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RADIO PICTORIAL



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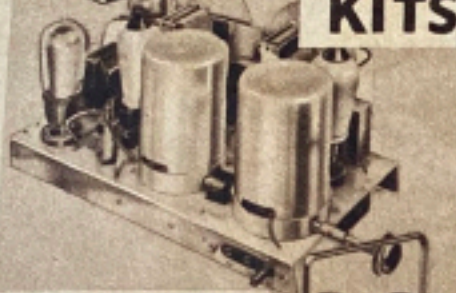
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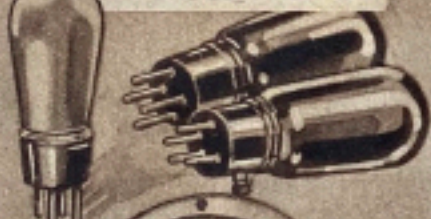


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Editorial Manager ... ROY J. O'CONNELL
Editor ... KENNETH ULLYETT



Putting the broadcast news across at the microphone—a dramatised news idea tried on the Continent

THE world is a small place nowadays. That isn't due to any geographical depression, but simply to the ever-increasing efficiency of the international news services and to the marvellous chain of foreign correspondents with which the newspapers have succeeded in linking up every corner of the globe, capturing "World News" for home consumption.

It isn't Puck who has put a girdle round the world, but Fleet Street.

And till recent years the papers had a monopoly in the purveying of news to the public.

To find out about yesterday's world happenings you read a paper at breakfast. And to find out at night whether anything important had occurred during the day, you looked in your evening paper.

That is to say, if you happened to be a town dweller. If, on the other hand, you lived in the country, you had to wait until to-morrow for to-day's news.

Now, you don't have to wait any longer. You can turn on the wireless at six o'clock and again at nine and listen to the two news bulletins that the B.B.C. nightly provide for their listeners.

Wireless news should not be regarded as a rival to the printed page, but rather as a supplement that has a value for all listeners; particularly those who for any reason have not been able to see an evening paper.

And there is no doubt that there is quite a large proportion of people whose original impulse for buying a set is not merely to get a permanent free seat in the theatre—or in a concert hall or music or lecture hall, either—so much as to have the opportunity of hearing the latest news every evening.

Indeed, there must be literally thousands of homes where, as nine o'clock strikes, someone automatically reaches out for the wireless switch (or, if it is already on, an instinctive silence falls upon the company) in order to hear the news.

Anyway, that's what happens in my home. I expect it does in yours, too.

Well, and what is your honest opinion of the News Service provided by the B.B.C.?

I know what I think—and that's not much! I listen eagerly and regularly, I admit, but that's because I live in the country most of the time, where anything in the way of evening news is better than nothing.

Better than nothing—and that's about all. Really, that seems a fair summing-up to me. Isn't that your reaction, too?

Anyway, you will agree with me when I suggest that the wireless news seldom compares with the service that one gets even from a provincial evening paper.

... Communist leaders, who ...
... on Friday, were ...
... at Pontypridd ...
... accused ...
... Of ...
... speeches ...
... at ...
... on Sunday ...
... February 18 ...
... Wednesday ...
... the remand was ...
... was allowed ...
... Police Constable ...
... who said ...
... speeches in ...
... alleged ...
... have been made by ...
... Mann asked: Are ...
... are you ...
... noting the right ...
... Mr. ...
... Dr. ...
... Mr. ...
... said ...
... at the time of the ...
... attack ...
... the movement ...
... On February 13 he was ...
... a Mr. Dundas ...
... chief of the ...
... Dundas referred ...
... "a ...
... statement ...
... had been ...
... the news ...
... He was ...
... "Don't you ...
... Cummings ...
... of the 'Daily ...
... that ...

In fact, I have noticed again and again that even when the B.B.C. do issue a bulletin of world-wide significance, they somehow manage to make it sound as dull and unimportant as local news.

Haven't you noticed that? Now, no one is a greater admirer than myself of the way that the B.B.C. tackles its enormous and numerous difficulties: at the same time, I can't help feeling that the authorities take con-

by Godfrey WINN

siderably less trouble over perfecting this branch of broadcasting than they do over any of the others.

Indeed, the News Department has come—quite rightly—to be called the Cinderella of Broadcasting.

Every other department has improved out of all recognition since the early days at Savoy Hill.

To take one example, the Dramatic Department has been amplified and split up into sections until to-day it is more like half a dozen different departments with a central control. Whereas the "News" has remained stationary.

To-day, as in the beginning, the staff of the department consists solely of four people—three of whom at the moment are under thirty and possess only three months' experience—who work, in shifts of two, in one small room and between them have to do everything.

By which I mean that they have to deal with all tape machines, weather reports, S.O.S.'s, etc.—and in addition prepare eight news bulletins a day. For, apart from our own two, there are also news announcements to all the Dominions at different times of the day.

It is not surprising, is it, under these circumstances, that the news is badly presented and poorly arranged.

It is less surprising still, however, when you hear how the authorities themselves are handicapped in regard to the running of this particular department.

I only heard myself the other day how they were limited and hampered, as far as News programmes are concerned, first by the terms of

their Charter that does not permit the "putting-out" of anything over the ether that could be called an editorial opinion—such as you read every day in newspaper leaders; and again by their agreements with the Newspaper Proprietors' Association that stipulates that no news shall be given except "tape news."

That is to say, instead of having their own foreign correspondents who might sometimes secure scoops—and again, might not—they always have to take their news exclusively off the tape machines of the four principal agencies—Reuter, the Press Association, the Exchange Telegraph and the Central News.

For these facilities the B.B.C. pays a sum that is, I understand, over fourteen thousand pounds a year.

As a matter of fact, it would cost them infinitely more to run their own independent news service.

And, even so, it is doubtful that the service would be so complete or so reliable, even though occasionally it might be more "exclusive."

It is true that the Columbia Broadcasting Company are supposed to be doing this with great success in America, but, personally, I am very sceptical whether that means of obtaining news, if it were employed in British Broadcasting, would be a success—apart altogether from the enormous expense entailed.

It seems to me that the facilities provided by the tape machines are perfectly adequate—provided that the final news bulletin, the so-called finished product as it comes over the ether in the evening, were better edited and better presented.

What happens now? Imagine a small room full of tape machines, belching forth an endless stream of news-items.

Two men struggle desperately to sift the grain from the chaff, to decide what is important and what isn't, to get the items in the right order, and in addition, to get the right number from the time point of view.

The editor of a paper has so many columns to fill. The news department at the B.B.C. so many minutes.

The ironic thing is, that the staff itself, owing to its smallness, hasn't nearly enough time to prepare the news bulletins in such a way that they are both an accurate summary of the day's happenings and also the most attractively-presented one from the listener's point of view.

Bald announcements bawled down the microphone interest no one.

To achieve the right balance between the Stop Press News in an evening paper and its "Diary of the Day" page, you would obviously have to enlarge the staff considerably to include not only the services of really experienced journalists, but also an editor-in-chief.

Continued on page 27

Radio Pictorial Gossip . . . collected by Newsmonger



Voices in Reserve

Broadcasting House always likes to have a few good voices in reserve, and last week several nervous young men were put through their paces. Each one had applied for announcing work.

Lots do, but only a few get through the test.

Each applicant was given an old news bulletin, and after a few minutes' study was put in a studio where he sat down to read it to the "mike."

Bill Shakespeare tries over a few hot notes during rehearsal

If Jessie Matthews, Gordon Harker, and the others who appeared on the screen can be persuaded to play their parts in the studio, it should be a broadcast worth hearing.

Relations are now more friendly between the film and broadcasting people and scripts of productions are often exchanged in case the material should be useful to the other side. Which reminds me that John Grierson has started shooting the B.B.C. film. It was to have had a love interest, but that has been cut out.

At the Seaside

I had a feeling that the Step Sisters would find their way to the sea, and said so last week. Now they tell me that they are off to Worthing for the summer, when they leave the B.B.C. at the end of next month.

Leonard Henry and several other radio stars have also been booked to appear at the Pavilion in the Sussex resort, which makes a point of engaging broadcasting artists each year.

Clapham and Dwyer and Doris and Elsie Waters have played there in recent seasons.

Pat at the "Comedy"

Patrick Waddington has never lost that undergraduate look and he is well cast as David Lister in *First Episode*, the play about university life at the Comedy. It seems only yesterday that he started to sing in "That Certain Trio."

It is a big stride from a cabaret act to the principal part in a straight play on the West End stage, but Pat is a hard worker and his radio experience has helped.

I hope that he will not give up singing.

From Scotland

At 6.55 p.m. on March 16, Scottish listeners will hear the Scottish Studio Orchestra, directed by Guy Daines, in a programme of Dances from the Pavane to the Waltz entitled, "Once in the Ballrooms of Europe."

Sandy and Andy will have another crack at the microphone at 7.45 p.m. on March 16. This time they will have something to say about the Scottish Cup.

"Fringes of Music" is the title of a concert which will be given at 7.15 p.m. on March 17, for those whose taste in matters musical is catholic. Listeners will hear all sorts of curious instruments and sounds. For instance, F. J. Fisher will play a whistle, which cost more than a penny in spite

What the
STARS
are Doing

"B.H." in the Evening

IMUCH prefer Broadcasting House in the evening. Its atmosphere is a lot less formal when the minute writers have gone home from their labours and the night staff are in charge.

There are more artists about and even the laughter in the restaurant seems less restrained.

A B.B.C. Hostess

Besides, you are almost certain to meet Mrs. Towler, who acts as hostess for the B.B.C.

Dressed, as a rule, in a black evening gown, this charming person greets the artists as they arrive and it is her special pleasure to help newcomers to find their way about the building.

I met her last night chatting with Sheila Borrett, who had come back to act in a play.

In the Green Room

This reception business is well organised. There is a green room in the basement where concert singers are entertained and a drawing-room on ground level furnished in a more formal style, where distinguished speakers are usually received.

Then two floors below are the listening halls, in which artists leave their friends to listen to a loud-speaker while they broadcast.

Mrs. Towler is to be seen in them all.

She must cover a lot of ground every evening, yet she never seems to flag.

At Savoy Hill she used to superintend the women staff, and knowing everybody so well helps her in her present work.

At No. 16

The new television studio is about a hundred and fifty yards up Portland Place from the entrance to Broadcasting House. Not a very long way, but far enough to be unpleasant on a wet night.

Only one announcer stays on duty in London after eleven o'clock, and as it would be awkward for him to leave the main studios, a new man, E. A. Sullivan, has been given the job of announcing television programmes.

Though fresh to this work in London, he has had experience in Ireland and you may recognise his voice.

A record was made of each effort and one was quite good, I hear.

He may go to a regional studio.

Jessie May Broadcast

Barbara Burnham is at work adapting *Friday, the Thirteenth* for broadcasting. It is the first film to be treated this way in England and I am glad that they chose a British picture.

Here is Leslie D. Jeffries, the successor to Tom Jones at the Grand Hotel, Eastbourne. He is rehearsing his radio numbers, accompanied by his wife



RADIOSITIES!

"Radio Pictorial" will pay 10s. 6d. for each photograph published in this new pictorial feature of curious radio sights. Photographs can be returned only if accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes



The latest idea in hospital radio—controlling the bedside telephones at switchboards



A radio set built on dominoes! These are crystal detectors, but in spite of their midget size, they work on an outside aerial



Broadcasting tap-dancing. Did you know this was how dance steps are broadcast?



Here's a new instrument for budding musicians. And they call it the Goofus!

of its name, and Iain Campbell will make Scottish Mouch Music, called in the Highlands Peurt-a-Beul.

About Eve

Eve Becke is one of the best sopranos on the lighter side of broadcast music. She is quite a genius when it comes to learning anything quickly.

She says the B.B.C is always in a hurry where she is concerned. If a soprano falls ill it is always Eve who is rung up and asked to take her place.

Only recently Anona Winn was indisposed. She sang in a Friday night performance of *Songs from the Shows*, but was not well enough to appear on the Saturday. Eve Becke took her place with very little notice. Something of a feat because there is a good deal to do in one of those shows.

Chased Over London

One Whitmonday Eve happened to call in at Broadcasting House to leave a note at the reception desk to be sent up to the room of one of the producers.

She was immediately pounced upon. Suzanne Botterill, who was to have sung in one of those *Soft Lights and Sweet Music* shows, was indisposed.

It seems the producer had been chasing Eve all over London. He had rung her up to find she was out. He then rang up every possible place where she might be.

As she was caught in Broadcasting House itself, there was no getting away. With just a preliminary run through she sang that night. *O Star of Eve!*

In "Music Hall"

You probably heard Maude Courtenay in the Old Music-Hall show a week or two back.

She sang *The Honeysuckle and the Bee*, which she first introduced into this country thirty-two years ago at the Palace Theatre.

She also sang it in India. The comic thing about her singing it there is that the natives were so keen on the tune that they concocted words in their own language and sang it lustily as a chorus whenever she appeared. She didn't Hindustan it—but they did!

Hard Work!

When Maude was in Australia, she had to work very hard. Her managements demanded at least three new songs a fortnight. That's fairly good going, taken all the year round.

Very few singers are expected to do anything of the kind over here.

Henry's Cold

I saw Henry Hall for a moment during one of my wanderings at Broadcasting House. He was a bit sorry for himself, having a cold, like most of us.

He told me he had been keeping too many late hours.

One of these was at a theatre show, where he thought he might find some talent for his own use.

He booked his tickets by telephone in the name of Henry Roberts. His real name is Henry Robert Hall.

Incognito!

When he arrived at the theatre he asked for the tickets for Mr. Roberts and was given them. He thought he had got away with his incognito, but as he took his seat one of the attendants said, "Blimey, there's 'Enry 'All!" I told him to wear a false beard the next time.

Tom Jones' Move

Tom Jones has left Eastbourne. Probably you knew that. He told me he had enjoyed his stay there, but that he felt the time had come to move about a bit.

Of course, you will hear him on the air again. He is far too valuable a broadcaster for the B.B.C. to let him go. He is at present on a concert tour.

Tramping at Eastbourne

Tom is a fine specimen of English manhood. Tall, well-built, and high-coloured, he is a splendid athlete. While he was at Eastbourne there were very few days on which he missed his ten mile tramp over the downs. He generally rose early and devoted his first two hours to his violin.

Temperament

"In a place like this," he said, "you never know who hears you. How do I know somebody like Szigeti, Mischa Elman, or Isolde Menges won't come down here for a few days? You can't play just anyhow when those sort of people are about."

Mrs. Tom Jones is a good musician—a harpist—and a niece of John Cockerill, harpist in the London Symphony Orchestra. Whether their little boy Michael will be a harpist or a violinist, time alone will show. He is only five.

Still to be Heard

While he is on his concert tour Tom will take every opportunity of watching football matches. He is very keen. When the summer comes he will be glad to get to the coast where he can indulge in his swimming.

You needn't think you have lost sound of him. He will come through from somewhere.

After all, it doesn't matter to you where, so long as you hear him!

Easy come—easy go!

By FERRIER



LISTEN TO THE B.B.C.'s RUNNING COMMENTARY ON THE BOAT RACE—THIS ARTICLE TELLS YOU HOW IT IS DONE

EARLY in the year 1927 I received an invitation to go down to the B.B.C.'s old headquarters at Savoy Hill, to make a test with a view to my broadcasting the first running commentary of the Boat Race.

I am not certain that I knew then what a "running commentary" meant, but I thought it would be fun to find out!

I was ushered into the presence of Lance Sieveking, who made me feel that I was back at school again and about to receive a stern but most-deserved lecture from the head prefect.

He asked me to read aloud something from the evening paper.

At first I supposed that I had appeared so dumb on entering the presence, that he wished to assure himself that I possessed the gift of speech. But as I read from the paper a bald announcement of a seemingly pointless marriage between two utterly unknown people at one of London's more depressing registry offices, I realised that Sieveking had clapped some earphones to his head and was listening intently.

