

RADIO PICTORIAL MARCH 2, 1934 NO 7

HOW TO BECOME A RADIO STAR

# RADIO PICTORIAL

RADIO  
HUSBANDS  
AND WIVES

2<sup>D</sup>  
EVERY  
FRIDAY



## "MURDER BY RADIO"

An **URSULA BLOOM** Story

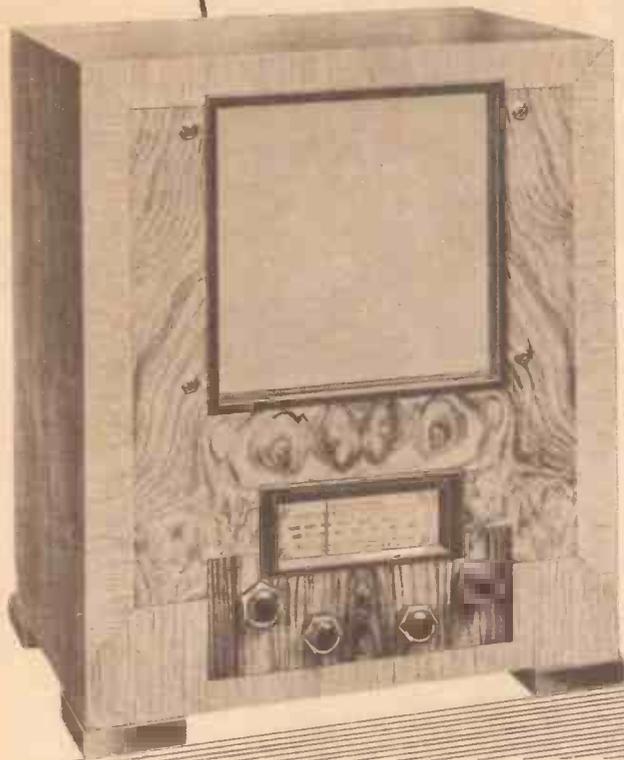
The  
**CARLYLE COUSINS**

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Commander  
Stephen KING-HALL

Radio Pictorial — NO. 7

Published by Bernard Jones Publications, Ltd., 58-61 Fetter Lane, E.C.4.  
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Editor ... .. KENNETH ULLYETT

Commander Stephen King-Hall always adopts a conversational attitude at the microphone and talks to it as though it were one of his millions of listeners



on . . .

Myself—

and the MIKE

**I** SUPPOSE I have broadcast upwards of two hundred times; but the miracle of the business remains as marvellous to me as it did that first evening in 1928, when I emerged from the old Savoy studios after my first broadcast. Taking a bus home, I was suddenly fascinated by hearing a newly joined passenger say to his companion, "Did you hear that talk on naval theatricals this evening—rather amusing?"

How I longed to lean forward and say, "Excuse me, sir, but which parts amused you most?"

The range of a wireless talk is extraordinary, especially since the programmes have been re-transmitted to the Empire.

I have had a letter from Los Angeles beginning as follows:

"Dear Commander King-Hall,

I switched on my radio this afternoon and heard a talk being relayed from London. The voice was faintly familiar. At the end I heard your name. Do you remember we met in the Black Forest in 1912, when you were a midshipman and I was an undergraduate at Freiburg? Glad to think you got through the war all right. Do you remember you and I and Karl and Hans used to wonder whether it would happen? Don't forget to look me up if and when you come this way. I am in oil . . ."

**O**n one occasion I happened to mention in one of my Friday afternoon broadcasts that I was crossing the Channel that evening on my way to a conference at Milan.

On my arrival at Dieppe at 2 a.m. a French Customs official saw the name on my suitcase. "Ah! Monsieur!" he said. "I'm very glad to meet you. I heard you say yesterday afternoon you were crossing over; and how is the rock garden?"

When I reached Milan there was a banquet given by the Podesta to the delegates.

I was sitting next to the wife of a professor in the University.

She said, "I hope you will pay us a visit to-morrow; my children know you quite well!"

I said, "But how?"

"They listen to your talks as an English lesson," she replied. I assured her that I would certainly apologise in person to her family.

It is a very curious feeling to know that one has hundreds of friends all over the country

whom one will never meet. And it is this feeling which makes broadcasting a service.

Ninety-nine per cent. of the letters one receives—even when critical—are so friendly, so obviously intended to help, that one is given a sense of a great unseen audience co-operating with the speaker.

**I**t is quite amazing how people will write to someone they have got to know through their loud-speaker and ask his advice and help in the most complicated and delicate matters.

In a general way, my impression is that the British public at the present time is taking life rather seriously.

People want to know more about economics, foreign affairs, science, and the way of this perplexing modern world.

This is particularly noticeable in the case of the younger generation.

The place of broadcasting in the politics of the modern world is difficult to assess; it is still developing so rapidly.

But would Hitler be where he is without the wireless?

There can, at any rate, be no doubt that it has performed services of unique value to the Nazi cause.

In the deplorable event of another great conflict of the nations, it is certain that desperate attempts would be made to get propaganda on to the air and into the homes of the enemy population.

Inside each country, public loud-speakers would be established; and probably only the British Government would cleverly refrain from putting its broadcasting system under the orders of the Minister of Propaganda.

Here is another interesting aspect of broadcasting—the fact that in its programmes and in its organisation each system reflects very accurately the national character and aims of the people it serves.

Take, for instance, our system—the B.B.C. I always recommend any foreigner who is ambitious to undertake that hopeless task (for a foreigner) of understanding the British character, to listen attentively to the B.B.C. programmes; and to study the position of the B.B.C. in the British social system.

It is not without significance that we alone—so far as I am aware—have a "Children's Hour" as an important feature of the main programme.

There is nothing more typically British than the position of the B.B.C.—a chartered cor-

poration responsible to a board of governors, responsible to the Postmaster-General, responsible to Parliament.

**I**t will be interesting to see what will happen to the American system as a result of the present far-reaching economic changes now taking place in the United States. I shall be surprised if, in due course, that iconoclastic man, Mr. Roosevelt, does not lay a heavy hand upon the radio industry.

I foresee that, in this country, wireless is going to have an influence upon the popular press which will surprise Fleet Street.

The Education Act of 1870 taught the people of this country to read. In doing so it created "the great reading public" for the daily newspapers.

Then Northcliffe had his chance. He it was, more than any single man, who discovered that this first generation which had learnt to read was not over-particular as to the quality of the matter on the printed sheet.

It may be Sir John Reith, more than any one man, of whom it will be said in years to come that he taught the people of this country to think. And to revolt against the notion that the quality of the reading matter is of secondary importance in a newspaper with a national circulation.

**I**f and when the B.B.C. goes into the news business to the same extent, say, as its present musical activities—then there will be a "storm over Fleet Street."

The B.B.C. news and television wavelength will not replace the popular newspapers, but it will cause them to approach their business from quite a new angle . . . if they wish to remain in business.

The great public within the next decade will begin to wish to take its popular newspaper seriously; as things are, that is an impossibility!

**M**an has tamed the wireless wave; let us hope he will tame his bellicose spirit and make a reality of the saying that "Nation shall speak peace unto nation." The medium is there, and broadcasting could do more than any other single agency to link the nations together. If only the will so to use it were there.

Without this will, the technical miracle of broadcasting will remain unused in perhaps the greatest of all the services it could render mankind.

*Stephen King-Hall*

Reva Reyes, the well-known radio star, hears some interesting radio gossip on the telephone!



# WHERE *our* Broadcasters COME FROM!

## Where Do They Come From?

**I** HAVE just been carrying out a little census investigation, with a view to discovering what parts of the British Isles hold the distinction of having produced the greatest number of noted broadcasters!

In order to keep this formidable task within manageable limits, I selected at random some 250 well-known radio stars, talkers, etc., ascertained their respective birthplaces, and made a list of them, classified under headings relating to countries and counties. The country headings worked out in the following proportions: English, 224; Scottish, 12; Welsh, 9; Irish, 5.

## Some Londoners

As one might expect, London headed the list of counties, with 79 noted broadcasters to its credit. It included some famous orchestral conductors—Sir Henry Wood among them. Also half a dozen popular dance-band directors, including Henry Hall.

Among the singers were fourteen Londoners—such popular broadcasters as May Blyth, Vivien Lambelet, Leonard Gowings, Thorpe Bates, Herbert Heyner, and others equally well known.

Theatre stars and entertainers numbered twenty-four. Among these were Ann Trevor, Hermione Gingold, Mabel Constanduros, Henry Oscar, Bransby Williams, Michael Hogan, Philip Ridgeway, Billy Dwyer, and Harry Tate, to mention but a few at random.

## Yorkshire v. Lancashire

Turning to the other counties, Yorkshire had the next highest score, its total of twenty-four including many names familiar to all listeners, such as John Coates, Henry Ainley, Reginald Dixon, L. du Garde Peach, Rev. Pat McCormick, J. B. Priestley, and Hal Swain.

Lancashire followed with a total of 18. Warwickshire's total was 15. The Birmingham district contributed many noted broadcasters to the list, including Dorothy Silk, Lilian Harrison, Frank Cantell, Albert Ketelbey, and Charles Clapham—again, of course, a random selection.

Devon, Kent, Gloucestershire, and Surrey

## “Newsmonger’s” RADIO GOSSIP

commons are in his itinerary, and his object is to discover whether the scenes would make good broadcasting. If he finds any useful material, he will make a note in his pocket-book; and then on Whit Monday we shall hear *real* Bank Holiday programmes. Lawrence was in charge of the big show on Christmas afternoon, and should be watched because he has ideas.

## Racing . . . by Radio

Talking of Easter reminds me that the Midland Regional people are arranging something new for the holiday Monday, when mikes will be taken to Redmarley for the motor-cycle trials.

scored 7 apiece, Cheshire 6, and Staffordshire and Sussex 5 each. The remaining counties of England each contributed less than 5 to my list.

## The Call of the Prairie

Two of the best-known figures at Broadcasting House sail this month for America. Talks Director Charles Siepmann, is crossing direct, but Gerald Cock, outside broadcasting king, is boarding a steamer which will take him by way of the West Indies and the Panama Canal to San Francisco.

Gerald was cow-punching in the Western States for a time before the war, and he is hoping to meet some old friends from the ranch. The call of the prairie is pretty strong, but he has promised to be back in town in May.

