

A Great Henry Hall Article Is On Page 2

RADIO REVIEW

The Snappiest Thing in Broadcast Criticism

SPECIAL arrangements have been made to bring Bethlehem to your fireside, and the relay looks like making yet another chapter in the history of the Christian world.

All The Way From Bethlehem.

How will it be carried out? Just think of the number of stages of audio and radio through which the Bells of Bethlehem will pass. Outside broadcast from the actual scene to Bethlehem exchange—thence by land-line via Jerusalem across the Arabian desert to Cairo, passing en route under the Suez Canal—transmitted by air from Cairo and picked up at Baldock—land-line to London—Broadcasting House via G.P.O. exchange—and out to the transmitters via the S.B. board and the British network! Marvellous, isn't it?

Then To America.

But there are further miracles—for the Bethlehem relay is being sent out from here to America—in fact, the whole world may be able to pick up transmission!

His Majesty The King.

Now, about the King's broadcast. He, as you know, will be at home with his family at Sandringham. They will all listen to the Christmas Day world programme in the drawing-room, and just before three o'clock his Majesty will go to a secretary's room, where the microphone specially designed for last year's broadcast will be already alive.

One Man Alone.

This is an important feature of the technical side—his microphone and the silence of the room will be already faded up as a background to the pre-



Norman Long and Wynne Ajello.

vious part of the programme, and on a steady red light signal from the table before him, the King will commence his message to all the families of the Empire. While his family listen to him outside in the drawing-room, one man will be alone with him. This honour belongs to the Outside Broadcast Director of the B.B.C.

A Shock For Austin Melford.

You've heard of Austin Melford, one of the string of Co-Optimist stars. A few days ago, he called on Arthur Wimperis, the author, at his club. While he was waiting, an old gentleman approached him and said, "Excuse me, isn't your name Melford?" Austin said it was. "Well, I recognised your face—I've seen you on the stage many times—but what I really wanted to say was that the best broadcast I ever heard was the one you did many years ago—why don't they get you to do another one—in fact, a lot?"

MRS MELFORD is the lovely actress Jessie Winter, whom you must have heard as "Mrs Glegoly" with Matheson Lang in the famous "Mr Wu." She is a most charming woman, and the youngest looking mother I know—she looks as old as her son, Michael, but not quite so tall, for the son-and-heir is six feet two! Good for seventeen—eh?

"Old Sam" Holloway.

Another famous Co-Optimist and broadcaster has just come breezing in from New York—Stanley ("Old Sam") Holloway. He has some good tales to tell of the new Radio City. Many of the leading agents and advertising men over there were all out to get Stanley to do "Old Sam" over the air—but they couldn't come to terms or something, so Stanley left them his latest gramophone records, including "Old Sam's Party," and returned to his family for Christmas.

Fork Out!

If by the New Year the sponsors of some particular tooth-paste have made up their minds about him as a radio attraction, he may go back—but at a figure worthy of "Old Sam." Stanley is one of the highest paid men in this country, so that the Americans will have to fork out if they want him to put over original material.

In The Family.

You've all heard of Mark Lubbock—the young man who has definitely made his "mark" as a composer. He has just told me that his sister Mary's husband, one Paul Schoeffler, principal baritone of the Dresden Opera, has been selected and engaged to sing the leading baritone roles at Covent Garden.

HOW I'M GOING TO SPEND MY XMAS

It's To Be A Great
Time For My Kiddies

FOR me, this is certainly going to be a great Christmas, and in these last few exciting days I am leaving nothing to chance to make this feast one of the happiest memories of my life.

Truth to tell, I have been looking forward to the event, not for one year, but for ten! Maybe this may sound rather extraordinary—but let me explain why 1933 means so much to me. It will be the first time I shall be really at home with my children and Margery, my wife.

John Michael—or "Mike," as we call him—is five, and Betty, our daughter, is nine. During the last ten years, with the single exception of last year, when I was with the B.B.C., I have, unfortunately, been absent from home on duty, rushing about organising and superintending the festivities at the various L.M.S. hotels.

So now, perhaps, you understand why I am so keen to be at home for Christmas.

I shall say "Here's to the next time" to you and the boys in the studio at six o'clock on Saturday, and wish you all every happiness.

I shall then go to my office, pick up the few very special surprises I have been collecting for the family, don my hat and coat, and descend to the front door, where I shall meet Margery. Off together, like thousands of other married couples, to do our last bits of "shopping." I know we should "shop early," but it's very difficult to remember everything, isn't it?

Marvellous!

Home and the kids—in time to kiss them "good-night" and tuck them up snugly. And I shall be at home until eight o'clock on Monday! Marvellous!

I should love, of course, to spend the whole three evenings at home, but we have to perform to you on the evening of the 25th, and while I envy those fathers who can and will be with their families the whole time, I cannot help feeling for and sympathising with those men and women in less fortunate circumstances who, in many cases, will be denied the comforts and happiness which will be ours.

I render my thanks in these troublous times to Him whose Nativity we celebrate, that, through broadcasting, we shall be able to bring some added enjoyment to lonely exiles in all parts of the world.

Well, Saturday night, after dinner, will find Margery and I tying up little packages and getting out final details.

Saturday will be our own—husband and wife—like many of you, for laying the foundations of the children's glorious party. The writing of greetings, the labels, the tying up of parcels, extra bits of decoration, the Christmas tree—well, you know, all those grand things which mean Christmas spirit and good cheer.

Christmas Eve, and a jolly family lunch—just the four of us!

In the afternoon, while Mike and Betty are conveniently out of the way, Margery and I will have an opportunity of "preparing an interview with Santa Claus." I've never been so thrilled about any part I've played in my life; it is the first chance I've had of being Santa to my own kiddies! For weeks now I've been trying to discover their secret wishes. It is difficult, isn't it?

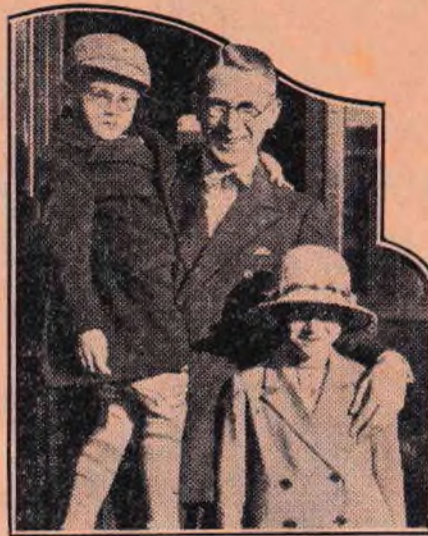
What the Kiddies Are After

Betty, although nine, still believes in Father Christmas. She has been swimming since she was three, so obviously, we must give her something to suit her athletic outlook. So far we haven't been able to find a stocking large enough to hold a bicycle! But the garden seems to be claiming more and more of her attention, so perhaps it looks like gardening implements for our Miss.

