

# PRINCESS PEARL'S LOVE STORY

GODFREY WINN—MARTYN C. WEBSTER—MAX MILLER

# RADIO PICTORIAL

THE FAMILY MAGAZINE

3<sup>D</sup>  
EVERY  
FRIDAY



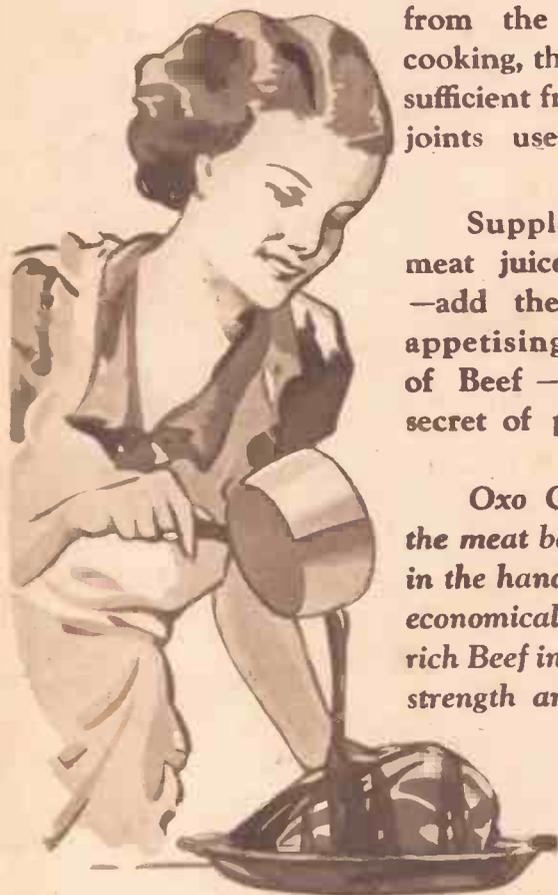
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 MARGOT JONES

Presenting "The Radio Parade"

# HEADACHES for the MUSIC-HALL MAESTROS!

Tribute to "Our Gracie"  
 An Ancient Auction  
 Flying Aces on the Air

**C**AUGHT Eric Maschwitz in talkative mood and we discussed the burning question of the day—Saturday Music Halls. "Simply can't find seven famous turns every week," he said. "Where are the new acts? Show me the young artistes who can do it when we say 'Come on for eight minutes and paralyse them.'

"Gracie Fields, Flanagan & Allen, Max Miller and a few others rushed to the top a few years ago. Since then, who? The music halls are not producing acts of this quality to-day. Draw up an ideal music-hall bill and you will find that most of the acts are out of London and those in town are working two houses a night."

### Problem After Problem

**A**NOTHER matter that troubles the Variety Director is the question of a successful music-hall artiste's material. Sometimes the blue pencil takes a line out for every line that is broadcast. The films, the music halls and the B.B.C. are all looking for original writers. It is a race and a Hollywood contract is often the ultimate prize.

Again there is a controversy about the time. Is 9.20 too late? The boiled shirt brigade like it, the hospitals don't. In between these extremes, some do, some don't. Fifty-fifty so far, but the early birds have had it their way for five whole years. Meanwhile, John Sharman is working with



Left to right: Tommy Handley, Anne Ziegler, Leslie Sarony, Leslie Holmes and Mario de Pietro of the "Radio Pie" Company, photographed at their party (see next page). In circle are Leslie Holmes and his mother—both very proud of each other! Charlie Shadwell is in background



### Fifty Years After

**C**HARLES BREWER has had a remarkable letter of another kind from Ulster. "Strange to relate," it reads, "while my wife and I were listening to your broadcast on Monday night, you gave an account of an auction of mummified cats at Liverpool in the year 1879. I happen to be the possessor of two of these cats' heads, and the story was most interesting to us, as I got them at the auction in Liverpool." That is looking back a bit.

### Air on the Air

**"I** SHALL look forward to seeing you there in goatskin thigh boots and Sidcot suit," Charles Brewer is writing to his Air Force friends. He wants them all to roll up at St. George's Hall for his "Flying High" programme on Wednesday (see page 11). The Army and Navy have had their concert party broadcasts and now the R.A.F. is getting its chance. Charles himself served as a flight-commander in a night flying squadron during the war, and with the help of Alan Russell, Roy Royston, Hugh Wakefield and a bunch of others, is out to recapture the atmosphere of a squadron concert.

The Navy must get more time for letter-writing than the Army, for "Eight Bells" Dewar tells me that post is still coming in from ships at sea about his last show. The result is that another one will be broadcast in January.

### Useful Gift

**A**LL kinds of offers, from marriage to candle grease, reach broadcasters from time to time. Tom Hattenden had the latter. He had explained "In Town To-Night" how he melted candles, extracted the wicks and then modelled the grease. The "candlegrease sculptor," they called him, he said.

By Monday he had an offer from a kindly manufacturer of Manchester to supply free of all cost sufficient of the raw material to keep him going for some little time. So now he no longer has to melt to remove the wicks! Manufacturer wrote because he and his family thought "In Town To-Night" was one of the very best programmes of the week.

PAGE 20  
**"MY LOVE  
 STORY"**  
 by  
**PRINCESS  
 PEARL**

tremendous enthusiasm and, as winter draws on, promises even better bills. Listen to-morrow to Lou Holtz, America's most versatile comedian, who is new to the British ranks. He made a great personal success in the ill-fated West End show, *Transatlantic Rhythm*.

### Gracie Gave Her Hope

**W**RITING of music hall reminds me of a touching tribute to Gracie Fields. "I want to tell you what you have done for me and to thank you," wrote a woman listener. "I recently lost my little girl and then my reason went. I had nothing left to live for. That night you sang on the wireless you gave me hope; your songs did me more good than all the medicine of all the doctors. Please go on singing and sing again on the wireless soon."

The religious director at Broadcasting House gets many letters similar to this, but it must be unusual for an artiste who is primarily a humorist to receive such a tribute.



"Yes, it's another of those Amateur Hours!"

For Your Autograph Album

*Les. Allen*



Looks like this picture has strayed from Buddy Bramwell's page! Actually it's Charles Hawtreys—well-known in radio plays—who has to play a sax in the new Will Fyffe film, *Well Done, Henry*

Claude Hulbert is Cunning! :: Two Starry Parties :: Clapham's Wisecrack

Air Force depôt. With his O.B. staff he has put some hard work into a most ambitious actuality programme which he is arranging in conjunction with the Air Ministry.

He is using ten microphones and two commentators, and if at all possible he hopes to make communication between the ground and a flight of machines in the air one of the outstanding features of the broadcast. If you are interested in flying, this is an opportunity to hear something about the daily life of the officers and men of the R.A.F. The programme comes from Northern Ireland at 8.5 p.m. on Thursday, Nov. 26.

Suspicious Fellow

**W**ATCHED Claude Hulbert and Bobbie Comber rehearsing for *Bigger Business*, and, as we left the studio, Claude was accosted by the inevitable autograph hunter. Claude took his pen from his pocket and carefully wrote: "With best wishes, Claude Hulbert."

The hunter, delighted, departed. "I always add 'With best wishes,'" explained Claude, slyly, "so they can't copy it on to a cheque." This big business stuff has evidently made him cautious!



Edward Wilkinson, Belfast Variety Producer

Getting Together

**T**HERE has been close collaboration between the Belfast variety and feature programme departments recently. Edward Wilkinson, who is in charge of one, and Henry McMullan, who controls the other, have put their heads together and devised a revue called *Linen-hall Blues*. It is to be a sophisticated affair, a satire on the traditional Ulster "farm-kitchen" comedy, with a dig or two at the Malone Road, which is the old school tie district of Belfast.

Edward Wilkinson, who will produce the show, has been an actor since he left school. A son of a Yorkshire manse—funny how the manse breeds so many actors—he joined the B.B.C. two years ago, and came direct to Belfast as variety producer. Before then he was at the Stratford-on-Avon Theatre and at the Oxford Repertory Theatre, which he ran with Stanford Holme.

Another Air Stunt

**D**URING the past month, John Suthery, the Northern Ireland Programme Director, has spent a lot of time at Aldergrove, the Ulster Royal

Television "Star"

**Y**OU would like "Television Tillie," the life-size doll at Alexandra Palace. When we last met she was dressed in a summer muslin frock, but she has been known to "change" a dozen times a day. Mostly she wears Elizabeth Cowell's dresses, and every now and again takes a turn before the scanner in the studio while Mary Allan experi-

ments with material of different colours. In private life she is a mannequin's dummy and is housed in the "make-up" experts' wardrobe.

Gay Night

**T**HAT was a swell party that the Two Leslies threw recently to celebrate their brilliant "Radio Pie" show, which will probably be the first of a series. It started at 11 p.m. and went on till about 5.30 a.m., considerably after I had departed! Quite a night!

The Two Leslies are two of the most popular fellows in show business, as was evident by the way the stars and the music publishers arrived to do them honour—eighty to a hundred at least. Among those I saw and chatted with were Tommy Handley, Anne Ziegler, Mario de Pietro, Charlie Shadwell, Tessie O'Shea, Jack and Ennis Hylton, Max Kester, Bryan Michie, Duggie Wakefield, Debroy Somers, Denis O'Neil, "Big Bill" Campbell and Bert Read. What wouldn't the autograph hunters have given to be there!

*High Spots . . .* Les Sarony's solo "drink" dance and duet with Tessie O'Shea . . . Les Holmes' marathon osculatory greeting of Ennis Hylton . . . the way the "house" rose to Jack Hylton on his arrival . . . Duggie Wakefield's plus-fours.

Squibs and Squirts

**I**HAD laid a solid foundation earlier in the evening at the jolly Guy Fawkes' cocktail party held by Denis O'Neil and his wife, Olive. I missed most of the squibs but arrived in time for plenty of squirts!

Charles Brewer, Judy Shirley, Rita Cave, Gilbert Rumbold, Eric Maschwitz, Anne Lenner, Arthur Brown, John Maberley and Bruce Slevier were a few of the dozens I chatted with. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, parties flung by such good folk as The Two Leslies and Denis O'Neil do much to compensate for the hard work a radio scribe has to get through. No complaints, though!

Typically Clapham

**T**HEY'VE been building some gigantic new studios at Elstree, complete with a tower and an imposing clock.

Charlie Clapham feasted his eyes on the imposing clock for some moments, then sighed ecstatically:

"Boy, what a clock! What a lovely clock to be late by!"

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.

Unposted Letters



**T**O Sir John Reith, Director-General, Broadcasting House, London.

Dear Sir,

A powerful Italian radio station often completely jams the B.B.C.'s medium wave band National transmitter. The other Saturday, for instance, I could not receive the B.B.C.'s 6 p.m. News Bulletin clear of this annoying interference. While the B.B.C. announcer was reading the news, the Italian station was broadcasting in English a rival news bulletin dealing with international politics. On my set I could not separate the two transmissions.

I hope and expect you are taking urgent steps to remedy this serious situation.

JOHN LISTENER.

To Hal Swain, Dance Band Leader, London.

Dear Hal,

Thanks for pointing out that I was unfair in one of these letters a few weeks back when I said about one of your broadcasts that I should have preferred to hear fewer solos by you, and more of the jolly old band. I didn't know that the programme was intended to consist only of your excellent saxophone solos and that the band in support was not your own.

Sorry! Why didn't the announcer make this clear?

JOHN LISTENER.

To Carson Robison and his Pioneers, Broadcasters.

Dear Carson,

Can't decide exactly what it is about your

broadcasts that I enjoy so much. You and your Pioneers always sing quite simple songs and your humour is just as unsophisticated, but it all sounds very natural and sincere to me.

Your choruses have an infectious lilt, and you certainly manage to invest your programmes with the real atmosphere of the "wide open spaces."

JOHN LISTENER.

To Sandy MacPherson, Broadcast Organist, London.

Dear Sandy,

Listened to your recent recital on the B.B.C.'s new theatre organ at St. George's Hall and I thought I must tell you what pleasure it gave me. You demonstrated in convincing manner the amazing versatility of the new organ, and gave one of the best programmes yet broadcast on it. I am looking forward to hearing you again.

JOHN LISTENER.

To Eric Gillet, Broadcaster, London.

Dear Sir,

It seems many years since I read George Eliot's "The Mill on the Floss." But I listened to your first reading from it which I found intensely fascinating. You

re-awakened my interest and I have since made a point of listening to your further instalments every Saturday.

You have a definite flair for reading stories, haven't you?

JOHN LISTENER.

To Billy Bennett, Broadcast Comedian.

Dear Billy,

Your recent contribution to "Music Hall" seemed to me easily the best item in the programme. In your famous "Almost a Gentleman" role you put over a distinctive type of humour in which the laughs follow one another with machine-gun regularity.

And you deserve an extra medal, Billy, for appearing to perform exclusively for the entertainment of your large unseen audience, instead of pandering—as so many of your colleagues seem to do—to the privileged few composing the audience in St. George's Hall.

Good Luck!

JOHN LISTENER.



Billy Bennett: "... an extra medal"

*Star  
Worshippers  
All*



"Sign, please!" Nelson Keys, the brilliant radio star, has a smile as well as a signature for his fans

*"Take no notice of those who make fun at you for being an ardent fan," says GODFREY WINN, in this forceful article which presents the case for hero-worship*

**R**ECENTLY I had one of the most exciting days of my life. I shall remember it always. I didn't get married, I didn't come into a fortune, but I did meet the star whom I admire most in the world—Marlene Dietrich.

I had invented all sorts of marvellous compliments I would pay her, if ever my dream came true, but when the moment arrived that Douglas Fairbanks, junior, was introducing us, I stood there like a stupid dummy. I was quite speechless—too shy even to ask her for her autograph.

Have you ever had a similar experience? Maybe you have, or maybe, again, in your imagination, you have been introduced to your favourite radio star, and dreamt of what you would say and what he or she would reply, and then woken up to hear the announcer saying: "The rest of the programme will follow in three minutes . . ." and then silence.

**Don't Be Ashamed**

Don't be depressed by that silence. Don't be ashamed for the secret image you carry in your heart. Don't be afraid of sitting down and writing a letter to your favourites in the radio and entertainment world. Don't, above all, imagine that they receive so many letters already that yours will go unread, or unanswered.

As it happens, I myself receive hundreds of letters every week now from my readers, but I never allow my secretary to answer them without my reading them first, and deciding what that answer should be.

I don't take any credit for that action. I look upon it as a common courtesy. But I felt it was right to mention the fact, because I've so often heard it suggested that stars with a fan-mail, never trouble to look at the letters they receive from their public, but simply pass on the labour to their secretaries.

Of course they look—and love looking. Why, if it is a labour, it is a labour of love. It gives you a glorious feeling inside to know that someone cares enough about what you are trying to do to write and tell you so. Such letters provide that second opinion on your work that is, so tremendously valuable and vitally necessary, if one is ever going to progress further towards the heights.

Praise or criticism . . . it doesn't matter which so long as the stars have tangible proof that you aren't completely indifferent to their efforts to entertain you. And any artist

worthy of his salt welcomes sincere and honest criticism far more than a stream of senseless superlatives.

I have met many radio stars in the last few years, and I know that the thought which is always most prominent in their mind is this. What do listeners really think of their act?

It's different for stars in the theatre. They can hear the applause the second that the curtain falls. They receive an automatic response to their work. A success or failure . . . there is proof in a tangible form.

But radio stars never hear your applause, unless you put it into the pillar-box.

Remember that next time some show on the wireless rouses your enthusiasm. And never put off writing your letter of thanks till to-morrow. Write now, while your mood of happiness is still enveloping you. For just as you yourself enjoy nothing more than to hear the nice remarks that some mutual friend passes on to you, so do the stars find it twice as easy to work out new material and spend long hours rehearsing, if they are quite sure that their efforts are going to be appreciated at the end of it all.

For, after all, just because someone happens to be a successful crooner or clever comedian, it doesn't mean that they have ceased to be a human being. Again, radio stars may somehow be more beautiful or handsome than the ordinary man or woman in the street, but underneath all the glamour, they possess the same feelings, the same difficulties and problems, the same likes and dislikes as yourself.

All the same, behind all the ballyhoo, stripped of their stage clothes and make-up, away from the microphone, they are just as exciting and worthy of worship in another way, because they are *troupers*. Their first concern always is their job—to do their job so well that they will never let down the public that admires them over the air. And in consequence, they will allow nothing in their private lives to interfere with their public duty. I have admired Florence Desmond for a long time as one of the finest actresses who

broadcast, but I have never admired her more than for the way she has carried on these last few tragic weeks. . . .

It will always be one of my happiest memories that I was one of the privileged few who were permitted to watch Ruth Etting give a show at Broadcasting House, when she was over here. Let me tell you, there was no silly prima-donna nonsense about her. No stupid mannerisms. No throat spraying.

She just stood up in front of the microphone and—sang. And when she had finished her last song, the orchestra rose from their chairs to a man, and applauded her. That applause was the sweetest she had ever heard, Ruth Etting told me afterwards. But that was before she had received sixteen thousand letters from listeners echoing that applause!

As a contrast, there was my meeting with Kitty Masters at Olympia, during the Radio Exhibition. I had watched her from the wings, taking curtain after curtain, but when a few minutes later I was introduced to her, still flushed with her success, do you know what we talked about?—not her voice, not wireless in general, but *her mother*. We discovered that we both possessed mothers to whom we owed everything, and who meant more to us than anyone else in the world. "She worked to make all this possible," Miss Masters said. "And now she can't be here to enjoy my good-fortune, because she is desperately ill, and I am very afraid . . ."

**Unspoken Sympathy**

Her voice trailed off into silence. There was no need for her to say anything more. I understood . . . just as you would have understood what she was suffering, if you had been in her dressing-room at that moment.

I think it helped her to have me there, and feel my unspoken sympathy, just as it must always help all stars to be able to sense, as they stand in front of the microphone, waiting for the red light signal to commence their turn, that in thousands of homes all over the country listeners are waiting to welcome them with wrapt attention.

So go on worshipping your favourite stars—and take no notice if those who choose to be hard-boiled about life scoff at your romantic dreams, and make fun of you for being an ardent fan of the radio in general and some performer in particular.

The business of making two ends meet in life keeps one's feet tied firmly to the ground, but all the same, that's no reason why we shouldn't crane our necks towards the stars. I am not ashamed to admit that I worship Marlene Dietrich. You must never be ashamed of such star-worshipping either.



By  
**GODFREY WINN**

The celebrated young novelist who is earning fresh fame as a columnist in daily journalism.

# RADIO PLAY BRINGS FILM CONTRACT



Betty Carroll, sitting on a golden cloud, wondering what will happen next!

Louis Stevenson. Pretty good. An £80,000 production . . . with a child of sixteen as the lead!

Betty has a really beautiful voice, charming manners and a personality as big as a house. No shyness. Completely natural. She is under contract to Morgan Productions, and they are going to spend hundreds of pounds on dressing her, and training her, and taking test photographs and grooming her like a Hollywood actress.

So Betty Carroll is the Cinderella girl. In a few months' time you will see her photograph in all the papers. I shall always think of a little girl with a mass of curly yellow hair, drinking coffee and saying to her mother: "I do hope you won't be unhappy when I'm a film star!"

Sweet people, both of them. Betty's mother is so bewildered. Betty tells me that when she was thirteen, she worked with Nova Pilbeam in *Toad of Toad Hall*.

Me: "What part did you take?"  
Betty, apologetically: "I am afraid I was only a rabbit, Miss Shute." (Changing the painful subject).

"But I became friends with Nova Pilbeam. And Nova told me to have my voice trained by her own teacher, Gertrude Burnett. I studied with Miss Burnett for a whole year . . . just like Nova. Then I went to Madame Arcana, who is Nova Pilbeam's business manager . . . and that is the story of my life."

Last week I met Mary Allan, make-up wizard at Alexandra Palace.

Mary Allan is the calmest lady at Alexandra Palace. You know her at once because everyone else runs about looking hunted. Mary Allan runs about looking dignified.

Said Mary Allan in a calm voice: "My job is to supervise the dresses and the make-up. All the artistes come to me before televising. What do I do? Well, I paint their lips bright blue and make them like it!"

It seems there are three quite different types of make-up for television artistes. For the Marconi system you use an everyday make-up. The Baird system is more complicated. Sometimes you use the Intermediate make-up, which is really a film make-up. Sometimes you use the Spotlight make-up . . . which means bright blue lips.

Said Mary Allan: "It takes me ten minutes to paint an artiste's face. I have no assistants . . . yet. I used to be the make-up expert at the Twickenham film studios, but television work is more exciting. I work from 10 a.m. till 10.30 p.m. No, I never feel tired . . . not very."

While we were talking a girl entered with bright blue lips and a grey face. I started violently but it was only Jasmine Bligh. Wearing television make-up.

Returning from Alexandra Palace to Broadcasting House, I ran into Anne Ziegler, and had a long talk.

Said Anne Ziegler: "Two years ago I was living with my family in Liverpool. One night I caught the midnight train to London. Since then I've never been back . . . somehow or other I've turned into a sort of celebrity since then. Isn't it funny?"

"I don't know even now what made it all happen. I just came to London one night, and got a job on the stage. Then I started broadcasting—I don't know how. And to-day, for some extraordinary reason, I'm earning a lot of money."

Me: "How much do you earn?"  
Anne Ziegler: "I don't really know. If I have a good week I seem to earn about £50. If I have a bad week I seem to earn about £15. I don't know how it happens."

Pretty Anne Ziegler is only twenty-four. What she hopes to do is to save up some money and study music very seriously in Berlin or Milan. Wants to study opera. But I think we can ill-spare her from the radio musical comedies and revues which she adorns so well.

**W**HAT a story!  
A pretty little girl of sixteen lives at Manor Park, in the East End of London. She comes of simple people. Her mother is a sweet, gentle person who is terrified of smart Mayfair.

And then one day the little girl from the East End is engaged by the B.B.C. She takes a leading part in the play called *London Wall*, by John Van Druten. Her broadcast is a great success. She is heard as it happens by a famous film producer . . . and soon after that she is given a five-year film contract to act in British pictures.

True story, reader.  
The name of the little girl is Betty Carroll—a little girl sitting on a golden cloud, wondering what will happen next.

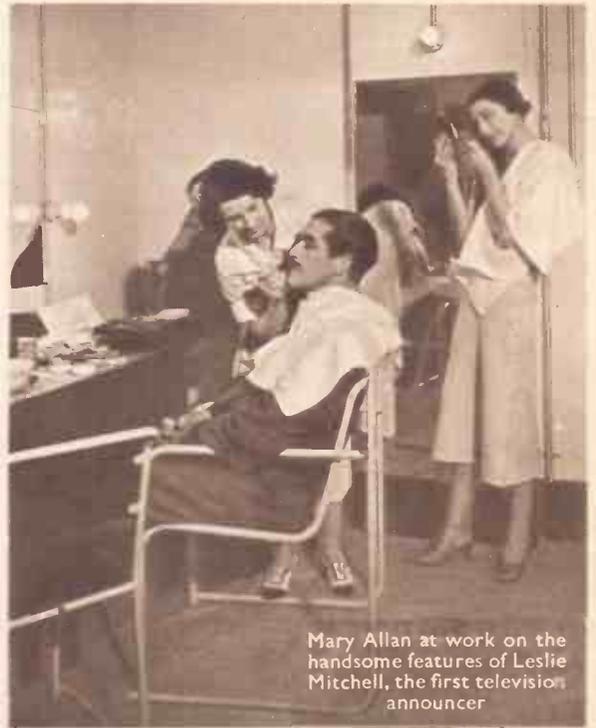
Betty and her mother made a special trip to the West End last week. The journey takes more than an hour, but they both came to see me, and we all had a cup of coffee.

Said Betty's mother: "We're very simple people and we've always been very happy. Now I feel frightened. If Betty is going to be a film star we shall have to move, and live in the West End, and meet all sorts of smart people. I'm so afraid we're not going to be happy! We're such ordinary people ourselves!"

I said: "Just be natural and then everyone will like you. Please don't change."

Then Betty started talking.  
"I'm so excited! I can't believe it's true! I just walked into an office one day, and gave an audition, and two hours later the contract was signed! In the morning I was an unknown girl! In the afternoon I was a budding film actress! "Do you think mother is right? Do you think we shall be unhappy if we live in the West End with a lot of smart people all round us?"

Betty Carroll starts work in January. She plays the leading part opposite John Garrick in *Prince Otto*, a film version of the story by Robert



Mary Allan at work on the handsome features of Leslie Mitchell, the first television announcer

## FAME AT LAST!





# LAUGHING AT LIFE

"Now, listen, customers," says MAX MILLER, who has been starred lately in Horlick's "Sea-Time" hour, and proceeds in characteristic fashion to tell you some of the high spots of his varied career

By

**MAX MILLER**

(The "CHEEKY CHAPPIE" of RADIO, STAGE & SCREEN)

**M**OST things I see and hear give me a laugh. Life's full of humour. That's why I always carry a notebook around. Every time something specially funny comes to my notice, I make a note of it.

The public supplies my gags. What's more, I always invite my audience to send me gags, and I've used a lot of them. The Man in the Street himself is the world's greatest fun factory.

Yes, it's true, life's one long laugh to me. On the stage, in the film studios, at the B.B.C. milke, I'm enjoying myself every minute!

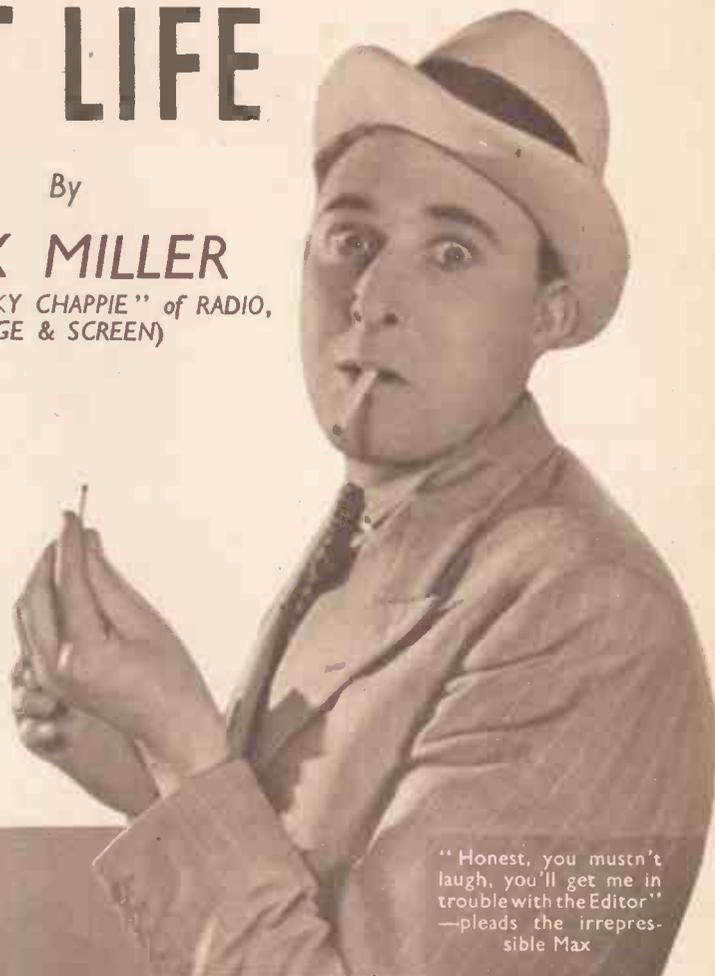
But maybe you think I'm just a comic. That's where you're wrong. For instance, I'm the inventor of plus-fours.

Tell you how it happened. When I was in a concert party, I used to cycle to the show in white flannel trousers. They got so baggy at the knees towards the week-end, before the second pair came home from the laundry, that I used to roll them right up to keep them neat. They attracted attention, so I had them copied in crêpe for stage wear.

everybody riding had to get out and walk, to make the load lighter.

Going downhill it was the same. We all had to do our share in pushing brake-skids under the wheels. So there never seemed a time when we weren't walking—except on one occasion when I noticed that one of the gang was missing.

When he turned up at the end of a rainy day dry as a bone, I got wise to him next time. I locked myself in one of the caravans and settled down for a nice long ride. But I lit a cigarette, and the next thing I remember was



"Honest, you mustn't laugh, you'll get me in trouble with the Editor"  
—pleads the irrepres-  
sible Max



"All togged up like a dog's dinner," as Max would himself describe it! As he appears in the film *Educated Evans*

That's how plus-fours started, and I've worn this type of bags ever since, usually of a pattern to offend the Anti-Noise League.

Biography of the great man now follows.

I was born a couple of weeks after Guy Fawkes Day and much to my mother's annoyance, though I send her a wire every November, congratulating her on her luck.

At fourteen, I followed a circus, and forgot to return home. They took pity on me, and gave me the job of watering the animals.

During the two years I was with the circus, I slept with five other chaps in one bed (bit of luck there wasn't thirteen of us, I'm superstitious!). I cultivated the habit of early rising. If you didn't get out of bed, you stood a good chance of being pushed out. I've risen early ever since.

Circus life knocked the corners off me. Pitching tents. Travelling. More pitching tents. More travelling. Sundays included. Travelling was best part walking, because every time we got to a hill, the Guv'nor yelled "Loop!"—meaning that

being slapped on the face and having water thrown over me.

It appeared I had fallen asleep and the cigarette had fallen from my fingers and set light to the straw lying about. The guy who got me out was the guy who had been sleeping in the same caravan, and I think if I hadn't fainted he would have given me a good hiding.

One day the drummer was missing from the band. Nobody asked me to play, but I took his place. I admit I mucked about a bit. The Guv'nor said he ought to knock my block off for spoiling the band, but since I'd made the audience laugh, he said I could go in as second comic at £4 a week. The other comic got £6.

Soon, though I says it as shouldn't, the Guv'nor said I was making rings round the other bloke. I took his job, only after insisting that he got my £4 a week and not the bullet.

I got sick of the circus, and turned mechanic, but suddenly decided I wanted to go abroad.

Not having the wherewithal to buy a yacht, I went to Southampton and stowed away on a boat leaving for India.

Being a stowaway's all right till you get a hole in the stomach. The smell of cooking drew me like a magnet. I was next peeling potatoes. But when they found I had been a comic, they let me do a bit of entertaining for the passengers.

In India I was given the job of driving a motor for the Government. I can't think why they didn't make me a Rajah, but the truth is that the only thing I took out of India was a parrot. Great things, parrots. I've got three now, all nicely brought up, with not a cussword between them.

After the War, I joined a concert-party, and married a fellow-artiste. Kathleen's held me in captivity ever since. We started married strife as a double act. Still, as I tell my friends, there's never been a row in the house. We always go in the yard.

**E**ver since she accompanied me on one of my regular fishing trips (that's right, angler as well), she's done nothing but talk about the fish she caught. She doesn't know I swum underneath her line at the end of Brighton Pier and hooked a fish on her for.

Brighton Corporation thinks the world of me. I can get on the pier for nothing. I swim to the end of the pier regularly (that's right, swimmer as well), and provide an added attraction, causing the pier gate-money to go up by leaps and bounds. They daren't ask for my tuppence when I board the pier at the wrong end, for fear of offending me.

When I get time, I play golf. You've guessed it—a handicap of two. But I still feel safer with a caddie who can't count over a hundred.

In 1933, I entered films, and have liked moving pictures ever since, although Kathleen always says she liked them better in the place they were before.

Don't be surprised to hear me hailed next as "The Clark Gable of Television."

But, honest though, the world is my store-room of mirth. Keep smiling, that's my motto, or, as Shakespeare said, stick a geranium in yer 'at and be 'appy.

THE SUCCESS STORY  
of  
THE SOUTHERN SISTERS

Here are the Southern Sisters—Betty, Sybille and Vera—charming funsters in harmony

The Southern Sisters next date on the air is December 15, an Empire broadcast



**H**ULLO! Is that Mr. Henry Hall? Oh, this is Betty Knight, of the Southern Sisters, speaking. We think we're good! Will you hear us and tell us what you think?"

