will be a great source of interest. What could be nicer than to wake up from an afternoon snooze and find a new set of pictures to look at!

The last item is a playbox. It is quite usual for an ailing child to be bored by its ordinary toys, but to turn eagerly to something fresh, however simple. Also, the ordinary toys may not always



"A tiny tumbler of bakelite will encourage lots of little drinks." Peter spends a day in bed, looked after by Mary and John

be good for it! During illness one must avoid overtaxing the brain in any way, so anything demanding concentration is taboo.

DON'T make the mistake of handing the box over to the child and letting all its mysteries become known in a few minutes. It is a good idea to wrap each thing up separately in a piece of coloured paper. Then display the box, let one parcel be chosen at random, and the box is put away out of reach until a fresh distraction is needed.

Midget picture or story books, tiny toy motors, and similar joys from the sixpenny stores, wooden letters that can be arranged into words, small coloured blocks that can be grouped into patterns, crayons, a pair of blunt-nosed scissors for cutting out—there are a few suggestions and many others will readily occur to any mother.

It may seem a bother to get together a box that might not be needed for months, or even years, but its use need not be confined to the sick-room. On a wet afternoon it is a perfect boon, and many a time when John and Peter have shown signs of tiredness that might easily have ended in tears and slaps, our sick-room treasure chest has saved the situation.

I MEET SIR JOHN REITH

Continued from Page 10

has his back to me. Pat McCormick is easy. Always leans back and shuts book when finished. Others give no sign at the end of chapter.

Chorus sings psalm. After Amen, back to reader. Once I missed an Amen.

Then back to chorus for last hymn. While they sing it, just time to shoot up one floor to studio 4A (news).

Where the morning weather forecast is waiting on his desk. I read it straight through, then at "writing down" speed. At first, religiously write it down myself. Later can judge correct speed without putting pencil to paper.

Must finish forecast by 10.44.—it takes at least a minute to get down to floor below for morning talk—usually in studio 3B, designed by Chermayeff—of all the studios, my favourite decorations.

I need hardly say I have met many famous people at the morning talks, including Megan Lloyd George, Major Attlee, A. G. Street, S. P. B. Mais, and Helen Simpson.

By 11 a.m. the talk is over and I am free to leave the building if I want to until 12.

But usually I have a whole lot of stuff waiting—preparing notes on a new musical work that is in one of my programmes soon; visit to Val Gielgud to ask about announcement for a coming production; to Stanford

Robinson about an operetta broadcast; to John Sharman about a variety show.

Noon. Midday programmes begin, but I am not concerned with those that come from the provinces.

I have to cover both Regional and National for London contributions. Most of these are O.B.'s and require only opening and closing announcements, but always I have to be "at the ready" for breakdowns or programmes finishing ten minutes early.

A certain part of lunch time each day given to



"This song haunts me."
"Well, you murdered it in your bath last night!"

records and I must go through these beforehand, think out short announcements, and often have to arrange for a piece of music to run on from one record on one turntable to the next on the other without a break.

This is quite a tricky job, involving use of stop-watch and marking chalk to run white lines on to record.

I am not allowed to leave the building for lunch, so must fit it in between programmes.

Usually take it in canteen, keeping eye on signals which light up to recall announcers to studios.

Afternoon school talks do not concern me, nor does the Children's Hour, nor Henry Hall at 5.15.

From 5.30, night announcers begin to trickle in. Gossip! At twenty to six I make for the news room, get hold of what sheets of the First News are ready, and go through them with pronouncing dictionary.

Two minutes to—down the passage—six. "This is the National programme. The weather forecast . . ." News—sport—endless football results—fat stock prices—interlude of records. At 6.29 I hear my music being faded out in my headphones.

Big Ben. The voice of Hibberd or Grise-wood: "Good evening, everyone. The first part of the evening programme . . ."

I go home.

(In next week's article in this revealing series you are taken through an evening at Broadcasting House at the elbow of an announcer. Don't miss this brilliant article. Order your "Radio Pictorial" today!)

SETS WE HAVE TESTED

Read this article if you are contemplating buying a new set—it will be worth your while

NOT so very long ago a conventional radio-gramophone was cheap at 28 to 30 guineas for anything below that figure was considered shoddy and not worth buying. What a change has come over the manufacturers since that time, for they have realised that an inexpensive radiogramophone can be one of the most popular items to interest the public.

Vidor lent us one of their new model 235 radio-gramophones to prove to our own satisfaction just what can be done for 15 guineas. Most of our readers know that radio sets to-day are somewhat like motor cars. Very rarely does one obtain a poor model, although some are better than others; but even the worst will give very satisfactory results.

In view of this the fact that Vidor only charge 15 guineas for an all-wave radiogramophone is something to make people sit up. The model 235 enables anyone to tune in a varied selection of the world's short-wave programmes. All of the normal broadcasters on medium and long waves can be picked up with the absolute minimum of interference, so that the number of stations that are of entertainment value is very high.

A few of the latest gramophone records which can be played via an electric pick-up through the main amplifier enables one to hear those few items which are not broadcast over the radio. In short, this Vidor all-wave radiogramophone is a complete home entertainer that will provide music at any time of the day or night.

The radio side consists of a four-valve circuit with pentode output. Three wave ranges are included covering 17½ to 51½ metres; 200 to 550 metres; and 800 to 2150 metres. To simplify control, the on-off switch is combined with the volume control; while there is a separate external volume control for the gramophone.

The tuning dial is in a class of its own. There are three distinct bands so that instead of having a conglomeration of numbers, the exact wavelengths to which the receiver is tuned can instantly be checked.

So that the D.C. mains set user should not be overlooked a special model 247 has been created to work on either A.C. or D.C. without alteration. This receiver is fundamentally similar to the model 235 except that, of course, it is suitable for D.C. mains as well.

We feel that the average man in the street who wants a fair number of good programmes and likes to try his hand on short waves when he feels so inclined, cannot do better than to spend 15 guineas on the Vidor 235 all-wave radiogramophone.

Four Channel radio is synonymous with the name of Pye. For the last 12 months we have never been without one of their T.10 receivers with which we have been hearing most of the world's short-wave programmes.

At 18 guineas it is in the connoisseur class built almost without thought of expense, so that one can criticise it, if possible, to the-limit. After a test extending over six months we have come to the conclusion that the Pye T.10 with its all-wave section doubles the number of programmes that can be heard. We specifically mention programmes as against stations, for as over 200 stations can be picked up on the short-waves only a half of them really provide programme matter.

This Pye T.10 uses six valves including a pentode which gives 2½ watts. A special tuning control and dial has been evolved which gives a reduction of 200 to 1. Four distinct tuning calibrations are provided, each one of which is so arranged that

the indicating cursor covers no less than 360 degrees.

Interference on all wavelengths can be reduced to a negligible quantity by the use of the combined variable selectivity and tone control, while a tuning indicator shows the exact tuning point.

Those who are primarily interested in tonal quality will not be able to criticise the T.10 in any way, while the out and out station getter will also have a receiver that fulfils his requirements in every possible way. All of the controls are smooth in operation, the tuning dial is accurately calibrated, noise level is very low, and the wave-change switching positive in action.

We should advise all of our readers to have a demonstration of the Pye T.10 or at least hear one at the local dealers, for it will be an education as to what the modern all-wave receiver can do on short-waves. Remember the price is 18 guineas.



There's no spot of bother with this Pye T.10 receiver—even with Clapham and Dwyer at the controls!

TUNE IN TO RADIO LUXEMBOURG
(1293 METRES) SUNDAYS AT 8 p.m.

"NOW . . .
I'M SCHOOLGIRL
COMPLEXION ALL OVER"

Like so many of her friends, having found Palmolive so beneficial for her face, she has tried it as a bath soap. In its rich abundant Olive Oil lather she has discovered the ideal protection for her lovely arms and shoulders, for Palmolive beautifies while it cleanses.

Millions of women since the days of Cleopatra, have known olive and palm oils as nature's own beauty treatment. Thus, in using Palmolive Soap in your daily bath, you give to your body the skin freshness and beauty that Palmolive brings to your face.

3^{d.} per tablet

to the
PALMOLIVE
HALF HOUR
of
LIGHT MUSIC

PAUL OLIVER
OLIVE PALMER
and the
PALMOLIVERS

FREE TO YOU!

BARON DE BEEF, Founder of the Mustard Club, has been busy again and he has written a sparkling little book called *Mustard Uses Mustered*. A hot-stuff little publication it is, containing lots of appetising recipes in which mustard plays a part, hints on how mustard can be used in a myriad ways to make domestic service easier and quite a lot of other useful information concerning this appetising adjunct to our daily round. Would you like a copy of this little booklet? You can obtain one free—and post free—if you send a card to "Mustard Book," Radio Pictorial, 37, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2. Write now. You'll find *Mustard Uses Mustered* both jolly and useful.

ADVENTUROUS LISTENING Below 145 metres



SCHENECTADY—AS LOUD AS LONDON—BRINGS AMERICA'S STAR-TURN BROADCASTS

The amazing range of Burndept All-Wave Radio adds a thrill to listening, makes it an adventure. Night after night you can receive the "Star Turn" programmes from America at full loudspeaker strength . . . day after day you can pick up the propaganda broadcasts of Hitler, Stalin and Mussolini . . . even the far distant Australian Short-Wave programmes can be received. And while you are searching the ether for these regular broadcasts, you will stumble upon "Surprise Items" from the ends of the earth . . . original and intimate conversations between amateurs, ships speaking to the shore and to each other, newspaper correspondents communicating with their papers, multitudinous broadcasts in English and in strange tongues from strange lands, which you cannot hear on any ordinary wireless set. Only the wonderful Burndept Automatic Overdrive Dial makes it possible for you to tune these Short-Wave Stations with the necessary precision, and thus opens a hundred new channels of radio entertainment for your enjoyment.

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.

BURND EPT



Complete with Super-capacity H.T. Battery and Accumulator

To Advtg. Dept.,
BURND EPT, LTD.,
ERITH, KENT.

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

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

R.P. B.41

DO YOU HEAR THESE VARIETY PROGRAMMES?

Twice as much Radio Entertainment is available to the owner of an All-Wave Receiver. Are you missing the choice items mentioned below?

BIG names on the bill do not always mean a good variety programme. This is particularly so in America, for just recently I have been noting all of the small type features and comparing them with some of the highly paid soloists who should have given a better show.

So remember if you can't find what you think might be a good variety show coming from the American short-wave stations, just take pot luck and leave the receiver tuned to a reliable station, such as W2XAD in Schenectady. The wavelength of this station, by the way, is a little over 19½ metres.

I am really convinced that a dull American programme is a rarity, for they can serve up a most uninteresting programme in such a fashion that one is kept highly amused. This even applies to such topics as the "Women's Hour" in which they feature the latest prices in all the various New York markets.

The announcer puts this over in such a way that one laughs more than one does at a few of the B.B.C. Variety shows I have heard. It is the unrehearsed sides put in by the announcer which adds spice to the programme.

If you want laughs give some of these American variety shows a chance and don't bother to wait until late at night. Housewives can make a point of switching on about 4 in the afternoon.

I spent a whole afternoon just checking up on the world's short-wave programmes, and believe me, most of them were of a highly amusing kind. During a period of three hours when I listened to W2XAD I heard a continual series of laughter-making programmes.

I shall never forget the way in which the announcer brought to the microphone Miss Marion Harris who was in charge of the Women's Hour.

The announcer came along, gave his name and then addressing Miss Harris said, "The microphone is yours and the pleasure is ours. It's my turn now to take a rest." One can imagine the B.B.C. doing a thing like that!

Incidentally, Marion Harris invites all women listeners to write to station W2XAD for their leaflet number 441, which shows you how to renovate last year's hat and bring it up to date for a few cents. If this leaflet is up to their usual style, take my advice and write for it, it will be well worth having. This Women's Hour, by the way, comes on at 5 p.m. most days.

At 6 p.m. Joseph White, a well-known baritone, sings a number of light songs for a quarter of an hour. He is a versatile sort of man who cracks a lot of jokes, some of which really shouldn't be cracked.

Can anyone imagine a quarter of an hour on "Spoken English" being included in the variety programme? N.B.C. have done it for they broadcast at 6.15 every day a play entitled "Dan Harding's Wife," which is sponsored by some Californian University who are trying to improve the diction of the American people. Last time I listened the play had reached its 318th chapter.

This play is really worth hearing, it's well put over, and it features artistes who really do speak correct English and also various dialect speakers from Southern states of America. This seems a simple way of teaching people to speak properly.

If you want a good laugh listen to the Hollywood High Hatters, two boys and a girl, who broadcast old and new songs at 6.30 each evening. They include a guitar and two pianos and really do put some rhythm and melody into their singing. So far as I am concerned, this is one of the best American items on the air.

"Happy" Jack Turner is a regular contributor to short-wave variety at 6.45 every other evening, who is sponsored by the N.B.C. and broadcasts from W2XAD. He is given half-an-hour all to himself and he makes the most use of it, for he sings more songs and tells more tales in 30 minutes than any one could conceive to be possible.