Apparently I "came through" satisfactorily, for he asked me to imagine that a Boat Race was in progress and give a short impression of the way I should describe it.

Immediately I sensed a trap.

I realised that in moments of stress and excitement men are apt to descend to profanities. Bad language must be avoided at all costs.

So summoning all my powers of imagination I burst into a frenzied description of a fiercer and more breathless tussle than the tideway or Henley reach has ever known.

It was a glorious race.

But no one ever knew who won!

For courteous, kindly, but oh-so-alooof Sieveking, frightened lest he might be betrayed into some sort of emotion, stopped me short and dismissed me with his blessing.

A few days later I learnt that I had passed my examination. I was to do the first running commentary of the Boat Race, and J. C. Squire (now Sir John Squire) was to be my second.

The following week we were entertained to luncheon in order that we might talk things over and make our arrangements. Under Sir John's cordial and informal influence we talked a good deal, but made very few arrangements.

As a matter of fact, there were very few arrangements to make. But it was agreed that Sir John should describe the spectacle and general ensemble

G. O. Nickalls, the popular Boat Race broadcaster, and one of the first B.B.C. commentators to broadcast an eye-witness account of the Boat Race, tells you how the commentary is given and how this year's race will be described on the radio

prior to the race, and that I should interrupt occasionally; and that I should describe the actual race with occasional interruptions from Sir John.

I think this worked out pretty well in practice. With a nudge and a nod I would indicate to him that I wanted to interrupt with a few words which I felt might be committed to the microphone with profit, and in course of time he would give way. Sir John's treatment of me was somewhat rougher than this.

On more than one occasion, as the excitement of the race grew intense, he stamped hard on my toes, and as I drew back in pain and horror, his face would lurch forward to the microphone as words and sentences came tumbling from his mouth in a veritable avalanche of description.

I believe we had one short rehearsal of that first Boat Race commentary, on board the launch, the day previous to the race.

It appeared to be satisfactory, though we were informed that we should not know until after it was all over whether or no a single word of it had reached the public.

The 1928 Boat Race was a walk-away affair, and although Squire and I agreed that we had improved on the year before, and comforted ourselves with this thought, we each of us knew we were lying.

In 1929 the fact that I had coached the Oxford crew at Putney prevented me from doing the commentary. George Wansborough, the old Cambridge stroke, took my place with Squire, and the race was again very one-sided.

In 1930 the old combination got together again. Since my last effort I had heard my cousin, Geoffrey Gilbey, do a magnificent commentary of the Grand National for a Pathé film.

I came to the conclusion that his way was the way all commentaries should be done. His speech was clear, but attractively casual, entirely natural and seemingly spontaneous, while the slight hesitancy in his voice was, I decided, quite admirable.

I would copy his method.

I would become far less restrained. The result of these deliberations was that I overdid it entirely.

The race was an exciting one for the first mile and a half, and I allowed my feelings and emotions full play. My voice rose to a high-pitched falsetto and I gabbled my sentences, stammered, stuttered and repeated myself to such an extent that listeners must have been hard put to it to find out what was really happening. To make matters worse, H.M.V. made a gramophone record of some of my more deplorable moments, and re-broadcast the race in the evening programme. This I have always believed to be the cruellest and most exacting test a commentator can undergo!

More recently, Mr. Snagge has broadcast the Boat Race, and although I have never heard him, I am told he is very good—cool, calculated, and to the point.

He has had Mr. Gerald Coch to help him out during the first five minutes or so, but this year Mr. Coch will be in America.

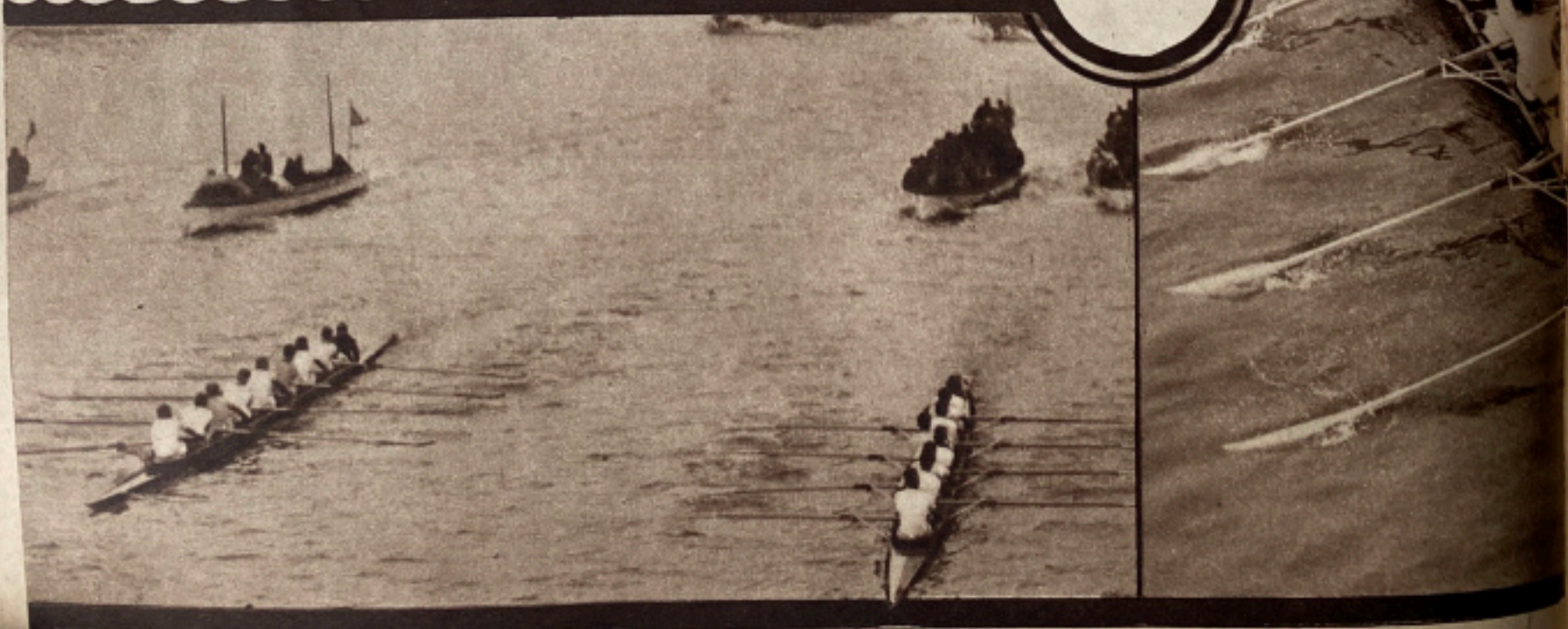
So Mr. Snagge intends to do it entirely alone. I think that possibly this method will prove most successful of all.

The technical arrangements are as difficult and complicated as ever. The commentator's launch, the "Magician," is fitted with a short-wave low-power transmitter with an effective range of approximately twenty miles.

Two years ago this transmitter was entirely re-designed.

The commentary transmitted from the short aerial suspended between the two masts of the launch is picked up by a receiver installed on the roof of Harrods Depository, near Hammersmith Bridge. From there it goes to the Control Room in Broadcasting House by telephone lines. For three days before the race the "Magician" may be seen cruising the river near Putney, tuning up and testing for any and every possible hitch. These tests are of the greatest importance. For once the commentary is on its way, those on board the launch can receive no messages from listening engineers.

These action pictures of a Boat Race in progress give you some idea of the B.B.C. commentator's difficulty in describing the progress of the event for millions of listeners



Broadcasting the BOAT RACE

Constant attention to the transmitter has to be maintained throughout by the three engineers on board.

Their time is fully occupied in watching feed meters, balance and many other details, and for them the Boat Race is not a sport but a strenuous and anxious thirty minutes; there are so many factors to be considered.

A rough day and an unsteady boat may threaten to upset the quality of the transmission. Following or crossing the wake of other launches may cause rolling and pitching. So far as is possible a clear and even balance of speech must be maintained.

With the cheering crowds all the way over the course, the general hooting of tugs and steamers, and perhaps a head-on breeze, the microphone has to be baffled to reduce side tone to a minimum. If the commentator should raise his voice unnecessarily it must, if possible, be rectified; and there are very many more details of a highly technical nature which have to undergo the closest scrutiny.

Almost an hour before the race the "Magician" will take up her position under the Middlesex bank. The time for the start of the commentary having been previously arranged and the stop-watches duly set, a five-minute warning will be given to the listening engineers at Harrods through the microphone, and from then a warning is given every half minute. Until the launch has reached the Ibis Boat Club, at Mortlake, those on board will have no knowledge of how it has "gone over."

As the launch passes the receiving point a prearranged visible signal will be given by two listening engineers from the roof of the building, signifying, it is hoped, "O.K." And the B.B.C. will have done its share in the Boat Race of 1934!





If you want to know what goes on in the studios when a radio show is being prepared, then you will be interested in this article by Leslie Baily, the well-known radio play-writer

Standing beside the actors who spoke these messages was a man from the Effects Department with a morse key, on which he simultaneously tapped out the message, so that the listener heard the spoken message superimposed on the morse. But whenever the actor said "S.O.S.," the effects man was under instructions not by any account to tap the three dots, three dashes, three dots, of that call.

He just had to "monkey about" with his key!

Another injunction that came down to my producer from those powers on high who control policy matters at the B.B.C. was during the production of my radio play, *The Fantastic*

Secrets of the SHOWS

THE strangest things happen behind the scenes at the B.B.C.

Things of which you who sit at home by your loud-speakers usually have no suspicion. For instance, there's the case of Bobbie Hale. Those of you who heard one of my programmes, "Scrapbook for 1913," would certainly not suspect that Bobbie Hale, the veteran revue star, was an ill man that night. I myself did not know until a few hours before the performance, when I discovered that Bobbie had been coming to rehearsals from a nursing home, to which he returned after each!

He had kept this information from me, and from Charles Brewer, the producer of the show, for fear that it might worry us.

"You have had so much bother about casting this show, that I didn't want to be another to back out," he said to me.

Yes, indeed, the bother! At one time I almost gave up that programme in despair. One person after another slipped out of my grasp when I thought I had them nailed for the show.

Ethel Levey was originally in the cast, as one of the most popular artistes of 1913. Three weeks before the date of broadcasting she telephoned me that she had to leave for America immediately. By that time a part had been written for her!

The B.B.C. searched for another revue star of twenty years ago. They traced Ida Crispi to an hotel in Nottingham and booked her, while I hastily re-wrote the part.

A part was also written for another stage star in retirement, now the bearer of a title.

She developed an attack of shyness and declined to come to the microphone.

There was plenty of what I call Scotland Yard work in that programme. Deciding to reconstruct that thrilling sea adventure, the rescue of the passengers and crew of the sinking steamer *Volturmo*, I searched the country for Seddon and Pennington, the two wireless operators to whose valiant work aboard the *Volturmo* the survivors owed their lives.

Right under my nose I found two ex-wireless operators who were friends of Pennington—they are now B.B.C. engineers at Broadcasting House. They gave me valuable information, but we never found the heroes themselves.

Perhaps they are dead.

Perhaps abroad.

The Association to which wireless operators belong has lost trace of them.

On the other hand, when it got into the Press that I wished to obtain gramophone records of Marie Lloyd, I was literally deluged by records sent by post, records brought in by

hand, and scores of letters offering to lend me those precious old discs.

One peculiar fact about the *Volturmo* sketch was that we were forbidden to transmit the actual S.O.S. signal in morse code. This was for fear that ships at sea might pick up the B.B.C. transmission and fancy that there really was a ship in distress.

You will remember that we broadcast the messages flashed out by the *Volturmo* and the replies from other ships.

There are lively scenes in a studio during the production of a large show, involving a chorus and an orchestra as well as the ordinary group of dramatic players. Here is a scene in the concert hall studio at the London Broadcasting House



Battle. This play had a controversial theme—passive resistance—and there was a scene laid in a disarmament conference.

These circumstances, and the scathing language used by one of the characters in regard to disarmament conferences and their ways, gave the powers on high a good deal of anxiety. After the play had been written, it was shelved from time to time, because they felt that in the then state of European politics such a broadcast might be indiscreet.

March 16, 1934



Lew Stone's band in action, cleverly caricatured by Slade. Lew is in the foreground conducting, as he will do this Wednesday at the B.B.C.

So three years passed.

At length the play went into production.

Three days before the date of broadcasting I was hurriedly summoned to Broadcasting House, to find the producer, Robin Whitworth, sitting at a table scowling at the script of the play. He pointed to some marks in red ink.

"Censored," said Robin.

The powers on high had decided that certain things in the play must be deleted. I had to carry out a hurried surgical operation on the script, sewing up the wounds so that listeners would not notice them.

It was during the broadcasting of this play that a lucky breakdown occurred.

I say lucky, because it was brief (about half a minute) and it came at such a point in the story that most listeners imagined that it was a deliberate silence to heighten the tense situation. It occurred in this way.

There was a drum roll, starting faintly and gaining volume until it became a full roar. The drummer "peaked" quicker than we anticipated, and for once the engineer who controls the transmission, and whose job it is to prevent any sound exceeding a certain maximum intensity, was caught napping. The excess of noise caused what the engineers term a "flash-over" at the transmitting station: a breakdown in the transmitter due to exceeding the safety mark.

With remarkable slickness the engineers repaired the damage in half a minute.

Another breakdown I recall with a most unpleasant sense of disaster.

It was during the broadcasting of a show of mine called *As It Might Have Been—150 Years Ago*.

The transmission was in progress.

A loud-speaker was reproducing it in the dramatic control room at Broadcasting House, where we sat—E. J. King-Bull (the producer), D. H. Munro, who was working the control panel under King-Bull's direction (he's now

B.B.C. studio manager), an engineer, and myself.

Suddenly the loud-speaker went dead.

Munro twisted this knob and that.

Nothing happened.

The engineer muttered something about a breakdown and sped from the room.

King-Bull, satisfied that the trouble was not in the control panel but must be in the studios, followed him, in search of the bother.

For several minutes Munro and I sat there. I think they were the longest minutes in my life. We were helpless, could do nothing. I pictured millions of listeners cursing and switching over to another programme. I reflected bitterly on the months of work that had come to this end. Actually the breakdown lasted about three minutes, but to me it seemed like three hours. It was traced to a fault several floors below, in one of the studios.

The most trying crisis I have ever had to tackle was ten years ago, in the B.B.C.'s very young days.

I was taking part in a show from the old Leeds studio, an atrocity of a room so small that the orchestra occupied nearly all the space. Two or three of us who had speaking parts were crowded at one end, with our backs to the players.

Ploughing gaily through my part, I came to a point where I announced, according to instructions, the next orchestral item.

Nothing happened.

Turning round, I was horrified to see empty seats and bare music-stands. The band had gone out to have one. For five minutes we gaged at the microphone, until the musicians sauntered back, smacking their lips!

Those were the days when broadcasting was a good deal more happy-go-lucky than it is now.

I remember one station "birthday night" at Leeds, which ended with the station director, adorned in paper hat, dancing a jig in one corner while two of the "uncles" played cricket down the middle of the studio with paper balls, and anyone available kept up a running fire of song and story at the microphone.

Later I did some dramatic work for other provincial stations, including a "spook" play called *The Spectral Dog*, from Manchester. This included one of the most eerie sound effects that ever chilled the marrow of the British listener. The howling of the ghost-dog.

It really did give one the shivers. But, truth to tell, it came off a gramophone record!

A play of mine called *The Mummy's Foot* was produced at Newcastle in 1931 in a peculiar way. At that time the B.B.C. premises at Newcastle were nothing to boast about; only in the past few months have they been brought up to date. There were no facilities for sound effects or for what we call "artificial echo," that ingenious system by which the amount of echo behind voice or music can be adjusted merely by turning a knob in the control room.

So our actors did their stuff in the studio at Newcastle-on-Tyne, while the sound effects and echo came over land lines from the Manchester studios, more than a hundred miles away, and were "mixed" at Newcastle with the voices. It was done so well that I don't expect any listener suspected that the production was coming from both the Manchester and Newcastle studios simultaneously.