Much to our surprise, Mr. Henry Hall agreed. In fear and trepidation we entered Broadcasting House, and were conducted into a studio, where the famous dance-band leader was rehearsing his "boys."

We "did our stuff." Henry listened. A week or two later we were "on the air," singing numbers for the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra!

It seemed like a dream! A week or two ago we signed a contract to do two hundred weeks' work for a big cinema circuit. So—as yet, touch wood!—we haven't woken up!

What are we like? What are our Christian names? Which is the one who trills a top C and does the announcing bits? Which is the one with the husky, contralto voice? And which is the one with the big, vibrant soprano voice, who does the Grace Moore stuff in the act?

Well, respectively, Betty, Sybille and Vera! We started as a trio. But we want to live that down. We want—so very badly—to develop our own personalities. We are introducing a lot more solo stuff into our young lives. And we hope you're going to think of us in future as Betty, Sybille and Vera, and not just collectively as "them Southern Sisters, dearie!"

If you can think of a new name for our act, which will express the three of us as units and not "all in a lump," so to speak, we'd be awfully grateful for any suggestions.

We'd like you to know, too, that we're simply crazy on comedy, and mean to introduce tons of mirthquakes into our future work.

Did you read in the papers the other day that the Southern Sisters had all their lovely new dresses stolen from their car while rehearsing at Broadcasting House?

Some of you, I expect, thought, "Huh! Another publicity stunt, you bet!"

No, sirs! We'd paid a whole lot of good money for those dresses.

We were booked to appear at a big concert that evening, before a large and—let's hope!—enthusiastic audience, which meant a lot to us. We'd planned to knock 'em cold with those swishy frocks!

And then someone went and swiped 'em, while we were blissfully vocalising before the "mike." When we returned to the car, our seductive slinkies had faded, darn it!

What did we do? Oh, just cancelled the concert. There wasn't time, you see, to get any other dresses. Not so funny, that!

What are our sports, hobbies, and the things we do in our spare time?

Well, Sybille and I love swimming. We've no particular favourite pool. Any spot of

a date at Bedford, forty-eight hours after what should have been the normal day of my return. And, there I was stuck helplessly in the middle of the Spanish civil war as if for keeps!

The rumour spread that a British warship was coming to rescue us. I went to the window and stared out across the vacant sea. There did not seem to be a sail nor a sign of smoke, even, in sight. But we went and packed—just in case!

Meanwhile, the sound of those bombs appeared to be

appreciably closer. Would the warship come to take us off, before the bombs bumped us off? We all wondered.

Suddenly, I spotted a faint smudge of smoke low upon the horizon. It was H.M.S. *Devonshire*, escorting a British liner, to which we refugees were to be transferred.

I reached England just five hours before the Southern Sisters were due to make their Bedford bow.

Yes, I made it all right—with about six minutes to spare!

And was I glad?

'PHONE CALL TO FAME

How THE SOUTHERN SISTERS, Harmony Team, have headed for the stars.

By

BETTY KNIGHT

(of the Southern Sisters)

water of reasonable depth, does! Sometimes, in the summer, when we are lucky enough to be beside the sea, it's a life in the ocean waves for us every spare moment. I'm also happy when I'm hiking and cooking.

If you want to know where green flies go in the winter time, ask Vera!

"With my garden spray,  
I shush 'em away,  
To——"

well!—our horticultural h'expert will tell you. She is also always buying new plants, bearing fearsome-sounding Latin names.

Another passion of Vera's is car-driving. She drives the automobile for the act. Once, when she brought us back from Edinburgh to London in a day, she thought we would congratulate her.

I nstead, we stepped out, with relieved expressions, and asked her if she'd made a will, because we hadn't!

As regards Sybille—she's very reticent. She just sits and knits and nods or shakes her head. Like her voice, she's very deep.

Speaking personally, I'm very fond of travel—going foreign places, and that sort of thing! This year I went to Spain!

"Many things in Spain will surprise you!" was one succinct sentence from the clerk in the tourist agency, which lingered in my mind.

Crouching in a cellar in Palma, a few weeks later, with bombs dropping all around, guns booming, rifles and revolvers cracking, and the town literally crumbling to bits about me, I had secretly to admit that the clerk was quite correct.

Presently, we were permitted to return to our hotel, just beyond the town, on the coast. There were no taxis. The military had commandeered them, we understood. So we were obliged to walk all the way—under fire.

Back at the hotel I went into a huddle with myself, and reviewed the situation. I had already overstayed my time. With Sybille and Vera, I'd



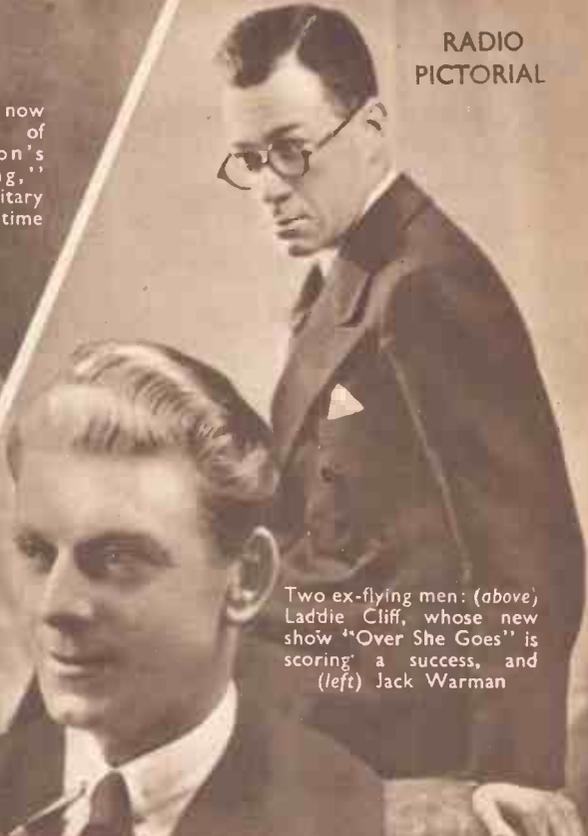
Little Ivy Woodward is Ovaltiney "V"—one of the jolliest members of the Ovaltineys' Concert Party. Listen to their programme from Luxembourg at 5.30 every Sunday—and if you hear a specially merry laugh, you'll know it's "V"



As he was in  
1916—Will  
Russell



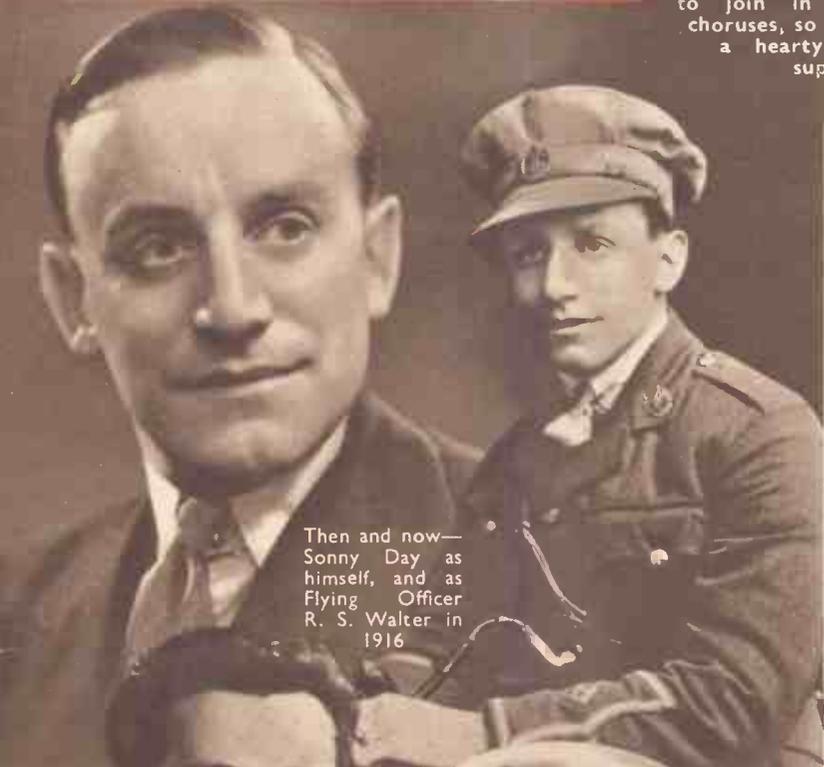
Roy Royston, now  
juvenile lead of  
Leslie Henson's  
"Swing Along,"  
won the Military  
Cross as a war-time  
pilot



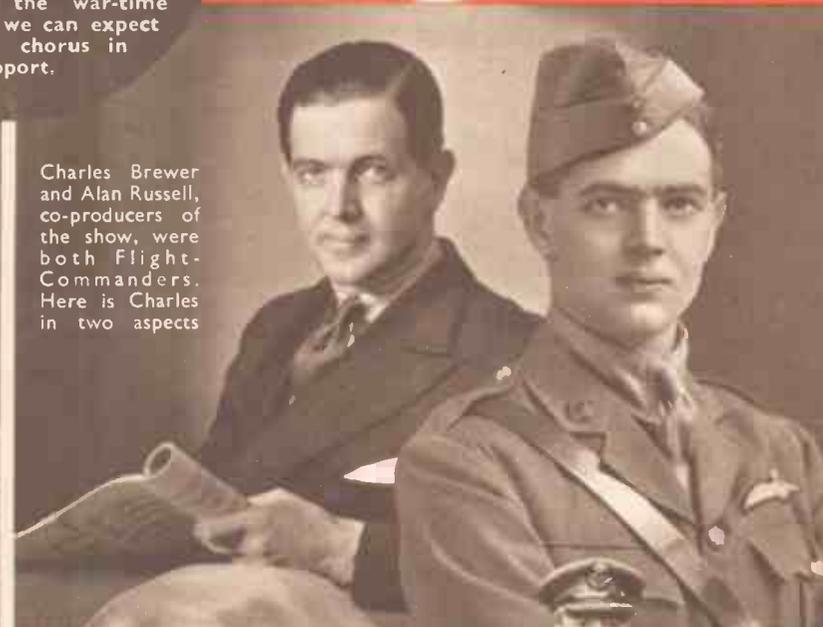
Two ex-flying men: (above)  
Laddie Cliff, whose new  
show "Over She Goes" is  
scoring a success, and  
(left) Jack Warman

You  
have heard  
Army concert parties  
by "The Roosters"—now,  
next Wednesday, comes a  
Royal Air Force show, "Flying  
High" (7.30 p.m. National). Cast  
consists entirely of one-time members  
of the Royal Flying Corps,  
Royal Naval Air Service or Royal  
Air Force. And members of the Air  
Force Association will fill the  
audience in St. George's Hall  
to join in the war-time  
choruses, so we can expect  
a hearty chorus in  
support.

# Flying High



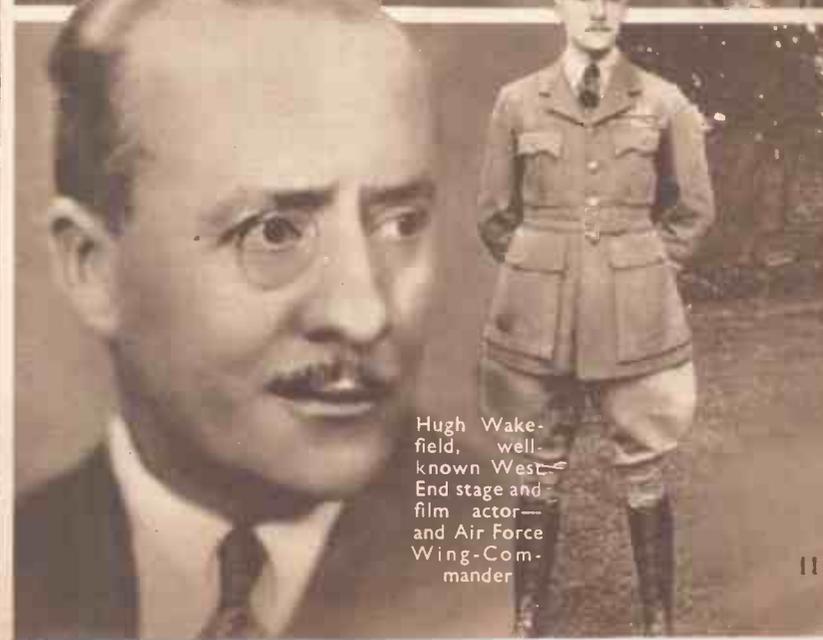
Then and now—  
Sonny Day as  
himself, and as  
Flying Officer  
R. S. Walter in  
1916



Charles Brewer  
and Alan Russell,  
co-producers of  
the show, were  
both Flight-  
Commanders.  
Here is Charles  
in two aspects



Famous choc-  
olate-col-  
oured coon,  
G. H. Elliot,  
once wore  
the dark blue  
of the Royal  
Naval Air  
Service



Hugh Wake-  
field, well-  
known West-  
End stage and  
film actor—  
and Air Force  
Wing-Com-  
mander

HOW  
EUROPE'S  
WOMEN  
LISTEN

By  
BEATRIX  
MOORE

# VARIETY IS FRANCE'S RADIO LOVE

**T**HE first introduction I had to France's wireless was one bright and sparkling morning down the Champs Elysee, when I jumped into a scarlet and cream taxi with "T.S.F." printed in bold letters across each side window.

As we sped past the autumn-tinted trees of the most beautiful avenue in Europe, a red light suddenly glowed at my side—the driver had obligingly tuned in for me, and I was able to lean back in luxury and listen to the morning's News Bulletin.

After that I dialled a foreign station, and found that while whirling past the cafés and crowded boulevards, I could peacefully listen in to a Chopin recital from Warsaw.

Not a bad system this, to instal wireless in all the taxis—it might be used with advantage amidst the noise and bustle and worries of our City rush hours—especially when one realises that it does not add a sou to the ordinary fare!

## Frothy Wit

If I were to sum up the character of French wireless in one word, I should say VARIETY, as re-laid from the Parisian cabarets, Chansoniers, and Opera-Bouffes. For in France you have variety and Music-hall at its best. For those who like the light cream and froth and sparkling nonsense of French wit, rather than the rough and tumble and slap-stick of our own typical Music-hall, it is superb.

The French adore their "Bobinets." Watch them queuing up for the "ABC," the cheap little Chansonier in the Boulevard des Italiens, as they would never queue up for a cinema, and you will understand why these relays from the cabarets and music-halls of Paris form the backbone of the French programmes.

It is significant that when, a short while back, French listeners were invited to vote by letter on:

## No. 3—FRANCE

Following an interesting European tour, BEATRIX MOORE has written three articles on How Europe's Women Listen. She has already dealt with Swiss and German women, and this week her subject is France. She shows the variety of subjects dealt with in women's listening—from art exhibitions to love!

"If all other items but one were excluded from your programmes which would you choose to keep?" by far the majority voted for the half-hour of Regnier Max, the popular French comedian.

France has its Amateur Hour, too. It is broadcast at nine o'clock every Sunday evening. Any amateur singer can enter, and up to fifty applicants are given an audition each week, from which the eight best are selected to broadcast. The public then vote as to which singer they most enjoy, and the three first winners of both sexes are given a prize—the first prize being an evening at the "ABC," the second three hundred francs, and the third two hundred francs!

It is less than a year now since this weekly item began but already, I was told, much promising talent has been found and new stars are already in the making.

## Learning About Love

Like the German and Swiss, the French have also a regular woman's hour, but, in contrast to theirs, it is an intellectual hour, rather than a practical housewife's broadcast. It is supervised by "Collette," a brilliant woman novelist, and consists mostly of talks on the newest books, exhibitions, literature and music, always illustrated by well-known artists and specialists.

Occasionally a chef will give culinary talks, or a couturier such as Jean Patou will speak of the coming fashions, but on the whole it is a curious fact that cooking and beauty culture—the trump cards of the French—are completely lacking on their programmes.

I can only suppose, French women are already sufficiently competent to need no further instruction! But there is one subject about which French women never feel themselves too competent to learn more—love! So a regular feature each week in the woman's hour, is a lecture on "L'Avenir de l'Amour" (The Future of Love), when this fascinating subject is thoroughly discussed and delved into from every possible viewpoint.

Another very popular feature is "Sous la Lampe," a kind of "Talk of the Town," twice a week, when for five minutes, personalities about town are pulled under the spotlight of publicity in much the same manner as in our gossip columns.

The weekly "Magasin" is also a much enjoyed item with the French, listeners sending in by letter questions on any subject they like. A certain number of these are selected and discussed over the microphone by specialists on the particular subject in question.

Though many of them are, of course, strictly women's subjects dealing with children, the home, gardening and the like, often interesting questions on science, art, and so on, are dealt with, bringing many unusual angles into the weekly programme.

"Follow the Guide" takes French listeners each week into some Parisian haunt—an historical quarter, a museum, a hospital, a factory, a Cathedral, and so on.

Recently the announcer took his listeners in person for their weekly visit, and some thousand Poste Parisien listeners packed themselves and the "Mike" in autocars and "followed their guide" round the immense Zoo at Vincennes, much to the interest and edification—as you can see by the photograph—of the chimpanzees, who tried to seize the opportunity to make a personal broadcast.

Another interesting little weekly feature is called "En correctionnelle," and it builds up a mock trial, with human stories, much in the same manner as some of our daily papers feature "the courts day by day."

Radio plays, it seems, do not appeal much to the French, but there is a weekly broadcast from a theatre, and quite often a talkie is relayed. Curiously enough, too, light music is far more popular than serious concerts, although Paris itself is a paradise of first-class concerts and any one of its six or seven concert halls is packed regularly each Sunday.

## Mickey Mouse Stars

French children are indulged in all kinds of luxuries by "Jaboo" once a week—the popular editor of a children's journal, and editor of the children's page in L'Echo de Paris. Little plays featuring Mickey Mouse and acted by children themselves, are one of the tricks he has up his sleeve, and sometimes he gives them lotteries, with sweetmeats and toys and books, as prizes.

An interesting process in French broadcasting is the registering of wireless features on celluloid in much the same way as films are done, so that by means of the cutting room, scissors and glue-pot, different dialogue and music can be allied, and special arrangements and experiments made and kept.

Although television from the heights of the Eiffel Tower is not yet as far advanced as in England, some interesting "Telecinemas" are made by Poste Parisien, a process by which whole cinema pictures can be relayed.

## NEW HEALTH

NOVEMBER days are so cold and damp that chills and minor ailments are frequent. It behoves each one of us to guard our health in this treacherous weather, and one of the ways this can be done is by buying regularly "New Health," the magazine that is a mine of interesting information about health matters. Buy the November issue now. Price 6d. and worth every penny!



## Elisabeth Ann's Page

**Nobody nowadays need become "Plain Jane" in specs. Chosen to suit your face, glasses can actually add to your good looks . . . give you character and distinction. Here ELISABETH ANN tells you how.**

# THROUGH GLASSES TO BEAUTY

**I** LOOK forward to your page each week and I do hope you can help me with my problem. To my horror I find that my shoulders are decidedly round and that my hips are far too evident, caused, I suspect, through sitting at a typewriter all day, and as I am only sixteen, I am anxious to check the trouble as soon as possible. Will you please suggest an exercise for me, and one of these days will you please devote your page to your readers who wear glasses, for surely their make-up and hair-styles must differ from their more fortunate sisters.—Yours, "GREY EYES," Rotherham.

I have decided to answer "Grey Eyes" letter this week because obviously her case is urgent and because I am sure that there are many other readers who are equally interested in this problem of glasses.

First of all, those round shoulders. In other days Miss Sixteen was made to wear braces if her shoulders drooped—uncomfortable "affairs" of which she had ever to be conscious.

But to-day it is another generation, another story, another remedy. Corrective exercise. I want "Grey Eyes" and all readers who have her problem to follow this exercise for straightening the shoulders:

Take position lying flat on the back.

Raise arms above head, touching floor with hands.

Now stretch the right leg down as far as it will go, and the left arm up as far as it will go above your head, still touching floor with the hand, so that you get a complete "pull" from both directions.

Repeat with the left leg (without pointing toe) and the right arm, so that you get a simultaneous stretch in alternate directions. Don't move position while you are stretching. Practise twenty times night and morning, always stretching right arm with left leg, and the left arm with right leg.

Follow this for five minutes both night and morning. Then, whenever you happen to be sitting working or reading, remember to sit correctly, with "tummy" held in, waist only slightly indented. Shoulders down and erect. In this way you can make those shoulders straight—lovely attributes to beauty.

The business of wearing glasses is always a little alarming. Readers tell me that rather than wear them they will endure short-sightedness and other defects. In the interests of health I cannot approve of this point of view, and I disagree entirely with readers who declare that glasses are a drawback to attraction.

Not when you can get contour-shaped frames, pastel pink and amber frames, and clear crystal as well as the tortoiseshell variety.

If you happen to have a round face, pale colouring, fair hair, pink frames are very feminine. If you are pale and dark, amber can lend your eyes a loveliness. If you are brunette in hair and skin, with sharply defined facial contours, you will find tortoiseshell frames distinctive.

So choose your frames to your type. Redheads can wear clear crystal or amber—they should not wear dark frames.

Now in hair-styles—of course your hair can be dressed to detract from the frames.

Foremost is the curled "halo" style, the hair cut short all round the face, like this:



"The curled halo style"

The curls stand back from the face, and give the eyes more expression, in spite of glasses. Recommended for those of you who can afford to have the ends of the hair permanently curled, and have piquant faces, pointed chins and wide cheekbones. Note: The hair should not stand away from the face. It merely frames it.

If you happen to have one of those clever, prominent foreheads, I'll admit glasses look a trifle severe. But break the line with a short layer of hair cut shorter on top of the head and allowed to wave forward on to the forehead. Like this, with side parting:



"Waving forehead on to the forehead"

Decidedly, glasses need not detract from your personal appearance.

Many readers have found they cannot darken their lashes without smearing the lens. Torrid (curved) lenses are, of course, best, though slightly more expensive, and allow a little more scope for the lashes. Then the way the glasses fit the bridge of the nose makes a subtle difference.

It is worth while to give your lashes that dark gleam. Curl them upward to give the eyes a deliciously wide appearance, and at night smooth a cream on the delicate skin around the eyes to keep it smooth and unlined.

## READERS' PERSONAL PROBLEMS:

(Write ELISABETH ANN c/o RADIO PICTORIAL, Chanstor House, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2, if you have a beauty problem, or would like details of the preparations she mentions, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for her personal response.)

**I** WAS talking to my hairdresser the other day and he said I ought to have a tonic for my hair, but I hate having anything sticky on my hair, and I thought you could suggest something. My hair is quite normal but a bit dull after it is washed.—ELSIE DAY.

I think if you use a tonic shampoo once-weekly, it will give your hair a lovely gleam. This soapless shampoo costs 6d. a bottle sufficient for two shampoos, and gives radiant life and colour to dulled hair.

**Y**OUR last letter helped me so much I am writing again. This time about my neck which is horribly brown and quite a different colour from my face. I always cleanse it, but I wear black for the shop, with a fairly high collar.

Give your neck a "necklet" of beauty. I mean a mask made for the throat, designed to whiten the skin. Also it tightens up any relaxed skin beneath the chin. May I send you details of this inexpensive mask?

**I** MARRIED a man five years younger than myself, and now I am thirty-five, I feel anxious not to look my age. I live quite near town and wondered if you could suggest a salon where I could get a decent facial once a week. I cannot, however, afford to pay more than five shillings each time. Is that sufficient?—HAPPY WIFE (Brixton Hill).

You can have an excellent treatment with massage at 3s. 6d. at Madame Adelaide Grey's Salon in Bond Street. A weekly treatment should keep your skin clear and youthful.

## A Beauty Secret from MAX FACTOR

**T**HERE is now a movement in Hollywood to beautify the feet—because the film stars are wearing sandals in the evenings.

No amount of cosmetics will correct malformed toes or muscular defects. For this you must consult a doctor or chiropodist.

BUT . . . toenails should be treated just as carefully as fingernails. A smart woman takes trouble with her feet . . . softening and whitening the cuticles, filing, shaping, buffing and polishing the nails. A good trick is to place small tufts of cotton wool between the toes to hold them apart until the polish dries.

Choice of shades in polish for the toenails should, of course, correspond with that of the fingernails. Don't cultivate the bright red shades. The paler shades are more fashionable now and, in my opinion, always more attractive.

And remember that a pair of beautiful feet are almost as fascinating in a woman as a pair of beautiful hands!

## GOOD THINGS TO EAT

By M. S. W.

**M**AKE your Christmas puddings in November and leave them to mellow. They'll taste better then. This week I give a choice of tested recipes. Shredded Atora saves a deal of work, and the quantities given below can be increased or decreased according to family requirements, but, as far as possible, proportions should be adhered to, except with spices, as they are a matter of taste.

## RICH CHRISTMAS PUDDING

**INGREDIENTS.**—1 lb. flour, 1 lb. white breadcrumbs, 1 lb. shredded suet, 1 lb. currants, 1 lb. sultanas, 1 lb. stoned raisins,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. shredded mixed peel, weighed without sugar, 1 lb. Demerara sugar, 2 large apples, the grated rind of a lemon and the juice of 2, the grated rind and juice of an orange,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful salt, 2 teaspoonfuls Borwick's baking powder, 1 dessertspoonful mixed spice,  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. finely sliced sweet almonds, 4 eggs, 1 glass brandy or rum,  $\frac{1}{2}$  glass of stout (this darkens the pudding).

**Method.**—Mix flour, baking powder, salt, breadcrumbs and shredded Atora, also the spice. Prepare the fruit, chop the peel, slice the almonds lengthwise after blanching, grate the orange and lemon peel and strain the juice. Mix the sugar, fruit, peel, grated rind and sliced almonds with the other dry ingredients. Beat up the eggs. Peel the apples and put them, after coring, through the mincer. Add these, also the beaten eggs, stir well, cover with a cloth and leave all night. Next day add the lemon and orange juice also the brandy and stout, stir again, put in the pudding charms, then have greased basins ready. Put in the mixture and steam for 10 hours, covering each basin with a greased paper.

## CHRISTMAS PUDDING WITHOUT EGGS

**INGREDIENTS.**—1 lb. flour, 1 lb. raisins (chopped),  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. currants,  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. shredded Atora,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. Demerara sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. cooked potatoes,  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. cooked carrots,  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. minced candied peel, 2 tablespoonfuls golden syrup.

**Method.**—Put flour, shredded suet, sugar, raising and currants into a mixing bowl. Rub carrots and potatoes through a sieve and add to the other ingredients, also chopped peel and golden syrup. Mix all well together, but let the mixture stand for 5-6 hours, then stir again and put into buttered moulds, or basins. Cover with a greased paper, then with a floured cloth and boil steadily for 8 hours.

This pudding may be made nearer Christmas Day, but for people who cannot take eggs in any form is a good recipe.

## GRANDMOTHER'S PUDDING

This is a dark, old-fashioned pudding which will keep from one Christmas to the next if stout is used for mixing. If not intended to keep, mix with milk and add a little browning to improve the colour.

**INGREDIENTS.**—1 lb. each of flour, breadcrumbs, raisins, sultanas, currants, Demerara sugar and orange marmalade; 4 eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. candied peel,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. citron, 1 whole nutmeg grated, 1 teaspoonful salt, 2 ozs. almonds, the grated rind and juice of a lemon, 1 wineglass of rum, 1 pint stout, 1 oz. preserved ginger.

**Method.**—Follow the same method as in first recipe, mixing all dry ingredients, fruit, marmalade, lemon juice, cover the bowl and leave till next day, then add the beaten eggs, rum and stout, and well mix. Put in the charms, fill each basin to within  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch of top, cover with a greased paper, then with a cloth, and steam or boil for 8-10 hours. On Christmas Day boil again for 2 hours. Serve with Brandy Butter.

Making the Christmas puddings is a lengthy undertaking, but at least you can save yourself the trouble of making mincemeat at home. The busy housewife buys hers—it is so popular in puddings, pies, and tarts

## GARDEN NOTES

By F. R. Castle

**LUPIN ARBOREUS.**—This is the yellow Tree Lupin—one of the prettiest of all free-flowering garden plants. It grows well on soils of almost any description and, apart from its beautiful pale yellow flowers which are delightfully fragrant, the foliage alone makes the plant a worthy occupant of any garden. Plant any time before April.

**Alyssum Saxatile.**—Widely known as Gold Dust and flowering at the same time as Aubrietia and White Arabis, it makes a striking contrast. Is not much use as a cut flower, but for rapidly covering up rocks or old stumps it has no equal of its colour. Plant at once and, should dry weather follow, keep well watered.

**Tall Antirrhinums.**—A common complaint against these is that they fail to produce flowers sufficiently early in the summer to permit them



Mink marmot makes this very charming coat with original collar for day or evening wear. Model by Crichtons.

occupying important positions near the house. This is easily remedied by sowing now. Scatter the seed very thinly, cover but slightly and allow the pan to remain on a shelf near the glass in a warm house until the seedlings are large enough to transplant.

**Aster, Climax.**—This is one of the most beautiful Michaelmas Daisies we have, and last summer was particularly favourable to its growth and flowering. By mid-September the growth had reached nearly six feet, and from then until the end of October the plants were a mass of lavender flowers, two inches across. Plant any time before May.

**Early Single Chrysanthemums.**—Single Chrysanthemums increase in popularity, and from November until Christmas they are usually plentiful. On the other hand, few give a place to this section when selecting varieties for garden display. This year they have been rather later in flowering, but three outstanding varieties were Maidenhead (pale primrose), Waterwitch (white) and Shirley. Others were over earlier than usual and several of the weaker varieties mildewed badly.



A napkin ring made of china will not roll as it has one flat side.

## FIVE-SHILLING HINTS

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

## A COOKING TIP

**W**HEN making Baked Egg Custard or Bread and Butter Pudding always bring milk and sugar to the boil and pour on to the beaten eggs, stirring all the time. This makes it smooth and creamy and it will not be at all watery.—Miss O. Webber, "The Friary," S. Bersted, Bognor Regis, Sussex.

No need to make Mincemeat for Christmas when it can be bought ready-made by Robertson's—and so delicious.



# DRESS WITH BEAUTY

By Elisabeth Ann

**M**ORE important than dressing up to the fashion of the moment, which so quickly changes, is dressing with style, with suitability, with beauty. With every new hat that you buy, every dress you make . . . even your lingerie, you should keep before you the idea of being, not more up-to-date, but more beautiful because of your new dress accessory. I wonder if you do that?

I have just been examining some fascinating little suits, very warm and suitable for wintry days. One lovely suit was made from black bouclé, fully lined, with a collar of grey Indian lamb.

Another, in the inexpensive section of a large store, was made in beaver brown, waisted and flaring, with a beaver collar. Just the suit for business and pleasure. An everyday suit which is

Moleskin is not seen quite so much, as it is a little cold in colour. Russian dyed ermine and silver fox are used for lovely evening capes.

So much for fur, which enhances feminine beauty.

In dresses for the evening, you pursue beauty when you choose velvet, especially in rich mulberry shades, or gold-yellow, or green. Velvet is entrancing for the evening.

Or if you spend your evenings dancing, choose net or lace, decorated with flower motifs, and cut so that the skirt dances with you, about the ankles. Have this in pale blue, cream or black.

Once you have acquired a dance dress the next step is an accompanying coat, and for this I suggest black ciré with little coloured painted dots on it. Brocade is very handsome and for full-length coats, velvet. Then I must whisper that old-fashioned Vicuna is being used to make up warm, lovely evening coats. Also face-cloth.

With a fur coat, of course you'll want one of the new pointed hats in velvet, like this Mau-green model made in bottle green.



