

PLAN STORY
"The 19 Club"

PROGRAMME BUILDING
at the B.B.C

RADIO PICTORIAL

2^d

EVERY FRIDAY



In this Issue

OLIVER BALDWIN
DEREK ENGLAND
WHITAKER-WILSON
GODFREY WINN
ELLEN WILKINSON



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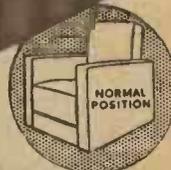
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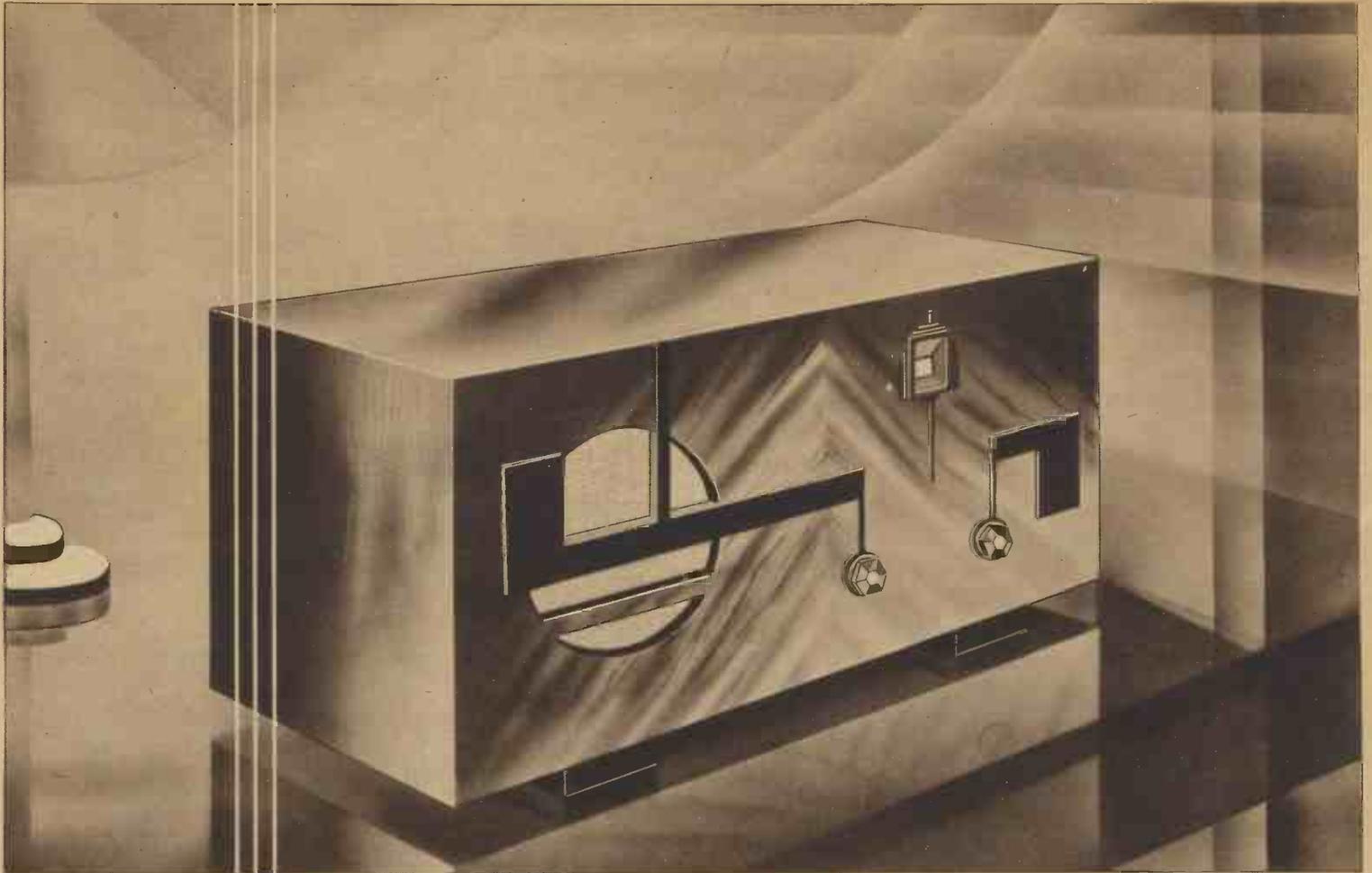
ADDRESS

Radio Pictorial



“Uncle Arthur” BURROWS

the first Programme Director of the B.B.C., and one of the first announcers at the 2LO, London, microphone. Early in 1925 he was appointed to the Secretary-Generalship of the International Broadcasting Union, and has done much good work behind the scenes in connection with the new Lucerne Plan, controlling the wavelengths of all Europe's broadcasting stations



A Thing of Beauty

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ALL MAINS SUPERHET 6



"Nation shall speak peace unto nation," appears on the B.B.C.'s own crest, and the League of Nations broadcaster (the transmitter of which is shown in the left-hand photograph) is also a powerful aid to international peace. This authoritative article by Miss Ellen Wilkinson tells the whole story of broadcasting as a peacemaker

But a generation is growing up that is being stimulated to learn another language, not as a tiresome school exercise, but because it wants to understand the wireless.

Wireless is so new—we forget we are its first generation of listeners—that we can hardly yet think of all the differences it is going to make in a world that has been divided into language barriers over since Latin was dropped as the lingua franca of educated people.

I have been in at lots of arguments over Continental café tables about the part that paid propaganda plays in causing the frictions that lead to war. In Europe it is a serious matter, for space in Continental newspapers is regularly bought by foreign interests to spread the point of view they desire. A famous Paris paper turned



between one daily issue and the next from an attitude of hostility to a neighbouring government to one of fulsome friendliness. Sophisticated Paris smiled and said "How much?" but the ordinary readers knew nothing of the transaction—hence its danger.

Ultimately the guarantee of peace lies in the hands of the ordinary man. In the wars of the past the citizen has too often been committed to fight in quarrels he has known little about. It has always been easier, therefore, to mobilise public opinion for war than against it. As states grow bigger, and war weapons more devastating, this becomes a problem not merely of politics but the actual preservation of the human race. How can ordinary men and women be made to feel that they have a share in government?

Newspapers, of course, have done a lot to interest and educate the ordinary man, but most editors have a well-founded suspicion that their sports pages are more eagerly read than their leader columns. Living voices dramatise the news. We have not yet lost our sense of personality, our thrill at hearing the man himself stating his case to the world. The broadcast of the present Premier at the opening of the Assembly of the League of Nations in 1929 remains vividly in my mind. I was in a big garage in Central London having something done to my car—and if there is a more hard-boiled creature on earth than a garage mechanic I just don't want to see it. The girl in the pay desk yelled, "Geneva calling!" Cars were left and customers and mechanics gathered round the loud-speaker as the well-known Scottish voice came through. It hadn't happened quite like that before.

The League of Nations, on its short-wave transmitter, sets itself the task of interesting the nations outside Europe in the work of the League. It has thus, with the utmost tact, got over news and views which the national papers certainly would not print. Still more important at a moment of crisis: the machinery and technical staffs would be there. Who can tell what a difference such an apparatus might have made in August, 1914?

Radio

will bring down the

Tower of Babel

1932 —and a queer little pottery town in Upper Silesia.

I had wandered in to talk to the local employer about the general situation. The wireless was filling his room with that note of authority so characteristic of B.B.C. voices.

My host switched off as he rose to greet me. "A pity the wireless did not come before the war," he said, "then perhaps there would not have been one."

"But do so many Germans understand English—enough to make a difference?" I asked.

"A growing number—but I know lots of Germans who switch in to the English news and talks because they like the English voices. They seem somehow so safe and friendly in this unpleasant world."

Everyone is getting so worried about this war that seems to be coming, that up-to-date tourist agencies have issued placards: "Tourists bring about international understanding." M-m. Maybe! Who, by meeting American tourists in Europe would ever think how nice Americans can be at home?

How many millions of dollars would it cost the propaganda department of the U.S.A. Government (if they have one) to undo the fatal effect of American tourist manners on European minds? But thousands of us have bought short-wave sets good enough to get American stations, in order to enjoy Will Rogers' commonsensical humour, or to be thrilled by the queerly intimate voice of the President.

There is a quality about the American at home that can only rarely be exported in the flesh. The voices that are so irritating when mechanically reproduced for the screen come over the air in a warm human way that makes one like Americans after all.

These impalpable influences play a part in

human affairs that cannot be measured by statistics, but matter enormously at moments of crisis. Only within the last year or two are the people responsible for governing states beginning to realise the power of the spoken word across their frontiers. But unwillingly even yet.

The British Houses of Parliament are still without a radio room. Unfortunate private Members who try to smuggle in a portable, so as not to miss some important broadcast speech, are likely to meet trouble. I know, because I tried!

by Ellen WILKINSON

Yet, despite the official heads firmly buried in official sand, those radio voices can produce surprising effects. The present German Government is under no illusions about them. One of its first decrees was to make it a punishable offence to listen in to the Russian stations broadcasting in German. Some spectacular arrests have recently been made on this account. But, in fact, who can prevent a nation listening in to a foreign station except by jamming the broadcast technically, which is difficult, and causes other complications.

It is easy to ban bulky parcels of newspapers or books, but the voice that comes direct to the fireside needs only the keys of understanding provided by an electric switch and some hours of grinding at a good grammar. And more and more people are willing to take that bit of extra trouble.

One cannot struggle through the dreary hours of translation at an international conference without wondering whether the Tower of Babel is not among the ultimate causes of all wars. It is fairly easy to learn enough of any language to read its literature. It has been so difficult to get that essential practice in hearing the spoken word that alone can make language a living thing.



Al Bowlly, the popular vocalist, spends a leisure hour reading his RADIO PICTORIAL with keen interest!

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

And we shall hear them altogether in a music-hall programme from St. George's Hall in March. Which reminds me that John Sharman, who produces these shows, has now settled into Maske-lyn's old office above the theatre. So he is only bothered by telephone now!

Oh, No, John!

The other night you heard a very famous female star in a B.B.C. variety broadcast, but you could know nothing of the comi-tragedy behind her appearance.

She made a brilliant comedy "hit" on the air, yet an hour before she was weeping her eyes out and refusing to broadcast. It is regrettable to say that she had that afternoon received "the bird" from an unkindly audience at a London music hall. She was very upset. She is an artist, and temperamental. She sent a message to the B.B.C., that it was quite impossible to broadcast.

John Sharman, producer of the variety programme, appealed with her on the telephone. He cajoled her into going along to Broadcasting House, and when she got there (with the broadcast due to start in an hour) he used every word of

An Announcer's Story

Freddie Grisewood—you know, the announcer with the nice deep voice, who is "Our Bill" occasionally—told me a good yarn the other day.

He sometimes goes to visit friends in the country. Their old gardener knows Freddie quite well, and also knows he is an announcer. His employer told him Mr. Grisewood was coming down for the week-end. "Aw, that be main good," he said. "So there won't be no wireless, then?"

Such is the simple outlook on life.

Hallo, Jarge!

Freddie is one of the charming things of Broadcasting House. He has deep "crows' feet" round his eyes, and one of the most attractive speaking voices I have ever heard. He can relapse into the Oxfordshire dialect as old Our Bill at a second's notice. Indeed, when he goes home and sees some of his old country pals of boyhood's days he never dreams of speaking Announcer English. He just says, "Hallo, Jarge, how be un gettin' on?" and lets loose a flood of pure Oxfordshire. He says they would think he was putting on side if he spoke any other way.

Goodbye to a Friend

Pedro Tillet is retiring at the end of the month. For years he has acted as major domo to the B.B.C. He has been present at all the big concerts, and anything he does not know about the temperament of prima donnas just isn't worth knowing. Thousands of artists have passed

"Newsmonger's"
RADIO GOSSIP

through his hands, and his leaving will be regretted by hundreds of singers who have been encouraged by his friendly word at the auditions.

Crooners Again!

Nothing will keep this crooning business out of the news. The dance-band leaders have taken a strong hint from Broadcasting House to drop at least a third of their vocal numbers, but what are they to do since nearly all tunes are orchestrated for a vocal refrain? Gerald Cock, who looks after the bands from his office in the B.B.C., has given the answer. Feature an instrumental solo in place of a crooner, he tells them. So we are likely to hear more of the trumpet, or the piano or the violin in place of the voice in future.

Four More of Them

Henry Hall is taking part in the battle, too. He's engaged four fellows with big manly voices who are going to sing with the band, one each week, starting on February 15.

persuasion in him . . . but the star refused. And then John had an inspiration. He kissed her. She smiled through her tears, and gave in. And, as we have truly said, her broadcast was a success.

George is Reconciled

The other week I reported that John Southern was going to bring his old-timers from the Garrick Theatre to St. George's Hall, and here's some bigger news.

George Black, who has been a lot more friendly lately to the variety people at Broadcasting House, is willing to put on a show there, too. We can rely on George to broadcast a strong bill, and it would be a joke if he brought along all the acts which he has banned in the past.

Eric's New Idea

For a long time some listeners have wanted an alternative to late dance music, and on

The Twiddleknobs!

by FERRIER



Friday, February 16, they will get it. On this evening E. J. King-Bull will produce his work, *Reconnaissance*, on the regionals from 10.30 to 11.

An idea which attracts me much more is to broadcast cabaret turns between numbers in the late dance music period. It would cost money, of course, but Eric Maschwitz is keen on it, and I am sure it will come in time. Saturday night would be the best time to try it out, and it would be simpler to produce on an evening when dance music is given from a studio.

The Modern Touch

The modern style in furnishing appeals to John Watt; perhaps it is the effect of working at Broadcasting House. Anyway, his new home in St. John's Wood is full of shiny metal chairs, which are much more comfortable than they look. It is not a new house, but by filling-in the old banisters and covering panels in the doors, an up-to-the-minute effect is achieved. More zestful than restful, some think.

Roy Fox's New Billet

Walking down Haymarket on my way to a trade show one morning last week, I literally bumped into Roy Fox, who was about to enter the Kit Cat. "Whither away, sly Reynard, at this time in the morning?" I asked. "Just rehearsing," was his pleasant reply.

I say "pleasant" because Roy can smile at 10 a.m. just as easily as he does at 10 p.m. But the abstemious Fox is not burdened with my liver. I told him I heard he was leaving the Kit Cat, but could get no confirmation of his new engagement.

"The fact is, I am going to the Café de Paris," he told me confidentially, "but don't tell a soul." And I hope that you, in turn, will keep my secret, because only you and I know it.

Sweet Music

When he opens at the Café de Paris on March 5, Roy will be using rather a musical band which, if anything, will be sweeter than the one he has. He will cut out the trombones and use only two trumpets. There will be a piano-accordion, but no strings. Four saxophones will grace the front line, and piano, guitar, bass and drums will constitute the rhythm section.

He will retain as vocalists Miss Peggy Dell, "The Cubs," and Denny Dennis, his new vocalist, whom Roy claims to be another Bing Crosby.

They Can't Stop Him!

Remember those early days of radio, when your dance music only came from the Savoy Hotel, played by the Savoy Orpheans, conducted by Debroy (Bill to me) Somers; and the Savoy Havana Band?

In those early jazz days an American boy, straight from the University at Yale, was spending his vacation playing saxophone with the Hava Band. He fancied himself as a singer, but his fellow musicians were rude to him and discouraged the songster. Everybody pulled his leg unmercifully. He went back to Yale and graduated in 1927, subsequently forming his own band.

As the boss of the new orchestra, nobody could stop him from singing—which was what he wanted more than anything in the world.

America's Best-paid Crooner

That lad was Rudy Vallee, now America's highest-paid and most popular radio maestro. There's an appeal in his voice that women cannot resist. And they mob him whenever he appears in public.

On his way to Hollywood to make another film he stopped at Chicago. Among the great throng to meet the star was a blind girl—twenty-two-year-old Margaret Long. Vallee searched the crowd for her, embraced her, and left the station with her, arm in arm.

She is just one of his fans, but he answers her letters and sends her his records because she declared that his voice on the radio was the light in her darkened existence.

Two Brilliant Pianists

Carroll Gibbons was a welcome addition to the programme recently, when he broadcast with Johnny Green on two pianos. Johnny is the composer of those famous song hits, "I Cover the Waterfront" and "Body and Soul."

Star Features in the National Programme

SUNDAY

Wireless Military Band.
Midland Studio Orchestra.
B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra.
Hastings Municipal Orchestra.

MONDAY

Western Studio Orchestra.
Commander Stephen King-Hall.

TUESDAY

Reginald New.
Commodore Grand Orchestra.
M. E. M. Stephan.
Wireless Military Band.

WEDNESDAY

The Marchioness of Reading.
Quentin Maclean.
Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra.
Oliver Baldwin.
B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra.
Schnabel.

THURSDAY

Christopher Stone.
Commander Stephen King-Hall.
Professor A. Lloyd James.
Vernon Bartlett.

FRIDAY

S. P. B. Mais.
Sir Walford Davies.
Charles Manning and his Orchestra.
Emilio Colombo.
Commander Stephen King-Hall.

SATURDAY

Commodore Grand Orchestra.
Harold Ramsay.
Bernard Crook Quintet.
Sir Malcolm Campbell.
George Baker.
Norman O'Neill.

Both are brilliant pianists as well as composers of note.

Johnny Green, like Carroll Gibbons, has a splendid orchestra in America with no less than thirty-two players and he is musical director for one of the biggest sponsored programmes in the States—"The General Motors Hour." He returns to America this week to conduct his band for these commercial broadcasts.

