

LUXEMBOURG
NORMANDY : LYONS
PROGRAMMES
July 4 - 10

RADIO PICTORIAL, July 2, 1937. No. 181
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

RADIO PICTORIAL

THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERY LISTENER

EVERY
FRIDAY

3^D

★ **B.B.C.**
FROM THE
INSIDE

BY

JEAN MELVILLE

•
SECRETS

OF

MORRICKS HOUR

•
RADIO FAVOURITES
IN FILM LAND

BY **JOHN K. NEWNHAM**

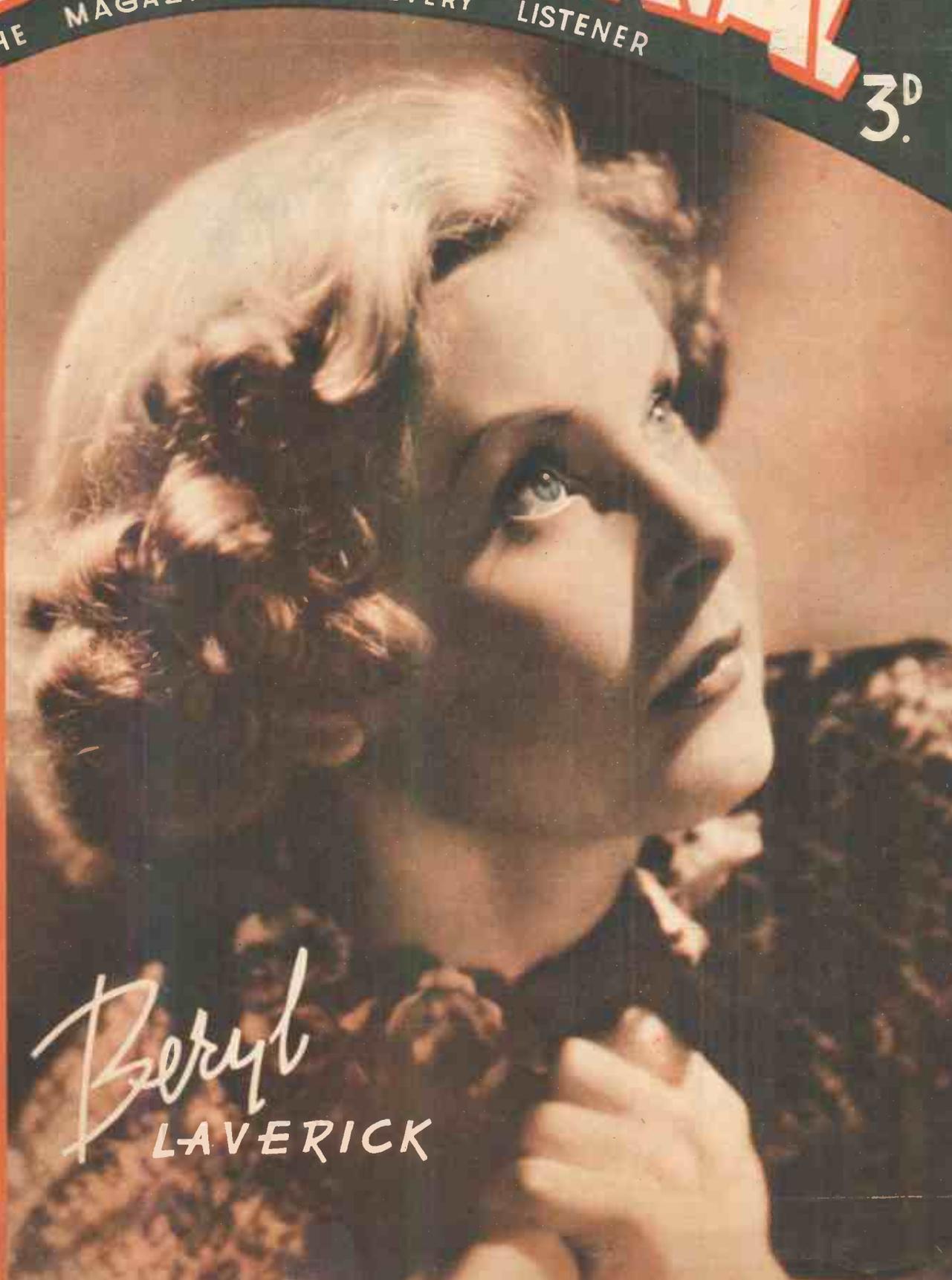
•
POSTE PARISIEN
AS I SAW IT

BY **A. SULLILAND**

•
HELEN RAYMOND

•
JOHNNY ROSEN

•
JEANNE CASALIS



Beryl
LAVERRICK

*Radio
Luxembourg
every
weekday
afternoon
3.30-5.30*

*Don't Forget Your
Copy of the July
Issue of*

**TELEVISION
AND SHORT-WAVE WORLD**

- Complete Guide to Television Exhibition at Science Museum, Kensington.
- Special Articles for Beginners.
- American Short-Wave Programmes for July.

Price 1s.

ON SALE AT ALL NEWSAGENTS AND BOOKSTALLS

*Thinking about Holidays?
Then you MUST get . . .*



**GRAND SUMMER NUMBER
NOW ON SALE**

Special features by the best writers tell you all about caravanning—elementary hints for beginners on the purchase, hire and use of trailer caravans, and how to avoid all the familiar pitfalls, forming a complete guide to this fascinating subject.

Of all Newsagents and Bookstalls . . PRICE 1s.

Sole Agents for United Kingdom:
WIRELESS PUBLICITY, LTD.
Electra House, Victoria Embankment, W.C.2
Temple Bar 8432



Billy
BISSETT

This charming Canadian has won many friends with his Royal Canadians Band. The outfit plays at the May Fair Hotel and has made a number of successful B.B.C. broadcasts. He has won an even greater following with his Waltz Timers Band in the weekly "Phillips Dental Magnesia" programmes called "Waltz Time," heard from Luxembourg, Normandy and Lyons

RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS PROVED CURABLE!

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SYNOVITIS, NEURITIS, SCIATICA, FIBROSITIS, GOUT, Swollen Joints and Allied Complaints PERMANENTLY CURED BY WONDERFUL REMEDY!

AGONISING ACID CRYSTALS DISPERSED



In case you have never realised what a **ACTUALLY** causes Arthritic and Rheumatic agony, just glance at the illustration on left. Here are the culprits. Here

are the sinister agents that cause your aching joints and set your nerves quivering with excruciating torment! They are crystals of Uric, Hippuric, Lactic and other acids and poisons. As shown, some of these crystals resemble piercing "needles" and stabbing "daggers." Others are like crushing "hammer heads" or dislocating "wedges." Can it be wondered—with these vicious demons in your blood-stream—that you suffer as you do?

Is there a remedy? Yes, there IS! "Curicones."

Amazing Testimony Marvellous Recovery From RHEUMATISM

Mr. J. B., Berwick: "It is with great pleasure that I write to tell you of the marvellous recovery I have made from the pains I have suffered for a considerable time. I will gladly recommend 'Curicones' to anyone who is suffering from any form of Rheumatism. I can safely say they would be completely cured within a very short time. . . ."

Woman's GOUT Permanently Cured

Miss J., Kingston: "When I first wrote you I could not put my shoes on for half an hour. Now I can keep them on and go for long walks without any pain. I have been waiting to see if the cure was permanent. I am pleased to say it is."

Man Quite Rid Of LUMBAGO

F. M. S., Darlington: "I am very pleased to be able to tell you that the Lumbago from which I suffered for 9 weeks is quite cured. The pain was greatly eased after taking the sample of 'Curicones' you kindly sent me, and after taking 2 bottles my back is quite better."

SCIATICA Banished: Use of Limbs Restored

Mrs. N., Manchester: "I feel a different woman after using 'Curicones' for my Sciatica. Before I could not walk up or down stairs without support. Now I have full use of my limbs and walk as well as ever. The change is wonderful—cannot praise 'Curicones' too highly. The first bottle gave relief."
(Originals of these letters and thousands of others can be seen at our offices.)

SOME OF OUR DISTINGUISHED PATRONS:

- | | |
|---|----------------------|
| His Grace the Duke of Devonshire. | Sir Robert Witt. |
| Her Grace, Constance, Duchess of Westminster. | Lady Violet Brassey. |
| Viscountess Ashbrook. | Lady Magdalan |
| Sir Clifford Cory, Bart. | Bulkeley. |
| Admiral of the Fleet Sir | Lady Hammill |
| Roger Keyes. | Firth. |
| Sir W. Currie. | |
| Sir Claude Mallet. | |

PAIN banished within a few days! . . . Crippled joints made to move with marvellous ease in a week or two! . . . perfect health, and complete freedom from Rheumatic disease achieved within an incredibly short time! That is the amazing record of the most astounding remedy that has ever been known for the agonising Rheumatic and Arthritic ailments by which suffering humanity is afflicted!

People who have endured intense Rheumatic suffering for many long years . . . people who in desperation have tried countless different remedies without success . . . have come at last to "Curicones"—and they have been CURED! Martyrs to Rheumatoid Arthritis, Chronic Rheumatism, and sufferers from the excruciating pains of Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis, Fibrositis, Swollen Joints, and similar complaints, have felt, with amazement, a big improvement in their condition after the very first dose of "Curicones" . . . they have seen their suffering, in the space of a week or two, get rapidly less and less . . . and, finally, they have experienced, with profound gratitude, the complete and permanent cure of their Rheumatic ailments.

PAIN COMPLETELY BANISHED

Nothing could be simpler than the "Curicones" treatment. No nasty physic . . . no interruption of your daily occupation. A few small, tasteless capsules every day is all you have to take. They contain a combination of anti-acid and anti-microbic elements approved by British Pharmaceutical Authorities. These vital-elements are carried by the blood-stream to the affected parts and have the marvellous property of completely dissolving all the dagger-like Rheumatic crystals that cause your suffering. Swept clean of all Rheumatic poisons, pain is banished, all swellings, aches and stiffness disappear, and radiant health is restored.

REMEDY ENDORSED BY 5,030 DOCTORS

(certified by Chartered Accountants)

The severest test that any remedy must face is medical opinion. "Curicones" stand out above a host of so-called Rheumatic cures, as the one that is receiving wide support from the medical profession.

In 1931 over 300	doctors
In 1932 " 1,600	recommended
In 1933 " 2,400	and
In 1934 " 3,000	prescribed
In 1935 " 4,110	"Curicones"
In 1936 " 5,030	

The wholehearted support which the Medical Profession gives to "Curicones" is due entirely to the astonishing and proven relief which these marvellous capsules bring daily to thousands of Rheumatic and Arthritic sufferers.

The undeniable power of "Curicones" to overcome the most pernicious forms of Rheumatic and Arthritic affliction has raised it to a position of pre-eminence as the most effective remedy for one of the great scourges of modern times.

Send for FREE HOME TRIAL TREATMENT

To go on suffering as you are, is not only a terrible pity—IT IS UNNECESSARY! If thousands of other victims have found health, cannot YOU? Whatever your complaint—Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuritis, Synovitis, Fibrositis or Swollen Joints—do not delay a moment longer.

Permanent relief from your complaint now lies within your reach. Grasp this opportunity before your condition gets worse. "Curicones" have rid thousands of their suffering. Send for your FREE SAMPLE TREATMENT—it will cost you nothing. Don't delay a moment longer in taking this first big step towards complete relief from Rheumatic and Arthritic agony. Post the coupon NOW to Stephen Matthews and Co., Ltd., Mfg. Chemists and Druggists (Dept. R.P.8), 19-21 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, and you will receive by return a FREE trial of the "Curicones" treatment and a 32-page booklet that fully explains this wonderful remedy and gives valuable information regarding Rheumatic and Arthritic ailments.

RHEUMATIC HIP JOINT



BEFORE "CURICONES" Treatment

Study this hip joint for a moment. It is in the early stages of Rheumatic Disease. Deposits of bone are to be seen on the margins of the hip-socket and thigh-bone. The cancellous tissue is very atrophic, and the rim of the socket has become distorted.



AFTER "CURICONES" Treatment

Sufferers feel the benefit of "Curicones" almost at once. At first, the sharp-edged acid crystals are softened; then they are rapidly broken up under the irresistible influence of the "Curicones" action; and, finally, these sinister agents of Rheumatic Disease are completely dissolved and washed out of the system, leaving the affected part healthy and pain-free!

FILL IN THIS COUPON

To **STEPHEN MATTHEWS & Co., Ltd.**,
Mfg. Chemists & Druggists (Dept. R.P.8),
19-21, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Please send, FREE and post paid, a Trial Supply of "CURICONES" with an interesting booklet on HOW and WHY they conquer Rheumatic and allied ailments.

Name

Address

Ailment

Please write in Block Letters.

"Curicones" are stocked by all up-to-date Chemists. For free sample, however, send the coupon above.

No. 181

RADIO PICTORIAL

The Magazine for Every Listener

Published by BERNARD JONES PUBLICATIONS, LTD.
37-38 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. HOLborn 6158

MANAGING EDITOR.....K. P. HUNT

ASST. EDITORS.....(HORACE RICHARDS
MARGOT JONES

THERE'S LAUGHTER IN THE AIR!



WISECRACKS by THE WEEK'S WITTIEST BROADCASTERS

A CROONER on the radio had sung half-a-dozen sentimental songs of love and moonlight, and little Tommy had been fidgety throughout the whole recital.

Finally, careless of his parents' reproving glances, Tommy pointed at the set, and said, "Did God make that man who's singing?"

His mother replied, "Yes, of course, dear—why?"

Tommy's lip curled, and the reply came tersely: "I wouldn't have."

(By **NORAH BLAKEMORE**, popular comedienne in Maclean's Old Time Music Hall Memories, Luxembourg, July 4.)

BAND-LEADER: What's that you've got pinned on top of your drum?

DRUMMER: It's a photo of my mother-in-law.

BAND-LEADER: Why pin a photo of your mother-in-law on the drum?

DRUMMER: Well, Boss, I get such a kick out of beating her in the face!

(By **ROBERT ASHLEY**, singing with the B.B.C. Variety Orchestra, July 4, and in another "Music From The Movies" programme, July 9.)

The B.B.C. official ordered an egg in a restaurant. Having taken the top off, he summoned a waitress.

"Miss," he declared, holding his nose, "this egg needs relaying!"

(By **PEGGY DESMOND**, whom you can hear in Huntley & Palmer's "Entertainment Assorted," Normandy, July 4.)

A fellow strode hurriedly into a café near the B.B.C. and he was counting aloud as he walked.

"... 101 ... 102 ... 103 ... Cup of coffee, please ... 104 ... 105 ... 106 ... Yes, with milk ... 106 ... 107 ... 108 ... and a biscuit ... 109 ... 110 ... 111 ..."

"Pardon me," asked the waitress, "but why all this counting?"

"... 115 ... 116 ... I'm a drummer in the Symphony Orchestra and I've got just 200 bars rest ... 117 ... 118 ... 119 ..."

(By **BILLY BISSETT**, whose band plays in the Phillips' Dental Magnesia programmes, Luxembourg, Lyons, Normandy, July 4.)

The busy little usherette prodded the theatregoer down the aisle and left him in the hands of her colleague.

"Phyllis," she called, "show this gentleman to the Dog Seat!"

The theatregoer blinked. "Er—excuse me, miss," he asked nervously, "but what is the Dog Seat?"

In a flash came the usherette's snappy retort: "K.9."

(By **DEBROY SOMERS**. Listen to Smiling Somers and his Band in the Horlicks Picture House, Luxembourg and Normandy, July 4.)

When Norman Long was en route to America just recently, he apparently felt the urge to "broadcast" so strongly that he spent £3 on a radio-telephone call from mid-Atlantic.

"Stanelli," said the voice of Norman, speaking from an ocean liner, "I want you to do something important for me."

"Certainly, Norman," I said, "what's that?"

"I left a bar of soap in my dressing-room at the theatre last week. I want you to send it on to me."

So Norman was just leg-pulling, after all.

"O.K., Norman," I cracked back. "I'll send the soap right away. Then if you're shipwrecked,

A musician was staggering out of the B.B.C. with a huge double-bass enveloped in the usual brown jacket.

The driver of the taxi which he hailed said, "Excuse me, sir, but I've often wondered—is that big thing you're carrying a 'cello?"

The musician, after looking over his shoulder very stealthily, bent close to the cabbie's ear.

"That's what it looks like," he whispered, "but actually it's A. J. Alan!"

(By **FRED HARTLEY**, playing in the Spratt's programme for dog-lovers, Luxembourg, July 4, and on National the same day.)



"Now, I'll do a few farmyard impersonations"

you can wash yourself ashore!"

(By **STANELLI**, Norman's colleague in the Bachelor Parties, who is on the air tonight, July 2.)

A coal-miner was being interviewed at the microphone about his job.

"What a job yours is!" said the B.B.C.'s young man by way of commencement. "Down a coal-mine for hours and hours ... all that time in total darkness ... Er—what on earth do you do if your lamp goes out?"

"Oh, that's all right," replied the coal-miner, "I never go down at night-time!"

(By **ROBB WILTON**, who returns in another "Mr. Muddlecombe, J.P." series on July 8.)

Tompkins, who was nervous by nature, got a job with a band as a crooner, and before his first rehearsal he approached the band-leader and said, "Am I the only vocalist in this band?"

"No," the band-leader told him, "there are two others besides you."

"Thank Heaven for that," sighed Tompkins relievedly.

"Why?" demanded the band-leader.

"Well," explained Tompkins, "I always feel safer when there's a lot of us!"

(By **BRIAN LAWRANCE**, whom you can hear in the Spratts and Keatings programmes from Luxembourg, July 4, and on National the same day.)

YOUTH: So you give Organ Recitals?
ME: That's right.

YOUTH: I knew a fellow who gave Organ Recitals.

ME: Who was that?
YOUTH: Our Anatomy teacher at school!

(By **REGINALD FOORT**, whom you can hear at the B.B.C. Theatre Organ again, July 8.)



Stanelli—Transatlantic wise-cracker

"By jove, old man," said one broadcaster to another at Broadcasting House, "you're absolutely out of breath!"

"Yes," replied the second, "I've been playing eighteen holes."

"Ah," prompted the first, "on the golf course?"

"No," replied the other, "on the mouth organ!"

(By **BRANSBY WILLIAMS**, Ace of character-actors, who is on National, July 4.)

The teacher was testing the class's knowledge of wireless.

"Now, Smith," he said, "tell me what you know about Ether..."

"I've heard it in a song, sir," answered Smith.

"Indeed?" pursued the teacher curiously. "What song was that?"

"'For Ether Jolly Good Fellow,' sir!"

(By **GARDA HALL**. Hear this popular singer on National, July 4.)

THIS WEEK

	PAGE		PAGE
Horlicks Hour	6, 7	Max Factor	19
Between You, Me and the Mike	8, 9	Jean Melville	20, 21
Johnny Rosen	10	Dance Band Gossip	22, 23
Jeanne de Casalis	11	Marjorie Pollard	25
Sandy Powell	12	Helen Raymond	26
Bertha Willmott	13	LYONS PROGRAMMES	29
Radio Stars in Filmland	14, 15	LUXEMBOURG PROGRAMMES	30, 31, 32
Serial	16, 17	NORMANDY PROGRAMMES	35,
Elizabeth Craig	18		36, 37, 38, 39



Looking in

HORLICKS PICTURE HOUSE in pictures. Our cameraman catches the stars at rehearsal. (1) June Knight, Hollywood screen, stage and radio star, and Harold Warrender, the West End actor and Horlicks announcer, give our cameraman a smile. (2) Part of Debrov Somers' brilliant band. Note the informal attire—ranging from shirt-sleeves to raincoat! (3) Debrov Somers, Horlicks Musical Director, in full swing. (4) One swallow doesn't make a summer but one June Knight can obviously make a Somers happy! Two famous smiles in action. (5) Four other Horlicks stars as an informal harmony quartette! (Left to right) Florence Oldham, Bert Yarlett, Helen Raymond and Jack Cooper. (6) "The (K)night is young and she's so beautiful!" June singing charmingly at a Horlicks rehearsal

on Horlicks Hour

★ No more consistently good radio entertainment is obtainable than that supplied each Sunday at 4 p.m. from Luxembourg and Normandy. It is the Horlicks Hour and the present series, called Horlicks Picture House, calls upon the films for its most delightful melodies and personalities. The Horlicks signature tune is the herald of an hour's gay entertainment that is eagerly awaited in most households

IF, on Sunday next at 4 p.m., you tune-in either Luxembourg or Normandy, you will be able to hear June Knight singing and wisecracking in the Horlicks Picture House programme.

Do you ever stop to think of the amount of rehearsal that must go on behind the scenes before a programme like the Picture House can go on the air?

Come along with me to St. John's Wood where, in a large studio, June Knight, Debroy Somers and the rest of the Horlicks stars will be rehearsing hard for the Sunday show.

We tap softly at the door. "Come in!" yells a friendly, but preoccupied voice.

We enter. . . .

What's going on? Exactly nothing, or so it seems. Actually, when our ears and eyes are attuned to the bedlam, we realise that there's just a temporary lull in activity prior to starting the rehearsal of the next number.

Most of the noise is coming from the band. Debroy Somers boasts, and rightly, I think, that there is no finer band in existence than that which acts on the Horlicks sessions. I think part of the reason is that he treats the boys as "blokes," and not just as instruments.

Informal Atmosphere

This works out very well. When the job's being done they are deadly serious. In between numbers they rag as cheerily as the Fourth Form at Greyfriars. Harry Karr is busking on his saxophone. Hugo Rignold is giving a "swing" version of "Good King Wenceslas" on his fiddle.

The trumpeters are having the quiet cigarette that is denied them while blowing their own trumpets. Some are in shirt-sleeves, some in lounge suits, some in flannels. One fiddler is playing his instrument in a raincoat and soft hat. Informality reigns supreme.

Yes, the boys are relaxing, but others are working at high pressure.

On the stand is Debroy Somers, clad in blue singlet, flannels, and brown and white shoes. He is deep in conference with the producer of the Horlicks shows, and June Knight, the blonde charmer, whose appearances in these shows adds yet another name to the already lustrous list of stars presented for your entertainment by Horlicks.

Somers looks up and waves a cheery greeting to me. I marvel again how "Bill" (who is quite the best-looking of our modern dance band maestros) manages to look so youthful and fresh, and yet put in something like an eighteen-hour day. With his fresh, ruddy complexion, Debroy is just about as good an advertisement for Horlicks as they could wish. Here's one guy who obviously doesn't suffer from night starvation!

At a table littered with music, orchestrations and scripts sits a girl with a stop-watch. The whole show is timed to a split second. It's her job to check up on these times.

Debroy taps on his stand with a baton.

Melting Voice!

"Come on, fellers," he says, with the kindly air of one who's asking for a favour "we'll just try over 'The Night Is Young'."

There moves to the microphone a tall lithe young man with the sort of voice that would melt a spinster's heart. It's Harold Warrender announcer and vocalist on the programmes. You probably know his name. He's the hero of *Anthony and Anna*—the St. John Ervine play which seems to have been running at the Whitehall Theatre, London, since the War of the Roses. "Horlicks Picture House," says Harold, "presenting—"

June Knight, the last girl to be glorified by Flo Ziegfeld (and, oh boy, what a good job he made of it!)

joins Warrender at the mike. Each has a script. They indulge in a little cross-talk, whilst the producer listens anxiously, quick to detect the slightest false note, the tiniest word that seems out of place.

The band strikes up and June and Harold commence to sing.

Now, I'm only a poor benighted journalist, but it seemed to me that that song was put over as well as I'd ever heard it. They finished.

"That," said the producer, "was lousy."

Debroy, June and Harold agreed. Satirical noises from the saxophonists showed that the band also agreed. You can't fool artistes. So they started all over again. I told you, I believe, that nothing but the best would satisfy on this programme.

So they rehearsed it again, and yet again.

Spasmodically, jerkily, they rehearsed it, constantly stopping as Debroy Somers suggested slight alterations to the producer, and *vice versa*.

"How would it be if I stopped for a second after that phrase," asked June, wrinkling her pretty brow in thought. "Then I could come in above the chorus. Maybe that would make it flow better."

Patience in Plenty

"Let's try it," replies Debroy. "Come on, fellers, once more."

I moved away to chat to a group sitting in the corner. There was Helen Raymond busy knitting, and round her were Jack Cooper, Florence Oldham and Bert Yarlett (in a tie that ought not to be allowed in a civilised country!).

"You people must have plenty of patience, sitting around like this," I remarked.

"Say, this is nothing," grinned Bert. "We've been here all morning and haven't been needed yet!"

"Then how do you ever get the programme finished?"

"Oh, it pays to devote plenty of time to rehearsing," says Florence. "Once the thing's right—and, of course, it's got to be *just* right—we can be certain that the Sunday show will be perfect."

I looked across at the mike. There was Harold Warrender still telling June Knight that the night was young and she was so glamorous. Debroy Somers was somehow contriving to run a perplexed hand across his head without disturbing a single hair.

The producer, a veteran of radio who has been behind the scenes during millions of hours of radio entertainment, was busy altering a phrase in his script. . . .

No Watching the Clock

The clock slithered round to 1.15 p.m. Officially, it was time to break for lunch; but, oh no, there's no room for a clock watcher in radio. If the job's "in the bag" by the time lunch is ready, then you eat—if not, you don't eat. Yes, it's as simple as all that.

And at long last everybody was satisfied with the rehearsal. Whoops of joy from the band-boys as they give vent to pent-up feelings.

It is five to two.

"Back again at three," says Debroy briefly, and there's a rush for the door.

But Debroy Somers, June Knight and the producer set off to take their lunch together. There is much to

Do you realise the amount of preparation behind your Sunday radio shows? Come and meet the Horlicks stars at rehearsal

By BARRY WELLS

be fixed before three o'clock. There's that gag to work out just before June Knight starts her second number; there's the small, but important point to be decided as to whether she shall be heralded by a roll on the drums or a clash on the cymbals.

Lunch is over. They are back on the job. And so it goes on throughout the afternoon—cutting, re-checking, polishing, ever seeking the elusive will-o'-th'-wisp, "Perfection."

The clock moved to four, five, six. . . .

The night was not so young, and I was feeling more hungry than beautiful. . . .

I slipped out of the studio and, shaking back to the office on a 'bus (I really took a taxi, but He Who Is To Be Obeyed must never know that!), I pondered on what I had seen and heard.

I realised that, long before that session had started, much work had been put into the programme. The artistes had had to be fixed, the script written and re-written, the music orchestrated and re-orchestrated.

And then the programme had had to be rehearsed. In those few hours I had seen what was obviously the secret of the polished brilliance of these Horlicks Picture House programmes—Patience. Every member of that Horlicks team was an expert in his or her particular job; but, even so, they were not content with their first efforts.

Secret of Success

Debroy Somers' brilliant band (has he, I wonder, ever turned out more consistently magnificent music since the old Savoy Orpheans days than he does for these programmes?) might have been doing their first engagement, so serious and preoccupied were they with doing a really fine job.

June Knight, film star, stage star, radio star, made suggestions and submitted gladly to suggestions, simply that she should sing her numbers to the very best of her magnificent ability.

Patience. . . hard work. . . patience. . . hard work. . . and patience again. And all so that you and I can switch on to the Horlicks Picture House programme and be assured of the acme of entertainment.

Remember what Horlicks has done for us in the way of radio entertainment. Not even in the United States, where sponsored radio is such part and parcel of show business, has any sixty-minute programme given more real musical entertainment, or as many individual musical items, in one hour.

Since 1934 they have covered both Radio Luxembourg and Radio Normandy, have run a special Children's Corner, and are also, at the moment, running "Music in the Morning" from both stations on four mornings each week.

Creating a Show

'Way back, in 1934, Debroy Somers' musical items were totally unrelated—just a modest tea-time concert of light music. Now in the Picture House series (which is approaching his 150th show) he has built up a SHOW.

As early as six weeks before the broadcast, Debroy and the Horlicks producer have started work on it. Every bar of music is specially orchestrated by Debroy and his two fellow-arrangers, Philip Cardew and Douglas Brownsmith, with three copyists in the background doing the mass of detail work.

Do we always appreciate the work that goes on behind the scenes on our behalf? If we did, would we switch off so impatiently on the occasions when there is something on the air which may not quite appeal to our mood?

If we did, would we not more often drop an appreciative postcard to the artiste or the producer who has entertained us so royally?

On Sunday, at four o'clock, I shall switch either to Luxembourg or Normandy to hear June Knight singing in that delightful voice that "does" things to me.

And I shall listen with, so to speak, new ears. . . .

FIRST NOEL COWARD



Our new member of the B.B.C. General Advisory Council—Mr. George Robey. As seen by "Dux"

A Dud 100 Franc Note :: Homesick for Hawaii :: Success :: Concert Parties from the South Coast :: Peter

Whatever he does, he does thoroughly and seriously. Now he is working so hard that he can scarcely even find an hour for a dip into a swimming pool or a game of table tennis, his favourite relaxations.

But one day he is going back to the South Seas. And next time, he says, it will be for ever!

Listen to *Paradise Isle*, and you'll hear the home-sick note of his violin.

Hermione Gingold gives Bryan Michie a dab of powder—in order that he shall be able to lend a hand at a make-up studio opened by Max Factor, "Radio Pictorial" Beauty Expert, at a recent garden party

Everywhere I went for two weeks I seemed to meet the diminutive Arturo Toscanini, great conductor, with Owen Mase, big music executive at Broadcasting House.

All the time the maestro was in London they were about the town lunching and dining together. When he left, Toscanini presented Owen with a bronze plaque inscribed on the back "To my dear friend, Owen Mase. In remembrance. Arturo Toscanini, 10 June, 1937."

Week-ends this pair were still inseparable. His first one, Toscanini spent at the Mase home. For



CONGRATULATIONS to Archie Campbell on his production of the Lydia Lopokova programme last Monday. Walford Hyden's Orchestra and Lydia Lopokova's flair for the mike are an irresistible combination.

I asked Archie for radio reminiscences. "Haven't been at it long enough to acquire any," he said. What he likes best about a radio job is the number of interesting people it brings him in touch with.

"My only regret," says Archie, "is that I work too hard nowadays to indulge in my favourite occupation, i.e. a weekly visit every Friday to the Caledonian Market in the search for junk!

"I always hope to furnish a flat completely with *Caledoniana*."

The worst moments of my life," said Archie Campbell, "were:

(1) Crashing in an aeroplane and having plenty of time to wonder what it feels like. It hurts.

(2) Finding myself at a rather smart restaurant several miles from Marseilles, my boat due to sail in three-quarters of an hour and only a dud 100 franc note to pay a much larger bill than I'd expected. . . . I was rescued by a complete stranger.

(3) Playing a scene in the theatre with Violet Vanbrugh some years ago as a very young and very nervous actor. A rather too exuberant stage manager had smeared a cocktail glass from which I had to drink with Cold Cream!

"Result, the glass slid gracefully through my fingers! Worse still, I knew I had to shake Miss Vanbrugh by the hand a moment after. I managed to whisper a warning to her, but even then I'm afraid a large daub of cold cream was transferred to her outstretched hand! She was charming when I apologised later, but I've never forgotten.

"I was reminded of the incident when I read that this most gracious lady of the English Stage had celebrated this very month her half century in the theatre. Unbelievable indeed!

Would you have suspected that he of the *Whispering Violins* and *Paradise Isle* and *Soft Lights and Sweet Music* gang—Eric Siday—is one of the few people in England who really understood that hotly debated subject—swing music? An eminent musician is Eric, and an arranger of outstanding merit.

Recently he did an utterly unheard of thing. Ended his engagements, broke loose from his work, said good-bye to his mother, his friends and his cat, and spent a whole year in the South Seas. Just lazing and lounging and doing no work at all.

He was tired of London, he explained.

Gracie Fields wanted to be on the spot to-morrow to watch the B.B.C. making whoopee on the sports ground at Motspur Park. A prior engagement in her beloved north country has prevented her.

Still, she has presented a "Gracie Fields" challenge cup, which her manager, Bert Aza, is bringing to the ground. So after lunch, the office boys of the Big House will run in a hundred yards open race for the honour of putting "Our Gracie's" vase on their sideboard for a year.

Fifteen hundred are expected altogether at this annual jollification. Besides the sports, there will be dancing, competitions and a show. Olive Groves and George Baker, Davy Burnaby and Michael North, Gus Chevalier, Issy Bohn, Ann Penn and Max Kirby, Hughes and Lever, Haver and Lee, Stanelli, Albert Whelan, Forsythe, Seamon and Farrell are some of the people who have promised to be there.

One person has set his heart on being present. That's Henry Hall. Who knows what he will be doing in twelve months' time?

He had to ask Ambrose to swop a session with him so that he might be there, and one result of the swop is that Henry and the boys will be playing no less than three sessions on Saturday week, July 10.

Curious fact: playwrights write more plays in winter than summer. So Marianne Helweg, blonde beauty of the Drama department, assures me. For every fifty plays she finds on her desk each week in winter, only twenty-five or so arrive in summer.

"I'm only the first sieve," says Marianne. "Plays which are at all possible I pass on to producers to read." Being a linguist, she takes all the foreign stuff herself and Hugh Stewart, who reads for Empire programmes, helps her out with the rest.

the second a big trip had been planned, but at the last minute the aeroplane was cancelled; Toscanini preferred to return to the house where he felt at home and could get the rest he needed.

When I last met Eric Maschwitz and Anna May Wong they were dancing together at the Variety Artists' Ball. Hearing that Anna was arriving at Southampton, Eric Maschwitz dashed off to meet her boat. She agreed to broadcast in Music Hall, but the sketch in her bag was unsuitable for broadcasting so Mark Langley burnt midnight oil in writing new material.

Anna is a film star, not a music-hall act, but the audience in St. George's Hall adored her acting in the Shanghai card-sharper sketch.

Perhaps you know the story of the Irishman at a Scottish smoking concert who was asked to leave the hall for calling the piper a devil.

"Sure I will be pleased to go for calling the piper a devil," he said, "if you will tell me who called the devil a piper."

Another kind of piper altogether has been snaffled by Reginald Foort for his Theatre Organ programme on Saturday week, when Iain Macdonald Murray, who taught the Duke of Windsor to play, is coming to St. George's Hall. Reggie and he will play one tune together and then the piper will go ahead and give you a grand fireworks display of skirling and birling.

Charles Brewer has been week-ending with Harry Pepper at Middleton near Bognor, where the sands are good, and the sea is warm and Chesney Allen has a cottage.

From Middleton Harry has been getting around a bit, with the result that we are going to hear concert parties from nearby towns this month.

First is *Gay Parade* from Worthing on Thursday; next Gwen Lewis' Entertainers in Southsea Revels on the fifteenth; then *Dazzle* from Bognor on the twenty-third and George Hay's concert party from Bognor on the twenty-ninth.

COMEDY—JULY 12

Between You, Me and the Mike

By MARGOT JONES

“Gracie Fields” Challenge Cup :: Anna May Wong’s Creswell’s Car Smash :: Marie Tempest to Broadcast

Bruce Belfrage is proud of himself. He has persuaded Marie Tempest to lead in a radio play; at the same time, he has arranged for a Noel Coward comedy to be broadcast for the first time, on July 12.

Luckily, he caught Dame Marie free between shows, and Noel willingly made over his rights in *Hay Fever* to her for the occasion. On summer nights when her husband Graham Brown was alive, Dame Marie used to give dinner parties in an arbour in the garden of their house near Regent’s

Naturally, a special series of programmes has been anxiously prepared for the event, and Mr. G. C. Beadle, newly appointed Director in place of Mr. Appleton, will inaugurate the new service with a talk.

Highlights of the week’s programmes include the *Show of Shows* Concert Party from Weston-super-Mare, a programme from the stage of the Palace Theatre, Plymouth, two important feature programmes presenting aspects of the West Country, a talk by S. P. B. Mais, and musical programmes,

both light and serious. There’s surely some good listening there!

Good news for “Music Hall” listeners: John Sharman has arranged for Flanagan and Allen to appear in his show—their fourth recent appearance, this Saturday—July 3—and, in the same programme, ever-popular Bébé Daniels and Ben Lyon will be making their last broadcast in this country before going on a tour of South Africa.

During the Variety performance on July 10, John Sharman will introduce to listeners a new “team” of his own creation—Lupino Lane, a name known to every theatre-goer, and Mamie Soutter, famous for her child impersonations. They will take part in a double act specially written by Douglas Furber who, by the way, wrote the book of the B.B.C. Coronation Revue.

Ever since broadcasting started from the Argyle Theatre, Birkenhead, a dear old lady has booked the same seat just under one of the microphones. If you have listened to these relays, you must have often heard her hearty laugh.

More than one comedian has inwardly blessed her during his act for setting her neighbours guffawing and “warming up” the audience as a whole.

It all helps to make the show go with a swing—and the old lady gets a lot of satisfaction from knowing her relatives are all listening to her.

From Cleethorpes, you will shortly hear young Jack Woodroffe broadcasting with Sandy Powell’s show. I told you, didn’t I, that when Sandy first heard this Birmingham youngster, his show was “all set,” but he gave him a seven-weeks’ try-out with his “Discoveries” gang. This proved so successful, that Jack is going in Sandy’s own road show, where he is bound to make good.

He’s only eighteen, and has already broadcast his impressions from the Midland studios, where they were very well received. Jack has also run his own dance band for some years, and is an expert performer on the piano accordion.



Princess Pearl and Princess Gold at a party—otherwise Mrs. Harry Roy and her sister, Miss Valerie Brook

Park. It is always a privilege to hear her lovely young voice. I look forward to July 12.

Peter Creswell had called the last rehearsal for six o’clock; the transmission was at nine. That was lucky. It gave him time to sort himself out of the car smash in which he was involved about that hour, telephone to the studio to carry on, get his leg dressed, and yet be there in time for transmission.

But he found on arrival that the cast were still sitting about despite his message. “Could not start without you,” they explained.

Belfast programme staff seem to have been turned topsy turvey lately.

In the game of general post Godfrey Brown, Musical Director, has retired to make room for Walton O’Donnell. Richardson, Talks Assistant, is going to the Empire staff, and Denis Ireland, an Ulster man, is taking his place.

Now I’m wondering who the two new producers will be. For I have an idea that Edward Wilkinson, who has made a big name for himself at this station in charge of variety, is shortly taking up an important post at another region; and that S. A. Bulloch, who has been drama producer in Northern Ireland almost since the opening of the station, is retiring on pension.

I wonder if these two posts will be filled, or will the powers that be . . . ? However, wait and see. . . .

The West of England Region, to the satisfaction of its licence-holders who never ceased to complain under the old system, will begin on July 4 its first week of independent existence.



Mrs. Reginald Foort, wife of the popular B.B.C. Wurlitzer organist, and her daughters: Ann, aged ten; Eve, aged nine; and Barbara, 18 months

HE'S NEVER BEEN OUT OF A JOB!

JOHNNY ROSEN, broadcasting bandleader for Lewis's Store, Manchester, plunged into dance music when he was fourteen. Since then he has never been out of work—an amazing record. In this article Johnny's brilliant success story is told

By CHARLES HATTON

AND what may you want, young feller?" asked the caretaker of a Putney music hall of fourteen-year-old Johnny Rosen, one cold winter's morning.

