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NORMANDY : LYONS
PROGRAMMES
Aug. 8-14

RADIO PICTORIAL

THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERY LISTENER

3^D

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No. 186

RADIO PICTORIAL

The Magazine for Every Listener

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

ASST. EDITORS.....{HORACE RICHARDS
MARGOT JONES

THERE'S LAUGHTER IN THE AIR!



WISECRACKS by THE WEEK'S WITTIEST BROADCASTERS

AN ardent angler was telling his friend about the time he visited the B.B.C. to give a talk on fishing.

"Yes," he said, "they broadcast me on long waves, and when I say long waves I mean long waves. Believe me, old man," he concluded, extending his arms, "they were THIS LONG!"

(By JAY WILBUR, music maestro of the Andrews' Liver Salts programme, Luxembourg, August 8.)

The customer beamed across the chemist's counter.

"I'm a crooner on the radio," he said. "What's the best thing for my throat?"

But the chemist, who never listened to anything but opera, replied suavely, "A razor, sir."

(By ERIC SIDAY, of sweet music fame, whose delightful "Paradise Isle" will be heard on National, August 10.)

After Little Audrey's broadcast, an announcer remarked to her: "That was a very smart thing you did to-night. You found that the mike wasn't quite high enough for you, so you kicked off your high-heeled shoes to bring yourself down to the mike's level. A nice bit of quick thinking."

But Little Audrey just laughed and laughed, because actually her bunions had been giving her hell.

(By EDWIN STYLES, the incomparable compère of Rinso Radio Music Hall, of which there is another edition from Luxembourg and Normandy, August 8.)

SMALL BOY (to visiting aunt): Yes, Auntie, I've made my own wireless set, and I can get Australia on it easily.

MOTHER: Willy! I've told you fifty million times not to exaggerate!

(By HARRY HEMSLEY, ace of child-impersonators, and leading light of the Ovaltineys programme, Luxembourg, August 8.)

The handsome and popular crooner was stopped outside Broadcasting House by a girl who asked for his autograph.

She gazed so admiringly at him, he decided to give her a special treat. He not only signed her autograph, but planted a kiss on her cheek.

Such is fan worship that the girl hasn't washed her face for six months.

(By ANNE DE NYS, the pretty, vivacious star of Crosse and Blackwell's "Dinner at Eight," Luxembourg, August 8.)

1ST ACTOR: These are hard times for actors, laddie.

2ND ACTOR: They certainly are. I must say you're looking very seedy, old pal.

1ST ACTOR: Seedy? Huh, I'm so seedy I tremble every time I pass a canary.

(By D. A. CLARKE-SMITH, the popular radio, stage, and film actor who plays "Nayland Smith" in "Dr Fu Manchu," Milk of Magnesia's thriller, Lyons and Luxembourg, August 8.)

ISAAC: Vy are you out valking dis evening, Solly?

SOLLY: I had to get away from my wife—she is sinking.

ISAAC: My gootness! How could you leave your poor wife ven she is sinking?

SOLLY: Vell, she is sinking "The Music Vot Goes Round and Round!"

(By VICTOR SILVESTER, whom you can hear with his famous Ballroom Orchestra on National, August 11.)

CUSTOMER (in radio shop): I want a radio set for a birthday present. What do you suggest?

SHOPKEEPER: Ferranti?

CUSTOMER: No, fer uncle.

(By JENNY DEAN, one of the Horlicks Picture House stars, Luxembourg, August 8.)

1ST BROADCASTER: Let's make a dash for the Bolivar, Charlie. It's beginning to rain.

2ND: I don't see any rain.

1ST: Oh! Then isn't there a little dew on your suit?

2ND: Shhh—it's only fifteen shillings.

(By GORDON LITTLE, singing in "Music Through The Window," popular Phosferine feature, Normandy, August 9.)

This story is told of a coloured blues singer in the United States, a real cotton-pickin' mammy complete with picaninny.

She approached a railway booking office and said, "Ah wants a ticket for Magnolia."

The booking office clerk took down one book, took down another book, then studied a map on the wall. This research took some considerable time, and finally he said in desperation, "Where IS Magnolia?"

"Oh," replied the mammy, "she's sittin' over dere on de bench!"

(By GYPSY NINA, golden-voiced songstress, featured in a gramophone recital from Lyons, August 9.)

"Hey, Charlie, I took my harp to a party and nobody asked me to play."

"Well, I took my drum to a party and everyone told me to beat it."

(By HARRY GUNN, another of the Horlicks Picture House stars, Luxembourg, August 8.)

The soprano moved into a block of West End flats very popular with broadcasting personalities.

But after a few days in her new flats, the soprano bustled into the landlord's office.

"Say," she declared, "the flat on one side of me is occupied by a saxophone player, and the flat on the other side of me is occupied by a violinist. I've got to get out. I'm beginning to feel like a musical sandwich!"

(By OLIVE PALMER, the nom-de-plume of a famous star in the Palmolive programme. Tune-in to Luxembourg, August 8, and guess her identity!)

BAND LEADER (at rehearsal): Now, how would you like us to play your music—forte?

COMEDIAN: No, a bit quicker than that—say about fifty!

(By RONALD HILL, Billie Houston's new partner. Hear him in "Songs and Sentiment," the Dandarine programme, Lyons, August 8.)

TEACHER: Now, Tommy, what's another name for a stream?

PUPIL: I dunno, Miss.

TEACHER: Come, come, Tommy! What is it that comes down from the mountains and goes on and on and on?

PUPIL: Oh, I get it—a hill-billy number!

(By RONNIE GENARDER, popular crooner with Jack Payne in Beecham's Reunion, Lyons, Aug. 8.)

1ST PICNICKER: Quick, Doris, switch off the radio. There's a bull coming.

2ND DITTO: Don't be silly, George. What difference can the radio make to a bull?

1ST DITTO: Shhh, do as I say! This is a programme sponsored by Bovo Beef Extract!

(By OSCAR RABIN, whose popular Romany Band is on National to-day, August 6.)

The actor was about to make his first broadcast.

"Just think of it!" he said to a colleague. "People will be listening to me in every part of the world—in the wilds of Africa; on ships in the middle of the ocean; on uninhabited islands. . . . What are you laughing at, Charlie?"

(By EDDIE LEE, regular favourite of the "Waltz Time" programmes sent from Luxembourg by Phillip's Dental Magnesia. Tune-in to the August 8 edition.)

LAD: I've just joined the Band of Hope.

LASS: Oh, you mean you've turned teetotal?

LAD: No, joined a new dance band—and we hope somebody'll listen to us!

(By MANTOVANI, the Versatile, presenting another B.B.C. programme on August 9.)

1ST RADIO FAN: I think wireless will reach its peak of popularity when the beautiful feminine form is seen on the television screen.

2ND DITTO (ecstatically): Ahhh—The Shape of Things to Come!

(By EDDIE POLA, tireless wisecracker. Hear him in a "Twisted Tunes" programme sent by Hudson's Soap from Luxembourg, and Normandy, August 8.)

LANDLADY: If you don't stop playing that saxophone, young man, you'll drive me crazy!

BANDSMAN-LODGER: Ho, ho, you're crazy already! I stopped playing it an hour ago!

(By PAUL OLIVER, of the Palmolive programmes, a famous broadcaster using a nom-de-plume. Hear him from Luxembourg, August 8, and guess. . . .)

CROOK: Now that we've stolen the radio set, what do we do with it?

ACCOMPLICE: Look for a receiver!

(By GERALDO, whom you can hear in another Diploma Cheese "Elevenses" show, Luxembourg, August 8.)



"Aw, teacher, what about some dance music?"

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Isabel Jewell in Columbia's "LOST HORIZON"

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What Listeners Think

MONDAY AT SEVEN EVERY WEEK?

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. Anonymous letters are ignored.

WHY doesn't the B.B.C. give us the popular "Monday at Seven" programme every week instead of every fortnight?

A fortnight is too long between the Hulbert-Comber episodes. For instance, funny though they are, we forget all about them in fourteen days and have to work up interest in them again.

The B.B.C. should have far more "regular features"—listeners look forward to hearing favourite broadcasters on certain days.—S. Hughes, "Winspit," Beaconsfield Road, Upper Parkstone, Dorset.

Gramophone Requests

WHY cannot the B.B.C. have request programmes of gramophone records, as do the Continental stations, in place of the ordinary gramophone recitals? Besides giving listeners the satisfaction of hearing their requests, this might serve to placate many of the grumblers by allowing them to choose their own programmes.—R. Hickish, 63 Southview Road, Weymouth, Dorset.

Inane Gurgles

THERE is nothing I like better than to listen to a good comedian; but surely there is nothing more annoying than to hear the comedian start the laugh when he cracks a joke. Listeners prefer to laugh spontaneously, the gurgle of the comedian defeats its own object.—E. Bottomley, 38 Silverdale Avenue, Tuebrook, Liverpool, 13.

Film Musicals

THE end of the series "Music from the Movies" makes me wonder why the B.B.C. do not give an hour each week (or perhaps once a fortnight) to a kind of musical commentary on current releases.

Debroy Somers and his brilliant orchestra from the Horlicks' Picture House programmes on the Continental stations would be ideal for bringing such a programme to the "mike."

Before each tune is played, the main idea of the film from which it is taken could be given, so enabling listeners to form their own opinions as to whether they would like to see the films mentioned or not.

This would combine the double purpose of giving an enjoyable programme of miscellaneous music, and giving an outline of the films of the week.

May I also, at the same time, thank RADIO PICTORIAL for its ever increasingly good material? Like "Mr. Penny," RADIO PICTORIAL is a favourite with all the family.—(Miss) Monica Crossley, Westwood, Parkhurst Road, Torquay.

Trading on Popularity?

WHY—oh why—are film or stage stars allowed to trade on their popularity gained thereby?

Too often on the "waves" their jokes are rotten. Give us more of the homely everyday touch. Mr. Penny, Gert and Daisy, etc.—(Miss) Evelyn N. Barrett, 92 Eade Road, Norwich.

Tribute to Marconi

TODAY (Friday July 23, 1937) the world takes its last sad farewell of that great scientist Senator Marchese Marconi. His body has died, but his work will live on; a memorial any man might envy.

With "R.P.'s" kind permission I would like on behalf of the bedridden, the blind, the lonely, the long distance fliers, and those who "go down to the sea in ships," to pay tribute to one who has conferred so many benefits upon these his fellows.

Cowley asks in "The Motto," "What shall I do to be for ever known, And make the age to come my own?" Marconi knew, and did it. May he rest in peace.—J. F. Farrer, 27 Ansdell Road, Blackpool.

Not Enough Contrast

OFTEN items of a completely different character follow each other without any kind of buffer to soften the contrast. This makes for variety, but is also jarring and scrappy.

An example was the funeral of Marconi. After hearing a commentary on this sombre event, we were hurled into a dance band broadcast. A suitable piece of music, or a carefully worded announcement, even the interval chimes, would have bridged the gap.

This should be done with all strongly contrasted programmes following in succession.—John Weston, 87 Lisvane Street, Cathays, Cardiff.

Breaking Up Too Early

WHY must the B.B.C. end the "schools" broadcast three weeks before the end of term? We look forward to our history lesson broadcast every Thursday. At least there could have been three more before July 28th. What about it B.B.C.? Best wishes to RADIO PICTORIAL.—(Miss) R. M. Parry (age 14), 59 Carville Crescent, Brentford, Middlesex.

MIRACLE MAN OF RADIO

MARCONI

Our Tribute to a Great Pioneer

by

K. P. HUNT

(EDITOR of RADIO PICTORIAL)

FOR nearly forty years the name Marconi has been synonymous with radio—one of those magic names, known everywhere, at the sound of which old and young alike pause in genuine wonder and respect.

Listeners bowed their heads in universal sadness the other day when for two minutes all B.B.C. transmitters stood strangely silent; for Marconi has passed on, leaving behind, as an imperishable monument to his memory, the entire edifice of wireless communication which was his own gift to humanity.

Marconi was the inventor of practical wireless, although naturally many others played a part in its development. The possibility of wireless was proved in theory as far back as 1864 by Clerk Maxwell, whose somewhat awesome equations still form the basis of all calculations about wave propagation.

The German scientist Hertz, however, was first to demonstrate the actual existence of electro-magnetic waves, and his original experiments have since been re-enacted by thousands of schoolboys: a spark caused by a condenser discharge or from an induction coil placed at one end of the laboratory sets up unseen waves which are detected and ring a bell a few feet away.

Realisation of a Dream

Why did this remain for thirty years merely a laboratory experiment until young Guglielmo Marconi, enterprising son of an Italian father and an Irish mother, dreamed of adapting and developing it into a world-wide commercial system of communication?

Marconi's life was the happy realisation of this wonderful dream.

On his father's estate at Bologna, Marconi set up his apparatus in a shed. He stationed the family gardener at the far end of the grounds, instructed carefully to watch the needle of a sensitive galvanometer. In the old man's hands was a gun which Marconi told him to fire if he saw the needle quiver in response to the simple signals which the young experimenter continually sent into space.

Hours passed by.

Suddenly a bang brought out the household to see what had happened.

Radio was born. . . .

Genius Not Recognised

Marconi soon obtained results at distances in excess of a mile. And it was not long before he made his first really important discovery—some say his greatest. He discovered that if one side of the spark gap in the original Hertz apparatus was connected to earth and the other elevated in the air, the distance over which reception was possible was greatly increased. Marconi thus invented the aerial and earth now used in all transmitters and nearly all receivers.

Unfortunately, Marconi's own countrymen at that time did not recognise his genius. They could not see the obvious possibilities in his experiments. Marconi tried to interest the Italian authorities but was regarded as a visionary. He was not to be daunted by this apathy, however, and in 1896 came to England.

Now we British are often supposed to be slow-witted, yet it must be conceded that had it not been for the foresight and prompt action of our then Postmaster-General, Mr. (later Sir) William Preece, broadcasting as we know it might never have begun. Be it said to his credit that he immediately encouraged the young Italian visitor and officially accorded him valuable facilities to continue his experiments in England.

Secret try-outs took place on the roof of the G.P.O. building in London. Any readers who have been holidaymaking in the Isle of Wight and happened to visit Alum Bay to collect the coloured sand there, were at the scene of some of the other momentous demonstrations held about thirty years ago.

One of Marconi's first spectacular efforts was in connection with the Kingstown Regatta in 1898. Hitherto the progress of the race was not known in Dublin until near the end. But on this occasion Marconi followed in a tug and wirelessly the result to shore, thus providing the "Dublin Express" newspaper with the greatest scoop in its career. A "stunt" that echoed round the world.



The late Marchese Marconi, the Italian genius, who by his tireless work for radio has ensured himself a place among the immortals

Proving the Impossible

Notwithstanding this and many similar achievements, Marconi had to combat considerable scepticism and opposition, especially prior to his first epoch-making transmission across the Atlantic in 1901.

The privilege of speaking to Marconi was never mine; but I knew Mr. Kemp, one of the chief assistants who went with Marconi to Newfoundland on this historic occasion. Before Mr. Kemp's death I wrote several articles about this work, and he assured me that two people in 1901 actually wrote books proving that wireless across the Atlantic was impossible owing to the curvature of the earth!

Marconi arranged for transmissions several times daily from the now dismantled station at Poldhu, Cornwall. The receiver 2,000 miles away was little better than a modern boy's crystal set, but it was attached to a huge aerial supported by a box kite flown by Mr. Kemp.

Thrill of the Pioneer

Having been a wireless operator myself in the days before valves were known, I can imagine the thrill—can't you?—that must have been theirs, when these courageous adventurers first picked up across the Pond these dot-dot-dots representing the letter S which constituted the pre-arranged signal.

From this time onwards progress was exceedingly rapid. Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Company fitted out innumerable ships and shore stations with ever-improving apparatus and the utility of wireless as a means of saving life at sea was firmly established.

Until the early days of the war, morse code only was used. Broadcasting of the voice did not become really practicable until the thermionic valve generator was developed. The first transmission of broadcasting

took place early in 1920 from the Marconi Company's works at Chelmsford, and regular programmes were instituted soon after from Writtle, prior to the first B.B.C. transmission in 1922.

During the War, Marconi served with the Italian Army and Navy, and certainly his own country fully atoned for early neglect by showering upon her illustrious son every possible honour.

He was created a Marchese and entrusted with many important diplomatic missions on behalf of Italy. Marconi was also presented with a marvellously equipped floating laboratory which he called the "Elettra." In this, he continued his experiments which in later years were largely connected with short-wave transmission and reception. In this new field he blazed another pioneer trail, demonstrating extraordinary results over immense distances using only ridiculously small power.

Highway to Progress

Marconi's death at the age of sixty-three came suddenly and was a shock to listeners throughout the world. His private life was happy and faultless, and he had the satisfaction, not shared by many great inventors, of being recognised during his lifetime and of enjoying a gratifying measure of material reward.

A well-known judge once said: "Marconi, daring to hoist his sail and explore the unknown current, first disclosed the new highway." Does it not remain for us to ensure that this new highway leads to real progress and world peace?

To-day we mourn sincerely the passing of this miracle man.

To-morrow the younger generation will be taught his name among that radiant company of torchbearers in man's upward struggle.

WANDERING MIKE Presents THE WEEK'S RADIO GOSSIP

JOHN WATT SETS THINGS MOVING

B.B.C. Features Come to Life Again :: Do You Know a Flying Ace? :: Strange Visitor to B.B.C.

WHEN John Watt took on Eric Maschwitz's job he kept close as an oyster, saying nothing, and some thought he was dumb. But all the time he was thinking and before he left on holiday, some fine variety plans were sketched in on his pad. Days passed after his leave was due but he hung on, and it was not until he had the signature which meant that the money he needed for these plans was O.K. that he could persuade himself to go.

Old Favourites Never Die

More time and more cash are allotted to the programmes which listeners like best, and—just to show that the boys do not fear comparison with America—there will be regular relays of variety from the States on Monday nights. All the old favourites are coming back. "In Town To-Night," Carroll Lewis, Louis Levy, Geraldo, "Songs You Might Never Have Heard," and lots of new ones. The titles tell their own story—"Sweet and Lovely," for instance, and "Havana Nights" which Max Kester is producing.

Dance Band Boom

Big-time dance band leaders may not like having small-time producers presenting their shows, and little bands may not like being robbed of their vocals. But these are small snags in the tremendous boost which John Watt is giving to popular music.

I have had a careful look at these plans and if you will take it from one who is able to judge, the dance bands are going to lead the variety drive this Autumn.

Sessions in Plenty

Every one concerned is slapping every one else on the back at the moment. Starting in October there will be nineteen dance music sessions each week. Five dance bands will broadcast in the daytime, three between five and six o'clock, no less than five in the main evening programme when every one listens, and six late at night, of which five will be relayed from outside and one from the studio.

No wonder the corks were popping when the Watt scheme got known. John spilt his plans to band leaders over cocktails at the Langham as soon as he got things fixed. Jack Payne, Jay Wilbur and Lou Preager were the only men whose engagements let them attend.

Next day John turned up at St. George's Hall to collect the particular brand of French cigarettes which he always smokes, and then beat it on holiday. In his haste he had left them behind.

Room for All

I have heard it said that some of the B.B.C. men in the regions felt that Carroll Lewis was "poaching" in his search for talent. But results seem to justify the means, and surely there is room for everybody. Wise men of the entertainment business know the risk of taking a mill girl from her loom and a cobbler from his last. Fame is ephemeral and when the novelty of a first appearance has passed disillusion follows, and sometimes hardship, if the job is no longer open.

Not so with Carroll's discoveries. He knows of thirty-nine who are earning at least five pounds a week. Twenty-five of these are in his road show and when we met he was hooting with joy because one of these had just signed up for a film at twenty pounds a week.

Find The Ace

Charlie Brewer is looking for a flying ace of war-time fame for his next "Flying High" in October. Last time he got Carpentier, and he

is worried because he cannot think of another attraction so good. Britain produced Ball, McCudden and a dozen others, Canada—Bishop, and Germany Richthoven, but it is odd that America should not have thrown up a war-time airman with an international reputation. If any one can think of an aerial giant of the war years still alive who has not broadcast in "Flying High," Charles would be glad to know his name.

Dog Days

Jack is a very important member of the staff of the B.B.C.'s research department. Much of the gear in the convent at Balham is priceless, and he guards this treasure when the staff goes home. Each week his "wages" are drawn from petty cash and though he is friendly enough by day, when the boss and his other friends are about, they tell me that he is a terror by night.

His father was an airedale and his mother an alsatian and for a watchdog that combination takes a bit of beating. Though a mongrel he must have been well brought up, for he is a stickler for etiquette. He is a lovable creature, but you must be properly introduced.

Historic Record

Tucked away on the metal shelves in the studio tower at Broadcasting House is a record which posterity will count historic. On it Marconi tells the dramatic story of his vigil in Newfoundland where he waited straining his ears to catch the first faint sound to cross the Atlantic. With him in 1901 were Messrs. Kemp and Paget. Paget was present in his room at Electra House to speak his part, but Kemp had passed away.

Evening Paper Clue

But for a sudden inspiration and rapid action that invaluable record would never have been made. It happened this way. Leslie Baily pondering about his Scrapbook, read in an evening paper that Marconi was leaving for Italy next day. The Abyssinian crisis was near its worst and the master inventor felt an urge to go home. Within the past few weeks he had been refused the freedom of the British air for a propagandist talk. Despite this, he was approached and the genius was willing to record his historic story, but time was short and his departure could not be postponed. It must be arranged for ten o'clock next morning in his office or not at all.

Late Night

Wheels were set in motion and lights burned late in Broadcasting House that night. Leslie Baily himself retired at 3 a.m. In the morning two men who made history thirty-six years ago faced a microphone which their early research had made possible. Then gracefully and quietly, as was his way, the genius who was Marconi left for the sunshine of his native Italy, from which he was never to return.

Home Magic

Down in the basement studio at Broadcasting House the boys were playing with an electric instrument. Enter an Eastern potentate and his suite. A guide was showing them the wonders of the B.B.C. and the big man was vastly intrigued. With great dignity he approached the instrument. As he drew near it emitted a squeal. Somewhat startled he turned aside and the note changed, but still it continued to make a noise. He was in the presence of one of those electrical instruments which are played by waving the hands about them. The magic of the east is legendary; but, oh boy, was he impressed?

Star on the Cover

LINA MENOVA, international cabaret girl, made her B.B.C. debut in a recent "Monday at Seven" programme. She is a Titian-blonde, of Russian extraction, who when a child, escaped as a refugee during the Revolution. She is now happily married to an Englishman and is living in London.

Strange Interlude

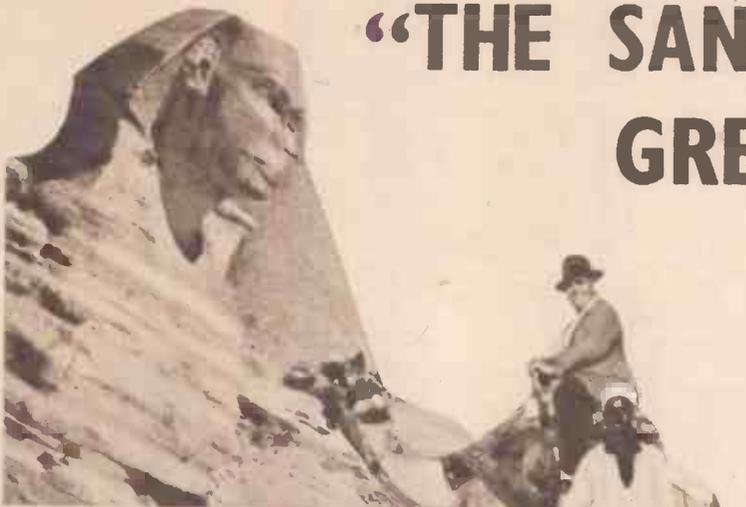
A MAN'S cry rang through the marble hall as he dashed breathless to the reception desk. "I want to see the boss. Television has got to stop. Those television cameras are always chasing me," he explained. It was a sunny day, and the visitor was just another "case." When it is hot receptionists at Broadcasting House handle about six a day. The cooler the fewer. Most complain that wireless waves are affecting their brains.

Some have messages which they must broadcast if the world is to be saved. Few are noisy, but those who shout are cautiously dealt with.



Even a busy radio star like Rosalinde Fuller finds time to snatch a holiday. Here she is all ready for the beach

"THE SANDS OF THE DESERT GREW COLD—



(Right) The camels are coming! Bobbie Comber is on top, which accounts for the camel's expression and the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.

— When CLAUDE HULBERT descended upon them with his all-devouring camera! A lively account by ENID TREVOR of a gay holiday spent in Egypt with BOBBIE COMBER and his wife.

By ENID TREVOR
(Mrs. Claude Hulbert)

WELL, here we are, on the boat coming back from our third visit to Egypt. I wonder why! The only reason I can think is—that on arrival our first time Claude swore he would never set foot in the land of the Pyramids again! Since then, when in doubt as to where to go for a holiday, it is inevitably Port Said.

Probably we choose this kind of holiday because we are both extremely bad sailors and so take our punishment in full by going right round through the Bay of Biscay. Of course, thirty-six hours in one's cabin at, shall we say, roughly £5 a heave is a very expensive and unique way of spending a holiday.

But there is always the point of view of the man who hit himself on the head with a hammer—it is so lovely when he leaves off! Not content with taking our own medicine (or "White Wings" for Sea Sickness, to be precise) we decided to persuade Bobbie Comber and his wife to accompany us this time.

It was understood that it was to be strictly a holiday and therefore no "Big Business" was to be transacted on board.

Having duly armed Bob and his wife, Kit, with all the "don'ts" of a voyage (it was their first), we set off one lovely May day from Tilbury.

Our beginning. Twelve hours late at Southampton through fog in the Thames! Grand! However, we persevered, and presently Claude detailed me to look after Kit in "the Bay" while he himself was to watch that delicate little soul, Bobbie Comber.

Two days later. Scene: The Bay. Result: Hulberts in cabins very seasick; Combers on deck playing deck tennis!

After the usual visits to Gibraltar, Marseilles and Malta, where we, of course, did the usual conducted tour by the very usual guides and bought the usual quite useless things in order to pay the usual duty on them coming home, we finally arrived at Port Said. Bob (who, being woken by the aroma in his cabin, thought we must have got to Naples by mistake!) remarked on landing, "Well, Claude, it is a long way to come to buy a Fez!"

At Port Said we hired a car and to prove to Bob that Naples is not the worst smell in the world, we motored to Cairo via Suez! However, our lesson proved worthless, as Bob and Kit became unconscious as we neared the borders of Suez! En route we pointed out to them the "Sweet Water Canal" which runs alongside the Suez Canal. So termed "sweet water," we presume, because it is drunk by the Europeans and washed and "everything else in" by the natives and their animals. Charming country, Egypt, full of allure and romance!

After three hours motoring through the desert, we finally arrived in Cairo. Our only stops having been Suez for tea and Ismailia, that real little English "oasis" in the desert, for lunch. How lovely it always is to see the green and the flowers in the distance and know you will soon be seeing the clean, friendly faces of the English soldiers!

A nice refreshing lunch, but no time to stop for a bathe in the cool, inviting water of Ferry Post. So on to Cairo. Cairo in May: 120 degrees in the sun, "Shepherd's" shut, and the English all gone home.

Only the natives about everywhere. Asleep, of course, in the doorways, on the pavements, and even stretched out on the roads. This, however, is not on account of the heat, but just on account of being a native! They sleep any- and everywhere at any time. A most industrious country, Egypt!

At last, "Mena House" in the evening with the sun setting over the Pyramids. Beautiful. Four days in Cairo. We certainly did a real Cook's tour! Pyramid, Sphinx, Sacara, and then those visits to the Mosques, Citadel, and Bazaars.

It really is all very beautiful and impressive, though I must admit that the thing that impressed me most



The weather had been so hot that the women had even ceased to wear black in the evenings on board. I had, therefore, carefully put away my new black sequin "dream" of a dress in the cupboard for cooler weather. On entering our cabin, what do I find?

A complete dark room with Claude at the wash basin developing his film!

But how is it such a complete dark room? It did not take me long to discover! Over the porthole hung my new black sequin "dream," burnt, of course, a delicate shade of pale brown by the sun on the outside! Thank you, Claude. I love your hobbies and these little visits with your camera to the golden East.

At last our comfortable stay at Mena House was at an end. We all four felt loth to leave that lovely, cool hotel on the fringe of the desert with its beautiful flower gardens and swimming-pool. It was lovely dining by that

Please turn to page 39

(Left) A cool bathe. Claude was too busy taking photographs to swim!

(bar the camel itself, of course!) was Bobbie Comber on a camel going round the Pyramids!

Claude was, of course, present on another, as indeed we all were. He had with him his precious little "Leica" camera without which, I secretly think, the journey to Egypt would never have been made!

On this occasion, his main idea was to get Bob on the camel! You will see by the accompanying picture that he finally succeeded! But oh, the hardships of that photo. First, believe me, it is no easy matter to photograph someone on a camel when you are sitting (or trying to sit) on another one yourself.

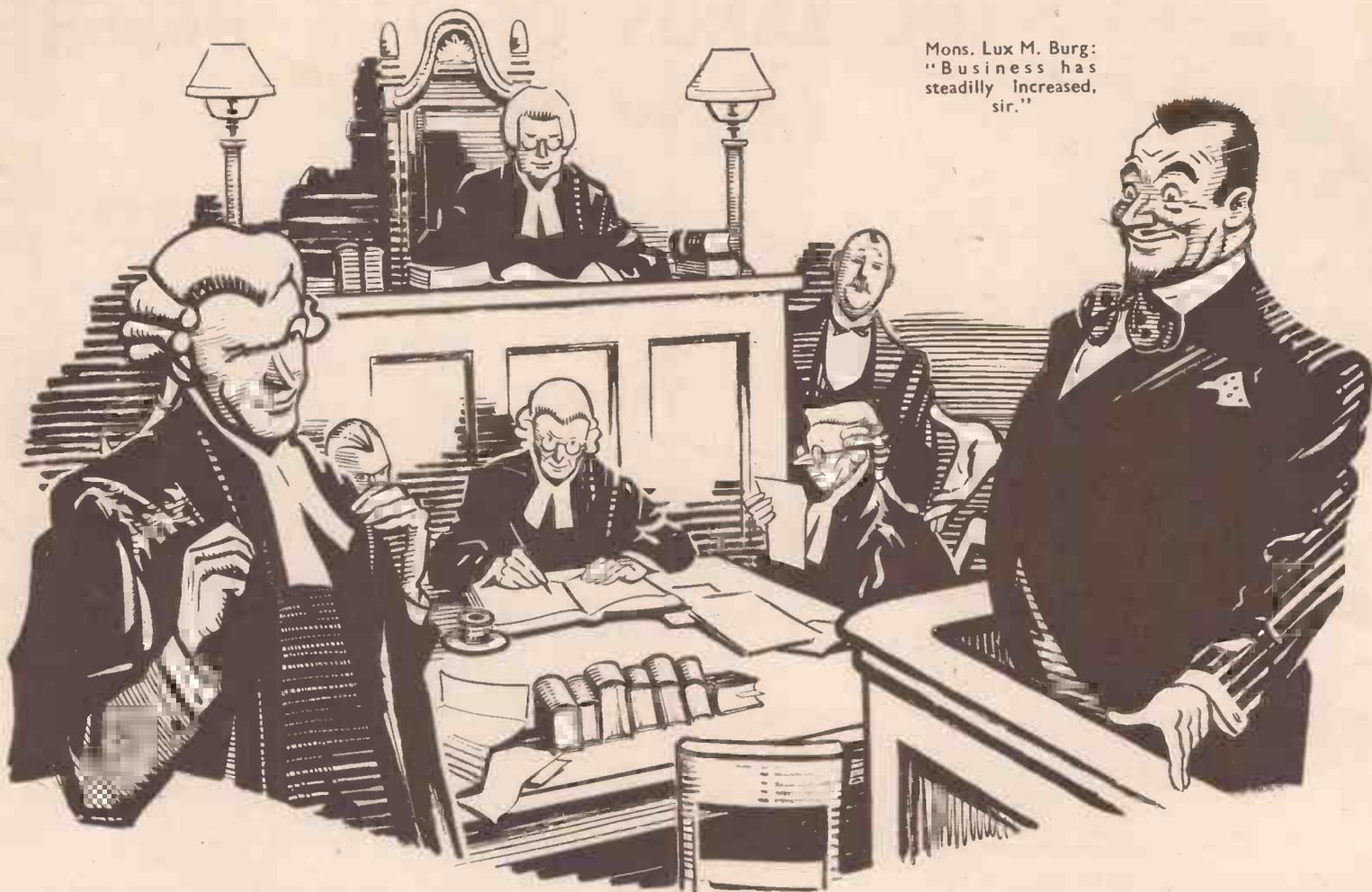
But Claude's camel was a decent fellow and finally allowed Claude to photograph his mate with the large Englishman on him, although, by his expression, I have a shrewd suspicion that he knew in doing so that Claude was holding the "camel trade" up to ridicule! But all this time the light was failing, and now a new awkward predicament for Claude. In the fading light, which was Bob and which the camel!