Then came the two *As It Might Have Been* programmes which I did from London, the first about thirty years ago and the second the 150-years-ago programme to which I have already alluded. The producer of *Thirty Years Ago* was Lance Sieveking, and if you know Sieveking you will not need to be told that during the preparation of this show we had some amusing times.



Mrs. POOTLE [an iridium blonde]: *Thass right. But my friends all call me Hermione.*
 CORONER [severely]: *A crooner's wife has no business to have any friends.*

Crooner's Inquest

SCENE.—A Coroner's Court, gaily decorated with streamers, balloons, etc. It's Gala Day, for the Coroner—a plump, globular little man, merry and jocular withal, as well he might be—is about to sit on the corpse of a Crooner.

CORONER [taking his seat, and nodding cordially to the jury]: Good-morning, boys and girls! How are you all? Splendid! All well at home, I trust? Good!

Well, we have a very pleasing task in front of us this morning. We've got to sit upon a poor wet sneeze named Perce Pootle. Perce Pootle! Gad, what a label—I ask you!

A crooner, members of the jury, as his name implies. And if one crooner can be worse than another, Perce was the worst of the lot.

Ever hear Bill Blowhard and His Boys on the wireless? Well, Perce was the cheap skate that used to make those disgusting stomach-ache noises. We are here to determine the manner of his gladsome demise—suicide, broadside, barmecide, silverside, or Cheapside.

Now I take it you've all had a decko at Perce's carcass?

MRS. WIDDLES [an elderly female jurymen]: I ain't, your Coronership.

CORONER [to his Officer]: Mrs. Widdles ain't, Jim. Give her a devilish stiff whisky-and-soda, and conduct her to the revolting sight.

ALL THE REST OF THE JURY [as one man]: I'd like a basin of that! Nor ain't we not seen him neither, sir.

CORONER: Nor you won't, neither—not with the not-so-frisky at twelve-and-six a squeeze-my-throttle. We won't wait for Mrs. Widdles. You know what these neurotic young girls are when there's anything sensational doing.

Call the first witness—Lizzie Susan Jemima Ursula Pootle. . . Is that your name—what I said? I can't say all that rignarole over again.

MRS. POOTLE [an iridium blonde]: Thass right. But my friends all call me Hermione.

CORONER [severely]: A crooner's wife has no business to have any friends.

FOREMAN OF THE JURY: 'Ear, 'ear.

CORONER [with heat]: Who done that? What, you, Mr. Foreman? Any more 'ear-'earing and I'll have the jury-box cleared. Got that?

FOREMAN: Sorry!

CORONER: Sorrow sustained. Now, Liz, you are the lawful relict of the corpse?

MRS. POOTLE: The lawful how-much?

CORONER: Relict. R for arsenic, E for eisteddfod, L for elephant, I for eyeball, C for seesaw, T for breakfast. In other words, you are the widow Pootle?

MRS. POOTLE: Thass right.

CORONER: Congratulations. Now, as you're going through the hoop, what about a spot of something before you spill the beans? A gin-and-It, or a Satan's Whisker? . . . Ah, here's Mrs. Widdles with us again.

Welcome home, Mrs. Widdles! Had your drop of doin's? Given Perce the once-over? Rightio!

Hop back into your pew. You haven't missed anything. Now, Liz, tell us what you know about the happy dispatch of this miserable little squirt we're sitting on.

MRS. POOTLE: It happened yes'day morning. Perce got up as usual, massaged his uvula, sprayed his tonsils with sulphuric acid, gargled with soft soap, and then went to the bathroom for his bath.

CORONER: Note that carefully, gents and Mrs. Widdles of the jury. Perce went to the bathroom for a bath; not as you might imagine for a sack of potatoes or a bicycle-ride. Well, Liz, what next?

MRS. POOTLE: I heard him splashing about, and then all of a sudden he began to sing.

CORONER: Do you mean sing or croon?

MRS. POOTLES: Sing.

CORONER: He didn't just make collywobble noises and bleat that he was "feeling blue," oop-a-doop, "because of you," oop-a-doop?

MRS. POOTLE: Oh, no. He sang. He did reelly. It might have been Chaliapin.

By

ASHLEY STERNE

CORONER: And was it Chaliapin?

MRS. POOTLE: No.

CORONER: I guessed it wasn't. Not Chaliapin, but just poor dear old Perce?

MRS. POOTLE: Thass right.

CORONER: And what was he a-singing of?

MRS. POOTLE: "Hearts of Oak."

CORONER: "Hearts of Oak!" Gorblimey!

A crooner sing "Hearts of Oak!" Impossible!

MRS. POOTLE: Well, he did. He'd just got to the "Steady, boys, steady!" bit, when I heard a dull, sickening thud. I rushed into the bath-room, and there was Perce fallen half out of the bath.

CORONER: The other half of Perce being still in?

MRS. POOTLE: Quait. I saw it was all U.P. at a glance.

CORONER: Did you give him artificial respiration?

MRS. POOTLE: No fear.

CORONER: You acted very wisely. Nobody could have done less for him. One crooner fewer is all to the good. And where did you go from there?

MRS. POOTLE: I had my breakfast, and then I sent for the doctor. He said—

CORONER: Don't tell me! The Doc. is here

and will say his little piece all by himself directly. Well, that's all for the present, Liz—unless any member of the jury wants to put anything?

THE FOREMAN: I'd like to put a pint o' beer away.

CORONER [to his Officer]: Fetch two, Jim. . . .

You may go, Liz, and thanks awfully for coming. Pay at the desk as you go out. . . . Call Dr. Swiffle. . . . You are Asmodeus Swiffle, M.D., Edin., L.R.C.P. Lond., M.R.C.S. Holborn 4699?

DOCTOR: That's me.

CORONER: I said you were. Don't waste the time of the court. Well, what do you know about this?

DOCTOR: It was 10.30 yesterday morning when I was called to the deceased—

CORONER: You needn't call him the deceased. Call him Perce. We're all friends here.

DOCTOR: I found him in the bathroom, half in the bath, half on the floor. His head was jammed in a hot-water can.

CORONER: That's funny.

DOCTOR: Funny? It was a riot. The hot water can was about three sizes too small.

CORONER: What did you infer from that?

DOCTOR: That somebody had persuaded him to go and boil his head.

CORONER: Was his head—er—you know?

DOCTOR: Yes, but unbowed.

CORONER: Note that, jury. Perce's head was—er—you know, but unbowed. . . . Now, Doc, you examined the head, of course? Did you find it boiled, baked, fried, chips, or sauté?

DOCTOR: The head showed no outward sign of violence. I then took a look inside. I found a compound fracture of the left tonsil; the right was cracked in three places, and the uvula had tied itself into a half-nelson.

CORONER: Did you examine the larynx, the spharynx, the phœnix, and the ornithorhyncus?

DOCTOR: No.

CORONER: And why the devil didn't you?

DOCTOR: I didn't know where to look for them.

CORONER: No, more don't I. Did you make an autopsy?

DOCTOR: What's an autopsy?

CORONER: It's something like the nigger-girl in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

DOCTOR: Oh, no. Nothing of that sort.

CORONER: And was that the cause of death?

DOCTOR: Was what the cause of death?

CORONER: What you said.

DOCTOR: I didn't say anything.

CORONER: Well, to cut a long inquest short, the cause of death was fractured tonsils, shall we say?

DOCTOR: Yes, let's.

CORONER: Occasioned by attempting to sing "Hearts of Oak" with vocal organs undermined by pernicious crooning?

DOCTOR: You've said it.

CORONER: Now, would you like to qualify that in any way? D'you think poor old Perce was crackers and did himself in?

DOCTOR: Of course, he was crackers. He was a crooner, wasn't he?

CORONER: Doc, you've hit the coconut clean on the milk. That's all to-day, unless any of the cornermen would like to ask Massa Johnson a conundrum before he goes back to his panel? No? Well, cheerio, Doc! Go on with the mixture as before, and don't forget to shake the bottle. . . . Now, gents of the jury and Mrs. Widdles, that's all the evidence. Not much of a packet, but enough for a mouldy little crooner! I won't sum up, because I'm late for lunch already. Consider your verdict.

FOREMAN: We ainta goin' to give any consideration to a crooner.

CORONER: Perhaps you're right.

FOREMAN: We find the corpse died by act of Providence and serve him jolly well right.

CORONER: And that is the verdict of you all—including Mrs. Widdles?

FOREMAN: It is.

CORONER: And me, too. Jim, tell the mortuary charwoman she can throw Perce away.

"RADIO PICTORIAL"
 EVERY FRIDAY

PICTORIAL NEWS of the STARS



Do you recognise him? Gillie Potter, in addition to his broadcasting and stage activities, is, in his spare time, a highly efficient churchwarden. Here he is assisting the Vicar of All Saints', Camden Town, to prepare for a garden fete

Even radio stars rest sometimes, and Broadcasting House includes many lounges, waiting-rooms and rest rooms for weary artists. Below you see one of these rooms — an interval in rehearsal of a Jack Hulbert show



All the world's friend, Christopher Stone, looking very comfortable in his library, pipe in mouth as usual! He has said that of all the places in the world he has visited, his library is his favourite spot

On the right, Mrs. Jack Payne is snapped on her husband's farm, in company with two "friends." Another hobby which Mr. and Mrs. Jack Payne share is golf, and when they are not on the farm they play together most weekends. "And if Doris does have the better of me over a good many things," says Jack, "I generally can manage to beat her at golf"



The man behind the scenes, Mr. Mills, manager to Jack Payne and his "Boys." His jobs include transporting the band—and their instruments—all over England and the Continent to keep their many engagements. Yet he manages to keep smiling!



PROGRAMME HEADLINES of the WEEK

Star Features in the National Programme

SUNDAY
The Northern Studio Orchestra.
The Leslie Bridgewater Quintet.
The Hastings Municipal Orchestra.

MONDAY
The Western Studio Orchestra.
L. du Gardé Peach.
The Scottish Studio Orchestra directed by Guy Daines.
Commander Stephen King-Hall.
The B.B.C. Orchestra (Section D.).

TUESDAY
Reginald New.
Commodore Grand Orchestra directed by Joseph Muscant.
Sir Walford Davies.
Commander Stephen King-Hall.
The Wireless Military Band, directed by B. Walton O'Donnell.
David Lloyd George.

WEDNESDAY
Marchioness of Reading.
Monsieur E. M. Stephan.
Quentin Maclean.
The Western Studio Orchestra.
James Agate.

THURSDAY
Norman Austin
Christopher Stone.
The Scottish Studio Orchestra directed by Guy Daines.
Vernon Bartlett.

FRIDAY
Charles Manning and his Orchestra.
The Hotel Metropole Orchestra.
Emilio Colombo.
Sir Walford Davies.

SATURDAY
The Commodore Grand Orchestra directed by Joseph Muscant.
Harold Ramsay.
Clapham and Dwyer.
H. M. Abrahams.
A. P. Herbert.

NATIONAL

SUNDAY (March 18).—Orchestral Concert, relayed from Hastings.

MONDAY (March 19).—Charlotte's Hour, feature programme.

TUESDAY (March 20).—*The Sea Gull*, a play by Tchekov.

WEDNESDAY (March 21).—Symphony Concert, relayed from Queen's Hall, London.

THURSDAY (March 22).—Old Music Halls, variety programme.

FRIDAY (March 23).—The Grand National; a running commentary by Messrs. Lyle and Hobbs, relayed from Aintree.

SATURDAY (March 24).—Music Hall programme.

LONDON REGIONAL

SUNDAY (March 18).—A Religious Service, relayed from the London Road Methodist Church, Brighton.

Dance Music of the Week

Tuesday. Roy Fox and his Band (*Café de Paris*).

Wednesday. Lew Stone and his Band.

Thursday. B.B.C. Dance Orchestra directed by Henry Hall (broadcasting from the B.B.C. studios).

Friday. Harry Roy and his Band (*May Fair Hotel*).

Saturday. B.B.C. Orchestra directed by Henry Hall (broadcasting from the B.B.C. studios).

MONDAY (March 19).—Music in These Airts—From Tweed to Ness, feature programme.

TUESDAY (March 20).—Charlotte's Hour, feature programme.

WEDNESDAY (March 21).—Variety programme.

THURSDAY (March 22).—Hallé Pensions Fund Concert, relayed from the Free Trade Hall, Manchester.

FRIDAY (March 23).—*The Barber of Seville* (Rossini), Act 1, relayed from Sadler's Wells.

SATURDAY (March 24).—Military Band Concert.

MIDLAND REGIONAL

SUNDAY (March 18).—A Religious Service, relayed from St. Martin's Parish Church, Birmingham.

MONDAY (March 19).—A Ladies' Band programme, relayed from the National Trades and Industrial Exhibition, Bingley Hall, Birmingham.

TUESDAY (March 20).—Orchestral concert.

WEDNESDAY (March 21).—A Schools Massed Choir Concert, relayed from the Town Hall, Dudley.

THURSDAY (March 22).—*Round the World in Thirty Minutes*, a comedy episode with songs by Laurie Devine and T. W. Rees.

FRIDAY (March 23).—Choral programme.

SATURDAY (March 24).—*Don't Listen to This: Hanged*, an episode by Douglas Allen, and *The Last Survivor*, a play by Cumming Tait.

WEST REGIONAL

SUNDAY (March 18).—Religious Service, relayed from the Parish Church, Ottery St. Mary, S. Devon.

MONDAY (March 19).—Police Band concert.

TUESDAY (March 20).—A Hermann Löhr programme: orchestral concert.

WEDNESDAY (March 21).—Two Short Plays in Welsh: *Y Practis* (The Practice), a farce by Leysion Williams, and *Lluest-y-Bwci* (The Goblins' Abode), a drama by D. Mathew Williams.

THURSDAY (March 22).—A concert, relayed from the Town Hall, Pontypridd.

FRIDAY (March 23).—Music by Welsh Composers: orchestral and choral concert.

SATURDAY (March 24).—Both Sides of the Channel—a variety interlude, relayed from the Blue Horizon Country Club, St. Mellons and The Palace Theatre, Plymouth.

NORTH REGIONAL

SUNDAY (March 18).—A Church of England Service, relayed from Preston Parish Church.

MONDAY (March 19).—Liverpool Welsh Baptist Psalmody Festival, relayed from the Welsh Baptist Chapel, Everton, Liverpool.

TUESDAY (March 20).—The Liverpool Philharmonic Society's Concert, relayed from St. George's Hall, Liverpool.

WEDNESDAY (March 21).—Maritana (Wallace) concert version, relayed from the Victoria Hall, Hanley.

THURSDAY (March 22).—Hallé Pensions Fund Concert, relayed from the Free Trade Hall, Manchester.

FRIDAY (March 23).—Variety, relayed from the Argyle Theatre, Birkenhead.

SATURDAY (March 24).—A Popular Concert, relayed from the Free Trade Hall, Manchester.

SCOTTISH REGIONAL

SUNDAY (March 18).—Religious Service, relayed from Elgin Place Congregational Church.

MONDAY (March 19).—Music in These Airts—From Tweed to Ness, feature programme.

TUESDAY (March 20).—Orchestral and choral concert, relayed from St. George's Hall, Dumfries.

WEDNESDAY (March 21).—A Gaelic Concert.

THURSDAY (March 22).—An Excerpt from *Hello, Dave!* a musical show, relayed from the Pavilion Theatre, Perth.

FRIDAY (March 23).—Choral programme.

SATURDAY (March 24).—Band programme.

BELFAST

SUNDAY (March 18).—A Religious Service, relayed from St. James's Parish Church, Belfast.

MONDAY (March 19).—Orchestral concert.

TUESDAY (March 20).—A recital of Hebridean songs and duets.

WEDNESDAY (March 21).—Orchestral concert, relayed from the Municipal Museum and Art Gallery.

THURSDAY (March 22).—Other People's Music, orchestral concert.

FRIDAY (March 23).—Belfast Philharmonic Society, relayed from the Ulster Hall.

