

**LUXEMBOURG
NORMANDY : LYONS
PROGRAMMES**
Sept. 19-25

RADIO PICTORIAL, September 17, 1937. No. 192
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RADIO PICTORIAL

THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERY LISTENER

3^D

EVERY
FRIDAY

★
**DREAMING
ALLOUD ...**
By Greta Keller

—
**STAINLESS
STEPHEN'S
OWN STORY**

—
**HIGHBROWS WHO
DON'T KNOW IT**
By S. Heppner

—
**BLACKPOOL'S
RADIO COMEDY
KING**

—
Articles by
**JEAN COLIN
GARRY ALLIGHAN
ELIZABETH CRAIG**

—
**RADIO TOULOUSE
PROGRAMMES
IN THE MAKING**



Patricia
BURKE

Amazing Discovery makes it possible to Guarantee—

Your RHEUMATISM ENDING FOR GOOD OCT. 8TH By FRIDAY

-OR NOT A PENNY TO PAY

APART FROM POSTAGE



JAMES MURRAY, Dispensary Director, who personally supervises the application of this first soluble, sublimated and concentrated form of Medicinal Peat. His advice is free to you.

MEDICAL CONFIRMATION

"I welcome confirming the valuable Therapeutic properties of peat to the lay reader.

"Now that peat is obtainable in a soluble and concentrated form a fresh field of endeavour presents itself, and I have seen astonishing results from the use of it.

"It seems to me that the use of Medicinal Peat in the Treatment of Rheumatic troubles affords one of the best forms of modern treatment available to-day."

M.B., Ch.B.

NOW PEEL POTATOES

I am beginning to feel quite strong and am quite upright, also my balance is quite normal again. I am delighted with the result considering I have been a terrible sufferer for over ten years, it is really marvellous in such a short time . . . my left hand has opened . . . and I have been able to peel potatoes which shows you how strong it has got . . . I shall feel indebted for the rest of my life. . . .
Mrs. M. B., S.W.12.

AFTER 28 YEARS ARTHRITIS

After only 14 days. My back is still improving and knee better. I went for a walk yesterday and walked without the aid of a stick for the first time for many months.
Mrs. B. P., Bromwich.

I HAD A HAPPY DAY

My feet are improving splendidly. I walked miles the other day and it was grand. My feet did not swell at the end of the day. I had a happy day. I was just tired but without pain. Anybody I know who is troubled as I am I just tell them the remedy I am trying. The doctors told me I would never be cured.
Mr. C. B. R., Durham.

FREEDOM AFTER 20 YEARS

After three weeks' treatment I am pleased to say I am completely cured (of sciatica and rheumatism). I might say during the past 20 years I have tried remedies too numerous to mention without any success.
Mr. G. H. P., Hyde.

BEFORE you read another word of this announcement, remember this one all-important fact—you are reading about an amazing discovery of vital, active organic powers in natural peat, power which is **GUARANTEED** to be **ENDING** your troubles by Friday, October 8th, no matter how long standing they may be—**OR TREATMENT IS FREE**. This is not a rash statement, it is based on the results of medical and official tests and experience in thousands of chronic cases. It is a **LEGALLY** printed **GUARANTEE** offered to every reader of the "Radio Pictorial" to-day. You are asked to **SEND NO MONEY**, but to write for **FREE** book prefaced by a Doctor. It will answer every question in your mind at this moment. You are not asked to hope or believe or trust, but to take the **GUARANTEE** at its word. Apply for the 32-page book **NOW**.

DOCTOR PREFACES AMAZING BOOK—APPLY BELOW

HARDLY any form of Rheumatism will respond for any length of time to odd applications of various medicines. The art of medicine is not to drug and deaden pain to give a false sense of security, nor to stimulate into a false sense of vitality. In both of these methods the sufferer's subsequent state is worse than his first. The art of Medicine is to help Nature to do the work she knows best how to do. This explains in part why the tremendous curative power now released by a discovery of a means of sublimating the wonderful elements in peat is such an invaluable specific in rheumatic conditions. It is Nature's own specific—it creates the power of healing lying dormant within each one of us. From the first day of following the treatment as explained in the book sent free in return for form below, the vitality of the whole of the tissue and the nutritive changes are stimulated. Oedematous swellings in or around the joints and among the muscular fibres are absorbed. Morbid articulation becomes normal, and synovial sacs are reduced. This in

conjunction with the stimulation of the kidneys and corresponding relief of renal congestion, promotes vital health properties antagonistic to the rheumatic process. Once this power of healing is set in motion, it quickly gathers momentum, and the need of treatment becomes less and less and freedom comes for good.

Medical men have always said that if only the wonderful properties known to exist in peat could be released, the end of rheumatic troubles would be within reach. Their prophecies have been justified in an amazing manner. Every sufferer who posts form below will receive by return a copy of illustrated book, "The Ending of Your Rheumatism in 14 Days," with Foreword by Doctor.

This book tells in simple language the facts and amazing results of Peat Therapy. The advice it gives can be followed at home without the use of instruments—nor is it necessary to take to bed or interfere in any way with work or pleasure. This book is sent free to every sufferer applying on form below.

The Truth about RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS

Every sufferer who applies on form below, or who writes name and address on a piece of paper and posts to this address will receive by return of post a copy of a 32-page fully illustrated book entitled "The Ending of Your Rheumatism in 14 Days." It answers with all the authority of medical and official tests to substantiate it, all the questions in your mind at this moment. It tells of the wonders that Nature herself has made in organic peat and of the great discovery that has at last released all its latent power for the benefit of suffering humanity. Read for yourself, the truth about Rheumatoid Arthritis and why so many remedies have failed you in the past. Read of the new Peat Therapy that is achieving such miracles and above all read for yourself, in black and white, the **FIRST GUARANTEE** of its kind that has ever been offered to Rheumatic sufferers. This book, which has already run to three editions is changing many long-held conceptions as to the cause and cure of Rheumatic ailments. Read it and you will understand why it is useless to go on trying to end your troubles by clearing the uric acid from your system. This book tells you how to treat yourself in your own home without taking to your bed or interfering with your work or pleasure. If after following its advice for fourteen days your sufferings are not ending **OUR TREATMENT IS FREE**.

DISPENSARY DIRECTOR'S VERBAL REPORT:

Woman, aged 60, **RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS FOR 40 YEARS** in knees and feet. **VERBAL REPORT** to the Dispensary Director by husband: He said his wife had tried every treatment money could buy, with not the least benefit. He said he had worn himself to a shadow nursing her, and now, after **ONLY 14 DAYS** of the Medipeat treatment, she had gone out for a half-mile walk the previous evening to listen to a band concert in the park. **THE FIRST TIME SHE HAD BEEN ABLE TO DO SUCH A THING FOR MANY, MANY YEARS**. He said he did not know how to express his gratitude and that he could not be more indebted if he himself had suffered. His eyes were so full that he had to be led out of these consulting rooms.—Mrs. E., Glasgow.

★ PLEASE SEND NO MONEY ★

The **GUARANTEE** quoted above applies to all forms of Rheumatism, including

- RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS**
- LUMBAGO**
- SCIATICA**
- NEURALGIA**
- NEURITIS, GOUT**

To James Murray, Dispensary Director, c/o THE SCOTTISH MEDICINAL PEAT CO., LTD., 51 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs.—On the distinct understanding that I incur no obligation, please send me your book "The Ending of Your Rheumatism in 14 Days," with your printed guarantee. I understand it will be sent free of charge by return under sealed cover with no advertising on the envelope.

NAME..... (Please print in BLOCK letters.)

ADDRESS.....

Post Form **NOW** as the body is in a most responsive state during the late summer months.

If you will enclose 1½d. stamp for postage it will be appreciated. Radio Pictorial, 17/9/37.

No. 192

RADIO PICTORIAL


The Magazine for Every Listener

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

THERE'S LAUGHTER IN THE AIR!



WISECRACKS by THE WEEK'S WITTIEST BROADCASTERS

DIRECTOR OF RADIO STATION: Tompkins, permit me to congratulate you. Your series of talks on the "Preservation Of Good English" has been highly successful.

SPEAKER: Whoopee!
(By **NORAH BLAKEMORE**, comedy favourite in Macleans Old Time Music Hall, from Normandy again September 19).

ASPIRANT (at audition): Hadn't I better sing another song?
PRODUCER: Must you?
ASPIRANT: I thought I'd sing "On The Bonny Banks of Loch Lomond."
PRODUCER: Well, that's all right—I thought you wanted to sing here!

(By **PATRICK WADDINGTON**, singing in the National programme to-night, September 17, and in Crosse and Blackwell's "Dinner At Eight," Luxembourg, September 19).

SCENE: Music-publisher's office.
BOSS: Y'know, when Al Crotchet wrote this new number I reckon he was under the influence of Beethoven.

ASSISTANT: Don't you believe it, Chief. It was whiskey—I saw the bottles!
(By **DICK MURPHY**, one of the highspots in the Rinso Radio Revue, Luxembourg and Normandy, September 19).

FATHER: Well, my boy, coming home in the bus to-day I heard two fellows talking about you.
SON: Ah, I bet they heard my debut on the radio the other night?

FATHER: Correct.
SON: What did they say?
FATHER: I'll tell you when the ladies leave the room.
(By **TURNER LAYTON**, the coloured star, who is the subject of a special record recital, Lyons, September 22).

Mr. Smythe-Smythe gave very highbrow talks on the radio. One day his little boy, Willy Smythe-Smythe, was enjoying the radio instead of doing his homework, and his mother caught him in the act.

"Willy!" she exclaimed. "I come in here unexpectedly and what do I find? Instead of trying to learn something, you're sitting there listening-in to your father!"

(By **JOE LEE**, one of the Three Admirals in Reckett's "Good Morning, Neighbour," Normandy and Luxembourg, September 23 and 24. Hear him also with the Phillip's Dental Magnesia "Waltz Timers," September 20).

1ST VAUDEVILLIAN: Where did you stay when you were in Brighton last week?

2ND DITTO: The Dorchester.
1ST DITTO: But the Dorchester isn't in Brighton—it's in London.

2ND DITTO: Gosh, no wonder it took me so long to walk to the beach!

(By **ANONA WINN**, whose delightful personality graces Music Hall on National to-morrow, September 18).

OVERHEARD IN ABERDEEN:
"Did ye hear the commentary on the big fight, Jock?"
"Unfortunately I couldna' listen, Sandy."
"An'-hoo was that?"
"Och, I couldna get near the doorway o' the wireless shop!"

(By **ROY FOX**, who plays the late night dance music on September 23).

SALESMAN (in radio store): Here's an amazing set, sir. Pull down one side and you have a cocktail cabinet, pull down the other side and you have a bookcase. There's an electric clock fitted in the face, and a record-holder just below. Now, lift the top and—

CUSTOMER: Hey, wait a bit! Just in case I should ever want to, I suppose I can listen-in on this set?

(By **DENNY DENNIS**, Roy Fox's popular vocalist).

MAGISTRATE: You say the people next door shout and bang on the wall at two o'clock in the morning?

PLAINTIFF: Yes, Your Honour.
MAGISTRATE: And they keep you awake?
PLAINTIFF: No, Your Honour, but how he heck can I enjoy my radio with that noise going on?

(By **VERA PEARCE**, the West End stage star, who is in Horlicks Picture House, Luxembourg and Normandy, September 19).

BANDSMAN: I say, what's the idea of going out in my overcoat?

ROOM-MATE: Well, it was raining when I went out. You didn't want me to get your suit wet, did you?

(By **GORDON LITTLE**, guest-star in Beecham's Reunion, Lyons, September 19).

HE: Aren't you one of the show-girls who've been stranded for a fortnight up in the Shetlands?

SHE: That's right, pal.
HE: Gee whizz, I never recognised you with two weeks' growth of eyebrows!

(By **DAVE FROST** whose orchestra plays in the Irish Hospitals Trust programmes, Luxembourg, September 19, Athlone, September 22).

1ST SINGER: What do you think? I've had an offer to sing at Covent Garden.

2ND DITTO: You won't accept, will you?
1ST DITTO: Certainly. Why not?
2ND DITTO: What? Right in the middle of the fruit market?

(By **ROBB WILTON**, Ace of Burlesque. Hear "Mr. Muddlecombe" sitting again in the "Court Of Not-So-Common-Please" on September 20).

DAUGHTER: This is, Charlie, Dad, my new boy friend. He's a strong man in a circus.

FATHER: Is that so?
DAUGHTER: Yes, he can break a man's arm just by shaking hands with him.

FATHER: Really?
DAUGHTER: Yes. Shake hands with Dad, Charlie!

(By **ARTHUR TRACY**, world-famed "Street Singer" of radio and screen, singing in Horlicks Picture House, Luxembourg and Normandy, September 19).

PALAIS-DE-DANSE CROSS-TALK:

YOUTH: May I have this dance?

MAID: Sure—I don't want it.

(By **VERA LYNN**, new vocalist with Ambrose, whom you can hear in Lifebuoy's popular rhythm programme, Luxembourg, September 19).

BROADCASTER: Confounded cheek! Have you seen the paper this morning?

WIFE: No, dear.

BROADCASTER: They've got a news item about my series of talks finishing next week.

WIFE: But the series does finish next week, dear.

BROADCASTER: Yes, I know, but they've put the news item in a column headed "B.B.C. Improvements"!

(By **ERIC HANDLEY**, of the Three Ginx, in the Stork Margarine show, Lyons, September 19).



"But every time I twiddle the knob I get the news bulletin!"

**Radio
Luxembourg
every
weekday
afternoon
3.30-5.30**

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PHOTOGRAPHS
FOR YOU!**



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No. 18. JOE LOSS

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- 14, Richard Golden; 15, Paula Green;
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HIGHBROWS WHO DON'T KNOW IT

"You're fond of music? You like bright, lively tunes? Then why not have a shot at the great classical masters—as I did?" says

SAM HEPPNER

I WONDER if the trend of your musical interests is changing—so imperceptibly that you are scarcely aware of it. . . . I wonder if what once happened to me is now happening to you; simply that having sworn a deathless allegiance to the maestros of jazz—Messrs. Payne, Hylton, and Ambrose, etc.—I found my tastes unconsciously broadening, veering round, via the light music of the Eric Coates-Haydn Wood type, towards symphony.

I do hope so. For I am about to plead the tragically forsaken case of good music—and perhaps what I have to say will help to simplify your muddled impressions and recognise this growing tendency in yourself.

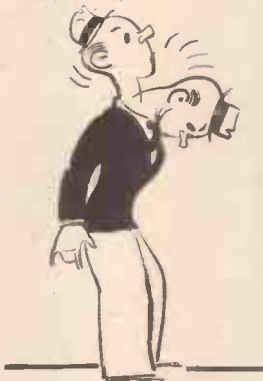
Although convert-making is a thing I normally deplore, I ask you to bear with me for the five or seven minutes that it takes to read this desperately sincere effusion and give my case (a case that has suffered miserably from prejudice, misconceived ideas and thoughtless abuse) a fair hearing. Because, since good music is now the most significant recreational influence in my own life, I want you to share the pleasures I enjoy.

I feel just as you might if I told you I had never tried champagne and oysters, danced to Billy Cotton, admired the view from the Devil's Punch Bowl or seen Robert Taylor on the screen. You'd say I had missed something. . . .

I say the same thing to you. Maybe you think I'm crazy? Indeed, the "me" of five or six years ago might have thought so, too. But meanwhile something has happened. I speak not only as a lover of classical music, but as a grateful convert to it.

But first let us introduce ourselves.

This is me: I am a distinctly modern young man with perhaps rather "advanced" ideas and, generally speaking, a contempt for old-fashioned notions. In my childhood I was no amateur Beethoven; like most small boys, I hated sonatas and fugues and wouldn't practise.



Enlarge your musical interests, pleads Sam Heppner, who confesses himself an admirer of Ambrose (herewith) as well as Toscanini

As a result, my musical education was negligible. Indeed, I betook myself to the Guildhall to learn something about good music long after I had acquired the taste for it. My ear, as these things go, was primitive and untutored, but I styled myself a musical person because, like most people, I was fond of listening to music and "enjoying a good tune."

Only my worst enemies call me a "highbrow" (when they've exhausted all other adjectives) because they know how violently I resent the description; I thoroughly enjoy good jazz and would give ("my right arm"—I nearly said) to be able to play like Patricia Rossborough and Billy Mayerl who are both very good friends of mine.

A few years ago the name Beethoven signified dullness and boredom; the mere mention of Mozart made me shudder, and I would rather have window-cleaned the old Crystal Palace than listen to a Bach Concerto.

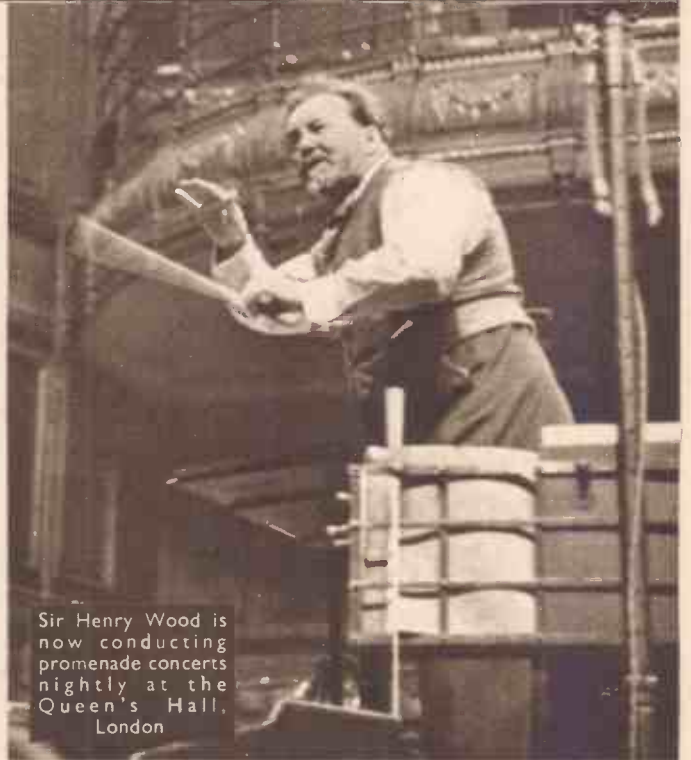
But I've had a change of heart (though unfortunately I've kept the same face).

And this, I assume, is you: You're fond of music. You like decent, lively tunes. . . . Henry Hall, Ambrose, Carroll Gibbons. You like a bit of Noel Coward and all those tuneful melodies in the Astaire-Rogers pictures.

But the announcement of a symphony by Cesar Franck or Brahms is a signal for you to switch over to another station as quickly as if London Regional were projecting sparks through your speaker. As for Tchaikovsky and Rimsky-Korsakov! Both these rather terrifying names conjure up all the gloom and sadness of the Slavonic temperament and suggest a picture of sombre, bearded Russian gentlemen conspiring in a dim cellar to replace Capitalism by Bolshevism, Bolshevism by Trotskyism, or Trotskyism by Anarchy. To you—and the uninitiated, that is. . . .

Do me a favour; shed your prejudices and give the symphonists and classical composers a fair hearing before condemning them out of hand. Take stock of your likes and dislikes and you may discover in your hostility to good music a sub-conscious reaction against having been "set to practise scales in a cold room, rapped over the knuckles when you struck a wrong note, and had the Pathetic Sonata rapped and scolded and bullied into you until you could finger it out without a mistake"—as Shaw says.

There is no reason why a musical work, because it happens to be labelled "Concerto," "Symphony" or even "Chamber music," should not contain plenty of simple, charming and easy-to-remember tunes. . . . And if you have sufficient musical appreciation to enjoy a popular tune



Sir Henry Wood is now conducting promenade concerts nightly at the Queen's Hall, London

by, say, Jerome Kern (who wrote *Roberta*, *Swing Time* and *Show Boat*) and the late George Gershwin (who wrote *I've Got Rhythm* and the *Shall We Dance?* music), I honestly believe that you have it in you to enjoy many of the great masters, right down from Beethoven to Elgar, all of whom knew the importance and value of getting melody and plenty of good tunes into their music.

Beethoven was often simpler, easier to remember and less intricate technically than either Gershwin or Kern.

Why not have a shot at the better stuff? I was as prejudiced at one time as you may be; but to "discover" music, you have to go about it the right way.

The commonly supposed need for an "educated ear" in things musical is a fallacy.

But don't do what so many people do—that is, say: "Okay, I shouldn't think it would do me much good, but I'm a tolerant sort of person who likes to examine both sides of a case. . . . I promise you I'll listen to the next symphony concert I see advertised in the radio programmes." And, so saying, switch on to the Foundations of Music or some advanced, impressionistic recital by such ultra-modern composers as Alban Berg, Shostakovitch and Bela Bartok, much of whose work is as incomprehensible to many brilliant and highly educated musicians as it is to you and me.

Start systematically. Choose the lighter, more melodious and colourful works that feature in the programmes. If you like excitement and colour, try any member of the great Russian school—Tchaikovsky, Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakov, Balakirev and the rest of them. If you like powerful, lively and exhilarating tunes, try Beethoven and Brahms. If you like dramatic and imaginative music, try Schumann and Mendelssohn. If you like proud, lyrical and rather sentimental music, try the French masters, Debussy and Ravel. Above all, listen to Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 2 in C Minor. You'll thank me, I do declare.

Look for these names in the programmes—and make a date with yourself and your radio. Listen to a symphony; remember its name so that you can tune in when it's playing again. The second or third time you hear it, it will become familiar in a general, sketchy way. . . . You will begin to remember and know bits of it—and then the fun begins. A simple tune that you like at once soon palls; but the more you hear a classical work, the greater the enjoyment.

If you do decide to try it, write and tell me how the experiment goes. I shall be very pleased to hear.



Anona Winn, saucy Australian comedienne with the sweet voice, is in Variety on September 18

ON YOUR

Make a date with your radio to listen to the programmes picked out for you in advance on this page. Don't miss the Highspots of the Week

VARIETY

FLANAGAN AND ALLEN make their last but one broadcast under that famous "six-dates" contract with the B.B.C. in *Music Hall* on SEPTEMBER 18, Regional. Bud and Ches are scoring new triumphs in *London Rhapsody* at the Palladium, and will have a rush to get this broadcast in between their appearances there.

John Sharman, fresh from his holiday, has chosen good material for his "come-back"—you have also The Western Brothers, Anona Winn, Major and Minor, The Viennese Singing Sisters, and that Hebrew joker Issy Bonn.

Anona Winn was stranded in a half-built house at Rottingdean when torrential rain poured down on the South Coast the other day. The house is her new one and she only just got back to Eastbourne in time for her performance there. Change houses, change cars, seems Anona's motto, for she's said farewell to her Humber and bought a shining new Lanchester.

Major and Minor are making Alec McGill and Fred Yule mighty pleased with their progress as a new act. Four broadcasts since May, recording for H.M.V. and, as you know, they're doing Normandy and Luxembourg programmes from next month on.

Judy Shirley's sweet singing voice will soon be announcing "Monday at Seven" every week, instead of every other. Variety Director John Watt has decided that this feature shall become a weekly next month. On SEPTEMBER 20, National, Judy—lucky girl—will have Hutch to introduce. Leslie A. Hutchinson, as strangers call him, has a way with him, which, when he was appearing at Southend the other week, caused eight out of ten of the ladies in his audience to bring out their hankies—so an usherette who had somehow managed to watch them told him after the show. The reason was Hutch's gentle rendering of "Christopher Robin's Saying His Prayers." When Hutch began on the halls one would not have expected that number from him; proves his all-round artistry. "Monday at Seven" also presents a singer of another type, Webster Booth, who has just managed to get back from America in time for this date. Webster was chiefly on holiday, but he sang to the Yanks, and went to Hollywood—which might have been business or might not. We shall see. Max Kester, who presents Robb Wilton in another "Mr. Muddlecombe, J.P." incident, was, appropriately, called to serve on a real jury the other day. "Inspector Hornleigh" is, of course, at it again, and there's another "Voyage to Lugubria," S. J. Warmington, Ivan Samson and Anthony Holles playing the parts.

Also mark down lovely Marla Elsner and high, wide and handsome John Garrick, singing "Hero and Heroine" musical comedy numbers on SEPTEMBER 24, National.

Jack Hylton provides the Rinso Radio Revue this week for Luxembourg and Normandy listeners on SEPTEMBER 19. The greatest stage band of them all provides a non-stop half-hour with

personality singer Alice Mann, that lively crooner Dick Murphy, and the boy wonder accordionist Joe Rossi.

And here are two stars from different courses but equally admired—Arthur Tracy ("The Street Singer") and Sabu, clever little Indian film actor out of *Elephant Boy*, both appearing in "Horlicks Picture House," on SEPTEMBER 19, Normandy and Luxembourg. A grand bill supports these two—Helen Raymond, Bert Yarlett, Florence Oldham, The Radio Three, Dorice Fordred, Billy Percy and Max Kirby.

DANCE BANDS

PETER YORKE puts his Orchestra through a special sweet music session on SEPTEMBER 18, Regional, Helen Raymond and Sam Costa doing the vocals. Busy night for Helen, for an hour earlier she will be singing with Billy Thorburn, National.

Peter Yorke is busy on two important jobs for the near future. He is to open a new B.B.C. dance band production series on variety show lines next month. Called "An Hour to Play," it will present all the leading bands. Peter, with his kind heart, intends his contribution to the series to be a golden opportunity for new discoveries; he is collecting together a group of entirely new acts for the show. Also he is preparing his own new series to start next month called "Sweet and Lovely."

A big dance band production from Debroy Somers is an event to mark down for SEPTEMBER 22, National. "Bill"—as Debroy becomes, when you know the fellow—will be presenting a surprise programme of guest stars and new and old numbers specially orchestrated. And that is a commendable job considering that half an hour afterwards he and the boys must be in their places at the Gaiety Theatre for Leslie Henson's new show, *Going Big*—the trick in it is a fleet of taxis which travel by unknown and therefore clear back-streets between Broadcasting House and the theatre.

Tommy Matthews, just back from America, presents his Concert Orchestra in another "Swift Serenade" feature on SEPTEMBER 20, Regional. Tommy has brought back a lot of new ideas and new music, and we can expect still more vigour in these popular shows. A. Bell-Walker, a native of Elland, Yorkshire, will be tenor soloist, and David Porcer compère.

There's keen inter-Regional

rivalry between Tommy's feature and Martyn G. Webster's "Melody and Rhythm" series, another of which will be heard on SEPTEMBER 23, Regional. Martini and his Music and Eric Jeffcote's Rhythm Quartette again provide the goods.

Be up to the minute with your rhythm! That's what Luxembourg's Ambrose session is for on SEPTEMBER 15. "Up to the Minute Rhythm Music" provides half an hour of the full and brilliant Ambrose outfit with Evelyn (Blonde Bombshell) Dall, Sam Browne, and Max Bacon, presented by Lifebuoy.

Billy Cotton carries on the Kraft show with his band and Peter Williams, Alan Breeze and Phil Phillips, on SEPTEMBER 19, Luxembourg. Or tune in Normandy for Lew Stone's "Melodies from Mayfair" on the same day.

PLAYS—FEATURES—TALKS

MOST interesting play of the week is one without stars, one by people who have never had their names up in lights or seen a studio. Their "stage" will be a room in a Cornish vicarage; their rehearsals have been sandwiched in between days' and nights' hard work out on the high seas.

They are, of course, the villagers of St. Hilary, that tiny spot in Cornwall which for some years has given us one of the best of the annual Christmas broadcasts. But this time they will be acting a comedy of Cornish life, Filson Young, who discovered the St. Hilary folk producing plays amongst themselves in their vicarage, is directing the broadcast of *Pollie Tregembo* for all to hear in the National programme on SEPTEMBER 23.

The play is by Bernard Walke, vicar of the village, and assembler of the dramatic talents of his fisherman and fishergirl players. The tale is a homely one of a young fisherman's dodges to win a bride in face of parental disapproval.

Far removed from rural fun in Cornwall are two short farces to be broadcast on SEPTEMBER 20, National (Regional, Sept. 22). The one,

John Watt as a film star! You see him here with Georgie Harris in Saturday Night Revue. A talk by John should amuse you on September 24



RADIO THIS WEEK

At-a-Glance Programme Guide

Villa for Sale, is by that smart, man-of-the-world, modern writer, Sacha Guitry; the other, *Tin Soldiers*, satirically takes for its subject modern warfare.

Both plays, in fact, share in common the pleasant function of debunking. *Villa for Sale* debunks the salesmanship of "desirable residences"; in *Tin Soldiers* the leaders of the rival armies decide to run their war almost entirely on paper!

In the first play producer Barbara Burnham has cast a quartette of clever and popular actresses—Audrey Cameron, Barbara Couper, Ann Trevor, Dorothy Ranns. Barbara Couper, the actress whose voice won the heart of a B.B.C. producer at an audition, comes up for this broadcast from the lovely, timbered old house at Woking which that producer-husband Howard Rose has given her. Not so much is heard of Howard, now that he's Production Director of B.B.C. Empire programmes, but he's still one of the busiest in Broadcasting House.

S. J. Warmington ("Inspector Hornleigh" to the Variety Department) plays in *Tin Soldiers*, along with Charles Mason, Alan Wheatly and A. Bromley Davenport.

The Swan, a play with music on SEPTEMBER 22, National (Regional, Sept. 23), gives Spike Hughes his first chance to conduct the Theatre Orchestra. This 28-year-old live wire, one time radio critic and music critic on London newspapers, is now becoming one of radio's most prolific writers—witness "Nikki Makes News," "Voyages to Lugubria," etc., etc. *The Swan* is Henrik Ege's adaptation of a comedy by Franz Molnar, and Archie Campbell is producing.

The cast presents a happy mixture of Variety Department and Drama Department favourites—Joan Carr, Mary O'Farrell, Hermione Gingold, Vivien Lambelet, Elsie Otley, Elsie Hay, Linda Parker, Robert Holland. Now that her baby has reached the crawl-cum-toddle stage, Joan Carr can find rather more time to return to the mike. Vivien Lambelet, who has never left it for long, was a fellow student of Peggy Cochrane and Olive Groves at the Royal Academy of Music. Hermione Gingold, having been on a Riviera

who "looked back" a few weeks ago, will be on his familiar plot on SEPTEMBER 24, National, advising gardeners.

A talk by John Watt—not a variety show or a compère's funninesses, but a talk!—should call all ears to attention. You see, now that he's Variety Director, John must talk to us occasionally about his work, and this he will do on SEPTEMBER 24, National.

