

Friday, January 19, 1934. No. 1.

NEW WEEKLY PICTORIAL MAGAZINE

for EVERY RADIO LISTENER

2
EVERY FRIDAY

RADIO PICTORIAL



FREE

CRAYON PORTRAIT OF HENRY HALL



Contributions by

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- OLIVER BALDWIN
- CHRISTOPHER STONE
- ARTHUR HENDERSON, M.P.
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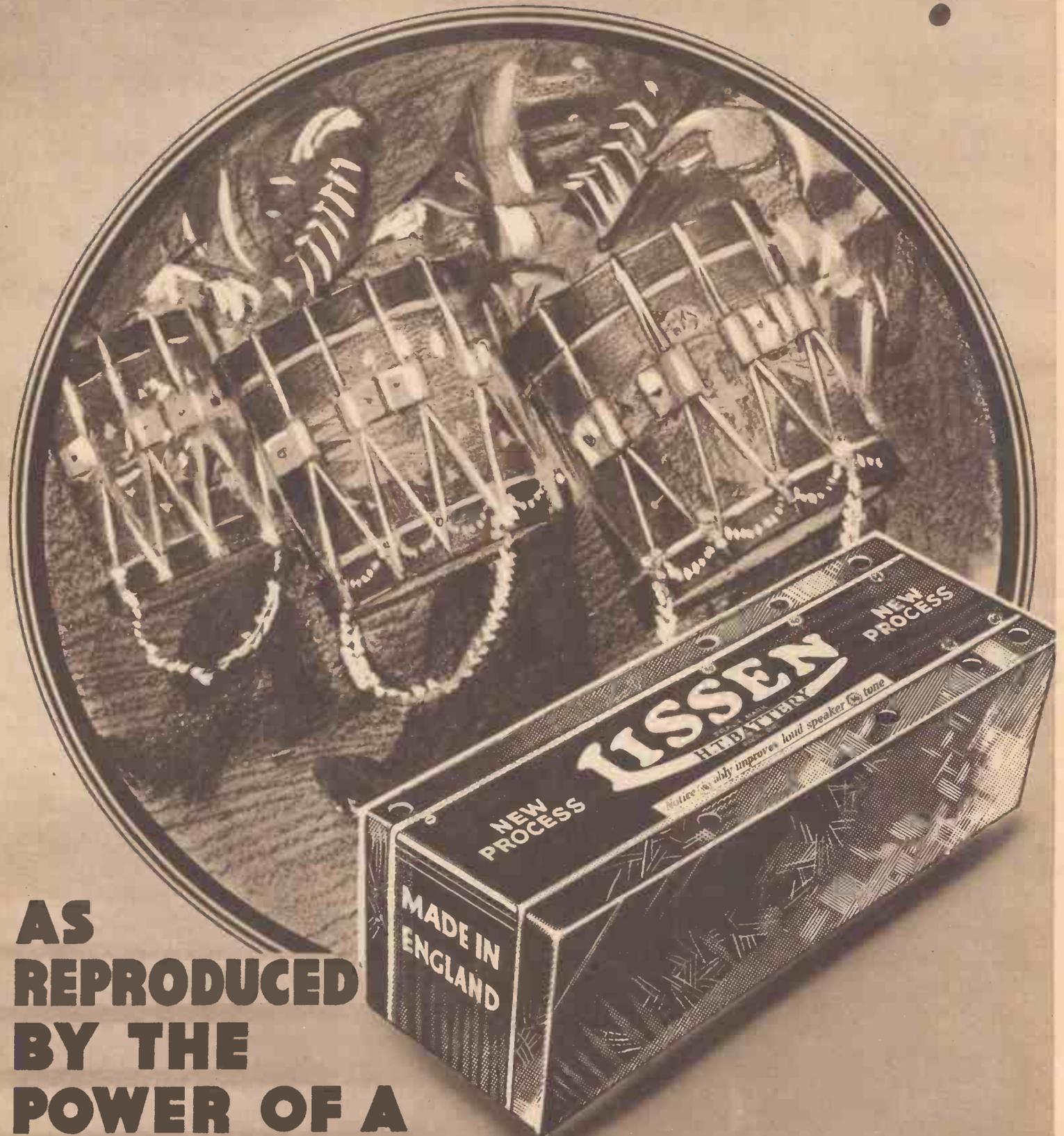
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Radio Pictorial

NOTHING SO MARTIAL AS THE SONG OF THE DRUM!



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BY THE
POWER OF A

LISSEN · BATTERY



Radio Pictorial — NO. 1

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

There is war among the stations on the ether, and transmitters of all countries jam each others' programmes. And yet . . . broadcasting is leading to world peace! The Rt. Hon. Arthur Henderson, M.P., President of the Disarmament Conference, gives you his personal opinions in this leading article on the international value of broadcasting

From one station or another there is always an entertaining programme "on the air," well within the capacity of receiving sets now generally in use.

Listeners-in who want continuous amusement from their sets need not begrudge the time given, in the programme broadcast from any of the principal wireless stations, to news—and comment upon public affairs.

A turn of the knob, and those who do not wish to listen to such items can easily find what they want coming simultaneously from several other stations.

Listening-in to informative talks is not compulsory!

It might, on the contrary, be said that, for many hours of the day, if you *don't* want to listen to light music you must close down your set.

You will search the ether in vain for other items such as I have in mind.

One of the developments to which I personally look forward—in the near future—is an expansion of the broadcasting arrangements for the fuller discussion of international affairs.

We have, in addition to the facilities provided in national programmes, the machinery for broadcasting maintained at the

Broadcasting will End War!

by the Rt. Hon. Arthur HENDERSON
President of the Disarmament Conference

RADIO is a master-key—a key which opens many doors to wider and more general understanding of the problems of common human concern.

To those, like myself, who build their hopes of the future upon the development of the machinery of international co-operation, the continuous expansion of the possibilities of wireless broadcasting is a fact of the highest importance.

The motto adopted by the British Broadcasting Corporation, "Nation shall speak unto Nation," was once a Scriptural promise . . .

It is now a scientific fact.

The development of this method of international intercourse cannot fail to promote, in the long run, better relationships . . .

Throughout the world!

This is not to say that the instructional possibilities of wireless broadcasting are fully employed to-day.

One has only to glance at the daily programme of broadcasting from the great international stations to realise how large a proportion of them is devoted to entertainment.

I am not complaining of this.

The entertainment, in general, is of a high quality, and it is right that listeners-in should be able to find recreation and amusement in first-class programmes.

It says much for the spirit in which the wireless stations are conducted that so little that is really objectionable or harmful is broadcast in the daily programmes.

I hope, therefore, that I shall not be misunderstood when I say this: that, in my opinion, the authorities controlling the wireless system as a whole can safely give attention now to the expansion of their service.

And those parts of it which provide informa-

tion upon, and interpretation of, public questions.

There is, I am convinced, an increasingly large number of listeners who tune in—with interest and appreciation—to radio talks; and to broadcasts of speeches made on important occasions by men concerned with public affairs.

Even as I write there comes to my desk, from Australia, a message written by a clergyman in the back-blocks, describing the pleasure with which he listened to the broadcast of a speech I had made at the World Disarmament Conference.

Many such testimonies have come to me.

They confirm my belief that there is a great international public which is interested in these aspects of Radio service.

More liberal provision of informative talks, also arrangements for the broadcasting of historically important pronouncements by statesmen—such as the address of President Roosevelt before the Congress of the United States—cannot be reasonably objected to.

Even by those listeners-in who clamour for entertainment . . . whether of the "high-brow" or of the "low-brow" variety.

headquarters of the League of Nations.

In view of the international importance of their services, particular interest attaches to the League of Nations wireless transmitting and receiving stations near Geneva.

Specifications for the stations were prepared by an international committee of experts. I hope it will be more extensively used.

If technical difficulties exist, owing to the crowded state of the ether, it ought not to be impossible to remove them by general agreement among the wireless stations.

Problems of grave import affecting the life of the world have to be faced by the statesmen of all nations in the present year. I can conceive of nothing better calculated to further the cause of international co-operation and understanding than the establishment of a continuous service of information and interpretation in relation to the course of world events.

Arthur Henderson

COME behind the scenes of a radio revue rehearsal . . . learn how the B.B.C. producer puts the show into shape . . . get into the intimate atmosphere of the variety programme which will be given from St. George's Hall—the B.B.C.'s new variety centre — on Saturday week, January 27th



"The Step Sisters were loosening their leg muscles opposite in the wings across the stage . . . I could just distinguish Mrs. Rodney Hudson, whose watchful eye rarely wanders far from her girls . . ."

CHILDREN of all ages love to play theatres, and the hall across the way from Broadcasting House has captured the fancy of light-hearted young men at the B.B.C.!

Dingy as it certainly is, the place is equipped with all the fascinating gadgets of a theatre. A large stage has three curtains, four drop sets, spot-lights, footlights, and dressing-rooms; while, in front of the house, there are number indicators, an orchestra pit, boxes, stalls, and a gallery.

Everything is in working order except the box-office and the bar!

St. George's Hall is making history as the first radio playhouse in the Empire.

Almost every week a new use is found for the old magicians' theatre, for the B.B.C. has been lucky again, acoustics are perfect. Orchestras and quintets play from the stage to an empty, darkened house, and to listeners unaware that the music is not in a studio.

Pantomimes and operettas, too, have been broadcast with only the orchestra beyond the footlights; but it is on nights when the house is filled for a music-hall programme that the theatre regains its lost glory.

Listen next Saturday (January 27) to the audience rising to the Houston Sisters; hear Leslie Weston warm them up, and judge how this theatre must help a revue artist, like Queenie May, through the ordeal of her first broadcast.

Credit for the bright colours and modern furnishing of Broadcasting House goes to Val Goldsmith, business chief with a taste for art.

He was seen to shudder when he first inspected the Victorian decoration of St. George's Hall. But in the warmth of a responsive house a visitor forgets the gas globes the flowered carpets, faded paintwork, and plush seats of a kind that our forbears believed were the last word in comfort.

Enthusiasm is an emotion that transcends its surroundings. No wonder that the Variety Artists' Federation protests about these shows and finds small comfort in the B.B.C. reply that it intends not to charge for admission at present. Denying an old professional belief, a "paper" audience becomes a spur to the artists and the theatre throbs with life.

The B.B.C. holds the lease up to September next; but the Variety Department will be

reluctant to let it go, and if the hall is available, it may be retained. It is odd that it should once have been a skating rink, like the premises at Maida Vale, which will also be used as studios.

Apart from the microphones, a visitor must look twice for alterations due to broadcasting; yet there are several.

Four rows of stalls have been removed to make room for Kneale Kelley and the Theatre Orchestra of twenty-nine players, and a cabin on stilts rather like Wendy's house in some productions of "Peter Pan," can just be seen in the wings on the O.P. side from gangway seats in the stalls.

This hut is made of crushed seaweed in a wooden frame and has two glass windows on the side overlooking the stage. It is reached by a vertical flight of steps resembling a ship's companion and sailors always make the descent backwards as down a ladder.

The room is sound-proof, and it is eerie to hear nothing while looking through the windows at the noisy activity on the stage below. There is a loud-speaker in the corner and on a table a box that might be mistaken for a wireless set with six dials.

Each dial controls a microphone. It was a rehearsal. The Step Sisters were loosening their leg muscles opposite in the wings across the stage, the orchestra was tuning up and beyond in the front stalls I could just distinguish Mrs. Rodney Hudson, whose watchful eye rarely wanders far from her girls.

Julian Rose

was chatting with Norman Long at the other end of the row and Hetty King had just arrived, looking very feminine in her furs. I turned a dial and from the loud-speaker heard the scraping of bows on gut as the players were adjusting their fiddles. The conductor rapped with his baton and all was silent again. I listened while the orchestra struck up and the Step Sisters danced on to the stage, but I could not hear the girls until I twisted another dial and put in circuit a microphone hidden in the footlights.

At this point, I was detected by a big genial man who had leapt up the steps; it was Paul

Askew, a vital link in the chain between the microphone and the listener. With a few deft touches, he had the microphones adjusted to his liking, working with three, where I had used only two. By this time, the Step Sisters had moved across the stage and their taps would have faded, he explained, if he had not brought in another microphone on the far side of the proscenium.

The girls were trying a new number for the first time with the band and their taps sounded like the hoof

beats of a pony at the trot. But Mrs. Hudson was on her feet, the band stopped, they tried again, and on a third entrance their taps were together as one. Those girls can dance, and none better than Pat, the auburn-haired youngster of seventeen years.

There is not the faintest little echo in this theatre, so whether the house is full or empty, song and patter come over equally well.

The hall was built about

1850, and its designer could find work at the B.B.C. to-day!

Microphone equipment varies with the type of show being relayed. For music-hall programmes, two or three of six instruments are usually in use at once.

One slung by wires from the balcony on either side can be seen hanging above the second row of stalls. This microphone picks up applause, while another slung in the same way above the conductor's head deals with the orchestra.

A third is supported on a stand in the orchestra pit, hard against the stage, and is used by artists singing and talking in the centre.

Three other microphones are concealed in the footlights for the special benefit of the dancing girls, and are also useful when performers move across the footlights.

A stage box is reserved for official use, and Eric Maschwitz sits there watching programmes most nights.

Know him by his great height, lofty brow, and eager sensitive face.

As variety director, he is aiming to give the listeners what they want and is convinced that an audience by stimulating the artists adds vitality and atmosphere to a broadcast.

By John TRENT

"Variety from St. George's Hall"

ST. GEORGE'S HALL, where the variety artists broadcast their acts. Dingy as it certainly is, the place is equipped with all the fascinating gadgets of a theatre. The large stage has three curtains, four drop sets, spot-lights, footlights, and dressing-rooms; while in front of the house there are number indicators, an orchestra pit, boxes, stalls, and a gallery



(Left) A rehearsal being carried out on the stage of St. George's Hall. Under the microphone are the Carlyle Cousins and Davy Burnaby, while also on the stage are Jane Carr, Marjory Wyn, and Stanford Robinson. (Below) Another stage scene in front of the microphone, this time at the Sadler's Wells Theatre

John Sharman is in charge of the "Music Halls." He is a vaudeville producer with years of stage experience started before the War. When other variety producers were cutting their second teeth, John was part of an act on the halls. His business is to get the broad effect of a variety theatre and in this work his early training tells.

Not all producers favour an audience. Several specialise in an intimate form of presentation which attempts to project the performers to the listeners' own firesides rather than to take the radio audience to a theatre. In such a programme applause from those present would destroy an illusion.

Denis Freeman is responsible for shows of this type; but he uses the hall all the same. "By Royal Command" was one of his efforts and, although the whole company with chorus and orchestra were assembled on the stage, the curtain was not lowered, and production proceeded as in a studio.

Gordon McConnel is another well-known producer who feels that an audience would be an obtrusion in his programmes, but he also uses the theatre. The Christmas pantomime was his production, and for each performance the band was seated in the orchestra pit.

If anyone has a grouse about the hall it is the trombonist of the Theatre Orchestra. His seat is at the extreme right-hand side of the pit, just in front of six steps up to the stage. In the days of magic, precocious children used to mount the stage this way to take part in Maskelyne's tricks. Now the steps form a convenient short cut and at rehearsal a continuous passing to and fro makes life a burden to the bandsman.

If you come to the hall, choose whichever seat you fancy.

There are four hundred and fifty, and it matters very little where you sit; but in case you should be disappointed in what you hear, let me remind you that you are present to take part in a broadcast. While the audience sees the most, listeners hear the best. At the theatre the eye gains at the expense of the ear.

Already decorators are at work, freshening the hall and by the time your turn comes to get in, maybe the corridors will have lost that fusty scent.

And so . . . on with the show!





Radio is a boon to trappers in the far north, and even dance music is good to hear in the grim lands under the Arctic circle!

Dance Music for Trappers

"*PICTURE* a party of six or seven men seated round the radio in the dusk, the only light from the big log fire . . . the bright mackinaw shirts of the men make a splash of colour against the olive green of the giant pines and bare earth. Listening-in. Sometimes these broadcast messages lead to the discovery of tragedies . . ."

IT was my first trip to the barren lands.

"What on earth have you got there?" asked my companion, as we stood shivering in the wind on Edmonton Aerodrome, Alberta, with the mercury showing 47 below zero.

"My little portable gramophone and some records," I replied. "I thought we could give the old trappers a treat."

"That's a good one," said my companion—and as we flew northward towards Fort McMurray he informed me that every trapper has a gramophone, and three out of every four possess radio sets as well.

This was my first introduction to this amenity in the North-West Territories and the grim lands under the Arctic Circle.

At each place we spent the night, except one, on our way to Kkalavik, we received news, weather reports and concerts from the stations far to the south, as we sat beside the roaring stoves of trappers' cabins.

The radio sets were the very latest models, expensive articles costing £40 to £50 apiece. I asked one man why he had such a de luxe type of set, and his reply was rather illuminating.

"It's this way," he said. "When I go down to the city in the summer I've got anything up to 2,000 dollars to draw, and only food, clothing and trapping supplies to buy."

"For the rest, I calculate that the most of it goes on swell eating, women and wine, and a few books."

"I got not a soul dependent on me when I die, and I guess I'll die in my cabin some time. I've had a set now for five winters, and changed it each year. Without it I would go mad like the other old trappers who were here when I came."

When I got back from the trip I was so interested in what he and other trappers had said that I visited all the principal stores in the city of Edmonton. I found that trappers, prospectors, and other dwellers far from the centres of civilisation were some of their best customers.

The manager of the radio department of one big store told me their precise requirements. First, a solid set which would stand hard usage; secondly, high efficiency so that very long-distance reception could be obtained. Many of these men live nearly 1,000 miles from the nearest broadcasting station, and they want to have variety!

The other major points comprised a built-in loud-speaker, simplicity of control, and valves suitable for operation off dry batteries, so that a sufficient supply to last the winter could be taken up

By "CANUCK"

Until the start of the regular Arctic air mail in the winter of 1929, trappers were dependent on the irregular running of the dog-team mail, which only called once or twice in the whole six months of winter, and sometimes never finished the journey.

The possession of a portable radio to-day is estimated to double the amount of work that can be done by a single party in a season, because of the time saved over the old methods of canoe, dogs and runners.

You can picture to yourself a party of six or seven men seated round the radio in the dusk, the only light that from the big log fire, the aerial looped from a couple of trees showing faintly in the red glow of the fire.

The bright mackinaw shirts of the men make a splash of colour against the olive green of the giant pines and bare earth.

Their bearded and bronzed faces are animated, and their feet stamp a dull rhythm on the dry earth as they listen to one of Hollywood's finest dance bands broadcasting 2,000 miles to the south.

The boss of the camp looks at his watch. "Time to stop that, boys, and get the orders from Winnipeg," he says.

Suddenly in the still air comes the message, "Party No. 27," and then a long list of

instructions delivered slowly and repeated twice so that they can be laboriously written down and kept.

Not all the messages are sent from private stations operated by the big mining companies.

Often the big broadcasting stations provide special programmes for the "dwellers in the wilderness," and intersperse them with messages from fur-trading companies, mining companies and private individuals, hoping that they will be heard by either the man for whom they are intended or by someone who will deliver the message to him.

This often necessitates a journey of some two or three days by dog-team or snow-shoe across desolate muskeg and through trackless bush country.

At the end the messenger may find that the man concerned heard the message himself or that another resident in the district has arrived earlier.