## All the Fun of the Fair

On Easter Monday I should like to be with young Lawrence Gilliam, who is spending the holiday on London fair grounds. Hampstead Heath, Mitcham, and other

Two well-known recording artists who may later feature largely at the radio microphone, Dawn Davis and her accompanist, Cinders Gaye



## Star Features in the National Programme

### SUNDAY

Winifred Small.  
The Leslie Bridgewater Quintet.  
The Wireless Chorus (Section B).  
Cedric Sharpe.

### MONDAY

The Western Studio Orchestra.  
Leslie England.  
Commander Stephen King-Hall.  
Carroll Gibbons.

### TUESDAY

Reginald New.  
The Commodore Grand Orchestra, directed  
by Joseph Muscant.  
A. J. Alan.  
Megan Thomas.  
The Viscountess Rhondda.

### WEDNESDAY

The Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra,  
directed by Sir Dan Godfrey.  
Lady Tree.  
James Agate.  
The B.B.C. Orchestra (Section D).

### THURSDAY

Christopher Stone.  
The Scottish Studio Orchestra, directed by  
Guy Daines.  
Vernon Bartlett.  
Sumner Austin.

### FRIDAY

Charles Manning and his Orchestra.  
Commander Stephen King-Hall.  
The B.B.C. Orchestra (Section C).  
Sir Oliver Lodge.

### SATURDAY.

Captain H. B. T. Wakelam.  
The Olof Sextet.  
A. P. Herbert.

Percy Edgar at Birmingham has shown a lot of enterprise lately, and has just added a race to the broadcasting calendar. We are going to hear the National Hunt Steeplechase from Cheltenham for the first time on March 7—Hobbiss and Lyle at the commentator's mike.

### A Holiday for Henry

The B.B.C. has asked Henry Hall whether he can arrange to take his holiday in September, which disposes of the ridiculous rumour that he may be leaving Broadcasting House when his current contract expires in June. This summer he is planning to take a real holiday in the south of France, free from business worry. He had a wonderful time last year in America, where he

was fêted by all the big dance-band directors, but it was hardly a rest cure, and this time he just wants to laze about.

### New Song Hits

There is a strange dearth of new song hits at the moment. *Love Needs a Waltz* sounded like a winner, but it is not released yet and we shall not hear the tune for some time if it goes into a film, as it seems likely now. Henry Hall is not given to prophecy, and I respect his judgment of a number, so I am going to listen for *Waggon Wheel*, which is coming along next month.

### In Preparation

Meet Kurt Praeuer from Germany, a man who has heard at least twenty performances of the world's most difficult musical work. For five weeks he has been working in an office at St. George's Hall, rehearsing principals, chorus and sections of the orchestra for Alban Berg's opera, *Wozzeck* which will be given in England for the first time on March 14. Opera is not much in my line, but curiosity will compel me to sample this effort. Rarely, if ever, has so much time been spent in preparation for a concert.

### A Life's Work?

Kurt Praeuer has fostered this opera all round Europe, and even travelled to the United States to help when it was presented there. The trail has already taken him to Cologne, Oldenburg, Mannheim and Vienna, and he has advised most of the famous conductors, from Furtwangler and Bruno Walter, to Blech. Looks like being a life's work, doesn't it?

### That's the Question

"This will make a good programme," said E. J. King Bull, handing a manuscript to the Director of Programmes, "but do not judge it by the script, because the music is an important part of it."

"Well, where is the music?" asked the Programme Director.

"That is just it, I want your permission to get the music composed," replied the producer.

### Home Again

I met Sir Henry Wood, quite by chance, the other afternoon. He was very cheery. He had only just returned from America. He complained of the weather. It was foggy.

As we walked up Wigmore Street together he told me he had thoroughly enjoyed his trip. He was full of the Boston Symphony Orchestra which pleased him immensely.

Also Sir Henry seemed impressed with the concert-hall at Radio City.

### He Plays Quietly!

HAVE you noticed how quietly Charlie Kunz plays his popular piano solos? His playing is in keeping with his whole nature. Charlie, unlike many other big figures in the world of dance music, is very shy and reserved. After lunching with him at the Casani Club the other day

he took me along to the very fine dance floor which Santos has caused to be created in Regent Street, and played a couple of numbers over to me.

His playing then, as always, showed great restraint and good technique. Charlie Kunz certainly deserves his position way up at the top end of the dance music list.

### Hot Water

Vernon Bartlett is a broadcaster who receives a heavy post each week. Sometimes his strongly expressed opinions get him into hot water. One day he received a letter so insulting that he wrote to the author of it and told him if he cared to meet him under the clock at Charing Cross he would have much pleasure in knocking him down.

Mr. Bartlett kept the appointment. As for the other fellow, probably he watched him from some point of vantage and then thought better of it.

### His Fifteenth Season

Charles Woodhouse crossed the road just in front of me the other morning, but I did not get a chance to speak to him. He is not heard much of at this time of the year—I mean in the broadcasting sense—because the Proms aren't on. Later we shall have the pleasure of hearing him every night for two months.

The fiddle he uses at the Proms once belonged to Arthur Payne, the well-known violinist of the Llandudno Pier Concerts. Woodhouse has played second fiddle—literally—in most London orchestras. This coming season will be his fifteenth as leader of the Proms.

### An Early Broadcaster

I had a word with Jean Melville in the entrance hall of Broadcasting House a few days ago. She seemed cheery as usual. I like Jean, and I like her playing. She has a happy knack of putting a nervous singer at ease. And that is what very few accompanists have, let me tell you. Most of them make things worse. Jean, by the way, was one of the earliest broadcasters. She remembers Marconi House days.

### She Didn't Enjoy It

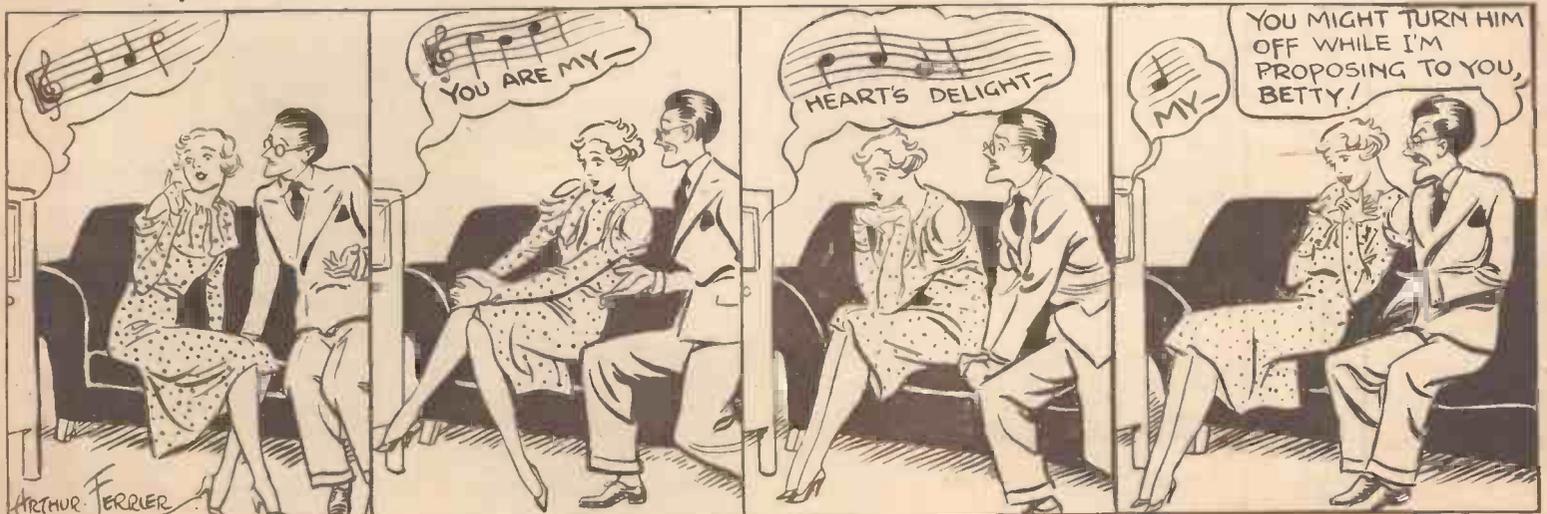
Dora Gregory is one of the non-smokers amongst radio artists. Yet she says she hardly ever gets a part on the stage unless she has to smoke. Cigarettes she can put up with. She does not threaten to throw up the part if it is a cigar, but on one occasion she was made to smoke a pipe. So, in private life she never smokes at all.

### First to Broadcast

DID you know that Norman Long was about the first entertainer ever to broadcast? In that sense Norman is the Longest. He gave a turn from Marconi House as far back as 1922, and also at the opening night of the Savoy Hill Studios. He was also in the programme of the first Variety Performance broadcast—from the Victoria Palace. As a matter of fact, he has appeared before every member of the Royal Family at one time or another. He is a bachelor.

### Radio Competition!

by FERRIER



# How to

*The first of an authoritative series by DR. LEIGH HENRY, the programme producer, who has discovered radio stars for the B.B.C. and for the National Broadcasting Company of America. Aspiring radio stars in every field—producers, musicians, radio-play actors, and lecturers—will find these articles helpful in developing microphone technique*

European countries close by. English advertising programmes go over regularly from such foreign stations.

The B.B.C. offers national artistic fame. American and Continental commercial systems offer a big money market, perhaps international reputation.

Therefore, here and there, these articles touch on all systems.

Here is a field for developing invention and originality in many ways. Radio performers must, however, study directly for the microphone. Radio art is a thing in itself.

In theatres, concert halls, opera houses, and music-halls, the public is generally one with specialised tastes. What one type covers the radio audience?

Radio has to get effects over, not in special auditoriums, but where all kinds of surroundings exist. Its public comprises high-brow and low-brow alike. It is a world audience.

Catering for the radio public is more com-



*Two popular broadcasters of the B.B.C. who have a great deal to do with handling new talent for the microphone, Harry Pepper (left) and John Watt. Here they are discussing material for a new radio artist*

**H**OW to become a radio "star"? That problem is interesting many listeners to-day, as the possibilities of the microphone as a career seem very tantalising.

