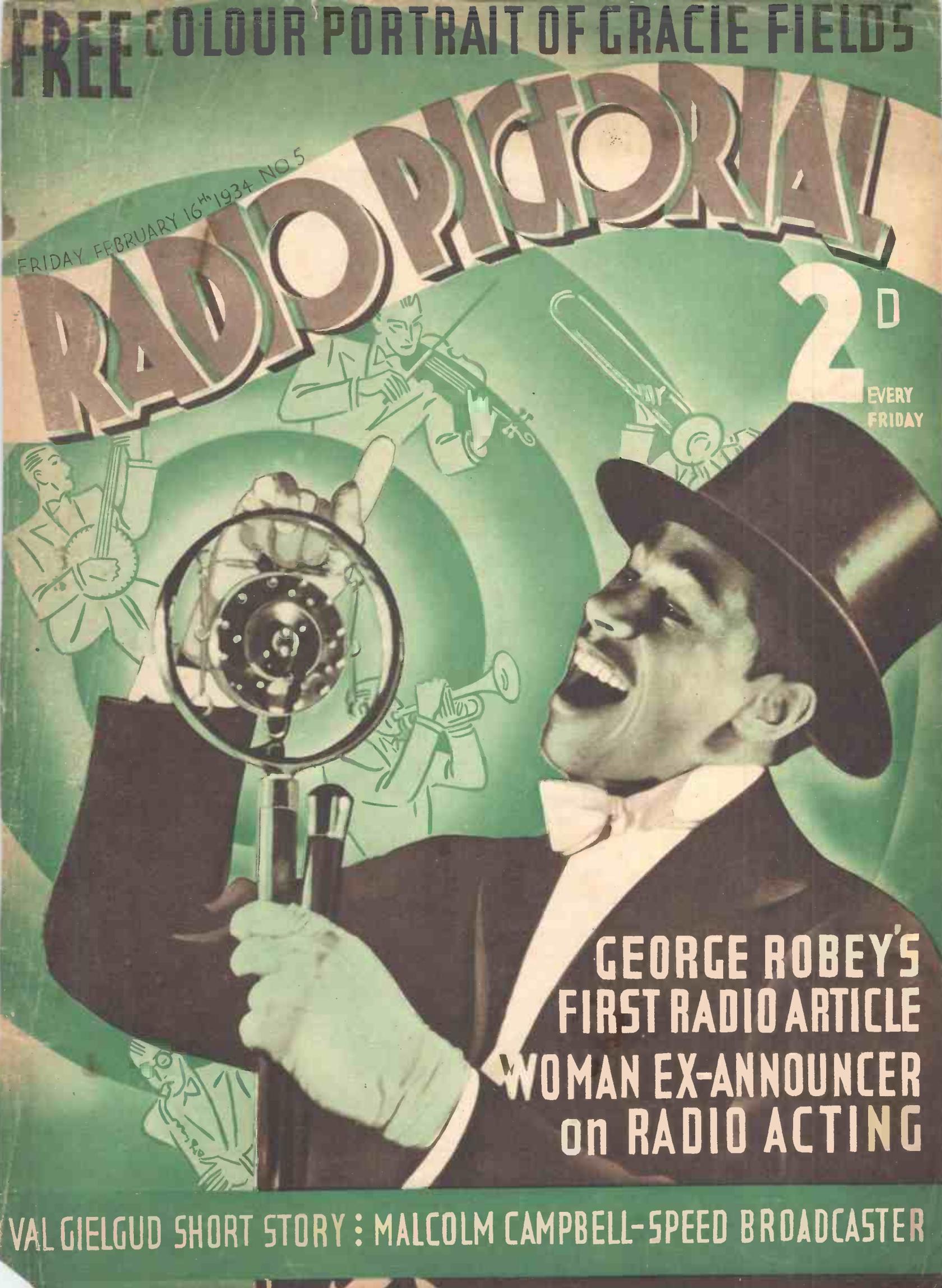


FREE COLOUR PORTRAIT OF GRACIE FIELDS

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 16<sup>th</sup> 1934 NO 5

# RADIO PICTORIAL

2<sup>D</sup>  
EVERY  
FRIDAY



GEORGE ROBEY'S  
FIRST RADIO ARTICLE  
WOMAN EX-ANNOUNCER  
on RADIO ACTING

VAL GIELGUD SHORT STORY : MALCOLM CAMPBELL-SPEED BROADCASTER

# Now you can SEE as well as HEAR!



Have you "looked-in" yet to a television broadcast? Years of experiment are now bearing fruit, and television is rapidly finding a place in hundreds of homes. In fact, so much progress has been made that it is now possible for you to build a simple television receiver at home. TELEVISION, published monthly, is the only paper entirely devoted to this new form of entertainment. The February issue, which is now on sale, is packed with news of the latest developments which you as an owner of a radio set should know about.

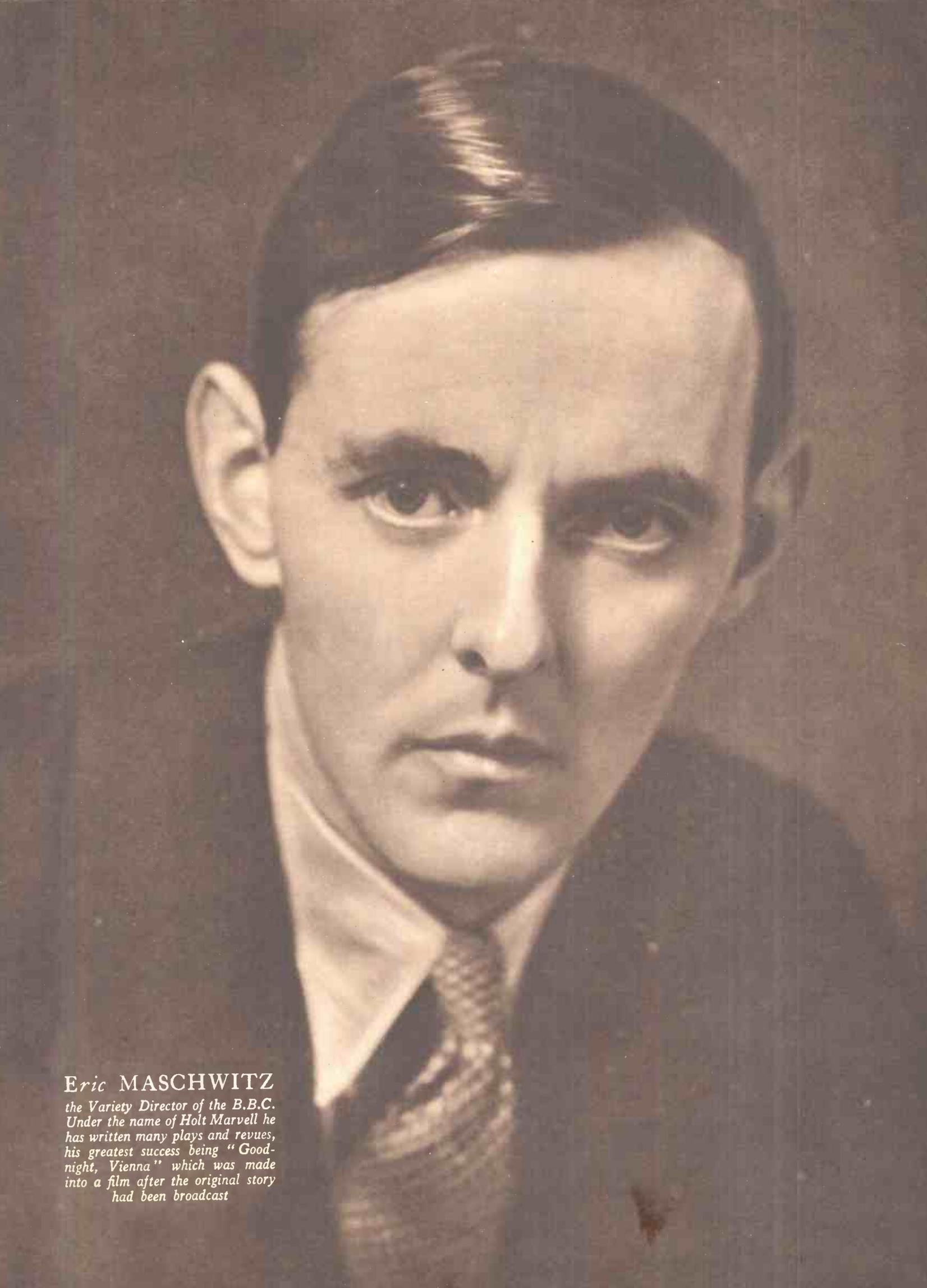
You can get a copy from any newsagent, price 1/-.

**SOME of the  
CONTENTS  
of the FEB.  
I S S U E**

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.

# TELEVISION

**FEBRUARY ISSUE NOW ON SALE 1/-**



**Eric MASCHWITZ**

*the Variety Director of the B.B.C.  
Under the name of Holt Marvell he  
has written many plays and revues,  
his greatest success being "Good-  
night, Vienna" which was made  
into a film after the original story  
had been broadcast*



# WONDERFUL RECEPTION *from* THAMES TO IRRAWADDY

## THE AMAZING LOG OF THE SKYSCRAPER

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*Ship's Wireless Operator who—*

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*Appearance of Receiver when Completed!*

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The Great Free Chart tells you exactly what to do with every single nut and screw; every hole, every terminal, every wire is numbered, so that you can build the All-Wave All-World Skyscraper with your own hands and with certainty of success. No soldering—no mechanical knowledge needed—no muddle or difficulty—and it saves you pounds. Ask your dealer or post the coupon below.

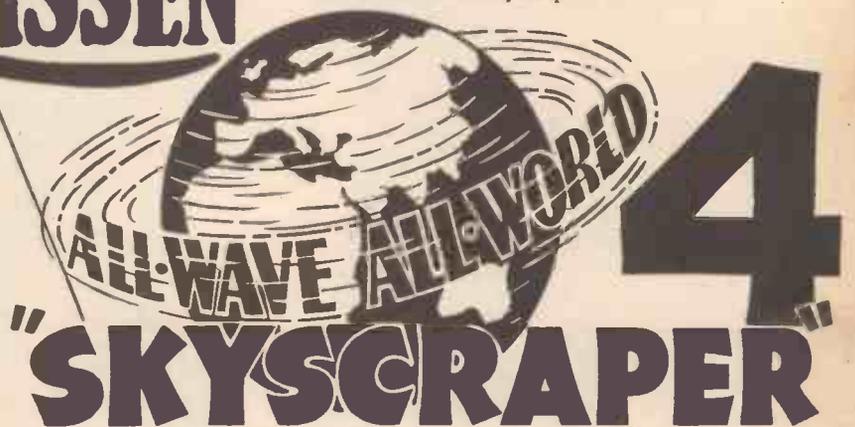
Mr. Ford, a ship's wireless operator, records his experiences with a Lissen All-Wave Skyscraper in an amazing log of a voyage from England to Burma and back. He says, "I was never out of touch during the whole trip." The world-wide range of the Skyscraper is clearly proved by Mr. Ford's log—he records receptions from America, Australia, India, Russia and Europe's short-wave stations as well as almost continuously from the medium-wave programmes. This is the first time, on any receiving equipment, that Mr. Ford has been able to receive such continuity of entertainment, not only for himself but for passengers on board his ship.

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# USE LISSEN BATTERIES, LISSEN VALVES, LISSEN ACCUMULATORS FOR YOUR SET

SHEILA BORRETT, one time woman B.B.C. announcer, takes you behind the scenes at Broadcasting House

## Radio Pictorial — NO. 5

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

# SCENE— *and Unseen!*

WHEN first I went up to Broadcasting House to act in a play, I was rather depressed by the cold-blooded atmosphere attached to studio rehearsing.

I was used to the bustle and friendly excitement of stage rehearsals. I hadn't expected the complete and businesslike calm which I found in the studios.

People sat silently round the walls, waiting for their cues; the producer was just a voice coming through a loud-speaker; and, of course, all the waiting for little flicking red and green lights just terrified me.

I arrived for the first performance, wonder-

thrill I have described. It is more difficult, too, for radio actors to keep their interest fresh and keen, because they never see the play as a whole.

On the stage the actors can watch the progress of the play; they can see if it is running smoothly and note how the audience is reacting to it . . . they can tell, in short, if it is a good or a bad performance.

In radio plays the cast may be divided between two or three studios. The music comes from another, and the noise effects somewhere else again.

"Actors tell me that they miss the glamour of audience and footlights when they forsake the stage for the studios. Personally, I prefer the orderliness and quiet of Broadcasting House," says Mrs. Borrett.

ing how I was going to get up enough enthusiasm and excitement to be able to act at all—in this quiet, unhurried atmosphere.

And then suddenly, as I stood waiting for the light—waiting to speak for the first time over the ether—I realised the unseen audience: millions of listeners of all ages and descriptions, to whom my voice had got to bring some message, even if only a small and unimportant one.

As this realisation swept over me, I found that my knees were shaking and my heart bumping at about 120 to the minute.

It was a very great moment!

It is this vision of the great listening crowd that radio actors must keep always fresh in their minds if they are to give really good performances. Actors and actresses on the stage will tell you that they frequently "forget their audience."

By this they mean that they get so wrapped up in their part they do not consciously think about it. But the audience is there just the same; giving them fresh inspiration, creating atmosphere which enables them to give of their best, night after night.

With radio acting it would be fatally easy to forget that silent public, who can neither applaud nor criticise, if one had not felt the

Mrs. Borrett's latest venture is a variety act in a West End restaurant



The individual actor can only be responsible for his own little bit. He must leave the knitting up to the producer, who "sits up aloft," doing what I always think of as a cross between making a gigantic Christmas cake and playing an organ! Taking all those little bits, mixing them, and welding them into the perfect and finished whole, which goes out over the air.

Only the producer and the listeners know if it is a good performance, as a whole, or not.

Now let us take the point of view of the audience for a moment.

Of the three great media of expression which the stage actor uses—voice, face, and gesture—the radio actor can use only the first.

The listener has, therefore, to concentrate far more intently on the play than any theatregoer if he is not to lose the thread.

It is easy for a listener coming as a stranger to these voices to get hopelessly bewildered by the similarity between two, particularly if they are men, which to the producer, who knows them, sound totally different.

It therefore behoves radio actors to use their voices very carefully, making use of any characteristic inflexion they may have in order to

"I love my unseen audience more than any visible one."

impress their personalities on the listeners.

A very brilliant actor I know, in playing the leading part in a radio play some time ago, gave to his character a slight stammer.

This effectively fixed him in one's mind each time he spoke, and took away a great deal of the strain of listening.

Without doing anything as definite as that, the idea might well be extended.

Again, because the radio actor has only his voice as a means of expressing emotion, it is all too easy for him to find himself exaggerating, using too much emphasis.

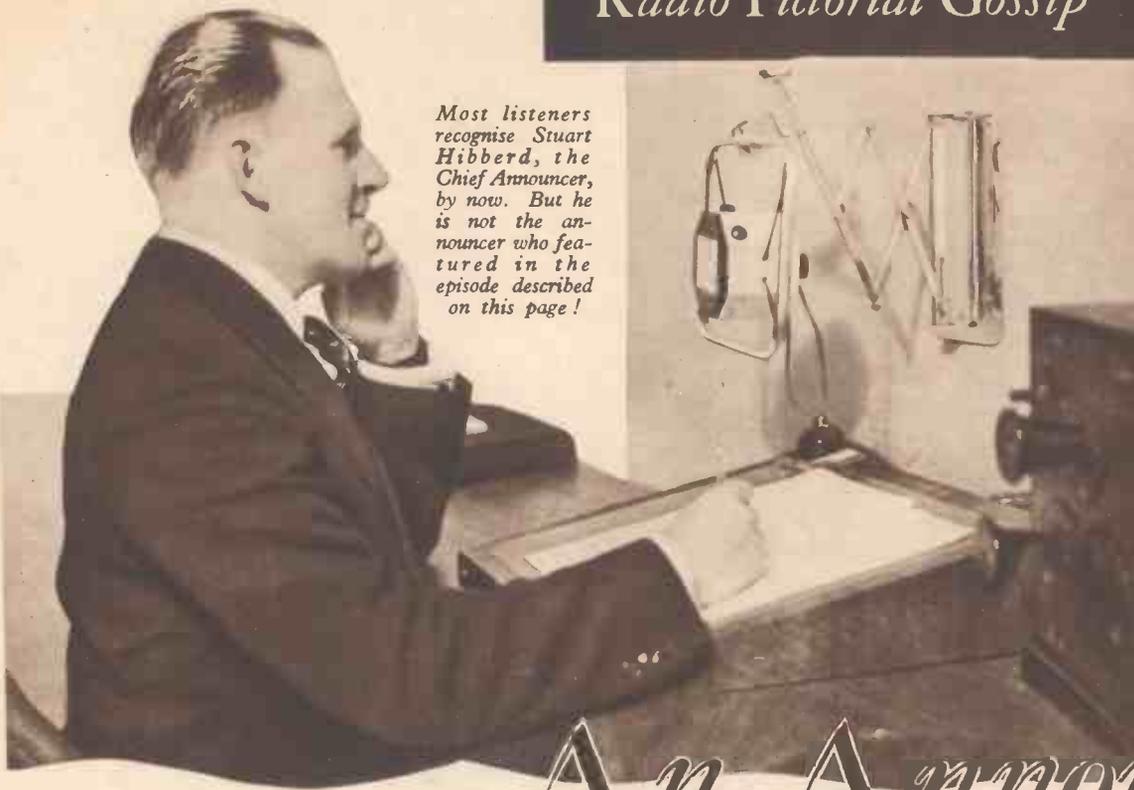
He cannot study his part and then become mechanical in it, as he can on the stage.

He must be thinking of his words all the time if his voice is to express to his unseen, unseeing audience, each inflexion of the words he is speaking.

For this reason it is a good thing that radio actors have to come to the microphone with their scripts in their hands. It is much easier to concentrate on putting the full significance of your part over if you have the printed word before you.

Sheila Borrett

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



Most listeners recognise Stuart Hibberd, the Chief Announcer, by now. But he is not the announcer who featured in the episode described on this page!

**For the Kiddies**

Mac is surely launching out. He has now booked Clapham and Dwyer to do a programme for the Children's Hour in March.

No one was more surprised than the comedians when they heard of the engagement, but they are versatile fellows and the kiddies are in for a treat.

How versatile they are is not realised by many listeners because their regular act is so popular that people would complain if it were changed. But I remember, years ago, hearing a sketch with many characters, lasting half an hour, played entirely by Clapham and Dwyer.

**At Bury**

Many of the Buggins Cockney sketches are written in the shelter of the Sussex Downs. Chance took me last Sunday to the

# An Announcer's Mistake!

**Announcer's English!**

A GREAT and aged English actress was making an appeal the other Sunday evening when an announcer suggested that if she spoke just a trifle more softly her broadcast would be more effective.

"Young man," she replied, "I learned to speak English thirty years before you were born." Announcing is not an easy job!

**Henry's New Pianist**

Eddie Carroll, new pianist in the B.B.C. Dance Band, sits up most nights listening to the American bands. He tells me that they come in fine around two in the morning.

Eddie favours the negroid style in his playing and this night work keeps him right up to date. From the age of sixteen he has been playing dance music and was a band leader when only seventeen and a half. It was at this age that he left a job in the City because he was tired in the mornings after playing at night.

**At a Highland Ball**

Both Henry Hall and Eddie Carroll have played in Scotland a good deal, and they agree that

there is no harder job for a dance band than a Highland ball.

Reels go on until the chief man present calls a halt and fifty minutes continuous playing is not a record. It is a test of endurance, and the dancers always beat the band. Fiddlers generally get cramp!

**A. J. A. Again**

A. J. Alan is going to broadcast a new story. "Settled Out of Court" is an intriguing title, and the yarn will be told on March 6 and 7. A. J. does not force his genius, and the B.B.C. never presses him to come along until he is ready.

When he is inspired, A. J. writes his story and then rings up Broadcasting House, where to be sure they put him in the programme on the first free night.

pretty village of Bury, at the foot of the hill on the Arundel road, where Mabel Constanduros has a small house and where Michael Hogan and his wife, Madge Saunders, also have a cottage.

The village has long had literary and artistic associations, for John Galsworthy lived there for many years, and painters often visit the inn which boasts a sign painted by an R.A. The sign is in a barn at present and, like the flowers, will come out in the spring!

**Producers Shift**

Dramatic producers are soon due to move round again. Peter Creswell is going to the West Regional temporarily, while Cyril Wood will come up from Cardiff to produce in London. Later on, Lance Sieveking will do his stuff at Belfast and Howard Rose will be back in Town.

**In the Dark!**

by FERRIER



## Star Features in the National Programme

### SUNDAY

The Western Studio Orchestra.  
The B.B.C. Orchestra (Section C), directed  
by Leslie Woodgate.  
Christopher Stone.

