

SIR WALFORD DAVIES – FULL-PAGE PORTRAIT

RADIO PICTORIAL 2^D

EVERY FRIDAY



ELSIE & DORIS WATERS

THE MAN BEHIND THE CAFÉ COLETTE BROADCASTING THE DAILY SERVICE TESTING NEW B.B.C TALENT

PURITY OF

Tone

... is an
outstanding feature
of these exceptionally
fine receivers.



TELSEN '470' & '474'

ALL ELECTRIC RECEIVERS

Their fidelity of reproduction immediately distinguishes the Telsen '470' and '474' All-Electric Receivers. It is something new to radio, banishing all thought of mechanism, and all 'background noises.' You hear the full beauty of the original rendering—every note of every instrument, every subtle inflexion of the voice.

DESIGNED FOR LUCERNE WAVELENGTH CHANGES

Up-to-the-minute in every respect, these Telsen receivers incorporate a circuit arrangement which is a triumph of design. On a minimum of valves—and with maximum economy—it enables you to receive, at full strength, all the stations you want—and to cut out those you don't want, by a fractional rotation of a single knob! The range, selectivity, and superb TONE of these receivers is something you must hear to appreciate.

TELSEN '470'

ALL-ELECTRIC RECEIVER.

Designed to meet the most modern requirements, with every desirable feature, including Single-Knob Tuning, Full-Vision Scale calibrated in wavelengths, and Moving Coil Speaker.

9 GNS.

or 15/6 deposit and 12 monthly payments
of 16/9.

TELSEN '474'

ALL-ELECTRIC RECEIVER.

Similar to the '470' but employing an additional tuned circuit for ultra-selectivity.

9½ GNS.

or 16/6 deposit and 12 monthly payments
of 17/6.



Sir Walford DAVIES
*well-known to, and beloved by, listeners
for his popular broadcast talks on music*



Famous **SKYSCRAPERS**
now available as
complete receivers

**FACTORY
BUILT**

Skyscraper Radio won fame because home constructors were proud to tell the world that their home-built radio could get more stations and at greater volume than any similar factory assembled set. That was true, because the Skyscraper circuits—designed for the home constructor and the man who took a keen interest in radio—were developed to give the very limit of range and power. Now Lissen have decided that people who are NOT home constructors want this same vast range and mighty power, and it is made available to-day in *factory-built* and *factory-tested* Skyscraper Radio.

These receivers give to the man who is not a home constructor the identical performance, range, volume, economy and satisfaction hitherto only available to the interested home constructor. Our confidence in the Skyscraper has been confirmed by thousands of testimonials from home constructors and technical experts not only in England but all over the world. You, too, can now share Skyscraper Radio confidence, whether you are a home constructor or not. You can buy it as a kit of parts to build yourself or as a factory-built, factory-tested instrument—ask your radio dealer to show you the full range of Skyscrapers

**FACTORY-
TESTED**

All Lissen "factory-built and factory-tested" Skyscrapers carry a label to this effect.

**'SKYSCRAPER'
ALL-WAVE - ALL-WORLD 4**

Kit of parts complete with valves £5 12s. 6d. Kit, as above with cabinet and loudspeaker, £8 2s. 6d.
Or complete factory assembled and factory tested receiver, with valves, loudspeaker, H.T. and L.T. batteries in cabinet, £9 15s. 0d.

**'SKYSCRAPER'
SUPERHET 7**

Kit of parts complete with valves, £8 17s. 6d. Kit as above with cabinet and Moving Coil Speaker, £11 10s. 0d.
Or complete factory-built and factory-tested receiver, with valves, loudspeaker, H.T. and L.T. batteries, in cabinet, £13 13s. 0d.

LISSEN

"Skyscraper" Radio

LISSEN LIMITED WORPLE ROAD, ISLEWORTH, MIDDLESEX

Radio Pictorial — NO. 12

Published by Bernard Jones Publications, Ltd., 58-61 Fetter Lane, E.C.4.
Editor-in-Chief BERNARD E. JONES
Editorial Manager ROY J. O'CONNELL
Editor KENNETH ULLYETT

Young artists and possible B.B.C. stars have to go through the mill of an audition, and this article takes you behind the scenes of B.B.C. microphone tests

By John TRENT

Testing new Talent for the B.B.C.

is bare and unfriendly. So I would not choose it for my first meeting with the mike. St. George's Hall has the atmosphere of a theatre, which may be helpful, or it may not, depending on the kind of act to be tried.

Archie Hanson is in charge on the floor. He receives all newcomers and tries to put them at ease. For years he was recording manager to a gramophone company, and long experience has taught him just how to deal with tattered nerves.

But every letter is read and re-read by Eric Maschwitz and his men in their search for a hint of novelty. Good comedy is rare, and humour is what they want. So comedians and comediennes stand the best chance; patter broadcasts well and double acts often score.

A piano is used for auditions and often artists bring their own accompanists, feeling that it will be easier to sing with a familiar pianist at an ordeal like this. But Jean Melville sits reading in a corner, awaiting a call, in case her services should be wanted. She accompanies many of the stars and there is no one better at this kind of work.

Producers are the judges and four of them are concealed in a control room, where they listen to each turn. While three of them may have no use for an artist, the fourth may think that she is worth a trial for a part in a show that he has in mind. John Sharman, John Watt, Charles Brewer, and Denis Freeman are all responsible for different kinds of programmes, and what may be John Sharman's meat is probably Denis Freeman's poison. Each turn is given a number and names are never used for fear that they might influence a decision.

Variety auditions are held on two or three afternoons each week, and well over a hundred new turns are heard every month. Of these about half have been recommended by theatrical agents, while the others have applied direct to Broadcasting House. It makes no difference, each act has the same test, though it is odd that the artists submitted by agents are no better than the others. Perhaps it is because the agencies send along the people who make the most fuss.

Any studio which happens to be vacant is used for auditions and mostly it is St. George's Hall. On the whole, the theatre is more suitable than Studio 3a on the third floor, where tests are sometimes held. Henry Hall broadcasts from this studio and, though its acoustics are fine, it

Programme material is the subject of keen investigation by every branch of the B.B.C. staff, and here are some experts listening and criticising



ALONE in the studio a young man stood tongue-tied before the mike. It was an audition and we were hidden in a listening cabin adjoining. On the desk lay a paper describing the acts we were hearing and against Number 3 I read "bird imitator." Otherwise I should not have known.

The earlier turns had been dull and vulgar, but I was genuinely sorry for number three; his embarrassment was painful to watch and I could just see his face below through the window. Finally he drew breath and stammered, "I can whistle grandly at home," he said, "and on Southend Pier, where I practice, I warble for hours."

Inspiration often fails at the crucial moment and performance sadly belies a promising letter. "May we hear the next artist, please?"

Years of training and months of experience on concert platform, stage, or cabaret floor, lie behind the stars we hear each night. Luck has sometimes played a part, but it is as true of broadcasting as of any other profession, that a novice must go through the mill.

It used to be very much easier to get a hearing from the B.B.C., and at Savoy Hill hours were wasted by harassed producers in listening to amateur efforts. Conditions are different to-day, and I believe that the programmes have not suffered.

If Aggie, who thrills the family gathering, aspires to sing in a concert programme, she has no chance at all. Musical auditions are not being held, for the lists are choked with capable artists waiting for engagements. Thousands of fully-trained singers and instrumentalists have passed the test and there are not enough dates to go round.

In variety the position is much more hopeful, and a lot will depend on Aggie's letter to Broadcasting House. At the B.B.C. she will be heard at once if she seems to have something new to offer. Otherwise, the Director of Programmes will regret . . . as he does in three cases out of four.

Last week we were sitting in the control room when a number was called. A few words were spoken from the loud-speaker and the producers began to take notice. It was a young man, I judged, for we could not see the speaker, and his accent was strongly West Country. His way of talking was funny and it was clear that we were hearing something new. The speaker was pretending to be a reporter, and his material was rather thin; but no new comedian of promise is ever turned away because his words are poor. Originality and fresh personality are wanted, and these qualities are what this young man had. His act was quite obviously different from anything that we had heard before this year. Now a well-known comic writer is at work on a sketch for this artist and listeners will hear him soon.

Many recruits are shy and it is disconcerting to be moved when they have started to give their stuff to the mike. This is where tact must be used. Archie Hanson steps forward and, if the artist is too loud, he gently suggests that her head should be raised. This slight gesture projects the sound above the microphone and thus softens the voice. If, on the other hand, an artist's speech is too faint, she is firmly propelled a few inches forward.

Animal imitators are always interesting and the best usually have the same history. Life starts on a farm, often in humble circumstances, and sometimes years are spent in unconsciously absorbing the sounds and moods of the stock. The cry of a beast is always eloquent of its condition. Then the yokel tries his voice at imitations and, pressed by his friends, perseveres. Later he takes the platform at village concerts

(Continued on page 24)

What's Happening in the Broadcasting World

Real Romance!

HERE is plenty of drama in the studios which is never broadcast, and if the mikes could store up all they hear, what stories of love and hate could be told.

It is extraordinary how casually artists and staff will treat a microphone, forgetting that engineers may be listening up in the control-room ten floors away. There are twenty-two studios at Broadcasting House, and most of them are occupied throughout the day. Familiarity breeds contempt, and it is a poor week when one proposal and two quarrels are not overheard!

Cries of London

It was J. C. Cannell who collected the people for the cries of London programme which was broadcast on a recent Saturday night, and a queer assortment of trades were represented.

He did not have to look far for a newspaper vendor, but lavender is out of season, and he could not find a seller this side of Mitcham. The coalman, knife-grinder and chimney sweep were easy, but he spent hours searching for a chair-mender and a vendor of cockles and mussels.

They are busy folk who ply their trades in the streets of London, but they all found time to turn up at the Press Club for rehearsal one Sunday morning.

Henry Hall on the Halls

The lure of the music-hall is pretty strong, and I felt sure that Henry Hall would succumb one day. He has just been invited to appear at the Royal Command performances at the Palladium on May 8, and I guess we shall find him in the bill at that house pretty soon—just to qualify as a variety act.

A command to appear before the King and Queen is a great honour, but a success on the stage is not likely to spoil Henry Hall.

He knocked around for ten years as a band director before he joined the B.B.C., and I know that he is happy in broadcasting. All the same, it is a grand feeling at the end of a show when the house rises to its feet and claps, as Jack Payne knows, and it is pretty dead in the studio when "Here's to the Next Time" has been played.

Back to the Mike

My old friend Donald Calthrop returns to the microphone on Saturday, April 7. Since his film and stage triumphs, few will remember that he was once on the staff at the B.B.C. It was years ago, but a few old-timers at Broadcasting House are sure to turn up to give him a welcome.

Those were light-hearted days at Savoy Hill, and Donald enjoyed a jest. I shall never forget his face when he returned one day to find that his room had been wrecked by a fire. Someone had left a cigarette end in his wastepaper basket and many of his papers were burnt. Luckily, the smoke attracted attention—and the staff returned to their work.

"Newsmonger's" RADIO GOSSIP

She Fooled Them

When the mystery woman came to talk on National Character, Broadcasting House was surrounded by reporters and photographers, but although the press had their star men on the job they could not catch the lady who caretakes in a large old-fashioned London house. It was a very composed little party who walked through the ring of sleuths into the building that night and out again after her speech. She fooled them all.

Unperturbed

She knew her mind, too, this woman of mystery. Shown into a studio comfortably furnished as a study, she declined to sit at the desk. "It is so much easier to talk standing up," she said. So engineers were fetched and a microphone in a stand hurriedly removed from a vaudeville studio was brought to the room and fixed. Then her voice was put on the air, and I must say I admired the firm clear way she said her piece in a pleasant Cockney voice.

Such a fuss had been made that even a politician in her place might have been excused a mild panic, but this lady was quite unperturbed.

Hide-and-Seek

Broadcasting House is a fine place for a game of hide-and-seek, and it was fun trying to get out of the building undetected. Many of the corridors used in the daytime are only dimly lit at night, and the party, consisting of Mrs. Mary Adams, Mrs. B—— and her brother, lost itself in the basement when trying to find its way from a studio on the third floor to a rendezvous at the back of the building on ground level.

A search party was organised to discover the party, so for ten minutes they were playing "Spot the lady" both inside and outside Broadcasting House.

The Autograph Hunt

The autograph menace is growing since this journal started to familiarise the features of radio stars, and a small crowd of hunters, books in hand, is often to be met at the entrance to the B.B.C.

The mistakes which are made are sometimes amusing, and I know one tall, good-looking fellow in a humble position who is continually mistaken for an announcer. Schoolboys are the most persistent and the most knowledgeable. They rarely fail to identify their victim.

Their Victim

Henry Hall is fair game for these hunters, and I was sorry for him the other day when he had to emerge without his hat which had been lost at a recording session. Recognition was so much easier without a hat, and though the band director turned up his collar, this did not help at all.

Once caught, Henry is always ready to oblige with his signature. Autographers still turn up for Jack Payne whenever he comes to Broadcasting House.

Hobbies at the B.B.C.

Some members of the staff have literary hobbies. Charles Madden, in the Outside Broadcast Department, adapts plays.

Saturday's Children, which starred Dorothy Hyson, was his concern, and another of his adaptations is going to be staged in New York, where his wife is very well known. Dabbling in the theatre must be rather fun, and I would rather be a playwright than a backer.

Billy Scott Comber, the popular vocalist of Jack Payne's band, is a keen artist and is here seen in an admiring group putting the finishing touches to a Thames-side view

Lance Sieveking is well known as an author. His last book, "Smite and Spare Not," was a best-seller, and he has another on his desk. He makes time for this work by sitting up late at night.

After Hours

I hear that a flying club is being formed at the B.B.C., where many of the staff are already aviators. Noel Ashbridge, Gladstone Murray, Lance Sieveking, and others all flew with distinction during the War. Almost every sport has a pretty strong following at Broadcasting House. Roger Eckersley is an expert golfer, Cecil Graves plays cricket, Charles Siepmann was a rugger blue, and Eric Maschwitz, who played tennis for Cambridge, still fields a nifty racquet.



Leonard is Depressed

You have seen pictures of Leonard Henry smiling bravely. I caught him the other morning looking very much depressed. I happened to pass the rehearsal board, which is on the ground floor of the central tower.

Leonard was looking the picture of misery. "What's the matter with you?" I asked. "Well," he explained, "I got up early this morning in order to do some jobs at home before coming up for the Charlot's Hour rehearsal. I arrived in studio BA at 10.20, read the paper till 10.45, and then began to wonder where every one was. Now I find the rehearsal is at 2.30."

Secretary and Dog Trainer

Vesta Kelley, announcers' secretary, trains Alsatian dogs. With her partner she has shown her act in cabaret and has refused several offers to go on the halls, because she will not desert her work. Every morning, before leaving for the office, she takes her dogs for a run, and she is training pretty hard just now for Aldershot Horse Show, where royalty will watch their tricks.

S.O.S.

S. L. Sibusan sent an S.O.S. to the B.B.C. recently. He is touring the country in search of the drought and struck snow on the moors in Yorkshire. Chains for the wheels of his car were what he wanted, and now he has moved on. I should like to take his job. Even in this weather it must be fun to tour about. He has already travelled through the Eastern counties, the Midlands, and the North, and they tell me that he is coming back by way of Wales.