One hears of big fees offered to famous broadcasters by the B.B.C.

And in America, where advertising-sponsored programmes hold sway, the fruits of radio success are particularly appetising—and new.

The radio public itself is a new one. Thousands who never entered a theatre, concert hall, or even music-hall, now hear drama, music and variety through broadcasting. The mike uses them all, transforming many.

And with fresh microphone forms of entertainment, new types of artists are necessary. These articles are intended to guide those who wish to enter this new field. They are based on practical broadcasting experience under British and American systems and close insight into radio in leading European countries.

They survey all branches of wireless work, supplying information for all intending to qualify as radio stars.

It is worth while for British artists to consider all systems. British programmes may reach English-speaking America.

Commercial systems, like America's, exist in many



# become a RADIO STAR

plicated than many people might think. Broadcasting programmes must attract many types through one medium. It is a matter of public psychology; and don't let the term frighten you.

Public taste must be estimated to a very fine point, to decide what proportion each kind of attraction shall have in the general scheme of public appeal.

Some people like music. Some don't. Drama bores others, while it fascinates many.

Through all that radio can present, author, producer and performer must use imagination and invention. So that each kind of performance, while keeping its interest for those inclined to it, has supporting attractions for those not so interested.

Since radio works through sound, for the ear, radio art is in supplementing ear-effects, stimulating the listener's emotions and imagination. Sound-suggestion, conjuring up scenes, or a sense of action and atmosphere, is needed.

Music can be employed, realistically or impressionistically, in novel ways.

Sound, in varied volumes, by amplification and contrasts of pace and emphasis, can paint mental pictures over the microphone.

But all such means of influencing the listener's mind reach him through his ears.

One weakness that besets would-be broadcasters is a confusion of stage and radio methods.

Early in broadcasting, theatre and concert managers were appointed to select radio talent.

Results were not happy.

Old theatre and concert habits interfered. These managers did not use their mind's eye properly to imagine performers over the microphone, where they could only be heard.

Charming presence, facial expression, gesture or movement there go for nothing. New kinds of managers and auditions for radio were needed.

Few performers realised radio's new demands. Many were just terrified of the microphone.

Others, more confident, did not see the necessity for new methods, fresh kinds of technique. Even recently, directing programmes, I have been obliged to grab at singers and hold them, to prevent their using operatic action and swaying.

If they could hear the wobbling of tone which such tricks cause, they would drop them.

Studio audiences are a nuisance. They distract performers from the microphone. Many theatre and concert artists claim that they inspire and that studio applause encourages. This shows that they do not realise their radio public.

How shut-out and annoyed a listener feels when he hears roars of laughter and cannot see the grimaces or actions amusing them!

How irritating it is to lose the last words of a performer's joke in the ripple of laughter of the studio audience!

Artists who cannot develop a real conscientious devotion to the microphone and cut out such temperamental needs will soon find themselves cut out by others with more insight and imagination.

Early radio programme building and production were equally short-sighted.

Plays, operas and sketches were taken to the

broadcasting studio precisely as given in the theatre. Actors behaved as if in undress rehearsal. Stage producers supervised.

The lack of eye-appeal was forgotten. There was no alteration of pace.

This is necessary in broadcasting. On the stage, where the public can see the actors, pauses of minutes can be effective, covered by action.

Whereas pauses of seconds will seem interminable interruptions over the microphone.

Time in broadcasting alters very much. Radio programmes must be telescoped somewhat, since they go to the ear only.

The entire mentality of producers as well as of performers had to be altered for effective radio performance to develop. The broadcasting studio had to be recognised in its own right, quite distinct from theatre or concert auditorium.

Those able to adapt themselves to this new technique find unexampled opportunities for originality and new types of talent. Their field is larger than any other.

So many broadcast programmes are misguided. Would-be radio performers bring ready-made features to the microphone, from theatre, music-hall and concert auditorium.

The microphone demands performances for itself—specially made for it.

Actors, opera-singers and vaudeville artists do not realise that the radio public is something new. And it receives entertainment in a new way. The microphone is an instrument not to be abused. It can only work in its own way.

The radio star has to imagine his audience. Which means, of course, that it can always be the ideal one. He has no auditorium moods to be conscious of.

Mentally seeing the public he would like best, he can give his best.

A Dictaphone or gramophone record would help the radio performer to prepare

for the microphone. Those with theatre or concert habits would find themselves taught many things. After listening to a record, performers would realise how much or little of their work they actually get over . . . in sound alone.

Some of them would receive shocks!

Tricks of diction and intonation mixed up with flaws of accent, inequalities of pitch and poor enunciation; queer habits of pace. These make one feel a stranger to oneself, when first heard in this way.

Microphone fright is one of the radio performer's first difficulties. Seasoned performers feel it as much as raw ones.

The microphone seems inhumanly uncanny for those used to stage or platform. The silent studio gives a feeling of isolation. No audience stirs; each sound seems exaggerated or lost in space.

There is also awe of the imagined vastness of the radio audience, unseen. All these things combine to scare the new radio performer.

(To be continued next week)



Learning How to Face the Mike!

John Macdonell, creator of the B.B.C. Surprise Items, encouraging a radio artist at the microphone—all part of correct microphone production technique



A Blattnerphone record of a discussion between Mr. Augustus Boope, the well-known novelist, and Mr. Leopold Oxbody, the popular water-diviner

"Come, come, Oxbody, be serious. Remember we're dealing with an important modern problem"

nowadays. But at least you'll admit that we public school men have an—er—undefinable something that the—er—country would lack if it—er—hadn't got it.

OXBODY: "Indefinable's" the word.  
BOOPE: We stand for something we don't care to talk about. . . .  
OXBODY: I don't blame you.  
BOOPE: . . . the preservation of moral values and all that. Whereas you . . .

# Should GOLDFISH Eat ANT'S EGGS?

**B**OOPE: Well, here we are, Oxbody.  
OXBODY: Yes, Boope, here we are.  
BOOPE: A friendly discussion, eh?  
OXBODY: I hope so.  
BOOPE: Oughtn't we to laugh now?  
OXBODY: Sorry. I upset some stout over my manuscript just now, and it's a bit blurred in places. Yes, let's laugh.

[They roar with laughter.]

Well, now we've warmed 'em up, suppose you begin.

BOOPE: If you like. D'you know, Oxbody, it's incredible to me that anyone at such a time as this can countenance the feeding of goldfish with ants' eggs. I . . .

OXBODY: One moment, Boope. Let me ask you a question.

BOOPE [pleasantly]: By all means.

OXBODY: Have you ever kept goldfish?

BOOPE: I shouldn't dream of keeping goldfish.

OXBODY: Then to be quite candid it's incredible to me that you should be taking part in this discussion.

BOOPE: Don't forget, my dear fellow, that the onlooker sees most of the game.

OXBODY: If you can call goldfish "game."

[They roar with laughter.]

BOOPE: Come, come, Oxbody, be serious. Remember we're dealing with an important modern problem. We may take it, I presume, that you have kept goldfish.

**O**XBODY: As an Englishman I'm proud to say I kept goldfish for years. I remember one in particular which had a striking facial resemblance to my Uncle George. . . .

BOOPE: I really can't allow you to prejudice our hearers by dragging in sentiment. My point is that there is no possible justification for feeding goldfish on ants' eggs.

OXBODY: They like 'em.

BOOPE: Not good enough, Oxbody, not good enough. Besides, how d'you know they like 'em?

OXBODY: My good fellow—have you studied the statistics? Have you studied goldfish? But of course you haven't. Why, man, they revel in the things. You should see them, and spitting out the husks, too, just like human beings, as our old servant Annie used to say.

BOOPE [warmly]: I don't care what your old servant Annie used to say.

OXBODY: She was a treasure, Annie was. You don't get her sort nowadays. I suppose it's the movies. . . .

BOOPE: Look here, Oxbody, I suppose as a water-diviner you travel about quite a lot.

OXBODY: Here and there, old boy, here and there.

BOOPE: Have you ever seen a goldfish wander-

ing about the country looking for ants' eggs?

OXBODY: I can't say I have.

BOOPE: You claim to have studied goldfish. Have you ever seen an ant lay its eggs in a pond of goldfish?

OXBODY: Of course not. It wouldn't be natural.

BOOPE: Exactly. The whole association between goldfish and ants' eggs is unnatural. To me it is absolutely revolting.

OXBODY: I think that's putting it rather strongly.

BOOPE: There are things which need to be put strongly. I intend to put this strongly. I am not blaming you, I am not blaming the goldfish, I am blaming our so-called civilisation. Left to itself I doubt whether the goldfish would ever have eaten a single ant's egg. I doubt whether it would ever have seen or even thought of ants' eggs. What happened, quite obviously, was that at some time or other some idiot, with nothing better to

OXBODY: I stand for progress, if you want to know.

BOOPE: PROGRESS! I thought we should come to that. These discussions usually do.

[They roar with laughter.]

OXBODY: Exactly. And now we've cleared the air a bit, allow me to tell you, Boope, that if you can't see the beneficial workings of Progress in this goldfish-ants'-egg business, your super education has done you even less good than I imagined. Why man, have you never stopped to consider what lies between the egg of the ant and the eager gaping mouth of the goldfish—the industrial ramifications, the various processes, the collecting, packing, transport, distribution? Take the egg boxes alone—you know, those little round boxes you see in the windows of shops where they sell aquariums and bird-seed and things—think of the people making those little round boxes.

BOOPE: All right, let's think of 'em. Are they any happier for it? Or put it this way. Wouldn't they be just as happy making something else?

## By Dudley CLARK

do, started fooling about with ants' eggs and accidentally dropped some amongst his goldfish who innocently devoured them. Being a product of civilisation the fellow at once saw that there was money in the idea.

OXBODY: One moment, Boope. [Warmly]: I prefer to think he was acting in the interests of scientific research.

BOOPE [savagely]: You can't prove it. And supposing he were, does that make it any better? Deliberately tampering with the dietetic habits of the goldfish. Deliberately inciting it to—  
. . . Oh, it makes me mad.

OXBODY: It's making you unreasonable. Penny buns don't happen to grow in the jungle, but I imagine you see no harm in feeding an elephant with buns.

**B**OOPE: That's beside the point, Oxbody. For one thing, there is no father or mother bun to consider, and for another, have you ever compared the stomach of a goldfish with that of an elephant?

