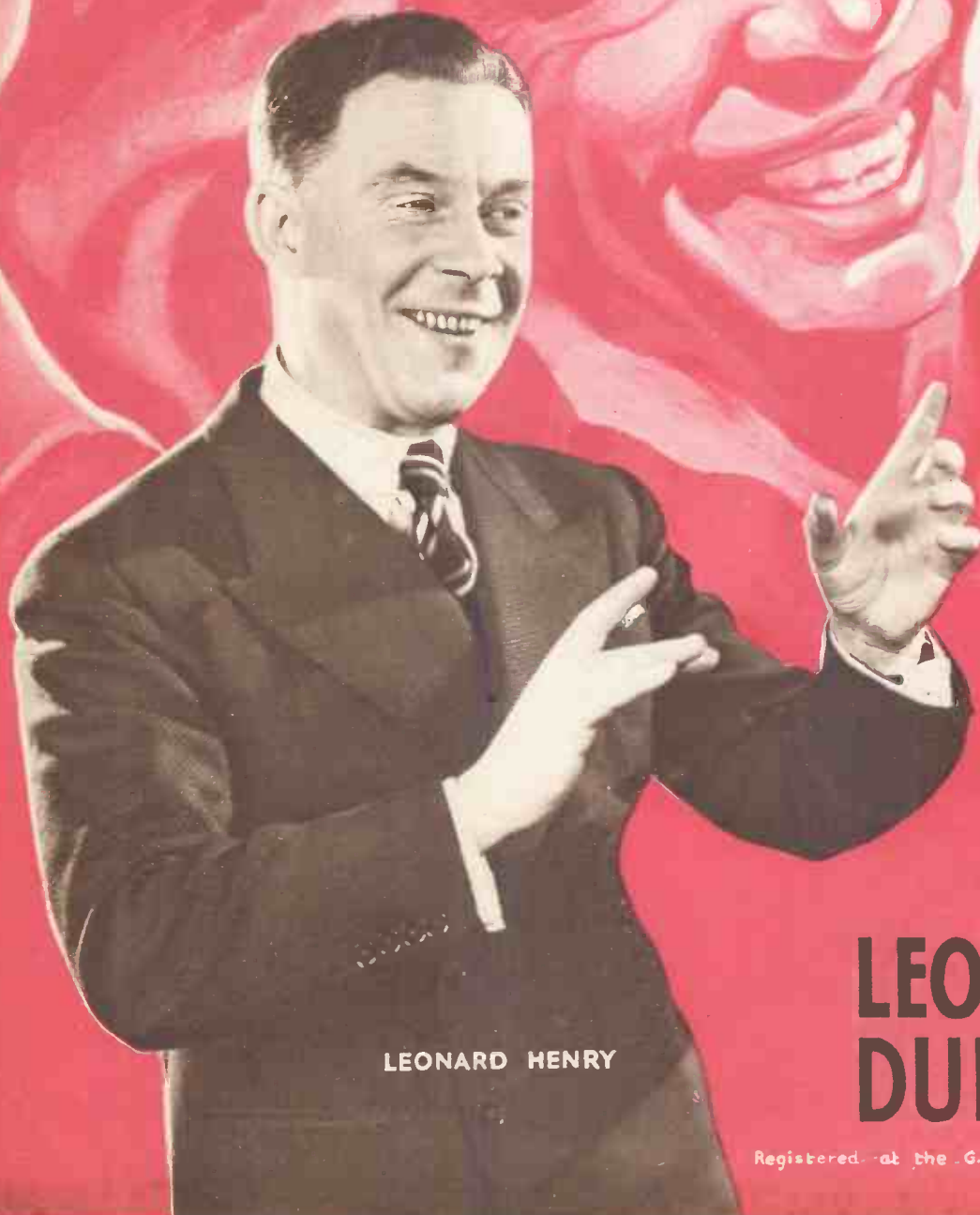


WHAT THE B.B.C. PAYS ITS ARTISTS

2^D
EVERY
FRIDAY

RADIO PICTORIAL



LEONARD HENRY

STORY BY
A.J. ALAN

Articles by:-

**JOHN TRENT
CRAVEN HILL
PAUL HOBSON
LEONARD HENRY
DUDLEY CLARK**

EVERYMAN HIS OWN SET DOCTOR!

The May issue of WIRELESS MAGAZINE contains the simplest and most complete fault-finding guide ever presented to the radio public.

This guide is to help those with little technical knowledge who are experiencing trouble with their set, and to save them paying for the expensive advice of local experts. It is invaluable to owners of both home-constructed and factory-built receivers.

Look at the list at the foot of the page, giving some of the other splendid contents of this fine issue. Now get your copy of the May issue.

WHEN THE SET IS DEAD

Is it switched on?

Examine battery on-off switch or mains switch. See it is at the "on" position. Contacts must be clean. See that control knob is not slipping. Is the electric-light switch on?

Are the

Are the plugs and sockets of the high-tension, low-tension and grid-bias batteries making good contact? Open up the plugs with a pen-knife and scrape clean any dirty terminals points.

Inspect flexible connecting wires for break in the wire under the covering.

Inspect connecting leads for break as shown by Fig. 1.

Check high-tension and

Are the battery terminals connected properly? Clean terminals with fine sandpaper. Accumulator positive and negative terminals unless periodically cleaned and sprayed with vaseline.

Check any of the battery leads for loose connections. If so, tighten any of the loose connections.

Is the loud-speaker connected?

Is it an old loud-speaker? If so, the winding may be broken down. Apply continuity test with battery and headphones, as at Fig. 3. Test connections of loud-speaker to set, as with battery test. Test for continuity as at Fig. 1.

Is the power valve faulty?

Has the power valve failed? Try another valve of the same type. Or test for filament continuity as at Fig. 1. If you have a milliammeter test as at Fig. 5A. If you have no spare valve of the same type try a low-frequency type valve with less grid bias than you use for the power valve.

Is the power valve holder faulty?

Sometimes the sockets in the valve holder work loose. Tighten them up, and make sure the pins are clean.

SOME OF THE OTHER GOOD THINGS IN THE MAY ISSUE

FOR THE CONSTRUCTOR

The Heptode Super Three.
Fifty-five Stations on the Heptode Super Three!
The Companionette.
Wireless Jobs Made Easy for Mr. Everyman.
More About the Spectrum Portable.
Experimenter's All-wave Seven.

TECHNICAL FEATURES

Tuning by Eye—Instead of by Ear!
Healing by Short-wave Radio.
Automatic Tone Control for Your Set.

GENERAL ARTICLES

Guide to the World's Broadcasters.

World's Broadcast Wave-lengths.

Radios—and Riot Guns—Help American Police.

My Visit to the Bell Laboratories: Lionel Merdler.

Where the B.B.C. Wastes Money.

Recording the Sound on Film.

Home Recording on Film.

News of the Short Waves.

Choosing Your Records.

TELEVISION SECTION

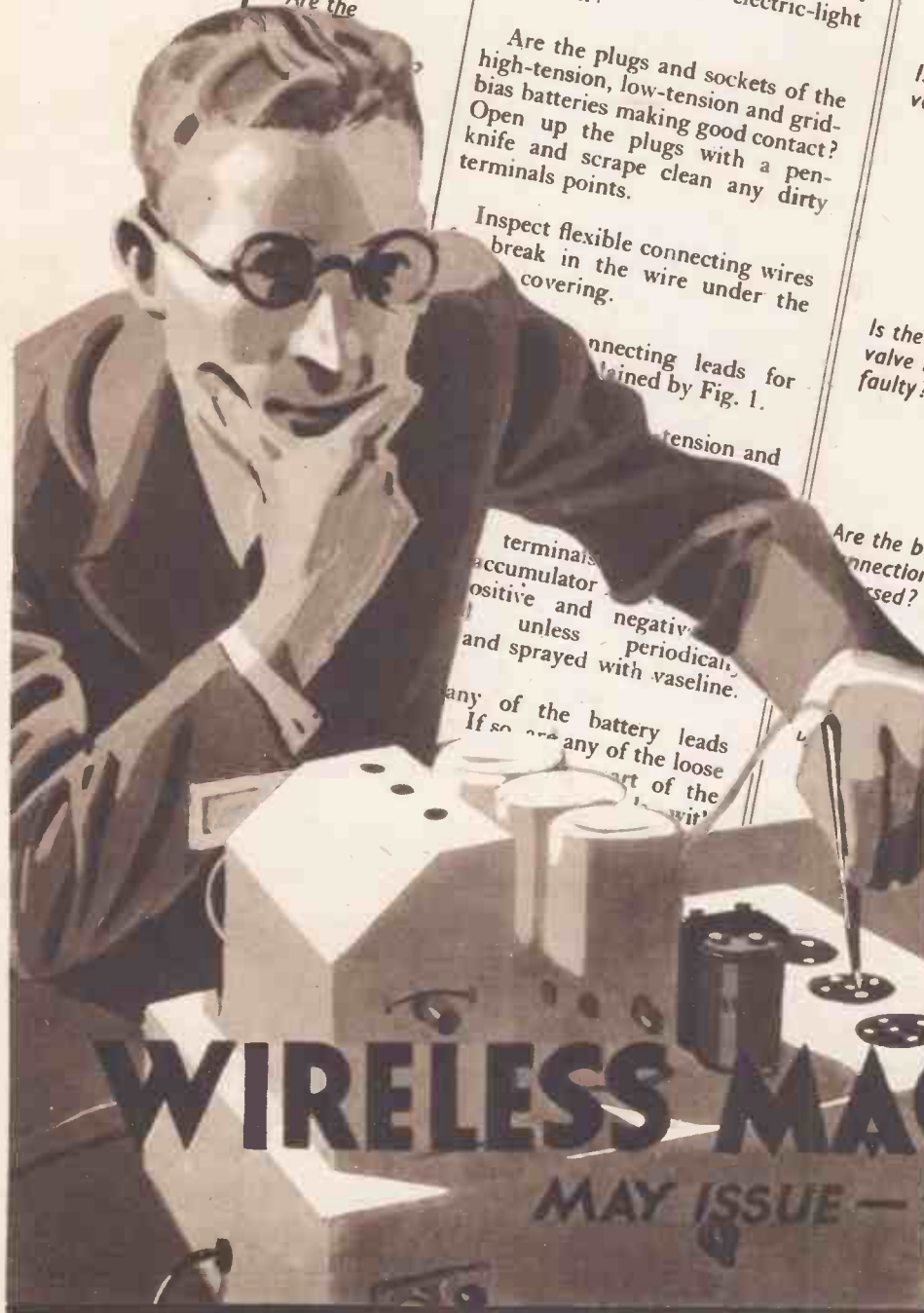
Working a Simple Television Receiver from Your Broadcast Set.

Another Great Advance in Television.

Holding the Image Steady.

WIRELESS MAGAZINE

MAY ISSUE — 1/-





Harry HEMSLEY

radio entertainer, whose special "act" as a child impersonator is a regular feature of variety shows. He will be heard from Belfast on Tuesday next week

12 PHOTOGRAPHS *of your* RADIO FAVOURITES *for 1/3*



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Now select 12 from list at the foot of the page, write them on a sheet of paper together with your name and address, affix the coupon cut from the bottom left-hand corner of page 24 of this issue, enclose P.O. for 1s. 3d. and post to:—

“RADIO STARS,”
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58-61 Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

* If more than one dozen required increase amount of P.O. by 1/3 per dozen.

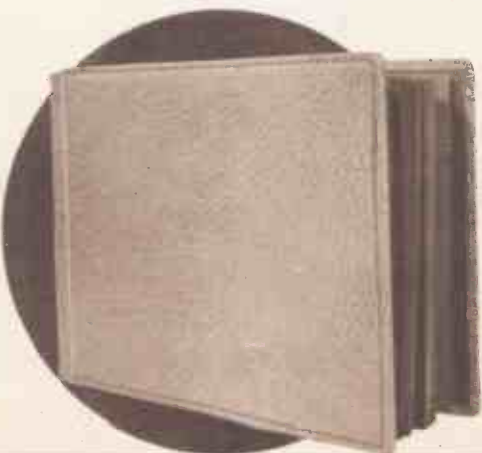
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- ANONA WINN
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Additional portraits will be released each week. The following will be available next week:—
TOM JONES
HARRY ROY
HARRY BENTLEY

Come out in the sunshine with the engineers
who arrange—



Radio Pictorial — No. 19

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

THIS summer is going to be a bumper season for outside broadcasting engineers, whose programme is bigger and brighter than ever before.

Besides the usual round of outdoor events: Epsom for the Derby; Wimbledon for tennis; Aldershot for the Tattoo; and Hendon for the R.A.F. display; there are five test matches to cover and extensive relays from the Isle of Man.

Let us hope that the sun shines for these hard-working fellows, freed for a spell from the ballroom and the belfry where they spend so many hours fixing mikes and tending gear.

The nightingales provide the earliest summer fare and any night this week dance music may be interrupted for the song of the birds from a wood in Berkshire. The O.B. men are now overhauling the tackle which pays out the cable while they drive their car over the fields to the wood.

They will be staying in the village at the inn again. It is curious how some birds return to the same haunt year after year and I wonder whether "Begbie," that hardy old triller will be back on his bough this season.

In the following week, on June 6, there is the Derby, which will find the boys on the roof of the grandstand at Epsom. R. C. Lyle, the racing correspondent, will be at the mike. He has described the race each year since 1927, and from the top of the stand enjoys the finest view that can be got of the course.

Two days later the first test match starts at Nottingham, with Howard Marshall watching the game for listeners.



"The nightingales provide the earliest summer fare," says John Trent, and here is an O.B. man overhauling one of the microphones used in the Berkshire woods

—those intriguing letters standing for "outside broadcasts"

As an ex-announcer he is that rare combination, an expert in sport who understands the mike, a qualification which makes him invaluable to the B.B.C.

He will be heard three times a day describing the game: in the luncheon interval at 1.30, at tea-time, and at 6.20 at close of play.

For the following tests he will travel with the teams to Lords, Manchester, Leeds and the Oval, giving listeners his impression three times each day as long as the matches last.

Cricket is a game which is unsuitable for broadcasting by means of a continuous commentary. Pauses while the field is changed after each over and tame play when the batsman blocks each ball from a new and dangerous bowler do not inspire a snappy descriptive narrative; but there are moments which it would be a pity to miss.

When a batsman is nearing his century, or a bowler has taken two wickets in as many balls and is shaping for a hat trick, excitement runs high and during the test at Lords starting on June 22, the B.B.C. will attempt to capture for listeners tense periods in the play.

So when Bradman is hitting them all round the wicket, or Larwood is striking the stumps from the ground, programmes will be suspended for flashes of commentary by Howard Marshall from the field.

The microphone will be fixed in a private member's room in the Tavern by the score box on the south side of the ground, so Howard will not be troubled by having the sun in his eyes.

It is a disadvantage of this site that the commentator will be rather "square" to the field, but this can be overcome and between his eye-witness accounts Howard Marshall will walk around the ground.

In view of the body-line controversy, I shall look for him behind the bowler's arm when he is missing from the mike position.

At Wimbledon the broadcaster's place is alongside the Royal box on the centre court.

With royalty on one side and film cameras on the other, he sits in a padded wooden hut, peering through a sheet of glass like a windscreen which can be opened in a quiet game or shut by a turn of the hand when the noise of the crowd would otherwise interfere with his description of play.

The buzz of excitement when the final set reaches match point would drown the commentary but for the screen . . . and when an incident occurs the window is shut with a bang!