Now what about Master Mike? He has an extraordinary ambition. He simply must be a chauffeur when he grows up—at least that is what he tells us—and he must have a uniform. Well, he has three tiny cars at the moment, so I shall "arrange" with Father Christmas about the uniform!

by
Henry Hall

But There Will Be A
"Grown-Ups" Party, Too



Henry with "Mike" and Betty.

But secretly, this "son and pocket edition of Henry Hall," as he has been called, has written to Santa, via myself, that he wants a box of paints, and some gramophone records! Paints—yes! But why records?

Christmas Eve, with the kiddies in bed, and Margery and I will have another opportunity of sharing a wonder of world wireless with you—the relay from Bethlehem. Then we shall listen to the Carol Service from Whitechapel, and, finally, when we are quite sure that all is quiet upstairs, we shall creep about on our respective tasks of "filling stockings." A lovely thought to close a lovely day! Midnight—Christmas—Father and Mother gazing at the little heads in slumber.

Christmas Day—a noisy and happy morning—the opening with Mike and Betty of the parcels "Santa" has left—it will occupy most of the forenoon!

MISS MONA BRANDON—

A Lady Who Made Hylton History

MEET Miss Mona Brandon.

A little blonde who blesses the name of Jack Hylton, and has a particular weakness for a Friday, when it happens to fall on the thirteenth of the month.

You heard Mona's voice when Jack Hylton broadcast the other night. You were surprised, because Mona Brandon was a new name to you.

Mona was also surprised because she had never broadcast in her life before.

For six weeks Miss Brandon has been the vocalist of a dance band in Bournemouth. The manager of the band mentioned her name to Jack Hylton, who suggested that she come up to London for an audition—and kept her right there to "go on the air" in the evening.

"I've only one great memory of that day," says Miss Brandon, "and that is of the daze I was in. I heard about the audition on Saturday morning, rushed up to town. Went before the 'mike,' and was just finished by one o'clock.

"My one anxiety was to get to the station in time to catch the 1.30 train to Bournemouth for our afternoon performance. I got all fidgety, because I was asked to wait a few moments—I could hear that train whistling its way out of the station without me!

"And then I was told I could stay on for the evening broadcast. While I had been worrying, wires had been sent to Bournemouth, and all arrangements had been made for me to stop in London.

Then come the family circle in twos and threes—and if they all turn up, we look like having about sixteen!

Christmas dinner with everybody round us, and an afternoon of games and fun, interrupted only to hear His Majesty speak from his own family circle at Sandringham to all the families in the Empire.

It's the Kiddies' Day!

Back to our kids' games—for it is their day with me, and I shall stay until the last possible moment with them, leaving for Broadcasting House by car in time for our eight o'clock rehearsal. We are on the air with a programme of popular dance numbers at 10.30.

At midnight I shall rush back home to Hampstead. The children will be in bed, but I have no doubt that I shall be permitted a peep at the tired heads lying on pillows surrounded with the spoils of the day.

Downstairs and the family circle grown-ups will be swapping yarns, and ten to one carrying on with grown-up kids' games. Funny how we imagine we are back in the "toy days" on these occasions. But it's worth it, just to give expression to our pent-up feelings and emotions—don't you think so?

And so in the early hours of Tuesday, several grown-ups, happy and contented like kids, will either go home or stay with us—I hope the latter. A great finish to a great day; I know it.

Boxing Day—I've promised the kids to take them out in the car. Maybe, I'll get a new ROLLSBENTLEY-IFIT in my stocking—IFIT's big enough, and if Santa can afford it!

And if he can't afford it, I'll still be able to take them out after lunch. Mike wants to go to the circus and Betty wants to go to a pantomime! I have a shrewd suspicion that Betty is aware of the fact that she can manage to do both on the same day—so I'm in for a hefty time of it!

As long as I can get to the studio by seven for rehearsal, they can have all my time!

It's the first real Christmas I've experienced, and I'm going all out to make it live.

What am I going to give my wife? Ah, that would be telling a secret, wouldn't it? If I knew, and I don't yet, I wouldn't tell you.

In Town Yo-Night

By John Macdonell



John Macdonell greets Virginia Cherrill, Mr Cary Grant (left), and Mr Randolph Scott.

YEARS ago—or so it seems—we started our weekly "Surprise Items" at Savoy Hill. Nobody was more apprehensive about them than I—the humble originator.

But after Number One, in spite of the sceptics and the superstitious—for our first effort was on a Friday the thirteenth—it was quite obvious that the idea received the whole-hearted support of the listeners.

The "Surprise Items" continued for years, and became an established and regular feature of our programmes.

Then reorganisation in timing, changes in policy, important outside events, and a hundred and one other things made it evident that the familiar 10.45 "Stop Press" would have to bow to the exigencies of the service.

The B.B.C. promised to revive it in some other form in the future. They did, as you know, for "Diversions" came along and jumped into the aural limelight with a very marked degree of success.

The two entertainments—parent and child—had proved two things—the listener liked a regular feature like a Surprise Item, and, secondly, was intrigued by several of them in juxtaposition—"Diversions." A strong point in favour of the latter appeared to be a growing tendency on the part of many listeners to welcome topical features earlier in the evening than the original time of the "S. I."—10.45 p.m.

And Here is the Third

Well, the first two had "passed over." What about the third?

Well, here it is with the all-embracing title of "In Town To-night," and there is ample evidence at Broadcasting House that it is a success already.

The listeners have written to say so, and the latest advice I have from Mr Eric Maschwitz is that it will carry on for at least three months.

I have been asked to tell you something about this popular Saturday night programme. That in itself is quite a difficult job, for instead of being a one-man concern like the Surprise Item, this "In Town To-night" undertaking requires the closest co-operation of many officials and interests in broadcasting.

By officials I mean those men on the permanent staff of the B.B.C. who provide you with entertainment, and by interests I mean interested parties, like theatre managers, film people, newspapers, composers and authors, and lots of men outside the B.B.C. who keep their eyes and ears open for possible stunts. Please include me in the latter category!

During the last two years, the Talks and Entertainment Departments have roped me in to help them in some of the shorter features like Topical Talks and so on. My heart and soul are in this task of providing any entertaining stunt for you whenever I am asked. So much for my contribution.

What of the men who really handle it at the microphone?

Eric Maschwitz, director of Light Entertainment, is in charge and under him comes A. W. Hanson, known as "Bill," who as Eric's right-hand man is responsible for the placing together and timing of the various items submitted, closely followed by the studio executives, sound-effects men, balance and control experts, and the announcer on duty.

How is "In Town To-night" arranged? Well, it starts the moment after the previous one has finished, and for a week suggestions are put forward to Maschwitz and Hanson by the score.

How We Get on the Job

The daily papers are watched, the passenger lists of the big shipping companies are watched,

the theatre and cinema worlds are watched—everything is watched—and certainly the watchers "see most of the game"—a game which only takes half an hour to play. But what a lot of practice it needs!

Take, for instance, a recent example. Len Harvey was O.K., so Hanson went "all out" for Tom Webster to introduce him. The famous cartoonist thought he could do it—but was doubtful about rehearsal. However, Tom wrote his script and tried it out over the mike like any other artiste, for he realised the value of getting the thing dead right. Fine!

