

Friday February 2, 1934. No. 3

FULL PAGE PORTRAIT of THE CHIEF ANNOUNCER

2^D

EVERY
FRIDAY

RADIO PICTORIAL

HARRY ROY'S LIFE STORY

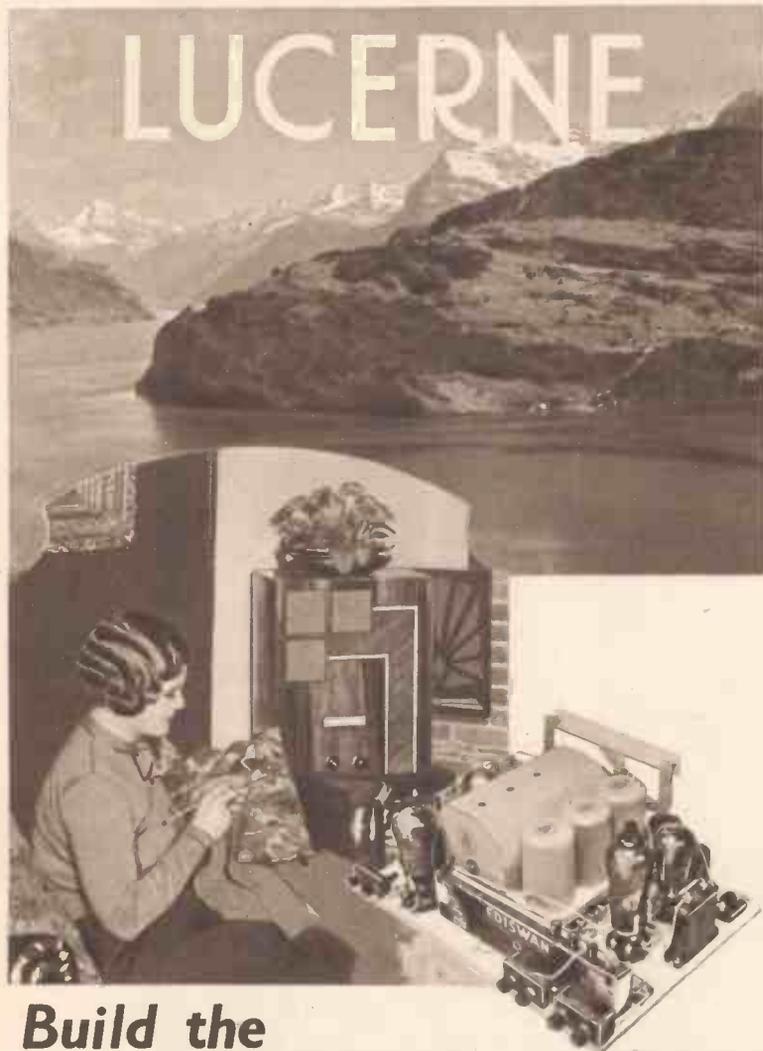
ROY FOX AT HOME

CYRIL JAMES' SHORT STORY

CAPTAIN WAKELAM'S RUGGER BROADCAST

HOW FAMOUS BROADCASTERS
WALK TO THE MIKE
by JOHN TRENT





Build the LUCERNE STRAIGHT FOUR!

SOME OTHER CONTENTS OF THE FEBRUARY ISSUE.

- Plan de Lucerne.
- 70 m.p.h. Broadcasting.
- Broadcasting from the South Pole.
- Droitwich—Britain's New High-power Station.
- Radio and War.
- List of Short-Wavers
- Designing Your Own D.C. Set.
- Quality from the Modern Loud-speaker.
- Wireless Jobs Made Easy for Mr. Everyman.
- Building the "Emigrator."
- Choosing Your Gramophone Records.
- Etc., etc.

The complete operation of the Lucerne Plan, which has recently come into force, packs the broadcast stations all over Europe together in a wavelength spectrum. The "Wireless Magazine" has therefore produced a set, described in the February issue, now on sale, to overcome the difficulties which have now arisen, as a four-valver gives the best possible reception under the Lucerne Plan.

Full constructional details, together with a wiring plan, appear in the February issue. Get your copy to-day and start building this new receiver—the Lucerne Straight Four.

WIRELESS MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY - Price 1/-

OUTSTANDING SUCCESS of the NEW TELEVISION

The January issue of "Television," the first of the new series, was an instant success, and was sold out within three days of publication.

The demand for the February issue, which is on sale to-day, will be equally heavy, and you would be well advised to get a copy immediately.

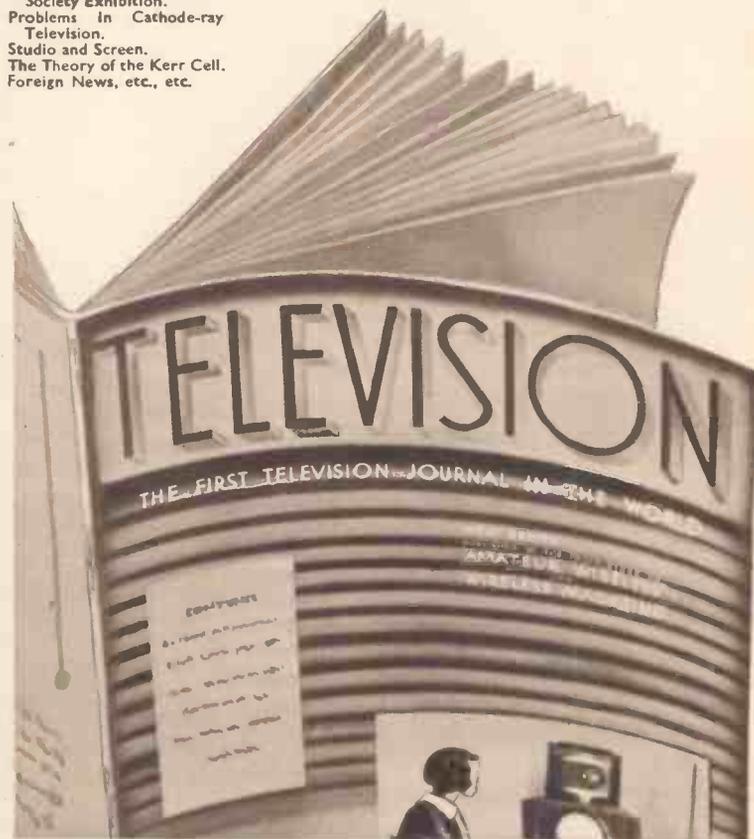
"Television," in its new form, is considerably increased in size, many new features have been added, better paper used—therefore improved printing—and an attractive new cover. Rapid strides are taking place in television, and as a radio enthusiast you should keep in touch with these developments.

Get your copy of the new "Television" to-day. Price 1/- of all bookstalls and newsagents.

SOME of the CONTENTS of the FEBRUARY Issue

- The Standard Television Receiver—Full constructional details.
- All about Gas-discharge Lamps.
- The Baird Kit for the Home-constructor.
- An Experimental Television System.
- Television at the Physical Society Exhibition.
- Problems in Cathode-ray Television.
- Studio and Screen.
- The Theory of the Kerr Cell.
- Foreign News, etc., etc.

ON SALE
TO-DAY
1/-



The ONLY Publication
entirely devoted to TELEVISION

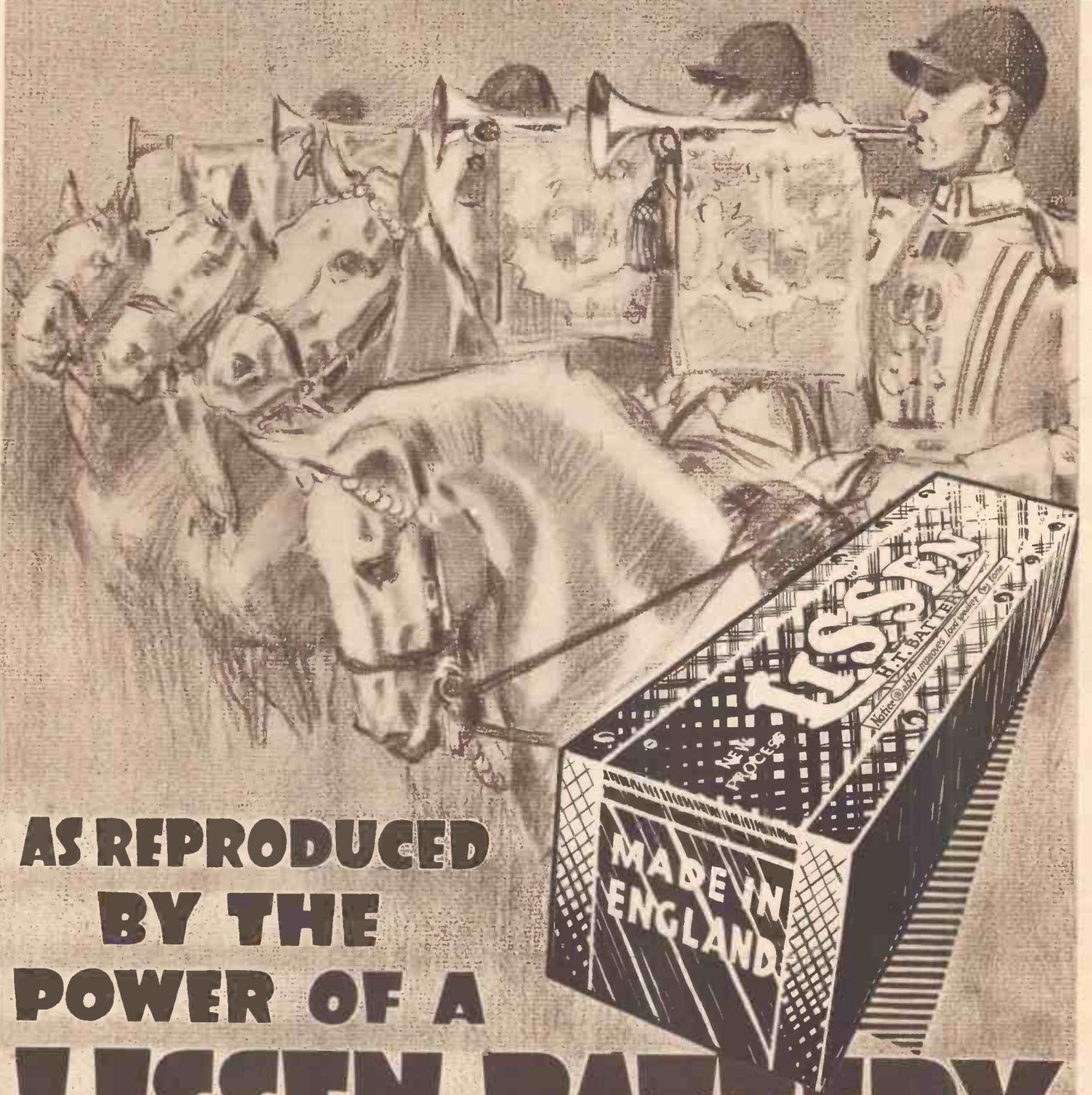


John COATES

after the original drawing by H. James Gunn

H. James Gunn

NOTHING SO MAJESTIC AS THE FANFARE OF TRUMPETS!



AS REPRODUCED
BY THE
POWER OF A
LISSEN BATTERY

WHAT happens just before the broadcast begins?
How do famous broadcasters enter Broadcasting House . . . reach the studios . . . address the microphone . . . ?

What happens when the artist goes to broadcast, and how is he (or she) received at the B.B.C.? Let's answer the question with reference to a National programme item given from the B.B.C. studios at London.

The outside of Broadcasting House in Portland Place is familiar to thousands of passers-by, but only a privileged few know of the inner workings of the sanctums of the British Broadcasting Corporation.

Double bronze doors lead from the street to the spacious foyer.

An artist—you can recognise him by his sombrero and steady gait—is just going to broadcast! Let's follow him in and see what happens.

Right in front of us is a statue symbolic of "The Sower," which is either very ugly or too divine, depending on whether your views of art are old-fashioned or ultra-modern.

To the left is the B.B.C. bookshop, and the place where you take tickets for the Queen's Hall concerts.

To the right is the reception desk, presided over by Captain Heslop, who has been with the B.B.C. since the Savoy Hill days. Around him are messenger boys, all looking very busy, while in front of him are three reasonably comfortable seats on

accurately STVDIOS, because this is in keeping with the Latin inscription above the doors of the lift!

We pass down a corridor, dropping our coats and hats in at the cloakroom on the right. We pass a row of telephone booths and then turn left into an artists' foyer.

On the left again are two lifts—right in the centre of the building, communicating only with the studios and reserved for the use of the artists and studio staff. The lifts in the main entrance are for the office people.

To the right is the big notice-boards on which early every morning are set up a complete record of the day's programme, showing which studios will be used and where and at what time the rehearsals will take place.

Quite a lot goes on, you see, before the broadcast actually begins.

Now we shall have to act quickly or we shall miss our artist friend, whom we have followed closely thus far.

Little moving models at the sides of the lift doors show where each lift is. One is going up and the other is going down. This sounds all very simple but you have to be canny because, owing to the shape of the top of Broadcasting House, one of these lifts does not go any further

Radio Pictorial — NO. 3

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

In the office section, if you are in doubt where the department is of any given floor, you only have to peep at a typewritten list mounted up behind this plaque carrying the floor number.

We are here on third floor. Speculation now runs riot. Just to the right of us is studio 3A, used by Henry Hall. Perhaps our artist friend is a member of the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra.

But no, he looks too serious for that; and moreover he strides past the little waiting-room outside the door of the 3A studio—all very chromium and futurist looking—and continues down the corridor.

Ah, then he's a speaker! The three main talk studios are on the left. Two of them have an amber light glowing outside.

The three studios in a row are 3D (nearest to us), 3C, and 3B.

Our artist is conducted into studio 3D and now in order to follow the story of what happens just before the broadcast begins, we have to content ourselves with peeping through the little spy-hole

Just BEFORE the Broadcast BEGINS



Just before the television broadcasts begin there are anxious moments in the special listening rooms, where the B.B.C. television receivers are adjusted as a final check

which are a number of people waiting to go into the offices or studios.

You do not just enter the B.B.C. and go where you want to.

The B.B.C., after all, is a state-run concern allied with the Government.

So you have to wait your turn and be officially conducted by a messenger boy after your name, time of arrival and business are duly entered in a big book by Captain Heslop or one of his staff.

We go through this rigmarole and then make the first move to entering the studios:

We pass through bronze swing doors, above which is the notice "Studios" . . . or more

than the top floor but one, and if our artist friend is going right up to the top in the long lift, we may have to dash up one flight of stairs at the eighth floor.

But he does not.

He gets out at the third floor. In spite of the speed at which these express lifts travel, we know we are at the third floor because of the large figure on a circular mount right outside the lift doors. A clever idea that!

in the door. It is not so bad as it may at first seem, because the doors of many of the Broadcasting House studios are fitted with spy-holes carrying lenses so that anyone outside can see quite clearly what is going on in the studio before entering.

This man, then, is going to give a broadcast talk.

But where is his manuscript?

Hasn't he brought it?

The talks official who conducts him into the studio hands him a few sheets of specially typed paper, heavily marked in blue and red. That



At zero hour before a broadcast begins, the engineers up in the B.B.C. control room at the top of Broadcasting House check over the microphone switching positions to make sure that everything is O.K.

shows you what goes on before the broadcast begins!

This man's talk has had to be O.K'd by the B.B.C. censors.

The amber light outside the studio changes to red.

The speaker sips at an encouraging glass of water and, a second later, he is "on the air."

Star Features of the National Programme

SUNDAY

The Northern Studio Orchestra.
Reginald King and his Orchestra.
The Wireless Chorus (Section B).
Tom Jones and the Grand Hotel Orchestra,
Eastbourne.

MONDAY

The Western Studio Orchestra.
Commander Stephen King-Hall.
Gillie Potter
The B.B.C. Orchestra (Section E) directed by
Joseph Lewis.
Jack Payne and his Band.

TUESDAY

The Commodore Grand Orchestra directed by
Joseph Muscant.
Sir Walford Davies.
George Bernard Shaw.

WEDNESDAY

Quentin Maclean.
The Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra,
directed by Sir Dan Godfrey.
James Agate.
Frederic Lamond.

THURSDAY

Christopher Stone.
The Scottish Studio Orchestra directed by
Guy Daines.
Vernon Bartlett.
Fred Hartley and his Novelty Quintet.

FRIDAY

The B.B.C. Dance Orchestra directed by Henry
Hall.
Sir Walford Davies.
The Hotel Metropole Orchestra.
Commander Stephen King-Hall.
Sir Walford Davies.

SATURDAY

The Commodore Grand Orchestra directed by
Joseph Muscant.
The Olof Sextet.
A. P. Herbert.
The Leslie Bridgewater Quintet.

New Play Producers

Val Gielgud, B.B.C. Drama Director in London, has been looking around for two or three additional play producers and is taking his choice with fastidious care. An announcement may be expected soon. The newcomers will be apprentices: i.e. they will be set to learn the job thoroughly.

Conchita's Success

The number of foreign singers who have made a name in this country since the war can be numbered on the fingers of two hands, and Conchita Supervia is among them. Endowed with personality and voice of unusual range, this Spanish artist brought with her a great continental reputation.