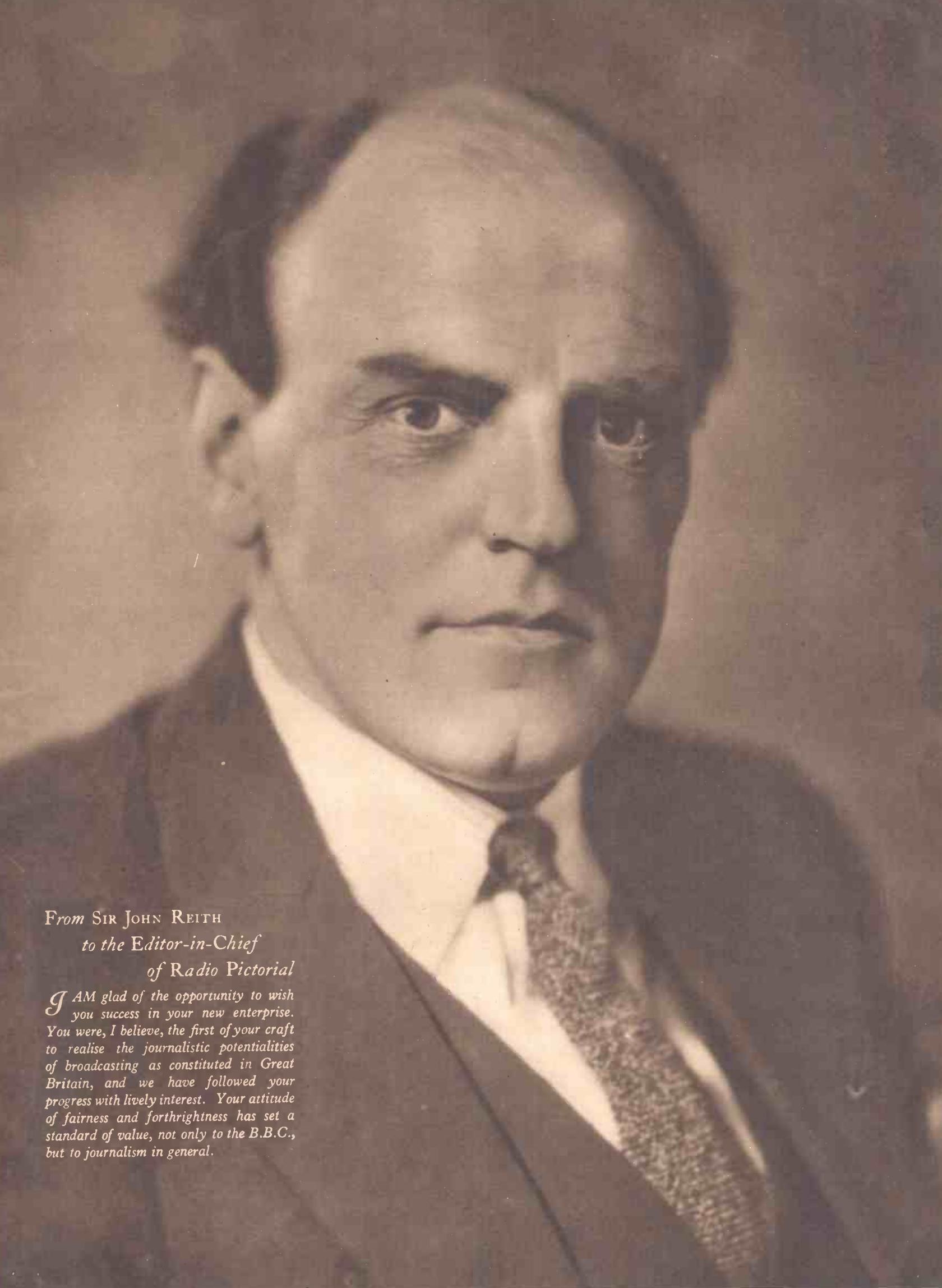
Sometimes these broadcast messages lead to the discovery of tragedies which otherwise would have remained undiscovered until spring.

One such case comes very vividly to my mind.

I was up in that vague country where Alberta ends and the North-West Territories begin, when a message came through addressed to an old trapper known as "Crazy Bill." His real name was William Aloysius MacKenzie, and he lived some 70 miles to the north-west. A trapper who lived near where I was working heard the message and set off to visit "Crazy Bill," passing my shack on the way.

Ten days later he returned with the old man delirious on his sled. He had broken his leg, and but for my neighbour's timely intervention would have frozen to death.

Unfortunately he died about four days later; but we were at least able to give him a decent funeral instead of the body being left until someone chanced to come that way.



From SIR JOHN REITH
to the Editor-in-Chief
of Radio Pictorial

I AM glad of the opportunity to wish you success in your new enterprise. You were, I believe, the first of your craft to realise the journalistic potentialities of broadcasting as constituted in Great Britain, and we have followed your progress with lively interest. Your attitude of fairness and forthrightness has set a standard of value, not only to the B.B.C., but to journalism in general.

Radio Pictorial Gossip

—by *Newslinger*



The B.B.C. staff restaurant is always a scene of great activity. Artists and announcers go down to the restaurant for quick refreshment in between their microphone duties. Here is a typical scene with some popular radio players crowded round one table

It will probably come as a surprise to you to know that the microphones are practically never silent at Broadcasting House day or night. The only period in the whole twenty-four hours when nothing is transmitted is from five minutes past three in the early morning until twenty minutes past eight.

The B.B.C. restaurant is never closed. When the Empire announcer comes off duty at 3.5 a.m. he generally goes down for a hot drink before going home, after which there is plenty going on until the first kipper is cooked for the next announcer's breakfast.

You would imagine that the Saturday before Christmas would not be a day when you would expect to find many of the staff on duty. London was quite empty that day. Well, you are wrong. The restaurant took over £20 for lunch alone, and the average payment would not be more than eighteen pence per head.

There were four rehearsals going on the whole of Christmas morning.

Things Move Quickly

The fact is that the staff simply dare not be away from Broadcasting House. Things move so swiftly there that it is not

worth it. Consequently everyone turns up. To be on the staff of the B.B.C. does not mean nine-to-five sort of life. Far from it. How would you like to be chief announcer? Mr. Hibberd does not live the life of a Government official of the pre-War days by any manner of means. He works for his living. I had a look at his time-sheet a few days ago. On duty with him means on duty. Every minute taken up.

Sunday, 3.30 to 10.45; Monday, 11.45 a.m. to 9.20 p.m.; Tuesday, 3 p.m. till midnight; Wednesday, a bit easier, 6.30 to 9.35; Thursday, 6.30 to midnight; Friday, 2 to 6.30; Saturday, off if he is lucky. Plenty of responsibility with it all.

The chief announcer is not forgotten by listeners, especially at Christmas time. He told me that he has regularly received a pound of butter and a dough cake from a Welsh listener. Last Christmas he received two dough cakes!

Visitors

In the daytime there are six or seven hundred visitors at Portland Place, of whom four hundred require to see some member of the staff.

A reception clerk takes your name and enters it against that of the member you wish to see, and the exact time is recorded against the names.

At night time a watchman is on duty. If there is any telephone message in the dead of night, bells ring all over the building. The watchman then goes to the nearest 'phone. A prominent official tells me that the time will soon come when even those hours from 3.5 to 8.20 a.m. will be used for Empire broadcasting.

Then it will be literally true that Broadcasting House never sleeps.

Broadcasting House Never Sleeps!

See the Step Sisters

Television programmes this week are notable for the first appearance of the Step Sisters before the projector. Odd that these girls have not been seen before, since they are quite an eyeful. They will be scanned on Tuesday, and on the following night lookers will have John Hendrick and Cleo Nordi to entertain them. Cleo Nordi was dancing with Pavlova's ballet when she met Walford Hyden, who was then musical director of the Coliseum. They married and now Walford conducts "Café Collette" programmes which, as a mystery radio turn, are such a success.



Men who make your dance music. From left to right they are Ray Noble, Billy Mayerl, Roy Fox and Ambrose. You will have heard them on records or on the air

Russian with a Finish

Cleo comes along and gives some additional pep to the band by playing castenets while dancing in the studio. She is of Russian and Finnish extraction; Russian with a finish, as she says.

Phyllis Robbins and Mrs. Pullpleasure are also on during the week. I think that I shall have to get a visor soon!

The Human Touch

I hope that Cecil Arion will announce her own short programme of Chopin Mazurkas on Wednesday afternoon. Her still shy voice has long been a favourite with listeners, but we rarely hear it nowadays. Except in the Children's Hour, where she is known as Sophie. There are few human touches left in the programmes and the B.B.C. would do well to allow Sophie to announce more often.

Dance Band Novelty

Two dance bands of different types, playing the same tunes alternately is a novelty on Monday. The Barnstormers, hot and snappy, and Don Sestas' Gaucho Tango Band are the two outfits that have been chosen for this experiment. Each band will have a studio to itself, and engineers will switch from one studio to the other throughout the non-stop hour. The man who has arranged the programme tells us that the same tune will be almost unrecognisable in some cases, orchestrations are so different.

More Songs from the Shows

The revival of John Watt's Songs from the Shows gets a warm welcome. He has chosen the Shaftesbury for his first programme, then follows Drury Lane, on January 26 and 27, which should be one of the best, with numbers from *Showboat*, *Rose Marie*, and

the *Desert Song*. His cast for this theatre is strong, including Edith Day, Stuart Robertson, Rene Mayer, and a few of the artists who helped to make the series a success before. The Vaudeville, Adelphi, Empire, and Alhambra are all likely to get a show before this season ends.

Varied Variety

Beryl Orde, the young mimic found by Eric Maschwitz, has been booked for a music-hall programme on February 19; Gillie Potter comes back to the microphone on February 5 and 7; and Andre Charlot resumes his "hours" next month as well. I feared that the Director of Variety might find it difficult to sustain the pace that he himself had set, but this sounds promising for a start. I hear that late evening dance music is to be more varied in the future, too.

Another Who Was Fed Up

While Howard Rose, senior play producer at Broadcasting House, is in Scotland helping with drama at Edinburgh, his wife, Barbara Cauper, is playing the lead in *The Man Who Was Fed Up* in the West End. I wish Barbara the success that she deserves, but it is a pity that the big chance came just when her husband had to leave town for three months.

The Prince at the B.B.C.

The Prince of Wales is broadcasting for a quarter of an hour on Saturday, January 27, the second anniversary of his speech starting the Personal Service movement which did such good in the year of crisis. A great deal is written in praise of Royal broadcasters, and in the case of the Prince superlatives are deserved. I hope that he chooses to come to the studio again. The

intimate atmosphere adds to the sincerity of his words.

Harry and Carroll

Harry Roy is popularly known as "The English Eddie Cantor." His style of singing savours of the inconsequential fooling of the famous coloured American leader—Cab Calloway. But this is a coincidence. Harry was singing in this style years ago, long before Calloway was heard of in England. Carroll Gibbons, I hear, is busy making a talkie with his Savoy Hotel Orpheans. Strange as it sounds, it is not a musical picture but a dramatic story in which the band features prominently.

More News!

Who has the distinction of being official musical director to the Duke of Westminster? Sydney Kyte! Geraldo, dashing debonair maestro with that Cuban look in his flashing eyes, is—be brave, ladies, and hear the news with fortitude—an Englishman! Gerald Bright is the lad who looks so picturesque and whose broadcast music is equally colourful.

Mona's Début

During Jack Hylton's recent broadcast a young lady named Mona Brandon made her début before the microphone singing popular songs. On that very day she had called at the Hylton office in the hope of getting an audition.

Jack was in at the time, heard her, and put her in his broadcast show the same evening. She took her big chance and made good. And that day was her birthday—twenty-one summers. One of Jack Hylton's brilliant pianists, Alec Templeton, is totally blind. Jack never announces this fact in case it might hurt Alec's feelings.

Introducing the Twiddleknob Family

by FERRIER

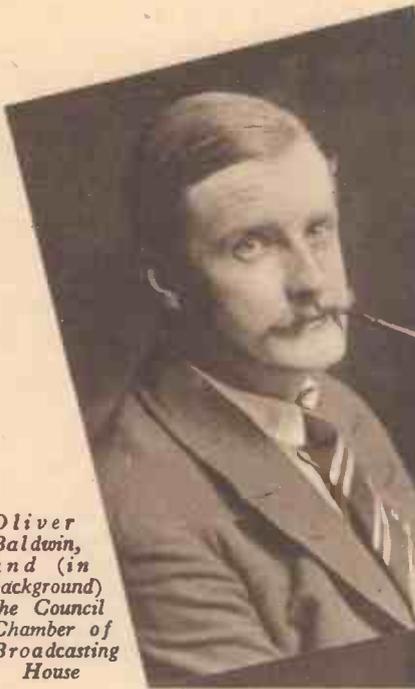


And Here is Adventure Number One . . . It's Father this Time!



If I Were Governor of the B.B.C.

by OLIVER BALDWIN, the B.B.C. Film Critic



Oliver Baldwin, and (in background) the Council Chamber of Broadcasting House



I AM not a devastating critic of the B.B.C. In fact, I have a great admiration for the work it is doing, in giving the public information of what is taking place in our most interesting world.

But because I believe that there is nothing man-made on this earth that cannot be bettered, I will record a few things which have struck me during my many years association with them as a reader of short stories, an actor in their plays, and as film critic.

I am not satisfied that two sides are always given to questions of the day.

Behind those responsible for the programmes seems to lurk a little coterie of old women who are frightened to death of being unorthodox. Now, it is quite understandable that people cling to tradition. But when they tack on to an entirely new form of artistic expression the prejudices of the Victorian age, I become somewhat irritated.

In the question of politics, for instance. I should allow any party that is represented in the House of Commons to lay their views before the public, for it must never be forgotten that listeners are not forced to turn on their radios. Provided they are not given too much of one subject, it can do no one any harm to have his mind enlarged on such an important science as politics.

There is nothing worse for the individual than to go through life without ever having the chance of rubbing two opposing ideas together and drawing his own conclusion; or merely to inherit his opinions from a past age that is in no way comparable to the present one.

Why, for instance, are Spiritualists, Christian Scientists, and other more or less unorthodox churches with large followings not allowed to broadcast their views?

And, why, when we have listened to an account of the training of wild animals for the circus, can we not hear the point of view of the man who holds that such training cannot be accomplished without great cruelty? It seems as if there is a definite though unpublished B.B.C. point of view on controversial subjects that must at all costs be put over the air.

If I were governor, I should pay particular attention to this question and try to give the other side an equal opportunity of expressing their point of view.

Now, Sunday programmes. It seems to me

that our old-fashioned habit of compulsory church-going is still with the powers that be, and the evening broadcasts are too taken up with church music and sermons as a result.

If Sunday is to be a day of reflection, I should like us to be able to reflect as much on the world we know as the future one. And to that end I should like to hear H. G. Wells, Bernard Shaw, Cyril Joad, and Bertrand Russell for a change.

The reason for the high appointments going to retired naval and military officers has never been explained to the public, and I should have the greatest pleasure in entrusting the control of broadcasting to those who know something of entertainment value rather than those who have merely been used to commanding men in battle. The B.B.C. should not be an adjunct of officialdom, but a vehicle for the expression of art, interest and news, impartially given forth to our very great audiences who hold equally great divergent views.

Iwould strive, as governor, to abolish the atmosphere of the parade ground that is so apparent in the B.B.C. to-day. You may be able to get efficient administration by military methods, but you will never bring the best out of artists by those methods.

The most entertaining part of the programme should be between 6.30 and 9.30 p.m., when the working man has finished

his tea and has time to rest. He will then have half an hour to visit his friends round the corner before closing-time.

The B.B.C. of to-day tends to give out the attitude that it does not very much care whether its programmes are liked or not. Nor even whether people are listening or not. This is probably a reaction from the early days when everyone was over-familiar with their audience and were Uncle This or Aunt That.

I should try to find out from my listeners what they really want. I know this would take a long time, but I feel it would pay in the long run. And the programmes, if not better, would be more appreciated as a result.

The atmosphere of the B.B.C. seems to engender a kind of county council atmosphere, instead of a large studio existing for the sole purpose of entertainment.

The reason seems to be that officials have an idea that the B.B.C. must possess some special dignity of its own. They are, therefore, keen that all those who talk must be men of reputation, unblemished lives, and academic qualifications.

This dignity business is entirely artificial. It comes from a superior attitude of mind, a nature completely lacking what is known as the common touch; that is, the ability to talk to all kinds of people on a level, being neither arrogant nor submissive, neither patronising nor ludicrous.

Because it is so difficult to think out new items for the programmes, it is essential that the entertainment side be free from administrative interference. The programme department must be allowed a free and unfettered choice of both subject and artist or speaker. I should issue an invitation to every extreme critic of my organisation, if I were governor. I would get him to give his views on what kind of programme he likes, and let him state his reasons for disliking what he has been getting.

If one could only stir up enough enthusiasm about improving programmes, one would be pretty certain of finding out the perfect type.

Finally, I should alter the idea that my entertainment staff's sole qualifications should be a certain type of accent and a certain type of schooling.

I should endeavour to know my staff personally, and expect them to be able to come to me whenever they wished, to discuss a grievance or suggest an idea.

I should strive to turn the B.B.C. into a team of enthusiasts like you find in any film studio or theatrical company—instead of being a Miss Pinkerton to a very respectable cross between that good lady's Academy and the junior division of the O.T.C. . . . if I were governor!

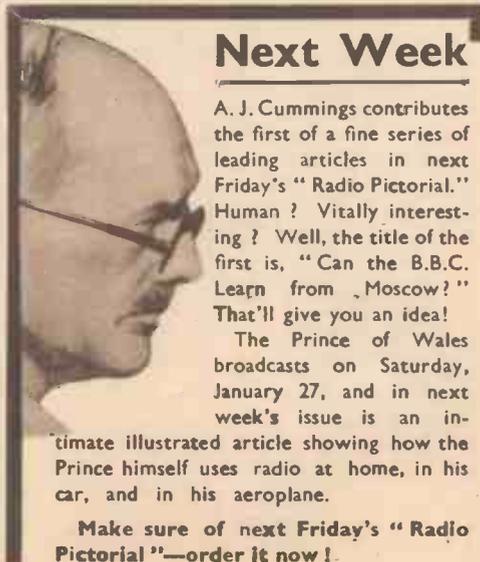
Oliver Baldwin

Next Week

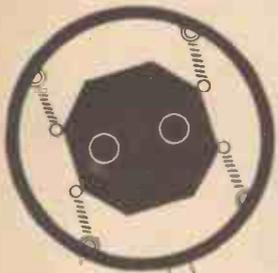
A. J. Cummings contributes the first of a fine series of leading articles in next Friday's "Radio Pictorial." Human? Vitaly interesting? Well, the title of the first is, "Can the B.B.C. Learn from Moscow?" That'll give you an idea!

The Prince of Wales broadcasts on Saturday, January 27, and in next week's issue is an intimate illustrated article showing how the Prince himself uses radio at home, in his car, and in his aeroplane.

Make sure of next Friday's "Radio Pictorial"—order it now!



"ARE YOU LISTENING..."



This composite picture gives you a fine idea of Harry Roy in action. On the left Harry is caught in a lively attitude at the mike, while facing him are Ivor Moreton and Bill Currie, the two vocalists of the popular May Fair Orchestra.

"ARE you Listening?" is the catch phrase which Harry Roy has made popular all over the country. When Bill Currie comes to the microphone to announce the song titles and to say "Are you still listening?" you know, even before the announcement is finished, that it is Harry Roy's band on the air. Harry is one of the "fathers" of dance music in this country, and was the saxophonist in the first hot rhythm orchestra at the Cafe de Paris in 1926. The ever-popular Ambrose returned to the Embassy Club in 1933 and Harry Roy took his place at the May Fair Hotel, at which microphone he broadcasts regularly

PLAN your WEEK'S *Listening in Advance*

NATIONAL

SUNDAY (Jan. 21).—A Religious Service, relayed from All Hallows' Church, Barking.

A "sky pilot" who has gained renown in another field will be heard in the National broadcast of this service from All Hallows, Barking-by-the-Tower, London. He is the Rev. P. B. Clayton, Founder Padre of Toc H, when Toc H (Talbot House) began in the Ypres salient in 1915. He has toured the Empire, the United States, South America, Persia, the Gold Coast, and Nigeria on behalf of Toc H.

MONDAY.—Berlin Philharmonic Concert.

TUESDAY.—The Kentucky Minstrels, a Black-faced Minstrel Show.

WEDNESDAY.—*Trent's Last Case*, a Play by E. C. Bentley.

THURSDAY.—Variety Programme.

