

THE GREAT NEW PAPER

# RADIO REVIEW

Nº1

SILVERTONE PHOTOS  
OF RADIO STARS  
FREE

ARTICLES BY  
HOWARD MARSHALL  
GRACIE FIELDS  
LES ALLEN  
FLOTSAM  
REX KING ETC.

FULL WORDS AND  
MUSIC OF THE  
RADIO SONG HIT  
"CURLY HEAD"

Nº1 NOVEMBER 9<sup>TH</sup> 1935

PRICE 2<sup>0</sup>



# Introducing Our Contributors

## HOWARD MARSHALL

as brilliant a writer as he is radio commentator, discusses "What Are You Afraid Of?" Mr Marshall, an Oxford Blue, and a first-class Rugby player, is well known to Radio listeners for his eye-witness accounts of important events.

## LES ALLEN

is one of the most colourful figures on the air, and his long stay with Henry Hall makes him a popular feature. He is now often on the radio with his Canadian Bachelors.

## BERTINI,

the popular conductor of the Tower Ballroom Band, Blackpool, is the composer of "Curly Head," that great radio hit, featured by Les Allen, which is given free.

## GRACIE FIELDS

is probably so well known that she needs no real introduction to you. With radio, stage, and screen, Gracie is a favourite with all their audiences.

## MR FLOTSAM,

who has delighted us many times on the air, with Mr Jetsam, writes as well as he sings. B. C. Hilliam is his name away from the mike at his home in the New Forest.

## REX KING,

popular radio critic, will criticise the B.B.C. programmes every week in his own inimitable way. His work is aptly described as "the snappiest thing in broadcasting."

## "LONG WAVE"

hides the identity of one of the best-known figures in broadcasting circles. A top-notch radio gossip writer.

## PAT FOREST

discusses the position of local talent on the air. Mr Forest

has had much experience producing radio shows in the Provinces and certainly knows what he is writing about.

## ERIC MASCHWITZ

is chief of the B.B.C. Variety Department, and so his interview — "Don't High - Hat Radio!" — comes from someone well versed in that subject.

## ROY VICKERS

is one of the most versatile and popular authors of the day. He is a stickler for detail, and before writing his latest story for Radio Review he made a close study of the working of a number of London's greatest stores.

## "WHAT WE LIKE AND DISLIKE IN RADIO"

brings to our columns such distinguished people as Lady Simon, Lady Hewart, Sir Henry Lytton, Jack Hobbs, and Alec James. Their ideas on the subject are worth reading.

## "ONE OF THE BOYS,"

who contributes our weekly dance band feature, is right inside the business. What he won't tell you about the doings of the bands and the players isn't worth telling you!

## GUINEAS FOR CRITICAL POSTCARDS

### What do you think of the B.B.C. Programmes?

This competition is divided into three classes:—

- A—PLAYS AND TALKS.
- B—MUSIC (OTHER THAN DANCE MUSIC).
- C—VARIETY AND DANCE BANDS.

When you have decided on your programme, listen to it and then write a 100-word criticism on a postcard and post it to Rex King, Radio Review, 12 Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4, to reach that address not later than Thursday, November 14, marking your entry with the section letter. Readers may only send in one entry in each class.

Prizes of £1. 1s will be awarded to the best criticism in each section. Pick any B.B.C. programme between Wednesday, November 6, and Tuesday, November 12.

## RADIO REVIEW

No. 1.

November 9, 1935.

## Special Features

WHAT WE LIKE AND DISLIKE IN RADIO. By Lady Simon, Lady Hewart, Sir Henry Lytton, &c., ..... 3

### ARTICLES.

WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF? By Howard Marshall, ..... 6

THE STARS AS I KNOW THEM. By Flotsam, ..... 11

MY BIGGEST MOMENT. By Gracie Fields, ..... 7

MY LIFE STORY. By Les Allen, ..... 10

MR TUTT CARRIES ON, No. 1, ..... 8

QUEER HAPPENINGS. By Lieut.-Commander Woodroffe, ..... 26

SUPPOSE THERE HAD ALWAYS BEEN RADIO ... 9

### FICTION.

THE NOTORIOUS MISS WALTERS. By Roy Vickers, ..... 12

THE STORY BEHIND THE S.O.S., ..... 22

### THIS WEEK'S SONG.

"CURLY HEAD." composed by Bertini, ..... 18

### RADIO CRITICISM.

REX KING Surveys the Programmes, ..... 14

### MISCELLANEOUS.

REX KING'S FAN MAIL BAG, ..... 24

FORTHCOMING RADIO EVENTS, ..... 27

PICTURE PAGES, ..... 16-17

GOSSIP, ..... 4

DANCE BAND NEWS AND VIEWS, ..... 20

### SUPPLEMENT.

RADIO REVIEW GIFT ALBUM and FOUR SILVERTONE PHOTOS

## CELEBRITIES REVEAL THEIR SECRETS

# What We Like And Dislike In Radio

**LADY SIMON**, wife of Sir John Simon, the Home Secretary.—I am not very musical, and so I cannot get the pleasure many others seem to do out of this branch of wireless. But I must qualify this by saying that I can—and do—enjoy some of the band concerts.

I like best of all talks on serious subjects.

My whole life has been a crusade against slavery. Consequently, a talk on that subject would interest me very deeply. Unfortunately, it is seldom we get one.

I am a very busy woman, but when



Top:—Left to Right—Campbell Black, Lady Simon, Sir Henry Lytton, Lady Hewart, Alec James.

I have nothing to do I can listen with enjoyment to variety turns.

*There is one thing I cannot stand—jazz music.*

**JACK HOBBS**, the great cricketer.—I listen quite a lot and get a vast amount of pleasure out of it. We have the wireless on all day.

But the measure of enjoyment depends so much on one's mood. If you have the time, it is nice to listen to a play—but you must be certain when you settle down that you can hear it through.

*Being a sporting man myself, I get an especial kick out of all sporting broadcasts.*

**LADY HEWART**, wife of the Lord Chief Justice of England.—One of the nicest of all wireless features is the Sunday evening concerts from places like Bournemouth and Eastbourne. But there are many others I like very much, especially the Promenade Concerts and the 10.30 religious service.

Talks vary so much. Some are exceedingly interesting—others just the opposite. If the talk happens to be political, I always enjoy it.

*I don't care much for wireless plays and I like dance music less.*

**SIR HENRY LYTTON**, the well-known Savoyard.—I turn off plays. I don't think they get over. The actors and actresses seem to lose their personality.

Music appeals most to me—orchestras like the Philharmonic.

I like a good dance band, too. Henry Hall's is electric.

Variety is good, but I feel it loses something over the radio. Perhaps it is that the artistes miss their laughs. Humour must be hard to get over when there is no audience to respond.

*Even at the risk of being thought in my second childhood, I must put in a good word for the Children's Hour.*

**ALEC JAMES**, the famous footballer.—New personalities and the human stuff. That's what I listen for. *In Variety, I like fresh turns, not the same stars ringing the changes on their act.* I like plays I haven't seen on the stage; tunes and songs I haven't heard a hundred times already.

I happened to tune in "Is This The Law?" Thought it would be dry-as-dust. Instead, a human problem told in a fresh, human way. And, since I have my own problems, it "got" me.

**Mr T. CAMPBELL BLACK**, the record-breaking aviator.—I am not what you would call a wireless fan. Most of my listening is done in my car. That's why I like dance bands. I have no favourite band.

*I never listen to plays or lectures.*

**SIR ALAN COBHAM**, the famous airman.—Light orchestral music—not necessarily musical comedy or jazz—is what most appeals to me.

**MISS BERTA RUCK**.—*I don't much like anything.*

Firstly because of the tinned, mechanical sound.

Secondly because I dislike music "arranged" for me.

Thirdly because I hate listening to people talking that I can't see.

Twice only in my life have I enjoyed listening to the wireless. The first occasion was when a sea captain gave a simple, straightforward account of being rescued by an American liner in the teeth of an Atlantic gale. The other was a dialogue between Croydon Airport



Top:—Left to Right—Lady Tree, Sir Alan Cobham, Sir Seymour Hicks, Jack Hobbs, Berta Ruck.

and some lad in the air who had lost his way.

These were worth ten Variety entertainments. They were real.

**LADY TREE**.—I love to hear all the good music that is broadcast.

**SIR SEYMOUR HICKS**.—A good dance band gives me a lot of pleasure. I enjoy, too, some of the music from abroad—from places like Vienna.

*But when it comes to plays—and specially long plays—Oh, dear! Oh, dear! It is ridiculous to put them on.*

Let me put it this way. I am not an agriculturist, but I would rather listen to the driest talk on that subject than an attempt to broadcast a long play. It can't be done.

Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Dr Maude Royden, Ivor Novello, Willie Smith, the famous billiards player, and Sheila Kaye-Smith, the celebrated novelist, give their views on this interesting subject next week.



"GIVE Lance Fairfax a break"—many moons ago I made that plea. Now things are happening. Henry Hall books Lance for his hour on Saturday—Stanelli invites him to his next Stag Party—a big film job is pending—a noted theatrical impresario turns Fairfax-wards. And John Sharman puts the O K on a new form of radio-song which Lance will later put over.

#### Here's How It Goes.

"The idea," says Lance, "is to get a really descriptive song written for me. Supposing, for instance, it's about a highwayman—well, we'll have full sound effects in the background, such as galloping horses. It is also hoped to have a full orchestra and chorus to join in." Yessir, here's a singer who'll soon be hitting the high spots!

#### Harold Ramsay Going Strong.

I found Harold Ramsay snuggled deep in a settee in a hotel lounge.



Peggy Cochrane. Harold Ramsay.

"You are looking amazingly fit," I told him. To which he replied—"I'm really glad to hear that, because I haven't really slept since the day before yesterday. Or was it the day before that? Anyway, I filmed all one night, and was on the air to Australia at 6.45 next morning. Then I did three shows, and filmed from 11 p.m. till 8.30 a.m. And what's more, I enjoyed it!"

#### Black Fan.

Peggy Cochrane's also been doing plenty of Empire broadcasting. I looked over her shoulder the other day at a fan-letter from a black boy in Sierra Leone. "Honoured Madam," wrote the dark admirer, "your music makes gladness to me in the heart-strings. I have a piano, and will also play like that if you will send me letters to say how to do it!" Sez him!

#### Trunks Up For Luck.

From black fans, let's turn to jade elephants—also ivory, bronze, and crystal elephants, all owned by Esther Coleman, alias Diana Clare. Looking at her collection, I noticed all the trunks were curled upwards. "An old Chinese superstition," explained Esther, "they must be turned up for luck. I had another lovely jade elephant. I

took it along to a show, held it in my hand while I was singing—yet when I got home, it had mysteriously disappeared!" Just another of life's little unsolved problems, my dear Watson.

#### Sambo.

There'd have been an unsolved problem in the life of Mantovani, too, if it hadn't been for his little spaniel—"Sambo." For not long ago somebody nearly walked off with that famous fiddler's two-hundred-year-old violin! It happened at a railway station.

#### Lucky Mr Stranger.

Mantovani put down his fiddle case for a moment and turned to speak to a porter. Then he heard



Brian Lawrance.

Sambo barking angrily further along the platform. There the little fellow was, running in circles round a man who had picked up the precious case. It turned out that the stranger had picked it up in genuine mistake for his own. All the same, Mr Stranger was lucky to get off with the seat of his pants intact!

#### Watt Wots What's What.

Says John Watt, that slickest of B.B.C. comperes—"I like my compering to be spontaneous. But I write it all out very carefully first, take a copy, get everything cut-and-dried, polish it up—and then lose it and do the whole thing impromptu!"

#### Ha, A Clue!

Mabel Constanduros once gave several Post Office officials the shock of their lives—here's how. It was when she first saw "The Buggins's" in print—that book which she and

**BETWEEN OURSELVES**

Michael Hogan wrote. "I was overjoyed," said Mabel, "and, rushing to a Post Office, wired Mr Hogan as follows:—'The body of the child has just arrived.'" Then Mabel walked out, with the whole staff staring after her, "Obviously convinced" (smiled Mabel) "that I'd just taken part in some dreadful crime!"

#### Silk—But Strong

Dorothy Silk, Birmingham-born singer in the National on Sunday, is a lady who caused a sensation at the Albert Hall, London, by actually refusing to sing an encore! And try as they would, nobody could persuade her to change her mind. "As a principle," she explained to me afterwards, "I do not approve of encores when it is going to prolong the concert unduly. A concert should not last too long." Birmingham is very proud of this

## OUR RADIO Noted Broadcasters

HERE'S a way of spending an amusing hour. I've devised 21 "championships" for radio stars, and below I present my own selections for the holders of the "championship belts."

You won't agree with all the names—you're bound to have your own ideas. Look over the names. Argue them with your friends. I'll have another batch for you next week!

Here goes:—

Best-Dressed Man ..... Roy Fox  
Best-Dressed Woman ..... Eve Becke  
Most Beautiful Woman ... Tessa Deane  
Most Handsome Man, Reginald Dixon  
Shyest Woman ..... Kitty Masters  
Shyest Man ..... Charlie Kunz  
Funniest Man ..... Tommy Handley

Four more of our unique silvertone photos free with Radio Review next Wednesday. Soon you will be able to have a great collection.



# LONG WAVES' GOSSSIP

soprano—  
and let me  
tell you she's  
elegant to look  
at, too.

## Thrillers Are Popular.

I've an idea we're going to hear other thrillers on the air of the "Mystery of the Seven Cafes" type. I was speaking to Eric Maschwitz and he told me that people on buses and tubes, recognising him, have said, "Let's have more serials like those 'Seven Cafes.'" That's the stuff we want to hear." I suggested to Eric that we might have a "Bulldog Drummond" serial. What do you say?

## This Way for a Shock.

How would you feel, I wonder, if you came suddenly face to face with a man you knew had died many years before? Well, I dropped in on Alexander Rossi, leader of Colombo's Hotel Metropole Orchestra, and learned just what it does feel like. "My great hero," said Rossi, "is Paganini, the

great violinist who died in 1840. When I was making a trip through Parma, Italy, I was looking over an old church and happened to mention the name of my 'hero' to the caretaker. 'Ah, wait,' said the man, mysteriously, producing a bunch of keys and opening a door. The next minute I was face to face with Paganini!"

## The Secret.

Having choked over my dry Martini, I gripped Rossi by the arm and asked if he felt all right. "Perfectly all right," he retorted, "but I didn't feel so happy at the time. You see, I had no idea that Paganini had been embalmed!"

## New "Scrapbook" Series.

Here's good news. Leslie Bailey has just signed

heard his last broadcast, I guess you're keen too. Now laugh this off—it's about a sea trip Ernie took. "As soon as I got aboard I took a dose of sea-sick cure and went to bed. When I heard the sirens announce our departure I took another dose," laughed Lotinga. "I had meals in the cabin, took the doses regularly, and after two days felt quite safe. So I went up on deck. 'Where are we now?' I asked an officer. 'Still in the Mersey,' he said, 'we can't move an inch till this fog lifts!'" Whereupon Lotinga—having already emptied his bottle of cure—went back to his cabin!

## Len Bermon's Stage Plans.

Len Bermon, drummer and second vocalist of the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra, directed by Henry Hall, finished his engagement with the B.B.C. to start on a tour of the theatres and music-halls. During his tour he will work with two pianists, Arnold Mayne and



Anona Winn.



Esther Coleman.



Lance Fairfax.

Norman Moore. Some numbers will be given at a microphone on the stage, just as in a broadcasting studio, and some will be given without the microphone.

## He Is to Dance, Too!

Bermon also intends to give some dances, a form of entertainment in which he had experience with C. B. Cochran's shows at the old Pavilion. In going on the halls he is following in the footsteps of other former members of the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra, namely Val Rosling, Les Allen, Phyllis Robins, and Kitty Masters.

## Started Singing By Chance.

Len started singing with the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra by chance. A song that was too low a pitch for Les Allen's voice was given to Bermon, and he broadcast it so successfully that Henry Hall encouraged him to go on with his vocal efforts, introducing him to a teacher for the purpose of having his voice trained. Listeners have noticed Bermon's continuous and marked improvement in this branch of dance-music broadcasting which, as he admits, would never have happened without Henry Hall's interest and help.

## "CHAMPIONSHIP"

### Get Their Titles

*Funniest Woman* ..... Jane Carr  
*Wittiest Man* ..... Eric Maschwitz  
*Wittiest Woman* .. Jeanne De Casalis  
*Most Loquacious Man* ... Gillie Potter  
*Most Loquacious Woman*

(Oh, no, you don't!)

*Biggest Heart-Throb (Man)*

Brian Lawrance

*Biggest Heart-Throb (Woman)*

Hildegarde

*Slickest Wise-Cracker (Man)* Stanelli

*Slickest Wise-Cracker (Woman)*

Beryl Orde

*Most Poised Man* ..... Roy Fox

*Most Poised Woman* .. Phyllis Robins

*Toughest Guy* ..... Michael Carr

*Gentlest Guy* ..... Leslie French

*Cutest Girl* ..... Judy Shirley

another contract with the B.B.C. for a new series of "Scrapbooks." The contract lasts for about a year. On November 21 and 22 he kicks off again with "Scrapbook for 1911" and it's a swell kick off at that!

## He Made History Popular.

"Being Coronation Year," said Bailey, "it's packed full of spectacular events—Coronation galas, theatrical galas, and a naval review. Then there'll be a spot of 'gangster stuff' with the Sydney Street battle. Famous stars of that time and other personalities will come to the mike to portray that colourful year. And behind it all there'll be the shadow of the forthcoming war..." Folks, tune in to the man that made history a popular entertainment.

## A Laugh From Lotinga.

Ernie Lotinga, stage funster, says he's keen to make acquaintance with the mike again with a sketch as soon as time permits. And if you

HOWARD MARSHALL, noted radio commentator, asks "What Are You Afraid Of?" in a brilliant article on the next page.



*Howard Marshall brilliant  
commentator, asks you—*

# WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF?



**I** WAS travelling up to Bradford the other day to watch a football match. In the train I met a typical Yorkshireman, a friendly, shrewd, hearty individual.

We had been chatting for about ten minutes when suddenly he said, "You wouldn't think I was afraid of very much, would you?" I shook my head. "Well," he went on, "I'm afraid of one thing—rats!"

