

NAT GONELLA - GREAT
PANEL PORTRAIT

FREE!

RADIO REVIEW

No. 25
APRIL 25
1936
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of the
Air*



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Easy One-Week Competition :
"LIMERICKS"

What You Have to Do :

DUE to persistent requests by our readers it has been decided to run this easy one-week competition again. It's your big chance to win a big prize.

Below are five Limericks. The last line of each is missing. Your job is to complete the Limerick!

Your line should be clever—funny—or contain a snappy comment.

Decide which Limerick you are to complete, copy it out on to a postcard complete with your last line, and send your postcard to Competition Editor, "Radio Review," 12 Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4, to reach that address by Thursday, April 30.

If you would rather make up your own Limerick, you will find the names of 20 well-known broadcasters below. Study them, and make up a bright Limerick containing any one or two names.

The directions for sending your entry for this competition are the same.

For the best last line or Limerick, the Editor will award a magnificent Columbia Radiogram.

All other entries published will be awarded handsome consolation prizes.

In all matters relating to the competition the Editor's published decision must be accepted as final and legally binding. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with this competition.

Entries will not be accepted from employees of D. C. Thomson & Co., Ltd., or their immediate connections.

*A schoolboy, called Marmaduke Brown,
At Easter was taken to Town.
At the Tower he said, "Stay,
What did Holloway say,*

*Said a Birmingham butcher called Sword,
"My favourite singer's Jack Ford,
When he takes a top note,
It doesn't come from his throat,*

*Said a parson in Clacton-on-Sea,
"I love steak and chips to my tea,
But, best of all,
I like Henry Hall,*

*A lady from London called Lou,
Listened in every time she felt blue,
One evening at eight,
She heard Harry Tate,*

*A girl called Gertie said, "Right,
"I've fallen for Roy Fox and Syd Kyle,
But my favourite still
Is called Ronnie Hill,*

Here are the names if you wish to make your own Limerick:—
Black, Hyde, Handley, Deane, Bennett, Pepper, Warren, Marsh, Lee, Butcher, Wilton, Bacon, Pola, Manning, Kaye, Keller, Dall, M'Lean, Carr, Torch.

What Did the
Conductor Say?

HERE are the prize-winners in the "What Did The Conductor Say?" competition. The first prize, a magnificent radiogram, goes to H. W. HALL, 40 Clever Road, Custom House, London, E.16.

Here is his prize-winning effort:—

*The conductor said—"Ah! A 'technical
hitch' up of skirts."*

The following will receive handsome consolation prizes:—

The conductor said—"My congratulations! The foundations themselves must envy the effortless production of such a perfect discord."

—D. HANDLEY, "Strathmore," Bury New Road, Ramsbottom, Manchester.

The conductor said—"Absolutely a screaming success."

—H. G. WILLIAMS, 8 Cotton Mount, Shrewsbury, Shropshire.

Radio Review

No. 25.

April 25, 1936.

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NAT GONELLA.

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The conductor said—"Put more 'Feline' into it and you'll scare it!"
—MISS J. STONLEY, 85 Cobden Street Darlington.

The conductor said—"Geel! We could do with a few Belisha beacons round here."
—H. M'GOWAN, 11 Mitchell Street, Prescott, Lancs.

The conductor said—"You have just heard the 'Yell-oh' quartette."
—MRS CAMERON, c/o Lennie, 30 Bryson Road, Edinburgh.

GRACIE FIELDS had a birthday while on her recent tour in South Africa. She received a costly hat as a present.

Gracie wore it on her birthday when she visited a little town. Every inhabitant turned out to greet her, and she had a rousing welcome.

As she was driven through the streets someone yelled out, "How much for that hat, Gracie?" Gracie stopped her car, stood on the seat, and auctioned her new hat for the benefit of a local charity.

Then she slipped into a local shop, bought a new hat for 4s 11d, and continued her tour!

Between rehearsals for the recent "Here's George" programme, I was having tea with George Robey in the Broadcasting House restaurant. A young woman passed our table. Seeing George, her face lit up—she was evidently a friend of his. She stopped, made a grimace at the comedian, and, laughing good-humouredly, walked to her table.

Slowly George rose from his chair. Fixing his eyes steadfastly on the young lady, he pushed his way through the crowded tables, reached the offender's side, and began to take off his jacket!

Then George stopped. He put his coat right and sat down in the friendliest fashion to talk with the young woman.

Such human incidents prevent the austere headquarters of the B.B.C. from stifling those within it into mere robots. There's always a laugh lurking somewhere in this chilly centre of officialdom. Getting your name in the B.B.C. programmes doesn't keep you from the little tricks, jokes, or tragedies of everyday life.

There's no end to the tales about the stars.

Ronald Gourley, though sightless, is not the least sensitive about his affliction. He told me this story himself. One New Year's Day he had been broadcasting in the Aberdeen studio, and coming out of the building wanted to cross the road. He stopped

Mo
UNUSUAL FATE
of
GRACIE FIELDS'
BIRTHDAY
HAT —
& OTHER STORIES
ABOUT THE
STARS



a man and asked, "Will you help me across the road?"

"Why?" asked the stranger.

"I can't see."

"But why can't ye see, mon?"

"I'm blind."

"Och—weel noo I understand. I've bin celebrating the New Year mase!", said the Scot.

A strange meeting is remembered by Gladys and Clay Keyes (authors of

to rush from stage to studio in a nightie!

One of the most amazing incidents took place in the early days of the B.B.C. when shows were more frequently relayed from provincial studios. We were to hear a Hull concert party from the Leeds studio. We did hear them—but little imagined how they had got to the studio. Halfway on the journey their car broke down. No

railway station was near. They had little time to spare.

A motor cattle waggon came rumbling along. Could the driver take them to Leeds? He could. They scrambled in—and the Leeds broadcast was according to plan.

A hectic rush in Budapest gave rise to a bit of heroic broadcasting by Eric Maschwitz in one of those "Night Falls" broadcasts.

Eric had to drive in a low-built sports car from one broadcasting point to another. He was held up in the traffic, and he was in a frantic hurry. Scrambling out of the car he forgot to allow for his six-foot-five height, cracked his head on the roof, and blood streamed over his face.

No time to stop Eric went through with the broadcast, mopping the wound the while. Then when it was over he went and had it stitched up.

Mario de Pietro had once a bad five minutes. This mandoline and banjo ace was on the stage of a Manchester cinema playing Liszt's "Liebestraum" when—snap!—a string of his banjo broke! Quickly Mario picked up his mandoline and finished the piece on it.

(Please turn to page 26.)

Stories You Have Never Heard Before!

For instance, there's Gladys and Clay Keyes' amazing encounter with a swagger American crook!

"Charing Cross Road" and "Rogues and Rhythm"; and Clay is Lee of Haver and Lee). It happened when they were once crossing to Holland. Pat, their daughter, then a bonny girl of eighteen months, was with them.

An American passenger took a great

By
KENNETH BAILY

liking to Pat. He was as charming as could be to the family party. He gave Pat an expensive doll.

On their return journey, curiously enough, there was the American. This time he thoroughly ignored the Keyes. He went out of his way to avoid them. When they reached Harwich they knew why. The swagger American was escorted off the boat by detectives.

When Tessa Deane broadcast in "The Silver Patrol" she played the

Top-notch panel portrait of Nat Gonella free with this issue. Don't miss Lew Stone next week.

MOSTLY PERSONAL

by Long Wave

WHENEVER I meet "Our Mrs Buggins," I find myself filled with a sense of wonderment that such a quiet, little woman can be imbued with such amazing energy. Fragile, she looks . . . but actually she's five-foot-and-a-bit of tireless energy. "In the odd moments between my stage and radio dates," she told me, "I am finishing my new book, 'Mrs Buggins Calling.' Then there are two plays I'm hoping to finish soon. My nephew, Denis Constanduros, and I have written a musical play which is to be broadcast in the summer."

Mabel's Next Mike Date

Sounds easy, doesn't it! But it means that Mabel has to be up and working by 7 a.m. most mornings. Her next broadcast is in an Ernest Longstaffe Variety show on the Regional, Wednesday, April 29.

Revealing Two Secrets

By the way, did you know that Ernest Longstaffe once wrote music under the name of "Eric Landenberg"? This I had from the lips of Ernest Leggett, famed radio orchestral leader. Mr Leggett also gave away a secret about himself. "There was a Tzigane Orchestra on the air some years back," he said, "which was led by one, Ivan Cherloff. Well . . . Ivan was I!"

Inside Story

Then Ernest Leggett revealed the inside story of how this orchestra came into radio. They'd been rehearsing for weeks, and arrived at the audition all keyed up and ready to "do their darndest." But Ernest felt that the official who "balanced" them had not done so to their best advantage.

Happy Ending

Halfway through the audition Leggett stopped the music, saying, "Sorry, but I feel we're not coming

over. We'd better cancel the audition." The boys and he were sick with disappointment. But he didn't know the mike was switched through to an office where several B.B.C. officials sat listening. A few seconds later one of the officials hurried into the studio and said, "Let's work together on this." They did, and after that everyone was happy!

Infant Imitations

Have just been chatting with Gladys Merredew, that vivacious young comedienne (in the "Fol-de-Rols" again on the 28th and 29th April). I asked her if that marvellous "baby" imitation of hers was inspired by any particular infant . . . to which she replied, "No, I think it's just that I've never grown up myself!" Gladys will be with the "Fol-de-Rols" at Eastbourne this summer.

What About It?

Is it not time that orchestra leader, Percy Bush, well known to listeners, was back on the air again? It's some-

LOVELIES OF THE AIR.

THE pretty ladies you admired on our cover are—Above—Beryl Orde (left) and Jane Carr. Below—Jean Colin and Queenie Leonard.

thing like a year now since last we heard him broadcasting, which is much too long. Well, he's conducting a grand band in Hyde Park this summer. Here's a chance for the "O.B. Department" to provide us with something tip-top in musical entertainment.

"Con-foundations of Music!"

"Hello, pal—want a lift?" . . . It was live-wire Eddie Pola calling to me from that sleek yellow car of his. Eddie was bustling about on the

task of fixing up that "America Calling" act of his for a stage showing. He had some more interesting news for me. Remember that amusing "Foundations of Music" feature in his last broadcast, wherein he showed the origin of various popular tunes? Well, he's been talking over the possibility of a series of such features with a B.B.C. official—and the idea seems to be catching!

Speedy Work!

Flotsam and Jetsam have been doing a spot of bustling recently. They were performing at Torquay, and to get



Ernest Leggett.

their "news-reel" into "Saturday Magazine" had to fly to Plymouth, where the B.B.C. station in that town then transmitted them. After that, there followed another frenzied rush for the aeroplane. "Saturday Magazine" doesn't start till 7 p.m.—but they were back on the stage at Torquay by 8.30!

CUTHBERT THE CROONER



Ten Years on Radio

Malcolm M'Eachern (otherwise "Jetsam," he of the low-down voice) tells me that this is their tenth year on radio, and they'll probably be putting over a "birthday" programme. Good luck to 'em, and so say all of us! He also whispered—in a voice like thunder—that they are considering the idea of a world tour this year. If they can get away, they'll be shifting trunks around September.

Claude and Enid Again

Those two jolly people, Claude Hulbert and Enid Trevor, will be mirth-



Enid Trevor and Claude Hulbert.

making again on Wednesday, 29th (Regional). They're a happy pair, and Enid smiles when she recalls the fact that—when she first met Claude—she "didn't like him at all!"

What He Listens to Most

Claude is a man full of unexpected replies. After he'd just inherited

£14,000 he was asked what he'd like to do most. Said Claude, "Take my shoes off and smoke a pipe!" Again, we were discussing radio t'other day, and I asked him what he listened to mostly. "My wife talking," was his reply!

Ace Impersonator

Also on the air on the 29th is Peter Cotes, a fine "impressionist" and entertainer. Peter had a great thrill not long back when—having given a stage-impersonation of George Arliss—there came a knock on his dressing-room door—and in popped Arliss himself to congratulate him.

Irish Street-Singer Back

Peter Cotes, by the way, takes the place of Pat O'Brien, the young Irish "street-singer," who was originally billed for the programme on the 29th. But they're saving Pat, instead, for a programme representing England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales on May 5.

At the Casani Club with Charlie Kunz.

A real behind-the-scenes article on Page 21.

Remember?

You remember how Pat O'Brien—after he'd lost his job—went out singing in the streets, so that his family wouldn't know. And he was thus discovered and presented at Radiolympia. His mother is probably the happiest and proudest woman in London to-day—not because of the luxuries he now brings home to her, but because of her young son's success. There are three other children—two girls and another son, who, incidentally, used to play for Aston Villa.

BRIGHTEST AND BEST RADIO GOSSIP

About Jack Ford

Met Jack Ford, that grand tenor who sings with Jack Wilson's Versatile Five, at luncheon the other day. Jack's father passed away not long back, so he tells me he's bringing his mother down to London to live with him. He travels up to Birmingham for each broadcast. He's certainly reached "tops" in radio since that day I first met him, when he was still looking for a real break at Broadcasting House, and I told him—"Try your home town."

Brave Broadcasters

A big hand, please, for Boris Yvain and his Continentals, who put over a successful broadcast recently whilst facing the severest odds. The vocalist, lovely Carmen del Rio, was undergoing an enforced diet at the time for her health's sake; the pianist had influenza; and the second fiddle was suffering from a boil on the back of his neck. Boris Yvain is, rightly, very proud of that loyal band of his.

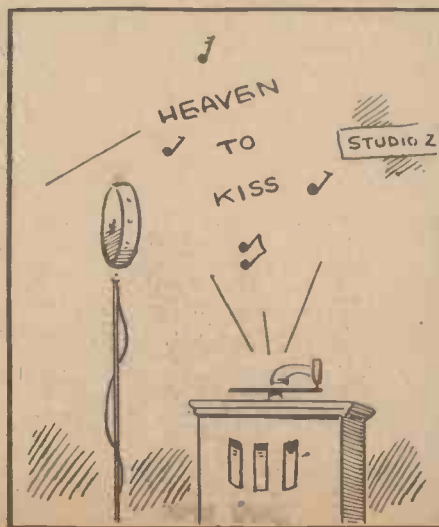
Another Birmingham Break

Another treat for Midland music lovers comes on May 12, when Toll-effsen, the accordion star who's created a sensation in this country, is being given a 15-minute spot to himself in the programme. His show will include the stirring Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2.

Jack-in-the-Box

A real "Jack-in-the-box" of radio is Jimmy Jack, who's broadcast twice from the Pavilion Hotel, Scarborough, and will be heard lots more. He's musical director there. He hopes to broadcast from the Royal Hotel, Scarborough, when it re-opens on May 28 (and where he is also musical director). Promises me that he will bring Charles Laughton, famed screen star, into his next airing. Once more I turn prophet and say—"Watch Jimmy Jack—he'll keep bobbing up!"

No. 1—BETWEEN BARS



The Door Nobody Can Enter

HIDDEN away in the labyrinths of Manchester's Broadcasting House is a massive steel door which leads nowhere. It has locks, bolts, and an ornamental iron knocker, and every appearance of being the door of a smart town house. But no visitors or residents have ever passed through it. It opens straight into a blank wall.

But if you live within the radius of the North Regional programmes, you have probably heard it opening and closing scores of times. It is the door of radio plays. It is used to indicate the exits and entrances of characters, who, by the way, are several minutes' walk away in the studio.

A lighter door, made of wood and resembling a packing case, is still used occasionally for short sketches requiring few effects. I say "still" used, for, in the old days when Sheffield, Leeds, Liverpool, and Bradford were independent stations broadcasting their own programmes, sound effects were infantile compared with the elaborate gadgets of to-day.

The producer did not then sit in lordly solitude at the massive control panel "mixing" the various sound ingredients of the play,

You took your coat off to a radio play then—and your boots as well sometimes—for the floor in front of the microphone was littered with an extraordinary collection of odds and ends. The perspiring producer, one eye on the script and another on the actors sitting solemnly in a row before him and the microphone, had to dodge about among his effects, ringing telephone bells, opening and shutting the aforesaid packing-case door, or feverishly rolling dried peas in a hat-box under the impression they suggested a rough sea to listeners.

It was all very haphazard and largely a matter of good luck if the various noises arrived on time.

Nowadays wind machines are electrically driven, and the producer no longer rings bells or rattles peas. In Broadcasting House, Manchester, there is a massive thing like a large dolly tub which is kept filled with water. A tiny microphone is suspended above the water and almost anything from a raging storm at sea to the babbling of a tiny brook can be imitated.

Sounds produced in the effects room are merged into the dialogue of the actors in the studio at the correct moment by means of a fade-in at the control panel.

Records are now largely used to supplement mechanical effects, and, as most of us know, the B.B.C. engineers are adepts at making records of outdoor events.



AT an age when other children are getting their first tooth into a rusk, I was beating out the tune of an old-time tango. I believe I learned to walk to dance music!

My life really started when they brought out "Hard To Get Gertie." Play it to-day and it seems sort of dreamy. It was "hot" then. I'll say it was! Duke Ellington had yet to play "Tiger Rag."

Those of you who are fond of novels and detective stories have guessed the rest. Already you see me, a long-haired schoolboy, sitting at the piano while the laughter of my schoolmates floats in through the open window.

"Father," you hear me saying, "I cannot go with you into the business. I'm going to be a great song writer."

It didn't happen just like that. Nobody ever saw me at the piano after school. It was my laughter you heard floating in through the window. But you're right about me not going into the business with dad. I became apprenticed to an electrician instead.

But all the time I wanted to be a song writer.

FOUR years ago I wrote words and music for my first song. I'll let you know how raw I was. I started with a waltz!

When you compose your first song don't make it a waltz. Write a fox-trot, a tango, a rumba. Write, if you must, music for a polka or a set of quadrilles. Anything but a waltz.

Perhaps the fellows who wrote "The Blue Danube" and "The Merry Widow" spoiled the market. Anyway, since then, no other songwriter has made a dime out of waltzes.

But I've told you I was raw.

I waited until my father and mother had gone to the pictures. Then I got a sheet of paper and a stub of pencil and went to the piano.

Three hours later I was a songwriter.