This picture at last taken, Claude set-out another day with our enthusiastic guide. This time we others did not accompany him. He went into the desert early in the morning with the temperature at 120 degrees to take a picture of the Sphinx. Perhaps you will think it was worth it?

Personally, I stayed in bed and later, in the cool of the day, went and bought a very beautiful postcard of it for twopence!



(Top) Claude and Enid on board. This photograph, believe it or not, was taken by Claude himself. (Below) Sightseeing in a native bazaar



Mons. Lux M. Burg:
"Business has
steadily increased,
sir."

B.B.C. IN THE DOCK!

SECOND
of a Brilliant New Series

(Here is the second instalment of a powerful series of articles in which the B.B.C. is arraigned in an imaginary court on charges that directly affect every listener. Whilst not necessarily agreeing with all the opinions expressed, we are convinced that the views of the prominent radio journalist, GARRY ALLIGHAN, will command the interest of every reader—Editor)

Reported by GARRY ALLIGHAN

SCENE.—Court of Public Opinion during the hearing of the second indictment in "Listeners v. B.B.C." before Mr. Justice Fairplay.

MR. LISSNER, K.C. (appearing for the prosecution): "My Lord, the indictment against the B.B.C. is: 'That light entertainment is of a low level because of amateurism,' and the case I shall present to your consideration will rest on two facts—effect and cause. I shall seek to show that the general standard of B.B.C. light entertainment is low, and then proceed to show why it is low."

MR. JUSTICE FAIRPLAY: "Permit me to point out, Mr. Lissner, that the word 'low' is entirely relative. I shall expect you, first of all, to define your conception of 'lowness.' Even in the rarefied atmosphere in which I normally move, I hear of eminent members of the House of Lords delighting in forms of radio entertainment in which their footmen disdain to wallow. What is 'low' to the lower orders may be 'high' to the higher, you know."

MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "I submit to your ruling, m'Lord. With your permission, then, I shall establish the standards by comparing B.B.C. light entertainment with competing forms of that. I propose to call Monsieur Lux M. Burg."

Witness enters the box, takes the oath, and bows to the judge.

MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "Your name is Burg—Lux M. Burg, is it not?"

MONS. LUX M. BURG: "That is so."

MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "You speak English."

MONS. LUX M. BURG: "Perfectly. It is part of my business to speak English as good as the English."

MR. JUSTICE FAIRPLAY: "Ah, that's a pity. I was

hoping that at last we should hear some real English instead of English as the English speak it."

Subdued titters in court.

MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "The witness is unduly modest, I think, m'lord. You will discover from listening to him—either now or during any of his broadcasts—that there are few who can make their meaning so clear, in English, as he. And now" (turning to the witness) "Monsieur Lux M. Burg, will you help the court by explaining your standard of entertainment?"

MONS. LUX M. BURG: "Certainly. My business, my lord, is to hold the attention of a vast invisible audience of many millions in such a focused concentration of interest that the few words of commercial value that are inserted into the broadcast are not missed. For that reason our entertainment must not flag a second nor depreciate in attractiveness a degree. If it did, we should lose business."

MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "If the success of your business depends on the high level of your entertainment, can you tell us how business is?"

MONS. LUX M. BURG: "It has steadily increased, sir. That is entirely due to the high standard of entertainment value in our broadcasts."

MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "Well now, how does the enter-

tainment value of the B.B.C. programme compare?"

MONS. LUX M. BURG (hesitating, then spreading his hands out in an eloquent gesture and smiling): "My lord, it is impossible for me adequately to express myself in English." (Loud laughter in court.)

USHER: "Silence in Court."

MR. JUSTICE FAIRPLAY: "On behalf of my country, Monsieur Lux M. Burg, permit me to apologise to you for the inadequateness of our vocabulary. And to congratulate you on the skill in which you have conveyed to the Court your meaning."

MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "The Americans, m'lord, have a name for it." (Laughter.)

USHER: "Silence in Court."

MR. JUSTICE FAIRPLAY (looking at the public gallery sternly over his glasses): "If there is any further disturbance I shall have the Court cleared." (To prosecuting Counsel) "Pray continue your lingual dissertation, Mr. Lissner."

MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "I would like to ask you, Monsieur Lux M. Burg to clear this matter for us by answering this important question: If your programmes attained the standard reached by the light entertainment broadcasts of the B.B.C. what do you think would be the result of your business?"

MONS. LUX M. BURG (emphatically): "I do not like to think."

MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "Thank you Monsieur, that is what we wanted to know. Call Mr. Vor de Ville." Witness enters the box, takes the oath with his hat on, and turns to Prosecuting Counsel.

MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "Your name is Vor de Ville, and your business is the provision of entertainment in music halls. Is that so?"

MR. VOR DE VILLE: "Yes, zat's so."

MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "What method do you employ to discover whether your entertainment is high or low value?"

MR. VOR DE VILLE: "Zat's simple. If it's high, the box office is busy, if it is lous—low, I mean—the box office is idle. If it is idle for more than a coupla days we shut up shop."

MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "You have, therefore, the advantage of what I might call a box office barometer. That, of course, is the ideal test. Applying that test to the B.B.C. programmes, Mr. Vor de Ville, will you tell his lordship what you think the result would be?"

MR. VOR DE VILLE: "Oi, oi, the B.B.C. programmes—

No. 2

IS B.B.C. LIGHT ENTERTAINMENT ON A LOW LEVEL?

Mr. Lissner, K.C., has stated his case and has called witnesses to support him. What do you think of their evidence? Does it coincide with your views? Or do you feel that Mr. Lissner's case is not proved?

don't make me laff. You were asking me about entertainment!

MR. JUSTICE FAIRPLAY: "The witness must reply to the question with the dignity that is befitting to this Court."

MR. VOR DE VILLE: "Beg your pardon, your lordship, but I got annoyed at the idea of comparing B.B.C. programmes with the entertainment that we build our business on. There ain't no comparison. Let me say this: If we were to put on some of the shows the B.B.C. put on the air we would play to the Wood Family."

MR. JUSTICE FAIRPLAY: "And who are the 'Wood Family'?"

MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "That is an expression used in the theatrical world to mean empty seats—just wooden seats, you see, m'lord."

MR. JUSTICE FAIRPLAY: "Then the witness answers your question most expressively. I think, Mr. Lissner, you have fully established that many B.B.C. programmes have low entertainment value as compared with professional entertainment standards. I gathered from your opening remarks that you proposed to show why that is."

MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "Yes, m'lord, with your permission. I will now put the B.B.C. in the box."

Defendant leaves the dock and enters the witness-box, takes the Book reverently and repeats the oath in a well-heard pulpitering tone.

MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "I want you to tell the Court some facts relating to the work of your light entertainment department. In the first place, how do you recruit producers to your staff?"

B.B.C.: "It was laid down by the Ullswater Committee that all vacancies should be advertised."

MR. LISSNER, K.C. (sharply): "Kindly reply to my question. How do you recruit producers?"

B.B.C. (hesitatingly): "Well, you see, we have to advertise for all—"

MR. JUSTICE FAIRPLAY: "Unless you answer the questions I shall ask you to stand down. Mr. Lissner does not want to know what you have to do or what you ought to do, but what you actually do."

B.B.C. (desperately): "We advertise for them."

MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "Oh, you do, do you? Then kindly tell me the names of the professional theatrical journals in which you advertised the positions now filled by your various producers."

B.B.C. (in a low tone): "I can't remember off-hand."

MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "I suggest that you never advertised those vacancies at all, and certainly did not advertise them in any journal of the theatrical profession. Let me ask you something else. Have all the producers on your staff had adequate experience in producing professional theatrical shows?"

B.B.C.: "Not all of them, but I know John Sharman and Harry Pepper have."



MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "Thank you for two names. What about the chief of the department, Mr. Maschwitz, who was the Variety Director, and Mr. John Watt, who now fills that important position, and Mr. Charles Brewer, the deputy Variety Director—have they had all-round experience of theatrical producing?"

B.B.C.: "No, Mr. Maschwitz had been a journalist and a waiter. Mr. Watt was a reporter; and Mr. Brewer, son of a celebrated cathedral organist, studied medicine."

MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "With such ample qualifications, those gentlemen control B.B.C. light entertainment. Do you consider they can possibly possess that box-office critical sense, coupled with experience in professional producing that saves shows from the taint of amateurism?"

B.B.C.: "You forget that broadcasting isn't the theatre and that we do not wish to follow stage technique."

MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "Is that so? Then why do you stage some of your broadcast shows in studios with a public audience? And why have you leased a real theatre, St. George's Hall, where your 'Music Hall' shows are presented strictly on stage lines?"

Witness mumbled something that was inaudible to the press box.

MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "There is an associated point that I want to clear up. In the professional theatre, as you heard Mr. Vor de Ville say, they have the



"Mr. Brewer, son of a celebrated Cathedral organist, studied medicine"



"Harry Pepper (above) and John Sharman (left) are experienced professionals"

acid test of the box-office. The box-office is their most candid critic. Can you tell the Court what critical judgment is brought to bear on your programmes. Who praises or condemns?"

B.B.C.: "We rely on the letters we receive from listeners."

MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "Will you tell the Court what is the average number of such letters for the average light entertainment broadcast?"

B.B.C.: "Well, there has been a falling-off lately, but we get a total of about 150,000 letters a year."

MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "You appear to be unable to answer a specific question. I did not ask you how many letters you get a year but how many you get for an average show. Come now, sir" *(speaking sharply)* "answer this: How many letters did you receive in respect to the last Music Hall broadcast."

B.B.C.: "Not many, I must admit—53 to be precise."

MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "And you expect the Court to believe that those 53 letters represent the critical opinion of your 30 million listeners? I suggest to you, sir, that you have no system of constructive criticism, that your producers are kept in an unhealthy hot-house atmosphere of sycophancy and mutual admiration. Is not that so?"

B.B.C.: "I disagree entirely."

MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "Well, let us see. Do you know of a place called the 'Bolivar'? Ah, I see by your expression you do. Is it not a rendezvous for B.B.C. producers and artistes?"

B.B.C.: "Yes."

MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "And do you know that the artistes gather round certain producers and indulge in what is known as back-scratching? Do not producers slap each other on the back and tell each other how good their bad shows are? And do you expect your producers to do good work when sycophantic artistes and amateurish producers create that artificial situation?"

B.B.C.: "I cannot answer for—"

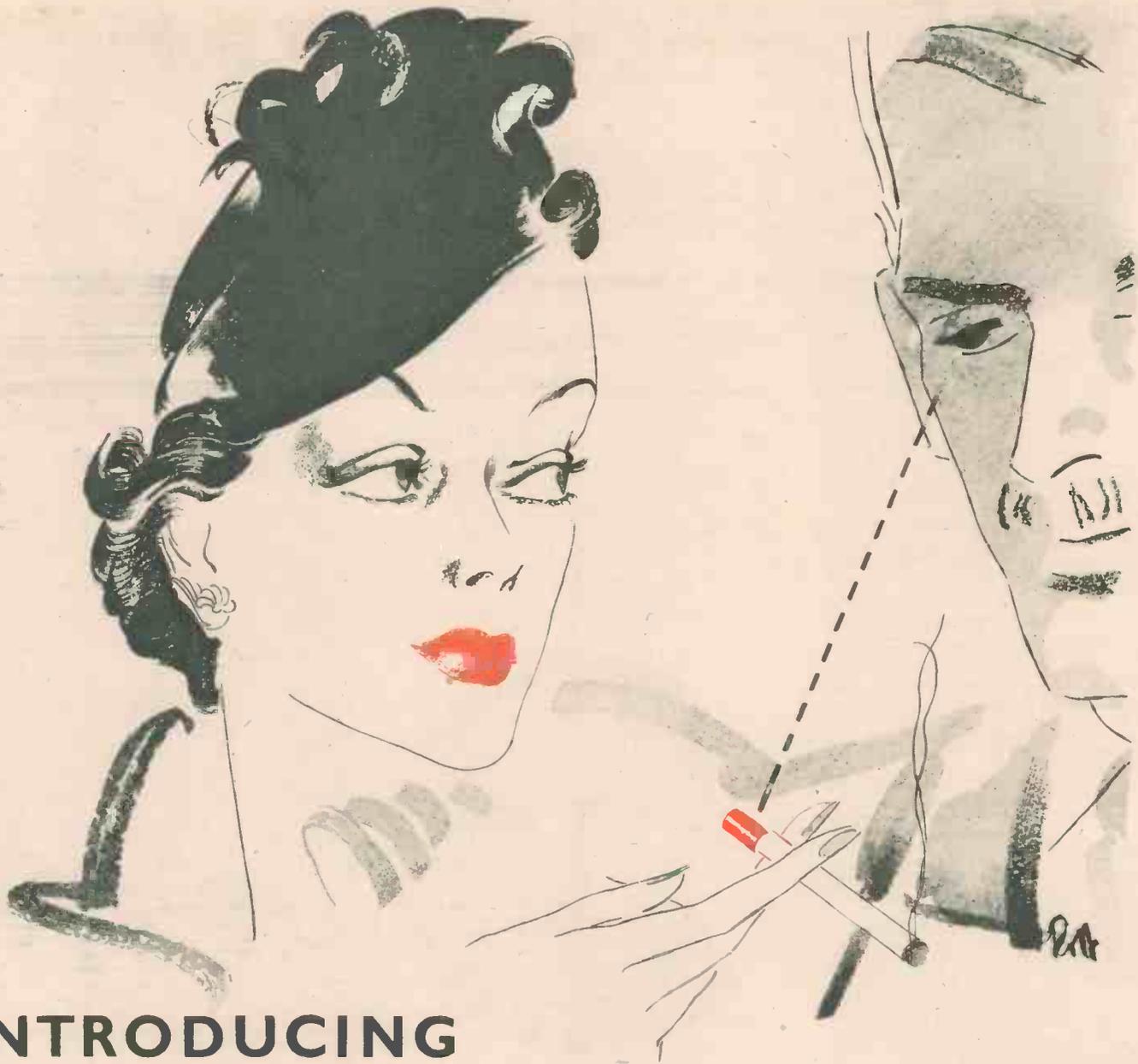
MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "My lord, witness's hesitation is an eloquent reply. I rest my case there. I maintain that in a situation where there is no criterion of judgment and no critical test but where many 'Yes-men' and mutual admirers live on each

other's buttered words, there can be no true professional standard of work. Young men with little, if any, experience of producing shows which stand or fall on box-office merit are allowed to provide the biggest audience in the world with light entertainment. The standard they achieve, whatever they may have aspired to, is often that of a Band of Hope entertainment. Their choicest offering is an annual event called "Christmas Party," where they even broadcast musical chairs and a charade. One or two other members of the staff, like Mr. John Sharman and Mr. Harry Pepper, are experienced professionals and that explains the superior quality of their productions, but most of the light entertainment is definitely below the best conceivable standard. I wish, m'lord, that every radio set was controlled by a coin-meter, so that to get any desired programme one had to insert a coin. Even if that coin were the humble halfpenny, I contend that revenue from these meters, for some of the B.B.C. light fare would not pay the afternoon tea bill of the announcers. It is because of this absence of the box-office test that the B.B.C. can, with impunity, broadcast the type of light entertainment that masquerades as variety. It is the result of amateurism and I ask your lordship to say that the defendant has been found guilty on this indictment."

MR. JUSTICE FAIRPLAY: "It is not necessary for me to go any further than the words of the defendant, when he was in the witness box, as a guide to my conclusion in this matter. He—rather reluctantly, I admit, but unable to withstand Mr. Lissner's irresistible manner—admitted that certain of the chiefs of his light entertainment department had no experience whatsoever of producing shows for the professional theatre. Now there are some occupations in which professional experience may not be necessary, but it is generally conceded that no amateur has ever tried to produce a show in the professional theatre without making a hopeless failure of it. That is an art in which experience is essential."

"I have no hesitation whatever in finding the defendant guilty of an acute form of amateurism which very seriously depreciates the standard of entertainment value of the Variety programmes."

NEXT WEEK.—"B.B.C. in the Dock," Third Indictment: "That the Sunday Programmes of the B.B.C. are a grave abuse of monopolistic powers."



INTRODUCING

Stainless Stephanie

Here she is, got up to kill. That lovely colouring, we assume, is not entirely the product of Nature — but who to-day would have it otherwise?

The Modern Girl is a work of art. She knows how to make the most of her looks. But she is also careful not to offend. Observe those cherry-ripe lips. Then observe the end of the cigarette they have been

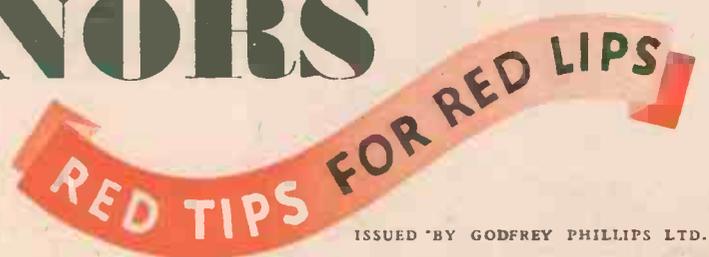
caressing. Her escort's eyes are upon it. Are they affronted by an ugly smear of lipstick upon that choice De Reszke? No.

And it's just because she smokes the new De Reszke Minors with the RED TIPS — the brilliant notion that prevents lipstick from showing on a cigarette, and helps men to preserve their beautiful illusions.

The Modern Girl smokes

De Reszke MINORS

30 FOR 1/- 15 FOR 6d



ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD.

Charlie Austin Answers Back

∴ ∴

When the Statue Froze!

"GO on, laddie—throw it at 'em. . . ." It was G. H. Chirgwin, the "White-Eyed Kaffir" talking. He stood at my side in the wings of the Old London Music Hall, as I waited—trembling—for Harry Champion to come off. For I was to follow—and this was my very first stage date.

Already Harry Lauder, George Robey, Alice Lloyd, Chirgwin, Eugene Stratton, and other famous stars had preceded me. And now Harry Champion came off, to thunderous applause. . . .

Heavens! How could I—inexperienced, afraid—please them after all that?

But—"Go on, laddie—throw it at 'em" repeated the White-Eyed Kaffir, and patted me on the back.

Head up, shoulders squared, I went on and gave them my songs. I "threw it at 'em"—and they liked it. But if it hadn't been for the encouragement of that big-hearted star, I should have slithered on like a cod-fish and received the howling bird!

Other memories flock back now, as I write this article, and mostly they are smiling memories, for those were gay old days.

Charlie ("Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo") Coborn, doing his stuff at the old Sadler's Wells. A fight breaks out in the pit. The manager hastens to stop the slaughter, but retires with a black eye inflicted by a well-aimed beer bottle. Charlie sings on while the battle rages.

A high-spirited reveller rushing up and embracing our leading lady one night, as we paraded through the auditorium. Myself, in cowboy's costume, pulling my trusty ".45" and sticking it in the fellow's ribs. He runs for his life, and the crowd roars. . . .

And Marie Lloyd—how well I remember that lovable woman, who knew only kindness, be you a prince or the humblest "pro."

And Harry Lauder on tour—Harry, who even

Song that Spelled Death

∴ ∴

Thought We Were Maniacs?

They were the craziest practical jokers I've ever met. They had an iron boot specially made for them, which they would take it in turns to wear. Then, out in the street, the one with the iron boot would watch his opportunity, and suddenly slip as a cab or other vehicle happened to pass. Out would go that foot with the iron boot, and a wheel would pass right over it.

A crowd would gather. The "injured" man would lie on the ground for ten minutes or more, moaning and twisting in agony while the crowd grew larger and larger.

Suddenly he would rise to his feet, dust himself down, raise his hat to the astonished audience, and calmly saunter off.

They continued this joke for a long time—until one day a cab ran over the wrong foot!

But here's real tragedy. . . . The tragedy of a song that was a prologue to death. . . .

Harry Fragon, famous Anglo-French comedian who was then earning his £250 a week at Drury Lane, was a great friend of mine. I taught him the song "Oh, You Beautiful Doll," which he translated into French. On his next tour of France he sang that song to a certain woman, and romance developed. But his father—who looked upon Harry as his own personal property—got jealous of the woman's influence. . . .

In a moment of madness he shot Harry and killed him.

"Beautiful Doll" was one of the "new-fangled ragtime" songs. I was singing with the act known as "The Ragtimers," the outfit which first brought the new rhythm into the provincial music-halls of Great Britain.

When the "Ragtimers" opened for the first time and showed this country the meaning of "jazz," the results were sensational.

But not the sort of sensation we expected. . . . We opened at Carlisle. Towards the grand finale of



Fred Douglas as he appeared way back in a burlesque coon dance

THOSE WERE THE DAYS!—FRED DOUGLAS says

when he was getting his hundreds a week, preferred a bed-sitting-room with fire to the most palatial hotel!

And that grand Cockney comic—Charlie Austin. Doing a show at Shoreditch one night, a boy in the gallery made a rude noise. Charlie stepped to the footlights and made the same rude noise back—only five times as loud. "That's how it ought to be done, sonny," he shouted!

George Hackenschmidt, champion wrestler, billed with me at Bolton stole my thunder one week when the wrestling craze was at its height. I preceded him, and was halfway through "In The Shade of the Old Apple Tree" (of which I was the original singer) when a man in the gallery leaned over and shouted: "Get out of t'shade, lad, we want to see t'wrestler!"

Another memorable moment was when, halfway through a song, the back-cloth went up by accident and revealed the next act. . . . a buxom lady in scanty tights balanced on the back of a white horse.

The crowd roared. Maybe they'd never seen a white horse before!

Another spot of unintentional comedy that "stopped the show" took place during a "living statue" act. A girl, clad in the very minimum amount of clothing, would be painted from head to foot with gold paint, and take up artistic poses. Between each pose the curtain would be lowered, for a moment, while a man rushed on with a paint-brush and filled up the cracks in the paint occasioned by each movement. One night the curtain went up again too soon and revealed a man in his shirt-sleeves still dabbing away at the "statue" with his paint-brush.

"Give her an extra coat, mister—she's catching cold," yelled a wag from the pit. And even the "statue" shook with laughter after that!

And what a laugh (unrehearsed) they had at the Holborn Empire one night, when the pianist of our company and a certain young lady found themselves most unhappily in the limelight.

A romance had developed between these two young people, and we constantly found them canoodling in all sorts of odd corners. One evening before the show they parked themselves on a settee on the stage, and for the next half hour became oblivious of the rest of the world.

The stage manager, not realising they were there, rang up the curtain at the appointed time. . . . whereupon they were discovered by a delighted audience, in the middle of a long lingering kiss!

What fun we had in those old touring days. Two acrobats, staying at the same lodging house as I, came



FRED DOUGLAS,

star of the Maclean's OLD-TIME MUSIC HALL (Luxembourg, Sundays, 9 p.m., Normandy, Sundays, 6 p.m.), recalls some amusing adventures of the good old days. This article will revive glorious memories for everybody over forty!

tearing out of their room one night, screaming that they'd just seen a ghost.

A ghost of a negro, walking on the ceiling! I followed the landlady into their room. "Look," they yelled. . . .

The whole of the ceiling was decorated with the black footprints of naked feet. The landlady was scared stiff.

She didn't realise that one of the acrobats, his feet daubed with soot, had balanced himself on the back of the other, upside down, and thus walked on the ceiling!

the act, it was planned that some of the "Ragtimers" should descend to the auditorium, grab members of the audience, and get them to join in this new sort of dance. . . .

But the "bunny hug" was too new for them. When our boys went down from the stage and grabbed their partners from amongst the audience. . . . well, the folk just misunderstood their intentions!

People started screaming. The panic spread. The stage manager, in an effort to improve matters, switched off the lights. But this, of course, only increased the panic. Those at the back didn't know what was happening, and imagined the worst.

Those in the front imagined they were about to be attacked by these queer "Ragtimers" who'd been shimmying around like pagan negroes on a war dance. And in a few moments they were tumbling over each other in their panic-stricken efforts to get out of the theatre.

Once outside, they told everybody that we were undoubtedly a bunch of maniacs. The next day, and for the rest of our week there, people in the street peered at us with white scared faces, and stepped off the pavement to let us go past. The theatre was practically empty each night.

Since things couldn't possibly be worse, we decided that at least we'd get a laugh out of it, and did everything possible to confirm their suspicions that we were maniacs. Two of our men would walk into various milliners' shops, stand in front of the mirrors, and spend fifteen minutes gravely trying on one lady's hat after another, while the assistants scurried off to a safe distance.

After a time, two more of our boys would walk into the shop, and beckon gravely to the two who were posing in front of the mirror. Meekly, and with their heads bowed as though in shame, the boys would then leave the pile of hats and follow their "keepers" out into the street.

When we left Carlisle at the end of the week, hundreds of people assembled at the station and hooted us out of town!

From "ragtime" to radio television is a long jump, but there's no room here to tell you of all the adventures that befell me between those crazy music-hall days and my subsequent appearance in the 1932 Radio Exhibition at Olympia, and in the first television concert from the B.B.C. I vividly recall that first television show in 1932, when I appeared in a policeman's uniform that was so small it split suddenly, and left a five-inch gap all the way down the back!

Ah well, those were the days. . . . But I'm still having fun.

JACK WILSON, the Midland star and popular leader of the *Versatile Five*, reveals to Charles Hatton some . . .

HECTIC MOMENTS THAT SEEMED A YEAR!

The Missing Shirt :: Ruining a Love-Scene :: In Place of Charlie Kunz

Ace Pianist—
Jack Wilson



THERE are times when life seems to be one hectic moment after another; as one minor crisis fades into the past, a new one leaps before the eyes like something out of a gangster melodrama. My life seems to be made up of phases of this description.

Two years ago, when I was very ill, and had been struggling on for some months under great difficulties with radio programmes, recordings and concerts, the doctor suddenly said it must stop, that I must go to Italy right away.

In a great hurry, I had to make all the arrangements for the *Versatile Five* to continue its broadcasts with another pianist, cancel all stage engagements and defer recordings. Then, just as I was "all set" for sunny Italy, there came a remarkably good offer for me to make my first London appearance at the Prince of Wales Theatre.

The doctor finally agreed, providing I took no stimulants of any description. That certainly made it an ordeal to a sick man, but everybody at the theatre was very helpful and I managed to do my stuff without collapsing. And the audience seemed to like it.

Despite careful rehearsal and other elaborate precautions, there are occasional hectic moments in broadcasting—not always audible to the listener. As perhaps you know, in every studio there is a loudspeaker through which a producer can speak to his cast in productions. Once, when the *Versatile Five* were on the air, this speaker must have been plugged into another studio by mistake, for it suddenly came to life with a burst of music during one of our softer passages.

Fortunately, the boys are all hardened broadcasters, and they carried on without a hitch. Then the loudspeaker went silent again. But I must admit that I was on tenterhooks during the rest of the broadcast for fear the incident might be repeated.

The Sax was Stuck!

At another *Versatile Five* broadcast, Jimmy Donovan was down to play a saxophone solo, which I was supposed to accompany in the usual two-in-a-bar vamping fashion. Jimmy came to the mike as I struck up the accompaniment, played his first note or two, then went purple!

Something had gone wrong with the complicated mechanism of his instrument. He made frantic signals to me, and began to try to put it right. Meanwhile, I began to improvise on the saxophone's melody from what I could remember of it.

All this time, Jimmy was wrestling with his instrument, playing a note when he could. We managed to struggle through somehow, but more than one listener asked me afterwards whether it was supposed to be a piano solo with saxophone obligato!

I had a similar experience when broadcasting with Coventry Hippodrome Orchestra. I was playing an excerpt medley of Billy Mayerl's numbers, which were in front of me on the piano, with a few bars of the following number scribbled on the one I was playing, so that I could link them up smoothly.

A fellow member of the band was turning over for me, and all went well until he snatched away a piece I had just finished and with it picked up the next number, which went floating away across the stage. I had already started it from the music scribbled on its predecessor, so I had to improvise as best I could while he went scrambling among chairs and music stands after the missing copy.

He returned with it in triumph, just as I had finished playing it from memory!

Auditions have their hectic moments for any would-

be broadcaster. I shall never forget mine. I was only nineteen at the time, and terribly nervous.

The announcer in charge did his best to set me at ease, but I was very shaky throughout the first half of my opening number. At the end, the announcer said: "Thank you very much, that will do nicely."

But I was beginning to regain my confidence now, and I assured him that I could do a lot better than that. "Right—go ahead," he answered with a smile.

So I carried on, and played three or four more numbers. I was told afterwards that if I had not done so, I should have been turned down, but the B.B.C. is always willing to hear an artiste to the bitter end, and this policy proved my salvation.

The day of my wedding was just one long series of hectic moments. It started with my best man sending his suit down to be pressed. The hotel authorities apparently thought he was in no great hurry for it, so they sent it out to a cleaner's.

Clad in his underwear and an immaculate topper, he was wandering up and down corridors, plaintively inquiring about his lost suit, while I was making complaints over the telephone.

Then I discovered that my shirt was missing. In order to avoid any practical jokes, I had driven my car to a garage outside Brighton, and in the car was all our luggage for the honeymoon. And there also was my shirt.

Forgotten the Garage

Reginald Burston eventually came to the rescue, and nobly volunteered to go and buy me one. He little knew what he was undertaking, however, for he had to try practically every men's outfitter's in Brighton before he found a shirt my size to go with a morning suit.

After these little episodes, everything went fairly smoothly until we set off in a taxi to find my car. Unfortunately, I had omitted to get a chit from the garage man, and for the life of me I could not remember at which garage I had left it.

I couldn't even recognise the man who had taken it over from me, because he had gone off duty by this time. So we spent over an hour examining the cars in various garages, until I eventually discovered my own.

"This is certainly an original way of starting a honeymoon," said my wife, who fortunately has a sense of humour.

Now let's go back to the days when I was a boy of fourteen, playing the piano in a small cinema. At that time, I had aspirations to become a great composer, and had been burning the midnight oil on a very dramatic piece, which might have sounded quite

effective as an accompaniment to a fast-moving Western melodrama.

Unfortunately, I chose a very inopportune moment to try it out—during the most sentimental love passages of the big picture.

It wasn't long before the manager was round, asking me what the blazes I thought I was doing. After that, I had orders to stick to the music supplied with the films, but even that couldn't curb my ambitions, and I was always slipping in odd bits of my own, when I knew the manager was in the box office, counting the evening's takings.

Another particularly hectic occasion was when I had to deputise for Charlie Kunz; it happened like this:

Charlie was topping the Bill at the Coventry Hippodrome—the whole theatre was completely sold out. At 7 o'clock on the Monday evening I received a frantic telephone message to the effect that he (Charlie) through unforeseen circumstances would be unable to appear, and would I take his place?

I had to dash home, change, make-up and be on the stage at 8.3 p.m. When I arrived at the theatre I just had time for a "quick one," but had no opportunity of discussing what I hoped to be able to do with Bill Pethers and his Band.

The audience, up to this point, had no knowledge of the change and were eagerly awaiting the first appearance of Charlie Kunz in Coventry. Imagine my feelings as I sat behind the tabs and the manager stepped in front and announced the change.

Blindfold Act

The band played the tabs up with the well-known signature tune "I want to be happy" (which I must have played some hundreds of times on the air) and then the rest was left to me. I played, the audience sang, and I eventually finished with a blindfold act, the whole turn lasting 25 minutes.

I was very thrilled when it was all over and I realised that it was a huge success. I did it again the following night to another packed house, then Charlie arrived on the Wednesday for the rest of the week.

My latest hectic moment was supplied by my eleven-month-old son, Anthony, who obliged by dipping his hand in a scalding cup of tea. Three of us rushed round in circles looking for oil of some sort while Anthony sat on the floor and howled.

He hasn't been so curious about tea since that day, but he's curious about lots of other things, and shows every indication of being booked for as many hectic moments as his harassed father!



Seeking inspiration amid lovely surroundings, Jack Wilson snatches few hours from work

CRYING for the MOON!

All she has ever wanted out of life is radio stardom. Her chance has come and she is snatching at it eagerly. The success-story of a croonette who has laughed at life and all its knocks

By
BETTY DALE

Singer with Joe Loss's band and in "Good Morning, Neighbour," the Reckitt's Bath Cube shows from Luxembourg and Normandy

WHEN I was fourteen I had just one ambition. I wanted the moon. At least, I wanted to become a radio star, and that seemed just like crying for the moon.