This may seem ludicrous to you, but rats were an obsession with this otherwise level-headed, successful business man. A legacy of the war no doubt, for he told me horrible tales of rats in the trenches, and in particular of the rats which infested the dumps behind Etaples.

It set me wondering, this casual conversation, about the fears which most of us carry about, so often needlessly—the fears which perhaps we never mention to another soul.

Can you tell me honestly and truthfully that you fear nothing? If you can, you are a lucky fellow, far luckier than the majority of human beings. And I will take the risk of saying that I don't really believe you.

I don't believe, for one thing, that you are lacking in imagination. Only the dull, unimaginative man boasts that the world holds no terrors for him. The rest of us, however brave a face we may put upon it, must at least admit to ourselves we are afraid—even desperately afraid.

Naturally one's fears vary and range from little niggling worries to tragic troubles which make life well-nigh unendurable.

One man frets about his job. Another is scared by the thought of illness. Some shrink from the thought of death. I myself wonder unhappily what it is to become of my children in a world which seems to be on the brink of catastrophe and chaos.

The bravest man I know is an air force pilot whose job is to test aeroplanes and flying appliances, a dangerous job indeed. Many times, trying out oxygen apparatus for high altitude flying he has fainted and only "came to" after dropping thousands of feet. I asked him once whether he was afraid. "Afraid?" he said, "of course I am—scared stiff. But someone's got to do it, you know."

That surely is the highest form of courage—to be afraid and to overcome your fear. There is no particular merit to my mind, in the bovine recklessness which is so

often mistaken for bravery. To win a V.C. when you so lack imagination that you are unconscious of the possible consequences of your action is not especially meritorious.

Do you suppose that Sir Malcolm Campbell, before he started out to break the world's land-speed record on the salt beds of Utah was not afraid?

Do you imagine that Captain Oates was free from fear when he stepped out to certain death in the Arctic blizzard, so that Captain Scott and his companions might have at least a chance of recovery?

Men like Campbell and Oates set us high standards, but there are other heroes of whom we do not hear so much—men and women whose heroism is not made glamorous by the drama of unusual circumstances. We jostle against them in buses and tubes. We sit next to them in offices. We work alongside them in factories. And if you told them they were heroes they would think you were pulling their legs.

Who are they, these remarkable folk?

They are the people who just carry on, the people who keep smiling when in their hearts they are haunted by worry and cold fear. I have seen so much real courage in the distressed areas, in the mean streets of our peak industrial towns. It takes something to stand up to

poverty, and unemployment, and want, and sickness, and foul housing conditions without complaining. Sometimes

think it is much harder for the women than the men. Britain is full of anonymous heroes.

I say this because to think of these brave people makes me ashamed of my own fears and lack of courage. And yet, for all that, one's fears do exist,

and we may as well admit it.

Will you forgive me if I am impertinent enough to ask what is your particular bogey? I did, in fact, put the question point blank to a friend of mine just before I sat down to write this article, a man who spends most of his life administering a large territory in Africa. He replied without hesitation "Poverty—I'm terribly afraid of being poor."

(Please turn to next page.)

## HOWARD MARSHALL

the writer of this article, is best known to radio listeners as a brilliant commentator.

Mr Marshall is an Oxford "Blue" and a first-class Rugby player. His first broadcast was an eye-witness account of a Rugby football match. Since then he has frequently been heard over the air broadcasting important events.

## Things That Make A Home

HOWARD MARSHALL

writes again  
in next week's

RADIO REVIEW



**GRACIE FIELDS**, wonderful comedienne, star of variety, revue, radio, and films. And what was her biggest moment? You'll get a surprise by her revelations here.

Hippodrome was the biggest thing in Manchester.

So, you can guess, it seemed a pretty important place. In fact, I didn't look on it as a theatre at all, I suppose. More of a glorified show-place, where only real "top-liners" went to let the public look at them.

But I had it firmly at the back of my mind all the time.

Still, it didn't turn out to be such a Big Moment as I'd expected.

You see, when I made my first appearance at the Coliseum, I was also playing at the Alhambra, and, with Sir Gerald du Maurier, at the St James's Theatre.

Yes, every night all that week. And as I was doing gramophone recording and a broadcast at the same time, I

## THE INIMITABLE GRACIE FIELDS TELLS YOU OF

# My Biggest Moment

**B**IG moments? Life's full of 'em, you know. Especially when it's the kind of life you lead in my business.

Knocking around all over the country, playing one theatre after another, in broadcasting studios and on film sets. You never know what you'll be called on to do next—or what thrills are waiting round the corner.

But if you want to know what was really the biggest thing that ever happened to me, from my own point of view, I'll let you into the secret. It was when I made my first bow, many years ago, on the stage of the Hippodrome at Manchester.

Yes, honest!

I'd better tell you all about it. You see, years ago, when I was a young lass in Rochdale, we looked on Manchester as the spot the world revolved around. And, to me, the

Can you wonder that through all my early days the Big Idea at the back of my mind was to appear at the Hippodrome or bust?

Just between ourselves, I rather thought I might bust first! Still, I decided, if you aim at the top of the tree, you're bound to at least hit some of the high branches!

Can you wonder that when, at last, I not only appeared at the Hippodrome, but found myself being applauded there, I felt a bit dizzy?

Still, I found time to look around for a new "tree" to climb! "Come on, Gracie," said I to myself. "There's still a bit higher to go. How would you like to play at the London Coliseum?"

Well, of course, that seemed an even more daring idea to me. In fact, I kept it pretty well to myself for fear anybody called me daft!

had too much to think about to be patting myself on the back.

But none of them have ever topped that wonderful evening in Manchester!

Pity to think the dear old Hippodrome is now a cinema!

There have been other Big Moments, though—my first film, the Royal Command performance, trip to America—all great fun.

### WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF?—Contd. from Page 6

You may not fear poverty, but you possibly worry about your job. Can you hold it down? Are you secure?

I know that particular fear so well. Sometimes in those hours, when sleep is difficult, I find myself scared of a job, tormented by fear that I shall fail in the particular task allotted to me. And then comes the realisation that to fail in that one task may mean a more comprehensive failure—it is easy I reflect—to sink below the surface in a civilisation where competition is so strong. And then, when the morning light comes, and my liver is working properly, I begin to see my fears in better perspective.

The truth is that nearly all our fears are groundless. One of the best proverbs, to my mind, is the familiar saying, "Don't worry—it may never happen." But to that we should add, "And if by some mischance it does happen, it will certainly not be as bad as it seems."

Surely one's fears arise mainly from the fact that we do not face them boldly enough. We evade them—tuck them unexamined into dark corners of our minds, where they fester and increase, stand like ostriches with our heads in the sand, hoping that we shall be unobserved.

Face up to it, whatever it may be—that is the way to go about killing the bogey of fear. Let us say to ourselves, "Very well—this is the situation. Either through misfortune or my own fault, I have to cope with this problem. Now what is the very worst that can happen?" And when we look at it like that we find, surprisingly often, that the worst is by no means as terrible as we vaguely felt it would be.

Here let me quote something very much to the point—it is part of a farewell letter supposed to have been written to George Borrow by the girl he loved.

"Fear God and take your own part," she wrote. "The world can bully, and is fond, provided it sees a man in a kind of a difficulty, of getting about him, calling him coarse names, and even going so far as to hustle him. But the world, like all bullies, carries a white feather in its tail, and no sooner sees that man taking off his coat and offering to fight its best than it scatters here and there and is always civil to him afterwards."

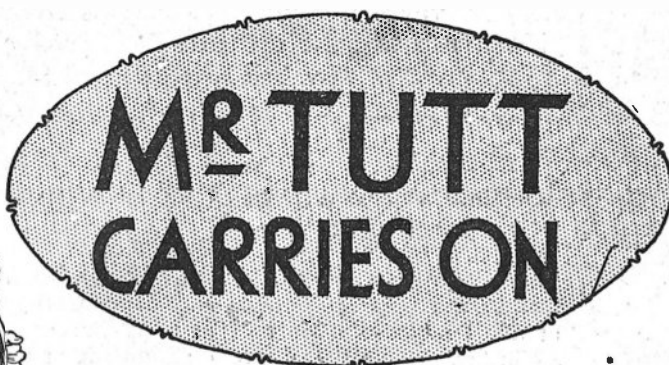
There you have it! Fears are bullies and the only way to deal with them is to take off our coats and square up to them. Difficult sometimes, I know, but it can be done. Go to it then, and good luck to you.



Ladies and gentlemen, meet Mr Tutt and Mrs Tutt and the two young Tutts. They're a great family. Maybe just like yours—or your neighbour's. Make a habit of meeting the Tutts in Radio Review every week.



Mr Tutt



as I came in, but the—er—washing put it out of my head."

Esmerelda sniffed. "Is she going to marry again?" she asked. "A good thing, too, if she is."

Mr Tutt glanced uneasily at the clock, polishing his spectacles with a handkerchief he kept for the purpose.

A little roundish, with the merest suggestion of a stoop, Mr Tutt was the sort of man you might pass in the street without noticing, unless he happened to glance at you from a pair of innocent blue eyes.

There was a faint shine on the seat of his trousers, due, no doubt, to sitting several hours a day on an office stool. And there was a small desert on the top of his head, due, one might have thought, to the anxieties which come to a man a year or so off fifty.

"No," said Mr Tutt after a pause, "no, I rather think it will be a long time before Mrs Speight marries again. The fact is, my dear, I just happened to see her standing at the gate as I was coming home—"

"We shall have to watch father!" Melinda chipped in, arching delicate eyebrows and smiling round Mrs Tutt—it was a good way round. Melinda was High School—and beginning to copy Joan Crawford.

"And I just thought that as there was variety on the wireless to-night," Mr Tutt went on, "I just thought I'd ask her in for an hour, you know."



Melinda—beginning to copy Joan Crawford.

"AND, speaking of road accidents," said Mr Tutt, looking up from the evening paper, "reminds me, my dear, I meant to tell you about Mrs Speight as soon

"You just thought!" Esmerelda could be withering when she liked. "You always are just thinking, aren't you? I suppose you didn't just think it was wash day, and that it had been raining, and that I should be harassed to death with everything, and not feel like entertaining anybody, least of all that Mrs Speight, who talks more than any woman I know."

Mr Tutt might have suggested a woman who could beat Mrs Speight, but, as one of the world's minor diplomats, he held his peace.

After all, Esmerelda was a good sort really, washing days excepted.

"And here," she was saying, more to Melinda and Horace than to Mr Tutt, "I have had such a day as never was, what with the rain and everything, and your father never seeing to the copper, and no pressure from the gas company."



Horace the jazz fiend.

Mr Tutt was looking through the wireless programme. "You see," he began, "I just thought I'd ask her in for an hour—"

"Sixty minutes, one hour, I don't think," said Horace, the schoolboy son.

"And I just thought it would help her a bit, you know. I just thought if

You've met Mr Tutt—and Mrs Tutt—and the young Tutts often in private life.

Maybe he comes to see you—maybe you go to see him.

He's a very human fellow, and his household a very life-like one. Keep on meeting Mr Tutt in Radio Review.

she was listening to variety about half-past eight—"

"Variety?" Horace shut his Latin primer. "Who wants that stuff? There's a red-hot jazz orchestra on at eight-fifteen."

Melinda curled her lips—and pretty lips they were, as perhaps she knew, for a girl of eighteen knows a good many things these days.

"Really," said Melinda superciliously, "there's no accounting for some people's tastes. There's a talk at eight—"

"Rats! Come off it, Mell! You're no more of a highbrow than anyone else!"

"I said we'd have variety, if your mother doesn't mind," said Mr Tutt in his quiet way. "You see, as I was trying to explain, I just thought that—"

A rather timid knock at the door brought an expressive sniff from Esmerelda. Melinda moved to the door, but her mother said, "Let your father go, Linda; he'll be delighted to see her."

## Local Atmospherics

Mr Tutt went. "So glad you've come," he

said. "Come right in. Esme's tired, you know—beastly day for washing."

"Cold," said Mrs Tutt, rising as the visitor came into the dining-room.

"Very," said Mrs Speight.

The pause was cut short by Mr Tutt, who, feeling the cold, poked the fire vigorously, and said with an effort at cheerfulness, "Shouldn't wonder if there's a frost to-night. Feels like it."

He caught a glance from Melinda, and the faintest light twinkled in his eyes. "Let's see, now, Horace, it's the National programme we want, isn't it? Switch over for us, will you?"

"Horace can do anything with a wireless set, Mrs Speight; awfully keen on electricity. He says he could get Peru on a six-valve set, but I tell him he's only to open the window to get Chile, but that's an old joke."

"Yes, nice set, isn't it? Esmerelda prefers talks, you know." Mr Tutt coughed slightly.

"Ah, thank you, Horace. We're just in time, Mrs Speight, just in time. Reception seems quite good in spite of—er—local atmo-



Mrs Tutt is apt to be irritable on washing day.

spherics. (Continued on opposite page.)



## Would they have had the Foundations of Music?



Nero would have been an all-station broadcast

**S**UPPOSE wireless had been discovered by the ancients! The effect on history would have been incalculable. Allow your fancy to run free for a moment and—just try to imagine it!

What curious programmes the ancient Britons might have enjoyed.

They'd have stopped in their huts all night when their favourite experts were discoursing tom-tom rhythm from 10.35 to midnight. Even earlier on there might have been a talk on the latest fashions in skin overcoats or straw underskirts for wifey, or maybe a nice, peaceful lecture for dad on "Renovating a Stone Battle-Axe."

Of course, Nero's notable performance with the fiddle would have been broadcast to all stations, together with a graphic description of the burning of Rome. In fact, the publicity accruing from Nero's ill-timed display of virtuosity would probably have secured him a world tour!

### Meet Blondel the Crooner

And what about William the Conqueror broadcasting a message to the people of these islands after the Battle of Hastings, "I think

**Our contributor, himself a popular broadcaster, imagines the fantastic things that might have happened if radio for the million had been invented a few centuries ago.**

your bows and arrows are wonderful!"

Then we mustn't forget Blondel, the chap whose singing got Richard the Lion Heart out of a nasty sentence of a month without the option in Austria. This lad ought to have landed himself a splendid contract, for in addition to being the first crooner, he is said to have played real "hot" choruses on his lute.

Yes, our forebears would have known much sooner about Columbus's little discovery, too. They would still have praised him, though, for even with wireless they couldn't have anticipated "Sonny Boy."

Some of poor old William Shakespeare's stuff would have to have been much milder, had he been writing for the microphone. Guy Fawkes was the sort of guy—pardon—who would have been put right on the map

by radio. With the fame of his little Westminster escapade behind him, gunpowder firms would have fought to get his impressions into their sponsored programmes.

Oliver ("Spoil-sport") Cromwell would have banned Sunday radio altogether, saying, "Take away this bauble."

In Cromwell's day programmes might, in fact, have been almost as dull as they are now!

Dick Turpin's ride to York would have given the kiddies a break if broadcast in descriptive style. Admiral ("Spy-glass") Nelson would have been keeping an eye open for the coming of television after hearing some of the lady broadcasters of his day. And, anyway, had there been radio we should at least have known exactly what Gladstone did say in '66!

Why won't we be serious? O K, then, we will. Suppose radio really had been invented, say a thousand years ago, if you like. What would have been the result, in actual fact?

### What Might Have Happened

Well, in imagining for the moment that the people were intelligent enough to use it, something like this would have happened.

Warned ahead over the air by spies, the English would have been ready to repel William with a bigger army, and there would have been no Norman conquest. In any case, his own radio communications would probably have told William it was useless to attack these islands. Maybe he'd have turned his attention to the Continent, with goodness knows what effect on its history, and then—well!

Thinkers of the Wellsian school will tell you that if wireless had been invented for a thousand years, mankind, in its greed for power, would have turned the electrical knowledge it must have possessed into the invention of some super ray apparatus so deadly that by this time it would be capable of annihilating whole nations at one swoop. And then, probably, you wouldn't be here to read this article!

## MR TUTT CARRIES ON—Continued from previous page.

Mrs Tutt darned Horace's socks in a chilly part of the room, Horace did a vanishing trick, and Melinda sat on the arm of Mr Tutt's chair. Gaunt and big-boned, paler than usual, Mrs Speight was rigid. There came the flicker of a smile on her lips, then a laugh, and then a whole series of laughs.

Mr Tutt laughed, too. Melinda permitted herself to come down from the height and share the fun, and Mrs Tutt thawed a little. In the end she, too, had to laugh.

As soon as the show was over, Mrs Speight rose to go. Was it that Esmerelda had seen something odd in her face that she said of her own free will, "Must you really go? Do stay and have a cup of coffee."

"And try Esmerelda's cake," said Mr Tutt, the diplomat. "It's not quite so light this week, but you know what the gas company is. Linda, my dear, is there anyone but your tired

mother who can make coffee as you do?

"Nothing like coffee for warming you up, you know, Mrs Speight, unless it keeps you awake at night. Heard that story Mr Brown tells about their baby? He says it's like Edison, who declared four hours' sleep enough for anyone."

"Yes," Mrs Tutt was saying, "it's been an awful day for washing. It's made me a bit wrong side out with poor Joseph."

"Tut-tut," said that little man, genuinely pleased.

It was after ten when Mrs Speight said she really must go to her empty house. You could get used to anything, she said.

She had been laughing, and then, there were tears in her eyes. You could see them by the light of the street lamp.

"Silly of me," she said unsteadily. "Mr Tutt would tell you why I'm a bit upset to-day?"

"Oh yes, of course," said Esmerelda, wishing she had given him a chance.

"You see, I felt I couldn't get through it, and being alone made it worse. I dreaded twenty minutes past eight. I—I couldn't stay in the house. It was wonderful of Mr Tutt to ask me in, and so kind of you all to make me welcome. You don't know what it's meant to me."

"You see"—she was clasping her hands till the knuckles were white—"they carried Harry in at twenty minutes past eight a year ago to-night. You'll understand?" Then she went.

"Joseph," Esmerelda whispered, "I just hate myself."

"Esme," said Mr Tutt, "it's been a great evening. I was sorry to insist on variety, but I knew it ought to be something to help her to forget the accident for a bit. And it came through fine in spite of a few local atmospheric."

Next week Mr and Mrs Tutt go to a party.