## READERS' LETTERS:

*(ELISABETH ANN is always delighted to hear from readers who have dress problems. She will advise you what to wear, and how to wear it. What price to pay within your means. And if you want a whole new individual winter outfit planned, let her know your ideas and she will furnish full details. Send in a stamped addressed envelope with your queries to Elisabeth Ann, c/o "Radio Pictorial," Chansitor House, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.*

*M*Y parents have told me I can have a dance dress for Christmas, my first, but as I shall have to wear it whenever I am asked out, I want to buy something well-cut and "good" looking. Can you suggest something inexpensive but suited to me? I am dark-haired, vivacious and 19.—BETTY BLUE EYES.

You don't give me much idea of your personal taste, but if you like lavender-mauve, and the kind of picture-gowns Loretta Young wears, you

will want a taffeta gown with little puffed sleeves, fitting bodice, and full flaring skirt. Cut on distinctive lines, and priced at two guineas.

*I*S it necessary to wear a backless dress to appear smart at a dance? I don't like them because my back is too thin, and, anyway, I feel uncomfortable. My friends say I shall look out of date if I have a high neck.—ANGELA-IN-DISTRESS.

I don't see why you should wear a backless dress. Most of the newest ones have accompanying boleros and jackets or diaphanous scarves to soften the shoulder-view. But why not compromise with a backless dress which has an inset panel of flesh-tinted net right up to the nape of the neck? This will save you embarrassment and still look decidedly feminine. From the front view of the dress, high, demure necklines are distinctly "right" just now.

*C*AN you tell me where to apply for those coloured "zips" you mentioned? My local shop has not heard of them.—RITA (Framfield).

The coloured plastic Lightning Fasteners are obtainable from Selfridge's, 400 Oxford Street, London, W.1, and all large stores, at 3d. an inch—so that if you buy a 6-inch length, you pay 1s. 6d., etc. Send a pattern of your material if ordering by post so that you have the right colour sent you.



Selfridge's new mannequin, Miquette, wearing a luxurious swagger coat of dyed Russian ermine in the new water-lily colour.



Soft mauve poulte makes this crisp and youthful evening gown. (A Celebrity model.)



Bands of grey lamb add smartness to this "Bonnita" tweed suit, with a dipping, swinging cape.

flattering to the figure.

Nearly every suit this season has some fur trimming. Above all, fur coats reign supreme favourites for what is to be the gayest of winter and pre-Coronation seasons.

For the many of you who have not thought of a fur coat (or who have seen the inexpensive ones . . . and decided to do without!) there is the payment out-of-income system which has been started by several fur houses, enabling the average working woman to possess a warm, lasting coat, suitable for day and evening. A fur coat isn't every woman's choice, of course. I know readers who much prefer a tweed three-piece for country wear, but a fur coat is an investment in many cases. If you would like details of this out-of-income plan, I shall be pleased to forward them.

If you are in doubt as to your choice, you will find grey squirrel softening in appearance, also café dyed squirrel. American broadtail is inexpensive, wears excellently, and makes slim-fitting "swagger" coats as well as full-length ones.

Black seal is always an asset; so is Persian lamb, though this latter is used chiefly as trimming on collars and pockets.



FROM THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE:

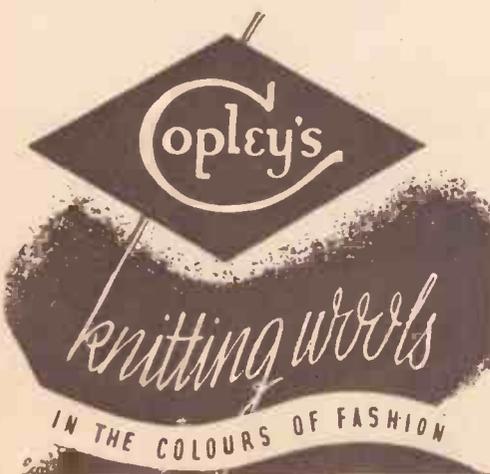
This Tyrolean jumper is ravishing. I adore your peasant embroidery and jolly striped neck--and the whole thing fits like a glove. How smart it's going to look, too, with new Austrian box jackets and high quilled hats! Colours? Natural for choice with lots of vivid shades for the design.

*BC*

THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE  
(Copley's Fashion Adviser)



Ask for Leaflet 636, 2d. at your woolshop, 3d. posted by the makers. If any difficulty write: L. COPLEY SMITH & SONS, LTD., 47, Lower Mosley Street, Manchester 2 and 132-133, Cheapside, London, E.C.4.



Lazy-daisy stitch, stem stitch and chain stitch are used for the embroidery, in lots of bright colours



# Tyrolean Jumper

It fits like a glove, this stream-lined jumper with jolly striped neck and peasant flower design

**MATERIALS.**—7 ozs. COPLEY'S 3-ply "Excelsior" Wool, White, No. 61, and 1 oz. each of Scarlet, No. 141, Royal Blue, No. 99, Cowslip Yellow, No. 1024, Light Green, No. 239; 1 pair No. 11 and 1 pair No. 9 "Coploid" knitting needles; 4 buttons.

**MEASUREMENTS.**—Length from top of shoulder to lower edge, 18½ inches. Width all round at underarm, to fit a 34-35 inch bust. Length of sleeve seam, 18½ inches.

**TENSION.**—Using No. 9 needles, work to produce 7 sts. and 9 rows to 1 square inch in smooth fabric.

**ABBREVIATIONS.**—K., knit; P., purl; st., stitch; tog., together.

## THE FRONT

Using No. 11 needles and white wool, cast on 112 sts. Working into the back of the sts. on the first row, knit in K. 1, P. 1, rib for 3½ inches.

Next row—Rib 4 sts., work into front and back of next st., \* rib 5 sts., increase in next st. Repeat from \* to the last 5 sts., rib 5 sts. (130 sts.).

Change to No. 9 needles and proceed as follows: Next row—K. 1, P. 71, slip the remaining 58 sts. on to a safety pin for the present, turn and, casting on 14 sts., proceed in smooth fabric for the right half of the front as follows:

1st row—Knit. 2nd row—K. 1, P. to the end. Repeat these 2 rows 5 times more.

\*Next row—K. 3, cast off 6 sts. for a button-hole, K. the following 9 sts., there now being 10 sts. on the right-hand needle after the casting off, cast off 6 sts. for a second buttonhole, K. to the last 2 sts., increase in the next st., K. 1.

Next row—K. 1, P. to the first casting off, cast on 6 sts., P. 10, cast on 6 sts., P. 2, K. 1. Proceed in smooth fabric, increasing 1 st. at the end of the following 7th row and then on every 8th row, until there are 90 sts. on the needle\*. Work 7 more rows.

Repeat from \* to \* (93 sts.). Proceed in smooth fabric for 10 rows, finishing at side edge.

Cast off 10 sts. at the beginning of the next row, then decrease by working 2 sts. tog. at the armhole edge on the next row and every following row, until 4 decreases have been worked (79 sts.).

Next row—K. 3, cast off 6 sts., K. 9 sts., cast off 6 sts., K. to the last 2 sts., K. 2 tog.

Next row—K. 2 tog., P. to the first casting off, cast on 6 sts., P. 10, cast on 6 sts., P. 2, K. 1.

Continue decreasing at armhole edge on the next 4 rows (73 sts.). Continue in smooth fabric until the work measures 2¾ inches from the commencement of the armhole, finishing at the front edge.

Cast off 39 sts. at beginning of next row, then decrease 1 st. at the neck edge at the beginning of every following K. row, until 13 decreases in all have been worked (21 sts.).

Continue until work measures 6½ inches from

the commencement of the arm-hole, finishing at the neck edge.

1st row—K. to the last 7 sts., turn.

2nd row—Slip 1 purlwise, P. to the neck.

3rd row—K. to the last 14 sts., turn.

4th row—As the 2nd row. Cast off knitwise. Slip the remaining 58 sts. from the safety pin on to a No. 9 needle, the point to the centre, rejoin the wool and casting on 28 sts., proceed in smooth fabric for the Left Half of the Front as follows:

1st Row—P. to the last st., K. 1.

2nd row—Knit. 3rd row—P. to the last st., K. 1. Repeat the 2nd and 3rd rows 5 times more. Continue in smooth fabric, increasing in the edge st. at the beginning of the next row and every following 8th row, until there are 93 sts. on the needle. Proceed in smooth fabric for 11 rows.

Cast off 10 sts. at the beginning of the next row, then decrease 1 st. at the armhole edge on the following 10 rows (73 sts.). Continue in smooth fabric until work measures 2¾ inches from the commencement of the armhole, finishing at the front edge.

Cast off 39 sts. at the beginning of the next row, then decrease 1 st. at the neck edge at the end of every following K. row, until 13 decreases in all have been worked and 21 sts. remain.

Now complete to match the Right side of the neck, the shoulder shaping being worked on a P. row and the shoulder cast off purlwise.

## THE BACK

Using No. 11 needles and white wool, cast on 110 sts. Working into the back of the sts. on the first row only, proceed in K. 1, P. 1 rib, until the same depth of ribbing as on the Front has been worked. Change to No. 9 needles.

1st row—K. 1, P. to the last st., K. 1.

2nd row—Knit. 3rd row—K. 1, P. to the last st., K. 1. Repeat the 2nd and 3rd rows 5 times more.

Continue in smooth fabric, increasing at both ends of the next row, and every following 8th row, in the edge st. at the beginning and next to the edge st. at the end, until there are 124 sts. on the needle. Proceed in smooth fabric for 11 rows thus finishing at the end of a P. row.

Cast off 10 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, then decrease 1 st. at both ends of the next row, and every following row, until 8 sets of decreases in all have been worked and 88 sts. remain. Continue in smooth fabric until work measures 3¾ inches from the commencement of the armhole, finishing at the end of a P. row.

Next row—K. 34, cast off 20 sts., K. to the end. Next row—K. 1, P. 31, P. 2 tog., turn and work on these 33 sts. for the Left side of the neck, slipping the remaining 34 sts. on to a safety pin.

1st row—K. 2 tog., K. to the end

2nd row—K. 1, P. to the last 2 sts., P. 2 tog.

Please turn to page 18

Behind-the-Scenes with a Popular B.B.C. Producer.

# TEN YEARS' HARD LABOUR!

MARTYN C. WEBSTER, the producer, is one of the big names in Midland broadcasting. Lately he has been working in London, thanks to the excellent "exchange of talent" system of the B.B.C. One of the most recent shows that he produced was 'The Two Leslies' "Radio Pie." The story of his rise to success is told here by Tessa Maxwell.

**A** SHOW a week, and often as many as two or three, has been Martyn Webster's record during his ten years with the B.B.C. In that time he has spent every day in the studios and many nights too. The B.B.C. has no more enthusiastic producer on its staff. Martyn lives for broadcasting and is a glutton for work.

"I believe in lots of rehearsing," he said. "I don't mind how much time I give to a show. For a big show I rehearse all day and have evening rehearsals as well. It's the only way to get a really slick production."

Martyn Webster is of medium height, scrupulously neat, with a fresh complexion and deep-set eyes of the brightest blue imaginable. Those eyes have an irresistible twinkle that betrays his great sense of humour. However horrible the situation he can always see the funny side of it. And it's been necessary to see the funny side in many cases during his ten years of broadcasting.

One of the first instances when he needed all his sense of humour was just about a month after he had joined the staff at Glasgow. He was producing a show in the evening. It was a Saturday and in the afternoon, feeling he would like a little fresh air after a morning's rehearsing he went for a drive. He went a very long way and when he felt thoroughly refreshed started for home, allowing plenty of time to get to the studio. Suddenly, on a very lonely road in the middle of a moor, the car "conked out." It wasn't a question of a puncture, or any small or easily remedied defect. The car simply refused to budge.

Martyn tore his hair. Who would drive over this isolated moor on a chilly autumn evening? A car passed. Martyn waved frantically but it went on. Half an hour went by. Another car came in sight. That went by, too!

An hour later another car came along very slowly and in answer to Martyn's frantic signals stopped at once. In front sat father and mother, in the back, nurse and baby.

"Do get in," said the owner, "of course we'll take you."

And take him they did, but at what a pace! They got to the B.B.C. 20 minutes after the show finished!

"There was a lot of 'mental strain' about those first years with the B.B.C. If you think of all the gadgets and contraptions we have now to make a show a success and compare them with what we had then it's a wonder shows went on the air at all.

"Effects, for instance. There was no effects studio. No one had ever heard of such a thing. Effects were done on the spot, usually by the producer. And as few effects had been used before we had to invent them. Believe me, inventing effects is no easy job. If you want the sound of someone breaking wood it isn't any good to snap a piece of wood in front of the mike, that would deafen every listener. Break a match, and that gives you the right volume of sound.

We wanted train noises once and had no suitable effects. We solved the problem with a zinc bath, in which a boy moved roller skates, an oxygen cylinder to reproduce escaping steam and a small sheet of tin for a clanking sound. We discovered these things by a process of trial and error, and there was a lot of error!

"And do you realise there was no such thing as a dramatic control panel? Everything was done in one studio. Effects had to be near the mike too. We had to do a lot of 'forming fours' and careful manoeuvring.

"There were no balance and control men as there are now. All the balancing had to be done by the producer. And so rehearsals were wearing, but what fun they were! Broadcasting is always fun, of course, tremendous fun, but it can never recapture the sheer excitement of those days.

"How did you come to join the B.B.C.?" I asked. "By a fluke!" said Martyn. "I was producing a play in Glasgow—my birthplace—and the B.B.C. rang up and asked me to play the juvenile lead in 'Cyrano de Bergerac.' I thought it was a grand chance and went along. I broadcast and will never forget how frightened I was!

"I shook like a jelly and yet I seemed to 'come over' all right. I thought no more about broadcasting

after that and went back to my play producing. I was doing shows at the Lyric Theatre for a season. The theatre closed in August and I went down to London to see some more plays, which I intended to produce in Glasgow later on.

"While I was in London I received a letter asking me to go to Savoy Hill for an interview. I went and the result was that I joined the B.B.C. staff in Glasgow as producer-announcer in September, 1926. I did count myself lucky to get that job. It was marvellous to 'get in on the ground floor' of a totally new type of entertainment and to be allowed to produce more or less what I liked.

"My first show was *The Last Survivor*, in which Tyrone Guthrie took part. I next started a company called 'The Radioptimists'—yes, I've used that name again in the Midland Regional productions—and we did all sorts of revues, concert parties and light shows.

"I did quite a lot of announcing in those days and rather fancied my microphone voice. One Sunday night Sir Harry Lauder had been making an appeal for some charity and I followed immediately afterwards with the News. Sir Harry watched me intently and I sensed that he didn't quite approve of my announcing. As soon as I'd finished he came up to me and said, 'Mon, ye haven't an r-r-r-r in ye voice!'

"In 1929," said Martyn, "I was transferred to Edinburgh. Stage production being my first love I was overjoyed when I found the studio from which we broadcast in Edinburgh was the old Queen's Hall in Queen Street and had a marvellous stage, with an opening 36 feet wide. Though I always kept before me the precept 'listeners first,' I did have a good time with that stage.

"We used to invite audiences to the broadcasts and then let them stay for another half hour while we entertained them. It was a very good way of trying out new material. If they appreciated it it went on the air. If it was flat to the audience, which could see us, it would be flatter still on the 'air and we cut it out. The audiences didn't mind, naturally, and we enjoyed ourselves enormously.

"I ran the Edinburgh Children's Hour for six months. Then Cecile Walton came along—she's just become engaged to Gordon Gildard, the Scottish Regional producer.

"One thing happened then which I'll never forget as long as I live. We had a very popular Children's

Hour broadcaster called the Zoo Man, from the big Zoo in Edinburgh. He was the kids' favourite broadcaster and we knew his personal appearance would be greeted with cheers. He said he'd love to take part in the show, but insisted on bringing

Bobo, his ape.

"The day came and in walked the Zoo Man, with Bobo and his keeper. I was unpleasantly surprised by Bobo, who was almost my own size. I gave him my hand to shake and said, 'How do you do, Bobo!' hoping I wasn't looking too dreadfully nervous.

"Bobo stared at me without blinking and suddenly hurled himself at me. I was more frightened than I've ever been in my life and was convinced that I would be torn to pieces at any moment. Nothing happened and the Zoo Man told me that Bobo had taken a fancy to me and this was his way of showing affection! He never left my side for the rest of the afternoon."

"I'm so glad, old man," said the Zoo Man, "that you didn't move

when Bobo came to you; he wouldn't have liked it."

"I didn't tell him that I couldn't have moved for anybody. I was simply petrified with terror—my feet were rooted to the ground! I grew quite fond of Bobo by the end of the afternoon. He came on the stage, had tea, wore a table napkin round his neck and cut up his fruit with a knife and fork. He was the success of the show and had to give a repeat performance later in the week.

"In 1931 I came to London and did light shows and variety for two years. While I was there I did the first light show the Empire ever heard."

After London he was sent to Birmingham. There he produced all the light shows and all the straight plays, too. For his first year there he averaged between two and three shows a week. And if you know the amount of rehearsing needed for each show, never less than three rehearsals, you will understand why poor Martin had a breakdown. Night and day he was in the studios and as well as this gave no less than 1,200 auditions in twelve months, though only about three per cent. were successful.

"Never mind," said Martyn, "that three per cent. proved valuable. I've discovered some brilliant talent in Birmingham and I'd rather hear 100 duds than miss a chance of hearing one star through laziness. I believe firmly in provincial talent and I do feel that every producer benefits by exchanging with his opposite number in the Regions.

"People in the provinces are so enthusiastic. Perhaps the reason for this freshness and enthusiasm is that a great many Birmingham artists are young. I'm building some of them into real stars. Michael North did his first broadcast with me, and so did John Bentley and Danny Malone. And one of my greatest discoveries is the Singing Lumberjack, Jim Collier. I think he'll make a big name very soon. Have you heard him? He's grand.

"I've also found a lot of librettists and song writers in the Midlands. There are Francis Durbridge, Charles Hatton and Peter Lansdale, among others, all excellent librettists. On the musical side Jack Hill, John Morley and Basil Hempseed can turn out a tuneful score. Oh yes, there's just as much talent in the provinces as there is in London. It only wants a little patience to find it.

"I love my work in Birmingham and the people there. We're exceptionally lucky in Birmingham to have a Regional Director like Percy Edgar. He encourages his staff to launch new methods and ideas and he understands all our difficulties.

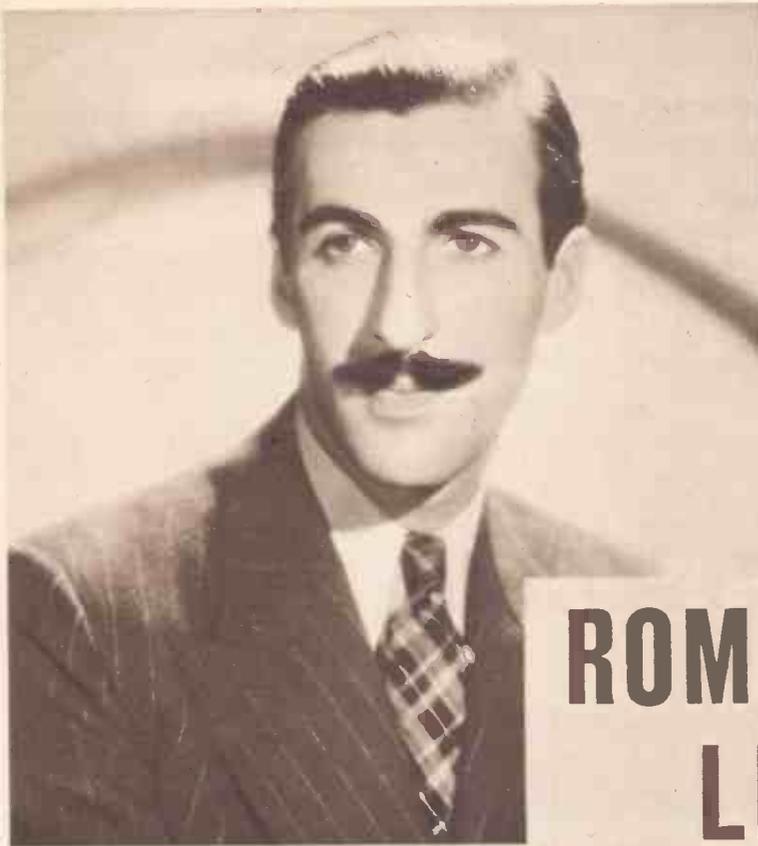
"I'm helped a lot by Reginald Burston, who conducts my shows. That man knows as much as can be

known about light music; he was conductor for Noel Coward productions for five years, and much of the success of the musical shows I produce is due to him.

"The best of it is, this work of mine is never finished. I never have time to get bored or stale. Ten years in the Studios—forty wouldn't be enough!"



Martyn announcing one of his shows



## SAM COSTA

writes boldly about the bubble of Romance. He says that, at twenty-six, he is a slightly sardonic and disillusioned young man!

Left is the newest portrait of SAM COSTA, the popular vocalist with many dance bands. His admirers will recognise his voice from the new Radio Lyons station which you can read about on page 32.

# ROMANCE LET ME DOWN!

**T**HE man whom romance let down. That's me!

I am, it appears, a man doomed to be disillusioned. I sing you romantic love-songs on the air, two, three, or more times a week, glorifying the ideal woman.

Yet romance has so often eluded me.

Looking back over my life, this thing called romance has always been just a brightly coloured, bubble-like illusion, either slipping beyond one's reach or vanishing at the first contact with reality.

I well remember my very first romance. *That* did not vanish—it just drifted away! I was eighteen at the time, and had left England—for the first time in my life—to sing in Monte Carlo. In the Sporting Club there I met somebody who seemed different—so much finer—than anyone I had ever met before.

**E**nglish girls of my own age (remember, *I was* very young) seemed to be content to be led, to be, in fact, just echoes of one's own self.

But this woman was a brilliant personality, and from her I found I could learn a great deal. She knew just what perfume to wear at what time, what clothes to wear, how to do her hair in the morning, and how to change it for evening wear. She was a *connoisseur* in the art of living. . . .

And for the four months I was there I was so madly in love with her that I found it impossible to dream of going on through life without her. I wanted to marry her. . . .

She, however, was older than I, and very much wiser, and gently dissuaded me.

**A**nd after a year or so, seeing her occasionally, and writing her letters in very bad French (to which she replied in very good English!) I realised that she had been right, that it would not have worked out. We mutually agreed that it had been charming while it lasted, and said. . . "Good-bye."

Maybe you see what I meant now, when I mentioned bubble-like illusions that slip beyond one's reach. . . .

Oh, *she* was real enough—but the illusion was mine—that we could go on through life together. **Things just don't last, in my life. . . .**

Strange, that I should spend my life handing out romance in music to millions of women, yet always miss the "real thing" myself.

Personally, I find it hard to sing to some person I can't see. . . and so, sometimes, I imagine that I'm in love (just while I'm singing) with the girl who's singing with me. But it's only momentary make-believe.

Yet I have met some of the most charming girls in the world in the course of my work. Marjorie Stedeford, for instance, whose dynamic personality sweeps you right off your feet—and who sings with such real feeling. Marjorie herself admits that she's always "tough" when she meets anyone for the first time—but the second time always apologises for being so "tough" the first time! (By "tough," incidentally, I mean "frank.")

Then there's little Judy Shirley—the first vocal partner I ever had. Singing with her I always feel very good—she arouses all one's sense of chivalry.

Vivienne Brooks and I started out with the same ambitions, met while working in the same little club in the West End, and admired the same singers. What a thrill to sing with her—years later—in broadcasts with Jack Harris.

**A**nother girl I sincerely admire is Paula Green, who sings with Marius B. Winter. I am confident that she will go a long way in radio.

My latest vocal companion is Pat Taylor, a really sweet girl, with whom I sang recently in three broadcasts in one week.

But I do not imagine that I will ever fall in love with a singer. If I *do*, it will be with an opera singer. In opera I find the music that really stirs me. And as I am in love with such music, if I "fell" for an opera-singer, no doubt I'd just be "kidding" myself.

Yes, I've done *that* several times, and frankly admit it. For instance, the too-argumentative type of girl may easily spoil what seems to be verging on a real romance. I love a sensible debate, but some girls I'm thinking of were too prone to argue at everything and anything, just to prove their "personality." Such girls disturb one's peace of mind—and therefore one's work. When I had to choose between work and romance. . . I chose work.

The only thrills I get out of life now are from my work. I get a thrill out of reading my fan-mail (and never fail to send photographs in return). Maybe my ideal girl is somewhere amongst the millions, listening. Or maybe not. Maybe she doesn't exist.

**You will observe that, at the age of twenty-six, I am a slightly sardonic and disillusioned young man. But, thank Heaven, I can still get a laugh out of the Marx Brothers!**

## TYROLEAN JUMPER

Continued from page 16

Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows once again, then repeat the 1st row. 6th row—K. 1, P. to the end. 7th row—K. 2 tog., K. to the end. Repeat the 6th and 7th rows until 21 sts. remain.

Continue in smooth fabric until work measures 6½ inches from the commencement of the armhole, finishing at the neck edge.

1st row—K. to the last 7 sts., turn.

2nd row—Slip 1 purlwise, P. to the neck.

3rd row—K. to the last 14 sts., turn.

4th row—As the 2nd row. Cast off knitwise. Slip the 34 sts. from the safety pin on to a No. 9 needle, the point to the neck.

1st row—P. 2 tog., P. to the last st., K. 1.

2nd row—K. to the last 2 sts., K. 2 tog. Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows twice more.

7th row—P. to the last st., K. 1.

8th row—K. to the last 2 sts., K. 2 tog. Repeat the 7th and 8th rows until 21 sts. remain.

Continue until work measures 6½ inches from the commencement of the armhole, finishing at the neck edge.

1st row—K. 1, P. to the last 7 sts., turn.

2nd row—Slip 1 knitwise, K. to the neck.

3rd row—K. 1, P. to the last 14 sts., turn.

4th row—As the 2nd row. Cast off purlwise.

### THE SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles and Green wool, cast on 52 sts. 1st row—Working into the back of the sts., \* K. 1, P. 1. Repeat from \* to the end. Knit in K. 1, P. 1, rib for 3 rows more.

Now continue in rib in the following stripes, always knitting (not ribbing) the first row of each change of colour. Break off the wool at the end of each stripe. 4 rows Scarlet, 4 rows White, 4 rows Cowslip, 4 rows White, 4 rows Green.

Change to No. 9 needles and using White wool, proceed in smooth fabric for 10 rows.

Continuing in smooth fabric, increase in the same manner as on the Back, at both ends of the next row and every following 6th row, until there are 92 sts. on the needle.

Continue in smooth fabric until work measures 18 inches, finishing at the end of a P. row.

Cast off 5 sts. at the beginning of the next 4 rows, then decrease 1 st. at both ends of every following row, until 24 sts. remain. Cast off.

### THE COLLAR

Fold over the 14 cast-on sts. at the base of the Right Front on to the wrong side of the work, placing each pair of buttonholes together. Neatly

stitch the cast-on sts. and free edge of the fold on to the wrong side of the work.

Fold over and complete the edge of the Left Front in the same manner. Join shoulder seams.

Using No. 11 needles and green wool, with the right side of the work facing, commencing at the extreme edge of the Right Front, *knit up* an even number of sts. round the neck, finishing at the edge of the Left Front, working through both sets of sts. at the top of the fold on each Front. (190 sts. were knitted up on the original.)

Now work 4 rows in K. 1, P. 1 rib. Break off wool. Using Scarlet wool, P. 1 row, then work 3 rows in K. 1, P. 1 rib. Using White wool, P. 1 row, then work 3 rows in K. 1, P. 1 rib. Using Cowslip wool, P. 1 row, then work 2 rows in K. 1, P. 1 rib.

Next row—(K. 1, P. 1) twice, K. 1, cast off 6 sts. for a buttonhole, rib to the end. Using White wool, P. to the cast off sts., cast on 6 sts. P. to the end. Work 3 rows in K. 1, P. 1 rib. Break off wool. Using Green wool, P. 1 row, then work 3 rows in K. 1, P. 1 rib. Cast off tightly in rib.

Join each pair of buttonholes together by working in buttonhole st. round the edges.

Join the side and sleeve seams. Attach buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

Embroider each Front as shown in the photograph, using double wool for the flowers and single wool for the outlining.

# THE BROADCASTING STAR with 1,000 VOICES

The giant new B.B.C. Theatre Organ, now the pet of the recently-appointed B.B.C. organist, Reginald Foort, has captured the imagination of every listener. This article describes it in its home—St. George's Hall—and explains some of its unique characteristics.

**T**HOUGH a single pair of hands can demonstrate its glory, a mind of genius and one hundred and fifty craftsmen were needed to build the new B.B.C. theatre organ that has been the dream of B.B.C. folk for years and has at last become a fact.

From all parts of the country master organists are flocking to try their hands at its console. Frank Newman is travelling from the Plaza, Rugby, to play it to-morrow, Reginald Porter-Brown comes up from Torquay next Friday—and so it goes on... a musical pilgrimage. Eric Maschwitz and John Watt are writing a musical play about it—fan married organist is its theme.

On December 2, with Reginald Foort at the helm, it will compère a complete variety bill, "playing on" the acts, providing an accompaniment for the singers and broadcasting a comedy turn on its own.

Let us take a look at this giant instrument which tucks itself so neatly away that on Saturday nights, when Music Hall takes the stage, no one would suspect its presence in the hall.

The console, on rubbered wheels, is pushed like a pram into the wings on the prompt side of the stage. The slats in the balcony are closed, forming a seemingly solid wooden wall, and only an eagle eye will detect the lead trailing over a corner of the stage. A steam roller might drive over this cable without harm.

## Smashing Crockery

Yet nearly three thousand pipes ranged in three chambers, a grand pianoforte, a mobile four-manual console, any kind of sound effect from the smash of falling crockery to the "clap" of horses' hoofs, and an "electrone" are all hidden there.

These are the principal features of this new organ which has been installed in the home of broadcasting variety.

Sit with me in the auditorium of St. George's Hall and you will notice on either side of the hall at gallery height, what looks like partition walls, which resolve themselves into a series of thick vertical slats, eight or nine inches in width. They operate crescendo or diminuendo, as the organist desires, and are the swell shutters.

But you will see none of the tall, stately pipes that are the usual evidence of an organ's existence.

Behind the shutters are three chambers in which are all the pipes necessary to satisfy the conventionally-minded. To drive air through these pipes two 7½-h.p. motors are working merrily. The pressure of air passing through the pipes is



Reginald Foort, the B.B.C. Theatre Organist, at the console of the new giant

regulated with minute accuracy and kept at a constant temperature.

All the unorthodox effects of the organ—crockery smash, xylophone, glockenspiel, cowbells, steamer syren, side drum, bass-drum, bells, marimba harp and so on, are located in the percussion chamber.

No 'crockery is used in the "smash." When the effect is required Reginald Foort presses a button releasing air from a normally inflated bellows. A taut chain on which a number of metal plates are suspended is slacked, and the plates collapse together.

## From Organ to Piano

The relays, contacts and cable-form wiring necessary for the electrical operation of the organ are installed in wall boxes on the ground floor of the hall. Here, too, is the grand pianoforte that is a part of the organ. Apart from a deeper case, in which is accommodated the motor and equipment that operates the hammers, there is little to distinguish it from its more orthodox brethren.

If the organist wants to become a pianist, he can, without leaving the console. Yet there is nothing but four thumbscrews to prevent the pianoforte being used as a concert "grand."

On the console are 260 stops, distributed over its four manuals and pedals. Each manual has twelve thumb pistons, each giving a pre-determined and instantly adjustable combination of the stops associated with it.

Set in small pull-out trays on either side of the console are the buttons that control the percussion effects and the wind supply to each rank of pipes.

Among those 260 stops are the sixteen controlling the "electrone"—the extraordinary invention that is a unique feature of the B.B.C.'s new

instrument.

Leslie Bourn, its inventor, is the head of the research department of the John Compton Organ Company, at whose works not only the electrone, but every component part of the organ, excepting only the ivory keys, has been made and assembled.

