

NO.2 OF NEW WEEKLY

for EVERY RADIO LISTENER

2<sup>D</sup> EVERY FRIDAY

NO.2 FRIDAY JAN 26 1934

# RADIO PICTORIAL



What the B.B.C. can learn  
from Russia & Hollywood  
What is this Crooning?  
Another A.J.Alan Story

*Free Inside* - COLOUR PORTRAIT OF CHRISTOPHER STONE



*The* **MOST FASCINATING  
HOBBY OF ALL**

There is no hobby quite like it, building your own radio set. With a few components and an hour or two's work you are in touch with all Europe, or—if the set is a little more ambitious—with the whole world. You cannot imagine, until you try it, the thrill experienced when the last wire is connected and you switch on for the first time!

**2nd SPECIAL WINTER NUMBER  
of "AMATEUR WIRELESS,"  
JAN. 27, IS ON SALE TO-DAY**

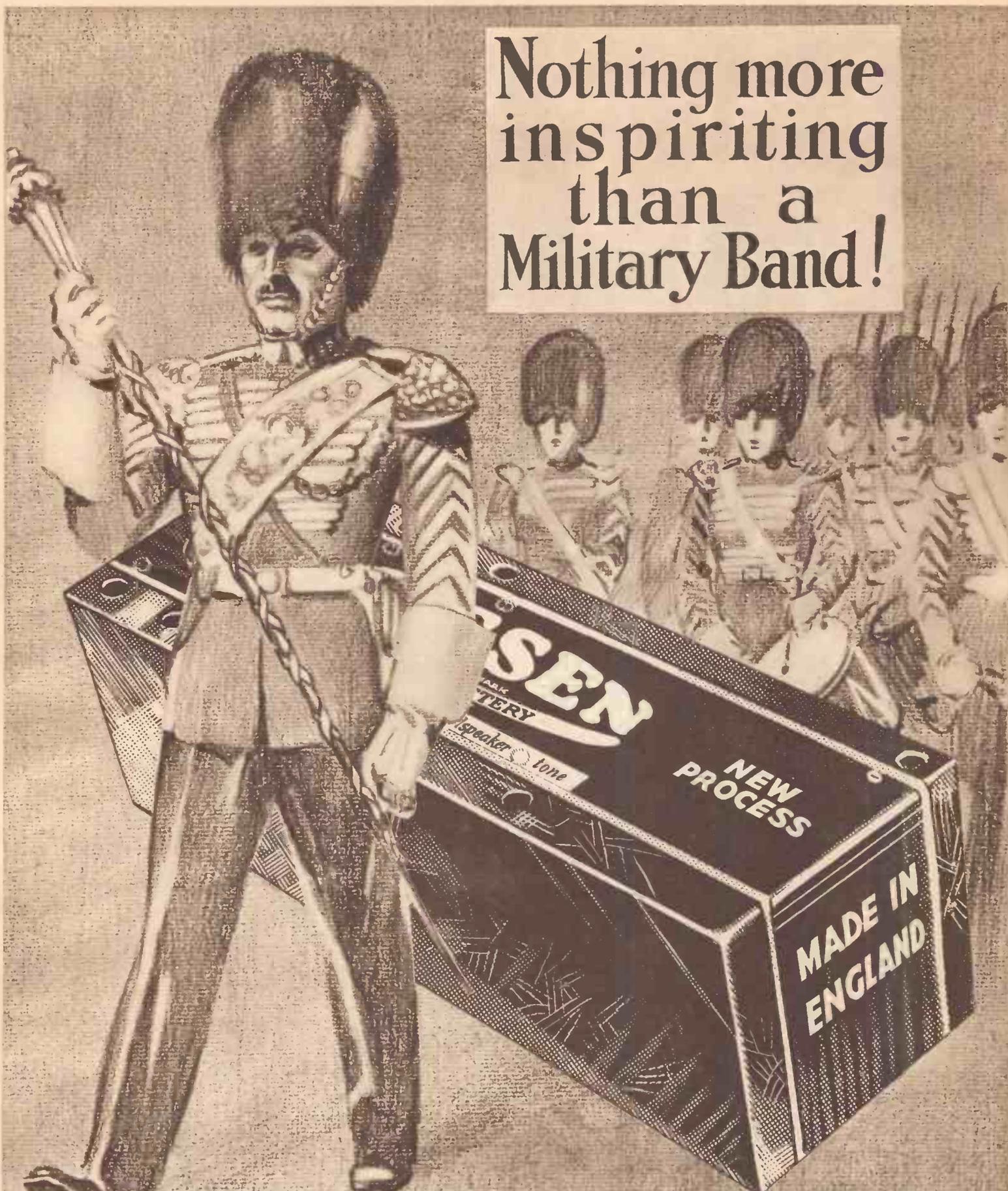
Don't miss this splendid issue; it contains, besides many other features, constructional details, together with FULL-SIZE BLUEPRINT, of the Chassis Model "1934 ETHER SEARCHER." This battery receiver is simple to build and inexpensive too, and is a powerful "station getter" for the new wavelengths.



*Marion* HARRIS

*one of the leading radio and recording vocalists in the States, who is due to arrive back here for her third visit early next week*

Nothing more  
inspiring  
than a  
Military Band!



AS REPRODUCED BY THE POWER OF A

**LISSEN H.T. BATTERY**



*A Special Article by*  
**Christopher STONE**  
*our Gramophone Critic*

Nobody who broadcasts can afford to be late or casual.

Programmes are timed so carefully and so many factors enter into the successful broadcasting of these programmes, that it is up to each minute cog of the gigantic wheel to do everything in his or her power to facilitate the perfect running of such a machine.

When I first started broadcasting in 1927 at Savoy Hill I used to slip unobtrusively into the dim corridors of that queer building

and find my way to No. 6 or No. 3 studio, do my bit, and slink out again without perhaps meeting a soul.

But at Broadcasting House one has to walk through those swing doors that I wrote about last week, into the wide vestibule in full view of the reception clerks. Who, of course, know exactly at what time one should arrive, and are perfectly well aware if one is breathless from having left too short a margin of safety.

I did this the other evening when I was broadcasting to the Empire and arrived panting at Broadcasting House on the stroke of eleven to find a patient announcer holding the fort gallantly with various programme announcements for the rest of the night.

Then, once past the vigilant eyes of those receptionists, there are the lift-men who whirl you up to the heights where No. 4 studios are situated in no time at all.

You can save time over the old Savoy Hill days there.

Once in the studio, as you know, my job is a simple one, although even then I cannot afford to be casual.

It is quite easy if I do not keep my mind on what I am doing, to put on the wrong side of the record—a mistake, I am afraid, I have sometimes made, and one which necessitates profound apologies to my listeners.

The actual preparation of my programme takes up a very large portion of my time.

Few people realise the enormous number of records, good, bad, and indifferent, that are issued by the recording companies. Each month there are from three to five hundred records which I have to hear, and as I can never broadcast more than say, at the most, one hundred and twenty of them, you can imagine that the process of selection and elimination is not an easy task.

When I am hearing the records, either at my home in the country or in my office, I usually make a note of any that particularly attracted me.

But these are not the only records that find a way into my programmes. I realise that even though my taste is fairly all-embracing, there are obviously many records which may not please me, but which others would like.

# My JOB at the B.B.C

WHEN a well-known cartoonist devoted his cartoon in a national paper for New Year's Day to Christopher Time broadcasting gramophone records—which represented the passing years—I felt that the seal had been placed on the broadcasting of records as an institution. And was not unnaturally inclined to regard the association of my Christian name with the institution as a very pretty compliment to greet me at the beginning of the year!

This would certainly have figured in a chapter that I wrote last summer for a book on thrilling moments in my humdrum life, if it had happened then; and so would another very handsome compliment that was paid to me in the autumn.

A noted rose-grower, Mr. Herbert Robinson of Hinckley, christened his new rose, which won the Royal Horticultural Society's Silver Medal, with my names.

This was a very genuine thrill because, as my good luck would have it, the rose is precisely what I should have chosen—a deep damask with a glorious scent, strong-growing and prolific like one of its parents, "Etoile d'Hollande."

Thirdly I can reckon the choice of my so-called likeness to accompany this early issue of the RADIO PICTORIAL as not merely a very brave act on the part of the Editor, but as a further compliment to my names.

To them—or rather to one of them—I owe an entirely spurious reputation.

There are probably as many Stones in the world as there are pebbles on the beach; but put Christopher in front of Stone and the names have a knack of ensconcing themselves in the memory. It is hard to make them budge.



I could probably traverse the world undetected by unknown friend or foe if I stuck to the name Stone. But if I am foolhardy enough to mention both names in the presence of a strange hotel-clerk or shop-assistant, it is five to one that a momentary look of bemusement in his eye will fade into a sharp, furtive and triumphant glance which seems to mean:

"Aha! so this is the guy I've been wanting to get at for years. I'll tell him what I think of his rotten old records." Which he proceeds to do.

A name that I have been given and which some people seem to think I have duly earned is "Christopher the Casual."

I suppose by nature I am late and casual, but where the B.B.C. is concerned there is no room for such "virtues."

# Radio Pictorial Gossip . . . collected by Newsmonger

**B**illy Merrin flew some distance to appear personally at a private entertainment. His band flew back to Nottingham, where they are playing, in one large 'plane, but Billy, who had to be there before them, left the aerodrome in a two-seater 'plane before the regular air service commenced. He completed the journey in a deluge of rain in the open two-seater in spite of a gale.

Aerodrome officials who dance regularly to his band asked him the same evening how he got back. "Oh, quite comfortably," replied Billy, "in spite of that rickety old machine."

Imagine his horror when told that the machine was a derelict, but the pilot who took him was a beginner and that was the only machine he had learned to manage!

## Marion Coming Back

**A**fter finishing a radio engagement in America with the Ipana Troubadours, the Kentucky girl—Mation Harris—who was so successful in England some time ago, will return to London about February 5. This will be her third visit.

She was born in Henderson, Kentucky, and is a descendant of President Benjamin Harrison. She holds a headline position in American radio. Her remarkable clarity of diction, style, and rhythm make her one of the world's outstanding vocalists.

## Reith Appoints Beith

**I**n the provinces B.B.C. staffs have been strengthened in the last few months by a general reorganisation and the appointment of really experienced and capable new office-holders. If staffing has anything to do with it, provincial programmes should be greatly improved this year.

Among the latest appointments are those of Miss Janet Beith (no, not Reith) and Mr. Michael Reynolds to Manchester Broadcasting House. Miss Beith will take over the organisation of the North Regional Children's Hour from Miss O. M. Schill, who has run the Hour



Billy Merrin is not the only radio star who takes an active interest in flying. Our photographer, as you can see from the picture on the left, caught the cheery Western Brothers before they took off on a trip. Both the Western Brothers are keen yachtsmen, and are fond of all outdoor sports. Amateur aviation is their latest!

# In the Air!

with great success for many years.

When I tune-in to North Regional at Children's Hour time I am always struck by its simple jollity, freshness, and sincerity, compared with the precocity of the London Children's Hour. For that Miss Schill be praised! Now she is switching over to the talks side of Northern broadcasting. Her successor, Miss Beith, is a young North-country authoress whose first novel, "No Second Spring," won the £4,000 prize offered by Hodder & Stoughton, publishers, last year (1933). She comes of a Scottish family settled in Derbyshire.

The Fayre Sisters getting some keyboard practice during a break away from the microphone



Mr. Reynolds, who becomes Information Officer at Manchester, has been associated with the Press in Manchester for some time, and is a son of Frank Reynolds, R.I., the artist and late Art. Editor of *Punch*. He takes the place of Mr. Aubrey Herbert, now appointed "Education Officer for the North-West Area," which probably leaves you cold.

## The Maschwitz Men

**R**everting to the staff of Val Gielgud's interesting and important department in London, it's not generally realised that when Eric Maschwitz formed the new light entertainment department last year he carried off with him a whole platoon of Gielgud's bright

young men. They were: Gordon McConnel, expert in the broadcasting of light opera, musical comedy, and pantomime; John Sharman, O.C. vaudeville programmes; Brian Michie, known as "The Blond Giant," second string to Sharman; John (Songs from the Shows) Watt; Henry Hall; Denis Freeman, monocled young man who writes radio musical comedy and occasionally goes quite highbrow; Mark Lubbock, composer and conductor; and Harry S. Pepper, specialist in "nigger minstrel" type of show; to whom Eric has added Stanford Robinson, as conductor of the B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra; and Charles Brewer, son of the famous musician, Sir Herbert Brewer, and late of the Birmingham station.

## A "Back-stage" Show

**T**hose left in the drama department have been divided into two sections. Peter Creswell, Howard Rose, Lance Sieveking, and Val Gielgud himself are the "straight drama" section, in charge of presenting ordinary plays. The other section looks after "feature programmes," such as the "Absent Friends" affair on Christmas Day, and it comprises Lawrence Gilliam, Mary Allen, Sieveking, and Gielgud (the two latter interest themselves in both sides of the department).

Gilliam is a promising young fellow. He has written a radio musical play that you will hear soon, called "The Show Goes Over" (all about "back-stage" at the B.B.C. during the broadcasting of a revue), and he was responsible, with Gielgud, for that immensely successful "Absent Friends" programme.

## Off to the States

**K**eith Falkner tells me he is off to America for a few weeks. He is giving recitals both in Canada and in the States. He doesn't mind singing, but he is disturbed at the prospect of doing so with the thermometer thirty degrees below zero. I shall probably hear how he gets on, and will pass anything interesting on to you.

That Theatre Atmosphere!

by FERRIER



At Home with Johnny Green

What a hectic life is lived by some famous dance-music composers. The other day I dropped in to see Johnny Green—John W. Green to you—at Grosvenor House, where he is staying during his short sojourn in this country.

Johnny (may I refresh your memory) is the composer of such famous tunes as "I Cover the Waterfront," "Body and Soul," and "Weep No More My Baby"—and a good many more tunes, including some, I believe, for forthcoming B.B.C. shows.

Johnny has also been heard on the air from Radio Luxembourg in company with Carroll Gibbons and the Savoy Hotel Orpheans. So, you see, he has been spending a busy time.

In the States on Sundays

Johnny is a very likeable fellow and—a full-blooded American—is very interested in the way we do things over here. He is a fine talker as well as a fine pianist and he told me all about the immense ramifications of the Columbia and National Broadcasting chains in America and the way they compare with our B.B.C.—giving dance music on Sundays, and all that.

He is rushing back to America to feature in one of the star programme hours of sponsored programmes put on the air by the General Motors Organisation through Columbia. While broadcasting in one New York studio, Johnny will thus be putting his programmes out simultaneously through seventy-four stations, covering millions of listeners, which is not bad! With a contract of this nature in mind, Johnny cannot afford to stay in this country!

Did I say he was a fine pianist? Whilst we were talking, Mrs. Johnny Green joined us, and Johnny then strolled over to a grand piano in the corner of the room and played over an arrangement of some of his tunes to me, including (of course) "Body and Soul" and "I Cover the Waterfront."

Gillie Again

A chance meeting at the Princes Theatre between Eric Maschwitz and Gillie Potter—and the comedian's quarrel with the B.B.C. was ended. He broadcasts again next week.

The Director of Variety had gone to the theatre to see his wife, Toni Gingold, who plays a leading part in the show.

In the interval he went behind and there came face to face with Gillie Potter who, for nearly six months, had nursed a grievance

against Broadcasting House. A friendly chat, a handshake and it was all over.

Eric is Dynamic

Eric Maschwitz is one of the most dynamic characters in the B.B.C. and his postbag is full of contrasts. By the same post he gets letters of praise and abuse.

Sometimes the terms used are too strong for general consumption and in these cases the postcards are placed in envelopes, sealed and marked personal by a thoughtful post clerk at Broadcasting House.

Such is fame, but it is only fair to add that the fans far outnumber the . . . others.

In the Variety Studio

John Watt produces *Songs from the Shows* in the vaudeville studio at Broadcasting House. He has the theatre orchestra playing from the floor of the studio, while the artists broadcast from the centre of a carpeted stage with two pianos placed together at the side.

For the vaudeville theatre programme on Friday and Saturday (February 2 and 3) Doris Arnold and Harry Pepper are the pianists, and, seated side by side, the resemblance at first glance is remarkable.

Both have fair hair and blue eyes.

From Typewriter to Piano

Several years ago Doris joined the B.B.C. staff at Savoy Hill as a secretary, and whenever she found a studio vacant she used to slip in and practise on the piano.

It was not long before her gift for playing light music became known and her services were sought for staff functions.

From this stage it was an easy step to professional work, and, on joining the revue department she forsook the keys of the typewriter for the keys of the piano.

Among her many friends are the staff of St. George's Hospital who will never forget the concert which she organised in a common room as a token of gratitude for her treatment there.

