

HARRY ROY · THE LEADER

AN AMAZING ARTICLE ABOUT AN
AMAZING FELLOW

RADIO REVIEW

№ 24
APRIL 18
1936
PRICE
2^o

*Maurice
Chevalier*

FEATURED
INSIDE



"I JUST WANT TO
BE HUMAN"

Easy One-Week Competition

Radio Review

No. 24.

18th April, 1936.

WHAT DID THE GOLFER SAY?



How would you like to win a swell radiogram? You would? Well, here's your chance. All you have to do is supply a suitable remark for the golfer in the picture above.

Study the picture and try to imagine what the irate old colonel said.

For instance, with face turning a delicate purple and moustache doing an extra bristle, he might turn on the caddy with—"Bah! Bring me my catapult." Or he might think it funny to say, "So, you call a spade a club!"

However, I am sure you can all dig up something better than that. Now go ahead and try.

Think carefully over the situation. When you have found your best answer write it on a postcard and send it in.

The Editor will award a magnificent "Columbia" Radiogram to the reader who sends in the cleverest reply. Senders of all other replies published will be each awarded a handsome consolation prize.

Write your reply on a postcard, along with your name and address.

All cards must bear a PENNY STAMP, and be addressed to:—Competition Editor (No. 4), "Radio Review," 12 Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

Entries must be posted so as to reach above address by Thursday, April 23.

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.

Columbia Radiogram Must Be Won

The Columbia five-valve Radiogram offered in this competition is a beauty. The cabinet is of selected walnut—height, 30 3/8 in.; width, 27 in.; depth, 16 3/4 in.

Silent tuning, ensuring programme reception only. Quiet automatic volume control, sensitivity adjustable for local and atmospheric conditions. Constant tone-volume control. Variable tone control. Illuminated scale marked in station names and wave lengths. Connections for extension speaker. Mains aerial.

Five Marconi valves (including rectifier), giving 7-stage performance. Wave length range—Medium, 200-550 metres; long wave, 1000-2000 metres. Voltage—200-250 volts, adjustment by screw plug, 50-60 cycles (A.C. only).

Gramophone—Absolutely silent motor. "Quick-lift" pick-up to facilitate needle-changing. Perfect balance of tone at all settings of the volume control. Album of three Columbia records presented free.

SUPPLEMENT.

Beautiful panel portrait of REGINALD DIXON, the wizard of the organ.

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13 Lucky for Leeds Reader—Remark Gets Radiogram

The winner of our magnificent radiogram which is the first prize in the "What Did the Crooner Say?" contest, is

MR LEONARD HUGHES, 13 Harrop Avenue, Morley, Leeds.

Here is his prize-winning effort—

The crooner said—"Why, do you think it will rock the Foundations of Music?"

The following will receive handsome consolation prizes—

The crooner said—"Hand me my haphazard, James."

—THOMAS JOHNSTONE, The Cottage, Standhill, Bathgate, West Lothian, Scotland.

WHAT DID THE CROONER SAY?



The conductor said—"Now, cut out that hi-de-ho stuff!"

The crooner said—"What! No hi-de-ho! Man, there's no other words to my song. It's the verses and the chorus."

—J. PARK, 20 Windsor Terrace, Prince Consort Road, Gateshead, Co. Durham.

The crooner said—"What do you take me for—a dressmaker?"

—MRS CAPSON, 89 West Beech Road, Wood Green, London, N.22.

The crooner said—"My name's Galloway—not Calloway!"

—S. ROBERTS, 104 Cooper Lane, Bradford, Yorks.

MAURICE CHEVALIER OPENS HIS HEART TO "RADIO REVIEWERS"



HE is a quiet, almost solemn, fellow is Maurice Chevalier, when he's not acting. There are no airs or graces about him, no "temperamental" tricks, no trace of affectation.

Just a simple fellow, kind and thoughtful.

It's only when Maurice is before the camera that the famous flashing smile comes to life, when that face exudes personality with a capital "P."

I've watched him many times on the screen, on the stage. Been backstage with him, and recently watched him working on his new British picture, "The Beloved Vagabond."

We've talked quite a bit, Maurice and I, but not much about Maurice. We've

talked about ordinary things mostly, like the odd folk there are knocking about the world, about dogs, different brands of cigarettes, tobacco, and beer.

All those sort of things that a couple of men do yarn about when they get together. A funny story or two!

There are lots of things that have been said and printed about Maurice. How he has to take lessons in French to keep up his fascinating accent, because he was getting Americanised.

I asked Maurice about that. He laughed—the famous laugh known the world over.

"It ees not a bit true," he said. "Take lessons in French? But why? Thees accent of mine is not—how you say?—poot on, believe me. I weesh I could get rid of eet and spik better Engleesh!"

"When I spik in Engleesh I must still theenk in French, you understand? All the time, yes. That is not easy."

For you, my readers, I made Maurice talk about himself and films.

"But why should people want to hear about me?" he asked. "I am jooost an ordinary fellow. I 'ave worked hard. I 'ave made a success of my job, I theenk—that ees all."

He told me why he left Hollywood. There was no quarrel there. It was simply that he felt he had become "typed" in American pictures, and "typed" in the wrong sort of part.

His first film, "Innocents of Paris," he enjoyed. In it he wore a tattered shirt, an old pair of trousers, a ragged cap. Those are the sort of clothes he liked wearing. But then came the smart uniforms and debonair roles of his succeeding films.

Maurice rebelled against being a man-about-town, a smart fellow in evening clothes—a sort of fashion-plate.

"I want to play human parts," was his cry. But Hollywood wouldn't listen to him. He quit. Maurice himself was born of poor parentage in Paris. His boyhood was spent near to poverty and the struggle to earn sufficient food. He has never forgotten those days.

In a few years he has leaped into the bright lights of fame and fortune. Yet he has not become dazzled.

Maurice knows what it is to be cold and hungry. He knows the feeling of getting the "sack," and wondering if he'll ever get another job.

He didn't put on airs then—they would have been out of place! Though circumstances have altered, his ideas are just the same. Airs and graces are still out of place.

His bank balance has changed, but not his heart.

He told me how he came to wear the straw hat which helped to make him famous.

It was when Maurice was in a touring show at Deauville. He saw a man strolling along the front with his straw hat tilted over his nose at an acute angle.

It amused Maurice, and he decided to try it himself that very same night in the show. Before he had worn a clown's costume and make-up.

When, that evening, he walked on to the stage with a straw hat tipped over his eye, the audience remained frozen.

"I was terribly depressed!" laughed Maurice, telling me the story.

Crestfallen, he began to sing,

wondering at the same time how long it would be before the audience would start to boo him, and wishing with all his heart that he had kept to his clown's attire.

Then, suddenly, the people out in front stirred. He felt them warm towards him a little. He smiled more broadly, tipped his hat still more over his eye—and sang.

In a moment there were cries of, "It's Chevalier! It's Maurice! It's Maurice—he's got a new hat!" The audience burst into a thunder of applause.

Maurice Chevalier had climbed another rung up the Ladder of Stardom!

The war interfered with his career—in fact, it nearly finished it completely. He was badly wounded, and to this day, carries a reminder of those dark days in the form of a piece of German shrapnel in his lung.

It has been reported that the bit of shell was near his heart, and that his life was in danger every minute.

"That ees not quite true," he told me, when I asked him about it. "Yes, I 'ave shrapnel in my lung, but eet is better now. Eet is noothing! Plenty of others have worse reminders of the war than that—"

During the making of this present film, Maurice has

(Please turn to page 7.)



Another top-hole panel portrait next week. Nat Gonella, top-notch trumpeter.

GOSSIP BETWEEN

"**T**HANK heaven for a sense of humour"—so say all of us, including Anona Winn, lion-hearted little lady, who rose from a sick-bed to make her last broadcast, against doctor's orders. For months previously, I happen to know, Anona had been feeling "all in"—yet she worked gaily on, always smiling.

The Only Thing to Do.

Then came the operation for appendicitis. "And," Anona remarked, "I was wheeled into the operating theatre

A Pianistic Pair. Doris Arnold and Harry Pepper featured on page 7.

laughing. You know, I've been through a lot in the past year. It seemed the only thing to do—to treat it all as a big joke!"

Salutations!

Right now, Anona's finishing a fortnight's rest on the South Coast, after which she appears at Blackpool. "Tell 'Radio Reviewers' how happy I am to be entertaining them again," she said. "Their kindness gave me courage." We're raising our hats to you, lady.

Many Happy Returns.

Many happy returns to red-headed radio-songstress, Helen M'Kay, just twenty-five on Wednesday. She's now left Lew Stone—but she's definitely "going places," with those ambitions of hers. I am able to reveal that in September she's joining another star in a grand double act. Watch out!

On the Ice!

Talking of smash-and-grab raids... If in the near future you observe any boys from the big show bands walking on stage with a gliding motion and seating themselves with a pained expression—here's the reason. Lew Stone's new drummer—Clarence Holder, of Canada—is a crack ice hockey player, and is spreading the craze amongst his colleagues. Yes, he actually plans to start an ice hockey team for musicians—and believe you me, it's a game for "cracks" all right!

Parties!

What a season for parties! If ever I achieve a grey-bearded old age, which seems somewhat improbable at this pace, I think I shall still remember all these happy, snappy little gatherings. There was that party given by—or for—the charming Miriam Ferris on her birthday. It started after "National" had closed down at midnight and went on till about 7 a.m. The stars still twinkled merrily!



An interesting snap of Les Allen taken in Canada when he was seventeen.

—And More Parties.

Then there was that party at which composer George Posford arrived and enthralled us with his piano-playing. Long after dawn had broken we were still sitting around that piano, listening to lovely melodies the world hasn't heard—yet!

Big Show Coming.

Flash! Posford told me that he and Eric Maschwitz have got together in a big stage-show, which is due for production around September. And that—from the writers of "Goodnight, Vienna"—is something worth noting!

"The Top."

Another grand radio-gathering took place on the first night of the new London musical play, "Spread It Abroad." For Hermione Gingold is in it, and Ivy St Helier and side-splitting Nelson Keys. Also (in my opinion) the most moving and glorious song on which Maschwitz has ever collaborated—entitled "These Foolish Things." "Hutch" has recorded it.

Cracking at B.B.C.

Nelson ("Bunch") Keys makes several crafty cracks at B.B.C. in this



That inimitable pair of funsters.—Leslie Saroni and Leslie Holmes.

OURSELVES *by* LONG WAVE



Ethel Stewart, who is shortly to run her own dance band.

show—including a burlesque of a sports commentator, and (with Ivy St Helier) of the Western Brothers!

From Comedy to Crime.

Hats off to versatile Jane Carr, who turns from light-hearted funstress to play a leading role in a new London murder-drama called, "Her Last Adventure." We may yet hear her hitting the ether, it seems, as a star tragedienne!

Dampier's Big Break.

Grand giggle-merchant, Claude Dampier, is due for what will probably be the biggest stage-break of his career—in a spectacular musical comedy at Drury Lane. Claude will be the chief comedian. The last time he trod the boards at Drury Lane was—I believe—when he played there in pantomime . . . just one of the chorus!

Blaney Back!

Welcome back to Norah Blaney, sweet songstress, billed for the Regional on Thursday. Norah and Gwen Farrar were a famous vocal act,

but Norah quit, 'way back, to marry a Bradford doctor. Since then she's only once been back to the stage, and that in an amateur show. So this broadcast will be quite an "outing" for her. Here's hoping for more!

Public Heroine No. 1!

Have just been chatting with Gracie Fields, sun-bronzed after her South African trip. Gracie's love for her public—and them for her—now results in her getting rather less privacy than Nelson on his monument! She tells me that girls she's never met frequently call at her house, or (when travelling) at her hotel suite, and there "park" themselves, saying they've "lost the last bus home" . . . but really just to get a glimpse of her. Yes—and when she goes down to her house at Peacehaven, they even make up bicycle parties to follow her! I'm afraid this is going to put ideas into the head of some go-ahead charabanc proprietor!

Concert Party King.

Frank Terry, whose concert parties are so well known on the air, tells me he's running no less than four shows this summer. On Friday, his "Super Optimists" are being relayed from Colwyn Bay (Western), this being his 54th broadcast. "Also," he says, "we are broadcasting during the summer my 'Marina Pleasure Parade,' from Douglas; and 'Pleasure on Parade,' from New Brighton." Following in her father's footsteps is Pat Terry, just sixteen, who is going into the Colwyn Bay show.

Mystery.

Missing from London at the time of writing, ace-fiddler and arranger, Eric Siday. Even his most intimate pals don't quite know where he is. Some say the Fiji Islands, some say Honolulu, and some say the Canary Islands! Seems he just flitted off one day, probably with his beloved violin, for a

*"Keeping It Clean"—
not the humour, but the
B.B.C.! Page 8.*

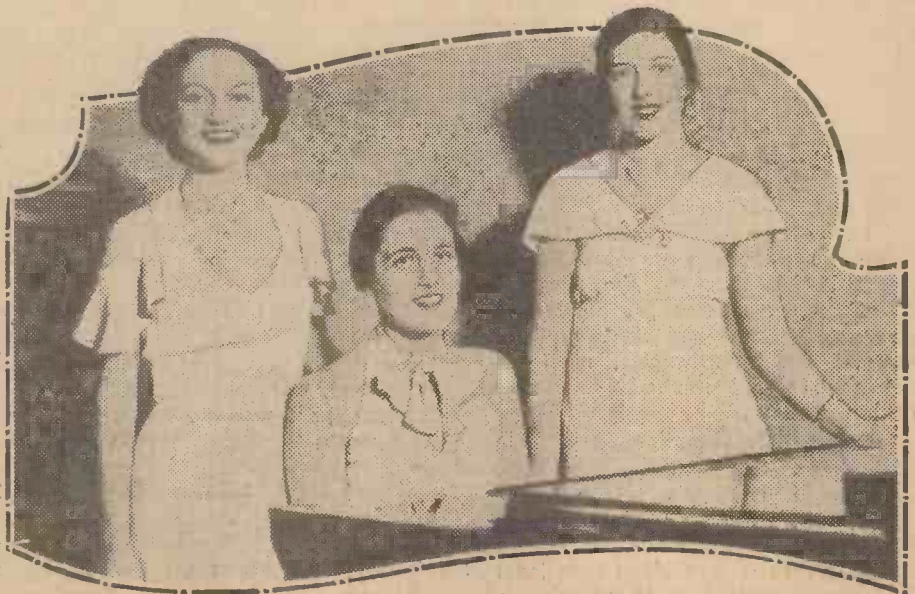
little quiet studying without interruptions! Cannibal chiefs kindly note that catgut is not edible!

Blue Notes Scheming.

"The Blue Notes"—vocal trio comprising Jerry Mack, Bob Howard, and Chick Terry—are experimenting in a new form of vocal entertainment, and I'm now waiting to hear results of the radio test.

More Slaughter.

Swopping a story with cheery Tod Slaughter, I learned that we may have a repeat of "Sweeny Tod" during the summer. Also heard that one of Tod's company has written an amazing "play of the future," entitled "Peace in Our Time." The scene is a dug-out in a suburban house of to-morrow! John Sharman, so I'm told, likes it a lot.



Easy on the eyes and ears—the charming Radio Three.

What's Wrong With Variety?

A STAR SPEAKS OUT

BRITISH broadcasting is now well past its first decade—it can boast of veterans—pioneers—whatever one chooses to call the first artistes to brave the mike at Marconi House or Savoy Hill.

Listeners received a jolt the other day, however, when the B.B.C. risked its reputation in the realms of light entertainment by inviting a group of these pioneers to the mike in a Variety broadcast which was styled a "reunion." It should have been called a "showing-up."

There has not only been an absence of progress in this department of broadcasting during the past ten years — there has been apparent deterioration in general merit. The right way to spell "decade" is "decayed."

These "veterans," who, of course, are actually in the bloom of middle-age, showed up the moderns in no uncertain manner. They were so good, so well-rehearsed, so consistently entertaining, that it is almost certain that the B.B.C. will not programme them again for a long time to come.

Here was a broadcast of the quality "no possible shadow of doubt whatever." I have not heard a single comment to the contrary, and I have taken pains to collect opinions.

Some Comparisons

There was freshness, spontaneity, in every moment of the pioneers' offering; there was not a line that a child could not listen to and understand, and not a detail that an adult could not enjoy. No straining after effect, and it all sounded like a jolly party, there was no creaking of machinery in making it sound so; clever, experienced rehearsing had seen to that.

The people demand entertainment, more and more entertainment, and the B.B.C.'s reply to the demand is to retain the services of an exclusive group of young men, whose names are month after month, year after year, attached to various shows, under glib, alliterate titles.

The B.B.C. should take a seasonable step and do some spring-cleaning. The time is ripe.

Its light entertainment programmes have become machine-made. The humour that is nowadays broadcast is not representative of the best of this country's humour.

THE DOINGS OF PRECOCIOUS PETER

chronicled by
his "Uncle"

MR Flotsam



"... a word for Erick Mashwits
who arrived in his long cote."

DEAR Uncle,—I wated a long time for you the other nite and then gave you up; let me explane.

As I was sitting in the lobbie of Bordcasting House, who should come in but Tommie Handly. He reckernised me, and in 2 ticks, nunky, I was the senter of a large group of bordcasting people.

Mr Handly said, "Now, have you got your ortograft book with you?" But I had nothing with me that they could write on except that check for one pound that you gave me at New Year, so they all wrote on the back of that, and laffed, and said they hoped the bank would cash it.

It was grate to be so near Mabel Constandurious (I looked up the spelling)—she was waring furs and looked much too yung and well-drest to ever do Granma Buggings. She was deap in conversation with Dorrie Arnald, who was another fashun plait, if it is not rude to say so; near her was Harry Peeper.

Then on the seen came John What, who asked me if I liked Mickey. Before I replied, Olive Groves said, "Do you mean my Mickey?" They all laffed, because Mr What meant Mickey Mouse and not the little boy Miss Groves has.

Although they were all stars, they were not a bit afrade of each other and seemed on the best of terms. They greated Howmany Gingold and called her "Toney," and had a word for Erick Mashwits, who arrived in his long cote.

You know that man who makes auntie laff? He was there; you know, Clawed Dampier, and he had a blond with him, Miss Carlile.

Then there was Stanely, with some of his stags that arent aloud to be called stags now; they are bachelors, although I herd someone say that most of them were marrid.

One was Jack Win, who is so funny as the manservent G. Memory; oh, and speaking of Wins there was Anoner, too; she is quite small, but

her hare was very neat. You could tell she was somebody.

There was quite a stare when Henry Hawl came in on the way to pracktiss; he wasn't a bit conseated, but looked at the others through his glasses and laffed.

I kept as near as I could to Mr Handly in case I was asked why I was their, and presently we were joined by a bawld gentleman, who, after raising his hat to the ladies, turned out to be Ronald Franko, Tommie's partner—Murgatroid and Rambottom act. They were at it in no time saying gags to each other; one who laffed hartily at them and showed all his teeth was Normand Long.

Oh, and the Worters girls, L.C. and Doris—they were their, very tall and staitley, but quite frendly.

In fact, Uncle, it would have been a relevation to outsiders to have scene how nice these grate starrs were to each other. No jellisy, at least not on the surface at any rait.