Bourn has evolved what amounts to purity in terms of music in an electrical device that feeds

to loudspeakers a variety of vivid tones controlled by sixteen stops manipulated at the organist's discretion. The notes, of course, are played on the keyboard in the ordinary way.

Draughtsmen, electricians, acoustic experts, joiners, metal workers, carpenters, engravers, are among the skilled craftsmen on whom organ building makes demands.

At the Compton works are men who produce moulded components, and a man who does nothing but fashion the steel moulds from which the pressings are taken. There are benches at which dexterous fingers wind coils and assemble relays and contacts; near them is an engraving machine where each stop receives its name.

Next door is the place where carpenters and joiners make wooden pipes and console frames and weirdly shaped boxes of highly polished wood.

So to the metal shop—the birthplace of all the metal pipes; the place where are born pipes smaller than a tin whistle and pipes through which a dog could walk for thirty-two feet before seeing daylight again.

## Unique Craft

Here, too, are remarkable people who, in mixing the metal, judge solely by eye the temperature at which their mixture is ready for use—because no thermometer can help them. Here they cast the metal and shape it into pipes, soldering them into permanency with joints that prove soldering an art.

This is the one department in the building where modern methods are met with an uncompromising denial. The methods used in this shop are those that have been used in organ-building for the last four hundred years—the centuries have brought nothing that is as good, and here, if nowhere else, progress has gained no place.

The completed pipes pass on to other men equally remarkable for their craft. These are the men whose livelihood depends on their hearing, for on their hearing depends the quality of the tone of the pipes. They can discern tone-colour differences so fine as to be inaudible to the average ear, and their working life is one long battle with "harmonics" and "fundamentals."

This then is the giant "toy" with the golden voice, latest of the many wonders brought to the service of the ubiquitous mike.

By  
**JOHN  
TRENT**

## BEGINNING THE EXCLUSIVE TWO-PART STORY OF THE ROMANCE

## LIFE BEGINS

All the world loves a lover! The love idyll of HARRY ROY and his charming wife, PRINCESS PEARL, is Radio's greatest romance. How they met, fell in love, and married is told fully for the first time by PRINCESS PEARL in this two-part article. She reveals frankly and sincerely how marriage and motherhood has changed her entire outlook upon life. We are privileged to look into the minds of Radioland's most popular lovers.

"Man's love is of man's life, a thing apart,  
Tis woman's whole existence . . ."

LOOKING back, it is incredible that there was once a time when the last line of that famous quotation meant little or nothing to me. Unbelievable that to me there was ever a time when love was not the reason for the world turning round, the sun rising, stars shining, and me being.

Love! The most beautiful, precious emotion in the world—fragrant, exciting, exhilarating—and yet for years it had passed me by, as elusively as the shadow of a ghost in a twilight passage.

I'd heard about it, read about it, talked about it, thought about it—even seen it portrayed synthetically on the cinema screen. But I'd never experienced it.

Then I met Harry, and, truthfully, life began anew. . . .

Isn't it amazing to realise that, though there are millions of men in this world, for each girl there is just one man who is destined to colour her entire life and bring to her an ecstasy that is all-absorbing, an emotion that—oh what's the use?—one can no more attempt to analyse such emotion and pin it to paper with staccato stabs at a typewriter than one can bottle the hues of a rainbow.

And, sometimes, when I lie awake at night and hear the faint rhythmic breathing of Harry, I have to pinch myself to be assured that it is really true, that I do love and am loved by the only man who could make my life complete.

Sometimes, too, in pessimistic moments, I shudder slightly as I imagine the strange twists of Fate by which love might have passed me by. Supposing, in the chaos and confusion of this busy world, our paths had never crossed and

Harry and I had never met? Supposing—but why suppose? I like to believe that it was meant from the very first.

Like most normal girls in their 'teens I had tasted romance long before I ever met Harry. I know those romances now for the delightful, effervescent interludes that they were. Infatuations which imagination tinged with all the beauties of every love-story that has ever been.

None of them lasted for more than a few weeks and some were a matter only of days. One or two flourished for but a few hours and then, as the evening's gaiety came to an end, disillusion set in and the romance burst with as loud and disconcerting a pop as the balloons at a carnival dance.

Nice boys those young men were, young, clean, eager and happy, and I have no regrets. I had happy hours; but always there was a sense of something missing. It is only since I have found married happiness that I have realised that there was something missing. In those care-free days I was perfectly content. You see, several times I thought I was in love, and thinking oneself to be in love is a gloriously illogical frame of mind, second only to actually being in love.

One reached for the stars and tried to pluck the moon from the sky and if, on clutching a star, one found it just tinsel, what did it matter? There was a fresh party to go to on the next evening, a new romance dancing gaily round the corner. So lift the glass, raise it to the high heavens and drink to "Youth and Romance and the Adventure that the evening would bring."

That was my philosophy in those days, not so very long ago, although it seems a lifetime. Not such a bad philosophy, perhaps, for a young girl on the threshold of life, if she can retain her sense of proportion and keep one foot firmly on the ground whilst the other beats to the thrilling, lilting rhythm of Romance.

Yes, that was my philosophy, and all the time Cupid was sitting very near, probably with an indulgent smile on his lips, his hands holding his bow and itching to wing his dart towards my heart. But he held his peace . . . the time was not yet ripe.

There were times during this hectic period, when night after night, I was out and about, dining, winning, dancing, theatre-going, that I paused and, like most girls, thought about marriage very seriously.

My views were muddled. Deep down I was aware

The Little Hot-cha-ma-cha-cha!

An off-duty moment. Harry and Elizabeth take a stroll

Sweethearts still!  
Harry and his wife  
enjoy relaxation  
at home

THAT THRILLED RADIOLAND! INTIMATE, FASCINATING AND REVEALING!

# AN ANEW

## MY LOVE STORY

By **PRINCESS PEARL**

(MRS. HARRY ROY)

that some day I would marry and settle down, and I always knew—perhaps the wish was father to the thought—that I would marry someone in the show business.

The glamour and the excitement of the theatre always fired my veins. There was *Life*. The many people whom I knew who were connected with the stage were gay, amusing and vital.

They had other qualities, too. I knew them to be hard-working, brave, optimistic, chivalrous and very generous. Despite all the legends of petty jealousy and backbiting I can honestly say that no men and women that I know are so genuinely kindly to beginners and the unfortunate members of their profession.

I've used a lot of flattering adjectives in that last paragraph, but each one is sincere and, surely, they are all the qualities that one desires in a husband?

But once I'd subconsciously decided that I wanted eventually to marry a man of the theatre the matter ended. For I certainly did not intend to get married then. I valued my freedom too much. I wanted to go where I liked, when I liked, and with whom I liked . . . or not to go at all if I did not like.

I enjoyed constantly being out and about, meeting new people, seeing new things, and I had no desire to have my freedom curbed. I know now that that freedom is a myth, that, actually, one is a slave to the everlasting round of pleasure. Always to feel the urge to be out and about, always to have to look one's best in smart places is not freedom . . . it's a life-sentence of hard labour. But I'm jumping ahead of my story.

**T**hen came the day that indirectly was the turning-point of my life. To fill in an odd hour I dropped into the London Pavilion to see the non-stop variety that was then being staged there. If only I had known what was going to happen. If But life is made up of "ifs."

I only know that after a succession of turns, all good, but to me just a number of people kindly helping me to pass away an odd hour or so, there came on the stage a small, odd-looking little man at the head of a band.

Small, dark, dapper and with a galvanic personality that electrified the house. I sat up, fumbled for my programme, peered through the half-darkness and discerned the name "Harry Roy." I sat back in my seat and waited.

I suppose it would be a good story if I could say that I fell in love at that instant. But long-distance love, across packed rows of stalls and footlights, is

just a little too unlikely to be true. No, I did not fall in love, but I was stimulated by a man whom I knew at once to be a superb artiste, an absolute master at his job.

Efficiency has always appealed to me and, I don't mind confessing, now that some years have passed, that I sat through the programme twice, simply to see his act again.

**From that day I found myself dropping into the Pavilion quite a lot, and my interest was certainly not due to a sudden passion for non-stop variety. It was Harry Roy and his band that attracted me and as, gradually, I came to know his performance inside out I found myself studying the man, rather than his performance.**

There was something quite irresistible about his perkiness, good humour and enthusiasm. Though no Caruso, his singing used to send delightful little frizzles of enjoyment down my spine.

At some time in the darkness of the Pavilion I decided that in the future I *had* to meet him. And already, crazy though it may sound in cold print, there was the unborn thought that this brilliant little band-leader might be the man of the theatre about whom I had dreamed dreams.

**But I would not have admitted it to anybody, least of all to myself, For Elizabeth Brooke, a modern girl, sophisticated, pleasure-loving, irresponsible, would have severely told off Elizabeth Brooke, romanticist, for a silly little fool!**

You just *don't* fall in love with a star band-leader with whom you'd never exchanged a word or a glance. "Don't you?" thought Cupid, with his most tantalising wink. But I've already said that Cupid likes to play a waiting game. . . .

**W**ell, during the next few months my "long-distance" romance proceeded on a one-sided soft pedal. I used to make frequent visits to Harry's show. I used occasionally to come across his name and photograph in the press and always I would stop short with a sudden sense of shock and feel that I was reading about someone who was very near to me and whom I had known for years. Still more occasionally, I would see him at the Florida or some other restaurant or club.

There he would be, quite oblivious of my very existence, and I would get an extraordinary kick out of being so near and yet so far.

Then came the next momentous night in my young life. A friend of mine, Cyril Gardiner (bless him for the

part he played!) took me along to a party at the Florida. I nearly didn't go . . . for, with all due respect to Cyril, it was just another party and, amid a whirl of such parties, it was always a sort of mental "toss-up" . . . heads I go, tails I don't!

Fortunately for me that night it was "Heads," and along I went. Of course, you guess the sequel. Harry was there, as a guest at another party, and, during the course of the evening, I mentioned to Cyril that I would like to meet him.

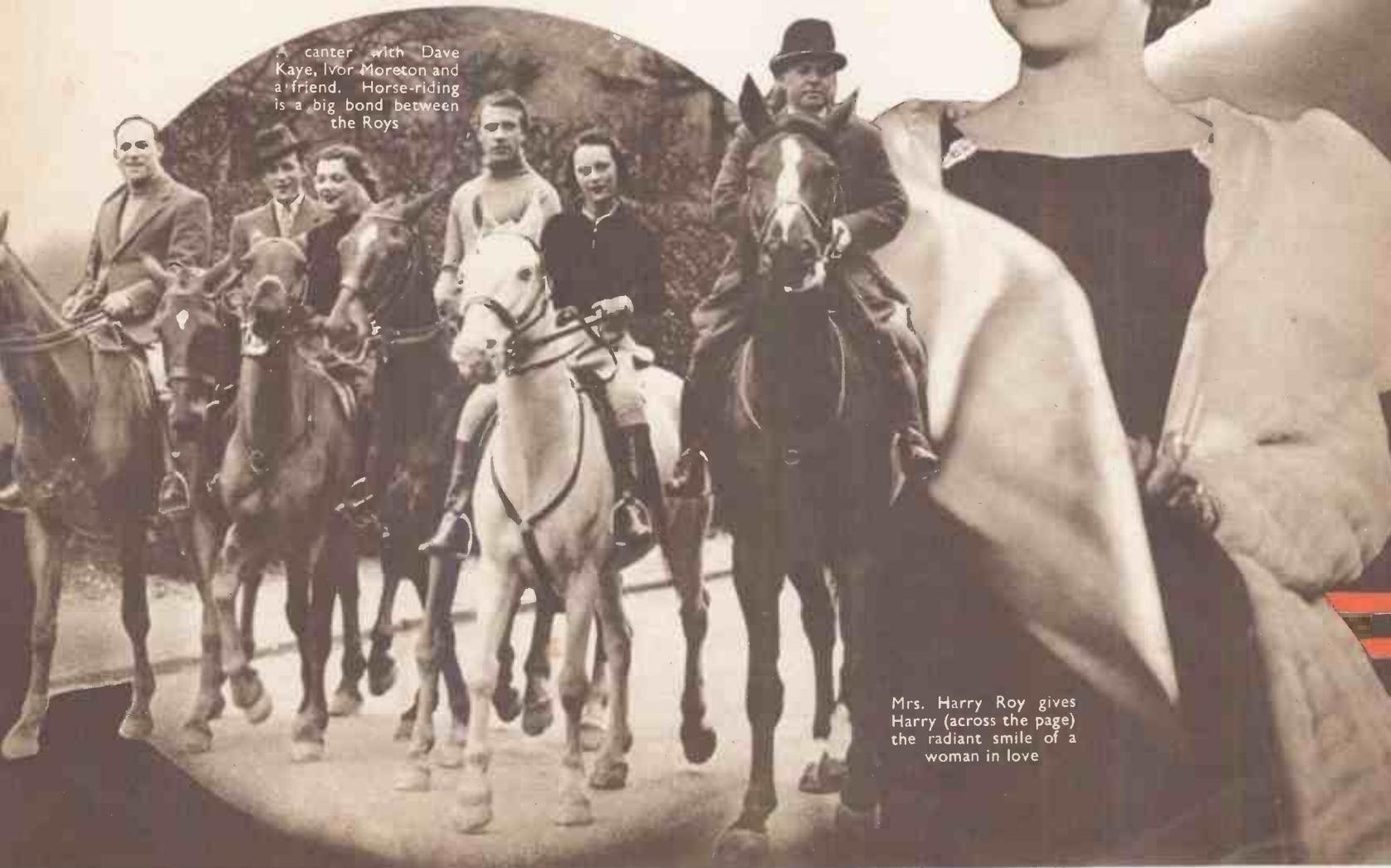
We were introduced. . . . "How d'you do?" . . . "Enjoying yourself?" . . . "Yes, thanks, a lovely party" . . . all the usual social chit-chat which usually ends in a bubble of wine, a fleeting "Good-bye" and a sudden slipping away of one of the two to join other friends.

**B**ut that night a spark was lit . . . something vitally important passed between us, though not by so much as a look or a remark was it obvious. I have compared notes with Harry since and he admits that his back-stud stuck firmly in his neck, his hands went cold and his tongue felt like a balloon. While I . . . well, the rest of the people in the room suddenly merged into a hazy, unimportant blur, the buzz of conversation seemed suddenly to be silent . . .

We talked, we smoked a cigarette, we danced. And though Harry is an inch or so shorter than I am, we danced as if we had been partners for years. I adore dancing, and, in all modesty, must admit that I am fairly good. But never have I danced so well as I did in that first dance with Harry.

And only one dance have I enjoyed more. That was the one with which Harry and I set the festivities moving at our wedding eighteen months later. And as we swayed in a slow fox-trot, I, trying to make up

Please turn to page 22



A canter with Dave Kaye, Ivor Moreton and a friend. Horse-riding is a big bond between the Roys

Mrs. Harry Roy gives Harry (across the page) the radiant smile of a woman in love

**LIFE BEGAN**

**ANEW** Continued from Page 21

my mind whether this was some Arabian Nights' dream from which I would awaken when life became normal, had no idea that Harry and I would ever dance that wedding-day dance. . . .

**I didn't even care. I only knew that I had met Harry Roy, and I was content.**

Next day we lunched together. What we talked about is neither here nor there, but I know that even at that first luncheon neither of us felt any sense of strain. Without any feeling of restraint we talked as though we were old friends.

And so, gradually, we slipped into an harmonious friendship. We found that we had so many common interests, a love of sport, of speed, of music and of dancing. We used to ride together, swim, play golf. I used to go along when Harry and his band were playing cricket, and I found myself going out just as often in the evenings. But now there was a difference. More often than not I would go to the May Fair Hotel, where Harry and his band were in residence.

**A**lthough, since, I have found a greater, all-embracing happiness I often wish that I could re-live those happy days. Harry and I were perfect friends and, at first, any romantic yearnings that I may have had were dwarfed by this great friendship.

Even then I had no real desire to get married, and I know that Harry did not wish to. He felt—and he had—often expressed the opinion in print—that it was unfair to ask a girl to share the life of a man in what is admittedly a very precarious job. Besides, he was so tremendously ambitious and, like many young men, he had a sneaking feeling that a wife would be more of a hindrance than a help.

"He travels the farthest who travels alone," summed up Harry's philosophy then. Thus there arose the rather cruel dilemma that so many young people have to face. The more we saw of each other the fonder we became, and it seemed that the only way we could prevent ourselves falling in love was to cease to see each other.

**But what a ridiculous situation! How can two people who like each other's company just break away with a snap of the fingers? A perfect mental companionship creates roots which are not easily pulled up. And so we continued to spend a great deal of time in each other's company, we**

**met each other's family and everybody liked everybody else!**

I have since learned, as an outcome of the malicious, stupid nonsense that was talked when our marriage was announced, that Harry actually fell in love with me far earlier than his first proposal. But he was deliberately steeling himself against his affection because of a silly feeling that he was socially inferior to me!

It seems a great joke now, but romances often sunder on such trifling misunderstandings. The whole subject has been given a lot of prominence and my mother has recently dealt with it fully in her book, so I do not propose to discuss it here, beyond saying that never once did any member of my family feel that Harry was anything but an equal, and that goes, too, for every member of the Roy family.

But that is the main reason why Harry held his peace long after he knew that he was in love with me, despite all his desires to remain single.

Then came the time when he could not restrain himself any longer and he asked me to marry him. And I, with the perversity of my sex, forgot all those romantic yearnings that I had had when first I met him, and said "No!"

I've since tried to analyse why I said "No," and I think it was because I was so young and felt that I might miss a lot of fun by taking on the responsibilities of marriage so early. "Plenty of time for all that," I felt.

But Harry is a determined young man. He proposed again, and yet again. And still I said "No." I've just re-read the last few lines and, realising their sober truth, I'm aghast at my foolishness.

*"I nearly let love go slipping by,  
Oh, foolish me!"*

to quote from Jessie Matthews' popular song. Pride, a mistaken sense of values, a fear of losing my freedom, something deterred me. And I put that "something" up against the glorious happiness which I have known since marriage.

**Y**et I'm not unique. I look around and I see hundreds of young couples who are deliberately turning their backs on romance and so cheating themselves of a bliss for which nothing can be adequate compensation.

Anyway, Harry proposed several times and then there came an evening when he proposed again. There was a difference in his attitude then, a note of determination, of decision. At that time, why, heaven above knows, I had the stupid, mistaken impression that Harry was in love with another girl, despite his constant attentions to me.

So again I said "No."

This time, Harry did not attempt to persuade me. He just shrugged his shoulders and rather wistfully said: "Oh, well, Didi, that's that. But this has got to end. I can't go on seeing you. If you won't marry me, it's wasting your time and mine."

And that evening we parted, as I thought, for good.

At the end of the week I left for a trip to Sarawak. But if I thought that a holiday would drive away thoughts of a lovable little man, with the craziest, kindest sense of humour, a smile that to me was the essence of happiness, and a heart of gold, I was soon to find my mistake. I just couldn't forget him, and the breezes on the Sarawak coast all seemed to whisper "Harry . . . Harry . . . Harry."

**B**ut what was a poor girl to do? It wasn't Leap Year, so I couldn't take the initiative! Seriously, I just had to wait . . . and hope and wonder.

It's a whimsy thought, but I sometimes feel that Cupid's conscience smote him. I seem to see him sitting on his little cloud and saying to himself: "Dan, you've been biding your time too long. If you're not careful your little joke will go too far and this young couple will not get married. Do something about it!"

So Cupid got busy on Harry again and he wrote me a letter once more asking me to marry him. Like the girl in another popular song, I didn't say yes and I didn't say no. But, significantly, I packed my trunks and returned to London, flying where I could, and arriving a fortnight earlier than I would have done by the conventional sea-route.

I met Harry and we knew at once that we could no longer keep love in a thermos-flask. We were to go to a warm party at the opening of the Four Hundred Club and, on the way, Harry proposed again. This time I said "Yes." And that has proved to be the most important speech I have ever made. Harry had to go off to do the evening performance at the May Fair and, during supper, he produced an engagement ring.

The die was cast. Away, freedom and independence. On with the "shackles" of marriage. But never have I worn "shackles" which fit me so comfortably. Never have I been more gloriously and sincerely thankful that I made a decision. I would not be single again for all the rice in China.

Life was to begin anew. . . .

★ In next week's long, concluding instalment Princess Pearl writes about her marriage and her honeymoon and the coming of their baby girl, Roberta. In an article of tenderness and sympathy she reveals how much motherhood has meant to her and discusses Roberta's future frankly and sincerely. Don't miss the conclusion of this glamorous story.

# ROBERTA

IS NOW ON  
COW & GATE



**MRS. HARRY ROY'S  
TRIBUTE TO  
COW & GATE**

"I feel I must write and tell you how our little girl, Roberta, is thriving on Cow & Gate Milk Food. Though but a few weeks old, she is gaining weight steadily and she has not yet had a fretful night. Her father and I are delighted with her and delighted to know that in Cow & Gate we have found a food to build her into a happy and bonny child."

*Princess Pearl*

Like Mrs. Harry Roy, thousands of mothers have been happy to endorse Cow & Gate Milk Food. Where natural feeding fails, Cow & Gate, naturally rich in vitamins and mineral elements, brings contentment to Baby and ease of mind to the Mother. Fretful nights have been replaced by restful nights, while Baby's weight has showed a steady and consistent gain.

If you are at all dissatisfied with your baby's progress, put him on Cow & Gate—the Milk Food recommended by doctors and nurses all over the world—and watch the difference!  
**YOUR CHILD IS WORTHY OF THE BEST—GET COW & GATE TO-DAY**

Like little Roberta Roy, the famous Quads are also Cow & Gate babies. Though less than normal birth weight, they had all reached, at six months, normal weight for their age. There could be no more convincing evidence that Cow & Gate is the most wonderful food in the world for all babies when natural feeding fails.

**COW & GATE MILK FOOD**

"THE BEST MILK FOR BABIES WHEN NATURAL FEEDING FAILS"

## Buddy Bramwell's Inside Dance-Band Chatter

# OLD-TIME DANCE-MUSIC STOPS A FIGHT!

Len Fillis off to Johannesburg. :: New Rhythm Sisters Line-up  
When Nat Gonella Got the Sack!

I HEAR that Al Berlin and his Band (on the air again December 15) has been using his music—most effectively—to soothe the savage breast! He recently presented a "Krazie Nite" at a Midland dance-hall—and one or two patrons really *did* go crazy. They were on the verge of starting a fight—and then the lights went out!

Al and his Band—undaunted—struck up a selection of old-time favourites. When the lights went up again, the would-be fighters were joining in the choruses, the best of friends!

Al Berlin's vocalists include Barbara Palmer, charming wife of Dave Toff (Al's manager). A girl with ideals, is Barbara. "At the beginning of her career"—her husband told me—"she made me promise that I would *not* use my influence on her behalf. She said that in her heart of hearts she knows success will come, and she wants to make the grade entirely by her own efforts."

Above all things I adore a girl with what I call "backbone." Hats off to Barbara!

"No more lady vocalists for me," firmly announced Bram Martin, not so long back. And from the way he spoke he seemed to mean it.

Now he informs me he's lined up—not one—but three lady vocalists! They're The Heron Sisters

### Next Week's

#### LATE-NIGHT DANCE MUSIC

(Subject to unavoidable late alterations)

**Monday**—SYDNEY LIPTON and his Orchestra.

**Tuesday**—BILLY MERRIN and his Commanders.

**Wednesday**—BRAM MARTIN and the Holborn Restaurant Orchestra.

**Thursday**—LEW STONE and his Band.

**Friday**—BILLY THORBURN and his Music.

**Saturday**—AMBROSE and his Orchestra.

—yes, they really *are* sisters, and easy on the eyes withal. "They're broadcasting with me on November 25, December 2, and the 9th"—says Bram—"and believe me, they're high-class.

"Their singing is not so much 'swing' as sweet harmony"—which, I believe, is just what the general listening public prefers. You'll hear more of these girls.

LEN FILLIS, one of our ace radio-guitarists (and shining star on 9,000 gramophone records) tells me he sails for South Africa on November 24, to fulfil musical date at the Johannesburg Exhibition. Says the climate will help him recuperate after his recent bad illness. After that, he revealed, he has an offer to go on to Chicago.

Len is another of those who believe the demand for "hot" music is dying. "The demand now"—he says—"is for either sweet music, or for sophisticated numbers of the Cole Porter type."

Now meet the new "Rhythm Sisters" combination. Leader Kay Smythe's been searching England for two new singers, and has found them at last. One is Isabel March (real name, Isabel Alonzo), sweet brunette, who's been singing "Spanish" songs in cabaret; the other, Vicky

Roberts, age twenty, a comparative newcomer to the world of harmony. They've already recorded with Geraldo, and I understand he's tickled to death with the result. Also they're booked for a new film, *Feather Your Nest*. Quick work, ladies!

A word of condolence for another well-known radio trio—"The Radio Three"—who recently had to cancel several broadcasts owing to illness. As I write, Kay Cavendish is in hospital for a tonsillitis operation, and the leader—Ann Canning

—has only just got her voice back after mislaying it completely for quite a number of days!

The Rhythm Sisters stepped in at short notice to replace them in recent "Money for Jam" broadcast, on Friday, the 13th. (Luckyly they're not superstitious!)

Welcome back to Nora Williams, popular blues and comedy songster, whose return from her South African tour on Friday, the 13th, made it a lucky day for me!

#### VOCALIST Alan

Breeze has gotten himself a new car—built to his own design. I'm wondering how long this one will last, for Alan has a flair for getting mixed up in car smashes. Returning from the North recently, his car (the one before the present one!) hit a saloon car head-on. Alan was unscathed, his only worry being whether he could get to the show in London in time.

Prior to that he was peacefully driving his car (the one before the one that came before his present one!) when it suddenly burst into flames. Alan escaped with nothing more serious than singed eyebrows and hair! And once before when he was driving his car (the one before the one that preceded the one before his present one!) he hit a lorry (only Alan sez the lorry hit him!). The folk around eventually found Alan sitting among the wreckage, unhurt and busy learning the words of a new number!

A Breeze-y sort of life. . . .

RALLY, rally, rally, fans! Are you an admirer of Dan Donovan? If so, send a stamped addressed envelope to Miss Marjorie Grady, 197 Corfield Street, Bethnal Green, E.2. She is thinking of forming a Dan Donovan Fan Club if the response warrants it.

The fans of Ronnie Genarder have gone a step ahead and a Ronnie Genarder Fan Club is actually in existence. Write to the Hon. Secretary, Miss Elsie H. Jones, 20 Westlea Drive, Gorton, Manchester, for full details. S.A.E., please!

Secretary Robert Lee, 27 Meyrick Road Battersea, S.W.11, requires more members for his "International Radio and Film Club," and invites inquiries at his address.

Here's a glimpse into Nat Gonella's past that may be new to you . . .



A fluffy armful of mischief. Barbara Palmer with three little friends. She'll be broadcasting on December 15 with Al Berlin (left)



Years back, Nat was playing in a small band down at Margate. One night he came on to the stand late—and maybe it wasn't the first time he'd been late. He insisted, however, that the clock was wrong—but nobody seemed to believe him, for he got the sack!

To-day, there is a very excellent drummer in Nat Gonella's outfit—Bob Dryden, a well-known and popular figure in the musical world.

Bob was the bandleader who gave Nat the sack!

Bruce ("You're Blasé") Siewler—let slip in my hearing an idea which Eric Maschwitz. knows all about by now. It's for a half-hour's programme—say, once a fortnight—of "Songs You Might Never Have Heard." This to consist of works by famous composers which have never been performed, but have been left "on the shelf" because they weren't considered "commercial."

Had a tankard with Gerry Fitzgerald last week, and he told me that an ambition of his is at last to be realised. He is to star in a West End revue—a newish departure for a crooner. The show is *To and Fro*, and it is due to open at the Comedy Theatre on November 26. Gerry has good numbers to sing and some amusing sketches. I'll be getting out my white tie for the first night to give a big hand to Gerry and to Yvette Darnac, another radio favourite, who is also in *To and Fro*. Good luck to them both.

## HILL BILLY SONGS

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22 OF HIS BEST SONGS

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POST FREE

*Rex was swept up in an infatuation for Rose—but it was a different rose that brought him to his senses.*

**CHARLES  
HATTON'S**  
*Romantic  
Love-Story*



# RED ROSE

**I**SN'T he lovely?" ecstatically breathed the feminine members of the gallery as Rex Grant stepped to the microphone to face a visible audience for the first time.

They had been disappointed once or twice just lately when their radio idols had appeared in the flesh—often rather too abundant flesh! It seemed a pity that sopranos who sounded like angels over the ether were usually so fat and disappointing.

But Rex was different. They simply devoured him as he stood there rather shyly, his new dinner jacket fitting his broad shoulders so perfectly, his eyes eager for the success of this new venture, his blond curls brushed close to his well-shaped head that was so reminiscent of a Greek god.

There was no doubt that Rex was going over. Even if he had sung like an old crow the theatre would have been packed that night. Flick Martin had seen to that.

Flick was Rex's press agent, and he had never taken on a failure yet. All his clients were "big-timers"—men and women earning in the region of £200 a week or more. Flick only added to his clientele on the rare occasions when he spotted a newcomer who took his fancy. And that newcomer received his personal attention—at a price!

Not that Flick didn't earn his money, though his clients were not always over-anxious to reach for their cheque books. They had a habit of thinking that they had reached the top by their own unaided talents, and owed nothing to Flick's publicity stunts which kept them in the public eye.

They all learned their lessons in time, and came rushing back to Flick's ultra-modern suite in Regent Street, begging for his help and advice.

He didn't anticipate any trouble of this sort with Rex. Flick was a good judge of character, and knew he would have little difficulty in dominating Rex Grant whenever necessary.

As they sat in Flick's luxurious office planning this tour, Flick's first question had been:

"Married?"

"Yes—two years ago."

"Happy?"

"Very."

Flick leaned forward in his chair. "You won't bring her on this tour."

"Well——" Rex hesitated.

"She'll be far happier at home. A villa out Surbiton way? I thought so. Far cosier than the strange hotels we'll have to live in. You'll be able to see her once a fortnight when we're near Town—and ring her up twice a day if you like. She'd probably hate trailing round the provinces. Talk to her, my boy."

He's probably right, thought Rex. Lucille was an accommodating little soul, and she loved "Roselea," their tiny home, with its garden and lawn and daintily furnished rooms.

"Besides," Flick went on, "the folks will like you better if your wife isn't always around. They like to imagine you as footloose and fancy free, ready for any romantic adventure. Was your wedding in the papers?"

"Nothing startling. I wasn't very well known in those days."

"Then keep quiet about it, and we'll get you ten for Glamour," advised Flick. "Now run along and talk the wife round."

But for once in a way Rex was wrong about Lucille. She did not like the idea of lonely days in Surbiton without her handsome husband.

"Why can't I be with you? It's my place. Why did you marry me?" she insisted.

"It will only be for a year or eighteen months.

By that time I'll have made enough to stay in Town and take what's offered," Rex pointed out. "A whole year! One of the best years of our lives—to have to spend it miles away from each other," sobbed Lucille.

Rex could argue no farther. Flick had to make a special journey to Surbiton (he charged it up, of course) and use all his forceful persuasion before Lucille finally agreed to stay at home, providing she saw Rex once a fortnight.

So Flick and Rex went off to Bromerton, a Midland city where the act was due to open.

Flick always made a point of accompanying his protégés on their first round of the music halls, though it meant dashing back to London for a day or two in the middle of the week to keep his business there up to date.

Trade was good in Bromerton, and Rex, topping a strong supporting bill, was sure of a good opening week. His life story, suitably "coloured" by Flick, had already appeared in all the local papers, illustrated by his most handsome photos.

"The crooning mill-hand," Flick had called him. "They like to think you're one of themselves," he confided to Rex, who had never been inside a mill. "Local boy makes good and all that sort of thing. So be matey at every opportunity. These people can smell snobbishness a mile off."

Well, he was doing his best to take Flick's advice. He smiled engagingly at the dim features beyond that blazing wall of light as the orchestra began the introduction to his first song.