Radio Pictorial Gossip tells you what's happening in the radio world

She charmed all concert-going folk with her first performance for the B.B.C. six years ago at Queen's Hall and has since settled down in a delightful house on the Sussex coast, where her garden is the envy of all neighbours.

From the Garrick

Scouts from the Variety Department, whose job is to find fresh talent, have persuaded John Southern to bring his old-time music hall show from the Garrick theatre to St. George's Hall for a broadcast early in March.

And just to whet our appetites for this programme, Tod Slaughter will be slipped into a variety bill in the previous week, when he

will give his well-known number "Gentlemen, the King!"

Good Luck, Gordon

Gordon Gildard, the Scottish producer, visiting London, is in charge of production and it is his first show at Broadcasting House. Good luck, Gordon.

There is a move on foot at the B.B.C. to dramatise talks and if the learned committees which advise on those matters give the young men a free hand, evening talks will get quite lively.

Did You Know—

That popular broadcaster of gramophone records, Bob Tredinnick, owes his success to an accident? He was called in to deputise for an announcer at Midland Regional. Not knowing what to do, he played some hot records with an interesting commentary of his own. Result—a permanency.

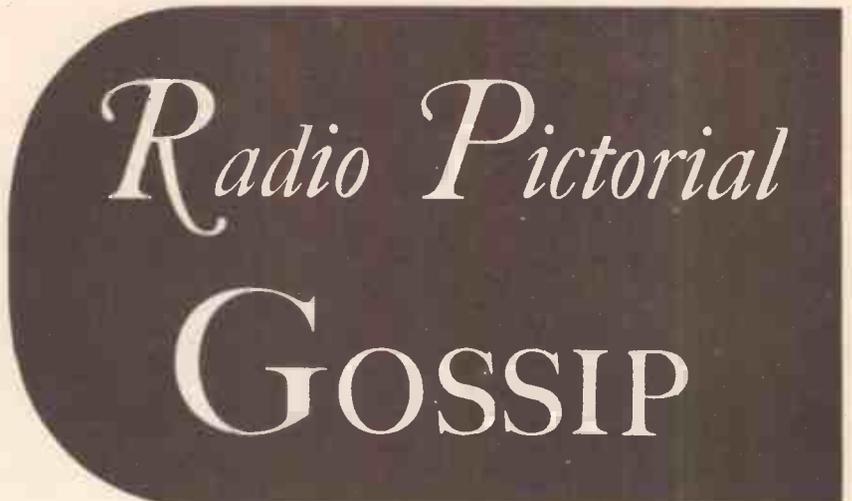
Mrs. Waters' Daughters

Elsie and Doris Waters paid me a visit the other day. They were telling me they hardly ever manage to persuade Mrs. Waters to go to see them do their turn though she always listens to them on the wireless.

The last time she did consent to go was somewhere in the East End. As the sisters were taking their call, a woman turned to Mrs. Waters and said: "A couple o' lads they are and no mistake. I'll bet their mother 'as a time with 'em."

The Spotless One

Stainless Stephen recently appeared at a dinner where Sir Josiah Stamp was the chief guest. Sir Josiah, in a merry speech, said all he knew about punctuation he had learned from Stainless on the wireless. The Spotless One told him afterwards he would not charge a fee for the lessons if he could have



a footplate trip on the *Royal Scot* express. Stainless Stephen, whose real name is Arthur Clifford, has just completed his eleventh year as a broadcaster.

At Northern Woods

Beatrice Beaufort and Janet Christopher, who have broadcast old-world songs of all nations so charmingly, sent me a card showing a picture of their beautiful home at Flackwell Heath, in Buckinghamshire. They call it Northern Woods Farm. The next time you see their name in the programmes, be sure not to miss them. They are delightful.

In the Small Hours

HAD a 'phone message from Henry Hall the other night. He and Geraldo went to a party together. They left early—in the morning, that is. Then the car wouldn't



Anona Winn, in the "Songs from the Shows" February 3 at 4.15 p.m.

Gillie Potter, back on Monday at 10 p.m. after along microphone absence

Mme. Rosa, "on the air" from Bucharest

Bertha Wilmott, on February 10 at 8 p.m.

start up. So they "banded" together and proceeded to "conduct" the wretched thing down an incline. After that it went!

Claude at Home

You couldn't find a couple of keener broadcasters than Claude Hulbert and his charming wife, Enid Trevor, not if you searched Broadcasting House from the sub-sub-basement to the transmitter. They have always believed in broadcasting, even in the old days when their friends didn't.

They are a jolly couple. Their domestic squabbling on the wireless—so they say—is natural. Enid told me Claude is just as aggravating in real life as he is on the wireless. The funny part of it is that he admits it. Still, you can take it they are very happy in their home, with their two sweet little kiddies—Jill and Jacqueline. Not forgetting a huge



Leslie Sarony, the popular song-writer, gets busy on some new tunes which you will hear very shortly on the air, on the concert halls and on gramophone records

He's one of radio's melody-makers!

Collected by

"NEWSMONGER"

Alsatian, who defies Claude's every command. He thinks twice about disobeying Enid, though.

That "Garage" Act

An honest broadcaster is Jeanne de Casalis. "Mrs. Feather," she insists, is herself exactly. When she hasn't done anything quite Featherish enough, she pays a visit to one of her pals—a well-known actress—who has generally done something hopeless. That is how she gets her material for the next wireless episode.

Do you remember that excellent episode when the garage sent her in a big bill? That was a fact. She told me a heavy bill did come in, and that her husband (Colin Clive) was furious about it. However, she made more than enough to pay it by making it into an "episode." Sensible girl, Jeanne!

The Twiddleknobs!



Hearing a Voice

One of our most vivacious broadcasters is Barbara Couper. Probably you know that in private life she is Mrs. Howard Rose. They have

been married five years. She records with amazement that they are still radiantly happy. These accidents do happen, of course!

It was a case of hearing a voice. Barbara went up to Savoy Hill for an audition. Howard's voice is rather solemn, and he frightened the life out of her by asking her to say something funny. She was engaged later on—for a play, that is—and, later on still, to the play producer.

A K.C.'s Clerk!

Clapham and Dwyer are serious souls when off duty. Neither do they indulge in those bother-spots unless they meet in Broadcasting House.

Clapham was once a K.C.'s clerk. Dwyer was also legally interested. They met in the precincts of the Law Courts, but it was a long time before they dared to give up their profession for comedy.

Their technique seems simple enough, yet who of us could imitate them? Dwyer just decides what he is going to lecture about and rings up Clapham, who takes notes of the various points.

Harking Back

Leslie Baily, who gave us "Scrapbook for 1913," tells me he is now searching the world for contemporary song, story, and incident of the year 1909. His next programme, "Scrapbook for 1909," will be all about twenty-five years ago. Listen for it on February 19 or 20. And if you have any old songs or gramophone records of that period, write to Leslie Baily about them. You'll get him at Broadcasting House.

When arranging his 1913 programme, he received from the public scores of old records by such stars of the past as Marie Lloyd, George Formby, Albert Chevalier, and Vesta Tilley.

Where's John?

There aren't many "free-lances" organising radio shows, and I'm anxious to know why we haven't heard anything lately of one of the most brilliant—John Macdonnel. He was the originator of "Surprise Items" and of "First Time Here." He left the B.B.C. Since then he has given us shows like "There's More Magic in the Air" and "Good Evening."

by FERRIER

How RADIO STARS walk to the Mike

By
John TRENT

Every radio star has his or her own way of walking to the microphone and addressing it, and Leonard Henry treats it as a pal!



THE microphone will not come to Mahomet, so Mahomet must go to the "mike."

At least, it is only for an outsize in prophets that the B.B.C. will remove a microphone from store at Broadcasting House and convey it to a speaker's home, and this is one reason why the studio tower is such an intriguing place.

Night after night the titled and the great, the learned and the famous, pass through its bronze doors.

Jockeys jostle politicians in its corridors; film stars swop anecdotes with record-breaking airmen in its alcoves; while spruce figures in dinner suits flit to and fro, pausing at times to put a speaker at ease, or retrieve a manuscript from the floor, hurrying at others to announce a vaudeville programme about to start in a studio five floors below.

Engagements permitting, the Prince of Wales chooses to come to a studio for his broadcasting.

He makes a point of getting to Portland Place some minutes before he is due to speak and on arrival, after greeting Sir John Reith, is carried by lift to the third floor, where he takes his seat at a desk in a small bright studio furnished as a study in the modern style.

The Prince's secretary has already pasted each sheet of his typescript on to cardboard, so that no rustling of paper shall mar his talk.

These boards are placed in order on the desk and the Prince, like other speakers, reads a few words for the engineers, who then adjust the output of the microphone to suit his voice.

In a few moments the red bulb will glow and one of the best-loved voices in England will be on the air. In the meantime His Royal Highness sits chatting and no trace of nervousness is apparent in his manner.

After the broadcast, one or two senior officials are usually presented, and the Prince often remains in the building for some time, discussing programmes, in which he takes the keenest interest.

For His Majesty's message on Christmas Day, a microphone is taken to Sandringham and placed in a walnut case on a gate-leg table in the study.

The King submits his voice to a test for the adjustment of apparatus, after which he rejoins the royal party at a loud-speaker in the drawing-room to hear the programme which precedes his message. His Majesty prefers to be alone while broadcasting, and shortly before three o'clock he returns unattended to the study, where Gerald Cock, outside broadcast director at the B.B.C., is waiting to report that arrangements are complete.

The King is announced from London, the signal is given, and the world listens.

The "mike" also follows the Prime Minister into the country and on holiday he has been relayed from Lossiemouth. Still clothed in

tweeds, into which he changes whenever his formal duties allow, Mr. MacDonald lays aside his pipe, draws his chair to the table, and speaks from the room that he loves so well.

At other times, when he has some vital message to give, he speaks from his study in Downing Street, and the comfort of broadcasting cosily from his own fireside has been a relief to one of Britain's busiest men.

No one would grudge a facility which reduces the strain on the Prime Minister, but it is a privilege which cannot be offered to others.

The intimate style scores every time and to politicians a "bull" is important; it may turn over ten thousand votes. I remember at a general election the abject failure of a leading statesman at the microphone.

He was an orator and had chosen to broadcast his speech in the usual series from a public platform.

A crowd surged round him and supporters grew enthusiastic as their leader carried them with him. The meeting was a huge success, but the broadcast was a ghastly flop. It was not that the quality was poor, but that the manner was out of place in the home. It is an affront to have a tub thumped in the sitting-room. Such a mistake will not be made again.

When you come to the studio and are lucky enough to have the chance, watch the announcers at work and note their casual yet possessive approach.

Speaking quietly across the "mike," their lips are so close that their words seem to caress it. They do not whisper, because their day is a long one and whispering tires the throat. But whispering is a popular and effective method which Jack Payne uses, and when he sings his voice is never audible in the studio. He prefers a microphone in a stand, so that he can rest his elbows comfortably on the frame and sing quietly close to the instrument. Jack is certainly one of its masters.

Sometimes the position of the microphone must be a compromise. Henry Hall and Les Allen are tall, but Phyllis Robbins is petite. They all use the same "mike." Les Allen sings down to it, while Phyllis croons up to it, one on either side. Sincerity is part of Henry's charm and it is this quality which strikes me most forcibly about his voice.

As a protection for his anonymity, A. J. Alan has always had the privilege of a studio to himself, and even in the days when he began to tell stories in variety hours at Savoy Hill, no other artist in the programme ever saw him. The man of mystery is fair and of medium height and he talks to the "mike" as he talks to his friends. It was the chance and ardent advice of a mutual friend to the programme director at Savoy Hill

that brought the king of story tellers to the microphone for the first time.

Gillie Potter is an artist who would like to be alone when he does his stuff, and it was a sore point with the comedian that producers preferred him to appear in the vaudeville studio in his place at the top of the bill. Gillie dons his boater, takes a stance in the centre of the studio, and goes through his act as he does on the stage.

Artists with engagements at London theatres often rush to the studio in costume and make-up, and I have seen Jack Hulbert dressed as a clown engaged in cross-talk with a cavalier, his brother Claude.

One evening Cyril Nash arrived with his head in bandages. Driving up from Horley, he had had a serious crash. His injuries were hurriedly dressed and stitched at the hospital and, undaunted by the experience, he reached the studios on time. His wife, listening at home to the show, was not conscious of any mishap and first heard of the accident late at night, when her husband was driven home by a friend in another car. It was rather a shock.

One night an ambulance brought Herbert Heyner from hospital at Roehampton to broadcast. Periodically this singer has had to visit Queen Mary's for surgical attention to his leg, which was wounded in the war. Last time he was placed under an anaesthetic. Expecting an amputation, he was surprised, on coming round, to find that he still had both legs. The surgeons had been clever again. At the time his leg was under treatment he was placed on a table to sing, and afterwards taken back to hospital, where he was put to bed again. He is quite fit now.

In contrast to the confidential tones of the British announcers, the boys who announce the Empire programmes speak slowly and deliberately. They have been picked for their clear, robust voices. At first they spoke at a rate of only forty words a minute, but this speed was soon increased, because the meaning of their remarks was lost. By the time the end of a sentence was reached the poor bushman in Africa had forgotten how it had started. These announcers work strange hours. Though it is not hard to be suave at one a.m., it is a trial to be hearty at eight in the morning, and difficult to walk to the mike with courage.



The CHIEF ANNOUNCER
Here is an intimate peep through the window of the news studio while the General News Bulletin is being broadcast. At the microphone is Stuart Hibberd, the B.B.C.'s Chief Announcer



Are You Listening? . . . to

My Life Story

By Harry ROY

This popular dance-band leader who broadcasts every week from the May Fair Hotel here gives you his own personal account of the interesting events in his life. He has covered the world in his travels and his life story makes interesting reading.

This comedy snapshot of Harry Roy was taken by a friend when Harry first arrived in Hobart, and was feeling very pleased about it! The right-hand photograph was taken recently while Harry was trying out some of his new records

J EXPECT a good many people who listen to broadcast dance music imagine that there is no control in the directorship of a popular dance orchestra, and that there is no need to go through a world of experience before becoming popular on the air.

My own life contradicts this, for I have managed to crowd a world of adventure into my life so far.

I won't bother you with details of what happened to me as a kiddy. In fact, there was nothing of outstanding importance until, when I was fourteen, I went to Beccles College.

I used to fight twice a day—that is fact and no exaggeration. When I fought, I fought like the very devil, for I was not very tall, but very wiry and reasonably strong for my age.

My brother used to fight, too



(generally on my side!), and then, at fourteen, I was only beaten by boys of nineteen!

There were many strange adventures at school, but none of them are of outstanding importance, as I do not meet many of my school pals now—they have little connection with broadcasting.

I was good at most things at school, with the exception of science, but you could not say that I was a real favourite with the masters. I was a good swimmer and keen on football and cricket. I have always been a good bowler and until quite recently I was a good batsman.

One event of my schooldays stands out in my memory. It was my first real adventure, for I saved two boys from drowning in the River Waverley.

I went in for a race of two miles, which was more to win a wager than anything else, for I had never done anything more than two miles in my life. A couple of boys were swimming alongside me and one collapsed.

I immediately gave up all idea of winning the race and I collared the fainting boy and pulled him out. And then I went off again. Half a mile up the river another one collapsed, and again I did the life-saving act. I finished the race . . . about two hours later!

I used to play the piano at school (I often wonder if any of my old school pals ever listen to the May Fair Orchestra now), and although my voice was breaking just about then I sang quite well.

We used to annoy the masters by singing up in the dormitories until the early hours of the morning and the boys used to make me stand up on the bed and do a star turn. That was in the days when songs like "You made me love you, but I didn't want to do it" were popular!

Apart from singing, I used to like breaking bounds and going on the river in a boat. Result: On the whole, they were very happy days at school, and when eventually I left and came back home to my father's business in London, I didn't feel at all happy about it.

Feeling very sure of myself, though still only fifteen, I said to my father: "I am going out to fight my own way."

Then I went out looking for a job. Without much trouble, I got a job in some office in the City Road, London . . . and kept it for exactly half an hour! I walked out, fed up. They didn't sack me!

After that, I had five jobs in five days.

Father thought I had had quite enough of that, so he said: "Come back to business or go back to school."

Business meant a safe job in my father's own concern (The City Box Manufacturing Company, Limited), and as there were then rumours of trouble with Germany I felt that I had a real place in my father's own enterprise.

No sooner had I got that position than war was declared. My brother, Syd (later to be made famous in connection with Syd Roy's Lyricals) joined up when he was only eighteen . . . and my father, who was seriously ill at the time, died of a broken heart.

That tragedy, which had a big effect on my own life, was nearly followed by another, which only an amazing stroke of good luck averted.

For many months, Syd had had no leave, and when he came home as soon as possible after father's death, I thought it best to go down to the station and break the news to him gently.

I took out his motor-bicycle—they were very crazy machines in those days—met him at the station, and started to drive him home. Something happened to the indefinitely variable gear, the whole thing jammed, we were flung off and the machine caught fire.

That was the first of my comprehensive

series of motor-bicycle accidents . . . the penalty I pay, I suppose, for being so intensely keen on motoring.

Well, the War was still going on, and our two-hundred workpeople in the factory dropped down to four. Everybody was at the front. I did all the business, working in the factory with my sister and two girls, and in the office until midnight.