There was a warm glow in my heart. That night I dreamed of thousands of song sheets. The funny thing was, that each bore my name on the title page.

During the next few days I walked about with my MS. in my breast pocket. I wondered to whom I should send my song. If I sent it to Jack Hylton it didn't seem fair to Henry Hall. And if I sent it to either I could imagine the feelings of Ambrose and Jack Payne.

A decision, however, had to be made. I wrote on an envelope the first name that came to my mind. Then I stuck in the MS.

A thought came to me. I wanted to read once again the words of the song which was to make me famous.

I READ 'em. The sugary sentiment of the words set my teeth on edge. A cold shiver ran up my spine. My ears were tingling. I knew that I had written the worst song in the world.

I hid the MS. under the family album. It's there yet. "Lover of

The writer of this series of articles walked into "Radio Review" offices to tell us the story of how he tried to gate-crash the song-writing game.

"Seven New Wonders of the World," in next week's
"Radio Review."

the Shadows" is the title. Men have been blackmailed for lesser crimes.

There are lots of people in the world, I know, who would have churned out another set of words. I would like to say I did that. But I didn't. I put on my hat and went to the pictures.

The years rolled on while I continued to wield the insulated screw-driver. All the time my secret ambition was to become famous as a song-writer.

My output was hardly tremendous. Edgar Wallace and Shakespeare both wrote a lot quicker than me. By the end of 1934 I had written a couple of foxtrots.

It was about ten o'clock at night when I wrote the last words of the second foxtrot. It looked good to me. At eight o'clock next morning I told my employer he was losing his best workman. One week later, with the MSS. of two foxtrots in my pocket, I left Scotland in the London train.

I was bound, in a third class carriage, for fame and fortune. I would like you to appreciate that fame meant more to me than riches. It will help to explain matters later on.

There was, of course, no real reason why I should go to London. I could write songs as easily in Dundee—the old home town. But I was burning my boats. In London I stayed with my uncle and aunt.

I had about as much money as Rockefeller—at the time when Rockefeller was snooping around for his first job. But I hoped to land a job as well.

My intention was to combine both activities—the job and song-writing.

Getting the job presented more difficulties. I could always sit down and hammer away at a song. More and more I turned to song writing. And trying to place them!

A WELL-KNOWN band was playing in the Hammersmith Palais. At the end of the afternoon session I went to the leader.

True Story of —
**A YOUNG MAN
 WHO TRIED TO
 "CRASH" TIN-PAN
 ALLEY—AND FAILED**

"Excuse me," I said. "I have here some dance numbers in which I am sure you will be interested."

I saw him wince.

"Another song-writer!" he said in an appealing kind of way. "Well, send 'em along, and I might get one of the boys to have a look at 'em."

Stuffing my songs back in my pocket I left the palais, dashed into the nearest tube station, and went on to Charing Cross Road.

I'd try the publishers direct!

ON the way to Charing Cross Road I was overflowing with confidence. There's nothing like going to the man at the top. I'd sing my songs to a music publisher.

My confidence oozed away in Charing Cross Road. The imposing fronts of the song publishers' premises looked as distant as a rich relative. I forget how many times I walked past Peter Maurice's, Feldman's, and Frances, Day &

Hunter's. Savagely I asked myself—Was I going to be beaten? Why had I come to London?

For nearly four minutes I stood looking in a huge window. Then I pushed open the door and went in.

Timidly I stood at a long mahogany counter. On the other side of the counter was an elderly man wearing a suit much newer than mine.

"What can I do for you, sir?" he asked, pressing his finger tips together.

Now, I'm not a nervous man, but I could feel my collar getting tighter. The MSS. of my songs seemed to be bulging out of my inside pocket. I just couldn't tell that man that I wanted to sell him a couple of songs.

"Give me 'The Isle of Capri,'" I whispered.

Next week the young man tells you how he got an audition. "That's a hit!" cried the dance leader. Then something happened.

WHO'S WHO
 IN
 Lansdowne House
 Orchestra

BRIAN LAWRENCE is the possessor of one of the best-known voices on the air. Not satisfied with that, Brian is rapidly becoming one of the best-known band-leaders. His six-piece Lansdowne House Orchestra is notching regular radio dates.

The outfit comprises three saxes, bass, guitar and piano with Brian himself, of course, leading on violin.

The first saxophone player, Jimmy Durrant, is one of the best-known men in the business. Before joining Brian, he was Dare Lea's right-hand man.

Hailing from the North of England, Jimmy is a one-career man. In addition to playing practically any instrument he is also a skilled arranger.

He served his "apprenticeship" at the Oxford Galleries, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Is married and a keen football fan.

The second sax player is another Jimmy—surname, this time, Gordon. He is a Scot, having first seen the light of day at Edinburgh.

Jimmy arrived in London twelve years ago. He has played with several leading bands including Jay Wilbur, Sydney Kyte and the Savoy Orpheans.

He is married, with two bonny kiddies. Says wireless is his principal hobby.

Bob Findlay rounds off the section on tenor sax. He, too, is a Scot, claiming Aberdeen as his birthplace.

Medicine interested Bob. He was a student at the Aberdeen University before entering the musical profession.

Bob has been in Town for two years. He was with Clive Erard at the Cafe de la Paix. He is single and a great lover of all outdoor sports, particularly fishing, shooting and mountaineering.

The bass player is Jimmy Risley. He is a Londoner and also plays sax.

Incidentally, Jimmy claims to be the first exponent of "slapping"—during the days he was with Arthur Rosebery's band at the Kit Cat, and Cafe de Paris.

He has since played with Maurice Winnick, Jack Hylton and has had his own band at Eastbourne.

Jimmy has one son—ten years old—a real chip of the old block—also named Jimmy.

Favourite hobbies, model yachts and football.

At the white keyboard sits Eddie Lisbona, known to listeners as a pianist, piano-accompanist and song writer.

Eddie was born in Manchester. He had his own bands in Manchester. Later he spent some time in America.

His first big "hit" song was "Soon" in 1934. He has since followed with "It's My Mother's Birthday To-day," and "When Your Little Boy Grows Up."

He played at the Piccadilly Hotel for four years.

Eddie is married. His greatest hobby is song-writing.

Harry Sherman is the guitarist. He is British and proud! He began playing mandoline, later playing piano. Then he played with a trio who called themselves the Radio Trio.

He has toured the Continent and broadcast several banjo solos from Ireland.

Harry then joined Carroll Gibbons at the Savoy. He stayed there for three years.

He is still single and is a keen amateur movie cinematographer.

"Making a Success Out of Crooning"—by Judy Shirley,
 next week.

RADIO'S TOP-NOTCH CROONER

GEO. ELRICK



Opens HIS FAN MAIL

WHAT sort of fan-mail does a dance band vocalist get? Well, what do you think?

As a matter of fact, every time I open my day's mail I get a feeling of surprise that my singing can arouse so many different kinds of feeling in my listeners.

Some of my correspondents tell me they think I'm a prime comedian—others that I am a "dream lover," whatever that may be. Some say—well, let the letters speak for themselves. Take a look at some of these extracts from a typical day's delivery.

Here is one from someone whom I imagine to be a very charming Scotswoman. She says:—

"Dear Gorgie,—Ye are a Scotsman, like mase', so I'm thankin' ye for the guid auld Scots brogue ye send through the air; it warms the very cockles o' ma heart.

"I hae three handsome sons mase', and I only hope they will be half as guid as you are.

"But I hae ma doots, as their father is an Englishman and no' at all clever! No' like the Scots folk. We hae the brains, eh?

"I wish I could shake your hand, you bein' anither Scot doon here in London, awa' from the auld hame, but sing to me for Auld Lang Syne, will ye, George? and I'll fancy I was hame again. . . ."

That's the kind of letter I love to get. Can't you just see the writer's delicious sense of humour bubbling all the way through it?

By the by, I got a terrific shock the other day when I opened a letter and found it starting off "My Darling Husband."

As I am already happily married, but only once, this gave me a bit of a start, especially as the lady went on to address me in the most endearing terms, passing on some information that would have pleased me greatly had I really been married to her.

Truth to tell, I was quite upset, until the next day's post there was another letter in the same handwriting, which I picked out and opened in a hurry, as you'd expect. It was a letter of apology—the lady had made a quite common mistake in writing two letters at one sitting, and putting them in the wrong envelopes. Her husband got the letter intended for me—and vice versa.

The writer was, she said, most anxious that my wife wouldn't draw any wrong conclusions from the first letter!

Coming back to this morning's mail, here is another jolly letter, from a youngster who tells me he is only eleven years old. He says:—

"Dear George,—If the postman penetrates the

'Thick, Thick Fog in London' and you receive this safely, will you please send me your photograph? As there's 'No Time Like the Present,' don't be a 'Stubborn Ole Mule,' because I don't care if it's one of you wearing your 'Top Hat' or a 'Brand New Suit.' To me it will be more welcome than a 'Sugar Plum.'

"I always listen to the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra, especially at 5.15, when 'Everything Stops for Tea' except the radio.

"What is the 'Song They Sing at a Sing-Song in Sing-Sing'?' is it 'A Little Door, a Little Lock, a Little Key'?"

"I enclose a stamp, but no envelope, as I don't know whether to send a square or circular one, because when the 'Music Goes Round and Around' so often, I imagine that you must feel rather dizzy, though to me you are never out of shape.

"P.S.—If Henry (there is only one) or any of the boys happen to be clearing out their old chests (not the one they blow through here with, the other one), and they have photographs to spare, will you please ask them to put it into the same envelope as yours and so save stamps? Being a Scot, I KNOW you will understand. . . ."

A remarkable effort, don't you think, for a youngster of those years? I am very proud to have inspired it.

And here is another kind of note I like to receive. It begins:—

"Dear Mr Elrick,—My wife and I would like you to know how much we enjoy your broadcasts with Henry Hall. We have made you quite one of the family; in fact, nowadays my wife says 'George is on the air at such-and-such a time' quite naturally. . . ."

One of the family . . . that's how I like best to be thought of my listeners.

But even if you don't look at me in that light, don't hesitate to write to me just the same. Criticism is always good for an artiste, whether complimentary or otherwise. It encourages

one to keep on trying for improvement. There is only one thing more I would like to say, my dear letter writers. I try my best to answer you all, and naturally give preference to the ones who enclose stamped addressed envelopes. But to those who have been disappointed I take this opportunity of thanking you for all the nice things—I hope—you have written and also for your gifts.

May I say in conclusion that my signature tune is "The Campbells Are Coming." Don't ask me why!

George Elrick thought a fair charmer had taken a crush—but!

"The Menace of Mimicry." A radio big-timer hits out next week.



flying around, high above the aerodrome, while he thought over the situation.

In all his wide experience he had never before been confronted with quite such a difficulty. Then he caught sight of something glistening in the sun below.

Circling with great care, he brought the 'plane to within a few feet of the surface of the river. As he was sweeping down, bracing himself for the shock, a boat shot into view. The one wheel of his 'plane missed it by barely six inches as he planed down to the water.

A plunge, a great wave of water and Ricketts was struggling for dear life against a fierce current. Sweeping in a circle the boat brought up alongside him.

Three days later Captain Ricketts was humming gently to himself three thousand feet in the air, with a new aeroplane.

RICHARDS prepared himself for the supreme final. The machine had survived all the preliminary tests and was ready for the terminal velocity dive. He began climbing.

Five thousand feet, ten thousand. Fifteen, twenty. A few more? Yes, At twenty-one thousand feet he levelled out and looked over the controls. Everything O K. Right. . . .

A second later the machine is hurtling earthwards. The speed indicator leaps up. Almost in a flash the needle hovers on two hundred. Two hundred and fifty. Three hundred. Three hundred and twenty. The needle has slowed but still it creeps forward.

A certain grimness takes the face behind its protecting mask. The air pressure has become painful. There is a queer, sweet stickiness in his mouth.

At three hundred and thirty a soft spurt from one ear. Blood. Had that before. Of no consequence. 332 . . . 335 . . . The earth is leaping up. Six thousand feet. A little faster and the whole fabric must crumple.

350 miles an hour!
Just over five thousand feet.

Must straighten her out. Slowly, very slowly, or she'll crack up under the strain. Throttle and stick gently backwards. Will the wings hold? Will . . .

A roaring crack. The machine lurches drunkenly . . . A wing gone! Disaster. The petrol switch . . .

and the engine . . . God, what a tangle . . . Jump! Jump! Must jump . . .

A sudden peace. Floating leisurely earthwards. Richards breathes deeply and regains control of himself. That's the third 'plane he's smashed up this year. Strange . . . Perhaps they were out to kill him at last.

Richards is only one of some hun-

The American test pilot, Budd Danvers, has had some really tremendous moments. There was the occasion when he jumped clear of a falling 'plane at great height, and was just congratulating himself on his escape, when he brought up hard against something.

Next second he found himself struggling in the cockpit of the very 'plane from which he had just jumped!

In a frenzy he tried to free his tangled parachute, pulling at him with terrible force. Through the red mist whirling at his brain he caught sight of, and half read, the speedometer. Four hundred and . . . God! Must get free.

The earth was leaping up. A few more feet and it would be death to jump. Suddenly, miraculously, the 'plane fell away from him.

Half an hour later he recovered in hospital.

Another famous American pilot up testing one day ran into a dense mist. Completely blinded, he circled round for hours before a sudden rift gave him a glimpse of a new district beneath him.

He just had time to discover that it was a large town when the mist came swirling across again, dense, cold,

Lower and lower he edged, but still the mist was impenetrable. Then, suddenly, two huge bodies loomed straight ahead of him. In an instant he realised that he was making straight

THEY face death daily, these intrepid pilots who test our aeroplanes. Certain and horrible death. Here are some of their amazing encounters.

dreds of intrepid airmen who spend their lives testing aeroplanes which have never before left the ground, to ensure that they are airworthy. They daily flirt with death—these men of iron nerve and super skill.

Who can say how an aeroplane will behave when she takes the air for the first time? They are built with astonishing accuracy and great care, but . . .

Six thousand feet in the air one cold January morning Captain Ricketts saw a wheel of his undercarriage shoot off into space and disappear below.

A man of great nerve and composure, Captain Ricketts continued

(Please turn to page 13.)

“What Women Want to Hear.” “Radio Review” draws back the curtain next week.

Yankee Highbrows

Reflections on A Radio Poll

A NATION-WIDE radio poll in the United States of America of the most popular composer has resulted as follows:—

- 1—Irving Berlin.
- 2—Victor Herbert.
- 3—George Gershwin.
- 4—Beethoven.
- 5—Franz Schubert.

Candidly, I didn't believe it. I was not at all sure that the result of the vote was a true index to America's taste in music.

Of course, I expected to see the names of Irving Berlin and George Gershwin somewhere at the top. I was not surprised to see Schubert in the list. It was the inclusion of Beethoven that made me suspicious. This bird seemed to be flocking in rather strange company.

I was more amused than surprised. The result of the poll seemed to confirm a theory I have held for years.

My theory was that anything old and famous has an instant and magnetic appeal to Americans. I had come to the conclusion that they will worship at any shrine provided it is reputed to be historic.

There were, for instance, the two American ladies I once saw outside York railway station.

"But where shall I take you?" inquired a slightly-bewildered taximan.

"Say, we only have an hour to spend here," said one of the ladies. "Take us to the oldest thing in the place."

"The Minster?" hazarded the taximan.
"Sure, that'll be swell," said the ladies. They were whirled off to spend an hour of intense admiration.

The Gallery Incident

Another time, in the National Gallery, my attention was called to a group of Americans who stood eagerly before a small painting of a pretty woman.

"So that's the famous Mona Lisa?" said one.

"Pretty cute, huh?"

"Sure thing," observed an athletic-looking lad in the company. "Reckon it's worth the trip over to see it. Eh, Pop?"

The Mona Lisa, of course, happens to be in a Paris gallery.

My theory, however, did not take definite shape until a few summers ago, when I showed a citizen of Columbus, Ohio, over Edinburgh. To my surprise, White Horse Close, in the Canongate, failed to impress. My American looked about listlessly with a sad and appraising eye.

"Looks fairly modern to me," he remarked.
"Why, I guess there's folks living in all those apartments!"

"It's hundreds of years old," I told him. "One of the oldest places in the city."

"You don't say!" exclaimed my friend, and at once he became animated. To tell the truth, I regretted what I had said, for it was nearly an hour before he could drag himself away.

That's how I accounted for the inclusion of Beethoven among America's most popular composers.

All through the 19th century until to-day, Beethoven has been acclaimed the greatest of musicians. His symphonies, sonatas, quartettes—as well as his only opera, "Fidelio"—are justly celebrated.

Lots of people who are thrilled by Irving Berlin's "What'll I Do?" who like to hear Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," or music from Victor Herbert's "Naughty Marietta," find real pleasure in the works of Schubert, Chopin, and Debussy. But Beethoven is a musician's musician. His music, more exquisite than any other to the initiated, is not for everybody.

This, I considered, was the chief reason for the appeal of Beethoven to Americans. They loved, I thought, the tradition of greatness which lingers about the master composer. He was a kind of musical Shakespeare or a species of York Minster, which, if not to be understood, was to be patronised amid a great fluttering of guide books.

Certainly I did not believe that the home of jazz, the land which has enthroned Bing Crosby and pinned its laurels to the brows of Cab Calloway and Louis Armstrong, had any understanding or love for Beethoven. To be frank, I considered

(Continued on opposite page, col. 3.)

Things That Make Me Wild

"THOSE sort of things," complained the man in the corner, "simply make me wild."

Quite evidently he meant it. Actually he was a peaceful sort of fellow, but now and again something happened which made him see red.

I think most of us are the same. We have our own pet aversions,

I don't mean ordinary things like collar studs, blunt razor blades, leaking fountain pens, or fishing lines which tangle themselves hopelessly just when the fish come on the feed. We all have to suffer persecutions of that sort. There are days when inanimate objects seem to delight in tormenting us.

No—my list was composed of things like injustice and rudeness and cinema organs.

I'M sorry about the cinema organs.

Most people, I know, find them extremely entertaining, but they annoy me beyond measure. That is just a stupid peculiarity of my own, and when the organ rises up, with coloured lights playing on it, I could howl with anger.