Consult John Sharman

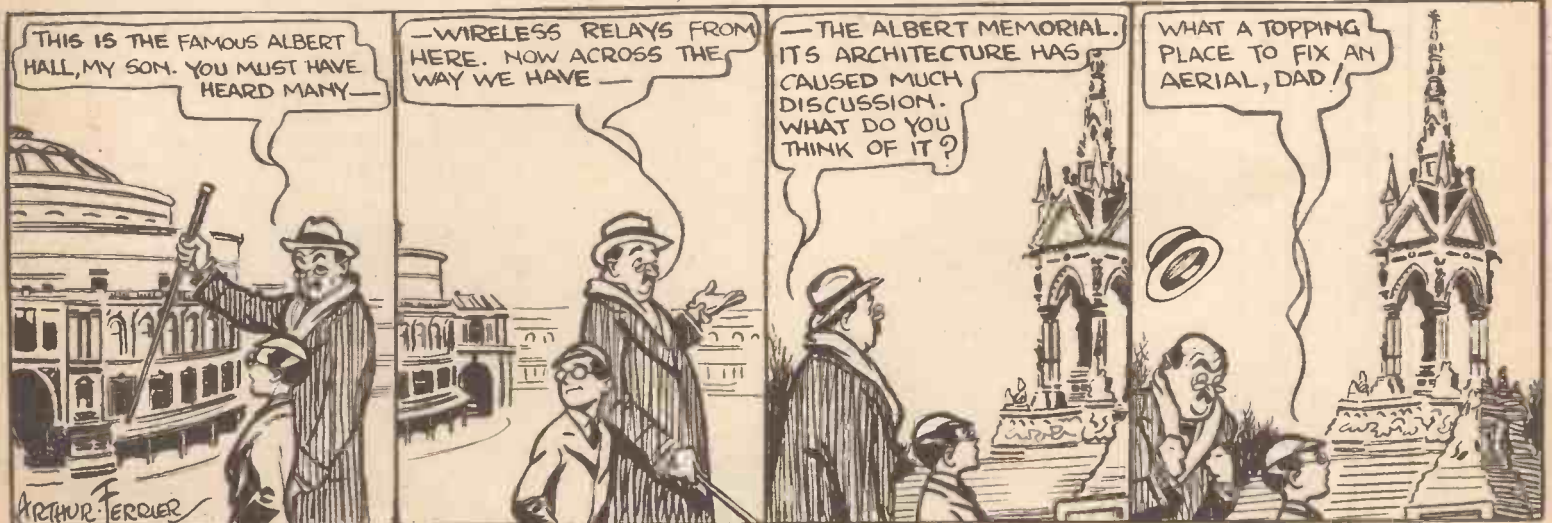
When artists are needed for charity, consult John Sharman. He's the boy and they will go almost anywhere for him. Last week the Watford Press Club were giving a dance at a road-house, and John fixed the cabaret. Arthur Prince and Jim, Stanelli and Edgar, Yvette Darnac, Trevor Watkins, Jean Melville, and the Eight Step Sisters all went down, and a good time was had by all.

Mabel and Michael

I had a chat with Mabel Constanduros and Michael Hogan. We were discussing the difficulties of writing up their acts. Mabel says she and Michael go over every line of description, so that the listener shall appreciate what is supposed to be occurring. As Michael pointed out, it is the easiest thing in the world to make it laboured and obvious.

The people who study the listener in this respect are the most successful broadcasters. It is easy enough to write a comedy line that will make listeners laugh, but it is not easy to word a sentence of dialogue that carries with it enough description to make it real and yet not give away the whole trick.

The Twiddleknobs—by FERRIER



An Old Yorkshire Custom

It's an old Yorkshire custom to act a play in the streets of the country towns and villages on Good Friday. You probably heard *The Pace-Egg*, acted by children in the streets of Midgley, near Halifax, Yorkshire, this Easter. Last Good Friday the performance was watched by Victor Smythe, the lively director of outside broadcasts in the North, and he was so struck by this living remnant of folk-lore, that he decided to broadcast it.

No one knows how long the play has been given, but there are records of it 120 years ago.

Dialect Plays

This all reminds me of the North Region's activity with drama. Those great aerials of the transmitter on the bleak top of the Pennines at Moorside Edge seem to have an endless appetite for plays.

The region now is to attempt to put out at least four plays every month—two "straight" and two dialect. This will be in addition to plays relayed from the London studios.

The demand for dialect on the radio with the lads and lassies of Lancashire and Yorkshire is strong enough to justify well over 50 per cent. of dramatic matter in the North Regional programmes.

From Drummer to "Drummer"

Probably few listeners know that Leslie Holmes, "the man with the smiling voice," once sold biscuits. What is more, he made a success of the job.

"About seven and a half years ago," he told me recently, "I left Henry Hall's band to join Peek, Frean's, the biscuit manufacturers. My father has been with the firm for about thirty years and he seemed to think I should do well in the same line of business. I took his advice and went to Bermondsey. My friends said, 'But you are a drummer. How can you be a biscuit traveller?' As a matter of fact, a 'drummer,' in America at least, is a traveller!

He Took the Biscuit

"For two and a half years I sold biscuits. Then music and singing called, and I was offered, and accepted, a position with a firm of music publishers. Since then I have made gramophone records, composed music, and written songs, although, between ourselves, I don't know a note of music. I have inherited a musical ear from my mother."

Leslie and his namesake, Leslie Sarony, are responsible for the music and words of *Tweet, Tweet*, which is to be broadcast on April 20 and 21.

Xylophone Technique

I used to dislike xylophones intensely. I thought they sounded tubby and thoroughly unmusical. That was before I heard Jack Collings.

Jean Melville was accompanying him on the piano, so I went on to the stage and turned over for her. This gave me a good opportunity of watching his wrists. I was amazed at the delicacy of his touch.

Then I realised why I have always disliked the instrument. Everyone I have heard play a xylophone treats it as a rhythmical instrument. Jack doesn't. He knows it can play melodies as well as a violin can. As a matter of fact, he is a good violinist.

Listen for Jack Collings

We had a talk after he had finished and I made some suggestions for really good works he might arrange for his xylophone. An hour previously I might have said I thought a xylophone would spoil anything that was arranged for it, but his playing altered all that. Listen for him the next time he broadcasts and you will find he has brought out the real beauty of what is, I must admit, a very attractive instrument.

In Variety

Florence Oldham is a splendid acquisition to any variety programme. She sings good songs in an individual style. I found her in acute distress because she was broadcasting in the 8 o'clock variety show at St. George's and was due to appear in Streatham at ten minutes past nine.

However, we got hold of John Sharman, who, good-naturedly, told Florence she need not worry. He would put her on first, so that she would have time to get down to Streatham.

That was John's good deed for the day. Not the only one, I trust, but it is a wonder he was so obliging, considering he had been producing a cabaret show overnight somewhere and had only had two hours' sleep. I told him to go home to bed for the afternoon.

5.30 a.m.

At that moment I caught Jean Melville yawning her head off. "What's the matter with you, Jean?" I asked. "In the same cabaret as John," said Jean, with another yawn. "Got to bed at five-thirty this morning."

There were no crooners in St. George's. Nor the Eight Dancing Relatives. The place seemed quite dull without them. That reminds me that Florence Oldham told me she was the first crooner to broadcast. Only, she says, they called her the Whispering Soprano in those days.

My Friend—The Mike

Harold Kimberley has a particular affection for the microphone. He had to take over the juvenile lead in the Birmingham production, *I'm Telling You*, at two days' notice. "The only thing that saved my life (I nearly departed hence with nerves)," he told me, "was the fact that I opened the show by singing and speaking through a microphone behind the curtains.

"In a welter of strange, though kindly faces, it was like seeing one's oldest and staunchest friend."



A broadcast which has caused more speculation than any other is the "Café Colette"—the imaginary cafe in an imaginary town. The orchestra is here seen rehearsing within a few yards of Charing Cross

I SUPPOSE I was one of the few children to have a bicycle specially made for them at the age of three and a half, and I suppose I am one of the few men who have made a proposal of marriage in music—and a successful one, too!

But I am starting too far ahead, for many other things have happened in my 41 years' existence.

It may come as a surprise to listeners to the Café Colette Orchestra to learn that I, its originator and conductor, am an ordinary Englishman, born at Hanley, Staffordshire.

The bicycle incident is evidence of the early age at which I began to make a noise in the world.

In my early boyhood at Sir John Dean's Grammar School, Cheshire, a friend and I were kicked out of the music class because we made such a row, and at the age of twelve I toured the Lake District as a solo pianist—and well remember how often I got into trouble because I ate so much. They seemed to forget I was a growing boy.

The first songs I composed were three which I did as a birthday present for a school chum. I was fifteen then, and got the words out of an old Chamber's magazine.

I never had any thoughts of entering any other profession but music, although I had a rather fanatical interest in engineering, and used to

fiddle about with motor cars. I had an old type motor-cycle—one of those affairs with the engine in the front wheel.

Also, there was the boat which I built, with the help of some friends, and which we called—rather gruesomely—*The Coffin*. It was driven by a one horse power motor, and we often fell out of it!

After studying at the Royal Manchester College of music, I went to the Royal Academy of Music in London.

One day I received a note from Pavlova's agent asking me to go to her home. I went, and quite simply she told me that she liked my work, and wanted me to be her rehearsal pianist!

That would mean touring with the great ballerina . . . going round the world . . . seeing things and places and people. . . .

I rushed off to Sir Alexander Mackenzie, then principal of the Academy, to ask his permission. His reply cooled me a little.

"You are here to study, not to go gallivanting about on tour!" he said.

However, he granted me permission, and off I went.

Some of the happiest years of my life then followed, touring with Pavlova. Later I became her musical director and accompanied her all over the world.

She was such great fun . . . and was always ready for a practical joke. . . .

Her tragic death in Holland came as a great shock to me. Nobody had expected it.

I shall never forget that terrible day as long as I live.

During the war I saw service in Egypt, Palestine and France. It soon got out that I was a pianist and I played at officers' functions, and, when we were at Marseilles, organised troop concerts.

It was during the war that my musical career was gravely threatened. I contracted a septic thumb in Palestine and had to have the nail off. There was no anæsthetic and I sat in a tent while the doctor pulled the wretched thing out.

He then said the thumb would have to come off. "My music!" I cried. "My music. How can I play?"

I went straight away to the Commandant and told him I would not have the thumb off.

He got hold of another doctor who, rather miraculously, cured the thumb without amputation.

After the war, in between my last Pavlova tours, I conducted musical shows on tour—among them *Mercenary Mary*. For a few seasons I was pianist to orchestras at Scarborough, Harrogate and Hastings, and I was conductor to *Waltzes from Vienna*, which ran at the Alhambra for over a year.

About this time my composition *London Suite* was broadcast. After the broadcast a parcel arrived for me. There was a Scottish postmark



Walford Hyden—

The MAN behind the Café Colette

An exclusive "Radio Pictorial" article by the man responsible for the mystery broadcasts of the Café Colette Orchestra

But I like best to get right away from London, to some old country town, and just lounge about in an old suit. How rarely that happens!

I had two days holiday last year. And now it's harder than ever to get away, for I have "Café Colette" to look after, the Walford Hyden Magyar Orchestra to conduct, the Tyrolean broadcast feature "Hans and Franz" to supervise, and also the supervision of the Walford Hyden Melodians at Oddenino's.

It's my own fault, you will say! It is! I love music!

Until the last month or so, Café Colette was a name of mystery. The B.B.C. seems to excel in mysteries of this kind. Listeners discussed its identity with as much ardour and excitement as they display over the problem of A. J. Alan.

Of one thing everybody was sure—those "hot" rumbas and tangos could only be played by a foreign band. Paris, Brussels, Berlin were variously suggested as the possible source of the mystery.

Many people still refuse to believe that the orchestra is British which, of course, it is. It came as something of a shock to the general public when it leaked out that not only was it directed by a popular English conductor, Walford Hyden, but that the "caste" is all-British, too.

You wouldn't, however, guess it from their names.

There is Henry Leonie, Phyllis Stanley, the dancer, Aranka von Major, Dino Galvani, who comperes the show, and the Cancan girls, besides various extras who help to give "atmosphere."

The particular brand of "hot" music which makes Café Colette different from any other dance orchestra comes from various scattered sources.

Much of it was brought back by Walford Hyden from his tour round the world with Pavlova. Altogether, he has been round the world three times, and has kept on adding to his collection all the time.

His numbers may come from Cuba, Indo-China, Spain. He has tapped a constant supply of music, that nobody else can get. Many people have approached him with a view to finding out where his numbers come from—but that, of course, remains a secret.

Walford Hyden has written ballets, suites, songs, dances and a one-act opera—all of which have been broadcast. He was the originator of the Walford Hyden Magyar Orchestra.

Café Colette has been broadcasting since early last autumn. It was one of the first features introduced by Eric Maschwitz, after he became variety director last September.

Eric had some revolutionary ideas and he knew how popular A. J. Alan had become, owing to the romance and mystery surrounding the name. He realised that a mystery café orchestra, broadcasting a really live programme, would create a somewhat similar sensation with the microphone audience, but it was not easy at the outset to find the right man to devise such a programme.

Our popular Director of Variety has travelled a lot. He knew exactly in his own mind how sensational and lively a continental style light orchestral programme could be. He knew it would appeal to British listeners.

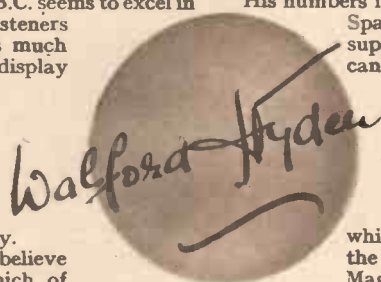
But the question was as to the best way to secure a good studio presentation of the right kind of material.

For a long time the orchestra declined to appear before the public gaze. The "mystery" was closely guarded. Now they have just made their first appearance on a stage at the Granada Theatre, Tooting.

Incidentally, another well-known broadcaster, Harold Ramsay, has resumed his regular broadcasts from the same theatre, on his return from America.

So now the last shreds of the mystery are resolved. The members of the orchestra have been seen by a large audience as well as heard. The stage setting was a replica of a Parisien Café.

Walford Hyden, the popular leader of the radio Café Colette Orchestra . . . mystery radio item which can rank with "A. J. Alan"



on the wrappings and inside I found an oil painting of an artist's impression of *London Suite*.

To this day I have been unable to trace the artist. I have no clue as to his identity, but the initials "D. B." in one corner of the painting.

During my musical directorship with Pavlova, I got to know Cleo Nordi, one of the ballerina's principal dancers—indeed, I got to know her very well!

One night, during a performance of *Chopinina* at Covent Garden, I "popped the question" to Cleo—but not in the orthodox manner. Oh, no!

A certain movement in the ballet expressed that question of questions. Cleo was on the stage. The movement came, and I played it for her alone. Cleo understood—and afterwards said "Yes"!

If you have a televisor, you will have seen Cleo. She was one of the first television stars, and is now one of the most popular. She is in *The Golden Toy* at the Coliseum.

We have a flat in Tavistock Square, which is usually overrun with cats—Cleo can't resist a stray cat! Still, I allow the cats on our divan, because Cleo allows my old weapons on the walls. You see, I am keen on old weapons, and our walls are crowded with murderous looking things I have picked up in various parts of the world.

I'm also keen on deep sea fishing and have had some fine sport off Australia. That craze started, by the way, when I happened to win two prizes at an angling competition at Bridlington!

Stars at Home—12

"Radio Pictorial's" exclusive interview with

... those
CADS!



The Western Brothers were photographed at home for the first time for the press by the "Radio Pictorial" camera-man. The above exclusive picture shows Kenneth and George choosing their old school ties, and, below, looking at the famous cartoon of them done by Strube

"From fourteen to forty—just Cads," said George.
 "Forty to sixty-five—Utter Cads," said Kenneth.
 "Sixty-five to eighty—Unspeakable Cads," said George.
 "What happens after they turn eighty?" I asked.
 "Oh, resign automatically, don'tcherknow. Doesn't matter what sort of Cads they are after that."
 Both monocles dropped and the brothers began reading again. This looked hopeless.
 "I hear you are great airmen," I said pleasantly. "Is that correct?"
 Both nodded.
 "Why have you taken up flying?"
 "We've walked," George said simply, "we've been in taxis and in buses. Must do something to stop getting bored."

THESE Men about Town are rather too much for me. They are too bored to live. They are generally to be found in the dulllest of London Clubs where they are to be seen sprawling about in deep-seated armchairs—usually staring vacantly into space.

That is the sort of place I had to visit to interview those blasé Western Brothers. A waiter went and spoke to one of them, who looked blankly at the other. Obviously they were bored at the idea of anyone wanting to talk to them. However, I did not intend to come away until I had some sort of satisfaction.

They treated me to a stare through their monocles. Having satisfied themselves that I was not worth a moment's consideration they resumed their evening papers. I sat down in a comfortable chair and awaited events.

As five minutes passed, during which the brothers yawned alternatively and with perfect regularity, I thought I might as well make the first move.

"Good evening, Cads!" I said.

After fully three minutes Kenneth Western put his paper down and began polishing his monocle. In another three George did the same thing. The monocles were then fixed and I was treated to another bored stare.

Then George had a bright idea. He handed me a letter he had just received. Here it is:—

"DEAR CADS,

We have formed a club, officially known as the Camborne (Kent) Cads Club. As we are affiliated to your Union, we should esteem it a great favour if you would kindly send us an autograph portrait of yourselves. This portrait will, of course, be accorded a place of honour on the club-room wall.

"Thanking you in anticipation
 "We are, Frightfully Yours,
 "CAMBORNE CADS"

"Excellent," I said. "I hope the movement will prove popular."

They smiled faintly and then yawned. Further adjustment of monocles. I thought the interview had come to an end, when George suddenly looked quite intelligent. He even went so far as to make an observation.

"Good idea, Cad Clubs... what?"

"There was a little disturbance in Kenneth's direction, and eventually the oracle spoke.

"Think of having a junior section, don'tcherknow!" he said.

"A junior section?"