Nayland Smith's fight with Dr. Fu Manchu is certainly a timeless war! It goes through another thrilling phase for Normandy and Luxembourg listeners on SEPTEMBER 19, when D. A. Clarke Smith as Nayland and Frank Cochrane, as the arch-fend of the Orient, cross swords again. Fine radio acting here, and thrill upon thrill.

MUSIC

EVENT of the week is the return to conducting of Stanford Robinson, who will have the B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra following his baton on SEPTEMBER 18 and 19, in each case National. Stanford has been away from the studios nearly two years, travelling the Continent in the interests of opera lovers.

He is to direct the future broadcasting of studio opera, and has thoroughly examined the question of opera production for radio in every musical centre. Salzburg has come to know Stanford almost as well as Portland Place. A third attractive programme by the Theatre Orchestra will be given Regionally on SEPTEMBER 20, with

doing the narrating for the whole programme. Leslie Woodgate will, on SEPTEMBER 21, National, have the B.B.C. Singers presenting Alec Rowley's *The Sailor's Garland*—including "Deep Water Jack" and "The Blue Peter"—and E. J. Moeran's "Songs of Springtime," a delightful half-hour for lovers of unison voices.

Miriam Licette, always a welcome voice, sings the "Mother" part in an unusual little work on SEPTEMBER 25, National. This is a 15th century Japanese music drama, *The Sumida River*, which Clarence Raybould will conduct, with the B.B.C. Women's Chorus and Sybilla Marshall, Norman Walker and John McKenna.

Arthur Sandford, known hitherto as pianist in the B.B.C. Variety Orchestra, has composed the concerto for light orchestra and piano, which Charles Shadwell is to play in a Variety Orchestra programme on SEPTEMBER 23, National. Sandford will play the solo part. He composed the work on holiday, writing it all in a summer house. Sandford started on the music-hall stage, and was once with Debroy Somers.



Barbara Couper in *Villa for Sale*:
September 20 and 22



Maria Elsner in *Hero and Heroine*:
September 24

Certain legal difficulties prevent the broadcasting of Gilbert and Sullivan operas in full; programmes of G. and S. music are all the more appreciated, and one not to miss will be that by the Midland Orchestra, conducted by Reginald Burston, on SEPTEMBER 24, Regional. In this, George Gibbs, Wolverhampton baritone, will sing a group of Bab Ballads.

That rarely heard but very expensive B.B.C. organ—the one in Concert Hall, not Reginald Foort's—will provide some organ music by British composers on SEPTEMBER 24, National.

SPORT

"BACKGROUND to Sport" series continues to explore fully the Football sphere on SEPTEMBER 22, National, this time dealing with the "Control of the Game," a matter which will be expertly dealt with by S. F. Rous.

E. H. Temme, Channel Swimmer, is in the Essex team which will meet Yorkshire in the closing stages of the final tie in the County Water Polo Championship, to be commented on on SEPTEMBER 22, Regional. Essex have won the title five times in six years; Yorkshire have never won it, and this is only their second appearance in the final. H. R. Walker, a county referee and one-time Warwickshire player, will give the commentary.

Remember that commentary which first shot Bob Bowman to the top? It was one of the Olympic Ice Hockey events between England and Canada. Calvert's Cavalcade of Sport recalls that occasion on SEPTEMBER 19, Luxembourg.

If you want the results of the Soccer matches on SEPTEMBER 18 as soon as they are available, tune to Normandy for International Sporting Pools' programme.



Issy Bonn, Hebrew comedian: September 18

basking holiday, is now beginning to light log-fires in the mammoth fireplaces of her Tudor cottage near the B.B.C.

The *Emden*. . . . What does that name recall? reports in the trouble-full newspapers at the opening of the Great War, stories of a notorious German man-o'-war whose deathly activities in the Indian Ocean went on unchecked; undetected for nearly three months. The story of this battleship's almost magical escapes from its British pursuers is told for listeners in a feature written by "Taffrail" to be heard on SEPTEMBER 19, National. A thriller about a ghost-ship of modern warfare.

In the talking line on SEPTEMBER 19 outstanding is Mons. E. M. Stephan, who since Savoy Hill days has been teaching youthful listeners to speak French. He will recall how he learnt to speak English—among other memories—in "As I Look Back" (National). C. H. Middleton,

Harold Lowe conducting "The Melodies of Leo Fall," arranged by Julius Burger of B.B.C. "Potpourri" fame.

Music Director Sir Adrian Boult will be conducting Bizet's Symphony in a B.B.C. Orchestra programme on SEPTEMBER 19, the thing to remember about it being that though Bizet composed it when quite a lad, it was only published in recent years and first broadcast in 1935. By the way, listen out for some weekly talks by Sir Adrian, and his assistant Dr. Thatcher, on current music broadcasts.

Grand-voiced Robert Easton shares the solo honours with Olga Haley in the Promenade concert on SEPTEMBER 18, National. They will be singing music from Handel's "Judas Maccabaeus"; three of Berlioz's most popular pieces from "La Damnation de Faust"—"Dance of the Sylphs," "Minuet of the Elves," and "Hungarian March"—will also be played.

Actor of the age of powdered wigs and buckled shoes, David Garrick wrote an "Ode on Dedicating a Building to Shakespeare," and Arne put it to music. Lending his services to the Music Department, Peter Creswell will produce this "musical lay" on SEPTEMBER 20, National. Julian Herbage will conduct the Boyd Neel String Orchestra and a fine team of singers, Kate Winter, Margaret Godley, Eric Greene and Frederick Sharp; and Ion Swinley will be



"ALL WORK AND NO PLAY"—

says JEAN COLIN, radio's blonde musical comedy star. Here is the story of a life so full of events that there's no time for Jean to look back and wonder why she has been so lucky

Jean adorns a corner of her own charming music room

SITTING in my small dressing-room in a northern theatre, my hands trembled with excitement as I read the letter through for the third time.

It was from Archie De Bear, asking me to go to London for an audition.

Why he should have written to me I couldn't guess. At that time I was just beginning my stage career, and few people knew anything about me.

Actually, I had taken that particular part against my parents' wishes, and I didn't think for a moment it would lead me anywhere.

Within a fortnight, I had received this letter. And since that day I have not known what it is like to have a minute to myself. Broadcasting, television and film contracts followed my stage engagements with such rapidity that life to me has meant nothing but work. But, of course, I love it.

As soon as I had read Archie de Bear's letter for the third time, I packed my trunk and caught the next train to London.

In spite of the fact I'd had practically no experience, Archie gave me a part in his show, *Many Happy Returns*, and when that finished I was given the role of principal girl in the Lyceum show, *Beauty and the Beast*.

While I was appearing in this pantomime, Lee Ephraim saw me and offered me the lead in *Five O'clock Girl* at the London Hippodrome.

A string of other musical shows followed this, including *Here Comes the Bride*, *She Shall Have Music*, *La Poupée*, *It's You I Want*, in which I played my first straight part, opposite Seymour Hicks, and then *Tulip Time*—one of the last musical shows to be put on at the old Alhambra before it was pulled down.

I didn't have much time to look back and wonder why I had been so lucky, for it was during this rush of shows that I started broadcasting in the "Air-do-Wells" programmes.

Like most people who broadcast for the first time, I was terribly nervous, but I was soon nursed out of this by the understanding help of Bryan Michie.

During one of the broadcasts, Eve Becke was singing in a quiet voice while the rest of the company looked on. Eve's voice was barely audible in the studio, and everywhere else there was utter silence.

Suddenly the studio rang with a piercing scream.

Listeners must have wondered what on earth it was. The scream came from most of the females in the cast, and was caused . . . by a small mouse running across the studio floor.

The offending mouse was eventually cornered and killed by Bryan Michie.

On another occasion I was rehearsing to appear in *Cinderella* at Manchester, and had a broadcast



Attention, please, to this important matter of the toilet

to do from London the same evening. The only way I could possibly get there in time was by air.

It was terribly foggy that afternoon, and as I had only been in the air once before, I was thoroughly scared. The plane left later than it should. Even if we managed to land without any difficulty, I thought, I would only just have time to reach the studios.

All the time we were flying I listened to the pilot's instructions which were being sent by radio from the Heston airport.

Suddenly, the voice said: "You're over Heston."

I looked down, but all I could see was a thick blanket of fog. This didn't worry the pilot, however, and within a few minutes I felt a slight bump as the plane landed safely on the ground.

A fast taxi got me to Broadcasting House with only a few minutes to spare.

Apart from stage and broadcasting I have made a few films, including *Such is Life* with Claude Dampier and Gene Gerrard, and *Stardust* with Ben Lyon and Lupe Velez.

It was a tremendous scramble making this last picture. I had contracted to play principal boy in *Aladdin* at Bristol for Francis Laidler. I only just managed to complete the scenes for the picture in time to get down to Bristol to start rehearsals.

And what a welcome relief it proved to be from the hectic surroundings of the film business!

I took a grand little place on the downs at Clifton for the season, and shared this with Monti Ryan, who played the principal girl opposite me in the pantomime. We had a lot of fun together and held several jolly house-parties.

Once, Elliot O'Donnell, the famous author of ghost stories, asked us to go ghost hunting with him. Bristol is the home of haunted houses, and it looked as if it would be good fun.

We willingly agreed to go, and after the show one evening we all set out for a haunted house which Elliot had found. We arrived there and settled ourselves comfortably for the ghost to appear.

Hour by hour ticked by. I was beginning to feel terribly tired, and could hardly keep my eyes from closing.

Then, just after three o'clock had struck, there was a rustle, followed by a sharp bang, immediately behind me.

When I had recovered some of my composure, I steered myself to look over my shoulder. There, scattered all over the floor, were some flowers and a broken vase.

Someone had filled a very small vase with tall flowers and they had over-balanced.

Percival Mackey, Monti's husband, used to visit us every week-end while we were at Clifton. During his stays we hit upon the idea of forming a trio for television and broadcasting, consisting of songs and harmony numbers.

My first television appearance on the new system at Alexandra Palace gave me both a very awkward moment and a very pleasant surprise.

During the rehearsals we did not change for all the scenes, and I wasn't sure how much time I had between each scene.

When the show was on I dashed back to my dressing-room which was some considerable distance from the theatre, changed as fast as I could, and hurried back.

On my way I met half a dozen people in the corridor, looking frenzied and wild-eyed.

"Hurry!" they shouted. "You're on. The ad lib's been played!"

They literally dragged me into the theatre and pushed me before the camera. I can't imagine what I looked like to the television-viewers.

Later, however, I had a very pleasant surprise. It was dark by the time the show had finished, and driving carefully round a bend, I turned down a wide, lawn-bordered road which ran through the grounds of Alexandra Palace.

I had not travelled twenty yards, when I had to stop.

Before me was a little wooden café, decorated with fairy lights, with small tables on the lawn outside. Music floated from the little building, and the sound of laughter mingled joyously with the tinkling of cups and glasses.

Just behind me a tram clanked round the corner, and disappeared along the road past some beautiful, glistening lakes.

Gone was London, and the show business. I felt as if I had suddenly found myself in a small and romantic village of Ruritania.

Romance seemed to fill the air, and a peculiar sensation, quite inexplicable, but not unlike a pleasant and romantic dream, crept over me.

I don't know how long I sat there, gazing spell-bound at the wonderful scene, when I was brought back to reality by a sudden breeze which sprang up over the lawns and lakes, and the clanking of another tram as it came round the bend.

I drove home, thinking to myself: "What a glorious place to work in."

THEY MAKE LISTENERS HOMESICK

The B.B.C. engages an expensive staff—Announcers, Producers, Musicians, Actors, Engineers—merely in order to make exiled Englishmen in lonely places Homesick!

DAWN breaks over Portland Place before William Shewen says his last Good Night.

"Good Night to you all, wherever you are." These are the words the best known voice in the Empire uses and, as the chief announcer saunters home in the early morning silence of London squares, he can be sure that somewhere in the world someone has taken pen and paper and is writing to tell him how much his friendly tones, heard through the loudspeaker, mean.

For seventeen hours and forty minutes through the day and night the B.B.C. is broadcasting programmes which listeners in this country cannot hear. "This is London calling," the old familiar call sign which was abandoned years ago for home programmes, is still in use for the Empire service, and never fails to thrill, wherever it may be heard.

In the African jungle, Australian bush and "barren lands" of Canada, it catches he-men in the throat and makes the emigrant homesick.

"Something will have to be done about the man who tells of rambles in leafy lanes, nightingales singing and that sort of thing," one lonely listener writes. "He fills me with a yearning which I cannot indulge."

Could you dip into the post bag, as I have done, you could never grudge the tiny fractional part of your ten shillings licence which goes to provide so much genuine happiness.

It is in the remote places of the Empire that the programmes are most appreciated. The great Dominions have their own broadcasting stations and in the cities programmes are available from morn till midnight as they are here.

But "words cannot describe the thrill which we exiles feel when we hear the announcer say, 'This is London calling,'" writes a listener in Trinidad.

Six separate programmes are broadcast from the high power transmitters at Daventry every day, and each transmission contains a bulletin which carries the latest news into homes which may only get a week-old newspaper once in seven days.

In times when the air is full of propaganda, listeners turn to Daventry for authentic news of world events and the bulletins, necessarily brief and slowly read, are followed by crisp and authoritative talks by experts whose statements command respect.



"The best-known voice in the Empire belongs to W. M. Shewen, Chief Empire Announcer"

Men Behind the Empire Broadcasts

by JOHN TRENT

Experience has shown that a deliberate and rather slow speech is best for Empire broadcasting. At first talkers used to pause between every word, but this was no good because the sense of sentences was lost.

Four regular men assist William Shewen, veteran Empire announcer in the work. One has recently inherited a fortune, but he chooses to stick to the job he loves.

A quiet flat high above the traffic of Portland Place is provided for their use. It is equipped with several bedrooms, with comfortable divan beds and two bathrooms. You have to tiptoe down the passage outside their rooms at any time of the day or night, for someone is always asleep inside.

Men working at night need food at odd hours and the restaurant below ground at Broadcasting House is always ready to serve any meal, whether breakfast or supper, before dawn. Four poached eggs is a regular order for one Empire announcer going off duty.

Beresford Clark, still in the early thirties, directs this service which never sleeps. His address just now is the Antipodes where he is listening to the listeners who hear his programmes. Before he gets home to spend Christmas with his wife he will have travelled the greater part of the globe, absorbing criticism, getting ideas.

While he is away C. A. L. Cliffe, who has spent

Eric Fogg directs the special Empire Orchestra, which is sometimes heard in home programmes as well

many years in the Colonies, is in charge at Broadcasting House. With him are working some of the most experienced men in British broadcasting.

It is a mistake to suppose that Empire programmes are starved for talent. Nothing but the best of its kind is good enough, and the name of Howard Rose is itself a guarantee that productions could not be better handled. Margery Wace is responsible for talks while Messrs. Mac Lurg, Pascoe Thornton, J. Pudney and F. H. C. Piffard are producers.

A big orchestra directed by Eric Fogg and led by Melsa, which sometimes plays to us at home, provides the music that is sent overseas.

Some of the snappier home features, such as the "A.B.C. of the B.B.C." are included in Empire transmissions, and items of local interest, for instance, "The Story of Mosquito Day" find a place.

Plays are usually shorter than those broadcast at home, though occasionally a full length drama will be divided, act one being given one evening and act two the next.

A Day at Blackpool is the kind of feature that is calculated to make Lancashire lads the whole world over feel a little homesick.

Programmes are broadcast from Daventry to reach each part of the Empire in the evening local time.

Just now programmes are sent to Australia between five and a quarter-past-seven in the morning Greenwich time; from a quarter-to-eleven until half-past-one for the Far East; between quarter-past-two and five o'clock for India; from five-twenty to eleven o'clock for Africa; from eleven-thirty till half-past one for Eastern Canada; and between two and four o'clock for Western Canada.

There is nothing hard and fast about these times, which are changed with the seasons to give the best results, and morning listeners in one part of the world often listen to evening programmes transmitted for another zone.

Some recording is included in most transmissions. Jack Hylton is popular the whole world over and the B.B.C. is right to include his "Past, Present and Future" programmes in each transmission. Same time, it would be too much to expect even the energetic Jack to go through the same feature, lasting sixty minutes, six times in eighteen hours! So the problem is solved by making a record, and every one is happy.

Sooner or later every Empire artiste who makes a name for himself finds his way to London, and each week several who have left their native shores in search of fame and fortune send their voices home across the ether.

The Empire is knit together by bonds of sentiment and it is through the ether that the threads are all the time being tightened.

This is Stainless Stephen trying to look more like a schoolmaster than a comedian

SMILE



Possessor of an honoured and unsullied name, Stainless lets us into the secrets of his shining life and noteworthy career. Here's the third instalment.

She is first and foremost my most discriminating critic, and, being married to her, I am bound to listen. She also fills the role of typist on numerous occasions, and this is my only opportunity of dictating to her.

With true Scottish thrift, she annexes my income, although I am not the sort of man who takes his salary home to his wife—she comes and meets me. This she doles out to me in small amounts when I have put forward a strong enough case for needing same.

Jean usually accompanies me to the theatre, and frequently subjects me to a sort of military parade, commanding me to add a little more polish to my stainless steel hat-band and shirt-front. As she holds my money, I am forced to show her the same respect as one shows his bank manager.

Joking to one side, however, Jean is a very great help to me, attending to my business when my time is fully occupied, and making herself indispensable in countless ways.

Among my closest radio friends (not counting the gentleman I met in the four-ale-bar at the Aberdeen broadcasting station), I am happy to number Billy Cotton and the Western Brothers. I have already dwelt at some length upon Kenneth Western, whose neckties constitute a serious noise disturbance to myself and the other neighbours, but I have not yet mentioned my association with George Western.

George operates an aeroplane, preferring this as representative of the higher form of transport, and he has from time to time taken me for flips, the first of which was more in the nature of an egg-flip, owing to the yellow and white colouration of my epidermis in the vicinity of the gills.

I have also been flying with Billy Cotton, and I consider that my life has hung by a thread, knowing of his fondness for jazzing round the track at Brooklands. I think, all things considered, that I am content with my own flights of imagination.

The "Stainless Stephen" in his domestic haunts has not yet come in for the careful study which it merits. To proceed, therefore, my wife declares

"My heavily-timbered country-seat — or one of them, the other being a stile in a nearby lane."



that I am so domesticated that if I were left without a tin-opener I should die of starvation.

The fact remains, nevertheless, that I prefer an arm-chair and a book to any other form of relaxation, with the possible exception of dropping ash on the super-Axminster and endeavouring to render same invisible.

Biography and philosophy form the bulk of my reading matter—he remarked, taking down a volume of Aristotle from his vast treasure-house of books all

I was a guest at Jack Payne's farewell party, and at Henry Hall's "housewarming," minus hot music. A really nice fellow is Henry, and we get along like two little dogies, although he might well have ostracised me when, after he had stepped backwards off a scaffolding at Elstree, I told listeners that Henry Hall had been so long on the air he thought he could walk on it.

This resulted in Henry receiving some five hundred letters of condolence, together, I understand, with two pairs of crutches, four sets of splints, a bottle of liniment, and an invitation from the Crooners' Ward of a leading hospital.

(Incidentally, now that Henry has left the B.B.C., this does not mean that clocks will have to be advanced on alternate Saturday nights to make up for the loss of Henry Hall's Hour.)

At one time, my brother, Frank Baynes, not only accompanied me on the piano, but also wrote the music for my songs. Actually I am the only member of a family of two sons and two daughters who turned out to be unmusical, largely due to the fact that I became disgusted with having such a large piano and only being allowed to play in the middle.

There are times, however, when travelling

without one's own accompanist can be inconvenient, as in the recent catastrophe when I arrived at a Northern town and discovered that I had left my band-parts at home, exclamation mark.

These I had removed from my trunk in order to make room for the special pink pyjamas which I wear to make an impression on those North Country hotel proprietors who might otherwise doubt my ability to pay the bill. But realising that not even Sir Thomas Beecham could extract music from pink pyjamas, I was forced to call upon my wife to accompany me (in the musical sense).

Jean is quite an able pianist, with a fair knowledge of my music, but the "harpsichord" provided (kindly loaned, I imagine, by the local museum) was such that I was singing higher than Tauber one moment and lower than Jetsam the next. Fortunately, they were asking high prices for eggs in the town that week.

From this episode of wifely co-operation, you will gather that Jean is the sort of person who steps into the breach where necessary.

STONES IN MY LIFE

STAINLESS STEPHEN,
reaching his third Smilestone, continues his epoch-making story of himself, punctuated with Anecdotes, Wisecracks, Puns, Personalities, Pictures, and, of course, Punctuation Marks

inscribed with the names of various lending libraries.

And when listening-in—he purred, seated as far away from the set as possible in order that reception should not be interfered with by the field of activity surrounding his personal magnetism—I have a penchant for talks and debates, particularly Professor John Hilton, who has even more horse-sense than the horse which bolted upon seeing Teddy Brown in riding habit.

The reason I touched upon the subject of horses in that last sentence, Gladys, was because I wanted to drift naturally into my next astounding revelation—which is that I am closely following the fortunes of a real, live racehorse with the name of "Stainless Stephen."

Stainless Stephen, I prophesy, has a great future, punctuated by classic triumphs, semi-colon, provided it does not favour full stops half way down the course, semi-conscious. For which reason I shall not guarantee to compensate unsuccessful punters with new shirts.

By the way, I am reminded that there is also a Great Western Railway engine named after me, or so I was assured by a listener who took the trouble to write and inform me that the engine was being christened "King Stephen." Working on the same assumption, my name has also been given to a well-known ink, and used in a Christmas carol.

Cue for yet another of those exclusive revelations which is making this story one of the journalistic scoops of the century. In a broadcast of mine, I chanced to mention the name of Ed Wynn, the celebrated American comedian, which prompted a young man to accost me shortly afterwards and thank me effusively for mentioning his name on the air. It appears his name was Edwin.

One of my most amusing experiences—he continued, his broad shoulders shaking like a radio aspirant at a B.B.C. audition—was being asked for my autograph in a dense fog on an arterial road, from which you will gather, Gladys, with your keen perception, that my real-life voice is the same as that which causes the wireless waves to writhe and assume their undulating appearance.

On another occasion I was asked to sign my autograph on a gentleman's boiled shirt front, which probably constitutes a record, this section of the apparel being usually reserved for the telephone numbers of Follies girls.

I have also recorded my autograph on a cheque which, I understand, is preserved at Scotland Yard along with other unique examples in the science of forgery.

I find that I have not yet mentioned in this

glowing account of my exchequered career that I have actually played on the Albert Hall organ. This was at a notable gathering of wizards of the bicycle, including myself, and although nobody recognised the music I produced, I was attracted by the various stops, full and otherwise, decorating the console.

I am rather surprised that the B.B.C. has not yet invited me to play on the new theatre organ, especially as the effects I produce are strongly reminiscent of contemporary music. Moreover, Reginald Dixon was educated at the same school as myself.

I have been accused at various times of being everybody but myself, with the exception of being told that I am A. J. Alan (who, of course, I really am).

One writer wrote a glowing account of my early days as an employee in a Sheffield steel works, no doubt misled by the sharpness of my intellect.

Then there was the time that a listener said to me, "Let me see, your father was a vicar, wasn't he?" "No," I replied, assuming an expression of exalted birth, "a canon." "Ah!" retorted my interrogator promptly, "that accounts for his son being such a large-sized bore."

Actually my father was a compositor on a newspaper, which accounts for his son being true to type and honest to the letter.

I am also reminded of the two old ladies who stood surveying my name on a poster. "What's Stainless Stephen?" asked one of them. "I'm not sure," replied her friend, "but I think it's an oratorio."

I am fortunate in having met many of my admirers in the flesh (with the exception of those who belong to nudist colonies), and their reactions are a subject of great interest to such a keen psycho-analyst as myself—he remarked, fixing the bust of Freud, reposing on his whatnot, with a magnetic stare and a tube of fish-glué.

After a concert in the North of England, on one occasion, I was invited to the home of one of my admirers. I accepted eagerly, hoping thus to save what I should normally have spent on my own fish-and-chips.

But the dear old soul who was the lady of the house succumbed so completely to my sex appeal that, having lured me into her kitchen (where I hoped to discover the pantry), she expressed a desire to kiss me, which she accordingly did.

After which she presented me with two cigars and said, "There's one for you, Stainless and one for Freddie Grisewood. I do love Mr. Grisewood."

More Stainless Next Week.



(Above) "Photographed down on the farm with one of my fans"



"This is me with one of my seven yachts—or is it seventeen?—I forget"



(Right) "What is a hyphen, and, if so, why?" demands Mr. Justice Stainless

(Below) "Study of the swimming Adonis. The small boy is my son, Ian David"



(Left) "Another study of the swimming Adonis."
 (Right) "This is me—in beret—winning the Derby in 1897"



Introducing
HARRY KORRIS,
*famous comedian of the Arcadian
 Follies, Blackpool, and frequent
 broadcaster from theatres all over
 the country*

TO watch Harry Korris, seventeen stone of joviality, threatening to bring down the roof of the South Pier Pavilion, Blackpool, with his flow of side-splitting patter, you would never dream that this mountain of mirth has a complex.

He couldn't broadcast from a B.B.C. studio to save his life. Though he has been on the air over fifty times from most of the well-known theatres in the country.

"Yes, I've been inside a studio, but I came out quickly," says Harry. "It reminded me too much of an operating theatre. If I had to face a microphone with no audience in view, I should just dry up. And I certainly admire the fellows who can do their stuff under those conditions. I have to work to an audience, to see their reactions and get the atmosphere generally.

"That makes all the difference to me. I am sensitive to every movement in the audience, and I often change my line of patter right at the last minute, or even as the show is going along. In fact, the Arcadian Follies think nothing of remoulding



*Hectic interludes and diverting
 moments from the life of a concert-
 party comic and radio favourite,
 as told to*

CHARLES HATTON

"It is an insult to the whole audience."

In vain Mr. Korris and his company tried to carry on the show as if nothing were happening.

"Take that thing away!" roared the officer, and other members of the audience began to back him up.

"There was nothing to do but to throw the custard pie long before the proper time or leave it on the table where it was," says Harry. "Nobody seemed to have the presence of mind to throw it, so I had to go and unhook the portrait from the backcloth, and the sketch came to a miserable end.

"It gave me great pleasure to buttonhole that officer afterwards and tell him what a treat he had missed."

The other day, Harry had a letter from a little girl of eight.

"Dear Mr. Korris, you told a tale on the wireless about a man who was so fat that when he went into a telephone box his stomach pressed Button B and he got his money back. Well, I thought everyone knew that Button B is at the side of the box—so he couldn't press it with his stomach—could he?"

"I must admit that this hadn't occurred to

BLACKPOOL'S CHAMPION FUNSTER

an entire programme to suit the people out in the front.

Working in concert parties soon gives you a sixth sense. "In Blackpool alone," says Harry, "there are at least six different types of audiences. Those who come in out of the rain on a stormy afternoon are the most difficult. They sit there in their wet clothes and glare at us, as much as to say: 'Go on—make us laugh!'"

Audiences even vary with the different times of year. During the popular holiday months we are quite safe in presenting old stuff with plenty of broad comedy. But the September visitors like something rather more subtle."

"What about your radio audiences?" I asked. "I don't really worry about them too much. As long as I have the folks in the theatre laughing with me, the radio seems to take care of itself, if my fan mail is any indication. Believe it or not, I get about two thousand letters a year."

Quite a number of Empire listeners contribute to this budget, for the Arcadian Follies is one of the most popular shows in the Empire programmes.

Harry had a letter not long ago from a young soldier from Lancashire, now stationed on an island off Rangoon, where there are only twenty other white men. He wrote to say that he had been sitting in front of his camp fire listening to Harry's cheerful voice, and declared that he had only to shut his eyes to imagine himself in his favourite pier pavilion.

A dear old lady sent Harry a packet of ancient jokes assuring him that they would come up as fresh as ever. But Harry takes a pride in using only new material on the air, as you will appreciate if you listen to his broadcasts.

He has now been appearing at the South Pier Pavilion since 1930, and started broadcasting about that time. So by now he is a popular institution in Blackpool. Everybody points him

out as he strolls along the promenade on a morning.

During the winter, the Arcadian Follies do not disband, as is the case with most seaside concert parties.

Instead, they tour the provincial theatres and music halls right up to the time they start their summer season again. So Harry never gets a real holiday. However, he manages to look quite well on his work, particularly when one considers that he has more than doubled his weight since he landed in this country from the Isle of Man twenty years ago.

Harry's most hectic moments on the stage date back to the year 1916, when he was appearing in pantomime. He had very carefully rehearsed a scene in which a custard pie was thrown at a portrait, to obliterate it just before the curtain fell.

The portrait was that of the Kaiser.

The sketch went quite well until a young officer in uniform who was sitting in the front row, suddenly sat up and took notice of the picture.

Jumping on his seat, he shook his fist threateningly. "Will you move that picture?" he bellowed.

me," laughed Harry, "but I had to satisfy the youngster somehow."

So eventually Harry wrote: "Darling, what a clever little girl you are. Of course I know about Button B—and you know, too. But please don't tell everybody, or they may not give me as much money next time I broadcast."

Can't you imagine that little girl looking terribly important when she read that letter?

Harry is a great favourite with the youngsters, and is always out to cater for them at matinées when they are well represented in his audiences. Not that there isn't plenty to amuse them in any Arcadian Follies show, for Harry never permits any joke which is at all questionable.

"The worst comedian in the world can get a laugh by telling 'blue' stories," says Harry, "but I always regard that as a sign of laziness or incompetence. When I have to tell that kind of story to get laughs, I shall think it's high time I retired."

It is this policy which endears Harry and his merry men to all types of people, and is the reason why he generally has three or four broadcasting contracts in his locker.

Harry would seem to be a grand advertisement for the "Laugh and grow fat" adage. But he works surprisingly hard, particularly during the summer, when he rehearses every morning, and plays a matinée and evening show afterwards.

Harry Korris is popularly known as "Blackpool's Other Tower." He is certainly a tower of strength to the Pavilion.



You see Harry in the centre of this charming Arcadian group—enough to bring back happy holiday memories to lovers of Blackpool.

DON'T MISS
 "Behind the Micro-
 phone with Jack
 Harris and his
 Band,"
 a colourful, illustrated
 article by
 Edgar Jackson,
 in next week's
Radio Pictorial.



Whoo! Ethel Revnell hits a top note while Gracie looks in admiration.