Max Kester, author of many successful B.B.C. shows, giving Evelyn Laye and Ray Noble their tea in an interval in an H.M.V. recording session. Max and Ray have written the words and music of Evelyn Laye's latest film, "Princess Charming"



Mrs. Jack—Conductor

While playing in Sheffield, Jack Payne had the unique experience of playing the clarinet in the band of Sheffield University while Mrs. Jack Payne conducted the orchestra. Doris is Jack's inseparable companion, and it is interesting to see how thoroughly she enters into the spirit of her husband's work. She travels everywhere with him, helps him on innumerable occasions, and is his severest critic. Just a "wee Jack an' Doris!"

The Personal Touch

I had a letter from Jay Whidden, now enjoying a measure of fame in his native America with what he calls (no doubt by reason of happy memories) his London Band. Who does not remember Jay's cheery "Hello, Folks!" in the regular weekly broadcasts from the Carlton Hotel?

I, for one, distinctly recall one night at about 11.30 when Jay, announcing his titles through the mike said, "While you are having that last cup of tea, I'll play you 'Romany Rover.'" The result was a shoal of fan mail asking how he knew the writer was having that last cup of tea, and a protest from the B.B.C. that he was "getting too personal!"

"Hello, Folks!"

To-day things are different; but Jay Whidden was the first to introduce the personal element into outside broadcasts of dance music. He is now playing at the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles, California, and has several regular "commercial" broadcasts which are proving very lucrative. Jay asks me personally to say "Hello, Folks!" to the old fans who remember him.

"Fun Racketeers"

I think everybody likes Haver and Lee—two comedians who call themselves the "Fun Racketeers." The reason is probably because they write their own material specially for broadcasting. One of these boys you have probably seen many times if you patronise vaudeville theatres at all. He is—don't breathe a word—Clay Keyes and bills himself as "The Ace of Clubs," because he is a club juggler, and a very clever one, too!

Those Horses!

Jack Payne is fond of most outdoor hobbies, and is a keen rider. Interestingly enough, Jack's father, who lives in Birmingham, was very fond of riding and driving horses, but it is necessary for me to correct the statement, made recently, that he was ever interested in the breeding of horses. I understand that, actually, it is Jack Payne's ambition one day to take up horse-breeding . . . when time permits!



Programme Building

at the B.B.C.

by Whitaker-WILSON

The first step in programme arrangement is the composition of special tunes for broadcasting, and here is Peter York, the well-known composer and arranger, busy on new tunes for the microphone

HAVE you ever thought what it must mean to provide two programmes for twelve hours every day in the year? Of course, it does not rest with one man—just as well, perhaps—but it has to be done, however many are employed in doing it.

Everything, to begin with, has to be timed. If you are a singer and want to broadcast a little programme of songs, you must let the B.B.C. know exactly how long the songs are going to take.

Or, conversely, you must choose as many songs as will fit into twenty minutes or however long they allow you.

Broadcasting House works weeks ahead, of course. Nothing is decided at the last moment, except the *In Town To-night* series.

That is arranged for at the last moment, and is not always easy to bring off in consequence.

The real trouble is that the B.B.C. has to try to please everybody.

It is impossible to do it, but they have to make a sporting shot at it. Perhaps you don't like chamber music, but that is no reason for cutting it out of the programmes. There is a minority that definitely wants string quartets, so the B.B.C. lets it have them.

In order that you shall not be disappointed, a variety show or something of the kind has to be arranged on the other wavelength.

Variety shows are by no means easy to arrange. You will often have noticed that the artists appear in a different order from that in which their names appear in the programmes.

Also you will have noticed that names not in the programmes are included in the show.

This cannot be avoided, because not all these people are free, or *know* they will be free, so many weeks ahead. When, by the time they come to rehearse, the order is settled, you will find they keep someone back for the last item for a special reason.

It may be that he is particularly well known.

This does not mean that the first artist in the show is necessarily the weakest. It generally means (1) that *someone* has to begin, (2) that the style of his broadcast is suitable for a beginning.

One of the biggest jobs in programme building is that of the Promenade concerts.

Think of ten weeks with six concerts a week, each lasting from eight to ten-thirty, and of how much music can be got through in that time.

Has it ever occurred to you how long the average song lasts? Three or four minutes at the most. A good deal of music can be performed in a minute. You can prove it by a twelve-inch record which only lasts a little over four minutes from beginning to end.

The real fact of the matter is that each programme has to be built separately. When it is finished it is regarded as a brick in the building of the whole scheme.



The second step in programme building is the discussion between studio executives, producers, and artists. Every tune, talk, and radio play manuscript has to be the subject of keen discussion between the "brass hats" behind the broadcasters

Varied treatment is the key-note of everything. If they make up a programme of pieces played by Somebody's Quartet or Quintet, they can't have these people playing for an hour at a stretch.

The programme must be broken up a bit.

So they get a soprano and say to her "Will you sing us two little groups of three songs?"

She agrees. Then comes the choosing of the three songs. They must be chosen for contrast. A is a fairly lively song; B must then be a quiet one; C can be the liveliest of all.

Her second group must be made up in a different way. Then the two groups must be fitted into the Quartet people's pieces—and that is another brick.

Finally, the programme has to be fitted in carefully in order not to clash with another similar programme on the other wavelength. A play, or a musical comedy, or, perhaps, a talk, must be arranged as an alternative.

In the middle of the day and the early afternoon, the work of the programme arranger is not so hard, because nobody expects anything but light fare of the lunch time variety.

In the evening—at the rush hour, so to speak—it is by no means easy to get a proper balance. A radio play, for example, is a bit of a problem.

It has been thought wise to perform plays twice. I think the experiment (first made some time back) has fully justified itself, but there is always the question of what to put against it on the other side.

It cannot be another play and it ought not to be a talk. It must be either a symphony concert, or some form of music.

Even the Children's Hour is not allowed to occupy both wavelengths from 5.15 to 6 o'clock. One or other of the dance bands takes one side.

Another difficulty is experienced when it comes to an outside relay. The B.B.C. is then tied down.

If it wants opera from Sadlers Wells, for example, it is no good saying "Put that on at nine o'clock on the Regional," because very likely they would happen to be just finishing an act at that time.

So they have it, say, at 9.25 and have to cut the rest of the evening's programme to fit in with the outside relay.

When you come to look through a week's programmes, it really is amazing what variety and contrast there is.

Continued on page 22



The last step in programme building is when all the material is collected for the microphone and the artists are ready to come to the studios with their scripts O.K.'d. In this scene from "On the Air," Davy Burnaby and Reginald Purdell are in cheery mood!

THEY SING TO YOU



Jan Van der Gucht
(right)



Sumner Austen



Ernest D...

... these popular broadcasters,
whose voices you know so well



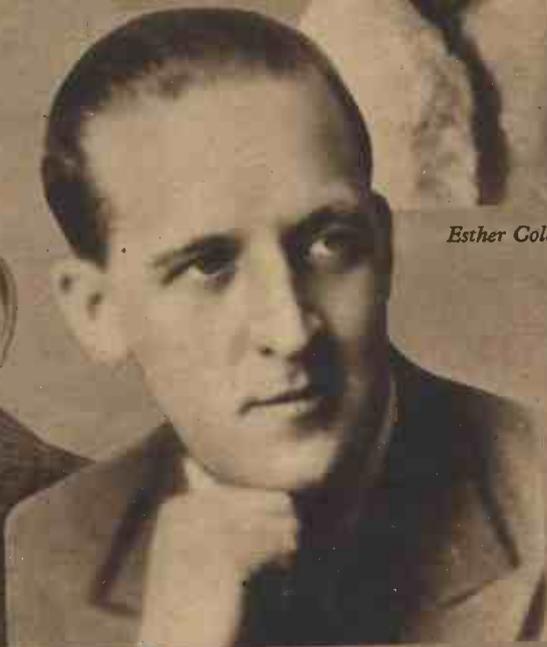
Elsa Ackland
(above)



Megan Thomas



Arthur Fear



Heddle Nash



Esther Coleman

DEREK ENGLAND, in this authoritative article on the Lucerne Plan, tells you how a real attempt is being made to cure ether chaos

In only a few months it got busy and devised the first wavelength scheme for all the broadcasters in Europe. This was the Geneva Plan, and was put into operation in November, 1926.

Ether chaos was averted.

But the number of stations continued to grow.
This was inevitable, for listeners were not satisfied with the weak reception of radio programmes. They demanded greater strength . . . more power . . . increased modulation at the broadcasting stations so that the volume at the receiver could be greater . . . power, power, POWER . . .

The International Broadcasting Union set its machinery in motion again, and in January, 1929, the experts met at Brussels to devise a plan . . . they called it the Brussels Plan . . . but it lived for only six months.

A third plan was formed early in 1929, and put into practice in June of that year. This was the first plan to be recognised officially by the various national administrations—as, for instance, the General Post Office in this country.

You must remember, it is the Postmaster-General who has the last word on the wavelengths of broadcasting stations in Great Britain.

This third plan of the Union's experts was drawn up after a meeting at Prague, and was based on the division of the bands of frequencies in the ether into a number of "channels," each spaced from its neighbour channels by a frequency of 9 kilocycles.

Don't bother too much about these technicalities, for this figure of 9 kilocycles signifies only the spacing between stations.

It proved to be insufficient.

For the second time ether chaos began to grow.

But the experts sat down and waited . . .
They waited for a world conference of wavelength experts which was to be held at Madrid.



FOR the second time since the old order of wavelengths ceased on January 14, there has been a radio upheaval!

The first upheaval affected 232 broadcasting stations all over Europe.

Their wavelengths were changed under the new Lucerne Plan ruling as a first step towards clearing up ether chaos.

The second upheaval affects millions of "stations" . . . the receiving stations of listeners not only in this country but in every European country.

Broadcasting stations are now settling down to their new wavelengths and listeners, in consequence, have had to re-calibrate their sets to coincide with the Lucerne arrangements, after finding where the stations come in.

Is the result doing anything to clear up chaos?
You have only to listen for yourself in order to judge the result.

Conditions are tolerable, in most parts of this country; on the medium waves, but the jamming of stations on the long waves has in no way abated.

Radio Paris, Warsaw, Zeesen, and Luxembourg have caused trouble among the long-wavers, and thousands of keen listeners sat up late on the nights of January 14, 15 and 16, to hear if the error of these stations' ways would be pointed out.

But the result was . . . chaos!

A good set is the shortest route to the Continent, but the satisfaction of this route to enjoyment can easily be marred if there is too much interference between giant stations on the ether.

You may well ask how the Lucerne Plan was devised, and who was responsible for this bold attempt to settle Europe's wavelength troubles by a radio upheaval.

Turn back the clock . . . right to the start of broadcasting in 1922.

There was then only one main station in this country—the old 2LO transmitter—and there was

Ether Chaos . . . has Lucerne made it

no official restriction as to wavelengths.

Stations picked their own positions in the ether and—in countries where the Law demanded—obtained the sanction of their own Governments.

It did not take very long for the experts to discover that a better broadcasting service could generally be given on the long waves.

Result, in only two years . . . the B.B.C. secured one good long wavelength for 5XX . . . and all Europe was clamouring for places in the ether above 1,000 metres.

The number of stations increased rapidly. All Europe realised that broadcasting was a good thing!

Some Governments realised that broadcasting was an easy way to increasing revenue.

There had to be some check on wireless wave piracy and wavelength snatching. So, in 1925, an International Broadcasting Union was formed under the presidency of Vice-Admiral (now Sir Charles) Carpendale, of the B.B.C.

They called it the Union Internationale de Radiophonie . . .



A scene at Tatsfield, the B.B.C. checking station, where the wavelengths are measured

Experts of radio, cable and communication organisations the world over were to meet at Madrid to sign a new convention. The International Union (of programme broadcasters) was to take a small part in this meeting.

Conventions . . . meetings . . . conferences of experts . . . and in the meantime ether chaos was piling up to an alarming extent.

And then when the Madrid even was over and almost forgotten, the International Broadcasting Union met again in May at Lucerne last year.

Thirty-five countries were represented and, after a very long discussion, a plan was drawn up which was acceptable to twenty-seven of the thirty-five countries represented.

What about the eight dissentients?

Six of the eight countries which did not agree to the new plan failed to do so because of the difficulties connected with the long-wave plan. It was impossible to manufacture enough long waves to go round.

Tempers became very frayed, and several countries threatened to back out of the agreement . . .

So the Union experts wisely agreed to leave the operation of the plan over until early in 1934 so that a number of friendly adjustments might be made.

And so we arrive at the fatal night of January 14 when at 11 p.m. G.M.T. all European transmitters—with the exception of three private stations—brought their programmes to an end . . .

Broadcasting engineers all over Europe started to adjust the transmitters to the new wavelengths in accordance with the new Lucerne Plan.

Is the result success . . . or chaos?

You must judge for yourself.

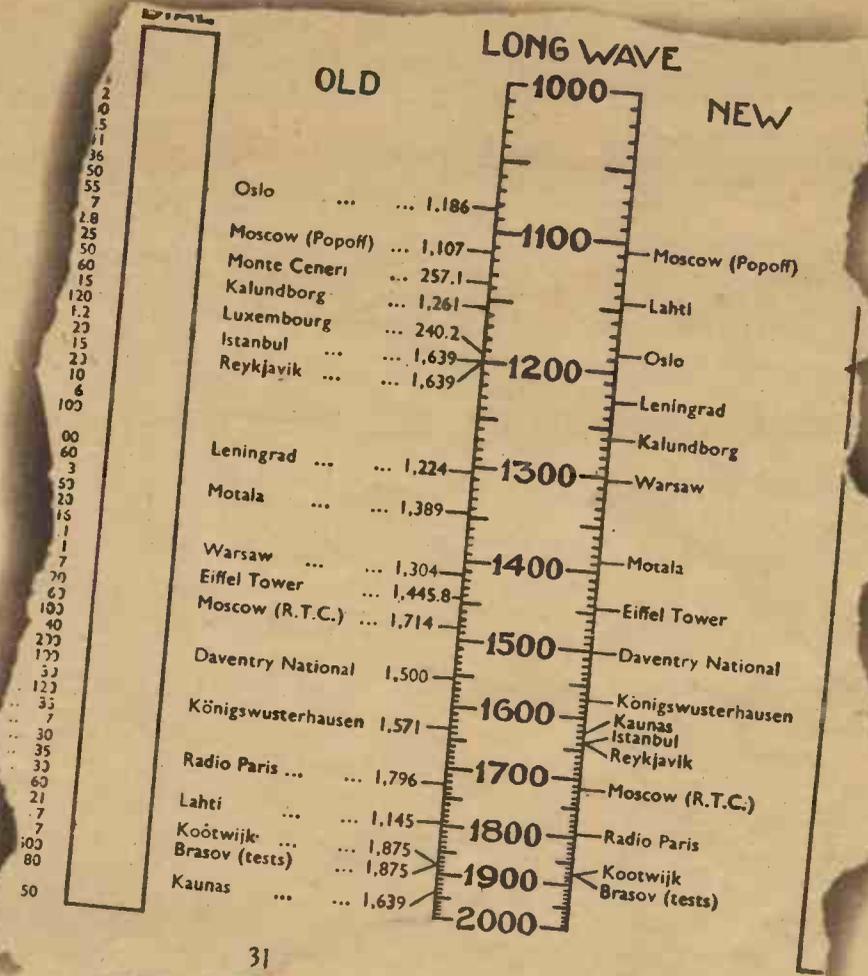
Every night since the fatal change-over, broadcasting experts have sat up late in Berlin, Vienna, Brussels, and other capitals where there is official wavelength checking gear installed.

Following the national tests made by the individual countries, Copenhagen, Kalundborg, Danzig, and Hilversum were measured by Berlin; Prague was responsible for Vienna, Graz, and Budapest; and Brussels itself for Reykjavik, Athlone, Rabat, and Luxembourg. Helsinki undertook to assist the Baltic countries; Sesto-Calende (broadcasting through Rome) worked

Worse?



On the right is a fine view of Luxembourg, the home of the independent broadcasting station, which is one of the important keys in the long-wave range.



The above list of long-wave broadcasting stations is a guide to their new positions in the wavelength scale. The old and new dial readings, corresponding to these wavelengths, can easily be compared by cross reference

for Yugoslavia and Algeria; Stockholm acted for Norway, and Warsaw supervised Bucharest, Ankara, Istanbul, and Brasnov.

Brussels is issuing official reports on the accuracy of each station, and many cross measurements have been carried out.

At the time of going to press there are still eight countries the broadcasting officials of which refuse to agree to alter the wavelengths. These are Holland, Hungary, Finland, Sweden, Poland, Luxembourg, Lithuania, and Greece.

France has caused trouble by declining to abandon her second long-wave channel and putting the famous Eiffel Tower broadcaster down to 1,446.7 metres, which is only 2.4 kilocycles away from Daventry National. This was a disastrous move, but it is hoped that interference of this kind will be cured when the Lucerne Plan has been working for only a few more weeks.

In the meantime there is still the difficulty of re-calibrating the receivers. Radio manufacturers are issuing thousands of these scales to replace those which have become obsolete, and one maker in particular—E. K. Cole, Ltd.—has shown welcome enterprise by providing a scale which will cope instantly with any further alterations which may take place.

This scale consists of a permanent full-size scale calibrated in wavelengths covered by a second transparent screen engraved with station names. The great attraction of this scale is that listeners can adjust their sets for any future revisions without dismantling the set in any way. In fact, the new station-screen can be inserted while the set is actually operating.

Certainly something like this is needed for most receivers if listeners are to know where the stations come in under the new conditions. The list of long-wave stations, reproduced (above) from the February issue of our associate journal, *Wireless Magazine*, shows where most of the stations that are above 1,000 metres have changed their positions.

