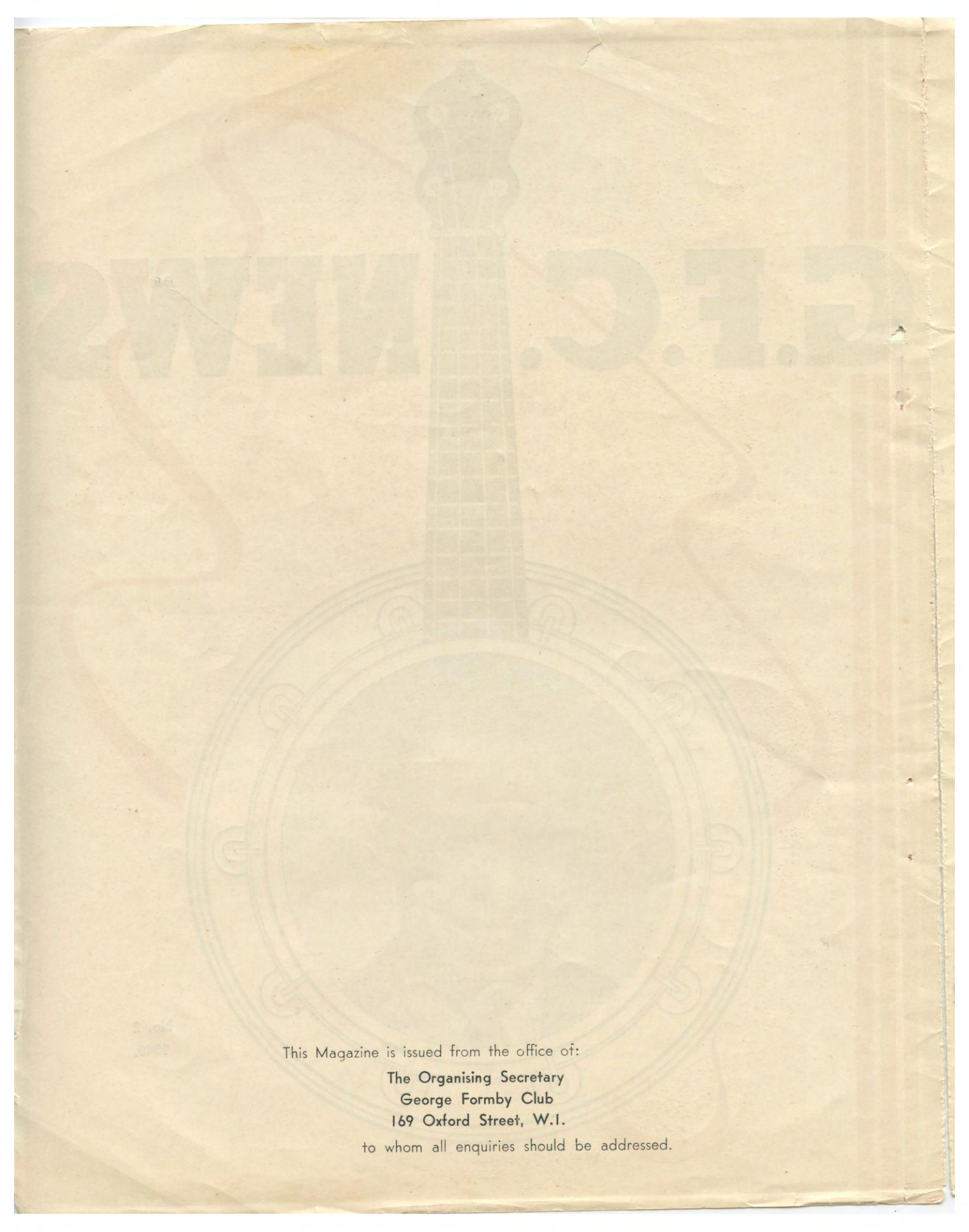


# G.F.C. NEWS



No. 2  
1939





This Magazine is issued from the office of:

**The Organising Secretary**  
**George Formby Club**  
**169 Oxford Street, W.1.**

to whom all enquiries should be addressed.



## HONOURS FOR YOUR PRESIDENT

It has been the favourite butt of the critics that while admitting his tremendous following in the North of England and even allowing for his increasing patronage in the South - George Formby could never appeal to the West End of London. The white shirts and wasp waists would never pay good money to see him do his stuff.

How wrong they were! If you could have been present on the first night at the ultra select New Gallery Kinema built on crown property in the poshest street of the poshest shops in the world - it would have done your heart good.