OXBODY: I've never had either the desire or the opportunity to compare the stomach of an elephant with anything. [Bitterly]: I leave that sort of thing to you public school men.

BOOPE: It's all very well for you to flaunt your secondary school education in my face, Oxbody. It's the fashion to do that sort of thing

OXBODY: That's rank sentimentality. You might as well say a Gas Corporation would be just as happy making gripe-water.

BOOPE: I dare say it's the way I've been brought up, but it does seem to me that making little round boxes for ants' eggs isn't much of a job for a human being.

OXBODY: Come to that, taking part in these discussions may not seem much of a job for a human being. But it's all Progress. People can no more stop it than you can put the clock back to the time when goldfish didn't eat ants' eggs.

BOOPE [angrily]: Why not? All this rushing about with ants' eggs and pushing them into little round boxes. It's wrong. And what I've been getting at all along is that it ought to be abolished.

OXBODY: You couldn't abolish it. The world wouldn't stand for it. Hitler—Mussolini—Roosevelt—none of them would. What d'you suppose Lord Beaverbrook would do about it? Laugh in your face.

BOOPE [grimly]: I shan't give up, though. I'm sorry I haven't convinced you, Oxbody.

OXBODY: I'm sorry I haven't convinced you, Boope. But we've had a pleasant discussion, haven't we?

BOOPE: Awfully jolly. Good-night, Oxbody.  
OXBODY: Good-night, Boope.

[They roar with laughter.]

Stars at  
Home—7

# Radio's

## "Mrs. FEATHER"— Jeanne de Casalis to you!

**J**EANNE DE CASALIS in private life is Mrs. Colin Clive. She lives in Upper Gloucester Place part of her time, but has a sweet little cottage in Kent, called "Hunger Hatch," in which she likes to spend her week-ends.

Her London home is tastefully furnished and decidedly artistic.

Jeanne herself is always well dressed.

She buys the right clothes and knows how to put them on.

As a listener you know her as Mrs. Feather—that inconsequent and impossible creature who says and does such hopeless things.

Jeanne herself is like that.

She swears Mrs. Feather is no exaggeration of her own character.

There may be some truth in what she says. At all events, Mrs. Feather, as a microphone character, originated in one of Jeanne's escapades.

**O**ne day she decided to have a little dinner party. She said nothing to her husband and arranged it all to her own satisfaction.

Later on in the day she mentioned she had invited Mr. and Mrs. A and Mr. and Mrs. B, saying she thought it would be nice to have them together.

Mr. Clive was of another opinion. He told her she really must be more careful as to whom she asked to dinner. He then reminded her that the "A" family and the "B" family were not even on speaking terms.

He further suggested Jeanne should do something about it there and then.

Jeanne realised there was not a moment to lose. She hastily telephoned Mr. and Mrs. A and began to invent reasons for putting them off.

According to her husband's account, she simply made matters worse.

No sooner had she rung off than the "B's" telephoned to say they were sorry they were unavoidably prevented from dining with Mr. and Mrs. Clive that evening. Obviously they had heard the "A's" had been invited. Jeanne made a thorough mess of that, also.

Here you see Mr. and Mrs. Colin Clive at home—and a very attractive home, too!



That night they dined alone.

Mr. Clive told his wife he had never enjoyed anything more than her attempts with the "A" family. He gave it as his opinion that if there had been a dictaphone in the room and her conversation used for a broadcast, it would have been an enormous success.

That set Jeanne thinking. Why not broadcast a telephone conversation on those lines? The more she thought about it the more she liked the idea.

**T**he result was the first Mrs. Feather episode which proved even more successful than Mr. Clive had thought.

Nearly all these scenes are founded on domestic fact.

You may remember the episode of the excessive garage bill. That was only a written-up version of what actually took place. A heavy bill did come in from their garage and Mr. Clive did not feel disposed to pay it.

Jeanne argued each item over the phone and then hit on the happy idea of making a broadcasting fee out of the incident.

When short of material she visits a great friend, a well-known actress who is just as hopeless. A visit to this friend generally results in Jeanne getting enough material for three or four scenes.

So that what you hear Mrs. Feather saying on the telephone has often taken place in Jeanne's home.

Miss de Casalis is a native of Basutoland but was educated in France. She intended her career to be serious, and studied the piano with a view to giving recitals.

# TELEVISION— is it coming soon?



Hermione Gingold—Mrs. Pullpleasure to listeners! fantastically attired for her television act. She is one of the most popular television acts

has to be taken with character costumes.

I was shown a number of photographs of people in costume, and it was pointed out how carefully they had to be dealt with.

It is practically impossible to secure a good effect with brilliantly coloured dresses, however artistic they may actually be.

I looked through a volume of photographs of costumes of various kinds and noticed definite lines of black had

was grace personified, but it was obvious she had to remember to compress it into a very small space.

Otherwise she would have found herself out of the range of the gun, in darkness, and consequently out of the picture altogether.

I think Miss Wilson had an easier time of it, despite her difficult feats, than Miss Darnac. She could at least content herself with an occasional glance towards the visor—like staring into a camera in order to have your eyes looking out of the picture in ordinary photography

On the other hand, I saw Miss Darnac deliberately stare into what I considered a blinding light while she sang "On the Steamer Coming Over."

I hate steamers, personally, but I would rather cross the channel on a rough night than look into that light with a drum "revving" away all the time.

As a matter of fact, nobody complains of it affecting their eyes.

I asked about the dancers, and learned that people like Adeline Genee, Karsavina, Alicia

**N**OT having seen any television for a considerable period, I went to No. 16 Portland Place the other day in order to see how it was getting on. That is the way people talk about it at the moment merely because it is not yet in the general programmes.

It was an illuminating hour (in more senses than one) spent in company with Eustace Robb who produces the television programmes for the B.B.C. I went to a rehearsal, not a transmission. As a matter of fact, rehearsals are sometimes more satisfactory to witness than actual performances.

I do not know how much television you have seen or how long it is since you saw any; my impression is that there have been many improvements. In the main, the same methods are used as at the beginning, but so many minor changes have been made that distortion has been eliminated. Certainly nothing that we saw could be called distortion.

The television department, which is part of the drama section, is in what was the drawing room of No. 16. There is a studio and a small control-room where the picture is shown. It is, therefore, possible to take a peep at an artist at work and then to run along and see what he looks like when televised.

As a matter of fact, the artist in this instance was a *she*—Yvette Darnac. I encountered her in the corridor. At first sight she seemed to be looking rather ill, but when I came up to her I found she was in full television make-up.

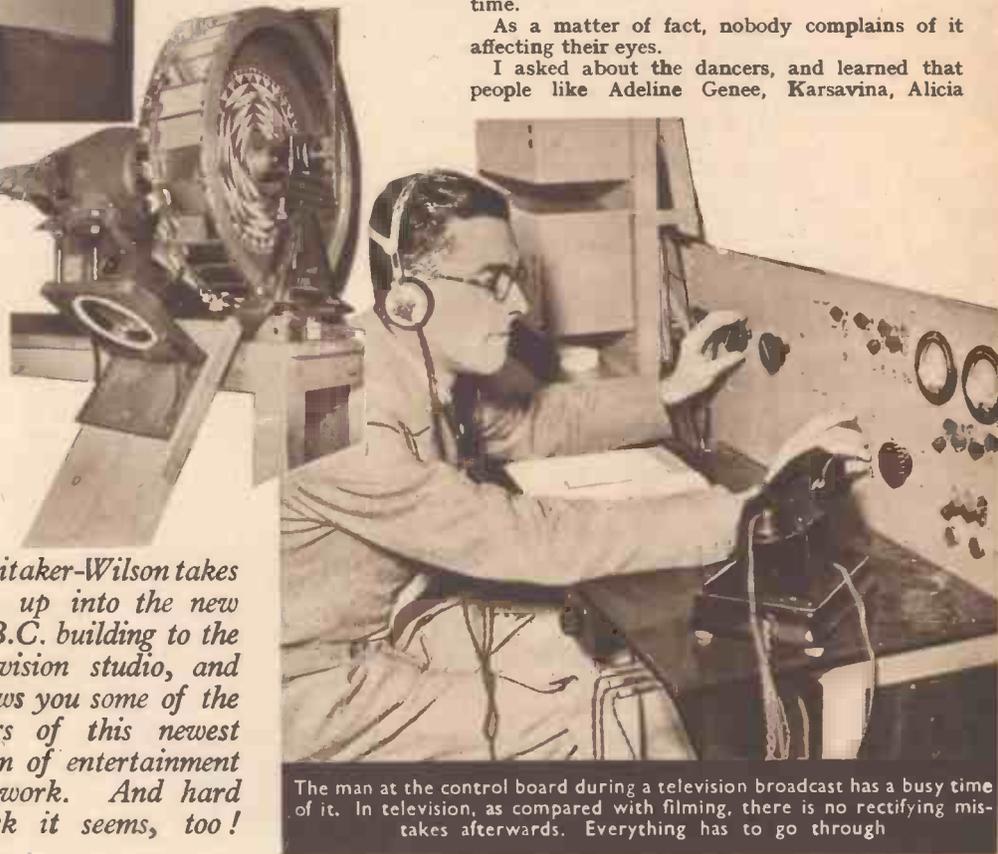
It is rather a ghastly business. Imagine any young girl with deep blue lips, eyelids an unpleasant mixture of blue and purple, eyebrows thickened and deepened; above all, two smears of blue, one on each side of her nose, the bridge of which was highly lighted with white. She seemed to take it all as a matter of course. Just as well, perhaps.

Apparently, for this purpose, red would be worse than useless. Red turns black in ordinary photographs but white in television. So that its use would simply mean the lips would appear pale and anaemic. In fact it would be better not to use make-up at all. Hence the blue.

I was surprised to find so much trouble was taken with the dresses. Not that you would expect anything carelessly done; the B.B.C. always takes every care over detail in a broadcast, no matter what it is.

