

YOUR LICENCE MONEY — HOW THE B.B.C SPENDS IT

RADIO PICTORIAL 2

D
EVERY FRIDAY



A RADIO UNCLE — PAGE PORTRAIT

AT HOME WITH JEAN MELVILLE

OLIVER BALDWIN + J. MURRAY SMITH ETC.

THE DERBY — B.B.C COMMENTATOR TELLS HIS OWN STORY

Radio Gives Us Strange New Musical Instruments!

HOW radio has played an important part in the development of new musical instruments based on electrical principles is dealt with in a particularly interesting article by A. A. Gulliland in the *June* issue of the *Wireless Magazine*, now on sale.

The illustration below shows a performer practising on a concert trautionium. Several recitals of these strange-looking instruments have been broadcast from Berlin and other German stations, even to a concert by an orchestra consisting entirely of electrical instruments. An eminent German composer has written a special work for one of these instruments and orchestra which has already been published and performed on the Continent.

This is just one of the many fine features in the June issue. There is something to interest all. Just look at the list below and see what a fine issue this June number is. Don't delay, get your copy to-day, price 1s. from all newsagents.

SOME OF THE OTHER CONTENTS OF THE JUNE ISSUE

Installing the "P.A." Gear
All About Microphones
Loud-speakers for "P.A." Work
10-Watt Amplifiers for A.C. and D.C. By the "W.M." Technical Staff
What Output is Needed
Power Supply for "P.A." Work

FOR THE CONSTRUCTOR
The "Two H.F." Portable
The "Two H.F." Portable on Test
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"A Set That Gets the Foreigners Well!"

TECHNICAL FEATURES
What the Amateur Should Know About L, C, and R.
Up-to-Date Ideas for the Detector Stage
New Ideas in Easy Tuning

Our Tests of New Sets. By the "W.M." Set Selection Bureau
Tests of New Apparatus

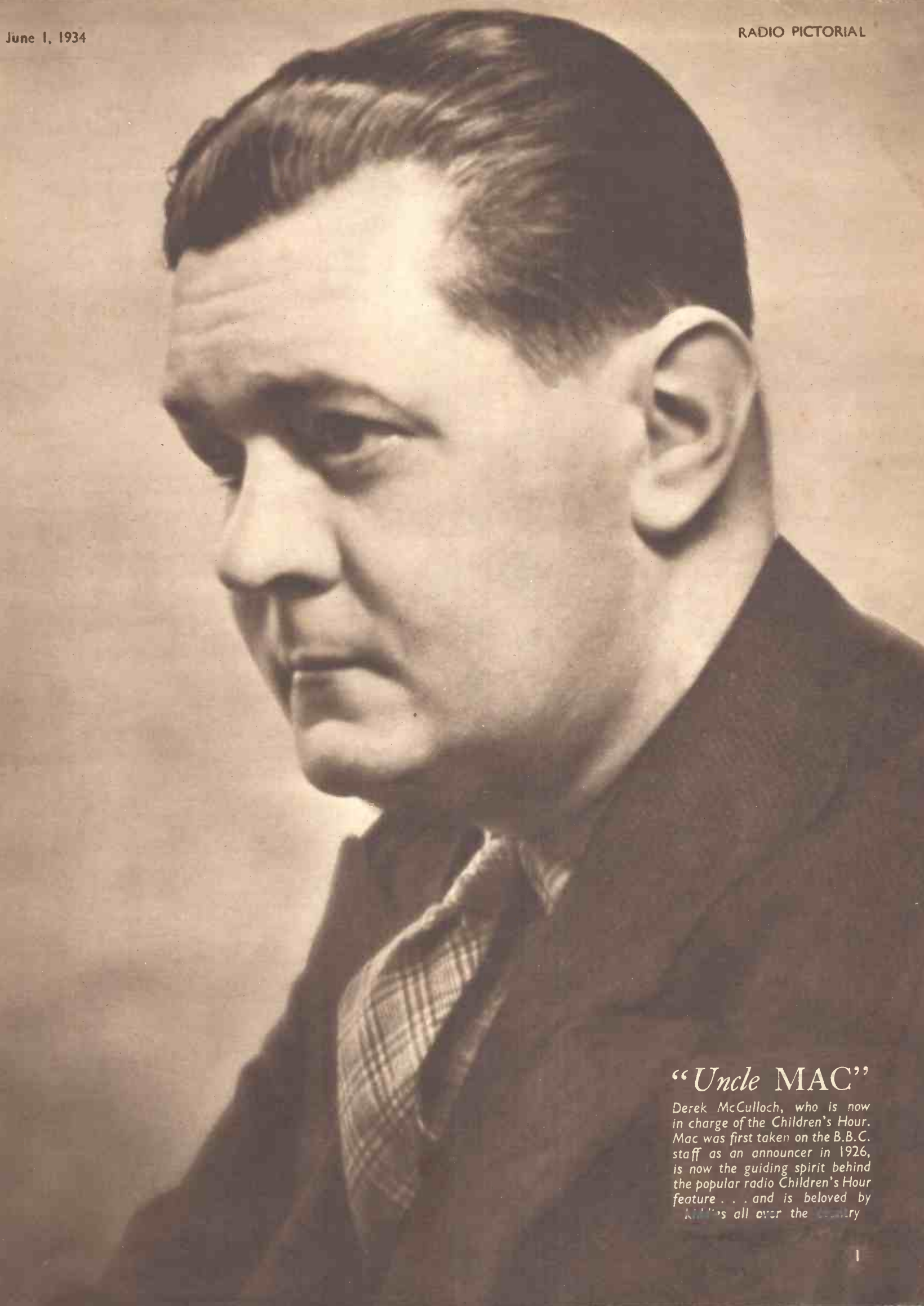
GENERAL ARTICLES
Guide to the World's Broadcasters
World's Broadcast Wavelengths
Can Humour Be Broadcast?
What the B.B.C. Does With Your Letters
Wireless Jobs Made Easy for Mr. Everyman
A Test of the Heptode Super Three
News of the Short Waves
Choosing Your Records. By Whitaker-Wilson

TELEVISION SECTION
First Steps in Television. By H. Corbishley



WIRELESS MAGAZINE

JUNE ISSUE-PRICE 1/-



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Derek McCulloch, who is now in charge of the Children's Hour. Mac was first taken on the B.B.C. staff as an announcer in 1926, is now the guiding spirit behind the popular radio Children's Hour feature . . . and is beloved by kiddies all over the country

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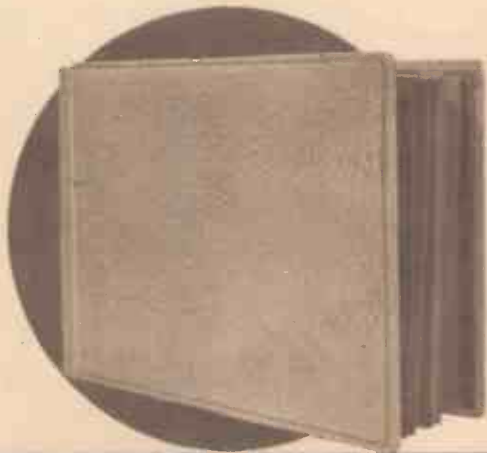
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Radio Pictorial — No. 20

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 Editor KENNETH ULLYETT



A live scene in a Berlin film studio, in which a "set" typical of the broadcasting auditions is being re-enacted—a new version of radio story-telling



(Right) story-telling at the B.B.C. microphone during the Children's Hour

Radio Storytellers

HERE is one branch of entertainment that has not been developed as it might be—the art of story-telling.

Story-telling is perhaps the oldest form of entertainment in the world, and before the advent of the printing press, the wandering story-teller was both newspaper and wireless for the people with whom he came in contact.

For a long time A. J. Alan was the only story-teller "on the air"; there are many others whom we should enjoy hearing. A. J. Alan's method of story-telling is a delightfully humorous one; but I should like to hear a few of the tales of Balzac, and tales by O. Henry as well.

When I refer to story-telling I do not mean story-reading.

These are two distinct arts.

The written story is well written in order to



By
 Oliver BALDWIN

make up for the absence of the teller, but the spoken story depends upon the tempo, and voice inflection.

If the B.B.C. could gather round them a little circle of story-tellers, from which one could be chosen, every so often, to tell a story which he

himself had transposed from a written story to a spoken story, we would be assured of a fascinating twenty minutes by our own firesides.

A variation of this is the new scheme adopted by the B.B.C. of getting an author to tell his own story in his own way. Walter de la Mare, Compton Mackenzie, Dorothy Sawyer and Agatha Christie are some of the

people who come to the mike on Friday evenings to tell us a story. And I for one look forward to Fridays.

I should imagine that Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. H. G. Wells, and Mr. Rudyard Kipling would make the best story-

tellers. The first because of the musical inflection of his voice, and the third because of the short, sharp staccato sentences he utters in ordinary conversation.

Dr. Montague James, too, the provost of Eton College, would be a valuable addition to the story-tellers' circle. But whether he can tell ghost stories as well as he can write them I do not know.

There is a legend that Edgar Allan Poe was the greatest story-teller of his day. Certainly there are few written stories that are so magnificent to read aloud as his tales of mystery and imagination. The short stories of Tolstoy are not so widely known as they should be—they would make an admirable series for reading—but perhaps the most successful ones of all would be the



Les Allen (left) indulges in some story-telling to his kiddie. (In circle) a radio story scene at Hamburg

stories of O. Henry. In a story-tellers' circle, they could discuss the desirability of telling over the air the wickedest story in the world, the most beautiful story in the world, the most romantic and the most dramatic.

By this means they could introduce to the public the work of new writers, whom the vast majority of the people are prevented from enjoying owing to the fact that they write in foreign languages. For instance, the short stories of Peter Negoe are worth anybody's attention.

One of the most effective stories to tell would be one of Tolstoy's—the one about the bishop who was visiting his numerous parishes and monasteries.

He travelled by land for many weeks and then took ship and sailed for miles to the further coast where a famous church was situated.

On the way he came upon a small island he had never heard of before, and he insisted on being landed there by boat. Strangely enough, he discovered that the only inhabitants of this little island were three holy men whose whole knowledge of religion consisted of holding hands and repeating monotonously: "You are three, we are three: Lord have mercy upon us."

The fact that these men were so ignorant of religion seriously disturbed the bishop.

And when he discovered that they did not even know the Lord's Prayer, he determined to teach it them there and then.

(Continued on page 22)

870
 38,954 18 9
 6,100 0 0

Bank Current Account
 Contribution to Staff Pension Scheme
 and Benevolent Fund
 Governor's Fees
 Provision for Depreciation and Renewal

PAUL HOBSON, in this article of interest to every listener, gives the real facts about . . .

How the B.B.C.

This article shows how every penny of listeners' licence money is apportioned in the B.B.C. budget. For example, of every ten shillings, just under a shilling goes to engineering expenses, including the maintenance of all B.B.C. stations

listeners have a right to know how their money is being spent.

The B.B.C. makes no secret of its balance sheet, and any listener can get a copy of the latest (seventh) annual report, which gives the facts and figures for the past year.

It tells the whole story so far as the major items of the B.B.C. expenditure are concerned.

B.B.C. governors' fees account for £6,100. The maintenance of plant, power and the machinery at all B.B.C. stations cost, last year, £293,070

This includes the salaries paid to the very hard-working men on the engineering staff.

A relatively small proportion of this money is devoted to development and research—that is to the upkeep of the B.B.C. research station, of the Tatsfield receiving station and of the new depot at Clapham. These are all vitally necessary in getting

varies according to a sliding scale based on the number of licensed listeners. In the year we are discussing, the Treasury took nearly 3s. 6d.—and, in addition, the B.B.C.'s income tax amounts to about 5d. on each ten-shilling licence.

You may remember that to assist national finance the B.B.C. agreed to make a grant of a big sum to the Government and this amounts to just over 6d. on each licence.

The Post Office, of course, has to be paid for issuing radio licences. Money has also to be found for the section of the Post Office which deals with the detection of radio pirates and the cutting down of electrical interference with radio sets.

Any complaints you send to the B.B.C. about noisy reception are dealt with by Post Office experts. The amount of money out of each licence fee allotted to the engineering department is approximately 7d.

And out of each ten-shilling licence the Post Office takes a total of approximately one shilling, which covers engineering expenses and the cost of issuing the licences.

If you add this up you will find that, in proportion, the B.B.C. receives from the broadcasting service only 4s. 7d. out of each ten-shilling licence.

In addition to this, the B.B.C. makes a profit out of pamphlets and books supplementary to the programmes. It is fair to assume that this works

out to 1s. 3d. per head—so the B.B.C. has about 5s. 10d. to spare per licensed listener.

Just over half a crown goes towards the programmes, and just under a shilling to maintaining B.B.C. stations and paying engineers their salaries.

B.B.C. staff salaries amount to only 3½d. out of each ten-shilling licence, and governors' fees account for exactly ¼d.!

In proportion, out of every ten-shilling licence fee, the B.B.C. puts away 4½d. as provision for depreciation and for the future!

Is it any comfort to you to know, in these days of unemployment, that your 10s. licence fee helps to keep about 700

people in work at the B.B.C. offices in London, in addition to the big B.B.C. staff at all other studio and station centres?

About 3½d. of every 10s. you contribute goes to the salaries of the B.B.C. men and women

LAST week I told you how the B.B.C. spends nearly £800,000 a year out of its annual licence income (1933) of nearly £1,500,000 on programmes.

This includes radio stars' salaries and, in fact, all payments to artists and in connection with orchestras, news royalties, salaries of the B.B.C. programme staff and even the hire of land lines used to pick up outside broadcast items.

And while £800,000 may seem a lot of money to the average man, it does not go very far in view of all the drains on the B.B.C. coffers.

As I showed you last week, when a radio play is produced, fees of up to fifty guineas are paid to the leading artists in the cast, the lesser men getting about five or six guineas. But this is not the end of the expenditure.

Four or five B.B.C. staff men are concerned in the studio production—and they earn between £10 and £18 a week.

That accounts for the big expense of B.B.C. radio plays.