I go to the cinema to see films, and not to listen to organ playing. Still, the applause which greets the organist tells me that I'm in a minority of one, and I shall just have to grin and bear it.

Let me talk about something else

which makes me wild, and here I know I am not alone. I am thinking now of foul play on the football field.

I have to watch a good deal of football, one way and another, and when I see a player deliberately fouling his opponents my blood boils. I have played against men, some of them internationals, who seem incapable of observing the spirit of the laws, and I cannot understand their point of view.

WHY spoil a good game by trying to make it impossible for their opponents to play decent football? Is it just innate viciousness, or merely the will to win in a grossly exaggerated form? Anyway, it makes me wild.

Another thing I detest is the habit of barracking referees. Sometimes referees make mistakes, of course, and then it is easy to understand that the crowd nearby will voice their disapproval. What I mean is the senseless, unfair barracking, the cries of "Play the game, ref!" uttered by partisan spectators too far from the ball, and probably too ignorant to know whether the referee's decision is right or wrong.

From this it is easy to pass to unnecessary rudeness, and rudeness in any form is a thing I abominate. Some people, I know, are naturally abrupt in manner, though I suspect they often mistake abruptness for

HOLES

A HOLE is nothing surrounded by something.

You would be surprised at the fuss some people make about this particular form of nothing—young ladies, for example, have only to find a hole in their stocking to be utterly distracted, terrified lest it should ladder, and apprehensive that someone may have seen it, a possibility terrifying enough to keep them awake half the night.

Holes have a habit of appearing in the wrong places. They are said to be undesirable in balloons, and when they are found below the water-line of ships they are distinctly unpleasant. A little hole in a dyke may be the beginning of a great flood in Holland; a hole in your pocket is a way of escape for all sorts of valuables. Some people go about with money so hot that it burns holes in their pockets.

On the other hand, holes in the rose of a watering-can, a tea-pot, and a sieve are eminently desirable.

WISE creatures are mice, which, so the naturalists say, always have two holes to their hiding-place, a proof that they believe in making doubly sure.

You will recall that Alice in Wonderland fell

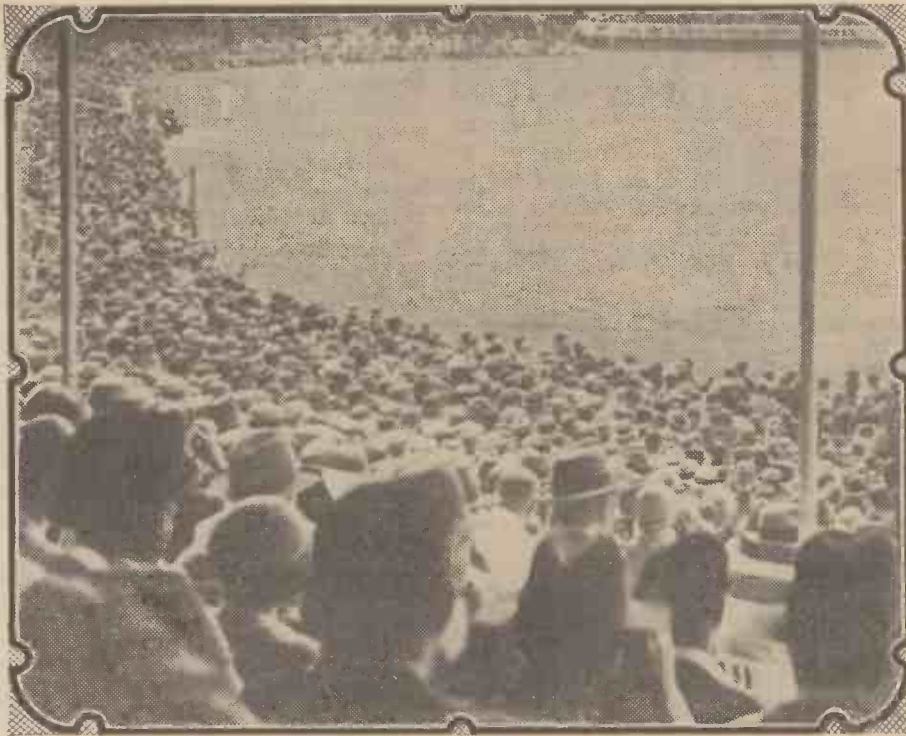
down a rabbit hole which led to a strange place, indeed, and that misfortune came to Peeping Tom of Coventry for looking through a hole when he ought to have been going about his business.

Consider that those who dig pits for others must take care that they do not fall in. Consider also, if you would remain humble, that Hamlet said:—

Imperial Caesar, dead, and turned to clay;
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

OF all holes in England perhaps the most famous is the hole in the wall at Bolton Abbey in Yorkshire—a rough frame for a fair scene; and perhaps the most notable hole in Europe is that hole a few miles from Ypres, the result in 1916 of an explosion of 91,000 lbs. of ammonal. It was long a ghastly hole, but when Tubby Clayton saw it filled with God's rain he called it a beautiful sight with its gathered radiance, a width, a shining peace.

The most famous hole in history is the Black Hole of Calcutta, but it is not talked about as much as the hole done in one. Golfers, of course, live for holes, their great ambition to be in a hole, which is rather curious, since most people are equally anxious to get out of one.



The Cellini Trio and Its Members

AFTER three months of regular broadcasts at about fortnightly intervals, the Cellini Trio now ranks amongst the best-known small combinations providing us with good light classical music.

The leader of the trio is Mr Gordon Walker, whose name classical music students will instantly associate with the London Symphony Orchestra.

The trio consists of flute, 'cello, and piano. Gordon Walker is flautist, Teraint Williams 'cellist, and Roy Douglas pianist.

In these days when there are so many trios, quartettes, &c., the difficulty presenting itself to anyone launching a new combination must be in the naming of it.

Gordon Walker decided upon Cellini as being both original and at the same time most fitting with the trio incorporating the cello.

It may be hard to believe that a man who has played in the three leading London orchestras was self-taught. Yet that is the case with Gordon Walker.

He was born in Bradford. At the age of nine his father took him in hand hoping to make a violinist of him. But after a while the struggle was too great. Mr Walker, sen., gave it up.

At the age of fourteen, however, young Gordon alleviated the disappointment within the paternal breast. Of his own accord, he started to play the flute. The theory he had already learned from his father proved useful. Apart from that, he taught himself entirely.

After the usual professional groundwork which started when he was sixteen, he was playing in the Winter Gardens, Blackpool. He was heard there by Herbert Finck, with the result that he was given an engagement in London at the Palace Theatre.

After two years at the Palace he went to the Albert Hall, Covent Gardens and the London Symphony Orchestra. It was with these three that he was engaged at the same period. A distinction which, if not unique, is at least unusual.

Gordon Walker is still with the London Symphony Orchestra, as also is Teraint Williams.

Gordon Walker is also founder of the Lyra Quartette. This consists of the flautist, Gordon Walker; David Wise, violinist; Anthony Collins, playing the viola, and John Cotteril, harpist.

strength of character. Rudeness has so many forms.

You find it in the pompously self-important man, who imagines that by being rude he is also being impressive. You find it in the boorish fellow who is too selfish to consider the feelings of other people. You find it in the mean-spirited upstart who takes a

by

HOWARD MARSHALL

delight in bullying his inferiors.

There is the man who shouts at waiters. A clip on the jaw would do him good. There is the superior, very refined lady who bullies unfortunate shop assistants who cannot answer her back. She should be forced to serve behind a counter for a year herself. There is the modern young man who condescends to his elders. He will make his own punishment.

I find all these people, and others like them, quite intolerable, and they take up a lot of space on my list.

Next let me record my dislike of the practical joker, generally just a stupid lout with a liking for causing other people distress. I know two unfortunate people who have been sent out of their minds by cruel practical jokes, and I loathe the whole breed of misguided humorists, beginning with the small practitioner whose idea of real fun is to pull the chair from under you as you are sitting down.

THERE have been men, of course, whose practical jokes were so elaborate and ingenious that they have

set whole nations laughing. Perhaps the most famous of them has just died—the man who dressed up as the Sultan of Zanzibar, and succeeded in reviewing the Fleet as a distinguished foreign royalty. This same joker disguised himself as a workman, dug a hole in the roadway at Piccadilly Circus, and sat there for some days with the traffic disorganised and diverted for his especial benefit.

Amusing, maybe, but I still think that such ingenuity might have been employed to more useful ends.

THEN there is the habitual borrower, the scrounger who is always trying to touch you for the odd half-crown. I remember being uncommonly hard up myself, and lending one of these scroungers ten pounds to help him, so he said, out of a desperate situation. The money would be repaid without fail the following week, since I certainly could not spare it, and was only lending it because the man was a friend of mine. I have seen neither my erstwhile friend nor the money from that day to this—a fact which certainly makes me wild!

But my list, I must warn you, is a long one. I could continue indefinitely with my tale of dislikes, ranging from the people who behave badly when they are touring in foreign countries to examples of priggishness and intolerance and complacency which set me seething with anger.

It makes me wild to think of them at all, so perhaps it is wiser to reflect that, on the whole, these things are exceptions. I am far more often amazed and encouraged by the kindness and generosity and good humour of my fellow citizens in every walk of life.

YANKEE Highbrow—

(Continued from previous page)

that a certain amount of snobbishness had entered into America's voting list.

To my surprise, I found I was wrong. Before writing my article, I made a number of inquiries. One took me to an international library. There I glanced through a publication which claimed to reflect American opinion on musical matters.

On the first page I opened was the following paragraph:—

"If radio has no outstanding novelty to offer, it gives the listener the best it can find. Bach and Beethoven were old stuff a century ago, but nothing better has come along. And the chances are the two, with a dash of Irving Berlin here and there, will have to do, depending on great voices and fine orchestras to interpret them interestingly and intelligently."

To confirm this opinion, I scanned American radio programmes for the past few weeks. Great space was given to the broadcasting of great orchestras and operas. In the cinema pages it was obvious that the most successful films were of singers like Grace Moore, Nino Martini, Richard Tauber, and Jan Kiepura.

American musical appreciation must be amazingly high. The voting list is a true one.

A surprising world, my masters!



MRS ROY is very, very proud of her son Harry.

What mother wouldn't be of a son as famous as he, you say?

That's true, but in her pride of the dance band leader, no love for Harry the son has been lost. To Mrs Roy, Harry is still "my baby." Very often, I am sure, she forgets about him as the famous Harry Roy and sees him only as a son—the boy she has cared for all his life and seen through many trials and difficulties.

For his part Harry is very, very proud of his mother. It would, indeed, be difficult to say which was the more proud of the other.

He is never tired of telling what he owes to her. He can never do enough to show his gratitude for her care and affection and continuous practical help his whole life through.

She has always done what she thought best for "her baby" and let him do what seemed to be the best thing without interfering and letting motherly interest influence her judgment.

When he first showed a preference for music over the box manufacturing business to which he had been brought up, she endeavoured to get him to stick to the business, believing he would attain success in it. When she saw his heart was set on music, where all his hopes and ambitions lay, she did not hesitate to let him go. She encouraged and helped him.

It was, in fact, his mother who prepared the way to Harry's great success.

Keen as Harry was, there were times when practice came hard to him. Then Mrs Roy would say to him, "Come on, Harry, you must put your back into it," and Harry, knowing full well what was the right thing to do all the time, would get down to it in response to that little bit of influence.

Harry had tried hard to please his mother by making a good salesman. Though he did not like the business a bit he did his best and showed himself to be an amazing salesman.

On the quiet, however, he would satisfy his longing for music by picking up a banjo which he had bought secretly. Mrs Roy caught him with it one day, and though she let him play on at the time, hid it as soon as she had the opportunity, hoping he would forget about it. But then he bought a clarinet and then a saxophone.

"What's the good," said his mother one day to Harry, "I'm not

room where his mother had prepared a meal specially for him. She was always so afraid he was not getting enough to eat at his flat. I am sure she used to think that without his weekly banquet in her dining-room, Harry would simply have faded away.

Harry says there is one thing he has never seen beaten and that is his mother's cooking.

Once or twice a week he and his wife go down to Mrs Roy's flat to have a meal prepared under her expert supervision.

Never a day passes without Harry going down to see his mother to bid her, "Good morning," and take Mickey, Harry's dog, now ousted by Hotcha, a wedding present to the Princess, for a walk in the park.

Several times each week he takes her presents of flowers or chocolates or some delicacy he knows she likes.

HARRY ROY The Son

going to hold you any longer. If you like you can give up the business and keep to your music."

It came hard, Harry tells me, to take advantage of his mother's offer, for, sincere as she was, he knew it was hurting her. She was being very brave about it. It was a big decision for him to have to make, but Harry knew where his happiness lay and made his choice.

"I knew at the time," he remarked to me, "that the day would come when I should make her feel glad about it. It was with that alone that I had the courage to go ahead."

Afterwards it was made easier by his mother's interest and even enthusiasm in the new career he was launching into.

He does not forget this nor the thousands of other ways in which she has helped him.

He does his best to repay her. Though, as he once said to me,

"If we both lived another thousand years I should not have time to do it."

Before he got married, when he was living in Town and his mother at Stamford Hill, Harry used to go out to see her twice a week no matter how busy he was and give an account of the week's work, and hear from his mother what she thought of his programmes.

In the summer when he was playing cricket he went to his home on his way to the match. Immediately upon arrival, he would be led into the dining-



His great fear in life is that his mother may feel lonely. He does all he can that it shall not be so. He takes her out in his car a great deal and also to the pictures with his wife.

He also sees to it that she goes to the Mayfair pretty often, where she joins in the dancing. Then Harry will play a rumba specially for her, because that is Mrs Roy's favourite dance and I must say she is very good at it.

Harry is very happy when he sees his mother dancing to his band.

Another little service Harry is always doing for his mother is booking a couple of seats for her at all his shows. He knows how eager she is to see him on the stage, and he never forgets to see that she does.

When he is on tour he writes to his mother regularly. To appreciate the significance of this, you have to realise what a pain in the neck letters are to Harry. He hates writing them. But after the opening of a show he goes back to his hotel and his first duty is either to write or 'phone his mother and tell her how he has got on.

Every year he sends her away for a holiday.

He sees that she wants for nothing.

The Stars as They See Themselves — No. 1



MYSELF IN THE LOOKING-GLASS

By Denis O'Neil.

I'm afraid I am rather partial to flattery—but I think most of us are, though everyone will not admit it!

I do like finding friends—real friends. I found my best one when I found my wife.

Yet—only on rare occasions, mind you—I find myself having a "barney" with her. But it's all made up and forgiven in a short time, of course.

Inwardly, however, I'm kicking myself afterwards, because it's usually my fault!

For instance, sometimes I say I'll be home at 1.30 for lunch—and then don't get home till four or five p.m.!

This is inclined to annoy Olive (yes, that's my wife's name), particularly if it's a meal over which she's taken a great deal of trouble. But her sense of humour soon reasserts itself.

I have a confession to make. I am frightened of the unexpected. For instance, when a telegram boy comes rat-tat-tatting at the door, I always think the worst. I'm afraid I am rather apt to cross my bridges before I come to them.

I'm not usually afraid for myself, though on one occasion (quite recently) I was afraid of the idea of getting too fat. A doctor gave me some injections and a diet and killed that bogey! It was my wife I had to thank,

however, for seeing that I stuck to the diet prescribed!

I seldom worry about myself, and have very few "fads"—except that I simply loathe rabbit pie!

Next to rabbit pie I loathe women who try to be funny. Most comediennes simply give me a pain—yet I love the company of a really witty woman. You see, she does not try to be funny.

When I said I had very few "fads"—that did not include superstitions.

I'm afraid all Irishmen are superstitious at heart. I think Fridays and number 13 are both lucky. On the other hand, I'd never dare to light three cigarettes with one match, nor walk under a ladder, nor open an umbrella in the house, nor look at a new moon through glass.

Apart from that, I'm a complete optimist. The fellow who looks for the best in everything, and everybody, gets more fun than the fellow who looks for the worst!

YOU think of Denis O'Neil as a chubby, cheery little Irishman, always singing and grinning his way through life

The Denis O'Neil I see in the looking-glass is not always grinning (I think I look terrible first thing in the morning, anyway).

I see a strangely serious little man, almost super-sensitive. For instance, I make a lot of friends, put all my faith in them and trust them completely—perhaps I trust people too much.

I should be used to being let down by now, but it makes no difference—I still go on trusting people.

Often I don't even know their names!

I have a dreadful habit of forgetting people's names. One day, my wife tells me, I shall look at myself in the mirror and say, "Let me see, haven't we met before somewhere? O'Hara, isn't it?"

Ah, well, names don't really matter. I am an Irishman, therefore I love having jovial people around me. Stanford Robinson (a true-blue friend) sometimes says to me, "Denis, you buy too many people drinks." Maybe he's right.

Altogether, I'm afraid I'm what you might describe as "a bit too easy!"

A new series of articles. Denis O'Neil looks at himself without airs or graces.

FIRST FLIGHT

for two factory chimneys. His heart leapt unpleasantly.

Steeling his nerves, he headed the rapidly climbing 'plane directly between them. By some miracle he missed the left hand chimney by inches. Breathing deeply he continued to climb.

Just half an hour later, wearied of nosing about in that bewildering mist,

Continued from page 9.

he decided to risk dropping down again. An open field was momentarily revealed through the mist. His next glimpse of earth was startling.

Almost on the ground he was heading straight for a huge pylon. A slight perspiration broke out on his forehead. Then he was manipulating the controls with a quiet intensity.

A few seconds later he passed be-

tween two pylons and underneath those high tension wires, to bring up safely in the field beyond.

Death daily faces the test pilot. The unexpected is part of his life. He has sat thousands of feet in space and watched his propellor disappear; a wing cracks and leaves him lurching drunkenly to death; a hundred and one unsuspected flaws bring him face to face with disaster; but he will tell you that it's a grand life.

The Strange Case of BETTY CAMPBELL

TWICE Betty read this startling letter. She turned the paper over to see if there was anything on the other side. It seemed so strange that anyone should send her a letter like this. It was absurd, but rather worrying.

She tried to think who could be responsible. The writer had obviously taken every precaution to avoid his identity becoming known. An enemy of Aunt Mildred, he must be, trying to stir up friction in the family, to cause unpleasantness between them. There could be nothing in what he said, nothing at all. The warning was simply stupid. Perhaps, indeed, it was someone's silly idea of a joke.