"I've come for an audition," stammered Johnny, nervously fingering the clasps of his violin case.

"Bit early, ain't yer? Why it ain't for two hours yet—you'd better go and sit in the stalls." So Johnny, dark, pale and very anxious, did as he was bade.

By eleven o'clock the stalls were completely filled with violinists, and when the musical director arrived to give the audition, he was taken aback.

He regarded the crowded seats with some perplexity. "I'd no idea there were so many violinists in the world," he muttered. "However, who was here first?"

They pushed Johnny forward, and he managed to find his way on to the stage, very much overawed at the prospect of having to perform before such a critical audience.

Opening his case, he offered to play the M.D. one or two studies for solo violin. "No use to me," was the reply. "I want to hear something popular."

And he delved into a pile of music two feet deep and produced the one popular piece which Johnny could really play—"Poet and Peasant."

The pianist, sitting with legs crossed and a cigarette drooping from his lip, strummed a few opening chords.

By the time the piece was half way through, he was playing for dear life to keep up with this quick-fingered youngster.

Later, he threw in his lot with the famous Broadway Sextette, who created quite a sensation with their ragtime frolics. Following all the experience he gained with them, it wasn't surprising to find him being snapped up by Jack Hylton, then forming his first band—a combination of seven which was so skilfully directed that it sounded like double the number.

Soon afterwards, that famous violin section comprising Johnny Rosen, Hugo Rignold and Harry Berly was formed, and became the most famous in dance band history. Johnny was with Jack for over thirteen years, during which he played in every town of note in Great Britain, and also in practically all the European countries.

And did those boys travel! They actually did forty-two consecutive one-night stands in seven different countries.

Sometimes, it was dark when they arrived at a town, and they packed up and left before daylight—so that though they visited many places, there were quite a number they didn't actually see—apart from the inside of their concert hall.

Johnny recalls very vividly being stranded at a tiny town on the Russian frontier. "There was just one steam tram in the place, and to go for a ride in it was the only means we had of relieving the monotony," he declares. After the band had remained there for five days, they were finally refused admission, and returned to Berlin.

It is now nearly three years since Johnny decided to form his own band, and again Fortune has favoured him, for he has had a contract with the same firm for the whole of this period. Of course, he has delivered the goods, and there's no doubt that Johnny Rosen is a household name in and around Liverpool and Manchester, where his band is stationed.

Johnny has also leapt to the fore in the radio world, and has had several late-night broadcasts, in addition to regular dates on the North Regional wavelength. He uses a band of eleven, including himself, and never augments it for broadcasts. This is a very serious principle as far as he is concerned. He believes that listeners should hear Johnny Rosen's Band exactly in every way as they can hear it any day if they drop in at the restaurant where the band plays.

The outfit comprises four saxes, trumpet, trombone, guitar, double bass, piano and drums.

Johnny is definitely against so-called hot jazz—the band plays sweet melodious orchestrations, with an abundance of rhythm. Incidentally, in view of the swing controversy, Johnny's definition of this elusive quality is interesting.

"Swing," says Johnny, "is the sort of music that sets your feet tapping and shoulders wriggling. In short, it makes you feel that you want to get up and dance."

Simple, isn't it, after all these highbrow definitions. Yet it's nearer the truth than any of them. And Johnny has found that his sweet music policy pays; the customers are continually asking for more.

He chooses his men with great care, primarily paying attention to the tone of their playing, and no doubt you have noticed the richness of his ensemble work on the air. He gets that by clever orchestrations and skilful "balancing" of his various instruments in relation to the microphone.

Though Johnny attributes most of his success to luck, it is obvious that it is mainly accounted for by the fact that he knows exactly what he wants, and goes all out to get it. A policy that's put more than one star on the radio map.



Johnny's bright outfit in full swing at Lewis's Stores, Manchester

Johnny Rosen, ex-Hylton star, now a favourite North of England band leader

So Johnny got the job, which was to lead four very experienced players at a nearby music hall.

"They stuck me for nine months," said Johnny, "and I learnt more in that time than I would have done in ten years' music lessons. What's more, I got two pounds a week—a phenomenal sum to me in those days."

That's only one example of the kindness of the Goddess Fortune to this well-known Northern band leader. Johnny is quite open about it all; he admits that he has always had more than his share of luck. From the time he was fourteen, he's never had a week's unemployment, and he's doing much better now than ever before. Every change he's made has been for the better, and any gamble he takes never seems to go wrong. However, let's return to those early days.

It wasn't long before he had attracted the attention of de Groot, the world-famous violinist, who signed him up for his orchestra, which was quite outstanding where the light classics were concerned. Johnny was with de Groot for seven years, during which he learnt a good deal about presentation and showmanship.

It was in 1917 that jazz began to make its presence felt, and Johnny Rosen could not resist an offer to join up with the first Ragtime Band over here. They made Edison Bell records—all crouched round the huge trumpet that was used in those days at recording sessions.

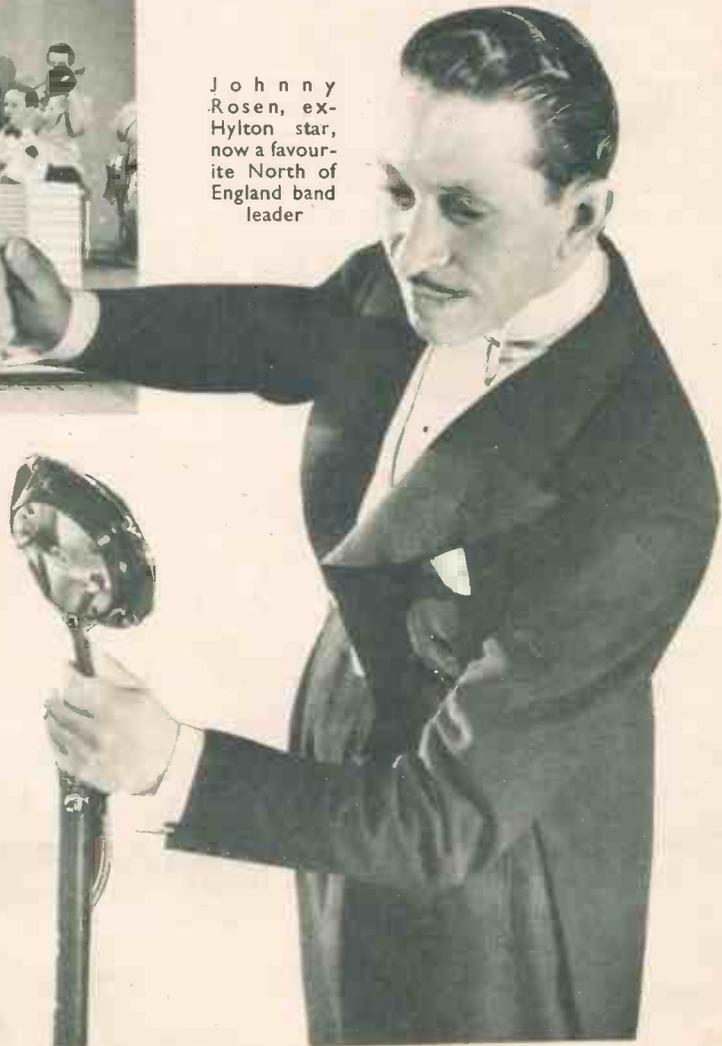
"And we certainly made some noise!" says Johnny, with a reminiscent smile.

Johnny has a profound admiration for Jack Hylton's methods.

"He always used to impress upon us that a good start and a good finish to a number were the primary essentials, and I've always stuck to this idea in leading my own band. It's a recipe that's never failed me yet."

Life with Jack Hylton's Band became very strenuous, with rehearsals, broadcasts and recordings, and Johnny makes no secret of the fact that some weeks his earnings touched the £60 mark even in those early days of jazz. "I had a job to keep a sense of proportion in money matters," he declares, "but after a while I began to figure things out, and balance my budget to a nicety."

During his long musical career, Johnny has appeared at four Royal Command Performances for their Majesties King George V and Queen Mary, Prince of Wales, the King and Queen of the Belgians, the Italian Crown Prince, and also the President of France.



DAY OF DAZE

Continuing her series of articles on STARS AT HOME, Verity Claire visits JEANNE DE CASALIS and finds her in a typical "Mrs. FEATHER" muddle.



Jeanne de Casalis is a very capable woman but, somehow, Mrs. Feather will obtrude into her life!

I KNOCKED at the door of a very modern flat in Hallam Street. It was opened by Jeanne de Casalis, or, as we all know her, Mrs. Feather.

"Oh, do come in," she said, "I'm afraid everything's in rather a muddle; the sitting-room's full of photographers—some advertisement thing."

She waved her hand towards the half-open door, through which I saw several arc lamps, yards of flex and no less than four photographers busily engaged.

"If you wouldn't mind coming into the bedroom." And she led the way.

I didn't in the least mind going into the bedroom—a delightful room with pinkish painted walls and a sea green ceiling. It was a small room and we sat on the bed—a huge affair with a most amusing cover in a sort of cream woollen astrachan. The seat of the dressing-table stool was covered in the same material.

Miss de Casalis pointed to an oil painting on the wall, a portrait of her mother. It was set in an oval frame, painted exactly the same shade as the walls and woodwork.

"That was my idea," said Mrs. Feather. "It was an ordinary old gilt frame, but it didn't suit the room at all, so I just painted it to match. It looks much better that way, don't you think?"

The door bell rang.

"Excuse me," said Mrs. Feather, and went to open it.

"Oh, come in!" she said, in the same welcoming tone which she had used to me. "I'm afraid we're in rather a mess. There are dozens of photographers in the sitting-room and I'm being interviewed in the bedroom, but if you don't mind waiting a minute—" and she smiled. The new arrival came into the hall.

"Mr. Smith—Miss Claire," said Mrs. Feather. We bowed and Mr. Smith leant against the open bedroom door, reading the evening paper.

Miss de Casalis sat by my side on the bed. "I'm afraid there's nowhere much to sit," she said. "I've got rather a complex about furniture. I hate a lot of it. I like everything possible to be built in. All that wall is built-in cupboards—they were painted the same shade as the wall, and you hardly noticed their existence. The dressing-table, too, is built in, and the bedside table. It gives me so much more room to move about. My cottage, too, has a lot of the furniture built in."

I wanted to hear more about the cottage and asked Mrs. Feather to tell me.

She smiled fondly when she talked about it.

"Oh, it's lovely," she said, "you've no idea how beautiful it is. Very old—fourteenth century. That's partly why I have such a modern flat in town, it makes such a nice contrast. Everything as up-to-date as possible here and very old-fashioned down there."

"But where is it?" I asked.

"In Kent," said Jeanne, "nearly sixty miles away from London. I keep it as a perfect retreat; a sort of hideaway, as it were. Perhaps it's selfish of me, but I do like somewhere that is absolutely private, with no photographers around. Not that I mind photographers in the least—look how many are here to-day! But I just like to keep one place entirely to myself. The cottage—"

The phone rang.

"Yes?" said Mrs. Feather. "Oh, Mr. Brown!

Yes, send him up."

"It's a man who may be going to take the flat," she explained. "I'm thinking of letting it, you know. I'm getting more and more attached to my country home, and I sometimes let this one. Even when this is not let I spend more than half my time in the country. I'm really getting very rural. I raise sheep!"

"Sheep?" I echoed.

"Yes," said Jeanne, "I—"

The doorbell rang.

She leapt up and went to answer it.

"Oh do come in, Mr. Brown," she said.

"I'm sorry I can't show you much of the flat just for a moment, it's full of photographers, but if you'd wait just a minute." She remembered the rest of us. "Oh, Mr. Brown—Miss Claire—Mr. Smith."

We all bowed. Mr. Brown looked round for somewhere to sit down. Jeanne smiled.

"I'm afraid there's nowhere for you to sit at present!" she apologised, "but if you wouldn't mind just standing!—"

Mr. Brown acquiesced and stood patiently in the hall.

Jeanne returned to me.

"Yes, I've got quite a lot of sheep," she announced.

"I started with three, now I've got ten, and next year I hope to have twenty! I've got seventeen acres of ground, you know."

Somehow I hadn't thought of Mrs. Feather as a breeder of sheep!

I asked how she found the cottage.

"By pure chance," she replied. "I'd been searching for one for months without success, and one day I was strolling down a lane and saw the place—only a glimpse of it through the trees, but I knew immediately that it was my home. There wasn't the slightest doubt about it. I knew."

"But it was by no means easy to get hold of it. When I made inquiries I found the cottage was available, though not on my terms. I wanted to rent it, and the landlord wanted to sell. I couldn't afford to buy it then—eight years ago—and I wasn't going to let it go, so a battle began. I didn't let the poor man rest. I worried him almost to death! I used every ounce of charm I had, vamped him, wheedled, coaxed and cajoled.

"It took me ages but at last he let me have the cottage on a lease with an option to purchase. He didn't want to do it in the very least, but I wore him down. I think he gave in through sheer exhaustion, poor man!"

I wanted to know what this perfect cottage was like.

"Timbered," said Miss de Casalis, "and all the walls are painted in the same sort of white with a pink flush that I've got in the flat here. At least, they're not painted but enamelled. Shiny walls look so lovely in an old house; they reflect the beams and furniture. The floors downstairs are just the old red bricks, polished; upstairs they're all covered in felt."

"But even in the cottage I haven't much furniture. There are a few bits of old Provençal stuff and the rest is built in."

The photographers suddenly stated that they'd finished. Jeanne bade them good-bye very charmingly, asked if they were sure they had all the pictures they wanted, apologised for not being more settled as she had only just come up from the country that afternoon, and showed them out.

She then led us into the sitting-room—a charming place with the same pinkish walls as the bedroom, a dull leaf-brown carpet, and chairs and sofa covered in a narrow striped material of beige and brown, with beige satin cushions. Not soft lounging chairs, by the way, but upright ones with padded seats and backs.

The doorbell rang. This time it was Mr. Brown's friend, Mr. Jones, who had also come to inspect the flat.

"Do come in," said Mrs. Feather. "Poor Mr. Brown's been waiting in the most dreadful discomfort, but at last I can show you round. Oh, Mr. Jones—Miss Claire—Mr. Smith."

We all bowed.

"This is the bedroom!" and she waved her hand round the sitting-room.

"You mean the sitting-room," put in Mr. Smith.

"Of course I do, how stupid!" said Mrs. Feather.

"I'd gathered it was the sitting-room," said Mr. Jones politely, as he and Mr. Brown followed Mrs. Feather into the bedroom, while Mr. Smith, still deep in the paper, sat down at last.

I looked round. It was really a very charming room. Fairly small, as most rooms in modern flats are, an illusion of space was given by a broad strip of mirror which ran the whole length of one wall. Windows curtained in beige looked on to a courtyard and a third wall was occupied by built-in book shelves—there were more of these below the mirror. Under the window a low table, covered in mirror and with ridged mirror sides, reflected the light.

I heard Jeanne bidding farewell to Mr. Brown and Mr. Jones, who seemed very taken with the flat—and no wonder. She came back to us, picked up a large bunch of flowers, said that as they hadn't been in water yet they must be attended to immediately, and left us again. When she returned we began to talk of her hobbies.

Her chief one is flying—she's mad about it, and has held her pilot's licence for some time. The cottage isn't very far from Lympe, and she does her flying from there; hardly a week-end passes without her taking to the air.

Then there are golf, gardening, cookery, tennis—and her sheep! She's a busy woman. And all these activities are pursued without taking into account any of her work—which comes to a great deal—writing, acting and broadcasting.

The phone rang and a protracted conversation ensued. It was terminated by Jeanne hearing the bell again and rushing to the door.

"Oh, come in, my dear," she said and walked into the sitting-room followed by yet another visitor. "Mr. Robinson—Miss Claire—Mr. Smith."

We all bowed.

"How do you find time for everything?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know," smiled Mrs. Feather, "I seem to manage somehow. I weave it all in. I'm broadcasting to-night, by the way."

"At what time?"

"Oh, in an hour or so."

I felt it was churlish to stay when she had so many visitors, and an evening's work in front of her, too. I said good-bye.

Mrs. Feather shook hands, smiled sweetly, thanked me for coming and showed me out. As I walked from the door I heard the telephone ring!

Now I know how Jeanne de Casalis first got the inspiration for Mrs. Feather!



Welcoming the morning sunshine in her country cottage

MUSIC FOR ALL MOODS

SAM HEPPNER discusses music from a personal angle and finds that there's a place for every type of music in the average man's life. What do you think? Do you like Mozart with your eggs and bacon—or Cab Calloway?



I DON'T remember in which play, preface, essay, story, novel, sociological treatise or collection of music criticisms George Bernard Shaw says that a symphony concert in the early morning is a most unthinkable horror. Anyway, he says it.

But I fancy that the words were written before the advent of radio when, if we discount the possibility of hearing the master works scratchily reproduced on a gramophone, there was small practical opportunity of having Beethoven before breakfast—orchestrally I mean.

I agree—and so, I think, will you—that it would certainly be rather formidable to have a large symphony orchestra (in the flesh) blaring some frisky scherzo at you at the beginning of the day when your senses are not fully acclimatised.

The reason? Simply that you don't feel like symphonic music (or hearty and cheerful breakfast companions) at that hour.

If, then, your reactions to music are subject to moods, whims, frames of mind and how you feel, as indeed they are, is it possible to standardise and assess these moods in a general sketchy way, devise some formula that is applicable to the average man?

Assuming that we can generalise, are the B.B.C. music programme arrangers sensible of these fluctuating moods and hour-to-hour changes of taste in music? Do they consider certain types of music to be suitable for certain times of day (and night) and plan their programmes accordingly?

Symphonic music, theoretically so abhorrent to Shaw in the early mornings, is now available to listeners, if not actually at breakfast at any hour of the day roughly from eleven onwards. And now that we can and have sampled morning music, do we find it so offensive?

We would no doubt find the physical performance that Shaw probably visualised rather disturbing at this hour. We have agreed on that. But our wireless is not a roomful of bassoons and percussion, remember, and by a turn of the control knob we can minimise the force of sound and make Bruckner or Tchaikovsky at their noisiest sound like a serenade for strings.

So what is wrong with symphony (à la B.B.C.) in the morning?

Of course, in catering for our average man personal idiosyncrasies have to be ignored. I can (and sometimes do) listen to Mozart all day and all night, to the despair of my family, but, taking the day from its beginning, can we settle on a certain type of music

that is likely to be appreciated by a maximum number of music lovers who have access to their radio at eleven o'clock?

I see that a good deal of music broadcast by the B.B.C. at about this time consists of gramophone recordings of chamber works—often by Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert, and, though more seldom, Dohnanyi, Ravel, Borodin and Debussy, etc. This seems appropriate enough to me; for chamber music is limpid, restful and soothing and probably coincides with the moods of people at this hour.

It is well, perhaps, during mid-morning, to avoid Handel and Bach in their phases of sombre majesty and music that is generally of a rather exciting and boisterous nature. What sort of music would you like to tune in to, say, on a lovely spring morning? The french windows are open, revealing a green and scented garden. What would you consider to be typical "morning" music. Something, I suggest, that has a sense of awakening about it, something that progresses gracefully, let us say, from a pan-like woodwind introduction to a wistful climax of interweaving harmonies. Delius? Perhaps. "Brigg Fair" or the "Cuckoo"? Debussy? "L'Après midi d'un Faune"? Ravel? "Introduction and Allegro for woodwind and strings with harp accompaniment"?

THE lyrical beauty of Rachmaninoff's C minor Concerto that leaves you standing, arms outstretched, to embrace the burgeoning forces of spring life?

There are some works, of course, that specifically describe the morning—Elgar's "Chanson de Matin" and Grieg's "Morning" from the Peer Gynt suite, for instance.

Do you think that dance music in the middle of the day is somehow "right"? It never seems to register properly with me. Is my reaction in this instance general?—or is it individual and therefore unrepresentative?

I don't quite see how one can respond suitably to the appeal of dance music in the atmosphere of mid-day; I feel that the appreciation of dance music (for itself and not merely for dancing) demands a festivity of spirit and a detachment from the urgencies of the day that can only be acquired when the day is done.

Light music of the type composed by Eric Coates and Haydn Wood is very enjoyable during the lunch hour and I think that the excerpts from opera on gramophone records—preferably the lighter Italian operas of Puccini, Verdi, Donizetti and Rossini—are not out of place at this period of the day. The pro-

fundities of Wagner, however, are not easily digestible with one's lunch.

For tea-time—tea-time music, obviously. And when I say tea-time music I refer to the special category of music which the conductors in the various popular restaurants favour during the afternoon . . . restful, happy, light and afternoon music.

Night is clearly the time for the transmission of opera, not on records or from the studio, but from the great opera houses of the world that always communicate their extravagant, postprandial "atmosphere" so vitally through the microphone. Symphony concerts, too. While for those in quest of relaxation after the cares of the day, light entertainment and dance music become highly desirable.

My own reaction to the dance bands is that, as the night progresses towards twelve o'clock, their monotonous rhythms begin to pall. Should one retire for the night with these gay and festive rhythms "beating in one's brain," to quote Mr. Coward?

This again is obviously a matter of taste, but I must say that for my own part my favourite section of the day's programme is the nightly gramophone programme recital from 11.40 to 12 on the other wavelength. The message of this brief, final programme is, for me at least, psychologically perfect.

The day's broadcasting is nearly over; now, surely, is the time to sit back and let the tranquil and reposeful strains of works like the Nocturnes of Chopin, Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," Mahler's Adagio from the Fifth Symphony, "Summer Night on the River," by Delius, Haydn's Serenade from the Quartet in F and Borodin's lovely Nocturne from the second string quartet sink into your quiescent spirit, soothe and serenade you, and carry you off happily to bed.



Sandy Powell—full-width smile

"CAN YOU HEAR ME, MOTHER?"

By **SANDY POWELL,**
The Famous Comedian

people's lips. It is also, I know, guilty of "mike crashing."

When George Allison was broadcasting a running commentary on the Cup Final, several cheerful and high-spirited Northerners close by, turned round towards the B.B.C. box and roared: "Can you hear me, mother?" at the top of their voices!

Apocryphal of this famous phrase, an amusing incident occurred at Liverpool, when I was appearing in variety, which gave me a big laugh!

An enthusiastic American movie magnate came round to my dressing-room to congratulate me on my act and, also, to say how much he had enjoyed my pictures.

Wringing my hand, and using my arm as a pump-handle he meant to tell me that the film, "Can You Hear Me, Mother?" was, in his view, a positive wow! Unfortunately, he muddled the title!

"Listen, buddy," he burst out, amiably, "take that photoplay of yours 'How's Your Father'?" "Nuff said!

I am often asked how I like broadcasting? Well, I like it very much. But, I must say that, although I have been "on the air" since the early Savoy Hill days, I am still very much prone to microphone fright. I am always a bundle of nerves just before and during a broadcast. And I still think broadcasting is the most terrifying experience for an artiste in the world.

You see, when you make a gramophone record, although you are working before a microphone, you know that—if anything goes wrong—you can start all over again. In making films it is the same. While, on the halls, in one's natural and original element, it is usually easy enough to cover-up or to "gag" out of difficulties, should they arise.

But, once you are before the broadcasting microphone you are keenly and intensely aware that there is no going back; that millions are listening; and that one small slip—no matter how innocent or accidental—may have all kinds of alarming and serious consequences.

Of all my records, I think and hope you will like my latest—"Gracie and Sandy at the Coronation"—the best!

What a grand trouper Gracie is! All the time we were making this mirthquaking disc I could not help but reflect that Gracie is just the same, kind-hearted creature as the little, unknown comedienne with whom I worked in the early days of her career.

A true story I told Gracie at the time, which made her laugh a lot, concerns an occasion when I was appearing in variety at Grimsby. One night, after the show, a member of the audience buttonholed the manager of the theatre and hotly demanded his money back.

"Why? What's the trouble?" inquired the manager, in surprise.

"Well, I paid to see Sandy Powell. And I haven't seen him!" came the sharp reply.

The manager looked amazed. But, my dear sir, you have seen him!" he protested. "That was Sandy Powell on the stage just now!"

At this, the patron positively glared.

"You can't kid me!" he exclaimed, knowingly. "Why, I've seen Powell on the pictures: slim, dapper fellow, he is, with a small, black mustache!"

It took the manager quite five minutes to convince the indignant gentleman that Sandy Powell and William Powell were two entirely different people.

Such is fame!

DOWN AT THE NEW 'BULL & BUSH'

... or, rather, down at the Queen's Arms, Cowley, where radio singer, Bertha Willmott and her husband are mine host and hostess



Bertha Willmott, star of the Maclean's "Music Hall Memories" programmes from Luxembourg takes on all comers at darts. You'll never get a double, Bertha!



You'll have to take our word that there's a lawn under that roller!



(Left) Bertha, her husband Reg and her son on duty in the saloon bar



Lovely to leave the golf course and go back to your own nineteenth hole!

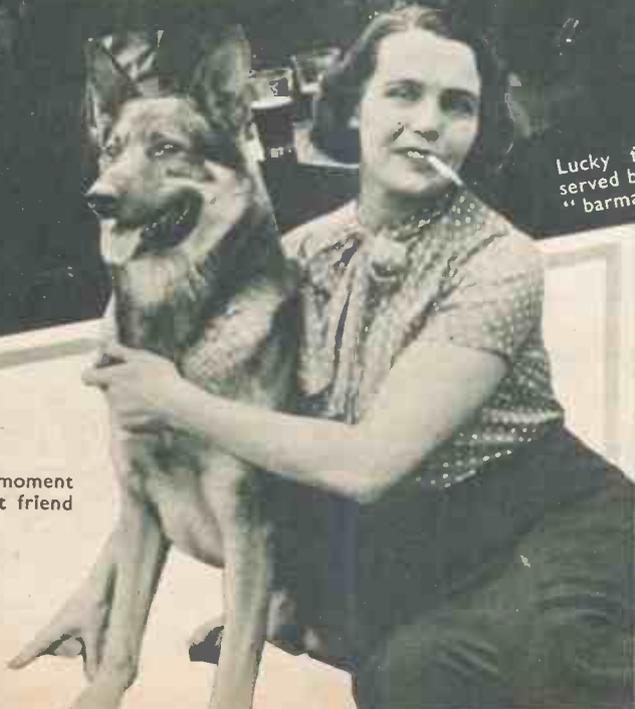


Lucky fellows to be served by such a cheery "barmaid" as Bertha



After closing time there's just time to catch the late-night dance music

Off duty moment with a great friend



RADIO FAVOURITES

Are you a film fan as well as a radio fan?
each week all about the

By
**JOHN K.
NEWNHAM**

and what the radio stars are doing in them.

Some weeks, of course, there may be no broadcasting personalities in the current releases, and at all times the number of pictures is bound to fluctuate. But I think you'll be surprised at the number of films there are which introduce radio artistes in one guise or another!

Therefore, this feature aims to give you as full a guide as possible to everything of radio interest in screenland. If there is anything you want to know in this direction, don't hesitate to write for the information.

Unfair Treatment of Stars

When settling down to investigate closely the activities of radio stars in filmland, it hasn't taken me long to realise that the stars don't always get a fair deal.

I am going to protest strongly in such cases.

Listeners who go to cinemas to see their favourites deserve to see them to their best advantage, and not in shoddy pictures produced simply to exploit famous names.

This is fair to no-one.

The stars suffer. Given a weak story and badly photographed, many of their fans who have never seen them before but have only heard them, are bound to be disappointed.

Listeners suffer, because they spend money and probably travel considerable distances to see their favourites, only to have a boring evening.

And the broadcasting authorities also suffer if the stars they engage lose their popularity through bad films.

For instance, I recently saw a film featuring one of our most popular croonettes, and, frankly, I was bored to tears. It was just a crude love triangle concerning two crooners and a stage manager, with musical interludes and a murder mystery thrown in. It was all so poorly done that none of the players stood a chance. The film is going the rounds at the moment; but I am afraid that if you see it, you're going to be disappointed in the stars, simply because of their lack of material.

Again, there is a new release which isn't going to do Billy Caryl and Hilda Mundy much good. The film is *Biter Bit*. It is supposed to be a comedy, but in the whole of its fifty minutes there are less laughs than the two clever players usually get in a couple of minutes.

The story is just one of those mother-in-law affairs. I thought the joke had died years ago. But the picture is nothing more or less than one long mother-in-law gag. Besides being poorly constructed, the stars have no opportunities whatever.

Radio stars should be given better breaks.

Radio Favourites in New Films

You can see Claude Hulbert, suitably assisted by Binnie Hale and Gwen Farrar, in *Take a Chance*, released next week. It's a typical Hulbert comedy,

with a racing background. Claude has the part of a professional tipster who has a reputation as a turf investigator as well. He is called in by a young racehorse owner who believes that his stable secrets are leaking out.

Claude discovers that the owner's wife is carrying on with the guilty party; as a result, the owner says the horse will be scratched, if Claude is right.

People who are interested in keeping the horse in the race do their best to stop Claude from producing his proof, and Claude goes through some amusing and hectic adventures before everything is straightened out.

Nothing very sensational, but it's a bright affair and quite enjoyable. Claude Hulbert is in good form. Binnie Hale and Gwen Farrar, as a couple of garage proprietors, are a sheer delight, and amusing support is provided by Harry Tate and Jack Barty. Henry Kendall is seen as the owner, and Enid Stamp-Taylor as his wife. Others in the cast include Kynaston Reeves and Percy Walsh.

If you like Sandy Powell, you'll like *It's a Grand Old World*, which is now being released. It is an unpretentious but thoroughly amusing comedy, obviously written to exploit the star's particular talents. His leading lady is another radio favourite, pert Gina Malo. Gina sings and dances attractively, but has comparatively little to do. The picture is nearly all Sandy.

He is seen as a young man who is more interested in football than work. But his father makes him get a job, and he finds work in a theatre. His adventures—including an experience with an escaped lion—provide boisterous fun. The story's not strong, but as the entertainment depends almost on Sandy Powell, this is one of the few cases in which the story is not the thing.

In the film magazine line, the latest release of *Pathé Pictorial* introduces Gene Essen. You've probably heard him playing his wide variety of banjos over the air. Now you can see what the banjos are like.



Boisterous fun in "It's a Grand Old World" is supplied by Sandy Powell and pretty, pert Gina Malo

WHEN can I see broadcasting stars on the movie screen?"

This question is put to RADIO PICTORIAL again and again. Television is still for the minority, and it's not always possible to see radio favourites on the stage. The cinema, therefore, fills an important place in the association of broadcasting stars and listeners.

Once you have seen a broadcaster on the screen, you feel that you know him (or her) far more intimately than before. Enjoyment of radio programmes is therefore increased tremendously.

And this is why this new feature is being introduced. It will attempt to provide all the news and gossip about radio stars who are working in the film studios, and also about film stars who are heard on the air.

Radio stars don't appear only in pictures dealing with broadcasting. Many of them play straight parts, appearing quite briefly in some cases. Such pictures will be reviewed, with special attention paid to the radio artistes appearing in them.

Really, it's amazing how many players do work both for radio and the screen. Take Stanley Holloway, for instance. You can often see him in character parts in films, without even any mention of Sam.

Claude Hulbert, Jean Colin, Denier Warren, Billy Caryl, Ronald Frankau, Albert Whelan, Evelyn Dall, Florence Desmond, Harry Tate, Paul Robeson, Harry Lauder, Esme Percy, Max Miller, Charles Farrell—there, taken purely at random, are just a few of the broadcasting notabilities I am always meeting in the film studios.

Even if you are careful to watch the casts of the big pictures, you will probably miss half the screen appearances of your favourites. Many of them appear in "shorts" and "magazine pictures" (such as *Pathé Weekly*, *Pathé Pictorial*, *Ace Cinemazine*, etc.). To the best of my ability, I'll let you know when such pictures are showing,



George Formby's *Knock-Out*

Arrangements have been made, I hear, to broadcast to northern listeners extracts from George Formby's Blackpool show, *King Cheer* during the coming season. Which is only to be expected. This popular star's annual show has been relayed twice every year for the last seven years or so; and George makes a good many other radio appearances as well (he did a *Children's Hour* appeal the other week).

IN FILMLAND

WEEK-BY-WEEK REPORTS FROM THE STUDIOS

Here is a new "Radio Pictorial" feature which will tell you latest films in which radio stars appear

I met George down at the Ealing Studios the other day, where he was busy trying to finish his new picture, *Keep Fit*, in time to prepare his Blackpool production.

But he didn't look busy. He was unconscious when I got there. He was lying on the floor, with harassed studio hands trying to bring him round.

He had been accidentally knocked out in a fight with Guy Middleton, who appears with him in the picture. Poor George. When he recovered, he showed me three loose teeth that he had received in a previous fight with Middleton. But Middleton, in turn, showed me a gap in his row of molars. George had knocked one clean out!

And they call it *Keep Fit*!

George (who, during the last year or so, has become one of England's most popular screen comedians) has an unexpected rival when appearing on the stage in Blackpool. One or other of his own pictures is invariably showing at the same time, and at one period last year, there were two George Formby films and his own show all within a few yards of one another—and George was also on the air!

Unfortunately, he has a lot to worry about at the moment. Besides all the trouble of producing his new show, his wife is ill with appendicitis.

Denier's Dilemma

Denier Warren (who appears in the recently released *Café Colette*) found out the other day that film acting has more problems than broadcasting.

He is appearing with Formby in *Keep Fit*.

They were just shooting a scene, after rehearsing it, when the script girl suddenly yelled: "Stop!" Cameras ceased, and the microphone was switched off. Everyone stared at the girl.

"What's up?" asked Denier.

"Nothing—except that you're wearing the wrong suit!" exclaimed the girl.

If the mistake hadn't been spotted, filmgoers would have seen Denier Warren wearing one suit on one side of the road; and, then, on reaching the other pavement, wearing entirely different clothes!

American Favourites

Two interesting American radio stars appear among the current film releases. You've probably never heard of them—but as they have nice screen contracts now, you'll soon be getting to know them.

One is Henry Hunter. He is in *Yellowstone*. It is his third film to be released in the last six weeks, so you can gather that the film people are pretty interested in him.

A radio favourite for four years, he was partnered by pretty Ann Preston in many of his broadcasts. They were on the air together when a film talent scout heard them. And they were both signed up to go to Hollywood. They made their film debuts together in *Parolt*.

The other American broadcaster to be featured in a new film is young Bobby Breen, who appears in *Rainbow on the River* (heard the title song?). It's a senti-

George Formby now making "Keep Fit"



mental but tuneful affair which confirms the producers' belief that they have a real "discovery" in this youngster.

Max Gets The Bird

If I had ever wanted a safe bet, I would have wagered practically any sum that nothing in the world could have stopped Max Miller from talking, especially when talking for film purposes.

I'd have lost.

Max has just been telling me how he was interrupted the other day when making *Transatlantic Trouble*. He was in the middle of a scene when the studio was filled with sounds of sparrows' chattering.

And Max dried up. There was no alternative. Filming couldn't continue with the noise going on.

Someone went outside with a shot-gun, and tried to frighten the birds away. He returned. All was quiet. They started filming again—but only for a few seconds. Max was interrupted once more, and the sparrows were louder than ever this time.

The shot-gun was fired again; and then for a third time. But it was useless. The chattering still went on.

And then they found the birds. They had built a nest inside the studio, right on top of the set where Max was working!

Helped by Noel Coward

Max Miller introduced me to an interesting American radio and film personality when I went to Teddington to see him. She was working in *From a Dark Stairway*.

Although well known in America, she is actually a Scottish lass. Her name is Elsa Buchanan, and she is only twenty. You may be hearing her on the air over here. She is very keen on the idea, and has already been approached. Nothing definite fixed yet, however.

She told me how Noel Coward had helped her radio career. She was acting in a broadcast of *Cavalcade*, and Noel Coward was listening-in. And he was so impressed that he immediately got in touch with her, with the result that she broadcast in *Conversation Piece*, with petite Lily Pons—her most important engagement and one which helped to establish her.

Elsa has appeared in such films as *Lloyds of London*, *I Found Stella Parish*, *The 13th Chair*, *The Little Minister*, *Becky Sharpe* and *Call It a Day*.



Claude Hulbert is in good form in his new release, "Take a Chance," in which he plays the part of a tipster. In the circle on the left is delightful Elsa Buchanan, twenty-year-old Scottish lass and American radio star



Evelyn Dall (right), hot-shot with Ambrose's Orchestra, is to be seen soon in another film, "Calling All Stars"



SPONSORED LOVE

By
SHEILA FRYER



After a moment's terrifying hesitation the girl sang and forgot the critical and malicious eyes on her

Concluding
this glamorous
Serial of
Love and
Intrigue
in
Radioland

H.W. PERL

VAUXHALL patted a broad, paternal hand on his daughter's soft, bare shoulder, and beamed happily around the table at his surprised guests, not a little pleased at the immediate impression his announcement had made.

Mentasti, eyebrows raised, voice suave, bowed his head in the direction of the young couple, murmuring conventional congratulations; but his eyes were on the sleek, golden head of the girl opposite to him. Bernstein smiled genially, the fat little theatrical manager's usually gloomy countenance now oozing satisfaction; Janet's contract as good as signed! Cressington getting engaged to Marcella Vauxhall! The series of programmes would probably run twelve months! With an ostentatious sweep of the hand he summoned the wine waiter for champagne to toast the happy pair.

Marcella sat very still, cool and self-possessed; but in her eyes there was a brightness, and in her olive-complexioned cheeks a faint flush of colour which betrayed her excitement in her hour of triumph. She, too, glanced quickly in Janet's direction. Her malicious smile was ill-concealed.

The Dream Lover's voice was quiet as he thanked Vauxhall's guests for their good wishes, his handsome, clear-cut features betraying no emotion whatsoever, but his eyes were grave. Unlike the others, he did not look towards the pale girl with the red-gold hair.

She had said so softly that he had wondered whether he had dreamed the whispered words: "I hope you will be very happy—both of you." Now she sat with her lovely head bowed, her hazel eyes staring at her slim white hands, clenched tightly in her lap, under friendly cover of the gleaming white table, with its

shining array of heavy silver and crystal-clear glass. Five minutes had passed since the Dream Lover had said, very gently, to her, "Janet, you will let me hear you sing?" Five momentous minutes! The tenderness in his dear, familiar voice had kindled a little spark of hope in the young heart which had ached these many months; Vauxhall had spoken, then it had flickered pathetically, and faded, a little ray of hope destined to die even as it sprang into life.

For a while Janet could not trust herself to raise her head; her eyes must not betray the hurt which she strove so hard to conceal. When she arose as Bernstein toasted the smiling, seated couple, her face was composed and her hazel eyes calm. Bernstein, a little exhausted after such unexpected exhilaration, sank heavily into his seat, and mopped, with a large silk handkerchief the broad brow which blended imperceptibly into the barren expanse of pinkness which was his head. An understanding smile of amusement passed swiftly between Mentasti and Janet just as Cressington looked curiously towards them; he dropped his eyes again, quickly.