With the help of John Sharman she mustered a fine collection of radio stars, and so that all the patients should enjoy the show as well, a microphone was fixed in the room and the programme was relayed to the earphones by each bed.

In Wild Decembers

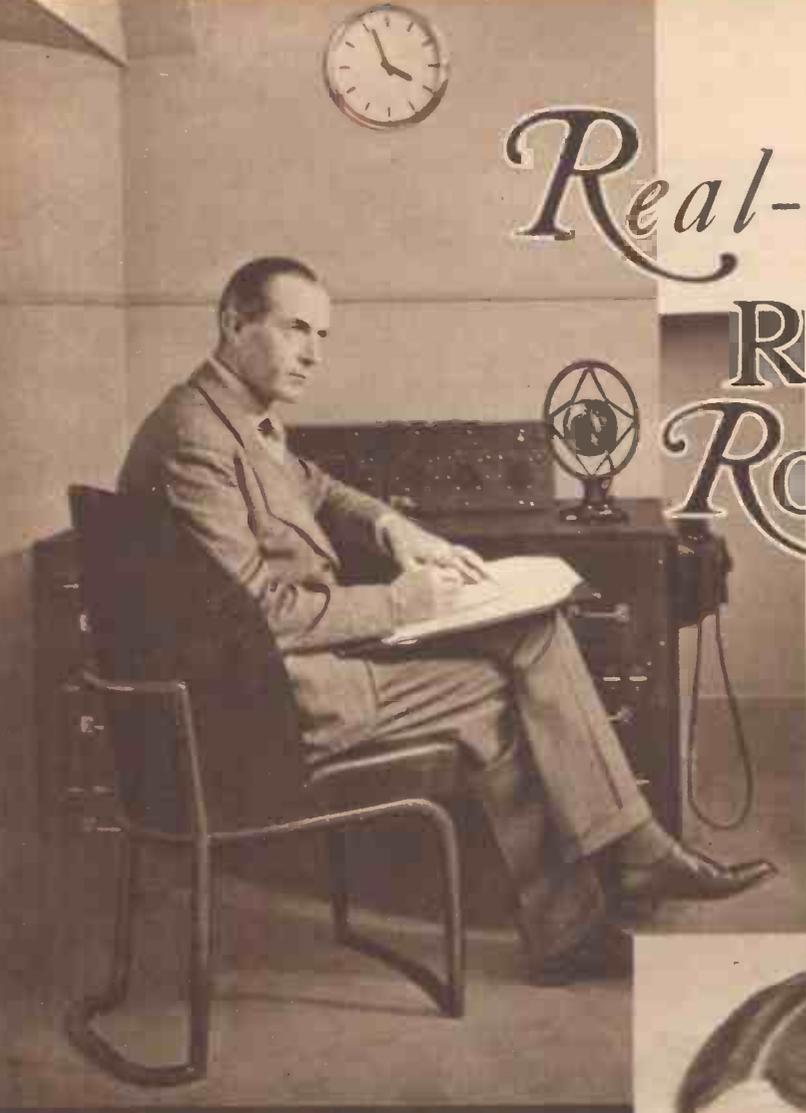
Three well-known actresses of different types have been engaged for the parts of the sisters in Clemence Davis' play *Wild Decembers*, which will be broadcast next Tuesday (January 30). They are Ludia Sherwood, Thea Holme and Beatrix Lehmann.

Casting plays for the microphone is one of the most difficult tasks which confront a producer.



Jack's a busy man, but whenever he can he spares a few hours for a stroll in the country, or a trip to some outdoor sports event, with Mrs. Payne

# Real-life Radio ROMANCES



Howard Rose, the senior play producer at Broadcasting House, is married to Miss Barbara Couper, the popular radio and stage actress



Alec McGill and Gwen Vaughan are an outstanding instance of husband and wife who have made success at broadcasting

Studios may look fearsome and robot-like places in which to broadcast, but in spite of that there are many radio romances. A number of the famous broadcasters had their first touch with romance in the B.B.C. studios, as described by DEREK ENGLAND

She said she was sorry she couldn't, she hadn't anything suitable.

"Well," said the voice, "just say something funny."

A trying request in the circumstances, but Barbara must have complied, because she was engaged for a part—and later on, engaged to the owner of the voice.

You may remember her as Deirdre of the Sorrows, Katharine in the Taming of the Shrew, Gloria in R.U.R., Madge in Galsworthy's Strife, Flavia in the Prisoner of Zenda, and in a whole host of other plays, far too numerous to mention.

Like so many other actresses, her early work was extremely varied. She did a little bit of everything, pantomime, cabaret, night clubs, touring, repertory and concert parties.

It is a little surprising, in view of all these miscellaneous activities, to find that she does not like television. And won't be televised.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Rose live near Woking. They have a lovely home, full of beautiful Queen Anne furniture.

Ethel Bartlett has been called one of the most beautiful women in England. Portraits of her have been exhibited at the Royal Academy for four successive years. Rae Robertson is a Scotsman and an M.A. of Edinburgh University.

As students under Tobias Matthay they met, fell in love and were married. After that they naturally came to the conclusion that for one of them to be playing in England while the other was in Germany was a very poor arrangement. . . .

The names of Winifred Small and Maurice Cole are equally well known to listeners. The scene of their meeting was a concert, though not a broadcast one. The idea of a partnership seems to have occurred to them at once, for soon after that first concert, they began a tour of the provincial stations together; and were married not much later.

They may be considered veterans of broadcasting, as they made their debuts as early as 1922. They tell stories of the "old days" at Savoy Hill—light-hearted days they must have been, when bells, telephones, and typewriters in the "studio" would sometimes intrude on the transmission, and when performances got over rather by good luck than by hard rehearsing.

Mr. and Mrs. Cole have many tastes in common, especially a love of the sea and boating of all sorts. And walking, in which Winifred is apt to out-distance her husband!

One of the most delightful romances of radioland is that of Harold Ramsay, organist at the Granada Theatre, Tooting, and his wife.

Who has not heard "Her Name is Mary"? This song, which has thrilled countless listeners, was written by Harold to his wife. Nobody, you will agree, could desire a more charming love song.



Barbara Couper has played in every type of radio play for the B.B.C. since 1926, and has adapted many plays in conjunction with her husband, Howard Rose

**D**ID you realise that the B.B.C.—in spite of being an entertainment factory, and a government department to boot—does sometimes, in spite of itself, play gooseberry to pairs of lovers?

Not a few engagements to broadcast have ended in engagements of another kind. And many of the well-known radio partnerships are very successful domestic partnerships as well.

Take Tommy Handley, for instance. He is one of the people for whom radio has spelt romance. He met his wife, Jean Allistone, at the B.B.C. when he was producing his own revues there.

Stuart Robertson is another. Both he and his wife, Alice Moxon, were already regular broadcasters by the time they first met. Whether it was that they found that their voices blended well together, or whether it was through the hobby they share—golf—they soon became attracted to one another. They were married in 1927, and now have a small daughter of three.

Golf is a link between another married couple who broadcast—Gwen Vaughan and Alec McGill. Alec is the secretary of the most unique golfing society in the world—inasmuch as it possesses eight officers and only one member. The society is called the A.S.G.—otherwise the Anti-Serious Golfers.

His wife has retaliated by joining an opposition society, "The Golfing Mothers."

Gwen Vaughan is, of course, Welsh, and equally of course, a singer. She started in the chorus of musical comedy, and acted in concert parties, revue, opera, and so on.

It was after the War that she joined forces with Alec, and together they became known as the "Wireless Chatterers." Since then, she complains that she has never been allowed to sing a song right through without being interrupted.

Her husband writes all their material, words

and music, and they collaborated in a radio show called "Cupid—Plus Two." He recently wrote the additional music for another radio production—"On the House."

It was in the audition hall at Savoy Hill that another romance saw the light. Here it was that Barbara Couper met her husband, Howard Rose, who is, as you know, the senior producer at the B.B.C.

Barbara went through her first ordeal in front of the microphone that afternoon. She was simply terrified. . . . as even hardened professionals often are when faced with the mike for the first time; but she managed to get through her piece somehow.

That was that.

There came a voice from the control cabin.

"It might be nice if you gave us something humorous, Miss Couper," it said.



*Mrs. Giles* BORRETT

*first woman announcer for the B.B.C. Announcements have occasionally been made by women members of the staff at various regional studios, but Mrs. Borrett was the first full-time woman announcer for the B.B.C. Although no longer on the announcing staff, she still acts in radio plays under the name of Sheila Stewart.*

THE whole nation thrills when the Prince of Wales broadcasts. Millions of people, thanks to the microphone, know every inflection of his voice, and have had his helpful and outspoken addresses



brought right into their homes through broadcasting. The Prince, too, is a keen listener, and this intimate article tells how radio serves the Prince not only in his listening at home but in his car and aeroplane.

## Radio Serves the Prince

ONE evening just after the general news bulletin had been broadcast, a white light flashed in the announcer's cabin outside the news studio.

That is a signal at the B.B.C. that the announcer is wanted urgently on the telephone, for telephone bells are too noisy for the studio.

The announcer left his desk, went out to the listening room and picked up the 'phone. "The Prince of Wales is on the 'phone," said the operator, "and wants to speak to the man who has just been giving the news bulletin feature."

The Prince of Wales!

There was a hurried consultation between the announcer and the two or three men in charge of the special arrangements of the news bulletin that had been put out that night.

Fielden, who was responsible for the dramatisation of the news bulletin, took over the telephone and heard the Prince's cheery voice.

Fielden and some other enterprising men at the B.B.C. had been trying a daring experiment of dramatising the news bulletins to make them more interesting to millions... and the Prince had personally taken the trouble to ring up the B.B.C. and compliment the man who was responsible for putting this novel news bulletin on the air.

That's typical of the interest the Prince of Wales takes in radio.

Millions of people have heard him speak through their loud-speakers, but it is not so generally realised that the Prince is a very keen radio listener and, indeed, is very well served by a radio.

He uses radio at home, in his car, and even when he is flying in his own private aeroplane!

The Prince is, of course, a keen motoring enthusiast, but while the King favours dignified Daimlers, the heir to the throne is generally to be seen in cars of a more sporting nature such as Rolls Royces with definitely "Continental" bodies.

The Prince is a hard worker and he fre-

quently has to cover many hundreds of miles in the course of a day's business of State.

In the Rolls Royce which is generally used for these express business journeys, the Prince has had installed a long range wireless set of a very similar type to that with which Sir Malcolm Campbell fell in love when he went record breaking at Daytona.

The Prince's car radio outfit is fitted in a de luxe manner in the Rolls Royce and has extension controls for tuning and volume so that the Prince himself can bring in station after station even when the car is travelling at a steady 60 m.p.h.

The Prince's car radio set cannot run down as it has no batteries. It is connected direct to the car's starter battery and has a built-in converter for providing for the necessary power.

A much more elaborate radio outfit is provided in the Prince of Wales' aeroplane.

The first plane to be fitted with radio at the Prince's request was the Gipsy Moth, on which the Prince did a great deal of his pioneer flying.

The equipment in the Moth was specially provided by the Marconi organisation and ensures that the Prince of Wales is absolutely

safe and in direct contact with the chief aerodromes while he is carrying out his express journeys by air.

The Prince's aeroplane equipment is built into the back of the passenger's cockpit and has extension controls which can be operated by the Prince or by his pilot.

On this set the Prince gets information from the aerodromes en route before starting off on a long trip and while in flight he picks up direction-finding signals in order to adjust his bearings.

It is possible, on many occasions, to pick up ordinary programme broadcasting on his aeroplane receiver, but the work of the Prince's pilot while in the air is generally too serious to allow of this distraction!

The Prince travels in comfort in the cabin of his latest aeroplane and does not have to wear flying kit. He dons an ordinary pair of earphones when he wants to pick up weather information or direction-finding bearings.

When in one of the ordinary service open cockpit planes, he wears a flying helmet with ear tubes which link up with the loud speaker gear on the plane's regular equipment.

Radio is an invaluable aid to the Prince's own private flying, but he has also done some good work in commercial flying demonstrations abroad.

When he made his famous tour of the Argentine, he covered immense distances by air and the authorities arranged for the Prince to broadcast from the giant passenger-carrying plane in which he was travelling.

His speech was picked up at leading aerodromes over the route and relayed to vast crowds through loud-speakers on each aerodrome field.

So you see, when travelling on the road or in the air, the Prince is well served by radio.

He has even travelled in a radio-equipped express train, but radio is not yet part of the equipment of the carriages normally reserved for Royal use.

Now, before seeing how radio serves the Prince at home, see what happens when he comes to the microphone to broadcast an address.

When the Prince broadcasts from the

### NEXT WEEK

Another fine issue of "Radio Pictorial"

Harry Roy, Roy Fox and many other prominent leaders in the dance music world provide exclusive features of real interest to every listener.

Out on  
Friday

Order your Copy  
Now

B.B.C. studios he does not use one of the elaborate rooms of Portland Place. In point of fact he talks from what is probably one of the plainest and most serviceable of all the twenty-two studios at the London headquarters.

Studio 3C, on the third floor . . . a tiny room furnished in plain light oak . . . a reading desk . . . chair, microphone stand . . . a red light which flashes as a start and stop signal.

On the wall at the back of the chair in which the Prince sits at the mike is a plaque of the Prince's head. Just a simple memento of the Prince's first broadcast from Broadcasting House.

When he broadcast in the old Savoy Hill days he spoke at the same reading desk! That is one of the few pieces of furniture which were transferred from Savoy Hill to Broadcasting House.

Perhaps this gives him confidence. Though he does not need it. He is a polished microphone talker. A few days ago I was talking to one of the

livered his speech to the microphone hanging just above his head. Neither radio nor film mikes hold any terrors for him!

As a keen listener he always asks that a record shall be made of any important speech he may broadcast.

The Blattnerphone at the B.B.C. is switched on whenever the Prince broadcasts, and on one of his fairly frequent visits to Broadcasting House the sound-recording steel tape is run through the machine so that the Prince can criticise his own voice!

As a matter of fact, these visits to the studios are far more frequent than the public and

*Continued on page 24*



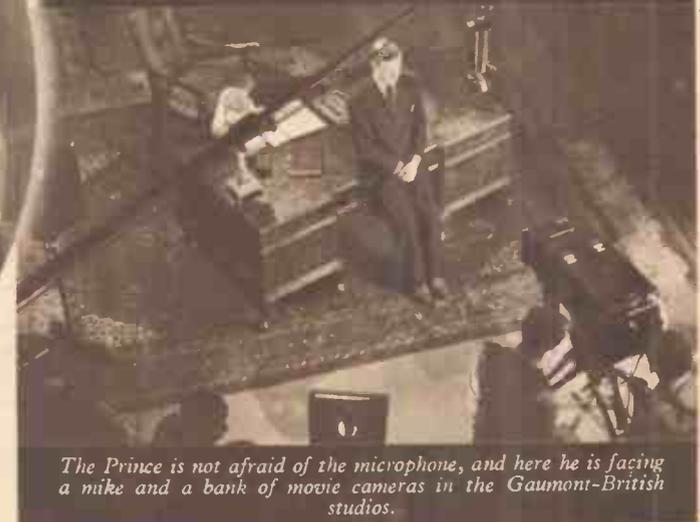
*The Prince of Wales uses radio on his aeroplane as well as in his car and at home. It is a great aid to his urgent trips on matters of business and state.*



*The Prince listens in while flying, and then his pilot (seen in the photograph above) takes over control.*



*Here is a peep into the cabin of the Prince's latest aeroplane. The wireless set is carried under the seat at the back, and the Prince has his own earphones.*



*The Prince is not afraid of the microphone, and here he is facing a mike and a bank of movie cameras in the Gaumont-British studios.*

*in 'plane, car and at home*

officials of the Gaumont-British studios in which the Prince was filmed for his screen Life Story.

At the end of this film, which was made mainly for the benefit of a charity in which the Prince is interested, there is a long personal address by the Prince.

To make this, he didn't ask for any elaborate studio settings.

Nor did he ask for the movie cameras, microphones and sound amplifiers to be carried into his own study at home.