FRIDAY.—Instrumental Concert.

SATURDAY.—Music-hall Programme.

LONDON REGIONAL

SUNDAY.—Symphony Concert.

MONDAY.—From One Band to Another, a programme of Contrasted Dance Music.

TUESDAY.—Liverpool Philharmonic Concert.

WEDNESDAY.—The Kentucky Minstrels, a Black-faced Minstrel Show.

THURSDAY.—Robert Burns, a celebration of the 175th anniversary of his birth, relayed from the Western House, Ayr.

FRIDAY.—Songs from the Shows, New Series, No. 22, Drury Lane Theatre, feature programme.

SATURDAY.—Oxford University versus Chicago University, a Transatlantic Debate.

The subject of this debate is "Resolved, that the profit motive be eradicated." The Chicago students will speak in the affirmative and the Oxford students in the negative. Mr. Vernon Lyon and Mr. Wells Burnette represent Chicago, and Mr. John Cripps and Mr. David Lewis are the Oxford representatives. Mr. Lewis is a Rhodes scholar from Canada and Mr. Cripps is a son of Sir Stafford Cripps.

MIDLAND REGIONAL

SUNDAY.—A Light Orchestral Concert, relayed from Leamington.

MONDAY.—Three Short Plays: *The Drawback*, by Maurice Baring; *The Monkey's Paw*, by W. W. Jacobs; and *Five Birds in a Cage*, by Gertrude Jennings.

TUESDAY.—Instrumental Concert, relayed from Cheltenham Spa.

WEDNESDAY.—String Orchestral Concert.

THURSDAY.—Orchestral Concert, relayed from the Town Hall, Birmingham.

FRIDAY.—Dancing Round Europe, a programme of dance music, relayed from Nottingham.

SATURDAY.—A Popular Concert, relayed from the Central Hall, Walsall.

WEST REGIONAL

SUNDAY.—Religious Service, relayed from Portland Methodist Church, Bristol.

This service will be relayed from Portland Methodist Church, Bristol, when the address will be given by the Rev. R. F. Atkinson. This church, which is known as the "Chapel on the Hill," is the oldest Wesleyan Chapel in Bristol.

MONDAY.—A Programme of the Music of Liza Lehmann.

In this programme the artists will be Mary Maddock (soprano), Esther Coleman (contralto), Francis Russell (tenor), and Kenneth Ellis (bass).

TUESDAY.—*Y Chwarel (The Quarry)*, in drama and story; feature programme.

Two one-act plays by T. Rowland Hughes



Pick your programmes! Here is the B.B.C. National programme for the day being posted on the notice-board in the artists' foyer of Broadcasting House. Complete programmes and rehearsals for the day are indicated

will be given in this programme. The first, *Pum Munud* ("Five Minutes"), takes place in a "heading" in a Caernarvonshire quarry, and the second, *Yr Hogyn Drug*, is based on one of the late T. Rowland Hughes' stories. As an interlude between the two plays, Miss Kate Roberts will read one of her own short stories, entitled "To-day and To-morrow."

WEDNESDAY.—Chine: Orchestral Concert.

THURSDAY.—Burns Night Celebrations at the Cardiff Caledonian Society's Dinner, relayed from the City Hall, Cardiff.

Ian Hay will be the guest of the Cardiff Caledonian Society at this dinner in honour of the 175th anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns. A relay will be taken from the City Hall, Cardiff, when West Regional listeners will hear Ian Hay replying to the toast of "The Immortal Memory." Scottish songs will also be relayed.

FRIDAY.—Caneuon Hela (Hunting Songs; choral programme).

SATURDAY.—*The Play Evolves*, a dramatic survey by Ifan Kyrle-Fletcher of the Theatre in the West Region.

NORTH REGIONAL

SUNDAY.—A Roman Catholic Service, relayed from St. Werburgh's, Chester.

Although it is dedicated to the patroness of the city, the present church was opened so late as 1875, by Cardinal Manning, to take the place of a little chapel in Queen Street. The present rector, the Very Rev. M. Canon Hayes, is to give the address on the occasion of the broadcast; his subject will be "The Importance and Necessity of Prayer." The organist of St. Werburgh's is H. Seconde, and the choirmaster J. Cunningham.

MONDAY.—Orchestral Concert.

TUESDAY.—The Liverpool Philharmonic Society's Concert, relayed from the Central Hall, Liverpool.

WEDNESDAY.—Orchestral Concert.

This concert, arranged by the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, is to be relayed to North Regional listeners from the Central Hall, Liverpool. A German guest conductor, Carl Schuricht (formerly conductor of the Ruhl Choral Union, Frankfort-on-Main, and chief town-conductor of Wiesbaden) is to conduct the Philharmonic Orchestra, which will play Beethoven's Overture to *Egmont*, Symphony No. 1 in C minor, by Brahms; Variations and Fugue on a Beethoven theme by Reger; and Richard Strauss's tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration." Mr. Lawrence

Haward, who is to give the Programme Reflections during the interval, is Curator of the Manchester Art Gallery; not only an authority on art and music, he is a noted connoisseur of food and wine.

THURSDAY.—Variety Programme, relayed from the Empire Theatre, Middlesbrough.

FRIDAY.—Orchestral Concert.

SATURDAY.—"Beckside Chronicles," by Zachariah Briggus, Series 2, No. 2, Domino.

SCOTTISH REGIONAL

SUNDAY.—A Religious Service, relayed

from St. Peter's Roman Catholic Church, Edinburgh.

MONDAY.—Come Back to Erin, a programme of Irish music.

TUESDAY.—An Excerpt from "1934," relayed from the Empress Playhouse, Glasgow.

WEDNESDAY.—Orchestral Concert.

THURSDAY.—Robert Burns, a celebration of the 175th anniversary of his birth, relayed from the Western House, Ayr.

FRIDAY.—Orchestral Concert.

SATURDAY.—Songs from the Shows, New Series, No. 22, Drury Lane Theatre.

BELFAST

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

MONDAY.—A Song Recital.

TUESDAY.—Orchestral Concert.

WEDNESDAY.—*Trent's Last Case*, a play by E. C. Bentley, from London.

THURSDAY.—Variety Programme, from London.

FRIDAY.—*Trailers*, a revue of previews in satire and burlesque, by Kyle Hall.

SATURDAY.—*What's in a Name?* A County Down comedy by Harry Sinton Gibson.

Dance Music of the Week

Monday	Jack Jackson and his Band (Dorchester Hotel).
Tuesday	Lew Stone and his Band (Café Anglais).
Wednesday	Roy Fox and his Band (Kit-Cat Club).
Thursday	The B.B.C. Dance Orchestra, directed by Henry Hall.
Friday	Harry Roy and his Band (May Fair Hotel).
Saturday	Ambrose and his Embassy Club Orchestra (broadcasting from the B.B.C. Studios).

SUNDAY (JANUARY 21)

Toulouse (335.2 m.).—Dance Music	11.15 p.m.
Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Cadillac Concert	11.0 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Concert and Dance Music	8.15 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Orchestral Concert of Dance Music by Robert de Kers and his Cabaret Kings	5.0 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Light Music	5.0 p.m.
Vienna (506.8 m.).—Concert by the Radio Orchestra	9.5 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—"Boccaccio," Operetta (Suppé)	7.15 p.m.
Breslau (312.8 m.).—Light Music	9.30 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Afternoon Concert	3.0 p.m.
Barcelona (274 m.).—Orchestral Music	6.0 p.m.
Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—"The Mainburg Official," Operetta (Snaga)	7.5 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Concert relayed from the Conservatoire, Paris	3.0-5.0 p.m.
Cracow (304.3 m.).—Popular Music on Gramophone Records	1.25 p.m.
Warsaw (1,304 m.).—Light Music	6.50 p.m.
Paris (Poste Parisien) (312.8 m.).—Dance Music	10.30 p.m.
Fécamp (225.9 m.).—Light Music	2.0 p.m.

MONDAY

Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Orchestral Concert	5.0 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Concert	5.0 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Symphony No. 4 (Beethoven)	8.0 p.m.
Breslau (312.8 m.).—Humorous Programme	6.0 p.m.
Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Djer Kiss Recital	1.30 a.m. (Tues.)
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Variety Programme	7.0 p.m.
Barcelona (274 m.).—Orchestral Music	9.40 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—"Le Chemineau"—Lyric Drama (Richepin), Music by Leroux	8.30-10.30 p.m.
Cracow (304.3 m.).—Gramophone Records	6.24 p.m.
Warsaw (1,304 m.).—Dance Music from the Oaza Café	9.0 p.m.
Paris (Poste Parisien) (312.8 m.).—Gala Concert	8.55 p.m.

TUESDAY

Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Orchestral Concert of Belgian Music	5.0 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Programme of Light Music	5.0 p.m.

Leading Foreign Programmes of the Week

Munich (405.4 m.).—Light Music from Leipzig	9.45 p.m.
Breslau (312.8 m.).—Afternoon Concert	3.0 p.m.
Barcelona (274 m.).—Opera Transmission	10.10 p.m.
Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Orchestral Concert	8.0 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—English Gramophone Records	9.30 p.m.
Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—"Mozart on the way to Prague"—Play with Music by Mozart	7.5 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Dance Music	6.30-7.30 p.m.
Cracow (304.3 m.).—Gramophone Records	2.40 p.m.
Warsaw (1,304 m.).—Jazz for Two Pianos	3.55 p.m.
Paris (Poste Parisien) (312.8 m.).—New Gramophone Records	1.30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY

Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Orchestral Concert of Dance Music	5.0 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Musical Programme. Extracts from "Falstaff" (Verdi)	5.0 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—New Dance Hits on Gramophone Records	5.30 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Concert	4.50 p.m.
Breslau (312.8 m.).—Concert of Light Music	9.45-11.0 p.m.
Barcelona (274 m.).—Orchestral Concert	9.10 p.m.
Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Eva Taylor	5.0 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Relay of an Opera	7.0 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Orchestral Concert from the Café Grand Kléber	10.30 p.m.
Cracow (304.3 m.).—Italian Operatic Music	4.20 p.m.
Warsaw (1,304 m.).—Celebrity Records	7.0 p.m.
Paris (Poste Parisien) (312.8 m.).—Orchestral Concert	12.5 p.m.

HOT from the STUDIOS

Maurice Elwin, the famous broadcasting and recording singer, uses a doctor's stethoscope when teaching pupils to sing. He says it enables singers to appreciate resonance.

Teddy Brown is reducing—official! He has taken off two pounds by judicious diet. Two more pounds and you will never recognise him!

If, for any unknown reason, Elsie Carlisle does not broadcast with Ambrose, countless thousands of listeners write and telephone asking the reason why. Such is popularity!

Harry Roy was offered an "Eddie Cantor" part in a West End show with George Robey. But he would not forsake the band business for the spot focus. Harry is acknowledged the greatest of all showman-leaders.

Sam Browne, crooner with Ambrose's Orchestra, used to be a drummer. His rise to microphone eminence is due to the steadiness of his voice and its pleasing timbre. He is one of the most recorded vocalists to-day.

Cec. Morrison (Australia's "Henry Hall") writes "From close observation of different countries there seems to be a tendency on the part of government owned stations to educate the people instead of entertain them." Maybe!

Ennis (Mrs. Jack) Hylton, touring with her own band, has no help from her husband. She books engagements, finances, publicises, and manages her own band business. The result of this courageous lady's enterprise is the constant employment of fourteen musicians, a company of twenty performers, a stage manager, an assistant manager, and a house manager.

Al Bowly, crooner with Lew Stone's Band, does not copy Bing Crosby. But he has the same artistic expression and charm in putting his songs over, which made Bing famous throughout the world.

Bing Crosby, America's greatest radio crooner, will make his appearance at the London Palladium in July. We are certain that many husbands in London will go home and find the fire out and the plates still in the kitchen sink!

THURSDAY

Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Orchestral Concert of Light Music	5.0 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Orchestral Concert	5.0 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Transmission for All German Stations: Symphony No. 9 in D minor (Beethoven)	8.0 p.m.
Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Amos 'n Andy	12 midnight
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Time Signal and Dance Music	9.0 p.m.
Breslau (312.8 m.).—Concert	4.50 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Light Music	9.55-11.0 p.m.
Barcelona (274 m.).—Trio Music	9.55 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Chamber Music	6.30 p.m.
Warsaw (1,304 m.).—Popular Orchestral Concert	7.35 p.m.
Madrid, EAQ (30 m.).—Dance Music	12.30 a.m. (Fri.)
Paris (Poste Parisien) (312.8 m.).—Gala Concert	8.20 p.m.

FRIDAY

Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Orchestral Concert	5.0 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Gramophone Records	5.0 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Light Orchestral Concert	3.0 p.m.
Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Marine Band	8.0 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Gramophone Music	5.0 p.m.
Deutschlandsender (1,571 m.).—Light Music	6.0 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Dance Suite	8.0 p.m.
Breslau (312.8 m.).—Light Music	9.50-11.30 p.m.
Barcelona (274 m.).—Cello and Piano Recital	10.10 p.m.
Heilsberg (291 m.).—"Mother Earth" (Kaun) for Soloists, Choir, and Orchestra	7.5 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Light Orchestral Music	1.5-2.0 p.m.
Warsaw (1,304 m.).—Concert by the Warsaw Philharmonic Orchestra	7.15 p.m.
Athlone (531 m.).—Orchestral Music	9.30 p.m.
Paris (Poste Parisien) (312.8 m.).—Orchestral Concert with Violin Concerto (Mozart)	8.10 p.m.

SATURDAY

Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Orchestral Concert	5.0 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Dance Music	5.0 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Dance Music	9.35 p.m.
Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Metropolitan Opera	6.55 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—"Cello Recital	7.45 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Concert	4.50 p.m.
Barcelona (274 m.).—French Orchestral Music	9.40 p.m.
Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—Variety Programme	7.5 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Concert of Mandoline and Choral Music	8.30-10.30 p.m.
Warsaw (1,304 m.).—Piano and Song Recital of Polish Music	8.20 p.m.
Paris (Poste Parisien) (312.8 m.).—Dance Music	9.5 p.m.

The special music composed by Victor Hely-Hutchinson for the last production of *Antony and Cleopatra* in 1930 is to be given again at the coming performance of *Antony and Cleopatra*, the second Sunday Shakespeare performance. February 11 is the date of the National broadcast.

I want MORE RADIO PLAYS

Says VAL GIELGUD in an exclusive interview with Whitaker Wilson

Eric Maschwitz. Before that, though, I had done a goodish bit of acting, some of it with my brother John. I played in Fagan's Repertory quite a lot. At the beginning of 1929—on January 1, to be exact—I became Dramatic Director at Savoy Hill.

"I have written a good deal that way, but my first to be published was *Black Gallantry*, in 1928. I have always been keen on military history; it is one of my hobbies, as a matter of fact. My novel *Gathering of Eagles* is a story of the retreat of Napoleon from Moscow. *Imperial Treasure* was a story of Siberia. *The Broken Man* was another of mine."

"Your radio plays I know. As a matter of fact, I followed *Red Tabs*, when you revived it a few weeks ago, with the copy in front of me."

"It's not a good play, really."

"I don't agree with you. I think it is."

"All right. Have it your own way! My reason for reviving it was that I wanted to prove one thing only: that a debate—that is all it is, really—can be dramatised for radio presentation."

"I think you did prove it, but what about your stage plays?"

"I have written several which have been produced—by Sunday Players, chiefly. *Self* and *Chinese White* are amongst them. There's another on the way called *I May be Old-fashioned*. It will be produced by repertory players."

"What made you give up all connection with Light Entertainment?"

"Because it is one man's job to look after it. It is another man's job—certainly not the same man—to see to the dramatic and serious side. I was very pleased when I found Eric was so willing to take it on and make a success of it."

"Any new views to give me regarding plays?"

"Not new ones. I have never changed my opinion regarding them. You know as well as I that radio comedy is difficult to write."

"I believe in comedy, of course, but I believe it when I see it, which is not often. It is the same old question of the radio audience being the smallest in the world."

Another exclusive interview
in "Radio Pic." next Friday

A theatre with one lonely person for an audience. It is no good giving him the sort of humour that demands a full theatre for its appreciation."

"And you are still as keen on historical plays as ever?"

"Of course. I have found out that people like plays about someone who really lived. I am presenting twelve new plays in 1934 to set against the twelve revivals in 1933. The revivals were a success. I have every indication of it."

"You still want plays, of course?"

"I always want plays."

"Dangerous thing to say in print, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know. I may get forty instead of thirty a week, but someone may write something worth producing. If you are going to say that in print you might add, for my sake, that I do not want plays that have been wandering round the West End theatres

VAL GIELGUD and I are the best of friends.

So I rang him up at the B.B.C. the other day and told him I wanted to see him officially. I told him it was for a special interview exclusive to RADIO PICTORIAL and that he would have to be on his best behaviour!

I found him greatly disturbed over the loss of his favourite pipe. He declared he had left it on another man's desk, a long way from where we were. His secretary obligingly offered to go and retrieve it. In a few minutes she returned and said it wasn't there. He was equally sure it was, and then found he had put it in his drawer.

Having settled this momentous question he inquired what I wanted.

"Something about your life. I suppose I had better begin by asking how old you are?"

"Thirty-three."

"Good heavens—a mere kid. Where were you at school?"

"Rugby."

"And after that?"

"Trinity, Oxford. I was in the British Army for six months."

"How could you have been?—er—I don't mean to say I don't believe you, of course . . . but—well, how old were you then?"

"Just eighteen. I just managed to get a commission in the Grenadier Guards at the end of the War. It was probably one of the last commissions obtained by anyone."

"Well, what did you do then?"

"Variety."

"Variety of what?"

"Stage variety. Then I did a bit of sub-editing."

"What sort?"

"A comic paper, of all things."

"You amaze me."

"I thought I should. I was private secretary to a member of Parliament for some time."

"When did you join the B.B.C.?"

"In May, 1928, I became assistant to

and have been rejected. They are not likely to be successes as radio plays. People seem to think anything is good enough to broadcast. *It isn't*. Humour must be delicate, not broad.

"Broad humour is no good to me. If I make the lonely man sit and chuckle in his chair, I have given him a good entertainment."

"And that is what I am out to do."

"Mind you, Val, I think half the trouble is that people don't listen."

"I know, but it is my job to compel them to listen. One of my greatest fears is the man who washes the dog and tries to listen to a play at the same time. He wouldn't do it at a theatre. He listens attentively there because he has paid to do so."

"You say you are doing twelve new plays this year. Are you going to do any revivals?"

"Certainly. In the summer, probably."

Val Gielgud is fairly tall—nothing like the height of Eric Maschwitz, of course—with dark hair, short moustache and beard. He is alive and quick in his decisions.

Val is a hard worker.

He says he is at his best between midnight and dawn. He reads everything he can lay his hands on, military history holding out a sort of fascination to him. He is a student of crime and deeply interested in the Dreyfus Case.

I should imagine the gentleman is rather extravagant. His clothes give me that impression.

Also the quality of his cigarettes. Val never offers me a "gasper." He wears a monocle on occasions, though I am not certain what the occasions are. He has a touch of the Oxford accent which must be more or less natural to him because he does not lose it in moments of excitement.

He is a good talker, but is always ready to listen.

He never misses a point in rehearsal. He has his secretary by his side at all final rehearsals. The slightest thing wrong and he remarks on it while she takes note of the passage. He then goes down to the studios and reads out her notes, but it is rare for him to interrupt a rehearsal if he can possibly let it go on. While he is producing a play, nothing else in the world matters.

That play means everything to him until the last line has gone into the air.

That is how I see Val Henry Gielgud.

Christopher Stone—our GRAMOPHONE CRITIC on—

RECORDS *I like to* BROADCAST

A SCHOOL FRIEND of mine went out to India to make his fortune and stayed there for fifteen years, during which time we corresponded at long intervals. He married a beautiful wife. When at last he came home the moment came for me to meet his wife about whom I had heard so much.

She was even more charming and beautiful than I expected; but when she saw me she was terribly disappointed. Judging by the photographs of my head and shoulders that stood on her husband's table she had always visualised me as being at least six foot three in height.