Dance music is one of the heavy items on the B.B.C. balance sheet. The dance music actually broadcast by the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra costs the B.B.C. about four times the very reasonable sum paid as a personal salary to Henry Hall. All the members of the band are paid by the B.B.C. (they are all directly under contract with the B.B.C.) and, in addition, heavy royalties have to be paid to the people who own the dance-music copyrights.

Outside dance music is not cheap.

All the leaders of dance bands relayed by the B.B.C. now get a cheque direct from the Corporation—an idea which it was thought would prevent song-plugging.

The amount paid is in the neighbourhood of £40 to each band.

As approximately five outside dance broadcasts are made every week, the B.B.C. has to spend £200 a week in paying for its outside relays of dance music.

With extras, this means over £10,000 a year.

If you make a pencil note of all the items which could be included under the programme heading in the B.B.C.'s list of expenditure, you will find that the total easily comes to £800,000.

If you add up the total of the B.B.C.'s income (including licence fees) you find a balance of approximately a million pounds.

Where does this go?

It is made up mainly of listeners' licence fees, so



better technical broadcasting.

The B.B.C., as a business concern, has to make provision for income tax.

This puts a black mark on the balance sheet to the extent of £121,000—which, of course, goes back to the Treasury.

Another business difficulty is that the B.B.C. has to make provision for the depreciation and renewal of premises, plant, furniture and fittings. In spite of the modern fittings at the new studios, a reasonable margin has to be allowed for depreciation. And last year it amounted to £125,000.

While there is always great controversy about the salaries paid by the B.B.C., you will be interested to know that in 1933 the B.B.C. paid £89,032 to administration salaries and expenses.

Do you find these big figures confusing? Is it difficult to realise just what these amounts mean as a percentage of a listener's licence fee?

Would you prefer to see the figures worked out as a fraction of each ten shillings paid?

Let's split a typical ten-shillings licence into its parts and see where the money goes.

The figures given, which refer to 1932, may all be checked on reference to the B.B.C.'s own official year book.

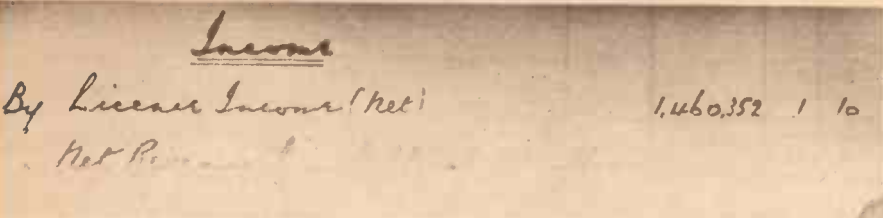
It may surprise you to know that a very large amount of each ten shillings received is taken by the Treasury.

The amount taken by the State



Balance of Engineering Staff, Development and Research, etc.
 Rents, Rates, Insurance, Heating and Lighting,
 Expenditure upon Premises, Telephone, etc. 119,404

293,070 16 10



SPENDS Your Licence Money

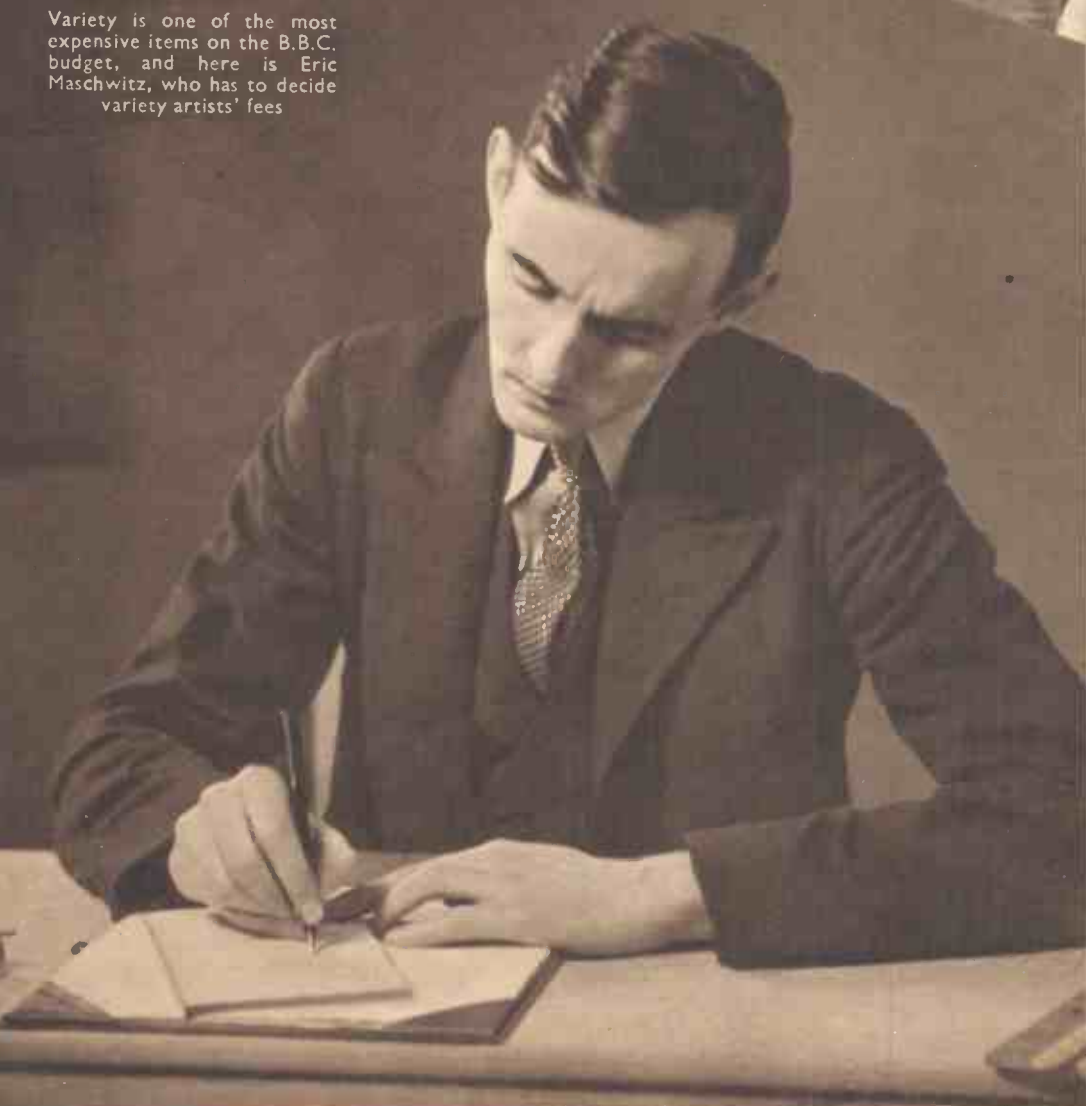
in the ordinary offices—that is, who are not actually connected with the programmes or the engineering.

You may think this a waste of money, for the outsider, who knows very little about the working of the B.B.C., may wonder why any staff at all is necessary, apart from that vital for the actual production of the programmes and the working of the broadcasting stations.

But, you see, there are artists to be paid, an immense amount of clerical work to be done,



Variety is one of the most expensive items on the B.B.C. budget, and here is Eric Maschwitz, who has to decide variety artists' fees



correspondence to be dealt with, and dozens of other matters, all of which require staff. That's where the 3½d. goes!

A certain amount of dance music comes out of this sum.

Salaries of all the men in the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra are provided by your fivepences.

These men are very modestly paid, in comparison with the highly paid instrumentalists in other dance bands. In addition to their B.B.C. salaries, they are allowed to make a certain amount out of any gramophone recording or special work they undertake.

Whether or not you agree with the way the B.B.C. spends its money, you must at least concede that (with the exception of the grants to the State, and the amount taken by the Treasury and the Post Office) every penny you contribute comes back to you in some or other programme form, or is a contribution towards the salaries and expenses of those who give the programmes and run the stations.

There seems to be one exception, namely, the Empire programme.

There seems to be a snag here.

British listeners are "forced" to contribute something out of every 10s. licence to the running of Empire services—and if you are not an Empire enthusiast and a strict patriot, you may wonder if you have a cause for grouching.

Well, you can grouse if you like, for the whole cost of running the Empire services certainly does come out of your 10s.

And the amount out of every 10s. radio licence fee is—exactly one farthing.

Does the B.B.C. spend its money wisely?



A new photograph of "Phil" Ridgeway, who came back to the B.B.C. yesterday and the day before, giving a popular "Parade."

"Radio Pictorial"

What the STARS are Doing

GOSSIP

told by

"Newsmonger"

On Parade

When Philip came back to the microphone on Wednesday and Thursday, he had a number of entirely new ideas in variety presentation and he was not keen on St. George's Hall, having preferred one of the basement studios at Broadcasting House. After his tremendous touring success all over the country, he wisely decided to incorporate stage ideas in his B.B.C. broadcast. The chorus appeared in costume and a number of arcs were used to brighten the stage atmosphere.

As was announced recently in RADIO PICTORIAL, he brought with him a new leading lady, Helene Cooney, who certainly has a genuine microphone personality.

Without Her Harp

Philip Ridgeway whispered to one or two agents that he needed three or four artists for his Parade, and the military band studio was too small for the crowd which turned up for his audition. A hundred applicants were waiting for him and they overflowed into waiting rooms, band rooms and corridors. But Philip was undismayed and determined to hear them all, though many had to return next day.

He was rather impressed by a soubrette and after her song asked whether that was all her act. "I can sing with ukulele," she said. "Have you got it with you?" asked Philip through the window of the listening cabinet. "No, I did not like to bring my harp to your party," she replied. There is always plenty of laughter in the studio when Philip is about.

A Riddle

I shall be surprised if this actress is not booked. Auditions for broadcasting take much longer than auditions for the stage, where many appli-

cants, poor dears, can be dismissed on sight. For the microphone, each artist must be heard; grace and looks don't count.

Which reminds me of the old Savoy Hill riddle: "Why are broadcasters like children?" And the answer is: "Because they should be heard and not seen." This is all nonsense to-day, as the photographs in this paper show.

Jean Rehearses

There are about twenty girls in the act as compared with about only four or five men, and during rehearsals Philip insisted on having a woman conductor to lead the orchestra.

A number of excellent male conductors offered their services but Philip insisted on having Jean Melville (who played the piano during the actual broadcast) to lead the orchestra.

Philip insisted on all the lads and lassies of his show having a hot bath immediately before the broadcast to whip them all into high spirits!

And, judging by the success of the show, the scheme worked.

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. The milk ration is just a part of an efficient welfare service and matron has reason to be proud of the B.B.C. record of health.

Stainless in Sheffield

I have just had a letter from Winifred, who lives in Sheffield. She is very cross with me because I asked Stainless Stephen recently why on earth he wanted to live in Sheffield.

Yet that was not because I have a low opinion of Sheffield as a residential district, but merely because Stainless and I are great pals and I wanted him to come and live a little nearer to me. Your "Newsmonger" does not live in Sheffield.

Henry Hall is Ninety-five!

Henry Hall is ninety-five this year! That is Henry Hall, senior, father of our dance band director. Henry junior celebrated his birthday in the studio recently and among the gifts which poured in to Broadcasting House were fourteen pairs of gloves and five pairs of socks. He thanked listeners at the mike for their good wishes.

Les Allen had a cable from the Mayor of Toronto bringing congratulations from his home town on his inclusion in the Command Performance, and Len Bermon produced a letter from a listener who admires his singing. His fan mail has reached 3,000, so they were all happy.

The Twiddleknobs—by FERRIER



In the Air . . .

BILLIE HOUSTON, of them thar Houston Twins, had an amusing experience in the garden the other day; t'would appear Billie wears hubbie's old clothes to garden in and this fact, coupled with her close-cut blonde hair and manly voice, fooled a bunch of urchins who leaned over the fence and asked the stern young male gardener if he (!) wanted any help; Billie replied that the Boss didn't want any help, he was an old meanie—when at that very moment hubbie came out into the garden and yelled "Tea's ready, darling" . . . the urchins gave each other a long look and with much joy disappeared with a wild "Yooooooohooo a Fairy!" . . . Eric Maschwitz is That Pleased . . . some pal of his has given him a brand new fountain pen with a little light attached to it; just in case Eric gets some radio brainwaves in the middle of the night, and wants to record them . . . did you know that popular broadcaster Bransby Williams has a son Eric—married to Wynne Clare, Phillis's sister? Eric Bransby Williams does very nicely in the motor-car racket, thank you, and listens in to Poppa over the radio after office hours. . . . Eddie Pola is getting together with his American pal, Gagwriter Loeb.

Two Days' Holiday

It is not often that Joe Lewis takes a holiday; his work won't allow it. But at last he is going away—for two days! Often most of his programme listeners write and ask for more.

Fair-haired and jovial, Joe is popular on both sides of the microphone and when I caught him rehearsing last week, he was cracking jokes with the orchestra. In Birmingham he used to announce his own programmes and his witty asides made many friends. They tune in London whenever he is conducting though they miss his informal chat.

Actor, Writer, Which?

I met C. Denier Warren going into Studio BA in the basement at Broadcasting House and accused him of having written the programme. "Yes, I wrote some of it," he said, "but I won't tell you which part till afterwards when I know what you think of it." I liked it all. This actor can write . . . or should I say that this writer can act?

Down with Measles

The "announcers' friend" is away with measles. Better known to listeners as a radio playwright and producer, E. J. King-Bull used to devote his time to programme research. Now he works on the presentation of programmes, helping announcers behind the scenes. The new timing has made a good deal of work for the presentation people and his help has been missed in the past three weeks.

The Wrong Long

I was amused to see in a Sunday paper last week that a well-known radio comedian is responsible for the new pithead baths at Betteshanger Colliery . . . and then I looked again and saw that "Norman Long, Limited" was a misprint for Dorman Long, Limited, the famous steel people. But it was news to me that Norman had added steel working to his repertoire of song, smile and piano.