Our old friends Colonel Brand and Captain H. B. T. Wakelam, will share the commentators' box. Things happen quickly at tennis; describing a fast set is an exhausting task and the commentators' work must be shared.

Games for the Wightman Cup starting on June 15, and the championship from June 25 will be heard, and afterwards play for the Davis Cup will keep the commentators busy week-ends. Room is valuable round the centre court and space for the engineers is naturally limited. Their gear is fixed behind the hut and this year there will be an innovation.

Many countries send their tennis "aces" to Wimbledon and like to hear a first-hand account when their champions are on the court. The transatlantic telephone and improvements in continental lines make long-distance relaying possible, and if you see a foreigner talking excitedly during a game you will know that he is describing the play for listeners in a distant country.

His microphone, by the way, will be placed behind the Royal box and the B.B.C. engineers on the spot will also handle his telephone line.

When the O.B. men leave for Aldershot on June 16, they will drive in a plain green van on pneumatic tyres in charge of a liveried chauffeur. Their amplifiers will be fitted in polished black cabinets and everything will be tidy.

Just a few years ago, when they set out from Savoy Hill for such a show, they loaded an ancient touring car with batteries, mikes, valves, lengths of wire, and then climbed in on top. Conditions are different to-day and failures are very rare.

Nothing is left to chance and when the engineers arrive for the Tattoo they will find the telephone lines laid beneath the arena three years ago in working order. Their first job will be to locate the points and attach the mikes.

Two will be hung in front of the grandstand railings, three on the edge of the wood in the far right-hand corner of the field, and two in the wood behind the screens.

As the bands advance from the back of the arena towards the grandstand, the distant microphones are faded out and the grandstand mikes are brought into use.

This year the Tattoo is planned on new lines which will help the broadcasters to secure a perfect relay. In past years it has been tricky work to get good results, while the massed bands have been wheeling and counter-marching in the centre of the field midway between the various microphone positions. This time the bands will manoeuvre well within range of the mikes.

Manxmen are asking that their holiday island should be put on the broadcasting map and O.B. staff from the North Region will cross the sea for several events.

There will be a commentary on the car race on June 1 and the three motor-cycle T.T. races which follow ten days later will also be described. The Tynewald ceremony will be heard, besides concerts and variety shows, and there is a plan to relay the chatter and cheers of departing holiday-makers from the Isle of Man boat train leaving Victoria Station at Manchester.

by
**John
TRENT**

Behind every one of the remarkable songs we hear on the air every week is a story, and here are a few facts about . . .

Romance behind Radio Songs



There is romance behind most of the music you hear on the wireless. Here is a solo at the microphone

Full of sadness he wandered on the seashore and composed the song. Then, returning in disguise, he joined the wedding guests and when asked to sing, burst forth with:

*"O wilt thou come or stay,
Eileen Aroon?"*

little of it that he threw it away. Fitzball rescued it from the waste-paper basket, sang it in public and it became immortal.

The story of "My Pretty Jane" did not have a happy ending, as Jane died at an early age of consumption.

Many stories surround "The Lass of Richmond Hill." One of them is that the lass referred to was wooed by the then Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV), another that it was written by a girl about herself! Yorkshire and Surrey have disputed the right to the song, for there are Richmonds in both counties. It seems that the honour must go to Yorkshire, for it is generally accepted that the author was a young Irish barrister who wooed and won the daughter of William I'Anson, a solicitor of Richmond (Yorks).

There is no evidence that Kathleen Mavourneen was a real girl, for the song was written by a woman, and the music composed by a Drury Lane conductor. Although Mrs. Crawford, the author, lived in England, she was Irish by birth and the song has a real Irish flavour. It is interesting to note that the composer was paid £10 for the copyright of his song. It must have made thousands for the publisher.

"Home, Sweet Home" was originally composed for Opera! The title of the piece was "The Maid of Milan" and although it was given many performances at Covent Garden over 100 years ago, probably few living people have ever heard of it.

But "Home, Sweet Home" which, from the first, swept the audience off its feet, is immortal, and its strains, caught by wireless, must have brought tears to the eyes of many English men and women exiled in foreign countries. The words were written by J. H. Payne in a Paris boarding house—just the place to make a man long for home!

The music is by Sir Henry Bishop, and in these days of "song plugging" it is worth recording that 300,000 copies of the song were sold in 1823, the year of its composition! Such an instantaneous success for a song was almost unprecedented in the days before wireless.

"Sally in Our Alley" has a delightful story behind it. The author and composer was Henry Carey and he got his inspiration from watching a young shoe-maker's apprentice giving his "girl" a day out.

Carey is also said to be the author of "God Save the King," written in honour of the birthday of George II.



(Above) A musical hour in a Columbia Broadcasting studio and (right) a humorous pose of Harry Roy, the popular dance band leader and song composer

BEHIND every one of the immortal songs we hear on the air every week is a story. Sometimes it is a story of love thwarted by Fate, sometimes a story of some amusing incident witnessed by the lyric writer.

But the girls of great songs have rarely existed only in the imagination of their authors and some of the greatest music has originated in odd sounds heard by chance.

The greatest of all love songs is probably "Annie Laurie." The real Annie Laurie was born towards the end of the seventeenth century and the man to whom she "g'd her promise true" was William Douglas. This worthy soldier was killed while fighting in the Lowlands, and it is recorded that as he died, he clutched a lock of Annie's hair.

If you love the song, it is better not to read any more of the history of Annie Laurie, for it is said that she lost little time in weeping for William Douglas and shortly married another (and wealthier) suitor!

"The Girl I Left Behind Me" is not so well known. The origin of the music is lost in history, the earliest written copies dating from about 1770.

Truth to tell, the title should really be "The Girls I left Behind Me," for the Irish bandmaster who is said to have popularised it as the parting song of the British army and navy seems to have had the gift of loving any and every girl!

He was famous—or notorious—for his love affairs and the ease with which he dropped them, which accounts, perhaps, for the rather jolly tune in which the sadness of parting is barely reflected.

The song seems to have become first famous at Brighton, which, at the time was a camp.

A romantic story lies behind the lovely song "Robin Adair," which is now generally sung to music formerly associated with a song called "Eileen Aroon."

The music was a traditional melody of Ireland and it is said that Handel said of it that he would rather have written it than any of his famous airs!

The story of Eileen Aroon, as given in the *Gentleman's Magazine* a century ago, was that she was a charming daughter of an Irish chieftain to whom one Carol O'Daly paid court.

His suit was not approved of by Eileen's parents and when he had to leave the country, they took the opportunity of persuading their daughter that he was unfaithful and persuaded her to marry another man. On the eve of the wedding, O'Daly returned to find the guests assembled.

Eileen recognised his voice, whispered to him and they decided to elope that very night. Next day the intended husband was left without a bride, while Eileen and her lover were far away in the land of Happy Ever After!

"My Pretty Jane," "Annabel Lee," "The Lass of Richmond Hill"—they were all girls of flesh and blood, and that, perhaps, is why the songs written about them have become immortal.

Annabel Lee was the cousin and afterwards the wife of Edgar Allan Poe, whose early death broke his heart. My Pretty Jane was a country lass who lived at Burwell, between Ely and Cambridge and the stile on which Edward Fitzball is supposed to have sat while he composed the song is still to be seen.

The composer of the music, Sir Henry Bishop, thought so

Stars at Home—19

HARD WORK

By Leonard HENRY

AM I a star? Or am I? It's funny, you have to work like a double-decked Dickens to get to the top of the ladder, and directly you arrive at that draughty spot, you have to work like steam, blazes, and the old gentleman in the red tights, to prevent yourself falling off again.

Am I ever at home? Elementary, my dear Watson. One sure sign and indication is the arrival of the postman at 7.45 a.m. with a large bundle of music that "simply *must* be broadcast, my dear old Leonard—these are numbers that will live for ever, or even longer. . . ."

M'yes. Another sign is the schoolboy, with satchel and shining morning face, banging on my front door for an autograph before creeping unwillingly to school. (I love the autograph hunters outside the theatres; you sign on the dotted line, and then one says to the other: "Who is he?" and the other answers, "Blowed if I know.")

Life in my constellation is awful. For instance, I have been rehearsing at Birmchester all the previous day, given the evening show and caught the 10.25 back (2225 hours to you).

I arrive home at 3.30 and find it is summer time, just to make it more difficult.

Then sleep in large succulent chunks . . . to be awakened by the telephone at eightish, and a voice all girlish and giggly: "Are you reely going to be at the Queen's Hall to-night? My friend and me won't come if you're not. Oh, you are? Thanks *ever* so."

The other day I hurried through breakfast, fuddled about with a heap of things I might have left till any old time and got to the Big House in Portland Place in time for a rehearsal.

I was there by 10.20. I went down to the studio and read the paper until a quarter to eleven.

Then I thought something must be wrong, or else they expected me to rehearse myself. So I gave the rehearsal

board the once over and found I was due at 2.30.

I knew this was bound to happen some time in my career, but I had hoped it would not be then, because I was due at three different places at 2.30 (sorry, 1430), and I had to go home again to explain why I wasn't where I ought to have been when I found out I wasn't wanted where I was and found out I wasn't being wanted.

I do hope I make myself clear?

Hobbies? None.

Always at work.

It's easy enough to write a broadcast—take down your dictionary—all the words you want are in it. All you have to do is to put the blessed things down in the right order.

I think



Did you write to Leonard last week? Here he is dealing with his current postbag



Oh, muse, where art thou! But it's not often that Leonard is lost for an inspiration

out gags wherever I go—on the bus, in the bath—and write them down on the backs of envelopes.

Most of them are in pencil and now quite illegible. There is a good one here in ink, but there is no context and I can't for the life of me remember what it referred to. I must walk up and down the Lane for a bit.

The Lane? That's what I have worn in my study carpet trying to think out new nonsensities.

Let's see, I shall be in East London to-night—so must set my domestic valve going. They like jokes about food and "the wife."

I never see anything funny in food and the wife's no joke—at least sometimes. Depends on what I do or don't do. We've been married since 1916 so neither of us is much of a joke.

Do you like cats? I am not thinking of wives now—I mean what I say. I *do* like cats. I love their arrogance. They don't come pleading, swarming or whickering round for food or friendship—but pay you the high compliment of coming up and stopping with you some time.

What I call sheer nose-thumbing independence. Yes, I'm mat cad—cat mad I mean.

But I love broadcasting. Yet do you know, it gets me down sometimes.

Am I nervous?

Well, let me tell you about an animal I *don't* like. It's a squirrel and I think it lives in my tummy, for most times before a broadcast I can feel him going round and round in his little cage.

Am I nervous? Why I am the man who once said in the middle of a stately Elizabethan drama, "And where is our cousin, 'King Sphilip of Fain?'"

Ah well, it's a great life for a crust.



Jessie Matthews, the popular British film star and broadcaster spends an idle moment away from the microphone listening to her new Columbia receiver

In Gratitude

A STRAIGHT tip from Newmarket reached the B.B.C. recently "Back — for 2.30, and — for 4.0," read the wire from Ras Prince Monolulu and the office boy made a mental note as he passed the form on to a high official.

The telegram was addressed to the Chief of the B.B.C., Broadcasting House, but for a long time no one would claim the wire. Finally, it came to rest in the Variety Department and the mystery was explained. The coloured tipster had broadcast in "In Town To-night," and his wire was a token of his thanks. A pretty but embarrassing gesture.

A Land of Milk and Honey

A lean and hungry look is hard to find at Broadcasting House, where the boys are given milk, though I learn they must buy their own honey.

The pages who escort visitors about the building must cover many miles in their work. It is the milk which stays them, and they all look fit and cheerful—bar one, who hopes to be light-weight champion some day and is afraid of getting fat.

Mr. Sydney Baynes, the popular orchestral leader at his Highgate home with his son, Kenneth. They are going over a score together in preparation for the next Sydney Baynes broadcast



"Newsmonger's"

RADIO GOSSIP

An O.B. Trip

Bronzed and cheerful, Gerald Cock is homeward bound from the States, where he has been visiting his old ranching friends in the West. From California he crossed the continent to New York and after a sight of Radio City, embarked on a big ship for home.

Announcers in Difficulties

Stuart Hibberd and Frederick Grisewood have been telling me stories of times when things went wrong. On one occasion—rather a long time ago, now—a lady vocalist was to sing two groups of songs in a programme. As it happened, the previous programme had over-run and the whole thing was late.

Then the singer fainted. Her second group was cut and the programme finished on time!

The Terrifying Mike!

Even Mabel Constanduros was really terrified at her first broadcast. She has, of course, overcome that by now.

Yet, strange to say, both announcers admit to being nervous themselves on occasions. They were both emphatic on the point.

There are times when they find themselves in a state of agitation before reading the news.



Which all goes to prove that "Mike" is a terrible and terrifying person!

Are You One?

You must have heard of the Cad Clubs, which have been started all over the country in honour of the Western Brothers.

There is a very big one in Cambridge,

one in Wiltshire, one in Kent, and another being inaugurated at Maidstone.

I hear the movement is spreading rapidly, and next winter will see the arrival of several more Cad centres at various other places. The Cambridge one has a special tie—black with a white horsewhip on it. This denotes the emblem of the whip, which is used for horse-whipping cads and bounders from their club steps.

Their Disappearing Trick

After their May broadcast, the Western Brothers are going to do their disappearing trick, which they do every year for six months. During that time the radio, theatre and cabaret world will never hear their voices. They just vanish completely and a mystery hangs over their doings. While they are away they do a good deal of flying. George is a pilot, while Kenneth is nearly ready to qualify.

Apparently they have great difficulty in disappearing completely, because even on a country lane somebody recognises them.

"If we refuse our autograph they say, 'Play the game, you cads,' and we simply have to give in after that," said Kenneth.

A Tune a Minute

Did you hear Peggy Cochrane's syncopated piano solo on May 15? It was a clever stunt called "A Tune a Minute." She played fifteen tunes in fifteen minutes and prepared and linked up the whole medley herself.

Her next ambition is to play a piano and violin solo variety act, for, as you know, she plays both instruments equally well.

"I have just finished composing the music for a stage musical play," she said, "and I am hoping to have it produced in the West End very shortly. It is already going to be heard by a big West End producer."



An Eileen Joyce Recital

Eileen Joyce, the twenty-one-year-old star radio pianist, recently had an offer to go and play in her

"O.B.!"

Next Friday's "Radio Pictorial" will contain a special article by the B.B.C. Commentator on the DERBY



native Australia, but she is so booked up in England that she was obliged to waive it for the present. She is also giving a big London recital at one of the larger concert halls in June.

At the end of the summer she is going to take a complete rest in a delightful little cottage she has taken in sight and sound of the sea. There is no piano there, so for once she will have to give up her daily six hours practise.

A School for Broadcasting

Maurice Elwin, the recording and radio star, has opened studios at Steinway House, and instruction in the technique of the microphone is to fill an important place on the curriculum.

He has had the studios fitted with amplifying equipment by Philips Industrial, and while the pupil sings into the microphone Mr. Elwin goes to the other end of the room so as to hear the student's voice only through the loud-speaker. Even when accompanying at the piano Mr. Elwin wears headphones, so that he may hear the voice only as transmitted through the microphone and not direct.

The four photographs on this page are of the Mills Brothers, Herbert, John, Donald and Harry, who normally broadcast through the Columbia System in America, but who are spending some months in this country. They were heard in two Henry Hall Guest Night programmes, and in the "In Town To-night" section of the Royal Command Variety Show.

