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A. J. Cummings on

Radio Behind Roosevelt

Radio Pictorial — NO. 6

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WHEN I was in the U.S.A. in 1932 during the Presidential election campaign, I was given a good insight into the powerful use to which radio can be put for political propaganda purposes.

The first political meeting I ever attended in America took place on August 27, at the little town of Seagirt, in the State of New Jersey.

This open-air meeting, which was attended by a crowd of more than 150,000 people, was addressed by Mr. Roosevelt in the first fighting speech of his whirlwind campaign.

It was a remarkable audience, the like of which I do not think could have been assembled in this country by any political party. The meeting had been mobilised by New Jersey's political bosses, and it was a masterpiece of regimental efficiency.

These people had been carried swiftly to the scene from nearly every county in the state in 100 special trains, 30,000 motor-cars and countless motor buses.

The scene on the great military parade ground in front of the New Jersey Governor's country residence resembled a vast pleasure fair.

The noise from dozens of brass bands, fife and drum corps and bagpipers was appalling.

On all sides there were peep-shows, vaudeville acts, pavement acrobats and groups of formidable-looking "toughs" demanding alms in a manner which made one very prompt to accept their invitation.

There were basket lunch parties everywhere, and thousands of Democratic negroes and negresses lolled lazily on the grass in the sunshine.

Mr. Roosevelt spoke from a high platform draped with patriotic flags and erected immediately in front of the Governor's house.

Before he appeared on the scene, the enormous waiting throng was entertained with political songs, in the choruses of which large numbers joined, though not with any marked enthusiasm. The words of most of these songs were extremely childish.

"I remember the chorus which went best was something like this :

"Roll, roll, roll
 "With Roosevelt on the good ship U.S.A.
 "He's ours, he's strong, he's ready,
 "A chip of the block that gave us Teddy."

Even after the arrival of Mr.

Roosevelt himself more songs were sung, including an extremely vulgar one making outrageous fun of Mr. Hoover.

This song, was rendered by a group of sturdy men who, I was told in a whisper by an important political boss seated at my side, were "some of our police boys" in mufti.

On this occasion Mr. Roosevelt made a first-class election speech, which I thoroughly enjoyed, though a good deal of it seemed to pass over the heads of what appeared to be a distinctly low-grade audience.

Mr. Roosevelt has an excellent voice, a first-class delivery, and a distinguished presence.

Also what I should regard in America as a dangerous sense of humour.

His speech, which was not a declaration of policy, but a vigorous and uncompromising attack upon the Republican régime for its "evasions upon evasions, and insincerities upon insincerities," was broadcast all over the States.

So, I might add, were the vulgar songs.

I was told afterwards that the speech had created a profound impression throughout the country.

Mr. Roosevelt has what is described as "a radio voice" which excites the instinctive sympathy of the nation.

In former elections campaigning had cost both parties immense sums of money. I was told that owing to the stress of the economic crisis neither the Republicans nor the Democrats now had more than a million dollars each to cover all their activities.

The major part of the available cash was spent in "buying time" on the National Broadcasting system.

It was noted by all observers that these wireless talks made a strong appeal to the electorate, and increased rather than diminished the eagerness of men and women to see their candidates.

After his election, Mr. Roosevelt, one of the quickest-witted of men, realising the potentialities of radio, continued to make active and effective use of this means of getting across his policy to the people.

It is said that his belief in the power of wireless had been greatly influenced by the novel "Rinehard," written by Colonel T. F. Tweed, Mr. Lloyd George's well-known political organiser in this country. Also by the film "Gabriel over the White House," which was based on the novel.

The chief character in the novel is an American President who has a motor-car accident and suffers an injury to his head.

The injury transforms him from an easy-going politician of the orthodox party type into a stern and ruthless patriot convinced that his country can be saved only by a dictatorship. Henceforward "all devils of a degraded democracy" reel under his devastating blows.

He dismisses Congress, over rides the Constitution, becomes virtually a dictator and conquers lawlessness and unemployment.

His success in winning the support of the whole nation is largely due, however, to the skilful use of wireless.

He employs a great publicity organisation, and in a succession of intimate personal wireless talks tells what he is doing and why he is doing it.

In point of fact the President has employed the wireless in nearly all his declarations of policy since he embarked upon

Continued on page 27

RADIO PICTORIAL GOSSIP tells You



Maurice Elwin, the popular crooner, faces the microphone

Our Serious Comedians

Leonard Henry is a strange combination of serious and gay. Quite one of the funniest of our comedians, he is a serious conversationalist. He hardly ever talks shop. If the subject of comedy is begun he will quote dozens of lines which others comedians have broadcast with evident relish, but he rarely mentions one of his own.

He is a voracious reader. He travels all over the country and spends his time reading on his journeys. Anything historical will always attract him. He is a happy individual despite his dead seriousness over his work. He says he has walked a "lane" in his study carpet over his broadcasts.

His microphone voice is not apparent in his ordinary conversation. If, however, he illustrates anything connected with his work, it is interesting to note how his voice changes slightly.

Off to America

Mrs. John Tilley, blonde and athletic, is one of the most charming people in the world. When her husband broadcasts, she drives him to Portland Place in their baby saloon and often waits outside taking the air while John is doing

his stuff. They are a devoted couple and of course she is off to America, too, when he sails . . . to fulfil the long engagement which he secured after the Yanks had heard his Loch Ness Monster tale the other night.

Wanted—a Staff Humorist

Failing to get the fresh humour which he wants for variety programmes, Eric Maschwitz has decided to take a comedy writer on his staff at Broadcasting House.

He is needed.

The idea of a regular five minutes' laughter each evening has not caught on at present.

There is no one with the time to do it, but when Eric has his funny man to write the material, maybe it will come.

If he would sign up, Max Kester is the kind of humorist who would make a job of it.

Les Plays Lead

Les Allen had signed up to play Olly Kinkaid in *Love Needs a Waltz* before he realised that he was engaged to take the part of a crooner. As a fact, he does not usually croon, but he can, and does occasionally when the song deserves it.

Les was playing lead in a production for the first time though he had been asked to take part in a comedy once before. But he threw it in, not understanding the idiom on this occasion.

Not His Line

They wanted him to talk cricket, shouting "Nice stroke, well hit, Sir," and "Good ball, maiden over!" Les Allen is a Canadian from Toronto and he could not grasp the jargon.

Baseball was more in his line, he said. But now he had hit a high spot in *Love Needs a Waltz*, we shall hear him in production again. I shall listen for it.

Tom's Successor

When Tom Jones leaves the Grand Hotel, Eastbourne, in March he will be succeeded by Leslie Jefferies, a violinist who is already well known to listeners for his solos in the studio under the name of Val Denaro.

Acoustics are perfect in the lounge of the Grand Hotel, and I shall be surprised if Leslie is not soon a great favourite on Sunday evenings.

Those Gifted Woodgates!

Leslie Woodgate, the popular chorus master, is a member of a gifted family, and his wife plays a fiddle in the B.B.C. Orchestra. His niece, little Florence Woodgate, is at the Conti school, and took a juvenile part in *Emil and the Detectives*.

She is also to be seen as the young Princess Elizabeth in the Henry Eighth film, but she never turns her face towards the camera!

The Railway Choir Broadcast

John Duncan is also related. A versatile singer, this, who has sung in "Songs from the Shows" and a Contemporary Music concert. What a contrast.

Leslie is off to Edinburgh next month to conduct the L.N.E.R. Choir in a broadcast from the Usher Hall. Four hundred voices sing in this chorus, and their owners are mostly porters and guards who travel through the day from places all over the country and sing together for the first time two hours before the concert!

Can You Beat It?

The current series of "Songs from the Shows" winds up with a bang to-morrow (Saturday). John Watt has booked an all-star cast for the last of these popular programmes.

George Grossmith, Winnie Melville, Clifford Mollison, Diana du Caine, and Clarice Mayne are all going to sing. Can you beat that?

Sir Malcolm's Broadcast

Considerable interest has been aroused by the article by Sir Malcolm Campbell in last week's RADIO PICTORIAL. The date of Sir Malcolm's broadcast in the series of Sports Talks has now been fixed for Saturday, April 7. The time is 6.30. So make a note of it, and read the "Radio Pic." article in conjunction with his broadcast talk.

Roy's Greyhound

Roy Fox has recently purchased a greyhound which ran at Wembley for the first time on February 7. Mr. and Mrs. Fox are dog-lovers, but this is their first venture in the sport of greyhound racing.

Roy has adequately named the splendid animal "Whispering Cub," "Whispering" being his signature tune and Cub signifying a member of the Fox family.

Best-dressed Star

Another American radio favourite is in London. She is beautiful Francis Williams, known as the "best-dressed star on Broadway." Miss Williams opened at the Monseigneur Restaurant. Francis Williams, at home, is the Baroness de

Those "Folk" Songs!

by FERRIER



What's Happening in the Broadcasting World

Star Features in the National Programme

SUNDAY

Reginald King and his Orchestra.
Sir Wilfred Grenfell.
The Ben Greet Players.
The Right Hon. Lord Sankey.
Albert Sandler.

MONDAY

The Western Studio Orchestra.
The Scottish Studio Orchestra.
Desmond MacCarthy.
Commander Stephen King-Hall.
Parry Jones.

TUESDAY

Reginald New.
Sir Walford Davies.
Herr Max Kroemer.
The Wireless Military Band.

WEDNESDAY

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

THURSDAY

Christopher Stone.
Vernon Bartlett.
Jan Smetterlin.

FRIDAY

The Northern Studio Orchestra.
S. P. B. Mais.
Charles Manning and his Orchestra.
Emilio Colombo.
The B.B.C. Orchestra (Section E).

SATURDAY

The Commodore Grand Orchestra.
Dorothy L. Sayers.
Alfredo Campoli and his Orchestra.

Sousa, and was married in Hollywood while appearing in the film *Broadway Through a Keyhole*. She has broadcast in America with the famous orchestras of Paul Whiteman, Guy Lombardo, Dorsey Bros., Joe Venuti, etc.

From "Cocoanuts"

Tall, blonde, and perfectly dynamic, she was starred in several editions of George White's *Scandals*, and was in the Marx Brothers' *Cocoanuts*, in which Mrs. Roy Fox was also featured before she married the popular dance band leader.

Miss Williams presents "a modernistic interpretation of modern songs," which we may hear on the radio.

A Modest Man

Leslie Smith, whose music you must have admired in *Love Needs a Waltz*, is a modest young man. I met him during a rehearsal of the work. When I tried to talk to him about it he had nothing to say! That quality is rare in musicians as a rule.

He, by the way, wrote the music for *Meet the Prince*.

The originator of the story of *Love Needs a Waltz* was Eric Maschwitz. He told me it had been altered and improved out of all recognition, and that he claimed no honour in connection with it.

The transmission came from the Concert Hall of Broadcasting House. That rather surprised me as I had imagined the multiple-studio idea would have been used.

Mr. Smith lived for ten years in New York. From what I hear, he is likely to have a spectacular career in London.

Natalie's Debut

Natalie Hall, who played Linda in *Love Needs a Waltz*, is a newcomer to radio. She is American by birth, but since her marriage to Barry McKay has become British.

I imagine the B.B.C. will see that this is not her last broadcast by a long way. She has a pleasing voice and a good style of singing.

B.H.'s Entrance Hall

The entrance hall of Broadcasting House is an amazing place. I seem to see everyone I know there. I espied Dame Ethel Smyth a day or two ago. She is generally dressed in a tweed costume and a somewhat masculine-looking felt hat.

A very different figure was that of Sir Thomas Beecham, smoking a cigar almost long enough to conduct with. He has a majestic manner and a characteristic walk.

The Personal Touch

I like the way the Midland Regional station takes its listeners into its confidence. Every month Percy Edgar, the genial and hard-working Midland Director, comes to the microphone to talk to his listeners.

He is not one of those B.B.C. chiefs who believe in "hush-hush," and would veil the whole staff in anonymity; in fact, he often mentions members of the Birmingham B.B.C. staff by name during these talks of his, and praises their individual work.

Dunkerley's Job

The other night, instead of giving his usual monthly talk, he handed over the microphone to young Dunkerley, who was recently appointed Midland Programme Director—that is to say, Percy Edgar's aide-de-camp.

H. J. Dunkerley is one of the B.B.C.'s bright young men. He has already won rapid promotion.

Before his present job, he was Adult Education organiser in the North Region, and before that Station Director at the old Liverpool Station, now defunct.

Some New A. J. Alans?

An interesting announcement made by Dunkerley was that in the spring the Midland station hopes to try out some spinners of yarns.

Speaking of types of programme they would develop if only they could get the material, he said: "What about the short story? One of the most famous names in broadcasting to-day is that of a story-teller, A. J. Alan.

"I don't say the Midlands can produce a set of A. J. Alans, they don't sit at every fireside, but I do say that the art of the story should be developed for the microphone."

Wooded by Wireless

High up in a room at Broadcasting House, London, sits one of the B.B.C.'s most responsible engineers. Every night he goes home to a wife who was, perhaps, the first woman to be wooed by landline!

This engineer used to be at the Leeds B.B.C. station and frequently, when programmes were being relayed from London, he spoke by landline to engineers in London.

When getting into touch with them he had to speak to a lady telephonist at Savoy Hill, then the B.B.C. headquarters. The engineer found this lady's voice attractive. Conversations over the landline were not always restricted to wireless engineering!

The engineer one day went up to London and asked her to become his wife.

Sieveking's New Book

Producer Lance Sieveking, of vitality galore and ideas bizarre, has written a book on broadcasting, to be published this spring.

We are expecting some lively opinions.

Though this work will be a general dissertation on radio entertaining, Lance is also becoming known for his imaginative creations. His novels, "Smite and Spare Not" and "The Woman She Was," the latter just recently published, show perhaps the most significant breakaway in our time from established literary conventions.



She holds television in her hands! This tube is the vital part of the new Coscor system of domestic television

"THERE'S THREE OF US" SAYS LES ALLEN

LES ALLEN, the popular vocalist in the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra, sings the favourite number "There's Two of Us." And now "there's Three of Us," as you can see from these at-home snapshots of Les, Mrs. Allen and Sonnie



5.15

P.M. Let's listen to the Children's Hour—the programme's just begun!

And so it would seem. Actually it began at least six weeks ago, when Uncle Mac, Aunt Elizabeth, and Aunt Barbara met in solemn conclave to decide what you would most like to hear to-day. Having decided, they proceed to ensure that you get it.

Now, that is not so easy as you might think.

The most careful selection of material and artists is necessary. Well over a thousand stories and plays are submitted to the Children's Hour each year.

Every one of them is read and commented upon by two and sometimes three members of the staff. And it is only if all the readers agree that you would like to hear it that a manuscript is put into the "accepted" drawer.

With such a thorough separation of the "wheat" from the "tares," you will realise that this drawer is not likely to be overcrowded.

It is from this chosen few that exactly the right one must be selected for to-day's "bill of fare."

The final selection having been made, it is Uncle Mac's job to prepare it for the microphone—that is, make it the right length without spoiling it. By no means always an easy task.

He changes small things here and there to make them more easily

"Hallo, CHILDREN!"

understood or less difficult to read out aloud. Several copies of this edited version have to be made—for the artists concerned, for filing, etc.