Although only a youngster, I got used to handling the heavy machinery and fed half-hundredweight bales of cardboard into the intricate box-making machines. I cut my hands badly, but in spite of that I managed to find time to practise on a banjo.

I needed something to keep me cheerful, because business was bad. We lost a fortune. In spite of our hard work, from 1915 to 1918 we lost over £28,000.

Just as things seemed at their darkest, I got my papers to join up. I made elaborate arrangements that day for my sister to carry on the control of the factory and we were at our wits' end to know just what to do.

The next day Armistice was declared.

The War now seems so long ago that it is rather difficult to explain in a few words how the next phase of my life commenced. Try to carry your own mind back to the days immediately after the War, when there was a temporary boom, and when everybody was out for music and musicians to repair their shattered nerves.

My brother came out of the army. He was convalescent and was taken away to a hospital at Brighton. At about that time I was particularly keen on the banjo. When my brother was well enough to get about a little, we devised a little amateur act. I also had to play the piano . . . and, gee, how I hated the piano! I practised my classics and mastered the twiddle bits of Mendelssohn and Chopin.

The factory was still losing money, and more for a hobby—having some time to kill—than anything else, we decided to form a little dance band for a salon in Oxford Street.

I remember those days vividly. We called our little band the Darnswells—which is a good pun, no matter which way you look at it. This carried on for about six months, and I am afraid we sadly neglected the factory. But we got some enjoyment out of it which, after all the horrors of the War, I think was very well deserved.

The "Lyricals," Syd Roy's combination of radio fame, which appeared at the Café de Paris. Harry Roy is on the extreme right



The Darnswells became so well known that we decided to open a place called the Fitzroy Galleries—also in Oxford Street. I have cause to remember the opening night of the Darnswells at the Fitzroy Galleries, for I rode up towards Oxford Street on a motor-bicycle—mine this time. On the way I had a crash, seriously injuring my hands and legs, and I was on crutches for nearly a month.

But I managed to get up every day to the Fitzroy Galleries. Unfortunately after two weeks of this we found that it was too expensive to run as a hobby.

My mother, bless her heart, thought that our expensive hobby, on top of another serious motor-bicycle smash,



How would you like to travel in a carriage like this? Harry Roy, looking very bronzed and healthy, is the right-hand occupant of this frail vehicle, propelled by a fearsome warrior. The photograph on the left is a much more peaceful snapshot of Harry on board the liner bringing him back from Australia



was too much. She gave me a very old-fashioned lecture and said: "Harry, stick to your business. Your father stuck to it all his life and now you are neglecting the business for your tuppenny-ha'penny music."

So we went back to business!

Frankly, I didn't relish the prospect of going back to the factory, for I was young, impetuous and full of ambition to do things outside the scope of a box-making concern!

Moreover, my short experience in the dance-music world had whetted my appetite for that kind of life.

Full of adventure and fun! Either life was tempting, but I had my duty to my mother to consider.

Temptation was strong, and apparently we had made a name for ourselves in West End dance music.

One morning, a telegram arrived for my brother, addressed to our home. His face lit up when he opened it, and he quickly smuggled the buff slip of paper away from mother.

Concealing my impatience with great difficulty, I carried on with breakfast, and then managed to get Syd alone outside the breakfast room. Without a word, he handed me the telegram. It was from a well-known West End restaurant, asking us to get a band together. It named a figure for the contract, which seemed stupendous to us then.

Getting a band together was a difficult matter in those days, for very many of the dance-band musicians were American. But we *did* manage to secure a good band. I remember that the trombone player was Lew Davies, who is still in the dance-music world and now plays with Lew Stone.

The American craze was at its height. The management told us to wear American collars and adopt a nasal accent. I remember one evening a prominent American came up to me and asked what State I came from.

And I simply didn't know what to say!

Next week in "Radio Pictorial"—another instalment of HARRY ROY'S Life Story

PLAN your WEEK'S Listening in Advance

NATIONAL

SUNDAY (Feb. 4).—Orchestral concert, from Eastbourne.

MONDAY (Feb. 5).—Charlot's Hour, feature programme.

Ever-youthful André Charlot comes back to the microphone to delight listeners—also on February 6 (Regional). *Have You Forgotten?* is the title of this production, and in it will be included songs and scenes from Uncle André's most popular shows with the Charlot Company and B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra conducted by Mark Lubbock. The entire production is devised and will be directed by André Charlot, whose first broadcast series of "Charlot's Hour," in 1928, ran for a period of thirty-two weeks, a record never equalled before or since by any producer.

TUESDAY (Feb. 6).—Words By, a programme of favourite songs with words written by Edward Lockton.

WEDNESDAY (Feb. 7).—B.B.C. Symphony Concert, relayed from the Queen's Hall, London.

THURSDAY (Feb. 8).—Instrumental concert.

FRIDAY (Feb. 9).—Emil and the Detectives, a play adapted for the microphone by Marianne Helweg from Cyrus Brooks' translation of the original of Erich Kästner.

SATURDAY (Feb. 10).—Ireland v. England: A running commentary by W. P. Collopy, on the International Rugby Football match, relayed from Lansdowne Road, Dublin (by courtesy of the Irish Free State Broadcasting Service).

LONDON REGIONAL

SUNDAY (Feb. 4).—A Religious Service, relayed from Brompton Parish Church.

MONDAY (Feb. 5).—Military Band concert.

TUESDAY (Feb. 6).—Charlot's Hour, feature programme.

WEDNESDAY (Feb. 7).—Variety programme.

The title is *Song Writers on Parade*, and the big "hits" of the leading British song-writers will be included and the composers will be in the studio to take some part in the broadcasting of their numbers. Listeners will hear Noel Gay, who wrote "All the King's Horses," Ray Noble ("Good-Night, Sweetheart"), Philip Braham ("Limehouse Blues"), Ivy St. Helier ("Coal-Black Mammy"), Ivor Novello ("Keep the Home Fires Burning") and other popular numbers. The series will comprise all the outstanding successes, old and new.

Dance Music of the Week

Monday Sydney Kyte and his Band (Piccadilly Hotel).

Tuesday Lew Stone and his Band (Café Anglais).

Wednesday Roy Fox and his Band (Kit-Cat Club).

Thursday The B.B.C. Dance Orchestra directed by

Henry Hall (broadcasting from the B.B.C. studios).

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

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

THURSDAY (Feb. 8).—Royal Philharmonic Society Concert, part 2, relayed from the Queen's Hall, London.

FRIDAY (Feb. 9).—An' Twal Mile Roon, a programme of variety from the most Northerly Station of the B.B.C.

SATURDAY (Feb. 10).—A Ketelbey Concert, relayed from the Kingsway Hall.

MIDLAND REGIONAL

SUNDAY (Feb. 4).—A Religious Service, relayed from the Cathedral, Birmingham.

MONDAY (Feb. 5).—Eighteenth Century music, orchestral concert.

TUESDAY (Feb. 6).—Military Band programme.

WEDNESDAY (Feb. 7).—Light orchestral concert, relayed from the Pump Room, Leamington Spa.

THURSDAY (Feb. 8).—*Ring o' Roses*, a Jazz operetta.

FRIDAY (Feb. 9).—Soldier Songs, choral programme.

SATURDAY (Feb. 10).—Concert party; song and violin recitals; character studies; and a play, relayed from Coventry, Walsall and Birmingham.

WEST REGIONAL

SUNDAY (Feb. 4).—Russian Music: orchestral concert.

MONDAY (Feb. 5).—*Ni'n Pedwar (We Four)*, a play by Leyshon Williams, and *Siom (A Disappointment)*, a drama by J. Gwilym Jones.

Ni'n Pedwar, which has not yet been published, is a comedy for four people, and illustrates life in the mining valleys of South Wales. The second play, *Siom* ("A Disappointment"), is by J. Gwilym Jones, a teacher in Llandudno. He gained the prize for a one-act play with this work at the National Eisteddfod at Wrexham last August. He also won second place in the chief drama contest at Wrexham.

SCOTTISH REGIONAL

SUNDAY (Feb. 4).—A Religious Service, relayed from St. Enoch's Parish Church, Dundee.

MONDAY (Feb. 5).—A Concert by the Students of the Royal Blind School, Craigmillar Park, Edinburgh.

This concert will be under the direction of A. T. Lee Ashton, and choral works by Stanford, Coleridge-Taylor, Vaughan Williams and others will be performed. The Royal Blind School is the educational section of the Royal Blind Asylum and School, Edinburgh, which is the third oldest institution for the blind in the world, and is only two years younger than the Liverpool Institution, having been established in 1793. As the only place of higher education for the blind in Scotland, the School has prepared many blind persons for professional careers, and about a score of students are at present studying music, taking classes at Edinburgh University, or preparing for training in massage.

TUESDAY (Feb. 6).—Orchestral concert, relayed from the St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow.

WEDNESDAY (Feb. 7).—Part of *The Creation* (Haydn), relayed from the Caird Hall, Dundee.

THURSDAY (Feb. 8).—Facets of Syncopation, feature programme.

FRIDAY (Feb. 9).—An' Twal Mile Roon, a programme of variety from the most Northerly Station of the B.B.C.

"Tak awa' Aiberdeen an' twal mile roon an' faur are ye?" The answer that you are "naewhere at a" will probably be found in this programme of variety, in which Duffon Scott (an affa lad tae talk), Willie Kemp (in twa-three corn kisters) and others are taking part.

SATURDAY (Feb. 10).—Choral and orchestral concert.

BELFAST

SUNDAY (Feb. 4).—A Service of Old Psalmody, relayed from New Row Presbyterian Church, Coleraine.

MONDAY (Feb. 5).—String Orchestral concert.

TUESDAY (Feb. 6).—Instrumental concert.

WEDNESDAY (Feb. 7).—Variety programme, from London.

THURSDAY (Feb. 8).—Excerpts from *Opera*: orchestral concert.

FRIDAY (Feb. 9).—*Emil and the Detectives*, a play adapted for the microphone by Marianne Helweg from Cyrus Brooks' translation of the original of Erich Kästner, from London.

SATURDAY (Feb. 10).—*The Tinker's Pup*, a comedy by Joseph Sherlock.

NORTH REGIONAL

SUNDAY (Feb. 4).—A Church of England Service, relayed from the Parish Church, of St. Peter ad Vincula, Stoke-on-Trent.

MONDAY (Feb. 5).—Microphone Tour, No. 3, feature programme.

TUESDAY (Feb. 6).—The Liverpool Philharmonic Society's Concert, relayed from the Central Hall, Liverpool.

WEDNESDAY (Feb. 7).—Orchestral concert.

THURSDAY (Feb. 8).—Variety programme, relayed from the Palace, Theatre, Huddersfield.

FRIDAY (Feb. 9).—An' Twal Mile Roon, a programme of variety from the most Northerly Station of the B.B.C.

SATURDAY (Feb. 10).—The Yorkshire Mummer Melodymakers, concert party programme.



Stars in this week's programmes. (From left to right) Commander Stephen King-Hall (February 5 at 7.5 p.m.), Christopher Stone (Thursday, 1 p.m.), Ambrose (Saturday, 10.30 p.m.), and Henry Hall.

Dance Music from the Continental Stations

SUNDAY

Athlone ... 2 p.m.
Ljubljana ... 8.30 p.m.
Madrid ... 1 p.m.
Reykjavik ... 8.30-12 p.m.
Vienna ... 9.5 p.m.

MONDAY

Brussels No. 2 ... 10.10 p.m.
Munich ... 8.45 p.m.
Warsaw ... 9.30 p.m.

TUESDAY

Leipzig ... 9.25-11.30 p.m.
Reykjavik ... 8.30-9.30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY

Barcelona ... 1 a.m.
Brussels No. 2 ... 10.10 p.m.
Warsaw ... 10.5 p.m.

THURSDAY

Berlin (Funkstunde) ... 7.10 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 ... 10.10 p.m.
Langenberg ... 6 p.m.
Reykjavik ... 8-9.30 p.m.

FRIDAY

Brussels No. 2 ... 5 p.m.
Warsaw ... 9.40 p.m.

SATURDAY

Barcelona (Sunday) ... 1-2 a.m.
Brussels No. 2 ... 5 p.m.
Ljubljana ... 8.50 p.m.
Poste Parisien ... 9.5 p.m.
Reykjavik ... 8-11 p.m.
Strasbourg ... 10.30-12 p.m.

SUNDAY (FEBRUARY 4)

Athlone (531 m.).—Dance Music 2.0 p.m.
Barcelona (274 m.).—Records 9.0 p.m.
Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—Mandoline, Zither and Mouth Organ Music ... 9.30 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Orchestra ... 6.15 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Symphony Concert ... 8.10 p.m.
Bucharest (1,875 m.).—Light Music 7.20 p.m.
Hamburg (331.9 m.).—Harbour Concert ... 5.35 a.m.
Juan-les-Pins (222.6 m.).—English Military Band ... 10.30 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Lincke Concert 6.45 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Dance Music 8.30 p.m.
Madrid (293.5 m.).—Dance Music 1.0 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Orchestra 9.55 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Concert ... 8.45 p.m.
Radio Normandy (200 m.).—Request Music ... 2.0 p.m.
Radio Paris (1,796 m.).—Music Hall ... 8.0 p.m.
Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Radio City Concert ... 5.30 p.m.
Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Dance Music 8.30 (approx.)-12 midnight
Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Triolians 8.30 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—"The Merry Widow" (Lehar) 8.30 p.m.
Toulouse (335.2 m.).—Waldteufel Waltzes and Sound Film Music 3.0 p.m.
Vienna (506.8 m.).—Dance Music 9.5 p.m.
Warsaw (1,304 m.).—Operatic Music ... 6.52 p.m.

MONDAY

Barcelona (274 m.).—Viennese Waltzes and Songs ... 9.20 p.m.
Breslau (312.8 m.).—Concert 4.50 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Wagner Festival Concert 8.30 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Dance Music ... 10.10 p.m.

Your Continental Programme Guide

Bucharest (1,875 m.).—Light Music 5.15 p.m.

Juan-les-Pins (222.6 m.).—International Programme... 10.30 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—(all German stations)—"Carnival" 6.0 p.m.

Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Records 6.0 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Dance Music 8.45 p.m.

Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Gala Concert ... 8.55 p.m.

Radio Paris (1,796 m.).—"The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein" (Offenbach) ... 8.0 p.m.

Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Salon Orchestra ... 11.30 p.m.
Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Popular Airs ... 8.0 p.m.

Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Variety 1.30 a.m. (Tues.)
Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Orchestra 8.45 p.m.

Warsaw (1,304 m.).—Dance Music 9.30 p.m.

TUESDAY

Barcelona (274 m.).—Trio Concert 6.0 p.m.

Berlin (Deutschlandsender) (1,571 m.). (all German stations)—Folk Songs ... 6.0 p.m.

Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—Orchestral Music ... 3.0 p.m.

Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Request Records ... 10.10 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 5.0 p.m.

Juan-les-Pins (222.6 m.).—Concert 1.15 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Dance Music 9.25-11.30 p.m.

Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Imitations of Musical Instruments 8.15 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Light Music 3.0 p.m.

Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Gramophone ... 7.10 a.m.
Radio Paris (1,796 m.).—Orchestra 12 noon-2.0 p.m.

Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Crime Clues 1.0 a.m.

Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Dance Music 8.30-9.30 p.m.

Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Orchestra 2.30 a.m. (Wed.)
Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Tenor Songs and Violin and Viola Solos 6.30 p.m.

Warsaw (1,304 m.).—Popular Concert ... 7.2 p.m.

WEDNESDAY

Barcelona (274 m.).—Dance Music 1.0 a.m. (Thurs.)
Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—Orchestra ... 3.0 p.m.

Breslau (315.8 m.).—Concert 9.25 p.m.

Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—European Concert ... 8.0 p.m.

Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Dance Music ... 10.10 p.m.

Bucharest (1,875 m.).—Concert 7.0 p.m.

Juan-les-Pins (222.6 m.).—Concert 9.15 p.m.

Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Light Music 4.50 p.m.

Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Chamber Music ... 6.0 p.m.

Munich (405.4 m.).—Gramophone 5.30 p.m.

Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—"The Count of Luxembourg" (Lehar) 8.0 p.m.

Radio Paris (1,796 m.).—Concert 8.45 p.m.

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

Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Violin and Piano ... 8.0 p.m.

Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Orchestra 1.30 a.m. (Thurs.)

Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Café Concert ... 10.30 p.m.

Warsaw (1,304 m.).—Dance Music 10.5 p.m.

THURSDAY

Barcelona (274 m.).—Spanish and Catalan Music ... 9.30 p.m.

Berlin (Deutschlandsender) (1,571 m.).—Variety Programme 7.30 p.m.

Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—Dance Music ... 7.10 p.m.

Breslau (315.8 m.).—Concert 11.0 p.m.

Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Light Orchestra ... 6.30 p.m.

Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Dance Music ... 10.10 p.m.

Bucharest (1,875 m.).—Orchestra 4.0 p.m.

Juan-les-Pins (222.6 m.).—Concert 8.20 p.m.

Langenberg (455.9 m.).—New Dance Music ... 6.0 p.m.

Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Light Music 9.45 p.m.

Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Slovak Songs 8.15 p.m.

Munich (405.4 m.).—Songs and Music ... 1.20 p.m.

Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Gala Concert ... 8.55 p.m.

Radio Paris (1,796 m.).—Orchestra 12.30 p.m.

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

Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Concert, Songs and Dance Music 8.0-9.30 p.m.

Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Paul Whiteman's Orchestra 3.0 a.m. (Fri.)

Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Lohengrin (Wagner) ... 8.30 p.m.

Warsaw (1,304 m.).—Piano Recital 4.20 p.m.

FRIDAY

Barcelona (274 m.).—Violin and Cello Recital ... 10.0 p.m.

Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—Rhenish Songs ... 1.45 p.m.

Breslau (315.8 m.).—German Music 6.0 p.m.

Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Serenades ... 1.10 p.m.

Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Dance Music ... 5.0 p.m.

Bucnarest (1,875 m.).—Symphony Concert ... 7.0 p.m.

Juan-les-Pins (222.6 m.).—English Concert ... 10.30 p.m.

Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Marches by a Mandoline Orchestra 9.25 p.m.

Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Records 5.0 p.m.

Munich (405.4 m.).—Orchestra 11.0 a.m.

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

Radio Paris (1,796 m.).—Light Music ... 12.30-2.0

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

Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Musical Programme ... 6.0 p.m.

Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Concert 1.0 a.m. (Sat.)

Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Concert from the Toulouse Conservatoire 9.0 p.m.

Warsaw (1,304 m.).—Dance Music 9.40 p.m.

SATURDAY

Barcelona (274 m.).—Dance Music 1.0 a.m.—2.0 (Sun.)

Berlin (Deutschlandsender) (1,571 m.).—Play ... 6.0 p.m.

Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—Mandoline Music ... 3.0 p.m.

Breslau (315.8 m.).—Concert 6.25 a.m.

Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Eric Coates Concert ... 12 noon

Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Dance Music ... 5.0 p.m.

Bucharest (1,875 m.).—Café Concert ... 9.0 p.m.

Juan-les-Pins (222.6 m.).—Concert 9.15 p.m.

Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Concert 3.0 p.m.

Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Dance Music 8.50 p.m.

Munich (405.4 m.).—Light Music 9.25 p.m.—12 midn.

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

Radio Paris (1,796 m.).—Light Music ... 8.0 p.m.

Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Orchestra 12 midnight



Getting ready for his mid-week broadcast. Roy Fox (centre) chats about the programme with Miss Peggy Dell, one of his vocalists

OLIVER BALDWIN, the B.B.C. film critic, has had many years' experience at the microphone

and in this exclusive article he explains how broadcasting has given him confidence and power.

ONCE thought that I could never be nervous in addressing a crowd of people—I thought my experience of public meetings both here and abroad had rendered me immune. But I was wrong.

The first time I ever broadcast was several years ago, from Savoy Hill, when I read a short story of my own. I was left alone for five minutes until the red light should warn me that there was nothing between myself and my audience—the thousands who might be at home, listening to their large and cumbersome machines, or carefully playing with their cat's whisker in order to pick up our programme.

I began to feel extremely uncomfortable.

I took off my wrist-watch and my ring in case I should bang them on the table; I took off my coat in case I could not breathe evenly; finally, I took off my collar, in case I should choke!

My script, lying on the table before me, looked so frail I was afraid it would be blown away and I should not be able to retrieve it once I had started.

I began to wonder whether, if I pronounced a word wrongly, I should stop and repeat it correctly or go straight on without bothering.

Then I realised the announcer was by my side. This, I thought, is better; I shall not feel so lonely. The red light went on, the announcer announced me, and then left the room! I was alone with my invisible audience.

I have no idea what it sounded like to the listeners. To me it was a stranger's voice talking sadly from the depths of a vault. That was the first time, and it was the worst. Many times since then I have been on the air, either from Birmingham or London.

And each time I have felt less nervous.

Now I do not mind it at all; in fact, I rather enjoy it. Broadcasting, therefore, has taught me to conquer my nerves in talking to an invisible audience. And for that I am grateful.

It has taught me many other things as well.

The importance of voice control, for instance. How to breathe evenly in conversation, and pronounce words more clearly. Correct punctuation, and the truth of the old instructions for reading—count one for a comma, two for a semi-colon, three for a colon, and four for a full-stop.

Then there is inflection. The rise and fall of the voice must neither be monotonous nor regular, but suited by expression to the subject being read. And, finally, accentuation—the knowledge of when to strengthen the voice and when to weaken it. Perhaps the most difficult thing is to prevent the voice falling at the end of each sentence. I am not at all certain that I am any good at preventing myself from falling into that error.

The microphone accentuates the weaknesses in a voice as it does the *timbre*. Any lisping or sibilant consonants make unpleasant sounds for the listener. The Irish brogue or the Scotsman talking English always sounds better than any over-refined method of English speech—chiefly because, in the first case, it is more musical, and, in the second, there is more



It is amazing how an insincere voice can nullify the message that is given. And how a man with the power to speak sincerely can make a profound impression even when his speech lacks intrinsic value. This is especially noticeable in the talks given by politicians.

Again, broadcasting has taught me what an influence for happiness good music can have. I know of many people who, never having been able to afford the price of a good concert admission, have found a completely new experience in the broadcasts of famous orchestras.

I know of people who, having never had the opportunity of learning some aspect of science, have had the wish of a lifetime granted to them by being able to hear their pet subject spoken about—at their own firesides.

I know of people with a little front garden, who have transformed a wilderness into a thing of beauty by listening to gardening talks; and housewives who have had their labours made easier by listening to those who have had greater experience in running homes.

I know of people who have begun to understand music, which previously had been a trial to them, by listening to Sir Walford Davies. And I know of people who have never bothered to think about anything much in their lives, but who have been stimulated and encouraged to form some sort of opinion by listening to debates on the wireless.

I have, therefore, learnt much from broadcasting. And I have watched with the greatest admiration the people at the B.B.C. headquarters, whose duty it is to find you the programmes you will like, and who scour the country for new people and new ideas.

When you think that the work put into a stage production will, with luck, make it run three or more months, and then realise that the same sort of work has to be put in by these B.B.C. officials for a different performance every day, you will realise how wonderful it is we get as much variation as we do.

And when they have been doing this day and night for months, they still try to better their programmes in response to the written abuse of those who want this to the exclusion of that.

Then when that is excluded, there is more abuse from people who preferred that to this!

What patience these people possess! I realise now the impossibility of pleasing everybody . . . and the impossibility of everybody realising it. I have seen cases when, at the eleventh hour, some artist has not been able to appear or some statesman has changed his mind; and I admired the resource of the B.B.C. in not holding up the programme, and being able to substitute somebody else.

Broadcasting has also taught me what a wide range of talent this little island contains. Microphone personality is a new and different thing that has given occupation to many.

Often, people who were desirous of going on the stage, without having a suitable personality for it, have found their niche in the radio studio before the microphone.

What Broadcasting has Taught Me



resonance. I have learnt, too, the dramatic power of the conversational tone and the intensity of the whisper on the microphone.

More, I have learnt that our very human public can take as violent a prejudice against a voice as they can against a face!

It is most interesting, the way frequent listeners build up a conception of a broadcaster from his voice, and it is very rare that they fit the actual speaker. A good speaking voice pleases the ear quicker than a good-looking face pleases the eye. Perhaps because a good voice is rarer and we are not, therefore, so critical.

PICTORIAL NEWS OF THE STARS



Roy Fox has a fine billiard-room at his home in London, and here are Mr. and Mrs. Roy Fox, working out a difficult shot



Miss Phyllis Robbins makes her farewell broadcast with Henry Hall and the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra on Saturday, February 3 —she is going off on a tour, but will broadcast again from the B.B.C.



Jack manages to snatch an hour away from the mike for a little riding with Mrs. Payne. Riding was always one of Jack's hobbies, and he is now devoting considerable time to it



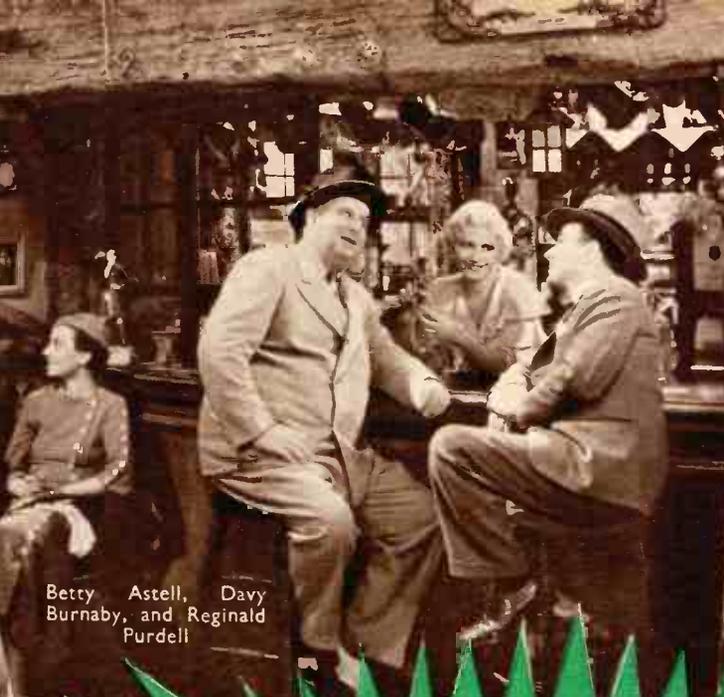
"The Last Round-up" has made millions think of hilly-billy music, and here is Carson Robison and his original hilly-billy broadcasters



Danny Malone, the young Irish tenor, who was married recently to Miss Hazel Knight



Harry Champion



Betty Astell, Davy Burnaby, and Reginald Purdell



Clapham and Dwyer



Scott and Whaley

ON THE

ROY FOX

- EDWIN STYLES
- MAX WALL
- DAVY BURNABY
- HUGH E. WRIGHT
- SCOTT AND WHALEY
- REGINALD PURDELL
- CLAPHAM AND DWYER
- JANE CARROLL
- ANONA WINN
- HARRY CHAMPION
- BUDDY BRADLEY'S REPERTORY



Mario de Pietro

Teddy Brown

Davy and Reginald register surprise!

AIR
AND HIS BAND
ERIK OLDHAM
JIMMY JADE
BETTY ASTELL
AND WHALEY
MARIO DE PIETRO
AND DWYER
TEDDY BROWN
EVE BECK
WILSON, KEPPELL & BETTY
OPION LAURIE DEVINE
Rhythm Girls



Betty Astell



Jane Carr



Hugh E. Wright



Anona Winn does her act!

LISTENERS who want to know how radio stars can act on the screen will soon have their curiosity satisfied. A British Lion film, "On the Air," has just been made, featuring the broadcasters listed in the "music hall" bill above.



Our Radio Short Story

Radio ALIBI

FOR three days and nights, John Attwill, the distinguished botanist, had been perfecting an alibi.

And when Maurice Desormais, his collaborator, left the charming widow they both knew he murmured "Until to-morrow" with a suave grace that might have been roughened had he known he was leaving her to keep a tryst with a grim and watchful lover who, sooner or later, must come to all men.

Desormais, as he neared the massive fortress of concrete, in which he rented one luxurious corner, wondered whether Attwill had been big-hearted enough to overlook this affair with Rita; but when he entered his room and caught sight of the waiting man, he realised that while he might call Attwill a most helpful co-worker, never again could he grip his hand in true friendship.

Attwill was in a black mood; the secretive brooding which had been so noticeable during the past few days had given place to a sullen anger.

"Ah, *mon ami* . . ."

Attwill did not reply.

The Frenchman, puzzled that Attwill should have made a special journey from his room on the floor above just to sit in sullen silence at the window, paused uncertainly.

"Is there anything wrong?"

"Sit down, Desormais, I want to talk . . ."

"So—about what?"

"About Mrs. Lester—Rita."

Desormais flushed. Evidently Attwill was more cut up over the affair than he had realised; it was not like him to jump abruptly into such a delicate subject.

He looked hesitantly at Attwill's face; it was calm, unnaturally calm, for his eyes were burning with a queer light.

"Well . . .?"

"Don't you think you have been a little—shall I say—premature in your tactics?"

"I don't understand?"

"No? Then perhaps I can explain. In England it is not customary for a man, introduced casually to his friend's acquaintances, to see them every morning, every day—if the acquaintance happens to be a particularly charming lady."

"You are being melodramatic, my friend. In France, it is not the custom to discuss such matters in this way. Please be sensible . . ."

Desormais, acutely embarrassed, turned his back on his friend and walked over to the luxurious radio-gramophone in the corner.

He bent over the instrument, ostensibly to

tune in a little diverting music, but actually to collect his spinning thoughts.

It was as he bent over the radio-gramophone that he felt a searing, fatal pain between his shoulder blades. Hardly had he time to appreciate what had happened before Attwill struck the second blow which the police surgeons afterwards agreed had let out his life . . .

It was done—and John Attwill set to work to arrange his wonderful alibi.

First the motive.

He crossed to the fireplace, muffled a poker, and smashed the lock of Desormais' bureau. From the drawer, he took a cash-box.

By Cyril JAMES

It was unlocked.

That was typical of Desormais, who habitually forgot to lock even his apartment door.

He took some treasury notes from the box, placed them in his pocket and collected some loose change, dropping a shilling and a sixpence inside the bureau.

He crossed to the window and peered at the line of stout thread that was dangling from his window above. There was no danger of detection, as this side of the building was only overlooked by a half-completed department store—and the workmen had finished for the day.

Now began the most difficult part of the alibi.

He tugged at the thread and slowly something appeared at the window on the floor above. It was the end of a stout rope, bound to the thread. He pulled harder—and down came the rope with a rush.

He caught at it frantically, held it, and wiped the gathering sweat from his forehead.

Then he bent over the window ledge and pulled over the lever of the porcelain wireless switch. Desormais had always been scared of lightning. As the lever clicked into position, he knew he had connected aerial and earth. Rapidly, he walked to the set, stepped over the body with a slight shudder, and switched the set on.

The dial glowed . . . in a few moments he heard a low humming.

That was fine. The set could not work without aerial and earth; his plan was succeed-

ing. He tuned in the set to the National programme, then locked the door of the apartment on the inside, leaving the key in the lock.

An hour before he had knotted the rope to the handle of the door in his apartment above. The other end dangled before the window through which the last light of day shone feebly on the flat—on the dead man . . .

Attwill swung himself into the blue of evening.

The rope creaked, but held firm, as he swarmed up into his own room. He let himself through the window and glanced quickly around the apartment; nothing had been disturbed.

Before five minutes had ticked away, he had pulled in the rope, cut it into small pieces, and ground the fragments into the burning coals. He had also recovered from a cupboard a long pointer, relic of some lecture or other he

had once delivered.

He glanced at the clock.

It was half-past six.

Then began the longest wait of John Attwill's life. He lit a cigarette, but found no enjoyment in it. He picked up a book, but the insistent "tick, tick, tick" of the clock diverted his mind from the print.

At seven o'clock he put a call through the house exchange and spoke to a friend for a few moments.

Then, when the clock hands had slowly reached the quarter-past seven, he walked down to the ground floor and complained to the porter of the door of his apartment, which, he said, had warped and let in a cruel draught.

The porter, one Alf Greenley, was indignant. "I'll come up an' see, if you don't mind, Mr. Attwill."

"Certainly."

Together they inspected the warped door.

Alf departed, promising complete and satisfactory vengeance on the carpenters who permitted the half-inch gap between the bottom of the door and the parquet floor. But had he remained in the room, he would most certainly have been surprised by the behaviour of Mr. Attwill.

No sooner had the porter turned his back than Attwill rushed to the dressing-room, dragged out the lecture pointer, and strode to the window.

He leaned out at a dangerous angle and, with the pointer, jabbed frantically at the lightning switch below.

Once . . . twice . . . he jabbed, and then the switch was unclosed. He waited, tensely, and then relaxed with a sigh of relief as from the floor below came the sudden crash of cymbals, the shrilling of violins, and a terrific roll from the tympani.

They were broadcasting a symphony concert. The radio, tuned to a pitch near blasting point, was bellowing out a confused volume of sound in which a very deaf musician might have detected traces of the overture to Wagner's "Flying Dutchman."

What followed has been fully related in the newspapers; how the porter had to burst in the locked door, what he found on the floor, how the elegant fortress was soon silent, ominously hushed, how the corridors were

Continued on page 23



All the thrills of a Rugger International are conveyed to you via the microphone by Capt. Wakelam, the famous B.B.C. sports commentator. Below he talks about to-morrow's Scotland v. Wales event

To-morrow's Rugger Broadcast

Capt. H. B. T. WAKELAM

deals with to-morrow's Scotland v. Wales rugger broadcast, and from his account and the plan published below, you will be able to follow the game

ONLY those who have been fortunate enough to have been there can imagine what Edinburgh, and particularly Princes Street, looks like on the day of a Rugby International.

To-morrow, the occasion of the forty-fifth meeting of Scotland v. Wales, will surely turn out to be true to tradition.

The whole town is crammed with enthusiasts, each proudly bearing the insignia of his or her country, be it the Thistle of Scotland or the wild Leek of Wales. In addition, the Welshmen's red berets make splotches of vivid colour amongst the eager and expectant throng.

The two chief hotels, one at each end of this wonderful street, the pride of every Scot, are literally bristling with the lights of the rugger world of both countries.

Everywhere you go, you hear only this one subject . . . how will the game go and who will win?

On all sides, old friends and desperate field enemies, are meeting perhaps for the only time in years, and accommodation of all kinds is taxed to the utmost.

And then the trek to the magnificent Murrayfield ground begins.