Ethel Revnell (the long, lean lady with the voice that goes round and around and comes out 'ere) and Gracie West, her petite peppy partner, form one of radio's brightest double acts. They were recently starred at Radiolympia and, maybe, you also heard them in a musical show, "Come Along, Liza." This page shows them at home . . . still having fun



(Right) Serious for once. The comedy duo attend to their extensive fan-mail



Interval for relaxation. The Comedy Kids give "Radio Pictorial" a nice peaceful pose

RADIO'S COCKNEY KIDS



Surrounded by some of the mascots sent by their fans



(Left) Open your mouth and shut your eyes! Ice-cream on tap

Wandering Mike presents

THE WEEK'S



An engagement and a marriage: here's Vera Lennox, famous radio actress, with her fiancé, Mr. William Berkeley, about to do a spot of gardening! And (below) Mr. John Royston Morley, of the B.B.C. television staff, is photographed with his wife, who was Miss Isa Benzie, B.B.C. Foreign Director

Walter he conducts the orchestra which we hear so often on Sundays, and when he is not at Broadcasting House he is directing the music for Columbia records.

I mention him because big plans are in hand for the Raymond band, whose fortnightly series in the autumn is to be the hit of light music programmes. So more about this later, but let us get in first. Walter Goehr was a pupil of the highbrow Schonberg and the conventional career was planned for a promising young musician. But at some point he felt an urge to entertain the public. Hence the success of his "Orchestre Raymond."

Musical Novelties

TALKING of this middle-brow field reminds me that the Stanford Robinson-Gordon McConnell partnership will soon be collaborating on the air. They have got together a new unit with first call on the popular theatre orchestra, and we are going to hear all kinds of musical novelties, devised and produced by their expert hands.

They will operate in St. George's Hall, where Gordon's numbered mat still rests upon the stage, and every musical production which lies between opera at the one end and musical comedy at the other will be their business. Rex Haworth, the balance expert, is going with them, and these names mean programmes that matter, though no one can yet tell us exactly what they will be. Just now they are all in a huddle.



IT was after eleven o'clock on Thursday morning before Miss Benzie put her hat on and quit the palatial office in Portland Place. Next-door secretaries were quite worried because they knew their imperturbable chief was due to be married at noon; but Isa Benzie was not to be hurried.

She has never been late for a meeting and she kept no one waiting at the church. After lunch she hurried back to the office to finish the work she had left undone. Here you see the photo of her standing beside her husband, young Royston Morley, who produces *Picture Page* in television programmes.

She wore office kit, but there was a saucy little feather in her cap.

Blonde and Brunette

THESE television announcers simply cannot leave their hair alone. First Leslie Mitchell cut off his moustache and appeared for some weeks without it. Then he grew it again, and as soon as we got used to this, Jasmine Bligh chose to make a change.

Always fair, she has now become a very positive blonde—all in the cause of art. Big idea is to appear in strong contrast to Betty Cowell who is very slim and dark. Blonde and brunette; there is no confusing them now.

He's an Airman!

CHARLIE BREWER loves flying, and he was as pleased as a dog with two tails when we met last week. He was just back from a tour of the regions in which he had covered a thousand miles in two days by air and had held three meetings with his opposite numbers *en route*. Each meeting had lasted for more than three hours. So Charles had good reason to be pleased with his score!

Curious how flying, even as a passenger, affects the eyes. Charles had that faraway look that all airmen get. It is part of their charm. Tommy Rose, for instance, has it. Which reminds me, Charles says that Tommy has promised to face the mike as guest artist in the next *Flying High* which is to be broadcast on the third of next month.

Stuart's New Car

ARRIVED at Broadcasting House last week to discover Stuart Hibberd parking a very smart sports saloon. Always a keen motorist, the chief announcer believes in buying pedigree cars. For years he ran a big tourer because he enjoyed getting the air, he said. Now he has one of those long sleek motors which are snug in winter, cool in summer, and can go very fast when asked to.

Out in India his old regiment, the Punjabis, still listen in the mess to Stuart's voice. Though there is a staff of Empire announcers, his is the voice they hear on big occasions. He served with them on the North-West frontier.

B.B.C. Crush

THERE is still a great press to get on to the broadcasting staff. When the B.B.C. advertised for a "mixer" the other day, nearly a thousand applied, but only fifty were women. Which is surprising in 1937. That job is in the talks department, but for the post of variety

producer there were only one hundred and fifty applications.

Despite the crush to get in, one or two are getting out. As you know, Owen Read, drama producer at Birmingham, is on; who has left to return to the stage. As a young man working single-handed in a region, he felt that he might get stale.

Films for Schools

SCHOOL is not going to be what it used to be if the B.B.C. has its way.

Broadcasting House is now recommending films to be shown in schools in connection with the broadcast lessons. It is true that it is only suggesting "flicks" which show the growth of cabbages and thistles at the present time, but Smith minor does not mind.

"The important thing is to get old Stuffey to buy a projector for the common room," he confided to me last week. "Then what? We might see Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers one day. Who can tell?" And there is another idea that appeals to Smith major. It seems that they are talking of allowing the big chaps to cut "prep" so that they may listen to broadcast debates. All of which makes me wish that I could be back at Borstal.

Shy Genius

BACK of the Orchestre Raymond is a shy genius named Walter Goehr. As George



"You fool, I said bring the oboe—not hobo"

The Girl on the Cover

YOUNG Patricia Burke, owner of the charming face on this week's cover and daughter of the famous Marie and Tom Burke, has been heard by listeners in several "Children of the Stars" programmes.

Only four years ago, on leaving school, she was given her first chance at the Gate Theatre. Now she is on the eve of appearing in a leading role in a new musical-comedy, *Take It Easy*.

Congratulations, Pat! And may we hear you again on the radio soon.

RADIO GOSSIP

B.B.C. Wedding :: Jasmine Bligh goes Blonde :: Stuart Hibberd, Motorist :: Song Sells 50,000 Copies :: Louis Levy in the Limelight

LISTEN, all ye beloved baton-swingers of radio!

Do you know why it is that so many dance bands no longer command the fee they used to command, once upon a time, on the music halls? Or do you?

It is because they need newer and brighter means of exploitation and production.

A dance band, as such, is no longer the "draw" it used to be, even a few years back. Nowadays, a fellow's got to move with the limes (or, as you say, limelight).

Therefore, the time has come (as the walrus said) to talk of several things.

A good idea for "show" bands is for them to look upon themselves as variety acts and not just purveyors of rhythm or "swing." They should seek *exclusive* material, as do variety acts, and not just continue to play well-known and lesser-known tunes in a slightly different way.

Jack Payne probably does more than any other leader in the providing of exclusive material. And Jack, too, agrees with me that "without proper presentation, a broadcast doesn't mean a thing." Or very little, anyway.

Without presentation, radio dance music just becomes "background music."

Let us, for instance, compare the "sales value" of an exclusive and original programme—such as *Songs You Might Never Have Heard*—with that of the "straight" programme.

After being broadcast only five times, at fortnightly intervals, "Angel of the Great White Way" sold 50,000 copies.

And that is a proof of the programme's pulling power.

Because I know of three popular songs, each of which was broadcast approximately *seventy* times in the "straighter" broadcasts, which did not total 25,000 between them!

These are cold, hard facts, dear folks, and not just theories.

Here, then, is a chance for any band leader who finds himself in a rut to get out quickly and "clean up."

Which reminds me, Gerry Fitzgerald, who is in the cast of *The Belle of New York* to-night, will also be singing in Bruce Sievier's next edition of *Songs You Might Never Have Heard*.

Close-up of Chappie D'Amato, whose band broadcast recently from the Piccadilly Hotel



Three pips and a hooray. Harry Roy on the air, September 21.

Limelight, after Radiolympia, glares even more fiercely on Louis Levy and his Music from the Movies.

Once there was no limelight, no money; just little Louis sweating away at fiddle lessons and paying three-halfpence a time for the privilege. His folk were poor, but full of ambitions for their youngster.

After nine months' tuition Louis was on the music halls with Charlie Austin's juvenile troupe, playing and singing for thirty shillings a week.

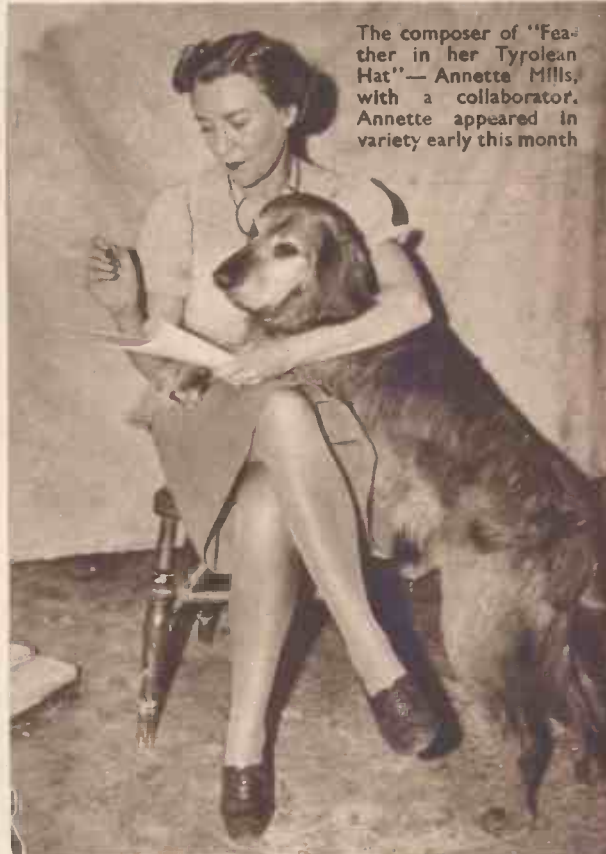
Then came the "moving pictures," and when, in 1910, a certain enterprising gentleman went around converting empty shops into cinemas, Louis "came in on the ground floor" and fiddled his way round the circuit. It proved to be *not* a vicious circle!

From armaments to music, and back again. Roy Allan, leader of Welsh broadcasting band, gives up his leadership to work night and day at the iron foundry from which he emanated. Len Evans takes over, and broadcasts on October 9.

When I asked if Ben Oakley were the only radio band-leader trombonist in England, seems I overlooked Maurice Iliffe, who's on the Midland with his Ritz Players, September 25. And I really didn't mean to overlook a nice guy like Maurice.

Two British song writers turning out profitable stuff for the Palladium shows nowadays are Michael Carr and Jimmy Kennedy. Their number written for Flanagan and Allen "Home-town" has all the earmarks of being a "hit."

Michael Carr's ultra-sophisticated tune, "Smok-



The composer of "Feather in her Tyrolean Hat"—Annette Mills, with a collaborator. Annette appeared in variety early this month

ing Too Many Cigarettes" ("going to too many night clubs, none of them ever the right clubs") has now gone to America and is being given a great reception over there. Over here I can only remember its being broadcast by Eve Becke and Ambrose.

And Michael himself is sailing for Hollywood in January to write the music for the new Grace Moore film.

Tenor-de-luxe Monte Rey secures a year's high-figured contract for H.M.V. recordings.

Strange rumours afloat at B.B.C. that there will be a *Music Shop* series devoted to ballads in the near future.

On the Air This Week!

YOUR FAVOURITE DANCE BANDS

AMBROSE—Saturday (to-morrow), Regional, 10.30 p.m.; National, 11.15 p.m.; National and Regional, 11.40 p.m. Sunday, Luxembourg, 6 p.m. Friday, Regional, 10.25 p.m.; National, 11.10 p.m.

CARROLL—Saturday (Sept. 25), National, 5 p.m.

COLLINS—Thursday, Regional, 6 p.m.

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

FOX—Thursday, Regional, 10.30 p.m.; National 11 p.m.

GERALDO—Sunday, Luxembourg, 11 a.m.

GERHARDI—Monday, Regional, 10.30 p.m.; National 11.15 p.m.

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

HALL—Saturday (to-morrow), National, 12.30 p.m. Tuesday, Regional, 8.50 p.m. Wednesday, National, 5 p.m. Thursday, National, 5 p.m. Friday, National, 12.30 p.m.; Regional, 6.50 p.m. Saturday (Sept. 25),

Regional, 10.25 p.m.; National, 11.25 p.m.; National and Regional, 11.40 p.m.

HYLTON—Sunday, Luxembourg, 6.30 p.m.; Normandy, 6.30 p.m.

JACKSON—Wednesday, Regional, 10.30 p.m.; National 10.50 p.m.

LAWRANCE—Sunday, Luxembourg, 9.30 a.m.

LIPTON—Sunday, Luxembourg, 7.45 p.m.

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

ROY—Tuesday, Regional, 10.30 p.m.; National 11 p.m.

SCOTT-WOOD—Monday, National, 8 p.m.

SHAW—Sunday, Luxembourg, 11.15 p.m.

SOMERS—Sunday, Luxembourg, 4 p.m.; Normandy, 4 p.m. Wednesday, National, 7.10 p.m.

STONE—Sunday, Normandy, 3.45 p.m.

WINTER—Sunday, Luxembourg, 12.15 p.m., 11 p.m.

YORKE—Saturday (to-morrow), Regional, 6.40 p.m.

RECORDS OF THE WEEK

Selected by Edgar Jackson

For Everybody

JACK HYLTON—"September in the Rain" and "Melody for Two" (H.M.V. BD5216).

For Swing Fans

TOM DORSEY'S CLAMBAKE SEVEN—"Twilight in Turkey" and "Milkman's Matinee" (H.M.V. BE506).

The Story
Behind
the Broadcast

“THE SWAN”

Musical-comedy fans! Tune in on Wednesday and Thursday this week to “The Swan,” which will be brought to your loudspeaker to delight you with all the usual joyous trappings of musical comedy—an All-Star Cast, Chorus, Songs, High Spirits, Humour and Kisses

(Below) Elsie Otley swells the chorus of chambermaids with her lovely voice

(Below) Hermione Gingold, specialist in comic old ladies, plays Symphorosa

(Above) Vivacious Vivien Lambelet plays Princess Beatrice, the scheming mother of the heroine



“THE SWAN,” a comedy by Franz Molnar, adapted for broadcasting by Henrik Ege, with music by Spike Hughes, produced by Archie Campbell. National: Wednesday, September 22 at 8, and Regional, Thursday, September 23 at 9.30. Vivien Lambelet as Princess Beatrice; Hermione Gingold as Symphorosa, her sister; Frederick Ranalow as Hyacinth, her brother; Joan Carr as Alexandra, her daughter; Robert Holland as one of her sons; Jan Van der Gucht as Dr. Hans Agi; Esmond Knight as Prince Albert; Mary O’Farrell as Princess Maria Dominica; Ernest Sefton as a majordomo; Peter Scott as a lackey; and Elsie Otley, Linda Parker and Elsie Hay as chambermaids.

In the play they say “Your Highness,” in the studio they call her “Joan,” and when she gets home it is “Your Ladyship.” All of which would



be very confusing for a less accomplished artist than pretty little Joan Carr, who has one of the sweetest

voices on the air. The part of Alexandra needs an actress, for in the space of a day in the play, and an hour on the radio, she runs through all the emotions that a fair young princess can decently indulge.

So casting the show, Archie Campbell naturally thought of Lady Moore, that is Joan Carr, who has radio, film and stage experience to her credit, besides youth and a voice with “throb,” whether she is speaking or singing.

Matter of fact, Archie pencilled in the cast and then went to Paris where I suspect that he tried to forget all about the cares of the studio. While he was away the people whose job it is to book the stars got busy, and when Archie returned from holiday on Monday he found that they had been lucky. The artists he wanted were free and ready to rehearse.

The line which divides a variety production from a drama show is rather thin, and if John Watt wants his department to produce a comedy by Molnar, it has simply got to have music. Then Val Gielgud cannot complain to John that he is poaching. Besides any comedy about princes and princesses with a big scene at a ball simply cries out for a score.

So when the experienced hand of Henrik Ege (pronounced Agar, but known to all as “the Egg”) had adapted the play for the mike, Spike Hughes was engaged to make it “a musical.” He did the job well, and as a reward will be conducting the theatre orchestra for the first time on the night.

It seems to me that he has given the best numbers to the men, but perhaps that is not surprising since Frederick Ranalow and Jan van der Gucht are there to sing them, though Vivien Lambelet has a pointed song which I think you should enjoy. With this talented singer we can be sure of not missing a word.

A “musical” needs a good chorus, and so Archie engaged three of the best voices from the Revue outfit.

Now for the story. The big moment in the play occurs when her kid brother’s tutor is discovered kissing the young princess. I always think that a fuss about a kiss rather dates a play, but do not let that put you off. There is a whole lot more than a kiss in the tale, and a much larger cast than I have been able to mention so far.

The scene is set in the palatial home of Princess Beatrice, a designing mother, with ambitions for

her daughter, Alexandra, who up to date has been a bit too slow off the mark to please mamma.

Albert, an extremely eligible Crown Prince, has been staying in the house for four days and is due to leave next day. Far from showing any interest in the daughter of the house, he has chosen to spend the morning of his last day in bed which shows that Alexandra has failed to fire him. With the chance of his speaking the hard word growing more and more remote as the hours pass, the Princess Beatrice gets increasingly anxious. What mother does not dream of her daughter’s marrying a prince? And this fond mamma has in the best bedroom a prince who would one day make his wife a queen!

So Princess Beatrice plans with her sister Symphorosa, played by Hermione Gingold (so you can guess the kind of part) to leave Alexandra alone with the Prince in the rose garden.

But it is no good, the Prince simply is not having any, and instead takes a sharp walk with Colonel Wunderlick to inspect the novelties of the dairy, where the cows are milked by vacuum.

Here one begins to suspect that Albert is having a game with them—I mean with Princess Beatrice and her daughter Alexandra. Anyway, while the Crown Prince is passing what remains of the morning with the cows, Princess Beatrice plans a coup.

A man’s interest in a woman can best be aroused through the attentions of another man, she argues.

So Alexandra must ask a mere professor, Hans Agi—Jan van der Gucht—to the farewell ball that night and get him to make the Crown Prince jealous. Hyacinth, Alexandra’s uncle, who has turned up, does not think that it is quite fair to the professor, and he should know something about love, for this part is played by Frederick Ranalow, who was Captain Heath in *The Beggar’s Opera*. And Captain Heath was the complete answer to the maiden’s prayer, as you remember.

Like the nice girl she is, Alexandra has some scruples about the plan, but she acts up and invites poor Agi to the dance.

Excited by wine and Alexandra’s oncoming behaviour, Agi insults the Prince at the ball. Then the mother swoons and is put to bed, and in the confusion Alexandra finds herself alone with a man for the first time in her life. Agi wastes no time and the majordomo discovers them together.

Ernest Sefton, Vi Loraine’s brother in private life, is the servant, and he makes the most of this scene. He comes to announce that the Crown Prince has a wire that his mother arrives next morning, and then warns the couple that the Crown Prince will soon pass through the room. He does, and all have a row in which Alexandra sticks up for her professor and finally kisses him.

Mary O’Farrell plays Dominica, the Crown Prince’s mother.

She comes to ask permission for Albert to marry Alexandra, which is awkward for everybody who knows what occurred the night before.

But the professor, nearly always the gentleman, decides that he must quit. Then Albert comes up to scratch and offers marriage, and in the end Dominica, the bridegroom’s mother, is won round. But not before she has made a speech which gives the name to the play.

“Remember,” she says to the bride-to-be, “that your sainted father used to call you his swan. Think often of what it means to be a swan . . . gliding proudly, majestically when the moon gleams on the mirror of the water . . . and never coming ashore. For when a swan walks—when she waddles up the bank—then she painfully resembles another bird. Naturally, history teaches that the swan is nothing but an aristocratic duck.”

Then breakfast is served. And no doubt Alexandra never kisses any professor again.

OUR RADIO

LETTER BOX

READERS WRITE
TO THE EDITOR

From Miss Edna Nixon, 4 Grange Avenue, Rawtenstall.

I DO wish the engineers would not switch over for outside broadcasts until the announcer has finished speaking.

Last night the chief announcer had only just begun his Prom announcement, when over to the buzz-buzz-buzz of Queen's Hall we went. And again this morning, immediately Mr. Hibberd began to announce Harold Ramsay's programme, in boomed the organ. It is downright irritating trying to hear announcements someone else is trying to "drown." The B.B.C. may consider this sort of thing "artistic," but I am afraid I've a far less polite description for it!

(It certainly is annoying when announcements cannot be heard clearly owing to background effects. The principle of fading-in the next item by a background increasing in volume as the announcement comes to an end seems to me to be an ideal way of transferring the mind of the listener gently from one impression to another. For one thing, it is far less fatiguing, and if done so that the tail end of the announcement is not obscured I think it is an improvement on the clean-cut separation of the announcement and the following item. The trouble seems to be due entirely to the B.B.C.'s control engineers not always doing their job properly.—ED.)

From Mr. John Lewis, 8 Acacia Avenue, Shepperton-on-Thames.

CAN'T some of our bright young geniuses invent something that will automatically switch off the radio at a certain time?

I like to listen to dance music—played very softly—for half-an-hour or so after I go to bed. I can stretch out my hand to switch off, but unfortunately I often drop off to sleep and, anyway, I hate rousing myself and spoiling the soothing influence of the music.

What a boon it would be if I could "set" the radio so that it would turn itself off half-an-hour later!

(I can't think of any way of turning off the wireless set after you have gone to sleep—unless the wife will oblige.—ED.)

From Mr. Reginald Perry, 56 Acre Road, Kingston, Surrey.

THE relays of seaside concert parties are very enjoyable, but as most people hear them when on holiday or when they are out of doors, anyway, the value is considerably lessened.

It would be a good idea to record them on the Blattnerphone and let us hear them during the long winter months when we need all the radio entertainment we can get.

(We need all the radio entertainment we can get during the long winter months, but do you really mean you would like to hear summer-time jokes and holiday laughter of a seaside concert party on a snowy evening in January?—ED.)

From Mr. G. Williams, "Brookfield," Merthyr Rd., Pontypridd, Glamorgan.

PROM concerts admittedly do a lot of good work in bringing real music to the masses. But I'm hanged if I can understand why difficult modern works are always played mid-way through the programmes or at the end. They should always be played first. Played after easier, more familiar compositions, and when listeners are slightly jaded, they cannot get the careful consideration they deserve. This may seem a trifling complaint, but listeners are woefully ignorant of contemporary music. This silly habit of the B.B.C.'s is one of the reasons.

(You have to consider the majority in this question

Half-a-crown is paid for each letter appearing on this page. Write to the Editor, "Radio Pictorial," 37-38 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

of musical programme arrangement, and it seems to me that the majority like to hear first something they know, because then everybody enjoys at least the first half of the concert. When you get past the middle and introduce new compositions whose appeal is much more limited, those listeners who do not appreciate them can at least switch off, having already derived a good measure of satisfaction from the first half. I cannot see how the B.B.C.'s present practice can be altered in this respect without displeasing more people than they would please by the change.—ED.)

From Master James Lamey, 1 Esplanade, New Ferry, Cheshire.

I AM a boy, aged thirteen. I am extremely fond of swing music, but I never seem to hear much of it on the wireless unless I hear it on gramophone records. Can't we have swing dance bands like Harry Roy or Ambrose? It is terribly dull for boys who like swing bands to sit still and listen to some orchestra playing old melodies and ballads.

(Why not try Luxembourg, Normandy or Lyons? About 90 per cent. of the programme material from these stations consists of dance music.—ED.)

From Mr. J. Keirs, 4 Hereford Avenue, Burnley

PERSONALLY, I considered Round the Fol-de-Rols (No. 6) a "flop." The only bright spot in it was the Llandudno woman artiste who imitated a small boy who said bad words under his breath. I, for one, said bad words out loud, when I thought of listeners' money being squandered on nearly a thousand miles of landline, twenty microphones, five dramatic control panels, and a big squad of producers and engineers, for nothing more devastatingly original than community singing!

We could well do, too, with a little less of the Mutual Admiration Society business we get in all these shows. We pay these men to provide material to amuse us; not to "butter each other up."

(I did not listen to the "Fol-de-Rols," but this mutual admiration business in B.B.C. broadcasts is, I agree, perfectly appalling. There are two producers of well-known light entertainment features who persistently engineer this back slapping between themselves and their artistes.—ED.)



"The Spirit of Radio"—seen but not heard!

. . . . AND THE EDITOR
REPLIES

From Mr. R. Harding, 62a Folly Lane, Bewsey, Warrington.

WHY is it that we only hear such bands as Larry Brennan and Tommy Newman, when the B.B.C. are having a microphone tour of Blackpool?

Would it not be possible for them to have a session for about three-quarters of an hour, when we could hear both bands? I am sure it would be greatly appreciated by dance band fans in the north.

Look at such a band as Eddie McGarry has. We have only heard him once, and that was on the occasion of him winning the All British Dance Band Championship. Why hasn't he received a date since?

I am sure there is plenty of room for improvement from this source.

(Frankly, I do not know why the B.B.C.'s North Regional authorities are so restricted in their outlook upon north dance bands. We hear the same bands time after time, but there are quite a number of first-class outfits not only at Blackpool but in Yorkshire and particularly Tyneside, which never seem to get an airing.—ED.)

From Mr. R. H. Hilborne, 26 The Park, Treharris, Glamorgan.

I THINK that (a) the many people who have already been to church or chapel earlier in the evening, (b) those who do not care for the form of service broadcast, (c) those who are frankly not interested in religion, would welcome an alternative programme at eight o'clock on Sunday evenings. A good serious play, for instance, or a good concert.

(Your suggestion has been repeated in various forms for more than ten years. There are two sides to the question, however, and everyone is entitled to his views. If you do not like the B.B.C.'s Sunday evening fare, why not tune in the many other stations who offer bright programmes in English which are acceptable to your taste?—ED.)

From Mr. John F. Robins, 99 Latchmere Road, Battersea, London, S.W.11.

WHY do not B.B.C. announcers develop a more friendly style when speaking over the air? They possess very cultured voices, but seem entirely to lack individuality and charm of manner.

I am certain that the success of the English announcers on foreign programmes is due to the fact that they are not so college conscious as their B.B.C. colleagues, and are therefore gifted with more personality.

(At present the B.B.C. seems to regard its announcers as mere machines for the reading out of type-written sheets. I agree with you, as I am sure the majority of listeners do, that it would be a tremendous improvement if B.B.C. announcers could become a really entertaining part of the programmes, instead of remaining so aloof. The real trouble may be that not one of the B.B.C.'s present announcers has the personality and sense of showmanship necessary for the "complete announcer" whom we hear in American and other programmes.—ED.)

From Mrs. L. Gabriel, 23 Park Road, Regents Park, London, N.W.1.

WHAT a pity listeners were not given the pleasure of hearing the voice of "Miss Radio 1937" from Radiolympia!

It seems a trifle incongruous that "The Spirit of Radio" should be seen and not heard!

(Just one more thing which passeth all understanding.—ED.)

RADIO FAVOURITES IN FILMLAND



Doris Weston, "Amateur Hour" discovery, with Dick Powell in *The Singing Marine*

"Warning" to Dampier :: Albert Whelan's Wit :: Films and Television :: Hulbert for Hollywood? :: American Amateur Hour Girl
by
JOHN K. NEWNHAM

WHELAN'S WIT

TALKING of radio stars and their screen careers, Albert Whelan is one of those wise people who does exactly as Beaudine advises Claude Dampier to do.

Whelan is a star on the radio and on the vaudeville stage. But he realises that he is better off as a supporting player in films than if he attempted to star. As a result, he plays a lot of quite minor roles, and they are not at all like his well-known act.

I have just seen him in "Action for Slander." He has the small part of a butler. All-told, he is on the screen for only a few minutes. But he gets several laughs, and leaves a very good impression.

He is now playing in Max Miller's new picture, *Thank Evans*, in which he has the part of Sergeant Challoner.

We had lunch together the other day. And thoroughly enjoyable it was, too. He was as entertaining as on the stage, and just as full of good stories. He told me how quite a lot of his most humorous lines come to him on the spur of the moment.

"For instance," he said, "I was in the middle of my piece one night when a cat strolled on the stage. He stopped there and took all the attention away from me. I had to have my own back. I looked down at him and shoo-ed him away. 'You've made a mistake,' I exclaimed. 'This is a monologue—not a catalogue!' And that got one of my biggest

laughs!"

TELEVISION-CONSCIOUS

FILM people are very television-conscious at the moment. Wherever you go, they're talking television. And they're keeping their eyes on television clauses in their contracts (some studios like to have the television "rights" in their stars).

Reason?

Well, there's the B.B.C. announcement about televising production scenes and various departments from the Pinewood studios, where Jessie Matthews is working.

And now comes the announcement that the Odeon cinemas are probably going to instal television apparatus, starting with the new Odeon on the old Alhambra site.

HULBERT FOR HOLLYWOOD?

WILL Jack Hulbert go to Hollywood? I hear whispers that there is quite a probability that he will do so. But I don't think Jack himself has really made up his mind yet. He has several attractive English offers to consider as well.

Meanwhile, his latest picture is in the cutting-room, and will be ready for showing soon. Entitled *Paradise for Two*, it concerns the experiences of a young and attractive chorus girl, Patricia Ellis, who, through no fault of her own, is believed to be the friend of a millionaire banker. Jack Hulbert is the millionaire. The rumour of their friendship spreads to such an extent that the girl's bills are sent to him, and he goes to her dressing-room to find out what it's all about.

And she mistakes him for a newspaper man. He lets her go on believing this, and their friend-

ship develops. The climax comes when he is asked to pose as the millionaire!

The part is an unusually straight one for Jack. It is part of his policy to broaden his screen character. Nevertheless, the role gives him opportunities to sing and dance, so his present admirers will have nothing to grumble about.

FORMBY'S NEXT

SUMMER season drawing to a close, the Ealing studios are preparing for George Formby's return. This Northern comedian has been busy on the stage since completing *Keep Fit*. Now that this picture is ready for showing, they are hoping to have another completed soon.

A story has been found, but no title. It will be made by the same team that produced *Keep Fit*, with charming Kay Walsh as the leading lady again.

AMATEUR HOUR DISCOVERY

WHEN you see crooner Dick Powell's new picture, *The Singing Marine*, you'll be introduced to one of the most delightful "discoveries" made by Major Bowes, the originator of the famous American Amateur Hour.

She is Doris Weston. At least, that's her film name. They have had quite a lot of difficulty in choosing it. Her real surname is Wester. The studio decided to change it.

They tried Webster; altered it to Wilson; then Walton. They still didn't like it, so switched to Walters, and then finally to Weston.

Doris is still not quite sure what it is!

She had studied for the stage, and it was her appearance over the air in the Amateur Hour that led to her first real break. She was engaged to appear at a prominent New York night club, and this in turn led to radio work over the N.B.C. network. She appeared as guest artiste with Rudy Vallee and Paul Whiteman, among others.

