RADIO REVIEW

The Snappiest Thing in Broadcast Criticism

RADIO STARS AT PLAY

1—Fred Hartley is a keen motorist. 2—Reginald Foort caught at his 'plane before a flight. 3—Jean Conibear is a fencing enthusiast. 4—Arthur Calkin, Bert Wilton, Harry Roy, Maurice Sterndale, and Syd Roy cheer the incoming batsman. 5—Billy Cotton is a hot motor racer. 6—Les Allen takes the family for a spin. 7—The Western Bros. make for the golf course. 8—Tiny Winters, Alf Noakes, and Nat Gonella of Lew Stone's band, snapped on the links.

Mostly Personal

-but the dog listens in to Sam Browne and Elsie Carlisle, Ambrose's Crooners

DO you know that CLAY KEYES, who juggles with Indian clubs, is the "HAVER" of Haver and Lee, the "Fun Racketeers?" Clay is not an American at all; but, like so many other comedians, was born in Liverpool. "Lee" is an American, but when they are on the air you cannot tell which is which as far as accent is concerned.

Not At All Funny.

Haver and Lee took their act over to Ireland recently, to Dublin and Belfast, and their visit to Dublin happened to coincide with the Irish Sweep draw. Having a small pecuniary interest in the sweep, Clay went to see the draw, and was all agog to hear his own name called out. The first ticket which came out of the drum while he was there was owned by someone who called himself "Hee — Ha — Ha! !" of Willesden! Clay didn't think it was a laughing matter, so he went off to a rehearsal!

Shooting.

When the pair got to Belfast, it was LEE'S turn to be laughed at. Their gangster act demands that they should carry revolvers, for which, of course, they have to hold a permit. The Scotland Yard permit does not hold good in Dublin, which is Free State territory, and certain formalities had to be gone through there.

Into Quod.

Lee went round to the local police station and explained the position, only to be told that he must go to gaol while a fresh permit was made out. He found himself in a cell with several people who had been hitting the high spots, and was only released when he had spent an hour in their company! At last he was rescued by a policeman, who demanded five shillings for the new license and took Lee out and stood him a drink! Let justice be done though the heavens fall!

Marvellous.

CYRIL SHIELDS showed me some marvellous photographs of himself taken with some of the animals at the Zoo. I saw him showing a card trick to three monkeys, producing the ace of clubs out of the hippopotamus's mouth, and changing the zebra's stripes into stars! He knows them all by name, even the lobster who sits up and begs for him.

Moral—Keep Walking!

Cyril's other hobby is waxworks. He loves to saunter round and see if any new notorieties have been added to the collection. He had just come out of the "Chamber of Horrors" on his last visit and was standing still, wondering where to go next when a small child dug her mother in the ribs and said, "Oh! Look! There's one of Cyril Shields!"

Following in father's footsteps—Kenneth Sydney Baynes and his father, both orchestral leaders.

When Radio Folk Entertain

There's No "Goings On" in Broadcasting Land A Few Intimate Friends —And We're Happy

PEACEFUL entertainment seems to be the cry of the radio folk. Their working lives are hectic and they seek relaxation in their amusements.

Nearly everyone I approached spurned the idea of bright parties with crowds of people, half of them gate-crashing at the instigation of another guest, laughter, cocktails, and social glitter. "Give us a few intimate friends, the right environment, and we are quite happy," was their decision.

Mamie Soutter, who returned to the microphone last week after an absence of some months, told me that she never gave organised parties.

"I hate to fill my flat with a host of people I scarcely know," she said. "The ideal way to entertain friends—in the summer, of course—is to motor them to Marlowe, or somewhere else on the Thames, swim with them, and then have a quiet meal at some country hotel."

Another person in favour of country entertainment is Max Kester, who has recently joined the B.B.C. after a spell with a recording company.

"Tennis parties for a mixed crowd are ideal," Max told me. "Strawberry and cream teas, an hour or two on the river in a punt, an alfresco supper on a shaded island with a band of really good musicians playing serious music. Perhaps at the end of this, if the moon obliges, a nice dip in the river."

"Music is essential, I think," Max continued. "Not the rhythmic groan of gramophone jazz, but music from musicians in the flesh. I remember once hearing a man practising his violin in a boat. It was a most delightful and refreshing experience."

What Do You Think of the B.B.C. Programmes?

Radio Personalities and Their Chatter

SHEILA BORRETT'S FECAMP TRIP— ROBERT HARRIS THE SHOWMAN

Shiela Borrett.

While I was talking to Cyril, SHEILA BORRETT arrived on her way to the Theatrical Garden Party in Regent's Park. Sheila still does a lot of broadcasting although she is no longer an announcer. That was a fascinating job which she was sorry to give up. But that was before the twenty-four hour clock came in!

At Fecamp.

I think the microphone must have some sort of fascination for Sheila, because she even spent a week-end in Normandy in order to make some announcements there. I was very interested to learn that she had been to Fecamp, because I have been there and know what a delightful place it is.

Big Betting.

We both remembered the glorious view from the top of the cliff, and had memories of the dreadful foghorn, which seems to go on all day and all night. If Sheila goes there again, she is going to put one franc on rouge for me at the Casino, and I shall do the same for her. But I always lose!

Can I Knock 'Em Down?

In the end, I went to the Theatrical Garden Party. As I expected, all the broadcasting stars were there. The first person I spoke to was ROBERT HARRIS, whose poetry readings are so popular. Bobby tried to induce me to pay sixpence for the privilege of throwing two balls at a "cocker"-nut. I refused, not because I am mean, but because I always win!

It Can't Be Done.

Bobby is another of those people who started his stage career in the Dramatic Society at Oxford. Later he went to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art and won a two years' contract with Basil Dean at the St Martin's Theatre. He is back there now with "The Wind and the Rain," and looks like staying there for some time. A few years ago he had a serious illness, but he is now completely recovered. You can't run a "cocker"-nut shy unless you are absolutely fit!

Sam Costa, who will make a return to the mike with Van Straten's Orchestra.

Half London Wants "Invites"

To Jeanne de Casalis's Parties But Brian Michie Prefers the Golf Links

Brian Michie likes the country, and takes his friends for a round on the golf links at week-ends.

"I also give Mah Jong parties," he said. "Do you know how to spell it?" he amended with a chuckle. "I played Mah Jong in the open air the other night. It was grand."

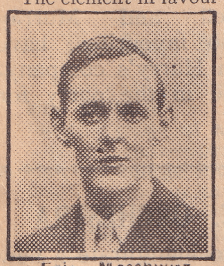
"I once tried it," I told him. "It seemed quite simple."

"Ah, yes, but it's really very complicated and highly scientific if you play it properly," Michie explained.

Philip Ridgeway favours the sea for his entertaining. "I never go into a private house for a party," he declared. "I hate a crowd of people all chattering about the same thing—themselves.

"I had an ideal day the other Sunday. I took a party of friends down to Brighton. We went for a steamer trip round Beachy Head, and then had a pleasant dinner on the Palace Pier. I can assure you that, as we had all been working hard in the morning, it was a very welcome recreation."

The element in favour of Town entertainment is also large.

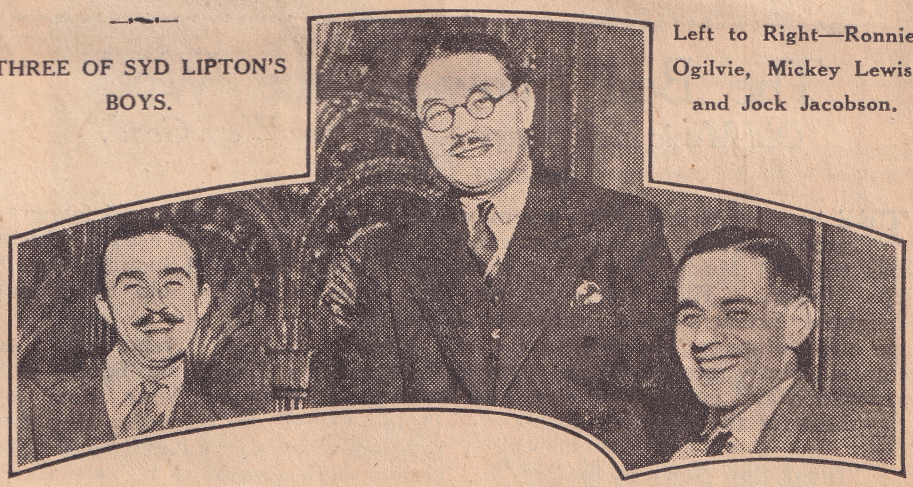


Eric Maschwitz.