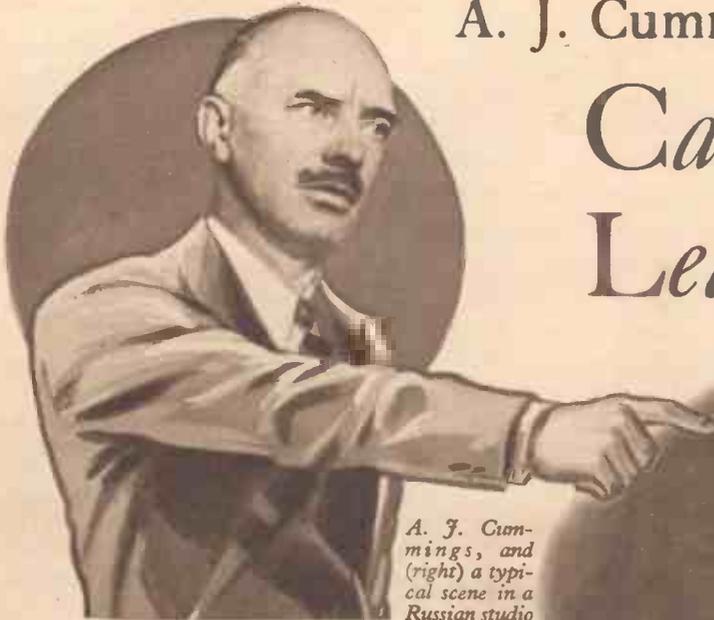
He drove down in his own car to the G.-B. studios, sat casually on the edge of a desk and coolly de-



*The drawing-room of the Duke of York's house in Piccadilly, where the Prince of Wales occasionally spends an evening listening-in.*

A. J. Cummings asks—

# Can the B.B.C. Learn from Moscow?



A. J. Cummings, and (right) a typical scene in a Russian studio



**A** FEW weeks ago, I pulled out one knob, gave another a half-turn, and heard, for the first time, Moscow broadcasting in the English language.

It was an interesting experience, which induced a number of reflections on the possibilities of this form of propaganda.

The thing was efficiently done, and I could not name any part of the programme to which an English listener could reasonably object.

The central feature was a dialogue between two Russians, who spoke excellent English with scarcely the faintest trace of foreign accent, on the philosophical basis of Communism and its practical application to the Soviet way of life.

One of the disputants played the part of an anti-Communist who asked questions and made somewhat feeble criticisms on the other's discourse.

No. 1 was, in fact, a kind of dialectical Aunt Sally for No. 2 to knock down with volley after volley of Bolshevik coco-nuts.

Perhaps it would be more exact to say that No. 2 treated No. 1 with good-humoured tolerance, as one might treat an inquisitive, but not very sharp-witted, fourth-form school-boy.

But by the time No. 2, in whose voice condescension was beautifully blended with patience, had finished with No. 1, there was very little left of the latter's ignorant scepticism and everything in the Communist garden was very lovely.

There was no attack on "capitalism" or "imperialism."

There was no criticism of any *bourgeois* nation.

All provocations were scrupulously avoided.

The aim, skilfully pursued, was to focus the listeners' sympathetic attention—with the arguments gently insinuated—on a workers' classless Paradise.

After this dialogue, we were regaled with Russian "news" in English. The news, like the dialogue, was designed to show how good it is to be alive in Russia to-day.

There were reports of Russian achievements in aeroplane development, impressive production statistics in industry and agriculture, accounts of the opening of new mills and factories, and a number of miscellaneous tit-bits.

The result was a cumulative effect which gave an attractive picture of a country rapidly on the march to an era of enormous prosperity, in an environment of happiness, stimulated by "sure and certain" hope.

The news was followed by an announcement, thanking the numerous English senders of letters to the Soviet broadcasting station and informing all these enthusiasts that every letter would, in due course, receive a personal answer.

The English-speaking wireless official pleaded for more and more letters containing criticisms and suggestions, and assured his listeners that every suggestion was given careful individual attention.

Three times, very deliberately, he spelt out the address of the station.

Then he made an alluring offer. The sender of every tenth letter would be given a prize, the sender of every hundredth letter a still better prize, and the sender of every two-hundredth letter an even more precious memento of Soviet culture.

One of these prizes was, I think, a volume of Karl Marx.

But the successful letter-writers were offered a free choice of presents, ranging from a biography of Lenin to an illustrated guide and pictures of the new Russia and the old. And then—

"Good-night, everyone."

**A** well-thought-out interlude, every item in which was calculated to excite the intelligent curiosity and engage the goodwill and sympathy of English listeners.

Why, I wonder, doesn't the B.B.C. take a leaf out of the Soviet book of wireless propaganda?

I am well aware that no very useful purpose might be served by staging here in the Russian tongue a series of attractive talks on the superiority of British civilisation and the British system of democratic government.

The Kremlin, I imagine, would soon find

some means of stifling that sort of *bourgeois* nonsense—possibly by a decree forbidding Russian listeners to use their receiving sets during the period of the talk.

And in Russia official decrees are obeyed!

**N**or would it be particularly advantageous to advertise in Russian, by wireless, the superiority of British methods of manufacture and of British products. The only foreign buyer in Russia is the Soviet Government, and the Soviet Government knows all it needs to know about British trade and British goods.

Even so, an occasional talk in Russian on interesting aspects of English life would not be useless; and if discreetly done would probably not be resented by the Soviet Government, which, on account of its increasing stability and its obviously growing desire to stimulate good relations abroad, is less sensitive than it was to the danger

of external anti-Bolshevist propaganda.

But far more important than talks in Russian would be semi-official talks in German, French, Spanish, and Italian. Why not?

We have been accustomed too long to assume that the rest of the world accepts British civilisation as the first and last word in human progress and enlightenment.

We expect all other nations to take for granted the superiority of our institutions, of our manufactures, of our workmanship.

**T**hink, for instance, of the fascinating stories that might be told on the wireless to foreigners by a man like Sir Frank Smith, secretary of the Department of Scientific and Intellectual Research, which has to its credit a truly remarkable record in the technical assistance it has provided for hundreds of British trades.

Without giving away any technical trade secrets, Sir Frank Smith, or anyone of his able colleagues, through an efficient linguist, could inform the world of many wonderful new commercial processes in the woollen, textile, metallurgical, and other trades which, in recent years, have preserved for numerous classes of British goods a unique distinction.

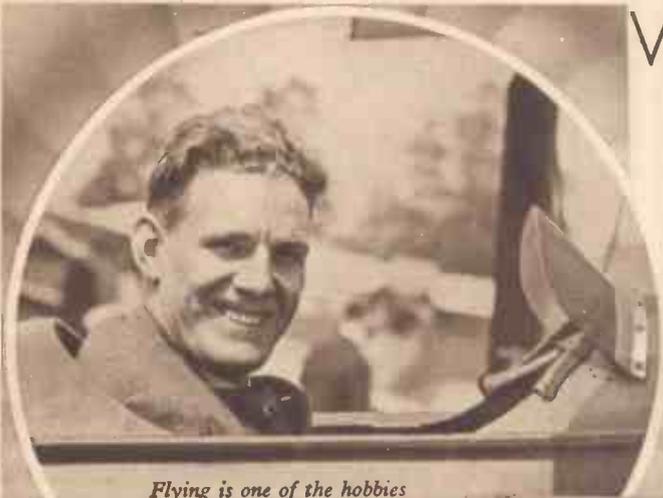
I mention this as one of many ideas which might be put into execution by a well-organised wireless department encouraged from above to combine patriotic initiative with practical common sense. In the B.B.C. there are some very clever and enterprising young men who would be only too glad to get going in new directions if they were given their heads.

These young men are not adequately paid, with the result that one after another they fade out of the B.B.C. as soon as better jobs offer themselves.

But that is another story!

# WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING

Intimate snapshots of some leading radio stars, showing you their hobbies and amusements of the moment. In this list are Jack Payne, Will Hay, Phillip Ridgeway, Hetty King, and Reva Reyes



*Flying is one of the hobbies of Mr. Will Hay, the famous comedian, who is a competitor in the Selfridge Club*



*Reva Reyes, the daughter of a Mexican bandit and a popular Continental broadcaster, entertains her mascot to breakfast!*



*(Right) Miss Hetty King and her brother Hal, about to paint their caravan, and (below) Phillip Ridgeway lands a good catch after a week-end's fishing!*



*Jack Payne tries a friendly game with Willie Swinhoe, the English boy billiard champion. Some of Jack's bandsmen look on in encouragement, but Jack looks very puzzled!*

# PLAN your WEEK'S Listening in Advance

## NATIONAL

**SUNDAY (Jan. 28).**—Orchestral Concert, from Bournemouth.

Bruno Walter will conduct, and Conchita Supervia will be the soloist.

**MONDAY (Jan. 29).**—*Florodora*, a broadcast version of the famous musical comedy.

*Florodora* was first produced at the Lyric Theatre, London, on November 11, 1899, under the direction of Tom B. Davies. The most popular numbers were: "The Shade of the Palm," originally sung by Melville Stuart as Frank Abercoed; "The Queen of the Philippine Islands," sung by Eric Greene as Dolores; "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden," sung by the chorus; "I Want to be a Military Man," sung by Edgar Stevens as Captain Donegal; and "Tact," sung by Ada Reeve as Lady Holyrood.

reconstruction of the trial of Charles I, written and arranged by Peter Cresswell.

*The King's Tryall* is the first of what is hoped will form a series of broadcasts of historical episodes. The author and producer is Peter Cresswell. An interesting minor problem arose in the choosing of Charles' voice. The King actually had a slight impediment in his speech, and always spoke with a Scots accent. Mr. Cresswell finally chose a voice that, to him, conveyed a personality of great dignity and authority without reference to its beauty of tone. It is for listeners to say whether from their point of view the experiment is a successful one.

**FRIDAY (Feb. 2).**—B.B.C. Chamber Concert, to be given before an audience in the Concert Hall, Broadcasting House.

**SATURDAY (Feb. 3).**—*The Magic Flute* (Mozart) Operatic programme.

Studio broadcasts of opera are but a dim memory, so long ago is it since an opera was broadcast from the home of broadcasting. However, memory will be revived on February 3, when Bruno Walter conducts a special radio version of *The Magic Flute*, which he has himself prepared and brought from Germany, where microphone adaptations of opera are works of art in themselves. Soloists for *The Magic Flute* are Ina Souez, Noel Eadie, Brownrig Mummery, and Norman Allin, with the Wireless Chorus (Section A), which is the full chorus of forty voices, and the B.B.C. Orchestra (Section E), forty-seven players.

## MIDLAND REGIONAL

**SUNDAY (Jan. 28).**—Recital of Old English Songs with Virginal Accompaniment.

The virginal was played in the Birmingham studio for the first time last year. Samuel Underwood is bringing the instrument from Gloucester to accompany his brother, Percy Underwood, in the programme. Mr. Underwood's virginal was made in Venice in 1564.

**MONDAY (Jan. 29).**—Orchestral Concert.  
**TUESDAY (Jan. 30).**—Light Orchestral Concert.

**WEDNESDAY (Jan. 31).**—You Will Hear . . . a programme of current Midland Theatre Music.

**THURSDAY (Feb. 1).**—A Choral Concert, relayed from the Shire Hall, Gloucester.

**FRIDAY (Feb. 2).**—The Music of W. H. Squire, Vocal and Instrumental programme.

**SATURDAY (Feb. 3).**—A Symphony Concert, relayed from the Town Hall, Birmingham.

## WEST REGIONAL

**SUNDAY (Jan. 28).**—Religious Service, relayed from Tredegarville Baptist Church, Cardiff.

**MONDAY (Jan. 29).**—A Percy Fletcher programme.

**TUESDAY (Jan. 30).**—Music of Edouard Grieg: Orchestral Concert.

**WEDNESDAY (Jan. 31).**—A String Orchestral Concert, from the National Museum of Wales.

**THURSDAY (Feb. 1).**—Variety Programme, relayed from the Palace Theatre, Plymouth.

**FRIDAY (Feb. 2).**—Police Band Concert.

**SATURDAY (Feb. 3).**—*The Damnation of Faust* (Berlioz), Operatic Programme, relayed from the Colston Hall, Bristol.

## NORTH REGIONAL

**SUNDAY (Jan. 28).**—Congregational Service, relayed from Zion Congregational Church, Waterfield.

**MONDAY (Jan. 29).**—Orchestral Concert.

**TUESDAY (Jan. 30).**—Idioms of the North (2), Lancashire, Feature Programme.

**WEDNESDAY (Jan. 31).**—Variety Programme, relayed from the Empire Theatre, York.

**THURSDAY (Feb. 1).**—Nocturne, Orchestral Concert.

**FRIDAY (Feb. 2).**—*Savitri*, by Gustav Holst, relayed from the David Lewis Theatre, Liverpool.

**SATURDAY (Feb. 3).**—Part of *Cinderella*, a Pantomime, relayed from the Theatre Royal, Leeds.

## SCOTTISH REGIONAL

**SUNDAY (Jan. 28).**—A Religious Service, relayed from St. Michael's Church, Dumfries.

The earliest definite reference to this church is in 1165, though its history goes back long before that. The present building was erected in 1745, but parts of it are of more ancient date.

**MONDAY (Jan. 29).**—A Wagner Programme, relayed from the Usher Hall, Edinburgh.

**TUESDAY (Jan. 30).**—*Tam-o'-Shanter*, a dramatised version of Robert Burns' poem.

This has been specially written for broadcasting by Joe Corrie. The play follows the poem closely, and all its famous characters come to life in an extremely convincing manner. The play will be produced by Howard Rose.

**WEDNESDAY (Jan. 31).**—Variety Programme, relayed from the Tivoli Theatre, Aberdeen.

**THURSDAY (Feb. 1).**—Annual Concert, relayed from Robert Gordon's College, Aberdeen.

**FRIDAY (Feb. 2).**—Instrumental and Choral Programme.

**SATURDAY (Feb. 3).**—Excerpt from a Scottish Concert organised on behalf of the Dundee Charities Campaign, relayed from the Caird Hall, Dundee.

## BELFAST

**SUNDAY (Jan. 28).**—St. Paul (Mendelssohn), Part 1, Choral and Orchestral programme.

**MONDAY (Jan. 29).**—*Florodora*, a Musical Comedy Programme, from London.

**TUESDAY (Jan. 30).**—Schubertiade: Orchestral Concert.

**WEDNESDAY (Jan. 31).**—Black and White: Choral and Orchestral programme.

**THURSDAY (Feb. 1).**—*The Retroscope*, a Play by Wilson Guy.

**FRIDAY (Feb. 2).**—Songs from the Shows, New Series, No. 23, Feature Programme, from London.

**SATURDAY (Feb. 3).**—A Concert by the First Prize Winners of the Junior Classes at the North of Ireland Bands' Association Championship Contest, 1933.

## Dance Music of the Week

**Monday** The B.B.C. Dance Orchestra, directed by Henry Hall (B.B.C. studio), and The Casani Club Orchestra, directed by Charlie Kunz (Casani Club).

**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 (B.B.C. studio).

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

**Saturday** Ambrose and his Embassy Club Orchestra (broadcasting from the B.B.C. studios).

Ivy St. Helier, whose performance in *La Vie Parisienne* was such an outstanding success, will play Ada Reeve's role, Lady Holyrood. Antony Tweedlepunch (Willie Edouin's part) will be played by Davy Burnaby. Tessa Deane is Dolores. Ernest Sefton plays Cyrus W. Gilfain, and Frank Abercoed will be played by Charles Mayhew, a young baritone who registered a hit when he took over the lead in *Casanova*.

**TUESDAY (Jan. 30).**—*Wild Decembers*, a play by Clemence Dane.

**WEDNESDAY (Jan. 31).**—Symphony Concert, relayed from Queen's Hall, London.

Bruno Walter will conduct. The programme will include Concerto No. 5 for Pianoforte and Orchestra, by Prokofiev, with the composer as soloist.

**THURSDAY (Feb. 1).**—A Vocal and Instrumental Recital.

**FRIDAY (Feb. 2).**—Songs from the Shows, New Series—No. 23, Vaudeville Theatre, feature programme.

**SATURDAY (Feb. 3).**—Variety Programme.

## LONDON REGIONAL

**SUNDAY (Jan. 28).**—Roman Catholic Service, from a Studio.

**MONDAY (Jan. 29).**—A Branch of Arbutus, a Song Cycle by Alicia Adelaide Needham.

**TUESDAY (Jan. 30).**—Modern Dance Music programme.

**WEDNESDAY (Jan. 31).**—*Florodora*, a Broadcast Version of the famous Musical Comedy.

**THURSDAY (Feb. 1).**—*The King's Tryall*, a

## HOT from the STUDIOS

Jack Payne has converted Sir Henry Coward, who was generally acknowledged to be the arch-enemy of jazz. Sir Henry saw Jack's show at Sheffield and expressed his delight with the music. And no wonder!

Here's a true story about Jack Hylton. Jack gave an audition to a violinist and decided to play the piano accompaniment himself. The music was so difficult and highly technical that Jack had to concentrate on it. Consequently, he did not notice how the violinist played! When it was over, the violinist said to Jack Hylton, "Hey! Who's this audition for—you or me?"

Roy Fox came to London from America with a small band in which he played trumpet. His style was so quiet that he called himself "The Whispering Cornetist." Hence his signature tune on the air—"Whispering." His health broke down, and in consequence he must never play the trumpet again. He is the smartest band leader in London, and is known as "The Beau Brunmel" of jazz.

Lew Stone is an ardent footballer. You will always see him with his boys playing various teams at Edgware on Sunday afternoons.