### MONDAY

Percy Grainger.  
Commander Stephen King-Hall.  
The B.B.C. Orchestra (Section D), directed  
by Edward Clark.  
The Grosvenor House Dance Band.

### TUESDAY

Reginald New.  
The Commodore Grand Orchestra,  
directed by Joseph Muscant.  
Sir Walford Davies.  
The Gershon Parkington Quintet.  
The Leslie Bridgewater Quintet.

### WEDNESDAY

The Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra,  
directed by Sir Dan Godfrey.  
Helen Alston.  
James Agate.  
The B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, directed  
by Dr. Adrian Boult.

### THURSDAY

The Scottish Studio Orchestra, directed  
by Guy Daines.  
Bertha Willmott.  
The B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra, directed by  
Stanford Robinson.  
Vernon Bartlett.

### FRIDAY

The B.B.C. Dance Orchestra, directed by  
Henry Hall.  
Charels Manning and his Orchestra.  
Percy Heming.  
Sir Thomas Beecham.  
Dame Edith Lyttelton.

### SATURDAY

Captain H. B. T. Wakelam.  
A. P. Herbert.  
The B.B.C. Orchestra (Section C), directed  
by Eric Coates.

staff. He has a happy knack of writing incidental music for plays, and in excellent style, too.  
And a cheery soul withal.

### The Two Leslies

I hear that Leslie Holmes, the popular vocalist, has been ill for seven weeks. His indisposition rather upset the plans for "The Two Leslies" who, of course, are Leslie Holmes and that prolific song writer-comedian, Leslie Sarony. The latter Leslie is often on the air by himself, but I wonder how many realise that it is Leslie Sarony who sings with most of the dance bands, particularly in the Jack Hylton broadcasts and, on occasion, with Henry Hall. As Leslie Holmes is in harness again, the two Leslies will be heard once more.

### Broadway Brothers

On the subject of vocalists, I often wonder how it is the B.B.C. has not yet snapped up one of the finest piano acts I have ever heard (including the Americans). I refer to "The Broadway Brothers," two vocalists and a piano, recording on Parlophone. They are, you will agree, unsurpassed in their line of business. There is a spot in any vaudeville hour for these Broadway gentlemen.

I do not know whether it is Ealing Broadway or Hammersmith Broadway that gives them their name, but I am certain it is not the Great White Way because they are both bred and born in Great Britain. I recommend them to the B.B.C. as the quality home-product.

### Records—with a Difference

I often wonder why broadcasters of gramophone record programmes do not intersperse their musical fare with more entertaining material. Admittedly there is not a great quantity of recorded material in the humorous idiom, but there is no doubt that interesting material can be found to lend variety to the perpetual music in these broadcasts.

For instance, I heard a most amusing record the other day called "Our Local Cinema." It is a double-sided disc which is a burlesque on an entire cinema programme actually recorded on two sides of a ten-inch record.

### Phyllis Again

Phyllis Robbins is probably the most stylish jazz singer in the world of radio. She is, of course, distinctly Americanised, but then this sort of thing originated in America. This versatile little lady can put over any type of number and has remarkable command of the microphone.

Phyllis was first heard with Charlie Kunz and his Casani Club Orchestra—and then a short step to Broadcasting House brought her to Henry Hall and the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra. The talented lass hails from Sheffield, I believe, although you wouldn't notice it!

### Mamie Soutter Gets a Shock

Listeners may be wondering what has happened to that versatile little comedienne, Mamie Soutter, whose fascinating Cockney comedy cameos have been such a feature whenever broadcast.

As a matter of fact, Mamie has deserted "the air" for the time being, and is touring the provinces in *Gay Hussar*, by Holt Marvell and George Posford, both well-known radio personalities.

While appearing in Manchester, Miss Soutter was involved in an adventure which might have had serious results. A portable Turkish bath used in a comedy scene suddenly began to fume, smoke, and finally exploded almost asphyxiating poor Mamie, who very pluckily kept on "gagging" until the fall of the curtain. Her concluding remark, "Give me air," was much appreciated by the radio fans in the audience!

### Henry's Anniversary

The second anniversary of Henry Hall's first programme with the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra will be quite a sentimental occasion. The band has become such a broadcasting institution that it is hard to believe that we had not heard it two short years ago. On March 15, which is the date, Henry and the boys will play for an hour in the main evening programme.

### For the Unemployed

The Unemployed Men's Centre at the Mary Ward Settlement will be grateful for gifts of spare wireless parts for making up into sets. Gifts should be sent to the Hon. Warden, 36, Tavistock Place, W.C.1—and I recommend the idea to all listeners who have good components to spare.

### Some New Songs

Eric Maschwitz intends to give British song-writers a break, and in a new short feature, starting next week, will bring some of the best known to the microphone.

They will come in turn and after a brief interview, the song which they choose as their best effort will be given by an artist, after which a record of some of their work will be played. Each song-writer will choose what he considers to be the best recording of one of his numbers.

### An Old Spanish Custom!

If you are interested in Spanish music, just listen to Pierre Fol who, on February 23, with his Quintet, is giving a programme of practically unknown Spanish music. Senorita Carmona will play the castinets. Fol, incidentally, is the musical director of the Trocadero Restaurant.

### Val's New Furniture

I paid Val Gielgud a visit the other day. He proudly showed me his new furniture in his office at Broadcasting House. Very delightful it is, too. Three nice leather-covered chairs in a pleasing green, a handsome desk with a plate-glass marble top, and a useful cabinet for his plays.

"H'm," I said, looking round. "Very artistic. The B.B.C. has done you well."

"Yes," he said. "It certainly has. And not too soon. I've looked like a dog's dinner for long enough. Now I have an office I can ask anyone into."

### It Can be Done!

While I was waiting in the entrance hall for Val, a dear old lady came up to me and said: "Can I go over Broadcasting House? I come from New Zealand." It is amazing how many people turn up in the course of the day and ask that question.

It can be done, of course, but there are ways and means. You can't just occur and expect to see the D.G.'s office, for instance!

### Leslie is Busy

Leslie Woodgate seems to be very busy one way or another. I encountered him also in the entrance hall. He is a useful member of the



Stainless Stephen (comma) takes an organ lesson from Reginald Dixon, the popular broadcast organist . . . and succeeds in getting his feet mixed up with his left-hand work! And he does look puzzled

On with the . . . .

# SHOW

This article gives you some of the thrills behind the scenes of the production of radio variety. Broadcasting House gets busy at the commencement of a big vaudeville programme, as John Trent here explains



Up in the control-room at the top of Broadcasting House the engineers get busy at the commencement of radio vaudeville . . . the knobs are turned and the buttons pressed to bring the various studios into circuit

lease arrangement with the B.B.C. expires. But if the hall is available, then the B.B.C. Variety Department may secure it for a long period, under a new lease. These St. George's Hall variety shows have proved a success. Now come with me to the engineers' sanctum at the top of Broadcasting House, just across

the interest in this nerve-centre of Broadcasting House reaches its climax.

Under the glaring lamps the bright aluminium control panels shine with a mechanical light.

Eight or nine men are busy at work on each control board.

They have their fingers on the very pulse of broadcasting.

In front of their eyes the needles of dozens of meters waver backwards and forwards as the volume varies on each of the studio lines.

When variety comes from St. George's Hall, the control of each one of the bank of microphones in the hall is done in a special sound-proof cabinet which is being built in the wings overlooking the stage.

But here, at the top of Broadcasting House, the control work is done on the long landlines transmitting this radio variety on four channels to the London National and Regional broadcasters at Brookmans Park . . . on the trunk lines to all the National transmitters over the whole country . . .

When radio variety is created in three or four studios in Broadcasting House itself, then there is more work for the engineers who sit at the positions of control in the eighth floor nerve-centre.

At the back of them are racks upon racks of amplifiers, all automatically switched from the sloping panels in front.

There are literally hundreds of master control buttons, each having its own little red or green indicator light.

These lights wink in and out as the amplifiers are switched into circuit and as studio after studio is brought into the variety chain.

When a number of studios in Broadcasting House are brought into use for one big variety programme—and this often happens when special effects noises have to be produced from one studio, when there is a large orchestra needing a studio to itself and when the variety show includes a broadcast sketch—then the eighth-floor control-room switches straight through to another control operator who also has his finger on the pulse of radio variety.

The complicated mixing of all these studio performances is done at the D.C.P. (Dramatic Control Panel Equipment) . . . switches are worked, contact buttons are pressed, and the programme is switched on to the vast B.B.C. programme network all over the country.

St. George's Hall is equipped with all the fascinating gadgets of a theatre. The stage has three curtains, four drop sets, spot-lights, and footlights . . .

But the mechanism which enables Broadcasting House variety shows to go with a swing is just as complicated.

It comprises dozens of amplifiers, hundreds of wireless valves, thousands of switch points, and a few men carrying out a job of great responsibility at a vital junction point in the broadcasting variety chain.

And all so that the show can go on !

the road from St. George's Hall.

One of the express lifts in the vestibule of Broadcasting House rushes us up to the eighth floor.

## By John TRENT

There, just at the side of the lift entrance, under a long sloping roof, are the vital control points where the engineers regulate the steady swing of a variety show.

Every programme and every studio and microphone switching detail is controlled from here, but it is during the progress of a big variety show that

ON with the show . . .

It's an old stage tradition that the show must go on in spite of all difficulties.

And it is a tradition which the B.B.C. has faithfully followed out.

You have only to visit Broadcasting House, or one of the outside studios during the broadcasting of a big vaudeville act to see how gaiety is infused into the studio artists . . . so that the show goes with a swing . . .

Everything from microphone to control panel must be regulated with the exactitude of clock-work.

Thousands of things might go wrong in the production of a B.B.C. variety show. The wrong studio might accidentally be switched in, or the effects studio might be brought into circuit at an inopportune moment. An orchestra might accidentally be faded in at the place in the script fixed for some humorous remark of the show's compère . . .

But it never happens !

The B.B.C. shows progress with the swing and regularity of a public stage show.

When it's a variety hour on the radio, the artists may be performing in one of the twenty-odd Broadcasting House studios, or from St. George's Hall—that thorn in the side of the Variety Artists' Federation.

St. George's Hall has none of the bright colours and modern furnishings of Broadcasting House. But, then, the B.B.C. is not spending a lot of money on the superficial decoration of the new St. George's Hall variety centre, for at present there is no charge for admission !

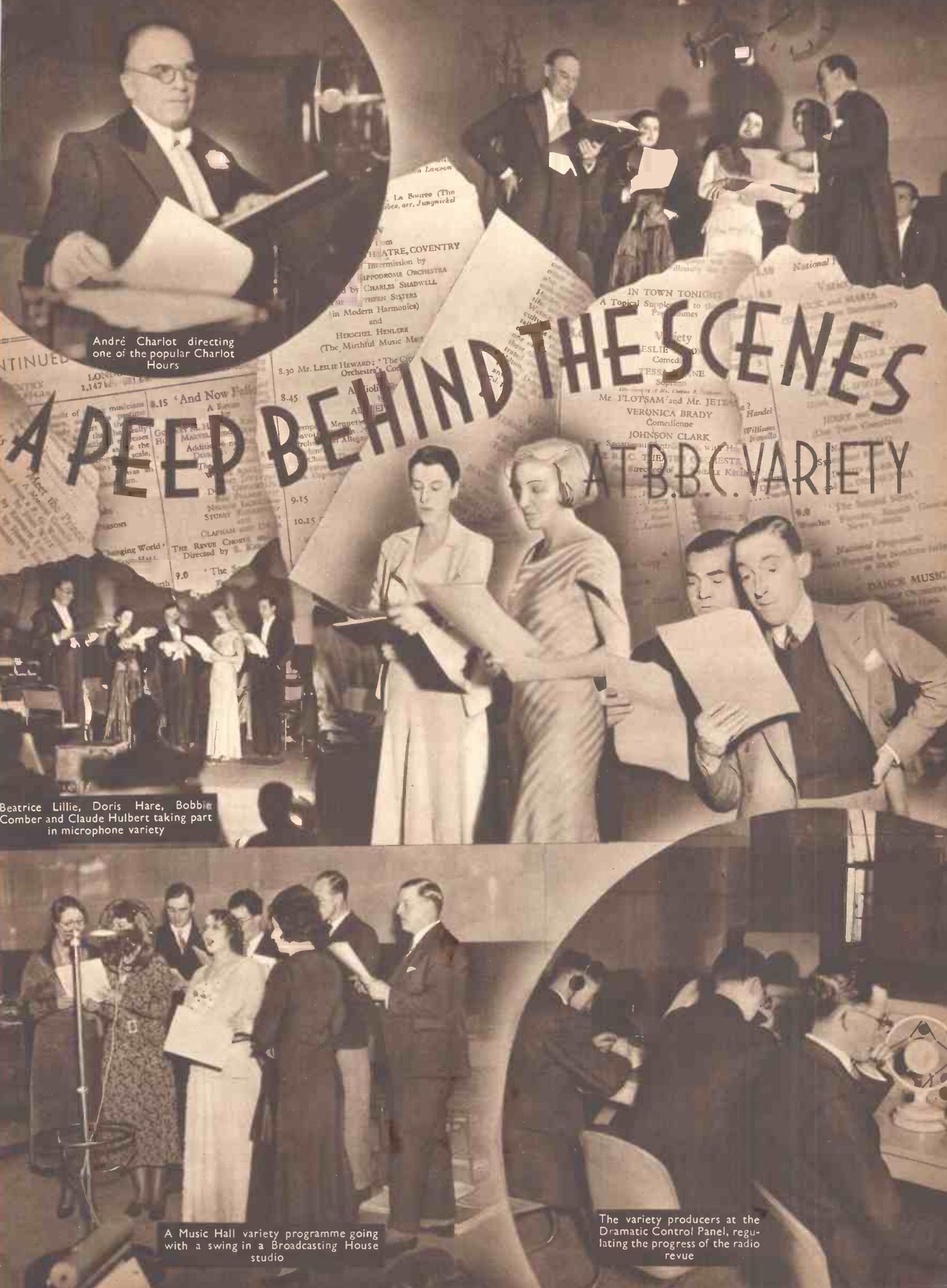
The faded paintwork and the present rather dingy surroundings of St. George's Hall are not altogether an encouragement to variety artists.

But the fact that four hundred and fifty people can sit in St. George's Hall and add their applause to make the show go out with a swing is a valuable factor on the side of the variety department.

It is a case of "on with the show" from St. George's Hall until September next, when the

John W. Green, the well-known conductor and light music composer, in an "on with the show" attitude





André Charloteau directing one of the popular Charloteau Hours

# A DEEP BEHIND THE SCENES AT B.B.C. VARIETY

Beatrice Lillie, Doris Hare, Bobbie Comber and Claude Hulbert taking part in microphone variety

A Music Hall variety programme going with a swing in a Broadcasting House studio

The variety producers at the Dramatic Control Panel, regulating the progress of the radio revue



*Sir Malcolm* CAMPBELL

*Broadcasting on*

# SPEED

Don't miss it! Listen to Sir Malcolm Campbell's next talk in the sports series. He will broadcast on "Speed Records—Yesterday and To-day," and you will find this article of outstanding interest in connection with his forthcoming talk

**T**HE world's first official speed record was created—at 39.24 miles per hour—only two years after the use of the car was legalised on British roads! In round figures, just 233 miles an hour slower than the present world's record!

In the next few years, of course, the figures leapt ahead. Until, by 1906, the record stood at 121.52 m.p.h. The next obvious milestone was 150 m.p.h. But it was to be many years before this was achieved.

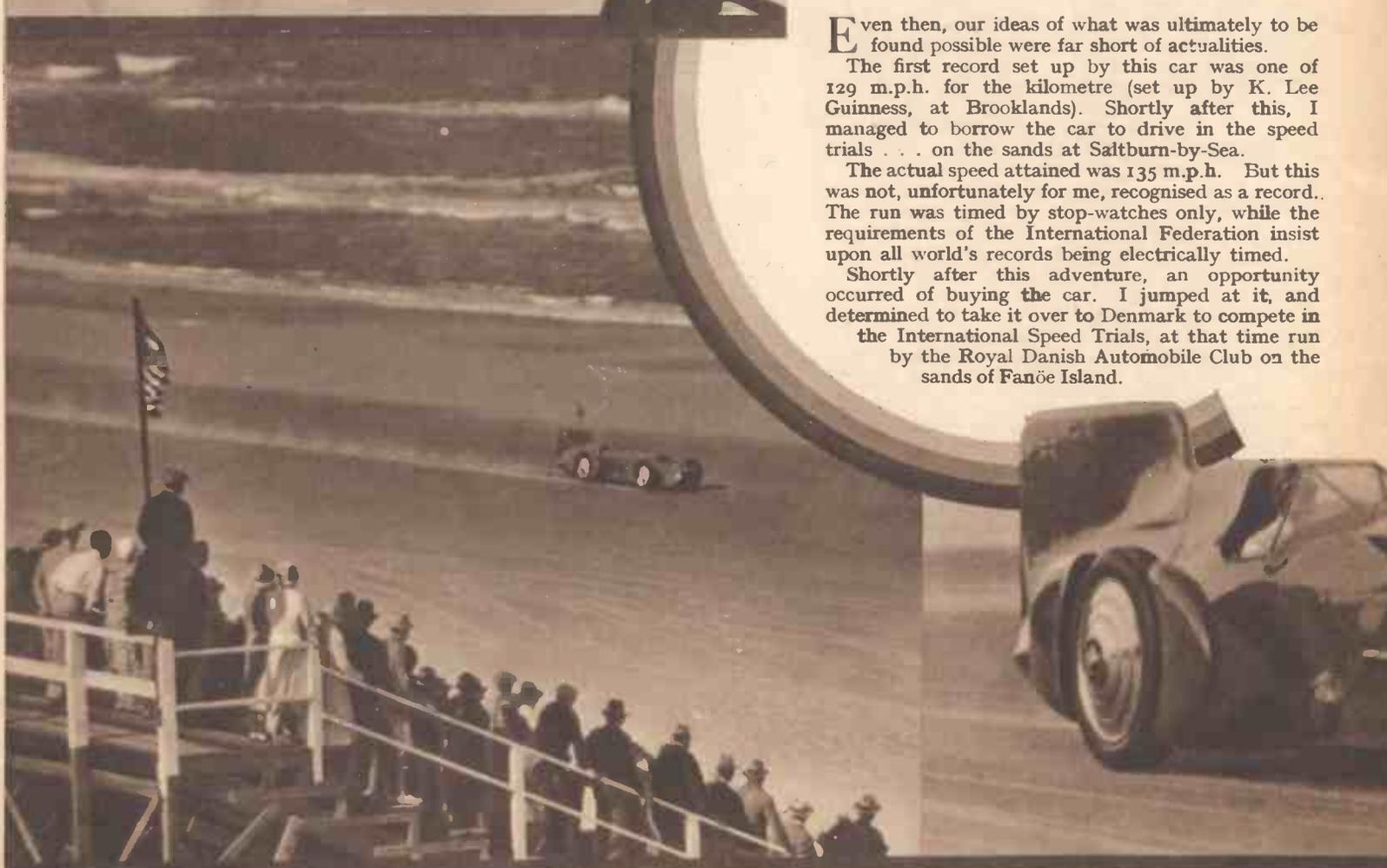
In fact, in the years immediately preceding the War, it became more or less a fixed conviction among many experts that the ultimate possibilities of the car had in all probability been reached. The enormous development of aircraft during the War, however, had an inevitable reflex effect on the motor-car. Though it was not until 1922, when the Sunbeam Co. built the famous twelve-cylinder 350-h.p. record-breaker, that we began to see what really fast speeds could be attained.

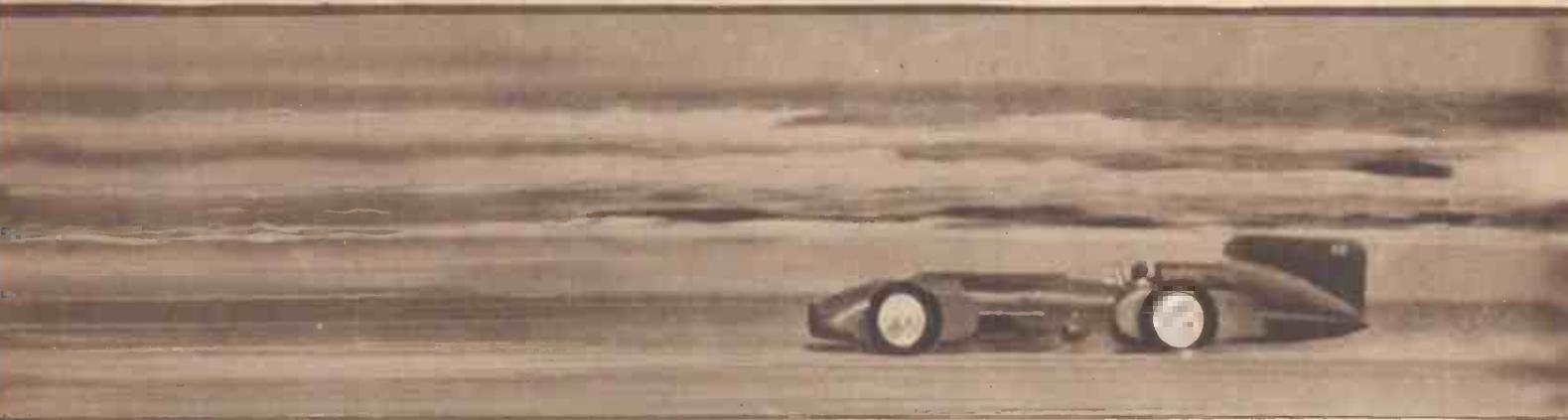
**E**ven then, our ideas of what was ultimately to be found possible were far short of actualities.