Meantime, artists have to be engaged, and it is no unusual thing to find that none of the people especially chosen are available for the particular date on which they are wanted.

That may mean scrapping the whole programme and perhaps re-arranging a whole week's programmes in order to fit in

a fresh idea which is practicable. When all the details have been finally settled, they have to be sent to press so that you may know in advance what you are going to hear. But that is not all. The programme has to be rehearsed before

By "Aunt BELINDA"

it is actually broadcast. Each artist must know just where to stand in front of the microphone in order to give of his or her best. Each item is timed carefully so that the proper balance may be preserved between speech and music, and the whole programme kept within the time allotted to it and be as "finished" a piece of work as possible.

In the case of plays, this is no light task, for the Children's Hour producer has only two to two and a half hours before the actual

broadcast in which to do this. He is, of course, helped by the band of experienced actors and actresses whose services are at his disposal.

"The best possible always" is undoubtedly the motto of Mary O'Farrell, Joyce Moore, Patricia Hayes, Jessica Tandy, Cyril Nash, Ivan Samson, Ralph de Rohan, Bruce Belfrage, H. St. Barbe West, Ralph Richardson, Henry Oscar, and Michael Hogan, to mention only some of those who take part in the programmes.

Then there are the Citizens of Toytown—who are first on the list of favourites, to judge by the results of Request Week voting for several years.

I expect most of you know quite well that Uncle Peter, who was for some years the organiser of the Children's Hour, is "The Mayor," and the "Wicked Uncle," that crusty old gentleman, Mr. Grouser.

Reginald Purdell is the quick-change artist of the company, alternating between the Magician, Mr. Inventor, and Dennis the Dachshund as easily as kissing your hand.

The most admirable "Crichton" is Frederick Burtwell as the Mayor of Arkville's butler; but he is just as happy as the Mayor of Toytown's secretary and certainly speaks his mind as Corporal Higgins.

Mrs. Goose most ably runs her cake shop under the aegis of Mary O'Farrell, while Uncle Mac baas Larry the Lamb's most ingenious way through a wealth of other people's discomfort. Law and order is (sometimes) kept by Ernest the Policeman, i.e., Arthur Wynn, who in his "off-duty" hours is an important member of the Music Department at Broadcasting House.

Many of the stories in the programmes are told, of course, by Uncle Mac, Aunt Elizabeth, and Aunt Barbara.

But they are helped from time to time by "Ajax" (T. C. L. Farrar). He manages to make time to tell you of the "Incredible Adventures of Professor Branestawm" and is, I believe, quite prepared to work overtime, if necessary, in his own department rather than miss the pleasure he himself derives from passing on to you these Norman Hunter stories.

Frederick Griseward, too, is no mean asset to the Children's Hour.



Kiddies often write to the B.B.C. asking how the Children's Hours are broadcast and what the radio aunts and uncles look like in real life. Well, here you can see for yourself!

Kiddies' radio hours are broadcast in a very elaborate manner from some Continental stations, and here is a radio play being broadcast during a children's hour from a German studio



A scene from an outside broadcast which was relayed all over the world. The microphone is here at the top of Table Mountain, Capetown, and the commentary was relayed through the B.B.C. Empire transmitter.



Behind the Scenes at

by
John
TRENT

OUTSIDE BROADCASTS

FROM the pulpit to the ballroom, and from the race-course to the opera, trek the Outside Broadcast engineers. Unseen and unnoticed, they are present whenever an item is relayed from outside the studios. No less than a quarter of each day's programme is in their charge and every big sporting event finds them at work.

A romantic life for an engineer! And yet these men are sixteen of the quietest, most unassuming fellows to be met around Broadcasting House.

Sometimes you may catch a glimpse of them at work, in the launch close behind the crews at the Boat Race, on the van at the R.A.F. Display, or with the second commentator down the course at Aintree for the National.

But these are rare occasions and they mostly work behind the scenes.

May is a month that they enjoy. Though early for a holiday, it is fresh in the woods at Pangbourne, the inn is comfortable and its host is a genial fellow.

At dinner they would pass for a party of sportsmen at this pleasant up-river resort; but after a smoke and a yarn with the yokels the party breaks up, for there's work to be done.

At 10.30 they have a date with the nightingales, sweetest and ficklest of crooners that ever delighted a listener's ear.

Wet or fine, the hour will find them, wrapped in mufflers, concealed in the undergrowth.

The engineers always take an old car for this job. Telephone wires skirt the wood, a line is tapped, and they fix a roll of cable on to the luggage carrier. The car then sets off across the meadow into the wood, paying out cable as it jolts over the rough.

The last two hundreds yards are covered on foot and at places on all fours.

The cables are cut and microphones are fixed beneath bushes which nightingales frequent.

Hours of patient waiting the previous night have shown which trees the birds have chosen.

America, where the nightingale is never seen in person, and the Empire listen to these relays.

It is eleven-thirty and everyone is ready, *except the birds.*

Perhaps rain is the cause; anyway, "Begbie" is not in voice to-night. He takes that name from the engineer who discovered his lair.

Things begin to look awkward; there is a consultation in the undergrowth and the boys decide to try a jazz record.

Sometimes it works. The portable gramophone is taken from its

The vocalists use earphones to hear the music and as the refrain starts, the engineers fade down the band and fade up the microphone used by the crooner.

Acoustically, Monseigneur used to be one of the best places in London. The restaurant has been redecorated and dance-band followers must have noticed that the quality is "harder" now.

The Café de Paris has a first-class band; but difficulties have to be overcome.

The orchestra plays under a balcony and the roof throws the sound forward on to the mike.

The placing of each instrument affects the quality of a broadcast, and often the bandmen have to exchange seats, so that the brass shall not overpower the rhythm section.

It is quite usual for the microphone to be tried in five or six positions before the "O.B." men are satisfied.

Sometimes kitchen noises which are not present at rehearsal impair the actual transmission. And on gala nights, after the Derby or the Boat Race, and on New Year's Eve, the engineers must also cope with rowdy dancers!



When running commentaries on sports events are broadcast by the B.B.C. the commentators use this sound-proof hut fitted with two microphones.

HOW THE COMMENTATORS SEE IT

This fine view from the B.B.C. commentators' hut gives you an idea of how the field of play appears to the men at the microphone. John Trent in the accompanying article, describes the technical arrangements behind outside broadcasts of every kind. The engineer, shown in the circle photograph below, is arranging the microphone for a Berkshire relay of the nightingales, while the lower photograph is a view inside the outside broadcast van



The transmitter is so sensitive that any movement in the boat during transmission upsets the programme.

Before the race, each man takes his place; the set is tuned and no one may move until the momentary ends.

The year before last they had an anxious moment.

The launch was all out and the crews were gaining on the boat. So now they have reduced the number of passengers.

When a breeze puts a "top"

on the water, a waterproof sheet is wrapped round the microphone, for spray on its face would deafen millions.

At Sadler's Wells the men work beneath the stage, because there is no room for their gear in the wings, and they creep in through a door from the orchestra pit. From here they cannot see the action on the stage, so a system of light signals has been devised.

A red glow indicates that singers are to the left of the stage; green to the right, and white in the centre.

They hear the relay from a loud-speaker and adjust their mikes as the lights direct them.

For the Cup Final the mike is placed in a hut high up in the stand between the towers at Wembley. From this point, George Allison gets a bird's-eye view of the ground, and it always amazes me that he can identify the players so quickly.

Like W. Hobbiss, who helps to relay the Grand National and never fails to recognise a horse half a mile away in a mist, George has the eyes of a hawk.

The Grand National is a tricky business. As it is impossible to follow the horses all the way round the course from the grand-stand, the commentary is divided between Lyle at a mike in the stand and Hobbiss stationed down the course at the Canal Turn. Each commentator listens to the other on a portable set, and so gets his cue to take over.

A green lorry, fitted inside as a studio, takes the "O.B." men to the Aldershot Tattoo, the R.A.F. Display, and other open-air events. On reaching the ground, the van is connected to the nearest telephone, a microphone is placed in a stand on the roof, and the commentator mounts by a ladder and speaks from a collapsible chair.

Lines are run from the van to vantage points about the ground, where mikes are placed to relay crowd and other noises which help listeners to believe that they are missing nothing of the fun.

Whenever I hear a programme from outside the studio, I think of these hard-worked engineers!

At the Savoy when the position of the band was changed, curtains and drapery were specially ordered to reduce the echo, which marred the programme for listeners. It is all in the day's work.

R. C. Lyle is always the commentator at the Derby. He used to sit at one end of the long Press gallery in the grand-stand, where the "O.B." men had fixed a mike.

Lyle will not admit which bothered him more, the messenger boys passing to and fro behind his chair or the banter of his colleagues in the gallery.

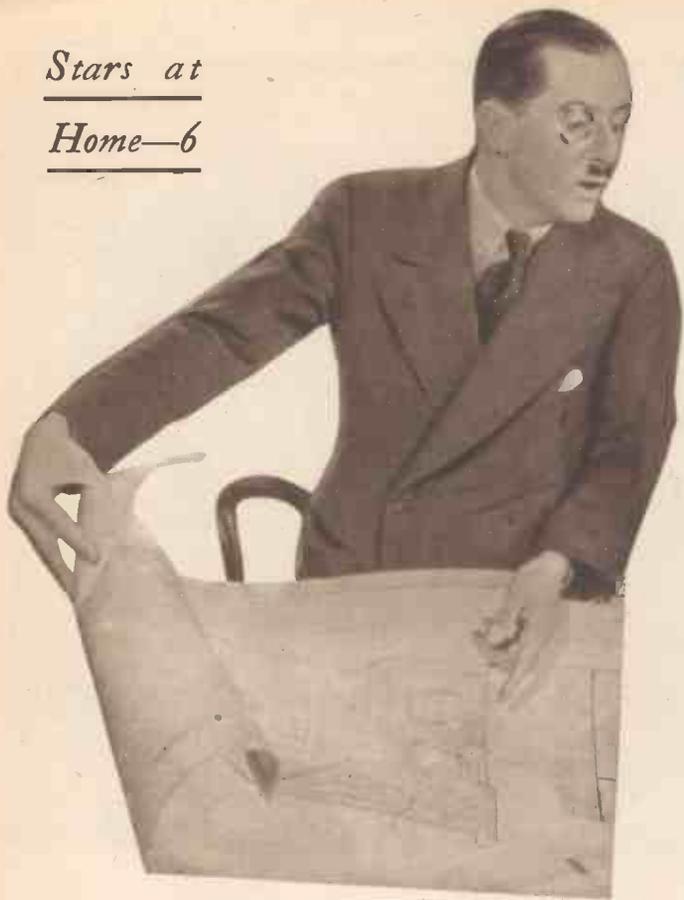
Now he has a new position on top of the stand, where he is undisturbed.

For the Boat Race the engineers take to the water. A week before the race the motor-launch *Magician* is brought down from Henley, and while she lies off Putney, "O.B." men fit in a small transmitter, slinging an aerial between her masts.

A microphone is rigged in the bow for John Snagge, ex-announcer, who was an oarsman when he was up at Oxford.



Stars at
Home—6



CLAPHAM— and Dwyer —and Cissie!

CHARLIE CLAPHAM was a barrister's clerk. Billy Dwyer was in the motor business.

They met in a crypt.

That was in 1925, and by that time both of them had already done some "dabbling," as Clapham puts it, in amateur theatricals. Dwyer ran a concert party in a Nottingham munition factory after he came back from the war.

Clapham, too, ran a concert party during the last months of the war, but was only allowed to play straight parts because nobody thought he was funny!

However, he had his private opinion on that point. And it seems that the sight of Dwyer in the crypt of the Royal Courts of Justice acted like a direct inspiration.

His corpulence and his impassive features make Dwyer the ideal "straight" man. They were introduced by a mutual friend and at once joined partnership.

After a few weeks' rehearsal they gave their first turn together. With immediate success.

It happened to be at a private party, which included several well-known people. They were so enthusiastic that they at once recommended the B.B.C. to give the two an audition.

This was done.

"Neither my partner nor I knew what we were talking about," says Charlie Clapham; nevertheless, they were offered an immediate engagement.

The strange thing is that they refused to broadcast the first time the B.B.C. approached them.

Like so many other people—Elsie and Doris Waters, for instance—they were afraid of exhausting their supply of material.

In one way, broadcasting inflicts a greater strain on the comedian than on any other artist. After all, the backbone of his entertainment is its freshness and originality.

Once an act has been broadcast it is finished.

Everybody has heard it.

Once Clapham and Dwyer had overcome their modesty, however, and started broadcasting, there was no stopping them; they made their debut in 1926, and have continued ever since.

They are greatly in demand, too, for stage variety shows and private parties of all sorts.

They have also appeared in films and made records.

For the first year or two after they joined

partnership Clapham displayed professional caution in keeping his job in the legal world.

"I lived a sort of 'Jekyll and Hyde' life," he said, "in the daytime living in the atmosphere of civil cases, criminal cases, wigs and gowns, and at night-time immaculate in evening dress, ladies' nights, firms' annual dinners, and eventually home to confront a wife who wondered where it was all leading to."

Needless to say, his employer did not view his side-line with favour, and in 1928 the time came when Clapham had to choose between the law and the stage.

So he said good-bye to the profession which he had practised ever since he was fourteen.

At that age he was in chambers with the late Mr. Justice McCardie. That is, he took messages and licked stamps for him. Later on he became a fully fledged barrister's clerk, although his career was interrupted in 1914 by the war. He enlisted in the 24th London Regiment, was wounded in 1915, and promoted to lieutenant in the machine-gunners.

Of the two, Billy Dwyer has most the appearance of the complete business man. However, he can lay claim to a genuine streak of the artistic temperament, for his father was a Moore and Burgess minstrel.

He also served in the war until 1916, when he was invalided home with a weak heart.

Up to the present, neither of them regrets his choice of a career. As a partnership they are unique in many ways. Clapham gave me some reasons.

"Firstly," he said, "by this time we should not be friends off the stage; we are. We should certainly have quarrelled over finance; we have not.

"Peculiarly enough, although we are entirely different types, we both view humour from the same angle. We both possess the same sense of the ridiculous. In my opinion, this happy state of affairs is the secret of our success.

"Secondly, we are able to suit ourselves to our audience. We have been successful on the music-halls, gramophone records, on the air, on the screen, on the cinema stage, and on the concert platform. We are very proud of this achievement, since there would be every excuse if we had failed to amuse in any one of the foregoing branches of entertainment."

Of all their many activities, they like broadcasting best. This because they admire the methods of the B.B.C.

Surely one reason why they are so popular is that their broadcasts

are so amazingly fresh and free from any sense of staleness. This must be because they tackle them in such a daring way. Quite often they only think of a subject on the actual morning of their broadcast!

They then decide on their subject—cricket, for instance—work out a plot, and let it go at that. So that the actual stuff of their entertainment is made up as they go along.

One of them starts off, and goes on talking until the other interrupts.

The stuttering is all done on the spur of the moment.

They get any amount of material sent them for broadcast, but are never able to use it, owing to the unique nature of their act.

Both are happily married.

Clapham has five children and lives near Tottenham.

Dwyer lives at Hampstead.