At one time Rob Wilton was in the senter of the room, telling a storey about Harry Tait and minicking his stile; then a shreek went up, for Mr Tait had come in himself and started to imitait Rob Wilton; then another shreek when Stanly Hollyway berst in with imitations of both of them.

Then they were calling me Albert and asked me how I liked being inside the lion, and I began to be afrade of saying the rong thing.

When I got to the lobbie the com-misionhare told me that you hadn't been in, so I went home and wrote this letter to you. Hoping it finds you, Uncle, as it leeves me at present, I have a norfle headache.—Your Loving and Gratefull Nephew,
Peter.

Harry Roy, the Leader
—on Page 11.

A PIANISTIC PAIR



IF I had a fiver for every time Harry Pepper and Doris Arnold sat down at two pianos and sprinkled handfuls of harmony on the air, I'd have enough money to buy three gold watches, Lake Windermere, a new suit, the City of Birmingham tramways, and the Droitwich aerial masts!

Doris and Harry have been playing four-handed tunes together for eight years. I'll bet they understand each other so well they could play a perfect duet in the dark—with boxing gloves on!

They never play from music. They know the tunes by heart and they put in the "twiddly bits" whenever they feel like it.

It was quite a dramatic little scene in Savoy Hill years ago when Harry heard Doris play for the first time.

She had been a member of the B.B.C. staff for two years, but the keys on which her fingers played were typewriter keys. Then came the historic Children's Hour, when the pianist was ill.

"Get Doris Arnold," suggested someone, who knew she could play.

Deputy Doris made such an impression that they told her to put the cover on her typewriter and come into the music department as an accompanist.

One day Gordon McConnel said to radio pianist Pepper, "I've got a girl I'd like you to hear. She plays straight stuff, but I think you could teach her syncopation."

He produced Doris, who was so nervous that if she'd played "Home Sweet Home" with variations, only about half of them would have been intentional. Anyway, she did her best.

Pepper and McConnel started to discuss the performance, but before they'd said more than five words Doris jumped up and approached them with a flushed face.

"I know you think I'm not good enough!" she exclaimed. "But I am!"

"As a matter of fact," Harry told me the other day, while Doris listened smilingly, "I didn't think she was so hot. But I decided to take a chance—

and it was the best decision I ever made."

That was how the famous Pepper-Arnold partnership started—since when they have been inseparable both inside and outside Broadcasting House.

They told me all about their partner-

A snappy article about two snappy people.

ship as we ate sausage and mash (Harry's favourite), chicken a la something-or-other (Doris likes this), and a steak burnt black (my passion), if you're interested.

I asked Doris what she liked best to eat. She said "Anything Pep's mother cooks."

"I like anything Doris hasn't cooked," said Harry.

Doris might have had a snappy reply, but her mouth was full of chicken at the time, and we missed it.

Subsequent conversation produced the following list of things they both liked:—

Steamed haddock;

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, having seen "Top Hat" six times, four on B.B.C. business and two for pleasure;

Champagne;

I Want To Be Human

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3

been staying at a London hotel, living quietly and without any fuss.

He noticed that three young girls waited for him by the hotel every morning when he left for the studio and every evening when he returned.

For three or four days these "fans" waited, just to get a glimpse of their favourite star.

At last, one evening, Maurice spoke to them.

Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence;

Dark clothes.

Speaking of clothes, there is no better-dressed pair in Broadcasting House than Harry and Doris.

She makes all her own clothes, and there is no one to beat her for chic.

Harry isn't quite so clever—he has to get a tailor to make his suits! You ought to see the careful way he hitches up his beautifully-creased trousers before he sits down at the piano.

When I asked Doris how she did her fair hair to make it look so attractive, she said, "Flat on top—with deep waves—and curls at the back."

"Mine," said Harry, "is just flat on top."

Doris never calls Harry by his Christian name. Ever since she first met him she has called him "Pep"—which seems fair enough.

"When I was playing in Jack Payne's film, 'Sunshine Ahead,' they told me I had to call him Harry," she said. "I had to say, 'Are you ready, Harry?' And I never felt so uncomfortable in my life. But somehow or other I called him Harry!"

In all their experience of playing together they have made only two mistakes—and neither was noticed.

The first time was in a stage show, when a woman in the audience tried to get upon the stage. They were about to break into a snappy duet when the disturbance began, and Doris was so nervous that she began to play Harry's part.

Harry started to play it, too, but as soon as he realised what was happening, he switched over to Doris's part—and between them they crashed out the finale!

By the way, whenever you hear the "Kentucky Minstrels" singing one of their melodious choruses, then you are listening to the result of a complicated musical arrangement that has been worked out by Doris Arnold. Harry, discovering that she had a flair for that kind of thing, let her loose among the notes, and the result has been great.

Doris has just completed ten years' service with the B.B.C. The other day she was congratulated by no less a person than the great Sir John Reith himself!

"Why do you wait here to see me?" he said. "You are young girls who should be waiting for some nice young men—not for me! Look, I am old enough to be your father. Zere ees nothing extraordinary nice about me. I am an ordinary fellow—run off, now, and find somebody nice to take you to ze pictures an' 'old your hands!"

That's just Maurice!

Benny Carter Takes a Bow

BENNY CARTER, wearing brown trousers and a beautiful scarlet dressing-gown, was in the middle of a pile of musical manuscript. He is one of the most charming musicians who ever came from America, as well as one of the most talented.

Dodging the assorted piles of music, I took a seat and got down to interviewing—and with Benny this is always a difficult matter. In spite of his reputation as one of the finest exponents of the saxophone, he is unbelievably modest.

Benny's career in dance music began early—at the age of sixteen he was playing in an orchestra which included the famous negro pianist, Earl Hines. Since then he has played with most of the famous coloured dance hands in the States, including Fletcher Henderson and Chick Webb, as well as leading his own orchestra.

Over here, Benny is known to the fans from his frequent appearances on records. Not only is he a grand alto sax player, but he is a very competent trumpet man, one of the star clarinetists, a proficient pianist, and a pleasing singer—no, he doesn't croon!

Some of His Songs.

It is in the capacity of arranger that he is working for Henry Hall, and in this field he is claimed by many experts to be one of the three best in dance music. He has composed a number of popular songs, the best known being "Blues in My Heart." Others, not so well known in this country, but hits in the States, are "Blue Lou," "Lonesome Nights," "Synthetic Love," and "Love—You're Not the One for Me."

For the last few months Benny has been in Paris, playing with Willie Lewis' Orchestra, which is regularly relayed over "Radio City." A number of his arrangements have been featured by the band, and Benny himself has done a lot of solo work on saxophone and trumpet.

I asked Benny whether he is going to concentrate mostly on "hot" arrangements for Henry Hall, but he informed me that he was going to vary them. In arranging for saxophone sections, there is no one to touch him, and I am looking forward to hearing the B.B.C. section putting these over. He will also probably do a number of his own compositions, as well as composing special numbers for the band. This is all part of Henry Hall's policy to try and cater for all classes of listeners.

Paris did not appeal to Benny very much, but he is very keen on London, and takes an interest in everything around him.



THE tall bottle of purple fluid bore an important-looking notice. It was headed "Important." It said: "If using this gargle in the basin, kindly see that the latter is well rinsed afterwards."

This polite plea was pasted on the bottle, I knew, by order of the B.B.C.'s Lord Hygienic Executive, H. Lea Chilman.

I was in a washroom at Broadcasting House. Like a Minister of Health without portfolio, I was touring the radio headquarters looking for dirt, germs, faded carpets, cracked

Leaving the wash-room, I noticed the sparkling cleanliness of the floors. Credit for this must go to 114 charwomen who, every day at 6 a.m., attack the building with mop and bucket.

These "chars" are the final selection from a long list of candidates, for to be a B.B.C. "char" is to have reached one of the highest rungs in the profession.

Simultaneous with the Char Parade, there begins the offensive of the Blow-Out Brigade. These sturdy men are the ventilation plant engineers.

Kenneth Baily gets right—

walls, blistered paint, and anything unclean, worn-out, or otherwise "gammy."

I found none of these undesirables. You've no idea how clean they keep the B.B.C.

The aforementioned bottle of purple fluid is the secret behind the golden voices of the announcers. It is also used to free any nervous radio star of that affliction of the throat known as "mike-larynx-itis"—a tickling apt to occur at the sight of a studio or of a B.B.C. announcer about to announce your name.

Mr Chilman, House Superintendent, as they call him, also insists that the 300 wash-basins in the wash-room are cleaned daily, the 150 taps and the 107 looking-glasses treated likewise, and the 140 toilet soap bottles filled.

Down in the basement, three floors below Portland place, they set in motion a lot of wheels which—would you believe it!—pump air as fresh as that at the end of Clacton Pier into the 22 studios, none of which have windows.

This air is actually gulped in by a large galvanised-iron arrangement like a liner's ventilator on the roof of Broadcasting House. The "Clacton ozone" element is put into it by a purifying process.

Then, when the radio stars arrive at 10.30 for rehearsals, they find the studios as fresh "as the Downs so free." However many people come into a studio, an automatic regulator pushes in more fresh air accordingly, thus preventing it getting stuffy.

The air-ducts which carry this



dzone all over the B.B.C. are cunningly hidden behind the studio walls, and every few nights men crawl about in them cleaning them!

After seeing the ventilation plant, I went to the studios. It was now about 9.30 a.m., and countless brown-overalled male studio attendants were sweeping carpets, polishing chromium-plated chairs, and seeing that all was spotless for the day's broadcasting.

Actually, the "sweeping" was being done by vacuum cleaners, hitched up by fat cables to numerous "plugs." This is the only practical

—inside with mop and duster

way of cleaning the acres of luxurious carpet over which the lady radio stars trip with a hey-nony and a hotcha-cha, according to whether it is a Music Department programme or a Variety Department programme.

All departments are, of course, treated with equal hygienic consideration. The studios "come clean" just the same whether they are used by Murgatroyd and Winterbottom, or by a trio playing a fugue for dulcimer, sackbut, and triangle.

I discovered, too, on my tour that a great bogey against whom a constant war is fought by the Big Chief Chilman is the bogey of eyestrain. The studios are artificially lighted, and the light is kept in strict order—it must not be too bright or too dim. This goes for the offices as well, and, in all, the men

who look after "lights" have a nifty 6500 odd' bulbs to inspect, polish, or replace each day.

Walking around Broadcasting House at any time, you are bound to meet three blokes who are walking round Broadcasting House also—all the time. I encountered them this way.

John Watt had handed me one of his notorious cigarettes—nobody knows what breed they are, because they can't pronounce the name—and I could not put off the temptation to light the famous weed.

I had but smoked half an inch of it

when there appeared before me a fellow with a blue uniform, held together by a thick, black belt, and touched off at the shoulders by brass trimmings. "No smoking, please," he rapped, and melted away. He is the fireman, who does nothing else but walk all over the building looking for stray sparks and lit cigarette ends—except on the second floor where the Big Chiefs work, and where, of course, he confines his attention to cigar ends.

Not long after this encounter I was bearing down towards a corner in the corridor when I heard a violent sissing noise. Before I could say "John Reith," a cloud of spray of high-powered disinfectant blew around the corner, anointing me on the way. At the end of a wicked-looking squirt was a diminutive page-boy.

"You should hoot or something," I yapped.

"Orders is orders," he squeaked, and squirted his way down another corridor, driving five producers, two controllers, an advisor on spoken English, and an announcer back into their rooms!

The third permanent wanderer at the B.B.C. headquarters interrupted a very high-falutin' tete-a-tete I was having with some instrumentalists rehearsing for the "Foundations of Music." We were talking about opi, Bach, allegros, and Scarlatti when a man in an overall poked his head round the door. Ignoring our classical discussion, he asked us if we were "troubled wiv mice?"

He might be called Director of the Annihilation of Vermin. If anybody tells him that they are "troubled with mice," he notes it down in his little book, and that night the mouse-catcher is abroad at Broadcasting House—and stays abroad until there is a "kill."

As a conclusion, I called at the Surgery.

Yes, they have one—and a full-time Matron.

The Unfortunate Germ.

There she is, beside her shelves of bandages, lint, iodine bottles, and sal volatile, just in case anyone in one of Lance Sieveking's productions sprains his ankle dashing from one studio to another, or if it ever happens that a soprano falls downstairs, or if a balance and control man overbalances, or if Eric Maschwitz faints when somebody croons in English and not American, or if—well, I could go on and on until they'd want a casualty ward at the B.C.C.—if not a mortuary.

As far as I could find, they haven't either of these—but I don't know what they use the Echo Rooms for when they are not echoing.

On Matron's door is pinned a notice, "Innoculation," and it informs the B.B.C. staff that the Corporation's own Medical Officer will be "at home" at certain hours to plonk the necessary pricks against 'flu, measles, mumps, and even the common cold.

No—there's no mercy for germs at Broadcasting House. And just before I place this report before Parliament, I'll tell you Mr H. Lea Chilman's two most secret secrets:—

Those charwomen scrub 1800 steps each morning.

And, hygienically, one year's programme at the B.B.C. equals 500 bottles of soap.

Next week's Panel
Portrait free with
"Radio Review"
is of Nat Gonella

TO THE FAIR SEX

**If You
Want to Work
at the
B.B.C.**



THERE is wonderful scope for women at the B.B.C. Over 400 already have jobs at Broadcasting House, and there are frequent opportunities for typists, assistants, and secretaries.

Jobs become vacant from time to time—not only at the headquarters, but at the Maida Vale and Alexandra Park studios, at Brock House (the offices of the B.B.C.'s Music Section), and, of course, at the Regional offices in Birmingham, Manchester, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Bristol, Cardiff, and so on.

What are the jobs?

Women are needed at the B.B.C. in the programme departments, in accountants' and general offices, in studios, and in dozens of interesting jobs. In each case the pay is above normal Civil Service rates.

Practically everybody in charge of a B.B.C. Department has a secretary—except the announcers! Miss Kelly used to have this enviable job.

Naturally, some of the secretaries should be famous like Henry Hall's secretary, the B.B.C. hostess, or the woman producer, but are not, because by nature they are modest—and they don't want to take the glory from their bosses!

Others are secretaries to lesser B.B.C. staff members, and as some of them are accountants and have thus no connection with the programmes, you may think they don't matter very much to you.

This leaves us with about a dozen women who have big jobs behind the programmes. There are capable secretaries working for Henry Hall, Harry Roy, Ambrose, Jack Payne, and Jack Hylton, and they deserve just as much of the limelight as do the secretaries of Eric Maschwitz, John Watt, Gordon McConnel, and the rest of the Variety producers.

So let us list them, these girls of whom you never hear; these anonymous persons who are only shadows behind the programmes, but who are very real figures in the world of broadcasting.

DAPHNE LIMMER is first on the list. She is a wonderful example of the typist who grew up. She used to be typist and secretary to Val Gielgud, and then, through a trivial staff change, she was made secretary to Gordon McConnel and Charles Brewer, just after Brewer came down from the Midlands to London.

Daphne Limmer wasn't content to hammer a type-

writer while her bosses were busy in the studio, and she showed so natural an aptitude towards production work that she was brought into the programme section. That appointment has been justified ever since.

Medium height, a brunette, with rather full lips, smiling eyes, and a manner which puts you instantly at ease.

MARIANNE HOLWEG and BARBARA BURNHAM work together in the radio play section, and, although I do not suppose you have heard of either of them, you will find that Val Gielgud gives them full credit for discovering and adapting broadcast plays.

Miss Holweg is of rather Teutonic appearance, with a serious expression which ill befits her cheerful outlook on life.

Miss Burnham also takes her job seriously, but it is a serious job reading through piles of manuscripts in the hope of finding a good play.

MISS HARRISON looks after the secretarial work of Henry Hall's section, but she is more than a secretary. As, indeed, any girl must be who works for a dance-band director.

George Hodges is Henry Hall's manager and has much responsibility, but Miss Harrison is Henry Hall's armour against people who call and 'phone, regardless of the fact that the work of the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra must go on in spite of autograph hunters.

While we are on the subject of dance bands, there is MISS CHURCH, capable woman behind the Ambrose orchestras.

Ambrose leaves a great deal of the actual business of the bands to her, and when he is touring, recording, taking brief holidays on the Continent, or going off on golfing expeditions, there is plenty of business to be done.

MISS GROSSMITH does the same for Harry Roy, working in the Haymarket office with Harry's brother, Syd. A very attractive blonde, Miss Grossmith is a popular personality in the dance-music world.

MRS BROWN gave up an office in the City to work for Jack Payne, and although Billy Thorburn, one-time pianist in Jack's orchestra, is the manager, many of Jack Payne's business affairs are left for Mrs Brown to tackle.

Most people, so it is thought, are very tough in the dance-music world, but Mrs Brown is remarkable for her kindly nature.

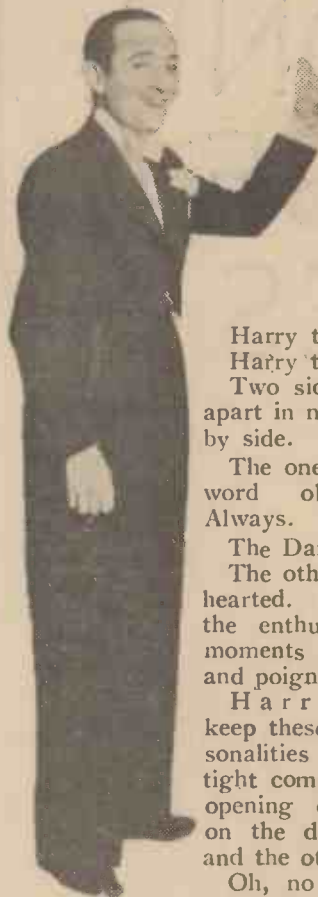
MISS KELLY, already mentioned as a former secretary to the Announcers' Department, is now on Programme Research. You won't see her name in the programmes, but she find that, whereas her secretarial job

(Please turn to page 30.)

Queue up in Portland Place!

*"In the Looking Glass." The stars examine themselves.
Begin this fascinating series next week.*

THE LITTLE MAN
WITH THE
GREAT BIG HEART.



**HARRY
ROY**
The Leader

Harry the Leader.

Harry the Man.

Two sides to his personality, poles apart in nature, yet always there, side by side.

The one strong, commanding. His word obeyed without question. Always.

The Dance Band Napoleon.

The other Harry, kind, almost soft-hearted. A heart brought to tears by the enthusiasm of an audience, or moments of anxiety and poignancy.

Harry doesn't keep these two personalities in watertight compartments, opening one when on the dance floor and the other for use at home.

Oh, no! They are always there, changing from the Leader to the Man

with startling and ever amazing rapidity.

A result of his dynamic or electric, call it what you will, general make-up.

Untiring energy and a will in strength out of all proportion to his small frame are other characteristics.

His boys Know him with a capital K.

The fact that off duty he is one of them, enjoying a joke, pally and kind, does not impair in the slightest his mastery when he stands before them as their leader.

An instance. A youngster of one of the "boys" had to have a serious and expensive operation. Harry's generosity made it possible.

Like himself, the boys forget the other Harry when he is leading them. They see him only as something akin to a little machine with a mind, whose every gesture is to be followed.