An "Ace" Player

It has been always a mystery to me that Howard Jacobs, the saxophone ace and highest-paid player of that instrument in England, never enjoyed his full share of limelight until recently.

Although Jacobs has been providing dance music at the Savoy and Berkeley Hotels on and off for years and has done occasional broadcasts before, it seems that the Savoy Orpheans alone among the Savoy bands stole all the plums.



A Pioneer Comedian

John Henry will go down in radio history as one of the first comedians to broadcast. Thousands of listeners in the earliest days of broadcasting in this country used to be amused by the "John Henry and Blossom" features. He toured Australia, and came back to British broadcasting only a few weeks before his tragic death.

Welcome Back, Ambrose

The absence of Ambrose from the air has been a great loss from the musical standpoint. That is why I am so pleased to hear that he has patched up his little differences with the B.B.C.

It will be a pleasure to hear once more that excellent band to which my loud-speaker has been silent so long, but I learn that it will not be Saturday night now. Henry Hall will continue to play in that spot on the programme and Ambrose will be heard occasionally at 8 p.m. transmissions.

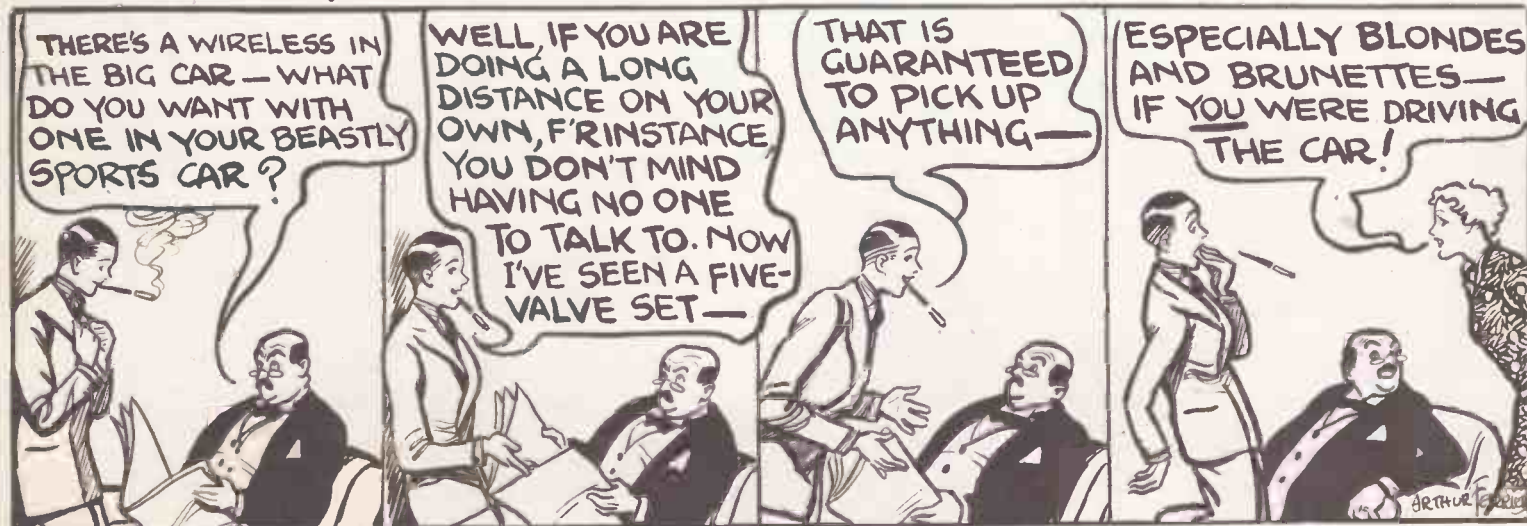
For the Fund

They have been telling me at the B.B.C. how everyone concerned took such an interest in the Command Show because it was for the Fund for Variety Artists. Not only the vaudeville people, either. Serious musicians gave their services to help. Sir Henry Wood was one. They telephoned to ask if he would write an opening Fanfare. He at once agreed, and wrote it in the train on the way back from Cardiff.

Then Haydn Wood was good enough to spare time to write incidental music to back up John Drinkwater's Prologue and Frank Bridge instantly agreed when asked to do the same thing for the Epilogue. Very good of them, considering they are not variety artists at all—and, of course, busy men. Kneale Kelley was largely responsible for getting them. He and Eric Maschwitz thought out the idea. It all goes to show how sympathetic our musicians are.



The Twiddleknobs—by FERRIER





Left is Val Gielgud, who not only accepts radio plays for the B.B.C., but decides the amount of money to be paid for them

WHAT *the* B.B.C.

What is the real truth about B.B.C. fees? . . . How much does the B.B.C. pay its artists? And how much could you command at the microphone? This exclusive article by Paul Hobson gives you the facts.



Help yourself to the B.B.C. microphone and earn . . . how much? This article by Paul Hobson gives you some facts about B.B.C. fees

on the technical side of the transmissions.

How does the B.B.C. spend this £800,000?

The first step is to decide the number of men who have the authority to decide fees at the B.B.C.

And the experts who have this important job include Val Gielgud, Eric Maschwitz, Dr. Adrian Boulton, and various other members of the music, talks, and variety sections.

The second step is to decide a kind of sliding scale for B.B.C. fees.

This results in artists in the morning and afternoon programmes getting lower fees in general than artists in the evening programmes.

This is only fair because newcomers to the microphone are generally tried out in morning programmes and when they are proved a success are, for their later broadcasts, given a place in the evening programmes.

In plain figures, an artist who gives an interesting short talk or a couple of songs at the microphone during the morning or afternoon programmes can expect a fee in the neighbourhood of three guineas.

If the artist is a "first ranker" or some outstanding lecturer, who for certain reasons could only broadcast in the morning or afternoon, there is then, of course, a fee in proportion to the microphone worth, and it does not depend upon the time he broadcasts.

The same type of item given in the evening programme might claim anything from five to twenty guineas. The value depends entirely on the artist's worth. But it is not unreasonable to suppose that an artist who gives a short variety act or a short song recital can secure a fee ranging from five to ten guineas.

This is not out of keeping with the ordinary fees paid to artists for concert work.

People sometimes ask me this question when trying to discover the amount of money paid to famous microphone talkers: "What fee would be paid to the average man who goes to the B.B.C. to broadcast a talk?"

The answer is that the average man does not go to the B.B.C. to face the microphone. People are asked to give talks only if they have some unusual personal experience to recount or if they are leaders or authorities on any special subject.

And then, of course, in view of their position, they would be able to command fees in excess of what the average listener would think justified.

If the average man in the street were to go to the B.B.C. and broadcast a talk on what he thought about the possibilities of aviation (assuming for a moment that the B.B.C. would broadcast a talk of this kind), the MS. would probably not be worth more than two guineas.

But if Colonel Lindbergh or "Jim" Mollison were to face the B.B.C. microphone and tell listeners their own experiences in the air, the talk would probably be worth fifteen to twenty guineas.

In any case, so far as radio talks and



WHAT is the real truth about the B.B.C. fees?

Are artists grossly underpaid, as is often stated by variety leaders who will not face the microphone?

Are a few "stars" being paid exorbitant fees to the detriment of ordinary broadcasters, who may as a result be underpaid?

And what fee would you be able to command at the microphone?

These are questions which affect every listener, because while some artists work for art's sake, the vast majority are in the "profession" to make a living out of it and if there were any truth in the rumour that the B.B.C. constantly underpaid its artists then we would be justified in supposing that the ordinary listener does not get good programme value for his 10s. licence fee.

I am constantly asked how much the artist gets paid by the B.B.C. and I dare say you are wondering what figure would be put on a B.B.C. cheque if you managed to pass a B.B.C. audition and went to the studios to broadcast.

Supposing you gave a talk. Would you walk off with a B.B.C. cheque to the value of 50 guineas?

Hardly!
Would it be only a guinea or a couple of guineas?

It would certainly be more than this, but it would depend entirely upon a number of factors.

Let's investigate.
The B.B.C.'s income from licence money was, in 1933, £1,460,352 1s. 10d.

And in that year the B.B.C. paid out to artists, orchestras, news agencies, and to the programme staff in salaries and expenses £786,345 2s. 11d.

Let's call it £800,000 in round figures. It represents the total amount paid out to all the people who have anything to do with the programmes as distinct from just engineers and other members of the B.B.C. staff who are entirely

Going in for his guineas! An artist entering the studio section of Broadcasting House . . . when he comes back to the vestibule again he collects his cheque

PAYS *its* ARTISTS



A considerable amount of money is spent in microphone rehearsing, and here you see Jack Hulbert and Ray Noble rehearsing in an H.M.V. studio. Below: the Wireless Singers

*Expenditure
 on Expenditure on Programmes
 (including payment of Artists, Orchestras,
 News Royalties, Performing Rights and
 Simultaneous Broadcast Telephone
 System, Salaries and Expenses of
 Programme Staff)
 Maintenance of Plant, Power, Salaries and*

786,345 2 "

guineas are concerned, Mr. Siepmann, the talks chief at the B.B.C., has the final word.

Some actual figures of fees paid to the B.B.C. broadcasters will interest you.

Those actors in radio plays like Henry Ainley and John Gielgud can command anything up to fifty guineas for a performance. But small-part actors of radio plays are not worth more than five guineas. These fees include a broadcast of the same play and rehearsals. No extra fees are paid for studio appearances during rehearsals.

Fees paid to variety broadcasters vary considerably and are not always based on the fees which are commanded by the variety stars on the stage.

Gracie Fields can always expect a fee of about £500 a week when appearing on a London stage. But from the B.B.C. she rarely gets a fee in excess of about fifty guineas for one microphone appearance.

Recently, when she was paid a fee of eighty guineas for one radio variety act, she passed the cheque over to her pet charity. But not all radio stars can afford to do that.

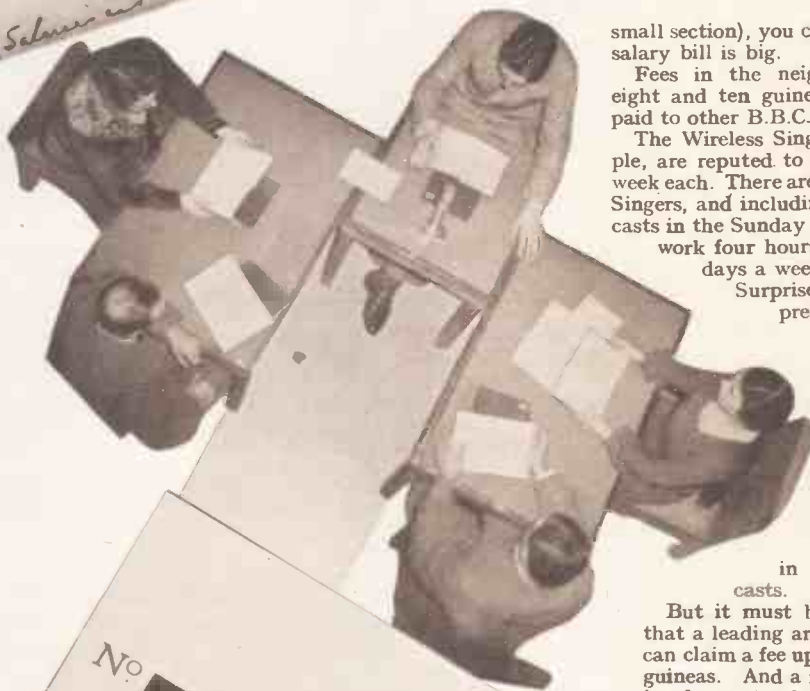
On one occasion a fee of £1,000 was paid to Sir Harry Lauder for one broadcast and on another occasion exactly the same fee was paid to the world-famous Chaliapine for a broadcast song recital. But these are isolated fees far in excess of those ordinarily paid.

Dance band musicians are always highly paid, but you must not believe all the rumours that are circulated about fortunes in dance music. Before he appeared in the Royal Command Performance, Henry Hall (with the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra) concluded arrangements to appear at the London Palladium, and rumour went round that he was being offered a fee of £1,200 for this one week's appearance.

The actual figure is less than this, but even so is, for the one week, about a third of what Henry earns (personally) at the B.B.C. for a whole year!

It must not be imagined that artists on the B.B.C. staff are underpaid. All the members of the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra (they are under contract direct with the B.B.C.) get a regular salary. The lowest-paid member of any section of the B.B.C. main orchestra gets eleven guineas a week.

As there are 112 members of this big orchestra (of which the B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra is only a



small section), you can see that the salary bill is big.

Fees in the neighbourhood of eight and ten guineas a week are paid to other B.B.C. artists.

The Wireless Singers, for example, are reputed to earn £8 10s. a week each. There are eight Wireless Singers, and including their broadcasts in the Sunday epilogues, they work four hours a day for six days a week.

Surprise is often expressed at the big sums of money paid out for radio plays. And lovers of Shakespeare frequently affirm that excessive fees are paid to the artists who take part in these broadcasts.

But it must be remembered that a leading artist in the cast can claim a fee up to twenty-five guineas. And a man, fairly low in the cast who is given five guineas for making five trips to the B.B.C. (three for the rehearsals and two for the actual broadcast) is certainly not overpaid!

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Wouldn't you like one of these? This is a facsimile of a B.B.C. cheque paid to a radio artist

LEW STONE, in this exclusive "Radio Pictorial" interview, tells you some more . . .

STORIES of My LIFE



(Above) Lew on the conductor's dais, and (in right-hand circle) the saxophone section of Lew Stone's band at the Monseigneur



(Above) is Al Bowlly, the popular vocalist in the Monseigneur combination, at the mike, while (in circle, left) is another section of the Lew Stone band



WITH the natural contrariness of a young boy, I found my first serious interest in music soon after my parents had decided that it was no longer worth while to make me persevere with it.

Others of my family were greatly interested in music, and an elder brother was a regular attendant at Sir Henry Wood's Promenade Concerts.

I was apt to scoff at my brother's enthusiasm until one day he offered me his Queen's Hall season ticket with the suggestion that I should find out something about classical music—or, at any rate, go and listen to some—before I presumed to criticise it or its devotees.

Somewhat grudgingly, I went to the Queen's Hall, finding my way with difficulty to Regent Street, and the Queen's Hall.

No flight of imagination could have suggested to me in those days how much that very spot was going to mean to me in the future and how large a part a building not yet existing—I mean, of course, Broadcasting House—was going to play in my life. But that is going too far forward.

I entered the Queen's Hall with only a vague idea of what I was going to hear, and no idea at all of the kind of audience which I was about to join.

I know now that the spectacle of that vast audience, moved by the music and by the genius of Sir Henry Wood, was as much responsible for the emotions which swayed me on that, for me, momentous evening, as was the music itself.

It would be foolish to pretend that I understood the music that I heard that evening, or realised to the full the importance to musical affairs of that audience applauding Sir Henry Wood and the Queen's Hall Orchestra; but I left that concert in an emotional state which, when it passed, left me with a determination to take a bigger interest in music in the future and to practise it for my own pleasure and not as a forced labour.

That was my first introduction to the real

musical world, and now it is interesting to look back and realise that the introduction was almost accidental.

I believe that at an early age Henry Hall had a very similar experience when he first heard a concert at the Queen's Hall.

Now, through the agency of Broadcasting it is possible for you to hear on the same evening Sir Henry Wood controlling a promenade concert and one of those boys whose careers were, perhaps, decided by him many years ago.

I was always something of a book-lover, and my parents were aware that I spent much of my pocket money on books.