"Yaas. Up to fourteen. Kid Kads."

It appears they went up over London a few months ago and noticed the near country was lying under water after the rains. St. Paul's was in a cloud and everything looked as miserable as sin.

George looked almost animated as he described the scene. He told me he had shouted to Kenneth something to this effect: *It's going to be a darned hard winter!*

That gave Kenneth the idea for a song. He took the remark as it stood and used it for a song title. Before they had reached Heston he had written down the words. That night George set them to music.

Shortly after this they took part in a cabaret show at which the Prince of Wales heard them. His Royal Highness was so amused at the song that he sent a request for it to be repeated then and there. As you can imagine, such a request ensured its immediate success.

So there you are! Your Cads are quick enough when it comes to preparing their work. They are easily two of the funniest comedians you ever hear on the wireless.



Behind the Scenes at Broadcasting House

WHITAKER-WILSON takes you behind the scenes at Broadcasting House and describes the amazing store-house of sheet music and gramophone records. He says: "Then there are the vocal scores of works containing material



for use in almost every sphere of musical broadcasting. Eighty-thousand scores here, all catalogued! Another amazing library is for gramophone records . . . thirty-three thousand of them!"

WONDERFUL LIBRARIES AT THE B.B.C.

ABOUT twelve years ago a member of the staff of what was then the British Broadcasting Company happened to have about a dozen pieces of music belonging to the Company. He looked about for some suitable place to keep them.

It may be news to you that the first broadcasting studio was one of the kitchens in Marconi House. Naturally, the kitchen contained a range. Over the range was a shelf. On to this shelf went the music.

That was the real beginning of the great music library of the B.B.C., now one of the largest in the world.

It would take some considerable time to examine its contents nowadays, for two large rooms are devoted to the music section alone. You will realise what this means when you learn that the music, in this instance, does not include so much as a single copy of dance music. The dance music library is quite separate from the rest.

The music library is a model of neatness. There are rows of steel shelves on which lie twelve thousand musical items in the main orchestral library alone.

An "item" does not mean just a copy of the full score of some orchestral work. It may mean forty scores and also the orchestral parts belonging to those scores.

For example, let us suppose that we want to borrow the score and parts of Mendelssohn's famous Overture to Shakespeare's *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, one of the favourites amongst classic orchestral works.

There will be parts for two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons. There will be a part for two horn-players, two trumpeters, a part for the ophicleide, and one for the drums. This is in addition to the thirty separate string parts. There are something like fifty band

parts to every orchestral work—more in cases of heavy modern works for big orchestras.

It is surprising how many orchestral compositions are sufficiently in demand to warrant copies of score and parts being kept in duplicate. There are nearly four thousand of these separate works in duplicate, of which several hundreds are so important as to be kept in triplicate. So that any Regional station requiring them for rehearsal and performance may have them at any time.

Then there is the Military Band. Besides pieces written specially for Military Band use, there are hundreds of arrangements of works originally written for other combinations of instruments, or even for solo piano. All these have to be orchestrated and parts made out for the members of the band. It is not surprising that the library contains over three thousand pieces in that section alone.

Think of the songs you hear in the course of a twelvemonth! If a singer chooses half a dozen for recital, there must be copies at Broadcasting House for the accompanists. Often a singer may bring duplicate copies, but the B.B.C. does not say he must. So it comes about that there are eight thousand separate songs in that library.

Then there are the vocal scores of works containing material for use in almost every sphere of musical broadcasting. Eighty-thousand scores here, all catalogued!

One of the most fascinating sides of the library is the amazing card index system they use there. You can test it all ways. Choose any work that comes into your mind and look it up under its title or the name of its composer. You will get it quite quickly.

On the card you will find, besides its "name and address," particulars of the exact time it takes to play and the number of players required to give it adequate performance.

The play library is worth seeing. Nearly eight thousand plays. Thank goodness they haven't attempted to broadcast them all, but they are there for reference.

This library is seven years old. Its first play was *Paddy, the Next Best Thing*, and they seem to have been collecting the next best thing ever since.

New plays are always coming in for consideration. It is nothing for a hundred to arrive in one week. It is also nothing for the whole hundred to go back whence they came. Thousands of people in England imagine they can write microphone plays—one of the most difficult of literary tasks. Nobody without an intimate knowledge of the microphone should attempt it.

Still, they do! One old dear sent in a play requiring an enormous cast including at least two elephants!

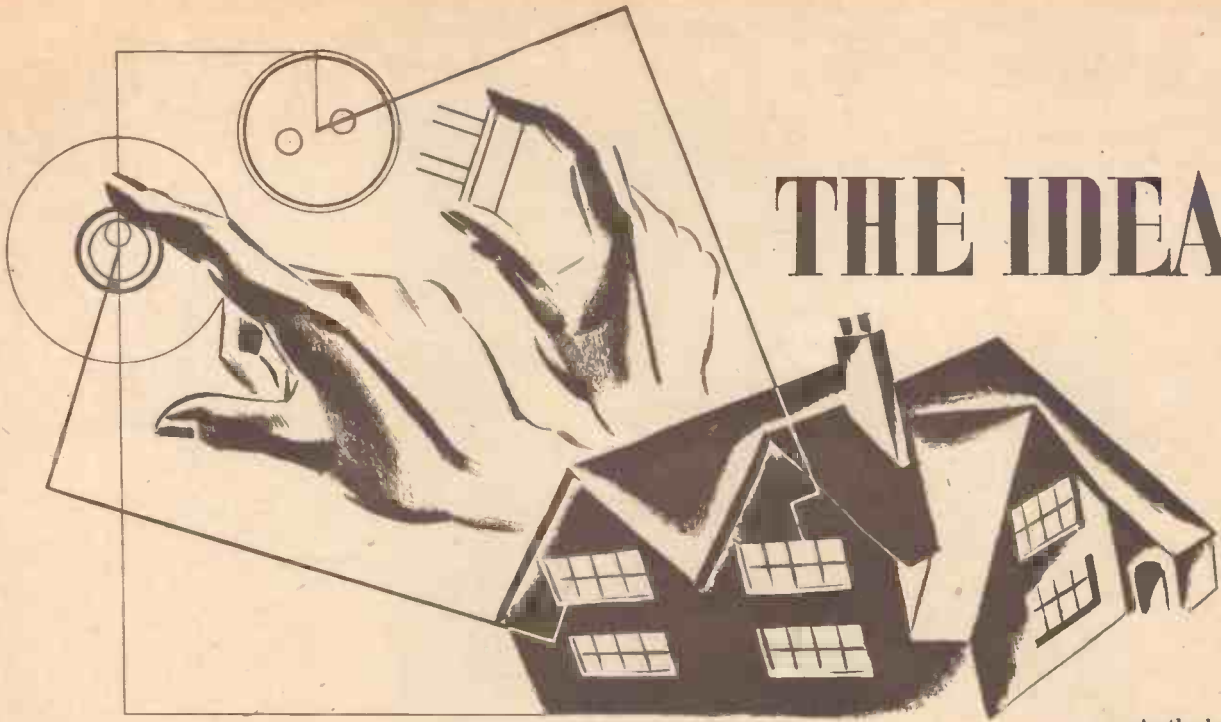
Occasionally, enthusiastic playwrights send in their scripts written on odd bits of paper—both sides, too—and often quite illegible.

That is bad enough, but when the Play Department is asked to broadcast a play on the evening of the day of its arrival, the B.B.C. begins to realise its limitations. If you sent in a play and Mr. Gielgud accepted it to-morrow, you would be lucky if it saw production before Christmas. These things are arranged for months ahead.

Another amazing library is for gramophone records. A "census" was taken of its contents in April last year, and there were thirty-three thousand records then. There must be many more now.

Even so, all you need do is to give the title of a record to get it. If you don't know the title, give the composer's name and describe it. Or the maker's name. Whichever way it is, they will find you that record in less time than it takes to play it.

It is all very wonderful!



THE IDEAL RADIO HOME

by
Richard ARBIB



Radio in the kitchen . . .

the sitting-room and a special switch on the set enables either the loud-speaker to be used by itself, or speakers in the other rooms to be used with it. Or, again, the latter to be in use only.

Moving-coil loud-speakers are used in all the other rooms. They are controlled by switches which are mounted together with the electric light switches by the doors.

In the kitchen a neat white cellulose box houses the speaker, which is placed on one of the window ledges.

In the dining-room, which is oak panelled, a speaker is let in behind one of the panels. All that is seen is a neat square of gold silk in one of the walls.

As the loud-speaker throws the music up vertically, it is diffused by the ceiling which, to a certain extent, acts as a sounding board and makes the exact location of the speaker very difficult to determine.

Special precautions have had to be taken in the bathroom, as the steam would naturally tend to cause distortion of the sound. Luckily, in this house a hot linen cupboard is situated immediately behind one wall of the bathroom. A hole about a foot square was knocked in this wall and a white enamelled wooden panel let in flush. A square was cut in this panel and some white oiled silk mounted between the speaker and the wood.

Whilst the oiled silk permits the sound to be heard without any muffled effect, it also prevents steam reaching the loud-speaker.

In the maid's bedroom a socket is provided for a loud-speaker and the white cellulose kitchen one is used there when required.

The owner of the house believes in enjoying music while working on his car, and consequently a moving-coil loud-speaker in its cabinet is mounted high up on one of the walls of the garage, with a convenient switch near the work bench.

He has found that the type of music played makes a decided difference to his work. A really quick march can reduce the time taken in polishing the car. Whereas a serenade makes it a more lengthy procedure!

Naturally, in such an all-radio home, arrangements have been made to make it possible for programmes to be heard in the garden. For this a special waterproof socket is situated half-way down the lawn and the garage loud-speaker connected to it when required.

Ordinary lighting plugs and sockets are used throughout the house, garage, and garden where external loud-speakers are employed.

IT is a surprising fact that, although radio has been such a popular entertainer in the home during the last ten years, few houses are really thoroughly equipped for the enjoyment of broadcast programmes.

An example set by an enthusiastic listener, who has recently moved into a new house, may well be followed by many readers of this paper.

His idea was that he should be able to enjoy music from a radiogram in practically every room in the house.

Naturally, as many of the arrangements were made before the house was finally decorated, it will only be possible for readers who are moving into new houses or thoroughly renovating their old ones, to carry out the ideas as extensively as those outlined here.

He arranged two entirely separate aerial and earth systems. Then, at two points in the sitting-room, gilt plates are let in flush with the skirting board. This is in order that comparative tests may take place with more than one instrument at a time.

On each plate are aerial and earth, loud-speaker extensions, and mains sockets. Whilst the earth points are connected to the water main, the aerial sockets are both connected by wires underneath the flooring to an external aerial.

Another aerial and earth system is provided for one of the upstairs rooms, the second aerial being slung in the loft.

Taking the rooms one by one, the arrangements are as follows:—

A permanent radio-gramophone is situated in



in the lounge, concealed in a bookcase . . .

This special panel is hinged, in case the speaker should require any adjustment.

The extensions in the bedrooms have switches placed at the sides of the beds.

In another downstairs room, which is used as a sitting-room by day and a bedroom by night, a loud-speaker has been fixed in the top of one of the built-in cupboards. The same plan has been followed in one of the upstairs bedrooms. In each case the silk gauze matches the colour scheme of the room.

In another bedroom the speaker is mounted in a rough box, which is concealed in the top of the wardrobe.

This is quite invisible in the room and has caused considerable amusement to visitors, who have tried to discover where the music comes from.



and even in the garden, via an extension point mounted on the fence.



Harry Hemsley, the popular child impersonator, is in the cast of "Easter Eggs," April 6 (Regional) and April 7 (National).



Donald C. ... when he will play ... Yesterday," part of the ... programme.



A scene from the original stage production of "The Lilac Domino"—to be broadcast on April 6, (National).

PROGRAMME HEADLINES of the WEEK

NATIONAL

SUNDAY (April 8).—*Macbeth*, a play by William Shakespeare.
MONDAY (April 9).—An Ashley Sterne Revue.
TUESDAY (April 10).—Military Band concert.
WEDNESDAY (April 11).—Symphony concert, relayed from Queen's Hall, London.
THURSDAY (April 12).—*Postman's Knock*, a musical show by Claude Hulbert and John Watt.
FRIDAY (April 13).—*Dr. Faustus*, a play by Marlowe.
SATURDAY (April 14).—Cavalcade of Radio Variety, 1922-1934, special programme.

LONDON REGIONAL

SUNDAY (April 8).—Sunday Orchestral concert, Number 21.
MONDAY (April 9).—*Sweeney Todd, The Demon Barber of Fleet Street*, a melodrama.

TUESDAY (April 10).—An Ashley Sterne Revue.
WEDNESDAY (April 11).—Variety programme.
THURSDAY (April 12).—Royal Philharmonic Society concert, relayed from Queen's Hall.
FRIDAY (April 13).—Soft Lights and Sweet Music, feature programme.
SATURDAY (April 14).—*Boris Godounov*, an opera by Mussorgsky

MIDLAND REGIONAL

SUNDAY (April 8).—Choral programme.
MONDAY (April 9).—Dance Rhythms, orchestral programme.
TUESDAY (April 10).—Divertissement, feature programme.
WEDNESDAY (April 11).—*Sad About Europe*, a play by Philip Johnson, relayed from the Repertory Theatre, Birmingham.

TUESDAY (April 10).—Llên Gwerin (Folk Lore), a programme of dramas and stories.
WEDNESDAY (April 11).—Cyngerdd, a programme of the works of Welsh-Americans.
FRIDAY (April 13).—Cyngerdd Seindorf Prës (a brass band concert).
SATURDAY (April 14).—Cyngerdd y Bechgyn (a school choir concert).

NORTH REGIONAL

SUNDAY (April 8).—Stabat Mater (Pergolesi), choral and orchestral programme.
MONDAY (April 9).—Orchestral concert.
TUESDAY (April 10).—Move on Gipsy, feature programme.
WEDNESDAY (April 11).—Orchestral and choral concert.
THURSDAY (April 12).—Variety,

TUESDAY (April 10).—Variety, relayed from the Pavilion Theatre, Glasgow.
WEDNESDAY (April 11).—Glints at Glesca, feature programme.
THURSDAY (April 12).—Variety programme by the Scout Show.
FRIDAY (April 13).—Jeanie Deans, an excerpt from the opera by Hamish MacCunn, relayed from the King's Theatre, Edinburgh.
SATURDAY (April 14).—Choral programme.

BELFAST

SUNDAY (April 8).—Chamber music concert.
MONDAY (April 9).—A Glee Singers programme.
TUESDAY (April 10).—Orchestral concert.
WEDNESDAY (April 11).—Orchestral concert, relayed from the Municipal Museum and Art Gallery.



On the air this week (from left to right): Josephine Wray (Monday, 9.35 p.m.; National), Joseph Muscant (Tuesday, 12.30 p.m., National), Starford Robinson (Thursday, 8 p.m., National), Olive Kavann (Sunday, 6.30 p.m., London Regional).

Star Features of the National Programme

SUNDAY
 Troise and his Mandollers.
 Fred Hartley and his Novelty Quintet.
 George Melachrino.
 Stiles Allen.
 Antonio Brosa.
MONDAY
 The Western Studio Orchestra.
 Cecil Dixon.
 Warwick Braithwaite.
 Josephine Wray.
TUESDAY
 The Torquay Municipal Orchestra.
 George Parker.
 Herr Max Kroemer.
 Gwendolen Mason.
WEDNESDAY
 Quentin Maclean.
 The Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra directed by Sir Dan Godfrey.
 Dorothy Silk.
 Albert Sammons.
 The B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra directed by Dr. Adrian Boult.
THURSDAY
 Christopher Stone.
 The Scottish Studio Orchestra directed by Guy Daines.
 The B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra directed by Stanford Robinson.
 The Rev. W. H. Elliott.
FRIDAY
 John Bridge.
 Charles Manning and his Orchestra.
 Emilio Colombo.
 Commander Stephen King-Hall.
 Sir Walford Davies.
SATURDAY
 The Commodore Grand Orchestra directed by Joseph Muscant.
 Dr. E. Lloyd Owen.
 The Eight Step Sisters.
 John Watt.

THURSDAY (April 12).—Orchestral concert.
FRIDAY (April 13).—Orchestral concert, from Leamington Spa.
SATURDAY (April 14).—Hot from the Press: a special feature of new tunes.
WEST REGIONAL
SUNDAY (April 8).—Carolare, a programme of favourite hymns and sacred songs.
MONDAY (April 9).—Down to the Sea in Ships: an evening with the Bristol Shiplovers' Society, relayed from the Seamen's Institute, Bristol.

relayed from the Pavilion Theatre, Liverpool.
FRIDAY (April 13).—Two Plays for Broadcasting by Granville Roberts: *Anniversary*, and *The Raiders*.
SATURDAY (April 14).—The Marleys of Tyneside, a Tyneside Chronicle, by Walter Dierick.