Marcella was saying coolly: "Of course, this is only unofficial. We shall keep it from the papers until we throw the party."

"Take care your name does leak out in the excitement of the engagement, Cressington," Bernstein said swiftly, anxious to prove to the famous band leader he might do well to employ a manager.

Rex nodded reassuringly and turned to Marcella, smiling: "While the mystery lasts, you'll have to be just 'Mrs. Dream Lover'." Marcella looked up slowly, her great, luminous eyes fixed possessively on the lean features of the broad-shouldered young man at her side. She did not speak, but the expression in her eyes and about her mouth made Janet avert her head miserably, and gaze restlessly around the great grill-room at the slim shoulders and bare backs of bejewelled

women, at the uniformity of their tail-coated escorts; and here and there at a table where men in groups of two or three, late diners in day-time apparel, less interested in the gaiety around them than the Big Business in which they were apparently engrossed.

The chatter at the table about the newly announced engagement seemed to the slender, golden-haired girl interminable, and eyes on the great gilt clock over the glass entrance door, she watched the hands trace the beginning of another day. At last, the two girls sipped coffee and crème de menthe whilst the men raised the great shining brandy glasses with their tiny golden contents to their lips. Vauxhall said as he laid down his glass.

"Miss Longton. How about making the audition to-morrow?"

"That would be lovely—if it suits you."

"Good. And you, Rex? And the orchestra? Or will they be fagged, only landing to-day?"

"They're used to hard work," Cressington laughed. "We'll be there, sir." He was standing a little apart from the group, with the dark-eyed Marcella, his long fingers resting lightly on her smooth arm. He looked at Janet.

"Don't bother to bring songs. We'll test you on popular stuff."

Mentasti interrupted: "I'll be there in case she wants a run-through." Cressington nodded briefly.

Marcella looked Janet up and down slowly: "You do sing, then! How funny! I thought it was just a joke." There was an embarrassed silence; Vauxhall, attending to the waiter, had not heard and Bernstein saved the situation by addressing him.

"I'd better come along, too, Mr. Vauxhall."

Vauxhall grinned as he rejoined them. "You're as certain as I am that we shall be signing the contract to-morrow." He added, "Now, come along, the lasses are tired, and I shan't be sorry myself to turn out the light to-night."

As they walked leisurely from the great, high-ceilinged room, their polite smiles and superficial chatter masked their varying emotions, their courteous thanks and gay adieux concealing the bitterness, the excitement, the generosity, the love and the hatred in the silence of their six souls.

Later as he said good-night to Janet, and Bernstein started up the great luxurious car which hard work and an astute brain had earned him, Mentasti looked at the slim white fingers laying in the palm of his great brown hand and said:

"You're overtired, child. Take some aspirin and hot milk when you get in bed."

"After champagne?"

"Do you remember when I told you you'd get blasé about champagne! Anyhow, you scarcely touched it to-night, even when we drank the health of the happy pair. Poor Cressington, he'll need our good wishes."

"That's not very chivalrous."

"It isn't, is it? But I know Marcella Vauxhall, and she's jealous of you."

"That's ridiculous. Why should she be?"

Mentasti hesitated as he looked into the young girl's hazel eyes. Then he shivered a little in the cold February night air, and smiled cheerfully as he tucked his white silk scarf firmly in his evening coat.

"Oh, because you're very young and lovely!"

Janet smiled up at the man, grateful that he was asking no questions. He looked down at her white face, ethereal in the cold light of a reluctant moon. He bent suddenly and kissed very gently her soft, smooth cheek.

"Good-night, brave heart, sleep well."

But the first faint flush of dawn had crept into the grey, morning sky when the golden-haired girl sank into sleep and the soft curls about her head were damp with tears.

At eight o'clock she arose swiftly, bathed, dressed, ordered coffee which she sipped reflectively, and then for half an hour practised scales to test her voice before Mentasti and Bernstein called for her. She had not allowed her mind to dwell on the bitterness of last night's reunion with the Dream Lover for more than the agonising awakening from sweet sleep to reality, and the two men found her calm and very beautiful in fox-trimmed coat and dress of palest blue, a tiny matching hat nestling attractively on her lovely head.

It was five minutes to eleven when the three of them hurried past the officious-looking commissioner, after a salute from Bernstein, at the studios of Sponsored Radio Programmes, who were to produce the programmes for Vauxhall. They hurried along narrow, carpeted corridors, past mysterious doors boasting formidable red lights bidding all who passed to do so quietly. Members of the staff passed leisurely on their way about their business. Sleek young men, very public-school in spite of their shirt-sleeves. "Wireless engineers," whispered Mentasti. "They've got their eye on the B.C. and a Baronetcy." Young girls swept by with great batches of duplicated scripts, and several carefully dressed young men in black hats, which Janet discovered later never left their heads. "They say they write," Bernstein observed gloomily. Then two tired-looking men wearing worried expressions and grubby pull-overs hurried by.

"They don't seem to belong at all," said Janet.

Mentasti smiled. "They do all the work, get all the kicks, and listen-in to the Continent all day on Sundays with cold bandages around their heads. They're the producers."

Janet, in spite of her numbed heart, could not resist the gay laugh which came tumbling to her pretty lips,

All characters in this serial are fictitious

Not even a jealous woman can put a spoke in the wheel of real love—as Marcella found out

The Dream Lover, strangely remote in his black mask, was talking to his music arranger as the little party entered the studios; Janet was laughing gaily, her slim fingers resting on the Italian's arm. Crossing-ton looked away, lips compressed.

Janet said slowly.

"Why is the Dream Lover wearing his mask now?"
"It isn't for show. He has to wear it at the B.B.C., at recording studios, everywhere, in case the staff should recognise him another time."

Marcella Vauxhall approached them, hand outstretched. She wore no ring. "Ah, Mr. Mentasti—and your friend, I do know her, don't I?"
Janet flushed, well aware that Marcella was endeavouring purposely to embarrass her.

"Love has given you a bad memory," Mentasti said. "Janet Longton is being tested by your father for his programmes."

"How silly of me." The girl's laugh was forced and hard. "I must have been thinking of that little fair-haired typist you taught to sing. You did teach her to sing, didn't you?"

Mentasti's face was a dull, angry red, and the dark-haired girl started as she realised that the Dream Lover was standing immediately behind her. He said, abruptly.

"We must get going. Are you ready, Janet?"

As he spoke her name, a lump arose, uncontrollably, in Janet's throat, and she felt self-confidence flying to the winds.

"May I—may I run through the song with Bonito?"

"With Mentasti? It isn't necessary. We'll make allowances." As they approached the microphone, he added, "Vauxhall and Cole, the producer, are listening in the control room. He turned to the members of his orchestra, who were waiting patiently in shirt-sleeves and various attitudes of boredom to begin. They brightened visibly at his nod, and the expectant silence of the room was broken by the curious melancholy wail of tightening violin strings and a young trumpeter testing his shining instrument mournfully. Rex held out his hand to assist Janet up on to the slight platform, and she jumped up lightly, very conscious of the touch of his finger tips.
"Ready, boys? We're testing the vocalist on 'To-morrow, Little Lady.' Refrain, verse, refrain. I join in the second refrain with her." He turned to Janet. "You know it, of course," he said quietly.

Janet did not meet his eyes. "Who doesn't. It's been plugged enough."

"Yes, of course." He turned to the orchestra, and there was a curious, pregnant pause whilst the men waited, musical instruments raised, their eyes fixed on their leader. Janet waited, staring at the shining, formidable microphone, her heart beating rapidly. Then the soft introduction to the waltz-song began sweetly to fill the great studio; they had begun, and when, after a moment's terrifying hesitation, the girl sang, she forgot the critical and the malicious eyes watching her, forgot the men listening beyond the glass panel which was the control room, forgot, even, the long-limbed young man in the black mask, who, arms raised, conducted gently and easily the colossal dance band whose fame rang through every Continent. Janet only faltered when she came to the words:

"And in your arms you'll fold me,

Just as the day you told me,

To-morrow, Little Lady, I'll take you in my arms,

To have and to hold to my heart."

The falter was so effective, that Bernstein nodded approvingly to Mentasti, who did not respond but stared intently at the slim figure of the girl at the microphone. Rex joined Janet at the microphone, waiting silently for the second refrain and suddenly their eyes met, searchingly, gravely, and when their voices joined in lovely harmony, Janet knew the man's eyes were still upon her, and he sang softly, intimately, personally, each note an embrace, each word a caress. Janet swayed unsteadily as they finished; she was very pale. Mentasti rushed forward, and she was grateful for his supporting arm. The Dream Lover, who had rejoined his orchestra to conduct them to a grande finale, turned and watched them, as sudden spontaneous applause broke from the band-men, and the various members of the staff who had wandered into the studio at the beginning of the session. Marcella said nothing and did not applaud.

Her father and a tall, curly-headed young man rushed from the control room, and wrung each of her hands enthusiastically. The young producer turned to Crossing-ton.

"What a girl! Who found her? Mentasti! Hey, Mentasti, how d'you do it? Is it your magnetic personality, or can you really teach?"

The Italian could not resist grinning deliberately at Marcella, who averted her head furiously.

When Bernstein had signed the contract and Janet had affixed her neat signature, Vauxhall rested his hand on her slender shoulder.

"What about lunch, lass? We could all discuss the party."

"I'm fearfully sorry," Janet spoke quickly, "I—I have a lesson with Mr. Mentasti; I know he wouldn't let me off."

Mentasti looked at her curiously and shook his head slyly.

"Sorry, Mr. Vauxhall, "but we must keep her up to it, you know."

Later, in the back of Bernstein's car, he said:

"You know I'm meeting Madame Terrani?"

"Yes."

"I'll cancel it if you like."

"No, no thank you, Bonito."

"I see." He crossed his legs comfortably, and leaned back in his corner of the luxuriously upholstered seat.

"Janet." His voice was so low that Bernstein could not hear him speaking.

"Yes, Benito."

"Supposing I asked you to marry me?"

Janet looked up gravely. "I should have to say no, Bonito."

"I see. And supposing I asked again in six months time?"

"I—I don't know."

"Very well. We'll leave it at that. But remember, my dear, I should be proud and honoured to make you my wife."

When they parted Janet said. "The rehearsal isn't for three days. Let me rest meantime, Bonito. I promise to practise, but I'd like to—to relax."

"Of course. Phone if you want me." But his eyes were troubled as they followed the slim retreating figure hurrying up the wide steps of the block of flats which contained her minute two-roomed apartment.

The next three days passed slowly for Janet; she ate little, slept little. She was lonely, but she did not telephone Mentasti. On the day of the rehearsal the first delivery of letters brought her a printed card from Sponsored Radio Programmes, Ltd., reminding her of the rehearsal at 11 a.m.

She arrived early, but hastened to the uniformed man at the door. "My name is Longton. They are expecting me at the Dream Lover rehearsal."

"It's been called off, Miss."

"Called off!" Janet stared in amazement. A small page boy, leaning against the door and chewing thoughtfully, started.

"Are you Miss Longton? Gosh, I nearly forgot. Mr. Cole wants to see you in his office. Will you come this way?"

Apprehensively, Janet followed the small boy along the winding corridors. They reached a door marked "Private." Janet knocked and entered. Cole was waiting for her, sitting on his desk. Behind it was Vauxhall, with Bernstein sitting on his left. Marcella sat languidly in a deep armchair before the desk. There was a small, empty chair a little way in front of the desk. At a wave of the hand from Vauxhall, Janet sat down. He said: "You know why I've sent for you?"

"The rehearsal is off." Janet's voice was bewildered.

"The show is off, Miss Longton, as far as you are concerned."

Janet stared. "I don't understand."

"Don't you? The Advertising Manager of the Montpelier Permanent Waving Company phoned me yesterday to say that a woman had telephoned him, offering to give him all details of our programmes, for the payment of three thousand pounds."

"But you don't think that I..." Janet paused, and stared round at the faces of the other occupants of the room. The men looked hard, unsympathetic, a little disgusted. Marcella sneered openly.

Janet sprang to her feet. "I'm sorry. There is nothing I can say if you have made up your mind."

Marcella broke in crisply, "You should be thankful we're not prosecuting you."

"I'll manage this my own way, Marcella," her father said quietly. Janet said nothing, and left the room hurriedly. Outside in the passage, she walked dazedly along the carpeted corridors. Suddenly she was conscious of someone behind her. It was Bernstein. He was breathing heavily.

"Mein Gott, but you have been foolish."

"Does Mentasti think I did it?"

"He is out of town. He told me to act as I thought proper."

"All right, Mr. Bernstein. And you want to cancel the agreement."

Bernstein shrugged his shoulders. "We shall have lost heavily. We expect no payment, but you must leave the flat at the end of the month."

"I'll go this week, Mr. Bernstein. Tell Mr. Mentasti that I said I had even forgotten the name of the Montpelier Company." She hurried away. Outside, she walked listlessly for some distance, then seeing a passing 25 'bus, jumped on to it, taking a ticket to

Bond Street, scarcely realising what she was doing. She alighted automatically at the corner of the little street which led to "The Rendezvous." She reached the snack-bar, and entered without hesitation. She looked round dazedly. The plump little manager rushed forward.

"Miss Longton. It is Miss Longton."

Janet smiled.

"Miss Longton," the little man continued. "I am sorry I dismissed you that night. I was worried, but I should have realised it was nothing. Listen, customers are always asking for you. Do you want a job?"

"Yes, I do. Very badly."

"Can you start now?"

"Now? Yes."

And presently, she was donning a familiar uniform in the little ante-room she knew so well. The door burst open and a slim, dark-haired girl rushed in. "Janet!"

"Rosie, oh, Rosie, darling."

The two girls hugged affectionately.

"Let's look at you, honey. Gosh, you're like something off the films. But it's my Janet, all right. But something's wrong, though. Tell your Auntie Rosie all about it."

Quickly, briefly, Janet told her. Rosie said simply: "The dirty skunks." She rose to her feet abruptly.

"Listen, I'm off to lunch. I'll be back at one-thirty."

Evening came, and Rosie and Janet were alone in the snackbar, just as they had been that night when the golden-haired girl had recognised the voice of her sweetheart in the Dream Lover. Rosie said suddenly, "The Dream Lover's on the National. Want to hear him?"

"No, oh no, Rosie."

"All right, honey. Sorry."

Presently Rosie yawned and stretched her arms. They had both been very quiet. "Listen, love, I'm going in the kitchen for a bit. I'll be back in a jiffy." She trotted out, smiling to herself. Janet, alone, rested her rounded chin in her cupped hands, and leaned against the bright-coloured snackbar. The door opened gently and someone entered. She turned round to the corner of the counter where the customer was perched on the high snackbar stool.

"What would you like... Rex!"

"Is the coffee just as bad as ever, Janet?"

"Rex, your orchestra's on the air."

"They let me off occasionally."

Janet stood very still and looked at him gravely across the narrow counter which separated them.

"Why are you here?"

"To ask you to forgive me." He paused and added,

"for thinking Mentasti was your lover."

Janet met his eyes frankly. "I'm very fond of Bonito Mentasti."

"He's very fond of you. He told me so. He also told me what happened that night at his apartment."

"He told you that..."

"Yes, because he knows that you and I love each other, Janet."

He covered the little fingers which rested nervously on the counter with his long, sinewy hands. "I am right, aren't I, Janet?"

"Do you know that Mr. Vauxhall thinks I tried to get money from the Montpelier Company for the Vauxhall programme plans?"

"Yes, Mentasti and I were livid. He'd misunderstood Bernstein, when he phoned him. So Bonito and I tore round to Vauxhall when we heard."

"And?"

"And he rang Montpelier's again. Jones said the woman who phoned promised to give all details of the programmes and the starting date. Only three people in the world know that. The booking agent, Vauxhall, and Marcella."

"Marcella."

"Yes. She's on her way to California now. Vauxhall is fearfully cut up about her."

"Oh, poor Mr. Vauxhall."

Rex Crossing-ton smiled gently. "You lovely child. They tear you to pieces and you pity them."

"How did you know where to find me?"

"Somebody named Rosie phoned me and said it was none of her business but she thought I ought to know where you were."

"Rosie! Oh, the darling!"

"That's what I thought. Stout fella, Rosie."

Janet laughed happily and the Dream Lover continued seriously.

"Vauxhall sent a message. Will you sign a new contract at double the salary?"

"Double the salary. That's too much."

"Bernstein won't think so. Oh, Mentasti tells me the little man is sitting in sackcloth and ashes."

"What else did Vauxhall say?"

"He said, he said, Little Lady, that he'd like to throw a party when the programmes start, and would we like to call it our engagement party."

The broad-shouldered young man sprang lightly over the narrow counter and took the slender, golden-haired girl tenderly in his young arms. A door at the back of the restaurant opened suddenly, and the little manager, amazed and furious, stood watching them. A thin brown arm reached out and drew him back. Rosie stood on tip-toe and whispered in his ear. They closed the door softly behind them.

THE END

NEXT WEEK

Begins

the first sparkling instalment of

HELEN BRETT'S

finest and most fascinating Serial

"MAY I HAVE THE NEXT ROMANCE WITH YOU?"

Don't miss it!

Work in the kitchen finished, Elizabeth Craig is ready for an hour at her typewriter.



ELIZABETH CRAIG again! What have you been up to this past week? I have been going to bed with the birds, and getting up at dawn on the hottest days, when I wasn't at parties, or having a party. It's a good idea in hot weather.

WAYS OF FIGHTING THE HEAT

- (1) Prepare food to be served cold in the early morning, or in the evening.
- (2) Instead of making a sweet for dinner, buy ice cream bricks. Serve, if liked, with a little strawberry syrup poured over, or with fresh berries or canned fruit.
- (3) If you must have a hot meal every day, make it the evening one. Serve cold fare midday.
- (4) Keep windows closed and curtained as long as the sun is on windows. Uncurtain and open windows when sun passes on.
- (5) Sacrifice something you were going to spend a little money on, and buy an electric fan, if you've electricity installed.
- (6) Buy porous earthenware containers for milk, butter, etc.

WHEN A COLD DRINK IS WANTED

If you make a supply of lemon or orange syrup, or both, and keep it in a tightly corked bottle in your larder, you'll always have a good thirst quencher at hand. There are many drinks you can buy which only need to be diluted with soda water, or cold water, such as Lemon Barley Water, lemon, orange or grapefruit squash, assorted fruit syrups, etc. Store them in a dark corner of your larder. Here are one or two recipes for long drinks you may like to try:—

LEMONADE SYRUP

1 lb. sugar, 6 lemons, 1 pint water.
Wash and dry lemons. Place sugar and water in a saucepan. Stir occasionally over a slow heat till sugar is dissolved. Boil without stirring until a thick syrup. Grate and add lemon rind. Cool. Strain and add lemon juice. Bottle and seal when cold. Dilute to taste with chilled water, or soda water when wanted.

ORANGE PUNCH

1½ cups strained orange juice, 1 cup castor sugar, 1 quart ginger ale.
Add orange juice to sugar. Cover and stand for 6 hours. Add ginger ale, and a little ice if you can get it.

TEA PUNCH

½ pint weak tea, 1 cup castor sugar, juice of 2 oranges, ½ pint pineapple juice, 1 cup water, juice of 2 lemons, ½ cup crushed pineapple, soda water to taste.
Dissolve sugar in the water. Bring to the boil. Boil 10 minutes. Pour into a jug. When cold, add tea and strained fruit juices. Stand for ½ hour, then add soda water to taste. These ingredients should make from 2–2½ quarts.

NOTE.—Sometimes I crush 2 sprigs of mint and add it with the tea, but take it out before serving.

THE WEEK WITH ME

It has been an exciting week. Had a crayon portrait made of myself, complete with Siamese cat,

for my better half across the Atlantic. On **Monday**. Kathleen Shackleton, sister of the late Sir Ernest Shackleton, was the artist. When I was trying to "Look pleasant," she gave me the following ideas on bachelor housekeeping:—

- (1) Lacquer all your brass fittings and ornaments and they don't need to be polished, only dusted.
- (2) Line your kitchen and scullery (if you have one) with lino three feet up from floor, and your kitchen premises won't need redecorating for a long time. If you cook with electricity, they'll keep fresh for a very long time. A wipe down with a damp cloth is all that the lino needs. If you varnish remainder of walls after distemping, they'll keep fresh as long as the lino if you clean them in the same way.
- (3) Cook in fireproof glassware, and the food will be good and can be served straight from dish and so save washing up.
- (4) Substitute glass door handles for brass ones.
- (5) Use table cloth or mats made of oil cloth. They don't need to be laundered like linen or lace. Just a rub like the lino.
- (6) Specialize in one-course meals, such as grilled steak or chop with potato crisps, grilled tomatoes and fried potatoes. Follow with fresh fruit.

NOTE.—Good idea, Kathleen, but your hints are just as good for the married as for the bachelors!

Tuesday.—Had a relation from Scotland to breakfast: Mandarins (canned), chilled in my "frig"; Followed with Grilled Streaky Rashers of Bacon, and Fried, halved Bananas: Toast, Butter and Honey, and Ceylon Tea. Sometimes I substitute fried sliced potatoes or bread for the banana.

Wednesday.—Went to a tea party at Robinson and Cleaver's. You know their linen is famous all over the world. Stole one or two tips for linen hunters.

IF LOOKING FOR LINEN

When buying linen either for your trousseau or for your linen cupboard, if you happen to be already married, remember that coloured is all the fashion. Choose afternoon tea cloths in Paris-tinted Irish silk damask. Remember, too, that designs with woven coloured centre bands are all the rage. Not requiring table linen at the moment, I'm saving up for a quilted chintz quilt with a bedspread to match. You can get them in ever so many delicate shades which remind me of a bed of that lovely annual, called the "Poor man's orchid" but known in my gardening circles as Schizanthus. It's a poem in palest shades.

NOTE.—Saw some lovely round, square and oblong cushions in art silk taffeta. If you want to make any, apply a 3 or 4 inch border of ruching as a finish, catching it a little below edge of cushion to form a ruched edging. One word more, if you curtain your windows in net you'll be following the illustrious example of Queen Elizabeth, Queen Mary, the Princess Royal and the Duchess of Gloucester.

Thursday.—Made some Apricot Biscuits to serve with coffee.

The Woman Listener

REFRESHING SUMMER DRINKS

APRICOT BISCUITS

3½ ozs. butter, 5 ozs. flour, ½ oz. minced blanched almonds, 2 ozs. castor sugar, 1 oz. minced dried apricots, ½ teaspoon baking powder.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream in a basin. Sift flour with baking powder. Stir into creamed butter and sugar. Add apricots, and almonds. Knead until well blended and holding together. Roll out thinly on a thinly floured pastry-board. Cut into fancy shapes. Bake on a floured baking-tin or sheet in a hot oven, 450 degrees F. for about 10 minutes. When the palest brown, remove from oven. Dredge with castor sugar. Cool on a cake rack.

Friday.—Invented a new way of cooking canned salmon. Served the scallops with lettuce salad, moistened with French dressing.

SCALLOPS OF SALMON

1 small can of salmon steak, 2 ozs. butter, 2 tablespoons fresh breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons cooked peas, salt and pepper to taste, 1 oz. grated cheese, ½ pint white sauce, 1 teaspoon minced onion.

Butter either 4 scallop shells or 8 ramekins. Sprinkle them with half the breadcrumbs. Divide half the sauce between the shells or ramekins. Flake fish and divide evenly between the shells or ramekins. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Cover with remainder of sauce, then with remainder of crumbs, mixed with the grated cheese and salt and pepper to taste. Dab here and there with tiny pats of butter. Bake in a hot oven till crisp and golden. Enough for 4 persons.

Saturday.—Washed a pair of doekskin gloves as well as some stockings and lace mats.

TO WASH DOESKIN GLOVES

Make a warm but not hot soapy lather. Wash gently, kneading soiled parts, until clean. Rinse in tepid water containing a few drops of olive oil. Draw on gloves. Do not pull or squeeze in any way or the gloves will dry out of shape. Place on a bath towel, and leave till almost dry. Rub gently between the hands, then dry completely, and rub again.

Sunday.—Had three friends to dinner. Here is the menu:—

MENU FOR SUNDAY DINNER IN MIDSUMMER

Fruit Cocktail

Veal and Bacon Loaf

Cauliflower Salad

Mango Chutney

Strawberry Meringues, Snow Soufflé

Fruit Cocktail.—Quartered canned figs, mixed with hulled raspberries to taste and fig juice. Mix with strained lemon juice to taste.

VEAL AND BACON LOAF

1 lb. veal, 1 egg, salt and pepper to taste, 4 rashers of bacon, ½ lb. lean bacon, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon tomato catsup.

Trim veal and remove rind from bacon. Put veal and the half pound of bacon through a mincer. Mix mince with the crumbs, catsup and salt and pepper to taste. Stir in beaten egg. Press well down into a buttered fireproof dish. Cover with the rashers of bacon. Bake in a slow oven for 2¼ hours. Leave till cold. Serve with salad. Enough for 6 persons.

CAULIFLOWER SALAD

1 medium cauliflower, ½ teaspoon minced parsley, salt and pepper to taste, 3 tablespoons olive oil, 2 tablespoons vinegar.

Trim cauliflower. Soak in salted, cold water for 1 hour. Plunge in a saucepan of boiling salted water. Simmer till tender. Drain well and cool. Mix oil with parsley, vinegar, and pepper and salt to taste. Re-shape cauliflower in a basin. Turn into a dish. Sprinkle with the dressing.

Strawberry Meringues.—Fill half shells with whipped cream, mixed to taste with crushed sweetened strawberries, or with strawberry ice cream, if bricks are on sale nearby.

SNOW SOUFFLE

Beat six egg whites till stiff, then beat in one-third of a 2-lb. pot of apricot, greengage or strawberry jam. Turn into a shallow, buttered cake tin large enough for the mixture to come only half-way up the side. Bake in a slow oven till set. Serve alone or with cream, placing a paper collar round the tin. Enough for six persons.

TO MAKE FANCY FLOWER BOWLS

Cover an earthenware bowl, a jam jar or honey pot, or any nicely-shaped, empty food container, with putty on the outside. Sink all over it close together any chips of pretty china and leave till dry. Paint the ridges of putty with gold paint.

Until next week, when I've to get ahead for a trip to Scotland.

The Woman Listener

BEAUTY AND THE BATH

MAX FACTOR

Hollywood Beauty Expert,

gives you a few hints on Feminine Freshness, and shows you how to make a luxury of your daily tub

JUST turn history's pages and you'll discover one of the earliest and most important beauty practices. Those glamorous and legendary charmers who changed the fate of nations were living advertisements for the benefit of the beauty bath.

Hollywood's charmers are not to be outdone. In fact, they have made many notable improvements on the old bathing routine. In the old days, for example, a scented bath called for perfumed bath salts. The modern miss merely reaches for her bottle of eau de Cologne and adds a drop of its cool green fragrance to her waiting tub. And she jumps right in without having to wait for any needle-sharp crystals to dissolve. Exhilarating and deodorising eau de Cologne is an excellent inducement to linger and relax in the bath.

SCREEN stars were quick to invent many other new ideas for the bath. They found it a grand thought to apply their cleansing cream before getting into the tub. The warm water opens the pores and allows the cream to do its best work. You may either wash your face to remove the cream, or use a soft towel or tissue. In either case it is well to finish off with a cooling facial shower of astringent or a skin freshener, particularly if you use soap on your face, as these skin lotions will counteract any free alkali left by the soap.

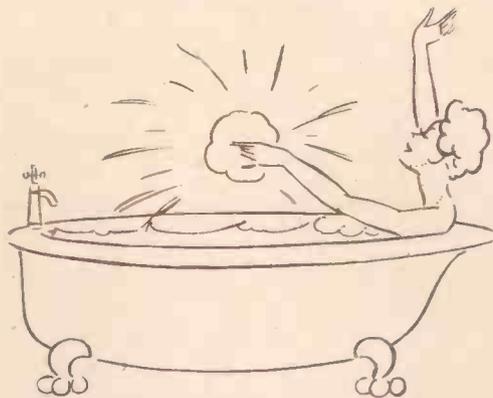
This matter of soap is pretty important. A soap which is vigorous enough in action to do a thorough job on the body may not be suitable for the face. The soft, sensitive skin of the face demands a soap which is made of bland oils and unguents. There is truly no one soap which is ideally suited for both face and body. If you wash your face while you're in the tub, have a handy place where you can keep both your cake of bath soap and your cake of facial soap.

ANOTHER indispensable item is a back-brush. Get one with a long handle, so that no part of your back can hide from it. Pay particular attention to the area between your shoulder-blades; it will need frequent rubbing and stimulation to keep it smooth and soft.

Time for bathing demands serious consideration. A morning bath or shower is almost a strict essential to a good day. It usually has to be a rather brief affair, however. Later in the day—either before dinner or bed—is the time to indulge in the luxury of a thorough and leisurely relaxation in the bath-tub. Refreshment is the principle of



A recent photograph of Max Factor, who has spent a lifetime studying the arts of feminine beauty



the early bath, while the serious beauty business takes place during the latter one.

WHEN you use a skin and tissue lubricating cream, here's a new idea. Set your jar near enough to the tub to reach it without disaster. After you have been in the warm water long enough for your pores to open completely, pat the cream on your face, working it well into the skin around the eyes, nose, mouth and throat. Now just relax. The emollient cream will penetrate deep into the innermost crevices of the pores, nourishing the starved skin glands. If you're retiring immediately after, you can leave the cream to do its work all night. Otherwise, a soft tissue and a bracing skin lotion will remove every last trace of it.

After-the-bath calisthenics with a huge rough towel will keep your body fit and firm. Rub hard until your skin fairly glows with health.

THERE'S just one major advantage which a shower holds over a tub bath. One can finish a shower by a tapering off towards the cold water. The result is spirited stimulation, while the cold water also serves to close the pores. By a simple trick the good old-fashioned tub bath can be given a finale which will accomplish the same results. After your brisk exercises with the coarse towel, give yourself a quick rub-down with eau de Cologne. Let your body dry naturally, or assist the process by fanning the air with a towel. You will receive the same stimulation as from cold water; your skin will tingle delightfully and your pores will safely close. The final triumphant flourish is a billowy cloud of scented talc, applied with an enormous, fluffy puff.

With these few principles to guide you, feminine freshness will be for ever yours.

FIVE-SHILLING HINTS

Five shillings are offered for every hint published on this page. Send yours to "Radio Pictorial," Hints, Chansitor House, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2

UNDER the bread in the bread bin, place a wire cake-cooler, so that a current of air passes under the bread. This will entirely prevent mould forming.—Mrs. L. Cryer, Brookfield, Knightsdale Road, Weymouth.

HERE'S a way to stop the knobs on blind cords from continually tapping against the window pane. Buy those little penny sponges sold to fix round the tea pot spout to catch the drips. Fix one round the centre of each knob.—D. Keeley, 39 Brighton Road, Southport, Lancs.

WHAT a nuisance it is when knitting a sleeve, to have to go back to the beginning and count the decreases every now and then. Try snapping a press fastener through every decrease row, as you knit it, then the number of decreases can be seen at a glance. The press fasteners can be removed and used again and again, as the work proceeds.—Miss Bonnie Jones, Siloh Cottage, Port Dinorwic, North Wales.



"No 'B.O.' worries for me—I use Lifebuoy Toilet Soap regularly"



Prevents 'B.O.' (Body-Odour)

Tune into **AMBROSE** and his **ORCHESTRA** from **RADIO LUXEMBOURG** (1293 METRES) at 6 to 6-30 **EVERY SUNDAY EVENING** presented by the makers of **LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP**



Restful snap of Jean Melville half reading, half sleeping. She does not get much opportunity for such sluttas

B.B.C. FROM THE INSIDE

FREDDIE GRISEWOOD'S ghost will go down in the annals of broadcasting as one of the unexplained mysteries of the air.

Very soon after I joined the B.B.C. there were four popular announcers at the London station, Stuart Hibberd, Freddie Grisewood, John Snagge, and "Ajax" Farrar. One weekend, Farrar and Grisewood had been on duty and I happened to come down from the studio after a rehearsal to have a snack at the canteen at the same time as Mr. Grisewood went off to order his tea.

For a long time he was in earnest consultation with Mrs. Dubarry, one of the capable people who preside over the B.B.C. restaurant, and very soon more than half the B.B.C. was to know what that mysterious conversation was about.

A friend of Mrs. Dubarry's in Fulham begged her to go round and hear the set working in her home, for she wanted Mrs. Dubarry to tell her which B.B.C. announcer it was who had a ghost voice!

What had actually happened was that the lady at Fulham, a regular listener to the B.B.C. programmes, had noticed that when a certain announcer came on the air to give the bulletins, his words were echoed in her loud-speaker by the charming voice of a woman. The ghostly woman's voice, echoing every word of the B.B.C. announcer, was a spasmodic occurrence and the listener wanted Mrs. Dubarry to tell her which of the four B.B.C. announcers it was.

The ghost voice did not echo anybody else on the wireless.

Of course, she had had electricians in to examine the set, and nobody believed her.

So can you imagine Mr. Grisewood's astonishment when Mrs. Dubarry recounted to him how she herself had heard the ghost voice over that same week-end while Freddie had been on duty.

Mrs. Dubarry sat the whole evening with her friend while the wireless was on, and when Grisewood said, at nine o'clock:

"Before the news bulletin to-night there are three SOS messages," she distinctly heard the whole thing echoed by a woman's voice. The same thing went on all through the news at intervals.

What is even more surprising is that three other people, one of them a B.B.C. announcer, listening on his own radio set at Weybridge, also heard the ghost voice.

I don't pretend to explain it, and no ghost has ever complimented me by echoing my broadcasts! It is just one of those many things in broadcasting you can't attempt to explain.

All the same, I wish I had had a ghost to inspire me. That sounds queer, doesn't it? But what I mean is that when I was studying at the Royal Academy of Music, I was under Oscar Beringer. He died, and as I hated the idea of going to another master, I did not continue my serious music studies. That is one of the things in life I regret most.

It was way back in 1917 that I left my home in Australia to come to England in order to study at the Royal Academy of Music, and perhaps I was very silly and girlish about the attitude I took when Oscar Beringer died. But there it was.

He had helped and inspired me in my studies, and when he was gone I could not bring myself to start all over again, making with yet another man that mental link which must always exist between master and student.

While ghosts may be rare things around Broadcasting House, Cupid seems to pay pretty frequent visits to the B.B.C.

As I myself got married while I was on the B.B.C. staff, I may perhaps be forgiven for drawing attention to some of my other friends of the microphone who met their life partners for the first time in the musical radio world.

There was Tommy Handley, for instance. He is one of the people for whom radio found romance. I was actually playing in one of the shows when he first met Jean Allistone while he was producing the revue. A friendship and then a romance sprang up, and now, of course, Jean is Mrs. Tommy Handley.

Stuart Robertson and Alice Moxon were both regular broadcasters by the time they first met. They were married some time after I joined the B.B.C. staff—I believe in 1927.

Many strange things happen at rehearsals, but it is not every day that a B.B.C. producer meets his future wife when she comes up for an audition.

Nevertheless, that's what happened to Howard Rose, the radio play producer. Barbara Couper came up for an audition just about the time I joined the B.B.C. She was simply terrified because it was quite different in the studio from stage conditions. She tried to do a bit of straight acting.

Her voice dried up on her and she was a flop. Then the producer called back through the loud-speaker to this quaking, nervous actress, "Never mind. Give us something funny."

Just how Barbara managed to think of something humorous on the spur of the moment for the B.B.C. test, I shall never know. But the fact remains that she was engaged for the part in a radio play—and in due course she became engaged to the owner of the

voice which had bawled back at her through the loud-speaker.

There was a B.B.C. announcer who fell in love with and subsequently married a broadcaster in the Children's Hour, and in ten years at the B.B.C. I have seen the first signs of many romances springing up in the studios.

But B.B.C. studios are risky places in which to conduct a romance. You never can tell whether the microphone is switched on or not. And if it is switched on, it may be that the studio is actually on the air, or else that the microphone is connected through to a listening loud-speaker and amplifier in one of the executives' offices!

These loud-speakers—in cabinets standing some four feet high—with folding doors in front, are fixed up in several of the offices, so that an executive can listen in to the rehearsal of a variety show, a concert or a radio play and get some idea of the action before the thing eventually comes on the air.

There is, I am sure, never the intention to "sneak," and there is no foundation for the rumour that Sir John Reith had one of these loud-speakers installed so that he could listen in to any studio.

If Sir John Reith wanted to listen in to, say, the rehearsal of the variety show in which I was playing, he would first have to 'phone up the engineers and arrange for them to switch the microphone through to his loud-speaker. Ten chances to one the engineers would also give the O.K. in the studio when they had fixed the microphone on, so that we should know that the rehearsal was being officially listened to.

Talking of the 'phone reminds me that there was a little thing which always made me laugh at the B.B.C. One official, a martinet for efficiency, always liked to think that his voice was recognised by every member of the staff directly he rang them up. Actually, this was very far from the case, though most of the people under him—who were frightened of being blown up if they did not immediately respond with "Yes, sir," when this official came on the 'phone—fixed up with the telephone operators that they should ring three times when this man came on the 'phone. Then they would know how to answer smartly!

One day an official not connected with the programme staff had some friends in his office, and with pride he pointed out the loud-speaker in its magnificent modern cabinet.

"This is a wonderful arrangement," he exclaimed, to the admiring visitors. "I have only to 'phone the engineers and they can switch me on, not only to any studio in this building, but to any B.B.C. studio throughout the country. It only takes a few seconds."

So the visitors sat there and were thrilled while the loud-speaker was switched on in turn to studios in Belfast, Birmingham, Manchester and Newcastle. Then they came back to London again to eavesdrop on a rehearsal of a variety show in which a visiting dance band was doing some of the orchestral work.

I may say that your Jean was not in the studio at the time, for I know how, shall we say, "enthusiastic" those boys became when arguing about musical arrangements. But the engineer in charge was blithely unaware of this, so upstairs in the B.B.C. chief's office the smiles froze on the faces of the visitors as horrible, awful words drifted through the loud-speaker!

Continuing the frank revelations
of

JEAN MELVILLE

(Ex-B.B.C. Accompanist)

A series full of personalities and
stories that will fascinate every
reader

Memories of Jack Payne, Henry Hall and Jack Jackson—Jean Melville tells all

"What the blankety-blank do you mean by putting four bars rest there?" said the trumpet player to the pianist arranger, and, "Why the blankety-blank do you think you want to blow your blankety-blank trumpet all the blankety-blank time. . .?"

And so it went on, for the official was powerless to switch the loud-speaker off himself, and had to grab at the telephone and bark an order through to the engineers to have the wretched thing switched off.

I assure you that story is perfectly true, but it is, of course, a rare event.

A much more serious and helpful side of the loud-speaker business is when we use them for auditions. You see, sometimes it isn't possible for a new artiste in Manchester or somewhere in the provinces to come to London for a test. So he goes to the local studios and by arrangement he is switched through to a loud-speaker in London and he is actually given his audition over the wire.

I believe that Mr. de Groot (the ex-B.B.C. announcer and not the violinist) was chosen for the job of announcer in that way. He was already on the staff, but had put in an application to be an announcer. They gave him a test over some distance on the wire, to see how his voice really came through.