John Henry's Funeral

Artists who knew John Henry rallied round to defray his funeral expenses. Generosity has always been a characteristic of the profession and, had he asked, the comedian would have been welcome to their help before the end. As soon as the list was opened the sum needed was subscribed. Artists rang up, offering contributions. Harry Marlow, secretary of the Variety Artistes' Benevolent Fund, made all the arrangements and the last curtain was rung down in fitting fashion on Britain's first radio star.

On the Outside Broadcast List

Victor Smythe, who has arranged many outside broadcasts in the Midlands and the North, is, I understand, arranging for a relay of David Cecil's *Houzat!* when this touring revue arrives in Huddersfield very shortly.

David Cecil, who presents this show, was responsible for many recent relays from a music hall in the north. His *Houzat!* company includes many radio stars. Edna Cecil, who has frequently broadcast from London and with Don Rico's Band, is one of the stars of the show, and will shortly come back to the microphone again when the revue is broadcast.

Our Cover

The cover portrait this week is of Jack Jackson, who broadcasts to you from the Dorchester Hotel. Jack is a Londoner by birth, although he spent most of his young days in Burnley, Yorkshire. Having played in the Savoy Band and with Jack Payne and Jack Hylton, he should know something about trumpet playing—and is not unjustly known as England's leading trumpeter.

The Girls in Conference

All the girls at Broadcasting House met Miss Freeman, their chief, in secret conference last week. It seems that they have rules, as in any other big office, and that these rules are a little out of date. Ideas were wanted, so they all gathered in a studio and had a pow-wow which lasted a long, long time.

It is typical of the B.B.C. method of handling staff that the girls should be consulted in this way. Miss Freeman, who was a secretary at Savoy Hill, is liked because she understands the problems and can deal with them in a sympathetic manner. Women take an important part in the work at the B.B.C.

A Speedway Match

Seven years ago speedway racing was regarded as nothing more nor less than a glorified circus attracting just a few hundred curiously minded folk; to-day crowds only equalled by the keenest football matches attend the meetings week after week. Even in the face of a great counter-attraction such as test matches between England and Australia, an attendance figure of 80,000 has been touched.

They are making the occasion of the first of this year's test matches, which will be played at Wembley on Thursday next, June 7, the occasion for the first really extended broadcast of a speedway match. This will take place from 8.45 to 9.15, which, if the programme runs to time, means that it will cover the last four or five heats in the first half of the match. You will be able to read exactly how it is done in next week's RADIO PICTORIAL.

The Return of Ambrose

"I go to bed on Saturday afternoons so that I may stay up at night to hear you and your guests," writes a bright young thing, aged nine, to Henry Hall. These guest nights have been a triumph for Henry, who has broadcast with Richard Tauber and Gracie Fields in successive weeks.

But listeners who like to dance at home on Saturday evenings will welcome Ambrose and his band, returning to the mike next week. He and Henry will broadcast every other week on Saturdays for a time and I think that we are lucky to have two first-class bands sharing the one evening in the week when most of us can listen.



At the races—Mrs. Roy Fox, Sam Browne, Harry Roy and Roy Fox

Stars at
Home—20

JEAN . . .

Soothes their Nerves!

words to it, he told her it suggested moonshine! So Jean must have been moonstruck!

In her work at the B.B.C., Miss Melville occasionally has amusing experiences.

More than once she has known a grateful singer—usually one whose nerves had gone all to pieces and who had been saved from wreck by Jean's sang-froid—come up to her after the broadcast and give her a tip of half a crown! Sometimes

five shillings—but they have to be very scared for so large a tip.

Rather difficult for Jean to have to explain that she is a member of the B.B.C. staff and does not accept gratuities! Though she is often amused (and occasionally embarrassed), she realises that it is all done out of gratitude, and also no doubt as a compliment to her powers of accompanying.

Were you listening-in to a recent Guest Night programme when they played "Just What I Want"? Jean composed it, Henry Hall happened to hear it—and immediately it was booked up for his programme. It went over very well, too.

Jean is snowed under by lyrics sent to her by writers known and unknown, to which one day she will find time to supply the music.

Jean is keen on tennis and golf. In the latter she says her handicap is about 190, but she is going to try the second hole some day! She loves flying and actually flew as early as 1921.

Her dogs are everything to her. She is never to be seen without one at home. One of them, Bunty-Bella, a blue roan spaniel, is quite famous at the B.B.C. She used to attend there with her mistress, but made such a fuss when she lost sight of Jean, that the authorities wrote a special letter politely requesting that Bunty should be left at home in future.

Her latest escapade is digging up all the lilies-of-the-valley in the garden. She took them for rabbits!

She spends most of her time lying on an old coat of Jean's, and woe betide anybody who comes too near!

An encouraging smile for the nervous singer, while she waits for the signal to begin



A corner of Jean's charming flower-filled London flat

BY birth Jean Melville is an Australian. She was born in Sydney. In 1917, she left home to come to England and London so that she could study at the Royal Academy of Music. Her people are still in Australia, but Jean herself has never been back there.

Jean has a flat in Baron's Court, which she shares with a friend. The friend is very keen on politics, but Jean does not take much interest in the subject. So, going by the rule of contraries, these two get on very well.

Miss Melville joined the B.B.C. staff in 1927, but was actually one of the earliest broadcasters from Marconi House. She began by singing songs at the piano, but later went on the staff as an accompanist.

She has a wonderful reputation for soothing the jagged nerves of broadcasters. Often she has to play for people whose teeth chatter with sheer fright, but she has a happy knack of putting them completely at their ease.

At home—when she is at home, which is not often, for her duties at Broadcasting House make considerable demands on her time—she is a keen cook. Anything in the pastry line suits Jean. She believes in good, plain English cooking. None of your French messes for Miss Melville!

She says she can't knit for nuts, but is a moderate hand at crochet. She reads a fair amount.

Jean works at home at one or two forms of musical composition. Not very long ago she happened to be in New Romney on a night when the moon was shining at the full. A tune occurred to her then and eventually she wrote it down.

Jack Payne, on hearing it, told Jean she had written a commercial winner. When a lyric-writer was asked to fit

American

STARS

you are going to hear

RADIO CITY is sending over in the very near future some of their finished products—some of the stars they have made.

They are going to amuse you over the air and, after listening, you are to be the judges. Are they worth the \$2,000 they receive every Friday?

Are they better artists? Have they better material?

Would they be desirable in a B.B.C. programme?

Radio City is the headquarters of the National Broadcasting Company of America, and now the amusement centre of the world.

Thirty broadcasting studios are constantly in use, a broadcasting theatre, and two talking picture studios work overtime; but, to my way of thinking, the main event is the "trial department." The majority of the stars that you will hear graduated from this little school.

There is Kate Smith.

She is a specialist of the "hot mama" song. Katie goes over the ether three times a week and is so popular with the American fans that



Above is Mary Danis, a well-known star on the Columbia Broadcasting Chain; below of course, is the ever popular Bing Crosby, who also broadcasts through the Columbia microphones.



she has to employ two clerks to open her fan mail and two secretaries to answer it.

Her salary is ten thousand dollars a week for broadcasting alone, not counting records or personal appearances.

You might say she was sitting on top of the world; but this was not always the case. She did her period of starving, and were it not for that trial department the probabilities are that Kate Smith would still be "hot-mamaing" to the Hicks in Hosh-kosh, doing five shows a day for coffee and cakes.

With the advent of Radio City, and their announcement of a trial department, she presented herself. All the credential that they wanted was to go before the "mike" and do her stuff.

There is an index card system at Radio City which tells the tale of two kinds of "good"—"good" and "no good." She was indexed under the former, coached as to how to sell her voice; ballyhooed as a turn in one of the picture palaces and then signed up by an advertising company at a record salary.

You see the National Broadcasting Company spent money on her to make her an attraction.

Now they are getting all that money back, because the advertising companies pay them for leasing the air, and the fans tune in to hear that hour which heralds Kate Smith as the big noise.

That "love interest" appeal, Dick Powell, of *Blessed Event* and *Forty-second Street* fame, is another who is slated shortly to give you that goosey-feathered feeling when he wa-was and hi-do-dos over this English air.

Dick Powell is another newcomer and, believe me, he is making good. He was born on a farm out west, discovered he could sing when doing the chores, which were milking cows and feeding chickens.

His "Hey, chick-chick-chick" had a real musical tremor to it. This discovery took him to the big city, where he got a local engagement singing songs, such as "Where is My Wandering Boy to-night?"

Continued on page 22

J. MURRAY SMITH
 makes a plea for weather
 bulletins that anyone can
 understand

“Weather and News (ance)!”

MIND you, I've no personal quarrel with the announcers. They have their jobs to do, poor chaps, and it isn't their fault that they infuriate me.

But if only they weren't so suave and casual about it—if only they weren't so darned cocksure . . .

Do you know, I've never actually met an announcer, because hitherto the identity of announcers has been one of the B.B.C.'s guilty secrets.

Their comings and goings have been shrouded in secrecy, and whenever I have been hanging hopefully around the hall at Broadcasting House, the fact has been grimly noted.

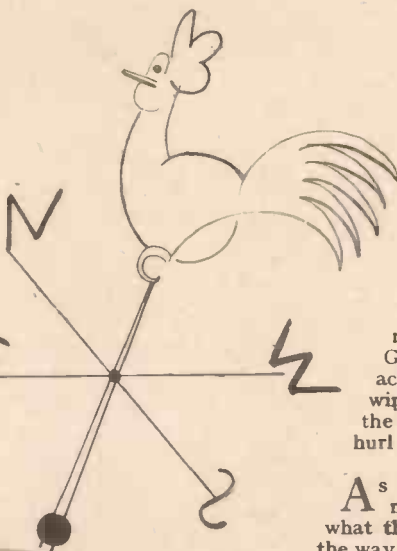
All the warning lights have winked, and the announcers have evacuated the building by side doors, disguised by their expressions as weather experts.

Which brings me, more or less by accident, to the point. This question of weather forecasts for to-night and to-morrow, for what they may be worth.

Then it is that announcers who at all other times sound decent and reasonable suddenly assume superior airs. I get the same feeling as I had years ago, peering over the wall of the reformatory when the little rich boys went by on their way to college.

“Yah!” I would yell, as their bicycles swept them by, but they took no notice.

And I was conscious of what people used to call an inferiority



C o m p l e x .

That feeling recurs every time I fail to switch off immediately after getting the time signal.

A beautifully modulated voice begins to deliver a string of phrases which mean nothing to me whatever.

The effect upon me is immediate. Goaded into swift action, I leap upon my wireless set, tear off the cat's whisker and hurl it into the fire.

As I said before, in so many words, it isn't what they say so much as the way they say it.

I can go in next door and hear Russia on a real set, and I never get wild because I can't understand Russian. But when an English announcer starts off, “A complex system of shallow depressions—”

Well, I don't mind telling you. I'm preparing a shock for some of these magis of the mike.

You see, the veil of anonymity has been lifted a little. Very shortly I am to be permitted to interview some announcers, and I have it all ready for them.

Can't you imagine the scene?

The little door, guarded by stalwart attendants, leading into that little cell-like room. The three announcers, seated in a row on the other side of a table.

I walk up defiantly, wave my pass in the faces of the baffled attendants (who, nevertheless, compare me grimly with my passport photo) and confront the three announcers.

I pause dramatically, fixing my gaze on the blanched face of Mr. Hibberd, and then glancing coldly at the Grisewoods, Freddy and Harman. There is a ridge of high pressure over the room. The three of them shift uneasily in their chairs. Then I shoot it at them.

“What,” I demand, in a voice that would give a deaf man a headache, “is a depression? What is an anti-cyclone? What is a complex system of slow winds backing moderate into a stationary interval?”

Huh! Do you think they'll be able to answer? Of course, they won't! Why, by

the time I'm through they'll be glad to slink away and drown their shame in a trough of low pressure.

After that they won't be so fond of pretending that they understand words and phrases which don't mean anything anyway. After that they won't sound so darned clever.

After that I'll buy myself a new cat's whisker.

When I have brought this reform about all kinds of people from Peckham to Perth will call me blessed. Instead of the present conglomeration of useless words you will hear something like this.

“Here is the weather forecast for to-night and to-morrow. Scotland, rain. Midlands and North of England, including Manchester, Rain. South, Rain. Errors and omissions excepted. Here is the first News. . . .”

None of that wearisome business about depressions over the North East Coast of Jamaica. As a matter of fact, that was only put in at the start to play for time until the news was ready, and now that we know it doesn't mean anything, it might as well come out.

Seriously, though. If only the B.B.C. will make the weather forecasts intelligible to me I'll consider taking out a licence for my set.

INTERFERENCE!

THOUGH I became some years ago A lover of the Radio, I must confess I've never yet, On any sort or kind of set Since wireless made its first appearance, Found any cure for interference—

I don't refer to foreign stations Or atmospheric complications, But my immediate relations— Our household is a kind of club Of which the wireless is the hub, A “group”—but no two people in it Agree at any given minute To listen to a given item (They'll read these lines, that's why I write 'em).

If George puts on the Vaudeville Aunt Ada says it makes her ill And switches on some highbrow stuff Then goes on talking. “That's enough” Says Father, turning on the News. Bobbie, of course, is all for blues And chronic crooners: this appeals To Mother too, but not at meals. Symphony Concerts always fall On nights when people come to call; And even when you're on your own There still remains the telephone. . . .

I'll tell you what I'm going to do When ships come in and dreams come true, When, having penned sufficient rhymes, I see the dawn of better times; I'll take the wireless up to bed, Arrange the pillows round my head, Send all the family to France, And plan my listening in advance!

PETER PIPER



Capt. R. C. LYLE, the popular B.B.C. commentator, gives you the behind-the-scenes story of . . .



Broadcasting the DERBY

The Derby will be run next Wednesday afternoon, June 6, and Capt. Lyle gives the broadcast from the Grand Stand at Epsom

This personal article by one of the most famous sports broadcasters tells you how the Derby commentary is given, in conjunction with Mr. Hobbiss. (In circle) Capt. Lyle

When I am broadcasting the National, that fine judge of racing, Mr. Withington, always leans over from Lord Derby's box near to me and whispers all that he is seeing. He is also a great reader of a race.