SCOTTISH REGIONAL

SUNDAY (April 8).—Orchestral concert.
MONDAY (April 9).—Two Plays from the Final of the Annual Festival of the Scottish Community Drama Association.

THURSDAY (April 12).—An Irish programme.
FRIDAY (April 13).—*Dr. Faustus*, a play by Marlowe, from London.
SATURDAY (April 14).—Orchestral concert, relayed from the Ulster Hall.

Cosmopolitan Cabaret is a new type of programme to be introduced to London Regional listeners on April 11. The turns will be varied and in keeping with the title, leading off with Bob Murphy, Dick and Dorothy (our American Cousins). Others who will entertain are Dora Stroeve (the Russian Singer), Jean Sablon, in his number from *Rococo*, relayed from Paris, Jean Conibear (London's latest singer) and Java and his Tziganes (an Emilio Colombo Orchestra). A preliminary word on Cabaret will be spoken by S. P. B. Mais; a rather unusual microphone appearance by this talented author, since his return from that tour from end to end of America.

Dance Music of the Week

Monday. Lew Stone and his Band (from the B.B.C. Studios).
Tuesday. Roy Fox and his Band (Café de Paris).
Wednesday. Jack Jackson and his Band (Grosvenor House).

Thursday. Sydney Kyte and his Band (Piccadilly Hotel).
Friday. Harry Roy and his Band (May Fair Hotel).
Saturday. Henry Hall (Broadcasting from the B.B.C. Studios).

Radio Times gives full programme details.

Your Foreign Programme Guide

SUNDAY (APRIL 8)

Athlone (531 m.).—A play, with Incidental Music ... 10 p.m.
Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Music 6 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Orchestral Music ... 5 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Orchestra ... 5 p.m.
Bucharest (212.6 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 4 p.m.
Luxembourg (1,304 m.).—Concert 1 p.m.
Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Light Music ... 11.30 p.m.
Radio Paris (1,796 m.).—Music 12 noon
Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Records; Dance Music ... 10 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Dance Music ... 10.30 p.m.
Toulouse (335.2 m.).—Music 6.15 p.m.
Warsaw (1,415 m.).—Dance Music 10.5 p.m.
Zagreb (276.2 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 7.45 p.m.

Bucharest (212.6 m.).—Orchestral Concert, violin solo ... 7.20 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Popular Music ... 9.30 p.m.
Luxembourg (1,304 m.).—Concert 7 p.m.
Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Light Music ... 11 p.m.
Radio Paris (1,796 m.).—Music 12 noon
Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Pianoforte solos, records dance music 10 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Richard Cœur de Lion (Gértry) 8.30 p.m.
Toulouse (335.2 m.).—Music 10.30 p.m.
Warsaw (1,415 m.).—Dance Music 10.5 p.m.
Zagreb (276.2 m.).—Pianoforte and Baritone song recital 7.15 p.m.

WEDNESDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Vocal and Instrumental Music ... 8.15 p.m.
Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Trio Concert ... 6 p.m.

Zagreb (276.2 m.).—Records—Popular Music ... 4 p.m.

THURSDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Pipe Band Music ... 10.40 p.m.
Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Trio Concert ... 6 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Orchestral Music ... 5 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Orchestra ... 5 p.m.
Bucharest (212.6 m.).—Opera Relay ... 6.30 p.m.
Luxembourg (1,304 m.).—Concert 7 p.m.
Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Light Music ... 11 p.m.
Radio Paris (1,796 m.).—Music 12 noon
Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Quartet Concert; Songs; Dance Music 10 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Chamber Music ... 8.30 p.m.
Toulouse (335.2 m.).—Music 6.15 p.m.

Radio Paris (1,796 m.).—Music 12 noon
Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 5 p.m.
Toulouse (335.2 m.).—Music 10.30 p.m.

SATURDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Carmen, Opera (Bizet) ... 8 p.m.
Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Trio Concert ... 6 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Orchestra ... 5 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Orchestral Music ... 5 p.m.
Bucharest (212.6 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 7 p.m.
Luxembourg (1,304 m.).—Concert 7 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Flament Concert ... 8.30 p.m.
Toulouse (335.2 m.).—Music 10.30 p.m.
Warsaw (1,415 m.).—Dance music 10.5 p.m.



More stars from the programmes: Cedric Sharpe will broadcast on Monday (8 p.m., London Regional), Dorothy Silk on Wednesday (8.15 p.m., National), Captain H. G. Amers on Sunday (9.30 p.m. National), and Joseph Lewis on Saturday (9.35 p.m., National).

MONDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Orchestral Music ... 7.30 p.m.
Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Trio Concert ... 6 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 5 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Orchestra ... 5 p.m.
Bucharest (212.6 m.).—Popular Music ... 9 p.m.
Luxembourg (1,304 m.).—Concert 7 p.m.
Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Light Music ... 11 p.m.
Radio Paris (1,796 m.).—Music 12 noon
Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Vocal Quartet, songs, records 10 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Florent Schmitt Concert ... 8.30 p.m.
Toulouse (335.2 m.).—Music 10.30 p.m.
Warsaw (1,415 m.).—Dance Music 10.5 p.m.
Zagreb (276.2 m.).—Dance Music 9.15 p.m.

Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 5 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Orchestral Music ... 5 p.m.
Bucharest (212.6 m.).—Recital on two pianofortes ... 8.15 p.m.
Luxembourg (1,304 m.).—Concert 7 p.m.
Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Light Music ... 11 p.m.
Radio Paris (1,796 m.).—Music 12 noon
Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Tosca—Opera (Puccini) ... 10 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Dance Music ... 10.30 p.m.
Toulouse (335.2 m.).—Music 6.15 p.m.
Warsaw (1,415 m.).—Dance Music 10.5 p.m.

Warsaw (1,415 m.).—Dance Music 10.5 p.m.
Zagreb (276.2 m.).—Russian Choral Music; Balalaika Music 9.15 p.m.

FRIDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Station Orchestra and Songs ... 7.30 p.m.
Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Trio Concert ... 6 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Orchestral Music ... 5 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Orchestra ... 5 p.m.
Bucharest (212.6 m.).—Symphony Concert ... 7 p.m.
Luxembourg (1,304 m.).—Concert 7 p.m.
Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Light Music ... 11 p.m.

TUESDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Concert 8 p.m.
Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Trio Concert ... 6 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Orchestra ... 5 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 5 p.m.

Items You Must Not Miss

Luxembourg	Concert ...	1—1.30 p.m.,	Sunday
Toulouse	Dance music ...	10.30 p.m.,	Monday
Brussels No. 1	Orchestral concert	5 p.m.,	Thursday
Athlone	Concert ...	9.30—10 p.m.,	Friday
Luxembourg	Concert ...	7 p.m.,	Saturday
Warsaw	Dance music ...	10.5 p.m.,	Saturday

Star Features in the Regional Programme

SUNDAY
 The New Georgian Trio
 The Wireless Military Band directed by B. Walton O'Donnell.
 Olive Kavann.

MONDAY
 Haydn Heard and his Band.
 Arthur Salisbury and his Orchestra.
 Cedric Sharpe.
 Megan Foster.

TUESDAY
 The Droitwich Spa Orchestra directed by Ernest Parsons.
 The Pierre Fol Quintet.
 The Tudor Singers.
 Christopher Stone.

WEDNESDAY
 Maurice Vinden.
 The Victor Olof Sextet.
 Rita Mackay.
 The Birmingham Repertory Theatre Company.

THURSDAY
 Sydney Gustard.
 The London Philharmonic Orchestra directed by Sir Thomas Beecham.
 Alma Moodie.

FRIDAY
 James Topping.
 Eugene Pini and his Tango Orchestra.
 Diana Clare.
 The B.B.C. Orchestra (Section C) conducted by Leslie Woodgate.
 Raymond Newell.

SATURDAY
 Harold Ramsay.
 The Vario Trio.
 The B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra directed by Stanford Robinson.
 Joseph Sutcliffe.



Oliver Baldwin,
B.B.C. Film Critic



Megan Keen
keen mic

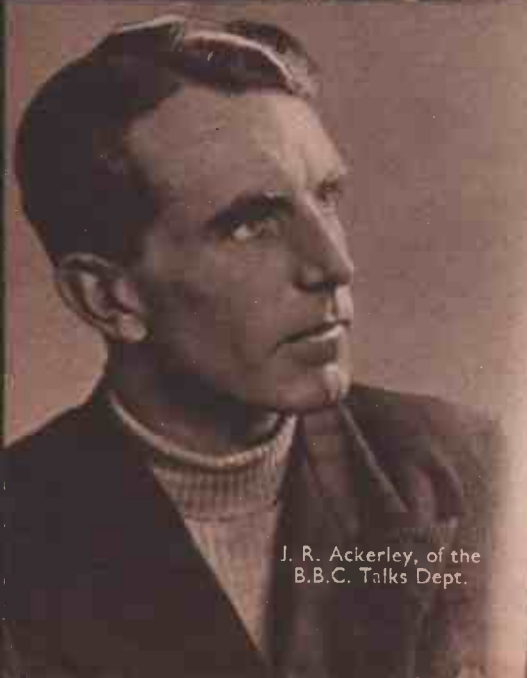
THEY TALK TO



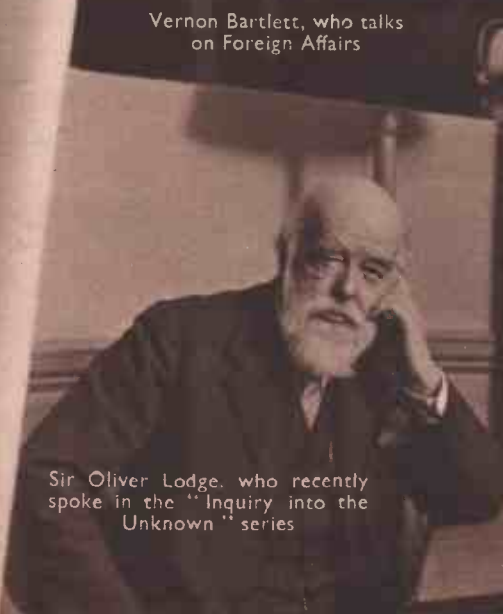
Commander Stephen
King-Hall talks on
"Economics in a
Changing World"



Sir Walford Davies, who has made
fame for himself by his talks on
music, his talks to children being
especially popular. His latest
series is called "Keyboard Talks,"
which appeal to all listeners



J. R. Ackerley, of the
B.B.C. Talks Dept.



Sir Oliver Lodge, who recently
spoke in the "Inquiry into the
Unknown" series

Lloyd-George, a
microphone debater

María de Laguna takes the
Spanish Course

The Marchioness of Reading, who
talks on "Life as I See It"

US

Max Kroemer gives
the German talks

Sir James Jeans,
popular speaker
on scientific
subjects

One of the talks studios
at Broadcasting House



THREE staccato rings on an electric bell brought a thick-set, black-haired little man to the door of a big house in Notting Hill. In the porch stood a slim girl in a suede jacket and a dangerous-looking beret.

"You're not Signor Raphaelini himself?" she asked challengingly.

He nodded.

"Then I'm lucky again!" she declared. "I always am! Prime Ministers, golf champions, broadcasting stars—it's all the same. If I want to see them I do. Now—"

"My—er—secretary is out," murmured the little man, "but perhaps it is some service I can—?"

"You've guessed already, Signor!" returned the girl, drawing a roll of music from under her arm. "Here is the 'Moonlight Sonata.'"

"Opus 27!" His eyes opened wide. "It is the one I shall broadcast to-night!"

"That's it. Can you . . . spare me a moment?"

With obvious pleasure the little man beckoned her in. They walked up a flight of stairs into a room littered with sheet music, books, a saucerless cup or two and other impedimenta confirming the absence of the secretary.

"And this," exclaimed the girl, "is the piano of the great Raphaelini!" She flung her music on the table and strode over to the instrument in the corner. "Gee! Wouldn't it be lovely to say I'd played it!"

"Not great—yet," smiled the musician. "I am still strange to your country but—yes, do play, if it pleases you."

A moment later, however, his face fell. Never before had his piano been defiled with jazz. He writhed. The syncopated melody churned up his interior. He would have preferred a pneumatic drill on the solar plexus.

"The 'Moonlight Sonata,'" he broke in loudly, "was composed in the great Beethoven's younger days, when—"

"So sorry," cried the girl, spinning round on the stool. "I always forget myself at the piano. I get lost. Now, about this 'Moonlight Sonata'—"

Together they pored over the music sheet.

"I've made some little alterations," she said, running a pencil along the familiar staves. "Of course I know that only great artists dare take liberties. Ordinary people must stick to the actual notes. You're different. You great players interpret. You can put in those little twiddly bits, and—"

The Signor made a funny noise in his throat.

"It's not much," she went on, "but it would mean a lot to me. It's simply a question of dropping half a beat *here*, and *here*, and *here*. I don't ask you to do it always; only during the broadcast."

She paused, waiting for a remark, but none came.

"Just syncopate it, Signor. That's all."

When he did speak, Signor Raphaelini's voice was peculiarly sweet and low.

"Madame, you are—wonderful." He coughed. "You ask me—Raphaelini—to jazz the 'Moonlight Sonata,' yes? You would have me broadcast the moonbeams making the fox trot." His voice rose suddenly. "Sapristi! It is the incredible!"

"Couldn't you just do this?" she pleaded. And darting over to the piano, she tapped out the rapid chords in the second movement. After two bars of perfect Beethoven there followed a little hesitation—half a beat, no more—and the melody continued.

"It's a pretty effect, don't you think?"

"Pretty!" exclaimed the pianist, arms upraised. "Yes! If it is pretty to paint the Venus with the red nose—if it is pretty to give the Cupid a tail—Yes! It is divine! It is—"

He broke off, panting.

The girl rose and walked to the door.

"Forgive me, Madame," he faltered, coughing. "This excitement"—he patted his heart—"it is not good. I have before me—a very big night. I must—be calm."

"Yes, you must be calm."

The girl's manner had changed. She smiled disdainfully as she drew on a glove. "I see my mistake now. You wouldn't tamper with your beloved Beethoven even to—to save a man's life! And when it's a girl's happiness at stake—but why waste my breath? Goodbye."

Raphaelini could not speak. At the door the girl turned.

"But I shall listen," she said, looking at him intently. "I shall listen—in hopes."

In a flash she was down the stairs. By the time he had lumbered down to the street door the vision had vanished.

Back in his room he mopped his forehead. It was now a quarter to five. In three hours and a half he would be seated before the grinning white keys in a padded room, with all the world listening.

It was to be the moment of his life. His struggle with the pianoforte had lasted thirty-five years, and so far the pianoforte had come off best. They said—the wiseacres in his own country—that he was too emotional, that he lacked the iron restraint of the master pianist, though his technique was good.

And now, by a stroke of fortune and a lucky audition, he was to broadcast as soloist! His life's chance at fifty-three!

His old enemies the critics, depending for their livelihood on his mistakes, would be lying in wait. Very well, it would be seen who would starve first.

And yet—what did that girl mean? "To save a man's life"—had she not said so? Surely it was impossible. This barbarous English language defeated him.

He set about preparing for the great event. At seven o'clock he was in his dress clothes and, as was his wont before important concerts, he sat at the piano to play over his music.

Only now did his suppressed nervousness declare itself, for in the second movement of the sonata his fingers fumbled. For the first time in ten years he had forgotten the notes. He rushed in panic to the pyramid of dusty music in the corner and groped savagely for the "Moonlight." It was not to be found. And then his eyes fell on the girl's copy, lying where she had left it on the table. He pounced on it with a prayer of gratitude.

All the way in the taxi to Broadcasting House he held the precious music very tightly, but during the unnerving transaction of paying the driver he let it slip and the loose sheets fluttered across the pavement. Luckily Sprague was there on that windy corner—Malcolm Sprague, the youngest reporter on the *Morning Dictator*—and it was he who seized the blowing leaves and a golden opportunity at one swoop.

The excited little man was still babbling his thanks as the reporter steered him through the swing door and edged him over to a settee



When Sprague and the Music Critic entered the room they found it's occupant sprawled insensible over the arm of his chair. The long brown hands, looking almost incongruous on such stout arms and so squat a body, trailed over the "Moonlight Sonata."

in the softly-lighted entrance hall.

"You have half-an-hour to wait, Signor," said the young man, pulling out his notebook with an air of authority; and in less than twenty minutes the notebook contained Signor Raphaelini's own exclusive life story, culminating in the "Affair of the Mysterious Girl Visitor."