The Moderniques, that excellent vocal quartette imitating instruments in the fashion of the Mills Brothers, are all musicians in well-known West End bands.

*Dance Music from the Continental Stations*

SUNDAY		
Bucharest	...	4 p.m.
Leipzig	...	9.40 p.m.
Strasbourg	...	10.30-12 p.m.
Reykjavik	...	9-12 p.m.
Radio Normandy	...	10.30-11.30 p.m.
Warsaw	...	9.25 p.m.
MONDAY		
Ljubljana	...	8 p.m.
Warsaw	...	9 p.m.
Brussels No. 1	...	10.10 p.m.
Brussels No. 2	...	10.10 p.m.
TUESDAY		
Reykjavik	...	9-12 p.m.
Warsaw	...	10.15 p.m.
WEDNESDAY		
Barcelona	...	11 p.m.
Warsaw	...	9 p.m.
Brussels No. 2	...	10.10 p.m.
THURSDAY		
Ljubljana	...	9.15 p.m.
Reykjavik	...	8.30 p.m.
Warsaw	...	9 p.m.
Leipzig	...	10.55-11.30 p.m.
FRIDAY		
Ljubljana	...	3.30 p.m.
Warsaw	...	9.50 p.m.
SATURDAY		
Athlone	...	9.30 p.m.
Warsaw	...	9.15 p.m.
Barcelona	...	1 a.m.
Strasbourg	...	10.30 p.m.
Poste Parisien	...	9.52 p.m.
Reykjavik	...	8.30 p.m.

SUNDAY (JANUARY 28)

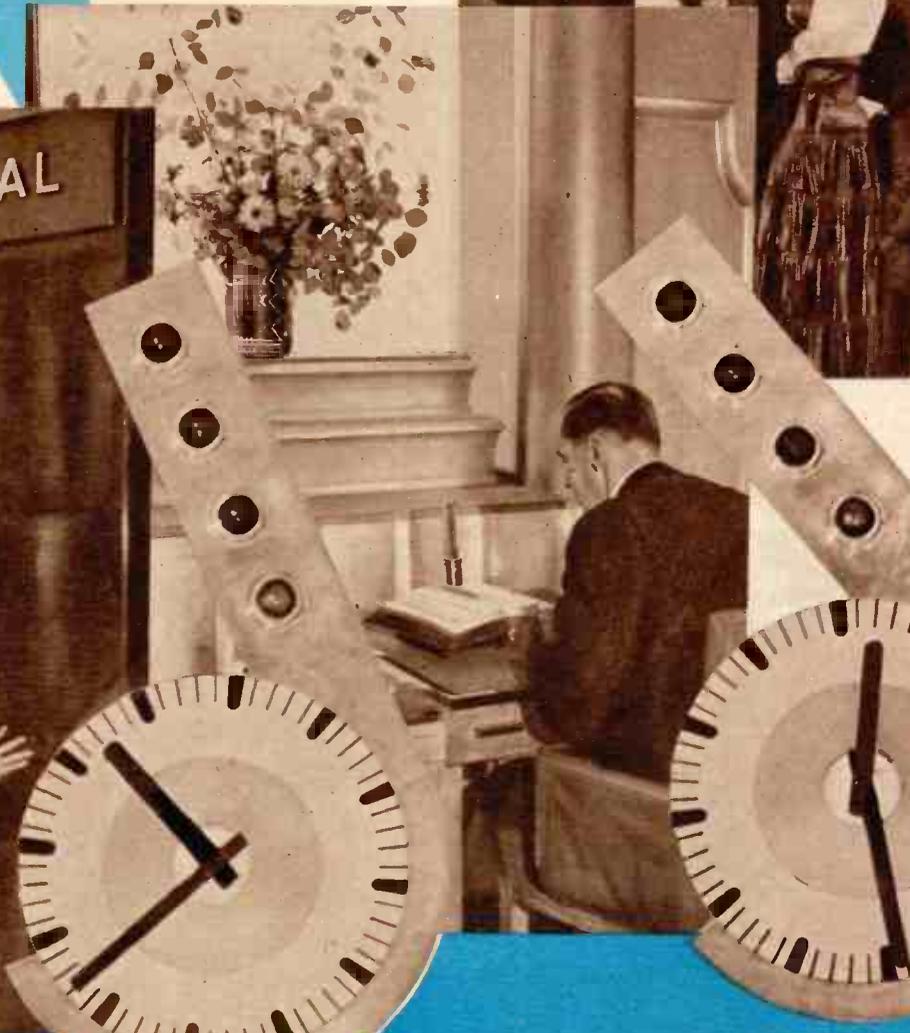
Athlone (531 m.).—Tony Reddin and his Radiolians	...	3.0-4.0 p.m.
Toulouse (335.2 m.).—Dance Music	...	11.15 p.m.
Barcelona (274 m.).—Gramophone Records	...	9.0 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Dance Music and Song Hits	...	9.40 p.m.
Breslau (315.8 m.).—Concert	...	3.0 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Military Band Music	...	11 p.m.
Juan-les-Pins (222.6 m.).—Light Music	...	10.30 p.m.
Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Cadillac Concert	...	11 p.m.
Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Wayne King's Orchestra	...	8.0 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Dance Music from the Savoy	...	10.30 p.m.-midnight
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Orchestral Music	...	5 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—	...	5.0 p.m.
Langenberg (455.9 m.).—"The Merry Wives of Windsor" (Nicolai)	...	7.0 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Gramophone Records	...	4.30 p.m.
Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Dance Music	9.0 p.m. (approx.)-midnight	
Radio Normandy (200 m.).—Dance Music	...	10.30-11.30 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Old Favourites	...	11.0 p.m.
Juan-les-Pins (222.6 m.).—Concert	...	10.30-11.0 p.m.
Warsaw (1,304 m.).—Dance Music	...	9.25 p.m.
Vienna (506.8 m.).—Orchestral concert	...	9.25 p.m.
Bucharest (212.6 m.).—Dance Music	...	4.0 p.m.
MONDAY		
Athlone (531 m.).—Bohemian Quartet	...	10.40 p.m.
Barcelona (274 m.).—Request Records	...	8.0 p.m.

*Your Foreign Programme Guide*

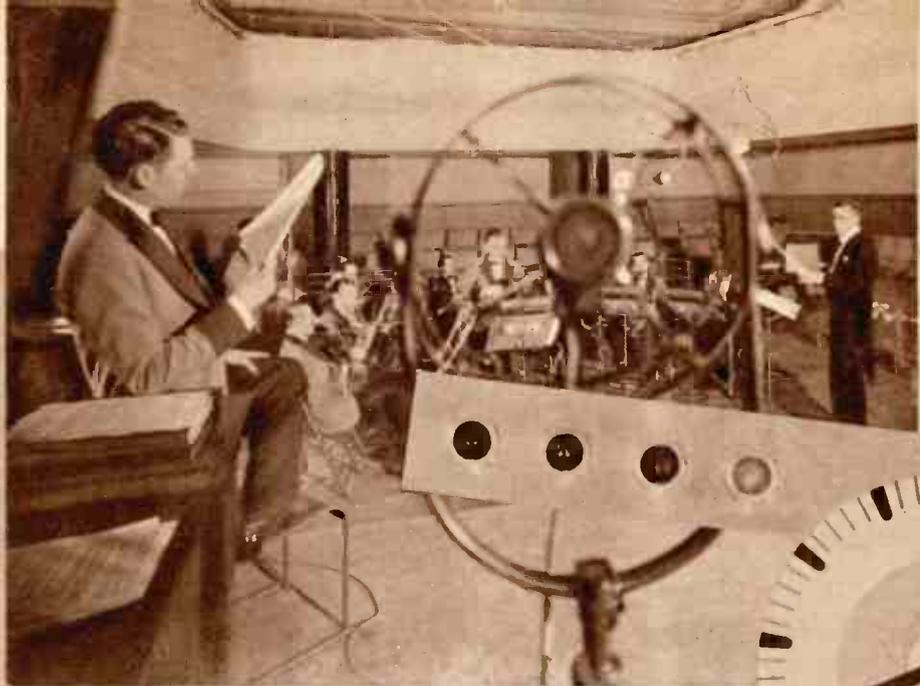
Breslau (315.8 m.).—Concert	...	4.50 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Dance Music	...	10.10 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Dance Records	...	10.10 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Geotz von Berlichingen (Goethe)	...	6.0 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Dance Music	...	8.0 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Light Orchestral Music	...	9.55-11.30 p.m.
Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Salon Orchestra	...	11.30 p.m.
Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Variety	...	8.0 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Light music on Records	...	1.5 p.m.
Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Popular Music	...	8.0 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Waltzes	...	7.50 p.m.
Bucharest (212.6 m.).—Records	...	6.20 p.m.
Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—German Folk Songs	...	4.30 p.m.
Hellsberg (291 m.).—German Folk Songs	...	4.20 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Gala Concert	...	8.55 p.m.
Warsaw (1,304 m.).—Dance Music	...	9.0 p.m.
TUESDAY		
Athlone (531 m.).—Irish Music	...	7.30 p.m.
Barcelona (274 m.).—Trio Concert	...	6.0 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Concert from Malines Cathedral	...	8.0 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Records of Talkie Music	...	10.10 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Concert	...	6.25 a.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—National Songs	...	8.0 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—New Records	...	5.30 p.m.
Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Brown-Palace Hotel Orchestra	...	9.45 p.m.
Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Orchestral Music	...	1 a.m. (Wed.)-3 a.m.
Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Gala Concert	...	8.30-10.30 p.m.
Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Dance Music	9.0 p.m. (approx.)-Midnight	
Warsaw (1,304 m.).—Dance Records	...	10.15 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Records	...	7 p.m.
Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—Songs and Choruses (Abt.) on Records	...	2.20 p.m.
Bucharest (212.6 m.).—Symphony Concert	...	7.20 p.m.
WEDNESDAY		
Athlone (531 m.).—Variety	...	10.40-11 p.m.
Barcelona (274 m.).—Dance Music	...	11 p.m.
Breslau (315.8 m.).—Folk Music	...	8.40 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Gramophone Music	...	6.15 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Dance Records	...	10.10 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Orchestral Concert	...	3.0 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—English Records	...	9.30 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Munich Carnival Relay	...	10.15 p.m.
Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Orchestral Concert	...	11.30 p.m.
Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Orchestral Music	...	1.30 a.m. (Thurs.)
Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Café Concert	...	10.30 p.m.
Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Symphony No. 7 (Beethoven)	...	8.0 p.m.
Hamburg (331.9 m.).—Light Music	...	6.0 p.m.
Warsaw (1,304 m.).—Dance Music	...	9 p.m.
Bucharest (212.6 m.).—Violin Recital	...	8.15 p.m.
Hamburg (331.9 m.).—Light Music	...	6.0 p.m.
Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—Musical Programme	...	7.5 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Gramophone Music	...	10.0 p.m.
THURSDAY		
Athlone (531 m.).—Concert	...	9.30 p.m.
Barcelona (274 m.).—Trio Concert	...	6.0 p.m.
Breslau (315.8 m.).—Concert	...	4.50 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Orchestral Concert	...	8 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Light Orchestral Concert	...	8 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Dance Music	...	10.55-11.30 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Dance Music	9.15 p.m. (approx.)	
Munich (405.4 m.).—Orchestral Concert	...	7.30 p.m.
Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Salon Orchestra	...	11.30 p.m.
Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Paul Whiteman's Orchestra	...	3 a.m. (Fri.)
Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Orchestral Concert	...	3 p.m.
Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Dance Music	8.30 p.m. (approx.)	
Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—Songs of the Road and Dance Songs	...	3 p.m.
Bucharest (212.6 m.).—Orchestral Concert	...	3.30 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Concert	...	8.20 p.m.
Warsaw (1,304 m.).—Dance Music on Records	...	9.0 p.m.
FRIDAY		
Athlone (531 m.).—Orchestral Concert	...	7.30 p.m.
Barcelona (274 m.).—Café Concert	...	10.10 p.m.
Breslau (315.8 m.).—Light Music	...	9.35 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Request Gramophone Records	...	10.10 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Café Concert	...	10.10 p.m.
Bucharest (212.6 m.).—Philharmonic Concert	...	7.0 p.m.
Hamburg (331.9 m.).—Folk Songs and Dances	...	6.0 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Variety Programme	...	7.10 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Songs and Dance Music	...	3.30 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Munich Carnival	11 p.m. (midnight)	
Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Orchestral Concert	...	3.45 p.m. (Sat.)
Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Musical Programme	...	8.15 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Joseph Eeb Concert	...	8.30 p.m.
Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Music	...	6.0 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Gramophone Records	...	7.50 p.m.
Warsaw (1,304 m.).—Dance Music from the Adiva Café	...	9.50 p.m.
SATURDAY		
Athlone (531 m.).—Light Music and Dance Music	...	9.30 p.m.
Barcelona (274 m.).—Dance Music	1 a.m. (Sun.)	
Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—"The Little Town"—Wireless Sequence (Seitz)	...	3 p.m.
Breslau (315.8 m.).—Concert of Romantic Music	...	7.10 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Dance Music from the Century Hotel, Antwerp	...	10.10 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Dance Music from the Century Hotel, Antwerp	...	10.10 p.m.
Bucharest (212.6 m.).—Music for Two Pianos	...	7 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Concert by the Dresden Philharmonic	...	3 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Vocal Concert	...	7.30 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Light Music and Dance Music	...	9.35 p.m.
Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Orchestral Concert	...	12 midnight
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Dance Music	...	9.52 p.m.
Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Dance Music	8.30 p.m. (approx.)-11 p.m.	
Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Variety	1 a.m. (Sun.)	
Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Dance Music from the Savoy	...	10.30 p.m.
Warsaw (1,304 m.).—Dance Music Records	...	9.15 p.m.

*Just* **ONE**  
**DAY** *in the*  
*Life of the*  
**B·B·C**

# MORNING



# NIGHT



At about 10.30 the dance music starts. This may come from one of the leading hotels or restaurants, or from a B.B.C. studio. This unusual "behind the mike" view of the dance music studio shows Henry Hall and the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra in action, with Les Allen (the vocalist) at the left



Television programmes are now the feature of B.B.C. transmissions and there are some striking scenes in the television studio in the basement of Broadcasting House. The photograph above shows a television play in action, with the light sensitive cells mounted on a pedestal at the left



Then the main programme starts. Ten or a dozen of the main studios may be needed simultaneously and here is a scene in the variety studio

The whole vast machinery of broadcasting comes into play every day in the preparation of a programme. These photographs give you a good idea of the outstanding events in a typical day's programme. If you have ever visited the B.B.C. studios, you will probably recognise some of the scenes, and certainly you will know the striking futurist clocks which decorate many of the studio walls and which are shown here to indicate the time intervals between the programmes. The photograph on the extreme left shows the National programme for the day being arranged in the artists' foyer of Broadcasting House. The next picture shows the Rev. Hugh Johnston reading the morning service from the religious studio.

# WHAT IS THIS CROONING

**MAURICE ELWIN**, the "Wizard of the Microphone," one of the most popular radio and recording vocalists, tells you just what crooning really is. He explains why a crooner risks more at the microphone than the legitimate singer . . . and he tells you how to croon!



## CROONING.

What is it?

The word adequately describes a type of singing eminently suitable to the microphone, and the general public has accepted the word, possibly without realising just what this new kind of singing really is.

What is the whole secret of this new vocalism?

The microphone is an asset. It is there to help the singer. In fact, it is a medium for expression. But the singer must control the microphone. If he doesn't, the microphone controls him and it is no help to his singing whatever.

It will be easily understood that the microphone records the minutest sound—even a whisper. Consequently all the "delivery" required to put a song over the footlights is reduced to a minimum when singing through the mike. Turn up the volume control of your set and a wealth of vocal expression can fill your largest room with whatever volume you may require. But the actual performance might be done in a whisper. Mechanical amplification does the rest.

Now you see what a vast amount of expression can be put into a vocal when no effort is required to fill a hall and the vocalist can concentrate entirely upon artistic production.

All this might sound very simple. In reality it is. But few microphone singers—crooners if you prefer it—have made a real study of the characteristics of mechanical singing. The mike gives the vocalist a tremendous amount of licence, but as I said before he must use the microphone to serve his own purpose. By doing so it facilitates his work. If he does not control it, as it were, he is not obtaining the maximum benefit from it and in turn becomes the servant of the microphone.

All this is a matter of common sense, but a new technique has been born. It is a subject upon which few are able to talk in these early stages of broadcasting. Yet the fact remains that a technique exists for putting songs into an amplification system which, in its turn, is subject to control by the listener's use of his own volume on his radio set.

It is essential for a singer to have the microphone at the correct height. He must sing "down to it," as it were, much in the same way as a big man talks down to a little man. This gives the singer a sense of command. It enables him to feel that the microphone is his servant, transforming his whispering notes into something magnificent. If the microphone is too high and the vocalist has to sing "up to it," the performer senses an inferiority complex.