A different type of amusement is to hear the news bulletin broadcast by the Japanese station JVN on 20 metres. The funny part about it is the way in which the announcer reads the news in English. He gets all mixed up with his sentences and some of the things he says aren't quite what he means. But all the same, it's well worth listening to but not so much for its news value.

Jack Teagarden and the Lang Sisters are two star vaudeville turns which every short-wave listener should make a point of hearing. Next Saturday at 4.30 the Lang Sisters can be heard over W2XAD and W3XAL, while Jack Teagarden is broadcasting from Pittsburg at 6.45. He follows the home programme immediately after the announcer has finished telling you about the price of marrows and so on at the local market.

A turn which seems to me has a very good chance of taking the place of the late Will Rogers is Josh Higgins, who comes on most Saturdays at 4.30 through Pittsburg. He tells tales in the true Rogers western style and has a voice having many similarities. He really is good and very droll.

If you have never heard a commentary of an American ball game do listen next time you have the chance.

There is generally one broadcast from W2XAD on Saturday afternoons round about 4.30 to 5 o'clock which really, to those who don't understand the game, is the last word in funniness.

Actually, it is a very serious matter to all good Americans, but to me it sounds like civil war. During the 20 minutes or so I listened last week-end five substitutes had to come on to the field. You hear the graphic accounts of somebody in a scrum with somebody's head under his arm, while broken legs seem to be fairly general occurrences. An extraordinary game.

Everybody gets very worked up over it, and I must admit there is a lot more pleasure in the programme than when I listened to the Football Final last year. The only comparison I can make is Bob Bowman when he comments on an ice hockey match.

They have gone back to Eastern standard time in America now, which means that the programmes in addition to being one hour earlier are much more reliable. Also some of the after midnight programmes that I used to hear, which in any case is a trifle late, now, of course, come in about 11 o'clock, a much more reasonable time.

KENNETH JOWERS

Next Week: "What I Like Girls to Wear" by GEORGE BARCLAY, the clever crooner.

Six ways of setting your



setting your



Hair at Home



So easy to arrange fascinating new hair styles when you use Amami Wave Set. It guides the hair in precisely the waves and curls you want to achieve, yet leaves it not the least bit sticky or oily. It's the beauty secret of thousands of smart girls who must never have a hair out of place, must always present an "expensive" appearance at minimum cost. Buy a bottle of this easy-to-use lotion to-day, and try an exciting new coiffure.

Try the new Amami Spirit Wave Set! Quick-drying. Non-oily. Keeps order over every type of hair. Packed in a yellow carton. At all chemists.

from a 6" bottle of

AMAMI

Wave Set



6d. and 1/3 per bottle

royds



Marion Harris who has had charge of the Women's Hour on W2XAD

Next Week's Issue

Among the magnificent contents of our next sparkling issue will be found:

Amazing Revelations of the RADIO SONG MUDDLE, by Our Special Investigator.

MY LOVE STORY, an intimate confession by MARJERY WYN.

CONFESSIONS OF AN EX-B.B.C. ANNOUNCER. Another long instalment of this intriguing series.

Articles by JENNY HOWARD and GEORGE BARCLAY.

Articles about DAN DONOVAN and ERNEST LONGSTAFFE.

Page Portrait of Crooner JACK PLANT.

Also Fiction, Gossip, Beauty, Dress, Household Hints.

Threepence only, RADIO PICTORIAL, Every Friday.



Changeable weather gets at your throat but Allenburys Pastilles allay irritation keeping the throat clear and the voice sweet and resonant.



FROM ALL CHEMISTS 8" & 1/3

Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

for your Throat

"MORNING MOUTH"

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

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

OUR TAME HUMORIST IS AT IT AGAIN!

"IT PAYS to ADVERTISE!"

B. A. Young has been listening-in to the Continent and it's put ideas into his head—and as usual we have to bear the brunt! A "laugh a line" article.



By
B. A. YOUNG

Announcer: "When you're sitting at your knitting, feeling kinda blue."

NOWADAYS, anyone who ever listens to the Sunday programmes from R-d-o L-x-mb-rg is quite accustomed to hearing this sort of thing, sung in a hearty baritone voice:

Hail, Healtho!
Of tonics the best
For the medicine-chest.
Hail, Healtho!
It's great for domestic use.
When you're not feeling quite O.K.,
Go to the chemist's shop and say,
Hail, Healtho!
The Fuhrer, the Leader, the Duce!
Of course, there's nothing wrong in that, as long as it's a good tune. In fact, I'm not sure that I wouldn't rather hear advertisements of good old English tooth-paste and mouthwash than invitations to go back again to some darned American health resort like Alabama or Charleston, or Mattawamkeeg, Pa.

But what worries me is that we're so far behind at home. What happens when the B.B.C. brings out a new book on gardening or handicrafts or crochet or whatever it may be. Do they sing about it? Of course they don't. They just put in a little bit at the end of the News Bulletin:

"The B.B.C. Knitting Book, on sale to-day, price 6d., at all newsagents, contains helpful articles by H. G. Wells, Aldous Huxley and Lady Houston, as well as the first instalment of a new serial by George Bernard Shaw."

And the consequence is that everyone thinks it's only another police message and the publicity is wasted.

How much better if they adopted the Continental method. Why not, for example, something like this:

Announcer:

When you're sitting at your knitting,
Feeling kinda blue,
Needing some light reading,
Something sorta new,
When you wonder, if that jersey's gonna be the proper size,
These are the guys
That'll put you wise—

The Wireless Chorus:

Aldous Huxley and H. G. Wells!
You must read them by hook or by crook.
For they're brighter than bright,
And they're sure to be right
In the B.B.C. Knitting Book!

You see the idea? Then Mrs. Listener, instead of going out and buying "Home Hints" as usual, gets that tune running in her head and isn't satisfied till she's got the Knitting Book and read every word of it.

And there's no reason why it should end there. For example, suppose you see that at 7.45 Sir Rampole Hawkins, Conservative M.P. for King's Proctor in the County of Loamshire, is to give a talk on "Fiscal Problems in the Middle Twentieth Century. What do you do? You switch off, of course.

And yet for all you know he is going to tell you how to reduce your income-tax by half. The trouble is that he just isn't presented properly.

In the first place, he ought to appear in the printed programme something like this:

HAVE YOU ANY

FISCAL PROBLEMS?

Sir Rampole Hawkins will solve them!

To-night, Regional, 7.45.

**Your only chance.
DON'T MISS IT!**

Then when you switch on, instead of hearing a dry announcement that to-night's talk is to be given by Sir Rampole Hawkins, they ought to get the John Watt touch into it. Lead off with the B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra playing the signature tune, "Inland Revenue Blues." Then fade out music, fade in voices.

1ST VOICE: Hello! Who are you?

2ND VOICE: I'm a fiscal problem.

1ST VOICE: Are you? How funny. So am I.

What are you doing here?

2ND VOICE: I want to harass a taxpayer.

1ST VOICE: Good idea. What about that one over there?

2ND VOICE: I shouldn't. That's Sir Rampole Hawkins. If you try and harass him he'll solve you before you know where you are.

Fade up music again.

ANNOUNCER: And that, kiddies, is how the wicked fiscal problems were overcome by the clever Sir Rampole. And here he is to tell you himself all about it. Ladies and Gentlemen, SIR RAMPOLE HAWKINS!

Final blare of "Inland Revenue Blues," and then Sir Rampole is at last free to go on, sure of the attention of seven million listeners.

Again, suppose the Minister of Transport is to give a talk on road safety. Why begin merely by saying "Here is Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha," etc.? Why not something after this style?

MR. HORE-BELISHA: Knock, knock.

MR. STUART HIBBERD: Who's there?

MR. HORE-BELISHA: Undress.

MR. STUART HIBBERD (scandalised): Who?

MR. HORE-BELISHA: Undressitimation of their speed by motorists is a frequent cause of accidents on main roads.

Then you would have the whole country listening.

I have just one more suggestion to make. When an advertiser gives a concert, he generally has the sense to make sure everyone knows at whose expense it is being given by slipping his name in at every opportune moment. "That was Miss Fanny Adams singing 'I'm Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage,'" he says. "Do you want to sing like Miss Adams? Do you long to hit a top C? Do you aim at complete breath-control? Then take Songo, the Perfect Tonsil-Wash."

Can't the B.B.C. give a little acknowledgment where acknowledgment is due? I don't mean they should bother to tell us that the programme comes to us by the courtesy of the British Broadcasting Company; we all know that. But I do think that now and then they might slip in something like this:

"This concert comes to you by the courtesy, honesty and integrity of Mr. Jones of Peckham, and Mr. Brown of Streatham, and Mr. Green of Uckfield, and Mrs. Smith of Cuckfield, and Lord Vere of Amberley, and Mr. Campbell of Camberley, and all the rest of the eight million people who have paid their licence fees for the current year, and also through the courtesy of the Post Office who have refrained from pinching the entire revenue and spending it on new designs for postage stamps."

After all, honour where honour is due.

MY LOVE STORY Continued from page 7

When due explanations had been made Charlie steadied his wayward knees and went over to the Prince's table to tender his apologies. The Prince was charming, they joked over the whole thing, and he autographed a picture of Charlie that was lying on the table.

Later Charlie secured the engagement at Casani's, and as Charlie was bringing such good business there and was becoming so famous on the B.B.C., we decided to be finished with flats and to set up home for ourselves.

Call it a love nest, if you like. I know all our resources and ambitions went into that little place.

It was extremely comfortable, and just what Charlie wanted after his long evening's work in the West End.

He didn't run a car then, but practically ran his own taxi up to town and back! He arrived back home about 2.30 in the morning and got up at 11.30. A sort of automatic life broken only by occasional visits to a quiet spot on the South coast.

Three years—three very happy years after we married—our first boy arrived. Peter is our eldest. Gerald, our second lad, is nine.

Lucky chap, he is now on holiday for two months in Italy with relatives. I would love to be with him, but Charlie must come first.

Over a year ago Charlie first started touring the country, and he insisted that whenever possible I should go with him. That's the sort of marriage ours is.

But the tours meant more than that. They meant that Charlie had to have a car—garage space—a large office at home—a secretary and all that.

Our first tiny home wasn't big enough, so in the early part of this year we set around looking for a site for our second love nest. We found it on a hill-side overlooking Gladstone Park. From our windows we can look right over the Thames, over the West End to Crystal Palace.

So—fourteen years of happiness.

Modern marriages go on the rocks, do they?

Nothing is going to upset the romance of Charlie and "Nina," for our romance is founded on rock.

Non-Radio Corner

HINTS, TIPS and USEFUL THINGS TO KNOW

Legends about Pennies :: Preserving Autumn :: A Real Life Love Story
by MOLLY MONTAGUE

STRANGE as it may seem there are still people who believe that 1864 pennies contain gold, that they are therefore valuable and consequently rare. Their rarity is merely due to the fact that in 1864 very few pence were struck, while their value is precisely one penny each. A similar rumour, and for a similar reason, often circulates regarding 1922 pennies.

Anyway, talking about the saving of pennies, quite a useful saving can be accomplished by making preserves from any surplus fruit in the garden. At this time of the year many lucky housewives are able to use up a quantity of jam-making fruit. Realise the value of making the jars absolutely airtight, securing the jam covers with adhesive tape instead of string. Also, when bottling pickles, boil the corks, and while still hot press into the neck of the bottle. You will find that they tighten up when they become cold, and effectively seal the bottle.

After the Holidays

Returning fresh from a summer holiday is just the time to do little extra jobs. Tan shoes often look woebegone after a stay at the seaside. They soil easily and sometimes fade in parts to a lighter tan than the rest of the shoe. The best course is to wash the shoes in a solution of warm soda water, using a soft dry flannel with a little soap. Dry thoroughly in the air, then rub with the inside of a banana skin; afterwards polish all over with a dark tan polish. One can then again emerge in the shoes and finish the season without a blush of shame!

Another post-holiday problem is the redness of the elbows and backs of the arms after exposure to sea, wind, and sun. And this is a difficult place to treat satisfactorily. A good liquid cream which contains peroxide of hydrogen is excellent to use, for it remains on well throughout the night and removes any discoloration.

Somewhat disconsolately one reflects how soon the summer blooms will fade. But some of our gorgeous autumn leaves can be preserved to make a good winter stand-by. Choose branches of leaves that are fresh and free from insect holes. Buy some commercial glycerine, which is cheaper and better for the purpose than the medicinal kind, and half fill the vases in which you wish to place the leaves. Put in the branches and be sure that the glycerine is always at the same level. They last fresh a long time, and are excellent for table decoration when flowers are scarce.

An Eternal Problem

Living economically is a terrible problem to some people—like an unfortunate wife of a friend of mine who suffered from rheumatism. Her children going to school require a lot of attention, and money soon flies when a paid domestic help has to be employed continuously. Some few years ago she became troubled with Rheumatism, which, in spite of various treatments, steadily grew worse. Visits to expensive spas followed and all manner of ways of obtaining relief were tried unstintingly. So much so, that this young couple's income was considerably reduced. Beside this, the wife's condition, instead of improving, grew worse, and gradually developed into a chronic stage.