All the same, the dresses in this instance seemed to be a very important point. As red turns white—in fact as any shade of or relation to the entire red family turns white (white, of course, remains so), it will be readily understood that great care

*Whitaker-Wilson takes you up into the new B.B.C. building to the television studio, and shows you some of the stars of this newest form of entertainment at work. And hard work it seems, too!*



The man at the control board during a television broadcast has a busy time of it. In television, as compared with filming, there is no rectifying mistakes afterwards. Everything has to go through

been inserted in all of them so that they should stand out clearly against the lighter hues which, of course, come out white in television. An ordinary pierrot costume is good for this reason.

Therefore, as variation must be secured at all costs, every kind of trick is played with lines, circles, triangles and other definite shapes. Some of the effects thus obtained are very attractive.

Dancing, as a form of radio entertainment, can hardly go very far. The Eight Step Sisters have done a little to make it feasible, but the fact that dancing is something to see rather than to hear makes their work difficult.

Television, on the other hand is, of course, an ideal medium for dancing. I watched Marian Wilson at work and was interested when I found she had to dance in a very small space.

You must understand that when a girl dances in a television studio she must obey strict rules. Her stage is minute and she must consider the televisor and its controller. The actual televisor—generally referred to as the *gun*—can be moved about smoothly and rapidly, but in a limited space only.

A good deal of time was spent in fixing Miss Wilson's entrances and exits. Her somersaulting

Markova (who, by the way, is actually English) have already danced in the television studio. Also the charming Danilova.

Amongst the general names are those of Mr. and Mrs. Mollison, Lupino Lane, John Tilley, and Carl Brisson.

Another point about television which interested me really constitutes one of the chief differences between televising and filming.

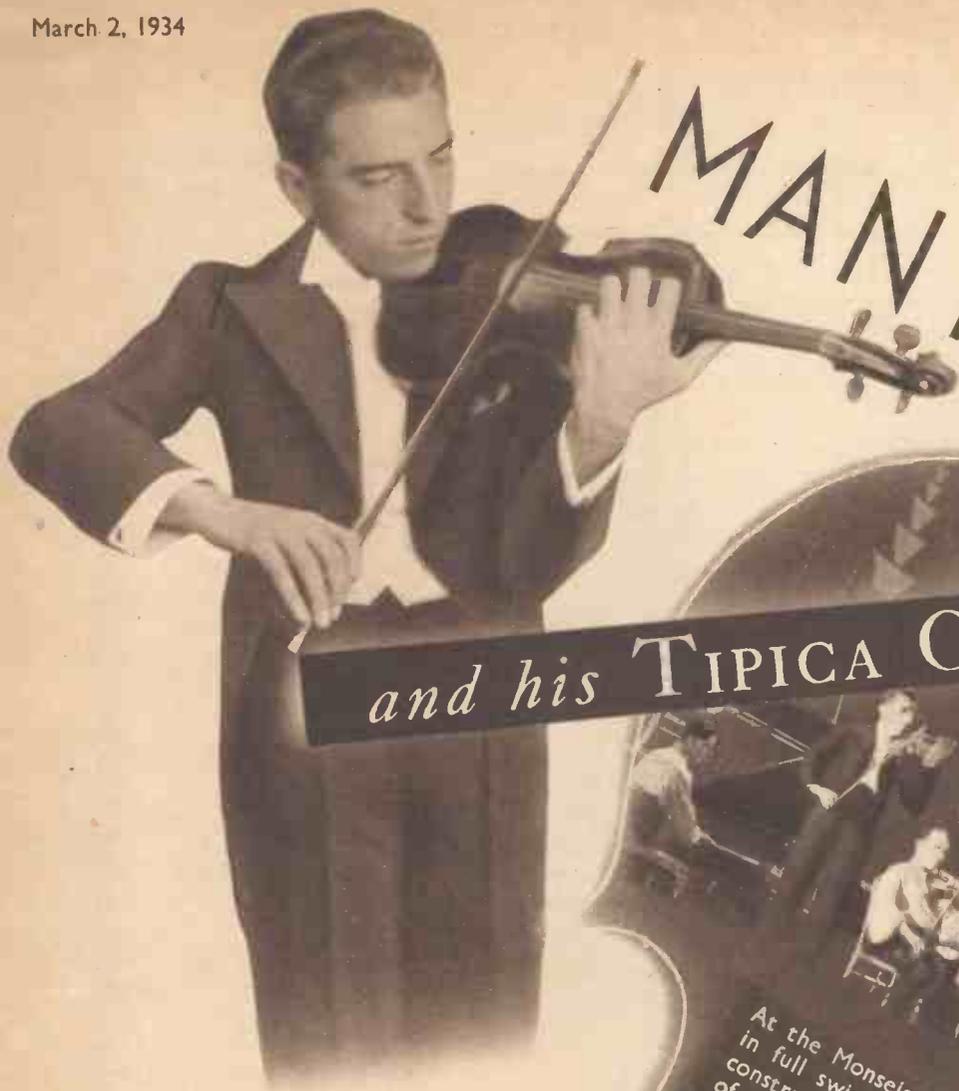
In filming, if there is something the producer does not like, it can be cut out and the film joined up again. Conversely, scenes can be repeated if required. In other words, the film can be worked on in a laboratory or even an office.

In television nothing of the kind can be done. Everything has to go through. The controller points the gun and takes the shot. We get the result. There is no tampering with any of it.

If a scene has to be changed, and it means altering anything in the studio, cards are used with captions printed on them. Just like the old film days.

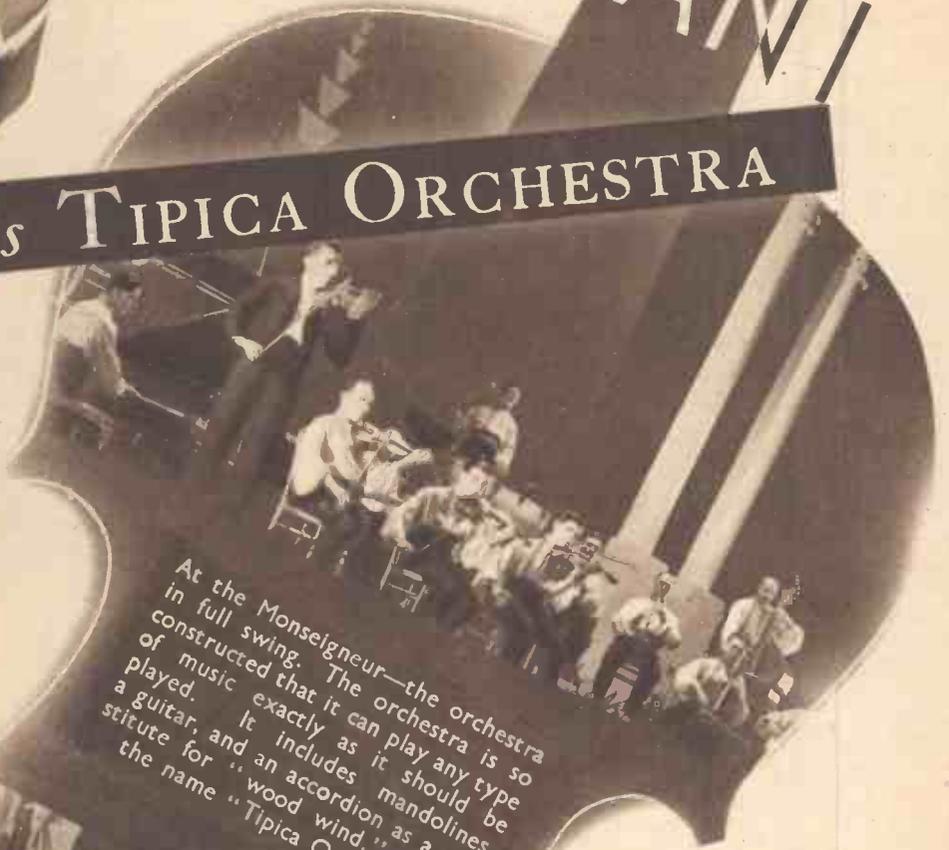
I saw and examined a number of these cards. They are exposed for a very short space of time, and behind them is the studio where a scene can be

*Continued on page 28*



# MANTOVANI

## and his TIPICA ORCHESTRA



At the Monseigneur—the orchestra is so constructed that it can play any type of music exactly as it should be played. It includes mandolines, a guitar, and an accordion as a substitute for "wood wind." Hence the name "Tipica Orchestra."



**MANTOVANI'S** appearance at the Monseigneur Restaurant began as an experiment. It was considered as by no means certain that the select audience of this type of restaurant would not be bored or annoyed by meal-time music! So he was engaged for one month's trial. That was three years ago—and he's still there! He believes in sweet music, soft, and soothing, that is as pleasurable for the home listener as the dancer or diner.

He was born in Venice, but came to England as a baby and has lived here all his life. He began learning the violin at the age of fourteen, and took his early lessons from his father.

# PROGRAMME HEADLINES of the WEEK

## NATIONAL

**SUNDAY (March 4).**—Orchestral Concert, from Eastbourne.

Tom Jones will give his last broadcast from the Grand Hotel, Eastbourne, and while listeners generally will, no doubt, regret his departure they will certainly hope that he may be heard again in the future from another centre. This is quite likely to be the case and it is equally likely that relays from the Grand Hotel will be resumed later, with a worthy successor to Tom Jones and Albert Sandler (whom the former succeeded) as the "star."

**MONDAY (March 5).**—The *Egypt's Gold*, a play by Terence Horsley.

A new microphone play which tells the story in dramatic form of the salvage of a million pounds in bullion from the liner *Egypt*. On May 20, 1922, *Egypt*, carrying treasure valued at £1,054,000, was in collision with a cargo steamer twenty-five miles off Ushant. A thick fog lay over the water and in twenty minutes of the collision the liner was at the bottom of the sea. Seven years later, salvage operations were begun. The finding of the wreck was to be the most difficult part of the venture, as the salvage crew could not count on more than ten working days of four hours each in a month. More than a year's search was involved; but at last, on August 30, 1930, the wreck was discovered in sixty-six fathoms (396 feet) of water. Terence Horsley, the author of the play, has made of it an intensely thrilling story. The producer will be Gordon Gildard.

**TUESDAY (March 6).**—An A. J. Alan story.

**WEDNESDAY (March 7).**—Variety programme.

Known to listeners as the director of the Casani Club Orchestra, which has been heard in afternoon broadcasts, Charlie Kunz will go to the microphone in a new rôle on March 7, when he is to take part in a variety programme on the National wavelength, playing syncopated piano selections. Another attraction in this programme will be the Two Leslies (Leslie Sarony and Leslie Holmes), who will sing their own songs and comper the programme.