An article of interest to all dance-music lovers . . . a "Radio Pictorial" exclusive feature, the first instalment of which was given in last week's issue

I think that they kept a watch on the kind of books that I bought to ensure that they were suitable.

If that were so they must have discovered at this time that I was purchasing music instead of the "penny dreadfuls" which perhaps they suspected.

I was now dreaming of becoming a serious pianist and visualised my debut at the Queen's Hall as a soloist:

These dreams, as you may know, were never realised, and one of the things that diverted my steps from that path was the sudden popularity of rag-time music.

The earliest syncopated music heard in this country was imported from America.

It was comparatively crude and very, very different in structure from the music of to-day. Nevertheless it was sufficiently revolutionary in those days to create a storm of abuse and an answering chorus of praise, though the most ardent enthusiast and the most violent opponent had, then, no idea that this new kind of music was to sweep the world as we now know that it has.

For myself, I quickly found that for good or bad my self-taught technique enabled me to play this new kind of music in a way that was popular.

I had a good sense of rhythm—the essential part of jazz music—and my interpretations of jazz soon made my services in demand at parties and private concerts. This was the deciding point in my career. I began more and more to confine my piano-playing to the kind of music which was popular at public concerts, and although I did not forsake serious music entirely, jazz was quickly becoming my principal musical work.

In those days, I had no idea of becoming a professional jazz musician, but when the opportunity came I did not hesitate to take the plunge.

A business acquaintance of my father's told me that two men in his employ were keen pianists, and that one of them—now very well known as a dance band musician—was already earning a colossal salary.

I had, also, another connection with the world of dance music in a friend, Joe Daniels, now a well-known drummer, and it was his suggestion that I joined a dance orchestra that was being formed.

For our first rehearsal, the drummer—who was at the time well known—sent a deputy. That deputy was Bill Harty who after all this while is still a member of my orchestra. But for Bill Harty's encouragement I should probably never have remained in the musical profession at all.

Very soon the beginnings of success came to our little orchestra.

We had many engagements in this country and on the continent.

At this time, small orchestras were superseding the larger combinations, and with our number of instrumentalists reduced to five, we made a tour of the larger European cities. One incident of that tour I can never recall without amusement. We had the idea that if we went a little further afield we might break entirely fresh ground and bring our new jazz rhythms to places where they had never yet been heard. Our first choice was Budapest, and next time I will tell you what happened there.

To be concluded.

In this instalment of his life story, Lew describes how he was attracted to serious music by a chance visit to a Queen's Hall "Prom" concert!

Does YOUR Dog Enjoy Radio?

By CRAVEN HILL, F.Z.S.

THAT radio has come as "a boon and a blessing to man," there can be no question. But—what do man's domestic pets think about it? I am not at all sure that they appreciate "the wireless" as much as their masters. And, after all, why should they? Radio stations were not erected for their benefit.

It is, however, always interesting—and sometimes very amusing—to note the reactions of pet animals to the material emitted from the loud-speaker. How does *your* dog, or *your* cat, behave? Perhaps, by this time, he is inured to it, has become blasé.

Observing the pets of my neighbours, I should

say quite 90 per cent. totally ignore the loud-speaker, except, perhaps, on some special occasion when it emits the noises of their own kind, or of some hereditary enemy. Then, as a rule, they do sit up and take notice!

I know one dog—a spirited Cairn who has long had a blood-feud with the feline tribe—who is roused to the highest pitch of frenzy every time the "miaow" of a cat is broadcast. The softest feline voice issuing from his master's loud-speaker sends this touchy animal careering madly to the front-door, and his subsequent whining appeals to be allowed to give chase are irresistible.

The fact that his chase around the garden is invariably fruitless does not dishearten him in the least. He returns with his "rudder" wagging, confident that he has successfully routed the foe! "Beaver," as this 100 per cent. tyke is called, apparently has the happy knack of being able to leave his ears on duty while he slumbers, for when, the other evening as he lay at full length on the hearthrug enjoying the sleep of the well fed, the loud-speaker delivered up the howl of a cat, he was on his legs, growling ferociously, in an instant.

Another doggy friend—a

spaniel—is affected by the wireless in quite a different way. Cats leave this curious canine cold—probably because he lives under the same roof with one. But give him a lusty soprano, and, as the instructions on the box of fireworks say: "Watch the effects."

A certain note has the strangest effect upon this dog, for if it is held for more than a second or two, the animal sits up, throws back its head, and howls like a wolf "baying the moon."

Now, I am not going to try to explain that behaviour. I simply state the fact. And I will add this. The phenomenon is by no means an isolated one, for I have heard of other dogs who will respond in similar fashion to certain notes. In one case the repeated striking of that note on the piano will, nine times out of ten, do the trick.

The effect of his master's voice upon a dog, via the loud-speaker, is an experiment which has been repeatedly tried, with extraordinarily variable results. Some dogs will recognise the voice; others will not. Generally, the result will depend upon the intelligence of the animal.

I know one dog—a collie—who will invariably obey a command from his master, issued through the loud-speaker, but I have also known several other equally brainy canines who never so much as flicked an ear! Though slightly outside our subject, I may add here that one terrier known to me will readily take commands from his owner even over the telephone!

The effect of wireless reception upon cats is, so far as I can make out, nearly negligible. A well-rendered "miaow" at the mike end—even a lusty canine bark—will usually elicit small response from a cat at the loud-speaker end. Does this go to prove that a cat receives impressions more

(Continued on page 21)



Is it "his master's voice"? Doggy interest in a radio-gram!

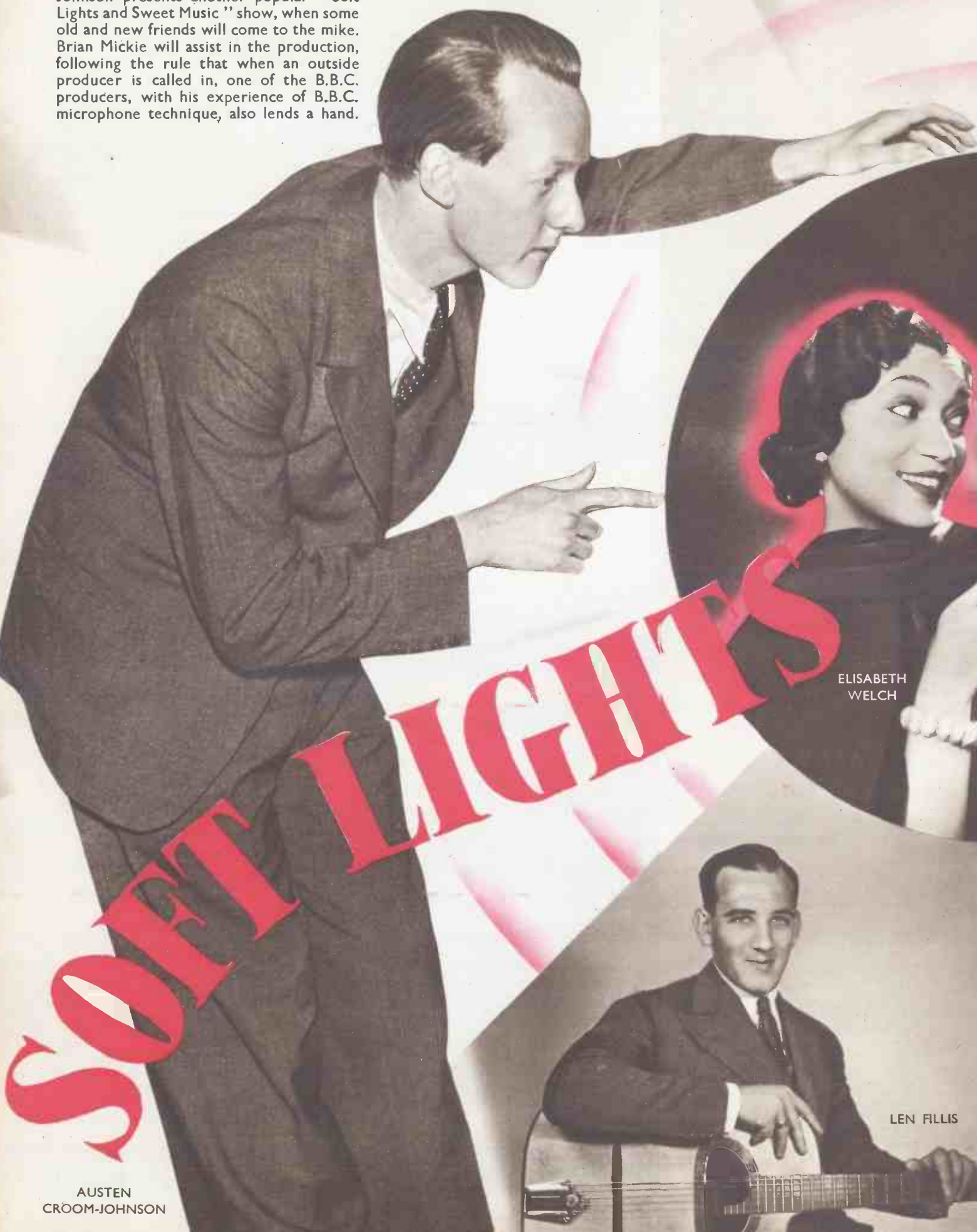


RP

Enid Trevor (Mrs. Claude Hulbert) with her pet Alsatian—and he doesn't seem to be getting much enjoyment out of the radio reception!

A Musical Show on Radio and Rec

On Tuesday this week Austen Croom-Johnson presents another popular "Soft Lights and Sweet Music" show, when some old and new friends will come to the mike. Brian Mickie will assist in the production, following the rule that when an outside producer is called in, one of the B.B.C. producers, with his experience of B.B.C. microphone technique, also lends a hand.



ELISABETH
WELCH

LEN FILLIS

AUSTEN
CROOM-JOHNSON

May 25, 1934

RADIO PICTORIAL

ord

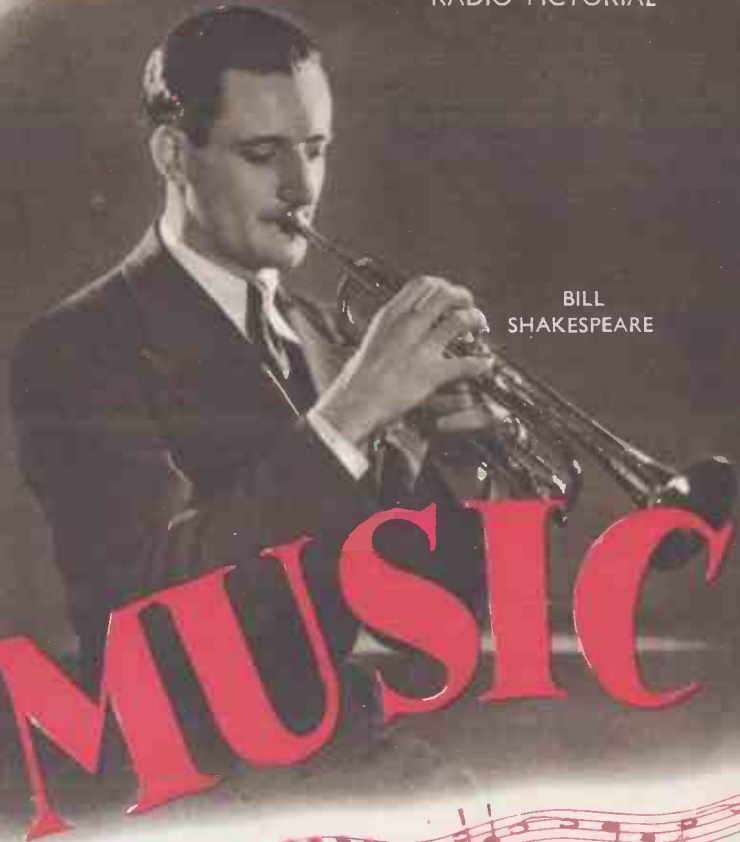
GEORGE
MELACHRINO



ERIC SIDAY



BILL
SHAKESPEARE



SWEET MUSIC

EVE BECKE



BOB EDWARDS



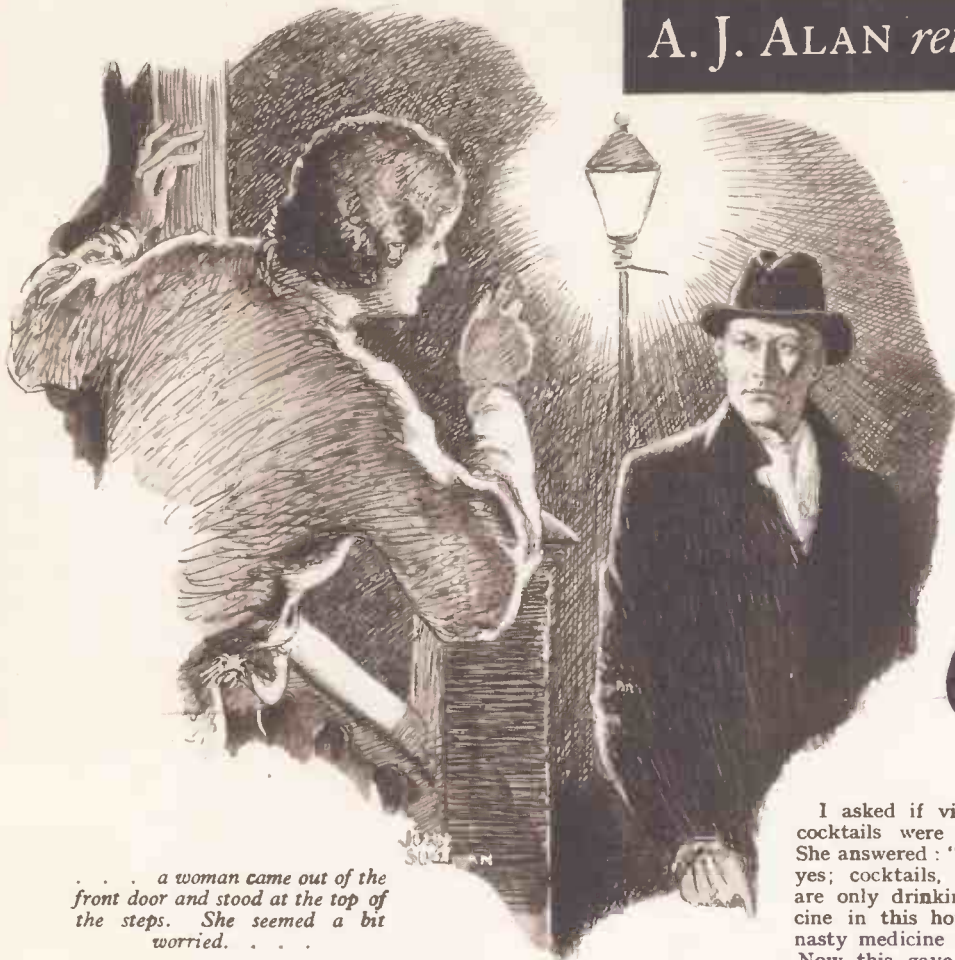
RUDY STARITA



JOHN BURNABY



A. J. ALAN retells another broadcast story



... a woman came out of the front door and stood at the top of the steps. She seemed a bit worried.