**L**ES ALLEN has risen from a railway clerk's desk to be the best-known radio vocalist in this country. And, not content with that, he's well on the way to achieving fame as a cinema star.

tion, they asked me to go along with them to make up the number. Did I go? Would a small boy go to a circus if you offered him a ticket?

That tour lasted ten weeks, and I earned an amazing £10 a week simply by playing my clarinet and singing at open air concerts through a megaphone.

That, as I told you, was the biggest thing that ever happened to me. The stage bug bit me good and hard!

Later on, of course, there were other things which helped me along the road to success. It was Henry Hall, for instance, who made me into a real live star. But there might never have been a Les Allen to make a star from had it not been for that tour with the Highlanders, bless their swaying plaids.

back for a few minutes to those early days—to the first rungs of the ladder.

In Toronto, after I had had my first taste of success, I saw that the saxophone, still a comparatively rare instrument then, was about to come into its own. So I laid aside my clarinet and bought a sax.

I had had many jobs, from a clerk in the Canadian National Railways office to apprenticeship in the jewellery business.

Now I threw all ideas of a commercial life aside, and began to earn my living by music. I soon managed to work up what you call in this country a "gig" connection.

"Gigging," as any dance band lad will tell you, is about the most difficult way of earning a living. Actually, you become a free lance musician, who can be called upon by practically any type of musical combination to fill a gap for any kind of performance.

You play all kinds of music, at all kinds of shows, from private parties to concerts. And you have to learn to work with any hand at a moment's notice.

Well, I did that for a while, and then, with about ten other youngsters, I started to learn my way about. We were a reasonably good little band, we ten, and we were also babes in the wood.

One day there came along a certain gentleman who said he wanted to do us a good turn. He could get us engagements in New York if we cared to go. We went.

Oh boy, how joyfully we went! It won't be long now, we told each other. Success is just round the corner. We kicked up our heels, and told our parents to expect us back later, with laurels hanging round our brows and gold sticking to our fingers.

Actually, we came back with a headache and a lot of experience. You see, our "friend" hadn't as much influence in New York as he thought.

We found ourselves contractless, friendless, and dollarless after a very short time.

At least, not quite friendless. There was one gentleman who took pity on us. He got us a concert engagement before a distinguished audience, only charging us a very small fee, in return for which we should get very good payment after the concert.

Unfortunately we found, after a couple of hours, during which we played as we had never done before, that our friend had had to leave us quickly. He had sold us into the hall as a "huge attraction," collected his pay—and ours—and taken a train ride into the foothills, as they say. Heartbreaking days!

We were too proud to confess failure and go home. We stayed on in New York, and lived as best as we could, either by "gigging" or trying for restaurant jobs.

I'll tell you about these days later on.

Just to give you a general idea, though, I'll mention that the cost of living in New York is about twice as high as it is in London. And I was living on about eighteen bob a week.

It was tough, yet it was a fight, and a fight is always inspiring. I was more determined than ever that I would get to the top of the tree.

## MY STRUGGLE TO THE TOP by LES ALLEN

**L**IFE'S a funny thing—the unexpected nearly always happens. I ought to know. My life has been altered many times by what you might call "lucky accidents." Listen awhile and I'll tell you a story or two.

Starting, as is only fair, at the beginning, you find the future Les Allen (christened Leslie Edward) leaving his birthplace in North London as a child of two years to go to Canada. His parents wished to settle in Toronto in the manufacturing stationers business.

Young Leslie went to school, living the life of a very ordinary boy for several years. Then he tried a variety of jobs, and finally, under his dad's tuition, learned to play the clarinet. After which he became Les Allen, and I can really take up my own story.

My first lucky accident was, I think, the biggest that ever happened to me.

It happened when I was a kid of sixteen. Just about that time I was music mad, more or less living for my clarinet, and my choir, both of which pleased my family mightily.

They were not so pleased, though, when they found music taking their boy many thousand miles away from them—to the other side of the world in search of fame.

Just for fun, I used to attend rehearsals of the 48th Highlanders Military Band, which was stationed at Toronto. They were a great bunch of boys, and enjoyed giving me a helping hand with my music.

Then one day the Highlanders left to make a musical tour of Canada. They were one man short, and, to my everlasting gratifica-

As it was, I came back to Toronto at the end of those magical ten weeks. I had tasted the joys of public applause and the thrills of the travelling musician's life. With grim determination I vowed I would win the world by music.

Those early days weren't easy going, I can tell you. I went through the mill a bit. That, in its way, was another bit of luck. No, I mean it!

It does a man good to see the rough side as well as the smooth. If you have had to struggle, and fight for your place in the sun, then, when you have won it, you know how to keep it and how to appreciate it.

Nowadays they call me "The singer with the world's greatest audience." But let me go

**L**ES ALLEN has written his life story exclusively for Radio Review readers. Next week he takes you into Henry Hall's band. After you've read it, you can almost say—"I've met the boys of the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra!" It's so vivid! Don't miss Les Allen next week!



Who should know the stars better than a star? That's why the famous Mr Flotsam, of Flotsam and Jetsam, can tell you so many interesting things about his fellow top-liners. He'll be writing again next week, too!



Above—Geo. Baker; below, Olive Groves.

Olive Groves told me recently that her idea of Utopia was a long series of profitable concerts in Bognor Regis. This sounded odd till she explained that her small son, Michael, is at school there. George Baker interrupted this conversation, and wanted the pitch shifted to Birkenhead, where son Alan puts in his terms. That would be ideal—a perfect pitch, in fact, which George incidentally possesses!

These artistes with parental songings are often billed together nowadays, a circumstance which probably results to some extent from their joint participation in a happy trio which once, included Peggy Cochrane. What a trio!

Listeners had not hitherto known, for instance, that Olive was intended to be a concert pianist before she decided to be a singer. She is as proficient at home at the keyboard as she is vocally before the microphone.

George Baker, as befits an expert "coach," can whip the ivories with any other fellow.

The radio world well knows what Peggy Cochrane can do when she lays her fiddle on the lid of the grand and transfers her attention to the keys.

Thus, with three grand pianos to bang at, this formidable trio made history.

### The Sleeping Beauty— Yes?

It is typical of Olive Groves that, from her memorable crotchet cascades she tripped off to sing in pantomime for a salary that looked as if it might be a second cousin of the National Debt!

"I'm to be the Sleeping Beauty," Olive told me at the time.

"How do you feel about it?" I asked.

"Only partly qualified," said Olive. "I'm not much of a beauty, but I certainly love lots of sleep!"

When I wrote that she

"tripped off," I should have written that she drove off. Miss Groves is a self-driving motorist, who, fortunately, has a sense of humour unaffected by cruel thrusts at the size of her car.

I once heard a comedian risk death by stating that the one thing smaller than Olive's car was the battery of a glow-worm.

All of which was good-natured twitting, since the Groves' car has never been so miniature

as to justify the story that she pulled up alongside a high wall and found it was the kerb!

If this chatter does anything, it seems to show Olive Groves in the light of a merry person, and Mickey, at Bognor Regis, must look forward to holidays with his microphonic mater.

I hope, however, that Michael is not patterning his handwriting on that of mama; Olive's calligraphy, while decorative, is a weird and wonderful thing.

### The Fees They Pay In

## RADIO'S BARGAIN BASEMENT

IN most cases the "big fee" folk have the best chance of success in the entertainment world—that is, of getting a living from their work.

Radio, however, turns the tables.

The B.B.C. cannot afford large fees—so they say—so that's why listeners so seldom hear such celebrities as Harry Lauder or Gracie Fields over the air. The small part man or woman, however, may find himself quite frequently before the microphone if he has something outstanding to offer.

Norman Shelley, who graduated to play Tiger Standish in "The Mystery of the Seven Cafés," and who is in radio programmes as much as anyone, is an example. I met him at lunch not long ago and he told me: "Theatrical managers hate versatility; but at the B.B.C. it is one's strongest card."

The small-fee actor may get from four to six guineas for a broadcast. He's paid nothing for rehearsals, and that fee includes a repeat in the National or Regional programme.

Sometimes in the case of a part which merely entails a few words, a few chords on the violin or something equally abbreviated, but necessary, the artiste will be glad to take a couple of guineas.

Trios and small musical combines, without any particular reputation in the outside world, will maybe receive payment at the rate of twelve to fifteen guineas.

Regional fees are similar. In the same way, London talent which offers itself for a Regional broadcast will be paid according to Regional schedule.

A broadcast in the Midland Children's Hour will be worth a guinea, though occasionally this will be doubled to cover out-of-pocket expenses. Even the top-liners will not get more than about eight guineas—out of London.

For the broadcast of an original song the composer will have to be content with five guineas—together with a lecture on the marvellous sales value of the microphone!

Above—Peggy Cochrane; below—Flotsam.

It is said that, on one occasion, she wrote out a cough prescription for a friend, and that, on presenting it, the friend got two excellent seats at that evening's concert!

That could never happen to George Baker, the methodical. Here is a radio vocalist who is a real stickler for detail. He is the kind of chap who is in constant demand as honorary treasurer for this and that. He learns his songs with the same meticulous care that he would give to a club's house accounts.

Of Peggy Cochrane one can only say that the good old word "versatile" was coined for her. She has a luminous pair of dark eyes that wander instinctively to anything that offers a new field of accomplishment.

I caught her watching the agile fingers of Mario Pietro on his guitar one day, and of course, sooner or later Peggy will be found singing to her own guitar-strains. If there was a way of warbling in short-hand, she would be one of the first to do it!

Peggy is married to a doctor, who is very proud of his wife's achievements.

### An Unswelled Hyphen- Head.

Peggy plays, as you know, on both violin and piano, sings, writes words and music, has beauty and charm, and remains withal, as Stainless Stephen would say, "Inverted comma unswelled hyphen headed" (in brackets, end of sentence), which does her a great deal of credit you will admit.

I know certain persons who don't do any of these things well, and who do everything else just as badly. Yet are so insufferable that when you see them standing in the street you duck into Broadcasting House.

You don't know any like that? Sez you!



**CARBERRY'S** was the biggest draper's shop in Stainham, an old-fashioned little town on the outskirts of London. It had a double-fronted plate-glass window and it employed twelve young ladies.

One of whom was Joan Walters.

One Thursday in July, a few minutes before early-closing, Joan was summoned to the little glass-panelled room at the rear of the shop. Mr Carberry awaited her in state.

"Ah, there you are Miss Walters! I've been looking through the holiday list, and I'm afraid we can't let you have September and we can't work you in in August. Mrs Carberry and I have changed our plans, and that makes a change all round."

"Oh!" Joan was bitterly disappointed. She had made her arrangements. "Can I—?"

"Yes," said Mr Carberry. "It's given me a lot of trouble, this holiday list. You girls never think what a lot of time I spend trying to make things nice and comfortable for you. The best thing would be for you to start your fortnight to-morrow. Then you'd be back on the last day of the month—"

"Please, Mr Carberry! Couldn't I try and fix a change with one of the others?"

"No good! I've sounded them all. There is only Miss Baker who can take over your Ribbons. What's the matter, Miss Walters?"

"Nothing, Mr Carberry. Only, you see, it's so inconvenient, because—"

"I'm sorry it's inconvenient, Miss Walters. It seems to me quite a lot has been inconvenient to you lately. Only the other day you seemed to dislike the arrangements I'd made for the Ribbon stock. Now I shall be very disappointed if you were to tell me that you had thought of making a change."

Joan left the little office and went back to her counter, bitterly disappointed and more than a little angry. It was so unfair to bring up that threat of dismissal every time one made the slightest protest. She had worked for five years with Carberry's, giving faithful service.

The other girls in the shop were all disgruntled in different degrees over the changes made in the holiday arrangements.

Joan tidied away her ribbons. Even these were a disappointment. She had been ready to interest herself in her work—had studied ribbons and kept her eyes on the trade and fashion papers. Last year, at her own suggestion, Mr Carberry had let her go to Paris to buy a special stock. But Carberry's was a little shop and Stainham was a little town, and the profits had barely justified the expenses. Mr Carberry wanted no more "enterprise" from his staff.

### *They Call Me "Joan"*

**A** LITTLE over half an hour later, Joan was at the wicket-gate of Rose Cottage, a delightful house and garden on the outskirts of the town, where she lived with her great aunt, Elizabeth Mardon, who now stood at the open door.

"You're nearly two minutes late for your dinner. Maybe if you'd thought of the trouble that has gone to preparing it you'd have come straight back from the shop."

"I'm sorry, Aunt Betha. But there are lots of odds and ends to be cleared up on closing day."

A gaunt and rather formidable figure was Aunt Betha. Most of the younger generation thought her horrible. But they did not say so in Joan's presence. For between the two, improbable as it seemed, was a genuine affection.

Aunt Betha had a bullying manner—not because she desired to hurt—but because she believed that kindness and gentleness in small things was soft, and so, very probably, sinful. All the same, when Joan's parents had been killed in a railway accident, when she was a child of seven, Miss Mardon had stepped in without a moment's hesitation. She had never spoken an unkind word, nor had she ever ill-treated the girl or allowed her to

# The Notorious



## ROY VICKERS'

go short of any of the essential necessities and comforts. For her part, Joan readily acknowledged her indebtedness.

"It's an awful nuisance, Auntie, but I've got to go for my holiday to-morrow," she said. Over lunch, she explained the circumstances, and added: "The worst of it is, I know Lionel can't possibly get away until August. They're dreadfully strict at Benjoy's. He asked for that date on my account, and they'll make him stick to it."

"Perhaps it's as well," returned Aunt

"The longer you wait the more he'll wonder why you deceived him."

"You simply can't call it deceit, auntie! I've been called 'Joan' ever since I was a baby and everybody knows me as Joan. And I read the other day that when that happens it becomes your legal name."

"Maybe. But it doesn't alter the fact that you were christened Arabella Josephine." Joan winced, then burst out with the grievance that had haunted her childhood.

"Father and mother must have been very old-fashioned. They could have had no

**Roy Vickers has written many fine stories. His work is known throughout the land.**

Betha grimly. "In my young days a girl wouldn't consider herself respectable if she went on a holiday with a young man."

"Dear Aunt Betha!" laughed Joan. "If you really thought it wrong, you would never have consented in the first place. I shall go up to town this afternoon and tell Lionel. But I know they won't let him go—it isn't easy to replace him at short notice."

"If Benjoy's find that young man so valuable, it's a pity his influence isn't enough to get you the position there you've wanted."

Joan was silent. They had had this discussion before. Baulked of the chance of further moralising, Miss Mardon manufactured one.

"And if he ever does introduce you to his employers, no doubt you'll have to give them your full name. But perhaps Lionel himself doesn't know. No doubt you'll say I'm an interfering old woman if I ask whether you've ever told the man you intend to marry that your name isn't 'Joan.'"

"I've not told him yet, Auntie, but I shall in time. In my own time."

idea that a name like that nowadays makes a girl a laughing stock. You'd never hear the last of it. When I was at the first school at Nottingham it came out, and the ragging never stopped. So if you want to know, I admit that I'm shy of telling Lionel. I shall keep it until our wedding day is actually fixed. You wouldn't think it so silly if you knew what I've been through. Thank heavens they don't know at Carberry's!"

### *Outside Benjoys*

**A**FTER dinner, as always on early-closing day, there were jobs to be done in the house. Joan just caught the four-fifteen to London. Shortly before five she was in the West End. As she caught sight of the mammoth block that was Benjoy's something stirred within her. Aunt Betha was quite right. She did wish that Lionel could get her a job in the great store. There would be a thrill in working for a firm that was known throughout the world.

Thirty years ago Christopher Benjoy had opened a tiny shop, employing one assistant



# Miss Walters



They called her  
The Notorious  
Miss Walters  
But Why?

## GREATEST STORY

and one errand boy. A couple of years ago he had died. In those thirty years the tiny little shop had swallowed not only the floors above it, but the shops on either side of it. And when it had thus absorbed the whole block between two streets, it had pulled itself to pieces and recreated itself into a palace of steel and concrete and stone. On its roof, towering nine storeys above the street, were six tennis-courts and three squash-rackets courts, to say nothing of such minor amenities as a putting-green and a gymnasium.

The attractions of the roof were free to

He walked past Joan and a few yards on half turned, hesitated, trying to pluck up courage to approach her.

Joan was not aware of him. Her vivaciousness no less than her slim form and finely moulded face always brought a certain amount of attention which she had come to ignore. She was rarely pestered, for there was a hint of strength in her chin and a disturbing directness in the wide-set violet eyes that kept the boulder at bay.

She was standing, now, close by the doorway, watching the staircase which she could

The Notorious Miss Walters has been specially written for you. It's a really great story.

any who cared to use them. But before they could reach the roof they would pass through departments that catered for almost every conceivable human need—every possible whim that could be satisfied with money.

Joan hurried past the windows that flanked the nine separate entrance halls, each window a set scene designed by a scenic artist and changed every week. In some windows were living models, in others figures of rubber composition.

At the corner she turned and walked along for some hundred and fifty yards to a door labelled 'Secretariat,' then twenty yards on past another door labelled 'Advertising,' to the one she was seeking, labelled 'Counting House.'

Behind her, unnoticed by Joan, a Rolls Royce saloon had stopped, and a young man had got out of it. He was in the middle twenties and dressed in the height of fashion in spite of a touch of sportiness. He had an open boyish face, prematurely wrinkled. Altogether a young man who would make a good impression at first sight—if one did not look too deeply into the eyes.

just see. Presently her eyes lighted as Lionel Dempster, with a nod to the time-keeper, came out.

"Lionel! They've killed our holiday!" she blurted out. "The arrangements have all gone wrong and I've got to start mine to-morrow. It's that or the sack."

"Oh, my dear! How perfectly beastly! But you mustn't miss your holiday."

"I'm all right. I shall go down to Colford to-morrow. I've wired for a room at that little hotel where Aunt Betha and I stayed last summer. But I want to talk about us."

### Cecil Makes Inquiries

THE young man who had got out of the Rolls Royce thrust forward into the doorway and spoke to the time-keeper.

"Who's that man talking to that girl there?" he demanded.

The time-keeper elbowed his way through the stream of clerks and looked in the direction indicated. Then he stared at his questioner.

"That's one of the young gentlemen

employed here, sir," he said defensively.

"I know. What's his name?"

"Well, look here, I don't know who you are, sir."

"I am Cecil Benjoy. I happen to be chairman of your board of directors, though I don't blame you for not knowing that."