**THURSDAY (March 8).**—Vocal and instrumental recital.

**FRIDAY (March 9).**—*Quarrel Island*, a play specially written for broadcasting by Norman Edwards.

**SATURDAY (March 10).**—Wales v. Ireland: a running commentary by Captain H. B. T. Wakelam, on the International Rugby Football match, relayed from St. Helens ground, Swansea (by courtesy of the Welsh Rugby Football Union).

## Dance Music of the Week

**Monday.** Jack Jackson and his Band (Dorchester Hotel)

**Tuesday.** Roy Fox and his Band (Café de Paris).

**Wednesday.** Lew Stone and his Band (from the B.B.C. Studios).

**Thursday.** 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).

## LONDON REGIONAL

**SUNDAY (March 4).**—A Religious Service, relayed from George Street Baptist Church, Plymouth.

**MONDAY (March 5).**—Chamber Music.

**TUESDAY (March 6).**—This Radio Racket, a Revue.

**WEDNESDAY (March 7).**—An A. J. Alan story.

**THURSDAY (March 8).**—*Quarrel Island*, a play specially written for broadcasting by Norman Edwards.

**FRIDAY (March 9).**—"Julian Wylie Presents" . . . feature programme.

**SATURDAY (March 10).**—*Cavalleria Rusticana* (Mascagni), relayed from Sadler's Wells.

## MIDLAND REGIONAL

**SUNDAY (March 4).**—A Roman Catholic Service, relayed from St. Chad's Cathedral, Birmingham.

**MONDAY (March 5).**—Guards Band Concert, relayed from the National Trades and Industrial Exhibition, Bingley Hall, Birmingham.

**TUESDAY (March 6).**—Orchestral Concert, from Leamington Spa.

**WEDNESDAY (March 7).**—The Worcester Festival Choral Society's Concert, relayed from the Public Hall, Worcester.

**THURSDAY (March 8).**—Symphony Concert, relayed from the Town Hall, Birmingham.

**FRIDAY (March 9).**—Three short plays: *The Fly on the Wall*, a comedy by Elizabeth Illingworth; *Suicide Party*, a comedy by Hatton Charles; and *In Our Philosophy*, a comedy by Elizabeth Illingworth, relayed from the Birmingham Repertory Theatre.

**SATURDAY (March 10).**—The Charcoal-Burner's Son, a dramatic story with music, by L. du Garde Peach and Victor Hely-Hutchinson.

## WEST REGIONAL

**SUNDAY (March 4).**—Religious Service, relayed from St. Mary's Parish Church, Swansea.

**MONDAY (March 5).**—Orchestral and Choral Concert.

**TUESDAY (March 6).**—I Fyny Llanarfon! (Up Llanarfon!), feature programme.

**WEDNESDAY (March 7).**—An Elizabethan Orchestral and Choral Concert.

**THURSDAY (March 8).**—Gwyl Ddewi'r Plant (Children's St. David's Day Festival), from the English Methodist Chapel, Tre-william, Rhondda.

**FRIDAY (March 9).**—The Adventures of Sir Goahead, by Dorothy Worsley; another unpardonable intrusion of the Children's Hour into the evening programme.

**SATURDAY (March 10).**—Sweet Susan Saucepan, a really rural and mainly musical tragi-comedy, by Heinrich Braun and L. E. Williams.

## NORTH REGIONAL

**SUNDAY (March 4).**—A Roman Catholic Service, relayed from St. Anne's Church, Liverpool.

**MONDAY (March 5).**—"Ten-twenty-thirty-four Years ago," Orchestral Concert.

**TUESDAY (March 6).**—*Samson and Delilah* (Saint-Saëns), relayed from the Town Hall, Leeds.

**WEDNESDAY (March 7).**—Variety programme, relayed from the Royalty Theatre, Chester.

**THURSDAY (March 8).**—The Carl Rosa Opera Company, relayed from the Grand Theatre, Leeds.

**FRIDAY (March 9).**—Orchestral Concert.

**SATURDAY (March 10).**—"Owt about Owt," feature programme.

## SCOTTISH REGIONAL

**SUNDAY (March 4).**—A Religious Service, relayed from Govan Old Church.

**MONDAY (March 5).**—Musical Comedy programme.

**TUESDAY (March 6).**—Orchestral Concert.

**WEDNESDAY (March 7).**—Songs from the Shires, vocal recital.

**THURSDAY (March 8).**—Variety programme.

**FRIDAY (March 9).**—Orchestral Concert.

**SATURDAY (March 10).**—Excerpt from the Glasgow Caledonian Strathspey and Reel Society, relayed from the St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow.

## BELFAST

**SUNDAY (March 4).**—Excerpts from Oratorio: orchestral concert.

**MONDAY (March 5).**—Orchestral Concert.

**TUESDAY (March 6).**—An A. J. Alan story, from London.

**WEDNESDAY (March 7).**—Odd Jobs, a comedy by Harry Sinton Gibson.

**THURSDAY (March 8).**—A Flute and Harp Recital.

**FRIDAY (March 9).**—A Relay from The Ballymena Philharmonic Society's Concert.

**SATURDAY (March 10).**—An Orchestral Concert, relayed from the Wellington Hall.



Stars of this week's National Programme: (from left to right) Lilia MacKinnon (Wednesday), Mavis Bennett (Sunday, 9.5 p.m.), Sumner Austin (Thursday, 9.35 p.m.) and Megan Thomas (Tuesday, 7.20 p.m.)

*Dance Music from the Continental Stations*

**SUNDAY**

Barcelona ... 7 p.m.  
Leipzig 10-12 midnight  
Reykjavik ... 8-10 p.m.  
Strasbourg ... 10.30 p.m.

**MONDAY**

Ljubljana ... 6 p.m.

**TUESDAY**

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

**WEDNESDAY**

Reykjavik ... 8 p.m.

**THURSDAY**

Pittsburgh ... 11.30 p.m.

**FRIDAY**

Ljubljana ... 9.10 p.m.

**SATURDAY**

Radio Normandy 12 midnight  
Reykjavik ... 8 p.m.

**SUNDAY (MARCH 4)**

**Athlone** (531 m.).—Concert of Old Favourites ... 1.45 p.m.  
**Barcelona** (377.4 m.).—Dance Music from the Hollywood Bar ... 7.0 p.m.  
**Berlin (Deutschlandsender)** (1,571 m.).—Concert with Solos ... 7.0 p.m.  
**Berlin (Funkstunde)** (356.7 m.).—Concert with Solos ... 7.0 p.m.  
**Brussels No. 1** (483.9 m.).—Concert from the Grand Hotel at Anvers ... 1.40 p.m.  
**Brussels No. 2** (321.9 m.).—Concert by I.N.R. Orchestra, conducted by M. P. Leemans ... 11.0 a.m.  
**Bucharest** (212.6 m.).—Concert ... 4.0 p.m.  
**Hamburg** (331.9 m.).—Harbour Concert ... 5.35 a.m.  
**Katowice** (395.8 m.).—Concert ... 1.5 p.m.  
**Leipzig** (382.2 m.).—Dance Music 10.0-12.0 (midnight)  
**Ljubljana** (569.3 m.).—Guitar Music ... 4.30 p.m.  
**Munich** (405.4 m.).—Concert, with soprano solos ... 3.0 p.m.  
**Poste Parisien** (312.8 m.).—Concert by Marius ... 11.30 p.m.  
**Radio Normandy** (206 m.).—Orchestra ... 9.30 p.m.  
**Reykjavik** (1,639 m.).—Dance Music ... 8.10 p.m.  
**Pittsburgh** (306 m.).—Cadillac Concert ... 11.0 p.m.

# Your Foreign Programme Guide

**Schenectady** (379.5 m.).—Gems of Melody ... 7.45 p.m.  
**Strasbourg** (349.2 m.).—Dance Music from the Savoy ... 10.30 p.m.  
**Toulouse** (335.2 m.).—Extracts from Comic Operas, Military Music ... 7.0-7.45 p.m.  
**Vienna** (506.8 m.).—Morning Concert ... 11.30 a.m.-1.30 p.m.  
**Warsaw** (1,415 m.).—Concert by H. Gold's Jazz Orchestra ... 2.20 p.m.

**MONDAY**

**Athlone** (531 m.).—Orchestra ... 10.10.30 p.m.  
**Barcelona** (377.4 m.).—Concert of Sardanas ... 8.30 p.m.  
**Bucharest** (212.6 m.).—Song and Piano Recital ... 7.45 p.m.  
**Frankfurt** (251 m.).—Brückner's 9th Symphony (first performance) ... 6.0 p.m.  
**Leipzig** (382.2 m.).—Orchestra ... 3.0 p.m.  
**Ljubljana** (569.3 m.).—Records ... 6.0 p.m.  
**Munich** (405.4 m.).—Spanish Guitar Music ... 4.50 p.m.  
**Radio Normandy** (206 m.).—Happy Hour ... 11.30 a.m.-12 (noon)  
**Reykjavik** (1,639 m.).—Radio Quartet ... 8.0 p.m.  
**Pittsburgh** (306 m.).—Salon Orchestra ... 11.30 p.m.  
**Schenectady** (379.5 m.).—Variety ... 12.45 a.m. (Tues.)  
**Strasbourg** (349.2 m.).—Cello Recital ... 9.0 p.m.

**TUESDAY**

**Athlone** (531 m.).—Popular Music ... 9.30 p.m.  
**Barcelona** (377.4 m.).—Musical Comedy ... 9.15 p.m.  
**Breslau** (315.8 m.).—D 40—a play (All German stations) ... 6 p.m.  
**Bucharest** (212.6 m.).—Orchestra ... 7.20 p.m.  
**Leipzig** (382.2 m.).—Organ Recital from the Capital Cinema ... 12.30 p.m.  
**Munich** (405.4 m.).—Late Concert ... 10.0-11.0 p.m.  
**Radio Normandy** (206 m.).—Dance Music ... 5.15 p.m.  
**Reykjavik** (1,639 m.).—Cello Solo, Songs and Dance Music ... 8.0 p.m.