I didn't give a hoot for big-money film contracts, or to have my name blazed in lights outside theatres and music-halls. No, I wanted to go on the air . . . and now I've achieved that ambition, I still don't give a hoot for film contracts and blazing lights.

Maybe you'll think I'm unambitious. Possibly you're right. But I'm enjoying myself now as I have never enjoyed myself before, and I wouldn't change even to be in Greta Garbo's shoes.

I was only twelve when the footlights began to dazzle me. I spent six months dancing with a juvenile troupe, and then discovered I could sing. I blossomed out as a vocalist, and within a short time I was beginning to think I was one of the greatest little Scottish lassies in Glasgow.

When I went to Dublin, however, I had a rude awakening. I caught a bad chill on my way over on the boat, and my first performance there was not exactly a success. The next morning I picked up one of the local papers and found my name in a small paragraph on the back page.

It ran: "Betty Dale was a comedienne without any comedy make-up, but her voice very definitely needed sand-papering."

Of course, I was mad, but it took some of the conceit out of me.

Four years later I was still no nearer to fulfilling my ambition, so I decided to go to America and try my luck over there.

I was just seventeen when I arrived in New York, and had enough money to see me through for the first few weeks if I couldn't get a break.

I wasted no time in going round to the agents, and when they heard me talking in very broad Scotch that could almost be cut with a knife, they laughed heartily. "How can you croon," they said, "with an accent like that?"

"Hear me, then," I replied, indignantly, "and then laugh."

Nervous Breakdown

They heard me—and I stayed in New York four and a half years. It was fast living, though, and I began to feel the strain of it at the end of that time. I collapsed with a nervous breakdown, and spent three months in bed.

Within seven months after I had recovered I was back in bed with another breakdown. The doctor then advised me to return to Scotland.

I had only been in Glasgow a few months when an offer to sing in cabaret at Gibraltar took me out of the country again. This contract lasted nine months, and by then I felt it was time for me to go to London.

My first six months in that great city, however, were the worst of my life. I simply couldn't get a single break. No one would listen to me. I tried my level best to get auditions, but when I did, nothing came of them.

Disillusioned, I prepared to return to Glasgow. No sooner had I made my plans when I received a message from Billy Cotton, asking me to give an audition.

And that's how I got my first job with a London band. I broadcast for the first time in the country when Billy deputised for Henry Hall during a holiday session.

I went from Billy Cotton's band to Sydney Lipton, and then, just about four years ago, I met Kay Smythe. Kay was re-forming The Rhythm Sisters at that time, and asked me to join up with her.

I took a chance on Kay and prepared myself to fight right from the beginning again. We were lucky. In a very short time contracts were flowing in, and everything from my point of view would have been grand if I hadn't collapsed when making a record for Ambrose.



That busy little singer, Betty Dale, relaxes in her dressing-room. (Left) Joe Loss, who gave Betty her big break

It was a terrible ordeal. When we first started on the recording, I had a violent pain stabbing right through me. Somehow or other I managed to keep on singing until we had finished. Then I collapsed on the studio floor. I was rushed to hospital for an urgent operation.

I did not stay with The Rhythm Sisters very long after I had recovered, for it was while I was with them that I met the one man who has been the big influence behind me ever since—Joe Loss.

Joe was responsible for giving me the chance of fulfilling my ambition—to make a name for myself over the air.

I went with Joe Loss for a short time and then teamed up with The Carlyle Cousins. I stayed with them over a year and then thought it was time I returned home for a short while. My parents were always pleading for me to return, and it was the least I could do to repay them for all the help they had so willingly given to me.

Within a few weeks I felt the urge to get going again. I went down to London and Joe Loss gave me another break with his band. I have been with him ever since.

Joe is, to me at any rate, one of the most regular fellows in the business. He is not "the boss" when he is among the boys, but a hundred per cent. pal.

I like the boys, too. Every one of them. They take me golfing, swimming and riding, and they always treat me as one of themselves. That is why I wouldn't change my life now for anything, however seemingly important the change might be.

Working for Joe all the time, I soon found that I was making considerable headway in the radio business. I admit I was terrified at first. In fact, Chick Henderson still has to hold my music for me at times.

When I went to Glasgow a short while ago, I was tremendously thrilled. It was the first time I had ever appeared in my home town since I had had my big break. But it turned out to be a tragedy for me in the end.

Walking on the stage during the second night, I felt the same stabbing pains as I had previously experienced when recording for Ambrose.

I began to sing, and then the stage seemed to sway from side to side. The audience appeared to rise up before me and turn into two big red blobs.

The Missing Appendix

I don't remember what happened after that. I awoke in hospital minus my appendix.

Not long ago I was asked to sing on the Reckitt's Bath Cubes programmes from Luxembourg. I was so excited about this that on the evening before I had to go down to the studio, I put the alarm on for seven o'clock. The next morning I was up, bathed and had my breakfast, and ready to leave my flat by eight o'clock.

Turning to my maid I said: "I should think I was in good time wouldn't you?" She nodded her head. "Plenty of time. It's only Wednesday." I was exactly twenty-four hours too early for the programme.

Reggie Brewster, who plays the sax in Joe's band, is one of the most natural comedians I have ever seen. He does not plan or rehearse his gags, but will suddenly get up and do the craziest things.

I was singing at a theatre the other day, when Reggie got up from his seat and started banging about on the stage with a hammer. The audience roared with laughter, and I was unable to sing another note.

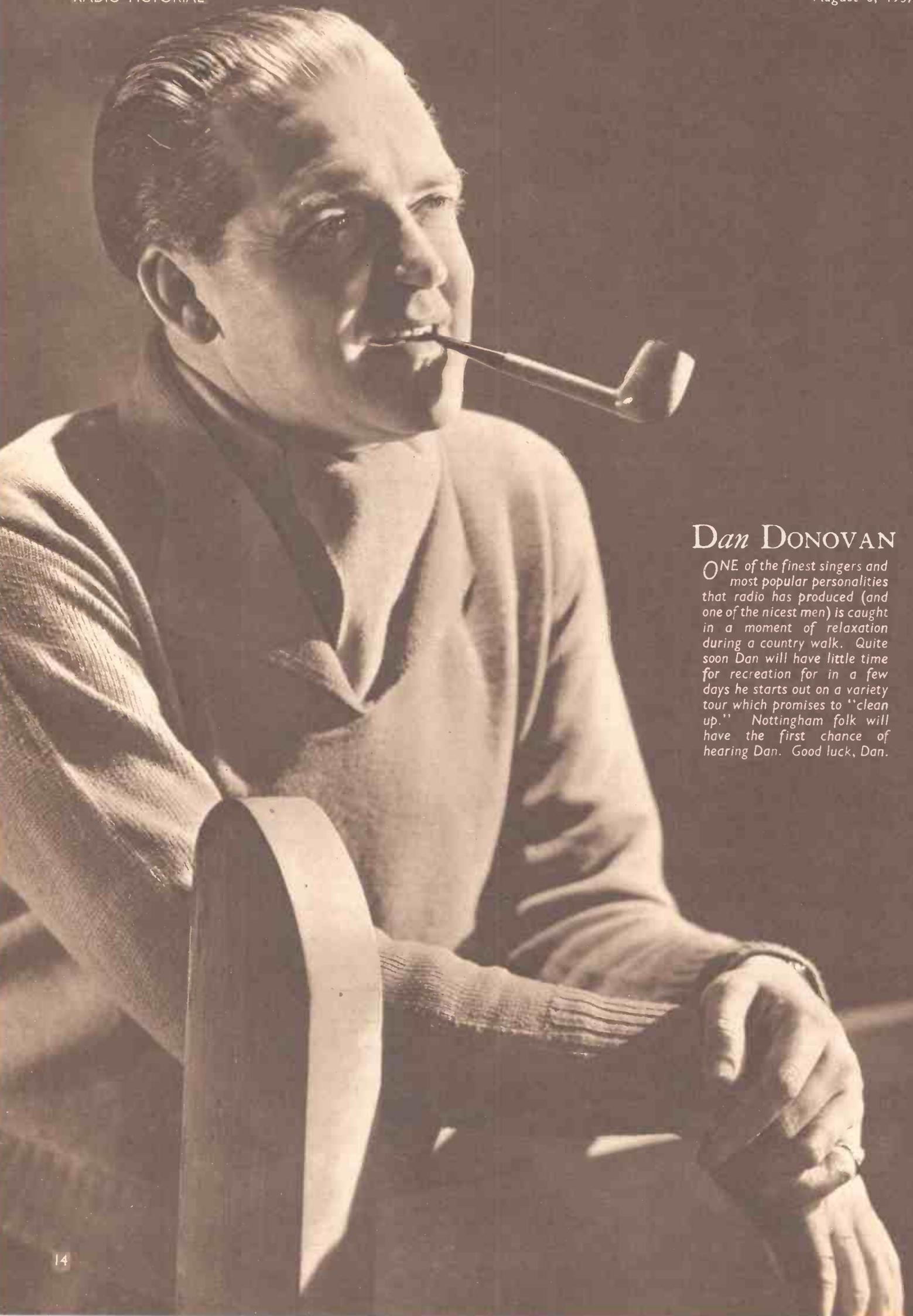
A similar thing happened when I was with the Carlyle Cousins. I had been out riding with "Tinker" Thornton for two and a half hours, and at the very end the horse threw me over his head. I went down on the hard earth with a terrific bump, which shook every bone in my body.

And was I stiff? I couldn't move for nearly two hours. When we were on the stage that night, we sang "The Wheel of the Wagon is Broken." A twinge of pain shot through me when we got as far as the line "I've hung up my spurs and my saddle," and at that point "Tinker" and I left Lilian to finish the vocal.



How I see the B.B.C. . . . by Hen Wilkin . . . THE WEATHER FORECAST

COMING SOON
TWO SUPERB RADIOLYMPIA
ISSUES!



Dan DONOVAN

ONE of the finest singers and most popular personalities that radio has produced (and one of the nicest men) is caught in a moment of relaxation during a country walk. Quite soon Dan will have little time for recreation for in a few days he starts out on a variety tour which promises to "clean up." Nottingham folk will have the first chance of hearing Dan. Good luck, Dan.

ARE YOU BRITAIN'S RADIO GIRL?

A Competition that May Bring YOU Fame :: More
Advance News of This Year's Radiolympia

MORE exhibitors, more stands, more space. The organisers of Radiolympia—Britain's great national radio exhibition, which begins again in London on August 25 and lasts for ten days—are out to make this year's show the biggest and best in the history of radio.

Radiolympia this year will cover more than half a million square feet of space in which no fewer than 112 firms will exhibit in 208 stands, offices and demonstration rooms all that is latest in the British wireless industry.

It seems difficult to believe, yet it is a fact that if the counters alone on which all these radio sets and exhibits will be shown this year were put in a straight line, they would form a gigantic array more than five miles long!

The insurable value of the 6,000 radio sets which will be displayed amounts to more than £5,000,000; while the exhibits in the museum—a new feature at this year's Radiolympia about which I will tell you next week—are priceless, some of the items literally being worth their weight in gold.

Last week we were able to publish the full list of artistes who will appear in the Radiolympia variety shows. There are twenty-eight famous radio acts and personalities in these programmes, which undoubtedly will be a main attraction to visitors to the exhibition. In case you did not notice the names last week, here they are again:—

All Star Cast

Fric Coates and orchestra; Jan van der Gucht (vocalist); Sandy Powell & Co.; Flotsam and Jetsam; Louis Levy and orchestra; Leonard Henry; Mamie Soutter; Two Leslies; Beryl Orde; Phyllis Robins; Bertha Willmott; Haver and Lee; Murray and Mooney; Peggy Cochrane; Donald Thorne and Harry Farmer; Revnell and West; Rupert Hazell and Elsie Day; Paula Green; Stanford and McNaughton; Bennett and Williams; Three Herons; Forsythe, Seamon and Farrell; Navarre; Payne and Hilliard; Vine, More and Nevard; Bobby Howell and orchestra; Dagenham Girl Pipers; Radiolympia Male Choir; Sutherland Felce as compère.

The theatre at Radiolympia will be a really remarkable place. It enjoys the distinction of being the only theatre built specially for one show. It is put up for the occasion and taken down as soon as the performances are over. In fact, it will be built in ten days for the ten days' show.

More than 1,200 tons of steel girders form a vast network on which the stage and auditorium is built, but this year there has been some delay in obtaining the steel owing to the demands of armament firms. I am now told, however, that all these difficulties have now been surmounted, and that the theatre will be ready for the curtain to ring up on time.

Many visitors to the exhibition probably will not realise what an enormous place this theatre is. The stage, for instance, is considerably wider than that of most West End theatres, while the stage lighting system is surpassed only by one or two of the most modern theatres in Berlin and New York.

Up-to-date Ideas

The up-to-date ideas which characterise everything connected with this unique theatre have been extended also to the comfort of the audience. Brand new cushion seats have been ordered which will enable the audience to enjoy the utmost comfort. The theatre will accommodate the staggering number of 4,000 spectators at every performance.

Similar magnificence has also been lavished on the stage setting for these shows, which has been designed as a replica of a B.B.C. studio complete with a microphone gear, light signals, control panels and an announcer.

A novelty in this year's Radiolympia shows will be the absence of the usual dancing troupe on the stage. Instead, the Dagenham Girl Pipers—a picturesque act of the highest musical qualifications—will take their place. There will be chorus girls at Radiolympia, however, but they will move about the audience in costume, acting as programme sellers and usherettes. A very snappy and charming idea, this.

There will be three performances in the Radiolympia theatre daily, and it is anticipated that more than 100,000 people will see the shows. On whatever day you visit Radiolympia, do take my advice and make a point of seeing this magnificent theatre performance. It is going to be one of those brilliant radio events which will be almost historical as a landmark in the progress of Britain's national radio exhibition.

Last week I also mentioned the television demonstrations at this year's Radiolympia, which will be

another main attraction to a large proportion of the visitors. Arrangements have been made on the basis of an anticipated audience throughout the exhibition of 100,000 lookers-in, and the facilities certainly will enable this huge number comfortably to see the B.B.C.'s new high definition television at its best.

A large section of the exhibition space has been transformed into what is going to be called the "Shaftesbury Avenue of Television"—a miniature highway reminiscent of London's famous Shaftesbury Avenue—with sixteen bijou theatres on either side of the street.

Each of these television theatres will be complete with plush tip-up seats accommodating 50 people, so that at least 800 visitors will be able to see each performance, nine of which will be specially broadcast daily by the B.B.C. to Radiolympia from the television transmitter at Alexandra Palace. In each theatre two separate television receivers will be installed by different manufacturers.

Don't Miss Television

Whatever your experience was last year at Radiolympia in trying to see television—and it is admitted that the hurried arrangements then made were inadequate—do not forget to visit the "Shaftesbury Avenue of Television" this time. There will be no charge for admission to these television theatres, but you will have to obtain tickets from the special box office. If you want to get a really representative up-to-date idea of the wonderful advances made in television even in the last few months, do not pass by this unique opportunity at Radiolympia.

Who will be "Britain's Radio Girl"?

Last week we were able to give exclusive advance details of this interesting competition which already has aroused a tremendous interest among the general public.

Remember that YOU have just as much chance as anyone else to become "Miss Radio of 1937," for she will not be a radio star but a member of the general public, the only qualifications being that candidates must be young, good-looking girls who can typify the spirit of modern radio.

The lucky girl who is chosen as "Miss Radio of 1937" has a marvellous future before her. Jack Swinburn, the Gaumont-British chief who is producing the Radiolympia shows this year, has decided to introduce her as the central figure in the big ensemble scenes in the theatre. She will, of course, have special costumes, and will be given a lucrative contract for the period of Radiolympia.

The enormous publicity thus conferred will open the door to further fame and fortune, for we all know what the introduction given by an exhibition of this kind can mean to a girl who has looks and talent.

Necessary Qualifications

You will remember, for instance, Jane Cain, the girl with the golden voice, who was introduced in a similar way two years ago. I am not deprecating Miss Cain's wonderful talent, but must point out that the initial publicity associated with her introduction to the public was a tremendous help in launching her on the road to theatrical and film success which subsequently she has followed so ably.

The official qualifications for "Britain's Radio Girl" are simply these: Beauty of face and figure, representative of the cultural beauty of broadcasting; intelligence characteristic of the more serious programmes; and youthfulness, because broadcasting is the youngest of popular entertainments.

Readers of RADIO PICTORIAL who possess these qualities are eligible to become "Britain's Radio Girl," and I strongly urge every reader to take a chance in this simple competition. The judges are Alec Moody, the popular organiser of Radiolympia; Jack Swinburn, the Gaumont-British producer of the Radiolympia shows; and K. P. Hunt, editor of RADIO PICTORIAL.

All that candidates have to do is to submit a good photograph in any position. Do not forget to write on the back your full name and address, height, weight and bust measurements.

Send this to "Radio Pictorial," 37/8 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2, marking the envelope "Radio Girl." It is advisable to include a piece of cardboard in the envelope to preserve the photograph from being bent in the post. No entry received after August 16 will be



Any girl of charm, beauty and intelligence stands an equal chance of becoming Miss Radio, 1937. Why should it not be you?

considered, and the decision of the judges will be final. Next week's "Radio Pictorial" will contain more exclusive Radiolympia news and particulars of the intriguing "radio museum" which will be shown for the first time.

DON'T DELAY!

Send us your photograph
at once — YOU may be
the girl for whom we are
looking

DANCE-BAND FANS' DEPARTMENT

AMAZING BLIND BAND VENTURE

By EDGAR JACKSON

Henry Hall
All Set For His
Stage Act
:: ::
Claude
Bampton's
Magnificent
Patience



You'll be hearing her lots. She's Anita Riddell, Henry Hall's new vocalist from Scotland

THE King is dead. Long live the King! I refer to the popularity kings of broadcast dance music—Henry Hall and his boys.

When Henry and the lads, who are now enjoying a well-earned holiday, return to the B.B.C. on Wednesday next (August 11), to go on the air from 5 to 6 p.m., they will no longer be the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra, directed by Henry Hall.

They will be Henry Hall and his Dance Orchestra—a distinction that means a good deal more than the slight difference in nomenclature may at first suggest.

Hitherto, although Henry Hall had complete control of it, the band belonged to the B.B.C. The musicians' contracts were with the Corporation, who employed Henry as their father, nurse and conductor.

From Wednesday onwards, however, the musicians' contracts will be with Henry Hall. The band will be his to take when and where he likes.

As a recognition of Henry's good service the B.B.C. is retaining him and the band until September 25, to give them a publicity "build-up" prior to their commencement, at the Birmingham Hippodrome on Monday, September 27, of a tour which will take in not only the whole of the British Isles, but various parts of Europe, the Empire, and possibly even farther afield. Bookings right up into 1939 have already been effected.

The constitution of Henry Hall and his Dance Orchestra will be somewhat different from that of the band with which we have all become so familiar. In last week's issue, my colleague,

Buddy Bramwell, gave you the names of the new line-up.

Of the now absent "originals," the Three Sisters will appear as a separate act. They will work under the aegis of, and be handled by, Henry Hall Enterprises, Ltd., the new artistes' agency which Henry Hall has formed to book his and other acts.

Bert Read, Eric Tann, Eric Cuthbertson, Freddy Williams, Freddy Welsh and Billy Smith say that for the moment they propose to concentrate on "gigs," gramophone, film and commercial broadcasting sessions, and other free-lance work, but it is more than likely that before long some at any rate of them will be found among our leading dance bands. Such talented players are seldom allowed to remain knocking about for long. Dan Donovan and George Elrick are, of course, well set with their respective acts.

Another band about which I want to tell you is perhaps the most amazing thing of its kind in the whole world.

It consists of twenty artistes, and all but one of them are blind.

The combination, which is due to commence appearances on the halls later this month, is being promoted by the National Institute for the Blind.

Already close on £2,000 has had to be found to train it and to equip it with instruments, dresses, scenery, props, etc., but it is money more than well spent.

The provision of a means of livelihood for twenty sightless people is the least of it. The blind claim that

they do not want sympathy. All they ask is recognition of the fact that in spite of their affliction, they can often be equally (and sometimes even more) efficient than sighted folk, and that they may be given opportunities to earn their livings side by side with their more fortunate brothers and sisters. Perhaps no better scheme for proving this to the public could have been thought of than this presentation of a stage band act throughout the theatres of the country.

I am one of three journalists—incidentally the only three—who have been privileged to see and hear this amazing venture in the making.

The whole thing is nothing more nor less than uncanny.

Most of the artistes are L.R.A.M. musicians. The others are so skilled that they could easily pass the Academy's exam.

The combination consists basically, in addition to a female vocal trio, of the more or less conventional dance band instrumentation of four saxophones, three trumpets, trombone, two violins, two pianos, guitar, bass and drums, but practically everybody "doubles" on something or other, and a section of accordions, a team of mouth-organs and a male voice trio can be presented.

Further, no less than sixteen of the orchestra are pianists, and six pianos are actually carried and featured. In addition there are various solo singers, and one of the instrumentalists is such a clever conjuror that the producer has been forced to let him do his stuff in the act.

One of the most astonishing things is that most of the artistes originally played different instruments from those required in the combination. They have therefore had to be taught others, and in a few months have not only learnt them, but have become more proficient on

Edgar Jackson's Selections

RECORDS OF THE WEEK

For Everybody

AMBROSE AND HIS ORCHESTRA—"Let's Call the Whole Thing Off" and "They Can't Take That Away from Me" (Decca F6425).

For Swing Fans

JAM SESSION ENSEMBLE—"Blues" and "Honeysuckle Rose" (H.M.V. B8580).

these "second strings" than are many sighted musicians who have studied them for a lifetime.

Another is that, of course, all the music has had to be memorised. Some have done this by ear; others have done it from Braille parts, in which all the scores have been printed.

So determined are the promoters that the show shall sink or swim solely on its merits, without any recourse to the sympathy angle, that all the members of the band are being trained actually to conceal their physical drawback.

They are being taught to "look" smilingly at the audience, and already most of them can move about the stage to microphones and for various other purposes with such confidence that it is almost impossible to realise they are blind.

I am sure that I am doing no one else an injustice when I say that the person mainly responsible for what can hardly be anything but an overwhelming success is Claude Bampton.

This well-known and skilful musician, who recently returned from Italy where he had been performing a job somewhat similar to that of Henry Hall's here, has had complete charge of the musical side. He has written all the orchestrations, taught the boys and girls their parts and often instruments with which they were previously quite unfamiliar, and undertaken all the rehearsing.

The patience that has been necessary can perhaps be better imagined than explained, but Claude is painstaking to a degree that is beyond the comprehension of most people, and the results he has achieved are little short of a modern miracle.

On the Air This Week!

YOUR FAVOURITE DANCE BANDS

- AMBROSE—Sunday, Luxembourg, 6 p.m.
- BISSETT—Sunday, Luxembourg, 7.30 p.m.; Normandy, 10 a.m.; Lyons, 9.45 p.m. Monday, Luxembourg 8 a.m. Tuesday, Luxembourg, 4.45 p.m.; Normandy, 9.45 p.m. Wednesday, Luxembourg, 8 a.m. Thursday, Luxembourg, 8 a.m.
- CARROLL—Wednesday, Regional, 10.30 p.m.; National, 11 p.m.
- COTTON—Sunday, Luxembourg, 2 p.m.; Normandy, 2 p.m.
- EVANS (Torquay)—Thursday, Regional, 10.30 p.m.; National, 11.15 p.m.
- GERALDO—Sunday, Luxembourg, 11 a.m.
- GIBBONS—Sunday, Lyons, 11.15 p.m. Friday, Lyons, 11 p.m.
- HALL—Wednesday, National, 5 p.m. Thursday, National, 5 p.m. Friday, National, 12.30 p.m. Saturday (Aug. 14), National, 12.30 p.m.; Regional, 10.30 p.m.; National, 11.15 p.m.; National and Regional, 11.40 p.m.

- HARRIS—To-morrow (Saturday), Regional, 10.25 p.m.; National, 11 p.m.
- HUGHES (Grant)—Sunday, Luxembourg, 1 p.m.
- LAWRANCE—Sunday, Luxembourg, 9.30 a.m.
- LIPTON—Sunday, Luxembourg, 7.45 p.m. Friday, Regional, 10.30 p.m.; National, 11.15 p.m.
- LOSS—Monday, Regional, 10.25 p.m.; National, 11.15 p.m.
- MANTOVANI—Monday, National, 9 p.m.
- MARTIN—Tuesday, Regional, 10.30 p.m.
- MCCORMICK—To-morrow (Saturday), Northern, 6.45 p.m.
- PAYNE—Sunday, Lyons, 10.45 p.m.; Luxembourg 9.15 p.m.
- PREAGER—Saturday (August 14), National, 5.15 p.m.
- SHAW—Sunday, Luxembourg, 11.15 p.m.
- SILVESTER—Tuesday, National, 8 p.m.
- SOMERS—Sunday, Luxembourg, 4 p.m.; Normandy, 4 p.m. Thursday, Regional, 6.50 p.m.
- STONE—Sunday, Normandy, 5.45 p.m.
- THORBURN—To-morrow (Saturday), National, 5 p.m.
- WILBUR—Tuesday, National, 8 p.m. (Theatre Organ).
- WINTER—Sunday, Luxembourg, 12.15 p.m., 11 p.m.

NEWS — VIEWS — AND GOSSIP

STARS IN THE SPOTLIGHT

AMBROSE TO FOLLOW STONE

BUDDY BRAMWELL

CHATTERS

MYSTERY singer mentioned last week in connection with Dave Frost's Irish Hospital Trust programmes is no longer a mystery. This mystery-Miss is **Judy Shirley**. But a new Judy. A Judy who proves herself a singer and not just another croonette. At a party she gave recently I heard her scale a top G with sparkle. By the way, she is now singing with Mantovani in his dance band sessions.

Incidentally, hearing some playbacks of certain records made by **Dave Frost** and his band convinces me that Dave's outfit is one of the tops currently. There was a rendering of a serenade by Schubert which was genuinely thrilling, and it was difficult to believe that it was played by boys who are primarily concerned with jazz music.

It's time Dave was handed a real break by the B.B.C.

Felix Mendelssohn, tireless booster of other bands, is now wagging a baton himself. He's just made his first records (non-vocals) and, though I wouldn't tell Felix, they're good. But now Felix has been lured into doing vocals on the next discs. Ah well, I'll keep an open mind about it.

Ambrose is to follow **Lew Stone** at the Café de Paris, and a better choice cannot be imagined. **Bert Firmin** is to take over the Café Anglais spot.

Champion arranger **Ronnie Munro** now has his own band. I heard a record that augers well for its success.

What famous girl pianist caused an explosion in a public place recently by admitting, innocently, that she had never heard of what famous band leader? Cue for blushes... but which is the one who should blush?

Helen McKay, now in South Africa, working, and worshipping the sun

MY PIANO AND I

SWITCH to this Sunday's Rinso Music Hall if you want to hear songs at the piano, put over with consummate artistry and appeal. For one of the stars of Sunday's show is **Turner Layton**, the magnificent coloured entertainer, whose "tag" is "My Piano and I."

Some there are who still regret the splitting of the famous Layton and Johnstone partnership which thrilled us for so many years. It was done as a gesture to progress. Two clever artistes, with the wisdom of their experience, realised that by taking the plunge and attempting something new they would be giving their careers new leases of life.

In the case of **Turner Layton**, at least, his promise has been amply borne out by facts. Never has he been in better voice than now; never has his offering to the public been of more sparkling artistry.

Layton was born in Washington and was in turn a chorister, organist and a composer of light songs. He has an abject horror of organs, incidentally, which has its being in a nightmare remembrance of having to practise on a wheezy old instrument in an attic at home. His appearances at St. George's Hall, 'neath the shadow of **Reginald Foort's** mighty toy, has done little to rob him of his complex.

He met **Johnstone** in strange circumstances that read almost like fiction. He (**Layton**) was engaged to sing at a dinner at a swagger New York hotel. While waiting to do his act he happened to hear a man singing at a dinner in an adjacent room.

The song was "The Japanese Sandman"—

No. 9
TURNER LAYTON



the voice that of **Johnstone**. So impressed was **Layton** by that voice that he arranged a meeting. From that moment sprang up the historic partnership.

Layton is a cultured person who is keen on cooking and flying and has a hatred of mathematics. His life study is French grammar, which has its root in an amusing incident. He and **Johnstone** were guests of honour at a dinner in Paris. Barely had they entered the hotel when their hosts were saying "Enchanté" (Delighted!). **Layton** thought they were saying "Chantez" (Sing!) and was justly annoyed at their apparent persistence. "You ought to learn French," said an unsympathetic friend. **Layton** has been doing so, ever since!

His own song, "The Wind and the Rain" will probably take its place among the very best light ballads. His rendering of "Christopher Robin is Saying His Prayers" is a glimpse of sheer technique.

Flash. **Roy Wallace**, popular bandleader at **Oddiengo's**, London West, has just been passed "O.K. for sound" at B.B.C. audition; so look out for a new radio rhythm-maker.

Roy, once with **Billy Merrin**, now leads his own band for the first time, it being but a few weeks old. Once, **Roy** tells me, he was a pianotuner. Good luck to him.

The faithful gathered at **Waterloo** to other night to bid God-speed to **Helen** (50,000,000 **Robins**) **Pope**, **Alleen Stanley's** accompanist. **Helen** went back to **Broadway** where she is due to write a show with **Bill Tracey**. **Helen's** gay unaffectedness has won her many friends in this, her first trip, and there'll be lamentations till she returns. Her latest number is called, strangely enough, "The Parting of the Ways," and at least one popular song-plugger found the parting such sweet sorrow. Incidentally, **Claude Ivey** now takes over the piano for **Aileen**.

Seen around town... **Gordon Little** with new car and subsequently on a bike... a story that maybe I'll split one day. **Hildegard** at the **Criterion Theatre** looking most homageworthy. **Peter Bernard** in a milk-bar! He tried to deny it, so I promised faithfully to keep it quiet.

Sorry that **Hotcha m'Chotcha Harry Roy** wasn't on the air August 3rd after all, owing to the fact that a date with his always enthusiastic **Holborn Empire** audience prevented him getting away in time.

However, we'll be hearing him... and before long, I hope. Last broadcast was in May—there seemed to be some query at the time about vocals.

From the **Guatemala** consul's office comes **Rufino Barrios**, to sing tangos and such-like when **Reg Edwards** and his band broadcast on August 12th (Western and Welsh).

"He used to come in with a party to dance to my band at the **Empress Ballroom, Colwyn Bay**," explains **Reg**. "One night I asked if there was anyone in his party who could help me out by singing a **Continental** tune. **Rufino** came forward, and that's how I found him."

Geography note: **Guatemala** is a republic of **Central America**. Its exports include sarsaparilla.

The strange story of **Chips Chippendell**, popular vocalist... **Chips** used to sell groceries in a **Liverpool** store.

O' nights he used to drop in the **Grafton Hotel, Liverpool**, and play the piano for fun when the bandboys were having their interval. The late **Wilf Hamer** offered him a job there, but **Chips** said he preferred groceries. Then one day he got his fingers badly cut in an accident. **Chips** reckoned it was a hint from the **Fates** that he should make the most of his talents, and vowed if his fingers got better he'd take the piano job.

The fingers got better, but the piano job was already filled. But there was an opening for a saxophonist. Rather to his amazement, **Chips** found he was a sax-player too, and forthwith got the job. After which **Billy Cotton** booked him because he heard him sing! Then **Sidney Lipton**...

Meet **Bill Ariss**, new tenor with the **Canadian Bachelors**. Long, lanky, likeable guy who looks far more like a baseball player than a singer. Also bears striking resemblance to film-star **Spencer Tracy**. **Bill** used to study serious music at the **Hambourg Conservatoire** in **Montreal**; met the other "Bachelors" then; lost touch with them; ran in to them in **Piccadilly** the other week just at the moment they were searching for a tenor. Easy...

HOLD IT, DICK!



Love Bug Department... congratulatory hand-shakes to "Dick," **B.B.C. MYSTERY SINGER**, who has just handed in his bachelor checks and taken unto himself a lovely wife.

Concluding "DOWN UNDER" to "ON TOP"

"FILMS, FIRES and FANS!"

by BRIAN LAWRENCE



Brian with his greatest inspiration—his mother

In this last instalment of his fascinating life-story BRIAN LAWRENCE tells of some of his film adventures, denies that he has ever been engaged (despite the newspapers!) and pays tribute to his mother and the boys in his band

as being "that way," if not actually engaged. Actually, Marjorie and I are just good friends; we have played tennis together quite a lot, and often on Saturday nights we used to dine together at some club, and dance. Merely because we are both fond of dancing.

But I have never been engaged in my life, nor have I even thought of becoming engaged.