And that, in a way, is how the broadcast is done, so far as I am concerned. How wireless works I have not the least idea. I cannot even work with success the wireless in my own house. And how the noises come from me on the course into the machines in the houses I shall never understand.

In addition to myself and Mr. Hobbiss, there are also people from the B.B.C. with us. One of these, Mr. Snagge, another imperturbable individual, speaks the prologue, as it were, and then introduces me and leaves me to my own devices, except for assisting me in the reading out of the runners, the jockeys and the draw for places.

If it were not for the kindness and consideration of the people connected with the B.B.C., I would never broadcast again.

I am not pretending that it is a difficult job to read a race. If the weather conditions and the light are right it is not difficult. But it is a rather terrifying thing always to me, just before I begin, to think that I am talking to half the world.

After this year's Grand National I had cables from places as far apart as Los Angeles and Bagdad.

Still, I must admit that while I am actually talking I do not worry about that fact in the least.

I have had no really exciting experiences when broadcasting. I have certainly got very excited . . . but then I do that in any case when the race is thrilling.

I got more than usually excited when Orpen came into the straight at Epsom and seemed likely for a few strides to catch and beat the leader, Cameronian. I had had a small bet at very long odds the autumn before,

when Orpen was unknown, that he would win the Derby the next year. And now here he was looking likely to do so.

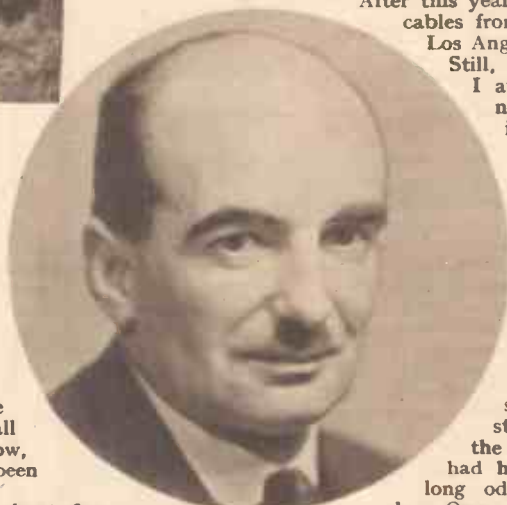
In my excitement, I shouted, "It's a hell of a race." I was never actually reprimanded for it, but I was given to understand that such phrases should not be used.

Later, to my delight, when relaying some old broadcasts, the authorities chose this Derby for inclusion in the programme and used the expression. I presume that I was forgiven.

Once or twice I have very nearly said something worse into the microphone but so far have refrained. It will happen one day and that will be the end of my broadcasting.

One of the great difficulties about the Derby broadcast is that, if the afternoon is bright and sunny, the sun shines right into our eyes on the stands and colours are then very difficult to distinguish. Further, there are always such numbers of motors and other vehicles all along the rails on the far side of the course that the horses are often lost almost entirely.

However, so far we have got through with the task and with Mr. Hobbiss with me again (touching wood) I expect that we shall do so once more.



THE DERBY will be run on the afternoon of Wednesday, June 6, and will be broadcast, as for many years now, from the grand stand at Epsom practically all over the world.

The first Derby broadcast was done by Geoffrey Gilbey from an ideal position, on the flat roof of the stands above the unsaddling enclosure.

That position was never available again because of the behaviour of a man who got up to the flat roof and then sat on the edge of it with his legs dangling down. The risk of a serious accident occurring caused the authorities to refuse permission for that place to be used again.

There was no danger in that case, for it was afterwards found out that the offending man was a steeplejack—or so the story goes.

After that the position used by the broadcaster was a corner of the Press Box, and it was from there that I did my first broadcast of the Derby, the second Derby to be broadcast.

The site was an excellent one if only there could have been some privacy about it, but I was surrounded on two sides by other racing journalists, and on the third side by members of the grand stand, who have a private stand alongside the Press Box. It was impossible to expect that none of the people around me would talk. But I owe a very great debt of gratitude to the other members of my profession, for they kept as quiet as it was possible for them to keep.

Still it was a nerve-wracking experience.

I find it a very nervous job at the best of times, but when one is alone it is better. I realised that I was talking to a million people, but they could not see me and could not, as it were, answer back. But here all around me were trained experts in race reading, hearing me in the flesh. I did not care for it at all.

That first Derby of mine was Felstead's year. Flamingo was second. The winner started at

long odds against, but it was a coincidence tip, for I was at school at Felstead, and the owner of the second was at the same school. It was naturally thought that in such circumstances I must have backed the winner, but I did not have a penny on him.

The most excited listeners that day were the inhabitants of the small country town of Dunmow, in Essex, where I had been born.

This market town is about five miles from Felstead School, and the fact that I was broadcasting the race caused every one who had a bet to back Felstead.

I believe that it took a long time for the local bookmakers to recover from the attack.

Last year a new place was found for the broadcasting of the Derby. The top end box was taken by the B.B.C. and no better place could have been found. It is higher than the Press Box, quite private, and with plenty of room.

There for the first time at Epsom I had my friend, Mr. Hobbiss, with me. He had been with me at Liverpool for the Grand National until the last two years, when he took over on his own the broadcasting of the end fences on the National course.

I am more than glad that he is going to be with me this year at Epsom. He is a great reader of a race and nothing has ever been known to ruffle him. If the stands collapsed while we were broadcasting that race he would go on reading it as he went down with them.

It is extraordinarily comforting to have some one like him beside me muttering so that I can hear, but the listeners cannot. He never speaks into the microphone on this occasion.



You have heard Lilian Stiles-Allen in Promenade Concerts, studio recitals and opera. Her first public appearance was at the age of nine, at her school prize-giving



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SINGING THROUGH



After a very few singing lessons, Edith Cruikshank won renown in the first Musical Festival held at Plymouth, and so impressed the manager of an opera company that she was at once offered an engagement



Foster Richardson gained experience while on his father's farm. He decided to become an actor at the age of three and sixteen. Both are

Franklyn Kelsey (right) trained as an engineer, but won the gold medal at the Hastings Musical Festival while convalescing there from war wounds. He is a favourite in the Children's Hour. Barrington Hooper (below) was once a boy soloist at Norwich Cathedral. He sings in opera, ballad concerts and variety



George Baker started his career as a pianist, but has been singing almost since and has been broadcasting since 1924. His records number more than 3,000



Originally a dancer, Olive Kavann (above) adopted a singing career on the advice of her doctor! She trained with Percy Kahn whom she afterwards married. Elsie Suddaby (left) has made a great name for herself by her singing

LIFE



gained his first singing ploughing on his was paid ten shillings ment. Nora Gruhn e an opera singer at and started training at frequent broadcasters

Leonard Gowings is particularly popular for his renderings of old English songs. He started his career at seventeen as tenor soloist in a London church

After four years in the W. Harold Kimberley discovered that he possessed a voice, which later proved to be ideal for broadcasting. He does a little of everything—songs, revue, vaudeville, opera—and animal imitations

The WRONG BUS

*A play specially
written for
broadcasting by*

MARTIN
HUSSINGTREE

Characters:

John Williams
Elsie Williams
The Conductor
A one-time Conductor



*"Good God, man,
what's the matter?
Your face is all
covered with blood"*

[Waiting in the town for the bus to Little Coombey]

JOHN : Well, I'm tired after that theatre, aren't you, Elsie?

ELSIE : Yes, I shall be glad to be home.

JOHN : It was good though, wasn't it?

ELSIE : I enjoyed it, I must say.

JOHN : I wish it would hurry up. There are not many people.

ELSIE : They only run this bus once a week for those who've been to the theatre.

JOHN : It's useful. Better than walking or biking.

ELSIE : Yes, it's a lonely road down by the cliff.

[Noise of a bus]

JOHN : Here we are.

ELSIE : No, it doesn't stop. That one only goes to the end of the town.

JOHN : What's the time?

ELSIE : Just on eleven.

JOHN : It ought to be here any minute now.

ELSIE : Yes.

JOHN : I do feel sleepy.

ELSIE : Well, you've had a heavy week of it.

JOHN : There's a bus.

ELSIE : Where?

JOHN : Coming along.

[Noise of a bus]

ELSIE : That'll be it. We shall be the only ones it seems.

JOHN : Going on top?

ELSIE : It'll be too chilly.

[Bus stops]

CONDUCTOR : Town End, Great Coombey, Redrock and Little Coombey.

JOHN : Come on.

CONDUCTOR : Anyone else? Right away.

[Pulls bell. Bus starts]

[Pause]

JOHN : Elsie, are you . . . ? Elsie, where are you? Gone upstairs. Elsie. (His feet are heard on the steps going up.) Elsie, where are you? Not there. (He comes down.) Conductor, did you see a lady follow me in?

ONE-TIME CONDUCTOR : No, sir.

JOHN : Then I must get out. We must have started before she got on. Will you stop the bus, please?

CONDUCTOR : No.

JOHN : What do you mean? I want to get off.

CONDUCTOR : You can't get off.

[He turns round, having spoken previously with his back to John]

JOHN : Good God, man, what's the matter? Your face is all covered with blood.

CONDUCTOR : I know.

JOHN : What's the matter? You look ghastly.

CONDUCTOR : I'm used to it.

JOHN : Stop the bus. I must get off.

CONDUCTOR : You can't get off.

JOHN : Then I'll stop it myself.

[Pulls bell repeatedly, as he pulls the Conductor counts: "One, two, three, four"]

CONDUCTOR : Other people have pulled it six times, but it's all the same.

JOHN : Why doesn't he stop?

CONDUCTOR : Because he can't.

JOHN : Don't be a fool.

[Pulls bell again]

Stop, man, stop.

CONDUCTOR : Go and tap on the window, perhaps he'll hear and perhaps he won't. I've never asked him if he ever hears them do that.

[John stumps up to the window and taps loudly]

JOHN : Stop, stop, I want to get off. Good Lord!

[He almost screams]

CONDUCTOR : What's the matter?

JOHN : There's no one in the driver's seat!

CONDUCTOR : Isn't there? He's late. He'll be there before Redrock.

JOHN : But he must stop at Town End.

CONDUCTOR : We've passed that.

JOHN : Well then, at Great Coombey.

CONDUCTOR : We're passing there now. Look out of the window.

JOHN : I don't understand it. There's no driver, man. Do something, stop the damned thing or we shall have an accident in a minute. (Almost shouting.)

CONDUCTOR : Not just yet.

JOHN : I'm going to climb into the seat from the top.

CONDUCTOR : I shouldn't do that.

JOHN : Why the devil not?

CONDUCTOR : What's the use? If Bill Jenkins can't stop it, no man on earth can.

JOHN : But there's no one there.

CONDUCTOR : Are you sure?

JOHN : I've just looked. My God, there is now though. I could have sworn he wasn't there before.

CONDUCTOR : We're not going fast now, you know. You wait till we start down Redrock Hill before we try to take the Cliff Bend.

JOHN : Are you mad or am I?

CONDUCTOR : Neither.

JOHN : I can't stand this. Make him stop before we come to the hill.

CONDUCTOR : Bill wants to get home quick.

You see his wife is expecting a baby.

JOHN : That's no excuse for killing us.

CONDUCTOR : It will be all right if the brakes work, but they never do. (Laughs.)

JOHN : Don't laugh like that.

CONDUCTOR : You'd better prepare for it.

JOHN : For what?

CONDUCTOR : The smash.

JOHN : You know there's going to be a smash?

CONDUCTOR : Of course. We're going over the cliff.

JOHN : You're mad. That's what you are, mad.

[He taps the window and then pulls the bell]

JOHN : Stop, for God's sake, stop!

CONDUCTOR : He's trying to. Watch his face. There, he knows the brake won't work. It won't be long now. Hold tight.

[The bus rattles terribly, the horn toots]

JOHN : Oh God, this is awful. We shall never get round the bend. I'll go on top.

CONDUCTOR : They got it worst.

JOHN : Help! Help! Stop! Stop! Stop!

CONDUCTOR : Look at your face in the glass.

JOHN : Ah! (He screams, for his face is like the conductor's.)

[There is a terrific crash and screams]

FIRST CONDUCTOR : Little Coombey.

[He pulls cord and bus stops]

ELSIE : Come on, John, here we are. You look quite ill.

JOHN : I—oh—Elsie, it's you, I—I—

ELSIE : You must have been dreaming.

JOHN : Yes, dreaming.

ELSIE : Come on. (They walk out.)

CONDUCTOR : Good-night, mum.

JOHN : Did you ever know a driver called Bill Jenkins?

CONDUCTOR : Me? Bless you, yes. That was 'im wot went over Redrock Cliff some years ago. We're more careful now though.

JOHN : Yes, yes. Good-night.

CONDUCTOR : Good-night, sir.

PROGRAMME HEADLINES of the WEEK



Gipsy Smith (left)
(June 3, 8 p.m., London Regional)

Dorothy Bennet (below)
(June 3, 9.30 p.m., National)



A. Lloyd-James (above)
(Thursday, 2.30 p.m., National)



Megan Lloyd-George (above)
(Thursday, 10.45 a.m., National)



Berkeley Mason (centre, below)
(Tuesday, 9.20 p.m., National)



Norman Williams (above)
(Tuesday, 8.35 p.m., London Regional)

G. Thalben-Ball (left, below)
(Wednesday, 1.30 p.m., London Regional)

Dale Smith (below)
(Wednesday, 5.15 p.m., National)



NATIONAL

SUNDAY (June 3).—A Presbyterian Service, relayed from Regent Square Presbyterian Church, London.

MONDAY (June 4).—The Finnish National Orchestra, relayed from the Queen's Hall, London.

A change has been made in this programme. Instead of Merikanto's Pan, an excerpt from the opera *Ostrobothnians* (Brawlers"), by Madeteja, will be given. The Sibelius and Raitio items will be as previously announced.

TUESDAY (June 5).—The Man who worked Miracles, a play by H. G. Wells.

WEDNESDAY (June 6).—A running commentary by R. C. Lyle on the Derby, relayed from the Grand Stand, Epsom Race-course.

THURSDAY (June 7).—*Cenerentola*, Act 1, (Rossini), relayed from the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

FRIDAY (June 8).—Eye-witness accounts of the Test Match, England v. Australia, by Howard Marshall, relayed from Trent Bridge, Nottingham.