Some of the vocal efforts which are listed in the category of "crooning" should never be

broadcast.

You may agree with me.

In fact, there have been many criticisms in the Press deploring the vogue of crooning. But a few adverse remarks, even though they represent the views of some thousands of discriminating people, do not in the least compare with the fan mail these crooners receive, averaging, as they do, millions of letters. The public likes the crooner. It likes good and bad crooners. That is the answer to the whole controversy and justifies the existence of this new type of entertainer.

The microphone, therefore, has opened up a new field for singers whose shortcomings would have been very obvious in a large hall. To begin with, all that reserve power we know as "delivery" is quite unnecessary. Providing the crooner can sing in tune (many of them don't!), and he has a steady voice, he is able to put over a vocal chorus with a distinctly popular appeal.

*It is not generally realised that a crooner takes a big chance every time he sings into the microphone.*

The legitimate singer usually stands one or two yards away from the instrument. If he makes a mistake it is not so noticeable. On the other hand the crooner, by reason of his intimate whispering, croons directly into the instrument at close range. If he should make a mistake it is blatant.

There is no escape for the crooner! An error in diction or a note out of tune is broadcast with remarkable emphasis.

Another strange fact about crooning is that it gives new hope as a career for aspiring vocalists who have been turned down by conscientious singing masters through lack of essential physique for this calling. The microphone does not impose the physical strain associated with legitimate singing, providing always that the vocalist uses the mike correctly as a means of helping him to put his song over. Herein lies the art of microphone technique which can only be cultivated by practical experience.

To croon, you sing at half volume, which enables you to do things in the way of expression that you would not be able to do while singing at full strength.

It is all much safer with the microphone. But you must pay particular attention to diction and breathing. In other words, you can retain the quality in your voice at a

whisper if you have any quality there at all. This is why your pet aversions amongst the crooners sound all breath and no timbre! But for all my pointed remarks these crooners, good and

bad alike, have a public.

Breathing affects diction and vice versa. This is why the ideal crooner should have a legitimate and practical understanding of these main essentials of singing. Unfortunately, however, the modern composer of popular songs has little or no respect for vocalists and sometimes it is difficult even for trained singers to articulate the words. How much more difficult, then, for the inexperienced crooner!

If the microphone is used correctly it should be possible for crooners to sing into it all day long without feeling the slightest fatigue. This is, of course, taking for granted that they use the mike correctly and that the mike does not use them. You will appreciate now why it is that the crooner goes to work much happier than the ordinary microphone singer. In the latter case the vocalist serves the microphone, but the microphone is, or should be, the servant of the crooner.

For my own part, I am a legitimate singer. I was trained by Frederic King at the Royal Academy and Sir Henry Wood. But I am a Scotchman and popular music attracted me for financial reasons! That is how I came to be familiar with the microphone. I soon realised that this was a new art and I promptly commenced to study its peculiarities and the correct method of adapting my early legitimate training to the new environment. I soon discovered what a wealth of vocal expression was at my command while singing at half strength.

I found out, to my horror, that this intimate association with the microphone was very exacting. For instance, I had to treat the mike with gentleness and respect. A loud B, as in the word "bite," would, when amplified, cause what is known as "blast." Accordingly I learned to turn my head slightly away.

All these little points, and many more, constitute what is known as microphone technique.



# 17.45

**T**HE place we go to every year for our summer holiday is called Littlebury-on-Sea. It's about seventeen miles from Plymouth.

It isn't exactly a village but just a collection of forty or fifty bungalows dotted about on the edge of the cliff.

There's a shop, of course, which is also the post office, and opening out of the post office there's a highly efficient telephone exchange—six feet by three.

As you can imagine, one rather leads the simple life down there, and no one, at least no one who is anyone, wears anything but rags.

A man certainly once did appear in decent clothes, but his body was found floating some days afterwards.

We even occasionally take in each other's washing—not in the usually accepted sense—but what I mean is that if you see the paper man trying to deliver a suspicious-looking bundle next door, when you know they're out, you harbour it till they come in.

That's the sort of place it is and no ceremony to speak of is stood on.

Anyway, we've taken a bungalow there for a great many years.

As a general rule, the day after we get down and the unpacking's finished, my wife and I make a little tour of inspection.

We go first of all and pay our respects to Mr. and Mrs. Jupp at the post office, and then we stroll round to see what's been altered or built since the summer before.

Well, we did that last year, and after we'd thoroughly inspected Littlebury-on-Sea we wandered along the cliff and down into the next cove which is called Fallaborough.

**T**here are bungalows there too, and we found a brand-new one, standing rather by itself. It was all painted white and evidently only just finished.

We walked round outside the fence and admired it, and as we were walking round and admiring it we both noticed that the telephone bell was ringing, and it went on and on.

My wife, who's an extremely tidy woman, said: "I wish they'd answer their telephone." But no one did, and we finally came to the conclusion that everyone was out.

That being so, it seemed a bit callous to go away and let poor Miss Links, up at the exchange, go on ringing, so I said: "I shall go in and tell her that there's no one at home."

Which I proceeded to do.

I walked up the garden path and in at the front door. It was wide open—people don't

shut their front doors down there—and it led straight into a big living-room.

I looked round for the telephone and eventually found it on a writing-table tucked away in a sort of alcove. It was a pretty room, rather irregular in shape.

This writing-table had the usual things on it, inkstand, calendar, clock, and so on, and in the pen-tray there were some pencils. The clock was right and the pencils were properly sharpened, so I imagined it to be a man's writing-table.

I took off the telephone receiver and heard a confused sort of noise going on, which meant I was on to a trunk line and not just the local exchange. I said "Hullo" at intervals, and while I waited I picked up one of the pencils and made a note of the time.

I always use the twenty-four hours time, for things of that kind, so as it was exactly a quarter to six I wrote down the figures 17.45

## A. J. ALAN re-tells one of his favourite radio stories

on the top left-hand corner of the clean white blotting-pad which was on the table.

Well, I went on saying "Hullo" and getting no answer, when suddenly a woman's voice cut in. It struck me that she was rather agitated.

She said: "Is that the White Bungalow?" I said: "It's certainly a white bungalow and quite possibly the White Bungalow, but there's no one in and I'm only just answering the telephone."

Then she said: "Are you at Fallaborough?" (Still more agitated.) And I told her I was, and then she said: "Will you go up at once to the Coastguard Station and tell them there's been an accident."

"A little girl has fallen off the Chair Rock and is lying unconscious just below it. The tide's coming in and if they aren't quick she'll be drowned."

I said "Right" and slammed the receiver on and ran out to my missis, who was still standing by the garden gate, and I told her what the situation was.

By the way, I think I ought to explain a little bit what the coast beyond Fallaborough is like. It's very wild indeed and people only go along there for prawning. The cliffs are over two hundred feet high and the beach is merely a mass of big rocks.

This beach is rather divided off into sections by buttresses of cliff which stick out. You can

get past them till about three-quarter tide, and then you can't.

The Chair Rock, which I knew quite well, where the accident had happened, was at the end of the first section from Fallaborough Cove, where we were.

We had a look at the tide and saw that it wasn't quite up to the foot of the first buttress, and there was still just time to get round, so we decided that the best thing to do was for me to go straight for the place along the beach, while she, my wife that is, went back into Fallaborough Village and collected some coastguards and ropes and things.

**T**hey would have to follow along the top of the cliffs.

At all events, I scrambled along for something like half a mile over slimy boulders, and in and out of pools, and finally got to this Chair Rock.

At the foot of it there's a large flat slab, and on it was lying the daintiest little maiden you ever saw. She was as pretty as a picture, in spite of the fact that she had a bump on her forehead the size of a golf ball.

I reckoned she must have taken a toss from at least fifteen feet up.

She was completely unconscious, anyway.

It was a good thing I'd hurried because the waves were beginning to wash over her. I picked her up as carefully as I could and waded ashore. There was a convenient patch of shingle at high-water mark and I deposited her on that.

I hunted for broken bones and further damage and couldn't find any, so it wasn't a very serious accident after all, but it easily might have been.

What I mean is—supposing you're only stunned, if you're drowned before you recover you're just as dead as if you'd been killed.

Another few minutes and she'd have been an angel. However, she wasn't.

Soon after I'd put her down she opened her eyes and tried to sit up.

She didn't say: "Where am I?" or anything like that—she simply asked: "What have you done with my prawns?"

I said: "I haven't seen your prawns, and in any case they don't matter a—well, they don't matter." And I adjured her to lie down and not fuss.

**B**ut oh, no, that wouldn't do. She wanted her prawns there and then. She'd gone out specially to get them for her daddy's supper and nothing would satisfy her but the immediate production of these—er—beasts.

She told me exactly what they were like. They were in a tin, apparently, and three in number, and one of them had longer whiskers than the other two.

I said: "Never mind about their whiskers—I shall know them by their tin," and I promised that if she'd stop quite still I'd go back to the rock and have a good look.

She gave me her word not to move and I waded forth into the breakers on what looked like a perfectly hopeless quest, but, and I know you won't believe me, I found this tin bobbing up and down about twenty yards out.

Yes. The only thing was that its three somewhat listless occupants were shrimps and

*Continued on page 24*

# The MAN Behind B.B.C. Variety



ERIC MASCHWITZ gives an exclusive "Radio Pictorial" interview

HERE is no question of his being popular!

Perhaps there has never been anyone in charge of a department at Broadcasting House who has attained the popularity of Eric Maschwitz. Everyone, whether on the staff or a broadcaster, says the same thing.

So it must be true!

I paid him a visit just recently and noticed for the first time that he was wearing light steel-rimmed spectacles. I suppose that comes of burning the midnight oil, for he rarely goes to bed before two. He has amazing vitality.

We had not seen each other for some time and began talking about things that interested us, when either he or I suddenly remembered why I had come. I then began to be formal, which does not suit me in the least. Evidently he thought so, judging by the amused expression on his face.

"Come on," I said. "You've got to go through it now, so no squealing. Let me have the worst. Where and when were you born?"

"Birmingham, in 1907. I am thirty-two. I was then taken to Australia, but returned to England when I was five."

"Were you at school in England?"

"Yes, first at a preparatory school and then at Repton, after which I went to Cambridge."

"Did you graduate?"

"Yes—B.A. Then I did a bit of editing, and finally joined the B.B.C. as assistant to Gerald Cock."

"In the Outside Broadcast section?"

"Yes. It was just after that that you and I met for the first time."

"I remember it," I said. "It is a long time ago now, but I recollect calling to see Walter Fuller when you were his assistant. I never saw him again!"

"He died in 1927. I then became an editor, which, as you know, was my job until the summer of last year. I have had shots at most things. You remember that one year I took part in the running commentary on the Boat Race?"

"Perfectly. That was where your 'Holt Marvell' identity came in, of course. I read something in one of the papers where an impertinent critic said 'Isn't Holt Marvellous?' Why did you use a *nom-de-plume*?"

"Partly because people misspelt and mispronounced Maschwitz. My Polish ancestry landed me with an awkward name. I constantly get insulting and anonymous letters accusing me of being a qualified German or such-and-such of a kind of Jew."

"You have written novels, haven't you?"

"Five."

"Names, please."

"Never mind them."

"All right, if you'd rather not. How about *Good-night, Vienna*?"

"How about it?"

"A good show."

"Glad you think so. Why, though?"

"Well, jolly good music and plenty of atmosphere, plenty of romance, and a respectable plot. Most of these shows have no plot."

"I know, but plot is needed for broadcasting. Atmosphere only won't do."

"Atmosphere? That reminds me, Eric. What about these shows—St. George's Hall shows?"

"Well, there you are. I want music-hall shows to have the atmosphere of a music-hall. You know what it is here—thirty or forty frightened souls are allowed in. They can't smoke and they are almost afraid to speak. It is neither one thing nor the other. In St. George's Hall it is a totally different matter. The hall can seat about three hundred and fifty people who can smoke and make as much noise as they like."

"I agree, but many people think the audience gets in the way. Then there is that eternal question of the comedians making the people in the hall laugh and not the radio audience. You know what I mean."

"Well, I have had records made of all transmissions made from St. George's Hall and have tried them on people who were not there. Very few jokes were missed. All the same, I am going to give shows from the studio without audience, not as a comparison necessarily, but as a policy. Certain artists hate the sight of an audience. They would much rather be alone to 'do their stuff.' Others are simply lost without an audience."

"I see what you mean. Well, it seems simple enough. Divide the sheep from the goats."

From these remarks you will see that Eric is alive to the wants of listeners. He has a soul-destroying job, if you come to think of it. Everyone knows that the B.B.C.'s bread and butter comes from Light Entertainment.

If Eric fails they will all have to make do with margarine.

He gets to hear of it when anything goes wrong, and sometimes when things go right. Altogether, something near a hundred thousand letters come his way in a year, some telling him he is—well—*Marvellous*, and others telling him things he never thought of himself. One he read to me was really a dreadful epistle—unsigned, of course.

Eric is a tireless worker. If he isn't discussing something with someone, he is writing. He rarely goes to bed before the milk comes round, but you can always find him in his office—or at least somewhere about Broadcasting House—quite early in the mornings.

He is very tall—he can't be under six feet four—fresh coloured, lively, and with a good sense of humour.

"I am the lowest brow that ever came out of Cambridge," he said. "Do you know, I love those old music-hall shows. I was in the seventh heaven of happiness singing 'Daddy wouldn't buy me a bow-wow' the other night at St. George's Hall."

As a matter of fact, his reading is anything but low-brow. But I think I see what he means. He goes heart and soul into Light Entertainment without his tongue in his cheek, but that is not to say he is a poor judge of humour.

He can be just as critical as his audience. If a show is a "flop" he will admit it. I mentioned one that I had criticised rather strenuously. He agreed at once. There have been blots on his escutcheon and he is quite willing to take the kicks he inevitably gets.

He lives such a rapid existence that when he goes for a holiday he likes to get away into silence. I met him one October morning three or four years ago after he had been spending a very quiet holiday in Scotland. The South of France also seems to attract him.

Eric married Hermione Gingold, a well-known radio star, in 1925.

"Tony," we all call her.

You know her as Mrs. Pullpleasure, of "violinistic" fame.

Not that she plays the violin, but that is her way of styling herself when she appears all "himpudence and hadenoids." Before I forget it, Eric told me a good yarn. Do you remember the entertaining Chinaman who broadcast for a few minutes in the "In Town To-night" series? He had cycled and walked twenty thousand miles, I think it was. Anyhow, after the broadcast Eric told him to go to the cashier for his fee. "No," said the Chinaman, "me wantee no fee." Eric explained that the B.B.C. was always in the habit of paying those who broadcast, but the Chinaman would accept nothing. "Allee me wantee is autograph of Sir John Leith," he said.

And so it was, I suppose. I forgot to ask.

WHITAKER-WILSON.

Jeanne de Casalis says—  
“CANDY STRIPES  
ARE SMART”



**Y**OU can't go wrong if you follow the example of Jeanne de Casalis—well known for her distinctive taste in dress—who has made this striking sports jersey for herself. Stripes that go round and round are the last word in woolly fashions, and the cleverly managed shoulders are another important item. Make it in scarlet, black, and white.

**MATERIALS**

1 pair No. 9 needles. 1 pair No. 6 needles.  
3 oz. Copley's 2-ply "Climax" crochet wool, black.  
3 oz. Copley's 2-ply "Climax" crochet wool, white.  
1 oz. Copley's 2-ply "Climax" crochet wool, red.

**ABBREVIATIONS**

S.s., stocking stitch (i.e., knit one row, purl one row); k., knit; p., purl.

**FRONT**

Using No. 9 needles and black wool, cast on 80 stitches and knit into the back of each stitch. Knit in ribbing of k. 1, p. 1, for 2 inches. Change to No. 6 needles. K. one row, p. one row.

\*\* White wool, k. 4 rows s.s.; red wool, k. 6 rows s.s.; white wool, k. 6 rows s.s.; black wool, k. 6 rows s.s. \*\* Repeat from \*\* to \*\* twice.

White wool, k. 4 rows s.s.

Red wool, k. 2 rows s.s.

**ARMHOLE**

Cast off 6 stitches, knit to end of row.

Cast off 6 stitches and purl to end of row.

Knit 2 together, k. until 2 remain, k. 2 together (66 stitches). Purl 1 row. White wool, k. 6 rows s.s.; black wool, k. 6 rows s.s.; white wool, k. 4 rows s.s.; red wool, k. 6 rows s.s.; white wool, k. 4 rows s.s.

**NECK**

Knit 28 stitches, cast off 10 stitches, knit to end.

**RIGHT SHOULDER**

Purl (28 stitches).

Black wool, k. 2 together, k. to end; p. 1 row; k. 2 together, k. to end; p. 1 row; k. 2 together, k. to end; p. 1 row.