All the thirteen boys, except Norman Yarlott and Stanley Black, have been with Harry for getting on for five years.

That says a very great deal for Harry's administration and the respect it has gained for him.

As Harry has stood by the boys, making the band famous and them with it, so he expects them to stand by him.

For four years, all but two did so.

There is only one leader to his band.

If not a unique feature, it is a rare one.

When Harry wants advice he will ask for it. Criticism and complaint he does not tolerate.

In the early days, before the boys got to know him, I remember one saying to Harry he thought a certain tune should be played in a particular

**'Hotcha' as the band
boys see him.**

way, although Harry had not asked him what he thought.

Harry's reply was, "All right, you play it that way—but not when I'm around."

Such a thing has never happened again.

There is never a word that might be misconstrued as challenging his authority or better judgment.

He is always firm with the boys, but never rude to them. His motto is firm politeness, if anything more than firmness is called for.

There is no need for him to waste breath on tirades if the band is not playing to his liking.

"Come on, boys, let's have more punch," or "Get a little sweetness into it," and punch and sweetness there is.

While conducting, Harry thinks swiftly. The inspiration for some slight improvement will come suddenly upon him. Something he did

not think of at the rehearsal. A gesture, an expression, and the instrumentalist is with him in an instant.

The whole band is one complete unit, controlled by Harry's mind.

His control over members of the band is complete, too, in matters not so musical.

Every member of the band knows well that if he has any grievance or complaint, or if he gets the idea he is not getting a fair deal, he can go to Harry and put things right. Harry will either prove the discontent to be entirely imaginary or will search out the truth of the matter and have it put right.

Harry knows the temperaments and little peculiarities of the fellows. This helps a lot on keeping them happy and content.

Right from the beginning he came to an understanding with the boys.

"If anything is wrong, if you want to say anything," he said, "come and tell me about it. I'll help you if I can."

Ever since, they have taken advantage of Harry's offer and consult him whenever any difficulty crops up. Not only band affairs but private ones as well.

Another important factor in keeping his boys together as one happy family is Harry's golden rule of treating them all alike.

Where publicity and limelight are concerned, he is careful that one member does not get more than another.

I have mentioned Harry's iron will. He does not expect more of his men than he does of himself. But that is quite a lot.

When he was on tour in Scotland he fell while in his dressing-room and was in considerable pain. A doctor was called and diagnosed a broken rib. He ordered Harry off to hospital to have it set and bandaged up.

It would, of course, have meant the finish of the performance.

"No, doc," Harry said, "the show first and I'll come along and see you afterwards."

Harry went right through the show without betraying the pain he was in to the audience. His will carried him to the end and when the curtain came down for the last time he was half-fainting. Then we took him to hospital.

Harry does not believe in the word "can't."

He does not expect anybody else to.

Harry again next week.

At the Casani Club with Charlie Kunz. Real "behind the scenes" stuff. You shouldn't miss this next week.

The Best Organist

A Reader's Views

REX KING'S Fan Mail bag has recently contained letters on the merits—and otherwise—of our radio organists.

Here a contributor does his best to sum up the whole business. If you don't agree—write to Rex King!

This is his letter:—

Some readers of "Radio Review" have recently made interesting remarks about the "man from the seaside," Reginald Dixon. One correspondent mentioned that Reginald was such a fine artiste that Reginald must have turned the colour of a beetroot!

I agree. Reginald Dixon is a fine artiste and perhaps the most popular of our cinema organists.

For what purpose, however, was the cinema organ originally intended? To displace an orchestra and to accompany silent films.

Provided his organ is of fair size, I see no reason for our organist failing. But he must have a sufficiently-sized organ, he must keep to original orchestration (especially if it is a classical number), and his technique is important.

After careful study I find that one or two organists come near to this. But I think it is unanimously accepted that Quentin Maclean beats the lot.

"Mac" is one of those organists who owe a great deal to the fact that they are brilliant "orthodox" organists.

The name of Reginald is gradually dying out amongst broadcasting organists. Reg Foort and New are no longer regularly heard over the air. We cannot rely on hearing Reginald Dixon regularly. Only one Reginald is now a regular, and that is Reginald Porter-Brown.

Modern dance numbers he plays at speed in order to give more verve, snap and brilliance. His rendering of "Cheek to Cheek" was enjoyable. His interpretation of Curzon's "Norina" was a delightful rendering of a delightful composition.

A year or so ago Reginald Porter-Brown was almost unknown. Through sheer brilliance and originality he has come right to the front ranks of organists. And he is only 24 years of age. He knows how to get the utmost out of his three-manual, eleven-unit Compton organ.

I last heard Henry Croudson during Christmas week, and he played Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus" from "Messiah." A creditable performance was spoiled by the B.B.C. "fading him out."

I would like to draw attention to John Howlett, at the organ of the Regal Cinema, Hull. I believe Mr Howlett has broadcast on three different occasions. I think we shall hear more of this organist. His time will come.

I would like to give my placings of cinema organists, taking into consideration the size of the organ from which they broadcast. Here they are:—

- 1—Quentin Maclean, Trocadero, London.
- 2—Reginald Porter-Brown, Regal, Torquay.
- 3—John Howlett, Regal, Hull.
- 4—Henry Croudson, Paramount, Leeds and Manchester.
- 5—Sidney Torch, Regal, Edmonton, London.
- 6—Jack Helyer, Ritz, Nottingham.
- 7—Reginald Dixon, Tower, Blackpool.

My placings will raise feeling, but I am standing by the original idea of the cinema organ—that it should be played in a manner resembling the orchestra it has displaced.

"DINNER FOR ONE, PLEASE JAMES!"

I HAVE a friend who is by nature something of a recluse. He lives alone in London, works hard by day at a dullish job, and spends most of his evenings reading. He appears to be happy enough, and often says to me, "I can't think why you ever married when you might have lived peacefully on your own."

Well, I daresay married life does involve us in a good deal of noise and responsibility. No house with children is ever peaceful for long, but no house without children is really a home. If I had my choice again, knowing all about teething and measles and whooping cough, I should marry just as I did when household cares were beyond my ken.

All of us have our worries and troubles, and my wife and I have had

our share of them. We've had illness to contend with, and we've known what it is to wonder how in the world we should pay the butcher's bill. We've had all the anxieties, in fact, which are the lot of the average married couple. We know that we would go through them all again.

I never wish to say, indeed, "Dinner for one, please, James," if I may quote the refrain of that popular song. Possibly my friend, looking at marriage from the outside, has some sort of justification for his criticisms. But he is wide of the mark.

I think myself that his solitary habits have made him rather a dull fellow. He is widely read, and will quote you chunks from the philosophers. He has an admirable theoretical knowledge of the manner in which

"My Fan Mail," by George Elrick. Read what they write to George next week.

A Peep into the Future

THE B.B.C. ON TELEVISION

ALL of us, at one time or another, have wondered about television.

First, not so long ago, we wondered if it was possible. Later we wondered how it was done. Now we are wondering about programmes—what form they will take, and the part that sound may take in their presentation.

The answer to many of these problems, and statements of others, are contained in the B.B.C. Handbook for 1936. This book, which attractively covers the whole scope of British Broadcasting in 1935, is moderately priced at 2s 6d.

The following excerpts on the future of television, taken from the chapter on "Television," will be of interest to "Radio Review" readers:—

INDIVIDUAL items will be short, to avoid fatigue and eye-strain, as considerable concentration will be necessary. Television cannot be a background to other occupations.

"A wide field of entertainment must be covered, but the more intimate cabaret type is more likely to be successful than the broader musical material.

"Serious musical activities and long and complicated dramatic productions must for some time remain a function of sound broadcasting only.

"As to the future, it may be anticipated that, as in the case of sound broadcasting, the curiosity

value of the successful projection of pictures will soon pass.

"In the domain with which this book is concerned, speculation, if it cannot at present harden into positive assertion, can at any rate take shape in questions.

"Will the listener of the future, for example, watch an orchestra playing throughout an entire concert, or will his listening to their music be merely reinforced by vision from time to time?

"What will be the effect on speakers, if they have to consider the appearance which they are presenting to unseen audiences, as well as the effect of their voices upon them? Will listeners find difficulty in reconciling the discrepancy between the sound of a normal voice and the sight of a miniature portrait such as can alone be viewed on the television screens of the present day?

"More than ever, the listener who wishes to obtain reasonably full value from his set will be called upon to make and keep appointments with it; in other words, to study the published programmes selectively, and to give an undivided attention to those items which he chooses for his entertainment or instruction. The habit of switching-on vaguely on the chance of finding a pleasant musical background to other activities would have to be modified."

a wise man should order his life. What he misses is contact with reality, the simple but real pleasures which are only to be found in a community of people, however small.

MIND you, there is another side to the picture. I am convinced that all of us should have part of each day which is really ours, when we may be alone and uninterrupted. Even if it were only half an hour, that time would be invaluable. Modern life is distracting. It moves at such a pace that we lose ourselves in the rush and noise.

We are torn in pieces, and we become irritable and drained of vitality in consequence. We need time to gather ourselves together, time to sit and think, or even time merely to sit.

Many of our greatest leaders have insisted on this quiet time during their busy days, a breathing space when they could collect strength for their difficult tasks. In such moments we can renew the energies which are frayed and dispersed by the common task, the daily round.

We are like the batteries which we

by

HOWARD MARSHALL

use in our wireless sets. We run down. But if we are left alone a bit we pick up again, just as the batteries do.

I know a man who constantly has to carry through important and difficult interviews. Before every one of them he tries to be quiet for half an hour, thinking of the job ahead, preparing himself. He tells me that this habit helps him greatly. I can well believe it. I think many of us might find it useful in different ways. It is difficult, I know, to find this time, but it can be done. It is worth it.

THERE is a great deal of difference, though, between snatching our quiet moments, and choosing a solitary existence, like my misanthropic friend. Some people prefer to take holidays by themselves, and I must say a walking tour or a fishing trip entirely on my own appeals to me sometimes. But then my job normally keeps me in constant contact with all manner of people. I certainly could not claim to be a recluse, even if I wished to.

To my mind, the desire to be always



alone is wrong. Often it is caused by shyness or disappointment, or a cynical and disgruntled frame of mind which makes it difficult for a man to keep his friends. He is driven into loneliness, and there we must sympathise with him.

I am afraid there are a great many lonely people in the world, particularly in large cities like London, and I wish it were possible to help them, in some way.

There is nothing worse than loneliness, nothing worse than the feeling that you are alone among millions of people who seem to have their own interests, their own circles of friends, and so do not care in the least what becomes of the stranger in their midst. I am convinced that loneliness of this kind causes much real suffering. Equally certain am I that there is no need for it.

One thing that encourages me more than any other in this difficult life is the genuine kindness of people everywhere. I constantly hear stories of stranger's going out of their way to help someone in trouble; there seems to be an inexhaustible fund of good nature in the world.

There is no need, then, to be alone, and I am sure that the recluse misses a great deal in life. This otherwise rather drab existence of ours, after all, is immeasurably enriched and coloured by the friendships we make, the personal contacts and interchanges of experience which enlarge our outlook. If I could persuade my friend to leave his books and his lonely room and mix more freely with his fellow men I know he would be the happier.

How the "Scrapbooks" Were Born

EVERYBODY enjoys looking back—listening to the good old tunes, remembering shows that used to be so well known, and thinking of events of the past. Isn't that one of the big reasons why the Scrapbook series, the joint work of Leslie Baily and Charles Brewer, is so outstandingly popular?

I paid a visit to Leslie Baily in his office the other morning. There he told me the origin of the scrapbook idea.

"A stall at The Regal Cinema was the first link in the chain," he said with a smile.

I looked at him—quite at a loss!

"One day," Leslie went on, "I was walking along Oxford Street and noticed 'The King of Jazz' billed at the Regal. Having nothing better to do, I went in.

In the film events were shown as coming out of the leaves of an enormous book as the pages turned over. This gave me the idea.

"The first three Scrapbooks simply consisted of odd information, scenes of an unusual type, and records, and it wasn't until later that I thought of making the programmes reminiscent. Eric Maschwitz jumped at the idea as an experiment, and Charles Brewer, who had produced some of my programmes in Birmingham, really got down to it with me."

Leslie and Charles decided on 1910 for the first programme, and started work four months before the date of the broadcast. Since then production has been speeded up and the minimum time taken has been about seven weeks.

They discussed material, then Leslie wrote the script, and when the items were more or less mapped out, the next problem was to get the people to take part.

"Ida Crispi was in our first programme and we had some difficulty in tracing her, but eventually we found her at a private hotel in Nottingham. She was delighted at the prospect of appearing before the public again.

"Another lucky find was Joe Coyne, the dancer, who had been at the top of his form in 1910. The telephone book revealed no clue, nor any of the big London hotels where he had been known to stay. Then one morning, when Leslie was scanning the papers, he suddenly noticed a small paragraph stating that Joe was in a nursing home—just opposite Broadcasting House!"

Leslie Henson was asked to take part in the 1918 programme, but as he was in a show at the time, he made a record for it.

Immediately the broadcast was over Charles was summoned to the telephone. "This is Leslie Henson," came a voice. "I've been listening in in my dressing-room. It was wonderful. I was so moved by the programme that I have been in tears."

"The Scrapbooks are some of the most difficult programmes I have to produce," Charles told me. "In the last one we had 120 light cues and 140 fades! As a rule we use at least three studios and another for gramophone records. Everything has to be perfect in seven rehearsals.

"Sometimes, of course, there is a hitch at the last moment. For 1909, we asked Blieriot if he would make a record of the account of his first Channel crossing in English, and he replied that he would prefer to do it in French as his English was so bad. 'We particularly want it in English,' we told him. The day of the broadcast the record arrived—in French! We had to arrange so that every sentence or so the needle was removed and the narrator could make a quick translation. A 'tricky business!'"

HE THOUGHT HE COULD WRITE SONGS!

Budding song-writer who didn't make the grade
comes clean next week.

The Strange Case of BETTY CAMPBELL

It was such a horrible night that Mr Henry Wellwood hesitated, undecided whether to pay his usual visit to The Larches. Was it any use getting wet through when there was so little chance of his gaining anything?

It seemed foolish, yet he felt he ought to do it. He had seen nothing of importance so far. But if he failed to-night, it was quite possible something might happen.

Buttoning up his overcoat and pulling his cap well down over his eyes, he left the hotel and walked through the almost deserted streets of the town towards the Larches. He had been there each night, creeping about in the darkness, taking advantage of every opportunity to spy on the occupants. Sometimes a curtain, not properly drawn, enabled him to watch what was going on, and by now he had gained a very good idea of the habits of the household.

He was puzzled about Mrs Dickson. He could not understand her unflinching kindness to Betty Campbell. He was convinced that she had some deep-laid scheme in mind. Once, peering through the window of the lounge, he had noticed her watching the unsuspecting girl. There was hatred in her eyes.

He shivered as he walked quietly up the drive. The wind was howling in the trees, and the rain drove sharply against his face. He thought with longing of the warm, cosy bar at the hotel. He wouldn't hang about too long to-night. He would just take a careful look round, then home to bed.

There was no need for any particular caution. The raging of the storm would cover up any sound he might make. Bent almost double to avoid being blown off his feet, he crossed the lawn and came to the terrace in front of the house.

A narrow streak of light showed from the lounge where the heavy curtains had not been closely drawn. He could see into the room, see Mrs Dickson, Lena, and Andrew Dickson's daughter gathered round the fire.

He wondered what they were talking about. He pressed his ear to the glass, but could hear no more than the faint murmur of their voices, almost drowned by the wail of the wind.

It seemed that he would learn nothing. He was growing chilled, and decided to walk once round the house and see if further information could be picked up anywhere else. Just as he was about to move, Mrs Dickson jumped up from her chair and crossed the room.

He saw her pick up a decanter of whisky and pour out a generous measure. His thoughts flew again to that warm, cosy bar at the hotel. He was a fool he told himself, standing here in the wind and rain when he might be comfortable in the hotel.

Next moment he saw something that made him catch his breath. Mrs Dickson drew a small paper packet from her dress and emptied its contents into the whisky.

A thrill of anticipation coursed through Henry Wellwood. He forgot the cold and the discomfort. The woman was drugging that whisky!

All thoughts of leaving his post vanished. He watched closely, eagerly. He saw Mrs Dickson fill the glass from a syphon. He saw her give it to the girl and stand over her while it was drunk. She deliberately drugged Betty! Evidently her plan, whatever it might be, was coming to a head to-night. With a bit of luck, he might be able to thwart it.

He watched the game of bezique, and saw that Betty was gradually growing more sleepy. He saw Lena help her from the room, and knew that she was being put to bed. Why was Mrs Dickson drugging her? What devilment had the woman in mind for to-night?

Leaving the window of the lounge, he hurried round to the back of the house. His anticipation was correct. A light appeared in a window, and as he stood beneath a tree he could catch an occasional glimpse of the two girls in the room. Then the light went out. A faint glow coming through the window made him guess that the gas fire had been left burning.

He returned to his first position, but learned nothing more. Soon afterwards, both Mrs Dickson and Lena went to bed. He watched until the lights in their bedrooms were extinguished.

The house was dark and silent. But Wellwood felt convinced that more was to come. The glow still showed from Betty's room. Surely they didn't intend to leave the gas fire burning all night?

He knew that by now the girl would be deep in a drugged sleep which would keep her unconscious till morning. Moreover, Mrs Dickson knew this, too. Something was due to happen in that room.

The wrought-iron verandah beneath the window was tempting. It offered an easy method of approach. He decided to climb up.

He had no fear that anyone would be dis-

turbed. Betty, of course, could hardly be awakened even by an earthquake. The storm would prevent anyone else hearing any noise he might make. Testing the creeper, he found that it would bear his weight. In a few moments he was sitting on the top of the verandah, peering into the bedroom.

The red glow of the gas fire made everything inside quite visible. He could see the outline of Betty's figure in the bed. She was sleeping peacefully. What could Mrs Dickson have been intending to do?

Heedless of the rain and the wind, he sat there, pondering on this problem. Suddenly, he saw the door open. Whoever was behind it was entering cautiously. His pulses began to throb with excitement.

Mrs Dickson stole into the room. There was a furtiveness in her movements that told him she was here for no good purpose. He saw her, after a glance at the bed, stoop down and turn out the gas fire.

The red glow faded and the room became dark. With Mrs Dickson there, he dare do no more than peer over the sill. He could see nothing now. What was happening in the darkness?

Henry Wellwood felt that he had guessed part of her secret. After making a pretence of taking the girl to her heart, she intended to kill her—to kill her in some clever way which would make it appear that an entirely unforeseen accident had happened.

Wellwood Takes a Hand

MINUTES dragged past while he sat there.

It would be easy, of course, to get into the room and discover just what was happening. But there was no point in him intervening if Mrs Dickson knew of it. Only a secret which he could hold over her head was any use to him.

Eventually he decided that, whatever her plan had been, it must have been accomplished by now.

Curiosity drove him to try the window and see if it was fastened. As it swung open, an exclamation of delight escaped him. He knew at once what the plan was. He knew, too, that he could thwart it.

Distinctly he could smell the gas which was filling the room. Faintly he could hear the hiss of its escape. Mrs Dickson had turned on the gas fire again and left the girl to die.