PLAN your WEEK'S Listening in Advance

NATIONAL

SUNDAY (Feb. 11).—Antony and Cleopatra, an abridged version for broadcasting of Shakespeare's tragedy.

MONDAY (Feb. 12).—Love Needs a Waltz, a modern fairy tale by James Dyrenforth.

Natalie Hall, who is to play the leading part, is a new addition to the ranks of British stars. As an American, she played in Gilbert and Sullivan operas in New York and in *Ball at the Savoy* in London. Then last November she married Barrie Mackay, who was with her in *Ball at the Savoy*, and became a British actress. She is one of the greatest operetta artists on either side of the Atlantic. The music is by Kenneth Leslie-Smith, who wrote the score of *Meet the Prince*, a recent broadcast, with two "hit" numbers which will presently be sung and played everywhere. James Dyrenforth is the author, a young American, well known in London as a brilliant lyric writer.

TUESDAY (Feb. 13).—*The Farmer's Wife*, a play by Eden Phillpotts.

WEDNESDAY (Feb. 14).—Symphony Concert, relayed from the Queen's Hall, London.

THURSDAY (Feb. 15).—Recital of Music by Nicolas Medtner.

Tatiana Makushina will be the soprano soloist and the composer will be at the pianoforte. Madame Makushina sings in eight and speaks six languages, being equally at home in any. To her we owe Medtner's visit to London for the first time, some seven years ago, when she gave a performance of his songs with the composer as accompanist. Medtner is a personal friend of Rachmaninoff, who once delayed a visit to America in order that he might hear Madame Makushina sing Medtner's songs, the composer accompanying.

FRIDAY (Feb. 16).—Military Band concert.

SATURDAY (Feb. 17).—Variety programme.

LONDON REGIONAL

SUNDAY (Feb. 11).—Sunday Orchestral Concert—13.

MONDAY (Feb. 12).—*The Farmer's Wife*, a play by Eden Phillpotts.

TUESDAY (Feb. 13).—Love Needs a Waltz, a modern fairy tale by James Dyrenforth.

WEDNESDAY (Feb. 14).—*The Bo'sun's Mate* (Ethel Smyth), relayed from Sadler's Wells.

A perfect German accent has sometimes given rise to the misconception that Sumner Austin, when he has broadcast German *lieder*, must have spent the greater part of his life in Germany. He was, however, born in South London, educated at private and public schools in England, and graduated at Oxford. He studied in Germany for four years and, while a prisoner of war in Ruhleben Camp, did a lot of singing and producing there. His chief speciality is opera, and both last season and this he has been principal baritone and producer of opera at Sadler's

Wells. He will produce there *The Bo'sun's Mate*, with Mr. Austin as Ned Travers.

THURSDAY (Feb. 15).—A Debate between Edinburgh and Cambridge Universities.

FRIDAY (Feb. 16).—B.B.C. Chamber Music Concert—8, to be given before an audience in the Concert Hall, Broadcasting House.

SATURDAY (Feb. 17).—Rugby calls the World; the microphone visits the Rugby Radio Station.

The engineer-in-charge at the Post Office Wireless Station at Hillmorton takes an average listener round. If weather conditions permit, it is hoped to include an actual broadcast from the top of one of the 820-ft. masts. Conversation with a liner and with America will probably be in the programme; the methods of "sorambling speech" for secrecy will be illustrated; and, by the aid of records, some idea will be given of Rugby's function as Empire wireless centre: Capetown calling Ade-

Silvio, harpist, will be heard in this programme. Other features of an attractive bill are Camille Gillard, the Belgian tenor, and three comedians, Mounsey and Clarke, who do a cross-patter act, and Peter White.

FRIDAY (Feb. 16).—*Sir Herbert is Deeply Touched*, a comedy by H. C. G. Stevens, and *On Dartmoor*, a comedy by Neil Grant, relayed from the Repertory Theatre, Birmingham.

In *Sir Herbert is Deeply Touched*, by H. C. G. Stevens, the central figure is a distinguished actor and the scene is his private room after a matinee. Hugh Miller plays Sir Herbert. The second play, *On Dartmoor*, is by Neil Grant. Vivienne Bennett and Elspeth Duxbury play the occupants of the lonely bungalow at which an escaped convict arrives.

SATURDAY (Feb. 17).—Divertissement: feature programme of plays, music and songs.

relayed from the Palace Ballroom, Blackpool.

SATURDAY (Feb. 17).—The Leeds Symphony Concert, relayed from the Town Hall, Leeds.

WEST REGIONAL

SUNDAY (Feb. 11).—Religious Service in Welsh, relayed from Twrgwyn Presbyterian Church, Bangor.

MONDAY (Feb. 12).—*The Farmer's Wife*, a Devonshire comedy by Eden Phillpotts.

TUESDAY (Feb. 13).—Taunton Madrigal Society Annual Ladies' Night Concert, relayed from the County Theatre, Taunton.

WEDNESDAY (Feb. 14).—The Inter-Varsity Debate, relayed from the Powis Hall, University College, Bangor.

THURSDAY (Feb. 15).—Orchestral and choral concert, relayed from the Pump Room, Bath.

FRIDAY (Feb. 16).—Vocal and instrumental concert.

SATURDAY (Feb. 17).—The Towns: orchestral concert.

SCOTTISH REGIONAL

SUNDAY (Feb. 11).—A Religious Service, relayed from St. Martin-in-the-Fields, from London.

MONDAY (Feb. 12).—Male(y) Factions, a selection from the *Revues* of T. P. Maley.

TUESDAY (Feb. 13).—A Scottish concert.

WEDNESDAY (Feb. 14).—Variety programme.

THURSDAY (Feb. 15).—Reid Orchestral concert, relayed from the Usher Hall.

FRIDAY (Feb. 16).—Choral programme.

SATURDAY (Feb. 17).—"Green Grass Widow."

BELFAST

SUNDAY (Feb. 11).—*Elijah* (Mendelssohn), part I, orchestral and choral programme.

MONDAY (Feb. 12).—Chamber music.

TUESDAY (Feb. 13).—An operatic programme.

WEDNESDAY (Feb. 14).—A Relay of Variety from the Empire Theatre.

THURSDAY (Feb. 15).—Orchestral concert.

FRIDAY (Feb. 16).—The Belfast Philharmonic Society Concert.

SATURDAY (Feb. 17).—Memories: orchestral concert.

Dance Music of the Week

MONDAY Maurice Winnick and His *Ciro's Club Band* (*Ciro's Club*).

TUESDAY Lew Stone and His *Band* (*Café Anglais*).

WEDNESDAY Roy Fox and His *Band* (*Kit-Cat Club*).

THURSDAY The B.B.C.

Dance Orchestra, directed by Henry Hall (*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*).

laide (through Rugby), and the Indian village broadcast of a few weeks ago (also through Rugby) are examples.

MIDLAND REGIONAL

SUNDAY (Feb. 11).—A Military Band programme.

MONDAY (Feb. 12).—Instrumental recital.

Leslie Heward and Alfred Cave, conductor and leader respectively of the City of Birmingham Orchestra, give a pianoforte and violin recital. The two sonatas chosen are Handel's in E and Cesar Franck's in A.

TUESDAY (Feb. 13).—Edwardian Memories Choral and orchestral concert.

WEDNESDAY (Feb. 14).—The Regional Revellers, concert party.

"The Regional Revellers," presented by Mason and Armes, give an hour's programme. Dorothy Summers and Mary Pollock, Hal Bryant, Harold Oman, and Nat Goulding are the singers and Jack Wilson the pianist.

THURSDAY (Feb. 15).—Variety programme, relayed from the Empire Theatre, Peterborough.

This will consist of three short plays; Ralph and Ken, a vocal duo with piano and guitar; and "Songs of the Sea," by Geoffrey Dams (tenor). The first play is a Chinese scene, *Flower of a Thousand Nights*, by Walford Hyden. Geoffrey Dams plays the Mandarin, Marjorie Westbury his disobedient daughter, Godfrey Baseley her lover, and Sheila Crocker her maid.

NORTH REGIONAL

SUNDAY (Feb. 11).—Orchestral concert.

MONDAY (Feb. 12).—"From the Countryside," orchestral programme of rustic features.

TUESDAY (Feb. 13).—Orchestral concert.

WEDNESDAY (Feb. 14).—A Chamber Concert, relayed from the Memorial Hall, Manchester.

THURSDAY (Feb. 15).—The Hallé Concert, relayed from the Free Trade Hall, Birmingham.

FRIDAY (Feb. 16).—Dance music,



The stars in this week's programme (from left to right) Billy Merrin (Friday, Midland Regional), S.P.B. Mais (Friday, 2.30 p.m.) Sir Dan Godfrey (Wednesday, 3.15 p.m.) Harold Ramsay (Saturday, 3 p.m.)

Dance Music from the Continental Stations

SUNDAY

Barcelona ... 8 p.m.
 Reykjavik ... 10.30 p.m.
 Strasbourg ... 10.30 p.m.

TUESDAY

Reykjavik ... 11 p.m.

WEDNESDAY

Barcelona ... 12 p.m.

THURSDAY

Berlin (Funkstunde) 7.10 p.m.
 Ljubljana ... 9 p.m.

FRIDAY

Brussels No. 1 10.30 p.m.
 Warsaw ... 9.40 p.m.

SATURDAY

Bucharest ... 8.15 p.m.
 Ljubljana ... 9 p.m.
 Poste Parisien ... 9.5 p.m.

SUNDAY (FEBRUARY 11)

Athlone (531 m.).—*Michael*—a play (Malleon) ... 9.25 p.m.
 Barcelona (274 m.).—Dance Music from Hollywood Bar 8 p.m.
 Berlin (Deutschlandsender) (1,571 m.).—Light Music 11 a.m.
 Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—Variety ... 1.30 p.m.
 Breslau (315.8 m.).—Humorous Programme ... 4.0 p.m.
 Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Light Music ... 6.30 p.m.
 Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Light Music ... 1.10 p.m.
 Bucharest (1,875 m.).—*Eva*—operetta (Lehar) ... 7.0 p.m.
 Hamburg (331.9 m.).—Hamburg Harbour Concert ... 5.35 a.m.
 Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Concert 11 a.m.
 Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—National Music ... 10.15 a.m.
 Madrid (EAJ7) (293.5 m.).—Munich (405.4 m.).—Orchestra 3.0 p.m.
 Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Sound Film Music ... 12.15 p.m.
 Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Dance Music ... 10.30 p.m. (approx.)
 Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Concert 11.0 p.m.
 Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Orchestra ... 8.0 p.m.
 Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Dance Music ... 10.30 p.m.
 Toulouse (335.2 m.).—Hawaiian Guitar and Sound Film Music 10.30 p.m.
 Vienna (506.8 m.).—Records of Light Music ... 5.0-6.25 p.m.
 Warsaw (1,415 m.).—Lehar programme ... 6.50 p.m.

Your Foreign Programme Guide

MONDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Orchestra with Songs ... 7.30 p.m.
 Barcelona (274 m.).—Sardanas. 7.20 p.m.
 Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—Johann Strauss Operetta 7.10 p.m.
 Breslau (315.8 m.).—Concert 11.0 a.m.
 Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Concert Scenes from the Mountains. 8.0 p.m.
 Bucharest (1,875 m.).—Song and Violincello Recital ... 7.45 p.m.
 Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Johann Strauss Concert ... 7.30 p.m.
 Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Records 7.0 p.m.
 Munich (405.4 m.).—(All German Stations). Carnival Programme 6.0 p.m.
 Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Concert of Russian Music 6.48 p.m.
 Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Popular Concert by the Station Quartet 10.0 p.m.
 Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Variety 10.45 p.m.
 Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Variety 12.45 a.m. (Tues.)
 Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Light Music ... 5.0 p.m.
 Warsaw (1,415 m.).—Polish Music 7.2 p.m.

SHROVE TUESDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Grand Symphony Concert ... 7.30 p.m.
 Barcelona (274 m.).—Trio Concert 6.0 p.m.
 Berlin (Deutschlandsender) (1,571 m.).—"Red domino"—A Carnival Programme ... 7.10 p.m.
 Brussels No. 1 (493.9 m.).—Popular Music, with Accordion, Clarinet and Xylophone Solos 8.10 p.m.
 Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Masked Ball ... 8.0 p.m.
 Bucharest (1,875 m.).—Concert 4.0 p.m.
 Langenberg (455.9 m.).—(All German Stations). Rhenish Carnival 6.0 p.m.
 Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Concert 6.25 a.m.
 Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Orchestra and Song Successes 7.30 p.m.
 Munich (405.4 m.).—Carnival 7.10 p.m.
 Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Concert ... 12.45 p.m.
 Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Dance Music ... 11.0 p.m. (approx.)

Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Orchestra 8.0 p.m.
 Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Orchestra 1 a.m. (Wed.)
 Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Carnival from Paris ... 8.30 p.m.
 Warsaw (1,415 m.).—Flower of Hawaii—Operetta ... 7.2 p.m.

WEDNESDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Military Band 7.30 p.m.
 Barcelona (274 m.).—Dance Music 12 midnight
 Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—(All German stations) Ash Wednesday Programme ... 6.0 p.m.
 Breslau (315.8 m.).—Community Singing ... 8.0 p.m.
 Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein (Offenbach) ... 8.0 p.m.
 Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Cello Recital ... 8.0 p.m.
 Bucharest (1,875 m.).—Café Concert ... 9.0 p.m.
 Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Concert 3.0 p.m.
 Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Chamber Music ... 5.0 p.m.
 Munich (405.4 m.).—Gramophone 12.25 p.m.
 Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Concert of Waltzes ... 7.0 p.m.
 Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Metz Conservatoire Concert ... 8.30 p.m.
 Warsaw (1,415 m.).—Chamber Music ... 7.15 p.m.

THURSDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Orchestra; Tenor and Baritone Solos 8.40 p.m.
 Barcelona (274 m.).—Light Music 9.10 p.m.
 Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—Carnival Dance Music 7.10 p.m.
 Breslau (315.8 m.).—Concert 4.50 p.m.
 Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Concert ... 5.0 p.m.
 Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Light Music ... 6.15 p.m.
 Bucharest (1,875 m.).—Relay from the Opera House ... 6.30 p.m.
 Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Light Music 9.25-11.30 p.m.
 Munich (405.4 m.).—Organ, Flute, Oboe, and Piano Music, with Songs 1.20 p.m.
 Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Extracts from Operettas 1.35 p.m.
 Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Orchestra and Variety ... 8.15 p.m.
 Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Light Music ... 9.30 p.m.

Stuttgart (522.6 m.).—(All German Stations) Concert ... 6.0 p.m.
 Warsaw (1,415 m.).—Light Music 7.2-9.0 p.m.

FRIDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—English Programme ... 9.30 p.m.
 Barcelona (274 m.).—Café Concert 10.10 p.m.
 Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—Orchestra ... 7.35 p.m.
 Breslau (315.8 m.).—Light Music 9.25 p.m.
 Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Dance Music ... 10.30 p.m.
 Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Orchestra ... 1.10 p.m.
 Bucharest (1,875 m.).—Light Music 4.0-6.0 p.m.
 Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Early Concert 6.25 a.m.
 Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Records 9.10 p.m.
 Munich (405.4 m.).—Old Italian Music ... 4.50 p.m.
 Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Orchestra ... 8.10 p.m.
 Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Waltz Time 2.0 p.m.
 Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Beethoven and French Rhapsodies 8.30 p.m.
 Warsaw (1,415 m.).—Dance Music 9.40 p.m.

SATURDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—*La Bohème* (Puccini) ... 7.0 p.m.
 Barcelona (274 m.).—English Music 12 midnight
 Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—Folk Songs ... 8.10 p.m.
 Breslau (315.9 m.).—Philharmonic Concert ... 8.0 p.m.
 Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Indian Melodies ... 6.30 p.m.
 Brussels No. 2 (521.9 m.).—Light Music ... 12 noon
 Bucharest (1,875 m.).—Dance Records ... 8.15 p.m.
 Frankfurt (251 m.).—(All German stations) New German Music 6.0 p.m.
 Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Concert 3.0 p.m.
 Munich (405.4 m.).—Light Music 9.25 p.m.
 Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Dance Music ... 9.5 p.m.
 Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Boston Symphony Orchestra 1.30 a.m. (Sun.)
 Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Concert Hebrew Music ... 8.30 p.m.
 Warsaw (1,415 m.).—Estonian Music ... 7.2 p.m.



Vernon Bartlett broadcasts on Thursday (9.20-9.35 p.m.). Arthur Salisbury and his Band on Monday (2 p.m.). Lew Stone and his Band on Tuesday (10.30-12 midnight), and Emilio Colombo on Friday (4.30 p.m.)

A. J. ALAN re-tells another of his Popular Broadcast Stories

I 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.

You may think that sounds rather mysterious, but it isn't in the least, really. There are nineteen members and it was started in 1919, so I don't honestly see how it could have been called anything else.

We are just a lot of people who had a certain job to do during the War, and when it was over we thought it would be rather fun for us all to meet and have dinner together every now and then—so we do, twice a year, on June 1 and December 1.

When the date falls on a Sunday we make it the Monday.

This arrangement saves the secretary a lot of work, as there aren't any notices to send out—in fact being secretary is no trouble at all. We always stick to the same restaurant, and I go in two or three days before and order the dinner.

When it's over, just before we leave, I go round and collect thirty bob or so from everyone and hand it straight over to the head waiter.

He gives me a receipt which I generally lose, and there you are.

Nothing could possibly be simpler from my point of view, or, you'd think, from anyone else's, but it was this very simplicity which nearly landed us in a mess on December 1, last year.

If you'll examine our somewhat casual procedure for a moment, you'll see that it leaves the management of the restaurant, and, of course, the waiters, quite in the dark as to who any of us are (not that we care).

All they know is that we are the 19 Club, and they write it up on a card down in the hall. There's a highly polished mahogany board on an easel just inside the entrance giving the names of the rooms—and they shove it on that.