White wool, k. 2 together, k. to end; p. 1 row; k. 2 together, k. to end; p. 1 row.

Cast off (23 stitches).

**LEFT SHOULDER**

Purl (28 stitches).

Black wool, k. 26 stitches, k. 2 together; p. 1 row; k. 25 stitches, k. 2 together; p. 1 row; k. 24 stitches, k. 2 together; p. 1 row.

White wool, k. 23 stitches, k. 2 together; p. 1 row; k. 22 stitches, k. 2 together; p. 1 row.

Cast off (23 stitches).

**BACK**

Knit this exactly the same as for the front until "Neck." Still with white wool, knit to end of row. Purl one row.

Continued on page Twenty-four.

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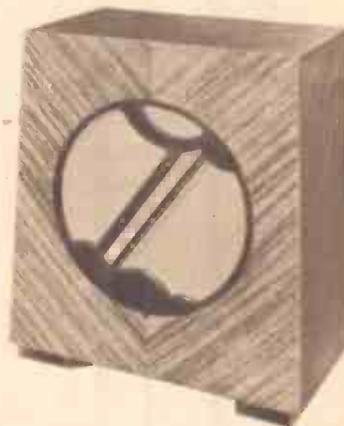
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## Latest Radio News

The Cockney taxi-drivers in the jazz operetta *Ring O' Roses*, which Martyn C. Webster produces in the Midland Regional programme on February 8, will be Will Gardner and Edgar Lane. Mr. Webster first introduced this work by Guy Daebnitz, with book and lyrics by Pete Collins, in the London programme in 1932. The story centres round a ring lost in a taxi. Hugh Morton and Alma Vane play the hero and heroine; and among the singers are "Those Three" from Nottingham.

Frederick Chester, the entertainer, is a Gloucester man. He will give songs at the piano during interludes in the band concert for Midland Regional listeners on February 6. W. Arthur Clarke's programme for the

Birmingham Military Band includes a selection from *Frederica*, which had its English première in Birmingham; and Dr. Vaughan Williams' Folk Song suite.

On February 10 the Midland Regional programme is being relayed from three Central Halls and from a theatre at Coventry. Murray Ashford's entertainers at the Central Hall, Coventry, open and close the bill. Elsie Suddaby and John Holt sing at Walsall; Bransby Williams will be heard in character sketches and Marjorie Astbury in violin solos from the Central Hall, Birmingham; and there will be a short play by Coventry Repertory Company, produced by A. Gardner Davies, at the opera house there.



There are many rehearsals behind every broadcast programme. Here is Jan Ralfin putting his boys through their paces

# High-spots of the Programmes

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

**Y**OU might do worse than lend an ear to the London Regional programme on January 30. Two things for you. As you are an up-to-date sort of person (gathered from the fact that you read RADIO PICTORIAL, of course) you will be interested in a rhapsody by George Posford called *Broadcasting House*, with a subtitle of *This Day and Age*.

As the composer also wrote the music to *Good-night, Vienna*, you should know what good things to expect.

The other is called *Night Club*, but, I imagine, will be quite harmless. The B.B.C. is very respectable.

It is an orchestral suite by John Green—he whom the Yanks call Johnny Green.

*Night Club* has been performed a good deal in America. They do things thoroughly in New York. It looks like it, anyhow, because the New York Philharmonic Orchestra actually combined with Paul Whiteman's dance band to give this work.

It is in six movements, depicting night life in America.

The B.B.C. ought to have beaten that. They ought to have combined Sir Henry Wood and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Symphony, with Henry Hall, Billy Cotton, and Jack Hylton.

Jack Payne could have been engaged as a stand-by in case there weren't enough instruments.

However, don't worry. The B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra is to be augmented and conducted by Constant Lambert with Johnny Green and Carroll Gibbons at two pianos. It ought to be some good.

Sir Edward Elgar is still in a nursing home at Worcester, but I hear he is making such progress that everyone is now hopeful he will finish his new symphony (dedicated to the B.B.C.) and come up to London to conduct it.

He is a charming man—a real courtly old English gentleman. Everybody loves Sir Edward.

And game, too! Seventy-seven on June 2 next and still going strong. Jolly good luck to him!

Keen on running commentaries?

If you are, don't go out and forget that Scotland meets Wales at Murrayfield in an International Rugby match on February 3.

Captain Wakelam is to make the commentary.

There will also be a programme by the Scottish Studio Orchestra (National) in honour of the visitors from Wales. Naturally, it will be made up of both Scottish and Welsh tunes.

Philip Malcolm will sing "Scots Wha Hae" to show his Scottish sympathies, and "Men of Harlech" to prove his friendliness towards the Welsh.

Don't forget *Florodora* on January 29 and 31. It is a good old stager.

If I remember rightly it was first produced at the Lyric as far back as 1899. I am sure that is right. It was just about the time of the South African War. A lifetime ago!

Listen to it now and find out what they thought then!

As a matter of fact, I shall be surprised if *Florodora* is not an outstanding show in many ways. The book has been rewritten for broadcast.

That was inevitable because much of the original would have been unsuitable. All the same, I learn that every effort will be made to keep up the spirit of the original production.

Lady Holyrood (Ada Reeve's old part) will be played by Ivy St. Helier. Anthony Tweedlepunch (Willie Edouin's original part)

has been given to Davy Burnaby. Tessa Deane is to be Dolores and Ernest Sefton is to be Cyrus V. Gilfain. The part of Frank Abercoed is to be sung by Charles Mayhew.

He is especially good. I heard him the other night at St. George's Hall.

Listen on February 1 to the first of a series of great trials. *The King's Tryall* is the title of a sort of condensation of the trial of Charles I.

It will be good.

There will be others later. One will be Simon, Lord Lovat, the old Jacobite rebel-lionist of the 'Forty-five.

I can promise you a lively trial in his case as I know what's in it, being the author.

On February 3 there is to be a special radio version of *The Magic Flute* (Mozart). I suggest you listen to it so that if you should chance to see a full performance at Sadler's Wells or the Old Vic or somewhere, you will find you will enjoy it so much more, having heard a broadcast version.

There will be a very good *Songs from the Shows* to-night and to-morrow night (January 26 and 27). It is devoted to shows that have appeared at Drury Lane.

## IN THE COUNTRY—January 26

By Marion Cran

**H**ERE comes Joe Beckett to the bird-table!

He is a fine, plump, cock blackbird, with an unfortunate expression on his face, because the upper part of his golden bill is twisted and pushed on one side.

The lower part is strong and purposeful, giving him an under-shot truculent look.

He is a very pugnacious fellow and keeps all the other cock blackbirds away from the table.

Joe is a fighter. He gobbles up crumbs and scraps quite ably with that deformed bill; he even gets the worms and snails; this kind he adores.

He was nearly killed twice; once when his bill caught the stray pellet from some ratter's shotgun in the fields, and directly after, when he was found, a poor little newly flown blackbird.

It seemed as if he must die with his bill shot like that—die miserably, very soon.

So, reluctantly enough, the master was asked to wring his tiny neck.

Joe, however, was full of character even then, wounded and young as he was; he struggled out of the sorrowful human hands and got away.



Months after, when this early hard winter set in, a very stout, aggressive, young blackbird took possession of the bird-table; his bill twisted as to the upper half like a bit of golden wire, an intimidating business carried fiercely in front of two bold black eyes.

Joe has survived a bitter youth... the spring lies before him with its ardent joys of courtship and the labours of rearing a family.

How will he sing with that crooked twisted bill? How will he feed his nestlings?

We are anxious; but also we are backing Joe to put up a good show, for he is undoubtedly a blackbird of great character.

Oliver Baldwin (right) at the microphone in the B.B.C. studios during a discussion on films



# What the Films Can Teach the B.B.C.

**I**N this country both broadcasting and the film industry have recruited their directors from people who have had little or no contact with the stage. They have come to both arts with fresh minds and the zeal for experiment. The present position, again as far as this country only is concerned, is that broadcasting is on a far higher artistic level than the films.

In fact I doubt whether any other country has advanced so rapidly—in so short a time—as we have in broadcasting. The early days of unconnected items and rather gushing Children's Hours have given place to the well-knit and swift-moving radio revue or epic radio play.

Perhaps the most important thing in making a good film is to assure a proper balance. That is, to keep the film moving evenly; to keep the same level of clarity in photography; and to use only quick cutting for quick action and slow cutting for the slower or more intense sequences. An extremely difficult thing to do and one that needs much practice.

This method of balance can, with advantage, be used in broadcasting, not only in a radio revue or collection of radio turns, but in the whole daily programme.

**I** will give you an example of what I mean. Supposing you have a vaudeville programme for the radio consisting of two comic numbers, two straight ballads, a small sketch of a dramatic kind, a piano solo, an orchestral selection, and a man doing animal noises. You will see at first glance that in the order I have written them there is no balance.

Let us rearrange that programme to a form in which the listener's interest can be better maintained.

First we must find out the peak number, that is, the most dramatic or theatrical item. In our case we may not be certain whether the dramatic sketch or the piano solo should hold this position, so we take pains to discover the length of the sketch and the type of music our piano player is to give. If the latter is playing some strong Beethoven that would last longer than the sketch, he is for the peak position in our programme. If, on the other hand, the music is fairly light, the dramatic sketch must take his place.

Now then. We have the turns in this order: Orchestra, one comic number, one straight song, piano solo, dramatic sketch, one straight

song, animal-noise impersonator, and the other comic number. It is not an ideal programme, but it is balanced to its best advantage.

Now whereas in that last case broadcasting can learn from the films, in the next one it is the other way about. This is in the use of sound, where the longer experience of the broadcasters tells against the newer art of sound recording on films.

It has been found, after much trouble, that violent noises, such as explosions or loud whistles, cannot be recorded directly on to the

by Oliver BALDWIN

film soundtrack without great modification. The violence of the noise is often too strong for the microphone. Broadcasters learnt that in the first year of their work. For instance, they want a noise of machine-gun fire. Rather than go out of doors and follow the Army about in the hopes of catching them firing a machine-gun, they can get the same effect by placing the microphone on the floor and rolling a match along a strip of linoleum under their feet, backwards and forwards. The B.B.C. sound department have the reputation of never having been stumped in providing the right kind of noise. Although in some cases they are apt to be in too much of a hurry, as can be heard in my little radio play, *The Wrong Bus*, when the motor omnibus, after having stopped, starts off again in top gear!

**F**ilms do not use sound to the best effect at the moment, but in time they will do so. Apart from one or two films, I have never heard wind and rain used, as they could be used, to heighten the dramatic intensity of the action.

The radio knows the importance of tone in voices, and studies it far closer than the films do. Many a film is spoilt by the wrong type of voice, especially in the case of women. It seems that just as the gramophone has never yet really attained perfection in reproducing the higher notes of the piano, so the microphone finds difficulty in translating the soprano voice satisfactorily.

American women's voices, in general, do not record well, although there is a brilliant

**H**ERE is an article by the B.B.C.'s own film critic on the connection between the screen and the radio microphone. Nobody can tell what is going to be the effect on radio and films by the advent of television, but it will certainly bring these two closer together!

exception in the case of Kay Francis, whose tone is lower and most charming to the ear.

The real reason why the experiment of trying out a woman announcer on our radio has not been received with applause is that only the contralto voice in women is really satisfactory when accentuated and altered even very slightly by having passed through the microphone.

The importance of the voice in broadcasting cannot be stressed enough. This is not realised so much in the film world, owing to the fact that the eye is at the moment the appealing part of a film; but broadcasting can improve itself by transferring the close-ups of a film to a graduation in the intensity of the voice.

Let me explain that a little more clearly.

In the pictures, if we wish to draw particular attention to something, we bring the object closer by making the picture

bigger. This is called a close-up. In broadcasting that cannot be done. What, however, could be done—and this is how the films can teach the radio—is for the voice to be used in the same way. This could be done by bringing it appreciably nearer the microphone and pushing it back at the end of the speech that shows the action you wish to stress.

**I**t should be much easier to have speed in comedy on the air than on a film. This is owing to the fact that the audience only has the ear to use and is not dividing its attention between ear and eye. In this direction the radio can learn from the films. Speed is essential in good comedy on the films as it is on the stage.

In films, again, you have several methods of changing from one scene to the other, and this is fairly easy. In broadcasting it is much more difficult, for you cannot see the change of scene in a radio play, and sometimes it is almost impossible to make it clear without, rather irritatingly, being told that this is a new scene.

To do this in films we use the *fade out*, the *cut*, the *dissolve*, the *wipe*, and the *fan*. These methods, for the radio, have to be transferred, if possible, from eye to ear. In the case of the *fade out*, this is possible and really effective. It is managed by allowing the voices of the speakers to begin to fade away before you change your scene, and the new voices and other noises of the new scene *fade in* at the same rate. This shows the passing of time.

The *cut* is impossible on the radio. It is merely a rapid change of shooting angle or scene which is used to quicken action and is the commonest form of scene change in picture-making.

The *dissolve* is the superimposition of the picture of the new scene over the last one and is used for effect. It does not give the impression of time having passed, but rather of time passing. This might be transferred to sound on the radio, with interesting effect.

The *wipe* is a method by which the new scene is pulled along from right to left after the old one, like a screen-wiper. And the *fan* is the same thing, except that it opens exactly like a lady's fan. These could not be transferred from eye to ear.

We see, therefore, that the two arts are not far apart, although the one is essentially for the eye and ear, the other for the ear alone.

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# Henry Hall's

Millions of people were finding difficulty in securing their niches in civilian life. A depression had already set in. People hadn't much to spend on entertainment and Henry wondered if, after all, his musical training was not to be wasted. There were other difficulties. The cinema had already become an Amazon swallowing up other industries. Vaudeville and the theatre were not doing so well.

In the midst of a chaos of unemployment the young Henry was jettisoned on an uncertain musical world.

So he started an adventure in music hall life, the intimate details of which make a story in themselves.

Things were hard in those days. As Henry explains:—

"Everybody was finding it difficult to get jobs, especially musicians. I felt that rather than be out of touch altogether with music, it would be best to take the first chance that came along. Fortunately, it was a job in London. I had to play the organ in the orchestra of a London cinema.

"It was a curious experience for me, especially after the very keen interest I had developed for anything to do with the stage. I must say that I think this experience was very valuable for me, though I didn't appreciate it at the time.

"All sorts of things happened. For instance, I came in touch with the temperamental sort of musician, with whom I have in later years had a lot to do. But in this first case, although it was experience, I didn't come off too well.

"The leading violinist in this orchestra was an Italian, of the very fiery variety. He suffered from an artistic temperament (or rather, from the excess of it), and we were always having violent arguments about music.

"One day he became so angry during an argument that he crashed me on the head with his violin bow! Well, I became

Do you recognise him? Henry Hall has two kiddies, and here is Mr. Hall, Junior!

There was more music at the Cadet School at Trowbridge, which was the next move. He realised that if he didn't get some serious practice the war would spell the end of his musical career.

War movements were dangerous and hectic—but in spite of this they managed to get together both a string band and a military band.

Henry played the piano in the string band and the trumpet in the military band, which was quite good going.

He even managed to hire a room in the town and spent many evenings there practising. He says he owes a great deal to the farmers and noted inhabitants of the neighbourhood who helped him to carry on with his musical work.

In spite of training and war raids he got ahead with Debussy and Scriabin.

But it wasn't all serious. The cadets managed to find fun even on the ghastly face of war.

The result was that at Trowbridge in November, when Armistice was signed, the antics of the cadets exceeded any varsity ragging. There was a general parade in pyjamas, a massed dance round the adjutant, and drums, musical instruments of all kinds and furniture were ruined in the youthful triumphal procession.

In the morning came the reckoning, together with a whip round to replace the euphoniums which had been danced on and the trombones which had been bent into gay, futuristic shapes.

In the first week of January in the year following the signing of the Armistice, Henry went back to recapture the threads, of his musical career.



Henry tries over a few numbers

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# EARLY ADVENTURES

The second instalment of an intimate series of articles dealing with Henry Hall's life story

temperamental then. I wasn't going to stand that kind of thing, so I walked out of the place regardless of the fact that I was giving up my job."

It was after that event that he started touring the country on the music halls.

Now you cannot tour the country on the halls without having a number of strange things happen, and Henry recalls some of the curious happenings in those early days.

"I remember," he said, "when we were once in a northern music-hall on a Saturday night. The place was packed. Just at the end of our act, as my partner was dancing off the stage, he slipped and fell into the footlights, and then rolled down bang on to the timpani section of the orchestra."

That would have been bad enough, but in his flight he smashed about half of the footlights and so caused the main fuse to blow. The place was plunged into darkness, and something like a panic ensued.

The electrician raced round, found the fuse and rewired it. But, of course, he couldn't replace the footlight bulbs, half of which had been broken, and so there was only a dim row of lights at one side of the stage.