SATURDAY (March 24).—*The Rose of Castile*, an opera by Augustus Harris and Edmund Falconer.

With the cessation of Mr. Vernon Bartlett's regular series of talks, the B.B.C. will continue the feature, "The Week Abroad," but in place of Mr. Vernon Bartlett will relay talks from the different capitals of Europe. These talks will be arranged as far as possible to coincide with events of special interest or significance in the various countries, and the speakers will be experts in foreign affairs. The series will be given on Thursday evenings from April to June.

Radio Times gives full programme details.



National programme Stars of the week. (Left to right) Clapham, who broadcasts with Dwyer on March 24, at 5.15. Harry Roy (dance music on Friday, at 10.30). Vernon Bartlett (March 22, at 9.30) and Leslie Bridgewater (March 18, at 3.30)



Jan Van der Gucht (March 18, National at 3.30) Reginald King (London Regional, March 18 at 4.30) Sir Dan Godfrey (with the Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra on March 21, National, at 3.15) and Percy Heming (March 19, National at 9.35)

SUNDAY (MARCH 18)

- Athlone (531 m.).—Tony Reddin and his Radiolians 1.0 p.m.
- Barcelona (337.1 m.).—Dance Music from the Hollywood Bar 8.0 p.m.
- Berlin (Deutschlandsender) (1,571 m.).—Military Band Concert 11.0 a.m.
- Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—Light concert music and dance music ... 3.0 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Opera by Kalman ... 8.0 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Folk Songs of all countries 6.30 p.m.
- Bucharest (212.6 m.).—Opera by Lehar ... 7.0 p.m.
- Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 7.0 p.m.
- Luxembourg (1,304 m.).—Dance Music ... 1.30 p.m.
- Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 8.55 p.m.
- Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Concert of Old Favourites 9.30 p.m.
- Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Musical Programme ... 6.25 p.m.
- Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Gramophone Concert of Popular Music 3.0 p.m.

MONDAY

- Athlone (531 m.).—Orchestral Selections ... 9.45 p.m.
- Barcelona (337.1 m.).—Request Gramophone Concert 7.0 p.m.
- Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—Songs by Brahms ... 8.0 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Concert by the Station Orchestra 6.15 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Dance Records ... 10.0 p.m.
- Bucharest (212.6 m.).—Concert of Polish music ... 7.0 p.m.
- Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Opera relay from Belgrade (437.3 m.) 7.30 p.m.
- Munich (405.4 m.).—Hyder Programme ... 6.0 p.m.
- Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Hot Jazz on Gramophone Records. 10.10 p.m.
- Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Dance Music ... 4.0 p.m.
- Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Music by the Radio Quartet ... 8.0 p.m.
- Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Orchestral and Choral Concert from the Salle Poirer, Nancy ... 8.30 p.m.

TUESDAY

- Athlone (531 m.).—Dance Music 9.30 p.m.
- Barcelona (337.1 m.).—Request Gramophone Concert 9.40 p.m.

Your Foreign Programme Guide

- Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—Folk music ... 7.10 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Concert of Light Music ... 9.15 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Light record music ... 1.10 p.m.
- Bucharest (212.6 m.).—Symphony Orchestra Concert ... 7.0 p.m.
- Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Dance Music 9.45 p.m.
- Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Chaliapine and the Choir of the Roman Church in Paris, on Gramophone Records 7.30 p.m.
- Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Dance Music ... 5.45 p.m.
- Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Instrumental and Vocal Selections and Dance Music ... 8.0 p.m.
- Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 5.0 p.m.

WEDNESDAY

- Athlone (531 m.).—Variety 9.45 p.m.
- Barcelona (337.1 m.).—Trio Concert 6.0 p.m.
- Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—Radio Variety ... 7.35 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Light Music by the Small Station Orchestra ... 12 noon
- Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Violin Recital ... 5.0 p.m.
- Bucharest (212.6 m.).—Song Recital and 'cello Solo ... 7.35 p.m.
- Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Opera Relay 7.0 p.m.
- Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Faust Opera (Gounod) on Gramophone Records ... 8.10 p.m.

- Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Dance Music ... 11.30 p.m.
- Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Selection by the Radio Quartet, followed by Dance Music ... 8.0 p.m.
- Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 5.0 p.m.

THURSDAY

- Athlone (531 m.).—Orchestral Selections ... 9.45 p.m.
- Barcelona (337.1 m.).—Request Gramophone Concert 7.0 p.m.
- Berlin (Deutschlandsender) (1,571 m.).—Songs by Marianne Mormer 4.50 p.m.
- Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—Dance Music ... 7.10 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Concert of Music by modern French Composers ... 8.15 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 5.0 p.m.
- Bucharest (212.6 m.).—Light Music ... 12.30 p.m.
- Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Choral Concert ... 7.0 p.m.
- Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Dramatic Programme from a Theatre. 8.10 p.m.
- Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Light Music ... 11.30 a.m.
- Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Instrumental Selections and Dance Music. 8.0 p.m.
- Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Light Music on Gramophone Records 6.30 p.m.

FRIDAY

- Athlone (531 m.).—Concert of Light Music ... 9.30 p.m.

- Barcelona (337.1 m.).—Song Recital ... 9.40 p.m.
- Berlin (Deutschlandsender) (1,571 m.).—Operatic programme 7.15 p.m.
- Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—Music for two Pianos... 2.35 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Dance music records ... 10.25 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Flemish popular songs ... 10.10 p.m.
- Bucharest (212.6 m.).—Light Music by the Station Orchestra 5.20 p.m.
- Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Gramophone Concert ... 7.0 p.m.
- Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 8.10 p.m.
- Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Dance Music ... 4.0 p.m.
- Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—By the Fireside—Variety programme 7.30 p.m.
- Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Concert relayed from Lille (247.3 m.) 6.0 p.m.

SATURDAY

- Athlone (531 m.).—Popular Orchestral Music ... 9.45 p.m.
- Barcelona (337.1 m.).—Programme of Spanish Music ... 10.30 p.m.
- Berlin (Deutschlandsender) (1,571 m.).—New Dance Music 5 p.m.
- Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—Variety ... 7.10 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Light orchestral music ... 1.10 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Light Orchestral concert 12.0 (noon)
- Bucharest (212.6 m.).—Orchestral concert ... 7.0 p.m.
- Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Orchestral concert ... 7.0 p.m.
- Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Dance Music by the Station Jazz Band 9.5 p.m.
- Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Opera Music ... 11.30 p.m.
- Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Gramophone Concert ... 8.0 p.m.
- Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Dance Music from the Savoy 10.30 p.m.

Dance Music from the Continental Stations

SUNDAY

- Barcelona ... 8 p.m.
- Luxembourg ... 1.30 p.m.

MONDAY

- Radio Normandy ... 4 p.m.

TUESDAY

- Athlone ... 9.30 p.m.
- Ljubljana ... 9.45 p.m.
- Radio Normandy ... 5.45 p.m.
- Reykjavik ... 8 p.m.

WEDNESDAY

- Radio Normandy 11.30 p.m.
- Reykjavik ... 8 p.m.

THURSDAY

- Strasbourg ... 6.30 p.m.

FRIDAY

- Radio Normandy ... 4 p.m.

SATURDAY

- Poste Parisien ... 9.5 p.m.
- Strasbourg ... 10.30 p.m.

A Court chamber trio will broadcast in the National programme on March 18. They are the "Trio de la Cour de Belgique," which was founded by the late King Albert of the Belgians and Queen Elizabeth.



GILLIE POTTER



RONALD FRANKAU



LEONARD HENRY



HORACE KENNEY



TOMMY HANDLEY

THEY MAKE YOU LAUGH!



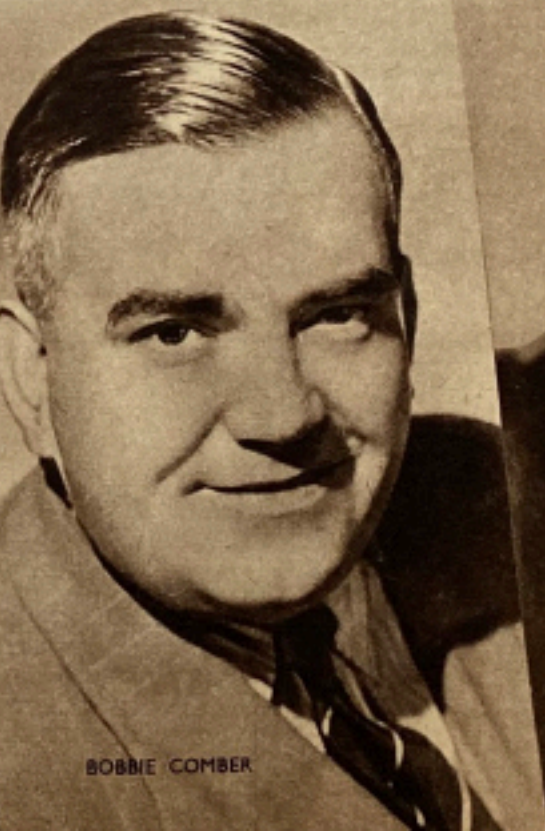
CLAPHAM & DWYER



STANLEY HOLLOWAY



SCOTT & WHALEY



BOBBIE COMBER



BILLY BENNETT

I DON'T know how it is with you, but during February my wife generally says to me: "Have you thought at all about what we are going to do for August?"

And, of course, I say "No," and then she begins looking through the advertisements of bungalows to let.

Well, this happened last year, as usual, and she eventually produced one that looked possible. It said: "Norfolk—Hickling Broad—Furnished Bungalow—Garden—Garage, Boathouse," and all the rest of it—Oh—*and* plate and linen. It also mentioned an exorbitant rent. I pointed out the bit about the rent, but my wife said: "Yes, you'll have to go down and see the landlord, and get him to come down. They always do."

As a matter of fact, they always don't, but that's a detail.

Anyway, I wrote off to the landlord and asked if he could arrange for me to stay the night in the place to see what it was really like. He wrote back and said: "Certainly," and that he was engaging Mrs. So-and-So to come in and "oblige me," and make up the beds and so forth.

I tell you, we do things thoroughly in our family—I have to sleep in all the beds, and when I come home my wife counts the bruises and decides whether they will do or not.

At any rate, I arrived, in a blinding snow-storm, at about the most desolate spot on God's earth. I'd come to Potter Heigham by train, and been driven on—it was a good five miles from the station). Fortunately, Mrs. Selston, the old lady who was going to "do" for me, was there, and she'd lighted a fire, and cooked me a steak, for which I was truly thankful.

I somehow think the cow, or whatever they get steaks off, had only died that morning. It was very—er—obstinate. While I dined, she talked to me. She *would* tell me all about an operation her husband had just had. All about it. It was almost a lecture on surgery. The steak was rather underdone, and it sort of made me feel I was illustrating her lecture. Anyway, she put me clean off my dinner, and then departed for the night.

I explored the bungalow and just had a look outside. It was, of course, very dark, but not snowing quite so hard. The garage stood about fifteen yards from the back door. I walked round it but didn't go in. I also went down to the edge of the broad, and verified the boathouse. The whole place looked as though it might be all right in the summer-time, but just then it made one wonder why people ever wanted to go to the North Pole.

Anyhow, I went indoors, and settled down by the fire. You've no idea how quiet it was; even the waterfowl had taken a night off—at least, they weren't working.

At a few minutes to eleven I heard the first noise there'd been since Mrs. What's-her-name—Selston—had cleared out. It was the sound of a car. If it had gone straight by I probably shouldn't have noticed it at all, only it didn't go straight by; it seemed to stop farther up the road, before it got to the house. Even that didn't make much impression. After all, cars *do* stop.

It must have been five or ten minutes before it was borne in on me that it hadn't gone on again. So I got up and looked out of the window. It had left off snowing, and there was a glare through the gate that showed that there were headlamps somewhere just out of sight. I thought I might as well stroll out and investigate.

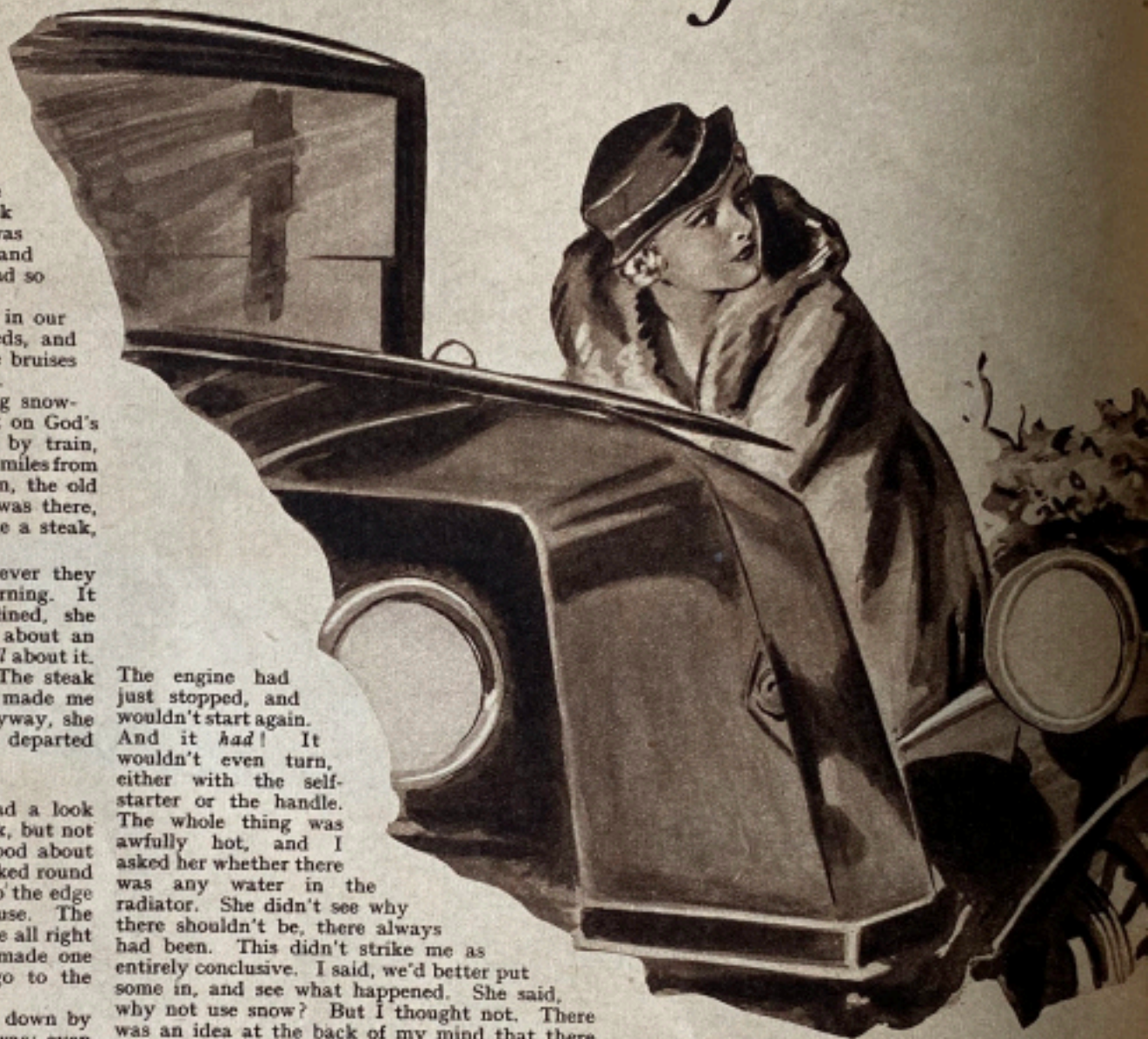
I found a fair-sized limousine pulled up in the middle of the road about twenty yards short of my gate. The light was rather blinding, but when I got close to it I found a girl with the bonnet open, tinkering with the engine. Quite an attractive young female, from what one could see, but she was so muffled up in furs that it was rather hard to tell.

I said:

"Er—good evening—anything I can do?"

She said she didn't know what was the matter.