What a blight had descended upon that so

happy home! Although doctors and specialists strove hard, the heroic little woman who had borne her harrowing burden with such fortitude, could obtain no alleviation even from their expert administrations.

My friends, however, remained undaunted, and continued to try everything that held out hope of relief.

Then a chance acquaintance recommended a simple form of treatment that had many remarkable cases to its merit. With fresh hope the young couple applied for a sample and a booklet describing the treatment, although it seemed that the simple little gelatine capsules which were contained in the sample could not possibly bring about results when all other forms of treatment had failed.

Success!

However, "as a drowning man clutches at a floating straw," the young wife, in desperation, commenced the treatment. After the first dose she was feeling better. In a fortnight there was a marked improvement in her condition. Within two months all sign of the supposed "incurable" complaint had entirely disappeared! Thus were the young husband's increasing financial sacrifices rewarded!

Seeing the remarkable results obtained, I asked more about the treatment, and have recommended it personally to many friends who have themselves obtained benefit.

The treatment is marketed under the name of "Curicones," and has been available now for

over 20 years. It has earned the praise of many eminent medical men, including a Harley Street specialist, who have pronounced the capsules to be of inestimable value in the treatment of Rheumatic disorders.

A Chance to Play the Good Samaritan

Now, if you yourself suffer from a rheumatic ill, or have a friend so afflicted, make use of my shopping coupon which I give below. Without delay, fill it in clearly with your name and address, or the name and address of your friend, and send it to me as directed on the coupon. Then I will arrange that you receive, free of all charge and post free, a wonderful trial supply of "Curicones." I will also arrange that this generous gift shall be accompanied by a splendid little booklet explaining the cause of rheumatic troubles. Act now, and bring relief, if not to yourself, at least to your friend.

If you don't seal the envelope, a halfpenny stamp is enough for the coupon. Good-bye for the present.
MOLLY MONTAGUE.

To Molly Montague,
Dept. R.P.7,
19 Farringdon Street, E.C.4.

Please send free of charge the "Curicones" sample you offer.

Name.....

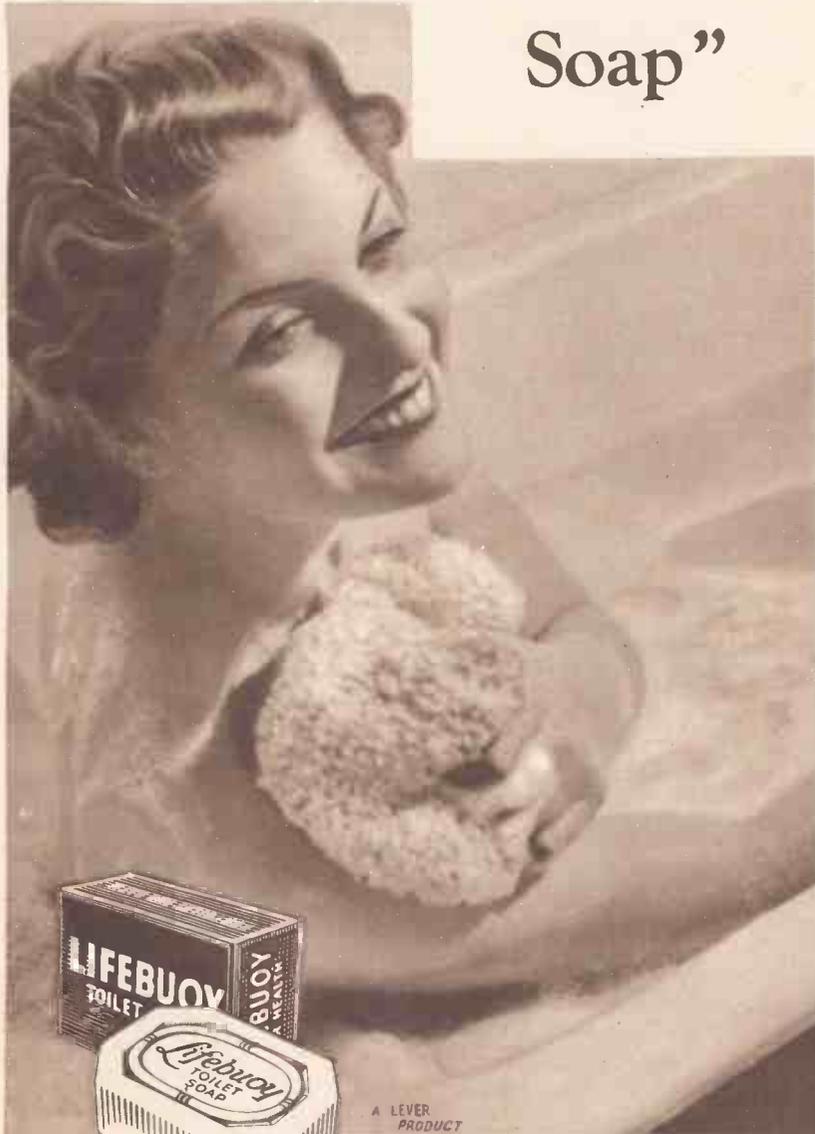
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"Nothing like a bit of 'onest competition,' Arry!"

“Good looks won’t charm ‘B.O.’ away! I’m making sure of personal freshness with Lifebuoy Toilet Soap”



★ LISTEN TO
LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP'S
 Sunday Evening Programmes
AMBROSE AND HIS ORCHESTRA
 BROADCAST FROM
RADIO LUXEMBOURG every Sunday at **6.15 p.m.**
 (1293 metres)

LBT 285-201

WHAT LISTENERS THINK

CONSTRUCTIVE

Reader Charles Wyatt wins half-a-guinea for his earnest plea for fair play for the B.B.C.

★ STAR LETTER

THESE days of scientific progress are not without their armchair critics, and the art of broadcasting has hatched many thousands of these strangely persistent creatures.

It may interest nature lovers to know that the chief characteristic of the programme critic is his persistence. Never does he waver from his objective; never can he be accused of praising a B.B.C. effort. Such weakness is completely beyond such a virile and intelligent fellow—only poor, easy-going saps like me ever confess to that kind of vice.

Nevertheless, a worm is turning. I am tired of continually reading broadcasting “cracks” manufactured by journalists who are uncomfortably short of “copy” and laymen bursting with the literary urge.

It is about time the art of “listening” was cultivated and brought to the same degree of excellence as that attained by destructive criticism.

I fervently wish, above all, that the programme critic would begin his reformation by picking his programmes. Like the rest of his uneasy brethren, he uses the radio with the same vague carelessness as he uses water or electric light. In fact, if the speaker isn't belching forth sound during his leisure moments he feels at a loss. Something seems wrong within the home.

A few weeks ago a well-known sports writer made a few sarcastic remarks concerning a radio play (which, incidentally, I considered an excellent performance). His criticism was brilliant for its satirical wit, but its value was at once confounded. The writer admitted he was playing cards throughout the broadcast. Well, I ask you . . . !—*Charles H. Wyatt, Lonsdale Square, Barnsbury, N.1.*

Disappointed

AFTER listening to the last broadcast from Radiolympia, I must write and say how disappointed I was in Les Allen. I am a keen Les Allen fan and have always enjoyed the way he sings with the Canadian Bachelors harmonising. The songs he used to sing were never hot rhythm and silly songs, but straight singing which suited his voice so well. It seems that he is going to be like all other crooners; before he used to be different and yet sing modern songs. In future I hope we shall hear Les as he used to be, without any hot rhythm.—*Miss E. Hyde, Arley Road, Washwood Heath, Birmingham.*

New Band

WHAT a treat to have a decent band in place of Henry Hall's dreadful noise. Val Rosing's new band ought to go a long way; nice soft-toned instruments and vocal numbers with expression and not the usual whining noise of Henry Hall's vocalist. Good luck to Val Rosing and his pleasing combination.—*D. Payne, Masefield Crescent, N.14.*

Troise Fan

I ALWAYS like to read “What Listeners Think” and I was very pleased to see a letter from Harry McCalla, of Stockwell, as I also am a very keen admirer of Troise and his Mandoliers, including Don Carlos, to whom reader E. J. of Kennington Park gave praise in a recent issue of RADIO PICTORIAL. Personally, I think he is the best singer of his type and truly deserves to be called the Golden-voiced tenor. My best wishes to “R.P.” and the best of luck to Troise and his Mandoliers.—*“The Mandoliers Admirer,” Longfellow Road, Walthamstow, E.17.*

Cheers for Chick

BEING a regular reader of RADIO PICTORIAL since its first issue I am forwarding this letter in praise of Joe Loss's vocalist, Chick Henderson. I think he is a great singer especially when he sings that now so popular song “The Scene Changes.” He and Denny Dennis have voices alike, but why is it so much praise is given to Denny Dennis, and Chick Henderson left so much in the background? I should like to hear more of him and wish him every success in the near future, also Joe Loss's band, for which he sings.

I should like also to say that I agree with a reader in a recent issue who said that George Elrick is the only bright spark in Henry Hall's Band. I think he was quite right in saying so.

Here's wishing RADIO Pic. every success.—*Daphne Phillips (Miss), Milton Road, West Hendon, London.*

WHAT LISTENERS THINK

LISTENING

Banal

PERMIT me to tell you how glad I am Leonard Henry's trifling serial has come to its banal ending. For sheer triteness that story certainly took first prize. Your admirable short stories by acknowledged authors are now appearing again and I trust you retain them.—*Thos. A. Passmore, Widgery Road, Exeter, Devon.*

Happy George

I AM a regular reader of the RADIO PICTORIAL and I think it is a fine paper, and always look every week for a picture or some news about that fine singer, George Elrick, I could listen to him for ever. Henry Hall's Band wouldn't be anything without him, but I do wish Henry would let him sing better songs; the sound of his voice makes one feel very happy.—*Daisy L. Lovell, Corbett Street, Rugby.*

"Radio and Music Man"

TO J. R. Hall, Dorchester, Dorset.—Please send full postal address for reply.—*Mrs. E. White, Newport, Mon.*

Losing Good Vocalists

I AM very interested in the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra. It used to be my favourite band in the old days when they were on every day at 5-15. I used to delight in hearing Les Allen singing "The Teddy Bears' Picnic". Then there was the vocal trio consisting of Les Allen, Jack Halsall and Burton Gillis. And last but not least the one and only Len Bermon when he used to sing "Leave the Pretty Girls Alone".

Why have we lost two of these vocalists? I think the answer is because the B.B.C. do not pay big enough wages. We look like losing a few more, too. George Elrick says he still has a bigger ambition. America seems to be the attraction.

I have taken RADIO PICTORIAL from the very first edition. Wishing you every success.—*Rosa M. Banks, Coniston Road, Stretford, Manchester.*

Likes Maurice Winnick

I SHOULD like to inquire why Maurice Winnick and his Orchestra are such irregular broadcasters.

Wherever I go he seems to be well liked, and the general opinion is that for a sweet number, or a slow fox trot, there is not a band who is in the same class, the only other one coming near being a Canadian Band, Guy Lombardo. For quick numbers he also is in the top line. He has two very good vocalists, and his programmes are always very well arranged. At the most his band is only on once every three weeks, whereas some bands are on twice a week.—*N. Digman, Dawlish Road, Leyton, E.10.*

This is Horace Finch

I THINK that RADIO PICTORIAL is the brightest magazine out. I hear a lot of Horace Finch at the organ of the Empress Ballroom, Blackpool on the radio, but have never seen a photo of him. Could you please publish a photo of him in your magazine.—*Basil Prout, Ynisymond, Glais, Swansea.*



HORACE FINCH
—By Request!

Photo by M. and R. Saidman



**See for yourself
Folks—how much
brighter and safer
Oxydol washes
your "coloureds"**

Get a packet of Oxydol today and prove it yourself! See how thick, creamy Oxydol lather just floats out the dirt from your clothes without any harsh rubbing. Watch how Oxydol lather brings up the colours and gay patterns brighter and fresher than you've ever washed them before. Millions of women have proved that Oxydol is the safest and finest thing they've ever used for washing coloured clothes. But test it yourself. Get a 3½d. or 6d. economy size Oxydol at your usual shop to-day!



and don't forget

**CARSON ROBISON
and his Oxydol Pioneers**



*play and sing to you
every Sunday at 10.15 a.m.*

Tune in to the most enjoyable 15 minute programme you've ever heard. Carson Robison and his famous Western Troupe entertain you with rollicking Western Songs played away out on the "CR" Prairie Ranch. Meet them next Sunday on

RADIO LUXEMBOURG

(1293 metres, 232 k.c.)

10.15 to 10.30 a.m. every Sunday

OXYDOL

FOR A BIGGER TUB OF RICHER SUDS





*"Of course I'm an
OVALTINEY
— are you?"*

THE League of Ovaltineys is giving joy to many thousands of children all over the country. There are secret high-signs, signals and a mysterious code which are known only to Ovaltineys.

The League has been formed by the makers of 'Ovaltine'—the supreme tonic food beverage—to promote the happiness and health of children everywhere. Parents welcome the League because they appreciate its objects and the great benefits which 'Ovaltine' confers on the well-being of their children.