"May I see the music?" said Sprague, as he shut his book.

Raphaelini was beginning to feel better, for contact with another human being had loosened the taut feeling round his heart.

"Strange—this," said Sprague. "These bars in the second movement are all numbered in pencil. The altered ones are numbers 3, 7, 11, 15 and so on."

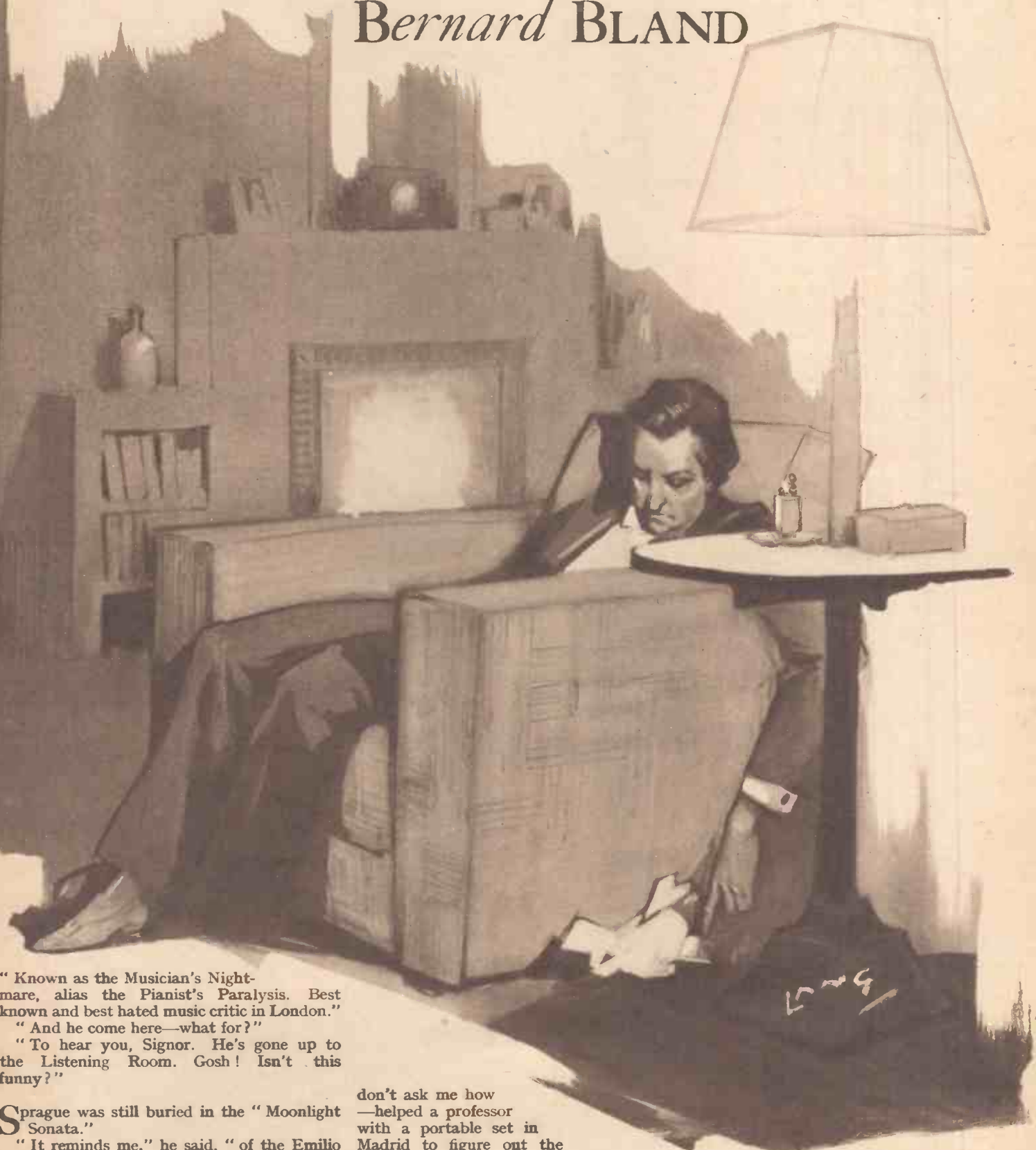
But Raphaelini was only half listening. His glazed eyes followed a black-hatted man, tall and long-faced, who carried a portfolio. The stranger nodded familiarly to the reception clerk and pushed his way through an inner door.

"That's Hugo Baskerville," muttered the reporter, scarcely looking up from the music.

The Syncopation Mystery

by

Bernard BLAND



"Known as the Musician's Nightmare, alias the Pianist's Paralysis. Best known and best hated music critic in London."

"And he come here—what for?"

"To hear you, Signor. He's gone up to the Listening Room. Gosh! Isn't this funny?"

Sprague was still buried in the "Moonlight Sonata."

"It reminds me," he said, "of the Emilio Scunzio case in 1928. Scunzio was the tenor who broadcast two wrong notes in 'Pagliacci.' Perfectly good notes, but wrong. Hugo Baskerville made a small fortune out of the mistake—bought a racehorse or something. But the real truth was that those two notes—

don't ask me how —helped a professor with a portable set in Madrid to figure out the combination lock of his prison cell."

Raphaelini gave a start.

"Yes, Signor; and back in 1925 or 1926, Beaulieu Pheugue, the 'cellist, by breaking a string at the Edinburgh microphone, warned a

European President to wear something thicker than a starched shirt front. Next day the shot bounced off and spoilt a window. Not long afterwards—"

Continued on page 21

Nineteen- Thirty- FORE!

—John MACDONELL—

—the originator of the B.B.C. "Surprise Items"—gives you intimate gossip about well-known radio stars. He has produced many of his own shows at the B.B.C., including "Magic in the Air" and "Good Evening." He has first-hand knowledge of behind the scenes at Broadcasting House, and you will be interested in his opinions on the stars of to-day

I AM writing this with a background accompaniment from our old friend Christopher Stone on London National.

Does his programme of music distract me?
Not a bit of it.

From my window I look out on the damp and foggy street and bless the warmth of my room and the coming of broadcasting. There must be thousands listening with me who are grateful to the B.B.C. and the gramophone companies; for between them, they have made Christopher Stone an institution, and his music has done much to soothe the savage and the savant alike.

Why, and how is it, that he travels up from his lovely old Sussex home on such a day as this for one microphone hour with us?

I'll tell you.

He knows the formula. Elsie and Doris Waters know it. Mabel and Michael, Flotsam and Jetsam, lots of names jump to my mind. John Tilley, Janet Joye, Clapham and Dwyer, and many others.

All the successful ones have discovered the secret—a simple one. It is the radio version of the old stage precept, "Leave your audience wanting more."

How true it is.

How equally true it is to say that unless many of the newcomers really get down to this question of careful study, they will stand as much chance of becoming wireless stars as a snowball . . . no, as they have of getting a ball out of a bunker with the thin end of a billiard cue.

One melts away like the old soldier, while the other just stays put, or putt—it all depends on the number of golfers in the Advisory Committee on Pronunciation!

You all play, don't you, broadcasters and listeners. Mark each other's card. Write

and tell the other fellow where he made the mistake at the Variety Hole, the last time out. He took twelve, didn't he. So-and-So does it in eight. Four minutes difference. Not so good. Mucked up the whole card. Better luck next time.

Go on, write to the boys and girls.

They need your help as listeners.

It is in your own interest to participate.

It is always said that the watcher sees most of the game, and in my case, as an ex-member of the staff, I feel rather like a caddie, walking around morning, afternoon and evening with principals, famous and unknown, before a gallery more difficult to satisfy and more cosmopolitan in appearance than any in the world.

It was my job to meet distinguished broadcasters and cajole them into the presence of the mike. I have travelled a lot in the service of broadcasting; I have seen a lot, heard a lot, and found—well, that's up to others.

With the help of good listeners and good artists, I have experienced many grand moments. Touching wood, I think that, at times, I have been lucky in landing a big "scoop" at the last minute. Like Constance Bennett.

Though on the other side of my broadcasting account, I'm afraid I must debit myself with most of the big "flops"—Charlie Chaplin, for example, who wouldn't even . . . well, never mind.

On those trips to Plymouth and Southampton to meet Virginia Cherrill, Cary Grant, Ernst Lubitsch, Marion Davies or Dolores del Rio, I have whiled away the hours thinking about the verdict of the listener.

What blame, if any there is, can be attached to the individual artist during the inevitable post-mortems in millions of homes?

Visiting film stars, like those I've mentioned, are nearly always a success, because their talk is brevity, topicality, and general fan interest combined. Some are one hundred-per-centers.

But what of the regular variety—the home-bred entertainer? Does he or she always please?

I'm afraid not. I've heard some of my own favourites going to pieces, and it has worried me.

Reasons?

Too long, too quick, indifferent material, badly presented, not enough rehearsal, hackneyed numbers, stale jokes, a bad partner, and many more, certain to kill the most seasoned performer.

Let's face it. Our outstanding wireless favourites have reduced this whole question of radio presentation to a fine art, and few of them appear before the microphone nowadays without a microscopic survey of the item to be transmitted.

Many of the slap-dash methods of Savoy Hill had a certain attractiveness about them, and indeed without that "stop-press" touch, many of our stunts and "Surprise Items" would have lacked that thrill so essential a part of the impromptu show.

I won't dodge the issue — those days have gone, and radio entertainment-to-day is absolutely a matter of the closest co-operation between the artists and the producers.

There are three



"All the successful stars have discovered the secret," says John Macdonell, "including Mabel and Michael." And here you see Mabel Constanduros and Michael Hogan in costume for their Buggins Family broadcast

prime factors in its construction, and without them there is little or no chance of the item getting over to your loud-speakers in safety.

Material, personality and production, call them what you will, these, by any other name, would sound as sweet—at your end.

After all, the programmes are for your benefit, and none realise these three factors more than the men who control the programme side.

Producers like Gielgud, Maschwitz, McConnell, Watt, Brewer, Freeman and Sharman have had vast experience in studio work and presentation, and have handled hundreds of artists and ideas. But they can only hope to achieve complete success when their artists are receptive and reciprocal.

Oh, if only some artists would realise the importance of this co-operation! Then they might get somewhere. I know many cases of men and women in the profession who'll never get anywhere—simply because they won't be told!

Why be stubborn and refuse to allow the B.B.C. to advise you?

In some degree, the same argument applies to acts already established. There are some artists who, for reasons best known to themselves, return to the microphone time after time, with the same material, same songs, same impersonations and same old wind-bag of prehistoric chestnuts.

Everyone knows what's coming—and the artist gets what's coming—quite rightly.

Take Elsie and Doris. A brilliant record and an example to all artists. Over sixty appearances since 1927; they have sung two hundred songs, of which seventy have been written and composed by themselves, and they've never done the same show twice!

That accounts for a lot; that's why they top the bill in variety theatres at a salary which would astound you.

What are we going to do about it?

As listeners, it is our duty to write to the B.B.C. and tell them that So-and-So needs new material, and to write to the artists suggesting that they ought to find another author if they can't write better stuff themselves.

And dear, good, hitherto-excellent artist, if the tam o' shanter fits you, wear it, with the Macdonell tartan plaid if you like.

Pull up your plus-four-guineas, pull up your socks and go out on the first tee with a determination to get new material. Get it thoroughly into your head at home, and then submit it to the boys at Broadcasting House.

They're an understanding lot, and will even get you down to championship class if you only co-operate with them.

And the better your material, the more you



"Here is the News Bulletin"

can pay for better material still, then you can find better authors for even better material, and so on until every listener is on your side.

That kind of snowball doesn't melt away, and, with the old soldiers again, you can say in your best microphone manner, "Ere you are, me lucky lads, the more you puts dahn, the more you picks up."

Economical conditions in the world are getting better, and there is every sign that the year 1934 will be one of great prosperity on all sides. Let's try to make this a year of material prosperity. Let's all pull together—that's bad—no pulling or slicing

allowed—let's all drive together for new ideas in the summer season of 1934—Fore! Off with the old stuff and on with the new. FORE!



"... a background accompaniment from our old friend, Christopher Stone, on London National." And here is Christopher with Ray Noble at the microphone

ON THE WAY

Star Features for Next Week include:

- At Home with an Announcer
- Oliver Baldwin on Broadcasting in Twenty Years' Time
- My Adventure in Jermyn Street, by A. J. Alan
- Things the Children Ask Me, by Stephen King-Hall
- Behind the Scenes at a B.B.C. Audition
- The New Birmingham Studios in Pictures

Order your copy of next week's
RADIO PICTORIAL
Now

ON THE AIR THIS WEEK



(Above) "Those Three"—a trio regularly broadcasting from Midland Regional. You will hear them with Billy Merrin and his Commanders relayed from the Futurist Theatre, Birmingham, on Saturday, April 7.



(At the top of the page) Helen Alston who will sing "Songs at the Piano" on April 7 in the National Programme at 9 p.m. (In circle) Abraham Sofaer, and (right) Betty Huntley Wright, appearing in "The Lilac Domino."



THE LILAC DOMINO, a Gordon McConnel production, will be heard by Regional listeners on April 4 and by National listeners on April 6. This will introduce Harry Welchman for the first time in a broadcast musical comedy production and the part of the male lead has been adapted to his inimitable style. Natalie Hall, who created the lead in *Music in the Air* in the United States, and of whom British listeners heard a good deal recently, will be leading lady. Another important part will be filled by May Agate—her first appearance in a broadcast play. Miss Agate was the mother in the film, *I was a Spy*. She acted in French before ever she appeared in an English part. Betty Huntley Wright, Alfred Wellesley, and the well-known character actor, Abraham Sofaer, are also in the cast. When *The Lilac Domino* was first produced in the United States it was not a success. It was said that the entire rights could have been bought for a few hundred pounds. Eventually £28,000 was paid out for the performing rights. The lovely score was written by Charles Cuvillier. The play has been staged in London at the Empire and Palace Theatres.

The Syncopation

Continued from page Seventeen.

Mystery

"Signor Raphaelini!" The pianist scrambled to his feet as the reception clerk called his name.

"Don't forget your music!" cried Sprague, rushing after the absent-minded musician. "You'll need it, I'm thinking. It seems silly, but suppose a life *dees* depend on those little twiddly bits? Might be a sick Arctic explorer waiting for a clue to the right prescription, or someone lost in the Sahara, or an ocean flyer—"

The reporter's shrill crescendo still rang in his ears as Raphaelini hastened unsteadily through the maze-like passage ways.

"O Beethoven!" he muttered. The stillness of the studio and the impudent twinkling of the little red light did nothing to soothe his nerves and he was thankful when the announcer gave him the nod to start.

The slow first movement of the sonata usually carried him along as in a gondola but to-night he felt he was swimming upstream, and he yearned for help. In the pause between the first and second movements he seized the music, which had lain on a chair. Now he was on a raft but still he could take no risks, and as the octaves danced he clutched at them wildly, as if they were fleeing from his touch.

And then, suddenly, in his half stupor, he found himself obeying the pencilled markings. Half a beat here, half a beat there. The music reeled, recovered itself like a stricken ship and staggered forward on little bobbing waves of syncopation.

Then the red light went out. It was all over.

Luckily he caught a taxi at once. Only on reaching Notting Hill did he discover that a second taxi had followed all the way. It was Sprague who jumped out.

"As I was saying, Signor," said the imperturbable one, "things may be more serious than we thought. While you were playing I darted along to our West End office and ran through the files."

"Ah, the files," echoed Raphaelini, still in a dream and wondering what the word meant. "You will come upstairs with me, Meester Sprack, and tell me about these—files."

Over a cup of hot coffee Malcolm Sprague resumed.

"It appears that this same syncopation trick was tried by Frederico, the flautist, who broadcast from Birmingham in 1924. All he did was to doctor a couple of notes in bars 17 and 23 of Handel's 'Largo.' That night two companies of Moroccan Storm Troops—Nos. 17 and 23—broke through the barbed wire, set fire to a citadel and—by Jove, that's done it!"

Raphaelini had upset his coffee. He wanted to remain hunched up

in that chair for ever. It seemed the only safe place. Even the room was unstable—floating in air.

The nurse's instructions were to keep the patient quiet but the musician from Italy was a difficult proposition. All night he babbled lightheadedly of disasters, storm troops, European Presidents and burning citadels, and in the morning he demanded to see the newspapers. When they were brought he sat up trembling.

The Dictator. He fumbled at the pages. Ah, what was this? "Music: by Hugo Baskerville."

"A Great Musician. Raphaelini, an unknown Italian pianist, opened a new chapter in music last night in his broadcast recital of the 'Moonlight Sonata.' The hackneyed classic was re-born in the masterful grip of an entirely fresh technique—a what I may term 'delayed approach' or, better still, *hesitant attack*. Gone was the stifling atmosphere of the Victorian drawing room—"

"Sit down, Signor!" cried the nurse, but the little man was too quick. "Get back to bed!" she screamed.