At week-ends they play golf together. That is, Dwyer says his hobby is teaching Clapham to play golf and Clapham says his hobby is learning, but that neither of them is much good.



Dwyer helps Clapham to choose a house—a scene from their sketch which has been broadcast and (a new version) is in "On the Air."

*What Do YOU Think About It?***IS there TOO MUCH RADIO CRITICISM?**

Asks OLIVER BALDWIN
the B.B.C. Film Critic.

RADIO programmes devote a considerable amount of time to criticism in different spheres of art. We have criticisms of plays, of books and of films.

Opinion is very sharply divided as to the duties of those critics. The use of criticism seems to me to be the setting of certain standards by the individual critic which listeners can become used to; and the tackling of the subjects to be criticised from that point of view.

This does not mean that what the critic objects to is bad. It only means that, having set a standard, he cannot afford to go either above or below it. Else his criticism lacks form and becomes merely a series of temporary prejudices one way or the other.

Criticism, therefore, by keeping to fixed standards of excellence, can to a certain extent influence its subject in the direction it wishes, owing to the effect the written or spoken word has upon the majority of readers or listeners. It must never be forgotten that such criticism is only the opinion of one individual.

I have suffered for the last twelve years more criticism and abuse than most, and am now in the position of a film critic myself. With the result that I have no illusions about the value of criticisms, either for good or evil.

Criticism not based on any standards of value is liable to be abused. Then both attack and defence are often at variance with former criticisms of exactly similar subjects.

The peculiar thing about criticism is that if the attack is too strong it has exactly the opposite effect to the one intended. This is especially true about book criticism. Listeners become intrigued at the violence of the attack and immediately buy the book to see whether it can possibly be as bad as the critic has insisted.

As to whether radio critics are wanted or not by the public, that is a question that cannot even be answered by the public themselves, so divided are their opinions. But I think that the majority do appreciate criticism in general. The sort of letters critics receive vary from personal abuse to gushing praise, and this sort of thing is fairly common: "I think your criticisms are absolutely rotten. You told me XYZ was a good film and I found it rot from start to finish. You ought to be made to pay for my seat." Or, "I do so enjoy your voice on the microphone. It is so pleasant after being cooped up with the family all day to hear a different voice. Please go on. I don't pay any attention to your criticisms but I do like your voice."

And, "You are entirely wrong when you say you like Laurel and Hardy. Anyone can see at first glance how vulgar they are. What

people find to laugh at in their tomfoolery, I can't think. Anyway, I'm not listening to you any more on the wireless. You bore me."

Or again, "You are the best critic I have ever heard, but I don't hear very well as I am nearly stone-deaf, unfortunately."

Then we have the critic who objects to criticism, who writes in this strain: "You have no right to say XYZ is a bad film. You are constantly criticising things you know nothing about and every film you mention you say something nasty about. You must be a most objectionable person and I have heard that you treat your wife none too well.

"As for your politics, well, they simply disgust me, and you are always dragging them into your talks, which should not be allowed by the authorities. The listeners want to hear Conservative politics, not yours. You have no right to criticise."

So you see how difficult it is to know what the public thinks.

The drawback of being a play critic is that your talk only concerns London, unless you include a discursive treatment of plays and actors in general; but the small number of new plays makes criticism of them alone much easier, of course, and more likely to be a good guide for the listener's choice. I doubt if anyone objects to play critics unless they begin to show personal prejudices too forcibly.

Book critics have perhaps the widest influence of all. Because no one is going to spend as much money as seven shillings and sixpence on a book if it has been pulled to pieces by the critic.

Book buyers rely very much on radio criticism; in fact, much more than they do on newspaper reviews. Sometimes a consensus of abuse for a book in newspapers can raise the sales considerably; because people realise that the author must have got under the reviewer's skin and that adds spice to your purchase. But as there is only one radio book critic dealing with a particular book, I should imagine he could kill sales stone dead.

It is difficult to assess the influence of a film critic. There are so many thousands who see pictures every day that I do not feel any derogatory criticism of a film has much effect.

The interest in a film critic lies very largely in this fact: that if he knows the technique of picture-making he can give his listeners a little of this information. This should hold their attention and encourage their liking for the subject in all its many branches.

The people who might say in loud voices that critics are definitely not wanted are the authors of books and plays and the producers of motion pictures.



Baldwin is, himself, one of the B.B.C.'s group of radio critics, so you will be interested in this trenchant article on the desirability . . . or otherwise . . . of broadcast criticism of books, plays and films

Again, the writer of a play knows that if the play critic is not seated in the best possible position in the theatre to view the whole action, he may damn the play because in one important scene, perhaps, he could not see the action clearly.

Also, it may depend on the excellence of his dinner and his frame of mind.

The producer of a film knows that the average film critic is more interested in film-making as an art than is the general public. Private prejudices may force the critic to attack what should be a commercially profitable film. He bewails the fact that a higher standard of film is not made. Film critics on the radio are always unpopular with British film companies. Being a new industry, they consider they should be above criticism till they have proved themselves.

If the talker in the Farmer's Hour is also a critic—as he might well be—I should imagine the Ministry of Agriculture would dislike him. All the same, those of us who do a bit of farming in one direction or another find him helpful and interesting.

Helpful and interesting. A critic, to be wanted, must be both of these things, and perhaps the latter more than the former. A dull-voiced critic, without a sense of humour, is certainly not wanted by listeners. Nor do they need dictation from the critics. That much I have definitely learnt. They want their interest to be held by the microphone personality of the critic; they want something to stimulate them, and they want to be told something they did not know before.

If the critic can do all this he will be wanted and enjoyed. If he fails, the public will have no use for him and the critic will be talking to himself.

PROGRAMME HEADLINES of the WEEK

NATIONAL

SUNDAY (Feb. 25). Everyman, a fifteenth century Miracle play.

The Ben Greet Company will broadcast this medieval morality play. It is thirty years or more since Sir Ben Greet first revived this portrait of the Middle Ages, and he has played it since on numerous occasions. It is one of his stage successes and should be no less successful on the microphone. Sir Ben, by the way, is well on the way to celebrate his sixty years on the stage.

MONDAY (Feb. 26).—Chamber music.

TUESDAY (Feb. 27).—The Arcadians, a musical comedy programme.

Adele Dixon will play the part of Aileen Cavanagh. She made her first appearance in a broadcast musical production in *A Waltz Dream*, in which she was the heroine. She also played lead in *Meet the Prince*. The three Arcadians will be Lorna Hubbard, Wynne Ajello, and Stanley Riley. Bernard Ansell will be Time and Leonard Henry will be James Smith (of Smith & Co., caterers) and Simplicitas. Horace Kenney will play the part of Peter Doody, a jockey.

WEDNESDAY, (Feb. 28).—Symphony Concert, relayed from the Queen's Hall, London.

THURSDAY (March 1).—St. David's Day programme.

St. David's Day will be celebrated by a broadcast of a pageant entitled, *The Land of St. David*, written by A. G. Prys-Jones. It will be produced in the Cardiff studio, and will commemorate Welsh history through the days of the Druids, Romans, and Tudors down to Mr. Lloyd George and the Welsh International Rugby Team. London and Daventry (National) Children's Hour will also have a special programme entitled, "Gwlad y Delyn," on March 1.

FRIDAY (March 2).—Alibi from the Air, a play by Frank Cochrane and Cyril Roberts.

An entirely new kind of evidence heard in court is the chief thrill in this play of thrills. The producer will be Lance Sieveking.

SATURDAY (March 3).—Royal Navy v. the Army: a running commentary on the Inter-Service Rugby Football match, relayed from Twickenham (by courtesy of the Football Union).

Captain H. B. T. Wakelam, who played rugger for Cambridge, served on five fronts during the War, afterwards played for the Harlequins, and has broadcast frequently for the B.B.C. since 1927, will give a running commentary on the Royal Navy v. Army match. See page 28.

LONDON REGIONAL

SUNDAY (Feb. 25).—Sunday Orchestral Concert.

Dance Music of the Week

Monday. The Casani Club Orchestra, directed by Charlie Kunz (*The Casani Club*).

Tuesday. Lew Stone and his Band.

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*).

MONDAY (February 26).—Cupid Eclipse, a comedy with music, by Ralph Stanley and Fred Neville.

TUESDAY (Feb. 27).—Variety programme.

WEDNESDAY (Feb. 28).—The Arcadians, a musical comedy programme.

THURSDAY (March 1).—Alibi from the Air, a play by Frank Cochrane and Cyril Roberts.

FRIDAY (March 2).—Chamber Music Concert, to be given before an audience in the Concert Hall, Broadcasting House.

SATURDAY (March 3).—Speeches at The Cymrodorion Banquet, relayed from the City Hall, Cardiff.

The speakers on this occasion will be the Bishop of Llandaff, Canon D. T. Griffiths, Viscount Sankey, and Captain R. T. Evans, M.P.

MIDLAND REGIONAL

SUNDAY (February 25).—A Religious Service, relayed from St. Mary's Church, Nottingham.

MONDAY (Feb. 26).—Cupid's Eclipse, a comedy with music, by Ralph Stanley and Fred Neville.

The authors get some amusing situations out of the invention of an anti-love ray and its operations upon a peace society, a newly married couple, and kindly suburban neighbours. Hugh Morton, Alma Vane, Harold Clemence, and Dorothy Summers play the principal parts.

TUESDAY (Feb. 27).—Choir and Cloister—2, Lichfield, a microphone impression of the historic Midland Cathedrals.

This will be the first broadcast ever given from Lichfield Cathedral. The narrator is Walter Pitchford, of Lamport, Northants, and he will find plenty of material for picturesque description and human story in the church which St. Chad founded to be the centre of Christianity in the Saxon Kingdom of Mercia. The west front is famous for its statues of

saints and kings and its rich decoration. It was carefully restored by Gilbert Scott. The Lichfield Cathedral Choir, conducted by Ambrose Porter, will give a programme of choral music from Tallis to Parry. Mr. Porter plays two voluntaries.

WEDNESDAY (Feb. 28).—Instrumental and Vocal Concert.

THURSDAY (March 1).—Orchestral programme.

FRIDAY (March 2).—New Tunes by Midland composers, a programme of light music.

SATURDAY (March 3).—Don't Listen to this . . . *Ghosts at the Laurels*, a play by J. C. Cannell.

NORTH REGIONAL

SUNDAY (Feb. 25).—A Church of England Service, relayed from Durham Cathedral.

MONDAY (Feb. 26).—Orchestral concert.

TUESDAY (Feb. 27).—Organ recital, relayed from the Town Hall, Manchester.

WEDNESDAY (Feb. 28).—Variety programme, relayed from the Grand Theatre, Blackburn.

THURSDAY (March 1).—Two plays: *Ten Minutes*, by Alfred Dunning, and *In a Two*, by Whittie Kerr.

FRIDAY (March 2).—Orchestral concert.

SATURDAY (March 3).—Salford v. London Highfield: A running commentary on the second half of the Rugby League Football Match relayed from the Salford Football Ground.

WEST REGIONAL

SUNDAY (Feb. 25).—Religious Service, relayed from St. John Baptist Church, Bathwick, Bath.

MONDAY (Feb. 26).—Mozart: Orchestral concert.

TUESDAY (Feb. 27).—The Play Evolves: A dramatic survey by Ifan Kyrle-Fletcher of the Theatre in the West Region.

WEDNESDAY (Feb. 28).—Bristol Constabulary Concert, relayed from the Colston Hall, Bristol.

THURSDAY (March 1).—St. David's Day programme.

FRIDAY (March 2).—West Regional Almanack—a news bulletin of the past.

SATURDAY (March 3).—Speeches and musical programme from the Annual Banquet of the Cardiff Cymrodorion Society, relayed from the City Hall, Cardiff.

SCOTTISH REGIONAL

SUNDAY (Feb. 25).—Professor Tovey's Sunday Concert, relayed from the Usher Hall, Edinburgh.

MONDAY (Feb. 26).—Military Band concert.

TUESDAY (Feb. 27).—Orchestral concert.

WEDNESDAY (Feb. 28).—Press Paragraph, a play by Hester Paton Brown.

THURSDAY (March 1).—Excerpts from Tammie Twister, a pantomime, relayed from the Royal Princess's Theatre, Glasgow.

FRIDAY (March 2).—Music by Mozart and Mendelssohn: Instrumental and vocal recital.

SATURDAY (March 3).—Their Name Liveth: Songs and stories inspired by Prince Charles Edward Stuart.

BELFAST

SUNDAY (Feb. 25).—Everyman, a fifteenth-century miracle play, from London.

MONDAY (Feb. 26).—Orchestral concert.

TUESDAY (Feb. 27).—The Wisdom of Fools, an Ulster comedy sketch, by Anna McClure Warnock.

WEDNESDAY (Feb. 28).—Variety programme.

THURSDAY (March 1).—Excerpts from Verdi's operas: Orchestral concert.

FRIDAY (March 2).—Military Band concert.

SATURDAY (March 3).—Flute Band programme.



Here are some of the people you will hear this week: Maurice Eisenberg (Sunday, 7.30 p.m.), Parry Jones (Monday, 9.35 p.m.), Charlie Kunz (Monday 10.30 p.m.), and Joseph Szigeti (Wednesday, 8.15 p.m.)



Leslie Woodgate will broadcast on Wednesday (5.15 p.m.), Eda Kersey on Monday (8.15 p.m.), Patricia Rossborough on Wednesday (9.15 p.m.), and Jan Smeterlin on Thursday, National

Your Foreign Programme Guide

SUNDAY (FEBRUARY 25)

Athlone (531 m.).—Old Time Favourites ... 1.45 p.m.
Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Orchestra (Tenor solos) ... 7 p.m.
Breslau (315.8 m.).—Dramatic Programme ... 7 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Orchestra conducted by Walpot 12 noon
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Mr. Wu, Opera in 3 Acts, followed by *The Seven Deadly Sins*, pantomime 8 p.m.
Bucharest (1,875 m.).—Orchestra: Music by Beethoven and Enesco 8.15 p.m.
Juan-les-Pins (222.6 m.).—Orchestra ... 8.10 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Music by Composers who fell in the Great War ... 2.5 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Opera relay 6 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Dance Music 9.35 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Dance Music ... 10.30 p.m.
Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Dance and Light Music ... 9 p.m.
Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Light Music 6.25 p.m.
Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Variety 10.30 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Dance Music from the Savoy 10.30 p.m.
Vienna (506.8 m.).—Folk Songs 6 p.m.
Warsaw (1,415 m.).—Light Music 4.15 p.m.

MONDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Opera Music 9.30 p.m.
Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Sextet 2 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Chabater Concert ... 5 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Variety Music ... 8 p.m.
Bucharest (1,875 m.).—Orchestra 4 p.m.
Juan-les-Pins (222.6 m.).—Dance Music ... 10 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Dances and Songs of Five Centuries 4.45 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Dance Music 8.10 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Variety 7.30 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Gala Concert ... 8.55 p.m.
Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Orchestra ... 11.30 a.m.

Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Popular Concert by the Radio Quartet 8 p.m.
Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Variety 1.30 a.m. (Tues.)
Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Variety Music ... 6.30 p.m.
Stuttgart (522.6 m.).—Swabian Programme ... 6 p.m.
Warsaw (1,415 m.).—Symphony Concert ... 7.2 p.m.

TUESDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Dance Music 10 p.m.
Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Trio 6 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Arthur De Greef Memorial Programme: Gramophone interludes 8 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Light Music ... 1.10 p.m.
Bucharest (1,875 m.).—Orchestra 4 p.m.
Hamburg (331.9 m.).—"Northern Dances" Orchestra ... 6 p.m.
Juan-les-Pins (222.6 m.).—Orchestra ... 8.40 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Orchestra: Italian Music ... 9.25 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Gramophone Concert of English Music 8.30 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Light Orchestra ... 7.20 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Trio 9.30 p.m.
Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Syn-copated Piano Selections 11.30 p.m.
Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Dance Music ... 8.45 p.m. (approx.)
Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Orchestra ... 1 a.m. (Wed.)
Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Concert

of D'Indy and Chabrier Music 8.30 p.m.
Warsaw (1,415 m.).—Dance Music 10.5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Dance Music and Variety Music ... 9.30 p.m.
Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Orchestra 10 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Dance Music ... 10.10 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Orchestra; with Recitations 8 p.m.
Bucharest (1,875 m.).—Variety Music ... 5.15 p.m.
Juan-les-Pins (222.6 m.).—Orchestra ... 8.10 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Orchestra 3.15 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Folk Songs 7.30 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—*Das suisse Madel*—Operetta (Rheinhardt) 7.10 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Dance Music ... 12.45 p.m.
Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Request Programme 11.30 a.m.
Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Orchestra and Piano and Vocal Solos 8.30 p.m.
Warsaw (1,415 m.).—Piano Recital 8.15 p.m.

THURSDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Light Music 9.30 p.m.
Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Sextet 2.0 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Gramophone ... 6.15 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—*Don Quixote* (R. Strauss) on Records 10.10 p.m.
Bucharest (1,875 m.).—Opera Relay ... 6.30 p.m.

Juan-les-Pins (222.6 m.).—Musical and Literary Programme 9.15 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Records from Sound Films ... 1.25 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Orchestra conducted by Winter ... 7.30 p.m.
Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Dance Music ... 5.15 p.m.
Warsaw (1,415 m.).—Wagner 7.2 p.m.

FRIDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Orchestra 9.30 p.m.
Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Trio 6.0 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Gramophone ... 12 noon
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Music by Benoit ... 8.30 p.m.
Bucharest (1,875 m.).—Wagner Concert conducted by Alessandrino ... 7.0 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Contemporary Music ... 1.55 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Variety 7.10 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Berlioz Festival conducted by Mathieu ... 8.10 p.m.
Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Light Music ... 11.30 a.m.
Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Variety 10.15 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Concert relayed from Metz ... 8.45 p.m.
Warsaw (1,415 m.).—Song Recital 3.20 p.m.

SATURDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Gramophone 9.30 p.m.
Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Light Orchestra ... 9.40 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Quartet ... 6.30 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Conservatoire Concert from Antwerp ... 8.30 p.m.
Bucharest (1,875 m.).—Variety Music ... 5.15 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Mandoline and Choral Concert ... 4.20 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Cabaret Programme ... 8.20 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Dance Music by The Station Jazz Band 9.5 p.m.
Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Dance Music ... 12 (midnight)
Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Light Music by the Radio Trio ... 6.25 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Dance Music from the Savoy 10.30 p.m.
Warsaw (1,415 m.).—Light Music 7.2 p.m.

Dance Music from the Continental Stations

SUNDAY

Munich ... 9.35 p.m.
 Poste Parisien ... 10.30 p.m.
 Radio Normandy ... 9 p.m.
 Strasbourg ... 10.30 p.m.

MONDAY

Juan-les-Pins ... 10 p.m.
 Ljubljana ... 8.10 p.m.

TUESDAY

Athlone ... 10 p.m.
 Reykjavik ... 8.45 p.m.
 Warsaw ... 10.5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY

Athlone ... 9.30 p.m.
 Brussels No. 1 ... 10.10 p.m.
 Poste Parisien ... 12.45 p.m.

THURSDAY

Ljubljana ... 8 p.m.
 Radio Normandy ... 5.15 p.m.
 Reykjavik ... 8.45 p.m.

SATURDAY

Poste Parisien ... 9.5 p.m.
 Radio Normandy 12 midnight
 Strasbourg ... 10.30 p.m.



SYLVA VAN DYCK

BARBARA COUPER

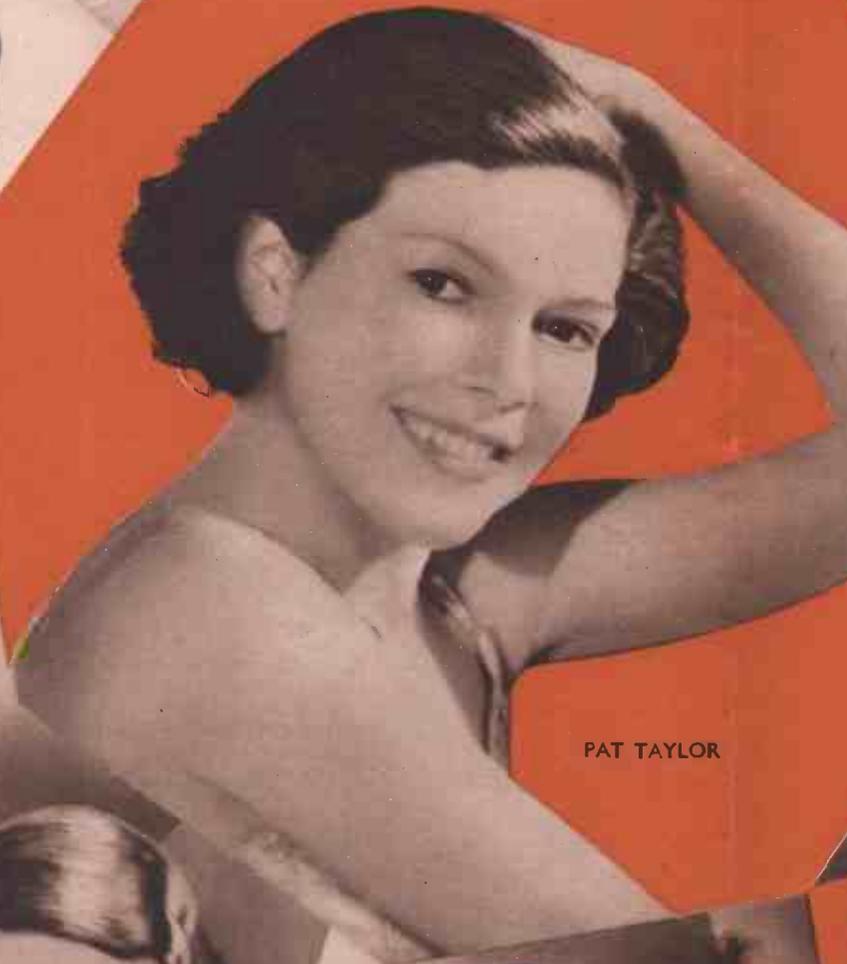
LADIES



YVETTE DARNAC



ELSIE CARLISLE



PAT TAYLOR



PHYLLIS ROBBINS



DORIS GILMORE



EVE BECKE



JANE CARR
(Right)

ANONA WINN

OLIVE GROVES

PAT PATERSON

OF THE MICROPHONE

PEGGY
COCHRANE

CARLYLE COUSINS

TOWARDS the end of last September I went to the Radio Exhibition at Olympia, and very fine it was, too.

I drifted about, and after I'd, so to speak, "done" the ground floor and was going up the stairs to the gallery, I ran into a man I knew.

Just at the moment it wouldn't do at all for me to mention his name, so I'll merely call him James, but there's no harm in saying that he was a retired stockbroker and he lived near Chiselhurst.

Anyhow, there he was, and he hailed me with glee and insisted on our walking round together.

I was rather sorry about this, because it's so much more fun wandering about exhibitions by oneself, and not only that, he was evidently starting a bad cold which didn't attract me particularly, but there was no getting out of it without offending him, so I didn't try.

After all, he was by way of being a friend of mine, and I'd known him for ages, but we hadn't come across each other for some months, and during this time he'd gone and got married again, unexpected-like.

I mean, everyone had come to look on him as a chronic widower and he'd have probably stopped so if the daughter who kept house for him hadn't got married herself and gone to live in Birmingham.

You must excuse these details, but I want you to understand exactly what the position was.

As things were, he hadn't seen the point of running an enormous great house all by himself, so Mrs. James the Second had come to the throne as a matter of course. I had never actually met her, but from all accounts she was a great success.

James was so keen on telling me about how happy he was, and so on, that it was quite a job to make him take any interest in the show, but whenever he did deign to look at or listen to anything, he merely said it wasn't a patch on some rotten super-het he'd brought back from the United States. (They'd spent their honeymoon there for some unknown reason.)

I naturally wasn't going to stand this sort of thing for long, so I upped and made a few remarks about American super-hets which were very well received by adjacent stall-holders.

The remarks themselves weren't, perhaps, of general interest, but they landed me with a challenge. This was to dine with him that evening, hear his set, and, incidentally, meet his new wife.

I hadn't got an excuse ready, so I said that I should be charmed to meet his wife and, incidentally, hear his new set.

It so happened that my car was in dock for two days and James said he'd call for me at home and run me down.

The question then arose as to whether I should dress first or take a bag down with me.

That doesn't sound important, I know, but it had a good deal to do with something that happened afterwards. As a matter of fact I decided to change at home.

I left James at the Exhibition during the afternoon, he duly picked me up at my place at half-past six or thereabouts, and we got down to Chiselhurst just before seven.

We were met by the news that Mrs. James wasn't in. She'd apparently taken out her own car during the morning and gone off to see her mother who lived at Worthing and was a bit of an invalid.

As this was a thing she'd been in the habit of doing every two or three weeks it was nothing out of the way, but she usually got back earlier.

At all events, pending her return, we went through the hall into the lounge, where people generally sat, and James began mixing cocktails. While he was doing this I had a look round to see how much had been altered under the new management, as one would.

The only unfamiliar object in the room seemed to be a large picture hanging over the mantelpiece.

I was just strolling across to get a better view (it was getting a bit dark by this time), when James said: "Half a sec." and he switched on some specially arranged lights round the frame which showed it up properly.

Then he said: "What do you think of my wife?"

Well, I looked at it and said: "Gosh! If that's at all like her she must be one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen," and that's saying a lot.

The portrait was by quite a well-known man, and he'd painted her exactly full face and looking straight at you. You don't often see that because so few people can stand it.

The general effect was so realistic that one almost felt one was being introduced and ought to say something.

She was fair rather than dark, a little bit Scandinavian in appearance, and I put her down as a shade over thirty.

James finished mixing the cocktails and gave me mine, and then he took his up with him to dress, leaving me sitting in an arm-chair facing the fireplace—and the picture.

He couldn't have got farther than the top of the stairs when the telephone bell in the hall rang, and he came running down to answer it.

It was evidently his wife at the other end, and judging from what he said, she was explaining that she was stuck at Worthing for the night owing to some trouble with the car. Nothing serious.

(He told me afterwards that she'd first of all had a bad puncture and then found that the inner tube of the spare wheel was perished. The delay would have meant her driving part of the way home in the dark, which she didn't like.)

After that the question of his cold cropped up.

She must have asked after it because I heard him say it wasn't any better.

They talked about it for a bit and then lapsed into the sloppy type of conversation which one sort of expects between newly married people, but which is none the less averagely dull for anyone else to listen to.

It may have been more than averagely dull in this case because it almost sent me off to sleep.

It didn't quite, but I got as far as the moment when the sub-conscious side of the brain begins to take control, and you sometimes get entirely fantastic ideas. (Either that or you try to hoof the end of the bed off.)

Anyhow, if you remember, I was sitting looking at this brightly illuminated picture of Mrs. James.

Well, for an incredibly short space of time, I mean, you've no idea how short, the whole character of it seemed to change. Instead of an oil painting in rather vivid colours it suddenly looked like a photograph or, to be strictly accurate, a photograph as reproduced in a newspaper.

Try looking at one through a magnifying glass (not now—sometime), and imagine it to be four feet by three, and you will get the same effect that I did.

There was a name printed under this photograph and my eyes certainly read it, but before my mind could take in what it was the illusion was gone, and I was wide-awake again.

It was all over so quickly that I just said: "Um, that's funny," and didn't pay much attention to it.

When James came in after a lengthy and idiotic good-bye on the telephone, I didn't even tell him.

He'd have only made some fatuous joke about the strength of his cocktails.

He was full of apologies about his wife not being able to get home and so forth, and he explained what had happened with yards of detail.

I'd gathered most of it already, but I had to pretend to listen with interest so as to make him



"He switched on some specially arranged lights round the frame. Then he said: 'What do you think of my wife?'"

think I hadn't heard some of the other things that had been said.

He then went up finally to dress and again left me alone with the picture, but although I tried from every angle, both with and without the lights, I couldn't manage to recapture the peculiar "half-tone" effect, neither was I able to remember the name which had appeared underneath.

By the way, it is worth noting that if I'd decided to dress at Chiselhurst instead of at home I probably shouldn't have been left alone with the picture at all, and got the jim-jams about it.

James came down in due course and we had a most elaborate dinner. He always did things very well, and there was no reason why he shouldn't. People with five thousand a year, often do.

At the end of dinner we carted our coffee and old brandy into the lounge, and then he introduced me to his unspeakable wireless set.

I hadn't spotted it earlier because it was housed in a tall-boy which had always been there.

Needless to say, the tall-boy was far and away the best thing about it. When he switched it on the volume of distorted noise was so appalling that I can't think why the ceiling didn't come down.

There was a long and terrible period during which we could only converse by means of signs, and then to my great relief one of his transformers

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

He next wanted to know if I'd slept well, and I told him that I had, but even then he wasn't happy.

Was I sure I'd felt no discomfort of any kind during the night? I said: "None whatever, but why this sudden solicitude about my health?"

He then said: "Well, you see, sir, it's like this. Last night you dined with Mr.—er—(well—James, in fact). You left him round about 11 p.m. and he presumably went straight to bed.

However, at three o'clock this morning groans were heard coming from his room, and when the servants went in they found him lying half in and half out of bed, writhing with pain and partially unconscious.

"Doctors were immediately called in, and they did all they could, but by six o'clock he was dead."

Well, this was naturally a great shock to me.

It always is when you hear of people whom you know going out suddenly like that, especially when you've seen them alive and well such a little time before.

I asked the Inspector what James had died of, and he said: "Oh, probably some acute form of food poisoning," but it wouldn't be known for certain until after the post-mortem.

In the meantime, would I mind telling him everything we had had to eat and drink the night before? Which I did.

Actually it was only a check, because he'd already got it all down in his notebook. I dare say he'd been talking to the cook and the maids who'd waited on us.

He even knew that I hadn't had any fish, whereas James had, but there was nothing wrong with that, as it had all been finished downstairs.

I was able to be more helpful in the matter of drinks afterwards, and I didn't forget to mention the final

proceedings were adjourned for three weeks to await the result of the post-mortem.

I wrote to Mrs. James soon afterwards asking if there was anything I could do, but she sent back a rather vague note about being too ill to see anyone, so we didn't meet.