Whereas . . .

Certainly my shoulders are very broad.

They need to be.

Many of the rollicking hours that I spend during the year in one or other of the two cabins at Broadcasting House which are allotted to the announcers, the more hum-drum talkers and me, for the news, the stale news, and the "there's just time for another gramophone record," are sheer waste of time if I am to believe some of the correspondents who think that I need their chastisement.

"Why waste our patience with those dreary classics?" alternates with "Must we have so much of that terrible jazz?" and only an occasional pen wavers to write "Do people really like those awful old-fashioned ballads?"

Everyone who broadcasts at all regularly, or rather who survives the ordeal of broadcasting for any length of time, develops a skin like a rhinoceros and shoulders like mine.

The other night when I went to Broadcasting House I found that someone had jammed the great swinging doors at the entrance under the funny statue, and was given to understand that the damage had been done by a well-known broadcaster who had burst through them in a hurry.

It was simply that his skin had become so tough and his shoulders so broad through constant broadcasting that he could no longer get through a single door even sideways and that he did not feel the impact as he breached the vast portals.

Personally, I wear a thickly padded overcoat and crash helmet till I have passed the various two-foot wide and two-ton heavy swing doors in Broadcasting House and have reached the cultured seclusion of the gramophone cabin. There in security and shirt-sleeves I wait for the red light to flicker and slowly recover my equanimity breathing stertorously into the microphone.

Then the programme begins, and while the records are being played I look through my correspondence, if I am alone, and wonder what I have done to deserve it. Brickbats and bouquets (sometimes brickbats hidden in bouquets) rain on to my mind as I open the envelopes and read the contents.

How often have I had to interrupt the reading of a letter from some friendly out-of-work begging for cheerful records and lots of brass bands in order to put on the next record on my programme which is a lugubrious German song, probably about damp woods and desperation? How often does some dear

old lady plead for relief from that eternal jazz rubbish in a letter that I am reading while I announce Harry Roy's latest ebullience?

The whole *raison d'être* of the gramophone record is that it gives you what you want when you want it and gives you nothing that you don't want and don't choose for yourself.

At this moment while I am working under the perfect conditions of a quiet house, a warm room, an E.M.G. Mark XA towering above me close at hand and Electrocolor needles to give exactly the right volume of sound, I have been listening to a programme of my own choosing: to Ravel's Quartet played by the Leners, to the new album of *The Sorcerer*, with Derek Oldham and George Baker and Stuart Robertson and the other H.M.V. Savoyards in fine form; to Cortot playing the Chopin ballads, one after another; to the superb new records of *Rosenkavaliere* that last for only about an hour and a half and are rich to a surfeit with the voices of Lotte Lehmann, Elisabeth Schumann, Maria Olszewska, and Richard Mayr; and now, as the fire shows signs of dying down, to the exquisite playing of César Franck's Quartet by the Pro Arte team with ethereal pianissimos that are like swansdown to the ear.

But I could not broadcast a programme like that. Few indeed would be the

listeners who would happen to be in the sympathetic mood at just the same time. Nor should I be myself in all probability. To-morrow night it may be Flotsam and Jetsam, Gracie Fields, Norman Long, Harry Tate, and Leslie Holmes who will entertain me, and I may spend quite a happy hour playing record after record of "The Last Round-Up" or "Close Your Eyes" or "The Symphony of the Breeze."

I like the story of the lady who went into the American record store the other day bringing a friend who, she said, had never heard "The Last Round-Up." She asked if they would mind playing over the record for her friend. The salesman was so surprised that he said "Why, Lady, where have you been?"

It turned out that she had been out on a ranch for several months, so hadn't heard anything.

Just so, whenever I broadcast a record of a tune the very name of which makes me dizzy with boredom I console my conscience with the thought that somewhere someone is listening who has never heard it before and will think it perfectly delightful, the best of all records in the programme.

Such is optimism—or perhaps the outcome of short sight, thick skin, and broad shoulders.

When you hear Christopher Stone's friendly voice on the microphone announcing new records, you may wonder how he makes his choice of records and what records he would really like to broadcast if given an absolutely free choice. In this article he gives you the answers himself.



AT the beginning of this last September I was spending a long week-end with some friends of mine who live near Ascot.

He's a member of a big firm of underwriters. Not that it matters in the least what he does for a living, but I just mention it—and in case you don't know what an underwriter is you've only to look at the end of your insurance policy and you'll find a list of seven names applied with a rubber stamp.

Those are underwriters, and they are the unfortunate individuals who have to fork out when you make a claim. Incidentally, I can't help thinking that on occasions like the fifth of November underwriters must feel rather overwrought.

All the same, I must admit that my friend seems to thrive on taking these appalling risks.

I've called it a long week-end because I was staying till Tuesday morning.

Well—after we'd gone up to bed on the Monday night I saw a glare in the sky and actual smoke and flames appearing over some trees about half a mile off.

I felt a bit of a brute, but I went along to my host's room and said, "I hate to talk shop, but there's a perfectly good house on fire functioning quite close to. Don't you think something ought to be done about it?"

He came dashing back to my room and looked out of the window, and then he said, "Lor, that must be the Stimsons'. We shall have to go along and help."

So we all flung on some suitable garments and started off for this place.

It never does to go empty handed to a fire in the country, so we took a ladder with us. By the time we arrived on the scene they'd given up trying to put the fire out as a bad job. There wasn't any water.

They were merely trying to save what furniture and so on they could. The lawn was already strewn with a somewhat embarrassing array of one thing and another, and as the staircases had both gone we propped up our ladder against a first floor window and carried on the good work till the roof fell in.

After that we left the various fire brigades in charge and took the inmates of the house

right for about thirty-six hours, but then I start dropping off at odd moments.

The trouble was that they were expecting me at the B.B.C. at 10.15 to tell you about the "19 Club."

I changed and had a light dinner at home and slept solidly all the way to the studios.

They were awfully good when I arrived—they plied me with strong black coffee in the canteen and it kept me going just long enough to tell my story, and then I fell asleep in front of the microphone.

Colonel Brand looked in and shook me, and said: "If you don't mind waiting a few minutes I'll give you a lift home."

Apparently there was a party of people whom he was going to drop on the way, but they weren't quite ready to start. They were being shown the control room first.

Presently he came along with these people and we all piled into his car. It was a bit of a squash as we were seven up, so I sat on the floor and leant back against the knees of some young woman. I'm sure she was



All Joy Ride

back to our place and put them up as best we could. We all turned out of our rooms, but I don't think anyone actually went to bed.

There was a ghastly meal of sandwiches and coffee at about six, and after that I bagged a bathroom and got clean.

Then, after breakfast, we went and inspected the ruins of the house, and such of us as had to came up to Town.

I turned up at my office with the full intention of taking the afternoon off, but when I got there there was what they call a "flap" on; you know, a panic.

It was about something quite futile—panics usually are—but it meant everyone staying till it was over. I didn't get home till after seven, by which time I was dead to the world.

I don't know about you, but I simply cannot do without sleep indefinitely. It's all

delightful, but her knees *were* bony. They very nearly kept me awake.

The next thing I remember was our driving into the courtyard of Queen Anne's Mansions.

There are several entrances to the flats round this courtyard and we stopped at the one in the middle of the right-hand side.

We all got out and then there was a discussion.

These good souls wanted us to go up to their flat and have a drink, and Colonel Brand said he would, and I was just beginning to say I was afraid I couldn't when the hall porter chipped in and said the car couldn't stop where it was. If it was going to be left for any length of time it would have to be parked in the middle of the quad by the fountain.

So our five friends went inside, leaving Colonel Brand and me on the pavement.

I want to make this bit quite clear, if you

don't mind. He moved the car out to the middle—there were several others there, all in a row—and then he came back and said, "Do come up, just for a few minutes, it's only a quarter past eleven," and I said: "Don't think me awfully ungracious, but I'm really not in a fit state. Make my apologies to Mrs. What's-her-name, and for pity's sake let me go on sleeping."

So he said, "All right," and went in, and I went across and got into the car.

It was a bit public there, so in order not to look too much like an exhibit in a glass case, instead of sitting on the seat I arranged myself in my old position, that is to say, on the floor leaning back against the seat, and I closed my eyes once more.

I don't know how long this particular lacuna lasted, but the next thing I was aware of was that we were no longer standing still.

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

desperado from behind with one hand and stopped the car with the other. In actual practice it wouldn't have worked.

To begin with, we were averaging a good forty and meeting stuff which was doing a jolly sight more, so we should have been safe for a head-on, and to my mind a head-on collision, though the quickest, is not the best method of pulling up.

I know because I've tried it. There was another thing, too. Even if we'd had luck and not crashed, and I'd handed my man over to a bobby, he'd have probably got off in the long run by saying he'd only borrowed the car.

So I came to the conclusion that it would be a far better show to sit tight and see where we went. As you probably know, it's the receivers of stolen cars who are the important people to catch.

I huddled down as much out of sight as possible and did my utmost not to doze off, but I'm afraid I must have done because I found some time later we'd left the main road without my knowledge and were going through a whole lot of narrow country lanes.

Finally, after a good long time, on the way up a big hill, we turned in at some gates and stopped. My friend got down and opened the doors of obviously a garage, turned the car round and backed it in.

I decided that the time was still unripe for making my presence known, so I let him switch off the lights and lock up undisturbed.

As soon as his footsteps had died away I got out of the car and had a look round.

At least it wasn't a look round, it was more of a feel round, as it wouldn't have done to show a light.

The garage was a fair size, and there was another car in it, so the gang or what-not had evidently had a good day. The doors were firmly padlocked on the outside, but that wasn't very

serious because the staples the padlock was fastened to were bolted through the doors, with the nuts of these bolts on the inside.

All one had to do was to undo the nuts with a spanner and emerge, which I did.

On my left, as I came out, I could just distinguish the shape of a medium-sized house which clearly belonged to the garage.

I tiptoed down to the drive gates to find out what the house was called, but that was N.B.G. (no *blooming* good) because the gates had just been repainted—they were still wet—and for the moment they hadn't got a name on them at all, so I walked back into the garden and took enough particulars of the house to be able to know it again.

There was a light in one of the ground-floor windows, but the curtains were drawn and one couldn't see in.

However, I'd found the place, and it couldn't run away, so that was all right, but somehow, the more I considered things the more bewildered I got.

One would have expected to be taken to some hive of industry in or near London, with rows of men slapping red paint on to green cars, and blue paint on to grey cars, and altering engine numbers, and so on, but this gentleman's charmingly appointed residence, standing in its own well-timbered grounds, well, it didn't quite fit into the picture, but then things don't always fit into the picture.

All the same, I didn't see the fun of hanging about all night, and I was determined that Brand should have his car back whatever happened, and it was my only means of getting back to London, so it seemed wisest to make certain of the car first.

I went back to the garage and shoved it out.

Fortunately the little bit of drive slipped down to the gates, and the road outside was down-hill, too, so I was able to get in and run something like three hundred yards without starting the engine or making any noise.

I pulled up by the side of the road and thought some more, and the more I thought, the more I jibbed at the idea of going away without being able to identify the man. It seemed so feeble, and while I don't mind doing anything wrong, within reason, I'm blowed if I'll do anything feeble.

There was nothing for it but to go back and ask the way and have a look at his
(Continued on page 23)

He never asked me what I wanted. He simply said: "Glory be! Can you draw a cork?"

We were proceeding along the road at a rate of knots.

This didn't worry me, of course, because it only meant that Colonel Brand had started up without calling me and was running me home, but when we shot across Putney Bridge it was clear that there was something wrong somewhere.

There just aren't any bridges between Queen Anne's Mansions and where I live, so I raised myself up a few inches and took a cautious look forward.

That did give me a surprise if you like, because it wasn't Colonel Brand driving.

It was a much smaller man, in a bowler hat. Well it didn't take me very long to realise that this cove, whoever he was, had walked in and stolen the car without noticing that he'd got me too, and I wished him joy of me.

The question was how best to deal with the situation without spoiling it.

In theory one would have throttled the

The Editor has asked me to say which of my stories is the best - Well - frankly - I can't because I know they are all rotten, but I don't mind admitting that "A Joy Ride," "The 19 Club," "1745" and "My Adventure at Chislehurst" are great fun - To tell -

A. J. Alan

This personal note from A. J. Alan gives you a hint of four stories which will be re-told exclusively in "Radio Pictorial" during the next few weeks



When the dance bands start up the crooners come on the air, and on this page you can see many stars whom you have heard at the microphone to the accompaniment of dance music



One of the most popular crooners who broadcast in this country—Elsie Carlisle



Connie Boswell, the leading member of the famous trio of Boswell Sisters seen in the group above



CROONERS!

HERE is a happy group of radio stars who sing, croon, and play at the microphone, for radio and recording. You will have heard them all on the air or on gramophone records

Immediately after leaving the announcing staff of the B.B.C., Shiela Borrett featured in a variety act of her own composition at a West End restaurant, and is here seen on the stage



Left, Edith Baker, the talented, radio recording star and (above) the famous Boswell Sisters who pioneered the harmony crooning style in America

On the right is Hildegarde, a well-known Continental crooner who has recorded in this country



Eve Becke is a crooner whom you have often heard on the air with broadcast dance bands. She is a comparative newcomer to broadcasting, but has an enormous fan mail



Gertrude Lawrence is a popular microphone star. She is here photographed recording in the H.M.V. studios

The Stars at Home—I

DORIS—and JACK



Jack Payne gets busy in his dressing room before appearing in the show during one of his tours

COME with me to see Mr. and Mrs. Jack Payne—at their charming home in North London.

You'll be met at the door by a rather fierce-looking Alsatian.

But his bark is worse than his bite—to friends of Mrs. Payne!

"Lots of people, including the postman, are afraid of Benjamin," she explains, "but I'm quite sure that he wouldn't hurt anyone—unless anybody were so silly as to try to break into the house. If Benjamin were about then, I wouldn't like to answer for the consequences."

Mrs. Jack Payne is very attractive, dark, and smartly but quietly dressed.

Her friendliness strikes you at once. She is the sort of person who immediately makes you feel at home. Rather quiet, almost unobtrusive, perhaps, until you find out how amazingly easy she is to talk to.

A capable, clever person, you feel.

Directly you go inside her charming drawing-room, you get the impression of a light sunny room, even if the sun doesn't happen to be shining at the moment.

Plain cream-washed walls, flowered chintzes, a lovely patterned Chinese carpet. And one very comfy-looking corner divan, piled high with cushions.

An alcove each side of the tiled fireplace contains cupboards, on top of which stand reading lamps, vases, a little statuette, books.

Altogether a cheerful, comfortable—above all, a homely room.

Jack designed his home himself. Very proud of it he is, too—no wonder.

His business-like methods proved to be rather too much, even for the dilatory habits of builders. He contracted with them to finish by a certain date, and forty men had to be put on the job to finish it in time!

Jack only made one mistake as an architect, according to his wife. Naturally enough, this was the kitchen. She finds it much too small.

The next time Jack builds a house, Doris is going to insist on designing the kitchen herself.

Light and space are the main impressions you get from this essentially modern home.

some oak candelabra hanging in the centre of the room. A pleasant red brick fireplace surrounds a modern electric fire. There is also, of course, a wireless set.

Jack owns no fewer than four!

Their charming bedroom scheme was planned entirely by Mrs. Jack. Plain walls and carpet make an admirable background for curtains and covers of a gay-flowered chintz. The suite is modern and made of walnut—the low dressing-table, with a plain bevelled mirror, is very attractive.

There is Jack's "den"—the room to which he retires when he wants to do some work.

A business-like, practical, masculine room and, curiously enough, very orderly; not the litter of papers and pipes you might expect! Here the furnishings are very simple: a desk a comfortable Windsor armchair, a few books—and large windows.

More light and air!

The garden is Jack's especial pride. All his spare moments are spent in weeding, digging, and planting.

Although there is only an acre of it, it is cleverly laid out, with a rose garden, a pergola, flagged pathways, and low stone walls. One of the features is a low stone bird-bath.

Everyone should have a garden, says Jack. Especially where there are pets. Both Jack and Doris are very keen about their family of pets.

In addition to Benjamin, there is Peter,

a wire-haired terrier. He really is the darling of the household, perhaps because he has lived there longer than the rest. Wherever his master and mistress go, there Peter goes too.

The family also includes Blinkie, the cat, who is coal black, with large green eyes; and Pagan, called Pippin, for short. He is a Peke, with an enormously long pedigree.

Though he is the latest arrival, he is not the less cherished on that account. Mrs. Payne won't hear anything said against Pokes.

Before they possessed Pippin they were rather inclined to think Pokes silly dogs. But now they have completely changed their minds. For intelligence, affection, and charm of personality, they consider that Pippin hasn't an equal.

That's the whole household—except for the two goldfish. Doris bought them for sixpence each, and they are named David and Goliath.

The leader of a band, whose working day generally ends at 2 a.m., has little enough time for home life, you may suppose. And so, naturally enough, once Jack is sitting at ease at his own fireside, nothing on earth will drag him away from it.

He likes nothing better than to change from his eternal dress suit into old knock-about clothes and "potter" about his home and garden.

As often as possible, he plays a game of golf with his wife.

And though he complains that she is rather fond of ordering him about and bullying him about his clothes (she is very particular about his ties!), he is glad at least to be able to boast that he can beat her at golf.

He is frightfully keen on games and anything to do with the out-of-door life. Especially horses and dogs. He rides well and means one day to breed horses—as his father used to.

He has already acquired a farm in Sussex, where he dreams of retiring one day. And is looking forward to forgetting all about his professional career and becoming once again just "plain Mr. Payne."



One of Jack's keenest admirers is Sir Henry Coward. Although his anti-jazz sympathies are well known, he thoroughly enjoys Jack's brand of music

PELMANISM OPENS WIDE THE DOOR TO SUCCESS, PROMOTION AND INCREASED INCOME

IF you had an automobile, but did not know how to drive it, you would still have to walk, or take the common carriers.



In other words, your automobile would not enable you to make the slightest progress.

What About Your Mind?

You have a mind. But do you know how to use it?

Is your mind Pelmanised, so that it will take you where you want to be in life?

Can you rely on yourself for your Success, for an increased income, for greater social pleasures, for an all-round enjoyment of life?

Are you sure you are getting the very most out of your opportunities? Are you sure that each day you accomplish something of your heart's desire? Are you sure you will reach your goal?

If you would answer these questions in the affirmative—Pelmanise.

The Battle Goes to the Pelmanist

No matter what your calling, no matter what your position, Pelmanism will set your feet on the path to Success.

The Path to Success

In the words of Lieutenant-General Lord Baden Powell, "The Chief Scout," "I feel that no man—no matter how educated or what his age, or what his profession—who seriously takes up Pelmanism, can go through it without improving himself to some degree, while to many it will assuredly point a path to successful careers."

Benefit Beyond Computation

Sir Herbert Barker endorses Pelmanism unreservedly. He says, "I am convinced that benefit beyond computation can be secured by all—whether the student be 19 or 90—who will follow the directions given in the Course." And the Baroness Orczy states: "There is not a man or woman living who could not derive some benefit from Pelmanism, and there are thousands—nay, millions—to whom Pelmanism would mean just the difference between a life of mediocrity and disappointment and one of prosperity and triumph."

Smooths Away All Difficulties

All normal men and women want to better themselves, spiritually, mentally, physically, materially. This truth was well expressed recently by Dame Sybil Thorndike, undoubtedly one of the greatest English actresses of all time. Dame Sybil Thorndike has a wonderful

depth of human understanding, which is, certainly, next to her talent, the reason for her prodigious success. She is an enthusiastic Pelmanist and does not hesitate to express herself on this wonderful system of mental training. She says: "We all wish for Success and to be uplifted from the mediocre, but many people grope blindly and never find the key to open the magic door leading to the road.

"Pelmanism, I am convinced, is the 'Open Sesame' that smooths away all difficulties, giving a mental clarity and quality of alertness that sees opportunities and uses them rightly. One of its chief charms is its simplicity."