The first record set up by this car was one of 129 m.p.h. for the kilometre (set up by K. Lee Guinness, at Brooklands). Shortly after this, I managed to borrow the car to drive in the speed trials . . . on the sands at Saltburn-by-Sea.

The actual speed attained was 135 m.p.h. But this was not, unfortunately for me, recognised as a record. The run was timed by stop-watches only, while the requirements of the International Federation insist upon all world's records being electrically timed.

Shortly after this adventure, an opportunity occurred of buying the car. I jumped at it, and determined to take it over to Denmark to compete in the International Speed Trials, at that time run by the Royal Danish Automobile Club on the sands of Fanøe Island.





It was the possession of this wonderful car—wonderful at the time, that is—which first inspired me with a real desire to achieve speed records.

The reason I had determined on going to Denmark was that I believed I could be the first to pass the coveted figure of 150 m.p.h. In the end, I did achieve this, but it was not to be at Fanøe.

As a matter of fact, I did at this meeting reach a speed of 138 m.p.h. But again I was doomed to disappointment.

When the record went before the International Federation for confirmation, it was disallowed. The somewhat obscure reason was that the electrical timing apparatus used was not of an approved type—although it was actually tested and found accurate!

So, as in the case of Saltburn, I had actually made the speed, but still failed to secure a world's record.

The first recognised world's record I succeeded in securing was in September, 1924, at Pendine Sands, in South Wales.

The speed this time was 146 m.p.h. It seemed as though 150 would never be reached, and I came to the conclusion that if it was ever to be passed it would have to be with the aid of a new car.

It was at this stage that the *Blue Bird* was first conceived.

In the meanwhile, realising that it might be two years or even more before the new car could be ready, I had certain alterations and modifications made in the Sunbeam.

In the summer of 1925 I went once more to Pendine, and at last realised my ambition—to be the first to travel at over 150 m.p.h.

Actually, I secured the world's record at 150.6 m.p.h.—a very near thing, but nevertheless enough.

This record, by the way, was for the flying mile. Some months later, the late Sir Henry Segrave set up a new record for the kilometre at Southport of 153 m.p.h. So that I still

remained holder of the mile record, but another had actually travelled faster.

It may be of interest to note that the car on which poor Segrave made this new record is now in my possession. In fact, I raced it at Brooklands this year—and last—having had it entirely rebuilt.

Meanwhile, work was proceeding on the *Blue Bird*, but it was a long and arduous business, fraught with not a little disappointment and difficulties to be overcome.

The new ambition I had in my mind was to reach 180 miles an hour—three miles a minute.

Now, the building of a world's record-breaking car is an enterprise attended with considerable risk. I do not mean physical risk—that is a factor which must always be present when attempting to travel at really high speeds, and is one that is taken into account beforehand.

You may design ever so carefully, taking into consideration everything of moment.

You can make all sorts of tests with scale models in the wind tunnel and in other ways, and not until you are thoroughly satisfied that all is theoretically correct in the design do you proceed to the actual building of the car.

But the main trouble that one has to contend with is that there is no method of practically testing your theories until the actual car is completed . . . and the time has come to essay the attempt on record.

There is no road or track in this country on which the car can be let-out. And it is utterly useless to try it at 100 or 120 miles an hour when you hope that ultimately the car will travel at more than double the speed.

In fact, you really know nothing about the car until you are virtually committed to a "flat out run," or something very near it.

At 150 m.p.h. the new car may behave like an angel.

At 180 or 200 she may seem quite good to handle; but beyond some hitherto unknown critical speed she may prove quite uncontrollable.

If you have been lucky all along the line, you may have a wonderful motor-car. If,

however, some error—and it may be a slight one—has crept into the design, you may have spent anything up to £20,000 or even more—and have to begin all over again.

That has actually happened in the past.

Towards the end of 1926, *Blue Bird* in her original form was finished and ready for the initial attempt on new records.

There is only one possible place in this country where such attempts were at all possible—Pendine. And in January of 1927 I went there with the new car.

The first runs showed that she was by no means the perfect mechanical whole I had hoped for, and she had to be sent back home for certain vital alterations.

These took about a fortnight, and to make the story as short as possible, after encountering all sorts of trouble due to the weather and the condition of the sands, I finally set up a new record of 174.95 m.p.h. for the mile.

My experience at Pendine convinced me that, at the speed the *Blue Bird* was capable of, the sands were quite unsafe; and that, if the figures were to be put higher, another venue would have to be found.

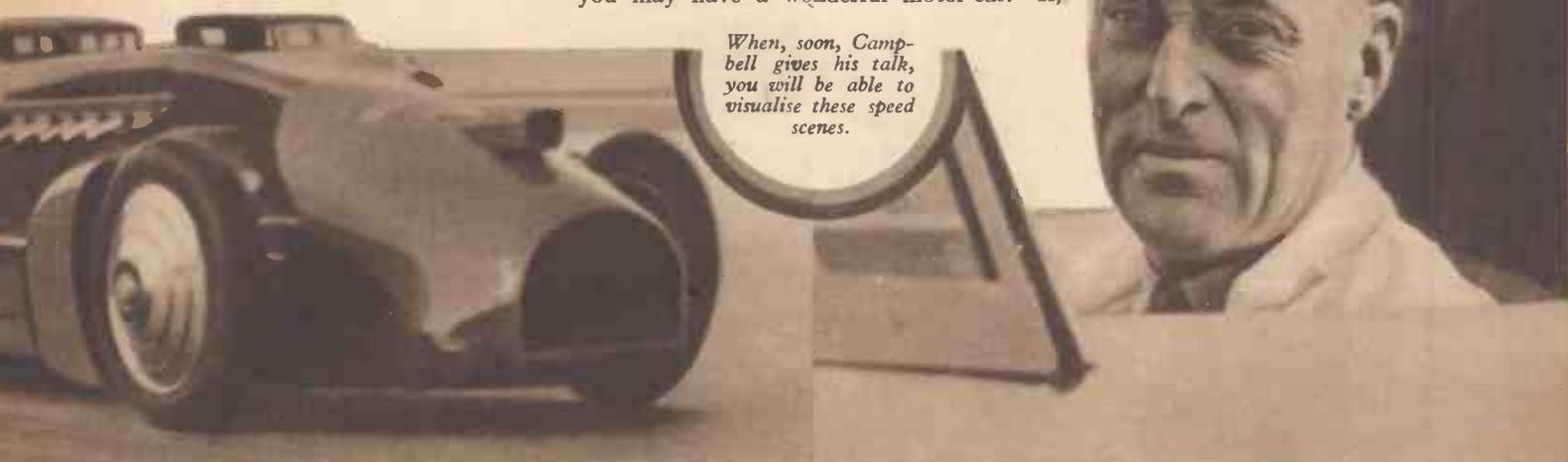
After making close inquiries, I decided that the only possible place would be the beach at Daytona, in Florida.

In the meanwhile, however, the Sunbeam Co. were building a car of 1,000 h.p. with which Sir Henry—then Major—Segrave was to attack world's records at Daytona.

This he did a few months later and reached a speed of 203 miles an hour.

I knew it would be hopeless to try to lower

(Continued on page 17)



When, soon, Campbell gives his talk, you will be able to visualise these speed scenes.

**T**HE most singular part about him was that everybody had liked him so much. It was singular because he was, of course, a perfect stranger, and in our suburb we are not as a rule very partial to strangers.

Particularly when there is anything at all unusual about them.

And about Jeremy Jones—J.J. as he came to be known to all of us—there were several rather unusual circumstances.

But I will come to them in due course.

In appearance J.J. was commonplace enough. He was short, stoutish, rather bald. Outwardly he gave no sign of the bad health from which, so he insisted, he always suffered.

He wore invariably the black coat and decently striped trousers of the man "who is something in the City." And he took "The Briars" furnished on a year's lease.

It is true that he paid the advance three months' rent in cash to the agent—which was hardly normal. But no one knew of that at the time.

Admittedly we are as curious in our suburb as most other people. So a good many people watched J.J. move in with interest.

As my house is on one side of "The Briars" and the Grahams live at "The Laurels" on the other, the Grahams and I found a pleasantly fresh subject of conversation in our new neighbour for the best part of ten days.

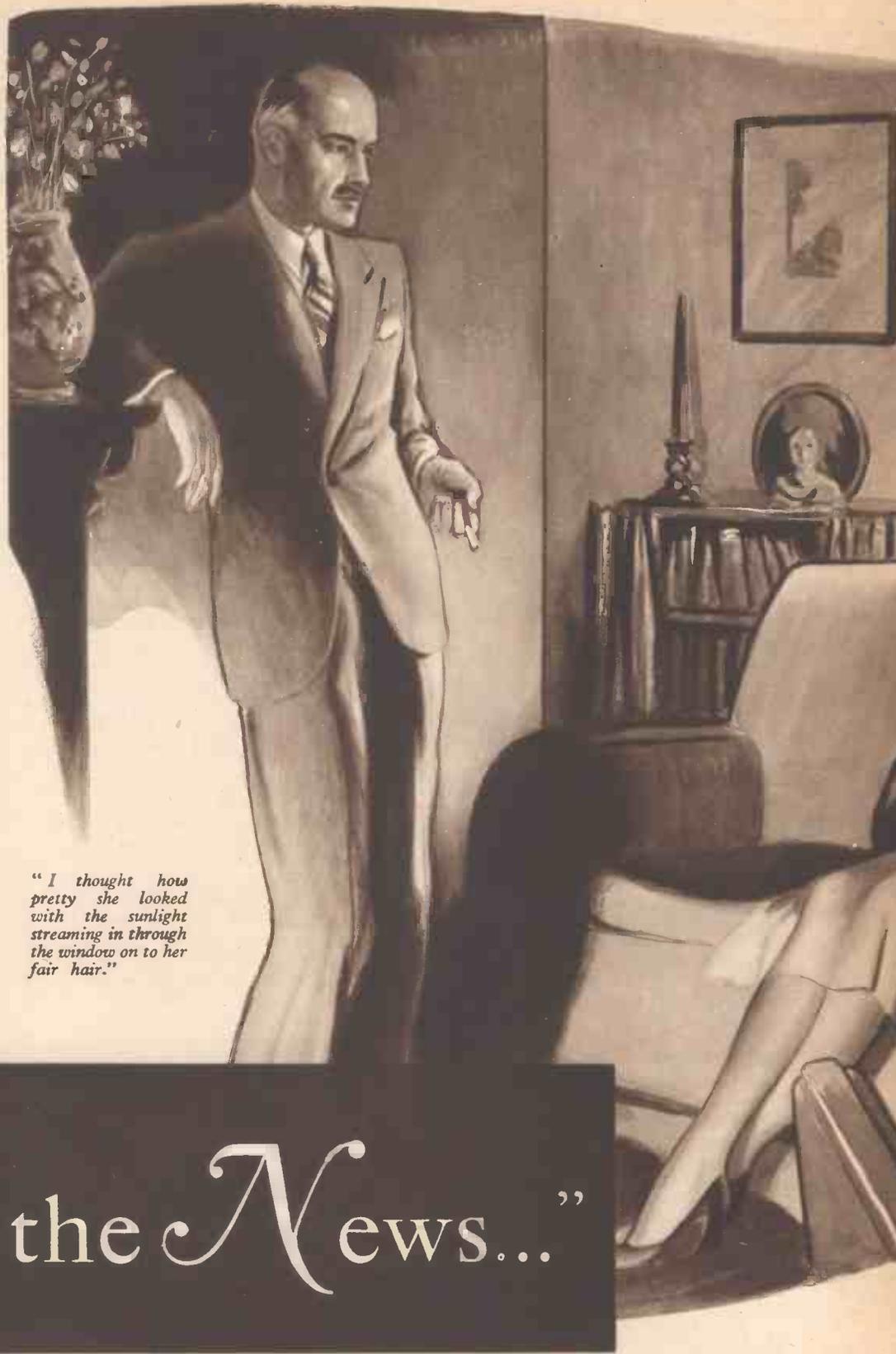
**A**nd it was during those ten days that certain rather odd points cropped up concerning J.J.

We called, of course.

We are not "high-hat"—as we've learned from the films to call it—in our suburb. And we feel that a new arrival needs inspection—from every point of view. After all, there are the tennis club and bridge tournaments to be thought of. . . .

We found the little man charming. He was friendly, affable, and hospitality itself. More than one of us called at tea, and remained to dine. He made, so Phyllis, the attractive and lively blonde daughter of the Grahams assured me, a marvellous cocktail.

Personally I can only answer for the excellence of his sherry. He had also installed a particularly fine wireless set.



*"I thought how pretty she looked with the sunlight streaming in through the window on to her fair hair."*

# "Before the News..."

**P**hyllis, indeed, came to see a lot of J.J.; more than was good for her, in the opinion of Mrs. Lassiter, who frequently informed me that in her young days no respectable parents would have dreamed of letting a young girl spend hours at a time in a bachelor's house—especially when the bachelor kept no servants on the premises.

"Oh, rats!" was Phyllis's inelegant but forceful comment, when I told her.

I had felt she ought to be told what ill-natured people were saying. I'm fond of her in an avuncular way, and I hate gossip. . . .

"Rats!" said Phyllis. "No bachelor would ever have had Mrs. Lassiter inside his house if he could help it!"

"Poor J.J. He's rather sweet, and I like his house. He's made it charming."

"And you like his cocktails," I put in

rather maliciously. Perhaps I felt my nose put a trifle out of joint.

Phyllis took no notice of that. She looked at me seriously with her blue eyes unusually wide. I thought how pretty she looked with the sunlight streaming in through the window on to her fair hair, her slim ankles elegantly crossed and her hands clasped demurely together in her lap.

"You know," she went on after a pause, "I think he's very unhappy—J.J. I mean."

"You mean he's ill?"

"No, I don't. I mean unhappy. He gets quite absent-minded at times—"

"You mean when you're there? I can't believe it!"

Again Phyllis took no notice of my sarcasm. She nodded gravely.

"Yes. It's almost frightening, Andy." (She

calls me that—heaven knows why—as my name is Roger Macphail.)

"It's a little like being alone with an absent-minded tame puma. You begin to wonder if he mightn't be quite wild when he stopped being absent-minded—Oh, it's all rubbish, I suppose."

**I** began to feel anxious. For Phyllis is the least fanciful of girls.

She plays capital tennis, dances like a dream, and has a very healthy appetite. That she prefers sober middle-aged men like myself and J.J. to the brigade of young cubs of her own age, with loud voices, sports cars, and check plus fours, I regard as an additional sign of grace.

But she wouldn't say any more; simply stubbed out one of my expensive Egyptian

## New Short Story by VAL GIELGUD



a little too far—but perhaps that was because I was not consulted beforehand in the matter.

Shortly after nine o'clock she knocked at my french window. I was surprised. But I was also horrified to see that in spite of a most becoming green frock and silver shoes she was trembling all over and looked as if she was going to faint.

She was white to the lips under her make-up. She dropped limply into an armchair and asked for some brandy. Her teeth chattered against the rim of the glass.

"What is it, my dear?" I said as gently as I could. I admit I was thinking the worst of Jeremy Jones, and anticipating paying him a visit with a crop. But I was quite wrong.

"Andy," said Phyllis, "I'm scared—horribly."

"Take your time," I said. "Don't spoil your brandy by gulping it!"

She smiled and patted my hand, to my great satisfaction.

"Well," she began at last, "I've been dining with J.J."

"I know."

"Well, you needn't look so disapproving, Andy."

"I can't help my face, Phyllis. Go on."

"All right. But it's not what you think."

He was just as charming as ever. After dinner we talked of this and that, and then suddenly the Announcer came through on the wireless.

"You know the formula—'Before the News to-night I have a Police Message.'

"And, Andy, it went on to say that a Mrs. Fishbone had been run down by a car, and badly hurt, and that they wanted witnesses—you know the usual stuff. They mentioned the hospital where she was, of course."

"Well, it's hard on the little man," I began. "He was so attached to his mother—"

"Wait, Andy! J.J. got up looking like death; left the room without a word to me; and I heard the front door slam! He'd gone."

"To go to the hospital—"

"Yes, I suppose so," said Phyllis. "But, Andy. *The wireless had never been switched on!* I only realised it afterwards."

"Nonsense, my dear!"

"It's true! I looked to make sure before I came away. Andy, what does it mean?"

The explanation is still to seek.

All we know is that in the papers next day we read of the arrest of a man wanted for the murder of his wife. He had vanished some weeks before.

But very late the previous night he had appeared at a hospital in the Midlands inquiring for news of his mother who had died there after being knocked down by a car.

The photograph of the wanted man was that of J.J.

I rang up Broadcasting House.

No Police Message had been broadcast before last night's News. I am left to agree with Horatio that "there are more things in heaven and earth"—perhaps even in Loch Ness—than any philosopher or engineer can believe or explain away.

## HERE AND THERE

HELLO, CHILDREN!

To-day I am going to tell you some good news about a place called The Polish Corridor. (If you read that quickly it sounds like some sort of slippery passage, doesn't it?)

I dare say some of you sleep in a bedroom leading out of somebody else's room. Those of you who do will know how annoying it is never being able to get out of your own room without disturbing the people next door.

You must often say to yourself "I wish to goodness my room had a door into a passage so that I could get up and go out without someone saying "Now what are you up to?"

Well, that is just why the Polish Corridor was made at the Peace of Versailles fifteen years ago.

As I said in my talk last week, at the end of the War it was arranged that the ancient Kingdom of Poland should begin life

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

again, and that in order that the new Polish State should have a sea coast—or front door—Poland should be given a strip of territory leading down to the Baltic Sea.

This strip was called The Polish Corridor and, if you look at your maps, you will see it divides a part of Germany, called East Prussia, from the rest of the German State. Ever since the Peace Treaty there have been rows between Germany and Poland over this Corridor or passage. The Poles said: "We must keep our passage to the front door," and the Germans said: "You forget that we have to go through your territory every time we want to go, say, from Berlin to East Prussia; besides, there are thousands of Germans living in what you call your passage."

When Herr Hitler became the chief man in the German Government, everyone was afraid that he might try to take the Corridor away from the Poles by force, which would have meant war, so we are all very pleased to hear that at the end of January, Germany and Poland signed a treaty in which both sides promised not to go to war with each other, but to settle their disputes in a peaceful way during the period of the next ten years.

If you want to know who is right and who is wrong about this Corridor business, I advise you to study carefully the motto I have chosen for this week which is:

"Quarrels would not last long if the fault was only on one side"

which was said by a witty Frenchman called the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, who died in 1680.

cigarettes half-smoked, and went away.

Well, I could make nothing of it. I went round to see J.J. the same evening.

So far from being mysterious, he became positively voluble.