My Adventure in Norfolk



The engine had just stopped, and wouldn't start again. And it *had*! It wouldn't even turn, either with the self-starter or the handle. The whole thing was awfully hot, and I asked her whether there was any water in the radiator. She didn't see why there shouldn't be, there always had been. This didn't strike me as entirely conclusive. I said, we'd better put some in, and see what happened. She said, why not use snow? But I thought not. There was an idea at the back of my mind that there was some reason why it was unwise to use melted snow, and it wasn't until I arrived back with a bucketful that I remembered what it was. Of course—goitre.

When I got back to her she'd got the radiator cap off, and inserted what a Danish friend of mine calls a "funeral." We poured a little water in . . . Luckily I'd warned her to stand clear. The first tablespoonful that went in came straight out again, red hot, and blew the "funeral" sky-high. We waited a few minutes until things had cooled down a bit, but it was no go. As fast as we poured water in it simply ran out again into the road underneath. It was quite evident that she'd been driving with the radiator bone dry, and that her engine had seized right up.

I told her so. She said:

"Does that mean I've got to stop here all night?"

I explained that it wasn't as bad as all that; that is, if she cared to accept the hospitality of my poor roof (and it was a poor roof—it let the wet in). But she wouldn't hear of it. By the by, she didn't know the—er—circumstances, so it wasn't that. No, she wanted to leave the car where it was and go on on foot.

I said:

"Don't be silly, it's miles to anywhere."

However, at that moment we heard a car coming along the road, the same way as she'd come. We could see its lights, too, although it

was a very long way off. You know how flat Norfolk is—you can see a terrific distance.

I said:

"There's the way out of all your troubles. This thing, whatever it is, will give you a tow to the nearest garage, or at any rate a lift to some hotel."

One would have expected her to show some relief, but she didn't. I began to wonder what she jolly well *did* want. She wouldn't let me help her to stop where she was, and she didn't seem anxious for anyone to help her to go anywhere else.

She was quite peculiar about it. She gripped hold of my arm, and said:

"What do you think this is that's coming?"

I said:

"I'm sure I don't know, being a stranger in these parts, but it sounds like a lorry full of milk cans."

I offered to lay her sixpence about it (this was before the betting-tax came in). She'd have had to pay, too, because it was a lorry full of milk cans. The driver had to pull up because there wasn't room to get by.

He got down and asked if there was anything he could do to help. We explained the situation. He said he was going to Norwich, and was quite

by A. J. ALAN



"Good evening . . . anything I can do"

There was a sort of vague hostility and suspicion, which seemed rather hard lines, considering. Also, she was so anxious to keep in the shadow that if I hadn't moved the lamp away she'd never have got near the fire at all.

And the way she hurried the wretched Williams over his drink was quite distressing; and foolish, too, as he was going to drive, but that was her—funnel. When he'd gone out to start up his engine I asked her if she was all right for money, and she apparently was. Then they started off, and I shut up the place and went upstairs.

There happened to be a local guide-book in my bedroom, with maps in it. I looked at these and couldn't help wondering where the girl in the car had come from; I mean my road seemed so very unimportant. The sort of road one might use if one wanted to avoid people.

If one were driving a stolen car, for instance. This was quite a thrilling idea. I thought it might be worth while having another look at the car. So I once more unhooked the key from the kitchen dresser and sallied forth into the snow. It was as black as pitch, and so still that my candle hardly flickered. It wasn't a large garage, and the car nearly filled it. By the bye, we'd backed it in so as to make it easier to tow it out again.

The engine I'd already seen, so I squeezed past along the wall and opened the door in the body part of the car. At least, I only turned the handle, and the door was pushed open from the inside and—something—fell out on me. It pushed me quite hard, and wedged me against the wall. It also knocked the candle out of my hand and left me in the dark—which was a bit of a nuisance. I wondered what on earth the thing was—barging into me like that—so I felt it, rather gingerly, and found it was a man—a dead man—with a moustache. He'd evidently been sitting propped up against the door. I managed to put him back, as decorously as possible, and shut the door again.

After a lot of grovelling about under the car I found the candle and lighted it, and opened the opposite door and switched on the little lamp in the roof—and then—oo-er!

Of course, I had to make some sort of examination. He was an extremely tall and thin individual. He must have been well over six feet three. He was dark and very cadaverous-looking. In fact, I don't suppose he'd ever looked so cadaverous in his life. He was wearing a trench coat.

It wasn't difficult to tell what he'd died of. He'd been shot through the back. I found the hole just under the right scrofula, or scalpel—what is shoulder-blade, anyway? Oh, clavicle—stupid of me—well, that's where it was, and the bullet had evidently gone through into the lung. I say "evidently," and leave it at that.

FOR DANCERS

Jack Payne, Carroll Gibbons, Roy Fox and Harry Roy contribute a novel feature in next Friday's "Radio Pic." They tell you HOW and WHY they play, each in their own distinctive style.

Don't Miss It — NEXT FRIDAY.

There were no papers in his pockets, and no tailor's name on his clothes, but there was a note-case with nine pounds in it. Altogether a most unpleasant business. Of course, it doesn't do to question the workings of Providence, but one couldn't help wishing it hadn't happened. It was just a little mysterious, too—er—who had killed him. It wasn't likely that the girl had or she wouldn't have been joy-riding about the country with him; and if someone else had murdered him why hadn't she mentioned it? Anyway, she hadn't and she'd gone, so one couldn't do anything for the time being. No telephone, of course. I just locked up the garage and went to bed. That was two o'clock.

Next morning I woke early, for some reason or other, and it occurred to me as a good idea to go and have a look at things—by daylight, and before Mrs. Selston turned up. So I did. The first thing that struck me was that it had snowed heavily during the night, because there were no wheel tracks or footprints, and the second was that I'd left the key in the garage door. I opened it and went in. The place was completely empty. No car, no body, no nothing. There was a patch of grease on the floor where I'd dropped the candle, otherwise there was nothing to show I'd been there before. One of two things must have happened: either some people had come along during the night and taken the car away, or else I'd fallen asleep in front of the fire and dreamt the whole thing.

Then I remembered the whisky glasses. They should still be in the sitting-room. I went back to look, and they were, all three of them. So it *hadn't* been a dream and the car *had* been fetched away, but they must have been jolly quiet over it.

The girl had left her glass on the mantelpiece, and it showed several very clearly defined finger-marks. Some were mine, naturally, because I'd fetched the glass from the kitchen and poured out the drink for her, but hers, her finger-marks, were clean and mine were oily, so it was quite easy to tell them apart. It isn't necessary to point out that this glass was very important. There'd evidently been a murder, or something of that kind, and the girl must have known all about it, even if she hadn't actually done it herself, so anything she had left in the way of evidence ought to be handed over to the police; and this was all she *had* left. So I packed it up with meticulous care in an old biscuit-box out of the larder.

When Mrs. Selston came I settled up with her and came back to Town. Oh, I called on the landlord on the way and told him I'd "let him know" about the bungalow. Then I caught my train, and in due course drove straight to Scotland Yard. I went up and saw my friend there. I produced the glass and asked him if his people could identify the marks. He said: "Probably not," but he sent it down to the finger-print department and asked me where it came from. I said: "Never you mind; let's have the identification first." He said: "All right."

They're awfully quick, these people—the clerk was back in three minutes with a file of papers. They knew the girl all right. They told me her name and showed me her photograph; not flattering. Quite an adventurous lady, from all accounts. In the early part of her career she'd done time twice for shop-lifting, chiefly in the book department. Then she'd done what they call "taken up with" a member of one of those race-gangs one sometimes hears about.

My pal went on to say that there'd been a fight between two of these gangs, in the course of which her friend had got shot. She'd managed to get him away in a car, but it had broken down somewhere in Norfolk. So she'd left it and the dead man in someone's garage, and had started off for Norwich in a lorry. Only she never got there. On the way the lorry had skidded, and both she and the driver—a fellow called Williams—had been thrown out, and they'd rammed their heads against a brick wall, which everyone knows is a fatal thing to do. At least, it was in their case.

I said: "Look here, it's all very well, but you simply can't know all this; there hasn't been time—it only happened last night."

He said: "Last night be blowed! It all happened in February, nineteen nineteen. The people you've described have been dead for years."

I said: "Oh!" And to think that I might have stuck to that nine pounds!

ready to give her a tow if she wanted it. However, she wouldn't do that, and it was finally decided to shove her car into my garage for the night, to be sent for next day, and the lorry was to take her along to Norwich.

Well, I managed to find the key of the garage, and the lorry-driver—Williams, his name was—and I ran the car in and locked the door. This having been done—(ablative absolute)—I suggested that it was a very cold night. William agreed, and said he didn't mind if he did. So I took them both indoors and mixed them a stiff whisky and water each. There wasn't any soda. And, naturally, the whole thing had left me very cold, too. I hadn't an overcoat on.

Up to now I hadn't seriously considered the young woman. For one thing it had been dark, and there had been a seized engine to look at. Er—I'm afraid that's not a very gallant remark. What I mean is that to anyone with a mechanical mind a motor-car in that condition is much more interesting than—er—well, it is very interesting—but why labour the point? However, in the sitting-room, in the lamplight, it was possible to get more of an idea. She was a little older than I'd thought, and her eyes were too close together.

Of course, she wasn't a—how shall I put it? Her manners weren't quite easy and she was careful with her English. You know. But that wasn't it. She treated us with a lack of friendliness which was—well, we'd done nothing to deserve it.

Stars at
Home—9

At Home with SANDLER



Albert Sandler is the possessor of a gorgeous Strad violin on which he practises daily

West End, ever adding to his collection, and will sit for hours on end with a score and his latest acquisition.

He is not to be seen very early in the morning, unless so early that he has not gone to bed. Two-thirty or three generally finds

"going over" things in an easy way. He possesses a gorgeous Strad violin. It must be worth something like two thousand pounds.

One of his pet hobbies is motoring. He has just sold two cars and bought a new one. Like all artists whose minds work quickly, he is a wee bit of a speed merchant. He likes to move!

His greatest desire is to travel over the whole civilised world and play in its chief cities. He builds castles that are not likely to prove to be in the air over it. But until that day comes, he gives up a great deal of his time to hearing good music in which he himself takes no part. He is often to be found in Queen's Hall listening to a symphony concert.

PICTURE it . . . 8.50 on a Sunday night with the family sitting round the fireside and the radio set tuned to the National programme. . . .

The golden-voiced Hibberd announces the news and the weather forecast.

"Not much change in the weather," says father.

The family concentrates on the loud-speaker as the general news bulletin of the National programme recounts the events of the day.

The clock ticks on to 9.5.

"We are now taking you over to the Park Lane Hotel, for a relay of a programme of music by Albert Sandler and the Park Lane Hotel Orchestra."

In millions of homes all over the country conversation is stopped and all attention focused on the radio.

Sandler has that grip on the listening public. He is an artist and a thinker.

Whatever he may play at the Park Lane Hotel—and he always studies his audiences there as well as his radio audiences—his mind is obviously soaring into the world of high art.

To visit him in his music room at his house in Goldhurst Terrace is to catch him at his best. He never plays as well as he does there. In fact, he admits to nervousness, when playing a big work in public.

One of his most important possessions is his magnificent collection of violin gramophone records. Every important work is included in it; also every important violinist's rendering of anything worth while. For Sandler likes to study other men's opinions before giving his own.

He will spend three or four evenings a week, when not otherwise engaged, in hearing records of works he has learned, comparing one rendering with another, always trying to find out something new about works themselves no longer new. He worships Bach, Beethoven, and Richard Strauss, and will never be satisfied until he has absorbed their music.

Sandler is really a gramophone record "fan" in this respect. He spends a fair amount of time hearing new records in the

him finished for the day—his day, that is; consequently he hardly ever appears before eleven in the morning.

He is generally required at the Park Lane Hotel from four till six, and from eight-thirty till ten-thirty. He was, as you may remember, for some time at the Grand Hotel, Eastbourne, where Tom Jones succeeded him. Those two, by the way, are old friends.

Sandler gives an increasing impression of wanting to be in his home for quiet study and work. No day passes without his two-hour practice. And it is practice—not merely



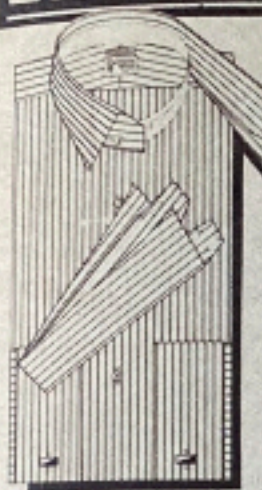
Happy domestic snaps of Sandler taken by "Radio Pictorial" at his house in Goldhurst Terrace, London

He is a bit of a "film fan." Very little in the way of the better-class films misses him. And yet with all his desire to travel, with all his love of study, he never lets a day pass without a romp with his little daughter, Mona. She is not yet three, and a sweetly pretty child.

So, when you listen to him broadcasting on a Sunday evening, you can picture him at home as a man who has given up the best of his waking hours to his art, who enjoys life in the ordinary way like the rest of us, but who has a deep, studious love of everything beautiful in music.

After all, these are the sort of men who matter in the world of broadcasting. We all like to have our vaudevilles and light entertainment, but there are times we can all afford to reserve for men like Sandler.

QUALITY GOODS ON EASY MONTHLY TERMS



THE FAMOUS 'SHEPHERD' SHIRT WHICH REQUIRES NO BACK STUD

The most comfortable shirt ever made! No back stud is needed—the Collar is kept in position all round the neckband of the shirt by means of a patented "tabling." The Collar is slipped on or off in a "jiffy," yet it cannot "ride up" and always looks extremely neat.

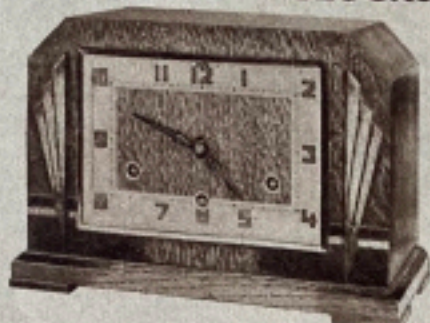
SEND ONLY **2/6** FOR THREE SHIRTS

These Shepherd Shirts are made from the Finest Woven Poplin in the very newest stripes of Blues, Browns and Greys. They are carefully cut on generous-but comfortably fitting lines, and have 2 soft Collars of the latest pattern to match. For 3 Shirts (each with 2 Collars to match), SEND ONLY 2/6. If satisfied, pay further 2/6 at once, then 4 monthly payments of 5/-. (Cash, 22/6.) Please state neckband size and colour or colours required.

NEWEST DESIGN IN CHIMING CLOCKS

Here is an 8-Day Chiming Clock that will adorn any home! It has the famous "Peterson" Solid Pinion Pendulum Movement, and marks the hours, half-hours and quarters by Westminster Chimes on five mellow-toned gong rods. Fitted infallible Chime Silencer, enabling Clock to be used without chiming. The Case is London made in the most modern design, and the extremely neat oblong dial has chromium-plated bezel and convex glass. Size, 11½ by 7½ by 5½ in. SEND ONLY 2/6 for 7 days' trial; if satisfied, pay further 2/6 at once, then 13 monthly payments of 5/-. (Cash, 65/-) Can be supplied in Walnut or Mahogany case at 10/- extra.

ONLY **2/6** DOWN



A BAROMETER FOR THE MODERN HOME



ONLY **2/6** DOWN

Hand-carved Solid Oak Pendant Barometer with good quality and accurate movements. The 5½-in. satin-finish metal dial is printed with separate forecast readings for Winter and Summer. By comparing the pointer reading with the forecast list you can at once ascertain the weather for the immediate future. This handsome Barometer has Chrome-plated Bezel and Bevel-edge Glass, also Fahrenheit and Centigrade Mercurial Thermometer in upper part. All British. Length, 23 in. Ideal in size for the hall of any modern home.

SEND ONLY 2/6 for 7 days' trial; if satisfied, pay further 2/6 at once, then 5 monthly payments of 5/-. (Cash, in 7 days, 27/6.)