Well, by some mischance, a prowling journalist in search of prey wandered into the hall during our last June meeting and he happened to see this card.

He asked who we were, and the people down below couldn't tell him because they didn't know. They said they had no information about us of any kind.

This appears to have piqued his curiosity, and he promptly sent up his card addressed to the secretary asking for an immediate interview.

A waiter brought it to me during quite an amusing speech that was going on, and I thought it was rather cheek.

I just said "No," or words to that effect, and would Mr. Heacham please go away—Heacham was the name on the card.

I mean, the freedom of the Press is all very well in its way, but if a few friends can't dine together quietly without reporters butting in—well—it's a bit too thick.

However, Mr. Heacham did not go away.

He seems to have hung about outside for the rest of the evening until we left and then got the commissionaire at the door to point me out to him.

I never saw him at all, but he must have followed me home and then looked up my name in the directory, because two days later there was a letter from him—he wrote from an office in the Strand.

He described himself as a free-lance journalist and said that he'd been commissioned by the editor of a well-known London daily to write a series of articles on dining clubs.

Mind you, I never believe this story, because I think it's so much more likely that they write the articles first and hawk them round to the editors afterwards—but I may be wrong.

He went on to ask for the names of all our members, together with any biographical details likely to interest the public—and so on.

I believe he added that it would be a fine advertisement for us—at any rate, I called loudly for my stylographic pen and wrote him a letter to which he made no reply—and there it was.

But it only goes to show that some people don't like you to mind your own business.

By the by, I made a statement a minute or two ago which, I'm afraid, wasn't strictly accurate.

I said that when this man's card was brought to

me at the dinner, there was a speech going on. Well—actually, we don't have speeches in the generally accepted sense of the term.

What merely happens is this: Supposing anyone does something clever or interesting, like flying to Australia and back or motoring across China or inventing something wonderful, we ask him to come and dine.

And we don't confine ourselves to respectable exploits, either. If anyone were to break into the Bank of England and get away with a million pounds, I'm quite sure we should ask him to come and tell us exactly how he did it.

So you can see that in one way and another we do get a good deal of amusement and instruction, but we don't attempt to get it for nothing.

Oh, no—there's an honorarium of ten guineas which we always hope the guest of the evening will accept, and we are getting more and more sanguine about its getting accepted because no one's ever refused it yet.

You'd be surprised at some of the distinguished people to whom a tenner hasn't come amiss.

In fact the man who pouched my furtive envelope with the greatest gusto was a certain Chancellor of the Exchequer—I shan't say who it was. He'd come along and explained his budget to us.

It isn't anyone's

job in particular to procure these artists, but we all keep our eyes open for suitable "turns."

At all events, last March I happened to come across a paragraph in the newspaper.

It was tucked away in a corner, but it took my fancy very much. It was all about an Englishman called Kennedy who'd escaped from a foreign prison.

There's apparently a small island off the coast of Java which the Dutch use as a convict settlement, and Kennedy was there serving a sentence of ten years.

Well, whether they weren't kind to him, or he'd got tired of the place, I don't know, but one fine morning he decided to leave.

He climbed over the barbed wire when no one was looking and made straight for the house of the Governor of the island.

The Governor wasn't in, so Master Kennedy went into his bedroom, put on one of his uniforms, and strolled down to the harbour. There he borrowed the Governor's motor-boat and left the island flying the Governor's flag.

He even managed to extract a salute from one of our light cruisers who was lying in the harbour at the time.

After that all trace of him was lost. I showed this paragraph to several other members of the 19 Club and they all agreed that he was just the lad for us if only we could get hold of him.

It so happened that I knew the editor of the paper which had published the report, and I went and saw him and asked him to let me know if he ever heard anything more. He promised to make inquiries, but he wasn't very hopeful.

However, roughly seven weeks later I got a somewhat cryptic letter from a man in Chiswick. He said he was just back from the East and understood that I'd been inquiring about a certain person whose name began with K.

If I still wanted the information would I please call at the address on his letter (No. 23 something or other Gardens) and ask for John Smith.

This I did that same afternoon.

Something or other Gardens (and I'm not going to give the name) consisted entirely of red brick villas with "Apartments to Let" in the windows.

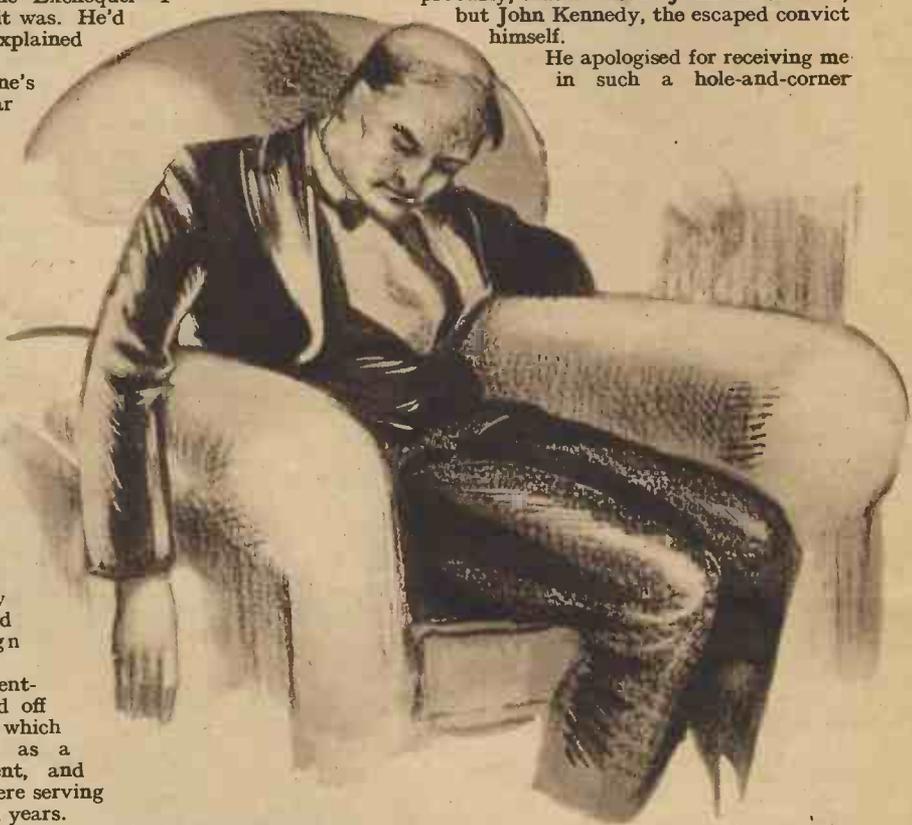
The door was opened to me by an obvious landlady—quite a nice old thing—and when I asked her for John Smith she somehow looked as though she knew it was an assumed name.

She said he was expecting me, but would I mind not stopping too long as he'd been ill. I promised not to, of course, and then she showed me into the right-hand front sitting-room.

It was typically, but comfortably, furnished. There I found a nervous little rabbit of a man of about thirty-five who kept darting to the window and peering out into the street. He also had one of those high voices which have never broken, and he talked like that all the time—it was quite difficult to get used to.

We discussed the weather until the landlady got tired of listening at the door, and then he admitted what I'd already guessed, and you too, probably, that he wasn't John Smith at all, but John Kennedy, the escaped convict himself.

He apologised for receiving me in such a hole-and-corner



way, but he was terrified of the police finding him and handing him over to the Dutch.

I said they'd get no help from me and we finally got down to the business of the 19 Club dinner.

He was a bit chary at first of coming out into the open so much, but he eventually thought he'd risk it, and he brightened up quite a lot, at the idea of a tenner.

The only trouble was that he was what they call "a bit pushed for the stuff," and he only had the clothes he stood up in. Could anything be done in the way of an advance?

He was quite frank about his affairs.

He'd had a bad go of 'flu soon after landing which had left him with a flabby heart muscle and prevented him from looking for a job. He was in debt to his landlady and altogether things weren't too rosy.

Anyway, I was able to let him have enough to square his landlady and get some clothes, and I also told him I'd get the Club to spring a bit more in the way of fee. I was most careful not to refer to his prison experiences because he didn't seem up to it, so I gave him the time and place of the dinner and came away.

My only regret was that his voice was so singularly unsuitable for the recital of daring deeds.

The 19 CLUB



"He'd fallen forward in a chair, apparently in a fit or something"

at the restaurant you have to go through a sort of ante-room, and it is our custom to assemble first of all for sherry and cocktails in this smaller room.

Well, on December 1 we were all waiting in this room when John Smith walked in—(we'd arranged to go on calling him that in his own interest).

He looked a good deal better in health than when I'd seen him last, but he'd evidently been fortifying himself against the ordeal of delivering his discourse.

Not that he was at all screwed, but he had undoubtedly had one or two.

It was a good thing he was a bit late and that there was only time for him to have one glass of sherry before we went in. I also took the precaution of sitting next to him and seeing that he didn't overdo it.

It seemed mean, but it was no use him getting tight too soon.

Anyway, dinner went off all right, and soon after "the King," when the waiters had all cleared out, our chairman invited him to tell us about his experiences out East. He also gave an assurance on behalf of the Club that nothing he said would go any further.

Whereupon John Smith Kennedy got up and

It would be as well, perhaps, to explain that to get to the room we dine in

proceeded to tell his story, and a very astonishing story it was.

He led off by saying that the crime of which he'd been convicted had been a burglary in Brussels, of all places.

No one said anything, but most of us thought it rather peculiar for a man to be sent to a Dutch penal settlement for an offence, however heinous, against the law of Belgium.

He made other equally glaring mistakes too, and it soon became perfectly clear that the whole story was a pack of lies from beginning to end, and that he'd never been nearer Java than Southend.

Things got so ridiculous that it was finally put to him that he was romancing—and he admitted it without any beating about the bush. He said he wasn't the man Kennedy at all, that he'd never been in prison, and that the whole thing was a hoax.

We said: "Ha, ha, very funny, and all that, but if you aren't Kennedy, who are you?"

And then he sprang his great surprise.

You remember that man Heacham, the journalist who'd sent up his card and tried to find out about the club? Well—he was Heacham, getting a bit of his own back.

I didn't see at first how he'd got hold of the Kennedy story in connection with us, but he explained with fiendish glee that he occasionally did work for my editor man, and he'd actually been sent for and given the job of making inquiries about it.

The editor must have mentioned my name and told him why I wanted the information.

Needless to say, he hadn't traced Kennedy but he'd used the circumstances to score off me and the Club—and there was no denying that he'd done it jolly well.

We shouldn't have cared two hoots if he hadn't been so beastly offensive.

He strutted up and down and jeered at us, and that wasn't the worst—he was going straight along to the *Daily What Not* and the whole story would be in the paper next morning complete with such of our names as he knew.

He got so truculent that if he hadn't been our guest I am quite sure someone would have slogged him on the beak.

We told him that we didn't wish the story to appear in the paper and should take steps to prevent it, whereupon he completely lost his hair.

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."

It was pointed out to him that no one had the slightest intention of using any violence, and I can't make it too clear that nothing which any of us said or did could have been taken as in the least threatening.

We did, however, say that before he left we should like a few minutes to discuss the situation in private, and would he mind going into the ante-room.

He did, and one of us went with him to keep him company.

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."

So we all crowded in and—my word—he didn't look at all well. He'd fallen forward in a chair apparently in a faint or a fit or something.

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 how a heavy dinner and over-excitement had caused acute dilation of the heart when it was a bit groggy, and it had snuffed out.

Extremely simple, no doubt, from the medical point of view, but devilish awkward from ours.

We were very sorry, of course, but, at the same time, we couldn't help feeling a little annoyed with this person for coming to the dinner under false pretences and then going and dying on us as well, so there definitely wasn't the frantic amount of sympathy which there otherwise would have been.

It would be bound to get into the papers, and a tragedy like that always does a restaurant a certain amount of harm, and it would also mean that some of us would have to spend a merry morning in the coroner's court.

So we were all standing about looking rather grave, and putting our cigars down, when one man remarked in a thoughtful kind of way: "What an awful lot of trouble it would have saved if only this individual could have survived long enough to get home."

And then he gave a little nod—just like that—and as everyone knows a nod is sometimes as good as a wink, especially when it comes from anyone as high up in the Service as he was—and his meaning was so utterly scandalous that I'm sure all of you will have grasped it.

I asked him, I said: "Is it too late, sir, for you to get a game of bridge somewhere?" and he thought, No, it wasn't too late.

He caught the eye of two or three more of similar rank to himself and they all sauntered out.

When they'd gone we put our heads together and settled our course of action.

We posted a man on the door to keep out stray waiters and went and fetched all the hats and coats, including the unfortunate Heacham's. While we were putting his on the man with the largest car was told to go and get it and send his chauffeur home.

As soon as word came through that it was at the door we got a move on.

A sort of advance guard of five went on ahead to make a demonstration. They were to send all available commissionaires for cars or taxis and generally clear the entrance of hotel staff. The main body, so to speak, followed a little way behind.

This main body consisted of another man and me supporting Heacham with the rest of the 19 Club in close formation all round us.

We went down the stairs without the slightest check, all laughing and talking, though not feeling a bit like it, but when we got into the hall we were confronted by a most appalling snag.

They'd gone and rigged up the revolving doors—they'd been folded back out of the way before dinner, but I suppose it must have got much colder during the evening.

Anyway, there the brutes were revolving away like anything, and we wondered how on earth we were going to manage.

Perhaps some of you've tried going through those doors two at once—it's a bit of a squash at the best of times, when you're both of you alive, but you try it when one of you isn't and you'll admit that it's no fun at all.

We couldn't stop and confer without attracting attention, so our front rank went through and formed a screen on the outside.

Then as secretary of the Club I felt it my duty to be entirely responsible for our guest, and he gave me no help at all.

When we were half-way through and completely shut off from the outer world his hat fell off—I had to retrieve it with one hand and keep him propped up with the other. The people who were turning the doors round saw and backed water to give me time, but it was a trying experience and I'm quite prepared to swap nightmares with anyone.

I didn't feel happy until we'd got him into the car, and even then "happy" is rather an overstatement.

(Continued on page 21)

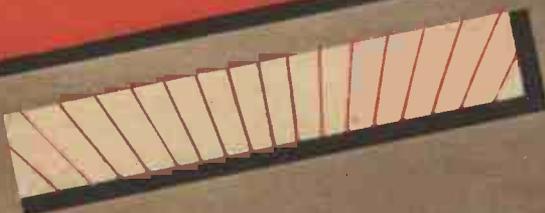


LANDESENDER
BEROMÜNSTER



THE RADIO RO

A modern radio set gives you the shortest and most direct route to the Continent! All Europe's programmes are available to you at the touch of the tuning knob. This composite group of photographs gives a vivid picture of Europe's radio





WELCOME TO THE CONTINENT

The striking photographs in the centre are of a pianist at Radio Kaunas, of the Beromunster station, Leo Held (Chief Announcer at Berne), Radio Riga, the announcer in a Kaunas studio, and Mme. Stein-Birkmanis at the microphone in picturesque Riga costume. Below are photographs of Bisamburg, an artist at Kaunas, the Milan station, and S. Sormano and M. Marconi, two of the announcers at Radio Milan



Godfrey WINN says

"If I Ran the TALKS Department . . ."



A vivid picture in the talks studio—Harry Mizler, the lightweight champion—at the microphone.

WITH a few exceptions, I can't listen to the talks on the wireless. They make me want to break the loud-speaker.

Do you feel the same?

A great number of people do, I am certain. Automatically, they switch off, when a talk is scheduled: or else, they conscientiously try to listen, but, after a few minutes, are compelled to surrender the unequal struggle.

Why does this happen with such painful frequency?

Why is it that you and I, who are of average intelligence and average curiosity about life in general, fail to enjoy the majority of the fare provided by the Talks Department of the B.B.C.?

Somehow, I can't feel that it is altogether our fault. After all, we don't only look at the picture papers, we don't only listen to jazz music.

A relay of a concert from Queen's Hall finds us listening without fidgeting.

Why is it that the corresponding thing in talks makes us either bored or blasphemous?

Well, there are many contributing causes to this state of affairs, but the chief fault of the Talks Department, I think, is the openly-avowed policy of attaching more importance to matter than to manner. They present and produce their speakers in a way that would disgrace a third-rate touring company. All their energies seem to go in securing the "Right man for the Subject." But I should like to point out that he is only the right

man in their eyes, that are blinded by his reputation as an expert to the woeful deficiencies in his voice and personality. In consequence, he fails to "get over" to us, and thus his matter, however brilliant, goes for nothing . . .

The B.B.C. doesn't realise that, of course. They still persist in believing that once they have brought an established authority to the microphone, that their work is finished and success automatically assured.

Far from it.

Experts are notoriously inhuman.

Again and again, I have been appalled by the feeling of inhumanity that has come over the ether: it has been almost as though one was listening to the voice of a dead man. So cold, so lacking in human warmth and enthusiasm, so impersonal.

A lecture delivered in a draught to an otherwise empty hall. Whereas one ought to feel that the talker is in the room with you, enjoying a friendly chat, reluctant to leave you and go out into the cold at closing time!

That atmosphere can and must be achieved.

If I were the head of the Talks Department it would be achieved. People with a patronising manner, people with plums in their mouth, people with brows that reach to the roof of the studio, people with a confessed mission to improve the minds of the listeners, they would all be "out" under my regime.

For I know that it is possible, despite the formidable difficulties of transmission, to achieve an atmosphere of warmth and

intimacy and personal contact over the ether: that there are brilliant brains that can present their matter in a manner that is intelligible and welcome to every listener. Example: the enormously successful series of talks given by Harold Nicholson a year or two ago.