"Very sorry, sir. Name of Dempster."

"Who's the girl he's talking to? Is she employed here?"

"I don't know sir."

"Then—look here—hang it all, while you've been hawking they've gone and I've lost her. Never mind! It's not your fault."

"No, sir! Thank you, sir!"

"Can I get to Sir James Fardel's room through here?"

"You can sir, but there's a lot of walking and it would really be quicker and more convenient if you were to go to the Executive entrance."

It was characteristic of Cecil Benjoy that he did not know his way about the business-house which, except for a nominal holding by the directors, was entirely his own property.

Three minutes later he was entering the suite of Sir James Fardel, the active managing director.

He passed through an outer office where a dozen typewriters clicked at his entrance—into a second office in which there was a single typewriter presided over by a middle-aged woman of stern appearance, who bowed to him in Edwardian fashion—and thence to the office into which no one but he dared penetrate uninvited.

Sir James Fardel was the typical successful financier-business man of the new type—that is, he looked like a brigadier in mufti.

"Hello!" grinned Benjoy. "Anything 'till?"

"What the devil do you mean by a tom'ol remark like that!" snapped Fardel.

"Fardel, old thing, I believe you have the soul of a sergeant-major. I hate to mention it, but I don't happen to have the soul of a private soldier."

"You'd be a thundering sight happier if you had, Cecil. That's not my affair. You choose to remind me that I'm your servant. What do you want?"

"What about a thousand on account of next quarter day?"

"You can have two if you like. I don't care. Thank heavens, I'm not your guardian!"

"Fardel, you're positively encouraging me in extravagance. You know my father wouldn't have approved. One will be quite enough, thanks."

While Fardel, with a snort, wrote the cheque, Benjoy went on:

"We employ a clerk-feller called Dempster."

"Do we! What about it?"

"He has a perfectly stunning girl, and I—"

At this Fardel exploded.

"Listen to me, you young pup! You can fire me at the next board meeting. But if you think you can get a man with stuffing enough to run this business for you, who is at the same time willing to let you use him as a go-between—"

"Squad, about turn! Dear old sergeant-major, you're barking up the wrong tree! This is quite different—absolutely different from anything that has happened to me in this way before. I tell you, I've just seen a girl—"

"Who apparently belongs to one of our clerks. I don't want to hear any more. Here's your cheque."

As Benjoy took the cheque, Fardel looked at him.

"You're throwing your life away." He spoke almost gently. "Why don't you pull up, Cecil?"

"I could—if that girl would take any notice of me. She's like—what my mother ought to have been. I saw her through the

(Please turn to page 28.)



**"THE Snappiest Thing In Broadcasting"**—an apt description of Rex King's Criticism. In his own inimitable way, Rex will criticise the B.B.C. programmes every week.

**W**ELL, how d'ye like our new apartments, huh? Pretty good? All right—but I'm not just so good. The launching of the good ship Radio Review takes a bit of living up to. At the present moment I'm in actual pain.

**M**AYBE you've heard the story of the rugby man who—what's that?—you HAVE?—all right I'll tell it you. This athlete limped into a swell party one night. The hostess gushed over him sympathisingly. "Oh, I'm only a little stiff from rugby," he explained. "Good gracious, I thought your home was in Kent," she babbled.

**W**ELL, I'm more than a little stiff—from stiffness! Y'see, when I spotted this swell lay-out for Rex King, I felt something was demanded. I bought a new typewriter. Engaged a new typist—the wife came with me—and got the old school tie starched and ironed. Now every time I bend my head the end of my tie plays the xylophone on my breast-plate.

**I** EVEN bought a new wireless set. But alas and alack, when I turned it on, the old familiar "Foundations" greeted me, and the illusion was shattered.



Wilfrid Thomas.



Emilio Colombo.

**A**LTHOUGH you find me on a new page, I'm still on the old rostrum. Ready to fight for the liberty of the listener, the banishment of dud comedians, the total eclipse of imaginary "stars"—in short, ready to fight until the last thread of the old school tie is blown away on the wind, for freedom of expression—from this side of the loudspeaker!

**I**T'S time we stopped thinking of Henry Hall as a dance band leader. He's a lot more than that. After hearing the first of the "Henry Hall Hours," I'd say he is as efficient an all-round entertainer as there is in Portland Place. Henry Hall. Hall never was a showman in speech. His voice over the mike has a sort of detached air that might convey indifference or shyness. But there's no suggestion of indifference in the shows he puts over. They're obviously the sequel to real concentration. His sound caricature on "The Spirit of No. 10" was clever—and meticulous in its attention to detail. When the band gave an impression of Jack Payne's outfit, the announcer even imitated Jack's famous microphone cough before and during his remarks. A little thing, maybe—but typical of the thoroughness of Henry.

**H**ENRY HALL'S farewell to Len Berron was a nice little sentimental touch. The frequent quickfire wisecracks, too, from Haver and Lee kept up the mood of the "Hour." One of the best numbers of the show was "The Girl I Love," sung by Walter Williams and Percy Hayden. The melody was fetching, the words catching, and the voices matching. What more would you?

**B**UT the most enjoyable minutes in this most enjoyable hour were filled by the Glee Club. I don't know how many choirs and choruses they have at Broadcasting House, but I've yet to hear a bad one. And this new combination made a hit straightaway. Call me a sickly sentimentalist if you like, but I have heard nothing more beautiful than the fading out chorus of Henry Hall's own composition, "It's Time to Say Good-night." It sounded almost like a hymn. Maybe fifty years from now I'll be humming in my beard—"The 'hours' I spent with you, dear Hall!"

**I** WANT a certain chappie to read the few lines to follow. He's a radio comedian. Not a bad one, either—when he remembers that a joke that may rule the music-hall audience may actually rule a fireside ditto. **Take Notice.** I'm not giving the artiste's name for obvious reasons. But he almost merited exposure. He told a joke on the air that made me want to throw my set through



Tessa Deane.

the window. Only I had no guarantee he'd be standing below it. It concerned an imaginary person's deformity—a deformity which is borne by many courageous people who are anything but imaginary.

**Y**OU may not know, but every variety artiste is supplied with a special warning when being offered a contract. It is issued by the Variety Director, and reads:—"Artistes are asked to keep their broadcast material free from any mention of the following subjects:—Proprietary articles and business names, religion (including spiritualism), public personalities, marital infidelity, effeminacy in men, immorality of any kind, physical infirmities and deformities (including blindness, dumbness, stammering, loss of limbs, cross-eyes, &c.), painful or fatal diseases (including cancer, consumption, mental deficiency, &c.), unnecessary emphasis on drunkenness, reference to negroes as "niggers" and Chinese as "chinks." "No change must be made in a programme after it has been passed at the final rehearsal."

**Have you a Radio Question?**  
Something that's causing an argument? Then send it right along to Rex King—he'll be delighted to answer it for you.

**W**ELL, I'll wager the joke I'm referring to wasn't included at the final rehearsal. It may have been impromptu, and the artiste himself taken unaware, but if so, it shows the breach between the music-hall joke and its radio counterpart.

**B**Y the way, on this warning pamphlet there is this diverting finale—"Personal messages must not be transmitted through the microphone." Maybe the B.B.C. will send a chit to Sir Harry Lauder before his next broadcast! The inimitable Scots comedian saved a telegram last time—and bragged about it!

**T**HE many admirers of Douglas Byng would get a mild shock when they heard this clever stage comedian in the radio "October Gala." Divorced from his visible audience, Douglas lost 75 per cent. of his effect. Byng is one of the funniest comics on the stage—but it is mainly comedy by gesture. His two songs, which might have been a riot of fun on the boards, sounded terribly feeble on the air. Artistes should recognise that the radio demands a different technique—in fact, there is no branch of entertaining so demanding.



**T**HIS "October Gala" was a limp affair in many ways. The show had received so much preliminary "ballyhoo" that every act was expected to be a storm. But some of them were very gentle zephyrs—and others didn't create enough wind to blow out a candle!

**A**RTHUR MARSHALL, the female impersonator, was a big disappointment. His item, "Women's Work is Never Done," was the poorest effort I've heard him make yet. Not a patch on his screamingly funny turns in the "October Revue," with Nelson Keys. Then I thought we got too much of Jean Sablon, the crooner, from the Folies Bergere. He sang five songs, four of them in French. A little of that goes a long way. After you've heard a crooner sing in English, the language doesn't matter—you've a pretty good idea how it goes!



YOU like the song, "O Lovely Night"? I like the song. We all like the song. It is often sung well on the radio. BUT IT IS SUNG WELL TOO OFTEN! In other words, it is in danger of being sung to death. Now, there are a lot of songs I could mention more deserving of such a passing. "O Lovely Night" was sung in three broadcasts within the space of four days recently. You like the song. I like the song. We all like the song. BUT FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, DON'T ALLOW EVERY CONTRALTO TO SING THE SONG!

ROBB WILTON was in great form the other day in the Blackpool relay. His lion-hunting sketch was a real rib-tickler. Wilton is a fellow who can happily mix the stage and radio technique. Those of you who have seen his music-hall act will remember that he gets the big laugh frequently by his facial and hand gestures. That is certainly lost on the air, but Wilton has such a range of expression in his voice that he has still a lot to fall back on. I liked the work of Larry Brennan and his band. It was a musicianly outfit. Brennan has a hot vocal chorus among his playing staff. Their rhythm and melody in the "Wheel of the Waggon is Broken" was first-rate—far above the ordinary standard of musician-vocalists.

The SNAPPIEST THING IN BROADCASTING

STEP on the soft pedal, chaps! The B.B.C. have gone daft on this musical background stuff. Listeners are likely to go daft as a result. The idea of supporting dialogue in a play with a little background music was a good one. But like all good things, it will come to an end if carried to excess. And that's where it's aiming at present. The background music in most plays is far too loud. "Congo Landing" provided an example. Part of the dialogue took place near a dance floor. But the dance band was so loud that the artistes could hardly be heard, let alone understood!

THIS musical background is supposed to suggest atmosphere. At the moment it is dictating it. The story of the play is the important thing. I'd be as agitated as a bunion if a waiter brought me a plate of gravy and no meat. So would we all. The sooner the B.B.C. realise that it's the story that carries the play, and not the music

MAYBE there is something you definitely dislike about the programmes—some point gets you down? Or maybe you thought that a certain show was just marvellous! Right!—drop Rex King a line—he'll be glad to know.

or effects, the nearer we will be to happy listening.

THAT was a jolly fine show, "In Small Print." Really six little plays in one. And all of 'em good. Each had a little twist in the finish that enabled them to stand on their own. I think this type of show gets nearer the ideal radio play entertainment than most. The first item, "The Delayed Postcard," was a perfect little cameo, brilliantly acted. I don't know who played Paul, the trapeze artiste, but I want him to know that his work was as clever a bit of characterisation as I've heard on the air.

MY suffering is acute when I am inveigled to a cinema to see an American film version of Press work. The editor has an eyeshade, a voice

grew up I never wanted to look an organ in the face? But then our organist wasn't Quentin M'Lean.

THIS man with the magic fingers who roams the keyboard at the Trocadero, Elephant and Castle, has chased my childish horror away. I want to make a request to the B.B.C. Let's have M'Lean for a longer spell than three-quarters of an hour. His programmes are a sheer delight. And bring him into the late period oftener, if at all possible. He's a winner.

I CAN'T for the life of me understand why the B.B.C. announcers rattle off the entire programme of an outside band—and then leave us to it. I've just turned from my set, having heard the announcer intimate the switch-over to Charles Manning and his orchestra at the Granada, Walthamstow. "Here is the programme," spake the announcer—and then followed a recital of TEN items, including selections and suites. Now, what are we supposed to do about it? Take it down in shorthand? We can't remember more than one or two of the numbers. Surely a simple arrangement could be made whereby each item is announced before



Hildegard.



Arthur Salisbury.



Val Rosing.

that scorches the varnish on his desk, a telephone in each hand, assistants who loll on the edges of tables, sag drooping from mouth; in short, an editor who never was, and never will be. It was quite reassuring to hear the radio editor and his staff speak with unmistakable sanity in "In Small Print." By the way, the Effects Department worked a clever little touch when they merged the door-knocking into the sound of the presses at full speed. That showed imagination. And we're grateful for every little drop o' that!

ORGANS on the air used to give me a pain in the neck. In fact, before they came on the air the pain used to be in the back. Y'see, in my well-ordered youth, I was the choir boy detailed to work the bellows in our place of worship. I knew why, of course. The organist told me I was of more use blowing wind into the instrument than blowing discords into the pews! Well, having seen the back view of an organ so often, is it any wonder that when I

playing. Because, believe it or not, we DO want to know what we're listening to!

I THOUGHT Yvonne Arnaud and Ronald Squire made a hit with their little cameo, "Christmas Presents." Squire's sophistication was as intriguing as Yvonne's delicious little "burr." Another Ronald—

The Big Hit. Frankau this time—was quite good, although someone will have to tell this fine entertainer that even the best of comedians can go too often to the well. Frankau is original enough to give us something NEW every time he grins into the mike.

I LIKED the cornet work of Jack Mackintosh. A refreshing and unusual broadcast. And regret was mine that the best singer of the evening, Adelyn Pitzell, was allowed only one song. It may have been a question of suiting the artiste's convenience, of course. I'm still wondering what Renee Houston intended to do when she started. I imagine she didn't know herself! Anyhow, this little Scots lassie is always good fun. In fact, I rate her higher than Gracie Fields with her extempore patter to band and audience. She certainly tried to ginger things up a bit. And that's what "October Gala" badly needed. At times the atmosphere made me feel the "collection" would be asked for at any moment!

Oh, I've just remembered. Ronald Frankau had a hit at the St George's Hall audience. After his first item, a few thin hand-claps came over the air. "I'm just applauding myself," Ronald explained. "Y'see, the audience here are forbidden to do so—that's why they're all sitting here sheep-like." Probably true—but terribly tactless! Why bring the poor sheep into it, anyhow?

What do you think of the B.B.C. Programmes?  
Rex King is offering three prizes of £1 1/- each for the best 100-word criticisms. Send yours off now!



# STAR VAR



Beryl  
Orde

Olive  
Groves



Marjery  
Wynn



Claude Hulbert & Enid Trevor (his wife)



Claude  
Gardner



Mr. Murgatroyd & Mr. Winterbottom  
(Ronald Frankau) (Tommy Handley)



Ann Penn  
as  
Gracie Fields



# STARS OF RADIETY

Tessa  
Deane



Wynne  
Ajello



Mabel  
Constanduros



Elsie Carlisle & Sam Browne



Leonard  
Henry



Flotsam & Jetsam



Stainless  
Stephen



Bertha  
Willmott







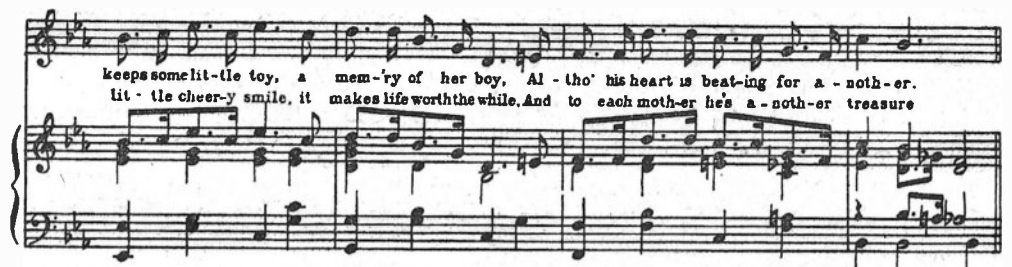
# BERTINI'S CURLY

## *Straight To You*

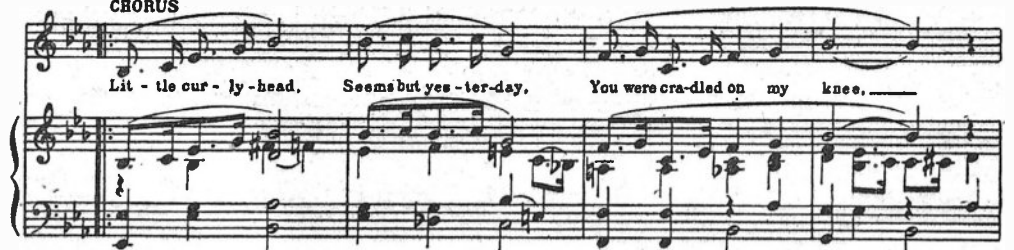
Words and Music by BERTINI (Hal Leonard and Gordon Hay)



### VERSE



### CHORUS



Copyright

ANOTHER WINNER BY BERTINI NEXT WEEK



# GREAT SONG HEAD

*From Blackpool*



Ten lit - tle fing-ers and ten lit - tle toes, Nev-er were meant to roam —

How their touch lingers and my heart still knows. They made a heav'n on earth of home —

Ev - 'ry night I pray, soon will come a day Roaming feet will hom-ing tread, —

For you prom-ised me that one day I would see Once a - gain my lit - tle cur - ly

1. head. 2. Cur - - ly head. 3. 8

Curly-Read

— WHEN LOVE IS YOUNG —



# THE LATEST SETS

Reviewed by REX KING

No. 1—G.E.C. FIDELITY  
RADIOGRAM

"IT'S easy on the eyes."

That phrase was made in America. But it aptly hits off the G.E.C. Fidelity Radiogram which, of course, is made in Britain.

First impressions are lasting. The G.E.C. people apparently know this, for they've turned out a real "good-looker."

When I slid this latest superhet from its packing I suddenly felt shabby. Stately is the description. Solid, polished walnut, there aren't any legs on it. It would scorn such, for thereby would come a loss of dignity.

The first visitor to my listening den was



a lady. "Gee, that's a swell piece of furniture," she cooed.

At this point, the cynic enters, eyes focused on end of nose and lips curled. "Sure, we'll give it full marks for its bodywork. But what's inside, laddie—what's inside?"

Well, there are a whole heap of things inside. But this isn't a technical article. I find the average listener doesn't give a tooth-pick about that. I'm one of them—and know.

I want selectivity and good quality in my reception, but how the manufacturers achieve that is their little bit o' worry, not mine. But they needn't delude themselves (and I'm sure they don't) that lack of technical knowledge impairs a listener's assessments of a wireless set.

I found the Fidelity pretty good on all counts. I liked its depth of tone.