On the landing the pyjama-clad figure ran into the arms of Malcolm Sprague, white-faced and staring.

"Gad, it's terrible!" exclaimed the reporter. "But you're not really to blame, Signor. The disaster *might* have happened

even—Great Scot! Not again?"

But Raphaelini's knees were already sagging and in a moment he had sunk to the floor.

"It's the Simplon Express," Sprague explained to the nurse. "Rails tampered with. But how could he know, poor devil?"

Three months later, after a holiday in Italy, Signor Raphaelini was sitting in his expensive London flat overlooking Regent's Park.

A soft-footed servitor glided over the Turkey carpet and handed him a diminutive envelope on a salver. Just then a telephone bell rang in the corridor.

The footman departed as Raphaelini opened the letter.

It was in a cramped hand and was written from the Hotel des Anglais, Nice.

"Dear Signor (it ran), Heaps of apologies for not writing before and millions of thanks! Daddy lost his bet! I simply can't help syncopating. I'm just jazz crazy—Daddy says so. Said I jazzed everything—Beethoven, Bach, well *everything*. So I bet him £1 to £100 that all the best players do. We tuned you in and—well, I never thought you'd do it, but..."

The footman coughed.

"It's Mr. Baskerville, Sir. He's sorry he can't dine with you to-night but he'd like a word with you about your broadcast lecture-recital at the Queen's Hall to-morrow on the subject of 'Hesitant Attack.'"

INFERIORITY COMPLEX eradicated



"Joy in living"

The British Institute of Practical Psychology exists to make the principles of Psychology available to you in a form you can easily understand—in a form you can easily apply to yourself, in strengthening your personality, in achieving that true happiness which is your right, in finding a successful solution to your personal problems, in realising ambitions and desires, in increasing your value and developing your faculties. Write for FREE BOOK.



"Quiet calm confidence"

An Inferiority Complex is a disturbance in the Subconscious Mind which manifests itself in self-consciousness and lack of confidence—in nervousness and "nervyness"—in causeless fear or worry—in depression and a sense of futility—in lassitude and lack of enterprise—in weakness of will and indecision—in blushing and nervous mannerisms—in forgetfulness and lack of concentration. These are symptoms of "something wrong" within your personality which you can put right—the effect of conflicting forces within yourself or the result of some emotional experience or some destructive influence during your personality-development. Such experiences may be entirely forgotten, they may have acted too early for your memory to retain, but their effects remain in the form of a "disturbance centre" in Subconsciousness which sends out powerful negative impulses, overcoming and paralysing your positive impulses, denying you the pleasures of achievement and the joys of living. You cannot control these impulses—to attempt to fight them by direct effort only serves to increase their strength—but you can remove them altogether by eradicating from your Subconscious Mind the trouble from which they spring, building up in their place powerful positive impulses, generating forces within yourself which will help instead of hinder, which will carry you forward towards a happier, healthier, fuller, more successful life.

This you can do—yourself—simply and inexpensively by your own efforts, in the privacy of your own home.

The Principal, British Institute of Practical Psychology, Ltd., 1 (E.L.), Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4

Please send me FREE BOOK, "I can ... and I will."

NAME

ADDRESS

..... E.L.

BUILDING THE SPECTRUM PORTABLE

Have it any Colour you like!

This new three-valve portable which you can build at home, is painted in any colour desired. The quick drying paint gives it that "professional" finish, is hard wearing and waterproof too.



Although the SPECTRUM uses only three valves, the moving coil speaker gives plenty of volume and between 20 and 30 stations can be logged with ease. The whole set is easy to carry and all controls are totally enclosed. Full constructional details of the SPECTRUM portable will be found in the April issue of

WIRELESS MAGAZINE

PRICE 1/- ON SALE TO-DAY

Of all Bookstalls and Newsagents



"HEIGHTEN"

your chances in life



Tall people get the best of it. Why not be taller? One box of Challoner's famous tablets will develop height and figure quickly and with absolute safety. "Results beyond expectation," writes E. H. (Sutton.) *If one box is insufficient we supply another FREE.* Height will give you confidence—have confidence now and gain height. Send 1d. stamp for full details in sealed envelope. Sample 7d. Book on height improvement 3d. P.O. or stamps only.

The CHALLONER CO. (late of Bond St.), Dept. C.88, Laboratory and Works, Hyde Heath, Amersham, Bucks.



ON HIRE PURCHASE Up to 120 BASSES PIANO ACCORDIONS

Tonella, Pancotti-Vickers, Hohner. Also Concertinas, Drums, Banjos, etc. Send NOW for latest lists, stating Instrument.

J. J. VICKERS & SONS, LTD. (Dept. R), 80-82, Royal Hill, London, S.E.10

THE BEST GREY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME



You can now make at home a better grey hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and quarter-ounce of glycerine. Any chemist can make this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Orlex imparts colour to streaked, faded or grey hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not colour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

EVE and the MIKE

ONCE again I must mention the blouse. It is really very important this year, and has appeared in several new forms, quite unlike the V-necked white silk "shirt-waists" of former days.

The most attractive of this year's models are made in taffeta, a most delightfully fresh and young-looking fabric. It has also brought fringes into favour again. I have seen a taffeta blouse with a double frill—fringed—right down the front; and another with a large flat bow beneath the chin, also with fringed ends.

Taffeta is, of course, only for the smartest and

turps (the best kind), malt, vinegar, and olive oil. It was given me by a friend in the furniture trade, and guaranteed to be really good.

LAUNDRY HINTS

The most practical plan when ironing, even though it takes up a little time, is to try out the iron first on different fabrics to see how they take it. Some materials must never be ironed on the right side as they become shiny; others—crêpe de Chine, for instance, are best ironed on the right side.

The ironing sheet should not be more than two thicknesses over one thickness of blanket, except when you are ironing embroidery. This should be pressed over a thick pad of four blankets, face downwards, so that the raised surface of the embroidery can sink into the pad, and not be flattened.

Silks, cretonnes, cottons and delicate fabrics should be ironed when nearly dry; Shantung should be ironed quite dry.

Damp down everything with a special sprinkler, and roll the clothes in a damp towel till they are wanted.

Frocks and shirts should have the sleeves pressed first, then the front, last of all the back. They should always be ironed one way of the fabric only, the way of the selvedge. This is important, to make them hang evenly.

When ironing chiffon or georgette, place the garment under a heavy bath towel. For artificial silk the iron must not be too hot, or the material will melt away under the iron.

There are special rules for ironing velvet. As a matter of fact, it is best not to iron it at all, but to hang the garment in a bathroom with a hot tap turned on. Leave it for half an hour, and then air it thoroughly. When nearly dry, finish by brushing it with a soft brush—or smoothing it with soft silk.

If it is necessary to press velvet, the easiest way is to get somebody to hold the iron, face upwards, while you draw the velvet, wrong side to the iron, backwards and forwards across it. In this way the pile will not be crushed.

DO YOU KNOW THIS?

If cut tulips, after you have put them in a vase, bend over with their heads hanging, put the stems in boiling water to a depth of two inches. Leave them for a quarter of an hour, cut off the white ends of the stems, and you will find they will stand up quite straight.

THE RIGHT WAY TO SLIM

This is the time of year when the slimming craze is more than ever in evidence—everybody is eager to discipline their bodies and control their curves in order to do justice to the new Spring fashions. But don't, I beg you, do anything rash in the way of starving yourself, and living on nothing but orange juice, perhaps one day a month. This sort of thing is all right for the leisured rich, but for the rest of us who have to get some work done, stringent dieting is not only ruinous to health, but it doesn't result in increased beauty.



Photograph by Blake

A two-piece suit consisting of a swagger coat in fancy fabric, with skirt of corduroy velvet. The three-piece on the right is in novelty check tweed, with a cardigan jacket in plain fabric. Model by Moire, Ltd.

fimsiest of blouses. For practical use, washing silks and satin in strong colours, especially nasturtium red, is very popular. There are linens, too, and novelty woven fabrics. These have short sleeves and high, though by no means plain, necklines. They are finished most often with a dangling bow, or the all-conquering jabot. One blouse I saw, of the newest elastic chiffon, had a jabot as well as a bow. The jabot stood erect instead of drooping in the normal way, reaching up to the ears rather like a small Toby frill.

It is new, by the way, to wear your blouse outside your skirt, generally with a little belt of self material. And it is even newer to tuck it inside, and to wear a belt to match the blouse over the top of your skirt. This gives the effect of a slightly lower waist.

A SPLENDID POLISH

Here is a home-made furniture polish which you will find is really splendid for bringing out the tone of your furniture, and making fine wood look its handsomest. It will also restore a polish that has come out into a rash of cracks or bubbles, as sometimes happens.

The recipe is simple: equal parts of American

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.

If you want to slim, here is the sensible way to do it. A diet that is light but adequate, and which leaves out all the dangerous things.

First, the "fruit breakfast," simply fruit, toast with very little butter, and tea without sugar. More and more people are taking to this kind of breakfast nowadays, so it should not be a great hardship. Then plenty of vegetables and salad for lunch, with fruit, either stewed or fresh, instead of pudding.

Tea is a meal that can safely be left out altogether without any but good results. But I know this is hard counsel—tea is such a comfortable meal. I advise only one slice of plain cake, at any rate, and tea without sugar.

You can begin dinner or supper with clear soup. Again, with the meat course, eat a large helping of vegetables (but not more than one potato) with toast or biscuits instead of bread. End up with fruit and milk—no cream.

Finally, a few words of warning. Nothing fried, and nothing stewed in thick gravy for you.

A GOOD STOCK-IN-HAND

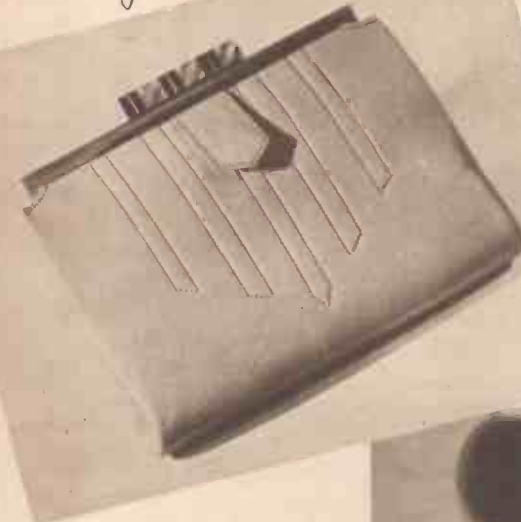
A well-supplied stock-pot is the test of a good housewife. It is indispensable as the basis for soups, sauces and gravies.

The materials for the stock-pot are, first of all, meat of all sorts (but no fat) cooked or uncooked; bones of beef, mutton, poultry, and bacon; bacon rind, giblets, gravy and sauces—but not sauces thickened with flour, which makes the stock cloudy. Cooked vegetables should not be used, for the same reason, but scraps of fresh vegetables can sometimes be used in cold weather.

HAVE YOU A HOUSEHOLD HINT ?

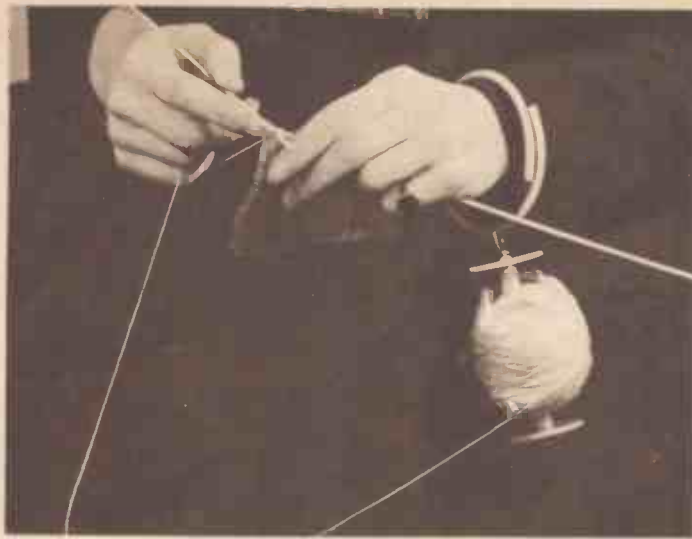
THERE is a demand for household hints these days. Letters are pouring in, and for every recipe or suggestion printed on this page, the sender receives a Postal Order for five shillings. Send yours along to-day, and address it to "Margot," RADIO PICTORIAL, 58/61 Fetter Lane, E.C.4.

Margot



A roomy bag in good-quality leather. It can be had in either red or black, with a strong clip, and costs only ten shillings

Ninepence, post free, buys this everlasting firelighter. Poked underneath the coal when the fire needs lighting, it will make the fire "catch" at once. When not in use, place it in a jar of paraffin



No more tangled and soiled wool through the ball rolling on the floor. The wool-holder hangs quite comfortably on the wrist

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

THE B.B.C. certainly spotted a winner when they first engaged that charming little Irish pianist, Patricia Rossborough, who has since broadcast over 200 times; an extremely creditable performance for so young an artist.

She originally studied classical music, but when she found syncopation was becoming so popular she was clever enough to change her style and her engagement book to-day gives ample proof of her good judgment. Her many admirers will doubtless be interested to hear she records exclusively for Parlophone. Pat loves cooking and I have persuaded her to give me the recipes of two "specials"—which are both delicious and inexpensive.

BANANA CREAM

1 orange jelly square; 5 bananas; 2 table-spoonfuls apricot jam; half-pint (only) of hot water.

Dissolve jelly in water; skin bananas and crush with a fork until a smooth pulp; sprinkle with a little lemon juice and mix with the jam; add to jelly which should be almost cold, mix thoroughly and pour into a mould; when set, turn out and decorate with a few chopped Pistachio nuts and a little whipped cream; or, alternatively, pour some cold custard round the jelly.

LANCASHIRE HOME-MADE SAUSAGES

(Without skins or breadcrumbs.)

1 lb. Pork Pie Meat; 1 teaspoonful of sage; pepper and salt.

Mince meat and mix well with sage and seasoning; on a floured board shape the mixture into small sausages and place them in a greased meat tin; cook a nice brown in a moderate oven and serve with bread sauce. Thick gravy also, if liked.



let corot designs and prices

speak for themselves

on what basis do you buy your clothes? do perfection of line and cut, up-to-the-minute designs, and modest prices influence you? judge corot models by these standards and let your conclusions speak for themselves.

call at the corot show-rooms and see the spring collection or post the coupon below for the corot spring fashion guide and full particulars of the corot instalment plan which is an additional service we offer to our customers.

"why not?" novelty weave woollen frock and cape with contrast coloured linen, trimmed with stitching. 13/6 cash 4 1/2 gns. monthly

corot 33 old bond st. (dept. r.p.104) london, w.1 regent 0234

post this coupon to corot to-day.....
corot Ltd., 33 old bond st., london, w.1
free please send, without obligation, corot spring fashion guide and details of instalment plan.
name
address
r.p.104

**Make Music for Yourself—
I'll teach YOU quickly**

without any of the usual practice drudgery by training Mind and Muscle in unison. Sunlight Clear, Fascinating Lessons from Ordinary Music, no Freakish Methods, enabling you to read and play at sight any standard musical composition. Failure Impossible. I have taught BY POST—in their homes—over 38,000 pupils—many of middle-age and not knowing a note at start—to play the Piano really brilliantly and to read any music readily at sight. I TAUGHT THEM AND I CAN TEACH YOU!

PROOF—
I have found the study of the lessons simple, enjoyable and very thorough. M.S. 23/2/34 X38864 Age 18
Your method of teaching makes it all seem so easy and a pleasure to learn. E.M. 14/2/34 X38829 Age 34.
Send p.p. for FREE book "MIND, MUSCLE AND KEYBOARD" and form for free advice. Say if Beginner, Elementary, Moderate or Advanced.
Mr. H. BECKER (Dept. 122) 69, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

DON'T WASH
BABY'S HAIR USE NESTOL
Rub baby's scalp with NESTOL daily and the little darling will soon have those much desired curls. Thousands of mothers are using Nestol with wonderful results; why not you?
Also use Nestol medicated toilet powder 1/3 large tin.
NESTOL
CURLS & CLEANSES
C. NESTLE & CO. LTD. 48 SOUTH MOLTON ST. LONDON, W.1.

Wanted SONG POEMS
CAN YOU WRITE WORDS FOR SONGS?
Publishers of many Broadcast and Recorded Hits invite known and unknown Authors and Composers to submit song-poems, songs and musical compositions for immediate publication. Send MSS. PETER DEREK LTD., Music Publishers, R.D., 140a Shaftesbury Avenue, LONDON, W.G.2.