This isn't so easy as radio work, he told himself. I'm facing only a fraction of the people who listen-in, but they can see every flicker of an eyelash, every change of expression. They can cough, shuffle, interrupt.

However, he had chosen very popular songs, and sang them well enough, though the smoke in the atmosphere tickled his throat unpleasantly once or twice. He took four curtains at the end of his act.

"Good enough for a start," decided Flick, who was waiting for him at the side of the stage. "Smile at 'em a bit oftener—might as will show 'em you've got your own teeth. Don't forget second house."

## Rex and Flick underestimated little Lucille's love—but she made her own plans for keeping her man

Flick had planned a hectic week for his charge. On Tuesday, Rex accompanied reporters and photographers of the local press on a shopping tour, making polite conversation with directors and salesmen, pausing to pose for pictures—smiling to order until his jaw ached.

On Wednesday, he spent the morning learning a short speech (written by Flick) which he delivered at the opening of a new roadhouse outside Bromerton. Thursday found him, highly embarrassed, among surging crowds of women at the opening of a big church bazaar. On Friday he rushed up to London to make a record, and saw Lucille for exactly half-an-hour before he caught his afternoon express back to the Midlands.

On Saturday he was kept busy autographing his records at the largest store in Bromerton. That was typical of the many weeks that were to follow.

Flick steadily churned out all sorts of "stories" concerning Rex's activities. According to the papers, he made dramatic dashes back from the recording studios, just in time to go on for his act; he had all sorts of peculiar accidents and experiences while riding or shooting or playing golf.

But Flick began to get worried, because Rex would never respond to any attempt at injecting feminine interest into these adventures. He was perfectly charming to every lady admirer, making all the correct remarks, and autographing dozens of albums. But that was all.

Until they met Rose Grahame. She came to the theatre one night, and saw Flick standing in the vestibule talking to the manager.

"Why Flick—Flick Martin—what on earth brings you here?" she enthused in true theatrical fashion, leaving her party and coming over to him.

"I'm managing Rex Grant," Flick told her, noting that she had lost little of that dark Southern glamour of her West End days.

"But you must come over to my place—both of you. I'm a respectable married woman now."

"Glad to hear it," commented Flick drily.

"Then you'll come along after the show to-night. There'll be quite a party. I'll send the car for you."

"Not to-night," decided Flick. "Rex has a recording session in Town to-morrow at ten. That means he'll have to be up soon after six."

She threw up her hands in mock dismay. "The lives you people lead!"

"Aren't you glad to be out of it?" he asked. She shrugged her shoulders. "The country can be very dull sometimes. We live nearly twelve miles from here you know. I can't keep away from the theatre. Nothing will ever keep me away."

Flick grinned. "Not even a loving husband?" She shrugged petulantly. "Harold's all right in his way."

"But it isn't always your way," Flick smiled cynically.

"Bring your crooner friend over to-morrow," she suggested.

"Thursday," said Flick, taking out his diary. "All right—Thursday. I'll send a car for you after the show." Flick bowed his thanks, and Rose rejoined her party.

"We're going over to see an old flame of mine on Thursday," he told Rex in his dressing-room. "Won't I be in the way?" stalled Rex, busy with his grease paint.

"Certainly not. She insisted on you coming with me. Also, she happens to have a husband. Not to mention a mansion and funkeys and a limousine and—"

"I don't think I'd fit in with country people," broke in Rex.

"No more does she, so you'll be kindred spirits. Her husband may be country, but she used to be Rose Denton of the Jensen speciality troupe. I believe she's taken a fancy to you. Might be a stunt in it somewhere. You never know."

Flick was right. There was something about Rex's blond beauty that was a spark for which the tinder of Rose's passion had long been waiting.

Her experience with men had made her wise. She soon found that Rex was the type who would have to be "nursed," to be made a very close friend by easy degrees before he became a lover. She set herself to fill that empty side of his life that she knew was so boring to very touring theatrical. Moving from place to place, week after week, with no real friends and no time to make

them, Rex often experienced overwhelming periods of loneliness. Rose knew that. So at the end of the first week of their meeting, she murmured:

"I may slip over to Moorborough to see you next week. I have to do some rather special shopping there anyhow."

She followed the act to three different towns in a month. And during that time, Rex and Flick spent two week-ends at The Grange, Little Tracey. It was much nearer than London.

They saw Harold, Rose's husband, quite often, but took little more notice of him than they did of the butler. Rex did try once or twice to talk to him, but without much success. Harold's life seemed to be spent in marvelling that a glamorous creature like Rose had ever condescended to marry him—even for his money.

Meanwhile, Rex was seeing less and less of Lucille.

They accepted yet another invitation to The Grange, but on arriving at the theatre on Saturday night Rose found Flick with an apparently genuine telegram from another radio star, requesting an urgent conference on the following day in London.

"Terribly sorry. Rex will have to do his best to amuse you," apologised Flick, with a cynical smile that might have meant anything.

So Rex found himself alone with Rose in her luxurious limousine, staring at the chauffeur's impassive back silhouetted against the headlights of the oncoming cars. They had a forty miles' drive before them.

At first they spoke but little, just casual remarks concerning current happenings in the theatre business. But he could feel her presence—mysterious and magnetic. At last she could no longer disguise the emotion in her voice.

"Rex—we've become good friends—may I ask you something?"

"Why, of course."

"Rex, aren't you the least bit fond of me?"

The strange scent she used set his senses awl. Her hand sought his—she came nearer—their lips met.

"I'm terribly fond of you, Rose," he confessed.

"But I was afraid."

"Afraid of whom?"

"Of you."

"My dear boy," she murmured, putting her hands to his head, and pressing his lips to her own for what seemed an eternity of bliss. She stroked his crisp curls in silence as the car sped on. At last he asked:

"What are we going to do?"

"Do?" She raised her head and looked at him sharply.

"Well," stammered Rex, "there's your husband to consider—and my wife."

"You're very sweet," she smiled enigmatically, and drew him back to her. And so they remained till the car turned into the drive that led to The Grange, Little Tracey. But the week-end was not quite perfect. Rex found himself unable to face Harold—or even look him in the eyes.

### NEXT WEEK

Among the great attractions in next week's issue will be found:

The second part of "LIFE BEGAN ANEW," Princess Pearl's own love story.

The first article published in this country about OLIVER WAKEFIELD—written by the clever new Comedian.

"My Life of Mirthquakes," a brilliant article by SAM MAYO.

"PRIZE ANNOUNCER," a vigorous short story by SIDNEY DENHAM.

Page Portrait of BRYAN MICHIE, the B.B.C. Producer and Compère.

And All Our Usual Features.

On the following Monday, as Rex took his fifth curtain call at the second house, a single red rose fell at his feet. Rather awkwardly, he picked it up and bowed in the direction of the gallery, from whence it had appeared to come.

It was not until this had occurred three times that he mentioned the incident to Flick, who had remained in London until the Wednesday.

"Sounds like a 'story' to me. Unknown admirer and all that. Wearing a bit thin perhaps, but it always goes with the public."

And sure enough it appeared in the next evening's paper. Flick never lost much time.

Though the red rose did not appear every night, Rex grew to expect it. Seeing him driving around frequently with Rose Grahame, Flick immediately concluded she was responsible. In fact, he almost taxed her with it—until one evening he came upon them suddenly in Rex's dressing room. Then he decided they might not see it as a joke.

But it was still quite a good press story, particularly when the red rose was in evidence at the next theatre they visited . . . and the next. It claimed more and more space in the papers at the various towns they visited. Then one of the Sunday papers made a splash of it. It was then that Flick decided something must be done.

"This red rose business has gone far enough," he told Rex one Monday evening. "If we carry it much farther people will begin to think it's funny, and that's fatal to anybody like you."

"Then what are you going to do about it?" asked Rex.

"You will write a letter asking this admirer to meet you at the stage door five minutes after the end of the show. I'll see that she gets the letter—one of the attendants in the gallery will give it to her."

"But Flick, what if it's . . . what if it's . . ."

"You mean Rose? Who else can it be? And she must be pretty far gone to perch herself up there night after night. I suppose she hasn't the nerve to throw it from the dress circle or stalls. Too conspicuous."

"You mustn't have all that in the press though," put in Rex desperately.

"She can give 'em a false name—or no name at all for that matter. Spins out the mystery."

"This all seems so silly. Besides, she will probably come round after the show in any case."

"Yes, as Rose Grahame. Not as your unknown admirer. You must ask her in your note to wear another red rose. Yes, that will make quite a nice little story."

"I don't like it," pronounced Rex doggedly.

"Now look here my boy, don't you worry about Rose. I knew her years before you did, and she's been mixed up in plenty of stunts like this. There was a time when she would have done anything to get her picture in the papers . . . I daresay she would now, for that matter."

Still Rex looked doubtful.

"Come on, my lad, here's your fountain pen—get busy," ordered Flick. "If Rose is as interested in you as we think, she'll be glad of the chance to get you some publicity."

Rex took the pen, and began to write. Flick dictated a sentence here and there, and made one or two corrections.

"Good," said Flick at length, carefully folding the note, and fitting it into an envelope. "Now we'll see . . ."

Punctually at the appointed time, Rex and Flick waited at the stage door. With them were four newspaper men, lolling against the doorkeeper's office and smoking cigarettes. Flick had been entertaining them for the better part of the evening, and he meant to get his money's worth.

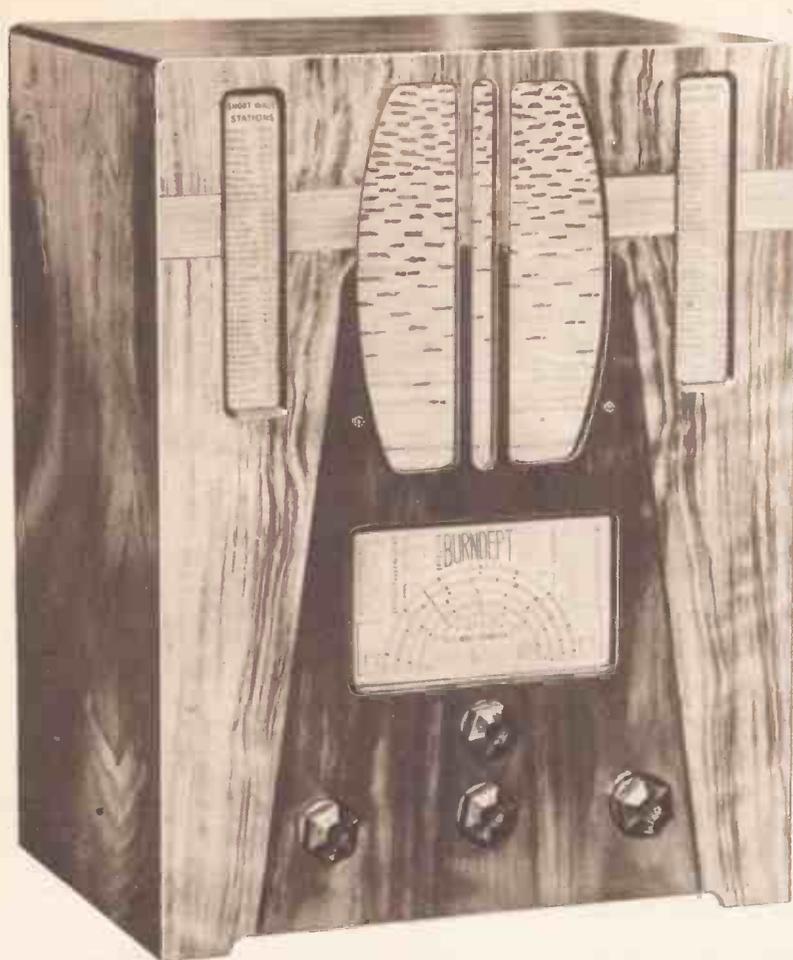
He strolled the length of the alley at the side of the theatre, and stood at its entrance for a minute or two. Then he came hurrying back.

"Here she is—red rose and all," he announced rather breathlessly. "Rex—step out and meet your lady of the rose!"

As the girl drew near, a blinding flash filled the alley. A cameraman was swiftly on the job.

But, with a disgusted look, Flick ground his cigarette beneath his heel. "N.G., boys," he said to the reporters, "the story's off." For, in that unnatural glare, Rex stood transfixed, with hand outstretched to greet—his wife.

All Characters in this short story are entirely fictitious.



# Radio Test OF THE NEW BURNDEPT ALL-WAVE RADIO

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RADIO PICTORIAL**

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Model 251 at £7 19s. 6d. tunes from 13½ to 2000 metres, giving fine results on all four wave-bands. Those who are blessed with mains supply should make a mental note of the Burndept Model 252, which is suitable for A.C. or D.C. mains and is priced at 9 guineas.

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**WHAT LISTENERS THINK**

**LET LAYMEN  
CHOOSE  
GRAMOPHONE RECITALS**

—says Reader Cope and wins half-a-guinea.

**★ STAR LETTER**

I HAVE frequently thought that it might be a bright idea to give the listener a chance to express his own tastes by permitting broadcasts of gramophone records chosen by the layman. We have had series of short talks by various working men on their jobs, so why not a series of programmes consisting of records chosen and presented by the ordinary listener. How interesting it would be—the miner, say, who prefers military bands, the station master with his symphonies, and even the office boy with his swing music!—*Francis C. Cope, 16 Crescent Road, New Barnet, Herts.*

**Bert is Busy**

I AM a regular reader of RADIO PICTORIAL and look forward to every Friday. I was greatly interested in a certain article in a recent issue concerning Bert Yarlett. It was stated that he was on the way to fame. Why, then, do we very seldom hear him?—*(Miss) E. Griffin, Vassall Road, Brixton.*

(Bert is quite busy broadcasting with Lew Stone and Jack Hylton, and doing sponsored programmes as well on Sundays).

**Tribute**

I FEEL I must write and tell you how much I enjoyed listening to Van Phillips and his two orchestras. It was something new and I am sure everyone who listened must have enjoyed it. I shall certainly be listening the next time he is on the air.—*Allen T. Coates, The Avenue, Richmond, Yorks.*

**Audacity?**

I WONDER how many business men would like to be able to say they possessed a college for their staff. For the B.B.C. to have the audacity to provide such a luxury at enormous expense whilst millions of our countrymen are starving, is beyond all reasoning. It is about time the Government had something to say in the matter.

We can all be generous with other people's money.—*B. Read, Weedon, Northampton.*

**ALL-WAVE NOTES**

**LISTEN TO THE AMATEUR WAVELENGTHS**

IN the early days of broadcasting all B.B.C. stations were allotted individual and distinctive call signs so that one heard "This is the Birmingham station, 5IT," or "London Station, 2LO."

These call signs have fallen into disuse with commercial stations although there are some two thousand or so still in use amongst the amateurs. If you want a change of programme try the amateur wavelengths which are generally marked on the modern all-wave receiver. If they are not, they spread from approximately 20 to 22 metres and 41 to 43 metres. Not very wide bands, but even so, upwards of 500 stations alone are operating on the 41—43 metre channel.

These transmissions strike a new note in broadcasting for they are entirely unheard and rather take one back to the early days of Capt. Eckersley and his broadcasts from the Writtle.

Next Sunday morning switch over to the 40-metre band and you will hear something like this. "This is G2HK calling 'Test' on 40-metre band." The call sign may be anything with either a 2, 5, 6, or 8 in front of two letters, but anyhow that is the sort of call sign you will hear.

Everyone who takes an interest in the amateur stations will know Bert, otherwise known as G5XN. He hails from somewhere in South Wales and is a most consistent broadcaster. Sandwiched in amongst his tests are personal messages to other friends of his so altogether these spontaneous transmissions do rather live up one's interest in short-wave reception.

Also on this wavelength are several hundreds of European stations. For example, yesterday I heard one with the call sign YU7DX calling from somewhere in Yugoslavia. The full address is not available for in this little country any operator of an amateur station can, in theory, be shot for breaking one of the most stringent regulations.

Do not expect to hear many British stations on 20 metres, for this band is only suitable for really long-distance transmissions from other parts of the world. Almost every morning last week I heard W3MJ in New York calling Georgie Brown in Birmingham, England.



Heddle Nash  
—by request

**Heddle Nash Fan**

WE have so many photographs of crooners in "R.P." What about a *real* singer for a change? I would so like to see a photograph of Heddle Nash, but I suppose it's useless to ask you to publish one?—*J. Wynford, Bath Road, Halifax, Yorkshire.*

(It's not useless. See above!)

**Five Guineas' Worth**

IT would be interesting to know if your Elisabeth Ann is qualified as a woman doctor. She sent me recently a diagnosis of my trouble and a diet, which proved very satisfactory, but my husband insisted on my seeing a specialist just after I wrote her, and to our amazement he diagnosed exactly the same thing and gave me a similar diet, exacting five guineas. It is very gratifying to know that a paper can give such service *free*, and very assuring to know the RADIO PICTORIAL, which we have taken from its first number, has such a helpful woman in its pages instead of a "fake" expert.

My sister wrote to a so-called beauty editress some time ago and had a different experience. She used some cream which was recommended and it burnt the skin of her face. Of course she claimed damages from the paper, but her nerves have never recovered. That is why my husband would not believe in Elisabeth Ann's advice, but now he has a great respect for her.—*(Mrs.) M. Leslie, Millfield Avenue, Hull Road, York.*

By KENNETH JOWERS



*Chilly Autumn days play havoc with delicate throat membranes. Take Allenburys Pastilles regularly to allay irritation and prevent infection*

FROM ALL CHEMISTS 8" & 1/3

**Allenburys**  
*Glycerine & Black Currant* PASTILLES  
*for your Throat*

**To Stop  
INDIGESTION  
in 5 minutes**

take, after meals, a little

**'Bisurated'  
Magnesia  
For the Stomach**

Get a  
**6<sup>d</sup>**  
Trial Tin  
(24 Tablets)

**Quick**—one dose stops pain.  
**Sure**—never fails to relieve; prescribed by doctors everywhere.  
**Economical**—large sizes, 1/3d. and 2/6d., even more economical than the 6d. tins.



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# New Method Works Wonders in cases of HÆMORRHOIDS

(Piles)

Piles are a form of varicose veins, particularly liable to damage and irritation, and frequently a source of intense pain and mental misery. Germoloid Suppositories stop pain almost instantly, and as they gradually melt, they spread a lasting protective film over exposed nerves and veins, whilst releasing antiseptic principles to carry on their healing work all through the hours of sleep. They restrain bleeding; provide lubrication against "dragging down" and acid irritation, and prevent loss of fluid by absorption. Thus, they help to overcome constipation, the chief dread of every sufferer and the frequent cause of renewed attacks.

Germoloids are inexpensive, clean, simple and invariably effective. Use one each night until the condition is improved or one per week to avoid recurring attacks.



From all Chemists, 1/3 PER BOX of 12.

(For External Piles use Germolene Brand Ointment in addition.)

## WHY NOT JOIN US?

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

# The CARTERS CARAVAN

SETS OUT ON

"THE OPEN ROAD"

## SONGS—DRAMA—MUSIC

Remember the times and the stations:

**RADIO LUXEMBOURG** (1293 metres),

11.15 a.m. every Sunday

8.45 a.m. every Monday

**RADIO NORMANDY** (269.5 metres)

2.45 p.m. every Sunday

9.0 a.m. every Monday

5.0 p.m. every Wednesday

**POSTE PARISIEN** (312.8 metres)

6.30 p.m. every Sunday

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

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

## CARTERS Brand LITTLE LIVER PILLS

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

TELEVISION  
and SHORT-WAVE WORLD  
Of all Newsagents

Price  
**1/4**

# McMICHAEL AMONGST THE PYGMIES!

McMICHAEL sets have probably found their way into more strange corners of the world than even their manufacturers have ever heard of.

The latest adventure to be recorded makes most interesting reading in addition to providing a wonderful testimony to the value of radio in remote places and the reliability of modern productions.

Some two years back Commander Attilio Gatti, the well known Italian explorer and big-game hunter, began his eighth expedition into the Belgian Congo in search of okapi and pygmy elephant for zoological purposes and knowing full well the lengthy nature of such an enterprise and the monotony of the rain-soaked African forests, decided to take with him a radio equipment.

His choice fell upon a McMichael Colonial receiver which duly departed with the expedition for the Belgium Ituri Forest, complete with large reserves of batteries, and tropical coverings. Nothing was heard from the expedition until a few weeks ago when Commander Gatti arrived back in Europe with his mission duly completed.

He reports that the McMichael radio gave complete satisfaction under the most trying conditions and kept the party in marvellous touch with the civilised world; it has now been passed to a Captain in the Belgium Army stationed at Costermansville and is still rendering yeoman service.

The difficulties of operating a radio in virgin forests such as these are many but are very largely compensated for by the numerous and interesting sidelights which are secured on the effect of this latest development of the modern world on the entirely uncivilised denizens of these parts.

Aerials and earths, which to us seem easy to erect in the middle of a forest, were a continual source of petty trouble. The earth connection was time and again removed entirely by mischievous chimpanzees during the daytime and prowling leopards at night; the aerial was attached to a 150 foot tree in the centre of the clearing where the base camp was established



Four native bearers carry the McMichael Colonial receiver through the jungle.

but one of the terrific storms which sweep the jungle-forest daily during the rainy season soon proved too much for the forest giant and down it crashed carrying aerial with it.

The aerial was re-erected frequently but the earth connection proved more obstinate; eventually a palisade of small sticks was built around it with the result that the chimpanzees, at least, tired of their destructive amusements before the wire itself was reached.

This arrangement brought unexpected advantages to the camp; the natives in this part of the Ituri are pygmies and worship their gods by little temples of leaves, twigs and so forth built on the ground. The earth protection was obviously a temple to the white men's god, whose powerful voice could often be heard coming from a box in the camp. This important deity soon became a most useful influence in introducing order and discipline and the vocal efforts of the "great god McMichael" were quickly known and respected far and wide!

Thanks only to their McMichael radio, Commander Gatti and his wife (the first white woman ever to visit this district) were able to spend their long jungle visit in comparative comfort; who knows what the tale might have been if their all powerful god had ever failed to respond to the touch of a switch?

## SETS WE RECOMMEND

THE American Presidential election afforded us an excellent opportunity in which to put the McMichael 362 all-wave receiver through its paces. We tuned in to the General Electric Station, W2XAD, on 19 metres, and heard the entire programme from 2.30 in the afternoon until after 9 p.m.

Forgetting for a moment the efficiency of this receiver, intending buyers of a new receiver would be well advised to look at the "works" of the McMichael 362. It is one of the finest examples of good English workmanship that we have seen this year in a receiver at anything like the price.

If we were trying to sell these instruments we feel sure that it would be a good idea to display the receiver with the back off, so that intending buyers could see for themselves just how well the receiver is built.

McMichael's claim that their tuning system is sound and reliable. This is putting it very mildly, for not only is it one of the smoothest tuners available this season, but in addition there is not the slightest trace of back-lash or slip even when tuning in the very short-wave stations.

Readers will probably gather we consider the McMichael 362 very good value for money at 15½ guineas.

Several readers have written to us asking for advice on the purchase of a cheap all-wave receiver for battery operation that really will bring in short-wave stations.

The obvious receiver to buy is undoubtedly the Burndept Model 251, for it tunes over four wave-bands, including two short-wave, uses four valves, and is complete with battery and accumulator for £7 19s. 6d.

The short-wave bands are not skimped; in fact, the wave-ranges covered cannot be bettered even in receivers costing three or four times as much.

In our issue dated November 13 we mentioned how pleased we were with our tests of the A.C.-D.C. Halcyon All-wave receiver. This same set

has now been fitted to a really fine console cabinet, making it into a handsome piece of furniture. The radio chassis and performance is, of course, exactly the same, although the quality appears to be improved, owing to the greater area of the loudspeaker compartment.

To our way of thinking, this console type of receiver has much to recommend it, and in view of its price—16 guineas—it is good value for money.

Remember that this receiver is suitable for A.C. or D.C. mains without alteration, and in addition to such an advantage, it tunes in the short-wave stations as well.

## IS YOUR CHILD CLEAN INSIDE?

Coated tongue, loss of appetite, fidgetiness, biliousness—these are sure signs that your child needs a thorough internal cleansing. Keep a bottle of 'California Syrup of Figs' always handy in the bathroom—it is the safe and gentle way to clear out the child's tender little bowels.

Have you forgotten what you used to suffer as a child, resulting from a real old-fashioned dose of some drastic physic? Children nowadays enjoy taking 'California Syrup of Figs'—they love the taste of it and they suffer not a single twinge of discomfort. But the relief it brings to their clogged bowels and poison-soured system! Give an ailing, cross or constipated child a spoonful of this tasty fruit laxative and in a few hours all the hard pent-up matter is moved away—all the fermenting bile and poison is cleared out—and the child's inside is sweet and clean once more.

Many mothers have adopted the plan of a dose of 'California Syrup of Figs' once a week. It keeps the child regular, happy and well. Doctors and nurses all recommend 'California Syrup of Figs,' 1/3 and 2/6 of all chemists, with full directions. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand.

# "R.P." DINNER SET

## HOW TO ORDER

READERS who sent in Reservation Forms taken from "Radio Pictorial" issue dated October 30, 1936, should now fill in the following Privilege Order Form and forward it, together with 8 "R.P." Dinner Set Coupons and Postal Order for the Privilege Price to:

Dinner Set Dept., "Radio Pictorial," 37/38 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

This week's "R.P." Dinner Set Coupon, which you and your friend will require to

make up the 8 coupons necessary, will be found below.



Cut out along dotted line

### Privilege Order Form

#### for "R.P." Dinner Set

Please dispatch the following Set/Sets. I enclose P.O. value..... and 8 "R.P." Dinner Set Coupons. My P.O. number is..... date..... Cross your P.O. / & Co./ and make payable to "Radio Pictorial." No stamps.

Forward to Me:

- "R.P." Dinner Set A (10/-)
  - B (15/-)
  - C (15/-)
  - D (18/9)
- Cross out the three letters not required. Fill in label No. 1 below.*

Forward to my Friend (new reader):

- "R.P." Dinner Set A (10/-)
  - B (15/-)
  - C (15/-)
  - D (18/9)
- Cross out the three letters not required. Fill in label No. 2 below.*

20/11/36

*This Privilege Order Form and the Address Labels below should not be separated.*

*Please Fill in Following Labels.*

#### FOR YOUR SET

Address Label No. 1. *If undelivered return to "Radio Pictorial," 38 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.*

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....

*(Write in Block Letters Please)*

#### FOR YOUR FRIEND'S SET

Address Label No. 2. *If undelivered, return to "Radio Pictorial," 38 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.*

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....

*(Write in Block Letters Please)*

How to give your hair that deep

*Bronze*

finish

ask for a 6<sup>D</sup> packet of

# AMAMI

Special HENNA Application

and Shampoo

★ Every Brunette can have the dancing brilliance of Bronze hair tones. The Application, in the Amami Special Henna and Shampoo, is the beauty secret of countless deeply-brunished Auburn heads. Sure, safe, giving definite results from the very first—there's no Application like Amami Special Henna, so satisfactory or so good for hair and scalp. (The packet also contains an Amami Shampoo for brunettes. Truly super hair beauty treatment, and only 6d.) Full instructions contained in the Packet show how simple it is to use the Henna Application.



Result....  
**Warm Soft Hair..**  
glowing with health



An AMAMI Shampoo for everyone....

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

*Friday Night is Amami Night*



*"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, NOVEMBER 22**

10.15—10.30 a.m.

**CARSON ROBISON AND HIS PIONEERS**

Wagon Wheels.  
Old Chisholm Trail.  
Yonder on the Hill.  
Nancy Dill.  
Why Did I Git Married.  
Wabash Moon.

*Presented by*

Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd., makers of Oxydol,  
Newcastle-on-Tyne

10.30 a.m.

**OLIVER KIMBALL  
The Record Spinner**

Tunes of Not-So-Long-Ago.  
*New Mayfair Orchestra.*  
There's a New World.  
*Joe Loss and his Orchestra.*  
Night and Day (Gay Divorce).  
*Layton and Johnstone.*  
Selection from Ruddigore.

*Band of the Coldstream Guards.  
Presented by the Proprietors of  
Bisurated Magnesia*

10.45 a.m.

**MUSICAL MENU  
Mrs. Jean Scott**

President of the Brown and Polson Cookery Club, gives you Free Cookery Advice each week  
I Heard a Song in a Taxi.  
Stars in My Eyes.  
It's Love Again.  
New York Symphony.

*Presented by  
Brown & Polson*

11.0 a.m.

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

with  
NORMAN LONG  
THE THREE CANADIAN BACHELORS  
and  
SYDNEY JEROME and his  
ORCHESTRA  
*Presented by  
Kruschen Salts*

11.15—11.30 a.m.

**THE OPEN ROAD**

Through Night to Light.  
With a Smile and a Song.  
Over on the Sunny Side.  
El Relicario.  
St. James's Park.

*Presented by  
Carter's Little Liver Pills.*

12.15 p.m.

**The makers of Ex-Lax present  
CLAPHAM AND DWYER**

In a "Spot of Bother"  
and  
HARRY BIDGOOD'S BUCCANEERS

1.30—2.0 p.m.

**OVALTINE WEEKLY PROGRAMME  
of Melody and Song**

*Presented by the makers of  
Ovaltine*

2.45 p.m.

**MORTON DOWNEY  
the Golden Voice of Radio and  
THE DRENE ORCHESTRA**

Sweet Misery of Love.  
Dinah.  
I'll Always be in Love with You.  
Snow Flakes.  
Mother Machree.

*Presented by  
Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd., makers of Drene,  
Newcastle-on-Tyne*

3.0—3.15 p.m.

**"WE'VE CHANGED ALL THAT"**

featuring  
THE TWO LESLIES

4.0 p.m.

**SEA-TIME HOUR**

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

LESLIE HENSON  
AL AND BOB HARVEY  
ALMA VANE  
RONALD HILL  
SAM COSTA  
NORMAN SHELLEY  
DOROTHY KAY  
THE RHYTHM BROTHERS  
MOLLY CARDEW  
ARTHUR GOMEZ  
and

DEBROY SOMERS AND HIS BAND  
*Presented by Horlick's*

5.0 p.m.

**"RAY OF SUNSHINE"**

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 Lifebuoy Toilet Soap present  
**AMBROSE AND HIS ORCHESTRA**  
in a Programme of Modern Rhythm Music

6.30 p.m.

**RINSO MUSIC HALL**

MARIO DE PIETRO  
BENNETT AND MCNAUGHTON  
THE CANADIAN BACHELORS  
WILKIE BARD  
NAY AYER  
and  
BILLY BENNETT  
All-Star Variety presented to listeners by the makers of Rinso

7.0 p.m.

**A "PLEASURE CRUISE"**

featuring  
ESTHER COLEMAN  
and  
GORDON LITTLE  
*Presented by  
"Milk of Magnesia"*  
Jungle Drums ... Lecuona  
I Feel Like a Feather in a Breeze ... Gordon  
Airman's Song ... Grey  
Under Heaven's Blue ... Payan

7.15 p.m.

**MORE MONKEY BUSINESS**

with  
BILLY REID AND HIS  
ACCORDION BAND  
IVOR DAVIES  
and  
DOROTHY SQUIRES  
*Presented by the makers of  
Monkey Brand*

7.30—7.45 p.m.

**WALTZ TIME**

Child, You Can Dance Like My Wife ... Fall  
Three Minutes of Heaven ... Evans  
Cornflowers and Poppies ... Waldteufel  
I Dream Too Much ... Kern  
*Presented by  
Phillips' Dental Magnesia*

7.45 p.m.

**AVA PRESENTS**

OLGA  
the Radio Pianiste  
and  
HER GYPSY GIRLS' ORCHESTRA  
The Girl with the Glamorous Hair  
Signature Tune—The Rose in Her Hair.  
Your Heart and Mine.  
Solitude.  
Would You.  
El Relicario.

