

SEARCHING FOR B.B.C. TALENT

RADIO PICTORIAL

2^d
EVERY
FRIDAY



BOTTLING the PROGRAMMES † A-Z at the B.B.C.
Story by **A.J. ALAN** † **AT HOME** with the **CARLYLE COUSINS**
Famous Dance Band Leaders write in this Issue

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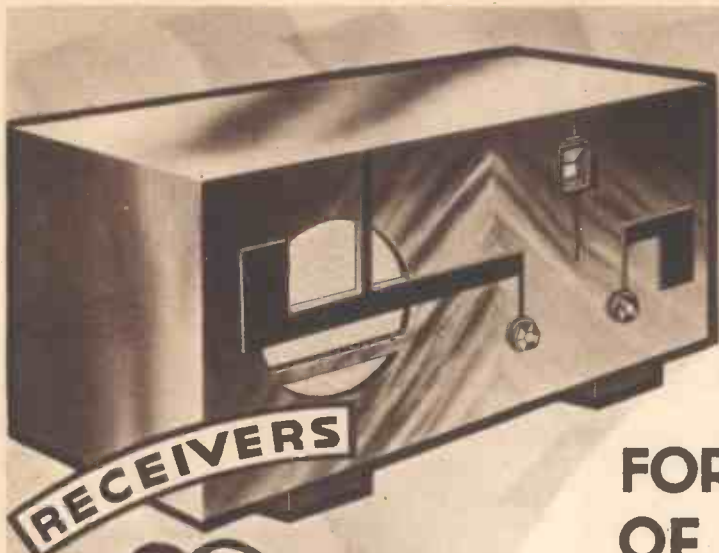
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March 23, 1934

RADIO PICTORIAL



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Radio Pictorial — NO. 10

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Editor-in-Chief BERNARD E. JONES
Editorial Manager ROY J. O'CONNELL
Editor KENNETH ULLYETT

A to Z at the B.B.C.!

B.B.C. EVERY-ONE, now-a-days, of course, knows what those letters stand for! And very impressive-sounding they are—much more impressive, for instance, than A.B.C., which is what broadcasting is reduced to in America!

by Godfrey WINN

D.G. Can you translate those letters just as swiftly—and as accurately, too? They stand, of course, for Director-General.

Constantly on the lips of everyone connected with broadcasting, they are spoken with that mixture of awe and affection which is always an indication in any great public concern that "The Chief" is that perfect combination—a strong man, who is also a scrupulously just one.

Such a man is Sir John Reith. The D.G. of the B.B.C. is never content to be just an honourable figurehead. He works just as hard, if not harder, than his humblest employee.

Like another famous "chief," Mr. Gordon Selfridge, he sets his staff a splendid example in keenness and punctuality by arriving in Portland Place every morning sharp at half-past nine.

During the day he is constantly in touch with all departments and keeps his finger on every pulse in the building. Nothing happens that he does not know about before it happened; all the really difficult decisions are referred to him automatically, irrespective of subject; he is the final court of appeal.

His prestige is as great as his power, as impressive as his personal dignity.

Indeed, as long as he remains D.G., we, who are the public, can have implicit confidence that the B.B.C. are not only doing their best to please the greatest number of people, but doing it in the right way,

the lamb and the lion in the fable (it would be invidious to suggest which is which) and have settled down to work very happily together. Colonel Dawney has brought a fresh outlook allied to an alive intelligence to bear upon the business of programme constructing in general.

Sir Charles is concerned with the organising of the administrative side of Broadcasting.

If, for example, you were yourself eager to enter the employment of the B.B.C., and your preliminary references were satisfactory, it would probably happen that you would be granted an interview with "the Controller."

Moreover, it is more than likely that in the course of that interview you would be asked what games you played.

For it is the opinion of Sir Charles that good sportsmen make the best workers in the long run.

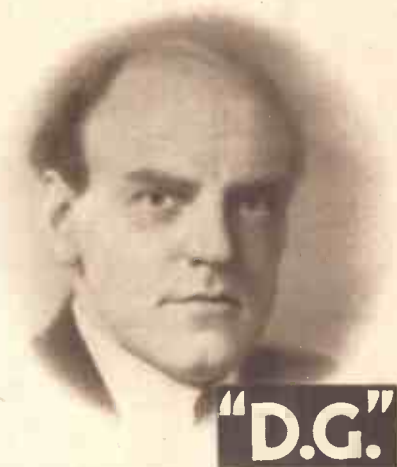
Personally, I am not so sure.

Though, of course, sportsmen know the

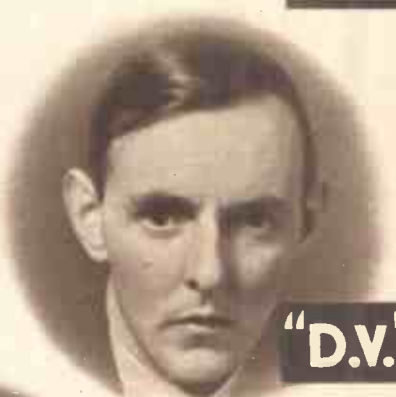
But D.V., in this case, doesn't stand for Deo Volente, but Director of Variety—that is to say, Eric Maschwitz, who since he took over this department has improved the standard of light entertainment out of all recognition.

Especially do I look forward every week to his "In Town To-night" series on Saturday evenings. They are grand fun.

I find it strange to think of Eric with an official label, somehow, in a public organisation like the B.B.C. I knew him at a time when he was making his living—a rather precarious one—as a free-lance, and free he was in the traditional young-man-just-down-from-the-varsity manner.



"D.G."



"D.V."

That was ten years ago. Since then he has disciplined and developed his talents in a splendid and surprising fashion, and there is no doubt that his wide experience of all branches of the literary game stand him in good stead to-day in his official position as D.V.

D.D. stands for Drama Director—Val Gielgud, who has already been interviewed in RADIO PICTORIAL—but the title is not generally used, whereas Roger Eckersley, who is Director of Entertainment, is always referred to in brief as D.E.



"D.D."

He is the head of the entertainment side of Broadcasting, though, of course, the branch has many sub-divisions, each with its own director. Two of the most interesting being the O.B. director and the P.D.

P. in this case stands for Presentation and the function of this director is to balance the programmes and see that one kind of feature—music, for instance, which is in the hands of the M.D. (Adrian Boult)—is not allowed to predominate to such an extent that the evening's entertainment for listeners is lop-sided or monotonous.

You will notice how seldom, if ever, it happens nowadays that both wavelengths give the same sort of fare at the same moment.

Instead, there are alternative choices to suit all tastes throughout the course of the evening's programme.

For this admirable state of affairs you have to thank the P.D., whose name is Mr. L. Wellington.

Then, again, I expect you listened on Christmas Day, as I did, to the King's speech relayed from Sandringham. All the technical side of that broadcast—and, for that matter, of any others

(Continued on page 24)



"D.B.R."

Those are the three chief labels, and there are at least thirty others scattered, so to speak, over Broadcasting House. Obviously, there isn't room here for me to deal with them all. So I will content myself with the ones that I think will interest you most, like D.D., D.E., D.V., and R.D.

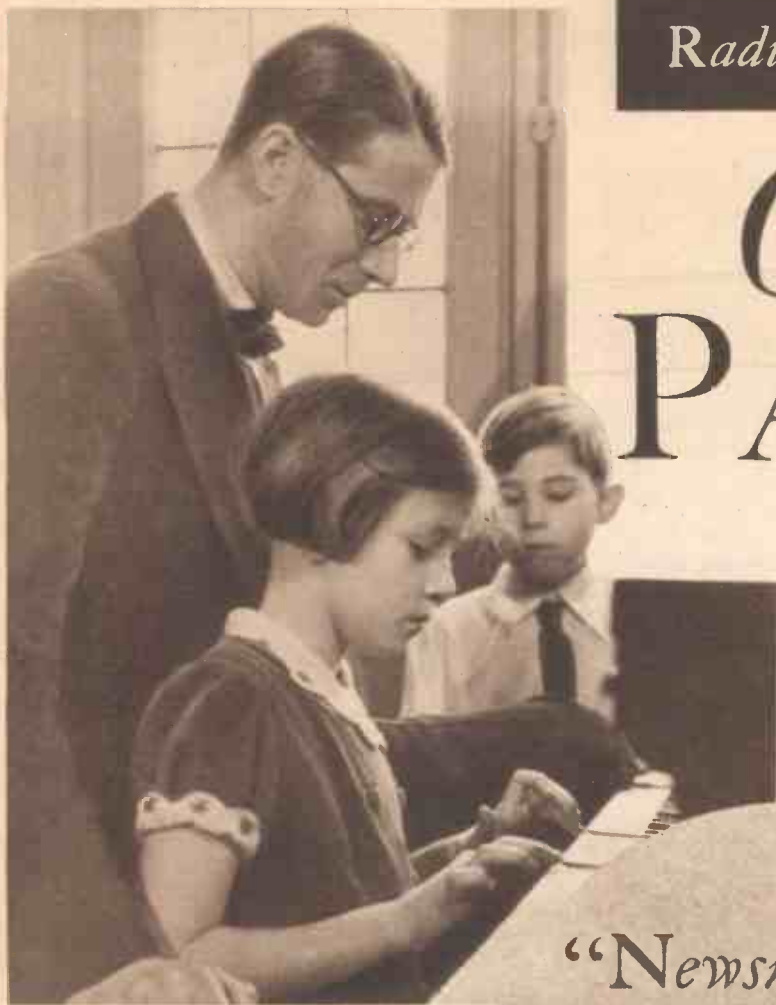
The last stands for Religious Director, and is the label of the Rev. F. A. Iremonger, who arranges all the services.



"R.P."

Radio Pictorial Gossip tells you what's happening in the radio world

Our Radio PARTNERS



Henry Hall, the popular leader of the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra, encourages his two children in their musical education at home—and is caught by our photographer giving an impromptu music lesson

“Newsmonger’s”

RADIO
GOSSIP

How Partners Meet

WHEN you come to think of it, many curious circumstances must surround the first meeting of some of our popular radio partners, Clapham and Dwyer, Flotsam and Jetsam, Mabel Constanduros and Michael Hogan, and so on. A group of outstanding radio partners is shown in the centre pages this week, and I cannot help pondering on the happy circumstances which brought these radio folk together.

When It Happened

It would take too much space here to describe the meetings of all radio partners. Flotsam and Jetsam met in 1926. One is a Canadian and the other is an Australian. But they met in London and decided to go on the music-halls. Clapham ran a concert party during the war, but in 1918 returned to his previous occupation as a barrister's clerk. Seven years later he met Dwyer and in 1926 they passed a B.B.C. audition. Mabel Constanduros met Michael Hogan long after she had first broadcast at the B.B.C. I repeat, it is strange how these partners meet.

Val's New Role

I heard a rumour the other day that Val Gielgud proposes to make his debut as an actor before the microphone. I have often wondered why he hasn't done so long before this. At all events, I confronted him in the vestibule of Broadcasting House this afternoon and asked him a direct question.

He admitted it. The play is called *The Sea-gull*, and is by Tchekov. Val is to play the part of a novelist. It is not a long part.

I was a bit curious over it. “Why this particular part?” Val laughed. “Oh, well,” he said, “for two reasons. The first is that I have always wanted to play the part; the other is that the novelist in the play is not unlike me in reality. Natural desire, don't you think?”

The Last of Mrs. Pullpleasure?

Another old friend was Hermione Gingold, who, as you know, is Mrs. Eric Maschwitz. She has refused a chance of touring the halls. Doesn't want to leave London, I fancy. “What about Mrs. Pullpleasure?” I asked, speaking in a suitable adenoidal fashion. “Tired of her,” said Hermione. “Must do something else for a change.”

When Marie Led the Prom.

I had a chat with Marie Wilson and her husband, Henry Bronkhurst. Marie had been rehearsing. Leading Section E, of the orchestra, or something of the kind. One night last season she led the Proms when Charles Woodhouse happened to be away with a touch of 'flu. She is the only one of her sex who has led the Proms in recent years.

Henry Bronkhurst does a good deal of accompanying at the B.B.C. and is frequently associated with productions there. He is not a member of the actual staff, but is regularly in demand. A cheery couple, he and Marie. Good musicians, too. They live at Wembley Park.

“Baby” Star Starts Work

Two weeks ago, Miss Constance Godridge, the new Gaumont-British “baby” starlet, was an operative in a Coventry factory. She had never been to London, until she arrived as the winner

of a competition organised in the midlands by Gaumont-British in a search for hidden talent.

Tall, blonde, and blue-eyed, Miss Godridge started work at the Shepherd's Bush Studios during the week, and has already made several personal appearances at London cinemas, where her charming singing voice has been eagerly applauded.

Constance, as a matter of fact, discovered “quite by accident” a few weeks ago that she could “croon.” She made this momentous discovery on a Friday; on the following Wednesday she broadcast from the Midland Regional station!

A Stunt Organist

Sydney Gustard, the Chester organist, was once giving a recital when he tried a stunt with one of his records played through talkie apparatus.

Half-way through he had the mechanical volume brought up and all lights extinguished while he disappeared behind the organ. A spotlight showed the empty organ seat with the record playing. The lights were put out again while he resumed his seat and the piece was finished on the organ with all lights up.

After the performance, a man in the stalls was heard to remark to his neighbour: “I knew that — didn't play that organ.”

Kiddies' Hour Changes

Now that the birthdays have gone, Mac of the Children's Hour has been casting around for ways of keeping in touch with individual children. He has hit upon the idea of reading a few of the kiddies' letters and started last Saturday, with some of the best that he has already received. Silly letters will be cast aside, but any which contain useful suggestions for improving the Children's Hour will be read. This is an idea which might be extended to other programmes!

History—and Henry

I suppose you would think that a lunch with Leonard Henry would be a “scream?” Don't you believe it. He is a very serious-minded man. Reads everything he can lay his hands on. History when he can get it.

I spent two hours with him not long ago at his club. During that time he never quoted a single line or joke of his own, but any number of other comedians. Just his nature.

Grandma's Upper Lip

Thinking of history, I can tell you of another of your favourites who is mad on it. You won't guess, so don't try. It is Mabel Constanduros. Mabel is a keen historian. She thoroughly enjoys playing the part of Anne Boleyn in the Tudor play now running in London. You never can tell what these people are keen on until you come to know them.

I made Mabel be Grandma Buggins for my benefit. She does something to her upper lip. Otherwise Grandma won't do her stuff.

Coffee with the Cousins

I had coffee with the Carlyle Cousins in the canteen at Broadcasting House and found them very entertaining.

They confided in me that two of their songs, which I had just heard them do in rehearsal, were very new to them. "But," said the dark one—the pianist—"we shall know it by to-night."

They certainly did.

Leonard's Rehearsal

While we were sitting at our table, a cheery voice sounded behind me. "What's this? What's this?" it said. "A radio man quaffing coffee with the Carlyle Cousins? What next?" Leonard Henry, down for a glass of malted milk after some strenuous work at a rehearsal of *The Arcadians*.

For the "Arcadians"

The next comer was John Watt. What Watt had been doing I can't say, but he joined our party with a cup of coffee. Then Stanford Robinson looked in on us. He had been rehearsing *The Arcadians*, of course.

Later on I encountered George Buck, after listening to his excellent turn.

He told me that record of his, "The Casey Kids," sold over a quarter of a million copies in a month. Hope he gets his farthing royalty on each one!

Old-Time Memories

John Sharman, under whose experienced care the music-hall programmes from St. George's Hall are given, had occasion to recall old days in the recent programme he produced which included a turn by Tod Slaughter and company.

The fact is that John some years ago—we won't say how many!—worked with Tod in the good old full-blooded melodramas, of which Tod's recent broadcast debut was an example.

Those were the days when the old London Theatres of Variety were to our side-whiskered grandpas what the Palladium and the Pavilion are to our platinum blondes to-day.

John's New Quarters

Tod Slaughter's re-association with John invoked many memories for both of them. John both acted and staged-managed in those dramas of heat and passion, while Tod paid him—as far as they could remember—the princely salary of 35s. a week.

John, by the way, is now thoroughly enthroned at St. George's Hall, the B.B.C. having transferred his office there from Broadcasting House.

And if the last music-hall programme was anything to go by, it has been well worth while putting John right on the spot.

In the Interval

During the break I trotted round to the stage and found Robert Naylor and Silvia Cecil, to whose duet singing I had listened with pleasure.

Naylor is a capable vocalist. He was at Drury Lane, the Old Vic and also has done work at Llandudno. His voice is almost too good for



A new photograph of Charlie Kunz, the popular leader of the dance orchestra which broadcasts from the Casani Club

vaudeville, except that we can always do with good voices to help us forget the crooners.

That Top C!

Sylvia Cecil is another singer of whom the same might be said. Her voice has quality in it.

I jokingly told her to open that top C of hers at the end. She promised she would. I listened at night and was very pleased with her for keeping her promise.

A fine, healthy note with some tone about it came through my loud-speaker.

Sylvia has had some experience. She has migrated from the Gilbert and Sullivan operas and, moreover, is an old Co-optimist.

In her early days she was with Benson and has been Principal Boy in more than one pantomime. My opinion is that these well-trained singers are needed in vaudeville.

Hectic Affairs

Rehearsals are so often such "hectic" affairs, especially for London stage productions. There is nothing of the kind at Broadcasting House. I think I have seen nearly every producer at work, and it is always the same.

Everything is arrived at pleasantly and without ruffling anyone's feelings.

Not too easy when you remember everything

is timed to a second and people have to be asked to make cuts in their acts.

The Wrong Ropes

I was rather amused at Mrs. Rodney Hudson's explanation of why one or two of the Eight Step Sisters tripped over their skipping ropes. "These aren't the right ropes," she said. "The others will be here to-night. They are being cleaned."

John Works Hard

I lunched with John Sharman. He seemed rather tired.

As I told him, he uses up far too much energy over these shows at St. George's Hall. He never spares himself over them. "That's all very well," he objected. "I work on my temperament. I can't do things by halves."

Probably there isn't a harder working man in the B.B.C. He rarely gets home before midnight. If he isn't actually producing something at St. George's, he is going the round of the halls to find new talent.

Still, he's keen, and that's why he gets the result.

Valves in the Vestry

A cathedral vestry is perhaps the last place where one would look for any of the complicated technicalities of wireless. Yet every Tuesday when evensong is broadcast from York Minster in the North Regional programmes, the B.B.C. engineers use the vestry as a control room.