For instance, it brings thro' the "double-bass" (pronounced "base," Cuthbert, so put your glass away) perfectly. That's a real achievement.

This orchestral instrument has caused wireless engineers more worry than speakers who cough into the mike. Its vibrations are the devil to pick up without blasting.

The tuning system is interesting. The incorporation of a fidelity and muting switch



Meet Teddy Brown.

WHEN you know that the very best hotels pay their musicians anything from ten pounds a week upwards, and when you see the boys themselves driving up to the job in super cars, you imagine them entering a beautifully furnished and cosy band room before going on to the band-stand.

## Looks Like a Disused Lumber Room

Well, generally speaking, your imagination would be deceiving you. With very few exceptions, the boys are housed in some barren place that looks more like a disused lumber room than anything else.

## Ideal Band Room for B.B.C.

I hear, however, that the ideal band room is nearly completed. It is one which will stand as a model for many years to come, and will be used by the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra at the new Maida Vale studios.

## I'll Let You Into a Secret!

Talking of the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra reminds me of that farewell to No. 10 Studio. I expect you heard the impersonations of certain band leaders and vocalists. Yet it is not generally known outside the B.B.C. who actually was who, so I'll let you into the secret.

## Dan Donovan Was "The Top."

Whilst this medley was in preparation and rehearsal, all the boys were tested

enables listeners to eliminate all background noises on the stronger signals by a grading method.

The high fidelity switch on the local station, too, is very effective in doing the same job, while also widening the tone of reception.

There's just one thing I'm not sure about. And it applies to most radiograms.

Is it a good or bad thing that the switch panel should be on top of the set, under the lid? It can be a bit of a nuisance when you want to get another station.

On the other hand, is this counter-balanced by the added dignity achieved thro' only one switch, the volume control, being on the front panel?

Anyhow, I can safely say that the "G.E.C. Fidelity Five" looks good, acts good—AND IS GOOD.

The price is twenty-three guineas.

# FOR THE Dance Music ENTHUSIAST

for their ability to mimic other radio celebrities, but Dan Donovan proved himself most capable in nearly every case. Dan himself had no idea that he had any flair for this kind of thing, but everybody agrees that his Ambrose, Denny Dennis, Bill Currie, Harry Roy, and Casani were as near to the real thing as possible.

## Len Bermon's Goodbye to the Boys.

The other impersonator, Len Bermon, who is now a solo act on the halls, was quite good as Jack Payne and Roy Fox. Of course, Len really excelled himself that night, when he played the part of host at a farewell party given after midnight. He was saying goodbye to the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra and to some other pals and it took him until 4 a.m. to do that. Good luck, Len!

## They're Great Jesters, Those Lads.

Billy Cotton's boys, acknowledged



Ralph Sylvester.



Syd Lipton.

everywhere as the greatest practical jokers in the dance-band world, have been at it again. I was at their rehearsal the other morning, and during a ten-minute interval cups of coffee were passed round by Laurie Johnson. He collected twopence from everybody—including me. It was hours afterwards before we learnt that those coffees had been sent to us by the manager of the theatre!

## The Tale of the Ties.

Anyway, that same evening Alan Breeze said that someone had given him two ties as a present; and, as they weren't his style, the first shilling available would secure both. They were very beautiful ties, too! Was Laurie Johnson mad the next day to find his two new ties were being worn by other boys in the band?

## He Brought the House Down.

By the way, as soon as the news got round that Chipp's Chippendale had left



# LATEST AND BEST NEWS OF THE DANCE BANDS

Billy Cotton to join Sydney Lipton, Bill was snowed under with applications for the vacancy. He eventually selected Peter Williams, a boy who made an impromptu stage appearance with the band and "pulled the house down."

## Syd Lipton's Time of Trouble.

Sydney Lipton has just had a houseful of trouble. The maid's clothes caught fire one day and she was so badly burned that she was taken to hospital. Then Syd's little daughter was down with bronchitis at the same time as Mrs Lipton had flu. This was quite enough illness for any family, but, to make matters worse, Syd caught flu himself. Thus all four were ill at the same time last week.

## Harry Roy's Year of Years.

The Command Performance was to Harry Roy the culmination of a most



Len Bermon.



Billy Cotton.

brilliant year. During that time Harry has become the greatest attraction in British Variety, a top-seller in gramophone records, a number one feature on the air—and a husband! This is the kind of success people dream about.

## Everything's Coming His Way.

Nothing can go wrong with Harry. On the day of the Command Performance he had word to say that he had won a thousand francs in a French sweepstake. He couldn't understand it—couldn't remember it. "Oh, I remember," said brother Syd, "we bought a couple of tickets in Juan Les Pins nearly a year ago." What luck!

## An Outstanding Event.

Henry Hall and his band play publicly for dancing once a year, but once only. That is at the Variety Ball, which is held at Grosvenor House. This alone makes that event an outstanding one, and it is really quite an honour to the other band or bands



"One for You," says Howard Jacobs.

which play opposite to Henry. This year the honour falls to Bobbie Howell and Mantovani.

## How Mantovani Met Stanelli.

Mantovani, by the way, will be in Stanelli's next Stag Party. A number of years ago Stanelli was a serious music student, studying violin particularly. One day Mantovani was playing a concerto in his digs, and stopped abruptly in the middle of it. To his surprise, he heard it continued in the room above. Stan had been playing the same piece simultaneously. Monty rushed upstairs, and that's how the two of them first met. Although they have been good friends ever since that little incident, this Stag Party will be their first professional engagement together.

## Ralph Sylvester Counting the Days.

Ralph Sylvester, famous Irish tenor of Jack Payne's band, is counting the days to Christmas. "I want to see my two children again," he told me. "Baby is two now, and I haven't seen her since she was four months old."

## Oh, for a Little Dash of Dublin!

You see, being a star isn't all fun. There's not much home life for one who is on tour, and Ralph hasn't had the chance of seeing his home in Dublin for 20 months. His other daughter, Nancy, who is 12, is becoming quite an expert tap dancer, I hear, and sings and plays the piano also.

## AMBROSE AND HIS ORCHESTRA.

Danny Pola	Sax
Billy Amstell	Sax
Joe Jeannette	Sax
Stid Phillips	Sax
Ted Heath	Trombone
Lew Davis	Trombone
Tony Thorpe	Trombone
Max Goldberg	Trumpet
Harry Owen	Trumpet
Bert Barnes	Piano
Joe Brannelly	Guitar
Max Bacon	Percussion
Dick Ball	Bass
Clive Erard	Piano
Leslie Gault	Tympani
Evelyn Dall	Vocalist
Jack Cooper	Vocalist

## Radio's No. 1 Favourite H.R.H. of the B.B.C.

THE director of the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra is responsible for, probably, more programme planning than any other individual on the B.B.C. payroll.

Henry Hall and his lads' have sessions on each of the six weekdays, and they have a very varied public to please.

From 5.15 to 6 p.m. Henry knows that most of his listeners are youngsters, just home from school—yearning for something that is really entertaining. Comedy must stand in front.

Henry Hall's listeners at a late night session are quite different from those North country folk who take lunch at 12.30 on Fridays in order not to miss H. R. H.'s mid-day session.

And again a contrast to those city and business fellows who, just home at 6.30, sometimes tune in for the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra as a "side line" to the evening's newspaper.



Henry Hall commands by far the largest fan mail that goes into Broadcasting House. To the boys of his orchestra, he is familiarly known as "The Gaffer." And any day Henry Robert Hall far sooner would speak to you about the band than about himself.

It is not false modesty—it is his desire to acknowledge that he and the lads must get together to gain success.

London born, Henry Hall was a winner of honours at the Trinity College of Music and the Guildhall School of Music—two famous centres of musical training.

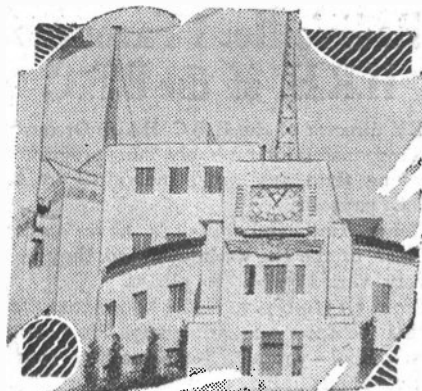
Now in the thirties—happily married; proud daddy to Betty and John Michael—H. R. H. has a cosy home out North London way, and never is happier than when enjoying free hours with the family "cricketing" in some open country space.

Following a term with an Artillery band, Henry Hall was appointed musical director to a chain of high-class hotels, and, in that capacity, took the air with his band from that well-known Scottish hotel, Gleneagles.

He followed in Jack Payne's footsteps when going to the B.B.C. as director of the permanent dance orchestra.

Strong believer in "sweet music," composer and arranger, brilliant pianist. Henry can play nearly every instrument in the band.





# S.O.S!

**ESCAPED**  
From HIGHMOOR PRISON

**ALBERT PHILLIPS**, aged 36,  
scar on forehead, 5 ft 9 ins.  
in height, well built, dark  
hair. Not wearing convict  
dress. Any person who can  
give information which might  
lead to the recapture of  
Phillips should communicate  
with the nearest police station.



**D**ON'T you often wonder, as you listen to your radio, what actually lies behind that urgent message?

This story is the first of a new series revealing the strange and human dramas behind these broadcast appeals.

THE heart of Sally Green was as dead as a stone and as cold. There was something dreadful in the calm of her face, the steady look in her eyes, the drawn line of her lips. There was more sorrow in the little catch that came to her voice sometimes than in a flood of tears.

"There's nothing wrong with you, is there?" Mrs Green asked for the twentieth time that day in her high, querulous tones.

And for the twentieth time Sally shook her head and shrugged her shoulders. "No; there's nothing wrong."

"Well, I wish you wouldn't look so gloomy," Mrs Green protested. "Goodness knows, you've reason enough to be happy to-night. What's on your mind?"

"Nothing," said Sally wearily. "Nothing at all. I'm just thinking."

Mrs Green studied her stepdaughter through narrowed eyes. "What about?" she challenged.

"Nothing," Sally said again, and turned away with a sigh.

If Mrs Green had been Sally's own mother, she might have had the sense to let it rest at that. But then if Mrs Green had been Sally's own mother, the thing would not have happened at all.

"You don't mean to tell me that you don't want to marry Ralph Simon?" the older woman demanded.

"I never said so, did I?" Sally asked with weary quietness.

Mrs Green gave a little snort of exasperation. "You don't know when you're well off. That's what's wrong with you. One of the wealthiest men in the town. That fine house up on the hill. A car of your own, and everything the heart of a girl could ask for—and yet you go about as if to-morrow was Doomsday. What more do you want, I'd like to know?"

"Nothing more," said Sally drily. "I'm perfectly satisfied."

"I should think so, too! If I'd had a chance of that when I'd married your father—half of it even—I'd been happy enough. But you—"

"I'm quite happy, mother. I've told you time and again I'm quite happy!" There was a flash of fire in Sally's voice now. "And I wish you wouldn't talk of daddy. You know I—I can't bear it."

Mrs Green did not take the hint. "You know what would have happened if he'd had his way," she sneered. "You'd have been married to that young waster, Phillips—a convict's wife, that's what you'd be to-day if it hadn't been for me."

Sally's head gave a sudden, quick jerk and she opened her lips to speak. But the frozen reserve that had held her for weeks and weeks—ever since the death of her father—gripped her again, and she remained silent.

"You aren't still thinking of him, are you?"

Mrs Green asked incredulously. "That's not what's making you so strange, is it?"

Sally breathed a broken little "No," and escaped from the room. She pulled open the front door of the neat, semi-detached villa that was her home, and let the cool wind play on her burning cheeks taking the fever from them. Her small, white hands were tightly clenched. In her breast was the disturbing, aching feeling of emptiness that was always with her now.

Ralph Simon—and Bert Phillips—the man she was going to marry—and the man she loved. Ralph Simon, with his steady, middle-aged ways; his kisses that were like cold and formal ceremonies; his air of conferring a favour on her by making her his wife; his complacent self-satisfaction in the wealth he possessed.

And Bert—it pained to think of him, but he was never far from her mind. That day in Willowmoor Wood when his lips had first touched hers, shyly, adoringly, eagerly—she clasped that memory to her heart, and knew it would stay for always. Bert's deep thrilling laugh; Bert's handsome boyish face; the twinkle in his eyes; and then the sudden

been brought into existence on that tragic day when the police had come and taken Bert away and locked him up, charged with fraud.

"Ten years' penal servitude."

From her seat away in the shadows at the back of the Court she had heard the dreadful words, and a whisper had passed over the heads of the crowd—"That's stiff." "Ten years' penal servitude." She had seen the start his body gave, and the quick twitching of his lips. And then a mist of tears had come before her eyes, blotting out him and the Judge and jury.

She had no real recollection of what followed. She could only believe what she had been told, and what she had read in the newspapers about herself. She had jumped to her feet and called out that he was innocent; that it was an awful mistake, and that whoever was guilty it was not Bert Phillips. Then she had been half-carried, and half-dragged from Court.

She knew he was innocent. She knew her man could never have committed the theft of which he was accused. But coldly, unemotionally, the law had worked against him.

Ten years—Her first clear thought, hours later, had been, "I'll wait for him." She had wept on daddy's shoulder, and daddy—dear, understanding daddy—had patted her tenderly, and called her a loyal little woman.

It had been infinitely comforting to have daddy's assurance that he, too, believed in Bert. It had been wonderfully easing to hear him say—"Of course you'll wait. And the time will soon pass, sweetheart."

And then daddy had died—suddenly, a few days later, out in the street. Silently and quietly he had slipped down to the pavement, and when they picked him up, life had flitted away.

She had been like someone floating aimlessly in the middle of a great ocean after that. She had nothing to cling to, no one to whom she could confide her heart's misery. And Mrs Green had "taken things in hand" in her energetic, domineering way.

The funeral had passed without a hitch. The will—leaving everything to Sally's step-mother—had been read. The household had

((Please turn to page 30.))

## The Missing Bridegroom

seriousness as he told her again of his love. Bert, Bert, Bert! His name was in every beat of her heart. His image was in her mind by day and in her dreams by night.

### She Believed in Him

BERT—and Ralph Simon. Bert, behind prison bars, and Ralph Simon in his great house up on the hill—the house that would be her house to-morrow and for all the days to come.

"I can't do it! I can't do it!" Something inside her screamed that out. But always there was the other voice—the sober voice, the sensible voice—"It's the best thing. And you've got to go through with it now."

She caught herself up on that thought. "It's the best thing." What did it matter, anyhow? What did anything matter when she could never belong to Bert, never see the dear schemes they had planned together brought to bright reality?

"It's the best thing. It's the best thing." The woman who insisted on being called mother had said that. She it was who contrived to bring Ralph Simon to the house. She it was who had almost ordered Sally to accept his proposal when it came. It was Mrs Green who had done all the arranging—fixed the date, ordered the wedding dress.

All that Sally had done was to sit by and let things happen.

At twenty-three her life was ended. There was only the shell left—something that looked like herself from the outside, but was in reality a different person, a person who had



ONE hears a great deal about the B.B.C. and local talent—whether it should be given its chance or not.

In theory, I am all in support of this, but as the instigator and producer of the only two shows of recent years designed to give the local lad his chance, I have been forced to a different conclusion.

It really isn't fair.

### — I am Sorry

In two "Pit People" productions I was instrumental in putting on the air some fifty people who would otherwise never have had a chance. Except for one or two cases, I am sorry I ever did.

Hundreds of people turned up for auditions, experienced concert acts taken from thousands of applicants. These were all given a fair trial in front of the microphone. Together with B.B.C. experts at this sort of thing, I listened in another room to them exactly as if they were broadcasting. Some of the people were hopeless, but, on the whole, the standard was very high, and I was glad that I had at last found a way to give the working man a chance.

When I began to read the "ballyhoo" preceding the first broadcast, I was assailed with doubts. Would these people stand up to newspaper headlines and pictures, and the assurance that they were already on the road to fame, given them by well-meaning friends? Would they realise, as I did, that only something little short of a miracle could put them in the front rank?

Most of the people who appeared in the first success—rated the best show of the week—have gained out of the publicity, getting countless small engagements in their

own districts, and sometimes to them important ones. But these cannot compensate for the nearness of fame and fortune brought by their fleeting visit to the microphone.

Such "local talent" shows are regarded by the B.B.C. as "stunts," and as a stunt

BY  
PAT FORREST,  
Producer of "Pit People"

the local artiste, however talented, is looked upon. Contrary to making regular appearances in front of the mike, he probably finds that his first is his last.

Many of them cannot stand up to the torrent of criticism which comes from people of their own kind, who maybe in some other circumstances would give all the support they

surroundings, and their performance suffers.

I had a case of a very promising miner-composer, whose work had been accepted provisionally. He was so keen to know that he had waited for hours. I told him the good news. Then, when it was found impossible to include his work, he went wild with disappointment, and gave up his composing altogether.

You will see why I doubt the advisability of giving local talent a chance, except in isolated cases. Perhaps the B.B.C. will find, in its own good time, some way of combing the country for talent. The only way to do that is to have a talent-seeking organisation.

It has been proved that out of, for instance, a small mining community on the north-east coast, there are at least half a dozen broadcasters who only need grooming to make them first-class artistes. Yet, unless a miracle happens, none of these will ever broadcast again.

I don't call that fair to local talent. Either give it a real chance—or none at all.

WHAT do we people at the B.B.C. think of those listeners who "high hat" radio?

Well, everyone is entitled to his own opinion—but everybody's opinion has not the same value!

For instance, the B.B.C. has to contend with the carelessly superior person who condemns a thing without even having come into proper contact with it—the person who switches on his set in the middle of some production, listens with half an ear for about ten minutes, and then sweepingly states "Rot!" Unfortunately, he probably remakes the statement later to a group of people.

### The Listener Who Is Purely Selfish

Then there is a common product of humanity. He looks straight ahead and is not able to understand that a play, variety show, or dance band relay, which displeases him because it is such, may have a large audience in another sphere. He looks upon radio from the purely selfish standpoint.

Londoners on the whole, and especially the "bright young things," may be said to be the chief offenders against radio. They have at their finger-tips so many distractions—theatres, cocktail parties, swimming parties, concerts, dances, cinemas, to mention but a few, that they have no time for radio. They openly sneer at it, and those who are responsible for its programme side.