Then she made a screen test, and received a contract with Warners as a result. The possessor of a lovely singing voice, Doris is fair-headed, jolly, and natural—and pretty into the bargain.

LARRY'S HARMONICA

THE SINGING MARINE, incidentally, is the Hollywood picture in which Larry Adler appears. The first thing they did was to give his harmonica a coat of white paint. This made it show up more plainly on the screen.

Then they experimented with some make-up on Larry himself, and he is the first actor to be seen on the screen wearing a brand-new Chinese make-up for one of his numbers.

As Dick Powell is one of America's ace broadcasters, "The Singing Marine" has quite a radio flavour about it.



Larry Adler—and his Harmonica—are also in *The Singing Marine*

YOU are probably going to see a "new" Claude Dampier on the screen soon. Maybe he doesn't know it yet. But if he is wise, he will agree to the plans being prepared for him.

I have had a feeling recently that the popular comedian is making a mistake in his handling of his film career. He is just the same on the screen as he is on the stage and over the air. He has the one "dumb" act.

Amusing though he is, he cannot continue for ever with this style, particularly if he insists on playing featured roles. And as his film parts are getting bigger and bigger, he is getting into a dangerous position.

By a coincidence, director William Beaudine made these same remarks to me the other day. He should know. He was responsible for Claude's screen success. The comedian had played one very brief part on the screen when Beaudine spotted him and gave him an important role in *So You Won't Talk*.

"I guess Claude's heading the wrong way now," Beaudine commented. "He should take a leaf out of Edward Everett Horton's book. Eddie would rather walk into a Fred Astaire picture, playing a small part, than star on his own. In fact, he rebels against being featured. He's lasted for years—and he'll last for a long time yet."

"Claude Dampier should do the same. He should also try to vary his characterisation a bit."

And Beaudine proposes to do something about it, Claude willing. He wants to give him a supporting role in his next picture, and it will not be a typical Dampier part. It will give him a chance to break fresh ground.

Beaudine won't say what the part is. Anyway, nothing has been agreed yet. But it is a sound idea, and I look forward to seeing the result.

Getting the Best Out of Your Set

IS A LONG AERIAL BEST?

By Our Technical Expert

Poor results on a wireless set are often attributed by the owner to an inefficient aerial or the absence of space in the garden to erect a good aerial.

In discussions among listeners, about the number of stations they receive, you hear some advocating a short aerial, others a long one. What are the real facts about this important matter?

During the early part of the war, when even crystal sets were used for military purposes in France, it was a common sight to see a long dangling bamboo stick tied with string on top of the standard aerial pole, just to get that extra six feet of height! There is no doubt that with all classes of sets, the higher the aerial the greater the amount of pick-up; but whether this is always desirable depends upon a number of other considerations.

To begin with, I should explain what I mean by a high aerial. Many aerials which look big and efficient actually have no greater pick-up, or ability to gather in wireless signals, than others which look far less imposing. If an aerial consists of a straight wire placed vertically, the effective height for the purpose of comparing its pick-up with other aerials is only about half the length of the wire. An aerial of the usual inverted "L" type, such as is employed in most back gardens, has an effective height about equal to that of the horizontal part. It will thus be seen that even if the aerial is very long, its effective height is not materially increased, and therefore offers little advantage.

The trouble which arises when you have a long and high aerial is that the selectivity, or ability to separate adjacent stations, becomes less.

If you use a straight 2- or 3-valve set, or in fact any set other than a superheterodyne, you will find that although signal strength is improved with a higher aerial, more interference comes in as well. In many cases of stations near together you will not be able to separate them; instead, you will hear a background of unwanted stations all the time.

Short of changing the type of set, the only way to get satisfactory results in these circumstances is to effect a compromise between signal strength and selectivity, by cutting down the height, length or both of the aerial.

If you find that you are troubled with an unwanted background of other stations, try an aerial half the length. You will notice that signal strength is somewhat cut down, but as you may seldom be working your set "all out" you can compensate for this by turning up the volume control. If you still hear the annoying background, cut the aerial down still further until the interference is eliminated and you get reception free of all extraneous noise. If the signal strength now is noticeably decreased you cannot help it, and you will probably decide that it is better to have slightly less volume, but an absolutely clean cut signal free of interference, rather than more volume to the inevitable accompaniment of a distracting background.

Another remedy often suggested for cutting down

interference and at the same time retaining the virtues of a good high aerial, is to insert a small condenser, such as can be obtained from any wireless store, in between the aerial terminal of your wireless set and the aerial. Personally, I think the better scheme is to experiment with a shorter aerial until the right degree of compromise is obtained.

Of course, with one of the modern superheterodyne receivers, the above considerations do not apply. You will find that any amount of cutting down the length of the aerial has practically no bearing on the power of the set to separate stations. This function in a superheterodyne does not depend on the same factors as in an ordinary set, but is entirely due to the selectivity of the circuits inside the receiver itself.

With a superhet, therefore, you can take full advantage of the greater distance-reaching powers of a high aerial, without having to sacrifice anything in the way of selectivity: that is one of the big advantages.

Modern superheterodyne receivers are so powerful that many listeners do not bother to put up a really efficient aerial; this is a great mistake. Many of these sets will work with little more than a few feet of wire as an aerial, but to enjoy the enormous amount of entertainment now in the ether and to utilise the DX powers of the set to the full, a really good aerial is essential.

Here are the answers to a few questions which people constantly ask me about aerials. Is it better to use insulated or bare wire? There is not a great deal in it, but I prefer the bare aerial wire consisting of seven or so strands, rather than the insulated type, because you cannot always be quite sure what kind of wire is inside the insulated variety. Some time ago there was a lot of wire sold for aerials which was not designed for the purpose and which in fact offered much greater resistance than was desirable.

How many insulators are necessary for a reasonably efficient aerial? If you are using the small egg type of insulator, one at the house end and one at the far end of the aerial is sufficient. But if you want to use an extra one, put it at the far end of the aerial not at the house end, because that is the point of high potential where leakage most readily takes place.

It is desirable to have the aerial and lead-in wire all in one piece without any joints. This is a far better arrangement than joining on a separate lead-in, which, unless the joint is properly insulated and protected from the weather, sooner or later gives trouble.

The essential thing about the lead-in wire—and this is quite important—is to see that it comes down well away from the side of the house. If the lead-in wire is only a few inches away from the side of the house, most of the wireless signals are by-passed to earth without going into the set at all, and this naturally causes poor reception.

Keep the lead-in wire at least two to three feet away from the house until it arrives at the point where it goes in through the window to the wireless set. You will not lose any signal strength in this way.

Your lead-in tube through the window probably consists of one of the usual ebonite affairs containing a metal core with a thumbscrew nut at each end, and, in this case, make sure that when you first connect the aerial the contacts are quite clean. After everything has been tightened up, it is a good idea to bind over the joint with adhesive tape—which is obtainable for a few pence at any electricians—so that rain will not affect the joint.

Listeners who live in flats must, of course, use an indoor aerial. There are several excellent varieties on the market, but few show much improvement over a piece of ordinary insulated flex laid along the picture rail and connected to the set. The pick-up with this class of aerial naturally is much lower than with the outdoor type, and the proximity of electric light or fires often causes interference.

Extraneous noise and interference induced into an aerial by neighbouring electric wires, whether they are electric light, tramway, or telephone wires, can be exceedingly troublesome, and in putting up the aerial it is always desirable to try to arrange that the straight part of the aerial system runs at right angles to any other wires which might cause interference. In this relative position, theoretically, no induction takes place from one wire to the other.

But when your aerial runs parallel to tramway or telephone wires, there is a possibility even at quite considerable distances of a current being induced in the aerial from the other wire. This interference, whether it be in the form of a hum or merely a background noise, can be a great nuisance.

All these considerations become much more important when you listen on the short wavebands.

Revolving book-case? Glass-topped table? Both, but you see in the mirror it is also an H.M.V. Armchair Radio, with ten valves and two loudspeakers. Price 36 Gns.



Although modern all-wave receivers work well on all three wavebands with the usual aerial, short-wave reception is best when you employ a special aerial designed for the purpose, about which I hope to tell you more another week.

Technical queries and answers

(All letters to be answered in this column, which will appear every week in RADIO PICTORIAL, should be addressed to The Editor, RADIO PICTORIAL, 37-38 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.)

R. G. (Bexley Heath).—The only way to avoid the expense of continual renewals of high-tension batteries is to buy a high-tension eliminator, several of which are now on the market. By using one of these, you do not require a high-tension battery at all, but only an accumulator for the low tension. The instrument, which is quite small, soon pays for itself because of the saving of batteries which it effects, and we hope in an early issue to give full particulars of the various models available.

SETS WE HAVE TESTED

"THE PLAYER" 4-Valve Midget Receiver



This efficient little set is described as "the smallest of its type in the world," for it measures only 7 1/4 inches by 5 3/4 inches by 5 3/4 inches. It contains a complete 4-valve instrument with provision for medium and long waves, and a moving-coil speaker.

"The Player" is an all-mains receiver and requires only to be plugged into the mains to start playing immediately, and no aerial or earth is required. Moreover, the set will suit any mains supply, whether D.C. or A.C., and any voltage, without alteration.

On test we found that this tiny little receiver functioned very well indeed. Results were greatly improved by attaching a short aerial wire which we temporarily hung over the picture rail of the room. In these circumstances the set brought in local B.B.C. stations, Luxembourg, Normandy, etc., at greater volume than was required, and we had to turn down the volume control. One cannot expect perfection of reproduction from so small a loudspeaker, but nevertheless it is particularly good.

The set is cloth covered, obtainable in several colours, the price being only 4 1/2 guineas.

As a small set, either as a permanent instrument or as an auxiliary one for use in bedrooms, we can thoroughly recommend this dependable little receiver.

Full particulars can be obtained, post free, from Messrs. C. E. Goddard & Sons, Thavies Inn, London, E.C.1, by whom the model was submitted to us for test.



The practical and handsome Vidor 3-band set. Battery model, £6 12s. 6d. A.C. mains, £7 2s. 6d.

DREA

How she began by training as a ballet dancer, wished to be an opera singer, and finally became a successful actress; how, by chance, she began singing jazz and opened a new career for herself; how she gave her first London broadcast and appeared on the English stage; these and many other things are told in her own intimate, revealing fashion, by

**GRETA
KELLER**



**GRETA
KELLER**

alluring, mysterious Viennese actress and singer of sophisticated songs, tells you here her own story of her versatile career and climb to fame.

"I have fallen for England, the people . . . the language . . . the countryside. I should like to stay here for ever."

M M I N G A L O U I D

EVER since I was five I wanted to go on the stage.

Can you wonder at it? I was nearly born in the theatre!

Yes, it is true. My parents were keen theatre-goers and one night, just before I was due to arrive in the world, my father took my mother to the theatre. In the interval she complained that she didn't feel very well and my father said, of course, that she must go home.

"No," said my mother, "I must see the end of the play"—it was a drama with a very exciting dénouement.

My father thought it was perhaps rather unwise, but my mother insisted on staying to the finish.

A few hours later I was born! So that may explain my love of the theatre.

I was born in Vienna, and lived there till I was twenty. My father and mother lived with my grandparents, and we were so very happy! I was an only child. Perhaps my grandfather spoilt me a little but I was not over-indulged.

We had a big house with a large garden in Hietzing just outside Vienna. It was a lovely place and we had lots of dogs—I love dogs. We had fourteen of them. We were rich then, and I had everything I wanted—I wish I could say the same thing now, but alas, we lost our money—all of it—after the War.

When I was five I said that I wanted to be a ballet dancer. The stage fever was already in my blood, but that was the side of it that most appealed to me then. I was fascinated by the ballet and was always dancing. My mother was delighted, and I was sent to train with Van Hamme, Ballet Master of the Vienna Opera. I worked and worked at my dancing. It was the only thing at which I worked, for I was sent home from every school because I was so lazy. I didn't like lessons; they bored me. I wanted to be a dancer.

My grandfather didn't approve of my dancing but, as I said, he spoilt me a little, and I persuaded him to let me go on with it. I was quite a promising dancer by the time I was ten.

Then, one day, my mother took me to the theatre, and I saw my first play. I was enthralled by it and decided that acting should be my career. Now I had been learning ballet for five years and was secretly getting a little tired of it, so when my grandfather's opposition to my dancing became more marked and he said he would never allow a descendant of his to prance about the stage in ballet skirt and tights, I capitulated gracefully and said, "Very well then, I will give it up. I will become an actress!"

We had a big tennis court in our garden, and I decided to give a theatrical performance there, wheedling the gardener to build me a stage. It was to be one act of the play my mother had taken me to see, and I wrote a prologue and epilogue to explain the rest of the play to the audience. I had to adapt it to suit the performers but that didn't worry me at all. And, as I was doing most of the work, I took the best part!

I spoke the prologue myself, with my hair in ringlets and wearing a pretty dress, but I looked forward with the greatest eagerness to my part in the play, which was that of an old shoemaker of fifty, with a long beard and whiskers over most of my face! Oh, I did enjoy doing that. Directly the play was over I changed back into my pretty dress and spoke the epilogue!

A few years later my ambition changed again—I was a trying child! I decided that I would become an opera singer. It was always the stage that drew me but I couldn't quite make up my mind which branch of it attracted me most. I had a very high soprano voice and strained it most horribly by taking singing lessons far too early. I was forever practising and was a nightmare to the neighbours, screeching away and making the most horrible sounds.

My grandfather died in the first year of the War and when it ended we had lost all our

money. My mother and I were left alone with no one to take care of us. I tried to get a job. My voice was not good and I was bored with ballet. The stage was my only hope.

I had an aunt, Hedwig Keller, who was a very famous actress. She was then performing at the Deutsche Volkstheater in Vienna and I went there every day and tried to get work. I was perpetually in the theatre—in the wings, the dressing-rooms, everywhere. I was an appalling nuisance. I begged my aunt for a job in the theatre, but all she said was "Greta, you are far too young. What would you do here?"

I wanted to go on the stage and I didn't care what job they gave me so long as it was in the theatre. I was determined to become an actress. The people of this theatre at last got tired of having me always hanging around and bothering them, and persuaded the director of the theatre to give me a job.

I was overjoyed, of course, and worked oh, so hard. My first part was a nun. I looked so funny and I was so nervous. But mostly I played small boys. I was not very big and they gave me all the small boys' parts, because I had rather a boyish figure and short hair.

With my first salary I paid for lessons in dramatic art. People began to realise that I was really bent on becoming an actress—that I was not merely a stagestruck child. Gradually I was given larger parts; sometimes I actually had a leading role. Then I was terribly proud. My mother came to every performance and criticised me severely when I got home. My aunt criticised me in the theatre.

For four years I was with the Deutsche Volkstheater. Then I was released from my contract to play occasionally at other theatres, or hired out to different managements. I played chiefly drama and light comedy. I loved it all; it was a marvellous life.

When I was twenty-two, I thought it was time I tried somewhere else and I went to Berlin. I had a great success in my first show, and the critics were very kind, yet somehow it didn't last. You know how it is. You may think you have given the performance of your life but no one seems to notice it. Sometimes it is with your worst acting that you make the greatest success. The stage is a strange profession.

Then, one day, someone brought into the dressing-room the latest jazz records from New York. I liked them and tried to copy them. The other girls in the dressing-room liked my singing—you see, I wasn't a screeching soprano any more.

So I said to them "If you want to hear me sing you must pay for it!" Yes, I was quite mercenary. They used to pay me a shilling each if I would sing, and when I had enough money I sent out for wine and had a party.

I told a friend of mine—a cabaret artiste—that I gave impromptu concerts in the dressing-room, at a shilling a time. She was quite impressed and said, "If the girls who know you well will pay to hear you, you are worthy of a larger audience."

She promised to get me an audition at the cabaret where she was singing, if I would learn a few songs. I learnt two in English. I didn't know what the words meant then, as I spoke only French and German.

I went to the audition trembling with fright. Although I was so nervous and I knew I sang very badly, I was engaged. I was very surprised.

I appeared at the Pavilion in Vienna. The audience was very kind to me, but I was terrified of getting encores, for I only knew my two songs, *Can't help lovin' dat Man* and *A Poor Maiden*. But I soon learnt some more.

At this cabaret were Ross and Sargent—the well-known American cabaret artistes. They were very kind to me. They liked my voice and told me I must learn more songs and more English in order to get jobs in other places.

So I worked at both English and singing. They told me I ought to go to Paris and try for work there. I did so and they introduced me to the Casanova, the Russian restaurant in Paris. The management gave me a year's contract, but I only stayed six months, for the work was too much for me. I couldn't stand it. We started at midnight and worked till six in the morning! I seemed to be living all upside down. So I left, and came to England, where I appeared at the Café Anglais.

During my first few weeks there some of the B.B.C. talent scouts heard me, liked my singing and gave me a date to broadcast. Since then I have been lucky, broadcasting whenever I have been in England. I love it. I am never nervous of the microphone. I cannot "roar" into it. I treat it as a friend and sing to it gently.

Then I began to make gramophone records and got a contract with Ultraphone which ran for two years. I have worked for the same company ever since then—which was Christmas 1929.

I love recording. It is like broadcasting, easy and so pleasant. You just sing quietly into the microphone and the engineers do the rest. There are no dreadful moments wondering whether the audience will like you, and getting them into a good mood. I am proud that my records have gone all over the world. Only the other day I was shown a Japanese gramophone catalogue with my name in it—the only European artiste.

I stayed in England for a long time and I got married here—to Joe Sargent. While I was in London I appeared on the stage in a play called *The Heir*. And who do you think was in it? Your famous film star, Robert Donat, and Esme Percy. But it was not a very great success.

I went to America and began a very hectic life. I did a lot of commercial broadcasting, made records and acted, too, for in spite of all the musical work I do, the stage is still my first love. I toured in a play and when I got to Hollywood with it made friends with many of the stars.

But I don't know if they came because they liked me, or because of my cooking! I am a very keen amateur cook and I used to make them Wiener Schnitzels. I am very fond of giving dinner parties; I love cookery. My speciality is *boeuf stroganoff*, and it is very good! If you want your dinner party to be a success give your guests *boeuf stroganoff*.

After three years in the States I thought it was time to come back to Europe. I went to the Scala, Berlin's biggest music hall, where I had a big success, and then back to Vienna. But somehow I didn't love Vienna any more. My mother is still there, she cannot uproot herself from the place where she has spent her whole life but I—well, to me, Vienna is not the same.

Then I went to Scandinavia and had a wonderful time. I have never met people so kind. They adored me and I, in return, adored them. They wrote poems about me.

My concerts were always full and I was a great success. Up till that time, although I had successes in many places, I had always thought I was not very good. I felt that I sang badly and was not sure of myself. But when the Danish were so charming, enthusiastic and delightful, I lost my inferiority complex and felt I couldn't be so bad after all. Never since that tour have I suffered from shyness. I am grateful to the Danish people for that and I am looking forward to my return visit there.

I gave such long concerts there. For an hour I would be on the stage. I never tired because they were so kind and nice.

Then back to England again. I have fallen for England, the people, the language, the countryside. I should like to stay here forever. I want very much to become a naturalised Englishwoman if I can, and to act on the London stage. I am looking for a play at the moment, but a good one that will suit me and please the public—it is not easy to find!

In "Radio Pictorial's" **IMAGINARY COURT OF JUSTICE**, the B.B.C. appears again before Mr. Justice Fairplay. Without necessarily agreeing with all the views expressed in this series, "Radio Pictorial" believes they will command everybody's interest

"So the B.B.C.'s in the Dock again," says Mr. Listener.

Reported by
GARRY ALLIGHAN

SCENE: In the Court of Public Opinion; the eighth indictment in the case "Listeners v. B.B.C." is being tried by Mr. Justice Fairplay.

MR. LISSNER, K.C. (for the prosecution): "M'lord, you will this morning hear evidence bearing on the financial structure of the B.B.C. which, I hope, will convince you that the B.B.C.'s financial position is indeed curious. I hope to show that it is curious in the only two respects finance can be—both in respect to revenue and expenditure. With your permission, and without any further remarks from me, I call the defendant."

(B.B.C. representative enters the witness box, takes the oath and bows to the judge.)

MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "We are getting near the end of a long and trying case, but the question of finance is of the utmost importance, even if it has been kept to the last. How much money has the British public paid in radio licences since the B.B.C. first started?"

B.B.C.: "The actual figures earlier than the end of 1926, or the beginning of the chartered B.B.C., are not easy to get, but I have here the figures for the past ten years. During that time £21,552,000 was paid in licences."

MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "Thank you, and of that huge sum how much did the B.B.C. receive?"

B.B.C.: "A total of £13,864,183 during the ten years."

MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "Where did the other £7,688,000 go?"

B.B.C.: "Nearly £2,400,000 went to the Post Office and the remaining £5,300,000 was retained by the Treasury."

MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "Why does the Post Office get two millions? What do they do for it?"

B.B.C.: "They provide all the collection facilities and other essential services. For instance: they have given attention, without cost, to nearly 250,000 cases of interference—when a set-owner has reception spoiled by a man-made static, the Post Office send experts to investigate, diagnose the trouble and prescribe cures."

MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "It is evident that the Post Office work hard for their bob. Now tell me, what does the Treasury do in return for its huge rake-off of £5,300,000."

B.B.C.: "Well, to be precise—"

MR. JUSTICE FAIRPLAY: "That is just what I'd like you to be."

B.B.C.: "I do not want to be thought evasive, but I honestly do not know what the Treasury does for its share."

MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "Let me get this clear. The licence revenue is divided into three unequal parts. You get one share, the Post Office another and the Treasury a third. For your share you provide more than 60,000 hours of broadcast programmes yearly. For the Post Office share they do a great deal of valuable and practical work. It is this Treasury share that mystifies me. What exactly is it and why do they get it?"

B.B.C.: "So far as I can see, it is a form of tax—entertainment tax."

MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "Ah—that's it, is it? A compulsory tax on the most democratic entertainment in the world. A tax that hits the poor with the same force as the rich. A tax that is imposed whether the quantity of taxed commodity—radio programmes received—is large or small. Is that it?"

B.B.C.: "I suppose it is. No doubt the Treasury takes the view that, as radio is a public entertainment, it should be taxed as other public entertainments are taxed."



**B.B.C.
FINANCE
MYSTERY**

MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "Do you agree with that view? Do you not feel that it is unjust to put a heavier tax on radio entertainment than on cinema or stage entertainment? Are you not aware that this radio tax amounts to, in some years, as much as 40 per cent., whereas the tax on other entertainments is 25 per cent.? Do you not see how unfair it is that the poor working-class man, with a cheap set that is the only entertainment for his family, has to pay the same high rate of taxation as the wealthy man who can afford other entertainments and to whom radio is not the domestic necessity it is in the poor home?"

B.B.C. (smiling): "I agree entirely and am delighted to find such an able advocate."

MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "Don't let us get too friendly, just because the case is nearing its end. To prevent that I want to question you now on expenditure. In the first place do you agree that the only reason a person buys a radio set and pays his annual licence is to get programmes?"

B.B.C.: "I suppose, in the final analysis, that is so."

MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "Not in the final analysis, sir; but in the first analysis. To secure programmes is the primary and sole reason why a person becomes a set-owner. You don't think he buys a set and pays a licence in order to give a lot of officials a job, do you?"

B.B.C.: "No, of course not. We exist solely for the purpose of producing programmes."

MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "Well, let us see. Just have a look at these documents and tell his lordship if you recognise them." (Hands witness a bundle of papers.)

B.B.C. (Looking them through): "Yes; they are the B.B.C. financial returns for the past ten years."

MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "Thank you. Now look at the figures and tell me this: Do they reveal that out of the £13,864,183 you have received as revenue, only £7,629,212 has been spent on the actual production of programmes? Nearly half your income has gone on administrative and other non-programme costs. Is that not so?"

B.B.C.: "I suppose that's what the figures would suggest."

MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "Do you know of any commercial concern that has spent nearly half its income in administrative expenses and kept out of the Bankruptcy Court? Would you not expect, if the B.B.C. were not a state-protected monopoly, a similar fate to overtake you?"

(Witness muttered something that could not be heard at the press table.)

MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "M'lord, an important point now arises and I am inclined to ask you to commit the defendant for contempt of court. We have asked him to produce a detailed balance sheet and he has refused. You will realise it is impossible for me to cross-examine him on this important matter of finance when the public is denied all facts about the way their money is expended."

MR. JUSTICE FAIRPLAY: "You have my sympathy, Mr. Lissner, as I hope to have yours. I cannot help you. This is the eighth day of this case and each day has convinced me that the B.B.C. is not merely like Caesar's wife, above suspicion, but like Caesar himself, almost above the law. I cannot force the defendant to produce anything he does not want to produce. I repeat what I said earlier in the hearing: as he seems to have mysterious powers derived from Parliament, it is to Parliament that you must appeal. Parliament, who gives, can take away."

MR. LISSNER, K.C. (to witness): "Is it not a fact that you render an annual statement of accounts in such a casual form that you dispose—on paper—of more than two million pounds in eight items of expenditure?"

B.B.C.: "That happens to be the method of presentation of accounts we have always adopted."

MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "Only the B.B.C. would have the effrontery to talk like that. Do you not lump together, under the one heading of 'Programmes', unspecified amounts of such contrasted expenditures as hire of telephone lines, news royalties, performing rights and artistes fees? Did not this conglomeration of costs amount to £1,339,202 last year, but what each one costs no one is allowed to know?"

B.B.C.: "That is our method."

MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "Is it not a fact that you are appealing to the Government for more money and do you not know that the Government will be influenced in its response by public opinion? And do you think you are going to get public support if you refuse to give the public the facts?"

(Witness made no reply.)

MR. LISSNER, K.C.: "M'lord; I am content to leave the matter there. My clients have every sympathy with the defendants' desire for more money and strongly resent the huge deduction which the Treasury makes. We feel, however, that as it is our money which the B.B.C. is spending, we have a right to know how it is spent."

MR. JUSTICE FAIRPLAY: "I find the defendant guilty, not of misspending, but of withholding essential information as to expenditure. In the absence of that information it is impossible for me to come to any definite conclusion as to whether money is wisely spent or ill."

"I order defendants to produce a full balance sheet for public inspection and suspend sentence pending such production."

SWEETMEATS FOR THE CHILDREN

By **ELIZABETH CRAIG**, our Broadcasting Cookery Expert, who this week gives you recipes for Health Sweets that children will love

HULLO, Everybody! What's doing? As my Other Half used to say, when he knew quite well what I was doing, and didn't expect me to answer.

Now I want to tell you how I make some extra special meat paste; and also give you the recipe for a sweet I have been making to send Elizabeth Craig the Second, who has gone back to school.

TO MAKE MEAT PASTE

Remove any skin and gristle from left-over roast meat. Put meat through a mincer. Pound in a mortar with some fresh butter. If you haven't got a pestle and mortar (I picked up the one I have in the Caledonian Market a few years ago) chop on your chopping board. Then roll it heavily with a rolling pin, and beat it with a wooden mallet if you have one. (I have one I bought in Berlin ten years ago for beating steaks before grilling or frying them. It is useful for reducing almost any soft foodstuff to a paste.) Having reduced the meat to a paste, season it to taste with salt, pepper, and a little ground mace. If you like, you can add a pinch of ground cloves and a dash of any piquant sauce as well. Allow $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. butter to a pound of cold meat. Pot and cover with a layer of clarified butter. Cold beef, mutton, pork or veal, or equal quantity of pork or veal and cold ham, and mutton and cold cooked tongue, can be used.

Note.—Store paste in a larder if you haven't a "frig," and serve it with toast, and perhaps some tomatoes, radishes, spring onions, or watercress, and toast or brown bread and butter, or use it with tomatoes, lettuce, or watercress for sandwiches.

POMONA DELICE

4 ozs. stoned raisins, 4 ozs. chopped dried figs, 4 ozs. crystallised ginger, 2 ozs. ground almonds, 2 lbs. stoned, halved dates, 2 ozs. chopped blanched almonds.

Remove the stalks from figs before chopping. Mix the figs with the blanched and ground almonds. Chop the ginger and add. Stir in the dates and raisins until well mixed. Line a flat oblong dish or tin with waxed paper. Pack in the mixture. Cover with more waxed paper. Place a weight on top. Leave till next day. Turn out. Now melt 2 ozs. milk chocolate with 1 tablespoonful boiling water. Stir till smooth. Remove from hot plate. Spread the top of the fruit mixture with the chocolate icing. Decorate with halved glacé cherries and chopped blanched pistachio nuts.

If liked, when it is set, turn cake on its side and spread the bottom with a layer of almond paste, made by mixing equal quantity of ground almonds, castor sugar and icing sugar, and moistening mixture to a paste with egg white or egg yolk. Flavour to taste with lemon juice and vanilla essence. When required for a party, arrange in bars on a plate lined with a lace paper doyley. Decorate to taste with fern.

ANOTHER HEALTH SWEET

Peel of 1 orange, $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful hot water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful castor sugar.

Wipe an orange. Remove peel in quarters. Cut in narrow strips with scissors. Place peel in a saucepan. Cover with cold water. Bring once to the boil. Drain. Repeat 5 times to extract the bitter taste. Melt the sugar in the hot water. When dissolved, add the peel. Cook slowly until syrup has nearly evaporated. Drain and roll the strips in castor sugar. To make Grapefruit Sticks, weigh the peel when removed from fruit and allow equal quantity of sugar, then follow the recipe as given for orange sticks. Sometimes I melt 2 squares of plain chocolate and dip each stick in the melted chocolate, and let them dry on waxed paper. They should be left overnight to harden before packing into an air-tight box, lined with waxed paper. To prevent the chocolate hardening, after melting, keep it warm



Fix an expanding curtain-rod along the edge of your draining board for drying tea towels. It can be very easily clipped off to the required length

in the top of the double saucepan it was melted in.

TESTS I'VE MADE THIS PAST WEEK

Passion Fruit Juice.—Chilled, and mixed with a little soda water, it makes (1) a perfect long drink. (2) I found that two or three tablespoonfuls added to a fresh fruit salad give it a lovely flavour.

Canned Chestnut Puree.—If a sweet is wanted in a hurry, why not try this puree, thinning it to taste with thick cream? Decorate it with tinned mandarine fingers (drained).

HOUSEWIVES WITH OLD-FASHIONED COOKERS

To tell when your oven is ready, here are some simple tests:—

Bread and Puff Pastry.—Place a little flour on the oven shelf. When it turns dark brown in 4 or 5 minutes, pop in your bread or pastry.

Fruit Pies and Small Cakes.—If flour or a sheet of white paper turns light brown in 4 or 5 minutes, the oven is ready for your fruit pies or small cakes.