Henry Hall used the loud-speaker system quite a lot, as indeed most band leaders do when they get a broadcast.

Before he had his new studios in Maida Vale, Henry used to do a lot of his work in the upstairs listening room overlooking the dance-band studio—a room which was formerly used for Children's Hour broadcasts. He could be seen through the listening-room window by the band, but unless he opened the double window he could not actually hear what they were playing, except through the loud-speaker. Of course, it's the best test of all.

Henry would sit with a sheaf of music on his lap or with a whole pile of letters which he had to read through and sign. The loud-speaker at his side would be playing all the while, and then suddenly he would jump up and make frantic signs through the windows, or perhaps dash down the narrow flight of stairs and give instructions here and there, to the brass, to the rhythm section, and so get the number just as he wanted it.

They were grand days. I am very sorry Henry made his decision to leave the B.B.C. I know what it is after many years of broadcasting to feel that one needs not only a great deal more money than the B.B.C. can economically afford to pay, but more scope for activities. I hope and believe that Henry will do as well as the ever-popular Jack Payne.

I could tell you many stories about Jack during the time he was at the B.B.C., because he was a very good friend of mine. He even helped me to get my first song broadcast and published.

I worked with Jack in many variety shows, and I shall perhaps not be blowing my own trumpet too much if I say that he appreciated my assistance.

You see, Jack and his Boys had originally been employed for dance music and broadcasting only, and after he had been at the B.B.C. for some while he had found that he was doing a tremendous amount of work playing for the variety and vaudeville shows, in

addition to his straight dance music and tea-time programme. You have no idea how exacting this is for an artiste.

In Jack's case he had not only to pay the band for their extra work, but to work often 18 hours a day himself setting up special arrangements.

At one of the Friday rehearsals there was a few minutes' lull in the proceedings, owing to the late arrival of an artiste, and Jack Payne sat down at the piano and commences to strum, after a minute or two he looked at me and said, "Do you know, Jean, I haven't composed anything for months," and then, as an afterthought, "Ever thought of writing a number yourself?"

This was little less than a remarkable coincidence, as coming down in the tube that morning a tune had started forming in my mind, and I had been humming it over to myself.

I told Jack, and he insisted on my trying it over on the piano right away. After a little fumbling I got going, and when I had finished Jack turned to me and said, "Jean, that's a darn good commercial tune. Get it written down, and I'll broadcast it right away."

There was no lyric or title to the number, so we got hold of Theo Norman, with the result that "Moonshine is Better than Sunshine" emerged, was broadcast, recorded, and sold exceedingly well.

My own opinion is that Jack has done quite a lot of good in helping to raise the fees paid to outside artistes. Nobody knows more than Jack how much hard work goes into a broadcast.

Why, when he was at the B.B.C. in his little office on the ground floor of Savoy Hill, he never seemed to have a minute to himself. In those days he was assisted by Harry Mills, who has now branched out and runs a big variety agency in the West End (how the years roll on!).

And what with rehearsals, business arrangements (for Jack engaged the boys of the band and paid them himself) and all the work connected with the band and its stage appearance, it is a wonder that Jack and Harry Mills were neither grey-headed nor bald!

One of the most popular boys in the band at that time was a Mr. Jackson who played the trumpet very well and who drove very fast, noisy, expensive, powerful racing cars, which he changed almost every week, and left parked outside Savoy Hill. We little guessed that in later years he would branch out as the tall and handsome Jack Jackson of the Dorchester Hotel Band.

Jack Payne has subsequently confessed to me that he paid his boys so well that there was often little left for himself!

On one typical week, what with his B.B.C. fees and fees for gramophone recording, Jack Jackson was handling cheques for £60 for his week's work, while Jack Payne, the boss, had only two or three pounds left for himself!

I think Jack was a grand friend to all those boys in

the band in the Savoy Hill days. They would not have found fame without Jack's excellent pioneering work. He thoroughly deserves all the success he gets now that he is touring the halls and topping the bills wherever he goes.

Doris (Mrs. Payne) used to come to the studios quite a lot, and was sometimes accompanied by Benny (the Alsatian) or Peter or Percy, one of the terriers.

Although B.B.C. announcers sound as though they are very serious people, you would be surprised at some of the leg-pulling that goes on in the studios.

Eric Dunstan, formerly a B.B.C. announcer and now a famous radio critic and film commentator, has a great sense of humour, and he and Jack Payne were constantly rivalling each other in some sort of practical joke.

I don't know how I stopped myself from laughing one time, when we were on the air in the studios. Jack Payne never flickered an eyelid while he let Dunstan make a long announcement in front of a microphone which looked as though it ought to be for the vocalist, but was actually switched off.

All listeners could hear was the dance band, but Eric was blissfully unaware of this. Later he dashed over to the other microphone and said his speech all over again.

I often played the piano as accompanist to world-famous singers, though I am glad I wasn't asked to accompany a certain baritone who came up to the B.B.C. and was paid a handsome fee for singing just a snatch of a song for about 10 or 15 seconds during a radio play.

The singer, meekly followed by his pianist, was ushered into a studio, and told that he must start to sing directly he saw the cue light. When the light went off he could stop singing.

A requisite amount of his song would be faded in and out as a background to the radio play.

Well, the play opened and the moment came for the song. The baritone was in great form and everything in the garden was lovely.

But ten minutes after the radio play was over, a commissioner walked into one of the studios which he expected to find empty, there to get a shock on seeing the baritone perspiring, limp and almost breathless before the microphone, gasping out the last bar of that song!

The producer upstairs had forgotten to switch off the cue light. It was clear that something had gone wrong, the baritone had gone on continuously singing that song over and over again!

I had a madman brought into the studio while I was in the middle of a variety show, but fortunately he was led out quietly before any harm was done.

Please turn to page 28



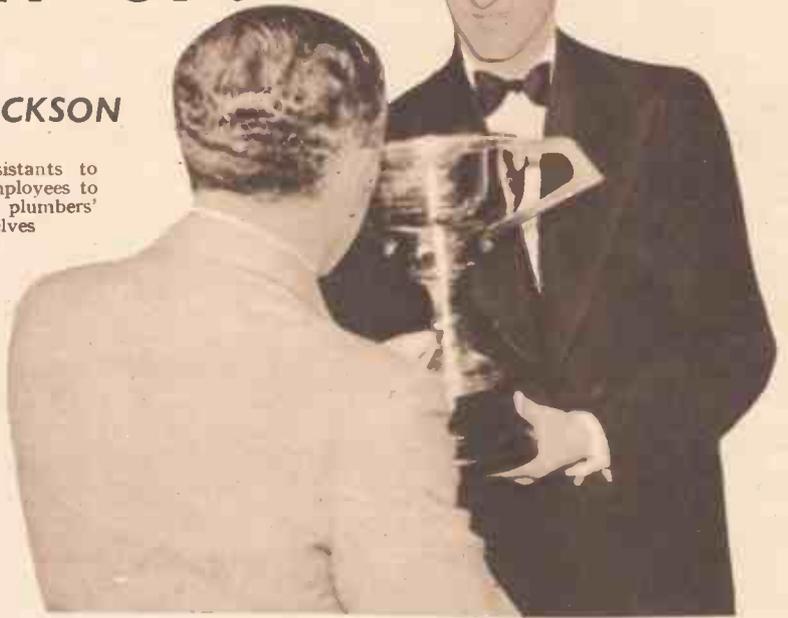
Happy group at Jean's farewell party. On Jean's left is Admiral Carpendale and on her immediate right are John Sharman and Roger Eckersley

SEMI-PRO BANDS MAKE THE PROFESSORS SIT UP!

Big Band Contest Reveals Brilliant Talent

by EDGAR JACKSON

Jack Hylton (Jack's Back) presents third prize to Band-leader Al Morton



I'M afraid the laugh is on the B.B.C. again this week.

As some of you may know, North Regional are running a series called "Roaming Rhythm."

The feature, which goes on the air about once a month, is used to present dance bands, mainly of the amateur and semi-pro types, which have never previously been broadcast.

Assuming, as one may, that whoever is responsible takes reasonable pains to obtain the best bands available, he has little cause to compliment himself on the success of his endeavours—at any rate, as far as one band is concerned.

The band is Eddie McGarry's of Blackburn.

In ample time to have been broadcast long ago, McGarry applied to be included in "Roaming Rhythm."

"Your name will be kept in mind," was all the reply he received, which, translated, usually means: "We don't think you are good enough."

Well, that may have been the B.B.C.'s opinion, but it was certainly not the opinion of many others.

The other Sunday, McGarry and his band proved themselves to be the best in the whole of the British Isles of all combinations of the kind being presented in "Roaming Rhythm" by winning at Blackpool the All-Britain Dance Band Championship against all comers.

They put up a terrific show, and it is probably no exaggeration to say that they are at least as good as, if not positively better than, many of the star London bands which provide the late night dance music.

I say this from personal experience. I was one of the judges at the championship.

It certainly was an amazing show.

Up and down the country are literally thousands of youngsters whose hobby is playing dance music.

Ranging from shop assistants to dental students, Council employees to miners, van drivers to plumbers' mates, they form themselves into bands. After their daily toil is over, they meet at nights, either to rehearse or to make a few extra shillings by playing for the smaller dances held in their neighbourhoods.

Then one evening they will enter a local contest. These local contests are held in practically every big centre throughout England, Scotland and Wales. They act as qualifying heats for county championships which in turn act as heats for the All-Britain Championship held annually during what is known as the All-Britain Dance Band Festival.

Usually all the contests—that is to say, the local, County and final—take place to the accompaniment of dancing by the public, who for two or three shillings are admitted to the dance halls where they are held.

At this year's final a different procedure was adopted. To enable as many as possible to attend it was decided to hold the championship on a Sunday, which meant no dancing.

If the organisers had any doubts about whether the public would be sufficiently interested merely to sit and listen to amateur bands, they might have spared themselves the worry. More than 5,000 people packed

the floor and the two balconies, one above the other, of the huge Empress ballroom of Blackpool's Winter Gardens. They came from all parts of the kingdom and special trains were run for their benefit.

Many notabilities of the profession do all they can to assist this annual culmination of the amateur dance band movement. Among the £500 worth of prizes is the Jack Hylton Gold Challenge Cup, to present which our Jack chartered an aeroplane and flew from London.

The other judges included Sydney Lipton and his band's pianist, Billy Munn; Bram Martin; Hylton's deputy director and arranger, Bill Ternent; Freddy

On the Air Next Week!

YOUR FAVOURITE DANCE BANDS

AMBROSE—To-morrow (Saturday) Regional, 10.25 p.m.; National, 11.15 p.m. Sunday, Luxembourg, 6 p.m. Wednesday, National, 5.15 p.m.

BISSETT—Sunday, Luxembourg, 9.45 a.m., 7.30 p.m. Lyons, 9.45 p.m. Normandy, 10 a.m. Normandy, Tuesday, 9.45 a.m.

CARROLL—Friday, Regional, 10.25 p.m.; National, 11 p.m.

COTTON—Sunday, Luxembourg, 2 p.m.; Normandy, 2 p.m.

FRANKEL—Tuesday, National, 8 p.m.

GERALDO—Sunday, Luxembourg, 11 a.m.

GERHARDI—Monday, Regional, 10.25 p.m.; National, 11.15 p.m.

GIBBONS—Sunday, Lyons, 11.15 p.m. Friday, Lyons, 11 p.m.

HALL—To-morrow (Saturday), National, 12.30 p.m. Monday, Regional, 9.45 p.m. Wednesday, Regional, 10.25 p.m.; National, 11.15 p.m. Friday, National, 12.30 p.m. Saturday (July 10), National, 12.30 p.m.; National, 5.20 p.m.; Regional, 10.25 p.m.; National, 11 p.m.

HUGHES (Grant)—Sunday, Luxembourg, 1 p.m.

LAWRANCE—Sunday, Luxembourg, 9.30 a.m.

LEWIS (Ted)—Tuesday, Nat. and Reg., 1 p.m.

LIPTON—Sunday, Luxembourg, 7.45 p.m.

LEVY—Friday, National, 8 p.m.

PAYNE—Sunday, Lyons, 10.45 p.m.; Luxembourg, 9.15 p.m.

RAYMOND—Thursday, National, 5 p.m.

REID—Sunday, Luxembourg, 7.15 p.m.; Normandy, 10.30 a.m.

SCOTT-WOOD—Wednesday, Regional, 9 p.m.

SHAW—Sunday, Luxembourg, 11.15 p.m.

SOMERS—Sunday, Luxembourg, 4 p.m.; Normandy, 4 p.m.

STONE—Sunday, Normandy, 3.45 p.m. Tuesday, Regional, 10.25 p.m.; National, 11.30 p.m.

SWALLOW—Thursday, Midland, 8 p.m.

THORBURN—Sunday, Normandy, 2.30 p.m.

WILBUR—Thursday, Regional, 8 p.m.

WINNICK—Thursday, Nat. & Reg., 10.30 p.m.

WINTER—Sunday, Luxembourg, 11 p.m.

BUDDY BRAMWELL CHATTERS . . .

WHY SHOULDN'T



Close-up of Rita Williams, up-and-coming croonette with Billy Merrin

now famous jazz-classics, including "St. Louis Blues."

Death takes a holiday. Sometimes.

That's why Dorothy Kay is still alive to take her place in the "Three Dots" trio, vocalising on July 6 in "The Song is Broadcast" programme.

Recently she was taken up for a "flip" in a plane. The pilot decided to fly between the hangars and the clubhouse. They didn't realise there was a telephone wire in the way. The plane swooped, and they heard something rip on the undercarriage. They were lucky to land without a crack-up.

Dorothy knows, because she's an expert pilot herself. In air-racing, she already holds one "First" to her credit.

Another Morecambe broadcast-to-come is by Lionel Millard and his dance band, which seems new to me. This on July 15.

Met Helen Pope, talented and attractive accompanist of Aileen Stanley, "America's Girl Friend." Helen revealed as a first class composer, too. Her number "Fifty Million Robins Can't Be Wrong," is going big.

Gordon I ttle, latest star to fall for television's lure. His handsome features will be screened on July 9 and 11.

Dave Frost whose band has been playing in the Irish Hospital programmes each Sunday from Luxembourg has started a new series for those sponsors. Bigger band, same swell rhythm. Dave also scheduled for new "When You and I Were Dancing" programme on B.B.C., July 23.

HELLO to that cheery fellow, ace-pianist Eddie Carroll, who brings his Band to the air again on July 9. Vocalists, young Scots boy Hughie Diamond, and "Caroline." This nomme-de-croon, "Caroline," hides the identity of one Gladys Keep; so keep it under your hat, Miss Woolzenit.

Listening to Eddie Carroll's pleasing piano interludes makes me wonder sometimes why other bandleaders don't more consistently feature instrumental solos in their programmes; Lou Preager (on the air July 22) features his accordion solos most effectively; but what about more trumpet solos by Roy Fox, cornet solos by Harry Roy, piano solos by Jack Payne, and so on? What do you think about it?

Here's something. Ted Lewis, one of the daddies of American dance-music, is being relayed from America between eleven and eleven-thirty on Tuesday (July 6). This maestro has popularised many

**DANCE BAND FANS' DEPARTMENT—
NEWS, VIEWS AND GOSSIP**

Bretherton, who is now leading his own band at the Spider's Web on the Watford By-pass; David Shand, the well-known ex-Hylton and ex-Payne saxophonist; P. Mathison Brooks, of the "Melody Maker," and George Elrick—all of whom gave their services gratis as did many other famous musicians who appeared to entertain during intervals.

But perhaps the outstanding feature of the whole thing was the astonishing enthusiasm and good-hearted rivalry among the contestants and their supporters.

As each band went on and left the stage, it was vociferously applauded by patrons of its rivals as well as by its own adherents and the audience at large, and the cheers were deafening when it was announced that Eddie McGarry and his Band, the holders of the cup, had again been successful, beating Ron Miller's Modernists of London, who were runners-up last year, by a small margin.

One of the most interested spectators was Paul Askew of Broadcasting House. Quick to jump in where his Northern colleagues had failed, he has, I am told, arranged for the winning band to broadcast on July 17.

Another combination which I hope he will put on is Fred Mirfield and His Garbage Men of London.

This ingenious little busking outfit got nearer to playing real music for dancing than all the rest put together.

It came fifth. It came to grief because in this final, unlike in the local and County contests, a sight-reading test is included. Had it been able to cope with this, the judges might have been hard put to it to decide whether it had not actually won the championship.

Unfortunately, however, one of the Garbage Men's leading soloists was obviously a very poor reader. He did his best to cover this up by pretending to play during the first two choruses of the sight-reading test number, presumably hoping that by the time he had to play his solo he would have been able to memorise the number by ear. But the judges were too smart for him. They realised what he was up to. Even if they had not he would not have been much better off, because just when he decided he knew the tune, the orchestration changed key and left him high and dry.

However, reading isn't everything, and the com-

Stars in the Spotlight

GLAMOUR GIRL



**No. 5
PHYLLIS
ROBINS**

A PART from a recent "Guest Artiste" appearance with Johnny Rosen's Band, Phyllis Robins has been conspicuous by her absence from broadcasting.

All the more reason, then, to extend to her the glad hand when to-morrow night she appears under John ("See What I'm Getting At?") Sharman's "Music Hall" banner.

Radioland is not overburdened with Personalities but, to me, Phyllis is indeed a Personality. She possesses that certain, undefinable "something" that makes her stand out.

She is petite, almost fragile, with a soft "peaches-and-cream" complexion, a smile that is usually slightly mocking, and eyes that regard you with the utmost candour.

Most striking feature about her is, of course, her hair, an ash-blonde halo that gives her an amazing resemblance to the late Jean Harlow.

In some ways Phyllis is an extraordinary paradox. To see her, elegantly coiffeured, beautifully gowned, at a cocktail party, it is difficult to credit that she is, at heart, an outdoor girl.

Yet it's true. She can biff a golf ball hard and true. She swims, motors, rides and walks. Let her wear tweeds and brogues and no hat, so that the wind can play havoc with those waves in her hair, and she is happy.

Yet, strangely enough, she cannot live in the country. She has tried it, but always returns to a flat in the heart of London's theatreland.

She looks the complete sophisticate, and I remember feeling alarmingly nervous when we first met. But actually, so far from being "high-hat," Phyllis is disarmingly friendly. But it takes time to break down the barriers

of her reserve. Then she will talk to you easily and well on almost every subject under the sun except Phyllis Robins.

She has that priceless gift of making you feel that knowing you is of some importance in her life.

Few women in radio are better gowned than Phyllis. An envious girl friend of mine once told me that if every woman were to wear fig-leaves Phyllis's leaf would always be cut just a little more fashionably than anybody else's.

And what a great artiste she is. Her singing voice is soft and sweet, and in the right type of song exquisitely tender. I remember the way she used to sing "Close Your Eyes." I heard her sing it repeatedly, and never tire of her artistry. She can put over a love-song as can few women. There is sex-appeal in every note—a sort of "Umph" . . .

Strange that this Sheffield girl was told at school that she was wasting her time trying to learn to sing.

Yes, Phyllis has got everything—beauty, brains, charm and glamour. And she's such a "regular guy" !

bination is certainly worth an airing. Its swing busking would make a fine contrast to the big band arrangements of Eddie McGarry's boys, and if Paul Askew is wise he will put them both in the same broadcast to play alternate numbers.

Actually, I might have stayed in Blackpool longer had I not wanted to get back to town to pay my respects to an old friend who has just celebrated a memorable occasion in his life.

His name is Ben Davis. His story reads more like

a fairy tale, but I can vouch for its truth.

When jazz first got going over here, in the early nineteen-twenties, Ben and his brother Lew (now with Ambrose, of course) both became dance band musicians.

Ben took up the saxophone, and, being at the time one of the few who could play the instrument, made fairly good money. Yet not what he might have. He was a fine musician, but more in a legitimate sense. Dance style was not his forte.

In 1929 he decided to leave the profession and go into business. He had been able to save little, if any, money, but he managed to secure the agency for a well-known French saxophone.

From a little room on the first floor of a Charing Cross Road building he personally sold the instruments over the counter, wrapping and tying them up with his own hard-worked hands.

Business prospered. He moved to larger premises, took on additional lines.

Recently he floated his business as a public company with a capital of £60,000. He owns over 50 per cent. of the shares which he could sell on the London Stock Exchange to-morrow for more than £45,000.

The company looks like paying at least 10 per cent., in which case the dividend on his shares will amount to something more than £3,000. But that is by no means the extent of Ben's income. He has in addition a salary as managing director of £2,500 plus an allowance for expenses of £1,250. His annual income is thus over £6,750, or nearly £130 a week.

A few days ago the company moved to huge new premises next to the Phoenix Theatre in the very same street where as a little one-man business Henri Selmer, Ltd., had originally started. To celebrate the occasion an all-day party was given at which everyone who is anyone in the dance music profession drank to the continued success of Ben Davis and his staff of now more than one hundred and fifty.

BAND-LEADERS GO SOLO?

Idea to brighten-up Northern Sunday programmes. . .

Richard Valery, whose dance-band broadcasts from the Marine Ballroom on the New Central Pier, Morecambe, is starting a Sunday series called "Old and New." The programmes start on August 15.

Valery, now well to the fore in Northern radio, has played in dance-bands in almost every country in the world—including South America, where he had to play his way out of one of those comic-opera revolutions !

Like Mantovani, Valery specialises in "sweet" music, and his band is made up entirely of reeds and strings. His is probably the only outfit in the country capable of interpreting South American music in the native manner, using special native instruments such as the marimbula, the claves, the quijada, and the guiro.

Seen around town—going places. Billy (Trumpeter, What Are You Sounding Now?) Smith and Pat (Stepping Out, Sister?) Taylor.

Latest dispatch from the Maida Vale front. In: Gillis, Halsall, Cromer (saxes); Mann, Price (trumpets); Thorpe (trombone); Farrar (bass); Mallin (vocals).

Out: Smith (trumpet); Tann, Welsh (trom-

bones); Harling, Hitchener, Syd Williams, Cuthbertson (violins); Knussen (cello); Freddy Williams, (sax.); Dickinson (guitar); Read (piano); Elrick, Donovan (vocals).

Not sure yet; Powell (violin).

Two newcomers fixed so far. Charlie Botterell (drummer from Sydney Kyte's band); Joe Mangan (trombonist).

So it looks as though when you go to see Henry Hall and the ex-B.B.C. Dance Orchestra you'll really be seeing Henry Hall and the ex-B.B.C. Octet.

I'm wondering how the band's gonna be billed.



Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Lipton, still very much in love, as their happy expressions reveal.

BERT YARLETT

(B.B.C. and Horlicks Vocalist)

Age	...	30
Birthday	...	June 18, 1907
Birthplace	...	Reading
Colour of Eyes		Brown
Colour of Hair		Black
Height	...	5 ft. 9½ ins.
Weight	...	12 st. 8 lbs.
Favourite Food	...	Spaghetti
Favourite Drink		Light Sherry
Favourite Sport		Riding
Favourite Hobby		Reading

MEET GIPSY PETULENGRO

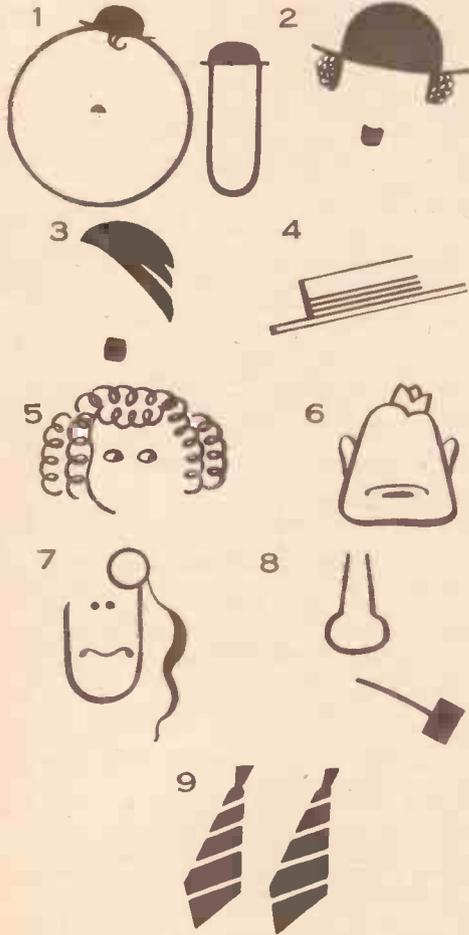
GRAND COMPETITION for Listeners of All Ages

GIPSY PETULENGRO is a genuine Romany and his knowledge of nature lore and of the stars is unchallengeable. You can hear him reading the stars and offering his famous "Luck Charts" from Radio Normandy every Friday morning at 10.15 a.m. in the Skol Healing Antiseptic programme.

Here is a simple contest offering ten prize-winners the following:—(1) MEET Gipsy Petulengro, the famous broadcasting Romany, and have a private consultation with him. (2) BE ENTERTAINED to luncheon at the Savoy Hotel, London, W.1. (3) Be entertained at a MATINEE PERFORMANCE at any London theatre. (4) FARES PAID to London and back and ALL EXPENSES PAID while in London.

WHO ARE THEY ?

Look carefully at the caricatures below, numbered 1 to 9. All you have to do is Spot the Stars—and win one of these highly original prizes.



There are nine spaces on the coupon below in which to fill in the celebrities' names. When you have done this, write a slogan for Skol Healing Antiseptic, the simpler the better, and qualify for one of the ten prizes. Send in a carton top from either the 1s. 6d. or 2s. 6d. size of Skol Antiseptic with your entry. Here is an example of a slogan: "Skol for healthier skin," make another, as easy, short and simple as that, and win a prize.

Fill this in and WIN

To Skol Products Ltd. (Comp.), 1 Rochester Row, London, S.W.1. The names of the caricatured celebrities are:—

1. 2. 3.
4. 5. 6.
7. 8. 9.

My suggested Slogan is.....
I enclose the top of a 1/6 or 2/6 carton of Skol Healing Antiseptic and agree to accept the judges' decision as final.

NAME

ADDRESS

Post in sealed envelope with lid. stamp. Mark your envelope "COMPETITION."

RULES

1. Fill in the spaces above, and include a suggested slogan for Skol.
2. The top of a 1/6 or 2/6 carton of Skol Antiseptic must be enclosed.
3. Address your entry to Skol Products Ltd., 1-3 Rochester Row, London, S.W.1, and mark your envelope "Competition."
4. The judges are Skol Products Limited and the editor of Radio Pictorial. Their decision must be accepted as final.
5. Entries must be received not later than the first post on July 30th, 1937.
6. Results will be announced in the "Radio Pictorial," August 27th, 1937, and from Radio Normandy 10.15 a.m. on the same day. Winners will also be notified by post.

What Listeners Think

SHORT STORIES in the MORNING?

Five shillings is paid for every letter—or extract—used in this column. Address your letters to "What Listeners Think," Radio Pictorial, 37 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

WHY don't the B.B.C. broadcast more short stories, especially during the morning and afternoon?

Many busy housewives would enjoy being "read to" while they work and so many blind people—who grow weary of laboriously reading Braille—and invalids who must rest a lot would appreciate more light, amusing stories during the afternoon.—*Gretchen Green, c/o 21a Windsor Road, Boscombe, Hants.*

Champ Material

BOXING enthusiasts throughout the country would greatly appreciate the broadcast of more boxing contests. There is hardly a week goes by without there being a first-class match. Also when a fight is broadcast it would be very interesting to hear the results of the supporting contests, for it is from these that champions arise.—*Denis Bird, 58 Church Road, Bebington, Wirral.*

Squeeze Box Fan

MAY I take this opportunity of expressing the desire of many listeners (including myself) to have more accordion music and less pianoforte music? Why not cut out some of these recitals and give some of the accordion bands which have been formed inside the last 12 months an opportunity of showing the general public what they can do, especially since accordion music is so popular now.—*Miss J. R. More, Strathloanhead, Stirlingshire, Scotland.*

Novel Compères

VARIETY compered by "radio personalities" is a notion! "Tune in, Daddy," brilliantly engineered by Harry Hemsley's family was definitely "the goods." It would be grand to hear comments on current shows by The Buggins, Mrs. Feather, Gert and Daisy, Arbut and Gaertie, and last but not least—Mr. Penny! —*A. H. Jones, 105a Torriano Avenue, N.W.5.*

Wants Something Queer

SOME time ago the B.B.C. broadcast a very amusing series called "Believe It or Not," about queer, almost incredible happenings in the world. I think most listeners would welcome a revival of this feature.—*(Mrs.) G. Williams, "Brookfield," Merthyr Road, Pontypridd, Glam.*

More Military Bands

HERE is my idea as to how the B.B.C. could brighten our Sunday programmes. As you know, some of the world's finest Military Bands (Scots Guards, Welsh Guards, etc.) play in Hyde Park every Sunday; is it not possible for the B.B.C. to instal a microphone there and relay the programme? Listeners would then be hearing bands the like of which we too seldom hear nowadays.—*H. Fay, 163 Westbury Avenue, London, N.22.*

Likes

THERE are some radio artistes whose broadcasts I would never dream of missing. Hildegard, for one.

Her sweet, lovable voice, and her sympathetic way of putting over her songs are irresistible.

Then there is Oliver Wakefield, the young South African comedian. I admit his jokes do go a little beyond the measure sometimes, but there is no doubt about it, he really is a swell comedian.

Of course, we cannot forget Will Hay. As a schoolmaster he is unsurpassable. His funny little mannerisms and his supreme knowledge of nothing at all in particular have won for him an indelible spot in the hearts of all listeners.

Chief among dance bands, I think, is that of Bert Ambrose. They can play anything, with an ease that is surely the envy of many other dance bands.—*Miss B. R. Duncan, 96 Novar Drive, Hyndland, Glasgow, W.2.*

MEET A PIONEER MALE QUARTETTE ...

THE GRESHAM SINGERS

IT seems like going back to the dim ages when one thinks of the days before radio. But you've only got to look at the picture of the Gresham Singers to realise how youthful is this form of entertainment, we now take so much for granted.

They really were the first male voice quartette to

broadcast, and that takes us back to the days even before 2LO. Actually, their first broadcast was an experimental one from Manchester, although it wasn't so long after that they were included in the first All-Star Radio Performance, organised by the *Daily Chronicle*.

That historic event took place in a "top back room" of Marconi House. And if you want to know what a studio was like in those pre-B.B.C. days, just visualise the "mike" perched on a huge packing-case! It must have been great fun, though, when the atmosphere was rather more Bohemian than B.B.C.

It's not surprising that the Gresham Singers appeared at this first great broadcast, for they had already become famous with their delightful singing on the variety stage and concert platform.

Apparently they make a habit of being pioneers, for they were the first artistes to use aeroplanes for fulfilling engagements. On that occasion they were performing at the Paris Opera House, at the invitation of the French Government. It was a sort of Command Performance, although even that is no unusual occurrence for the Gresham Singers, for they have already appeared at more than one of our own Command Performances and had the honour of singing in Westminster Abbey during the Coronation ceremony of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth.



Every member of the Gresham Singers is an accomplished musician. Indeed, they have all received their training in the Cathedrals of England. J. Hatherley Clarke, the alto, was at Westminster Abbey and is now at H.M. Chapel Royal. The tenor, Bradbridge White, was at Lichfield and is now also at H.M. Chapel Royal. Curiously enough, Cecil Cope was at Lichfield with the tenor of this quartette, and is now at Westminster Abbey. And here again coincidence creeps in, for George James, the basso profundo, is at the Abbey also.

But don't imagine that the Gresham Singers bring an atmosphere of solemnity to the microphone. They made their name in the "Bing Boys," with George Robey... and one can't imagine such solemnity with that comedian hovering in the wings!

Anyway, you can judge for yourselves, because their latest radio exploit is to appear every Sunday at 3.15 from Luxembourg in the Andrew's Liver Salt programme. You'll hear all the modern songs when you listen to the Gresham Singers, as well as many of the old numbers which, if it may be whispered, often melodiously outrival the latest song hits. But whether they are singing old tunes or new, the Gresham Singers never fail to put a freshness and originality into their rendering of the number.

THOUGHT SHE WAS A FLOP

—But MARJORIE POLLARD Became
a B.B.C. Woman Commentator

A PAIR of skis stood in one corner, cricket bat and hockey sticks in another. Sports team photographs hung on the walls. The big, airy room was flooded with sunshine from the wide window, flung open, and out of which could be seen Hertfordshire's pleasant countryside. And at a desk in the middle of the room, with an old, venerable-looking cricket ball perched before her—Marjorie Pollard, B.B.C. Woman Commentator.

Auburn-haired, sun-tanned face, broad-shouldered and sturdy, Marjorie has only this year become a commentator on women's sports, but to thousands of open-air girls up and down the country, and abroad, she has long been an idol. Player for England in international hockey for 15 years, a pioneer of women's cricket, her name is spoken of in reverence wherever girls meet to swing stick or bat in first-class style.

And, although commentating is a comparatively new sphere for her, studio broadcasting is not. She has given numerous eye-witness accounts of women's sporting events, taken part in National programmes of sporting and "youth" interest, and in local Regional features about hockey and cricket. Her first broadcast was made under the supervision of "Uncle Peter" of the early "Children's Hour."

"It was during an interview with Joli de Lotbinière, Outside Broadcast Director, that the idea of a woman commentator was first put to me," she told me. "I said I would have a shot at it, because for long I had strongly felt that there should be women commentators for women's sports and interests on the air. It is as incongruous to hear a man describing a women's game as it would be if a woman described the Cup Final!"

"Also, of recent years I have been struck by the increasing number of independent young women who have wireless sets. Surely there should be women's voices as well as men's on the air—in addition to artistes, I mean. I was very sorry when the woman announcer left.

"So, for these reasons more than because I felt I could do it—how should I know how I would turn out?—I told Mr. Lotbinière I would try commentating, and he arranged for me to go to Wimbledon and make a test commentary, which was not broadcast, of course, but put over a line to him. I did not feel at all happy about that. As I went on I felt sure I was getting worse and worse, and at the end I went home thinking I had flopped and should never be a commentator.

"I think I know, now, what mistake I made; I tried to describe everything. This is quite impossible when watching a game. One has so many reactions to so many different aspects of the whole scene, and one can only pick out those incidents which will build up the best word picture for the listener.

"I suppose sooner or later this becomes instinctive; but when one is starting it is hard work."

"Anyway, the test wasn't a failure?" I asked.
"No. To my surprise I was asked to commentate on the hockey international between England and Germany at the Oval. Before this, Commander Woodroffe came to see me, and we played about a bit with practice commentaries."

"That sounds amusing."

"It's that all right, but also gruelling. We stood back to back and described to each other what we saw—all manner of things. From comparing my attempts at this impromptu stuff with his very expert method, I learnt a lot about the art of commentating."

"And then, in the end, you didn't broadcast from the Oval at all!"

"No. The Selectors for England began asking me to play in the match I was to describe! They pressed so hard that, with the B.B.C.'s very gracious permission, I was able to give up the

By
**KENNETH
BAILY**



MARJORIE POLLARD,
English hockey and cricket international, has made a big success with her recent commentary on the first Women's Test Match between England and Australia. Here she describes how it all came about

microphone engagement and take the field. But I was very disappointed."

"What!—playing for England and disappointed?"

"Oh, I mean about the broadcast not coming off. It seemed a greater adventure to me than the match! A commentary soon followed, however; I described the finals of the great hockey tournament at Ramsgate last Easter."

Marjorie Pollard, like all who are really "great" at something, is modest about her gifts. It was only after much questioning that I found out that she had hundreds of letters after that commentary—and not one critical. And the fact that she was immediately chosen to do the commentary on the Women's Test Match at Northampton the other week was in itself proof of her success.

Actually credit must go to Marjorie for carrying on that Ramsgate broadcast with crowds of listening critics all around her. To her dismay, as she spoke, she kept noticing spectators watching the play and following her remarks about it at the same time from portable sets. But if you heard her, you will recall that she did not in any way betray her ordeal.

"I think it is best to be dispassionate when broadcasting a game," she says. "At least that's my feeling so far. I hate climaxes in a commentary. I hate to get all worked up as the commentator describes an attack with rising excitement, and to hear him pause, and become cool when nothing has come of it all.

"Of course, as a hockey player, I found I was anticipating what might happen—a temptation one must keep in its place. I make a point of avoiding listening to other commentaries—it's so easy to unconsciously copy someone's style, and I believe that the individuality of your personality is the only thing which will make you a success on the air, if you can put it over."

So if Marjorie has any rule, it is: "Be yourself; don't be swept away!" She's an individualist at the microphone.

That Oval match which called her from microphone to field was probably her last International, she says. But she's said such things before. She gave up playing in 1929.

"There comes a time after some years playing when one feels that one is getting stale, or tired, and needs a rest. I felt like that then. Only after a rest I started again."

Which was, I daresay, no surprise to anyone who knew how brilliantly Marjorie broke into hockey fame. She started playing with her local club at Peterborough, and within a year had been chosen for, and played for, her county, her "territory," and her country. To make the grade in twelve months is a phenomenon in sporting life.

As a cricketer she is an envied batswoman. She's made centuries "here and there," as she modestly put it. But her great feat was knocking up 50 in the worst possible conditions. That was a match at the Oval, when they found the pitch under water, but refused to go home; so played on a temporary pitch, thick with mud. A men's team, she said, would have gone home! She is a pioneer of the Women's Cricket Association.

The skis I noticed in the corner of her room she takes off to Norway for much treasured holidays; she avoids Switzerland because she doesn't like too many people about.

In the last twelve years she has had twenty-four cars! Motors first claimed her heart through the medium of one of the earliest Blackburn motor-cycles, on which she rode in precarious reliability trials all over the Midlands. Take her to any golf course, and you'll have your time cut out to avoid being vanquished.

Physically and mentally disciplined by all these energetic activities, it is probably her steel nerve which has made her take to commentating so successfully.

★ Life has just been one Bad Break After Another for Helen Raymond, singing star of Horlicks Picture House and vocalist with Peter Yorke and Billy Thorburn. But even ill-luck changes—



Come on, little bird, you can't turn your back on Helen!

Misfortune DIDN'T DAUNT ME

HAS bad luck ever dogged your footsteps? Do you know how it feels to be making great headway in a career and then, just when success is within easy reach, have it snatched away from you?

Until last year both these things were constantly happening to me. My life had been one long series of tragedies and disappointments, dating from the day I left school.

I was fifteen then, and had set my heart on a stage career. Both my parents had been connected with the entertainment business all their lives. Mother was an actress, and father owned a small circuit of cinemas.

I was still at school when I heard from friends that Albert de Courville wanted girls for a new show he was opening at the London Hippodrome.

Without telling my parents I went along for an audition. I felt terribly nervous waiting on the stage among fifty or sixty other girls. Everyone seemed so skilled, while I had no idea what to do.

I watched the others carefully—luckily I was one of the last to be tried—and manage to pick up a little of the technique.

I got one of the jobs, and rushed home as fast as I could to break the wonderful news. Then I received the biggest shock of my life.