On foot, by tram, train, bus or car, some 80,000 people cover the two or three necessary miles. Long before the kick off, the standing room looks to be packed.

The ground actually consists in a beautiful level stretch of turf, on which both tennis and polo have been played. Only on the west side is there a stand, capable of holding some 9,000 spectators, the remaining three sides being served by a vast continuous mound which actually curls round both ends, like a letter "U" with the tops turned inwards, to meet the two ends of this stand.

This mound, to which access is gained from the back and over the top, is splendidly terraced and partitioned. So that it is possible to have an almost uninterrupted view of the whole game from almost any point.

Here 9,000 gather, a noisy, but strangely orderly crowd, who, though they have but the slightest of barriers between them and the playing pitch, never trespass one inch further forward than is strictly legal . . .

Even when their own particular favourite pulls a game out of the fire in the closing stages with a particularly brilliant effort.

The broadcasting box, from which the commentary is given, though it gives a wonderful all-entrancing view, is, unfortunately, rather far away for really detailed observation.

It is placed behind the centre of the east mound, high enough, of course, to be well clear of the heads of the crowd in front, who finish only some two or three yards away from it.

When the wind is from the west, with per-

haps a bit of Scotch mist in it, or when the sun begins to set behind the stand immediately opposite, the lot of the commentator indeed becomes difficult.

However, it is the best possible site owing to the construction of the ground and the stand, so that, naturally, one makes the most of it.

Picture him there then, before the whistle goes for the kick off, when he and his companion are trying to convey to listeners the wonderful scene which is stretched out before their eyes.

They are helped, of course, enormously by the outside "mike" which will pick up atmosphere and local colour. Especially the skirl of the pipes of the Highlanders and the training college boys who are entertaining with their marching and counter-marching.

A magnificent and unforgettable scene, and one which is unique in the rugger world.

Sometimes it must be confessed, a special effort to get crowd noises over prove disastrous.

Two seasons ago, in the identical match, thinking to put in a little extra for the benefit of those far away in Wales, who were so anxiously tuning in, I arranged what I thought would be a treat for them.

Noticing a large group of red berets just in front of the box, I went down amongst them before we started in, and fixed that, on a given signal, I would open the window. Whereupon they were to sing, as only true patriotic Welshmen can, "Land of my Fathers" and perhaps "Sospan Fach," the saucepan song from Llanelly which seems nowadays to be the real battle-cry of Wales.

Everything went according to locker, I "told the mike" what was coming over and duly opened the window.

Imagine the consternation and despair of my colleague and myself when one particularly full-lunged and rather raucous enthusiast, right in the front row, screamed at the top of his voice "Tell them we'll beat the —'s, mister!"

My heart sank to my boots, but fortunately there were no complaints. Perhaps the people at the other end were too excited to notice!

Another time we were caused much amusement by the arrival of a gentleman from mid-Wales, who was not sure if his wife at home was quite certain that he had gone upon the excursion to watch the match. He became quite indignant because he was not allowed to speak to her and to reassure her "over the air."

These little incidents all tend to make a commentator's life a little more amusing. Which is perhaps as well, for they take one's mind away from any worry or wonder, and so help to conquer any tendency for what is known in rowing circles as the "needle."

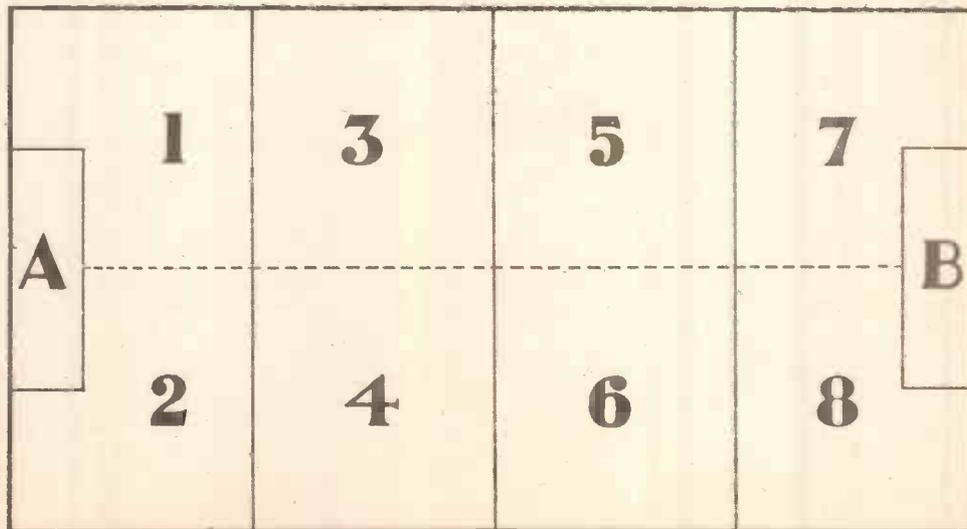
And then, after the match is over, and one's job is done, back to Princes Street for five or six hours' real relaxation before the sleeper is ready to take you back to London.

Once again, on all sides, there is only one topic—the match . . . how so and so played—where Scotland went wrong—where Wales made errors—and so on and so forth until argument waxes fast and furious.

Old men and past players suddenly leap to their feet to show how this or that "dummy" should have been "bought or sold," or what this or that man should have (or would have in the early eighties!) done at one particular time.

The whole town is in fête, win or lose.

Continued on page 21



Use this plan of the ground when following Capt. Wakelam's running commentary to-morrow

In white and navy, a perfectly tailored skirt in heavy linen worn with a hand-made jumper.



EVE and the MIKE

Fashion—Cookery—Household Hints
—a page for every Housewife

had a high roll collar that divided into four sections, knitted in a wide ribbing effect.

Tea-Time Scones

This is the sort of weather when hot scones for tea are the best of surprises. Make some when next you have friends to tea, and see how they disappear. Here is a simple recipe.

Sift 1 lb. of flour and a pinch of salt, and rub 1 oz. of butter lightly into it. Stir in one egg, adding cold water or milk to make a soft dough. Cut out ½-in. rounds. Brush them with milk, and bake in a sharp oven for about fifteen minutes.

Spring-Clean Your Carpets

Instead of taking up your carpets this spring-cleaning time and having them cleaned, why not wash them yourself? If you do only a small piece of the carpet at a time and then rub it dry with a clean cloth, you will find it is quite an easy process. Use ordinary soap and

This Week's Radio Recipe— MRS. R. H. BRAND

Elsie and Doris Walters need no introduction to radio listeners—in their Cockney characters of "Gert and Daisy" they are inimitable. Whilst I was chatting to them last week our conversation turned to cooking and favourite dishes. Elsie confessed to an almost unholy passion for meringues (on which she is a great authority), whilst Doris prefers savouries, and for one consisting of mushrooms, bacon, and chickens' liver she will almost leave her home! Here, then, is her recipe for stuffed mushrooms:

Four or 6 good-sized mushrooms, 2 chickens' livers, 2 rashers of bacon, 1 oz. of butter, a *croûte* of bread for each mushroom.

Remove stalks from the mushrooms, peel and clean them with a little salt, afterwards placing them cut side up in a greased baking tin with a little butter on each. Wash the livers and drain thoroughly; cut the rind off the bacon and fry it lightly. Remove and keep hot. Add the livers to the pan with a little butter. Cook for about ten minutes over a low fire, turning constantly. Drain off liquid and chop together with the bacon, adding seasoning to taste. Put a spoonful of this mixture in each mushroom, cover with a greased paper, and cook in a moderate oven for about ten or fifteen minutes, according to the size. Have ready the *croûtes* of fried bread or buttered toast, put a mushroom on each, and serve piping hot.

If preferred, the mushrooms can be cooked and chopped with the livers and bacon and piled up on the *croûtes*.

THE blouse and skirt, or jersey and skirt, is becoming more important than ever, and will be seen this spring for every sort of occasion, morning, noon, and night. A welcome fashion this for all of us, for there is nothing like a new blouse or two for freshening up a complete wardrobe.

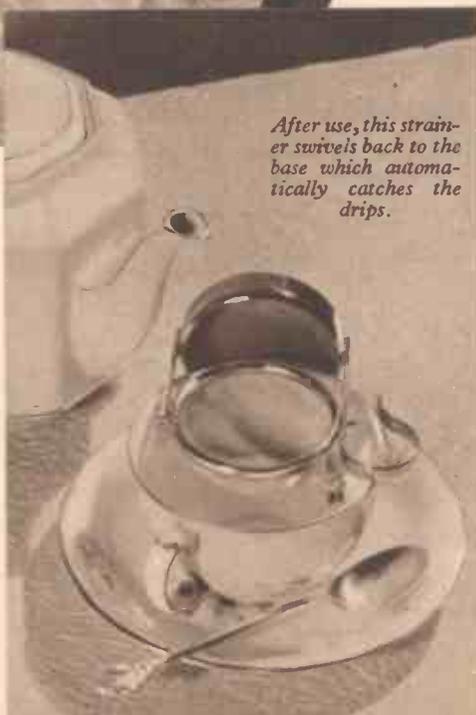
In the morning the plaid silk shirt is still supreme—generally a Girl-Guide affair, collared, pocketed, looking very smart and businesslike. The afternoon blouse is generally of satin, and I have seen many with high, draped necks in front, finished with a paste clip at the back, or tied in "rabbits' ears" of material. The sleeve is important. The newest kind stops midway between elbow and wrist and is left quite plain, except that it is slightly ruckled or gauged on the inside of the arm. The raglan cut is again in favour.

Even in the evening we have not finished with the blouse. It reappears as a very elegant affair of gold lamé, and is worn with a black satin or velvet skirt.

The jersey, too, is in no danger of becoming unpopular, and nothing can be smarter for wear with your new spring suit. Most of the newest designs feature some sort of scarf or necktie in a contrasting shade. An attractive example from Harrods is seen at the top of the page. The strictly sports sweater, however, still follows the classic model, with turn-down collar, tie, and ribbed waist. One jersey I saw the other day, in a charming linden green,



This powder sifter will not leak. Just unscrew the cap, and press the point on the puff.



After use, this strainer swivels back to the base which automatically catches the drips.

water—about 4 oz. of shredded soap to 2 quarts of boiling water—and add 1 oz. of salts of tartar. Brush it on and then rub the pile with a cloth dipped in clean, warm water.

The old-fashioned carpet soap is also very effective and will clean upholstered chairs as well. Directions for use will be found on each tablet.

If you have a carpet stained with soot, you can remove it with ordinary salt. Sprinkle it on and leave it for a short time, then brush it off lightly into a dust-pan. Another way is to make a paste of equal parts of calcined magnesia, fuller's earth, and ammonia. This should be applied overnight and swept off the next morning.

Margot

Write to "MARGOT" About It

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

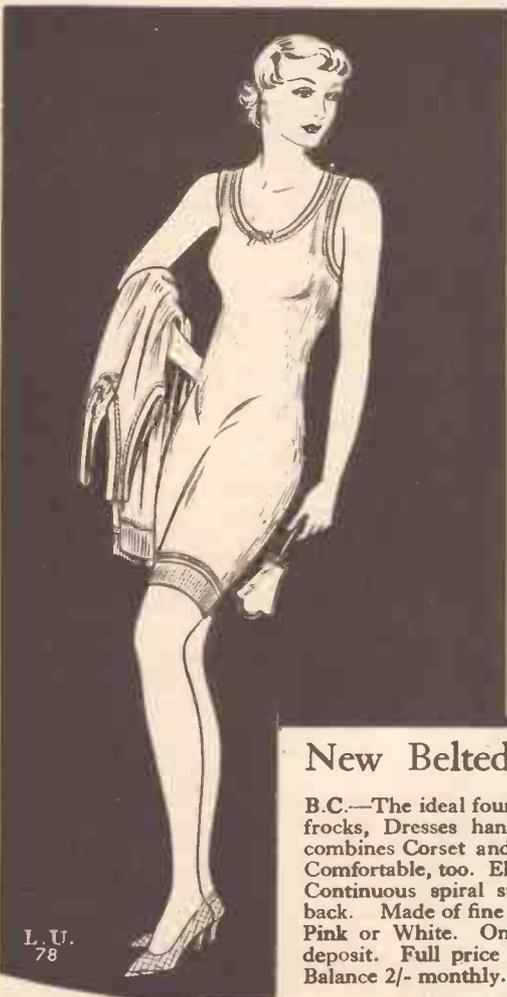
Bargains

ALL . . .

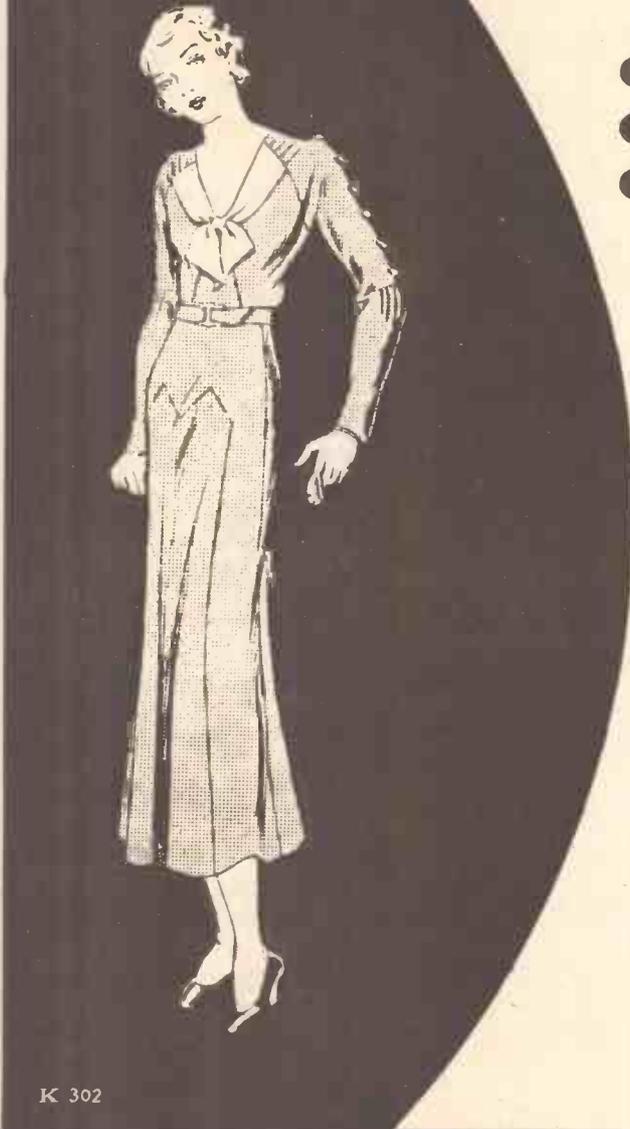
- On Approval
- for Small Deposits
- at Easy Terms



B. C.



L. U.
78



K 302



New Belted Corselette

B.C.—The ideal foundation for modern frocks, Dresses hang perfectly, for it combines Corset and Brassiere in one. Comfortable, too. Elastic insets at hips, Continuous spiral supports down the back. Made of fine striped Coutille in Pink or White. On approval for 1/- deposit. Full price 8/11. Postage 4d. Balance 2/- monthly.

Cosy All-Wool Combinations

L.U.78.—You will like the well-fitting cut of these luxuriously snug Combinations. You will appreciate the gratifying, warmth-giving caress of the soft all-wool material. Just the garment you have longed for. In Cream only. Sizes W. and O.S. TWO pairs on approval for 1/6 deposit. Balance 2/6 monthly. Bargain Price, two pairs, 11/9 (O.S., 13/6). Postage 3d. Also L.U.104, with short sleeves. In SW., W., and O.S. Bargain Price, two pairs, 12/3 (O.S., 14/9). Postage 3d.

Latest Afgalaine Frock

K.302.—Charming and useful with the new smartly tailored raglan shoulder . . . very stylish. Sleeves have a cascade of quaint wooden buttons . . . a special feature this season. Made in delectable and durable soft Afgalaine. The generous bow collar contrasts in Elephant Crepe. Yours for 1/6 deposit and 6d. postage . . . refunded if you're not delighted . . . Balance 2/6 monthly if you are. In Light Navy, Bottle Green, Black, Wine. Sizes are SW., 44 in.; W., 46, 48 in.; O.S., 46, 48 in. Bargain Price, 14/11.

SPECIAL OFFER BARGAIN COUPON

POST TODAY!

Please send me, on approval, Model stated at present Bargain Price. I enclose necessary deposit, together with postage, and will pay balance of price either in one sum or by the monthly instalments stated. If not satisfied, and I return the garment at once unworn, you will refund my deposit. Enclose Coupon with full name and address and Postal Order crossed thus / / .
Overseas and Irish Free State full cash only.
Post Your Order to :—

Model.....
Colour.....
Corset (Bust)..... Hips.....
(Sizes range 30 to 46 in. Bust.)
(Frock) Size..... Length.....
Radio Pictorial, 3/10/34. No. 341.

AMBROSE WILSON LTD. 60 VAUXHALL BRIDGE RD. LONDON S.W.1

Stars at Home—3

COME right in—you're very welcome! But you must excuse me in my dressing-gown and slippers. You see, we didn't expect visitors. Meet Mrs. Fox. I knew she wouldn't mind you peeping into our home. Like most women, she is very proud of it although you yourselves may be disappointed. After all, it is just about the same as anyone else's home.