Nevertheless, Betty felt uncomfortable as she gazed at the neat block lettering. She glanced up and caught Mrs Dickson's eyes fixed on her. Betty had an unpleasant certainty that she had been closely watched. Still, that meant nothing. Probably her face had looked puzzled. Aunt Mildred had merely been wondering what the letter was about.

For a moment Betty hesitated whether to show her the letter and laugh at it with her. Then she decided that it would be better not to. It would only cause discomfort. She slipped the paper back in its envelope, and put it away in her handbag.

Mrs Dickson was curious. She had noticed that letter with its address in block lettering before Betty came down to breakfast. She had not missed the look of amazement which had spread over the girl's face when she opened it.

"Any news, dear?" she asked, helping herself to marmalade.

"N-no," faltered Betty, wondering what to say. "Nothing of any importance."

"I thought you looked a little upset—

as though you'd received a bit of a shock."

"Oh, no. Nothing like that."

"You mustn't be indiscreet, mother," added Lena, lighting a cigarette. "It's probably a ghost of an old flame rising out of the past."

Betty forced a smile. Mrs Dickson, too, smiled. But she felt sure that there was something more in that letter—something that she ought to know. She made up her mind that, at the first opportunity, she would have a look inside Betty's handbag.

So the incident dropped. In a few minutes the saloon car came round to carry them off to the store.

During the morning Betty managed a few minutes alone with David in his office. The wedding day would soon be here, and they had a lot to discuss. There were so many details in connection with the new house to be attended to, so many wonderful plans to be considered and talked about.

This morning they had intended to decide whether a gas fire or an electric radiator would be better for the bedroom. In the middle of the argument, Betty gently disengaged herself from David's arms and reached her handbag from his desk.

"This came by the post this morning," she said, handing him the letter. "What do you think about it, David?"

He was startled, as she had been. "Extraordinary," he commented. "You've no idea who's sent it, I suppose?"

"I can't think of anyone."

"It's a dirty trick anyhow, sending an anonymous letter. Why haven't you burnt it?"

"I wanted to show it to you," Betty hesitated. "You—you don't think there's anything in it, then?"

"I think it's rubbish, dear. Absolutely."

"I suppose it is. Yes, it must be. Yet

"What's on your mind, Betty?"

"Nothing. I don't believe it. It's just that—well, you know I've always had a queer sort of feeling about Aunt Mildred. I've told you, haven't I, that I was quite sure she hated me."

"That was a long time ago, when you were looking after the gloves in the store. I think she's been awfully nice to you since she found out who you really were."

"She has! It's silly—wicked of me."

It was David's turn to ponder over a thought that had suddenly come to him.

"Of course, in a way, there'd be some excuse for hating you, wouldn't there? I mean—well, but for you, she'd be the owner of Dickson & Grant's. Oh, but it's absurd! To suggest that she might try to kill you! Anyhow, you must know whether the first part of this letter is right. She hasn't made any attempt on your life, has she?"

"Of course not! The whole thing's utterly ridiculous," Betty started. "I wonder—"

"What, dear?"

"I—I was just thinking, David. The night of the storm, Aunt Mildred made me take some whisky and soda. She said I'd a cold, but I hadn't. It—it made me very queer. I couldn't keep my eyes open at all. I don't remember how I got to bed."

"Just a bit under the weather, perhaps," smiled David.

The suggestion broke the tension. Betty laughed. "I expect you're right. Anyhow,

I was no worse for it next morning, so it can't mean anything. What shall I do with this letter?"

"I should burn it."

"All right, I will." Betty crossed the room and put the letter on the fire. They watched it blaze and become a charred fragment.

Mrs Dickson's Problem

LATER in the morning, Mrs Dickson took an opportunity, while Betty was out of her office for a few minutes, to open the handbag which had been left on the desk. She was relieved to find that the letter she sought was not there.

She had been vaguely uncomfortable about it, her conscience imagining all sorts of things. Now she ceased to worry. It was evidently of no importance or the girl would have kept it. In any case, it could not have been connected, even remotely, with her or she would have seen some change in Betty's attitude towards her.

Though Mrs Dickson felt quite satisfied about this, she was far from pleased about the general trend of events.

Time was slipping past, and so far she had found no safe and certain plan of removing Betty. The wedding day would soon be here. Once those two young fools were married, it would be too late. She would be beaten. She must act within the next fortnight or not at all.

Her problem had grown more difficult. Not only had she to devise a scheme for killing Betty which could not possibly give rise to any suspicions against herself, but that scheme must also ensure that Lena was incriminated.

This was the hardest part of her task. It was easy to imagine several ways in which sudden death could be brought to Betty. Up to the present she had been unable to plan anything to include Lena.

Lena had all her wits about her. She had no intention of allowing her hold over her mother to be lost. Mrs Dickson knew perfectly well that she would refuse to take any active share in getting rid of Betty.

Sitting at her desk, brooding, the first glimmerings of an idea came to her. It was very different from her previous attempt—and better. If carried out carefully, there was not the slightest chance of anyone ever regarding it as anything but an accident. The more she thought about it, the more pleased she grew. It was a great, a wonderful idea!

It required Lena's co-operation. Mrs Dickson realised the difficulty of her position. How could she persuade Lena to agree?

Gradually she began to see that it would perhaps not be so impossible to persuade Lena as she had thought. The girl had her own problems. Mrs Dickson felt that these could be utilised. It would mean a big gamble. If she didn't take this chance, she would lose in any case.

"I'll risk it!" muttered Mildred Dickson with determination. "She must do it!"

The Big Gamble

LENA was out with Stephen Brade. Stephen, grateful for the money she had given him, was still attentive. The girl, aware that her dream castles might soon



BETTY
CAMPBELL

dissolve in mist, put all her qualms out of her mind. She was still thrilling from his embrace when she garaged her sports car and entered The Larches.

Betty had gone to bed, but Mrs Dickson was waiting up. "Hullo, dear," she said. "Had a pleasant evening?"

"Fine, thanks," said Lena, her eyes sparkling.

"Been out with Stephen?"

"Yes."

Mrs Dickson sighed. "You love him, don't you? It seems a pity."

"What seems a pity?"

"Well, you—you'll lose him, won't you?"

"What do you mean?" Lena looked suspiciously at her mother. "What game are you playing now?"

"I'm not playing any game, child. I'm sorry, that's all, because it looks as though your romance is over—unless Stephen loves

able to blame me then for our poverty. Yes, I'll tell you."

"You know Sandicombe. You know the rocky coast there, and how dangerous it is for bathers if they get any distance away from the beach?"

"Yes. What about it?"

"Remember that afternoon when we went fishing? The boatman told us of a submerged rock near to the Adam and Eve Rock, and pointed out how dangerous it was. It was just round the headland, out of sight of the beach."

"Yes, I remember. But I don't see—"

"It's simple. Betty can't swim. You're as much at home in the water as on dry land. Suppose you were out together in a speed boat, and you were unlucky enough to wreck it on that submerged rock. To sink it, I mean. What would happen?"

"Very well, then." Mrs Dickson made her great gamble. "We're finished."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because it's true. I've struggled as hard as I knew how. I've put up a pretty good fight. But I'm beaten. We're done, child. We can't even have that boarding-house now because of your extravagances. We'll both have to look out for some kind of job."

Apprehension showed in Lena's eyes.

"You're trying to frighten me now," she said. "Things aren't as bad as that. If Betty does own Dickson & Grant's, you've got a jolly good job there."

"Not for long."

"She'll never dream of asking you to resign."

"I know. But you don't suppose I can stay, do you? You don't suppose I can carry on there, after all my dreams, as an underling?"

"You're bluffing, mother."

"I'm not bluffing. Your own common-sense should tell you that. With Betty and David Grant in complete control of the business, I couldn't possibly stay. I shall resign from Dickson & Grant's, and try to find another job somewhere else. And—well, I suppose you'll marry Stephen."

"I see," Lena regarded her mother calmly. "I'll go to bed and think it over." She left the room without offering the usual good-night kiss.

Mrs Dickson stood smiling. She turned out the lights and went to bed—but not to sleep.

Lena, too, passed a restless night. She knew that her mother had planned out this scheme with the definite intention of engaging her in it. She had decided that no longer would she submit to her daughter's dictation. If Lena could be persuaded to commit murder, the account between them would be settled. Neither could accuse the other.

It was so simple that a child could see through it. Lena felt, too, that her mother had been perfectly serious in her threat to resign from Dickson & Grant's. It amounted to this—if Lena didn't agree to help they would be paupers.

What, then, of Stephen? Lena had an uneasy certainty that she knew what would happen to him. He would make excuses, and eventually she would lose him—unless she fell in with her mother's scheme to murder Betty.

She tossed and turned in bed, unable to decide. The thought of killing Betty frightened her.



"All right!" said Betty and she put the warning letter on the fire.

you enough to be content to live on his salary."

"What are you talking about, mother?"

"I've been thinking to-night—thinking about the future. It won't be long now before Betty's married. We'll have to go then."

"Go where?"

"I don't know. Away somewhere."

Lena stooped and picked up the glass of hot milk which stood on the hearth, covered with a saucer. She drank it slowly. There was something on her mother's mind, some special meaning behind this talk of Stephen.

"Have you given up your idea of removing Betty?" she asked at last.

"I've had to."

"You were very sure of success."

"Yes. I was relying on your help."

"I can't do anything."

"You can't, certainly, if you won't. But we could manage the thing quite easily if only you'd do your share."

"You have a plan?"

"Yes." Mrs Dickson's voice was very low. "I have a plan."

"What is it?"

"What's the good of talking about it when you won't—"

"All the same, tell me."

Mrs Dickson hesitated. "I suppose I ought to give you the opportunity of refusing," she murmured. "At least, you'll never be

"I'd have to swim to the beach, I suppose."

"Precisely. And that wouldn't trouble you much, would it? What about Betty?"

"I see." Lena put her empty glass on the table and sat down. "There's no foothold on that headland. Sheer cliff. She'd drown, of course."

"Nobody would imagine it had been engineered. When you staggered on to the beach—exhausted—and gasped out the news of the tragedy, could anyone possibly doubt that a most unfortunate accident had happened?"

"It's a good idea," said Lena slowly. "Why don't you do it?"

Mrs Dickson smiled wistfully.

"I would if I could. But I can't swim like you. I'm getting old, and I'm out of training. I should probably never reach the beach."

This was true, and Lena knew it. "It's a pity," she said. "A good idea, but out of the question evidently. Why don't you think of something else?"

"There isn't anything else. I've puzzled my brains till my head ached, and I can think of nothing more if you won't do this—"

"I certainly shan't!"

Lena Decides

Next morning she left The Larches before Mrs Dickson had finished breakfast. She drove to the store and went straight to Stephen Brade's office.

"You look worried, dear," he said, gazing at her pale face. "What's the matter?"

"I am worried, Stephen," she admitted. "I want to ask you a question."

"Sure! A dozen if you like."

"One will be quite enough." She moistened her lips with her tongue. "Stephen, will you get a special license and marry me on Saturday?"

"What's the idea?" He stared at her in amazement.

"Will you?"

"This is rather startling, Lena. I don't quite see why—"

"Never mind why. I just want to know that one thing. Will you marry me on Saturday?"

He stared at her, frowning.

"But I can't, dear," he said. "You must see that. I—I've no home for you, no place to take you. I've no money saved up. I've nothing."

"Supposing I told you, Stephen, that we've had a very heavy financial loss, that

HANDCLAPS AND HISSES

By REX KING

WENT West t'other night. This time to hear Sam Costa and Paula Green in cabaret at the Lawns Country Club, Usk. Duo gave a neat little offering of solos and duets. Crooner Costa revealed himself as a peppy solo pianist with "Dinah." A

Magnum to Mantovani! A magnum to Mantovani, messieurs! George Barclay, singer worth hearing, a pleasing vocal trio, and a programme that ranged from dance numbers to Tchaikowski's "None But the Weary Heart"—"Monty," with his Tipica Orchestra, gave us these. Tipica means versatile. This programme certainly justified the title. Paderewski's famous minuet was as delightfully played as the foxtrot "Heart of Gold." Tangos had that Continental swing few British bands can capture. Again, an announcer's old school tie gave me a pain in the neck. One gem was "Mentovani will pleh 'Spanish Dawnce' Gredenos, errengeed bai Kreislah." Despite that I enjoyed the programme. Just before it, records of that great tenor, Vladimir Rosing, singing Mussorgski's "Death's Lullaby," "Death's Serenade," and "Field Marshal Death." Cheery chaps, the B.B.C. record wallahs. Sure as Death they are!

TWO great features from two great and widely-differing homes of culture—Oxford and Fisk, Tennessee. Oxford University Dramatic Society's production of Shakespeare's "Richard II." rather terrified me at first—I'm not amongst the five-storey brows. Listening to the play, I began to wish I'd given more time to the study of Will. Oh, yes, I've read "Richard II." But I was in short pants then. To be candid, I confess I lost the place at times during the broadcast. And I'll bet my last valve I wasn't the only one to do so.

ALTHOUGH the play was superbly produced by Glen Byam Shaw and John Gielgud, the fact that it has such a large cast made it difficult often to differentiate between certain characters. Oxford Wins! Voices were grand. Not an Oxford drawl to be heard. David King-Wood's King was a performance full of beauty and sincerity. John F. Witts as the Duke of Hereford, and Peter Watling as the Duke of Norfolk, were also outstanding in the array of undergraduate talent.

AS is fated often to happen, the two high-lights of the evening overlapped. I had to leave for Tennessee before the end of "Richard II." History of another age and people was given by the Negro University of Fisk, Nashville. A really impressive presentation—Negro student choir singing the Spirituals of their slave forefathers; Dr James Weldon Johnson, famous Negro poet and writer, reading his composition, "Creation," from his work, "God's Trombone." Programme was perfectly balanced and produced.

DR JOHNSON held our interest right away by telling us that in 1873 the capital of Fisk University amounted to about 7s 6d. Fisk Jubilee Singers at that time visited Britain on a campaign to raise £10,000. Queen Victoria and Gladstone heard them. For once they must have been in agreement. At any rate the singers, Dr Johnson said, got their £10,000. Jubilee Hall was built at Fisk, and over

it for many years the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes flew side by side.

APPROPRIATELY, Fisk Jubilee Singers, third generation, sang first two of the Spirituals their predecessors introduced to Britain—"Steal Away To Jesus" and "Ain't Goin' to Study War No More." Rich Negro voices blended with wonderful harmony and sincerity in the simple songs. Brief solo passages were taken by a succession of golden-voiced sopranos, contraltos, tenors, baritones and basses. Soul-stirring music from the soul of the Negro. Dr Johnson's reading was just as gripping. His voice rose and fell in musical cadences. At times he almost sang the beautiful lines of "Creation." Reception was worthy of the programme. Many thanks, Fisk, Tennessee, N.B.C., and B.B.C.

NOW let's turn to the turntables and discourse on discs and dislikes. The pre-midnight dance record recitals have, generally, been interesting. But there are some records that should be smashed. I mean those slipshod "commercial" efforts, chiefly by American bands, which are neither sweet, hot, nor entertain-



John Watt.

ing. It's difficult for me to believe anyone could try out such mediocre waxworks then shove them into a programme. There were several of these in a recital I heard the other night.

IN one, "Quicker Than You Can Say Jack Robinson," there was little attempt at arrangement. An execrable clarinet was followed by a ridiculously muted trombone which fluffed wearily through one of the worst solos I've ever heard. A British recording band followed the Yankee flappedoodle with a mad free-for-all scramble through "Whispering." Supposed to be hot. Left me cold. "Moonburn," by the famous Casa Loma Orchestra, was a tiresome treacly mess with a crooner who dropped his g's and warbled of "Lahve." Concessions to the swing music fans were a stomp by Red Norvo and "Accent On Youth" by Duke Ellington's orchestra. They were not, by any means, their best numbers.

Out of the Past. I COULD listen to Mr Alistair Cooke on "The Cinema" till the cows came home. Long before he was due to grace the air I was all tuned in ready to hear those cynical quips delivered in that clear, concise and confident voice of his. And out they poured, one after another. He was in rampant rib-tickling form. First a slap at Hollywood. "Not anxious to turn out a work of art . . . main idea to lean against Prosperity and make it come round the corner." Next a snatch of cinema history. "Someone dared to make a film where no one played, not even with one finger. And talkies arrived."

Remember the Title. **MR COOKE** turns poster into poignard, and thrusts it home with—"Similarly if you like 'Romeo and Juliet' you'll like Wheeler and Woolsey. And if you like 'King Lear' you'll like 'King Kong.'" He has fair words for "Arms and the Girl" (Robert Young, Barbara Stanwyck, and Cliff Edwards), and the British "Turn of the Tide" ("as decent and natural a film as you'll find"). But for Eddie Cantor's latest, "Strike Me Pink," Mr Cooke has no need of praise. Eddie cuts no ice with him. "I've been struck pinker," is his final verdict. Priceless, Mr Cooke!

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EVER get a little weary of sobbing violins and melancholy celos? Take a tip and try a cure at Irwell Springs. No, I haven't gone into the holiday business! I'm referring to the band of the name. "Chu Chin Like Grandpa Chow" was booming out as I reached the Springs. Did the old ear-drums good to hear the rich mellow tones of brass and the resounding roar of tympani. Rousing bass solos by Joseph Sutcliffe—"Sons of the Sea," "Onaway, Awake, Beloved," and other good old-fashioned ballads formed a fitting complement to the band. Piano seemed too near the microphone. Accompaniment did not drown the robust tones of Mr Sutcliffe. A tuneful waltz, "Estudiantina," played as Grandpa likes 'em, was followed by "Starlight."

THIS tune, Mr Stuart Hibberd rather impressively informed us, was written, conducted, and played by Mr Clifton Jones, the band conductor. It was a performance that would make many dance band trumpet players sit up and take notice. When he composed that tune Mr Jones set himself a difficult task in the playing of it. I don't think there's a more difficult cornet piece in existence. The composer was equal to it. He ended on a clear high note that made me think for a moment that he was being backed up by a clarinet.