My advice to them is, before coming out into the open, give a thought to what radio means to the farmer in his cottage, the islander who has few, if any, distractions, the sick people, lying wearily in

hospital, and the blind man, for whom radio is a positive godsend.

A  
ROSEMARY MAXWELL  
INTERVIEW



For those people who do not realise what radio production means, a day at Broadcasting House would be an eye-opener.

There they would realise that some people at least approach the question with intense seriousness and endless patience, and hard work.

It is perhaps a little dangerous to reproach listeners with ingratitude. Yet all the same, those who idly dismiss so vast a service as is sent out from the B.B.C. headquarters as if it had no significance deserve to be cut off from radio for ever.

Perhaps, then, they would find a gap in their lives when they wanted to hear a broadcast by one of their stage or music hall favourites.

### For the Fireside and Simple Pleasures

Perhaps radio has not so much to offer as a first-class film on which thousands of pounds has been spent, or a brilliant stage production with all the glamour of colour, beautiful chorus girls, and a fine setting. But Radio has not the money at its disposal to do this.

Radio is an intimate business; it caters for the fireside and simple pleasures. It gives many people, who cannot afford to go out for distraction, some recreation. It is varied; it is anxious to give listeners what they want. In fact, it is a family affair in which every member of the household may join without harm.

Surely this is a strong enough argument why people should think twice before they "high hat" radio.

GIVE LOCAL TALENT  
A CHANCE —  
BUT IS IT  
FAIR?

could. Most of this criticism comes from unsuccessful auditionees busy eating sour grapes. The rest from that type of person who hates to see a member of his own class get a chance in life.

Another thing is that the men and women I try to help in this way are poor—they find it hard to get to rehearsals.

### Hurried Try-Outs

Where a first-class, experienced mike artiste rehearses dozens of times, they find themselves facing the microphone after one or two hurried "try outs" with only a few hours to go before the red light. Many of them are astounded by the magnificence of their



## You Ask the Stars —Rex Will Get the Answers

### ABOUT BILLY COTTON.

To settle an argument can you please tell me the following:—(1) Did Billy Cotton serve as a driver in the Royal Army Service Corps or as a pilot in the old Royal Flying Corps? (2) Can you say where he was born, please?—Cotton Fan (London).

*Billy Cotton served as a Pilot in the old Royal Flying Corps*

*His brother Jack was a Staff Sergeant in the Royal Army Service Corps mechanical Transport.*

*Billy Cotton was born in No 1 Smith Square Westminster London*

*Billy Cotton*

### THE BEST BAND BROADCASTING.

Dear Rex,—I think that Harry Roy's band is outclassed by most of the other regular combinations. I feel the band would be improved 100 per cent. if Harry refrained from singing. Thank you for forwarding my letter to Roy Fox. I think Roy has the best band broadcasting, and is head and shoulders above all the others. Could you please tell me Roy's age and, if possible, his birthday?—Whispering (Richmond).

He is in the thirties. Do not know exact date.

### 450 FAN LETTERS.



Dear Rex,—I am sure you will be interested to know that after my two broadcasts from the Lonsdale Cinema, Carlisle, I have received over 450 fan letters. A great many came from Europe.

I was trained as a concert pianist from the age of six, and at the age of 12 I held my first post as

organist of St Cuthbert's Church, Darwen. I was appointed to two more important church positions before I was 19.

Then I turned to the cinema organ, and also played recitals of "straight" organ music in Blackburn Town Hall.

I play everything from memory. My repertoire is in the neighbourhood of 5000 numbers.

I have just celebrated my 22nd birthday, am not married, and my hobbies are motoring and playing the organ.

Speaking for a great many musicians and organ fans generally, when are we going to hear the brilliant broadcasts of Reggie New again from Kingston? Why this fine organist is not now on the air is a sore point with many of us.

Yours sincerely,

JOSEPH SEAL,  
Solo organist.



BERYL  
ORDE

### REAL BROTHERS, THOSE MILLS BOYS.

Dear Rex,—(1) My friend says the Four Mills Brothers have gone back to America; I say they have not. Who is right? (2) Are the Mills Brothers really brothers? (3) Has Charlie Kunz ever made a picture? (4) What films have the Mills Brothers appeared in?—"W. B." (LIVERPOOL).

(1) You lose, sorry! (2) Yes. (3) I believe he has made one or two short films, but not a full-length one. (4) "Twenty Million Sweethearts" was one of the most recent. They have appeared in a good many films.

### ONE OF HUGHIE GREEN'S GANG.

Dear Rex,—Would you please, oblige me by giving me the address of Miss Kitty Macrea of Hughie Green's Gang.—"C. H." (LEICESTER).

You can write her c/o Green Agency, 29 Percy Street, London, W.1.



Midland Regional, Wednesday, offers good fare—as does Northern. There's a relay from the Winter Gardens at Morecambe, and Jack Cowper (at Birmingham) has another of his acceptable gramophone recitals, this evening's being entitled "Music Hall Stars."

Birmingham also transmits the second of the resumed "Microphone at Large" series, and takes listeners "behind the scenes" in a typical Shropshire village, Cloebury Mortimer.

Listeners who enjoy male voice choirs should make a note of this evening's broadcast by the Deeside Choir (Western). It is from Connah's Quay, which has sent more than one "local" to make fame on the air or in dance band circles. To-night's singers include workers at local steel and silk factories.

West Country folk have a "Western Composers" programme for Thursday evening, and for Welsh

(1) Was Marius Winter's the first dance band to broadcast? (2) Can you give the actual date? (3) Does Marius live in London? (4) How many players are there in Marius Winter's band—the one we hear over the radio?—L. G. T. (Birmingham).

yes

February 27th 1928

no in Wallington Surrey.

fifteen.

Marius B. Winter

### WHO SELECTS HENRY HALL'S TUNES?

Dear Rex,—Do the B.B.C. select the tunes played by Henry Hall and his band, or are they selected by Henry himself and censored by the B.B.C.?—H. H. (Aspull).

Henry Hall selects the numbers.

listeners a dramatized short story, "Indian Legend," has been specially translated for broadcasting.

Martyn C. Webster, on Friday at Midland, has part as compere in a musical melange, "Love is in the Air Again," which introduces a new American number, "What Would Become of Love." Artistes are Donald Groome—a Birmingham singer making his radio debut—Jack Wilson, Gerald Martin, William Berry, and Nora Savage. The Midland Revue Chorus and Midland Orchestra round off the show.

You may prefer to tune in to Northern for their offering of a "municipal comedy" called, "The Mayor Chooses a Wife." The authors should have plenty local colour, for both are in local government service. In the play, the Mayor chooses a wife for a friend just over from the Dominions.



# MAIL BAG

## Rex Answers

(1) Is it correct that Ronnie Hill is one of the Rhythm Brothers? (2) Does he also sing with Lou Preager's band? (3) Is he a Londoner? (4) Is he married?—L. Y. (Plymouth).

1. Yes, I am one of the original Rhythm Brothers.
2. Yes, I am with Lou Preager's band.
3. Born in London.
4. Not married.

*Ron Hill*

### A READER'S "BEST BAND"

Dear Rex,—(1) When Nat Gonella first formed his Georgians, did he take Ernest Ritte with him from Lew Stone; also, was his brother, Bruts Gonella, playing with him? (2) What instrument did Alan Kane play when with Lew Stone, and where has he gone now? (3) Not having heard our old friend Harry Bentley on the air lately, I inquired from a friend where he was, and he told me he had died from pneumonia. Can you tell me if this is correct? (4) I have seen many readers' varied ideas of the best combination which could form a dance band,



GERALDO.

so I would like to add mine:—Piano—Bob Busby; second piano—Stanley Black; violins—Eric Siday and Bert Powell; trumpets—Jack Jackson and Clinton French; saxes—Burton Gillis, Jerry Bowman, and Joe Crossman; trombones—Bill Mulraney and Lew Davis; guitar—Albert Harris; drums—Bill Harty; vocalists—Les Allen and Bing Crosby. This would also cost a pretty payroll, but I would like to hear it as a combination.—“W. K.” (LINCOLN.)

P.S.—I would like to add that Jack Payne was NOT the first to originate the signature tune “Say It With Music.” Marius B. Winter, when playing at the Hôtel Cecil, had “Whispering” as his.

(1) No. (2) Guitar. (3) Yes, this is quite correct. (4) So would I. Your P.S.—Many thanks. You are quite correct about this signature tune.



There are mixed offerings round the Regionals for Saturday.

Northern Ireland has a Military Band concert by the Band of the 2nd Battalion King's Royal Rifles (60th Rifles) and interspersed will be two groups of songs by the Larne Male Voice Quartet.



At Midland Jack Ford takes the air with Jack Wilson and his Versatile Five in one of their light musical programmes. Later the Stoke-on-Trent Choral Society, with Olive Groves, Constance Willis, John Turner, and Thorpe Bates as special soloists, will be heard in a relay (from Victoria Hall, Hanley) of “A Tale of Old Japan.”



There is still more feasting for lovers of unaccompanied vocal music in the programme, from Western, by the Aberystwyth Madrigal Singers. And on Scottish Regional at 7 p.m. Aberdeen is trying out one of their Children's Hour, features on adults!

Special interest for Sunday's programmes is in the Northern arrangements, which include a programme by the Cambridge Heath (London) Salvation Army Band under the conductorship of Colonel G. Fuller. His association with the band goes back nearly thirty years.



“Round the Northern Repertories” programme has, in its second issue, an excerpt from Elizabeth Drew's “Genius at Home” by the Repertory Company at Hull. This deals with incidents in the life of Thomas Carlyle.



A new dance band combination introduces itself to Midland listeners on Tuesday evening. Billy Gammon and his Band, in a thirty minutes' programme, renews friendships with those who have heard them at Malvern or Cheltenham. This is a ten-piece outfit. Billy Gammon plays piano and piano-accordion.

## No Matter What. Your Question is— Send It Along!

(1) Was it the radio Wilfrid Thomas we heard at Llandudno this summer? (2) Is it true he has been touring in Germany? (3) Can you tell me, please, where he was born?—Welshman (Wrexham).

1. *Guilty.*

2. *Yes, he has been broadcasting from the principal German stations.*

3. *London, but my guess - we all sailed for Australia just after the happy event.*

*Wilfrid Thomas*

### HARRY ROY'S BOYS.

Dear Rex,—Will you please tell me where I can obtain autographed photographs of the following—Joe Crossman, Harry Berly, Freddie Gardner, Art Christmas, Burton Gillis. Although I am not a Henry Hall fan, I think he could make a great improvement in his band if he got some new crooners and let the boys put a little more hot jazz into the music. In my estimation, Harry Roy is the best band on the air, followed in order by Jack Jackson, Maurice Winnick, Sydney Kyte, Ambrose and Lew Stone. Could you supply me with a personnel of Harry Roy's band and the instruments they play? With lots of luck to yourself and “Radio Review.”—“HARRY ROY FAN.” (SCUNTHORPE.)

(1) Write Burton Gillis, c/o B.B.C., Maida Vale, W., and the others c/o Radio Review. (2) Joe Arbiter, Nat Temple, Harry Goss, saxes; Bert Wilson, Tommy Porter, trumpets; Jack Collins, trombone; Maurice Sterndale, violin; Dave Kaye and Ivor Moreton, pianos; Joe Daniels, drums; Arthur Calkin, bass; Tom Venn, guitar; Bill Currie, vocalist.

### DANDO'S SIGNATURE TUNE.



Dear Sir,—I notice that there is a letter from someone asking for signature tunes of broadcasting cinema organists.

I broadcast fairly regularly from the Regal Cinema, Rotherham, and my signature tune is, “Sunny Side up.”

All good wishes,  
DANDO.

### THE LATE RUSS COLOMBO.

Dear Rex,—If it is true that Russ Colombo is dead, will you let me know how he met his death?—“J. W. F.” (ASKERN.)

Yes, Russ Colombo is deceased. He met his death accidentally, a revolver suddenly exploding.





# QUEER HAPPENINGS

by

LIEUT-COMMANDER  
WOODROOFFE

**P**ROBABLY the rummiest sight I ever saw was in the Chinese town of Changsha, on the Yangtse River.

There was one of the inevitable civil wars going on at the time—you know, North versus South. Well, the city had just been taken by the Southern troops, and the streets were thronged with soldiers, all carrying the usual umbrella, which is a sight that never fails to tickle my sense of the ridiculous!

We were anchored in the river about the centre of the town, not more than a street's width from the embankment. The war was no business of ours, we were just there in the normal way of business.

Sitting on deck one morning, we noticed a couple of soldiers placing a series of stones on the ground directly opposite our boat. Six small stones, about as big as your hand, each six paces from the other. What was all this?

## LOSING THEIR HEADS.

**W**E did not have to wonder long. Within a few minutes more soldiers came in sight, leading the captured Northerners, who were fettered in the most uncomfortable way, their wrists being bound with short lengths of cord to their ankles.

The prisoners were halted before the six stones, made to kneel, and then, of course, we saw what this affair was. An execution.

The executioner arrived, bearing his huge two-handed sword, and—to skip the unpleasant details—simply strode along the row of miserable victims, swishing off heads as he went.

I am bound to say that the condemned men didn't seem to be particularly upset. In fact, as their turn came, each man bent his head invitingly on one side, and waited for it.

You see, they had all paid their "last bribe"—

money given to the executioner over-night, to ensure that he took off their heads with one neat stroke. The bribe also usually produces a little opium, so that the victim has only the vaguest idea of what is going to happen.

As soon as the job was over, the Southern soldiers moved off, leaving heads and bodies lying behind them. Immediately they had gone, the

**Lt.-Commander Woodrooffe, one of radio's most popular talkers, maintains that he has had no more exciting a life than any other man who sails round the world in His Majesty's ships. After talking to him, however, you begin to doubt it! Here he tells just a few of the queer things he has seen and heard. See how commonplace you think they are!**

relatives of the dead men appeared, to begin the rather gruesome but very necessary task of putting the heads back on the appropriate bodies. I say necessary, because they would never let their menfolk go to heaven minus heads. Think how the other folks up there would look at them!

I had another dose of horrors a little while after that, when the Turks took Smyrna from the Greeks, and the whole town went up in flames, which lit the sky for nearly six weeks.

The fire occurred after a pretty wholesale massacre had taken place in the Armenian quarter. Our ship was anchored just off the town. We

were there to assist British residents to leave the place. This we did, but we also stayed to help as many refugees away as we could.

It was a long job, and practically every kind of boat that could possibly be handled was used in the evacuation.

Day after day we "superintended" the herding of these poor people aboard, and herding is about the only work that fits. It was like watching so many cattle—or no, not even cattle, say sacks of potatoes, being crammed into the ships.

## RETURN FROM A PARTY.

**S**OMETHING a little lighter? Well, did I ever tell you about the war canoe? No?

This happened in the South Sea Islands, where I had gone ashore for a kind of party with one of the native chiefs and missed the last boat to take me back to my ship at night.

There wasn't a shore boat of any kind, and so eventually I had to ask my friend, the chief, to help. With characteristic energy, he at once ordered out his best war canoe, and thirty young braves to man it.

A war canoe, manned in this fashion, can be an awe-inspiring sight—the braves letting out that war-like, staccato grunt with each stroke of their paddles. The effect was rather spoilt by myself, sitting perched up in the stern, feeling supremely ridiculous.

Our manner of arriving at my ship was impressive. The braves could not be bothered with such trifling things as gang-planks. No, sir! When they arrived, they arrived, with a fearful smash, right into the side of the ship.

Of course, that woke everybody up, including the commodore.

I was very unpopular on that ship for some days.

# Talks And Talkers



Mr S. P. B. MAIS  
talks about the South  
Downs.



Miss HELEN  
SIMPSON tells us  
what she thinks of  
current fiction.

**WEDNESDAY.**—The younger generation takes pride of place to-day. The National wavelength carries the regular "Careers" discussion at 10.45 a.m.—a series which has proved quite popular. The speakers are young men and women representative of various trades and professions.

West Regional offers us at 7.30 a further glimpse of "The Changing Village"—this time a discussion of country education.

On the National programme we have Miss Helen Simpson, authoress, telling us what she thinks of current fiction.

The rural note is kept going on the National wavelength by S. P. B. Mais, who has probably done more to popularise hiking than anybody else. He talks to-night on "The South Downs."

**THURSDAY.**—To-day, the keynote is "Back to the Land." Mr S. L. Ben-susan continues his series of this title on the Midland wavelength, discussing land settlement possibilities in Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester.

**FRIDAY.**—On the National programme, Mr F. M'Dermott takes us to the dikes of Holland, in the Travel Talks series. He will tell us of life by the Zuider Zee.

**SATURDAY.**—There's a lively discussion in the "Unrehearsed Debates" to-night, from National. Subject—"That the Public Does Not Get the

Films it Wants." Well, the subject looks promising!

**MONDAY.**—"Men Talking," to-night's featured talk on the National, is part of an interesting experiment by the B.B.C. No set lines are laid down for the talks, which are on purely casual subjects by persons brought to the microphone more or less at random.

**TUESDAY.**—Miss Agnes Headlam Morley is heard to-night in the National programme discussing "The Communist and Fascist Experiment."



STAR SHOWS : PLEASING PLAYS : FASCINATING FEATURES

# FOR YOUR FUTURE RADIO ENTERTAINMENT

## WEDNESDAY (November 6).

A BROADCASTING version of the opera "The Countess Maritza," by Julius Brammer and Alfred Grunwald; music by Emmerich Kalman (Regional). Variety, relayed from the Winter Gardens, Morecambe (North Regional). "The Potteries," a microphone poster of the Five Towns; feature programme (Midland Regional).



Val Gielgud.

**FRIDAY, November 8.**  
CHAMBER Music (Regional). "The Countess Maritza" (National). Sailor Songs, choral programme (Midland Regional). "The Mayor Chooses A Wife," a matrimonial medley of Muggleston, by A. V. Williams and Ernest Milligan (North Regional). Act 2 of the opera "Die Fledermaus" (The Bat), by Johann Strauss, relayed from the Empire Theatre, Swansea (West Regional).

**SATURDAY, November 9.**  
INTRODUCTORY Account and Speeches from the Lord Mayor's Banquet (National). Madrigal programme (Regional). "A Tale of Old Japan," an Eastern operetta by Coleridge Taylor, with soloists Olive Groves, Constance Willis, John Turner and Thorpe Bates (Midland Regional).