The whole of the Air Ministry, headed by Sir Kingsley Wood were there - and did they laugh! Not those polite guffaws of the drawing room - real rousing roars. And if it got these highbrows that way, you can imagine what a riot it will be at your local.

You saw the announcement in the national papers, of course - H.M. The King asks for a copy of "IT'S IN THE AIR" to go to Sandringham. Your President has already had the honour of appearing in the Royal Command Variety Show and now he has the satisfaction of knowing that his film meets with Royal approval. Can't you picture the little Princesses doubling up with delight at George's antics - we can.

## A NEW COMPETITION

This month we are introducing a competition which we hope will keep you amused during the long dark evenings. Imagine a young Formbian setting off on a tour of the British Isles. The stations he goes from or arrives at are disguised, also the towns he visits. All these stations and towns are very well known - there are no tiny halts or little villages included.

There are no entrance fees and no time limit - this to enable Overseas members to enter. To everyone sending the correct names we will award an autographed photograph of Beryl and George together. There will be two more instalments. Keep your list of names and we will tell you when to send in your clues.



## A TOUR OF THE BRITISH ISLES

Take your seats boys and girls; our Grand Tour is just starting. Your fireside armchair will do and you won't need much luggage - just a pencil and a good supply of grey matter. Your route is given below and in case the directions seem rather cryptic, we'll help you out with the first one - it is LIVERPOOL. Got the Idea? Right. Go ahead then.

1. Our tour starts at a place which is a part of the body which often gets out of order after festivities and a pond.  
*Liverpool*
2. You may have a look at the liners in the docks, but the boat you want is a much smaller one, for your journey will only take a few hours. You are going to something which rings and swift.  
*Belfast*
3. Just stay long enough to buy some linen, then take a boat to a Christmas evergreen and a part of the body.  
*Holyhead*
4. You are now in Wales. Motor right through, down to the South Coast, to a graceful bird seen on lakes and where sailors go to.  
*Swansea*
5. Go about fifty miles along the coast to a piece of pasteboard and a little word which implies a condition.  
*Cardiff*
6. Leave Wales now and go to a bovine animal and a river crossing. You can do some studying here.  
*Oxford*
7. Now go right up North to one of the learned men you might see at the last town and a kind of sugar.  
*Bowcastle*
8. Still further North you come to a place which is a term of endearment and a heavy weight.  
*Darlington*
9. North-West now, to a useful means of transport and a material used for making ladies' stockings.  
*Cardisle*
10. Cross the border into Scotland and go to "fragile", "with care" and an order to depart.  
*Glasgow*
11. Back into England again. About forty miles from the border you come to novel fortress.  
*Newcastle*
12. The last place for this month is, a male, a part of the body and "belonging to a female" beheaded.  
*Manchester*

A further interesting tour will be given next month.



Third instalment

M Y G E O R G E

by

Beryl

One of the other times was exactly a week after we'd been married. We were so broke (we had just £70 between us, most of which went to pay George's motor-cycling debts) that we both had to go on working. George was doing his variety act while my sister and I were dancing. George had only just started using his own name. He used the name "George Hoy" for months until he felt experienced on the halls, and knew that he wouldn't let his father's famous name down: but it was all hard going at first.

George got an engagement to go to Morecambe. My sister and I were booked for Newcastle. And George and I, not able to afford a honeymoon, had been married only a week! But all the same we had to part. The journey was too great even for him to make flying visits on his motor-bike so he wrote me postcards instead. But on the Wednesday night I had to send him a telegram - and it was the turning point in George's career.

You see, although I have to write it with a modest blush, I was really very good as a dancer, and the manager came round after the Monday show to congratulate me and wish me luck in my married life. "That's champion" I told him. "And now what about a part for George?" At first he swore he was booked solid for months. Then he relented and said he might give this young Formby a chance. But he'd have to be good! I wired George, and he came over on the Sunday ready to rehearse.

Was he good? The manager gave him a trial and made us both sign on the dotted line for a five years' contract! That was George's first long contract. He felt like a real star at last and forthwith made me his business manager. There was only one thing wrong. The manager truthfully was booked solid and our long contract didn't start for nearly six months. We had a few dates in between, but for many weeks we simply had no money at all.

Like all newly-weds we were proud. Many a time we were almost starving and had to spend our days in the park with just a bag of oranges between us and daren't go back to the lodgings for fear the landlady would know we were "resting" and not trust us to pay the rent. But we never wrote home for money.