When paper turns dark yellow in the same time, put in your large cakes. When paper turns light yellow in the same time, the oven is ready for gingerbread or sponge cakes.

Now let me answer some questions I've been asked by readers and listeners lately:—

Q.—When is deep fat ready for frying in?
A.—When the fat is perfectly still and gives off a faint blue smoke.

Q.—Can you tell me the difference between boiling, simmering and slow simmering?

A.—When liquid boils, it bubbles all over. When it simmers, only a few small bubbles appear on top. When it simmers slowly, one or two bubbles only show occasionally on the surface.

Q.—What is a peck of apples, flour, and onions in lbs.?

A.—A peck of apples equals 16 lbs., a peck of flour equals 14 lbs., and a peck of onions equals 16 lbs.

Q.—How do you hang hams up in the kitchen?

A.—Tack them up firmly in muslin or calico bags. To ensure them keeping well, dust them all over with black pepper and ground ginger.

Q.—Can you give me a good recipe for a fruit laxative?

A.—Put $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. each of dried figs, stoned dates and raisins, and stoned prunes through a mincer, using a fine knife, 5 times. Mix thoroughly with 3 ozs. senna powder. Roll into tiny balls the size of marbles, about an inch in diameter. Take last thing at night.

MY DEAR! EVERYBODY
NEEDS THEM
SOMETIMES



Thousands depend upon Beechams Pills for day-to-day good health, but MILLIONS use them at least once a week. When you are feeling "liverish," or have a sick-headache, indigestion, complexion spots or any other sign of "sluggish system," there's nothing so sure, certain and safe as Beechams Pills.

Famous for 90 years and more popular to-day than ever before. Give them a trial. There's no pain, no unpleasantness. Purely Vegetable.

BEECHAMS
WORTH A GUINEA
A BOX **PILLS**

SELF-CONSCIOUS WOMEN

When wearing evening dress, many women suffer real agonies through the embarrassment caused by disfiguring hair under the arms. Probably they have tried many supposed remedies which have not given satisfaction, and now they should lose no time in getting full particulars of the Vandré Home Electrolysis Outfit which is rapidly gaining popularity because it enables any woman to remove superfluous hair for ever.

This treatment is simple to use in the privacy of the home and actually saves pounds. The manufacturers claim that it has never failed, is perfectly harmless, and that it leaves the skin with a soft, silky loveliness.

Full illustrated particulars will be sent to any reader of RADIO PICTORIAL, post free and without obligation, on application to VANDRE LTD., (Dept. 85), 189 Pitt Street, Glasgow.

HOW TO DEAL WITH GASTRITIS

If you are familiar with the pain and distress accompanying that common stomach complaint—Gastritis—you will be glad to know how to get rid of it by quite simple treatment.

Perhaps you do not know that the inner lining of your stomach is a delicate mucous membrane. Through the glands of this membrane are poured into the stomach from ten to twenty pints of valuable gastric juice every day, indispensable for properly digesting your food. A little inflammation disturbs the functions of these glands with painful consequences.

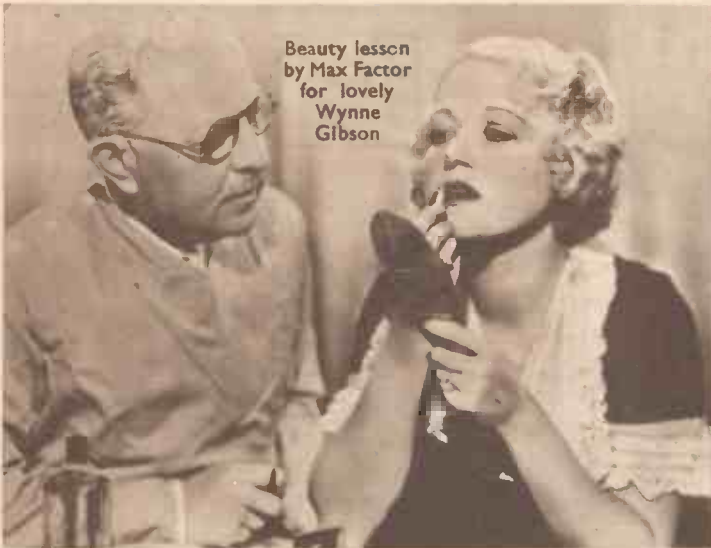
Over-acidity starts the trouble. You get that "blown-out" feeling or a sensation of heaviness pressing on the stomach. Pains are felt between the shoulders or in the upper abdomen, and perhaps there is sickness. Although you could not expect to remedy all this completely in a day or two, you get immediate relief by taking Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, the scientific alkaline treatment which has proved its value in thousands of cases of acute and chronic gastritis.

Regular and persistent use of this powder completely restores the stomach and digestive system to its normal functions; you get the pleasant sense of well-being that comes from a properly nourished body, and discomfort disappears like an ugly nightmare.

See that you get only THE ORIGINAL MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder—it has the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle and carton. $\frac{1}{3}$, $\frac{2}{3}$, or $\frac{5}{3}$. Powder or tablets.

MOVIES MAKE WOMEN MORE BEAUTIFUL

By MAX FACTOR, Hollywood Beauty Genius



Beauty lesson by Max Factor for lovely Wynne Gibson

AN actress establishes more than a reputation for ability and a popular following of fans during her years on the screen. She becomes more beautiful with every new role. What is the reason?

There is a very logical answer to this question. A screen star has more opportunity to study her own personality, features—her good points and her weak ones—than other women. She has the rare good fortune to see herself as others see her frequently.

In this way she can correct any weak features and take steps to make them less obvious with the proper use of make-up. You, too, can watch and observe your own features with a critical eye, and with proper study of modern make-up, you can improve your own beauty.

I have in my studio pictures of all the stars as they were when they first came to Hollywood and as they are now. All of them show a vast improvement and in some the transformation is amazing.

Joan Crawford, Loretta Young, Jean Harlow and Bette Davis are all outstanding examples of women who have been glorified here. Beauty, of the type that will not destroy but accentuate the personality of its owner, is a business essential to the woman of the film capital. They cannot afford to be careless or slipshod about their appearance if their screen ambitions are great.

There is no self-consciousness among the beautiful women of the screen when an issue concerning their beauty comes up. Dozens of them come to me and ask such questions as these: "What can I do to make my eyes more expressive?"

"Don't you think my coiffure makes my face too broad?" "Should my eyebrows be longer or farther apart?"

One has but to look at the picture of Joan Crawford, as she was when she first came to Hollywood and as she is to-day, to realise how vitally important make-up is, both to stars and to women in the ordinary walks of life.

You know how clearly and beautifully her features stand out now. Miss Crawford has lovely auburn hair which is dressed in a manner very flattering to her face. Her eyes have more depth, expression, and meaning. They have been outlined and defined with eye shadow, eyelash make-up, and eyebrow pencil.

The shape of the mouth is clearer, lending a better opportunity for expression to the lips, and colour, which even when photographed in black and white, is more intriguing.

Wynne Gibson is another star who has triumphantly learned the secret of emphasising and dramatising her blond beauty by the use of

clever make-up. Her sweeping lashes and vivid mouth provide the necessary contrast for her lovely smooth forehead and fair clustering curls.

Sit down at your vanity and study your features closely. Perhaps your most beautiful feature is your eyes. Very carefully shade the eyelids with eye shadow in the colour that fits your own colour harmony. Grey is for blue, grey and green eyes unless you have red or auburn hair, in which case you should always use brown. All other types should use brown, except blondes with blue eyes. They may affect blue eye shadow—in the evening only.

Outline the eyebrows carefully, following the line of the bone structure above the eyes. Brown eyebrow

pencil for blondes and red-heads, all others wear black. Then when your eyelashes are made up, look carefully at your self again. Hold your hand over the lower part of your face and see if your eyes have not gained in beauty and expression.

When you have blended your rouge artistically and powdered your face, put on your lipstick. It will pay you to do a little experimenting with this. Try it several times until you get the best result, and then duplicate that method thereafter.

Never stop watching yourself for opportunity to improve. To-morrow, you may see something that escapes your notice to-day. Nothing can be more important to the modern woman than her appearance. Motion pictures have set a new standard of beauty, and since everyone sees the lovely stars on the screen, these stars are no longer satisfied with anything short of perfection in real life. You, too, cannot afford to lag behind.

FIVE-SHILLING HINTS

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

BLACK SATIN SLIPPERS

BLACK satin slippers can be cleaned with vinegar applied with a soft sponge. If very bad, renew the treatment, but let them dry thoroughly before the second application is given.—Mrs. E. Mitchell, Aurora, Woodsetton, Nr. Dudley.

SHOES THAT BLISTER HEELS

IF while out walking your shoe should begin to blister your heel, try slipping your powder puff or a large folded hanky underneath your heel. By thus raising the foot out of the shoe, the discomfort vanishes immediately. This is a really personal and successful remedy.—Mrs. Newman, 34 Harwill Crescent, Apsley, Nottingham.

VELVET COLLARS

TO clean an overcoat velvet collar, use 1 oz. cloudy ammonia to ½-pint of water. Damp the corner of a towel with the mixture and rub the collar, removing the froth formed by the process. With a wooden paper knife repeat process two or three times, using a clean portion of the towel each time. Lay on the collar a piece of damp linen, and iron it with moderate pressure and with a not too hot iron.—Miss Josie Leaby, The Laurels, Wheathampstead, St. Albans, Herts.

CHILDREN'S



Conducted by

HELLO EVERYONE! Here is our second appearance, and I hope you all like your page. Don't forget that you can write to me and tell me all about yourselves and I will try to answer you in these columns. You will find the address in the competition section. Do not worry if the competition results do not appear immediately. You will see them very shortly now, and they will then appear each week. I shall also be pleased to see interesting snapshots, drawings, etc., from RADIO PICTORIAL readers.

What do you think of the MICROGNOME? Another interesting adventure next week, and a splendid competition with more half-crown prizes. Till Next week,

Affectionately,

Auntie Muriel

ADVENTURES OF A MICROGNOME

Number Two

STRANGE INTERFERENCE

UNDERNEATH the studio carpet, where he lived, MICK the MICROGNOME kept a secret hoard of assorted oddments. One of his proudest possessions was a teaspoon which he longed to use. It was so shiny and strong, but so far it had lain untouched.

Then one day a crowd of bandsmen arrived in the studio with violins, saxophones, guitars, drums and whatnot.

"Ooh," said Mick to himself. "This is where I have some fun with that teaspoon," and he crawled to the edge of the carpet and popped his head out.

The first thing that met his eyes was the big drum, on which the drummer was performing with great skill.

"POM TIDDLE OM POM, POM POM!" he banged.

The MICROGNOME grinned a large grin and cautiously crept under the shelter of the drum. He listened carefully. It was a nice tune they were playing. Ah, now they were coming to the twiddle bit again and the drummer was lifting the sticks.

"POM TIDDLE OM POM, POM POM," he played, and this was followed by "POM POM POM!"



The Micrognome bangs the big drum

CORNER

Auntie Muriel



The conductor tapped his baton and the band ceased.

"Too many 'poms,'" he cried, frowning. "Once again, please."

"POM TIDDLE OM POM, POM POM! POM POM POM POM!" went the drum, and the drummer turned quite pale as the conductor again called a halt.

"Too many poms again!"

"I didn't do it," cried the drummer. "It must have played itself!"

"Sure!" said the conductor sarcastically.

They tried it once again, and this time the Micrognome was so carried away that he banged at least a dozen extra POMS with his teaspoon.

"Excuse me," said the drummer at last, who was trembling all over, "I don't feel very well!" and he dropped his sticks and ran from the studio while his colleagues stared in amazement.

"Looks as though he's seen a ghost!" they said.

"They haven't seen one. They've heard one," chuckled the Micrognome, now safely hidden underneath the carpet again before his prank could be discovered.

RADIOPIC COMPETITION MORE HALF-CROWNS!



Do you know the names of any Dance Band leaders? Look at these pictures, think carefully, and you'll see which names they represent

HERE is another competition for you. This time you see two pictures, and each represents the name of a well-known radio dance-band leader. Write your solutions on a postcard and for the first correct solutions received, written in the neatest handwriting, I will award two half-crown postal orders.

Be sure to add your name, age, address and name of the school you attend. Address your card to

AUNTIE MURIEL,
RADIO PICTORIAL,
37, CHANCERY LANE,
LONDON,

and all cards must reach me not later than September 24. The solution and results will appear on this page, so WATCH OUT.

B.B.C. ELVES

At Broadcasting House there are broadcasting elves Who make the most wonderful use of themselves. They pick up lost itches and snaffle stray sneezes And startle the world with their comical wheezes. But strange to relate, they're so cute and small The B.B.C. people can't see them at all!

DO YOU RESEMBLE— OLIVE GROVES?

By ELVIRE ASHLEY, who tells you how Olive Groves takes care of her beautiful eyes and lovely figure

WHEN you're in the habit of examining people with a very penetrating eye, you're apt to get an impression different from that of the casual observer. To make sure I hadn't made this mistake with Olive Groves, I asked several other people for their first impressions of her.

Fortunately, their answers corresponded with mine. A pair of lovely greenish eyes, full of changing expressions, beneath a deep, smooth brow. That is everyone's first impression of Olive Groves.

You may resemble Miss Groves in other respects, but unless your eyes and brow are your strongest feature, you're not an Olive Groves type. It's a grand thing to have one really good, outstanding feature—but make the best of it. Miss Groves gives it consideration above everything else.

The hair is arranged to show that beautiful brow to the best advantage. Parted down the centre, it is brushed off the brow and set in natural waves neatly framing her oval face.

Maybe your eyes are quite as lovely as Olive's, but are overshadowed by a corrugated brow, the result of frowning or screwing up your eyes to the sun all summer. Who but Miss Groves could best recommend a treatment for smoothing those wrinkles away? Well, here you are.

Beat up the white of an egg stiffly last thing at night, and apply it to your brow. Let it dry. In the process it will tone up the skin and begin to smooth away those wrinkles. Now sleep, while the egg continues its work. Repeat this once a week, massaging the brow with a good nourishing cream in the morning.

My penetrating eye really let me down disgracefully the second time I saw Miss Groves. It was the question of figure this time. "Slim, of medium height," I said quite firmly. Most women would have accepted this even if it were wrong. Not so Miss Groves. She corrected me in a cool, candid way. "Medium height, yes. But I'm not slim."

I looked again. The clothes hung perfectly, without a single wrinkle over an attractive figure. I suspected there was more than met the eye.

I was right.

This star doesn't allow clothes which are out of sight to be out of mind. She knows that a figure cannot look good, and clothes will never look smart, unless the undies are perfect. For Olive Groves all undies must be just as well tailored as top clothes. Fine underslips, cut on the cross, have moulded tops without bulky lace or other trimmings which may spoil the line of a gown. If you don't possess a slim figure, are you just as careful about undies?

The new underslips, with brassiere tops, narrow shoulder straps and fairly low backs, in place of the older type with lots of lace, make all the difference to the sit of your dress. A slip which is cut on the cross fits snugly round the waist and hips, and so helps the skirt of your frock to hang properly. Panties, too must be tailored. Don't have them very be-trimmed—they'll show through your frock—or with very full legs. See that they are fitted on a yoke at the waist and fit just as sheerly as a second skin.

Remember that a good foundation garment can put your figure right in its place. Choose a four-way stretch and, unless you're really slender, don't have the roll-on style, advises Miss Groves. A side zip fastener is best. Belts of latex yarn—even the lace variety—should have a reinforced front which prevents muscles sagging.

By the way, in the great cause of "line," we have the rubber suspender clasp. This is perfectly flat, even under the flimsiest frock. Two tiny tongues of rubber grip your stocking firmly between them without fear of slipping.

You'll be interested in the colours Olive chooses.



"Lovely greenish eyes, full of changing expressions, beneath a smooth brow"

Together with black, the different shades of brown and green she favours bring out the green of her eyes. If you're her type, try these colours. They'll suit you.

Olive's clothes are chosen to suit her and not Dame Fashion. For a long time she searched for the perfect evening gown with sleeves. Finally, she discovered the very thing which suited her. Since then, every evening gown has been exactly the same—with long sleeves! Olive doesn't get tired of the same style—she likes it, and thinks different colours and materials offer enough variation. Of course, she's right. There's really only one style which will suit each type of woman perfectly.

The Groves gown is instep length, very plain and straight, with a high neckline both back and front. Draped sleeves are flatteringly full, and caught in at the wrist.

Here are some fashion secrets which are yours for the reading, if you resemble this star.

Olive Groves always wears perfectly plain styles. The skirts are invariably cut on the cross—this takes nearly an inch off your hips. Hip, hip, away! The materials are specially interesting because they're chosen to relieve the severity of style. They make for slimmness, too. Good, plain cloth, pin stripes, diagonal stripes, neat floral patterns, tiny novelty designs in silk or woven materials. Nothing very bright in colour and no large patterns.

If you want to deceive the world into believing that you have slender, sylph-like arms, wear interesting sleeves on all your gowns. Tight-fitting for daytime, and full for the evening. That's a tip.

Here are just one or two items which you won't find Olive wearing—tunics, jumpers, capes, broad belts and fluffy necklines.

Like the frocks, the Groves coats are always plain without belt or high collar. They are full length with a good wrap-over. Sometimes worn with a fox fur.

Yes, I learnt much in my talk with Olive Groves. If you're her type, I hope you manage to fool your figure, too!

(Right) A small "nephew" conducts the chorus.
(Below) Uncle Bill and Uncle Robb are two of the cheeriest, smilingest uncles in the world. You will enjoy their jokes as much as your children will



Above you see Bertram Fryer, producer, Auntie Miriam, Uncle Bill, Auntie Alma and Uncle Robb ready for a chorus. And on the right, two uncles and two aunts crowd round the mike



Miriam Ferris and Alma Vane enjoy being aunts

Every Saturday at 6 p.m., beginning from October 2, a new programme for children will hit the air. And not children only, but adults, too, will enjoy this quarter-of-an-hour of music and fun presided over by "Auntie Miriam" (right) and "Auntie Alma"



The New Radio Toulouse

CHILDREN'S PARTY IN THE MAKING



Nephews, large and small, give 'em the works

By Our Special Commissioner

YESSIR, there's certainly lots of fun ahead for the kiddies, God bless 'em. For the new Radio Toulouse Children's Corner starts on Saturday (October 2) at 6 p.m., and having just detached myself from a happy horde of aunts, uncles, and small boys all gathered together in the rehearsal studios, I feel confident that this little Corner, with its atmosphere of spontaneous gaiety, will please, not only the tinies, but quite a number of grown-ups, too.

Strange how infectious is the laughter of a crowd of kiddies.

First impulse after leaving a rehearsal of a Children's Corner, with paternal instinct rampant, is to pat the first kiddie one meets on the head.

Even naughty children, like little Clarissa. "Little Clarissa" is a child character who should achieve considerable notoriety in radio. She is a little girl who "loves to be naughty" and—like little Audrey—laughs at all the wrong things.

I, too, laffed and laffed when I heard her at the microphone. Apparently she acquired a taste for strong liquor early in life, when her teething ring dropped into grandma's beer. As to her actual debut in this world, Clarissa herself says:

"I believe I was born when mama was away—Perhaps I came in a parcel, and pa had to pay."

Of course, one simply cannot spank her. You see, little Clarissa is really Miriam Ferris. Or "Auntie" Miriam, for the purpose of this brand new programme.

You all know Miriam, naturally. She's been a B.B.C. star for the past twelve years, and her happy, unruffled temperament makes her an ideal "aunt." She loves kiddies; and not only kiddies, but all young animals.

"I think they must know it," she told me. "Not long back a ewe came into my garden" (she lives in the country) "and gave birth to a litter of delightful little lambs. And yesterday a perfectly strange cat patronised my garden shed to increase the feline population by five. Such darlings."

Miriam, unfortunately, hasn't any children of her own.

Neither has the other "Auntie"—Alma Vane, Miriam's bosom friend. "I hope to do something about it sooner or later, however," says Alma. "You see, I haven't any nieces or nephews either. I seem to come from a family that doesn't believe in such things—so what can I do about that?"

"The only thing of my own that I can mother or 'aunt' at the moment is a blue Persian kitten!"

Ideal "aunties," both of them. Maybe women without children, after all, do make the best aunts. Keeping, as they do, their ideals of children, and seldom having to bath them, or wipe their noses. And suchlike things.

The little boys simply loved them. They joined in their choruses and had the wow of a time.

And the "Uncles"—what child could ask for two more genial gentlemen to "uncle" them than Uncle Bill and Uncle Robb?

"Uncle Bill" (see photograph) wears a perpetual smile and looks as though he's going to produce a stick of candy or a white rabbit from his hat at any moment.

"Uncle Robb" is another personality the children will love. He has red hair (curly), a cheery, chubby face, and he plays the piano and sings.

He is actually a radio star disguised under the cloak of unclesdom. For he is none other than Curtis, of the famous Curtis and Ames harmony duo (heard so often with Marius Winter). During pauses in the rehearsal he thrilled the assembled youngsters with tales of travel (for Curtis has certainly seen the world); how in Cairo, a belligerent native had to be hit on the head with a melon to stop a potential riot; and how he nearly had a fight with Georges Carpentier (heavyweight ex-champ) when aforementioned Georges kicked his drum in a Parisian club . . . but changed his mind about the fight when he found out just who the gentleman was.

Writer and producer of the Children's Corner is Bertram Fryer, whose eternal charm and tact makes the party "go" from start to finish.

And when I remind you that Bertram Fryer's record includes the directorships of the B.B.C. Newcastle and Bournemouth stations, and of Variety at Savoy Hill, you'll agree that here is a man at the helm who thoroughly knows his job.

LISTEN TO RADIO LUXEMBOURG

1,293 metres

Information supplied by Wireless Publicity, Ltd., of Electra House, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C.2, Sole Agents for Radio Luxembourg in the United Kingdom.
 Chief Announcer : Mr. Ogden Smith. Assistant Announcer : Mr. S. H. Gordon Box.



Brian Lawrance makes an ever-welcome appearance on Sunday at 9.30 a.m.



"Voices of the Stars" stars Violet Lorraine on Wednesday at 9 a.m.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 19

- 8.15 a.m. Request Programme
- 9.0 a.m. Station Concert
- 9.15 a.m. Master O.K., the Saucy Boy
Presented by the makers of Mason's O.K. Sauce

Cadbury Calling!

SECOND WEEK-END PROGRAMME STARS

LESLIE HUTCHINSON
in songs at the piano

HEDDIE NASH
famous tenor in his first broadcast from Luxembourg

REGINALD DIXON
of Blackpool Organ fame

and of course . . .

Cadbury calling — calling to give you a pleasant start to Saturday morning — and to tell you about the new
MARZIPAN FILLED BLOCK

RADIO LUXEMBOURG
 1,293 METRES
Saturday 18th 8.45 a.m.

- 9.30 a.m. BRIAN LAWRENCE AND HIS MELODY FOUR
Presented by Keatings.
- 9.45 a.m. ALFREDO CAMPOLI AND HIS ORCHESTRA
Talk by Nurse Johnson on Child Problems
Wedding of the Rose, Jessel; Poeme, Fibich; Only My Song, Lehar; Ballerina, Kennedy.—Presented by California Syrup of Figs, 179 Acton Vale, London, W.3
- 10.0 a.m. Old Salty and his Accordion Today: Old Salty goes fishing and catches a monster.—*Presented by Rowntree's Cocoa.*
- 10.15 a.m. CARSON ROBISON and HIS PIONEERS
Presented by Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne, the makers of Oxydol.
- 10.30 a.m. OLIVER KIMBALL (The Record Spinner).—*Programme presented by Bisurated Magnesia.*
- 10.45 a.m. The Dream Man Clive Arnum, the Dream Man, tells you what dreams may mean to you. Mrs. Jean Scott gives you free cookery advice.—*Presented by Brown & Polson.*
- 11.0 a.m. ELEVENSES WITH GERALDO AND DIPLOMA
Presented by the makers of Diploma.
- 11.15 a.m. THE OPEN ROAD
Hampton Court, Graham; Hallelujah, Youmans; El Relicario, Padilla; Mashed Bands of the Guards, Burnaby; Punjaub March, Payne.—*Presented by Carter's Little Liver Pills, 64 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1.*
- 11.30 a.m. Luxembourg Religious Talk (in French)
- 12.0 (noon) Calvert's Cavalcade of Sport
Presented by Calvert's Tooth Powder.
- 12.15 p.m. The Rowntree's Aerodrome
A programme of Flying and Music. Smooth Sailing, Sherman; Thanks, Coslow; The Merry-go-Round Broke Down, Friend; Love Marches On, Tobias; Swing Patrol, Erard; Gee, but You're Swell, Tobias.—*Presented by the makers of Rowntree's Aero Chocolate.*
- 12.30 p.m. Peter the Planter presents Harold Ramsay at the Organ of the Union Cinema, Kingston-on-Thames, and his Guest Artiste, Mario "Harp" Lorenzi, on behalf of Lyon's Green Label Tea.
- 12.45 p.m. Melody and Mirth
Major and Minor take the Biscuit—Huntley & Palmer's of course.
- 1.0 p.m. Princess Marguerite Programme
Music by Grant Hughes and his Orchestra introducing Princess Marguerite All-Purpose Creams.—*Made by Theron, Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex.*
- 1.30 p.m. OVALTINE PROGRAMME OF MELODY AND SONG
Presented by the makers of Ovaltine.

- 2.0 p.m. The Kraft Show
Directed by Billy Cotton with Peter Williams, Alan Breeze, Jack Doyle and Will Fyffe.—*Presented by Kraft Cheese Co., Ltd., Hayes, Middlesex.*
- 2.30 p.m. Your Old Friend Dan
Presented by S. C. Johnson & Son, Ltd., makers of Johnson's Glo-Coat.
- 2.45 p.m. MUSICAL MOODS
featuring Lee Sims and Ilomay Balley
Presented by Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne, makers of Fairy Soap.
- 3.0 p.m. MORTON DOWNEY (The Golden Voice of Radio)
Presented by Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne, makers of Dréno Shampoo.
- 3.15 p.m. WALTZ TIME
with Billy Bissett
and his Waltz Time Orchestra
Louise Adams and the Waltz Timers
Presented by Phillip's Dental Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, London, W.3.
- 3.30 p.m. Black Magic
A programme for sweethearts.—*Presented by Black Magic Chocolates.*
- 3.45 p.m. JOHN GOODWOOD on the Coty Programme
A new programme of haunting melodies, beauty information, and John Goodwood, astrologer and student of the stars, who will tell you how the planets shape your destiny.—*Presented by Coty (England), Ltd.*
- 4.0 p.m. THE HORLICKS PICTURE HOUSE
with Helen Raymond
Bert Yarlett
Florence Oldham
The Radio Three
Dorice Fordred
Billy Percy and Max Kirby
Alan Howland
Harold Warrender
Arthur Tracey
and Sabu (The Elephant Boy)
The Horlicks All-Star Orchestra and Debroy Somers
Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks
- 5.0 p.m. Ray of Sunshine Programme
Compèred by Christopher Stone.—*Presented by the makers of Phillips Tonic Yeast and Betox.*
- 5.30 p.m. THE OVALTINEYS
Entertainment especially broadcast for the League of Ovaltineys, with songs and stories by the Ovaltineys and Harry Hemsley
Accompanied by the Ovaltiney's Orchestra
Presented by the makers of Ovaltine.
- 6.0 p.m. UP-TO-THE-MINUTE RHYTHM MUSIC
Ambrose and his Orchestra
with Evelyn Dall
Sam Browne
Max Bacon and Leslie Carew
Presented by the makers of Lifebuoy Toilet Soap.
- 6.30 p.m. RINSO RADIO REVUE
featuring Jack Hylton and His Band
Alice Mann
Dick Murphy
The Swingette
Joe Rossi
Compèred by Johnny Weeks
Presented by the makers of Rinso, Unilever House, London, E.C.4.
- 7.0 p.m. DR. FU MANCHU
By Sax Rohmer
No. 42—The Flower of Eternal Life
A further episode in the timeless war between the famous criminal investigator, Nayland Smith, and Dr. Fu Manchu—arch fiend of the Orient.
Cast:
Dr. Fu Manchu—Frank Cochrane
Nayland Smith—D. A. Clarke Smith
Weymouth—Arthur Young
Fak lo Suez—Rani Waller
Yamamoto—Vernon Kelso
Sir Frank Narcombe—Arthur Young
Presented by the makers of Milk of Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, London, W.3.
- 7.15 p.m. Eddie Pola and His Twisted Tunes. A programme of twisted words and music.—*Presented by the makers of Hudson's Extract.*
- 7.30 p.m. SONGS AND SENTIMENT
A programme of piano and vocal duets, featuring Helen Clare and Ronald Hill
Presented for your entertainment by the makers of Dandarine.
- 7.45 p.m. Dinner at Eight
Enid Stamp-Taylor introduces: "My Friends the Stars." Adele Dixon, Patrick Waddington, Anne de Nys and John Ridley at the pianos. The C. & B. Dance Band, directed by Sydney Lipton.—*Presented by Crosse and Blackwell.*
- 8.0 p.m. PALMOLIVE PROGRAMME
with Olive Palmer and Paul Oliver
Presented by Palmolive.
- 8.30 p.m. Luxembourg News (in French).
- 9.0 p.m. OLD TIME MUSIC HALL
Impersonations of: Marie Lloyd, Vesta Victoria, Gus Ellen, Harry Fragson, Harry Lester, etc., etc., by Bertha Willmott, Muriel Farquhar and Fred Douglas
Presented by Macleans, Limited.
- 9.15 p.m. BEECHAM'S RE-UNION
with Jack Payne and His Band with their guest artiste Mabel Constanturos
Compèred by Christopher Stone
Presented by the makers of Beecham's Powders and Dinnelord's Magnesia.
- 9.45 p.m. COLGATE REVELLERS
Presented by Colgate Ribbon Dental and Shaving Creams.
- 10.0 p.m. POND'S SERENADE TO BEAUTY
A programme for lovers
Presented by Pond's Extract Co., Ltd., Perivale, Middlesex.
- 10.30 p.m. A QUESTION OF TASTE
Introduced by the Western Brothers
Presented by the makers of Quaker Cornflakes.
- 10.45 p.m. Station Concert
Rhyme with Reason
A musical programme in a new style, with Marius B. Winter's Seven Swingers, The Three Heron Sisters and The Two Black Notes.—*Presented by Bile Beans.*
- 11.15 p.m. Sweet Melodies
played by Al Shaw and His Twenty Strings.—*Presented by the makers of Zam-Buk.*
- 11.30 to 12.0 p.m. Request Programme.