I will not deny, of course, that I have at times thought myself to be in love. Nobody would believe me if I did deny it. But I will not mention the names of those who inspired such illusions, for they were illusions which faded away after a brief butterfly existence of some three months.

However, I can assure you that it's "all quiet on the Western Front" at the moment.

Which reminds me that, not so long back, a lady whom I had never met in my life gave me some rather disquieting moments. . . .

The first letter from her was just a normal little note, asking for a photograph—to which request, of course I responded.

Got Too Persistent

Then she started writing almost every day, usually by express mail. In those letters—of a most passionate nature—she frequently stated that she had seen me at some street corner, and—"Why didn't you stop and speak to me"—she would ask. On the occasions mentioned I was miles away—sometimes hundreds of miles away—from those street corners! Finally I decided it would be advisable to hand those letters over to my solicitor.

Such cases are exceptional. It is the correspondence



(Left) Fred Hartley, who gave Brian his first break on the air, and (right) "Tawny" Neilson, the popular girl now with Keith Prowse, music publishers who first recognised Brian as a gramophone "certainty."

AFTER my first broadcast, only three years ago this June, things began to happen with bewildering rapidity. Two more broadcasts with Fred Hartley followed in July; then my first B.B.C. variety date on October 13th, 1934; then an engagement for the "Songs from the Films" series, followed by dates with the "Air-do-Wells."

Another experience not to be forgotten was my debut on the films in *She Shall Have Music*. . . .

Funny, the way I've been encountering Claude Dampier in the most unexpected places, thousands of miles apart, from a very early age. He was in this film, and—lo and behold—also in my third screen venture—*Sing As You Swing*. I haven't the slightest doubt that when I reach the Pearly Gates I shall bang into him again, prowling around outside and looking for "Mrs. Gibson!"

As for *She Shall Have Music*—well, she nearly didn't—as far as I was concerned, anyway!

I was called to the studios on a Friday, on which day I was broadcasting at 5.30 p.m., and when I also had five new songs on my mind, which I was to "put over" on the Saturday with Fred Hartley. Well, at 1.30 a.m. on Friday my film-song for that day's filming was brought to me at the Landsdowne. It consisted of just the top line of the score, and the words. I took it home and studied it in bed. After about three hours' sleep I arose and betook myself to the studios. . . .

The morning was spent in recording the sound (as apart from the action; in this instance the musical sound-track and the filming were dealt with separately, and then pieced together).

Didn't Know the Words

I hadn't had time to learn the words of the song, but during the recording—of course—I sang from the copy. Then after lunch I was told to get ready for the actual filming.

"All you have to do"—I was told—"is to move your mouth as though you're singing the words."

"But"—I pointed out—"I don't know the words."

Consternation in the camp. Discussions. Finally it was suggested that the words be pasted into the mike into which I was supposed to be singing. I pointed out that it would be hard to peer at a tiny piece of paper and at the same time "register" effectively for the camera.

More discussions. I looked at my watch and discovered I was due on the air in about an hour's time.

And so—because, after all, radio had first call on my services—I slipped quietly away and hastened towards Broadcasting House.

On Sunday an official from the studios telephoned and said I would no longer be required in the film.

When this information was likewise passed on to Jack Hylton, dance-band maestro of the film, he hinted in so many words that if there were no Brian Lawrence there would be no Jack Hylton. Jack can always see both sides of any question, bless his heart.

On Monday I was informed that I would be in the film after all. By this time I had had an opportunity to learn the words. . . .

I love filming—but believe me, it's not always easy work. One scene, for instance, had to be "shot" eighteen times. First a train went past at a critical moment (this studio was by a railway) and spoiled the recording; then a camera started giving trouble; then there was somebody stamping and whistling just outside the studio, again making it "N.G. for sound."

And to cap it all, a fire finally broke out, when a heap of waste film went up in flames!

But even that isn't quite the end of the story. After I had finished work in the picture and gone my way . . . the whole block of studios was burned to the ground.

The studios in which I made *Fame*, with Sydney Howard, were also burned down afterwards. If this sort of thing continues, I'm afraid that ere long I shall be suspected of arson!

I have to thank my contact with the film-world, incidentally, for introductions to some very charming people.

But why is it the Press delights so much in labelling me "Engaged"?

Journalist Was Wrong!

When I was singing at the Holborn Empire with the Carlyle Cousins, Trissie and I had a duet together—a most romantic song entitled "The Boy Is You, the Girl Is Me." Well, it seems that somebody in the front of the house remarked that we couldn't sing like that unless we were in love.

Somebody else heard the remark and spread the rumour that we were engaged. A journalist, of course, heard the rumour and betook himself to the Carlyle Cousins' dressing-room; unknown to Trissie, somebody pulled his leg and told him it was true. Next day it was in headlines!

Again Marjorie Stedford and I have been rumoured

I receive from listeners which gives zest to my workaday life, and makes me feel that my efforts to please do not go unnoticed. Without those friendly letters, the microphone would seem just a grim and unresponsive piece of mechanism—but as it is, I think of it as a link between myself and many kind people who are wishing me well.

Some of them I think of as old, old friends, though I have never met them. There are people who have been writing ever since I have been on the air, some once a week, some once a fortnight, some after every broadcast. I welcome their criticism, and find it most helpful. . . .

There are Irishmen and Irishwomen who study my accent in my Irish vocals most meticulously . . . and Heaven help me if I make a mistake. Thanks to them, I've evolved a brogue that contains, not just a dash of Dublin, but a bit of Belfast as well!

Yes, listeners can be very astute. There was a vocalist called "Larry O'Brien" who used to broadcast from Luxembourg. Listeners wrote to the sponsors and asked who it really was. The sponsors wrote back and said it was Larry O'Brien. The listeners wrote to me and said—"They say it's Larry O'Brien, but we're absolutely certain it's you." It was!

Flourishing Fan Club

These, my friends, have formed a fan-club to which there are over five hundred members already. Every month they hold a tea-party—an event which I wouldn't miss for worlds.

To all those faithful supporters, and to all those listeners who have written to me but whom I haven't had the pleasure of meeting—yet—again my thanks. Don't go away.

Please turn to page 34

YOU shouldn't talk to me about my home," said Beryl Orde, one of radio's most popular impressionists, "because I'm hardly ever there."

"No, don't misunderstand me! It's not that I lead such a gay life, but my work takes me away from home an awful lot. I'm always up and down the country, here, there and everywhere. I'm getting to know the British Isles inside out. I'll soon be as good a guide to where to stay as 'Holiday Haunts'! Perhaps not for summer holidays, as I mostly visit big towns, but I'm getting to know all those really rather well.

"I do music-hall work and cinemas too, and when I do three shows a day it means getting out at quite an early hour and being at the theatre or picture house nearly all day. That doesn't give me time for a quiet and simple home life.

"I just haven't time to be domestic," said Beryl, "much as I'd like it. Do you know, I can't cook, sew or knit? Doesn't that sound awful? I know I ought to be able to do all three, but I've never had time to learn. If I left the stage to get married I'd have to put in a lot of intensive training before I'd make a useful wife!"

You can't have it both ways and Beryl, having been on the stage since she was nine, hasn't had a moment to devote to the womanly arts of cookery and needlework.

On the rare occasions when she's in London you'll find her in Maida Vale, where she lives in a cosy flat with her mother and sister.

"It's nice enough, I dare say," said Beryl, "but we want a house. I know flats are very convenient and all that, but give me a house every time. Somewhere you can spread yourself. There's never enough room for me in a flat, no matter how big it may be, and this place is far too full of furniture to be comfortable. We want to get a house in Hampstead or thereabouts, though when it'll happen I don't know."

Beryl has distinct leanings towards the very modern in house furnishings. She likes clean lines, clear colours and simple decoration.

"I think myself that this present flat is a bit of a mix-up," she said, "but when we get into our house—I said *when*—I want to have everything thoroughly modernised, that is if mother and my sister don't object.

"Come and look at my bedroom and you'll see the sort of stuff I like."

Her bedroom is simply furnished. The walls are cream and the paint light. Colour comes from the rugs, gay, brilliant rugs of very futuristic design: blocks, strips and triangles of every vivid hue are in them. The brightness of the rugs is enhanced by the dark stained floor.

"I think bright rugs are much more fun than carpets, don't you?" said Beryl. "Anyone can have a carpet, but you can somehow get more individuality into your rooms and express your personality better with brightly coloured rugs. I love these and they'll go with me to the new house, whatever else stays behind."

Other indispensable items in Beryl's room are two large wardrobes; even then they aren't big enough for all her clothes.

But the thing I noticed first of all was—mascots. Mascots galore. I'd never seen so many before. Dolls, sailor boys, Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, elephants, black cats and many others. And not one member of the collection has she bought herself. Every one is a gift.

"They're luckier that way," said Beryl. "I have my mascots for company. I've not got a cat or a dog. I can't really travel them round with me and what's the good of keeping an animal if you can't have it with you all the time? I'd rather not have one at all than only see it occasionally."

"But I don't know where this collection's going to end. It's a small zoo and orphanage combined.

Like many stars of stage and radio, Beryl is superstitious and always has one or two mascots in the dressing-room with her. She's not hopelessly superstitious, like some people. For one thing, she doesn't believe that green's unlucky.

"Not it," she said, "Why, most of this flat is decorated with green as the predominating colour. Look at the drawing-room."

I looked at it; a large room, with light fawn



BERYL ORDE IS RARELY "AT HOME"

Meet a Popular Star
by Verity Claire

walls and paint and a deep green carpet—surprising how many people have green carpets.

The sofa and chairs—very modern in design—are upholstered in a lovely shade of green material, with a silver leaf pattern woven into it. The curtains are of the same stuff and the shades of the three tall standard lamps are green too.

"There," said Beryl, "you can't say I'm really superstitious when you see all that green, can you? Don't you think it's rather nice?"

"And look at the kitchen, that's green and white as well."

The Orde kitchen is a most luxurious apartment, with every labour-saving device they could need, and on the floor a green carpet.

"That's not so extravagant as it looks," explained Beryl. "We bought too much carpet for the drawing-room, so that the bits left over got put in the kitchen."

The bathroom, too, is green and white. Green walls and floor—lino, this time, not carpet—and a large white bath. Very cool and inviting it is.

When Beryl does get any spare time, and anyway in the intervals between shows, she reads. She's a voracious reader and devours everything she can lay her hands on.

"I read novels, too—good ones, not sloppy stories—and biographies; something of every kind.

"And of course I have a little bit of outdoor exercise when I can; tennis and swimming in the

summer. I usually manage to get in a daily bathe when I'm playing in some seaside town. I rush to the beach between shows and have a dip. Freshens me up wonderfully for the next performance. But I don't go in unless it's a nice day. I'm not one of those people who feel that because I'm at the sea I must bathe. It's got to be a good day, with sun, or nothing will drag me to the shore.

"In winter I stay indoors more. I do *not* play golf. Yes, one of the few people who don't, it seems."

It's four years since listeners first heard Beryl Orde on the air, but she's done all kinds of work. We're apt to think of her only as an impressionist, at least I am. She's much more than that. She's done variety, concert party work, productions. She's much more versatile than we give her credit for.

"I love playing in sketches and doing my bit in a show," she told me. "I like to get away from impressions sometimes. I do not want to be a impressionist and nothing else. After all, one can't spend one's life copying Greta Garbo and Gracie Fields. I like to do a spot of creative work.

"And that's where I can do creative work—on the stage and on the air—but don't you talk of putting me in the kitchen; all I'll create there will be a grand old muddle!"

Never mind. Plenty of us can cook but there are very few people with the talent of Beryl Orde.

HILDEGAR

Part One of the story of
HILDEGARDE

whom you can hear singing regularly from Luxembourg and Normandy in the Milk of Magnesia and Phillips' Dental Magnesia programmes



Reflections in the mirror. Hildegarde pensively regards her lovely features as she concludes her morning toilet



"Hey there, you cute little fellow, give the lady a smile!" Hildegarde has fun with a favourite mascot

I WAS eighteen months old when I was first taken to a concert by my mother. When I returned, in my childish way I tried, and partially succeeded, to hum a difficult aria. From that moment my mother knew that my career was destined. . . .

But life really began for me five years ago when Gus Edwards, the American impresario—with what I consider a flash of inspiration—advised me to drop my surname and face up to show-business as "Hildegarde."

In that moment it was as though a new personality had been born, someone with confidence in her own abilities, someone with a determination to get to the very top of this precarious hill of stardom.

I remember standing before an open window, very late one night. The cool night air breathed across my face. A solitary star hung like a jewel in the inky velvet that was night. I remember thinking how lonely that star looked and I wondered if it was the fate of all stars to be lonely, surrounded by vast blackness.

Involuntarily I shivered, and, as if to give me comfort, that forlorn little star suddenly twinkled,

almost affectionately. I laughed aloud and, very softly, said to myself: "Hildegarde! Hildegarde!" It sounded good. It was good.

And, next morning, I rose with the feeling that if this new personality that was "Hildegarde" could keep her head and also her eyes firmly fixed to the stars, she could not fail to succeed.

I needed just that self-confidence after several years of struggling, years in which there was much laughter, happiness and song . . . but also quite a lot of despair and even heartbreak.

Putting aside false modesty I suppose I am now, in my own world, a personality. There was little to suggest that a cabaret and radio personality would ever emerge from the shy little girl who was born over a delicatessen store in Milwaukee, U.S.A.

I was not born of theatrical folk, though both my mother and father were passionately interested in music. Father played the violin in rather

dilettante fashion. Mother sang in and directed a local church choir, and prayed in all sincerity that I would have musical talent.

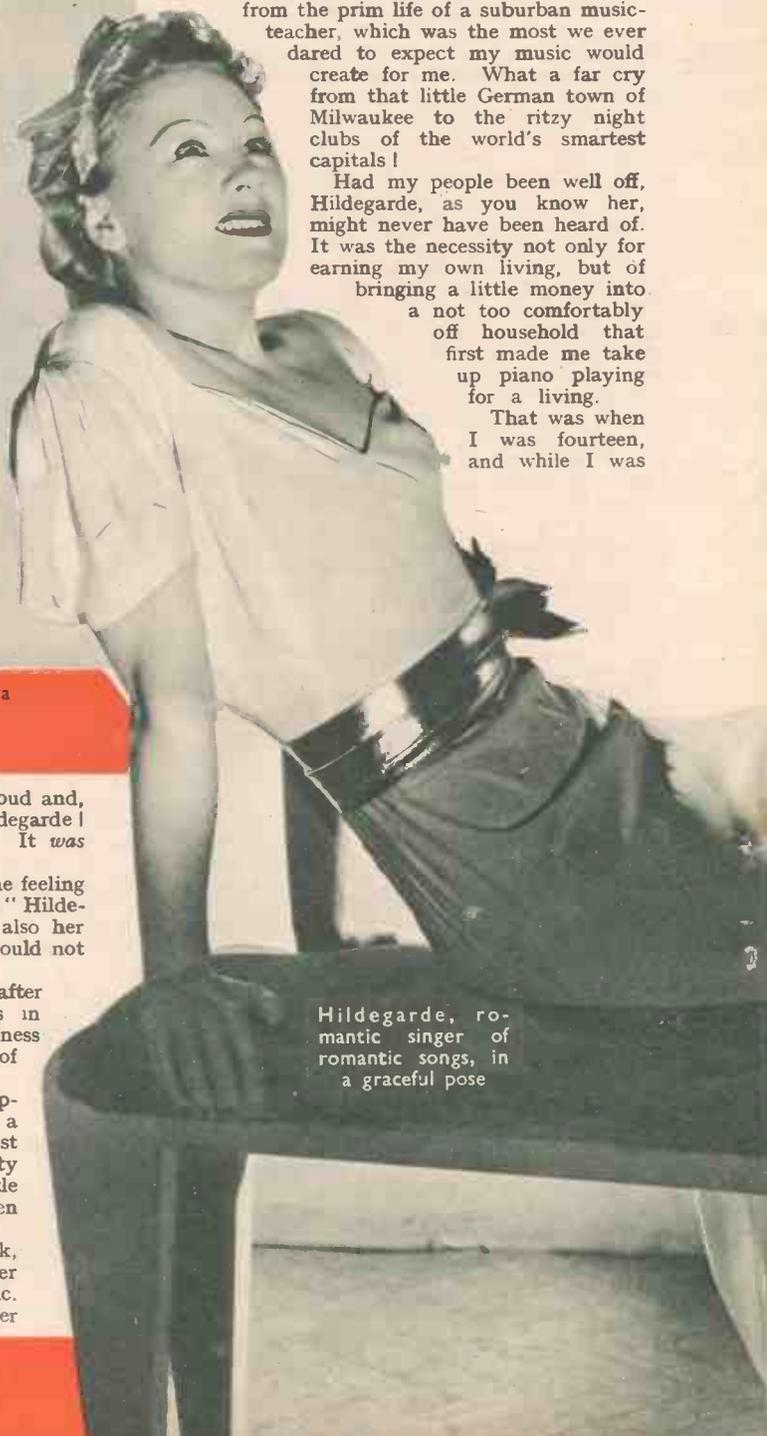
Almost since I can remember I played the piano. Whenever I was not on roller skates, careering around the streets like a little tomboy and enjoying every minute of the day, I would sit at the piano and tinkle out simple little tunes. Though it was never actually discussed it was more or less taken for granted that music was to be my career.

But there are careers and careers. I think I and my family and the relations and neighbours who used to say "Isn't she clever on the piano?" rather anticipated that ultimately I would play the local church organ and probably take pupils in pianoforte.

How different my career has turned out from the prim life of a suburban music-teacher, which was the most we ever dared to expect my music would create for me. What a far cry from that little German town of Milwaukee to the ritzy night clubs of the world's smartest capitals!

Had my people been well off, Hildegarde, as you know her, might never have been heard of. It was the necessity not only for earning my own living, but of bringing a little money into a not too comfortably off household that first made me take up piano playing for a living.

That was when I was fourteen, and while I was



Hildegarde, romantic singer of romantic songs, in a graceful pose

DE BY HERSELF

★ One of the most bewitching personalities in radio and cabaret is HILDEGARDE, the international star. Her charm and allure have made her the idol of every listener. Here she tells for the first time the full and romantic story of her climb to stardom. It is a series that will thrill every admirer of this delightful world star

still at a local high school. I started to play the piano every evening in a tin-pot little local cinema—one of those popularly referred to as a "flea-pit"!

Mother got me that job in the usual calm, business-like manner of mother. She was watching the films at the cinema and stopped to talk with the manager as she left after the end of the programme.

"Well, did you enjoy the show, madam?" he inquired.

"Yes," she replied, "but your pianist is terrible!"

Mother assures me that he was, and that she wasn't trying entirely to bluff the poor man! Anyway, he fell for the bait.

"Yes, he's not good, is he? Actually, I'm trying to find someone to take his place, and then he is going to be sacked."

"My daughter can play better than he," replied my mother.

And so it was fixed up. I went along to see the manager, played him a couple of numbers on a most rickety old piano, and was engaged to play from 6.15 p.m. to 11 p.m. I started next day at what was really a very good salary, £3 8s. a week.

I stayed there for two years, and the work was amazingly good experience. It soon became very easy to accompany those old silent films, especially the heart-throbbers. The audience was always so enraptured that any soft, dreamy music would do as a background. I remember one old man, who used to sit in the front row eating pea-nuts and invariably crying softly at the pathetic parts.

Mixed Compliment

One day I turned to him and asked him if sad films always affected him thus.

"It ain't the films, missy," he mumbled, "it's your pianner playing as gets me."

I couldn't be quite sure whether or not that was intended as a compliment!

But it was the silent news-reel that was the greatest fun. Believe me, it needed a great deal of versatility to switch appropriately from one brand of music to another when seeing the news-reel for the first time.

The launching of a liner had, of course, to be accompanied by a naval number. A flower show opened by the wife of the President had its own repertoire. Usually there was a wedding in which I could bring in "Here Comes the Bride!"

The art, however, was in not getting them mixed up. It happened only once. Half-way through the week one scene from the news-reel was cut out for some reason, and the manager forgot to advise

me. And so, without looking at the screen I started to play a slow funeral march. I heard titters and discovered, to my horror, that the scene on the screen was of a University football match. I've since seen some of those football matches, and have comforted myself with the thought that my choice of music was not really so inappropriate.

But the manager was not impressed!

My chief memory of my first professional job was that, during my rest periods, the only place I could sit was in a coal-bin! Huge, sleek mice and rats were frequent visitors to that coal bin, and I was always very glad when I was needed back on duty!

After a while I graduated to a large cinema where I played the piano and, sometimes, violin in a twelve-piece orchestra. Funny how one move, tiny in itself, makes one feel that one is on the up-and-up!

Dreaming Dreams

With some of the money I had saved out of my cinema salary I decided to take a course at a musical academy, and then came what was really quite a break for me.

I went to the Palace Theatre and heard an act called "Jerry and Her Baby Grands." It was a four-piece piano act, and as I sat and listened to it I was enthralled. I scrunched up my programme in my excitement and hardly saw or heard the second half of the act . . . for already I was dreaming dreams.

To appear on a brilliantly lit stage in a powdered wig and gown . . . to have people visit a theatre to hear you play the piano . . . and not just to be a background to films. That seemed to me to be the ultimate ambition. Could I aspire so high? I determined to try.

Backstage I went, rather timorously.

The stage-door keeper looked at me suspiciously. What did I want and had I got an appointment? Eventually I was ushered in to see "Jerry," and she was very kind indeed.

She was sorry, but she had no vacancy in her act at the moment, but if I'd leave my name and address she would be only too pleased, etc., etc.

My heart sank to my shoes. Those dread words. Everybody remotely connected with show business must have heard them hundreds of times. Pleasant, kindly words; and

yet so cruel, for they were a death-knell to one's hopes.

But miracles do happen.

I never dreamed I should ever hear from "Jerry" again, but a few weeks later I received a telegram. "Could I open at a certain theatre in New England at a certain date?"

Could I! I would never have hesitated, but the theatre was 2,000 miles away and, remember, I had never before left home. So I asked my mother and father what I should do. Father didn't want me to accept the offer, but mother knew, deep in her heart, that I would never again be really happy if I did not accept what the gods had offered.

Bless mother! She remembered her own girlhood when she had wanted to take up music as a career and had been bitterly opposed by her mother. She was determined that her little Hildegarde should have no cause later to blame her for lost chances.

And so I joined "Jerry and Her Baby Grands." It was a splendid little act—maybe you heard or saw it when it last toured in England?—and the experience was extremely good for me. But I was most miserable.

You see, it was my first time away from home, and I admit that I was very homesick. The girls in the act were kind to me, but often I would return to the little room where I was living and cry my eyes out at the thought of being so far from home and with no friends.

I Go "Wild West"

However, it lasted for two seasons and then I became accompanist to an Irish tenor. My next job was a strange one. I became accompanist to an entertainer called Oklahoma Joe Albright. I was dressed in a cowgirl's outfit and we toured some of the smallest "dumps" in America's theatreland.

Strange how the illusion of the theatre sometimes carries across the footlights. There were people in the audience who actually believed that I was a cowgirl!

One tough, hard-hitting, kind-hearted, straight-shooting cowboy (the tall, lean, silent type that must have inspired Michael Carr's song "Cowboy")

Please turn to page 39.

(Right)—Examining some of her many gramophone records



RADIO FAVOURITES

The Crazy Gang—Flanagan and Allen and company—have signed a new three years' film contract; and John K. Newnham tells you why the studio people are crossing their fingers.



Jack Benny likes some glamour with him. Here is the exotic English artist's model, Sandra Storm, with him in "Artists and Models."

THE telephone operator at the Gainsborough film studios is having a busy time these days. The Crazy Gang are on the line every day. Not at the same time, but one by one.

And they all want to know the same thing. The girl puts them through to the appropriate departments. But they never get a satisfactory reply.

You see, the gang—Flanagan and Allen, Naughton and Gold, Nervo and Knox—have just signed a new three years' contract with Gainsborough, and the first picture they are going to make under their new agreement is a new version (a very new version!) of *Alf's Button*.

The question they all ask is: "Who's going to have the button?"

No one will tell them. "Sorry," is the stock answer, "we really don't know." And so the boys continue to ring every day. They're getting really anxious about it!

I can let them into a secret. The button is going to be handed to Bud Flanagan. But they're not telling the boys yet.

The people down at the studios are crossing their fingers. The gang made *Okay for Sound* there not long ago (the picture is being released soon). No one's likely to forget that for a long time.

Production was due to start on a Monday. On the previous Saturday, the various production chiefs, including director Marcel Varnel, all received wires from the whole gang. They read: "Sorry to hear production postponed until Wednesday."

No one knew what to do. The production was not being postponed. Frantic efforts were made to get in touch with the gang, but they were all away, and their wives said they didn't know where they were.

Hairs turned grey overnight. But on Monday morning all the gang were there. The telegrams were just a leg-pull!

One day, the fire alarm bell rang. Produc-

tion ceased abruptly. The whole studio staff and cast fled into the street. Except Charlie Naughton. He was waiting for the lift. He still swears that he thought he had pressed the lift bell, and not the fire alarm!

Script-writer Val Guest strolled on to the set one day. He was wearing a nice new shirt. Bud Flanagan looked at it, and commented on how nice it was. He fingered it, and tore it from top to bottom.

"Coo!" exclaimed the rest of the gang. "It tears!"

And, one by one, they tore at it, until it had been ripped to threads. Guest hurriedly retreated and returned a little later with a sweater on. He told them that this wouldn't tear. They proved that he was wrong. They tore it to ribbons.



Renee Houston's latest film, not yet released, is "Fine Feathers."

"You're right," said Guest, solemnly. "A pity, because it isn't mine. It's Teddy Knox's." And it was!

But the other day, Bud had the tables turned on him. He had just moved into a new flat. Throughout the day, coalmen were bringing hundredweight loads of coal to the place, until he was getting frantic and had no idea what to do with it all.

I'm not revealing who gave the coalmen the orders!

All For One

Here's a queer thing about the Crazy Gang. Though each one secretly knows that he is really far more important than the others, they all insist on having exactly the same footage.

The scripts therefore have to be measured out carefully so that one doesn't have a line more than any of the others.

Oi!

Renee With Them

It's extremely probable that Renee Houston will appear with Flanagan and Allen and company in *Alf's Button*. She'll be able to give just as much as she takes!

Meanwhile, you may be seeing Renee on the screen in *Fine Feathers*. It is being pre-released at various holiday resorts before its general release later in the year. Her stage and radio partner, Donald Stewart, appears with her.

Stewart has previously been seen on the screen in *Soft Lights and Sweet Music*. He was so successful that British Lion decided to give him another film part, and then they had the happy idea of letting him appear with Renee.

Ace American

I went along to see the ebullient Jack Benny when he arrived in London for a holiday. A cocktail party was held in his honour, and there was a distinct B.B.C. air about it.

John Watt, Bill Hanson and Charles Brewer were all there. They tried, individually and collectively, to persuade the American broadcaster and movie star to do a turn from the B.B.C. He subsequently agreed to do a "spot" in a recent "Music Hall."

They all went a little bit pale, however, when Jack Benny casually mentioned that he received £2,000 a broadcast in America. And he has been on the air regularly every week for more than five years.

"You know," he told the B.B.C. representatives, "you people will have to turn to commercial broadcasting. It's inevitable. You won't be able to afford to continue getting good acts, otherwise."

He is firmly convinced that the change-over will take place one day.

He's a nice fellow. Breezy, charming and well-dressed. He is just as you would imagine him to be from his numerous screen appearances. You wouldn't think he would have to bother about any further work. £2,000 a broadcast ought to go a long way.

"But, you see," he explained, "my wife, Mary Livingstone, is part of the act. She takes her cut. So I have to do other work to get something for myself!"

Broadcasting To England

Did you hear Jack Benny when he was relayed by the B.B.C. from America?

"I received an amazing number of letters from English listeners," he told me. "The act seemed to go down quite well. But I was facing a peculiar difficulty. In America, the various people in the act are well-known to listeners and I don't have to introduce them. In my fifteen-minute English broadcast, I had to get them all known. It took some squeezing in!

"Incidentally, I always try to get my humour from situations, and not just dialogue. That's the difference between an act that 'gets over' and one that flops."

You've probably seen Jack in such pictures as *Broadway Melody of 1936*, *Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round*, and *Big Broadcast of 1937*. *College Holiday* is being released soon, and just before leaving Hollywood he completed *Artists and Models*, which he's very keen about. Louis Armstrong and Connie Boswell are in the latter picture as well.

Heard But Not Seen

I managed to get in a few words with John Watt, and we spoke about his film appearance in *Saturday Night Review*. It is probably the first and last time you'll be able to see him on the screen.

"No time with my new job!" he exclaimed. "As a matter of fact, the picture went into production after I had started my new work. But my scenes had already been filmed. The rest of the picture went into production afterwards.

"This is actually my second film appearance. I worked in *Kentucky Minstrels*. But when I saw the picture, I wasn't in it. My part had been left on the cutting-room floor!"

Apropos my remarks last week about broadcasting stars who work behind the screens,

IN FILMLAND

By

JOHN K. NEWNHAM

you've often heard John Watt's voice in cinemas. He has been responsible for several running commentaries, without actually appearing on the screen himself.

Wasted Talent

"Of all the stars I have directed, the one for whom I forecast the greatest film future is Evelyn Dall. This petite, vivacious blonde has got great screen value—looks, personality and ability."

Remember Herbert Smith, the well-known director, making this statement in an article he wrote for RADIO PIC. not long ago?

I have just seen *Calling All Stars*, in which Evelyn appears. The film is released this week, and I'll review it in a minute. The chief point about it is that it confirms Herbert Smith's belief. This peppy young singer is the goods.

Calling All Stars went into production nearly a year ago. Evelyn worked on another picture, *Sing as You Swing*, almost simultaneously.

Since then, she hasn't done any film work. I asked her the other day if she had any further film plans. She told me, regretfully, that nothing had been fixed up.

What on earth's the matter with British studios? They are always complaining about the lack of leading ladies. Yet here is one whom a prominent director has tipped for big things—and time is allowed to fly by without her facing the camera. It's time producers woke up.

General Releases This Week

From a radio point of view, *Calling All Stars* is easily the most interesting of this week's general releases. It presents an amazingly rich array of radio favourites, and it smacks from one act to another without wasting any time on a story. There is a very slight story somewhere, but it is soon forgotten. The master records of a series called "Calling All Stars" get broken, and Flotsam and Jetsam go out in search of the various artistes in order to get them to remake the records. This slender thread is sufficient to link together some of radio's most prominent favourites.

There's Carroll Gibbons, with a few words to say, a piano solo, and his orchestra, plus the Three Canadian Bachelors. Allen and Broderick render "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Il Bacio," as only they can do them.

Evelyn Dall croons "The Organ Grinder's Swing," and later sings "I Don't Wanna Get Hot," with Ambrose.

Leon Cortez holds a wedding party with his Coster Band and the assistance of Revnell and West; Billy Bennett gets into trouble with his sergeant-major; Eugene Pini and his Tango Band entertain in a Hungarian restaurant; a Harlem scene introduces Turner Layton, Buck and Bubbles, Elizabeth Welch and the Nicholas Brothers.

Then Larry Adler does some mouth organ wizardry; Ambrose and his Orchestra play "Serenade in the Night," with Sam Browne doing the vocal; then Max Bacon as Gimble hitting the cymbal; Larry Adler again; and a final medley by Ambrose and the Orchestra.

All the way through, Flotsam and Jetsam give various numbers, and Davy Burnaby appears as the gramophone company manager.

Marjorie Taylor, who used to be a member of the B.B.C.'s Manchester Repertory Company, is featured in two releases this week. She is with another broadcaster, Tod Slaughter, in *It's Never Too Late to Mend*, and with John Stuart in *The Elder Brother*.

Neither is very outstanding, however. *It's Never Too Late to Mend* is old-time melodrama, based on an 80-years-old story. If you can see it with a boisterous audience willing to cheer the hero and hiss the villain, you'll get a grand laugh out of it; but if it's taken seriously, it is just sheer boredom. *The Elder Brother* is a sentimental



Meet the Crazy Gang in "Okay for Sound."

brother-love drama, but unfortunately it lacks production value and is entirely unconvincing.

Tod Slaughter has a "double" as well. He also appears in *The Song of the Road*. It's only a small part, but there are a number of other radio favourites in it to balance up. There are Bransby Williams, Ernest Butcher, Muriel George, Dave Burnaby (yet another double release, for he's also in *Calling All Stars*) and H. F. Maltby. The

picture has an English countryside background, and is chiefly interesting because of its picturesque scenery and lovable characters.

Henry Kendall and Robert Hale are in *The Compulsory Wife*, but it's a poorly made mystery comedy which isn't at all convincing and really doesn't give the players much chance.