# YOU SHOULD NOT MISS

## SUNDAY, NOV. 22—cont.

8.0—8.30 p.m.  
**PALMOLIVE PROGRAMME**  
 with  
**OLIVE PALMER**  
**PAUL OLIVER**  
 and  
**BRIAN LAWRANCE**  
 Bye, Bye, Baby.  
 Rags, Bottles or Bones.  
*Brian Lawrance.*  
 Night in Manhattan.  
 Until the Real Thing Comes Along.  
 My Red Letter Day.  
 Romance Medley.  
 I Heard a Song in a Taxi.  
 Everybody Dance.  
 Bird Songs at Eventide.  
*Paul Oliver and Olive Palmer.*  
 Mendel's Son's Swing Song.

9.0 p.m.  
**MACLEAN'S CONCERT**  
 The Geisha.  
*Frank Westfield and his Orchestra.*  
 Spanish Gipsy Dance.  
*Alfredo Campoli and his Orchestra.*  
 One Kind Word.  
*William Brownlow.*  
 Love, Life and Laughter Selection.  
*New Mayfair Orchestra.*

9.15 p.m.  
**BEECHAM'S REUNION**  
 featuring  
**JACK PAYNE AND HIS BAND**  
 Don't Count Your Chickens.  
 Free.  
 Fun Yuff and Nun Yuff.  
 The Juba.  
 New Heart.  
 and  
**MABEL CONSTANDUROS**  
 "Three Sides to the Same Old Triangle"

9.45 p.m.  
**THE COLGATE REVELLERS**  
 Without Rhythm.  
 Piano Duet: Pick Yourself Up.  
 Your Feet's Too Big.  
 Drop in Next Time You're Passing.  
 Organ Grinder's Swing.

10.0—10.30 p.m.  
**POND'S SERENADE TO BEAUTY**  
 The Programme for Lovers

## MONDAY, NOV. 23

4.0 p.m.  
**TEA-TIME HOUR**  
 With Debroy Somers and Other Artistes  
*Presented by Horlick's*

4.45 p.m.  
**THE HORLICK'S CHILDREN'S CORNER**

## TUESDAY, NOV. 24

4.0 p.m.  
**TEA-TIME HOUR**  
 With Debroy Somers and other Artistes  
*Presented by Horlick's*

4.45 p.m.  
**THE HORLICK'S CHILDREN'S CORNER**

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**  
**SIGNOR SPAGHETTI**  
**LORD BACON**  
 and other Members  
*Presented by*  
 J. & J. Colman, Ltd.

## WEDNESDAY, NOV. 25

8.30—8.45 a.m.  
**SUNNY JIM'S PROGRAMME OF "FORCE" AND MELODY**  
 Geisha" Selection ... .. Jones  
 The Arcadians (Vocal Gems)  
*Monckton and Talbot*  
 No, No, Nanette ... .. Vincent Youmans  
 This'll Make You Whistle.  
*Presented by*  
 A. C. Fincken & Co.

4.0 p.m.  
**TEA-TIME HOUR**  
 With Debroy Somers and Other Artistes  
*Presented by Horlick's*

4.45 p.m.  
**THE HORLICK'S CHILDREN'S CORNER**

6.30—6.45 p.m.  
**SIDNEY TORCH AT THE ORGAN**  
 Guest Artist of the Week: :  
**ANGELA PARSELLES**  
 Skaters' Waltz.  
 Ay, Ay, Ay.  
 Rustle of Spring.  
 New Heart.  
*Presented by*  
 Keen, Robinson & Co., Ltd., makers of  
 Waverley Oats

7.0—7.15 p.m.  
**"BIRDS AND MUSIC"**  
 A Programme presented by the proprietors  
 of "Whistler" Bird Seed  
 With Bird Imitations by IMITO  
 Robins and Roses ... .. Leslie and Burke  
 Three Ravens ... .. Arr. Kennedy Scott  
 Little Seagull Fly Along ... .. Cowler

## THURSDAY, NOV. 26

4.0 p.m.  
**TEA-TIME HOUR**  
 With Debroy Somers and Other Artistes  
*Presented by Horlick's*

4.45 p.m.  
**THE HORLICK'S CHILDREN'S CORNER**

## FRIDAY, NOV. 27

8.45 a.m.  
**WILL HE SING YOUR SONG ?**  
**SINGING JOE**, the Sanpic Man, sings the  
 songs you ask for in the  
**SANPIC QUARTER HOUR**  
*Presented by*  
 Reckitt & Sons, Ltd.

4.0 p.m.  
**TEA-TIME HOUR**  
 With Debroy Somers and Other Artistes  
*Presented by Horlick's*

4.45 p.m.  
**THE HORLICK'S CHILDREN'S CORNER**

## SATURDAY, NOV. 28

8.30—8.45 a.m.  
**SUNNY JIM'S CHILDREN'S PROGRAMME OF "FORCE" AND MELODY**  
 Canoe Song ... .. Wimperis and Spoliansky  
 Song of the Volga Boatmen  
*Arr. Chaliapine—Koenemann*  
 Fisherman of England ... .. Phillips  
 Red Sails in the Sunset  
*Kennedy and Williams*  
 Ol' Man River ... .. Kern  
 The Merchant Ship ... .. Arr. M. Shaw  
 The Fleet's in Port Again ... .. Noel Gay  
*Presented by*  
 A. C. Fincken & Co.

4.0 p.m.  
**TEA-TIME HOUR**  
 With Debroy Somers and Other Artistes  
*Presented by Horlick's*

4.45 p.m.  
**THE HORLICK'S CHILDREN'S CORNER**



The new range of **HALCYON** Receivers provides the greatest value and service ever offered in radio. Matchless reception; sharpest selectivity; abundant power; rich, natural tone and beauty of appearance, all these allied to a longer-than-ever terms of payment. Every set fitted with the famous **Blue Spot Loud-speaker**; each set a masterpiece of radio technique. **GUARANTEED FOR TWO YEARS.** Two years to pay. From as little as 2/2 per week.



HALCYON "Royal County" Console Model. Of superb tone and appearance, this 8-stage, 5-valve, Superhet is a definite leader in its class.

CASH PRICE  
**£16.16.0**  
 EASIEST OF H.P. TERMS

**COUPON**

To Ismay Distributors, Ltd.,  
 Sterling Works, Dagenham, Essex.

I am interested in your new  
**HALCYON All-wave Radio.**  
 Please send me full particulars.



Name .....

Address .....

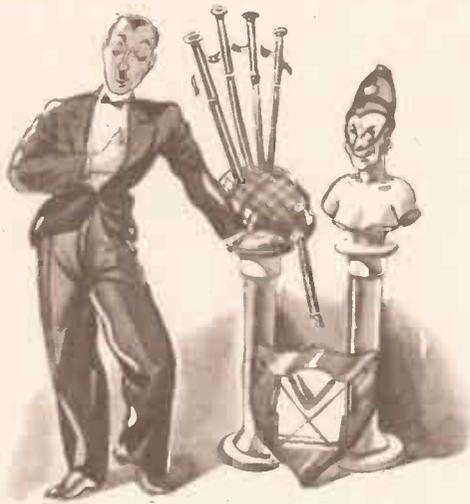
**ISMA Y DISTRIBUTORS LIMITED,**  
 STERLING WORKS · DAGENHAM · ESSEX.

Sales Promotion Ltd.

B. A. YOUNG reveals the mystery of

# HOW AN ANNOUNCER GETS THAT WAY!

—in a rollicking interview with Mr. GOLDENVOICE SMITH



**A** DEEP depression is centred about a hundred miles west of the Azores," a man's voice said, thrilling with an untold intensity of passion, "and is moving slowly eastwards. Weather will be fair generally with considerable local rain in the North, Midland, and South, and the possibility of thunder later. Winds will be east to north-east, varying from sixty to eighty miles per hour. Further outlook, unsettled."

It was Mr. Goldenvoice Smith, the well-known announcer, whom I had come to interview.

I stood enthralled while he read the News Bulletin, the Sports Bulletin, two Police Messages, the Forecast for Shipping and the Regional Bulletin for Farmers. Then he turned to me.

"What the blazes do you want?" he inquired in that brusque tone of his that sometimes offends sensitive people who do not realise that it cloaks a heart of gold.

"Mr. Smith," I said, "I would like to interview you!"

"Oh, is that all?" said the great man.

Our conversation was of trivial matters for a while, until Mr. Smith looked at his watch—a present from a grateful soprano, by the way—and suggested that it was time I got down to business.

"Will you tell me, then, Mr. Smith," I asked, "how it was that you came to be an announcer?"

"It is the result of a lifelong ambition," said Mr. Smith. "When I was quite a boy, back in the

'nineties, I had an incurable longing to become a wireless announcer. But in those days, of course, wireless had not been invented, so my hopes were destined to go unfulfilled. I became, instead, after a moderately successful career at school and university, an average-adjuster in the great average-adjusting firm of Lashings, Lashings, Lashings, Oodles and Lashings.

"After the War, however, I found myself with nothing to do as there had been so little cricket during those four fatal years that the averages weren't worth adjusting. For a time I toyed with the idea of becoming a chicken-farmer, and by the time I had finished toying with it wireless entertainment had become an established fact."

"I do not expect," I suggested, "that you reached your present position without a good deal of hard work."

"No, indeed!" said Mr. Smith with a laugh. "I had to begin at the bottom like everyone else.

**I**n those days, you will remember, there was no interval signal. If you switched on your set between items, you heard, not a peal of bells or even a ticking clock, but silence.

"And yet, you will recollect, it was not complete silence. You could always tell by a sort of hissing noise in your headphones whether your set was switched on or not. Well, my first job was to be responsible for that hissing.

"At first I did it by sitting close to the microphone and blowing at it through a straw, but later I made a device with which far better results were possible. I constructed it out of an old pair of bagpipes I found in a corner of one of the studios.

"That pair of bagpipes may be said to have influenced my whole career. I still have them at home, mounted on a pedestal along with my other trophies—the needles with which I won my knitting blue at Oxford, the policeman's hat which I won on Boat Race Night, 1927, and so forth.

"For it was while I was playing this instrument

that I gained my first recognition from the wireless authorities.

"A play was to be produced in which there was a great storm scene, and the wind-and-rain machine had broken down! What was to be done? At the last minute I came forward. 'I will do the wind and rain,' I said. 'I will do them on my little bagpipe.'

I was promoted to be an Uncle in the Children's Hour, and ultimately to read the News.

"Since then I have never looked back."

"I expect you must have had some strange experiences in your career," I suggested. "Tell me, what is the most interesting thing that has happened to you since you began broadcasting?"

A reminiscent look came into the famous announcer's eyes.

"On one occasion," he told me, "the Bishop of X was due to broadcast a talk on Marriage Customs in the Solomon Islands. It was certain to be a popular item, and we knew that there would be several millions listening in that night.

"I had never seen the Bishop, but I had no reason to suspect the venerable old gentleman in dark clothes whom I escorted into the studio. Imagine my horror, then, when he levelled a pistol at me and announced that he was not the Bishop at all but a noted anarchist who wished to give the signal by wireless for a general uprising throughout the country.

"Fortunately, I did not lose my self-possession. Explaining that I would like to announce a slight change in the programme, I stepped forward to the microphone. 'As the Bishop of X has been unavoidably prevented from giving his talk,' I announced, 'there will be, instead, a long concert of chamber music by the Whoosis String Quartet, who will play works by Bach, Handel, and probably even Brahms.' By that means I ensured that every set in the country was immediately switched off, and a great national catastrophe was averted."

## RADIO LYONS CALLING!

**E**NTRIES for the Radio Lyons Competition have been pouring in by every post, and when I called at Headquarters I found the staff tearing their hair over the newest arrivals—4,700 letters by the last post, filling a gigantic packing case to overflowing.

Eight men were at work on them, opening, checking, listing, filing. It was easy, they said, to decide on the winning records; what was taking them so many days and nights to decide was the right order.

Mr. Modrey, director of Broadcast Advertising, Ltd., has decorated his office with a large map of the British Isles. It was stuck all over with red and blue pins like the flags of an advancing army.

"We started putting those pins in every place from which we had entries," he told me, "but we had to give it up. It got beyond us!

"But we've proved one thing—Radio Lyons has no blind spots. To begin with, as you know, certain areas had some slight difficulty in getting the station; now these places, Wales, the Midlands, Lancashire, are completely covered. We have had competition entries from Dundee, Belfast, Penzance, Deal and Dover, Grimsby . . . that is, all the way round England. Others came from Finland, Denmark, Belgium and Germany.

"A good many relay listeners have written to us, and a good many Relay Systems broadcast our programmes."

Naturally, fan mail, quite apart from the Competition, has been enormous . . . incidentally, many of the letters were addressed in error to

the British Broadcasting Corporation, Pall Mall! So far, there has only been one disgruntled listener!

Last Sunday, Mr. Modrey took a four-hour trip by air to Radio-Lyons, and came back full of enthusiasm for Europe's brand new station. "The installation bears comparison with any in the world, including the B.B.C.," he declares.

In spite of the complexity of this huge plant, it is possible for the transmitter to be handled by one man alone.

**I**t is absolutely impossible for the station to break down . . . for longer than two minutes! That is the utmost pause possible, owing to the system of automatic replacement valves in independent water coolers. The two minutes is the time required for the new valve to warm up. That is all. And, should a breakdown occur, the workman in charge has nothing to do. He simply waits . . . for the automatic thermometer to do its job.

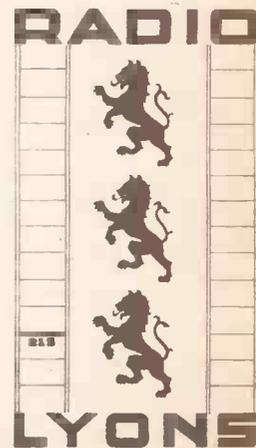
The ultra-modern Radio-Lyons transmitter, built last autumn, stands in open country outside the town, but the studios where Announcer "Tony" Melrose makes his home are in Lyons itself. Two large houses have been taken over by the company, and converted into up-to-date studios—one large one, capable of seating a hundred people, a gramophone studio, a film transmission studio, a library of records and films, and a play-back room which is used for rehearsals.

One of the best proofs that Radio Lyons is succeeding in its aim to supply really popular

programmes of the sort that everybody wants is that already it has been obliged to extend the hours of sponsored broadcasts. At first, these began at five o'clock; now time is sold from 3.30 or 4 o'clock onwards.

One enthusiastic listener to Radio Lyons, H. Davies, of Walworth, London, has been moved to poetry. He writes: "I received your Station, strong, loud and clear, hardly any fading. It is a treat to tune in." Then, after three verses describing his pleasure in the programmes, he says:

*"If I had the music, I would put this into verse,  
It might be better, it might be worse,  
Of what I have written you must agree,  
I got all this on a home made battery  
Straight line three."*



### RADIO LYONS

#### POPULARITY COMPETITION RESULT

RADIO PICTORIAL regrets that it is impossible to publish the result of the competition in this issue, as promised. Up to the time of going to Press, a large staff of assistants were still opening the sacks of entries. By the date of publication of this issue, however, the winner will already have been announced from Radio Lyons, and the name will be published in next week's "Radio Pictorial," together with the list of records in the winning order.

Sunday, November 22, to Saturday, November 28, 1936.

# PROGRAMMES

from the

## CONTINENT in ENGLISH

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

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### Sunday, Nov. Twenty-Second

All Times Stated are Greenwich Mean Time

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

##### Morning Programme

11.15—11.30 a.m.

##### THE OPEN ROAD

- Through Night to Light ... Laukien
- With a Smile and a Song ... May
- Over on the Sunny Side ... Egan
- El Relicario ... Padilla
- St. James's Park ... Leon

Presented by

Carter's Little Liver Pills,  
64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1

1.0—1.30 p.m.

##### THE LATEST DANCE MUSIC

Presented by

Zambuk,  
C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds

##### Evening Programme

10.30—11.0 p.m.

##### THE LATEST DANCE MUSIC

Presented by

Bile Beans,  
C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds

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

Times of Transmissions.

- Sunday: 8.00 a.m.—11.30 a.m. Thursday: 2.30 p.m. — 6.00 p.m.
- 2.00 p.m.—7.30 p.m. 12 (midnight)—1.00 a.m.
- 10.00 p.m.—1.00 a.m. Friday } 12 (midnight)—2.00 a.m.
- Weekdays: 8.00 a.m.—11.00 a.m. Saturday }
- 2.00 p.m.—6.00 p.m.

Announcers: D. J. Davies, J. R. L. Fellowes, F. R. Plomley, and J. F. Sullivan.

##### MORNING PROGRAMME

8.0 a.m.

##### NORMANDY CALLING!

- Military Man ... Gordon
  - Vivienne ... Finck
  - Here's How ... Grimshaw
  - My Mother was a Viennese ... Gruber
- 8.15 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL.
- Pick Yourself Up—Fox trot ... Kern
  - Cupid's Parade ... Rivelli
  - I'm Shooting High ... McHugh
  - Tarantelle de Concert ... Greenwood

8.30 a.m.

##### SACRED MUSIC

- All People That on Earth Do Dwell ... Bourgeois
- He Who Would Valiant Be ... Trad.
- The Thought for the Week
- THE REV. JAMES WALL, M.A.
- All Hail the Power of Jesu's Name.

8.45 a.m.

##### ORCHESTRAL CONCERT

- Rustic Dance ... Coates
- Turkish March ... Mozart
- Valse Gracieuse ... Jongen
- Intermezzo ... Strauss

9.0 a.m.

##### I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL.

##### MISTOL MELODIES

- In the Blue Hills of Virginia ... Cole
- Blazin' the Trail ... Samuels
- Over the Waves ... Rosas
- I Want to Go Back to Michigan ... Berlin
- Everglades ... Berlin
- Pearly Gates ... Trad.

Presented by the makers of  
Mistol,  
128 Albert Street, Camden Town, N.W.1

9.15 a.m.

##### SCOTTS MARCHES ON

- Steadfast and True ... Teike
- Marche Lorraine ... Ganne
- Bond of Friendship ... Rogan

Presented by the makers of  
Scott's Emulsion,  
11 Stonecutter Street, E.C.4

9.30 a.m.

##### MUSICAL REVERIES

- Awake in a Dream ... Robin
- Rhapsody in Blue ... Gershwin
- Indian Love Call ... Friml
- But Where are You? ... Berlin

Presented by  
California Syrup of Figs,  
179 Acton Vale, W.3

9.45 a.m.

##### A NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT

- including  
The Code Phrase Free Gift Offer
- Blaze of Glory March ... Sousa
- Semper Fidelis March ... Sousa
- Liberty Bell March ... Sousa
- Festjubil March ...

Presented by the makers of  
Preservene Soap

10.0 a.m.

##### WALTZ TIME

- Child, You Can Dance Like My Wife ... Fall
- Three Minutes of Heaven ... Evans
- Cornflowers and Poppies ... Waldteufel
- I Dream Too Much ... Kern

Presented by  
Phillips' Dental Magnesia,  
179 Acton Vale, W.3

10.15 a.m.

##### RECREATION CORNER

- Selection—Swing Time ... Kern
- Serenade in the Night ... Bizio
- Stardust ... Carmichael
- Welcoming Them to the Welcome Inn ... Godfrey

Presented by  
Currys, Ltd.,  
Great West Road, Brentford

10.30 a.m.

##### MORE MONKEY BUSINESS

- With  
BILLY REID AND HIS ACCORDION BAND,  
IVOR DAVIES  
and  
DOROTHY SQUIRES

Presented by the makers of  
Monkey Brand,  
Unilever House, Blackfriars, E.C.4

10.45 a.m.

##### MUSICAL MENU

- Mrs. Jean Scott,  
President of the Brown and Polson Cookery Club, gives you Free Advice each week
- I Heard a Song in a Taxi ... Henderson
- Stars in My Eyes ... Kreisler
- It's Love Again ... Coslow
- A New York Symphony ... Picon

Presented by  
Brown & Polson,  
43 Shoe Lane, E.C.4

11.0 a.m.

##### I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL.

- POPULAR SELECTIONS
- Under the Double Eagle ... Wagner
- When the Poppies Bloom Again ... Towers
- Waltz (Faust) ... Gounod
- There's a New World ... Kennedy

Presented by  
D.D.D.,  
Fleet Lane, E.C.4

11.15 a.m.

##### THE SUNDAY MORNING PARADE

- Regimental Marches ... Weatherley
- Danny Boy ...
- Regimental Marches ... Pryor
- The Whistler and his Dog ...
- Regimental Marches ...

Presented by  
Bolenium Overalls,  
Upton Park, E.13

11.30 a.m.

##### PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH

Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

(Continued on page 34, column 1)

#### PARIS (Poste Parisien) 312.8 m., 959 Kc/s.

Times of Transmissions.

- Sunday: 5.30 p.m.—7.00 p.m.
- 10.30 p.m.—11.30 p.m.
- Weekdays: 10.30 p.m.—11.00 p.m.
- Announcer: C. Danvers-Walker.

##### Evening Programme

5.30 p.m.

##### LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC

- Entrance of the Little Fauns ... Pierné
- Mosquitoes Parade ... Whitney
- Falling in Love Again ... Hollander
- An Old World Garden ... Mayerl
- Prelude in C Sharp Minor ... Rachmaninoff

5.45 p.m.

##### A PROGRAMME OF POPULAR DANCE TUNES

- On the Beach at Bali-Bali ... Sherman
- The Scene Changes ... Hill
- It's Love Again ... Coslow
- Got to Dance My Way to Heaven ... Coslow

Presented by the makers of  
Karsote Inhalant,  
Adephi, Salford

6.0 p.m.

##### POPULAR MUSIC

- Wedding Dance Waltz ... Lincke
- The Dear Little Shamrock ... Jackson
- Trees ... Rasbach
- A Wedding in Java ... Profes

Presented by  
Maclean's, Ltd.,  
Great West Road, Brentford

(Continued on page 39, column 1)

#### Featured from RADIO NORMANDY TO-DAY:

##### A Top-Speed Radio Revue

##### "STAND BY"

Sunday, 2.0 p.m.

##### OLIVER KIMBALL

##### The Record Spinner

Sunday, 5.0 p.m.

##### RINSO MUSIC HALL

##### With Billy Bennett

Sunday, 6.30 p.m.

##### ARTHUR TRACEY

##### The Street Singer

Sunday, 7.15 p.m.

#### Featured from RADIO NORMANDY

##### THIS WEEK:

##### HEALTH MAGIC

Tuesday, 9.0 a.m.

Saturday, 5.15 p.m.

##### Your Old Friend DAN

Friday, 8.15 a.m.

##### THE MELODY MAKERS

introducing

##### A Scrap-Book of Dance Tunes

Saturday, 8.15 a.m.

##### ENTERTAINMENT

##### For Mother and the Children

Saturday, 9.30 a.m.

# Sunday, November the Twenty-Second

## RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

## RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

Continued from page 33, column 3.

### AFTERNOON PROGRAMME

**2.0 p.m.**  
**A Winter Season at the Kraft Pavilion**  
 Begins with a New Top-Speed Radio Revue  
**"STAND BY"**  
**RALPH CORAM—Compère**  
**NINA DEVITT**  
**GLADYS HAY**  
**MICHAEL COLE**  
**HARRY NEWSTONE**  
**VIC WISE**  
**THE SIX HARMONISTS**  
 With the Kraft Revue Band  
 conducted by **Bruce Merry!**  
 Presented by  
 Kraft Cheese Company, Ltd.,  
 Hayes, Middlesex

**2.30 p.m.**  
**Jane Carr Selects**  
**MUSICAL HITS FROM THE FILMS**  
 Thanks a Million (Thanks a Million) *Johnston*  
 The Lady in Red (In Caliente) ... *Dison*  
 You Look So Sweet, Madame (The  
 Beloved Vagabond) ... *Heymann*  
 Alone (A Night at the Opera) ... *Brown*  
 Presented by the makers of  
 Lixen,  
 Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., Radio Dept.,  
 London, E.2

**2.45 p.m.**  
**THE OPEN ROAD**  
 Through Night to Light ... *Laukien*  
 With a Smile and a Song ... *May*  
 Over on the Sunny Side ... *Egan*  
 El Relicario ... *Padilla*  
 St. James's Park ... *Leon*  
 Presented by  
 Carter's Little Liver Pills,  
 64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1

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

**3.30 p.m.**  
**MUSIC THROUGH THE AGES**  
 I Love Thee ... *Grieg*  
 El Capitan ... *Sousa*  
 Selection—Chu Chin Chow ... *Norton*  
 Maid of the Mountains Waltz *Fraser Simson*  
 By the Blue Hawaiian Waters ... *Katebey*  
 Presented by  
 Huntley & Palmers, Ltd.,  
 Biscuit Manufacturers, Reading

**3.45 p.m.**  
**MARY LAWSON**  
 (by permission of Twickenham Films, Ltd.)  
 in  
**"BEHIND THE SCENES"**  
 The Diary of a Chorus Girl  
 Presented by  
 Pond's Face Powder

**4.0 p.m.**  
**SEA-TIME HOUR**  
 Cruising the World  
 With an All-Star Cast of  
 Radio, Stage and Screen Favourites  
**Aboard**  
 Including  
**LESLIE HENSON**  
**AL and BOB HARVEY**  
**ALMA VANE, RONALD HILL**  
**SAM COSTA, NORMAN SHELLEY**  
**DOROTHY KAY**  
**THE RHYTHM BROTHERS**  
**MOLLY CARDEW, ARTHUR GOMEZ**  
 and  
**Debroy Somers and His Band**  
 Presented by  
 Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

**5.0 p.m.**  
**OLIVER KIMBALL**  
 The Record Spinner  
 Presented by  
 Bismag,  
 Braydon Road, N.16

**5.15 p.m.**  
**LIGHT SONGS**  
 When a Lady Meets a Gentleman  
 Down South ... *Oppenheim*  
 Swing is the Thing ... *Mercer*  
 One Rainy Afternoon ... *Stern*  
 The Yodelling Toreador ... *Van Dusen*

**5.30 p.m.**  
**PLEASURE CRUISE**  
 With Esther Coleman and Gordon Little  
 Jungle Drums ... *Lecuona*  
 I Feel Like a Feather in a Breeze *Gordon*  
 Airman's Song ... *Grey*  
 Under Heaven's Blue ... *Payan*  
 Presented by  
 Milk of Magnesia,  
 179 Acton Vale, W.3

**5.45 p.m.**  
**MASTER O.K. SELECTS THE STARS**  
 Mexican Serenade ... *Teresa*  
 Ain't Misbehavin' ... *Rasaf*  
 Silver Hair and Heart of Gold ... *Maurice*  
 Ain't She Sweet? ... *Ager*  
 Presented by  
 O.K. Sauce,  
 Chelsea Works, London, S.W.18

**6.0 p.m.**  
**POPULAR CONCERT**  
 Lilac Domino and Chocolate  
 Soldier—Waltz Medley ... *Cuvillier, Strauss*  
 The Song is You ... *Kern*  
 When It's Springtime in the Rockies *Sauer*  
 Les Sylphides ... *Cussans*  
 Presented by *Macleans, Ltd., makers of*  
 "Mac" Brand Antiseptic Throat Sweets,  
 Great West-Road, Brentford

### EVENING PROGRAMME

**6.15 p.m.**  
**NURSE JOHNSON OFF DUTY**  
 Holiday Express ... *Maccaffer*  
 Fishermen of England ... *Philips*  
 Carnival Overture ... *Dvorak*  
 Presented by  
 California Syrup of Figs,  
 179 Acton Vale, W.3

**6.30 p.m.**  
**RINSO MUSIC HALL**  
**MARIO DE PIETRO**  
**BENNETT AND McNAUGHTON**  
**THE THREE CANADIAN BACHELORS**  
**WILKIE BARD**  
**NAT AYER**  
 and  
**BILLY BENNETT**  
**All-Star Variety**  
 Presented to listeners by the makers of  
 Rinso,  
 Unilever House, Blackfriars, E.C.4

**7.0 p.m.**  
**BLACK MAGIC**  
 S'Wonderful ... *Berlin*  
 Stars in My Eyes ... *Kreisler*  
 My First Love Song ... *Parr-Davies*  
 It's Great to Be in Love.  
 Presented by  
 Black Magic Chocolates

**7.15 p.m.**  
**"VOICES OF THE STARS"**  
 present  
**ARTHUR TRACEY**  
**"The Street Singer"**  
 Sponsored by  
 Rowntrees,  
 The makers of Chocolate Crisp

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

**10.0 p.m.**  
**LET'S GO ROUND TO**  
**NORMAN LONG'S**  
 featuring  
**NORMAN LONG**  
**THE THREE CANADIAN BACHELORS**  
 and  
**SYDNEY JEROME AND HIS ORCHESTRA**  
 Presented by  
 Kruschen Salts,  
 Adelphi, Salford

**10.15 p.m.**  
**ACCORDIANA**  
 Cheerio.  
 The Happy Whistler ... *Baptiste*  
 Whistle Your Worries Away ... *Jones*  
 Don't Save Your Smiles ... *Fio Rito*

**10.30 p.m.**  
**VARIETY**  
 Nun Yuff and Sun Yuff ... *Nesbitt*  
 La Vivandière ... *Kerby*  
 A Fine Romance ... *Kern*  
 Impressions by Freddy Dosh.  
 Never Gonna Dance ... *Kern*  
 Nervous ... *Picon*  
 Serenade (Les Millions d'Arlequin) *Drigo*  
 Organ Grinder's Swing ... *Hudson*

**11.0 p.m.**  
**ADVANCE FILM NEWS**  
 Learn How to Lose ... *Kreisler*  
 The End Begins ... *Kreisler*  
 What Shall Remain? ... *Kreisler*  
 Stars in My Eyes ... *Kreisler*  
 Presented by  
 Associated British Cinemas,  
 30 Golden Square, W.1

**11.15 p.m.**  
**CONCERT OF BELTONA RECORDS**  
 Mrs. Clemy Stewart's Reel.  
 Erin-go-Bragh.  
 Lassie wi' the Yalla Coatie.  
 Johnnie Cope.