Eric Maschwitz and Val Gielgud give parties together in either Eric or Val's flat. They collect a few intimates and discuss all matters of interest and importance in the world. Their guests are fed on Polish hors d'œuvres (zakuska) "Our Polish ancestry coming to the fore," Eric told me laughingly.

Mabel Constanduros and Michael Hogan give very select parties at Mabel's flat. Dorothy Ward caters for her guests' appetites with excellent and well-chosen viands; and Jeanne de Casalis's parties are well known all over London. When invitations are issued half London appears on her doorstep ready for the fun. Each guest is expected to give a performance of some sort, so Jeanne's parties are somewhat like a variety show!

THREE OF SYD LIPTON'S BOYS.



Left to Right—Ronnie Ogilvie, Mickey Lewis, and Jock Jacobson.

"Stiffy" Mollison.

CLIFFORD MOLLISON was trying to induce unsuspecting visitors to try their hand at Corinthian bagatelle, which they did in large numbers. "Stiffy" Mollison is as successful on the air as he is on the stage and screen, and that is saying something. He was on this occasion just as successful as a showman, and I was not the only person to be persuaded to give a shilling to the Actors' Orphanage.

—Rex King Will Be Glad to Have Your Views.

STOP PRESS !

"HONEYMOON IN PARIS"

Carroll Gibbons Not to be on the Air

Carroll Gibbons and the Savoy Orpheans will not be heard, after all, in Austen Croom-Johnson's "Honeymoon in Paris" programme.

Croom-Johnson is taking in a special combination which will appear as "A. C. J. and his Soft Lights and Sweet Music."

Carroll and his Boys have another date for radio, so, all being well, fans will not be disappointed.

GERALDO TO REPEAT NON-STOP SHOW

Geraldo tells me his recent "non-stop" programme is to be repeated in its entirety either at the end of next month or early August. Dates not yet finally fixed.

Geraldo's Orchestra will be heard in "International Cafe"—the new Eddie Pola programme—announced also for next month.

LEW STONE SENSATION

Gonella and Litter to Leave at End of June

VARIETY TOUR LIKELY

Following the statement made in "Radio Review" a fortnight ago that Nat Gonella would soon appear at a London West End music hall as a solo variety turn, accompanied by Quaglino's Quartet, comes the sensational news that he and Monia Litter, the pianist, will both leave Lew Stone's band at the end of June.

This means that Nat will probably make an extensive variety tour, although it is doubtful if the quartet would be able to go with him into the provinces.

Apart from his stylish trumpet playing, Nat's vocals have been a vital part of Lew Stone's broadcasts, and he will be sadly missed on the air by the Tuesday night fans.

Nat Gonella's place will be filled by Clinton Ffrench, and Stanley Black will succeed Monia Litter.

COMING EVENTS

RADIO SHOWS YOU SHOULDN'T MISS

WEDNESDAY—
"The Kentucky Minstrels,"
Negro Spiritual Show.

THURSDAY—
"The Lost Horizon,"
Play, by James Hilton.

FRIDAY—
Review of Midland Revues

SATURDAY—
Orchestral Concert, relayed from Whitby Spa.

MONDAY—
"The People of To-day,"
Procession to the accompaniment of "The Knightsbridge March," played by Callender's Band.

TUESDAY—
"Honeymoon in Paris,"
Musical Comedy.

The Best Show of the Week

Old Music Hall Songs—And They Were Good, Declares Rex King

THE hour which has given me most real enjoyment during last week was the Old Music Hall songs from The Holborn. These items not only delighted listeners who remembered the original songs, but they were also enthusiastically received by the younger generation and people who were hearing them for the first time.

"Break the News to Mother"

It was interesting to hear that song, "Break the News to Mother," described by the announcer as "a serio-comic song." I have recollections of hearing this song in many odd places, and always it was treated in the most serious vein. Sometimes it seemed almost sacred. While the song has been sung I have seen tears roll down rough cheeks, and I have seen the eyes of a young man flashing at the romantic story it suggested. Maybe we are too tough these days!

Bertha Willmott was in her usual happy mood, and she recaptured the lilt and swing in the song, "You Made Me Love You." Another old favourite which the message boys used to whistle was "In the Good Old Summer Time," and once more the old spirit was caught.

John Rorke's rendering of "Alexander's Rag Time Band" and "Ting-a-Ling-a-Ling," as sung by Dennis O'Neil, all helped to keep this programme on a very happy level. The chorus work seemed to be particularly good, and I felt that each song deserved to lift the roof.

Tom Costello Does His Bit

Tom Costello was the distinguished visitor on this occasion. He sang his famous naval song entitled "I'll Stick to the Ship." He sent it over in true heroic style. Just as the captain went down with his ship, Tom Costello went down with the listeners.

I am glad to be able to tell you that these shows will be revived during the winter, and we will all be looking out for them.

THE MAN FRAE INVERSNECKY

Harry Gordon's National Date

The Man Frae Inversnecky, Harry Gordon, has a National wave-length relay on July 5th.

Harry has a following not restricted to north of the Tweed and many southerners will book the 5th for an evening indoors.

Raymond Newell and Murray Stewart, both radio favourites, have been in Aberdeen in Harry's company. Maybe they will be in the party for the relay.

A NEW B.B.C. ORCHESTRA

The B.B.C. are to inaugurate a new broadcasting orchestra for light entertainment.

Sixteen instrumentalists will make up the orchestra, which will be under the direction of Kneale Kelley. He will cease to conduct the B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra, and will concentrate almost entirely on light entertainment programmes, with popular selections on Sundays.

Start This Great Series To-day

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF A DANCE BAND MUSICIAN

A once-famous West End dance band drummer, earning anything from ten to twenty pounds a week, L. Ash Lyons, the writer of this series, to-day counts himself lucky to get fifty shillings a week as a photographer's salesman.

A life of luxury as a favourite West End dance musician at £20 a week is a far cry from selling picture postcards in the Isle of Wight. But that's what has happened to me.

In the hey-day of my career I wouldn't have thought that possible, but Fate can play some strange tricks even to the luckiest of us.

Little did I dream when I was playing a set of drums that cost me £60 in Sidney Firman's Radio Band, in 1927, that a day would come when I would be glad to sell my beloved instruments for £6. Little did I know when I was giving my television lecture on drums and drumming in August, 1931, that some day I should be wearing my boots out selling pictures.

I suppose it's life, and all in the game. One day you are riding the crest of success, the next you are out of work, penniless and tasting all the gall of bitterness and disappointment. Glad to accept sixpence from a pal for a snack.

The Army Made Me a Drummer

Born and educated in the Kentish cathedral city of Rochester, I was originally intended for the trade of an optician. My parents—good souls—spared nothing to ensure that my college education was the very best possible, and in 1914 I was sent to London to complete my course of training.

Doctoring eyes didn't particularly appeal to me. Still it seemed as good as anything, and it is possible that to-day I might be earning a good living as an eye specialist but for one thing that happened soon after I arrived in London.

War was declared, and, being of military age, I joined up. The army made me a drummer. Looking back to-day, I cannot make up my mind whether that was a good thing for me or not.

Well, as I said, they made me a drummer, and I was as proud as punch. I served through the war, and afterwards what was more natural than that I should look around for some "civvy" job where my acquired

Top picture shows a typical scene in Archer Street, London. Bottom—L. Ash Lyons.

—and proved—knowledge and skill would serve me well?

Music, just after the war, was in a pretty chaotic condition, but I could not help noticing one very radical change. "Ragtime" had become all the rage.

Into a Dance Band

I was lucky enough to link up with a small band with an engagement at Hastings. Our pay was only a few shillings each evening—with refreshments provided—but it served to give me experience, and I took it gladly. That was in 1919.