**BOYS AND GIRLS! Join the
LEAGUE OF OVALTINEYS TO-DAY**

Send a postcard to-day to THE CHIEF OVALTINEY (Dept. 35), 184 Queen's Gate, London, S.W.7, asking for the Official Rule Book and full details of the League.

*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

1293M.
LUXEMBOURG CONCERTS

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 11

10.15-10.30 a.m.

**CARSON ROBISON AND HIS
PIONEERS**

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

Settin' by the Fire.
I'll Meet You in San Antonio.
My True Love is Gone.
Bye Bye Black Bird.
Prairie Town.

10.30-10.45 a.m.

NEW SONGS FOR OLD

With
**GERRY FITZGERALD
PHIL GREEN**

and
BILL SNIDERMAN
Compered by PAT BARR

Presented by the Proprietors of
BISURATED MAGNESIA

11 a.m.

**LET'S GO ROUND TO
NORMAN LONG'S**

With
**NORMAN LONG
BERTHA WILLMOTT**

and
**SYDNEY JEROME and HIS
ORCHESTRA**

Presented by KRUSCHEN SALTS

11.15-11.30 a.m.

THE OPEN ROAD

Presented by CARTER'S LITTLE
LIVER PILLS

Electric Girl ... Holmes
Maree ... Sievier
Brighter Than the Sun ... Winn
Smile, Darn Ya, Smile ... O'Flynn
Love, Life and Laughter ... Haines

12.15 p.m.

The makers of EX-LAX present

**HARRY BIDGOOD'S
BUCCANEERS**

Guest Artists

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

Night and Day.
I Can't Give You Anything But Love.
Solitude.
The Juggler.
Danny Boy.

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 GARDEW

ARTHUR GOMEZ

and

DEBROY SOMERS AND HIS BAND

Presented by HORLICK'S

5.30 p.m.

Entertainment broadcast specially 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 LIFEBOUY TOILET SOAP present

**AMBROSE AND HIS
ORCHESTRA**

In a Programme of Modern Rhythm Music

6.30 p.m.

RINSO MUSIC HALL

ELLA SHIELDS

ROBB WILTON

GIPSY NINA

BERYL ORDE

GEORGE BEATTY

JENI LE GON

and

RAWICZ AND LANDAUER

ALL-STAR VARIETY presented to listeners by the makers of RINSO

7 p.m.

A "PLEASURE CRUISE"

Featuring

ESTHER COLEMAN

and

GORDON LITTLE

Presented by "MILK OF MAGNESIA"

Love is the Sweetest Thing ... Noble

Weather Man ... Caesar

Always ... Berlin

Accent on Youth ... Lawnhurst

You Are Too Beautiful ... Rodgers

Star Gazing.

The Night Was Made for Love ... Kern

7.15 p.m.

MORE MONKEY BUSINESS

With

**BILLY REID AND HIS ACCORDION
BAND**

DOROTHY SQUIRES

and

LESLIE DOUGLAS

Presented by the makers of MONKEY BRAND

7.30-7.45 p.m.

WALTZ TIME

Presented by

PHILLIPS' DENTAL MAGNESIA

My Treasure ... Becucci, arr. Chapuis

It's a Sin to Tell a Lie ... Mayhew

Idylle Passionelle ... Kasigade

Dear Love, My Love ... Friml

7.45 p.m.

AVA PRESENTS

OLGA

the Radio Pianiste

and

HER GYPSY GIRLS' ORCHESTRA

The Girl with the Glamorous Hair

Signature Tune—Rose in Her

Hair ... Feldman

Souvenir d'Ukraine (traditional)

(arr. Ferraris): Liber

Lost ... F. D. H.

Merry Widow Waltz ... Lehar: Chappell

Is it True What They Say About
Dixie? Cesar, Lerner, Marks: Stirling

YOU SHOULD NOT MISS

SUNDAY, OCT. 11—cont.

8.0-8.30 p.m.
PALMOLIVE PROGRAMME
 With
OLIVE PALMER
PAUL OLIVER
BRIAN LAWRENCE
 and
FREDERIQUE
 We Saw the Sea ... *Palmolivers*
 Boots ... *Brian Lawrence*
 Lost ... *Palmolivers*
 La Juba ... *Palmolivers*
 Mirabelle ... *Paul Oliver and Olive Palmer*
 Let's Face the Music ... *Palmolivers*
 Romance Medley ... *Palmolivers*
 If I Should Lose You ... *Frederique*
 I Don't Know Your Name ... *Palmolivers*

9.0-9.15 p.m.
MACLEAN'S CONCERT
 Evening on the Rhine.
Orchestra Mascotte.
 All My Life.
Street Singer.
 Four Eyes (White Horse Inn).
Derek Oldham and Winnie Melville.
 Lehar Melodies—Part I.
Ilya Lyschukoff's Orchestra.

9.45 p.m.
THE COLGATE REVELLERS
 I'm Pixilated Over You.
 Piano Duet: Limehouse Blues.
 I'se a-Muggin.
 It's No Fun.
 Swing.

10.0-10.30 p.m.
POND'S SERENADE TO BEAUTY
THE PROGRAMME FOR LOVERS

TUESDAY, OCT. 13

6.45 p.m.
ROB, BERT & SON
 "The Three Mincemeaters"
 Presented by the makers of
ROBERTSON'S MINCEMEAT

7.0-7.15 p.m.
GUEST NIGHTS AT THE MUSTARD CLUB
 Mirth and Music with
THE BARON DE BEEF
MISS DI GESTER

THIS SUNDAY FROM LUXEMBOURG

LUNCH-HOUR MELODY
JUDGING by the many enthusiastic letters which have been received by the sponsors, the "Ovaltine" programme of Melody and Song, broadcast at 1.30 every Sunday afternoon, has struck just the right note of brightness and tunefulness that everybody asks of lunch-hour music. Everybody enjoys stirring marches, lilting songs, and selections from the favourite operas played by first-rate orchestras. These concerts certainly maintain the standard set by the immensely popular Ovaltine programmes for children at 5.30. Don't forget to leave the radio on while you eat your dinner this Sunday.

THE KING LISTENS
THEY have often played by royal command to delight the King, and now are appearing in Rinsow Music hall. Rawicz and Landauer are the most remarkable two-piano act of the times. They play by mental telepathy, sitting

7 p.m.—Continued
SIGNOR SPAGHETTI
LORD BACON
 and other Members
 Presented by J. & J. COLMAN, LTD.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 14

8.30-8.45 a.m.
SUNNY JIM'S PROGRAMME OF "FORCE" AND MELODY
 Tidworth March (Tidworth Tattoo) *Stopford*
 Down Among the Dead Men *arr. B. C. Hilliam*
 Mah Lindy Lou *Strickland*
 "Gay Nineties" Waltz Medley.
 Presented by A. C. FINCKEN & CO.

6.30-6.45 p.m.
SIDNEY TORCH AT THE ORGAN
 Guest Artist of the Week
LANCE FAIRFAX
 Handel's Largo.
 The Silver Patrol.
 Brise d'Été.
 Sylvia.
 Au Revoir but Not Good-bye.
 Presented by the makers of
ROBINSON'S "PATENT" BARLEY AND GROATS

FRIDAY, OCT. 16

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'S & SONS, LTD.

SATURDAY, OCT. 17

8.30-8.45 a.m.
SUNNY JIM'S CHILDREN'S PROGRAMME OF "FORCE" AND MELODY
 On a Local Train Journey ... *Rathke*
 The Driver of the 8.15 ... *Longstaffe*
 The Railway Guard ... *Fyffe and Mackenzie*
 Orient Express ... *G. Mohn*
 Presented by A. C. FINCKEN & CO.

back to back at their pianos, and classical music or jazz—it's all the same to them.

Another famous person billed in this excellent programme is Robb Wilton. Do you remember Policeman Robb in the film *Stars on Parade*?

FAME IN TWO MINUTES

AS you know, Horlick's famous *Tea-Time Hour* is no more; it has suffered a sea-change, and now a whole cargo of stars cruises weekly in the charge of Max Miller. Max won film fame by appearing for two minutes in the *Good Companions*. As an immediate result, he was seized upon by Gaumont-British and made a star in good earnest. His never-failing cheekie chatter sounds just as funny by mike as on the screen—not to be missed.

And, of course, Debroy Somers, an evergreen favourite with listeners, is still contributing his light-hearted musical setting to the show.

"5 months ago I couldn't play a note. Now I can play at sight"



Guarantee

I give you my guarantee that I, my Director of Studios and my assistant teachers conduct all tuition personally. Come and see for yourself.

Demand a similar guarantee wherever you go and refuse to be satisfied with vague statements. You constantly hear my work on record and radio. Learn from the man whose work you know!

Personal experience in everything. I know your difficulties. During the last 10 years I have taught more than 20,000 students. I can teach you, too.

Write to me personally—for copy of my free book, "Me and My Piano," marking your inquiry "Beginner."

BILLY MAYERL,
 Studio 8, 1-2 George Street,
 Hanover Square, W.1.

says my student CS/10 (original at these offices).

Even if you cannot play a note of music, I will teach you to play songs, dance music, accompaniments, etc., by the most up-to-date and efficient postal tuition in the world.

Immediately I receive your enrolment, I will send you your first lesson and five double-sided gramophone records, specially recorded, so that I can demonstrate each step to you personally.

Musical tuition without demonstration is not enough. I demonstrate to you in your own home, and these records, which are exclusive to students of this course, are the key to your success.

READ THESE TESTIMONIALS

- "I appreciate the way in which your lessons are detailed, and I have become quite interested in the mastery of Syncopation."—S/12.
- "Your lessons are so precise, that one can't help but grasp your instructions."—P/11.
- "I am becoming expert in playing this class of music."—W/4.
- "I should like to congratulate you on this course. Although I have only had the first lesson and just started on the second, I have felt an improvement already."—A/1.
- "It is the most successful course I have ever undertaken and has been exactly what I required."—S/14.

SYNCOPATION

If you already play the piano a little, I will teach you in twelve easy and fascinating postal lessons, including a complete set of gramophone tuition records, to get that modern and up-to-date rhythm into your playing and syncopate like I do. Mark your inquiry "Syncopation."

CORONATION MODELS

New Range of the World Famous

PIETRO PIANO ACCORDIONS

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EASY TERMS AVAILABLE



21 piano keys	8 basses	...	£2 2 0
25 " "	12 " "	...	£2 19 6
25 " "	24 " "	...	£4 19 6
34 " "	48 " "	...	£9 19 6
41 " "	120 " "	...	£15 15 0

All models have Gold or Silver decorations on White, Blue or Rose Pearl finish. Write for free catalogue showing full range of the new models ready October 1.

J. & A. MARGOLIN (Dept. R.P.910), 112-116, Old Street, London, E.C.1

Sunday, October the Eleventh

RADIO NORMANDY 269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

RADIO NORMANDY 269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

Continued from page 34, column 3.

AFTERNOON PROGRAMME

EVENING PROGRAMME

2.0 p.m.
KRAFT CONCERT PARTY
Tommy Handley's Watt Knots
including
JENNY HOWARD
JEAN ALLISTONE
THE RHYTHM SISTERS
JOHN RORKE
TOLCHARD EVANS
and
TOMMY HANDLEY
Presented by
Kraft Cheese Company,
Hayes, Middlesex

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 SHELLY,
DOROTHY KAY,
THE RHYTHM BROTHERS,
MOLLY CARDEW, ARTHUR GOMEZ,
and
Debroy Somers and His Band
Presented by
Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

2.30 p.m.
Jane Carr Selects
MUSICAL HITS FROM THE FILMS
(Electrical Recordings)
Muchacha ... Dixon
My First Thrill ... Sigler
Slipping Through My Fingers ... Woods
You Never Looked so Beautiful ... Adamson
Presented by the makers of
Lixen,
Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., Radio Dept., London

5.0 p.m.
NEW SONGS FOR OLD
Featuring
GERRY FITZGERALD
with
PHIL GREEN and BILL SNIDERMAN
Presented by
Bismag,
Braydon Road, N.16

2.45 p.m.
THE OPEN ROAD
Electric Girl ... Holmes
Light of Foot ... Latann
Maree ... Sivicr
Smile, Darn Ya, Smile ... O'Flynn
Brighter Than the Sun ... Noble
Presented by
Carter's Little Liver Pills,
64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1

5.15 p.m.
LISTEN TO VITBE
On the Beach at Bali Bali... Meskill
Every Time I Look at You ... Slept
When Evening Comes ... Stanton
You Can't Pull the Wool Over My
Eyes ... Ager
Presented by
Vitbe Brown Bread,
Crayford, Kent

3.0 p.m.
SERENADE TO BEAUTY
Presented by
Pond's Extract Co.,
Perivale, Greenford

5.30 p.m.
PLEASURE CRUISE
With Esther Coleman and Gordon Little
Love is the Sweetest Thing ... Noble
Weather Man ... Caesar
Always ... Berlin
Accent on Youth ... Lawnhurst
You Are Too Beautiful ... Rodgers
Star Gazing.
The Night Was Made for Love ... Kern
Presented by
Milk of Magnesia,
179 Acton Vale, W.3

3.30 p.m.
MUSIC THROUGH THE AGES
Triumphal March (Aida) ... Verdi
Ballet Egyptian ... Luigini
La Donna è Mobile (Rigoletto) ... Verdi
Aultra's Dance (Peer Gynt Suite) ... Grieg
Selection—Carmen ... Bizet
Presented by
Huntley & Palmers, Ltd.,
Biscuit Manufacturers, Reading

5.45 p.m.
MASTER O.K. SELECTS THE STARS
(Electrical Recordings)
Life Begins When You're in Love Schertzing
Play the Game You Cads Western Bros.
But Where Are You? ... Berlin
After All That ... Western Bros.
Presented by
O.K. Sauce,
Chelsea Works, London, S.W.18

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

6.0 p.m.
POPULAR CONCERT
Tales of Autumn ... Waldteufel
Widcombe Fair ... arr. Jacob
Butterflies in the Rain ... Myers
Schubertiana—Fantasia on Melodies
by Schubert ... arr. Finck
Presented by Macleans, Ltd., makers of
Mac Brand Antiseptic Throat Sweets,
Great West Road, Brentford

10.15 p.m.
MORTON DOWNEY
The Golden Voice of Radio
and
The Drene Orchestra
Night and Day ... Porter
I Can't Give You Anything but
Love, Baby ... McHugh
Solitude ... Ellington
The Juggler ... Grottsch
Danny Boy ... Weatherley
Presented by the makers of
Drene,
Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd.