**SUNDAY, November 10.**  
A MOSAIC in music, poetry and prose, entitled "Autumn," produced by James Ludovici (Midland Regional). "Round the Northern Repertories" No. 2; members of the Hull Repertory Theatre present an excerpt from "The Genius at Home" (North Regional).



Jack Wilson.

## MONDAY (November 11)

REMEMBRANCE Day Service, relayed from Whitehall, London (National). The British Legion Festival of Remembrance (in part), relayed from the Royal Albert Hall (National). "Very Gallant Gentlemen," a chronicle drama of Captain Scott's last journey to the South Pole, prepared by Val Gielgud and Peter Cresswell (National).

## THURSDAY (November 7).

MEET Mickey Mouse, No. 4 "The Whoopie Party," produced by John Watt (National). "Love Is In The Air Again," a musical melange featuring Jack Wilson, Nora Savage, William Berry, Donald Groome and Gerald Martin as soloists. "Students' Songs" (Scottish Regional). "Tyneside Calling," a variety show, relayed from Newcastle (Regional).



Nita Valerie.



Olive Groves.



John Watt.

## TUESDAY (November 12).

PIANOFORTE recital by Tina Lerner, noted Russian pianist (National). Dance music by Billy Gammon and his Players (Midland Regional). "November Cocktail," a topical programme of sketches, songs and musical numbers, served up by Martyn C. Webster (Midland Regional). Liverpool Philharmonic Concert, featuring as soloist Jelly d'Aranyi, world-famous violinist (North Regional).



Martyn Webster.

## Remembrance Day —BROADCAST FROM THE CENOTAPH.

Possibly for some five generations of British folk, the most poignant moment of the year is created by the Last Post of the Cenotaph ceremony on Monday.

The B.B.C. first broadcast the commemoration service from Whitehall in 1928. The King, supported by other members of the Royal Family, is expected to attend the ceremony on Sunday next.

As in previous years, the music will be in charge of the massed bands of the Brigade of Guards.

Following the two minutes' silence, ended by the salute fired by a battery of guns in St James's Park, a service, conducted by the Bishop of London, will be heard.



Friday being the eve of "Lord Mayors' Day," the North Regional is presenting a municipal comedy entitled, "The Mayor Chooses a Wife."

# LATEST AND BEST NEWS

## "TUNE AND TEMPO" BRYAN MICHIE PRESENTS FINE BILL

Bryan Michie has assembled a highly entertaining cast for a Variety Hour on Wednesday, which he has entitled "Tune and Tempo." Clarice Maync, known to thousands of listeners, is a bright attraction.

A famous name not so well known to British radio is Margaret Carlisle, an American girl married to an Englishman.

In "Tune and Tempo," listeners will hear her sing "Bill," from the "Show Boat," a popular Italian number, "I'll Follow My Secret Heart," from "Conversation Piece," and "Goodnight."

Also in the cast are Larry Adler, the incredible harmonica player; Mario Lorenzi, Marjorie Stedeford, the Rhythm Brothers, Stanley Kirkby, and Frederick Gardiner and his Rhythm Six.

## The Vagabond Lover's Hour —NEW FORTNIGHTLY FEATURE

Who is the Vagabond Lover who is appearing before the microphone for the first time on Thursday the 14th?

He is an artiste with great appeal in his voice and is also a brilliant violinist.

The idea of creating an anonymous character grew out of the fact that many letters arrive at the B.B.C. stressing the enjoyment that listeners, especially women, experience from the beauty and appeal of a romantic voice singing love songs old and new. Out of this grew the idea of enlisting the services of an artiste who possessed great appeal.

By featuring the Vagabond Lover fortnightly, a programme will be rendered for those listeners who thoroughly enjoy an atmosphere of romance created by an anonymous artiste.

Both the artiste and the lyrics will be chosen for their sentimental appeal, and the Vagabond Lover's "hour" will be built up with a romantic background.



# THE NOTORIOUS MISS WALTERS

(Continued from page 13.)

window of the car, and I knew then that if—if—"

The words tailed off into an almost hysterical sigh.

"I say, Fardel, old man!" Fardel was startled out of his reverie. "What is Colford? And where is it?"

"A village on the south coast of Cornwall," answered Fardel absently. When he turned he saw that the young man had gone.

"Thinks he could pull up if some shop-girl or other would marry him! Huh! Poor young devil!"

He looked up at a framed picture behind his desk of Christopher Benjoy.

"Sir, you've been unlucky," he said, and went on with his work of directing Benjoy's.

## A Marriage is Arranged

IN the meantime Joan was sitting with the man she loved in a reasonably quiet corner of a big tea-shop.

"It's rough luck we can't have even this

"It would be better to do that than just go on being engaged for years and years," he admitted.

"Of course it would! It isn't the money as money that matters. But if we had to squeeze the pennies too closely—if you had to be a little bit shabby, dear—it would make you feel mean and would spoil your career. And I believe in your career, Lionel. I'd do anything on earth for you, and I'll marry you any time you like—but I simply won't be a drag on you. And even if I weren't I should feel I was, unless you had the same amount of free money as you have now."

"You are splendid!" His eyes glowed. "Then, if I get the certificate—and we shall know in about three weeks—could we get married about October?"

"Of course we will, Lionel!" Joan assured him, then glanced anxiously at the clock. "You'll have to go now or else you'll be late. And I've got my packing to do. I don't a bit want to go—I shall be bored to

Walters. Ugh! But I suppose it would be useful if I got run over or washed out to sea or lost my memory or something."

## Start of a Holiday

IT was an all-day journey into Cornwall, and Joan arrived in the late afternoon, tired and dusty and already a little depressed.

The proprietor of Colford's only hotel greeted her as an old acquaintance, inquired solicitously after Miss Mardon and then broke it to Joan that his hotel was full.

"And I'm that vexed I can't put you nowheres in the village, Miss Walters. Everyone as lets is full up."

"I wish you had wired me yesterday," said Joan.

"I did think of it, but somehow it slipped my mind."

Mr Nankell had little idea of business methods, but was sincerely sorry for the trouble he had caused. "There may be a party leaving to-day week. I suppose now, Miss Walters, you wouldn't like to go to the Oceanic over at Whidcombe until then?"

They both glanced towards the Oceanic, a big hotel standing by itself on a cliff some seven miles away. To Joan it was the voice of temptation to spend more money than she had intended. For the Oceanic though not very expensive, was smart and modern and altogether very lively.

But, after all, perhaps it would only cost two or three pounds extra if she were careful in other things. Aunt Betha would be sarcastic.

"I think I'd better do that, Mr Nankell. And in the meantime, I can have my letters sent here."

"They'll be put in the rack, Miss Walters, and they'll stay there till you call for 'em. I'll get the Ford out and run you over myself."

In that case, Joan decided, there would be no need to trouble Aunt Betha with an account of the altered arrangements.

## Cecil Introduces Himself

JOAN had packed a very nice little dinner-frock which was quite suitable for the Oceanic. But she was tired and went to bed early.

By breakfast the following morning she had not made even a hotel acquaintance, but she was in no hurry. She was looking for rest rather than gaiety. For a fortnight she would have all household tasks performed for her, and she would live at a rate of income considerably in excess of the reality.

After breakfast she took the holiday bag with her on to the rocky beach below the hotel.

Bathing parties started and some of them called to her to join them. But she decided to take things easily at the start.

An hour drifted by, spent partly in darning and partly in day-dreaming. Slowly the conviction was dawning on her that it was rather a pity she had not joined the bathing parties. They might already have marked her as stand-offish.

"Oh—er—good-morning!"

She started and looked up. Standing rather shyly before her was a quite pleasant old-young man. He might have been no more than twenty-five or so but there were wrinkles about his eyes though his manner was decidedly boyish and jolly.

"Good-morning!" she returned. "Are you staying in the hotel?"

"As a matter of fact I'm not. I've waddled over from Landonmere. May I squat down for a minute or two, Miss Walters?"

"You know my name, then!" She was intrigued, for it did not occur to her that he



The boat was sinking.

evening together," he said gloomily. "But I daren't miss a single lecture if I'm to pass the exam next week. I don't think I told you that if I do get the certificate it means another ten bob a week—which is about the only decent thing Benjoy's do for the staff."

He had told her before but she said:

"Oh, Lionel, that will be splendid!"

He had come to London full of confidence but she knew that he was becoming a little discouraged—felt himself too insignificant as one of the five thousand odd employees of Benjoy's. It would pass, she felt, with a little success which would make him feel that he had lifted himself out of the rut.

"That will bring it up to within five bob of four quid a week. And perhaps a rise a little later on. Do you think that would be enough for us, Joan?"

"Ample! If you'd let me go on working!" she assured him.

tears—but although Aunt Betha is a darling, I must have a bit of rest from her sometimes.

"I shall send you lots of postcards," she said as they parted at a Tube. "But you mustn't write to me until the exam is over, Promise."

Packing for a 'lonely holiday was not Joan discovered that evening, a very cheerful business. There were a couple of light suitcases to be filled and the "holiday-bag," a large diced-cloth affair with pockets in it, capable of carrying books, sandwiches, oddments of sewing. In one pocket was a compass and a tiny first-aid outfit. And in another pocket, all by itself, was the passport she had taken out last year to go to Paris for Carberry's.

"I shan't need a passport in Cornwall," she said ruefully. She took it out and idly turned the pages. "Arabella. Josephine



could have tracked her through the garrulous, unbusinesslike proprietor of the little hotel at Coltford.

"Oh, yes! You see, I've got a sort of half-baked introduction. Not really an introduction. But enough to make me hope you won't turn me down flat. You know Dempster, don't you?"

"Oh! Are you a friend of Lionel's? Do you work at Benjoy's too?"

"I don't do very much work, I'm afraid. But I happened to hear him mention that you were somewhere down here. My name's Cecil Benjoy."

"Benjoy!" she echoed. "Are you—are you related to the firm?"

"Oh, a sort-of-a-kind-of-a-cousin, twenty times removed," he quoted from a once popular song. He had meant to be perfectly open with her—but at the last minute he had drawn back at that look of alarm in her eyes.

Joan was reassured. If he were a colleague of Lionel's, he couldn't be anybody important. He seemed a quite inoffensive and jolly, if rather silly, young man, but it would be as well that at the start there should be a clear understanding.

"Did Lionel tell you that we are going to be married in October?" she asked.

"No—no. Dempster never breathed a word. Congratulations and all that!" Then, as if to reassure her further, he added: "As a matter of fact, I'm engaged too."

To Joan it was as if they had produced credentials. It was a satisfactory basis for a holiday friendship.

"I say, what about a bathe?" suggested Benjoy.

"Yes, let's," she agreed. "There's just time before lunch."

He was a good swimmer and not too solemn about it. And he did not try to flirt with her or make any silly little speeches.

Cecil Benjoy, in fact, had spoken the truth to Sir James Fardel. From his car that afternoon he had seen her as his own life-line.

Joan was disappointed when he did not lunch at the hotel—she concluded that the high price of a single meal was the barrier. But she was just a little irritated with him when he did not turn up in the afternoon.

But she was all the more pleased to see him when he did turn up the following morning.

## Joan Shares Expenses

SUNSHINE and bathing, a fishing expedition in a rickety old tub! The holiday friendship grew apace. On the third day they were using first names and feeling that they had known each other for years.

There were moments when Joan would look up, to find his eyes fastened upon her. He seemed in some vague way to be dependent on her.

She was not to guess that he was indeed dependent on her—and to an almost frightening extent. It is common enough for a young man to tell a girl he cannot live without her, but it is very rarely true. Cecil Benjoy had not told anyone that he could not live without Joan. But he knew it.

On the fourth day it rained a little, and he astonished her by turning up in a Rolls Royce complete with chauffeur.

"Borrowed it!" he exclaimed proudly. "We're going to have a look at Plymouth. Jump in."

He constructed a fantastic tale of borrowing the car which made her laugh. They rambled on from Plymouth to Exeter.

Joan had early stipulated that they should share all expenses. As they were driving back she made him tell her what he had paid for lunch and tea and gave him half.

"Wait a minute," she said as they approached the Oceanic, "I read somewhere that when you borrow a private car you have to tip the chauffeur. This man's fearfully smart and he has been with us all day. We shall have to give him a quid."

"Oh, I say, do you really think so!"

"Sure of it," asserted Joan. "Here's my ten bob." She handed him a note—and made him take it.

That evening when she had changed for dinner she missed the holiday-bag.

"I must have left it in the car! And I don't even know where Cecil is staying at Landonmere so I can't ring him up."

She was wondering what to do when a maid brought it to her, saying that it had been returned by a chauffeur.

Next morning was fine and Cecil arrived at the hotel almost before she had finished breakfast.

"What about a spin in a speed-boat?"



## Meet Hotcha Harry Roy

in Radio Review Next Week. The idol of the Dance Band World writes on a fascinating subject—

## Thrilling the Millions

In NEXT WEEK'S

## RADIO REVIEW

On Sale Wednesday Price 2d

he asked. He had the air of a big shaggy dog wagging his tail for approval.

She hesitated, then tapped her bag meaningfully. "I shall have to go a bit carefully for a day or two, so as to even up."

"It's all right," he grinned. "I've scrounged one."

"Have you really!" She seemed a little doubtful.

"I swear I shan't have to pay a cent for the use of the boat," he prevaricated and added: "We've got to nip across to the north coast so we'd better start pretty soon. And there's a topping little island where we can have lunch."

"It sounds lovely," Joan succumbed. "Are we going by 'charry' or train?"

Again that dog-like grin as he pointed to an open car, slick and shining with a very long bonnet.

"I've scrounged that, too. And there'll be no chauffeur to tip this time."

"But—it's a different one!"

"Yes, but it belongs to the same bloke!" he assured her. "As a matter of fact, he has six, but he's left the other four at home."

"Split expenses!" she bargained.

"There won't be any except the petrol. And, of course, the lunch. But we're taking that in the car. If you really feel you must make a ledger job of it, what about my taking on to-day, and to-morrow you pay for everything?"

"That's a bargain—provided you haven't stolen the car!" she laughed.

In ten minutes, with muffler and overcoat added to her cotton frock, the holiday-bag over her arm, Joan was getting into the car.

With smooth speed, where the indifferent roads permitted, they slithered across the county and by noon had reached the fishing-village of Felmergell, which has a tiny natural harbour looking as if it had been cut out of the towering rock.

Benjoy ran straight into a large private garage at one side of the harbour.

A rustic saluted, and announced:

"The Firefly be all ready, zur."

They followed him to the water's edge while Joan made amiable remarks to him. Benjoy handed her aboard the speedboat and gave her a huge oilskin to protect her from the spray. They slid from the harbour, passed the ledge of rock that hid the village from the sea, and then Joan saw what she had scarcely noticed before—a little rocky island some five miles off, on which was a house running almost the length of it.

She was about to ask about the island when he put the boat at speed. To Joan it was the keenest physical sensation of her life. The engine roared and the boat seemed to jump over the waves like a galloping horse. Quite suddenly he throttled down and the boat tossed lightly and silently on the swell.

"That's marvellous!" she laughed. "You are rather a remarkable young man, Cecil! You drive a car beautifully and you can manage one of these things."

"There's nothing in it. Swoop places."

Before she could protest he edged her into the driver's seat. He showed her the controls and in a minute she started. She drove in a straight line and did not put the boat at more than half speed, but the feeling of control was delightful.

"Am I doing it all right?"

"You're just perfect! Now turn her. Take your own time. Don't frighten yourself. Good! Make for the east side of the island. When you bring her round the corner you'll see a landing stage."

Joan obeyed, speeded up, checked, speeded again, playing with the fascinating toy.

"I think you'd better take her in, Cecil," she said as they approached the island on the sea-side.

"No—we're going to make a proper seaman of you. Go on. It's suite simple. Easy. Stop her."

They had stopped by the landing-stage and Benjoy was preparing to tie up.

"If I'm going to be a seaman I'm going to do it properly," said Joan. "And I do know how to tie knots."

In the holiday spirit she tied up under his direction. Then he helped her to shed the oilskin and took her up steps cut in the rock.

## The Revealing Portrait

JOAN found herself on a tableland, a smooth slab of rock on which was the house, and in front of it a garden now neglected and overgrown.

"What an extraordinary place!" she exclaimed excitedly. "Does the same person who lent you the car and the boat own it? Does anyone live here?"

"Yes to the first bit—no to the second! There's no one on the island. Come along. I'll show you the house."

He set down the lunch basket, produced an ordinary latchkey and opened the front door. In the hall Joan was faintly disappointed. There was something romantic in the idea of a house built on an island, but once she was inside she might have been standing in any prosperous suburban house.

He showed her into a dining-room as ordinary as the hall. Over the fireplace was a portrait in oils. As she stared at it recognition came.

"I've seen that face before—that picture, I mean! Why—yes it is—it's old Christopher Benjoy! The founder of the firm."

"Quite right!" he said, and something in his voice as he said it made her look from the picture to him. Then back at the picture. The forehead was different but the eyes were the same shape. The nose was almost identical.

"You—why, I believe—" faltered Joan.

(Please turn to page 31.)



# DRAMAS BEHIND THE S. O. S.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.

settled down to a new routine, and from the very beginning Mrs Green had begun to make her plans for the marriage that was to take place to-morrow.

Leaning against the door-post, Sally sighed To-morrow—she wandered back into the over-furnished, fussy little sitting-room that represented Mrs Green's idea of comfort, and gave herself up once more to the task of making the final preparations.

Her stepmother had turned the wireless on. "I thought it might cheer you up a bit," she said in that bitter, snapping voice of hers "You still seem as if you needed it."

Sally said nothing. She knew better than to argue with Mrs Green, but the grand music of the symphony orchestra seemed to beat at her aching head, bringing fresh throbs of pain and adding to her heartbreak.

## A Fugitive Returns

**S**UDDENLY the music ceased, and Sally found herself listening in a distant way to the voice of the announcer.

"Here is a message," he said, "which has just been received—

"Escaped from Highmoor Prison to-night Albert Phillips, age thirty-six, scar on forehead, dark hair, not wearing convict dress. Any person who can give any information which might lead to the recapture of Phillips should communicate with the nearest police station—"

Sally heard no more. Mrs Green darted to the wireless set and turned off the switch, standing against it protectingly, as if challenging Sally to put it on again.