For a time I jogged along merrily. Two years at Hastings gave me a thorough grounding. Ragtime developed into jazz, and the modern dance music began to evolve slowly but surely

In 1922 I moved to Manchester, "working" the first palais de danse ever opened there. I was happy, and tasting the fruits of sweet success—financially—much better than eye doctoring, I thought, foolishly perhaps, as things have turned out. Little did I know what was in store.

London is, of course, the mecca of every dance musician's dreams. The sooner I could get a job in London the better off I would be. So to London I went.

My first set-back, but only temporarily. In Town I found that all business was arranged through agents, each of whom took their "tally" from one's success.

But so long as I was working I didn't care how much it cost me. I succeeded in getting several West End engagements at hotels and restaurants. I was soon earning something like £15 weekly.

When Henry Hall Was a Pianist

I went up to Manchester again for a short time and played in a hotel band there conducted by a man named Hederer. The pianist was a clever young fellow by the name of Henry Hall.

It was in Manchester that I made my first broadcast. I was on the air six times in succession with Shorrocks's dance band at Trafford Park. After each broadcast the B.B.C. treated us to a fine meal of fruit pie and tea!

But I wanted to get back to London, where I considered the best chances lay, and near the end of 1924 I returned to pick up, almost at once, a Continental theatrical tour. The salary was to be the princely one of £20 a week and all expenses paid, too. Had I "arrived"? I think I had.

Again I little knew what was in store for me. Touring in that show as a chorus girl was a girl who is now a famous cinema star—Lillian Harvey. That show was a fateful one for both of us. Whereas she has gone on from success to success, I—well, I'll tell you next week what happened to me.

BROADCASTING PERSON

Rex King Tackles the Studio Audiences

THE visible audiences are getting out of hand again. During a recent variety show they were quite unruly, and spoilt many of the songs and jokes by prolonged applause.

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STUDIO audiences are an ever-present evil, and it is the job of the B.B.C. to keep them under control. I was very annoyed to hear the visible audience during the show entitled "Out Of Town." I wonder it did not strike the producer that they absolutely ruined the whole illusion. The artistes were supposed to be on holiday. We heard them on the sea, in the train, at the station, in a charabanc, and on the Broads. We knew, of course, they were in the studio, but the purpose of the producer should have been to hold the holiday illusion. Every time the audience clapped, the whole idea of the show fell through.

Unwanted Guests.

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THE clapping audience in a theatre is different altogether from a studio audience. If a party of high-spirited people walked on to the stage in the middle of an act, the illusion would be spoilt. That is exactly what the visible audience does to the loudspeaker.

It's All Wrong.

A Good First-Timer

A FIRST appearance is always interesting. My interest in Jack M'Carthy grew every time he came over, when singing with Fred Hartley and the Novelty Quintet. Jack sent us across many sweet, pleasant notes, and there was a neat refinement about him which made his singing very restful. His best numbers, I thought, were "Dolly Day-Dream" and "Old Violin." I always think Fred's Scottish selections are the best part of his programme. He seems to get an amazing amount of feeling into these ideas, and the way he allows the fiddle full scope is attractive.

Fred Hartley's Latest.

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IN that series of talks entitled "Mind The Doctor," I was led to believe that we had been listening to men who could give us the last word on their particular subject. We have been listening to medical men and psychologists, and they have been laying down the law, and we simple folks have been accepting it and maybe trying to follow out their directions. And now into these talks there came another expert who tried to show that most of the other talkers who had gone before had been telling us a lot of bunk. What are we poor listeners to do about it? This kind of thing will kill those talks stone-dead. Unless you are an expert, and are prepared to devote a lifetime to a subject, they seem to be of very little interest.

"Mind The Doctor."

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THE B.B.C. should quit trying to make their talks last half an hour. I have listened frequently to G. M. Boumphrey give the series "Along The Roman Roads." I find his descriptions becoming very monotonous, and it is of little interest to be told that he is moving from one place to another, and getting the same kind of descriptions again and again. If his talks were cut down by half, I think they would be very acceptable. I enjoy this speaker when he lashes out against those folks who are ruining the beauties of our countryside.

Monotonous Talks.

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I THOUGHT Jeanne de Casalis did a very risky thing when she called her hour of entertainment "A Charity Affair." Nobody likes charity. No matter how you try to heat it up, charity will always be cold, and this affair certainly lived up to its name.

Cold Charity.

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AUSTEN CROOM JOHNSON was at this "Charity Affair." For the first time in his life, he came as a crooner. The song he sang was entitled "Like A Pair Of Slippers." The sentiment was silly, and Austen's voice came over in a dull and deadly tone. **With his sweet music, Croom Johnston has no equal, but someone has advised him wrongly when they told him he should croon.** He brought along William Stephens to sing the theme song of "Honeymoon In Paris," which is a Croom Johnston talkie, and I liked the vigour and tunefulness of the song.

No, No, Austen!

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BERN ECKS, the man who lies down to get his voice over, has a definite radio personality, but he will kill it stone-dead if he persists with his Yankee accent and his Blanktown M.P. stuff. He can safely let that stuff go now, because he has proved that his other jokes and wise-cracks can hold interest.

Bern Ecks Comes Over.

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INTO this programme there came a man with a name of Wilhelm Grosz. I confess the name was new to me, and I expected to be told something about him. All we were told was that he was a foreign gentleman with a piano, but the piano had no hammers or strings. Then we got a selection, which included a fox-trot. The sounds seemed to be made by someone knocking on hollowed wood and brass tubes. I suppose it was a novelty instrument, but as we were not told, the whole thing was very unsatisfactory.

We Didn't Understand.

A happy couple, and don't they look it? Ernest Butcher and Muriel George.

George Barker, popular radio personality, s trophies

MAX KESTER recently went to Broadcasting House to write comic sketches. We heard one of these when Harry Tate and Hughie Green came across with "Private Detective And House Agents." This was a very poor affair, and the jokes were as pointless as Mr Blunt. We got all the old stuff associated with the dud detective, and I found that Harry Tate's high-pitched, clinging voice began to get on my nerves. **It is evident that the B.B.C. are strangling our laughter-makers.** This source of entertainment is fastly drying up, and the only hope I see just now of getting any good variety is the outside broadcasts from the actual stage and from the seaside. Let's hope this will not be neglected.

All The Old Stuff!

REX KING'S The Snappiest Thing

THE Italian composer, Leone Sinigaglia, was on for half an hour with music from his home land. He had with him Charina Fino Sacio, who proved to be a beautiful soprano singer. The songs were mostly folk songs, and an explanation of the meaning of the songs was given. When the singing started, however, I am prepared to say that not one in ten thousand could follow the song with the slightest intelligence. The recital was all right as a background for dish-washing, but as dramatic singing or the understanding of folk songs, the value was nil.

Some Italian Music.

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I SHOULD like the B.B.C. to show a little more consideration when breaking into a programme. The other night Syd Lipton had just announced that Charlie Price would sing "It's Funny to Everyone But Me." I was looking forward to hearing Charlie sing this. I had heard the other bands at it, and wanted to make a comparison. Just after the singer had got his first note the mike went dead, and then we were told how the fight between Jackie Brown and Anglemann was going on. By the time we went back to the band the song was finished. Why

A Bad Break.

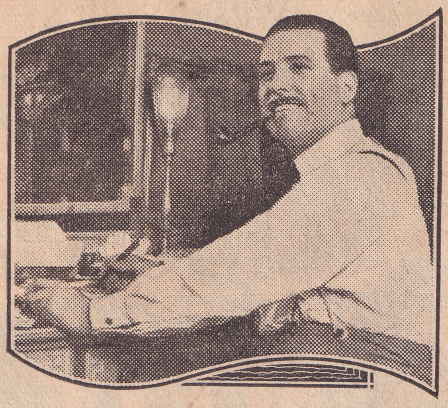
What a "T.T." Commentator Said

"Stanley Woods should have been here at 1.20, and it's now one—I beg your pardon, 13.22."