I listened to them all with unalloyed pleasure.

Doubtless you did, too, and can bear me out when I say that whether he was in serious or light vein, dramatic or reminiscent, he never failed to "get across."

Indeed, I feel that it was a grave error on the part of the Powers That Be at Portland Place to let him leave the microphone.

If for no other reason, his manner set a superb standard to other speakers.

I should bring him back immediately and I should also invite Rebecca West to give a weekly talk, summing up recent world happenings from the woman's point of view. She has a brilliant brain and an excellent delivery. I have heard her speak often in public, but never over the wireless. Why?

It may, of course, be a question of fee.

The Talks Department is notoriously mean in regard to payment of their speakers. The B.B.C. is perfectly willing to squander thousands on musical and vaudeville programmes, but the usual fee that they pay for a talk is so little that many well-known writers, not surprisingly, refuse to accept it.

Two examples of which I am personally cognisant: Clemence Dane and P. G. Wodehouse.

Now, as a listener, I should like to hear those two famous people talk, and if I ran the Talks Department, I should see that I did hear them talk.

It is probably only a question of re-adjustment on the financial side . . .

And it is completely false, moreover, the excuse that the authorities offer that they can't afford to pay more than ten to twelve guineas a talk.

They can perfectly well.

They do.

Sometimes they pay as much as a hundred guineas.

For instance, the other night, I listened to a talk by a certain Professor Alexander, entitled *Philosophy and Beauty*. It was one of the four National Lectures that are given each year and which are regarded by the authorities as the Blue Ribbon of Broadcasting. So much so that the speakers receive the magnificent fee of one hundred guineas for their services. That is a fact.

Now, who would you rather hear speak—P. G. Wodehouse, the greatest living English humorist or Professor Alexander? I defy anyone outside purely academic circles—a minute fraction of the public, anyway—to assert that they honestly enjoyed that lecture.

I suspect that if they listened at all that night, it was to the alternative programme.

Continued on page 24

Stars at Home—4

Meet Elsie and Doris Waters — perhaps the most popular and versatile of all radio comedy teams. They are just as



entertaining in their own home, as at the Mike, and you can't fail to be interested in this domestic article

Gert and Daisy—at home

NOBODY ever gets tired of listening to the Waters sisters. And who would not jump at the chance of visiting them in their own home—the opportunity of getting a Gert and Daisy “turn” all to themselves!

They live in a charming old house in Albert Road, very nearly opposite the North entrance to the Zoo, and next to St. Mark's Church, Regent's Park.

Elsie and Doris Waters are charming in their home. Like all busy people they are cheerful.

They were in the middle of a week at Shepherd's Bush and were hoping to get home early for once. However, someone rang up and wanted to take them out to supper. After some discussion they decided to accept. They were rather amusing about it.

Elsie and Doris have four brothers of whom only one—the eldest—lives at home. So that, with Mrs. Waters, they are four in family.

They were born in the East End of London which, of course, accounts for their perfect Cockney accent. Their “Gert-and-Daisy-speech” is, as a matter of fact, correct in every detail, but you would never think they could relapse into such pure Cocknese (that is the refaned B.B.C. term for it) judging by their ordinary speech.

Just the difference between an assumed dialect and the real thing. We hear heaps of people on the wireless who are quite passably good at imitating the American style, but we notice a difference when a Yank comes along and gives us the real thing.

So it is with Elsie and Doris. They give us the real thing.

Both girls have been well educated. They studied piano and elocution at the Guildhall School of Music. Elsie also studied the violin. You ought to write to them and get them to give a violin and piano recital on the wireless.

These girls are both thoroughly musical. Elsie writes those exceedingly clever songs on the wives of famous broadcasters. That on Mrs. Henry Hall caused great amusement.

Doris said that Henry himself heard them do it at a theatre. After the scene was over Elsie told the audience that Mr. Hall was in one of the boxes. A lime was turned on him and he received an ovation then and there.

The sisters began their professional career some ten years ago, performing at concerts, at homes, etc. The joke is that when the B.B.C. first asked them to broadcast they wouldn't hear of it.

Not that they were alone in that. There was a great fear with a good many entertainers that broadcasting would interfere with their theatre work.

Elsie's view is that she and Doris can go on night after night at a hall or theatre and do their act, but if it is broadcast the whole world gets it at once. That finishes it.

In the end they made a wise decision. They simply kept the two things separate. They never repeat their wireless acts.

All the same, admirers are always urging them to repeat one or another of their acts, especially the scene where Doris has the “hiccups.” That was a great favourite.

They have a little den at home. Just typical of them. Besides ordinary furniture there is an extension of the 'phone on the table, their day-book in which they record all their engagements, a piano, their books, music and manuscripts.

We had coffee while we were there. (Doris distinguished herself by upsetting the milk.)

Next Week

A bumper number of “Radio Pictorial” with another fine crayon portrait in two colours . . . a gift plate of the ever popular Gracie Fields.

Order Next Week's Issue Now

If you listen carefully to Gert and Daisy—by the way, Elsie is Gert and Doris is Daisy—you will realise what good friends they are. They never quarrel in the scene and are always interested in each other.

So it is in real life.

Elsie and Doris Waters are devoted to one another. They never squabble. They agree as the Waters of the Thames.

Last year Doris was very ill and Elsie was worried out of her life. They had to cut a good many engagements. Even that was illuminating. Only one of their managers expressed sympathy and sent his love to Doris. The rest were merely annoyed at a broken contract.

Gert and Daisy, of course, are two of your real favourites. You love hearing their chatter and laugh at their humour. You probably commiserated with “Bert” when he had to cook his own supper.

He need not have been such an imbecile as to try to make himself an omelet. Still, he did clean his bicycle with it and now they use it as a kettle holder.

You will remember that amusing scene in Ashley Sterne's very clever revue, “How Does Your Garden Grow?” At Christmas he sent them a beautiful little toy garden in memory of the success of that show. Doris said he had it specially made.

The sisters record a good deal, of course. Their recently made record “London Pride” (which contains the passage quoted above) is a real scream.

They were rather upset because so many of their records have been broadcast. Quite naturally, of course. It spoils the whole idea for them.

Well, there you are. Just a peep at two extremely amusing entertainers who, when you come to know them in private life, are in reality refined and dignified women.

And if you come to think of it, that is why Gert and Daisy, as microphone personalities, are such lovable creatures.

This first-hand account by Felix Mendelsohn, our dance-music correspondent, of the gay scenes when the late-night dance music is being broadcast, will thrill you



A Gay Picture of Some Leading Dance Bands in Action

*Out of the
Dance
BAND
Box*

IT'S just 10.30 p.m. Time to start dancing. Switch on the radio and listen to the best bands in the West End. Maybe it's Ambrose, Harry Roy, Lew Stone, Roy Fox, Jack Jackson, Charlie Kunz or any one of the gay brigade from the cafés and restaurants.

Or Henry R. Hall from the B.B.C. Let me introduce some of your dance-band personalities. First of all, Harry Roy, maestro of melody of the May Fair Hotel. I describe him as Britain's brightest leader.

His band is Britain's brightest band. Harry never takes broadcasting very seriously; he takes it calmly; is never nervous. He rehearses his band for numbers on the same day in the afternoon that he broadcasts.

Then, as they are playing one tune, scores of music publishers come in and worry him to play this and that tune. Arrangers arrive. But his biggest worry is his rehearsing.

His vocalists are his hench-men, Bill Currie and Ivor Moreton. They fool before the microphone always with a smile on their faces, singing away different numbers that they have only heard that same afternoon and yet are ready to sing on the air the same night.

You can see Joe Daniels with a tremendous array of instruments all round him banging away, pipe in mouth, smiling and happy.

Tommy Venn, Harry's guitarist, saying nothing and taking everything seriously.

The two pianists, Dave Kaye and Ivor Moreton play together on the same piano their famous "Tiger Rag." Arthur Calkin strums on the bass. The saxophone team play hard with gusto. They are Nat Temple, Joe Arbiter, with Maurice Sterndale on the fiddle. Jack Collins plays the trumpet.

Then comes broadcasting time. At 9.30 the band commences to play at the May Fair and 10.25 the red light goes on in readiness for their two and a half hours' broadcast of dance music.

"We are now taking you over to the May Fair Hotel for a programme of dance music by Harry Roy and his Band."

They open their programme with their popular signature tune "Bugle Call Rag" and Bill Currie says: "Good-evening, everybody. We are now going to play you. . . . Our vocalists for to-night are Bill Currie, Ivor Moreton and Harry Roy."

Although Harry takes broadcasting quite seriously, he is entertaining to dancers by dancing about, and yet when it is his turn to go to the mike he is there as usual, jubilant as ever.

Then Ivor Moreton. When he sings a vocal chorus, he has to rush quickly from his piano over to the mike and sing his song and straight back to the piano.

Bill Currie, after every two numbers, does the announcing.

—and is of a nervous and kind nature. He broadcasts from the Casani Club and introduced "Here Comes Charlie" as his signature tune.

Harry Bentley says "Here comes Charlie Kunz." Charlie, meanwhile, has been playing at the piano, rushes to the mike, nearly out of breath, just says "Good-evening, Everybody . . ." but is very anxious to get back to his piano!

Harry Bentley announces his vocalists.—Eve Beck and Harry Bentley—and on with the programme.

Charlie's band is marvellous. The vocal choruses always come over well. One thing you will always notice about his vocalists is that before singing, they always have a glass of water in their hand, just to refresh themselves.

Charlie gets many requests for a piano solo and has a terrific fan mail. While the broadcast is on—when Eve Beck is singing—Harry Bentley rushes in to the amplifier room to hear how she is "coming over."

Charlie is of medium build and might be taken for a big game hunter!

And now I'll take you over to the Café Anglais for a programme of dance music by Lew Stone.

Lew is a very quiet, reserved fellow—always concentrating on his work . . . always busy orchestrating, thinking his programme out.

Continued on page 21



Our dance-band correspondent deals with broadcasts from leading hotels and restaurants. Here is the other end of the picture, the studio broadcasting of the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra, directed by Henry Hall

"WYNNE AJELLO"
Cap and Cardigan



EVERY listener knows the name of Wynne Ajello. When I saw her the other day, she was wearing this attractive cardigan. I admired the slim fitting waist, the unusual sleeves and smart revers. And I obtained the full instructions, so that you can make it, too.

MATERIALS.—9 oz. Copley's 4-ply "Excelsior" wool, pale blue. 3 buttons. No. 4 crochet hook.

MEASUREMENTS.—Length of sleeves, 6 1/4 inches. Length from shoulder to hem, 17 1/4 inches. Width across to under arm, 18 1/4 inches.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Tr., treble; d.c., double crochet; st., stitch; sl.st., slip stitch; ch., chain.

THE CARDIGAN

Make a ch. 38 1/2 inches long when fully stretched.

1st row—1 loop ch., 2 tr. into 1st loop, 1 d.c. into next, 1 loop ch., 2 tr. into next. Repeat to end, ending on 2 tr. (46 roses.)

2nd row—2 tr. into 1st d.c., 1 d.c. into centre of next 2 tr., 1 loop ch., 2 tr. into next d.c. Repeat to end of row ending on 1 tr.

3rd row—1 loop ch., 1 d.c. into first 2 tr., 1 loop ch., 1 tr. into next d.c. 1 tr. into next 2 tr., Repeat to end, ending on 1 tr.

4th row—1 loop ch., 2 tr. into first tr., 1 d.c. into next tr., 2 tr. into next tr., 1 d.c. into next. Repeat to end of row, ending on 2 tr.

5th row—1 loop ch., 2 tr. into first d.c., 1 d.c. into next 2 tr. Repeat to end of row, ending on 1 tr.

6th row—1 loop ch., 1 d.c. into next 2 tr., 2 tr. into next d.c. Repeat to end of row, ending on 2 tr.

7th row—1 loop ch., 1 tr. into next d.c., 1 tr. into next 2 tr., 1 tr. into next d.c., and 1 tr. into next 2 tr. Repeat to end of row, ending on 2 tr.

8th row—1 loop ch., 2 tr. into 1st tr., 1 d.c. into next tr., 2 tr. into next tr., 1 d.c. into next. Repeat to end of row, ending on 2 tr. Repeat for 3 rows.

12th row—Repeat 3rd row.

13th row—As 6th row. **14th row**—As 8th row. **15th row**—As 8th row for 3 rows.

19th row—Repeat 3rd row. **20th row**—As 4th row. **21st row**—As 5th row. **22nd row**—As 6th row. **23rd row**—As 6th row. **24th row**—As 6th row. **25th row**—As 3rd row. **26th row**—As 4th row. **27th row**—As 5th row. **28th row**—As 6th row. **29th row**—As 6th row. **30th row**—As 6th row. **31st row**—As 3rd row. **32nd row**—As 4th row.

33rd row—Repeat 5th row for 10 roses, then 1 d.c. into next 2 tr., and 1 d.c. into next d.c., 1 d.c. into next 2 tr., 1 d.c. into next d.c. Repeat for 6 roses. Repeat pattern to 18 roses from end and do 8 roses in d.c. Repeat pattern for remaining 10 roses, ending on 2 tr.

34th row—Repeat pattern for 10 roses, d.c. for 10 d.c. and repeat pattern. D.c. for 10 d.c. Repeat pattern ending on 2 tr.

35th row—Repeat pattern for 10 roses and turn. **36th row**—1 loop ch., 2 tr. into next d.c. 1 d.c. into next 2 tr. Repeat to end of row, ending on 2 tr. Repeat for 14 rows.

Continued on page 27

75,000

NEW HAIRS

Grown in 3 Months

STUPENDOUS SUCCESS OF MARVELLOUS NEW TREATMENT

Scalp Bald for 17 Years Covered with Dense New Growth of Healthy Hair



The secret causes of hair decay, and a wonderful new treatment, have been discovered by a well-known Consulting Hair Specialist who has spent eighteen years in a successful private practice.

This is Mr. A. J. Pye, of Blackpool, who has already established such a sound reputation in his special sphere of work that medical men frequently hand over to him patients troubled about their hair and scalp.

In one recently treated case, Mr. Pye estimates that in less than three months the treatment has grown fully 75,000 new hairs. The average head of dark hair contains 110,000 hairs, and the average head of fair hair 150,000. The case referred to was one of complete baldness, in which a wig had been worn for seventeen years to hide the total loss of hair. The wig is no longer needed, in consequence of the wonderful new growth which has resulted from Mr. Pye's scientific treatment. It will be seen, therefore, that his estimate is well within the mark.

HAIR "SEEDS" STILL ALIVE IN HAIRLESS HEADS

Mr. Pye has proved by actual cases such as the above that the hair "seeds" frequently remain alive in hairless heads for many years. In all such cases (possibly upwards of 90 per cent.) new hair growth can be achieved, provided only that the real causes of the trouble are known and proper scientific treatment is applied.

Mr. Pye divides the causes of falling out of the hair into two classes, those which can be reached through the scalp and those which can only be got at through the blood.

Just as there are surface disorders of the body, such as boils and carbuncles, which can, to a large extent be treated from without, and other disorders, such as Indigestion or Liver Complaint, which can only be treated from within, so some hair troubles can be treated through the scalp, while others can only be corrected through the blood. In other words, the treatment, to be successful, must in these cases build up the hair-growing cells in the scalp by feeding these cells with hair-building material conveyed to them through the general circulation.

HAIR-GROWING MATERIAL INCREASED TO MAXIMUM

This can now be done by means of the wonderful new treatment prescribed in all suitable cases by this skilled hair specialist, whose remedies increase the required hair-growing material in the hair cells to a maximum.

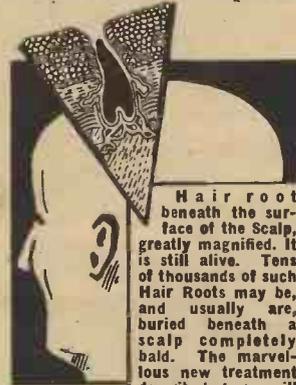
DENSE LUXURIANT GROWTH REPLACES SCANTY HAIR

Immediately they are thus fed with the hair-growing material of which

FREE BOOK Explains How Hair and Scalp Troubles can be Banished by Simple Home Treatment

they have been starved, the dormant, or un-awakened hair "seeds" spring into active life, grow with great rapidity, sprout forth vigorously upon the surface of the scalp, and develop into luxuriant hair of full natural colour and density of growth.

Many cases, on the other hand, respond with equal success to remedies applied to the scalp itself, and in these cases also Mr. Pye is achieving wonderful hair-growing triumphs. In every case the treatment is specially prepared to suit the particular type of case under consideration, and none other.



TENDENCY OF HAIR TO FALL OUT COMPLETELY STOPPED IN 7 DAYS

Another example, in passing, may be given to illustrate the extraordinary success of Mr. Pye's methods. In cases where the hair has been falling out alarmingly owing to the follicles being weak and relaxed, Mr. Pye's treatment has so toned up and strengthened the follicles that the hair fall has been completely stopped within 7 days.

GREYNESS IS OVERCOME AS NEW HAIR GROWS OF FULL NATURAL COLOUR

Mr. Pye's treatment is not less successful in restoring the full natural colour to grey and faded tresses. As the colouring pigment flows into the vigorous new growing hair, the grey hair gradually disappears.

FREE DIAGNOSIS AND ADVICE

Arrangements have been made for Mr. Pye to diagnose free of charge and without any obligation, every case of hair trouble submitted to him by readers of this paper. He will also send on application, free of charge and post free, a copy of his most important treatise entitled, "How to End Hair and Scalp Troubles."

All readers are required to do is to fill up and post the special form provided below to Mr. A. J. Pye, 5 Queen Street, Blackpool 19.