SATURDAY (June 9).—Presentation of Ships' Bells, relayed from Canterbury Cathedral.

LONDON REGIONAL

SUNDAY (June 3).—A Religious Service, relayed from Wesley's Chapel, City Road.

MONDAY (June 4).—Trooping the Colour, relayed from the Horse Guards Parade.

TUESDAY (June 5).—*Otello*, Act 1 (Verdi), relayed from the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

WEDNESDAY (June 6).—*Turandot*, Act 2, (Puccini), relayed from the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

THURSDAY (June 7).—Commentary on Speedway Race, relayed from Wembley.

The first official speedway test match between England and Australia takes place at the Empire Stadium, Wembley, on June 7. Mr. Bernard C. Holding will describe the contest.

FRIDAY (June 8).—Derby Day, scenes from the comic opera written by A. P. Herbert and Alfred Reynolds.

The cast will include several old broadcasting favourites, namely Horace Percival (Bert Bones, a tipster), Stuart Robertson (John Bitter, landlord of The Old Black Horse), Tessa Deane (Rose, a barmaid), Vivienne Chatterton (Lady Waters), and Philip Wade, who will fill the triple role of policeman, coster, and bookmaker.

SATURDAY (June 9).—A Running Commentary on the Shelsley Walsh International Open Hill Climb for Racing and Sports Cars, relayed from Shelsley Walsh.

MIDLAND REGIONAL

SUNDAY (June 3).—A Religious Service, relayed from Leicester Cathedral.

MONDAY (June 4).—Band programme.

TUESDAY (June 5).—String Orchestral Concert, relayed from Queen's College, Birmingham.

WEDNESDAY (June 6).—A Choral concert, relayed from the Anstice Memorial Hall, Madeley, Salop.

THURSDAY (June 7).—The Regional Revellers, feature programme.

FRIDAY (June 8).—*At the Sign of the Rainbow*, a play by J. C. Cannell.

SATURDAY (June 9).—A running commentary on the International Open Hill Climb for Racing and Sports Cars, relayed from Shelsley Walsh.

NORTH REGIONAL

SUNDAY (June 3).—A Baptist Service, relayed from South Shore Baptist Church, Blackpool.

MONDAY (June 4).—Conversations in Owdham—No. 1, feature programme.

TUESDAY (June 5).—Orchestral concert, relayed from Scarborough.

WEDNESDAY (June 6).—A Frivolous Half Hour, feature programme.

THURSDAY (June 7).—Variety programme.

FRIDAY (June 8).—A light concert.
SATURDAY (June 9).—The Arcadian Follies, concert party programme, relayed from Morecambe.

WEST REGIONAL

SUNDAY (June 3).—A Religious Service, relayed from Wesley's Chapel, City Road, London.

MONDAY (June 4).—Cyngerrdd (a choral concert).

TUESDAY (June 5).—A programme of West Country Folk Songs.

WEDNESDAY (June 6).—Cerrdori-aeth a Drama (Music and Drama),—orchestral programme and a play.

THURSDAY (June 7).—Rhondda Festival of Song by the Unemployed Men's Clubs, relayed from the Central Hall, Tonypandy.

FRIDAY (June 8).—Orchestral concert.
SATURDAY (June 9).—Dydd a Nos, Cantawd i Leisiau Plant (A Cantata for Children's Voices).

(Continued on page 16)

Radio Times gives full programme details.

Star Features of the National Programme

- SUNDAY**
The Walford Hyden Magyar Orchestra.
E. R. Appleton.
The London Symphony Orchestra.
Leslie Jeffries.
- MONDAY**
The Scottish Studio Orchestra, directed by Guy Daines.
Desmond MacCarthy.
Commander Stephen King-Hall.
The Finnish National Orchestra.
- TUESDAY**
Mrs. Arthur Webb.
Reginaid New.
The Commodore Grand Orchestra, directed by Joseph Muscant.
- WEDNESDAY**
A. G. Street.
R. C. Lyle.
Dale Smith.
Oliver Baldwin.
Soffi Schoningg.
- THURSDAY**
Megan Lloyd George.
Christopher Stone.
A. Lloyd James.
Jan Smetierlin.
- FRIDAY**
Charles Manning and his Orchestra.
The Hotel Metropole Orchestra, directed by A. Rossi.
Commander Stephen King-Hall.
The Cafe Colette Orchestra.
- SATURDAY**
Harold Ramsay
S. P. B. Mals.

(Continued from page Fifteen)

SCOTTISH REGIONAL

- SUNDAY (June 3).**—A Methodist Service, relayed from the Methodist Central Hall, Maryhill Road, Glasgow.
- MONDAY (June 4).**—A Recital of Polish Music.
- TUESDAY (June 5).**—Concert Party programme, relayed from the Beach Pavilion, Aberdeen.
- WEDNESDAY (June 6).**—Orchestral concert.
- THURSDAY (June 7).**—Teribus! Colour Bussing Concert, relayed from the Town Hall, Hawick.
- FRIDAY (June 8).**—Variety programme.
- SATURDAY (June 9).**—Instrumental concert.

BELFAST

- SUNDAY (June 3).**—A Methodist Service, relayed from Carlisle Memorial Church, Belfast.
- MONDAY (June 4).**—Orchestral concert.
- TUESDAY (June 5).**—A Relay from the Empire Theatre, Belfast.
- WEDNESDAY (June 6).**—The Music of Massenet: orchestral concert.
- THURSDAY (June 7).**—Orchestral concert.
- FRIDAY (June 8).**—A Triple Bill: *The Dreamer*, a play by A. E. Colville; *Coals of Fire*, an Ulster comedy by Harry S. Gibson; *Mademoiselle*, a comedy by Elizabeth Illingworth.
- SATURDAY (June 9).**—A Military Band concert.

Your Foreign Programme Guide

SUNDAY (JUNE 3)

- Barcelona (379.7 m.).**—Operatic Music ... 7 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).**—Ballet Music ... 5 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).**—Light Music ... 9.15 p.m.
- Bucharest (364.5 m.).**—Light Music. 11 a.m.
- Leipzig (382.2 m.).**—Dance Music. 11.35 p.m.
- Ljubljana (569.3 m.).**—Orchestra. 11 a.m.
- Moscow (1,714 m.).**—Light Music. 9 a.m.
- Munich (405.4 m.).**—Symphony Orchestra ... 4 p.m.
- Pittsburgh (306 m.).**—Sousa's Band ... 9 p.m.
- Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).**—Songs from Sound Films ... 12.15 p.m.
- Radio Paris (1,648 m.).**—Organ. 11.30 a.m.
- Schenectady (379.5 m.).**—American Music ... 1.30 a.m. (Monday)
- Strasbourg (349.5 m.).**—Orchestra ... 4 p.m.
- Vienna (506.8 m.).**—Orchestra. 10.25 p.m.
- Zagreb (2,762 m.).**—Dance Music. 5.30 p.m.

MONDAY

- Barcelona (379.7 m.).**—Concert of Chamber Music ... 6 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).**—Light Music ... 6.15 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).**—Orchestra ... 8 p.m.
- Bucharest (364.5 m.).**—Light Music. 7.20 p.m.
- Leipzig (382.2 m.).**—Mozart Recital. 8.15 p.m.
- Ljubljana (569.3).**—Gramophone. 7 p.m.
- Moscow (1,714 m.).**—Request Music ... 6.30 p.m.
- Munich (405.4 m.).**—Kaun Recital. 3.10 p.m.
- Pittsburgh (306 m.).**—Comedy Stars ... 11.30 p.m.
- Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).**—Dance Records ... 10.10 p.m.
- Radio Paris (1,648 m.).**—Orchestra ... 12 (noon)
- Schenectady (379.5 m.).**—Orchestra ... 12.30 a.m. (Tuesday)
- Strasbourg (349.5 m.).**—Gramophone ... 6.30 p.m.
- Radio Toulouse (328.6 m.).**—Light Music ... 8.15 p.m.
- Zagreb (2,762 m.).**—Opera relayed from Belgrade ... 8.30 p.m.

TUESDAY

- Barcelona (379.7 m.).**—Spanish Music ... 10 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).**—Dance Records ... 10.10 p.m.

Items You Must Not Miss

- Luxembourg ...** Concert ... 1-1.30 p.m. Sunday
- Athlone ...** Concert ... 9.30-10 p.m. Friday
- Brussels No. 2 ...** Orchestra ... 8 p.m. Monday
- Radio Paris ...** Light Music 12 (noon) Wednesday
- Radio Paris ...** Orchestra ... 12.30 p.m. Thursday
- Poste Parisien ...** Dance Music ... 9.5 p.m. Saturday

- Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).**—Orchestra ... 9.15 p.m.
- Bucharest (364.5 m.).**—Operatic Arias ... 8 p.m.
- Leipzig (382.2 m.).**—Concert of Folk Music ... 6.20 p.m.
- Ljubljana (569.3 m.).**—Songs relayed from the Fair ... 9 p.m.
- Moscow (1,714 m.).**—Chamber Music ... 6.30 p.m.
- Munich (405.4 m.).**—Light Music. 4 p.m.
- Pittsburgh (306 m.).**—Variety. 12.15 a.m. (Wednesday)
- Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).**—Charles Widor Recital 8.55 p.m.
- Radio Paris (1,648 m.).**—Orchestra Concert ... 12 (noon)
- Schenectady (379.5 m.).**—Dance Music. 12.30 a.m. (Wednesday)
- Strasbourg (349.5 m.).**—Light Music ... 6.30 p.m.
- Radio Toulouse (328.6 m.).**—Light Music ... 8 p.m.
- Zagreb (2,762 m.).**—Dance Music. 10.15 p.m.

WEDNESDAY

- Barcelona (379.7 m.).**—Chamber Music ... 6 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).**—Dance Music ... 10.25 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).**—Light Music ... 8 p.m.
- Bucharest (364.5 m.).**—Violin Recital ... 9.30 p.m.
- Leipzig (382.2 m.).**—Dance Music. 10.50 p.m.
- Ljubljana (569.3 m.).**—Light Music. 9.30 p.m.
- Moscow (1,714 m.).**—Operetta. 8 p.m.
- Munich (405.4 m.).**—Spohr Recital. 7 p.m.
- Pittsburgh (306 m.).**—Dance Music. 12 (midnight)
- Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).**—Songs from Sound Films ... 7.50 p.m.
- Radio Paris (1,648 m.).**—Light Music ... 12 (noon)
- Schenectady (379.5 m.).**—Dance Music ... 12.30 a.m. (Thursday)
- Strasbourg (349.5 m.).**—Symphony Orchestra ... 8.45 p.m.
- Radio Toulouse (328.6 m.).**—Songs from Sound Films ... 8 p.m.
- Zagreb (2,762 m.).**—Dance Music. 10.15 p.m.

THURSDAY

- Barcelona (379.7 m.).**—Dance Music ... 11 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).**—Orchestra ... 8 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).**—Orchestra ... 8 p.m.
- Bucharest (364.5 m.).**—Gramophone. 7.35 p.m.
- Leipzig (382.2 m.).**—Symphony Orchestra ... 6.15 p.m.
- Ljubljana (569.3 m.).**—Choir. 8.30 p.m.
- Munich (405.4 m.).**—Organ Recital. 5.50 p.m.

- Pittsburgh (306 m.).**—Dance Music. 11.30 p.m.
- Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).**—Gramophone Concert. 6.40 p.m.
- Radio Paris (1,648 m.).**—Orchestra ... 12.30 p.m.
- Schenectady (379.5 m.).**—Rudy Vallee Orchestra. 12 (midnight)
- Strasbourg (549.5 m.).**—Orchestra. 10 p.m.
- Radio Toulouse (328.6 m.).**—Songs from Sound Films ... 9.45 p.m.
- Zagreb (2,762 m.).**—Dance Music. 10.15 p.m.

FRIDAY

- Barcelona (379.7 m.).**—Orchestra. 9.10 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).**—Orchestra ... 8 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).**—Dance Music ... 10.25 p.m.
- Bucharest (364.5 m.).**—Orchestra. 9.30 p.m.
- Leipzig (382.2 m.).**—Folk Music. 9 p.m.
- Ljubljana (569.3 m.).**—Light Music. 10 p.m.
- Moscow (1,714 m.).**—Symphony Orchestra ... 8 p.m.
- Munich (405.4 m.).**—Orchestra. 4 p.m.
- Pittsburgh (306 m.).**—Comedy Stars ... 11.30 p.m.
- Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).**—Songs from Sound Films ... 7.45 p.m.
- Radio Paris (1,648 m.).**—Orchestra ... 12.30 p.m.
- Schenectady (379.5 m.).**—Showboat Matinee ... 7 p.m.
- Strasbourg (349.5 m.).**—Light Music ... 6.30 p.m.
- Radio Toulouse (328.6 m.).**—Songs from Sound Films. 8.15 p.m.
- Zagreb (2,762 m.).**—Dance Music. 10.15 p.m.

SATURDAY

- Barcelona (379.7 m.).**—Gramophone ... 8.10 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).**—Light Music ... 8 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).**—Dance Music ... 8 p.m.
- Bucharest (364.5 m.).**—Light Music. 7.20 p.m.
- Leipzig (382.2 m.).**—Light Music. 6.15 p.m.
- Moscow (1,714 m.).**—Hebrew Music ... 8 p.m.
- Munich (405.4 m.).**—Orchestra. 11 p.m.
- Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).**—Dance Music ... 9.5 p.m.
- Radio Paris (1,648 m.).**—Comic Opera ... 8 p.m.
- Strasbourg (349.5 m.).**—Pianoforte Recital ... 7 p.m.
- Radio Toulouse (328.6 m.).**—Songs from Sound Films ... 10.30 p.m.
- Zagreb (2,762 m.).**—Dance Music. 9.45 p.m.

Dance Music of the Week

- Monday.** Roy Fox and his Band (from the B.B.C. studios).
- Tuesday.** Lew Stone and his Band (Monseigneur).
- Wednesday.** Harry Roy and his Band (May Fair Hotel).
- Thursday.** The B.B.C.