I had another interview with the police after that, but they didn't ask me any more questions about food, and when the adjourned inquest came on it was perfectly obvious why. The cause of James's death wasn't food poisoning at all.

It was fifty grains of perchloride of mercury.

In case you don't know, perchloride of mercury is also called corrosive sublimate (it's used in surgical dressings), and fifty grains taken internally is a pretty hopeless proposition.

In fact, according to what the very eminent pathologist person said in the witness-box, it must be about as good for your tummy as molten lead.

This great man went on to give it as his opinion that the poison must have been administered not more than eight hours before death had taken place. This was allowing for the milk which would have a retarding influence.

As James had died at six in the morning, it meant that he must have taken his dose sometime after ten o'clock the previous night. As I had been the last person to see him alive, or at any rate conscious, it made my evidence rather important, especially as it covered the first hour of the material eight.

When my turn came I told the Court almost word for word what I'd told the Inspector, right down to the three aspirins.

The Coroner asked me a whole lot of questions about James's manner and health, and I could only say that he had seemed normal, cheerful, and, bar his cold, healthy.

When they'd done with me, Mrs. James was called, and I was able to see her properly for the first time. She was even better looking than her portrait, and black suited her.

One could tell that she had the sympathy of everyone. She would.

She was popular in the district, and the court was packed with her friends. The Coroner treated her with the utmost consideration.

She said that her relations with her husband had always been of the very best, and there had never been the ghost of a disagreement.

She also stated that as far as she knew he had no worries, either financial or otherwise, and that he could have had no possible reason for taking his life.

After that the Coroner became even more considerate than ever.

One could see what he was after; he clearly had the fact in mind that when a rich man dies in mysterious circumstances there are always plenty of people who seem to think that his widow ought to be hanged "on spec," so, although their evidence was hardly—what shall I say?—germane to the inquiry, witnesses were called who proved, in effect, that she had been at Worthing from lunch-time on the one day right up to four in the morning on the next, and there was no getting away from it.

Even the mechanic from the Worthing garage was roped in (in his Sunday clothes).

He described the trouble with her tyres and the discussion as to whether she could or could not have got home to Chiselhurst before dark.

There was a good deal more evidence of the same kind, and it all went to establish that whatever else had happened, Mrs. James couldn't possibly have murdered her husband, and as it seemed unlikely that he had committed suicide the jury returned an open verdict.

Now what was I to do?

On the face of it, and knowing what I did, it was my duty to get up and say something like this: "You'll pardon me, but that woman *did* murder her husband and, if you like, I'll tell you roughly how: She waits till he has a cold coming on and then decides to pay one of her periodical visits to her mother at Worthing.

Continued on page 23

My Adventure at Chiselhurst

caught fire, and we had to put it out with a soda-water syphon.

By then it was getting on for eleven and I said it was time to go.

That, of course, meant a final whisky, and he was just starting on his, which he'd mixed with milk, by the way, when he put it down and said: "My word! I shall hear about it if I don't take my aspirin," and he went upstairs to fetch some.

He was gone three or four minutes, and when he came down he said he'd had the devil's own hunt, as he couldn't find any of his own and he'd been obliged to bag his wife's last three.

These he proceeded to take, and then I really had to go, as there was only just time to catch my train, and that was that.

Next morning, during breakfast, there was a ring at the bell, and they came and told me that Inspector Soames, of Chiselhurst wanted to see me, so I went out, and interviewed him.

He seemed quite a decent feller, and he led off by inquiring how I was. I thanked him and said I was very well indeed.

whisky and milk and the three aspirins, all of which he carefully wrote down.

I next inquired after Mrs. James. It had apparently been rather distressing about her.

They'd telephoned to Worthing as soon as they'd found how gravely ill James was, and she'd arrived home just as he was dying. No one had had the *nous* to be on the look-out for her at the front door, and she'd got right up into the room and seen how things were before they could stop her.

She had then completely collapsed, which was only natural, and they'd had to carry her to her room and put her to bed.

Things were so bad with her that there was talk of a nurse being sent for.

My Inspector friend then went away, but he warned me that I should have to appear at the inquest, which would probably be three days later.

I duly turned up but wasn't called. They only took evidence of identification, and the

EVERY WRINKLE GONE!

After 6 Weeks



A woman of 61 in a hospital at Vienna was treated daily for five minutes by a famous doctor. In six weeks all her wrinkles had completely disappeared. She had regained a fresh, girlish complexion. The test was repeated, says a Vienna Medical Journal, on other women of 60 to 70 years of age, with the same astounding results.

Now the story of this miracle is published to the world. Any woman may do the same thing for herself. Prof. Dr. Stejskal, of the University of Vienna, found that wrinkles are caused by the loss of certain vital elements from the skin. After years of research he succeeded in extracting these precious elements from the skin of carefully selected young animals. This product he called Biocel. The sole rights to use this amazing discovery were bought at enormous cost by Tokalon. Biocel is now combined with other vital skin nourishing ingredients in Tokalon Biocel Skinfood. It rejuvenates the skin, removes wrinkles and tones up sagging facial muscles. Women of 50 and 60 may obtain a youthful beauty that many a young girl will envy. Successful results guaranteed with Tokalon Skinfoods or money refunded.

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A model frock from Matita has a belted cardigan top, with a slot-through scarf in vivid colours

EVE and

Hair to be beautiful must be bright, silken, lustrous—and that it can be, even brittle, dry hair or greasy, straight hair can be reduced to comeliness. And as for the rest, what colour your hair is and whether straight or curly—in these days, it does not matter. There is no one hair fashion that everybody must conform to; it is up to you to wear your hair as you will—to suit yourself.

If your hair is dry, do not shampoo it too frequently, as this dries up the natural oils. And dry hair keeps clean longer than greasier hair, which collects dust.

The best shampoo is one you can make yourself. Save your little left-over pieces of toilet soap, grate them, and melt them in boiling water. When it has cooled, add a few drops of eau-de-Cologne.

Constant brushing, remember, is the way, and the only way to cultivate beautiful locks. I was

THE coat and skirt is dear to the heart of the English-woman. While fashions change and die, the tailor-made continues to hold its own, and reappears year after year with the coming of spring. Its lines alter very little; but certain details, such as the width of the revers, the exact position of the waist and the length of the skirt, alter from time to time to "date" the suit.

The 1934 model is a delightfully simple, well-fitting practical affair. A slight touch of novelty is given by the dropped shoulder line or modified raglan sleeve. The jacket is generally belted—often with a leather belt—and much be-pocketed and buttoned.

One important change in the spring silhouette is to be noted . . . a new feeling for fullness at the front above the waist. This is achieved by a cascaded jabot, or exuberant scarf, that breaks the closely-moulded line; sometimes the revers themselves ripple into frills.

Blouses of taffeta and stiff tie-silks have forward-standing frills of the crispest and starchiest. In the same way, stand-up coat collars sweep forward in front to give the effect of a "windblown" silhouette, blown sharply from behind.

THE WEEK'S HINT

To remove ink or iron-mould marks, place the stained part flat in a plate or dish, and sprinkle crystals of oxalic acid upon it, adding a little water. The stains will soon disappear, when the linen should be well wrung out in several changes of clean water.

HAIR BEAUTY

Perhaps there is nothing that repays a little care bestowed on it so much as the hair.

TO CLEAN FUR

Fur collars sometimes tend to get dirty in the winter. Here is a simple way of



A holder for the steel wool used for scrubbing saves your hands. This one is made of rubber and costs sixpence

talking on the subject to Helen Alston, of "Children's Hour" fame, the other day.

Her hair is a very pretty shade of light brown, and she wears it coiled in plaits round her head, in a coiffeur invented by herself.

She believes in the old-fashioned recipe of ten minutes' brushing every morning, with a black-bristle brush. Then, at night, a massage with the fingertips.

To do this, part your hair low down on one side, then, using your fingertips as pivots, gently rotate your scalp, to loosen it. Make another parting, half an inch higher up, and repeat until you have covered your whole head.

Another tip Miss Alston gave me—she uses a raw egg shampoo every now and then to keep her hair in thoroughly good condition. Finally, remember a squeeze of lemon juice in the rinsing water, or, alternatively, the "remains" of a grapefruit, makes all the difference to the success of your shampoo.

the MIKE

cleaning them. Sprinkle warm bran on the collar, or powdered starch if the fur is light coloured. Leave it on for a little while, and then brush and shake it out. Lastly, cover the fur with a clean damp cloth, and beat it with a small pliable cane to raise the pile.

By the way, if you get fur wet, do not put it by the fire to dry. It should be left to dry near an open window.

TRY THIS FOR CHILBLAINS

If you are one of those unlucky people who suffer from chilblains, don't warm your hands or feet in front of a fire, whatever you do. Try this instead. Immerse your hands or feet in very hot water for three minutes. Then put them in cold water for one minute. Dry them with brisk rubbing. This will relieve the irritation, and improve your circulation. But don't forget you must use cold water as well; hot water alone has a very different effect.

Margot



Metal studs at neck and waist make the unusual decoration on this afternoon frock from Harrods

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

EVERYONE knows and likes Flotsam and Jetsam. Flotsam (who, in private life, is Mr. B. C. Hilliam) is a vegetarian and is especially fond of egg dishes like these:—

EGGS MORNAY

Mix in a saucepan 1 oz. of butter and 1 oz. flour, with ½ pint of warm milk, a pinch of nutmeg, seasoning and 2 ozs. of grated cheese. Stir sauce until boiling and keep hot whilst you soft-boil some eggs; shell these very carefully and put them into a fireproof dish. Pour the sauce over, sprinkle with grated cheese and put under a hot grill to brown.

BAKED EGGS

Put a teaspoonful of chopped cooked onion and one of tomato sauce at the bottom of some buttered individual egg pipkins. Break an egg carefully into each, and season with salt and pepper. Cover with another spoonful of tomato sauce, and cook slowly in a shallow pan of boiling water until the eggs are just set. Decorate with paprika.

SCRAMBLED EGGS WITH CHICKENS' LIVERS

Chickens' livers can be bought separately, and quite cheaply, from your poulterer. Cut the livers into small pieces; season and cook in hot butter for two minutes; drain and add them to some freshly-cooked scrambled eggs. Serve immediately.

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.

In a novel spotted fabric: a beautifully tailored suit of linden green. The jacket is cut with tabbed shoulders and patch pockets. A Lesway model (Photograph by Blake)

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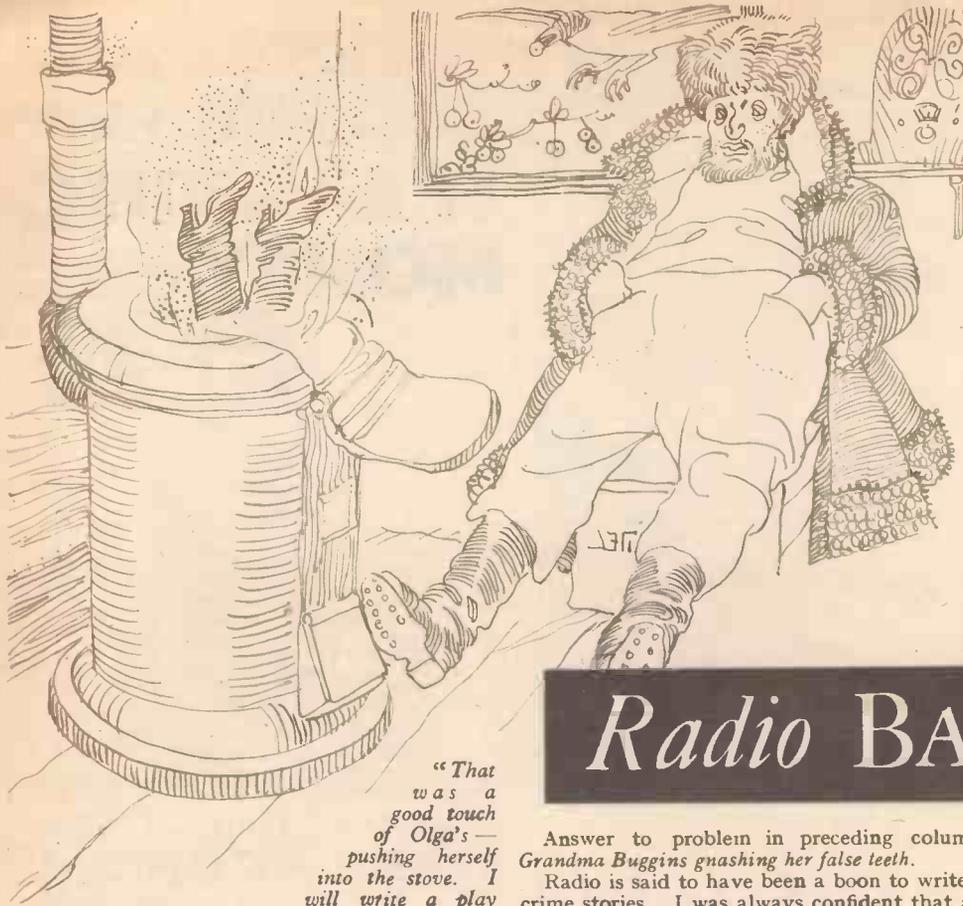
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Print plainly in Penoll—Ink will Blot



"That was a good touch of Olga's — pushing herself into the stove. I will write a play about it."

IVAN: The stove! Yes, she has thrown herself into the stove. The rain is still very wet. Olga Volgavitch is browning nicely. I see now. The cherries were not for her to pick. I wonder if the orchard understands? The seagulls will, anyway. That was a good touch of Olga's—pushing herself into the stove like that. I will write a play about it for the English. They will love it.

(Fade in the cultivated English accents mingling with the sounds of church bells, a train leaving Moscow, an ice-breaker at work, children bathing in the Dnieper, and a caviare pedlar crying his wares.)

RADIO TERMS EXPLAINED

- High Tension.**—A quality in the domestic atmosphere when a man elects to dismantle the wireless set on the one evening his wife really wants to listen.
- Ohm.**—Residence of the "Buggins" family. (See also "Old Kentucky.")
- Resistance.**—Something encountered when trying to see a B.B.C. director without an appointment.
- Transformer.**—Official responsible for making a radio-playwright's script look like nothing on earth.

OUR TOPICAL TALK!

(Introducing Jem Lovaduck, who was to have broadcast the following talk in the Unknown Workers series. Unfortunately, Mr. Lovaduck was incapacitated at the last moment by a severe attack of hiccoughs.)

Evening, friends all.

Most of you, as you have sat by your comfortable fireside, have heard or read the following words uttered by some cabinet minister or other—"The country may rest assured that we shall explore every avenue and shall leave no stone unturned."

Well, I daresay such words don't mean much to you, but I can assure you they mean a great deal to me, and my mate. Because, you see, when a politician talks about exploring avenues and turning stones it does not mean he's going to do the job himself. Not a bit. That is where me an' my mate come in, though I don't suppose many of you know that.

I will ask you to picture me for one moment in my own little home. Maybe I am having some supper, or doing a crossword puzzle, while my wife, bless her, is darning my socks. The telephone-bell rings, or there comes a knock at the door, or a sealed package is thrown in through the window. My wife drops a sock, and says: "Another avenue job, Jem."