Vine, More and Nevard are in *Pathé Pictorial*, and Billy Merson is in *Pathé Gazette*.

TO YOUNG WOMEN OVER 16

- 1 How does your birthday influence your life?
- 2 What star were you born under?
- 3 What do the next 3 months hold in store for you?

If you are interested, don't fail to listen-in to



JOHN GOODWOOD

Student of the stars in a

NEW RADIO PROGRAMME

Beginning Sunday, July 18, at 3.45
and every Sunday thereafter

RADIO LUXEMBOURG

PRESENTED BY

City

FOR TIRED HAIR

A Problem Solved

SUMMER hair problems are with us again! There seems to be no end to the forces brought to bear against women's beauty by hot sun, salt-laden winds, and flying dust. Whether you're at the seashore or cycling or hiking in the country, your skin becomes dry and blotchy, eyes get that screwed-up look which makes deep wrinkles round the eyes; and hair, being in the direct line of attack, comes off worst.

Remember last summer how faded and frizzled your hair got after a few week-ends spent out of doors. Especially after a day on the beach when you had dared the rolling breakers to drench your locks with salt water and then you lay bareheaded on the sand. It didn't seem very important then. You were so blissfully aware of the comfortable feeling of warmth that you did not worry overmuch about your looks.

But afterwards—heavens! What a sad sight greeted your eyes when you went upstairs to “beautify” before dinner. Lank, dragged hair that showed the comb marks as you frantically endeavoured to put some order into it.

Even when you did not bathe you found it impossible to keep your hair sleek and well groomed. . . . unless you went round in an old-fashioned garden hat, veiled from sight of the world. And then it wouldn't be much good having nice hair because nobody could see it! So you went bareheaded to your open-air sports and let your curls stream in the wind as your two-seater fled up the coast road, inviting sun and wind to do their worst. Which they proceeded to do!

You remember, too, what a job you had to raise a lather on your salty head with an ordinary soap shampoo. In the little country hotel where you stayed week-ends you would ring in vain for hot water. You got lukewarm water—if you were lucky—and that gave you an overdose of the curdled grey “lime-scum” which forms when soap combines with the minerals in the water and the impurities in your hair.

But there is a new summer shampoo story this year. As a result of long and patient research, a new liquid soapless shampoo has been evolved that is completely different. You have probably heard some of your friends raving about this new success. It is packed in neat flat bottles that slide easily into your week-end bag and is called Drene.

But soapless doesn't mean latherless! Indeed, this wonderful new discovery gives five times the lather of soap in any kind of water, and because it is soapless it cannot form any lime-film to fog the natural colour and sheen of your hair.

What a simple procedure it is to give yourself a summer “refresher”! A bowl of cool water and a thimbleful of Drene are all you need.

Plunge your hot, sticky head into the water, taking care to wet it thoroughly, and you will find that just a tiny quantity of Drene massages into a billow of soft, penetrating lather.

You can feel the lather tingling deliciously on your scalp, gently drawing out all the perspiration, dust, sand and salt particles. Then a clear water rinse is all you need—no special after-rinses are necessary. You will be thrilled when you see how bright and vital your hair looks and you'll find it twists so easily and smoothly into rolls or curls.

You can shampoo as often as you like because this amazing product is perfectly safe for any shade or type of hair. It cleans the scalp thoroughly, regulating the flow of natural oils that keeps the hair soft and healthy.

What a holiday boon this new shampoo is! No more worries about sun-parched hair if you remember to pack your week-end bottle of Drene!



She is bored with her tired hair. She need not be!



WELL, here I am again, back from the cloudbursts in Scotland to sticky weather in the South. The run south was glorious, but gee! I'm weary! No sooner back, than out to a dinner with a Scotch editor. Here's the menu:

HOT-WEATHER DINNER

*Grape-fruit
Cold Chicken and Tongue
Fleet Street Salad
Loganberries and Cream*

Good hot-day menu! The salad was composed of sliced new potatoes, green peas, chopped cucumber, and a little minced onion, dressed mayonnaise, and served garnished lettuce and chopped beetroot.

Then off to “Chiverland” with scarcely a wink of sleep. What a glorious trip! Saw the last of the strawberries in the Cambridge district being made under the most perfect conditions into delicious jam. Saw the pick of young broad beans and small green peas canned in the most hygienic manner.

In short, was given an object lesson on how to preserve and can that I've never had before and never shall forget.

TIPS FROM “OHIVERLAND”

1. When making jam, allow to cool slightly before pouring into heated jars to prevent fruit rising to the tops.

2. Jam keeps well without sterilising if pots are covered with paper caps. If covered with metal tops, pots should be sterilised.

3. To make lemon cheese or curd keep as long as possible, make it with the maximum of sugar. The sweeter the preserve, the longer it will keep.

4. Don't throw away bean or pea pods if you live on a farm. Dry as soon as the beans and peas have been removed and feed to the cattle.

But it wasn't only the vegetables and jam I would have liked to have brought back from Histon, but a lovely percheron horse who flirted with me at one of the farms. Never seen a percheron before. Now I shall be dreaming of some gallant lover of my youth riding to see me as one used to do, not on a hardy Hielant shalt, but on that magnificent dappled grey percheron, Limon, I think the name was, who won the first prize for Chivers Brothers at the Royal Show the other day!

MINT LAMB SALAD

1 lb. chopped cold lamb, 2 tablespoonfuls minced onion, ½ cupful boiled green peas, 1 teaspoonful minced parsley, ½ cupful chopped fried mushrooms, salt and pepper to taste, lettuce leaves.

Mix the lamb with the onion, parsley, mushrooms, and salt and pepper to taste. Add the peas, and moisten with mint salad cream. Arrange in bowl, lined with lettuce leaves, or picked water-cress, if preferred.

TENNIS LAYER CAKE

6 ozs. butter, 12 ozs. flour, 8 ozs. castor sugar, 3 eggs, ½ teaspoonful salt, 1½ teaspoonfuls vanilla essence, 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder, lemon cheese or curd.

Cream butter and sugar. Add egg yolks. Beat till light. Sift flour, baking powder, and salt into a basin. Stir into butter and sugar alternately with the milk. Add vanilla. Beat egg whites until stiff. Fold into the mixture. Divide equally between 3 buttered sandwich tins. Bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees F., for 25 minutes. When cool, put together with lemon cheese or curd. Spread top with water icing, made by dissolving sifted icing sugar in tepid water till thin enough to spread. Flavour icing with vanilla essence, or orange juice. Decorate top of cake with halved walnuts to taste.

PINEAPPLEADE

1 can of grated pineapple, 4 large lemons, ½ lb. castor sugar, 1 large orange, soda water to taste, cracked ice.

THE WOMAN LISTENER

TIPS ON JAM MAKING

by ELIZABETH CRAIG

Further extracts from the diary of our Cookery Expert, including new Recipes, a Visit and a Mishap

Turn pineapple into a basin. Add the sugar and strained lemon juice. Stir occasionally until sugar is dissolved. Mash through a fine sieve. Place in a large jug. Add ice. When well chilled, add soda water to taste. Serve in tumblers with straws.

MARMALADE GINGERBREAD

7 ozs. flour, 3 tablespoonfuls butter, 1 egg, 1 cupful orange marmalade, ½ teaspoonful baking soda, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, ½ cupful treacle, ½ teaspoonful salt, 1 teaspoonful ground ginger, 1 teaspoonful ground cinnamon, 4 tablespoonfuls boiling water, 3 tablespoonfuls chopped dates, 2 ozs. chopped walnuts.

Beat butter in a basin till creamy. Stir in marmalade. Jates, beaten egg, and treacle. Beat till well mixed. Sift flour thrice with spices, baking soda, baking powder, and salt. Add to butter mixture. Gradually stir in the hot water. Beat till smooth, then add the walnuts. Spread in a greased baking tin. Bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees F., from 20 to 30 minutes. Cool, then cut into fingers or squares.

NOTE.—When I have a supply of ginger marmalade to tap, I use it sometimes instead of the orange.

GUSTARD FILLING FOR PASTRY CASES

1 cupful rich milk, 2 tablespoonfuls cornflour, 2 egg yolks, 2 tablespoonfuls castor sugar, pinch of salt, ½ teaspoonful vanilla essence, 1 tablespoonful butter.

Heat the milk in the top of a double boiler. Mix the cornflour with the salt and sugar. Stir in hot milk. Return to top of double saucepan. Stir till thick over boiling water. Cover and cook for 10 minutes. Beat and add egg yolks. Cook for a minute longer. Beat well. Stir in vanilla and butter. When cool, fill cases. Sometimes I put a teaspoonful of raspberry jam or a slice or two of banana in the bottom of cases before adding custard.

What weather we have been having! The other day, all dolled up for a party, I took a bus to Marble Arch. It was a sunny day. As I got off, the conductor, steadying me with hand on my elbow, whispered, “You'll knock all their eyes out to-night.” I giggled. When you're no longer a pullet, you lap up compliments of that kind. When I got out it was black almost as night. Thought if I ran through the park to Knightsbridge, I'd make it. Then the lightning began to play high jinks in the sky, and the thunder growled at me, and I began to wonder if I was crazy or if the world were coming to an end. Then with a mighty roar the rain caught me. When I got to one of the gates, I caught a bus and boarded it, almost in hysterics, remembering what the conductor of the last bus had told me less than an hour before.

Now I'm waiting to hear how to take the dye (that ran while I ran) out of my Chinese coat and wonder what one can do with a flowered chiffon gown that has shrunk up to my knees.

CAMBRIDGE CREAM CHEESE

½ pint milk, ¼ pint cream, 1 tablespoonful rennet.

Bring cream and milk to blood heat in the top of a double saucepan over boiling water. Stir in rennet. When curdled, place in a strainer, weight it down, and drain for 3 hours. Place in a piece of cheese cloth, wrung out of boiling water. Lay in a basin. Cover and weight down. Turn cheese every two hours till evening. Next morning, salt it and wrap it in a clean piece of muslin. Served with salad and oatcakes, followed by fruit, it makes a suitable luncheon for hot days.



A man, if too cowardly to buy them for himself, can always avail himself of the jars and bottles on his wife's or sister's dressing table. Here's some Advice to Young Men, up-to-date

Every woman wishes that her own husband or sweetheart could look as well-groomed as Clark Gable

FOR HE-MEN ONLY!

A Beauty Article for Men

by MAX FACTOR

Hollywood Beauty Expert

I CAN'T quite imagine a man who has not noticed the unusual beauty of Hollywood's feminine stars. Neither is it easy to imagine a woman who hasn't recognized a certain sleek, well-groomed look about the men that appear with them. Every woman wishes that her own husband or sweetheart could look as well-groomed as Clark Gable, William Powell, or George Brent. And he can! She shouldn't accept any excuses.

The well-groomed appearance is perhaps even more important to the male than to the female of the species.

AND what are man's essential "cosmetics"? There is no point in discussing the virtues of shaving soap, toothpaste, and soap here. But many of those interesting bottles on Madame's dressing-table can well be shared with the master of the house.

Masculine hair, while it is never referred to as a coiffure, can be more unruly after washing than the waved tresses adorning the feminine head. It can, and also does, look extremely dull after the necessary shampoo. Brillox is the sleekest answer to the just-shampooed-hair.

AND what about milord's skin? It has all the characteristics which he likes to believe are peculiar to the complexion of the fair sex. Men have dry skin and oily skin, and either extreme is a drawback to that clean-cut appearance that man would attain.

There is no better after-shaving treatment than can be found, right on the wife's dressing-table. This eliminates the necessity of remembering to buy it yourself. There is only one drawback to such a system. If your wife has a dry skin while yours is of the oily variety, you must convince her that she should keep both astringent and skin freshener on hand. The astringent for your oily condition and the skin freshener for herself.

This refreshing process will leave your skin glowing and smooth for your talcum powder after shaving. Astringent and skin freshener not only close the pores, but they remove excess moisture, and have a mild antiseptic value.

ANOTHER masculine appearance problem is the manicure. A well-kept hand is as essential to a masculine appearance as a well-shaven face. The masculine manicure is conservative. But a man can use nail polish to good advantage. Colourless nail enamel will give his hands a well-groomed look without striking an effeminate note.

CHAPPED lips, wind-roughened skins, and sore faces find luxurious comfort in skin and tissue cream. Man doesn't make a ritual of it, he simply puts some on his face when it doesn't feel well. He can wipe it off quickly, if he wishes, with the door locked so that no one can catch him at it, but doing so is really the result of a complex. It isn't "sissy" to be comfortable.

Eau de cologne is a recognised necessity to most men. When too rushed for a plunge in the surf or a cold shower, cologne is the next best thing. It is an essential when travelling.

And having explained the use of cosmetics for men, it seems that to be a clean-cut, well-groomed man to-day, one must be cosmetic conscious along with one's wife.

FREE A COURSE OF SIX LESSONS THAT TELL YOU ALL YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT HOME COOKING



You've probably found that making pastry is more than just following a recipe. There are pitfalls: and even some quite experienced cooks admit that they don't seem to have a very light hand! But Susan Croft shows in this fascinating little book, "A Lesson in Pastry Making," that the "light hand" story is a myth; what really matters is knowing how.

You'll find in this helpful book just why pastry doesn't always turn out a success. And what's more, it tells you what to do to make every kind of pastry perfectly. So explore with Susan Croft the delights of short and flaky biscuit crust and light puff pastry—then you'll make a name for yourself as a woman who can cook!

Have you had the first two booklets, No. 1 on Cake Making and No. 2 on Vegetable Cooking? If you have not already received copies send a postcard for them now.

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MEXICAN REBELS SENTENCED ME TO DEATH!

A few of the many exciting moments in the thrill-packed career of the famous New Zealand mimic

Radio Luxembourg every weekday afternoon 3:30-5:30

MY father, a sea captain, was born in New Zealand. And so was my mother. Now, that may not seem very remarkable, but the fact is that there are very few New Zealanders of a generation ago who can claim that both parents were born in that very new country. The admission makes me sound terribly old!

By
KEITH WILBUR
(The International Radio Star)

the same reply: "We only give jobs to Americans." I was given employment, eventually, as a warehouse assistant, but as Los Angeles was then a non-union town, I was given a disgraceful wage. I used to sleep under a bush in the park and make a bee-line, every lunch-time, for a bar where free saveloys were given to everyone who bought a drink.

The gift of mimicry has always been with me, but I hadn't the slightest idea of following a stage career when I left school in Wellington.

I never bought a drink, but I used to pick up an empty glass at one end of the counter and present it to the man serving the saveloys at the other. I managed to keep this bluff up for some time.

I began as an electrical engineer and, succumbing to an inherited love of the sea, joined a four-masted American schooner as second mate. My yachting experience, together with a fact that I had been a member of the first life-saving club to be formed south of the Equator, compensated for my lack of actual nautical training.

It used to amuse me to walk into the best hotels—my clothes were all right—and spend my leisure moments sitting in the luxurious lounges. There was a certain oil millionaire, I remember, with whom I used to have the lengthiest discussions on world affairs and all manner of subjects.

I had one or two terrifying experiences during that first trip. We were bound for Astoria, a quaint town, in Oregon, U.S.A., that is built on the wharves of the Columbia river.

I dare say he would have been absolutely horrified to learn that the young man with whom he was chatting hadn't the price of a cup of coffee on him.

Such was the journey from New Zealand to America in a sailing ship that we were at sea for seventy-five days without sighting land. We got into the doldrums and found ourselves in the deepest water in the world—it went down for two-and-a-half miles.

Eventually I got a job as an engineer in the Pacific Light and Power Company in Los Angeles and learned, some weeks later, that a "stunt" man was needed to smash up cars for the pictures in a little town called Hollywood, twelve miles away.

Here, we were 500 miles off the coast, and the water was so clear that a tin plate, cast down ninety fathoms, could still be seen. The temperature was 70 degrees fahrenheit and, with the impulsiveness of youth, I decided that it would be a good idea to try to swim in the deepest water in the world.

I went after this job, got it, and the first picture I worked on was *Tilly's Punctured Romance*, with Marie Dressler and Charlie Chaplin—it was the first six-reel comedy film ever made. It was a great thrill to be recognised several years later by poor Marie Dressler at the opening of the Chinese Theatre in Hollywood.

Off came my clothes, and down I dived. I went into a crawl and looked back, when I had covered a quarter of a mile, to find that the ship had drifted another mile away from me in the swell. I started to swim back, and as I progressed nearer the schooner I saw that there was a good deal of excitement on board; the crew were waving and gesticulating in my direction and I was just able to discern that one of the boats was being lowered.

I did odd bits of "extra" work, too, but I got out of the film business through seeing a ball sail over the fence of a boy's school in Los Angeles. I kicked it back. The headmaster came out of the school and said to me: "Where did you learn to kick a Rugby ball?"

Then I realised the cause of the commotion. I was swimming in shark infested waters! I was quite naked and had no knife. Panic seized me and I struck out desperately for the little boat that came towards me.

"New Zealand," I told him. "Hm," he said tactfully, "I'm looking for a man who can coach my boys—you don't know of anybody, do you?" I said I was available and he engaged me there and then.

In my frenzy I imagined that the deadly monsters were all about me and when I was within two or three hundred yards of the little boat, I felt something sharp and prickly grab me round the leg. Heavens! I got on to my back and kicked and splashed, expecting to see a huge dorsal fin rise out of the water at any moment.

The following year found me in Mexico, controlling electrical gear in the gold mines in the state of Chihuahua; a revolution had broken out and ten days after I had begun work, the miners and I came up for some supper to find ourselves confronted by a number of rebel troops who accused us of supplying the government with gold. We were placed under arrest, court-martialled, and sentenced to death. But we secretly pooled our money and gave the sentry three hundred dollars as a bribe to send to the border for help; at twelve o'clock on the day before our execution, the Texas Rangers turned up and demanded our release. The fact that I was a New Zealander and a British subject forced the rebels to release me and the other prisoners into the bargain.

They dragged me, exhausted and paralysed with fright, into the little boat, and from my leg they proceeded to disengage a large coiling mass—of seaweed!

I was in Los Angeles when the Great War broke out. In a shop window in the town was a huge map showing the positions of the French, English and German armies from day to day during the advance on Mons.

When I got out of the doldrums and a nice breeze came up, I decided to try to fish for dolphin. Dolphin are those beautiful fish that career through the air and water at ninety miles per hour—the fastest living creatures on land, sea or air. With a piece of red flannel for a bait, you have to keep the line jerking up and down. Six feet out of the water they jump, and grab at the hook.

Now, Los Angeles is a cosmopolitan town and the police had a very busy time trying to quell the nightly fights between Englishmen, Frenchmen and Germans in the streets. Irish members of the populace, glad of an opportunity of a free fight, entered heartily into the fray, too.

Well, I was sitting on the bowsprit at about two in the afternoon, rather drowsily supporting the line and raising my arm up and down automatically, when a dolphin leapt out of the water, grabbed the line, and, being taken off my guard, I overbalanced and toppled into the water. The idea of being dragged into the sea by a fish is something of an angler's joke; but it really happened to me!



Keith Wilbur in character costume

Anyway, I joined up and went on a New Zealand boat (which was subsequently torpedoed). We called at Fiji and, going on our way, discovered a day later, that the coal was very poor. All hands then were mustered in hacking lumps of wood away from the ship, and we progressed, thus fuelling the stokehold, at two miles an hour.

This ship was only a 630 tonner and when we encountered a terrible storm off Oregon I was lashed to the mast while on duty to avoid being swept overboard by the giant waves; in my hand was a hatchet, ready to cut the mainsail brace in case the gale drove her at too perilous an angle.

It was during the war that I paid my first visit to England. I came with the first New Zealand regiment, and was stationed at Christchurch in Hampshire. We couldn't understand, at first, why the streets were deserted, and discovered later that the inhabitants of Christchurch had imagined us to be wild and desperate savages! I actually heard one woman say, in tones of wonder: "They speak English!"

It was in 1912 that I reached Los Angeles and tried to get a job. But, wherever I went, I got

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GUIDE TO THE WEEK'S B.B.C. HIGHSPOTS

ANOTHER ALL-STAR RADIO RODEO

Make a Note of Wednesday

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7

MUSIC HALL.—Here's Ann Penn back on the air in John Sharman's bill to-night; her welcome return to broadcasting after considerable absence will cause much switching on. And the rest sound good, too... Marie Burke, Jack Barty, Norman Long, Billy Bennett, and playing in place of Charlie Shadwell's Variety Orchestra—holidaying—is Sidney Baynes' Orchestra. (Regional, not National, to-night.)

"PROM" FIRST NIGHT.—Normal "Music Hall" period on National is given over to first night of Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall, with Sir Henry Wood, as ever, conducting B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. Tried favourites of radio music lovers, starring—Ina Souez, Denis Noble, Sidonie Goossens, Irene Scharrer. (National.)

PEDESTRIANS' HALF-HOUR, though cyclists and motorists are certainly implicated, too. It's a discussion, "Whose Road?", between a walker, a pedaller and a motorist about—well, which is the road for, anyway? (Regional.)

"A.B.C."—Q's queue up. Should be some queer items. (National.)

AMERICA'S CUP.—Costly yacht race for which Mr. Sopwith built his second "Endeavour," reaches its climax to-day, and B.B.C. is picking up commentary from America. See if we can pick the trophy from her too. (National.)

MELODY.—Friary Brewery Band plays a programme, with xylophone solos by Wally Johnson (National) and Theatre Orchestra provides a period of attractive music. (Regional.)

SUNDAY, AUGUST 8

ROMANCE TO MUSIC is the chief thing that matters about "Evening in Budapest," musical show which was done two years ago and now revived. The romance, a tale of a violinist's love in Budapest; the music, the best Hungarian breed. Michaeloff and his Zigeuner Orchestra will see that its played properly. And the stars are handsome Hungarian Charles Vaida and that Viennese songstress, Bea Hutten. (National.)

CLASSICAL FAIRY TALES.—As a marked alternative, if you don't want romance, is "Sicilian Frieze," feature by Mary H. Allen of poems and will o' the wisp tales of ancient days when the Greeks had a word for most things. (Regional.)

MIDDLETON IN NEW GUISE.—C. H. Middleton turns his back on garden hints to look back on the landscape of his life and tell us what he sees there. "As I Look Back" is the title. (National.)

ST. MARTIN'S provides the evening service. (National.)

MONDAY, AUGUST 9

"MONDAY AT SEVEN" brings Larry Adler, that harmonica genius, to the mike after busy weeks on the halls. Denis van Thal and his Orchestra provide music in a new style, "Inspector (S. J. Warming-ton) Hornleigh" poses another crime mystery—and solves it, Robb Wilton becomes "Mr. Muddlecombe, J.P.," and Judy Shirley links all in song. (National.)

MANTOVANI lines up that grand orchestra of his for a mid-evening special programme of tunes new and old. (National.)

"GREEN FINGERS" is attractive title of a revue on gardens and gardeners which Francis Dillon is producing down in the West Region. Book and lyrics are by Reginald Arkell and Dorothy Worsley, and Mai Jones has hatched some charming music. (Regional.)

WAGNER "PROM."—Stirring music from the Queen's Hall with Florence Austral and Walter Widdop. (National and Regional.)

PLAY.—"The Wilkinson" is a play by Edward Lewis, which commemorates the launching of the first iron ship, because it's about the life of iron king John Wilkinson. (North.)

TUESDAY, AUGUST 10

"PARADISE ISLE."—Mikes take a trip to Sonny Miller's romantic Hawaiian retreat, where the sweet Three Dots are meeting the gay Three Admirals to the strains of the melodious Paradise Islanders. Eric Siday's set the music, Ernest Longstaffe produces. (Regional.)



Bea Hutten, glamorous singer in Sunday's "Evening in Budapest"

ROBERT HALE, star father of the spritely stars, Binnie and Sonnie, opens new series of attractive talks, "I Saw the Start." Idea is to get talking people who were in at the beginning of something. Robert will recall the beginnings of West End revue.

ELGAR "PROM."—Isobel Baillie and Beatrice Harrison are the soloists at the Queen's Hall to-night. (Regional.)

"GLAMOUR" is the name of Harry Benet's concert party at the Alexandra Gardens, Weymouth, which is on the air to-night. (West.)

JAZZ MASTER.—Brent Wood puts another portrait in his "Minstrels Gallery" of records by jazz kings. This time it's of the brilliant negro swing pianist, "Fats" Waller. (North.)

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 11

"RADIO RODEO."—That stage at the Union Cinema, Kingston, is gaily set once again for the Rodeo of first-class stars, Cicely Courtneidge, Claude Dampier, Four Aces, Billy Costello and Rusty and Shine, the usual team of popular organists, and Harold Ramsay as comperé and director of the fun. (Regional.)

PIER SHOW.—Leonard Lovesey's "English Entertainers" at Pier Pavilion, Skegness, form a breezy part of "Lincolnshire Night's Entertainment" programme. Also variety from Theatre Royal, Cleethorpes, and Bob Walker's Band on the Pier there. (North.)

THAMES REFLECTIONS.—The life of London's river, from the busy docks to the quiet reaches of the riverside bungalows, is portrayed in sound in a feature, "Thames Mosaic." (Regional.)

HARRIET COHEN, Astra Desmond, Adila Fachiri in a Bach "Prom." (National.)

THURSDAY, AUGUST 12

SEVENTY MINUTES SEASIDE FUN.—Grand finale of Harry Pepper's tour of resort shows is "Round the Fol-de-Rols." Thousand miles of landline, a score of mikes link up "Fol-de-Rol" shows at Eastbourne, Llandudno, Sandown and Hastings.

PLAY BY "TAFFRAIL."—"SOS", the drama of a ship's SOS and a rescue at sea makes a new play written for radio by graphic sea-writer "Taffrail," heard recently in "ABC" (National.)

DEBROY SOMERS, asked by Variety Director John Watt to produce a special dance band-variety show for B.B.C., to-night provides the goods. A great band, surprise stars. (Regional.)

RHYTHM.—Martyn C. Webster has in Midland studio, Jack Hill and his Music, with songstress Alex Penney, and will comperé them through "Rock-a-Bye Rhythm." (Regional and Midland.)

FRIDAY, AUGUST 13

VARIETY.—A show of popular music-hall stars from the Palace Theatre, Plymouth. (Regional and West.)

AMERICA CALLING.—More Yankee music and comedy from New York in "Five Hours Back." (National.)

GARDENERS' JOY.—C. H. Middleton's talking. (National.)

BEETHOVEN "PROM."—With Stiles Allen and Solomon. (National.)



You must purify your blood to cleanse away the poisons that cause spots, red, rough skin and dull, yellow-tinged eyes. Beechams Pills help digestion, stimulate the liver, conquer constipation, and so improve the complexion. They are the surest, the safest and the most gentle of all remedies—famous for 90 years, and more popular than ever to-day. No pain, no inconvenience, just a quick return to health, energy and good spirits. Purely vegetable—give them a trial.

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LISTEN TO RADIO LUXEMBOURG

1,293 metres

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 Chief Announcer : Mr. Ogden Smith. Assistant Announcer : Mr. Charles Maxwell.

SUNDAY, AUG. 8

- 8.15 a.m. Request Programme
- 9.0 a.m. Station Concert
- 9.15 a.m. Master O.K. the Saucy Boy
 We Saw the Sea, Berlin; Around and Around the Old Bandstand, Towers; The Fleets in Port Again, Gay; The King's Navee, Dunn.—
 Concert presented by the makers of Mason's O.K. Sauce.
- 9.30 a.m. BRIAN LAWRENCE AND HIS MELODY FOUR
 Free and Easy, Porchmann; Just One More Chance, Coslow; When its Night Time in Italy; I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles, Keurodin; The Blue Room, Coward.—
 Presented by Keatings.
- 9.45 a.m. ALFREDO CAMPOLI AND HIS ORCHESTRA
 Prunella, Bridgewater; The Dancing Clock; Hiawatha, Moret; The Swan, Saint Saens.—
 Presented by California Syrup of Figs, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.
- 10.0 a.m. Old Salty and His Accordion To-day : Old Salty tells of a thrilling adventure he had when his ship got stranded in the Saragossa Sea.—
 Presented by Rowntree's Cocoa.
- 10.15 a.m. CARSON ROBISON AND HIS PIONEERS
 Presented by Thos. Hedley & Sons, Newcastle-on-Tyne, makers of Oxydol
- 10.30 a.m. Programme of Music
 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.—
 Presented by Brown and Polson.
- 11.0 a.m. ELEVENES WITH GERALDO AND DIPLOMA
 You Can Tell She Comes from Dixie, Symes; The World is Mine, Posford; I Can't Lose that Longing for You, Green.—
 Presented by the makers of Diploma.



Webster Booth's romantic tenor will be heard in Horlicks Picture House this Sunday at 4 p.m.

- 4.0-5.0 p.m. THE HORLICKS PICTURE HOUSE
 With Debroy Somers and Company.
 Starring :
 Webster Booth
 Jenny Dean
 Miriam Ferris
 Harry Gunn
 Florence Oldham
 Helen Raymond
 Foster Richardson
 Bert Yarlett
 Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks.
- 5.0 p.m. Ray of Sunshine Programme
 Compered by Christopher Stone.—
 Presented by the makers of Phillips' Tonic Yeast and Betox.
- 5.30 p.m. THE OVALTINEYS
 Entertainment especially broadcast for the League of Ovaltineys
 With Songs and Stories by the Ovaltineys and HARRY HEMSLEY
 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
 The Shag, Ager; There a Lull in My Life, Revel; Old King Cole; When Two Love Each Other, Rose; Girl from Cuba, Santengini; Merry Go Round Broke Down, Friend; On the Trail Where the Sun Hangs Low, Kennedy; Cows in the Meadow, Bernard; On Moonlight Bay, Wenrick.—
 Presented by the makers of Lifebuoy Toilet Soap.

- 7.30 p.m. WALTZ TIME
 With Billy Bissett and His Waltz Time Orchestra
 Anita Hart
 Eddie Lee and the Waltz Timers.
 Dancing in the Twilight, De Lettre; Pal of My Cradle Days; 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, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.
- 7.45 p.m. "Dinner at Eight"
 Enid Stamp-Taylor introduces Adele Dixon and Patrick Waddington with Anne de Nys and John Ridley at the Grand Pianos with the C. & B. Band, directed by Sydney Lipton.
 Presented by Crosse & Blackwells'.
- 8.0 p.m. PALMOLIVE PROGRAMME
 With
 Olive Palmer and Paul Oliver
 I've Got Beginners' Luck, Gershwin; Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life, Young; Toy Trumpet Fantasy, Scott; Where is the Sun, David; Romance Medley, Various; Merry Go Round Broke Down, Friend; Rose of Ispahan, Chopin; Camera Doesn't Lie, Leslie; Sailboat in the Moonlight, Loeb; Swing Serenade, Evans.—
 Presented by Palmolive.
- 8.30 p.m. Luxembourg News (in French)
- 9.0 p.m. OLD TIME MUSIC HALL MEMORIES
 Impersonations of
 Marie Lloyd
 Vesta Victoria
 Gus Elen
 Bertha Willmott
 Harry Flagson
 Harry Lester, etc., etc.
 By Muriel Farquhar and Fred Douglas
 Presented by Macleans, Ltd.

KEATING'S KILLS- and Now



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OUR SIGNATURE TUNE
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 THE WORLD-FAMOUS INSECTICIDE

- 11.15 a.m. THE OPEN ROAD
 When the Band Goes Marching By, Sarony; Buddies; Radio March, Pecking; Stein Song, Vallee; On the Quarter Deck, Alford.—
 Presented by Carter's Little Liver Pills, 64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1.
- 11.30 a.m. Luxembourg Religious Talk (in French).
- 12.0 (noon). The Calvert Cavalcade of Sport.—
 Presented by Calvert's Tooth Powder.
- 12.15 p.m. Orchard Variety
 With Marlus B. Winter and His Orchestra and their guest artiste, Kenway and Young.—
 Presented by Rowntrees Fruit Gums and Pastilles.
- 12.30 p.m. A Mosaic in Melody.
 Presented by The Irish Hospital's Trust, Ltd.
- 1.0 p.m. Princess Marguerite Programme
 Music by Grant Hughes and His Orchestra. Introducing Princess Marguerite All-Purpose Creams.—
 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 and His Band, with Peter Williams and Alan Breeze.—
 Presented by Kraft Cheese Co., Ltd., Hayes, Middlesex.
- 2.30 p.m. Your Old Friend Dan
 Presented by S. C. Johnson & Sons, Ltd., makers of Johnson's Glo-Coat.
- 2.45 p.m. MUSICAL MOODS
 Featuring :
 Lee Sims and
 Homay 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
 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 Frederic Bayco at the organ. Where Are You? McHugh; In a Little French Casino, Sherman; Mountains of Mourne, arr. James; Will You Remember? Romberg.—
 Presented by Andrews Liver Salts.
- 3.30 p.m. Black Magic
 A programme for sweethearts.—
 Presented by Black Magic Chocolates.
- 3.45 p.m. JOHN GOODWOOD ON THE COTY PROGRAMME.
 A New Programme of Haunting Melodies, Beauty Information and John Goodwood, Astrologer and Student of the Stars, who will tell you how the Planets shape your destiny.
 Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms, Moore; Speak To Me Of Love, Lenoir; There Isn't Any Limit To My Love, Sigler; I Need You, Botterill.—
 Presented by Coty (England), Ltd.