The beautiful old cathedral is "wired" for broadcasting and the installation is controlled from apparatus in the little oak-panelled vestry, where, strangely enough, wireless diagrams hang next to religious prints of great antiquity, and the powerful amplifiers with their rows of valves are ranged alongside rows of choirboys' surplices.

Women at the Mike

Women are to learn the art of speaking to the microphone from Elsie Sprott, who is giving lectures to an association which is meeting this month. Her hints should be helpful because the microphone plays queer tricks with feminine voices.

Girls often sound like old ladies and matrons like flappers when the instrument has finished with their voices, which makes it very difficult for a producer casting a play.

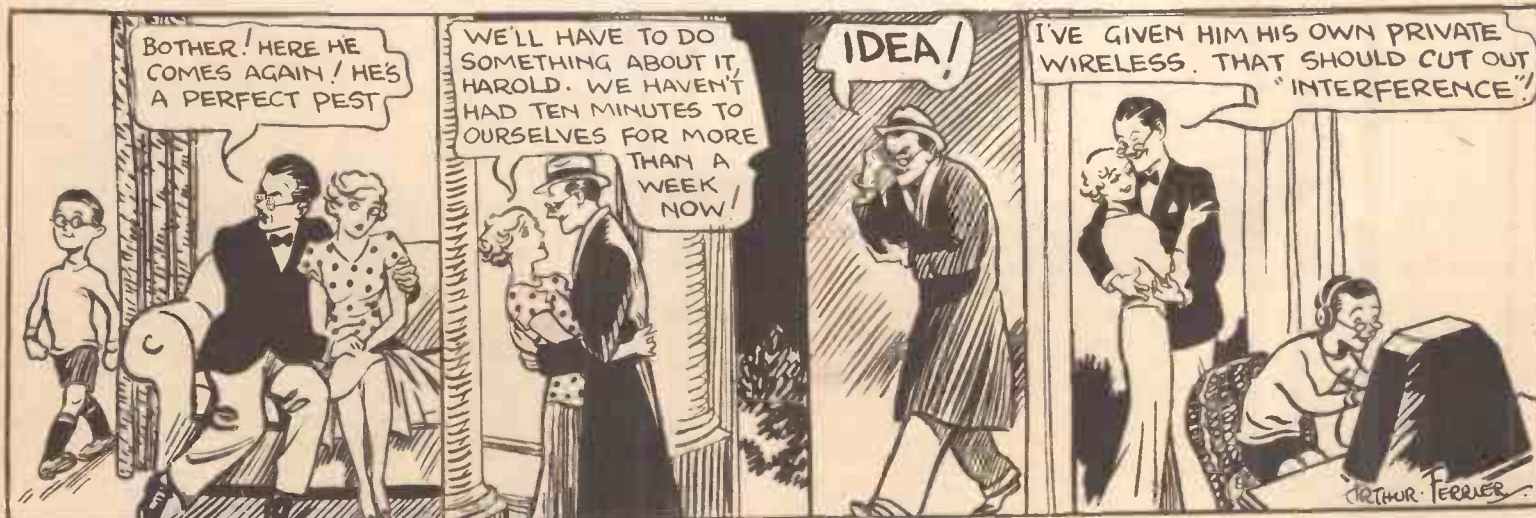
Elsie is a champion of women's interests in the B.B.C. and it was left to her to explain why the woman announcer is heard no more. It is because women wrote and complained, she said.

A Museum Piece

Lance Sieveking plays his signature tune on a music box, no bigger than a watch. It sounds like an antique, but is merely early Woolworth. It was bought in a case with a miniature rabbit on top, but this has been lost. By now the instrument must be quite famous and I hope that they will keep a place for it in the museum at Broadcasting House.

By FERRIER

Cutting Out Interference!



Here you are told how the B.B.C. goes out in search of its new microphone artists



In Search of New Radio Stars

Gertrude Lawrence discusses some details at the H.M.V. microphone, while (below) Leslie Sarony sings new numbers into his Dictaphone

THE pale young man at the corner table looks weary; it is Thursday and his fourth late night this week. He has come to hear a new cabaret star who opened at the restaurant on Monday. London is starting to talk of her and the question is: Will her act broadcast well?

By ten next morning the young man will be back at his desk at Broadcasting House. By eleven the Director of Programmes will have his report.

Meanwhile, he sups with his companion and, though they seem to be known to the band leader, they take no part in the dancing. When the floor is cleared and the cabaret starts, he becomes alert.

He has come to hear one artist, but he sits the whole show out. Though the artist does not know it, her value is being assessed, and if her manager agrees to terms to-morrow, she will be booked for "In Town To-night."

Cabaret with its intimate appeal is a nursery for the studio.

Monday evening found our friend at the Palladium.

His weekly visit is a regular fixture, for there, in a café behind the stalls, may be met at one time or another every variety star in town who happens to be resting.

Good news spreads quickly in the profession and these contacts are valuable. Artists are keen judges of talent in their ranks and they know when a new man is making an impression. Maybe a comedian is being tried out at an Empire at Penge or Shepherd's Bush; if so, a whisper will reach Broadcasting House and John Sharman will attend the next show.

Sometimes a chance meeting brings a star to the microphone.

One day one of the variety men from Broadcasting House was lunching at the Savoy. Two tables away sat Suzanne Lenglen, who had not been in town for months. A card was passed by the waiter, an introduction followed, a telephone call to Broadcasting House, and Suzanne was on the air that night.

The Ivy, like the Savoy Grill, is a favourite haunt of stage folk, who meet to gossip at meals and it is an off-day when a producer is not to be

By John TRENT

seen at table there. Fees are usually discussed over coffee.

The provinces are not neglected, and often produce fresh talent. The word is passed to Broadcasting House whenever a recruit shows promise, and at rehearsal the microphone in Belfast or Edinburgh is connected to London by telephone line.

The Director of Programmes sits listening at a loud-speaker in his office to a "find" who is singing hundreds of miles away. The artist is not aware that his voice goes to London, but if he is good he will get a National booking.

Regional producers, too, comb their country. In the summer, concert parties are a fruitful field and many fine artists, like Leonard Henry and Gillie Potter, first made their name on a stage by the sands.

Eric Maschwitz believes in looking himself, and at holiday time packs his bag and beats it to the provinces. At Christmas in four days he visited Newcastle, Manchester and Glasgow, seeing three pantomimes, a revue, two music-halls and a film.

If the man sitting next to you at the cinema keeps his eyes closed, ten to one he is a B.B.C. scout testing

the quality of a voice. Leslie Fuller of *Not so Quiet on the Western Front* and other recruits from the films have been discovered this way!

The help of an established favourite often brings a newcomer to notice. Maurice Winnick told Broadcasting House that he had a male soprano singing with his dance band, and the result was a date for Frank Colman.

Gramophone artists must also be watched. Maurice Elwin first became famous on wax, and broadcasting followed. Usually, however, the process is reversed and Danny Malone broadcast before his first record was released.

In radio, as on the stage, principals rise from the chorus. John Watt picked Reginald Mitchell from the revue chorus for a solo place in his *Songs from the Shows*. He once discovered a voice among the Step Sisters, and a sequence of sickness gave Bradbridge White, of the Wireless Singers, a chance to sing a difficult Mozart part under Bruno Walter.

They travel far, these bright young men of the B.B.C. Edward Clark is just back from conducting in Moscow. It was Denis Freeman who brought the "Jockey" company over from Berlin, and Val Gielgud returned the other day from Sweden with a bag full of Scandinavian radio plays.

Often there is not a minute to spare in getting stars to the mike. Many dawns have found John Macdonell in a tender in the Solent, meeting a liner with a Hollywood beauty on board.

There's a great deal of bustle on these occasions, for there is so much that the star has to do.

First she must see the reporters, greet the London representatives of her film company, then clear her baggage at the Custom House. Often the train is nearing Waterloo before John has her promise to broadcast that evening.

Sometimes a train is not quick enough. When Carl Brisson was returning from his native Denmark, Denis Freeman dashed to Harwich in a fast car, met Carl as the boat berthed, and within half-an-hour was with him on the road back to town. Three hours later they were standing at the mike.

Television needs different material, and at every new ballet you will see Eustace Robb in the stalls. Dancers and tumblers who would be useless in a broadcasting studio find a place in the beam of the television projector.

The B.B.C. cannot afford to wait for artists to present themselves at its doors; opportunities would be lost and programmes would suffer. And so the young men are sent out to theatre, music-hall, cabaret and night club, to cocktail parties and to saloons... in search of new stars.



Stars at Home—10

The CARLYLE COUSINS



Visit the Carlyle Cousins at home with "Radio Pictorial's" Special Representative



FIRST of all, let us sort them out. The two fair girls are sisters, and the dark one is their cousin. Now for their names.

The dark one, who is also the pianist, is Lilian Taylor. The middle one is Cecile Petrie and the other fair one is Helen Thornton.

Thornton is the real name of the two sisters. Cecile has adopted the name Petrie ever since she attended an audition for two kinds of work when it was suggested that two names had better be used.

Petrie was chosen because Cecile is actually cousin to Hay Petrie, the well-known actor. Their ages range from twenty-three to twenty-five. The two sisters are very much alike to look at.

To meet the Carlyle Cousins is to think them three really jolly girls full of fun and vivacity. They live in Highgate under a parental or avuncular roof, it depending on which of them you are referring to.

Their work often keeps them out late at night, but they all declare vehemently they never seem to get a chance of staying in bed in the morning. There is always something to rehearse.

They admit they spend much of their time rehearsing in order to get that very exact precision of rhythm for which they are so well known.

They work together contentedly and rarely have disputes. Cecile says sometimes they all flare up together over some trifling incident.

Lilian says their rows last five minutes at the longest.

Helen says that is because something always happens to make them laugh. Then they go on peacefully for months.

They are all very keen tennis players. A pity there is not a fourth sister or cousin.

They could then form a complete tennis set and a discussion quorum at the same time. In the summer they are off early in the morning to the Hornsey open-air baths for a vigorous swim

As soon as they have finished dressing after their swim they are off to their favourite haunt for coffee. Then they take advantage of tennis courts nearby and work off their superfluous energy before returning home for their daily practice.

You have heard them sing often enough. Can't you believe they do everything in triplicate, so to speak? They carry out their singleness of purpose in everything they do. Wherever you see one you see the other two. No division in the ranks of the Carlyle Cousins!

At one time they had a two-seater car, but they all managed to get into it. All three couldn't drive it at the same time, of course. That in itself presented something of a problem. It was solved by allowing the first who got into the driver's seat to be the driver for the journey.

They have sold that car and now have a larger one. The same ruling applies about the driver. Once she is settled another sits beside her. The third, whichever it happens to be sits at the back, goes to pieces with nervousness, and gives stage directions which may or may not be regarded. Depends on the mood of the one driving.

The two seater was an old police car, but the Cousins toured all over England and Scotland in it. The present arrangement of two in the front

(Continued on page 25)



"One of their hobbies is solving jig-saw puzzles . . ." And in the photograph above you see them with a young friend in the act of solving a puzzle—on the floor!

A. J. ALAN re-tells one of his Most Famous Broadcast Stories

THEY'VE asked me to tell you about another of my experiences, and I think it wouldn't be a bad idea to try to describe to you a dream I often have.

My mind has been very much exercised as to the propriety of doing this. I don't mean *that* kind of propriety—It's simply that I know from bitter experience that it's going to annoy quite a lot of my lady listeners—and readers—and they'll write and abuse me.

Why they should be utterly beyond me; but the sad fact remains. Perhaps they will bear in mind that it is only a dream, and that I do now humbly apologise—in advance.

Very well, then.

Before describing the dream itself it may be as well to explain a few things about it.

First of all, I've had it some fifteen or twenty times altogether at quite irregular intervals. Sometimes it gives me a miss for two years, at

others it will happen twice in six months. There's no knowing.

It began—to visit me—when I was eight or nine years old, and I used to think then that it was just the same dream each time, but it wasn't, and it isn't. The general setting or *locale* is the same, but there's a gradual moving forward of events which makes it somewhat interesting—to me, at any rate—and just a bit creepy.

IT always begins in exactly the same way. I am walking up a broad flight of stairs in a very large house. The carpet is dark-blue and very thick, so thick that you sink right in.

The walls are all white.

The time, as a rule, is between eleven and twelve at night. That, however, depends on what time I have gone to sleep.

It's evidently a party I'm coming to, and I'm rather late for it. My left forefinger is poking a piece of paper down into my waistcoat pocket, and I'm aware in some occult way that it's the ticket for my hat and coat.

The whole place seems deserted except for me, not even anyone to take my name and announce me. In fact, I'm not *rather* late, I'm *very* late.

At the top of the stairs there's a broad sort of landing place, and, immediately facing me, a very massive mahogany door with a large cut-glass knob. Through this door I go.

In my very young days I used to have quite a job to push it open, but now it's merely heavy and solid.

There's a screen inside the door which cuts me off from the rest of the room, and it just gives me the opportunity to pull down my waistcoat. You know how badly they wash them nowadays, and there's always the chance of the points having got bent up in the cab.

Anyway, having finally pulled myself together, I walk, with a certain amount of diffidence, round the screen. It's a great big room—very high and brilliantly lighted. The walls are white and the carpet blue—like the stairs—and the furniture is very dark oak.

The scene is rather peculiar. There must be at least forty or fifty men in the room, and they are all sitting on chairs in front of a little platform against the far wall. They aren't sitting in rows, but just anyhow. It looks as though they've drawn up their chairs as near the platform as they can get. I expect that's what happens, really, but I've never got there early enough to see.

They are all much of the same class, as far as general appearance goes; but their ages are widely different. They range from twenty or less right up to seventy or more.

I used to wonder, many years ago, what it was all about, but now I realise that all these people are watching, with very great interest, a conversation which is taking place between a man and woman. Incidentally, she is the only woman in the room.

These two are sitting on chairs on the dais or platform. It's quite a low platform really—not more than a foot high.

I say they're watching the conversation because I'm sure that unless one happens to be in the very front row it isn't possible to catch more than a word here and there.

"The whole place seems deserted except for me, not even anyone to take my name and announce me. In fact, I'm not rather late, I'm very late . . ."

The *man* on the platform doesn't call for any particular remark—at least, I don't know—it is rather funny about him.

He is evidently just one of the audience who has been invited up, as it were, and I've usually seen him a few times before in the body of the room. But the thing is that once a man has spent the evening on the platform he never appears again.

Now we come to the lady. I must tell you about her, even at the risk of boring you, because she's the central figure, so to speak.

She is very beautiful—almost too beautiful to be respectable. In fact, if one didn't actually know—However, when I say respectable, I don't mean that she would faint clean away if anyone said damn; but one would hesitate before digging her in the ribs on short acquaintance.

As far as I can tell, she's on the tall side, and very graceful. I've never seen her standing up. She looks as though she could dance well. By dance, I mean waltz, of course. She has lovely copper-coloured hair, and she's had the sense not to cut it off. She apparently believes in looking like a woman and not like an ungainly boy. Most unfashionable—but then you must remember that this is a dream.

She's usually dressed in a simple black evening-frock and a hat. The hat is rather of the—I think it's called the turban type. It's a little difficult to describe. It's got a sort of asprey—no, osprey—thing that points backwards and downwards, rather like the tail of a comet does. I think Miss Lily Elsie wore something like that in the *Merry Widow* (if she doesn't mind my dragging her in).

When I say she's wearing a *simple* black frock, I mean one of those simple little frocks which you can pick up anywhere for fifty or sixty guineas.

And it's never the same dress twice.

If I could only draw I could earn a couple of thousand a year by making sketches of them. They aren't *quite* like the things you see about just now, but they may be fashionable some day—who knows?

And while we are on the subject of horrors, I'm sure she would never wear Bolshie boots; she wouldn't flaunt her political opinions to that extent, whatever they were. Quite apart from that, she wouldn't have to wear such things, because her ankles are perfect. I won't refer to light-coloured stockings because they—well—*de mortuis*.

To go back to the lady's hat for a moment. I must confess that it rather beats me—why she's wearing one at all, that is—because she must be in her own house.

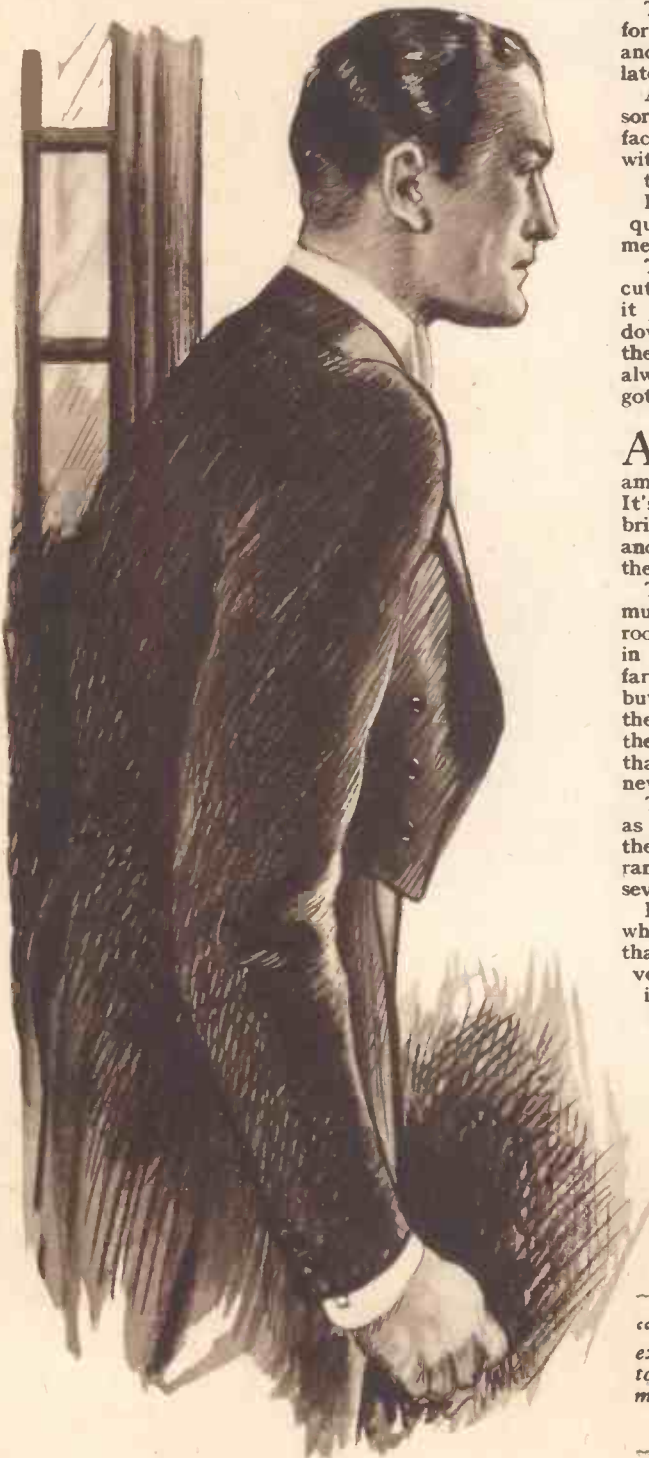
You can tell that from the way she behaves—I mean, that she's obviously acting as hostess, and her manner is a treat to watch.