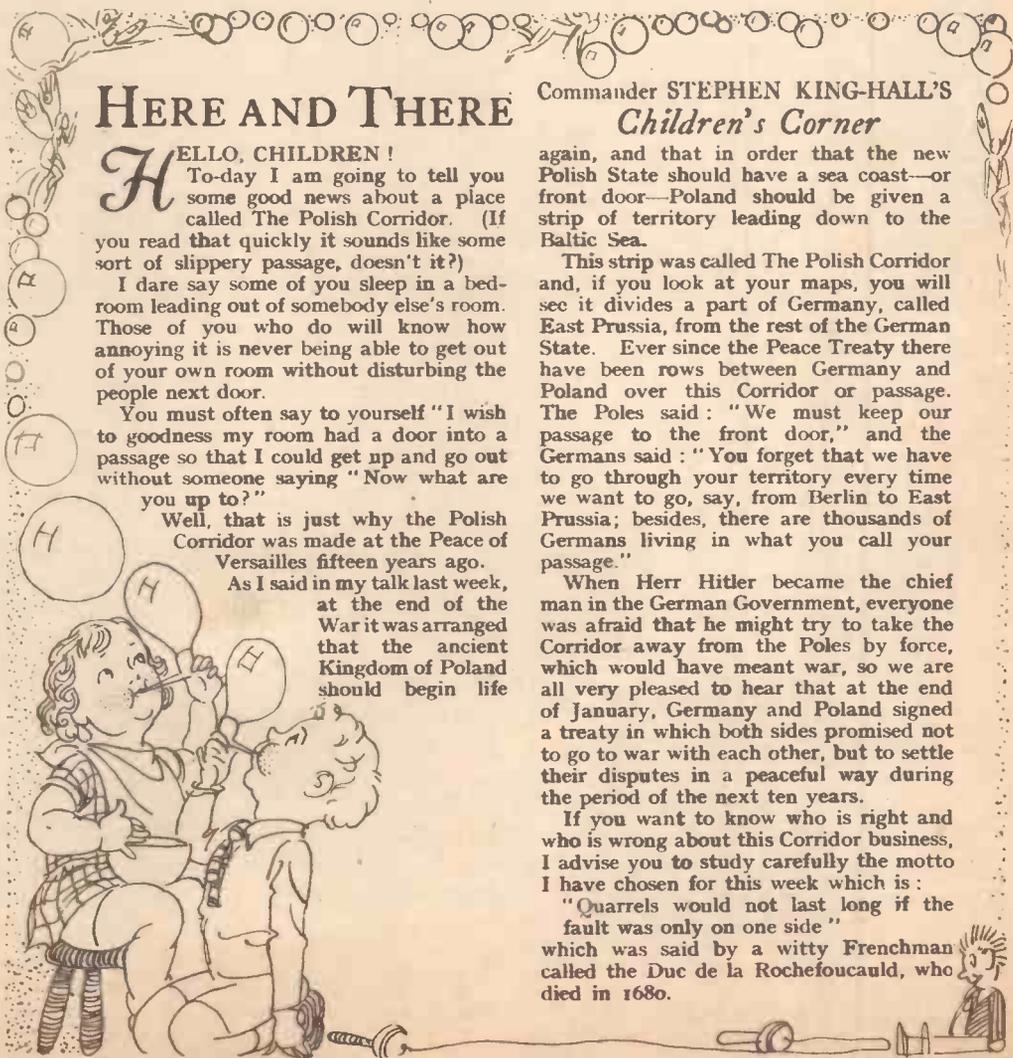
He had just retired from a business in the Midlands—he threw out a discreet hint about ill-health; he had always lived with his mother, to whom he was utterly devoted, until just recently the old lady had given him the shock of his life by marrying again—at the age of seventy-three!

"And a man called Fishbone into the bargain!" he said, with a twinkle and a shrug.

"I could hardly go on living with the Fishbones," he went on, "so I thought I'd find a place where I could be quiet and settle down. My health, you know—and my mother was really everything to me. I couldn't stay there—but your glass is empty."

I left him feeling that Phyllis had been letting her imagination run away with her.

Three evenings later Phyllis—with her parents' approval, and in order finally to quell Mrs. Lassiter—dined alone with J.J. at his house. Frankly, I considered this going



# PLAN your WEEK'S Listening in Advance

## NATIONAL

**SUNDAY (Feb. 18).**—A light orchestral concert from Leamington Spa.

**MONDAY (Feb. 19).**—*Loyalties*, a play by John Galsworthy.

The B.B.C. is fortunate in having secured Ernest Milton for the part of de Levis in this broadcast. Ernest Milton played this part in the original production at St. Martin's Theatre, London, in 1922, and gave a tremendous piece of characterisation.

**TUESDAY (Feb. 20).**—Scrap Book for 1909, a microphone medley of twenty-five years ago, written and arranged by Leslie Baily.

Leslie Baily's "Scrap-book" programmes arouse in the minds of many listeners memories that are pleasant yet tinged with some regret—regret because such reminders of the old days tell inexorably the tale of the passing years. This time Leslie Baily will take us back twenty-five years, to 1909, when Shackleton was conquering Antarctic wastes, when Bleriot flew the Channel, and when the Suffragettes were launching their campaign.

George Graves was appearing in *Aladdin* at the Drury Lane; we shall have him in the broadcast. Harry Welchman was in the *Arcadians* at the Shaftesbury; he also will take part in the broadcast, as well as Irene Vanbrugh and Lyn Harding, who were appearing in *Mid-Channel* at the St. James's in 1909. Some who will be heard have now passed over, Sir Ernest Shackleton among them. For these the listener will have to be satisfied with records; but he will no doubt bless the science which made possible the preserva-

**WEDNESDAY (Feb. 21).**—Variety programme.

After five years, Gwen Farrar makes a welcome reappearance at the microphone, and Marion Harris, back in England to fulfil a cabaret engagement after nearly a year's absence in America, will broadcast on the same evening. The "bill" also contains Dorothy McBlain (the girl who whistles in her throat), Mrs. Pallpleasure (violin solos), and John Tilley (the mutterer). S. Kneale Kelley directs the orchestra.

**THURSDAY (February 22).**—Hallé concert, relayed from the Free Trade Hall, Manchester.

**FRIDAY (Feb. 23).**—A relay from the Battersea Power Station.

Howard Marshall is the commentator. "Power—from Coal to Grid" is the title of the programme, which will be carried out by courtesy of the London Power Company, Limited. The broadcast will consist of a tour round the robot building at Battersea, with its silent stokers and sootless smoke belching forth from 240-foot stacks. The story will start with the coal fuel in process from the top of the transporter belts; the banks of blowers; mighty turbines, steel encased, like huge grey slugs rising from the cement floor; turbines which every hour use eight million gallons of condensing water from the River Thames; generators; safety valves; the control room with its flashing coloured lights, the nerve centre of the whole building not unlike a steamer's bridge with its ship and semaphore control; the switch room with rows of giant 12-ton switches. All these details of R.U.R. come to life will be explained by Mr. Marshall, with actual sound effects.

**TUESDAY (Feb. 20).**—A popular concert, relayed from the Shire Hall, Gloucester.

**WEDNESDAY (Feb. 21).**—Orchestral concert.

**THURSDAY (Feb. 22).**—Variety programme.

**FRIDAY (Feb. 23).**—Have Machines Made Us Happier? A discussion between Vernon Brook and Walter Higgs.

**SATURDAY (Feb. 24).**—The Roosters Concert Party, relayed from the Central Hall, Birmingham.

## WEST REGIONAL

**SUNDAY (Feb. 18).**—Religious service, relayed from Bethany Presbyterian Church, Port Talbot.

**MONDAY (Feb. 19).**—Choral and instrumental concert.

**TUESDAY (Feb. 20).**—A popular concert, relayed from the Shire Hall, Gloucester.

**WEDNESDAY (Feb. 21).**—Ar Lannau Tywi (On the Banks of the Towy), a feature programme dealing with the banks of the River Towy.

**THURSDAY (Feb. 22).**—Cymysgedd, Welsh variety programme.

concert, relayed from the Central Hall, Liverpool.

**WEDNESDAY (Feb. 21).**—Orchestral concert.

**THURSDAY (Feb. 22).**—Hallé concert, relayed from the Free Trade Hall, Manchester.

**FRIDAY (Feb. 23).**—Northern Music Hall Parade.

This will consist of a microphone tour of the Argyle, Birkenhead; the Grand, Blackburn; the Empire, York; and the Empire, Middlesbrough. The last-named programme should enable Southern listeners to judge whether Northern music-hall audiences know how to enjoy themselves or not.

**SATURDAY (Feb. 24).**—Marches and Waltzes: orchestral programme.

## SCOTTISH REGIONAL

**SUNDAY (Feb. 18).**—A religious service, conducted by Rev. A. C. Craig, from a studio.

**MONDAY (Feb. 19).**—Tullytassie Parish Church: A Soirée in connection with the Induction of Rev. Donald MacTavish, feature programme.

**TUESDAY (Feb. 20).**—The Tinder Box, a pantomime for broadcasting, by Roger MacDougall.

**WEDNESDAY (Feb. 21).**—Proverbs in Porcelain, a Sèvres Collection by



Charles Shadwell will broadcast on Thursday (2 p.m.), Esther Coleman on Saturday, February 24 (8 p.m.), John Rorke on Thursday (8 p.m.), and Leslie Woodgate on Friday (9 p.m.)

tion of the actual tones of the once eminent.

**WEDNESDAY (Feb. 21).**—Symphony concert, relayed from the Queen's Hall, London.

**THURSDAY (Feb. 22).**—The Old Music Halls, No. 4, The Palace, feature programme by M. Willson Disher.

**FRIDAY (Feb. 23).**—The Devil Take Her (Benjamin), relayed from Sadler's Wells.

**SATURDAY (Feb. 24).**—A running commentary by Captain H. B. T. Wakelam on the International Rugby Football match, Scotland v. Ireland, relayed from Murrayfield, Edinburgh.

## LONDON REGIONAL

**SUNDAY (Feb. 18).**—A religious service, conducted by Canon Tissington Tatlow, relayed from All Hallows', Lombard Street.

**MONDAY (Feb. 19).**—Scrap Book for 1909, a microphone medley of twenty-five years ago; written and arranged by Leslie Baily.

**TUESDAY (Feb. 20).**—*Loyalties*, a play by John Galsworthy.

**SATURDAY (Feb. 24).**—Chamber music concert.

## MIDLAND REGIONAL

**SUNDAY (Feb. 18).**—A Methodist service, relayed from the Central Hall, Coventry.

**MONDAY (Feb. 19).**—The British Industries Fair, 1934; the microphone pays a visit to the Birmingham Section of the Fair at Castle Bromwich.

**FRIDAY (Feb. 23).**—Orchestral concert.

**SATURDAY (Feb. 24).**—Band concert.

## NORTH REGIONAL

**SUNDAY (Feb. 18).**—Orchestral concert.

**MONDAY (Feb. 19).**—The Barber of Seville, relayed from the Princes Theatre, Manchester.

**TUESDAY (Feb. 20).**—Part I of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society's

Austin Dobson, feature programme.

**THURSDAY (Feb. 22).**—Ballad concert.

**FRIDAY (Feb. 23).**—Orchestral and choral concert, relayed from the Town Hall, Kirkcudbright.

**SATURDAY (Feb. 24).**—A concert of organ music and songs, relayed from the Caird Hall, Dundee.

## BELFAST

**SUNDAY (Feb. 18).**—Religious service, relayed from Fishervick Presbyterian Church, Belfast.

**MONDAY (Feb. 19).**—Choruses from the operas, orchestral and choral programme.

**TUESDAY (Feb. 20).**—Orchestral concert.

**WEDNESDAY (Feb. 21).**—Symphony orchestral concert.

**THURSDAY (Feb. 22).**—The Brandy Pad, a play by Richard Rowley.

**FRIDAY (Feb. 23).**—The Devil Take Her (Benjamin), relayed from Sadler's Wells, London.

**SATURDAY (Feb. 24).**—An orchestral concert, relayed from the Wellington Hall.

## Dance Music of the Week

**Monday.** The Grosvenor House Dance Band (Grosvenor House).

**Tuesday.** Lew Stone and his Band (from the B.B.C. studios).

**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).

*Dance Music from the Continental Stations*

**SUNDAY**

Barcelona ... 8 p.m.  
 Juan-les-Pins ... 11 p.m.  
 Ljubljana ... 9.15 p.m.  
 Madrid EAQ ... 12.30 a.m.  
 Munich ... 10 p.m.  
 Radio Normandy ... 9 p.m.  
 Strasbourg ... 10.30 p.m.  
 Warsaw ... 9.45 p.m.

**MONDAY**

Brussels No. 1 ... 10.10 p.m.  
 Radio Normandy ... 5.15 p.m.

**TUESDAY**

Radio Normandy ... 11.30 a.m.

**WEDNESDAY**

Athlone ... 9.30 p.m.  
 Barcelona ... 1 a.m.  
 Brussels No. 2 ... 5 p.m.

**THURSDAY**

Radio Normandy ... 5.15 p.m.

**FRIDAY**

Warsaw ... 9.40 p.m.

**SATURDAY**

Ankara ... 3.25 p.m.  
 Brussels No. 1 ... 5 p.m.  
 Poste Parisien ... 9.5-11 p.m.  
 Radio Normandy ... 12-1 a.m.

# Your Continental Programme Guide

Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Vesper Services ... 10.0 p.m.  
 Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Dance and Light Music ... 9.0 p.m.  
 Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Music ... 8.30 p.m.  
 Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Dance Music ... 1.30 p.m.  
 Toulouse (335.2 m.).—Guitar solos, Tangos, and Songs from Films ... 10.20 p.m.  
 Warsaw (1,415 m.).—Dance Music from Polonia Cafe ... 9.45 p.m.

**MONDAY**

Ankara (1,639 m.).—Turkish Music ... 3.20 p.m.  
 Athlone (531 m.).—Military Band ... 9.30 p.m.  
 Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Song Hits ... 2 p.m.  
 Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Dance Music ... 10.10 p.m.  
 Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Orchestra ... 8.0 p.m.  
 Hamburg (331.9 m.).—Godeke Michiolo—Play ... 6.0 p.m.  
 Juan-les-Pins (222.6 m.).—Concert ... 10.0 p.m.  
 Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Folk Songs and New Italian Music ... 7.30 p.m.  
 Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Records ... 6.0 p.m.

Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Piano Recital ... 8.15 p.m.  
 Munich (405.4 m.).—Violin Recital ... 1.30 p.m.  
 Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—New Records ... 1.30 p.m.  
 Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Orchestra ... 9.45 p.m.  
 Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Dance Music and Piano Selections by Ohman and Arden ... 11.30 p.m.  
 Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Variety ... 1.30 a.m.  
 Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Guy Ropartz Recital ... 6.30 p.m.  
 Warsaw (1,415 m.).—Piano Recital ... 4.10 p.m.

**WEDNESDAY**

Ankara (1,639 m.).—Violin and Orchestral Music ... 2.0 p.m.  
 Athlone (531 m.).—Dance Music ... 9.30 p.m.  
 Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Dance Music (English Programme) ... 1.0 a.m. (Thur.)  
 Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Symphony Concert ... 6.15 p.m.  
 Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Dance Music from the Hotel Atlanta ... 5.0 p.m.  
 Juan-les-Pins (222.6 m.).—Concert ... 8.10 p.m.  
 Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Orchestra ... 11.0 a.m.

Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Music by Lalo ... 12 noon  
 Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Piano Quartet ... 9.25 p.m.  
 Munich (405.4 m.).—Concert ... 10-11.0 p.m.  
 Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Records ... 6.48 p.m.  
 Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Dance Music ... 5.15 p.m.  
 Warsaw (1,415 m.).—Chopin Recital ... 7.2 p.m.

**FRIDAY**

Ankara (1,639 m.).—Violin Recital ... 2.0 p.m.  
 Athlone (531 m.).—Light Music ... 9.30 p.m.  
 Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Light Orchestra ... 9.10 p.m.  
 Berlin (Deutschlandsender) (1,571 m.).—"Our Flag flies before us" ... 6.0 p.m.  
 Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Minuets ... 12 noon  
 Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Organ, Violin, Cello, Piano and Harp Solos ... 6.35 p.m.  
 Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Selections from Opera ... 8.0 p.m.  
 Munich (405.4 m.).—Concert of Intermezzos ... 5.30 p.m.  
 Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Orchestra ... 8.10 p.m.



More Stars this week: (from left to right) Helen Alston (Wednesday, 5.15 p.m.), Leonard Henry (Tuesday, Midland Regional), Captain H. B. T. Wakelam (Saturday, February 24, 2.50 p.m.), and Bertha Willmott (Thursday, 8 p.m.)

**SUNDAY (FEBRUARY 18)**

Ankara (1,639 m.).—Cello Recital ... 2 p.m.  
 Athlone (531 m.).—Old Time Favourites ... 1.45 p.m.  
 Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Dance Music ... 8.0 p.m.  
 Berlin (Deutschlandsender) (1,571 m.).—(All German stations.) Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra ... 7.0 p.m.  
 Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Orchestra with Harp Solos ... 12 noon  
 Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Cabaret ... 11.0 p.m.-midnight  
 Hamburg (331.9 m.).—Harbour Concert ... 5.35 a.m.  
 Juan-les-Pins (222.6 m.).—Orchestral and Dance Music ... 11.0 p.m.-1.0 a.m. (Mon.)  
 Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Bach Cantata ... 10.30 a.m.  
 Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Dance Music ... 9.15 p.m. (approx.)  
 Madrid EAQ (30 m.).—Dance Music ... 12.30 a.m. (Mon.)  
 Munich (405.4 m.).—Dance Music ... 10.0 p.m.  
 Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—All Star Variety Concert ... 5.30 p.m.

Munich (405.4 m.).—Modern Songs ... 8.30 p.m.  
 Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Operetta Music ... 7.50 p.m.  
 Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Variety ... 11.45 p.m.  
 Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Dance Music ... 5.15 p.m.  
 Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Light Music from Metz ... 8.30 p.m.  
 Warsaw (1,415 m.).—Polish Songs ... 3.10 p.m.

**TUESDAY**

Ankara (1,639 m.).—Orchestra ... 2.0 p.m.  
 Athlone (531 m.).—Light Music ... 9.30 p.m.  
 Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Musical Comedy ... 9.45 p.m.  
 Breslau (315.8 m.).—Freistaat Schwenten—Play ... 6.0 p.m.  
 Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Light Music ... 1.10 p.m.  
 Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Marches (on Records) ... 5.0 p.m.  
 Juan-les-Pins (222.6 m.).—Concert ... 8.40 p.m.  
 Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Orchestra ... 3.0 p.m.

Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Chamber Music ... 5.0 p.m.  
 Munich (405.4 m.).—Concert ... 10.0-11.0 p.m.  
 Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Faust—Opera (Gounod) ... 8.0 p.m.  
 Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Golden Treasury ... 8.15 p.m.  
 Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Request Programme ... 11.30 a.m.  
 Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Orchestra ... 1.0 a.m.  
 Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Concert from the Palais des Fêtes ... 8.30 p.m.  
 Warsaw (1,415 m.).—Light Music ... 3.55 p.m.