MONDAY, SEPT. 20

- 8.0 a.m. WALTZ TIME
with Billy Bissett and His Waltz Time Orchestra
Anita Hart
Joe Lee
and The Waltz Timers
Presented by Phillip's Dental Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, London, W.3.
- 8.15 a.m. HORLICKS
Music in the Morning
Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks.
- 8.30 a.m. Scott's Movie Matinee
Presented by the makers of Scott's Emulsion.
- 8.45 a.m. THE OPEN ROAD
Presented by Carter's Little Liver Pills, 64 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1.
- 9.0 a.m. Smile Awhile
Listen and laugh long with Luxembourg.
A programme of humorous numbers.
(Please turn to page 30)

LUXEMBOURG NOTES

NEW ANNOUNCER FOR LUXEMBOURG

by S. P. Ogden-Smith, Radio Luxembourg's Chief Announcer

HULLO, everybody! Radio Luxembourg with you again. The Fair is just about over now—most of the stalls and attractions are in process of packing up—so we shall have to look elsewhere to find our O.B.'s of Dance Music for Saturday nights. I believe that I have found a substitute for the Fair already, but I cannot tell you much about it as yet, as the final details have not been fixed.

I hope, next week, to be able to give you some details about our "New Boy," or to give him his proper title, our Third Announcer. I can assure you that both Gordon and I will welcome him with open arms, as our hours of broadcasting for English-speaking listeners are a little too much for the two of us to manage comfortably, especially as we have a lot of office work thrown in. Unfortunately, I can never get any sympathy from anyone, as, no matter what I do, I cannot lose my weight—and who ever heard of sympathising with a "fat man," anyway!

I have received a lot of letters re our "Unusualities" series of programmes, and they are, to say the least, causing a lot of interest. We shall continue them for a month or two yet, but after that, I am afraid that our supply of records that can be classified under that heading will have come to an end; incidentally, if any of my readers know of the number and make of any such records that we have not used in this series, I shall be greatly



Here's the Luxembourg Dance Band you hear so often, directed by Ferry Juza



Gordon Box

obliged if they will let me have details. I will endeavour to get them and so carry on the series a little longer. Thanks in advance.

Reverting to the uncomfortable subject mentioned in a preceding paragraph, I have been doing a lot of walking to try to help things a bit; I must confess that I hate walking for walking's sake, so I was walking for sport's sake—in other words, doing a spot of shooting. We have some of the best partridge and hare shooting on the Continent here in Luxembourg, and as the Luxembourg is so hospitable, I can get all I want. Since the season opened on August 24, I reckon I have walked some 50 miles, but the weighing machine is still being a traitor!

Gordon will be going to London for six days' leave in the very near future, and I have persuaded him to have his photo taken.

So now you see what his voice looks like—to use an Irishism! It doesn't seem possible that he's been here three months, does it? More next week, so cheerio until then.

S-S-SH!

DR. FU MANCHU IS ON THE AIR!

WARNING! Dr. Fu Manchu, arch-demon of the Orient, is slinking through the shadows of the underworld. Nayland Smith, celebrated International detective, has sworn to destroy him. Mystery... Torture... Death... LISTEN!

A thrilling new episode in the adventures of Sax Rohmer's famous character will be presented every Wednesday at 4.45 p.m. and Sunday at 7 p.m.

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

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

Do You Suffer from Rheumatism?

Then turn to page 2.

TO ENTERTAIN YOU WITH THE MOST THRILLING MUSIC, THE FUNNIEST BACK-CHAT ON THE RADIO

THE NEW RINSO RADIO REVUE

SUNDAYS AT 6.30

LUXEMBOURG — NORMANDY

(Transmission for Normandy arranged through the International Broadcasting Company Limited)



WITH **JACK HYLTON** AND HIS BAND

DICK MURPHY | **JOHNNIE WEEKES**

THE SINGING STAR

COMPERE EXTRAORDINARY

ALICE MANN

THE PERSONALITY GIRL

THE SWINGTETTE

THE HARMONY TEAM

SEPTEMBER 19th

JOE ROSSI

World's Champion Accordion Player—only 14 years old!

SEPTEMBER 26th
An Added Attraction
R. 2464-606

MORTON FRASER

WORLD FAMOUS VIRTUOSO OF THE HARMONICA
R. S. HUDSON LIMITED, LONDON

LISTEN TO RADIO LUXEMBOURG

1,293 metres

Full Programme Details continued from page 28

- 9.15 a.m.** **TOM PATCH and His Dog, Raffles**
A programme of particular interest to all dog lovers. Both adults and children will eagerly follow the exploits of Tom and his Doggy Pal, Raffles.
Presented by Bob Martin Limited.
- 9.30 a.m.** **Variety**
A record programme of your favourite music hall, stage and screen artistes.
- 9.45 a.m.** **Keeping House with Elizabeth Craig.** Introduced by Peter the Planter.
Presented by Lyons Green Label Tea.
- 10.0 a.m.** **Organ Virtuoso**
Radio Luxembourg presents a record programme of wizards of the mighty cinema organs. Listen for your favourite organist playing your favourite tune.
- 10.15 to 10.30 a.m.** **Request Programme.** A quarter of an hour composed entirely of musical items requested by listeners.
- 3.30 p.m.** **Concert of Light Orchestral Music.**
- 4.0 p.m.** **Thé Dansant**
- 4.30 p.m.** **Swing Music**
A programme of the latest swing records especially broadcast for swing fans.
- 4.45 p.m.** **Alfredo Campoli and His Orchestra.** Talk by Nurse Johnson on Child Problems.—*Presented by California Syrup of Figs, 179 Acton Vale, London, W.3.*
- 5.0 p.m.** **Borwicks Lemon Barley Concert**
Presented by Geo. Borwick & Sons, Ltd.
- 5.15 to 5.30 p.m.** **Piano Personalities**
Records of popular pianists in piano solos and novelties.
- 6.30 p.m.** **Request Programme**
- 6.45 to 7.0 p.m.** **Albert Whelan Britain's Brightest Hairdresser in Brylcreem On The Air.** Olly Aston's Band of Skilled Assistants. **Variety Stage** Artists take their turn.—*Presented by the makers of Brylcreem.*



Peter Williams, member of the Kraft Show on Sunday at 2 p.m.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 21

- 8.0 a.m.** **HILDEGARDE**
The most fascinating personality of 1937
Presented by Phillip's Dental Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, London, W.3.
- 8.15 a.m.** **"8.15 and All's Well"**
Featuring Brownings and Starr.—*Presented by the makers of Alka Seltzer.*
- 8.30 a.m.** **Household Hints by Mrs. Able**
Presented with the compliments of the makers of Vitacup, Colemans, Norwich.
- 8.45 a.m.** **Iron-Ox Programme**
Fifteen fascinating minutes of melody and song.—*Presented by Pharmacol Laboratories, makers of Iron-Ox Brand Tablets.*
- 9.0 a.m.** **Variety**
A record programme of your favourite music hall, stage and screen artistes.
- 9.15 a.m.** **FOUR KOLYNOS SMILES**
Presented by the makers of Kolynos Dental Cream.
- 9.30 a.m.** **Brown and Polson Cookery Club.** Club news and cookery talks by the President of the Brown and Polson Cookery Club, Mrs. Jean Scott.—*Presented by Brown and Polson.*
- 9.45 a.m.** **New Numbers**
Radio Luxembourg presents a programme of new tunes. Listen in and see if you can pick the "hits" of to-morrow.
- 10.0 a.m.** **Top-Gear**
A high speed programme of swing.
- 10.15 to 10.30 a.m.** **Request Programme.** A quarter of an hour composed entirely of musical items, requested by listeners.
- 3.30 p.m.** **Concert of Music by the Luxembourg Station Orchestra** under the direction of Henri Pensis.
- 4.0 p.m.** **MILTON'S TEA-TIME TALKS**
with Gil Chard
A fascinating programme of words and music.
Presented by Milton Antiseptic, John Milton House, London, N.
- 4.30 p.m.** **Musical Medleys**

- 4.45 p.m.** **WALTZ TIME**
with Billy Bissett and His Waltz Time Orchestra
Anita Hart
Eddie Lee
and
The Waltz Timers
Presented by Phillip's Dental Magnesia, 179 The Vale, Acton, London, W.3.
- 5.0 p.m.** **Selections from Shows and Films.** Vocal Records of the most popular tunes from musical comedies and films, past and present.
- 5.15 to 5.30 p.m.** **Dancing Time**
- 6.30 p.m.** **Programme presented by the Italian Tourist Office.**
- 6.45 to 7.0 p.m.** **Altcar's Radio Review**
Latest Greyhound racing news, gossip and form in this evening's programme.—*Presented by Altcar.*

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 22

- 8.0 a.m.** **WALTZ TIME**
With Billy Bissett and His Waltz Time Orchestra
Anita Hart
Eddie Lee
and
The Waltz Timers
Presented by Phillip's Dental Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, London, W.3.
- 8.15 a.m.** **HORLICKS**
Music in the Morning
Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks.
- 8.30 a.m.** **Scott's Movie Matinee**
Presented by the makers of Scott's Emulsion.
- 8.45 a.m.** **Good Morning**
A visit from Albert Whelan, bringing a song, a smile, and a story, representing the makers of Andrews Liver Salt.
- 9.0 a.m.** **Voices of the Stars**
present Violet Lorraine. The famous Musical Comedy Star.—*Sponsored by Rowntree's, the makers of Chocolate Crisp.*
- 9.15 a.m.** **TOM PATCH and His Dog, Raffles**
A programme of particular interest to all dog lovers. Both adults and children will eagerly follow the exploits of Tom and his Doggy Pal, Raffles.
Presented by Bob Martin Limited.
- 9.30 a.m.** **OLIVER KIMBALL The Record Spinner**
Programme presented by Bisurated Magnesia.
- 9.45 a.m.** **Radio Favourites**
Presented by Brooke Bond Dividend Tea.
- 10.0 a.m.** **Funniosities**
A little programme to liven up the morning—and it's all in fun.

- 10.15 to 10.30 a.m.** **Request Programme.** A quarter of an hour composed entirely of musical items requested by listeners.
- 3.30 p.m.** **Concert of Light Orchestral Music.**
- 4.0 p.m.** **Swing Music**
- 4.15 p.m.** **PUTTING A NEW COMPLEXION ON LIFE**
Presented by D.D.D., Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.
- 4.30 p.m.** **Unusualities**
A programme of records out of the ordinary.
- 4.45 p.m.** **DR. FU MANCHU**
No. 10—The Fungi Cellars
Cast:
Dr. Fu Manchu—Frank Cochrane
Nayland Smith—D. A. Clarke Smith
Dr. Padric—John Rae
Weymouth—Arthur Young
Karamaneh—Rani Waller
Other characters—Mervyn Johns
Presented by the makers of Milk of Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, London, W.3.



Helen Raymond, delightful vocalist in Horlicks Picture House: Sunday at 4 p.m.

- 5.0 p.m.** **CARSON ROBISON and His Pioneers**
Presented by Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne, the makers of Oxydol
- 5.15 to 5.30 p.m.** **Dance Music of Yesteryear.** Remember the Polka, Lancers, Quadrilles? Radio Luxembourg revives for you Ballroom Memories of long ago.
- 6.30 p.m.** **Request Programme**
- 6.45 to 7.0 p.m.** **Feminine Fancies**
A programme provided by lady artistes.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 23

- 8.0 a.m.** **WALTZ TIME**
With Billy Bissett and His Waltz Time Orchestra
Anita Hart
Eddie Lee
and
The Waltz Timers
Presented by Phillip's Dental Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, London, W.3.
- 8.15 a.m.** **HORLICKS**
Music in the Morning
Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks.
- 8.30 a.m.** **THE OPEN ROAD**
Presented by the makers of Carters Little Liver Pills.
- 8.45 a.m.** **Good Morning**
A visit from Albert Whelan, bringing a song, a smile and a story, representing the makers of Andrews Liver Salt.

- 9.0 a.m.** **Variety**
A record programme of your favourite bands, and music hall, stage and screen artistes.
- 9.15 a.m.** **TOM PATCH and His Dog, Raffles**
A programme of particular interest to all dog lovers. Both adults and children will eagerly follow the exploits of Tom and his Doggy Pal, Raffles.
Presented by Bob Martin Limited.
- 9.30 a.m.** **Brown and Polson Cookery Club.** Club news and cookery talks by the President of the Brown and Polson Cookery Club, Mrs. Jean Scott.—*Presented by Brown and Polson.*
- 9.45 a.m.** **Keeping House with Elizabeth Craig.** Introduced by Peter the Planter.
Presented by Lyons Green Label Tea.
- 10.0 a.m.** **Top-Gear**
A high speed programme of swing.
- 10.15 to 10.30 a.m.** **Request Programme.** A quarter of an hour composed entirely of musical items requested by listeners.



You can hear Adele Dixon every Sunday in "Dinner at Eight"—7.45 p.m.

- 3.30 p.m.** **Concert of Light Orchestral Music.**
- 4.0 p.m.** **MILTON TEA-TIME TALK**
with Gil Chard
A fascinating programme of words and music
Presented by Milton Antiseptic, John Milton House, London, N.
- 4.30 p.m.** **Your Old Friend Dan**
Singing his way into the home.—*Presented by S. C. Johnson & Son, Ltd., the makers of Johnson's Wax Polish.*
- 4.45 p.m.** **SONGS AND SENTIMENT**
A programme of piano and vocal duets featuring Helen Clare and Ronald Hill
Presented for your entertainment by the makers of Danderine.
- 5.0 p.m.** **MUSICAL MOODS**
featuring Lee Sims and Ilomay Bailey
Presented by Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne, the makers of Fairy Soap.
- 5.15 to 5.30 p.m.** **Radio Luxembourg presents Gramophone Record programme of that celebrated singer of ballads, Peter Dawson.**
- 6.30 p.m.** **Request Programme**
- 6.45 to 7.0 p.m.** **Altcar's Radio Review**
Latest greyhound racing news, gossip and form on this evening's programme.—*Presented by Altcar.*

You can always be sure of entertainment on the Luxembourg wavelength. Tune-in for Brighter Sunday and Weekday Programmes — Variety, Dance Music, Humour, Drama, Melody, Song.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 24

- 8.0 a.m.** **HILDEGARDE**
The most fascinating personality of 1937 Presented by Phillip's Dental Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, London, W.3.
- 8.15 a.m.** **Record Review**
A programme of popular melodies, chosen by Donald Watt.—Presented by the makers of Dodo.
- 8.30 a.m.** **CHIVERS CONCERT**
Presented by Chivers & Sons Limited.
- 8.45 a.m.** **SINGING JOE**
the Sanpic Man
Presented by the makers of Sanpic, Reckitts & Sons, Ltd., Hull, Yorks.
- 9.0 a.m.** **"GOOD MORNING NEIGHBOUR"**
Reckitts's Bath Cubes Programme
Featuring
The Three Admirals
Betty Dale
and
Bill Bowness
Presented by Reckitts & Sons, Ltd., Hull.
- 9.15 a.m.** **Countryside**
A musical panorama of our glorious country, highways and byways, featuring Simon the Singer, and the Carnation Countryside Quintet. — Presented by Carnation Milk, the milk from Contented Cows.
- 9.30 a.m.** **Piano Personalities**
Records of popular pianists in solos and novelties.
- 9.45 a.m.** **Brooke Bond Concert**
Presented by Brooke Bond Dividend Tea.
- 10.0 a.m.** **Organ Virtuosos**
Radio Luxembourg presents a record programme of wizards of the mighty cinema organs. Listen for your favourite organist playing your favourite tune.
- 10.15 to 10.30 a.m.** **Request Programme.** A quarter of an hour composed entirely of musical items requested by listeners.
- 3.30 p.m.** **Concert of Music by the Luxembourg Station Orchestra,** directed by Henri Pensis.
- 4.0 p.m.** **The Dansant**

- 4.30 p.m.** **Funniosities**
More laughter from Radio Luxembourg.
- 4.45 p.m.** **ALFREDO CAMPOLI and His Orchestra**
A talk by Nurse Johnson on Child problems
Presented by California Syrup of Figs, 179 Acton Vale, London, W.3.
- 5.0 p.m.** **MORTON DOWNEY**
The Golden Voice of Radio
Presented by Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne, the makers of Drene Shampoo.
- 5.15 to 5.30 p.m.** **Variety**
- 6.30 p.m.** **Programme presented by the Italian Tourist Office.**
- 6.45 to 7.0 p.m.** **Top-Gear**
A high speed programme of swing.
- 11.0 p.m.** **Dancing Time**
- 12 (midnight)** **Princess Marguerite Programme** of music.—Presented by Theron Laboratories, Perivale, Middlesex
- 12.30 to 1.0 a.m.** **Late Dance Music**

SATURDAY, SEPT. 25

- 8.0 a.m.** **ALFREDO CAMPOLI and His Orchestra**
Talk by Nurse Johnson on Child Problems
Presented by California Syrup of Figs, 179 Acton Vale, London, W.3.
- 8.15 a.m.** **HORLICKS**
Music in the Morning
Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks.
- 8.30 a.m.** **Sunny Jim's Programme** of "Force" and Melody.—Presented by A. C. Fincken & Company.
- 8.45 a.m.** **CADBURY CALLING**
Music for all tastes. A new blend of entertainment. Reginald Dixon at the organ of the Tower Ballroom, Blackpool, with two singing celebrities
This week:
Parry Jones, tenor and
Dennis Noble, baritone
broadcasting for the first time from Radio Luxembourg
Presented by Cadbury Brothers, Ltd., Bournville.



Billy Bisset: Sunday, 3.15 p.m.; Monday, 8 a.m.; Tuesday, 4.45 p.m.; Wednesday and Thursday, 8 a.m.



Sunday, 9.15 p.m.: Mabel Constanduros is Jack Payne's guest in Beecham's Reunion

- 9.15 a.m.** **TOM PATCH and His Dog, Raffles**
A programme of particular interest to all dog lovers. Both adults and children will eagerly follow the exploits of Tom and his Doggy Pal, Raffles
Presented by Bob Martin Limited.
- 9.30 a.m.** **Brown and Polson Cookery Club.** Club news and cookery talks by the President of the Brown and Polson Cookery Club, Mrs. Jean Scott.—Presented by Brown and Polson.
- 9.45 a.m.** **Keeping House with Elizabeth Craig.** Introduced by Peter the Planter.—Presented by Lyon's Green Label Tea.
- 10.0 a.m.** **Uncle Coughdrop's Party for the kiddies.**—Presented by Pineate Honey Cough Syrup, Braydon Road, N.16.
- 10.15 to 10.30 a.m.** **Good Morning**
A visit from Albert Whelan, bringing a smile, a song and a story, representing the makers of Andrews Liver Salt.
- 3.30 p.m.** **Concert of Light Orchestral Music.**
- 4.0 p.m.** **Thé Dansant**
- 4.30 p.m.** **Songs from the Films and Shows.** Vocal records of the most popular tunes from musical comedies and films, past and present.
- 4.45 p.m.** **HILDEGARDE**
The most fascinating personality of 1937. Presented by the makers of Milk of Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, London, W.3.
- 5.0 p.m.** **FOUR KOLYNOS SMILES**
Presented by the makers of Kolynos Dental Cream.
- 5.15 to 5.30 p.m.** **Martial Moments**
A stirring programme of world famous marching tunes. (Electrical transcriptions).
- 6.30 p.m.** **Request Programme**
- 6.45 to 7.0 p.m.** **Altcar's Radio Review**
Latest greyhound racing news, gossip and form on this evening's programme.—Presented by Altcar.
- 11.0 to 1.0 a.m.** **Dancing Time**

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11.15 a.m. every Sunday; 8.45 a.m. every Monday; 8.30 a.m. every Thursday.
- RADIO NORMANDY (269.5 metres)**
2.45 p.m. every Sunday; 9.0 a.m. every Monday; 10.15 a.m. every Tuesday; 5.0 p.m. every Wednesday; 10.15 a.m. every Thursday (except first Thursday in month).


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- Monday, 9.45 a.m., **NORMANDY**
- Tuesday, 8.0 a.m., **LUXEMBOURG**
- Thursday, 9.45 a.m., **NORMANDY**
- Friday, 8.0 a.m., **LUXEMBOURG**
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Ian Newman, W. Stewart Saunders.



TUNE IN

Times of Transmissions	
Sunday:	7.45 a.m.—11.45 a.m. 2.00 p.m.—7.30 p.m. 10.30 p.m.—1.00 a.m.
Weekdays:	7.45 a.m.—11.00 a.m. 2.00 p.m.—6.00 p.m. †12 (midnight)—1.00 a.m.
*Thursday:	2.30 p.m.—6.00 p.m.
†Friday, Saturday, 12 (midnight):	2.00 a.m.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 19

Morning Programme

- 7.45 a.m. Normandy Calling
- 8.0 a.m. Normandy Playbill
Advance News and Some of Next Week's High Spots.
- 8.15 a.m. **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**
Sacred Music. The Thought for the Week—The Rev. James Wall, M.A.
- 8.30 a.m. Military Band Concert
El Capitan March, Sousa; Parade of the Tin Soldiers, Jessel; Dance of the Flowers, Delibes; Selection—The Mikado, Sullivan.
—Presented by the makers of Novopine Foot Energiser, Yeo Street, E.3.
- 8.45 a.m. Sporting Special
Presented by International Sporting Pools, Bath Road, Bristol.

- 9.15 a.m. **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**
Hollywood Heroes. Sweet is the Word for You, Rainger; Will You Remember? Romberg; One Never Knows, Does One? Revel.—Presented by the makers of Lux Toilet Soap.
- 9.30 a.m. **ALFREDO CAMPOLI AND HIS ORCHESTRA**
Talk by Nurse Johnson on Child Problems Presented by California Syrup of Figs, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.
- 9.45 a.m. Smoking Concert
A Convivial Collection with a Cigarette and a Song on their Lips, featuring Charlie the Chairman and the Smoking Concert Company.—Presented by Rizla Cigarette Papers, Rizla House, Beresford Avenue, Wembley, Middlesex.



"Almost a Gentleman" Billy Bennett, Sunday, 11.15 a.m.



Norah Blakemore is in "Music Hall Memories" at 6 p.m. on Sunday.

- 10.0 a.m. **WALTZ TIME**
With Billy Bisset and His Waltz Time Orchestra
Anita Hart
Eddie Lee and The Waltz Timers
Presented by Phillip's Dental Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.
- 10.15 a.m. **CARSON ROBISON**
And His Pioneers
Presented by Oxydol & Co., Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.
- 10.30 a.m. Eddie Pola
And His Twisted Tunes. A Programme of Twisted Words and Music.—Presented by the makers of Hudson's Extract, Unilever House, Blackfriars, E.C.4.
- 10.45 a.m. The Rowntree Aerodrome
A Programme of Flying and Music.
Oh, But I'm Happy, Revel; I'm Like a Little Birdie Out of a Cage, Lerner; Honey Bunch; Midnight in Mayfair, Chase; Don't You Care What Anyone Says? Chaplin; We Just Couldn't Say Goodbye, Woods.—Presented by the makers of Rowntree's Aero Chocolate.
- 11.0 a.m. **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**
PUTTING A NEW COMPLEXION ON LIFE
Let's Put Our Heads Together, Harburg; Someone to Care for Me, Jurmann; Shall We Dance? Gershwin; There's Something in the Air, McHugh; All's Fair in Love and War, Warren.—Presented by D.D.D., Fleet Lane, E.C.4.
- 11.15 a.m. Union Cinemas
present Radio Parade from the stage of the Union Cinema, Kingston-on-Thames, featuring Billy Bennett, Molly and Marie, Max and Harry Nesbitt, Fred Hudson, Gaby Vallee, Robinson Cleaver, Jack Dowle and Harold Ramsay at the Organ of the Union Cinema.
- 11.45 a.m. Programmes in French
Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie.

- 3.30 p.m. Melody and Mirth
Major and Minor Take the Biscuit.—Presented by Huntley & Palmer, Ltd., Biscuit Manufacturers, Reading.
- 3.45 p.m. **MAYFAIR'S FAVOURITE DANCE TUNES OF THE WEEK**
played by
Low Stone and His Band
Presented by Pond's Face Powder.
- 4.0 p.m. **THE HORLICKS PICTURE HOUSE**
with
Helen Raymond
Bert Yarlott
Florence Oldham
The Radio Three
Dorice Fordred
Billy Percy and Max Kirby
Alan Holland
Harold Warrrender
ARTHUR TRACY
and
SABU The Elephant Boy
and the Horlicks All-Star Orchestra
under Debroy Somers.—Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks.
- 5.0 p.m. **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**
Peter the Planter presents Fred Hartley's Sextet with Brian Lawrence.—On behalf of Lyons Green Label Tea.
- 5.15 p.m. **A QUESTION OF TASTE**
A Programme in which Members of the Public Select and Present their own Tastes in Music
With the Quaker Orchestra and Singers
Presented by the makers of Quaker Corn Flakes, Southall, Middlesex.
- 5.30 p.m. **HILDEGARDE**
The Most Fascinating Personality of 1937
Presented by Milk of Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.
- 5.45 p.m. Master O.K., The Saucy Boy
Six Hits of the Day; Slap That Bass, Gershwin; The Love Bug Will Bite You, Tomlin; There's Yoo Hoo in Your Eyes, Tobias.—Presented by O.K. Sauce, Chelsea Works, S.W.18.

Afternoon Programme

- 2.0 p.m. The Kraft Show
Directed by Billy Cotton with Peter Williams, Alan Breeze, Jack Doyle and Will Fyffe.—Presented by Kraft Cheese Co., Ltd., Hayes, Middlesex.
- 2.30 p.m. "The Paris Magazine"
A Relay from the Radio Normandy Paris Studio.—Presented by an Englishman in Paris on behalf of Lixen, Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., Radio Dept., E.C.2 (U.P.C. Production).
- 2.45 p.m. **THE OPEN ROAD**
Hampton Court; Hallelujah, Youmans; El Relicario, Padilla; Massed Bands of the Guards, Burnaby; Punjaub March, Payne.—Presented by Carter's Little Liver Pills, 64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1.
- 3.0 p.m. **SERENADE TO BEAUTY**
Presented by Pond's Extract Co., Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex.

Evening Programme

- 6.0 p.m. **MUSIC HALL MEMORIES**
featuring
Fred Douglas
Muriel Farquhar
Norah Blakemore
and
Charles Star's Old Time Variety Orchestra
Presented by Macleans, Ltd. Makers of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, Great West Road, Brentford.
- 6.15 p.m. **ALFREDO CAMPOLI AND HIS ORCHESTRA**
Talk by Nurse Johnson on Child Problems
Presented by California Syrup of Figs, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.



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- 6.30 p.m.** RINSO RADIO REVUE featuring JACK HYLTON AND HIS BAND Alice Mann Dick Murphy The Swingtette and Joe Rossi Compèred by Johnny Weekes Presented by the makers of Rinso, Unilever House, Blackfriars, E.C.4.
- 7.0 p.m.** Black Magic A Programme for Sweethearts. That Certain Feeling, Gershwin; To-morrow is Another Day, Jurmann; The Very Thought of You, Noble; I've Got Beginner's Luck, Gershwin; Live, Laugh and Love, Heyman.
- 7.15 p.m.** Voices of The Stars Present Violet Lorraine, the Famous Musical Comedy Star.—Sponsored by Rowntrees, The makers of Chocolate Crisp.
- 7.30 p.m.** Programmes in French Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie.
- 10.0 p.m.** Paris Exhibition News Compèred by John Sullivan and relayed from the Radio Normandy Paris Studio.
- 10.15 p.m.** Soft Lights and Sweet Music It's Got to Be Love, Rodgers; How Am I to Know? King; Soft Lights and Sweet Music, Berlin; Caprice Viennois, Kreisler; I Need You, Botterell.—Presented by Pepsodent, Ltd., Park Royal Road, N.W.10.
- 10.30 p.m.** "Fats" Waller and His Rhythm (Electrical Recordings). Rhythm and Romance, Schwartz; I Just Made Up with That Old Girl of Mine, McConnell; Twelfth Street Rag, Bowman; San Anton, Razaf; Truckin', Bloom.
- 10.45 p.m.** Advance Film News Presented by Associated British Cinemas, 30 Golden Square, W.1.
- 11.0 p.m.** Vaudeville Presented by Western Sports Pools, Westgate Chambers, Newport, Mon.
- 11.15 p.m.** Happiness Ahead Presented by Goodsway Bonus Football Pools, Sunderland.
- 11.30 p.m.** Normandy Playbill Advance News and Some of Next Week's High Spots.
- 11.45 p.m.** Sweet Music (midnight) Melody at Midnight Henry King and His Orchestra. Guest Artist: Carol Lee. (Electrical Recordings.)—Presented by Bille Beans, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.
- 12.30 a.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL Dance Music. You Can Tell She Comes From Dixie—Fox trot, Symes; Sunset in Vienna—Fox trot, Lerner; The Greatest Mistake of My Life, Nelson; Le Touquet—Paso Doble, Varma; Boo Hoo—Fox trot Lombardo; Never Should Have Told You So, Friend; Solitude—Fox trot, Ellington; Never in a Million Years—Fox trot, Revel.
- 1.0 a.m.** I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

- 8.15 a.m.** 8.15—And All's Well An Early Morning Programme to Encourage the Healthy Happy Side of Life, featuring Browning and Starr.—Presented by Alka Seltzer Products.
- 8.30 a.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL Aunt Lena's Plantation Melodies with the soft-voiced Southern Singing of Your Favourite Stars.—Presented by the makers of Colman's Semolina, J. & J. Colman, Ltd., Norwich.
- 8.45 a.m.** Jane and John Hope You Will Like: Dance of the Nymphs, Birch; Bird Songs at Eventide, Coates; Destiny Waltz, Baynes; Hungarian Dance No. 5, Brahms.—Presented by Drages, Limited, Everyman House, Oxford Street, W.1.
- 9.0 a.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL THE OPEN ROAD —Presented by Carter's Little Liver Pills, 64 Hatton Gardens, E.C.1.
- 9.15 a.m.** GORDON LITTLE In Music Through the Window Presented by Phosferine Tonic Wine, La Belle Sauvage, E.C.4.
- 9.30 a.m.** Records by Harry Roy and His Orchestra.
- 9.45 a.m.** HILDEGARDE The Most Fascinating Personality of 1937 Presented by Milk of Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.
- 10.0 a.m.** Light Orchestral Concert
- 10.30 a.m.** Light Songs
- 10.45 a.m.** Ten Forty-Five and All That
- 11.0 a.m.** Programmes in French Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie.
- 2.0 p.m.** The Magic Carpet
- 2.30 p.m.** Paris Exhibition News Compèred by John Sullivan and relayed from Radio Normandy Paris Studio.
- 2.45 p.m.** The Week's Commentary
- 3.0 p.m.** Around the Union Cinemas Featuring Harold Ramsay and other artists.—Presented by Union Cinemas, Union House, 15 Regent Street, W.1.
- 3.15 p.m.** Songs at the Piano
- 3.30 p.m.** Request Programme From Mr. John Willis.
- 4.0 p.m.** Variety
- 4.30 p.m.** Schubertiana March Militaire; Serenade; Moment Musical; Entr'acte (Rosamunde).
- 4.45 p.m.** Cookery Nook Your tea-time rendezvous with Phyllis Peck, McDougall's Cookery Expert.—Presented by McDougalls, Ltd., Millwall Docks, E.14.
- 5.0 p.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL POST TOASTIES RADIO CORNER UNCLE CHRIS (Christopher Stone) Presented to the Children by the makers of Post Toasties, 10 Soho Square, W.1.
- 5.15 p.m.** Advance Film News Presented by Associated British Cinemas, 30 Golden Square, W.1.
- 5.30 p.m.** A Quarter-Hour Programme For Boys and Girls. Birthday Greetings from the Uncles.
- 5.45 p.m.** Fifteen Minutes with the Fleet
- 6.0 p.m.** Programmes in French Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie.
- 12 (midnight)** Melody at Midnight Henry King and His Orchestra. Guest Artists: Jeannie Dunne and Jimmie Tolson (Electrical Recordings.)—Presented by Bille Beans, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.
- 12.30 a.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL Dance Music. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

Please turn to next page.