She sits quietly in her chair without looking as though she'd been spilt in it, and she doesn't fidget. She hasn't any of those irritating little affectations which one so often sees. She doesn't drag out a repair outfit every two minutes and plaster a lot of stuff on her face. Perhaps she doesn't have to. I don't believe she'd even powder her nose in public. In fact, I'm quite sure she wouldn't. Oh, I know that on this subject I'm only a locust crying in the wilderness, but it is refreshing to see anyone who isn't ashamed of her complexion.

I've mentioned before that the conversation, or whatever it is, between the good lady and the man on the platform is so quiet that I've never been able to hear her voice, but there's no doubt in my mind that it's the kind that anyone vulgar, who wished to be extra offensive, would describe as a "refained voice"; but he wouldn't be there, so it doesn't matter.

I've racked my brains trying to imagine what on earth they can be talking about for such a long time. In the early part she seems to be asking questions and getting very deferential answers. Perhaps she's applying some form of test. Later on it's more as though she is giving information or instructions, and he just puts in a word here and there.

At about half-past twelve she usually lights a cigarette. Between you and me, I think it's a signal as much as anything to tell all the rest



The DREAM

of us that we can smoke if we like. Some of us do.

Now, it's rather a funny thing about the time. More often than not the place where I'm standing gives me a view of a clock there is on the mantelpiece. It's one of those clocks which pretend they haven't got any works, like the women of the present day. You know them—er—the clocks. All you can see is a sheet of plate-glass with the figures and hands on it, and the hands go round in some mysterious way. This clock goes, and it's right. *How do I know it's right—let's see—how do I know it's right?* Oh, yes, because it always indicates the time of about one hour after I've gone to sleep, and that may vary quite a lot. I think that more or less proves it.

It's also a peculiar thing about the smoking. I didn't begin to smoke in real life until I was twenty-three, but I always smoked in this dream, even when I was at school, and it used to give me a horrible taste in my mouth next morning. Oh, it's a vivid dream all right.

As regards the age of the lady—well, it's a little hard to say. In my extreme youth she was about as old as an aunt. When I was grown up she seemed more like a sister, and now I'm blown if I know how old she is. Early thirties, probably. It's rather unusual to grow *past* anyone.

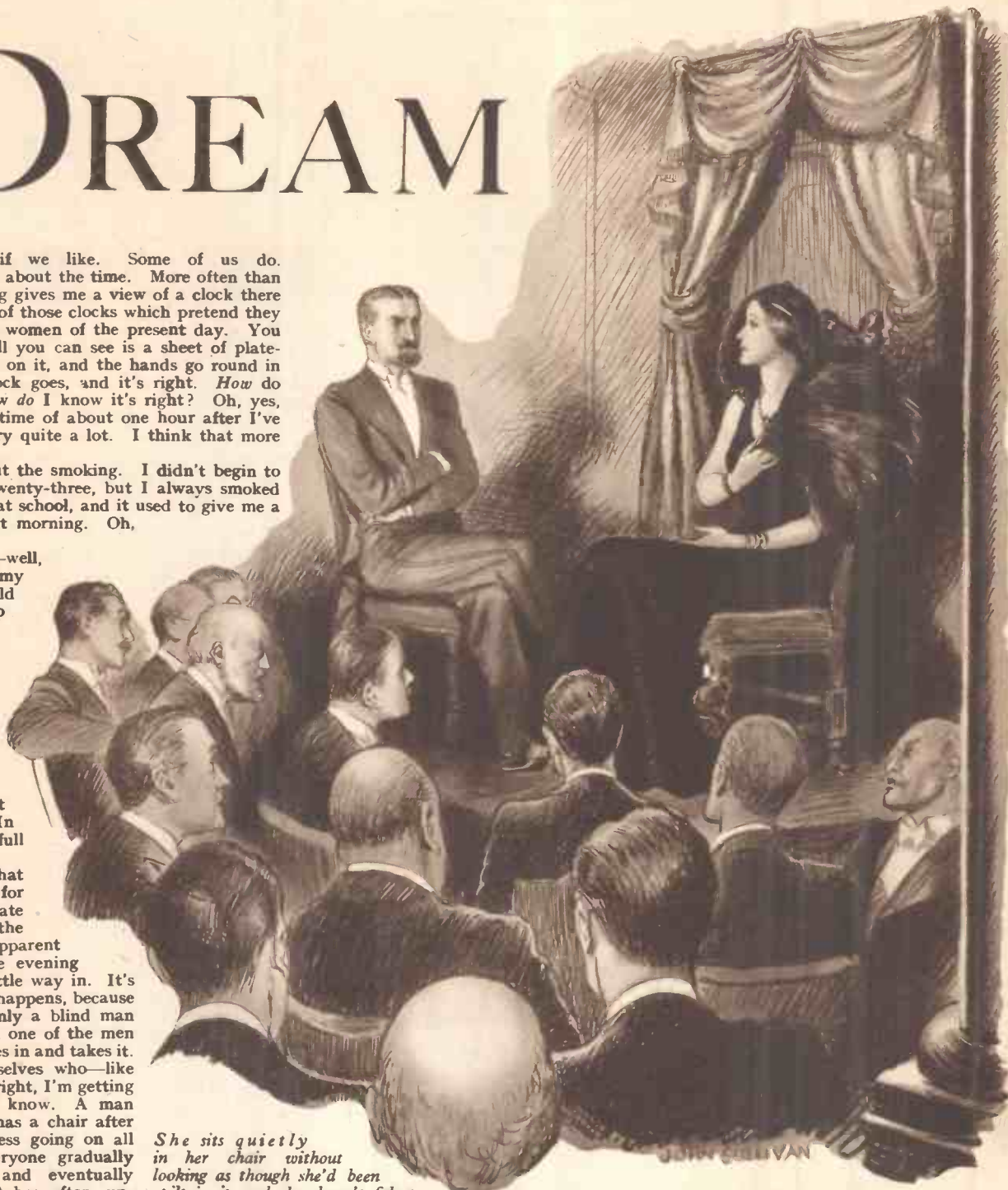
She has a fan—forgive me for going on about her—but she *has* a fan—it's a big ostrich feather one; she knows how to use it, and she doesn't wield it like a tennis racket. In fact, altogether, I give her full marks.

I think I said at the beginning that there aren't quite enough chairs for everyone, and those who come late—like me—have to stand up at the back. All the same, it becomes apparent every now and then during the evening that there is a vacant chair a little way in. It's always a mystery to me *how* this happens, because no one ever seems to go out (only a blind man would), but when it *does* happen one of the men standing at the back sort of tiptoes in and takes it.

We just settle it among ourselves who—like you do in the Tube—"That's all right, I'm getting out at the next station"—you know. A man who has once sat down always has a chair after that, so you see there's a process going on all through the years whereby everyone gradually works forward to the front and eventually finishes up on the platform. It has often, undoubtedly, been my turn to take a vacant chair, but some instinct has always warned me not to. Even our hostess has noticed it, and she's occasionally looked at me as though to say: "Aren't you going to sit down?" but I've always half-shaken my head and let someone else have it—the chair, that is. Then she has just given a slight, very slight, shrug of the shoulders, and I felt rather ungracious and left it at that. I know *now* why I don't sit down, and I'll tell you about that presently.

It's extremely difficult to give you the facts about this dream in their proper order, because there isn't a proper order, and it differs in so many ways from ordinary dreams. There are none of the mad things in it that you usually get. For instance, only the other night—the night before last—I had a real beauty. Let's see—how did it begin?—oh, yes.

There'd been an earthquake, and after it was all over I'd gone back to look for my opera hat. It was day-time, with a biting east wind blowing, and the whole landscape, as far as the eye could see, was completely covered with huge round boulders—presumably thrown up by the earthquake. These boulders were jammed so close together that you couldn't walk between them, and they were all covered with green slime so that you couldn't go jumping along the tops. I tried it exactly once. Frightfully slippery. So it was a



She sits quietly in her chair without looking as though she'd been spilt in it, and she doesn't fidget

case of scrambling up one side and slithering down the other the whole time. It would be an exaggeration to say that the going was at all easy.

The only other person in sight, besides me, was a horrible old beggar woman, and she *would* follow me about. She was wheeling a bicycle—she would be, of course—and I was continually having to help her with it over the more difficult places. She had a ghastly ingratiating smile, and when ever she did smile you could see that she had no teeth at all—just two rows of nothing. Most repulsive. All the time we were going along looking for my hat, I kept on finding half-crowns in the—what's the right word—interstices—between the boulders—any amount of them. But whenever I came across one she vowed and declared it was hers. "Surely the kind gentleman wouldn't rob a poor old woman," and so on. I don't believe it was her money really, but she seemed so certain about it that one gave in to avoid a fuss.

I was getting very bored with her. I said, "Why can't you pick 'em up yourself?"

But she didn't seem to, somehow. I was having a perfectly dreadful time with the bicycle, too. (There was no doubt about sitting down in *this* dream. My goodness!) And I said, "Look here, my good woman, what is the use of hugging this great thing about? You can't ride it, the

country isn't a bit suitable, and it's a man's machine. Why not park it?" Oh, no, that wouldn't suit her at all, she might want it.

She finally became so exasperating that I chucked it and began to scramble away from her. She immediately put up a fearful moan about my leaving her in the lurch, and how she couldn't possibly manage by herself. Old liar, she could manage perfectly well. I hadn't gone fifty yards before she nipped on to her bicycle and rode it—rode it, mark you!—*after* me at no end of a lick. She came skimming along the tops of the rocks like a seaplane just taking off. It made me so angry—the way I'd been done—that it woke me up.

Now you know where you are with a dream like that. It follows the proper rules. But the one I'm really telling you about is so abnormally normal. For example, I recognize it the moment I'm going up the stairs, and say: "Here's this jolly old dream again." Also, it never comes to a definite end, but just fades out after I've been in the room for about an hour, and next morning every single detail is as clearly in my mind as if it had actually happened—more clearly if anything. In fact, I could write it all down, only it would take so long. I also have the impression that these "doings" often

Continued on page 24

Why we Play

Four dance music leaders tell you how it is done

JACK PAYNE

I THINK that listeners want *variety* in their dance music.

By this I do not mean variety in the repertoire of tunes or the addition of comedy entertainment, so much as a variety of musical treatment.

For this reason I firmly believe the "concert arrangement" has its legitimate place in broadcasts of popular music.

It is the liberties that can be taken with the tempo and the diversity of tone colours that make the concert arrangement so different from the ordinary dance arrangement.

Compared with the rhythmic form of the ordinary fox-trot or waltz and their limited patterns, the concert arrangement, I think, stands out as one of the high-spots in a broadcast of light music.

Furthermore it gives the band tremendous scope to show its musical ability—provided the band has that ability—and although the concert arrangement sounds quite ambitious compared with the ordinary treatment of dance numbers, the public undoubtedly recognises this more artistic musical application.

The concert arrangement also gives a band great licence for expression and light and shade, unhampered by a restricted tempo.

I do not by any means advocate too much of this sort of thing; it only creates interest by direct contrast in the usual repertoire of dance music. It must not be overdone.

A dance band is primarily a unit dispensing rhythmic music.

The musical licence which permits the concert arrangement, therefore, must not be abused.

Having appealed to the higher musical appreciation of listeners, they may want to dance, and having danced they may want to laugh.

This is why comedy numbers have their legitimate place in a programme of popular music and is the reason why the dance musician of to-day has to be a comedian or a performer of some ability.

In a recent broadcast we put over a tap dance.

This in my estimation is one of the most difficult things to do for the following reasons.

Spectacular and acrobatic steps have no significance whatever on the microphone.

On the stage they will no doubt solicit great applause but only because they are seen.

Secondly, highly intricate steps incorporating rapid beats are not particularly suitable to the microphone because they are too fast.

You will see, therefore, that the dancing suitable for a show is not of much use for broadcasting unless simplified and performed with a view to getting each beat over the air so that the rhythm may be easily followed by listeners.

And strange as it may seem, these beats must suit the music if they are to be heard and not seen, whereas for a stage show the music fits the dance!

This element of invisibility is, in my opinion, not taken sufficiently into account when shows of any description are prepared for broadcasting.

The psychological aspect of the listener is entirely different from that of the spectator.

The entertainment value of a broadcast prepared without consideration for this element, may be compared with that of a silent picture at a cinema. In one case you can see but you cannot hear, and in the other you can hear but you cannot see!

As we are concerned, here, with broadcasting, every consideration must be made for the fact that the artist is invisible.

In my own case, I use a large band, as you know. A greater degree of musical variety is possible with a large band than with a small one. In choosing the instrumentation and the orchestrations for my band I always do so with one idea in mind.

My business comprises stage shows, broadcasting, recording and dances.

In each case there is a difference and my performances are directed according to the essential requirements of each.

All listeners to radio dance music will be interested in the opinions of four popular dance band leaders. The photographs on the left are in order downwards of Roy Fox, Carroll Gibbons, and Jack Payne. The right hand photograph is of Harry Roy.



As we Do!

An exclusive
"Radio Pictorial"
Article

CARROLL GIBBONS

ROY FOX

HARRY ROY

There is a seduction about sweet music with an easy-flowing melody and a lilting style of interpretation.

The general appeal of this kind of dance music is particularly felt in the late hours of the evening. Broadcasts of dance music for the most part occupy the hours between 10.30 p.m. and midnight and I think that people at this time of night are in a restful mood after their day's work.

Dance music in a soothing form is therefore more acceptable to them as a whole.

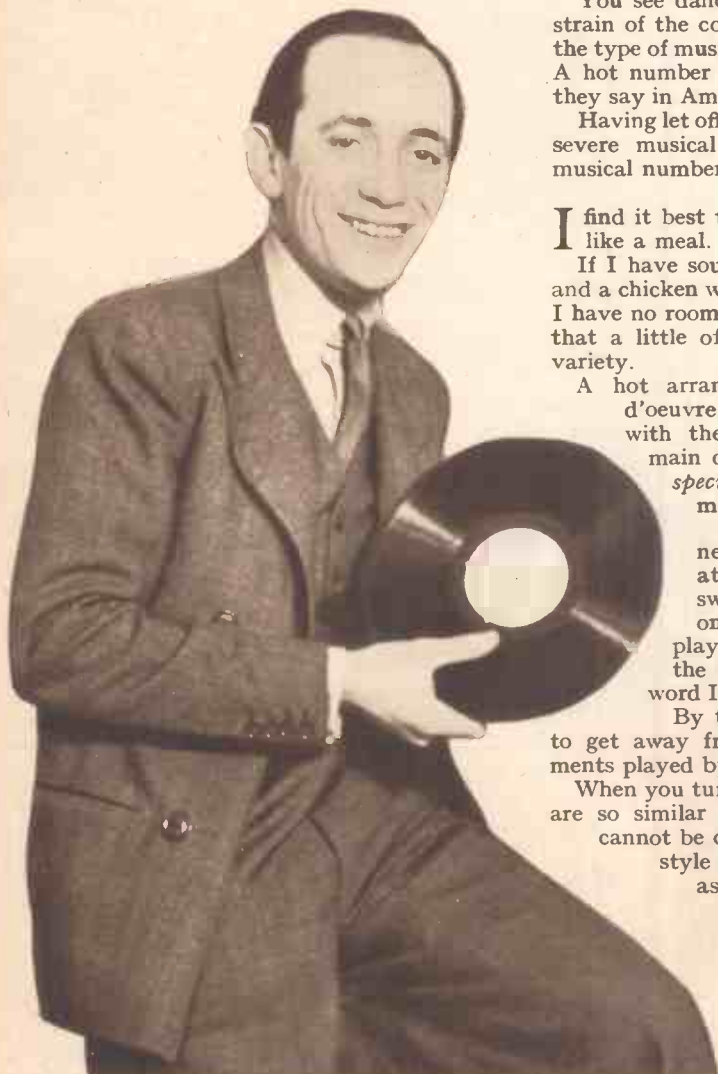
It is generally known that music interprets a mood. Surely the majority of listeners are comfortably settled by their firesides in a lethargic state of mind at that time of night.

It is reasonable to believe then, that sweet melodious dance music, devoid of all the barbaric influence of the more sophisticated jazz should be more acceptable to them by reason of its restraint and restful influence.

The public to-day is also showing a great deal of interest in piano solos.

As you know, I make a feature of the piano for this reason.

(Continued on page 25)



I estimate what the public wants by the public themselves. This, I think, is the safest way to find out if your performances are getting over. If I thought there was a public for hot music I would play plenty of it, but I don't.

You ask me why?

Well, to begin with, what were the most popular numbers of 1933? To mention a few, I should say *Stormy Weather*, *Lazy Bones*, *Night and Day*, *The Last Round Up*. You will agree that these are definitely numbers with a distinct melody rather on the slow side.

My point is this.

If the public likes this type of music it is my job to supply it. My correspondence tells me whether I am on the right track or not. In catering for this public a characteristic style is developed because these numbers call for a characteristic type of musical treatment or orchestration.

I like a hot number now and again. In fact I introduce them occasionally for the sake of variety and to let the boys give vent to their temperament.

You see dance musicians begin to feel the strain of the consistent restraint exercised in the type of music I provide with my orchestra. A hot number allows them to "get off" as they say in America.

Having let off steam, they settle down to the severe musical interpretation of the more musical numbers in our repertoire.

I find it best to treat a musical programme like a meal.

If I have soup I like a little fish to follow and a chicken waiting. But if I fill up on fish I have no room for the chicken! So you see that a little of everything lends a spice of variety.

A hot arrangement comes in the hors d'oeuvre category, but the numbers with the flowing melodies form the main dish in my repertoire... the *specialité de la maison*, or, as you might say, the *plat du jour*!

Talking of sweet music, my new band, which opened recently at the Café de Paris, will be sweeter, if anything than the one I have been using. It will play more "dancy" music (excuse the expression, but it is the only word I can think of).