**THURSDAY**

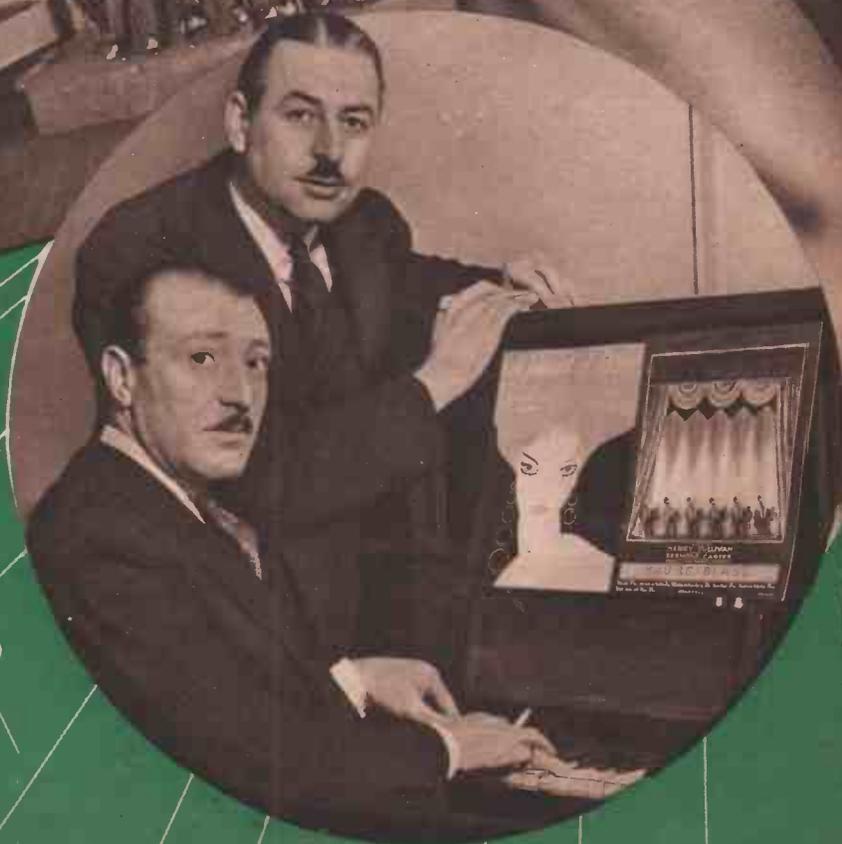
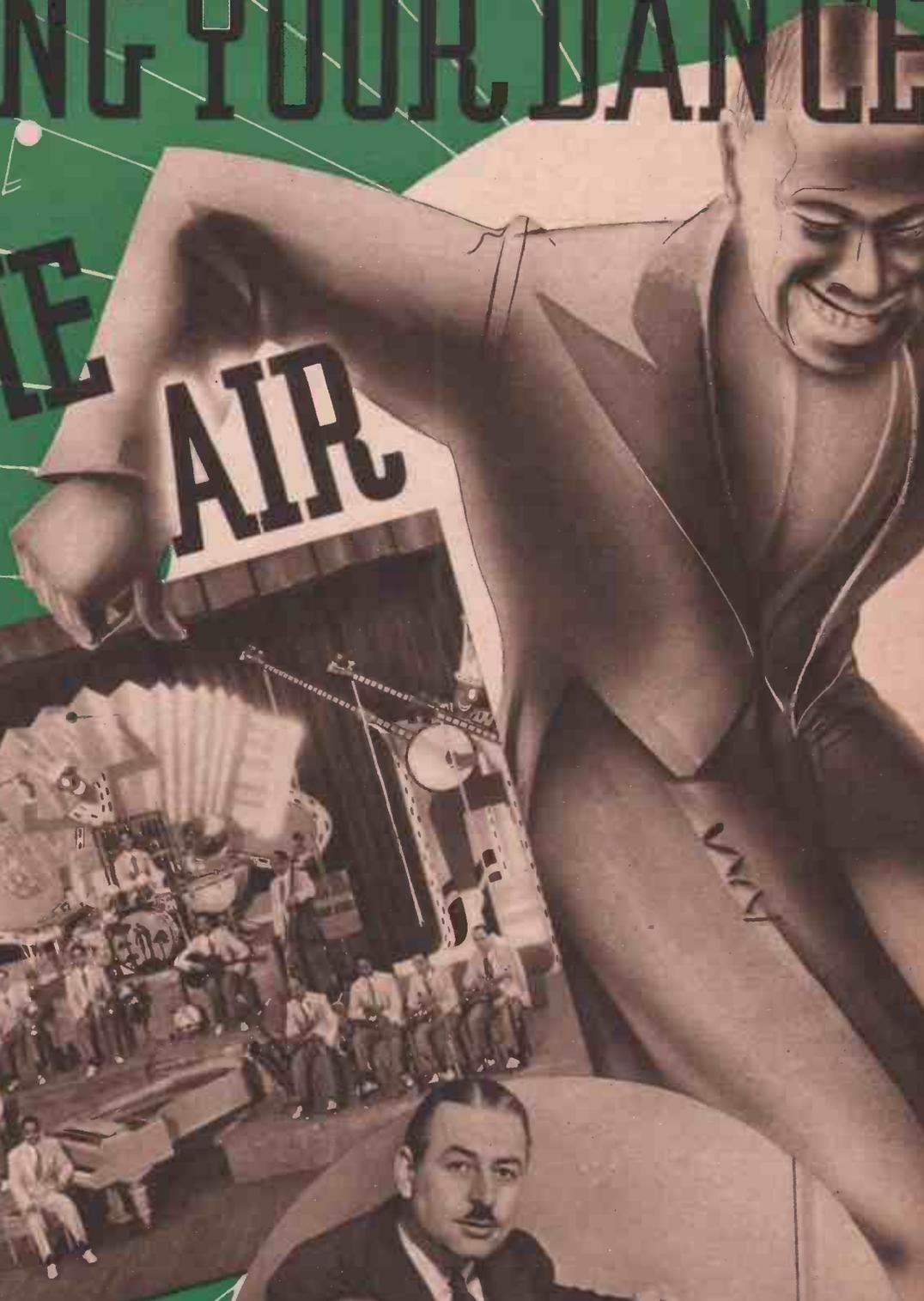
Ankara (1,639 m.).—Turkish Music ... 2.45 p.m.  
 Athlone (531 m.).—Orchestra ... 9.30 p.m.  
 Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Light Music ... 9.10 p.m.  
 Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—(All German stations) Music ... 6.0 p.m.  
 Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Concert ... 8-10.0 p.m.

Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Light Music ... 11.30 a.m.  
 Warsaw (1,415 m.).—Dance Music from Oaza Café ... 9.40 p.m.

**SATURDAY**

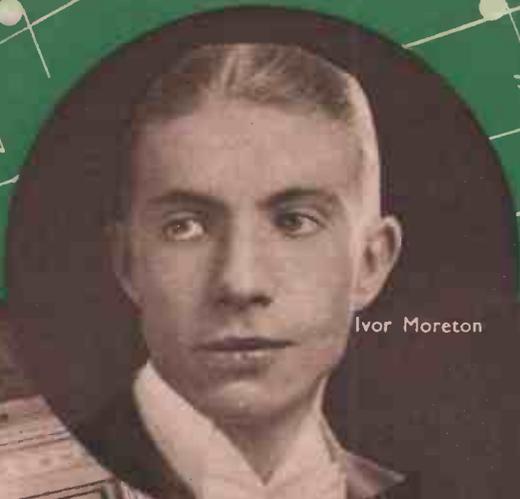
Athlone (531 m.).—Records ... 9.30 p.m.  
 Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Military Band ... 10.30 p.m.  
 Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Dance Music ... 5.0 p.m.  
 Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Concert from the Liège Conservatoire ... 8.30 p.m.  
 Heilsburg (291 m.).—Songs of East Prussia ... 6.0 p.m.  
 Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Selections from Operettas ... 7.10 p.m.  
 Munich (405.4 m.).—Children's Programme ... 5.10 p.m.  
 Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Dance Music ... 9.5-11 p.m.  
 Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Dance Music ... 12 mid.-1 a.m.  
 Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Concert ... 1.0 a.m.  
 Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Fortunio (Messenger) ... 8.30 p.m.  
 Warsaw (1,415 m.).—Popular Concert ... 3.55 p.m.

# PUTTING YOUR DANCE ON THE AIR



**D**ANCE MUSIC comes on the air to you from B.B.C. stations at 5.15 and at approximately 10.15 every evening—Sundays excepted! There is a vast industry behind the preparation of dance music and its presentation on the radio, and these vivid photographs give you an idea of the men behind the dance-music microphone.

# MUSIC



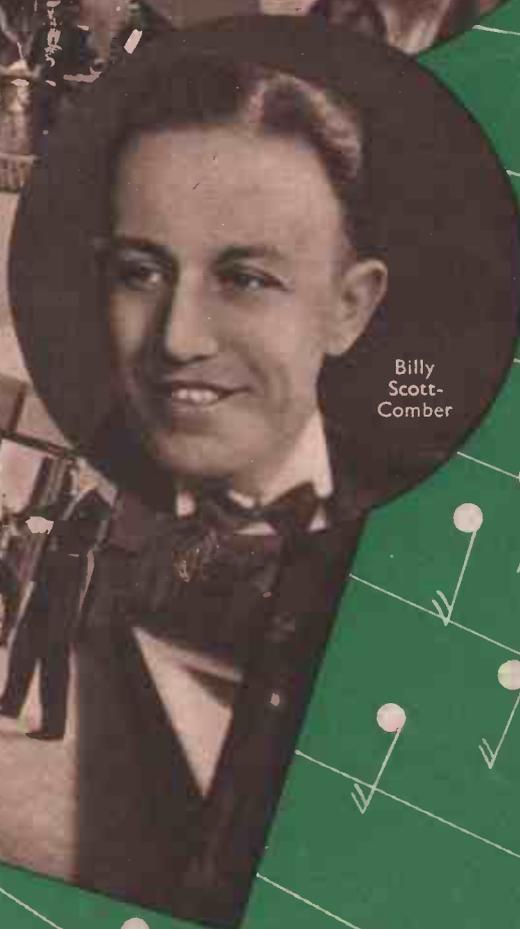
Ivor Moreton



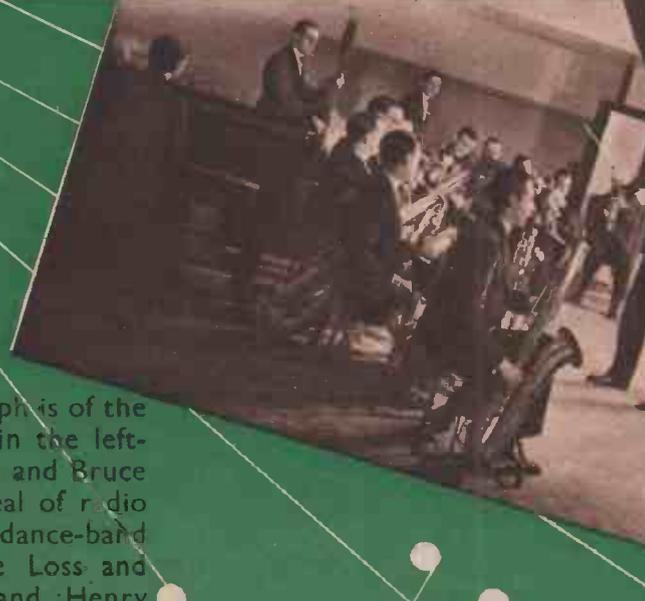
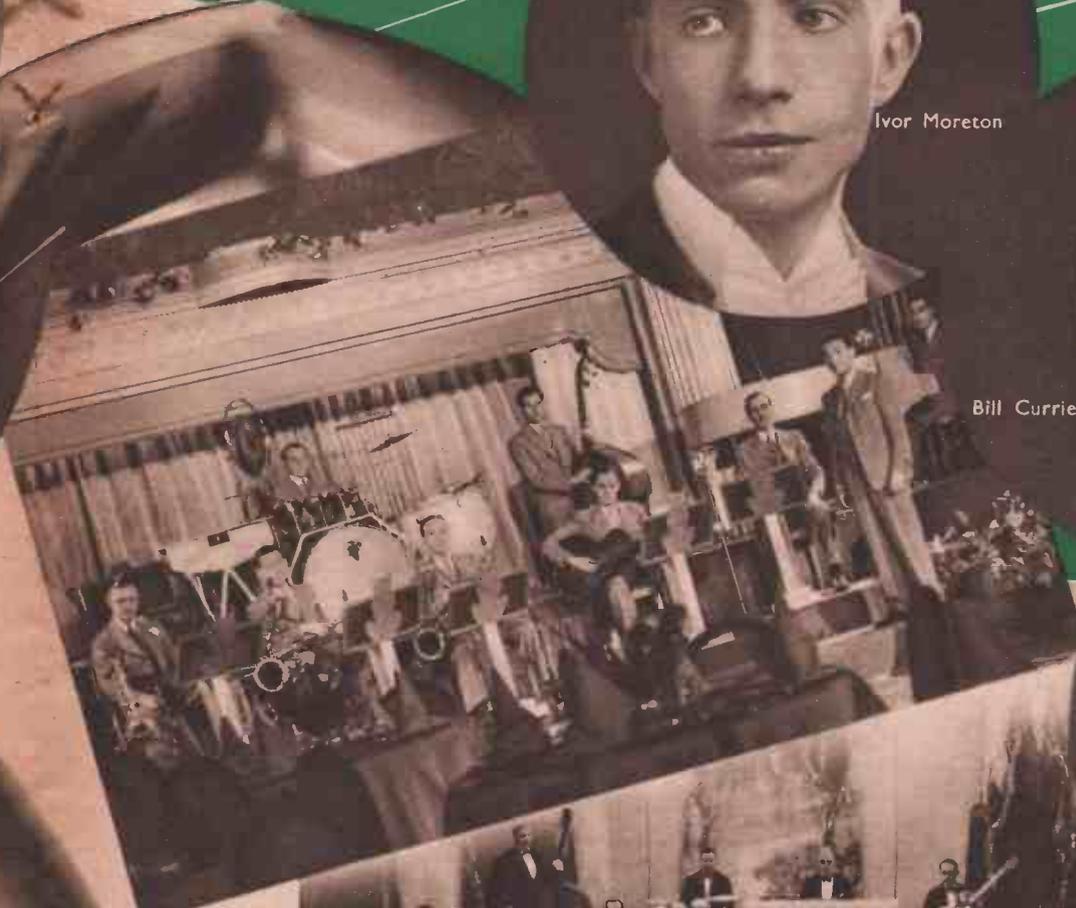
Bill Currie



Ronnie Genarder



Billy Scott-Comber



The extreme left-hand photograph is of the popular Duke Ellington, while in the left-hand circle are Orde Hamilton and Bruce Sevier who compose a great deal of radio dance music. The three dance-band photographs above are of Joe Loss and His Band, Jack McDermott, and Henry Hall and the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra. In the four circles at the right are some popular crooners

**I** CAN sympathise with the B.B.C. I have heard the programmes of too many foreign stations. I know something of the enormous difficulty of finding new stuff day after day, and year after year.

A week of listening to American programmes, for instance. . . .

It makes you thank the powers that be for not being pestered with advertisement publicity between every number you listen to. A course of France would lead you to imagine our Gallic neighbours are only interested in the Stock Exchange. Listening to Italy, your world would be so filled with Italian opera that you would be incapable of appreciating anything else. To-day both from Russia and Germany there is ceaseless propaganda, and the Scandinavian stations pour forth an endless stream of duller and duller talks.

What about our B.B.C.?



*Sir John and Lady Reith on a social visit during one of Sir John Reith's rare holidays from hard work at the B.B.C.*

even to composing incidental items to fit into gaps in the programme.

The publicity department edits the B.B.C. journals, issues the pamphlets it thinks people would like to buy, issues also items of internal happenings that newspapers might like for their news, and which are of general interest, and keeps a record of the doings of their own stars.

**T**he children's-hour-people are also constantly on the look-out for new stuff and for people who are good at talking to children.

The technical department is responsible during the whole of the broadcasting period for seeing that the programme is co-ordinat-

# The Brains Behind the B.B.C.

At its head is an extremely competent administration, but the actual programmes are put together by co-operation between several departments. The department of vaudeville, for instance. This includes all those programmes that deal with musical comedies, comic turns, and light singing. The department of radio plays gives us anything from a short thriller to a Galsworthy play. Talks department spends its time in scouring the country for interesting topics and interesting speakers. It also controls the critics of books, plays, and films, the farmer's talks, and the surprise items.

**N**ext, the news department. Here they receive the day's news from the different press agencies and keep their eye on any striking piece of news from which an interesting debate might be arranged. Then there is the music department—which controls straight operas, dance bands, rehearses singers and choruses; and the publicity department, responsible, among other things, for the countless little pamphlets which are reproductions of interesting radio talks.

At the head of all this is the financial department, which not only pays out the salaries and wages, but is also connected with that most important branch—the copyrights of plays, stories, songs, and music which are given forth over the air.

*There are probably more than ten million wireless licences in the United Kingdom today, and these listeners have to be entertained day in and day out; so you can imagine what is needed in the way of organisation and imagination.*

There is also the large staff of typists, electricians, cleaners, pages, clerks, and carpenters to be controlled, and the million letters of praise or abuse to be paid attention to.

Let us just see the sort of work these departments have to undertake every day.

The vaudeville department, for instance. There is a far narrower region to draw from than we should imagine by its title. Juggling, conjuring, tight-rope walking, trick bicycling, animal training, light ballet, rope-spinning,

and exhibition roller or ice skating—these, of course, are debarred for lack of vision. Even the attempts at clog-dancing which are sometimes tried have shown that they are not satisfactory to the microphone.

*Out of this narrow scope, then, the organisers of vaudeville have to keep you entertained. And to do that there must be little repetition.*

**A**gain, the radio play department has to deal with thousands of manuscripts, three-quarters of which are written without any knowledge of radio play technique. Consequently most of the work of adapting a good idea reverts to the department itself.

*By Oliver BALDWIN*

The talks department has constantly to be on the look-out for items of topical interest on which to stage a debate or organise a talk. It must be prepared to alter its programme at the last moment should some famous politician, for instance, cry off for some reason or another.

Then it possesses a large list of people—specialists in different subjects—and it has to keep track of their movements and know where they are to be found at any given moment. It has to listen in to its speakers and decide whether they are to be used again. Or whether their voice or method of delivery makes it imperative that they should never be heard again.

**I**t may have to bear the brunt of the aged scientist or distinguished poet disagreeing violently with their decision.

The news department is often opened to attack. Either by the fact that some particular item has been left out, or that they have coloured the news in the interest of some particular political party. In this department a sense of humour is invaluable. Very often they are attacked by partisans of opposing factions for the political colouring of the same piece of news!

The music department has to choose suitable music from almost every composition ever published, as well as re-score tunes—

ed, and that there is no hiatus in the sequence of items.

*So that you realise that during a mere three hours as many as ten studios are at work—and that all these have different microphones and times of performance. You can see what a linking-up is essential for the efficiency of the programme.*

**U**p in the control room, engineers, with their ears "glued" to ear-phones, spend the whole day controlling the strength of the different broadcasts.

And over all this is the administration under Sir John Reith and a board of governors and governesses, who see that everything is respectable and in keeping with the most correct English taste and good form.

Now for a word or two about some of those brains who do this difficult and tiring work. Naturally I cannot give here a complete life-history of all concerned. But these people are not known as they should be by the listening public. There is Lance Sieveking. The tallest man in any Broadcasting Corporation. He sits in his office and thinks out new ideas with which you can be entertained. Eric Maschwitz (alias Holt Marvell) runs the vaudeville items and writes novels (so does Lance Sieveking); also lyrics and radio plays. Charles Siepman is the head of the talks department, assisted by Lionel Fielden, once an interpreter in Italian at the Genoa Conference.

**T**he musical department, under Dr. Adrian Boult, has as assistants Mark Lubbock, trained years ago in Germany as a conductor; and Joseph Lewis who originated community singing on the radio and was for so long the stand-by of the Birmingham station. Val Gielgud, brother of John, the well-known actor, runs the radio play department, and Howard Rose and Peter Cresswell are in charge of the different productions.

Each and all work for the entertainment of the public. With such success that, though you may be bored with this or that item in the programmes, you must feel as I do . . . that they need encouragement and are worthy of, at least, a pat on the back.

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

## Hymns!

SEVERAL years ago I was standing on a Sunday evening inside Hyde Park near the Marble Arch listening to first one and then another of the park orators. The crowds gathered round the various pitches seemed to be held less by the merits of the subject or the point of view that was being ventilated than by the extent to which the speaker laid himself open to interruption, or was provocative of a clash of wits. Presently one of the smallest groups started to sing the hymn for those at sea: "Eternal Father, strong to save"; before the end of the first verse it was being taken up first by those on the outskirts of the other groups and then by a large proportion of the whole of that vast crowd until all the speakers were compelled to wait in helpless silence until the hymn was ended.



I realised then as never before the extent to which tunes and words, which have very special associations, may hold the hearts of ordinary people and even help them to recapture for a moment something that has been lost. It is

easy enough to dismiss this trait as being merely sloppy or sentimental, but, after all, our sentiments and feelings cannot be isolated from the rest of our make-up—feeling, thought and will must interact upon each other. Just as a scent will carry us back to some forgotten place or scene, so the rhythm of music and words have the power to dissociate us from our surroundings and setting us free from the pressure of other forms of thought and outlook: it can re-create, at any rate, for a moment that atmosphere in which at one time or another we may have been helped to see the truth and the right, and in which much of outlook has been moulded in times of difficulty or of happiness.

Hence it is not surprising that so many—especially those withdrawn from the main stream of active life—are unfeignedly grateful for the opportunity provided by the Daily Service of hearing again their well-known and well-loved hymns sung so excellently by the quartets who provide the unaccompanied music at the daily broadcast service from Broadcasting House.

### Broadcasting on Speed—Continued from Page Nine

this record with *Blue Bird* as she was. So we set to work to re-design the car.

This, of course, took time. It was not until early in 1928 that I was able to go to Daytona to follow up what had now practically settled down into a duel between Segrave and myself.

On this occasion I managed to beat his new record by setting up new figures at 206.95 m.p.h. This was not destined to stand for long and was beaten by an American driver, Ray Keech, by about half a mile per hour, three months later.

I had an idea that there must somewhere be a more ideal track for records than the beach at Daytona, and set on foot all sorts of inquiries as to suitable places. I had no lack of suggestions.

One took me off on an aeroplane adventure into the Sahara, but I have no space to tell of what befell.

Finally, on the advice of experienced South African motorists, I decided to ship *Blue Bird* to the Cape and make the next attempt at Verneuk Pan, which is the dried-up bed of a lake.

In the midst of it all I received news that Segrave, who had gone to Daytona with yet another new car—the famous *Golden Arrow*—had put the record apparently out of my reach by attaining a speed of 231.35 m.p.h.

However, having come so far, there was nothing for it but to "have a go" and hope for the best. That best, as it turned out, was

the capture of the five miles' and five kilometres' records at 212 and 216 m.p.h. respectively; and the fastest speed over the mile was 225 m.p.h.—7 miles per hour slower than Segrave's time.

It was not until 1931 that I was able to return with the re-designed *Blue Bird* to Daytona, where again I was fortunate to set up new records at 245.736 m.p.h.

Some months before, to the lasting regret of all who knew him, poor Segrave had lost his life while practising on Lake Windermere for an attack on the world's water speed record.

With his death there passed a fine sportsman and a magnificent driver. To me, his death was the more regrettable, since it removed a worthy antagonist and one against whom it was a real pleasure to compete.

Once more in 1932 a new and improved *Blue Bird* was back at Daytona, and the record further raised to 253.9 m.p.h. I began to have visions of 300 m.p.h., and on my return to England I put in hand still more changes to the design of the old car.

Alterations finished, I again went to Florida early last year, 1933, and was fortunate in setting the record figures where they stand to-day—at 272.463 m.p.h. And that is the end of the story.