Jenny Dean, musical comedy actress, also in Horlicks Picture House



A charming picture of Elsie Carlisle, in Rinso Music Hall this Sunday, 6.30 p.m.

- 6.30 p.m. RINSO RADIO MUSIC HALL
 Master of Ceremonies, Edwin Styles
 Featuring :
 Turner Layton
 Elsie Carlisle.
 Stainless Stephen
 Albert Sandler
 Ernest Shannon
 Max and Harry Nesbitt, with
 Jock McDermott and the Rinso Music Hall Band
 Presented by the makers of Rinso, Unilever House, London, E.C.4.
- 7.0 p.m. DR. FU MANCHU
 By Sax Rohmer
 No. 36—The Purple Shadow
 A further episode in the timeless war between the famous criminal investigator Nayland Smith and Dr. Fu Manchu—
 arch-foe of the Orient.
 Cast :
 Dr. Fu Manchu ... Frank Cochrane
 Nayland Smith ... D. A. Clarke-Smith
 Dr. Petrie ... John Rae
 Weymouth ... Arthur Young
 Sterling ... " "
 Voice ... " "
 Signora Parses ... Rani Waller
 Presented by the makers of Milk of Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.
- 7.15 p.m. Eddie Pola and His Twisted Tunes (A programme of twisted words and music).—
 Presented by the makers of Hudson's Soap.
- 9.15 p.m. BEECHAMS RE-UNION
 with
 Jack Payne
 and their guest artiste
 Eve Becke
 Compered by Christopher Stone
 Presented by Beechams Pills and Dinneford's Magnesia.
- 9.45 p.m. The Colgate Revellers
 Presented by Colgate Ribbon Dental and Shaving Creams.
- 10.0 p.m. POND'S SERENADE TO BEAUTY
 A 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 the makers of Quaker Flakes.
- 10.45 p.m. AUSTEN CROOM-JOHNSON'S
 Soft Lights and Sweet Music
 Mean To Me, Hamm; Bye-Bye Blues; Soft Lights and Sweet Music, Berlin; Organ Grinders Swing, Hudson; Mood That I'm In, Silver.—
 Presented by the makers of Pepsodent Tooth Paste.

Please turn to page 30

S-S-SH!



**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 Wednesday at 4-45 p.m. and Sunday at 7 p.m.

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4.45 p.m. Wednesday; 7 p.m. Sunday

Presented by the makers of "MILK OF MAGNESIA"—the perfect antacid

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- EVERY MONDAY MORNING—
- EVERY TUESDAY MORNING—
- EVERY WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON—
- EVERY THURSDAY MORNING—

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CARAVAN**

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"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.

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CARTERS Brand LITTLE LIVER PILLS

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Continuing **HILDEGARDE** by Herself
Articles on
NORTH'S SEARCH FOR TALENT

FRED HARTLEY & MARY O'FARRELL

"FU-MANCHU SPEAKS"
Starring the favourites of this radio feature

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Usual Grand Features

Full Luxembourg, Lyons and Normandy Programmes



**"There's never
any danger of
'B.O.' if you use
Lifebuoy Toilet
Soap regularly"**

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



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and his ORCHESTRA** from

RADIO LUXEMBOURG (1293 metres)
EVERY SUNDAY EVENING 6 TO 6-30

presented by the makers of

LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP

LISTEN TO RADIO LUXEMBOURG

1,293 metres

(Continued from page 28)

- 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.—Presented by the makers of Zam Buk.
- 11.30 p.m.—12 (midnight).** Request Concert

MONDAY, AUGUST 9

- 8.0 a.m.** WALTZ TIME
With Billy Bissett and His Waltz Time Orchestra
Anita Hart
Eddie Lee
and
The Waltz Timers
Charmaine, Pollack; I Dream Too Much, Kern; Voice in the Old Village Choir, Kahn; Valse Bleue, Margis; Pagan Love Song, Brown.—Presented by Phillips Dental Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, London, W.3.
- 8.15 a.m.** HORLICKS MUSIC IN THE MORNING
Wake Up and Sing, Friend; Lucky Day, Henderson; One Morning in May, Parish; Blue Skies, Berlin; So the Blackbirds and the Bluebirds, Moll; Dinah, Young; There's That Look in Your Eyes Again, Revel; Lost, Olan; Whose Baby Are You? Kern.—Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks.
- 8.30 a.m.** Dance Music
- 8.45 a.m.** THE OPEN ROAD
Stars and Stripes, Sousa; Shout for Happiness, Hart; Semper Fidelis, Sousa; Guard Republicaine; There's Something About a Soldier, Gay.—Presented by Carter's Little Liver Pills, 64 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1.
- 9.0 a.m.** Smile Awhile
Programme of Musical Humour.
- 9.30 a.m.** Variety
- 10.10 a.m.** Station Concert
- 10.15—10.30 a.m.** Request Programme.
- 3.30 p.m.** Concert of Light Orchestral Music.
- 4.0 p.m.** The Dancant
- 4.30 p.m.** Swing Music
- 4.45 p.m.** ALFREDO CAMPOLI AND HIS ORCHESTRA
Talk by Nurse Johnson on Child Problems
Dance of the Icicles, Kennedy Russell; Passing Clouds, King; Selection from "Princess Charming," Kester, Part I, Love Is a Song; Part 2, Near and Yet So Far; Brave Hearts, Noble.—Presented by California Syrup of Figs, 179 Acton Vale, London, W.3.

- 5.0 p.m.** Borwick's Lemon Barley Concert
We Will Always be Sweethearts, Robin; Chez Moi, Misraki; Vagabond Tiddler, Myers; Fox trot Medley, Various.—Presented by Geo. Borwick & Sons, Led.
- 5.15—5.30 p.m.** BEAUTY AND MELODY
A programme of sweet and lovely melodies played by Brian Lawrance and the Three Ginx, with a talk on beauty by Lady Betty Bourke. Sweet is the Word for You, Robin; Never in a Million Years, Revel; Where the Blue of the Night, Turk; Head Over Heels, Gordon.—Sponsored by Elfrida Perfumery Co., Rawden, Leeds.
- 6.30 p.m.** Request Programme
- 6.45—7.0 p.m.** Film Stars on Parade

TUESDAY, AUGUST 10

- 8.0 a.m.** HILDEGARDE
The most fascinating personality of 1937
Will You Remember, Romberg; There's a Small Hotel, Rodgers; Sweet Heartache, Stepi; They All Laughed, Gershwin; My Little Buckaroo, Jerome.—Presented by Phillips Dental Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, London, W.3.
- 8.15 a.m.** "8.15 and All's Well"
Featuring Browning and Starr.—Presented by the makers of Alka Seltzer.
- 8.30 a.m.** Crooners
- 8.45 a.m.** Iron-Ox Programme
Fifteen fascinating minutes of melody and song.—Presented by Pharmacol Laboratories makers of Iron-Ox Brand Tablets.
- 9.0 a.m.** Lucky Dip
- 9.15 a.m.** FOUR KOLYNOS SMILES
When the Black Birds and the Blue Birds Get Together, Moll; Hottest Ever, Ossman; They Can't Take that away from Me, Gershwin; When You're Smiling, Fisher.—Presented by the makers of Kolynos Dental Cream.
- 9.30 a.m.** Musical Menu
Mrs. Jean Scott, head of the Brown and Polson Cookery Club, gives you free cookery advice.—Presented by Brown & Polsons.
- 9.45 a.m.** Fingering the Frets
- 10.0 a.m.** Station Concert
- 10.15—10.30 a.m.** Request Programme.
- 3.30 p.m.** Concert of Music
- 4.0 p.m.** MILTON'S TEA TIME TALKS
with
Gil Chard
A fascinating programme of words and music
Presented by Milton Antiseptic, John Milton House, London, N.

- 4.30 p.m.** Selections From the Shows
- 4.45 p.m.** WALTZ TIME
With Billy Bissett and His Waltz Time Orchestra
Anita Hart
Joe Lee and the Waltz Timers
Marcheta, Schertzing; Ah! Sweet mystery of Life, Herbert; I Wish I Had My Old Girl Back Again, Ager; Drinking Song, Romberg; I Wake Up Smiling, Ahlert.—Presented by Phillips Dental Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, Acton, London, W.3.
- 5.0 p.m.** Station Concert
- 5.15—5.30 p.m.** Musical Alphabet
- 6.30 p.m.** Request Programme
- 6.45—7.0 p.m.** Altcar's Radio Review
Latest Greyhound Racing News Gossip and form in this evening's programme.—Presented by Altcar.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 11

- 8.0 a.m.** WALTZ TIME
With Billy Bissett and His Orchestra
Anita Hart
Joe Lee and the Waltz Timers
King For a Day, Fiorio; Zigeuner, Couard; Little Annie Rooney, Nolan; After the Ball, Harris; Was It a Dream, Spier.—Presented by Phillips Dental Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, Acton, London, W.3.
- 8.15 a.m.** HORLICKS MUSIC IN THE MORNING
Wake Up and Sing, Friend; Home Made Sunshine, Rainger; East of the Sun, Bowman; We'll All Go Riding on a Rain-bow, Woods; When a Lady Meets a Gentleman Down South, Cleary; South American Joe, Caesar; Who, Kern; I've Got You Under My Skin, Porter; Did You Mean It? Dixon.—Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks.
- 8.30 a.m.** Station Concert
- 8.45 a.m.** Solo Instrumentalist
- 9.0 a.m.** "Voices of the Stars"
Present Violet Loraine, famous musical comedy and film star.—Sponsored by Rowntrees, the makers of Chocolate Crisps.
- 9.15 a.m.** Military Music
- 9.30 a.m.** OLIVER KIMBALL
The Record Spinner
El Capitan, Sousa; Spring Song, Mendelssohn; She Fell for a Fella, Butler; Chocolate Soldier, selection, Strauss.—Programme presented by Bisurated Magnesia.
- 9.45 a.m.** Radio Favourites
Presented by Brooke Bond Dividend Tea.
- 10.0 a.m.** Station Concert
- 10.15—10.30 a.m.** Request Programme.
- 3.30 p.m.** Concert of Light Orchestral Music.

- 4.0 p.m.** Tea Time Cabaret
- 4.30 p.m.** Famous Artistes and Melodies
- 4.45 p.m.** DR. FU MANCHU
No. 4, The Green Mist
Cast:
Fu Manchu, Frank Cochrane
Nayland Smith, D. A. Clarke-Smith
Dr. Petrie, Jack Lambert
Weymouth, Arthur Young
Other characters, Mervyn Johns
Presented by the makers of Milk of Magnesia, 179 The Vale, Acton, London, W.3.
- 5.0—5.30 p.m.** Not So Very Old Favourites.
- 6.30 p.m.** Request Programme
- 6.45—7.0 p.m.** The Female of the Species.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 12

- 8.0 a.m.** WALTZ TIME
With Billy Bissett and His Waltz Time Orchestra
Anita Hart
Eddie Lee and The Waltz Timers
One Night of Love, Schertzing; Golden Heart, Demville; Little Old Church in the Valley, Van Alstyne; Artists Life, Strauss; Till We Meet Again, Whiting.—Presented by Phillips Dental Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, London, W.3.
- 8.15 a.m.** HORLICKS MUSIC IN THE MORNING
Wake Up and Sing, Friend; It's Gonna be a Bright and Sunny Day, Saville; World is Waiting for the Sunrise, Seitz; I Feel a Song Coming On, Fields; If I Had a Talking Picture of You, de Sylva; Organ Grinders Swing, Hudson; You do the Darndest Things, Baby, Pollack; You're the Top, Porter; Thanks, Robin.—Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks.
- 8.30 a.m.** THE OPEN ROAD
Blaze Away, Holzmann; Jolly Good Company, Wallace; Scottish March; Valencia, Padilla; King Cotton, Sousa.—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
Mrs. Jean Scott, head of the Brown and Polson Cookery Club, gives you free cookery advice.—Presented by the makers of Brown and Polson's Cornflour.
- 9.45 a.m.** Swing Music
- 10.0 a.m.** Station Concert
- 10.15—10.30 a.m.** Request Programme.
- 3.30 p.m.** Concert of Light Orchestral Music.

NIGHTMARES Their Cause and Cure

Nine times out of ten, terrifying dreams and disturbed sleep can be traced to a stomach that is thoroughly out of order. All you need, as a rule, to make you "sleep like a top" once again are a few doses of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder.

But you must be careful that you do take Maclean Brand or you may find the remedy worse than the complaint! Harsh purgatives, which scour your system—stringent antacids, which rob your stomach of the normal acid supply it needs for digestive purposes—even the once highly-thought-of "homely bicarbonate," etc., which may or may not be completely pure—so-called "remedies" such as these are seldom effective.

With the professionally recommended Maclean Brand Stomach Powder you can feel quite secure. This gentle but certain remedy cleanses the system of poison, expels excess acid from the stomach, soothes the inflamed lining of the stomach walls. Children can be given Maclean Brand with the utmost confidence for their slight "tummy troubles." At the other extreme of stomach complaints, this famous stomach powder has successfully treated the dread gastric and duodenal ulcer when operations had seemed inevitable.

So make sure you get MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder and get better! Look always for the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle. 1/3, 2/- and 5/-. Powder or tablets.

NEWS FROM RADIO LUXEMBOURG by S. P. Ogden-Smith (Chief Announcer)

BACK TO WORK!

ONCE again, hullo everybody. August Bank Holiday week-end gone again and, as far as I am concerned, back to work this week-end; it will certainly be like greeting old friends again to be at the mike for those few minutes at midnight on Sunday—talking of old friends, may I thank all of you who so kindly wrote me wishing me a pleasant holiday? I can truly assure you that your wishes have been realised!

Now to work. All kinds of new ideas have been discussed, new ideas that we think will improve the programmes from the listeners' point of view. There are too many to be able to get them all in one of these articles, so I will talk about them as and when the occasion arises; for to-day, I'll deal with only one of the innovations, and that is the extension of the competition scheme.

You remember that, some three weeks ago, I devoted a quarter-hour surprise item to a guessing competition—we played four records, and you were asked to name the singers. By way of acknowledgment to those who were correct, we gave the name and address of the senders of the

first three correct solutions received during the following Saturday's surprise item.

The response to this "feeler" was so good that we have decided to extend it in more than one direction; the details I shall announce on the air when the particular schemes are ready, but I can promise you that they will be interesting.

Still on the subject of surprise items, to-morrow's will be a quartette, probably violins, 'cello and piano, to play what I can call "dreamy music." Of the surprise concerts that have passed, Bob Fisher still holds first place as far as responses go, but the "competition" almost beat all the rest of them put together!

It is only by receiving letters and postcards from you that we can really tell what you like, so keep up the good work. Our "request" concerts remain as popular as ever, and the mail in that department has steadily increased ever since the idea was first instituted, which is considerably more than a year.

I am beginning to feel a real old-stager as far as Radio Luxembourg is concerned, as the 10th of this month will mean that I have been here a year and a half.

More next week, so cheerio until then.

S. P. OGDEN-SMITH.

Do you want first-class entertainment? Then tune in to Luxembourg.



The inimitable Stainless Stephen, punctuation comedian, and Albert Sandler, popular violinist—both in Rinso Music Hall this Sunday, at 6.30 p.m.

4.0 p.m.
MILTON'S TEA TIME TALK
With Gil Chard
A fascinating programme of words and music

Presented by Milton Antiseptic, John Milton House, London, N.

4.30 p.m. Your Old Friend Dan Singing His Way Into the Home, Fifty Million Robins can't be Wrong, Pope; Medley of Cockney Melodies, Ingle; My Word, Bennett; Waltz in Springtime, Kern; Skeleton in the Cupboard, Burke.—Presented by S. C. Johnson & Son, Ltd., makers of Johnson's Wax Polish.

4.45 p.m.
SONGS AND SENTIMENT
A Programme of Piano and Vocal Duets I'm Going Shopping With You, Warren; There's Something In the Air, McHugh; It's Got to be Love, Rodgers; My Love to All, O'Connor; You On My Mind, Gerose.—Presented for your entertainment by the makers of Dandeline.

5.0—5.30 p.m. Smile Awhile
6.30 p.m. Request Programme
6.45 to 7.0 p.m. Alcar's Radio Review Latest Greyhound Racing News Gossip and form on this evening's programme.—Presented by Alcar.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 13

8.0 a.m.
HILDEGARDE
The Most Fascinating Personality of 1937 Never In a Million Years, Revel; It's Swell of You, Revel; There's a Lull in my Life, Revel; Let's Call the Whole Thing Off, Gershwin; Live, Love and Laugh, Heyman.—Presented by Phillips Dental Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, Acton, London, W.3.

8.15 a.m.
CHIVERS CONCERT
On Hearing the First Cuckoo; I Know a Lovely Garden, D'Hardelot; I Want Your Heart, Wood; Rosamunde Ballet Music, Schubert.—Presented by Chivers & Sons, Ltd.

8.30 a.m.
SINGING JOE
The Sanpic Man
Captain Mac, Sanderson; Glorious Devon, German; It Looks Like Rain in Cherry Blossom Lane, Burke; Stone-Cracker John, Coates; Across the Great Divide, Box.—Presented by the makers of Sanpic—Reckitts & Sons, Ltd., Hull.

8.45 a.m.
"GOOD MORNING NEIGHBOUR"
Reckitt's Bath Cubes Programme featuring
The Three Admirals
Betty Dale
and
Bill Bowness

Goose Hangs High, Lombardo; There's a Lull in My Life, Revel; Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star, Magidson; I'm Bubbling Over, Revel; Temptation Rag, Hoige.—Presented by Reckitts & Sons, Ltd., Hull.

9.0 a.m. Countryside
A Musical panorama of our glorious country highways and byways, featuring Simon the Singer and the Carnation Countryside Quintet.—Presented by Carnation Milk, the milk from contented cows.

9.15 a.m. Programme of Popular Music—Presented by Freezone.

9.30—9.45 a.m.
BROOKE BOND CONCERT
Presented by Brooke Bond Dividend Tea.

10.0 a.m. Station Concert
10.15—10.30 a.m. Request Programme.

3.30 p.m. Concert of Music
4.0 p.m. Whirl of the Waltz
4.30 p.m. Station Concert
4.45 p.m.

ALFREDO CAMPOLI AND HIS ORCHESTRA
Talk by Nurse Johnson on child problems The Pale Volga Moon, O'Hagan; Hejre Kati, Hubay; Gypsy Love Song, Herber; Cuban Serenade, Midgley.—Presented by California Syrup of Flgs, 179 Acton Vale, London, W.3.

5.0 p.m. Station Concert
5.15—5.30 p.m. Musical Alphabet
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, AUGUST 14

8.0 a.m.
ALFREDO CAMPOLI AND HIS ORCHESTRA
Talk by Nurse Johnson on Child Problems Waltz Medley—Memories of the Ball, Part 1 and 2, Various; Teddy Bear's Picnic, Bratton; Muted Strings, Uhl.—Presented by California Syrup of Flgs.

8.15 a.m.
HORLICKS MUSIC IN THE MORNING
Wake Up and Sing, Friend; First Week-end in June, Ellis; In the Spring a Young Man's Fancy, Ager; Melody from the Sky, Aler; Magnolia, De Sylva; Margie, Sitzer; Sunny Side of the Street, McHugh; Throw Open Wide Your Window, May; One For the Road, Rogers.—Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks.

8.30 a.m. Sunny Jim's Programme of Force and Melody.—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
Mrs. Jean Scott, head of Brown & Polson's Cookery Club, gives you free cookery advice.—Presented by Brown & Polson's.

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. The Dansant
4.30 p.m. Songs from the Films
4.45 p.m.

HILDEGARDE
The Most Fascinating Personality of 1937 We Haven't a Moment to Lose, Burke; Sweet Lailani, Owens; There's Something in the Air, McHugh; Handsome Young Soldier, Pola; Love is Good for Anything that ails you, Friend.—Presented by Milk of Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, Acton, London, W.3.

5.0 p.m.
FOUR KOLYNOS SMILES
There's no Two Ways About It, McHugh; Coons Carnival, Sheil; Somebody Loves You, de Rose; I'm Whistling for My Love, Young; Under the Bamboo Tree, Cole.—Presented by the makers of Kolynos Dental Cream.

5.15—5.30 p.m. Coloured Artistes
6.30 p.m. Request Programme

6.45—7.0 p.m. Alcar's Radio Review Latest Greyhound Racing news, gossip and form on this evening's programme.—Presented by Alcar.

11.0 p.m.—1.0 a.m. Dancing Time.

RECIPE FOR

Glamour

IN TWEEDS OR TIARA



THE VISCOUNTESS DUNWICH

WHETHER you see Lady Dunwich in smart furs and tweeds at Newmarket—or in a glamorous gown and jewels at a Mayfair ball—you are enchanted by her loveliness.

And if you could ask how she keeps her skin so beautiful, she'd tell you:—

"I use Pond's Cold Cream night and morning—it's an easy, quick beauty care. And it cleanses and improves my skin so perfectly that little blemishes or lines don't come."

Now read how Pond's Cold Cream can make your skin as lovely.

How a "Bad Skin" can be Made Flawless

Skin faults such as blackheads, enlarged pores, spots and lines start down in the tissue of glands, muscles, nerves, and veins that lie beneath your outer skin.

Before you are 20, that under-skin

begins to get sluggish. Tiny oil glands become lazy. Dirt sticks to the clogged oil, making blackheads and spots. Pores are stretched. Muscles relax and lines appear.

But you can rouse that lazy under-skin! By the regular use of Pond's Cold Cream. Smooth the cream on your face—it floats away dust and make-up and softens the blackheads. Wipe the dirt away. Then pat in more cream. It stimulates the under-skin; pores become fine and lines soften away.

Every night use Pond's Cold Cream. Use it in the morning and during the day, too. It leaves skin so soft that powder goes on perfectly and stays. The very first time, your skin will be softer, smoother, fresher and clearer. Soon skin faults go. Your face has radiant charm... Get Pond's Cold Cream and start making your skin beautiful.

Try Pond's Cold Cream free. Also Pond's Vanishing Cream, which holds powder on for hours. **POND'S**



All these faults start in your under-skin. Read above how Pond's Cold Cream ends these skin troubles quickly and easily.

FREE: For sample tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, write your name and address below, pin a 1d. stamp to this coupon, and post in sealed envelope to Dept. C1385, Pond's, Perivale, Greenford, Middx.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

BEAUTY ADVICE FREE: Write to Constance Holt, Pond's Beauty Expert, at the address given in the coupon, for free advice on your skin problems.

Tune-in to Pond's "Serenade to Beauty" every Sunday—Normandy 3 p.m. and Luxembourg 10 p.m.

Tune-in also to a Pond's Programme—Mayfair's Favourite Dance Tunes played by Lew Stone and His Band every Sunday—Normandy. 3.45 p.m.

Transmission from Normandy arranged through the International Broadcasting Company Limited

FOR BRIGHTER RADIO . . .

RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 kc/s

Information supplied by International Broadcasting Co., Ltd.,
11, Hallam Street, Portland Place, London, W.1.

Announcers: David J. Davies, Thorp Devereux, Kenneth Maconochie, Ian Newman.



Times of Transmissions	
Sunday:	7.45 a.m.—11.45 a.m. 2.00 p.m.—7.30 p.m. 10.00 p.m.—1.00 a.m.
Weekdays:	7.45 a.m.—11.00 a.m. 2.00 p.m.—6.00 p.m. 12 (midnight)—1.00 a.m.
*Thursday:	3.30 p.m.—6.00 p.m.
†Friday, Saturday, 12 (midnight)—2.00 a.m.	



"Military Manœuvres" take place, with the Two Leslies to help, on Monday, at 8.45 a.m.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 8

7.45 a.m. Normandy Calling

8.0 a.m. Light Music
Tap Your Tootsies, Sigler; Top of the Town, McHugh; Dance of the Raindrops, Evans; Smile, Darn Ya, Smile, O'Flynn.

8.15 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL
Yankee Doodle Never Went to Town, Hanighen; Across the Great Divide, Roberts; The Punch and Judy Show, Black; There's a New World, Carr; The Whistling Waltz, Woods.

8.30 a.m. Sacred Music
Now Thank We All Our God, Karg; Nearer My God to Thee, Carey. The Thought for the Week: The Rev. James Wall, M.A. There is a Green Hill, Gounod.

8.45 a.m. Charlie Kunz
In a Programme of Recordings.—Presented by Ladderix, Slough, Bucks.

9.0 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL
Normandy Playbill. Advance News and Some of Next Week's High Spots.

9.15 a.m. Hollywood Heroes
Melody for Two, Warren; Hold Your Man, Freed; To-morrow is Another Day, Jurmann.—Presented by the makers of Lux Toilet Soap.

9.30 a.m. ALFREDO CAMPOLI AND HIS ORCHESTRA
Talk by Nurse Johnson on Child Problems
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,
Beresford Avenue, Wembley, Middlesex.

10.0 a.m. WALTZ TIME
With Billy Bisset and His Waltz Time Orchestra
PAT HYDE
SAM COSTA
and
THE WALTZ TIMERS
Presented by
Phillip's Dental Magnesia
179 Acton Vale, W.3

10.15 a.m. CARSON ROBISON and His Pioneers
Presented by
Oxydol & Co., Ltd.,
Newcastle-on-Tyne

10.30 a.m. EDDIE POLA AND HIS TWISTED TUNES
A Programme of Twisted Words and Music
Presented by the makers of
Hudson's Extract
Unilever House, Blackfriars, E.C.4

10.45 a.m. The Rowntree Aerodrome
A Programme of Flying and Music. Good Morning Glory, Revel; There's Something in the Air, McHugh; I'm in a Dancing Mood, Hoffman; Love and Learn, Schwartz; Spread a Little Happiness, Ellis; My Lucky Day, Parr-Davies.—Presented by the makers of Rowntree's Aero Chocolate.

11.0 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL
PUTTING A NEW COMPLEXION ON LIFE
It's Got to Be Love, Rodgers; A Fine Romance, Kern; Lookin' Around Corners for You, Revel; Love Will Find a Way, Fraser-Simson; Gee, But You're Swell, Tobias.—Presented by D.D.D., Fleet Lane, E.C.4.

11.15 a.m. Military Band Concert

11.30 a.m. Mayfair's Favourite Dance Tunes of the Week. Played by Lew Stone and his Band. To-morrow is Another Day, Jurmann; Moonlight and Shadows, Hollander; Sweet is the Word for You, Rainger; I Need You, Bottrell; Little Hula Heaven, Rainger.—Presented by Pond's Face Powder.

11.45 a.m. Programmes in French
Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie.

Afternoon Programme

2.0 p.m. The Kraft Show
Directed by Billy Cotton with Peter Williams and Alan Breeze.—Presented by Kraft Cheese Company, Ltd., Hayes, Middlesex.

2.30 p.m. Sing a Song of Nonsense
Taking a Stroll Around the Park, Erard; These Foolish Things, Strachey; Two Lovely Black Eyes, Coborn; There's That Look in Your Eyes Again, Reed; That Tiny Tea Shop, Raymond; Medley.—Presented by Lixen, Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., Radio Dept., E.C.2.

2.45 p.m. THE OPEN ROAD
When the Band Goes Marching By, Sarony; Bubbles; Radio-Quick March, Peckins; The Stein Song, Fenstead; On the Quarter Deck, Alford.—Presented by Carter's Little Liver Pills, 64 Hatton Garden, 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 & Palmers, Ltd., Biscuit Manufacturers, Reading.

3.45 p.m. MAYFAIR'S FAVOURITE DANCE TUNES OF THE WEEK
played by
Lew Stone and His Band
Love is Good for Anything That Ails You, Malneck; Carelessly, Ellis; I've Got Beginner's Luck, Gershwin; How Could You? Warren; Little Hula Heaven.—Presented by Pond's Face Powder.

5.15 p.m. A QUESTION OF TASTE
A programme in which Members of the Public Select and Present Their Own Tastes in Music
Presented by the makers of Quaker Corn Flakes, Southall, Middlesex.

5.30 p.m. HILDEGARDE
The Most Fascinating Personality of 1937
Goodnight My Love, Revel; Melody for Two, Warren; Was It Rain? Handman; The Mood That I'm In, Sherman; One in a Million, Pollack.—Presented by Milk of Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.

5.45 p.m. Master O.K., The Saucy Boy We Saw the Sea, Berlin; Around and Round the Old Bandstand, Iida; The Fleet's in Port Again, Gay; The King's Navee, Dunn.—Presented by O.K. Sauce, Chelsea Works, S.W.18.

6.0 p.m. MUSIC HALL MEMORIES
featuring
Fred Douglas
Muriel Farguhar
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
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
Elsie Carlisle
Turner Layton
Max and Harry Nesbitt
Albert Sandier
Ernest Shannon
Stainless Stephen
With Jock McDermott and the Rinso Music Hall Band
Presented by the makers of Rinso, Unilever House, Blackfriars, E.C.4.

7.0 p.m. Black Magic
A Programme for Sweethearts. If I had You, Shapiro; Mama, I long for a Sweetheart, Collazo; Let's Put Our Heads Together, Arlen; Together, Henderson; Paradise in Waltz Time, Coslow.—Presented by Black Magic Chocolates.



Peter Williams, starred vocalist in the Kraft Show on Sunday at 2 p.m.



Maestro of Horlick's Picture House Programme — Debrov Somers. Sunday, 4 p.m.

4.0 p.m. THE HORLICKS PICTURE HOUSE
With Debrov Somers and Company
Starring
Webster Booth
Jenny Dean
Miriam Ferris
Harry Gunn
Florence Oldham
Helen Raymond
Foster Richardson
Bert Yarlett
Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks.

Evening Programme

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. Who? Kern; Country Dance Medley, Hartley; Moonbeams Dance, Gibbons; Phil the Fluter's Ball, French; Old Man River, Kern.—Presented by Lyons Green Label Tea.

Radio Normandy provides a feast of musical fare, light entertainment, and bright programmes of all sorts

- 7.15 p.m.** Voices of the Stars present Violet Lorraine, famous Musical Comedy and Film Star.—Sponsored by Rowntree's, the makers of Chocolate Crisp.
- 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.** Favourites of To-day and Yesterday. (Recorded by Brian Lawrance). What Are We Gonna Do With Baby? *Pola*; Steak and Potatoes, *Brown*; In the Sweet Long Ago, *Tobias*; The Mountains o' Mourne, *arr. French*; Yes Sir, That's My Baby, *Donaldson*; I Saw a Ship a-Sailing, *Kent*; Rags, Bottles or Bones, *Pepper*; Everybody Loves My Baby, *Williams*; Is It True What They Say About Dixie? *Marks*.
- 11.0 p.m.** Advance Film News Birds of a Feather, *Reader*; Flying High, *Reader*; Sweet Leilani, *Owens*; Watching the Stars, *Hoffman*.—Presented by Associated British Cinemas, 30 Golden Square, W.1.
- 11.15 p.m.** Request Programme from Miss Beal. When I Grow Too Old to Dream, *Romberg*; When My Dream Boat Comes Home, *Franklin*; The Old Rustic Bridge By the Mill, *Skelly*; Across the Great Divide, *Roberts*; Song of Freedom, *Ansell*.
- 11.30 p.m.** Sweet Music The Kiss Waltz, *Burke*; Sweetheart, Let's Grow Old Together, *Edwards*; On a Dreamy Summer Night, *Krome*; In the Chapel in the Moonlight, *Hill*; A Little White Gardenia, *Costow*; Her Name is Mary, *Ramsay*; I Know of Two Bright Eyes, *Clutsam*; Roses of Picardy, *Haydn Wood*; Sanctuary of the Heart, *Kaelbey*.
- 12 (midnight)** Melody at Midnight Jimmy Grier and His Orchestra. Guest Artists: The Three Brownies and Jerry Shelton. Hors d'Oeuvres, *Comer*; Rise 'n Shine, *Youmans*; That's How Rhythm Was Born, *Johnson*; If You Were Mine, *Mercer*; Limehouse Blues, *Braham*; You'd be Surprised, *Davis*; Let's Sing a Song About Something, *Harper*; Somebody Loses, Somebody Wins, *Whiting*; I Know That You Know, *Youmans*; In the Dark, *Bergman*.—Presented by Bile Beans, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.
- 12.30 a.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL Dance Music. Midnight in Mayfair, *Chase*; Papa Treotop Tall, *Carmichael*; Summer Night, *Warren*; Don't Count Your Chickens, *Reve*; Keep Calling Me Sweetheart, *Ida*; Let's Call the Whole Thing Off, *Gershwin*; In a Little French Casino, *Sherman*; Speaking of the Weather, *Harburg*.
- 1.0 a.m.** I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

MONDAY, AUG. 9

- 7.45 a.m.** Laugh and Grow Fit With Joe Murgatroyd (The Lad fra' Yorkshire).
- 8.0 a.m.** MUSIC IN THE MORNING Lucky Day, *Heiderson*; One Morning in May, *Parish*; Blue Skies, *Berlin*; So the Blackbirds and the Bluebirds, *Barris*; Dinah, *Lewis*; There's That Look in Your Eyes Again, *Revel*; Lost, *Mercer*; Whose Baby Are You? *Kern*.—Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks.