By this I mean that I am trying to get away from the stereotyped arrangements played by dance bands.

When you tune in a band the arrangements are so similar in their treatment that you cannot be certain whose band it is! The style is more or less the same as far as the orchestrations go.

A particular type of treatment becomes the vogue and everybody seems to do the same thing. I intend to make an attempt at deviation from the usual stereotyped musical treatment of dance music.

It is a long jump from the good old days of the early jazz boom—Rector's Club, Hammersmith Palais and other places where musical history was made—to the present era of the sophisticated public. Yet I think I may be forgiven if I admit here that it gives me a great deal of personal satisfaction to think that I was one of the very early pioneers of dance music in this country.

Under the direction of my brother Sid, The Lyricals, England's first "hot" dance combination contemporary with the Dixieland Jazz Band, marked the entry of British musicians into the new and lucrative field of jazz.

In later years we made our vaudeville debut after very wisely rehearsing vocal trios and spectacular dancing.

We were, although new to this field, wise enough to realise that audiences wanted a show more than a musical performance, since the man in the street was not then educated to discriminate between good, bad or indifferent bands.

This experience ultimately became very useful to me and although I always had a flair for showmanship, the period immediately following our triumphant South African tour with the Lyricals was noticeable for a vogue in austerity.

London's most select dancing rendezvous were not interested in showmanship or anything spectacular in the way of performance or production.

Good music only was the qualification for such engagements.

Night clubs were the only places where sheer entertainment was the rule of the night.

Then Hal Kemp arrived in England with his splendid orchestra, which was also an entertainment, with singing, dancing and comedy. And then a revolution in dance bands was distinctly noticeable.

Orchestras and hotel managements went "Show-Crazy." Musicians with hidden talents as entertainers found a ready market. There was a demand for bands all over the country with high entertainment value.

As far as I was concerned things had only moved round again in a cycle.

It is a matter of public taste.

Having always been a showman I decided to invade the West End on a larger scale than I had done before, but on the lines upon which I had always worked.

I found myself doing my old stuff again as maestro of a musical organisation which was at the same time a complete entertainment in itself.

Having mentioned my multifarious efforts as maestro-sax-clarinet-singer-dancer-comedian (a bit of a mouthful, isn't it!) I think you will agree with me when I say that the public wants good bright entertainment. But great discrimination is vital.

Care must be given to a perfect and steady tempo for dancing. This, apart from any showmanship I have ever put over, has been my primary consideration.

PROGRAMME HEADLINES of the WEEK

NATIONAL

SUNDAY (March 25).—Matins, relayed from Lincoln Cathedral.
MONDAY (March 26).—An all star orchestral programme.
TUESDAY (March 27).—*The Family Tree*, a drama by Philip Wade.
WEDNESDAY (March 28).—Delius: instrumental and vocal recital.
THURSDAY (March 29).—*Play the Game*, a revue, by L. du Garde Peach.
FRIDAY (March 30).—"St. John Passion," relayed from Queen's Hall, London.
SATURDAY (March 31).—Variety programme.

LONDON REGIONAL

SUNDAY (March 25).—Sunday Orchestral Concert number 19.

Star Features in the National Programme

SUNDAY

The Scottish Studio Orchestra, directed by Guy Daines.
 The Victor Olof Sextet.
 Sir Walford Davies.
 The Wireless Singers.
 The Leslie Bridgewater Quintet (Augmented).

MONDAY

The Western Studio Orchestra.
 The Northern Studio Orchestra.
 The Brosa String Quartet.
 Desmond MacCarthy.
 Commander Stephen King-Hall.

TUESDAY

Reginald New.
 The Commodore Grand Orchestra.
 The Torquay Municipal Orchestra.
 Herr Max Kroemer.

WEDNESDAY

The Marchioness of Reading.
 Quentin Maclean.
 The Trocadero Cinema Orchestra.
 The Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra, directed by Sir Dan Godfrey.
 Oliver Baldwin.
 The B.B.C. Orchestra (Section D).
 Sir William Bragg.

THURSDAY

Christopher Stone.
 The Wireless Military Band, directed by B. Walton O'Donnell.
 Professor John Hilton.
 Vernon Bartlett.

FRIDAY

The Western Studio Orchestra.
 Reginald King and His Orchestra.
 The Commodore Grand Orchestra, directed by Joseph Muscant.

SATURDAY

The Wireless Military Band, directed by B. Walton O'Donnell.
 Harold Ramsay.

MONDAY (March 26).—*The Family Tree*, a drama by Philip Wade.

TUESDAY (March 27).—Variety programme.

WEDNESDAY (March 28).—"The Crucifixion" (Stainer), relayed from Marylebone Parish Church.

THURSDAY (March 29).—Scottish Music programme.

FRIDAY (March 30).—Orchestral concert.

WEST REGIONAL

SUNDAY (March 25).—Gwasanaeth yr Urdd (An Urdd Service) (Cwmtawe Branch), relayed from Hebron Chapel, Clydach, Swansea Valley.

MONDAY (March 26).—Hurdy Gurdy, a selection of songs from stage, screen and drawing-room.

TUESDAY (March 27).—Orchestral

Blackpool, a Yorkshire comedy, written for broadcasting by George Beaumont.

FRIDAY (March 30).—Good Friday in Christendom: prose descriptions of how the Fast is observed in various parts of the world.

SATURDAY (March 31).—*The North Door*, a play by Stanley Norman.

SCOTTISH REGIONAL

SUNDAY (March 25).—Religious Service, relayed from the West Church of St. Nicholas, Aberdeen.

MONDAY (March 26).—Pianoforte recital.

TUESDAY (March 27).—*I Pagliacci*, Act I (Leoncavallo), relayed from the Theatre Royal, Glasgow.

WEDNESDAY (March 28).—Variety programme, relayed from the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh.

THURSDAY (March 29).—Scottish Music programme.

FRIDAY (March 30).—Orchestral Concert, from London.

SATURDAY (March 31).—Vocal and instrumental recital, from London.

BELFAST

SUNDAY (March 25).—Matins, relayed from Lincoln Cathedral.

MONDAY (March 26).—Madrigals and Part Songs, relayed from the Ulster Hall.

TUESDAY (March 27).—Orchestral concert.

WEDNESDAY (March 28).—"The Crucifixion" (Stainer), relayed from Marylebone Parish Church, from London.

THURSDAY (March 29).—*Traveller's Joy*, a play by Irene McAleery.

FRIDAY (March 30).—"St. John Passion," relayed from Queen's Hall, London.

SATURDAY (March 31).—Gardens: orchestral concert.

Dance Music of the Week

Monday. Sydney Kyte and his Band.

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

Wednesday. The Casani

Club Orchestra, directed by Charles Kunz (*Casani Club*).

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

SATURDAY (March 31).—Vocal and instrumental recital.

MIDLAND REGIONAL

SUNDAY (March 25).—Palm Sunday Service, relayed from the Central Hall of the Methodist Church, Birmingham.

MONDAY (March 26).—Orchestral concert.

TUESDAY (March 27).—Scenes from *The Mastersingers of Nuremburg* (Wagner), a recital of gramophone records.

WEDNESDAY (March 28).—Three Plays: *The Dreamstone*, by Eric Lyall; *The Decoy*, by Donald A. Robertson, and *Brains*, by Martin Flavin.

THURSDAY (March 29).—Organ recital, relayed from the Church of The Messiah, Birmingham.

FRIDAY (March 30).—Anthology for Good Friday, a programme arranged and presented by Vivienne Bennett and Godfrey Kenton.

SATURDAY (March 31).—That Holiday Feeling; orchestral and choral concert, relayed from the Pavilion, Torquay.

concert, relayed from the Pavilion, Torquay.

WEDNESDAY (March 28).—A String Orchestral concert, relayed from the National Museum of Wales.

THURSDAY (March 29).—Detholion (Selections), from "Rhys Lewis" (Daniel Owen).

FRIDAY (March 30).—Orchestral programme.

SATURDAY (March 31).—Cantata y Plant (A Cantata for Children or The Birds' Convention, by Joseph Parry).

NORTH REGIONAL

SUNDAY (March 25).—A Methodist Service, relayed from the Centenary Chapel, York.

MONDAY (March 26).—The Music of the Church—2, Ripon, organ and choral programme, relayed from Ripon Cathedral.

TUESDAY (March 27).—"St. Matthew Passion" (Bach); relayed from the City Hall, Sheffield.

WEDNESDAY (March 28).—Chamber Concert, relayed from the Memorial Hall, Manchester.

THURSDAY (March 29).—*T'trip to*

Radio Times gives full programme details.



Stars of this week's programme: (from left to right) Norman Notley, March 31 (London Regional), Bernard Crook, March 31 (National, 3.30 p.m.), Sidney Kyte, Monday (National, 10.30 p.m.) and Maurice Elwin, Monday (National, 8 p.m.).



John Morel broadcasts on Sunday (National, 7.30 p.m.), B. Walton O'Donnell on Thursday (National, 9.35 p.m.), Arthur Catterall on Sunday (London Regional, 9.5 p.m.), and Oliver Baldwin on Wednesday, (National, 6.50 p.m.)

Your Foreign Programme Guide

Dance Music from the Continental Stations

SUNDAY	
Brussels No. 2	11 a.m.
MONDAY	
Brussels No. 2	10.10 p.m.
Radio Normandy	4 p.m.
TUESDAY	
Radio Normandy	11.30 p.m.
Athlone	9.30 p.m.
WEDNESDAY	
Toulouse	11.15 p.m.
Radio Normandy	11.30 p.m.
THURSDAY	
Munich	10 p.m.
Radio Normandy	11.30 p.m.
SATURDAY	
Strasbourg	10.30 p.m.
Barcelona	12 midnight

SUNDAY (MARCH 25)

Athlone (531 m.).—Tony Reddin and his Radiolians ... 1.30 p.m.

Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Sextet concert ... 2.0 p.m.

Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Selections from "The Barber of Seville" (Rossini) ... 8.0 p.m.

Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Light orchestral music ... 11 a.m.

Bucharest (212.6 m.).—Concert of Greek music ... 6.20 p.m.

Hamburg (331.9 m.).—Harbour concert ... 5.35 a.m.

Heilsberg (291 m.).—Song Recital of Classical music ... 2.20 p.m.

Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Concert by the Leipzig Symphony Orchestra ... 7.0 p.m.

Luxembourg (1304 m.).—Variety concert ... 1.0 p.m.

Munich (405.4 m.).—The St. Matthew Passion (Bach) ... 5.0 p.m.

Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Variety concert ... 6.15 p.m.

Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Orchestral concert ... 2.0 p.m.

Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Mandoline and Hawaiian Guitar Music ... 6.0 p.m.

Toulouse (335.2 m.).—Cello Concerts (Dvorak) ... 3.0 p.m.

Vienna (506.8 m.).—European concert relayed from London ... 9.0 p.m.

MONDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 9.45 p.m.

Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Trio Concert ... 6.0 p.m.

Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Quartets by Brahms and Ravel ... 9.0 p.m.

Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Dance Records ... 10.10 p.m.

Bucharest (212.6 m.).—Café Concert ... 9.0 p.m.

Heilsberg (291 m.).—Violin Recital ... 8.10 p.m.

Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Music for Guitar, Flutes and Piano ... 1.55 p.m.

Munich (405.4 m.).—Orchestral Music ... 10.0 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.

Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Concert of Debussy Music ... 5.0 p.m.

Toulouse (335.2 m.).—Orchestral Concert and extracts from Sound Films ... 6.15 p.m.

TUESDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Dance Music. ... 9.30 p.m.

Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Musical Comedy ... 10.0 p.m.

Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Orchestral Concert of Spring Music ... 8.0 p.m.

Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 12 noon

Bucharest (212.6 m.).—Symphony Concert ... 8.15 p.m.

Heilsberg (291 m.).—Concert by the Danzig State Theatre Orchestra ... 3.0 p.m.

Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Opera in One Act, after a Play by Von Hoffmannsthal. Music by Richard Strauss ... 7.5 p.m.

Munich (405.4 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 3.0 p.m.

Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Concert of Spanish Music ... 8.10 p.m.

Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Vocal and Piano Selections... 11.30 p.m.

Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Light Orchestral Music ... 6.30 p.m.

Toulouse (335.2 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 12.5 a.m. (Wed.)

WEDNESDAY

Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Trio Concert ... 6.0 p.m.

Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Celebration of the Anniversary of the first Concert ever broadcast (March 28, 1914) ... 6.20 p.m.

Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Piano Recital ... 5.0 p.m.

Bucharest (212.6 m.).—Cello Recital ... 8.15 p.m.

Heilsberg (291 m.).—Concert relay ... 10.0 p.m.

Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Light Music ... 10-11.30 p.m.

Munich (405.4 m.).—Concert of Songs and Light Music ... 8.10 p.m.

Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—"Passionément"—Operetta (Messenger) ... 8.10 p.m.

Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Dance Music ... 11.30 p.m.

Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Café Concert ... 10.30 p.m.

Toulouse (335.2 m.).—Dance Music ... 11.15 p.m.

THURSDAY

Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Trio concert ... 6.0 p.m.

Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Orchestral concert ... 9.15 p.m.

Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Choral Selections by the Dominican Fathers, Louvain. ... 8.0 p.m.

Bucharest (212.6 m.).—Opera relay ... 6.30 p.m.

Heilsberg (291 m.).—Gramophone concert ... 10.0 p.m.

Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Song recital ... 7.10 p.m.

Langenberg (455.9 m.).—Cantata ... 6.0 p.m.

Munich (405.4 m.).—Light music ... 10.0 p.m.

Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Wagner Music on Gramophone Records ... 7.30 p.m.

Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Tunes from the Talkies and Shows ... 11.30 p.m.

Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Bach and Wagner concert ... 8.30-10.30 p.m.

Toulouse (335.2 m.).—"Hérodiane"—Opera (Marsenet) ... 9.0 p.m.

FRIDAY

Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Trio concert ... 6.0 p.m.

Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Concert of Light Music ... 8.0 p.m.

Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Concert of Sacred Music ... 2.0 p.m.

Bucharest (212.6 m.).—Concert by the Philharmonic Orchestra ... 7.0 p.m.

Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Missa solennis (Beethoven) ... 6.0 p.m.

Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—"The Passion of Our Lord"; Drama relayed from a theatre, with choir and orchestra ... 8.10 p.m.

Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Sacred music ... 11.30 a.m.

Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Chamber music ... 5.0 p.m.

Toulouse (336.2 m.).—Organ recital ... 9.0 p.m.

Valencia (352.9 m.).—Military Band concert ... 1.30 a.m.

SATURDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Gramophone Concert ... 9.30 p.m.

Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Dance Music ... 12 (mid.)

Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—"Peer Gynt" (Ibsen). Music by Grieg ... 8.0 p.m.

Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Selections from *Iolanthe* (Sullivan) on Records ... 5.30 p.m.

Bucharest (212.6 m.).—Café Concert ... 9.0 p.m.

Heilsberg (291 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 3.15 p.m.

Luxembourg (1304 m.).—"Tomorrow it is Easter." Concert of soprano, violin, oboe, and piano solos ... 4.50 p.m.

Munich (405.4 m.).—Organ Recital. ... 2.10 p.m.

Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Concert of Dance Music by the Jazz Symphony Orchestra ... 9.5 p.m.

Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Selections from Opera ... 11.30 p.m.

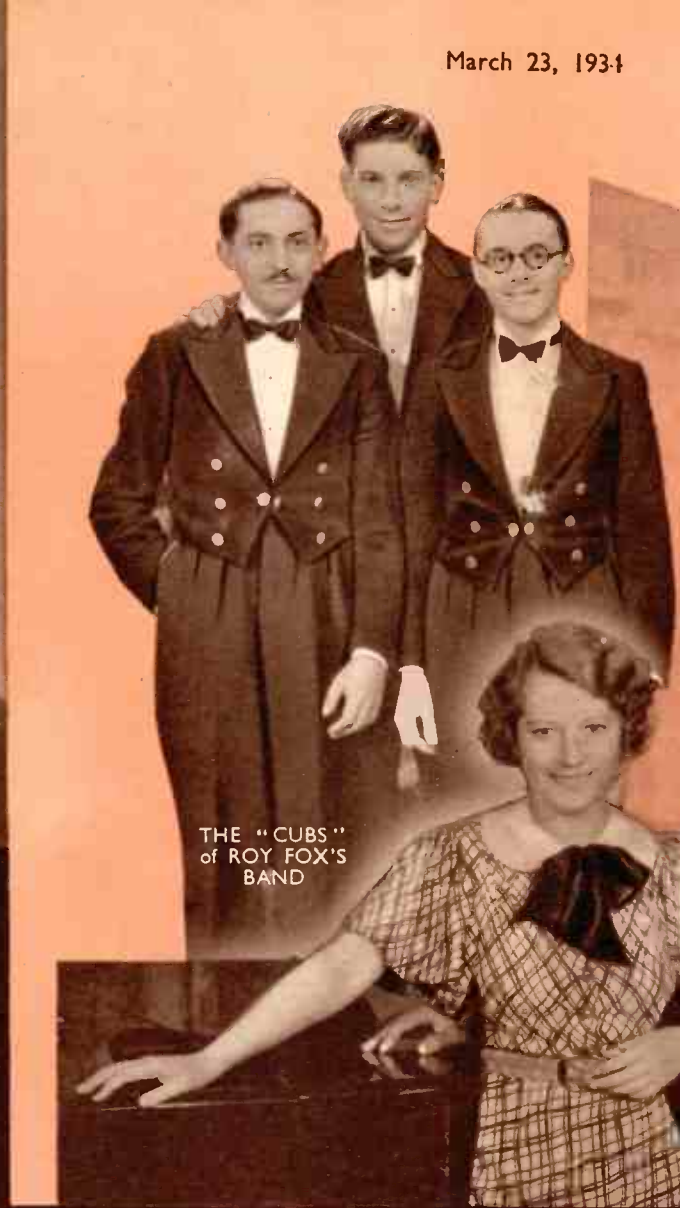
Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Dance Music ... 10.30 p.m.-12 (mid.)

Stuttgart (522.6 m.).—Easter Dances ... 6.0 p.m.