Now what about Jack Petersen? Well, he wasn't possible from Cardiff, and that was that!

In the meantime, I was in Plymouth waiting for the arrival of Cary Grant, Randolph Scott and Virginia Cherrill. I talked with them on the train back to London, and was fortunate to get a "Yes" from all three.

Maschwitz and Hanson had been working hard on the film studio angle, and had managed to pull off a talking film excerpt with the commentary super-imposed.

Jack Hylton came into the picture with one of his discoveries, and so the half-hour assumed shape.

Then came Hanson's job of timing and balancing the items. "Cut this—increase that" instructed the stop-watch check-over, and while he refashioned his lay-out, Maschwitz began to write the connecting links.

That accomplished, there arose the question of studios. With so much going on at Broadcasting House, the booking of the necessary studios is an intricate task, for some are more suitable than others.

Saturday morning—run-through with four or five studios linked to the control panel.

At the end of the afternoon, back go the studios from the "Talks" people to Maschwitz, and are recoupled again for the final rehearsal for "In Town To-night."

From 6.30 onwards, the most feverish activity pervades B. H., for the cartoonist, the boxer, the film star, and the outside broadcasting people have to be directed into the correct channels, and introduced to the announcer on duty. Even a last minute "hope" may turn up, and this eventuality has to be considered.

"In Town" Goes Over

The last few minutes are hectic, the last few seconds frantic.

Suddenly the red lights begin to flick up and down. The control panel takes charge, and the show is on!

The music faded and stopped—the announcer—the green light cue for Cary Grant's studio—the switch over to Tom Webster and Harvey, with the announcer dashing from studio to studio—the preliminary signals to the film people—the actual O.K. for them to go ahead—the awful hiatus of five seconds before the sound comes in from the talkie machines—it seems like five years—the fade back to studio music—more green lights for Hylton—more running by officials with a stop press message from Maschwitz—and the announcer on duty rushing after his last announcement to his next item—maybe in St George's Hall with only perhaps one minute to spare!

REX KING'S FAN MAIL BAG

Val Rosing's Whereabouts.

Dear Rex,—Can you tell me if Val Rosing is still in Sydney Kyte's band, and, if not whether he is in any other?

Also, can you tell me what song these words come from?

You've tumbled my air castles down,
You've stolen the sun from my skies,
You've taken my soul, so it seems,
But I love you, my dear.
—"K. E. W." (Leicester).

Rex King says—Val Rosing appears occasionally for Sydney Kyte. Regret I cannot trace your song. Has it been broadcast, and if so, by whom?

A Maurice Elwin Record.

Dear Rex,—Could you tell me the number of Maurice Elwin's record, "You, You're Mine," with the song of the tired business man on the back?—"E. P. W." (Catford, S.E.6).

Rex King says—Your record is Decca F3597.

Crooners And Dance Band Announcers.

Dear Mr King,—Could you please answer the following questions:—

- (1) What are the names of Roy Fox's vocalists?
- (2) Who does the announcing for Roy Fox Harry Roy and Ambrose?
- (3) Does Al Bowly sing for Ray Noble?—"W. N." (Liverpool).

Rex King says—Here's the dope:—(1) Jack Plant, Denny Dennis, Peggy Dell. (2) Roy Fox announces for himself; Bill Currie announces for Harry Roy; Sam Brown announces for Ambrose. (3) Yes, Al Bowly vocalises with Ray Noble.

Dear Rex,—Would you please settle an argument?

In Lew Stone's last broadcast from Monseigneur he played the tune, "Georgia."

My friend says Al Bowly sang this vocal and I say that Nat Gonella did so.—"J. A. D." (Edinburgh).

Rex King says—Nat Gonella is your man.

THE veil of mystery has been torn from Café Collette. There was some danger in doing so. When listeners knew that this band was not really being broadcast from the Continent, but was coming direct from the studio, would they lose interest? I said no, and I think I am right. **Walford Hyden, who leads this band, has made this feature so good that if he has lost mystery, he has added to its romance and entertainment value.** He gave us a wonderful programme, full of pep, glamour, and variety. He jumped us about until we were almost dizzy with delight. An Argentine rumba, a French one-step, a German fox-trot, and a Mexican tango! We tasted the pleasures of many countries, and Aranka Von Major sang sweetly and Henri Leoni with power.

Cut Out the Foreign Songs

ONE criticism only, if I may. The foreign music is all right. We can understand and appreciate that, **but foreign songs—no!** There were too many of them. All the items were announced in English—broken, certainly, but understandable. If these were given in French, Café Collette would collapse. See the point? I'd give one or two foreign songs for the sake of atmosphere, but no more. **With pleasure you will give us zee once over, Hyden? Certainment!**

AT the present moment in America there is a great debate proceeding as to whether the B.B.C. or the American broadcasting companies has the best system. We had an excellent opportunity of judging the matter for ourselves the night "The March of Time" came over the Atlantic. "The March Of Time." A wonderful bit of broadcasting. In this show the big events of the week are drama-

WHERE PROGRAMMES ARE REVIEWED

THE HOTTEST THING

R I E X K I N G C R I T I C

The bones in the Tower were found 200 years later, and now science has proved that the two boys were actually murdered by Richard III. This was made the occasion of acting several scenes from Shakespeare's Richard III. **It was certainly a new way of getting Shakespeare over, and if our schools would try out this method, Shakespeare might become really thrilling to the school-boy.**

THESE, then, are samples from "The March of Time." I was kept on edge all the time. It was dramatic, explosive.

Now that the festive season is here, it is quite a good radio game, and it might be developed.

THEN there was that puzzle gramophone record, on which we heard certain sounds and were asked to guess what made the sounds. Bacon frying, a typewriter, kettle boiling, winding a clock, shuffling cards, were the weapons used. I wonder how many of you guessed correctly! The sounds gave practically no clue, and I fancy the majority of listeners were satisfied just to be told the solutions.

"Jazz Justice"

RADIO impressionists are on my list of pet aversions. I confess I forgot this when I listened to Eddie Pola presenting Beryl Orde in "Jazz Justice." It was announced that Eddie would be the judge, and all the other characters Beryl. Eddie was trying people caught during a raid on the "Blue Horse" night club at 2 a.m. A wonderful collection of prisoners stepped in front of the bar. Mabel Constanduros, Tallulah Bankhead, Wee Georgie Wood, Zasu Pitts, Renee and Billy Houston, Nellie Wallace, and Gracie Fields. Eddie snapped them through the court, and they were all real and life-like. And Beryl impersonated the lot. Her quick change of voice was interesting. To switch from the hoarse, deep breathing Tallulah to the chirpy Wee Georgie Wood was an achievement. Then Beryl came to the mike as herself, and hoped we had enjoyed the show. **We did, but I'd like to tell you, Beryl, to keep off the men. You were not happy as Claude and Jack Hulbert.**

ONE of the most satisfying hours I have ever spent listening in was to "Scrapbook For 1913." I'll show you how good it was, **I am asking the B.B.C. to repeat this show, and I hope they will do so at once.** That year before the war thundered was reproduced to perfection through personalities we loved or hated, according to taste, and through dramatic events and sentimental scenes.