Know Thyself

Do you know yourself? Probably not. Very few people know themselves, nor have they an inkling of the vast treasure store of abilities that lie dormant in themselves. Every once in a while the world is astonished at the qualities for Success and leadership evidenced by someone of humble origin. Neither your surroundings, nor your education, nor your friends can lift you above the average. You alone can do that.

Depend on yourself for your Success. Learn just what sterling qualities you possess naturally and cultivate them through Pelmanism so that they will serve you all the time, bringing you new victories each day, and crowning your efforts with the Success that is your birthright.

Pelmanism trains your mind and develops your personality.

Pelmanism shows you how to create opportunities for your advancement, and how never to miss a trick in the game of life.

Pelmanism weeds out those mental obstacles that waste your time and energy and prevent your success.

Pelmanists are courageous, cheerful, persevering, self-confident, dependable.

They are bound to succeed.

At Your Own Convenience

A Course in Pelmanism is personal. There are no lectures or classes to attend. No fixed hours. You follow the Course at your own convenience. The instruction is entirely by correspondence. You may regard the Instructors at the Pelman Institute as kind and patient friends, sincerely interested in your progress, and you are free to address them on any problems that may arise. Remember that all correspondence between Pelmanists and the Pelman Institute is strictly confidential.

The best way to judge what Pelmanism can do for you is to read the inspiring book, "The Science of Success" (48 pages illustrated), in which Pelmanists themselves tell of the wonders Pelmanism has worked in their lives.

Here is the coupon. Fill it up and post it to-day to

The Pelman Institute,
79, Pelman House,
Bloomsbury Street, London,
W.C.1.

By return you will receive a copy of this book and full information about the system that has done so much for others and the benefits of which are now obtainable by you.

THE DOOR RECENT LETTERS FROM THE PELMAN MAILBAG

- * A Business Man writes: "The Course has made a new person of me, and has given me a new outlook on life. I have increased my income since taking up the Course." (S 33334)
- * A Lady Clerk writes: "It has increased my Self-confidence. I am more observant and my memory is improved. Since commencing the Course my salary has been increased." (B 34814)
- * A Salesman writes: "I have obtained the position of Managing Salesman, with an increase in salary of 100 per cent., with a possible further increase in a few months' time. I have to thank the Pelman Course." (B 22471)
- * A Shorthand Typist writes: "You may be interested to hear that I have recently had an increase in salary, which I feel sure is due to carrying out my daily task as near as possible to the Pelman method." (E 31124)
- * A Tradesman writes: "General outlook on life much brighter than before. I am much happier. I have made many new and worthy friends. Time used to hang on my hands, but now I could do with all that I have wasted in the past." (D 32357)
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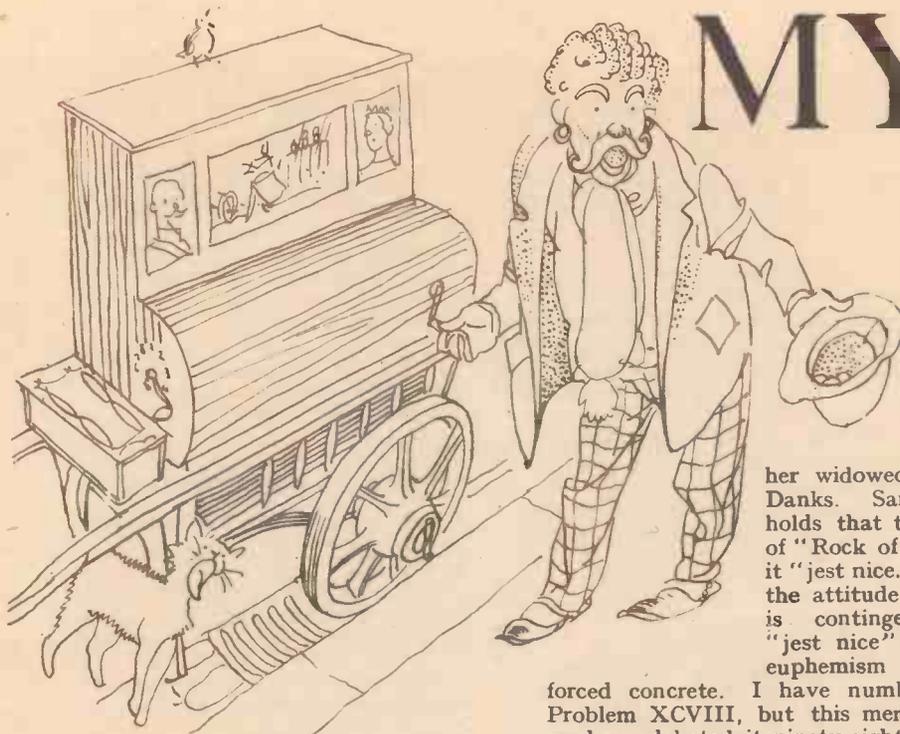
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MY Programme!

by Ashley STERNE

between myself and Sarah Anne, which

her widowed name is Danks. Sarah Anne holds that two verses of "Rock of Ages" do it "jest nice." I take the attitude that this is contingent upon "jest nice" being an euphemism for reinforced concrete. I have numbered this Problem XCVIII, but this merely means we have debated it ninety-eight times.

2.0 RUNNING COMMENTARY on "Men and Things," delivered by Mary Jane as she clears the table and sweeps up the crumbs. This is followed by an Outside Broadcast to the sparrows.

2.15 KING'S ENGLISH

This takes the form of a protracted and acerbous duologue between myself and the girl at the Telephone Exchange. My own notion is that "Sydenham" and "Twickenham" are *not* pronounced alike. Neither are 5555 and 9999. However:

ME: I said Twickenham 9999, not Sydenham 5555.

GIRL: Well, I gave you Sydenham 5555.

ME: But I don't want Sydenham 5555.

GIRL: Excuse me, I never gave you Twickenham 9999.

ME: That's what I'm complaining about.

GIRL: If you'll wait a minute I will change the line. . . . Here is Twydenham 5995.

2.30 NASAL ORGAN RECITAL (BY MYSELF).

Bedroom Suite, "The Sleeping Beauty" . . . *Rightoffsky.*

4.30 "FIRST TIME HERE"

A tout from a recently opened local laundry. A canvasser urging me to change my newspaper from the *Daily* — to the *Daily* —. A demonstrator of a new carpet-sweeper. An itinerant stationer anxious to sell me notepaper and envelopes.

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

In other words, the bath-time of the Stibbins' and Tibbits' respective babies. One long scream. The nursemaids, however, make a mistake, in my opinion, in always telling the same bedtime story. It begins, "If you don't stop that infernal yelling, you noisy little brat —" and concludes with a series of sounds resembling Omar Khayyam's Potter "thumping his wet clay."

6.0 S.O.S.

This actually occurs on Wednesdays only, Wednesday being the charlady's day:

MARY JANE: If you please, sir, there's only half a bottle of beer left.

ME: Thank you, Mary. . . . Give me Twickenham 9595.

You can deduce what happens. Sydenham 9559 is a branch of the Girls' Friendly Society.

8.0 VARIETY

I switch on Daventry National or London Regional, as the case may be. Not that it matters. My set is what experts call "selective" and invariably selects Hilversum (announced Huisen). Unfortunately, I'm not really interested in a talk in Dutch on Peruvian guano. I knob-twiddle the entire evening, but can never shake off Hilversum (announced Huisen).

10.30-12.0 DANCE MIAOWSIC from the Pusscat Club, Rotten Row.

Ashley Sterne

7.30 TIME SIGNAL

This is provided by Mary Jane who, at that hour, dumps upon my bedside table a tray bearing a half-full cup of tepid tea, a half-full saucer of tepid tea, a half-full teaspoon of tepid tea, and one mixed biscuit. If the concomitant clatter fails to wake me, she clubs me on the stomach with the morning newspaper.

7.45 THE DAILY SERVICE

Contributed by the postman. I can only comment that most of his services are, if not absolutely untakable, then wholly unacceptable at all events. The G.P.O. seems to me to exist for no other purpose than to send me publishers' circulars extolling the merits of rival authors' books and heartrending appeals to contribute articles gratis to hospital students' magazines. I usually feel like returning the service.

8.0 BATHROOM MUSIC

ORCHESTRA (conducted by the Metropolitan Water Board).

Water Music . . . *Handel (or, rather, two taps).*

ASHLEY STERNE (*Awfully Base-Baritone*). Song-Cycle, "A Loofah in Damascus"

. . . *Sope Temple.*

(a) Pale hands I laved.

(b) Washman, what of the Knight?

(c) O, dry those ears!

There is also what I may, perhaps, be permitted to call incidental music while I am cleaning my teeth (Reel, "Molar on the Jaw"); likewise while I am shaving ("Whisker, and I shall swear"), and doing my hair ("Parted," *arr. by Herr Brusck*).

8.29 WEATHER FORECAST for an Editor's Labourer.

This comes *via* a banjo-like instrument (which plays little else but "Stormy Weather"), supplied to me by the well-known firm of meteorologists, Signori Regretti and Zambuk. It is played by lightly tapping it with the fingers.

8.30 PROBLEMS OF THE HEARTH AND HOME

XCVIII.—"WHEN IS AN EGG SOFT-BOILED?"

This takes the form of a discussion

9.0 PIANOFORTE RECITAL (by a Perfectly Beastly Child next door).

9.30 "THE FIRST NEWS"

Supplied to Mary Jane and Sarah Anne at the back door by the milkman, the butcher-boy, and the fishmonger. These are usually grossly slanderous reflections upon the financial integrity of my neighbours.

10.0-1.0 INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT

(*from the kerbstone immediately opposite my front gate*).

SIGNOR ALBERTO BISCHETTO (*barrel-organist*).

"The Unfinished Symphony." That is, the remaining bars of the uncompleted piece he was grinding lower down the road before he was moved on. If I spot him in time, I can usually confine his efforts to "The Unbegun Symphony."

"CHRISTOPHER STONE"

Recital of very old and cracked gramophone records upon (I infer) the very first gramophone ever put upon the Caledonian Market. The apparatus is trundled round on what was once a doll's perambulator. Christopher's comments, however, belie his reputation. I have known him to preface "The Blue Danube" with something to the effect that his wife is out of work again and, look where he will, he can't find another job for her; and to follow it by the announcement that all his nine young children are in bed with indigestion.

1.15 Daventry National Programme from next door (THE STIBBINS).

London Regional Programme from the other next door (THE TIBBITSES).

This is what is technically known as a simultaneous broadcast, and maintains all through my lunch-time. The result is not altogether uninteresting. I have discovered, for example, that the simultaneous reception of Reginald New playing "Willow, weep for me" upon his cinema organ and Reginald King and his Boys rendering the "Peer Gynt Suite" sounds exactly like the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra playing one of the less cacophonous works of Arnold Schönberg.

"A Joy Ride" — Continued from page Seventeen

face which I did. I tramped all the way up the hill again to the house and rang the bell. There were still lights on downstairs.

The man himself opened the door, and the moment I saw him I began to have my first doubt as to whether there mightn't have been a mistake somewhere. He didn't look at all the sort of person you'd expect to steal motor cars.

He was between forty-five and fifty, and most friendly. He never asked me what I wanted.

He simply said: "Glory be! Can you draw a cork?"

I said: "Can I draw a cork? Of course I can, don't be ridiculous—Why?"

Then he told me. He said: "We're in a dreadful predicament. I've made £5,000 in the City to-day. We've only one bottle of whisky worthy of the occasion, and I've got a sprained wrist and I can't trust my wife."

I said: "I'm sorry you can't trust your wife, but have you tried knocking the neck of the bottle off?" He said: "My dear man, it's ninety years old, come along," and he took me through into a little smoking-room where he introduced me to his wife.

She was an extremely charming woman in a *négligée* that made even me blink. It fairly took the cake for *négligée*. We said: "How do you do?"

Next they introduced me to the bottle with the cork which refused to be drawn, but it didn't persist in its refusal very long.

When it was safely out we all had some of this gorgeous stuff in liqueur glasses. Do you know, it was impossible to tell it from the finest old brandy.

It was like milk—no, better than milk.

We sort of sat and chatted, and they gave me my position which, by the way, was six miles from Guildford, so I must have just nodded a bit on the way down.

Time went on and I was wondering how on earth to introduce the subject of his being a thief without striking too discordant a note when my eye was caught by an engraving of the Close at Rugby hanging on the wall.

He saw me looking at it, and he said: "Were you there by any chance?" and I said: "Yes."

Then he asked me what house I was in, and I told him, and he said: "Whitelaw's? Were you in Whitelaw's? So was I. That means we shall have to have another." (Quite inevitable, of course.)

Actually it meant more than that. It meant I couldn't run him in whatever he'd done.

Anyway, he poured out another modicum all round of this priceless liquid and we went on swapping lies about the Bodger and Puff and Bull and various other people who are now either bishops or angels until I suddenly caught sight of the time, half-past one.

I jumped up to go, but at first they wouldn't hear of it. Why not stay the night and go up to London in the morning. You've no idea how difficult it was to get away.

It was even more difficult to prevent them from walking down to the car with me, and that really would have been awkward.

We continued to swear undying

friendship until we were too far apart to shout, me feeling no end of a hypocrite, mind you, but when I was safely out of earshot I broke into a brisk trot.

I found the car all right and started back to London.

There was a small village about a mile farther on (I don't know where it was because it didn't say on it), and half-way along the main street of this village there was a cottage which was evidently the police station.

Just as I was getting to it "the" policeman ran out bang in front of me, and he was the largest and fattest policeman I've ever seen.

I had to pull up to avoid running over him, and it wouldn't have done to do that because I hadn't my driving licence with me.

He asked me if I was going past Bolton's Corner. I hadn't the faintest idea, of course, never having heard of the place, but I offered to drive him there if he'd show me the way.

On the way along I asked him: "What's the trouble at Bolton's Corner?" and he explained that some people had broken into a garage and stolen a motor car.

The police were out all over the shop blocking the roads and so on to prevent them getting out of the district. One of the places where they were shoving up a barrier was this Bolton's Corner where we were going to.

This looked cheerful.

Presently we arrived at this place and found an inspector and two constables very industriously rigging up a barricade of scaffold poles. They'd got a small handcart, too, and some red lamps, but it didn't look very impressive.

We stopped and got out, and the inspector came up and thanked me very civilly for having given his man a lift.

He clearly recognised I was respectable and all that, but his instructions were to let no one through.

I said: "That's all right, Inspector, of course, you've got to obey orders, and I like your barrier, but are you quite sure you've chosen the best place for it?"

And I took him back to a little bridge just crossed and said: "There now, that's lovely and narrow; you could hold it against an army."

He quite agreed and they took down all their poles and things from in front of me and solemnly carted them back to this bridge behind me, which only goes to show that there are more ways than one of passing a barrier.

I didn't wait to see what sort of a job they made of it because I was beginning to feel sleepy again.

In fact, my recollections of driving up to Town are distinctly hazy, but I got there somehow or other.

I even managed to park the car with meticulous care in the exact position it had been taken from in Queen Anne's Mansions courtyard.

My first really clear impression was of standing on the running-board and comparing my wrist watch with the clock on the dash. They'd both apparently stopped at half-past eleven.

I thought: "That's funny," and I walked across to the hall porter and asked him what the time was, and he said: "Half-past eleven."

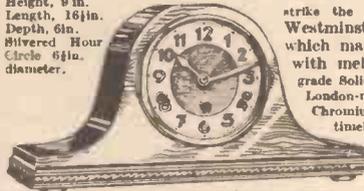
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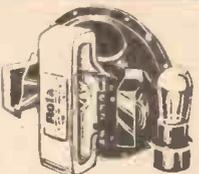
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High-spots of the Programmes



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

a massed production by Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hylton and their Boyses.
Why not do the thing like that?

Some nice heavy stuff withal. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*—always worth hearing—was an excellent idea. Look here, you must cultivate a taste for wireless Shakespeare if you haven't already done so. Good for you. As per advertisement—*The Searchant for Guinnice*. (Sorry about that one.) Makes you think of *The Naming of the Brew*. I think I had better get off the subject!

You probably got a spot of thrill out of Ibsen's *Ghosts*. If you didn't, that's your fault. You can't have listened properly. Anyhow you can help sing, "Tell me, pretty maiden, are there any more at home like you?" because *Florodora* is coming on at the end of the month.

Did you hear *Meet Mrs. Beeton*? Jolly good show. Du Garde Peach is one of our best writers for the microphone. Didn't you love those two imbeciles who proposed to her because her recipes were so good? The old-style Victorian conversation was delicious. My opinion is that we can do with any amount of that sort of satire.

Say what you like, the B.B.C. programmes are definitely improving. Some of our music during the fill-up hours can hold its own with most of what comes from abroad, even in the rush hours. Try one of these "Whither Britain?" talks. You will not be disappointed. People like Winston Churchill and H. G. Wells are worth your while.

SURELY one of the best possible types of broadcasting was that delightful little show called *Vienna* a few days ago?

As a matter of fact, I can tell you a good bit about it. I went to a rehearsal in St. George's Hall and was introduced to the famous conductor, Dr. Julius Bürger.

He might be described as all temperament and virility. His whole body quivers with excitement when he conducts, and he seems to have the happy knack of infusing enthusiasm into everybody concerned.

He worked at an amazing speed and livened up the Wireless Chorus in a way they are not used to. Still, he was very jolly with them and, with his charming broken English, managed to get the maximum out of them.

Some of them were looking at their scores and not at him. I thought he would come down on them for it. He did, in a thoroughly characteristic way.

"Nein, nein. You must look at me," he said. "You know it by heart—isn't it—I mean, don't you?" He joined good-temperedly in the yell of laughter that greeted this.

Of course, mind, you, he is soaked in Viennese music. He understands it in a way we don't over here. That was why the show was so full of atmosphere. Probably you listened to his talk with Eric Maschwitz on the Saturday evening in the *In Town To-night* show.

He undoubtedly proved his point as to how Viennese music should and should not be played. I happened to be taking part in that same show and had a pleasant twenty minutes with Dr. Bürger. We amused ourselves in the studio by improvising Viennese waltzes on two pianos.

I must tell you a joke about him. After the show I went to bid him farewell, as he was leaving for Vienna in a few days' time. I said, "Well, cheerio, doctor. I do hope I shall meet you again some time." "Yah," he said. "Thank you. De same to me!"

These *In Town To-night* shows have justified themselves all right. Eric Maschwitz tells me they are the "very devil" to keep up because they cannot be arranged for ahead. It is getting positively dangerous to be in town on a Saturday evening if you happen to be known to the B.B.C. You get landed for all

sorts of things with very little notice. Something ought to be done about it! Positive menace.

Have you tried your hand at *Who was that?* I'm getting awfully good at it. Guessed most of the first lot. No prizes and no correspondence invited. Shame, I call it.

A nice idea to have had those concerts for British composers. It really is about time we took an interest in our own men, not forgetting our own lady, Dame Ethel Smyth. At one time, if you wanted to make your name in the musical world, you had to wear long hair, look consumptive, grow a beard, and add *ovsky* to your name.

Then you stood some chance. All that, thank goodness, has passed and we are beginning to realise that Englishmen are not so spineless in the musical sense as we thought. The B.B.C. is exploding a good many fallacies, and that is one of them.

Of course, you heard Mrs. Jack Hylton and her Boys. And also Mr. Jack Hylton and his Boys? Then you had better write and demand

IN THE COUNTRY—January 19 By Marion Cran

THIS is the sleeping hour of the year—everything has withdrawn into the fastnesses of earth, into the stillness and the frozen dark until the sap-tide stirs at the call of the sun.

Here and there a winter-blooming flower makes a sweet flash of colour—long yellow berberis which smells like lily-of-the-valley, green spears of the Cambridge blue iris peeping in the rock garden, rosy bells of winter heather or flat white saucers of Christmas roses.

But these are fair and lovely exceptions; in general there is only a sombre brown land wrapped in profound repose.