HEALTHY HAIR
Follicle tightened up by Mr. Pye's special treatment. A positive tug would be required to pull out the hair.

ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS

Is your Hair Falling Out?.....Receding at Temples?
.....Thin or Bald on Top?.....Going Grey?.....Is Scalp Irritable, particularly at night, when tired?.....Have you Bald Patches (Alopecia)?.....

What is your Age?.....Have you Dandruff?.....

Is Scalp Dry or Oily?.....What Severe Illness?.....

How long ago?.....

To ARTHUR J. PYE, F.R.S.A., 5 Queen Street, BLACKPOOL 19.

Please send me your book, individual diagnosis of my case, and personal advice, free and without obligation.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

EVE and the MIKE

FROCKS, coats, and coats and skirts—few this season are without a decorative scarf of some kind, tied high round the neck in a loose knot, and dangling luxuriant ends. They make, of course, an essential part of outdoor chic, as well as appearing on dresses and jerseys—even the most sophisticated of afternoon frocks are finished with satin neck “mufflers”—while sports suits of the popular beige and oatmeal shades have cravats in gay Paisleys and multi-coloured silks. I have seen one covered all over with little horses’ heads, and another in a design like Chinese script.

Belts, too, are very widely featured in the new models. They can be very broad or very narrow, according to taste. The most fascinating are of stout leather ending in enormous pronged buckles of heavy beaten metal. A thin dressing-gown cord effect is also to be seen; it is used on fur coats.

Among the most fascinating of the buttons are those made from sections cut across horn so that each one has a slightly different contour; they are polished on both sides. There is also the black and white domino button—surprisingly effective on a smart town suit.

Pockets are placed in the most unexpected manner, and shaped in a variety of odd ways. One striking green suit shown in a recent collection had one corner of each pocket turned back, like the flap of an envelope. And others, with tucked-in flaps, looked just like leather cigarette cases.

Keeping Your Eyes Young

To soothe and refresh your eyes before starting off for an evening party, there is nothing like giving them a complete rest for a few minutes. Just as many as you can spare. Lie back with your eyes closed and place on them a pad of cotton wool soaked in an astringent. I have found that a mixture of two parts of rose water to two parts of eau-de-Cologne is very refreshing. This tightens the muscles round the eyes, and will often defeat the beginnings of a headache. Then rinse your eyes in warm boracic water.

So much can be done to improve your whole appearance by a little care and attention to the eyes. Clever make-up, for instance, will effect almost anything. Are your eyes too small? Then a trace of eye-shadow on the upper lid will make them seem wider and deepen their colour. Or a touch of shadow at the outer corner of the eye will add length.



Zipp fasteners at neck and pocket are features of this gay and practical sports blouse



At last! A safety tin opener. It cuts round the top of a tin like a pair of scissors

Apply the shadow with the third finger. And let it be a shadow; just the merest trace, never at all obvious. Grey-blue is the right shade for blue eyes, a brighter blue for green eyes, brown for grey eyes, and a soft greyish tint for the darkest eyes of all.

Scorched Linen

Next time you scorch linen while you are ironing, try rubbing the marks with a piece of raw onion—or a slice of lemon is just as good. If you set

This Week's RADIO RECIPES—

by Mrs. R. H. Brand

Jean Melville, endeared to Radio Variety artists for her unfailing good humour and brilliant pianoforte accompanying, has an epicurean taste in food. One of her favourite dishes is “Crêpes Suzette.” Here is the recipe:—

Make an ordinary Pancake mixture, add 1 dessertspoonful of Kirsch. Warm in basin over hot water 3 oz. of fresh butter and 3 oz. castor sugar; stir until completely melted, add 1 dessertspoonful tangerine orange juice, and ½ teaspoonful Maraschino; keep hot whilst frying pancakes, which must be extremely thin. When cooked, coat one side with the mixture, roll up, re-heat in oven, sprinkle sugar before serving.

Cheese Soufflé

2 oz. butter; 1 oz. flour; 1 gill milk; 3 eggs; salt; pepper; ¼ lb. grated Parmesan cheese.

Method.—Melt butter in saucepan, add flour and stir well for a few seconds. Add milk gradually, stir vigorously until mixture boils, and leaves the sides of the pan clean, then remove from fire. Mix in separately the yolks of eggs (2 only), beat well, add seasoning and cheese. Beat whites of eggs very stiffly, fold into the mixture, three-parts fill a well-buttered soufflé mould, cook about ½ hour until well risen, firm to touch and brown, sprinkle with cheese, serve immediately.

to work immediately the accident happens, it is often possible to remove the mark entirely—that is, provided the threads of the fabric are not damaged. Slice the onion or lemon occasionally, to bring fresh juice to the surface; then soak the part in cold water.

The Week's Hint

To remove the stain on wallpaper where people have rested their heads, mix pipeclay with water to the consistency of cream, lay it on the spot and allow it to remain till the following day, when it may easily be removed with a penknife or brush.

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.



The grooved base of this girdle pan prevents burning, and the insulated handle saves burnt fingers

Out of the Dance Band Box—Continued from page Eighteen

He is of small build, and dark. He has many famous personalities in his band such as Al Bowly and Nat Gonella—the nearest approach to Louis Armstrong! And he has some of the best musicians in the country.

All the world loves a love crooner and Al puts pathos into his songs! He puts his whole heart and soul into singing.

Lew does his own announcing and sings a number occasionally. At times he brings the whole of his band to the mike to sing something. He is requested by many fans to play the ever-popular "Little Nell" . . . which his band made famous.

Now for a quick visit to the Kit-cat.

A programme of music by Roy Fox.

Roy, with his fascinating American accent, does all his announcing, introduces his singers, Miss Peggy Dell, Jack Plant and Denny Denis, his new discovery.

Roy is tall and very neatly dressed. His band gives a very breezy entertainment. A fine stage show.

FROM the time when he was a member of his school dance band, Carroll Gibbons seems to have made up his mind that that was the career he was made for. And it didn't take him long to get going.

He was born in 1903 at Clinton, a small manufacturing town near Boston, Massachusetts, U.S.A. At the age of fifteen he was already on the stage, acting as a concert pianist. Like so many other dance band leaders—Jack Payne, for instance—the piano has always been his favourite instrument.

His next two years were spent in an arduous apprenticeship in various small orchestras. It was then he learnt all the ins and outs of the entertainment business. At the end of them, he found himself in Boston again, where he secured the job of playing the Wurlitzer organ at one of the largest cinemas. At that time he studied at the New England Conservatoire of Music.

In 1924 the opportunity presented itself of coming to England. And there he has stayed ever since—except for one visit to Hollywood, which he considers one of the most amusing experiences of his life.

This was in the then novel capacity of composer and musical arranger for talking films.

Talking films were then in their infancy. Film directors were taken by surprise by the introduction of sound, and did not know how to handle it. Most of them were frankly sceptical of its potentialities. Gibbons was roped in to teach them, and was given the Musical Directorship at Elstree.

His fame spread. And in 1928 he left England for Hollywood with M.-G.-M. as composer.

He returned in 1931 to become co-director of the Savoy Orpheans with Howard Jacobs. This was not the first time he had been connected with them, of course. Soon after he first came to London with Rudy Vallee, he had joined the Orpheans, and had broadcast with them for the B.B.C. Recently, when Howard Jacobs left the Savoy for the Berkeley, Carroll took over the Orpheans entirely.

He has been broadcasting frequently ever since 1925.

"The 19 Club"—Continued from page Thirteen

Another man and I sat with him between us at the back, and there was just the owner in front, driving.

He drove very carefully, too, because it wouldn't have done for us to run into anything and all get asked for our names and addresses. Also, we didn't want to get to Chiswick too early.

As it was, in spite of simply crawling the whole way we found a light in the first-floor window.

We came back in ten minutes, but it was still there, and we drove about the district for the best part of an hour, passing the house at intervals, before it was put out.

However, it finally was and the last stage of our operations began.

The car dropped us and drove off to wait a few turnings away. The other man and I carried our friend up the garden path and in at the front door.

This was easy, because we'd got his key, but then we struck another bad patch.

When I'd called at the house the first time there'd been linoleum on the hall floor, but this had evidently been taken up, leaving nothing but bare tiles.

There wasn't even a mat, and when we stepped on to these tiles straight off the gravel path you can imagine the row we made—slate pencils weren't in it—and it woke the landlady.

She came to the top of the stairs and called down: "Is that Mr.

Heacham?" and I said: "Yes" in a high falsetto voice—(after all it was).

Then she said: "Your cocoa's on the kitchen stove," and I said: "Thanks very much. Good night," and she mercifully went back to bed.

We then got Heacham into his room and switched on the light. We took off his hat and coat and arranged him as naturally as we could in an arm-chair.

I went along to the kitchen and fetched his cocoa and cup and saucer, and poured some out for him.

If we'd been his murderers and we almost felt like it, we couldn't have taken more pains, but I should like to put it on record that from first to last he was treated with all due respect.

We didn't forget to leave the light burning, and his own finger-prints were on the cup and saucer.

We got away without a sound, picked up the car as arranged, and reached home without incident.

There wasn't an inquest, or if there was it didn't get into any paper, and everything must have passed off quite smoothly, but we had an anxious few days all the same.

We were anxious because I'd made one foolish mistake as criminals so often do. On the face of it it was trifling, but even so, it ought to have rotted up the whole of our good work.

I'd come away with Heacham's latch-key in my overcoat pocket.

Doctors Call It

"MIDDLE AGE SPREAD"

But your friends say

"My, isn't she getting FAT?"



The one thing that makes any woman look middle aged is excess fat. Some women never seem to grow older, and if you'll notice, those are the women who keep their slender, youthful figures—who keep their youthful pep and vitality.

Fat is the foe of beauty, the hallmark of middle age. And fat is unnecessary. Science has discovered a way to control the excess weight. A simple, easy way that supplies the same normal element that the body itself uses. Thousands of women about you are using it every day. They find it in Marmola brand Antifat Tablets.

All you do is take four tablets a day. Moderation helps, of course, but starvation diets and strenuous exercise are not necessary. Try them yourself. You will be delighted at how well you feel. And you will hardly believe your eyes when you see the hated fat disappear. Take them as directed in the book that you will find in every package. And when you reach the weight you desire, stop. It is so simple and easy that you will regret that you did not do it months or even years ago.

You owe it to yourself to try Marmola Tablets. Why not start to-morrow?

Marmola brand Antifat Tablets are sold by all chemists at 3/- per box or sent post paid on receipt of price by the Marmola Distributing Agency (Dept. 99), 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. Send this coupon or write for our latest book, a two-day sample free, and our guarantee

MARMOLA DISTRIBUTING AGENCY (Dept. 99),
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Please forward two-day sample and Marmola Booklet, also Guarantee Form—FREE.

Name.....
Address.....

Rapid strides are taking place in TELEVISION



RAPID strides are taking place in television, and as a radio enthusiast you should keep in touch with these developments. The January issue of "Television," the first of the new series, was an instant success, and was sold out within three days of publication.

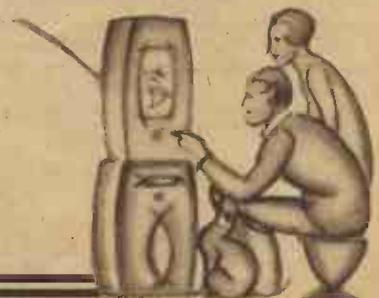
The demand for the February issue, which is on sale to-day, will be equally heavy, and you would be well advised to get a copy immediately.

"Television," in its new form, is considerably increased in size, and many new features have been added.

Price 1/- of all bookstalls and news-agents.

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.



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FEBRUARY

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After the use of the Beasley Rupture Appliance for 18 months a complete cure was wrought. I had trusses from two other firms, but neither were the success your Appliance has been. I am in my 73rd year and have given up the use of the Appliance now as I am completely cured."

So writes W. J. S., of Wolverhampton. He is one of thousands who are delighted after a full test. We invite you to accept this independent opinion and try for yourself the wonderful relief afforded by the amazing air cushion Beasley Appliance. Let us send you our FREE descriptive booklet giving particulars of our absolutely Free Trial.

HERE IS YOUR QUICKEST WAY TO COMFORT freedom and Health—write at once, and learn how inexpensive and effective is the Beasley Rupture Appliance, endorsed by "The Lancet" and recommended by Approved Societies whose members may obtain a Beasley Appliance Free or partly free. Send a postcard with your name and address—NOW to:

BEASLEY APPLIANCE CO.,

Dept. 119, 26 Charing Cross Rd., London.

The London, Manchester (270 Deansgate) and Bradford (34 Manchester Rd.) establishments are open until 6 p.m. on Saturdays.

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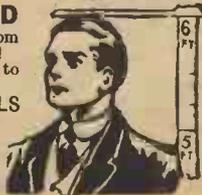
HEIGHT INCREASED

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.



What Listeners Think . . .

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

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

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

Our Programme List

WHAT a marvellous two-pennyworth is the RADIO PICTORIAL. Good luck to all of you. On page 4 of last week's issue, you say that Miss Schill has for many years run the North Regional Children's Hour. Here up North, we have only heard of Auntie Muriel and Doris. An explanation is awaited!

"Regarding your foreign station list what a boon to us all. But why Schenectady right on top of European wavelengths? Please let us have Radio Paris, Huizen, and Hilversum also, not mentioned in your programme so far. Hope you will welcome the suggestion. I shall! Jolly good luck."—(Miss) D. Shaw, Wallasey.

Carlyle Cousins

"To please the public, let's have the 'Carlyle Cousins' at least once a week on the wireless—something clever—something new—I know there are many more like myself waiting to hear them—so let's be hearing a little more about them in your new PICTORIAL. From one of their many admirers."—J. Light, Enfield.

The Popular Al

"MY friends and I have decided to be regular readers of the RADIO PICTORIAL, and we think it a splendid idea having a portrait of famous radio artists issued each week.

"Would it be possible to have a portrait of the famous crooner, Al Bowlly? I am sure there are plenty of other readers who would be very thankful to see him as one of the famous radio artists."—M. Morrison, Deptford, S.E.8.

Our Women Announcers!

"Oliver Baldwin's article on 'What Broadcasting Has Taught Me' I thought very interesting, and I agree with him that it's easy enough to take a dislike to a radio voice. I hear a lot of fuss about the B.B.C. announcers; isn't it about time that they found some people with really good speaking voices—and no affected accents?"

"I suggest, too, that there should be more of them, to give a certain variety to the programme. For this reason, I regret the decision to do without women announcers. I think (and I know that many of my friends agree with me), that a woman's voice made a very welcome change. But I suppose it is useless to expect the B.B.C. to take any notice of what listeners want!"

—M.T., Birmingham

Christopher Stone

"The portrait of Christopher Stone included in your second number is simply splendid. We all listen to him whenever he broadcasts and by now he seems just like one of the family.

"I have framed his portrait, and it looks exactly like an original crayon drawing. We really do appreciate it."—S. T., London, E.

Are Commentaries Dull?

"I never listen to running commentaries—I think nothing on earth can be duller—except, perhaps, the Step Sisters. But I do like watching

matches occasionally, and for that reason enjoyed reading Captain Wakelam's article on the Scotland and Wales match.

"He gave a very good account of the excitement and atmosphere—I hope he will be a regular contributor."—D. L. K., Stoke.

Café Collette Mystery

"Congratulations on your No. 1 RADIO PICTORIAL. This, indeed, is the sort of paper we wanted.

"Now, re Café Collette. Who is the man who announces the items? He is really in a class by himself, what personality and emotion he puts into his voice! Everybody I know says that he is the main-spring of the orchestra, and how true that is! The B.B.C. should use him more, for the modulation in his speaking is something rare for that much abused instrument, the microphone. Enough of this mystery! Let us know his name, and give praise where praise is due. The Café Collette is very good, but without that announcer, they'd simply be another orchestra. Here's hoping you'll find out for us—and long live RADIO PICTORIAL!"—H. J., London, W.C.1.

Radio Religion

"RADIO PICTORIAL is very fine and will prove a huge success.

"Mr. Oliver Baldwin's article is particularly fine and appeals to all right-thinking people, who are not prejudiced. There are people who are not of the orthodox church simply because that church has failed them—but they are not given a hearing on the wireless although they are doing wonderful work, and are truly Christians.

"Why?"—R. B., Halifax.

Programme Building

Continued from page Six

Besides regular features such as the news—I'll tell you how they choose that one of these days—there seems to be everything you can think of.

There are recitals of gramophone records; there is This Man and his orchestra and That Man and his tango orchestra; there are plenty of His or Her sextets; there are symphony concerts, chamber music concerts, music-halls, variety shows, comic operas, minstrel shows, cinema organs, church organs, the organ at Broadcasting House, piano recitals, violin and 'cello recitals, talks on books, politics, people asking *Whither Britain* is likely to go, and other talks on varying subjects.

There are the daily and weekly religious services, sing-songs, appeals on behalf of charities, military bands, transmissions to the schools, talks to farmers and most other things you cannot call to mind.

It all has to be fitted in and, give it its due, it is fitted in.

Rarely are the programmes seriously late; still more rarely are they interfered with.

Look at the foreign programmes on any given day or in any given week and see if you can find as much variety and variation as the B.B.C. gives you on the London Regional and the National alone.

You won't find it. Nor will you find anything more suitable for most English temperaments than the week's programme as a whole.

Nobody at Broadcasting House thinks the programmes perfect. Don't run away with that idea. A good many men are constantly in touch with one another at Portland Place to try to better them each week.

Balance and contrast are the watchwords of the programme builders at the B.B.C.

Their's is an unenviable job. Still, they go about it cheerfully. All they want is that you shall find at least something during the week that will give you pleasure.