8.30 a.m. Wednesday.—Angela Parselles is the guest of Sidney Torch in his organ programme

- 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.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL Sidney Torch and Guest Artists, The Three Keys, Caprice de Nanette, *Colebridge-Taylor*; It Ain't Nobody's Business, *Browne*; Orient Express, *Mohr*; Margie, *Tilzer*; When I'm With You, *Revel*.—Presented by Robinson's Lemon Barley, Carrow Works, Norwich.
- 8.45 a.m.** Military Manoeuvres With The Two Leslies. Lollypop Major, *Damerell*; When the Territorials are on Parade, *Sarony*; Sarah the Sergeant-Major's Daughter, *Saville*; The Tiddy-fa-lol-fa-larty Fusiliers, *Sarony*.
- 9.0 a.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL THE OPEN ROAD The Stein Song, *Fenstead*; I'm Sitting High, *Johnson*; Invincible Eagle, *Sousa*; Happy, *Youmans*; Fighting Strength, *Jordan*.—Presented by Carters Little Liver Pills, 64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1.
- 9.15 a.m.** GORDON LITTLE In Music Through the Window Picture Me Without You, *McHugh*; Bird on the Wing, *Kennedy*; I'm Delighted to See You Again, *Hackforth*; Alice Blue Gown, *McCarthy*; Hand in Hand, *Kern*; All Alone in Vienna, *Towers*.—Presented by Phosferine Tonic Wine, La Belle Sauvage, E.C.4.
- 9.30 a.m.** Featured and Written by Pinky Tomlin.—That's What You Think; I'm Just a Country Boy at Heart; Sweet; The Love Bug Will Bite You.
- 9.45 a.m.** ROMANTIC MELODY TIME With the Romeo of Song You Are Too Beautiful, *Rodgers*; Charlestonette, *Friml*; When Did You Leave Heaven? *Whiting*; When Day Is Done, *Katscher*; It's Easy to Remember, *Rodgers*.—Presented by Milk of Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.
- 10.0 a.m.** Light Orchestral Music Uncle Pete, *Jones*; Jolly Fellows, *Vollstedt*; Cuban Serenade, *Midgley*; Manhattan Serenade, *Alter*; Poppies, *Moret*; Knave of Diamonds, *Steele*; Happy Swiss Memories *arr. Betz*; Daisy Bell, *Dacre*.
- 10.30 a.m.** Topical Tunes Speaking of the Weather, *Harburg*; Rhythm of the Rain, *Meskill*; Where is the Sun? *Redmond*; Rainbow on the River, *Webster*.
- 10.45 a.m.** Ten Forty-five and All That Poor Robinson Crusoe, *Adlam*; Ain't She Coming Out To-night? To-day I Feel So Happy, *Abraham*; I Don't Want to Make History, *Rainger*.
- 11.0 a.m.** Programmes in French Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie
- 2.0 p.m.** Pierrot Parade (Celebrity Concert Party). Old Timers; All Alone in Vienna, *Towers*; There's That Look in Your Eyes Again, *Revel*; Wallah-Malaka-Lucy, *Sarony*; Trees, *Rasbach*; Got To Dance My Way to Heaven, *Costow*; Sweet Jasmine, *Oakley*; Over the Hills to Nowhere, *Sarony*.
- 2.30 p.m.** Paris Exhibition News
- 2.45 p.m.** Brian Lawrance and His Orchestra. What Are We Gonna Do With Baby? *Pola*; September in the Rain, *Warren*; Dancing in the Moonlight, *Donaldson*; Chicken Reel, *Daly*.
- 3.0 p.m.** Request Programme From H. Freeman of London. Brokenhearted Clown, *Noel*; In the Chapel in the Moonlight, *Hill*; Love Me Forever, *Schertzing*; South American Joe, *Friend*; Roses of Picardy, *Wood*; El Abanico, *Javaloyes*; One, Two, Button Your Shoe, *Johnson*; With a Banjo on My Knee, *McHugh*; Boo Hoo, *Lombardo*; Good-night, My Love, *Revel*.
- 3.30 p.m.** Light Music The Two Imps, *Alford*; The Dicky Bird Hop, *Gowley*; Dancing Dolls Medley, *Brown*; White Horse Inn, *Benatsky*; After the Ball, *Harris*; The Charladies' Ball, *O'Donovan*; By the Lazy Lagoon, *Keulman*; Mighty Lak'a Rose, *Navin*; Tina, *Gross*.
- 4.0 p.m.** The Young Idea Records by Child Stars. It's Got to be Love, *Rodgers*; Your Heart and Mine, *Mercer*; Someone to Care for Me, *Jurmann*; Let's Sing Again, *McHugh*; Changing of the Guard, *Scholl*.
- 4.15 p.m.** The Whirl of the Waltz (Old and New). Du and Du, *Strauss*; St. Bernard Waltz, *Swallow*; Waltz Medley; My Darling (Gipsy Baron), *Strauss*; Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life, *Young*; Destiny, *Baynes*; Shadow Waltz, *Warren*; You Will Remember Vienna, *Romberg*; Fascination, *Marchetti*.
- 4.45 p.m.** Cookery Nook Your Tea-Time Rendezvous with Phyllis Peck, McDougall's Cookery Expert. Selection—Anything Goes, *Porter*; Night and Day, *Porter*; I've Got You Under My Skin, *Porter*; Medley of Cole Porter Hits, *Porter*.—Presented by McDougalls, Ltd., Millwall Docks, E.14.

(Please turn to next page)

IN THE RINSO RADIO MUSIC HALL THIS SUNDAY AT 6.30

LUXEMBOURG - NORMANDY (Transmission for Normandy arranged through the International Broadcasting Company Limited.)

TURNER LAYTON

ELSIE CARLISLE



ELSIE CARLISLE

STAINLESS STEPHEN

ALBERT SANDLER

Ernest Shannon

Max and Harry Nesbitt

COMPERED BY EDWIN STYLES

SUNDAY AUG 15TH AT 6.30

PETER DAWSON

FLANAGAN & ALLEN

The Western Brothers

BOB and ALF PEARSON

THE FOUR ACES

COMPERED BY EDWIN STYLES

RINSO RADIO MUSIC HALL

Tune 'in RADIO NORMANDY



Go "With Eric Coates Through London" in an Organ Fantasy on Monday at 5.45 p.m.

12.30 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL

Dance Music
1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

TUESDAY, AUG. 10

7.45 a.m. Laugh and Grow Fit with Joe Murgatroyd (The Lad fra' Yorkshire).

8.0 a.m. Light Music
Zip Zip, *Brooke*; American Medley, *arr. Somers*; Kerry Dance, *Molloy*; Teddy Bears' Picnic, *Bratton*.

8.15 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL
Potpourri of Waltzes, *arr. Robrecht*; See Me Dance the Polka, *Grossmith*; Rockin' Chair, *Carmichael*; Tap Dance, *arr. Shikret*.

8.30 a.m. Records by George Elliott and His Sweet Music Makers. Speaking of the Weather, *Arlen*; Blue Venetian Waters, *Jurmann*; Thru' the Courtesy of Love, *Schall*; To-morrow is Another Day, *Jurmann*.—Presented by Vitacup, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

8.45 a.m. Cookery Nook
Your rendezvous with Phyllis Peck, McDougall's Cookery Expert. Lookie, Lookie, Lookie, Here Comes Cookie, *Revel*; Shepherd's Dance, *German*; Chorus, Gentlemen Please; Strauss, the Waltz King at Home, *Weber*.—Presented by McDougall & Co., Millwall Dock, E.14.

9.0 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL
Selections from "Swing is in the Air."

9.15 a.m. TUNES YOU MIGHT HAVE HEARD
Golden Jubilee March, *Sousa*; Love Will Find a Way, *Simson*; Wagon Wheels, *Carr*; Selection: Floradora, *Stuart*.—Presented by the proprietors of Lavona Hair Tonic, Braydon Road, N.16.

9.30 a.m. Tunes We All Know
Selection: The Gondoliers, *Sullivan*; O Sole Mio, *Di Capua*; Wedding of the Rose, *Jessel*; Parade of the Puppets, *Kuhn*.—Presented by Limestone Phosphate, Braydon Road, N.16.

9.45 a.m. WALTZ TIME
Billy Bissett and His Waltz Time Orchestra
Pat Hyde
Sam Costa
and
The Waltz Timers
Presented by Phillip's Dental Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.

10.0 a.m. Accordion Quarter Hour
Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay, *Flynn*; Julietta, *Goehr*; All Alone in Vienna, *Towers*; Wheel of the Wagon is Broken, *Box*.

10.15 a.m. THE OPEN ROAD

Marche Lorraine, *Ganne*; Rise'n Shine, *Youmans*; El Capitan, *Sousa*; Things Are Looking Up, *Gay*; Light of Foot, *Lalann*.—Presented by Carter's Little Liver Pills, 64 Matton Garden, E.C.1.

10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT

North Sea Waves, *Krannig*; Humoreske, *Dvorak*; Captain Harry Morgan, *Bantock*; Echoes of the Orient.—Presented by Macleans, Ltd., Great West Road, Brantford.

10.45 a.m. Ten Forty-Five and All That
Old and New Medley; Bojangles of Harlem, *Kern*; Me and My Dog, *Ellis*; Black Coffee, *Hoffman*.

11.0 a.m. Programmes in French
Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

2.0 p.m. Records by The Mills Brothers.
There Goes My Headache, *Razaf*; I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby, *McHugh*; Tiger Rag, *La Rocca*; Miss Otis Regrets, *Porter*; Dedicated to You, *Chaplin*.

2.15 p.m. Advance Film News
Birds of a Feather, *Reader*; Flying High, *Reader*; Sweet Leilani, *Owens*; Watching the Stars, *Lerner*.—Presented by Associated British Cinemas, 30 Golden Square, W.1.

2.30 p.m. Paris Exhibition News

2.45 p.m. Dancing Reflections in the Musical Mirror. *Alegrais, arr. Valverde*; The Shadow Waltz, *Warren*; Bunk House Dances, *Trad.*; Five Roumanian Dances, *Bela-Bartok*.—Presented by the makers of Novopline Foot-Energiser, Yeo Street, E.C.3.

3.0 p.m. OLIVER KIMBALL
The Record Spinner
Washington Post, *Sousa*; The Grasshoppers' Dance, *Bucalossi*; With Sword and Lance, *Stark*; Selection—Chu Chin Chow, *Norton*.—Presented by Bismag, Ltd., Braydon Road, N.16

3.15 p.m. Plantation Songs
Darktown Dandies, *Morley*; Poor Old Joe, *Foster*; My Old Kentucky Home, *Foster*; When the Robert E. Lee Comes to Town, *Kenney*; Plantation Songs Medley, *Foster*.

3.30 p.m. Request programme from Miss Barbara Kersley. I Wasn't Lying When I Said I Love You, *Vaughan*; One Kiss, *Romberg*; Liebestraum, *Liszt*; Somebody Stole My Gal, *Woods*; When the Poppies Bloom Again, *Towers*; I'm Still in Love With You, *Bratton*; I Surrender Dear, *Clifford*; Keep Calling Me Sweetheart, *Long*; Love is Good for Anything that Ails You, *Friend*.

4.0 p.m. Old Favourites
Scottish Medley, *arr. Somers*; The Last Rose of Summer, *Moore*; Alice Blue Gown, *Tierney*; The Old Brigade, *Barri*; Loch Lomond, *Trad.*; Come to the Ball, *Monckton*; Wrap Me Up in My Old Tarpaulin Jacket, *Trad.*; Queen of My Heart Tonight, *Callier*; Selection: H.M.S. Pinafore, *Sullivan*.

4.30 p.m. Hill Billy Sing Song
Ramblin' Cowboy, *Robison*; Lily Lucy Lane, *Hedges*; Humming Bird Reel; Buffalo Girl; Across the Great Divide, *Box*; Who Stole the Lock from the Hen House Door?

4.45 p.m. Romantic Melody Time
With the Romeo of Song, More Than You Know, *Youmans*; By the Waters of Minnetonka, *Laurence*; I'll Sing You a Thousand Love Songs, *Warren*; Beyond the Blue Horizon, *Whiting*; Miracles Sometimes Happen, *Noble*.—Presented by Milk of Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.

5.0 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL
POST TOASTIES RADIO CORNER
Uncle Chris (Christopher Stone).
Presented to the Children
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 Olivier
and Olive Palmer
Presented by Palmolive Soap, Palmolive, Ltd., S.W.1.

12 (midnight) Melody at Midnight
Hal Grayson and His Orchestra. Guest Artist: Cleo Brown.—Presented by Bile Beans, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.

12.30 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL
Dance Music
1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 11

7.45 a.m. Laugh and Grow Fit
With Joe Murgatroyd (The Lad fra' Yorkshire)

8.0 a.m. MUSIC IN THE MORNING
Home Made Sunshine, *Rainier*; East of the Sun, *Bowman*; We'll All Go Riding on a Rainbow, *Woods*; When a Lady Meets a Gentleman Down South, *Oppenheim*; South American Joe, *Caesar*; I've Got You Under My Skin, *Porter*; Did You Mean It? *Davis*.—Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks.



HEAR Hildegarde!

The voice that has charmed and fascinated three continents.
Lovely . . . alluring . . . irresistible . . . singing for you six days out of seven.

Sunday, 5.30 p.m.,	NORMANDY
Monday, 9.45 p.m.,	NORMANDY
Tuesday, 8.0 a.m.,	LUXEMBOURG
Thursday, 9.45 p.m.,	NORMANDY
Friday, 8.0 a.m.,	LUXEMBOURG
Saturday, 4.45 p.m.,	LUXEMBOURG

Presented by the makers of "Milk of Magnesia" the perfect antacid, and Phillips' Dental Magnesia, the toothpaste recommended by 12,000 dentists.

FILMS, FIRES AND FANS

Continued from page 18

I would like to pay tribute to the boys who form my Landsdowne House Sextette. I could never hope to meet a better bunch of fellows, both as musicians and as pals.

The bass player is Harry Wilson, who, as I've mentioned already, was a member of the first band I ever formed.

Harry Sherman, who was once with the Savoy Orpheans, is my guitarist. Harry has just got married, but has not let that interfere with his passion for cinematography. He invariably brings along his latest photos to entertain us during breaks at Landsdowne House.

Ted Rubach is the pianist, and he's an artiste who is equally good at classical music as at rhythm.

First sax is Harry Karr, the versatile. He also plays oboe, flute, clarinet or harmonica. Jimmy Durrant, aged twenty-three, is tenor sax and also does a lot of my arranging whilst Jimmy Gordon, a Scot, is my second alto sax.

Two Jimmys and three Harrys! It makes rehearsals difficult!

Then, in addition, there are the Three Ginx who've been together now for fourteen years and it don't seem a day too long! Their accordionist is Henry Krein.

The whole gang are young (Harry Wilson is the "daddy" at thirty-five!) and they're all terrific practical jokers. But, what is more to the point, is that they're all the best of pals. As you read this they will just have returned from a week's holiday together. What a week!!!

And now before I close I must thank those other people to whom I owe so much; Fred Hartley, who gave me my first chance in radio; "Tawny" Neilson, who gave me my big break in the recording studios; Tom Hearn, who decreed that I should become a band-leader; and Percy Khan, but for whose training and advice I should never have been the singer you know to-day.

And above all, thanks to Her who has inspired and encouraged me at all times . . . to Mother, God Bless her.

Superfluous HAIR

removed in 3 minutes with NEW SCENTED CREAM



UNDERARMS

Just 'cream' away that ugly unwanted hair with this new discovery. Using a razor only makes the hair grow faster and thicker—leaves coarse stubble. This delightfully perfumed cream dissolves away the hair below the skin surface: leaves skin soft, white and velvety smooth. No smell, no mess or bother. This amazing new white cream is sold everywhere under the trade-mark New 'Veet,' 6d. and 1/3. Successful results guaranteed or money refunded.



FOREARMS



LEGS

Continued from Preceding Page

8.15 a.m. **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**
Happy Days. The Old Spinning Wheel, Hill; On a Little Dream Ranch, Hill; The Eyes of the World Are on You, Sigler.—Presented by Odol, Odol Works, Norwich.

8.30 a.m. Sidney Torch and Guest Artistes Angela Parselles. Skaters' Waltz, Waldteufel; Ay, Ay, Ay, Gartman; Speak Easy, Gensler; Rustle of Spring, Sinding; New Heart, Hackforth.—Presented by Robinson's Lemon Barley, Carrow Works, Norwich.

8.45 a.m. "FORCE" AND MELODY
Versatility—Brian Lawrence
The Mountains o' Mourne, Collison; Is It True What They Say About Dixie? Caesar; Phil the Fluter's Ball, French; Rags, Bottles or Bones, Pepper.—Presented by "Sunny Jim," Clifton House, Euston Road, N.W.1.

9.0 a.m. **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**
Dance Music. With Plenty of Money and You, Warren; Prairie Romeo, Godfrey; Will You Remember? Romberg; On the Isle of Kitchimboko, Chase.—Presented by Sanitas, 51 Clapham Road, S.W.9.

9.15 a.m. Favourite Melodies
Champion March Medley No. 2, Ord Hume; They Didn't Believe Me, Kern; Will You Love Me When I'm Mutton? Watson; Post Horn Galop, Koenig.—Presented by Freezeon Corn Remover, Braydon Road, N.16.

9.30 a.m. Popular Tunes
Country Dance, German; Cuban Serenade, Midgley; Love Me Forever, Schertzinger; Echoes of the Ball, Willoughby.—Presented by Fynnon, Ltd.

9.45 a.m. ALFREDO CAMPOLI AND HIS ORCHESTRA
Talk by Nurse Johnson on Child Problems Presented by California Syrup of Figs, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.

10.0 a.m. Listen to Vitbe
Poor Robinson Crusoe, Adler; Sweeping the Clouds Away, Coslow; Kunz Revivals; Hurdy Gurdy Man, Chaplin.—Presented by Vitbe Bread, Crayford, Kent.

10.15 a.m. TANTALISING TUNES
Guess the Titles
A "Teaser" Programme Compered by Stevan Miller
Presented by the makers of Lacto Calamine, The Crookes Laboratories, Park Royal, N.W.10.

10.30 a.m. Never Mind the Weather
Singin' in the Rain, Brown; Isn't This a Lovely Day? Berlin; Jazz in the Rain, Packay; Rhythm of the Raindrops, Meskill; Pennies from Heaven, Johnston.

10.45 a.m. Ten Forty-five and All That
El Gaucho, Perot; All I Want is Just One Girl, Whiting; Midnight in Mayfair, Chase; Nights of Gladness, Ancliffe.

11.0 a.m. Programmes in French
Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

2.0 p.m. Plerrot Parade
Celebrity Concert Party.

2.30 p.m. Paris Exhibition News

2.45 p.m. Dream Waltzes
The Sweetheart Waltz, Drake; Have You Forgotten So Soon? Nicholls; Love Song of the Nile, Freed; Love, Forever I Adore You, Sternensch.—Presented by True Story Magazine, 30 Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

3.0 p.m. Normandy Playbill
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. The Golden Voice of Radio
MORTON DOWNEY
Presented by Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd., Makers of Drane Shampoo.

3.45 p.m. SONG SUGGESTIONS
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
Presented by Milton Antiseptic, John Milton House, N.7.

4.30 p.m. Fingering the Frets
A Programme for Instrumental Enthusiasts

4.45 p.m. Master O.K., the Saucy Boy
Presented by O.K. Sauce, Chelsea Works, S.W.18.

5.0 p.m. **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**
HEALTH AND HAPPINESS
Valencia, Padilla; Here Comes That Rainbow, Pola; Andalusia, Gomez; It's a Parade, Vienna; Sons of the Brave, Bidgood.—Presented by Carter's Little Liver Pills, 64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1.

5.15 p.m. Radio Tour (China)
Chinese Street Serenade, Siede; The Chinese Wizard, Siede; Chopsticks, Mayeri; Chinese Fairy Tales, Dreyer; In a Chinese Temple Garden, Kaldbej; In the Temple of the Bells, Yoshimoto; The Chinese Story Teller, Dreyer; Selection: Chu Chin Chow, Norton.—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
Jimmy Grier and His Orchestra. Guest Artists: Jeannie Dunne and Jimmy Tolson.—Presented by Bile Beans, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.

12.30 a.m. **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**
Dance Music.

1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

THURSDAY, AUG. 12

7.45 a.m. Laugh and Grow Fit
With Joe Murgatroyd (The Lad fra' Yorkshire).

8.0 a.m. SINGING JOE
The Sanpic Man
At Brendon Fair, Mari; Thora, Adams; Was it Rain? Handman; My Fiddle is My Sweetheart, Chirgwin; Pretty Polly Perkins of Paddington Green.—Presented by the makers of Sanpic, Reckitt & Sons, Ltd., Hull.

8.15 a.m. **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**
GOOD MORNING NEIGHBOUR
featuring
The Three Admirals
Betty Dale
and
Bill Bowness
Presented by the makers of Reckitt's Bath Cubes, Reckitt & Sons, Ltd., Hull.

8.30 a.m. The Colgate Revellers
All God's Chillun Got Rhythm, Kurmann; There's a Small Hotel, Rodgers; There's a Lull in My Life, Keul; Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star, Oakland; Boo Hoo, Loeb.—Presented by Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, Colgate, Ltd., S.W.1.

8.45 a.m. Popular Music
By George Posford. The World is Mine To-night; Lazy Day; Goodnight Vienna; At the Balalaika.—Presented by Fels Naptha Soap, Clifton House, Euston Road, N.W.1.

9.0 a.m. **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**
Dance Music. I've Got Beginner's Luck, Gershwin; In a Little French Casino, Silver; I'm Still in Love with You, Edwards; Poor Robinson Crusoe, Adlam.—Presented by Woodward's Grape Water, 51 Clapham Road, S.W.9.

9.15 a.m. Wurlitzer Organ
We Must All Pull Together, Weston; By the River Sainte Marie, Warren; Ragamuffin Romeo, Wayne; In a Bird Store, Lake.

9.30 a.m. OLIVER KIMBALL
The Record Spinner
Selection—The Gondoliers, Sullivan; Passing By, Purcell; Selection—This'll Make You Whistle, Sigler; Selection—White Horse Inn, Stolz.—Presented by Bismag, Ltd., Braydon Road, N.16.

9.45 a.m. HILDEGARDE
The Most Fascinating Personality of 1937
All Alone in Vienna, Morrow; Carelessly, Ellis; Melancholy Baby; September in the Rain, Warren; April in Paris, Harburg.—Presented by Milk of Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.

10.0 a.m. Radio Favourites
Selection—Paganini, Lehar; Stephanie Gavotte, Czibulka; So It Goes On, Gay; Intermezzo, Coleridge Taylor.—Presented by Brooke Bond & Co., Ltd., London, E.1.

10.15 a.m. THE OPEN ROAD
Fairest of the Fair, Sousa; The Fleet's in Port Again, Gay; England, Besley; Sons of the Brave, Bidgood; My Hat's on the Side of My Head, Woods.—Presented by Carter's Little Liver Pills, 64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1.

10.30 a.m. Popular Concert
Gipsy Love Overture, Lehar; Waltz Medley; Love is a Song, Nobis; Dance (Otello), Coleridge Taylor.—Presented by Macleans, Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

10.45 a.m. Ten Forty-five and All That
With My Little Horse and Wagon, Gilbert; In a Little French Casino, Silver; Willow Pattern, Lowry; The Merry-go-Round Broke Down, Franklin.

11.0 a.m. Programmes in French
Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

2.30 p.m. Paris Exhibition News

2.45 p.m. When
When My Ship Comes In, Kahn; When Hollywood Goes Black and Tan, Rene; When We Feather Our Nest, Cliffe; When the Poppies Bloom Again, Pelosi; When the Circus Comes to Town, de Rance.

3.0 p.m. Tunes from the Talkies
My Little Buckaroo (Strange Laws), Scholl; Blame It on the Rumba (Top of the Town), McHugh; Slap that Bass (Shall We Dance?) Gershwin; I Hear a Call to Arms (Swing High, Swing Low), Lane; Selection—Top Hat, Berlin; Goodnight My Love (Stowaway), Keul; Gone (Love on the Run), Waxman; Was it Rain? (Hit Parade), Handman; Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life (Naughty Marietta), Herbert.

3.30 p.m. Orchestral Concert
Plantation Songs, Powell; Song of Paradise, King; Wood Nymphs, Coates; Song—The Way You Look To-night, Kern; Tres Jolie, Waldteufel; Lightning Switch, arr. Alfrod; Song—A Bird Sang in the Rain, Wood; Love's Old Sweet Song, Molloy; King Chanticleer—Two step, Ayer.

4.0 p.m. Request Programme
From Mrs. D. Mason (Records by Leslie Hutchinson). There's a Small Hotel, Rodgers; These Foolish Things, Strachey; All Alone in Vienna, Ilda; Brokenhearted Clown, Pelosi; Watching the Stars, Lerner.

4.15 p.m. PUTTING A NEW COMPLEXION ON LIFE
At the Café Continental, Gross; You Can't Pull the Wool Over My Eyes, Mencher; La Bomba, Rainger; Let's Sing Again, McHugh; You Do the Darndest Things, Baby, Pollack.—Presented by D.D.D., Fleet Lane, E.C.4.

4.30 p.m. A Smile and a Song
Two-Gun Dan, Packay; The Love Bug Will Bite You, Tomlin; Have You Anything On To-night, Matilda darling? Gilbert; Poor Robinson Crusoe, Adler; What are We Gonna Do With Baby? Pola.

4.45 p.m. Dancing Reflections
In The Musical Mirror.—Presented by the makers of Novopine Foot Energiser, Yeo Street, E.C.3.

5.0 p.m. **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**
POST TOASTIES RADIO CORNER
Uncle Chris (Christopher Stone)
Presented to the children by the makers of Post Toasties, 10 Soho Square, W.1.



George Posford, composer of the famous tunes to be played on Thursday, at 8.45 a.m.

5.15 p.m. A Quarter-Hour Programme
For Boys and Girls. Birthday Greetings from the Uncles.

5.30 p.m. Light Music
Lucy's Lips, Wheldon; My Wild Oat, Woods; -Not For? Burnaby; Canadian Capers, Chandler; With My Little Stick of Blackpool Rock, Gifford; The Changing of the Guard, Scholl; Polly Wolly Doodle, Trad.; Big Rock Candy Mountain; By the Side of the Zuyder Zee, Mills; By the Mountains in Spring, Leux.

6.0 p.m. Programmes in French
Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

12 (midnight) Melody at Midnight
Seger Ellis and His Orchestra. Guest Artist: Gene Austin.—Presented by Bile Beans, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.

12.30 a.m. **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**
Dance Music.

1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

FRIDAY, AUG. 13

7.45 a.m. Laugh and Grow Fit
With Joe Murgatroyd (The Lad fra' Yorkshire).

8.0 a.m. MUSIC IN THE MORNING
It's Gonna Be a Bright and Sunny Day, Saville; The World is Waiting for the Sunrise, Seitz; I Feel a Song Coming On, McHugh; If I Had a Talking Picture of You, Henderson; Organ Grinder's Swing, Parish; You Do the Darndest Things, Baby, Pollack; You're the Top, Porter; Thanks, Rainger.—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. **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**
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
One Life, One Love, May; A Paradise for Two, Tate; Three Little Times, Hajos; Four Jolly Sailormen, German.—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. You Will Remember Vienna, Romberg; Memories of the Ball; Memory of a Tiny Shoe, Evans; Liebestraum, Liszt.—Presented by Cuticura Preparations, 31 Banner Street, E.C.1.

9.15 a.m. GORDON LITTLE
In Music Through the Window
Someone to Care for Me, Jurmann; Gipsy Love Song, Herbert; I Send My Love with These Roses, Davis; Don't Say Goodbye, Stolz; Kiss Waltz, Burke; Auf Wiedersehn, Hoffman.—Presented by Phospherine Tonic Wine, La Belle Sauvage, E.C.4.

9.30 a.m. Radio Favourites
Welcome Vienna, arr. Dostal; My Lady Dainty, Hesse; Xylophone Solo—Following the Drum, Abraham; Alice Blue Gown, Tierney.—Presented by Brooke Bond & Co., Ltd., London, E.1.



George Elliott, well-known guitarist, is seen here in the recording studios. Records by him will be heard on Tuesday at 8.30 a.m.

Please turn to next page

Tune in RADIO NORMANDY

Continued from preceding page



Records by Leslie Hutchinson (By Request) will be heard on Thursday, at 4 p.m.



Arthur Roseberry, whose band plays for the Horlicks' "Music in the Morning" series

SATURDAY, AUG. 14

- 7.45 a.m.** Laugh and Grow Fit With Joe Murgatroyd (The Lad fra' Yorkshire).
- 8.0 a.m.** **MUSIC IN THE MORNING** First Week-end in June, *Ellis*; In the Spring, a Young Man's Fancy, *Yellow*; Melody from the Sky, *Mitchell*; Magnolia, *Henderson*; Margie, *Tilzer*; The Sunny Side of the Street, *McHugh*; Throw Open Wide Your Window, *May*; One for the Road, *Rogers*.—Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks.
- 8.15 a.m.** **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL** Normandy Playbill. Advance News and Some of Next Week's High Spots.
- 8.30 a.m.** Happy Days Let's Put Our Heads Together, *Arlen*; A Melody for Two, *Warren*; Don't Play with Fire, *Grey*; I Stumbled Over Love, *Forrest*;—Presented by Wincarnis, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.
- 8.45 a.m.** Sunny Jim's Special Children's Programme of "FORCE" AND MELODY Jolly Good Company Beside the Sea, *Wallace*; Rio Grande and Billy Boy, *arr. Terry*; Blow the Man Down, *arr. Terry*; On the Prom, Prom, Promenade, *Evans*.—Presented by A. C. Fincken & Co., Clifton House, Euston Road, N.W.1.

- 2.0 p.m.** Blackbirds. Celebrity Concert Party. Black-eyed Susan Brown, *Magidon*; When It's Sleepy Time Down South, *Leon*; The Wheel of the Wagon is Broken, *Carr*; Dixie Isn't Dixie Any More, *Bloom*; Your Heart and Mine, *Bloom*; I'm Still in Love With You, *Edwards*; Jo, Jo, the Cannibal Kid, *Bloom*; Dinah, *Young*; Dixie Rhythm.
- 2.30 p.m.** Paris Exhibition News The Whirl of the World Music From the Movies—March, *Levy*; A Message from the Man in the Moon, *Jurman*; Autumn, *Chaminade*; Where Are You? *McHugh*.—Presented by Monseigneur News Theatres.

- 3.0 p.m.** Musical Cavalcade Valse Rustique, *Coleridge-Taylor*; Hora, *Traditional*; Traumerei, *Schumann*; The Last Waltz, *Straus*.—Presented by the Publishers of "Cavalcade," 2 Salisbury Square, E.C.4.

- 3.15 p.m.** Songs for Two Another One Gone, *Nicholls*; In a Little French Casino, *Sherman*; A Couple of Fine Old Schools, *Mayerl*; Love is Everywhere, *Parr-Davies*.

- 3.30 p.m.** Dancing Time A Programme of Dance Music chosen by Victor Silverster.

- 4.0 p.m.** Something for Everybody Medley of Irish Airs; Song of the Vagabonds, *Friml*; My People, *Cunningham*; The Anchor's Weighed, *Braham*; The Lady in Red, *Wrubel*; Miss Porkington Would Like Cream Puffs, *Korton*; You Forgot to Remember, *Berlin*; The Charlaties' Ball, *O'Donovan*; Off to Philadelphia, *Haynes*; Organ Imitations; Don't Old With It, *Burnaby*; Christopher Robin is Saying His Prayers, *Fraser Simpson*; A Little Rendezvous in Honolulu, *Burke*; Across the Great Divide, *Roberts*; Yes, No, *Mayerl*; Just One Word of Consolation, *Williams*; What Are We Gonna Do With Baby? *Polka*; On the Isle of Kitchymiboko, *Polka*.