The audience took everything with characteristic good humour, and when the next turn came on they had good cause to laugh. The next act was a famous comedian of the type who promenades up and down the stage while singing, in the good old music-hall manner.

As only a few of the lights were on he had only a few feet in which to prance up and down, which quite spoiled his act. What he said to Henry off-stage afterwards is nobody's business.

Quite suddenly there came a dramatic change in Henry's musical interest. He went one evening to a concert and heard Miss Harriet Cohen, the famous pianist, play, and this caused him to develop a sudden urge to take up classical music to the exclusion of everything else.

He gave up his music-hall interests and started studying the piano at the Guildhall School under the famous musician and composer, George Aitken, who is a professor at the school.

Aitken is a most remarkable pianist, and in many ways a genius. He is extremely enthusiastic, too. "I worked like a slave, practising often for twelve hours a day," says Henry.

"My technique improved amazingly, and in a while I became quite a creditable concert pianist.

"All this time, you must remember, I was not earning a living, but I was so enthusiastic on this urge to play in classical concerts that I carried on living on the small reserve I had built up.

"Of course this couldn't last for ever, and after a while I had to find time in my Guildhall studies for a job; at least for part of the day. I entered the cinema world again, and took the job of relief pianist in a cinema in the south-west of London.

"It meant that I had to work harder than ever, for often I practised my classical music from ten in the morning till four in the afternoon, and then went off to the cinema, where I played from six o'clock till ten at night."

Classical music still filled his mind in those cinema days, and he was often found playing

Debussy as an accompaniment to wind-and-wave scenes in films, and Chopin to slap-stick comedy.

Then at last Opportunity knocked. It came in a way that he didn't foresee at the time. Little did he realise when he accepted the job of deputy pianist at the Midland Hotel, Manchester, that this was to be the great turning point in his career.

It is one of these curious ironies of life that you don't always recognise good fortune when she knocks at your door, and so it was in this case. It was during the holidays of 1922 that he was asked by the leader to deputise as pianist in the dance band of the Midland Hotel, Manchester.

It is a curious thing that he went first of all just for one month to deputise in one of the smallest positions in the Midland Hotel dance band. That was in 1922.

In only ten years he became the musical director of all of the huge chain of L.M.S. hotels. He came for a month, and stayed for ten years.

Torquay is a place which is mentioned in a romantic connection with him.

"It was at Torquay," he says, "that I first met the girl who was later to become my wife. Our romance rapidly developed, and in a very little while we were married at St. George's, Hanover Square.

"Events seemed to move rapidly. After our honeymoon we went back to the Midland Hotel, and I found that a number of alterations

were being effected. The dance band was reorganised, and I was put in charge. I can assure you that I put in some very hard work to justify my new position and responsibility."

Henry's musical activities at the L.M.S. hotels had not only been confined to dance bands, and it is interesting to know when it was that he first became interested in any other musical combinations.

"So far as the Midland Hotel was concerned," he says, "I took over in 1923 the string orchestra that is so popular in the Winter Gardens. That was in addition, of course, to my dance band work. I found that the experience I had amassed in all manner of ways was of the greatest help to me."

Things were happening quickly. Not only was he directing the music at the Midland Hotel, but to the bands he already had were added both the string and dance bands at the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool.

Naturally, his days were very busy, but when the famous Gleneagles Hotel opened in June, 1924, he was offered still greater opportunity and responsibility. Mr. Arthur Towle asked him to supply the first bands for the hotel when it opened, and he remained in charge of the music of the Gleneagles Hotel until he joined the B.B.C.

His first broadcast—a very thrilling occasion—was in August, 1924, from the Gleneagles Hotel.

It was an exciting experience for Henry Hall to face a microphone as even gramophone recording in those days was done on the acoustic system, and the "mikes" and their associate electrical-recording equipment had not crept into the gramophone studios.

Henry's broadcast from the Gleneagles marked a milestone in outside broadcasting, and foreshadowed big things for him in the radio world!

To be continued next week

## How a clerk overcomes office exhaustion

He now has energy for work and play

(This is a letter from  
Mr. S. of Birmingham)

"I myself work in an office all day amongst figures, and find by the end of the day I am more than fagged. On retiring at night I take one glass of BOURN-VITA and the next morning after a sound night's sleep I am as fresh as anyone could wish to be. Also during week-ends when one indulges in sports of any nature BOURN-VITA is the best refresher. I may add that a short time ago I had an operation which pulled me down pretty well, after taking BOURN-VITA regularly it made a wonderful difference to me."

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for sleep and energy.

“17.45” —Continued from page Seventeen

not prawns, though I wouldn't have told her so for all the world. At the age of six one's shrimps are apt to be prawns.

Just then there were loud cries from the top of the cliff and presently a coastguard came slithering down in a boatswain's chair on the end of a rope.

We conferred and then we tied the young woman into this boatswain's chair and sent her up first, complete with courtesy prawns, and she howled with glee all the way. Then I went, and finally the coastguard.

At the top, I found my wife and four more coastguards. The distressed heroine was beginning to feel a little sick, so as they'd brought a stretcher, we thought it safer to put her on it and keep her there until the doctor had seen her.

Actually, I wasn't allowed to take part in the triumphal procession. My missis told me that I was sopping wet and must run on home and change—which I did.

However, when she got back to our bungalow about an hour later she said the patient was doing well. They'd first of all taken her to the Coastguard Station where she'd been overhauled by the doctor. He said that bar the crack on the head and a certain amount of shock, she hadn't come to any harm.

They were going to take her home after she'd had a bit of a rest.

Then my wife said: "It's rather funny about where she lives," and I said: "Why is it funny about where she lives?" and she said: "Well, she comes from that white bungalow where you answered the telephone."

I agreed that it was a bit of a coincidence, although really, when one came to think of it, she'd got to live somewhere, and there was no earthly reason why it shouldn't have been there just as well as anywhere else.

It wasn't even strange about the message or our not knowing who'd sent it. If it was anyone walking along the cliff from the other direction, who'd spotted the girl from above, the first thing that would occur to them would be to run back the way they'd come, to give the alarm, and that would account for our not having come across them.

We didn't worry our heads any more about it, but after dinner, when we were out for another stroll, we thought it would be rather polite to go down and inquire after the patient, so we did.

The parents were in by this time, quite nice people, and they told us that Susan was in bed and asleep, and developing a lovely black eye, but otherwise going on quite well.

Then the mother said: "Are you by any chance the good samaritans who rescued her?"

We hastily assured her that there hadn't been anything in the nature of rescue work. It had merely been a question of removing their daughter a little farther up the beach out of harm's way.

As I pointed out, one would have done the same for a towel one had found too near the edge, and she was worth quite a lot of towels.

However, they insisted on being embarrassingly grateful, and then the mother turned to her husband

and said: "Shall we tell them, George?" He said: "You can if you like, but they won't believe you," and then she told us quite an astonishing story.

That afternoon she and her husband had motored into Plymouth. They'd done some shopping and got their hair cut, and then they'd gone and called on the architect who'd designed their bungalow. I forget exactly what it was about—something to do with the hot water, I think.

Actually, she didn't go in. George went in, and she sat and waited in the car—and while she waited she fell asleep and dreamed a dream.

Nothing in that, of course, and it has been done before, but this was a very peculiar dream indeed, as it turned out.

She dreamt that she was on the top of the cliff immediately above the Chair Rock. She looked down and saw Susan spread out on the stone just below it, in fact she described most accurately how she was lying when I found her, with the tide coming and all the rest of it.

There she was, unable to get down or do anything to help, and yet all the time she knew herself to be miles away in Plymouth.

She felt that if only she could get to a telephone, something might be done, but, of course, she couldn't move hand or foot, like you often can't in dreams.

It must have been very terrible for her.

The idea of wanting to telephone was so strong that when George came out and woke her she wanted him to go back into the office again and ring up the coastguards at Fallaborough to see if everything was all right.

He naturally wouldn't and rather

laughed at her, but he tried to drive home faster than he usually did. Unfortunately they had engine trouble on the way and took nearly two hours to get back, otherwise my wife would have seen them.

At all events, she, the mother, finished up by saying? "It seems like a direct intervention of Providence that you were walking along the beach at the time."

So I said: "But I wasn't walking along the beach. I got a telephone message telling me exactly where to go to, otherwise I shouldn't have been within half a mile of the place."

Of course, it was the first they'd heard of this—and the husband was frightfully keen to know who'd telephoned and where I was when I'd got the message.

So I told him, I said: "I was here outside your own gate, and heard the bell ringing, and as no one seemed to be going to answer it I took the liberty of walking in in case it was anything important."

I also mentioned that I hadn't waited to get the name of the good lady who'd spoken to me.

Then there was a dead silence, and they both looked rather funny, and finally the man said: "Do you mean to tell me that you came in here and answered the telephone?"

I said: "Certainly, why not?" and he said: "Because we haven't got a telephone."

I said: "Oh, come—don't be silly—I had it in my hand and spoke into it," and I got straight up and went over to the writing-table in the alcove, and there wasn't a sign of a telephone and never had been—and you can bet your sweet lives I looked—but on the corner of the blotting-pad, in my own handwriting, were the figures 17-45.

How Radio Serves the Prince of Wales

Continued from page Nine

many members of the B.B.C. Staff suppose. The last occasion was an entire surprise to hundreds of people at the B.B.C.

He went round the studios and spent a long while in the sound effects rooms where they produce the synthetic hoof-beats and the sounds of hot and cold running water!

An official photograph was taken while the Prince was in the studios, but when he heard of this he asked that it should not be published, as he did not want it to be generally known that he took such a keen interest in broadcasting.

A visit to his own suite of rooms would, perhaps, not lead you to believe that he was a very keen listener. He has only one main set for his home listening. This is of a high-grade commercial make, and similar sets are owned by hundreds of his admirers.

There is nothing elaborate about it.

It gets all the stations he wants . . . and, after all, when he wants to spend a real radio evening he can always go round to the Duke of York's Town house, for there is no keener radio "fan" than the Duke. There was even a time when he was personally interested in the home-construction of sets, and took a keen interest in blueprints for set-building.

The Prince has never gone so deeply into radio as all that . . . but then, he has even less time for hobbies than the Duke of York.

What does the Prince listen to?

Well, you can get some idea from what he said in a speech at a dinner of leading radio manufacturers:

"A listener must be either very hard to please or have a very limited range of interests if he cannot find something worth listening to in the many alternative programmes that are available from the B.B.C. and from foreign stations," he said.

"Our tastes are not all alike. Our moods change from time to time. One minute we may feel like a symphony orchestra, and another we may possibly listen to a public speech, and another time we may want to enjoy Henry Hall, or, on the other hand, it may be important to know what fat stock prices are, or exactly what the dollar is doing."

In an allusion to the value of wireless in giving airmen weather warnings and other important information, the Prince said:

"As one who likes to look on the air as his main means of travel, I am first to appreciate the value of radio in flying. I have a set in each of my two machines, and it may amuse Sir John Reith to hear that it takes us nearly half an hour to get outside of his wonderful music before we can get anything we really want to hear."

This Week's Radio Recipe

SALMON SAVOURY

One small tin of salmon, ¼ lb. cooked macaroni, 2 oz. grated cheese, 1 oz. butter, 2 oz. breadcrumbs, ¼ pint white sauce. Grease a casserole, fill with alternate layers of salmon, macaroni, cheese, and sauce. Place a thick layer of breadcrumbs on top, and then a sprinkling of cheese. Dot with scraps of butter, bake until golden brown. Serve very hot.

Candy Stripes Are Smart

Continued from page Nineteen

Black wool, k. 1 row, p. 1 row. Knit 26 stitches, cast off 14 stitches, knit to end.

LEFT SHOULDER

Purl 1 row; k. 2 together, k. to end; p. 1 row. White wool, k. 2 together, k. to end; p. 1 row; k. 2 together, k. to end; p. 1 row. Cast off (23 stitches).

RIGHT SHOULDER

Black wool, p. 1 row; k. till 2 remain, k. 2 together; p. 1 row. White wool, k. till 2 remain, k. 2 together; p. 1 row; k. till 2 remain, k. 2 together; p. 1 row. Cast off (23 stitches).

SLEEVES (both alike)

Black wool, No. 9 needles. Cast on 66 stitches and knit into the back of each stitch. Knit in ribbing of k. 1, p. 1, for 3 inches.

Next row—Knit 31 stitches, then knit into the back and front of each of the next 4 stitches and knit to end.

Change to No. 6 needles (70 stitches), p. 1 row. Knit 6 rows s.s.

White wool, k. 4 rows s.s. Red wool, k. 2 rows s.s., then continue in pattern \*\* to \*\*, knitting 2 together at the beginning and end of each alternate row (every plain row) until there are 32 stitches on needle. Purl 1 row.

Still using black wool, knit 4 more rows s.s. and cast off loosely.

COLLAR

\*\* White wool (knitted in two sections), No. 9 needles. Cast on 60 stitches, knit into back of each stitch.

Knit in ribbing of k. 1, p. 1, increasing at the beginning of each row, by knitting into the back and front of the first stitch for 1 inch.

Change to No. 6 needles and knit in ribbing of k. 1, p. 1, for a further inch, but do not increase. Cast off loosely \*\*.

Repeat from \*\* to \*\* once, for second half of collar.

# Mrs. BUGGINS—S.W.7

**M**ABEL CONSTANDUROS—  
alias Mrs. Buggins, of Wal-  
worth Road—lives in Queen's  
Gate, London, S.W.

But here is her own account of the way in which she, in conjunction with Michael Hogan, prepares the popular radio sketches dealing with the activities of the various members of the Buggins family.

However long we give ourselves beforehand to prepare a new broadcast sketch, Michael Hogan and I are generally rushed at the end.

He gets a film to do or I have a story to finish, and so we generally have to work at high pressure during the last day or two before the actual day of performance.

Sometimes, if things are going well, chuckles of laughter can be heard from the room where we are working.

When things don't go quite so well, the ministers to our comfort who bring us cups of tea at stated intervals find us plunged in gloom.

When the sketch is finished it has to be timed and every speech polished so as to get the maximum effect from the minimum amount of words.

Broadcast sketches need even more careful writing than stage ones.

If you can find anything more calculated to put terror into the heart of the would-be comedian than a B.B.C. variety rehearsal, I'd like to know about it.

We generally come at the end, because we need no music, so there's nobody in the studio—not even the orchestra.

The courteous but jaded officials, having had a long morning, are feeling inclined for lunch.

*And we come and read a sketch in cold blood!*

By that time we have read it over so many times that we can't see anything funny in it at all and as we read it seems to get even less so.

But sometimes we are rewarded by seeing the "balancers" in their little glass house at the side of the studio platform roaring with laughter.

Then we know we are all right.

If you can bring a smile to the face of a B.B.C. official, who listens to "humour" every day of his life, and who wants his lunch, you have done very well.

When we are in Town we work either at my flat, which is in Queen's Gate, or Michael's, which is in Westbourne Grove.

In either case we are liable to be interrupted on the telephone very frequently, so if time is very short we have to give orders that we can't be interrupted.

Once when Michael was on tour with a revue (where he met his wife) I had to travel once to Nottingham, once to Manchester, to see

*Mabel CONSTANDUROS herself describes her home life, and tells how the famous Buggins family sketches are written for radio*

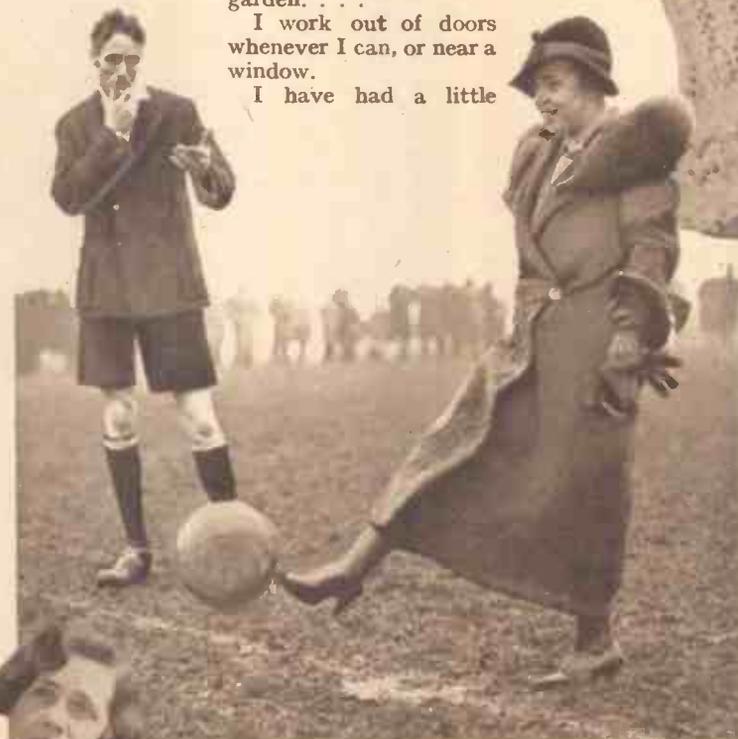
him, because we were writing something that had to be finished quickly.