The Set of the Week
**H.M.V.
 MODEL 440
 TABLE
 CONSOLE
 RECEIVER**

This new H.M.V. five-valve receiver harmonises with practically any furnishing scheme. The set costs only 12 guineas, and is excellent value for money as the quality is superb. The photograph on the left conveys a good idea of the fine cabinet design

CONGRATULATIONS are due to the Gramophone Company, Ltd., for the production of a really fine table console receiver, up to the extraordinary H.M.V. quality standard in every respect, at the remarkably low price of only 12 guineas.

That this set is attractive is proved by the accompanying photograph of the receiver in operation. On test the results are very convincing and the performance is what one would naturally expect from a five-valve chassis from the H.M.V. laboratory.

Technical enthusiasts will be interested in the five-valve combination—one valve being used for mains rectification.

The super-heterodyne sequence embraces a cathode-coupled screen-grid frequency changer, and an intermediate-frequency valve of the variable-mu type. Power-grid detection and a power pentode output valve are provided.

But enough of technicalities. Family users will be more interested in the fact that the set delivers ample volume (maximum, 2½ watts) with pleasant tone and remarkable purity. There is that pleasing bass response which is such a characteristic of receivers from the H.M.V. "stud."

Any member of the family can operate this set, as there is single-dial tuning control and one knob performs the several functions of wave-changing, on-off, and radio-gramophone switching.

Independent tone control is a pleasing feature of this set and is a refinement well worth while and a change of tone levels is a great asset.

This set operates, of course, from alternating-current electric-light mains and is entirely self contained. The attractive walnut cabinet harmonises with practically every furnishing scheme and the whole appearance of the receiver conveys dignity and refinement in construction.

**SMASHING
 RADIO
 BARGAIN**

PHILCO

BALANCED SUPER-HET
 WALNUT LOWBOY
 5-VALVE ALL-ELECTRIC SUPER-HET A.C. MAINS ONLY



Philco Model 56 Walnut Lowboy

LIST PRICE
22
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**OBTAINABLE ONLY
 FROM PETO-SCOTT**

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HERE AND THERE

HELLO, CHILDREN!
 To-day I am going to tell you something about NOISE.

During the last few months there has been a good deal in the papers about the nuisance of noise in our present-day lives.

The kind of things people complain of are: Motor-car engines, motor-car horns (especially at night), aeroplane engines, loud-speakers, and the noise of machinery in factories.

The first question to decide is how to measure noise.

We can call a noise "loud," "horrid," "irritating," "maddening," or "soothing"; but that does not get us very far.

To begin with, a noise which one person might like might seem horrid to another person.

In my study the other day were two people. I had the wireless on and an orchestra was playing some very modern music.

It was the kind of music which has not got much—what most of you would call—"tune" in it.

"Isn't it wonderful?" said one of my friends. "So expressive!"

"Wonderful?" said the other person. "I've never heard such an awful noise in my life. I didn't know they had started; I thought they were still tuning up."

To come back to our question of measuring noise.

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

You cannot have a foot, a gallon or a pound of noise, but you can have a decibel of noise. The decibel is the unit which has been invented for the measurement of noise.

A noise you just could not hear, because you must remember that the human ear can only notice notes between certain limits, would be a noise of nought decibels.

Ordinary conversation is a noise of 50 decibels, a noisy motor horn about 80, and a pneumatic road drill about 90 decibels.

A very quiet whisper is about 10 decibels.

Now, after all this, if you fall down and hurt yourselves or fly into a temper and roar with rage, you may expect your father or mother to say to you: "If you must make a fuss about it, keep the noise down to below 50 decibels."

Well, be quiet, but not so quiet that someone will say, "Good gracious, the child must be ill!"

As our motto for this week, let's take this:—

"Speech is silver, Silence is golden."
 (This was quoted by Thomas Carlyle in "Sartor Resartus." He died in 1881.)



"... something about noise!"

Stephen King-Hall



Are You Listening? . . . to

My Life Story

By Harry ROY

"Are You Listening" is the catch-phrase which Harry Roy has made popular. And here is Harry conducting a rehearsal.

LAST week I told you how we impersonated Americans in a West End restaurant . . . and got away with it!

All the same, we were not very keen on the idea and after a few weeks my brother and I, being in a position to do so, turned it in and went back to business again.

Things were bad, but in spite of hectic business we managed to play in a dance orchestra at a night-club in Tottenham Court Road, which meant that we had to appear from eleven in the evening until three o'clock in the morning.

For a few weeks I tried to keep up this life . . . and in addition to put in an active day's work at the office.

After a while I found I simply could not get up in the morning!

At that time I was specialising in comedy and, in fact, I seem always to have had the knack of making people laugh. But these days there is more *finesse*. I have learned just when to be funny and when to be serious. The whole art is in learning to feel the pulse of the people to whom you are playing.

Money was made very easily in the night-club days, and £20 a week was considered practically nothing.

It was good pocket money, but we simply could not tolerate the hours!

So we went to a North London dance club, gave one audition and secured the job. We played for a few weeks and the place was packed every night. Unfortunately, we had made a long-term contract with the management . . . and when we became tired again we had to pay £120 to secure our freedom!

Still wearing our American collars, we went to another night-club and stayed there for two years.

This experience, in fact, converted me to dance music in a big way and, neglecting my late father's business altogether, we decided to go to Paris. This was my first trip abroad, and we created quite a sensation.

The franc was then roughly 77 to the pound, and our Parisian engagement was booked up for a figure mutually satisfactory to the booking agent and ourselves.

Then the franc went up with a bang to 180!

This meant that the lowest-paid boy in the band was earning the equivalent of £40 a week, so they went down on their knees and begged us to go home.

At that time I was spending about one thousand francs a week and the rest I sent home and it was invested in the business.

After only four months we came back from Paris owing to the change in currency, but as we were all very homesick it did not matter much.

We had a two weeks' well-earned rest and then we opened up at the Café de Paris. I did not dream when we secured the contract that we should stay at the Café de Paris for four years, the place being packed out every night.

I particularly remember the Sunday just before we started our long-term engagement there. I was making a hurried trip on a motor-bicycle—the last motor-cycle I ever possessed—and through some *imbroglio* or other I hit a lamp-post at sixty miles an hour!

A result from then on was a loathing of motor-cycles, a headache for two years and crutches for three months. This completed my series of six motor-cycle accidents!

At the end of four years, we felt almost like pieces of furniture at the Café de Paris, and we decided to tour for a change.

Eighteen weeks we spent at the Coliseum and twenty-six at the Alhambra on the stage. I flatter myself that I made a hit as a comedian. It was certainly excellent experience.

Well, in March, 1928, we finally left the Café de Paris and made a short tour in this country and then in August sailed for South Africa.

This was the commencement of a wide tour and great adventure for me.

We found appreciative audiences wherever we went in Africa.

In Johannesburg we were supposed to play for two weeks, but we stayed for six and had to alter our tour plans in consequence.

Then we went on to Pretoria, Karachi, Kimberley, East London, Port Elizabeth, Cape Town, and Bloemfontein.

Of course, there were many adventures.

I remember one occasion when we went across the special route from Cape Town to East London. On this section they had frequent landslides, and on the day we went over the line had only just been rebuilt after a pretty bad slide. As this was the first train to go over for many days, they decided not to put the weight of the engine on the rails, so they let our carriages slide down the incline, to be picked up at the other end by a waiting puff-puff! And were we nervous! Anyway, we got over that and after touring the whole of South Africa, more or less on the lines now covered by the Imperial Airways Cairo-Cape route, we began to get homesick. Next week I will tell you what happened.

"If I Ran the Talks Department"

Continued from page Sixteen

The B.B.C. doesn't know that, of course.

They fondly imagine that their infuriatingly superior attitude of setting out to "educate the adult population" by a plethora of high-brow talks is a riotous success.

It isn't.

It's a dismal failure.

The listener, too, always has the last word. He can turn off the switch.

I know that.

Therefore, my slogan would be: Popular talks by popular people on popular subjects. We don't want to be *taught* over the air. We buy our receiving sets to obtain relaxation or stimulation—not education. I should stop all educative talks immediately. Education comes better out of a book or in a classroom. I am convinced that it sets too great a strain on the listener to try to follow the instructions of an *unseen* teacher. Moreover, I should leaven the wheat, or rather, the week, by bringing in, to the current list of talkers, names like those of Ethel Mannin and Hannen Swaffer and James Douglas. The only reason that I can think of why they are not there already is that they have too large a following all over the country.

Highbrows, you see, are never popular. . . .

Another of my innovations would be to cut down the length of most talks to ten minutes, some even, to five. That way I would be able to have more talks in the course of the week and thus more variety both in personalities and subject matter. Besides, I am convinced that half an hour is too long to listen to someone you can't see. Almost invariably, your attention is bound to wander.

For that reason, I should help the speakers with effects. I should present them as one presents a turn on the music hall.

Further, I should try to work out a talks programme, say, once a month, on the same system as the present vaudeville hour. It would consist of a series of *short* talks all linked together by a common theme song, such as politics or sport or travel, and there would be pauses between the different protagonists that would serve the double purpose of creating atmosphere and relaxing the minds of the listeners. And I should also run a series of *informal*, unrehearsed debates in front of an audience (seen as well as unseen) between well-known speakers of passionately opposed views.

I should pit Beverley Nichols against Lord Lloyd on the subject of *Pacifism*, Lady Astor against Lord Castlerosse on the subject of *D.O.R.A.*, Osbert Sitwell against "Bunny" Austin on the subject of *games (are they a waste of time?)*, and Oliver Baldwin would debate with his father in regard to the political future of our country.

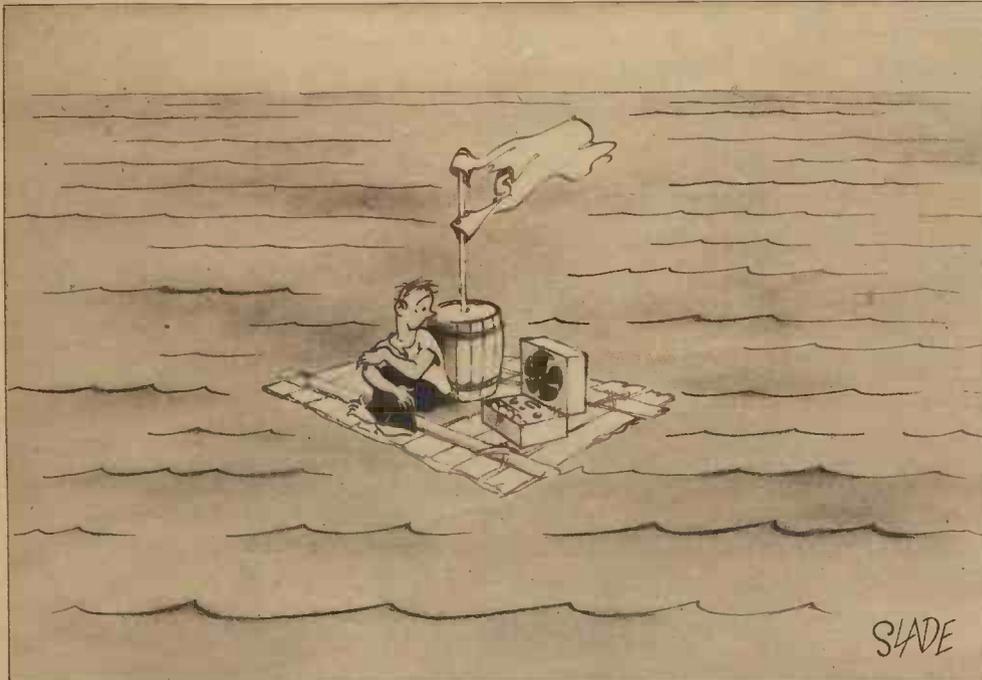
I should use Oliver Baldwin a lot. His talks on the cinema show him to be an original thinker with a provocative manner. That is what the wireless wants and is woefully lacking. At the present moment the majority of the speakers are too polite and over-refined. They are afraid to let themselves go. They tilt at no windmills: seldom are they either indignant or accusing. Their tone is deprecatory rather than enthusiastic or exclamatory.

They carefully steer a middle course.

They never get angry themselves or arouse the just anger of their audience.

In short, they are desperately dull.

LAUGH WITH LEONARD HENRY



Voice from loudspeaker: "Hullo Everybody"

In the Great War we fought for dear life, says a radio lecturer. We've got it.

A well-known public man says his daughter is helping to keep the wolf from the door by singing. Having heard her on the radio, I can quite believe it.

Things are so bad in America that many radio stars are having to make their husbands do another season.

All the waiters at a certain London broadcasting restaurant are qualified first-aid men. Just what patrons need when they get the bill.

An eminent musician says jazz music has an uplifting influence. Saxophones do make one jump at times.

The average inexperienced dancer has two principal faults—his feet.

A certain radio star is said to look like a broken-down bookmaker. Now the question arises—what does a broken-down bookmaker look like?

A wireless lecturer recently told us that few people, nowadays, dressed within their income. As was generally expected, the nudist cult was only a craze.

The girl next door to me says she is crazy to go on the stage. She must be.

RADIO MANUFACTURER: At last, we have succeeded in putting on the market a set so small that it will go in a coat pocket. It is a record, and we are proud of it.

GLOOMY INDIVIDUAL: I'm not. I've got one.

The band was rehearsing a pot-pourri of old numbers. It had got as far as "Asleep in the Deep."

"Yes, and you were asleep that time," said the band master. "I could only hear the violins; where are the wind instruments?"

"Well," said one of the "winds," "it's this way; we can't play for yawning."

Radio stars can be just temperamental! One night a singer arrived in time for her broadcast, only to say to the manager, "I have a doctor's certificate that I cannot sing to-night."

"No need for a doctor," growled the much-tried manager, "I could have given you that certificate myself."

FIRST RADIO ACTOR: I hear that Jack has just thrown up his part. He decided it was too difficult.

SECOND RADIO ACTOR: But he'd only got two lines.

FIRST RADIO ACTOR: Yes, that's what made it so difficult.

"Well, Emily, have you had a nice evening?" inquired her mother.

"Rather. I simply adore Tchaikoffsky."

"What's this?" interrupted her father. "Now, once and for all, understand me, I won't have you going about with a young man with a name like that."

A concertina soloist was engaged to broadcast in a Variety programme, but objected to his turn being placed immediately after a broadcast of Zoo noises.

"I quite agree with you," said his friend. "You don't want to be taken for an encore, eh?"

As the clock struck two, the sound of a key in the latch was heard.

"Henry! Where have you been?" cried a voice from upstairs.

"Been lishening-in, old girl, at the Browns," came the reply. "Here'sh the programme!"

An admirer had the good fortune to meet his favourite radio star, and lost no time in complimenting her on her performances.

"Ah, how I envy you," sighed the charmer.

"Me! Why?" exclaimed the flabbergasted young man.

"Well," said the star gently, "for one thing, you have just met me for the first time."

HIGH-SPOTS!

Make sure of your copy of next week's "Radio Pictorial." There's going to be a rush on it! Why? Well, here are a few high-spots from the fine list of contents—Sir Malcolm Campbell on "Speed," George Robey's first radio article, a New Short Story by Val Gielgud "Tin Pan Alley" . . . and a Gift Plate, in two colours of Gracie Fields!

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

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

"MY FEARS HAVE ALL VANISHED"

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

"SUFFERED MISERY FROM CHILDHOOD"

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

"DONE ME A WORLD OF GOOD"

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

A copy of this wonderful booklet, together with some of the most remarkable genuine testimonials ever published, will be sent in a plain sealed envelope, without charge or obligation. Write **NOW** and you will be delighted to learn how easily you can acquire strong nerves, robust health, and a happy, confident personality.

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

Is Broadcasting BAD FOR US?

—asks Oliver BALDWIN,
the B.B.C. Film Critic.

OCCASIONALLY comes the criticism that broadcasting is bad for us. Principally, I suppose, because it makes us too dependent on other people's opinions; we cease to search for knowledge and are apt to accept the second-hand as a matter of course.

In fact, we become lazy and like our scraps of knowledge to be served up ready made, so that we need not think for ourselves.

There is something in that. But these critics forget that the vast bulk of listeners have very little chance of acquiring knowledge of things outside their daily life, and those who like to be informed can have no quicker way of obtaining that information than from broadcasting.

After all, knowledge is all important for the betterment of the world. Ignorance produces, so often, fear and prejudice; and such things, as we all know, produce, in their turn, enmity between peoples and lead to war between nations.

Before broadcasting, the only way of acquiring knowledge was from books or schools or newspapers. Advanced knowledge was only obtainable from books or universities. Both of these cost money and, therefore, there was little chance for the working classes to satisfy any craving they might have for further knowledge. Now, for the sum of ten shillings and sixpence a year and the cost of buying and maintaining a receiving set, anybody can have education. The pick of English teachers, personalities, or leaders of thought are brought, by the voice, into their very homes.

And what a range of subjects they can listen to! Foreign and home politics; political speeches and discussions of all kinds; talks on domestic science and husbandry, nature, and social services. You can have lessons in foreign languages and hear distinguished foreigners speaking to you from all parts of the world. You do not have to leave your fire-side to hear a running commentary on a famous horse race, boxing match, football game, or national celebration.

Adventurers tell you of their experiences before they have even started writing their book of travel; people in the public eye tell you of their exploits; the latest books, films, and plays are criticised. Nobody to-day can say they are not kept abreast of the times, if they only possess a wireless! Radio plays and vaudeville entertainments bring thrills and comedy to you, and discussions on current affairs give you both sides to questions that may have puzzled you.

The latest gramophone records are played to you as soon as they come on to the market and enable you to make a choice to add to your own collection if you possess a gramophone. And then, not only is there jazz, but the greatest of present-day musicians play classical music for your enjoyment.