But, of course, you will be delighted with Highgate. I will admit that it is one of the most beautiful spots near London. What is that? You have strolled through Ken Wood many a pleasant Sunday afternoon! And you didn't know we lived "round the corner," as it were? That's just too bad.

We are a small family—just Dorothy and I. Although we are Americans, we have two babies—one Chinese and the other English! "Foo" is a blue chow who belies the reputation of chows with his sweet disposition. Being childless, we discuss our domestic problems with Foo and he understands every word we say. He looks like a fierce lion but has the sympathy and understanding of an old friend.

Our second baby is "Wheezy." He is a wire-haired terrier. Although he has a fine pedigree, poor old "Wheezy" is a bit of a throw-back and must have been a disappointment to his proud and highly bred mother. But for all that we love him and wouldn't sell him for the Bank of England. We called him "Wheezy" after the song I made popular on the air—"Wheezy Anna." But as "Wheezy" is no lady we were obliged to drop the "Anna."

Dorothy and I get foolish at times with these two dogs. But you cannot very well blame us. You see we haven't everything that life can give us and those two animals seem to know that they are a substitute for the greater blessings of mankind.

I first met my wife in New York. She was then Miss Dorothy Booth and was at that time with the Marx Brothers in *Cocanuts*. I had opened with my band in a fashionable New York restaurant called the "Beaux Arts." On the opening night several friends turned up to give me a cordial reception. One of my pals brought Dorothy with him and introduced us. Subsequently we saw a great deal of each other, but I went back to California to fulfil a contract at The Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles. Later on, the Marx Brothers' show came out there and Dorothy and I renewed our acquaintance and were eventually married in Hollywood. She then left the show business and has never appeared on the stage since.

Like to know what my hobby is? I am a radio fan! It may seem strange that one whose everyday life is tied up with microphones should indulge in a hobby such as listening. I think you call it a "busman's holiday," don't you? Well, that's how it is. In proof of this statement I have no less than six radio sets. I have a midget set in my bedroom on which I tune in America before retiring at night. This set is at my bedside so that when I feel sleepy I can switch it off. There is a big set in the drawing-room, one in the dining-room, a short-wave set and a portable which I take with me into the bathroom. Finally, as though I

Foo— Wheezy— and two FOXES!

Roy Fox, the popular dance-band director, describes his domestic life

hadn't enough radio sets, my wife had a magnificent receiver installed in my car as a Christmas present. This enables me to listen while I am travelling about.

You will readily understand how important it is for me to hear American broadcasts. I listen regularly to hear the newest and most popular tunes so that I may be the first to play them to my public. Besides that, it is necessary for me to hear exactly what and how other British bands are playing, just as it is essential for a shopkeeper to know what his opposition is selling.

Do you like beautiful gardens? Then let me show you mine. You will forgive me for being so very proud of it once you have seen it, I know. It has three pools, cascades and waterfalls, and is surrounded by magnificent trees. Oh, yes! A gardener works on it every day in the week all the year round, for it is pretty big. Of course, a garden doesn't look its best at this time of the year, but you must

drop in during the summer and you will see rare blooms in a profusion of gorgeous colour. And here's something that can only be found in England—a *real* lawn. I am very proud of it. That lawn and my Rolls-Royce are two things that no other country in the world can produce or compete with. They are essentially English in their beauty and quality. That garden won first prizes for five years in succession as the most beautiful in Middlesex. I was born in California, so you may well guess that I have a natural appreciation for landscape beauty.

Unfortunately, my work, which makes comfortable home life possible, gives me little time to appreciate it. Any spare time I have, which is little enough, is always spent at home. I suppose it is natural enough for a wanderer who has travelled the world in search of his livelihood to have a yearning for domestic life and the solace it brings. It seems strange that those people who can come home regularly at 6 p.m. immediately want to dress and go out in search of entertainment, while I myself would give anything to be at home! But life is like that. None of us is ever really satisfied. For my part, it would take a regiment of soldiers to drag me from my fireside.

Fortunately for me, I do not appear personally on Sundays and I do at least have one day to enjoy the comforts of home-life. Dorothy and I love to entertain. So we have our friends with us at week-ends. But we seldom go when they invite us themselves. We prefer them to visit us.

You might think that life is rather desolate for Dorothy while I am working all day and most of the night. This is not exactly true, because we have many friends and they entertain my wife, taking her out and amusing her so that she does not experience any loneliness.

For my own part, my working hours are long. With stage appearances, talkie sessions, recording, broadcasting and my work at the Kit-Cat, the usual working day is from 9 a.m. till 2 a.m. the following morning!

You might possibly think that all we have to do when we get a new number is to give the musicians their parts and just play it. This is not so. I usually get a brand-new song in the form of a piano copy. Then I play it over several times and think about the best way to present it. I then work out different orchestral ideas suitable to the number and give it to one of my arrangers—the one best suited to interpreting my ideas. The right vocalist (and I have several, as you know) has to be selected to sing the chorus. When all these points have been dealt with we start the preliminary job of rehearsing it. In this process we gradually discover weak spots and consequently changes are made. We go on rehearsing in this manner until the finished product is just right. Then we present it to you on the air. This will give you a slight idea of the concentration and serious thought which a band leader has to put into his work.

On Sundays, when I get a few hours to myself, I play a little golf. On winter nights Dorothy and I climb the stairs to our billiard room and we play billiards. We have our own tennis court and in the summer we play tennis. I mention these facts to explain that she is my inseparable companion when my duties give me a few hours' respite.



Roy Fox spends a happy moment away from the microphone with Mrs. Fox. And is his domestic life happy, or is it happy! This "Stars at Home" article gives you an intimate peep into Roy's life away from the microphone

To-morrow's Rugger Broadcast

Continued from page Seventeen

But perhaps it may fairly and truly be said that the victorious Scot is generally even more boisterous than the vanquished Scot, a perfectly natural state of affairs.

Countless stories have been told of the happenings in Edinburgh on a rugger night, some of which may, perhaps, bear repeating.

The first which comes to the mind is that about a very famous pre-war Scottish forward, renowned for his great strength and tremendous fire on the field. His name may still conjure up strange reminiscences in the minds of the older Cambridge Dons and tradesmen.

It is said of him that in the old "bowler-hat" days, for a bet, and rather latish in the evening, he stepped boldly out into the roadway of Princes Street, to tackle a hansom horse by the front legs, and to bring it down all standing!

Then there is the tale of the team which took possession of the top floor of a hotel, which has a large well down the centre. There, arming itself with all the available crockery from the bedrooms, it indulged in pot shots at its friends down in the hall at the bottom, who, in turn amused themselves by running the gauntlet.

These, however, are both part of the history of long ago. Somehow one fancies that things are not carried to such a pitch nowadays.

But there is one other yarn, and a respectable one this time, about a Welsh team who visited Edinburgh since the war.

Contrary to the hopes of their selectors, and their previous performances, they went down badly before an unfancied Scottish side and, in consequence, were in rather bad odour after the game.

Their programme, though, had naturally to be carried through, and it included a char-a-banc trip on the following Sunday morning around the sights of the town.

After Holyrood, the castle, and so on had been visited, the driver took the road for the Forth Bridge. His bus stopped and the party dismounted for a thorough "look-see" of that great engineering work.

Clustered together, the men were all taking in as much as they could, when suddenly they were addressed by the extremely disgruntled Welsh union official in charge of the party, who solemnly remarked to them in almost sepulchral tones: "Take a good look at this, boys, it's the last time any of you will see it at your country's expense!"

Perhaps a little hard, but certainly a graphic description of what he in particular had thought about their previous day's play!

And so taken all round, it is scarcely surprising that one looks forward with eagerness to these visits to the Scottish capital. And that one carries in one's mind many pleasant recollections of days in the past, with hopes for many similar days in the future.

W.B. Kadelan

Naturally, a series of broadcast talks which is to have Mr. George Bernard Shaw as a contributor (on February 6) is attracting world-wide attention. The series is entitled "Whither Britain?" The customary censorship of the B.B.C. over broadcast talks is not being exercised in connection with the "Whither Britain?" series, with the result that speakers are expressing their views in unfettered terms, without let or hindrance. Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Winston Churchill have already contributed to the series.

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Haydn's String Quartets will be played in Foundations of Music for February 5 and succeeding evenings by the Stratton String Quartet, consisting of George Stratton (violin), Carl Taylor (violin), Watson Forbes (viola), and John Moore (violin). The Quartet has broadcast regularly for five years past. Their rehearsals are held in a Chelsea house of great historic interest, at present tenanted by John Moore, the 'cellist of the Quartet. Over a century ago the house was known as the Prince of Wales Tavern, and in the ancient arched cellar, where the Quartet often plays, the remains of the furnaces of the Chelsea Potteries are still to be seen.

Violinist, viola player, composer and conductor, Frank Bridge appears for the B.B.C. in the latter capacity on February 4, when he conducts the Sunday Orchestral Concert for

Regional listeners, which will include the first performance of his own Concerto elegiac for violoncello and orchestra, with Lauri Kennedy as soloist. Mr. Bridge's work in the field of chamber music is held in great esteem and several of his compositions are in the standard repertory, both in this country and abroad. He has, too, written many full orchestral works, the most important being "The Sea" Suite. Besides these he has composed a large number of smaller pianoforte and instrumental works and a number of songs, several of which are heard frequently in broadcast programmes. Among his works is a "Lament" for strings, composed in memory of a child victim of the Lusitania tragedy. Mr. Bridge has conducted most of the principal symphony orchestras in this country and in New York, Boston, Cleveland, and other American cities.

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Radio Pictorial, 2/2/34.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!



When **HENRY HALL** *came*
to the B.B.C

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

Henry Hall's broadcast from Gleneagles, described last week, marked a milestone in outside broadcasting.

Later he took over the arrangements of the Caledonian Hotel at Edinburgh, where he made many more Scottish friends. He started an orchestra there which, as a matter of fact, is still playing in the restaurant of that well-known hotel.

Then in 1925 he went to various other places in Scotland, and eventually came back to Gleneagles, where he did his second spell of recording.

In spite of his administrative work, which was increasing by leaps and bounds, he still found time to devote to music. In fact, he did every orchestration which the Gleneagles Band gave during the 1925 season.

During these days Henry came across many interesting people. For instance, it was during these broadcasts that Leslie Holmes (well known in connection with Jack Payne) was taken on as the drummer for the Gleneagles band. Holmes was keen on musical composition, and wrote, with Henry Hall, a tune called "Kitty," which was quite successful. Late in 1929, he formed a new band at the Adelphi, Liverpool. At the beginning of 1930 he took this to Gleneagles, and it was soon brought to the B.B.C.'s notice. They began broadcasting with this new combination in August, 1930.

This band returned to Manchester in the winter, and was relayed weekly from the Trafford restaurant.

And then fate took another turn.

It was on January 8, 1932, that I received a wire from London, and in answer to it went to Savoy Hill to discuss broadcast dance music. You must remember that by this time I was the music director for the L.M.S. The proposition which the B.B.C. put to me was

to be dance music director for the B.B.C. "As everybody knows, I accepted."

"Practically all the time I am at Broadcasting House I am working before the microphone in the studio. Even when we are not broadcasting, the microphone is always switched on so that it is possible for me to leave the studio and go into the listening room upstairs and hear what any piece of music sounds like, or how any special orchestral or vocal effects 'come through' on the microphone."

As a number of alterations have been made in the personnel of the new band, I asked about the new additions, and how the orchestra is constituted. Mr. Hall explained that the orchestra is not now identical with that originally arranged when it came on the air on March 15, 1932.

The first selection for the orchestra was made as follows: Trumpet, trombone, first, second, third, and tenor saxophones (all doubling clarinets, with the second saxophone also doubling trumpet), first violin, second violin, oboe, guitar, bass, piano, drums and effects, and vocalist. The brass section has since been increased by the addition of a second trumpet, and the oboe has been dispensed with.

I asked about the proportion of British, American, and Continental dance tunes broadcast.

"The proportion naturally varies by quite a large amount," he explained. "I think it would be fair to say that the proportion now is 48 per cent. British tunes, 6 to 7 per cent. Continental tunes, and the rest American."

"Of course," he said, "my post bag every day is full of letters from enthusiastic amateurs enclosing tunes which they ask me to broadcast. These are all carefully considered, but only about one in five hundred is good enough for broadcasting."

"RADIO ALIBI"—Continued from page Sixteen

walked by hard-faced men in and out of uniform . . .

"Now let's see how far we have progressed," said Detective-Inspector Jarvis to the stolid sergeant, shortly after the crime. "Desormais was alive at about six o'clock—we know that, because his friend Attwill chatted with him until just six and then left him, so he tells us, to an evening by the fireside, listening to the wireless. Right.

"He was obviously alive, too, at seven-thirty, because the radio began playing about that time and annoyed the tenant of the opposite apartment, who came and complained to the porter.

"By the time the porter had knocked, shouted, and found his master key, it was eight o'clock. He gets into the room, finds the man stabbed to death, the radio playing away full blast, and . . ."

" . . . and the window open," added the sergeant.

"Exactly! Now, if he put the radio on at about seven-thirty . . ."

"If he put it on, sir."

"I'm not forgetting that possibility. If he put it on, then he was stabbed to death between seven-thirty and eight.

"The murderer, after rifling the cash-box in the bureau, then made his escape.

"How? Only through the window, since the door was locked from the inside; and, in any event, except for the five minutes or so Greenley, the porter, was in the basement, he didn't leave the entrance and nobody entered or left. But how the devil did the murderer get in?"

"That leads us to the force of your interruption, Griffith. Let's say the murderer was hidden in the room when Desormais arrived. The dead man chats with Attwill, his friend, and then is left alone. We can only assume that he was murdered shortly after six o'clock and that the murderer waited until seven-thirty before switching on the radio and making his escape.

"But that's against all I know about murderers. No man would wait here for nearly two hours before escaping. It's absurd—what if someone had called to see Desormais?"

"No, I think we must accept the view that Desormais was stabbed to death some time between seven-thirty and eight o'clock and that the murderer dropped through the window and got away."

"But the thread, sir?"

"Yes, that puzzles me."

They looked at the length of black

waxed thread they had found caught in the window frame.

"Well, sir, we might ask Attwill if he could . . ."

"That's an idea. We'll have a supplementary statement. I want to be reassured about that six o'clock business."

"Certainly, inspector," murmured John Attwill, as he re-entered the room. "Any questions you like. I would be only too glad to help to clear up this dreadful affair. My poor friend . . ."

"I know, sir, but I just want to clear up one or two things. You are quite sure that M. Desormais was quite all right when you left him at—what time was it now?"

"Just after six. Yes, he seemed quite happy. I heard him moving about until the wireless started at seven-thirty and . . ."

Attwill broke off and looked towards the door. It was opening slowly.

Then appeared the apologetic face of Alfred Greenley. The outraged sergeant dashed to the door.

"Come in when you're asked," he said. "You're not wanted just yet."

"H'excuse me, if the inspector would . . ."

"You 'op orf, see."

"Oh, get outside and take his message, sergeant," said the inspector and, after the sergeant disappeared wrathfully, continued to chat with Attwill.

Two minutes passed, and the sergeant spoke from the doorway—in a new voice.

"Can you see me a minute, sir?"

Jarvis looked up sharply.

"Excuse me, Mr. Attwill," he said.

When he re-entered the room, his eyes were hard. He was holding a copy of an evening newspaper.

The trial has passed into legal history by now.

As Jarvis pointed out to a class of embryo detectives who used the radio murder as a standard subject for analysis, Attwill was too sure of himself.

"He was so certain of the dead man's movements from six to eight," the inspector would tell them, "it was necessary that he should be. But because he was only human, he overlooked one tiny point—and that is how we got him.

"Maurice Desormais couldn't have been in his flat at just after seven. If Attwill had spent a penny on a newspaper he could have turned to the radio section and discovered that at seven-fifteen his friend was due to broadcast a talk on plant life."

CAN YOU SOLVE IT?

BELONG to a dining club—as a matter of fact I'm the secretary—but apart from that there's nothing much to distinguish it from lots of other clubs of a similar kind.

It's called the 19 Club. . . .

He said: "I'm still in the doctor's hands for my heart. If you offer me any violence it'll be the worse for you. . . ."

Well, the rest of us hadn't been talking for more than a minute when the man who'd gone in

with Heacham appeared at the door and said: "I wish you fellows would come and have a look at this bird. He doesn't seem very well."

One of our members was a doctor, and he examined him for a moment, and then he said: "I'm sorry, good people, but this is a bad show. The man's dead," and he went on to explain. . . .

These are just a few extracts from the broadcast thriller, "The 19 Club," which will be re-told by A. J. Alan next week.

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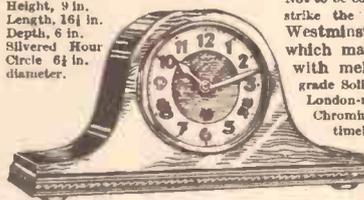
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In beautiful Walnut Cabinet, 13 in. high, 13 1/2 in. wide, 6 1/2 in. deep. A few only, list price 79/6. Our price 39/6. **SEND ONLY 2/6; if satisfied, pay further 2/6 at once, then 8 monthly payments of 5/-.** (Cash, 39/6.)



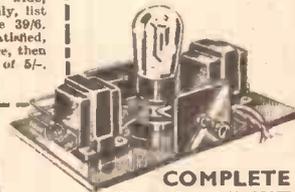
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(Print plainly in Pencil—Ink will blot.)