"Wait a minute!" Sally stepped forward and caught her arm. "Let me hear!"

Mrs Green stood her ground. She argued, and was angry. In the end she drove Sally to despair, and found herself pushed aside roughly. But when Sally switched the wireless on once more, she heard nothing but the sweet singing of a contralto. She rushed out of the sitting-room and into the tiny room that had been her father's special den, banging the door and turning the key.

Her thoughts were chaotic. Mrs Green came banging at the door. Sally shouted to her to go away, without knowing she had done so.

"Bert!" She spoke his name aloud several times, trying to find what his escape meant to her. "Bert!" She imagined him hunted by the police, and by everyone who had listened to that message. "Bert!" Her arms went out as if she would draw him close to her; hide him, protect him.

Bert at liberty—and her wedding-day to-morrow. Bert somewhere in the outside world; somewhere within reach, if she only knew where to go—and to-morrow she was to be the wife of Ralph Simon. It was all jumbled up in her mind, incoherent and puzzling.

On one of the chairs, in its gaudy box, was her wedding-dress. Blankly she stared at it, seeing its satin-white folds mistily; gazing at its silken-fine net and lace as if it were a dream.

Her wedding-dress—the symbol of to-morrow's bondage—she caught it up in her arms, crushing it. She wanted to tear it to pieces. She wanted to slip it over her head and race away somewhere—anywhere—with Bert Phillips. With trembling fingers she slipped into her wedding dress, and then she looked at herself in the mirror. She put on her cap and veil.

Her heart leapt at the sound of a soft knock on the window—three quick taps—and three again—Bert's knock. She was afraid to look.

Three short taps, and another three. It was real! It was no dream! Now there was

his voice—"Sally! Sally!" A low, scared whisper that roused her to action.

She darted to the window, and could make out his face dimly against the blackness of the night. Her fingers fumbled with the catch. Her arms trembled as she threw the window up. "Bert! My dear!"

She gave him a hand, helping him to come in.

"Sally! Sally!" There was a whole world of love in his little, broken whispers "Oh, my dear! My lovely Sally!" More eager kisses, her heart leaping to their wonder her senses swimming in a rosy pool of delight "I never thought—I'd find you—again!"

Mind whirling, nerves tingling, she clung to him, her arms entwined about his neck, her lips caressing the beloved cheeks. She forgot everything in that moment—forgot that he was a hunted fugitive; forgot that she was to be Ralph Simon's bride; forgot that anything else in the world existed but their two selves, and the miracle of love that made them one.

He stood away from her at last, gasping out an explanation. "I got away," he said. "I fooled them. And I'm not going back, Sally



He stared at Sally in wonder.

I'm not going back. You believe in me, don't you? You believe I'm innocent?"

"Of course I believe," she told him.

"You trust me, dear? You know I wouldn't do a thing like that?"

"I know," she assured him.

"I love you, Sally. I want you. You've got to come away with me. We'll be married—abroad, maybe—wherever it can be arranged. I can prove—what's that?" His amazed eyes saw for the first time that she was dressed like a bride. He stared at Sally in wonder.

Her mind became confused again. She wanted to explain. She searched for words that would make clear her reasons for promising to marry Ralph Simon. But all she could say was—"My wedding-dress."

"Your—wedding—dress!" His voice had gone flat, toneless. His eyes were wide and tragic. "But—you're not going to be married, Sally?"

She wrung her hands, wishing she could say all that was in her heart. "I—I was," she stammered. "I mean, it's to-morrow, but—"

"To-morrow!" he gasped. "Then—you haven't—waited. You haven't waited, Sally!"

"Oh, Bert!" Her arms went out to him, but he backed away from her. "Bert, it's all right. It wasn't my fault. I—"

"Who is he?" he demanded. "Who's the man, Sally?"

"Bert! Don't look at me like that! I'll explain to you. You see—"

"Who is he?" Bert repeated tersely. "Tell me, Sally!"

She clung to the back of her chair. It's Ralph Simon, she whispered.

"Ralph Simon!" A curious change came over his face. She saw a muscle in his neck twitching strangely. His lips were parted, and she read heartbreak in his eyes. "Ralph Simon! You're going to marry him! Sally!" There was no reproach in his voice, only regret that went deep, deep down.

In the silence that followed she sought for words, and found them at last. "It isn't that I didn't believe in you, Bert. I did. I swear I did. I know you're innocent. I'm sure of it. I've never had any doubt, but—"

She stopped her just as she was beginning to be able to give voice to what was in her head. "Wait, Sally. Don't say any more. Please don't." His eyes were fixed on the wedding-dress, and his breathing was heavy. He tried not to look at her as he went on. "You're a great sport, Sally. It's decent of you to stick up for me, and to keep on thinking I didn't work that fraud. But—but you're wrong, Sally." It was only a whisper now. "You're wrong."

"Wrong?" She threw the word back at him, pleading for explanation.

"Yes. I've got to tell you. You mustn't think—you're letting me down—marrying Simon. You see, I was guilty. I did do it. The jury was right."

That came to Sally with the force of a blow. She staggered under it, reeling back. She might have fallen had he not caught her arm.

"I came—just to tell you—that," he said. "I couldn't help it—when I kissed you. I'm sorry. But you mustn't go on believing in me, Sally. I'm not worth it. Goodbye."

He made for the window, but she caught him back. "Bert! It isn't true! It can't be true. Not you—to do a thing like that! You couldn't, Bert. Say you couldn't!"

In a dream she watched him disappear through the window again. Dazed, she ran and looked out. She shouted to him, giving him a warning, when she saw the policeman turn the corner. He did not seem to hear. She shouted again as the policeman darted at him. He held out his arms for the handcuffs, and did not look back as he was dragged away.

## The Amazing Message

**T**HE people who crowded the house in the morning said Sally was a pretty bride, and that her dress suited her to perfection. They called her a lucky girl, and envied her, and congratulated her, and laughed and chattered over her.

She gave back their smiles, while her heart was bleeding. She answered their chatter, while her soul was dying. She let them hustle her into the waiting car, and pelt her with confetti, and throw happy jests at her. She did not care. She did not care—

At the church a surprise—the bridegroom had not arrived yet. Sally paid no heed. She did not care—

Fifteen minutes passed, and still there was no sign of Ralph Simon. Mrs Green was like a caged wild-cat. The guests began to whisper meaningfully. The vicar came and asked a question, and turned away, frowning. Some one—she thought it was Laura May, her bridesmaid—patted Sally on the arm, and said very kindly—"Don't worry."

She gave her answer—a little, grateful smile—but inside the answer to all of it was singing and throbbing in her brain—"I don't care! I don't care!"

Perhaps it was after half an hour that the message came to her—she was unaware of



the passing of time, and she scarcely noticed who had put the envelope into her hand.

"Open it!" cried Mrs Green. "Open it and see what it is!" She snatched the letter and ripped the envelope herself, pulling out the sheet.

Sally heard her little scream of surprise. She became aware of her stepmother's amazed face. She picked the letter out of the woman's hand and read, still in a half-dream—

"My Dear Sally,—By now, no doubt, you will have learned that young Bert Phillips forced me, last night, to write out a confession to the fraud for which he was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. I'm leaving at once. Good-bye, and many regrets.—Your disappointed bridegroom,

Ralph."

A second time Sally had to read it before its

truth sank in. And then, from a listless, lifeless creature, she became a thing of sudden life and burning action. She darted out of the church, her wedding veil trailing after her, the guests too amazed to follow. She jumped into the car that was still waiting at the door, and cried out to the driver to take her to the prison.

On the way she saw it all clearly. Bert had come last night to tell her of Ralph Simon's confession. He had been on the point of revealing it when she had told him that Simon was the man whom she was going to marry. And rather than—as he imagined—see the man she cared for taken away and put in prison, Bert had been willing to go back himself, and suffer the cruel sentence that had been passed on him. He had been willing to claim the guilt for himself when freedom was in his hands, rather than see her shamed and disappointed.

SOMEHOW, by the very force of her eagerness, she won her way to the office of the prison governor.

"I knew," he said. "The news came in an hour ago. Ralph Simon has been fatally injured in an air crash. He was making for Paris. Before he died, he repeated his confession in full."

"Then Bert's free!" she cried. "He can come with me, and——"

"Not quite so quickly as that," the governor smiled. "You see, we'll have to get an order from the Home Office first, and——"

It was against prison regulations. It was an unheard-of thing altogether. But Sally won, as anyone so pretty and so eager as Sally must always win.

**S.O.S! Don't miss next week's story. It's a winner!**

## THE NOTORIOUS MISS WALTERS

CONTINUED FROM  
PAGE 29.

His face was crimson and he shifted from one foot to the other like a guilty schoolboy.

"He was my father," he confessed. "I—I told you a lie, Joan, when I said I was only distantly related."

"Why?" she demanded.

"Because I was in a gibbering funk you'd shy off me," he flung out. As she said nothing he went on: "The old gov'nor was a wonderful man—sort of national figure, don't you know—and it kind of makes people shy. They look at me and see what a worm I am."

"Don't be silly! Why should they think you're a worm?" she interrupted crossly. "You were pretending to be a hard-up clerk like the man I am going to marry. And the car and the boat and the house are all yours—you're a millionaire, I suppose?"

"Yes. But I can't help it, I oughtn't to have pulled your leg, of course, but it was honestly just nervousness. I haven't done any harm, have I, Joan?"

"No, of course you haven't," she admitted. "But it will take a bit of getting used to. I wouldn't have gone about with you if I'd known that you actually owned the place where my fiancé is a clerk."

"That's exactly what I mean!" he said wretchedly. "Don't you see what a hole a fellow gets in? Decent-minded people I want to be with dodge me if they don't happen to have a lot of money. And the other kind all think I'm a disgrace to the old man. So I am."

At the slight encouragement in her eyes he spoke again with sudden intensity.

"Joan—you don't know what a thrill you gave me when you insisted on paying half the expenses! I really meant to let you pay for everything to-morrow because—oh, I don't know!—anyone who wants to be pals with me always expects me to pay, because of what the gov'nor left me. This is the first time anyone has gone about with me without knowing about the gov'nor. I knew, I couldn't keep it up—that's why I brought you here to-day. I hoped we'd just rot about the island a bit and then go back. You aren't angry, are you, Joan?"

That stumbling speech was a revelation to Joan. She had heard that the rich could be lonely and unhappy, but she had never believed it until that moment. Tears were perilously near her eyes as she held out her hand.

"I've been conventional and silly," she confessed. "I'll think no more about it and I promise it shan't make any difference—as long as I'm on holiday." To put him at ease she added: "What have you done with the lunch? I'm famished."

She did her utmost to keep her promise "to think no more about it" and very nearly succeeded. After lunch they strolled about the island, exploring nooks and crannies, examining odd pieces of gear left over from

the years when the Benjoys, father and son, had used the island as their holiday home.

Later, they returned to the house where she coaxed a fire and they had tea and biscuits. To Benjoy's great delight, they took it in the kitchen. Neither of them noticed that the wind had begun to whistle round the house.

"Hadr't we better start!" she said presently.

"Perhaps we had. I can get you back to Whitcombe in two hours."

They passed out into the neglected garden.

"Hullo! There's a bit of a sea, not enough to be a nuisance. We shall get plenty of spray going back."

Down the rocky steps to the landing stage.

"Cecil! Where's the boat?"

It was a couple of seconds before they saw the boat—or part of the boat. Waves were surging over the bow, which, held by the rope, just protruded out of the water. The stern fastening must have broken loose, causing the boat to swing round on her bow-rope clear of the collision pads. Then the sea had pounded the stern against the rocky ledge.

"It's my fault!" gasped Joan. "I insisted on tying up."

Then came a devastatingly simple thought. "How are we going to get off the island, Cecil?"

"I suppose we shall have to try and signal the village—though how we're going to make them understand we want a boat, I'm jiggered if I know!"

"And if we can't signal them?"

"There's a small fishing fleet goes out at night—over there in that direction. They wouldn't see us, I'm afraid. But it comes back at dawn pretty close to the island."

"Dawn!" she repeated. She was thinking of the hotel, wondering what would happen if news of the escapade ever reached Aunt Elizabeth.

Not for a moment did she think, with any anxiety for her own safety, of Cecil Benjoy.

What appeared to Joan as a holiday escapade turns soon to dreadful tragedy. She finds herself the central figure in a court case that is the sensation of the day. Cruelly misjudged, she becomes known as the "Notorious Miss Walters." Next week Roy Vickers tells how it happened.

## NEXT WEEK

### IS TELEVISION BEING BUNKERED?

BY

PROFESSOR A. M. LOW

Professor Low has been "in" on television right from the beginning. He knows what's what, and he is not afraid to tell you.

### HOW BING CROSBY PLAYS CUPID

The famous Bing Crosby reveals for the first time some of the letters from his mail.

### THINGS THAT MAKE A HOME

BY

HOWARD MARSHALL

Howard Marshall has his own ideas on what makes a home. Compare them with your own.

### THRILLING THE MILLIONS

Harry Roy writes to you.

### THE STARS AS I KNOW THEM

FLOTSAM, of the famous Flotsam and Jetsam team, tells more interesting secrets of his fellow stars. The Western Brothers, Harry Hemsley, and Anona Winn are on his list next week.

### MR TUTT GOES TO A PARTY

Another episode in the domestic life of Mr and Mrs Tutt. Ignoring all warnings as to his behaviour, among some "really big" people, Mr Tutt carries on in his own way with surprising results.

### A SONG SUPPLEMENT—"WHEN LOVE IS YOUNG," BY

BERTINI

### MORE SILVER-TONE PHOTOS

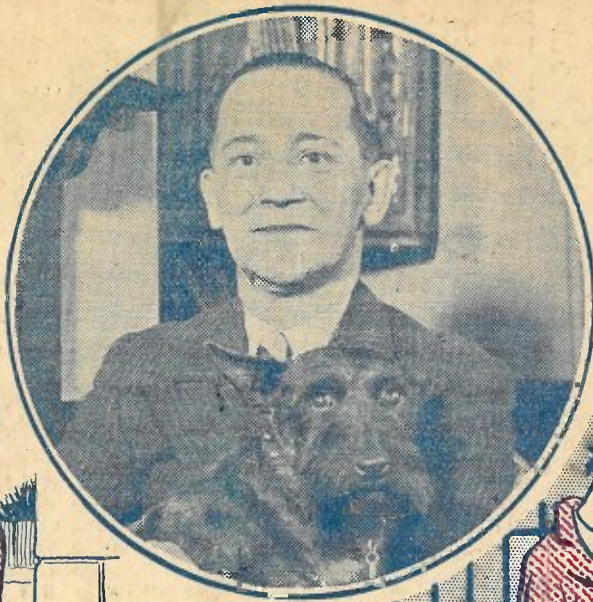
AMBROSE, BERTHA WILLMOTT, FREDERICK GRISEWOOD, PEGGY COCHRANE.



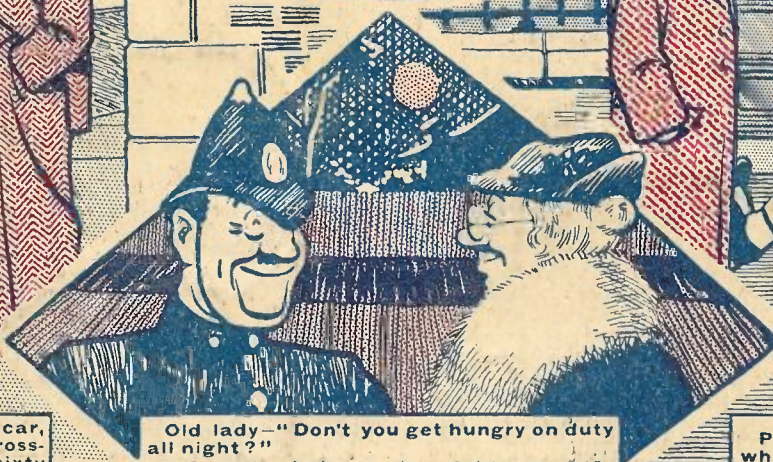
# CLAUDE GARDNER

## RADIO FUNNY MAN

## CRACKS HIS BEST



Smith—"If a train and a car, each approaching a level crossing, are both travelling at sixty miles an hour, how will the motorist get across?"  
Brown—"I don't know!"  
Smith—"His widow would send it to him!"



Old lady—"Don't you get hungry on duty all night?"  
P.C.—"No, lady, on dry nights my wife makes me some ham sandwiches."  
Old lady—"What about wet nights?"  
P.C.—"Dripping!"



Passer-by—"Good heavens, what are you doing?"

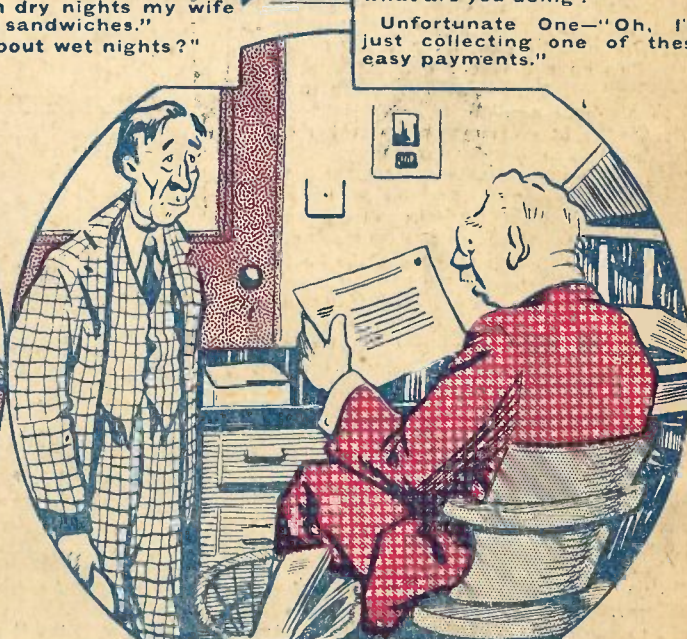
Unfortunate One—"Oh, I'm just collecting one of these easy payments."



First—"They tell me you've got the fastest goal-keeper in the Second Division."

Second—"What do you mean fastest?"

First—"Well, he picks the ball out of the net about three times faster than anyone else."



"And what makes you think you'd be a success on the stage?"

"Well sir, I can go for a week without anything to eat."