FIRST came Ida Crispi in person. She originated "Everybody's Doing It!" and, along with Robert Hale, sang it again. Whether you remembered it or whether you were hearing it for the first time, it sent you jiggling. "See that Ragtime Couple Over There!" Visions of the old Empire promenade. Them were the days! Later they told us about the scandal the tango created, and about the coming of the one-step and the cake-walk and the turkey-walk. **And you got the spirit of them all.**

IT was revealed how the "Thirteeners" were easily shocked by the daring play of "Hindle

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF TO-NIGHT'S PROGRAMMES?

RADIO'S KEENEST CRITIC



Top-Notch Radio Features—Bobbie Comber and Jay Laurier.

tised, and the places of real characters are taken by well-known actors and actresses. They play just what has happened. It was thrilling all right. There was the trial and sentence of the famous gangster, Waxy Gordon. For years he had laughed at the Government, and then the Government had the last laugh. We heard Waxy Gordon being fined a million dollars and sent up the river for ten years. You almost saw the gangster in the loudspeaker.

THAT story of "The Man Who Lost His Memory" was well done. Over the mike you heard the frantic man giving himself up. Who was he? The American police were revealed in a new light. They were considerate, anxious to restore this lost soul. They tried to get him to remember. **They asked him to sign his name. He signed "Poor Devil."** They got him right at last, and the listener gave a sigh of sympathetic relief.

I WAS tickled by their "London Mystery of 450 Years Solved." This was the story of the murder of the two Princes in the Tower.

Gangsters—murderers—scientists bursting the atom—Lindbergh over the Atlantic—wild politicians—they all came tearing at you from the loudspeaker. **Too much of this and we would all become nervous wrecks.**

THE B.B.C. has caught the competition craze. When Fred Hartley was on, we were all solemnly asked to get a pencil and paper and guess the bits of tunes he played during a musical switch. Twenty-six tunes were introduced. I confess to spotting eight. That looks poor, but I thought it pretty good, because the switch was much too difficult. The listener should have had a better chance of getting correct tunes. A few more bars to each tune would give us all a better chance. I'm looking forward to Fred Hartley's next musical switch.

Fred Hartley's Little Game.

Old Favourites.

IN BROADCASTING

G'S RADIO CRITICISM

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

break of War," he showed that the whole country was excited about the centuries which Hayward and Hobbs were piling up, and that continued to be the topic of conversation even after we entered the war.

SORRY, but I've got to come back to these announcers again. One has just gone and nearly bust the variety programme, "On The House." He rattled off names of the entertainers as if they were four a farthing.

Why The Hurry?

That was bad enough. But there was a change in the cast. Elsie and Doris Waters could not appear, and two others took their place. It was impossible to catch their names, and it was only after the show had been on for some time that it began to dawn that the substitutes were "Lena and Billy." It was a case of guess-work. The same applies to the other turns. You had to keep guessing who was who, and this confusion could easily have been avoided if a little intelligence had been devoted to announcing. Will the B.B.C. please note that the listeners want to know who is singing and who is wise-cracking?

Wakes," for instance, and we got an excerpt from the play. The clash of father and son was a fine bit of broadcasting. And I enjoyed it as much as ever I enjoyed a stage version.

ARTHUR BRYANT, who has been talking about the National character, also took his leave. His last talk was on "The Housewife," and I thought it was a case of leaving

The Glad Hand!

OLD SAM with his old cab and rickety horse turned up in the Scrapbook, and took us round the halls. Palace—Old Oxford—Coliseum were visited, and who did we meet? Harry

We Met Them All.

Lauder, with his "Stop Yer Ticklin', Jock!" George Formby, with his "Standing at the Corner of the Street" and his hacking cough, which was not "coughingso well to-night," and his Lancashire courage as he sang himself to death. Vesta Tilley, with "Jolly Good Luck," as rollicking and as charming as ever. I remember once interviewing Vesta behind the scenes, and she gave me one of her dud golden coins which she used to throw about the stage. It was lucky! Then there was Marie Lloyd, with "Oh, Mr Porter!" and Walford Hyden, who used to conduct for Pavlova, gave "The Swan," with all its delicacy and poetry. The old stars were impersonated by Ernest Shannon, Ray Wallace, Nancy Brown, and Harold Kimberley. I want to tell these four that they got right into the skins of the old-timers, and I bet the old-timers who might have been listening got a kick out of it, too.

Popular with the listeners. Right—Lovely Jane Carr and (bottom) Sydney Baynes, frequently on the air with his orchestra.



THIS "Hour Of Radiovaria" had a sticky start. As if the frost had gummed up the oil and the self-starter had gone wonky. A long-drawn-out conundrum mix up did that. Things were frozen up until Eve Becke

One By One. produced a thaw by singing

"Love is the Thing." That made me begin to feel happy. Then Lena and Billy (both ladies) captured the mike, and captured me, too. Their cross-talk was refreshing, and there was a song with a whistling accompaniment which deserved a big cheer. We were going at a fine cruising speed now. Alec M'Gill and Gwen Vaughan came back. I liked Gwen's singing. Alec will forgive me, but I don't like his interruptions. Perhaps it's something in my make-up. It seems all wrong to me to hear a man trying to knock a woman with a delightful voice out of her top-note. I know it's part of the turn, but there you are. The show finished up with a fine swinging topic chorus, "It's All Ballyhoo," and by that time I had almost forgiven the announcer.

A B.B.C. bandsman went to Huddersfield to fulfil an engagement. He had a bag packed tight with musical instruments. A porter came along and tried to lift the baggage, but found it too heavy. "Sorry, sir," he said, "but I can't lift it." "What are you complaining about?" retorted the bandsman. "I've got to play it!"

AND we got real-life drama, too. The burning of the Volturna in the Atlantic, when the miracle of wireless was first demonstrated to a startled world. This sea drama was powerfully acted. You saw the flaming ship, you heard the SOS messages, and got a glimpse of the wireless officers; you knew

700 souls were aboard; you saw the ships coming to the rescue, and arriving, to stand by, helpless to approach the flaming ship because of the heavy swell; you got anxious and frightened—and then at dawn came the tanker, to pour oil on the troubled seas and the rescue of 520 people. The U.S.A. "March of Time" had nothing on this for reality and thrills. To all concerned in this show I extend the glad hand.

BITS of talks have impressed me during the week. There was Archibald Haddow's farewell in his "Let's Go to the Theatre" series. His criticisms have always been thoughtful and well-balanced. He had to

remember that thousands of his listeners scattered outside of London could never hope to see the plays, and he made his remarks interesting to those who might see the plays and those who couldn't. His little personal touches about the players were always acceptable. His last criticism, "Escape Me Never," by Margaret Kennedy, was as neat a summing-up as I have heard. Then he stopped, and to all of us listeners he said "Good-bye." I wonder if he knew how much feeling and regret he got into the words.