"He passed here at 13.28, which is thirteen minutes past one, for those who are not mentally alert."—**He's telling us!**

NALITIES IN PICTURES

, shows his daughter some of his ies.



Debroy Somers, well-known dance-band leader, snapped in his dressing-room.

couldn't the announcer have waited until the end of the song? The B.B.C. intend to develop this breaking-in habit, and I want to warn them before they start the storm.

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Thanks, Syd.

I ALWAYS find Syd Lipton's a very satisfying band to listen to. For one thing, he has got a nice variety of vocalists, and for another thing Syd can play the fiddle. I thought that was a good idea of his to bring back one or two of the not so very old tunes. Syd gave us "Our Last Dance." Jack Plant sang and Syd Lipton played his fiddle. Moments of real melody! I think I should give the glad hand to Jock Jacobson for the way he sang "Waggon Wheels." This song has been murdered, smothered and strangled. Jock is one of the few who sing it. He takes a good bite of his words, and you get it from him deep-throated and strong. During the singing of this song I was particularly struck by the fine trumpet playing in the background.

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Those Song Words.

BUT this thought struck me while listening to this band. Most of the bands have their own arrangements for the various tunes. Isn't it a pity they all have to use the same words? Every new song we get seems to be sillier than the last one. When "Cupid" was being played a friend asked in all seriousness if the title was "Stupid." If you get tired listening to some of the tunes just you begin listening to the words, and their sheer senselessness will either stagger you or make you break into fits of laughter.

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No Tattoo.

THEN there was that expected break-in which never came. I refer to the Aldershot Tattoo. Here was blazing, flaring materials for the finest outside broadcast in the world. The world's finest military bands, a spectacle of colour and movement which should have been a delight to broadcast. It was due on at 10.30 p.m., but did not come. About 11 p.m. the massed bands broke into the programme and blared a few notes. It was too bad. A special inquiry should be made into this blunder and a public statement made. Think what an American announcer or descriptive speaker could have done with the Tattoo! **Listen for the burst up at Broadcasting House.**

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"The Keys."

ONE thing kept haunting me during "The Ceremony Of The Keys." It was those ghostly footsteps. **The ten minutes during which the broadcast lasts is the most impressive of the whole year.** We seem to be taken right away from the present age, and get an atmosphere of mystery and romance—and all the time these footsteps go on and on and on. They seem to have started from an unknown past, and are going into a future beyond our knowledge.

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A Note Of Hope.

THERE was something strange, too, in hearing the words, "Pass, King George's keys." The keys seemed to take on some magic power, and I found myself hoping that those keys would open the door of a bright future to all of us. This broadcast has not only the merit of being entertaining, but it is bound to give us a stronger conception of the history of our country.

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Courage!

WHILE this bit of life from the past was being broadcast, it suddenly dawned on me that the chiming of the clock was playing an important part in the scene. The hour was ten o'clock. I breathed a sigh of relief when no word was mentioned of "22 hours," and I congratulate the announcer on having the courage to keep out the new clock on this old-time scene.

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Kitty Masters.

I FIND the singing voice of Kitty Masters very pleasant. She is very easy to listen to, her diction is clear, and there is melody in her voice. I have heard her singing "Little Man," "It's Funny To Everyone But Me," and "When A Woman Loves A Man," but I am not yet convinced that these are songs which are most suitable for her. In the last-mentioned song, the tone is thin and streaky. It lacks warmth. I should like to see Kitty getting songs with a little pep and ginger in them. For instance, what about "Smile, Smiling," and "Let's Have A Little Bit Of The Briny"? I am quite sure her voice is made for the happy and bright songs.

RADIO CRITICISM In Broadcasting

The B.B.C. Programmes Fearlessly Criticised

Lou Preager's New Singer.

I WAS listening to Lou Preager in that comfortable, lazy kind of way which means, of course, that the music was sweet and soothing. I had heard Harry Bentley and that fine selection entitled "Waltzing Round The World." Then an entirely new voice broke on my ear. I sat up with a jerk, feeling sure that a new star was flashing across the air. The voice was quiet, but rich in tone, and there was no doubt about its radio appeal. This lady, Gloria Kaye, was very bright when singing "Riding In The Row." Here's hoping her star will shine long and brightly.

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Oliver Says Good-bye.

I HEARD Oliver Baldwin bidding us good-bye as a film critic. As he put on his gloves to go, he got in a few clever k.o. punches. I should like to back him up in what he said about bringing across second-rate foreign actors, actresses, and cameramen, when we have first-rate people of our own who are on the unemployment list. This matter should have immediate attention.

A Straight Tip to the B.B.C.

"The Calendar."

EDGAR WALLACE'S racing play, "The Calendar," was not properly focussed at the start. It was some little time before the listener was able to place the characters. This fault could easily have been rectified if we had had a brief close-up of each of the performers before the start of the play. This has been successfully done on previous occasions. I think it should be continued until a better method is devised.

* * * * *

How They Played.

ONCE I got the characters sorted out, I began to enjoy the play. Patrick Waddington was very fine as the happy-go-lucky Captain Anson. Valentine Dunn had a few very difficult emotional scenes to get over as Molly Panniford—she had to keep very restrained, and she did so. The other character who got a real chance was Cathleen Nesbit, as Lady Wenda Panniford. Miss Nesbit had to slip from the apparently sympathetic character into a treacherous villainess, and she did this very cleverly. The sparkling dialogue and swift turn of the word which we associate with Edgar Wallace was there to be picked up by the keen ear.

* * * * *

Two To Note.

BARBAR and Lorimer, who were on a recent variety show, billed themselves as "modern songsters." They have good voices, and their style is simple and effective. This was the first time I had heard them, and I thought they should be of considerable help to a few of our dancé bands.

Oh, For The Good Old Days!

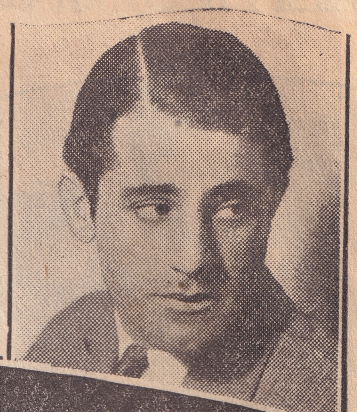
Rosemary Maxwell takes you back a few years, when the B.B.C. was a "one-roomed" show.

Make sure of your copy of

Topical Times Radio Review

THEN— 2/6 A Week As A Hair-Dresser

NOW— ? As A Crooner



THE AMAZING STORY OF AL BOWLLY, ACE OF CROONERS

IF you go along to Al Bowlly's attractive green flat in Charing Cross Road, and have a chat, you will hear the most startling life story a crooner is capable of telling—told with superb clarity and detail.

Al's story starts with the black plague. At least, it was during this terrible scourge that he was born, in Portuguese East Africa. As soon as the family was able to move from the affected area, Al's father took them to Durban, and from there to Johannesburg, where Al grew up, doing everything that small boys do.

When he was eight, Al worked in his brother-in-law's hairdressing saloon for two-and-sixpence a week—scrubbing out the place, preparing hot towels, and sweeping up hair, and when he was twelve he gave his first haircut and shave.

All the family played various string instruments at this time, and Al had cultivated the guitar habit. Singing was almost as natural to him as talking. He sang in a Johannesburg church choir and at his work, accompanying himself on the guitar in the little parlour behind the shop in his odd moments.

Al Gets His Break

One day Edgar Adeler, who ran a pierrot show and managed the principal dance halls in Johannesburg, came in for a shave, and, hearing Al crooning in his familiar, casual way, asked him if he would like to "earn a bit on the side" by singing in his dance halls. What boy of fifteen doesn't want to earn a bit "on the side"?

So Al accepted like a shot, and was soon earning twelve pounds a week!

Later, he toured Africa with his boss, appearing in such places as Nairobi, Mombasa, and Zanzibar. After that came an Indian tour, and while they were playing at the Eden Gardens, Calcutta, they landed an important engagement with a music hall in Afghanistan. This turned out to be a failure, however, owing to the arrival of a certain General, whose sudden appearance prevented all the soldiers in the locality from attending the show that night!