**Pittsburgh** (306 m.).—Variety ... 11.30 p.m.  
**Schenectady** (379.5 m.).—Orchestra ... 1.0 a.m. (Wed.)  
**Strasbourg** (349.2 m.).—Variety ... 6.30 p.m.

**WEDNESDAY**

**Barcelona** (377.4 m.).—Orchestra ... 9.10 p.m.  
**Bucharest** (212.6 m.).—Light Music ... 4.0 p.m.  
**Hamburg** (331.9 m.).—*Godiva*—Opera ... 6.0 p.m.  
**Leipzig** (382.2 m.).—Wagner Concert ... 8.0 p.m.  
**Ljubljana** (569.3 m.).—Chamber Music ... 5.0 p.m.  
**Munich** (405.4 m.).—Records by Famous Italian Singers ... 5.30 p.m.  
**Radio Normandy** (206 m.).—Request Programme ... 11.30 a.m.-12 (noon)  
**Reykjavik** (1,639 m.).—Violin Solo, Arias and Dance Music ... 8.0 p.m.  
**Pittsburgh** (306 m.).—Amos'n Andy ... 12 (midnight)  
**Schenectady** (379.5 m.).—Variety ... 1.30 a.m. (Thurs.)  
**Strasbourg** (349.2 m.).—Concert from the Palais des Fêtes ... 8.30 p.m.

**THURSDAY**

**Athlone** (531 m.).—Light Music ... 9.45 p.m.  
**Barcelona** (377.4 m.).—Trio ... 6.0 p.m.  
**Breslau** (315.8 m.).—Concert ... 6.10 p.m.  
**Bucharest** (212.6 m.).—Orchestra ... 4.0 p.m.  
**Leipzig** (382.2 m.).—Concert of Marches ... 11.0 p.m.  
**Ljubljana** (569.3 m.).—Vocal Quintet ... 7.30 p.m.  
**Munich** (406.4 m.).—Concert ... 10.0 p.m.  
**Radio Normandy** (206 m.).—Syn-copated Piano Selections ... 11.30 p.m.-midnight  
**Reykjavik** (1,639 m.).—Radio Quartet ... 8.0 p.m.  
**Pittsburgh** (306 m.).—Salon Orchestra ... 11.30 p.m.  
**Schenectady** (379.5 m.).—Variety ... 12.45 a.m. (Fri.)  
**Strasbourg** (349.2 m.).—Bertioz Concert ... 8.30 p.m.

**FRIDAY**

**Athlone** (531 m.).—Light Orchestra ... 9.30 p.m.  
**Barcelona** (377.4 m.).—Café Concert ... 10.10 p.m.  
**Bucharest** (212.6 m.).—Philharmonic Concert ... 7.0 p.m.  
**Leipzig** (382.2 m.).—*The Merry Wives of Windsor*—Opera (Nicolai) ... 7.10 p.m.  
**Ljubljana** (569.3 m.).—Dance Music ... 9.10 p.m. (approx.)  
**Munich** (405.4 m.).—Old English Harpischord ... 4.50 p.m.  
**Radio Normandy** (206 m.).—Military Band ... 11.30 a.m.-12.0 (noon)  
**Reykjavik** (1,639 m.).—By the Fireside ... 7.30 p.m.  
**Pittsburgh** (306 m.).—Music by Geishwin ... 12.30 a.m. (Sat.)  
**Schenectady** (379.5 m.).—Cities Service Concert ... 1.0 a.m.  
**Strasbourg** (349.2 m.).—Light Music ... 5.0 p.m.

**SATURDAY**

**Athlone** (531 m.).—Orchestra ... 9.45 p.m.  
**Barcelona** (377.4 m.).—English Programme by the I.B.C. ... 12.0 (midnight)  
**Berlin (Deutschlandsender)** (1,571 m.).—Programme of Music (All German stations) ... 6.0 p.m.  
**Breslau** (315.8 m.).—Concert ... 6.10 a.m.  
**Bucharest** (212.6 m.).—Light Music ... 4.0 p.m.  
**Frankfurt** (251 m.).—Variety ... 8.10 p.m.  
**Leipzig** (382.2 m.).—Popular Concert ... 3.0-4.30 p.m.  
**Ljubljana** (569.3 m.).—The Station Orchestra ... 7.0 p.m.  
**Munich** (405.4 m.).—Light Music ... 12.35 p.m.  
**Radio Normandy** (206 m.).—Dance Music ... 12.0 (midnight)  
**Reykjavik** (1,639 m.).—Gramophone and Dance Music ... 8.0 p.m.  
**Pittsburgh** (306 m.).—Orchestra ... 12.0 (midnight)  
**Schenectady** (379.5 m.).—Variety ... 1 a.m. (Sun.)  
**Strasbourg** (349.2 m.).—Symphony Concert ... 5.0 p.m.  
**Stuttgart** (522.6 m.).—Variety Programme ... 8.10 p.m.



Soffi Schoning broadcasts on Monday, 9.15 p.m. (London Regional); Leslie England every day this week at 6.30 p.m. (National); Jan Berenska on Tuesday (Midland Regional); and Vivienne Bennett on Friday (Midland Regional)

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Payne  
(Right)



# RADIO

Hervione Gingold  
and Eric Maschwitz



Jeanne de Casalis and  
Colin Clive



Mr. and Mrs.  
Christopher Stone



Claude Hulbert  
and Enid Trevor  
(Right)



# DID YOU KNOW T

(Left) Muriel George and Ernest Butcher

(Right) Alice Moxon and Stuart Robertson

# ROMANCES

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hylton (Right)

Jean Allistone and Tommy Handley (Right)

# HAT THEY'RE HUSBANDS & WIVES?

(Left) Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson

(Right) Mr. and Mrs. John Tilley





*He snapped back before he could stay himself,  
"Them us ask fevrest questions will hear the  
fewest lies"*

**T**HE man peeped out between the torn slats of the Venetian blinds. A strange street in a small provincial town.

A mean street with clusters of houses in rows; small houses; little houses where people with little minds lived, and every mind capable of reading the newspaper.

That was the point!

He caressed his newly-grown beard affectionately. It was his mask, a disguise; and he had been lucky to grow it so quickly. A week ago he had been John Lime, a London tradesman, living in a smug house in a smug road. To-day he was James Long, a commercial traveller, on business near Hull.

John Lime had died.

Every newspaper had been full of it.

James Long had read the details in a panic. Had read them furtively, as he stayed behind drawn blinds. Those newspapers which bore details of the crime.

James Long had been intensely interested in John Lime. John Lime had been recovered dead from a burning house. He had been terribly burnt about the face. Later it had been discovered that he had died before the flames touched him. His skull was fractured.

The last man calling at that house had been Charles Horder.

His eyes narrowed a little as he thought of it.

Charles Horder who had lent him money, and who had helped him out of a dozen difficult holes, and who had recently become astoundingly close-fisted. How he had hated Horder!

Hatred is a strange and difficult emotion, and it is born swiftly between lender and borrower. For years his own business had been tottering; he had sunk to little tricks,

# Murder...

## by Radio

little mean tricks, and had always hoped that a rise in the turn of trade would help him to cover his own deficiencies.

**B**ut hard times had persisted. He had stolen a little. He had made shady deals; Horder had pressed for payment, and, being unable to pay, he had flogged his brain for a way out.

He had called it the gentle art of persuasion; the police call it blackmail!

Well, was not his own wife a pretty girl, a young and innocent girl with no idea of her husband's peculiar proclivities? The thing had been easily worked, seeing that the victims were so easy.

Horder had been sorry for Elsie; Elsie had liked him. John had blackmailed Horder, and had done it very successfully.

Then that last evening he had turned on John.

Horder with a four-figure wallet full. "Why should I pay you? There's no truth in it. I'm not afraid. You know what the police do to men like you?"

To see the money so near and slipping through his hands had been maddening.

It was something with which you could not cope; John had tried to stay the devil within him; he had argued and had persisted, then something snapped in his own brain. He saw Horder lying there with his skull shattered.

He knew he had precious little time. Craft. Cunning. Plot and counter-plot filled his brain.

He must save himself at any cost.

He took the wallet and emptied it.

He changed clothes with the dead man, leaving his own identity there upon the corpse. He was quick about it, working with deft fingers and now only concerned for his own skin. Last of all, he overturned the little lamp at the corner, shut the door and slipped out into the street:

**F**rom a mile away he saw the flames rising and the curl of blue smoke. He heard the clang of fire engines racing to the scene.

Next day in lodgings in a strange town he saw his own picture, "the murdered man,"

# A New Radio Short Story by URSULA BLOOM

and he saw a description of Horder "wanted for the murder of John Lime."

In the intervening hours he had had time to reflect upon the crime. He had turned panicky.

He had got cold feet.

He had moved from place to place, restless and uncertain; he had felt a certain faint security when his beard started to grow and he could read with a grim irony the description of his own funeral and how Elsie had looked, and the details of the inquest.

Funny, that!

**S**itting here in lodgings and reading all about your funeral! Well, if he had not had a spurious burial he would have had a real one. One with a grave dug before he died, and the prison chaplain mouthing banalities, and the irksome attentions of the common hangman.

He'd prepared for that. In the corner of his waistcoat pocket was a tiny wisp of paper and lying inside it a sprinkling of white powder.

Cyanide.

Cyanide is swift and astonishingly merciful. He'd defeat the hangman, he told himself.

But now he felt safeish. Much safer than he had felt last week before the beard grew, and before he was quite certain that the guilt had been laid upon his victim.

The police were searching diligently for Charles Horder. They'd have a job to find him, too; they'd never think of looking in John Lime's grave.

In the corner of the poor little lodgings stood the portable radio, which Mrs. Maclean, the woman whose house it was, had insisted might "amuse him some" in the evenings.

He'd got enough to think of without wireless. Quite enough!

She opened the door and came in with the japanned tray, all his supper spread out on it.

A bottle of pickles, a piece of cheese and the loaf. Some cold bully beef in slices.

Not very appetising, and this last week he had been off his food.

"You have not got the wireless on?" she said.

"No, I was reading."

She eyed him furtively. He had not cared for the way she looked at him. Damn it all, was the woman suspicious?

Or was it his own guilty conscience that worried him? Easy to jump at wrong conclusions.