Arthur Bryant's Best. his best subject to the last. I hope lots of our women folk were listening. He gave them a great standard to live up to. His first words on the general subject were thought-provoking, anyhow. When he travels in a first-class carriage he feels in an alien world. When he travels third-class he feels he is among his own people, in his own country—and he loves it. You can take that comment any way you wish.

WHEN Desmond M'Carthy gave his radio review on F. E. book, "Out-

REX KING WILL BE GLAD TO HAVE YOUR VIEWS

Dance Band Gossip

By One of the Boys

Joe Loss and His Band Look the Goods!



Ben Oakley, of The Barnstormers.

EVERYBODY in London who has what is often called "a certain amount of influence" has been trying for months and months to get Joe Loss and his band from the Kit-Cat on the "air." Many weeks ago I said in this paper that, at least, the B.B.C. should give Joe a trial.

WELL, THEY'VE HAD A SHOW.

I don't flatter myself that they took any notice of that, but they have at last given him a chance to prove his worth in a "First Time Here" broadcast. And I hope we will hear much more of these boys. They are the most versatile in the business—even the announcer had to refer to this when they were about to play their second number. "You will hardly recognise it as the same band which played to you a few minutes ago."

AND A STAGE DEBUT.

How strange it was that they should have chosen this particular day for Joe's debut to radio listeners. They couldn't have made it more difficult for him, because that very week he was also

**"FIRST TIME HERE" SUCCESS:
STAGE AND RADIO DEBUT:
"TINYS" OF THE BASS: LEW
STONE'S BAND TO BE CUT:
GERALDO COMING BACK**



Harry Owen, of the Barnstormers.

making his debut on the stage at the Capitol. Would you like to know just what the boys went through that day?

WHAT A DAY!

Well, here it is—from 8.30 to 10.30 a.m. they rehearsed for the broadcast, then a rush across London to rehearse a cabaret for a charity ball, at which the boys were to play the same night—Broadcasting House next, for the usual balance test, followed by a hurried journey to the Capitol for their stage show. Then in a motor-coach to the B.B.C. for the broadcast.

AND JOE FORGOT TO PAY.

Of course, something had to go wrong here—the coach conked out in Piccadilly Circus, and the boys transferred to taxis. On arrival at Broadcasting House everybody took it for granted that Joe would "pay up," but in the excitement he just dashed through the doors into a lift, thinking that one of the other lads would foot the bill for the time being.

Strange to say, the taxi drivers were not a bit concerned; they knew about the broadcast, and thought they were to wait to take the boys back again. After an hour's "waiting time" the bill was just too bad, especially as the coach was now O.K. and was also waiting in Lougham Place!

AND SO TO BED!

Anyway, to continue this exciting day, the band returned to the Kit-Cat, played till 8.45, on the stage at the Capitol at 9.0, back at the Kit-Cat till 11.30, and then a nice charity ball till 3.30 a.m. I don't envy them for that lot, but I do envy them for the success which I feel is coming their way!

THE TWO "TINYS."

It is rather a coincidence that two of our finest string bass players are both called Tiny. There is Tiny Winter, of Lew Stone's, and Tiny Stocks, of Jack Jackson's; but the funny thing is that Lew's Tiny is so tiny that you wouldn't believe he could get anywhere near a big bass fiddle, whilst Jack's Tiny is so big that he just "plays around" with this enormous instrument.

SOMEONE "ON THE SWITCH."

I saw Big Tiny coming out of a West End tailor's the other day wearing a coat that made me envious. The next day his coat was stolen—no, you're wrong, it would be no use to me in any case! However, somebody seems to be coveting other possessions of Tiny's, for on the third day his car disappeared. Better keep that big bass fiddle under lock and key, Tiny! They may be after that next.

LEW STONE TO CUT.

There seems to be some truth at last in the rumour that Lew Stone will have to cut down his band a little at the Café Anglais. This is very unfortunate, but the fact is this is one of the most expensive bands in town, and the Anglais just can't stand it. Naturally this won't effect the combination for recording and broadcasting.

ABOUT JIM EASTON.

Jim Easton, of Lew Stone's band, found an unusual method of entry into the dance band business. He was an apprentice to a gas company, but was a very enthusiastic semi-pro with a clarinet. Things weren't too good in the gas business, and the manager sent for several of the boys to tell them the sad news that they wouldn't be needed. One by one they heard the news, and passed it on to the others in the waiting-room. Jim eventually entered, and before the "guv'nor" had the chance to say two words, Jim said, "I know what you want me for, but firstly let me say I quit. I can earn more on my clarinet in one day than I'll ever get here in a month."

NOW HE'S A TOP-LINER.

His chief was struck dumb, and Jim Easton was out of the gas works before he fully realised what happened! That statement turned out to be fairly true, because Jim is one of our top-liners where sax playing is concerned, and as you know, these fellows have incomes like cabinet ministers.

GERALDO ON THE AIR.

To-morrow (Thursday) night, Geraldo will return to the "air." But this time it will be "Geraldo and His Sweet Music." There could be no more appropriate title for his orchestra. The combination is quite unusual, comprising saxes, wood-wind, strings, harp, pianos, and piano-acordeon, but no brass whatever.

FIRST TIME HERE!

Facts About the Radio "Debs"

INTRODUCING Dare Lea and his Boys—the newest band on the air, just three months young, something "different" in dance combinations.

Tried out in Birmingham, because Dare wanted to feel his feet; but it's a safe bet to say that soon—very soon—they will be playing in Town.

Did you hear that wonderful brass section? Did you know that all three saxes can double on strings and clarinet, and that sweet music will be the feature of this band?

Meet Dare himself. Young—only 27—dark, handsome, quietly confident that his band is going to hit the mark. He combed the country for the personnel of his band, which, despite its short life so far, has played at numerous functions in and around Birmingham.

Left Shrewsbury School and went to Miss Fay Compton's School of Dramatic Art, in London, as a sequel to which he played in musical comedy, notably "Many Happy Returns" and "Lucky Girl"—juvenile lead in the latter.

Then he took to variety. Had a dancing turn with Miss Iris Kirk-White, who a few days ago left for Australia to play in "A Gay Divorce." After that he joined forces with Clarke and Myddleton in a three-piano act at the New Prince's Restaurant, London, also dancing with Miss Kirk-White.

All Over the World

He then determined to concentrate on dance band music, so he toured the world, visiting America, Australia, the West Indies, and all the European capitals, continually listening and learning all he could about dance bands.

Dare insists his band is entirely a ballroom one. He is not in favour of comedy numbers, and looks askance at crooners.

His band consists of two pianos—he often plays one himself—three saxes—these all double—three brass, a double bass, and drums. One of the sax players, Jimmy Durrant, can play every instrument in the band.

When "Radio Review" phoned Dolly Fletcher, the "female baritone," it sounded very much like a man's voice coming over the wire. But the voice insisted it was Dolly Fletcher, so—well, here is what she said.

"Real name—Mrs Richmond, being married. Born Stourbridge 38 years ago. Yes, 38. I don't mind giving my age!