She says it quiet like, being an explorer's wife, but I know well enough how she's feeling. "You're right, old girl," I says. "Pack up the usual." Then, while she's getting my things together, I ring up my mate who's duty will be to leave no stone unturned.

As like as not, my mate has gone out to see whether his watch is right, for in jobs like ours it is of great importance always to know the right time. But his landlady knows where he is right enough, so I pops on my hat and hops round to the Red—to wherever he is. As soon as he sees me, he knows there's another Government job on hand and he pulls himself together. We don't need to say anything having worked together for years. If there's time, we just have a quick one for luck, and off he goes to get the tools he uses for turning stones, while I run back home to collect my avenue-exploring outfit and say goodbye to the wife and kids.

The job may be anywhere. Maybe the Government has announced its intention of exploring avenues in West Africa. Off we go and I can assure you that exploring avenues in Africa is no joke. Or it may be India, or the Far East, or one of our own industrial centres, and as like as not there will be a knock on the head waiting for us. But it's all in the day's work, and my mate's a real good pal and one of the smartest fellows at turning stones you could wish to see.

Well, my time is up. I am glad I have been able to tell you something about our rather curious and interesting job, and I hope that next time you hear or read a cabinet minister's speech you will give a kindly thought to me and my mate.

Good-night, and thank you.

Radio BABBLE!

Answer to problem in preceding column.—Grandma Buggins gnashing her false teeth.

Radio is said to have been a boon to writers of crime stories. I was always confident that a use would eventually be found for it.

LITTLE PLAY FOR BROADCASTING
THE CHEERY AUTHOR

By Tcheekovitz
Characters:

IVAN SKIBONSKY OLGA VOLGAVITCH
A drab bed-sitting-room in Minsk, a drab suburb of Oomsk.

OLGA (her entry heralded by the usual footsteps and the usual door-slam, drearily): The rain is wet.

IVAN (gloomily): There are seagulls at the bottom of the cherry orchard. I expect they mean something.

OLGA: What is that dreadful noise in the loud-speaker, Ivan Skibonsky?

By Dudley CLARK

IVAN: My grandfather died in this room. They are broadcasting one of my plays from London, Olga Volgavitch.

OLGA: Your grandmother threw the samovar at him, didn't she? Can it really be forty years ago. Your play sounds even worse in English.

IVAN: That is because the English take Russian plays so seriously. Switch it off, Olga Volgavitch.

(The babble of Oxford accents fade out.)

OLGA: They are taking up the drains in the churchyard. Must you write plays, Ivan Skibonsky? Before we were betrothed—when you were working more or less honestly as a fish-porter—I was happy. No girl enjoyed a typical Russian funeral more than I did.

IVAN: How we laughed when I brought you presents of fish that were too far gone to sell and slipped them down your back. Why do you drink that furniture polish? It is expensive, and we are so poor.

OLGA: Can't you see I am committing suicide.

IVAN: You mean . . . ?

OLGA: I mean . . . !

IVAN: You mean . . . ?

OLGA (significantly): You will understand—one day. (Passionately) Don't you see. The seagulls are eating the cherries. That's why I'm drinking this furniture polish. That's why I'm going to plunge my head into the stove.

IVAN: The stove, Olga Volgavitch!

OLGA: Yes, Ivan Skibonsky, the stove.

(Plunges into it with a crash.)

HERE are joyous hopes that the director of the B.B.C. is considering favourably the suggestion made by the Slopwash Branch of Nature Burlblers that during the early spring the notes of a cuckoo-clock should be substituted for the six-pip time signal. "Except, of course, on Sundays, when you will continue to get the pip as usual," stipulated the director between clenched teeth.

"New dials needed," states a radio news heading. True, no doubt, but I think the Press should wait until television becomes more general before talking like that to broadcasters.

"Why only Temperance BRASS Bands?" (writes "Disgusted Cornet Player"). "Why is there no B.B.C. Temperance Orchestra? Where are the Temperance Sextets, the Temperance Trios, and so on? Dash it all, sir, I doubt there is even such a thing as a Temperance Prize Pianist billed anywhere. How long is this unjust state of affairs to continue?"

Frankly, "D.C.P." I don't know. The apparent lack of temperance ideals among players of stringed instruments is frightfully distressing and all that, and I am forwarding your letter to the foreman of the Office of Works. Meanwhile, you will be glad to know that one of the high-spots of the 1934 programmes will be a talk by Mrs. Evelina Bludgeon (author of "The Good Old Promenades," or "Wines from the Wood") on "Wagner and the Drink Problem."

"George" (West Hartlepool) complains: "I can scarcely tune in to any station these days without a lot of interference."

You have my sympathy, old boy. My wife scarcely ever likes what I like, either.

If you ask me, the reported proposal of the American Government to employ a loud-speaker with a thirty-mile range seems to be carrying a sound idea a bit too far.

Jack Payne thinks the saxophone the easiest instrument to play. My own complaint precisely.

RADIO GUESSING COMPETITION

What dramatic sound effect is produced in the microphone by a small traction engine dragging a sheet of sandpaper over the beach at Hastings? (For answer, see next column.)

TOPICAL BROADCASTS

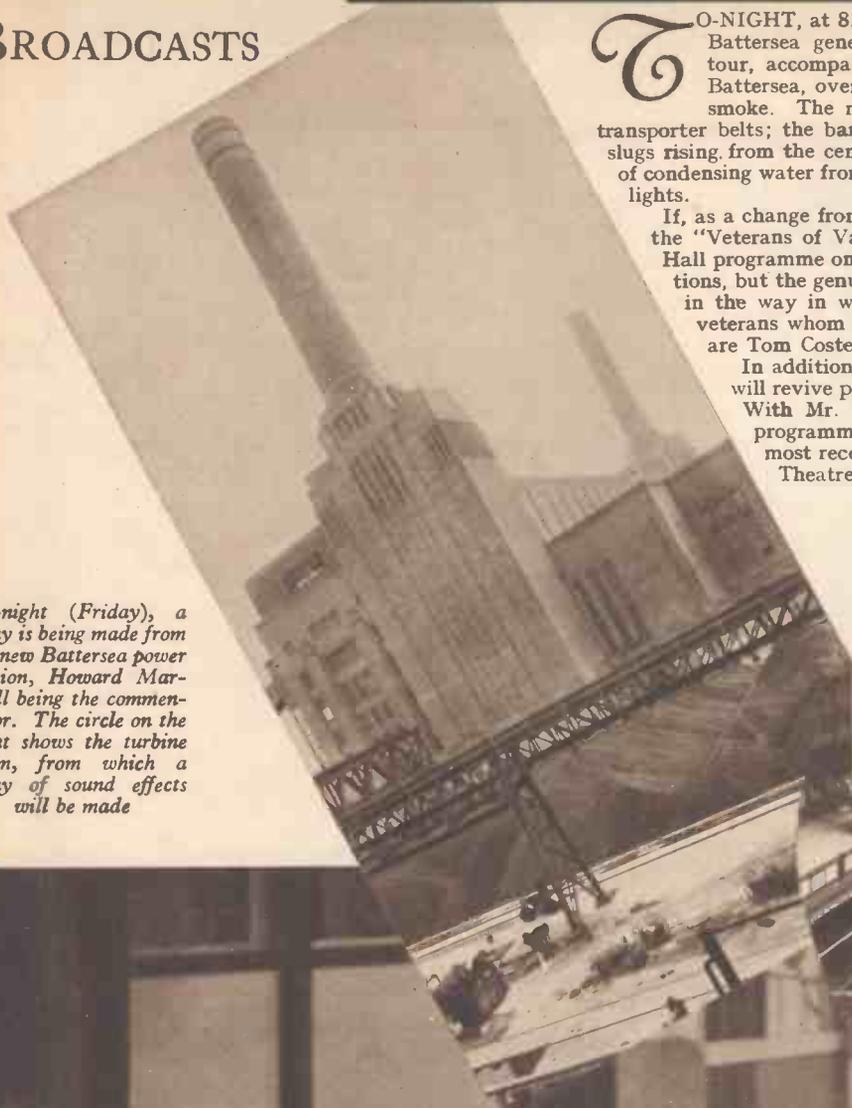
Listen for these Broadcasts To-night (Feb. 23) & Saturday (Mar. 3)

TO-NIGHT, at 8.45 p.m. (London Regional), a relay is being made from the new Battersea generating station. The broadcast will consist of a microphone tour, accompanied by Howard Marshall, around the huge new building at Battersea, over which the 240-foot stacks tower, belching forth their sootless smoke. The relay will include the coal fuel in process from the top of the transporter belts; the banks of blowers; mighty turbines, steel encased, like huge slugs rising from the cement floor; turbines which every hour use eight million gallons of condensing water from the River Thames; the control room with its flashing coloured lights.

If, as a change from robot-like outside broadcasts you want variety, then listen to the "Veterans of Variety" which will be presented by John Southern in a Music Hall programme on Saturday, March 3. The time is 8 p.m. These are no imitations, but the genuine articles; "stars" of yester-year singing their original "hits" in the way in which they sang them twenty or more years ago. Among the veterans whom Mr. Southern will bring to St. George's Hall for the broadcast are Tom Costello, Leo Dryden, Joe O'Gorman, and Charles Coburn.

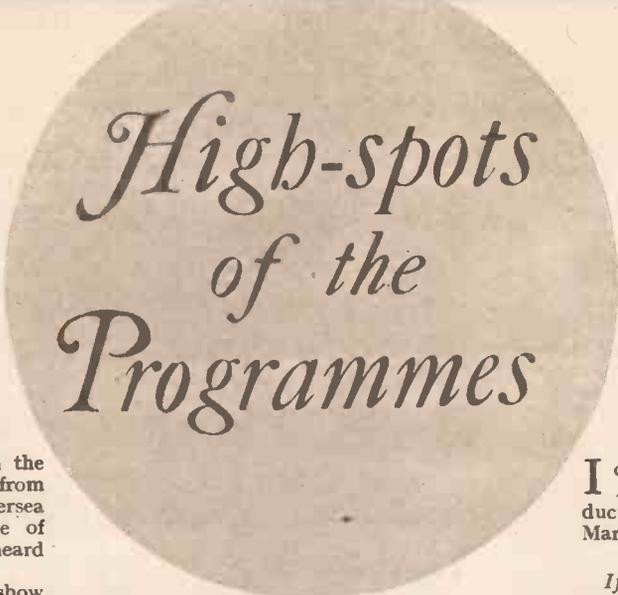
In addition, Sable Farn, Marie Kendal, Vesta Victoria, and Daisy Dormer will revive popular numbers with which their names are indelibly associated. With Mr. Southern as chairman, in the old style of presentation, the programme should provide an hour of real entertainment. Mr. Southern's most recent venture is the revival of Old Time Music Hall at the Garrick Theatre, London, where he has made an outstanding success.

To-night (Friday), a relay is being made from the new Battersea power station, Howard Marshall being the commentator. The circle on the right shows the turbine room, from which a relay of sound effects will be made



The music-hall programme on March 3 comes from St. George's Hall, and the photograph below gives you a good idea of a variety show in progress from the St. George's Hall stage. Left to right: John Watt, Marjery Wyn, The Carlyle Cousins, Davy Burnaby, Reginald Purdell, Jane Carr, the Eight Step Sisters, and Stanford Robinson

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



SOMETHING from the North for you this week. To-night, February 23, you are to hear *Northern Music-Halls on Parade*. It ought to be good as it is a microphone tour of the Argyle Theatre (Birkenhead), the Grand Theatre (Blackburn), and the Empires of York and Middlesbrough.

These are fairly representative of the art of the North. I remember the Argyle years ago, and always enjoyed the shows there. I think you will have a chance of comparing North with South whether you live in either or neither.

Anyhow, there it is. To-night's the night.

A somewhat unique entertainment comes off the same evening—to-night, that is—on the Regional wavelength. It is called "Power, from Coal to Grid," and comes from the Battersea Power Station, which might be the home of R.U.R. judging by what is to be seen and heard there.

Howard Marshall is going to conduct the show and tell you all about turbines that look like huge grey slugs rising from a cement floor.

These turbines use something like eight million gallons of condensing water from the Thames every hour. No wonder the tide looks low now and then!

Snapshots of the Stars



Two famous singers you hear often at the microphone, Arthur Fear (left) and Heddle Nash

In to-morrow night's Music Hall at St. George's you will have a chance of listening to a new broadcaster. This is Leslie Fuller, the film artist of *Not so Quiet on the Western Front* fame. He brings with him a little cast of four or five people and will give you a very much condensed version of this film.

I hear he is hard at work in Elstree with Mary Glynn. They are devoting their energies to a new film called *The Outcast*.

Midland listeners have a good deal which should be of interest to them during the next few days. On Sunday one of the best bands in the Midlands is going to play—the Creswell Colliery Institute Band, conducted by David Aspinall.

This band has distinguished itself. It was the prize-winner in the Belle Vue Championship in 1925.

The McGowran Quartet will also be heard in this programme. They hail from Coventry. Don't put them there; give them a hearing!

Birmingham listeners who take pride in the Art Gallery will probably want to hear Mr. Kaines Smith (Keeper of same) talking on the Midland painters—David Cox, Sir Alfred East

and Burne-Jones. This is down for Monday (26).

Also there is a new radio play called *Cupid's Eclipse*. Ralph Stanley and Fred Neville are the authors. The plot is amusing, it tells of the invention of an anti-love ray and how it works on a newly-married couple and some kindly suburban neighbours. I, for one, shall find the Midland Regional that night and hear it.

On Tuesday the second of the Choir and Cloister series of relays from Midland cathedrals will be given from Lichfield. I love your Lichfield cathedral. It has a glorious echo; so you ought to get a real cathedral atmosphere into your home.

Western listeners will have an opportunity of hearing Megan Foster on

Tuesday (27). She will sing two groups of songs in a half-hour programme. Emrys Edwards will play a group of piano solos in the same recital.

On Wednesday there will be a relay of a Bristol Constabulary Concert from Colston Hall in Bristol. I have heard them before. I like those Bristol Bobbies.

To-day, Huddersfield's Choral Society from the Town Hall in that excellent city. This society has been going since 1836, but I think you can take it that none of the original members are now in it. In those days each member was allowed three gills of ale with bread and cheese.

I don't know what they are allowed nowadays. Anyhow, they are allowed a tip-top conductor—Albert Coates. Soloists: Dorothy Silk, Mary Jarred, Heddle Nash, and Keith Faulkener.

If—I said if—you want something hyper-modern, you can take your chance with Stravinsky conducting his own works with the Hallé Orchestra the night before. One work will be worth hearing—the *Fire-bird*.

Ronald Gourley makes a special study of the microphone and, like Captain Ian Fraser, always brings a friend to the studio. In different ways, both are splendid broadcasters. I think that their sad affliction helps them to understand the needs of listeners.

Until a broadcaster knows the "mike," he must treat it with respect, as a don at Cambridge, famous for his lectures, discovered to his cost. He was booked to give his first talk and very reluctantly sent in his manuscript. "I shall not use it," he said, "I always speak without notes."