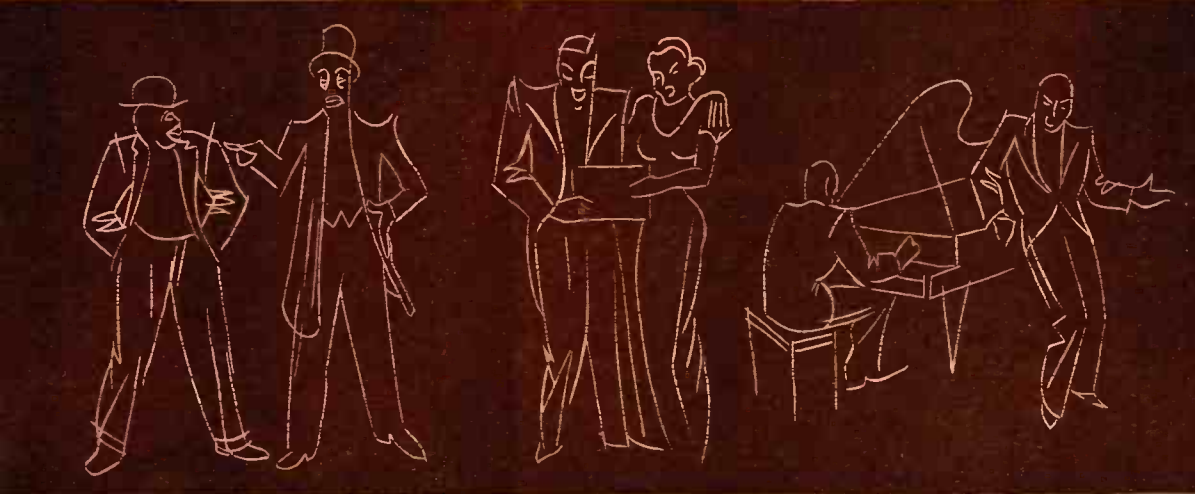
Toulouse (336.2 m.).—*I Pagliacci* Opera (Leoncavallo) ...



LAYTON and JOHNSTONE



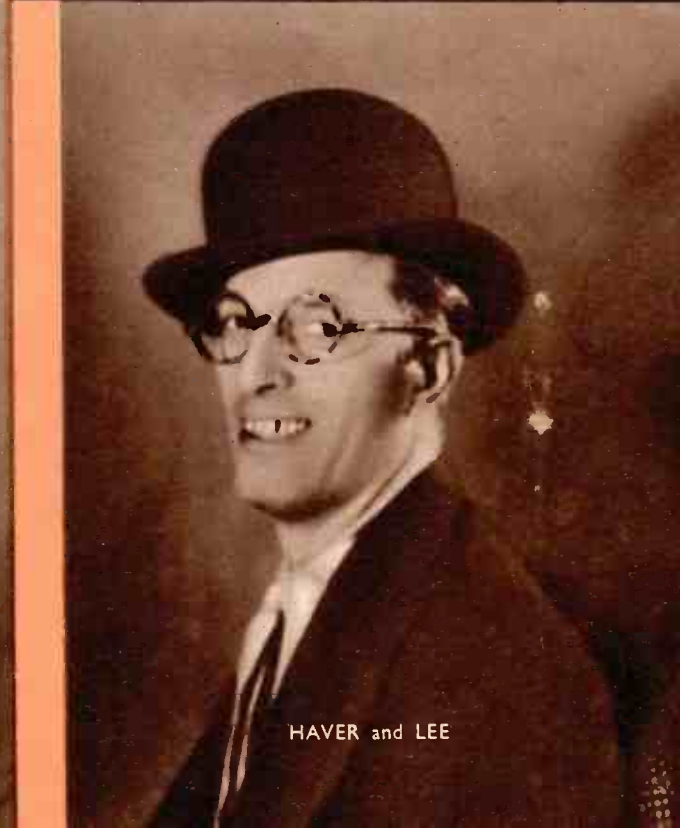
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"... come out disguised as a plumber."

HERE is no reason why YOU should not try to write a radio play. Appalling though this may seem, it is true. You may suffer from RHEUMATISM, you may be a victim of the TOBACCO HABIT, your child may have a BAD COUGH—but you can still write plays for the B.B.C. if you know how.

The first point to be borne in mind at the moment is that RADIO DRAMA IS WRITTEN FOR THE EAR.

Ah, but, you may ask, WHICH ear?

That, my friend, is the crux of the whole business. If you cannot decide that for yourself, You Will Never Become A Successful Radio Dramatist.

Before starting to write your radio play, tell yourself gently but firmly that you are not writing for the ordinary theatre. The atmosphere is altogether different.

In a theatre there are programme girls walking about with trays of chocolates and lemonade and things, there are people waving to their friends or staring at one another's clothes. There is a fireman leaning against the wall.

Forget that all that garishness.

Just think of your audience as an ordinary man and woman having supper, or dozing quietly in arm-chairs, with maybe a dog scratching himself on the hearth-rug, or a cat asking to be let out.

Planning a radio play is comparatively simple. I mean as regards intervals.

If it is a long play you should allow a break for Police Messages, the Weather Forecast, etc., and for Mr. Horace Pothanger who will be coming to the microphone to give an account of the Riots in Bungaboola.

If your play is short you must trust to luck that they will get your affecting final passage across without the accompaniment of the six-pip time signal.

Better, perhaps, since astronomers don't care, to triumph over Greenwich by concluding fortissimo with the departure of a railway train, a monsoon, or a gas explosion.

There is little more to worry about in this direction.

You do not have to allow your heroine sufficient time during the performance to change into six different frocks, or calculate whether your villain will be able to enter the bathroom, conceal the pearls in the bath-salts and come out disguised as a plumber while the hero is hanging up his hat in the hall.

In fact, what your characters are wearing need not bother you at all.

All that concerns you is to see they have plenty of scope. Work in a few public demonstrations, an earthquake and a carnival, or, best of all, give them a lot of water to splash about. Then they'll be happy.

Remember that the listener who takes his radio drama seriously enough to refrain from playing Bridge or Corinthian Bagatelle during its progress does like to know which character is speaking.

Unlike the playgoer he cannot use his opera-glasses to see which of the actors is working his mouth about, so he can easily get confused.

Therefore, select distinct types for your characters. An ideal list of characters for radio plays is as follows:

- *American gangster.
- Cockney (Comic but not coarse).
- Welshman.
- Scotsman.
- Lancashire lass.
- Duchess.
- Young Army (or Naval) Officer (Public School flavour).
- Very Old Man.
- Very Old Woman.
- Nice Young Girl (Don't dare to think of any other kind).

There you are. Use any or all of these and there will be no limits to what you may accomplish in the way of Radio drama.

*NOTE.—In plays of a period prior to the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, a "Foreign Desperado" (broken English) should be substituted for "American gangster."

The dialogue of a radio play is of supreme

PLAYS in the MIKE-ING

—not to be taken too seriously!

For all the listener knows to the contrary, they are attired principally in heavy boots (judging by their footsteps) and have a bad habit of slamming the door whenever they come in or go out.

As opposed to ordinary theatre conventions, the sooner you get down to brass tacks in your radio play the more the producer will love you.

You don't require a butler to mooch about opening windows or drawing corks, or feeding the canary for ten minutes or so until the comparatively early arrivals have finished banging down their fauteuils and arguing with the programme-girl.

Similarly, you are spared a lot of that tiresome business that goes under the name of "stage directions."

Stage directions, of course, are what the

By Dudley CLARK

ordinary playwright has to keep putting in brackets and underlining—like this:

(ARTHUR cuts his throat. A cal's-meat man, pushing a barrow, passes the window. Enter GEORGE, singing.)

You are spared, too, the even more fatiguing task of describing each fresh scene.

The theatre playwright is expected to know where everything is, from the French windows, BACK CENTRE, to the empty coffee-cup on the Moorish table, DOWN RIGHT. But you aren't.

You just dash off blithely some curt description such as:

Ada's Flat in Kensington
or
The Road to Cawnpore
or

The Wine-Cellar at the House of Commons and get on with what matters.

If the listener can't visualise the scene, that's his fault, and, anyway, he can't go to the box-office and demand his money back.

There are, of course, stage directions for radio plays which you can employ if you really like work.

They relate chiefly to noises either "on" or "off," but you may as well leave the Director of Productions and the Sounds Effects Department to fix these up between themselves.

They will, anyway.

importance since it is only by reading the dialogue and judging whether it is worth while employing an expert to re-write it that the Director of Productions can make up his mind to produce or reject your masterpiece.

You must realise that you labour under a handicap from which the stage dramatist is now exempt, inasmuch as not only must you have some idea as to what you are driving at, but your dialogue must actually convey something to the audience. Study, for a moment, the following sample:

HE: You. . . .
SHE: Ah, I thought as much.
HE: So that's . . . (chokes).
SHE: Yes (gasps). And now. . . .?
HE: I guessed all along. . . .
SHE (bitterly): As though you understood.
HE: Understood what?
SHE: You know.
HE (clenching his fists): I don't.
SHE (savagely): You do.
HE (smashing the clock): I see what you mean.
SHE (hysterically): My God!
That, on the stage, is drama, but on the radio it would merely be waste of licence money. You see the difference in—er—technique. If you don't, here it is as the "mike" likes to have it:
HE: Then, Flora, we can get married.
SHE: Yes, Walter, we can get married.
HE: Isn't it wonderful. Even the old dog's barking. (Fade up dog barking.)
SHE: The villagers have guessed it. (Fade up cheering villagers.)
FATHER: I was right, Mother, after all. They do love one another.
MOTHER: Yes, you were right, Father. Hark, there go the bells. (Bells, louder and louder.)
FATHER: And, by Jove, old George shall marry 'em. (Bells, dogs, cheers, orchestra, everything. Fade down to silence.)
Clear enough, I think. They're going to be married.
Now write a radio play.

On the Air This Week

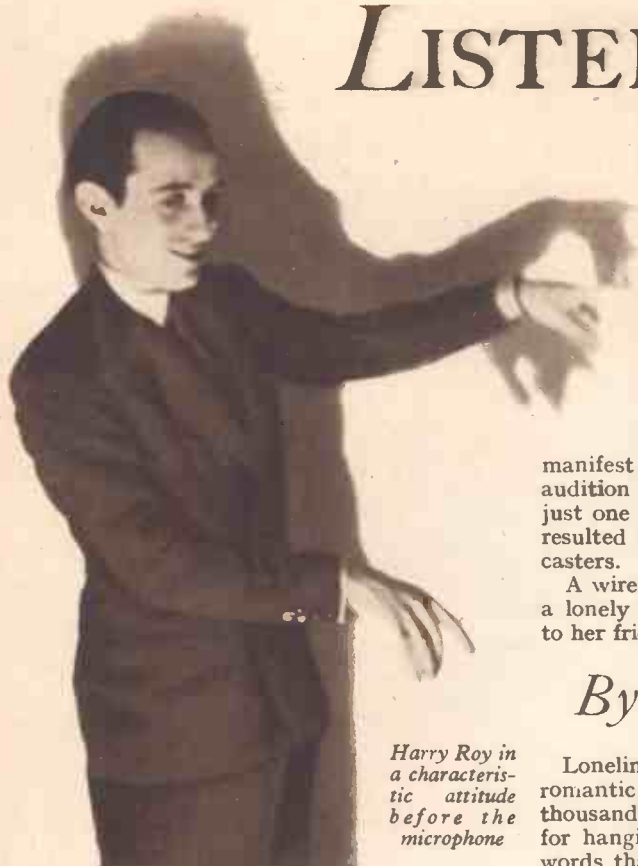
News pictures of artists in the current programmes



Ernest Lush (above) is broadcasting on Tuesday and Wednesday this week. The inimitable Waters Sisters will be heard in the variety programme on Saturday, March 31. S. P. B. Mais, who is seen below in a microphone debate with Mr. Eric Maschwitz, started the talks on unemployment. And now the B.B.C. is starting a new series of talks, continuing to the end of June, in which unemployed men themselves will be invited to tell us what unemployment means in terms of their own lives.



LISTENERS GO *Love-lorn!*



Harry Roy in a characteristic attitude before the microphone

certain women listeners want to class them with the lovers of the screen!

What is it that really makes love-sick listeners go love-lorn about the unseen owners of lovely radio voices? Love is blind, but not so daft, surely, to believe that outside romantic novels there really are strong silent men who, when goaded into speech,

manifest a golden voice which sends the B.B.C. audition experts crazy. I believe that it's just one of the advantages of radio that has resulted in this disadvantage to the broadcasters.

A wireless set is a wonderful companion to a lonely woman. It brings a friendly voice to her friendless world.

By Nancy BELL

Loneliness is an amazing field for a romantic imagination. So can you blame the thousands of friendless girls in every big city for hanging love-lorn dreams on the golden words that ripple from the loud-speaker?

And yet the announcers are partly to blame for the romance.

They used to be so formal.

Just "Good night, everybody, GOOD night."

Now, it's often "Good night to you all," or even, as the Chief Announcer has it, "Good night to each one of you. . . ."

And then thousands of hearts flutter!

Strangely enough, it's the female secretary to the announcing staff at the London

Broadcasting House who has formulated the more recent friendly touches in the National programme announcements.

One of these days, the army of radio "love listeners" is going to wake up. Millions of film fans had to alter their ideas when talkies came after years of silent films.

Women thrilled in the back seats of the early "flicks" when immaculate heroes mouthed silent love lilt to their womenfolk on the screen. And in romantic imaginations screen heroes were credited with voices of gold to add to their visible celluloid charms.

When talkies and "canned" dialogue revealed the soul-destroying Culver City love idioms, the film sheiks lost their reputations.

And in some cases their jobs.

Enterprising American stars discovered a hitherto unsuspected English direct lineage, and they quickly adopted a mock-Oxford accent which brought up their box-office value again, so that all was well. You can do that sort of thing in America.

With the B.B.C. it's different.

Judging by the announcer's post bags, and by the post received by broadcasting stars, radio romance is now in its zenith. Particularly so with continental announcers.

"Radiola" is only a general name given to several men who broadcast through Parisian stations and their voices are all very much alike. Yet "Radiola" gets a post-bag of three hundred letters a week from feminine admirers who have conjured up romantic visions over the pleasant sounding name.

Romance and the radio have been suddenly separated in Germany, since the Hitler regime has forbidden broadcast dance music and light items in general. But only a little while ago there was a leader of a well-known Berlin Tanz Orchestra who had nineteen society followers, all of them won over to him by the charm of his broadcasting voice. He, too, had a post bag of several hundred letters a week from "fans," but his publicity manager never showed him the most romantic letters from ordinary listeners, in case they affected his vanity!

Foreign announcers who speak English with a slightly imperfect Maurice Chevalier accent win a huge fan mail from British admirers.

Perhaps this is just because they sound a "leettle bit nortee."

Without meaning to do so, of course.

The Radio Toulouse announcer is one of the popular "broadcast lovers." He goes on announcing till well after midnight, the witching hour when romance runs riot, so there is little wonder that he unwittingly wins listening lovers.

There are going to be a great many heart-breaks when television becomes generally popular.

For then the radio sheik lovers will know that the Chief announcer doesn't wear an Oxford tie. . . . That Christopher Stone is. . . .

That A. J. Alan. . . .

But why should I expose these radio romancers before television tears the romance from their reputations!

WHY do women fall desperately in love with radio announcers?

And, on the other hand, why does the B.B.C. employ announcers with voices so charming that they cause a fluttering of many hearts?

"My dear! That B.B.C. announcer's too desperately charming. I simply adore the way he says 'Good-night to you all.' So exaggeratedly human, don't you think. . . ."

You know the sort of thing I mean.

This radio love business in its more violent forms becomes a sort of mental depression. The victims don't publicise their inner worshipping of the unseen broadcast announcer.

So they go on conjuring up romantic visions of Oxford-speaking Adonises, quite different in many ways from the men on the B.B.C. pay roll!

I know many of the B.B.C. "stars" and announcers who, quite unknowingly, have become radio sheiks to maiden ladies who have nothing else over which to romance.

They're one and all very charming people, but I don't think you could honestly call them real-life sheiks: not the ones with the best voices, anyway.

Adams, Farrar and De Groot, of the B.B.C. announcing staff, would definitely hate being compared with film lovers and when you get to the popular broadcasters who cause the women's hearts to flutter. . . well!

Dear Sir Oliver Lodge and the record-breaking Christopher Stone have come out at the top in ballots for radio popularity. And very charming radio personalities they have, too. It's strange how some women credit them with a kind of radio sex appeal.

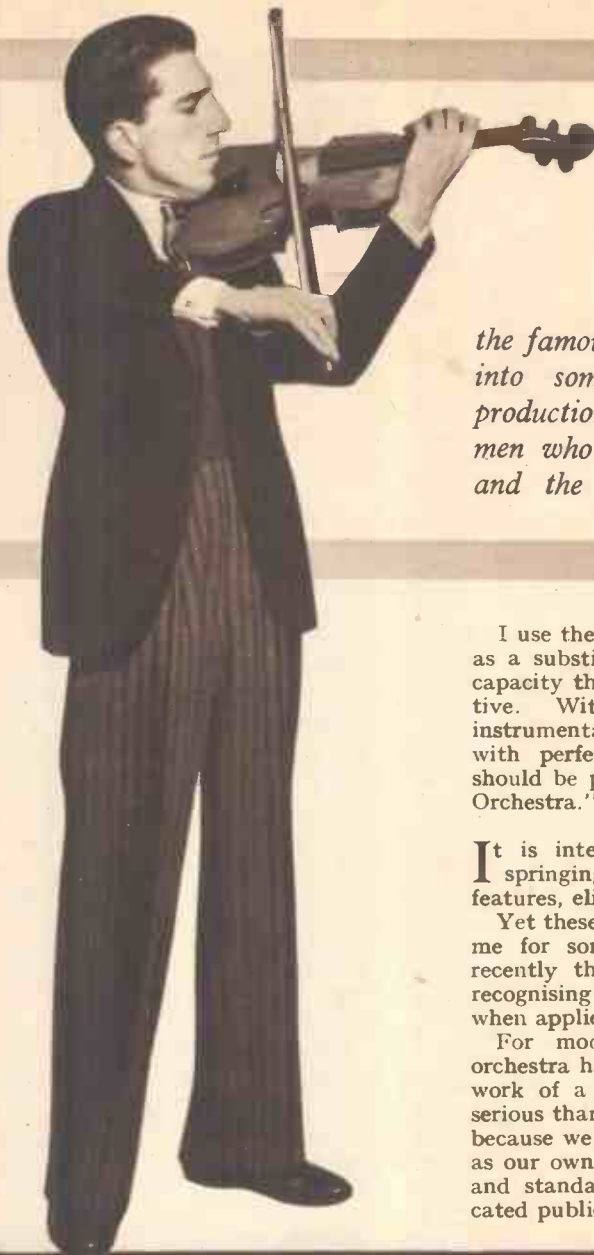
Vapourings of love-stricken women were a thorn in the side of Jack Payne while he was at the B.B.C. He used to get about forty letters a day from girls who turned on him the verbal effects of their depressions. Henry Hall and Les Allen, the vocalist, get this kind of thing now.