"Maybe got my voice from my mother. She was a contralto-soprano combined. She never sang professionally, however. When I took up singing in earnest, I thought I was cut out for a soprano, but my tutor advised me to go baritone. First public performance at 13. That was at a chapel hall in Saltley, Birmingham.

"I sang baritone then, and have done so ever since. Have done only a little stage work, but have appeared at many concerts and clubs in London, Birmingham, Northampton, and Rugby districts. That all you want? Good-bye!"

Miss Phyllis Ashton

Let it be whispered that Phyllis Ashton is not a newcomer to radio, strictly speaking. At the age of 21 she is a cabaret artiste, but when she was about 12 she broadcast from the old Nottingham relay station, when she was a member of the "Radio Sunbeams," featured in the Children's Hour. However, she is "grown up" now.

She belongs to Nottingham, and as an entertainer she has appeared at most of the local theatres and dance halls, besides going much farther afield. She is a member of an old theatrical family, her father and mother and three uncles having earned their living on the boards. She herself was a secretary and shorthand typist.

She has her own lady accompanist, but when she next broadcasts from Midland Regional, which is on December 28, Jack Hill, a young Birmingham pianist who has done several broadcasts himself, will be at the piano.

Phyllis is a brunette—and pretty.

All About The B.B.C. Dance Orchestra

Did You Know that Louis Wilson Made Shove Ha'penny Boards? — Or What Cyril Hellier Calls an "Honest Half"?

LOUIS FRANKLYN WILSON.—Trumpet, and leader of his section. Born Oldham; age 33; married—no children.

One of the greatest trumpet exponents in the business; composer of "Bouncing the Ball," "Rhythm Wheels," and "Confidential Tootle."

When a boy started career as brass band soloist in North of England; wide experience, including Savoy, Dorchester, Carlton, and Jack Payne.

Main hobby — making shove-ha'penny boards for Christmas presents; loves cycling; is a non-smoker and non-drinker, and is captain of the football team. Looks like—and plays like—Alec James, so the boys have christened him "Alec."

EDWARD CHARLES CROMAR.—Saxophones (alto and baritone), clarinet, violin, and trumpet.



Born London; age 29; married—on boy, Michael Edward, 10 months. Started in Southport Palais, heard by Henry Hall, who took him to Adelphi, Liverpool, thence to Gleneagles, and subsequently to B.B.C. Home, wife, and child always come first with him, but as a hobby specialises in indoor decoration. Good all-rounder, lively personality, and known to the boys as "Sashmo."

CYRIL HERBERT HELLIER.—Violin and viola; leader of strings. Born Bristol; age 25; married—no children.

Recognised genius in hot playing; a member of the famous pair of Hellier brothers — Cyril and Clifford—composers of well-known "Chinese Rhythm," "Blue Strings," and "Red Resin."

Graduated Royal Academy of Music, joining Hylton's Kit-Cat outfit; has played with all the best, including original Savoy Orpheans and Hylton himself.

Loves cats and is keen on tennis and soccer, playing in Hall's forward line. Calls a glass of beer "an honest half"; speaks with an amusing persuasion, sometimes pronouncing "r" as "w," and because of his brotherly association in the family and the band, the boys call him "Bruz"; he says "Bwuz!"

THEODORE FARRAR.—String bass. Born Manchester; age 31; single.

Graduated Manchester Royal College of Music; loves the sea, and spent a long time afloat with bands on many of the liners, picking up useful experience during his visits to America; joined Henry Hall at Gleneagles.

Brought back from the States two passions—now his hobbies: film-going and "waffles"; is often mistaken for "H. H.," and spends anxious moments convincing autograph-hunters that he is not "The Gov'nor." His colleagues have given him two comic nicknames—"Oscar" and "Hoopla!"

WILLIAM MULRANEY.—Trombone. Born Liverpool; age 29; married—two boys, James and Alexander William.

Played in a variety of orchestras, including Cochran's 1931 Revue, the Kit-Cat, extensive Continental touring, finally arriving at Broadcasting House.

Master of the trombone technique; a giant musically and physically, standing 6 ft. 2 in. high. The band's all-round athlete, playing any game with ease, including swimming, boxing, rowing, fishing, and anything new that comes his way.

A dynamic personality, moving like a flash of lightning, would make a marvellous fight for anyone in a tight corner—leaving nothing. Known as "Bill"—or "Big, Bad Bill!"



JOHN WILLIAM HALSALL.—Tenor saxophone, clarinet, flute, and one of the vocal trio.

Born Blackpool; age 27; married; no children.

A seaside birth led to seaside experience with many bands, passing from them to Howard Baker, Billy Cotton, and, finally, to "H. H."

Crazy about football; eats, drinks, sleeps, and dreams about football—the more the better; with Arthur Williams constitutes the wit of the band—the boys say, jocularly, "half-wit," but neither he nor Arthur cares, and will continue to crack "gags" with his partner about everybody and everything in general. Called "Jack."

ARTHUR EVAN WILLIAMS.—Trumpet. Born London; age 32; married — one boy, Anthony ("Tony"), aged 3½. One of the best-known freelance trumpet players in the country, coming to "H. H." via Billy Cotton.

"Bobby" he says gardening," but his opposite wit—or half-wit—John Halsall, says hobby is "the local"—so they compromise and call it "local gardening." Never wears a waistcoat or hat—nor does any member of the brass section—and with his brother comic is responsible for most of the leg-pulling and practical joking in the band off duty; even his name is comical—"Teh!"

"HALL MARKS" EVERY ONE

HENRY ROBERT HALL—popularly known as "H.R.H."

Born London; age 33; married, two children — John Michael, five, and Betty, aged nine. Educated Trinity College and Guildhall School of Music, London. Musical honours in both.

Served with Artillery band, and on account of capability, both as organiser and musician, was appointed Director of Music of L.M.S. hotels, which he held for ten years.

Became famous for his broadcasts from Adelphi, Liverpool, and Gleneagles.

Invited to organise B.B.C. orchestra last year, and has since justified the faith placed in him by the listening public and officials alike.

Is well known as a composer and arranger of some of the most popular microphone items, including his own signature tune, "Here's to the Next Time," "Sweethearts of Yesterday," "Musical Comedy Switches," "Waltz Concoction," "C. B. Cochran Presents," Noel Coward Melodies, "Come Ye Back to Bonnie Scotland"—his Gleneagles signature—"Good Night, but not Good-bye," "Oh, Johanna!" and many others. Is a brilliant pianist, and is a strong supporter of melody in dance music.

Recently visited the United States, and was at once acclaimed by all the famous dance band leaders at the most representative musician to visit that country since "jazz" was created.

Is extremely modest, and prefers to talk about his home and children rather than about his ability as director of the most important dance band in the world.

Stands six feet one, and is an inveterate cigar smoker. Has two hobbies—his car, and taking Mrs Henry Hall to the theatre—generally seen at all first nights when not on duty; is at the moment writing a musical play, and having made and spent a lot of money in his time, wants to make a lot of money and die rich!

Charming personality—known as "The Gaffer" or "The Gov'nor."