It is the gay flutter of wild birds seeking the seed-troughs and grated fat, the coconuts and strung peanuts of our bounty, which make movement, colour and gaiety in the garden this week.

The bird-table, just outside a south window, bears a daily pile of seeds (wheat, dari and hemp), breadcrumbs, suet, meat scraps, cooked

potato, currants, nuts and sometimes apple or banana.

To this spread a varied flock hastens; starlings, of course, very greedy and grabbing but beautiful in their glossy, gold-spangled suits; tit mice in plenty, the handsome great tit and pretty tiny blue one, the agile rarer marsh-tit and the cole tit, all keen on fat and nuts.

Here come a shy magpie or two, the great red Carneau pigeons who are amply cornfed twice a day and have no right to come to the wild bird-table at all; greenfinches and rosy chaffinches hunting for the seeds they love.

Now a wagtail or two, linnets in sober winter garb, dunnocks and adorable robins who sing a sweet grace before and after meat; speckled thrushes and golden-billed blackbirds, with their dense, sooty-black plumage.

And among these comes Joe Beckett, the most interesting bird of them all—with his maimed golden bill. He has a story has Joe. . .



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What from



A cheerful snap of Henry with his two kiddies, taken just before his successful American tour. This article gives you a human idea of Henry himself as a boy

"THE B.B.C. Dance Orchestra directed by Henry Hall. . . ."

When the studio clock ticks round to five-fifteen and when the E.B.C. dance music comes on the air, you can rest assured that the guiding personality behind this regular afternoon and Thursday evening studio presentation is a competent musician with an interesting life story covering practically every aspect of musical experience.

What sort of a man is Henry Hall? What are the high spots of his musical career? How did he secure, over the heads of all the dance musicians in the country, the much-envied job of directing the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra?

Well, Henry has won his fame in the hard school of experience.

Unlike many famous musicians, he was not an infant prodigy!

Henry's first birthday was May 2—and, yes, it was in 1899. As leading musicians go, he is still a youngster; but old enough to have the benefit of experience.

At school, until he was about ten years old, he did not take any great interest in music. Certainly there was nothing of the infant prodigy about him. He played cricket and rugby and developed a dislike of school-masters just as most boys do.

Cricket was his main love. In spite of this he scored a duck when playing in a match against Aylesbury recently.

And they gave him an Aylesbury duck as a memento!

Rugger might have kept him from taking any active interest in music—although, when he was ten he was picked out of a class at school for having an exceptionally accurate ear for keys and tonal values.

As it happened, the energies that he might have put into rugger were squashed; because

just at that time he had a bad fall during a match and damaged his leg.

That kept him off the rugger field.

So he turned his attention to music.

At eleven years of age Mr. and Mrs. Hall thought Henry's talents worth developing. They sent him to Trinity College.

Henry is not very proud of his early work at Trinity. "I don't think my mother thought I would shine in the musical world either," he told me, "for she soon saw that although I liked to hear music and took an interest in my work, I was only too anxious to dodge the tedious theoretical stuff.

"And when it came to learning the piano—well, there just couldn't have been anybody worse than me for wangling out of practice!"

Mr. Hall, sen., however, didn't need to use corporal punishment.

The method in the Hall household was for Mr. Hall, to stand outside the practice room. So that when young Henry came out after a silent hour or so of fiddling about without doing any work, he met *paterfamilias* face to face, and was so ashamed that he used to go straight back and do the practice.

During one very glorious summer young Henry became so sick of scales that he cut the tops of his fingers on one hand with a fret-saw.

Result, to use his own expression, "It hurt like the dickens and I had to go about with a bound-up hand for over a week. But it meant a few glorious evenings with no scales."

Dr. Warrenner was Henry's chief at Trinity, and he learned the trumpet under the famous John Soloman. At the same time he was learning the piano under a lady teacher who had, as he puts it, almost inexhaustible patience.

Henry was quite a good hand at prize-

Henry Hall *learned* the *Salvation Army*

The first of an intimate series giving a first-hand account of the interesting events in Henry Hall's life story

winning in the Trinity days. To his great glee he won a "first" in the student teachers' class in 1911. He secured the same prize again the following year and on the third occasion the season after that.

The Aeolian Hall was the scene of his first triumph, as on the occasion of the first prize-giving, he had to do a tricky bit of musical work in public. A piece in four-part harmony was played by a pianist and the young Henry then proceeded to write out the music, note by note, from ear.

A fine start for one who, many years later, was destined to do a great deal of technical musical work for broadcasting to the whole nation!

But, way back in 1911 Henry was not concerned about the vague possibilities of wireless telegraphy, only just in its infancy before the War.

What he *does* remember is that he had been given extra pocket money in order to get him up to the Aeolian Hall for the prize-giving. And after the four-part harmony success he spent the rest of the money on sweets for his young boy friends.

So he had to walk all the way back home. By this time music had definitely been marked out as a career for Henry and as a hobby he became a keen Promenader.

He knew every stepping stone of the Queen's Hall.

And every mannerism of Sir Henry Wood.

This classical musical experience has been a great help to him. He has a wonderful memory for music and a great deal of the material which he heard performed in the Queen's Hall has remained in his mind.

What a wonder he didn't turn entirely high-brow.

Please do not suppose that young Henry was the only member of the whole family who was studying music at that time.

His brothers—who are younger than he is—and his sisters, all received good musical training.

As it is with so many girls, Henry's sisters gave up for marriage all chance of success in the musical world and the musical careers of his brothers took a different course from his.

And so the Trinity days went on.

He composed dozens—probably hundreds—of light pieces, which were fine practice, but which he has not used since. As a result of study he became a very quick worker.

And so competent that when he was only sixteen he became connected with the musical activities of the Salvation Army.

What a wonderful experience for a boy with a whole musical career in front of him.

His introduction to the Headquarters of the Army was more or less the working of chance.

"The musical director of the Army was ill," explains Henry Hall, "and his right-hand men were looking for an assistant. My father suggested that my experience would fit me for the job and the result was that in a few days I found myself in this vital hub of the musical activities of the Salvation Army throughout the world." He found himself

suddenly plunged into a position which gave him a wealth of experience.

Those outside the circle of the amazingly good work done by the Salvation Army in the sphere of music can have no idea of its vastness.

Magazines, musical publications, marches, band music and music of every kind emanate from the Salvation Army Headquarters, in this country, all over Europe and even in America.

And, of course, Henry Hall composed tunes for the Salvation Army.

Do you know that tune "Holly," which is still popular? That bears the "H. R. H." signature.

A great deal of the music still played is his. Some of the band music was very complicated for a youngster.

It meant, on occasions, reading full scores of eighteen parts at sight. Try that, those of you who have difficulty in reading the ordinary piano parts of a popular dance tune!

(Continued on page 30)



"It's just the time for dancing," and here is Henry doing a little dancing himself!

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Exact date of birth..... Radio Pictorial, 19/1/34.

EVE and the MIKE



A striking "Maugreen" model in Angora, with a cleverly tucked crown

Last-minute gossip from the London shops, and fashion's spring secrets from the dress-shows; with a peep into the studios to see what your favourite radio stars are wearing

LOOKING in the other night at Broadcasting House, I had the good luck to see and hear Bertha Wilmott, who happened to be broadcasting.

Her dress caused quite a sensation. She was wearing pyjamas of black velvet, beautifully cut and tailored, flaring at the ankle to skirt-wide fullness. With a little jacket of silver lamé. Her shoes were specially attractive—patterned in silver and black, in a bold all-over design.

Black with silver, black with gold—it seems the inevitable choice this season.

Hackneyed?

Wait till you've seen the newest evening fabrics—gleaming lamés, filmy laces, lustrous satins and velvets. As well as the whole range of metallic materials, satins that are sprayed with gold, moirés shot with gold, crêpes woven with a tinsel thread, chiffon gold embroidered . . .

The black dress this season is a black dress with a difference!

One radio star who always looks very smart in black is Hermione Gingold—known to listeners as Mrs. Pullpleasure. Myra Hess is another. The other evening she wore a georgette and net frock with elbow sleeves, and a cape and muff of white ermine.

One of the smartest women I have seen in the studios recently is Enid Trevor. Her very beautiful dinner dress of black marocain, cut on long slender lines, had sleeves that ended in heavy bracelets of royal blue beads. With this dress she wore a little black velvet hat that had the new nose-length veil.

The evening dress you see on this page is typical of the January fashions. It is of black lace, trimmed with clusters of silk flowers.

Skirts are long, full and trailing, swinging out from the knee to touch the ground all round. Necklines are still high in front, much lower at the back, ending at the waist in a large flower or a sash-bow. At the same time, the "Victorian" corsage is beginning to make an appearance—an off-the-shoulder line that is very becoming.



(Pictures by Blake)

Hermione Gingold wears a lovely gown of black lace, such as the one you see here. It comes from Marshall & Snelgrove, and is trimmed with clusters of silk flowers

Wide revers, tailored lines, and buttons of real leather "make" this cosy coat of Harris tweed. It is a "Lesway" model, just the thing for January weather

Except for dancing, however, shoulders are generally covered. With fringes or feathers, capelets or epaulettes. I remember seeing one of the Three Janes recently in a heavy oyster blue satin dress which had the quaintest little epaulettes of separate satin petals.

One of the others was dressed in floral chiffon. The third was wearing a pink dress, relieved with black, and covered with shiny black sequins.

Few evening ensembles are complete without jewellery of some sort. This may take the form of paste clips for the ears in place of earrings, or a large diamanté brooch, or a bracelet of gold wire. The headdress like a tiara is one of the prettiest of present fashions.

Jean Melville wears a tortoiseshell comb studded with diamanté. With a lime green dress of the most enchanting ridged crêpe—"tripe cloth," she called it. Jane Carr's choice is an Alice-in-Wonderland ribbon, with a very striking dress of pale blue chiffon.

The Carlyle Cousins strike a very vivacious note. They were wearing the most delightful organdie dresses when I saw them—all three the same, of course, two in white, one in blue. With short gloves to match.

Turning our attention to tweeds, here are just a few notes gleaned from a famous London sports house, where I was shown a first forecast of the Spring fashions the other day, and where many radio stars shop.

Coats are to be either three-quarter or knee-length. Whichever they are, their lines are straight and tailored, belted in at the natural waistline. No "swagger" coats this spring! The little hats we shall all be wearing this Spring are quite irresistible. They range from the jaunty Tyrolean felt, sprouting a curled feather or two at the crown, to the peaked elf caps that perch on one side of the head.

Margot

Make the
"PHYLLIS ROBBINS"
BERET!



ENCHANTING, isn't it? No wonder Phyllis Robbins has made it for herself. Hers is in a lovely oatmeal shade to wear with country tweeds, but it would look equally well for lunching in town or an afternoon at the cinema. In fact, it's the kind of beret that "goes" with anything—and it's made in a jiffy.

So out with your needles and begin straight away.

MATERIALS.—2 oz. Copley's three-ply "Excelsior" wool. 1 Stratnoid crochet hook, No. 12, 1 Stratnoid crochet hook, No. 14, 22-inch.

MEASUREMENTS.—To fit a 22-inch head.

TENSIONS.—Work to produce 7 d.c. to 1 inch. Unless this instruction is followed exactly, the measurements will not work out correctly.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; st., stitch.

TO MAKE

Using the No. 12 crochet hook, work 6 ch., join into a ring with a slip st., then work 11 d.c. into the ring, join with a slip st. Mark the end of the round with a coloured thread and carry this down the rounds as the work proceeds as a guide.

1st round—2 d.c. into each d.c. (22 d.c. in the round). **2nd round**—1 d.c. into each d.c.

3rd round—2 d.c. into every alternate st., with 1 d.c. on all other sts. **4th round**—1 d.c. into each d.c. **5th round**—2 d.c. into every 3rd st., with 1 d.c. on all other sts. **6th round**—1 d.c. into each d.c. **7th round**—2 d.c. into every 4th st., with 1 d.c. on all other sts. **8th round**—1 d.c. into each d.c.

Continue increasing on the next and every alternate round, working 1 st. more before the increases on successive increase rounds, until the round with 2 d.c. into every 14th st. has been worked. Work 2 rounds without increasing.

30th round—2 d.c. into every 15th st., with 1 d.c. on all other sts. Work 4 rounds without increasing. **35th round**—2 d.c. into every 16th st., with 1 d.c. on all other sts. Work 4 rounds without increasing. **40th round**—2 d.c. into every 17th st., with 1 d.c. on all other sts. Work 10 rounds without increasing.

Now commence decreasing as follows at the front of the beret.

1st round—** 17 d.c. into 17 d.c., miss the next st. Repeat from ** to the end.

2nd round and every alternate round—1 d.c. into each d.c. **3rd round**—** 16 d.c. into 16 d.c., miss the next st. Repeat from ** 8 times in all, complete the round, working st. into st.

5th round—** 15 d.c. into 15 d.c., miss the next st. Repeat from ** 8 times in all, complete the round, working st. into st. **7th round**—** 14 d.c. into 14 d.c., miss the next st. Repeat from ** 8 times in all, complete the round, working st. into st. **9th round**—14 d.c. into 14 d.c. ** 13 d.c. into 13 d.c., miss the next st. Repeat from ** 6 times in all, complete the round, working st. into st. Work 2 rounds without decreasing.

12th round—27 d.c. into 27 d.c. ** 12 d.c. into 12 d.c., miss the next st. Repeat from ** 4 times in all, complete the round, working st. into st.

Continued on page 32

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This New Model, of strong striped pink Coutille, with soft web net brassiere, underbelt abdomen control, rustproof steels, and four suspenders, costs only 8/11 and may be tried on at home for 1/- deposit. The balance may be paid in one sum of 7/11 or in monthly instalments of 2/- as you prefer. Use coupon below to enjoy the latest invention in figure support and comfort.

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Please send me, on approval, a new Ambron Nu-Style Model, at present Price of 8/11. My measurements are— (A)

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Sizes range from 30-in to 46-in. Bust. I enclose 1/- deposit, with 4d. postage, and will remit balance of 7/11 either in one sum or by monthly instalments of 2/-. If not satisfied, and I return the goods at once, unworn, you will refund my deposit.

State Bust and Hip measurements and enclose Coupon with full name and address and postal order crossed thus / /.
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Henry Hall's Life Story

(Continued from page 27)

Henry composed music on the same scale, and his technical training from Trinity was invaluable.

A great turning point in his musical career was just coming and for something like two years he worked hard at composition and editing.

Then came the war.

Henry joined up with the R.F.A. when he was just under 18.

• Hectic days!

On one fatal Monday evening he played in the concert performance of a Mendelssohn concerto and he, in conjunction with the members of his party, naturally worked themselves up to a great pitch of musical enthusiasm.

Early the next morning he reported at Woolwich . . . and one of his first jobs with the R.F.A. was to superintend the carting of coal!

The first move was to Preston Barracks. Henry, after his office job in London, was inevitably fascinated by the formation gun drill there . . . the thunder of the horses' hoofs . . . the rapid charging of the fast riders . . . the dust clouds driven up by the convoys.

His own first experience with horses was not very romantic.

He took two horses on the Brighton downs one evening for practice and all the lights were suddenly turned out.

Came the warning of a Zep. raid!

Henry was surrounded by inky darkness . . . and was in charge of two horses driven crazy by the gunfire.

He dug his heels into the horse's flanks and reined hard.

But in a few minutes he came off, a horse's hoof came at him out of the darkness . . . and the next morning he awoke in hospital.

He was given a job in connection with the R.A.M.C. of managing the accounts of the hospital. He says that it must have been his honest face that got him the job!

Anyway, he worked hard during the day so that he managed to get time free in the evenings. There were gay shows at Brighton to cheer the troops and for nine precious months he managed to crowd in some stage experience in spite of army work.

In fact—but this episode must be told only in whispers . . . !

For the sake of getting some trumpet practice, he thought he would get a temporary evening job in the orchestra in a famous place of entertainment in Brighton.

He passed through an audition and became one of the orchestra that same evening.

He was so happy to be in the midst of musical activity again that he spent a lot of time looking round at the stage effects (the technicalities of the stage had always fascinated him), the footlights, the audience and anywhere but at the conductor.

He was sacked that same evening!

The really funny ending of this story is best told by Henry himself.

He says, "Mind you, I don't blame the manager, for after my time in the army I was horribly out of practice. But the funny part of it is that now the manager is dying to get me and has asked me and the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra to 'bill' for him. But he doesn't know he sacked me years ago!"

(To be continued next week.)

A Personal Word from the Editor-in-Chief

HERE we are—RADIO PICTORIAL—the first number of an entirely new publication, produced by the most up-to-date of all picture printing processes and by the finest photogravure equipment in Great Britain.

RADIO PICTORIAL—full of personalities and full of pictures; on every page something interesting about the people behind the microphone.

A great invisible world that talks to you from countless stations, a world that has existed, so far, for your ears alone—is now made visible for your eyes to dwell upon and to add pleasure to your listening.

RADIO PICTORIAL will show you, week by week, the people who sing and play and talk to you. It will bring a whole new world of interest to your fireside.

The life-stories of the artists . . . the happenings behind the mike . . . that immense and ceaseless activity throughout the world which fills the ether with music and messages . . . these we shall give you, week by week, in a unique, pictorial setting.

Always remembering that your own B.B.C.—the most highly-organised broadcasting service in the world—is your own particular favourite. RADIO PICTORIAL will bring B.B.C. artists and speakers to life in its pages as well as dealing with the leading microphone personalities who star at the major broadcasters on the Continent.

Hundreds of men and women—artists and others—in the broadcasting movement, will provide us with our pictures, our information, with our news and our jests, our stories and our articles.

Turn over the pages of this issue. In this first number alone you find such great radio names as A. J. Alan, Stephen King-Hall, Arthur Henderson, Captain Wakelam, Ashley Sterne, Leonard Henry, Val Gielgud, Oliver Baldwin, Christopher Stone—oh, and many others. You will find such

famous names in broadcasting over and over again in every issue of RADIO PICTORIAL.

Never before has such a company of authors of radio reputation contributed to one issue of a periodical.

News is a strong feature of RADIO PICTORIAL. Elaborate printing arrangements have made it possible to include the very latest news in this photogravure newspaper, so that you can rely on the "RADIO Pic." for your programme information.

Next week's issue will be as good in every way—world-famous contributors who know what they're talking about, who know how to interest and entertain you. Men and women whose mysterious presence comes into your homes at your bidding, and whose features will soon be as familiar to you as their voices.

I am proud of No. 1 of RADIO PICTORIAL; prouder still of No. 2.

No. 2 will contain one feature that I think will give pleasure to everybody—an article by my friend, Christopher Stone, on his job at the B.B.C. and how he does it.

I have prevailed upon him—rather against his wishes—to allow us to present every reader with a crayon portrait of him, drawn by Albert H. Collings, R.I., R.B.A., whose clever hand you see in this week's presentation plate of Henry Hall. The crayon original is a most delightful example of portrait art. It shows Christopher Stone at his genial best, and our reproduction of this drawing, very nearly as good in quality as the original, will be presented free to every reader next week.

Alfred Stone
Editor-in-Chief

Daily Service—

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

THE sixth anniversary of the first broadcasting of a Daily Service from the B.B.C. was January 2. The number of birthday good wishes I received would have surprised me if, as the original conductor of that service, I had not known the value which countless listeners put on that quarter of an hour each day.

To most of those households who never have a chance of listening until late in the day the words "The Daily Service" probably mean little more than the first line printed at the head of the Programmes for each day: yet there are very many homes and sickrooms where nothing but some very unforeseen occurrence has ever prevented the wireless from being switched on in time for 10.15 a.m. Indeed, doctors and others have learnt that there are certain houses where their visits will not be welcomed during that quarter of an hour in the morning.

Those who originally suggested such a service and petitioned the authorities of the B.B.C. to embark on the experiment had assuredly gauged the needs of a large number of potential listeners with an insight which perhaps many who write letters to Broadcasting House do not invariably show. The fact that, in six years, the only alteration that has affected the Daily Service has been to increase the number of stations from which it is transmitted speaks for itself.