MY GEORGE continued:

I ought to tell you that we were married on the thirteenth of the month. At the height of our depression I used to blame our troubles on that unlucky date. But since then I've begun to think that thirteen must be our lucky number, for ever since then we have been really very fortunate.

And then the contract at Newcastle began. The Newcastle folk took George to their hearts. They listened to his songs, liked them and his humour. They set him on the road to stardom. George has often since told me that he thinks my "wangling" that long contract was the best bit of work I've ever done.

I'm still his business manager and I save him all the Income Tax, booking, touring and business worries while he does the other work.

Have you seen "I See Ice" in which, with a big black Russian beard, George gets mixed up with a Cossack act on an ice-rink? That scene was actually shot on the ice at Covent Garden - the only time that George and I have been to Covent Garden in a professional capacity! The funniest scene of the lot is where George has to stoop down on the ice while Cyril Ritchard does a flying leap over all the bearded Cossacks, and then when George tries to get up he finds his beard frozen to the ice! Of course it was a property beard and we'd planned to have another one ready stuck to the ice with rubber solution. It was so cold on the ice that I sat with my overcoat on while they kept doing re-takes to get real-life action into the scene and I gulped down hot tea while George was out on the ice, freezing.

"O.K. cut!", shouted the director at last, and George struggled to get to his feet. But he couldn't. After two hours his beard really had stuck to the ice! I had to pour hot tea over him to melt the ice off his beard! And then he was so exhausted that he could hardly get up.

One day I was sitting in the Regal-Zonophone studios while George was making a gramophone record. For a moment I was just waiting for a 'phone call and was sitting with my legs crossed, twiddling my thumbs, with my fingers crossed. "Hullo, what are you doing?" called Mr. Carne, the recording manager. "Oh, just sitting pretty with my fingers crossed" I said. "That's a fine title for my next song," called George from the other end of the studio. "Write it down, Beryl." Later the complete song "I'm Sitting Pretty With My Fingers Crossed" was written in half-an-hour!



"IT'S IN THE AIR"

For those who were not able to see our President's latest mirth-quake at the New Gallery Kinema, below is a list of the theatres at which it will be shown during February:-

Tivoli STRAND	Pavilion SHEPHERDS BUSH
Ambassadors COSHAM	Coronet NOTTING HILL
Gaumont Palace DERBY	Globe ACTON
Granada MAIDSTONE	Broadway EALING
Odeon PORTSMOUTH	Cinema KINGS CROSS
Odeon SOUTHSEA	Palace TOTTENHAM
Scala LEEDS	Picture House DALSTON
Regent IPSWICH	Pavilion HACKNEY
Carlton NORWICH	Savoy LEYTON
Odeon NORWICH	New State GRAYS
Odeon GUILDFORD	Odeon FOREST GATE
Majestic HIGH WYCOMBE	Capitol ST. ALBANS
Heathway DAGENHAM	Rink FINSBURY PARK
Blue Hall ISLINGTON	Rink CLAPTON
Odeon MILE END	Cinema HOXTON
Broadway STRATFORD	Grand CANNING TOWN
Gaumont Palace CHADWELL HEATH	Grand EDGWARE ROAD
Ritz PRESTON	Super WEST KENSINGTON
Palladium PRESTON	Red Hall WALHAM GREEN
Regent STAMFORD HILL	Premier EAST HAM
Super ILFORD	Hippodrome CROUCH END
Palace KENTISH TOWN	Odeon BARNET
Odeon BRENTWOOD	Odeon BURNT OAK
Odeon CHINGFORD	Grand PADDINGTON
Palmadium PALMERS GREEN	Rialto LEYTONSTONE
Rialto ENFIELD	Queens CRICKLEWOOD
Odeon RAYNERS LANE	Odeon SOUTHGATE
Odeon HACKNEY ROAD	Odeon UXBRIDGE
Odeon WEALDSTONE	Odeon MIDDLESBORO
Odeon HARLESDEN	Odeon KENSAL RISE
Odeon KINGSBURY	Rex NORTHWOOD

If your local cinema is not mentioned here, watch for further dates in the next issue of the NEWS.

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With this month's magazine we are presenting to every Club member free of charge, the 2nd GEORGE FORMBY big hit song book, containing seventeen of our President's songs including the three new numbers featured in "IT'S IN THE AIR."

We are sure you will be delighted with this gift.