Perhaps in no other realm of art has there been such an increase in appreciation as there



One of the good features of broadcasting is that it brings leading personalities into the homes of millions of listeners, through the loud-speaker. Here is a busy scene in the B.B.C. control room during the broadcasting of the King's speech on Christmas Day

has been in classical music. People, to whom any music other than popular songs was highbrow, now, thanks to broadcasting, have learnt to understand and appreciate classical compositions. A new world has been opened up for them. Operas that have never had a popular appeal in this country are beginning to have their influence on the musically inclined and a better standard of musical technique has resulted from the wider appeal that is becoming daily more discriminating.

New thought-pictures are painted for you in words. Stories of travel, by their description in well-delivered and graduated tones, bring to your minds thoughts on places you have never been able to visit. You can live in a different world the moment you settle down in front of your wireless.

The warmth and loneliness of the desert can come to you as a blessed relief from the cold and damp of the busy town in which you have your being.

The life of the big-game hunter, as described by him, will put into words the sort of existence that, perhaps, you have dreamed of leading yourself.

The tales of the seafaring man or the escaped prisoner of war can give you the thrills that have been absent from your life of daily toil that has no variation.

To the blind, and those that are forced to keep to their beds through illness, broadcasting has become a real godsend. No longer are their days and nights equal in their monotony. Now each new day brings fresh news, fresh interest, and fresh knowledge. Only the really deaf are debarred; and the time is coming when even they can be introduced to a new

world by the use of television. Then, for them, the pleasures of a home cinema will be within their grasp.

Can it be that, with all these pleasures conferred on the suffering, broadcasting is bad for us?

Of course, to get the full benefit of broadcasting, freedom of individual opinion must be allowed. And it is only when broadcasting becomes a one-sided affair that it can be at all harmful. People then will suffer not so much from ignorance as from, very often, learning the half-truth or the incorrect fact.

Another branch of broadcasting—always appreciated—is the Children's Hour. I have met some sophisticated children to whom that hour is uninteresting. The majority of children, however, really do enjoy it, especially if they have their own birthdays announced. That a mighty corporation like the B.B.C. can have time and take pains to arrange these children's hours is very creditable, and the range of entertainment runs from fairy stories to light ballad singing.

If I take a daily programme and analyse it, we shall soon be able to appreciate the advantage, use, and benefit of broadcasting.

In the early morning we start with a service, which makes us realise the littleness of our daily work in the face of eternity.

Next, all farmers and those at sea are warned as to the probable weather.

At 10.45 a.m. we are told of what has taken place in the past week in the Houses of Parliament. Thus we learn what steps our rulers are taking for our general welfare. The next talk covers a wider field. For twenty minutes we can hear what the rest of the world is doing with their own people, or in relation to their neighbours.

From twelve to two there is a programme of light music and selected gramophone records. Then, really interesting talks in the afternoon till three o'clock. Then we hear evensong from Westminster Abbey, where we are certain of hearing some fine choral singing.

After that a German lesson—extraordinarily clear and helpful. Just after four the studio orchestra performs with the help of a male singer, and this runs for close on fifty minutes, to be followed by the Children's Hour.

And so on, to an hour of musical comedy at eight o'clock—revue or vaudeville, cheerful and tuneful, we hope—through news, talks, and concerts, till finally, dance music.

Bad for us? I hardly think so.

Wynne Ajello Cardigan

Continued from page Nineteen

THE BACK

1st row—Join wool at under arm and make 1 loop ch., 2 tr. into first d.c. and 1 d.c. into centre of 1st 2 tr. Repeat to end of row, ending on 2 tr.

2nd row—2 tr. into first d.c., 1 d.c. into centre of next 2 tr. Repeat to end of row, ending on 1 d.c.

3rd row—1 loop ch., 1 d.c. into centre of 1st 2 tr., 2 tr. into next d.c. Repeat to end of row ending on 2 tr.

4th row—1 loop ch., 2 tr. into 1st d.c., and 1 d.c. into 1st 2 tr. Repeat to end of row, ending on 2 tr. Repeat for 12 rows.

SLEEVES

Join wool on shoulder and 2 loop ch. and 1 tr. into first loop, 1 d.c. into next loop, 2 tr. into next loop, 1 d.c. into next. Repeat in pattern to under arm, 1 d.c. into each d.c. Repeat in pattern to shoulder, ending on 1 d.c. and sl. st. to start.

2nd row—1 loop ch., 2 tr. into next d.c. and 1 d.c. into next 2 tr. Repeat to under arm. 1 d.c. into end d.c., ending on 1 d.c. into centre of 1st 2 tr. Repeat pattern to end, ending on 2 tr., and 1 sl. st. to start.

3rd row—1 d.c. into 1st 2 tr. and 2 tr. into next d.c. Repeat to under arm. 1 d.c. into each d.c., ending on 1 d.c. into first 2 tr. Repeat pattern to end, ending on 1 d.c. and sl. st. to start.

4th row—2 tr. into 1st d.c. and 1 d.c. into 1st 2 tr. Repeat to start of row (right round), ending on 1 d.c., and sl. st. to start.

5th row—1 d.c. into 1st 2 tr. and 2 tr. into 1st d.c. Repeat to end of row, ending on 1 d.c. and sl. st. to start. Repeat for 9 rows.

15th row—1 d.c. into first 2 tr., 1 d.c. into next d.c. Repeat in d.c. to end, ending on 1 d.c. and sl. st. to start.

16th row—1 d.c. into every other d.c., and on sl. st.

THE CAP

Make a ch. 21 inches long when fully stretched, 2 loop ch., 1 tr., into 1st loop, 1 d.c. into next, 2 tr. into next, 1 d.c. into next. Repeat to end of row, ending on 1 d.c. and sl. st. to start. (30 roses.)

2nd row—1 loop ch., 1 d.c. into 1st 2 tr., and 2 tr. into 1st d.c. Repeat to end, ending on 2 tr. and sl. st. to start.

3rd row—1 loop ch., 2 tr. into 1st d.c. and 1 d.c. into 1st 2 tr. Repeat to end, ending on 2 tr. and sl. st. to start.

4th row—1 loop ch., 2 tr. into 1st d.c. and d.c. into 1st 2 tr., 2 tr. into next d.c. Repeat to end, ending on 2 tr. and sl. st. to start.

5th row—1 d.c. into 1st 2 tr. and 2 tr. into 1st d.c., 1 d.c. into 1st 2 tr. Repeat to end, ending on 2 tr. and sl. st. to start. Repeat 6th row for 12 rows.

19th row—1 d.c. into 1st d.c. and 1 d.c. into next. Repeat in d.c. to end, ending on sl. st. to start.

20th row—1 d.c. into each d.c. Repeat to end, ending with sl. st. to start.

21st row—1 tr. into each d.c. Repeat to end, ending on sl. st. to start. Repeat for 2 rows.

24th row—Tr. into every other tr. Repeat to end, ending with sl. st. to start.

25th row—Tr. into every tr. Repeat to end, ending with sl. st. to start. Repeat once.

How a business man conquered 'NERVES' and sleeplessness



NOW ENJOYS PERFECT REST EVERY NIGHT

(This is a letter from Mr. J. B. J., of Surrey.)

"For some weeks I have been drinking Bourn-vita, and I find that it is everything that you claim it to be, and possibly in my case even more. A few years ago I suffered badly with rheumatism, and it affected my nerves, and I have not been able to have proper sleep until recently—thanks to your

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High-spots of the Programmes

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

Joseph Hislop discusses a knotty recording point with the recording manager in the gramophone studios at St. John's Wood, London



PLENTY of news for you this week. To-morrow (February 10) you can wallow in some good melodrama. Tod Slaughter, whose shows you must have come across some time or other during the last twenty years, is bringing a company to the studio for his first broadcast. He is presenting "Gentlemen, the King!" Bertha Willmott, one of the few comely lasses with a voice, will be heard in the programme. She has broadcast more than fifty times already. She, by the way, is very keen on fishing and poultry-keeping.

If you like piano recitals, there are two which you may want to hear. The first is on February 18 by Frank Laffitte who, despite his French-looking surname, is really an Englishman. He was born at Bromley and was educated in an English school. Safonoff, the Russian pianist, heard him when he was thirteen and wanted to take him to Russia, but the war stopped all that. Frank had to study in London.

The other pianist is a lady—Johanne Stockmarr. She is a Dane, the daughter of a Copenhagen violinist. While in London she was summoned to Buckingham Palace to play with Queen Alexandra who, as you may know, was herself a Doctor of Music. Johanne loved playing with the Queen who, she found, was an excellent pianist. They played Schumann and Brahme on two pianos.

There was a topping show on a few weeks back called "Scrap Book of 1913." Probably you remember it. It was reminiscent of the events of that year. Leslie Baily has arranged another which he calls "Scrap Book of 1909." You will get a peep at the Music Halls of that year. You will find "Let's all go down the Strand" at the height of its popularity. There are several artists still going strong who were before the public then. Some are being asked to come to the microphone. Irene Vanbrugh is one. *The Merry Widow* was produced in that year. It ran to very nearly 800 performances with Lily Elsie in the cast. Then there were *The Arcadians* and *Our Miss Gibbs*.

Even political and sporting events will not be forgotten. In 1909 Bleriot was the first to fly the channel; Shackleton tried to reach the South Pole; the Suffragettes began their activities; Germany began building a huge navy. So don't miss it, whatever you do!

The British Industries Fair opens in Birmingham on February 19. Major Vernon Brook is to act as commentator in an attempt to single out some of the new and attractive features.

On February 23 he and Walter Higgs (of the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce) are to debate on "Have machines made us happier?" So sit back and take sides with one or other!

On the same evening (19th) the Birmingham Philharmonic String Orchestra is to give a concert. Some good stuff in it, too. George Barrett and Harry Buckley are playing solo flutes and Dorothy Heming solo violin in 'Bach's fourth Brandenburg concerto. The fourth is one of his best. Lovely tunes in it.

On the 20th there is to be a popular celebrity concert in the Gloucester Shire Hall. Both Midland and West Regionals will give it. Sure to be good because Leonard Henry is the compère. You can always laugh with Leonard Henry, can't you?

Now for you Westeners! Can't forget you because I love your country so much. The Cardiff Musical Society give their second concert of the season in the Park Hall on February 11. Arthur Cox is the tenor and Irene Scharrer is the pianist.

Devonians will welcome *The Farmer's Wife* which has been adapted for broadcasting. They will get it on February 12. Eden Phillpotts is one of our most distinguished writers. He is a Westerner, I believe.

Somerset must sit up for the Taunton Madrigal Society on the 13th. Its annual Ladies' Night Concert will be relayed from the County Theatre. Dorothy Bennett, Frank Philips, and the choir. Herbert Knott is the conductor.

Rather an interesting programme for the Northmen. The principal cathedrals of the North are beginning a series of relays of organ and choral music. The first is to-night (Friday) from Carlisle.

Another Midland Regional band programme is to be given on February 12, by the Wigston Temperance, conducted by Charles Moore. During the interludes, Joe Deeley, the Black Country entertainer, will introduce "Our Charlie."

IN THE COUNTRY—February 9 By Marion Cran

THE storm-cock calls from high treetops on these February mornings; his strong melodious notes come ringing, sweet as crystal goblets struck with a silver spoon, from oak and ash and thorn; never so sharp and clear as on the bright red mornings which herald storms of rain and wind.

The missal thrush, the "storm-cock," has valiantly earned his country name. Snowdrops are out in dazzling sheets of purest white in nooks and corners of the garden, and in those fortunate woods and parks where they please to grow.

The snowy bells, hanging demurely, look gentle and biddable enough, but snowdrops, as a matter of fact, are not at all yielding or easy damsels.

They have an obstinacy which is a constant astonishment to those gardeners who judge them by their soft and tender appearance! They will only grow where they like; in those places they abound, with winning grace; also they hate to be disturbed once planted, so that any who love to grow these exquisite of the young year should be careful to order their bulbs to arrive in August or early September, and plant them immediately on arrival from the nurseryman.

Any fairly light garden soil pleases them, and into it they should be planted three inches deep and then, for ever afterwards, left in peace. It follows, naturally, that they

are most easily accommodated under hedges and in shrubberies or woods for they are likely to meet upheaving spades, if put in any bed or herbaceous border. They have a further obstinacy which is a pleasure to watch; snowdrops are exceedingly punctual!

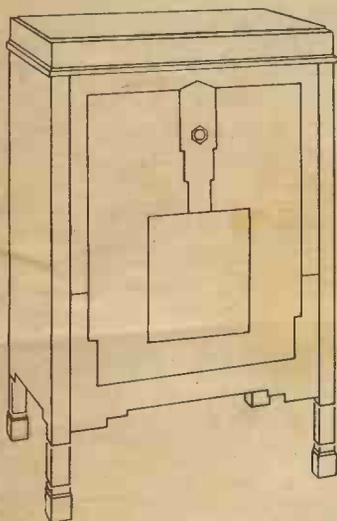
One may almost set a calendar by the day that they appear above ground—nor frost nor snow, East wind, nor unseasonable balmy breezes will hasten or delay their appointment with the sun.

Year after year the white clumps will be up and shining at the same identical date that they first chose to bloom in that spot.





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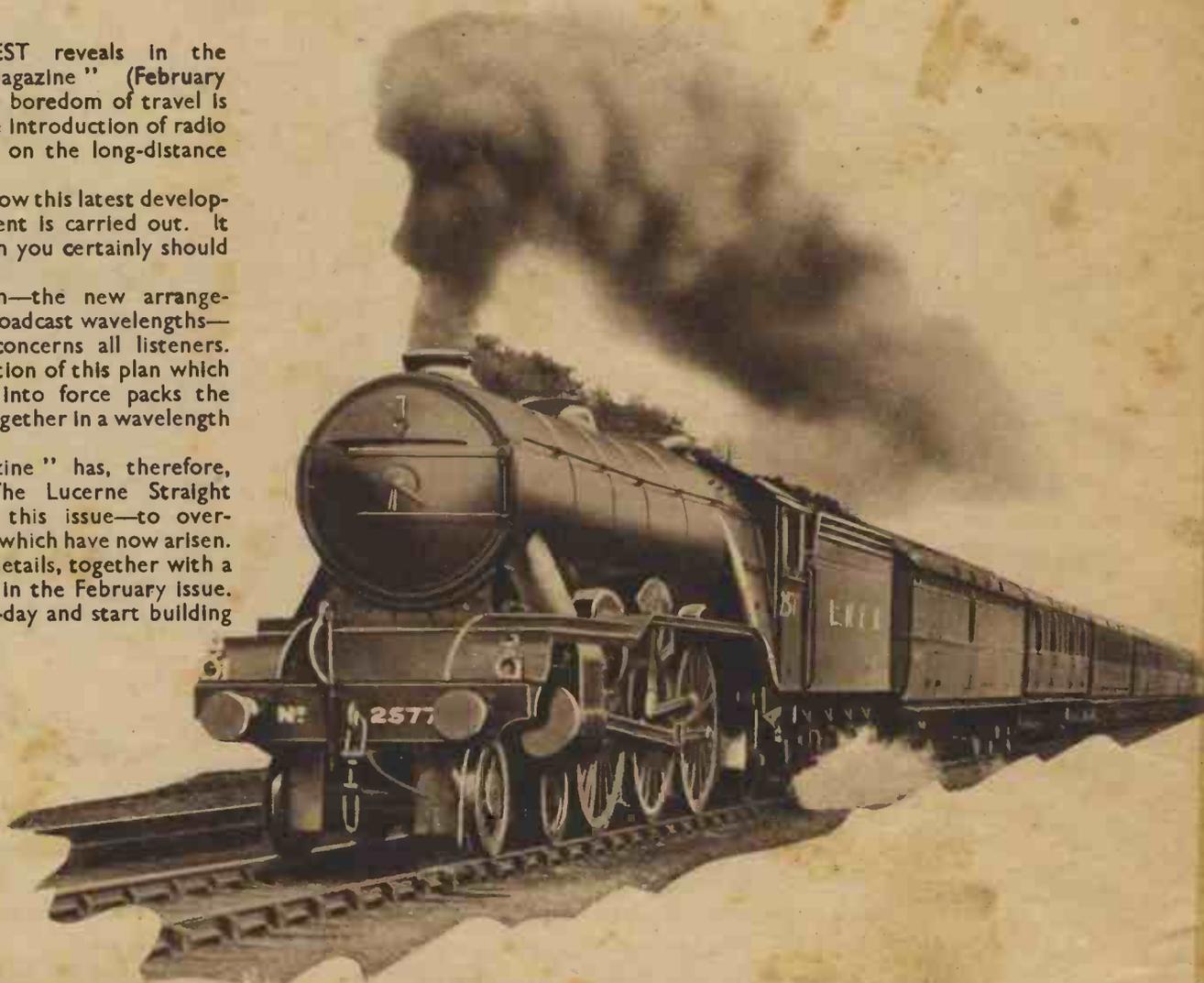
ANTHONY WEST reveals in the "Wireless Magazine" (February issue) how the boredom of travel is being relieved by the introduction of radio music to passengers on the long-distance main-line trains.

He explains, too, how this latest development in entertainment is carried out. It is a fine article which you certainly should not miss.

The Lucerne Plan—the new arrangement of European broadcast wavelengths—is something that concerns all listeners. The complete operation of this plan which has recently come into force packs the broadcast stations together in a wavelength spectrum.

"Wireless Magazine" has, therefore, produced a set—The Lucerne Straight Four, described in this issue—to overcome the difficulties which have now arisen. Full constructional details, together with a wiring plan, appear in the February issue.

Get your copy to-day and start building this new receiver.



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