Shall I achieve my ambition to be the first to travel on land at 300 m.p.h.? That is on the knees of the gods, but I intend, at any rate, to try and reach this figure in the near future.

# I can rid you of

# CATARRH

**HEAD NOISES AND CATARRHAL DEAFNESS**

## once and for all



**I have banished this nauseating complaint for 100,000 others. I can do the same for YOU 1<sup>p</sup> or it shall not cost you 1**

*I don't believe in Free Samples. They prove nothing. I prefer to give you better evidence that my treatment ends the trouble permanently. Write to me for particulars of my FAR FULLER AND EXTENDED TRIAL and how you are covered by my absolute and legally binding GUARANTEE.*

Allan Cooper

**I know what it is**

- to be everlastingly clogged in all my breathing passages.
- to be dulled and incapable in mind and suffer from heavy brow aches.
- to be deafened in hearing and driven to distraction with singing, buzzing noises in my head.
- to be hateful to myself and objectionable to others with my never-ending nose-blowing, clearing, sneezing, short breath and thick speech.
- to be kept awake at night with discharges falling into my throat.
- to be disappointed time and again with so-called remedies and reliefs.

**I have suffered myself!**

I know what is behind your mind at this very moment. You are saying, "This is probably only another Catarrh easier that may, or may not, give me a little relief." Very likely you have reason enough to be sceptical. Maybe you have spent pounds on inhalants, atomisers, gargles, mouth washes . . . AND YOU'VE STILL GOT CATARRH, though you have very little faith left. My way to end Catarrh is fundamentally sound and totally different. Whether I stumbled upon it by sheer inspiration or cold logic, I will not attempt to say.

But I do wish to emphasise that it is the method of a man who made the total banishment of Catarrh his guiding principle. I HAD TO. For I could see that if I did not succeed there would be little joy left in life for me. Mercifully, I DID. And every grateful letter I have had since from the thousands of unfortunates with whom I have shared my discovery, has renewed my own joy in being permanently free myself. I want to show you why, how, and where Catarrh originates—not in the head, as is commonly thought. How it permeates and infects the whole body and why indigestion, Flatulence, Heartburn and Constipation follow as a result. How it drags you down so that you catch cold after cold and are always one of the first to be attacked by 'flu.' And, most important of all, I will show you how you can speedily and comfortably end your Catarrhal troubles once and for all—whether you have suffered for years, months, or only weeks.

I make no charge whatever for the information I send to sufferers. If they follow my advice the cost is quite small and the method so successful that I am able to say **NO ONE NEED SUFFER ANY LONGER**—even in the depth of winter, when so many victims believe it is part of their normal fate to endure this scourge. If you are in earnest to end your suffering, write to me on the convenient coupon below. There is nothing to pay—nothing to promise. You may, if you wish, send 1<sup>d</sup>. stamp to cover postage of my reply, but even this is optional.

*I have just got room to print this guaranteed genuine letter of appreciation. I have picked it haphazard from many hundreds I hold at my offices, and reproduced in full the writer's own heartfelt words. It should encourage you to look forward to a happier and brighter future for yourself.*

**"CATARRH GONE IN 3 DAYS NEVER RETURNED"**

"I am writing with sincere thanks for your wonderful treatment for Catarrh. The result was most wonderful. I was only taking the treatment three days, and to my surprise the third morning I awoke and found the dreadful complaint was gone. I have delayed writing, thinking perhaps it would return, but I have never felt the complaint since, and am now in perfect health. It is now two years since I had your treatment, but have not had a recurrence. I feel as if I have never even suffered with Catarrh. People have asked me how I got rid of it, and it has been a pleasure to recommend your treatment."  
(Signed) C. MARKS.

**LET ME TELL YOU HOW**

**FREE**

To MR. ALLAN COOPER,  
33 Strand, London, W.C.2.

Without cost or obligation, please tell me how to permanently rid myself of Catarrh and Head Noises.

Name .....

Address .....

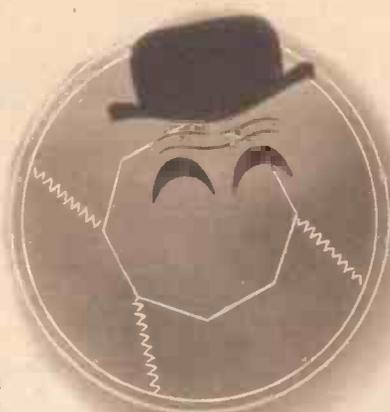
Radio Pictorial, 16/2/34.

## George ROBEY

*in this, his first radio  
article, pleads for—*

## Honest VULGARITY

*by Radio!*



*Even the Aunt Agathas of the world can't help laughing at the wizard of the bowler hat and black eyebrows!*



**A** MONTH or two ago I ventured to put in a good word for that brand of humour which is not afraid to be what is known as broad. Ever since then I have been inundated with interviews and requests to address meetings, and speak at luncheons and dinners.

Apparently I said something that wanted saying.

My plea was for something more downright and manly than the 'refinement' which is spreading like a creeping paralysis. I asked for humour which would make a man laugh rather than snigger.

"Give me a joke," I said, "that is a joke, and not a Sunday School imitation of one."

And now I have been asked whether Honest Vulgarity would be out of place on the wireless or not.

In the first place, I must point out that I am not an authority on broadcasting. No. 6 Portland Place is one of the very few places not blamed for launching me on my stage career.

Need I contradict the rumour that I have been recently giving afternoon talks on "Eyebrow Raising" under the *nomme-de-guerre* Professor Skinner?

Nevertheless, I do feel I can give an answer to the question.

Not that I can do so in a few lines. The subject is not only broad but also wide. The basis of wireless humour is that it sets out to make us laugh indoors.

We may be home performing on a chop, or we may be at Aunt Agatha's pretending that we really like her wretched little poodle tramping all over our best hat.

We may even be in a boarding house complete with hot and cold water and the use of bath on Thursday only.

**C**an we laugh with equal freeness in all these different circumstances?

Speaking personally, and impersonally, I know of several theatrical boarding houses where humour, honest or dishonest, would have a dickens of a job to make me laugh. However, I will desist.

But it does seem to me that it must always be a gamble whether a humorous remark makes a man laugh when he is in some place the humorist knows nothing of. Speaking for myself again, I know that at home my mood can be almost as fickle as a lady's fancy.

I may feel like laughing uproariously, but, on the other hand, there is no telling what may happen to put me off.

And there is very little to provide an atmosphere which will produce a humorous predisposition.

That being so, does vulgarity help to solve the problem? Do we want to hear it at home? Will it help a comedian to obtain more laughs?

I suggest that these questions be referred to someone possessing the gift of clear and lucid explanation, such as, for instance, a Royal Commission. Certainly not to me.

One thing I do know, however, and that is we are all vastly different people at home from what we are when on the "razzle."

Walking up the path to the front door seems to make us so very, very respectable. I doubt if more than one in ten would confess on his own hearth that he so much as saw the point of some really very mild piece of broad humour.

I am positive that even the mythical poet of the Stock Exchange would frown at the sound of one of his own early limericks if it issued from his own loud-speaker.

This is no doubt due to our frantic efforts to keep up appearances before others.

To overcome this we might revive the Victorian practice of asking the ladies to repair to the music-room, dispatching the children to the nursery, and adjourning ourselves to the smoking-

room where our masculine vileness might give itself free rein.

It would entail having two loud-speakers or more, probably two complete sets, but it might be worth it.

I do not know how wireless comedians view the matter.

If they have any experience of the halls they know what the public wants, but whether that helps them to decide what the loud-speaker wants I cannot say.

A week or two back, so I am told, a certain act was allowed more latitude than usual, and the result was hailed in some quarters as a move in the right direction.

But what Aunt Agatha thought of it is another matter.

**N**o doubt it would do her no small amount of good to be swept off her pedestal for once, but she would not admit that.

She would probably dip her quill in sweet lavender and protest most freezingly to the B.B.C. Though just how she would explain her knowledge of the offending words I will leave to her!

The trouble, of course, is that radio reaches everyone, whereas a stage performance is only witnessed by those who go to the theatre of their own choice and free will.

I have no qualms on the subject myself.

I have said many and many a time that I like honesty, something downright and manly.

I do laugh at broad humour and am not ashamed to own it.

I used to think I stood almost alone in this respect, but lately I have discovered quite a number of kindred spirits.

Perhaps we could get together and form our

own broadcasting system. I do not suppose it would ever pay, however, for although we should soon have thousands of listeners they would all be pirates.

They would house their sets in a shed at the end of the garden under the pretence of bringing on the marrows or the pink carnations.

Nevertheless, Honest Vulgarity is a much misunderstood term.

Those who love the music-hall know very well what it means, and understand perfectly well that it is the reverse of harmful.

But those who look upon the halls as hotbeds of vice and sinks of iniquity grossly misrepresent it, and not always accidentally either.

Until some of these folk have been debunked we shall have to fight for our cause.

**T**here is little doubt that if we were all honest we could listen to it at home without any misgivings, provided it could be "put over" through a microphone.

But are we sufficiently candid?

Or do we like the pretence of suburban respectability too much?

Should we laugh?

Or should we smugly welcome the opportunity of raising our twenty-two carat eyebrows in indignant protest?

You know the answer better than I do.

So far I have presupposed that a certain measure of vulgarity could be made humorous on the wireless. But it is a moot point yet if it could.

Those who follow the stage know what a wealth of meaning can be put into a change of facial expression, or a shrug of the shoulders.

Can the comedian in the studio put this over? Or is he best advised to keep to the paths which have already been cut?

There is undoubtedly the risk that the patter would be vulgar without being funny, and nothing could be worse than that.

I would be the last to advocate vulgarity for vulgarity's sake. I insist on it being funny. Moreover, I take only those aspects of daily life which are already funny; the humour is self-contained—I just point it out with my own comments.

If a wireless humorist can make vulgarity funny, and if we are honest enough to confess it makes us laugh, then honest vulgarity will be a success on the radio.

You'll Want to Make  
**HELEN ALSTON'S**  
*Striped Waistcoat*



**T**HE smart striped waistcoat you see above was knitted by one of your favourite radio stars—Helen Alston. You can easily make it for yourself, even if you are far from being an expert knitter. Plain stocking-stitch is used throughout. You'll enjoy watching the stripes grow—daffodil, wallflower, mandarin, and black are the colours that Helen herself has chosen.

**MATERIALS.**—1 oz. each Copley's 3-ply "Excelsior" wool, Wallflower, Daffodil, Mandarin, and Black. Two buttons. 1 pair No. 10 knitting needles.

**MEASUREMENTS.**—Length from the top of the shoulder to lower edge, 16½ in. Width of striped part at joining to waistband, 13 in. Width of waistband, 3 in. Length of waistband, 26 in., or as required.

**TENSION.**—Work to produce 8 sts. to 1 inch in width.

**THE FRONT**

Wind the Wallflower wool into 2 balls. Using one ball of Wallflower wool, begin at the lower edge by casting on 118 sts. Working into the back of the sts. on the first row only, proceed as follows:—

1st row—Knit. 2nd row—K. 3, purl to the last 3 sts., k. 3. Repeat these 2 rows.

5th row—K. 3, k. 2 tog., k. to the last 5 sts., k. 2 tog., k. 3. The two balls of Wallflower wool will now be required, and when changing colours, twist the two colours round each other in order to avoid a gap.

Decreasing inside the borders on every 4th row, continue in smooth fabric knitting the 3 sts. at the beginning and end of every row with Wallflower, and working in the following order of stripes: 1 row Black, 5 rows Daffodil, 1 row Black, 5 rows Mandarin, 1 row Black, 5 rows Daffodil, 1 row Black, 5 rows Wallflower, until 12 black stripes have been worked and the sts. number 84.

Next row—With Wallflower, k. 3, k. 2 tog., k. to the last 5 sts., k. 2 tog., k. 3.

Next row—K. 3, p. 37, k. 2, p. 37, k. 3.

Next row—Knit. Next row—K. 3, p. 36, k. 4, p. 36, k. 3. Next row—K. 3, k. 2 tog., k. to the last 5 sts., k. 2 tog., k. 3.

Next row—K. 3 Wallflower, break off, with Black p. 34, with Wallflower k. 6, with Black p. 34, with Wallflower k. 3. Divide for the neck as follows:—

1st row—With Wallflower, k. 3, with Daffodil, k. 32, k. 2 tog., with Wallflower, k. 3, pass the

True 'studio' reproduction from



your set with  
**this modern speaker**



Vivid, life-like reproduction can now be yours to an extent hitherto impossible. In the past year W.B. engineers have made giant strides in speaker technique, enabling any set owner to revolutionise his set's performance at trifling cost.

New methods of accurate matching bring vastly improved balance. The new

"Mansfield" magnetic system brings "attack," brilliance, and bass colour otherwise unobtainable. Hear one on your set and marvel at the improvement.

As Principle moving coil speaker

"Microlode" models from 32/6

As extra moving coil speaker

"Equilode" chassis 33/6.

Complete in Cabinet 48/6.



Write for the

new Folder

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

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

Sole Agents in I.F.S.:  
 Kelly and Shiel, Ltd., 47 Fleet St., Dublin

remaining sts. to a safety pin and leave for the present, turn. Continue on the sts. on the needle as follows: Keeping the order of the stripes correct, still decrease every 4th row at the side edge and also decrease inside the border at the neck edge on every 3rd row until 12 sts. remain.

Continue straight with Wallflower wool only, still working the borders, for 3¼ inches. Now work in garter-stitch (every row knitted), decreasing at both ends of every alternate row until 2 sts. remain. K. these 2 sts. tog., and fasten off. Transfer the sts. on the safety pin to a needle and proceed as follows:—

1st row—With Wallflower, k. 3, with Daffodil, k. 2 tog., k. 32, with Wallflower, k. 3. Continue to match the side previously worked until 3¼ inches have been worked on the 12 sts., finishing at the end of a purl row.

Next row—K. 4, cast off 4, k. to the end.  
 Next row—K. 4, cast on 4, k. to the end. Proceed in garter-stitch, decreasing at the beginning and end of the next and every alternate row until 2 sts. remain, k. 2 tog. and fasten off.

**THE WAISTBAND**

With Wallflower wool, cast on 2 sts. Working in garter-stitch, increase in the edge sts. at both ends of the needle on alternate rows till there are 12 sts. on the needle.

Now keep 3 sts. at each edge in garter-stitch, and the remainder in smooth fabric, and increase next to the garter-stitch border at both ends of the next and every following 8th row until there are 24 sts. on the needle. Work a depth of 16 inches, or more for a longer waistband, without alteration.

On the next and every following 8th row decrease next to the garter-stitch borders at both ends of the needle until 12 sts. remain.

Next row—Work across 4 sts., cast off 4 sts. and complete the row. Next row—Work across 4 sts., cast on 4 sts., and complete the row. Proceed in garter-stitch, decreasing the edge sts. at both ends of every alternate row until 2 sts. remain. Work these 2 sts. together and fasten off.

Sew lower edge of the front to the garter-stitch edge of waistband. Press seams. Sew on buttons.

# THE TORTURE OF "NERVES" BANISHED for EVER!

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

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

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

**"MY FEARS HAVE ALL VANISHED"**

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

**"SUFFERED MISERY FROM CHILDHOOD"**

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

**"DONE ME A WORLD OF GOOD"**

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

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

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

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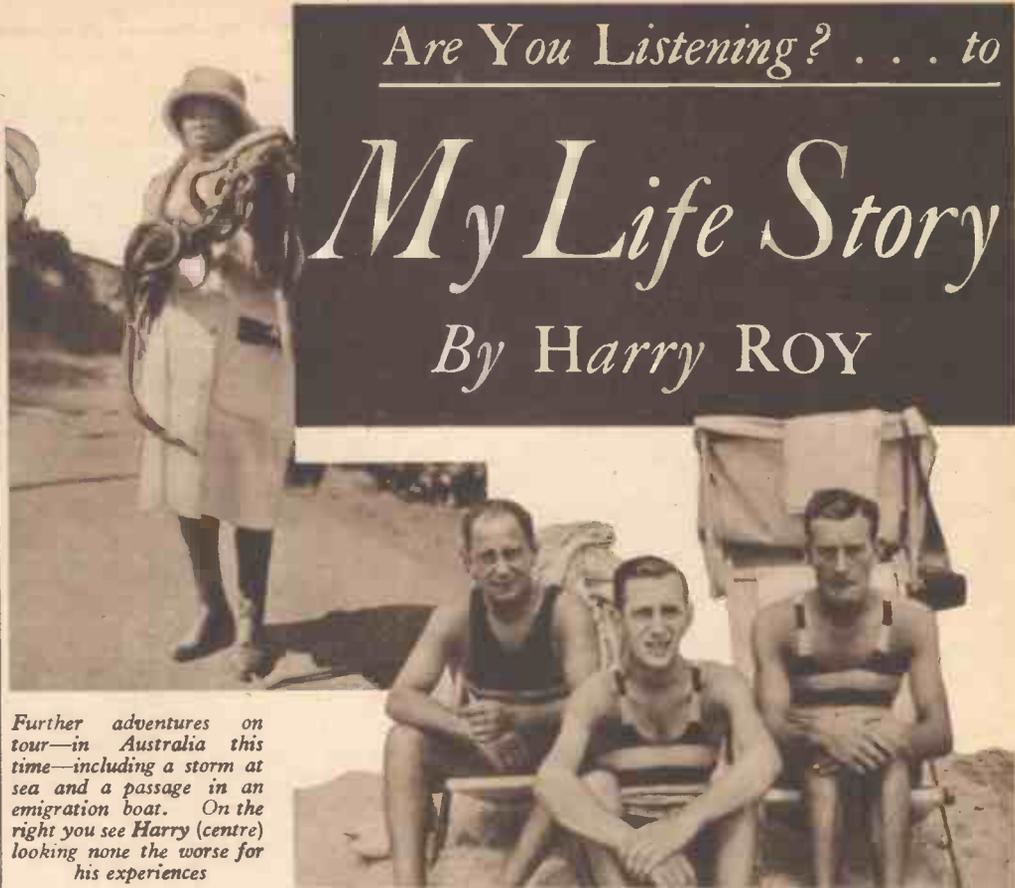
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Are You Listening? . . . to

# My Life Story

By Harry ROY

Further adventures on tour—in Australia this time—including a storm at sea and a passage in an emigration boat. On the right you see Harry (centre) looking none the worse for his experiences

**P**LANS were already in hand for our return home.

I made a mental note that I would not travel back with athletes, for on the way over—on the *Windsor Castle*—we had travelled with some members of the Olympian team, and, all in good fun, they had nearly murdered me during the deck sports!

At the very last moment we had a cable asking us to go to Australia. The boat was going the very next day, on January 11 (I remember that because January 12 is my birthday), and all in a rush we got on board with hardly a look at the boat.

And when we had had our luggage safely stowed away and went in search of our quarters, we found that the booking arrangements had gone wrong and that it was an emigration boat from Scotland!

I simply cannot describe the conditions we had to endure for the following seventeen days. Men who had been hardened by army life—one of our two trumpet players had been a Major—could not tackle the food that was almost thrown at us. On the fourth day things were really terrible, we had rough seas, and we were starving hungry. I bribed the steward with a pound note to secure me a steak.

Can you imagine the state of affairs when we arrived at Perth and dashed to the first available hotel for a stout meal. . . .

I used to think that I was a comedian until I went to Australia. Then I realised that I was not so hot! After our success in Africa we simply dreed to open the show on the first night. But eventually the fatal hour came and the lights went up.

We did our stuff and I went right through my patter and dancing act.

I did not get a "hand." The sweat was simply pouring off of me at the nervous tension of realising that we might be a flop. For twenty awful minutes we carried on with the show until the lights went out. Then from somewhere out of the blackness in front of us came a terrific burst of applause!

Somehow or other we had touched a sympathetic chord in the huge audience in front of us. The lights went up again and we did two encores.

The stage manager came up and said he had not seen anything like this for two years!

We played for three weeks in Sydney, improving at each performance! Our success was even more remarkable as the audience was so tough that we had to go all out instead of being simply natural. In Melbourne we played six weeks and very much the same thing happened. Our success was satisfactory, but you can take it from me that it was jolly hard work and we felt nearly worn out.

On the seventh week in Melbourne, we had the opportunity to broadcast and although conditions in radio were at that time very different from what they are now, we decided to try the experiment. If I remember rightly, we were "on the air" for every night of our final week in Melbourne.

They were then trying the experiment of having an audience for vaudeville and dance music broadcasters so we did not broadcast from the main Melbourne studio, but from the King's Theatre, to which was admitted a small audience of women who did not appear to be in the least impressed by our act and who spent most of the time knitting in a very *blase* fashion.

Well, our broadcasting week came to an end and we decided not to accept an offer we had had from New Zealand. How strange are the workings of Fate. It was almost touch and go whether or not we should accept that offer and the boat on which we should have made the trip went down.