One Dreary Year

Father was furious. He wouldn't hear of it. I was to drop this silly notion, and take a job he had waiting for me at one of his cinemas.

He went further than that. The following day he called on Albert de Courville and told him to kick me out of the theatre if I dared to defy his authority.

That was my first stroke of bad luck. For a whole dreary year I was cashier in a small provincial cinema. I hated the job. Instead of it killing my ambition, as father had obviously hoped, it only stimulated my enthusiasm.

When I was sixteen my parents realised they had made a mistake. It took me two months of persistent argument but I finally convinced them.

I left the cinema and went to the Guildhall School of Music to study singing. Here I met quite a large

number of girls who are to-day famous radio and stage stars, including Esther Coleman and Edna Best.

But I only stayed at the Guildhall School for two years. When I heard that I had to enter for an examination, I was so thoroughly scared that three weeks before the fateful day, I refused to go back.

Again father was furious. "Back to the cinema you go!" he stormed.

But I had different ideas. I wanted to go to America, where I thought I could make a success of my job.

Without telling a soul, I booked a passage to Canada. No one knew I was going until a few days before the ship sailed, when I told my mother—who was, by this time, my confidante. Father, however, was kept in complete ignorance.

Mother cabled one of her relatives to meet me in Montreal, so there was no need for me to look for apartments when I arrived in that strange and terrifyingly large Dominion.

They Sang at Work

I felt rather lost at first, but after a few days I managed to get a job as a mannequin in a large gown room.

Working in the same place were two other girls, and one day I happened to overhear them singing together in the dressing-room. I was immediately impressed with the quality of both their voices.

It was only because I knew the song they happened to be singing that I joined in with them. But less than a minute afterwards we were all three looking at each other in amazement.

Our voices harmonised perfectly. It was almost fantastic.

"We ought to do something about this," I suggested. That same evening we met and went over a few numbers. Before we parted we had decided to throw up our jobs in the gown room in favour of teaming up as a trio.

We went along to one of the radio stations and asked for an audition. Within a week we were booked for a programme sponsored by a chocolate company.

We managed to get several stage engagements, and in time increased our activities to cabaret and private

parties. Soon we were given longer sessions over the radio, and we were being paid nearly double our original fee for stage work.

Then, just as I was beginning to feel that the trio was well on its way to really big things, I received a cable from my father instructing me to return to England immediately.

Meekly, I returned. To this day, I don't know why I allowed success, which was only just around the corner, to be snatched away from me.

From the highlights of America to a manageress of a cinema in England. Imagine yourself faced with a similar situation. But maybe you wouldn't have taken any notice of your father's cable. I wish I hadn't.

For six months I remained in that job. Then, making up my mind to live my own life, I wrote to the B.B.C. for an audition.

Within a week I received a reply, and a month later I was given my first broadcasting date in this country.

I had two songs to sing, and two lines of dialogue, which were supposed to be said in a high-pitched voice.

That, of course, floored me. I could no more speak in a squeaky voice than fly, so the lines were taken away from me. I was given a third song instead.

It was about this time that "Ginger" Croom-Johnson was preparing his *Soft Lights and Sweet Music* programmes, and I was given a chance to sing in them.

Act with "My Boys"

George Black had also fixed me up with a special act of my own called "Helen Raymond and Her Boys" and I was to begin touring with this act a week after the first radio performance of *Soft Lights and Sweet Music*.

But a day before the radio show I was in bed with a temperature of 104. My voice had nearly disappeared, and the doctor refused to take responsibility if I left my bed under three days.

It was a terrible blow to me, quite apart from putting poor "Ginger" in a spot. He had to rush around for a new vocalist to take my place.

The opening night of my own act was not a success. My nose had been bleeding all the morning, and I was still suffering from the effects of my illness a week before.

I managed to drag myself to the theatre and appear on the stage. But I was feeling half dead, and my voice had not fully recovered.

My worst experience with this act was the time I had to play in Glasgow. Everyone in the business had told me that the audiences up there were very "tough," and if they didn't like me, they'd soon let me know.

I was thoroughly scared, and for three hours before the show began I died a thousand deaths! I went on the stage wishing I had taken my father's advice and stuck to the cinema business.

But by the end of the act I was a changed being. The audience clapped and screamed their heads off. The manager stood in the wings, and when I came off he grasped my hands.

"I've never seen them like it before," he said. "I want you to double your time, starting from to-morrow."

He Didn't Know Me

On the Saturday evening I took seven curtains, and even then they screamed for more. You can't imagine how gratified I felt. For a nervous, unknown artiste, to get such a reception is enough to make her feel as if she is sitting on top of the world.

But I had rather a let-down a few weeks later. When I appeared at the Holborn Empire, I went along on the Monday evening, and the stagedoor keeper, eyeing me up and down, said: "Who do you want?"

"The dressing-rooms," I replied.

"Oh, and whose dresser are you?" he demanded.

Soon after this act finished, I teamed up with Kay Munro-Smythe and poor Jean Conibar with The Rhythm Sisters act. We were making great headway together, and then came that fatal accident on the early morning of June 8, last year.

Bad luck, as you can see, has played a big part in my life, but now things have changed. My luck has turned from bad to good.

Not only do I enjoy working in the Horlicks programmes, but also for Peter Yorke, Debroy Somers, and Billy Thorburn—three of the grandest men in the business.

By
**HELEN
RAYMOND**

NEXT WEEK
**FULL LUXEMBOURG, LYONS
& NORMANDY PROGRAMMES
AS USUAL**

GUIDE TO THE WEEK'S B.B.C. HIGH SPOTS

BEN and BEBE AGAIN

SATURDAY, JULY 3

BEBE DANIELS and **BEN LYON**, still in England, and listeners still asking for them, so **John Sharman** brings them back to his "Music Hall" to-night. These two becoming England's Happiest Marrieds. **Flanagan** and **Allen** knock off another of the series of mike dates covered by that history-making B.B.C. contract of theirs. Also hear **Leslie Hatton**, **Rupert Hazell** and **Elsie Day**, and that blonde vitality girl, **Phyllis Robins**.

SPEEDWAY.—Over to Belle Vue, Manchester, for Test Match for skidding wheels and open throttles. English and Australian speedster teams meet, with Commentator **Bernard Gray** on-looking.

REGATTA.—River goes gay at Henley while summer-frocked girls watch their oarsmen favourites doing the "in-out" stuff. Also commentaries at intervals to-day on Wimbledon Finals.

ORGANISTS.—**Harry Miller** is at Theatre Organ console this evening, while that organ's proud master, **Reggie Foort**, takes it in hand earlier to-day.

PLAY.—**Bruce Belfrage's** weekly feature, "From the London Theatre," gets a Saturday night airing for a change.

MAN AND WIFE.—**Maurice Cole** and **Winifred Small** give a piano-violin programme. Attractive items.

POET.—**W. B. Yeats**, Irish versifier, is on good terms with the mike, and adds another to his many broadcasts, this time reading "My Own Poems."

HENRY HALL'S HOUR.—But, before that, B.B.C. Dance Orchestra boys are on at the beginning of the evening.

SUNDAY, JULY 4

BRANSBY WILLIAMS.—Welcome innovation to Sunday programmes is this series by our greatest character actor-recitalist. **Bransby Williams** to-day will provide both seriousness and humour, the latter entertaining yet in no way cutting across conventional Sunday observance.

LESLIE WEATHERHEAD.—The preacher they queue up for. This most popular and sincere young minister speaks as an ordinary man for ordinary folk from his pulpit at the City Temple, whence comes the Evening Service.

"AS YOU LIKE IT."—Or don't you? But remember, this is one of Shakespeare's lightest creations. Performed by Stratford Festival Company, starring **Joyce Bland**, **Godfrey Kenton**, **Baliol Holloway**.

MUSICAL.—**Tenor Parry Jones** singing; **Eugene Pini's** boys tangoing; **Frank Stewart's** Alphas melodising; **Military Band** blowing; and **Brian Lawrance** singing with **Fred Hartley's** Sextet.

MONDAY, JULY 5

LOVE SONGS.—Another of those charming "Hero and Heroine" programmes of musical comedy duets which **Mark Lubbock** has instituted. The theme is love, the music lovely, and singing it with Theatre Orchestra are **Maria Elsner** and **Jan van der Gucht**.

"MELODY AND RHYTHM."—**Martyn Webster** calls his programme by **Martini** and his **Music** and **Eric Jeffcote's** **Rhythm Quartette**, playing for main Regional from Midland studio. In competition for National, at Manchester studios, **Jack Hardy** has his Little Orchestra doing one of those Special Occasions shows; subject this time, "The Garden Party," and **Richard North** compering.

TALK ACE.—**Lord Ponsonby**, a favourite at the mike since early days, starts a new series about "British Diarists."

CLASSIC ARGUMENT.—"Forgotten Rivalries—Spohr v. Mendelssohn," is a famous controversy for classic music lovers served up with music and **Alfred Dams**, tenor.

DANCE BAND.—**Henry Hall's** in mid-evening session.

TUESDAY, JULY 6

"THE SONG IS ENDED"—but the melody lingers on. Yes! That's what struck modern arranger **Ben Frankel** about the popular hits of yesteryear. Since so many old melodies linger, why not present them in modern orchestrations? So that's what Ben's doing in this show, with a unique combination consisting of six strings, a rhythm section, but no brass.

FAMOUS COMEDY.—Scottish studios present for National listeners **James Bridie's** play *Storm in a Teacup*, which had so long a laughter-making run in West End. Cause of the "storm" is a dog—tune in to see how the B.B.C. gets over the canine character.

U.S.A. BAND.—Once a month, now, B.B.C. is to relay from across Atlantic one of America's leading and characteristic dance bands. Series starts with **Ted Lewis's** outfit.

SPORTS REVUE.—Original and amusing revue based on popular pastimes, "Pleas for Pleasure." Variety for the sporting man—and girl.

LIBEL!—Five letters that shake Fleet Street. "Is That the Law?" talks start again, with this subject.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 7

COMIC OPERA.—*Bluebeard*. There's no keeping that mass-production husband down. Crops up again in tuneful and amusing opera guise. Talented company taking part includes **Betty Bannerman**, **Norman Davies**, **Nora Colton**, **Kathleen Lawson**, **Charles Schloss**, **Howard Hemmings**, and conductor **George Knepler**.

"MR. MUDDLECOMBE, J.P."—The charge list is full again at the Court of Not-so-Common-please, and **Robb Wilton** has had to be called back from holiday to dispense his unique brand of justice from this honoured Bench.

DUETTISTS.—Those dexterous and inspired keyboard artistes, **Alleyne** and **Leonhardt**, have fifteen minutes with **Lola Shari**.

SMALL BAND.—**George Scott Wood** and his delightful little combination provide a supper-time programme.

"BACKGROUND TO SPORT."—A feature about—well, the background to **Wembley**, **Wimbledon**, and the rest.

THURSDAY, JULY 8

SEASIDE SHOW.—**Harry Pepper's** at **Worthing**, putting on the air part of **Richard Jerome's** concert party, "Gay Parade," at the **Pier Pavilion**. Among those likely to be heard in the excerpt are: our old pal **Fred Gwyn**, **Nony** (Please turn to page 39).

BARGAINS by POST

NAIL BITING

stop it! **NEW NAILS! NEXT WEEK!**

Free Booklet sent under plain sealed cover explains how you can easily, quickly and permanently free yourself (or a child) of this objectionable and health-endangering habit. No aloe, no medicine, no auto suggestion, no appliance. A former addict writes: "Your treatment is miraculous. I am completely cured after being addicted for 20 years." Scores of similar genuine testimonials from all over the world. Write for free explanatory booklet NOW, enclosing 1½d. stamp for postage.

FILITEK LTD. (Dept. R.P.),
31, Broadway, Crouch End, London N.8

Famous ELECTRO-MEDICAL HOME TREATMENT

RESTORES HEALTH, VIGOUR & VITALITY
AT BARGAIN PRICE.
One Week's FREE TRIAL. Listed at £1.10
Now reduced to 12s. 6d. Sent for 2/6d. Deposit

Just send 2/6d deposit and the world-famed "Medicoil" will be sent you immediately on 7 days' free trial. After experiencing the wonderful effects for one week, you can either send 10/- in settlement or return the apparatus and deposit is refunded in full. Finest Remedy for Rheumatism, Weakness, Nerve Troubles, &c., &c. (for both sexes).



Entirely British Made. Money Back if Not Satisfied

The BRITISH ELECTRIC INSTITUTE (Dept. 46.B.)
25 Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1. (B.E.I., Ltd.)

DO YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY?

£2-16-9 PROFIT ON 5/3

PUNCHBOARDS
The best money making proposition ever offered the public.

If you want funds for Charity, Clubs, Fetes, or any other purposes let the punchboard help you. A 1,000 hole board costs 7/-, post free, and yields £2-9-10 profit at 1d. per punch and £4-19-8 at 2d. per punch. Agents working our special **PROFIT SHARING** plan are making £5 to £10 weekly on this board alone. **WHY NOT YOU?** Write to us for further information. **SAMPLE 100 HOLE BOARD** and price list. **Post Free.**

BURDON HUNTER Dept. 36R. 2/3
Punchboard Specialist,
Camomile Street Chambers, London, E.C.3
TRADE SUPPLIED

NEW FEET

OMNIPED 3/11
ELASTIC FOOT CUSHION
Instant relief from all your foot troubles. Pain massaged away. Infallible treatment for fallen arches and metatarsal troubles. Springy youthful walk once more. 400,000 sufferers already relieved. Comfortable in any type of shoe. Designed by Dr. Alischoff. British Patent 445088.

Send 3/11 and 4d. postage with size of shoe to Dept. R.P.1. International Foot Appliances, Ltd., 92, Baker Street, London, W.1.

COMPLETE RELIEF ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED
Money refunded if not satisfied.

OMNIPED

AIRCRAFTS GREAT OFFER

POUCHETTE BINOCULARS
The most amazing binocular bargain ever offered to the public. Of handy size to fit pocket or hand-bag. Long range of vision and remarkably fine definition. Stock strictly limited at this incredible price of only 1/- per pair. Postage, etc., 6d. Don't hesitate to order at once to avoid disappointment. Money willingly refunded if not satisfied. Send P.O. 1/6 now to:

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS, LTD.,
Dept. R.P.O.B.1
91, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.1.
Telephone: TEMple Bar 6559.

YOU CAN BUY WITH CONFIDENCE from Advertisers on this page.

Radio Pictorial's guarantee form is completed by each advertiser. Money is refunded to purchasers in the event of non-delivery or dissatisfaction provided goods are returned within 7 days from delivery.

DEAF

HEARING AIDS AT WHOLESALE PRICES. NO BATTERIES—NO WIRES—ABSOLUTELY INVISIBLE.

Try the marvellous new model Amplicoids. **NO OTHER PARTS—NO RENEWALS—PERFECT HEARING.** Fit right inside the ear. Complete in themselves. Wonderful Power. Price only £1.1.0 per pair, as sold elsewhere at £5.5.0. The greatest offer ever made to the Deaf.

IT'S NEW
NOTE THE SIZE
Note the Price **21/-**
as sold elsewhere at £5.5.

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL
SEND NAME AND ADDRESS for 30 Days' Free TRIAL. Send now. D. & J. Hill Ltd., Making Dept., 245, Oxford Street, London, W.1 (over Oxford Circus Tube Station). (Hours 10 to 6.) Also at 431, Chester Road, Manchester. (Hours 2 to 5.) Supplies under National Health Benefit.

PHYLLIS ROBINS' latest hit "POWDER ALL YOUR BLUES AWAY"

From Paramount film
"MURDER IN THE CABARET"
PUBLISHED BY:

LASSALLE LTD.
47, Old Compton St., W.1
GERrard 5397

MSS of Songs, Instrumental Music, Poems, Novels and other Literary Works considered for publication
WRITE (DEPT. P.) - OR CALL

B.B.C. FROM THE INSIDE

Continued from page 21

On another occasion I was going in the lift from an office on the same floor as Henry Hall down to the variety studio in the basement, when a friend of mine in the Talks Department, standing next to me in the lift, began talking to a dishevelled man at his side.

They were talking about the broadcast which the untidy-looking man was to give that night. Apparently they had just gone through a rehearsal and the man had read through the whole of his manuscript.

That man was William Ferrie, and I had no idea, when I was standing next to him, of the terrible thing which was going to happen that same evening.

He was broadcasting on a controversial subject, and immediately the announcer had introduced him on the air that evening he threw down his script, and, speaking loudly and firmly at the microphone, said in exactly fifty words just why he would not deal with the subject.

Of course, the engineers switched the microphone off at once, and the announcer dashed back into the studio in great alarm. Unfortunately, a certain amount of harm had been done, but I do not think Mr. Ferrie realised his position.

Shoals of letters arrived at the B.B.C. next morning—but the B.B.C. is used to a huge postbag, and should know by now how to handle complaints!

The funniest letter I had during my term of broadcasting was from a gentleman somewhere in South America. He asked me if I cared for the open-air life and if I minded roughing it. He gave his height and many intimate personal details, and then half-way through the letter explained that this was a proposal! He even went so far as to say that he was waiting for his divorce in Scotland to be made absolute and pointed out that he was seeking the divorce.

My ordinary fan mail varied enormously, according to the number of broadcasts I did under my own name. Not everybody realised that not only did I broadcast practically every day, but often for several hours a day in variety programmes or while accompanying other stars.

I sent out thousands of photographs (I really mean that, as I had to spend over £50 a year on fan mail), but only once have I ever had anybody kind enough and polite enough to thank me for sending a photograph.

That one was a schoolboy in Hendon. I hope he gets his autograph book packed with signatures, from Garbo's downwards!

★ Next week I will tell you some new and unusual stories about B.B.C. auditions I was at.

NEW SKIN-LIKE CORSETRY THAT REDUCES BY MASSAGE

IMAGINE a thin, skin-like sheet of strong but resilient fabric, perforated with myriads of tiny holes, that will stretch in every conceivable direction yet spring back to its normal shape without bulge or cackle, and you have a slight idea of the texture of the new sensational corsetry which is available now for the first time.

"Ex-cell-tex" is the only material of its kind in the world and is expected to revolutionise the corset trade.

Nurse Sinclair, the famous reducing corsetry expert, who is marketing this wonderful fabric, asserts that it moulds itself automatically, without constriction to the figure, stretches every way with equal strength and facility and contains so many perforations that the normal respiration of the skin is stimulated rather than obstructed because they are recessed and permit a free air flow.

In order that RADIO PICTORIAL readers may form their own personal opinion of this remarkable material, Nurse Sinclair offers to send an actual piece of "Ex-cell-tex" and full particulars of these foundation masterpieces to all who send their name and address and enclose a 1 1/2d. stamp for postage. Applications should be addressed to Nurse Sinclair, Dept. 85/7, 4 Vernon Place, London, W.C.1. We advise readers who intend sending to do so quickly, and not to buy that new corset or brassiere they intended getting until they have seen "Ex-cell-tex."

Your Chemist Sells

RENDELLS

APPROVED BY DOCTORS

ASK YOUR CHEMIST FOR A FREE COPY OF "HYGIENE FOR WOMEN" BY NURSE DREW

FAMOUS SINCE 1885

THESE MEN MADE YOUR BALLADS

Syncopation may be a modern craze but it cannot kill the love people have for the old-time ballads. This article introduces the writers of some of the most famous of them

By HUGH SLATER

IS there anyone in the British Isles who has never heard "Roses of Picardy," "Until," "Little Grey Home in the West," "I Passed by your Window," and the numerous other popular ballads which, in their time, have enjoyed such sensational vogues?

Is it not strange, then, that so little is known of the men and women responsible for these famous songs that have found their way to almost every suburban and provincial piano... the simple-minded, retiring musicians who quietly plant these timeless melodies on the lips of the multitude?

Who wrote "Roses of Picardy"? The melody springs to your tongue as you read the title. But scarcely one person in a hundred knows that it was Haydn Wood, a shrewd little Manxman, who pocketed a five-figured royalty on the strength of this enormous war-time success.

At the time of his birth his father had been to a concert to hear Haydn's "Creation." Taking his tiny son in his arms, he declared solemnly, "I have just been listening to Haydn's "Creation." This is my creation! I shall call him Haydn!"

You will now find Haydn Wood in a comfortable little flat overlooking Baker Street Station. It was Mrs. Haydn Wood—better known to concert-goers as Dorothy Court—who sung her husband's "Bird of Love Divine" to fame. He wrote it for her soon after their marriage.

A Royal College of Music student, he became a violinist of conspicuous merit and once gave a recital at the Albert Hall in the distinguished company of Madame Patti, Sir Landon Ronald, Muriel Foster and others, in honour of Madame Albani's farewell appearance.

His versatility probably surpasses that of any other living composer for he has to his credit compositions which represent every possible phase of musical invention—from the rag-time to the symphonic poem.

Eric Coates who wrote "In Town To-night," "London Bridge" and "The Three Bears" in addition to such popular ballad successes as "Bird Songs at Eventide" and "I Pitch my Lonely Caravan at Night," is the son of a Nottingham surgeon. He is probably making more money than any composer of popular songs at the present time.

Twenty-five years ago, during his student days, Boosey's, for a joke, published "Stoncracker John," his first song, suggested by the rhythm of a jolting omnibus, and the "Miniature Suite." But the composer, who still draws royalties from these two early pieces, is having the laugh!

He gets his best ideas out walking, like many creative artists, he is stimulated by movement. Studying the viola under Lionel Tertis, he began his musical career at fifteen shillings a week in a theatre orchestra and subsequently became principal viola player with the Queen's Hall orchestra under Sir Henry Wood.

Such delightful orchestral fantasies as "The Three Bears," "Cinderella" and "The Selfish Giant" were written for his small son on the advice of Mrs. Coates who writes some of her husband's lyrics. He created a stir by writing serious music in the modern dance idiom. "Some years ago," he told me, "when I wrote 'The Three Bears' it was possible to listen to dance music with a certain enjoyment; the tunes were bright and chirpy. But nowadays the idiotic lyrics make it a painful business to listen!"

"I was born three doors away from Waterloo Bridge," Herman Finck told me, "and my earliest recollection is saving my father a penny by being lifted over the turnstile."

This was about sixty years ago. Herman Finck's father was then conductor at Drury Lane and for ten years the famous composer of "In the Shadows" held the same position. He learned the violin at six, played in the orchestra of the old Princess's Theatre when he was fourteen and still at school.

Over forty years ago a publisher sent him a five pound note for a little song called "Voulez-vous?" He tossed the money up into the air in his elation—and it descended in the fireplace from which only its ashes were retrieved.

Besides numerous songs, Herman Finck has essayed almost every type of musical composition and, purely for his own satisfaction, has written a violin concerto. When a song of his was once performed at Brighton—"By Desire," as stated in the programme, his little daughter protested. "It's not by desire," she said, "it's by daddy."

The composer of "O Dry Those Tears" and "Homing" is Teresa del Riego who studied piano and violin in London and Paris and had her voice trained which enabled her to appreciate the requirements of vocal composition. In the first six weeks of issue, "O Dry

BALLADS



Haydn Wood



Eric Coates

Those Tears" sold 26,000 copies. But "pirate" music salesmen stole half her royalties by selling copies in the streets at twopence each. "Many Happy Returns of the Day," her first song, was written at the age of eight in honour of her father's birthday.

Then there's Herbert Oliver. Who does not know "The Dancing Lesson" and "Down Vauxhall Way"? Herbert Oliver wrote his first song when he was eight. Four years later he made his first stage appearance at the old Oxford Theatre; the failure of his health forced him to abandon the stage and devote his energies to composition. His musical plays have been produced at the Coliseum and Palace Theatre.

"How did I write 'The Dancing Lesson'?" said Mr. Oliver in reply to my question. "Well, it was after the performance of the Bach Passion According to St. John at a Birmingham Festival. A crowd of us had gone along to hear it—Carrie Tubb, John McCormack and Thorpe Bates and some others—and when we returned to the hotel for tea, I saw some ghastly green and pink sugary cakes, the sight of which gave me such a headache that I fled to my room. When I re-joined the company half-an-hour later, 'The Dancing Lesson' was written."

Wilfrid Sanderson who wrote "Until," sang in the choir at King Edward's Coronation at Westminster Abbey. He was the son of a clergyman. Some years before his death he made a six months' examining tour of East and South Africa, travelling 20,000 miles altogether, visiting centres from Nairobi down to Cape Town. He was amused to see a signpost in the marketplace at Zanzibar inscribed thus: "London, 8,000 miles!"

Cyril Scott, one of London's foremost serious composers, who has also written a number of fairly popular ballads lives in the queerest house I have ever seen. The place has a faintly religious atmosphere. Confronting you at the top of a winding oak staircase is a magnificently coloured Burne-Jones window that was taken from a church now demolished.

Surrounding the long refectory table in the panelled dining hall are six high-backed chairs in a semi-Gothic style. The walls are lined with books. Statues and busts meet you in unexpected corners. And with a pungent incense constantly in your nostrils you feel you are in a monastery.

The piano is green and gold. This composer, a disciple of the cult of Yoga, has studied the occult aspects of music and written lengthily on the subject.

"I Passed by your Window," which sold 1,000,000 copies, was written by May H. Brahe, an Australian composer living in London, who was first inspired to write music after hearing Mark Hambourg give a recital in Melbourne. She published a couple of songs in Australia but married at seventeen and neglected her composition for some years.

When she took up music again, her publishers advised her to go to London where ballads stood a better chance of success. She took her publishers' advice and published "I Passed By Your Window" in this country in 1917. This success was followed by another, "It's Quiet Down Here."

★ Listen to

ROTHMANS

PALL MALL PARADE

RADIO LYONS... 10.45

every night... 215 metres

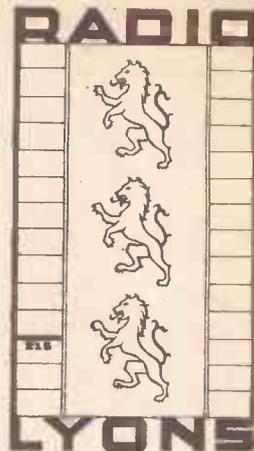
Smoke Rothmans Pall Mall Cigarettes

Rothmans Ltd., Folio NI, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

Radio Lyons Calling!

Announcer: Gerald Carnes

Tune in to 215 metres for never-failing Variety!



SUN., JULY 4

- 8.15 p.m.** THE PALL MALL PARADE
The smoker's own radio programme.—
Presented for his enjoyment and entertainment by The House of Rothman.
- 8.30 p.m.** "GRAMO-VARIETY"
A varied selection of miscellaneous gramophone records, with a little of something to please everyone.
- 9.0 p.m.** "YOUNG AND HEALTHY"
New dance tunes and bright swing-music on gramophone records.—*Presented with the compliments of The Bite Beans Company.*
- 9.15 p.m.** THE ZAM-BUK PROGRAMME
Melody and humour are to be found in this delightful fifteen-minute entertainment.—
Sent to you by the makers of Zam-Buk.
- 9.30 p.m.** ALFREDO CAMPOLI AND HIS ORCHESTRA, in a programme of light music, featuring an interesting talk by Nurse Johnson.—*Presented by courtesy of the makers of California Syrup of Figs.*
- 9.45 p.m.** "WALTZ TIME"
Starring Billy Bissett and his Waltz-Time Orchestra, Louise Adams, Robert Ashley, and The Waltz-Timers. An invitation to the waltz.—*Presented by the makers of Phillips Dental Magnesia.*
- 10.0 p.m.** "SONGS AND SENTIMENT"
Featuring Helen Clare and Ronald Hill, in a programme of piano and vocal duets.—
Sent to you weekly by the makers of Dandeline.
- 10.15 p.m.** DR. FU MANCHU, by Sax Rohmer. Episode No. 18—"The Terror Tower." A further dramatic episode in the timeless war between the famous criminal investigator Nayland Smith and Dr. Fu Manchu—arch-fiend of the Orient. Cast: *Dr. Fu Manchu, Frank Cochrane; Nayland Smith, D. A. Clarke Smith; Dr. Parie, John Rae; Weymouth, Arthur Young; Karamaneh, Rani Waller; Hagar, Arthur Young; Van Roon, Arthur Young.*—*Presented in serial form by the makers of Milk of Magnesia.*
- 10.30 p.m.** PRESERVENE NIGGER MINSTRELS. An old time minstrel-show featuring Johnny Schofield (son of the late Johnny Schofield of Mohawk fame), and Kent Stevenson (that wisecracking interlocutor). A programme full of fun and entertainment.—*Presented by the makers of Preservene.*
- 10.45 p.m.** "BEECHAMS' RE-UNION"
Presenting Jack Payne and his Band, Billy Scott-Coomber, Ralph Sylvester, Ronnie Genarder, and this week's guest-artist, Eve Becke. The programme compered throughout by Christopher Stone.—*Presented for your entertainment by the makers of Beechams Powders and Germolene.*
- 11.15 p.m.** CARROLL GIBBONS AND HIS RHYTHM BOYS, with Anne Lenner, George Melachrino and the Three Ginx, in dance music you can dance to, songs to which you can listen and musical memories that thrill.—*Sent to you by the makers of Stork Margarine.*
- 11.45 p.m.** "THE NIGHT WATCHMAN"
Bringing the evening programmes to a close with his soothing selection of music.
- 11.55 p.m.** GOODNIGHT MESSAGE
12 (midnight) CLOSE DOWN

MONDAY, JULY 5

- 10.0 p.m.** VARIETY
A cheerful programme of music and humour.—
Presented with the compliments of the makers of Stead's Razor Blades.
- 10.15 p.m.** "SUNNY JIM" TRANSMITTING "FORCE" AND MELODY. An interesting and amusing entertainment, featuring "Sunny Jim."—*Sent to you by the makers of Force.*
- 10.30 p.m.** YOUR OLD FRIEND "DAN"
Bringing another welcome supply of songs and good advice, assisted by Phil Green at the piano.—*Sent to you by the makers of Johnson's Wax Polish.*
- 10.45 p.m.** THE PALL MALL PARADE
Full of interesting news for the smoker.—
Sent for his entertainment by The House of Rothman.



Tony Melrose answers your questions and gives helpful advice (Saturdays, at 11.40 p.m.)



Beautiful Eve Becke assists at the Beechams' Reunion on Sunday at 10.45 p.m.

- 11.0 p.m.** THE STAGE DOOR LOUNGER
Theatre Gossip, music and news, brought to you by our London Theatre Correspondent, "The Stage Door Lounger."
- 11.30 p.m.** DANCE MUSIC ON THE GRAMOPHONE. Latest recordings of well-known English and American Orchestras.
- 11.55 p.m.** GOODNIGHT MESSAGE
12 (midnight) CLOSE DOWN

TUESDAY, JULY 6

- 10.0 p.m.** BING CROSBY
In response to numerous requests from Crosby fans we are sending you another fifteen-minute record programme of his best performances.
The life story of Harry Lillis Crosby is almost legendary by now, but here are one or two facts you may not have known. He was born in Washington on May 2 of 1904, and his parents' intentions were to make him a successful lawyer, but Harry Lillis had other ideas. His singing activities commenced when he became a member of his college glee-club which included a certain Al Rinker. Between them they organised a seven-piece dance orchestra, Bing singing duets with Al and also playing drums. They were booked to appear with the band on a vaudeville tour and finished up in Los Angeles in 1927, where Paul Whiteman heard them and engaged Crosby and Rinker to sing with a member of his own band—Harry Barris. Later they became known as Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys and their famous recordings, one in particular "I Left My Sugar Standing in the Rain," are treasured even now by Crosby fans. They appeared in the film "King of Jazz" and in 1930 Bing left Whiteman to make appearances in films and on the radio. The rest is well-known, his rapid success as a film star, ever increasing popularity in American radio and through gramophone recordings and the fact that he is the undisputed "King of Song," for though his impersonators are many—there is only one Bing Crosby.
- 10.15 p.m.** "THE LAUGH PARADE,"
Fifteen minutes of humour with well-known comics.
- 10.30 p.m.** CARSON ROBISON AND HIS PIONEERS. Cowboy melodies, sentiment, humour and song blended together in a delightful entertainment.—*Presented by the makers of Oxydol.*
- 10.45 p.m.** PROGRAMME OF MODERN DANCE MUSIC.—*Presented by courtesy of the makers of Beechams PILLS.*

- 11.0 p.m.** "PASSING BY"
A corner for listeners. Featuring friendly, popular Tony Melrose in this intimate feature in which he answers listeners queries, and offers advice.
- 11.15 p.m.** "HOT, SWEET AND SWING." A varied selection of dance records played by popular orchestras.
- 11.30 p.m.** THE FOUR INK-SPOTS
A welcome return of four popular Radio Lyons artistes.
- 11.45 p.m.** "THE NIGHT WATCHMAN"
11.55 p.m. GOODNIGHT MESSAGE
12 (midnight) CLOSE DOWN

WEDNESDAY, JULY 7

- 10.0 p.m.** THE BORWICK'S PROGRAMME. A programme of refreshing melodies.—*Presented by the makers of a refreshing, new product, Borwick's Lemon Barley Water.*
- 10.15 p.m.** "SUNNY JIM" PRESENTING "FORCE" AND MELODY. A fifteen-minute programme of ballad and music, featuring "Sunny Jim."—*Sponsored by the makers of Force.*
- 10.30 p.m.** "MUSICAL MOODS"
introducing America's greatest piano and vocal team—Homag Bailey and Lee Sims. A delightfully spontaneous entertainment.—
Presented by arrangement with the makers of Fairy Soap.
- 10.45 p.m.** THE PALL MALL PARADE
The smoker's radio entertainment.—
Presented by The House of Rothman.
- 11.0 p.m.** "FILM-TIME"
The latest news and views brought from screenland by Radio Lyons' own film-comper "The Man on the Set," who will be pleased to answer your film query.
- 11.15 p.m.** "COMEDY CORNER" No. 2
This week's two popular artistes—Ronald Frankau and Leslie Henson.
- 11.30 p.m.** DANCE MUSIC
by favourite rhythm bands.
- 11.55 p.m.** GOODNIGHT MESSAGE
12 (midnight) CLOSE DOWN

THURSDAY, JULY 8

- 10.0 p.m.** THE PALMOLIVE PROGRAMME. A programme of dance-music by The Palmolivers, seasoned with one or two popular ballads and songs, sung by Brian Lawrence, Paul Oliver and Olive Palmer.—*This entertainment is sent to you weekly by the makers of Palmolive.*

- 10.30 p.m.** MORTON DOWNEY (Radio's Golden Voice) in a programme of song, with a selection of music by the Drene Orchestra, under the direction of Hal Hoffer.—*Presented for your entertainment by the makers of Drene.*
- 10.45 p.m.** PROGRAMME OF MODERN DANCE MUSIC.—*Presented by courtesy of the makers of Beechams PILLS.*
- 11.0 p.m.** DANCE TUNES POPULARITY CONTEST. Your weekly opportunity to forecast Britain's five most popular dance tunes.
- 11.30 p.m.** "THE NIGHT WATCHMAN"
Another collection of soothing music and ballads.
- 11.55 p.m.** GOODNIGHT MESSAGE
12 (midnight) CLOSE DOWN

FRIDAY, JULY 9

- 10.0 p.m.** RICHARD TAUBER AND EVELYN LAYE. Stars of the operetta "Paganini" in music from this popular show. A gramophone record programme.
- 10.15 p.m.** "BOLENIUM BILL" ON PARADE, featuring "Boleonium Bili" and his army of daily workers.—*A programme of stirring songs and marches, presented by the makers of Boleonium Overalls.*
- 10.30 p.m.** THE BALLYHOOLOGANS
Dance music by this well-known English combination.
- 10.45 p.m.** THE PALL MALL PARADE
The smoker's radio programme.—
Presented with the compliments of The House of Rothman.
- 11.0 p.m.** CARROLL GIBBONS AND HIS RHYTHM BOYS, with Anne Lenner, George Melachrino and the Three Ginx. Dance music, songs and musical memories.—
Presented for your entertainment by arrangement with the makers of Stork Margarine.
- 11.30 p.m.** "TRANS-ATLANTIC"
The latest from America in song, dance and humour.
- 11.55 p.m.** GOODNIGHT MESSAGE
12 (midnight) CLOSE DOWN

SATURDAY, JULY 10

- 10.0 p.m.** "KINGS OF THE CINEMA ORGAN." A programme of organ music, making a pleasing introduction to the "Film-Time" programme which follows.
- 10.30 p.m.** "FILM-TIME"
Radio's best informed screen-reporter "The Man on the Set" with more intimate film news.
- 10.45 p.m.** THE PALL MALL PARADE
The smoker's own radio programme.—
Presented for his entertainment by The House of Rothman.
- 11.0 p.m.** "ON WITH THE SHOW"
Latest recordings made by artistes of the Stage, Screen and Music-Hall.
- 11.30 p.m.** "THE NIGHT WATCHMAN"
Pleasant, soothing music to put you in the right frame of mind to listen to the intimate, friendly programme which follows.
- 11.40 p.m.** "PASSING BY"
A corner for listeners, featuring Tony Melrose, the man who will answer listeners' queries and problems, and give helpful advice.
- 11.55 p.m.** GOODNIGHT MESSAGE
12 (midnight) CLOSE DOWN

Full and official programmes for Radio Lyons are published exclusively in "Radio Pictorial." Nowhere else can you get details of the many sparkling and entertaining programmes from Lyons. This is just one of many reasons why listeners should order "Radio Pictorial" regularly. It is the paper that completes your radio enjoyment.

LISTEN TO RADIO LUXEMBOURG

1,293 metres

Information supplied by Wireless Publicity Ltd., of Electra House, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C.2, Sole Agents for Radio Luxembourg in the United Kingdom.
Chief Announcer: Mr. Ogden Smith. Assistant Announcer: Mr. Charles Maxwell.



You will hear Aileen Stanley in this week's Rinso Music Hall, Sunday, at 6.30 p.m.



Dave Kaye and Ivor Moreton, ragtime pianists, make merry on the keys in Rinso Music Hall this Sunday



On Thursday at 10 a.m.—Stuart Robertson's grand baritone will be heard in a record concert

SUNDAY, JULY 4

8.15 a.m. REQUEST PROGRAMME
9.00 a.m. PROGRAMME FOR ALL WHO KEEP PET ANIMALS. Music specially arranged and played by Fred Hartley and Orchestra, with Brian Lawrance. Grinzing, Benatsky; Canadian Capers, Cohen; Little White Gardenia, Coslow; You Are My Heart's Delight, Lehar.—Presented by Spratts.
9.15 a.m. MASTER O.K.—THE SAUCY BOY. Humming Bird Reel, Trad; Buffalo Gals, Trad; Big Boy Blue, Lawrence; Turning the Town Upside Down, Sigler; Great Ziegfeld Selection, Various.—Presented by the makers of Mason's O.K. Sauce.

KEATING'S KILLS-
and Now
KEATING'S CALLS

from
RADIO LUXEMBOURG
EVERY SUNDAY
at 9.30 a.m.