Quickly Wellwood scrambled down from the verandah. He had no intention of entering that room and turning off the gas fire. If he did this, Mrs Dickson would know that someone had interfered. She would be on her guard. He had a better idea, an idea which would make her think that her failure was due entirely to coincidence.

Now that the window had been opened, he knew that there was no hurry. Betty would take no harm with the cold night wind blowing in. He searched round at the back of the house until he found the main stopcock which controlled the supply of gas to the whole house. He turned it off.

How enraged that woman would be in the morning when she discovered that her scheme had failed! He rubbed his hands together in delight. He had scored over her this time!

Only one thing remained—to ensure that she should be convinced her failure was quite accidental. If she was scared, she might



abandon her plans entirely. This did not suit him.

He would allow the maids time to discover that the gas had been turned off at the main. Then, early in the morning, before Mrs Dickson came downstairs, he would call at the house, pretending to be an official of the gas department. He would apologise for the turning off of the gas which had been necessitated by some repair work, and turn it on again.

Yes. That would do! It had been a good night's work. Still chuckling to himself, Wellwood made his way through the storm to his hotel.

He felt that he had now got Mrs Dickson in the hollow of his hand. He wouldn't spoil things by being in too big a hurry. He would bide his time, watch and wait—until she had entangled herself even more desperately.

Mrs Dickson did not sleep. She tossed and

Nothing else could arise to challenge her ownership.

She had removed the one obstacle that stood between her and the attainment of her life's ambition. She had no fear that any suspicion would be aroused by the manner of Betty's death. She had shown herself so kind and gracious that no thought of foul play could ever enter anyone's mind. It would be considered a terrible accident. Tragic, of course, but due entirely to the storm.

She turned over, snuggling luxuriously in the warm blankets. It was time Agnes came along. She looked at her watch again. A quarter-past seven. She always had her cup of tea at seven. Strange that the maids should oversleep on this particular morning. They couldn't be much longer.

She lay motionless, listening, waiting with growing tension for the scream which would announce that Agnes had made the fatal

"I see." Mrs Dickson sat up in bed and drew a dressing-jacket round her shoulders. She felt colder than the temperature of the morning warranted. Gas turned off at the main! What could be the meaning of that?

"How is Miss Betty this morning?" "I don't know, madam. I haven't disturbed her yet. With being so late, I thought I'd better bring your tea first."

"Yes, of course. I'm rather anxious about her. She seemed to be starting with a bad cold last night."

"Shall I go and see, madam?" "Yes, please. No, wait a minute." Mrs Dickson's mind was working swiftly.

It was stupid to imagine things like this. But suppose her plan had failed? Suppose the gas had been turned off in time to prevent it doing its deadly work? The tap of the gas fire was still turned on. No one must be allowed to see that.

"I'll go myself." She slipped out of bed, exchanging her jacket for a dressing-gown, and thrusting her feet into slippers. "I'll take her this tea. You can bring me another tray."

"Yes, madam." In spite of her attempts at self-control, Mrs Dickson's hands were trembling so that she spilt the tea as she carried the tray along the corridor. Surely nothing could have gone wrong! Ill-luck could not dog her footsteps to such an extent! Even if the gas had been turned off early, perhaps enough of it had entered the room to do its work.

She came to Betty's door and, nerving herself to face whatever might be beyond it, pushed it open. At once she knew that there was something wrong. A rush of cold pure air met her. There was not a trace of gas in the room. The window swung wide open.

There was some mystery. Who could have turned off the gas and why? Who could have opened that window? She glanced at the tap of the gas fire and saw that it was still full on. Stooping quickly, she turned it off. Had Betty died before these mysterious things happened—or was she still alive?

Mrs Dickson approached the bed. The girl, apparently, was sleeping peacefully. She knew that people who had died of coal-gas poisoning always looked quite rosy and natural. Overcoming her reluctance, she leaned forward and touched the flushed face. It was warm. At the touch Betty awoke.

"Hello, Aunt Mildred!" she said sleepily. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing, dear." Mrs Dickson could hardly control her voice. "I just came along to see how your cold is."

"I don't think I've got one." Betty sat up. "No, not a sign of one." She laughed. "But I've got a headache this morning. No more whisky for me, Aunt Mildred."

"Perhaps you'd better lie quiet a little while. See, I've brought your tea. You must drink it quickly before it gets cold."

"Oh, thank you. You're very kind to me. But I think I'll get up, all the same."

"Then I'm going to close this window." As she did so, Mrs Dickson glanced swiftly round for anything to indicate that an intruder had entered the room during the night. She saw nothing unusual. Everything looked exactly as she had left it. "Did you sleep well?"

"I—I suppose so. I can't remember anything since I came to bed."

"Well, I must get along. We're all late this morning. But don't you hurry."

Mrs Dickson went slowly back to her own room. It was impossible, of course, that anyone could have known of her plan. Yet it seemed so strange—incredible, almost—that the gas should have been turned off accidentally and the window blown open by the wind. It almost looked as though someone must have known.

Agnes arrived with another tray. "It's all right about the gas, madam,"



Why had the girl been drugged? Wellwood wanted to know. He climbed up to the verandah.

turned in bed, listening to the storm, fancying she heard all kinds of furtive noises in the wind. Towards morning, she fell into a restless doze. When she opened her eyes the storm had died away, but it was still raining. She lay in bed staring out through her window at the grey, weeping sky.

She would have given anything to be able to steal along to Betty's room and assure herself that the girl lay cold and still. But that wouldn't do at all. The maids must make the discovery. She would pretend to be asleep when Agnes came dashing into her room with the dreadful news—and suitably horrified when she heard of the tragedy.

She glanced at her watch—a quarter to seven. The maids would be getting up now. It could not be long before Agnes entered Betty's bedroom with an early cup of tea, and found it full of deadly gas.

Mrs Dickson closed her eyes and relaxed in a pleasant reverie. Dickson & Grant's was hers now, finally and indisputably.

discovery. The minutes went by. She could hear nothing but the tick of her watch and feel the ting of her pulses.

Footsteps sounded in the corridor outside, calm and unhurried. There was a gentle knock on the door, and Agnes came in with a tray

What had happened? Surely nothing could have gone wrong. A thrill of swift apprehension ran through Mrs Dickson; turning her faint. She knew that she must show nothing of this.

"Good morning, Agnes," she said, stretching as though she had just awakened. "What's the weather like?"

"Wet, madam."

"That storm kept me awake most of the night." Mrs Dickson looked at her watch again. "Good gracious, Agnes! You're late this morning."

"Yes, madam. I'm sorry, but there's no gas in the house."

"No gas in the house?"

"No, madam. It looks as though it must have been turned off at the main. We had to boil the kettle on the fire. That's why it's been so long."

HANDCLAPS AND HISSES

By REX KING

PERSONALITY of the week—Bill, the taxi-driver. Literally a "man in the street," he brought to an end "The Spice of Life" series, in which Rose Macaulay, G. K. Chesterton, George Robey, and other celebrities told us what thrills they got out of life. Right from the moment Bill lifted his breeze voice, dropped a couple of aitches, and revealed he had been married twice—"Each one a winner!"—he had me! He described how he started work at the age of ten, first in an office, then an oil store, and, when still a lad, on his uncle's farm in Dorset. Told us of his romance with the farmer's daughter, who, "just like a woman," could not keep a secret, and of how the farmer banned the banns. The whole story with the most infectious chuckle in radio.

BILL'S description of his country holidays was a masterpiece. I could see those quiet pre-petrol main roads and the little inns where rustics had high singing popular songs till the early hours of the morning. Chuckle vanished as taxi-driver disclosed his ambition—dairy farm or cottage in the country, and what he likes best—his home. Again the chuckle as he concluded, "When this broadcast is over the first thing I'll do will be to go home and learn from my wife how it has gone." Take it from me, Bill Taximan, you gave us the right fare—and change!

SLIPS by the silver tongue. Announcer described Signor Grandi as Italian Ambassador in ROME! Word "indignant" floored another. He tried three times to say it. Sounded indignant with himself as he went back to the beginning of his sentence for a flying start. Accidents even in the best of accents!

SWEET sultanas in those suet puddings of Sunday programmes. Troise and his Mandoliers have been providing these for me—until this week. As usual, the numbers were competently rendered. But presentation was sadly lacking in personality. The sultanas of the strings seemed to be in a tearing hurry. Perhaps Broadcasting House, in the grip of Bach, Brahms, and Bax, overawed them, and they wanted to get away quickly. Anyway, as much playing as possible was crowded into the 45 minutes. Announcer in a cold "voice that breathed o'er Eton," had barely time to mention each romantic number before the mandolines

swept into action. A mechanical, impersonal business. Then Don Carlos had to sing those hackneyed horrors—"Four Indian Love Lyrics."

EDWARD COOPER'S singing of "I'm Ticked to Death I'm Single" as the author, the late Melville Gideon, sang it, was great. When Edward said he would sing a new number, I waited expectantly. For a second or two he forgot the title. He should have forgotten the song! It aimed at being smart and sophisticated, and succeeded only in being suggestive. The thing was so packed with words that Edward apologised for being tongue-tied. He should have apologised for wasting his talent in offering such a silly song. His impersonation of Noel Coward singing "You Were There" was to the life. But why the ultra curt "Good night," Edward? Sounded as if you were annoyed!

RADIO THREE and their Rhythmic Escott on the same bill as Edward Cooper were a joy to listen to. Girls' enunciation was a little indistinct at times. But their numbers, "You Hit the Spot" and "Broadway Melody of 1936" tunes, came over with pep and precision. No wonder! Accompanying them was a group of swing stars, which included Albert Harris (guitar), Andy M'Devitt (clarinet), Harry Berley (violin), and a bass player who slapped out a truly torrid tempo. Albert enhanced his position as Britain's No. 1 guitarist with a masterly exposition of "I Got Rhythm." The others gave pleasing hot solos, then the little band played a brand-new "Sweet Sue." Swing music at its sweetest and best. Comic monologue, "Mr Edwin Carp, the Fish Mimic," by newcomer Richard Haden, was out of place—nothing meant, boys—in this melodic feast. Finny, perhaps. But not funny.

I'VE no craze for gardening. Fact is, I'd rather cull than cultivate. But I enjoyed Alice Ritchie's talk on gardens, in the "Fashionable Crazes" series. She told us that in the fifteenth century the best gardens had high walls enclosing snug arbours. Flowers were a secondary consideration. Jump 200 years now, and list to the great sundial joke. It appears that many a 17th century gent had his ornate sundial pierced with small holes to which a water pipe was laid. Ye wagge would then bring his unsuspecting friends to admire. As they did so, mine host would sign to his gardener at a distance. Giles, the sly old perisher, would turn on a tap, and—zounds!—the guests, unlike Sir Jasper the Joker, were literally all wet. Miss Ritchie poked gentle fun at garden whims through the ages. An entertaining history, well told.

WERE I a vain varlet I would prate away to you about composer Van Phillips' latest work, "Four Studies in Dance Music," played this week for the second time by Henry Hall's orchestra. I No Thank You, would repeat what high-brow musical friends tell me—that the opus forms a notable contribution to dance music. But I won't. For I found the studies—melody, harmony, counterpoint, and rhythm—pretty boring. In "Thank You, Mr Bach!" the counterpoint lesson, a phrase was repeated by one instrument after another. It almost drove me potty. No, thank you, Mr Hall! Crooning before counterpointing!

WITHOUT a doubt the most attractive number in this programme by H. H. was the new "Donegal Cradle Song," which Henry himself described as having the charm of an Irish folksong. The captivating sax solo in it was taken by Jack Halsall—best of its kind I've ever heard from the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra. A few minutes later came a surprise. Orchestra played a slow swing number, "With All My Heart and Soul." It was obviously taken from a record by the American ace band leader, Red Norvo, and his Swing Septet. A worthy copy of one of the finest dance records ever pressed. Heil Heinrich und boys!

THANKS, Commander Campbell, for one of the most gripping yarns I ever heard over the air. In fifteen breathless minutes the

Commander, speaking without notes, and with never a falter, recounted the epic of H.M.S. Calliope, 2700-ton corvette, in which his father-in-law, Staff-Engineer Burke, figured. Scene—Apia, small Samoan isle, in 1889. Calliope lay in the tiny bottle-necked bay with three German and three American warships. The Commander tensed us up as he described how Germans and Americans suspected one another of designs on the isle, and of how, as they lay watching one another, the sky became leaden and the sea oily—sinister portents. A gale sprang up. None of the ships wanted to leave first. Gale became a hurricane. Calliope tried to leave. A nightmare trip began.

COMMANDER CAMPBELL has a gift for the well-developed descriptive. I could almost feel the bite of the spume and the anxiety in the ship as she battled ten feet from a reef towards the bottle-neck. A perilous minute. Calliope was in danger of ramming the American Vandalia. British master, Captain Kane, ordered



George Elrick.

"full speed Eastern," although there was the gravest risk of backing his ship on the reef. Eventually Calliope clawed her way round the Vandalia, only to come up against the Trenton, another Yankee ship. As a collision appeared inevitable, a huge sea swept them apart. When, two days later, the hurricane blew itself out, the Calliope returned to Apia to find the six warships had been wrecked. 143 lives were lost, none from the Calliope.

LAUREL for Les Allen and bouquets for the Bachelors. They took full advantage of the twenty minutes at their disposal and justified act's title, "Melody, Rhythm, and Harmony." High spot No. 1, I thought, was Les's "Smilin' Through." Great many singers wail and waste this old favourite. Les, with fine modulation, restraint, and diction, gave it a perfect rendering. High spot No. 2—Canadian Bachelors' snappy interpretation of "Eeny, Meeny, Miny, Mo." Singing was as good as their arrangement of this catchy tune. That's saying a lot. "Bachelors," did you say? But wedded to their art. Bachelors of art. Quite!

GLASGOW Orpheus Choir sang to their biggest audience in Queen's Hall, London. Deserved the great ovation they received. Somewhat smaller combination, Joe Loss's trio, "The Blue Note's" deserve a hand for their sweet and hot "A Little Bit Independent."

I DO not, unfortunately, have anything to do with the awarding of State pensions. But if Mr M. H. Allen cares to happen along any time, I'll willingly present him with the ancestral sleeve links. Mr Allen was the producer of "Youth at the Helm," and I want him to know how much I enjoyed it. Personally, I have never laughed so much since the day

"RADIO REVIEW" DANCE BAND CHAMPIONSHIP.

The result of this great competition, with names and addresses of prize-winners, will be announced next week.

Then send it right along.

Great-Aunt Matilda took up roller-skating at the age of 81!

"YOUTH at the Helm" is all about the adventures of an unemployed but enterprising young man who strolls into a bank and, without even being on the pay-sheet, embarks on big business. "I appoint myself here and now to the staff of this bank," he says. **Everybody who took part was so good that it is easier to hand out bouquets all round.** But I want the man in charge of the limes to get ready. I'm presenting, for special mention, Jack Melford, in the leading part, Walter Hudd, and Alastair Sim.

THE play was one of the most realistic I've ever had the luck to hear over the radio. It was almost like being in a theatre; in fact, it was so realistic that during the second interval I thought I'd make for the bar—and **So Very Real.** I found myself in the kitchenette! The play, by the way, was adapted from the German of Paul Vulpinus. You know what I think about those foreign artistes. Well, that doesn't go for Herr Vulpinus.

SUPER-refained chappie at Scottish Regional high-hatted Harlem. Gave the title of a Nat Gonella record as "Yes, Sue." "Yow Suh!" was what he was trying to say when his old school tie got in the way. There were two technical hitches at this station during the evening. Annoying but, of course, "due to circumstances beyond our control."

HEAR that marvellous dual role performance by Edith Day, in "My Lady Frayle"? Show was a tuneful musical comedy, 1915 vintage,



Nat Gonella.

with a plot that intrigued me. Edith, as Lady Frayle, a passé beauty, infatuated with her young ward, strikes a bargain with the Devil, who turns her into a beautiful, bewitching girl. The change in Edith's voice, from the low, intense tones of a love-sick mature woman to the sparkling, youthful accents of a vivacious young lovely, amazed me. Sounded actually like two different beings.

CECIL HUMPHREYS was all I imagined the Devil would be like—hope I'll never verify this! But I felt like raising the devil with Patrick Waddington for disappointing me. He was Dick Basset, the ward who temporarily falls for the transformed Lady Frayle. I like the handsome Patrick. He sings and acts well. In this show, however, he was just too, too tremulously tender, both in love scenes and songs. Some of the lines he had to say were partly to blame. (If you tried them on your girl friend, she'd think either you were sozzled or sickening for scarletina!)

SO, Patrick, if they must give you sloppy lines, tone down the tremulo. Phoebe Hodgson, Lawrence Bascombe, and Horace Percival were in command of the comedy side of "My Lady Frayle." They made the most of rather punk material. Quip that made me smile came from the Devil. "I used to be a patron of the London music halls," he said, then regretfully, "but they don't hold much interest for me now." A thousand grand-dads chuckled.

SUCCESSOR to "The Music Goes Round and Around" is "I'm Nuts About Screw Music." George Elrick aired this involved air without turning a hair. Next crazy song from the States will be, "I see a Muggin'." Chorus consists of counting numbers up to 70, with the words "Uh!" and "Woof!" interspersed. I'm just warning you!

FINAL instalment of "Conquest of the Air" was interesting. Briskly compered by C. W. A. Scott, Australia flight record-breaker. First to give his views on aviation was Captain Lehmann, who told, per gramophone record, of the Hindenburg, the giant German zepp.

Tall Story. Said he hoped to take her from Germany to New York in two and a half days. A Russian expert, with a name as long as the Hindenburg, described vividly his experiences while flying to 47,835 feet in an open plane. Up there he felt lazy and apathetic. Some, of course, don't need to go that distance to feel that. Captain Stevens, U.S. stratosphere expert, told a true "tall" story. At 72,395 feet up he and his men each weighed 1½ lbs. less. Eat up, girls—and slim in the stratosphere.

THE almost-impossible has happened—something new in dance orchestras came on the air! Peter Yorke, former orchestrator with Jack Hylton, was responsible. His saxless combination consisted of three violins, viola, cello, trumpet, guitar, bass, piano, and harp. **Sweet music without syrup—orchestration without ostentation.** That describes the new orchestra which gave as pleasing a dance-music show as you could listen to. Jack Plant—he grows on one—crooned in his usual tuneful style. He's becoming one of our best. Janet Lynd proved a rara avis who can make the words of a dance number sound reasonable. No whining or wailing with her. Jack and she were an ideal vocal team.

AND so, without further ado, to one, Mr Leslie Mitchell, who compered Peter Yorke's show. "My first thrill will be Jack Plant's first song," boomed Mr Mitchell. Queer thing to say, I thought. Then Jack sang **Mr Mitchell!** "My First Thrill." Mr Mitchell I realised was being smart, sure enough! "Miss Lynd will sing 'Quicker Than You Can Say Jack Robinson,'" was his next effort. "Hawaian Paradise," Mr Mitchell warned us solemnly, was not a hot number, despite the title. Came a carefully-prepared one. "Miss Lynd has gone away, so Jack Plant will sing 'Alone.'" Then the gem of the whole sparkling collection, "After 'The Touch of Your Lips,' 'You're Sweeter than I Thought.'" Oh, Mr Mitchell!