6.15 p.m.
NURSE JOHNSON OFF DUTY
Serenade ... Piernd
En Bateau ... Debussy
Things to Come ... Bliss
In the Night ... Tate
Presented by
California Syrup of Figs,
179 Acton Vale, W.3

10.30 p.m.
ALL ABOARD
Rock and Roll ... Clare
Liberty Bell ... Sousa
Jamaica Shout ... Henderson
Rio de Janeiro ... de Gredos
Presented by
Cunard-White Star, Ltd.,
26 Cockspur Street, S.W.1

6.30 p.m.
RINSO MUSIC HALL
ELLA SHIELDS
ROBB WILTON
GIPSY NINA
BERYL ORDE
GEORGE BEATTY
JENI LE GON
and
RAWICZ AND LANDAUER
All-Star Variety
Presented to listeners by the makers of
Rinso,
Unilever House, Blackfriars, E.C.4

10.45 p.m.
MUSICAL MELANGE
Non-stop Quarter Hour
Devised and Presented by
David J. Davies

7.0 p.m.
BLACK MAGIC
Life Begins When You're in Love
Lost ... Schertzing
These Foolish Things ... Mercer
Looking Forward to Looking After
You ... Strachey
Woods
Presented by
Black Magic Chocolates

11.0 p.m.
VARIETY
Folies Bergère March ... Linche
Sweeter than Sugar ... Mills Bros.
I Lost My Heart to a Melody ... Strachey
Airman's Song ... Gray
In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree Williams
The Wedding of the Painted Doll Brown
Whispering ... Schonberger
On the Track ... Simpson

7.15 p.m.
"VOICES OF THE STARS"
Present
EVELYN LAYE
The Glamorous Musical Comedy Actress
With the music of the
Cedric Sharpe Sextet
Sponsored by
Rowntrees,
The Makers of Chocolate Crisp

11.30 p.m.
MILITARY BAND CONCERT
Light of Foot ... Latann
Hyde Park Suite ... Jalowicz
On the Serpentine.
Around the Bandstand.
Song—High Barbaree ... Traditional
Stein Song ... Fenstead
Cornet Solo—Facilita ... Hartmann
There's Something About a Soldier Gay
Song—Somewhere a Voice is Calling Newton
Selection—The Belle of New York Kerker

7.30 p.m.
PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH
Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

12 (midnight)
DANCE MUSIC
Okay for Sound—Fox trot ... Kennedy
All My Life—Fox trot ... Slept
Would You?—Waltz ... Brown
I'm An Old Cowhand—Fox trot ... Mercer
Everybody's Swingin' It Now ... Davis
There's Isn't Any Limit to My
Love—Fox trot ... Sigler
Marianna—Rumba ... Sunshine
At the Cafe Continental ... Kennedy

10.0 p.m.
**LET'S GO ROUND TO
NORMAN LONG'S**
Featuring
NORMAN LONG, BERTHA WILMOTT
and
SYDNEY JEROME AND HIS ORCHESTRA
Presented by
Kruschen Salts,
Adelphi, Salford

12.30 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.
Ooh! Looka There Ain't She
Pretty?—Fox trot ... Lombardo
That Night in Venice—Tango ... Chaventre
I'd Rather Lead a Band ... Berlin
Moon Over Miami—Fox trot ... Burke
One Life, One Love—Waltz ... May
She—Fox trot ... Kennedy
On the Beach at Bali Bali... Meskill
This'll Make You Whistle ... Sigler
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.

RADIO CÔTE D'AZUR (Juan-les-Pins) 235.1 m., 1,276 Kc/s.

Time of Transmission.
Sunday : 12 (midnight)—12.30 a.m.
Announcer : E. E. Allen...

12 (midnight)
TOASTS
Old Mammy Mine—Fox trot ... Kennedy
The Object of My Affection ... Tomlin
The Girl with the Dreamy Eyes ... Carr
My Last Year's Girl ... Alter

12.15 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.
Black Eyes ... arr. Ferraris
Dearest ... Damerell
Buen Amigo ... de Caro
Sweet Sue—Just You ... Harris

12.30 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody.

10.30 p.m.
LIGHT ORCHESTRAL PROGRAMME
Cavalleria Rusticana (Intermezzo) Mascagni
Neapolitan Nights ... Kerr
Song of the Guitar ... Rode
Song of Songs ... Moya
Barcarolle (Tales of Hoffman) Offenbach
Wine, Women and Song ... Strauss
Hebrew Dances Rimming, arr. Phillips
Phantom Brigade ... Myddleton

11.0 p.m.
SONG MEDLEY
Having a Good Time, Wish You
Were Here ... Fain
Good Friends ... Heyman
Ain't Misbehavin' ... Razaf
She Didn't Say Yes ... Kern
Waltz Song—Beauty (The Dubarry) Millocker

11.0 p.m.—Song Medley—continued
A Boy and Girl were Dancing ... Gordon
When You Grow up Little Lady ... Evans
Kiss Me Good-night.

11.30 p.m.
INSTRUMENTAL INTERLUDE
Argentina ... Damerell
Slippery Fingers ... Steele
The Kunz Medley ... arr. Kunz
Only Broken-hearted Me ... Coningsby

11.45 p.m.
POPULAR PEOPLE
Tap Your Tootsies ... Sigler
Over My Shoulder ... Woods
The Physician ... Porter
Pardon Me Pretty Lady ... Rose

12 (midnight)
DANCE MUSIC
My First Thrill—Fox trot ... Sigler
May All Your Troubles be Little Ones ... Sigler
Masse ... Rivera
The Breeze—Fox trot ... Sacca
The Perfume Waltz ... Croke
Oh Can't You Hear that Guitar? Ingram
Here is My Heart—Fox trot ... Robin
Let's Have a Jubilee—Fox trot ... Mills
Let Go the Painter—Fox trot ... Neville
Sarawak—Quick step ... Gordon
Don't Let it Bother You ... Gordon
Out in the Cold Again—Fox trot ... Koehler
Don't Forget—Slow Fox trot ... Lyndon
Freckle Face, You're Beautiful ... Friend
P.S. I Love You ... Mercer
Don't Cry When We Say Good-bye Woods
1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and
Close Down.

Monday, Oct. 12th

Tuesday, Oct. 13th

RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

MORNING PROGRAMME

8.0 a.m. DANCE MUSIC
Cross Patch—Fox trot
Free—Fox trot
A Waltz Was Born in Vienna
I'll Stand By—Quick step
8.15 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal. NEWS PARADE
The Skaters' Waltz
Moment Musical
Glow Worm Idyll
La Cinquante
8.30 a.m. HAPPY DAYS
Don't Save Your Smiles
That Little Back Garden of Mine
Gershwin Fox Trot Medley
Danse Bagatelle
8.45 a.m. SUNNY JIM'S PROGRAMME OF "FORCE" AND MELODY
Semper Fidelis
Ballads of Yesterday
Liebstraum
The Quaker Girl
9.0 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal. THE OPEN ROAD
The Great Little Army
Brighter Than the Sun
When the Band Goes Marching By
We're All on the Road
Happy and Contented
9.15 a.m. JACK SAVAGE AND HIS COWBOYS
In the Early Morning Round-up
The Old Chisholm Trail
Drifting and Dreaming
Pop Goes the Weasel
My Little Home in Tennessee
How Beautiful Heaven Must Be
Tuck Me to Sleep in My Old Kentucky Home
Crazy Water Crystals, Thames House, S.W.1

9.30 a.m. ADVANCE FILM NEWS
Let's Sing Again
I'm Pixilated Over You
It's a Sin to Tell a Lie
A Rendezvous with a Dream
Associated British Cinemas, 30 Golden Square, W.1
9.45 a.m. MELODIANA
Wood and Ivory
Selection—The King Steps Out
Robins and Roses
We Belong Together
10.0 a.m. SOME POPULAR RECORDS
Washington Grays March
Empty Saddles
Selection—The Great Ziegfeld
Keep a Twinkle in Your Eye
10.15 a.m. ORCHESTRAL MUSIC
Where the Woods are Green
By the Tamarisk
Invitation to the Waltz
Serenade
10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT
Selection—In Caliente
Zinetta
When the Robert E. Lee Comes
To Town
Dance of the Flowers
10.45 a.m. THE MILLS BROTHERS
Sweeter than Sugar
Shoe Shine Boy
Some of these Days
Lulu's Back in Town
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. VARIETY
Turn on the Music
At the Court of Old King Cole
Charlie Kunz Piano Medley
The King of Zulu
Oua, Oua
Sport of Kings
Florrie Forde Old Time Medley
A Banjo Oddity
Cuban Pete
3.0 p.m. MAREK WEBER AND HIS ORCHESTRA
A Waltz Dream Potpourri
Columbine's Rendezvous
For You, Rio Rita
Marie Louise
Song of Paradise
Selection—Viktoria and her Hussar
Love's Last Word is Spoken
Spanish Gipsy Dance
Entr'acte Gavotte
3.30 p.m. LIGHT MUSIC
Gipsy Moon
Three Jolly Fellows
San
Susannah
The Clock and the Dresden China
Figures
Titania
The Great American Tourist
A Merry Night in Munich
Lazy Pete
4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR
With Debroy Somers and Other Artists
On Top of a 'Bus
Fifty Years of Song
It's Nice to be Going Away
Love's Contradictions
March Tartare

4.0 p.m. Tea-Time Hour—contd.
Solitude
Vimy Ridge—March
Sleeping Beauty Waltz
The Garden Where the Praties Grow.
Lyric Theatre Memories.
Followed at 4.45 p.m. by THE CHILDREN'S CORNER
With the Uncles
BIRTHDAY GREETINGS
Presented by Horlick's, Slough, Bucks
I.B.C. Time Signal. RAINBOW RHYTHM
Got to Dance My Way to Heaven
Sing an Old-Fashioned Song
Me and My Dog
Gay Gossoon
5.15 p.m. BABS AND HER BROTHERS
My Good Friend the Milkman
When a Great Love Comes Along
No Other One
Yankee Doodle Never Went to Town
5.30 p.m. WHAT'S ON IN LONDON
News of the Latest Films, Shows and Other Attractions
5.45 p.m. ZIGANO'S ACCORDION BAND
In Far Away Donegal
Cocktails
At the Bal Musette
The Ziganos in Spain
6.0 p.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH
Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

EVENING PROGRAMME

12 (midnight) AN HOUR OF DANCE MUSIC
That's a Plenty—Fox trot
Moon Glow—Fox trot
On the Beach at Bali Bali
Marianna—Rumba
The Scene Changes
Giga Puffolfsky—Comedy Waltz
Star Dust—Fox trot
Rhythm Saved the World—Fox trot
12.30 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.