THAT was a delightfully entertaining talk by Lord Ponsonby—"We Live and Learn." His Lordship has the ideal microphone personality, the intimate manner that makes you feel he is chatting to you and you alone. He began with business phrases: how they had puzzled him. "Pharmaceutical Chemist"

Paul Robeson.



Paul Robeson.

THE KEENESEST COMMENTS IN RADIO

was one. Confessed the "pharmaceutical" was a mystery to him and that he had never met a chemist who did not claim the adjective. Told us how "Cabinet Ironmonger" had puzzled him. Why cabinet? he wanted to know. Then he supplied a whimsical ingenious theory that made me chuckle. Perhaps the Cabinet had their own special ironmonger. What for? Oh, to make their cast iron policies!

"FAMILY Butcher" was another term that had caused him to speculate. Would such a butcher serve a spinster or bachelor? The mysteries of why a woman raised her little finger when taking afternoon tea, and why people seemed unable to bear the sight of coal in a room and covered it up with helmets and boxes intrigued him. **Lord Ponsonby's** questions, theories, and comments on all these phases of life formed one of the most amusing items of the week.

A SLICK, fast-moving show with catchy tunes, good plot, plenty of comedy, and a cast of stars. No, it's not a dream reaction to the "Foundations of Music." It's **John Watt's** production, "No, No, Nanette." One of the brightest and best hours the B.B.C. has given us for many a long day. The potentates of Portland Place did us proud: **Binnie Hale**, in her original part of "Nanette," **Reginald Purdell**, and **George Morgan** were top-liners. **Eve Becke**, **Floy Penrhyn**, and **Bernard Clifton** were amongst the others who made the show go with a swing from start to finish. And can **Binnie Hale** pop her personality across the ether? I'll say! Could almost see the roguish roll of those eyes as she trilled the ever-fresh "I Want to be Happy" and "Tea for Two." Made me forget that "Tea for Two" is broadcast 'most every day. A feat indeed.

REGINALD PURDELL almost stole the show with a voice that one minute exuded geniality and joie de vivre and the next dire dismay. Who wouldn't be anguished when confronted by three girl friends—then by one's wife? Scene was a wow, **Reg and George Morgan** frantically trying to find a way out of the former's difficulties. **George's** amazement and horror when the entire blame for the contretemps falls on his innocent head were realistic and rib-tickling. Memories to recall when some other shows fill the air!

I AM assured that I was in error when I said I heard that fine tune, "Alone at a Table for Two," played three times in one evening, and I take this opportunity of rectifying my mistake.

DID you know that the popularity of tinned food increased the bird population? Were you aware that Britain's 2650 great crested grebes ate 100,000,000 fish, weighing 400 tons, in one year? I was ignorant of all this until young explorer **Tom H. Harrison** gave me the low-down in his talk, "Why Watch Birds?" **Mr Harrison** gave us an intimate glimpse into the



Barbara Stanwyck.

complex psychology and behaviour of birds. He revealed that ring plovers and black-headed gulls can't recognise their own eggs. Told how experimenters gulled gulls into sitting on camphor balls and lumps of coal. Island-dwellers, said **Mr Harrison**, have stopped shooting gannets for food. Result, gannets have doubled their number to 156,000 in the past few years.

FIVE hundred thousand birds have been fitted with numbered rings in Britain. From this it has been found that many gulls migrate to the Baltic. Lapwings have been found in Labrador, and a British cuckoo in West Africa (apparently wasn't cuckoo enough to visit Abyssinia!). Like **Bertha**, who always goes to Blackpool for her annual break, a swallow returned to the same nest seven years running—or flying, if you will be exact. Finches and bunting are no gentlemen. They are the only birds to let the females do all the nest-building. These are only a few of the fascinating facts that filled **Mr Harrison's** brief twenty minutes.

"**STANDING On The Corner**" didn't appeal to me. Sounds as if I were on the dole. It was the revue of that name that made me doleful



Lou Preager.

and disappointed. We were told it was to be about ordinary, every-day people. Well, the gags were ordinary. Extraordinary thing anyone could offer such a collection of chestnuts in one show. One of these ancient stories was the one about the house being so small that the dog had to wag its tail up and down. I wore headphones to hear that one first time it was aired. Show was not without its poignant scenes. You know, the little bit of tragedy that brings a lump to the throat and leavens the comedy, tra-la!

HOT-DOG stallkeeper "On the Corner" comforts and helps an impecunious flower girl. "Hot-dogs ain't so picturesque as lilac, but much more sustainin' to the system," he informs her, with a break in his rough Cockney voice. Didn't sound so hot to me. Flower girl, however, was pleased, and immediately burst into song. Crime was represented by two pickpockets—cleverly introduced as "light-fingered gentry who take things easily." They plucked and hurled at us the oldest of aged chestnuts—jokes that amused me in the good old days, quips that grace the "funny" postcards, and cracks that even the film producers have forgotten. I hope **George Barker**, **Muriel George**, **Ursula Hughes**, and the others get a better break next time.

THE famous musician and conductor, **Constant Lambert**, has made me sing dumb about jazz. Often I opined that modern dance music

sprang from the swamps of Darkest Africa. I was all wrong, according to **Mr Lambert**, in his first talk on "The Origins of Modern Dance Music." Jazz, he said, is a product of the modern city and sophisticated Americans. African folk music has no trace of harmony, as we know it. Without "blue" notes there would be no modern jazz. So, **Mr Lambert** told us, you can count Africa out where the origins of dance music are concerned. That disposes of all of us who denounced jazz as "barbaric swamp-stuff."

"**YOU** can't count the Negro out," however, as **Jack Johnson** said to the referee. African Negro slaves on American plantations, according to **Mr Lambert**, gave a new twist to European music. Contact with the juicy religious tunes of the day resulted in Spirituals. "Blue harmony" came from these English-speaking Negroes who influenced **Delius**, in two compositions, to try to capture the spirit of the Spirituals. The Cakewalk was one of the germs of modern jazz. Next **Mr Lambert** made several remarkable statements. Band which accompanied **The Blackbirds** to Britain in 1923 played a prelude that could have been written by **Delius**. Jazz composers have taken over the technical equipment of the highbrow and adapted it on a popular basis. The gap between the highbrow and the lowbrow has disappeared. Bravo, **Mr Lambert!** Perhaps you've even shaken the very Foundations of Music!

"**LONDON** Calling—1600" was described as an impression of what listeners might have heard had wireless been invented in Elizabethan times. It could easily have been ye real olde Elizabethan floppe, pedantic and ponderous. Instead it was entertaining and original. Began with a debate on the newly-discovered tobacco. Attacker called it the "Indian tyrant of the British Empire which will stifle us all!" Snatches of a harpsichord recital, perhaps the **Charlie Kunz** of those days; **Children's Hour**, then two comedians with quaint "jokes." Next a dramatic account of the plague which was raging—measures for the Queen's safety and queer recipes for cures and disinfectants.

MOST striking feature of the production was an imaginary broadcast from the old Globe Theatre of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," characters saying words and lines in the Elizabethan manner. Please was "Pronounced" pronounced "plez," wavering was "wavvering." Other pronunciations were "mooch" for much, "yoonger" and "hoosband." Intriguing to hear. Scene in a bear-baiting pit was also impressive. No item was continued too long, and each was faded in and out artistically. Large cast which included **Richard Ainley**, **Carleton Hobbs**, **D. Hay Petrie**, and other radio regulars, helped to make **Herbert Farjeon's** work a success.

TWO girl crooners I heard and liked during the week—**Marjorie Stedford** with **Lou Preager's** band and **Jessie Robbins** with **Bram Martin's** fourteen-piecer. First has an intimate voice full of romance and rhythm. Second is the new red-hot hotcha expert who phrases in the Valaida style.

SUCCESS TO THE STRONG



THE argument began to take a personal turn.

"Ruthless strength of character," the successful man repeated, "is the only thing that matters. I know. This is an age where the reward goes only to the strong. Weakness is fatal. Burton, here"—he turned to the fashionable specialist, who, with a famous Indian governor, made up the group by the club fireside, "you agree, don't you?"

"Are the nervous wrecks you visit in institutions anything but a drag on civilisation? And you, Verrey," he turned to the other before the doctor could reply, "would you have been able to bring the frontier beyond Kuchparwani into the peaceful security of the Empire if you had not been so ruthlessly strong? Keams was telling me only yesterday how you sent your boy—"

The successful man stopped, embarrassed. He had remembered that Peter Verrey had never come back.

THE governor's eyes hardened. Then he broke the silence.

"What is success, Martin, and what is failure," he asked quietly, "and, above all, what is ruthless strength of character? Yes—Peter slipped away into the shadows beyond Kuchparwani. You needn't have broken off. But, if you like, I'll give you a few details. Keams could not have known. Perhaps you and Burton will then be able to answer me.

"My orders to Peter—I was Chief Commissioner of Bengam—were definite. What you would call the orders of a strong man, for the case needed firm handling.

"One, Maung Dyak, dacoit and wanderer, was exercising a reign of terror over the border beyond Kuchparwani—a small but densely populated bit of country, at the end of which dense forests stretch for hundreds of miles.

"Villages had been pillaged, and women and children carried off through these jungles to the Southern Chinese slave markets. The native revolutionary rags had got hold of a few

distorting details and were disseminating their poison as can only be done in a disaffected India. The British Government was steadily losing 'face'—you know what that means.

"Maung Dyak had to be eliminated. But in that countryside an army corps would have been useless. The dacoit would simply have faded away into the jungle—and returned later.

"A STRONG man was needed to carry out a strong decision. Peter—my own son—was born in the service and upheld the old service tradition. Also, he knew the country well.

"As I said, my orders were definite. I emphasised them. Maung Dyak must be taken dead or alive—at any cost. Remember that—at any cost.

"Peter had a half-company of

By
MUDIE GRAY

Gurkhas under him and a British officer at his disposal. He was unable to take them over the border. Accompanied only by a single scout, he went on, however, hoping to locate the dacoit's stronghold, and to use Maung Dyak's own strategy in order to capture or kill him.

"News, my friends, travels uncannily in the jungle, and—to cut the story short—Peter himself was wounded and captured. Both he and the faithful soldier were thrown into a building which housed a few women destined for the slave market.

"The position was desperate. The Gurkhas were only thirty miles away. If they could have been brought up silently, the capture of Maung Dyak would have been assured and safety restored to the terror-stricken countryside.

"THAT night the scout tried to get back under cover of darkness with Peter's tiny 'SOS' hidden in his ear. Next morning, before Peter's eyes, the dacoit paraded the plucky soldier in the clearing and, with his own hands, cut the man's throat.

"'See, white man,' he grinned, 'only cowards send fools to their deaths! Now send a woman . . . and see what will happen!' The taunt of the murderer floated up to the verandah where Peter lay helpless.

"You see, unless the soldiers came, Maung Dyak would go on murdering and raiding. There would never be another chance like this of getting the fiend again. The soldiers had to be reached—the British King was steadily losing 'face.' . . . Understand, Martin?"

The successful man nodded without speaking.

The governor went on. "I want to emphasise again that my orders had been definite—a strong man's orders, Martin. Maung Dyak must be taken dead or alive—at any cost. Peter knew that it would be weeks before he could do anything—if he survived so long.

"So—he decided to use one of the women.

"She, too, was captured. The soldier's death had been comparatively merciful." The governor winced as he spoke.

"FOR three weeks," he said, "Peter hoped for relief—in vain. Weston, the company commander, told me later that when he eventually managed to get through, ambush, and kill the dacoit, Peter was delirious with septic fever and wounds—almost dead. Only his strength of will and character had carried him through. Would you call that success, Martin?"

The governor broke off for a moment.

"But you are right, Martin," he said slowly. "Only strength of character brings success, and the world has no room for weaklings—or broken men.

"In one of those institutions, whose inmates are a drag on civilisation, there is a white-haired, gibbering maniac. He speaks only a few words. At any approach he whimpers and cries like a whipped child, and he keeps on muttering—like imbeciles do—'But you said, 'At any cost, sir—the eleventh woman got through. . . .'"

THE MEET

MR TUTT said it again so that there could be no mistake.

Esmerelda was wearing her new hat, and Melinda, their daughter, was making sure that her own was at just the right angle. "Don't be late," she said.

"I shall be there," Mr Tutt assured her. "But will you two?" He paused at the door. "Now don't let there be any misunderstanding, my dear. Four o'clock outside Johnson's Store. Is that it?"

Mr Tutt knew Esmerelda of old. Often they had arranged to meet in town, and Mrs Tutt would come up late, or think he had meant somewhere else.

Four o'clock outside Johnson's Store was the time and place arranged upon. At five minutes to four Mr Tutt jumped off a bus in the square, hurried down a street and round a corner, and there he was at the spot with two minutes in hand. Mr Brown was there too.

"Delightful weather," said Brown heartily. "Meeting the wife?"

"Yes—and Linda. Four o'clock. Just done it. No sign of them, I suppose?"

"No. You haven't seen Alice? She agreed to be here at four, too."

"Is that so? Hope she doesn't keep you waiting." Mr Tutt grinned.

At ten past four Mr Brown said that Alice had said that if she didn't turn up she might be at Smith's. "I'll just trot along and see if she's there," he said. "You'd better wait for Esme. Give her my love. Hope she doesn't buy everything they have to sell at Carlton's."

Mr Tutt stood waiting. There was no Esmerelda among the Saturday afternoon crowds, no glimpse of a sideways hat with a splash of yellow near the brim. But Mr Tutt was content.

HIS meditation was broken by a voice saying, "Hello—have you seen Alfred?"

It was Mrs Brown, with her arms full of parcels. Mr Tutt raised his hat to the little lady, trusted she was well, and informed her that Mr Brown had gone on to Smith's to look for her. She'd better go and meet him there.

"Righto," said Mrs Brown. "If Alfred had had any sense he'd have known what to do. Bye-Bye."

She bustled into the crowd, and was lost to view, a quick, bright little woman who had Alfred under her thumb. "Most of them have," mused Mr Tutt, till a whiff of tobacco assailed him.

"Seen anything of Alice?" Mr Brown inquired.

"She's just been and gone," said Mr Tutt. "She went to Smith's to find you."

"I'll wait here a minute or two," said Mr Brown. "There are three ways, and I might miss her. It's only a hundred yards or so—and if she doesn't find me there. . . ."

"She's not likely to do that. . . ."
"She'll come back."

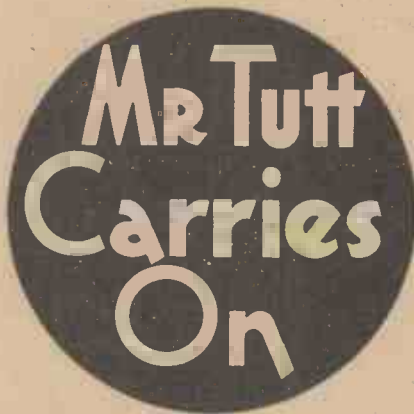
THAT was reasonable. "I'm a bit worried about Esmerelda," said Mr Tutt seriously. "She must be spending a mint of money. She was to be here at four, and it's nearly half-past. I think I'll just run along to Carlton's and see if she's ready."

"Anything you like."

Mr Tutt crossed the road and went off. Hardly had he vanished amid the crowds than Melinda turned up. "All alone?" she asked Mr Brown, treating him to a screen smile. "Seen Daddy?"

"Yes," said Mr Brown, trying to catch sight of Alice. "He was here at four. Where's your mother?"

That lady sailed up, breathless. "No. Joseph?" she gasped. "It's



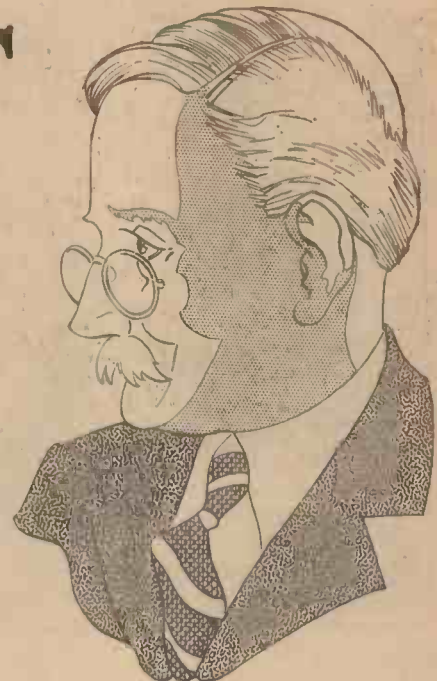
half-past four. How long have you been here, Linda? How's Alice? Have you seen Joseph? Did you get the frock changed?"

"He's just gone to look for you," said Mr Brown, answering one question at a time, "and Alice has just gone to look for me."

"As a matter of fact," said Mr Brown uncomfortably, "I think, if you'll excuse me, I'll just run along and see if I can see Alice. She may have a parcel or two. Joseph said he would come back here straightaway. He won't be long."

"Just like your father to go fussing off," said Esmerelda peevishly, "and I'm dying for a cup of tea. I should have been here ages ago, but I met Mrs Cragges and. . . ."

"You haven't seen Alfred anywhere, have you?" said a little lady



with a managing air. "I must have missed him. He was here a moment or two ago, Mr Tutt said."

"He's gone to look for you," said Esmerelda and Melinda together; Esmerelda rather tartly, Melinda with amusement.

"Silly," Alice exclaimed. "I hurried on to find him, and I should think he's gone up one street and I've come down the other. Oh, these men. . . ."

ALFRED came up briskly, smiling and triumphant. "Delighted you are here, my dear," he assured her.

"Well, anyhow," said Esmerelda, "there's Joseph racing all round the town for me—stupid. I'm not staying here any longer. I'm dying for a cup of tea—we'll all go to the Corner Cafe. . . ."

"Yes, but what about Daddy?" Melinda was loyal.

"Look here," said Mr Brown gallantly. "You all go to the cafe, and I'll find the scapegoat and drag him there."

Off went Mr Brown, and in ten minutes he and Mr Tutt walked into the cafe, where they joined the ladies.

"Well?" Esme demanded, looking up at Mr Tutt as he advanced. "What have you to say for yourself?"