REX KING'S order of the Sinking Sun to the B.B.C. Dictator of Discs for having a delicate sense of comparison. First of the late night dance records at National contained the first hot harpsichord solo ever recorded. And Rudolph Sizzling Harpsichord. Dolmetsch on Regional was commencing his very classical harpsichord recital. "West End Blues" and "Pakington's Powide" were the numbers played at the same time. Need I say who played which—or why?

TUNED in to Moultrie Kelsall's production, "Sea Wynd and Shore Gate," from Aberdeen. It dealt with the lives of fisher folk in the north-east of Scotland. Thought I was pretty hot at picking up and understanding dialects, but it took (This) Youth! me all my time to follow what was being said in a sketch. Still, I enjoyed the breath of the briny.

THE KEENEST COMMENTS IN RADIO

I'M on a delicate subject. I've been sitting pondering how to present it. Best way might be to remind you of Charles Laughton's great study in the "Henry VIII." film. Remember the regal regurgitations of His Majesty after dining? Quite in keeping with the character. Frank Randall punctuated his act with similar "bellows" in "Tunes of the Town" series. Broadcast was of "The Show that Jack Built," from the Alhambra Theatre, London. The audience obviously liked Frank as the 82-year-old liker. He got plenty of laughs. As a radio artiste, however, this Lancashire comedian, making his first broadcast from London, made me go hot under the collar. No doubt his facial contortions before, during, and after each bellow were funny to watch. But not to listen to. Between the noises I heard some gags—and I'm forgetting them.

A Recent Show. tuated his act with similar "bellows" in "Tunes of the Town" series. Broadcast was of "The Show that Jack Built," from the Alhambra Theatre, London. The audience obviously liked Frank as the 82-year-old liker. He got plenty of laughs. As a radio artiste, however, this Lancashire comedian, making his first broadcast from London, made me go hot under the collar. No doubt his facial contortions before, during, and after each bellow were funny to watch. But not to listen to. Between the noises I heard some gags—and I'm forgetting them.

IMAGINE a band of 24 children, not one over 16, playing anything from hot jazz to Tchaikovsky's "1812 Overture"! Savoy Junior Band is the name. Conductor is a boy, Stanley Rawlings.

I Liked This. Joe Daniels better look to his laurels—that Savoy Junior drummer beats it out like an old-timer. Trumpet player blew a note that would not shame Louis Armstrong, and a crooner-cum-yodeller gave "Sunset Trail" a novel vocal-treatment. Breezy Randolph Sutton sang several of his attractive songs. "Cottage for Two" was sung by Randolph and Pansy Taylor. Why so "frightfully Mayfairish," Pansy? That doesn't give class to a number! After all, you're not an announcer. But that happy lilt in your voice makes you a treat to hear after some of those sad-toned crooners.

"IN Town To-morrow Night"—rich burlesque By the Fol-de-Rols. Sir Swivel Rowlock, according to the announcer, stroked the Oxford eight the last time they won. Sir Swivel was introduced as the original **Bright Boys.** "Old Man River," with a sliding seat in the country. The interview proceeded. Sir Swivel described how the winning eight were each over six feet, and trained on crushed razor blades and tiddly-winks, Sir Swivel after playing left tidily. "And what was the course of the race in those days?" asked the interviewer. "Oh, the same as now, replied Sir Swivel heartily. "Putney to Mortlake and Piccadilly to Vine Street."

ASK
REX KING
ABOUT
IT!



YOU had to see it to believe it. Mr Tutt saw it, and didn't believe it. That was why he went inside.

He was not the only one who trooped into the big store, from which many came out with little square parcels under their arms. Mr Tutt was sorry they were stupid enough to be taken in so easily. His business instinct and commonsense told him that the thing couldn't be done. For one-and-eleven you could possibly make an alarm clock to sell—but not to keep time.

However, he went in, walked down to the basement, and saw the vast array of alarm clocks, all pointing to different hours, all at the amazing price of one-and-eleven.

Mr Tutt was sorry that the British public should be credulous enough to throw its money away. What was more, it hurt him to think that the market was being flooded by foreign clocks. If a man wanted British time, he thought, he ought to measure it by a British clock.

"Amazing bargain," said a sleek young man "Amazing—only one-and-eleven. Guaranteed."

"To go or stop?" Mr Tutt asked drily.

The sleek young man was grieved. "Go" he asked. "Aren't they going all the time?"

"Yes," Mr Tutt admitted. "I can see them going—but how long will it be before they are coming back?"

THE assistant turned to attend to a more impressionable British citizen. "Wonderful value," he was saying. "Oh yes, foreign, of course. Put one in the boy's bedroom—and he'll never be late for school. It may help to form a habit of punctuality which will never . . ."

"Here," said Mr Tutt, struck by a sudden thought, "I'll take one."

He put down a florin, selected a clock, and handed it to the sleek young man, who wound it up, listened to its

loud ticking, tried the alarm, and made a neat parcel of it in next to no time.

With his clock under his arm, Mr Tutt hurried out of the store.

"The very thing for Horace," he said to himself. "The very thing—and it won't matter if he takes it to pieces." Mr Tutt chuckled as he jumped on a bus for home. "Now he'll have no excuse for coming down late!" he said. "This will do the trick!"

IT was not till Mr Tutt had fairly settled down, his parcel by him on the seat, that, after polishing his glasses, he had an opportunity of looking round the bus. Near him was a prim lady who looked as if she addressed open-air meetings, and a large gentleman with a gingery moustache. The large gentleman, who was reading his newspaper, grunted every now and then.

"Tosh!" said the large gentleman at last, folding his newspaper with a



great show of indignation, and slapping his knee with it. "Tosh, sir!"

"We ought to have an Act of Parliament prohibiting it," said the large man. "They ought not to be allowed in the country. We are behind the times, sir."

Mr Tutt glanced at his parcel, from the depths of which came a steady ticking.

"I've just been reading a half-page advertisement for one-and-elevenpenny clocks—alarm clocks at that. Madness!" The large man did not care who heard him.

Mr Tutt nodded. It seemed the safest thing to do.

"I'm glad to hear you express your patriotic sentiments in such decided tones" It was the prim lady speaking.

"I am not surprised you approve, madam," said the large gentleman.

"Every sensible woman would approve. What this country needs is the spirit of co-operation between the

industrialist and the man in the street." (Mr Tutt was thankful he didn't mention the man in the bus.)

"The man who buys one of those clocks is a criminal!" He hit his knee another resounding whack. One or two passengers said, "Hear, hear." Mr Tutt was one of them.

"A criminal!" declared the large gentleman, gathering confidence. "If no one ever bought the things—well, they would all go back to the country where they came from."

"I am with you!" the prim lady declared. "I am with you all the way."

Mr Tutt could hardly express the same sentiment.

"What is more," the Anti-Foreign Importation gentleman went on, "the man who buys one of those clocks," (he held up the newspaper for all to read the advertisement) "is a fool."

Mr Tutt had not relished being a criminal, but there is a touch of adventure about it which is lacking from the fool. He glanced nervously at his parcel on the seat, and wished the clock would not tick so loudly.

"Some people," said the prim lady, "are so ridiculously simple that they will snap up anything cheap."

"As you say, madam," the large gentleman concurred. "But there are limits, madam. There are limits. What do you say, sir?"

MR TUTT said, "Of course, of course, and hoped it sounded hearty. He kept his eyes on the strap above him, fearing that if he glanced at his parcel the entire company would read his thoughts.

"I saw them crowding into that store this afternoon," said the large man, his eyes on the prim lady. "They flocked in like—like . . ."

"Flies to the spider's web," the prim lady suggested.

"Exactly, madam. They flocked in like—that is, they went in and threw their money away. No sense of duty to their fellow citizens—empty-headed dupes of mass production. It makes me despair of progress. It makes me miserable. Doesn't it you, sir?"

"It does," said Mr Tutt, with such a show of feeling that he made quite a good impression.

"Have you seen it—the saddest spectacle in town?"

"Yes," said Mr Tutt bravely. "I was in the store this afternoon."

"Didn't it make your blood boil?" asked the prim lady.

"Madam," said Mr Tutt, "when I

(Please turn to page 22.)

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL



CYRUS T. ROGKHEIMER looked contentedly round the luxurious lounge of the Hotel Magnificent as he sipped his Scotch highball.

The day had been the greatest day of his life. At last he had fulfilled his most cherished and secret ambition.

Fellow guests wondered over the cause of the American's geniality. They speculated among themselves on his day's profits.

Profitable though it had been, the day's business was the cause of only a fragment of Cyrus T.'s joviality. His supreme contentment was due to the fact that he had, but half an hour before, "put one over" a confident trickster.

The putting over had been glorious and complete—brilliantly conceived and perfectly executed—with all the laugh with Cyrus.

To understand his gaiety it is necessary to go back to a day some twenty years previously. It was the American's first day in London. The events of that memorable morning had forced him to cancel the rest of his eagerly-anticipated holiday. In fact, he had had to return immediately to "li'l ol' N'York" a sadly disillusioned idealist, and poorer by several thousand dollars.

It had been a simple story of one of the world's oldest confidence tricks—the dropped rosary and the money to distribute.

THOUGH time heals all wounds and Cyrus had learnt to remember this episode merely as one of the little experiences that go to make up a lifetime, he had sworn that never again would any confidence trickster get the better of him.

He had kept his vow—that is to say, he would have kept it if he had ever come in contact with one of these gentry. As the years went on, however, the rancour left behind by the incident had gradually died down. Latterly, beyond his fixed intention to wipe out that old score in a manner peculiarly suited to his own type of humour, Cyrus bore no malice.

His type of humour was ponderous, but he had sedulously hugged his secret plan to revenge himself on the first trickster he met. Now, when he had almost come to the conclusion that this type of swindler had died out, he had been able to put his idea into operation.

"Yes, sir-ee," he reflected happily, "London has nothing on li'l ol' N'York."

He drained his glass and beckoned a passing waiter. These Scotch highballs were good, even if they didn't have the same kick as their transatlantic equivalents.

"Order two, Cyrus—and order them strong."

Cyrus looked up to meet the disconsolate gaze of his friend and compatriot, Faber K. Vannigen.

"How on—"

"I'm coming to it, Cyrus, I'm coming to it," said the newcomer. "Behold in my face the image of Boston's prize goof."

CYRUS looked up quizzically over the top of his spectacles as he ordered the drinks. He got a sudden inspiration.

"You don't say," he drawled, "but I guess I can tell you. You met a gink whose dropped rosary you collected and returned. Then you listened to the beautiful

story of the dollars awaiting disposal—if only a single honest person could be found to scatter them among the deserving poor.

"Aw—I guess your simple honesty was written all over your face, Faber. And you showed confidence, brother—heaps of confidence, trusting child-like confidence."

"How did you know?" quavered Faber.

"Know?" Cyrus beamed. "Why, I've just put it over the fellow myself! When he read what I'd left him I guess he thought he'd try to get his revenge—if he could find anyone who looked as if he came from Boston."

Cyrus gurgled joyously. "What did he sting you for?" he went on gleefully and implacably.

"About two thousand dollars."

"Waal, waal," drawled Cyrus, "better forget it, too. Now you know."

The arrival of the highballs made a pleasant diversion.

Faber drained half his glass at a gulp, coughed, and turned to his friend. "Tell me, Cyrus," he asked humbly, "about what happened to you?"

CYRUS punctuated his reply with caustic laughter.

"Faber," he smiled, "I'm surprised at you, but I'm businesslike enough not to want any interference with my holiday. Once, twenty ago—" he broke off for a moment, then continued. "Anyway, I studied all there was to learn about the game.

"More than that—I decided to have some fun out of it. I got two wallets, one was padded with blanks with a print on top reading, 'Strictly confidential, Buddy—but you'll get over it!'

"I practised my part to perfection. That's N'York thoroughness. No detail too small. Right pocket duds, left pocket real money. I got myself word and gesture perfect. Right duds, left, real money. No mistakes, no, sir-ee."

Cyrus sipped his highball. He was enjoying the story and living the incident over again. "Then I met this guy," he continued, "he told me the tale and paid for drinks. When the time came for the establishment of confidence I was quite ready, and made no error.

"Just watch me. Just opposite our table was a big mirror—same as the one here. I checked myself, as it were, when I took the correct wallet out of my pocket."

With a flourish Cyrus took out a well-filled pad. As he looked at himself in the mirror he almost called himself an artist to the fingertips.

Bewilderment crossed his face as he laid the wad on the table. His simple wisecrack stared back at him. At the critical moment, for which he had been preparing twenty years, he had forgotten that in a mirror the right hand pocket is actually the left!

OUR
SHORT STORY
By
Mudie Gray



Val Rosing.

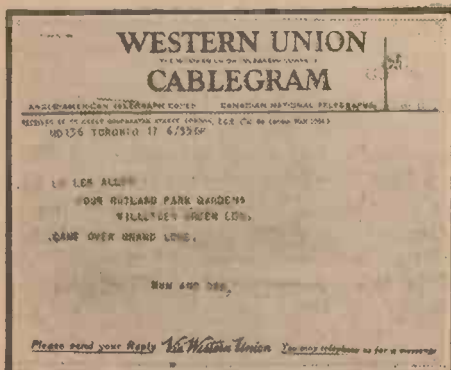
FOR 13 years Jack Hylton's band has been one of the best and most successful bands in this country. But the public wants more than the band—it wants Jack himself. And as America is keeping him for a while yet, his famous organisation here is being disbanded.

Where the Boys Are Going.

The first thing which enters our minds is, "Where are the boys going?" Naturally, musicians of their ability were snapped up immediately. Some of them will go with a few of Lew Stone's old boys to the "Cocoanut Grove," in Regent Street, under the leadership of Bob Woodward, who was at Bournemouth for so many years before leading the band of old Dare Lea-ites at Glasgow for Jack Hylton, and who became Ambröse's manager afterwards.

Sonny Farrar Starts on His Own.

Sonny (Schnozzle) Farrar, who has been a corner stone in the Hylton outfit for years, decided to form his own band. He was actually booked by the Paramount people before he started rehearsing. Such was their faith in this great little showman. He opened at Streatham Astoria on Monday.



Les Allen received this cablegram from his parents after his latest broadcast.

Never Missed a Show in 13 Years.

I don't know yet what will happen to Jack Raine, the trumpet player—the only man who has been with Hylton since the band started 13 years ago. During the whole of that time he never missed a single show or session of any kind. On more than one occasion Hylton and the doctors pleaded with Jack not to work as it was almost suicide. But nothing would make him break his record of "never missed a show."

Here's Hoping.

Billy Ternent, the multi-instrument man, orchestrator supreme, and right hand of Jack Hylton, is now with his chief in Chicago. So the greatest show band the world has ever known has dissolved and passed away. This may not be for all time, so let's hope and pray that some time in the future we'll see the old familiar bill, "Jack's Back," with a re-formed band to give us more hours (and years) of musical delight.

America's Red Norvo.

For a long time it has been obvious to all observant people that the person or persons responsible for the late-night dance records is a "swing" rather than sweet music, man. He seems to be particularly fond of the American, "Red Norvo," so I'd like to tell you something about this guy, Norvo, because amongst other things he has an English counterpart.

Xylophone Players With a Difference.

Red is a xylophone player "with a difference." Unlike all other exponents of this instrument, he doesn't run all over the place just for the sake of virtuosity, but puts rhythm first, last, and all the time. He has as much



technique as any of them, but you get none of those meaningless chromatic scales up and down the instrument.

The Same as Jack Simpson.

Red makes it a unit of the dance band. In that way he is unique amongst xylophone players. The only other person I know who thinks the same way is Jack Simpson, now with Sydney Kyte and formerly with Jack Payne. Jack may do the old chromatics now and then, but not because he wants to—he just feels that listeners expect it.

Rhythm All the Time.

Like Norvo, Jack believes in rhythm—first, last, and all the time. Actually he is the fellow whom you'd least expect to be that way, because he comes from the "straight" school—four years with the Horse Guards, eight years with the Dragoons, &c., and has played scores of times at Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace. By the way, you'll hear Jack in Marius Winter's Hour on Saturday night.

NEWS ABOUT THE

SUZANNE BOTTERELL TO SING WITH AL COLLINS

Suzanne Botterell completes her sixth broadcast this month when she sings with Al Collins and his orchestra on the 29th at 7.45 p.m.

She will also be heard singing with Syd Lipton during the late-night session on Monday, 27th (10.30-11.30, Regional).

FELIX FULTON FEATURES LONDON'S UNDERGROUND

Felix Fulton, who has been responsible for many broadcast features, has

a programme on Friday, May 8th, with the title, "Underground."

This will give listeners some idea of the complexities of working London's vast Underground systems.

NEW NAME FOR NORTH REGIONAL QUINETTE

A combination which has been heard regularly over North Regional comes again on Saturday, May 2, under a new label.

Originally known as the Houghton Quintet, it will now be known as the Jack Hardy Novelty Quintet, and Jack himself lives up to that description.

A native of Torquay, he was a photographer before turning to music. His wife, known professionally as Sadie Jacobsen, is leader of the Quintet.



Never Call Him "Crooner"

Another old favourite comes back in that hour—Val Rosing, who has been studying very hard of late and is now in the top class. Never let Val hear you call him a crooner! He detests it. Son of the distinguished Russian operatic tenor, Vladimir Rosing, he takes his singing seriously. Nowadays he lives in the country, where he and his wife run a small farm as a hobby.

A Football Fan.

Early every morning, when most dance-music personalities are still asleep, Val is out feeding the chickens or something. But even so, I suppose his main passion is football. I'm quite certain that no seat at the Cup final will have cost its owner as much as Val's, for he has refused all offers of engagements for that week. It is quite likely that we will hear him on the air very soon with his own newly-formed six-piece all-star band, called the "Famous Players."

Bravo, Len Bermon!

When Len Bermon left the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra to go into Variety, he

said his ambition was to make a million dollars and buy his mother a beautiful new house. When I saw him at Brixton last week and joked about this, he replied, "Well, I certainly haven't made a million-dollars yet, but I've bought mother the house. I've had it specially built, have called it 'Variety,' and we move in next week." Bravo, Len!

One of the Busiest in the Business.

Ronnie Hill must be one of the busiest vocalists on the air these days. Not content with Lou Preager, Lionel Falkman, "Air-Do-Wells," and goodness knows what else, he does the deputising with Charlie Kunz whilst George Barclay is on tour with Mantovani. It only seems the other day that he started with Dare Lea and was wondering if he would "go over all right." For a real super example of one who has made good—take Ronnie Hill.

What Talent!

It does not seem possible to have a finer team of vocalists than that which Joe Loss has built around himself lately. There's Chick Henderson, Florence Oldham (famous radio artiste of many years' standing), The Blue Notes (newly-discovered vocal trio), and Monti Rey (the Scotsman whose name is really quite different to that and who first jumped into fame with Geraldo).

A Bouquet for Joe, Please.

The band itself is really super now. Is it any wonder that this is the outfit which the profession and the public are talking so much about? Listen to that sax section and ask yourself if it has an equal to-day. But that's unfair to the other sections of the band and the whole ensemble. A bouquet, please, for



Fred Hartley.