BE TALLER! CLIENTS GAIN 2 to 6 INCHES!
Increased my own height to 8ft. 3 1/2 ins.
ROSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS. Fee £22s.
Particulars (mailed privately) 2/4d. stamp
R. C. MALCOLM ROSS, Height Specialist, Scarborough, England. (P.O. Box 13)

What Listeners Think...

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

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

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

★The Control of the B.B.C.

The B.B.C. has had to stand a lot of adverse criticism lately, and a good deal of it has been levelled against the Director-General, Sir John Reith.

"I think, therefore, that the interview which Rachmaninoff, the great composer and pianist, accorded the Press recently was of great value and interest, in that he put forward an excellent suggestion, to my mind. Rachmaninoff expressed anxiety for the future of the B.B.C. and said that a wise autocracy for radio would consist of just two persons, each having an equal voice in the administration. One should be a great English critic, with a wide knowledge of music, and the other arts, and of professorial life, as well as having a clear, judicial mind; the other should be thoroughly versed in financial matters. This system of government has proved most successful with various concert and opera organisations abroad.

"I consider that this suggestion of Rachmaninoff's is eminently practicable and sensible. The question of the control and policy of directorship of a concern like the B.B.C. is of the greatest interest and importance to all."—L. F. Barkham, Marlow.

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

A Public Menace

I recently saw, for the first time, a motor-car equipped with a radio set. In my opinion this is carrying the use of radio beyond a sensible limit. To drive a car with safety one must keep all senses alert, and it is impossible to do this if one's attention is distracted in any way. Again, it is practically impossible to give the necessary concentration to a wireless programme if other matters occupy the mind.

"I think that, if wireless sets are to become part of the equipment of motor-cars, a restriction should be made as to the time and place of their usage, otherwise it is probable that radio, one of the greatest of public assets, will become a public menace in this particular instance."—G. A. Holmes, Newcastle.

Sunday Morning Service

I wonder how it is that we have a morning service every day but the Sabbath; surely this is the day for worship. Many of us do not hear a service except perhaps on a Sunday evening. The last two services to be broadcast on a Sunday morning have been in the Welsh language. Would it not be better if the B.B.C. broadcast an English service every Sunday morning, then all listeners in the British Isles could listen and join in the service."—M. Priestley, Bradford.

That "Popular" Song

We were discussing the merits and demerits of broadcast programmes, and the comedian of our party added his quota to the discussion by remarking, 'If I were to turn on my wireless during the zero hours of broadcasting I'm convinced that it would render "Play to me, Gipsy" of its own accord.'

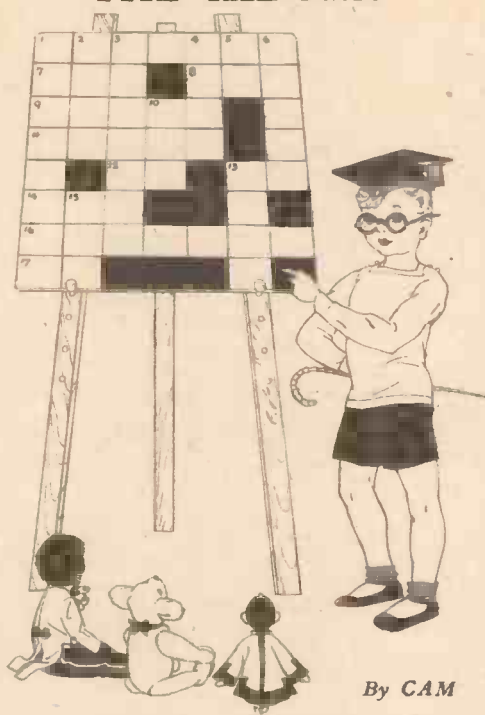
"Whilst this may be ridiculous, it is only an imaginative exaggeration of the truth. On many occasions I have heard the same tune broadcast on four or five occasions between lunch time and midnight of the same day. The result is that the listener acquires a positive aversion for what is, possibly, a perfectly good tune.

"I understand that all programmes are submitted to the B.B.C. before broadcasting. Would it not be possible for them to ensure that we did not hear one particular number more than once, or, at the most, twice each day?"—Fordham Cusack, Bradford.

The Wednesday Broadcast

An urgently required change in the National programme is necessary in Wednesday's broadcasts. The claim that the National programme is constructed to serve everyone equally is far from being justified here. Two symphony

A Crossword for THE KIDDIES



By CAM

ACROSS

1. Collects.
7. Initials of an honour.
8. A large vessel.
9. South American animal like a small camel.
11. French word for "lesson."
12. An exclamation.
13. American slang "Chief."
14. Sadness.
16. One of the boat-race crew.

17. Royal initials found on pillar boxes and Post Offices.

DOWN

1. One of the pupils in the picture.
2. Clever, efficient.
3. Instructor.
4. A Welsh Christian name.
5. An artistic honour.
6. A Staff.
10. This is what the cow says.
13. A precious stone.
15. What No. 16 uses.

This puzzle is for amusement only. The solution will be given in next week's issue.

Answers to last week's puzzle:—

ACROSS

2. Chicks.
6. Fro.
7. Anis.
8. Easter.
9. Far.
10. Team.
12. M.S.
13. Espy.

14. Year.

DOWN

1. Scatters.
2. Creamy.
3. Hoarse.
4. Knees.
5. Strap.
11. My.

concerts are given: in the afternoon from Bournemouth, and in the evening from the Queen's Hall, whilst as an alternative to this latter, a variety programme or some light entertainment is given in the Regional programme. The programmes would, no doubt, please listeners in general if the evening symphony concert were included in the Regional programme every fortnight and the variety programme substituted on those nights in the National programme. In addition, an alternative programme to the afternoon symphony concert would certainly meet with the approval of the majority of licence-holders. The Wednesday National programme, as it stands, consists of the minimum of light entertainment—just a cinema organ recital at noon and some vaudeville records at 4.45 p.m."—C. W. Rowland, Brecon.

Afternoon Dance Music

Your invitation to your readers to express their views on the radio programmes, I should like to say how popular an hour's dance music in the early afternoon would be with thousands of housewives all over the country.

"Tuesdays and Wednesdays from 2.30 to 3.30 would be an ideal time, and would give housewives an opportunity of hearing new dance tunes without the necessity of waiting until 10.30. Gramophone records would be an excellent substitute if any difficulty should be experienced in engaging a dance band."—F. Yandell, Bristol.

Testing Fresh Talent

(Continued from page Three)

and, developing his talent, appears in the local town. Then the music-halls claim him, or maybe he writes to the B.B.C. They had one up from Suffolk with mud on his boots the other day.

There are many queer cases, too. Last week a lady arrived with a message from Mars. She claimed to be in touch with the planet and gave songs conveyed to her from the star.

Some newcomers are old hands; that is to say, they are breaking fresh ground, trying to develop a fresh personality for the radio. Billy Bennett became the bigger part of Alexander and Mose; Jeanne de Casalis invented Mrs. Feather; and Hermione Gingold turned into Mrs. Pullpleasure. They were all tried out at audition in the usual way and were given one date at first. All made good and regular engagements followed.

Over their coffee, producers still discuss the mystery of two quaint old ladies who wrote for a trial. On getting to the studio they asked for chairs and, seated before the microphone, gave a perfect burlesque of tea-table chat in a catty vein. Artists leave without meeting their judges, and "We will write to you" is as much as is ever said at the time. The dames departed, and two days later a contract was sent to the address which they had left. This letter was returned "not known," and one of the most promising acts ever heard was lost to the radio.

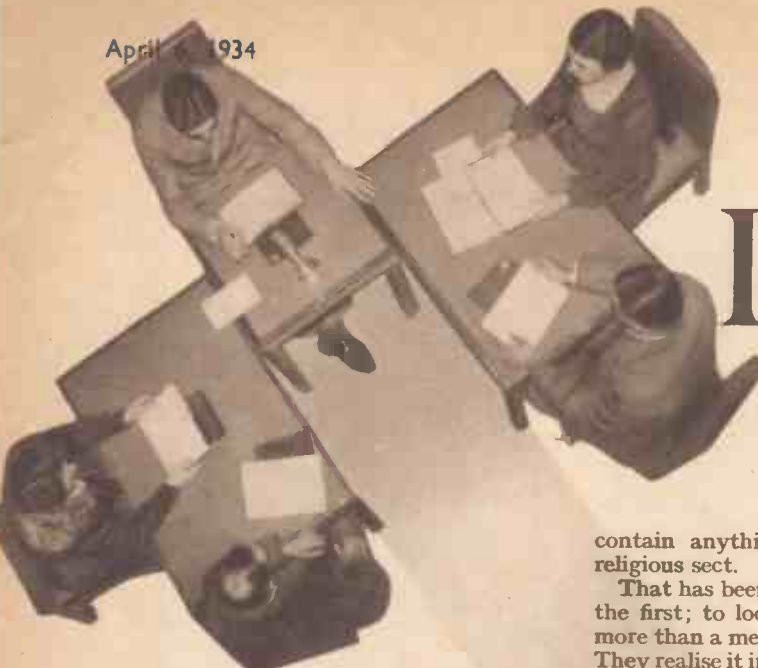
Crooners and instrumentalists should not apply; there is a surfeit of their kind, and I have watched a patient man wilt when the fourth artist in succession produced "On a steamer coming over" from her case.

Sometimes acts with a strong visual appeal, like Harry Tate, make good broadcasters. For years the B.B.C. believed that his humour would suffer if his famous make-up could not be seen. Denis Freeman thought otherwise, and after much discussion was allowed to bring Harry to the studio. Now we look forward to his frequent broadcasts.

The strangest company I have ever seen assembled in the studio when the "buskers" came for audition. A producer had the notion to present a programme of street musicians and London had been combed for artists who sing and play to theatre queues. Most of them seemed to have turned up. Two had brought their organs; there was a troupe with spoons and cymbals; a man with chains; a woman with a jew's harp; and four accordion players. Several of the artists had no visible means of support, and these I found later relied on their voices.

But many of these artists were old professionals, expert in their job, and by the end of the morning a first-class programme was taking shape. It was broadcast later.

There is always room for the best, and novelty scores every time.



Here are the Wireless Singers in the religious studio at Broadcasting House. They feature largely in the broadcast religious services

Broadcasting your DAILY SERVICE

The sixth anniversary of the first broadcast of a daily service from the B.B.C. was celebrated just recently and this intimate article takes you behind the scenes during a morning service broadcast

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE. It takes up one line in the day's programme, and only a quarter of an hour in the actual broadcasting.

Yet for many thousands of people, who unfailingly switch on their sets at that time every morning, it is one of the most important parts of the day. Something that, if it were omitted, or altered in any way, would leave a great sense of loss. The sixth anniversary of the first Daily Service fell on January 2 of this year. It seems incredible that this service has only been in existence so short a time.

Probably the Daily Service is responsible for more correspondence—appreciative correspondence, that is—than any other programme feature. Here is a sample of the kind of letter received:—

"We suggested to the maids that they should come in if they wished, and now, for several months, the family and the maids and gardener meet in the dining-room at 10.15 and take part in the service. We always stand for the Lord's Prayer and the Gloria, and join in the singing when we can. We have also, when suitable opportunity arises, suggested to others the same practice.

"There is no need to answer this, but we thought that you would like to know that here in Dorset is a part of your regular congregation, and that the reading, singing, and general conduct of the services are much appreciated."

Some eight thousand letters of appreciation were received when the Daily Service was first inaugurated. It was begun as an experiment, in response to petitions and suggestions from a large number of listeners. At first, it was, I believe, only transmitted from London Regional. Since then the only alteration has been to increase the number of stations from which the service is relayed.

One of the pleasant features of the broadcast service is the high standard of the singing by the Wireless Singers. Ever since the days of Savoy Hill they have provided the choir—each of the two quartets of singers being on duty two mornings in each week. The Rev. Hugh Johnston, the conductor of the service, took the opportunity of thanking them in these columns two or three weeks ago.

The popularity of this service is undoubtedly in great measure due to the personality of its conductor, who has officiated from its earliest days till now. The service does not

contain anything likely to offend any one religious sect.

That has been the policy of the B.B.C. from the first; to look upon religion as something more than a mere system of traditional beliefs. They realise it includes a multitude of listeners, holding, perhaps, very different creeds, but united in the conviction that religion is the vital force in human life.

Critics have complained that the B.B.C. supply their own particular brand of religion. This is not so. What they aim at is the fundamental Christianity which underlies all superficial distinctions. That they have been successful in appealing to a large and varied audience is proved by the steady flow of correspondence which reaches the B.B.C.

The most obvious result has been increased tolerance. The Roman Catholic, for instance, or the Methodist, who would never enter any other church but his own, writes to the B.B.C. together with Church of England listeners to express appreciation and thanks for this daily quarter of an hour.

The Daily Service, as you know, takes place in a specially set apart studio at Broadcasting House, which is made to look as much like a chapel as possible.

There is no altar, but at the East End an enormous "window" of clouded glass, banked with flowers. On each side tall pillars and a door give an ecclesiastical atmosphere, although the doors lead only to closets, where prayer books and so on are kept.

The ceiling was at first painted with an elaborate design that included symbols of the different creeds and religions of the world.

However, as the chapel is used only for the benefit of Christians, it was felt that, after all, the elaborate ceiling was rather out of place. It is now perfectly plain, with only a silver cross painted in the middle.

The chairs are of tooled leather and marked with a cross on the back. The Rev. Johnston sits at a table in front of the window. A light shows high up, in the form of a cross. That means the microphone is "alive"; the service is due to begin.

In later years, the tendency has been to broadcast more and more religious services away from the

studio—from churches and cathedrals all over the country. Naturally, an actual service broadcast fulfils the need of listeners—especially those who cannot attend church services through illness—better than a specially arranged studio service can. The presence of a large congregation, united in worship, gives something unique to every participant.

But there is no fear that the studio Daily Service—or the Sunday evening Epilogue, which is equally popular with listeners—will ever be dropped from the B.B.C. schedule. It has not the same atmosphere or influence as a church service.

But it is at the same time both more intimate and personal, and more general in its appeal, embracing, as it does all Christians within the church.

Especially people who are bedridden, those who are crippled, and the aged who can no longer get to church, regard the Daily Service as the greatest boon the age of broadcasting has brought them. In hospitals and homes where headphones are installed, patients eagerly make the most of the opportunity afforded them. In private houses doctors come to know that their visits are not welcomed during that particular quarter of an hour.



The Rev. Hugh Johnston, conductor of the B.B.C. daily service, at the reading desk in the religious studio during a morning service broadcast

HERE AND THERE

Commander STEPHEN KING-HALL'S
Children's Corner

HELLO, CHILDREN!

Do you remember the story in the Bible about Nebuchadnezzar, the king of the Assyrians, the one who took to eating grass? The Assyrians in those days were a great people ruling a very large empire. In the end they were conquered by the Persians and faded out of history for many hundreds of years. But a few of their descendants still remain in Iraq, which is the part of the world where the town of Baghdad is to be found (it is also the part of the world where many people say the Garden of Eden existed).

In Iraq are twenty thousand Assyrians. They believe in the Christian religion. Most of the inhabitants of Iraq are Arabs who follow the teachings of the prophet Mohammed. Last year there was trouble between the Assyrians and the Government of Iraq said that the Assyrians had rebelled. This

the Assyrians said was not true—but leaving aside any arguments as to who was right and who was wrong, it is a fact that a number of Assyrians were killed in a kind of small war which took place between the Iraq army and the Assyrians.

The matter was placed in the hands of the League of Nations—it is funny, by the way, how, when a really nasty problem comes along people still find it convenient to hand the baby, so to speak, to this League of Nations, which we are always being told is no good—and it was decided at the League that it was really no use leaving the Assyrians sitting in the middle of the Iraq nation, and that to leave them there would be to run the risk of another row at any moment.

But what was to be done with twenty thousand people? It was decided to find out whether any other country would give a home to the Assyrians, and the Republic of Brazil said that it would be glad to let them have land in the province of Parana.

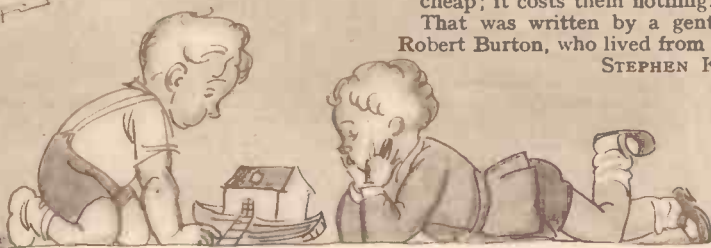
At the present time the League of Nations has sent three people out to Brazil to look into the matter.