Hurricane—Fox trot
The Lady in Red—Rumba
Alone—Fox trot
Whenever I Think of You—Waltz
Sweet Sue—Fox trot
If Harlem Came to Mayfair
Solitude—Slow Fox trot
Sweetest Music This Side of Heaven
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. BRIGHT MUSIC
Folies Bergere March
Communityland Medley
Come to the Ball
The Music Comes
8.15 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal. GOLDEN HARMONY
Flapperette
I Don't Want to Make History
Waltz Memories from Vienna
The Apache Dance
8.30 a.m. BRIAN LAWRENCE
Fred Hartley and His Quintet
Phil the Fluter's Ball
May All Your Troubles be Little Ones
Moanin' Minnie
Molly Braunigan
8.45 a.m. POPULAR MUSIC
Bells of St. Malo
In a Monastery Garden
Wine, Women and Song
Knightsbridge
9.0 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal. HEALTH MAGIC
Kiss Waltz
Chanson Hindoue
Gipsy Moon
Marcheta
9.15 a.m. JACK SAVAGE AND HIS COWBOYS
In the Early Morning Round-up
Hold on Little Doggies.
Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay.
Annie Rooney.
Quitting Party.
Coquette.
Partner, it's the Parting of the Ways.
Crazy Water Crystals, Thames House, S.W.1

9.30 a.m. TUNES WE ALL KNOW
Daisy Bell
Whispering
Maid of the Mountains Waltz
Du and Du Waltz
9.45 a.m. TUNEFULLY YOURS
Roll on Mississippi, Roll On
Cross Patch
Melody Trumps.
Got to Dance My Way to Heaven
10.0 a.m. TEN O'CLOCK TUNES
Medley of Daly's Favourites.
Entrance of the Little Fauns
It's a Sin to Tell a Lie
Tomi Tomi.
10.15 a.m. THE MIRROR OF FASHION
The Quaker Girl—Waltz
My Lady Dainty
Demoiselle Chic
Lady in Red
10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT
La Petite Tonkinoise
Rendezvous
Vienna—Piano Selection
Come Gipsy
10.45 a.m. LIGHT MUSIC
Selection—Colleen
The Mouse, the Piano and the Cat
Molly O'Donahue
Jolly Fellows
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. LIGHT ORCHESTRAL CONCERT
Bal Masque
Procession of the Sirdar
At the Palais de Danse
Creala
Violin Solo—Serenade
Dance of the Marionette
Les Sylphides
Springtime Serenade
Vienna Bon Bons
3.0 p.m. REQUEST PROGRAMME
Bugle Call Rag
May I?
Clothes
This'll Make You Whistle
Rhapsody in Blue
Gipsy Violin
I'm on a See-Saw
Destiny Waltz
Roaming in the Gloaming
3.30 p.m. PERENNIAL FAVOURITES
One Kiss (The New Moon)
Mausie (Viktoria and Her Hussar)
Swing Song (Veronique)
Selection—A Waltz Dream
Help Yourself Annual, 2 Copthall Buildings, E.C.2
3.45 p.m. JACK SAVAGE AND HIS COWBOYS
New River Train.
Misty Islands of the Highlands.
Where Has My Little Dog Gone?
Carry Me Back to the Lone Prairie.
You're Just a Flower from an Old Bouquet.
Old Dan Tucker.
Crazy Water Crystals, Thames House, S.W.1

4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR
With Debroy Somers and Other Artists
Everybody's Got to Wear a Smile
Ballet Music (Faust)
My Young Man's Ever so Nice
Dere's Jazz in dem dere Horns
Wee Macgregor Patrol
Ballin' the Jack
Somebody Stole My Gal
In the Dark
Drury Lane Medley.
Followed at 4.45 p.m. by THE CHILDREN'S CORNER
With the Uncles
BIRTHDAY GREETINGS
Presented by Horlick's, Slough, Bucks
I.B.C. Time Signal. RAINBOW RHYTHM
I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket
Hide and Seek
Sweetheart Let's Grow Old Together
Oriental Medley.
Presented by the makers of Tintex, 199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4
5.15 p.m. THE BOOK OF THE WEEK
Footloose and Fancy Free
My Heart is an Open Book
These Foolish Things
Happiness Ahead
Presented by Hodder & Stoughton, London
5.30 p.m. WHAT'S ON IN LONDON
News of the Latest Films, Shows and Other Attractions
5.45 p.m. JOVIAL MOMENTS
Alexander's Ragtime Band
I Like Bananas Because they Have no Bones
Peggy O'Neil
Tap Your Toesies
6.0 p.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH
Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

EVENING PROGRAMME

12 (midnight) AN HOUR OF DANCE MUSIC
Save Me Sister—Fox trot
Big Chief de Sota
Bandoneon Arrablaero—Tango
Jazz Me Blues—Quick step
I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket
Ingratitude—Rumba
Give Me Your Hand—Waltz
Let's Face the Music and Dance
12.30 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.

Mariou—Tango
I'se a Muggin'—Fox trot
A Couple of April Fools
Swing—Quick step
If My Love Could Talk—Waltz
Rumba Tambah—Rumba
The Leader of the Band
I'm Shootin' High—Fox trot
1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

Wednesday, Oct. 14th

RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

MORNING PROGRAMME

- 8.0 a.m. **LIGHT MUSIC**
Spanish Gipsy Dance ... *Marquina*
Canadian Capers ... *Chandler*
Chorister's Waltz ... *Phelps*
Laughing Saxophone ... *Glombig*
- 8.15 a.m. **I.B.C. Time Signal.**
HAPPY DAYS
The Grenadiers' Waltz ... *Waldteufel*
Cheer Up ... *Mayerl*
Knockin' on Wood ... *Norvo*
We're Tops on Saturday Night ... *Kennedy*
Presented by the manufacturers of Wincarnis and Wincarnis Jelly, Wincarnis Works, Norwich
- 8.30 a.m. **LIGHT-ORCHESTRAL CONCERT**
The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers ... *Jessel*
An Old-World Garden.
Oh Maiden, My Maiden ... *Lehar*
A Japanese Carnival ... *de Basque*
Presented by Juvigold, 21 Farrington Avenue, E.C.4
- 8.45 a.m. **SUNNY JIM'S PROGRAMME OF "FORCE" AND MELODY**
Tidworth March ... *Stoppford*
Down Among the Dead Men ... *arr. Hilliam*
Mah Lindy Lou ... *Strickland*
The Gay Nineties.
Presented by A. C. Fincken & Co., 195 Great Portland Street, W.1
- 9.0 a.m. **I.B.C. Time Signal.**
DANCE MUSIC
I'm Pixilated Over You—Fox trot ... *Heyman*
Cross Patch—Fox trot ... *Lawnhurst*
Alice Blue Gown—Waltz ... *Tierney*
There's a New World—Fox trot ... *Kennedy*
Presented by Sanitas, 51 Clapham Road, S.W.9
- 9.15 a.m. **JACK SAVAGE AND HIS COWBOYS**
In the Early Morning Round-up
I'm Sitting on Top of the World.
Little Golden Locket.
Play Party Song.
Hide Away.

AFTERNOON PROGRAMME

- 2.0 p.m. **DANCE MUSIC**
- 2.30 p.m. **VARIETY**
Good-for-nothing-Joe ... *Bloom*
Sweet Nothings ... *Rattenburg*
Pedestrian's Dilemma ... *Sarony*
I Love the Moon ... *Rubens*
Let's Go Ballyhoo ... *Browning*
The Red-Headed Swiss.
When the Robert E. Lee Comes to Town ... *Kenney*
I'm Shooting High ... *McHugh*
Ay, Ay, Ay ... *Gartman*
- 3.0 p.m. **TUNES FROM THE TALKIES AND SHOWS**
Don't Mention Love to Me (In Person) ... *Levant*
Empty Saddles (Rhythm on the Range) ... *Mercer*
I'm Building Up to an Awful Let Down (Rise and Shine) ... *Mercer*
Selection—Curly Top.
I Lost My Heart (It's a Great Life) ... *Robin*
Laughing Irish Eyes (Laughing Irish Eyes) ... *Stept*
Selection—The Great Ziegfeld ... *Adamson*
Hallelujah I'm a Tramp (Hallelujah I'm a Tramp) ... *Rogers*
Tony's in Town (It's Love Again) ... *Woods*
- 3.30 p.m. **MILITARY BAND MUSIC**
Sussex by the Sea ... *Higgs*
Acclamations Waltz ... *Waldteufel*
Humoresque ... *Dvorak*
Musical Switch ... *Alford*
- 3.45 p.m. **JACK SAVAGE AND HIS COWBOYS**
Maple on the Hill.
Return of Abdul Abulbul Amir.
My Little Ditcher Girl.
Put On an Old Pair of Shoes.
Old Bill Oliver.
On the Alamo.
Presented by Crazy Water Crystals, Thames House, S.W.1
- 4.0 p.m. **TEA-TIME HOUR**
With Debroy Somers and Other Artists
Where There's You There's Me ... *Stigler*
Famous Radio Waltzes.
Alone ... *Brown, arr. Zalva*
Faust (Operas in Rhythm) ... *Gounod*
Out in the Cold, Cold Snow ... *Haines*
Stealing Through the Classics ... *arr. Somers*
The Tiger's Tail ... *Thurban*
God Remembers Everything ... *Arken*
Palace Theatre Medley.
Followed at 4.45 p.m. by THE CHILDREN'S CORNER
With the Uncles
BIRTHDAY GREETINGS
Presented by Horlick's, Slough, Bucks
- 5.0 p.m. **I.B.C. Time Signal.**
HEALTH AND HAPPINESS
Carnival of the Dwarfs ... *Raasch*
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
- 5.15 p.m. **RAINBOW RHYTHM**
Goody Goody ... *Mercer*
On the Beach at Bali Ball ... *Meskill*
Ace of Clubs and Ace of Hearts ... *Mayerl*
Big Chief de Sota ... *Razaf*
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. **ALBERT SANDLER AND HIS ORCHESTRA**
(Electrical Recordings)
Oh Maiden, My Maiden ... *Lehar*
Tell Me To-night ... *Spoliansky*
You Are My Heart's Delight ... *Lehar*
Where the Woods are Green ... *Brodsky*
- 6.0 p.m. **PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH**
Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

EVENING PROGRAMME

- 2 (midnight) **HARRY ROY AND HIS ORCHESTRA**
(Electrical Recordings)
This'll Make You Whistle ... *Sigler*
You Can't Pull the Wool Over My Eyes—Fox trot ... *Ager*
Cuban Pete—Rumba ... *Norman*
Without Rhythm—Fox trot ... *Sigler*
You Gotta Know How to Dance ... *Dubin*
Swing—Quick step ... *Ellis*
Everybody's Swinging It Now ... *Davis*
Is It True What They Say About Dixie?—Fox trot ... *Caesar*
- 12.30 a.m. **I.B.C. Time Signal.**
DANCE MUSIC
Save Me Sister—Fox trot ... *Arten*
La Carajada—Tango ... *Firpo*
Keep a Little Twinkle in Your Eye ... *Mercer*
Frankie and Johnnie ... *Shields*
The Rose in Her Hair—Waltz ... *Dubin*
Weather Man—Fox trot ... *Caesar*
I'm an Old Cowhand—Fox trot ... *Mercer*
Okay for Sound—Fox trot ... *Kennedy*
- 1.0 a.m. **I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.**

Thursday, Oct. 15th

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
Hand Me Down My Walking Cane.
Dear Old Girl.
Trouble Among the Doggies.
Lonesome Valley.
Billy Boy.
Presented by Crazy Water Crystals, Thames House, S.W.1
- 8.15 a.m. **I.B.C. Time Signal.**
RAMON
Romantic Singer of the Air
And His Accordion
Presented by Sta-Blond Shampoo, 10 Henrietta Street, W.1
- 8.30 a.m. **THE REVELLERS**
You Started Me Dreaming ... *Ramsay*
I Feel Like a Feather in the Breeze ... *Gordon*
West Wind ... *Ager*
Sentimental Gentleman from Georgia ... *Perkins*
Presented by Colgates Ribbon Dental Cream, Colgate, Ltd., S.W.1
- 8.45 a.m. **POPULAR MUSIC**
Action Front March ... *Blankenburg*
The English Rose ... *German*
Musical Jig Saw ... *arr. Aston*
Vienna Blood ... *Strauss*
Presented by Fels Naptha Soap, 195 Great Portland Street, W.1
- 9.0 a.m. **I.B.C. Time Signal.**
DANCE MUSIC
We Belong Together—Fox trot ... *Kern*
Okay for Sound—Fox trot ... *Kennedy*
Would You?—Waltz ... *Brown*
Wood and Ivory ... *Phillips*
Presented by Woodward's Grape Water, 51 Clapham Road, S.W.9
- 9.15 a.m. **THE MELODY LINGERS ON**
Musical Hits of Yesteryear
Comped by Martin Henry
Presented by Vilkelp Brand Health and Body-building Tablets, 10 Henrietta Street, W.1
- 9.30 a.m. **WINTER WISDOM**
When the Band Begins to Play ... *Williams*
She Fell for a Fella from Oopala ... *Butler*
Selection—The Mikado ... *Sullivan*
On Ilkla Moor Baht' at ... *Trad.*
- 9.45 a.m. **MELODIANA**
There's a New World ... *Kennedy*
Ain't Misbehavin' ... *Razaf*
Some of These Days ... *Brooks*
Free ... *Kennedy*
Presented by Milk of Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, W.3
- 10.0 a.m. **LIGHT MUSIC**
Carlsbad Doll Dance ... *Pleier*
In a Little Rendezvous in Honolulu ... *Burke*
A Sunbonnet Blue ... *Kahal*
Wedded Whimsies ... *arr. Alford*
Singing Guitars ... *Schmidsecker*
The Whistling Waltz ... *Woods*
The Singer's Joy ... *Strauss*
Valencia ... *Padilla*
- 10.30 a.m. **POPULAR CONCERT**
The Joy of Life ... *Moorhouse*
Phil the Fluter's Ball ... *French*
Piano Pastimes ... *Deneke*
The Apache Dance ... *Offenbach*
Presented by Macleans, Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford
- 10.45 a.m. **SOL HOOPII AND HIS NOVELTY QUARTET**
(Electrical Recordings)
Hula Breeze ... *Owens*
King's Serenade ... *King*
My Little Grass Shack in Kaeleakeha Hawaii ... *Noble*
Hawaiian Honey-moon ... *Stiffler*
- 11.0 a.m. **PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH**
Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