Joe, for "getting there" under great difficulties.

Music Hath Charms!

She fell for the leader of the band! The girl is Miss Mary Cecilia Savage, of Maida Vale, and the handsome maestro is Fred Hartley, leader of the popular Novelty Quintet. Here's success to the new combination!



LARRY ADLER
The Virtuoso of the
MOUTH-ORGAN

The Music Goes 'Round and Around.

8748 A Little Bit Independent. Minuet in G (Bach).

8700 'Broadway Melody of 1936.' Film Selection. Parts 1 and 2.

Larry Adler plays a Hohner Super Chromonica.

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STARS AND SHOWS

REGINALD NEW
RECOVERED FROM
ILLNESS
SUNDAY BROADCAST FROM
CHELTENHAM

Reginald New, broadcasting from Cheltenham next Sunday, has just recovered from a six weeks' serious illness. He is now installed as resident organist at a new cinema in Dartford, Kent.

The fates seem to keep Reginald away from regular broadcasting, but there are hopes that he soon may be back in the ranks of the regulars.

* * *

Billy Cotton and his band come again in a late-night session on April 30th (10.30 Regional).

SPECIAL
SOUTH AFRICAN
BROADCAST
RELAY OF EMPIRE DAY
CELEBRATIONS

Special South African programme is due to be broadcast by the African Broadcasting Corporation on May 24. This is intended as a feature programme in connection with Empire Day celebrations.

Later in the year, it is hoped to give a direct broadcast from the Kreuger National Park, in Eastern Transvaal.

* * *

Vincent Ladbrooke and his band, who recently made their first broadcast from Birmingham, are expected again during the first week of next month.

Continuing Tales Of The Road—Herbert Brown Reveals



THE TRUTH ABOUT

Pavement Artists

"ALL my own work."

I wonder just how many times you have seen that notice exhibited alongside a pavement artist's work? How many times have you believed it?

That's probably exactly the number of times you have been wrong. In most cases the pavement artist holds the sole rights of the pictures he exhibits.

Quite a lot of these travellers go about in groups of three. The idea being, of course, that they can take "turns" of sitting with the pictures.

Many of the towns in the provinces have bye-laws which forbid pavement artists to sit in the streets. This, however, does not worry them a great deal as they have their own little ways of surmounting this obstacle.

They divide the pictures among themselves, each taking a separate street corner.

When the policeman happens along, these men plead ignorance of the bye-law and, by the time he has finished telling one he must move off, the other two are raking in the shekels!

It is possible to "work" a town for several hours, simply by dodging to different policemen's beats!

But even this seemingly easy job

has decided drawbacks. The pavement artists, later on in life, generally become martyrs to rheumatism caused through sitting on cold, and often damp, pavements.

The mention of policemen reminds me that the film star who said, "Your English policemen are so wonderful,"

Herbert Brown, once big-time band leader, writes an amazing story of his experiences as a down-and-out.

must have, at some time, travelled the road!

They really are wonderful. A police constable's house is generally good for boots and spare articles of clothing.

If a man is genuine, the police are the first to help. I, myself, have the police to thank for many a helping hand.

On one occasion I was street-singing in Preston. A policeman

came up to me and told me that the Chief Constable did not allow this.

He was very nice about the whole thing and told me to follow him, at a reasonable distance, to the end of the street.

When I reached the last house, I found that he had left me enough money on the window sill to pay for my night's lodging.

There was another incident in which I was concerned where the police again gave me a helping hand.

I had done a job of work for the wife of a Gloucestershire doctor which was worth 12s 6d. I stated my price before taking the job on and this was mutually agreed upon.

When I knocked at the door with the completed work the doctor himself came to the door and gave me—2s 6d!

I naturally told him that this was not sufficient, but he refused to pay any more and concluded by threatening me.

I made the local police station my next call and returned to the doctor's house in the company of a police sergeant.

The sergeant examined my work, pronounced it satisfactory, and priced according to ordinary shop prices.

He told the doctor that if he refused to pay I would be quite within my rights to sue him in the county court.

The doctor's wife became a little scared at that, and went into the house, to return some seconds later. She slipped 12s 6d into my hand with a whispered, "Don't tell my husband!"

As if I would!

But—and here's the amusing part of the story—a few minutes later the doctor also slipped me 12s 6d.

Everything being amicably settled, the police sergeant and myself made our way along the road.

I told him exactly what had happened and he was delighted.

Can you wonder, then, that the sight of a man in blue helps to remind the vagabond that Life, even for him, has its sweeter moments.

Mr Tutt Carries On

Continued from page 18.

saw the crowds surging about that counter, when I thought. . . . Mr Tutt spoke impressively and slowly, impressively so that he might drive the matter home, and slowly because he was within a few yards of the stage where he was to get down.

He hoped to hold the field till the moment when he might make his exit amid patriotic applause. "I thought, madam, when I saw those clocks piled up one above the other, I thought, the time will come. . . ."

The time did come. At that moment the entire company was startled by the ringing of the loudest bell ever made in a foreign country—or so it seemed to Mr Tutt. It rang out from the box on the seat by Mr Tutt. There was no stopping it. It filled the bus.

The large gentleman glared at Mr Tutt. The prim lady pursed her lips. Half the passengers turned round grinning. Happily the bus was already slowing down. In another minute Mr Tutt was hurrying along the pavement,

Horace was waiting for him at the front door. "Hello, dad," he called by way of greeting. "I say, I'll be able to get up in a morning now—Mum's bought me an alarm clock this afternoon, ever such a posh one from the stores, and my hat, you never heard such a bell!"

"Didn't I?" Mr Tutt groaned. Then, relishing the humour of it all, he added, "Oh, well, I don't suppose the clock your mother's bought will last for ever—so here's another for emergency use!"

HEMISPHERE HOBO



ABOUT eight years ago, when I was about to set out from Angola in Portuguese West Africa, a young man came up to me and asked for a job.

It happened that I needed a young fellow who knew a little about safari and stores accounts so I looked the applicant over with interest.

He appeared to be the man I wanted. Strong and used to open-air life—he was a Boer from the Transvaal who had drifted west—he wanted to work his way to the Congo.

Jan Van Wyck got the job. For a time all went well, but within a month I discovered that whatever else Van Wyck could do he couldn't do his work. Nor did he try.

There was one more white man with me, a Belgian. Between these two there sprung up a great friendship, but instead of my hope that Boulanger would steady the Boer it was the other way about.

One night, just after we had got to a place called Broken Hill, I sent for both of them. I warned them that unless they got down to it there was trouble coming.

I expect that, in consequence, I was rather brusque with everyone the next morning. When Boulanger and Van Wyck showed up I was more crisp than consolatory.

TO my surprise, instead of taking away their papers, the Boer turned to his friend and said—

“Come on, Antoine. Since he's so particular about his rotten old accounts and what his London office wants, let him do them himself.”

Boulanger smiled. “Oui, mon ami,” and, turning to me, said, “We've had enough and we've decided that we'd sooner walk round the world.”

It was only last year that I discovered definitely how many hundreds of these restless souls there are—even to whom tramping or going hobo in one small country is not nearly enough. They must wander the five Continents from the Arctic to the Antarctic, from Angola to Vladivostick, and from Alaska to Patagonia.

I saw no more of my two rebels for seven years until a disreputable bearded ruffian walked into the verandah of my hotel in Harbin and asked me if I would buy a picture post-card of himself shaking hands with the

Jugo-Slavian Prime Minister—or it may have been the Albanian Foreign Secretary.

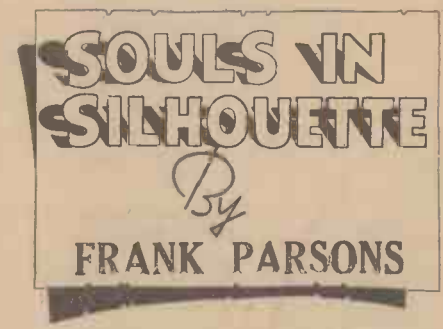
To get rid of the man I bought the cards, which depicted beardless my old friend Boulanger—though it was some time before I remembered him or recalled the details.

It was only when I saw the face was familiar that Boulanger worked it out. That night I passed hours listening to some of the most amazing stories I had ever heard.

It took Van Wyck and Boulanger seven years to reach Harbin. They had tramped all the way—scrounged their way would perhaps have been a more suitable description.

WHAT experiences they had! But I was not only interested in these. It was for the soul behind them that I searched.

I learned that night of their brothers



of these highways of the hemispheres who spend their lives in one long, restless never-ending trek.

To them the end is ever beyond the far horizon—to them the wanderlust is both the kindness of Providence and the curse of God.

Hardened to every climate, tough as leather and with a physique as taut as wire, sometimes hungry and thirsty, sometimes ragged and penniless, friendless as a rule, suspected by every policeman of every country, never a letter to come . . . the hemisphere hobo.

SOMETIMES they fall ill by the way-side. Malarial jungles and tropical diseases take their toll of the strongest.

How do they die? What do they think of? Seldom does a hemisphere hobo talk—let alone write home.

When his time comes he takes his turn with that peculiar code of honour—or dishonour—which he has made

his own. His is a queer soul—just a silhouette.

In spite of their lack of funds, friends and country, they are—in their own way—happy in a way we will never understand.

Every day, every week, every month, every year, there is something new to see, some new sensation to experience.

There may even be an unexpected little windfall, acquired by methods that would not find favour in the precincts of a manse. Then the hobo rests awhile—in some doss house in a locality that appeals to him.

It may be in Istanbul or it may be in Indo-China. There he enjoys himself in ways best known to himself till the money is done.

Then it is the horizon trail again.

WHO are these men. I have only the history of Antoine Boulanger and Jan Van Wyck. From the ends of the earth their souls called each other—and they met. For eight years now they have been tramping the continents. They do not know where they are going. A hobo they met some years previously in Anatolia had told them of a wonder trail in Brazil—another eight years' walk ahead.

Perhaps they would go on there.

Where would they sleep to-morrow? A shrug of the shoulders. Antoine was good at that. What does it matter anyway?

Food?

“Ah, monsieur,” he said, “I could tell you something about that—but le bon Dieu provides. Sometimes the breadfruit tree, sometimes the prizes of an orchard.”

But there is the glorious air of the open world and the tang of the tropical ocean. You have seen the sun rise above the mountains beyond the Nap Chu and set behind the peaks of the Karakoraur.

“That is my life, mon ami—the glory of a freedom where money is really filthy lucre.

“But you and your kind do not understand. How can you?”

But sometimes I think I do understand even though you can only see the flat outline of a soul in silhouette.

AN ALBERT SANDLER FAN.

Dear Rex,—I enjoy reading "Radio Review" very much. It's great to be able to read about one's favourite radio stars. I like Albert Sandler and his Park Lane Orchestra best of all. I do wish it was possible to hear him more often.

The panel portraits were fine, and I should be glad if you could let me know if you will be presenting one of Albert Sandler in the near future.—"W. M." (Shropshire).

Albert Sandler will not be included in the present series.

SAM BROWNE THE BEST.

Dear Rex,—Let me join the throng in praise of "Radio Review." It's on its own.

Now about dance band vocalists, I cannot understand all this fuss about Les Allen.

Les is all right, a good vocalist, and a charming personality, but as most of his fans are of the fair sex, I think he is slightly over-rated.

In my opinion Sam Browne is the finest vocalist of his type on the air. Like your Tottenham correspondent, I think his rendering of "When Day Is Done" reveals real class.

Furthermore, Sam "sings." He is just as good with a quick rhythmic number like "Rock and Roll" as he is with the more sedate songs.

While I still think that Ambrose made a big mistake in letting Sam Browne go, I think this combination is easily the best on the air.—"A. P." (Derry).

TWO TO BEAT THE LOT.

Dear Rex,—As a faithful reader of your pages, I was interested in "Amgebrre's" letter in which he mentions two vocalists, who in their particular spheres are, in my opinion, unequalled.

May I give my reasons for being wholly in agreement with him?

SAM BROWNE—because his voice,

though light in character, is admirably suited to the numbers he so wisely chooses, and because he maintains the same production over the whole range.

His singing is natural, free from the devastating effects obtained by the use of so-called "crooning technique," which introduces, apparently on purpose, "scooping," whining, or whispering, intended, I suppose, to enhance the simple dance tune.

Sam's honest, straightforward method, conveys a sincerity no crooners ever could.

MONTE REY—because of the brilliant, even tone production over the whole extensive range of his voice, the dramatic power and intensity of feeling, the tremendous variety of tone colour, together with a true musical instinct.

Like your correspondent, I, too, have noticed the infrequency of these artistes' broadcasts lately, and cannot see why the B.B.C. should search the Continent for talent when home product is available, capable of beating the foreigner at his own game.

After all, what have these searchings given us? More Crooners!—"Constant Reader" (Glasgow).

WHAT ABOUT THOSE OLD-TIME TUNES?

Dear Rex,—Let me thank you for "R.R." I have been a regular reader from the first week, and I think it is fine.

May I suggest to "A. F." (Glasgow) that it is he who is crazy and not "E. S." (Sandbach). If he hasn't heard enough of "The Music Goes

Round and Round," I vote he should be put in a room all to himself and have it played to him until he is dizzy.

I'll admit the song was very nice to hear at first, but too much of a good thing is bad for you. I would like to hear it again in 12 months' time. May I say to "B. J. C." (Seaford), that they do not stand alone in wishing for the old songs to be revived.

I have approached all my friends, and every one agrees with this idea.

"I Lost My Heart in Heidelberg," "Mona Lisa," "Unless," "In the Gloaming By the Fireside," "Home," "Hills of Devon," "Just One More Chance," "Around the Marble Arch," and "Play To Me, Gipsy," are only a few I would like to hear played again.—"H. R. H. Fan" (Manchester).

LISTENERS' ONLY GRUDGE.

Dear Rex,—This is the first time I have written to you, but I think it is time I did.

I wish to give you some of my views. (1) Regarding "A. D. T.," of Chiswick, W.4. He thinks that there should be no programmes from 10.30 a.m. to 12 a.m. Why?

(2) I think that the B.B.C. puts over fine broadcasts. I have been ill for five months, thus can hear most of the programmes.

(3) Why can't we have different dance bands on at 5.15 (this being my only grudge against the B.B.C.) I am a Hall fan, but putting him on too often makes his fans tired of him, besides everyone doesn't like Henry Hall. Why can't we have other bands on the air? Am I by myself?—"D. R. J." (Hales Owen).

DON'T LISTEN IN
and wonder all the time who is singing that
catchy song. Ask Rex King about it.

IN A CLASS BY HIMSELF.

Dear Rex,—I have just read "Northerners'" opinion as to who are the six best organists.

May I be allowed to express my opinion? Quentin M'Lean is by far the best—his technique and manipulation of the organ places him in a class by himself. Joseph Seal, in my opinion, the most charming player on the air.

Here is my list:—Quentin M'Lean, Joseph Seal, Reginald New, Sidney Torch, Reginald Dixon, Henry Croudson.

Best wishes to "Radio Review"—a great paper.—"Organ Fan" (Batley).

WHERE TO WRITE RONNIE GENARDER.

Dear Rex,—Please can you tell me where I can obtain a photograph of Jack Payne's crooner, Ronnie Genarder?—"Admirer" (Hull).

Write to Ronnie c/o Jack Payne, 288 Regent Street, London, W.1.

WOULD LIKE TO GO TO ROMANO'S.

Dear Rex,—Could you please tell me how often Lou Praeger plays at Romano's Restaurant as I would like to go some time? Does Ronald Hill sing with him there?—"Ronald Hill Fan" (Golder's Green).

Lou Praeger left Romano's at the end of last year.

UP AT SIX A.M. FOR "RADIO REVIEW."

Dear Rex,—Every Wednesday morning I get up at six and make myself a cup of tea, then dash away to the bottom of the street to my newsagent's, to purchase "Radio Review."

A fortnight ago I spotted something which made me yell "Hooray!" at the top of my voice. This brought down the whole family. Had the post brought good news? Had I won the Irish sweep? Why such excitement?

"Look!" I said. "'Radio Review' has a magnificent panel portrait of Gracie Fields next week."—"M. G." (Bradford).

FILM STAR ADDRESSES.

Dear Rex,—Where can I obtain autographed photos of Geo. Raft and John Mills?—"M. S." (Swindon).

Write to George Raft, c/o Paramount-Public Studios, Hollywood, California, U.S.A. You should enclose an international correspondence coupon, price sixpence, at your post office, for a reply. Write to John Mills at G.B. Studios, Lime Grove, Shepherds Bush, W.12

ABOUT CINEMA ORGANS.

Dear Rex,—After reading "G. T." (Hertford)'s letter, I wish to correct one or two points.

Firstly, Quentin M'Lean's organ at the Trocadero, Elephant and Castle, is not the largest Wurliitzer organ in Europe. The largest Wurliitzer is Henry Croudson's magnificent organ at the Paramount, Manchester. (This organ has been recently cleaned, giving it a finer tone than ever before.)

Secondly, after taking a census of organ music from this week's issue of "Radio Review," I found that one and a half hours were devoted to cinema organs, and four and a half to church organs (excluding services, of course).

In answer to another reader, Henry Croudson's signature tune is "My Girl's a Yorkshire Girl."

I think there is no doubt about Quentin McLean being the king of cinema organists; with Sidney Torch, Henry Croudson, Don Thorne, and Harold Ramsay good runners-up.—"B. W." (Manchester).

"Radio Review," April 18
1936.

**REX KING'S
QUERY
COUPON**

FOR ONE QUESTION.



Monte Rey.

FAN MAIL

"ROMANCE IN RHYTHM."

Dear Rex,—(1) Could you please give me a list of the numbers played by Geraldo and his band in "Romance in Rhythm"? (2) Would Geraldo send me a copy of the words and music of "The Music Goes Round and Around"? (3) Where shall I have to write for autographed photos of Les Allen, Len Bermon, and Brian Lawrence?—"J. B." (Manchester, 7).

(1) You do not state which of the particular "Romance in Rhythm" broadcasts for which you require the list of tunes.

(2) You can obtain sheet music of "The Music Goes Round and Around" from your local music-dealer.

(3) Write them c/p "Radio Review."

very good. I, however, prefer Reginald Porter-Brown, as his is such a fine "full organ," and he handles it so beautifully.

Could you please answer this question? When is Reginald Foort due to start broadcasting from the London Paramount Theatre?

Good luck to "Radio Review."—"D. J. R." (Birmingham).

Many thanks for your letter. Sorry have no news yet of Reg. Foort.

WHAT A FAN!

Dear Rex,—I am a very devoted admirer of Henry Hall. I would not miss one of his programmes for worlds.