OUR SIGNATURE TUNE
'A HUNTING WE WILL GO'

DON'T MISS IT

KEATING'S
THE WORLD-FAMOUS INSECTICIDE

9.30 a.m. BRIAN LAWRENCE AND HIS MELODY FOUR. Ain't That a Grand and Glorious Feeling, Ager; Cecilia, Dryer; King's Horses, Gay; Till We Meet Again, Egan; Say It While Dancing, Silver.—Presented by Keatings.

9.45 a.m. WALTZ TIME
With Billy Bissett and his Waltz Time Orchestra, Louis Adams, and the Waltz-Timers. I Give My Heart, Millocker; Moonlight and Roses, Black; Liebestraum, Liszt; Close to Me, de Rose; Waltzing with an Angel, Bernard.—Presented by the makers of Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

10.0 a.m. OLD SALTY AND HIS ACCORDION. To-day: Old Salty tells of a thrilling adventure he had with a polar bear. Trawler, Hope; Souvenir D'Ukraine, Ferraris; You Can't Do That There' Ere, Rolls; Thistledown, Hennessy; Polly Wolly Doodle, Trad.—Presented by Rowntree's Cocoa.

10.15 a.m. CARSON ROBISON AND HIS PIONEERS. There's a Moon Shining Bright on the Prairie, Robison; I Left Her Standing There with a Doo Dad in Her Hair, Robison; Annie Laurie, Trad.; Shine on Harvest Moon, Baynes.—Presented by Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne, makers of Oxydol.

10.30 a.m. PROGRAMME OF MUSIC
Stars and Stripes For Ever, Sousa; Clouds Will Soon Roll By, Wood; Way You Look To-night, Kern; Master Melodies, Various.—Presented by the makers of Freezone.

10.45 a.m. MUSICAL MENU
Mrs. Jean Scott, head of the Brown and Polson Cookery Club, gives you free cookery advice each week. Melody From the Sky, Alter; It's a Sin to Tell a Lie, Mavhew; Swing High, Swing Low.—Presented by Brown & Polson.

11.0 a.m. ELEVENSENS WITH GERALDO AND DIPLOMA. Love Bug Will Bite You, Tomlin; Black Eyes, arr. Igor; Night is Young, Hammerstein.—Presented by the makers of Diploma.

11.15 a.m. THE OPEN ROAD
Liberty Bell March, Sousa; Song of the Highway, Read; Sabres and Spurs, Sousa; Smile, Darn You, Smile, Rich; It's the Band, Steininger.—Presented by Carter's Little Liver Pills, London, E.C.1.

11.30 a.m. LUXEMBOURG RELIGIOUS TALK (in French).
12.0 p.m. THE CALVERT CALVACADE OF SPORT. With Bob Bowman.—Presented by Calvert's Tooth Powder.

12.15 p.m. ORCHARD VARIETY
With Marius B. Winter and His Orchestra and their guest Artists, Kenway and Young. Cabin in the Cotton; Build a Little Home, Warren; Bells of St. Mary's, Adams; Auld Lang Syne, Trad.; Sailors' Hornpipe, Trad.; Blue Room, Hart; Home, Clarkson; Good Green Acres of Home.—Presented by Rowntree's Fruit Gums and Pastilles.

12.30 p.m. MUSIC OF YOUR DREAMS. A Mosaic in Melody. Speak to Me of Love; Sweet and Lovely; Smoke Gets in Your

Eyes; Tip-toe Thru' the Tulips; Alice Blue Gown; I'm a Dreamer, Aren't We All; I Love the Moon; When the Midnight Choo Choo; Roses of Picardy; When You and I Were Seventeen; One Alone; Smile, Darn You, Smile; Marcheta; I Love You; Londonderry Air; Castle of Dreams; Ma Curly-headed Baby; Just One More Chance; Destiny Waltz; Happy Days Are Here Again; Liebestraum; Where the Blue of the Night; There's a long, Long Trail; Good Night, Sweetheart; Without a Song.—Presented by Irish Hospitals' Trust, Ltd.

1.0 p.m. PRINCESS MARGUERITE PROGRAMME. Music by Grant Hughes and His Orchestra. Introducing Princess Marguerite All-Purpose Cream.—Made by Theron, Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex.

1.30 p.m. OVALTINE PROGRAMME OF MELODY AND SONG.—Presented by the makers of Ovaltine.

2.0 p.m. THE KRAFT SHOW
Directed by Billy Cotton with Alan Breeze, Jack Doyle and Stanley Holloway. Heat Wave, Berlin; What Will I Tell My Heart, Lawrence; Hymn to the Sun, Rimsky Korsakov; I May Be Poor But I'm Honest, Lisbona; Sun Bonnet Blue, Fain; Broncho Bill, Martin; White Jazz, Gifford.—Presented by Kraft Cheese Co., Ltd., Hayes, Middlesex.

2.30 p.m. YOUR OLD FRIEND DAN
Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star, Oakland; Gypsy Who Has Never Been in Love; Across the Great Divide, Box; You Do the Darndest Things, Baby, Pollack; Where's the Sergeant, Longstaffe.—Presented by S. C. Johnson & Son, Ltd., makers of Johnson's Glo-Coat.

2.45 p.m. MUSICAL MOODS
Featuring Lee Sims and Iromay Bailey.—Presented by Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne, makers of Fairy Soap.

3.0 p.m. MORTON DOWNEY
The Golden Voice of Radio. Delyse, Gilbert; Copper Coloured Gal, Davis; Rose of Tralee, Trad.; Boo Hoo, Loeb; September in the Rain, Warren.—Presented by Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne, makers of Drene Shampoo.

3.15 p.m. THE ANDREWS LIVER SALT PROGRAMME, directed by Jay Wilbur, featuring The Gresham Singers and Fredric Bayco at the Organ. Fishermen of England, German; My Blue Heaven, Donaldson; Deep River, Burleigh; Humoresque, Dvorak.—Presented by Andrew's Liver Salts.

3.30 p.m. BLACK MAGIC
A programme for sweethearts. We're a Couple of Soldiers, Woods; Flat in Manhattan, Jerome; Look for the Silver Lining, Kern; Unbelievable, Brookes; Sweetheart of All My Dreams, Lowe.—Presented by Black Magic Chocolates.

3.45 p.m. ROSE'S HAPPY MATINÉE
With the Happy Philosopher. Wanderers, Werster; Jerome Kern Selection, Kern; Danube Waves, Ivanovici.—Presented by L. Rose & Co., Ltd.

4.0 p.m. THE HORLICKS PICTURE HOUSE. With Debrov Somers and Company. Starring Jack Cooper, Florence

Oldham, Helen Raymond, Bert Yarlett and June Knight.—Presented by Horlick's, Slough, Bucks.

5.0 p.m. RAY OF SUNSHINE CONCERT
Compered by Christopher Stone.—Presented by Phillips' Tonic Yeast and Betoax.

5.30 p.m. THE OVALTINE'S
Entertainment especially broadcast for the League of Ovaltineys with songs and stories by the Ovaltineys and Harry Hemley. Accompanied by the Ovaltineys Orchestra.—Presented by the makers of Ovaltine.

6.0 p.m. UP-TO-THE-MINUTE RHYTHM MUSIC. Ambrose and his Orchestra, with Evelyn Dall, Sam Browne, Max Bacon, and Leslie Carew. Carelessly, Ellis; Die Fledermaus, arr. Boucher; Poor But Honest, Lisbona; Where is the Su ? David; To-day I am a Man, Silver; Hawaiian Hospitality, Owens; Caravan, Tizol; Sailor Where Art Thou? Saville; Barnyard Serenade.—Presented by the makers of Lifebuoy Toilet Soap.

6.30 p.m. RINSO RADIO MUSIC HALL
Master of Ceremonies, Edwin Styles. Featuring Peter Bernard, Lillian Gunns, Moreton and Kaye, Wilbur Hall and Aileen Stanley. With The Rinso Music Hall Orchestra.—Presented by the makers of Rinso, Unilever House, Blackfriars, E.C.4.

7.0 p.m. DR. FU MANCHU, by Sax Rohmer. No. 31: The House of the Wild Cat. A further episode in the Timeless War between the famous criminal investigator Nayland Smith and Dr. Fu Manchu, arch fiend of the Orient. Cast: Dr. Fu Manchu, Frank Cochrane; Nayland Smith, D. A. Clarke Smith; Dr. Petrie, Gordon McLeod; Weymouth, Arthur Young; Karamanah, Rani Waller; Farez, Vernon Kelo; Mrs. Oram, Thelma Rae.—Presented by the makers of Milk of Magnesia, 179, Acton Vale, W.3.

7.15 p.m. MORE MONKEY BUSINESS
With Billy Reid and his Accordion Band, Ivor Davis and Dorothy Squires. Oompah Trot, Daly; There's Something in the Air, McHugh; My Mother's Rosary, Lewis; Down on Jollity Farm, Sarony; Marilou, Connelly; Gold and Silver Waltz, Lehar.—Presented by the makers of Monkey Brand.

7.30 p.m. WALTZ TIME
With Billy Bissett and his Waltz Time Orchestra, Pat Hyde and the Waltz Timers. Memory Lane, Spiers; L'amour Toujours L'amour, Friml; When Frances Dances With Me; Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, Kern; Kiss Me Again, Herbert.—Presented by Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

7.45 p.m. DINNER AT EIGHT
Enid Stamp Taylor introduces "My Friends the Stars"—Adele Dixon and Patrick Waddington with Anne de Nys and John Ridley at the Grand Pianos with the C. & B. Dance Band directed by Sidney Lipton. Swingin' on the Reservation, Carver; I've Got Beginner's Luck, Gershwin; There's a Small Hotel, Rogers; La De Da, Gay; With Plenty of Money, Dublin; All's Fair in Love and War, Dublin; Fancy Meeting You, Harburg.—Presented by Crosse & Blackwell's.

"GET THE LUXEMBOURG HABIT"

- 8.0 p.m. **PALMOLIVE PROGRAMME**
With Olive Palmer, and Paul Oliver. Swingin' in the Air, *Lerner*; I'll See You Again, *Coward*; Baby, Watcha Gonna do To-night? *Lerner*; I Hear a Call to Arms, *Schwartz*; Ain't She Sweet? *Ager*; Romance Medley, various; Rita the Rumba Queen, *Green*; Seal it With a Kiss, *Schwartz*; Who's Knocking at My Heart? *Lane*; Without Your Love, *Leigh*; La De Da La De Da, *Rose*.—Presented by Palmolive.
- 8.30 p.m. **LUXEMBOURG NEWS** (in French).
- 9.0 p.m. **OLD TIME MUSICAL HALL MEMORIES**. Impersonations of Marie Lloyd, Vesta Victoria, Gus Elen, Harry Flagson, Harry Lester, etc., etc., by Bertha Willmott, Muriel Farquhar, and Fred Douglas.—Presented by Maclean's, Ltd.
- 9.15 p.m. **BEECHAM'S REUNION** With Jack Payne and His Band and their Guest Artiste, Mabel Constanduros. Compered by Christopher Stone.—Presented by the makers of Beecham's Pills, Ltd.
- 9.45 p.m. **THE COLGATE REVELLERS** Honeybunch, *Buck*; I'm Just Wild About Harry, *Blake*; Love Bug Will Bite You, *Tomlin*; I Stumbled Over Love, *Heymann*; Wake Up and Live, *Revel*.—Programme presented by Colgate Dental & Shaving Creams.
- 10.0 p.m. **POND'S SERENADE TO BEAUTY**. Programme for lovers.—Presented by Pond's Extract Co., Ltd., Perivale, Middlesex.
- 10.30 p.m. **A QUESTION OF TASTE** Introduced by The Western Brothers.—Presented by Quaker Flakes, Southall, Middlesex.
- 10.45 p.m. **AUSTEN CROOM-JOHNSON'S SOFT LIGHTS AND SWEET MUSIC**.—Presented by the makers of Pepsodent Tooth Paste.
- 11.0 p.m. **RHYME WITH REASON** A musical programme in a new style with Marius B. Winter's Seven Swingers, The Three Heron Sisters and The Two Black Notes.—Presented by Bile Beans.
- 11.15 p.m. **SWEET MELODIES** Played by Al Shaw and his Twenty Strings. Just Like a Melody from Out of the Sky; My Dancing Lady; Smilin' Thro', *Penn*; Seminola, *Warren*; My Song of Siberia, *Berlin*; Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, *Kern*; Minuet in "G," *Beethoven*; Chasing Shadows. Presented by the makers of Zam-Buk.
- 11.30 p.m. to 12 midnight **REQUESTS CONCERT** of Gramophone Records.

MONDAY, JULY 5

- 8.0 a.m. **WALTZ TIME** With Billy Bissett and his Waltz Time Orchestra, Louise Adams and the Waltz Timers. One Night of Love, *Schertzing*; Golden Heart, *Denville*; Little Old Church in the Valley, *Van Alstyne*; Artist's Life, *Strauss*; Till We Meet Again, *Whiting*.—Presented by the makers of Phillips Dental Magnesia.
- 8.15 a.m. **HORLICKS MUSIC IN THE MORNING**. Wake Up and Sing, *Friend*; You've Got to Smile to be Happy, *Revel*; Now You've Got Me Doing It, *Burke*; Eeny Meeny Miney Mo, *Mercer*; Flat in Manhattan, *Jerome*; Bugle Call Rag, *Mills*; World is So Small, *Gilbert*; Lover, *Rodgers*; Moment I Saw You, *Mendoza*.—Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks.
- 8.30 a.m. **DANCE MUSIC**
- 8.45 a.m. **THE OPEN ROAD** Stein Song, *Vallée*; I'm Sitting High, *Kahn*; Invincible Eagle, *Sousa*; Happy, *Gay*; Fighting Strength, *Jordan*.—Presented by Carter's Little Liver Pills.
- 9.0 a.m. **SMILE AWHILE** Programme of musical humour.
- 9.30 a.m. **VARIETY**
- 10.0 a.m. ******FOUR STAR CONCERT** of gramophone records. To-day's four stars: Cicely Courtneidge, Harry Richman, Dorothy Dickson and The Four Aces.—Presented by the makers of Spry.
- 10.15 to 10.30 a.m. **REQUEST PROGRAMME**.

- 3.30 p.m. **CONCERT OF LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC**.
- 4.0 p.m. **THE DANSANT**
- 4.30 p.m. **SWING MUSIC**
- 4.45 p.m. **ALFREDO CAMPOLI AND HIS ORCHESTRA**. Talk by Nurse Johnson on Child Problems. Melody in F, *Rubenstein*; Daffodil Dance, *Crookes*; Under the Balcony, *Heykens*; Bosn' Bill, *George*.—Presented by California Syrup of Figs, London, W.3.
- 5.0 p.m. **BORWICK'S LEMON BARLEY CONCERT**. In Your Eyes, *Fibich*; Gipsy Love Selection, *Lehar*; Nights of Gladness *Ancliffe*; Tin Pan Alley Medley, *Various*.—Presented by Geo. Borwick & Sons, Ltd.
- 5.15 to 5.30 p.m. **BEAUTY AND MELODY**. A programme of sweet and lovely melodies played by Brian Lawrence and The Three Ginx, with a talk on beauty by Lady Betty Bourke. Star Fell Out of Heaven, *Gordon*; Did I Remember? *Donaldson*; Beautiful Lady in Blue, *Coots*; Good Night My Love, *Revel*.—Sponsored by Elfrida Perfumery Co., Rawdon, Leeds.
- 6.30 p.m. **REQUEST PROGRAMME**
- 6.45 to 7.0 p.m. **FILM STARS ON PARADE**.

TUESDAY, JULY 6

- 8.0 a.m. **RECORD PROGRAMME** of Mario Lorenzi and his Orchestra. Celebratin', *Woods*; Blue Skies, *Donaldson*; Whispering, *Schonerburg*; Ain't Misbehavin', *Waller*.—Presented by the makers of Phillips Dental Magnesia.
- 8.15 a.m. **"8.15 AND ALL'S WELL"** Featuring Browning and Starr. Take a Number from One to Ten, *Robin*; If You've Never Been Vamped by a Brown Skin; I Wish I Were Aladdin; I Won't Dance, *Kern*; Without a Song, *Youmans*; Rasputin, *Wrubel*.—Presented by the makers of Alka-Seltzer.
- 8.30 a.m. **CROONERS**
- 8.45 a.m. **BRIGHT AND SNAPPY** Taking a Stroll Around the Park, *Erard*; Lullaby of Broadway, *Warren*; With Plenty of Money and You, *Warren*; Easter Parade, *Berlin*; Swing is in the Air, *Lerner*.—Presented by the makers of Iron-Ox Brand Tablets.
- 9.0 a.m. **LUCKY DIP**
- 9.15 a.m. **FOUR KOLYNOS SMILES** Presented by the makers of Kolynos Dental Cream.
- 9.30 a.m. **MUSICAL MENU** With Mrs. Jean Scott. My Little Bucharoo, *Jerome*; Over on the Sunny Side, *Egan*; She's a Latin from Manhattan, *Warren*.—Presented by the makers of Brown & Polson's Cornflour.
- 9.45 a.m. **FINGERING THE FRETS**
- 10.0 a.m. ******FOUR STAR CONCERT** of gramophone records. To-day's four stars: Tony Martin, The Southern Sisters, Jack Doyle, and Elsie Carlisle.—Presented by the makers of Spry.
- 10.15 to 10.30 a.m. **REQUEST PROGRAMME**.
- 3.30 p.m. **CONCERT OF MUSIC** by the Radio Luxembourg Station Orchestra, directed by Henri Pensis.
- 4.0 p.m. **MILTON TEA TIME TALKS** With Gil Chard. A fascinating programme of words and music. Laughing Cavalier, *Sanderson*; La Paloma, *Yradier*; Melody For Two, *Dubin*; Lazybones, *Carmichael*; Hold My Hand Section, *Gay*.—Presented by the makers of Milton Antiseptic, John Milton House, London, N.
- 3.30 p.m. **THE ANSWER'S A LEMBAR** Programme presented by the makers of Lembar Barley Water.
- 4.45 **WALTZ TIME** With Billy Bissett and his Waltz Time Orchestra, Anita Hart, Eddie Lee and the Waltz Timers. Dancing in the Firelight, *De Létré*; Pal of My Cradle Days, *Piantadosi*; When It's Springtime in the Rockies, *Sauer*; Wiener Blut, *Strauss*; Three O'clock in the Morning, *Robledo*.—Presented by the makers of Phillips Dental Magnesia. (Please turn to next page)



Hear the Famous Cads

The WESTERN BROTHERS

EVERY SUNDAY

NORMANDY

5.15 P.M.

SUNDAY

LUXEMBOURG

10.30 P.M.

SUNDAY

in the

QUAKER CORN FLAKES

MUSICAL DEBATE

"A QUESTION OF TASTE"

A Musical Debate between two members of the public. Hot music or swing music? Old romantic tunes or jazz? It's all "a question of taste". Listen to the various numbers selected—then let us have your verdict—and you may be one of the lucky ones to take actual part in a programme!

and remember—

if it's "a question of taste", the answer is —

QUAKER CORN FLAKES



The Three Admirals, light-hearted harmony team, sing "Good Morning, Neighbour," on Friday morning at 9 a.m.

LISTEN TO RADIO LUXEMBOURG

1,293 metres

Get the Luxembourg Habit—and tune-in to 1,293 metres on Sundays and Weekdays for the best that Variety offers, high spirited, happy-go-lucky programmes that bring you never-failing entertainment.

Continued from preceding page



Stanley (Sam) Holloway will be present with the Kraft Show at 2 p.m. on Sunday.



Piquant Anne de Nys will be heard at the piano in "My Friends the Stars," Sunday, 7.45 p.m.



Adorable June Knight sings in The Horlicks Picture House, on Sunday, at 4 p.m.



Enid Stamp-Taylor introduces handsome Pat Waddington in "My Friends the Stars."

5.0 p.m. STATION CONCERT
5.15 to 5.30 p.m. MUSICAL
ALPHABET—"N."
6.30 p.m. REQUEST PROGRAMME
6.45 to 7.0 p.m. ALT CAR'S RADIO REVIEW. Latest Greyhound Racing news, gossip and form in this evening's programme.—Presented by Altcar.

6.30 p.m. REQUEST PROGRAMME
6.45 to 7.0 p.m. THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES.

THURSDAY, JULY 8

WEDNESDAY, JULY 7

8.0 a.m. WALTZ TIME
With Billy Bissett and his Waltz Time Orchestra, Anita Hart, Eddie Lee and the Waltz Timers. Delyse, Nicholls; When Irish Eyes are Smiling, Ball; I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles, Kellette; Missouri Waltz, Logan; Meet Me To-night in Dreamland, Friedman.—Presented by the makers of Phillips Dental Magnesia.

8.15 a.m. HORLICK'S MUSIC IN THE MORNING. Wake Up and Sing, Friend; Great Day, Youmans; Laugh, Clown, Laugh, Young; She Shall Have Music, Sigler; Little House That Love Built, Dubin; Valparaiso, Wayne; Girl Friend, Hart; My Buddy, Donaldson; Little Love Song, Nicholls.—Presented by Horlick's, Slough, Bucks.

8.30 a.m. Radio Luxembourg Presents BOSWELL SISTERS.

8.45 a.m. SOLO INSTRUMENTALISTS

9.0 a.m. VOICES OF THE STARS
Presents ELSIE RANDOLPH. The famous musical comedy and film actress. Elizabeth, Katscher; Sunny Selection, Kern; Close To Me, de Rose; Fancy Our Meeting, Meyer; There Isn't Any Limit to My Love, Sigler. Sponsored by Rowntree's, the makers of Chocolate Crisps.

9.15 a.m. MILITARY MUSIC
9.30 a.m. OLIVER KIMBALL
The record spinner.—Programme presented by Bisurated Magnesia.

9.45 a.m. RADIO FAVOURITES
Parade of the Pirates, Jessel; Once Upon a Time, arr. Stodden; You Are My Love Song; Demanded and Reponse, Coleridge Taylor.—Presented by Brooke Bond Dividend Tea.

10.0 a.m. FOUR STAR CONCERT
of Gramophone Records. To-day's Four Stars: Eleanor Powell, Rudy Vallee, Irene Elsing, Carl Brisson.—Presented by the makers of Spry.

10.15 to 10.30 a.m. REQUEST PROGRAMME.

3.30 p.m. CONCERT OF LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC

4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME CABARET
FAMOUS ARTISTES AND MELODIES.

4.45 p.m. DR. FU MANCHU
By Sax Rohmer. An episode in the timeless war between the famous criminal investigator, Nayland Smith, and Dr. Fu Manchu arch fiend of the Orient.—Presented by the makers of Milk of Magnesia.

5.0 to 5.30 p.m. NOT SO VERY OLD FAVOURITES.

8.0 a.m. WALTZ TIME
With Billy Bissett and his Waltz Time Orchestra, Anita Hart, Eddie Lee and the Waltz Timers. Delyse, Nicholls; When Irish Eyes are Smiling, Ball; I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles, Kellette; Missouri Waltz, Logan; Meet Me To-night in Dreamland, Friedman.—Presented by the makers of Phillips Dental Magnesia.

8.15 a.m. HORLICK'S MUSIC IN THE MORNING. Wake Up and Sing, Friend; Saddle Your Blues to a Wild Mustang, Whiting; Inka Dinka Doo, Durante; Here Comes the Sun, Woods; Melody for Two, Dubin; Roses of Picardy, Wood; I Told Them All About You, Friend; They Didn't Believe Me, Kern; My Baby Just Cares For Me, Donaldson.—Presented by Horlick's, Slough, Bucks.

8.30 a.m. THE OPEN ROAD
Steadfast and True, Teike; Swinganola, Meshill; Entente Cordiale, Alter; Washington Post, Sousa; Hand in Hand, Kern.—Presented by the makers of Carter's Little Liver Pills.

8.45 a.m. VARIETY PROGRAMME
9.15 a.m. STATION CONCERT
9.30 a.m. MUSICAL MENU
With Mrs. Jean Scott. What Will I Tell My Heart, Tintuerin; One Rose, Lvon; About a Quarter to Nine, Warren.—Presented by the makers of Brown & Polson's Cornflour.

9.45 a.m. SWING MUSIC
10.0 a.m. FOUR STAR CONCERT
of gramophone records. To-day's Four Stars: Stuart Robertson, Grace Fields, Turner Layton, Binnie Hale.—Presented by the makers of Spry.

10.15 to 10.30 a.m. REQUEST PROGRAMME.

3.30 p.m. CONCERT OF LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC.

4.0 p.m. MILTON TEA-TIME TALK
with Gil Chard. A fascinating programme of words and music. For Love Alone, Thayer; Artist's Life, Strauss; Love Bug Will Bite You, Tomlin; If You Were the Only Girl in the World, Ayer; Rose Marie Selection, Stothard.—Presented by Milton Antiseptic, John Milton House, London, N.

4.30 p.m. YOUR OLD FRIEND DAN
Singing his way into the home.—Presented by S. C. Johnson and Son, Ltd., makers of Johnson's Wax Polish.

4.45 p.m. SONGS AND SENTIMENT
A programme of piano and vocal duets.—Presented for your entertainment by the makers of Dandarine.

5.0 to 5.30 p.m. SMILE AWHILE
6.30 p.m. REQUEST PROGRAMME
6.45 to 7.0 p.m. ALT CAR'S RADIO REVIEW. Latest Greyhound Racing News, gossip and form on this evening's programme.—Presented by Altcar.

FRIDAY, JULY 9

8.0 a.m. RECORD PROGRAMME
of Ambrose and his Orchestra. Love Bug Will Bite You, Tomlin; Don't Play With Fire, Aza; When Day is Done, De Sylva; Across the Great Divide, Box.—Presented by the makers of Phillips Dental Magnesia.

8.15 a.m. RECORD REVIEW
Programme of popular melodies chosen by Donald Watt.—Presented by the makers of Do-Do.

8.30 a.m. CHIVERS' CONCERT
Morning, Greig; Solveigs Song, Greig; When the Lilac Blooms Again, Stanley; Cat and the Fiddle Selection, Kern.—Presented by Chivers' & Sons, Ltd.

8.45 a.m. SINGING JOE
Long Ago in Alcalá; White Wings, Winter; Boo Hoo, Loeb; The Miner, Morley; A Bachelor Gay, Tate.—Presented by the makers of Sanpic, Reckitt's & Sons, Ltd., Hull.

9.0 a.m. GOOD MORNING,
NEIGHBOUR. Reckitt's Bath Cubes programme, featuring The Three Admirals, Helen Clare and Bill Bowness. Happy Days are Here Again, Yellen; Swing is in the Air, Goodhart; I've Got Rhythm, Gershwin; Sweet Sue, Young; Dizzy Accordion, Frosini.—Presented by Reckitt's & Sons, Ltd., Hull.

9.15 a.m. COUNTRYSIDE
A musical panorama of our glorious country highways and byways, featuring Simon the Singer and the Carnation Countryside Quintet. Woodland Pictures, Fletcher; Willow Song, Coleridge-Taylor; Phantom Fairies; Barton Fair, Melvin; Brown Bird Singing, Wood; When I Went Out a Walking, Breuer.—Presented by Carnation Milk, the Milk from Contented Cows.

9.30 a.m. PROGRAMME OF POPULAR MUSIC. Irish One-step Medley, Trad.; Indian Love Call, Friml; Memories of the Old Homestead, Various; Post Horn Galop, Trad.—Presented by Freezone.

9.45 a.m. BROOKE BOND CONCERT
Waltz of the Hours, Delibes; Hearts and Flowers, Robani; Moment Musicale, Schubert; Merry-makers Dance, German.—Presented by Brooke Bond Dividend Tea.

10.0 a.m. FOUR STAR CONCERT
of Gramophone Records. To-day's Four Stars: Jack Whiting, Greta Keller, Al Bowly, Connie Boswell.—Presented by the makers of Spry.

10.15-10.30 a.m. REQUEST PROGRAMME.

3.30 p.m. CONCERT OF MUSIC
by the Radio Luxembourg's Station Orchestra, directed by Henri Pensis.

4.0 p.m. WHIRL OF THE WALTZ
4.30 p.m. Radio Luxembourg presents JESSIE MATTHEWS.

4.45 p.m. ALFREDO CAMPOLI AND HIS ORCHESTRA. Talk by Nurse Johnson on Child Problems. Fiddlers at the Forge, Ives; Where the Woods are Green, Brodsky;

Floral Dance, Moss; Musical Box, Heykens.—Presented by California Syrup of Figs, London, W.3.

5.0 p.m. STATION CONCERT
5.15-5.30 p.m. MUSICAL
ALPHABET "O."
6.30 p.m. REQUEST PROGRAMME
6.45-7.0 p.m. SWING MUSIC
11.0 p.m. DANCING TIME
12 midnight PRINCESS MARGUERITE
Programme of Music.—Presented by Theron Laboratories, Perivale, Middlesex.

12.30-1.0 a.m. LATE DANCE MUSIC.

SATURDAY, JULY 10

8.0 a.m. ALFREDO CAMPOLI AND HIS ORCHESTRA. Talk by Nurse Johnson on Child Problems. Parade of the Pirates, Bralton; Minuet in G, Beethoven; Snowman, Archer; Daddy Long Legs, Wright.—Presented by California Syrup of Figs, London, W.3.

8.15 a.m. HORLICK'S MUSIC IN THE MORNING. Wake Up and Sing, Friend; Sweep, Ellis; Love is Everywhere, Parr Davies; Did You Ever Have a Feeling, Sigler; Sweet is the Word for You, Robin, Vienna, City of My Dreams, Sieszynski; You Ought to be in Pictures, Suesse; Don't Ever Leave Me, Kern; You've Got What Gets Me, Gershwin.—Presented by Horlick's Slough, Bucks.

8.30 a.m. SUNNY JIM'S programme of FORCE AND MELODY. Sabres and Spurs, Sousa; Tune the Bosun Played, Loughborough; In a Clock Store, Orth.—Presented by A. C. Fincken & Co.

8.45 a.m. VARIETY PROGRAMME
9.15 a.m. MUSIC FROM THE CLASSICS
9.30 a.m. MUSICAL MENU
With Mrs. Jean Scott. You're the Top, Porter; Coronation Waltz, Kennedy; All's Fair in Love and War, Warren.—Presented by Brown & Polson's Cornflour.

9.45 a.m. MUSICAL MEDLEYS
10.0-10.30 a.m. SURPRISE ITEM
3.30 p.m. CONCERT OF LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC.

4.0 p.m. THÉ DANSANT
4.30 p.m. SONGS FROM THE FILMS
4.45 p.m. RECORD PROGRAMME
of Carroll Gibbons and his Boys. I Need You, Botterill; I Stumbled Over Love, Wright; Carroll Gibbons Looks Back; Night is Young, Suesse.—Presented by the makers of Milk of Magnesia.

5.0 p.m. FOUR KOLYNS SMILES
Presented by the makers of Kolyynos Dental Cream.

5.15-5.30 p.m. COLOURED ARTISTES.

6.30 p.m. REQUEST PROGRAMME
6.45-7.0 p.m. ALT CAR'S RADIO REVIEW. Latest Greyhound Racing News gossip and form on this evening's programme.—Presented by Altcar.

11.0 p.m. to 1.0 a.m. DANCING TIME.



DR. FU MANCHU IS ON THE AIR!

WARNING! Dr. Fu Manchu, arch-demon of the Orient, is slinking through the shadows of the underworld. Nayland Smith, celebrated international detective, has sworn to destroy him. Mystery... Torture... Death... LISTEN!

A thrilling new episode in the adventures of Sax Rohmer's famous character will be presented every Sunday at 7 p.m.

RADIO LUXEMBOURG
7 p.m. Sundays

Presented by the makers of "MILK OF MAGNESIA"—the perfect antacid

HOLIDAY FEET

THE holiday season brings lots of unaccustomed walking and standing for most people. Far too many people suffer with foot troubles of one kind or another—fallen arches, spreading foot formations, or over-strained muscles—and all these lead to pain.

Now, however, there is a new appliance on the market which is a real blessing to all those who are suffering from painful feet—the Omniped Foot Cushion. This is a cushion made of resilient sponge rubber which is held firmly in place under the foot by a skin-fine rubber bandage invisible under the shoe and stocking.

The cushion relieves the aching muscles, and automatically massages them while walking, an action which not only brings instant relief to the wearer, but actively rebuilds fallen arches.

Designed by an eminent foot specialist, this cushion has brought relief to more than 400,000 sufferers already. The Omniped Foot Cushion can be readily washed, is easily adjusted, and most comfortable to wear. The price is 3s. 11d. per pair, plus 4d. postage, or the manufacturers, International Foot Appliances Ltd., of 92 Baker Street, London, W.1, will be glad to send free descriptive literature.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ART

FIGURE STUDIES

From life of Models of all ages, and illustrated Works, especially recommended to Artists, Students, Sculptors, Designers, etc.

CATALOGUE AND SAMPLES 1/-
Special Selections 2/6, 5/-, 10/-, 20/-, 40/- and 60/-

Profession or age must be stated.

R. P. JAMES & CO.,
6, NORTON STREET, LIVERPOOL

AN IDEA FOR LADIES!



More Notes and News from Radio Luxembourg

By **S. P. OGDEN-SMITH**
(Luxembourg's Chief Announcer)

HULLO, everybody, Radio Luxembourg back with you again. First of all, make a point of listening to to-morrow's SURPRISE, at ten o'clock, as we've got not only a splendid orchestra to play for you, but there is also an Italian tenor whose voice is particularly good on the mike.

I have been trying to persuade him to have a shot at singing one or more of his numbers in English, but I doubt whether I shall have any success, as he does not know our language, and is rather shy of trying.

Did you not think that Alexandre Zakin was fine last week? That man is really a remarkably good pianist, and he is so versatile that everything comes alike to him when it concerns playing at the piano. Incidentally, Bob Fisher, the American singer, still leads in the SURPRISE programme fan-mail, though Zakin has run him pretty close each time.

Would you like our Station Orchestra to play for you more often in the afternoons? I am assuming you would—I judge these things solely by the number of letters we receive for each item—and I am arranging for Henri Pensis to bring his orchestra to the studio at least four afternoons a week in the very near future.

Then, also during afternoon time, we are putting on a *The Dansant* programme on Mondays and Saturdays from 4 to 4.30, a Swing programme for all you "hot music" fans on Mondays from 4.30 to 5, and, on Wednesdays, Charles presents his Tea Time Cabaret from 4 to 4.30.

This latter programme is produced and compered by Charles himself, and though I, perhaps, should not be accepted as an unbiased critic, I must confess that I have found it a jolly good half-hour's listening. Incidentally, I wonder how our lady listeners like the idea of Radio Luxembourg Tea Parties? The idea I have got in mind is that we should give a series of programmes specially for the ladies round about tea-time on weekday afternoons—Mondays to Fridays, say, so that father, brother and son can have Saturday afternoon to themselves, without being able to grumble at us for having given too much time to the female of the species!

Then all you ladies can arrange to visit one another's houses for tea on different afternoons, and use Radio Luxembourg for your free entertainment. You should form little clubs, as it were, with five, ten, fifteen or twenty members, and every afternoon have a tea party at a club member's house; each member takes it in turn to provide the tea and the radio set, and you reserve, say, from 3.30 to 5.30—just the hours when we are on the air—for your club meetings.

For a mere male, I don't think that's a bad idea!

By the time you read this, you will have heard preliminary announcements about it, and we want you to suggest the type of programme that you like best for afternoon time; from your suggestions, we shall make up the most popular concerts so that at some time or other during weekday afternoons you will be able to hear the type of concert that you like best.

I am also trying to arrange for an extension of the SURPRISE idea to give you two or three such items each week and I can assure you that one at least will be given during an afternoon. This may have to wait a little as the summer is not a good time in Luxembourg to find the necessary artistes and orchestras; you see, all the cafés, during the winter, have a change of programme every week or fortnight, but in the summer they only have orchestras which stay in the same place for three months or so, and there are no cabaret shows.

That, of course, is the reason why one of our most popular series of last winter—the O.B.'s from the Cafés of Luxembourg—have had to be discontinued until the coming cold season.

Cheerio for now, and more next week.

NEXT WEEK

MONTE REY, JEAN MELVILLE, DAVID PORTER, GEORGE SCOTT-WOOD, PHYLLIS SCOTT and HARRY PEPPER are all starred in excellent articles in next week's R.P.

Ask Gil Chard —she'll know!

Gil Chard's sympathetic, helpful talks from Radio Normandy and Radio Luxembourg go on. Four o'clock is her new time—remember to listen. And remember to write to her (care of Milton) when looking after a house and a husband and babies becomes too much for you.

4 o'clock!
MILTON
Tea Time Talks
RADIO LUXEMBOURG
EVERY TUESDAY & THURSDAY
RADIO NORMANDY
EVERY WEDNESDAY & FRIDAY
WITH GIL CHARD

MILTON PROPRIETARY LIMITED
John Milton House, 12 Brewery Rd., London N.7

WHY NOT JOIN US?

- EVERY SUNDAY MORNING—
- EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON—
- EVERY MONDAY MORNING—
- EVERY TUESDAY MORNING—
- EVERY WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON—
- EVERY THURSDAY MORNING—

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; 8.30 a.m. every Thursday.

RADIO NORMANDY (269.5 metres)
2.45 p.m. every Sunday; 9.0 a.m. every Monday; 10.15 a.m. every Tuesday; 5.0 p.m. every Wednesday; 10.15 a.m. every Thursday (except first Thursday in month).

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

Radio Normandy transmissions arranged through International Broadcasting Co., Ltd.

DON'T WORRY

—about ugly superfluous hair. There is now a simple, inexpensive way of removing disfiguring hair forever in the privacy of your own home. It leaves the skin lovely. This remedy has never been known to fail, and it costs you nothing to find out all about it. Just send a postcard to Vandere Ltd. (Dept. 85), 180 Pitt Street, Glasgow, and full illustrated particulars will be sent to you by return, post free in plain envelope. Send to-day and stop worrying!

Home-Made Remedy Removes
Grey Hair Handicap

You can now make at home a better grey hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: to half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and one quarter-ounce of glycerine. Any chemist can make this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.



Orlex imparts colour to streaked, faded or grey hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not colour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

POSTE PARISIEN

By
A. A. GULLILAND AS I SAW IT

Bright and varied are the gay programmes that listeners can hear from Poste Parisien, the station from which "Radio Pictorial's" concert is relayed each Wednesday at 10.45 p.m. In this article A. A. Gulliland describes a recent visit to Poste Parisien



POSTE PARISIEN studios are in an office building in the Paris West End in the Avenue des Champs-Élysées. A large aerial above the roof is the only evidence of their situation. The vertical inscription squashed in between the entrances to two cinemas barely enables one not to miss the entrance.

Poste Parisien is only one of a number of stations in Paris where listeners can choose at nearly all times of the day from a variety of five to six programmes.

Studio equipment is up-to-date and the rooms are all pleasantly decorated. Most of the English programmes from Poste Parisien originate there, but once a week John Sullivan, the Chief English announcer, takes his microphone out to a famous Parisian night-club to give listeners a sample of the latest song and dance numbers.

"Sheherazade," as it is called, looks back on an uninterrupted tradition of full houses since 1927, which is quite a record for a Paris night-club.