- Dance Orchestra, directed by Henry Hall (broadcasting from the B.B.C. studios).
- Friday.** Sydney Kyte and his Band (Piccadilly Hotel).
- Saturday.** Ambrose and his Embassy Club Orchestra (from the B.B.C. studios)

Continuing

Stories of My Life

by Lew STONE

AFTER a tiresome journey, we arrived in Budapest weary and travel-stained.

We took our luggage to an hotel and then walked around the town to see what our prospects were. We passed a restaurant known as the Parisienne Grille in which we could hear an orchestra playing—and playing the best dance music that it had until then been our pleasure to hear!

So much for our dreams of being jazz pioneers in Budapest.

However, we secured an excellent engagement in the town and I discovered later that the music we had heard was played by a few musicians who were there on holiday and were actually the nucleus of the famous Dover-Street-to-Dixie-Band—a combination which had been a great success in London a few months before.

When we completed our Budapest engagement, we continued our tour.

Before returning to this country, we toured Holland and Germany and secured engagements in Berlin and at the Hague. At that time, fashions in rhythm were undergoing a change and Berlin was one of the centres of the world of dance music.

My stay there changed my musical outlook considerably and broadened my musical education. I had now been a professional musician sufficiently long to realise that I might have a big future before me. I was lucky to have inherited from my parents a natural taste in music and with this asset I could, with hard work, make a name for myself.

In order to understand the next step in my career you must carry your minds back some years, to the days when Bert Ralton's Havana Band was at the height of its fame and popularity. Up to this time I had been a pianist, both in the orchestra with which I had toured Europe and in Ralton's Orchestra.

I had now a broad enough musical education to feel that I needed more scope than was likely to come my way as an instrumentalist.

My musical ambition was greater than my opportunities.

But presently a chance came to attempt musical arrangements. My readers probably realise that music is seldom used by orchestras exactly as it is published.

Each conductor fuses into his orchestra a definite musical style by which his personality

is known to his audience. Music has to be so arranged that this musical style is clearly displayed in the performance. The arrangement of dance music is a highly technical art calling for a broad musical experience and a thorough knowledge of musical theory.

After his enormous success in London, Bert Ralton had decided to embark on a South African tour.

I was unable to go with him, and as I had made many musical connections in London and was rapidly acquiring fame as an arranger of dance tunes, I was well advised to stay here.

Within a few months I had sufficient work to make it necessary for me to open an office; I was working, at this time, eighteen hours a day.

So many people are anxious about the financial reward of good dance music work and such absurd figures are often quoted as having been paid for single arrangements, that it may be of interest if I tell how I fared in the few months before I joined forces with Roy Fox shortly after he arrived in this country. Music publishers, composers and orchestra leaders were clamouring for my arrangements, and I found it difficult to get away from my London office even for a few hours.

In those days I was working in very close touch with Ambrose, from whom I had a retaining fee. I was providing about half the arrangements for his band.

At the same time I was receiving a weekly retaining fee of ten guineas from a leading publisher to supply one arrangement a week and in addition I was supplying arrangements for almost every music publisher of note and for recording and broadcasting bands.

ALL the enthusiasm, the determination, or the knowledge at the command of a musician will not make him a successful arranger unless he has also the flair—it is not too much, I think, to say the inspiration—which is necessary to take him to the top of his profession. Without that flair I should never have been able to take advantage of my opportunities. To a man of my temperament the temptation to work too hard is very great.

Because of my attempts to satisfy everybody I found myself, within a few months, on the verge of a nervous breakdown, and I realised that I should have to give up my work as an arranger for a time.

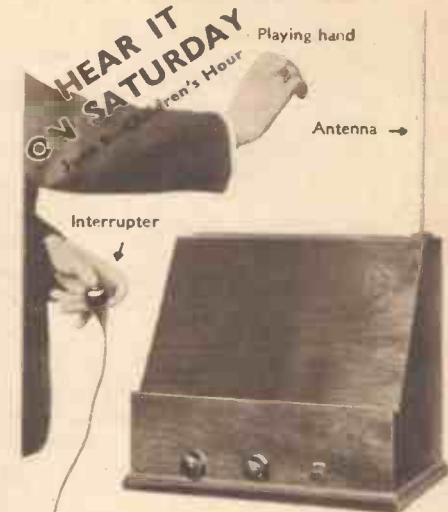
(To be continued)



A comedy photograph of Lew Stone and his band.

Electronde Music

What is it?



The ELECTRONDE

Some grown-ups have already heard the Electronde broadcast in the "In Town Tonight" series. Now for the youngsters!—MARTIN TAUBMANN will be playing this wonderful new all-electric instrument during the Children's Hour on Saturday, June 9.

You can play the Electronde as well. A

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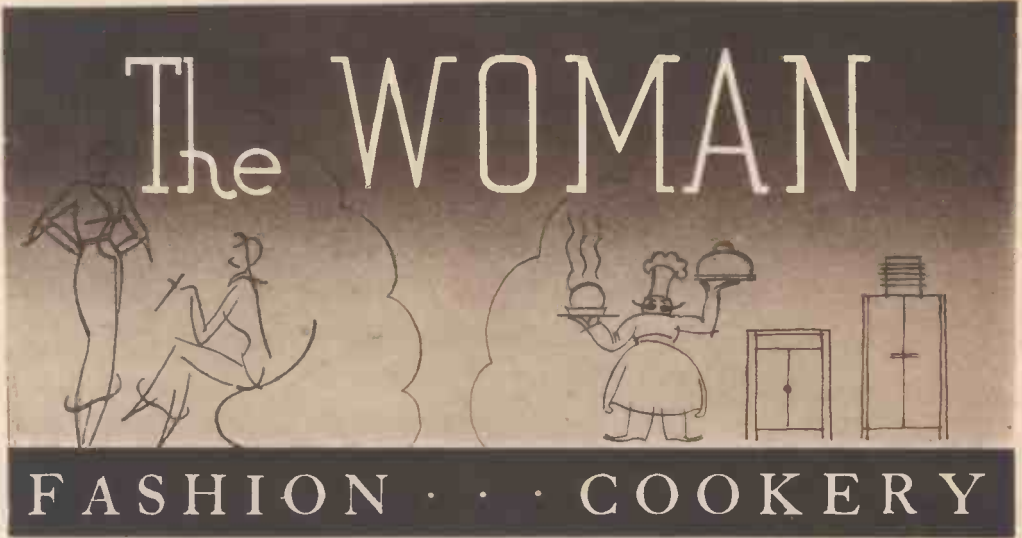
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CURES PILES



Seen in the Studio

By JEANNE DE CASALIS

THE entrance hall at Broadcasting House is always an animated scene, with people crossing and recrossing continually, either appearing suddenly from the lifts, or hurrying in at the swing doors.

Here comes Vivian Lambelet in a smart brown suit and a large felt sailor hat—she is understudying for Yvonne Printemps, and when she had to go on for her recently, did very well, I hear.

There is Hermione Gingold—in black; and there is Jean Melville following the new vogue for three-colour ensembles with a bright blue suit, a pale green blouse, and a black shiny straw hat.

In the evening, you can only catch glimpses of lovely frocks as they whisk past you to the lift—all broadcasters, it seems, even the old hands, are afraid of not arriving in time. It is high time that television came to our aid, and listeners could see the lovely frocks that are nightly displayed in the studios.

As it is, the announcer is the only person who benefits.

You musn't imagine that broadcasters dress in any old clothes for their evening performances. Most of them feel that they could not put their act over if they were not dressed with due ceremony.

Then again, it is an added treat for the crowd of small boys who wait outside the building.

There are also, of course, the Outside Broadcasts, from theatres and concert halls, where the dresses can be appreciated at least by the visible audience. The night that Horowitz broadcast, Supervia was there. All I can remember of her dress is the magnificent brooch she wore of emeralds and diamonds, the emerald in the middle being about as big as a bantam's egg—the largest I have ever seen.

At the Command Performance, the Waters Sisters wore the most beautiful dresses of a wonderful white material woven with a silver thread. Both exactly the same, of course. The skirts were caught up at the back in a kind of bustle below the knee, and then puffed out in a series of loops like bows, above a short train.

They came on the stage wearing long white gloves. Altogether, they looked two exquisite young ladies, more in keeping with their languorous song "Fed Up," than their Gert and Daisy act.

White is a very popular evening colour. Josie Fearon has a white dress covered with layers and layers of crystal fringe that shoot out as she walks, looking like sparkling drops of water.

Marie Burke wears a very well cut dress of white moiré, fitting slimly to the knees and then shooting out into sudden fullness. It has very special sleeves, or rather bracelets, of the fabric which reach halfway to the elbow, and are attached in some curious way to the ends of crossover back shoulder-straps.

Black is always popular and always successful. Phyllis Monckman looked very attractive, the last time I saw her, in fluffy black net. Ivy Tresmand was wearing blue moiré, seemingly the most popular colour this season.

This Week's Recipes

By Mrs. R. H. BRAND

ANONA WINN—a name that recalls to my mind visions of a petite and dainty person, charming alike to look at and to listen to.

Anona is a "Darling of the Gods" or, perhaps, I should say, of the B.B.C., and her broadcasts are always delightful. Whenever she can escape from her many engagements she rushes down to her charming cottage in Sussex to breathe a little sea air.

In food, Anona's tastes are of the simplest. She particularly loves a grill, and her lunch, winter and summer, consists of a salad of some description and an Ice Cream!

Try her salads—you will like them. *

Savoury Fruit Salad

Ingredients: 2 oranges; 1 pear; 1 sweet apple; 1 banana; 3d. cream; 1d. cress; seasoning; chopped nuts (optional).

Halve the oranges; carefully remove most of the pulp and strain. After peeling, cut the other fruit into small pieces; put a layer into a basin, sprinkle with salt, pepper and a little castor sugar then moisten with a teaspoonful of orange juice and one of cream. Repeat these layers until all the fruit and cream is finished; put a little cress into each orange cup allowing it to show round the top; fill with the fruit from the basin, sprinkle nuts over the top and serve in a bed of cress.

Vegetable Salad

Remove the top of some large tomatoes; scoop out pulp and season the insides with pepper and salt. Mix 2 tablespoonfuls of diced cold cooked carrots, ditto potatoes, bottled peas and chopped ham with 1 gill of Mayonnaise sauce and a spoonful of tomato pulp. Fill the tomatoes, decorate with finely chopped parsley and serve on lettuce.

How to Look Your Best

By JANE CARR



THIS is only the first of a regular series of week-by-week articles by Jane Carr, one of the most popular of our radio actresses. In them she will give "Radio Pictorial" readers the benefit of her knowledge and experience in matters of beauty.

The very first of all beauty lessons is that to look nice you must feel well, too. Beauty is so much more than skin-deep. It's no use putting layers of things on the outside of your face if you don't feel beautiful and happy inside as well.

Expression is everything.

I often find myself admiring a person who is not a bit good-looking really, but who has a nice expression.

A mouth that turns up at the corners, for instance. It's worth while cultivating that habit; think of it during the day—feel that your lips are curving upwards very slightly at the corners. A discontented mouth is rarely attractive, I think.

There are all sorts of things we can do for ourselves that are far more important than applied beauty. Your voice, for instance; we can all cultivate beautiful voices. When you listen-in, if you analyse for yourself the quality of a lovely voice, you will find that it is, on the whole, what you might call a dark brown tone, low and soft. On the other hand, a high, shrill voice is blurred and harsh over the mike. Pretend you are talking into a mike, and cultivate a well-pitched voice.

I have been learning some special tips on make-up from a Hollywood make-up man. The make-up man over there commands as large a salary as a star actor, and it is worth while listening to what he says.

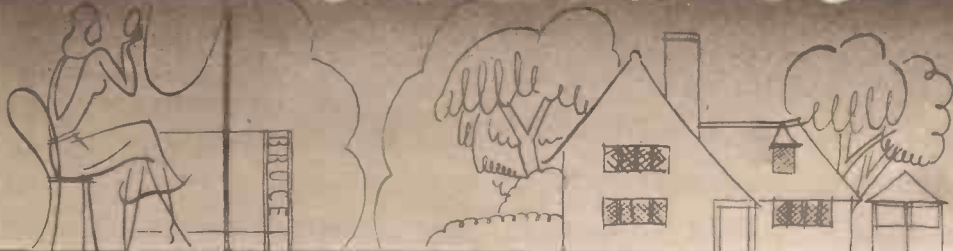
When you use your lipstick, he says be careful not to overdo the upper lip. When the top lip is more exaggerated than the bottom one, it is apt to give you a discontented expression.

Write to "MARGOT" About It

If you are worried over any household or domestic problems, then tell your troubles to "Margot." Fashion, cookery, and home-craft, 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.

Jane Carr will be only too pleased to help you personally with your beauty problems. If you want to know how to care for your hair or skin, what blend of powder to choose, or which colour suits you best, write to Miss Jane Carr, c/o RADIO PICTORIAL, 58-61 Fetter Lane, E.C.4. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

LISTENER



BEAUTY ···· HOME CRAFT

Hints for the Housewife By "MARGOT"

THE question of gloves is an important one these days. Fabric and washable leather are indispensable with summer suits; the worst of washable gloves is—they require such a lot of it! It is worth taking a little trouble with them, though, as there is no reason why they should not look "like new" after every wash.

Wash chamois leather gloves in lukewarm soapy water, to which a teaspoonful of ammonia has been added for every quart of water. Squeeze the gloves through the suds, being careful not to wring them; then rinse them, but only a little, in clean water, leaving some of the soap still in. They should be dried between the folds of a towel in the open air. Rub them a little now and then to prevent them drying stiff.

Light-coloured kid gloves can be cleaned with skim milk and good yellow soap. Dip a piece of flannel in the milk, rub it on the soap, and then rub the gloves, working downwards from the wrists. Rinse the flannel as it gets dirty. Then dry the gloves, without rinsing them, on a towel, pulling them to the right shape first.

If your kid gloves are white, cream of tartar will clean them; or benzine, applied with a piece of flannel, if they are really dirty. After the benzine treatment, rub them with breadcrumbs until they are quite clean.