It is worth while remembering that the Daily Service was originally announced as an experiment: it was as such that I was invited to take charge on January 2, 1928.

Listeners were invited to express their views

Six Years!

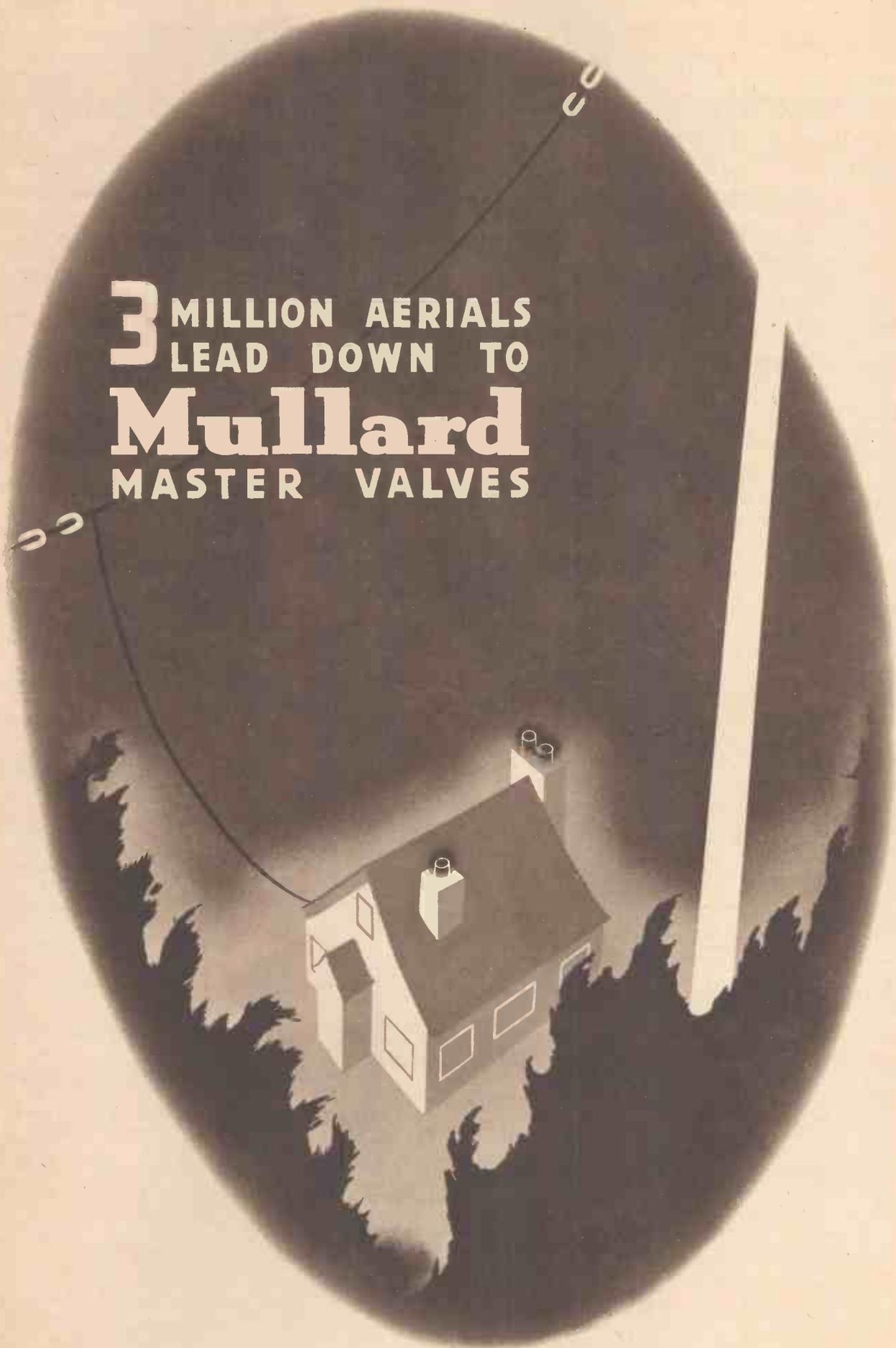
and to say whether or not they wished it to be continued. To the best of my recollection the Service was only transmitted in the London Regional Programme, but I remember that within a week I was asked to announce that no further correspondence was desired about continuing the experiment, some 8,000 letters of appreciation having been received.

The experiment at that time necessitated the staff of engineers and others starting their day's work half an hour earlier and also threw an extra burden on the already hard-worked Wireless Singers. From their earliest days the splendidly high standard of their singing has been one of the features of the broadcasts from Savoy Hill, and now from Broadcasting House. That they have provided the music for the Daily Service for these six years is something for which many of us cannot be sufficiently grateful.

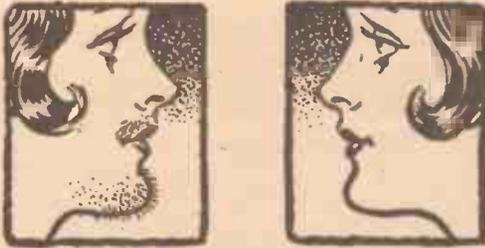
No singer would choose an hour as early as 10.15 at which to try to give his or her best—yet year in and year out, irrespective of the late hour at which some performance the night before may have ended, each of the two quartets of the Wireless Singers have been on duty two mornings in each week. After the first few months, a third quartet was chosen from the Wireless Chorus to take the remaining two days. Whether on occasions there may have been possible cause for criticism I must leave to those who are a good deal more musical than I am to decide; but I do know that the debt which those of us who love that quarter of an hour feel we owe to them is one that we find it difficult, and seldom get the opportunity, to express.



"Radio Pictorial" next Friday—free colour portrait of CHRISTOPHER STONE



3 MILLION AERIALS
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UNSIGHTLY HAIR GROWTH BANISHED FOR EVER

Travellers in Eastern countries, almost without exception, have marvelled at the wonderfully sleek, smooth skin of the Hindoo women. They thought it was natural, and that no pains had been taken to achieve that beautiful velvety smoothness.

But the Hindoo women profess a religion which forbids superfluous hair and demands absolute cleanliness of skin. How this is obtained, has been for centuries a closely guarded secret, and was only learned by me through a most extraordinary combination of circumstances.

Suffice it to say, that where I was afflicted with most detestable and horrid growths of superfluous hair on face and arms, a few days' treatment was enough to remove all trace and leave the skin pure and clean. And the hair has never returned.

As I had previously tried many known methods for ridding me of my terrible affliction, you can imagine my gratitude when I once again beheld my face and arms free for ever of the disfiguring growths.

Since that time I have passed on the secret to thousands of women, from whom I hold many grateful letters, proving that what was successful in my case, was equally so in theirs.

The possession of that secret altered my outlook upon life completely. It removed the disfiguring growth of hair never again to return—it relieved my mental torture, and restored my health.

That secret I am prepared to pass on FREE to all sufferers from SUPERFLUOUS HAIR who send the coupon below or copy of it. It does not matter how old-standing your trouble, you can be permanently cured.

Write to-day, enclosing coupon with three penny stamps to cover postage, etc., when all instructions will be sent you, and you need never have a trace of superfluous hair again.

Address: **FREDERICA HUDSON** (Row 64L), No. 9 Old Cavendish Street, London, W.1.

THIS FREE COUPON

or copy of same to be sent with your name and address and 3d. stamps. Mrs. Hudson:

Please send me free full information and instructions to cure superfluous hair.

Address: **FREDERICA HUDSON** (Row 64L), No. 9 Old Cavendish Street, London, W.1.

IMPORTANT NOTE.—Mrs. Hudson belongs to a family high in Society, and is the widow of a prominent Army officer, so you can write her with every confidence to the above address where she has been established since 1916.

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THOUSANDS of former nerve-sufferers have blessed the day they wrote for the remarkable little booklet which is now offered FREE to every reader of this announcement. The writers of the grateful letters below might never have experienced the glorious happiness they now enjoy had they not taken the first step by sending for this booklet.

If you suffer from Weak Nerves, Depression, Insomnia, Morbid Fears, Blushing, or any similar nerve-weakness, stop wasting money on useless patent medicines and let me show you how to conquer your nervousness before it conquers you!

READ THESE SPLENDID TESTIMONIALS AND THEN DO AS THESE FORMER SUFFERERS DID—SEND FOR MY BOOKLET

"MY FEARS HAVE ALL VANISHED"

I can never hope to express my gratitude adequately to you. My cure means more to me than life itself; it seems as though I have been dead for years and have just come to life. It is really marvellous how my fears have all vanished, as they were so firmly established and of such a dreadful nature.

"SUFFERED MISERY FROM CHILDHOOD"

I felt I must write and tell you how greatly I've improved during the first week of your wonderful treatment. It is remarkable how different I feel. I don't have that weak, nery feeling now, and I do not tremble. To think I had suffered the misery from childhood! I only wish I had known of your treatment earlier.

"DONE ME A WORLD OF GOOD"

Many thanks for your kind and good advice, which has done me a world of good. I have been troubled with Self-consciousness more or less for 30 years. Would that I had seen your advertisement years ago.

A copy of this wonderful booklet, together with some of the most remarkable genuine testimonials ever published, will be sent in a plain sealed envelope, with-out charge or obligation. Write NOW and you will be delighted to learn how easily you can acquire strong nerves, robust health, and a happy, confident personality.

HENRY J. RIVERS (Dept. R.P.1)
40 Lamb's Conduit Street, LONDON, W.C.1

The Set of the Week

AERODYNE FALCON



arranged so that the set is very economical to run—an important point to battery users. Our tests have proved it to be a very sensitive set, providing reception from many stations even with a poor indoor aerial.

A set like this is great fun as a reproducer of gramophone records. You can get such fine quality with any good pick-up, and of course you can control the volume. There are sockets on the Aerodyne set for the connection of a pick-up. It all adds to the pleasure one can derive from a set of this type.

"THE PHYLLIS ROBBINS' CAP"

Continued from page 29

Using the No. 14 crochet hook, work for a depth of 1 inch, working st. into st. Fasten off securely.

THE PEAK

Mark the centre back and front of the beret. With the right side of the beret facing, using the No. 12 hook, join the wool 8 inches from the centre back.

1st row—Work in d.c. st. into st. to within 10 sts. of the centre front, 2 d.c. into the next st., 9 d.c. into 9 d.c., 2 d.c. into the next st., then st. into st. to within 8 inches of the centre back. Turn.

2nd row—Work in d.c., st. into st., working 4 sts. past the commencement of the previous row. Turn. Repeat the 2nd row until 3 inches on either side of the centre back are left unworked.

Now with double wool work 1 row along the peak, working over a piece of millinery wire to stiffen. Fasten and cover the ends of the wire securely.

HERE are thousands of listeners who have not the electric light installed in their homes, or who for some reason or other do not wish to use the mains supply for working their wireless sets.

This means battery operation, and in the past set-makers have not always been very enterprising in putting their best work into sets which operate from batteries.

So it is very pleasing to make an ether tour on this Aerodyne Falcon set, made by Aerodyne Radio, of Hoe Street, E.17. It is a fine-looking receiver as you can see from the photograph above, and it is excellent for family use.

It will please father, for, being a five-valve super-heterodyne, it is a fine station-getter and the price is only £13-13-0.

It will please the rest of the family because it is so simply controlled and has a very pleasing tone. There are only three control knobs, the main one being for tuning. Very effective control of volume is carried out by the knob on the right of the main tuning control.

This set has a super-capacity dry battery which will last for many months, and the accumulator is supplied dry charged so that it needs only filling with acid. The valve circuit is

HERE AND THERE

Commander STEPHEN KING-HALL'S
Children's Corner

HELLO, CHILDREN!

I do bob up in the most unexpected places, don't I?

I hope you are all having jolly good holidays.

I wonder if you ever stop to think exactly why you enjoy your holidays so much. You

will say, "What a stupid question; of course we enjoy holidays; being at home, going to parties, with lots of nice things to eat; going to the Zoo or the pantomime; and then it's all such a change from school."

"Of course, we like holidays; who wouldn't?"

You enjoy holidays because it isn't until you have had to do some work that you appreciate having whole days of leisure. If life were all a holiday, then there would be no such things as holidays.

Sounds queer, but it's true. Have you ever thought what it must be like to want to work, to need the money that is earned by work, and not to be able to find any work to do—in other words, "to be unemployed"?

As I said on the wireless in "Here and There" the other day, let us think for a moment about unemployment or people out of work in this country, and I will tell you a piece of news that will

surprise you and your fathers and mothers, too.

You will often see in the papers that there are in this country about two million people out of work. I hope you don't think that means that the same two million people are always out of a job.

Of these two million people, less than half a million have been unemployed for a whole year, and only about 100,000 have been out of work for a very long time, say several years, but, all the same, there are about a million people who only get three months work each year.

Now don't imagine that I am trying to make out that the unemployment question is not very serious: it certainly is; still, it is just as well to know when you read the figure two million in the newspapers that it does not mean that this huge number of people are all out of a job.

The motto I have chosen for the week is one which will apply to this whole series of Children's Corners.

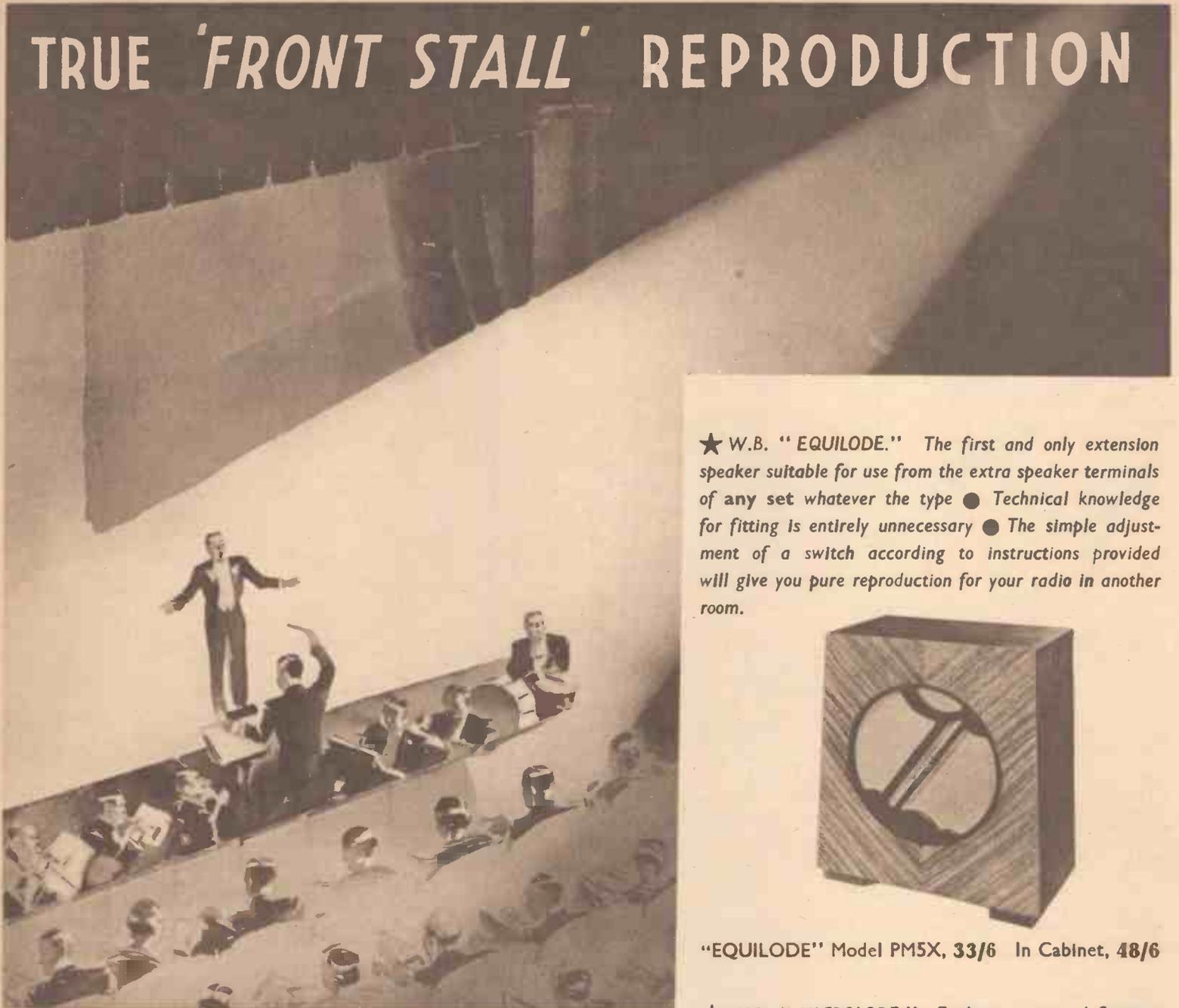
"Everything is understandable provided it is intelligently explained."

Well, good-bye till next week.

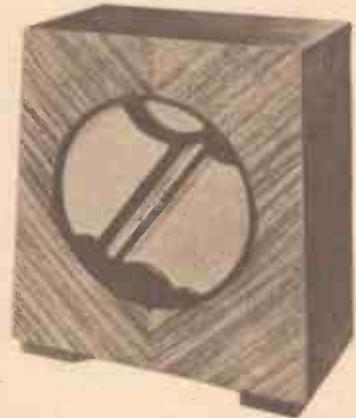
Be good, but not so frightfully good that people will say "Now what have you been up to?"



TRUE 'FRONT STALL' REPRODUCTION



★ W.B. "EQUILODE." *The first and only extension speaker suitable for use from the extra speaker terminals of any set whatever the type ● Technical knowledge for fitting is entirely unnecessary ● The simple adjustment of a switch according to instructions provided will give you pure reproduction for your radio in another room.*



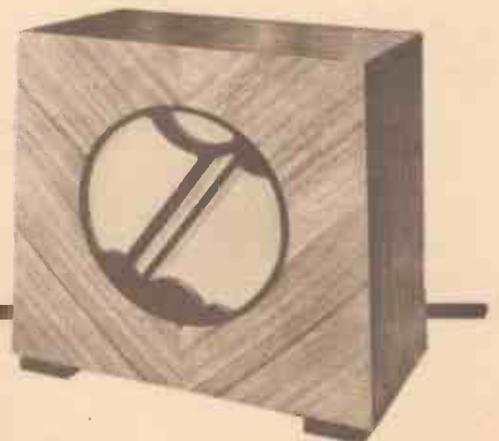
"EQUILODE" Model PM5X, 33/6 In Cabinet, 48/6

TO appreciate fully the difference between pleasant reproduction and a vivid re-creation of the original performance you must hear on *your* set what an improvement the unique W.B. technical features make possible.

Brilliant attack, clear top notes, and colourful bass due to the revolutionary Mansfield Magnet. Perfect balance and freedom from shrillness due to the unique "Microcode" matching.

Whatever your set a W.B. Speaker will match it perfectly. The simple substitution of speakers will bring an improved entertainment value in your radio which cannot fail to astonish and delight you.

★ W.B. "MICROLODE." *Exclusive patented features place these speakers in an entirely separate class ● The improved performance and valuable matching adjustment cannot fail to bring you vastly increased enjoyment of your radio programme ● Hear one at your dealer's and be convinced.*



"MICROLODE" Model PM4A 42/-
In Cabinet 67/-

Write for Folder.



Whiteley Electrical Radio Co., Ltd., Radio Works, Mansfield, Notts.

Sole Agents in Scotland: Radiovision Ltd., 233 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow, C.2

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A Good Circulation Means Sound Health!

Elasto

REGISTERED

The Great Blood Revitalizer

CURES VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEG, PHLEBITIS, PILES, THROMBOSIS, ECZEMA, RHEUMATISM AND EVERY VEIN, ARTERY AND TISSUE DETERIORATION

LEG pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Varicose veins are forgotten and soon become normal, skin troubles clear up, old wounds become clean and healthy and commence to heal, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto.