It is situated a few steps from one of the well-known music-halls and it is only really crowded after the end of ordinary shows. Champagne is drunk at all tables, but evening dress mixes pleasantly with day-time clothes—one of the advantages of Parisian night-life.

Poste Parisien is very popular among French listeners at the moment. They have been running competitions for amateurs so-called "amateur hours" for over eight months now and an ever-increasing number of candidates appear and listeners never seem to tire of writing in and sending their votes after each broadcast.

On Sundays, amateur singers are featured, on Tuesdays, amateur comedians and on Thursday afternoons, children. I was fortunate enough to be granted permission to assist at one of the "selection nights."

Selection night at Poste Parisien means a crowded waiting hall with anxious-faced people tightly gripping invitation cards. As they arrive they are given numbers according to which they are called up to appear in front of the selection committee.

Fifty to one hundred is the usual number for the weekly selection. Of these about twenty are carefully chosen by experts and asked to come again for a rehearsal on the Saturday. Of these only about seven or eight are passed for microphone appearance on the Sunday. Thus listeners are sure of good programmes every week.

Prizes are not high. It is the honour of having succeeded which counts. First prize-winners get an engagement to appear in one of the Poste Parisien week-day concerts. Second prize-winners receive three pounds in cash and do not appear again.

A large number of Poste Parisien amateur hour first-prize-winners have already found their way to stage and screen, and some of them seem destined to become stars of the first order.

Shorthand typists, butchers, cooks, waiters, hair-dressers, students and many others have won first prizes during the past months.

During the selection evening which I attended, a woman of fifty, a girl of fifteen and even an old gentleman of at least seventy all sang!

Poste Parisien's chief conductor himself accompanies all the amateurs and never seems to flag during the process—although the number of cigarettes which he consumes is quite uncountable!

The variety of candidates never seems monotonous. Among the most recent first prizes were a law-court usher, a teacher of mathematics at a boys' high-school, and a flying officer in the French army.

must have sounded curious in the mouth of a woman.

Maurice Piérrat, her male colleague, is an old hand at broadcasting. As an actor his first microphone appearance was in 1925: after many successes he decided to take the permanent post as announcer, four years ago now.

John Sullivan, the English announcer, lives in one of those ultra-comfortable blocks of Paris flats just on the "fringe" of the town. Eight floors up, but with a view and a lovely roof garden, where his wife takes Suzie, their baby, for a walk.



This motto is prominently displayed in the Poste Parisien main studio at Paris:

**"EVERY IDEA HAS ITS PRICE
TELL YOURS TO THE DIRECTORS
THEY WILL FIX IT
AND PAY YOU FOR IT"**
(Free translation from the French)

(Left) exterior of Poste Parisien studio, (above) John Sullivan, chief English announcer, at the mike

Mlle. Lola Robert, the Poste Parisien woman announcer, regards amateur hours as one of the most trying programmes to prepare. She told me that nobody could have any idea as to what some people considered voices worthy of appearing at a microphone.

Mlle. Robert has been at the microphone for three years now. She has a deep, very pleasant and vibrant voice which is quite unmistakable. Apart from French she speaks a little English and some German.

She had to have a small lorry to take away the lily-of-the-valley (or "muguet" as the French call it), which listeners, following the French custom, sent in as a May greeting. This is only one sign of her popularity.

In "spare" time she comments for the news reels and announces gramophone records. She is so busy that little or no time is left to attend to her blue Siamese cat, "Paddy." "Paddy" knows her voice at the loud-speaker, and reacts to it, by purring and rubbing against the casing.

Miss Robert told me an amusing anecdote. One evening she was on duty awaiting a Spanish priest who was to give a fifteen minutes talk. The lecturer did not appear and so she had to read the manuscript herself. It was unfortunate that it continually referred to, "I your priest and confessor" a phrase which

Incidentally Suzie's arrival into this world was marked by a tragedy. It was on the night of the death of King George V. It certainly was a coincidence that we were sitting at a café of the same name when Mr. Sullivan told me the story. John Sullivan was at the microphone until closing down time anxiously waiting for news from London or from the hospital where Suzie was expected. Close-down came without news from London and so he was free to rush off to the hospital.

Poste Parisien with its modern equipment and pleasant personnel is an agreeable place to work in, Mr. Sullivan told me. The transmitter is some distance from Paris and it is difficult to get there, as there are no connections by train and bus, so I had to refrain from a visit.



M. Maurice Piérrat, French announcer



Mlle. Lola Robert, the charming woman announcer

FOR BRIGHTER
RADIO



RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 kc/s

Announcers: D. J. Davies, Thorp Devereux,
K. J. Maconochie, D. I. Newman.

Information supplied by International Broadcasting Co., Ltd. 11, Hallam Street,
Portland Place, London, W.1.

SUNDAY, JULY 4

- 7.45 a.m.** **NORMANDY CALLING!** Everybody's Swinging it Now, *Davis*; This'll Make You Whistle, *Sigler*; Live, Laugh and Love, *Heymann*; Queen of Hearts, *Haines*.
- 8.0 a.m.** **LIGHT MUSIC** Singing a Happy Song, *Meskill*; Who Do You Think You Are? *Green*; Birds of a Feather, *Reader*; Swing High, Swing Low, *Freed*.
- 8.15 a.m.** **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL.** Rainbow on the River, *Alter*; On the Isle of Kitchymiboko, *Chase*; Haul That Timber, *Box*; In the Sweet Long Ago, *de Rose*; Taking a Stroll Around the Park, *Erard*.
- 8.30 a.m.** **SACRED MUSIC** O Worship the King (Old. 104th). Disposer Supreme (Hanover). Rock of Ages, *Redhead*. The Thought for the Week; The Rev. James Wall, M.A. Gentle Jesus Meek and Mild.
- 8.45 a.m.** **NORMANDY PLAY BILL** Advance News and Some of Next Week's High Spots.
- 9.0 a.m.** **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL** ONE GOOD TUNE DESERVES ANOTHER One Good Tune Deserves Another, *Furber*; Trees, *Rasbach*; Sweetheart, Let's Grow Old Together, *Bratton*; Always in All Ways, *Harling*; When the Poppies Bloom Again, *Towers*.
- 9.15 a.m.** **HOLLYWOOD HEROES** Goodnight, My Love, *Revel*; I Only Have Eyes for You, *Warren*; Thanks a Million, *Coslow*.—Presented by the makers of Lux Toilet Soap.
- 9.30 a.m.** **ALFREDO CAMPOLI AND HIS ORCHESTRA.** Talk by Nurse Johnson on Child Problems. Melody in F, *Rubinstein*; Daffodil Dance, *Crooke*; Under the Balcony, *Heykens*; Bos'n' Bill, *George*.—Presented by California Syrup of Figs, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.
- 9.45 a.m.** **THE SMOKING CONCERT** A Convivial Collection with a Cigarette and Song on Their Lips, featuring Charlie the Chairman and The Smoking Concert Company.—Presented by Rizla Cigarette Papers, Rizla House, 132 Great Portland Street, W.1.
- 10.0 a.m.** **WALTZ TIME** With Billy Bissett and His Waltz Time Orchestra, Anita Hart, Joe Lee, and The Waltz Timers.—Presented by Phillips' Dental Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.
- 10.15 a.m.** **CARSON ROBISON AND HIS PIONEERS.** There's a Moon Shining Bright on the Prairie, *Robison*; I Left Her Standing There with a Doo-dah in Her Hair, *Robison*; Annie Laurie, *Trad.*; Shine on Harvest Moon, *Bayes*.—Presented by Oxydol and Co., Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.
- 10.30 a.m.** **MORE MONKEY BUSINESS** With Billy Reid and His Accordion Band, Ivor Davis and Dorothy Squires.—Presented by the makers of Monkey Brand, Unilever House, Blackfriars, E.C.4.
- 10.45 a.m.** **THE ROWNTREE AERODROME.** A Programme of Flying and Music Did You Ever Have a Feeling You're Flying, *Sigler*; Sunshine Ahead, *Rolls*; Nothing's Blue but the Sky; Sailing Along on a Carpet of Clouds, *Sigler*; Shine, *Brown*.—Presented by Rowntrees Aero Chocolate.
- 11.0 a.m.** **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL** PUTTING A NEW COMPLEXION ON LIFE. Dust Off that Old Planner, *Caesar*; To Mary—With Love, *Revel*; Wild Ride, *Hall*; Counting Crotchets in My Sleep *Traford*; Celebratin', *Woods*.—Presented by D.D.D., Fleet Lane, E.C.4.
- 11.15 a.m.** **MILITARY BAND CONCERT.** When the Band Begins to Play, *Williams*; Selection—The Belle of New York, *Kerker*; Wine, Women and Song, *Strauss*; Mandora March, *Orde Hume*.
- 11.30 a.m.** Records by **AMBROSE AND HIS ORCHESTRA.** Midnight in Mayfair, *Chase*; Keep Calling Me Sweetheart, *Ida*; Escapada, *Phillips*; Bye, Bye, Baby, *Hirsch*.

- 11.45 a.m.** PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie
- 2.0 p.m.** **THE KRAFT SHOW** Directed by Billy Cotton, with Alan Breeze, Jack Doyle and Stanley Holloway.—Presented by Kraft Cheese Company, Ltd., Hayes, Middlesex.
- 2.30 p.m.** **SING A SONG OF NONSENSE** O.K. Toots, *Kahn*; Oh, Donna Clara, *Petersbursky*; Oh, Oh, Antonio, *Murphy*; One, Two, Button Your Shoe, *Johnston*; One Night of Love, *Scherzinger*; Oh, You Nasty Man, *Fox*.—Presented by Lixen, Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., Radio Dept., E.C.2.
- 2.45 p.m.** **THE OPEN ROAD** Liberty Bell, *Sousa*; Song of the Highway, *Read*; Sabre and Spurs, *Sousa*; Smile, Darn Ya, Smile, *Rick*; It's the Band, *Steininger*.—Presented by Carter's Little Liver Pills, 64 Hatton Gardens, E.C.1.
- 3.0 p.m.** **A SERENADE TO BEAUTY** Presented by Pond's Extract Co., Perivale Greenford, Middlesex.
- 3.30 p.m.** **VARIETY** With Paula Green, Pat Gilbert, Peggy Desmond and Charles True.—Presented by Huntley & Palmer, Ltd., Biscuit Manufacturers, Reading.
- 3.45 p.m.** **MAYFAIR'S FAVOURITE DANCE TUNES OF THE WEEK** played by Lew Stone and His Band. Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star; I Hear a Call to Arms, *Lane*; I Adore You, *Rainger*; September in the Rain, *Warren*; With Plenty of Money and You, *Warren*.—Presented by Pond's Face Powder.
- 4.0 p.m.** **THE HORLICKS PICTURE HOUSE.** With Debroy Somers and Company, starring Jack Cooper, Florence Oldham, Helen Raymond, Bert Yarlett, and June Knight.—Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks.
- 5.0 p.m.** **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL** Peter the Planter and A Particular Lady TALK OVER TEA. With the Music of the Fantasia Orchestra. On Ilkka Moor Bah't At, *Trad.*; Life is Just a Bowl of Cherries; Destiny Waltz, *Baynes*; White Heather, *Maygri*; Round the Bend of the Road, *Klennner*.—Presented by Lyons Green Label Tea.
- 5.15 p.m.** **A QUESTION OF TASTE** A programme in which members of the public select and present their own tastes in music. With the Quaker Orchestra and Singers.—Presented by the makers of Quaker Corn Flakes, Southall, Middlesex.
- 5.30 p.m.** **POPULAR ORCHESTRAS** Victor Young and His Orchestra (*Electrical Recordings*). Me and the Moon, *Handman*; I Dream Too Much, *Kern*; I Surrender, Dear, *Barris*; Life is a Song, *Ahlert*.—Presented by Milk of Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.
- 5.45 a.m.** **MASTER O.K., THE SAUCY BOY.** Humming Bird Reel, *Trad.*; Buffalo Gals; Big Boy Blue, *Tinturin*; Turning the Town Upside Down, *Sigler*; Selection, The Great Ziegfeld.—Presented by O.K. Sauce, Chelsea Works, S.W.18.
- 6.0 p.m.** **MUSIC HALL MEMORIES** Featuring Fred Douglas, Muriel Farquhar, Bertha Willmott and Charles Star's Old Time Variety Orchestra.—Presented by Macleans, Ltd., makers of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, Great West Road, Brentford.
- 6.15 p.m.** **ALFREDO CAMPOLI AND HIS ORCHESTRA.** Talk by Nurse Johnson on Child Problems. Narcissus, *Navin*; Chinese Dance, *Lewis*; In Old Quebec, *Sharpe*; Song of Paradise; *King*.—Presented by California Syrup of Figs, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.
- 6.30 p.m.** **RINSO RADIO MUSIC HALL** Master of Ceremonies, Edwin Styles. Featuring Peter Bernard, Lillian Gunns, Ivor Moreton and Dave Kaye, Wilbur Hall, Aileen Stanley, with the Rinsio Music Hall Orchestra.—Presented by the makers of Rinsio, Unilever House, Blackfriars, E.C.4.
- 7.0 p.m.** **BLACK MAGIC** A Programme for Sweethearts. I've Got a Feeling I'm Falling, *Linche*; Music in May, *Novello*; 'Neath the Spell of Monte Carlo, *Heymann*; Everything You Do, *Chase*; Got a Date with an Angel, *Waller*.—Presented by Black Magic Chocolates.
- 7.15 p.m.** **VOICES OF THE STARS** present Elsie Randolph, the famous musical comedy and film actress.—Sponsored by Rowntree's, the makers of Chocolate Crisp.



Charles Star's Old Time Variety Orchestra which you hear in Maclean's programme on Sunday at 6 p.m.

- 7.30 p.m.** PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie
- 10.0 p.m.** **PARIS EXHIBITION NEWS**
- 10.15 p.m.** **NORMANDY PLAY BILL** Advance News and Some of Next Week's High Spots.
- 10.30 p.m.** **VARIETY** Whistling Rufus, *Mills*; Sing an Old Fashioned Song, *Young*; Mississippi Moon, *Rodgers*; Birdie Out of a Cage, *Lerner*; Sweet Georgia Brown, *Bernie*; Around and Round the Old Bandstand, *Olga*; Picking the Guitar, *Lucas*; Little Chap, *Flotsam*; The Mosquitoes Parade, *Kennedy*.
- 11.0 p.m.** **ADVANCE FILM NEWS** Moonlight and Shadows, *Hollander*; Where Are You, *McHugh*; Summer Night, *Warren*; The Fleet's Not in Port Very Long, *Gay*.—Presented by Associated British Cinemas, 30 Golden Square, W.1.
- 11.15 p.m.** **WORK AND PLAY** Let's Put Some People to Work, *Sigler*; Celebratin', *Woods*; The Little Silkworm, *Sigler*; 'Appy 'Ampstead, *Haines*; Do the Runaround, *Sigler*.
- 11.30 p.m.** **SWEET MUSIC** In the Sweet Long Ago, *Tobias*; Marilou, *Mendez*; Ma Curly Headed Babby, *Clutsum*; Charlie Kunz Piano Medley; Where the River Shannon Flows, *Russell*; All Alone in Vienna, *Ida*; Melody at Dusk, *Kahn*; Let Me Sing You to Sleep with a Love Song, *Gordon*; Gipsy Violin, *O'Flynn*.
- 12 (midnight)** **MELODY AT MIDNIGHT** Broadway Rhythm, *Brown*; My Heart's in Danger, *Goettler*; Send Me, *Mannone*; Cotton Bloom; It's Written in the Stars, *Little*; Old Heidelberg, *Luders*; Nothing But Notes; Thanks a Million, *Johnson*; From the Top of Your Head, *Revel*.—Presented by Elle Beans, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.
- 12.30 a.m.** **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL** DANCE MUSIC. There's Yoo Hoo in Your Eyes, *Baer*; September in the Rain, *Warren*; Will You Remember, *Romberg*; Take Another Guess, *Sherman*; I Can't Lose that Longing for You, *Greer*; Rita the Rumba Queen, *Norman*; Across the Great Divide, *Box*; Everything You Do, *Chase*.
- 1.0 a.m.** **I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.**

MONDAY, JULY 5

- 7.45 a.m.** **SURPRISE ITEM**
- 8.0 a.m.** **MUSIC IN THE MORNING** You've Gotta S M I L E and be H A Double P Y, *Revel*; Now You've Got Me Doing It, *Burke*; Eeny Meeny Miney Mo, *Malneck*; A Flat in Manhattan, *Jerome*; Bugle Call Rag, *Schoebel*; The World is So Small, *Nicholls*; Lover, *Rodgers*; The Moment I Saw You, *Mendoza*.—Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks.
- 8.15 a.m.** **8.15—AND ALL'S WELL** An early morning programme to encourage the healthy, happy side of life, featuring Browning and Starr.—Presented by Aika Seltzer Products.

- 8.30 a.m.** **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL** SIDNEY TORCH AND GUEST ARTISTE, Alfredo Campoli. Merry-makers' Dance, *German*; Song of Paradise, *King*; Sweet Nothings, *Donaldson*; Hejre Kati, *Habay*; When the Swallows Nest Again, *Evans*.—Presented by Robinson's Lemon Barley, Carrow Works, Norwich.
- 8.45 a.m.** **Sunny Jim's Programme of "FORCE" AND MELODY.** Colonel Bogey on Parade; Give Me the Rolling Sea, *May*; I Bring a Love Song, *Romberg*; In Merry Mood, *Haringer*.—Presented by A. C. Fincken & Co., Clifton House, Euston Road, N.W.1.
- 9.0 a.m.** **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL** THE OPEN ROAD. El Abanico, *Javaloyes*; Goodbye Trouble, *Sigler*; The Air Pilot, *Morrison*; Youth and Vigour, *Lautenschlager*; You've Got to Blow Your Own Trumpet, *Carlton*.—Presented by Carter's Little Liver Pills, 64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1.
- 9.15 a.m.** **GORDON LITTLE** in Music Through the Window. Call to Arms, *Schwarz*; Little Grey Home in the West, *Lohr*; Sylvia, *Speaks*; I Adore You, *Rainger*; Lonely Heart, *Warren*; September in the Rain, *Ahlert*.—Presented by Phosferline Tonic Wine, La Belle Sauvage, E.C.4.
- 9.30 a.m.** **FINGERS OF HARMONY** Canadian Capers, *Chandler*; The Birth of the Blues, *Henderson*; Marta, *Simons*; Charlie Kunz Piano Medley; Boo-Hoo, *Lombardo*.—Presented by the proprietors of Daren Bread, Daren, Ltd., Dartford, Kent.
- 9.45 a.m.** **POPULAR ORCHESTRAS** Roy Fox and His Orchestra (*electrical recordings*): Love and Learn, *Schwarz*; Sweet Leilani, *Owens*; Roy Fox Hits of 1936; What Will I Tell My Heart? *Tinturin*.—Presented by Milk of Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.
- 10.0 a.m.** **LIGHT MUSIC** The Dart Song, *Holmes*; That Song in My Heart, *Reader*; Organ Grinder Pete, *Parish*; The Old Kitchen Kettle, *Woods*; I Dream of San Marino, *Shields*; Everything You Do, *Chase*; Rainbow on the River, *Alter*; Swing is in the Air, *Lerner*.
- 10.30 a.m.** **POPULAR CONCERT** Penny in the Slot, *Hope*; Reaching for the Moon, *Berlin*; The Song of the Tramp, *Jenkins*; Morgenblätter, *Strauss*.—Presented by Macleans, Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.
- 10.45 a.m.** **TEN FORTY-FIVE AND ALL THAT.** We're Tired of That Tiger, *Sarony*; In the Sweet Long Ago, *de Rose*; I'm Just Wild About Harry, *Sissle*; Angel of the Great White Way, *Box*.
- 11.0 a.m.** PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie
Please turn to next page

Tune in RADIO NORMANDY



Gordon Little sings "Music Through the Window" for you on Monday and Friday at 9.15 a.m.

Continued from preceding page

- 2.0 p.m.** **PIERROT PARADE** Celebrity Concert Party. Over the Blue, *Heymann*; Nobody's Darling But Mine, *Davis*; Good-for-Nothing Joe, *Bloom*; Texas Dan, *Robison*; Variations on Tipperary, *Williams*; Knock, Knock, Who's There? *Tyson*; Little Piccaninny Mine, *Vernon*; I'm Shooting High, *McHugh*; The Way With Every Sailor, *Heymann*.
- 2.30 p.m.** **PARIS EXHIBITION NEWS**
- 2.45 p.m.** **RECORDS BY THE DORSEY BROTHERS ORCHESTRA.** Down 'Uncle Bill's, *Mercer*; I'm Getting Sentimental Over You, *Washington*; It's Dark on Observatory Hill, *Spina*; I Ain't Gonna Sin No More, *Conrad*; You're So Darn Charming, *Spina*.
- 3.0 p.m.** **SONGS FROM THE SHOWS** And Love Was Born (Music in the Air), *Kern*; One Kiss (The New Moon), *Romberg*; Hold My Hand (Hold My Hand), *Gay*; Indian Love Call (Rose Marie), *Friml*; Experiment (Nymph Errant), *Porter*.

- 3.15 p.m.** **NORMANDY PLAY BILL** Advance News and Some of Next Week's High Spots.
- 3.30 p.m.** **SEEING EUROPE FROM A NEW ANGLE.** A series of cameos by Major John Swift, *Tambourin*, *Jongen*; La Java de Doudonne, *Padilla*; Cathedral Chimes, *Lindahl*; Bourée and Gigue, *Back*.—Presented by British, Continental and Overseas Travel, Ltd., 136-142 Victoria Street, S.W.1.
- 3.45 p.m.** **ACCORDION QUARTER-HOUR.** McDougal, McNabb and McKay, *Longfellow*; Income Tax, *Gay*; I'm Still in Love With You, *Bratton*; A Cowboy's Wedding Day, *Noel*; After the Ball, *Harris*.
- 4.0 p.m.** **THE VOICE OF THE CITY** One Way Street, *Sigler*; In a Jam, *Ellington*; The Pavement Artist, *Jenkins*; Errand Boy's Parade, *Sarony*; Shadows on the Pavement, *Flanagan*; Song of the Lift, *Evans*; Underneath the Arches, *Flanagan*; The Street Mummings; The Traffic Was Terrific, *Warren*.
- 4.30 p.m.** **MILITARY BAND CONCERT** Swift and Bold, *Mansfield*; Naila Intermezzo, *Delibes*; Selection: Floradora, *Stuart*; Old Panama, *Alford*.
- 4.45 p.m.** **COOKERY NOOK** Your tea-time rendezvous with Phyllis Peck, McDougall's cookery expert. Selection: H.M.S. Pinafore, *Sullivan*; The Springtime Reminds Me of You, *Jurmann*; Loin du Bal, *Gillet*; Charlie Kunz Revivals.—Presented by McDougalls, Ltd., Millwall Docks, E.14.
- 5.0 p.m.** **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL POST TOASTIES RADIO CORNER.** Uncle Chris (Christopher Stone).—Presented by the makers of Post Toasties, 10 Soho Square, W.1.
- 5.15 p.m.** **ADVANCE FILM NEWS** Moonlight and Shadows, *Hollander*; Where Are You, *McHugh*; Summer Night, *Warren*; The Fleet's Not in Port Very Long, *Gay*.—Presented by Associated British Cinemas, 30 Golden Square, W.1.
- 5.30 p.m.** **A QUARTER-HOUR PROGRAMME** for boys and girls. Birthday Greetings from the Uncles.
- 5.45 p.m.** **RECORDS BY ALFRED RODE AND HIS TZIGANES.** The Song of the Guitar, *Rode*; Hungarian Dance, *Brahms*; Artist's Life, *Strauss*; Black Eyes, *Trad*.
- 6.0 p.m.** **PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH** Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

- 12 (midnight)** **MELODY AT MIDNIGHT** Hollywood and Vine, *Grier*; You Are My Lucky Star, *Brown*; Here Comes Cookie, *Gordon*; I'd Rather Listen to Your Eyes, *Warren*; A Long Tobacco Road, *Grier*; So Nice Seeing You Again, *Wrubel*; I'll Take the South, *Palmer*; I Wished on the Moon, *Rainiger*; Two Together, *Johnson*.—Presented by Bile Beans, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.
- 12.30 a.m.** **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL DANCE MUSIC.** The Dart Song, *Holmes*; I Adore You, *Robin*; Marianna, *Gonzalez*; Goodnight, My Love, *Revel*; House Top, *Mundy*; Mademoiselle, *Nesbitt*; The Love Bug Will Bite You, *Tomlin*; With a Twinkle in Your Eye, *Reader*.
- 1.0 a.m.** **I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.**

TUESDAY, JULY 6

- 7.45 a.m.** **SURPRISE ITEM**
- 8.0 a.m.** **A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING** Everything is Rhythm, *Meskill*; Every Single Little Tingle of My Heart, *Simon*; Everything You Do, *Chase*; Everything's in Rhythm, *Sigler*; Everything's Been Done Before, *Adamson*.
- 8.15 a.m.** **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL NORMANDY PLAY BILL.** Advance News and Some of Next Week's High Spots.
- 8.30 a.m.** **RECORDS BY POPULAR PEOPLE.** Wood and Ivory, *Phillips*; Twenty-three and a Half-Hour's Leave; Sweet Sue, Just You, *Young*; With Plenty of Money and You, *Warren*.—Presented by Vitacup, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.
- 8.45 a.m.** **Sunny Jim's Programme of "FORCE" AND MELODY.** Radio—Quick March, *Pecking*; Son o' Mine, *Wallace*; The Mouse, the Piano and the Cat, *Casson*; Under the Balcony, *Heykens*.—Presented by A. C. Fincken, Clifton House, Fuston Road, N.W.1.
- 9.0 a.m.** **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL HEALTH MAGIC.** Luna Waltz, *Lincke*; Indian Love Call, *Friml*; The Butterfly, *Bendis*; Orange Blossom, *Mayerl*.—Presented by The Society of Herbalists, Ltd., Culpeper House, 21 Bruton Street, W.1.
- 9.15 a.m.** **TUNES YOU MIGHT HAVE HEARD.** Cavalcade of Martial Songs; Maurice Chevalier Medley; Moment Musical, *Schubert*; Selection: Iolanthe, *Sullivan*.—Presented by the proprietors of Lavona Hair Tonic, Braydon Road, N.16.
- 9.30 a.m.** **TUNES WE ALL KNOW** Savoy Irish Medley, *arr. Somers*; Deep in My Heart, *Romberg*; See Me Dance the Polka, *Grossmith*; Selection: Faust, *Gounod*.—Presented by Limestone Phosphate, Braydon Road, N.16.
- 9.45 a.m.** **WALTZ TIME** With Billy Bissett and his Waltz Time Orchestra, Anita Hart, Eddie Lee, and The Waltz Timers.—Presented by Phillip's Dental Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.
- 10.0 a.m.** **PIANO IMPRESSIONS** Canadian Capers, *Chandler*; Midnight in Mayfair, *Chase*; Bubbling Over, *Gibbons*; Jazz Goblines, *da Costa*.
- 10.15 a.m.** **THE OPEN ROAD** Bond of Friendship, *Rogan*; Londonola, *Sigler*; El Abanico, *Javaloyes*; Everybody's Got to Wear a Smile, *Eilon*; Through Night to Light, *Laukien*.—Presented by Carter's Little Liver Pills, 64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1.
- 10.30 a.m.** **POPULAR CONCERT** Children's Intermezzo, *Coleridge-Taylor*; Selection: The King Steps Out, *Kreisler*; Load the Covered Wagon, *Kane*; The Swallows, *Strauss*.—Presented by Macleans, Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.
- 10.45 a.m.** **TEN FORTY-FIVE AND ALL THAT.** The Jingle of the Jungle, *Sigler*; Do the Runaround, *Sigler*; Old and New Medley; Keep Calling Me Sweetheart, *Pease*.
- 11.0 a.m.** **PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH** Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie
- 2.0 p.m.** **THE FAR WEST** In Dance Rhythm. Saddle Your Blues to a Wild Mustang, *Whiting*; Cowboy, *Carr*; Across the Great Divide, *Box*; Wah Hoo, *Friend*; On the Trail Where the Sun Hangs Low, *Kennedy*.
- 2.15 p.m.** **ADVANCE FILM NEWS** Moonlight and Shadows, *Hollander*; Where Are You, *McHugh*; Summer Night, *Warren*; The Fleet's Not in Port Very Long, *Gay*.—Presented by Associated British Cinemas, 30 Golden Square, W.1.
- 2.30 p.m.** **PARIS EXHIBITION NEWS**
- 2.45 p.m.** **RECORDS BY LAYTON AND JOHNSTONE.** I've Told Every Little Star, *Kern*; The Wedding of Mr. Mickey Mouse, *Pola*; What More Can I Ask, *Noble*; If I Had a Talking Picture of You, *Brown*; Wedding of the Painted Doll, *Brown*.
- 3.0 p.m.** **OLIVER KIMBALL** The Record Spinner. Colonel Bogey March, *Alford*; We Saw the Sea, *Berlin*; The Veleta, *Morris*; Perpetuum Mobile, *Strauss*.—Presented by Bismag, Ltd., Braydon Road, N.16.



Listen to vocalist Paula Green in Variety sponsored by Huntley and Palmer at 3.30 p.m., Sunday

- 3.15 p.m.** **YOUR REQUESTS** Rustle of Spring, *Sinding*; I've Got You Under My Skin, *Porter*; Half-Caste Woman, *Coward*; So Do I, *Johnston*; Home on the Range, *Goodwin*; In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree, *Williams*; Ramona, *Wayne*; Roll Along Covered Wagon, *Kennedy*; Dandelion, Daisy and Daffodil, *Evans*.
- 3.45 p.m.** **AT HOME WITH THE HULBERTS.** Naila, *Delibes*; The King Who Wanted Jam for Tea, *Charles*; Nursery Rhymes Up to Date, *arr. Hartley*; Toyland Holiday, *da Costa*.—Presented by Cow and Gate, Ltd., Guildford, Surrey.
- 4.0 p.m.** **VARIETY** A Musical Jig Saw, *Aston*; Ragging the Scale, *Claypole*; I Surrender Dear, *Barris*; I'm Still in Love With You, *Bratton*; Another One Gone, *Nicholls*; The Red Headed Swiss; You Are My Lucky Star, *Brown*; If I Should Lose You, *Rainiger*; You'll Have to Swing It, *Costlow*; You Forgot to Remember, *Berlin*; Don't Old With It, *Burnaby*; On the Track, *Simpson*; Paradise in Waltz Time, *Costlow*; A Musical Jig Saw, *Aston*.
- 4.45 p.m.** **SOARING WITH SERAFLO** A Light Musical Confection. Rochdale Hounds, *Gifford*; Pick Yourself Up, *Kern*; Makin' Whoopee, *Donaldson*; With a Twinkle in Your Eye, *Reader*.—Presented by the proprietors of Seraflo Self Raising Flour, Dartford, Kent.
- 5.0 p.m.** **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL POST TOASTIES RADIO CORNER.** Uncle Chris (Christopher Stone).—By the makers of Post Toasties, 10 Soho Square, W.1.
- 5.15 p.m.** **A QUARTER-HOUR PROGRAMME** for boys and girls. Birthday Greetings from the Uncles.
- 5.30 p.m.** **PALMOLIVE HALF-HOUR** with The Palmolivers, Brian Lawrence, Paul Oliver and Oliver Palmer. My Favourite Gal, *Meyer*; Good-night, My Love *Revel*; Love and Learn, *Schwartz*; I Stumbled Over Love, *Wright*; Romance Medley; You Do the Darndest Things, *Baby*, *Pollack*; My Pretty Flower, *Posford*; Somebody Stole My Gal, *Woods*; The Love Bug Will Bite You, *Tomlin*.—Presented by Palmolive Soap, Palmolive, Ltd., S.W.1.
- 6.0 p.m.** **PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH** Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie
- 12 (midnight)** **MELODY AT MIDNIGHT** Sing, Baby, Sing, *Pollack*; Loug Ago and Far Away, *Rainiger*; You Turned the Tables On Me, *Alter*; I'm Through With Love, *Malmack*; Star Fell Out of Heaven, *Revel*; Rose Room, *Hickman*; Am I Asking Too Much? *Himber*; I'm Getting Sentimental Over You, *Hassman*; Sugar Blues, *McCoy*; I'm Just Beginning to Care, *Seymour*; Sing, Sing, *Prima*.—Presented by Bile Beans, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.
- 12.30 a.m.** **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL DANCE MUSIC.** Swing is in the Air, *Lerner*; Call to Arms, *Schwartz*; All Alone in Vienna, *Towers*; There's Yoo Hoo in Your Eyes, *Buer*; Making Up a Song, *Lerner*; Coronation Waltz, *Kennedy*; Keep Calling Me Sweetheart, *Iida*; There's Something in the Air, *McHugh*.
- 1.0 a.m.** **I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.**

- 7.45 a.m.** **SURPRISE ITEM**
- 8.0 a.m.** **MUSIC IN THE MORNING** Great Day, *Youmans*; Laugh, Clown, Laugh, *Lewis*; She Shall Have Music, *Sigler*; The Little House That Love Built, *Warren*; The Valparaiso, *Wayne*; The Girl Friend, *Rodgers*; My Buddy, *Donaldson*; A Little Love Song, *Nicholls*.—Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 7

LISTEN TO Gypsy Petulengro

on Fridays at 10.15 a.m. from Radio Normandie. Gypsy melodies. Readings from the stars. Take this chance of getting your own free lucky reading.

Transmissions by arrangement with the I.B.C. Limited.



Gaumont-British Photo

SKOL SUN LOTION is made by the makers of Skol Antiseptic. Take a bottle with you on your holidays. You will return glowing with skin health and sunshine. 1/3, 2/-, 3/6 and 6/6 from all high-class chemists and stores.



SKOL

PRODUCTS LTD.

1, ROCHESTER ROW, S.W.1

Tune in RADIO NORMANDY . . .



Peggy Desmond, brilliant synco-pated pianist, another Variety artiste on Sunday



For fans, records of Roy Fox's popular orchestra will be played on Monday at 9.45 a.m.