You can even clean suede gloves yourself quite simply, by using Fuller's earth, or dry pipeclay for white gloves. Put it on with a brush, and rub the suede well.

Here are two very good uses for the humble candle. When making starch, stir it, while hot, with a candle; you will find that it makes starched articles lovely and glossy, and also makes the iron run much more smoothly.

If ink happens to be spilt on your linen, rub the mark with candle slightly melted. It will bring the ink straight out with the grease.

MRS. F. TODMORDEN.



May is out, and we can all "cast our cloths" with an easy conscience. But before putting winter woollies and furs away in drawers until the autumn, make sure that they are safe from moths by wrapping them first in a piece of unbleached calico, and then in newspaper, pasting up the ends of the parcel. For a fur coat you should make a bag of calico, with a hole in the top for the coat-hanger. Moths dislike the smell of calico, and also the smell of printer's ink.

The drawer to be used should first be brushed out, and then painted all over with turpentine.

Use greaseproof paper in addition to the pudding cloth to prevent water getting into the basin.

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

There are sometimes disastrous results when so-called "washing" frocks are put into the tub, and it is always best to be on the safe side and wash coloured cotton and silk frocks at home.

Take care, first of all, to set the colours. For yellow and brown tones, vinegar is excellent. One cup to a pail of water, added to both washing and rinsing waters, will keep the colours bright as well as prevent them running.

Alum will set blues, greens and mauves—use an ounce to a gallon of water—and about a cupful of salt for reds, blues and blacks.

Another thing to remember is not to wash pale-coloured frocks in very hot water; for these use bran instead of soap. And remember that pale colours, if hung out to dry in very hot sunshine, will generally fade.

White silk will keep its colour and not turn yellow if two tablespoonfuls of milk are added to the last rinsing water. Have both waters lukewarm, and squeeze the silk through the suds without rubbing.

A few lumps of sugar, or a little borax, in the rinsing water will stiffen silk or lace. Iron it while it is still damp, on the wrong side. The only silk that is ironed dry is shantung, which is allowed to get bone dry and is not damped down.

Here is a sewing hint. The loveliest undies are finished with lace these days, and when sewing on a lace edge it is necessary to do it as neatly as possible, without any frayed ends or clumsy seams.

To join raw edges of lace, lay them flat on the table, let one piece overlap the other about a quarter of an inch, and tack them together. It is a good plan to tack them to a piece of tissue paper to prevent the lace dragging; then machine the join. Cut away the ends of the lace quite close to the line of the stitching, and oversew it very finely.

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AWFUL STOMACH PAINS AFTER OPERATION

Whatever agony you have been through from stomach trouble, even if you have tried almost everything to get relief, do not give up hope. There is one way in which you can get certain relief. Just read this letter from Mr. A. S., of Scunthorpe:


"Three years ago I was operated on for appendicitis and they also removed the gall, which was diseased. My doctor told me I should be troubled with bile and indigestion, and this proved right. I had awful dragging pains and was sick three times a day. As time went on I had not energy to carry on with anything. I tried everything I could think of and then I tried Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. The very first dose gave me relief, and I can safely say it has completely cured me and I feel better now than I can ever remember."

If this were an isolated case it would be remarkable enough, but it is merely typical of the thousands of cases which prove that Maclean Brand Stomach Powder will do just as much for you.

But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder or Tablets under that exact name with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

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BIND YOUR "RADIO PICTORIALS"

HANDY self-binders are now available 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 centre of the binder carries a number of resilient cords on which, week by week, the copies are slipped and thus held firmly in position.

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

HULLO CHILDREN!

AUNT BELINDA'S Children's Corner

DEAR NIECES AND NEPHEWS,— Those of you who listen to regional programmes will lately have heard the music of "Dances from Many Lands." I was able to hear some of them myself, and it was, therefore, particularly interesting to be able to go last week to see a company of Hindoo dancers in one of our London theatres. For here, I could not only listen to the music, but also see the instruments on which it was being played. One "instrument" was six china bowls—quite small ones—each ringing with rather a cracked sound on a different note and played by a musician with two thin sticks like pencils.

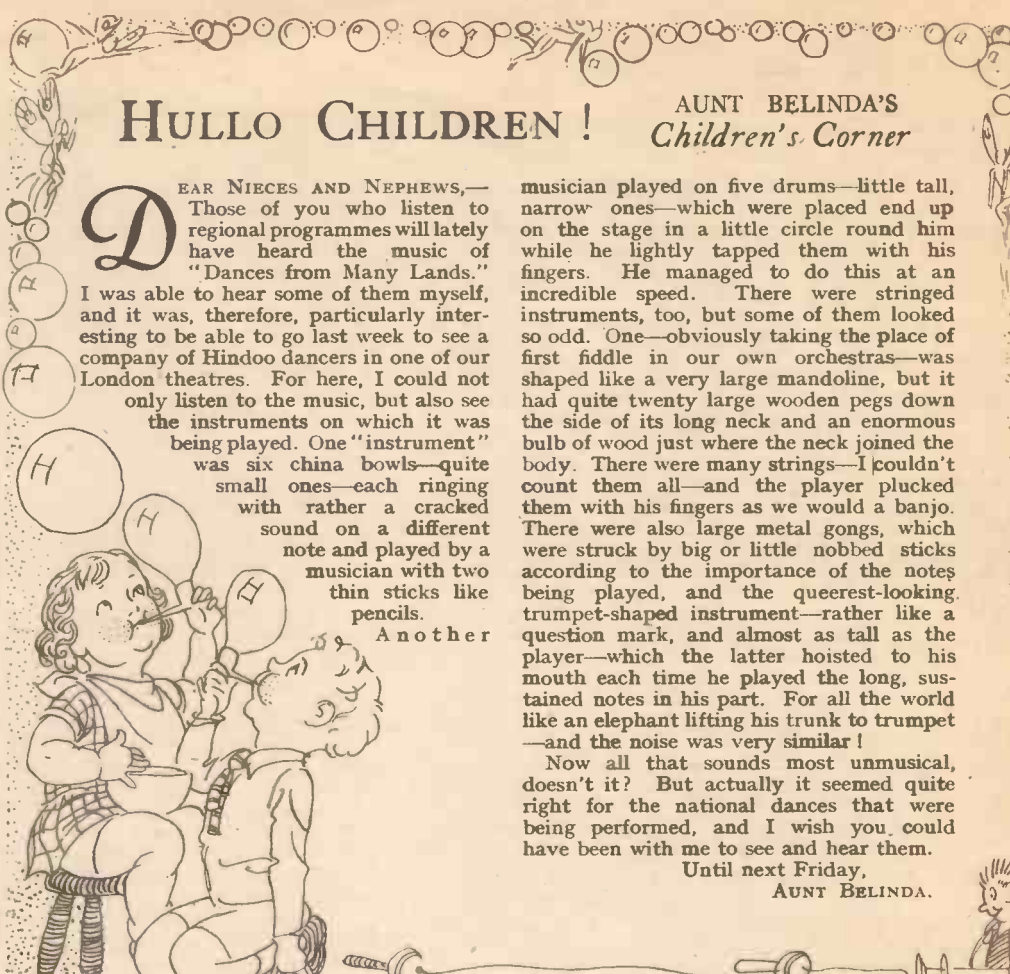
Another

musician played on five drums—little tall, narrow ones—which were placed end up on the stage in a little circle round him while he lightly tapped them with his fingers. He managed to do this at an incredible speed. There were stringed instruments, too, but some of them looked so odd. One—obviously taking the place of first fiddle in our own orchestras—was shaped like a very large mandoline, but it had quite twenty large wooden pegs down the side of its long neck and an enormous bulb of wood just where the neck joined the body. There were many strings—I couldn't count them all—and the player plucked them with his fingers as we would a banjo. There were also large metal gongs, which were struck by big or little knobbed sticks according to the importance of the notes being played, and the queerest-looking trumpet-shaped instrument—rather like a question mark, and almost as tall as the player—which the latter hoisted to his mouth each time he played the long, sustained notes in his part. For all the world like an elephant lifting his trunk to trumpet—and the noise was very similar!

Now all that sounds most unmusical, doesn't it? But actually it seemed quite right for the national dances that were being performed, and I wish you could have been with me to see and hear them.

Until next Friday,

AUNT BELINDA.



What Listeners Think...

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

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

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

★ Give Us The Words, Please

WHILE listening to the excellent broadcast of the short service on the occasion of the unveiling of a memorial to the National Poet of Australia, recently, from Westminster Abbey, it struck me that it could have been even more enjoyable to many people if they had by them a copy of the words which were sung.

"The hymn, 'Let the whole creation cry,' from Songs of Praise, was unfamiliar to me, as also was the National Song, 'Advance Australia.' The words were not distinguishable all the time, and how much better the whole thing would have been if the *Radio Times* had published even in small type, the words of these two songs of praise, on the same page as the announcement if possible, but at any rate somewhere in the issue, with a note drawing attention to the fact.

"The Bach Cantatas are always printed for us, and very useful they are, so why not recognise such a unique occasion as the one cited above, and provide us with the fullest possible enjoyment."—*Denis Best, York.*

(A cheque for one guinea has been forwarded

to this reader, winner of the guinea "Star" this week.)

Many Thanks!

"Many thanks for the postcards which I received last Thursday. I had no idea they were as good as all that. I was going by the price—12 for 1s. 3d. I have now selected eight of my next twelve, which I shall send for on Friday."—*V. Lewis, Hull.*

Gauging Public Taste

"If the B.B.C. really wanted to find out what the public wants it could be done very cheaply. The Programme Department might ring up the music publishers and the gramophone people and inquire into sales of the various classes of music, songs, etc., and then list them in the same percentage in the programme. By doing this no one could complain to the B.B.C. that they weren't working according to public taste."—*W. H. Dellull.*

The Way To Improve

"I was rather interested to notice 'W.F., Peterborough's' letter and should like to offer some suggestions. The studio from which Henry Hall broadcasts is absolutely dead, so why not introduce a slight echo artificially? Another point—why not play a few bars on the piano during announcements? Mr. Hall seems to subdue the rhythm section of the band during broadcasts and yet it is quite pronounced in records. I don't know why this is the case, but I do think that if he played the same way while broadcasting as while recording there would be a great improvement."—*A. A. McKerrell, Porto Bello.*

A Fine Story by P. C. Wren in next Friday's "Radio Pictorial"

FREE—to YOU

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.

THE Free Recipe Booklet, issued by Radiation Ltd., is in great demand. It contains really useful recipes for every kind of dish, which no kitchen should be without. More—the correct position of the "Regulo" control is indicated in each case, making it impossible for mistakes to occur. Have you got yours? **11**

THE modern housewife may thank her stars that she lives in this enlightened age—the age of the vacuum cleaner, that will beat carpets, clean mattresses and upholstery, even walls and ceilings, without any effort on her part. In this connection, the "Hoover" booklet is a delight to read, and I advise anybody who has a birthday in prospect to send for a free copy without delay. **12**

A REAL discovery in corn cures, which is going to make all the difference to the comfort of your feet, especially if you are an energetic walker or have to do a lot of standing, is the Dr. Scholl Zino-pad, sold in packets for 1s. 3d. Send for a sample, which will be sent you free, together with a valuable book on the care of the feet. **13**

SO many people have asked me for copies of the Trex Cookery Book, mentioned in this column a few weeks ago. Have you your copy yet? It contains 100 useful recipes for making cakes and puddings with Trex, the new cooking fat, which guarantees successful dishes. When writing for the book, please enclose 2d. in stamps for postage. **14**

THE children all love Ovaltine, and it is just the healthful, nourishing drink that they need to build muscle and feed growing bodies. Small trial tins, just the size for the school lunch satchel, have now been produced, and you can have one—free—by sending me your name and address. You will find this equally delicious hot or cold. **15**



Children's NEWS MOTTO

by Commander Stephen
KING-HALL

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

"It belongs to human nature to hate those you have injured."

These words were written by Tacitus (A.D. 54 to 119) (You will find the news reference on page 24.)



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REVIVE
AT A
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WINE
JELLY!



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SO DIFFERENT, SO
DISTINCTLY ALLURING
THAT IT'S BOUND TO
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FILMFAIR FASHIONS Dress like the stars
Every feminine activity influenced by the Screen is reflected in the pages of WOMAN'S FILMFAIR—what the stars wear, how they live, how they spend their leisure, how their every activity can be adopted and adapted to bring extra zest to your life is helpfully described.
Demand for the second number is bound to be heavy so reserve your copy with your newsagent now.

DON'T MISS No. 2 OF THIS BRILLIANT New JOURNAL now on sale 6p

Approved by the Publishers of FILM WEEKLY ENGLISH NEWSPAPER LTD., 10-15, BEDFORD STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.1

A Good Circulation Means Sound Health



CURES VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEG, PHLEBITIS, PILES, THROMBOSIS, ECZEMA, RHEUMATISM AND EVERY VEIN, ARTERY AND HEART WEAKNESS

ELASTO, the wonderful blood substance, which positively must be present in the blood to ensure complete health, is now known to be the active principle which controls the healing properties of the blood. Such troubles as Varicose Veins, Varicose Ulcers, Eczema, Swollen Legs, Phlebitis, Thrombosis, Heart Trouble, Rheumatism, Piles, Prolapsus, Varicocele, and Kindred Ailments are directly traceable to degeneration of the tissue cells resulting from a deficiency of this vitalizing principle in the blood. These conditions will not respond to ordinary treatment; to effect a cure it is essential to remove the cause of the weakness, and this can only be done by making good the deficiency in the blood.

Elasto does this with results that often appear positively miraculous.

What is Elasto?

The question is fully answered in an interesting booklet which explains in simple language the Elasto method of curing through the blood. Your copy is free, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore contractility to the broken-down and devitalized fabric of veins, arteries and heart and so to re-establish normal circulation, the real basis of sound health! Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets, which dissolve instantly on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective treatment ever devised. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this Modern Scientific Treatment which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

What Users of Elasto say—

- "No sign of varicose veins now."
- "Rheumatoid arthritis gone; I have never felt better."
- "All signs of phlebitis gone."
- "I had suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
- "Completely healed my varicose ulcers."
- "Now free from piles."
- "Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
- "Heart quite sound again now."
- "As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort; no pain whatever."
- "Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto put me right."
- "My skin is as soft as velvet," &c.