It must have been sheer Providence which prevented us from taking the offer!

Instead we went to Tasmania, making part of the journey on a small boat of about 3,000 tons.

At about 7.30 that night, we encountered a storm . . . and what a storm! I was not sick in spite of the fact that the boat did everything but go down. We were on what is normally a twelve-hour journey, but it took us a good twenty-four hours. Practically everybody on board was ill and I felt that I should have to give in.

## PERFECT FIGURE BEAUTY

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

1/3 ONE WEEK'S TRIAL SUPPLY

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

**MADAME ANDERSON (R.P. 8),  
25 HOUGHTON STREET, SOUTHPORT.**



As a matter of fact I made my will and put it into a bottle . . . and they have never stopped pulling my leg about it!

But when eventually we got ashore—the storm was still in full blast—we found that it was difficult to distinguish between land and sea.

**W**e wanted to get on as quickly as possible to Hobart, but communication was stopped and owing to the storm a dam had burst and every bridge was washed away. Streets were about a foot deep in water and it did not seem at all the right time of year to be touring in Tasmania.

We spent our time ashore playing snooker—until eventually the local power supply became flooded and all the lights went out.

We arrived on the Thursday but by Saturday there was still no news as it was impossible on Thursday and Friday to get a car through the flooded thoroughfares.

One enterprising man from the Hobart theatre had driven all night and had discovered one bridge which was at least passable though not actually safe for a load.

He offered to pilot us back and after considerable bribery we secured another car in which seven of us, together with a few instruments were packed.

That was a nightmare journey. We started at seven o'clock in the evening and after only two hours' going we lost the following car. It was too risky to go back so we forged on through the blackness.

Suddenly our driver jammed on his brakes . . . and for the second time within a week Fate was kind.

Another few yards and we should all have

been drowned for this obstruction, which seemed to come to meet us in the darkness, was a telegraph pole at the bottom of a hill in front of us with water nearly up to the top of it.

By a lucky chance we managed to stop just at the top of the hill where it was possible to turn back and find another cart track short-circuiting this dip in the main road.

Just as dawn was breaking the following morning, we arrived at the outskirts of Hobart and found the hotel staff waiting for us with open arms. Unfortunately the other car was lost and there was no news at all of a van which had also been sent out with some bigger instruments, including a piano!

The following morning the other car with its personnel made Hobart safely and as the telegraph lines were already being restored after the storm had abated, we flashed message after message through to the depot.

**B**ut the show had to go on.

We opened up that night to a packed and enthusiastic house and I played all that evening on only three keys! But we were a success. The good people of Hobart told us that they had never heard anything like it. A galling fact was that if all our instruments had been satisfactory and had been played properly, there is just a chance we might not have gone so well!

The following morning I said to Syd that I thought it was time we went home. So we booked our passages on a really luxurious boat—not an emigration boat of the type I told you about last week—and we came all the way back, in well-deserved comfort to adventures which I will describe next week.

*The Set of the Week*

**The PYE CAMBRIDGE RECEIVER**

**T**HE technique of aggressive knobs and dials . . . belong to a chapter that is closed by the introduction by Pye Cambridge Radio."

I quote from a booklet which describes our set of the week. I like the phrase "aggressive knobs and dials . . ."

And it is true that their day is over. The Pye Cambridge has a delightfully smooth bare surface, without any unnecessary mouldings and detail. All controls are invisible. Housewives, please note—this is a set that is particularly easy to keep clean.

More than that, it is a thing of beauty, really a piece of furniture to be proud of. Arundel Clarke, the famous designer of modern furniture, has called this the "long low age." Modern small rooms, he says, with low ceilings, need low furniture to give an illusion of greater space and dignity.

"The function of modern furniture," he says, "is fitness for purpose, labour-saving so that it is easily kept clean, simple in form, beautiful to look upon, and supremely comfortable."

The long low lines of the Pye Cambridge are, therefore, particularly good in a modern room, although it will not look obtrusive, whatever the setting. For the first time a radio manufacturer has aimed at producing a set that will appeal to the eye as well as to the ear.

A high standard of performance has not been sacrificed to outside beauty, however. The range of this receiver is such that very distant stations may be brought in with ease when a good aerial is used, and a good choice obtained by using an indoor aerial. Its reproduction is strikingly pure, and easy to control from "full" to "mellow"—to my mind, the preferable tone.

Finally, a visual tuning indicator, marked with the names of stations, means the easiest possible tuning with no exasperating knob-twiddling and hair-raising oscillation. You merely watch the "compass" needle and you tune in your station accurately without relying on the ear alone. In this way you can, of course, tune in exactly during an interval.

This set is manufactured by Pye Radio, Ltd., of Cambridge, and the price of the receiver complete with stand is 22 guineas. The receiver only costs 20 guineas.

*In a striking modern setting, the long, low lines and good proportions of the Pye Cambridge receiver look thoroughly at home. It is made of beautifully finished polished walnut*



**For under £2 a month**  
*Look what it means!*

For a saving out of income representing a monthly deposit of £1-16-5 (after allowing for the Government's contribution by means of a rebate of Income Tax), a young man during the period when EARNING POWER is greatest can make certain of receiving an income during the years of RETIREMENT, and provide an immediate sum of money available for FAMILY PROTECTION.

**ABSOLUTE SECURITY**

The creation, immediately, of a **Guaranteed Estate of £1,000.** This gives Protection to the family from the moment the first deposit is made, at a time when protection is needed most.

Deposits will cease at age 60 (the age taken in this example) and then the assured may draw £1,367 with which to do so many things hitherto only dreamed of. On the other hand, if a private income for life is preferred, the sum may be left with the company to provide an income guaranteed for life of £120 a year. This is absolutely guaranteed.

The amounts receivable under this plan far exceed the total deposits made, and represent an investment at a substantial rate of interest, which always appreciates, and **NEVER DEPRECIATES.**

The deposits are in proportion to the size of policy and age of applicant, they can be large or small, to suit all circumstances, and benefits vary accordingly. The cash or income may be arranged to commence at age 50, 55, 60, or 65. Send for figures.

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Please send me further details of your Retirement-Income Guarantee to provide a cash sum or income for myself at age . . . . . (state 50, 55, 60, or 65).

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ADDRESS . . . . .

Occupation . . . . . Exact date of Birth . . . . .  
Radio Pictorial, 16/2/34.



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Youth to  
Every  
Figure\***

\* The patent back extends or contracts with each movement of the body.

... that is why you can wear this snugly fitting Corsette with the utmost comfort imaginable. Proved by its immense popularity, the Ambron Nu-style model is the latest wonder of modern Corsetry. It ensures perfect 'line' for every dress. In Pink Coutille, Elastic underbelt (side fastening). Rust-proof steel supports. Four suspenders.

**NU-STYLE BARGAIN COUPON**

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**No. 341 [A]**

Radio Pictorial 16. 2. 34

Please send me, on approval, a Nu-style Model Corsette, measurements as stated, at Present Bargain Price of 8/11. I enclose 1/- deposit, together with 4d. for postage, and will pay balance of price either in one sum or by monthly instalments of 2/-. If not satisfied, and I return the garment at once unworn, you will refund my deposit. Sizes range from 30 to 46 in. Bust. Enclose Coupon with full name and address and Postal Order crossed thus //.

Overseas and Irish Free State, full cash only.

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Meet your favourite radio stars on these pages. Here are beauty hints, recipes and fashion gossip, of especial interest to every listener and every housewife

**A** METHOD of varnishing nails that is distinctly original is used by Miss Yvette Darnac. I went to see her the other day at her Salon de Beauté in Maddox Street. Her nails were tinted to a deep rose, not a scarlet, and the colour was carried all over the nail, including the tip. This fashion is very effective in the evening, especially with a black dress.

She told me about her new eyelashes—bought by the boxful! Each one is grafted on separately—it takes hours! But the effect, of course, is marvellous—especially for television.

You have all heard Yvette Darnac sing her charming French songs in Vaudeville programmes. You will also remember her in one or two radio plays and revues, "Paris Calling" and "Across the Moon."

Like so many Frenchwomen, she is accomplished in all the housewifely crafts—she is an exquisite needlewoman, for example, and knits her own berets and sweaters. She is famous, too, for her delicious salads: "In fact," she said, "I am the complete *gourmande*."

Her salon is very attractive. French grey walls, black opalite tables with steel legs, and large semi-circular mirrors. On the walls hang lovely little figures painted on wood, making bright splashes of colour.

Sunlight streams in through large windows. "Light and air are the best of beauty treatments," declares Miss Darnac. "And if a beauty salon is dark and dismal, how can anybody be expected to benefit from the treatment?"

Famous radio and stage stars are to be found here at all hours. Jean Colin, Clarice

**EVE and the**

*This Week's Radio Recipes—*  
by MRS. R. H. BRAND

*M*OST listeners have heard Olive Grove's lovely clear voice. She adores sweets of the home-made variety, such as fudge and toffee.

**FUDGE**

1 lb. loaf sugar, ½ teacupful each of water, golden syrup and condensed milk, ¼ lb. butter.

Boil sugar gently in water until melted, add butter, syrup and milk, stir and bring to the boil. Keep boiling twenty minutes then try a little in cold water. If it sets, remove from fire immediately and add vanilla, coffee essence, or chopped candied fruits.

Beat the fudge hard with a wooden spoon until cool and very creamy. Pour into greased tins, mark into squares; leave twenty-four hours.

**HOMELY TOFFEE**

1 lb. brown sugar, 1 lb. treacle, 3 ozs. butter, 2 tablespoonfuls vinegar.

Boil ingredients together in large pan over quick fire, stirring constantly for about twenty minutes. Test in cold water; toffee should break crisply. Pour into oiled tins.

**PEPPERMINT CREAMS**

½ lb. sieved icing sugar, 1 white of egg, 2 teaspoonfuls of cream, few drops oil of peppermint.

Whip egg, add to sugar, with peppermint and cream, then work all together until a stiff smooth paste. Roll out half inch thick on sugared board, cut rounds with small cutter dipped into castor sugar each time. Leave to dry.



Miss Yvette Darnac, famous radio star and beauty expert, inspecting a manicure she has given Miss Clarice Mayne in her West-end beauty parlour



# MIKE

Mayne, Gracie Fields, Mary Lee, Peggy Cochrane and Gina Malo are some of Miss Darnac's clients.

She gave me some good advice, which I will pass on to you. "Don't wait for a special occasion before rushing off to a Beauty Specialist," she said. "That's all wrong. Slow and steady is the method. Regular home treatment combined with a visit every now and then to the expert is the only way to get good results."

Before I went, Miss Darnac showed me two new hats she had bought only that morning. One was a shallow-crowned sailor made of a fine cream straw, that was guaranteed rain-proof. The other was a dark brown felt, with something of the bowler about it, and a dashing curled brim.



(Photograph by Blake)

Hats for spring are more charming than ever. Here is a *Lesway* model in felt, with a cleverly placed bow

I have just received the British Colour Council's Spring list. Cool wood-browns figure largely—they go so well with the pale neutral tones. Greens are mostly variations of the moss and lime shades, but with less of that yellowy tone that played such havoc with our complexions last year.

### The Week's Hint

You can give your cut-glass dishes and decanters a bright polish by sprinkling them with warmed sawdust directly after washing, and then drying in the usual way. A very soft chamois leather must give the final polish and this should be kept free from dust and for this purpose only.

### For Leather Chairs

If you have some leather-seated chairs which have begun to get shabby, it is best to wash them, before applying polish, with a weak solution of soda-water. Brush this on and wash the leather afterwards with ordinary water; dry thoroughly. If the leather is very old, a little oil will soften it. Finish with a wipe over with a rag dipped in turpentine.

Leather will last much longer if you polish it regularly with the following lotion: One part vinegar to two parts linseed oil. Shake them together in a bottle till they are of the consistency of cream. Rub this into the leather with a soft rag, and polish, preferably with a silk duster. This will keep the leather soft and prevent it cracking.



This rubber floor washer will wash and then dry your floor, while a special fitment automatically squeezes it out. Price 12s. 6d. at leading stores

At the Matita dress show the other day, the most fascinating and, at the same time, the most practical of the coats I saw was one designed specially for motoring and other events which mean a certain amount of sitting down. One of the trials of these occasions is that your coat will fall open in front and leave your knees uncovered. This coat rather neatly solves the problem, by being made to put on back to front, like an overall. A simple slot-through scarf secures it at the back of the neck, and a wide belt at the waist. You may not believe it, but it really is easy to get on and off. And beautifully cosy—made in a soft wool tweed in wolf brown.

*Margot*

### Write to "MARGOT" About It

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

## A Good Circulation Means Sound Health

# Elasto

REGISTERED The Great Blood Revitalizer

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ELASTO does this with results that often appear positively miraculous.

### What is Elasto?

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

### What Users of Elasto say—

- "No sign of varicose veins now."
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- "All signs of phlebitis gone."
- "Elasto cured my sciatica 12 months ago; still quite fit."
- "Completely healed my varicose ulcers."
- "Now free from piles."
- "Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
- "Had a weak heart for years but Elasto cured me."
- "As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort; no pain whatever."
- "Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto put me right."
- "My skin is as soft as velvet," &c.

We invite you to test Elasto Free. Simply fill in the Coupon below and post it without delay to: The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd. (Dept. 240), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1. Don't long for relief; get Elasto and be sure of it!

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

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

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My Ailment is.....

Radio Pictorial, 16/2/34

**BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!**

# TIN-PAN-ALLEY

By

Julien VEDEY



## —Where Your Songs Come From

**S**TORMY Weather.  
The Last Round Up.  
Reflections in the Water.  
Love Locked Out.

To you they are just titles—names by which you identify the songs radio has taught you. Sometimes it is the lyric of a song that catches your fancy; sometimes the tune.

You are, of course, aware that somebody has written and composed it, and that radio has brought it into your home for you to whistle in the bathtub.

But few people realise just how much is spent in concentrated effort and hard cash in making a song popular.

Let me take you through the song market—that hive of industry known as “Tin Pan Alley”—where the song makers work day and night popularising their merchandise.

Just off Charing Cross Road, London, is Denmark Street, affectionately called “Tin Pan Alley.” Its establishments are, for the most part, music publishing businesses.

There are, of course, big publishing houses in other parts of London and the term “Tin Pan Alley” more accurately describes the music business in general. But the fact that Denmark Street has more music publishers than any other thoroughfare claims for it this strange title.

The popular music industry is a phenomenon.

No other business is quite like it. There is routine, yet there is no routine. It is departmental, and yet it is mostly a personal affair.

There are no stipulated office hours, yet men work far into the night “plugging” songs when most of us are in bed, asleep.

The composers who first create the song ideas, the publishers who put them over, and the band leaders who sell the finished product to the public, are all one big family.

Everybody knows everybody else personally. Letters do not begin: “Dear Sir,” but in nearly every case, “Dear Jimmy.”

It is intimate and cordial, but tremendously virile. A business depending on the personality of individuals more than sheer business

acumen, it takes its toll of nervous and mental strain—for it is incessant.

And luck sometimes takes a hand in the game.

It might surprise you to know that the “hit” song you hear most often is not necessarily a financial success. Although you might hear it on nearly every conceivable occasion it may not be a big seller.

And, strange as it seems, radio, which gives birth to a song, can just as easily shorten its life.

All these are the strange phenomena with which the music publisher has to contend, and over which he has no control.

First let me outline roughly the manner in which a song comes to life.

Somebody writes it.

He plays it over to a publisher who does not buy it because he likes it, but because he sees commercial possibilities in it. His job is to pick songs which experience tells him are what the public wants. He is not interested in the aesthetic aspect of a composition. All he wants is material of a type that sells.

Sad songs?

Gay songs? Comedy?

Only his own sound judgment will help him.

He buys accordingly.

The song is published and band parts are printed. An extensive advertising campaign in the musical press ensures that bands all over the country have it in their repertoire. There is an orchestral manager to deal exclusively with this side of the business.

It is his job to get all the radio bands to put it in their programmes. This is the most remarkable type of salesman in the world.

The merits of a song alone are not sufficient to get band leaders to broadcast it. The orchestral manager has to be on the most intimate terms with the *maestro*, constantly in his company, and on the spot before the broadcast.

In other words he is responsible to his publishing house for the inclusion of one or more of their songs in each radio programme.

With so many numbers published by different firms every month his job is not easy. If he fails there is no excuse for him.

At ten a.m. you will find the orchestral manager in his office dealing with band business from all over the country.

At night, when most of us are returning home for dinner, his big task is only just commencing.

Until the early hours of the morning he is visiting hotels and restaurants making personal contact with band leaders, ensuring that his firm’s publications are being played.

The professional manager, who controls another specialised department, has to interview all the artists in London and provincial shows, cabarets, and broadcasting acts. It is his duty to see that the firm’s numbers are a hundred per cent performed. At night you will find him “back stage” at different theatres, “selling” his wares to artists he is obliged to cultivate as intimate friends. The personal element is the only means of successful negotiation in the show business.

The recording manager, working in what is termed the “mechanicals” department has to “sell” his material to gramophone companies.

Songs have to be recorded before they are released in anticipation of public demand.

The “mechanicals” manager not only has a duty to perform in getting his songs recorded, but in giving the gramophone company real sellers.

If he lets them down they will not record his numbers so easily next time.

All these departments now work simultaneously in a concentrated campaign. From the release date of a song the publisher commences what is known as “plugging.” If the campaign is successful you hear the song daily from radio artists, dance bands, vaudeville broadcasts, and at any restaurant in which you choose to dine.

It is probably the feature number in a film or in a West End show.

Every pantomime has it and in a few days you are humming it yourself.

You take the trouble to buy a copy to learn that last line you can’t quite remember, or for little Alice to play on the piano. Then you drop into the local gramophone shop and buy a record of it. Everything is ready to supply the demand created by the music publisher for his song product.

So you see that “Tin Pan Alley” is distinctly commercial.

But for all that, it is no less sincere than any other industry.

In one respect it is above other businesses. It expresses, in spite of its commercialism, the pleasures and tribulations of the people; the loves and hates, ups and downs of the populace, in song—the age-old and still most effective medium of expression.

These songs are sung by you and me and countless millions of others.

Your grocer is not my grocer.

Your tailor is not my tailor.

But your song publisher is my song publisher. That is one thing we have in common.

We both sing the same song!

# What Listeners Think . . .

## ★ A Suggestion

THE announcement in RADIO PICTORIAL that there is a possibility of an alternative to the late dance music being given in the future, has aroused great interest. There are many people who, without deserving the odium of the words 'kill-joy' or 'anti-jazz,' do not care to listen to modern dance music. The dance music-lover gets his fill—many would say surfeit—in the one and half hours six nights a week under the present system. For those who do not care to listen to this type of music the programmes cease at 10.30 p.m.

"The greatest pleasure during the testing of the North Regional station was the alternative orchestral music offered: Surely the B.B.C. can give us an alternative to dance music on a few nights each week. If we cannot have an orchestra, such as the Gershom Parkington Quintet or Sid Bright, what about gramophone records? By all means keep the dance music on one wavelength. From the other let us have something peaceful and quiet to form an epilogue to a hard day's work.

"Wishing success to your fine paper."—  
L. Kletz, 161 Bury New Road, Manchester.

A cheque for one guinea has been forwarded to this reader, winner of the guinea "Star" this week.

## Why Not Thrillers?

Why not broadcast more thrillers such as *Trent's Last Case*? There are hundreds of mystery novels from which a broadcast could be adapted.

"I do not think a more pleasant hour could be spent with the radio than listening to a real thriller, and being kept in suspense without the least knowledge of who the murderer is. These plays are interesting to follow."—A. W. J. B., Wincanton.

## Our Popular Announcer

May I congratulate the RADIO PICTORIAL on its most interesting items and pictures concerning the staff at B.B.C. headquarters, whose voices we wait for, as we would our own family, and faces we conjure in our minds. We have started a picture gallery, and Henry Hall and Christopher Stone already adorn the wall, but the Chief Announcer, whose cheery 'Good-night' greeting is always waited for, from now on will hold a prominent place, and I am sure we shall see a smile flicker across, as we return his good-night."—E. S., London.

## His Three-piece Suite

I am just one of many who wish to thank you for RADIO PICTORIAL, and may I take this opportunity of asking you, will you please ask Mr. Jack Jackson if he will kindly sell his 'Three-piece Suite,' as I am sure it's almost worn out. Also, the 'Pied Piper' has been dead some time. Thank you very much."—G. K., London.

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.

# How the mother of a family keeps herself fit



## HER FAMILY FEEL TONS BETTER TOO

(This is a letter from Mrs. R. H. — of Dewsbury.)

"I feel I must write in praise of Bourn-vita. . . . Since taking it I feel a different woman. As the mother of a family I must keep fit and well, and thanks to Bourn-vita I wake up after a restful night feeling refreshed and ready for the day's work. My family take it, in fact we all feel tons better since we started to take it, and I shall never be without it."