Mr Tutt beamed on the company, "You see," he coughed slightly,

"I hurried along to Carlton's and looked out for you. I peeped through the door, and in a far corner I saw a lady in a hat like yours—with yellow on the brim—and I thought, well, there's only one door to the shop, she must come out sometime."

"So I stood on the pavement and smoked a pipe and waited for you coming, you see. . . . and I'd have been there yet if Alfred hadn't come and nudged me!"

SOULS IN SILHOUETTE - BY FRANK PARSONS

THE GOLD RUSH



GOLD! To what depths have nations fallen to win it! To what heights have men climbed after it! Since time immemorial this gleaming yellow metal has always been the mocking prize in an insane game. Some it enslaves.

Thirteen years ago my safari had, after a long trail across the Congo, at last reached the welcome waters of Lake Tanganyika.

Grateful at the sight of clear water for the first time in months, I was just about to bathe my weary body when I saw a queer figure stumbling towards me from round the corner of the little bay.

A white man reached me and fell down unconscious.

In a moment I had diagnosed his illness—starvation. His pack was empty. Not a single cartridge was left in his clip. His boots were down to their uppers. I got him round.

Food—a few cartridges. That was all he wanted—quickly. And a native boat to take him across the lake.

At first I thought he was mad—a lunatic escaped from somewhere, for it was madness to attempt to cross the lake at that season in a native boat.

Then he gave me his reasons.

Didn't I know that gold had been discovered in the Lupa River on the opposite shore, and to walk round would mean an extra five hundred miles? Two months—and gold . . .

I could not stop him. Three months later my safari arrived in Lupa. My unknown stranger had never reached the place.

At the Lupa deposits I met his doubles—scores of them. Not exactly the same features, perhaps, but all with that identical something that marked them as the gold prospector.

The Lupa River gold fields, as probably you know, have not "flattered." Never mind about that. If you were there it would be the men who washed their pans over the alluvial deposits who would grip your interest, though they would hate you, possibly attack you, if they thought you pitied them.

I lived among them awhile, washed gold with them—when there was any gold, ate in their shacks and gambled in their tents. I drank with them and played with them.

Sometimes I tried to dream with them and always I tried to read their souls.

All they showed—every one of them—was a silhouette. This silhouette I can only describe—its meaning can only be understood by another gold prospector—another "gold bug" as they call their fellows.

They came from every grade of society and from every country in the world. One evening, by the naphtha flare of a Lupa River shack, I counted forty-two different nationalities.

Each had spent his life—and would spend the rest—in the search for gold. That not one of them had enough money to buy a pittance did not matter.

Some found gold, some failed—but always riches, as differing from gold, would elude them. Yet that would never stop them from their ceaseless, and as far as most of them were concerned, their fruitless search.

They found gold, these men, but they made nothing out of it. Or, if they did reap some reward, not one in a thousand could keep it.

I met men who had handled virgin gold, their own gold, bitterly fought for against nature—twenty thousand pounds' worth—with nothing on their backs. They were looking for more—in another continent.

There were men who had walked across a continent to reach the Lupa River, others who had worked a passage in a "hell" ship from Central America, and others who had travelled "first class."

All worked together, each on his own claim, each loving and hating his fellows at the same time, trusting his life to his pals but eyeing them like hawks—with a loaded revolver within

reach of his trigger finger.

The gains? Who knows what they are? Only financiers and the banks. To the gold prospector the gains seem—though they do not admit it—to be cursed.

Not one of them, drunk, sober, exhilarated, or dying, has ever been known to open his heart to anyone. In matters of the heart oysters are comparatively loquacious.

How do they hear of gold in a new continent? This is one of the world's minor mysteries. All they know is that new gold is reported, and they must get there.

Some of them die, and they die as they lived, silent and inscrutable.

So they carry on, duke's son and cook's son, ex-priest, thief, soldier, sailor, London clerk, and Greek pedlar, Chinese peasants, and Argentine ranchers, buck-nigger, and Norwegian fisherman—all the same, when the mysterious call comes.

The old soul of the "communal" man has gone. All that is left is humanity's most mysterious "soul in silhouette."

Perhaps it is better so,

THIS article is about the Lupa goldfields. Prospectors flocked there a few years ago. Frank Parsons tells you about them.



REHEARSAL TIME

With

CHARLIE KUNZ

"HERE comes Charlie"—and Charlie Kunz runs up the steps of the Casani Club in Regent Street, gives his hat to the boy in the cloakroom at the left, then takes the next turning to the left into the lounge of the club.

Here Santos Casani himself is having a last look round before he goes back to attend to business in his office adjoining the restaurant.

Santos and Charlie are the greatest of friends, both in personal and business affairs. I have known Santos for many years, and it was through his introduction that I was privileged to see a rehearsal of the Casani Club orchestra in action.

When Charlie has finished his business chat—probably concerning the length of time devoted to dance music or the special request numbers from many of the Casani Club clients—he'll order coffee (special coffee made the way he likes it) from one of the waiting boys, then off we go together into the restaurant on the right.

With a rehearsal just about to start, the only light in the club is an ordinary naked electric light bulb hanging from the ceiling. An electrician is tinkering with the switches concerning the coloured lights, and red, violet, and green flash spasmodically.

A waiter in shirt sleeves is attending to the arranging of chairs. The carpets are rolled up.

West End glamour comes down to reality.

Charlie motions you to a table—hot coffee arrives together with a big bundle of letters.

I'd forgotten the band! The Casani Club Orchestra is, comparatively speaking, a small one. The boys are making themselves inconspicuous on the band dais, talking over some of the band parts.

The centre of attraction on the dais is the large grand piano at which Charlie plays his solos. There is nothing very special about it except that it is a make (incidentally, German) on which Charlie insists that he shall always play. The front of it is removed so that you can see the hammers.

This is a pet theory of Charlie's. He says he can

"feel" the tone of the piano better if the front is taken off.

One of the boys comes forward and shows him the completed versions of a couple of new arrangements, most of which Charlie has done himself.

At the little table, littered with coffee cups and letters, they make last minute alterations. Then, "All right, Jack, let's hear how it goes," says Charlie.

The band take their places just as they do for a broadcast, with Charlie at the piano looking towards the back right-hand corner of the band, the bass player just at the back of the piano, and the three saxophone players sitting in a row facing Charlie.

The saxophone players also "double" on other instruments, so there is a great deal more variety in the band than you might suppose for its comparatively small personnel.

During rehearsals, Charlie conducts during many bars with one hand and simply strums the melody with the other.

When a hot piano break is involved he has his own work to do and apparently leaves the band to carry on by itself.

Not altogether, though, as I discovered when, while he was in the middle of an apparently complicated piano run he suddenly spotted that a player had not quite come in as he should, and the whole "works" were held up while the timing was readjusted.

On another occasion, it was the saxophone section at fault in the opinion of Charlie. One or two bars were rewritten as far as the harmonising was concerned before Charlie confessed himself satisfied.

Then he came back and sat at the table with me. We sipped our coffee while each of the sections of the band tried out their parts for the next number.

Charlie is an expert saxophone player, although he is the last to admit it. I had proof of this during the rehearsal, when he suddenly turned to

the saxophone section and talked with them on a complicated point of saxophone technique.

After a few minutes they got the matter straightened out, and I must confess that the little saxophone solo, brief as it was, sounded much more melodious and brighter when they played it the way Charlie wanted it.

As the roof of the Casani Club restaurant is low, there is plenty of body in the music. I saw one of the B.B.C. microphones hanging from the roof, concealed by part of the indirect lighting so that you probably would not notice it as you danced down the length of the restaurant.

There is another microphone for the vocalist. As the band comes to the last few bars of "Clap Hands, Here Comes Charlie," Charlie gets up from his circular, tube-like piano stool and picks his way through the instrumentalists until he gets to the vocalist's microphone.

At this appropriate moment the vocalist in charge says, "Here you are, Charlie." Then Charlie himself announces the band.

*Before Dancers
Arrive at
the Casani Club*

DANCE BAND TITTLE TATTLE

PPETER MILLS, whose band was on the air from Llandudno last week, has had a most varied career. He knows the music business from every possible angle—having been a musical director on an ocean liner for over four years. He has done two world tours, and studied the various types of bands at first hand. He knows as much about Cuban rumbas, Argentine tangos, Neapolitan serenades, and the rest as anybody in the business.

Peter Put It Across.

The South American broadcasting station, Colombo, had never put an English band over the air until Peter visited that town. Some of you will remember him a few years ago at the Rialto Ballroom, Liverpool. The boys who are with him at Llandudno have had nearly as varied a musical career.

Son of Famous Brass Band Player.

The pianist, for example, was accompanist for the famous Welsh Imperial Singers. He did a world tour with them. Peter says that this engagement did the pianist a lot of good, because he finished up by being as good a vocalist as a pianist! He does nearly all the vocals with the band. His tenor sax player is the son of Mr Greenwood, one of the most famous personalities in the brass band world, and all his brothers are also distinguished musicians.

From Banjo to Bass.

Apart from being a fine musician and orchestra leader, Peter has the happy knack of being able to "produce" his boys. He gets the very best out of them. Some years ago he signed up a banjo player. As the band at that time needed a bass, but could not afford one, he encouraged the fellow to take up this instrument. Then he coached him in arranging and encouraged him in comedy work, with

the result that he is now a bass player of the very front rank and chief arranger and comedy man of the outfit.

A Dip Before Bed.

The boys spend most of their spare time swimming, not in the sea but in the hotel's own swimming pool. No matter how late the band may finish, before going to bed they always have a dip.

Jack Hylton's Troubles Aren't Over

Everybody knows that Jack Hylton had to fight for years before he could get into America. When he eventually succeeded, it was made clear to him that he could not take his band. He could take special artistes and engage American musicians, but his English musicians must stay over here. However, he gradually achieved fame in the States in spite of all difficulties, and one would imagine that his trials and tribulations would be over. But it is not so.

Forbidden to Play.

After being invited to appear as a guest artiste in two important radio programmes, he has been forbidden to do so by the American Musicians' Union. This ruling, however, does not apply only to Jack, but to all band leaders. Apart from their own regular programmes, they must not make appearances as guest artistes on celebrity nights. But you cannot keep a good man down. Jack will go on from fame to still further fame no matter where he may be!

"Jam Bands."

I was thinking the other day that in our dance music programmes we get every possible type of band with one exception. That is the small band which plays what we call "club style."

This is known in the States as a "Jam Band." It is a small band of five or six players who are usually "hot" men, or just "buskers" with a grand style. They don't worry about special orchestrations or anything like that. They let it swing, chorus after chorus, until the whole bandstand nearly burns up.

What About It, B.B.C.?

This is not the kind of music which appeals to everybody, but now that we have some terrific Jam Bands in Town I think the B.B.C. ought to let us have half an hour of them every now and then. I think I will be the first member of a new society for the popularisation of the Jam Band.

Jack Jackson in the Sun.

Just after Easter, a crowd of us were talking together, grumbling about the cold, when up comes Jack Jackson with a face as brown as a berry. "Well, there's been sunshine



Pat Hyde.

NEWS ABOUT THE

EVE BECKE WITH DANCE BAND

Eve Becke will be heard singing in a dance band broadcast on Saturday, when she will take the vocal numbers with Oscar Rabin's Romany Band during the 5.15 p.m. session.

NEW "SATURDAY MAGAZINE" FEATURE NEWS FROM HOME AND ABROAD.

A new feature is to be introduced in the "Saturday Magazine" on Saturday, May 2. It will have the title, "Radio Gazette."

This will be a summarised "news" feature consisting of events from home and abroad.

"WHEN DAY IS DONE"

Esther Coleman visits the Welsh region on May 8 to participate in a programme, "When Day Is Done." Mai Jones and Haydn Adams are the other soloists. They will be assisted by a male chorus and orchestra conducted by Idris Lewis.

"When Day Is Done" presents songs both old and new in an interesting manner.

A new kind of programme is promised from Northern on May 8!

The Northern Revue Orchestra, conducted by Thomas Matthews, will play "symphonic jazz" works by Northern composers.

somewhere," said one of the boys. We learned that Jack had been to the South of France for over a week. It appears that the Dorchester Restaurant had given the band a short holiday.

Coloured Trumpet Star.

Jack had taken advantage of this by taking his car to the other side of the Channel. He told me that down in Monte Carlo he met Joe Brannelly, who was playing with one of Ambrose's orchestras. Opposite the Ambrose outfit there was a band lead by Briggs, the famous coloured trumpet player, who will be remembered from the time he played at Ciro's.

Away on the Road.

Nearly all the other boys from Jack's band went away on the road with their cars except poor old Pougson—"Poggy to you"—who stayed at home to nurse his fish. You have heard of Poggy's famous aquarium, in which he keeps every rare species, including fan-

tailed goldfish and many other things from the Orient.

Poggy's Pets Poisoned.

Some kind of poison got into the aquarium and Poggy had a big job saving the fish from harm. The water had to be run off, the sand and plants washed in some particular manner, and another special type of fish which purifies the water (don't ask me how?) had to be added.

Pat Hyde—With a Band.

Although we have heard Pat Hyde once or twice lately in theatre relays and various B.B.C. shows, we have not heard her with a dance band. When all is said and done, that is still her forte. So it is good to know that she becomes a dance band vocalist again on April 30, when she will be heard with Vincent Norman, who is now playing at Southsea.

Known All Over the Country.

Although Vincent is not very well known to radio listeners, he is known in every corner of the country. Few leaders have played in so many towns as Vincent. It is obvious that he intends to put over a tip-top programme, or he would not go to the trouble of bringing Pat Hyde down specially for this date.

"Has Harry Fallen?"

All members of the Harry Roy organisation—members of the band, members of the office staff or anything else—are frequently being asked jokingly, "Has Harry fallen off the elephant yet?" The joke, of course, refers to his impressive entrance to the Palladium stage in the show "All Aight at Oxford Circus." There are always roars of laughter when he comes from the side on the elephant.



Why Harry Isn't On the Air.

By the way, how Harry manages to go seven hours with only about fifteen minutes' break has been beaten. From the beginning of the first performance at 6.50 until he leaves the Mayfair at 2 a.m., his intervals totalled up together are just under a quarter of an hour. This, incidentally, also explains why he is not on the air these days for evening broadcasts. It would be impossible for him to do them.

Secretary Becomes Sister-in-Law.

You will remember that Sydney Roy was best man at Harry's wedding. Well, the compliment is being returned on April 24, when Harry is best man at Syd's wedding. The very interesting point about this auspicious occasion is the fact that Harry's secretary now becomes his sister-in-law.

Hotel That Grew Up.

A certain business man bought a big house called Bishopstove, in Torquay, to turn it into a hotel. He engaged a small band under the leadership of one named Stanley Le Marchant. This hotel grew into one of the chief and most luxurious in the British Isles (now called The Palace). The band leader and his band have grown and improved with the building throughout these years.

Listen for Them.

I am pleased to hear that they will get their first break on the air on Saturday, May 2. In a hotel of this type, the band boys have to be musicians of a very high order, as they are called upon to play dance music, straight music, and to accompany every possible type of cabaret. As I say, Le Marchant has done this so successfully for so many years that there is nothing left to say—except tune-in when he makes his debut on the air.



Eve Becke.

STARS AND SHOWS

THEATRE RELAY FROM BLACKPOOL

Another of those popular theatre relays is due from the Palace Theatre, Blackpool, in the Northern programme on Thursday, May 7.

The bill will include Elizabeth Welch, Shaw and Weston, Raye Saxes, and Stuart Hire and Eaton.

* * *

SPECIAL EMPIRE DAY BROADCAST

TO BE RELAYED FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

The special Empire Day programme this year will include a relay from South Africa. It is expected full details will be available in a few days.

Listeners may remember that the

first in this series was broadcast in 1933—in 1934 there was a relay from Australia—last year Canada had the honour—and now it is South Africa's turn.

* * *

"MR MIKE PRESENTS" FIRST OF A NEW SERIES OF TOPICAL SHOWS.

Next Thursday sees the first of a new Martyn C. Webster series of topical productions entitled, "Mr Mike Presents. . . ."

The artistes include Cora Goffin, Dorothy Summers and Marjorie Westbury, Denis Folwell, Warwick Vaughan, Harry Hartland, and "Those Three," a close harmony trio. Hugh Morton takes on a new role, for him, of compere.

REX KING'S



Cecil Chadwick.

SIX FAVOURITE VOCALISTS.

Dear Rex,—I am a regular reader of "Radio Review," and think it is a very interesting paper. I particularly enjoy reading your comments. Very often I agree entirely with your views.

I think all the leading bands have good vocalists, but here are my six favourites:—
1, Robert Ashley; 2, Jack Plant; 3, Brian Lawrence; 4, Sam Browne; 5, Dan Donovan; 6, Jack Cooper.

I am rather disappointed in Henry Hall's new vocalists. I hope I like them better when I am more used to them.

I like Henry Hall's version of the various dance bands and their leaders. I think that his impersonations are always very good.

Wishing your paper every success.—"F. R. R." (New Eltham, S.E.9).

ADDRESS OF THE VAGABOND LOVER.

Dear Rex,—Please could you tell me the address of The Vagabond Lover? "H. M'G."

Write to The Vagabond Lover, c/o "Radio Review," 12 Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

HIGH-HANDED!

Dear Rex,—Lots of readers, I notice, have written you at various times to complain that certain favourite programmes had been "faded out."

It was worse on the evening of April 15. Being interested in printing, I tuned in Scottish Regional to hear No. 7 of the "Made In Scotland" series—"Printing." We were promised a visit, with commentary and interviews, to the University Press, Glasgow.

At 7.30 the announcer briefly intimated that it would be more seasonable to hear a talk on the making of golf clubs. And without apology or explanation, we were whisked off to St Andrews!

I should also like to complain, Rex, about the "fading-out" of the substitute talk on golf-club making. My criticism is that the fading-out process was too long delayed!—"E. K." (Carnoustie).

WHERE THEY WERE BORN.

Dear Rex,—Could you please tell me whether Don Carlos is Glasgow-born or South American, also where Troise was born?

I think "Radio Review" is just grand.—"J. Y. W."

Don Carlos was born in Edinburgh. Troise was born near Naples.

CRAZY ABOUT BRIAN LAWRENCE.