At Samarang, Al had a spot of bother with some other members of the troupe, and promptly left the show, without his week's money. Broke and alone in Samarang! How would you like it?

Well, Al was planning where to sleep on the night he quit, when he met the manager of the theatre where he had last appeared. The manager, a kind old man, converted one of his dressing-rooms into a bedroom for Al, and there he spent several nights.

Meet the Trapez Artiste

One night Mr Shwartz, who ran a big theatre in Sourabaya, spotted Al in the theatre and said, "Hey, Bowlly, I've been looking for you. You're coming into my new show!"

Well, in those days crooning wasn't Al's only job. He did comedy features and acrobatic turns. It was during a trapeze act in this new show that he contracted a serious injury from a kick, which necessitated his retiring to hospital for an operation.

The operation was successful. It took place early in the week, but on the following Monday Al was due to fulfil an important engagement at the Grand Hotel, Calcutta. And they had threatened not to let him out of the hospital for another fourteen days! Meantime, Polly, his doctor's daughter, had grown very fond of him, and seeing that he was really well enough to work again, helped to smuggle him from the hospital at dead of night. She got him into her car, covered him with blankets and drove at full speed to the quay, where he took the boat for Calcutta.

The boat arrived on Sunday night at Calcutta, where further difficulties arose.

After six, the Customs officials were absent, and no passengers were allowed to land until their return the following morning. And Al's contract insisted that unless he showed up at the hotel before ten on Monday morning, the engagement was automatically cancelled. Al just had to get off that boat!

Well, he did get off, thanks to his experience as a trapeze artiste, and the aid of a length of rope. He arrived at the hotel at exactly twelve minutes to ten. But he needn't have bothered, because he soon got sacked for dotting a tough guy on the jaw when he heard him using bad language in the presence of ladies. So back to Singapore Al went, and here he found a cable from Adeler, his original employer, who offered him a job in London.

At Paris, Adeler had promised to cable some more money, but the tourist agency had mislaid the cable. For three days Al roamed the streets of Paris with nine francs in his pocket, until the agency ultimately discovered his cable.

So he shaved, bought himself a good meal and some new clothes, and took the first available boat back to London. But he was too late this time. The job was already taken.

Into Roy Fox's Band

Anyhow, Adeler introduced Al to Fred Elizalde and Len Fillis at the Savoy, and it was there that he first began singing in London.

Then one day Bill Hardy, the drummer, told Al that Roy Fox, who was opening at The Monseigneur with a new band, wanted a singer. Afterwards, as you probably remember, Roy went to Switzerland for his health, and the band was taken over by Lew Stone, with whom Al now sings and broadcasts.

But Al doesn't believe that crooning's a new fashion. Twenty years ago, in the "pre-Crosby" days, he was singing exactly as he does to-day.

When The B.B.C. Dance Band Singer Was A Kiddie

Les Allen's Parents Write to Radio Review Readers

"RADIO REVIEW" has received the following letter from Mr and Mrs H. E. Allen, father and mother of Les Allen, of the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra. In this letter Les' parents tell of their son's youth.

Toronto.

Mrs Allen and myself were both of musical families. I have recently presented Les with a medal which was presented to his grandfather for being a performer and member in the orchestra in the Handels' Festivals, and who was an oboe player, taught by Michael Coster.

Les was singled out one day as a boy with a nice voice, and was then trained, and before his voice broke won several medals. At the age of thirteen he was playing with me in one of the best military bands in Toronto.

I then purchased an Eb alto saxophone, practically then unknown in Canada, and for some reason met with wonderful success. Three others in the band got them. We were the only four saxophone players in Toronto at the time—there are now about four thousand!

Les was chosen at the age of seventeen to tour Western Canada with a good band, and met with great success everywhere when he played and sang.

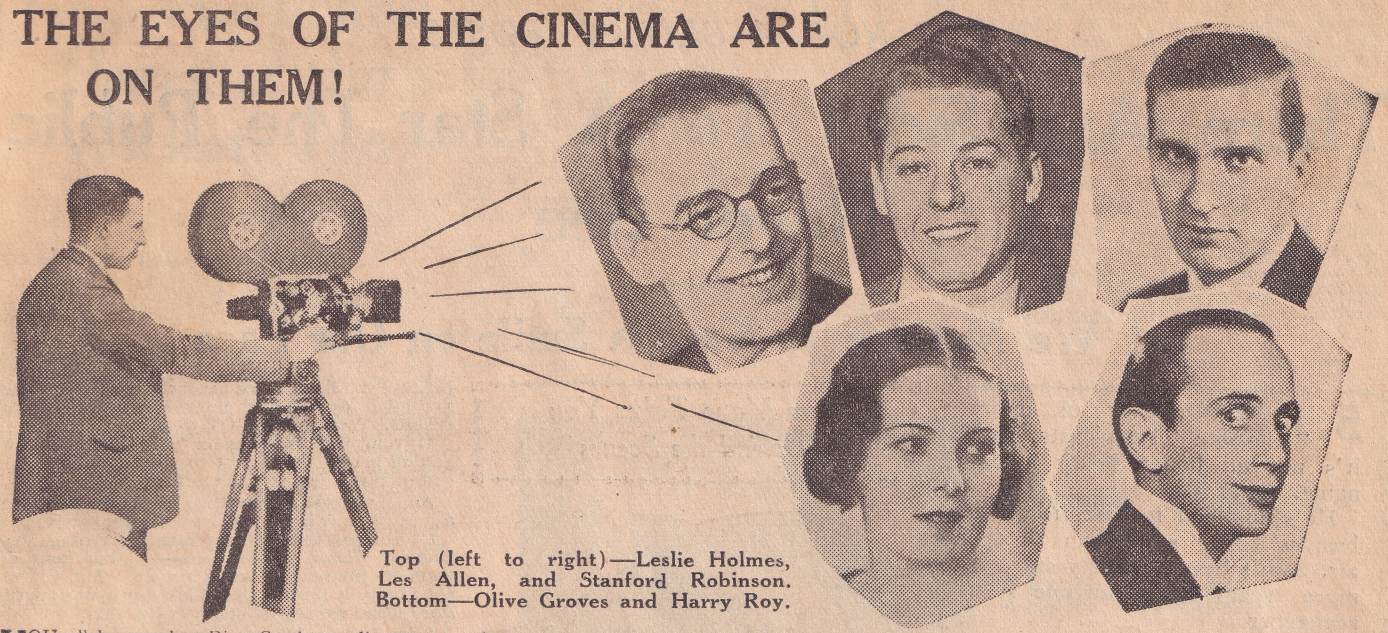
A year or two in Toronto and then to London, with the Toronto Princes Orchestra.

From then on Les has made steady progress, and when I received, through the Mayor of Toronto, the cable from the High Commissioner, telling of my boy's success, both my own and his mother's cup was full to overflowing.—Yours sincerely,

MR & MRS H. E. ALLEN.

Here's Les Allen in his band uniform.

THE EYES OF THE CINEMA ARE ON THEM!



Top (left to right)—Leslie Holmes, Les Allen, and Stanford Robinson. Bottom—Olive Groves and Harry Roy.

RADIO MADE THEM—BUT Could They Conquer The Film World Too?

YOU all know what Bing Crosby, radio star of the States, has done in American films since the talkie folk took him up.

Well, surely amongst our own stars of radio there are some who, given the backing they merit, would conquer the film world, too. Let's try to pick them out.

A certain winner would be the renowned Harry Roy. This has already been recognised by theatrical magnates, for recently he was offered a leading part in "Happy Week-End," at the Duke of York's Theatre. Harry turned it down, though he could have asked practically any figure he liked. "Money doesn't mean a thing to me," was his reason. "I never seem to have any, however much I earn." His band and his own folk, he said, was all he cared about.

But if only the films could grab him, he'd be a riot! His audacious "Joe E. Brown" grin, his wickedly rolling eyes (Eddie Cantor sytle), his laughter-choked voice and droll manner, would surely cure the deepest blues for any film-goer!