**11.30 p.m.**  
**SWEET MUSIC**  
 The Voice of the Bells ... *Luigini*  
 Danube Legends ... *Fusch*  
 I'm Falling in Love with Someone *Herbert*  
 Always ... *Berlin*  
 Slipping Through My Fingers ... *Woods*  
 Under the Poplars in Badascony ... *Lajos*  
 When Evening Comes ... *Stanton*  
 Close Your Eyes ... *Pekere*

**12 (midnight)**  
**AN HOUR OF DANCE MUSIC**  
 It's a Sin to Tell a Lie—Fox trot ... *Mayhew*  
 The Scene Changes—Fox trot ... *Hill*  
 Until To-morrow—Fox trot ... *Hoffer*  
 Supposin'—Quick step ... *Evans*  
 You've Gotta Eat Your Spinach,  
 Baby ... *Gordon*  
 Your Heart and Mine—Fox trot ... *Bloom*  
 Bird Songs at Eventide—Waltz ... *Coates*  
 Everybody Dance—Fox trot ... *Gordon*

**12.30 a.m.**  
**I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL.**  
 Hawaiian Paradise—Slow Fox trot *Owens*  
 This'll Make You Whistle ... *Sigler*  
 Did I Remember?—Fox trot ... *Adamson*  
 Creole Lady—Rumba ... *Marsedo*  
 A Rendezvous with a Dream ... *Robin*  
 Got to Dance My Way to Heaven *Coslow*  
 Free—Fox trot ... *Kennedy*  
 Music in May—Waltz ... *Novello*

**I.B.C. SHORT WAVE**  
**EMPIRE TRANSMISSIONS**  
**E.A.Q. (Madrid)**  
**30 m., 10,000 Kc/s.**

Time of Transmission.  
 Sunday : 12 (midnight)—12.30 a.m.  
 Announcer : E. E. Allen.  
**12 (midnight)**  
**WALTZES OLD AND NEW**  
 Danube Waves ... *Ivanovici*  
 La Poupée Valsante ... *Poldini*  
 Katja the Dancer ... *Gilbert*  
 Greetings to Vienna ... *Siede*  
**12.15 a.m.**  
**I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**  
 The Winter Waltz ... *Allman*  
 Reflections in the Water ... *Webster*  
 My Wishing Song ... *Kahal*  
 Waltzing in a Dream ... *Grosby*  
**12.30 a.m.**  
**I.B.C. Goodnight Melody.**

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

Time of Transmission :  
 Sunday : 10.30 p.m.—1.0 a.m.  
**10.30 p.m.**  
**ORCHESTRAL MUSIC**  
 Tales from the Vienna Woods ... *Strauss*  
 After the Ball ... *Harris*  
 Allah's Holiday ... *Friml*  
 Selection—The White Horse Inn ... *Benatsky*  
 Czardas ... *Monti*  
 Romance in E Flat Op. 44 ... *Rubinstein*  
 Selection—Maid of the Mountains  
 Voices of Spring ... *Fraser Simson*  
**11.0 p.m.**  
**VAUDEVILLE**  
 I Can Wiggle My Bars ... *Sigler*  
 King's Navee ... *Leslie*  
 Whistling Waltz ... *Woods*  
 I'm the Last of the Texas Rangers *Carr*  
 Sarawaki ... *Gordon*  
 Fiddler Joe ... *London*  
 Estudantiana Waltz ... *Waldteufel*  
 Ain't Misbehavin' ... *Rasaf*  
**11.30 p.m.**  
**BAND OF H.M. COLDSTREAM GUARDS**  
 (Electrical Recordings)  
 Parade of the Tin Soldiers ... *Jessel*  
 Teddy Bears' Picnic ... *Bratton*  
 Wood Nymphs ... *Coates*  
 Down South ... *Myddleton*  
**11.45 p.m.**  
**REQUEST PROGRAMME**  
 Where There's You There's Me ... *Sigler*  
 Waltz Song Beauty (The Dubarry) *Millocker*  
 Laughing at the Rain ... *Gay*  
 Just by Your Example ... *Woods*  
**12 (midnight)**  
**DANCE MUSIC**  
 My First Thrill—Fox trot ... *Sigler*  
 Sympathy—Waltz ... *Evans*  
 Vienna in Springtime—Waltz ... *Leon*  
 Hands Across the Table—Fox trot *Parish*  
**12 (midnight)—Dance Music—continued**  
 She Fell for a Fella from Oopsala ... *Butler*  
 May All Your Troubles be Little  
 Ones—Fox trot ... *Sigler*  
 Log Cabin Lullaby—Fox trot ... *Schuster*  
 Say the Word and I'm Yours ... *Sigler*  
 I'm Humming, I'm Whistling,  
 I'm Singing—Fox trot ... *Gordon*  
 Miss Otis Regrets—Fox trot ... *Porter*  
 Mammy Bong—Rumba ... *Norman*  
 In Town To-night—Fox trot ... *Coates*  
 May I?—Fox trot ... *Gordon*  
 Lullaby in Blue—Fox trot *Magidson*  
 Hypnotised—Fox trot ... *Silver*  
 Sleepy Head—Fox trot ... *Kahn*  
**1.0 a.m.**  
**I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and**  
**Close Down.**

# Monday, Nov. 23rd

# Tuesday, Nov. 24th

## RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

### MORNING PROGRAMME

**8.0 a.m. NORMANDY CALLING!**  
The Organ Grinder's Swing ... *Hudson*  
A Little Robin Told Me So ... *Davis*  
Peter's Pop Keeps a Lollipop Shop ... *Long*  
Selection—Over She Goes ... *Mayerl*

**8.15 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**  
**THE THREE MINCEMEATERS**  
She Came Rolling Down the Mountain  
When the Bloom is on the Sage.  
Fords Schottisch. Drinking Medley.  
Will You Marry Me?  
That Silver Haired Daddy of Mine.  
Blue Ridge Mountain Blues.  
Presented by the makers of  
Robertson's Mince-meat,  
Catford, London, S.E.6

**8.30 a.m. HAPPY DAYS**  
Smile, Darn Ya, Smile ... *O'Flynn*  
Musical Comedy Requests.  
Musette ... *Peter*  
Creole Lady ... *Marzdo*  
Presented by  
Odol,  
Odol Works, Norwich

**8.45 a.m. SUNNY JIM'S PROGRAMME OF "FORCE" AND MELODY**  
St. Patrick's Day ... *Brase*  
Hoein' ... *Lockton*  
The Clatter of the Clogs ... *Flynn*  
Golden Rain ... *Waldeufel*  
Presented by  
A. C. Fincken & Co.,  
195 Great Portland Street, W.1

**9.0 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**  
**THE OPEN ROAD**  
It's a Parade ... *Vienna*  
Stars and Stripes ... *Sousa*  
Hand in Hand ... *Kern*  
Love, Life and Laughter ... *Haines*  
Stein Song ... *Fenstead*  
Presented by  
Carter's Little Liver Pills,  
64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1

**9.15 a.m. LISTEN TO VITBE**  
Alexander's Ragtime Band ... *Berlin*  
Serenade in the Night ... *Bixio*  
Charlie Kunz Piano Medley.  
You've Got Dust on Your Coat ... *Bell*  
Presented by  
Vitbe Brown Bread,  
Crayford, Kent

**9.30 a.m. RADIO FAVOURITES**  
Memories of the Ball.  
I Don't Want to Make History ... *Robin*  
Piano Pastimes ... *Dencke*  
The Sergeant-Major's Daughter ... *Kennedy*  
Presented by  
Brooke Bond & Co., Ltd.,  
London, E.1

**9.45 a.m. MELODIANA**  
South American Joe ... *Friend*  
When Lights Are Low ... *Slept*  
Gershwin Fox trot Medley ... *Gershwin*  
A Waltz was Born in Vienna ... *Loewe*  
Presented by  
Milk of Magnesia,  
179 Acton Vale, W.3

**10.0 a.m. SOME POPULAR RECORDS**  
At the Café Continental ... *Kennedy*  
Selection—The Great Ziegfeld ... *Adamson*  
Wanting You ... *Romberg*  
The Parade of the Puppets ... *Kuhn*  
Presented by  
Bile Beans,  
C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds

**10.15 a.m. MORTON DOWNEY**  
**The Golden Voice of Radio**  
Sweet Misery of Love ... *Hall*  
Dinah ... *Lewis*  
I'll Always be in Love with You.  
Snow Flakes ... *Rawicz*  
Mother Machree ... *Ball*  
Presented by  
Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd.,  
Makers of  
Drene Shampoo

**10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT**  
My Sweetie Went Away ... *Turk*  
Charlie Kunz Piano Medley.  
Rendezvous ... *Alder*  
The Waltzing Doll ... *Poldini*  
Presented by  
Macleans, Ltd.,  
Great West Road, Brentford

**10.45 a.m. TEN FORTY-FIVE AND ALL THAT**  
The Way You Look To-night ... *Kern*  
When the Poppies Bloom Again ... *Towers*  
Empty Saddles ... *Hill*  
I'm in a Dancing Mood ... *Sigler*  
**11.0 a.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH**  
Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

### AFTERNOON PROGRAMME

**2.0 p.m. NEWS PARADE**  
L'Entente Cordiale March ... *Allier*  
Jubilee March.  
Marcheta ... *Schertzing*  
Humoresque ... *Tchakowsky*  
Presented by  
The Editors of "News Review"

**2.15 p.m. RAINBOW RHYTHM**  
Sweetheart Czardas ... *Marie*  
Saxophon ... *Wiedoft*  
Suzannah ... *Akst*  
On a Coconut Island ... *Anderson*

**2.30 p.m. PIANO INTERLUDE**  
That Futuristic Rag ... *Bloom*  
Modern Melodies.  
Shadowplay ... *Kuster*  
Shim Sham Drag ... *Wilson*  
Yancy Special ... *Lewis*

**2.45 p.m. FOUR VOICES**  
A Star Fell Out of Heaven ... *Gordon*  
The Hills of Donegal ... *Sanderson*  
All My Life ... *Slept*  
My Love and I ... *Korngold*

**3.0 p.m. LIGHT ORCHESTRAL CONCERT**  
**3.30 p.m. INSTRUMENTALISMS**  
Picking the Guitar ... *Lucas*  
Will o' the Wisp ... *Kuster*  
Monkey Tricks ... *Grottsch*  
Rio de Janeiro ... *de Gredos*  
A Banjo Oddity ... *Morley*

**3.45 p.m. VIROL VARIETY**  
Selection—The Great Ziegfeld ... *Adamson*  
I Heard a Song in a Taxi ... *Henderson*  
I Don't Want to Make History ... *Robin*  
The Fleet's in Port Again ... *Gay*  
Presented by  
Virol, Ltd.,  
Hanger Lane, Ealing, W.5

**4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR**  
**With Debroy Somers and Other Artists**  
Don't Save Your Smiles ... *Davis*  
Harry Lauder's Songs ... *Lauder*  
Showboat Shuffle ... *Ellington*  
A Little Bit of Heaven ... *Ball*  
Rhapsodie Russe ... *Delibes arr. Nussbaum*  
You're Toots to Me ... *Krakauer*  
Carrascosa ... *Texidor, arr. Winter*  
I'm Nuts About Screw Music ... *Lunceford*  
Yankee Grit ... *Holzman*  
Disobedience ... *Fraser Simson*  
Sunny ... *Kern*  
Followed at 4.45 p.m. by  
**THE SPECIAL CHILDREN'S CORNER**

Presented by  
Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

**5.0 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**  
**THE I.B.C. NURSERY CORNER**  
WITH THE UNCLÉS  
Birthday Greetings

**5.15 p.m. ADVANCE FILM NEWS**  
Learn How to Lose ... *Kreisler*  
The End Begins ... *Kreisler*  
What Shall Remain? ... *Kreisler*  
Stars in My Eyes ... *Kreisler*  
Presented by  
Associated British Cinemas,  
30 Golden Square, W.1

**5.30 p.m. THE SENIOR SERVICE**  
Our Marines ... *Thiele*  
The Saucy Arethusia ... *Trad.*  
Sailor Beware ... *Robin*  
Shenandoah ... *Trad.*

**5.45 p.m. WHAT'S ON IN LONDON**  
News of the Latest Films, Shows and  
Other Attractions

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

### EVENING PROGRAMME

**12 (midnight) AN HOUR OF DANCE MUSIC**  
Welcome Stranger—Fox trot ... *Mercer*  
You Gotta Know How to Dance ... *Dubin*  
I'll Stand By—Quickstep ... *Davis*  
I'm Pixilated Over You ... *Spina*  
Supposin'—Fox trot ... *Evans*  
Little Grey Home in the West ... *Lohr*  
I Wanna Woo—Fox trot ... *Wayne*  
We'll Rest at the End of the Trail ... *Rose*

**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. NORMANDY CALLING!**  
Pick Yourself Up ... *Kern*  
The Cuban Cabby ... *Cavanaugh*  
Melodies of the Month.  
Grinzing ... *Benatsky*

**8.15 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**  
**GOLDEN HARMONY**  
Sousa Marches Medley ... *Sousa, arr. Williams*  
You Can't Pull the Wool Over My  
Eyes ... *Ager*  
My Heart Stood Still ... *Rodgers*  
The Doll Dance ... *Brown*  
Presented by  
Spink & Co., Ltd.,  
5, 6 & 7 King Street, St. James's, S.W.1

**8.30 a.m. RECORDS BY THE LONDON PALLADIUM ORCHESTRA**  
Oxford Street (London Again Suite) ... *Coates*  
Live, Love and Laugh ... *Heymann*  
Choristers' Waltz ... *Phelps*  
Amlna ... *Lincke*  
Presented by  
Vitacup,  
Wincarnis Works, Norwich

**8.45 a.m. POPULAR MUSIC**  
Selection—The Gondoliers ... *Sullivan*  
Vilia ... *Lehar*  
Masquerade ... *Loeb*  
Waltzing Doll ... *Poldini*  
Presented by  
Fels Naptha Soap,  
195 Great Portland Street, W.1

**9.0 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**  
**HEALTH MAGIC**  
Serenade ... *Toselli*  
Meadow to Mayfair ... *Coates*  
By the Blue Hawaiian Waters ... *Kelcey*  
Garden to Sleep ... *de Lasa*  
Presented by  
The Society of Herbalists,  
Culpeper House, 21 Bruton Street, W.1

**9.15 a.m. LISTEN TO VITBE**  
I'm One Step Ahead of My Shadow ... *Chaplin*  
When Did You Leave Heaven? ... *Bullock*  
Never Gonna Dance ... *Kern*  
I'm in a Dancing Mood ... *Sigler*  
Presented by  
Vitbe Brown Bread,  
Crayford, Kent

### AFTERNOON PROGRAMME

**2.0 p.m. RAINBOW RHYTHM**  
The One Rose ... *Lyon*  
Sarah, the Sergeant Major's  
Daughter ... *Kennedy*  
There's Always a Happy Ending ... *Sigler*  
It's Love ... *Picon*

**2.15 p.m. ADVANCE FILM NEWS**  
Learn How to Lose ... *Kreisler*  
The End Begins ... *Kreisler*  
What Shall Remain? ... *Kreisler*  
Stars in My Eyes ... *Kreisler*  
Presented by  
Associated British Cinemas,  
30 Golden Square, W.1

**2.30 p.m. DO YOU KNOW?**  
What's the Name of that Song? ... *Seymour*  
Would You? ... *Brown*  
Is it True What They Say About  
Dixie? ... *Caesar*  
Did I Remember? ... *Adamson*  
How Many Times? ... *Berlin*  
Will I Ever Know? ... *Gordon*  
Where am I? ... *Dubin*  
But Where are You? ... *Berlin*  
Did You Ever Have a Feeling  
You're Flying? ... *Sigler*

**3.0 p.m. VARIETY**

**3.30 p.m. LIGHT MUSIC**  
Valse Gracieuse ... *Jongen*  
Serenade ... *Moskowski*  
La Paloma ... *Yradier*  
De Kascep ... *de Groot*  
Under the Poplars in Badacsony ... *Lajos*  
Zip Zip ... *Brooke*  
Gold and Silver ... *Lehar*  
Amlna ... *Lincke*  
Czardas ... *Delibes*

**4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR**  
With Debroy Somers and Other Artists  
Bond of Friendship March ... *Texidor*  
Oh Maiden, My Maiden ... *Lehar*  
What's Next? ... *arr. Finck*  
Pagan Love Song ... *Brown*

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

### EVENING PROGRAMME

**12 (midnight) AN HOUR OF DANCE MUSIC**  
Spanish Jake—Fox trot ... *Henderson*  
Laughing Irish Eyes—Fox trot ... *Slept*  
The Japanese Sandman ... *Whiting*  
No Regrets—Fox trot ... *Ingraham*  
I Can't Escape from You ... *Robin*  
La Chaparrita—Rumba ... *Tata*  
Me and the Moon—Fox trot ... *Hirsch*  
You—Fox trot ... *Adamson*

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

# Wednesday, Nov. 25th

## RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

### MORNING PROGRAMME

- 8.0 a.m. NORMANDY CALLING!**  
 Little Girl ... Ryde  
 The Yodelling Toreador ... Van Dusen  
 Merry Vienna ... Meisel  
 Military Man ... Gordon
- 8.15 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**  
**HAPPY DAYS**  
 Twist and Twirl ... Kottaun  
 Happy Swiss Memories ... arr. Bdz  
 Let Yourself Go ... Berlin  
 Dandelion, Daisy and Daffodil ... Evans  
*Presented by the manufacturers of Wincarnis and Wincarnis Jelly, Wincarnis Works, Norwich*
- 8.30 a.m. LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC**  
 Siziiletta ... Von Blon  
 What's Yours? ... arr. Somers  
 The Picaninnies' Picnic ... Squire  
 Katja the Dancer—Waltz ... Gilbert  
*Presented by Juvigold, 21 Farringdon Avenue, E.C.4*
- 8.45 a.m. SUNNY JIM'S PROGRAMME OF "FORCE" AND MELODY**  
 Selection—The Geisha ... Jones  
 Selection—The Arcadians ... Monckton  
 Selection—No, No, Nanette ... Youmans  
 Selection—This'll Make You Whistle ... Sigler  
*Presented by A. C. Fincken & Co., 195 Great Portland Street, W.1*
- 9.0 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**  
**DANCE MUSIC**  
 The Fleet's in Port Again ... Gay  
 Keep a Twinkle in Your Eye ... Mercer  
 Spanish Jake—Fox trot ... Henderson  
 I Heard a Song in a Taxi ... Henderson  
*Presented by Sanitas, 51 Clapham Road, S.W.9*
- 9.15 a.m. LIGHT MUSIC**  
 Selection—Careless Rapture ... Novello  
 Hungarian Czardas Dance.  
 Chopsticks ... Mayerl  
 When Grandmama Was Twenty ... Zeller
- 9.30 a.m. POPULAR TUNES**  
 The Golden Musical Box ... Krome  
 Marching Along (Four Cavalier Tunes) ... Harrison  
 Roses of Picardy ... Haydn Wood  
 Eva Waltzes ... Lehar, arr. Schott  
*Presented by Fynnon Limited*
- 9.45 a.m. MUSICAL REVERIES**  
 Awake in a Dream ... Robin  
 Rhapsody in Blue ... Gershwin  
 Indian Love Call ... Friml  
 Bu. Where Are You? ... Berlin  
*Presented by California Syrup of Figs, 179 Acton Vale, W.3*
- 10.0 a.m. LISTEN TO VITBE**  
 Three Little Words ... Ruby  
 The State of My Heart ... Heymann  
 You've Been Taking Lessons in Love ... Tharp  
 Two Hearts in Cuba—Rumba ... Marzedo  
*Presented by Vitbe Brown Bread, Crayford, Kent*
- 10.15 a.m. MILITARY BAND MUSIC**  
 Sing as We Go ... Parr-Davies  
 Nails Intermezzo ... Delibes  
 Selection—A Waltz Dream ... Straus  
 Tarantelle de Concert ... Greenwood, arr. Godfrey
- 10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT**  
 The Gay Nineties Waltz Medley.  
 Under the Linden Tree ... Felix  
 Humoresque ... Tchaikowsky  
 Light of Foot March ... Lalann  
*Presented by Macleans, Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford*
- 10.45 a.m. TEN FORTY-FIVE AND ALL THAT**  
 Old Sailor ... Kennedy  
 The Waltz in Swing Time ... Kern  
 Swing Is the Thing ... Mercer  
 Bojangles of Harlem ... Kern
- 11.0 a.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH**  
*Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie*

### AFTERNOON PROGRAMME

- 2.0 p.m. RAINBOW RHYTHM**  
 Yankee Doodle Never Went to Town ... Hanighen  
 Don't Save Your Smiles ... Fio Rito  
 Nobody's Sweetheart ... Schoebel  
 'Tain't No Use ... Magidson
- 2.15 p.m. HAWAIIAN PROGRAMME**  
 The Dance of the Octopus ... Norvo  
 Hawaiian Paradise ... Owens  
 By a Sleepy Lagoon ... Coates  
 On a Coconut Island ... Anderson
- 2.30 p.m. INVITATIONS**  
 A Little Rendezvous in Honolulu ... Burke  
 In the Gloaming ... Harrison  
 I'm All Alone ... May  
 By the Waters of Minnetonka ... Licurance  
 Meet Me by the Ice-house, Lizzie.  
 In My Leafy Bower—Tango ... Rust  
 Oh Fred! ... Meen  
 Try a Little Tenderness ... Woods  
 Now's the Time to Fall in Love ... Sherman
- 3.0 p.m. SMOKE RINGS**  
*A Special Programme for Smokers*  
 Irish Jigs and Reels ... Trad.  
 Irish Love Song ... Squire  
 Killarney ... Balfe  
 The Dear Little Shamrock ... Cherry  
*Presented by A. Lewis & Co. (Westminster), Ltd., Tobacconists*
- 3.15 p.m. YOUR REQUESTS**  
 I Ain't Lazy, I'm Just Dreaming ... Franklin  
 Sentimental Gentleman from Georgia ... Parish  
 Heads or Tails ... Ilda  
 The King of Zulu ... Brown  
 Mexicali Rose ... Stone
- 3.30 p.m. THE JOY OF LIFE**  
 Freut Euch des Lebens—Waltz ... Strauss  
 In Merry Mood ... Hardinger  
 Spring Song ... Mendelssohn  
 Whistling Rufus ... Mills  
 Im Galop ... Strauss  
 Live, Love and Laugh ... Heymann  
 Ye Merry Blacksmiths ... Belton  
 Dicky Bird Hop ... Gourley  
 Concert Waltz—Joyousness ... Wood
- 4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR**  
*With Debroy Somers and Other Artists*  
 Amparita Roca ... Texidor, arr. Winter  
 One Night of Love ... Schertzsinger  
 Erinalia ... arr. Somers  
 The Weeping Withered Willow ... Sanders  
 Dancing on the Green ... Fletcher  
 Vienna, City of My Dreams ... Siczynsky  
 Rigoletto ... Verdi, arr. Somers  
 Tunelandia ... Lodge  
 The Emperor's Rhyme ... Fraser Simson  
 La Poupée ... Audran  
*Followed at 4.45 p.m. by THE SPECIAL CHILDREN'S CORNER*  
*Presented by Horlick's, Slough, Bucks*
- 5.0 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**  
**HEALTH AND HAPPINESS**  
 King Cotton ... Sousa  
 Old Father Thames ... Wallace  
 Everything's in Rhythm with My Heart ... Sigler  
 Good Green Acres of Home ... Kahal  
 I'll Take the South ... Palmer  
*Presented by Carter's Little Liver Pills, 64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1*
- 5.15 p.m. REQUEST PROGRAMME**  
 On Treasure Island ... Leskie  
 Misty Islands of the Highlands ... Kennedy  
 My Isle on Hilo Bay ... King  
 South Sea Island Magic ... Tomerlin
- 5.30 p.m. SINGING JOE**  
**THE SANPIC MAN**  
 Old Stay at Home ... Flotsam and Jetsam  
 It's My Mother's Birthday To-day ... Lisbona  
 Alone ... Brown  
 I Love You Truly ... Bond  
 Sea Fever ... Ireland  
*Presented by Reckitts & Sons, Ltd., Hull*
- 5.45 p.m. WHAT'S ON IN LONDON**  
 News of the Latest Films, Shows and Other Attractions
- 6.0 p.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH**  
*Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie*

### EVENING PROGRAMME

- 12 (midnight) AN HOUR OF DANCE MUSIC**  
 There's a New World—Fox trot ... Kennedy  
 I'm an Old Cowhand—Fox trot ... Mercer  
 Peter's Pop Keeps a Lollipop Shop ... Long  
 Take My Heart—Fox trot ... Young  
 South American Joe—Rumba ... Caesar  
 I Have Lost My Heart in Budapest ... Mihaly  
 I'm One Step Ahead of My Shadow ... Cahn  
 You've Got Dust on Your Coat ... Bell
- 12.30 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**  
 Pick Yourself Up—Fox trot ... Kern  
 Dear Love, My Love—Waltz ... Friml  
 A Little Robin Told Me So ... Davis  
 A Fine Romance—Fox trot ... Kern  
 It's a Sin to Tell a Lie ... Mayhew  
 Che Papusa Oil—Tango ... Matos  
 Unbelievable—Fox trot ... Broones  
 South Sea Island Magic ... Tomerlin  
**1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.**

For PARIS (Poste Parisien) and RADIO

IN THE RINSO MUSIC HALL

THIS SUNDAY AT 6.30

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



# BILLY BENNETT

BENNETT & McNAUGHTON

WILKIE BARD

Mario de Pietro

THE CANADIAN BACHELORS

NAT. D AYER

SUNDAY, NOV. 29<sup>TH</sup> AT 6-30

# NELLIE WALLACE



NELSON KEYS THE Carlyle Cousins

# HARRIS & HOWELL

Tom Leamore

MAUDIE EDWARDS

RINSO MUSIC HALL

# Thursday, Nov. 26th

## RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

### MORNING PROGRAMME

- 8.0 a.m. WINTER SPORTS**  
I'm Not Worrying About Anything *John*  
You Are My Heart's Delight (Land of Smiles) ... *Lehar*  
Jollification ... *Novello*  
Glamorous Night ... *Novello*  
*Presented by*  
Swiss Hotel Plan, Ltd.,  
6 Lower Regent Street, S.W.1.
- 8.15 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL.**  
**RAMON**  
The Romantic Singer of the Air and His Accordion  
*Presented by*  
Sta-Blond Shampoo, 10 Henrietta Street, W.1
- 8.30 a.m. THE COLGATE REVELLERS**  
Dancing Feet.  
It's Been So Long ... *Adamson*  
All My Life ... *Mitchell*  
Underneath the Western Sky. ... *Kennedy*  
Café Continental ... *Kennedy*  
*Presented by*  
Colgates Ribbon Dental Cream,  
Colgate, Ltd., S.W.1
- 8.45 a.m. THE DROMEDARY DATES PROGRAMME**  
of Sunshine and Music  
Suite Orientale ... *Popy*  
(a) Les Alméés. (b) Patrouille.  
A Lover in Damascus. *Woodforde Finden*  
(a) Far Across the Desert Sands.  
(b) Beloved in Your Absence.  
Ballet Egyptien ... *Luigini*  
*Presented by*  
A. C. Ficken & Co.,  
195 Great Portland Street, W.1
- 9.0 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL.**  
**DANCE MUSIC**  
Everybody Dance ... *Gordon*  
You've Got Dust on Your Coat ... *Bill*  
Okay for Sound—Fox trot ... *Kennedy*  
Sarah, The Sergeant Major's Daughter ... *Kennedy*  
*Presented by*  
Roboleine, 51 Clapham Road, S.W.9
- 9.15 a.m. THE MELODY LINGERS ON**  
Musical Hits of Yesteryear  
Composed by *Martin Henry*  
And presented by  
Vikelp Brand Health and Body-building Tablets, 10 Henrietta Street, W.1

- 9.30 a.m. WINTER WISDOM**  
Medley of Marches.  
He's Dead but He Won't Lie Down *Haines*  
Bitter Sweet Waltz ... *Coward*  
Medley of Leslie Stuart's Songs ... *Stuart*  
*Presented by*  
Pineate Honey Cough Syrup,  
Braydon Road, N.16
- 9.45 a.m. TUNEFULLY YOURS**  
There Isn't Any Limit to My Love *Sigler*  
Bats in the Belfry ... *Mayerl*  
My Blue Heaven ... *Whiting*  
No Regrets ... *Tobias*  
*Presented by*  
Milk of Magnesia,  
179 Acton Vale, W.3
- 10.0 a.m. RADIO FAVOURITES**  
Did I Remember? ... *Adamson*  
Selection—Everything is Rhythm.  
The Ace of Spades ... *arr. Mayerl*  
Tales from the Vienna Woods  
*Strauss, arr. Winter*  
*Presented by*  
Brooke Bond & Co., Ltd., London, E.1
- 10.15 a.m. THE OPEN ROAD**  
Through Night to Light ... *Laukien*  
Darling of the Guards ... *Meskill*  
Anchors Aweigh ... *Zimmerman*  
The Good Green Acres of Home ... *Kahal*  
Dusty Shoes ... *Harburgh*  
*Presented by*  
Carter's Little Liver Pills,  
64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1
- 10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT**  
Dixon Request Medley.  
The Eton Boating Song ... *Johnson*  
On the Beach at Bali Bali ... *Sherman*  
Selection—The Maid of the Mountains ... *Fraser Simson*  
*Presented by*  
Macleans, Ltd.,  
Great West Road, Brentford
- 10.45 a.m. TEN FORTY-FIVE AND ALL THAT**  
Bye, Bye, Baby—Fox trot ... *Hirsch*  
Selection—The King Steps Out ... *Kresler*  
The Yodelling Toreador ... *Van Dusen*  
Serenade in the Night ... *Bizio*
- 11.0 a.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH**  
*Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie*

### AFTERNOON PROGRAMME

- 2.30 p.m. THE MAGIC CARPET**  
There's No Green Grass Round the Old North Pole ... *Lorraine*  
Twenty-four Hours in Georgia ... *Neiburg*  
In the Valley of Yesterday ... *Gifford*  
On Ilkla Moor—Quick step *arr. Jackson*  
The Pied Piper of Hamelin ... *Gay*  
Blue Sky Avenue ... *Magidson*  
Old Missouri Moon—Waltz ... *Leon*  
Winter Wonderland ... *Bernard*  
Argentina—Paso doble ... *Damerell*
- 3.0 p.m. SQUIRE CELESTE OCTET**  
Valse Bluette. Air de Ballet ... *Drigo*  
Moment Musical ... *Schubert*  
Collette—Valse ... *Fraser-Simson*  
Humoreske ... *Dvorak*  
The Piccaninies' Picnic ... *Squire*
- 3.15 p.m. POPULAR SELECTIONS**  
Entry of the Gladiators ... *Fucik*  
This'll Make You Whistle ... *Sigler*  
Merry Widow Waltz ... *Lehar*  
A Rendezvous with a Dream ... *Robin*  
*Presented by*  
D.D.D.,  
Feet Lane, E.C.4
- 3.30 p.m. MANNEQUIN PARADE**  
The Little Silk Worm ... *Sigler*  
Velvet and Silk ... *Ziehrer*  
The Click of Her Heels ... *Bonavena*  
She Wore a Little Jacket of Blue... *Bryan*  
A Sunbonnet Blue, and a Yellow Straw Hat ... *Kahal*  
Sophisticated Lady ... *Ellington*  
Blonde Women ... *Hollander*  
Mannequins' Parade ... *Derveaux*  
You Look So Sweet, Madame *Wimperis*
- 4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR**  
With Debroy Somers and Other Artists  
Glory of Labour March *Texidor, arr. Winter*  
Rudolf Friml Memories *Friml, arr. Grofe*  
Take My Heart ... *Ahertl*  
The Fountain ... *Delibes*  
Jazz in G ... *Mooney*  
Welcome Stranger ... *Mercer*  
Dardanella ... *arr. Dale*  
Oh, You Sweet Thing ... *Waller*  
Daffy Down Dilly ... *Fraser Simson*  
Sand Between the Toes ... *Fraser Simson*  
Student Days.  
*Followed at 4.45 p.m. by*  
**THE SPECIAL CHILDREN'S CORNER**  
*Presented by*  
Horlick's, Slough, Bucks
- 5.0 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL.**  
**THE I.B.C. NURSERY CORNER**  
WITH THE UNCLÉS  
Birthday Greetings
- 5.15 p.m. PIANO PARADE**  
Selection—Follow the Sun ... *Schwartz*  
Under My Umbrella ... *O'Flynn*  
Dinah ... *Akst*  
Charlie Kunz Piano Medley.  
Rosetta ... *Hines*
- 5.30 p.m. REQUEST PROGRAMME**  
Blue Tune ... *Ellington*  
My S.O.S. for You ... *Rogers*  
Your Heart and Mine ... *Mercer*  
No Regrets ... *Tobias*
- 5.45 p.m. WHAT'S ON IN LONDON**  
News of the Latest Films, Shows and Other Attractions
- 6.0 p.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH**  
*Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie*

### EVENING PROGRAMME

- 12 (midnight) WINTER SPORTS**  
Freeze an' Melt ... *McHugh*  
Jollity on the Mountains ... *Fetras*  
Feelin' Gay ... *Broone's*  
Unbelievable ... *Broone's*  
*Presented by*  
Swiss Hotel Plan, Ltd.,  
6 Lower Regent Street, S.W.1.
- DANCE MUSIC**  
The Fleet's in Port Again ... *Gay*  
Did I Remember?—Fox trot ... *Adamson*  
Rendezvous with a Dream ... *Robin*
- The Cuban Cabby—Rumba *Cavanaugh*  
**12.30 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL.**  
When the Poppies Bloom Again ... *Towers*  
I Heard a Song in a Taxi ... *Henderson*  
When the Lights are Low ... *Williams*  
Music in May—Waltz ... *Novello*  
There Isn't Any Limit to My Love *Sigler*  
Sky High Honeymoon—Quick step *Meskill*  
Keep a Twinkle in Your Eye ... *Mercer*  
Okay for Sound—Fox trot ... *Kennedy*  
**1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.**



**BETTER BUY**  
**CAPSTAN**  
they're blended better



**IT MUST BE RIGHT**—this better blend. Only the right grades of Virginia leaf. Only those grades grown in the right districts. Only the right grades from the right districts, grown in the right years. Only . . . only . . . until finally we achieve—Capstan.