- 5.0 p.m.** **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL** POST TOASTIES RADIO CORNER Uncle Chris (Christopher Stone) Presented to the children by the makers of Post Toasties, 10 Soho Square, W.1.

- 5.15 p.m.** High Speed Variety Pick Yourself Up, *Kern*; I Do, *Saville*; One, Two, Button Your Shoe, *Johnston*; It Always Starts To Rain, *Wallace*; Taking a Stroll Around the Park, *Erard*; Our Avenue, *Lee*; Stop Your Ticking Jock, *Lauder*; Martial Moments, *arr. Winter*.—Presented by Renta's R.A.P., Ltd., 183 Regent Street, W.1.



Brian Lawrence—on the air Sunday, 10.30 p.m., Monday, 2.45 p.m.; Tuesday, 5.30 p.m.; Wednesday, 8.45 a.m.



Saturday, 9.45 a.m.: Records by Ambrose and his Orchestra

- 9.0 a.m.** **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL** Your Requests. The Love Bug Will Bite You, *Tomlin*; The Yodelling Sailor, *van Dusen*; Charlie Kunz, Piano Medley; You're Getting to be a Habit With Me, *Warren*; Dicky Bird Hop, *Gourley*; The Cowboy's Wedding Day, *Noel*; There's a Small Hotel, *Rodgers*; Mighty Lak' a Rose, *Nevin*; Birdie Out of a Cage, *Lerner*.

- 9.30 a.m.** Favourite Melodies Fifty Years of Song; Minuet, *Bocherini*; Humoresque, *Dvorak*; There Isn't Any Limit to My Love, *Sigler*.—Presented by Freezone Corn Remover, Braydon Road, N.16.

- 9.45 a.m.** Records by Ambrose and His Orchestra. Swing High, Swing Low, *Lane*; They Can't Take That Away From Me, *Gershwin*; Trees, *Rasbach*; Midnight in Mayfair, *Chase*; The Rhythm's O.K. in Harlem, *Carr*.

- 10.0 a.m.** Listen to Vitbe I've Got Beginner's Luck, *Gershwin*; Blame It On The Rumba, *McHugh*; Gipsy Caprice, *Ferraris*; Will You Remember? *Romberg*.—Presented by Vitbe Bread, Crayford, Kent.

- 10.15 a.m.** News Parade Le Cygne, *Saint-Saens*; A Little Love, a Little Kiss, *Silesu*; L'Amour Toujours l'Amour, *Friml*; Bells Across the Meadow, *Ketelby*.—Presented by the Editor of News Review.

- 10.30 a.m.** Music from the Wood Knockin' on Wood, *Norvo*; Clatter of the Clogs, *Flynn*; Wood and Ivory, *Phillips*; Rap Tap on Wood, *Porter*.

- 10.45 a.m.** Ten Forty-five and All That Papa Treotop Tall, *Carmichael*; Keep Calling Me Sweetheart, *Long*; Spooky Takes a Holiday, *Clinton*; Mama Inez, *Gilbert*; Prairie Romeo, *Carlton*.

- 11.0 a.m.** Programmes in French Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

- 10.45 a.m.** Ten Forty-five and All That Shoe Shine Boy, *Chaplin*; The Vagabond Fiddler, *Myers*; All Alone in Vienna, *Morrow*; Six Hits of the Day.

- 11.0 a.m.** Programmes in French Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

- 2.0 p.m.** Pierrot Parade Celebrity Concert Party. You're Gonna Be Young, *Nicholls*; Talking Through My Heart, *Rainger*; Holiday Sweetheart, *Henderson*; You're a Li-a-ty, *Formby*; Melodies of the Month; Step by Step; *Bawcombe*; It's a Sin to Tell a Lie, *Mayhew*; Ricing in the T.T. Races, *Cliffe*; The King's Horses, *Gay*.

- 2.30 p.m.** Paris Exhibition News
- 2.45 p.m.** Military Band Concert Light Cavalry Overture, *Suppe*; Merry Hunting Day, *Partridge*; Soldiers of the King, *Stuart*; Selection—Dorothy, *Cellier*.

- 3.0 p.m.** Request Programme from Mr. D. C. L. Rees. Pick Yourself Up, *Kern*; A Fine Romance, *Kern*; Lonely Road, *Ansell*; Shoe Shine Boy, *Chaplin*; Oh, My Goodness, *Revel*; River Stay 'Way From My Door, *Woods*; But Definitely, *Revel*; Music in May, *Novello*; This'll Make You Whistle, *Sigler*.

- 3.30 p.m.** Favourite Songs and Favourite Singers. I'm in a Dancing Mood, *Sigler*; Keep Calling Me Sweetheart, *Long*; Our Greatest Successes; Across the Great Divide, *Roberts*; Summer Night, *Warren*; Oh, That Mitz, *Strauss*; All Alone in Vienna, *Ilda*; Makin' Whoopee, *Donaldson*; In the Chapel in the Moonlight, *Hill*.

- 4.0 p.m.** MILTON TEA-TIME TALKS Fascinating Programme of Words and Music With Gil Chard Presented by the makers of Milton Antiseptic John Milton House, N.7.

- 4.30 p.m.** Fingers of Harmony Chopinata, *Chopin*, *arr. Doucet*; Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, *Kern*; High Level Hornpipe; Chromolithograph, *Foresythe*.—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. Love Thy Neighbour, *Revel*; Collee Rhythm, *Revel*; You Hit the Spot, *Revel*; Selection—Head over Heels, *Revel*.—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). Presented to the Children 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.** Paul Whiteman presents Ramona.

- 6.0 p.m.** Programmes in French Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie
- 12 (midnight)** Melody at Midnight Henry King and His Orchestra. Guest Artist: Carol Lee. —Presented by Bile Beans, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.

- 12.30 a.m.** **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL** Dance Music

- 1.0 a.m.** **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**

- 1.30 a.m.** **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**

- 2.0 a.m.** I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

- 9.45 a.m.** ALFREDO CAMPOLI AND HIS ORCHESTRA Talk by Nurse Johnson on Child Problems Dance of the Icicles, *Russell*; Passing Clouds Selection—Princess Charming, *Noble*.—Presented by California Syrup of Figs, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.

- 10.0 a.m.** A REFRESHING PROGRAMME Il Bacio, *Arditi*; My Little Buckaroo, *Scholl*; Selection—The Mikado, *Sullivan*; Selection—Swing High, Swing Low. —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 Presented by the makers of Skol Healing Antiseptic, 1 Rochester Row, S.W.1.

- 10.30 a.m.** SONGS AND MUSIC From Stage and Screen Selection—Champagne Waltz; Play It Again (Home and Beauty), *Brodsky*; Sleep Song (Pagliacci), *Leoncavallo*; Mind How You Cross the Road (Please Teacher), *Turnbridge*.—Presented by Macleans, Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

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 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.

SUNDAY, AUG. 8

6.0 p.m. From the Shows and Films With Plenty of Money and You (Gold Diggers of 1937), *Warren*; Tell Me To-night (Tell Me To-night), *Spoliansky*; I Dream Too Much (I Dream Too Much), *Kern*; Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star (Hats Off), *Oakland*; When I Grow Too Old to Dream (The Night is Young), *Romberg*; That Foolish Feeling (Top of the Town), *McHugh*; Birds of a Feather (Gang Show), *Reader*; Mad Dogs and Englishmen (Words and Music), *Coward*; Let's Put Our Heads Together (Gold Diggers of 1937), *Arlen*.

6.30 p.m. Songs by *Binnie Hale* Did You Get That Out of a Book? *Sigler*; Spread a Little Happiness, *Ellis*; I'm a One-man Girl, *Youmans*; You Don't Know the Half of It, *Sigler*; A Nice Cup of Tea, *Sullivan*.

6.45 to 7.0 p.m. Gipsy Melodies *Tzigane Czardas, arr. Rico*; *Taras Boulba, Trad.*; Lament, *Bibari*; Come, Gipsy (Countess Maritza), *Kalman*.

10.30 p.m. Old Favourites *Chocolate Soldier, Strauss*; *Merry Widow, Lehar*; *A Bachelor Gay, Tate*; *The Warbler's Serenade, Perry*; *Mother Machree, Olcott*; *You Are My Heart's Delight, Lehar*; *Gold and Silver Waltz, Lehar*; *The Keys of Canterbury, arr. Sharp*; *Les Cloches des Corneville, Planquette*.

11.0 p.m. Cabaret *Let's Face the Music and Dance, Magidson*; *Yes, Sir, I Love Your Daughter, Magidson*; *Be Yourself, Ellis*; *Always, Berlin*; *Charlie Kunz Piano Medley*; *I Saw Stars, Sigler*; *Let's Lay Our Heads Together, Ellis*; *Just One Word of Consolation, Williams*; *When My Dream Boat Comes Home, Franklin*.

11.30 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL
 I.B.C. Good-night Melody and Close Down.

MONDAY, AUG. 9

10.30 p.m. Records by The Street Singer *It's Easy to Remember, Rodgers*; *Call Me Darling, Dick*; *Stay Awhile, Sigler*; *The Whistling Waltz, Woods*.

10.45 p.m. It's Time for Dancing To-morrow is Another Day, *Jurmann*; *I Adore You, Rainger*; *Creole Lady, Marsedo*; *I Stumbled Over Love, Wright*; *Blues Be a Coward, De Kers*.

11.0 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL
 I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

TUESDAY, AUG. 10

10.30 p.m. Dance Music and Cabaret Relayed from the Scheherazade Night Club. Compèred by John Sullivan.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 11

10.30 p.m. Light Songs *Why, There's a Tear in My Eye, Rogers*; *You Are My Love Song, Grey*; *Abdul Abdul Amir, Crumit*; *I Left Her Standing There, Robison*.

10.45 p.m. Radio Stars *Shall We Dance? Gershwin*; *The Love Bug Will Bite You, Tomlin*; *Poor Robinson Crusoe, Adams*; *There's a Ranch in the Sky, Holzer*.—Presented by "Radio Pictorial."

11.0 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL
 I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

THURSDAY, AUG. 12

10.30 p.m. Some of Your Requests *Knightsbridge March, Coates*; *When Did You Leave Heaven? Whiting*; *The Way You Look To-night, Kern*; *Rhapsody in Blue, Gershwin*; *My People, Cunningham*; *When You've Got a Little Springtime in Your Heart, Woods*; *Salut d'Amour, Elgar*.

11.0 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL
 I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

FRIDAY, AUG. 13

9.10—11.0 p.m. La Damnation de Faust By Berlioz.

RADIO LJUBLJANA

569.3 m. 527 Kc/s.

Time of Transmission
 Friday: 10.30—11.0 p.m.
 Announcer: F. Miklavcic.

10.30 p.m. Old English Songs *O Mistress Mine, Gripps*; *Drinking, Traditional*; *It Was a Lover and His Lass, Morley*; *Diaphenia, Whittaker*; *Oh, Who Will O'er the Downs? de Pearstall*.

10.45 p.m. Organ Medley *The Policeman's Holiday, Ewing*; *In a Chinese Temple Garden, Ketelbey*; *The Teddy Bears' Picnic, Bratton*; *Nauticana—An Organ Roll*.

11.0 p.m. Close Down

SHORT-WAVE EMPIRE TRANSMISSIONS

31.65 m., 9480 Kc/s.

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

12 (midnight) Echoes of England *Widdecombe Fair, arr. Jacob*; *The Changing of the Guard, Flotsam*; *My Old Dutch, Chevalier*; *Devonshire Cream and Cider, Sanderson*.

12.15 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL *Richard of Taunton Deane, arr. Molloy*; *The Sweepers, Elgar*; *Down at Our Charity Bazaar, Asa*; *The Floral Dance, Moss*.

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

SATURDAY, AUG. 14

10.30 p.m. Variety Programme *Rhythm Like This, Bamberg*; *Burlington Bertie from Bow, Hargreaves*; *Packing Up, Hemsley*; *Keep Smiling, Hammerstein*; *Three Times a Day, Liddy*; *What a Little Moonlight Can Do, Woods*; *I'll Give Her a Ring, Farrar*; *I Was Lucky, Meskill*; *I'll Take the South, Klages*.

11.0 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL
 I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down

RADIO MEDITERRANEE

(Juan-les-Pins)
 235.1 m., 1276 Kc/s.

Times of Transmissions
 Sunday:
 10.30 p.m.—1.0 a.m.

SUNDAY, AUG. 8

10.30 p.m. Light Music *Midnight in Mayfair, Chase*; *The Char-ladies' Ball, O'Donovan*; *Jolly Good Company, Wallace*; *In the Chapel in the Moon light, Hill*; *Piano Solo—Slippery Fingers, Stele*; *I Dream of San Marino, Shields*; *When Day is Done, de Sylva*; *She Came from Alsace Lorraine, Carr*; *Let's Have a Jolly Good Time, Burnaby*.

11.0 p.m. Ebony Rhapsody *Records by Coloured Artists. Deep Forest, Foresythe*; *Wedding Bells are Ringing for Sally, Sherman*; *Dream Time, Coats*; *Canoe Song, Spoliansky*; *Lameñ for Congo, Foresythe*; *Laughing at the Rålh, Gay*; *I'm Delighted to See You Again, Hach-forth*; *The Dixie Glide*.

11.30 p.m. Orchestral Concert *Echoes from the Pusza, arr. Ferraris*; *In the Shadows, Finck*; *Song—I Lost My Heart in Heidelberg, Pepper*; *Bird of Love Divine, Hadyn Wood*; *Glow Worm Idyll, Lincke*; *Selection—Cat and the Fiddle, Kern*; *Parade of the Tin Soldiers, Jessel*; *Donauwellen Waltz, Inyanovici*.

12 (midnight) Dance Music *Let's Dance at the Make-believe Ballroom, Harris*; *There's that Look in Your Eyes Again, Revel*; *All Alone in Vienna, Morrow*; *On a Typical Tropical Night, Johnston*; *Everything You Do, Chase*; *My Lost Love, Coblan*; *One, Two, Button Your Shoe, Johnston*; *The Eyes of the World are on You, Sigler*; *Angel of the Great White Way, Roberts*; *I'm Still in Love with You, Edwards*; *Pennies from Heaven, Johnston*; *Just a Corner in Paradise, Damerell*; *Old Ship of Mine, Pelosi*; *Sing a Song of Nonsense, Carmichael*; *Nobody's Darling but Mine, Davis*; *Through the Courtesy of Love, Revel*; *I'm Pixilated Over You, Spina*.

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

THE I.B.C. SHOP WINDOW

By The Looker-In

THERE'S A TAVERN IN THE TOWN!

Where Radio Stars Make Merry

A "Pub" in Kilburn High Road is not a place where one would think of finding many of one's favourite radio stars—but come on in and let me show you. It's lunch-time and the Studios of the Universal Programmes Corporation are deserted, but not so the "Pub" opposite, as the "Rifle Volunteer" is known to many of the Radio famous.

Just inside the door we see the familiar figures of Kenneth and George Western, complete with old school tie and everything. They are knocking back a couple with some of the local "cads." George has just bought a magnificent new Rolls-Bentley and it's rather difficult to keep it out of the conversation.

Over at the Shove-Ha'penny board a key match is in progress. Paula Green and Pat Gilbert are playing Charles True and Peggy Desmond. Watching them are Benjy McNabb and Bob Walker who is getting in a little running commentary practice.

Four is playing three. Peggy Desmond has the ha-pennies. She pushes the first and—she's scored! No, she hasn't—it's too tight. It's just over the line, but it touches the first neatly on the side and pushes it fairly and squarely into the bed. Three plays three and "Dizzy Dessy" is at the top of her form.

There's a lot of chatter and laughter coming from the Bar, on which Gordon Little, Anne Lenner, Eugene Pini, Tom Ronald and Roy Plomley are leaning in a row. The two latter are drinking a mauve-orange concoction made of tomato-juice and a lot of other things. This is their own invention and they're very proud of it.

Gordon is describing his week-end cottage, just out of Town. Quite near it there's a large expanse of water which a mundane person would call a reservoir—but to Gordon it's "the duck-shoot" and always will be.

In the corner there's quite an argument going on and it sounds like politics. The centre of the discussion is held by Fred Hartley and Mary O'Farrell, who many of you must have recognised as "the Particular Lady" in the "Talk Over Tea" programmes.

At the long table laid for lunch, Marius B. Winter, Bob Howard, one of his vocalists, Al Shaw and some of the boys, are already tackling the roast beef and two veg. with enthusiasm.

Farther down the table are Henry Starr and Ivan Browning, the cheery duettists in the "8.15 And All's

Well" programme, and Billy Thorburn and Fred Douglas—who is telling a tale of the grand old days of the Music Hall and some of the great figures with whom he has worked.

A couple of script-writers are fumbling through an old copy of "Esquire" in search of inspiration and two of the executive staff are studying some coloured-ink graphs and seem to know what they mean.

The proprietor was christened Alf Palmer but he's known to everybody as "Boss." He and his two minions—Gus (who has broadcast) and Pat, are enthusiastic workers in the cause of making radio folk comfortable.

It's quite a short taxi-ride to the West End, but why bother? Simple food is best and there's some good fun and good company at "the Pub over the road."

Actual letter sent to Joe Murgatroyd (the lad fra' Yorkshire), whose morning exercises every weekday (7.45 to 8 o'clock) delight thousands of Radio Normandy listeners.

Southampton.

Look here, Joe Murgatroyd, what the devil do you mean by disturbing my peaceful mornings with your darned exercises?

I, a married man with two children, have for the past ten years always dutifully taken my wife her early morning cup of tea and then come downstairs, lounged in the arm chair, had two cups of tea and done my daily crossword. Now, in a twinkling of an eye, all this is washed out. Why, only this morning before I knew where I was, I was on the floor looking (and feeling) like a British heavyweight boxer taking the count.

Now Joe, the whole darned family is coming down early in the mornings, and where can I fly for refuge, as these are the only peaceful moments I get during the day? I know I could put the radio out of action, but then, you see, we have two sets and for both of them to go wrong together would make the wife smell a rat, and you being a married man as well would know what that means!

Please give me your advice immediately, otherwise I will have no option but to sue you for breach of the (early morning) peace.

Yours in exhalant (more than inhalant) health.
 July 12, 1937. G. M.

How Doctors Treat Indigestion

By Dr. F. B. Scott, M.D., Paris.

Although doctors are human, you rarely find them suffering from indigestion. The reason is that they know exactly what causes it and how to treat it. Personally, I know nothing to equal 'Bisurated' Magnesia as a speedy and lasting remedy for all digestive troubles. If I eat anything that disagrees with me I take either a teaspoonful of the powder, or four of the tablets, and there is an end of the trouble. Indeed, there is something almost miraculous about the speed with which 'Bisurated' Magnesia arrests acute stomach pain. 'Bisurated' Magnesia (powder or tablets) can be had of any chemist at 1/3 and 2/6 a bottle; there is also a 6d. trial tin of tablets. I advise every sufferer to take some after their next meal; the relief will be a revelation.

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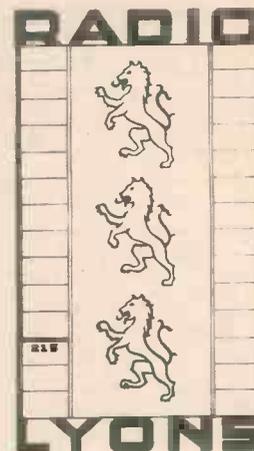
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NEXT WEEK
 Full Continental Programmes

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Announcer: Gerald Carnes

Tune in to 215 metres for your Evenings' Entertainment!



Rani Waller—"Zarmi" in "Dr. Fu Manchu," Sunday at 10.15 p.m.

SUN., AUG. 8

8.15 p.m. "Gramo-Variety"
A variety of good things on gramophone records.

8.30 p.m. A QUESTION OF TASTE
Featuring the Western Brothers The Quaker Orchestra, pianists and singers, and two members of the listening public
Sent to you by the makers of Quaker Cornflakes.

8.45 p.m. The Laugh Parade
Fifteen humorous minutes.

9.0 p.m. "Young and Healthy"
Dance music and popular songs, presented weekly by the makers of Bile Beans.

9.15 p.m. The Zam-Buk Programme
Melody, humour and song, in a quarter-hour entertainment.—Presented by the makers of Zam-Buk.

9.30 p.m. ALFREDO CAMPOLI AND HIS ORCHESTRA
In a programme of light music, with an interesting talk by Nurse Johnson.
Presented for your entertainment by the makers of California Syrup of Figs.

9.45 p.m. "WALTZ-TIME"
Starring Billy Bissett and his Waltz-Time Orchestra Anita Hart Eddie Lee
And The Waltz-Timers
An invitation to the waltz.—Presented by the makers of Phillip's Dental Magnesia.

10.0 p.m. "SONGS AND SENTIMENT"
A delightfully informal programme of piano and vocal duets featuring Helen Clare and Ronald Hill
Brought to you by the makers of Danderine.

10.15 p.m. DR. FU MANCHU
by Sax Rohmer
Episode No. 23—"The Brass Box"
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. Petrie—John Rae
Weymouth—Arthur Young
Beeton—Vernon Kelso
Zarmi—Rani Waller
Voice—Arthur Young
Presented in serial form by the makers of Milk of Magnesia.

10.30 p.m. PRESERVEE NIGGER MINSTRELS
An old-time minstrel show featuring Johnny Schofield (Son of the late Johnny Schofield of "Mohawk" fame) and Kent Stevenson (the wisecracking interlocutor)
A programme full of fun and entertainment.
Presented by the makers of Preservee.

10.45 p.m. "BEECHAM'S RE-UNION"
presenting Jack Payne and His Band Billy Scott-Coomber Ralph Sylvester Ronnie Genarder and this week's guest artiste—Mabel Constanduros
The programme compered throughout by Christopher Stone and presented by courtesy of Beecham's Pills, Ltd.

11.15 p.m. CARROLL GIBBONS AND HIS RHYTHM BOYS
with Anne Lenner George Melachrino and The Three Ginx
In a programme of dance-music that you can dance to, songs to which you can listen and musical memories that thrill.—Presented by the makers of Stork Margarine.



Monte Crick is at the piano in a Frankau concert, Friday, 10.30 p.m.

11.45 p.m. "The Night Watchman"
Bringing the evening programmes and the day to a close with his soothing selection of music.

12 (midnight) Close Down

MONDAY, AUG. 9

10.0 p.m. Frances Day in "Song Successes." Fascinating revue, radio and screen favourite in songs that she has helped to make famous.

10.15 p.m. "Sunny Jim" Transmitting "Force" and Melody. An old-time ballad concert.—Presented by A. C. Fincken & Co.

10.30 p.m. Your Old Friend "Dan" A fresh supply of new songs from Lyle Evans, assisted by Phil Green at the piano.
Presented by arrangement with the makers of Johnson's Wax Polish.

10.45 p.m. "Time For Dancing"
To your favourite dance orchestras.

11.0 p.m. "Review of Revues" and "Musical Comedy Memories."

11.30 p.m. "Organ Parade"
With popular cinema organists.

12 (midnight) Close Down

TUESDAY, AUG. 10

10.0 p.m. Louts Voss and his Orchestra
In a programme of light music.

10.15 p.m. Joe Petersen
England's greatest boy-soprano in a programme of everybody's favourites.

10.30 p.m. CARSON ROBISON AND HIS PIONEERS
(The Western Prairie's favourite songsters) Cowboy melodies, humour and fun.—Presented by the makers of Oxydol.

10.45 p.m. PROGRAMME OF MODERN DANCE MUSIC
Featuring No. 1 Dance Orchestras.—Sent to you by the makers of Beecham's Pills.

11.0 p.m. "Sign Please"
The Signature Game, rapidly gaining popularity with our listeners, introduced and conducted by friendly, popular, Tony Melrose. Address your letters to: 10, Soho Square, London.

11.30 p.m. "The Night Watchman"
Bringing another selection of music.

12 (midnight) Close Down



Monday at 10 p.m.: Vivacious, blonde Frances Day in Song Successes

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 11

10.0 p.m. The Borwick's Programme
Refreshing melodies, songs and dance-music.—Presented by the makers of Borwick's Lemon Barley Water.

10.15 p.m. "Sunny Jim" Transmitting "Force" and Melody. A programme of contrasts in music.—Presented by A. C. Fincken & Co.

10.30 p.m. "Musical Moods"
Starring Ilomay Bailey and Lee Sims. A piano and vocal entertainment.—Presented by Fairy Soap.

10.45 p.m. Joe Loss and his Band
(England's Greatest Strict-Tempo Orchestra.)

11.0 p.m. "Film-Time" with "The Man on the Set." Listen for an interesting contest. Address: 10, Soho Square, London, W.1.

11.30 p.m. Light Music
By popular orchestras and instrumentalists.

12 (midnight) Close Down

THURSDAY, AUG. 12

10.0 p.m. THE PALMOLIVE HALF-HOUR
Featuring Palmolive's own masters of rhythm
The Palmolivers, with songs, ballads and duets by Paul Oliver and Olive Palmer
Sponsored and presented by the makers of Palmolive.

10.30 p.m. MORTON DOWNEY
(Radio's Golden Voice)
Assisted by the Drene Orchestra and Organ, under the personal direction of Hal Hoffer
Presented by courtesy of Drene.

10.45 p.m. Programme of Modern Dance Music with your favourite rhythm-makers.
Sent to you by the makers of Beecham's Pills.

11.0 p.m. Dance Tunes Popularity Contest. Yet another opportunity for you to forecast Britain's five most popular dance tunes. All entries must be addressed to Radio Vox, 10 Soho Square, London, W.1.

11.30 p.m. "Trans-Atlantic"
The latest in song, dance and humour from across the Pond" by American artistes and orchestras.

12 (midnight) Close Down.

FRIDAY, AUG. 13

10.0 p.m. The Hobson's Choice Programme. An amusing programme of cheerful music.—Presented by the makers of Hobson's Choice Feet Plaisters and Powders

10.15 p.m. "Bolenum Bill" on Parade
A programme of stirring songs and marches, featuring "Bolenum Bill" and his army of daily workers.—Presented by the manufacturers of Bolenum Overalls.

10.30 p.m. Ronald Frankau with Monte Crick at the piano in their newest ditties ("the words by myself and the music by Monte Crick, the words are very good")

10.45 p.m. Edith Lorand and her Vienpese Orchestra in a programme of light music.

11.0 p.m. Carroll Gibbons And His Rhythm Boys, with Anne Lenner, George Melachrino and The Three Ginx in dance music, songs and musical memories.
Presented by courtesy of the makers of Stork Margarine.

11.30 p.m. "The Night Watchman"
Bringing a further supply of his favourite melodies.

12 (midnight) Close Down.

SATURDAY, AUG. 14

10.0 p.m. Dance Music
Thirty minutes of your favourite dance orchestras.

10.30 p.m. "On Wings of Song"
A collection of ballads.

10.45 p.m. Film-Time
With your film-friend and guide, the "Man on the Set" with a supply of film news and an interesting contest. Address for entries—10 Soho Square, London, W.1.

11.15 p.m. "Passing By"
A Corner for Listeners conducted by Tony Melrose, who is helping listeners with their life problems. Write to him at 10 Soho Square, London, W.1.

11.45 p.m. "The Night Watchman"
and his soothing selection of "Goodnight" music.

12 (midnight) Close Down.

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HILDEGARDE

Continued from page 21

actually proposed to me after seeing the show several times.

He painted a glowing picture of life down on his ranch where only the howls of the coyotes disturbed the prairie silence! I didn't answer his letter. I'm sure he would have been horrified if he had known that I had never been anywhere near a ranch, that I could no more rope a steer than he could play the piano, and that I would hardly have known which end of a six-shooter to use!

No, theatre-life is tough, but I preferred those hardships to life on a ranch!

At this period something very important happened. I met Anna Sosenko, who is now my invaluable manager. Right from the beginning I realised that we had a mental affinity and time has proved her value as a friend.

I fell in and out of jobs as an accompanist with a fair amount of ease in those days. None lasted very long, none was very well paid, but they were jobs. None was very eventful, either, though now I cherish amusing recollections of having to accompany one woman singer in total darkness. She wanted all the limelight for herself! An extraordinary difference from some of the real stars I have met since.

Perhaps my biggest break of all came when I secured the job of accompanist to the De Marcos, the famous act that created such a sensation recently during the Coronation celebrations. With them I leaped in to the biggest money I had then earned—£30 a week.

Whilst with the De Marcos I met Al Seigel, famous arranger-pianist, who discovered Ethel Merman. I would like to pay tribute to the help Al gave me. It was he who taught me the principals of modern rhythmic accompanying.

I was with the De Marcos for two seasons and have every reason to believe that I was in the sunshine.

Then the bottom fell out of my world. Depression hit the show business, and I could not get a job of any description. Though I have had worries most of my life, that is one of the few times I can remember when black despair engulfed me. Things became dreadfully difficult. I shared an attic with Anna, and we had to exist on very short commons.

I was determined not to write home for money, and somehow we eked out the days on our scanty savings. Of course, life was not always drab even in those hard times.

Thank heaven neither I nor Anna lost our sense of humour. Often we would sit in bed, hungry, and talk wildly of the days when we would be rich. We used to plan elaborate menus for dinner, luscious sounding dishes that made our mouths water.

It was exquisite self-torture.

It got to a point at last when we had only a shilling between us and starvation. There seemed not the remotest prospect of a job, though I tramped the round of the agencies hearing those awful words, "Nothing to-day, Miss," until they formed a horrible metallic rhythm beating in my brain.

At last I had to subdue my pride and write to my mother for a little money to help carry us through the week. That was the first and last time I ever had to appeal to my people for funds.

And then, strangely enough—or perhaps it is not so strange, life being the queer, haphazard tangle that it is—I got a job.

It was quite a humble one at £3 a week, a salary that seemed so tiny compared with my £30, but it was a job. It meant that we could eat and it saved my self-respect. Indirectly, too, it was to lead to my present position in the entertainment world.

I became a "song-plugger," in the famous music-publishing firm of Irving Berlin.

★ Next week Hildegarde will continue her fascinating life story and tells of a period of black despair, followed by a big break.

SANDS OF THE DESERT

Continued from page 7

pool in the evenings. Perhaps I enjoyed that almost more than anything else. It was too dark for photography, you see! I enjoyed those swims in the pool, too.

Claude, of course, was too busy with the camera to bathe, so Bob, Kit and I went in alone. So, on the fourth day, we began our journey by road back to Port Said. And what a road! Imagine our main road from London to, say, Birmingham suddenly turning into a very narrow bumpy country lane where you have to pull up to let a bike pass you and you have, plus a very strong odour, the main road from Cairo to Port Said!

In all fairness it must be said that this is not so all the way. From Ismailia to Port Said it is lovely.

We bumped so much that even Claude could not take a photo! Finally, we arrived and came aboard this ship. It is a lovely feeling I always think to shake the dust of Egypt off one's feet and step aboard an English ship. One must admit all the beauty of Egypt. But, oh dear, if one could only wear a gas mask there and never look the other side of the road at all the squalor and filth. The obvious retort to this is, "No one asked you to come. Stay in your own country." Exactly. And that is just what I intend to do in the future.

If Claude cannot find sufficient "copy" for his photography in Devon and thereabouts, he must try the Old Kent Road. No more deserts and bazaars for me! And so home we come, the four of us. Older, poorer, but oh how much wiser!

And so back to work. None of us is sorry, I think, though all have enjoyed our holiday. Four weeks' inactivity is enough for anyone. Especially if one of those four has a camera! Each day now is bringing us nearer England. "This England!" How our genius, Rudyard Kipling, must have travelled to have written, "What do they know of England who only England know!"

NEXT WEEK

TALENT SPOTTING AT NORTH REGIONAL

Splendid Long Article

WONDERFUL BOOK FOR DOG LOVERS

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Thirdly, it is really of absorbing literary interest and tells so much about the faithful friend of man and his ways that one is almost compelled to read it again and again.

The book consists of 164 pages, and in those pages are hosts of illustrations. There are no less than four pages in full colour; 16 pages in two colours and numerous other pictures of interest to every dog lover. Some of the dog photographs must certainly be classed as "masterpieces." I consider them as amongst some of the best dog photographs I have ever seen.

There is not a branch of dog ownership which is not fully dealt with, and every dog owner will be absorbed in reading this book.

From this short review of the contents of **SHERLEY'S DOG BOOK** it will be clear that it is a book which no dog owner can afford to be without. It is available at all chemists, stores and corn merchants, price 2d., or 3d. post free from A. F. Sherley & Co., Ltd., 18 Marshalsea Road, London, S.E.1, the world-famous manufacturers of medicines and foods for dogs and cats.



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