PEN PALS

- Stanley Ellis,  
25, Caldly Road,  
Pendleton. Salford.6. Lancs. ) would like to meet a  
Manchester girl who is  
interested in George.
- Joyce Bavin,  
53, Faraday Road,  
Welling. Kent. ) is anxious to correspond  
with a member of the Club  
who is interested in  
collecting autographs,  
swimming and collecting  
our President's gramophone  
records.
- Mr. A. Close,  
48, Garden Lane,  
Fazakerley. Liverpool.9. ) would like pen pals  
interested in football and  
footballers' autographs.
- Robert Walker,  
83, Barry Street,  
Kirkdale. Liverpool. ) pen pal required, age 12-13,  
interested in autographed  
photographs.
- Millie Stacey,  
37, Leopold Buildings,  
Columbia Road. E.2. ) would like boy or girl pen  
pals - one in England and  
one abroad -- about 16 years  
of age. Her favourite sport  
is roller skating and she is  
interested in all screen and  
radio stars.
- John Todd,  
42, Hazel Avenue,  
Hunt Hill,  
North Shields. ) wishes to have a boy or girl  
correspondent about 15 years  
of age, resident in the  
British Isles.
- Jim Moore,  
39, Renters Avenue,  
Hendon. N.W.4. ) would like either boy or girl  
pen pal. He is 14 years of  
age and collects autographs.
- N. Leslie Robinson,  
3, Croft Road,  
Cheadle Hulme. Ches. ) is anxious to correspond with  
a member about his own age  
(14 years) who is interested  
in autograph collecting, films  
or cricket.
- Stanley Woodhouse,  
50, Hawthorne Road,  
Stockton on Tees. Co. Durham. ) would like a pen pal. He is  
nineteen years of age.



## OUR LETTER BOX

We wish to thank those members who have written to us since the last issue of the NEWS and have pleasure in dealing with some of the letters below. Will those members you require a direct and personal reply to correspondence please enclose a stamped addressed envelope to the Secretary. Unfortunately most of you omit this, which makes our postage so very high. Will you try and remember in future?

---

"I have about 150 autographs of footballers, including Tommy Lawton, Joe Mercer and other internationals."

MR. A. CLOSE, 48, GARDEN LANE,  
FAZAKERLEY, LIVERPOOL.9.

---

JOHN TODD, 42, HAZEL AVENUE, HUNT HILL, NORTH SHIELDS.  
As we have no members in Norway we have omitted mention of this in your request for pen pals.

---

There has been a record number of new members enrolled during January and we wish to extend a special welcome to the following new members from Overseas:-

Miss D.C. Klein, SOUTH AFRICA	Miss Peggy Klein, SOUTH AFRICA	Miss Ethel White, SOUTH AFRICA
Miss I. Milton-Kemp, SOUTH AFRICA	Miss Ella Robertson CANADA	Mr. A. Custò, MALTA

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## CLUB TIES

For those of you who have not yet been able to secure your tie there are still a number available. So far we have had no complaints, all members who have purchased them are exceedingly pleased and consider them excellent value.

Will new members please note -- George Formby Club ties are available in diagonal stripes of maroon and silver. These are suitable for both male and female members and are offered at the amazingly low price of ninepence each.

Send your postal orders to the Organising Secretary.

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## YOUR PRESIDENT'S HEALTH

YOU WILL ALL BE PLEASED TO KNOW THAT MR. FORMBY HAS NOW RECOVERED FROM HIS RECENT INDISPOSITION AND WILL SHORTLY LEAVE FOR A PERIOD OF CONVALESCENCE.

HE WISHES TO EXTEND HIS SINCERE THANKS TO ALL MEMBERS WHO HAVE SO KINDLY WRITTEN TO HIM AND HOPES VERY SOON TO BE BACK IN HARNESS AGAIN.



"HOW WE BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS"  
with apologies to Browning.

I sprang to my saddle and Bloggins and he,  
I pedalled, Smith pedalled, we pedalled all three,  
"Three-speed?" asked the watch, as the door-bolt undrew,  
"Sure thing" boasted Bloggins, "mine works just like new."  
The road gently sloped and we reached our best speed  
I had Bloggins behind me and Smith in the lead  
Our cycles ran smoothly, the going was fine  
I had on a new tyre (it cost two-and-nine.)

We hurtled along, we were still in the prime  
When we heard in the distance Chichester Church chime,  
"Come on", panted Smith as we topp'd a stiff climb,  
"If we hurry like mad we may get there in time."  
"We may get there in time" -- ah! the words were scarce out  
When the overwrought Bloggins gave vent to a shout,  
Then his handle-bars crumpled (they were very old)  
And I prayed that the string on my mudguards would hold.