- 8.15 a.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL HAPPY DAYS. Watching the Stars, Lerner; Swing is in the Air, Lerner; I Need You, Boterell.—Presented by Odol, Odol Works, Norwich.
- 8.30 a.m.** SIDNEY TORCH AND GUEST ARTISTE, Olive Groves. Ballet Egyptian, Luigini; Vilis, Lehar; Buffoon, Confrey; Rose in the Bud, Foster; At the Café Continental, Kennedy.—Presented by Robinson's Lemon Barley, Carrow Works, Norwich.
- 8.45 a.m.** Sunny Jim's Programme of "FORCE" AND MELODY. Early Ragtime Memories; Selection: Good Old Songs; Prelude in C Sharp Minor, Rachmaninoff; At the Balalaika, Posford.—Presented by A. C. Fincken & Co., Clifton House, Euston Road, N.W.1.
- 9.0 a.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL DANCE MUSIC. The Eyes of the World Are on You, Lerner; Boo Hoo, Lombardo; Where Café Lights are Gleaming, Dunn; Red, White and Blue, Gay.—Presented by Sanitas, 51 Clapham Road, S.W.9.
- 9.15 a.m.** FAVOURITE MELODIES Selection: Lilac Time, Schubert; Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life, Herbert; Humoresque, Dvorak; Sussex by the Sea, Ward.—Presented by Freezezone Corn Remover, Braydon Road, N.16.
- 9.30 a.m.** POPULAR TUNES Mazurka, Delibes; Chanson, Friml; Floral Dance, Moss; London Bridge March, Coates.—Presented by Fynnon, Limited.
- 9.45 a.m.** ALFREDO CAMPOLI AND HIS ORCHESTRA. Talk by Nurse Johnson on Child Problems. The Doll's House Suite, Engleman; The Green Baize Lawn; The Blue Boudoir; The Miniature Piano; The Sleeping Doll; The Clockwork Two-Seater; The Knave of Diamonds, Steele.—Presented by California Syrup of Figs, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.
- 10.0 a.m.** LISTEN TO VITBE Choo Choo, Malneck; Lonely Road, Ansell; Charlie Kunz Piano Medley; Keep Calling Me Sweetheart, Iida.—Presented by Vitbe Bread, Crayford, Kent.
- 10.15 a.m.** TANTALISING TUNES Guess the Titles. A "Teaser" programme compered by Steven Miller, and presented by the makers of Lacto Calamine, The Crookes Laboratories, Park Royal, N.W.10.
- 10.30 a.m.** POPULAR CONCERT At the Dance, Coates; Zigeuner, Coward; Turn on the Music, Gay; With the Roumanian Gipsies, Keteibey.—Presented by Macleans, Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.
- 10.45 a.m.** TEN FORTY-FIVE AND ALL THAT. The Peanut Vendor, Simon; A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody, Berlin; Two Hearts in Cuba, Marzedo; El Relicario, Padilla.
- 11.0 a.m.** PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie
- 2.0 p.m.** PIERROT PARADE Celebrity Concert Party. Rock and Roll, Clare; Spread a Little Happiness, Grey; Don't be Late in the Morning, Le Clerq; In the Chapel in the Moonlight, Hill; Repeat the Blues, Green; Step by Step, Bawcombe; A Nice Cup of Tea, Sullivan; Leave Abie Alone, Pearson; O Leo, Clare.
- 2.30 p.m.** PARIS EXHIBITION NEWS
- 2.45 p.m.** DREAM WALTZES Love Will Find a Way, Fraser-Simson; Have You Forgotten So Soon, Nicholls; The One Rose, McIntyre; Will You Remember, Romberg.—Presented by True Story Magazine, 30 Bouverie Street, E.C.4.
- 3.0 p.m.** NORMANDY PLAY BILL Advance News and Some of Next Week's High Spots.
- 3.15 p.m.** MUSICAL MOODS An unrehearsed entertainment by Lee Sims and Ilomay Bailey.—Presented by the makers of Fairy Soap, Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne and Manchester.
- 3.30 p.m.** MORTON DOWNEY The Golden Voice of Radio. Delyse, Nicholls; Copper Coloured Gal, Davis; Rose of Tralee, Glover; Boo-Hoo, Lombardo; September in the Rain, Warren.—Presented by Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd., makers of Drene Shampoo.
- 3.45 p.m.** SONG SUGGESTIONS There's Something About a Soldier, Gay; These Foolish Things, Strachey; Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, Kern; I Wasn't Lying When I said "I Love You," De Leath.—Presented by the makers of Lava Soap, Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.
- 4.0 p.m.** MILTON TEA-TIME TALKS Fascinating programme of words and music. With Gil Chard. For Love Alone, Sievier; Artist's Life, Strauss; Roses of Picardy, Haydn Wood; Free, Kennedy; The Love Bug Will Bite You, Tomlin; If You Were the Only Girl in the World, Ayer; Rose Marie, Friml.—Presented by Milton Antiseptic, John Milton House, N.7.
- 4.30 p.m.** FINGERING THE FRETS A programme for Instrumental enthusiasts. Toronto Jig; You're My Gift from Heaven, Brown; Mississippi Bubble, Haines; Yankee Doodle Plays a Fugue, Harris.
- 4.45 p.m.** COOKERY NOOK Your tea-time rendezvous with Phyllis Peck, McDougall's cookery expert. Minuet, Boccherini; We Saw the Sea, Berlin; The White Horse Inn, Stolz; Selection—Champagne Waltz, Coslow.—Presented by McDougall, Ltd., Millwall Docks, E.14.
- 5.0 p.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL HEALTH AND HAPPINESS. Colonel Bogey Alfard; Over My Shoulder, Woods; The Stein Song, Fenster; Ca c'est Paris, Padilla; Officer of the Day, Hall.—Presented by Carter's Little Liver Pills, 64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1.
- 5.15 p.m.** RADIO TOUR (Venice). Venetian Barcarolle; Venetian Moon, Posford; That Night in Venice, Leroy; Barcarolle, Offenbach; Doge's March, Rosse; Carnival of Venice, Brucialdi; Venetian Boatman's Song, Mantovani; The Gondoliers, Sullivan.—Presented by Rentals R.A.P., Ltd., 183 Regent Street, 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
- 12 (midnight) MELODY AT MIDNIGHT** Somebody Stole My Gal, Woods; Ya Da, Carleton; Robins and Roses, Burke; Us on a 'Bus, Lawnhurst; I'll Bet You Tell That to All the Girls, Slept; You, Adamson; You Can't Pull the Wool over My Eyes, Ager; There Isn't Any Limit to My Love, Sigler; Dream Time, Davis; Swing Mr. Charlie, Robinson.—Presented by Bile Beans, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.
- 12.30 a.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL DANCE MUSIC. Life Begins When You're in Love, Schertzinger; At the Balalaika, Posford; Boo Hoo, Lombardo; A Gipsy Who Has Never Been in Love, Sarille; Across the Great Divide, Box; When My Dream Boat Comes Home, Friend; The Night is Young and You're So Beautiful, Suesse; On the Isle of Kitchimboko, Chase.
- 1.0 a.m.** I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

- 8.45 a.m.** POPULAR MUSIC by Ivor Novello. Selection: Glamorous Night; Far Away in Shanty Town; Selection: Careless Rapture.—Presented by Fels Naptha, Clifton House, Euston Road, N.W.1.
- 9.0 a.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL DANCE MUSIC. The Love Bug Will Bite You, Tomlin; Paradise in Waltz Time, Lane; With a Twinkle in Your Eye, Reader; When My Dream Boat Comes Home, Franklin.—Presented by Woodward's Gripe Water, 51 Clapham Road, S.W.9.
- 9.15 a.m.** HEALTH MAGIC Liebestraum, Liszt; Old Folks at Home, Foster; Old Vienna Moon, Zadowski; Little Star, Ponce.—Presented by The Society of Herbalists, Ltd., Culpeper House, 21 Bruton Street, W.1.
- 9.30 a.m.** OLIVER KIMBALL The Record Spinner. Marching with Sousa, Sousa; Bells Across the Meadow, Keteibey; If You Want to Know the Time, Ask a Policeman; Turkish Patrol March, Michaelis.—Presented by Bismag, Limited, Braydon Road, N.16.
- 9.45 a.m.** POPULAR ORCHESTRAS. Jack Hylton and His Band (electrical recordings). Red, White and Blue, Gay; Love is the Sweetest Thing, Noble; Sweet and Lovely, Arnheim; Making Up a Song, Lerner.—Presented by Milk of Magnesia 179 Acton Vale, W.3.
- 10.0 a.m.** RADIO FAVOURITES Parade of the Pirates, Jessel; Selection: Once Upon a Time, arr. Stoddan; You Are My Love Song, Grey; Demande et Reponse, Coleridge-Taylor.—Presented by Brooke Bond & Co., Ltd., London, E.1.
- 10.15 a.m.** THE OPEN ROAD Marche Lorraine, Ganne; We'll All Go Riding on a Rainbow, Woods; Joggin' Along the Highway, Samuel; Ca c'est Paris, Padilla; Good Green Acres of Home, Kahal.—Presented by Carter's Little Liver Pills, 64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1.
- 10.30 a.m.** POPULAR CONCERT Roses of the South, Strauss; Rio Rita, Tierney; Buffoon, Confrey; The Fairies' Gavotte, Kohn.—Presented by Macleans, Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.
- 10.45 a.m.** NORMANDY PLAY BILL Advance News and Some of Next Week's High Spots.
- 11.0 a.m.** PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie
- 2.30 p.m.** PARIS EXHIBITION NEWS
- 2.45 p.m.** MUSICAL COMEDY FAVOURITES. Riding Song of the Rifis (The Desert Song), Romberg; The Pipes of Pan (The Arcadians), Monckton; Deep in My Heart (The Student Prince), Romberg; You're Always in My Arms (Rio Rita), Tierney; The Desert Song, Romberg.
- 3.0 p.m.** REQUEST PROGRAMME from Miss Muriel Skett. The Cowboy's Wedding Day, Noel; There's a Bridle Hanging on the Wall, Robinson; Covered Wagon Lullaby, Freeman; A Little Chap With Big Ideas, Evans; Cowboy, Carr; Ridin' Down the Sunset Trail, Carr; Across the Great Divide, Box; Where the Lazy River Goes By, McHugh.
- 3.30 p.m.** Novelty Records by AMBROSE AND HIS ORCHESTRA. Wood and Ivory, Phillips; Creole Lady, Marzedo; Caramba, Marzedo; Two Hearts in Cuba, Marzedo; Midnight in Mayfair, Chase.—Please turn to next page

A FASCINATING NEW TRAVEL FEATURE

A SERIES OF TALKS
AND
£50 IN PRIZES
for a novel
PHOTO-TRAVEL
COMPETITION

RADIO NORMANDY
EVERY MONDAY AND FRIDAY
3.30 to 3.45

Major John Swift

has been specially engaged by the British Overseas and Continental Travel Limited to give a series of talks on some of the unknown beauty spots of Europe. Don't miss this interesting series of articles.

Photo-Travel Competition

All you have to do is take some snaps of your holiday in Europe. The competition is open to all clients of

BRITISH OVERSEAS & CONTINENTAL TRAVEL LTD.

Write for details to the above firm at
136/142 VICTORIA STREET
LONDON, S.W.1

FIRST PRIZE £20
2nd Prize £10 3rd Prize £5
Four Prizes of £2-10-0
Ten Prizes of Ten Shillings

Tune in RADIO NORMANDY



On Friday at 2.45 p.m.: Organ records by the popular Reginald Foort

Continued from preceding page

3.45 p.m. PUTTING A NEW COMPLEXION ON LIFE. Spring Don't Mean a Thing, *Kennedy*; Pop Goes Your Heart, *Dixon*; Life Begins Again, *Flanagan*; When I'm With You, *Revel*; May I Have the Next Romance with You, *Revel*.—Presented by D.D.D., Fleet Lane, E.C.4.

4.0 p.m. VARIETY Animal Antics, *Wark*; Tiddleywinks, *Carr*; Robbin' Harry, *Innes*; A Star Fell Out of Heaven, *Revel*; Mother's Pie Crust, *Wallace*; Devonshire Cream and Cider, *Sanderson*; Riding Down from Bangor, *arr. Farewell*; Eeny Meeny Miney Mo, *Malneck*; Side by Side, *Mayerl*; You Were So Charming, *Ilda*; Swing Me to Sleep, *Box*; Did Your Mother Come from Ireland, *Kennedy*; Keep Your Seats, Please, *Gifford*; I'm Just Wild About Harry, *Sissie*; Marcheta, *Scherzinger*; Some of These Days, *Brooks*; Ring Down the Curtain, I Can't Sing To-night, *Ilda*; Amina, *Lincke*.

5.0 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL POST TOASTIES RADIO CORNER. Uncle Chris (Christopher Stone).—By the makers of Post Toasties, 10 Soho Square, W.1.

5.15 p.m. A QUARTER-HOUR PROGRAMME for boys and girls. Birthday Greetings from the Uncles.

5.30 p.m. LIGHT ORCHESTRAL CONCERT: Grasshoppers' Dance, *Bucalossi*; Tap Dance, *arr. Shikret*; I Know of Two Bright Eyes, *Clusam*; Wedding Dance Waltz, *Lincke*; Rendezvous, *Allet*; Somewhere a Voice is Calling, *Tate*; A La Gavotte, *Finck*; Nights of Gladness, *Amliffe*.

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

12 (midnight) MELODY AT MIDNIGHT Oh My Goodness, *Revel*; The State of My Heart, *Heyman*; Would You? *Brown*; I Kiss Your Hand, *Madame, Erwin*; There's a Small Hotel, *Rogers*; I Feel Myself Slipping, *Smyer*; There'll be Some Changes Made, *Duncan*; On the Beach at Bali Bali, *Sherman*; I'm Coming, Virginia, *Heywood*; A Little Bit Later On, *Levinson*; Why Do I Lie to Myself About You? *Davis*.—Presented by Bile Beans, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.

12.30 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL DANCE MUSIC. Love Marches On, *Tobias*; Taking a Stroll Around the Park, *Erard*; Paradise in Waltz Time, *Costlow*; With Plenty of Money and You, *Warren*; Speaking of the Weather, *Arlen*; Lejos de Ti, *Fuentes*; Love and Learn, *Schwartz*; The Eyes of the World Are on You, *Sigler*.

1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.



Olive Groves, Guest Artiste with Sidney Torch on Wednesday, at 8.30 a.m.

FRIDAY, JULY 9

7.45 a.m. SURPRISE ITEM

8.0 a.m. MUSIC IN THE MORNING Saddle Your Blues, *Whiting*; Inka Dinka Doo, *Durante*; Here Comes the Sun, *Woods*; A Melody for Two, *Dubin*; Roses of Picardy, *Haydn Wood*; I Told Them All About You, *Friend*; They Didn't Believe Me, *Kern*; My Baby Just Cares for Me, *Donaldson*.—Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks.

8.15 a.m. 8.15 AND ALL'S WELL An early morning programme to encourage the healthy, happy side of life, featuring Browning and Starr.—Presented by Alka Seltzer Products.

8.30 a.m. CAVALCADE OF STARS Presented by Donald Watt.—Presented by the makers of Do-Do Asthma Tablets, 34 Smedley Street, S.W.8.

8.45 a.m. Sunny Jim's Programme of "FORCE" AND MELODY. El Abanico, *Javaloyes*; Flying High, *Reader*; Procession of Bacchus, *Delibes*.—Presented by A. C. Fincken & Co., Clifton House, Euston Road, N.W.1.

9.0 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL FOR BEAUTY'S SAKE. Songs My Mother Taught Me, *Dvorak*; Simple Avenu, *Thome*; None But the Weary Heart, *Tchaikowsky*; Demande et Reponse, *Coleridge-Taylor*. Presented by Cuticura Preparations, 31 Banner Street, E.C.1.

9.15 a.m. GORDON LITTLE In Music Through the Window. A Gipsy Who Has Never Been in Love, *Saville*; I'm Just Beginning to Care, *Seymour*; Less Than the Dust, *Woodford-Finden*; Sweetheart Waltz, *Lane*; Will You Remember, *Romberg*; Close to Me, *Lewis*.—Presented by Phosferline Tonic Wine, La Belle Sauvage, E.C.4.

9.30 a.m. RADIO FAVOURITES Waltz of the Hours, *Delibes*; Hearts and Flowers, *Tobani*; Moment Musical, *Schubert*; Merry-makers' Dance, *German*.—Presented by Brooke Bond & Co., Ltd., London, E.1.

9.45 a.m. ALFREDO CAMPOLI AND HIS ORCHESTRA. Talk by Nurse Johnson on Child Problems. Parade of the Pirates, *Bratton*; Minuet in G, *Beethoven*; Snowman, *Archer*; Daddy Long Legs, *Wright*.—Presented by California Syrup of Figs, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.

10.0 a.m. A REFRESHING PROGRAMME. The Wedding of the Rose, *Willoughby*; Raindrops, *Winn*; The Wind and the Rain, *Layton*; Tin Pan Alley Medley.—Presented by Borwick's Lemon Barley, 1 Bunhill Row, S.W.1.

10.15 a.m. SKY HIGH WITH SKOL Featuring The Famous Petulengro reading the stars for you, and a programme of gipsy music. Gipsy Princess Selection, *Kalman*; Play to Me, Gipsy, *Kennedy*; Gipsy John, *Clay*; Hungarian Melodies, *Leopold*.—Presented by the makers of Skol Healing Antiseptic, 1 Rochester Row, S.W.1.

10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT Covent Garden, *Coates*; Indra Waltz, *Lincke*; I Give My Heart, *Millocker*; Magyar Melodies, *Vilmos*.—Presented by Macleans, Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

10.45 a.m. TEN FORTY-FIVE AND ALL THAT. Baby's Birthday Party, *Ronell*; The Love Bug Will Bite You, *Tomlin*; Hot Dog, *Clair*; Where There's You There's Me, *Sigler*.

11.0 a.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

2.0 p.m. PIERROT PARADE Celebrity Concert Party. Opening Chorus: The King's Horses, *Gay*; The True and Trembling Brakeman; Many Happy Returns of the Day, *Dubin*; When Irish Eyes are Smiling, *Olcott*; Singing in the Bathtub, *Magidson*; Medley; The Fatal Derby Day; Gipsy Melody, *Nicholls*; You're Gonna Be Young, *Cochran*.

2.30 p.m. PARIS EXHIBITION NEWS

2.45 p.m. RECORDS BY REGINALD FOORT. Keep Smiling, *Foort*; A Bench in the Park, *Ager*; In a Chinese Temple Garden, *Ketelbey*; Selection: The Mikado, *Sullivan*.

3.0 p.m. REQUEST PROGRAMME from Mrs. Hallett. Following the Drum, *Abraham*; Stars Fell on Alabama, *Parish*; Marigold, *Mayerl*; Samoan Love Song, *Kihel*; On a Southern Plantation; The Clatter of the Clogs, *Flynn*; The Banjo Song, *Homer*; Traumerei, *Schumann*; In an Old-fashioned Town, *Squire*.

3.30 p.m. SEEING EUROPE FROM A NEW ANGLE. A series of cameos, by Major John Swift. Under the Bridges of Paris, *Scotto*; Minuet at the Court of



Louis Levy and the Gaumont British Symphony play (on records) on Saturday at 8.15 a.m.

Louis XIV; Red Roofs of Brittany, *Watson*; Bells of St. Malo, *Rimmer*.—Presented by British, Continental and Overseas Travel, Ltd., 136-142 Victoria Street, S.W.1.

3.45 p.m. FILM REMINISCENCES Cuban Love Song, *Stohart*; Sonny Boy, *Jolson*; Just Because I Lost My Heart to You (Sunshine Susie), *Abraham*; One Little Drink (The Song of the Flame), *Clarke*; Falling in Love Again (The Blue Angel), *Hollander*.

4.0 p.m. MILTON TEA-TIME TALKS Fascinating programme of words and music with Gil Chard. Danny Malone Medley; Viennese Nights, *Romberg*; Gershwin Medley, *Gershwin*; Organ Grinder's Swing, *Parish*; Coronation Waltz, *Kennedy*; I Lost My Heart in Heidelberg, *Pepper*.—Presented by the makers of Milton Antiseptic, John Milton House, N.7.

4.30 p.m. FINGERS OF HARMONY Dancing Days—1920; Sophisticated Lady, *Ellington*; Honeymoon Express, *Robison*; Six Miniatures.—Presented by the proprietors of Daren Bread, Daren, Ltd., Dartford, Kent.

4.45 p.m. COOKERY NOOK Your tea-time rendezvous with Phyllis Peck, McDougall's cookery expert. Dixon Request Medley; Song of India, *Rimsky Korsakov*; Farewell to Dreams, *Kahn*; Straussiana, *arr. Borschiel*.—Presented by McDougall, Ltd., Millwall Docks, E.14.

5.0 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL POST TOASTIES RADIO CORNER. Uncle Chris (Christopher Stone).—By the makers of Post Toasties, 10 Soho Square, W.1.

5.15 p.m. A QUARTER-HOUR PROGRAMME for boys and girls. Birthday Greetings from the Uncles.

5.30 p.m. NORMANDY PLAY BILL Advance News and Some of Next Week's High Spots.

5.45 p.m. CREOLE HARMONY Ay, Ay, Ay, *Freire*; Creole Lady, *Marzedo*; Serenada Criolla, *Joselio*; Mandy Lee Blues, *Melrose*; Creole Love Call, *Ellington*.

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

12 (midnight) RELAY OF MIDNIGHT MASS FROM THE BASILICA AT LISIEUX.

SATURDAY, JULY 10

7.45 a.m. SURPRISE ITEM

8.0 a.m. MUSIC IN THE MORNING Sweep, *Ellis*; Love is Everywhere, *Parr-Davies*; Did You Ever Have a Feeling You're Flying, *Sigler*; Sweet is the World for You, *Robin*; Vienna, City of My Dreams, *Sieczynsky*; You Oughta Be in Pictures, *Heymann*; Don't Ever Leave Me, *Kern*; You've Got What Gets Me, *Gershwin*.—Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks.

8.15 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL RECORDS BY LOUIS LEVY AND THE GAUMONT BRITISH SYMPHONY. Music from the Movies March, *Levy*; The Jingle of the Jungle, *Sigler*; Selection: The Great Ziegfeld, *Adamson*; Swing High, Swing Low, *Lane*.

8.30 a.m. HAPPY DAYS My Little Buckaroo; Favourite Favourites; Big Boy Blue, *Tinturin*; On the Trail Where the Sun Hangs Low, *Kennedy*.—Presented by Wincarnis, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

8.45 a.m. Sunny Jim's Special Programme of "FORCE" AND MELODY. Sabre and Spurs, *Sousa*; The Tune the Bosun Played, *Loughborough*; In a Clock Store, *Orth*.—Presented by A. C. Fincken and Co., Clifton House, Euston Road, N.W.1.

9.0 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL LIGHT MUSIC. Other Days Selection, *arr. Finck*; When the Circus Comes to Town, *de Rance*; You've Got the Wrong Rumba, *Sigler*; Manhattan Serenade, *Alter*; At the End of the Caribou Trail, *Box*; Excerpts (Naughty Marietta), *Herbert*; My Red Letter Day, *Sigler*; Joey the Clown, *Myers*.

9.30 a.m. FAVOURITE MELODIES War Marching Songs, *arr. Somers*; You Are My Heart's Delight, *Lehar*; Cowboy, *Carr*; Jollity on the Mountains, *Péras*.—Presented by Freezone Corn Remover, Braydon Road, N.16.

9.45 a.m. NORMANDY PLAY BILL Advance News and Some of Next Week's High Spots.

10.0 a.m. LISTEN TO VITBE We're Tired of that Tiger, *Holmes*; The Toy Town Party, *Mayerl*; In the Sweet Long Ago, *Tobias*; There's a Small Hotel, *Rogers*.—Presented by Vitbe Bread, Crayford, Kent.

10.15 a.m. NEWS PARADE Humoreske, *Dvorak*; Volkslied, *Hambour*; Prelude in C Sharp Minor, *Rachmaninoff*; Pizzicato (Sylvia), *Delibes*.—Presented by the Editors of "News Review."

10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT Marche Symphonique, *Savino*; Fantasy in Blue; Faust Waltz, *Gounod*; Abandonado, *Posadas*.—Presented by Macleans, Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

10.45 a.m. TEN FORTY-FIVE AND ALL THAT. Jump on the Wagon, *Connor*; Rhythm in My Nursery Rhymes, *Luncheonford*; Kitten on the Keys, *Confrey*; I'm Sittin' High on a Hilltop, *Johnston*.

11.0 a.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

2.0 p.m. BLACKBIRDS Celebrity Concert Party. Opening Chorus: Dixie Rhythm; Jo, Jo, the Cannibal Kid, *Mercer*; I'm Still in Love with You, *Bratton*; Dinah, *Young*; Keep a Twinkle in Your Eye, *Mercer*; I Wanna Woo, *Donaldson*; Dixie Isn't Dixie Any More, *Mercer*; When it's Sleepy Time Down South, *Leon*; Black Eyed Susan Brown, *Magidson*.

2.30 p.m. PARIS EXHIBITION NEWS

2.45 p.m. THE WHIRL OF THE WORLD Champagne Cocktail, *Phillips*; All's Fair in Love and War, *Warren*; Liebestraum, *Liszt*; Medley of Shirley Temple Hits.—Presented by Monseigneur News Theatres.

3.0 p.m. MUSICAL CAVALCADE Milestones of Melody; Serenade, *Ravini*; Minuet in G, *Beethoven*; Count of Luxembourg Waltz, *Lehar*.—Presented by the publishers of "Cavalcade," 2 Salisbury Square, E.C.4.

3.15 p.m. YOUR REQUESTS March (Things to Come), *Bliss*; Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life, *Herbert*; Alice Blue Gown, *Tierney*; If Those Lips Could Only Speak, *Goodwin*; I'll Take You Home Again, *Kathleen Westendorf*.

Please turn to opposite page

To Advertising Agencies
The LONDON GRAMOPHONE RECORDING COMPANY
WRITE CAST PRODUCE AND RECORD RADIO ADVERTISING PROGRAMMES

- All productions under the personal direction and supervision of Bertram Fryer—10 years with B.B.C.
- Ideas in Continuity and Synopsis form submitted without charge.
- All executive work taken off your hands.
- ACTING ON BEHALF OF SOME OF THE LARGEST AGENCIES IN LONDON AND THE PROVINCES.
- Beautifully equipped studios and recording rooms.

131-134 NEW BOND STREET, W.1.
Mayfair 0770

PARIS (Poste Parisien)

Times of Transmissions.
 Sunday : 6.00 p.m.—7.00 p.m.
 10.30 p.m.—11.30 p.m.
 Weekdays : 10.30 p.m.—11.00 p.m.
 Announcer : John Sullivan.



The Mills Brothers, who have now added a guitar player to their act, can be heard on records at 6.30 p.m. on Sunday (Poste Parisien)

SUNDAY, JULY 4

6.0 p.m. FROM THE SHOWS AND FILMS A Thousand Dreams of You (You Only Live Once), *Alter*; Pennies from Heaven (Pennies from Heaven), *Johnston*; No More (Home and Beauty), *Brodsky*; Through the Courtesy of Love (Head Over Heels), *Revel*; There's Something in the Air (Banjo on My Knee), *McHugh*; The Eyes of the World Are on You (London Melody), *Lerner*; Baby, Whatcha Gonna Do To-night (Good Morning Boys), *Lerner*; The Fleet's Not in Port Very Long (O.K. for Sound), *Gay*; The Night is Young and You're So Beautiful (And On We Go), *Suesse*.

6.30 p.m. RECORDS BY THE MILLS BROTHERS. Dedicated to You, *Chaplin*; Swing for Sale, *Chaplin*; I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby, *McHugh*; Miss Otis Regrets, *Porter*; Solitude, *Ellington*.

6.45 p.m. POPULAR TUNES The Forge in the Forest, *Michaëlis*; Selection: The Gondoliers, *Sullivan*; Waltz Song, *Cuvillier*; Wine, Women and Song, *Strauss*.—Presented by Fynnon, Limited.

10.30 p.m. OLD FAVOURITES Selection: Floradora, *Stuart*; After the Ball, *Harris*; Danny Boy, *Weatherley*; Roses of Picardy, *Wood*; Vienna, City of My Dreams, *Sieczynski*; A Thousand and One Nights, *Strauss*; The Bohemian Girl—Vocal Gems, *Balfé*; Unrequited Love, *Lincke*.

11.0 p.m. CABARET Red Roofs of Brittany, *Watson*; Shout, Sister, Shout, *Williams*; Two Hearts Divided, *Warren*; The Little Things You Used to Do, *Warren*; Lonely Street, *Porter*; Any Little Fish, *Coward*; Excuse Me, *Gibbons*; Lollipops, *Reser*; Rhythm and Romance, *Schwartz*.

11.30 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

MONDAY, JULY 5

10.30 p.m. MILITARY BAND CONCERT Florentine March, *Fucik*; Sussex by the Sea, *Higgs*; Tarantelle de Concert, *Greenwood*; El Abanico, *Javaloyes*.

10.45 p.m. IT'S TIME FOR DANCING Across the Great Divide, *Box*; When the Trumpet Started Crooning on Parade, *Kennedy*; Julietta, *Goer*; The Love Bug Will Bite You, *Tomlin*; Red, White and Blue, *Gay*.

11.0 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down

TUESDAY, JULY 6

10.30 p.m. DANCE MUSIC AND CABARET relayed from the Scheherazade Night Club. Compèred by John Sullivan.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 7

10.30 p.m. LIGHT ORCHESTRAL CONCERT. Serenade, *Ravini*; Play It Again, *Brodsky*; Spanish Romance, *Strauss*; The Goliwig's Cake Walk, *Debussy*.

10.45 p.m. RADIO STARS. Massed Bands of the Guards, *Burnaby*; In the Sweet Long Ago, *Tobias*; Ebony Shadows, *Carroll*; Taking a Stroll Around the Park, *Erard*.—Presented by "Radio Pictorial."

11.0 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

THURSDAY, JULY 8

10.30 p.m. MEMORIES OF MUSICAL SHOWS. Overture: Show Boat, *Kern*; Selection: Rio Rita, *McCarthy*; Only a Rose (The Vagabond King), *Friml*; Gems—No, No, Nanette, *Youmans*; The White Horse Inn, *Stolz*; I'm on a See-Saw (Jill Darling), *Ellis*; Selection: Mr. Whittington, *Green*; Musical Comedy Marches.

11.0 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

FRIDAY, JULY 9

9.0 p.m. (approx.) FRENCH THEATRE RELAY.

SATURDAY, JULY 10

10.30 p.m. VARIETY Blues Be a Coward, *De Kers*; I'm in a Dancing Mood, *Sigler*; A Nice Cup of Tea, *Sullivan*; Don't Old With It, *Burnaby*; Classics of Jazz; What Will I Tell My Heart, *Tinturin*; Body and Soul, *Heyman*; We Were Dancing, *Coward*; Swing Patrol, *Erard*.

11.0 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

RADIO LJUBLJANA

Time of Transmission.
 Friday: 10.30—11.0 p.m.
 Announcer: F. Miklavcic.

10.30 p.m. ORCHESTRAL CONCERT Happy Selection; Sevillana, *Ferraris*; Slippery Sticks, *Brooke*; Selection: Evergreen, *Woods*.

10.45 p.m. CHORAL CONCERT Polly Wolly Doodle, *Trad.*; O Mistress Mine, *Cripps*; On Ilkla Moor Baht 'At, *arr. Clark*; The Bay of Biscay, *arr. Williams*; Widdicombe Fair, *Trad.*

11.0 p.m. Close Down.

SHORT-WAVE EMPIRE TRANSMISSIONS

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

Late-Night Programme

12 (midnight) DANCING TIME I've Got You on My Mind, *Porter*; Lullaby Lady, *Johnson*; Red Pepper, *Norman*; Bad People, *Barrdines*.

12.15 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL It's Only a Paper Moon, *Harburg*; Sentimental Gentleman from Georgia, *Dubin*; Sweet Dreams, *Pretty Lady*, *Downey*; Stay Out of My Dreams, *Washington*; Hurricane Harry, *Steininger*.

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

RADIO MÉDITERRANÉE

(Juan-les-Pins)

Times of Transmissions.

Sunday:
 10.30 p.m.—1.0 a.m.

10.30 p.m. LIGHT MUSIC Selection, Everything is Rhythm, *Meskill*; There's That Look in Your Eyes Again, *Revel*; You're Sweeter Than I Thought You Were, *Sigler*; When the Poppies Bloom Again, *Towers*; Tina, *Kennedy*; The Scene Changes, *Hill*; Pretty Red Hibiscus, *Noble*; Head Over Heels in Love, *Revel*; The Jingle of the Jungle, *Sigler*.

11.0 p.m. SUNNY SONGS Happy, *Lupino*; Holiday Time is Jollity Time, *Van Dusen*; Tap Your Tootsies, *Sigler*; Having a Good Time, Wish You Were Here, *Fain*.

11.15 p.m. WURLITZER ORGAN Free, *Kennedy*; Sweet and Lovely, *Arnhem*; I Love You Truly, *Jacobs*; Popular Scottish Medley.

11.30 p.m. OLD AND NEW FAVOURITES. Angel of the Great White Way, *Box*; I Dream of San Marino, *Shields*; She Came From Alsace Lorraine, *Ilda*; They Didn't Believe Me, *Kern*; Old Ship of Mine, *Damerell*; I'm Still in Love With You, *Bratton*; Save the Last Dance for Me, *Sweetheart*, *Spitalny*; In the Chapel in the Moonlight, *Hill*; Don't Save Your Smiles, *Daviss*.

12 (midnight) DANCE MUSIC Midnight in Mayfair, *Chase*; One, Two, Button Your Shoe, *Johnston*; Everything You Do, *Chase*; Little Old Lady of Poverty Street, *Lerner*; On a Typical Tropical Night, *Johnston*; Let's Dance at the Make Believe Ballroom, *Razaf*; Foolish Heart, *Hill*; Serenade in the Night, *Bixio*; Sing a Song of Nonsense, *Carmichael*; Wood and Ivory, *Phillips*; There Goes My Attraction *Neiburg*; All Alone in Vienna, *Towers*; Let's Have a Jubilee, *Mills*; Darling, Not Without You, *Silver*; Supposin', *Evans*; I'm Still in Love With You, *Bratton*; The Eyes of the World Are on you, *Sigler*.

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

RADIO NORMANDY SATURDAY

Continued from opposite page

3.30 p.m. DANCING TIME A programme of dance music chosen by Victor Sylvester. Missouri Lullaby; Everything's Been Done Before, *Adams*; En Silencio, *Courau*; Save a Rainy Day for Me, *Collins*; At the Close of a Long, Long Day, *Marvin*; Love, Please Stay, *Mayer*; Dreams in Spring, *Blanco*; Fox Trot Medley, *Brooks*.

4.0 p.m. NORMANDY PLAY BILL Advance News and Some of Next Week's High Spots.

4.15 p.m. LAUGH WITH THE LUPINOS (Electrical Recordings). An Elephant Never Forgets, *Titheradge*; How're Ya Getting On, *Sarony*; I Do Like a Bit of Nougat, *Clifford*; Miss What's Her Name, *Gay*; Happy, *Lupino*.

4.30 p.m. SATURDAY SHOW The Jockey on the Carousel, *Kern*; Tell Me, Little Dream Girl, *Davis*; Ee By Gum, *Flynn*; Kerry Dance, *Molloy*; Somewhere a Voice is Calling, *Tate*; Beside the Seaside in Other Lands, *Dixon*; In the Chapel in the Moonlight, *Hill*; Load the Covered Wagon, *Kane*; Shout for Happiness, *Hart*.

5.0 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL POST TOASTIES RADIO CORNER. Uncle Chris (Christopher Stone).—By the makers of Post Toasties, 10 Soho Square, W.1.

5.15 p.m. MELODIES OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY. Songs from the Shows and Films. Indian Love Call (Rose Marie), *Friml*; I Still Suits Me (Show Boat), *Kern*; Lover Come Back to Me (New Moon), *Romberg*; Sweepin' the Clouds Away (Paramount Parade), *Coslow*.—Presented by Rentals R.A.P., Ltd., 183 Regent Street, W.1

5.30 p.m. SWING MUSIC Request Programme from Reginald Oswald. Who's Sorry Now; Stompin' at the Savoy, *Goodman*; Hors d'œuvres, *Coker*; Rhythm is Our Business, *Lumaceford*.

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 Normande
12 (midnight) RELAY OF MIDNIGHT MASS FROM THE BASILICA AT LISIEUX.

B.B.C. HIGHSPOTS

Continued from page 27

Prager, Rotherman Belmore, Colin Cunningham, Roy Mitchell, Allan MacKay, and funny man Frank Raymond. Pavilion Orchestra under Cecil Howarth. That seaside breeziness to make you dream of—or recall—your holiday.

QUIET THINGS.—"Pastoral" is a programme of new music "in praise of quiet things." Alan Paul, senior accompanist to B.B.C. Variety Department, is composer of these pieces. Singer is Garda Hall; instrumentalists include William Primrose and Anthony Pini; speakers Mary O'Farrell, Miriam Adams, and Ian Dawson.

HOLIDAY READING.—Talked about by Allen Ferguson.
JAY WILBUR and his Band provide mid-evening session of dance music.

FRIDAY, JULY 9

THE KING AND QUEEN to-day visit Empire Exhibition at Glasgow, and their arrival this morning is broadcast, and recording of it included in this evening's News.

FROM U.S.A.—"Five Hours Back" programmes start again. Melody and fun direct from America, where it's five hours sooner than it is here.

BLACKPOOL DANCES to Toni and his North Pier Orchestra, and for dance music to-night you can hear it—the band, I mean.

NEXT WEEK

Continuing B.B.C. FROM THE INSIDE by JEAN MELVILLE

Beginning Brilliant New Serial by HELEN BRETT "May I Have the Next Romance With You?"

Articles by MRS. GEORGE SCOTT-WOOD and MONTE REY

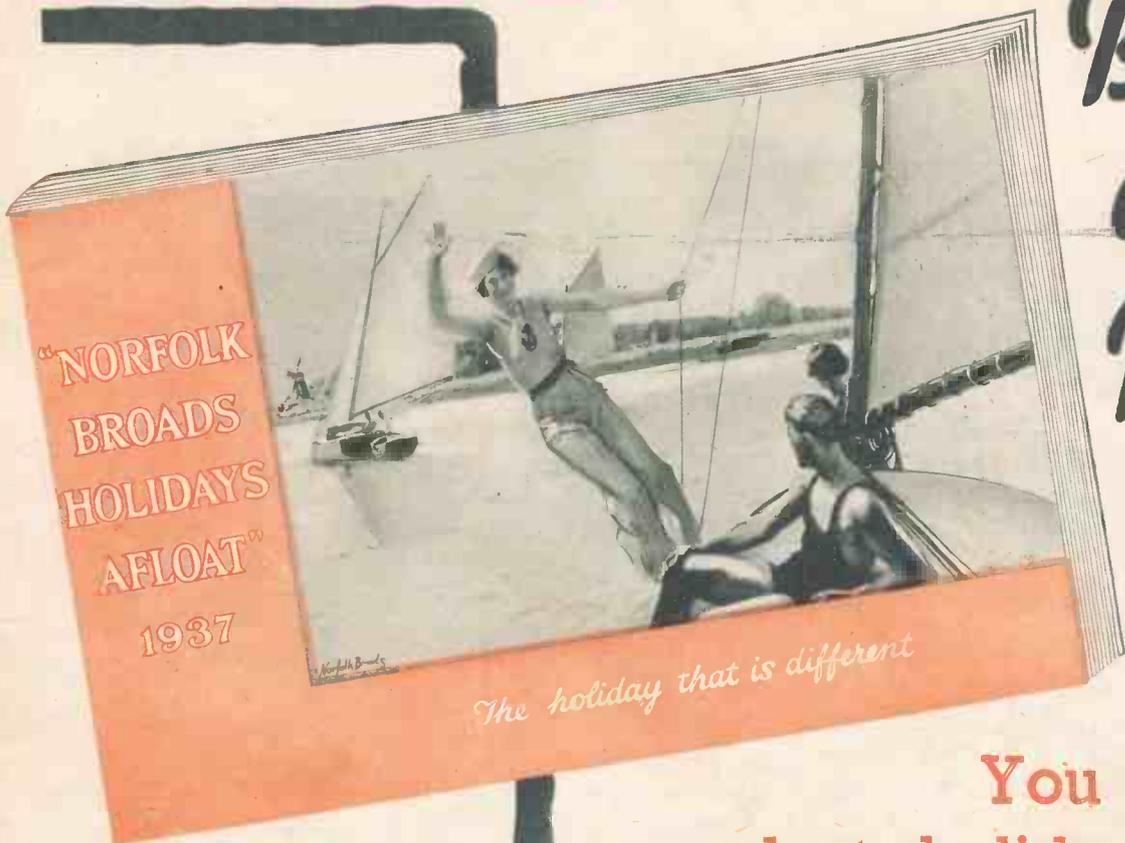
A. A. GULLILAND visits RADIO NORMANDY

HARRY PEPPER, in an interview, recalls some Seaside Memories

Usual Gossip and pictures. Full Luxembourg, Lyons and Normandy Programmes

FREE!

-this 316-page Book of the BROADS



"NORFOLK BROADS HOLIDAYS AFLOAT" 1937

The holiday that is different

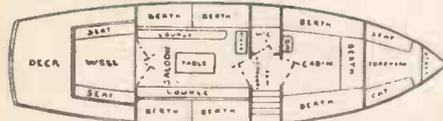
You can plan the grandest holiday fortnight of your life for as little as **£7-10-0**

A CRUISER FOR THREE



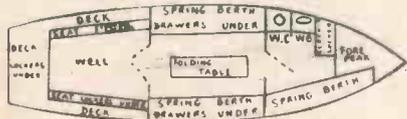
20ft. Motor-Cruisers, fully furnished. Sleep 3. Terms, unattended, from £7 per week. Larger cruisers to sleep 4, 5, 6 or 7 persons. Terms from £7 to £11 per week. Others with attendant.

A YACHT FOR SEVEN



Double-cabin Yachts about 40ft. fully furnished, sleeping six or seven, plus man. Suitable for family or mixed parties. Terms from £11:10 per week, including attendant.

A YACHT FOR THREE



18ft. and 20ft. Yachts, for the beginner, have one sail only, furnished complete, sleep three. Terms, unattended, from £3:10. Larger yachts for six, for the experienced, from £7 weekly.

A WHERRY FOR TEN



Wherries and Wherry Yachts. Length about 50ft., furnished, including piano, for family parties up to ten, plus crew. Terms from £17:10 per week, including crew of two.

CUT OUT ROUTINE and live your own life for a week or two this year. Let a boat be your floating home and enjoy the freedom of 200 miles of safe inland waterways. Cruising, fishing, swimming, dancing, sun-bathing, lazing, rambling in old-world villages; you can take a turn at them ALL on the NORFOLK BROADS. (120 miles from London, and between Norwich, Yarmouth, and Lowestoft).

Our free 316-page illustrated booklet describes over 600 craft for hire on the Norfolk Broads, and includes instructions on how to run a motor cruiser, sailing rules, hints for the novice, maps, competitions—in fact all you need to know. Also craft on the Cam. Broads Ciné films lent free.

Just ask your friends who've been; they'll tell you there's no other Holiday to touch it!

AVERAGE COST OF A FORTNIGHT'S CRUISE FOR A PARTY OF SIX

Hire of Yacht, including Man	£24 0 0
Provisions, etc.	18 0 0
Sundries	3 0 0
(6 Persons)	45 0 0

Cost per head for whole fortnight **£7 10 0**

FREE Cut out and post To BLAKE'S, 93, Broadland House, 22, Newgate Street, London, E.C.1, or to our Sole Agents, COOK'S, Berkeley Street, London, W.1. and 350 Branches.

Please send me copy of your 316 page "NORFOLK BROADS HOLIDAYS AFLOAT"

Name

Address
 unsealed envelope
 (in block letters)
 and post in 1d.