10 for 6d. 20 for 11d. PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED



Have you seen the new PRESENTATION TIN? 150 cigarettes. Price 7/3.

C.C.5450

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

**Friday, Nov. 27th**

**Saturday, Nov. 28th**

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

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

**MORNING PROGRAMME**

**MORNING PROGRAMME**

**8.0 a.m. WINTER SPORTS**  
Selection—White Horse Inn ... *Stolz*  
Thrills ... *Ancliffe*  
How Lovely Darling ... *Grothe*  
Imm Galopp ... *Strauss*  
Presented by  
Swiss Hotel Plan, Ltd.,  
6 Lower Regent Street, S.W.1

**8.15 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**  
**YOUR OLD FRIEND DAN**  
Hats Off to the Stoker ... *Arundel*  
Love is the Sweetest Thing ... *Noble*  
Something to Remember You By ... *Schwartz*  
Rag Doll ... *Brown*  
I'm an Old Cowhand ... *Mercer*  
Presented by  
Johnson's Wax Polish, West Drayton, Middx.

**8.30 a.m. GEMS OF MELODY**  
R.A.F. Grand March ... *Bowen*  
Nora—Tango ... *Boulanger*  
Selection—Wild Violets ... *Stolz*  
Thunder and Lightning Polka ... *Strauss*  
Presented by  
Phillips' Betox, 150 Regent Street, W.1

**8.45 a.m. SUNNY JIM'S PROGRAMME**  
**OF "FORCE" AND MELODY**  
General Mulcahy March ... *Brase*  
Danny Boy ... *Weatherby*  
Toyland Holiday ... *de Costa*  
From Near and Far ... *arr. Goltz Hohne*  
Presented by  
A. C. Fincken & Co., 195 Gt. Portland St., W.1

**9.0 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**  
**TUNES FROM TALKIES AND SHOWS**  
This'll Make You Whistle ... *Sigler*  
Empty Saddles ... *Hill*  
Queen of Hearts (Queen of Hearts) ... *Haines*  
Keep a Twinkle in Your Eye ... *Mercer*  
Presented by the makers of  
Chix, 8 Devonshire Grove, London, S.E.15

**9.15 a.m. SIDNEY TORCH AT THE ORGAN**  
Guest Artist—Angela Parselles  
Skaters' Waltz ... *Waldteufel*  
Ay Ay Ay ... *Freire*  
Rustle of Spring ... *Sinding*  
New Heart.  
Presented by  
Keen, Robinson & Co., Ltd.,  
Makers of Waverley Oats.

**8.0 a.m. MUSICAL CAVALCADE**  
Ship Ahoy ... *Strauss*  
Emperor Waltz ... *Moskovsky*  
Spanish Dance in G minor ... *Lortzing*  
Czar and Carpenter ... *Lortzing*  
Presented by the publishers of  
Cavalcade, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2

**8.15 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**  
**THE MELODY MAKERS**  
Introducing  
**A Scrapbook of Dance Tunes**  
Alexander's Ragtime Band ... *Berlin*  
Kiss Me Again ... *Herbert*  
Oh, You Beautiful Doll ... *Brown*  
Life is a Song ... *Young*  
Teddy Bears' Picnic ... *Bratton*  
Valencia ... *Padilla*  
Oh Lady be Good ... *Gershwin*  
Presented by  
Rowntrees Gums and Pastilles, York

**8.30 a.m. HAPPY DAYS**  
Live, Laugh and Love ... *Heymann, arr. Herbert*  
Ho! Riding Song of the Rifles ... *Romberg*  
Selection—This'll Make You Whistle ... *Sigler*  
Washington Grays March ... *Grafjulla*  
Presented by  
Odol, Odol Works, Norwich

**8.45 a.m. Sunny Jim's**  
**SPECIAL CHILDREN'S PROGRAMME**  
Of "Force" and Melody  
Canoe Song ... *Spoliansky*  
Song of the Volga Boatmen ... *arr. Chailapine*  
Fishermen of England ... *Phillips*  
Red Sails in the Sunset ... *Kennedy*  
Ol' Man River ... *Kern*  
The Merchant Ship ... *arr. Skaw*  
The Fleet's in Port Again ... *Gay*  
Presented by  
A. C. Fincken & Co., 195 Gt. Portland St., W.1

**9.0 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**  
**POPULAR RECORDS**  
Rumba Medley ... *Mercer*  
Your Heart and Mine ... *Pryor*  
The Whistler and his Dog ... *Evans*  
Supposin' ... *Evans*  
Presented by  
Bile Beans, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds

**AFTERNOON PROGRAMME**

**AFTERNOON PROGRAMME**

**2.0 p.m. RAINBOW RHYTHM**  
There Isn't Any Limit to My Love ... *Sigler*  
Mississippi Moon ... *Rodgers*  
When Evening Comes ... *Stanton*  
Oriental Shuffle ... *Reinhardt*

**2.15 p.m. SONGS OF ENGLAND**  
Handel in the Strand ... *Grainger*  
Widdicombe Fair ... *arr. Jacob*  
The Eton Boating Song ... *Johnson*  
Covent Garden (London Suite) ... *Coates*

**2.30 p.m. PERSONALITIES**  
He's a Colonel from Kentucky ... *Tobias*  
I'm Somebody's Sweetheart Now ... *Moreton*  
The Black Gipsy ... *Vacek*  
Dr. Heckle and Mr. Jibe ... *McDonough*  
Old Mammy Mine ... *Kennedy*  
Oh Fred ... *Meen*  
Don Juan—Tango ... *Ponzio*  
Olga Pulloffski the Beautiful Spy ... *Weston*  
Cuban Pete ... *Norman*

**3.0 p.m. VAUDEVILLE**

**3.30 p.m. MORTON DOWNEY**  
The Golden Voice of Radio  
The Touch of Your Lips ... *Noble*  
Slipping Through My Fingers ... *Woods*  
Lost ... *Mercer*  
The Blue Danube ... *Strauss*  
When Irish Eyes are Smiling ... *Ball*  
Presented by  
Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd.,  
Makers of  
Drene Shampoo

**3.45 p.m. ORCHESTRAL INTERLUDE**  
Idylle Passionelle ... *Razigade*  
Sorrento the Enchanted ... *Ippolito*  
Under Heaven's Blue ... *Pola*  
Raindrops ... *de la Riviere*  
Flapperette ... *Greer*

**4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR**  
With Debroy Somers and Other Artists  
Tannhauser Grand March ... *Wagner*  
Vincent Youman's Melodies ... *arr. Connolly*  
My Night, My Dawn, My Day ... *Melville*  
Moonlight and Roses ... *Moret*  
Shine on Harvest Moon ... *Bayes*  
Doll Dances ... *Fraser-Simson*  
At the Zoo ... *Fraser-Simson*  
If I Were King.  
Adelphi Theatre Medley.  
Followed at 4.45 p.m. by  
**THE SPECIAL CHILDREN'S CORNER**  
Presented by  
Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

**5.0 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**  
**THE I.B.C. NURSERY CORNER**  
WITH THE UNCLES  
Birthday Greetings

**5.15 p.m. INSTRUMENTAL INSPIRATION**  
Pep ... *De Pietro*  
Kaleidoscope ... *Harris*  
A Merry Night in Munich ... *Dersken*  
Canadian Capers ... *Chandler*

**5.30 p.m. REQUEST PROGRAMME**  
Oxford Street ... *Coates*  
Dear England Mine ... *Thayer*  
London Bridge March ... *Coates*  
O Falmouth is a Fine Town ... *Henley*

**5.45 p.m. WHAT'S ON IN LONDON**  
News of the Latest Films, Shows and  
Other Attractions

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

**2.0 p.m. WE'RE ON THE AIR**  
There's a New World—Quick step ... *Kennedy*  
Lázy Rhapsody—Fox trot ... *Ellington*  
Did I Remember? ... *Adamson*  
When I'm With You ... *Gordon*  
Presented by  
R.A.P., Ltd., Ferry Works, Thames Ditton

**2.15 p.m. MIXED BAG**  
Sunny ... *Miles*  
Dancing Butterfly ... *Young*  
Gay Gossoon ... *Ossman*  
Mood Ruby ... *Fillis*  
Charlie Kunz Medley.

**2.30 p.m. GOING PLACES**  
The Scene Changes ... *Hill*  
Chinatown, My Chinatown ... *Schwartz*  
San Francisco ... *Jurmann*  
On the Beach at Bali Bali ... *Sherman*  
Two Hearts in Cuba ... *Marzeto*  
Dixieland Shuffle ... *Haggard*  
On a Coconut Island ... *Anderson*  
At the Café Continental ... *Kennedy*  
Nagasaki ... *Dixon*

**3.0 p.m. LIGHT ORCHESTRAL CONCERT**

**3.30 p.m. RAINBOW RHYTHM**  
But Where Are You? ... *Berlin*  
Shout Sister Shout ... *Williams*  
Red Opu—Fox trot ... *Anderson*  
Raisins and Almonds ... *Goldfaden, arr. Green*  
Presented by the makers of  
Tintex, 199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

**3.45 p.m. SONG AND DANCE FROM THE FILMS**  
Pardon Madame ... *Abraham*  
Let's Face the Music and Dance ... *Berlin*  
Slipping Through My Fingers ... *Woods*  
Nobody's Using It Now ... *Schertzing*  
Tap Your Tootsies ... *Sigler*

**4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR**  
With Debroy Somers and Other Artists  
Sailing on a Carpet of Clouds ... *Sigler*  
Black Eyes ... *Ferraris*  
Darning Hubby's Socks ... *Glennville*  
Paraphrase on Tannhauser ... *Wagner*

**9.15 a.m. THE MELODY LINGERS ON**  
Compered by  
Martin Henry  
And presented by  
Vikelp Brand Health and Body-building  
Tablets, 10 Henrietta Street, W.1

**9.30 a.m. A Quarter of an Hour**  
**ENTERTAINMENT**  
FOR MOTHER AND THE CHILDREN  
Presented by  
**UNCLE COUGHDROP**  
and the  
**"PINEATE" AUNTS AND UNCLES**  
Presented by  
Pineate Honey Cough Syrup,  
Braydon Road, N.16

**9.45 a.m. LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC**  
The Knave of Diamonds ... *Steele*  
Amina ... *Linche*  
Du und Du Waltz ... *Strauss*  
Rosita ... *Berco*

**10.0 a.m. LISTEN TO VITBE**  
Cupid on the Cake ... *arr. Meyer and Reeve*  
O Balalaika—Tango ... *Ferraris*  
My Sweetie Went Away—Fox trot ... *Turk*  
San Francisco ... *Jurmann*  
Presented by  
Vitbe Brown Bread, Cayford, Kent

**10.15 a.m. GEMS FROM MUSICAL COMEDY**  
Waltz (The Student Prince) ... *Romberg*  
A Paradise for Two (The Maid of  
the Mountains) ... *Fraser Simson*  
Rose Marie (Rose Marie) ... *Friml*  
Waltz (The Merry Widow) ... *Lehar*

**10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT**  
Thousand and One Nights—Waltz ... *Strauss*  
When Irish Eyes are Smiling ... *Ball*  
Hungarian Dance No. 5 ... *Brahms*  
Finckiana ... *Finck*  
Presented by  
Macleans, Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford

**10.45 a.m. TEN FORTY-FIVE AND ALL THAT**  
Sweetheart Czardas ... *Marie*  
South Sea Island Magic—Fox trot ... *Tomerlin*  
Selection—Transatlantic Rhythm ... *Henderson*  
Street in Havana—Rumba ... *Marredo*

**11.0 a.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH**  
Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

**4.0 p.m. Tea-Time Hour—cont.**  
That Naughty Waltz ... *Levy*  
Fifty Second Street Fever ... *Murphy*  
Old Faithful March ... *Holzman*  
Sunday on the Swanee ... *Samuels*  
Twice Times ... *Fraser-Simson*  
Daly's Memories.  
Followed at 4.45 p.m. by  
**THE SPECIAL CHILDREN'S CORNER**  
Presented by  
Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

**5.0 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**  
**THE THREE MINCEMATEERS**  
Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay.  
Waiting at the Church.  
And Her Golden Hair Was Hanging Down.  
Musical Switch. Two Little Girls in Blue.  
In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree.  
Presented by the makers of  
Robertson's Mincemate, Catford, S.E.6

**5.15 p.m. HEALTH MAGIC**  
My Darling ... *Strauss*  
Dream Picture ... *Lumbye*  
By the River St. Marie ... *Warren*  
Liebesleid ... *Kreissler*  
Presented by  
The Society of Herbalists, Ltd.,  
Culpeper House, 21 Bruton Street, W.1

**5.30 p.m. WINTER SPORTS**  
Selection—Happy.  
Acceleration Waltz ... *Strauss*  
Dance of the Tumblers (The Snow  
Maiden) ... *Rimsky Korsakow*  
Snow Man ... *Archer*  
Presented by  
Swiss Hotel Plan, Ltd.,  
6 Lower Regent Street, S.W.1

**5.45 p.m. WHAT'S ON IN LONDON**  
News of the Latest Films, Shows and  
Other Attractions

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

**EVENING PROGRAMME**

**EVENING PROGRAMME**

12 (midnight)  
**EXTENSION NIGHT**  
DANCING TILL 2 a.m.  
Popular Dance Bands record your  
Favourite Tunes  
**I.B.C. GOOD-NIGHT MELODY**  
AND CLOSE DOWN,  
2.0 a.m.  
I.B.C. Time Signal, 12.30 a.m., 1.0 a.m., 1.30 a.m.

12 (midnight)  
**EXTENSION NIGHT**  
WINTER SPORTS  
Presented by  
Swiss Hotel Plan, Ltd.,  
6 Lower Regent Street, S.W.1  
**I.B.C. GOOD-NIGHT MELODY**  
AND CLOSE DOWN,  
2.0 a.m.  
I.B.C. Time Signal, 12.30 a.m., 1.0 a.m., 1.30 a.m.

PARIS (Poste Parisien)

312.8 m., 959 Kc/s.

Monday, November 23

10.30 p.m. RAINBOW RHYTHM Sweetheart Czardas ... Marie Sax-o-phun ... Widoeft Suzannah ... Akst On a Coconut Island ... Anderson Presented by the makers of Tintex, 199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

10.45 p.m. SONGS BY LES ALLEN (Electrical Recordings) I'll Stand By ... Davis Pal o' Mine ... Green Dear Little Boy of Mine ... Brennan Who Made Little Boy Blue? ... George

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

Tuesday, November 24

10.30 p.m. DANCE MUSIC AND CABARET Relayed from the Scheherazade Night Club Commentary in English

Wednesday, November 25

10.30 p.m. RAINBOW RHYTHM Yankee Doodle Never Went to Town ... Hanighen Don't Save Your Smiles ... Fio Rito Nobody's Sweetheart ... Schoebel T'ain't No Use ... Magidson Presented by the makers of Tintex, 199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

10.45 p.m. RADIO STARS Oh, You Sweet Thing ... Razaf Trees ... Rasbach Old Sailor ... Kennedy Got to Dance My Way to Heaven ... Coslow Presented by "Radio Pictorial"

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

Thursday, November 26

10.30 p.m. RAINBOW RHYTHM Blue Tune ... Ellington My S.O.S. for You ... Rogers Your Heart and Mine ... Mercer No Regrets ... Tobias Presented by the makers of Tintex, 199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

10.45 p.m. SONGS BY TURNER LAYTON (Electrical Recordings) When Evening Comes ... Stanton A Star Fell Out of Heaven ... Gordon Lonely Street ... Porter There's a New World ... Kennedy

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

Friday, November 27

8.55 p.m. PROCES EN COURS D'ASSISES A Play from the Studio With Jacques Baumer

Saturday, November 28

10.30 p.m. RAINBOW RHYTHM But Where Are You? ... Berlin Shout Sister, Shout ... Williams Red Opu—Fox trot ... Anderson Raisins and Almonds—Waltz ... Goldfaden Presented by the makers of Tintex, 199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

10.45 p.m. DANCE MUSIC Knock, Knock, Who's There? ... Tyson It's No Fun ... Ager Blazin' the Trail ... Samuels I'm a Learner in Love ... Leon

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, November 23

9.15—9.30 a.m. HORLICKS GOOD-MORNING A Programme of Morning Music Presented by Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

Tuesday, November 24

9.30—9.45 a.m. MUSICAL MENU With Mrs. Jean Scott Lolita ... Buzzi Dolls' Medley ... Brown Valse Bluette ... Drigo A Little Robin Told Me So. ... Davis Presented by Brown & Polson, 43 Shoe Lane, E.C.4

6.30—6.45 p.m. THE MELODY MAKERS Introducing A Scrapbook of Dance Tunes Alexander's Ragtime Band ... Berlin Kiss Me Again ... Herbert Oh, You Beautiful Doll ... Brown Teddy Bears' Picnic ... Kennedy Valencia ... Padilla Lady Be Good ... Gershwin Presented by Rowntrees Gums and Pastilles, York

Wednesday, November 25

9.15—9.30 a.m. HORLICK'S GOOD-MORNING A Programme of Morning Music Presented by Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

Thursday, November 26

9.30—9.45 a.m. MUSICAL MENU With Mrs. Jean Scott Hiawatha. South Sea Island Magic ... Tomerlin In the Shadows ... Finck You Gotta Know How to Dance ... Warren Presented by Brown & Polson, 43 Shoe Lane, E.C.4

Friday, November 27

9.15—9.30 a.m. HORLICK'S GOOD-MORNING A Programme of Morning Music Presented by Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

6.30—6.45 p.m. THE MELODY MAKERS Introducing A Scrapbook of Dance Tunes A Room with a View ... Coward What is This Thing Called Love? ... Porter If You Were the Only Girl in the World ... Ayer The Birth of the Blues ... Henderson When Day is Done ... Kalscher S'Wonderful... ... Gershwin Presented by Rowntrees Gums and Pastilles, York

Saturday, November 28

9.30—9.45 a.m. MUSICAL MENU With Mrs. Jean Scott Poppies ... Moré Cryin My Heart Out for You ... Johnson Pizzicato (Sylvia) ... Delibes Okay for Sound ... Kennedy Presented by Brown & Polson, 43 Shoe Lane, E.C.4

PARIS (Poste Parisien) 312.8 m., 959 Kc/s.

SUNDAY (Continued from page 33)

6.15 p.m. LET'S GO ROUND TO NORMAN LONG'S Featuring NORMAN LONG THE THREE CANADIAN BACHELORS and SYDNEY JEROME AND HIS ORCHESTRA Presented by Kruschen Salts, Adelphi, Salford

6.30 p.m. HEALTH AND HAPPINESS Fighting Strength ... Jordan The Gay Highway ... Drummond Happy. Old Comrades ... Teike Hand in Hand ... Kern Presented by the makers of Carter's Little Liver Pills, 64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1

6.45—7.0 p.m. VARIETY Everybody Dance ... Gordon Around and Round the Old Bandstand ... Leon Crying My Heart Out for You ... Johnson Oh You Sweet Thing! ... Razaf Presented by Thorn's Portable Buildings, Brampton Road, Bexley Heath, Kent

10.30 p.m. RADIO REQUEST RECORDS Looking for You ... Taylor Long Ago in Aleala ... Messenger Three of a Kind ... Davis Land of Dreams ... Gerard (Continued in column 4)

RADIO NORMANDY STAR FEATURES

A Top-Speed Radio Revue "STAND BY" Sunday, 2.0 p.m.

OLIVER KIMBALL The Record Spinner Sunday, 5.0 p.m.

RINSO MUSIC HALL With Billy Bennett Sunday, 6.30 p.m.

ARTHUR TRACEY The Street Singer Sunday, 7.15 p.m.

HEALTH MAGIC Tuesday, 9.0 a.m. Saturday, 5.15 p.m.

Your Old Friend DAN Friday, 8.15 a.m.

THE MELODY MAKERS introducing A Scrap-Book of Dance Tunes Saturday, 8.15 a.m.

ENTERTAINMENT For Mother and the Children Saturday, 9.30 a.m.

PARIS (Poste Parisien) (Continued from column 1)

10.45 p.m. SOME POPULAR RECORDS Sweet Sue ... Young The Gay Gossoun ... Osman It's Love ... Picon Gipsy Idyll ... Ferraris Presented by Bile Beans, C. E Fulford, Ltd., Leeds

11.0 p.m. SONGS BY LESLIE HUTCHINSON (Electrical Recordings) With All My Heart and Soul ... Hudson Why Was I Born? ... Kern Tormented ... Hudson Love Was a Song ... Dunn

11.15 p.m. ORGAN RECITAL Faust Waltz ... Gounod Melody in F ... Rubinstein Minuet in G ... Beethoven Berceuse de Jocelyn ... Godard

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

RADIO LJUBLJANA 569 m., 527 Kc/s.

Time of Transmission. Friday : 9.30 p.m.—10.0 p.m.

Friday, November 27

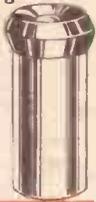
9.30 p.m. I.B.C. CONCERT A PROGRAMME OF DANCE MUSIC Dancing in the Moonlight ... Kahn Smokc Gets in Your Eyes ... Kern Let's Fall in Love ... Koehler You Can't Do That There 'Ere ... Gay Sarawaki ... Gordon Dancing With My Shadow ... Woods Play to Me Gipsy ... Kennedy Hush My Mouth ... Sigler

### MICROSCOPE AND FLOROSCOPE COMBINED

Surprisingly Great Magnifying Power

Enables you to minutely examine minerals, animal and vegetable specimens, to test cotton, wool, silk, seeds, water, flour, cheese, milk, and in fact, nearly all articles of food. Also the spores of ferns, soda, sugar, salt, alum, and other crystals, the dust (scabies) from moth and butterfly wings, human hairs, flies, and insects).

It is a never-failing source of wonder. Made of brass. This instrument is capable of magnifying 150 times. Well worth twice the price. Post 3d.

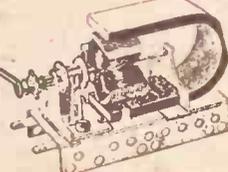


### WHOOPEE CUSHION

Whoopee Cushion is made of rubber. Inflated like a balloon, and then placed on a chair, couch, seat, etc. When the victim unsuspectingly sits upon the cushion, it gives forth noises that can be better imagined than described. Price Postage 2d.

### A Remarkably Low Priced MOTOR

WORKS BY TORCH BATTERY. Can be adapted to many purposes. Runs all mechanical toys, such as Erector Toys, Mecano Sets, etc. Get this Motor and perform many novel and interesting experiments. 2/11. Post 4d.



### SEEBACKROSCOPE

This instrument is beautifully finished. Holds itself in the eye as magnifying glasses used by jewelers, etc. Place to the eye, you can see what is taking place back of you and in front of you at the same time. You can have lots of fun with this instrument. Postage 2d.

### BLACK DEVIL

Looks like a black ball with hideous eyes and crawling feet (seen only when moving). Wind it up and see it gambolling around the room and do the ladies scream! Only a man with an iron nerve could suppress his fear! 1/6 Post 2d.



BLACK FACE SOAP SURPRISE JOKE. Just an ordinary-looking piece of toilet soap, but when your friend washes, his face becomes all black. A great joke. Postage 2d.

### ACTOR'S MAKE-UP OUTFIT

Materials exactly the same as used by Film Stars. Contains everything you want—Grease Paint, No. 1 Putty, Burnt Cork, Cream, Spirit Gum, Linen, Hair, Moustache, etc. WARRANTED PERFECTLY HARMLESS TO THE SKIN. 6d., 1/-, 2/6, 5/-, 7/6. Postage 3d. and 6d.



### LOOK AT THIS WONDERFUL INSTRUMENT!

NINE Separate Articles in One. It is a double microscope for examining the wonders of Nature. It is also an Opera Glass, Stereoscope, Burning Lens, Reading Glass, Telescope, Compass, Pocket Mirror and Laryngoscope for examining eye, ear, nose and throat. Post 3d.

### THE SMALLEST CINEMATOGRAPH IN THE WORLD

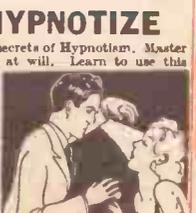
You may have a lot of fun with this little Kinematograph. A regular starter. Made of metal, consists of a tube having a microscopic lens showing pretty French pictures. When the button is turned the observer gets a great surprise. The latest novelty from France. Postage 2d.

### THREE CARD TRICK

After allowing the company to look at the three cards you invite them to pick the ace. Oh, that's easy, they say, but even the smartest cannot "spot the ace." You win every time, because you cannot lose. Postage 1d. Price 3d.

### LEARN TO HYPNOTIZE

See how easily you can master the secrets of Hypnotism. Master this strange power. Sway others at will. Learn to use this mysterious power to influence the thoughts of others, control their desires, and make you master of every situation. Make others love you, strengthen your will power, banish fear and worry, improve your memory, overcome bad habits, etc. Everything explained in new book. Price Postage 1d.



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WITH COMPLETE MORSE CODE

BOYS! A private Electric Telegraph Set of your own for 2/6. Lots of fun sending messages to your friends. With this outfit you can learn to transmit and receive messages by the Morse International Code, and in a very short time become an expert operator. Made in bakelite measuring about 5 1/2 by 3 1/2. Complete with key, flash light, and 3-cell battery. Packed in neat box. All for 2/6. Postage 4d.

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TWO SETS 5/- POST FREE

### MIDGET BIBLE Great Curiosity

Smallest Bible in the World! Size of a postage stamp. Wonderfully clear printing. 224 pages. Weight under half an ounce. A genuine work of art. Must be seen to be appreciated. Postage 2d.

### The "G" MAN AUTOMATIC

A replica of the automatic carried by the famous "G" men of America. Nickel plated. Measures 4 inches long. Finger tip control. The slightest touch operates it. Works as fast as you can move your finger. Sparks fly from the muzzle, and a noise just like a real automatic is heard. No ammunition to buy. Price 2/6 Post 2 1/2d.

### PLATE LIFTER (Palpator)

A startling practical joke. Extra large tubing. Place it under the tablecloth then press the bulb, or under your vest and ask them to feel your heart! Great fun. Full directions sent. Price 1/2 (post free).

### MAGIC NOSE FLUTE

A unique and novel musical instrument that is played with nose and mouth combined. Produces very sweet music that somewhat resembles a flute. Anyone can play it; nothing to learn. No knowledge of music required. Price 1/2

### BILLIARDS - The World's Most Fascinating Game in YOUR Home

ORDER NOW FOR XMAS



20% COMPLETE SIZE 4 ft. by 2 ft. Carriage 1/6 extra.

Something new, exclusive, and different in Billiard Tables. This model is beautifully made with all the precision and detail demanded in a high-class standard Billiard Table. Covered with best quality hard-wearing green cloth. Rubber Cushions. Complete with set of three Balls, two Cues and Scoring Board. Actually, a correct billiard table for one-third the ordinary price. Fits any ordinary table. Solves the "space" problem. When not in use, is placed flat against the wall.

### LUMINOUS PAINT

Make your watches, clocks, etc., visible at night. Luminous effect is permanent. EMITS RAYS OF WHITE LIGHT, perfectly visible in the dark. The darker it is the more brilliant it shines. Price 1/-, Post 3d.

Besides being an effective joker, these barking dogs are just the thing to scare a burglar or any intruder. Metal heads with rubber bulbs; just squeeze the rubber bulb with the hand and the dog emits a loud bark. You can have more fun with a barking dog than any other novelty. Price 6d., Post 2d.

### MAGIC BOTTLE

The owner can lay the bottle down on a table and it will lie flat, but ask a friend to do it and it is impossible; you can do it every time! Price 6d. Postage 1d.



### SNEEZING POWDER

Place a very small amount of this powder on the hand of your hand and blow it into the air, and everyone in the room will begin to sneeze without knowing the reason why. Postage 1 1/2d. box. Price 3d.

### SINGLE SHOT SUPER AIR PISTOL

VERY ACCURATE AND POWERFUL. Ideal for Target Practice. Shoots B.B. and Air Rifle Darts. Just what you have always wanted, a powerful, high-grade Air Pistol, shaped like an Automatic, pocket size. Fires B.B. Slugs and Air Rifle Darts. Well-made and durable. Weighs about 10 ounces. Better than an air rifle. A packet of slugs and darts with 3 Targets given FREE with each pistol. Not sold to minors. Price 6/-, Postage 9d.



### INDOOR CLOTHES LINE

A very handy machine in bright colours, with winding handle and 30 ft. soft cotton cord. Length required can be regulated by manipulation of brake. Cord can be wound into machine when not in use. Size 4 x 2 x 2 ins. In box with screws for fixing. Price 1/-, post 4d.

### BOWIE KNIFE

IN LEATHER SHEATH. The knife that is useful in the home and garden, and for Camping, Fishing, Hunting, etc. The mirror of the curved blade is 4 in. long. Best Sheffield steel with a strong hill guard attached to neat, serviceable, easy-to-grip handle. A strong all-leather sheath, riveted, is given with each knife so that it can be buckled on to the belt, etc. Always at hand. Postage 3d.

### WINDOW SMASHING JOKE OR WHO BROKE THE CROCKERY?

A Most Extraordinary Novelty. The apparatus for this great joke consists of specially made tuned plates which can be carried in coat pocket. When dropped on the floor it sounds exactly like a window being broken or crockery being smashed. There is no limit to the fun you can have. Price 1/- Postage 3d.

### Handshake Shocker

Worn with a ring in the palm of the hand. When you shake hands your friends think an earthquake has occurred. There are dozens of jokes you can play with this novelty. Full details sent. Postage 3d. Price 1/3

### DANCING SKELETON

A figure 14 inches high which dances and performs various gyrations at your will. 6d. Postage 1 1/2d.

### NIGGER BONES

as used by the nigger minstrel. Great fun. Set of 4, 1/- set. Postage 2d.

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The Miracle Plant Mentioned in the Bible. IT NEVER DIES. Has mystified Botanists and Scientists. Possesses the power of turning from an apparently lifeless dry herb to a BEAUTIFUL LIVING FERNLIKE PLANT of a dark green colour. Place the plant in a saucer of water, it will start to grow in 20 minutes. When taken out it will dry up and go to sleep until placed in water again. Postage 2d.

1/6



### DOUBLE ACTION AUTOMATIC PISTOL CIGARETTE CASE

PULL THE TRIGGER—OUT POPS A CIGARETTE THROUGH THE MUZZLE. Protect yourself against hold-ups, rowdies, etc., with this clever double action Automatic Pistol cigarette case. IT LOOKS LIKE A GENUINE AUTOMATIC! When your friends ask for a cigarette, shoot one to them and enjoy a big laugh. 1/6 Postage 2d.



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Into a trunk, under the bed, or anywhere. Lots of fun fooling teacher, policeman, or friends.



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### MAGIC CARDS

Face Values can be Read from the BACKS!

OUR LATEST "MOCKER" PACK. The backs tell the secret of every card!

Looks like the same as any ordinary pack of playing cards, the backs are marked by a wonderful system of secret markings that defy detection. The secret is in the backs of the cards.



THEY ALMOST TALK TO YOU. Both the suits and numbers are indicated. Full illustrated instructions are enclosed with each pack. Postage 3d.

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Post 3d. extra on any quantity. We pay any excess. 5% discount on 1 doz. lots. 10% discount on doz. lots.

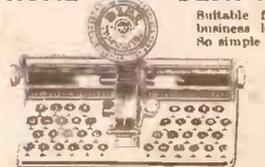
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