AFTERNOON PROGRAMME

- 2.30 p.m. **DANCE MUSIC**
Swing is Here—Fox trot ... *Krupa*
Would You?—Waltz ... *Brown*
La Cucaracha—Rumba ... *arr. Cibelli*
Rhythm Saved the World ... *Chaplin*
West End Blues ... *Oliver*
Sweetheart Let's Grow Old Together ... *Bratton*
At the Cafe Continental ... *Kennedy*
Bellita—Rumba ... *Batell*
Monopoly Swing—Fox trot ... *Hudson*
- 3.0 p.m. **SONGS OLD AND NEW**
Alice Blue Gown ... *Tierney*
Robins and Roses ... *Burke*
High Powered Mama ... *Rodgers*
I'm in Love With Susan ... *Mattie*
Gipsy Violin ... *O'Flynn*
On a Little Balcony in Spain ... *le Soir*
If You Were the Only Girl in the World ... *Ayer*
Take My Heart ... *Ahlert*
- 3.30 p.m. **EVERYTHING CHANGES**
Grandma's Days and Nowadays ... *Rose*
Them Hill Billies are Mountain Williams Now ... *Cavanaugh*
Where the Arches Used to Be ... *Flanagan*
Sing Sing Isn't Prison any More ... *Yacht Club Boys*
- 3.45 p.m. **JACK SAVAGE AND HIS COWBOYS**
Never Leave your Gal too Long.
Old Fashioned Picture.
My Little Girl.
The Man on the Flying Trapeze.
My Missouri Home.
Presented by Crazy Water Crystals, Thames House, S.W.1
- 4.0 p.m. **TEA-TIME HOUR**
With Debroy Somers and Other Artists
Maid of Brazil ... *Marsden*
I Wagga de Stick ... *Gunn*
- 4.0 p.m. **Tea-Time Hour—cont.**
Hot Chutney ... *Jennings*
Play of the Waves ... *Robrecht*
Forgiven ... *Milne*
The Passing of the Regiments.
His Majesty's Theatre Medley.
Followed at 4.45 p.m. by THE CHILDREN'S CORNER
With the Uncles
BIRTHDAY GREETINGS
Presented by Horlick's, Slough, Bucks
- 5.0 p.m. **I.B.C. Time Signal.**
RAINBOW RHYTHM
Lovely Argentina—Paso doble ... *Winkler*
Truckin' ... *Kochler*
My Tango Dream—Tango ... *Honour*
Fox Trot Medley.
Presented by the makers of Tintex, 199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4
- 5.15 p.m. **BAND OF H.M. COLDSTREAM GUARDS**
(Electrical Recordings)
Selection—The Mikado ... *Sullivan*
Wood Nymphs ... *Coates*
Old Panama ... *Alford*
Swastika March ... *Klohr*
- 5.30 p.m. **WHAT'S ON IN LONDON**
News of the Latest Films, Shows and Other Attractions
- 5.45 p.m. **THE MUSIC GOES ROUND**
On the Track ... *Simpson*
Round the Roundabout ... *Maxwell*
Twist and Twirl ... *Kottawin*
The Whirl of the Waltz ... *Lincke*
- 6.0 p.m. **PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH**
Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

EVENING PROGRAMME

- 12 (midnight) **AN HOUR OF DANCE MUSIC**
Christopher Columbus—Fox trot ... *Razaf*
Cuban Pete—Rumba ... *Norman*
Robins and Roses—Fox trot ... *Burke*
Alexander's Ragtime Band ... *Berlin*
Zigeuner You Have Taken My Heart—Tango ... *Grothe*
The Family Album—Waltz ... *Coward*
The Music Goes Round and Around ... *Reilly*
Alone at a Table for Two ... *Fio Rito*
- 12.30 a.m. **I.B.C. Time Signal.**

Friday, Oct. 16th

Saturday, Oct. 17th

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—cont. The Happy Whistler... 9.30 a.m. RADIO FAVOURITES... 8.15 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal. YOUR OLD FRIEND DAN... 8.30 a.m. GEMS OF MELODY... 8.45 a.m. SUNNY JIM'S PROGRAMME OF "FORCE" AND MELODY... 9.0 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal. PERENNIAL FAVOURITES... 9.15 a.m. MORNING MELODIES... 9.15 a.m. Morning Melodies—cont. The Happy Whistler... The Busy Bee... Presented by Colman's Starch, J. J. Colman, Ltd., Carrow Works, Norwich... 9.30 a.m. RADIO FAVOURITES... Malaga... Evergreen Medley... At the Café Continental... Maid of the Mountains Waltz... Presented by Brooke Bond Dividend Tea and Cocoa, London, E.1... 9.45 a.m. TUNEFULLY YOURS... The Whistling Waltz... Swing... Tony's in Town... La Comparsa—Cuban Dance... Presented by California Syrup of Figs, 179 Acton Vale, W.3... 10.0 a.m. KITCHEN WISDOM... Presented by Borwick's Baking Powder, 1 Bunhill Row, E.C.1... 10.15 a.m. THE SUN-MAID SONGSTERS In a Non-Stop Programme... A Star Fell Out of Heaven... When Irish Eyes are Smiling... I Heard a Song in the Taxi... You're the Cream in My Coffee... Roses of Picardy... I Got Rhythm... Presented by the proprietors of Sun-maid Raisins, 59 Eastcheap, E.C.3... 10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT... Sousa Marches Medley... Le Plus Joli Réve... My Hero (The Chocolate Soldier)... Rosewood Riddles... Presented by Macleans, Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford... 10.45 a.m. POPULAR SONGS... Sing As We Go... You Will Remember Vienna... Meqley... Leania... 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. MUSICAL POTPOURRI... Oxford Street (London Again Suite)... Be Embraced Ye Millions... The Man from the Folies Bergère... Would You?... Why Do You Lie?... Medley of Daly's Favourites... Jealousy... Charm of the Valse... Isn't It Romantic?... 3.0 p.m. LIGHT ORCHESTRAL PROGRAMME... Prelude... Polonaise Militaire... Over the Waves... Song—Lover Come Back to Me... A Little Dutch Girl... Oh, Maiden, My Maiden... Where the Woods are Green... Hejre Kati... Munchner Kindl... 3.30 p.m. THE BOSWELL SISTERS (Electrical Recordings)... Shout, Sister, Shout... You Can Call it Swing... Roll on Mississippi, Roll On... Swing Me a Lullaby... 3.45 p.m. JACK SAVAGE AND HIS COWBOYS When the Moon Shines Down Upon the Mountain... Home Sweet Home... Mummy of Mine... Farmer's Boy... Preacher and the Bear... Going Home... Crazy Water Crystals, Thames House, S.W.1... 4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR With Debroy Somers and Other Artists... Goodbye Trouble... Irving Berlin Songs... Oh-oo-oo... Rhythm... Bolero... Quality Court... Binker... Daly 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. RAINBOW RHYTHM... Rose Room... Robins and Roses... Cheer Up... Sky High Honeymoon—Quick step... Presented by the makers of Tintex, 199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4... 5.15 p.m. WHAT'S ON IN LONDON News of the Latest Films, Shows and Other Attractions... 5.30 p.m. LIGHT ENTERTAINMENT... We're Living at the Cloisters... Rhythm Saved the World... A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody... Will o' the Wisp... Shadowplay... I Don't Want to Make History... Rouge et Noir... Au revoir... 6.0 p.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

EVENING PROGRAMME

- 12 (midnight) AN HOUR OF DANCE MUSIC... Alexander's Ragtime Band... Three Little Words... Keep a Twinkle in Your Eye... Cuban Pete... Free... Boris on the Bass... Espana... I Lost My Heart in Budapest... 12.30 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.

RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

MORNING PROGRAMME

- 8.0 a.m. MUSICAL CAVALCADE... The Fire Bird—Introduction... Romance... Dance of the Tumbler... Tambourin Chinois... Presented by the publishers of Cavalcade, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2... 8.15 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal. THE MELODY MAKERS With Sam Browne, The Radio Three and Reginald Foresythe and Jack Penn... Get Rhythm in Your Feet... Can This be Love at Last?... Lost... I Ain't got Nobody... I Won't Dance... Presented by Rowntrees Gums and Pastilles, York... 8.30 a.m. SNAP INTO IT... Over the Sticks... The Skaters' Waltz... Fiddlesticks... Kitten on the Keys... 8.45 a.m. Sunny Jim's SPECIAL CHILDREN'S PROGRAMME Of "Force" and Melody... On a Local Train Journey... The Driver of the 8.15... Railway Guard... Orient Express... Presented by A. C. Fincken & Co., 195 Great Portland Street, W.1... 9.0 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal. POPULAR RECORDS... Mayfair (London Again Suite)... Charlie Kunz Piano Medley... There's Always To-morrow... Lejos de tu—Rumba... Presented by Bile Beans, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds... 9.15 a.m. THE MELODY LINGERS ON Musical Hits of Yesteryear Compèred by Martin Henry... Presented by Vikelp Brand Health and Body-building Tablets, 10 Henrietta Street, W.1... 9.30 a.m. A QUARTER OF AN HOUR'S ENTERTAINMENT For Mother and the Children Presented by UNCLE COUGHDROP and the "PINEATE" AUNTS AND UNCLES Sponsored by Pineate Honey Cough-Syrup Braydon Road, N.16... 9.45 a.m. DREAM WALTZES... A Waltz was Born in Vienna... Espana... Sweetheart Let's Grow Old Together... Stars in My Eyes... Presented by True Story Magazine, 30 Boulevard Street, E.C.4... 10.0 a.m. MORNING VARIETY... Medley... San... La Cinquantaine... Turn on the Music... I Lost My Heart in Budapest... It's Really Too Terribly Thrilling... Will o' the Wisp... Dinah... 10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT... Selection—The Gondoliers... Josephine... Springtime Serenade... Scarf Dance... Pierrette... Presented by Macleans, Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford... 10.45 a.m. TWO GRACES... How Deep is the Ocean?... Love Me Forever... Granny's Little Old Skin Rug... Funiculi Funicula... 11.0 a.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

AFTERNOON PROGRAMME

- 2.0 p.m. WE'RE ON THE AIR... Popcorn—Rumba... You Can't Pull the Wool Over My Eyes... I've Got a Pain in My Saw-dust... No Words nor Anything... Presented by R.A.P., Ltd., Ferry Works, Thames Ditton... 2.15 p.m. DANCE MUSIC... 2.30 p.m. MELODY... Melody Trumps—Part 1... Love's Last Word is Spoken... A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody... A Melody from the Sky... Melody Trumps—Part 2... Never to be Forgotten Melody... Moonlight and Melody... Whisper in Your Dreams... Love Everlasting... 3.0 p.m. LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC... 3.30 p.m. RAINBOW RHYTHM... Turn on the Music... Three Little Words... Let Yourself Go... Got the South in My Soul... Presented by the makers of Tintex, 199 Upper Thames St., E.C.4... 3.45 p.m. JACK SAVAGE AND HIS COWBOYS... Get Along Little Dogie... Little Grey Home in the West... Going Down Cripple Creek... Stay Out of the South... Shortnin' Bread... I Know There is Someone Waiting... Presented by Crazy Water Crystals, Thames House, S.W.1... 4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR With Debroy Somers and Other Artists... Make it a Party... Dance of the Tumbler... Nothing at all in Particular... Waltz... Fighting Strength... 4.0 p.m. Tea-Time Hour—cont. Lohengrin—Act III... The Riff Song... Rhythm Lullaby... Jack in the Box... Water Boy... The Old Gaiety... Followed at 4.45 p.m. by THE CHILDREN'S CORNER With the Uncles BIRTHDAY GREETINGS Presented by Horlick's, Slough, Bucks... 5.0 p.m. I.B.C. Time Signal. THE THREE MINCEMEATEERS... Big Correll... There's a Rainbow Round My Shoulder... An old Time Dance... Musical Switch... Old Spinning Wheel... Billie Boy... These Bones are Gonna Rise Again... Presented by the makers of Robertson's Mince-meat, Catford, S.E.6... 5.15 p.m. HEALTH MAGIC... Luna Waltz... Indian Love Call... The Butterfly... Love Here is My Heart... Presented by The Society of Herbalists, Ltd., Culpeper House, 21 Bruton Street, W.1... 5.30 p.m. WHAT'S ON IN LONDON News of the Latest Films, Shows and Other Attractions... 5.45 p.m. SWING MUSIC Request Programme from S. Milton, of Taunton... Tidal Wave—Fox trot... My Galveston Gal... Harlem After Midnight... Big Ben Blues... 6.0 p.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

EVENING PROGRAMME

- 12 (midnight) DANCE MUSIC BY AMBROSE AND HIS ORCHESTRA (Electrical Recordings)... There's a New World... Take My Heart—Fox trot... Empty Saddles—Fox trot... Hide and Seek—Fox trot... A Beautiful Lady in Blue... This'll Make You Whistle... At the Café Continental... There Isn't Any Limit to My Love... 12.30 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal. DANCE MUSIC... Is it True What They Say?... Hobo on Park Avenue... Bellita—Rumba... Dream Time—Fox trot... You—Fox trot... There's a Star in the Sky... Bandon Arrablaero—Tango... I'm Pillaxed Over You... 1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

PARIS (Poste Parisien)

312.8 m., 959 Kc/s.