A Tale of Four Cocktails

ABOUT three days before Christmas I was walking home after rather a dull dinner I'd had to go to. The time was something like half-past ten, and as I was passing a house in a quiet road not far from my home, a woman came out of the front door and stood at the top of the steps. She seemed a bit worried—so much so, in fact, that I overcame my natural shyness and asked her if anything was the matter. She said: "Yes—I'm looking for someone to send to the chemist's," and then she went on to explain that her husband, her cook, and her house-parlourmaid had all suddenly gone down with 'flu—there was a bit of an epidemic just then, if you remember.

They'd all been put to bed and the doctor had just been and written three appropriate prescriptions for them, but she was alone in the house and completely stuck for anyone to send to get them made up.

I said: "You'd better give 'em to me." So she did, and I went along and knocked up the nearest chemist.

I sat for over twenty-five minutes while he made these three prescriptions up. You know what a desolate, eerie place any shop is after it's shut—well, this was. The only light there was somewhere right at the back where the man was doing his dispensing. There was nothing to do but listen to the tinkle of glass stoppers being taken out of bottles and put in again.

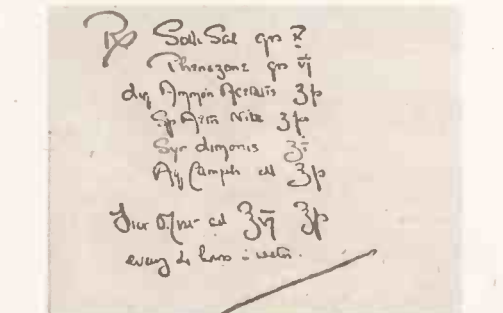
However, the job was done at last, and I bore these three precious bottles back to the good lady. I wished her a merry Christmas, but we both decided that the odds against her getting one looked fairly heavy with her entire household crocked up. I thought she looked pretty rotten herself, too, only it wouldn't have cheered her to tell her so. We said good-night, and that was that, but on the Christmas Day it occurred to me to ring up and inquire how all the patients were. The telephone was through to upstairs, and "Mrs." answered it.

She said she was in bed now as well as her husband and both the maids, the house was being run by a devoted charlady, and they were having a very merry Christmas, thank you. Could I suggest anything to liven things up a bit? Otherwise they were thinking of cutting their throats.

idea. Once upon a time, when I was having one of my periodical attacks of influenza, my doctor prescribed for me an extremely unpleasant mixture. It was so peculiarly filthy that when he called next day I cursed him and made him drink a dose himself. His face did me so much good that he let me get up there and then.

I mentioned this incident on the telephone, and suggested going and doing the same for them. Rather a rash offer to make, but Christmas is Christmas, and one is apt to do foolish things.

It so happened that we had some crackers in the house, so I collected eight of them and sallied forth. The charlady opened the door and ushered me upstairs. My first visit was to the lady of the house. She was most definitely not looking her best. Her temperature was 102, and I hate boudoir caps, anyway. I produced my crackers and we gravely pulled two. She got a false moustache on a piece of elastic (which I made her put on) and I got a yellow cap. Then came cocktail number one.

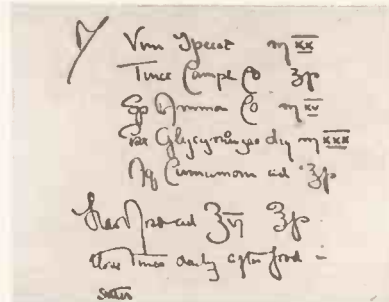


I give the recipe, as it's only fair that you should know what I suffered, although this first one wasn't too bad. The prevailing taste was lemon with a background of camphor, but I don't honestly recommend it. The fact that we clinked glasses didn't help very much. We talked as brilliantly as might be for a few minutes, and then she said it was time for me to call on her husband. He was in the next room.

As you know, influenza takes various forms, and in his case it was distinctly bronchial. I was especially sympathetic because that's how it generally takes me.

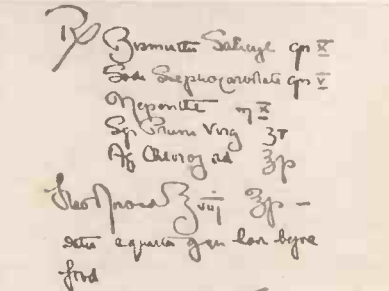
We pulled our crackers (just a thought

sheepishly), and this time I got a false nose while he came in for a pink sun-bonnet. It didn't quite suit him. What with having a somewhat bristly moustache, and having been too seedy to shave for three days, he looked rather like the wolf dressed up as Red Riding Hood's grandmother. His particular tippie was as follows:



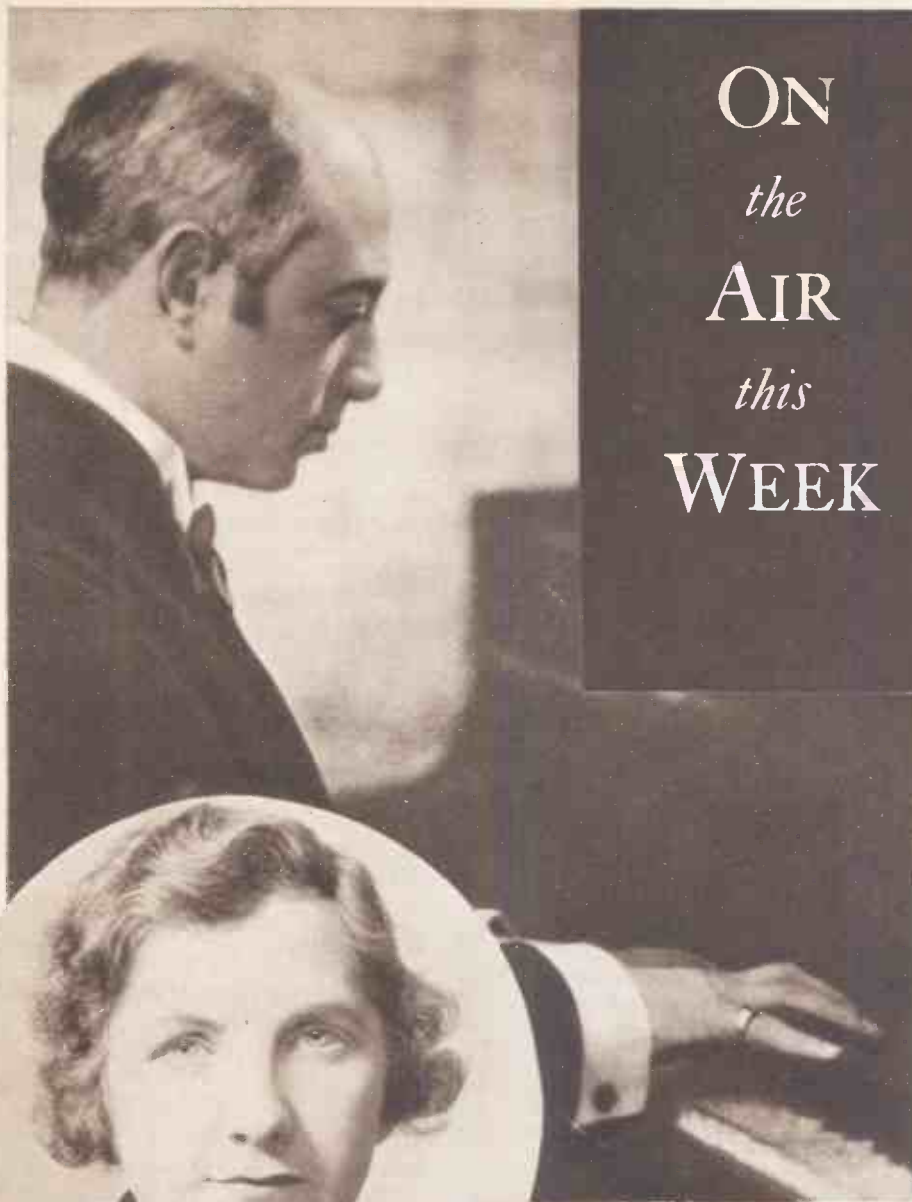
and he stood me a full dose. In passing I should like to mention that the symbol which looks like zzp and occurs just above the word "food" is pronounced "tablespoonful," and it seems rather a lot when the mixture contains a generous proportion of ipecac. The cinnamon (ingredient No. 5) didn't help a great deal—it merely had the effect of giving the ipecac a time lag. My host offered me the other half, but I said it wasn't in the contract. Furthermore, there was no saying what the cook and house-parlourmaid might have in store for me.

I took my leave and wandered upstairs, knocking at doors until a female voice said: "Come in." This was Cook. Apart from a tint of green in her complexion, she was looking fairly bright. We greeted each other with enthusiasm, and she informed me that she was feeling "That disturbed inside as how." I told her that I was, too, and hoped that her medicine would do us both good. I expect it did, as it consisted of the following:



Continued on page 21

ON
the
AIR
this
WEEK



Percy Kahn (left) will be heard on Friday in the Regional programme. He began his career at seven years old as a boy soprano and has accompanied all the world's most famous singers and instrumentalists—Caruso, Melba, Tetrzzini, Count John McCormack, Kreisler—as well as composed a great number of songs. Above is a new portrait of Eugene Pini, violinist, and leader of the Tango Orchestra that bears his name. He will be heard on Saturday, June 2 (Regional)



Alice Moxon (in circle) will sing with her husband, Stuart Robertson, in the National programme on Sunday, May 27. On the right Geraldo is seen with his orchestra. Despite his name and his gorgeous clothes, he is thoroughly English. His tango band was formed in 1930 and has been so successful that he has appeared at a Royal Command Performance and broadcasts regularly. He will be on the air on Friday, June 1 (Regional)





"Sing this note," said the Productions Director to Flossie, as he whacked the milk-jug with a tea-spoon.

DUDLEY CLARK contributes another of his bright humorous features, making light of the serious side of radio.

Radio BABBLE!

How a Radio Star was Discovered

FLOSSIE PULLOVER was a waitress—never mind where. Enter—never mind how—a certain PRODUCTIONS DIRECTOR and a certain DIRECTIONS PRODUCER, and gave their order.

Flossie floated to the counter and bellowed: "Two-on-toast-Cambridge-sausage-and-pot-of-tea-twice."

"That girl," said the Productions Director, pricking up his ears with a pickle fork, "has got a voice."

The Directions Producer borrowed the pickle fork, wiped it carefully, and pricked up his ears as Flossie repeated her piece. Being a man of few words, and those mostly bad ones, he merely nodded.

"Sing this note," said the P. D. to Flossie, as he fetched the milk-jug a whack with a teaspoon.

Flossie, with a strange thrill in her heart, sang it.

"Now sing this," ordered the P. D., snatching the pickle fork and jabbing it into the Directions Producer. Flossie's permanent blush deepened slightly, but she did her best.

"And now this note," shouted the Productions Director, overturning the table with a crash. Flossie sang it.

Result: Flossie is now second from the right in Buddy Wopstein's Ocarina Octet, and goes on the air this very next Thursday week come Lammas as ever was.

We get something like five hundred hours of radio for a penny—and even then it won't move on to another street.

High Spots in Forthcoming Broadcasts

"The Radio Boom," by Big Ben.

The Six Pip Sisters, comedy interrupters, in a new number entitled, *At Greenwich in the Mean Time*.

The popular Bulletinist, Herring Fisher, in "Tails of the Sea."

"Some Back Numbers," by Blattner Foane.

From Our Free Gift Pronouncing Dictionary

BEER pronounced *Bass*, as in bottle.

QUININE pronounced *mook*, as in Lancashire.

INDIGESTION pronounced *pain*, as in tummy.

SENTENCE pronounced *stretch*, as in gaol.

Interview

"Meet Rosie," said that wonderful trick flautist, Ambrose Catterwaul, when I called on him at his old-world cottage in Charing Cross Road.

"Rosie" proved to be a handsome 20-ft. python, whose head thudded affectionately against the door of the old-world sitting-room as we closed it just in time.

"What d'you keep that for, Am.?" I said, as we adjourned *nem. con.* to the old-world lounge.

"Publicity," he replied simply.

Everything about Ambrose is simple. The old-world lounge itself was garnished very simply with Moorish furniture, a neo-Georgian biscuit-barrel, and a couple of ash-trays by Schweppes.

"Tell me," I begged, "how did you become a fl—er—when did you first begin to float—flout—you know—play the flute?"

"My father, strangely enough," Ambrose replied, passing me the biscuit barrel, "was of a mathematical turn of mind and devoted all his working hours to doing puzzles in the Free Library.

"Though he occasionally won a copy of Tennyson's Poems, or some other literary prize, these were scarcely sufficient for the needs of a largish family, and so at the age of twenty-five I was compelled to think seriously of earning my living.

"I studied conchology, philately, and seismology until my mother could support me no longer. For her sake I roughed it as a traveller in a new line of chicken food.

"This took me a good deal into the West End of London.

"One night, after a weary day's touting in the Harley Street neighbourhood, I sought amusement at Maskelyne & Devant's.

"By some mischance I entered the Queen's Hall by mistake, and I was so impressed by the well-nourished appearance of the wood-wind performers, that I determined forthwith to play the flute.

"And that's really all," he concluded, simply.

"I may tell your admirers you love flauting, Am.?"



"Doctor, come at once! Baby's swallowed a grid leak!"

"Right. What are you doing in the meantime?"

"Using another one!"

"Sure." His lips trembled. "Especially the old-world melodies."

"Which is your favourite?"

"Handel's *Funeral March of the Big Bad Wolf*," said Ambrose, and burst into tears.

The B.B.C. studios are warmed by hot air which is driven out through special ventilating shafts—not, as some of you thought, through the microphone.

Isn't it wonderful the way a woman can listen to the radio, darn a sock, read a book, drop off to sleep, wake up, and say, "I didn't think much of that item, did you, dear?"

Glad News for the Home Carpenter

You've heard the wonderful new B.B.C. organ! Wouldn't you like one just like it in your own home? Something you could play yourself and stop baby crying. Something to keep your boys and girls away from the movies. Wouldn't you love it? Answer me.

Very well, then. Look out for my free paper pattern and directions for making. Everything—pipes, stops, semi-colons, dash-board, self-starter, and all that—marked with a cross in the simplest possible manner.

Anyone with a few thousand pounds to spare can have a shot at making this wonderful organ. Stupendous attraction. Coming shortly.

Advice Wanted

"Dahlia tubers need excitement into steady healthy growth."

(Gardening hint for February.)

I'd be obliged if Marion Cran Would tell me, as no doubt she can, If one should sing the songs of Cuba, Or hire a man to dance the *juba*, In order to excite a tuber.

The Director-General of the B.B.C.

(A Personal Impression)

The sun was shining as I hurried up Portland Place.

MYSELF (rustling papers importantly): The Director-General, please.

OFFICIAL: Have you an appointment?

MYSELF: Oh, well, I don't know that you'd call it an appointment exactly—

OFFICIAL: Outside.

MYSELF (winking and crackling a dog licence to make it sound like a five-pound note): Won't you think again?

OFFICIAL: OUTSIDE.

The sun was shining as I hurried down Portland Place.

Answers to "What Noise Was That?" Competition

1. Mr. G. K. Chesterton singing, "Lo, Hear the gentle La-a-ark."
2. Mr. Christopher Stone dropping his favourite record.
3. Glockenspiel duet by Elsie and Doris Waters.
4. "Mr. Pewter" at the organ of The Granada, Tooting.
5. Miss Mabel Constanduros siffing the "Tannhauser Overture."
6. "Mrs. Feather" laying the Foundations of Music.

Radio Terms Explained

ANODE: Poetical effusion. (See also Urn, Grecian.)