I write all the programmes down, and I know the date every tune he

- 11.50—Light music.
 - 12.30—The Alphas.
 - 1.0—Interlude of "hot" records.
 - 1.15—The Commodore Grand Orchestra.
 - 2.0—The Birmingham Hippodrome Orchestra conducted by Harry Pell.
 - 3.0—The "Fol-de-Rols."
 - 4.0—This and That—by John Hilton.
 - 4.20—B.B.C. Variety Orchestra.
 - 5.0—B.B.C. Dance Orchestra.
 - 5.30—Five Hours Back.
 - 6.0—News.
 - 6.15—Sports Talk.
 - 6.30—Cinema organ—Reginald Dixon.
 - 7.0—Saturday Magazine.
 - 7.45—Louis Levy and his Symphony.
 - 8.15—The Vagabond Lover.
 - 8.30—Music Hall.
 - 9.30—Café Colette Orchestra.
 - 10.0—News Bulletin.
 - 10.10—A short humorous play.
 - 10.40—"No Longer Appearing"—a programme of gramophone records of artistes who have left the stage.
 - 11.0—Harry Roy and his band.
 - 12.0—Close down.
- Wishing you and "Radio Review" every success.—"Schoolboy Fan" (Gainsborough).

him? Surely the Variety programme that was on from Glasgow could have been broadcast at a later time.

I would like to listen to Fred Hartley, but here again when he is on the air the Scottish programme can be depended on to have Scottish Poetry or Scottish Dance Music. If the Scottish Regional intend cutting out these orchestras, then for goodness sake give us some local combinations.

Something drastic ought to be done about this state of affairs, because at the moment the Scottish programmes are catering for one class, and that class is definitely in the minority.

In conclusion, I would like to say that owing to a man spinning out Scottish poetry, Scottish listeners did not hear the beginning of the Edgar Wallace play, "The Ringer." It is about time the Scottish B.B.C. wakened up their ideas—and that will not be too soon!—"H. D." (Edinburgh).

AMBROSE ON THE TOP.

Dear Rex,—I have been a very keen reader of "Radio Review" ever since it started, and after reading all the fan mail, I have decided to write to you myself.

Whatever listeners can see in Henry Hall's programmes I am sure I do not know. I know that the band can brighten up sometimes, but I am sure that it is not very often. We hear too much of Dan Donovan and not enough of Geo. Elrick. I expect that is because George Elrick is too lively for the band.

In my opinion, there is no dance band to come up to Ambrose. His band is my favourite, although I like Roy Fox and Charlie Kunz. My favourite vocalists are Sam Browne, Elsie Carlisle, and Phyllis Robins.

Would you please tell me where I could write to Ambrose, Roy Fox, and Charlie Kunz?

With best wishes to you and "Radio Review."—"G. G." (Bethnal Green).

NOTHING MATTERS
to Rex King more than a question or an opinion. Send yours along to Rex.

HENRY HALL'S ACCORDIONIST.

Dear Rex,—(1) Is Joe Daniels Harry Roy's drummer; and was it he who broadcast with his "Hot Shots" in the Band Box on Saturday, 7th March?

(2) Are the Harmonica Rascals Borrah Minevitch and his Harmonica Rascals?

(3) Who plays the accordion in Henry Hall's band now?—"Hotcha Fan" (Essex).

- 1. Yes.
- 2. To which "Harmonica Rascals" are you referring?
- 3. Freddy. Welsh.

plays was introduced, or first time played by him.

I have collected thousands of photographs and cuttings, which I have pasted into books.

I have the dates on which any member of the orchestra has left or joined, and also the names and dates of all the guests Mr Hall has had.

I think the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra is the finest of all, and the "Henry Hall Hour" is superb.

Mr Hall himself has the nicest personality in the world, and his speaking voice is the most lovable I have heard.—"I. T." (Liverpool, 13).

WAKE UP, SCOTTISH REGIONAL!

Dear Rex,—I would like to say, in the first place, that "Radio Review" is the best paper ever, and your criticisms are first-rate.

On Thursday, 27th March, Henry Hall was on the London Regional. What have we Scottish listeners done that we are not entitled to listen to

CINEMA ORGANS AND ORGANISTS.

Dear Rex,—Would you please allow me to correct a few errors concerning cinema organists which correspondents have made.

(1) The largest cinema organ outside America is the 30-unit Christie at the Regal, Marble Arch.

(2) The largest European Wurlitzer is the 21-unit one at the Paramount, Manchester.

(3) The above is not the largest broadcasting organ, as both Hawlett (Regal, Hull) and Helyer (Ritz, Nottingham) play 22-unit Conachers.

In case some readers may be interested, the smallest broadcasting organ is the 7-unit Christie so excellently played by Reginald Liveridge, at the Pyramid, Sale.

I cannot possibly name the six best cinema organists, as with the exception of a certain three, who had best remain unnamed, they are all

IS IT A RECORD?

Dear Rex,—All of us here are regular readers of "Radio Review," and one very interesting point of it is your "Fan Mail" page.

I am writing in reply to "M. G." (North Finchley) and "A. B." (Shildon). The latter says he is the proud possessor of 351 photos and 122 of these are autographed. Well, I must go one better with what I think is a world record.

Ernest Cox, of this hotel, is the proud owner of 529 photographs, of which 502 are autographed.

All those photographs are on view to strangers, who come from all over the world to see them.

Any opposition now, Rex?—"Frank" (Elstree).

A DAY'S PROGRAMME.

Dear Rex,—While reading "R.R." dated March 21, I saw in your "Fan Mail" page a letter from a schoolboy fan, "A. D. T.," of Chiswick, giving you his idea of a day's programme. I am a schoolboy, aged 12. Here is my idea of what I should like a day's programme to be. I have chosen Saturday for the day, as I have more chance to listen in on Saturdays.

- 8.0—Dance music.
- 8.45—Gram records, "Variety."
- 9.15—Light music.
- 10.0—Interval.
- 10.15—Daily service.
- 10.30—News for shipping.
- 10.40—Cinema organ music—Sidney Torch.
- 11.30—Talk by Stephen King-Hall.



Anoná Winn.

✕

Rex King will be pleased to hear from you.

Did You Know That News Was Rationed on Long Voyages?

NEWS FROM NOWHERE



By
A SHIP'S
RADIO
OPERATOR

NEWs agencies receive home, foreign and colonial news and, within a matter of minutes, can give it to the whole world. Recently there have been wonderful examples of how speedily news can be set before the whole world. All is taken rather for granted!

Years ago, before radio was used for entertainment purposes, news was "morsed out" all over the world. I have often sat in the wireless cabin of a steamer receiving dots and dashes galore which, when translated into English, meant the newsiest news of the moment.

Passenger ships were not fitted in those days with telephony, those remarkable installations which keep them constantly in touch with the shore. For the benefit of those who travelled in those days, news was sent out from the old Marconi station at Poldhu, in Cornwall. To receive that, the owners of the ship had to be "subscribers" to the service, and of course the big mail boats were able to get a supply of news. Sent out at night, the text would be received, set up on the ship's printing gear, and put on the breakfast tables "all hot."

That was for the passenger liners, but not for the old tramp steamer, staggering away or towards a home port at a crawl of eight knots. Those ships weren't press subscribers.

Still, every radio operator worth his salt used to get "news bulletins from nowhere."

Many nights have I forfeited a good slice of "watch below" in order to pirate the ether and scrape some titbits of news for my shipmates.

You'd be asked day after day, "Any news, Sparks?" "Haven't you heard anything lately, Sparks?" Wouldn't you do a bit of ether scraping? I've done it hundreds and hundreds of times, have tuned up to the long waves and taken down a sheet of slap-bang up-to-date news.

If we've been heading away from home, I've rationed news, knowing that before long we'd be out of range of the fairy news-mother. Half of one news message at a time, gradually eking it out, so that even when no sound of the sending station could be heard a daily bulletin was possible! Nobody could disprove your statements and argue that the news was four days late. Everybody was too thankful to get it to worry about such trifles.

Still I flopped rather badly one trip. The radio man

who had been aboard the voyage previously eked his English news out for eleven days. Mine only lasted eight . . . wasn't there a moan then! Same set, same ship, different operator, and, of course, not nearly the same results! I had a lot of bother to prove I was a radio man at all!

That taught me a lesson, and I used to do a lot of "sounding" when

first giving news, trying to discover how long the last man managed to "get it." It was all happy subterfuge!

Going across the Atlantic I was in the habit of keeping scraps of news "on the ice" until it was possible to pick up the old news bulletin broadcast from Washington Naval Station (N A A). Then things eased up and the morning gossips at breakfast-time took on a decided American flavour, for obviously Washington's broadcast was definitely for American sailors.

Occasionally I would tune in to a couple of mailboats crossing routes, one homeward bound and the other outward. Radio men aboard each would

exchange messages and frequently news items—on a non-commercial wave—anybody nearby would just do a bit of listening.

Any stuff I scraped up like that I used to carbon out into three copies—one for the captain and saloon officers, one for the engineers, and the other stuck up on the galley door, where everybody could see it.

In the Pacific I have sat up for hours tapping the 2000-metre band for Lyons in France. He would be sending news to French Oceania, and I, with a crystal receiver, would be scraping his dots and dashes down. Then, with more cussedness than cleverness, I would spend the next morning's watch translating the stuff from French to English by the aid of a two-language dictionary and a French grammar!

That was very refreshing, for we were crawling up from the Cape Horn regions, three, four, five, and six weeks from the last foreign newspaper. That French stuff lasted me for days and days until I met a friendly operator—he was only 15,000 miles away—who used to switch down on to 300 metres and sling over columns and columns from Los Angeles and San Franciscan papers which he had and which were only a week and a bit old!

A ship's operator
writes again—
gleaning the ether
for news.

A PRESENT FROM UNCLE SAM.

Carolyn Marsh Comes to Town



BEAUTIFUL, petite, unaffected and an attractively shy personality, plus a keen sense of humour and a pair of laughing brown eyes.

Got it? Then you've got a pretty good idea of what Carolyn Marsh is like.

Carolyn is another of America's gifts to the Old Country. She sings sweet and hot numbers like nobody's business.

Carolyn is still a little staggered by the success she has made over here. She told me that it was well worth all the trouble she's had.

The 'plane in which she was travelling to New York overturned on landing, and poor Carolyn regained her senses in a hospital bed. The boat on which she should have made the trip meanwhile had left New York.

"I had to come with the next 'boat,'" said Carolyn (in a chat with "Radio Review"), "which happened to be the Bremen."

"I had to hustle so much that I went aboard the Bremen with only a small suitcase—feeling very much of a stowaway."

"Will I ever forget that voyage? Never. I was sea-sick all the time!"

"At Southampton I had another ordeal. My journey had been made in such haste that I couldn't land until the American Consul had come aboard and made out my passports."

"My passport pictures were taken in Southampton."

"I rushed straight to the Palladium, and managed to have a half-hour's rehearsal before making my first appearance in the show."

"At my first performance I felt so groggy that had I not been able to hold the microphone I'm sure I must have fallen."

"But the reception I received after my first performance was worth coming all those miles—and more."

"You know, it's something of an ordeal leaving home and all those you love, for the first time to appear on the stage in an unknown country."

"Several doubts passed through my mind. Then I met, among others, Richard Crean (musical director at the London Palladium), Flanagan and Allen, and Harry Roy."

"Several people in the States told me that the English had hardly any sense of rhythm."

"Well, Dick Crean has more rhythm than any musician in the States. Were he to make the trip across the Atlantic he would

immediately be hailed as another Frank Black."

"He has feeling, rhythm, swing; in fact, everything. The perfect maestro."

"As for Flanagan and Allen and Harry Roy, I guess you know them far better than I."

"These two comedians have a style that is universal. They need have no fear if they ever decide to try their luck across the 'herring pond.'"

"Harry is—well, just Harry! The complete showman! He'd be a sensation any where."

Carolyn Marsh is a true New Yorker, having been born in Brooklyn, New York City. She studied opera as a child until she was seventeen. It was suggested to her that an operation on the throat would give her voice more volume. By a pure accident, following the operation, she developed a husky voice.

She has since sung with Rudy Vallee, Glen Gray (Casa Loma), and Lenny Haydn.

Max Baer was a great admirer of Carolyn, and frequently used to wait for her between shows.

"Max is really a great guy," said Carolyn, "and as enthusiastic as a youngster of eleven."

"Before I say 'good-bye,' I'm sure you'd like to know how your own Ray Noble is faring."

"In the words of a popular song 'He's the Top.' Everybody is just crazy about him, and we're all agreed he's a swell guy."

"I don't think you'll be seeing him again for a very, very long time."

A LISTENER'S OWN REPORT

THE Ullswater Committee on Broadcasting was appointed to consider the constitution, control, and finance of broadcasting in this country, and to advise generally on the conditions under which the service should be conducted after December 31, 1936.

Our correspondent, for some reason or other, was not invited to sit on the Committee.

Still, he didn't mind. He just sat down and wrote a report himself. It less formal than the report of the Broadcasting Committee, it contains some equally far-reaching conclusions.

Here it is:—

Gentlemen,

I have been a listener for eleven years and a bit. I'm a listener—nothing else. That is my only qualification.

It is as an average listener that I am presenting my report.

First of all, I think I can say that for a great many things the B.B.C. may be congratulated and thanked. There has been some very good music broadcast and some very good educational stuff. I don't listen to the last myself, but it has been very useful to my boy.

There are far too few people who have

AN AVERAGE LISTENER PUTS FORWARD A FEW PROPOSALS.

learnt how to broadcast. I recommend that Sir Walford Davies be immediately offered a permanent post, at a salary that will induce him to accept it. He is "Master of the King's Musick" already. I want him to be made "Master of the People's Musick." It should not be necessary to fire a few colonels, generals and baronets from Broadcasting House in order to pay him a proper salary.

We listeners do not care a great deal about general principles—what matters is the personality of those broadcasters who have succeeded in putting themselves across on the ether.

Do you know that thousands of us still think longingly of the days of Jack Payne? All because he was able to show himself to us as a person across the microphone.

Next, and in most ways more important, are the amusement and dramatic programmes. I report, without the slightest hesitation, that these will not do. Plain words are the only ones that are any use here. Variety programmes are not frequent enough, and they are not funny enough. The dramatic programmes are boring.

You have got to engage really funny

comedians and music hall artistes, and give them firm contracts. You have got to engage really good writers—dramatists, libretto writers and humorists—to work regularly with the actors, and think up new stuff, in consultation. Surely you don't need me to tell you that that is the only way in which really funny acts are put across!

Do you think that Clapham and Dwyer's dialogue falls out of the moon? Or that George Robey's patter isn't thought out beforehand? Of course not! Team work! Pick the best people you can, never minding whether they come from a public school or not—and give them good contracts which will keep them tied up to you.

The B.B.C. is very rich. Many other firms, including the one for which I work, would be glad to have £2,000,000 as capital, not as income. It is ridiculous to say that it "cannot afford" to buy the best performers. It may be true that it cannot pay, individually and once at a time, the fees for one single broadcast wanted by Tauber or Kreisler, but what it certainly can do is to offer contracts over a period of time, which will get for it even the first-rate artistes.

Let us have no more talk about "can't afford it," then. Let us have less playing for safety and more adventurousness.

Your obedient servant,
Henry William Smith,
Listener.

HIGH SPOTS OF THE



Martyn C. Webster.

WEDNESDAY.—The main National feature takes listeners back to the colourful Elizabethan period and is entitled "London Calling — 1600." Herbert Farjeon has visualised an Elizabethan listener and his wireless set—what sort of programme would he get? This is timed for 10 p.m.

On Regional at 7.30, Al Collins brings his Orchestra to play Dance Music, and Suzanne Botterrell will sing the vocals. At 8.5 p.m. there will be a Chopin recital from Warsaw by Aniela Szleninsda (soprano) and Atnryk Sxponba (piano). Also on this region is a concert devoted to the music of Scandinavia, conducted by Eric Fogg. At 10 p.m. the "Aristocrats of Rhythm" gives us a "Song at Twilight" for ten minutes.

On Midland, the Snibston Colliery band, conducted by J. W. Beniston, give a concert, and the soloist will be Samuel Saul (baritone). This is followed by dance music played by Billy Gammon and his Star Players. Then there is a concert by the B.B.C. Midland Orchestra with Julius Harrison as Guest conductor. The vocalist will be Alice Vaughan, contralto.

In the Welsh programme, Mozart's Twelfth Mass will be relayed from Bangor Cathedral. Leslie Paul is the organist and choirmaster.

Northern has a Sea programme by Huddersfield Glee and Madrigal Society, supported by the B.B.C. Northern Orchestra and conducted by Roy Henderson and T. H. Morrison. The programme will include Thomas Wood's "Forty Singing Seamen," and Robert Bridge's "The Chivalry of the Sea," set to music by C. Hubert Parry. The Kensington Junior Choir will also be heard. This choir, formed three years ago, is conducted by Miss Phyllis Dunkerly.

The Northern Ireland microphone visits Portaferry, the quaint little fishing town, which faces the narrow entrance to Strangford Lough.

* * *

THURSDAY.—The National feature at 8.0 is a play written by Mungo Dewar, "Eight Bells." Mr Dewar is an executive of the Variety Department and was at Belfast before going to London. The play gives the true atmosphere of life aboard a "happy" ship. Typical characters will be introduced.

Regional has a play at the same time—Philip Wade's well-known play, "The Game."

Also on this region is another, "Camp Fire on the Karroo," whilst Dr Malcolm Sargent will conduct the British Womens' Symphony Orchestra (led by Grace Burrows).

On Midland in the afternoon there is a revue, "Song of Spring," by Martyn C. Webster. Book and lyrics are by Charles Hatton, and music by Michael North. There are three new artistes in the cast, including Joan Carter, William Chambers and Maurice Westhead.

West region have a Variety relay from the Palace Theatre, Plymouth, during which listeners will hear Troise and his Mandoliers with, of course, Don Carlos singing. This evening the band of His Majesty's Royal Marines (Plymouth Division), conducted by F. J. Ricketts will be heard with Vera Devna (soprano).

One hundred and ninety years ago the Battle of Culloden was fought, and during this period and shortly after, many excellent songs were written. The Scottish programme will broadcast several of these with the help of Ethel Maclean (soprano) and Neil Forsyth (baritone), and the string section of the B.B.C. Orchestra conducted by Ian Whyte.

There is a relay from the Grand Theatre, Bolton, in the Northern programme, and Northern Ireland takes the play, "The Game," from main London Regional.

* * *

FRIDAY.—At 8.15 p.m. National relays Philip Wade's play, "The Game." The B.B.C. Orchestra (Section D), conducted

by Sir Hamilton Harty, give a concert of Russian music.

At 8.15 p.m. on the Regional wavelength, Fred Hartley and his Novelty Quintet, with Brian Lawrance, play one of their popular programmes. Kneale Kelley and the B.B.C. Variety Orchestra give a concert and later in the evening Ernest Lush will be giving a Harpsichord recital.

In the Midland programme, immediately after the First News, Harry Engleman (piano-forte) and Marjory Astbury (violin) give a light programme, then Sydney Weale will give an organ recital from the Town Hall, Hanley. Peterborough Theatre is the next theatre to be visited in the "Variety of Theatres" series. Northern have a Gramophone Recital, "Personal Column," by Raymond Burns.

In the West programme the Exeter Male Voice Choir, conductor, W. J. Cotton, give a recital from the studios. "Y Gwanyn" (Spring), a short play by T. C. Murray, is on Welsh. "Fancy Free" on Scottish, is forty-five minutes of varied entertainment given by students of Aberdeen University.