The motto for this week is:

"Who cannot give good counsel? It is cheap; it costs them nothing."

That was written by a gentleman called Robert Burton, who lived from 1576 to 1640.

STEPHEN KING-HALL.



How to Make the ALICE MOXON Cap



An unusual ribbing stitch makes Alice Moxon's delightful little cap. And the tied ends at the top give it a very jaunty air. You will find it the easiest thing in the world to make. Try it and see.

MATERIALS.—2 oz. Copley's 4-ply "Excelsior" wool; 1 pair No. 10 needles.

MEASUREMENTS.—Round head 18 inches, stretching as required. Depth from the centre of the crown to the edge, 7 inches.

TENSION.—Work to commence 7 sts. to 1 inch in width.

ABBREVIATIONS.—K., knit; p., purl; st., stitch; tog., together; wl.fwd., wool forward; sl., slip.

TO MAKE

Commencing at the lower edge, cast on 132 sts., and working into the back of the sts. on the first row only, proceed in garter stitch (every row knitted) for 5 rows.

Now work in the following pattern:—

Next row—Sl. 1 purlwise, wl.fwd., k. 2 tog., ** wl.fwd., sl. 1 purlwise, k. 2 tog. Repeat from ** to end.

Repeat this row until the work measures a depth of 6½ inches from the beginning.

Next row—Knit 3 sts. tog. 11 times (this takes 33 sts.). Turn and work 27 rows in garter stitch over these 11 sts.

Now knit the first two sts. of every row together until 3 sts. remain.

Work these 3 sts. tog., then fasten off. Return to the remaining sts. on the needle and again knit 3 tog. for 11 times.

Turn and work over these 11 sts. as for the first 11 sts.

Return to the remaining sts. and work over the next 33 sts. in the same way.

Repeat this over the remaining 33 sts. Sew up the side edges of the main part of the cap.

Take two opposite ties and tie together in a double knot.

Tie the two remaining ties in the same way. No pressing is required.

The Set of the Week

R.G.D. Radio Gramophone Model 1201



radio and gramophone, is everything that could be desired.

Technical listeners will be interested in the specification of the radio side, which comprises a variable-mu high-frequency stage, first detector, triode oscillator, variable-mu screen-grid intermediate-frequency stage, double diode triode second detector, triode inter-station noise-suppressor

and two low-frequency amplifiers. The push-pull output comprises Mazda PP3/250's. These two valves give an output of about six watts and the quality over the whole range from minimum to maximum volume is excellent.

THE SET IN BRIEF

Makers: Radio Gramophone Development Co., Ltd.
Model: 1201 Auto.
Price: £99 15s.
Power Supply: A.C. mains, 195-245 volts, 40-60 cycles.
Type: Automatic radio-gramophone in pedestal cabinet.

THIS new radio-gramophone is certainly a connoisseur's instrument, for it has been produced by the Radio Gramophone Development Company with the very highest standard of quality in design.

This magnificent instrument is in two separate sections. The radio side comprises a seven-valve receiver of the latest type, while the second section below is a four-valve amplifier, with a single valve mains rectifier. Two loud-speakers are fitted, of the moving-coil type; the output, at maximum, is enough for a small hall.

The exterior finish and general workmanship of the model 1201 are excellent. An automatic record changer and a special pick-up of R.G.D. design are fitted, and the control of the set, on

The pedestal cabinet is well designed and the appearance of the complete set is pleasing, as can be seen by the accompanying photograph of the receiver in use.

The price of the outfit with the automatic record-changer is £99 15s. and £90 6s. for the receiver without the automatic record-changing equipment.

It must be emphasised that the radio gramophone is excellent value for money, and although the price may appear high, it must be realised that this is definitely a receiver for the music lover and connoisseur.

The makers are the Radio Gramophone Development Co., Ltd., 18-20, Frederick Street, Birmingham.



Jack Payne and his boys in a merry mood at the microphone during rehearsal

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

DO you want a real, juicy, full-blooded melodrama? One that will make you go all goosey? If so, switch into the London Regional programme on April 9 and you ought to get all you want.

Tod Slaughter (the very name spells blood!) is bringing those Barnstormers of his to the microphone that evening in order to present *Sweezy Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street*. Mr. Todd as Mr. Tod should be wonderful.

They tell me at Broadcasting House this is no laugh-up-the-sleeve for the Highbrow Party. It is straight punchy melodrama of the real old sort. So that's that and don't miss it.

In the Saturday night variety (April 7) there is to be a one-act romance called *Old Yesterday*. Shouldn't have mentioned it but for the fact that Donald Calthrop is playing in it. He is definitely good. Incidentally Alexander and Mose will appear in that same programme in their usual dark subjects. Also the Eight High Steppers in their dance subjects.

The B.B.C. is producing *The Lilac Domino*. It will be heard nationally on April 6 (to-night, in other words), Strongly recommended because Natalie Hall is taking the lead in it. She's top-hole.

Funny how that work failed in America. After the first few performances anybody could have bought the entire rights for a couple of hundred pounds. Then it suddenly caught on and somebody had to pay twenty-eight thousand for it. As Bernard Shaw says, you never can tell.

To-night and to-morrow night *Easter Eggs* are to be laid before you. In the cast are Alec McGill, John Rorke, and Foster Richardson. Also Hermione Gingold. Is she the goose that lays the golden egg, I wonder? If so, what nationality is the egg? Hermione comes

High-spots of the Programmes

of English, Austrian, Italian and Turkish stock.

I have a few odd bits of news for the Midlanders. There is a concert by the band of the King's Own from the Midland studio on April 8. Tip-top band, but I want you to hear the soprano—Constance Astington. Definitely good.

They tell me at Portland Place, that the *Bab Ballads* programme was a great success. I didn't hear it, unfortunately, but there is another on April 8. Peter Howard is the baritone.

Professor William Crump greatly interested both Birmingham and Coventry when he talked on the evolution of the bicycle. I rode one of the first safety cycles ever made. And that, now I come to think of it, was in Birmingham. Professor Crump is talking again on the 10th. Subject: "How Industries Alter People."

On April 11, Mr. Richard Clements meets Mr. Singleton, a Birmingham business man, in a discussion. You will remember how popular Mr. Clements's series *What's in the Wind?* has been. Well, they are arguing over *Hire Purchase—Friend or Enemy?* I don't want to upset their talk before

they give it, but hire purchase, now the cigarette coupons have been stopped, is my only refuge. All the same, Hire Purchase is often Higher Purchase.

The Brum Rep's doings during the past twenty years or so will come to light when Sir Barry Jackson gives a short talk on the 11th. The Birmingham Repertory is a jolly good institution. It is many years since I heard a production of theirs but I have respect for Sir Barry.

Tom Costello, that youngster of seventy something or other, is going to talk to your Midland Regional Director and tell you all about his experiences in the Birmingham "Free-and-easies" of fifty years ago. Good old Tom! They'll cast him for Peter Pan yet!

I hear the Westerners enjoyed the show by the Bristol Ship Lovers' Society a week or two ago. So they are to have another on April 9. It will represent a meeting of old salts who will give their experiences and sing their shanties in the approved style.

There will be two short stories and two short plays in Welsh on April 10. The stories are from a collection by Sir John Rhys and the plays are by Gwynallt Evans. All about moonshine and magic. They are extremely picturesque.

Northerners will be interested in the *Tyneside Chronicles* on April 7. Mrs. Marley is to describe (in her native dialect) the doings of her family and her opinions in general. There will be other dialects later on, drawn from all parts of the North.

Also the second instalment of *Owl about Owl* comes off on the same evening. The announcers will sound a bit affected after all that, won't they?

My inquiries regarding Scottish programmes has brought me the following. April 8:—the popular tenor David Robertson is to be soloist in the concert by the Scottish Studio Orchestra. He will sing two groups of negro spirituals.



The goalkeeper clears a shot over Gallacher, the popular International player.

Should CUP-TIES be BROADCAST?

THE approach of the Cup-Final duel at Wembley each year rouses to fever heat the bitter discussion as to whether broadcast reports of important games are good or bad for football.

The controversy around this point has long been in progress, and a number of famous clubs still refuse to have a microphone on their grounds!

They give a variety of reasons; that gate receipts will suffer if "fans" can sit in the comfort of their own homes and listen to accurate reports of games in progress; that players' reputations will suffer by their play being incorrectly reported in broadcasts; that selfishness might be caused in the teams through players wanting to monopolise credit "on the air"; that club reputations would be so much in the hands of the broadcasters that an afternoon of spiteful reporting might do incalculable harm to the club's prestige.

How many of these arguments are well grounded?

And how many of them apply to the great annual Final game at Wembley?

I am bound to say that I myself am entirely in favour of the institution of the "mike." In a Final game, it is unavoidable that millions of people interested in it cannot possibly get to Wembley to see it.

Thousands even of the actual regular supporters of the two teams cannot afford the journey, especially when one or both contestants hail from outside London.

It would be mere senseless arrogance to prevent these loyal followers from hearing how the fortunes of their favourites progress from moment to moment; especially since, as regards Wembley, anyway, there can be no objection that it would unduly empty the ground!

asks Hugh GALLACHER

Chelsea's popular International player

Indeed, I think that broadcast commentaries of games, far from keeping people away, are likely to bring more money to the gates.

There is no one so healthily critical as your football fan—he automatically disagrees with every other critic on many of the finer points of the game.

And to hear some bad bit of play attributed to his particular idol or some carelessness to his favourite team machine, which he considered unlikely to have taken place in reality, would send him searching for his hat at once, anxious only to hurry to the ground before the game was over and refute the calumny with the evidence of his own eyes!

At any rate, he would never stay at home on the following Saturday afternoon to listen to more libels!

As for the objection that players' reputations might be adversely affected by incorrect descriptions of their play, I can certainly say that all the many famous players I know would be prepared to risk it!

The chances of error would be few—certainly no more than newspaper sport reporters make occasionally, in all good faith—whereas the broadcasting would create, in time, a great new public interested in football.

It has been objected that football by radio would make us a nation of unhealthy arm-chair critics, and actually keep young men from the playing-fields in order to sit, instead, over a wireless set.

That is sheer nonsense!

Through their interest in broadcast descriptions of matches, more people than ever before would

become interested in the game; and more would come to watch it, just as, in America to-day, people of all classes, rich and poor, business men and artisans, go to watch baseball.

Certainly more men would play the game themselves by reason of learning so much about it and its possibilities as a vigorous, healthy recreation.

To say that we players would become selfish in our work on the field in order to attract the attention of the broadcaster is silly—the selfish player is selfish whether in front of the "mike" or not, and is soon replaced by his team's manager by someone with better ideas of football.

Every club has hundreds and thousands of supporters who, on certain weeks, are prevented from turning out to watch its games—wives who have to stay at home to see to meals, for instance, people who are unwell, and old folks who can't stand the crush of getting in through the gates.

There is one old Scottish player I know—a man whose name, thirty years ago, was a household word in the world of football. An old ankle injury has developed of recent years, and he can't stand without support, much less risk being jostled in a crowd.

So when I can get in to see him I describe to the old man in detail any matches I have recently played in or seen.

"Lord, Hughie," he said to me last time I saw him, "I'd give my other old foot just to see one of them played, to hear the crowd roar and watch one of the lads race down the touch-line with the ball."

"It used to be life and meat and drink to me to watch 'em! But never no more, I guess, now!"

To folks like that, regular radio descriptions of games in progress, with the actual shouts of the crowd heard faintly as a background, would be a real god-send; and so much new interest would be created if broadcast football was a regular feature of the programmes that I believe new League teams would spring up as a result.

LEARN BROADCASTING



**IN YOUR OWN HOME
IN YOUR SPARE TIME**

**Pleasure - Profit
Popularity and
Personality**

**Golden Opportunities for
Trained Men and Women!**

Would YOU, too, like to be in broadcasting? Have you any natural talent which, rightly trained, would put you on the High Road to success of microphone entertainment? Talent counts, of course, but talent without training is useless. Hundreds of men and women, who previously had little or no experience of public entertaining, are now earning handsome salaries in Broadcasting! Hundreds of professionals of the stage, screen and literary world are now stars of the microphone. Specialised training has made it possible.

THIS SUPERB HOME BROADCASTING EQUIPMENT FREE of extra cost!

This Precision-made Equipment is FREE of all Extra Cost!

Wire it to your radio set. Speak into it—and hear your voice amplified exactly as heard over the ether. It helps you to be confident in front of the "mike," to eradicate certain sibilants, to control your voice generally. It forms an integral part of this fascinating spare-time course. In addition, it offers scope for endless amusement in the home and is invaluable for use in local "shows," dramatics, and public speaking.

Thrilling, Helpful Facts—Be in the Know!

Even if you do not contemplate taking up broadcasting as a professional career, this Course can be of inestimable value to you! It will train you to have poise, confidence and correct articulation in amateur theatricals, after-dinner and political speeches. It will develop your personality and give you vastly better chances of success, whatever your activities.

Microphone Method to Success!

Remember the technique of broadcasting is unique, whether it be in acting, singing, playing, writing, or speaking. The British School of Broadcasting has been formed for the purpose of training quickly and completely both professionals and amateurs for the microphone and of thus giving them the very best possible chance to grasp the rich opportunities in broadcasting and other forms of microphone entertainment.

This new home course is abundantly comprehensive. Every aspect of modern entertainment is simply and concisely explained. Every problem of technique is dealt with. Fascinating secrets of the studio are opened to you. By logical thrilling stages you are carried to that time when YOU may be broadcasting to the millions! What is more, you can train in your own home—in your own time using your own wireless, without disturbing your present career! The stage, the film studio, the platform, are calling for new talent! Why not YOU? YOU may be a potential star of the future!

SEND NOW FOR OUR FREE BOOKLET

POST THIS COUPON TODAY

To BRITISH SCHOOL OF BROADCASTING, 15, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1.

Please send me, without obligation, your free illustrated booklet, "Microphone Method to Success," with full particulars of your remarkable spare-time course and of your Guarantee. I enclose 3d. in stamps to help pay postage, etc.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

—every sphere of Broadcasting is dealt with, every secret unfolded to give you the greatest possible chance of success in this lucrative field.

Issued by the
British School of Broadcasting,
Studio AB, 15 Cockspur Street, S.W.1.

SINGING ACTING READING WRITING
VOICE CONTROL ANNOUNCING MUSIC CROONING

BUILD A TELEVISION RECEIVER

—it will cost you only as much as you can afford!

A simple television receiver which can be built at home is described in this week's "AMATEUR WIRELESS." It gives remarkably good results and as many alternative parts can be used, which vary in price, the total cost can be kept down to suit all purses.

Get a copy of "AMATEUR WIRELESS" to-day, price 3d. of all newsagents.



ONCE AGAIN - Berkeley UPHOLSTERY

IS OLYMPIAS BIGGEST DRAW

10/- WITH ORDER

THE Berkeley SUPERLAX

MANY ideal homes are being planned round the Berkeley Superlax. And no wonder! It is the Easy Chair without equal for comfort, quality, durability or value. The Chair that suits all your moods—that takes up any position you want, automatically, from upright to lounging.

In B Quality Covering CASH PRICE 62/6 or 65/-;— 10/- with order and balance 10/- monthly.

Prov. Patent No. 9361/33

The Berkeley SUPERLAX SETTEE

This beautiful Settee incorporates all the comfort features of the Superlax Easy Chair. It is not, however, made self-adjusting, the seat and back being fixed in position. The seat and back are readily detachable for cleaning. This Settee provides ample accommodation for two persons and will enhance the appearance of any room. Fitted with concealed Castors.

IN B QUALITY COVERING CASH PRICE £5:2:6 or £5:7:6—15/- with order and balance 15/- monthly.

The Berkeley SUPERLAX SUITE

comprising:
SETTEE & 2 EASY CHAIRS

IN B QUALITY COVERING CASH PRICE £11:5:0 or £11:15:0—20/- with order and balance 25/- monthly.

COUPON Please send me your Illustrated Catalogue of all Models of Berkeley Upholstery, together with complete range of Coverings.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
Radio Pictorial.....

H. J. SEARLE & SON, LTD. (Dept. R.P.), 70-78 OLD KENT ROAD, LONDON, S.E.1.

Showrooms:
133 Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1; The Arcade, High Street, Croydon; The Parade, High Street, Watford; 12 Poole Hill, Bournemouth; 85 New Street, Birmingham; and 71 Deansgate, Manchester.

15/- WITH ORDER

Happiness AND Good Health



**A Regular nightly dose
of BILE BEANS will
Make You Fit and
Keep You Well.**

PURELY VEGETABLE
Non-gripping.
Suits Young & Old.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

**BILE
BEANS
FOR
BILIOUSNESS**