What Users of Elasto Say—

- "No sign of varicose veins now."
- "Rheumatoid arthritis gone; I have never felt better."
- "All signs of phlebitis gone."
- "Elasto cured my sciatica 12 months ago; still quite fit."
- "Completely healed my varicose ulcers."
- "Now free from piles."
- "Removed my rheumatism and neuritis."
- "I feel to years younger."
- "As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort; no pain whatever."
- "Had rheumatism so bad I could hardly walk, but Elasto put me right."
- "My skin is as soft as velvet," etc.

You Can Test Elasto FREE!

We invite you to test Elasto Free. Simply fill in the Coupon below and post it without delay to The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd., Sole Proprietors of Elasto (Dept. 240), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Don't long for relief; get Elasto and be sure of it!

POST this COUPON for FREE SAMPLE!

COUPON ★

For Free Trial Sample of Elasto.
THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., Ltd.,
(Dept. 240), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct,
London, E.C.

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

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

ADDRESS.....

Radio Pictorial, 19/1/34.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

Laugh with Leonard Henry

HER flat was crowded with floral tributes.
"What has he sent me?" cried the star.
"This bottle of scent, madam," replied the maid.
"What! That dreadful cheap stuff!"
"But, madam, you say in this morning's paper you never use any other."



A man has been known to break a number of old gramophone records over the head of a man who called to sell him a vacuum cleaner. This is an excellent method of dealing with old gramophone records!

Here is a story told by Tommy Handley. Two men, both very drunk, tried to force their way into a church during service. The verger came hurrying up.

"You can't come in here. This is a church," he whispered severely to one of them.
"That's all right," said the other man. "I don't suppose he'll notice that."

Two radio stars met in the corridor at Broadcasting House.

"Congratulations on your engagement," said one. "Who is the girl?"
"You've made a mistake," said the other. "It's an engagement to broadcast I've got, not to be married."

"My dear chap, let me congratulate you again. You're even luckier than I thought you were."

"Come and listen-in at my place this evening, Jim. They are going to broadcast Hamlet."
"What! Isn't that the play I heard three months ago?"

A comedian, well known for his extraordinary self-conceit, was giving his first broadcast. However, his turn did not go so well as had been expected, owing to his habit of shuffling his feet, the noise of which was picked up by the "mike."

"It was my shoes," he complained, "they've suddenly begun to hurt my feet."

"I say," was the reply, "your feet swelled as well!"

An actor who had recently moved up in the world, met a friend whom he thought he would like to impress. "Come along and see my flat, old boy," he said. "I want your opinion on the new decorations."

Just as they arrived they saw a large case of whisky being delivered.

"My dear chap," said his friend with a sigh, "I think you have furnished in excellent taste."

Two Americans were gaping at the outside of Broadcasting House.

"The sculpture over the door took nearly a year to execute," they were told.

"Yeah," said one. "It's the same all the world over. Some of our hobos at home are just as slow."

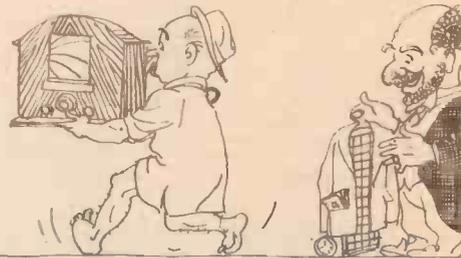
An efficiency merchant, who always preached the gospel of hard work and self-discipline, hailed an actor-friend, of whose late hours he heartily disapproved.

"Did you see the sun rise this morning? It was wonderful!" he said.

The other looked slightly surprised. "Good lord, no," he answered. "I'm never up as late as that."

A radio comedian was in the habit of drinking a cocktail or two before he began his turn. One evening, however, he far exceeded his allowance. The studio manager, catching sight of him, exclaimed, "Why, man, you can't possibly broadcast to-night! You're drunk!"

"Of course I am," agreed the comedian. "But not nearly so drunk as my understudy!"

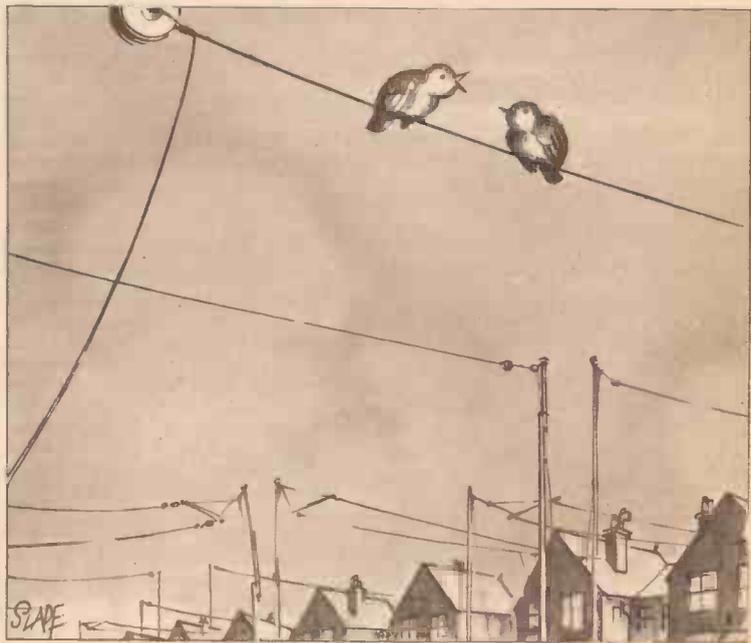


"My wife badly wants a new radio, and really I can't afford one" a correspondent tells us. "Goodness knows what I am going to do." We know—get her a new radio

A certain radio singer is reported to have insured her nose for £500. She must have thought someone was going to pinch it.

A 97-years-old Turk claims to have been married twenty-three times. Hollywood is reported to have cabled him a record offer.

Foresight: "Dearest—and Gentlemen of the Jury."—Radio lovers, please note!



"I'm sick of these symphony concerts. Let's get on to a dance music aerial!"

Service and perfect reliability

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No. 76, price 8/6 of all Stationers or sole makers. Nibs to suit all hands.

Never in the history of fountain pens has there been a more efficient pen than the Jewel. And it is efficiency that lasts a lifetime because the Jewel is made by an entirely British firm—a firm that is a pioneer in fountain pen manufacture. The Jewel has Large ink capacity. Perfected feed. 14ct. Gold Nib with Super Hard Iridium point.

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Jewel Write for list of styles, sizes and prices.

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The turn of the year is the best time for height development. Increase your height substantially and quickly through the Challoner treatment and win success. E. H. (Sutton) writes:—"Results beyond expectations. I am as pleased as Punch." *If one box is insufficient we supply another FREE.* Send 1d. stamp for full particulars in sealed envelope. Sample 7d. Book on height improvement 3d. P.O. or stamps only.

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A PERFECT-LOOKING NOSE CAN EASILY BE YOURS.



Trados Model 25 (British Patent) corrects all ill-shaped noses quickly, painlessly and permanently. Over 100,000 satisfied users. For years recommended by physicians. RED, SHINY NOSES, BLACKHEADS, ENLARGED PORES and other skin affections remedied by M.T.'s Antiseptic Bleaching and Astringent Lotion. Trial sample will be sent for 6d.

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CUT the Crackle OUT of Radio

Does your Radio Reception suffer from crackles, buzzes, crashes and sizzling noises caused by trams, electric machinery and signs?

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CAMBRIDGE ARTERIAL ROAD, ENFIELD, MIDDLESEX

Please forward FREE booklet.

Name.....
Address..... R.P.1

Wanted SONG POEMS CAN YOU WRITE WORDS FOR SONGS?

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MENTION "RADIO PICTORIAL" when replying to advertisers

SPECIAL WINTER NUMBER of "AMATEUR WIRELESS"

ON sale TO-DAY, this special issue, dated January 20, contains many features of interest to all owners of radio sets.

The contents include:—

- How to Build the Set of the Year—the "1934 ETHER SEARCHER."
- Short waves take you to the South Pole.
- Set Building with your own Home-made Parts (Introducing a new series).
- Wiring Hints for the Amateur: By Percy Harris.
- Television Section.
- Giving Class B a Sporting Chance.
- These Valves mean Better Radio. Etc., etc.,

Get your copy to-day from any bookstall or newsagent.

ON SALE TO-DAY! — PRICE 3d.

ARE YOUR EYES NORMAL?

If not, let us send you FREE our informative book on the "EYES," which explains their construction and how to take care of them and if weak or defective, how to remedy without the aid of spectacles, surgery or drugs. By means of

A REMARKABLE BRITISH INVENTION

THE NEU-VITA OCULIZER

A safe mode of massage is self applied which stimulates the eyes by restoring the blood circulation. For refractive errors, such as Near-sight, Far-sight, Astigmatism, Squint, etc., due to eyeball distortion, the eyes are moulded painlessly yet surely to normal. Five minutes' daily treatment in your own home counteracts eye-strain and headache, etc., and enables spectacles to be scrapped. Secure a FREE copy of the EYE BOOK, by sending three penny stamps (six abroad) to:—

NEU-VITA (Dept. F.V.6), 97-152 CENTRAL BUILDINGS, LONDON BRIDGE, S.E.1.

You've got a radio set, haven't you?

IN the "Wireless Magazine," January issue, now on sale, a special article explains how you can simply improve reception with the addition of some useful accessories, the advantages of which are fully explained.

There are over 30 other interesting and useful features, besides details of three new sets.

Get your copy now 1/-

THESE BOOKS GAVE HER THE KEY TO HAPPINESS!



The PSYCHOLOGY PRESS.

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"I'm going to be married next month, and life's such a whirl of good times to me now! And to think that for years I had read the advertisements about the 'Fascinating Womanhood' books, and wouldn't even send for that wonderful little booklet that describes them, until Joan made me.

"I can't imagine why I was so foolish, but I suppose it was because I had the wrong idea about those books. But I found them so practical and helpful that I should not be in so fortunate a position now if I had not bought them. They showed me how to make my personality so attractive, that my appearance took second place. They showed me where and how to meet the kind of men I wanted to meet—how to make them interested in me. How to use certain little secret principles that win lasting affection, and, yes, how to inspire the proposal!"

You should get them, too! Write your name and address on the margin of this advertisement, and send it with two 1d. stamps (abroad, 6d.) to the address alongside. By return you will get that amazingly interesting 24-page booklet telling you all about the "Fascinating Womanhood" books, sent privately and without the slightest obligation. Don't delay. Your whole future may benefit by sending for your copy of this booklet NOW. [R.A.P. 19/1/34.

"They laughed at first—



but when I began to play—a hush fell upon the room. I played the first few bars of Beethoven's immortal 'Moonlight Sonata.' My friends sat spellbound. When the last notes died away the excitement on their faces!" "Who was your teacher?" "How do you get that lovely singing tone?" I receive similar letters daily from students of MY PORTAL LEBRONN for the PIANO, who started without knowing a note. The same delightful experience can positively be yours, even though you start at middle age! Or, if already a player, I'll MAKE YOU PLAY BETTER beyond your dreams. Within a few weeks your playing and sight-reading shall make you welcome everywhere. Ordinary musical notation only used (no freakish methods). I AM ENROLLING 50 TO 100 ADULT PUPILS EVERY WEEK AND HAVE TAUGHT 38,000 DURING 29 YEARS. I CAN TEACH YOU. Send p.c. for FREE book and advice. Say if Advanced, Moderate, Elementary, or Beginner.

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THE HERBAL METHOD FOR PSORIASIS

ECZEMA, and all other Skin Diseases. Removes all trace completely and permanently without rest or absence from work. Nature's own antidote, and a proved success over 40 years. Write for FREE BOOK, sent under plain cover, and full particulars of our MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

J. ROBINSON & SONS (BRADFORD), Ltd., 53 Kurem House, BRADFORD

My Rugger Broadcast — To-morrow

CAPTAIN H. B. T. WAKELAM

the famous commentator, gives a first hand account of his microphone experiences in view of the first rugger international of the season, to be played to-morrow at Cardiff Arms Park.

TO-MORROW, at Cardiff Arms Park, will be played the first Rugby international of the season, that between England and Wales.

As once more I am doing the running commentary, my mind rather naturally goes back to that January day in 1927, when, full of doubt—indeed, almost of terror—I started in to describe the English-Welsh match of that year.

This was the very first occasion on which a commentary on any sport was broadcast in this country.

The B.B.C. having become a national affair, and their powers accordingly having become considerably increased, it was decided to embark on this kind of entertainment. By a somewhat strange chain of circumstances, I was chosen for the job.

It will be a long time before I forget that day.

First of all, we had a "voice test," and engaged on a short and almost comic "dummy run" of a schoolboys' holiday match at Richmond. Then I and my colleague, Lapworth, like myself a novice, took up our positions on a specially erected scaffold platform at the south-west corner of the ground.

I am afraid my feelings must have been somewhat similar to those of a criminal about to take that "nine o'clock walk." I have never felt so uncomfortable or nervous in my life.

But the kindly and far-seeing B.B.C. had supplied me with a great help. I found, sitting just outside the window of the box, a St. Dunstan's man, a keen follower of the game, who alas I could no longer watch it. And the idea was put into my mind that I was there to tell him all about it as I saw it.

Once we were off, my nervousness completely vanished. The only fear remaining was the thought that accidentally, and perhaps naturally for a Rugby enthusiast, I might say, "You—you've dropped it," when some poor unfortunate threequarter failed to catch the ball.

But to counteract even this, I was provided with a boldly printed notice in red ink: "DON'T SWEAR." So all was well.

Many of my friends and relations, of course, were listening in. It is not hard to imagine that I was very keen to hear their opinions as soon as possible after it was over, also to read the press criticisms... if any.

There certainly were some. I still have the cuttings, which I sometimes read with much amusement.

Some talked of quick-fire games, and football at high speed. A leading cartoonist had a most realistic picture of a gent dressed in a hut rushing about the ground.

But by far the best, I thought, was by a certain very renowned and erudite sporting writer. I trust he will forgive my referring to his remarks. After being very polite to me, which I greatly appreciated, he went on to say that he supposed that in the course of time this kind of commentary would become general in most sports. A prophecy which has turned out to be true. But he added that he thought that golf in particular would be then difficult to do.

It would be easy, he said, to describe the appearance, stance, and action of a leading player on the tee, and to inform listeners that he had,

as usual, driven the ball far and straight down the fair-way. But, having picked up the microphone to follow him to the next shot, he confessed that he might find it very awkward to fill in the fairly long interval which must elapse before that shot was taken.

He could only suggest, he said, that it might be used up by a little light conversation, during which his No. 2—or, as he put it, his "Doctor Watson"—might ask him such an interesting question as "If he is in a bunker, do you suppose he will use his niblick?"

So far, the gentleman concerned has not embarked on a running commentary on golf, but he has put over many eye-witness accounts, to the intense pleasure of his countless admirers.

To return to my subject.

As my effort appeared reasonably satisfactory, I was offered a further contract to do ten events at a fixed fee. So my next "appearance" was at Cardiff Arms Park, Wales v. Scotland.

Nowadays, situated as we are on top of the grand stand in the middle of the ground, the position and conditions are almost ideal. Then it was a different story.

Just behind the then "cheap" side (which, now holds the magnificent new stand) lies the County cricket ground. On this, right up against the back of the terraces, there had been erected a small platform on very long scaffold poles. Access to it was by a ladder which looked to me about a mile high.

It would have been all right on a dry day. But in the pouring rain the surface of the ground had become very wet and greasy. With the result that the poles on their wooden bases (they couldn't very well dig up the cricket ground!) seemed to be slipping and sliding all over the place with every sway of the crowd.

In fact there appeared to be a very large element of personal danger attached!

But all was well, and we managed to stay the course. Though my extremely knowledgeable and fervid Welsh assistant let go rather an unparliamentary remark when Paterson scored the only try of the day for Scotland!

After that I "did" a soccer match at the Arsenal ground, Highbury, and two rounds of the F.A. Cup at Wolverhampton—where I saw organised community singing for the first time.

Our next show in Wales was rather a more complicated affair. France this time were providing the opposition, which meant that listeners in France must be catered for.

Being asked if I could manage a little French now and again, just to let them know how things were and what the score was, I said I thought I could. Actually I had spoken little French since leaving Poland in 1919.

On arrival at Swansea, the venue of the match, the night before, I discovered that French rugby terms were almost a language of their own—and one with which I was, somewhat naturally, totally unacquainted.

However, a way was soon found even out of that difficulty. I discovered a real French fan who volunteered to come and sit in the box. He would write down short important points out of



my commentary and immediately slip the piece of paper under my nose, so that I could say it again in French.

This seemed to work quite well. Especially when the score mounted so high that I was almost running out of numerals. But I well remember receiving a distinct shock when he wrote down "*Le ballon est tout à fait insaisissable.*" Rather a mouthful to get off quickly and clearly!

My Welsh colleague on that day was the renowned Dr. E. T. Morgan, the scorer of probably the most historic try in rugger. That was the one which allowed Wales to beat the all-conquering New Zealanders under Gallaher in 1905-6.

The New Zealand team actually scored 868 points against 47 on their tour, only falling to Wales on that great day.

These early commentaries produced a lot of argument and discussion as to their effect, good or otherwise, on gates and crowds. It was anxious to follow the two lines of thought.

Some, amongst whom were the various rugby unions, were of the opinion that by so advertising the game they collected more spectators in the future. An opinion which the vast international crowds of to-day seem to bear out.

Others said that, without a doubt, such an entertainment had a severe effect on that day's gates for the various clubs scattered about the country. They argued that some of their usual supporters would prefer to sit and listen to a big game—which was brought right to their doorsteps, so to speak—rather than to turn out into the perhaps inclement weather to follow their own home team's fortunes.

It is still rather a moot point, and one upon which it is practically impossible to give a definite ruling.

However, the number of letters received leaves little doubt in the mind as to the amount of appreciation in many quarters.

Some of those who write are obviously very keen on the game and very elaborate in their listening methods. I have, for instance, from time to time been sent complete diagrams of the path of the ball throughout an entire match! With the scores, the touches-down, and the lines-out all carefully marked.

A process which must call for most studious attention and concentration.

Not long ago I had one particular letter which I much treasured. It was from an old war friend of mine who served with me under Allenby in Palestine, and who is now hard at his job of tea-planting in Assam.

Switching his set on out there one evening, and not knowing that I was "on the air," he immediately recognised my voice; though we actually had not met since December, 1917.

H. B. T. Wakelam

This is the
FALCON **5-VALVE** **SUPER-HET**
You have heard so much about



“FALCON” 5-VALVE

Balanced Super-Heterodyne Class B
SPECIFICATION

B.V.A. Valves: Combined Screened-Grid 1st Detector and Oscillator, Variable-Mu Screened-Grid Intermediate, 2nd Detector. Driver, Class “B” Output. Full vision slow-motion tuning. Calibrated in wavelengths. Combined wave-change and ON-OFF switch. Volume control. Gramophone sockets provided. Self-contained aerial. Permanent-magnet Moving-coil Speaker of standard size. Beautiful walnut cabinet inlaid with rosewood. Appealing design and finish. 130-volt H.T. battery (super capacity), 9-volt G.B. battery, 45-amp.-hour accumulator.

CASH £13:13:0

Although the name **AERODYNE** is accepted by trade and public alike as a guarantee of super-excellence, you may like to know some details of this remarkable Falcon. We therefore give a brief specification, and add the information that each Falcon is calibrated with meticulous care.

OTHER AERODYNE MODELS

The Aerodyne range covers all the requirements of modern radio. There is a 3-valve “**SWIFT**” all complete with batteries and accumulator for £4 4s. 0d.

A Class “B” 3-valve set, “**KESTREL**,” at £7 19s. 6d. complete with batteries and accumulator.

The “**FINCH**” is a 3-valve screened-grid set, with moving-coil loud-speaker, complete with batteries and accumulator at £7 19s. 6d.

The “**SWAN**” is a very powerful 4-valve Band-pass all-electric receiver for £11 11s. 0d.

Then there is the “**EAGLE**” 4-valve transportable at £10 10s. 0d.

And also a fine all-electric band-pass 4-valve radiogram for £21 19s. 6d.—the “**CARDINAL**.”

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