Monday, October 12

10.30 p.m.
RAINBOW RHYTHM
Buffoon—Fox trot ... *Confrey*
You Can't Pull the Wool Over My
Eyes—Fox trot ... *Ager*
Negrita—Rumba ... *Handy*
Every Now and Then ... *Silver*
Presented by the makers of
Tintex,
199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

10.45 p.m.
**DANCE MUSIC BY DUKE ELLINGTON
AND HIS ORCHESTRA**
(Electrical Recordings)
No Greater Love ... *Symes*
Dreamy Blues ... *Ellington*
Isn't Love the Strangest Thing? ... *Coots*
Moanin' ... *White*
11.0 p.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.
I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close
Down.

Tuesday, October 13

10.30 p.m.
DANCE MUSIC AND CABARET
Relayed from the
Scheherazade Night Club
Commentary in English

Wednesday, October 14

10.30 p.m.
RAINBOW RHYTHM
Doin' the New Low Down, ... *Phillips*
Wood and Ivory—Fox trot ... *Colson*
La Belle Creole—Biguine ... *Yellen*
Happy Feet—Fox trot ... *Yellen*
Presented by the makers of
Tintex,
199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

10.45 p.m.
RADIO STARS
(Electrical Recordings)
Every Minute of the Hour ... *Kenney*
I Never Had a Chance ... *Berlin*
Café in Vienna ... *Kenney*
You—Fox trot ... *Adamson*
Presented by
"Radio Pictorial"

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

Thursday, October 15

10.30 p.m.
RAINBOW RHYTHM
Hide and Seek ... *Comer*
Popcorn—Rumba ... *Costella*
Caro Mio—Tango ... *Cibolla*
The Japanese Sandman ... *Whiting*
Presented by the makers of
Tintex,
199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

10.45 p.m.
YOUR RADIO REQUEST RECORDS
What Shall Remain? ... *Kreisler*
Honey ... *Van Alstyne*
You're Sweeter Than I Thought ... *Sigler*
Let's Go ... *Scherzinger*

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

Friday, October 16

9.0 p.m. (approximately)
Relay of a French Musical Comedy
LE CHANT DES TROPIQUES
by
Moïse Simons
From the Theatre de Paris

Saturday, October 17

10.30 p.m.
RAINBOW RHYTHM
Little Dutch Mill—Fox trot ... *Barris*
Boris on the Bass ... *Kennedy*
The Bouncing Ball—Fox trot ... *Trumbauer*
How Lovely, Darling—Waltz ... *Grotte*
Presented by the makers of
Tintex,
199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

10.45 p.m.
ADVANCE FILM NEWS
You Never Looked So Beautiful ... *Adamson*
But Definitely ... *Gordon*
You ... *Adamson*
When I'm With You ... *Gordon*
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 12

9.15—9.30 a.m.
GOOD-MORNING PROGRAMME
The Village Band ... *Fryberg*
But Definitely ... *Gordon*
Poème ... *Fibich*
Eric Coates Parade ... *Coates*
Presented by
Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

Tuesday, October 13

9.15 a.m.
GOOD-MORNING PROGRAMME
Valse Caprice.
You Never Looked So Beautiful ... *Adamson*
Heartless ... *Meisel*
Selection—Frederica ... *Lehar*
Presented by
Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

9.30—9.45 a.m.
MUSICAL MENU
With Mrs. Jean Scott
Shine ... *Brown*
Take My Heart ... *Ahert*
It's a Sin to Tell a Lie ... *Mayhew*
Let It Be Me ... *Dixon*
Presented by
Brown & Polson,
43 Shoe Lane, E.C.4

6.30—6.45 p.m.
KING'S MEN QUARTET
Honeymoon Hotel ... *Kahal*
Annie Laurie ... *Trad.*
Pandemonium.
Finnish Lullaby.
Old Macdougall Had a Farm ... *Trad.*
Presented by
Rowntree's Gums and Pastilles,
York

Wednesday, October 14

9.15—9.30 a.m.
GOOD-MORNING PROGRAMME
Zip Zip ... *Brookes*
Midnight Waltz ... *Spoliarsky*
I Don't Have to Dream Again ... *Dubin*
Selection—Carmen ... *Bisot*
Presented by
Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

Thursday, October 15

9.15 a.m.
GOOD-MORNING PROGRAMME
Ginger Snaps ... *Bourdon*
The Hills of Old Wyoming ... *Robin*
Lady of Spain ... *Reaves*
Selection—Mother of Pearl ... *Straus*
Presented by
Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

Thursday, Oct. 15 (cont.)

9.30—9.45 a.m.
MUSICAL MENU
With Mrs. Jean Scott
Quick Fire Medley.
When I'm With You ... *Gordon*
I'm a Fool for Loving You ... *Wendling*
There Isn't Any Limit to My Love ... *Sigler*
Presented by
Brown & Polson,
43 Shoe Lane, E.C.4

Friday, October 16

9.15—9.30 a.m.
GOOD-MORNING PROGRAMME
Praeludium ... *Jarnefeld*
Czardas ... *Michaelis*
Got to Dance My Way to Heaven ... *Coslow*
Belle of New York ... *Kerker*
Presented by
Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

6.30—6.45 p.m.
KING'S MEN QUARTET
Beautiful Girl.
Deep River ... *Trad.*
The Future Mrs. 'Awkins ... *Chevalier*
Bon Jour, Mon Coeur.
Ba Be Bi Bo Boo.
Presented by
Rowntree's Gums and Pastilles,
York

Saturday, October 17

9.15 a.m.
GOOD-MORNING PROGRAMME
Selection—Songs of Italy.
A Rendezvous With a Dream ... *Robin*
Lolita ... *Buzzi*
Selection—Sunny ... *Kern*
Presented by
Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

9.30—9.45 a.m.
MUSICAL MENU
With Mrs. Jean Scott
Keep a Twinkle in Your Eye ... *Mercer*
All My Life ... *Siept*
I Lost My Heart in Budapest ... *Mihalay*
Boris on the Bass ... *Arden*
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.
COLOUR RHAPSODIES
White Jazz ... *Gifford*
Mood Ruby ... *Fillis*
Blue Jazz ... *Gifford*
Garbo Green ... *Fisher*

10.30 p.m.
ORCHESTRAL MUSIC
Selection—New Moon ... *Romberg*
Prelude in G Minor ... *Rachmaninoff*
Conversation Piece ... *Coward*
A Song Before Sunrise ... *Delius*

10.45 p.m.
SOME POPULAR RECORDS
Happy Days are Here Again ... *Nicholls*
We'll Rest at the End of the Trail ... *Rose*
The Wedding of the Painted Doll ... *Brown*
Sky High Honeymoon ... *Meskill*
Presented by
Bile Beans,
C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds

11.0 p.m.
"THESE NAMES BRING HARMONY"
The Girl I Knew ... *Novello*
Maybe I'm Wrong Again ... *Trent*
Would You? ... *Ahert*
At the Close of a Long, Long Day ... *Marvin*
Learn How to Lose ... *Kreisler*
Stay Awhile ... *Sigler*
Imagination ... *Valaida*
Only My Song ... *Lehar*
None But the Weary Heart ... *Tchaskowsky*

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

RADIO NORMANDY

STAR FEATURES

TOMMY HANDLEY'S
WATT KNOTS
Sunday, 2.0 p.m.

MARY LAWSON
in
BEHIND THE SCENES
Sunday, 3.45 p.m.

LET'S GO ROUND TO
NORMAN LONG'S
Sunday, 10.0 p.m.

MORTON DOWNEY
The Golden Voice of Radio
Sunday, 10.15 p.m.

RAMON
Romantic Singer of the Air
Thursday, 8.15 a.m.

JACK SAVAGE
and His Cowboys
Every Day
(For details see daily Programmes)

THE SUN-MAID
SONGSTERS
Friday, 10.15 a.m.

THE THREE
MINCEMEATEERS
Saturday, 5.0 p.m.

RADIO LJUBLJANA

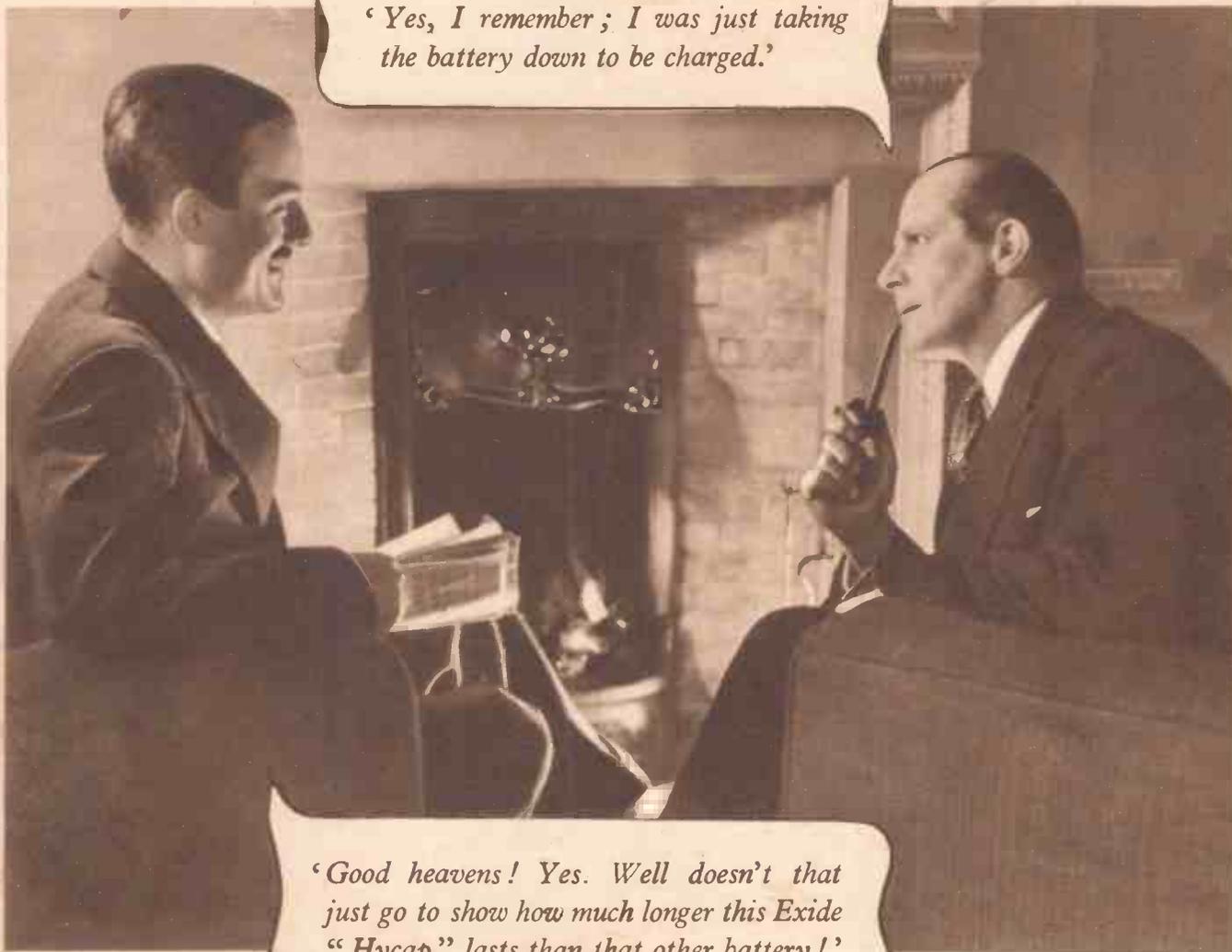
569 m., 527 Kc/s.

Time of Transmission.
Friday: 9.30 p.m.—10.0 p.m.

Friday, October 16

9.30 p.m.
I.B.C. CONCERT
LIGHT MUSIC
(Electrical Recordings)
I Bring a Love Song ... *Romberg*
Albert Sandler and his Orchestra.
Hands Across the Table ... *Parish*
Mantovani and his Tipica Orchestra.
Wherever You Are ... *Kahn*
Derickson and Brown.
The Girl in the Little Green Hat ... *Brown*
The Rhythm Kings.
Dancing With My Shadow ... *Woods*
Roy Foz and his Orchestra.
Un Peu d'Amour ... *Silésu*
Pacey Trio.
Love Is the Sweetest Thing ... *Noble*
Melville Gideon.
Live, Love and Laugh ... *Heymann*
Fred Hartley and his Novelty New
Devonshire Orchestra.

'THAT WAS AGES AGO!'



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'Good heavens! Yes. Well doesn't that just go to show how much longer this Exide "Hycap" lasts than that other battery!'

R.197

Exide

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