What Listeners Think . . .



Eddie Carroll, the new pianist in the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra, directed by Henry Hall

This Music-hall Variety

JOHN TRENT gives a very interesting description of the way in which variety is broadcast from St. George's Hall, in RADIO PICTORIAL (January 19). But I wonder if he, in common with probably millions of other listeners, thinks that this is the way to get good broadcast variety. He says, 'The girls were trying a new number for the first time with the band, and their taps sounded like the hoof beats of a pony at the trot.' I am afraid that does not interest me very much when I am sitting at home listening to my loud-speaker and can only imagine the antics of Mrs. Rodney Hudson's bright lassies.

"With all due respect to Eric Maschwitz and his novel variety ideas, and to men like John Sharman, who admittedly have years of experience, I submit that what we need is radio variety, produced specially for the 'mike and not for just a hundred or so privileged listeners enjoying themselves in St. George's Hall."—D. B. M., London, N.W.11.

Broadcasting Will End War

I am glad that Mr. Arthur Henderson has spoken out on the question of radio as a peacemaker and I think RADIO PICTORIAL is to be congratulated on publishing such an outspoken article. At a time when the Lucerne plan facts are causing a lot of discontent in foreign station listening, it is refreshing to have Mr. Henderson's note of encouragement to the effect that good international listening is likely to promote peace. This ought to be a lesson to misguided technicians who have put the European ether into a state of chaos! When we get a little peace in the ether, we may get a little peace in the world."—H. S., Manchester.

... and Harry Roy

I note that in the first issue of RADIO PICTORIAL on page 11, you have a picture of Harry Roy with a caption to the effect that the announcer of his band, when broadcasting, is Bill Currie. I was always of the opinion that Harry Roy does his own announcing."—J. T., London, E.C.4.

[The main programme announcements are made by Bill Currie, but his co-vocalist, Ivor Moreton, and Harry Roy still often appear at the microphone to make special announcements. Harry Roy makes a speciality of very clever comedy numbers.—ED.]

Those Popular Crooners

In 'Hot from the Studios' you say that 'if for any unknown reason Elsie Carlisle does not broadcast with Ambrose, countless numbers of listeners write and telephone asking the reason why.' Well, I quite believe it, though I wish you

were exaggerating. Can anyone tell me please why crooners are so popular? I should like to shoot the lot of them. Thank Goodness I am having my holidays in July, when Bing Crosby comes over here."—B. E., East Grinstead.

Christopher's Shoulders

It is a good job Christopher Stone's shoulders are broad . . . at least in RADIO PICTORIAL for January 19 (page 15) he says they are! I have always wanted to know how he really did give his broadcasts and whether he could hear the records as they were being played. I rather doubted this for I feel that if he could hear them, he would not be so intolerant of a million or so listeners as to broadcast such a lot of poor records. Please, Mr. Stone, will you tell me if you select your own records for broadcasting and why they are always so horribly dull. You never seem to pick the best of the new recordings; why?"—T. L. D., Stratford-on-Avon.

Who is He?

I have placed a regular order with my news-agent for RADIO PICTORIAL because out of the many fine features in the first number, I am particularly interested in the A. J. Alan stories. I am glad A. J. A. has left the security of the B.B.C. studios for a while to re-tell in print some of his fine broadcast mystery yarns. Can't you persuade him to solve just one more mystery for us? Who IS A. J. Alan?"—P. L., Glasgow.

"As Worn by the Stars."

I intend to buy a RADIO PICTORIAL every week so long as you continue to publish the useful knitting instructions for berets and similar things as worn by radio stars. I am using up some odd wool on the 'Phyllis Robbins' Beret you described in RADIO PICTORIAL on January 19. Now, can you, please, tell me two things? Is the photograph on page 29 really of Phyllis Robbins. Secondly is it true that Phyllis wears her very oldest and most comfortable and country things when in the B.B.C. studios?"—Mabel, London, S.W.

[The photograph is not of Phyllis Robbins, but it is quite true that she prefers country tweeds in the studios and that is why her own beret is knitted in a charming oatmeal shade.]

The Daily Service

I thank you for giving us the pleasure of reading the Rev. Hugh Johnston on the daily service. We three here have not missed the daily service for nearly eighteen months now and it is a treat to read in RADIO PICTORIAL that the Rev. Johnston is as happy after conducting the service for six years as are the many thousands of his constant listeners."—M. C. S., Lyme Regis.

More Sport, Please

After reading Captain Wakelam's article in RADIO PICTORIAL, I listened to his rugby commentary on the Saturday. His article made the broadcast seem all the more interesting to me. Would you please ask the B.B.C. to give us more broadcast sport? Can't they cover other events such as the ice-hockey internationals, which I am sure would make very thrilling running commentaries."—T. L. D., Bishop's Stortford.

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

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

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

LAUGH WITH LEONARD HENRY



"He's doing so well. D'you think we dare tell him the microphone has broken down?"

"LET me see; you play a wind instrument, don't you?" said the medical man. "Yes, your throat is strained, and your lungs entirely worn out. You must take a complete rest. Which instrument do you play?"
"An accordion."

"It took me ten years to discover that I had no talent for the stage."
"So you gave it up?"
"Oh, no; my public wouldn't let me."

"Do you like caviar?"
"I've not heard him on the radio."

Overheard at a B.B.C. audition: "I think I did myself justice this afternoon, don't you?"
"Never mind; he looks a merciful man."

A recently cleared rubbish dump was found to contain two tin kettles, a drum, a brass gong, and a motor horn. Will the dance band that owns them please come and claim them?

"Mrs. B. is madly in love with the new set her husband has given her."
"Yes, another case where man has been displaced by machine."

"So you're a house-painter! I thought you were a singer?"
"You made the same mistake that I did."

"I adore dance music. It's in my blood you know."
"In that case, it'll reach your feet in time."

FIRST RADIO STAR: "What are you looking upset about, man?"

SECOND RADIO STAR: "Work, work, work. Nothing but rehearsals, morning, noon, and night."

FIRST RADIO STAR: "Hard luck. How long have you been at it?"

SECOND RADIO STAR: "Start to-morrow."

A firm of radio manufacturers staged an exhibition in which a set was put together in eight minutes. Soon afterwards a man called on the firm.

"Is it true that you put together a set in eight minutes the other day?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Then that must be the one I've got."

"How did you like that radio play last night? I didn't think much of it myself, seeing that there were three murders in it."

"Well now, that's just the sort of thing I like. I likes a play with a bit o' life in it."

JOHN: "What shape is the earth?"

JIM: "Square."

JOHN: "How do you know?"

JIM: "I heard a man on the wireless say he was broadcasting to all four corners of the earth."

A trapper, before travelling into the wilds, went into a shop in a small town to buy a radio set. The storekeeper wrapped up the set he had chosen, and included a revolver in the parcel.

"Whatever are you doing?" asked the astonished trapper. "I didn't ask for a revolver."

"Why, you've got a good set there," observed the storekeeper, "you ought to try to keep it!"

"My poor child! Have you hurt yourself? How did it happen?"

"I was turning somersaults, and Daddy said turn on the radio, and I fell off it."

RADIO EXPERT (in village store): "What have you got in the shape of wireless valves?"

SMART ASSISTANT: "Pears, babies' dummies, and gas mantles, sir."

VILLAGE POLICEMAN (putting his head in doorway): "Now then, Mrs. Flint, what about your wireless licence? If you've got it, it's all right; but if you haven't, I'm afraid I shall want to have a look at it."

"Well, Mr. McGregor, where is Hamish this morning?"

"Why, you see we're giving a wee party the night, and he's awa' in the shed shairpening the gramophone needles."

Tommy Handley tells this story. A young man was found pacing up and down the room in a state of utter despair.

"Steady, old man," said his friend. "Whatever is the matter?"

"You don't understand," was the answer. "I have just lost thirty pounds to-night, and I haven't got it."

"If that's all," said his friend, "why not let the other fellow do the pacing?"

INDEPENDENCE, SAFETY, PEACE OF MIND

LOOK

WHAT YOU WILL ACHIEVE THROUGH THE 'THREE-STAGE' PLAN

FORTUNES are not usually picked up in a day, but every day can bring you, by means of the "Three Stage" Plan, a step nearer the financial independence which you desire for yourself and your family. Alone and unaided you may never realise this ambition; but with the help of the "Three Stage" Plan you can face the future with confidence.

Under this Plan you have not to wait until you are an old man before reaping the reward of your enterprise and forethought. For example, you can

ARRANGE TO RECEIVE

£450 AT END OF 10 YEARS

£450 AT END OF ANOTHER 5 YEARS

£1,350 AT END OF A FURTHER 5 YEARS

GUARANTEED

Three handsome cheques will thus come to you during a period of 20 years for the above guaranteed amounts, plus bonuses representing your share of the surplus earned by the Sun Life of Canada during the period.

Your right to these sums is secured by means of an arrangement under which you deposit with the Sun Life of Canada a certain sum each year for a certain number of years. Each deposit entitles you to a rebate of income tax. Each deposit increases the value of your estate.

The first deposit insures your life for £2,250, which sum—with profits—would be paid to your family in the event of your death.

A further safeguard is that if you become totally incapacitated, deposits cease without affecting the amounts to be paid to you.

The "Three Stage" Plan can be adopted for other sums, larger and smaller than those here quoted.

Why not let the Company send you full details (without obligation to you) applicable to your own age and circumstances? Send your request to-day.

FILL IN THIS COUPON AND POST TO-DAY

To H. O. LEACH (General Manager),
SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA
(Incorporated in Canada in 1865 as a Limited Company),
92, Sun of Canada House, Cockspur Street,
Trafalgar Square, London, S.W.1

Assuming I can save and deposit £.....per.....
please let me have—without obligation on my part—
full particulars of your "Three Stage" Plan.

NAME.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

ADDRESS.....

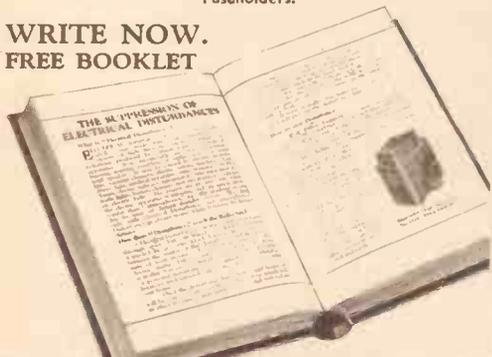
Age..... Occupation.....

B. Pictorial 2/2/34

Does YOUR Reception Suffer from "Man Made" Static— buzzing, clicks and crashes made by electric machinery, lifts, electric signs, etc.

—Describing the Mains Disturbance Suppressor (won't cure atmospheric), Pick-ups and relative diagrams; Radio connections including Terminals, Plugs and Sockets, Mains Connectors, etc. Fuse Data, Circuits and I.E.E. Regulations, Fuses and Fuseholders.

WRITE NOW. FREE BOOKLET



To **BELLING & LEE LTD**
CAMBRIDGE ARTERIAL ROAD, ENFIELD, MIDDLESEX

Please forward **FREE** booklet.

Name.....

Address.....

R.P.2

'DAY by DAY My Eyes get Stronger'

Home User's Tribute to Langham Eye Treatment
Telling of welcome relief from bothering weakness, comes this message from S... Hayling (Hants). The Langham Eye Treatment does accomplish amazing results. Letters tell of glasses dispensed with—relief from ulcers, films, white specks, etc., after other methods have failed. You owe it to yourself to study these testimonials, some of which may cover your own case and give you justifiable hope. Send stamped directed envelope for full details by return.

LANGHAM CHEMICAL CO. LTD.
Home Eye Treatment (Dept. B69)
HYDE HEATH, AMERSHAM, BUCKS

25 CUPS OF HEALTH FREE

To SUFFERERS from RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS, URIC ACID, OBESITY, HARDENED ARTERIES, 'FLU', WEAK BLOOD, "NERVES."

In order to introduce Nature's own Remedy I will send you, Post Free, a Free Supply of the Genuine Paraguay Mate Tea—enough to make 25 Cups of this Marvellous Health Restoring Beverage. Acts like Magic. No Charge! No Obligation! Write to-day, a postcard will do, to—

Walpole Botanic Dispensary, (Dept. R.P.) 133 St. Mary's Street, SOUTHAMPTON.

FREE **SENT BY RETURN**

NOTHING TO BUY

To introduce our latest list of household bargains, etc., we are giving this superior self-filling Fountain Pen **ABSOLUTELY FREE**. Simply send name and address with 4d. stamps for post and packing to

WM. PENN (Gift Dept. A.B.)
623, Holloway Road, London, N.19

HEIGHT INCREASED
Clients up to 45 years old gain from 1 to 6 inches in a few weeks!!
Increased my own height to 6ft. 3 1/2 ins.

ROSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS
Fee—£2 : 2s. complete.
Convincing Testimony 2/6.
stamp (mailed privately).

R. C. ROSS, Height Specialist,
Scarborough, Eng.



HERE is a fine set for the man (or woman for that matter) who favours the modern style furnishing scheme. This Ekco Table Consolette is a very modern style receiver. The standard cabinet is in walnut bakelite, but at an additional charge of one-guinea it can be obtained in black bakelite with chromium-plated fittings—the very thing for a modern home.

As its name implies, it is intended for table use, but the manufacturers supply two very attractive styles of pedestal supports to harmonise either with the walnut or black style of cabinet. A very good chromium-plated pedestal is shown in the accompanying photograph.

The Set of the Week

EKCO CONSOLETTTE

The set is ideal for family use and will satisfy technical "fans" as it is a seven-stage five-valve super-heterodyne, using two high-frequency pentodes, double diode triode, an output pentode, and full-wave rectifier.

Models are available for operation from electric light mains or from batteries. The AC74 (the set tested by us) works from alternating current mains, and the DC74 from direct current mains. A battery model, B74, is available at the same price, namely 13 guineas.

A good feature is the large tuning knob which controls a triangular shaped light spot moving along a horizontal ivory scale engraved with station names. There are separate scales for the medium and long waves and the clear station markings result in easy logging of British and foreign programmes.

There is one combined on-off switch and volume control which operates when the set is working as a radio receiver or as an electric gramophone amplifier. You merely have to turn this knob in an anti-clockwise direction to reduce volume and in its minimum position the whole set is switched off.

The light beam tuning idea is very good, and makes for easy station logging. A V-shaped light spot ensures accuracy.

To ensure that the set completely harmonises with the furnishing scheme of the room in which it is used, a remarkable plug is provided which enables the wall behind it to be changed to any colour that matches the furnishing scheme.

The makers of this very well-designed receiver are E. K. Cole, Ltd., Ekco Works, Southend-on-Sea.

HERE AND THERE

HELLO, CHILDREN!
Well, you will know where to find me in RADIO PICTORIAL, even if you don't know where to pick me up "on the air." Have your sets been whining and howling like a cat on the roof? Mine has. Also, I have been hearing the queerest sort of jumble on the Daventry wavelength—Franco-British bubble and squeak. It is a very good thing for the nations to get to know each other better, but it is easier to hear what they say if they speak on different wavelengths. All this trouble has arisen about the new arrangements which have been made between the broadcasting stations of all countries as to which wavelength they are to have. It will all come right in time provided all the countries pull together and keep their bargains. It is funny how everything nowadays has to be arranged by all nations working together. Foreign countries have to be consulted about the bacon you eat (a lot of which comes from Denmark), about the clothes you wear (lots of cotton and silk stuff comes from Japan), and now, it seems, even about the programmes you hear on the wireless. If all countries go ahead with their own schemes for making food and clothes and giving wireless programmes without consulting other countries there will be bubbles and squeaks all over the world; everything will be muddled and everybody will be in a bad temper. Fortunately there is a place called Geneva where most of the nations can meet and talk about their difficulties.



"... howling like a cat on the roof."

Commander STEPHEN KING-HALL'S Children's Corner

As I said in my talk last Friday, the Council of the League of Nations began a meeting at Geneva, and at the Council they have been talking about a number of things of interest to the whole world. One of them has been a suggestion that the countries which use broadcasting should be careful not to broadcast talks which might hurt the feelings of people living in other countries.

For example, there has been a good deal of bad feeling lately between the Nazi Government in Germany and the Austrian Government, and at one time the German broadcasting stations were sending out messages telling the Austrians that they had a bad government and should get rid of it.

You have probably been hearing people say lately that the League of Nations is having a bad time of it and, now that Germany and Japan have said they are going to leave it, that the League may fall to pieces. Whatever may be going to happen to the League, it is at any rate worth noticing that the British Foreign Secretary and the French Foreign Secretary both think it worth their while to go to Geneva for the League Council Meeting, and that the Russians, who have never been in the League, are beginning to talk as if they might consider asking for permission to join it.

Well, we shall see what we shall see, and hear what we shall hear. Meanwhile, as our motto for the week, what about:
"We must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately."
(Said by Benjamin Franklin, who died in 1790.)

BARBARA COUPER
chooses
A Smart Forage Cap



WORN on the side, like this, this close-fitting cap is the essence of smartness. Its two deep pleats and chevron stripe effect give it full marks in up-to-the-minute chic.

In fact, Barbara Couper, most popular of radio actresses, has herself chosen it for her spring wardrobe.

Another point—and this will appeal to everybody—it is amazingly easy to crochet. You can finish it in an afternoon.