50-PIECE CABINET



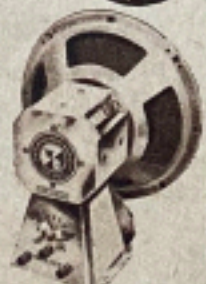
ONLY **2/6** DOWN

Handsome 50-piece Jacobean Oak Cabinet of Finest Sheffield Cutlery, containing 6 each Table Knives, Dessert Knives, Table Forks, Dessert Forks, Dessert Spoons, Tea Spoons, Egg Spoons; 2 each Table Spoons, Salt Spoons, Mustard Spoons; 1 Sugar Tong, 1 Jam Spoon, Forks and Spoons of Stainless Nickel-Silver. Knives of Firth Brearley Stainless Steels with best Ivorine handles. SEND ONLY 2/6; if satisfied, pay further 2/6 at once, then 10 monthly payments of 5/-. (Cash, in 7 days, 50/-)

FAMOUS W.B. "MICROLODE"

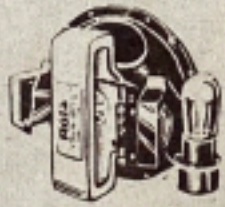
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His Highness of Ho-de-ho!

CAB CALLOWAY



This composite photograph shows Cab Calloway with the chief members of his hot rhythm dance orchestra. Cab Calloway is a newcomer to the European broadcasting and has proved a sensational visitor!

SYN COPATION and slang have gone hand in hand since the inception of jazz.

Some phrase is always in vogue which expresses something in a manner characteristic of the times.

A few years ago people were singing and talking about "vo-do-deo-do."

Then came Helen Kane with her universally adopted "boop-boop-a-doop" which expressed, in the jazz idiom, the spirit of the times.

But this eventually gave place to the still more modern "hot-cha" and "whoopie" and what-not.

To-day it is "hi-de-hi" (Heaven preserve us from becoming monotonous!) its alternative "ho-de-ho."

This phrase was introduced by a coloured man who is probably the most dynamic personality in the entire world of popular entertainment.

I refer to Cab Calloway, New York's "dark horse," maestro from Harlem, personality-man supreme. He it was, with his inconsequential wailings, who introduced "ho-de-ho" to express the wrongs suffered by "Minnie the Moocher."

You must all be familiar with the unfortunate "Minnie" which Cab Calloway popu-

larised in the United States and whose misfortunes have been bewailed in similar fashion on the radio in Great Britain.

So popular was "Minnie the Moocher" that dolls bearing this name were sold all over America—literally millions of them, each autographed by her creator—Cab Calloway.

By Julian VEDEY

And with the spread of "ho-de-ho," Cab skyrocketed to universal fame as the personification of everything that's hottest in torrid tempo and as the "person" in personality.

This coloured super-star plays with his Cotton Club Orchestra at the high-spot of Harlem's night life bearing that name.

The Cotton Club is the oldest and most successful of New York's night clubs. Here it was that Duke Ellington made history, but with Ellington's departure they approached Irving Mills, who specialises in the management of coloured attractions, to fill the vacancy.

Mills promptly put forward another "unknown," but the unknown Cab rapidly climbed to fame.

Born in Rochester and schooled in

Baltimore, Cabell Calloway's name was shortened by his schoolmates to Cab. After leaving college he went to Chicago to study law at Crane College in the Windy City.

Music monopolised his attention while he was going through school, although he had taken every available course at the time. He met his college expenses by playing the drums in a small club in Chicago.

This band was the club's sole entertainment and Calloway's vocal efforts soon became well known. His inimitable singing style soon brought him into the spot-focus and before long he also developed into a dancer.

His singing and dancing were quite unstudied.

They were wholly spontaneous—the natural expression of his exuberant vitality and innate sense of the rhythmic.

Eventually he found himself as an entertainer studying law rather than a law-student interested in entertainment.

So, after two semesters at Crane he gave up law entirely, spent a season as featured singer and dancer at the old Sunset Café in Chicago and then went into vaudeville. Subsequently he organised his famous band.

So, from cub-lawyer to band leader, success following success, the youthful Cab Calloway to this day has only seen twenty-five summers.

He made his New York debut as one of the cast of *Hot Chocolates*, and his singing of "Ain't Misbehavin'" was the hit of the show. Then, with his band, he went into the Savoy Ballroom in Harlem.

Finally, Irving Mills, who was now managing the embryo star, placed him at the Cotton Club and the Calloway career was already well defined.

Of all the star coloured orchestras in the world, those of Duke Ellington and Cab Calloway are the most famous.

Duke Ellington's success is linked with his own fame as a composer of jazz works such as "Mood Indigo" and "Black and Tan Fantasy." Similarly Cab Calloway reached stardom chanting the woes of "Minnie the Moocher."

These titles may sound strange to those who have no intimate knowledge of America's entertainment industry.

"Mood Indigo" explains itself—a blue mood. But for your enlightenment "Black and Tan" is not the name of a canine species. On the contrary, it means a type of night club frequented by both black and white people.

New York's night clubs are divided into three categories—places of entertainment for white people exclusively, coloured people solely, and the "Black and Tan" where white and black congregate.

Minnie, you are told, was a "moocher," which does not mean that she walked with a slouching gait.

A moocher is the Harlem slang for a swindler.

That quaint head, shoulder and hip "wobble" that coloured dancers perform when they are, to use their own expression, "rocking in rhythm," is the Dicty Glide.

The word dicty means swanky. It is a type of swagger highly eloquent of the coloured artist's innate sense of rhythm.

All this proves my earlier statement that slang and syncopation go hand in hand.



THE GRAND NATIONAL
—and Variety on Monday

CHRISTOPHER STONE will be the announcer in a novel programme from the National transmitters on March 26, when Van Phillips and his All-Star Orchestra will present an hour of popular music in the modern manner.

The chief feature about the orchestra is that it is an impossible combination for any leader to maintain—the salary list would be prohibitive. More than half the players have themselves appeared as soloists on the air at various times. This superb orchestra will include Leon Goossens (oboe); Sidonie Goossens (harp); Hugo Rignold (violin); Anthony Pini (violincello); Arthur



Young (pianoforte); Rudy Starita (xylophone). Every number which they will play on March 26 has been orchestrated by Van Phillips himself—a feat in which he is a past master.

The Grand National broadcast takes place on March 23 and the usual pair of experts will tell listeners all about it, yard by yard, between the Grand Stand and the Canal turn.

Mr. Lyle and Mr. Hobbiss have been sharing the task of describing the race since 1930, as it was found to be impossible for the commentator at the Grand Stand to distinguish the horses nearly a mile out "in the country."

Three circuits are installed between the van and the control point in the Grand Stand—one for the commentary from the Canal Turn, one for control, and one so that those on the van can hear the Grand Stand commentary and know when to fit in.

Rudy Starita (left) takes part in the special musical programme on Monday, announced by Christopher Stone (above). The top photograph shows the B.B.C. line boards being tested for the Grand National relay

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The new turtle shoulders featured in a hand-knitted sweater from Harrods.

EVE and

Things you want to know—hints, recipes, and fashion gossip—of special interest to the practical housewife, and the up-to-date woman

1/2 lb. self-raising flour, 4 oz. chopped suet, 1/2 lb. jam, pinch of salt, water.

Mix flour and salt together, add suet, then just enough water to make firm paste. Put the paste on floured board, roll it rather long and 1/4 in. thick. Spread the jam over to within an inch of the edge of the paste. Moisten the plain edge with water, roll it neatly, and very carefully coax the roly-poly into the well-greased jar. Put it in carefully without pushing. Tilt the jar upright after covering the top with two layers of grease-



Jam roly-poly—a delicious cold-weather pudding. Mrs. Arthur Webb supplies a useful radio recipe.

AT the Matita dress show the other day, the most fascinating and, at the same time, the most practical of the coats I saw was one designed specially for motoring, and other events which mean a certain amount of sitting down. One of the trials of these occasions is that your coat will fall open in front and leave your knees uncovered. This coat rather neatly solves the problem, by being made to put on back to front, like an overall. A simple slot-through scarf secures it at the back of the neck, and a wide belt at the waist. You may not believe it, but it really is easy to get on and off. And beautifully cosy—made in a soft wool tweed in wolf brown.

I have recently received the British Colour Council's Spring list. Cool wood-browns figure largely—they go so well with the pale neutral tones called sugar-cane and candy beige. Greens are mostly variations of the moss and lime shades, but with less of that yellowy tone that played such havoc with our complexions last year. Linden green, a subtle spring shade, is the most attractive of these. For the rest, hazy blue greys, rust and wine reds, and yellows that have lovely flower names—mimosa, gorse, kingcup—will be the shades that we shall mainly be wearing during the coming spring.

MRS. WEBB'S COOKERY HINT

Listeners will not have forgotten Mrs. Arthur Webb, who made such a success of the 1933 cookery talks. You will be glad to hear that she is going to publish a collection of her recipes in the next few months. She gave me a delicious recipe for a roly-poly pudding the other day.

If you want the neatest-looking roly-poly pudding, she told me, use an earthenware jam jar instead of a basin for it. You know—one of those straight-up jars, the same size from top to bottom.

Follow this recipe and you'll find that whatever you put into the roly (jam or syrup) will be there when it is served. Nothing will have wasted in the cooking.

proof paper. Tie and put into the boiling water and steam two hours.

Do You Know This ?

Red-tiled floors in larders and sculleries sometimes get badly splashed with various liquids that are not removable with soap and water. If this is the case, try washing the splashes with hot vinegar. This has been found to remove many stains, especially those made by waterglass from the egg-preserving bin. Two or three applications are needed at the most.

A Home-made Pack

I am always being asked for home-made face-packs. A splendid treatment for the skin which is inclined to be oily is the oatmeal pack, used once a week or once a fortnight, whichever suits best your individual skin. Miss Jean Melville believes in using the oatmeal dry. She uses the special toilet kind, of course, and simply smoothes it lightly over her face before washing.

One of the best face-packs you can give yourself is made from an egg. Take the white of one egg, beat it a little, and then apply it to the face, taking care to leave a clear space round the eyes. Leave it to dry, then make a second application. Finally, beat the yolk of the egg, and spread this on the face as well, and let it dry. This should be left on for half an hour.

Margot

the MIKE

Make the ENID TREVOR Check Blouse

THIS smart check-pattern jersey was knitted by one of your favourite radio stars—Enid Trevor, in private life Mrs. Claude Hulbert. You can easily make it yourself—Enid Trevor's own choice of colours being light green and Ascot grey.

Materials.—5 oz. Copley's 3-ply "Excelsior" wool, Light Green 239; 5 oz. Copley's 3-ply "Excelsior" wool, Ascot Grey 261; 1 pair No. 9 needles; 1 pair No. 12 needles; 4 small buttons.

Measurements.—Length from shoulder to base, 17 inches; width all round at underarm, 36 inches; length of sleeve from underarm, 20 inches.

Tension.—Work to produce $3\frac{1}{2}$ squares to 2 inches in width, working on the No. 9 needles. Unless this instruction is followed exactly, the measurements of the garment will not work out correctly.



Abbreviations.—K., knit; p., purl; st., stitch; tog., together; w.fwd., wool forward.

THE BACK

Using grey wool and No. 12 needles, cast on 110 sts. Working into the back of the sts. on the first row only, proceed as follows:—

1st row.—** K. 1, p. 1. Repeat from ** to the end of the row. Repeat this row until 3 inches of ribbing have been worked. Change to No. 9 needles and proceed as follows:—

Next row.—P. 9, p. into the front then the back of the next st. to increase, ** P. 4, increase in the next st. Repeat from ** to the last 10 sts., p. 10. There are now 129 sts. on the needle. Now begin the check pattern. Do not break off when changing the colours but carry them up along the edge to avoid having so many ends.

1st row.—With green, k. 2, ** slip 1 grey, k. 3 green. Repeat from ** to the last 3 sts., slip 1 grey, k. 2 green.

2nd row.—With green, p. 2, ** slip 1 grey, p. 3 green. Repeat from ** to the last 3 sts., slip 1 grey, p. 2 green.

3rd and 4th rows.—Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows. **5th and 6th rows.**—With grey, knit. Repeat these 6 rows 13 times more. Break off the grey wool.

Shape the armholes as follows:—
1st row.—With green wool, cast off 10 sts., k. the following 3 sts., thus having 4 sts. on the right hand needle, ** slip 1 grey, k. 3 green. Repeat from ** to the last 3 sts., slip 1 grey, k. 2 green.

2nd row.—Cast off 10 sts. P. the following 3 sts., ** slip 1 grey, p. 3 green. Repeat from ** to the last 5 sts., slip 1 grey, p. 4 green.

Keeping the check pattern correct, decrease by working 2 sts. tog. at the beginning and end of the next row and every alternate row until the sts. are reduced to 89.

Now continue straight in the check pattern until 11 checks have been worked from the commencement of the armhole, finishing at the end of the 5th row in the last check.

Shape for the neck and shoulders as follows:—
1st row.—With grey, k. 30, cast off 29, k. to the end.

Continue on the latter set of 30 sts. for the right shoulder.

2nd row.—Work in pattern to the last 2 sts., k. 2 tog. **3rd row.**—P. 2 tog., work in pattern to the last 12 sts., turn. **4th row.**—As the 2nd row. **5th row.**—P. 2 tog., work over the following 4 sts., turn. **6th row.**—Work to the neck. Leave these sts. for the present.

Join the green wool to the neck edge of the remaining sts. **1st row.**—K. 2 tog. Work in pattern to the last 12 sts., turn.

2nd row.—Work in pattern to the last 2 sts., p. 2 tog. **3rd row.**—K. 2 tog., work over the next 5 sts., turn. **4th row.**—Work over 4 sts., p. 2 tog.

Place both sets of shoulder sts. on a spare needle with points at both ends, and leave for the present.

THE FRONT

Using grey wool and No. 12 needles, cast on
Continued on page 25



Permanently Cured of Superfluous Hair Wonderful Hindoo Secret Revealed FREE.

"Can it be possible," you may think, that this lady once suffered acutely from the humiliation and shame which is the lot of every woman who is afflicted with ugly, unwanted hair? "Can it be possible," you will exclaim again, that for a long time she had to veil her face—because of a distinct, noticeable and a hideous growth of superfluous hair that was almost a beard? Yes, these are facts. As the young wife of an officer in India, Mrs. Hudson suffered acutely in a manner of so-called pessides—including the electric tangle—but none of them was any good in her case. Then permanent relief came from an unexpected source. One day her husband saved a Hindoo soldier from death. And it thanks the humble soldier disclosed a well-guarded secret which keeps Hindoo women free from superfluous hair. In desperation, she tried it out. And from that glad day—now years ago—she has not had a single superfluous hair. She was completely cured. Miraculous? Yes—and yet never once, in scores of other instances, has this secret been to cure superfluous hair. Address: FREDERICA HUDSON (Row P.84), No. 9 Old Lavenish Street, London, W.1, to-day; she will gladly pass on to you, free, the secret of this "miracle." All she asks is that you send her the coupon herewith (or a copy of it) with your name and address, together with three penny stamps to cover postage, etc. State whether Mrs. or Miss.

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This Week's Radio Recipes— by MRS. R. H. BRAND

JEANNE DE CASALIS is tremendously popular with listeners; her sketches of "Mrs. Feather" are quite unique and her return visits to the B.B.C. are always eagerly awaited. She is devoted to animals and has two faithful friends—a dog and cat who follow her all over the house; they are the greatest pals and comfort each other when their beloved mistress is out.

Here is a photograph of Jeanne in her kitchen, preparing a hot Chocolate Soufflé which she is extremely fond of; it must be as light as a feather and this is how she makes it:—

Ingredients.—3 oz. of chocolate; 1 gill of milk; vanilla to taste; 1 oz. castor sugar; 1 oz. flour; 1 oz. butter; 3 eggs (2 yolks and 3 whites).