**BOURN-VITA WILL DO AS MUCH FOR YOU!**

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

**Cadbury's**

# BOURN-VITA

¼-lb. 9d., ½-lb. 1/5, 1 lb. 2/9.  
WEIGHT GUARANTEED

for sleep and energy

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

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

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**BELLING & LEE LTD**  
CAMBRIDGE ARTERIAL ROAD, ENFIELD, MIDD.

Please forward FREE booklet.

Name.....  
Address.....  
R.F.3

MENTION

**"RADIO PICTORIAL"**  
when replying to advertisers

## Has New Hair

**Kotalko Did It!**



"I was almost bald," writes Miss Annie Thompson. "I tried all kinds of treatments, but the falling of my hair continued.

"At last I was advised to try Kotalko, and to my great joy discovered that I had finally found the right thing. The new hair growth developed and strengthened. It has been maintained in length and quantity, as you will

see by my photograph. My hair is all that can be desired."

Men also who were bald-headed for years report new hair growth through KOTALKO. Many testimonials from men and women.

**KOTALKO**  
TRUE HAIR GROWER

If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or quite bald, write

To JOHN HART BRITAIN, LTD.,  
9 Percy Street (109.B), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO, and Kotalko Soap, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME.....  
ADDRESS.....

## 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. G. ROSS, Height, Specialist**  
Scarborough, Eng.



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

# High-spots of the Programmes

THREE plays I can recommend are to come on shortly. One is Galsworthy's *Loyalties*, which you may have seen. Whether you have or not, I think you will like the broadcast version. Galsworthy's dialogue is so direct and distinct that I feel sure you will get some entertainment.

The second is *Alibi from the Air*, a specially written microphone play by Frank Cochrane and Cyril Roberts. Val Gielgud tells me he is expecting a success with it.

*Egypt's Gold*, by Terence Horsley, is a play of fact. It deals with the salvage of gold from the liner *Egypt*, which sank during the War. A bit of a thriller.

I hear tell of a good soprano. I don't often hear tell of them. *Gertrude Johnson*. I think she must be good because she is an Australian. Australia produces a great many rabbits and some good sopranos. Melba was an Australian. So was Austral. So, also, was Evelyn Scotney—easily the best soprano ever heard these days on the wireless. Why on earth we don't have more of her I can't imagine.

Both she and Miss Johnson were trained by Melba. I am looking forward to hearing her sing. We shall get her in the London Regional programme on February 19. They tell me she used to sing "Queen of the Night" in Mozart's *Magic Flute* at Covent Garden. That means she can hit the top F—I mean, an octave higher than the F you can get! If you happen to be a soprano, that is.

I wonder how you liked *Florodora*. I told you to listen to it. Now I suppose you are annoyed with me because it didn't amuse you. The music was splendid. You will agree there, I am sure. 1899 style of humour was a bit stodgy, I admit. Well, the Arcadians is to be revived on February 27 and 28. I am going to be careful this time. Anyhow, it is 1909 humour, not 1899. Ten years make all the difference.

The music in this instance is not Leslie Stuart's, but Lionel Monckton's. It was broadcast twice during 1927 and they took two hours over it, which was "too long enough." This time it is to be cut down to an hour and a quarter. *Quite* long enough.

Another point which may save the show is the fact that the book has been re-written for broadcasting. We are promised a coherent story.

In the cast: Wynne Ajello as Sombra, the leading Arcadian lady; *Simplicitas* will be taken by Leonard Henry; and the melancholy jockey, Doody, will be allotted to Horace Kenney, who seems just the man for it. Well, there you are. Let's hope it will be a good show.

My Welsh friends may like to be reminded of a talk by Mr. R. O. Rowlands in the West Regional programme on the 19th. He is to speak on the subject of the re-shaping of Welsh economic life. Also, on the 22nd, Mr. Rupert Phillips has something to say about the position of South Wales trade under the title of "The Story of the Year."

Something nice for musical Northerners. I have great respect for their appreciation of good music. I once lived in the North. A fine concert will be broadcast from Leeds to-morrow night, February 17. John Barbirolli is conducting, and Moisewitsch is the solo pianist. He is to play Rachmaninoff's second concerto. It is a lovely work, so don't miss it. In the second half you will hear Beethoven's Eighth Symphony. This, you will not have forgotten, is the Pastoral Symphony.

Earlier in the same evening, and on the same wavelength, Foden's Motor Works Band will play two groups of light music. This band won the championship at the Crystal Palace Contest last year.

Those within reach of the Belfast transmitter may be interested in the Children's Hour pro-

gramme on the 28th. The choir and band of the Belfast Newsboys' Club are going to broadcast. The members of this club are genuine newsboys and may be seen nightly in the streets of Belfast with their bundles of papers. A very enthusiastic lot they are, so I am told.

I shall probably organise a symphony orchestra myself shortly. It will be composed of newsagents who sell RADIO PICTORIAL. As the membership is likely to be considerable, I shall only choose the best musicians!

Then there are a few of the *First Time Here* people. They will not be the last time anywhere, judging from their reception generally.

Williams and Browning, coloured comedians, something after the Layton and Johnstone style; Marcel de Haes, the Anglo-French singer, not unlike Maurice Chevalier in some respects; and Bern Ecks.

He was a scream. When he broadcast from St. George's Hall he wouldn't do anything like anybody else. He insisted on broadcasting lying down. So the microphone had to be placed low. Then he said he was "broadcasting from the floor of St. George's Hall, London." These people have to be humoured, it seems.

Afrique is a well-known actor who uses this name for radio work. I watched him a day or two ago during a rehearsal. He is a good imitator.

Thinking of imitators, there is nobody better than Beryl Orde. The more we have of her the better. She is a real find.

Clifford Guest, the Australian animal imitator, has an amazing technique. I wonder he does not do his throat an injury.

There have been over two hundred of these new people during the autumn, but these are a few to go on with. Keep this list by you and watch for them as they come. You won't have to wait long.

## On the Way!

Coming next week in "RADIO PICTORIAL" . . . the following fine list of features . . .

Another exciting A. J. Alan story, "My Adventure at Chiselhurst"

"Behind the Scenes at an Outside Broadcast" is contributed by John Trent.

A. J. Cummings writes a leading article of interest to all listeners.

Oliver Baldwin, the B.B.C. Film Critic, deals with the relation of radio criticism and broadcasting.

And, finally, you mustn't miss Capt. Wzkelam on the Scotland-Ireland Rugby International.

LOOK OUT FOR NEXT FRIDAY'S "RADIO PICTORIAL" THE ONLY WEEKLY RADIO MAGAZINE

## IN THE COUNTRY—February 16 By Marion Cran

VALENTINE'S DAY is over, and upon that day the birds all chose their mates, so the old folks say.

It may or may not be true, but here in this garden of the Weald we know one bird at least who has been casting his eye upon the marriageable maids. Joe Beckett, he of the twisted golden bill, has found a sweetheart.

He is the young blackbird who had a very perilous life ever since he was a venturesome

fledgling last summer, first shot and then nearly strangled!

Having twice escaped as by a miracle from these sudden deaths, Joe has fought his way into robust manhood in the face of great odds; the very fact that he has survived with that injured golden bill argues an iron will and a strong character.

It is interesting, but not surprising, in the light of such a heroic history, to see that a pretty blackbird miss in her sober suit of rusty black now flirts with him in the quickest hedge and eats at the bird table by his side. She has evidently sense to realise that Joe has more than looks to offer, and it is not too much to say that her soft glances toward his ugly mug have a yielding look in their brightness.

It is fairly certain that Joe and she will be nest building next month—probably in the thick tall hedge near the bird-table, close beside the study window.

Will it be possible for this cock bird to feed his fledglings with his shot upper mandible, that looks like nothing so much as a bit of twisted golden wire?

He has been so clever, up to date, that it seems likely he will find a way to cope even with nursery cares; for how he survived the original wound without starving, and how he manages to forage daily for snails and worms is, to us, a constant wonder. Yet he presents a sleek well-rounded waistcoat!



# Laugh with Leonard Henry



A factory worker with an untrained, but exquisite voice, arrived at the B.B.C. for an audition. He made a great impression, but after he had sung one or two ballads, such as "Earts of Oak," and "Ome, Sweet Ome," the official who was present ventured to make a suggestion.

"What about letting us have an 'H' or two?" he said.

"Now that's your little joke, gw'nor," grinned the singer. "I know very well that the highest note on the piano is G."

"There is no escape for a crooner," states a contemporary. Even his plaintive tone fails to move us to assist him.

Shortage of fresh air in some of the B.B.C



First actor: "Will you lend me £5, old man?"

Second actor: "Yes, with proper securities."

First actor: "What do you suggest?"

Second actor: "A chain and padlock, handcuffs, and a watchdog."

studios is causing headaches to many in the building, we learn. Likewise shortage of fresh airs is causing the same complaint in millions of other buildings.

Eric Maschwitz, it is said, has a soul-destroying job. Nevertheless, he seems to be a Marvell.

That the B.B.C. gets some nasty smacks from the public is obvious. But Collie (sometimes) Knox the hardest!

A beautiful rose, a first prize-winner, in fact, has been christened "Christopher Stone." He must be prickled to death about it.

"I want to see things, as well as hear them—so what set shall I get?" asks a reader. Our suggestion is one of these new radio-cocktail sets.

"Stop!" shouted the producer at rehearsal. "That's no good. Nobody will hear you if you speak like that. Now, try again. Open your mouth and throw yourself into it!"

"Now, William, turn off that wireless. Remember what your father told you about radium being the most expensive substance in the world."

Miss Pat Taylor has been picked out by John Watt—from the Eight Step Sisters—to sing solos in a recent *Songs From the Shows*. Even in the B.B.C., you never know what's coming to you.

Radio is now to play an important part in the bacteriological world, we learn. The germs, in protesting, state it is an insult to their delicate culture.

"No! Smith minor—a radio doctor cannot supply you with a pick-me-up."

Three thousand years ago, wild boars prowled over the site of Broadcasting House, states a scientist. A few of the tame kind still do.



Radio Star: "Am I looking pleasant?"

Photographer: "Perfectly, Madam."

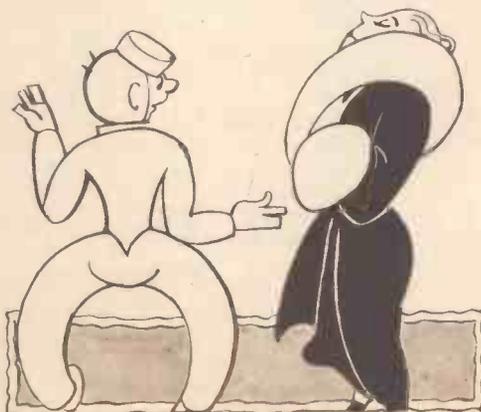
Radio Star: "Well, hurry up then. It hurts my face."



According to an advertisement a special type of valve makes your reception half as good again as it was before. We must buy two of them.

Victor Hely-Hutchinson, we learn, rides a bicycle to work. Now we know why he can handle bars so well.

The report that when the B.B.C. effects department required a bubble and squeak, they invaded their staff café, is denied.



Bandy-legged page boy at B.B.C.: "Will you walk this way, Madam?"

Visitor: "I'd much rather not!"



## MAKE-UP WILL NOT HIDE IMPERFECT SKIN!

**SPECIAL FREE OFFER**

Send a postcard to-day for a liberal sample bottle of D.D.D. Prescription to D.D.D. Laboratories, R.P. 16, Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

CREAMS and powder will only partially disguise a blemished skin. The only perfect base for make-up is a charming, spotless skin. D.D.D. Brand Prescription is a sure remedy for enlarged pores, spots, pimples, as well as for disfiguring Eczema, Rashes, Chilblains, Pimples, Ulcers or other skin diseases.

A few drops of this marvellous preparation will give instant relief. Buy a 1/3 bottle to-day at any chemist.

# D.D.D. BRAND PRESCRIPTION

## Play the Piano Brilliantly IF YOU WISH TO—YOU SHALL



If you cannot read at sight and play with confidence and brilliance, MY POSTAL LESSONS, studied in your home, will quickly—and enjoyably—Make You Do So! Within a short time of reading this you may grasp at sight, and play Songs, Dances, Hymns and Gems from the Masters with the liquid flowing tone-beauty you have envied in professional players. If a Beginner, in a few weeks you shall play a little masterpiece of Beethoven's. No Mechanical drudgery—Original—Fascinating guidance using Ordinary Musical Notation (no freakish methods) making success certain! I am enrolling 50-100 adult pupils every week and have taught 35,000 during 29 years. I CAN TEACH YOU.

Send for FREE Book, Mind, Muscle and Keyboard, and Form for FREE ADVICE. Pay if Advanced, Moderate, Elementary or Beginner.

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### £100 CHALLENGE

## New VARICOSE VEIN & BAD LEG TREATMENT

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

**LE BRASSEUR SURGICAL MFG. CO., LTD.**  
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**FROM 2/- WEEKLY**

ON HIRE PURCHASE UP TO 120 BASSES

## PIANO ACCORDIANS

Tonella, Pancotti-Vickers, Hobner.  
Also Concertinas, Drums, Banjos, etc. Send NOW for latest lists, stating instruments.

### J. J. VICKERS & SONS, LTD.

(Dept. R), 80-82 Royal Hill, London, S.E. 10

Read . . .

## WIRELESS MAGAZINE

NOW ON SALE - Price 1/-

# CLAUDE AND ENID—

Stars at  
Home—5

*in a domestic scene*

**I**N spite of the evidence of their broadcast scenes to the contrary, you will not enter a happier home than that of Claude Hulbert and his charming wife, Enid Trevor.

It won't take you long to reckon up how old Claude is when you learn that he was born on Christmas Day, 1900.

Naturally the fact has upset him a good deal.

He has had to go without a birthday present or else a Christmas present every year of his life. Nobody ever seems to think of giving him something extra nice or extra expensive.

Claude and his brother Jack are sons of a doctor. Both went to Cambridge. When Claude came down he seemed to drift on to the stage almost naturally.

He had already interested himself in the



Mr. and Mrs. Claude Hulbert at home. On the left you see Claude taking part in a vaudeville number with three other radio "stars" in the Gramophone Co. studios



Cambridge Footlights Dramatic Club by helping to write and produce two of their revues.

If you ask him why he decided to go on the stage as a profession he will tell you that nobody cared what he did. In fact, they didn't think he could do anything.

Enid Trevor met Claude some years ago, when they chanced to be playing in the same concert party.

They are quite candid about their former feelings towards each other.

Enid says she thought Claude a silly ass, and Claude says he thought Enid irritatingly facetious.

**T**hey must have revised part of their opinions.

At all events, they were married almost exactly ten years ago.

Enid was not born on Christmas Day, like Claude, but she narrowly missed being born on New Year's Day, 1900. As a matter of fact, she was born the day before—December 31, 1899. So that she is very nearly a year older than Claude.

She says she was educated at home under a French governess, over whom she spent much time and energy. (She thought it necessary for her to learn English!)

Enid is one of a family of seven. She began her professional career when she was eighteen by taking part in one of Sutro's plays. She is a keen swimmer and also devoted to painting. None of her friends can ever get her near a cocktail party, for she detests the "younger set" as a section of society.

She prefers her home—and Claude. Of course you know their act? They call it *Some More Nonsense*, but it might have a better name. Most of it is exceedingly clever.

The general style of it, you will remember, is that of a domestic quarrel. Claude is aggravating to the last degree and Enid lets him know her opinion of him.

If you ask them what made them think of these domestic scenes for broadcasting they will tell you, first of all, that they have always believed in broadcasting, even when their friends told them they were foolish to take it up.

They then supplement this piece of information by declaring the scenes are *genuine*.

You must take some of this with a grain

of salt, or a grain of something, at all events. Surely Claude can't be *quite* so annoying? Enid says he is worse than she makes out in the studio.

There may be something in it because, far from denying it, he admits it without apology.

Yet, when you go to see them, you find them happy. They certainly ought to be, for they have two of the sweetest children you could wish to see. Jill and Jacqueline.

**J**ill is at school, but Jacqueline is a baby. Neither Claude nor Enid can prevail upon Jill to listen to them on the wireless. They are hoping Jacqueline will be more civil in this respect.

Enid Trevor has broadcast more than fifty times. If she happens to say that in front of Claude (when someone asks a direct question) he laughs and says she has broadcast much more than that really.

He says she forgets the time she spends in the home broadcasting on her own wavelength. There one gets a glimpse of their studio act, of course.

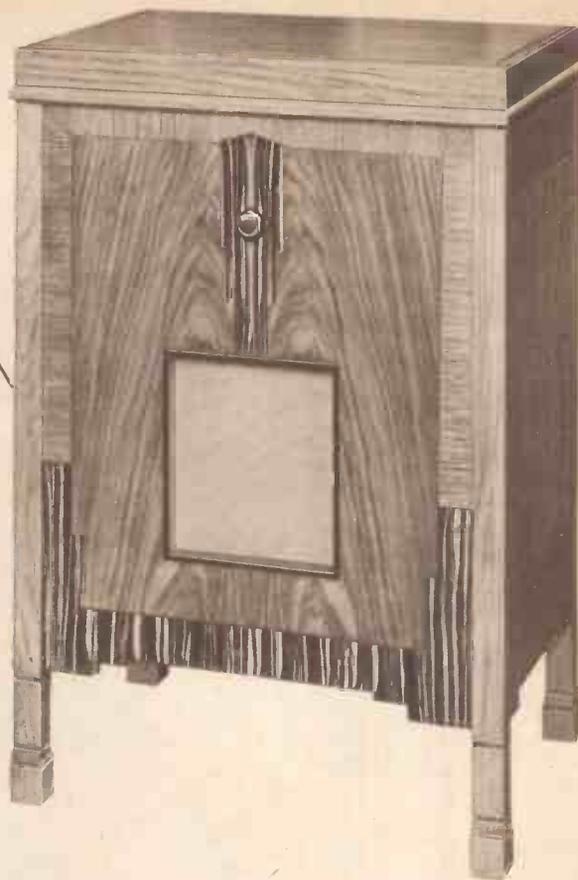
Mrs. Trevor, Enid's mother, is a character in that studio scene, although she does not actually appear. She objects to being brought into it, but they tell her she must get used to it.

As a matter of fact, Claude is very fond of her, but he always let loose a good deal of "mother-in-law sentiment" as part of the show.

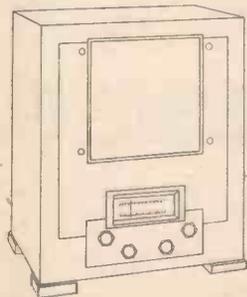
There is a twinkle in Enid's eye as she describes Claude's annoying ways, so that one has to discount a good deal.



**YOUR  
Radiogramophone!  
20 guineas  
or £1 a month!**



What a triumph for "His Master's Voice" is the new SUPERHET FIVE-FORTY! Here, for the first time, is a magnificent radiogramophone, the price of which is within the range of modest incomes. Twenty guineas is all it costs, or, if you like, you may pay a small deposit and £1 a month. Let your nearest "His Master's Voice" dealer demonstrate it to you free of obligation and learn for yourself what perfect tone is. The SUPERHET FIVE-FORTY will give you your radio programme clear and undisturbed, and it will bring your gramophone records to *life*! Hear this wonderful instrument to-day—you will be profoundly impressed. And—you can afford it.



**MADE TO MEET LUCERNE WAVELENGTH CHANGES**

Radio History! Superheterodyne Five-valve (including rectifier) all-electric radio set and all-electric gramophone, combined in a beautiful modern cabinet of figured walnut. Silent-running electric motor with automatic stop, and pick-up hinged for easy needle change. Tone control by which upper or lower registers can be accentuated. Selectivity of a very high order. New type "His Master's Voice" energised moving-coil loudspeaker of balanced sensitivity at all registers. A.C. model, 20 gns. (D.C. model, 21 gns.) or small deposit and monthly payments of £1.

**LISTEN TO THE TONE!**

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

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

● Use "His Master's Voice" Tungstyle long-playing needles 8 for 1/-, for best reproduction, economy and convenience.

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

**“ HIS MASTER’S VOICE ”**

**RADIO AND RADIOGRAMOPHONES**

Send a Postcard immediately for special illustrated leaflet to

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# NEW LIFE

for Your

# OLD SET

180 to 650  
metres

850 to 2,100  
metres

How to use...  
the "A.W."

## LUCERNE COILS

Three weeks ago those inimitable wireless writers, "The Experimenters," disclosed in AMATEUR WIRELESS designs for a new type of home-made tuning coil to meet the Lucerne conditions; they tune from 180 to 650 metres and from 850 to 2,100 metres. These coils have created tremendous enthusiasm everywhere.

Now "The Experimenters" are showing how the new coils can be connected into a number of old sets. If your old set has unscreened coils, then you can give it a new lease of life by fitting one of these new Lucerne coils.

Better buy AMATEUR WIRELESS this week and see how to do it!

# AMATEUR WIRELESS

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