MATERIALS.—2 oz. Copley's 3-ply "Excelsior" wool. 1 No. 11 Stratnoid crochet hook.

MEASUREMENTS.—To fit a 21-22-inch head.

TENSION.—Work to produce 7 d.c. to 1 inch.

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

TO MAKE

Work 52 ch. loosely.

1st row—Miss the ch. next to the hook, 1 d.c. on each of the next 10 ch., 3 d.c. into the next ch., 1 d.c. on each of the next 13 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 d.c. on each of the next 13 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 d.c. on each of the next 13 ch., 3 d.c. in the next ch., 1 d.c. on the next 11 ch., turn.

Now proceed as follows, working into the back loop of each st.

2nd row—Miss the 1st st., 11 d.c. on 11 d.c., 3 d.c. into next st., 13 d.c. on 13 d.c., miss 2 d.c., 13 d.c. on 13 d.c., 3 d.c. on next st., 11 d.c. on 11 d.c., turn.

Repeat 2nd row until the work measures 19 inches. Fasten off.

TO COMPLETE

Fold in half lengthwise, then join the ends together, also along one side.

Make two pleats, one above the other at one end of the front.

Wear as shown in photographs.

PERFECT FIGURE BEAUTY

Be Beautiful and be Admired. First of all you must develop your Figure, and no matter how unshapely you are at the moment, I will show you how to possess beautiful rounded limbs and a Perfectly Shaped Bust.

I HAVE 5,000 SAMPLE PACKAGES, and I will forward you one for 3d. postage, or you can test one week's supply of my remedy for 1/3. Post Free. Write to me To-day.

MADAME ANDERSON
 (R.P.2),
 25 HOGHTON STREET,
 SOUTHPORT



How a busy woman keeps strong and ready for work

NERVES DON'T BOTHER HER NOW

(Extract from a letter from Mrs. C.—of Westhill.)

"... I have taken it (Bourn-vita) every night just before I retire, and have slept much better, also I have felt stronger and ready for my work. I would also like to mention that three weeks ago the nerves of my head were terrible, but thanks to Bourn-vita they are very much better now. I think it is a delicious drink, and I cannot possibly go to bed without it..."



BOURN-VITA WILL DO AS MUCH FOR YOU!

Bourn-vita helps you to sleep well—to repair the day's wear and tear fully and promptly—to recover and keep your health, and increase your energy. It is the perfect food-drink for tired and busy people.

Cadbury's

BURN-VITA

for sleep and energy

1/4-lb. 9d., 1/2-lb. 1/5.
 WEIGHT GUARANTEED

£100 CHALLENGE
New VARICOSE VEIN & BAD LEG TREATMENT

Sensational cures of VARICOSE VEINS, ULCERS, ECZEMA, and skin complaints of every description by "VARENECOSE" OINTMENT. Sent under written No Cure—No Pay Guarantee. INSTANTLY TAKES ALL THROBING, BURNING, STINGING, and STIFFNESS out of the affected parts. Come straight to us for a box of "Varenecose" Ointment, when your Leg and Skin troubles will be banished and cured in record time. COMMENCE YOUR CURE TO-DAY by sending for 3/- trial size, or Write or Call for FREE SAMPLE. Booklet B, Medical Press opinions, and sworn Testimonials.

LE BRASSEUR SURGICAL MFG. CO., LTD.
 (Dept. P.B.), 12, Mortimer Street, London, W.1

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, nery feeling now, and I do not tremble. To think I had suffered the misery from childhood! I only wish I had known of your treatment earlier.

"DONE ME A WORLD OF GOOD"

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

A copy of this wonderful booklet, together with some of the most remarkable genuine testimonials ever published, will be sent in a plain sealed envelope, 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

Can YOU Play the



Piano?

If you are a music lover why have you not acquired this enjoyable accomplishment and great social asset? Doubtless because the prospect of practice! practice! practice! has dismayed and discouraged you. I am enrolling 50-100 adult pupils every week, and during 29 years I have taught 38,000 by post by simple methods without mechanical practice. I Taught Them and I can teach you. I grade lessons to suit any stage at start. Read my book and judge for yourself. Ordinary musical notation only used, no freakish methods. Send p.c. for FREE copy of my book, "Mind, Muscle and Keyboard," and form for free advice. Say if Beginner, Elementary, Moderate, or Advanced.

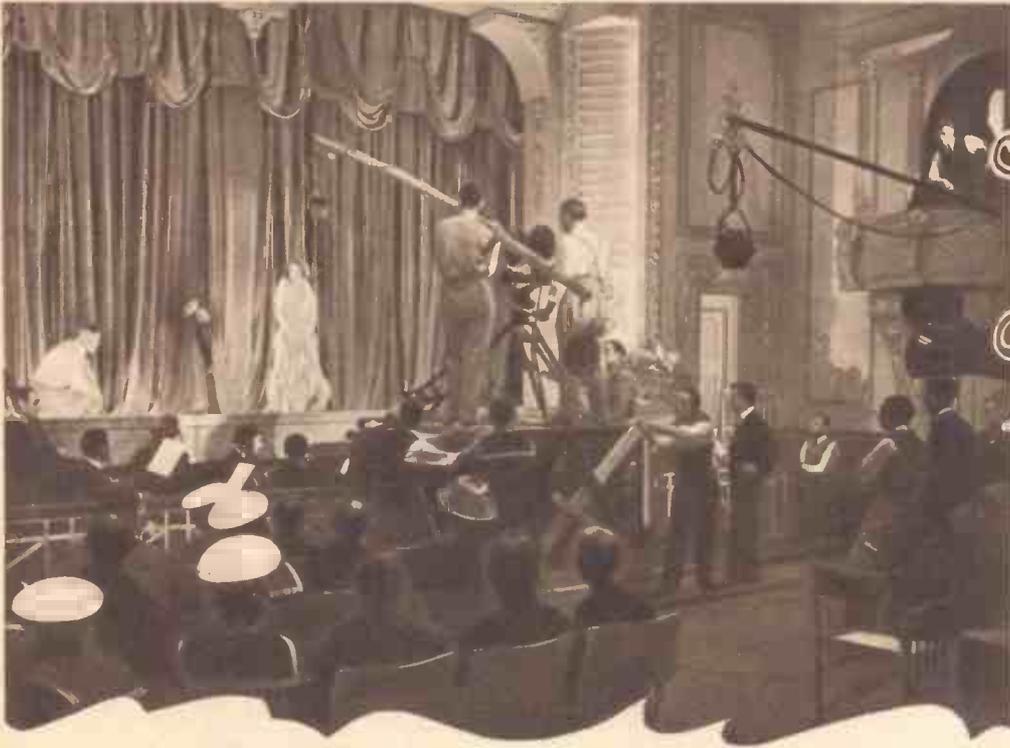
MR. H. BECKER (Dept. 122)
 69, Fleet St., London, E.C.4

THE HERBAL METHOD FOR PSORIASIS

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

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





High-spots of the Programmes

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

The microphone engineers have to tackle many difficult jobs, and here you see a mike suspended on a long pole during the filming of "Splinters in the Navy"

AUDITIONS go on endlessly at Broadcasting House, especially for light entertainment. Even when the candidates pass the preliminary examination they have to be more or less tried out.

Often their first broadcast constitutes the trying-out process.

Perhaps you would like to know the names of those considered by Eric Maschwitz amongst the best of the latest batch? I had a talk with him the other day and he decided on the following for honourable mention.

There are others besides these, but I think you can do worse than note the names I give here and watch for their next appearance.

Binnie Hale is certainly a coming radio personality. You may remember she played her original part in *No, No, Nanette*, when it was broadcast recently.

Where Binnie scores, is in the expressiveness of her voice. She has a sort of volatile gaiety well known to those who have watched her stage performances.

Then there is Adèle Dixon, in *Waltz Dream*. She was also in *Meet the Prince*. She possesses an expressive voice, too. One gets the impression of a beautiful girl when she sings. That is valuable, of course.

Adèle is, I imagine, a heroine-to-be for many a radio show.

Thea Holme was the heroine in *Good Night Vienna*. Her appeal is an extraordinary simplicity. She can be so simple (and romantic at the same time) that probably she will be engaged chiefly for parts requiring such qualifications.

It is not always simple to be simple!

Another actress in *Meet the Prince* was Polly Walker.

She was considered particularly valuable, because of her ability to speak the American tongue. So many vaudevillists (and far too many dance-band vocalists) try their hand at talking with an American accent.

We get sick of them.

When anyone comes along like Polly Walker, who has lived over there and can give us the genuine speech, we appreciate her.

Do you remember a coloured singer, Elisabeth Welch (the s in Elisabeth is not a misprint), who sang in *Soft Lights and Sweet Music*?

She is another singled out for honourable

mention in this very honourable list, simply because she can dispose of jazz quietly, without upsetting our nerves.

Then there are the leading ladies who can sing—I mean sing really well. Eric tells me they are few and far between.

You know, it is not an easy matter to find people who can deliver operette dialogue as it should be delivered. Usually that sort of dialogue has a silly side to it, and it is so difficult to be silly properly.

Toots Pounds is one who is good at that sort of thing.

Of course, she has been well trained. She knows what she is about and her top notes are as clear as a bell.

Harriet Bennet, who sang so successfully in the *Circus Princess*, is a well-known stage actress, but quite new to radio. She declares she prefers broadcasting to the stage. Very few of them say that. Probably she will make a greater name for herself by broadcasting than she has already done on the boards.

Another microphone voice is that of the French actor, Reda Caire. He really can sing, and his light French vaudeville songs were very much appreciated.

He will be asked to broadcast again as soon as he comes over here.

Seymour Hicks is a new broadcaster. He frankly admits he does not understand the microphone. He gave them all the jumps when he did "Scrooge" last Christmas.

One of the B.B.C. officials was told to look after him. Seymour had to be pulled back from the microphone more than once. He began by letting his full voice go.

So they Blattnerphoned him and played the result over to him. He was so overcome that he submitted to a "radio valet" who followed him throughout. The result justified the trouble taken, as you will no doubt agree, but they had an anxious time with him.

Now for some new comedians.

Albert Burdon took everyone's fancy at Broadcasting House. You may remember the George Washington episode. He can imitate a child without overdoing it. I think you will hear more of him before long.

Jay Laurier is well known, but a newcomer to broadcasting. He can put up a lovely whiskified voice, and a perfectly insane cackle.

Frank Coleman was another success. His male soprano voice was amazing.

IN THE COUNTRY—February 2

By Marion Cran

SAP is moving; the smell of wild cherry is in the woods, dog's mercury in the lanes, and a thrush upon the larch boughs where rosy plumelets will soon give forth their peculiar and delicious sweetness.

The storm-cock shouts his brave mating song from the highest bough of the highest tree in the wildest weather! Nothing can frighten him, who has his mate beside him; not wind nor rain!

The elm trees glow with their early purple bloom-fire, the sally-willows flush and the hazels are flinging their catkins out for the brides of nuts-to-be.

In the garden we are finishing off the pruning and covering rhubarb and sea-kale with good red crocks of earthenware to start them into that tender early growth most admired by intelligent cooks and housewives.

Down the flower borders we carry useful offerings of short, crumbly, well-rotted manure

to receive the "dusty millers," who are hefty trenchermen.

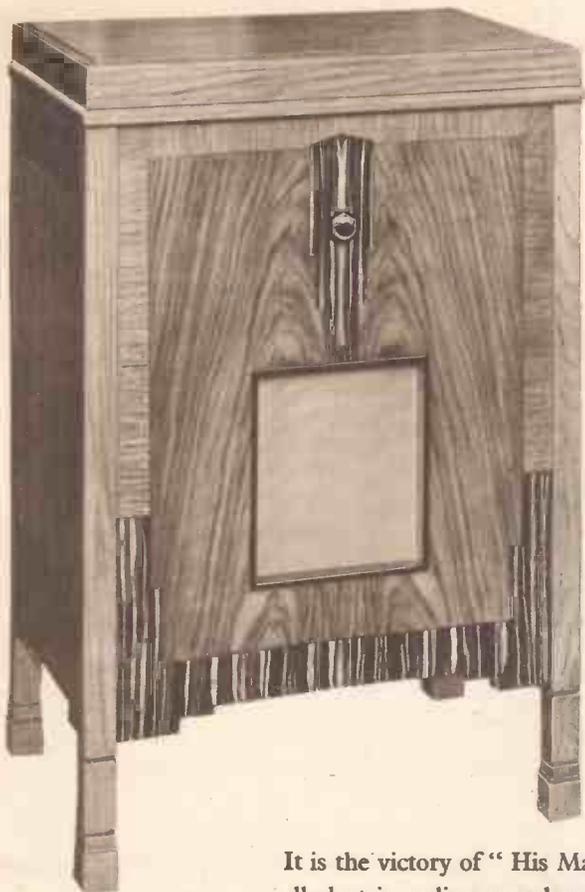
They are nearly always called auriculas nowadays since the world has become botanically minded, but the mealy old name was apt and simple.



Here are the faithful snowdrops, swinging their pure bells over golden drifts of aconite—and the pale grey spires of early crocus spear the brown earth in thick clumps.

At the first break of warm sunshine they will open wide in mantles of rosy amethyst with pollen on the rich orange throats and a heavy scent of honey, most heart-beguiling to the bees who hum among that golden dust as long as there is a ray of sun left.

Under the shelter of flowering shrubs and hedges, green spikes proclaim the advent of the daffodils in all their splendour, and red peony buds are pointing; they enjoy the shrill cold of early spring and should not be covered.



All-electric Radiogramophone 20 gns - or £1 a month!

It is the victory of "His Master's Voice" that has made it possible for almost everyone to enjoy the luxury of the all-electric radiogramophone. The Superhet Five-Forty Radiogram can be bought from any "His Master's Voice" dealer for the astonishingly low price of 20 guineas, or a small deposit and £1 a month!

And it is magnificent! Have it demonstrated! Without any possible doubt you will be profoundly impressed by the perfection of this instrument in its very lovely walnut figured cabinet.

Both from the radio and from the gramophone the tone that it gives you is the very cream of modern reproduction. A luxury indeed! But one that you can easily afford.

MADE TO MEET LUCERNE WAVELENGTH CHANGES

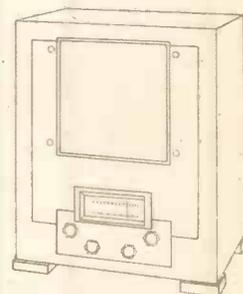
Radio History! Super-heterodyne 5 valves (including rectifier) all-electric radio set and all-electric gramophone, combined in a beautiful modern cabinet of walnut marquetry. Silent-running electric motor with automatic stop and horizontal pick-up. Selectivity of a very high order. New type "His Master's Voice" energised moving-coil loud-speaker of balanced sensitivity at all registers. A.C. model 20 gns. (D.C. model 21 gns. or small deposit and 23 monthly payments of £1.)

LISTEN TO THE TONE!

Superb tone—tone that is true to life. Tone that only the older-than-radio experience of "His Master's Voice" sound-engineers could give you. Ask your dealer about the Five-Forty to-day! And remember—listen to the tone.

When you buy this instrument ask for the free gramophone record which is included with the equipment in order to demonstrate to you at home the beautiful reproduction of modern records possible with "His Master's Voice" radiogramophones.

● Use "His Master's Voice" Tungstyle long-playing needles for best reproduction, economy and convenience. At all dealers.



MODEL 440.—The Superhet Four-forty is an achievement. It need only be compared with other sets to convince you of its superb Tone quality, its Sensitivity and its Selectivity—perfect ability to separate completely the station you want from any other. There is volume without distortion. There is ease of tuning. The energised moving coil speaker is of the latest type and mains can be used as an aerial. 5 valve (including rectifier) A.C. model 12 gns. D.C. model 13 gns.

"His Master's Voice" RADIOGRAMOPHONE

Send a Postcard immediately for special illustrated leaflet to

THE GRAMOPHONE COMPANY LTD., 108B CLERKENWELL ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1. (PRICES DO NOT APPLY IN I.F.S.)

The ONLY Set



with ...

- DELAYED AUTOMATIC VOLUME CONTROL — in all-electric models.
- CLASS 'B' OUTPUT—in battery models.
- DETACHABLE FRET, interchangeable silk — exclusive to EKCO.

- UNEXCELLED STATION-RANGE PERFORMANCE.
- Moving-Coil Speaker.
- Magnificent Bakelite Cabinet.
- One-knob tuning.
- Local-distant switch.

- Station scale with NAMES and wavelengths.
- Light-beam and shadow station indicator.
- Combined on-off switch and volume control for radio and gramophone.
- Gramophone pick-up sockets controlled by switch.
- External speaker connections

MODEL 74

A.C., D.C., BATTERY,
7-STAGE SUPER-HET
WITH BAND-PASS
TUNING

WALNUT FINISH
13 Gns.

or 12 monthly payments of £1. 5s.

Also available in handsome Console Cabinet 18 gns.

or 12 monthly payments of £1. 14. 9

BLACK & CHROMIUM
14 Gns.

or 12 monthly payments of £1 7s.

EKCO RADIO

at **13** GNS

Consult your dealer
or post coupon now!

To E. K. COLE Ltd., Dept. R.P.2., EKCO Works, Southend-on-Sea
A full-coloured folder will be sent you free on receipt of this coupon

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