CYCLE: Source of annoyance to motorists. Also applied to a number of songs which the singer is compelled to work through at one performance.

ETHER: A form of anaesthetic of which more use might be made in broadcasting.

PARALLEL-FEED: Process of putting away a bun and coffee with two minutes to spare before your train goes.

Blair Bullbellow, the popular singer of stirring sea-songs, calls the cat in before locking up for the night.

HULLO CHILDREN!

AUNT BELINDA'S
Children's Corner

DEAR NIECES AND NEPHEWS,—
Listening last week to the third play about "The Island of the Mist," I could not help thinking of the many real adventures the author, Franklyn Kelsey, has had. He has been a marine engineer, a stoker, a coal-miner, a farmer, a trapper, a street-sweeper, a quarry-man, and a waiter! That brought him to the Great War, during which he won a Commission on the field and was wounded on the same day. When he got well again he thought he would give up adventure, so

he took up singing—for a quiet life! There is no fear of being dull when Franklyn is about—he always has a fresh story to tell. He says the worst job he ever had was when he was one of a telegraph gang in Northern Canada. This gang had to dig the holes for telegraph poles with the temperature at

60 below zero and the ground frozen like granite for a depth of four feet! On this particular occasion the gang was completely snowed up and they spent Christmas day in a box-car in the middle of a snowdrift. It took four locomotives to get them out!

While Franklyn was telling me this, "Uncle Beau" arrived—with one of his lovely Schnauzer dogs. "Uncle Beau"—as I expect you all know—is Cyril Nash, who takes part in many of the Children's Hour plays. He also gave those delightful talks on dogs not so long ago, and since dog-breeding is his hobby, you can safely follow any advice he gave you on how to look after your own "doggie" friends. Cyril lives in the country and has the most up-to-date and comfortable kennels for his large family of Schnauzers. He calls them all after the characters in Shakespeare's plays—the last two are, I believe, Pyramus and Thisbe! Now, how many of you know which play they belong to?

Did you know that Rudy Starita sometimes uses as many as six hammers (three in each hand) at a time when he plays his vibraphone and marimba? It is most fascinating to watch, and I cannot think how he manages not to play wrong notes with at least one of them just occasionally. I've tried it, and find that at least five of them go astray each time! But then Rudy is an expert.

AUNT BELINDA.



Children's News MOTTO

by Commander Stephen
KING-HALL

The Motto which tells the story of this week's news is as follows:

"Two of a trade can never agree."

This line was written by John Gay (1688-1732) in a poem called *The Rat-catcher and Cats*. You will find the news reference on page 21.

Stephen King-Hall

inoffensive, they are excessively irritating. Surely the listeners would be better pleased if they were permitted to hear a record, or part of a record, played by Harry Roy's Band, or a song, rendered by the ever-popular Tauber or the inimitable Paul Robeson? Even the studio clock causes less caustic comments than the perpetual peal of Bow Bells."—*E. M. S., Essex.*

Dull Evening Programmes

The B.B.C. evening programmes between 6.30 and 8 p.m. are in the main extremely dull. Occasionally we hear perhaps once a week a cinema organ, but then for only half an hour, and sometimes a light orchestra, such as that of Sydney Baynes, Reginald King, or Fred Hartley.

"Why not relay a programme of music after the style we hear at lunch time, even for only one or two evenings in the week? It ought not to be too expensive for the B.B.C. to let us hear, say, the Commodore Grand Orchestra or the New Victoria Cinema Orchestra playing lively, entertaining tunes.

"The lunch-time programmes are usually very good, and it would considerably brighten the evening's entertainment and make a welcome change from the dull monotonous studio orchestras we hear so often."—*W. T. Hibble, S. Norwood.*

An Audience for Henry Hall

May I, as a RADIO PICTORIAL reader, be allowed to offer a few suggestions concerning the dance-band controversy. A Miss Helditch stated recently that Henry Hall should have audiences to the Thursday-night broadcast. Quite true, he should. Couldn't the B.B.C. utilise some hall for this occasion and admit the public. This would give us the much desired 'atmosphere.' I also suggest that the 5.15 p.m. dance music should terminate, and in its place substitute variety on records or by persons from the studio. There is too much dance music nowadays and not enough variety. We want to laugh—if we want to enjoy life."—*"Listener," Workshop.*

"Radio Pictorial" Features

A few weeks ago one of your readers wrote saying that he disagreed with the publication of Rondo's notes and the programme for the week, saying that all this was given in the RADIO TIMES.

"Had that reader considered that there may be many people who have to toss up between the RADIO PICTORIAL and the TIMES. These people find that for the same money they can, together with the daily papers, keep up with the wireless programmes, by dispensing with their RADIO TIMES and taking a paper which will give both hints for listening and also delightful reading.

"The fault is the other way. Rondo's notes are crowded up into too small a space. Also, no one can accuse the RADIO PICTORIAL of competing against the RADIO TIMES as a weekly issue of wireless programmes. It only gives a very small part of the actual printed programmes, which it considers to be the cream of them."—*H. S. C., York.*

What LISTENERS THINK—

* "Scrap-book for 1914"

SPEAKING as one of the generation who was much too young, at the time, to appreciate the true significance of the years 1914-1918, the broadcast of Scrap-book for 1914 appealed to me more than anything has ever done on the wireless before.

"The piecing together by Mr. Baily of items of interest from those months, prior to the World's greatest catastrophe, and during the war itself, made me realise what a nerve-racking period 1914 must have been. Although the final scene, that on Christmas Day, did much to illustrate the spirit of Camaraderie that existed in the trenches.

"May Mr. Baily broadcast more of his Scrap-books, and give us a better insight into the years we really did not understand."—*Howard A. Bell, Paddington.*

Sweethearts of To-day

I am writing to give my thanks to dance-band leaders for the various medleys, which they have arranged and broadcast. Lew Stone for his romantic sequences and 'Ten-thirty Tuesday Evening'; Harry Roy for 'A Hot Time in Town' and 'Farewell Blues'; Henry Hall for 'Waltzes from Johann Strauss'; 'Musical Comedy Switch,' and 'Sweethearts of Yesterday.'

"But why does someone not follow this up with 'Sweethearts of To-day'? Surely it is not for lack of material? Plenty of songs have been written

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.

about the weaker sex, e.g., Minnie (the moocher), Dinah, Black-eyed Susan Brown, Eadie (the lady), Sweet Jenny Lee, Miss Elizabeth Brown, Miss Annabelle Lee and her namesake Dixie Lee. "I hope someone will respond to my plea."—*"Hi-de-hi," Hamilton.*

"Bow Bells"

Might I presume to inquire why we have to endure the monotony of listening to the Bow Bells between each performance? Surely there is nothing in the least melodious about these particular chimes, and although they are quite

For the Kiddies

Here is the solution to the "Taking the Dog Out" Crossword Puzzle given last week in RADIO PICTORIAL:—

- | | |
|----------------|--------------|
| <i>Across.</i> | <i>Down.</i> |
| 1. Dog. | 1. Dark. |
| 4. Pi. | 2. Oboe. |
| 6. Abroad. | 3. Grin. |
| 7. Roi. | 4. Pane. |
| 8. No. | 5. Idol. |
| 9. Kennel. | 10. Mouse. |
| 10. Micky. | 11. Inset. |
| 13. On. | 12. Ye. |
| 14. Used. | 15. Dad's. |
| 16. S.E. | 18. Me. |
| 19. Étude. | 20. Up. |
| 21. P.S. | |

A WARNING TO STOMACH SUFFERERS

The amazing cures effected by Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, even in cases where all else has failed, have brought on to the market so many imitations of its name and appearance, that you must be very careful to insist on the original product, bearing the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN."

The formula of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder depends for its effect on its very accurate balance. Any inaccuracy in its composition, any impurity in an ingredient can render it practically useless, and the price at which some of these imitations are sold makes it obvious that they cannot be compounded with the care and equipment used by Macleans Ltd.

The success of the original Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is largely due to the fact that only the highest grade ingredients are used, sifted through the finest silk to ensure that the powder is perfectly smooth, fine, pure and clean. All its intricate mixing and blending is carried on under the watchful eye of highly qualified chemists under strictly hygienic conditions. Even the very air is cleaned for your greater protection.

Health is too important to risk for the sake of a few pence. When you recommend Maclean's to friends, advise them always to see the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" and always to ask for it under the full name of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. To ask vaguely for "Maclean's" is to risk getting an inferior article.

The genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is never sold loose but only in bottles in cartons. All good chemists stock it at 1/3, 2/- and 5/- in Powder and Tablet form.

HERE are the latest fashion notes gleaned from a survey of the shops and restaurants and wherever a smart crowd gathers—not forgetting the studios and lounges of the B.B.C.

First, printed materials both for afternoon and evening are all the vogue. The newest way to trim them is with cut-out flowers of the fabric itself, picot-edged, and arranged round the hem or neck of the dress. Many two-piece ensembles consist of a patterned silk dress, with a pleated



Tan-tex, the new silk fabric, makes many of the most attractive summer frocks. This is a Susan Small model in ivory with a blue jacket.

Toby-collar that falls outside the plain finger-tip-length coat.

We are really going to see the return of the large, flat hat this summer—it is the only choice with the frilly, down-to-the-ankle frock with a floating sash which we shall all want to wear on grand occasions.

There are one or two capes to be seen—the concertina pleated ones are charming, secured by one button beneath the chin. They are useful, too, for transforming an evening dress with a low or a slashed back into a smart day-time ensemble. Like the biscuit-coloured lace dress with a fur-trimmed cape I saw recently, priced at three guineas; it would look equally well on the bride's mother at the ceremony or for a dance or the theatre.

Quilting is used, especially on taffeta, for little jackets; gauging is not so much seen, and when it is, is generally on the shoulders to give fullness to puffy sleeves. Embroidery is very fashionable; embroidered moiré and embroidered net strike a new note for evening frocks, and some of the most attractive tennis dresses are trimmed with Hungarian embroidery in bright colours.

More practical, perhaps, are the tennis dresses of Tantex, a cool silk fabric with an open weave. One particularly attractive Tantex dress has a

EVE and

This Week's RADIO RECIPES—

by MRS. R. H. BRAND

To listeners who love the violin, the news of Peggy Cochrane's return to the microphone is always a very real pleasure, as her beautiful playing is a sheer delight to listen to. But even musicians must have food, and Peggy loves soups, especially those of the vegetable variety. Here are two recipes:—

VEGETABLE SOUP

Always keep the water in which green vegetables have been cooked if you are going to make this soup the same, or the following, day. Measure 2½ pints and bring it to the boil; add 1 lb. of greens or half a cabbage, 2 large onions, 1 large carrot, and 3 leeks. Boil fast for ten minutes and then allow to simmer for one hour. Rub through a sieve, stir well, and return soup to the pan, season to taste, boil up again and serve. If liked, 1 pint of hot milk may be added, but the soup is delicious and very wholesome without it. (If no vegetable water is available, more greens should be used.)

LENTIL SOUP

Ingredients.—A quarter of a pound of red lentils; 2 pints water; 1 large sliced onion; 2 leeks; 1 carrot; some bacon rinds; 1 oz. dripping; seasoning.

Wash and drain the lentils; heat the dripping in a pan, add lentils, and stir them constantly for about five minutes. Then put in the water, sliced vegetables, bacon rinds, and seasoning; stir and bring to the boil afterwards, allowing to simmer for 1½ hours. Rub through a sieve, season to taste, boil up again, and serve with croutons (small squares of fried bread).

high cross-over collar in front. This is especially designed to prevent sunburn, like the jacket of the dress photographed here.



Let this separator take the fat from your gravy when you have no time to let the fat cool and skim. It costs 2s. 9d. post free.

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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 one quarter-ounce of glycerine. Any chemist can make this up for you 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.

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.C.2.

BE TALLER!



LADIES and GENTLEMEN of ALL AGES report wonderful improvement in Height, Health and Mental Energy, when other methods failed! Increased my own height to 6ft. 3½ins. No Appliances. No Drugs. No Dieting. ROSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS. Fee £2 2s. Convincing Testimony 2nd. STAMP B. C. MALCOLM ROSS Height Specialist, Scarborough (Eng.)



the MIKE

A USE FOR OLD HAIR NETS

To prevent the birds pecking at seedlings in the garden, spread your old shingle-nets over the parts where the seeds have been sown. As the young shoots grow, so the nets can be raised by means of thin sticks. This also applies to hanging baskets, round which the net can be drawn to protect the moss, as the birds take this for nest building.—B. C., Birmingham.

DRYING COLLARS

This is a good way to dry men's collars. Sew a line of buttons on a strip of calico, the buttons being about 2 inches apart. When the collars have been washed button them on to the calico and peg it on the line. The collars will be free from peg marks and easy to get indoors quickly when it rains.—D. C., Norfolk.

(The sender of every receipt printed in these pages receives a postal order for five shillings. Send yours to "Margot," RADIO PICTORIAL, 58-61 Fetter Lane, E.C.4.)

EXERCISES FOR THE TIRED

It may sound bewildering, but it's true; the best way to relax thoroughly when you are tired is to exercise. During the day you have been sitting still or standing for hours, which means that your muscles have tightened themselves into knots. To make them free and loose, and to be bursting with energy yourself once more, just try a few simple exercises.



These handy pastry-cutters, which pack neatly into a tin, cost 2s. the set.

First, for the backache, which most of us experience at times, see how near you can get to touching the floor with your finger-tips or even the palms, while bending from the hips with perfectly straight knees. Once you are used to this exercise you will find a new suppleness in your limbs that will enable you to resist the onslaught of tiredness twice as long.

Here is another exercise that will help. With your hands on your hips bend forwards from the hips and turn your trunk first to the right, then to the left. Three times each way is enough.

And this is the way to defeat an aching neck. Stretch your neck like a cock about to crow and turn your head slowly from one side to the other. Do this once or twice, and you will find the pain and tiredness have vanished.

READY FOR THE EVENING

Tired eyes and headaches—these also wait for us at the end of a long day. If you want to look your best in the evening, it is absolutely necessary that you should rest your eyes first.

Lie down if you can—even for five minutes—with pads of cotton wool soaked in eau-de-Cologne or astringent placed over your eyes. Let them stay there as long as possible to soothe the nerves and rest the eyeballs.

An obstinate headache can often be cured in this way. Fill your cupped hands with warm boracic water, and let your eyes open wide underneath the water. This, as well as being refreshing, will keep your eyes looking young and sparkling all through the evening.

While you are lying down to rest your eyes, it is a good opportunity for attending to your skin at the same time. Rub a generous amount of skin food lightly all over the face. Then let it sink into the skin while you rest. It will do its work of nourishing the under-tissues and feeding the pores, smoothing out lines and filling out hollows, while you lie back and think about something else. Afterwards all you have to do is to wipe off the surplus (a liquid skin cleanser is



The brim is underlined with duck-egg blue silk to match the swathed band. This is a Yeltrow model.

the best way) and dab on an astringent, to feel your skin glowing with health and beauty, and a freshness that will last the whole evening.

LINOLEUM LIKE NEW

If your linoleum has begun to fade or crack it is probably because it has been washed with soap. It is best to avoid soap, soap powders, and also ammonia, when cleaning linoleum; lukewarm water applied with a cloth should be used alone. Dry it with a clean, soft cloth; then rub in a very little warm linseed oil to give a good finish.