JOHN PHILLIPS.—Piano and Celeste. Born Manchester; age 26; married—no children.

Extensive pianoforte experience led him to important post with L.M.S. Hotels; with "H. H." throughout, coming from Gleneagles to London; is a brilliant pianist, and as steady as a rock as a background to the rhythm section, yet one of the most retiring members of the combination.

Serious-minded about his games—billiards and golf—right-half of the soccer team; is as nippy with his feet as with his hands, and in the band's cricket matches can be found "on the boundary."

Steady and sure in every way. Is a fan and an expert in gramophone records and recording; the boys call him "Jackie."

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LEONARD BERMON.—Drums and effects. Born London; age 25; single.

Mother gave him a miniature set of drums when he was a child; self-taught, and has been playing ever since. First job at sixteen and seventeen touring Continental hotels.

Joined H.H. October, 1932; sang first vocal refrain Grosvenor House, Ritz, Embassy; played in Spike Hughes' ballet, and was one of the special combination behind Louis Armstrong on his first visit.

Joined H.H. October, 1932; sang first vocal refrain Xmas, 1932, "Leave the Pretty Girls Alone"—result, still sings when required.

Golf, motoring, and eccentric dancing (legacy from early revue experience with Cochran); would like to have a shot at films. Looks like a mixture of Gary Cooper and Gary Grant, and is known by the colourful name of "Lecternum."

LESLIE ALLEN.—Saxophone (baritone), clarinet, and vocalist. Born Toronto; age 30; married—one boy, Norman, aged 6.

Why Is Joseph Hitchener Called Paganini? — How Tall Is Burton Gillis? — Who Are "H.H.'s" Chess Masters?

The Colonel of the band; was educated and learnt music in Canada, touring the Dominion with the 48th (Toronto) Highlanders; came to this country nine years ago; has played and sung in many combinations, and has specialised in German recording.

Heard by "H.H." on a gramophone record, and, unknown to Allen, his engagement was practically settled while the needle was still in the last groove. Has justified completely the faith placed in him at "H.H.," and has proved his worth as a member of "The Five Saxes" with Gillis, Halsall, Cromar, and Freddy Williams.

Is a great radio fan, and listens to as many programmes and articles as possible. Chief hobby—taking Anne, his wife, and young Norman for a car-ride, but loves a game of golf.

Always in close touch with his parents in Canada, and dedicated his "Grey-Haired Lady" to his mother. Handsome, happy, and a keen worker, universally popular; called "Les."

PHYLLIS ROBINS.—Feature vocalist. Born Sheffield; age 25; natural blonde; just over five feet.

Started as a sister act with her own sister Iris, touring halls at home, in South Africa, and Australia. Very successful. Struck a bad patch on return to England. Apart from few odd single dates, nothing went right for her until she made her first gramophone record—"Her Lucky Day"—Henry Hall heard it, and sent for her. Has made broadcasting history in a few months.

Individual in many ways; dress loves tweeds and woollies; drinks nothing, smokes nothing, reads a lot, principally Dickens; superincumbent style at snike; previous stage training in diction and comedy enable her to put over any dialect or point number with ease, yet concedes, still, to studio nerves.

Wants to settle down in an extra-cozy flat, with lots of cushions, books, and gramophone records; pretty, vivacious—"Phyll."

JOSEPH HITCHENER.—Violin and viola. Born Nottingham; age 22; single.

Joined "H. H." from Trinity College, first professional engagement; is one of the babies of the band, but doesn't need to "find his feet"—having found them already in two ways; is a fine dancer, and spends hours of practice inventing new steps and rhythms; is a good all-round sportsman; an excellent fiddle-lead for Cyril Hellier's acrobatics.

Plays delightfully, and the band have paid him the compliment of dubbing him "Paganini"—so he is known as "Pag."



FREDERICK BURTON GILLIS.—Saxophones (soprano, alto, and baritone), clarinet, flute, and one of the vocal trio. Sax section leader.

Born Hastings; age 32; married — three children—two girls, Anne, aged 7, and Jean, aged 5, and baby John, aged 10 months.

A truly varied diary of engagements, including the Wembley Exhibition; toured South Africa, joined "H. H." at Liverpool, coming with him to B.B.C. via Gleneagles; is a veritable giant—the biggest man in the band, weighing 15 st. 4 lb. and standing 6 ft. 3½ in.

Captain of the cricket team, and plays a fine game of golf; principal diversion—trying to beat Freddy Williams at chess, to whom he taught the game—but at present the pupil is up on his master.

Is arranger of some of the band features; the big voice in the vocal trio—biggest successes being "Old Chateau" and "Big Bad Wolf"; a fine example of "when in doubt—come to daddy"; is an inveterate pipe-smoker, and possesses several nicknames, including "King Kong" and "The Sheriff," but is affectionately known to all the boys as "Burt."

GEORGE GREGORY DICKENSON.—Guitar and banjo. Born Liverpool; age 28; married—one girl, Sylvia, 3 months.

Was originally an electrical engineer, but his knowledge and love of music brought him into the dance business; good experience before he joined "H. H." at Liverpool, coming with him to B.B.C.

Still retains his interest in his former occupation, and is the wireless expert of the band; makes his own sets from his own designs, but is very strong on gardening; at the moment, however, his thoughts are centred on his baby girl; because of his association with strings and wires—musically and electrically—is known as "Strings!"

FREDERICK WILLIAMS.—Saxophones (soprano, alto, and bass), clarinet, flute, and all the novelty instruments. Born London; age 28; married—one girl, Pamela, 3½ years.

Plenty of experience with the biggest bands, including Ambrose and Jack Harris; was at the Savoy when Rudy Vallee was a member of their sax section, and from him learned a lot; has been an invaluable member of the "H. H." outfit, and can tackle any stunt.

Sits beside Gillis, and when not backing him up with a sax, is thinking out a new move on the chess-board. There is a tendency on the part of the boys to call him "Chesablanca," but he is popularly known as "Freddy."

NEXT WEEK ANOTHER BUMPER "RADIO REVIEW."
Read all about your favourite Broadcasting Stars in "RADIO REVIEW," Free With TOPICAL TIMES.

The Day I Went Broadcasting—and What a Day!

By
HUGH E. WRIGHT

I KNEW it would leak out!

To think that all these years I have been striving to keep it secret—and now you've found it out at last.

I refer to the story of my first B.B.C. audition. How I crept by a side entrance into Broadcasting House, trying hard to look as "staid" as possible; of the tortures I went through "inside." Ugh! I had thought never to be reminded of it.

Now you are to hear all about it!

When you hear me compering a revue, or telling one of my tales, will you say "There's Hugh Wright, the man who put the 'sting' in 'broadcasting,' the man they paid fabulous riches to in order to persuade him to broadcast?" No, sir.

It happened like this. Apparently I had a friend whose brother knew someone who was related to a man who worked for the B.B.C. This man must have had some sort of a grudge against the "builder of programmes," or whatever he is called, because, as far as I can make out, he went and recommended me for broadcasting.