Dear Rex,—I am rather crazy over Brian Lawrence's singing. I've heard him every time on the air, but I think it would be much better if he broadcast more often. I hope everyone else agrees with me.

Wishing "R. R." every success.—"D. C." (Brentwood).

CONTINENTALS HAVE US LICKED.

Dear Rex,—I heartily agree with your correspondent, "P. A." (Staffs.), when he states that Continental dance bands have got ours licked to a frazzle.

Far from being behind the times, these bands, particularly German, give us ideal dance programmes, combining rhythm with delightful mellowness of tone. Each instrument can be heard plainly, yet there is no blare.

Many English dance bands could not possibly be danced to, but Continental dance bands are ideal so far as dancing to them is concerned.—"J. R." (New Cross, S.E.14).

HARRY ROY'S PIANISTS.

Dear Rex,—I have been a reader of your paper since it started, and thought I should say what a great paper it is. Could you tell me (1) What is the title of the film Harry Roy has made? (2) Who are his pianists now? (3) What is his signature tune?

Wishing "Radio Review" heaps of luck—"B. M." (Cheadle Hulme).

(1) "Royal Romance."
(2) Stanley Black and Norman White.
(3) "Bugle Call Rag."



Teddy Brown.

Dance Band Championship Result

Henry Hall Tops the Poll

THERE was a magnificent response to our Dance Band Championship contest. The voting resulted as follows:—

- 1—HENRY HALL.
- 2—HARRY ROY.
- 3—AMBROSE.

Here are the winners who correctly forecast the result and sent the best criticisms:—

A Magnificent Wristlet Watch goes to—
M. Ashworth, 109 Stowell St., Weaste, Salford, 5.

Here is the criticism:—

Henry Hall.—Without consideration—the top. Music hath charms when directed by Henry Hall. He enters the atmosphere, the mood, of every moment of every person. For sweet music he has given the best vocalists, for comedy, real clean fun. Henry Hall's Hour, perfect entertainment. For me, Henry hits the spot. Henry, play!

Harry Roy.—A cure for the blues. Full of red-hot rhythm, makes the boys give all they've got—and how they give it! For fits of depression—one dose of Harry Roy.

Ambrose.—For beautiful arrangements and perfect melody. Pep and personality; something new; something different. A perfect ending when day is done.

The following are awarded handsome Consolation Prizes:—

I think Henry Hall will be an easy Champion in this competition, because he is so very successful in arranging his programmes to suit everyone.

He plays each different type of song AS IT SHOULD BE PLAYED, not only specialising in one sort, and not being able to present other types really well, like some bands do.

Harry Roy will be second, as there are so many

"hot rhythm" fans to-day (and he certainly excels in "hot rhythm"); but, unlike Henry, he forgets "sweet" music fans, and so will lose their support.

Ambrose will come third, as he tries to (and does) please everyone, but his vocalists are nothing like Henry Hall's. This rather makes his band less popular.

—J. Sadler, Oaken, Coventry Drive, Rhyl.

"H.R.H." is the top. His "hot" numbers are marvellous, as are his vocalists. He has rhythm, and ability to change his style immediately. His Saturday night programmes are outstandingly successful.

Harry Roy is great! How fine to hear the "Rags" played correctly. His comedies must make lots of leaders jealous.

Ambrose is able to impart something into all his music that makes him supreme. He can swing it better than any, can play hot, sweet, and comedy numbers equally well, and has top-notch vocalists.

These three bands are unsurpassed. They please all tastes, and thrill everyone.

—R. W. T. Cross, Station Road, Marsh Gibbon, near Bicester, Oxon.

My No. 1 band is Henry Hall's, because I think when he plays and talks to you, he wants to make a friend of you. He has some of the finest vocalists and his band can play nearly everything equally well.

No. 2 is Harry Roy's, which for hot music and comedy numbers I don't think can be beaten.

No. 3 is Ambrose's, because here is a band that blends well in both sweet or hot music. You also can dance or listen to him with pleasure, without being irritated by a lot of blaring noises.

—G. W. Rands, 2 Caves Yard, Batley Carr, Dewsbury.

HENRY HALL A CLASSY PIANIST.

Dear Rex,—Could you please tell me (1) If Henry Hall has to play whatever the B.B.C. tell him, or does he choose his own tunes? (2) What instruments can Henry Hall play?—"A. E. O." (Liverpool).

"H.R.H." chooses his own programmes. He is a classy performer on the piano and concertina.

IS BERT READ MARRIED?

Dear Rex,—I should be very pleased if you could tell me if Bert Read, Henry Hall's pianist, is married.—"J. B." (Lewisham).

Yes, Bert Read is married.

"Radio Review," April 25, 1936.

REX KING'S
QUERY COUPON

FOR ONE QUESTION.

FAN MAIL

WHERE TO WRITE ELEANOR POWELL.

Dear Rex,—Could you tell me where to write to Eleanor Powell for an autographed photo, and do you think she would oblige? Your readers' page is easily the brightest thing I have read.—"W. S." (London).
Write Eleanor at M.G.M. Studios, Culver City, Calif., U.S.A.

ADDRESSES OF THE STARS.

Dear Rex,—Can you please tell me where I can obtain autographed photos of the following:—Robert Donat, Claudette Colbert?
I think "R. R." is topping, and I wish it every success.—"Juno" (St Helens).
Robert Donat, c/o "Radio Review," 12 Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4. Claudette Colbert, c/o Paramount-Publix Studios, Hollywood, Calif., U.S.A. Letter to Miss Colbert needs 2d stamp.

DID JACK PAYNE BROADCAST IN HENRY HALL'S HOUR?

Dear Sir,—May I offer you my congratulations on your fine efforts to produce a cheap and yet excellent radio paper?
I have been told that in Henry Hall's Hour on a Saturday in March, Jack Payne broadcast



Birrell O'Malley.

from the Arundel Castle, just after 11.15 p.m. Will you please tell me if this is true?—"Radio Reviewer."

Jack Payne did not broadcast in Henry Hall's Hour.

CARDIFF READER THANKS KNEALE KELLEY.

Dear Rex,—I should like to take this opportunity of thanking, Kneale Kelley and the B.B.C. Variety Orchestra for their programme entitled "Six Great Melodies," which was broadcast last Saturday evening.
Unfortunately I was only able to listen to the last fifteen minutes of this fine programme.—"Tiger Rag" (Cardiff).

What do you think of the programmes?
Write to Rex King about them.

FROM THE WEST.

Dear Rex,—Having read the letter by "N. J." on the secrecy of the Cardiff Station, I should like to say how much the letter strikes the point.
Retired as I am, I have been for years a keen wireless fan, and am greatly interested in the career of a young broadcaster who is one of the regulars from West Regional.

Last September, after a year of strenuous broadcasting, playing almost every type of character imaginable, Harold E. Mees won for himself the plum part in a big serial West were to exploit in their Children's Hour. It was called "The Man From Mars."
The part was that of Yazid, a mad Persian villain who schemes to capture the whole world. (It is anything but Children's Hour stuff.) There were various ways of portraying such a character, but the way Mr Mees played it helped to make the play the success it was.

It was not child's play either, for Yazid, speaking in broken English, was at times soft, suave, and plotted with a deadly cunning that intrigued thousands. At other times he became a raving lunatic. To have played such a part with the grasp and polish Mr Mees did was astonishing.

After ten weeks the public demanded an encore. So early in the New Year the sequel called "The Lost City" went out, and it is, even a greater success than the first.

It is known that staid business men rushed home on Wednesday afternoon to hear Yazid at his nefarious schemes. Yazid is a household word where there is a wireless throughout the entire West country! Yes, and even further afield.

Perhaps you might like to tune in to West and hear Yazid for yourself, and know what the West are enjoying.—"T. W." (Cardiff).

AUTOGRAPHED PHOTO OF GERRY FITZGERALD.

Dear Rex,—(1) Could you tell me where I could write to Gerry Fitzgerald for an autographed photo?
(2) Has Henry Hall made a record of the Whistling Lovers Waltz, if so, what is the number?—"Henry Hall Fan" (Manchester).
1. C/o "Radio Review."
2. Henry Hall has not recorded this number.

HE NEVER MISSES HARRY ROY.

Dear Rex,—On the advice of my sister, I purchased a copy of "Radio Review," and although I am a little dubious about new publications, I find that your paper gives me all I want to know about the radio world.
I would like you to publish a list of my likes and dislikes.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------------|
| I Never Miss— | I Can't Stand— |
| Harry Roy's Band. | Symphony Concerts. |
| Ambrose's Orchestra. | Foundations of Music. |
| A Variety Programme. | Sydney Kyte's announcements. |
| Charlie Kunz's Solos. | Serge Krish Septet. |
| Stanley Holloway's Monologues. | Tragic Plays. |
| Alistair Cooke. | |

I shall be a regular reader as long as your present standard is maintained. Wishing you every success.—"J. H. F." (Bathnal Green, E.2).

FILM STARS' ADDRESSES.

Dear Rex,—Please can you tell me where I can get information and autographed photos of George Raft and Frances Langford? They appeared together in "Every Night At Eight."—"Radio Review Reader" (Birmingham).
Write them both C/o Paramount-Publix Studios, Hollywood, Calif., U.S.A.

ARE THEY ONE?

Dear Rex,—Would you please tell me if Gerry Fitzgerald and Harry Bentley are the same person? If not, what has happened to Harry Bentley?—"Very Interested" (Beswick).
No. Harry Bentley passed away some months ago, after a severe illness.

EDINBURGH DATES WANTED.

Dear Rex,—Could you please tell me if any of the following will be in Edinburgh soon:—Jack Payne, Phyllis Robins, Kitty Masters, or Teddy Brown?
May I congratulate you on "Radio Review"? I think it is a splendid paper. My favourite



Brian Lawrance.

bands are Henry Hall, Ambrose, and Roy Fox.—"M. G." (Edinburgh).

Sorry, but I cannot give these advance dates. Your theatre manager may be able to help you if you drop him a line. Jack Payne is out of the country just now.



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Tales Of The Road — By Herbert Brown

TRAMPS DE LUXE

LET me introduce you, this week, to those cheery, light-hearted members of the travelling fraternity, "buskers," or street musicians.

Optimism is their natural gift. Each day they set off with nothing but confidence in the public and their own ability. And they are seldom disappointed.

They have an almost uncanny knack of choosing the right streets in which to sing or play their instruments.

This is an art which one acquires after experience on the road. The "buskers" know instinctively whether a street will be worth working or not.

Working the side streets (in Romany language, "Skull-dragging the Tan") is a poor proposition, but "Pitching the Main Drag" (working the principal thoroughfares) can be made to pay exceedingly well.

One drawback to the latter is the traffic regulations. Police have to keep the "buskers" constantly on the move.



The "buskers," however, take this in quite good part, appreciating that the police are merely doing their duty.

The repertoire of these people has to be pretty extensive.

"John Peel" may be a money-maker in Cumberland, but it takes "I Passed by Your Window" to touch



Each Place Likes Its Own Songs Best

the hearts of the population of Gloucestershire.

"Glorious Devon" is admirably suited to the county it names, whilst "Asleep in the Deep" is considered good business for any of the seaport towns.

There is talent aplenty on the road. The person who merely makes a raucous noise in an attempt to gain public sympathy stands a very poor chance.

Weather is the buskers' greatest

drawback. "Grafting" (working in the rain) is not always a sure way of gaining sympathy.

Some of the busking combinations in the Provinces travel around in their own car. Two such people were the Lofly Brothers, who travelled from city to city in their own car and trailer-caravan.

I, naturally, tried my hand at street singing. One of my partners was an acrobatic street singer, Jim.

Jim used to turn somersaults, walk on his hands, and try all sorts of contortions, singing all the while.

It was Jim who suggested that we join forces and split the takings fifty-fifty.

I told him that this would be grossly unfair, as I was only singing whilst he sang and did acrobatics as well.

He at once said, "Why, don't you think my acrobatics are good?" They weren't, but I hadn't the heart to tell him so!

I told him it was all a matter of



principle, and we eventually settled things between us.

Jim, for all his bad acrobatics, was a very decent fellow, but he had one great fault. His sense of money value was absolutely negative. He suggested that I should hold the purse strings, this being the only way he could have enough money left for lodgings.

It was with many regrets that Jim and I eventually reached the parting of the ways.

Another popular "busker," known to all the members of the road, was Louis Jackman, an exceptionally clever musician.

Because of his ability with the banjo he earned for himself the name of "Banjo Louis."

I first ran into him in Wales and then lost sight of him for a time, but met him once again in Lancashire.

Very much to my surprise, I discovered that he had taken unto himself a wife and, most surprising of all, had sold his beloved instruments.

He was now hawking pot and saucepan lids. Although he was making a fair amount, he was not earning anything near the amount he did whilst "busking."

I never found out why Louis decided to divorce himself from his banjo playing, but he must have had a very good reason.

THE UNUSUAL FATE OF GRACIE FIELDS' BIRTHDAY HAT—Continued from page 3.

The audience thought it was just all in his act, and applauded his slick showmanship loudly! Mario has never repeated that act!

Quentin Maclean, the organist, had an awkward experience when he was due to broadcast from his organ at the Trocadero Cinema. One night Quentin sat at the organ waiting for the red light which flashes as a signal from the engineers for him to begin playing.

No signal. Minutes passed. Quentin should have been on the air. He was called to the telephone. The B.B.C. wanted to know why he wasn't playing. He told them the situation, and went to the engineers' control room behind the stage. There was no one there!

Esther Coleman had once a strange experience. One Sunday evening she

was singing in a Park Lane hotel, when a man came out of the audience, seized the microphone, and started carrying it away! He was turned out, Esther had to start her song all over again!

Call this yarn goofy, phychic, or what you like. I vouch for it. I was there when it happened.

After the broadcast of "Scrapbook for 1909," I left the studio with Irene Vanbrugh and other members of the cast. In the lift somebody asked, "Can I get to Paddington in four minutes?"

Immediately from Miss Vanbrugh came the reply, "You can get a handsome cab outside."

We smiled. The great actress glanced round and realised what she had said. "I had so got into that 1909 atmosphere!" she explained.

POLICEMEN OF THE AIR



AS broadcasting is an international affair, co-operation is necessary between various countries to prevent needless interruption or unnecessary jamming of signals.

That this is essential can easily be appreciated when the erection of a new high-power transmitter is being considered. A broadcasting station with a 200 kilowatt or 500 kilowatt power, is likely to cause strong interference and drowning of other signals if some agreement is not made between nations. This agreement ensures a give-and-take policy as regards wave stratas, output power, and similar important factors.

Another thing which has to be guarded against in broadcasting is "keeping on the wave." Variation of wavelength can cause a terrific amount of inconvenience, and in the past some Continental stations were guilty of being very "broad" in their tuning. This caused a station to be set up which is Europe's policeman station, which listens in, not for amusement, but for measurement.

The wavelengths of all broadcasting stations are carefully measured. Any found to be more than a certain percentage from the defined length are respectfully requested to "tune in" correctly.

The last report of this station's work indicated that British Broadcasting Stations were guilty of practically no variation in wavelength and kept consistently to their official frequencies. A feather in the engineer department's cap!

However, I want to write to you here about radio activities from a professional operator's outlook. When I was at sea there used to be policemen there, but not quite the expert scientists who police broadcasting wavelengths!

These travelling inspectors were to prevent any serious breach of the international radio regulations. It was sometimes an easy matter to be an ether bully, and because of operating a higher powered transmitter or through being closer to the station you wanted to work, quite a simple matter to drown other chaps and get your own "traffic" away first.

In wireless signalling, it is the case of "take your turn" in "clearing" traffic, but quite a few men try to gate-crash a land station in order to "clear" messages. It works in some parts of the world, but not with the land stations round Britain. Our Post Office men stand no hanky panky!

However, this country is only in one small part of the globe. There are plenty of spaces where the policemen, perhaps given their powers by large marine companies, could prove useful . . . and sometimes a nuisance to a few of us who suffered from talkativeness.

I was once told to "keep quiet" in no unmeasured terms when I called another operator and asked him if he could give me the results of a certain horse race. I made rather a faux pas that time. I called a man who was detailed to look out for such operators as myself who used the ether for other than official working! Still it's a hard job to pick out a man you can't see, may never meet, and certainly do not know when he is a couple of hundred miles away over the ocean.

I heard one of these inspectors butt in once on a fearful argument between an American operator and an Englishman aboard a Greek steamer. The argument eventually turned into a slanging competition, and then the inspector got busy, told the chaps to quieten down and close

down. Nothing doing, they slanged him in return!

Knowing my ship was in the vicinity, the inspector gave my call and told me to make a log note to the effect that the "row" had occurred. He would then call my log in for witness if necessary. I never heard another word about it, although the other two chaps might have done. I know that I have had to make reports sometimes on traffic at such and such a time at such and such a place. Might have been corroborative evidence!

When we operators were news hungry we used to bewail the possibility of an ether policeman being around, but some of us, who were on foreign trades, soon found a method of steering clear of trouble.

Whenever we happened to meet in port, the operators of the ships would get together

for a yarn. It was easy to work out a scheme when next our ships crossed . . . he northwards us southwards or vice versa.

You see, when we were passing one of the "clique" we would exchange stereotyped and purely official signals, but end up with "3-1750." The latter group varied according to circumstances for it was a time . . . 1750 being half past five in the afternoon. It meant that we'd get on to 300 metres at 5.30 and "do our stuff" on that wave at our leisure! Usually the date was made for a time immediately following the official off-watch period, and yarning could be carried on to our heart's content and without fear of missing a stray SOS when we should have received it.

Many's the good joke we've passed on that half hour on the un-policed wave. Where there's a will there's a way you know.

But the policemen weren't a bad sort, and as all land-station operators are supposed to report infringements of the international regulations governing radio signalling, they can't be too officious, or I'm sure my name would have been up a few times!

Like the Australian operator at Adelaide radio, they're good sports. We'd been demonstrating our Telefunken set to a party of girls at Walleroo, and had forgotten to short circuit the aerial. We must have been causing Adelaide a lot of interference—but he didn't cut up rusty; just sent out on full power "wish you chaps with the quench gap spark would bundle off to bed." That was all!

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HIGH SPOTS OF THE



Renara.