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MONDAY, SEPT. 20

- 7.45 a.m.** Laugh and Grow Fit With Joe Murgatroyd (The Lad fra' Yorkshire).
- 8.0 a.m.** MUSIC IN THE MORNING When the Red Red Robin, Woods; Whistling Waltz, Woods; Bye, Bye, Blackbird, Henderson; I Hear a Call to Arms, Lane; Chicago, Fisher; I'm On a See-Saw, Ellis; Blue Again, McHugh; The Glory of Love, Hill.—Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks.



"Fats Waller" and one of his band as they appear in "King of Burlesque." Some of his recordings will be heard this Sunday at 10.30 p.m.

Next week's issue of Radio Pictorial, packed with fine features, stars

"My Radio Philosophy," by **GEORGE ROBEY**

"Football Broadcasts Mystery," an article of interest to all football fans, by Our Special Commissioner.

"When Listeners Gave Us the Bird," by **Rupert Hazell and Elsie Day.**

And many other brilliant articles and features by "Stainless Stephen," Garry Allighan, Edgar Jackson, Elizabeth Craig, etc.

Also, full Luxembourg, Normandy and Lyons programmes.

Tune in RADIO NORMANDY

—Continued from preceding page

Full Programme Particulars



Share a Smile with Layton and Johnstone, melodious-voiced comedians, on Tuesday at 4 p.m.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 21

- 7.45 a.m.** Laugh and Grow Fit With Joe Murgatroyd (The Lad fra' Yorkshire).
- 8.0 a.m.** Looking Forward Happiness Ahead, Dixon; Here Comes That Rainbow, Steinger; Looking for a Little Bit of Blue, Woods; Look Up and Laugh, Parr-Davies; Here Comes To-morrow, Loesser.
- 8.15 a.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL Jane and John Hope You Will Like. Merrymakers' Dance, German; Moon Song, Coslow; Love and War, Ross; Love and Learn, Schwartz.—Presented by Drages, Limited, Everyman House, Oxford Street, W.1.
- 8.30 a.m.** Records by Carroll Gibbons and the Salon Orchestra. Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, Kern; Body and Soul, Green; Alice Blue Gown, Tierney; Tony's Wife, Adamson.—Presented by Vitacup, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.
- 8.45 a.m.** Cookery Nook Your rendezvous with Phyllis Peck, McDougall's Cookery Expert.—Presented by McDougalls, Ltd., Millwall Docks, E.14.
- 9.0 a.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL Military Review. When the Territorials Are On Parade, Sarony; The King's Horses, Gay; When the Guards Go Marching By, Barker; Soldiers in the Park, Monckton.
- 9.15 a.m.** TUNES YOU MIGHT HAVE HEARD Parade of the Tin Soldiers, Jessell; Barcarolle (Tales of Hoffman), Offenbach; On Ilkka Moor Baht 'At, arr. Jackson; Selection—Iolanthe, Sullivan.—Presented by the proprietor Lavona Hair Tonic, Braydon Road, N.16.
- 9.30 a.m.** Tunes We All Know Hunting Medley; Mountains of Mourne, Collinson; Stein Song, Frenstead; Jollity on the Mountains, Fetras.—Presented by Limestone Phosphate, Braydon Road, N.16.
- 9.45 a.m.** WALTZ TIME With Billy Bissett and His Waltz Time Orchestra Anita Hart Eddie Lee And the Waltz Timers Presented by Phillip's Dental Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.
- 10.0 a.m.** Records by Terence Casey Ragamuffin Romeo, Wayne; The Whistler and His Dog, Pryor; In a Bird Store, Lake; Whistling Rufus, Mills.
- 10.15 a.m.** THE OPEN ROAD The Darling of the Guards, Meskill; Hand in Hand, Pola; Anchors Aweigh, Zimmerman; Betty Co-ed, Fogarty; Entry of the Gladiators, Fucik.—Presented by Carter's Little Liver Pills, 64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1.
- 10.30 a.m.** POPULAR CONCERT Selection—The Dubarry, Millocker; Little Flatterer, Eilenberg; Regimental Song, Friml; Artist's Life, Strauss.—Presented by Macleans, Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

- 10.45 a.m.** Ten Forty-Five And All That
- 11.0 a.m.** Programmes in French Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie.
- 2.0 p.m.** The Magic Carpet
- 2.15 p.m.** Advance Film News Sweet Heartache, Washington; I've Got You Under My Skin, Porter; Where Are You? McHugh; Easy to Love, Porter.—Presented by Associated British Cinemas, 30 Golden Square, W.1.
- 2.30 p.m.** Paris Exhibition News Compered by John Sullivan and relayed from the Radio Normandy Paris Studio.
- 2.45 p.m.** Dancing Reflections In the Musical Mirror. Madonna of the Bullfighters, Espinosa; Japanese Cherry Blossom Festival, Yoshimoto; Dance Tunes from Bavaria, Pachernegg; Stephanie—Gavotte, Czibulka.—Presented by the makers of Novopine Foot Energiser, Yeo Street, E.3.
- 3.0 p.m.** OLIVER KIMBALL The Record Spinner Washington Greys, Grafulla; Hungry Women, Kalmar; Selection—Once Upon a Time, arr. Stoddon; Selection of Bing Crosby Hits.—Presented by Bismag, Ltd., Braydon Road, N.16.
- 3.15 p.m.** Song Hits by Jimmy McHugh Blackbird Medley; Jamboree; Blue Again; I'm in the Mood for Love; Doin' the New Low Down.
- 3.30 p.m.** An Old-World Garden
- 4.0 p.m.** Share a Smile With Layton and Johnstone (Electrical Recordings).
- 4.15 p.m.** Soaring With Seraflo Sweep, Ellis; Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay, Flynn; My Love Parade, Schertinger; He's Rag Picker, Berlin.—Presented by the proprietors of Seraflo Self Raising Flour, Dartford, Kent.
- 4.30 p.m.** Watch Your Step
- 4.45 p.m.** Fifteen Minutes of Variety and Entertainment at the Café Au Lait.—Presented by Nestles Milk Products.
- 5.0 p.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL POST TOASTIES RADIO CORNER UNCLE CHRIS (Christopher Stone) Presented to the Children by the makers of Post Toasties, 10 Soho Square, W.1.
- 5.15 p.m.** A QUARTER-HOUR PROGRAMME For Boys and Girls Birthday Greetings from the Uncles
- 5.30 p.m.** PALMOLIVE HALF-HOUR With the Palmolivers PAUL OLIVER and OLIVE PALMER Presented by Palmolive Soap, Palmolive, Ltd., S.W.1.
- 6.0 p.m.** Programmes in French Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie.
- 12 (midnight)** Melody at Midnight Hal Grayson and His Orchestra. Guest Artist: Gene Austin (Electrical Recordings).—Presented by Bile Beans, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.
- 12.30 a.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL Dance Music.
- 1.0 a.m.** I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 22

- 7.45 a.m.** Laugh and Grow Fit With Joe Murgatroyd (The Lad fra' Yorkshire).
- 8.0 a.m.** MUSIC IN THE MORNING There's a New Day Comin', Young; Softly as in a Morning Sunrise, Romberg; The Song of the Dawn, Ager; Big Boy Blue, Tinturin; Lady in Red, Wrubel; Tell Me With a Love Song, Arlen; The Words Are in My Heart, Warren; Say It With Music, Berlin.—Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks.
- 8.15 a.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL Prosperity Programme, featuring Altair the Astrologer.—Presented by Odol, Odol Works, Norwich.
- 8.30 a.m.** Aunt Lena's Plantation Melodies. With the soft-voiced Southern Singing of Your Favourite Stars.—Presented by the makers of Colman's Semolina, J. & J. Colman, Ltd., Norwich.
- 8.45 a.m.** Force and Melody Versatility—Regimental Band of H.M. Grenadier Guards (Electrical Recordings).—Presented by A. C. Fincken & Co., Clifton House, Euston Road, N.W.1.
- 9.0 a.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL Dance Music. That's Life, I Guess—Fox trot, Lewis; With My Little Horse and Wagon, Gilbert; The Greatest Mistake of My Life, Nelson; Fifty Million Robins Can't Be Wrong—Fox trot, Tracey.—Presented by Sanitas, 51 Clapham Road, S.W.9.
- 9.15 a.m.** Favourite Melodies Golden Jubilee March, Sousa; Off to Philadelphia, Haynes; What Can You Give a Nudist on His Birthday? Le Clerq; Polka Medley.—Presented by Freezone Corn Remover, Braydon Road, N.16.
- 9.30 a.m.** Popular Tunes Minstrel Memories; Rory O'Moore, arr. Hartley; Quivering Quavers, Thomas; Sari Waltz, Kalman.—Presented by Fynnon, Limited.
- 9.45 a.m.** ALFREDO CAMPOLI AND HIS ORCHESTRA Talk by Nurse Johnson on Child Problems Presented by California Syrup of Figs, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.
- 10.0 a.m.** Listen to Vitbe Sweet is the Word for You, Rainger; Spooing of the Knife and Fork, Hilliam; In the Chapel in the Moonlight, Hill; Selection—The Music Ship.—Presented by Vitbe Bread, Crayford, Kent.
- 10.15 a.m.** Selections from the King of
- 10.30 a.m.** An All-Scottish Concert Scottish March, Trad.; Annie Laurie, Trad.; I'm the Landlord of the Inn in Aberfoyle, Fyffe; The Campbells Are Coming, arr. Mansfield.—Presented by Scott's Porage Oats, A. & R. Scott, Ltd., Colinton, Midlothian.
- 10.45 a.m.** Ten Forty-Five And All That
- 11.0 a.m.** Programmes in French Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie.
- 2.0 p.m.** The Magic Carpet
- 2.15 p.m.** Normandy Playbill Advance News and Some of Next Week's High Spots.
- 2.30 p.m.** Paris Exhibition News Compered by John Sullivan and relayed from the Radio Normandy Paris Studio.
- 2.45 p.m.** Dream Waltzes The Night is Young, Romberg; Beautiful Love, Gillespie; The One Rose, McIntyre; Sweetheart, Let's Grow Old Together, Bratton.—Presented by True Story Magazine, 30 Bouverie Street, E.C.4.
- 3.0 p.m.** Around the Union Cinemas Featuring Harold Ramsay and other artists.—Presented by Union Cinemas, Union House, 15 Regent Street, W.1.
- 3.15 p.m.** MUSICAL MOODS An Unrehearsed Entertainment by Lee Sims and Ilomay Bailey Presented by the makers of Fairy Soap, Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne and Manchester.
- 3.30 p.m.** MORTON DOWNEY The Golden Voice of Radio Presented by Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd., makers of Drene Shampoo.
- 3.45 p.m.** SONG SUGGESTIONS Presented by the makers of Lava Soap, Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.
- 4.0 p.m.** MILTON TEA-TIME TALKS Fascinating Programme of Words and Music With Gil Chard Presented by Milton Antiseptic, John Milton House, N.7.
- 4.30 p.m.** Dancing Reminiscences With Jack Payne (Electrical Recordings).
- 4.45 p.m.** Fingering the Frets A Programme for Instrumental Enthusiasts.

- 5.0 p.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL HEALTH AND HAPPINESS Bond of Friendship, Rogan; We'll All Go Riding on a Rainbow, Woods; Ca C'est Paris, Padilla; There's a New World, Kennedy; Scottish March, Trad.—Presented by Carter's Little Liver Pills, 64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1.
- 5.15 p.m.** Radio Tour (Germany). Moonlight on the Rhine, Vollstedt; I Lost My Heart in Heidelberg, Pepper; Mastersingers of Nuremberg, Wagner; Dance Tunes from Bavaria, Pachernegg; Bavarian Dance No. 2, Elgar; Maidens of Baden, Komzak; The Mill in the Black Forest, Ellenberg; Moonlight on the Alster, Fetras.—Presented by Rentals R.A.P., Ltd., 183 Regent Street, W.1.
- 5.45 p.m.** What's On in London News of the Latest Films, Shows and Other Attractions.
- 6.0 p.m.** Programmes in French Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie.
- 12 (midnight)** Melody at Midnight Jimmy Grier and His Orchestra. Guest Artists: The Three Brownies and the Farr Brothers (Electrical Recordings).—Presented by Bile Beans, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.
- 12.30 a.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL Dance Music.
- 1.0 a.m.** I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 23

- 7.45 a.m.** Laugh and Grow Fit With Joe Murgatroyd (The Lad fra' Yorkshire).
- 8.0 a.m.** SINGING JOE The Sanpic Man Hand in Hand, Pola; A Jovial Monk Am I, Audran; Toodle-oo, Leeb; Swing Patrol, Erard; Laugh, Clown, Laugh, Lewis.—Presented by the makers of Sanpic, Reckitt & Sons, Ltd., Hull.
- 8.15 a.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL GOOD MORNING, NEIGHBOUR Featuring The Three Admirals, Betty Dale and Bill Bowness.—Presented by the makers of Reckitts Bath Cubes, Reckitt and Sons, Ltd., Hull.
- 8.30 a.m.** The Colgate Revellers Presented by Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, Colgate, Ltd., S.W.1.
- 8.45 a.m.** Popular Music By Sir Landon Ronald. O, Lovely Night; O, Falmouth is a Fine Town. A Pair Well Matched; Down in the Forest.—Presented by Fels Naptha Soap, Clifton House, Euston Road, N.W.1.
- 9.0 a.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL Dance Music. What Are We Gonna Do With Baby? Pola; Keep Calling Me Sweetheart, Long; Seventh Heaven—Waltz, Mitchell; I'm Gonna Kiss Myself Good-bye, Roberts.—Presented by Woodwards Grippe Water, 51 Clapham Road, S.W.9.
- 9.15 a.m.** MUSIC IN THE MORNING Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks.
- 9.30 a.m.** OLIVER KIMBALL The Record Spinner English Maypole Dances, arr. Shaw; The Merry-go-Round Broke Down, Friend; On a Little Bamboo Bridge, Fletcher; Selection—Beggars' Opera, Gay.—Presented by Bismag, Limited, Braydon Road, N.16.
- 9.45 a.m.** HILDEGARDE The Most Fascinating Personality of 1937 Presented by Milk of Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.
- 10.0 a.m.** Radio Favourites Polka Medley; Tiny Tot, Lotter; The Punch and Judy Show, Black; Serenade, Ravini.—Presented by Brook Bond & Co., Ltd., London, E.1.
- 10.15 a.m.** THE OPEN ROAD Sabre and Spurs, Sousa; There's a New World, Kennedy; Song of the Highway, May; El Capitan, Sousa; My Red Letter Day, Sigler.—Presented by Carter's Little Liver Pills, 64 Hatton Gardens, E.C.1.
- 10.30 a.m.** POPULAR CONCERT Eva Waltzes, Lehar; Hobomoko, Reeves; Just Once for All Time, Heymann; Happy Selection.—Presented by Macleans, Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.
- 10.45 a.m.** Ten Forty-Five And All That Here Comes To-morrow, Actman; Hot Pie Selection; The Greatest Mistake of My Life, Nelson; Midnight in Mayfair, Chase.
- 11.0 a.m.** Programmes in French Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie.
- 2.30 p.m.** Paris Exhibition News Compered by John Sullivan and relayed from the Radio Normandy Paris Studio.

Please turn to page 36.

LISTEN IN TO
THE THREE ADMIRALS



15 MINUTES OF EARLY MORNING CHEER

FRIDAYS

Radio Luxembourg 1293 metres at 9.0-9.15 a.m.

THURSDAYS

Radio Normandy 269.5 metres at 8.15-8.30 a.m.

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THE I.B.C. SHOP WINDOW

JOE MURGATROYD AMONG THE ANNOUNCERS

AS promised, I'm going to tell you all about meeting the Announcers at Radio Normandy.

Well, I've just had my dinner—quite nice—but they didn't give us Yorkshire pudding to start with, like they do at home, nor did they give us any at any time come to that. We had some *vin blanc* and lots of bits and pieces—I didn't mind them at all, but since then I've had a kind of wistful longing for a good honest plate of roast beef and two vegetables with a nice bit of apple pie to follow—but I don't think they have ever heard of it here.

As a matter of fact, I met Thorp Devereux, the chief announcer, and we were discussing the food. He got very depressed about it and said it was due to "over fertilisation of the land." He's a very nice chap and at present he's on holiday in England, digging his face into steak and kidney pudding, grilled steaks and lark pie, etc., etc.

He'd got all his meals planned before he went away. I think he'll have all the *et ceteras* as well. David J. Davies was at dinner, too—he's a bit of a "sheik"—quite a good looking chap, but a bit thin. In fact, when he's got a pain he doesn't know whether it's back-ache or stomach-ache.



This is Joe Murgatroyd who Laughs and Grows Fit

Now Poppet had heard there was a Casino here, and having a bit of money left over from the trip, woman like, she wanted to "break the bank", but the "bank" soon put paid to *that* idea.

Anyhow, we met the other lads there. Now girls, a reliable sort of a chap is Ian Newman, and I think a bit Scotch, ahm Yorkshire, so, of course, we mix well. There is also Clifford Sandall, the electrical engineer—this lad speaks French very nearly as good as I do.

Kenneth Maconachie wandered in during the evening. Kenneth has a voice of silver, wavy hair, and a dreamy look. If ever they want a "Great Lover" to "My Lady Fayre," over the air, Kenneth is the bloke. Him and me often have a chat over the "mike"—I dare say you've heard us sometimes, and, of course, all the announcers at different times.

The following night Thorp and David invited Poppet and me to motor to a place along the coast called Yport. We got to Yport, a pretty little fishing village, and then somebody proposed we motored to Etretat, a very posh place. We asked the way and they gave us a short cut to the main road.

As we went the road got narrower and rougher and eventually got so steep, that, well—you've 'praps seen a cat when it makes a dive at a tree and nearly misses it? That was what the car was like.

It tore and scratched at the road and then it stopped—we couldn't get up or down—Thorp was driving—and Poppet innocently asked: "Do people have to have driving licences here?" I think she was beginning to feel a bit nervous.

As for me, I was hoping for the best and expecting the worst. Anyway, by three of us pushing and one driving—(David's clever; pushing didn't appeal to him so he drove)—we managed to get to the top.

Anyhow, we got back to Fécamp in safety—and, as Mr. Peeps said, "So to bed."

PAIN AFTER MEALS

By Dr. F. B. Scott, M.D., Paris

Of all the aches and pains which patients come and tell me about, stomach pain after meals is probably the most common. "I get such stabbing, gripping pains after meals," they say, or "my meals give me such a horrible full-up feeling."

Well, it doesn't take long to put these patients right. Their trouble is excess stomach acid—burning acid which ferments in the stomach and leads to all sorts of painful symptoms. In these cases, I simply prescribe 'Bisurated' Magnesia, the standard antacid compound. Within five minutes 'Bisurated' Magnesia neutralises excess acid, and so stops all pain and discomfort. If you suffer from stomach trouble, I strongly recommend you to try 'Bisurated' Magnesia.

Note: 'Bisurated' Magnesia—referred to by Dr. Scott—is available at all chemists at prices from 6d. to 2/6.

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Tune in RADIO NORMANDY

—Continued from page 34

Full Programme Particulars



Records by Carroll Gibbons will be given on Tuesday at 8.30 a.m.

2.45 p.m. Records by Browning and Starr. I Get a Kick Out of You, Porter; What Harlem is to Me, Razaf; Wanna Go Back to Honolulu, Leon; Lovely to Look At, McHugh; Fare Thee Well, Annabelle, Dixon.

3.0 p.m. Request Programme From Miss Rhona Paynes.

3.30 p.m. Selections From Gold Diggers of 1933.

3.45 p.m. Dancing Reflections In the Musical Mirror. Hearts of Oak, arr. Pecorinte; My Lady Dainty, Hesse; Polonaise Militaire, Chopin; The Whirl of the Waltz, Lincke.—Presented by the makers of Novopine Foot Energiser, Yeo Street, E.3.

4.0 p.m. Jane and John Hope You Will Like. Shepherd's Dance; Serenade, Schubert; Phil the Fluter's Ball, French; Speak to Me of Love, Lenoir.—Presented by Drages, Ltd., Everyman House, Oxford Street, W.1.

4.15 p.m. Putting a New Complexion On Life. I Was Anything But Sentimental, Lerner; To-morrow is Another Day, Jurmann; Why Was I Born? Kern; Where the Café Lights Are Gleaming, Goehr; It's Swell of You, Revel.—Presented by D.D.D., Fleet Lane, E.C.4.

4.30 p.m. George Scott Wood And His Accordion (Electrical Recording).

4.45 p.m. Fifteen Minutes of Variety and Entertainment at the Café Au Lait.—Presented by Nestles Milk Products.

5.0 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL POST TOASTIES RADIO CORNER UNCLE CHRIS (Christopher Stone) Presented to the Children by the makers of Post Toasties, 10 Soho Square, W.1.

5.15 p.m. A Quarter-Hour Programme For Boys and Girls. Birthday Greetings From the Uncles.

5.30 p.m. Records by Nat Gonella and His Georgians.

6.0 p.m. Programmes in French Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie.

12 (midnight) Melody at Midnight Jimmy Grier and His Orchestra. Guest Artists: The Uptowners and Sol Hoopii's Quartet (Electrical Recordings).—Presented by Bile Beans, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.

12.30 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL Dance Music.

1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

8.30 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL Cavalcade of the Stars. Presented by Donald Watt.—Sponsored by the makers of Parmint, 161 Smedley Street, S.W.8.

8.45 a.m. Sunny Jim's Programme of "Force" and Melody. Give Me the Spice of Life, Raymond; Flying High, Reader; Load the Covered Wagon, Kane; Chanson, Friml.—Presented by A. C. Fincken & Co., Clifton House, Euston Road, N.W.1.

9.0 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL For Beauty's Sake. Orchids to My Lady, Carr; Jasmine, Mayerl; Little White Gardenia, Coslow; Violets.—Presented by Cuticura Preparations, 31 Banner Street, E.C.1.

9.15 a.m. GORDON LITTLE In Music Through the Window Presented by Phosferine Tonic Wine, La Belle Sauvage, E.C.4.

9.30 a.m. Radio Favourites Selection.—Princess Charming, Kester; The Balkan Princess, Rubens; The Clatter of the Clogs, Flynn; The Rose Beetle Goes a-Wooing, Armandola.—Presented by Brooke Bond & Co., Ltd., London, E.1.

9.45 a.m. ALFREDO CAMPOLI AND HIS ORCHESTRA Talk by Nurse Johnson on Child Problems Presented by California Syrup of Figs, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.

4.30 p.m. Fingers of Harmony Wagneria, arr. Doucet; Mighty Lak' a Rose, Nevins; The Penguins' Patrol, Myers; Old and New Medley.—Presented by the proprietors of Daren Bread, Daren, Ltd., Dartford, Kent.

4.45 p.m. Cookery Nook Your tea-time rendezvous with Myllis Peck, McDougall's Cookery Expert.—Presented by McDougall, Ltd., Millwall Docks, E.14.

5.0 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL POST TOASTIES RADIO CORNER UNCLE CHRIS (Christopher Stone) Presented to the Children by the makers of Post Toasties, 10 Soho Square, W.1.

5.15 p.m. A Quarter-Hour Programme For Boys and Girls. Birthday Greetings From the Uncles.

5.30 p.m. Hawaiian Quarter Hour

5.45 p.m. What's On in London News of the Latest Films, Shows and Other Attractions.

6.0 p.m. Programmes in French Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie.

12 (midnight) Melody at Midnight Jimmy Grier and His Orchestra. Guest Artists: The Jones Boys and Cleo Brown (Electrical Recordings).—Presented by Bile Beans, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.

12.30 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL Dance Music.

1.0 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL

1.30 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL

2.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

9.0 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL Records by Popular People. I'll Never Let You Go, Ellis; Golden Heart, Michalson; Trust in Me, Schwartz; Was It Rain? Hirsch.—Presented by the makers of Vitacup, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

9.15 a.m. Grand Massed Brass Bands El Abanico, Javaloyes; My Lady Dainty, Hesse; Communityland Selection; The Passing of the Regiments, arr. Winter.

9.30 a.m. Favourite Melodies The Fleet's in Port Again, Gay; Old Father Thames, O'Hogan; In Town Tonight, Coates; This England.—Presented by Freezone Corn Remover, Braydon Road, N.16.

9.45 a.m. Normandy Playbill Advance News and Some of Next Week's High Spots.

10.0 a.m. Listen to Vitbe Baby's Birthday Party, Ronell; Birdie on the Green, Gourley; Christopher Robin is Saying His Prayers, Fraser Simson; The Clatter of the Clogs, Flynn.—Presented by Vitbe Bread, Crayford, Kent.

10.15 a.m. News Parade Presented by the Editors of "News Review."

10.30 a.m. Movie Melodies

10.45 a.m. Ten Forty-Five and All That Medley of Stephen. Foster Melodies; Nagasaki, Warren; The Moonbeam Waltz, Scott Wood; Mouse in the Clock, Hunt.

11.0 a.m. Programmes in French Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie.

2.0 p.m. The Magic Carpet

2.30 p.m. Paris Exhibition News Compered by John Sullivan and relayed from the Radio Normandy Paris Studio.

2.45 p.m. The Whirl of the World Selection—Shall We Dance? Gershwin; Jamboree (Top of the Town), McHugh; The Sleeping Beauty Waltz, Tchaikowsky; Let's Swing It (On We Go), Tobias.—Presented by Monsieigneur News Theatres.

3.0 p.m. Musical Cavalcade Spanish Dance No. 1, Moskowsky; Valse Triste, Sibelius; Softly Awakes My Heart, St. Saens; Court Ball Dances, Lanner.—Presented by publishers of "Cavalcade," 2 Salisbury Square, E.C.4.

3.15 p.m. Around the Union Cinemas Featuring Harold Ramsay and other artists.—Presented by Union Cinemas, Union House, Regent Street, W.1.

3.30 p.m. Dancing Time A Programme of Dance Music chosen by Victor Silvester.

4.0 p.m. Old Favourites

4.15 p.m. Swing Music Request Programme from Reginald Poole. Sobbing Blues, Kessel; Chinatown, My Chinatown, Schwartz; E Flat Blues, Morris; Scandal in a Flat, Carter.

4.30 p.m. Dancing Reminiscences With Ray Noble and His Orchestra (Electrical Recordings). Just an Echo in the Valley, Woods; The Pied Piper of Hamelin, Gay; All I Do is Dream of You, Brown; Spanish Eyes, Kester; The Old Spinning Wheel, Hill.

4.45 p.m. Fifteen Minutes of Variety and Entertainment at the Café Au Lait.—Presented by Nestles Milk Products.

5.0 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL POST TOASTIES RADIO CORNER UNCLE CHRIS (Christopher Stone) Presented to the Children by the makers of Post Toasties, 10 Soho Square, W.1.

5.15 p.m. Melodies of To-day and Yesterday. Swing High, Swing Low, Lane; Ay, Ay, Ay, Freire; Zigeuner—You Have Stolen My Heart, Egen; Poème, Fibich.—Presented by Rentals R.A.P., Ltd., 183 Regent Street, W.1.

5.30 p.m. Who Won? The Results of Association Football Matches played to-day will be broadcast as soon as they come to hand.—Presented by International Sporting Pools, Bath Road, Bristol.

6.0 p.m. Programmes in French Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie.

12 (midnight) Melody at Midnight Hal Grayson and His Orchestra. Guest Artists: Gene Austin, Jimmy Tolson and Jeannie Dunne (Electrical Recordings).—Presented by Bile Beans, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.

12.30 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL

1.0 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL

1.30 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL

2.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.



Ray Noble plays "Dancing Reminiscences" for you, Saturday, 4.30 p.m.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 25

7.45 a.m. Laugh and Grow Fit With Joe Murgatroyd (The Lad fra' Yorkshire).

8.0 a.m. MUSIC IN THE MORNING Gotta Get Up and Go to Work, Hupfeld; Side by Side, Woods; When My Ship Comes In, Kahn; Where Are You? McHugh; Japanese Sandman, Whiting; You Didn't Have to Tell Me, Donaldson; You Didn't Know the Music; You're Driving Me Crazy, Donaldson.—Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks.

8.15 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL Tunes from the Talks and Shows. Selection—Champagne Waltz, Coslow; Play It Again (Home and Beauty), Brodsky; Sleep Song (Pagliacci), Leoncavallo; Mind How You Cross the Road (Please Teacher), Weston.—Presented by the makers of Chix, 8 Devonshire Grove, S.E.15.

10.0 a.m. A Refreshing Programme The Old Tree, Tauber; Mouse in the Clock, Hunt; Neath Sunny Skies Medley; Why Do You Pass Me By? Carter.—Presented by Borwick's Lemon Barley, 1 Bunhill Road, S.W.1.