Then there's Al Bowlly, another "ready-made" star. True, he's already taken a few small parts in films, but that's not enough. Whenever one catches a glimpse of him on the screen, one hears a whisper go through the hall—one hears ladies near one saying, "Look, that's Al Bowlly, of Lew Stone's band"; for there's not only a heart-throb in his voice, there's another heart-throb (for the ladies) in his expressive brown eyes, and his vivid masculine personality. Believe me! what Bing Crosby has done for American films, Al Bowlly could do for British.

And what about Les Allen—boyish, slim, silken-voiced Les? As the youthful lover, of a rather less sophisticated type than our friend Al, he would be superb. You'd never realise he was married and a proud father, by his youthful appearance. His is the Frank Lawton ("Young Woodley") style. Put a school cap on him, and he'd get away with a lead in any college picture!

Radio's Madeline Carroll

Mention of "Young Woodley" reminds me that radio also has a "Madeline Carroll" type (Madeline played the headmaster's wife in "Young Woodley"); I refer to Olive Groves, the singer, whose face and figure is as wonderful as her voice; she radiates restfulness—sympathy. Her allure is not exotic and passionate, but peaceful and womanly.

Not, mark you, the "come-up-and-see-me-sometimes" sort of womanliness!

A potential film comedian is "The Man With the Smiling Voice"—Leslie Holmes, famed song-writer and radio humorist.

In features, Leslie bears an amazing resemblance to Harold Lloyd, though his actual personality is more breezy and buoyant. If there's anybody who cares to snap in quick and "talk turkey," "Les" tells me he might consider a talkie. Though just now he and Leslie Sarony are busy working off a thousand pounds worth of engagements.

Talking of entertainers, a comedy act to equal the Tom Walls-Ralph Lynn laughter-makers would be the entrance into the film world of that couple of "cads," the Western Brothers. You know they sound funny—but, you ask, can they look funny?

Well, have you ever looked at a camel and noticed its supercilious expression? That's nothing to the faces the Western Brothers wear when they're clad in the old school ties!

A film official has actually informed me that in his opinion they had ideal faces for sophisticated comedy stars. His only doubt was whether the average studio dialogue writer could turn out material smart enough for them!

"And where," I can hear the ladies asking, "where is our potential Clark Gable?"

The answer, perchance, is to be found at Broadcasting House. I am thinking of that young musical genius, Stanford Robinson.

Tall and dark, with fine, clean-cut features, he may lack the rather square cleft chin of Gable, but on point of looks he is every bit as attractive.

He has been called "the Adonis of the B.B.C."—and hates it—but nevertheless is definitely one of the most likeable personalities of Broadcasting House. His smile is infectious, and strangely enough, when he frowns he still looks pleasant. But, it seems, no film producer can ever tempt Stanford from his beloved music.

Patrick Waddington, of radio revue fame, can dance as cleverly as he sings, and has dramatic talent, too—as was evident when he recently scored a grand personal success in "Never Come Back," a West End play. It's safe to prophesy that he'll be starring in films sooner or later.

Have we, too, a "tough guy" of the Jimmy Cagney type? Yes, we certainly have! His songs are the hit of present-day radio—ladies and gents, meet Michael Carr, who's actually been acquainted, all unwittingly, with some of the "toughest" guys of Chicago.

Because of that, Michael knows their ways, and portrays them occasionally in small character parts on stage and screen, with vivid realism.

Like Cagney, he has a fighting chin, and a rugged, aggressive personality that grips any audience. But even when "acting tough," he can produce a broad grin and a line of Irish "blarney" that never fails to win sympathy.

Yes, if the film-producers want new stars, let them take a look at the talent of radioland. They can't go far wrong!

Sam Costa "Comes Back" with Van Straten's Orchestra

SAM COSTA, returning to the microphone with Van Straten's Orchestra on July 9, is an old radio friend.

Since vocalising with Jack Jackson and Maurice Winnick, Sam had the misfortune to meet with a nasty road accident, but now all's well.

Sam told "Radio Review" that he was riding through the West End, when another car ran in "through the back entrance," without first politely asking for admittance!

Sam woke up in bed in Charing Cross Hospital, but later was able to travel home.

"It must have been an unlucky car in which I was riding, for it had just come out from repairs after a previous smash.

"Still, I am glad to be back on my next broadcast with Van Straten. This was mooted some months ago, but confirmation of arrangements only reached me—first through a friend, and then through an informal telephone call the other day.

"I hope soon to meet my friends up and down the country.

"As a kiddie I was taught the piano, but seldom have played that instrument in my professional work.

"I am bitten with the idea of touring my own 'act' and playing my own accompaniments. It will seem strange to me, playing the piano to my own voice.

"I often smile as I think back to those days when life seemed grand as I sat in a City office serving out new ideas which might wheedle cash from pockets of lady folk!

"Then I broke away for a life in the musical game, but sometimes wonder whether I would not like to be again amongst the 'adds'—pens, pencils, and a ton of crayons!"

IT'S NOT A BED OF ROSES

There Are Sides To A Star The Public Never See

Yet We Manage to Keep a Smile on Our Face

SAM MAYO, star of many "old-time" broadcasts, says it's not all honey being a big name.

He's qualified to talk, too, for besides being a veteran of the air, Sam's been a variety star for more years than anyone can remember.

"Big salaries and big names are all right," he says, "but what about the side the public never sees?"

Sam Mayo Takes You Behind the Scenes

IT'S not all milk and honey being a radio star. No, sir, not by a long chalk.

We "big noises" manage to keep smiling faces towards the public, but that doesn't mean that it is just a bed of roses.

Just take what happened to me the other day, for example.

I was just going on to do my well-known and very entertaining act (advt!) when the studio overseer, or foreman, or whatever he calls himself, brought me a telegram to say that a venture I had put a cool thousand into had flopped.

Now I ask you, how can anyone be funny after that? But I just had to. It was in my contract! Did you hear my voice breaking with emotion? No, you did not.

There are sides to a star which the public never sees. Lots of people think we are on a plane of our own, earning hefty salaries and rollicking through life without a care.

Well, they're jolly well wrong! **The average star has more worries and troubles than any struggling chorus singer.** Yes, sir, and one of the biggest is getting material.

There's Always the Rainy Day

"New stuff, new stuff!" yell the managers and producers. But it just can't be found. Why, I have had to fall back on American songs, which don't suit my style, just because I can't write 'em fast enough to keep pace. And all the time I'm wondering whether the audience'll like 'em.

On the stage I can tell quick enough, but in a studio the very silence which follows my act is an accusing finger.

Sam Mayo.

And that's not all. A star may be earning a big fee, but there's no guarantee that it's going to be regular. And there's enough to do with it, goodness knows.

There may be a fat pay envelope on Saturday night, but you ought to see that same envelope on Tuesday after everyone has had their dip.

Agents are clamouring for their fee. Song-writers, arrangers, bandsmen all want their share. You're lucky if you save a fiver for a week when you're "resting."

And another thing. You mustn't be ill if you are a star. Let your public down once or twice because you have a sick headache or lumbago and you might as well pack up and go in for keeping rabbits. You've just GOT to go on.

If your wife is dying or your mother-in-law getting better, you've got to keep a smiling face and quip and jest just the same.

And if you don't like writing letters don't become a star. Funny how many letters a star receives.

Of course, there is the usual percentage beginning, "Dear Sir,—Unless——," but most of them are from fans wanting a reply. And you've got to give it them. One whole day a week most stars spend writing letters.

I don't advise being a star either if you're at all bashful. No, sir, no kidding! You've got to get used to being stared at, talked about, written to, approached by strangers and generally pestered right and left every time you show your face in public.

Some stars I know have to take a taxi every time they go out. Some, the more soft-hearted kind, live in perpetual agony at the tragic tales they are told by begging letter-writers. I do. I never knew there was so much suffering in this world until I became a bit of a name.

I Am Told All About Them

Broken romances, cancelled engagements, illness of self and dear ones, financial embarrassment, flops, undesirable publicity through gossip and scandal are just some of the tortures the stars have to bear and yet keep smiling. And do they know how to keep smiling?

The theatrical profession is the most patient and long suffering of all. It's the trouper spirit. Most of us learned our jobs in a hard school, and know how to bear set-backs and disappointments.