The tall and military Jack, the polished and "B.B.C.-Refeened" Henry and the young Canadian Les are all good broadcasters. And



Hildegard, the famous crooner, who typifies the feminine side of radio sex appeal

DANCE music for dancing . . . or just for your own amusement on the radio. Several dance music leaders—Jack Payne, for example—affirm that when they are on the air they play dance music for dance music listeners, and not primarily for dancers. The reason is that radio is mainly for listeners. Dancers must take second place! Here Mantovani,



You can hear Mantovani at the Monseigneur Restaurant—he is a fine exponent of sweet, soft music, and in this article he tells you why

the famous orchestra leader, lets you into some secrets of sweet music production . . . and he is one of the men who put the radio listener first and the dancer and diner second!

I WAS born in Venice. But my knowledge of the public taste in England is due to the fact that I was brought to England as a baby and have lived here all my life.

And now I must disappoint you. I was not born with a fiddle under my chin . . . In fact, I have only been playing the violin since I was fourteen years old. It was on the piano that I received my early musical education and studied harmony and counterpoint. This education I received in England.

My father, who has been a leader under Toscanini, Richter, St. Saens, Mascagni, and even Sir Thomas Beecham at Covent Garden, and so on, gave me my early instruction on the violin and now has the pleasure of hearing the fruits of his labour!

My appearance with my Tipica Orchestra at the Monseigneur Restaurant was originally an experiment. By this I mean that its engagement was an experiment on the part of the Monseigneur management; the orchestra is not by any means an experiment.

I use the accordion, when not playing solo, as a substitute for "wood wind," in which capacity the instrument is particularly effective. With this unorthodox collection of instrumentalists we can play any type of music with perfect interpretation, exactly as it should be played. Hence the name "Tipica Orchestra."

It is interesting to see dance orchestras springing up with strings and wood wind as features, eliminating brass.

Yet these "novel" ideas have been used by me for some years now, while it is only recently that enterprising band leaders are recognising the charm of such tone colours when applied to dance music.

For modern requirements the "salon" orchestra has to be extremely versatile. The work of a band such as mine is far more serious than that of a specialised dance band, because we have to play dance music as well as our own, and that has to be of a quality and standard to interest a highly sophisticated public. Quite as many people dance to

SWEET MUSIC on the AIR

A distinguished and select luncheon clientele in a restaurant of this description is difficult to please and it was thought that music would bore them. I was, therefore, engaged on one month's trial, more or less as a cabaret attraction and nothing else.

That was nearly three years ago—and I am still there!

On the air you want nothing but music, but in a restaurant it is different.

Immediately guessed what patrons wanted. Music—just music—would have driven them away.

I knew they liked to talk over their meals. Music to force them to shout at each other, such as we have in the majority of restaurants, would have been hopeless for the select clientele of the Monseigneur.

I knew that my music, if it were to be successful at all, had to become a background. It had to be insidious—soothing—nothing more than one of the colours in the decorative scheme—unnoticed individually, but a vital part of the *mise ensemble*.

And with this end in view I played in a very subdued style and chose my programmes accordingly.

I gained a great deal of this experience while

I was at the Hotel Metropole, where I played with my orchestra for six years.

But the secret of the success of my Tipica Orchestra lies in the colossal amount of rehearsal we do before playing or broadcasting.

You will find the instrumentation of the orchestra rather interesting. I myself, as you know, lead on the violin. I play on an old Testori. Then I have two other violinists—one violinist plays the "bongos," which are members of the tom-tom family, in rumbas. I have two 'cellists, the first playing drums for dance numbers, while the second plays guitar, accordion, and mandolin, also making special orchestrations for my band.

Then I have a pianist and a solo accordionist who is also an excellent arranger. The first violin also doubles on the mandolin, and I have also a guitarist of considerable ability on that instrument.

I can muster a trio of mandolins and a guitar for accompaniments to the voice and for characteristic music such as Italian serenades.

us as to the dance orchestra. The voicing of the orchestra is so colourful and pleasing that it has a general appeal to all, irrespective of the type of music we play.

The choice of programme is just as important as the manner in which it is played or presented. You must "feel" your public. If they seem on occasion bright, then play light material for them. Play to them interpreting the mood in which they seem to be.

The fame and success of the late De Groot was directly due to his very accurate psychology of his public on all occasions. He played the music they wanted in the particular way they wanted it played.

It is as ridiculous to be a virtuoso during lunch as it is to play dance numbers. At the Monseigneur the patrons are known to applaud, quite mildly, yet appreciatively, during lunch and dinner. This applause is by no means a show of enthusiasm, but it is a gesture of appreciation rarely expressed in this ultra-select type of restaurant. Music, therefore, must have, in the first place, quality; but without tact, discretion, and keen judgment it is not so easy to put it over either on the radio or in the restaurant with any measure of success.

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are taking place in television development. The March issue of **TELEVISION**, the only publication entirely devoted to this subject, contains much that you, as a listener, should know about.

On sale at all newsagents, price 1/-

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

EVE and the MIKE

THE spring silhouette has revealed itself—it is not so very different, we find, from what went before. Skirts by day are rather on the narrow side, generally with pleats at the front or back; in the evenings they are of floor-length, with a little train, though a few are ankle-length in front and drop to floor-length at the back. Hems are often frilled, or splay out into sudden fullness by means of short godets.

The wide shoulder continues in favour, although without any of the exaggerated ballooning or padding of last summer. Instead, extra width is merely suggested by clever cut and line, the dropped yoke, for instance, or the raglan sleeves, or the use of wide sweeping revers.

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.

THE NEW ENSEMBLE

A new form of ensemble has made its appearance this spring—a skirt, with a close-fitting blouse-jacket, completed by a three-quarter coat on top. The jacket is generally of the "Norfolk" kind, as you see in the illustration, belted at the waist and ornamented with four pockets in front. Of course, this form of ensemble lends itself to all sorts of transformations. It is the foundation of a whole wardrobe in itself. On warmer days, for instance, the outer coat is discarded, and the jersey and skirt is worn with a bright taffeta scarf. And on still warmer days, imagine the effect of a navy silk blouse, spotted with white, worn in place of the jerkin; while a navy straw sailor, trimmed with the same silk, completes the whole ensemble.



A Spring suit that has smart double flaps to the jacket and tight-fitting jumper, by Harvey Nichols & Co., Ltd. (photograph by Blake).

DO YOU KNOW THIS?

Are there small paint splashes on your windows, where the painter's brush has slipped? These marks are difficult to remove by rubbing, but an ordinary penny will take them away quite easily, without scratching the window. Hold it between finger and thumb, and use it to rub with; you will find it makes a very effective tool.

GOODBYE TO WINTER—

And goodbye to hands that have become reddened by cold winds and roughened by chilblains and chaps and other winter ills. Now that brighter days are on the way, bringing with them short sleeved dresses once again, it behoves us to look to our hands and coax them back to whiteness and smoothness.

The first step is to massage them with a good nourishing cream every night. It is a good plan to wrap them up in bandages or old gloves after the creaming, to prevent the sheets becoming soiled. Then, if your hands are at all reddened, a good bleach is advisable. Ordinary lemon-juice makes a splendid bleach, and half a lemon kept in the bathroom for rubbing over your hands after each wash will quickly make an amazing difference to the whiteness of your skin.

The skin of your arms, too, may have become

dull and sallow during the winter. Treat them also to a lemon-juice bleach, or a massage with a strong lemon cream. Discoloured elbows may be treated in the same way. Place the point of your elbow inside the cup of a squeezed lemon, and then work it round and round. The juice should be allowed to stay on as long as possible, and dry on the skin. Finally, wash your elbows in warm water, and dust with a little talcum powder or oatmeal.



FIRST-AID FOR NEEDLE-WORK

Embroidery and needlework of all sorts are enjoying a new vogue, and every where we see people busy at their needles. It is important, of course, to keep this sort of work perfectly clean, unmarred even by a single blood-stain. If, however, you do happen to prick your finger on your competition piece, there is a remedy. Lay a thick coating of common starch over the place; it should be mixed in the usual way, and applied quite wet. This will entirely remove bloodstains from almost any fabric.

One action will mash your potatoes without leaving lumps in them. The masher is of tinned iron and costs only 1s. 11d.

A KITCHEN BOUQUET

Recipes sometimes refer to a "kitchen bouquet" to be used for flavouring purposes. It should be made as follows: A sprig each of parsley, savory and thyme, one small leaf of sage, and a bay leaf. This will flavour one gallon of soup when cooked in it for an hour, and should not remain in it longer.

Bay leaf, in small quantities, is one of the best flavourings for soups and gravies, but in large quantities it has rather a rank, resin-like taste. Remember that half a bay leaf is the allowance for three quarts of soup stock. This shows how small a quantity should be used for the portion of gravy usually served at a meal. In the right proportions bay leaf is a very pleasant flavouring for many sauces, particular tomato sauce.

IN GREEN, BROWN AND ORANGE

This is the time of year when walls are apt to look shabby, and curtains and covers begin to show signs of needing renewing. The best way to welcome spring sunshine into your home is to surround yourself with new fabrics, new colours, new decorative schemes. Especially now that British designers are producing fabrics fresh and colourful to delight every eye, and at the same time within reach of every pocket.

For instance, there was the figured linen I saw the other day, fadeless, reversible, patterned in a small all-over design in shades of green, burnt orange and tomato. A most attractive room could be schemed in the following way: Walls painted a deep corn-gold colour (glossy finish), with the paintwork—skirting board, picture rail, window-sill, and so on—in the same shade.

This would make the most of every ray of sunshine, and also give an effect of greater space and height to the room. Remember that patterned fabrics and wallpapers have a way of eating into space, and the larger the pattern, the smaller the room seems to get.

Against this plain background, curtains of the patterned linen would look charming, while chairs might be upholstered in leaf-brown furnishing canvas, and the carpet should also be a plain brown. Then a few plain cushions, in a shade to match the green of the curtains, would put a finishing touch to a sunny and spring-like scheme.



Featuring the upturned brim, a charming Lystalite hat with velvet petals under the brim on one side.

These three strainers, all 8-inches in diameter, are of differing meshes, and all fit into one holder. The price of the set is 3s. 6d. from Harrods.



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

FREDDIE GRISEWOOD, the B.B.C.'s popular and versatile announcer, is well known to variety listeners as "Old Bill." His portrayal of this well-known character, in the broadest Oxfordshire dialect, is perfect. Freddie confesses to having two great passions in life, the one Fishing, which he adores; the other, Apples. He eats quantities of these raw, or cooked. Here are two apple puddings he is particularly fond of:—

A DELICIOUS APPLE PUDDING

Ingredients.—1 ½ lb. of apples; 6 oz. soft brown sugar; 1 gill (bare) water; 4 oz. fine brown bread-crumbs; 2 oz. butter.

Make a syrup of water and sugar; when the latter is quite dissolved add the apples, cut in quarters. Cook very slowly until mushy and drain off any juice that may not have been absorbed. Fry the breadcrumbs in hot fat for a few minutes, taking care they do not burn, and put a layer at the bottom of a greased round cake tin, then a layer of apples and continue these layers until the tin is full, finishing with crumbs. Cook 1 ¼ hours in a moderate oven. Turn out carefully and serve with custard sauce flavoured with vanilla.

APPLE SHORT-CAKE

Ingredients.—1 lb. of apples; ½ teaspoonful vanilla; ditto baking-powder; 1 egg; ¼ lb. flour; 3 oz. castor sugar; 2 oz. butter.

Stew apples in syrup made from 4 oz. sugar and ½ gill of water; when cooked, put them at the bottom of a greased pie-dish. Beat butter and sugar together until white; add beaten egg alternately with the flour (previously sieved with the baking-powder), stir in vanilla, and spread mixture over the apples. Bake in a moderate oven for 45 minutes.

Another room which I much admired recently was carried out entirely in cream and blue. The walls and ceiling were plain cream-washed, and the woodwork was painted cream to match—not white, which tends to be so cold-looking. The floor was fitted right up to the skirting with a plain Wilton carpet in a deep sea-blue shade. Curtains and covers in a glazed chintz had a delightful design of scattered blue leaves on a cream background and both curtain-pelmet and covers were piped in a plain cornflower blue.

SPOTS ON THE FURNITURE

If there are white spots on your furniture caused by drops of water, rub them hard with a mixture of equal parts of linseed oil and turpentine. Afterwards polish with a soft duster.

Margot

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HAIR TREATMENT

For the benefit of readers who omitted to fill up the Form relating to their hair troubles which was provided in a recent issue, this is repeated below. The offer of the advice of a Consulting Hair Specialist free of charge is too good to be missed, and we advise all readers who are not entirely satisfied with their hair to fill up this special Form and post it immediately to the address given.

-ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS-

- Is your hair falling out?.....Receding at temples?.....Thin or bald on top?.....
- Going grey?.....Is scalp irritable, particularly at night, when tired?.....Have you bald spots (Alopecia).....
- What is your age?.....Have you dandruff?.....
- Is scalp dry or oily?.....What severe illness?.....
-How long ago?.....

To ARTHUR J. PYE, 5 Queen Street, BLACKPOOL, 17

Please send me your book, individual diagnosis of my case, and personal advice, free and without obligation.

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REPHA INDUSTRIES CO. (Dept. R.26), 74 Regent Street, KETTERING.

New B.B.C. idea next week—AN ENTERTAINMENT HOUR!



There will be another Entertainment Hour for National listeners next week, on April 2, which will feature Florence Desmond on her return from Hollywood.

Miss Desmond is to give listeners new impressions of the "stars." Another important item in the programme will be the first performance by Horace Kenney of a sketch which is said to be up to the standard of his popular fireman sketch.

Stanelli, the Fiddle Fanatic, will give his "Noises of London" novelty and Eric Barker, graduating from the first of the "Tea Mixture" series, in which he was so successful a week ago, will make his first evening appearance at the microphone. The musical setting will be provided by the B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra, conducted by S. Kneale Kelley.

Another star item this week is the Elgar Memorial Concert which is to be broadcast in the National programme on Saturday, March 24. It has been arranged in co-operation with the Royal Choral Society and the proceeds are to be given to the Musicians' Benevolent Fund. The Royal Choral Society, the London Philharmonic Orchestra and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra will take part, with Sir Landon Ronald and Adrian Boult as conductors. The programme consists of Slow Movement from Second Symphony and "The Dream of Gerontius." The concert, which is to last for two hours and a quarter, will be relayed from the Royal Albert Hall.

THIS week's programme introduces a new feature to London Regional listeners—an Entertainment Hour. This will be broadcast on Tuesday, March 27, and will include John Tilley ("The Mutterer") and Beryl Orde ("I'm not Myself"), in a musical setting provided by Austen Croom-Johnson's "Soft Lights and Sweet Music" Company.

These are Austen himself as pianist, Bill Shakespeare, trumpet, George Melachrino, clarinet, John Burnaby, piano, Eric Siday, violin, Sonny Miller, the singing announcer and Elizabeth Welch.



The top photograph shows Dr. Adrian Boult conducting in the Broadcasting House Concert Studio. Austen Croom-Johnson, who broadcast on March 27, is shown in the circle, while below is Florence Desmond, who broadcasts on April 2. On the left, below, is John Tilley, the popular radio comedian who is featuring at the microphone in this week's Entertainment Hour.



Laugh with Leonard Henry



"Did you hear the programme last night?"
 "Yes, it gave me the pip." "It gave me the whole blooming six of 'em!"



*The Set of the
 Week*

**A
 New
 Ekco
 Receiver**

Station-finding is a simple task with the Ekco 64 receiver

HOME lovers will be interested to know that Messrs. E. K. Cole, Ltd., have just introduced a new receiver, model 64, which has obviously been designed with a good appearance in mind, as well as excellence on the technical side.

That the set has a pleasing appearance, and will harmonise easily with any modern furnishing scheme, can be seen by the accompanying photograph.

The lines of this new Ekco set are as modern as those of other recent receivers which have made this *marque* famous, while the workmanship and general finish are first-rate.

A test of the set is interesting, as the circuit is a modern five-valve six-stage super-het which has an amazing performance. A fine feature which is immediately obvious when you start to handle the set is the new station scale with colour code waveband selector. The name part of this scale

is instantly detachable so that the new name strip can be inserted to conform to forthcoming wavelength changes.

A full range tone control enables the reproduction tone standard to be altered to suit individual requirements, while the quality of the output from the pentode stage to the moving-coil speaker is at all times excellent.

The price of this set with a walnut finish bakelite cabinet is only eleven guineas and the performance, both in range and tone, is a tribute to the designers. It should be noted that a black cabinet receiver, chromium finished, costs an extra half guinea.

Detail fittings of the new Ekco set are convenient. There is a local distance switch, sockets for a gramophone pick-up and for an external speaker.

The makers are E. K. Cole, Ltd., Ekco Works, Southend-on-Sea.

True studio reproduction from



**your set with
 this modern speaker**

Vivid, life-like reproduction can now be yours to an extent hitherto impossible. In the past year W.B. engineers have made giant strides in speaker technique, enabling any set owner to revolutionise his set's performance at trifling cost. New methods of accurate matching bring vastly improved balance. The new "Mansfield" magnetic system brings "attack," brilliance, and bass colour otherwise unobtainable. Hear one on your set and marvel at the improvement.

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for 27/-

**See outside back cover
 of this issue
 for details**

"ATTRACTIVE!"

says

ANONA WINN



USEFUL, attractive, cosy, easy to make. That's what Anona Winn thinks of this cap, and so will you when you've made it. The roll round the crown gives just that touch of difference, and it is held in place in front with a smart gilt clip.

Nigger brown is the colour of this model. Miss Winn has chosen moss green for hers, and it would look equally well in pastel blue or a bright tomato shade. Make yourself one to match your spring suit; it will be finished in an afternoon.

MATERIALS.—3 oz. Copley's 4-ply "Excelsior" wool in nigger No. 84. A gold tenon fastener. A pair of No. 10 knitting needles.

MEASUREMENTS.—Round edge, 16 inches, stretching as required. Depth from roll to edge, 4 1/2 inches.

TENSION.—Work to produce 7 sts. to 1 inch in width. Unless this instruction is followed exactly, the measurements will not work out correctly.

ABBREVIATIONS.—K., knit; p., purl; st., stitch; tog., together.