Melt the chocolate in the milk over a low fire, stirring constantly; cook butter and flour for a few seconds then add milk and stir until quite smooth, bring to the boil and cool slightly; next beat in yolks and sugar; whip whites until very stiff and stir in gently.

Tie a double piece of greased paper about 6 inches wide round the outside of a small souffle mould or cake tin and pour in the mixture. Bake for about thirty-five minutes in a moderate oven; serve immediately with a chocolate sauce handed separately.

SAUCE

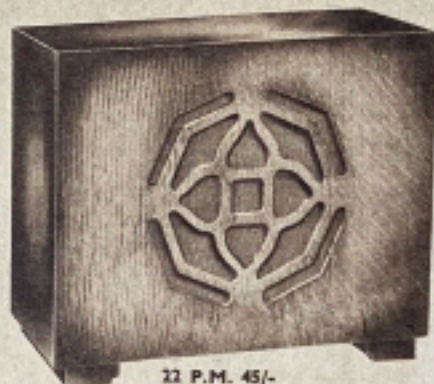
Ingredients.—3 oz. grated chocolate; $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water; 1 teaspoonful cornflour; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful vanilla; 1 oz. castor sugar.

Melt chocolate and sugar in $1\frac{1}{2}$ gills of water over low fire, stirring until water boils; mix cornflour smoothly with remainder of the water, add to chocolate and bring to the boil, allow to simmer for about five minutes, strain, add vanilla and serve.

Write to "MARGOT" About It

If you are worried over any household or domestic problems, then tell your troubles to "Margot." Fashion, cookery, and beauty hints, to mention only a few examples, can be dealt with in this service. Send stamped addressed envelope for reply to "Margot," RADIO PICTORIAL, 58-61 Fetter Lane, E.C.4.

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How to become a RADIO STAR—3



Miss Yvonne Arnaud, the well-known actress, discussing with Godfrey Tearle (left) and Stanley Bell, the producer, the details of her first Shakespearian rôle. She is playing Queen Katharine at the Alhambra Theatre

Music for the Microphone

FEW radio features are more popular than music. Naturally, music is the art of sound. It is most easily adapted to the microphone.

Microphone music reaches a public which, in great part, has never known it properly before.

The old public of concert-hall and opera-house had conscious musical tastes. But a large part of the radio public may feel completely indifferent to music, or have untouched musical sympathies.

Radio must provide something for all. If old ways of presenting music lack general attraction, radio programme-planning must find new ways. Other interests—dramatic, poetic, pictorially suggestive—must be added. The majority of listeners-in are not yet accustomed to serious music.

No harm will be done to music by this. Music has always been linked up to other modes of expression.

At first it was part of man's everyday work. Drum-beats and rhythmic chants kept time for team-work in early times. It has history in it. Old songs and dances tell tales of the past. Music can take us touring foreign lands, with folk-songs and dances, showing quaint customs, coloured by strange moods.

There are lots of ideas for radio musical programmes in these things. Scores of musical pieces have been written on well-known poems, books, and plays. These offer more ideas.

New ways of using music appear in radio. "Incidental music" for plays is familiar. In radio it is most effective.

Speaking and humming, as well as singing, can be used. Debussy wrote humming-choruses in his "Nocturnes," Walton uses speaking through a megaphone, with music, in "Facade."

Broadcasting, by amplification and microphone-blending, can mix effects. These can

combine with narrative or drama in radio music.

Musicians have already tried new ways to illustrate stories in music. Strauss uses a "wind-machine" in *Don Quixote*. Schonberg has chains shaken in his *Gurrelieder*. Satie even used a rhythmically tapped typewriter in his ballet, *Parade*.

Sound-experts in radio will provide musicians with many more such effects. They provide moving, exciting or amusing assistances to music on the air. They make it interesting for listeners who like mental stories and pictures.

Music for the microphone has to be carefully synchronised with other parts of the programme, and here is a variety show being rehearsed for accuracy in this respect



Such aids are needed when music goes from theatre or auditorium to broadcasting studio. Particularly so with opera.

Opera is different from concert-music. It has a definite dramatic story to tell. Dramatic action has to be suggested to listeners. Yet nothing can be shown to their eyes.

Drama and opera need adaptation for the microphone. They needed it for the cinema. Altering masterpieces may shock some.

It is better than interrupting the dramatic feeling by spoken comments and explanations. Since opera is made up of both dramatic action and music, it is clearly wrong to present only part. Good adaptation is much better than missing out an essential part of the production.

Sound-effects can make "scenery" for the ear. They can suggest atmosphere and action. Bird twitterings as a background to music suggest dawn. Tramping feet suggest troops marching. Thunder can be produced with tin sheets. These are the simplest of thousands of sound-effect stunts.

The sound-effects are often broadcast from one studio, the opera from another. So the sound-effects can be controlled by the blenders. These sit at the control-cabinet dials and receive the broadcast on receivers in their sound-proof compartments.

In this way the sound-effects can always be regulated so as not to interfere with the music of the opera itself.

Costume-concerts, revue features and dramatic-musical intermissions in the cinema have shown how much music is enjoyed by the general public when given a few attractions for the eye as well as the ear.

Even in halls and theatres, music gains by settings. So it does in broadcasting. The musician performs and his music has a setting of sound-effects alongside or merged into it.

Sound-effects are really frames for music's sound-paintings. There are many shapes in which such frames can be thought out.

To be continued

ENID TREVOR Check Blouse

Continued from page Twenty-three

110 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1 ribbing for the same depth as on the back.

Change to No. 9 needles and proceed as follows :
1st row—P. 10, increase in the next st., ** p. 3, increase in the next st. Repeat from ** to the last 11 sts., p. 11.

There are now 133 sts. on the needle. Work in the check pattern, until the same depth up to the armhole as on the back has been worked. Break off grey wool.

Now shape the right armhole and divide for the front opening as follows :—

1st row—With green wool, cast off 10 sts., work in pattern over the following 51 sts., thus having 52 sts. on the right-hand needle.

Slip the following 71 sts. on to a safety pin and leave for the present.

Continue on the 52 sts. for the Left Half of the Front as follows :—

2nd row—Cast on 9 sts., p. into the back of these cast-on sts., work in pattern to the end of the row. **3rd row**—K. 2 tog., work in pattern to the end of the row, finishing with k. 4 green.

4th row—Commencing with p. 4 green, work in pattern to the end. **5th row**—Join on the grey wool, k. 2 tog., k. to the end.

6th row—Knit.

Keeping the pattern correct, decrease at the armhole edge on the next and alternate rows until the sts. number 51, and always slip the st. at the front edge on the pattern rows. This gives a neat finish to the edge.

Continue in pattern without further decreasing until 22 checks have been worked from the top of the ribbing border, finishing at the armhole edge after a knit row in grey.

Commence the neck shaping as follows :—

1st row—Work in pattern to the last 19 sts., slip these 10 sts. on to a safety pin, turn.

2nd row—P. 2 tog., work in pattern to the end.

3rd row—Work to the last 2 sts., k. 2 tog. Repeat the last 2 rows twice more.

Work straight on the remaining 26 sts. for 18 more rows, finishing at the neck edge.

Work the shoulder shaping as follows :—

1st row—Work over 14 sts., turn.

2nd row—Work back to neck.

3rd row—Work over 5 sts., turn.

4th row—Work back to neck. Slip these sts. on to a spare needle.

Transfer the 71 sts. from the safety pin to a needle, join the grey wool to the neck edge and proceed for the right half of the front as follows :—

1st row—K. 9 grey, join on the green and work in pattern to the end of the row. **2nd row**—Cast off 10 sts., work in pattern to the last 9 sts., twist the two colours round each other to avoid a gap, k. 9 grey. **3rd row**—With grey, k. 9, work in pattern to the end. **4th row**—P. 2 tog., work in pattern to the last 9 sts., with grey k. 9.

5th row—With grey, k. to the end.

6th row—With grey, k. 2 tog., k. to the end. Repeat the 3rd and 4th rows twice more, then repeat the 5th row.

12th row—With grey, k. 2 tog., k. to the last 5 sts., w.l.fwd., to form a buttonhole, k. 2 tog., k. 3. Repeat the 3rd and 4th rows twice, then repeat the 5th and 6th rows.

Again repeat the 3rd and 4th rows twice and the sts. should now number 51. The armhole shaping is now completed.

Work 5 more rows straight in pattern with the plain border at the front opening.

Next row—Work to the last 9 sts. with grey, k. 4, w.l.fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 3.

Work 15 rows straight.

Next row—Work to the last 9 sts., with grey, k. 4, w.l.fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 3. Work 3 more rows finishing at the armhole edge after a k. row in grey.

Next row—With grey k. to the last 19 sts., slip these 19 on to a spare safety pin and leave for the present. Break off green wool.

Re-join the green wool at the neck edge of the remaining 32 sts.

1st row—K. 2 tog., work in pattern to the end. **2nd row**—Work in pattern to the last 2 sts., p. 2 tog. Repeat these 2 rows twice more, thus reducing the sts. to 26. Keeping the pattern correct, work straight for 18 rows finishing at the neck edge.

Continued on page 26

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See announcement on the inside back cover of this issue

Radio Notes

TOM JONES'S successor at Eastbourne is Leslie Jefferies. You will hear him sometime in April as leader of the Grand Hotel Orchestra. He is an old Royal Academy boy and, they tell me, a first-rate fiddler. Until fairly recently he has been with the orchestras of the Gordon Hotels in London.

Seemingly he has done a spot of travelling. He toured S. America for over two years, went through the Panama Canal, crossed the Andes and was music director of the Casino at Buenos Ayres. Incidentally he orchestrated the famous waltz "Three O'Clock in the Morning."

You may have heard him on February 14 with his Hungarian Orchestra under the name of Valdenaro. He is broadcasting again on March 19 under that name.

The B.B.C. is contemplating a new series of morning talks on the management of children in the Spring. Such questions as why John won't eat, or what he should wear, and probably any other question you want answered. Send in an inquiry.

Not a bad idea. One can never learn too much about children.

Did you hear the first of the tea mixture series? They are to be continued every Saturday for the time being and are already a success. Charles Brewer has them in hand which means a good deal. He is a very capable producer.

So Henry Hall completed his second year at the B.B.C. last night? I suppose he has been one of the most hotly criticised broadcasters. Nevertheless, he has gone on quietly with his work. The only thing to do.

There are thousands of listeners who wish him well and who are grateful to him for many hours of pleasure. His post at Christmas proved that. I know him personally quite well, and find in him a charming companion.

We often have talks together at Broadcasting House. I am thoroughly in favour of his Anticrooners, being of opinion that the art of crooning has been tried out more than enough. What can be well crooned can be better sung, but the converse is hardly true. Henry has my best wishes for his third year.

John Watt has scored another success with his new series of *Songs from the Shows*. I hear the highest praise of them. I think he was very wise to get new singers now and again? Not that there was anything against his first group, but people like John Kellaway and Betty Huntley Wright have proved their worth.

I hear Diana du Cane was thought so much of that she is to be engaged shortly for a big part. Watch her; she is worth following.

ENID TREVOR Check Blouse

Continued from page Twenty-five

Shape the shoulder as follows :-

1st row—Work over 14 sts., turn.

2nd row—Work back to neck.

3rd row—Work over 5 sts., turn.

4th row—Work back to the neck. Slip these sts. on to a spare needle. With the right side of the back and front together, cast off the two right shoulders together, then the left shoulders.

THE COLLAR

Slip the 19 sts. on the safety pin on the left half of the front on to a No. 12 needle.

Using No. 12 needles and commencing at the front edge with the right side of work facing, knit across these sts., knit up 32 sts. along the right side of the neck to the shoulder, 29 sts. along the back of the neck, 32 along the left side, then transfer the remaining 19 sts. from the safety pin and knit across these. There are now 131 sts. on the needle.

1st row—* K. 1, p. 1. Repeat from * to the last st., k. 1.

2nd row—* P. 1, k. 1. Repeat from * to the last st., p. 1. Repeat these 2 rows 3 times more, then repeat the 1st row.

Next row—Rib 4 sts., wlfwd., k. 2 tog., rib to the end. Work 3 more rows in rib.

Continue in rib increasing in the first st., and the last but one st., on the next row, and every alternate row for 13 more rows.

Change to No. 9 needles, and continue in rib increasing as before at both ends of the needles on every alternate row until 4 inches from the last buttonhole have been worked. Cast off in rib.

THE SLEEVE

Using No. 12 needles and grey wool, cast on 62 sts. Working into the back of the sts. in the first row only, proceed in k. 1, p. 1. ribbing for 4 1/2 inches. Change to No 9 needles.

Next row—K. 2, increase by knitting into the front then the back of every st. to the last st., k. 1.

The st. now number 121. Join the green wool and proceed in the check pattern for 12 rows. Keeping the check pattern correct, decrease by working 2 sts. tog. at the beginning and end of the next row and every following 4th row until 89 sts. remain. Work quite straight for 35 rows.

Now increase at the beginning and end of the next row and every following 4th row, until 13 increases have been worked and the sts. number 115. Complete the check, finishing with the 2 rows in grey. -Break off the grey wool.

Shape the top of the sleeves as follows :-

Keeping the pattern correct, cast off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 4 rows. Re-join the grey wool and keeping the pattern correct, decrease 1 st. at the beginning and end of every row until 41 sts. remain. Cast off.

Work the other sleeve in the same way.

News Continued from page Three

Not, I hasten to add, to write editorials, but to use his wide grasp of world affairs to decide what was really worth putting in the news and what could be left out with a clear conscience.

I suggest for that job, Commander Stephen King-Hall.

It seems to me that he possesses both the knowledge and the discrimination, the sense of humour, and the vitality to fit him admirably for the job, and I am sure that under his imaginative direction, the News Department would soon be as dynamic an affair as the dramatic side of the B.B.C.

Of course, news is drama—as exciting as any play, and I believe that it should be presented rather in the same fashion.

At any rate, it ought to be read in a far more dramatic way than it is at the present moment. That isn't the fault of the announcers.

They never see the manuscript till the moment before they go in front of the microphone. Is it surprising, then, that even the most thrilling news comes over in a dead way, like something that is being read out by someone who isn't sure of its meaning?

If you are having to concentrate on the right pronunciation of foreign places, naturally it is difficult to read with any expression in your voice.

For that reason, I feel it would be a good plan if someone from the actual department read the news every evening.

He would have had both the time and the opportunity to rehearse it and study it in detail, so that when he came to the microphone he would be in a position to give not only a more intelligent rendering of the news, but also a swifter one.

For, undoubtedly, news is twice as effective when delivered with speed.

At the present moment there are usually such hiatuses between items—badly juxtaposed, too, generally—that the final effect is dreary in the extreme.

Couldn't we have more news taken at a much greater pace?

And in addition, couldn't there be a closer liaison between the News and the Talks Department—so that when, say, Timbuctoo was in the news, the particular item would be followed by a brief three minutes' talk on that place by an expert?

That would make the news itself so much more vivid in the mind of the listener.

Of course, I know all that would take time. But it seems to me that news is one of the most important things in the world to-day; and that, therefore, there ought to be, once or twice a week, a definite news programme that could run for as long as an hour.

Moreover, I believe that such a programme—a mixture of news and authoritative descriptions and statements—would be extremely popular, to judge from the reception of the same sort of thing on the cinema. (The cinema in London which devotes itself entirely to News Reel programmes is packed all day long.)

As a matter of fact, too, a few weeks ago, someone from the Talks Department at Broadcasting House was allowed to make the experiment of staging a "News Reel" programme one evening.

It was such a success that not only did the B.B.C. receive three thousand letters of congratulation, but also the Prince of Wales rang through from St. James's Palace to ask the name of the "producer"!

Yet I have looked in vain for its repetition.

If only we could have something like it on Sundays instead of the present News at 8.50, which really is a disgrace both in length, material and presentation!

I am sure many people will echo my feelings about this.

