

human endurance and if I made all the personal appearances demanded of me, well . . . I just *couldn't*. It would be a physical impossibility.

Perhaps when television comes into general use I shall be able to "appear" in the several places at once so often demanded of me.

TAKE one day's requests, by post, let alone those by telephone and telegram from the more urgent-minded. There are church bazaars to be opened, often a hundred a day. I am asked to crown beauty queens, May Queens and carnival queens. A hospital committee in the north of Scotland offered to send an aeroplane to bring me from London if I could manage to appear at a concert in aid of funds for the new wing!

Pretty well every swell photographer in London has invited me to "come up and sit for him sump' time" . . . well, my funny face is no oil painting, and that request puzzles me every time it crops up!

On an average I receive about fifty plays a day to read and at least a thousand songs to "try over on the piano." That *is* a serious business, because, as you know, I rather specialize in songs and always have about eighty in my repertoire before I begin a stage tour of the country (incidentally, I never know till I get on the stage which one of the eighty I am going to sing! Perhaps it's a bit hard on the orchestra—but that's like me. Lucky I have a good memory, eh?

I'm sure I've heard from every possible person in every possible part of the world who wants to get on the stage, the screen, the wireless, or make gramophone records. A man wrote me recently that he'd be great on the radio . . . he could "whistle and play the jew's harp *and* make funny noises!"

Every day I am offered children for adoption and am often asked by childless couples if I have any *they* can adopt! As for jobs . . . well, we—I say, "we" because it takes six of us to cope with the mail—we sometimes wonder if we're really an employment agency, or a private zoo, seeing I've been offered every pet under the sun from goldfish to giraffes!

It isn't that I don't want them—it's a marvellous feeling to know that people like you well enough to take the trouble to send personal tokens of their affection—but what could I do with all these pets? My home would be so overflowing I should have to sleep in the kitchen sink beside the goldfish!

AND I should certainly require a museum to accommodate all the new inventions that people send me. Why? I don't know. I'm not a collector of ideas for Heath Robinson or an offshoot of the British Patent Office, although I *am* interested in new gadgets *when* I get time to play with them. (And I haven't had any of that for a long spell).

I would love to satisfy everyone, to help everyone, if I had the chance. as a lock of hair, but I should have