TO MAKE

Commencing at the lower edge, cast on 134 sts., and 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. Repeat this row until 3 1/2 in. of ribbing have been worked.

Next row—Knit. Next row—K. 1, p. to the last st., k. 1. Repeat these two rows until 2 1/2 in. of smooth fabric have been worked. Cast off.

Fold this piece down over the ribbing with the wrong side of the smooth fabric next to the ribbing.

With the smooth fabric portion facing, pick up and knit through every st. of the last rib row. 134 sts. on the needle.

Purl one row, working the last 2 sts. tog., making 133 sts. on the needle. Now decrease for the top of the crown.

Next row—With the right side of the work facing, * k. 17, k. 2 tog. Repeat from * to the end. Next and every alternate row—Purl.

Next row—* K. 16, k. 2 tog. Repeat from * to the end of the row.

Next row—* K. 15, k. 2 tog. Repeat from * to the end of the row.

Continue decreasing in this way on every k. row, with 1 st. less before the decreases on each succeeding k. row until there are only 6 sts. before the decreases, finishing at the end of the k. row.

Next row—* P. 2 tog., p. 5. Repeat from * to the end of the row.

Next row—* K. 4, k. 2 tog. Repeat from * to the end of the row.

A to Z at the B.B.C.—Continued from page Three

that take place outside the studios—was arranged and carried out under the supervision of the O.B. director, a certain Mr. Cock.

Then there are the F.D., the E.P.D., and the D.E.F.S. These stand respectively for the Foreign Director, the Empire Programme Director, and the Director of Empire and Foreign Services, who is C. G. Graves. These "labels" are particularly interesting, I think, as their owners are not widely known to the general public. The truth is, of course, that broadcasting only means to us the programmes that we ourselves can listen to at different times of the day and night. It never occurs to us to think that at Broadcasting House there is a whole department given up to the creation and arrangement of programmes that aren't intended for our ears at all.

D.T. is the only label that is used in the Talks Department, which is actually split up into four different branches, comprising Adult Education Talks and General Talks (in the office of which Joe Ackerley, the author of "Prisoners of War"

and "Hindoo Holiday" works), Schools Talks and News. But the label itself is only meant to refer to the head of the whole department, who has the grand-sounding title of Director of the Spoken Word, and belongs to Charles Siepmann.

Charles is a human ostrich—except that, unlike the ostrich, he does not bury his head in the sand, but under an avalanche of work. He thinks of nothing else but his work. It is his god, his whole existence. The past and present and future of broadcasting is food and drink and recreation to him. He hates leaving his desk. Most evenings find him still there in Portland Place—if only in the role of a listener. In a way, I am not surprised. He has a very beautiful office—more like a study in a super-modern flat than what we think of in connection with the word office.

The D.B.R. is responsible for this! It is the job of Mr. V. H. Goldsmith, who is the Director of Business Relations, to decide how much is to be spent on the furnishing and decoration of all the offices and studios at Broadcasting House.

The Dream—Continued from page Nine

take place when I'm not there. It's like reading a book with half the pages missing.

The one constantly variable factor is the man on the platform, and it's rotten bad luck that I've always been too late to see how he comes to be chosen out of all the others. He was once just sitting down, but that's the nearest I've ever got.

It used to strike me what a rag it would be if only I could recognize anyone there. After all, it stands to reason that all these other people must be dreaming, too—and then we could compare notes next day.

Well, one night the man on the platform was a man, a rather famous man, whom I knew very well. When I say I knew him very well, I really mean that I knew his secretary very well, which is infinitely better, believe me. So next morning I rang her up—the secretary—and said, "I say, I wish you'd fix me up an appointment with the old man some time during the day, because I want to see him very particularly." And she said, "I'm afraid you can't, because he was found dead in bed this morning."

Quite a nasty thing to have put across you.

Next row—* P. 2 tog., p. 3. Repeat from * to the end of the row.

Next row—* K. 2, k. 2 tog. Repeat from * to the end of the row. Thread the wool through the remaining sts. and draw up. Fasten off securely.

Wasn't it just my luck? Fearful hard lines on him, too, of course, but it absolutely dished my chance of finding out what the dream meant. If it meant anything, that is.

However, the Fates were kind. Three or four years ago I again saw a man on the platform whom I knew perfectly well. His name was Ribblechick, but he couldn't help that, poor chap. He recognised me, too, and we grinned at each other, and I thought now it's all right—he'll have heard her speak, and will be able to tell me what she is—if not who.

So next morning I trotted round—they lived quite near us—and will you believe me, the whole house was upside down. He, poor old Ribblechick, had been found dead in bed, too. Heart-failure, they said it was.

Please don't think that I'm suggesting for a moment that it was anything but the purest coincidence that these two unfortunate people happened to die in the same way. But all the same, each time I dream my dream nowadays, and a chair does fall vacant, I still let someone else have it, and the good lady still shrugs her shoulders.

Sew up the side seam. Roll the extra smooth fabric part at the top of the crown over, and stitch down to the last row of the rib. Fix the tenon fastener and clip over the roll at the front of the cap.

IN THE COUNTRY—March 23

By Marion Cran

ROUND the bed of rosy winter-heather grow blue grape-hyacinths, and rich purple Dutch crocuses; when the sun shines on it that bed looks like a stained glass window.

Over the big pond clouds of golden bell-bushes repeat the glitter of the myriad daffodils round their feet. The daffies climb up the steep bank in shining troops, and from the house the whole golden picture is doubled in the dark mirror of the water.

By and by there will be a procession of infinite variety, when white trumpets and flame-crowned newer daffodils open in their turn; just

now the whole bank is a dazzle of gold.

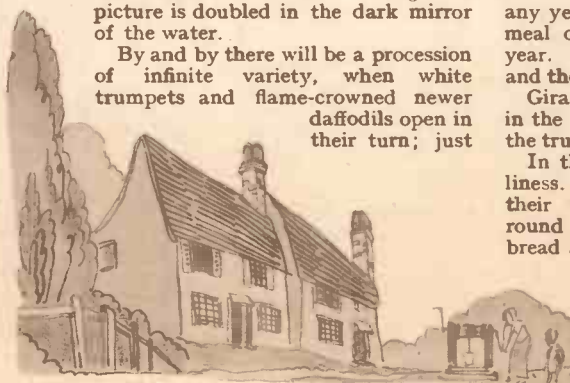
The buds are fat on that earliest of all the lilacs, "Giraldii"; few people grow it, yet it has a special beauty in the garden, opening its fragrant pale pink trusses a full three weeks before any other lilac shows a gleam of colour.

It grows in a sheltered spot, where the North and East winds do not dismay it; and it shows a seemly gratitude (said with flowers!) any year that we remember to give it a good meal of pigeon manure at the turn of the year. Most gardeners starve their lilacs, and then wonder why they do not bloom.

Giraldii has graceful trusses, borne airily in the shrill spring breeze, and its perfume is the true rich lilac scent.

In the ponds there is a great deal of liveliness. Tench and carp have roused from their winter torpor and come swimming round the banks as we go by, asking for bread as clearly as any fish knows how.

In warm noons the carousing of frogs makes merry music; a rich deep amorous under-current to the vestal hymning of the bees, and the passionate lyrics of small birds.



RONDO'S cheerful gossip about the items you have heard on the radio, and the programmes in preparation



A popular light orchestra at the microphone—the Fred Hartley Quintet

Why we Play as we Do

Continued from page Eleven

But this interest is not by any means new. Piano solos have always been featured in dance bands in the past and have, in proportion, been equally popular.

I think the reason why their popularity is so great at the moment is because there is a larger public for dance music to-day than ever there was. Radio has naturally brought this about.

I do not advocate an entire programme of sweet, lethargic dance numbers. I also play bright snappy tunes in my repertoire. My remarks concern mostly the general appeal of restrained treatment. Too much of it would be monotonous.

Furthermore it is not necessary for a band to become funereal when interpreting popular numbers in a restrained style. A nice swing must permeate the music for the purpose of giving it a proportionate amount of brightness and making it suitable for dancing.

In my own case, quality is my primary consideration and restraint always governs my work.

This kind of dance music has proved most suitable for the patrons of the Savoy Hotel (whence my Savoy Orpheans broadcast) and, as I said before, is eminently acceptable to listeners in the late evening relays.

High-spots of the Programmes

THE kiddies must listen on March 24. Mrs. Clapham and Mrs. Dwyer are concerned in a spot of bother in the Children's Hour. I wonder if Mrs. Clapham has been taking stammering lessons from her husband. Awful to have two of them in one family!

On the 26th, Christopher Stone will be the announcer in a somewhat novel programme. Van Phillips and what he calls his All-Star Orchestra (why not his *Constellation Band*?) are to dispense light music in a thoroughly modern manner. I imagine it will be strongly American in flavour.

A revue which may prove more English in style is down for April 6 and 7. It is by Ernest Longstaffe and is called *Easter Eggs—a Sitting of Idle Idylls*. "Spring is Coming" sort of thing. Second subtitled *The Lay of the Lost Minstrel*, I suppose. But that is not official.

March 25 is Palm Sunday. Midland Regional listeners may hear the relay of a service from Central Hall, Birmingham, conducted by the Rev. E. Benson Perkins, the superintendent of the hall. Mr. Perkins is an authority on gambling, or perhaps it would be better to say on the effects of it.

There is also a Liszt recital on that day. Emily Broughton will sing some of his songs and Tom Bromley will play some of his piano works. I imagine Mr. Bromley will have the better choice. Liszt wasn't much of a song writer. Still, if Miss Broughton chooses the best of them you won't come off badly.

On Good Friday night, Vivienne Bennett and Godfrey Kenton, both of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, are to present an anthology of poetry and drama relating to Good Friday.

On the Saturday preceding Easter Day rather a jolly programme called *That Holiday Feeling* is to be given to Midland listeners. The conductor is Frank Cantell and Frederick Chester is the entertainer.

Welsh listeners are well catered for on March 25. First by an Urdd service (in Welsh, of course) from the Hebron Chapel, Swansea Valley. Secondly by a concert in Welsh of works by foreign composers from Tonyandy Town Hall. Stanley Williams conducts the Porth Choral Society's choir and Owen Bryngwyn is the baritone soloist.

The West Regional transmits another of the popular Hurdy Gurdy productions on the 26th. Singers like Elsie Evans, John Rorke, Brian Gaye and Emlyn Burns will take part as well as the Revue Chorus and Western Studio Orchestra. This programme will be relayed to the Empire by the Daventry short-wave transmitter.

Another Empire relay will be of a concert by the Torquay Municipal Orchestra on March 27. Conductor Ernest Goss. Garda Hall is to be the soprano. Quite suitable because Garda was born in South Africa and her father was a native of Torquay. Not that it will make any difference to her singing, of course.

You had better listen to the concert from the Bath Pump Room on March 31 if you like good 'cello-playing. No less a person than Suggia is to be the soloist.

I see that the sixth of the monthly series of special services for the sick is being given on March 25. The B.B.C. gets many letters of appreciation of these services.

For Northern listeners I recommend the concert by the William Rees Orchestra in conjunction with the Manchester Philharmonic Choir on March 24. I know nothing of the orchestra personally, but I like the look of the programme. Wagner's overture to the *Mastersingers* as well as Elgar's *Music-Makers*, a delightful choral work. Also his attractive songs called *Sea Pictures*. Everyone likes *Where Corals Lie*—one of the most popular of the cycle. As Enid Cruickshank is to sing them you ought not to miss the transmission which comes from the Free Trade Hall.

I have picked out a special item for Irish readers. On March 23, Elizabeth Schumann pays her second visit to Belfast for the fourth Subscription Concert of the Belfast Philharmonic Society in the Ulster Hall. Madame Schumann is one of the finest lieder-singers in Europe.

Also I see that Wallace Harland, the well-known Rugger referee, will give a running commentary (on March 24) of the Senior Cup Final at Ravenhill Park.

The Scottish Sports and Recreations series is, I am told, very popular. Ian Cambell is to give a talk on hockey in that series on the 27th. He is a real Scot and regards Gaelic as his mother tongue. So he won't have one of those objectionable Oxford accents!

As you are probably aware, I do not indulge in comedy entertainment and I rely solely upon the quality of my music to get it over.

That I have my own vast army of listeners, (as my correspondence shows) depending as I do entirely upon the musical quality of my orchestra and nothing else, reflects credit upon the musical appreciation of the British public. It used to be said that the English were not a musical nation. That this is untrue is conclusively shown by the very high percentage of music in your daily broadcasts. And, for that matter, by the very existence of RADIO PICTORIAL itself!

At Home with the Carlyle Cousins

Continued from page Seven

and one at the back has proved admirable in the recent fogs. If Helen was driving, Cecile sat beside her and leaned out the other side, keeping her hand on the wheel. Thus they got through the fog with Lillian making general observations from behind. It must be a scream to see them at it.

They are thoroughly musical. All three have been well trained, but you have guessed as much by the way they sing. They have three gramophones—one a radiogram. Every morning one or other of these gramophones is playing—one trusts not all three simultaneously!—while they dress. They must have music wherever they go.

As you only hear the Cousins on the air, a word or two about their work in the studio might interest you. The dark Cousin plays and also takes her part in the singing. The other two stand close to her, one on each side. They are almost as close together as when they pose for their photographs. The microphone is placed just in front of them. They sing softly so that there is no chance of "blasting."

One of their hobbies is solving jigsaw puzzles. They generally begin a new one on Saturdays much to the annoyance of "Auntie-Mama" when she finds bits of it in odd places. The process is watched by Chum, their huge retriever.

Perhaps he retrieves odd bits of the puzzle.

Bottling Programmes

By Derek ENGLAND

I'M afraid I still don't know my way about the B.B.C.

They're constantly changing the rooms—perhaps because there isn't enough space for everything needed—and I've a constant dread that one day, when they've changed over the staff restaurant and one of the echo rooms (those abodes of perpetual silence), I shall commit a dreadful *faux pas* before I discover the mistake.

I was reminded of this the other day when I pushed into one of the offices, which I was sure belonged to one of the engineering staff; but behold, a metamorphosis!

In place of the office equipment was a weird contraption of buzzing wire and rotating drums, while on a big rack in the corner was an outside in amplifiers.

There was not time then to investigate, and in the haste to find the right room I forgot this rather amazing discovery. A reminder was soon to come.

Later, I was chatting with an official of the Talks Department, and he asked me if I had noticed how much better the broadcast debates had been recently, in style if not in material!

"We're using the Blattnerphone now, you know."

"The Blattnerphone?"

"The talking tape machine—that German invention which our engineers at Clapham have been testing since the beginning of the year. It's the machine on which we recorded the *Empress*

of Britain ship-to-shore talk, and which was used to 'bottle' the Derby running commentary."

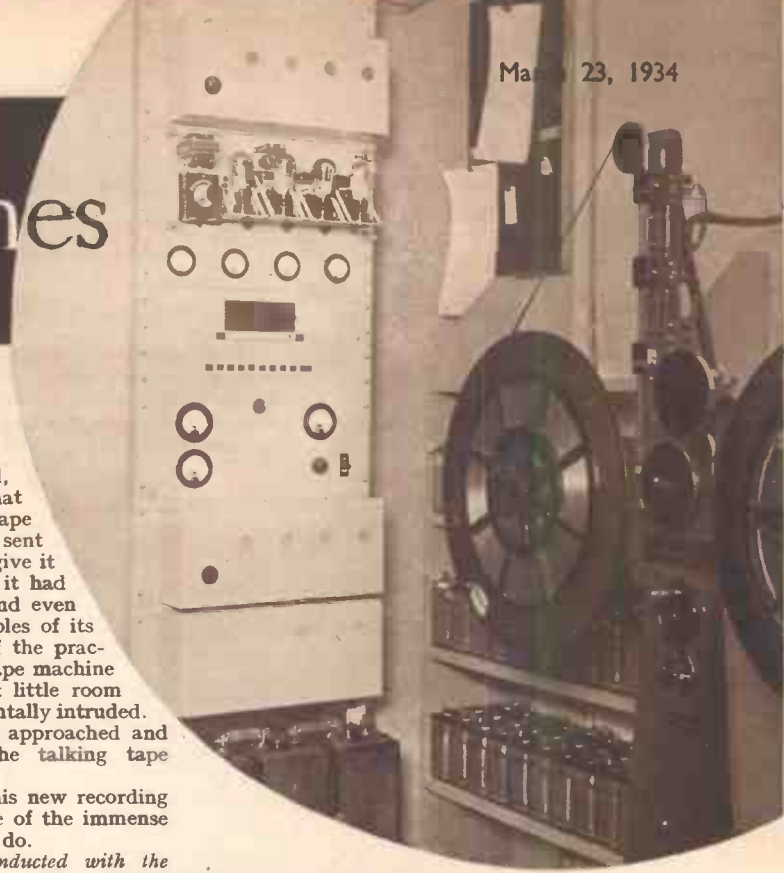
A friend at the Clapham Testing Department had hinted, back in the Savoy Hill days, that one of Curt Stille's curious steel-tape recording machines had been sent along so that the B.B.C. could give it a try-out. During the interim it had been kept very "hush-hush," and even the people who knew the principles of its operation were not quite sure of the practical details. And it was the tape machine which had been running in that little room on the second floor when I accidentally intruded.

The engineering sanctum was approached and permission obtained to see the talking tape machine at work.

A special room is given to this new recording apparatus at the B.B.C. because of the immense amount of work which it has to do.

Many auditions are now conducted with the recording machine. It can be connected up to any studio by 'phone line.

When the Clapham engineers were carrying out their tests, the Outside Broadcast Department, the audition officials and the Talks and Dramatic Departments each realised how handy it would be to have a permanent recorder "on tap," and as it is not at present possible to have more than one machine it was decided to install it in a central place and let any department which wanted it connect up by means of 'phone lines.



The apparatus which bottles the B.B.C. programmes—the Blattnerphone

There is hardly any limit to what the talking tape machine can do.

On a steel tape (wire was used in the earlier machines) which runs through the apparatus, a magnetic impression is made of speech or music which it is desired to record.

When the tape is run back again through the machine the speech impression can be taken off it and the reproduction is every bit as good as that of a high-class gramophone recorder.

The recording is entirely magnetic—the steel tape running between magnet bobbins—and there is no appreciable change in the tape. The tape drums hold the speech impression almost indefinitely, and knocking and heating do not affect the magnetic record.