After all, on Sundays there are no evening papers, anyway, and, in addition, the majority of people stay quietly at home; in consequence I am sure they would welcome not only a summary of the day's news, but also a summing-up of the week's—if it were given them by someone like Commander King-Hall.

Sam King-Hall

What Listeners Think

What do you think of broadcasters at the B.B.C. and Continental stations? What are your views on radio programmes, and how do you think broadcasts could be improved? What do you think of the men who run broadcasting, and what helpful suggestions could you offer? Let us have your views briefly. Every week a letter of outstanding interest will be starred on this page, though not necessarily printed first.

The writer of the starred letter will receive a cheque for one guinea.

All letters must bear the sender's name and address, although a nom de plume may be used for publication. Letters should be as brief as possible and written on one side of the page only. Address to "Star" Letter, "Radio Pictorial," 58-61 Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

★Wanted—A Census

THE average man is a most peculiar person. He grumbles about the programmes but never takes the trouble to write to the B.B.C. and tell them what he thinks about matters. How can the B.B.C. get to know what is wanted, under such a system? Here is how the officials could get an average vote.

"Every book of licences should have one form with a list of the items regularly broadcast. The purchaser of the last licence should be asked to put a number against the items most liked—1 for the best, 2 for the second best, etc. The forms should then be sent to Broadcasting House, classified, and studied.

"By this means the B.B.C. would get average views and the 300,000 votes would provide material for thought and possible programme improvement."—*Albert Race, 46 Southey Crescent, Sheffield, 5.*

(A cheque for one guinea has been forwarded to this reader, winner of the guinea "Star" this week.)

A Guy Daines "Request"

I have taken RADIO PICTORIAL since the first issue and find it very interesting. It enables one to get acquainted with the radio stars, which but for this periodical would be impossible.

"I have been very interested in the life stories of both Henry Hall and Harry Roy, and am wondering if it would be possible for you to publish the life story of Guy Daines, the director of the Scottish Studio Orchestra.

"This orchestra and its director have to my knowledge never been mentioned in your paper, which since I believe it is considered one of the best orchestras that is broadcasting at the present time, and Guy Daines is responsible for some of the best arranged programmes broadcasted, I think that some sort of praise should be shown him. Perhaps if his life story would not be available, then perhaps we could at least have a portrait of him published in your paper, so that listeners may at least see who this wizard of music is, as I believe he is a very great favourite with hundreds of listeners but to my knowledge there, out of all the weekly or monthly papers dealing with wireless, and of all the daily papers has never been a portrait of this conductor published."—*G. H., Tooting, S.W.17.*

The Interval Signal

Why has the B.B.C. changed its interval signal? I don't know what views the majority of listeners take, but my own personal opinion is that it has been a change for the worse—not the better.

The metronome signal at times got very monotonous, but it was a great deal pleasanter than the 'jangling' effect produced by the bells. I don't know whether the B.B.C. got many criticisms about the old signal to make them change it, but I certainly think that they will get some about the new one.—*H. Manning, Thornton-in-Craven.*

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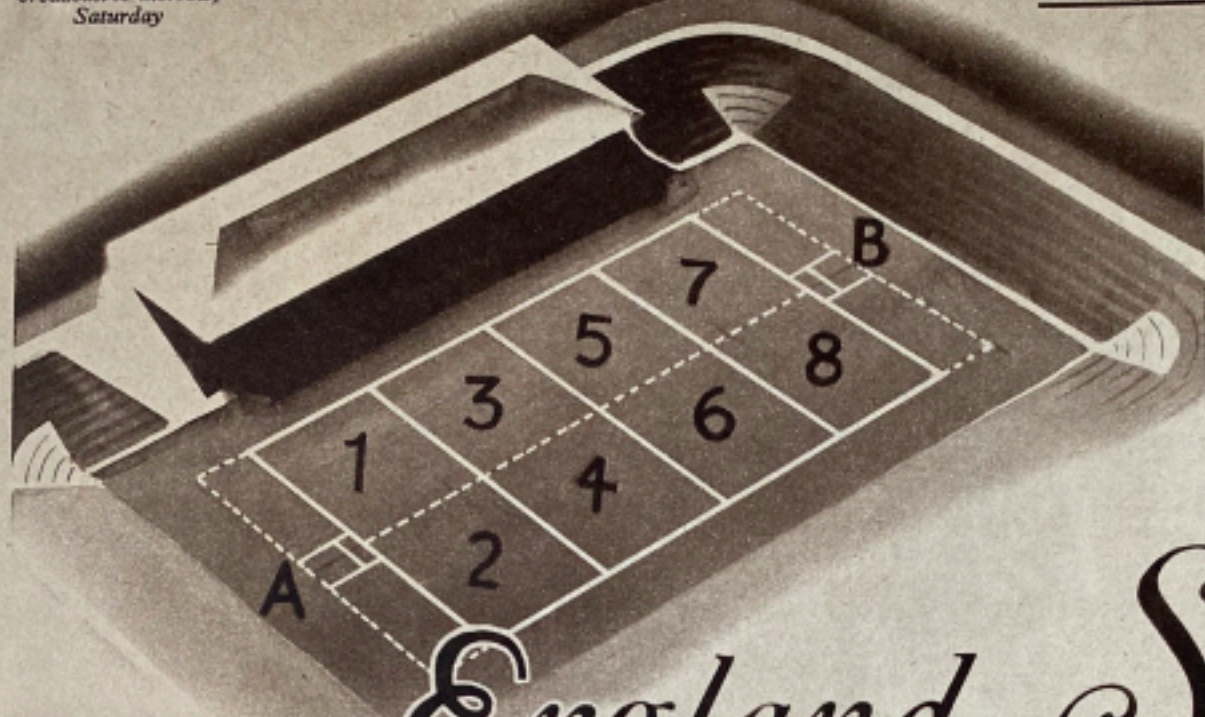
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Use this ground plan to follow Captain Wakelam's rugby broadcast to-morrow, Saturday

To-morrow's Rugger Broadcast Described by
the Popular B.B.C. Sports Broadcaster



England v. Scotland

TO-MORROW, at Twickenham, comes the last and the greatest of all the season's rugger internationals, England v. Scotland, upon which this year's honours may definitely depend.

Should England win through (and her supporters are very sanguine), not only will she gain the mythical "Triple Crown," which can only go to an all-conquering side and which she has not secured since the '29-30 season, but she will also draw level in victories in the series, the score now standing 23-22 in Scotland's favour, with ten games drawn.

The first match, played at Raeburn Place, in 1870-1, was actually the first international rugby meeting ever to take place, so to-morrow is the fifty-sixth repetition of an event which is even senior by one year to the Oxford-Cambridge game.

But this is not all that hangs at stake. In 1879, the Calcutta Rugby Club, through one reason and another, found it necessary to disband and, to mark their disbandment, the members decided to present a cup, the Calcutta Cup, to be played for annually between England and Scotland only, a prize which is coveted nowadays almost as much as an unbeaten international record. What games this meeting has brought forth, and what vast crowds have gathered to yell themselves hoarse for the Rose or the Thistle!

A few years ago there were actually 84,000 spectators at Murrayfield, whilst nearly always nowadays it is found necessary to close the gates before the kick-off at Twickenham, for even that magnificent and perfectly kept arena is too small to accommodate the eager hordes who flock there by train or by car.

Perhaps one of the most intriguing views in Twickenham is the packed Western Car Park just before a really big game. Viewed from the back of the "double-decker" west stand, it looks most extraordinary, row after row of cars of all descriptions, packed in tightly as only the skilled R.A.C. packers know how, and stretching out before the eye for several hundreds of yards in each direction.

No wonder—for there are many other car parks as well—that Richmond Bridge and Hammer-smith Broadway are blocked by the homeward trek, but now that the new Chertsey Road is opened, the congestion promises to become far less serious. To get down to more intimate

details, here we have almost the ideal broadcasting box.

In the days not long ago when we spoke from Twickenham, we were situated at the south-west corner of the ground on a specially erected scaffold, but when the Rugby Union decided to have a double-decker on the west side to match the one on the east, thanks to their courtesy and the efforts of their universally popular and

By Captain

H. B. T. WAKELAM

respected secretary, Commander S. F. Cooper, R.N., a magnificent permanent place was constructed for us.

In the front of each upper tier of these two stands, right in the centre, there is a scoreboard, giving in large letters the two teams engaged and the scores as they are put on, and part of the one on the western side, so that the setting sun is no handicap, and almost bang over the royal box and the players' entrance is our eyrie, reached by a private door and gangway which carries us over the heads of the people in the bottom half of the stand.

Here we have complete comfort, even a sloping desk on which to place our "mikes," arms, and papers, and there is plenty of room for four if necessary.

A window at each end allows us opportunity of fresh air if required, and there are only two snags, the noise of the people in the front row immediately behind us stamping their feet, which, of course, is audible to listeners as well as worrying to us, and the inclination of the window to get hazy from breath and tobacco smoke.

But I hope that this latter will now trouble us no more. Hearing a remark of mine from Murrayfield that we had continually to wipe the inside of our window (in fact I believe that some listeners could even hear the squeak of the chamois leather!) a very kind gentleman from Bolton, in Lancashire, has sent me a tin of a material which he says will prevent any condensation, so we are hoping for the best to-morrow!

It is actually a real pleasure to broadcast from Twickenham. Not only is everything possible done to make us happy and comfortable, but Commander Cooper himself always takes the trouble to climb up to see us during the interval

and to tell us the approximate estimated number of spectators, which, of course, cannot become official until all the returns are carefully examined after the final whistle. What a contrast to one nameless gentleman to whom I once wrote when I had to "do" a match right from the "blue," without any previous knowledge of the players.

My letter asked him to let me know any particular marks of identification or personal peculiarities of the men which I might be able to memorise, but apparently he didn't quite approve of my curiosity, for he wrote me back a very curt postcard which said:

"Dear Sir,—As you have been selected to broadcast this match, presumably you know all about the players of each side"—a somewhat

chilling rebuff, which under the circumstances, I do not think was altogether justified.

That, however, was in the early days. That same man later came to be one of my staunchest and most helpful supporters. And now to the actual match.

Last year Scotland, ultimate "Triple Crown" holders, just managed to crawl through on their own soil by three points to nothing, after a very exciting game in which England suffered sadly from injuries to her two centres, Burland and Gerrard, but form at any rate this season points to a Sassenach victory. England has previously beaten both Wales and Ireland, but Scotland, though she beat Ireland, went down before the Welsh.

These latter, however, were a much more convincing looking side in their second game; so much so that it is probably better to leave them out of any comparison and to deal only with Ireland.

Scotland beat them by sixteen points to nine, two goals, a penalty goal, and a try, to three tries, so that each side crossed their opponents' line three times, place-kicking giving the Scots the victory.

England, at Lansdowne Road, came through by two goals and a try, thirteen points, to one try three points, a margin of ten points, against seven, but in taking all things into consideration it must not be forgotten that Ireland very nearly put on eleven points in the first ten minutes instead of only three.

However, it seems reasonably fair to contemplate a home victory and great rejoicings in the English camp.

London, by reason of its vast size, does not lend itself so easily to the appearance of being invaded for the day in such fashion as do the other capitals, but Twickenham is always a grand sight on these days, and this year it seems that there will be even more plaids and tartans than ever.

Perhaps the Scots miss their home atmosphere rather sadly, but few of their players are strangers to the ground and their own majestic Murrayfield, in its way, is just as impressive.

You will find the ground plan, shown at the top of this page, useful when following the broadcast commentary.

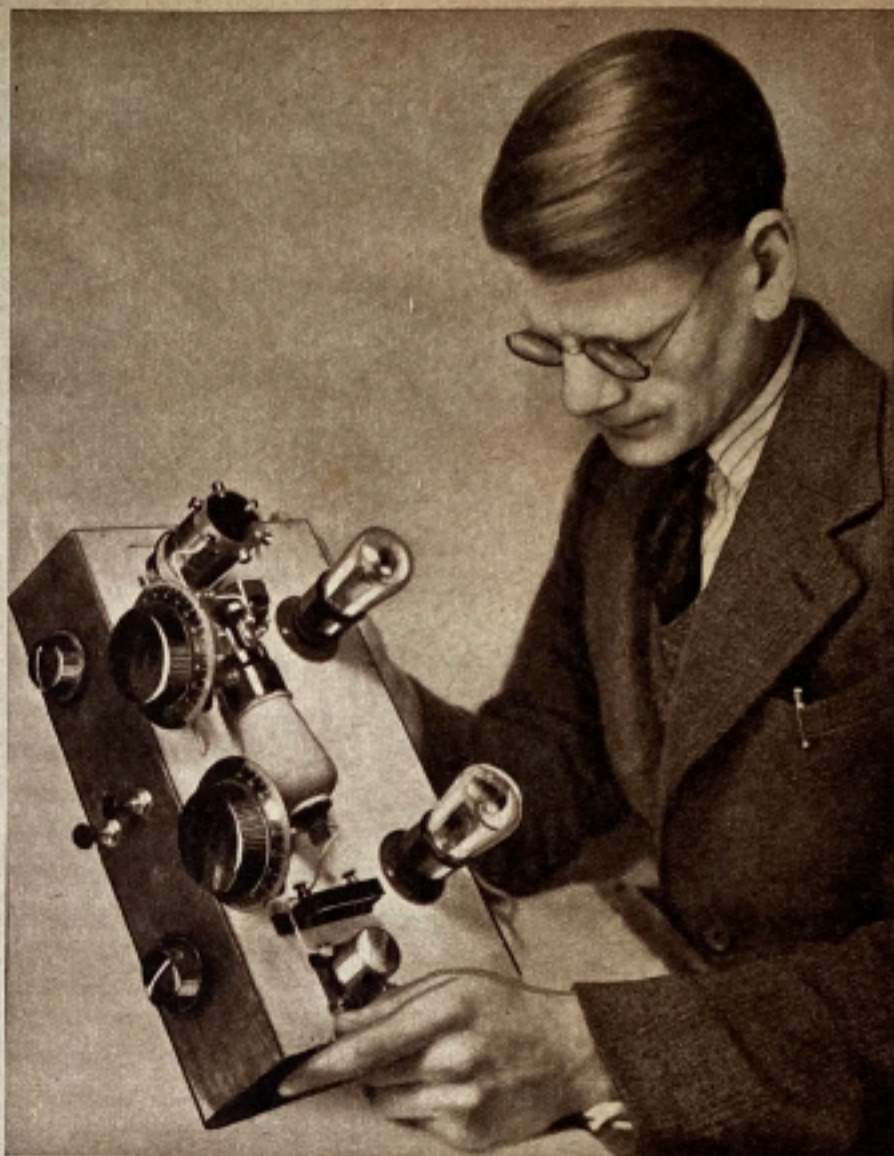
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This Set is a station getter as can be seen from the log of stations below, and quality has not been sacrificed in producing the set at such a low figure.



THIS LOG WAS COMPILED IN A TEST OF A LITTLE OVER TWO HOURS

LONG WAVES

Station	Left Dial	Right Dial
Huizen ...	99	97
Radio Paris ...	92	90
Daventry National	64	64
Luxembourg ...	42	50
Kalundborg ...	36	46
Oslo ...	28	42

MEDIUM WAVES

Budapest ...	80	79
Beromunster ...	76	77
Muhlacker ...	73	73
Vienna ...	71	70
Sundsvall ...	68	66
Brussels No. 1 ...	65	64
Prague No. 1 ...	64	61
Lyons PTT ...	63	60
Langenberg ...	61	59
North Regional ...	60	58

MEDIUM WAVES—continued

Station	Left Dial	Right Dial
Sottens ...	58	57
Stockholm ...	54	52
Rome ...	53	50
Munich ...	52	49
Midland Regional	48	46
Leipzig ...	46	44
Scottish Regional	45	43
Berlin ...	43	41
London Regional...	39	38
Breslau ...	32	34
Poste Parisien ...	30	32
West Regional ...	29	30
Turin ...	20	19
London National...	20	19
Trieste ...	17	16
Montpellier ...	13	12
Dublin ...	11	10
Amateurs ...	2	0

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