So Smith and myself had to carry the news  
The horrible thought of which gave us the blues  
The dew-spangled fields spread in gorgeous array  
(We'd a job to get round a cart loaded with hay)  
It was just outside Brighton I heard a dull thud  
And I mentally pictured a tramp in the mud,  
I glanced quickly at Smith who with scarcely a shake  
Was removing some cloth which had caught in his brake.

The hedges flew past in an unbroken line,  
I peered at my watch (it was twenty-past-nine)  
Smith leaned over towards me, saying "Isn't it fine?"  
When there came from his bike an unmusical whine,  
An unmusical whine which I knew boded ill  
And I knew that my friend could not make the next hill.  
Smith looked like a man who would 'like to be ill'  
While I drew a deep breath and set to with a will.

As I crested a rise there were trumpets and blarings,  
I saw Smith far behind looking round for ball-bearings.  
I switched into 'top' and pedalled like Nick,  
For I knew above all things I had to be quick.  
I ploughed thro' a farmyard, the slaughter was horrid,  
The fast-flying feathers adhered to my forehead,  
The pain in my elbows was throbbing and searing  
But I knew that the end of my journey was nearing

I reached the high gate of the city's town hall,  
And I panted my news clinging fast to the wall,  
The clerk looked me over and sneered in disdain,  
"Ever heard of the telephone?"--- Oh, what a brain!

LESLIE KEENAN  
A Lancashire Lad in London



## BLAZER BADGES

Will those members who have made enquiries regarding Club badges for blazers please note that while we are anxious to supply these, unfortunately we must have a reasonable guaranteed sale - otherwise the price is prohibitive.

If we can secure sufficient orders we can supply a shield shaped badge with maroon flannel background, silver embroidered border and the letters G.F.C. in silver, at 2/6d each.

Will all members who wish to purchase a badge on these terms please let us know and in the next issue of the NEWS we will advise you if we have received a sufficient number to proceed with the order.

---

## SOLUTION TO LAST MONTH'S CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

<u>ACROSS.</u>		<u>DOWN</u>	
1) FORMBY	29) DRAG	1) FRIEND	27) YO
7) RIO	33) O.C.	2) OIL	28) SCREAM
10) EEL	35) ARUM	3) ROLL	31) ART
13) ILL	40) ENTER	5) BERYL	38) MRS.
16) R.S.M.	46) V.G.	6) YES	40) EVA
20) LAY	48) SEA	12) L.M.	
23) NO	51) AERO	21) ARGUE	
25) RLYS	55) H.M.	24) ORANGE	

We expect most of you had top marks.

---

"How's your new shop doing?"

"It's too early to say. I've only been open a fortnight and I haven't had a customer yet."

---

Artist: "Be careful with that picture of mine; the paint is not quite dry."

Removal man: "That's all right Sir; this is only my old suit."

---

An Aberdonian, living alone, had to catch an early morning train. Being a heavy sleeper he was afraid of not waking up in time. Several possibilities presented themselves to him but each meant that he would have to give someone a tip. In the end he addressed an envelope to himself and posted it without a stamp.

Early next morning there came a thunderous knock on the door. The Scot climbed out of bed and opened the window. "Here's a letter for you" said the postman, "there's thruppence to pay." "Take it back" said the wily Aberdonian - "carelessness the like doesn't deserve tae be encouraged."

NANCY E. DUNNE  
CO. DUBLIN.



WE BID FAREWELL TO ANOTHER YEAR  
GIVE GEORGE AND BERYL A ROUSING CHEER

George and Beryl work side by side  
With nothing from the world to hide,  
Have won great fame through stress and strife.  
This surely is a crown of life.  
Truly good and noble hearted  
George and Beryl can't be parted,  
Whate'er the future will behold  
May all their ways be paved with gold.  
They have a house called "Beryldene"  
And this is fit for any Queen  
So ever may they be the same  
With many happy years to reign.

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE

George Formby cleaning windows,  
He always does his best,  
Some think they are not clean enough,  
These thinkers are a pest.

George climbs the blinking ladder  
And looks through window panes,  
But what he sees is nothing  
To what we see down our lanes

So do beware you shirkers  
It's "fun" that he relates  
Apart from cleaning windows  
George Formby's cleaning "slates"

MRS. EVA MARTIN  
Richmond

---

This month's best contributions were submitted by:-

DOROTHY KIMBER  
MRS. EVA MARTIN and  
LESLIE KEENAN,

to each of whom an autographed photograph of our  
President and Vice-President has been sent.