It looks like a metal drilling machine, having a cast-iron "foot," with a T-piece at the top carrying the two drums which hold the steel tape—enough tape for a twenty-minute run. In passing from one drum to the other—and the drums are electrically driven, of course, at a constant speed—the tape passes through three separate sets of magnet bobbins.

The magnet bobbins in each set bear close down on the tape as it speeds past. A steady current is passed through the first set of bobbins, which saturates the tape in a magnetic field. A much smaller current is passed through the second set of bobbins in the reverse direction, and superimposed on this is the speech current. The third set of bobbins is used for playing back. A standard B.B.C. amplifier is used for putting the speech on the tape. The playback set of bobbins is connected to a separate amplifier when the "bottled" broadcast is to be given.

"We find this recording machine invaluable for auditions," said one of the men whose job it is to try out new artists.

"Previously, we had a scheme whereby people who passed the audition tests were informed almost immediately that they would be put on the waiting list for an engagement or a contract, while the unlucky ones were not definitely told of their failure.

"This was diplomatic, because we had no way of proving to unsuccessful audition people that they had a mode of delivery unsuited for broadcasting.

"Now, if there is any difficulty at all, we 'phone up the talking-tape room and have a record made. This can be played back immediately and heard on a loud-speaker in the studio so that the person up for the audition can see that our judgment is correct."

The advantage of the tape machine for this purpose is that an immediate playback can be obtained.



An occasion when the Blattnerphone comes in useful—a rehearsal of a Shakespeare reading at the microphone by Miss Sylvia Sydney, the popular film actress

What Listeners Think . . .

"Carry on with the good work, Mr. Stone. I for one like to listen to your broadcasts, and if other listeners were to write I think that your due praise would not be underrated."—*Jay Cee, Rochdale.*

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.

★ Dance Music Changes

I am not, primarily, a dance music enthusiast. I merely tolerate most radio dance music. And the reason is that the bands are too dull. We want more break-away from musical convention.

A little discreet fooling gives just that spirit of abandon that makes a band interesting; and, above all, you have got to interest your public.

People are not only sophisticated these days, but they are blasé.

The public of to-day wants variety in everything, particularly in its dinner-cum-dance entertainment. They are not satisfied with an indifferently arranged programme of one slow number after another. Give them good, bright entertainment!

M.B. (London, S.W.18).

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

Why Waste Time?

May I be allowed to say that one must agree that the B.B.C. does waste a great deal of time in starting up programme items. It is, however, quite obvious that sometimes a little delay is unavoidable.

"I would point out to them the attitude of the American broadcasters. They are very efficient, and claim that they never waste more than five or six seconds of that great enemy, 'Time.'"—*D. Cottrell, Allestree.*

Remember the Listener

"Many thousands of people must have overheard a music-hall programme given to an audience on Saturday last at St. George's Hall. Judging by the laughter and applause, the entertainment must have been very good. One wonders if the same programme could not have been given for the benefit of listeners and thereby have given them the feeling of being entertained and not the feeling of mere intruders."—*An Intruder, Flamboro Head.*

The Technical Side

Although the 'Radio Pic' gives us all the views about our favourite artists, no doubt there are many thousands of your readers who, like myself, are interested in the technical side of broadcasting and would like to have some details about the people who are responsible for the actual transmissions.

"Tell us about the engineers, show us pictures of the plant, explain some of the interesting processes. Let us peep into the numerous side-shows of the B.B.C."

"Introduce us to some of the men whose efforts made broadcasting possible and popular."—*W. A. W., Gowerton.*

Congratulations to the B.B.C.

First of all, I should like to say how very much I enjoy your paper and really look forward to Friday. I am truly grateful to the B.B.C. and to all those who so unselfishly arrange the programmes and take part in the smooth running

of them. I think the programmes all round are excellent and if there is anything on that does not suit one, then it is easily switched off. I find very little to complain about, but a tremendous lot to be grateful for."—*L. N. D., Thornton Heath.*

Good Commentary

"The running commentary (by Lionel Secombe) on the Harvey-Gains fight was extraordinarily interesting for a commentary. I enjoyed it immensely. I congratulate the B.B.C. on finding such an interesting commentator."—*J. H. B., Tunbridge Wells.*

Defending Christopher

"I am no prophet, but I think that 'T. L. D.' must be in the late forties; living in a very narrow groove.

"I wonder, if this person should be asked to take Mr. Stone's place, whether he or she would be able to choose these records, so that the majority of people would be suited? I for one do not think so.

NO STAFF REVOLT AT THE B.B.C.

Next week's issue of "Radio Pictorial" will contain an exclusive article dealing with intimate facts of the B.B.C. and explaining the exact truth of the rumours of discontent among members of the B.B.C. staff.

Another special article, of interest to all listeners, is "Are Radio Pirates Immoral?"

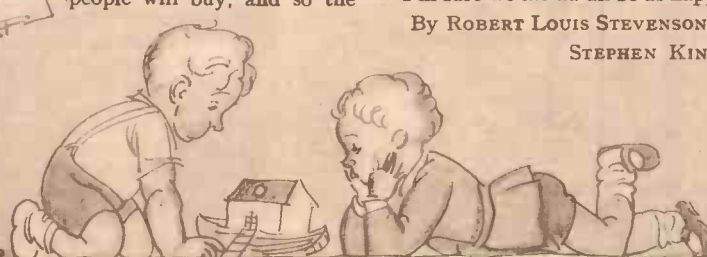
Order next Friday's "Radio Pictorial" now!

HERE AND THERE

HELLO, CHILDREN!

Do you know what cocoa looks like when it is growing? The cocoa beans live in cocoa pods which hang on the bushes. Over the shrubbery, so to speak, of the cocoa bushes stand great big trees which are covered with red flowers—I think it is called the "Flame of the Forest" tree. These big trees are planted in order to give shade to the cocoa bushes. The cocoa pods are of all colours—scarlet, orange, yellow, brown and dark green, and look rather like a lot of Chinese lanterns hanging amongst the bushes. When they are ripe they either fall off or are picked off and left in huge heaps until the pods rot and then the cocoa beans are taken away in sacks to the factories to be made into cocoa.

Cocoa is in the news because the cocoa growers of the world are now complaining that there is more of this stuff on their hands than people will buy, and so the



The "Scrapbooks"

"As the author of the 'Scrapbook' series of programmes, I was surprised to read the statement of G. R. Wilts., in your issue of February 23, that 'no one can deny that, just lately, this idea is being worked to death.' Your correspondent suggests that 'enough is as good as a feast.' Might I be allowed to point out that so far only two in this series of reminiscent 'Scrapbooks' have been broadcast—'Scrapbook for 1913,' last December, and 'Scrapbook for 1909' just recently.

"The next in this series will be 'Scrapbook for 1914,' which listeners will hear in May.

"Perhaps other readers would like to express their opinions whether three of these programmes in the space of six months is working the idea to death."—*Leslie Baily, London, E.C.4.*

BIND YOUR "RADIO PICTORIALS"

YOU will find it well worth while keeping your copies of RADIO PICTORIAL as you will find that a file will provide a wealth of pictorial and reading matter of vital interest in connection with the broadcasting world. Handy self-binders have now been produced in which you can keep your copies of "Radio Pic.", each holding twenty-six issues. These binders, which are of stout material forming a handy volume, have the lettering RADIO PICTORIAL embossed in gold on the backs.

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No bookbinders' charge is thus involved, as by simply inserting your "Radio Pic." every week you build up the complete volume.

These binders can be obtained price 4s. 6d., post free, from the Publishing Department, RADIO PICTORIAL, 58/61 Fetter Lane, E.C.4.

Commander STEPHEN KING-HALL'S Children's Corner

price is very low. No doubt these cocoa growers would like me to tell you to eat more chocolates. (I wonder if you would complain?) I can tell you that the British Government would be glad if you would drink more milk, and I am sure rubber growing people would be glad if you would use more india rubbers, and we can be quite safe in saying that the tin people would be quite glad if you would use more tins; in fact, now I come to think of it, about the only thing you are asked to use less of at the moment is water. Of course, you mustn't ask me awkward questions about this. What would be an awkward question? Well, I will give you an example of what I should call an awkward question. Supposing one of you came along to me and said: "I should like to drink more milk, eat more chocolates, use more tin, wear more clothes; in fact, have more and use more of everything, but where do I get the money from with which to buy all these things I should like to have?" See if you can find out an answer to that question.

The motto I have chosen for this week is:—

"The world is so full of a number of things, I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850-1894)

STEPHEN KING-HALL.

H. M. ABRAHAMS Broadcasting on "Economic Running Speeds"



In the year 1886, W. G. George ran a mile in 4 minutes 12 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds, an achievement which was widely proclaimed as so phenomenal that it might be supposed to represent the limit of human capacity.

This impression was considerably encouraged by the fact that George's record persisted for 29 years, and even then the reduction by the American N. S. Taber to 4 minutes, 12 $\frac{3}{8}$ seconds, was so infinitesimal as not to be worth much comment.

In 1923 the great P. Nurmi—Finland's miracle man—ran the distance in fully two seconds faster than George. In 1931 Jules Ladoumègue (a Frenchman) got $\frac{4}{5}$ seconds inside 4 minutes 10 seconds for the mile.

Intensive training and scientific study, which have been characteristic of recent years of all forms of sport, encouraged the expectation that a mile might be run in 4 minutes 8 seconds. And last July in America, J. E. Lovelock, the young New Zealand athlete, and this year's president of the Oxford University Athletic Club, set up the fresh figures of 4 minutes 7 $\frac{3}{8}$ seconds.

The surprise felt, if surprise it was, came from the fact that Lovelock had smashed the previous record by so large a margin; and, indeed, within 20 years, 5 seconds had been chopped off it.

Lovelock's record has produced the optimistic forecast that sooner or later the mile will be covered in inside four minutes.

I am extremely doubtful if any substantial reduction of Lovelock's record will occur in my lifetime.

Under exceptionally good conditions, one of the present-day cracks, or any superlatively great miler, may knock off a fraction of a second; but with that reservation, those of us who have studied athletics closely are inclined to agree that the limit has been reached.

In answer to the retort that the same thing was rashly asserted half a century ago, it may be pointed out that in fact no improvement in human potentiality has really been shown; the gain which has been forthcoming is the gain which naturally results from accumulated experience.

The raw material is the same—and the study of technique has produced as fine a manufactured article (or nearly so) as I believe it possible to produce.

What the modern athlete has learned is the advantage of running as nearly as possible at an even pace throughout a race. If a mile is ever run in four minutes, it will almost certainly be found that each 440 yards will be covered in sixty seconds, with but small variation.

Incidentally Lovelock's time for individual half-miles in his record were 2 minutes 3 $\frac{3}{8}$ seconds and 2 minutes 4 seconds—but a tiny variation in pace.

Now a scientific study of pace is advantageous, because there is a limit to the quantity of oxygen

THE WEEK'S SPORTS TALK

H. M. Abrahams, the popular sports broadcaster, broadcasts a microphone discussion with a Doctor on Saturday, March 24

which can be carried by the blood stream to the muscles which contract in exercise.

The super-athlete has a circulatory system—heart, blood vessels and blood—of maximum efficiency; but even his heart cannot beat any more rapidly than perhaps at the rate of 180 to the minute, and after running for about fifteen seconds at full speed the demand for oxygen necessary to enable the muscles to carry on, cannot be met.

Why is there this need for oxygen? Let me explain briefly. When a muscle contracts it produces lactic acid, and it is the presence of lactic acid which results in fatigue. Oxygen destroys the lactic acid, and so long as the combustion, or what is called oxidation, goes on as rapidly as the formation, fatigue is avoided.

We are justified in concluding, therefore, that for any distance over a spring, the problem is to use oxygen to the maximum capacity.

That is where the question of pace comes in, and why the more nearly perfect the regularity of running attained, the better the performance.

Athletes, of course, differ in their expenditure of oxygen. Oxygen is their income; it must be spent prudently, and there must be no riotous expenditure when the pocket is full, with the resulting premature bankruptcy.

Prudent expenditure is exemplified in judgment of pace, and also good style in action.

Every scrap of movement which is not employed in the direction of linear progression is wasteful, for movement involves consumption of oxygen.

But a human being is not just a machine, however highly trained. He is a complicated organisation with a nervous system.

Such factors as courage, will-power, determination and the like, have no real counterparts in a piece of machinery, say a petrol engine.

These factors cannot really be measured, and for that reason and because as a consequence a man may possess unsuspected reserves which only extreme emergencies call forth, laboratory estimations of oxygen consumption cannot disclose the

whole truth and may lead to erroneous conclusions.

There is, I believe, something to be said for the idea that specially gifted athletes may possess a certain quality in their muscular tissue, which not only enables the muscle to contract more quickly, but by reason of its special chemistry can either eliminate lactic acid more readily, or tolerate its presence to a greater degree without so much fatigue.

Then there is the athletic brain which works as a kind of automatic super-magneto, ensuring the accurate timing of the messages to the contracting muscles so that all moving parts are perfectly co-ordinated.

Consider in this connection how great a consequence results from a very small difference.

To win an Olympic 100 metres final by six inches only is a reasonable enough margin in modern competition.

So that the difference between the world's champion and a comparative nonentity is only about .14 per cent. (Put commercially, less than one halfpenny in the pound!)

People often think that exercise as such has an enormously beneficial effect in actually reducing weight.

They seem to imagine that a half-hour's strenuous exercise will of itself make the victim (I use that word deliberately) lighter.

I am not in the present article dealing with the advantages of exercise generally, for I am only concerned with the assertion that so far as body-weight is concerned, exercise is a poor hope.

It has been calculated that to walk for an hour at the rate of three miles per hour—the sort of speed suitable for a stout middle-aged person—demands an oxygen consumption which is the equivalent of only $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. fat.

Considered as a matter of bread and butter—one thin slice.

Even when the most violent exercise is taken, as, for instance, in a Marathon Race, with a maximum oxygen consumption of, say, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ litres per minute continuously for over 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours, the corresponding fat consumption is barely one pound.

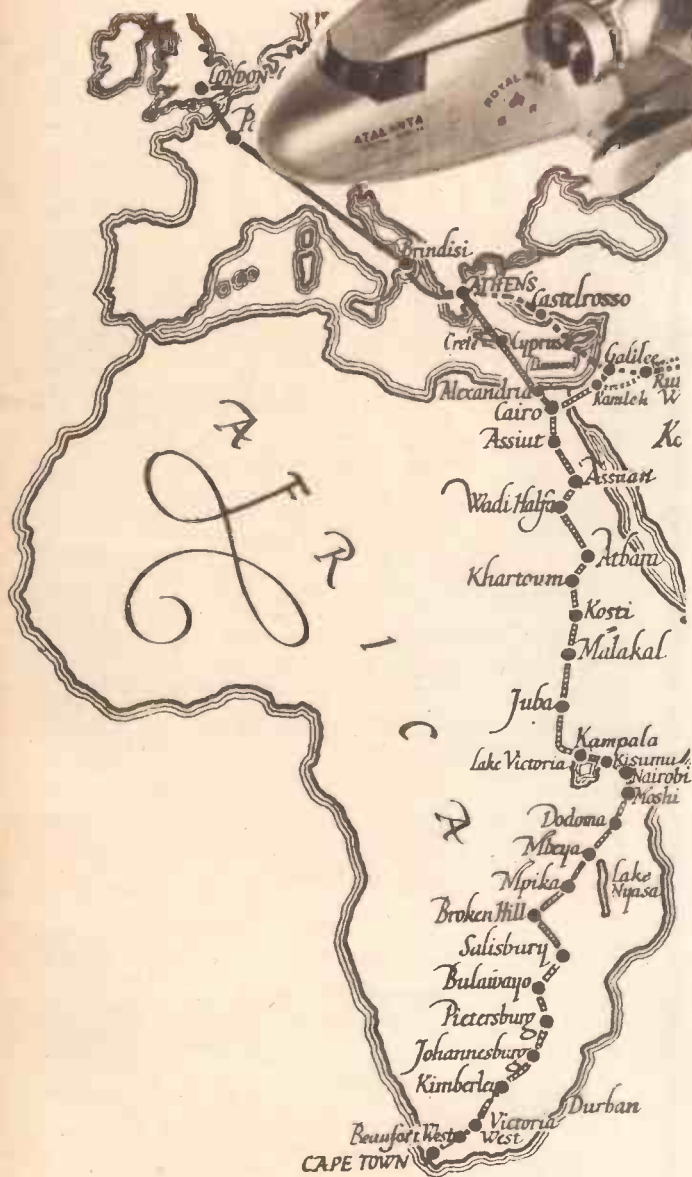
The great sprinter has to correlate his length of stride with his rate of striding so as to produce the greatest speed. He has got to find, in mechanical parlance, the best combinations of engine revolutions and gearing.

For the most part, people do not pay enough attention to rate of striding; or rather they pay too much attention of the wrong kind—to length.

Investigations with my trainer prior to the 1924 Olympic Games convinced us that if I could get an extra stride into my 100 yards, a procedure which would, of course, necessitate my taking shorter strides (actually shortening each stride by perhaps an inch), I would in fact run my 100 yards in about 4 feet faster time than before.

I spent several months in doing this, and I am convinced that it made all the difference to my running.

FINDING THE WAY BY RADIO!



Direction finding is one of the most useful phases of radio. A fine article in the March "Wireless Magazine" explains the many and vital uses that radio is put to in this respect, during times of war and peace.

The March issue is a really splendid shillingsworth. Over forty articles, scores of illustrations and what will particularly interest you, if you are a radio fan, details of how to build three new sets.

The first is a three-valver which can be built complete with valves for £3 3s.

To the more ambitious the Lucerne Super will appeal. This is a great set—single-knob tuning, super-power pentode output, automatic volume control, etc. A fine station-getter and a set that you will be proud to use.

Those not particularly interested in set construction are well catered for with many articles of general and useful interest. Get a copy to-day, price 1/- of all newsagents.

WIRELESS MAGAZINE

MARCH ISSUE — PRICE 1/-

AND NOW THE LUCERNE MINOR

A week or so ago we produced the 39/- Lucerne S.G. Ranger. The success of this set has been remarkable and thousands have been built all over the country.

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A similar receiver to the "Ranger" but using two instead of three valves.

Several of the more important components can be made at home, so that the total cost is approximately 27/-.

Full details will be found in "Amateur Wireless," now on sale at all newsagents.

**BUILD IT
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Features of the Lucerne Minor

- Lucerne coil that copes with the new broadcasting plan.
- Extremely simple wiring that any beginner can follow without difficulty.
- Home-made coils, H.F. chokes and L.F. transformer—or can be bought ready assembled if desired.
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