Glue is also to be recommended instead of linseed oil as a preservative and polish. Put 2 ounces into a pint of water and let it stand aside to melt. When it is cold the glue should be liquid; if not, add a little more warm water. Wash the oilcloth first, then rub on the mixture. One application will last for some time, and the oilcloth will need dusting only after the treatment.

Margot

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.

WHAT'S FOR DIN' MUM

THERE IS NO ANSWER BETTER OR MORE POPULAR THAN "WINCARNIS JELLY DEAR"

FOR CHILDREN DEFINITELY LOVE THE DISTINCTIVE FLAVOUR OF WINCARNIS WINE JELLY QUITE AS MUCH AS ADULTS DO. YOU SEE IT'S A REAL WINE JELLY NOT A SO-CALLED WINE FLAVOURED ONE AND THAT MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE

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You, too, can quickly learn to play even although you cannot now play a note of music. Write to-day for full particulars stating clearly "Syncopation" or "Beginner" as the case may be (and enclose 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and dispatch).

THE BILLY MAYERL SCHOOL, Studio No. R.P. 1 and 2 George St., Hanover Square, W.1

SLIMMING

Any reader interested in this subject should write to Miss Winifred Grace Hartland for details of the simple method she used in permanently reducing her excessive fat after suffering years of mental anguish and physical torture. Full particulars will be sent to you free if you enclose 2d. in stamps for postage and address your letter to (Dept. 606), Miss Winifred Grace Hartland, 15 Baldwin's Gardens, Holborn, London, E.C.1

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Prompt and Reliable for Ladies. Awarded Certificate of Merit. A Well-known & Valuable Remedy for Female Complaints & for Anemia. 1s. 3d. & 3s. of all Chemists, or post free 1s. 4d. & 3s. 2d. from CATHERINE KEARSLEY, 42 Waterloo Road, London, S.E.1. Est. 1787. REFUSE ANY PILLS NOT KEARSLEY'S. Please mention "Radio Pictorial"

PROGRAMME HEADLINES of the WEEK



Phyllis Evens (left)
(Wednesday, 9 p.m., Regional)



Sylva Van Dyke (left)
(Tuesday, 6.30 p.m., Regional)



John Hendrik (above)
(May 27, 6.30 p.m., Regional)



John Barbirolli (right)
(May 27, 9.5 p.m., Regional)



Lauri Kennedy (left)
(Thursday, 9.45 p.m., National)



Alec Templeton
(June 2, 9.15 p.m., Regional)



Lou Preager
(Wednesday, 10.30 p.m., National)



Philip Thornton
(June 2, 10.45 a.m., National)

NATIONAL

SUNDAY (May 27).—A Religious Service, relayed from Croydon Parish Church.
 MONDAY (May 28).—Two Scandinavian Plays: *Three Trappers*, a drama by Peter Tutein; *The Copy*, a comedy by Helge Krog.
 TUESDAY (May 29).—*Arabella* (Strauss), Act 3, relayed from the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.
 WEDNESDAY (May 30).—The Ridgeway Parade, feature programme.
 THURSDAY (May 31).—*La Bohème* (Puccini), Act I, relayed from the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.
 FRIDAY (June 1).—Haydn Wood, orchestral programme.
 SATURDAY (June 2).—Variety programme.

LONDON REGIONAL

SUNDAY (May 27).—Symphony Concert.
 MONDAY (May 28).—*Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg* (Wagner), Act 2, relayed from the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.
 TUESDAY (May 29).—Excerpts from popular films, a relay from a film studio.
 "Picture People" will be a variety programme taken from the sound-track of recent film successes. Artists who will be heard are Eddie Cantor, Gracie Fields, Richard Tauber, Florrie Ford, Art Jarratt, Jessie Matthews, Jack Oakie, and Jack Haley; as well as the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra conducted by Adrian Boult and the Women's Symphony Orchestra conducted by Grace Burrows. The programme has been devised and will be introduced by Clayton Hutton and the leading film manufacturers are co-operating.
 WEDNESDAY (May 30).—Choir and Cloister: a microphone impres-

sion of the Historic Midland Cathedrals—6, Peterborough.

THURSDAY (May 31).—The Ridgeway Parade, feature programme.

Philip Ridgeway presents his apologies to listeners for not fulfilling his original promise to broadcast last January, when he was expected back in the studio after a long tour of London and provincial theatres. He writes: "It was owing solely to my heavy theatre bookings that I could not broadcast four months ago; but listeners must remember that the fact that the "Ridgeway Parade" has played in nearly every spot in the country, has returned to some theatres a third and even a fourth time and broken records in receipts at many theatres, including the oldest in the country, is all an achievement for radio; for the "Parade" was born and christened at Savoy Hill. My country tour is now in its third year, and in a few weeks' time I shall begin another year's tour. When I broadcast at the end of this month, I shall be surrounded by many of my old boys and girls, and one or two newcomers, notably Helene Cooney and Jackie Bostock, the latter my latest thirteen-year-old discovery."

FRIDAY (June 1).—Chamber music.

SATURDAY (June 2).—Military band concert.

MIDLAND REGIONAL

SUNDAY (May 27).—A Congregational Service, relayed from Carr's Lane Church, Birmingham.
 MONDAY (May 28).—Orchestral and choral concert.
 TUESDAY (May 29).—The Peasant Cantata (Bach), choral and orchestral concert.
 WEDNESDAY (May 30).—Choir and Cloister; a microphone impression of the Historic Midland Cathedrals—6, Peterborough, relayed from Peterborough Cathedral.
 THURSDAY (May 31).—Schools Musical Festival, relayed from the Public Hall, Worcester.
 FRIDAY (June 1).—*Men Like Machines*, a play by Edith M. Bulman.
 SATURDAY (June 2).—Ilmington Meets the Microphone: Life and Music from a Warwickshire village.

WEST REGIONAL

SUNDAY (May 27).—A Religious Service, relayed from Christ Church, Swansea.
 MONDAY (May 28).—Cyngerdd Cerdoriaeth Werin (A Folk Music Concert).
 TUESDAY (May 29).—The Story of Sherborne Abbey: A memorial of the building of Sherborne Abbey, together with the ceremony of the reconsecration of the Lady Chapel by the Bishop of Salisbury.
 WEDNESDAY (May 30).—Cyngerdd o weithiau y diweddar Dan Protheroe (A programme of works by the late Dan Protheroe).
 THURSDAY (May 31).—A Tedious Brief Scene: a bucolic interlude for broadcasting, freely adapted from the Clown scenes in Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.
 FRIDAY (June 1).—Cymysgedd (Welsh Variety).
 SATURDAY (June 2).—Choral and orchestral concert, relayed from the Colston Hall, Bristol.

Continued on page 22

Radio Times gives full programme details.

"Radio Pictorial"
Shopping Guide

Here "Housewife" reviews the latest booklets and samples issued by well-known firms. If you would like any or all of them **FREE OF CHARGE**, just send a postcard giving the index numbers of the particulars required (shown at the end of each paragraph) to "Radio Pictorial" Shopping Guide, 58/61 Fetter Lane, E.C.4. "Housewife" will see that you get all the literature you desire. Please write your name and address in block letters.

IF you have ever taken "Phyllosan" tablets you will know what a difference they can make to your general health and energy, especially in the warm weather, when people get so quickly tired. Now, "Phyllosan" users can get a coloured bakelite tablet-container for the pocket or the handbag, which is made to shake out two tablets at a time, the correct dose before meals. If you would like one, also a copy of the book, "The Most Wonderful Substance in the World," please send me your name and address, enclosing 1½d. stamp for postage. **8**

THERE is a great deal of controversy over the 24-hour clock. At least, it is a real convenience to have your own watch marked with a twenty-four hour dial or modern twelve-hour index markings. The Services Watch Company make watches of both kinds, and their catalogues represent the latest ideas in sports watches, de luxe watches, alarm clocks, and electric clocks. Prices range from 5s. to £5. **9**

A Tale of Four Cocktails
(Continued from page Fourteen)

Never in my life have I been so glad to split a small bismuth with anyone. We pulled our two crackers as per schedule, and I acquired a tin trumpet. Cookie, on the other hand, became the proud possessor of a highly undressed china doll. I laid it beside her in the approved fashion, beseeched her to call it after me, and left her in complete confusion but doing astoundingly well.

My last visit was to the house-parlourmaid—they ought to have warned me that she was a slightly cardiac case, instead of leaving me to find it out from her prescription; as it was, my entrance might easily have killed her.

The sudden irruption of a complete stranger wearing a yellow fireman's helmet, a false nose, and blowing a trumpet, out of the blue, so to speak, might have shaken the nerve of a person in the best of health. But it might easily have been the death of anyone as ephemeral or evanescent as a house-parlourmaid. Fortunately it wasn't.

I insisted on applying a restorative as under:

Y Cayenne Caps 7
*T*inct Nucum Vom 1/2
*T*inct Card Co 1/2
*S*p Van Gallein 3f
*S*p Zingibers 3f
*H*ypocistis 3f
*S*erena 3f
p. e. sequ.

Then we pulled the last two crackers. Even as they cracked the doctor came in. No one had told him anything about me, and it was no end of a job to persuade him that I wasn't a lunatic—especially when he heard about my four doses of his different concoctions. He dashed out and fetched the other three prescriptions to see if any of the ingredients clashed unduly.

When he discovered that two of them did, in fact, make something approaching nitro-glycerine, I decided it was time to leave, and I took care not to eat any detonators for lunch.



Mario de Pietro, the popular radio star who appears in the film "On the Air," and who featured on the cover of a recent issue of "Radio Pic."

Does Your Dog Enjoy Radio?
(Continued from page Eleven)

clearly from sight than from sound? It may be so. Or again, it may be that the cat is intelligent enough to distinguish between a bark rendered "in person" and one delivered per loud-speaker.

One curious effect that wireless reception in general does have upon some cats, however, is to render the animals restless.

A friend of mine possesses such a cat. Normally, this animal will spend the evening in the "flesh-posts" of a comfortable armchair—usually the comfiest in the room! But if the wireless is switched on, no matter what the "material" may be, puss will get down from the chair and will wander aimlessly about the house all the time the broadcast is on.

One thing I should very much like to know is the effect of wireless on parrots—particularly on those which are reputed "good talkers." I do know a little, and that little I will pass on to you for it may be of interest to readers who keep these birds. It is this.

A bird dealer with whom I was discussing this very point recently gave it as his considered opinion that talking parrots were nowadays much more rare than formerly. And he gave as his explanation the "home wireless set!"

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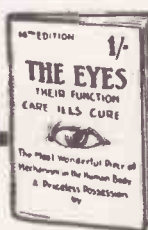
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Key to
Commander
King-Hall's
Children's News
Motto on page 17

Owing to the competition between the Japanese and Lancashire textile industries, the British Government has put quotas on to the imports of Japanese cotton goods into British Crown Colonies. Find out what a quota is.

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Star Features in the National Programme

SUNDAY
The B.B.C. Orchestra (Section D), directed by Joseph Lewis.
Alice Moxon.
Bernard Shore.
Cedric Sharpe.
The Wireless Singers.
The Gershwin Parkington Quintet.

MONDAY
Sir Malcolm Campbell.
Tom Jenkins.
The Scottish Studio Orchestra, directed by Guy Daines.
Cecil Dixon.
Commander Stephen King-Hall.

TUESDAY
Reginald New.
Violet Brough.
Max Kroemer.
Wireless Military Band, directed by B. Walton O'Donnell.
Garda Hall.

WEDNESDAY
E. M. Stéphan.
Quentin Maclean.
The Eastbourne Municipal Orchestra, directed by Capt. H. G. Amers.
James Agate.
The B.B.C. Orchestra (Section B), directed by Arthur Catterall.

THURSDAY
Christopher Stone.
Lauri Kennedy.
The Rev. W. H. Elliott.

FRIDAY
S. P. B. Mais.
Sir Walford Davies.
The Hotel Metropole Orchestra, directed by A. Rossi.
Helen Alston.
Greta Keller.

SATURDAY
The Belfast Wireless Orchestra.
Harold Ramsay.
The Duke of Portland.
Franklyn Kelsey.

NORTH REGIONAL

SUNDAY (May 27).—A Methodist Service from a studio.

MONDAY (May 28).—A Brass Band concert.

TUESDAY (May 29).—Airs and Graces: orchestral concert.

WEDNESDAY (May 30).—Variety programme, relayed from the Coliseum, Douglas, Isle of Man.

THURSDAY (May 31).—Running commentary on the arrival at Hull of the aeroplane inaugurating the North of England to Holland Air Service.

FRIDAY (June 1).—The Mannin Moar Motor Car Race: a running commentary relayed from the Isle of Man.

SATURDAY (June 2).—A choral and orchestral programme.

SCOTTISH REGIONAL

SUNDAY (May 27).—A Public Meeting: The National Church Extension Scheme, relayed from the Church of Scotland, Assembly Hall, Edinburgh.

MONDAY (May 28).—Band concert.

TUESDAY (May 29).—At a Solemn Music: Chamber Music and Choral programme, relayed from St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh.

WEDNESDAY (May 30).—Variety programme, relayed from the Pavilion Theatre, Glasgow.

THURSDAY (May 31).—In Praise of Scotland—5, The North-East Corner: a programme of speech and song.

FRIDAY (June 1).—An Entertainment, presented by The Jewish Players.

SATURDAY (June 2).—Orchestral concert.

BELFAST

SUNDAY (May 27).—Orchestral concert.

MONDAY (May 28).—Orchestral concert.

TUESDAY (May 29).—Speeches at the Luncheon in connection with the Opening Ceremony of the King's Hall, Balmoral.

WEDNESDAY (May 30).—Concert by selected First Prizewinners from the 1934 Belfast Musical Competitions.

THURSDAY (May 31).—Instrumental concert.

FRIDAY (June 1).—Popular Grand Opera: orchestral concert.

SATURDAY (June 2).—Impressions of an Irishman; feature programme.

FOREIGN STATIONS

SUNDAY (MAY 27)

Athlone (531 m.).—Concert 9.20 p.m.

Barcelona (379.7 m.).—Orchestra 5 p.m.

Berlin (Deutschlandsender) (1571 m.).—Folk Songs and Dances ... 8.30 p.m.

Leipzig (382.2 m.).—*Tristan and Isolde*—Opera (Wagner) 6 p.m.

Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Gramophone Records ... 12.50 p.m.

Moscow (1714 m.).—Concert 8 a.m.

Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Orchestra 11.30 p.m.

Reykjavik (1345 m.).—Dance Music 12 midnight

Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Variety 11.45 p.m.

MONDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 7.30 p.m.

Barcelona (379.7 m.).—Trio Concert 5 p.m.

Berlin (Deutschlandsender) (1571 m.).—Ballads by Brahms 5.30 p.m.

Items You Must Not Miss

Luxembourg ... Concert ... 1-1.30 p.m. Sunday
Athlone ... Concert ... 9.30-10 p.m., Friday
Leipzig ... Opera ... 6 p.m. Sunday
Berlin ... Dance music ... 8.30 p.m. Wednesday
Athlone ... Concert ... 7.30 p.m. Thursday
Poste Parisien ... Opera ... 7.45 p.m. Friday
Berlin ... Cinema organ ... 6.30 p.m. Saturday

Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—Music from the time of Frederick the Great ... 8.45 p.m.

Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Carnival des Animaux (Saint-Saëns) 1.35 p.m.

Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Comedy Stars ... 11.30 p.m.

Reykjavik (1345 m.).—Popular Music ... 11 p.m.

TUESDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Violin and Song Recital ... 10.40 p.m.

Barcelona (379.7 m.).—Sextet Concert ... 1 p.m.