WEDNESDAY.—Music-lovers should tune in on **National** this evening. First there is a programme by the Virtuoso String Quartet at 7.30 and at 8 o'clock the B.B.C. Singers, conducted by Leslie Woodgate, have a thirty-minutes' session.

The **Regional** programme has the repeated broadcast (from **National** Monday) of the Trial of Titus Oates, adapted for broadcasting by C. Whitaker-Wilson.

Immediately following the First News on **Midland** there is Variety for half an hour. There are two anonymous features—"Two Girls, Two Voices and One Piano"—"Nom and Plume" and two Birmingham pianists who are to play songs made popular by Fred Astaire. James Webb will also be heard playing his accordion. At 9.30 popular Billy Merrin plays British dance tunes.

In the **Northern** programme a Variety relay will come from Her Majesty's Theatre, Carlisle.

Ronald Gow has written a comedy for **Western** listeners, "Gwifrau'r Gyfraith" (O.H.M.S.). The translation is by Selwyn Jones.

On the **Northern Ireland**, the B.B.C. Northern Ireland Orchestra, conducted by Godfrey Brown, give a concert.

THURSDAY.—To-day, being St George's Day, **National** will relay a special programme which will begin with the legend of St George and the Dragon.

Another "Tunes from the Town" is on **Regional** at 7.15 p.m., followed by a relay from Vienna by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra conducted by Dr Adrian Boult.

Harry Engleman's Quintet play again on **Midland**, and later in the evening L. du Garde Peach's fantasy, "Merely Players," will be radiated. After the Second News, H. Foster Clark will conduct the B.B.C. Midland Orchestra in a concert of Shakespearean music.

Northern relay a Concert Party programme from Rusholme, Manchester.

There is a ballad programme on **Scottish**—"A Manse Musicale in the Victorian Manner," devised by Helen Drever.

FRIDAY.—Carroll Gibbons and the Savoy Opheans can be heard on the **National**

programme at 7.15 p.m., and, following this, the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra will conclude its tour with a concert relayed from the Municipal Theatre, Budapest.

Regional have a feature programme "Strange to Relate."

Jack Helyer broadcasts again from **Midland** from the organ of the Ritz Theatre, Nottingham. Later in the evening there will be a concert by the Wisbech Male Voice Choir, conducted by F. Ingram, who will sing six-part songs by Brahms.

Northern have a Yorkshire Variety show—"Leeds on the Aire." The cast includes Norah Blaney and Culley and Gofton.

A fantastic and satirical revue, "Adventures of Bella Houston," has been written for **Scottish** by William Jeffrey, and tells the story of a girl's visit to Glasgow in search of a husband!

"'Twas in Old Ireland Somewhere" is the title of a play by Ernest Milligan on **Northern Ireland**.

* * * * *

SATURDAY.—At 10.30 p.m. on **National** is a Variety programme given entirely by coloured artistes with the title, "Tone and Colour." Scott and Whaley, the Cole Brothers, Elizabeth Welch and Reginald Foresythe have promised to appear.

Regional relay Act Two of "The Bartered Bride," from Sadler's Wells Theatre.

Midland have an entertainment by the Four Rhythm Boys. Reginald Burston later conducts the B.B.C. Midland Orchestra in selections from "The Desert Song."

Northern station takes listeners back to Victorian times with a concert in the real atmosphere of our grandfathers' day. The artistes will be Gladys Garside (contralto), Hector Hall (tenor) and Gladys Willis (piano).



Elizabeth Welch.

TALKS AND

WEDNESDAY.—Edward Shackleton (son of the great explorer) continues to talk about "Travels in the Arctic" at 10.45 on **National** this morning.

During the luncheon programme, at 1.40, on **National** we are to hear speeches at the luncheon to be given by the Royal Empire Society at the Hotel Victoria to the Indian Cricket team which is to tour the country this season. Viscount Hailsham, president of the M.C.C., is to propose the toast of the visitors. The captain of the team, the Maharaj Kumar of Vizianagram, will reply.

The evening talk at 6.50 in the "London Scene" series will be given by the Lady Rockley, famous amateur gardener, who is to talk about the gardener's paradise—Kew Gardens.

On **West Regional** this evening Sir Seymour Hicks comes along to the studio to join those celebrities who have already "signed" the West Country's Visitors' Book.

"Peak" talks for many will be at 9.50 on **National** when Major Atlea comes to the microphone to tell us what the Official Parliamentary Opposition think about Mr Neville Chamberlain's Budget, issued yesterday.

* * * * *

THURSDAY.—Morning talk on **National** at 10.45 is one of the "At Home To-Day" series.

More after-lunch speeches on **National** at 2.15, this time from the Conference Hall, Stratford-on-Avon. Luncheon is annual

affair, commemorative of birthday of Shakespeare. Principal speeches will be by Professor Lascelles Abercrombie, proposing the toast of "The Immortal Memory"; Sir John Squire proposing "The Drama"; and Bronson Albery replying to the latter. Mr Albery has been responsible for the production of many Shakespearean dramas.

In the evening, at 7.40, there is the first of a new series on the Voluntary Social Services. To-night's talk is by W. M'G. Eager, who is to talk about the expenses of these services. Another Budget talk comes along at 9.50 on **National**, this time by Sir Archibald Sinclair, giving us the views of the Opposition Liberals.

* * * * *

FRIDAY.—This morning's talk in the "Health at Your Service" series is given at 10.45 on **National** by the director of a village health settlement. At 6.50, also on **National**, gardener C. H. Middleton has another chat on "Seasonal Topics."

At 7.10, same wavelength, we have another "Keyboard Talk" from Leslie Heward on Wagner and the "Mastersingers," with musical illustrations by Victor Hely-Hutchinson.

More music at 9.5, also **National**, when composer-conductor Constant Lambert comes along to give us another talk on "Dance Music To-Day." Last week he discussed the origins of dance music.

WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

The work of Joseph Campbell, the distinguished Ulster poet, will be given in the ninth of the "Ulster Writes" series on Northern Ireland.

SUNDAY.—The National Morning Service



Leslie Woodgate.

comes from Brunswick Church, Leeds. At 5.20 p.m. Mantovani and his Tipica Orchestra give a typical programme until 6 o'clock. At 9.25 p.m. a play written by Val Gielgud, "Gallipoli," will be broadcast.

This play is repeated in the Regional programme on Tuesday.

Regional service is from St Laurence Church, Reading. Eugene Pini brings his Tango Orchestra to the studios at nine o'clock, and Diana Clare will sing.

The Midland afternoon concert comes from Leamington Spa and is given by Jan Berenska's Orchestra. After the News, Jean Salder and his Serenaders play Hungarian music.

Western have the third concert in the Light Music series of West Country Composers. This time they will broadcast excerpts from the works of Ashworth Hope. The Clifton Light Orchestra, conducted by J. L. Bridgmond, will have Frederick Harvey as the baritone soloist.

Don Rico's Gypsy Orchestra (composed entirely of British girls) plays for Northern listeners.

MONDAY.—National and Regional programmes to-night each relay acts from "The Mastersingers" from the Royal Covent Garden Opera House. This is the opening night. From 6.45 to 8 p.m., in the Regional programme, listeners can hear Act I. and Act III. will be relayed from 9.45 p.m.—11.40 p.m., and National will relay Act II. at 8.25 p.m.



Seymour Hicks.

Also in the Regional programme are relays by the B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra (at 8.0), and the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra directed by Henry Hall at 8.30 p.m. The late dance music this evening is by Syd Lipton's Band, with Suzanne Botterell singing.

Kettering Rifle Band visit the Midland studios once again with Percy Cook as the conductor, and one of Joe Gutteridge's character sketches follows.

Scottish listeners will be allowed to hear some of the letters which have passed since last winter between Invermuir to the outer world, where many of Invermuir's children live. "Letters from a Scottish Village" has been written by Elizabeth and Ian Macpherson.

TUESDAY.—The "Foi de Rols" give another happy hour on the National at 8.20 p.m., and after this the B.B.C. Orchestra (Section E) will be conducted by John Barboroli.

Regional repeats Val Gielgud's play, "Gallipoli." At 10.30, the popular Midland maestro, Billy Merrin, brings his Commanders to the microphone to give their first late night dance session.

After Midland's Second News bulletin, the microphone goes over to the Plaza Theatre at Rugby, where Frank Newman gives an Organ recitals. Another in the "Variety of Theatres" series comes from the Coventry Hippodrome. Artistes in the Variety bill include Walsh and Barker, Renara and Jack Douglas.

Western have two organ recitals—both from Weston-super-Mare—Alfred Richards will broadcast from the Odeon Theatre, and Maurice Popplestone's relay comes from All Saints Church.

Northern studios have a visit from Esta Stein's Yiddish Chauve Souris Company, who will broadcast folk songs, recitations and dramatic sketches in both English and Yiddish.

Later a programme of works by Sir Hamilton Harty will be broadcast by the Bradford Bach Choir and the B.B.C. Northern Orchestra.

The New Theatre, Cardiff, takes the air with a Variety relay on Welsh. The well-known violinist, Morgan Lloyd, will give a recital from the studios.

TALKERS WHAT TO LISTEN TO

At 9.50 National has the fourth and last of the Budget series, a summing-up and reply to the Opposition by a Government speaker.

Last talk of the night, again on National, is at 10 in the "Three Nations" series. A. Dewar Gibb, Regius Professor of Law at Glasgow University, presents the case for Scottish Nationalism.

SATURDAY.—This morning's talk on "The Week in Westminster," on National at 10.45, is to be given by Mr J. P. L. Thomas, M.P.

For Scottish Regional there is a talk on Soccer by Peter Thomson, Scottish "effects" man. On Regionals at about 8 to 9.30 there is the usual "Topics in the Air" feature.

SUNDAY.—At 5 on National there is the second of the new short series of talks on Church and State. Talker to-day is to be the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Durham, who is using the sub-title, "Established or Free?" Evening talk at 8.15 is given by the Reverend J. S. Whale, President of Cheshunt College, Cambridge.

MONDAY.—More about "The House That Jack Built" this morning at 10.45 on National when housewife Mrs Edna Thorpe and builder John Laign come to the studio for a discussion on more housing problems.

New series of school talks on Science and Gardening begins at 2.5 this afternoon. At 6.50, also National, ornithologist Tom Harrison gives us his third talk about Birds.

More Natural History at 7.30, this time in a talk from Professor Ritchie, of Aberdeen University, in the "Behind the Scenes in Nature" series.

There is a debate from Northern Ireland on the question, "Material progress has been detrimental to cultural development." The Hon. Mr Justice Meredith takes the chair in Dublin studio.

TUESDAY.—The morning talk is by West Country housewife, Mrs Helen Bruce, who tells us more about "Catering for the Small Family." Time, 10.45, wavelength, National.

At 11.30, also National, Commander Stephen King-Hall returns to the microphone after his trip to India, and resumes his task of "Tracing History Backwards." His subject this morning is "Diplomacy."

Don't forget our usual chat from John Hilton on the customary "This and That."

Second talk on "Empire Affairs" is given at 7.30 on National by Professor R. Coupland, Cambridge University. To-night he talks of "Nations of the Commonwealth."

Final talk of the evening is also on National— at 10 in the "Down to the Sea in Ships" series. Talker is, Maurice Denny, who will discuss "Designing the Ship."

The Strange Case of Betty Campbell

Continued from page 15

we are—well, penniless, that unless you marry me straight away I'll have to go out and look for a job."

"Impossible!"

"It isn't impossible. I'll have to do it if—"

"You must be sensible, Lena. Think a minute. How can we possibly get married on my salary? Why, it wouldn't keep you in gloves! We'd be sure to make one another miserable, and—"

money, she'd get the money—somehow. She went to her mother's office.

Mrs Dickson looked up from her work and smiled. "Hullo, dear. Did you sleep well?"

"Not much," muttered Lena. "But I've decided. I'll do it!"

"Oh, I'm so glad, dear!" Mrs Dickson's voice trembled a little. "It would have been such a shame to— Oh, Lena! I can't



Hardly had Betty spoken when there was a grinding crash and the boat began to fill.

"Thanks," said Lena. She turned round abruptly and made for the door. "That's all I wanted to know."

In the corridor she stood for a moment leaning against the wall. She felt faint, although she had known what Stephen's answer would be. It was her money he was after.

Well, if she couldn't keep him without

tell you how glad I am! You've made me so very happy."

Lena Does It

HENRY WELLWOOD was growing restive.

There was such a short time now before the marriage of Betty Dickson and David Grant, and he knew that Mrs Dickson must carry out whatever scheme was in her mind before this happened. But he could discover no sign of anything out of the usual.

When he heard that the Dicksons were going away for a short holiday, he thought it was as well he had kept his ears open. Probably this was what he had been waiting for. Mrs Dickson was taking the girl away from home. He felt he could guess the reason.

Something was going to happen to Andrew Dickson's daughter on this holiday.

Mr Wellwood decided that he ought to take a holiday, too, and he could think of no better spot than Sandiccombe. He went by train to take a look at the place. It was quite small, little more than a fishing village, with only one hotel. The Dicksons, obviously, would be staying here. He scouted round until he found an isolated cottage which could give him a bedroom.

Next day the Dicksons arrived in their big car. As he expected, they put up at the hotel. The weather was delightful. Before long the three of them were down on the little sandy beach.

Henry Wellwood lay on the top of the cliffs, watching through a pair of binoculars. It was very comfortable here, and he had plenty of patience. He didn't care how long he waited, so long as he found what he wanted in the end.

Days went by, and the Dicksons appeared to be thoroughly enjoying their holiday. Lena hired a speedboat, and Wellwood noticed that she frequently drove out in his direction, leaving behind a long curling wash which eventually lapped at the foot of the cliffs on which he lay.

She came so frequently, indeed, that he began to study the coast, wondering what was in her mind. Beyond this headland were two rocks rising sheer from the sea, known as Adam and Eve. They were hidden from the beach by the headland, as were the cliffs beyond, lonely and precipitous.

It occurred to Wellwood, as he gazed through his glasses, that this would be an excellent spot to tip an enemy out of a motor boat. The only place at which even a strong swimmer could reach the shore was the beach.

Surely that couldn't be in Mrs Dickson's mind. It was too dangerous. Though the cliffs were unfrequented, there was always a chance that someone might be about, reasoned the patient Mr Wellwood, as he watched the speedboat through his binoculars.

Betty had not really wanted to come to Sandiccombe, because it meant leaving David behind. But Aunt Mildred had put her request in such a way that it could hardly be refused.

She was tired, she said, needing a change—because she wanted to feel really fit and well for the wedding. She could go by herself, of course, but there wasn't much fun in that. It would make her very happy if Betty and Lena would take a few days with her.

The trip had been arranged all in a hurry. Now that she was here, Betty found that she was enjoying the sunshine and fresh air very much. The country was so lovely. She rather wished that she and David had been coming here for their honeymoon instead of going to France.

She was pleased, too, to find that, away from Bradley, she felt more comfortable about Aunt Mildred. That anonymous letter had upset her more than she realised at the time. Though she had burned it, she had not been able to put it completely out of her mind.

She had found herself studying her aunt, noting everything she said or did, wondering whether there was some obscure meaning behind it. But all that had gone now. In these fresh sea breezes such thoughts seemed utterly foolish, out of place. Even if she'd been at all inclined to believe that letter, no harm could come to her at Sandiccombe.

She fell in with the others' wishes, always ready to do anything they wanted, whether it was tramping over the cliffs or lying lazily on the warm sand on the beach. She wished that she hadn't that foolish, quite unreasonable, fear of the sea. She would have loved to bathe with Lena and Aunt Mildred.

"Why not come out for a run with me in the Saucy Star?" Lena would say. "It's ever so thrilling when you've got a decent speed up."

"I'd rather not, thanks," replied Betty.

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"I know it's foolish of me, but I'm really scared of the sea."

"Why, it's like a mill pond. You couldn't upset the boat if you tried."

"All the same, I'd rather stay here, if you don't mind."

But Lena would not be put off indefinitely. "It's not half such good sport by myself," she said one morning. "Just look how smooth the water is. Come on, Betty! Let's see how soon we can get to Adam and Eve and back."

Betty felt that it was rather ungracious to persist in her refusal.

"Very well," she agreed reluctantly. "You won't expect me to steer, or anything?"

"Of course not. Come along."
The Saucy Star was moored in the tiny harbour adjoining the beach. They pushed her out, and Lena started up the engine.

"Now hold tight," she said.

"Don't go too fast, Lena," called Mrs Dickson from the shore. "It's no use frightening Betty on her first trip."

"All right, mother. I'll take care of her."

The boat purred gently out to sea, and Betty, sitting in the little cockpit, found her fear evaporating.

"If you want to go faster," she said, "don't worry about me."

"Okay," agreed Lena. "We'll make her buzz a bit."

She opened the throttle, and the powerful boat shot forward. It went straight out to sea, took a large sweep round, heading straight for the Adam and Eve rocks.

"Like it?" called Lena, carefully studying the shore.

"Yes," agreed Betty, her hair flying loose in the breeze. "It's fine!"

Hardly had she spoken when the boat stopped with a jar that almost shook her from her seat. There was a grinding crash, and water poured in through gaping holes in the floorboards. She felt that the boat was sinking beneath her, dragging her down.

"Lena!" she cried. "Lena!"

She caught sight of a blonde head bobbing in the sea a little distance away.

Lena turned her head and laughed. Betty heard her mocking voice—"Good-bye, Betty. I'm going to race you to the beach!" She swam off quickly without another look.

Betty realised the truth in a flash. It was not an accident. That warning letter had been true.

Betty tried to jump out of the rapidly filling boat, struggling to keep afloat. But something seemed to be drawing her down and down. The water closed over her head.

Lena's appearance on the beach, staggering, stumbling, caused consternation.

"Lena!" cried Mrs Dickson. "Where's Betty? What's happened?"

"The boat, mother! gasped Lena. "A rock—she can't swim! I—I lost her—"

Every motor boat in the tiny harbour started up, and was speeding towards the headland and Adam and Eve. Lena, pale and exhausted, was taken to the hotel and put to bed. Mrs Dickson did not go with her. She could not leave the beach. She stood at the edge of the water, awaiting anxiously the return of the boats.



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