There is a spirit of "help one another" existing in the theatre and allied arts which exists nowhere else. It makes life worth living. **You won't find a grumbler in a thousand, even if he's had no food in his stomach for days.**

Why? Because there's hope in every breast that one day things will take a turn for the better. That hope keeps them going. That's why they don't pack up and go in for other businesses. Once the stage gets in your blood—well, it's in for good.

I've had a good innings. Folks have said it's time I retired. Well, I can't. I'll go on working till I drop dead. I like enduring tortures. If I'd nothing to worry about I'd really start worrying.

They Give Us the Lunch Time Music

Names That Are Household Words

LUNCH-TIME radio fare is so consistent that one is inclined to take much for granted.

The various B.B.C. studio orchestras take big spells on the air at mid-day, and outside the official circle are many whose names are household words to those who can be home at mid-day—names more or less unknown to the evening listener.

Joseph Muscant, at the Commodore Theatre, Hammersmith, is one of the most popular of mid-day broadcasters.

Muscant has arranged many special programmes for his relays. He may well be called the "King of Potpourri."

Joseph Muscant first learned the violin as a kiddie of seven, and entered broadcasting work when, at Manchester, he conducted an orchestra of 110 musicians. He has been at Hammersmith now for over four years. His orchestra is specially augmented for broadcasting, and relays are not from the auditorium, but from an adjoining café-lounge.

Tom Jenkins, from Swansea, is featured in organ recitals. He controls the organ at the Plaza, Swansea, over which he also exercises managerial control.

Tom Jenkins, in his teens, collected nearly two hundred pianoforte competition prizes in five years.

Back in London, we run across Arthur Salisbury at the Savoy Hotel. Here we find a live septet and an equally live wire wielding the baton. This is an all-British combination, and one member of it, Robert Ferraro, holds the degree of L.R.A.M.

Salisbury is the proud possessor of a violin meda 97 years ago, and which he values at not less than £500.

Still in the great City, we take a bus ride along to that busy traffic hub, the Elephant and Castle, where we call on Quentin Maclean, at the Trocadero Cinema.

"House mate" of Quentin is Alfred Van Dam, who has been broadcasting for the last two years.

In the later afternoon period, there is wide variety of entertainment, but during the lunch time we must not overlook such favourites as Sydney Gustard, who has a very big following in Chester.

Harry Pell and the Birmingham Hippodrome Orchestra are newly installed radio favourites.

Haydn Heard and his band are another regular and consistent combination heard over the Midland Regional, as well as being a feature in mid-day programmes.

Haydn Heard has music in his blood, and claims 13 as his lucky number—says everything important with him takes place on the 13th day of the month. Maybe he wishes there were 13 months to the year!

Charles Shadwell and his orchestra at Coventry Hippodrome; Syd Phasey of the New Victoria at Bradford, also have their places amongst those who are providers of mid-day fare.

Hail to each and all—continue the good work!

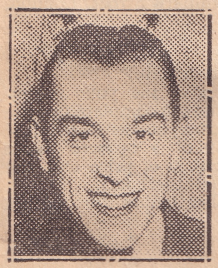
He's Hurricane Harry at the Wicket, Too

Around and About with the Dance Bands— by One of the Boys

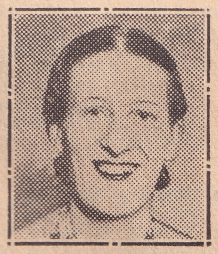
MAURICE ELWIN is spending a lot of his time just now coaching budding vocalists. His most successful pupil so far is none other than the well-known British film star, Miss Nita Harvey—you may know her also as 'Miss England," the girl who went out to Hollywood for Paramount Pictures; so look out—or rather "listen in"—for her as she will be broadcasting soon with a well-known dance band, although I'm not allowed to divulge the name at the moment. There is every likelihood that her fame in films will be exceeded by her fame in radio.

LES ALLEN'S UNIQUE RECORDING SESSION.

Radio and band personalities are not usually astir as early as 9 a.m., neither are they accustomed to working in the environment of tigers, lions, elephants, and sea-lions, but Les Allen experienced both these things last week in the most unique recording session I've ever known.



"The Three Rhythm Aces," who are broadcasting with Ambrose's band.



THEY FORGOT ABOUT THE CIRCUS.

The Regal Theatre, Edmonton, is frequently used for recording sessions, owing to the very excellent organ accompaniments which are supplied by Sydney Torch—easily the best rhythm organist in this country—but they had quite forgotten the fact that Sangers' Circus was at this particular theatre when they arranged for Les and the family to do a number there.

NORMAN "DID HIS STUFF" LIKE AN OLD-STAGER.

Yes, I do mean Mrs Allen and son Norman, for they both play quite an important part in the recording of "Little Man, You've Had A Busy Day," Norman doing his lines like a professional recording artiste. Les was worried as to whether the youngster would succeed in his task, especially as he was just recovering from a nasty cough; but the only real trouble came from Mr Sangers' companions in the cages at the back of the stage.

THE ANIMALS NEARLY SPOILT EVERYTHING.

Several records were ruined, owing to sudden outbursts by the beasts, who seemed to know that recording was in progress, and were most anxious to participate in the matter, until they were subdued by careful coaxing, the sea-lions with fish and so on. Some day Norman will be telling the tale that his professional life began at the very tender age of 6½!

HURRICANE HARRY AND THE BOYS AT CRICKET.

I went to see Harry Roy's famous cricket team play the Chadwell Heath Police the other day. This was to be the first match in the team's history when every member of the band would be playing, and as Harry is bowling better than ever at present—he took seven wickets for nine runs against Gordon Hotels—I knew I should enjoy it.

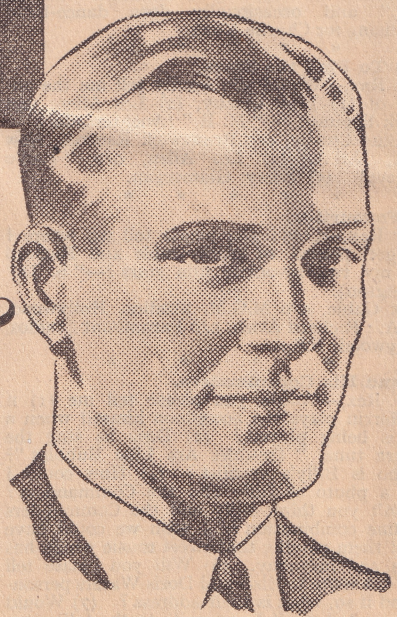
YOU HAVE TO WATCH THESE POLICEMEN!

I certainly didn't expect the laugh of a comic film, but I got them. It was a comic film—some company arrived with cameras to take a serious cricket match, and got something funnier than they could turn out in the studio. **When Harry bowled out the first policeman, he was immediately handcuffed and escorted off the field, "under arrest." You've got to be careful when you play the police!**

MANTOVANI'S ORCHESTRA AS DANCE BAND.

We usually think of Mantovani's Tipica Orchestra as being a straight rather than a dance combination, but he is equally good in both styles. The Hammersmith Palais realised this, and engaged him as a special feature last week. His band was brilliant in everything, but they really excelled themselves when it came to rumbas, tangos, and waltzes.

How does the boss see you?



Like this...

..or like this?

You can't wonder at people not respecting a man who doesn't shave every day. And if he uses household soap you can't expect him to *want* to shave daily—it's too painful, because it's no more made for the job than a tar brush is for cleaning shoes. The lather is thin and dries too quickly. Not so the creamy, soothing lather you get with Lever's Easy Shaving Stick—just the kind that makes an "easy" path for the razor. Lever's Easy *is* made for the job. And great value it is too! Costs only 6d; but for these few coppers you get a clean, close, comfortable shave *every* time. See that Lever's Easy is on the household grocery list!

LEVER'S EASY SHAVING STICK

100 SHAVES FOR 6d

E 236-172-55 A *LEVER* PRODUCT

WHAT THE RADIO FANS WANT TO KNOW

Rex King Replies To His Readers

Wants Bing Crosby's Picture.