* * *

SATURDAY.—There is another "Music Hall" programme on National at 8.30. Artistes include Len Bermon (whose first appearance at the microphone this will be since he left the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra last year), Norman Long, Billy Bennett, Don Rico and his Gypsy Girls and Murray and Mooney with, of course, the Variety Orchestra

TALKS AND

WEDNESDAY.—The "Housekeeping in Adventure" series having come to an end, to-day sees the beginning of a new series. The title is "Life in the Arctic," and the talker is Edward Shackleton, son of the famous explorer, Sir Ernest. He does not propose to talk to us of the scientific side of the Oxford Expedition, with which he did yeoman service. Instead, he will tell of personal experiences and life in general in the Land of Long Evenings. Time is 10.45 on National.

Another new series starts at 6.50, also on National, under the title "London Scenes." To-night Mr Harold Nicholson, old friend of listeners, talks of the House of Commons.

At 8.30, on National, Constant Lambert appears in a new guise. Hitherto we have known him as a conductor and composer of serious music. To-night he talks on "The Origins of Modern Dance Music." It should be interesting to have a musician of Mr Lambert's ability discussing this art.

From West Regional this evening there is the sixth discussion in the series called "Village Opinion." This one is called "Some Domestic Problems of the Village." We are to hear a statement of actual conditions from a labourer's wife.

* * *

THURSDAY.—The morning's talk at 10.45 is in "At Home To-day" series—on National. On National at 3.50 there is the "What Do You Think?" chat for listeners at leisure, this time with the title, "Grown-Up Denmark Goes to School." Mr Frank Herbert, who has made a close study of the subject, is to tell us of this scheme in Denmark whereby farm lads and others are given intensive educational courses during the winter months.

At 7.30, also on National, R. H. S. Crossman comes to the microphone for the last time in this series to hold up Plato for judgment once more. His question to-night will be, "If Plato Lived Again—would he modify his views of life?"

From Midland, in the series of "Club-Room

Conversations," George Liddell interviews Major Frank Buckley, Secretary-Manager of Wolverhampton Wanderers, who gives his impressions of pre-war football. Major Buckley played centre-forward for Aston Villa, Birmingham, and Derby County, and for England against Ireland in 1914. He was severely wounded in 1916, and after the war was manager to Norwich and Blackpool Football Clubs. He came to the Wanderers in 1927.

* * *

FRIDAY.—Another new series starts this morning on National at 10.45, called "Health at Your Service." Speakers are to vary from week to week. To-day we are to hear a County Medical Officer of Health tell of his day's work.

At 6.50 on National G. H. Middleton brings one of his amateur friends to the studio for the regular monthly chat on beginner's problems. At 8.0 Mary Luty takes us on an Empire Tour, and there is also a new series of Keyboard talks due to begin this evening. These are to be given by Leslie Heward and Victor Hely-Hutchinson.

From Welsh Regional Sir Thomas Hughes gives the last talk in the series of personal recollections, called "I Remember." Sir Thomas is to talk of the old days when Cardiff had no City Hall, no University, no Lord Mayor.

Last talk of the evening is on National, at 10.0—first of another new series, called "Three Nations." The "nations" referred to are England, Scotland, and Wales, and speakers will briefly discuss the question of the Nationalism of all three—it's the old Home Rule business over again.

* * *

SATURDAY.—Parliament having risen for the Easter recess, there is no "Week in Westminster" talk this morning. At present the date is blank.

The Sports talk at 6.30 is on the sport of whippet racing. Later, between 8.0 and 9.30, there are the usual "Topics in the Air," also on National.

WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

conducted by Kneale Kelley. At 11.40 p.m. Marius B. Winter and his Dance Band will play.

Regional has relay of Act 2 of "Carmen," from the Sadler's Wells Theatre at 8.55 p.m. At 10.30 Marius B. Winter plays Dance Music for an hour. Midland cinema organ recital at 6.30 is by Harry Farmer, from the Granada Theatre, Bedford. Follows one of Robert Tredinnick's "At the Sign of the Dancing Bear" gramophone recitals. The revue, "Song of Spring" which had an afternoon session on Thursday, is repeated just before the Second News.

Northern, to-night, broadcasts the first of a serialised "shocker" which is to be put over in six weekly instalments. The title is "Mystery Week-End." It has been adapted from "Week-end at Thrackley" by Joan Melville. The serial deals with mysterious happenings in a lonely mansion on the Cumberland Fells.

West relay "The Last Voyage," by Edward and Theodosia Thompson, which was heard on National and Regional last year. A programme devised by Alec Mackie and produced by Moultrie Kelsall and described as "Kitchie Concert" is on Scottish.

* * *

SUNDAY.—National Morning Service is from Govan Parish Church (Church of Scotland). Regional Service comes from Muswell Hill Methodist Church. From 9 p.m. to 9.45 there will be a typical programme by Mantovani and his Tipica Orchestra.

Regional also has "Lavenham," a feature

programme described as "A radio presentation of a Suffolk village." A brief history of the village will be given and then a number of villagers will speak of their work and daily lives.

Welsh Religious Service is relayed from Horeb Methodist Church, Bangor.

Reginald New returns to broadcasting with a recital from Midland, from the Town Hall, Cheltenham. This will be followed by a light programme given by Harry Pell and the Birmingham Hippodrome Orchestra.

The Wessex Quartet come to the Western microphone again to give a light concert. Soloists will be Vera Roe (soprano) and Purnell Atwood (violinello). This quartet, formed two years ago, broadcast for the first time in September, last year. Carolare, conducted by F. A. Witshire, comes from the Central Hall Methodist Mission, Bristol.

Northern Ireland have a concert by the B.B.C. Northern Ireland Orchestra, conductor, E. Godfrey Brown. John St Oswald Dykes (pianoforte) and Anna Reid (soprano) are the soloists. Scottish relay "Good Maister William Elphinstone," a chronicle play by George Rowntree Harvey. This is the story of the life of the great Bishop of Aberdeen and founder of its University.

* * *

MONDAY.—Next in the series of "Famous Trials" on National is "The Trial of Titus Oates," the notorious conspirator of the days of James II. Production is in the hands of Owen Reed, from Birmingham, who has exchanged for a time with Howard Rose,



Billy Bennett.

who goes to Midland Regional. At 9.0 the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra directed by Henry Hall have a dance music session.

On Regional, Geraldo brings his "Romance in Rhythm," another popular programme. At 9.0 the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Dr Adrian Boult, will be relayed from the Salle Pleyel, Paris. The orchestra is now on a Continental tour.

After the First News in the Midland programme, Edgar Morgan, conducts the B.B.C. Midland Singers, then the Norris Stanley Sextet give a programme of Country Songs and Dances.

Rosina Daniels (contralto) and Arthur Trayhurn (bass) will be the artistes in a concert from the Western studios. The choir of the Bristol Choral Society, conducted by S. M. Underwood, also visit these studios. The solo artiste will be Mary Hamlin (soprano). On Northern a new dance band makes its debut—Reece's Dance Orchestra, directed by Bert Pearson.

* * *

TUESDAY.—National relay the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Dr Adrian Boult, this time from Munich.

At 6.50, Jay Wilbur and his band play "Melody of the Sky," with Charles Smart at the organ.

Regional chief interest is centred around the Variety programme, at 8.15 p.m., with Aunt Fanny's Nephew, Fred Duprez, Norah Williams and Wilkie Bard in a sketch entitled "The Night Watchman."

On Midland the Clifford Quintet play ballet music. The Quintet consists of Hylda Pratt, Dorothy Hemming, Elsa Tooley, Lena Wood and Frederick Bye. West relay a concert by the Phiftene Singers. This party of singers was formed five years ago from men employed by the Great Western Railway. The soloist will be Kitty Adams (soprano).

Northern broadcast a sketch with the title, "Lincolnshire Levity," and, following this, part of a village singing festival held under the auspices of the Lindsay Rural Community Council from the Portland Place Memorial Schools, Lincoln. Dr Gordon Slater, organist of Lincoln Cathedral, conducts the singing.

Welsh relays "In a Cardiff Dock." Microphones will be placed at the Queen Alexandra Dock and listeners will hear what happens when a coal boat comes into dock.

TALKERS

SUNDAY.—On National at 5.10, Canon A. C. Deane is to give the first of a short series of talks on "Church and State." Talks will deal specially with the problem of Establishment.

At 6.45, also on National, Mr Harold Child comes to open yet another new group of talks—on "Living in the Past." Just as the "Imaginary Biographies" series dealt with the unknowns of history, so this series deals with the lives of ordinary men and women. To-night's talk, for instance, is on "Going to the Theatre," an interesting subject.

At 8.15 (National again) we are to hear a talk on "The Problems of Evil," delivered by Rev. J. S. Whale, President of Cheshunt College, Cambridge.

Four-star entertainment is promised at 9.0 on Regionals, when Max Beerbohm comes again to talk about "Speed." Max, celebrated wit and caricaturist of Edwardian London, has only been before the microphone once before, in January, when he told us of his rediscovery of London. That talk was voted to be one of the best broadcast talks since broadcasting began. To-night's subject offers scope for an equally brilliant exposition.

* * *

MONDAY.—Still they come! Another new series begins this morning, under the title "The House that Jack Built." It deals, of course, with housing problems of the ordinary man. To-day we are to hear a discussion between a housewife (Mrs Edna Thorpe) and an architect (Mr A. E. Kenyon). Time is the usual; 10.45, on National.

At 6.50 this evening (still National), Mr Tom Harrison gives another of his charming bird talks. This time he asks us to "Consider the Little Owl."

At 7.10 we are to hear a new voice talking to us about "Books." Sir Ian Hamilton is to come along on this occasion. Special interest will attach to hearing what books appeal to this grand old soldier. At 7.30 a new series of Nature talks

for Discussion Groups begins. Talker is Professor J. Ritchie, who is to take us "Behind the Scenes in Nature." Prof. Ritchie is Regius Professor of Natural History at Aberdeen University.

Midland offers an interesting item this evening—a return visit to the studio of George Levarne, the Birmingham bricklayer who is a gramophone enthusiast. You may remember his talk in January, when he told us "What My Gramophone Means to Me," illustrating his talk with records from his collection. To-night is a "follow-up."

* * *

TUESDAY.—Mrs Helen Bruce, West Country housewife, continues the "Cook's Morning" talks to-day at 10.45, on National. She discusses "Catering for the Small Family."

At 7.30 Professor R. Coupland, of Oxford University, and H. V. Hodson, Editor of the "Round Table," start a new series of talks on "Empire Affairs."

Northern Cockpit this evening occupies its time with a discussion called "Broad or Fine?" Query applies to speech of the North Region. Various speakers will take part, from the University Professor who deplores the decline of dialect to the village schoolmaster who spends a lot of time correcting what he regards as the slipshod and slovenly speech of children taught to use dialect in their homes. Between these extremes we should hear something entertaining as well as interesting.

After the Second News, on National, comes the talk of the night—or if it comes to that, the talk of the year! Nothing less than Mr Neville Chamberlain talking about the Budget he introduces to the House of Commons this afternoon. Let's hope he doesn't have to be too apologetic!

Last talk is at 10.0, on National, in the "Down to the Sea in Ships" series, saga of British Shipping Industry. Sir Richard Holt is the talker; his subject, "Port to Port."

The Strange Case of Betty Campbell

(Continued from page 15.)

she reported. "A man from the gas department came while I was upstairs and told Lily about it. A pipe burst last night and they had to turn all the mains off. It's all right now. He's turned it on again."

"Thank you," said Mrs Dickson.

She heaved a sigh of relief as the maid went out of the room. So it was a coincidence, after all. Horrible luck, but better than anyone suspecting what had happened. She'd had a nasty fright, but now she could be glad that things were no worse. It was annoying, naturally.

She'd have to start all over again with a different plan. But as she drank her tea she congratulated herself that she had managed to turn off that tap unseen. Though she had failed, she had done no harm. Betty had no idea that anything out of the ordinary had occurred.

When she was dressed she went along to her daughter's room and told her of their failure.

"Oh, what rotten hard luck, mother!" said Lena. "Fancy them turning the beastly stuff off on just this one night. It almost looks as though—"

"Well?"

"As though there's a kind of fate about it."

"Rubbish, child! A strong mind makes its own fate." Mrs Dickson smiled. "We shall make another plan. This time we shan't fail."

Another Demand

IT seemed to Betty that neither Mrs Dickson nor Lena were in the best of tempers as they drove to the store. She herself felt quite fit again. Her headache vanished as soon as she had got up. She was looking forward to the day with enthusiasm.

She was so very happy that sometimes she wondered whether it wasn't too good to last. She enjoyed her work at the store, and knew that she was beginning to get a good grasp of it. In addition, of course, she always saw David there. It was seldom that a morning passed without them contriving at least a few moments alone together.

Besides this, she and David were in the midst of choosing furniture for their new home—a most exciting occupation which could not be hurried over.

As she met Mrs Dickson's smiling gaze, she realised that she had another cause for gladness. Aunt Mildred didn't seem to mind a bit about losing the store. Most people would at least have been very grumpy

about it. Lena, too, was as nice as anyone could be—even though she did seem a little upset this morning.

Lena, indeed, was more than a little upset. Though she had not confided in her mother, she had been banking a great deal on the attempt to remove Betty. Ever since the change of ownership of Dickson & Grant's had been announced she had been conscious of a cooling off on Stephen Brade's part. She knew that unless circumstances changed before long she would lose him.



Betty reads the amazing message.

As soon as they reached the store she left her mother and Betty and made her way direct to Stephen's office. He was frowning over some papers as she entered. The frown did not entirely disappear as he looked up at her.

"Hello!" he said.

"Hello, Stephen! You don't seem too pleased to see me."

"What rubbish! Why should you think that?"

"I don't think it. I know it. There was a time when you'd have jumped up and—"

"Oh, for the love of Mike, don't start talking that way, Lena! I was busy, that's all." He rose to his feet and held out his arms. "I'm always glad to see you."

She sighed as she kissed him. She knew she was treading a path that could lead only to disaster. It was foolish to try to buy his love. But she couldn't bear to lose him.

"You're worried, aren't you?" she said.

"Just a little," he admitted.

"More debts?"

"Yes. I can pay them, of course. But—well I'm nearly broke again. Things were worse than I thought when you—helped me before."

"Poor Stephen!" She ran a caressing hand through his wavy hair. "I don't think you're fit to have money. You need someone to look after it for you."

"I'll have to get some before there's any chance of that."

"I'll see that you do. Stephen, you know that I love you, don't you? You know that I'd do anything in the world for you? I can't bear to see you worried. I'll get you some more money—now."

"But how—"

"Never mind. I'll get it. That's all that matters, isn't it?"

"Oh, Lena!" Fervour was back in his voice as he clasped her to him again. "You're a darling! I—I don't like taking it from you, but—well, I'm in rather a mess."

She had won him back again—for the time, at any rate.

"Don't you worry," she said. "Leave it to me."

At first Lena had thought of giving Stephen her own five hundred pounds. But she changed her mind.

She went straight along to her mother's office. Mrs Dickson was busy going through correspondence with Betty, but soon found a pretext to send her off on some errand.

"Well, what is it, Lena?" she asked, rather irritably. "I can see you've something on your mind."

Lena sat down on the edge of the desk.

"I want a thousand pounds, please, mother."

(Continued on opposite page)

TO THE FAIR SEX

(Continued from page 10)

took seven or eight hours a day, in Programme Research she always has to leave something over till to-morrow! Presentation is her strong point.

An important member of the Programme Research section is MARY H. ALLEN. She ought to have been a film star, and bears a close resemblance to Esther Coleman. She has eschewed vaudeville, and concentrates on drama of the more serious type.

As secretary to Denis Freeman, she learned a great deal of programme production. Miss Allen has been given a position in the programme research section, where she can be as creative as possible in B.B.C. programme ideas.

B.B.C. talks may not interest you if you do not get home till late at night, but to women who are at home all day they are often full of good domestic information. So a woman takes a big part in the selection of the talks

and their presentation. She is MARGERY WACE, who specialises in the morning talks to women.

MARY SOMERVILLE is another of the thoughtful women at Broadcasting House. She is in the Education Department, putting the human touches to the afternoon talks to schools.

Here again, this may not seem a subject of interest listeners to Variety, but it is of paramount importance to the thousands of children who listen to these daily talks.

No list of women behind the radio programmes would be complete without a reference to MISS G. FREEMAN, the woman's supervisor. She engages the girls in the various offices and has to control all staff matters connected with the girls employed by the B.B.C. She has little connection with studio matters, and has never broadcast; but the welfare of the large female staff who do have close contact with the programme is her charge.

The same might be said of MRS DUBARRY and MRS COX, who look after the B.B.C. canteens at Broadcasting House and at the Maida Vale studios. They are Ministers of the Interior to radio stars.

"You want—what?" gasped Mrs Dickson.
 "Another thousand, please. Stephen's in trouble again."
 "Good Lord, girl!" Mrs Dickson's irritability flamed into anger. "Have you no sense of decency? To come to me at such a time, demanding money—and such an amount! Where do you suppose I shall get it?"
 Lena shrugged. "I want it. That's all."
 "Well, you can't have it. I haven't got it."
 "I'm sorry, mother. You'll have to find it."
 "What is the good of talking like that? I couldn't lay my hands on a thousand pounds to-day if my life depended on it."
 "Perhaps it does."
 "What do you mean?"
 "Don't let's quarrel, mother," said Lena. "You know perfectly well that you've complete charge of Dickson & Grant's. It's quite

simple for you to find a thousand pounds."
 "Of the firm's money?"
 "Why not?"
 "But that's embezzlement, child!"
 "Maybe." Lena's voice sank lower. "But embezzlement isn't as bad as murder—or even attempted murder."
 Mrs Dickson's eyes hardened into hatred. Then, with an effort, she smiled.
 "All right, my dear," she said. "I'll see what I can do. Now run along. I'm busy."
 "I want it to-morrow, mother," said Lena.
 "Very well. I'll do my best. Off you go."
 When the door had closed Mrs Dickson sat at her desk staring straight in front of her. She would stand it no longer!

What was the good of being mistress of Dickson & Grant's if someone else could command her? What was the good of wealth, of power, if she must live in constant dread? Somehow Lena must be dealt with.

Betty came in and Mildred Dickson had to hide her thoughts, to pretend an active interest in the day's work. But, at the back of her mind, this problem was continually seething. Even as she signed letters and cheques her brain was ever grappling with the one question—how could she escape from Lena's domination?

Eventually she began to see vaguely how this must be done. If she could devise another plan to get rid of Betty, a plan which would utilise Lena as the active instrument of death, all would be well. Lena would be incriminated then.

How could this be done? Lena was not at all likely to fall blindly into any trap. Somehow, she told herself, she would manage it.

Difficult though Mrs Dickson's position was, Henry Wellwood was planning to make it still more uncomfortable.

And so, one morning, Betty received a letter which surprised her. It was a very neat letter, the message being written in careful block lettering. It was on a single sheet of cheap notepaper and bore no address. It said simply—

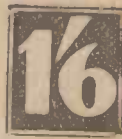
"You think Mrs Dickson is your best friend. You are wrong. She is your worst enemy. She has already tried once to kill you. She will try again."

Will Betty Campbell take this warning?
 Read next week's instalment.

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