He was in the studio, his talk was signalled and he sat there dumb. His tongue was tied, his throat was parched, he coughed, his face suffused, and he coughed again. At this point a kindly official thrust the despised manuscript into the speaker's hands and the talk began. As a precaution the talks man had brought it with him in an inner pocket of his coat!

The microphone has no terrors for women who broadcast regularly. Olive Groves is a study of composure, while Anona Winn and Wynne Ajello are happily vivacious. Ann Penn, Harry Tate, and Will Hay, like other famous acts on the halls, put over their stuff as they do on the stage.

IN THE COUNTRY—February 23 By Marion Cran

WHAT with one thing and another, the good earth is very active now.

Blue pools of small sweet "Cambridge" iris catch the eye in the rockery and among the paving stones of the sunny winter garden; they are most beautiful things, with the strength of lions and delicate appearance of orchids. Each azure bloom carries a streak of orange at the throat, and every bulb bears a couple of flowers. When *Iris reticulata cantab* (to give it its full and proper name) is planted near clumps of crocus *Tamassinianus* there is a February picture of great loveliness; for that crocus is out now in all its amethyst colouring.

Here is the winter heather out—a carpet of nodding rosy bells that will go on deepening in colour until the tall spikes of Heavenly Blue grape-hyacinths come up to perfect the lovely picture. The best form of winter heather to plant is *Erica Darleyensis*. Very hardy and very free flowering, it begins to

show its pretty blossoms when the plants are still quite small.

Buds are swelling fat and full upon the forsythias, which sound better by their country name of golden bell-bushes.

Soon the slender leafless boughs will be thick with yellow flowers and under that lovely canopy splendid daffodils are already showing heavy bud.



The daphnes are out, both the wild green one in the hedges and the tall bushes, both white and purple, in the garden. And oh, the sweetness of their fragrance!

The earth is astir, the sap-tide rises, the nights begin to give news to those who will listen; in the thin light of the young new moon we can hear owls calling in their many voices.

The bubbling note of the white barn-owl is cut sharply at intervals by the fierce cry of the little French owls; and then comes the wild, uncanny call of the wood-owl.

My Adventures at Chiselhurst

Continued from page Seventeen

"She arranges to get hung up there for the night, but she telephones at dinner-time and, I suggest, makes him promise to take some aspirin and whisky before he goes to bed—a perfectly normal remedy.

"She naturally takes jolly good care before starting in the morning that there are only three tablets of aspirin that he can get at and these are the—er—ones.

"The bottle they have been in is certainly a danger if the police get hold of it, but they don't get hold of it because she arrives home in plenty of time to change it for another.

"If things had gone entirely right for her, and I hadn't happened to be dining there that evening, no one would have known about James's dose of aspirin at all, but her technique is so sound that I'm able to watch him take it, and talk about it afterwards without it mattering.

"I don't suppose she liked it, but it didn't do her any appreciable harm.

"Then again, even if he forgets to take his tablets she runs no risk. She merely has to wait till he gets another cold.

"In fact the whole thing is cast iron."

Now supposing, for the sake of argument, that I'd got up and been allowed to say all this, what would have happened?

I should have had to admit straight off that I couldn't produce a scrap of evidence to support any of it, at least not the kind of evidence that would wash with a jury.

There certainly was James's remark: "I shall hear about it if I don't take my aspirin."

That satisfied me who he expected to hear about it from, but there was only my bare word for it that he'd put it that way, and you know what lawyers are.

They mightn't have believed me. Then again, the Coroner was a doctor.

He would have asked me how it was possible to fake up perchloride of mercury to look like aspirin, and I should have had to agree that it wouldn't be at all easy.

It happens to be a poison which the general public practically can't get, and even if they could, the tablets in which it is sold are carefully dyed blue.

Besides which they aren't the right shape.

If you walked into a chemist's and asked him to bleach some of them white and make them to look like aspirin, he might easily think it fishy, and I doubt whether you would set his mind at rest by saying that you only wanted them for a joke, or private theatricals.

All of this I knew quite well, having taken the trouble to inquire, but there was another fact which I didn't get to know till afterwards which might have made a difference.

It was rather strange. For a certain time during the war the French Army medical people had put up their perchloride of mercury in white tablets, not blue, and these did, in fact, closely resemble the present-day aspirin.

Moreover, each tablet contained seventeen grains. Now three seventeens are fifty-one, or almost exactly what James was reckoned to have taken.

The police had searched the house as a matter of routine and analysed every bottle whether empty or full.

One might also safely conclude that they had made inquiries at all the chemists where the lady might have dealt. I know they went to mine.

Then there was another thing which made it difficult to accuse Mrs. James, and that was the absence of motive, because the obvious one, money, was practically ruled out.

It transpired that she had twelve hundred a year of her own, and the average woman with as much as that isn't likely to marry and then murder some wretched man for the sake of another five thousand.

She wouldn't take the trouble. In fact, what with one thing and another, my theory didn't stand a hope, so I thought I'd let it stew a bit longer.

The lady left the court without a stain on her character, and later on went to live in the Isle of Wight.

For all I know she is still there, enjoying her twelve hundred plus five thousand a year, but whether she will go on doing it is quite another thing, because :

A short time ago I was just finishing a pipe before going to bed, when suddenly, apropos of nothing, there came into my head the name I had seen under her picture at the instant it had looked like a photograph.

It was a somewhat peculiar name, and not the one under which she had married James.

All the same, one doesn't imagine a name for no reason at all, so I worked it out that at some time or other I must have actually seen a published photograph of Mrs. James, and that staring at the picture down at Chiselhurst had brought it back to me.

Anyhow, the following day I got my literary agent to send round to all the newspaper offices in Fleet Street, and inquire whether a photograph of anyone of this name had appeared during the last few years. They all said "No."

However, my agent is of a per-severing nature (he has to be). He went on and tackled the illustrated weekly papers, and he struck oil almost at once.

About eight years ago one of them had apparently brought out what it called a "Riviera Supplement," and in it was the photograph.

I went along and recognised it immediately, but what interested me most of all was the paragraph that referred to it.

It said that this Miss What's-her-name had been acting as companion to an old lady who had a villa at Cannes.

One day she, the companion, had gone across into Italy to see her mother who lived at Bordighera and was a bit of an invalid.

For some reason or other she missed the last train back, and had to spend the night at Bordighera, but when she did arrive back at Cannes next day she was shocked to find that her employer had poisoned herself during the night.

The paper didn't say what poison the old lady took or how much money she left her companion, but I've found out since, and I'll give you two guesses.

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You learn from the regular, standard music—the only universally accepted form of music. There is no departure from it. The music you receive with your lessons is printed in the ordinary way in which all music is written. You learn from TRUE Music — not some "patent" system of notation. There are no "numbers," "trick music," or other makeshifts.



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It does not matter where you live, you can learn to play the violin in the privacy of your own home—anywhere. You learn in your spare time at your own convenience, and without anyone present to embarrass you. By this unique system you are able to learn more rapidly, more pleasantly and more easily than has ever been possible before.

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you can learn to play simple pieces. You begin playing easy tunes from the first lessons. Then rapidly you will find yourself playing more advanced music, and playing it with greater ease and confidence as you advance. In a few weeks you will be really astonished at your own progress. Learning to read and play music by this method is made unusually interesting and easy. Instead of playing exercises for months before playing a tune—you actually learn BY PLAYING TUNES.

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Please send me full particulars of your new method of teaching the Violin at home. This request places me under no obligation whatever. I enclose 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, etc.

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HERE AND THERE

HELLO, CHILDREN!
We are having a new sort of gold rush. The old sort of gold rush was a kind of race that took place when some lucky person found a new gold-field.

As soon as it was known that a new "strike" or find had been made, everyone used to pile some food and tools as quickly as possible on to a horse, a bicycle, a mule, a dog-drawn sledge, or even a perambulator, and rush off to buy a piece of ground near the lucky plot.

The 1934 sort of gold rush is something quite different.

Instead of people rushing to a certain place to find gold, the gold is rushing (or, strictly speaking, being rushed) to a certain place where people are willing to pay a very high price for it.

As I said in my talk last week, at the present moment gold from all over the world—from India, Holland, London, Paris, and so on—is being sent to the United States of America; in fact, people with gold are so

Commander STEPHEN KING-HALL'S Children's Corner

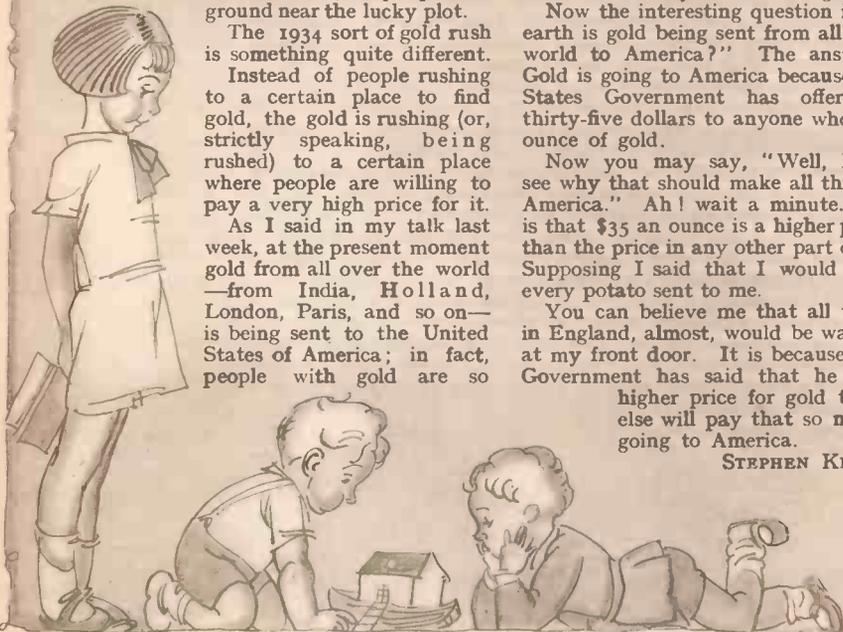
anxious to send it to the United States of America, that it is difficult to find room for it in the ships, and a friend of mine who knows about these things told me that he understands that all the ships are booked up for gold-carrying as far ahead as March. You may say, "That's a funny thing; after all, gold may be rather heavy, but it does not fill up much space; surely there must be room in all the ships that go across the Atlantic to carry much more gold."

Now the interesting question is, "Why on earth is gold being sent from all parts of the world to America?" The answer is this: Gold is going to America because the United States Government has offered to pay thirty-five dollars to anyone who will sell an ounce of gold.

Now you may say, "Well, I still don't see why that should make all this gold go to America." Ah! wait a minute. The point is that \$35 an ounce is a higher price for gold than the price in any other part of the world. Supposing I said that I would pay 1s. for every potato sent to me.

You can believe me that all the potatoes in England, almost, would be waiting for me at my front door. It is because Roosevelt's Government has said that he will pay a higher price for gold than anyone else will pay that so much gold is going to America.

STEPHEN KING-HALL.



The Set of the Week

PORTADYNE MODEL B.72

HERE is a new set which will appeal to house-owners who have not the electric light or who, for any other reason, wish to use a set operating from batteries.

The Portadyne B.72 is a fine receiver and is, at the same time, a nice piece of furniture. Although medium in cost—the price is only £10 19s. 6d. complete—the quality of the workmanship is very high and the modern design most attractive.

You will like the square clean lines of the Portadyne's cabinet, with a neat escutcheon in front and only three major knobs visible.

For the family man, this set is a boon, as it has an up-to-the-minute five-valve circuit, giving amazing selectivity and having a fine turn of station-getting.

At the same time, the control is so simple that anybody could be trusted to operate this set, irrespective of technical knowledge, and bring in a large number of stations merely at the turn of a knob.

Rigid economy in running costs has been the rule of the designers, and without wishing to delve too far into technicalities, it may be explained that the consumption from the high-tension dry battery is kept down (owing to the cleverly designed biased class-B output) to only 6½ milliamperes—a figure which is well within the capabilities of the battery supplied with the receiver. The output at this consumption is 500 milliwatts, which is a commendable figure.

Tone on this set is excellent, and there is provision made for an external loud-speaker and also a gramophone pick-up.

The tuning scale is clearly visible and is directly marked in wave-lengths, and the tuning control of the modern super-het circuit is carried out with the centre knob of the set. The volume control is on

the left, the wave-change on the right, and the on-off switch at the side of the cabinet.

A refinement is a local-distance switch fitted immediately below the main tuning control.

The circuit will interest technical enthusiasts, as it comprises a combined detector-oscillator, one intermediate-frequency stage, a double diode-triode detector, driver, and class-B output.

But enough of technicalities, for the Portadyne B.72 speaks for itself, in no uncertain tones, and with a clarity of reproduction which is certainly up to the best standard of radio reproduction to-day.

The makers of this set are Portadyne Radio, Ltd., Gorst Road, North Acton, N.W.10.

This new Portadyne battery-driven receiver is very simple to operate, and has neatly arranged controls. Non-technical members of the family will find it a joy.



What Listeners Think

★In Defence of Crooning

ALLOW me particularly to offer my congratulations for the article on crooning, by Maurice Elwin. It was clear and concise and should do much to bring to an end much of the stupid criticism that has been written concerning this feature of broadcasting.

"One often sees crooners being criticised by people who are obviously confusing them with 'legitimate' singers, and criticising them as such, whereas, as Mr. Elwin explains, crooning is an art totally different (and, incidentally, a difficult one, too!).

"Again, one must admit that modern dance refrains are eminently suited to the style of the crooner (and often *only* to that style), and while admitting that some crooners are very poor, I would ask if this is not true also of 'legitimate' singers and all types of artists?"

"Finally, those people who condemn our crooners as being 'effeminate,' and so on, would do well to remember that not a few of them could have made a name as 'legitimate' singers. *"Ralph Maclean."*

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

Why Waste Time?

Why doesn't the B.B.C. 'snap into it?' The slick efficiency of advertising programmes makes it painfully apparent that the B.B.C. are content to take things far too leisurely. Too often we hear 'just a few moments, please' or 'the news will follow in about four and a half minutes.'

"The listener has either to switch off or sacrifice 'juice.'

"This is all so very annoying and is really very bad policy on the part of the B.B.C. After all, they are trying to expand their business by excellent programmes."—*M. S., Sunderland.*

Scrap-book Programmes

Are these programmes that take us back to pre-war days so popular as some people would have us believe? I don't think they are. Naturally, when the B.B.C. started these programmes they were very popular, but 'enough is as good as a feast,' and no one can deny that, just lately, this idea is being worked to death, with a promise of more in the future. Why not keep these reminiscences for Christmas—a time when they are appreciated. Certainly let us dip into the past—but must we live in it?"—*G. R., Wills.*

The Housewife's Point of View

Don't you think we might have some music broadcast during the mornings? The B.B.C. is behind several foreign stations in this respect. It would make life more cheerful for the housewife, who forms a great part of the listening public—and a powerful one. Gramophone records could be broadcast with little trouble and would be greatly appreciated. Is this possible?"—*G. M., Shoeburyness.*

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

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

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

LAUGH WITH LEONARD HENRY



"Quick—send out the S.O.S. We're sinking."
"Sh! It's Chamber Music!"

LISTENING to the radio evening after evening, lounging in an armchair at home, is said to dull a man's intelligence. It certainly sharpens his wife's temper.