# A TRIBUTE TO GEORGE AND BERYL

From

Dorothy Kimber

# A TRIBUTE TO GEORGE AND BERYL

Tune Uke in D.

A D F B

Key: G. R. T. d. R. M. R. DE. L. d. L. F. d. L.

Some people go to the Opera, others enjoy a

T. R. R. B. d. T. L. DE. L. R. R.

play, but here's a tribute to Beryl and George just in

R. R. T. L. S.

my own little way



Chorus

1 When his pic-tures have been shown. You've said  
 2 His uke-lets is his hit. He plays  
 3 He's the pride of all the place. For his

1 he's the fun-niest man you've known { Our George Formby }  
 2 and sings his funny songs with wit  
 3 good songs and his whim-sy-cal face.

1 (Piano) In funny-scrip-es and jams you've seen That  
 2 He plays it with all his might His  
 3 A tribute to Beryl we will not (Hip Hip Hokey) (Guitar)

1 Funny Lanza's hire lad on the screen It is our George Formby  
 2 Uke's bound to be in the lime light His Ukelet  
 3 Showing great shadom in the great way Of our George Formby

slow But his head un-turned by his suc-cess. His home-

slow ly Feelings make you guess. There's no-body like

George Form-by, { In "Feather Your Nest" there's a "funny  
 you have probably seen him, in keep  
 so now and then I'm going to

house Where things come off you should here him grouse Our George Formby  
 fit You have got to did-mit that he's just it Our George Formby  
 say A big-ger tribute we ought to pay than our great  
 by by (Hip Hip Hokey)

Dorothy Kimler



Drunk: "Here mate, I know you, you're Robin Hood."  
Stranger: "Pardon me, I'm the Income Tax-collector."  
Drunk: "Sorry sir, but I knew you were Robin somebody."

---

Clerk (over telephone): "I won't be able to motor back for a few days."  
Boss: "So you want a few more days of grace, eh?"  
Clerk: "No sir, Helen."

---

New Convict: "I put one over on the cops."  
Cell mate: "How Bill?"  
New Convict: "They sentenced me to ten years and the doctor said I can only live six months."

---

Patient: "Doc, did you ever make a bad mistake?"  
Doctor: "Yes, I once cured a millionaire in three days."

---

Binman (On Christmas Eve): "Merry Xmas sir, I'm the man who empties the bins."  
Aberdonian: "Same tae ye, I'm the one who fills them."

A. CLOSE  
Fazakerley. Liverpool.

---

Mrs. Smith: "I suppose you were nervous when you first asked your husband for money."  
Mrs. Jones: "No, I was calm - and collected!"

MASTER L. WORPOLE  
Stratford. E.15.

---

MARIE HEELS of ALLHALLOWS, KENT, has submitted the following code which, when deciphered, has something to do with the Club:

HEBM BEGEB MY REYURE TBG HEURR

Can you discover what the words are supposed to be and how the code is arrived at? The solution will be given in next month's NEWS.



### HOLDING THE BABY

This game is really another version of "Hunt the Slipper", but it is definitely more exciting.

All you want is a small box of bombs which can be obtained from any reputable arsenal.

The players sit in a circle facing inwards. Any number can take part. A bomb is taken from the box and the fuse set for say half a minute and handed to a member of the circle. It is then passed rapidly from hand to hand, excitement running high as time proceeds. Eventually the half minute expires and the person holding the bomb at that time is blown sky-high. This causes roars of laughter and jolly fun.

The game proceeds until either the supply of bombs or players runs out.

JOYCE BAVIN  
WELLING. KENT.

-----  
Onlooker to small child: "Now dear, wouldn't you like to go in for the three-legged race? I'm sure you would win."  
Small child (in tears): "Please ma'am I can't, I've only got two legs."

-----  
Tourist (looking over a steep precipice): "I suppose people fall down here often, don't they?"  
Guide: "No, once is enough for most of 'em."

-----  
"Freddy, is your brother back at school?"  
"No, he's half-back" was the proud but somewhat astonishing answer.

-----  
"Is there any breed about that dog of yours Bawker?"  
"I once thought there was, but I've changed my opinion."  
"How's that?"  
"Well, I brought him home a fortnight ago and nobody's tried to steal him yet."

DOROTHY HOLMES  
UTTOXETER.



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