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Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto cures through the blood.

NAME..... (Please Print in Capital Letters.)

ADDRESS.....

My Ailment is..... Radio Pictorial, 1/6/34

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!



MUSIC in the AIR

M*MARTIN TAUBMANN is here trying over a radio number on the Electronde—an instrument which produces sound by electrical means when joined up to a wireless set. Taubmann has played in many European Capitals at one time or another, and recently he has had West End engagements where Cyril Scott, the well-known composer, accompanied him in one of his (Scott's) own compositions.*

Recently he played before the King of Siam and on May 9 at Lady Mulleneux-Grayson's, where Sir Henry Wood was present. He had a three-weeks' engagement at the Windmill Theatre and has also broadcast in "In Town To-night." He has recorded on H.M.V. Records—B8019 "Les Millions d'Arlequin" and "I live for Love" and B8020 Schubert's "Serenade" and "Le Cygne."

American Stars You Are Going To Hear

(Continued from page Nine)

Dick told me that he didn't eat regularly warbling this kind of stuff. A freight train took him to New York City.

Without friends or letters of introduction, he presented himself to Radio City, where, not only did they give him a voice test, but whisked him into the studio where they make talkies. You know the rest. You've seen him on the pictures, and now you are going to hear him from the B.B.C. studio. Dick will tell you that the way things are going with him, he won't have to worry about ham and eggs for some time to come.

Once upon a time the kiddies in America all wanted to be Jackie Coogans. Now they want to be Rudee Vallees, for he is the idol of the wireless fans in America. You will be hearing him shortly. Let me tell you a funny one about Rudy, which will give you a slight idea of how an artist is built up in America. Thousands of dollars have been spent on making the name "Vallee" a trade mark. In the United States, the announcer at the conclusion of a programme asks you to send in a frank criticism of the programme and the artists.

Well, this same Rudy Vallee, under a pseudonym, sang the same songs, in his own inimitable manner. What do you think happened? The fan mail the next day declared that he was the worst ever and the sooner they took him off the better they'd like it. Next day, Rudy went on as himself, and it took a small-sized lorry to cart in the mail telling how wonderful he was. "Bally-hooded," Vallee was a wow—the unknown quantity, Joe Aitken, a flop.

I should point out that, whereas artists like John Tilly and Gillie Potter go on the air as part of a variety programme, the American star acts go on as an individual turn.

So, when you have finished listening to the Mills Brothers, you tune in to listen to Bing Crosby, the boy who put crooners on the map. Some bless him for it.

Others, well— He is due on this side of the water at an engagement of £1,000 a week for four weeks.

These are only some of the stars you are going to hear in the very near future.

Radio Storytellers

(Continued from page Three)

For two hours he laboured at trying to make them learn this prayer by heart, and at last, as the sun was setting, he left them, satisfied that they knew one Christian prayer at least.

He had not been back on the ship longer than a couple of hours when silhouetted against the dying sunset the bishop noticed what appeared to be a small boat rapidly approaching. The bishop stood watching for some time, until at last he was amazed to see that instead of a boat, it was the three holy men running along on the top of the water holding hands.

"Stop, stop, my Lord Bishop!" they cried, "we have forgotten what comes after 'which art in heaven.'"

A second story that would suit the circle would be the one of O. Henry's which tells of a man returning to his home-town after many, many years absence.

He writes to a friend of his boyhood days, and tells him that on a certain date, at a certain time, he will be standing under the lamp round which they used to play as boys.

The time for the appointed rendezvous arrives, and there in the darkness and the rain, under the faint light of the lamp, the exile waits to renew once again the happiest friendship of his life.

Time passes, but no one comes to meet him, and lonely and sad, he is about to turn away.

At that very moment, a hand descends upon his shoulders, and he is once again in the hands of the law.

In the police station he is given a letter to read. From this he learns that his friend is now a police officer. He had appeared at the rendezvous and had recognised the face under the light of the lamp as the face of a wanted man. Torn between his affections and his duty, he had informed the police station, and begged that another officer should make the arrest.

Some of Oscar Wilde's short stories are capable of admirable telling. For instance, the one which recounts the story of a giant who owned a lovely garden in which the children played.

In this garden there was no winter, and the sun shone and the birds sang, and the trees bore blossom and fruit at the same time.

Then one day the giant grew angry and turned the children out of the garden, and the blossom

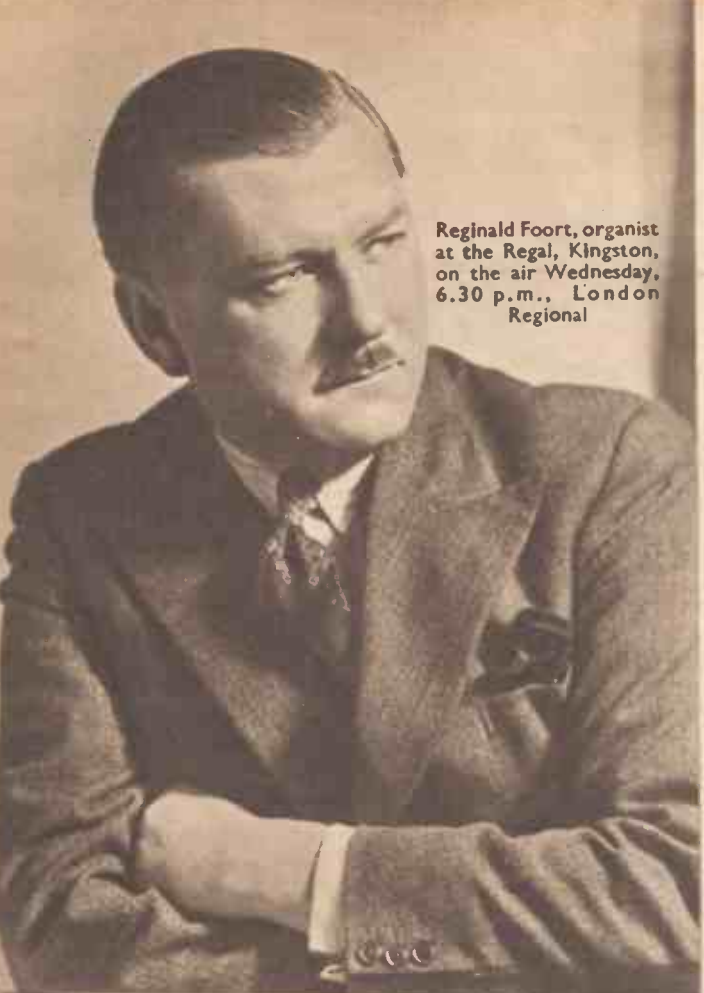
perished, and the fruit fell, and snow and frost covered the whole garden. Then he built a wall to keep the children out.

For a long time the giant remained bad-tempered, till at length the eternal winter made him really unhappy. One day when he woke up he heard a bird sing; a sound he had not heard for a very long time.

He jumped up from his bed and was amazed to see two little children had entered his garden through a hole in the wall. He rushes out of doors to revel once more in the sunshine, and the presence of the children teaches him the grace of the God he has forgotten.

There, then, you have a story to make you think, a human life drama, and a little fantasy . . .

If the B.B.C. would bring more story-tellers to the microphone, it would thereby revive an ancient art which is near as lost as conversation; and at the same time add an item of great interest to their programmes.



Reginald Foort, organist at the Regal, Kingston, on the air Wednesday, 6.30 p.m., London Regional

On the
AIR
this
Week...



Frank Walker (above) and his Octet will be heard on June 2 at 7.30 p.m., Regional. Victoria Marsh (left) is broadcasting on Friday from Midland Regional



An action photograph of Charles Manning conducting his popular orchestra. From time to time his baton flies over the heads of the musicians, and he is one of the most energetic conductors! He will be heard on Friday (National)



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

Pierre Fol, leader of the Trocadero Restaurant Orchestra, who broadcasts from the B.B.C. studios, plays with some pets during a stroll in the park.

High-spots of the Programmes

Do you agree with Rondo's opinions on the current programmes? Write to "Radio Pictorial" and voice your own opinions on the B.B.C. Broadcasts.

Key to Commander King-Hall's Children's News Motto on page 21

The Nazis in Germany, especially in Bavaria, are showing signs of an intention to increase their persecutions of the Jews.

ARE your neighbours worrying you with their loud-speakers now that summer is here? Or, conversely, are you worrying them with yours? Whichever way it is, you may like to know the Home Office has drafted a model by-law which can be adopted by any local authority. I haven't space to quote it as it stands, so you must please accept a boiling of it. Thus:—

You may not allow your wireless set to be a nuisance by being continuously heard in any street, public place, shop, business house, or area adjoining any of the above. The by-law says you may not thus annoy occupants or inmates (that pleases me immensely!) of surrounding premises.

So, if Mr. Brown-Smith persists in throwing Stones (Christopher or Lew) all over your garden when you and your friends want something else, you must get two other people to sign a notice of objection with you. Three in all. Then if he doesn't stop it within fourteen days you can get him fined five pounds. That will probably settle him.

But you had better ask your local authority whether the by-law has been adopted, because if it hasn't, Mr. Brown-Smith has the laugh on you. He can turn his loud-speaker up to blasting-point and you can't do anything about it.

The B.B.C. loves a birthday. Give it half a chance and it will celebrate to its heart's content. The Wireless Military Band is ten years old in July—the oldest musical combination in the service of the B.B.C. Walton O'Donnell has had it for seven years out of the ten.

Then there's Henry Hall. He's had his second birthday as conductor of the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra some time ago. Now I'm bothered if he isn't having his tenth on August 26 of his original broadcast from Gleneagles! So many happy returns to both.

During the first week in June the principal broadcast in the Midland Regional will be the Shelseley Walsh Open Hill Climb on the 9th. The commentators are F. J. Findon and Major Vernon Brook.

On the same day, Reginald New—your old favourite—gives a recital on the Cheltenham Town Hall organ. He has broadcast nearly five hundred times but, of course, generally on cinema organs. It should be interesting to hear him on a concert organ.

I see I have missed a bit of news. On the 5th, Mr. A. Dangerfield (whose name sounds a bit exciting) is to talk about cow-punching in Mexico. He had command of a Chinese refugee camp after the San Francisco earthquake. Once he was nearly stabbed by a Chink who carried a knife disguised as a fan. So that he can be said to have known what it is to have a fan-male.

For Western listeners there is a concert on the 4th by the Offa Mixed Glee Singers, who won the first prize in

the Eisteddfod of 1933. The relay is from Rhosilanerchrugog which is no relation either to Gog or Magog.

On the 9th, the Nantylfyllon Juvenile Choir will sing a cantata for children called *Dydd a Nos*, by Dr. David de Lloyd, and on the same night the Welsh interlude for Daventry National listeners will be given by the Rev. Tegla Davies, who will speak on *Gwyddoniaeth Werin*. That last effort has nearly paralysed my typewriter, but I believe it means *Folk Science*.

North Regional listeners will get a commentary by Major Brook and Mr. Victor Smythe of the Mannin Moar Car Race at Douglas on the 1st. Big cars only. They race round and round the streets of Douglas for two hundred miles. Nice for the inhabitants. May account for Manx cats having no tails. Dead ones tell no tales, anyhow.

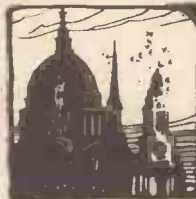
For Scotland I see nothing more interesting than a notice of a relay from the Beach Pavilion, Aberdeen, on June 5. That nice Man frae Inversnecky—lovely word, that—is to be there, and (later) from other pavilions. I hope the London Regional will have him. Don't see why Scots should have him all themselves.

James Gibson, who plays the wily old Lord Lovat in Whitaker Wilson's new Famous Trial, is a young Glasgow man who has been business manager and one of the principal actors of the Scottish National Players for several years. He is also one of the "stars" of the Children's Theatre in Scotland, and was starting on tour with that company when the summons came for him to play in the Trial.

Daily Service—
By the Rev. HUGH JOHNSTON,
Conductor of the B.B.C. Daily Service.

CHURCH BELLS

IHAVE followed with considerable interest the correspondence in the Press about the use of the mechanically-recorded Bells of St. Mary-at-Bow as an interval signal. Personally I hope that some other method of "marking time" may soon be substituted. People are seldom neutral about church bells; they either delight in them or else they are maddened by them, and many are actually plunged into unrelieved gloom until the last echo has died away. But whether you dislike bells or love them, there must surely be occasions on which they appear suitable or the reverse. And there can be no doubt that they are definitely associated in the majority of minds with preparation for church-going. This being so, it is anything but helpful to most of us to hear the sound of church bells in our homes to be followed immediately by a programme of light music or a controversial talk. If the muffin man's bell was adopted by the cat's-meat man,



I can imagine serious riots on Sunday afternoons in certain quiet streets in London.

I have found the opinion widely expressed that the music of church bells should not be put to a purely secular use, and personally it seems to me that this opinion might very reasonably be respected by the B.B.C., even if it were proved that it was not shared by any very large percentage of listeners. And for myself such are the associations of church bells and their power to dissociate my mind from the press of ordinary affairs that I should personally welcome the introduction of every wireless religious service by a brief interlude of their music; but then I am not musical and should one or more of the bells be slightly out of tune, I should not suffer the agony sometimes afflicted on the musical; nor do church bells depress me, and perhaps I ought therefore to wish to be deprived of them so that others may be spared one additional occasion of discomfort.

Radio Stars 8



TUNE IN TO THE WORLD WITH A SHORT-WAVE SET!

—America, Canada, Africa, Japan, etc.

With a short-wave set you can tune in to stations, not merely a few hundred miles distant, but to countries thousands of miles away on the other side of the earth.

This week's issue of *Amateur Wireless* contains full constructional details and a wiring plan of a remarkable short-wave set—"The WORLD BEATER."

Get a copy to-day and see how simple it is to make.

AMATEUR WIRELESS

ON SALE TO-DAY—PRICE 3d.

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