Dear Rex,—(1) Could you please tell me where I should write to for an autographed photograph of Bing Crosby? (2) When writing for this photograph, shall I enclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply; if so, what size envelope? (3) Is Bing Crosby coming to England to broadcast; if so, when?—"Crosby Fan" (South Shields)

(1) Write your request to him, c/o Brunswick Records, New York. (2) Enclose big-sized envelope, and international stamp, purchased at Post Office. (3) Probably in the near future.

* * * * *

Billy Cotton's Tap-Dancer.

Dear Mr King,—Will you please answer the following questions for me? (1) How long has Henry Hall been on the air? (2) Did Cab Calloway ever broadcast over in England? (3) What is the name of the tap-dancer of Billy Cotton's band? (4) Who is Henry Hall's pianist? (5) Why doesn't Phyllis Robins sing to us nowadays? —"Miscellaneous" (Highgate).

* * * * *

(1) Just over two years as director of B.B.C. Dance Orchestra, and for some time previously as "relay." (2) No. (3) Ellis Jackson. (4) Bert Read. (5) Phyllis Robins is "on the halls," and occasionally does dance-band vocalising for Charlie Kunz

* * * * *

Where To Find the Stars.

Dear Rex,—Would you kindly tell me the addresses of (1) Bing Crosby, (2) Les Allen, and (3) Jack Petersen?—"M. E." (Auchterarder).

(1) Bing Crosby, c/o Brunswick Records, New York, U.S.A. (2) Les Allen, c/o "Radio Review." (3) Barry, Glamorgan.

* * * * *

Film Favourites.

Dear Rex,—Could you please tell me where I could get photos of Clark Gable and Richard Arlen, my two favourite film stars?—"S. D." (Warrington).

Clark Gable, c/o M.G.M. Studios, Hollywood, U.S.A.; Richard Arlen, c/o Paramount Studios, Hollywood, U.S.A.

* * * *

Billy and His Commanders.

Dear Rex,—Would you please tell me (1) if Billy Merrin plays the accordeon himself when a tango is being played? (2) Does he sing the signature tune, "Troubles Are Like Bubbles"? (3) Who is Billy's vocalist? (4) How could I obtain a photo of Billy and the Commanders? (5) Don't you think Billy and the Commanders are a fine combination? I wish we could have more of them playing that sweet music which has rhythm and harmony. (6) Will you please tell me if I can write to Elsie and Doris Waters personally, and if so, what is their address? (7) Would you please tell me if I can write to the following, and if so, what are their addresses?—Janet Joye, Elsie Carlisle, Phyllis Robins.—"A Merrin Fan" (Boddington).

(1) No, but plays the piano occasionally. (2) Yes. (3) Billy himself, and Eddie Pullen, for negro-comedy numbers. (4) Write (with 1½d stamp for reply), c/o "Radio Review." (5) Yes. They have a big following. (6) Write Elsie and Doris Waters, c/o "Radio Review." (7) Janet Joye, c/o Broadcasting House, W.1 Phyllis Robins, c/o Jack Hylton, Ancaster House, Cranbourn Street, W.C.2; and Elsie Carlisle, c/o Embassy Club, London W.1.

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Henry Has Them Licked.

Dear Rex,—I think Henry Hall has the best band on the wireless, and that Les Allen beats all other vocalists to a frazzle! (1) How can I obtain a photo of Mrs Les Allen and Norman, as well as one of Les? (2) I enjoy hearing the smiling voice of Len Bermon. Is he married? (3) Would Bert Read personally answer one's letter? (4) Did Frankie Wilson or Cyril Hellier ever sing for Henry Hall? (5) Don't you agree with me that Henry has the best vocalist, drummer, and pianist of all other bands?—"Blue Eyes" (Cheshire).

(1) Write your requests to Les, c/o "Radio Review," and enclose 1½d stamp for reply. (2) No. (3) I anticipate so, if you enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply. (4) Yes, in the first year of the band. (5) Many will agree, but others have their own favourites.

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Are They Related?

Dear Rex,—Will you be so good as to answer the following questions? Are the following related?—(1) Ethel and Vernon Bartlett, Dick and Harry S. Pepper, (3) Lew and Christopher Stone. (4) Joe and Charlie Kunz, (6) Syd and Harry Roy.—"J. H." (North Harrow).

So far as I know, only the Peppers and the Roys are related.

Billy Merrin.

Bert Read's Successor.

Dear Sir,—I wonder could you tell me—(1) Why Eddie Carroll left Henry Hall? (2) Who is Ambrose's pianist now that Bert Read has joined Henry Hall? (3) The names of all the members of Harry Roy's band, and the instrument that each plays. (4) The ages of Ivor Moreton, Bill Currie, and Carroll Gibbons. (5) Why the Savoy Hotel Orpheans no longer broadcast regularly as they used to do? (6) Who are "Those Three"? Whose band do they sing with? (7) Who are "The Three Ginx," and whose band do they sing with?—"C. E. P." (Liverpool).

(1) Eddie thought it was in his best interests to make a change. (2) Bert Barnes. (3) Harry Roy, leader; Tom Venn, guitar; Joe Arbiter, sax; Arthur Calkin, bass; Bert Wilton, trumpet; Tommy Porter, trumpet; Joe Daniels, percussion; Jack Collins, trombone; Dave Kaye, piano; Maurice Sterndale, violin; Bill Currie, vocalist; Ivor Moreton, solo pianist and vocalist; Nat Temple, sax; and Harry Goss, sax. (4) Sorry, cannot say. (5) Matter of arrangement. (6) "Those Three" appeared in April during a broadcast by Billy Merrin and his Commanders. Strangely enough, they are ex-members of Billy's original band, but I haven't their names by me. (7) "The Three Ginx"—Eric Handley, Ivor Robbins, Jack Joy—are with Lou Simmonds at the Café Anglais also as instrumentalists.

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Words Wanted.

Dear Rex,—For weeks I have been trying to get the words of the song which Dennis King sings in "Fra Diavolo." The beginning of it is "On yonder rock reclining Diavolo, the bandit, stands." If you cannot give me the words, will you please tell me where I can get them?—"J. B." (Coatbridge).

Write your request to The Southern Music Publishing Co., at 24 Denmark Street, London, W.C.2.

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Wants A Book On Band Music.

Dear Rex—Could you give me your recommendation of a book containing a complete treatise on how to compose, orchestrate, and arrange music for the different instruments of a modern dance band, together with particulars of price and the publishers?—"E. C. F." (Rotherham).

Sorry, there is no publication of this nature on the market.

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Stars and Their Addresses.

Would you please send me the addresses of the following:—Roy Fox, Jack Hylton, Billy Cotton, and last but not least, Billy Merrin?—"Miss L. A." (Liverpool, 21).

Roy Fox, c/o Topical Times "Radio Review," 12 Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4; Jack Hylton, Ancaster House, Cranbourn Street, London, W.C.2; Billy Cotton, c/o "Radio Review"; Billy Merrin, c/o "Radio Review."

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A Budding Vocalist.

Dear Rex,—(1) Does Norman Phillips announce for Sydney Kyte, or does Syd do it himself? (2) Who is Pat Taylor, of the Eight Step Sisters? Is she Ida Sinclair? (3) Where can I obtain a photograph of her? (4) I was told at a party that I have a singing voice, also at Sunday school, and was wondering if you could tell me if I could get a "job" anywhere. I do not know a line of music, but I am very quick at picking up tunes. It may be a little help to know I am not nervous, as I have sung before two or three congregations.—"F. M." (Chesterfield).

(1) Sydney Kyte. (2) Eight Step Sisters appear under their own names. (3) Write Pat at Pavilion Theatre, Worthing. (4) Do not want to disappoint you, but I am afraid I know no way of helping you.

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The Song Sam Coslow Wanted.

Dear Rex,—On Saturday night, during Henry Hall's guest performance, Sam Coslow, the American crooner, announced that he would like to take back to his country a song by a British composer, Ray Noble. Could you tell me what the name of this song is? A friend of mine argues with me that it was "Because It's Love."—"A. G. C." (Glasgow, E.1).

I am told that the title is "The Very Thought Of You," Ray Noble's latest "hit."

HAVE YOU A QUERY FOR REX KING?