Anyway, the "B.O.P." rang me up one day, and asked me if I would go down to an audition the next morning.

Well, I wasn't at all sure what I could do in a vaudeville programme—I'm not much good at crooning—but I was willing to try anything once!

I'm not quite sure what I expected at the audition.

The "You Poor Fish" Look

I tried to enter as unobtrusively as possible, but I was pounced on by a brocaded official who eyed me with that "you poor fish, you're no good," air, and led me to a huge room with steel sofas and dozens of people.

As I looked around me I couldn't help wondering what the B.B.C. official listeners must suffer.

Eight sopranos sat in a row along one wall. Their lips were very red, and very tightly shut lest a top-note should get out too soon. They seemed to radiate hate.

Then there were three or four double turns. I knew they were double turns, because they were all whispering at each other, and I overheard one man say suddenly, "No, that's my line."

There were also several people with queer-shaped instruments, which they kept taking out of their queer-shaped cases as though they were rather surprised to find they were still there.

A nasty, self-conscious, nervy kind of hush prevailed, broken occasionally by the appearance of a small boy in a gorgeous uniform, who called out who was next.

Then one or other of the wretched people got up shame-facedly, and shambled out to execution. It was rather like the prison scene in "The Only Way."

I was getting more and more nervous.

A very tall, thin, and rather bald gentleman, sitting next to me, suddenly bent over and whispered, "Are you monologues or conjuring?"

Well, by that time I wasn't quite sure what I was, but I was pretty certain I wasn't "conjuring." So I just said, "Oh, I'm just going to talk a bit. I think."

He looked at me doubtfully, and said, gratuitously, "I'm monologues."

Five-a-Penny Baritones

I assured him I wasn't, and he seemed to cheer up a little. But he asked, rather suspiciously, I thought, "You're not a baritone, I suppose?"

"No," I said, "I'm not."

"Ah, that's good," he said, brightening considerably. "Baritones are five-a-penny round here. Five-a-penny. That's why I'm doing monologues. I'm a baritone, really."

"Yes, I'm doing monologues," he went on, almost to himself. "I'll be lucky if I get a guinea. That's about top—a guinea—unless you're really somebody."

At that moment he was called away into the outer darkness.

"Good luck!" I called, wondering whether it was as easy to "click" as he appeared to think. I thought it was rather pathetic.

Even if he did "click," I mused, people would probably switch over to Henry Hall or something when his time came.

Then a horrible thought struck me. Suppose they did the same with me?

Soon he was back. He panned by my side long enough to murmur "Clicked." But as he vanished through the door he added cautiously, "I think."

Then it was my turn. I was conducted into a large room where a charming gentleman introduced me to a lonely and very unsympathetic microphone standing right in the middle of a vast space.

"If you'll just do your stuff into that," said the charming gentleman, "I'll pop into the listening room. Yours is a funny turn, isn't it?" he asked as he went out.

Well, when it was over, I didn't think it sounded very funny. In fact, I crawled home to forget.

I Had "Clicked"

Two days later the letter came asking me to do my turn in an Empire broadcast the following week. Besides most of Britain, I would be speaking to India and South Africa. Was I elated?

On the way in I met my melancholy friend of the monologues coming out. He was clutching a guinea in his hand.

"Great!" I cried. "So you clicked, too?"

"No," he answered dolefully, "they sent for me, but they didn't use me. But I got my guinea," he added, brightening.

I hastened inside. A courteous official met me and waved me into a waiting-room.

"I'm sorry, Mr Wright," he said apologetically, "but we shall have to ask you to postpone your act. The Maharajah—ajah of—has just arrived, and he wishes to broadcast a message to his countrymen."

But they put me in the Children's Hour.

WHO'S WHO ON RADIO ROW

HENRI LEONI was never the sort of boy to do the things his parents wanted him to do! A great deal of that may be put down to the fact that he is French.

He was born in Smyrna, where he was intended to spend his life practising law. But at the age of nineteen, the call of Paris proved irresistible.

Henri had always had a natural singing voice, although he had never had it trained, and he imagined that there would be plenty for a singer to do in Paris to prevent him from starving.

Henri found life in Paris not so easy, and he went to London and got his first job singing at the Palace Theatre in 1890, when it was a music hall.

Then the lure of Paris again took him back to the French capital, where he spent the next seven years singing at the Folies Bergere and many other well-known theatres and cabarets.

He has vivid recollections of the glory of Petrograd before the revolution, when he sang at the houses of many of the Russian aristocrats.

Has appeared in Berlin, America, Vienna and Brussels, and is now heard on the air in the Cafe Collette broadcasts.

CHARMING OLIVE KAVANN.

It, when you think of **Olive Kavann**, you imagine her to be dark-haired, olive-skinned, eyes that flash as only eyes of temperamental Southerners can, you'll be right. If you imagine her to be a native of Italy or Spain, you'll be wrong—Miss Kavann hails from Dublin.

Listeners to Olive Kavann have to thank a specialist in Ireland for the fact that they are able to hear her at all. It was his decision that made her give up her career as a dancer. When he saw how disappointed she was at the thought of never being able to dance again, he said, "Why not try singing instead?" So Olive tried singing.

The bane of Miss Kavann's life is sausages!

They nearly made her lose a big engagement this year.

Mr Ben Popplewell, when casting this year's "Gaiety Whirl," heard her singing on the air, and wrote to her at the B.B.C., offering her an engagement.

Olive received the letter with a batch of others, and opening it noticed an advertisement for sausages. Olive, with an Irish light flashing in her eyes, tore the letter across, and muttered, "Some butchers have a nerve!"



Later she learned that she had torn up Mr Popplewell's contract. He had wrapped it up in an old programme, which happened to have a sausage advertisement on the back of it!

MEET LEW STONE.

Lew Stone was working quite contentedly in his father's business, when he heard that the man-from-next-door was earning an extra £12 a week playing the piano at a night club.

Lew decided that £12 a week could not be laughed off lightly. The neighbour must be a remarkably good player. Lew worshipped silently for a while, hoping some day to be able to hear his idol play.

One day a large consignment of pianos was passing through his firm's hands. Very reverentially, he asked his friend, the £12-a-week pianist, if he would come over and try one of the pianos.

When he had gone, Lew sat down to think things out. His idol had fallen. He was not as good a pianist as Lew himself.

Lew didn't stay in the 10/- a night stage for long—he went out to South Africa with Bert Ralton's Band as pianist, where tragedy hit them when Bert was killed in a shooting accident.

Lew is the most modest man in the band world in England. He would have sat quietly at the piano of the Monseigneur restaurant, where he was playing with Roy Fox, and been quite content to listen to the band playing his arrangements of dance numbers. He had become famous for his brilliant arrangements of dance numbers which were played by almost every dance band in London.

But when Roy Fox was sent to Switzerland for six months to recuperate after his illness, it was Lew who took over the management of the band.

His arrangements of new numbers made him famous. He jumped right to the front of dance-band leaders, and he's stayed there.

He still gets his greatest thrill out of hearing his band play his own arrangements.