"Is your wife fond of listening-in?"
"She prefers speaking out."

INTERVIEWER (to famous radio star): "And now what is your view of kissing on the radio?"

RADIO STAR: "I'm afraid I haven't any; I always shut my eyes."

"I say, old man, do you know enough about wireless to give me a hand in taking this loud-speaker to pieces?"

"My dear chap, I know enough about wireless not to."

ENTHUSIASTIC LISTENER: "It's wonderful! And I've heard he plays entirely by ear."

His **FRIEND**: "Unfortunately, that's the way I hear."

NERVOUS HOSTESS (to distinguished broadcast artiste, who has agreed to sing in her drawing-room): "May I get you a glass of water?"

DISTINGUISHED BROADCAST ARTISTE: "You mean the stuff they fill radiators with?"

"How's the new set?"

"I've been swindled. I've had it for a week, and it hasn't said a word yet."

"I'm so excited. What d'you think? Henrietta has passed her audition at the B.B.C."

"Well now, just fancy. And our pig got first prize at the show."

SCHOOLMISTRESS: "Children, I want you to listen-in this afternoon to the talk on 'The King's English.'"

BOBBY: "But of course he is, isn't he?"

"Until I owned a radio set I never dreamed there was so much profanity in the world," sighed the curate.

"What? Do they allow so much bad language to be broadcast?"

"It's not the broadcasters," explained the curate, "it's the listeners."

"Were you listening to the concert last night at eight o'clock?"

"Let me see, we must have been having dinner then. It would be just about the soup course."

"Oh, then, of course, you wouldn't have heard anything."

The guests had been invited especially to listen-in, but their enjoyment was spoiled by two ladies who refused to keep silent.

"My dear," the husband of one of them at last ventured, "the rest of us can't hear."

"You're not supposed to," she retorted, "we're having a private gossip."

"Quick, Mother, I've got Brazil," called Bob.

"Wonderful," said his mother. "Is that crackling the noise they make when they crack the nuts?"

"Herbert has got a job at last in a radio play."

"What! A man with a voice like that?"

"Oh, a non-speaking part, of course."

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My Life Story

by Harry Roy

nearly six months and I then decided to tour this country on the stage.

This meant hard work, as at the Pavilion for instance, we were giving four shows a day and three of the boys and myself then went back to play at the West End club until four in the morning.

All that time I was busy recording and thinking out new turns for the band and acts.

This meant that I had less than half an hour a day on the new numbers for the band, and it became almost impossible to memorise them. I carried on like this, over-working, until I started to see spots where there were no spots. So then I went to the continent again. But this time on holiday. I went for three weeks to the south of France and became so sunburnt that I had to come back. I slept on my knees for three days!

Then I went to Margate to recuperate . . . stayed only six hours and came back to London!

A few days later I tried Brighton—after only a few hours I was back in London again. The truth was I simply could not rest in peace and I dreaded being away from work. You get like that when you are full of enthusiasm over a job.

I started a new show and at the rehearsals everybody assured us that this would be an amazing success. And it was . . . except for one thing.

On the fatal night, I started singing a number and when I got to the second line I lost my voice. Not nervousness, believe me, but sheer exhaustion.

The management then insured my voice for £5,000 and this, while being a very pretty compliment to me, was not of great practical value at the time. I lost my voice for three weeks. Some people may have been pleased, for I daresay there are plenty who do not like my style of singing, I think people are too serious. I am a comedian by nature and I believe in making people laugh.

Well, then we left the London Pavilion and went to a West End restaurant in order to escape working nearly twenty-four hours a day . . . which we did until the restaurant started a non-stop cabaret!

Then we went to the Café Anglais and started broadcasting once a week.

For the first time I was really impressed with the immensity of broadcasting and my post-bag put me in touch with thousands of people who enabled me to see what a vast public I was entertaining.

I want you to believe that I am absolutely sincere when I say that during my broadcasts, my main ambition is to give pleasure to millions of poor people who cannot afford to go out to see shows. Many people to whom I have played in West End clubs and restaurants, have rather blasé natures and dislike comedy stars. . . .

Now at the May Fair I have an appreciative audience me and . . . on the other side microphone, millions of people ten to me every Friday night. is something to be proud of life.

always before of the who-list-Which in this

AS I told you last week, we made absolutely certain that our home-coming boat was a luxury liner. We had no wish to go through the ordeal of an emigration boat again. And so we came back to England.

We found that things were not so good as talkies had come in and changed the whole phase of public entertainment.

We were connected with a show called "Variety-Pie" and lost nearly £200 a week. We decided to make one more trip. This time a short one to Germany. This was in January, 1930, and we found great public discontent. So much that we decided to play only a month there. We had another disappointment and when we came back home, for quite a long while my brother and I decided to take up a box-making business again and to drop music for good and all.

My brother resisted dance music temptation longer than I, for very soon I found myself itching to be back at music again. At the time, I was living on my savings and wondering what business to go into—having sold our family box-making concern.

For many days I cogitated over this problem and eventually made up my mind, without at that time telling my brother of my decision. I practised all day long for three months.

Tom Venn, the only one who had stuck with me all through our trials and tribulations was anxious to take some part in the new venture and my brother, seeing that I was keen, eventually decided to back me up.

It was at this time that we discovered Bill Currie and Ivor Moreton. For three weeks, with Tom Venn, we practised at my house, showing the other boys the various tricks of presenting dance music in the way I think it should be presented.

Then we made our new debut.

We started a dance orchestra at a West End club. I did all my "Louis Armstrong" stuff, which I had featured nearly ten years previously, and which was only just now becoming "fashionable."

This particular club was crammed full and we were a great success . . . until a few West End clubs started selling drinks after hours. This immediately hurt us very badly. For there are many who will go anywhere for a drink after hours, not because they want it, but merely for bravado.

We were rather frightened about the way events might change in the club world and so nobody was better pleased than I when my brother secured a job at the Leicester Square Theatre. This was a new experience for me, as I had never previously conducted a big show.

I daresay you will remember the show—Harry Roy and His R.K.—Oleans. This show lasted

A snap from Harry's travels—Port Said



Radio Behind Roosevelt

Continued from page Three

his vast plans to secure the industrial recovery of the U.S.A.

Undoubtedly a very considerable part of the success which has attended his efforts to win popular sympathy in all parties and all classes has been due to the skill with which he has been able to impose his personality upon the radio, added to what has been described even by his political enemies as "the magic of his voice."

So brilliant, indeed, have been the President's wireless achievements that the Republicans are still engaged upon the hitherto fruitless task of searching for a champion with a touch of Roosevelt's "radio magic."

While in the U.S.A. I had two intensely interesting interviews with Mr. Roosevelt. In the second of these he gave me (not then for publication) some indication of the methods he would adopt both for internal economic recovery and for the improvement of America's political and economic relations with the world at large—particularly with Great Britain, for which country he has a very warm affection.

He also hinted at his intention that wireless should play an important part in his appeals to the nation.

But of this I am quite sure that he did not at that time envisage the vast use that he has since made of broadcasting or the daring policies which he has since adopted in his attempts to re-establish American prosperity.

Speaking for myself, though I do not agree with everything the President has done or tried to do in all the improvisations of his formidable task, I have unbounded faith in the man himself.

No American statesman has been more miscalculated or underestimated by his fellow countrymen. I remember well how even leading Democrats who worked hard for his election, voiced privately the view that Roosevelt was no more than an amiable but weak politician.

As an ignorant stranger, I was laughed at a good many times by the knowing ones for voicing a different opinion. Whatever they may say of Roosevelt now, they certainly do not describe him as "an amiable and weak politician."

READERS who want to complete their files of RADIO PICTORIAL, or who would like to secure copies of the two-colour gift plates, included with Nos. 1 and 2 respectively, should note that these issues can be obtained at any newsagent at the usual price of 2d.—or 3d. post paid direct from RADIO PICTORIAL, 58/61 Fetter Lane, E.C.4.

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My book, "Reduction Without Drugs," lately revised, is free to you. My method is adapted to both sexes—no drugs, medicine, sweating, Turkish baths, appliances, nerve-racking exercises or starvation diet.

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(This is an extract from a letter from Mrs. W., of Cheshire.)

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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.

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"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.

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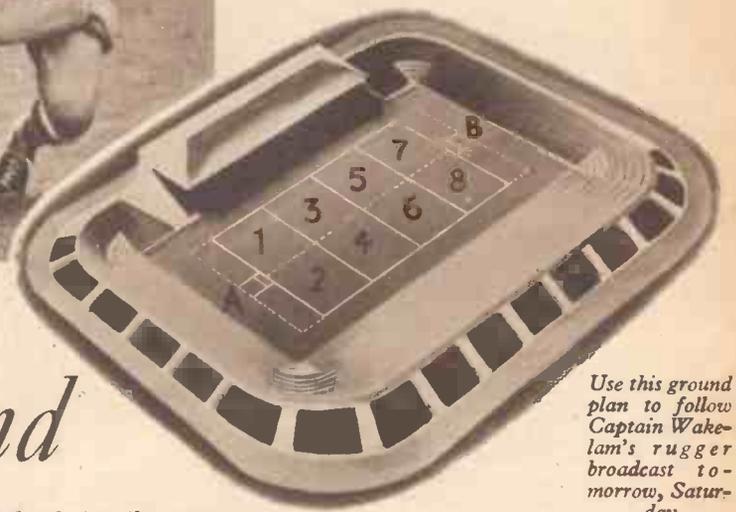
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To-morrow's Rigger Broadcast



Scotland v. Ireland



Use this ground plan to follow Captain Wakelam's rigger broadcast to-morrow, Saturday

TO-MORROW, Edinburgh once more—for the second and last visit of the season.

This time it is the occasion of the fifty-second match between Scotland and Ireland. In this series, the Scots hold a long lead. In the days when the fixture originated, they actually won fourteen out of the first fifteen games . . . the main reason for their now being sixteen victories to the good.

Up to the War and indeed for a few seasons after it, Ireland still stuck to their good old traditional forward game, tear-away, hell-for-leather tactics.

All flat out from the first moment, careering at full speed all over the field.

With the inevitable result that they "blew up" in the last twenty minutes, and only really superior skill or particularly desperate defence in the closing stages could ensure them victory.

But now all that has gone.

Their forwards, whilst still maintaining their Celtic dash and fire, have schooled and disciplined themselves out of this roaring rush enthusiasm.

Thanks very largely to the influence of that great little man, W. F. ("Horsey") Browne, who met with such an untimely end, whilst still of a playing age, they can now be relied upon to stay the whole eighty minutes.

Ireland has had some great characters and personalities since 1919.

First there was George Stephenson, a Haileybury boy, and now a practising doctor.

Between the years of 1921 and 1930 he gained no less than forty-two International Caps. Thus beating Bannerman, the great Scottish forward, by five, to set up a record which looks likely to stand for many years to come.

In the centre, or on the wing, Stephenson was always the master.

Even when his playing career was drawing to a close, he more than made up for his declining speed by his great football "sense," and the wisdom of his captaincy.

Then comes G. R. Beamish, of the Royal Air Force, known to his intimates as "Genial George." A giant in stature but one who has never been known to take undue advantage of his physical gifts.

Like Horsey Browne, he, too, has had a great influence on Irish Rugby. The Murrayfield crowd will miss him sadly to-morrow, for it is the first time he has been out of the Irish sides they have seen since 1927.

Now stationed in Egypt, he is apparently leading his brother airmen to victory over the sister

services. So he is not altogether lost to the game as yet.

There will probably not be quite so many visitors in Prince's Street to-morrow as there were for the Welsh match . . . when 10,000 delirious excursionists yelled their team to victory in the best International seen for many years.

The Irish do not make the sea journey in such hordes. Nevertheless, green berets and balloons are certain to be well in evidence. And those who do come can be relied upon to make their presence felt.

It is quite impossible ever to forget the scene in one of the big hotels after the match of two seasons ago.

Ireland had won a great and glorious victory. Flushed with success, half a dozen of the winning

For seventeen hours their ship battled with the elements.

On her final arrival, even had the match been on, most of the team could not possibly have turned out. For, to use Jack Buchanan's very apt simile, they had travelled almost entirely "on the rail"!

Not very funny at the time, but something perhaps to laugh and joke about afterwards—and following a safe arrival!

Scotland are certain to make a very great effort this time.

Hampered by three last-minute changes, which psychologically must have seriously affected their morale, they went down fighting before the brilliant Welshmen in that wonderful game on February 3.

Now they have to regain some of their lost prestige before coming up to Twickenham on March 17—for the most important and eagerly awaited contest of the whole Rugby calendar, the "Calcutta Cup" match against the "Sassenach" Englishmen.

Let's hope for as good weather as we had for the Welsh game! In the words of the pre-war journalist, may "King Sol peep bravely through and prevent Jupiter Pluvius from proving a spoil-sport."

For the commentator's lot is never an easy one at Murrayfield; bad visibility makes it almost impossible.

To finish, a story which perhaps can be permitted, though actually it is about an Irishman in Wales.

One Easter, the Barbarians, that great touring side whose members are drawn, by invitation only, from English-speaking countries all over the globe, were playing against Swansea at St. Helens.

The exchanges grew fast and furious, and there was a temporary stoppage when one of the home men was laid out.

A member of the crowd, who apparently had been much interested in the doings of one of the "Baa-Baa" forwards, during this lull, called out to the visiting touch judge, "Mr. Tough-judge, if you please."

"Well," said the Touch-judge, who happened to be the Barbarians' secretary, "what is it?"

"Tell me, if you please," said the Welshman, "that red-headed forward; where does he come from?"

"From Ireland," was the answer, which drew forth the following rejoinder:

"Does he? I thought he came from prison!"

By Captain

H. B. T. WAKELAM

team put up a really astonishing "cabaret" performance in one of the smaller lounges below. One item in particular, "Mcnamara's Band," sung by one of the leading forwards of the day, with full chorus, literally brought down the house.

The locals were also vastly intrigued when the staccato cries of the Irish cattle drovers, so thoroughly and perfectly rendered by two gentlemen from Cork, rang through the building.

Down came the news that the Scots upstairs in the main lounge were looking rather glum and dispirited in defeat. So at once the party, with a "Come on, Bhoys," advanced *en masse* to join them and to cheer them up.

A mock cattle auction soon restored happiness and good feeling, though perhaps some of the dourer folk must have wondered what it was all about!

But even the most "Blue Riband" of them could have had no possible cause for complaint. There was not an ounce of vice or malice in their behaviour; moreover, it is an acknowledged fact that many of the Irish football men are to all intents and purposes teetotallers.

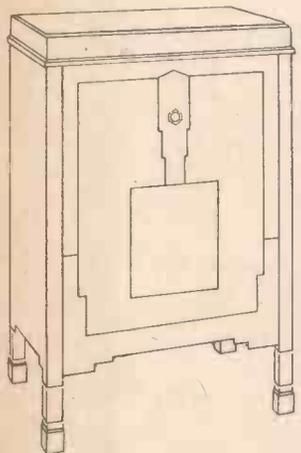
As may be remembered, the corresponding match to this last year led up to a very strange and unpleasant incident.

Billed originally to be played in Dublin, at Lansdowne Road on February 25, it had to be

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