10.15 a.m. Keyboard Capers

10.30 a.m. SONGS AND MUSIC FROM STAGE AND SCREEN Selection—College Holiday; Ho, Ho (King Solomon's Mines), Spoliansky; A Little White Room (Floodlight), Nichols; Seal It with a Kiss (That Girl From Paris), Schwartz.—Presented by Macleans, Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

10.45 a.m. Ten Forty-Five And All That Le Touquet, Evans; You Can Tell She Comes from Dixie, Ager; Piano Medley—Floodlight, Nichols; Unsophisticated Sue, Razaf.

11.0 a.m. Programmes in French Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie.

2.0 p.m. The Magic Carpet

2.30 p.m. Paris Exhibition News Compered by John Sullivan and relayed from the Radio Normandy Paris Studio.

2.45 p.m. What's in a Name?

3.0 p.m. Request Programme From Miss Joy Marks.

3.30 p.m. Jane and John Hope You Will Like. Clog Dance, Ferras; The Two Guitars, Ferraris; Only a Rose, Friml; In the Hall of the Mountain King, Grieg.—Presented by Drages, Limited, Everyman House, Oxford Street, W.1.

3.45 p.m. Records by Rudy Vallee and His Orchestra.

4.0 p.m. MILTON TEA-TIME TALKS Fascinating Programme of Words and Music With Gil Chard Presented by the makers of Milton Antiseptic, John Milton House, N.7.



4.30 p.m., Thursday, George Scott-Wood and his Accordion (records).

FRIDAY, SEPT. 24

7.45 a.m. Laugh and Grow Fit With Joe Murgatroyd (The Lad fra' Yorkshire).

8.0 a.m. MUSIC IN THE MORNING Looking on the Bright Side, Howard; With a Song in My Heart, Rodgers; My Song Goes Round the World, May; I Adore You, Rainger; Avalon, Vincent; She Wore a Little Jacket of Blue, Bryan; Sailor Where Art Thou? Saville; The Fleet's in Port Again, Gay.—Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks.

8.15 a.m. 8.15—And All's Well An Early Morning Programme to Encourage the Healthy, Happy Side of Life. Browning and Starr.—Presented by Alka Seltzer Products.

4.30 p.m., Thursday, George Scott-Wood and his Accordion (records).

8.30 a.m. Happy Days With a Twinkle in Your Eye, Reader; Twenty-three and a Half Hours' Leave, Rainger; Swing Low, Sweet Chariot, arr. Mundy; Sailor Where Art Thou? Saville.—Presented by Wincarnis, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

8.45 a.m. Sunny Jim's Programme of "Force" and Melody. A Motor Ride, Bidgood; The Mill in the Black Forest, Eilenberg; Tally Ho, Leoni; Autumn, Chaminaade.—Presented by A. C. Fincken and Co., Clifton House, Euston Road, N.W.1.

Please turn to page 39.

MAKE EXTRA MONEY In Your Spare Time



Finest Sheffield Tools
ONLY are included in the New and improved G.T.L. Tool Chest, making it better value than ever.
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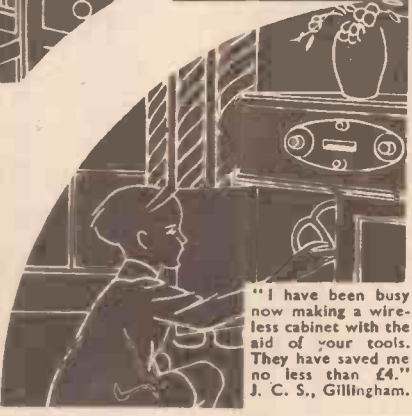
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A Beautiful 16-page Brochure describing the G.T.L. Guaranteed Tool Chest and Home Repairing Outfit in detail, and telling how you can save and make money—as tens of thousands are already doing.



"I have been busy now making a wire-less cabinet with the aid of your tools. They have saved me no less than £4."
J. C. S., Gillingham.

YOUR spare time can be turned to good account if you've a G.T.L. Tool Chest and Home Repairing Outfit—you can find a hundred-and-one profitable uses for it in your garden and home . . . fixing sheds, shelters, fencing and pergolas—to mention a few. And it opens up a new and inexpensive way of adding to the comfort, convenience and amenities of your property, while saving you literally pounds a year in repairs, for which you would otherwise have to pay. Incidentally, it also affords a new, pleasurable way of adding to your income by making articles to sell. So that—with a G.T.L. Tool Chest—instead of spending money in your leisure hours, you will be making it, saving it, and enjoying it!

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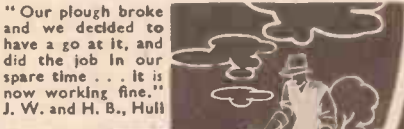
A valuable-FREE BOOK OF INSTRUCTION, containing over 200 working illustrations, is included in the G.T.L. Tool Chest. If you have never handled a tool, you CAN be sure of immediate success, because this book tells you what to make and shows you step-by-step how to make it.

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The New G.T.L. Chest for 1937 has been vastly improved by the inclusion of additional Tools and improvements to existing ones. Now there are nearly sixty high-quality articles, all the finest Sheffield Tools, neatly fitted in steel clips, and they come to you direct from the manufacturers, after being carefully tested. Everything for every purpose is here and the G.T.L. Tool Chest stands alone in its quality and completeness. Remember, too, that it is the ORIGINAL and ONLY G.T.L. Guaranteed Tool Chest.

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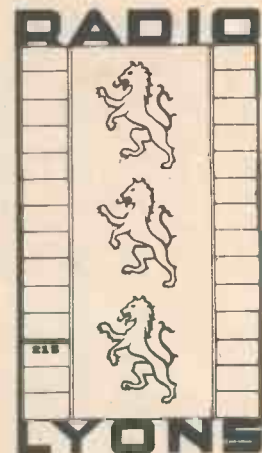
"After using them for repairing doors and repairing some chairs, the tools have stood the test well."
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Radio Lyons Balling!

Announcers: Gerald Carnes and John Couper

Tune-in to 215 metres for the week's liveliest programmes!



Nat Gonella,
10.45 p.m., Monday



Bobbie Comber
10.30 p.m., Friday



Turner Layton
10.45 p.m., Wednesday

SUN., SEPT. 19

8.15 p.m. Gramo-Variety
A variety of good things on gramophone records.

8.30 p.m. A QUESTION OF TASTE
A musical debate featuring two specially selected members of the listening public, assisted by the Quaker Orchestra and Singers.—Presented by the makers of Quaker Cornflakes.

8.45 p.m. Feminine Fancies
Glamorous stars of the microphone in a programme of their own favourites.

9.0 p.m. Young and Healthy
Up-to-the-minute dance music and songs.—Presented by the makers of Bille Beans.

9.15 p.m. The Zam-Buk Programme
Of melody, humour and song.—Presented by the makers of Zam-Buk.

9.30 p.m. ALFREDO CAMPOLI AND HIS ORCHESTRA
in a programme of light music, with an interesting talk on child welfare by Nurse Johnson.—Sent to you by courtesy of the makers of California Syrup of Figs.

9.45 p.m. WALTZ TIME
A programme of immortal waltzes, starring Billy Bisset and his Waltz Time Orchestra, Anita Hart, Eddie Lee, and the Waltz Timers.—Presented by arrangement with the makers of Phillips Dental Magnesia.

10.0 p.m. SONGS AND SENTIMENT
A delightfully informal programme of piano and vocal duets, with Helen Clare and Ronald Hill.—Presented with the compliments of the makers of Danderline.

10.15 p.m. DR. FU MANCHU, by Sax Rohmer
Episode No. 29
"The Lilies of Death"
A further dramatic episode in the timeless war between the famous criminal investigator, Nayland Smith, and Dr. Fu Manchu, arch-fiend of the Orient.
Dr. Fu Manchu—Frank Cochrane
Nayland Smith—D. A. Clarke Smith
Dr. Petrie—Gordon McLeod
Weymouth—Arthur Young
Ki Ming—Arthur Young
Voice—Arthur Young
Presented weekly, in serial form, by the makers of Milk of Magnesia.

10.30 p.m. PRESERVENE NIGGER MINSTRELS
An old-time minstrel show, featuring Johnny Schofield (son of the late Johnny Schofield, of "Mohawk" fame), and Kent Stevenson (the wise-cracking interlocutor). A programme full of fun and entertainment.—Sponsored by the makers of Preservene.

10.45 p.m. BEECHAM'S REUNION
introducing
Jack Payne and his Band
Billy Scott-Coomber
Ronnie Genarder
and this week's Reunion Guest Artist, Gordon Little
in "Song Successes." The programme compiled throughout by Christopher Stone.—Presented for your entertainment by Beecham's Pills, Ltd.

11.15 p.m. CARROLL GIBBONS AND HIS RHYTHM BOYS
in dance music and musical memories, assisted by
Anne Lenner
George Melachrino
and
The Three Ginx.
Sponsored and presented by the manufacturers of Stork Margarine.

11.45 p.m. The Night Watchman
One of many letters received from our very good friend, in which he expresses a wish to hear some of his favourite melodies.

12 (midnight) Close Down

MONDAY, SEPT. 20

10.0 p.m. Sweet Music and Song,
Presented by the New Era Treatment Co.

10.15 p.m. "Sunny Jim" Transmitting "Force" and Melody. An old-time ballad concert.—Presented by A. C. Fincken & Co.

10.30 p.m. Your Old Friend "Dan"
With a further supply of new songs but the same good advice.—Sent to you by the makers of Johnson's Wax Polish.

10.45 p.m. Nat Gonella and his Georgians. England's Louis Armstrong in a programme of his best recordings.

11.0 p.m. Review of Revues and Musical Comedy Memories. Hits from stage successes of yesterday and to-day.

11.30 p.m. Organ Parade
Thirty minutes with your favourite organists.

12 (midnight) Close Down

TUESDAY, SEPT. 21

10.0 p.m. Variety
Another in the series of programmes presented by the makers of Stead's Razor Blades.

10.15 p.m. "BOLENIUM" BILL ON PARADE
With his army of daily workers. A programme of stirring songs and marches.—Brought to you by the makers of Bolenium Overalls.

10.30 p.m. CARSON ROBISON AND HIS PIONEERS
A sound-picture of the Western Prairie with its melodies, humour and sentiment. Sent to you by courtesy of the makers of Oxydol.

10.45 p.m. PROGRAMME OF MODERN DANCE MUSIC
Featuring the leading dance orchestras of England and America.—Presented for your entertainment by the makers of Beecham's Pills.

11.0 p.m. Sign Please
The ever-popular signature tune game devised and produced by friendly, popular Tony Melrose. Address for your entries: "Sign Please," 10 Soho Square, London, W.1.

11.30 p.m. The Night Watchman
With a further soothing selection of his favourites.

12 (midnight) Close Down

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 22

10.0 p.m. The Borwick's Programme
of songs, dance music, and refreshing melodies.—Presented by courtesy of George Borwick & Sons.

10.15 p.m. "Sunny Jim" Transmitting "Force" and Melody. A programme of contrasts in music.—Presented by A. C. Fincken & Co.

10.30 p.m. MUSICAL MOODS
featuring
Ilomay Bailey and Lee Slims
(America's greatest piano and vocal team)
A delightful entertainment.—Brought to you by the makers of Falry Soap.

10.45 p.m. Turner Layton

11.0 p.m. Film Time
The film fan's programme conducted by our Screen Reporter, "The Man on the Set," bringing an interesting film competition. Address for entries: 10 Soho Square, London, W.1.

11.30 p.m. Light Music
Both instrumental and orchestral.

12 (midnight) Close Down

THURSDAY, SEPT. 23

10.0 p.m. PALMOLIVE TIME
with
Olive Palmer and Paul Oliver
in songs and duets, and
The Palmolivers
(Palmolive's own masters of rhythm) in a bright radio entertainment.—Sponsored and presented by the makers of Palmolive Soap.

10.30 p.m. MORTON DOWNEY
(The Golden Voice of Radio)
in a programme of songs and ballads, with dance music by the Drene Orchestra.—Presented by courtesy of Drene.

10.45 p.m. PROGRAMME OF MODERN DANCE MUSIC
featuring your favourite dance orchestras.—Presented by Beecham's Pills, Ltd.

11.0 p.m. "From the Hat"
A programme of gramophone records picked at random from our record library.

11.30 p.m. Trans-Atlantic
American artistes and orchestras in "Tunes from Across the Pond."

12 (midnight) Close Down

FRIDAY, SEPT. 24

10.0 p.m. The Hobson's Choice Programme.
A little of everything to please everyone in a fifteen-minute entertainment.—Presented by courtesy of the makers of Hobson's Choice Feet Plaisters and Powders.

10.15 p.m. "BOLENIUM BILL" ON PARADE
A programme of stirring songs and marches.—Brought to you by the manufacturers of Bolenium Overalls.

10.30 p.m. Floor Show
With Jeanette MacDonald, Babs and her Brothers, "North and South" (otherwise Ronald Frankau and Tommy Handley) Bobbie Comber, Ross and Sargent, Ambrose and his Orchestra, and compère Gerald Carnes.

11.0 p.m. CARROLL GIBBONS AND HIS RHYTHM BOYS
with
Anne Lenner
George Melachrino
and
The Three Ginx
in dance music, songs and musical memories.—The programme sponsored and presented by the makers of Stork Margarine.

11.30 p.m. The Night Watchman
More soothing favourites from our good friend.

12 (midnight) Close Down

SATURDAY, SEPT. 25

10.0 p.m. Dance Music for the Dancer
Fifteen minutes of strict-tempo dance music played by leading ball-room orchestras during which you are invited to "roll back the carpet and dance."

10.15 p.m. Dance Music for the Listener.
Specially orchestrated dance music played by such favourites as Louis Levy and his Symphony.

10.30 p.m. "Mavourneen"
Irish love songs sung by silvery-voiced Irish tenors.

10.45 p.m. Film Time
With your film friend and guide, Radio Lyons' Screen Reporter, "The Man on the Set," bringing studio gossip and small-talk, and an interesting film competition. Address your entries to 10 Soho Square, London, W.1.

11.15 p.m. Empire Pools Special
Announcing to-day's pool results. A programme for the football fan.—Presented with the compliments of Empire Pools, Ltd.

11.30 p.m. Passing By
Spend the last half-hour of the day with jovial, friendly Tony Melrose, the man who discovers a remedy for every problem and worry. Join this intimate listeners' corner and chat with Uncle Tony. His address is: 10 Soho Square, London, W.1.

12 (midnight) Close Down

PARIS
(Poste Parisien)
312.8 m., 959 Kc/s.

Times of Transmissions
Sunday: 5.30 p.m.—7.00 p.m.
10.30 p.m.—11.30 p.m.
Weekdays: 10.30 p.m.—11.00 p.m.
Announcer: John Sullivan

SUNDAY, SEPT. 19

5.30 p.m. Orchestral Concert
Overture 1812, Tchaikovsky; Singer's Joy, Strauss; Empire Builders March, Bath; Hungarian Dance No. 3, Brahms; Spring Song, Mendelssohn; An Evening With Liszt, arr. Urbach; In My Mood, Haringer; Warblers Serenade, Perry.

6.0 p.m. Sporting Special
Troublesome Trumpet; I Stumbled Over Love, Wright; Funiculi, Funicula, Densa; Sanctuary of the Heart, Kadelbey; Roses of the South, Strauss; The Night is Young and You're So Beautiful, Suesse; Sailboat in the Moonlight, Lombardo.—Presented by International Sporting Pools, Bath Road, Bristol.

6.30 p.m. Song of Italy
Minuet, Boccherini; Serenata Veneziana, Melchior; Selection—Madame Butterfly, Puccini; Guardann'a Luna, Crescenzo.—Presented by Radio Turismo, Rome, Italy.

6.45-7.0 p.m. Military Band Concert
With Sword and Lance, Starke; Stars and Stripes, Sousa; King Cotton, Sousa; Stein Song, Fenstead.

10.30 p.m. Variety Theatre
I've Got You Under My Skin, Porter; My Little Buckaroo, Scholl; Carelessly, Ellis; I'm Gonna Kiss Myself Goodbye, Roberts.—Presented by Goodsway Bonus Football Pools, Sunderland.

10.45 p.m. Old Favourites
Changing of the Guard, Flisam; Unforgotten Melody, Haydn Wood; Trees, Rasbach; The Londonderry Air, Trad.; Sweet Sue, Young.

11.0 p.m. Cabaret
Slap That Bass, Gershwin; Rockin' Chair Swing, Lopes; I'll See You Again, Conard; My Heart Will Be Dancing, May; Captain Harry Morgan, Bantock; Charlie Two Step, Carmichael; There's a Small Hotel, Brodsky; There Isn't Any Limit to My Love, Goodhart.

11.30 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL
I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

MONDAY, SEPT. 20

10.30 p.m. Songs
New Heart, Hackforth; Fancy Meeting You, Arlen; Hills of Devon, Sievier; I Still Suits Me, Kern.

10.45 p.m. Dance Music
Was It Rain?—Fox trot, Hirsch; Old Spinning Wheel—Fox trot, Connely; Maybe—Quick step, Grenard; A Moment in the Dark, Molina.

11.0 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL
I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 21

10.30 p.m. Dance Music and Cabaret
Relayed from the Scheherazade Night Club. Compered by John Sullivan.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 22

10.30 p.m. Accordion Band
Harbour Lights, Kennedy; Where the Café Lights are Gleaming, Goehr; A Cowboy's Wedding Day, Pelosi; Let's Have a Jolly Good Time, Kester.

10.45 p.m. Radio Stars
In a Little French Casino, Sherman; Was it Rain?—Fox trot, Hirsch; Sweet Heart—Fox trot, Washington; Toodle-oo Fox trot, Lombardo.—Presented by "Radio Pictorial."

11.0 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL
I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 23

10.30 p.m. Musical Comedy Selections
Over She Goes, Mayer; Country Girl, Monckton; Please Teacher, Tunbridge; The Desert Song, Romberg; The Quaker Girl Waltz, Monckton; Land of Smiles, Lehar; Show Boat, Kern.

11.0 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL
I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 24

9.0 p.m. (approx.) French Theatre Relay

RADIO MÉDITERRANÉE
(Juan-les-Pins)
215.1 m., 1276 Kc/s.

Times of Transmissions
Sunday: 10.30 p.m.—1.0 a.m.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 19

10.30 p.m. Variety Selection—Music from the Movies; Railroad Boomer, Reeves; With My Shillelagh Under My Arm, O'Brien; The Doll Dance, Brown; Let's Have a Tiddley at the Milk Bar, Gay; Laughing at the Rain, Gay; Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage, Von Tilzer; Save the Last Dance for Me, Spitalny; At the Café Continental, Kennedy.

11.0 p.m. Military Band Concert
From the Far West

11.30 p.m. Across the Great Divide, Box; I'm the Last of the Texas Rangers, Carr; Wagon Wheels, Hill; Home on the Range, Goodwin; Prairie Romeo, Godfrey.

11.45 p.m. Popular Melodies
On the Wurlitzer Organ. Free, Kennedy; I Love You Truly, Jacobs; La Paloma, Yradier; Close Your Eyes, Tennent; Dixieland Selection, arr. Sladden.

12 (midnight) Dance Music
Midnight in Mayfair, Chase; Watching the Stars, Lerner; Butterflies in the Rain, Reeves; At the Balalaika, Posford; In the Sweet Long Ago, Tobias; The Merry-Go-Round Broke Down, Friend; Brokenhearted Clown, Neol; What Are We Gonna Do With Baby? Pola; Maybe, Grenard; On a Little Bamboo Bridge, Fletcher; Was it Rain? Hirsch; Little Old Lady of Poverty Street, Lerner; In a Little French Casino, Silver; Red, White and Blue, Gay; Keep Calling Me Sweetheart, Iida; Serenade in the Night, Bixio; Love is Good for Anything that Ails You, Friend.

1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

RADIO LJUBLJANA
569.3 m., 527 Kc/s.

Time of Transmission
Friday: 10.30—11.0 p.m.
Announcer: F. Miklavcic

Time of Transmission
Friday: 10.30—11.0 p.m.
Announcer: F. Miklavcic

SHORT-WAVE EMPIRE TRANSMISSIONS
31.65 m., 9480 Kc/s.

10.30 p.m. London Cameos
The Lord Mayor's Show, Sarony; Old Father Thames, Wallace; The Driver of the 8.15, Longstaffe; A Thick Thick Fog in London, Gay.

10.45 p.m. Selections From Films
Maurice Chevalier Selection; Ragamuffin Romeo (King of Jazz), Wayne; Love is the Sweetest Thing (Say it With Music), Noble; You Will Remember Vienna (Viennese Nights), Romberg.

11.0 p.m. Close Down.

SHORT-WAVE EMPIRE TRANSMISSIONS
31.65 m., 9480 Kc/s.

Transmissions may be temporarily suspended.

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

12 (midnight) Military Band Concert
Light of Foot, Lalann; The Fairest of the Fair, Sousa; Vocal Gems—Three Musketeers, Friml; Selection—The Mastersingers of Nuremberg, Wagner.

12.15 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL
Old Panama, Alford; Ständchen, Heykens; Souvenirs of Switzerland; Hands Across the Sea, Sousa.

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

SATURDAY, SEPT. 25

10.30 p.m. Variety
Keep Smiling, Foot; Smashing Thirds, Waller; I Once Had a Heart, Margarita, Schmitz; Serenade in the Night, Bixio; Good-night, Sweetheart, Noble; Dinah, Young; You, Adamson; Tap Your Tootsies Sigger.


11.0 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL
I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

Only since this Discovery has it been possible to

GUARANTEE

the Ending
of YOUR
SKIN DISEASE

100 Years' Medical Search Ends
Doctors KNEW years ago what had the power to end all Skin Diseases, SULPHUR. But not one thousandth part of that power has been usable because ordinary sulphur cannot be absorbed into the blood stream. Now Jacob Ignatz Mrochem has perfected the first soluble sulphur and his discovery means the elimination of skin suffering. Did you know that if it were possible for you to eat even a hundredweight of ordinary sulphur, less than a saltspoonful would be absorbed?




JACOB IGNATZ MROCHEM
whose name will go down in the history of medicine as the discoverer of the first assimilable form of sulphur ever known.

For years doctors and research specialists have been prophesying what may happen when the full power of sulphur is made available to skin sufferers. For years they have predicted that the worst skin diseases that human flesh is heir to would yield before the cleansing, purifying, anti-parasitic and tissue-rebuilding properties known to exist within it. Yet even their expectations have fallen short of actual fact now that the first soluble, assimilable and digestible form of sulphur has been discovered. Statements which the layman without medical knowledge, must have seemed fantastic have erred on the side of professional caution! Most amazing of all has proved the actual

gradual improvement was anticipated, the remedial effects of this soluble sulphur in actual fact can be seen, in many cases, even from day to day. So much so that for the first time it is possible to guarantee the ending of your skin disease within a matter of a fortnight! It matters little whether your skin troubles are of recent appearance or of years' standing, whether they are of parasitic infection or the after-effects of other illness, whether you are young or old, man or woman, this soluble sulphur treatment goes direct to the root cause—the blood—where it has never been possible to get the curative properties of sulphur absorbed in the minutest quantities. The effects are so certain and the clearing so swift that an emphatic and unconditional guarantee can be given you that—

YOUR SKIN TROUBLES CAN BE ENDING FOR GOOD BY OCTOBER 8th OR YOU PAY NOT A PENNY!

HUNDREDS of medicaments, no doubt, have claimed your attention since the onslaught of your skin disease. Perhaps scores of them you have tried without lasting avail. But let this heartening thought give you more than fresh hope—in not a single instance until now has it been possible to give you the full benefit of the one element which doctors, hospitals, and clinics all over the world have shrewdly realised to have the power of ending your troubles for good. But by the genius of Herr Mrochem, sulphur—at once the most valuable and also the most obstinate and intractable element in the whole pharmacopoeia—has at last been brought within the service of human need.

His treatment, under the name of "SIBSUL" Soluble Assimilable Sulphur Treatment, is now made available to the British public. Already thousands of cases—many that had been given up as hopeless—are to-day living testimony to its success. You, too, can have a clean and healthy skin again, can see and experience the improvement which many sufferers have described as spectacular—and can do so under a guarantee that is legal and binding and does not obligate you to a penny price until you are convinced in the only way that matters—proof on your own body!

FREE OF DREADFUL COMPLAINT
"... I am thankful to say it (the Eczema) has not returned and I feel very fit myself. I can scarcely believe yet that I am free of the dreadful complaint, but trust that is gone for good. I cannot say how grateful I am for the relief, or how I can thank you, but believe me, I am more grateful than I can put into words. I shall recommend it wherever I can."
Miss M. W., Manchester.

NEW SENSE OF HEALTH
"... Mentally and physically I am improving. A nice glow is appearing accompanied by a sense of health and vigour. . . . The scales are changing from a skin scale to a scar which is of a softer nature. The scar if lifted produces moisture mostly blood. The surfaces are growing smaller. . . ."
A. G. A., Southampton, Lancs.

NOW CLEAR OF TROUBLE
"... I wish to say I found 'Sibsul' very satisfactory, and have now got rid of my skin trouble."
M. P., Perth.

DISEASE ELIMINATED
"... The disease may, I think, be said to be eliminated. A doctor I consulted this week could find nothing the matter."
T. S., Norwich.

In this brief announcement it is manifestly impossible to convey to you the full details of the complete "SIBSUL" Treatment. They are described in full in the treatise entitled, "The Guaranteed Way to End Your Skin Troubles for Good." In the short time in which the first edition has been before the British public it has brought not only the banishment of suffering, but a fuller life itself to thousands. Send the Application Form to-day and a complimentary copy will be sent you by return of post. Send now—a stamp is all you risk.

APPLICATION FORM

To SOLUBLE SULPHUR, LTD.,
Adam House, 60 Strand, London, W.C.2.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me without obligation of any kind, in plain envelope, a copy of your booklet, "The Guaranteed Way to End Your Skin Troubles for Good," with full details of your guarantee that my skin trouble shall be clearing for good by Oct. 8, 1937.

NAME
(Please print in BLOCK Letters)

ADDRESS

NOTICE—If you care to enclose a 2d. stamp for postage, it will be appreciated, but this is not essential.
Radio Pictorial, 17/9/37.

If you suffer from
ECZEMA, PSORIASIS
LEG TROUBLE
NETTLERASH (Urticaria)
BARBER'S RASH (Sycosis)
IMPETIGO
DERMATITIS, ACNE
PIMPLES and BOILS
Post this NOW

PUT ON 1lb. PER DAY

Thinness is a Sign of Weakness

BUILD UP A BEAUTIFUL BODY WITH

IRVONA

BRAND

THE GREAT NERVE AND BODY BUILDER

THIN people are nearly always nervy and almost without exception weak and unhealthy. They look half-starved . . . they feel half-starved . . . they ARE half-starved because the very reason is that they cannot extract enough nourishment from what they eat! No matter how much they cram rich foods or feeding oils into their bodies—it makes no difference! Their systems can't use these products!

But to the many thousands of such afflicted men and women we say with the utmost confidence that there is no need to suffer any longer.

PROVE to yourself, NOW, how "IRVONA" Brand Nerve and Body Builder will cover those bones with healthy flesh and muscle, fill out those hollows, smooth away those ugly angularities and make you well-moulded, shapely, well-proportioned and healthy.

BUILDS BEAUTIFUL BODIES

No man likes to be seen with a thin, angular woman with "saltcellar" depressions and protruding bones. She is unbeautiful, unattractive . . . uninteresting . . . she is nervy, unhealthy!

Nor does a woman like to have a weedy, weak-looking man as a companion. He never looks a REAL man somehow!

Thanks to scientific research, easy means have been found to remedy these distressing conditions, which are a menace to health. Such a remedy is now available to YOU in the form of convenient sugar-coated tablets called "IRVONA" Brand Nerve and Body Builder, and so confident are we of its amazing effect that we invite you to try it for 7 days.

IF YOU ARE A SKINNY, SCRAGGY WOMAN—

whose clothes never fit properly, and whose beauty is spoiled by unlovely lines, you can soon possess

Alluring curves and beautifully rounded limbs,
A perfectly developed bust and flowing lines,
A clear complexion and smiling eyes,
Ruby lips and glowing cheeks,
High spirits and irresistible vivacity!

IF YOU ARE A THIN, WEAK-LOOKING MAN—

whose body looks like "two deal boards" with sunken cheeks and a "tired" appearance, you can soon be proud of

A strong, healthy figure,
Firm, well-moulded limbs,
A dominating presence and appearance,
Great stamina and increased strength,
The figure-lines of an Apollo!

"IRVONA" sets about Body Building instantly. First it increases the Nervous Force. Thereafter everything you eat DOES YOU MORE GOOD. In addition to this "IRVONA" supplies to the blood the powerful flesh and body-building elements which it may lack.

"IRVONA" has already enabled thousands to put on weight, and to enjoy a measure of health and strength they thought impossible. We cannot do better than to quote you the following extracts:—

PUT ON 1lb. A DAY

"Until a few years ago I was one of the army of scraggy and weak victims. . . . I dreaded public appearances and grew morose and soured.

"I tried dieting, exercises, patent foods and specifics, but never a sign of success. . . .

"After repeated failures I was persuaded to try 'IRVONA,' and the result was most astounding. In a month I had put on twenty-eight pounds and was transformed from a skinny underweight weakling to a well-formed being full of energy and vitality. . . ."

1/3	1 WEEK'S SUPPLY
3/-	3 WEEKS' SUPPLY
5/-	6 WEEKS' SUPPLY

IRVONA

Brand

NERVE AND BODY-BUILDER

Save Money by Purchasing The Larger Sizes

Obtainable from all Chemists, or post free by sending the price.

IRVONA Dept. 114c, 1 Gresse Street, LONDON, W.1.

No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy.

Distributors: The London and Colonial Export Co., Ltd.

TRY IT FOR 7 DAYS

THE THIN, WEAK-LOOKING MAN—
Can't Gain a Woman's Admiration

THE BONY, ANGULAR, WOMAN—
Rarely Meets Romance with a Capital "R"

THIN MAN—

"They just ignore me. I wish I could put on flesh."



IRVONA builds beautiful bodies out of the most unpromising material, turns puny, thin, weak, skinny people into veritable "Artists' Models" of figure perfection and form! By restoring that vital nervous force which enables you to extract the body-building nourishment from your food, it gives back to your system the power to feed itself with the healthful flesh-forming elements in your daily diet.

MONEY-BACK OFFER

The Sponsors of "IRVONA" (Brand) are so convinced that good results will follow its use that they offer to supply through any Chemist, or direct, one week's treatment (1/3 post free) on the distinct understanding that any purchaser who fails to experience sufficient improvement to justify a continuance of the remedy, may receive a refund of the full purchase money from the address below.