Berlin (Deutschlandsender) (1571 m.).—Orchestral Concert 7 p.m.

Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—Instrumental Concert 6.45 p.m.

Moscow (1714 m.).—Recitations from Chekov, and Orchestral Music 7 p.m.

Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Concert 8.10 p.m.

Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Orchestra 5.45 p.m.

Reykjavik (1345 m.).—Dance Music 12 midnight

Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Orchestral Music ... 12 midnight

WEDNESDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Harp and Song Recital ... 7.30 p.m.

Barcelona (379.7 m.).—Popular Music ... 1 p.m.

Berlin (Deutschlandsender) (1571 m.).—Folk Songs and Dances ... 5 p.m.

Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—Dance Music ... 8.30 p.m.

Moscow (1714 m.).—Concert 5.30 p.m.

Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Popular Music ... 12.5 p.m.

Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Comedy Stars of Hollywood ... 11.30 p.m.

Reykjavik (1345 m.).—Violin Music and Records ... 11 p.m.

Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Orchestra (Thurs.) 12.30 a.m.

THURSDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Concert 7.30 p.m.

Barcelona (379.7 m.).—Sextet Concert ... 1 p.m.

Berlin (Deutschlandsender) (1571 m.).—Icelandic and Finnish Songs ... 5.50 p.m.

Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—Haydn Programme ... 7.10 p.m.

Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Act III of *Arabella* (R. Strauss) 9.30 p.m.

Moscow (1714 m.).—Musical and Literary Programme... 7 p.m.

Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Selection from Opera ... 12.5 p.m.

Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Orchestra 8 p.m.

Reykjavik (1345 m.).—Musical Programme ... 9 p.m.

Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Quartet Concert ... 7.15 p.m.

FRIDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Piano Recital 7.30 p.m.

Barcelona (379.7 m.).—Trio Concert ... 5 p.m.

Berlin (Deutschlandsender) (1571 m.).—8th Symphony (Bruckner) ... 8.30 p.m.

Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—Military Band Concert from the Zoo ... 4 p.m.

Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Selections from Operettas 7.45 p.m.

Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Variety 9 p.m.

Reykjavik (1345 m.).—Symphony No. 1 (Brahms) ... 11 p.m.

Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Dance Music (Sat.) 1 a.m.

SATURDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Variety Concert 7.30 p.m.

Barcelona (379.7 m.).—Dance Music by the I.B.C. ... 11 p.m.

Berlin (Deutschlandsender) (1571 m.).—Cinema Organ Recital 6.30 p.m.

Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—Variety Programme 8.10 p.m.

Moscow (1714 m.).—Rossini Concert ... 7 p.m.

Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Dance Music ... 9.5 p.m.

Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Orchestra 9.45 p.m.

Reykjavik (1345 m.).—Dance Music ... 12 Midnight

Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Spring-time Concert ... 7.30 p.m.

With the approach of the holidays, an aspect of our travels abroad which is most important but which has never yet been dealt with in an authoritative way, is the question of current foreign literature—what to read and what to look for on the bookstalls of Europe. On Sundays during June, the B.B.C. is to broadcast four talks entitled, "On Foreign Bookstalls," giving advice to travellers about the books which are being read and talked about. The talks will be devoted consecutively to France, Germany, Italy, and Spain. The broadcasts will be in English,

Dance Music of the Week

Monday. Lew Stone and his Band (*Monseigneur*).

Tuesday. Sydney Lipton (*Grosvenor House*).

Wednesday. Lou Praeger and his Band (*Romano's*).

Thursday. Roy Fox and

his Band (*from the B.B.C. studios*).

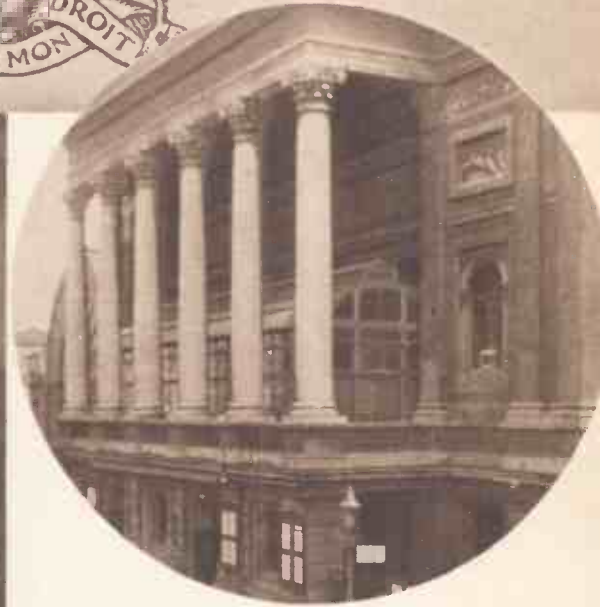
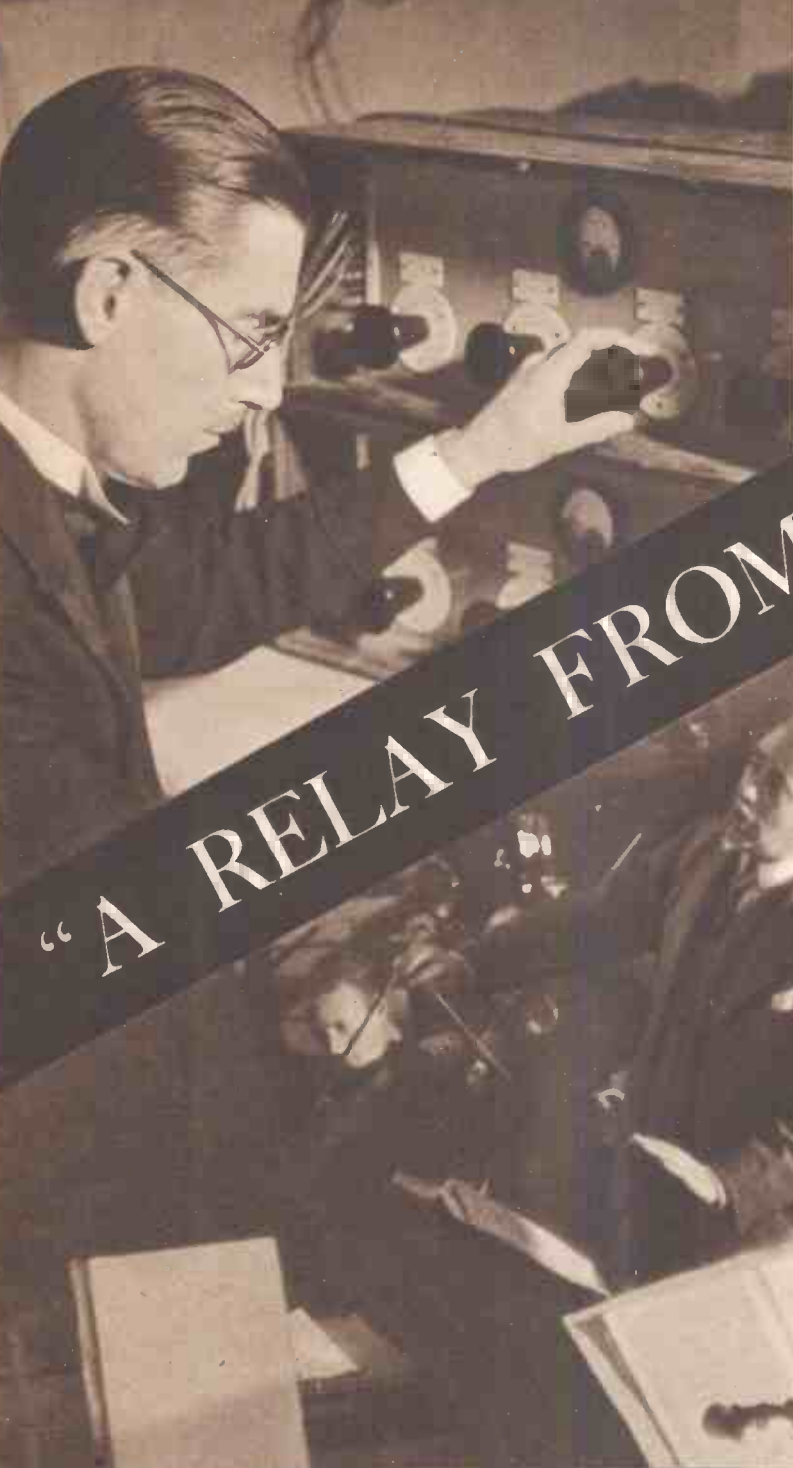
Friday. Harry Roy and his Band (*May Fair Hotel*).

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

May 25, 1934

RADIO PICTORIAL

ROYAL OPERA COVENT GARDEN



All listeners love to hear the opera relays from Covent Garden Opera House . . . and here are some intimate photographs showing how it is done. Top (left) is Stanton Jefferies at the microphone control panel and (top right) is a facsimile of the Covent Garden opera announcement. In circle, a fine view of the Opera House and (left) an "action" photograph of Sir Thomas Beecham conducting. The stage scene below was taken during Act II of "Aida"



GERT AND DAISY BUY A SET!

HIGH SPOTS
of the
PROGRAMMES

TROOPING the Colour at the Horse Guards, Whitehall, is one of the next social events to be broadcast. June 4 is the date—in honour of His Majesty's birthday. You will, of course, have a running commentary. Major Bourne-May, late of the Coldstreams, is to give it.

The ceremony—if you have forgotten it—begins with the arrival of the royal procession and the royal salute. His Majesty then inspects the troops, after which the massed bands play a slow march, counter-march, halt, and quick march. If you have never witnessed it, you should try to do something about it. Well worth seeing. Still, if you can't the next best thing is to listen to it.

Greta Keller returns to the microphone after what seems to be a very long absence, on June 1. I had begun to wonder what had happened to her. I hear she has been in America, her reputation being almost entirely a B.B.C. one. She was supposed to be in a revue, but something went wrong with it and so she went on being a radio star. She appeared in a programme with Rudy Vallee, sponsored by a yeast manufacturer. From that moment she began to rise, of course. They are all mad about her in America apparently. June 1, then—and don't miss her.

Before I forget it, request week for the Children's Hour is June 11 to 16 inclusive. The B.B.C. has given me some rather interesting figures. The first week of requests brought in thousands of postcards. They came from all over the country, most being from children of four, five, and six years of age. The coming request week's programmes have been compiled from these figures:—The Zoo Man, 5,885; Toytown Dialogues, 5,524; the dramatic plays by du Garde Peach called *The Waterways of England*, 4,205; Frederick Chester in West Country songs and stories, 2,423; The Staff Family, 2,312; Ronald Gourley, 1,547; *Mostly Mary*, 1,400.

The Zoo Man is Mr. David Seth-Smith, a curator at the Zoological Gardens, Regents Park. *Mostly Mary* is a story for very young listeners placed in the first part of the Children's Hour programme.

I hear that the talks by the unemployed, which will continue until the end of June, have created a great stir amongst listeners. The post of appreciation has been a heavy one. People say these hard-luck stories have a genuine ring of truth in them. On June 2 a woman cotton operative from Lancashire will speak, and the following Saturday a member of the middle-class unemployed. The series, if you have not noticed it, is called, rather wistfully, *Time to Spare*.

Gipsy Smith, world evangelist, will give an address from Wesley's Chapel on June 3.

Two good bands for Midland listeners are the Cranwell Royal Air Force on May 27, and Jack Padbury's, on the 31st. On the 30th the last of the Choir and Cloister series is to be given from Peterborough. For those who really like good and tuneful music ought not miss Baron d'Erlanger's *Elegy* and *Scherzo* (from the Birmingham Midland Institute), played by the Birmingham Chamber Orchestra. I know nothing of these works, as they are having their first performance; but I have deep respect for Baron d'Erlanger's music.

Westerners should be interested in an experiment of Peter Creswell's. He has arranged a scene of the Clowns in *Midsummer Night's Dream* in which he has moved from the wood near Athens where the scene was supposed to be enacted, and makes a Gloucestershire affair of it. Sure to be good. Peter is very smart at that sort of thing. May 31 is the date. My only criticism—three weeks too early! And one final item—

Scottish listeners— young ones especially— should hear Mr. Compton Mackenzie on the 28th, when he broadcasts a story from his own works.



"Oh, Gert isn't it luvverly!"



"Shall us"



"Let's!"

An Ecko receiver is featured in these photographs by the courtesy of E. K. Cole, Ltd.

Radio Stars 7



RADIO
PICTORIAL

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

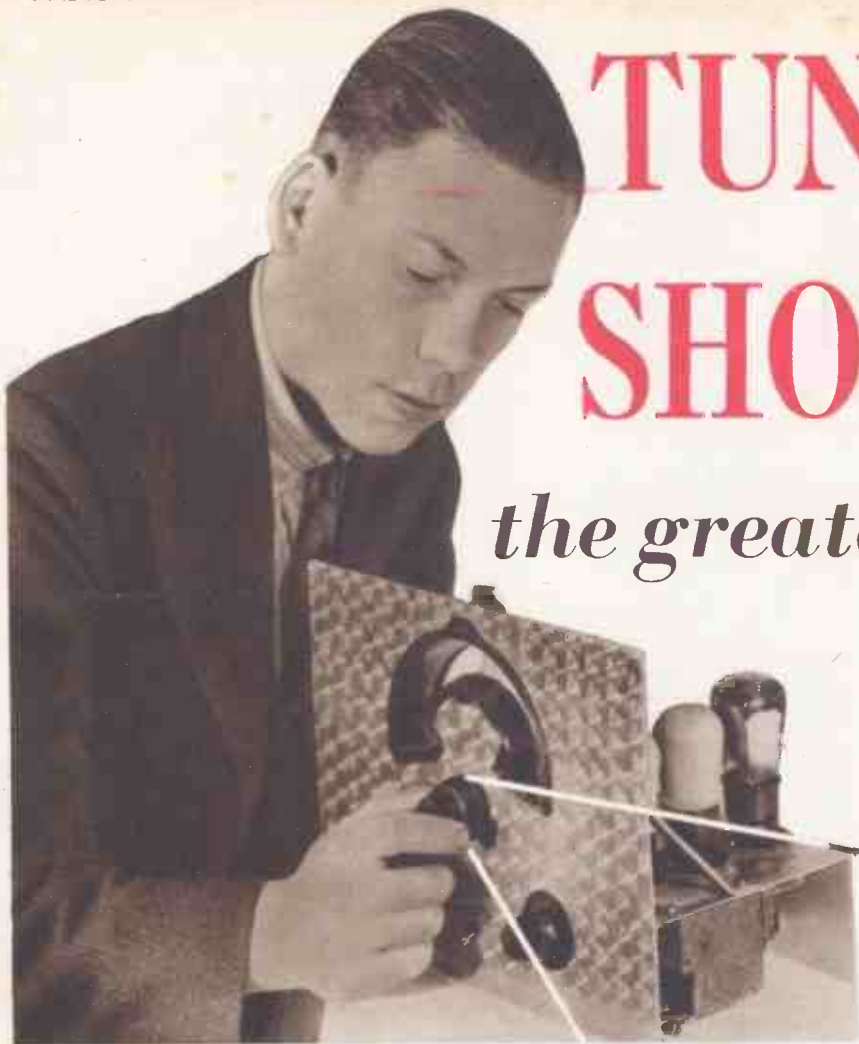
The special "M.B." Cordex system of binding is used, the centre of the binder carrying a number of resilient cords on which, week by week, the copies are slipped and thus held firmly in position.

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