I have a cottage in Sussex where I love to go when there is writing to be done. It is just at the bottom of Bury Hill, near the river. . . .

With a very sunny garden. . . .

I work out of doors whenever I can, or near a window.

I have had a little



*Mabel leads a very busy life, but she manages to find time for special events such as kicking off at a charity match, as you can see from the centre photograph. At the left, she is seen working with her partner, Michael Hogan*



study made with a large window, through which I can see the Sussex Downs.

Out of doors I have a hammock under an apple tree, and a sun parlour which I have made out of some old red brick tiled pigsties.

I have trained myself to work anywhere and at any time.

But, naturally, I prefer quiet and solitude.

I am writing at the moment sitting on the floor, with the wireless playing and a typewriter tapping out a story that has to be finished.

I don't like working with wireless as an accompaniment, though.

When I listen I like to concentrate on listening. It annoys me quite extraordinarily when I want particularly to listen to something on the wireless and people will talk to me.

Most of my furniture at the flat and all at the cottage is old. The cottage itself was built about 250 years ago. We have dug up a Charles I and a George I coin in the garden. I live in hopes of finding a Charles II—that is my favourite period of history. I read all the books I can find on it.



# EVE and the MIKE

ANONA WINN,  
interviewed in her dressing-room,  
tells you how to care for a lovely  
complexion



"**Y**OU want me to tell you some beauty secrets," said Anona Winn. She sat in her dressing-room, clad in a pale green negligé, and combed her long fair hair in front of the glass.

"Well, I'm afraid I haven't any. Call them rules, rather. Unless keeping to a daily routine is a secret worth knowing. That's a thing I do believe in—carrying out a regular course of treatment, morning and evening.

"Of course, I think the mistake that many people make," Anona went on, "is that—if they take any trouble over their faces at all—they go at it far too hard and far too long at the beginning. Then they get bored.

"For instance, if you go to a beauty specialist, as I do from time to time, you'll be told to spend quite ten minutes at night, say, and, again, ten minutes in the morning, creaming and massaging, and so forth. The consequence is that you do it with violence two nights—and never again!

"Whereas, three minutes every night is a different matter—not too arduous for the average person, but long enough to make all the difference. If it is kept up regularly." She paused to pat her hair into position, and settle the business of the "bun."

"**S**till, I think that a thing is worth doing properly if at all," Anona said. She began to polish her nails vigorously. "That is to say, it is always worth while to use really good preparations—the best and purest.

"That doesn't mean spending a lot of money, either. There are plenty of creams and powders on the market, guaranteed absolutely pure, that are priced very reasonably.

"But very cheap cosmetics are only an extravagance in the end. Any time and money spent on them is wasted. They can't do any good—in fact, they may succeed in doing positive harm . . .

"And now you want details, I suppose? Pass me that pot, will you?" Anona unscrewed the top from a little porcelain jar. "First, for cleansing at night, I use a good skin-food. This is to remove all traces of make-up and all the dust and dirt of London that has accumulated during the day. I pat it in all over my face." She demonstrated for me. "Not forgetting the neck as well.

"I start from the base of the neck, round about the salt cellars, like this, patting firmly but lightly in an upward direction. It is very important to pat well all round under the jaw, too—but *not* under the chin.

"The grease is removed after a second or two with a clean huckaback towel. Next an astringent. I use a mixture made of three parts witch-hazel and one part pure eau de Cologne. This is a splendid skin tonic, I have found; it tones up the muscles splendidly.

"So long as I pat in an upward direction, I don't worry very much about the exact movement, from mouth to ears, from nose to temples, and so on. And, personally, I never massage my face.

"There is always a danger, I think, that unskilled massage may drag the skin in the wrong way so as actually to encourage drooping lines and sagging muscles.

"**A**nother thing. I never go to bed with grease or anything else on my skin. Let it breathe, I always say. It has had enough work to do all day; what it wants at night is a complete rest."

She plied a deft eyebrow pencil.

"In the morning I wash my face with pure soap and water. Yes, I know, many people don't believe in it—but provided the soap is absolutely pure it helps to feed and nourish the skin. And, of course, I always rinse my face in the coldest of cold water.

"For a powder base I use either vanishing cream or a thin film of cold cream. And dust the powder lightly over that.

"Cold cream is perhaps inclined to make the skin greasy—but then I'd always rather see an over-greasy skin than a dry one, wouldn't you? After all, you can always put on more powder, but powder on a dry, flaking skin only makes it look

worse."

She took up her lipstick, and added a few last touches.

"Face packs, lotions? Well, now and then. But I don't think it is any good recommending these things generally.

"Everybody needs an individual treatment."

"For instance, there's my mother—she has got a really beautiful skin, by the bye—she finds that an oatmeal pack once a fortnight suits her. But oatmeal is too drying for my skin."

Anona rose from her stool.

"Finished."

"I must hurry now. I'm due at the B.B.C. in ten minutes!"



"Three minutes a day spent on the care of the skin make all the difference," says Anona Winn. Here you see her at her dressing-table.

"So many people spend a lot of time over their faces, and leave their necks to take care of themselves. And yet the neck needs all the attention it can get. The skin here is more apt to get dry and discoloured than anywhere else, and you'll agree with me there's nothing more ageing than a scraggy neck.

## Write to "MARGOT" About It

If you are worried over any household or domestic problems, then tell your troubles to "Margot." Fashion, cookery, and beauty hints, to mention only a few examples, can be dealt with in this service. Send stamped addressed envelope for reply to "Margot," RADIO PICTORIAL, 58-61 Fetter Lane, E.C.4.

Margot

# Laugh with Leonard Henry

**L**ISTEN, girls," called the producer at the end of a rehearsal. "To-morrow every one must be here at ten o'clock sharp. And don't forget that ten sharp doesn't mean you can come strolling in at five past. No! It means you are here on the spot at nine-fifty-five."



A dentist who has a number of radio stars as patients says that most of them take gas. What a thrill to see a vaudeville star's mouth wide open and yet hear nothing!

In a recent court case the plaintiff complained of the nuisance caused by a man on the floor above who kept his wireless going at all hours.

"At two o'clock this morning it was still on," he said.

"What time did it first wake you?"

"I was already awake, your Worship. I had not yet gone to bed."

"How was that? Were you ill?"

"No, I was trying to get America."

A mother and daughter were given an audition by the B.B.C. When the daughter had finished her songs, her mother turned anxiously to the official who was present. "What do you think of her? Do you think she has a voice?" she pressed him.

He hesitated. "Well," he said at last, "she has a mouth."

A foreigner staying in England was asked to take his host's accumulator to be recharged. He accordingly did so. "What is the charge for this battery, please," he asked.

"Two volts, sir."

The man hesitated. "Could you tell me how much zat ees in shillings, please?"

A chartered accountant happened to be a member of the audience at a recent television broadcast of ballet dancing. His friend noticed that he had a sketch book open on his knee.

"What on earth are you doing," he asked.

"Oh, just jotting down a few figures."

In a recent interview a well-known radio comedian said he hated rain. It is quite understandable he should dislike being drowned by a rival patterer.

A correspondent wants to know what chance of success his sons would have as broadcasters. One of them sings, and both can play jazz-band instruments. We offer him our heartfelt sympathy.



A dance-band leader recently got his jaw stuck and couldn't close his mouth again. The extraordinary thing is that he hadn't even "plugged" it!

Opinion was divided as to the talents of a well-known radio performer.

"He's a regular genius. A real judge of music," declared one.

"Yes, a good judge," was the reply, "but a merciless executioner."

"No, I don't act in radio plays any longer, ever since the time when I was shot with a pistol that was loaded by mistake."

"What a nasty accident! Were you badly hurt?"

"It wasn't that, but the producer shouted, 'No, no, no! That's not the way to yell when you've been hit!'"

"I don't 'old with these 'ere cookery talks on the wireless," said Mrs. Brown.

"Too elaborate, you mean?" sympathised the vicar's wife.

"You're right there. They always stump me right at the beginning, when they say 'Take a perfectly clean basin—'"

A lady was complaining of Mrs. Simpson's wireless set next door. "All day long I have to put up with it," she said, "and all night, too. It's enough to drive anyone crazy."

"Too bad. Why don't you complain of the noise?"

"It's not the noise I mind so much. But now, when her husband comes home late, and she gives him a piece of her mind, I can't hear a word she says."



A man who has been stone deaf for ten years suddenly regained his hearing. Somebody will have to break the news to him gently about dance band crooners and pneumatic drills!

VICAR: Were you listening-in last night, Mrs. R.? I thought it was wonderful. I simply drank in Handel's *Largo*.

Mrs. R.: Lor, sir—and you the leader of our Cold Water League!

SALESMAN: And this set, madam, does not need batteries. It works off the mains. A.C. mains, D.C. mains—any sort of mains. You just connect up to these terminals, and there you are.

SHE: Oh, how lovely! And which are the terminals for gas?

A man who generally made a point of his extremely highbrow tastes, admitted that he had spent the previous evening listening to variety.

"Why didn't you get the Beethoven concert?" he was asked. "I thought you were so fond of good music."

"Well, it was this way. My wife prefers variety and she offered to make a martyr of herself by listening to whatever I wanted to. So we chose variety."

This story is vouched for by a well-known radio comedian. He was in a small crowd watching Boat Race practise, when the coach, who seemed to be in a bad temper, began to let the crew have it. A lady among the spectators looked disturbed.

"What is it he's saying?" she said, apparently unable to believe her ears.

"Ssh, dear! Don't listen," said her friend. "I think it must be what they call the Vulgar Boat Song."

## shop in bond st. the practical way

open an instalment account with corot, by this plan you can purchase the latest models by instalments without extra charge. call at the showrooms and see the collection of afternoon and evening gowns, coats, ensembles, etc., or post the coupon below for the latest corot fashion guide and full particulars.



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## THE TORTURE OF "NERVES" BANISHED for EVER!

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, nervy 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, without 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*

**PYE MODEL P/AC**

**W**HAT a fine thing it is to have a handy portable set that you can take from room to room—and this is possible even with a set that works from the electric light.

For instance, there's the Pye type P/AC set, which is the subject of this week's test. It is made by the well-known Pye concern of Cambridge, and costs £15 15s. It is fine value for money, and being a five-valver it is a good station-getter. Simple to control, though, and not a set which needs an expert to work it. It is a nicely finished job in a walnut cabinet and is a handsome addition to the furnishing scheme of practically any room. On our test it brought in dozens of stations free from fading—without any aerial!

*Here is one of the Pye portables being put through its paces by a keen family of radio listeners. The model tested this week is the type P/AC, which is a portable set working from alternating-current electric light mains. It needs no outside aerial*

Pye have a reputation for producing sets giving good tone, and this P/AC is no exception to the rule. The tone is deep but not boomy, and speech is very natural. You can use an extension loud-speaker in another room, there being a socket connection on the set. The tuning dial is calibrated in stations, and is illuminated.



**DID YOU Know This?**

**A** FEW facts for you. The B.B.C. broadcast very nearly sixty thousand hours of programmes last year.

At that rate your listening was a bit expensive—something like five hundred hours for a penny.

Feel you want to grumble? Not enough music, was there? Sixty-four per cent. is the official figure. Oh, *very* well, then! There wasn't enough *light* music. Twenty-five per cent. isn't bad as against 16 per cent. serious music, though, is it?

Dance bands occupied about 10 and gramophone records about 7 per cent. of the total time. Variety surprisingly low—only a little over 3 per cent.

Talks fairly high—over 22 per cent. Religious services four, and Children's Hour a little over five.

Some people say there are too many plays. Don't know how they make that out. Official figures say a fraction over 1 per cent. Rather interesting figures, don't you think?

Are you weary of the dance-band programmes? You may like the new idea to be tried next month.

You will hear compositions by well-known dance-music writers and have the satisfaction of knowing that each is conducting his own works.

I imagine you will get the best, because each composer is really in competition with the next and the one before.

Not a bad idea. Likely to rule out a few of the mediocre tunes. These programmes will only last for fifteen minutes each, so they may prove to be concentrated entertainment. That is what we want in these quick days.

This *Whither Britain* series has become popular already.

On February 6, Mr. Lloyd George will tell you *whither* Britain is going, or *whither* he wants it to go. Not sure which, so you had better hear it and judge.

There is also to be another *Charlot's Hour* on February 5 and 6. If it is anything like as good as the last one, it will be a smart affair. *Charlot* knows how to manage these things.



*This giant printing press produces your copies of RADIO PICTORIAL at the rate of many thousands an hour. The printing is by the most modern process, two-colour photo-gravure, and this huge machine runs continuously day and night so that the latest radio news can be in your RADIO PICTORIAL every Friday morning*

**HERE AND THERE**

Commander STEPHEN KING-HALL'S  
*Children's Corner*

**H**ELLO, CHILDREN!  
To-day I am going to tell you something about pigs and pots. There doesn't seem at first to be much connection between these two subjects, but you will see.

All over the world to-day we hear of plans being made by governments. These plans map out all the work that has to be done in a country for years ahead in such a way as to employ as many of its own people as possible on making the sort of thing that each country really wants. This is not as easy as it sounds.

First of all, there are a lot of different sums to be done to find out how much of any one thing a country is able to produce. For instance, in our own country the Ministry of Agriculture, which is the government department for making plans for British farmers, wanted to decide how much bacon we could make at home and how much we should have to buy from foreign countries—chiefly from Denmark.

So it was found necessary to count all the pigs in Great Britain.

This was done in the summer, but not very long ago they suddenly discovered that there were many more pigs in Great Britain than people had thought was the case.

Perhaps this was due to some farmers not being careful enough to write down on the forms sent them by the government the number of pigs they kept. Anyhow, it has now been found necessary to make another count of all the pigs and sheep, and so on, kept by farmers in Great Britain. So much for the pigs, now for the pots.

A friend of mine has just come back from Copenhagen, which is the capital of Denmark, and he told me that he met a man over there in a factory who was making certain pieces of pottery, jugs and things like that, and the Dane said to my friend "Do you see those things? I have just begun to make them over here; we used to get them all from England, but as you people have decided that you cannot buy as much of our bacon as you used to do, because you want to buy more bacon from your own farmers, we, in our turn, find that we cannot afford to buy so much from you, and whereas we used to buy this kind of pottery from England we are now going to try and make it ourselves."

The connection between the pigs and the pots is this.

The Minister of Agriculture in England has to remember that though he may do something which is helpful to an English farmer, it may do harm to a manufacturer in England, and the President of the Board of Trade would probably go to the Minister of Agriculture and say: "Now then, be careful that in helping the farmers you do not do too much harm to the manufacturers who I am supposed to look after." Of course, the question which both the Ministers will try to answer is: "What is the most useful thing to do from the point of view of the whole nation?"

Well, the motto for the week is:  
"The best laid schemes of mice and men  
Gang aft agley." (Agle is Scotch for crooked).  
So long till next week. Be good, but not so frightfully good that people will say "Now what have you been up to?"



## A REALLY DISTURBING PROBLEM!

**Y**ES! That is what it amounts to for many prospective buyers of a new radio receiver. The table is littered with catalogues; one friend says buy this; the other friend says buy that; and the dealer recommends the set for which he is the sole agent!

A real radio dilemma, only to be solved after hours of worry and trouble—and then perhaps not solved satisfactorily, a thing you will only discover after you have bought the set and it is too late to do anything about it.

But there is a way out of the trouble, and a very simple way out at that. Why not ask the opinion of people who are dealing with sets all day, and almost all night? People who know all about practical design and

what sort of service the makers can give you if anything should require attention.

Men experienced in radio from all angles are to be found on the staff of the "Wireless Magazine" Set Selection Bureau; men conducting a service that has been taken advantage of already by thousands of prospective buyers. They are at your service now if you are thinking of buying a set.

The "Wireless Magazine" is the finest radio monthly in the country, and is sold at all bookstalls and newsagents, price 1s.

The Set Selection Bureau has no axe to grind in recommending to you the three or four sets that it knows will best meet your particular needs.

Dozens of receivers pass through the Bureau's hands during the course of a month, though only a selection of them is reported on in the pages of "Wireless Magazine." Constant testing of new sets means that your requirements can be met with practical understanding.

If you do want to buy a set—and if any of your friends want to buy sets—we shall be glad to advise you—and them—free of all charge.

All we ask of you is a stamped addressed envelope for the reply and attention to the points enumerated in the panel in the January issue of "Wireless Magazine" now on sale.

Tell us the simple things that we must know in order to advise you, and we will save you all that hair-tearing business of choosing a set!



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Irish Free State tinned milk and cream, butter, bacon and eggs. Notice that little difference that makes them so much better than any other.

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