He thought that she watched him closely as she spread the starched cloth across the wooden table. Too closely.

"They have not found the murderer yet," she said at last.

"What murderer?"

"That man Horder. There's a rumour that he is up here in the North. Maybe 'tis but a rumour.

"Maybe," he said.

Again he was grimly conscious that she was watching him. He laid down his book.

"What are you looking at?" he asked.

**S**he jumped a little. "I was not knowing what I was doing," she said, and reddened. "I was just interested in you. Most of my lodgers tell me things about themselves. You don't tell me nothing. I was wondering if you had a wife, where you come from, what you are doing?"

He snapped back before he could stay himself, "Them as ask fewest questions will hear the fewest lies."

It was a mistake, of course. He knew that afterwards when she slid the door to, and he

saw her face for a moment again looking at him with that strange look.

He was a fool. He could not afford to snap. He could not be too careful.

He told himself that maybe it was just the curiosity of a woman who had little in her life. He had been a fool to be suspicious.

If she wanted him to have the wireless on, then he'd put it on.

Before sitting down to the unpalatable meal, he turned on the radio. Music. Strumming in some London hotel.

He need not listen and it would at least keep her quiet.

**H**e ate lethargically. He did not know what the food tasted of. He didn't care. He supposed that the strain was telling and that now he was comparatively safe he could afford to relax. Later, he heard the news coming through. News! As if he had not heard enough of it in the last few days! News, as if it had not scared him enough!

God, what he had been through!

"The Lime murder." He listened indifferently.

"Further sensational discoveries have been made and the police have asked us to broadcast a description of the missing man. It is not Charles Horder, as has previously been circulated. Charles Horder was the victim, and John Lime they are convinced was the murderer.

"The police have purposely circulated a false description with the idea of giving the murderer confidence, and now are hoping to make an arrest within the next few hours. John Lime may have grown a beard and is believed to be staying in lodgings in the North, possibly in the Hull region."

There followed a distressingly accurate description of him and his clothes.

The last piece of cheese fell to the plate.

He knew that in that instant he had been shattered.

Sentence of death. That was what the radio had pronounced.

He had lived in his fool's paradise, and his fool's paradise was crumbling about him. It was the end.

He got up like an old man and tip-toed to the venetian blind. He peered again through the mean street.

Wetness. Silver threads of rain showing against the night sky. Shimmer of wet windows and of gleaming streets. And all streets leading to the hangman's platform and those last grim attentions.

The light shone on something which gleamed with a horrid reminder. It was a policeman's cape and helmet. The policeman was standing on the very step. Across the road another policeman was looking up an entry in a small notebook.

John Lime knew what the entry was. It was a perfectly accurate description of himself.

**T**hey had been clever, those police. They had let him live in his fool's paradise. Never mind, he would cheat them yet! He fumbled in his pocket for the wisp of paper, untwisted it in haste and groped his way to the table for the water carafe.

At the very moment that he felt it on his tongue, he heard the rap on the door.

Mrs. Maclean went to the door herself. She saw the policeman standing there with a book in his hand.

"You'll excuse me," he said, "but we were making a collection from door to door for the police orphanage fund. We wondered if you'd be so good as to spare us a small donation?"

Upstairs there was the sound of somebody falling.

## HERE AND THERE

HELLO, CHILDREN!

I am sorry to have to tell you that our Government is having a disagreement with France about the way British goods are being treated across the Channel.

We think there is a bit of favouritism going on; they think we are being very unreasonable.

We are very sorry to be having this squabble with the French just now, because they have had quite enough troubles of their own lately. As I said in my last wireless talk, there has been street fighting in Paris and a general strike for twenty-four hours.

The truth of the matter is that the French have for some months been very displeased with their Government.

The average Frenchman has said something like this: "The Members of Parliament cannot make up their minds to balance the French budget, so they talk and talk and

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

talk, and meanwhile the Government is spending more money than it is getting in in taxation.

"Secondly, it looks as if Germany is going to arm up again; what is my Government doing about that?" said the Frenchman.

"Thirdly, we are the last great country in the world whose money is on the gold standard and a lot of our gold is going to the United States of America; if we came off the gold standard the francs in my pocket would be worth less.

"What is the Government going to do about that? One way and another," said the Frenchman, "I don't feel very safe."

It was when he was saying and thinking this sort of thing that it came out that a man called Stavisky had swindled a great many people, and it was whispered about that some of the politicians had been his friends and had prevented him from being found out.

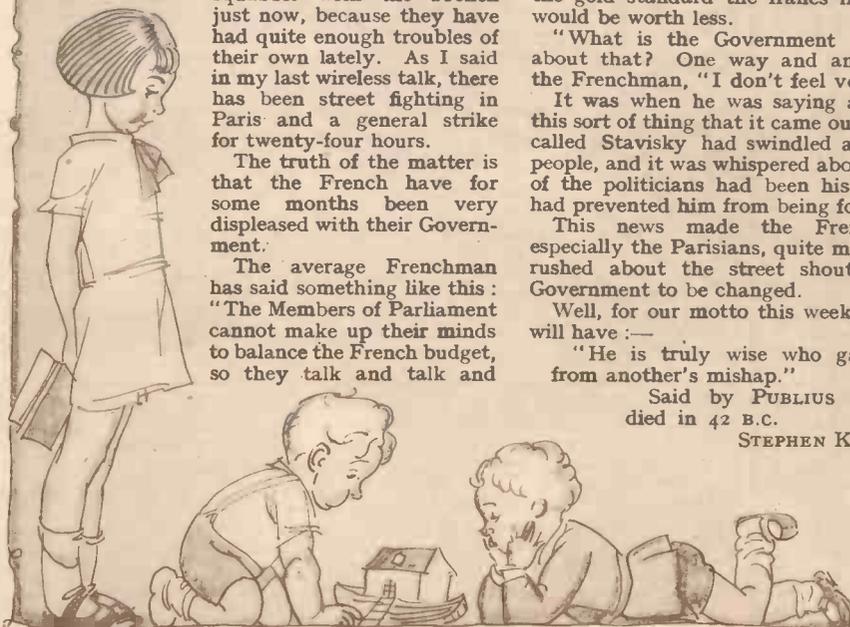
This news made the French people, especially the Parisians, quite mad, and they rushed about the street shouting for the Government to be changed.

Well, for our motto this week, I think we will have:—

"He is truly wise who gains wisdom from another's mishap."

Said by PUBLIUS SYRUS, who died in 42 B.C.

STEPHEN KING-HALL.



WHAT does the young listener want?

That is a question which, judging from the programmes, the B.B.C. executive seldom asks itself.

True, there is a daily Children's Hour for the very young, and nightly relays of dance music from one or other of the West End hotels that presumably owe their position in the programme to the traditional delight of young people in dancing, and again there are from time to time eye-witness accounts of sporting contests—brilliantly done, too—and occasional talks by leading exponents of different games. But otherwise there is precious little put into the programmes with the express intention of pleasing my generation of listeners.

Our ears are never wooed with a "Young Evening," though I should have thought that space could have been found for such a programme; say, once a month.

Instead, the B.B.C. cater for our parents rather than for us. Of course, this attitude is quite understandable, in a way.

There are many more middle-aged people in the world than there are young; moreover, they are the regular wireless patrons, who are nearly always to be found at home in the evenings, and who openly depend upon the wireless to provide them with their after-supper entertainment. Whereas young people are notoriously restless and eager to "do things, and go places." Instead of

Frankau, another famous child of a famous father; or Emlyn Williams, the young actor and playwright, whose new play, *Spring 1600*, has just been produced with conspicuous success in London; or Giles Playfair, who made a great reputation for himself a year or two ago as an orator up at Oxford.

Which brings me to my next suggestion that the B.B.C. should run a series of debates between the universities; not only Oxford and Cambridge, but every university in Great Britain should be invited to select their representatives, who, in turn, would be representative of the Younger Point of View. Thus the whole youth of the country would be put in the debt of the B.B.C. for allowing it to have its say over the ether at last.

Further, I think it would be an excellent plan to institute a Young Parliament that would meet from time to time on the wireless and discuss the burning topics of the hour, and in an hour present our solutions to the manifold problems of life; and, incidentally, propagate the faiths and beliefs of the coming generation.

I am sure that such a feature would be tremendously popular with young listeners, who, in future, really would listen in regularly; and, on the other hand, I cannot believe that such a programme would seriously either annoy or incon-

Godfrey Winn  
(Paul Tanqueray photo)



# What the YOUNG Listener WANTS

staying at home quietly in the evenings, we go out most nights to a movie or theatre or dance, or even just to stand about the streets, and return home only to go to bed, too tired, ironically, even to listen to the dance music.

And so the official B.B.C. attitude in regard to young people has come into being; that since we are so inclined to ignore the programmes, it is only right and proper that we ourselves should be ignored. Now there is justice and reason in that attitude, I admit, though I can't help feeling that we are the victims of a vicious circle.

In other words, if the B.B.C. provided programmes, even occasionally, for youth, youth would listen.

As it is, we are driven out of the room by the sound of some elderly professor's dictatorial diatribe on a subject, not necessarily highbrow, I agree, but one that is usually right outside either our knowledge or, more important still, our youthful sympathies.

Of course, I know that the B.B.C., being a great public institution, has to speak with the voice of authority, and authority usually only comes with the years.

Experts, for obvious reasons, are seldom young people, and that is the reason why, I suppose, nearly all the speakers on the wireless sound, at any rate, so desperately and definitely old.

How we long instead to hear a young voice, an eager voice, a rebellious voice!

How we long to hear, occasionally, our own point of view, our own feelings, our own aspirations put forward by fellow-members of our own generation!

How we long to have the eternal conflict between the generations, that conflict that has been summed up for all time in the French proverb: *Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait*; clarified and constructively treated in a series of debates and discussions between our exponents as well as our opponents.

There are numerous young speakers and thinkers to-day, who have more than proved their right to the microphone by their performances on public platforms, but who are strenuously barred by the B.B.C., presumably because of the so-called handicap of their years, which, incidentally, is no longer regarded as a handicap by the newspapers and the entertainment world generally. Take, as an example, Randolph Churchill, brilliantly following in his father's footsteps, or Pamela

venience the older generation of listeners. At the best they would be stimulated and interested and amused, at the worst they can switch on to the other wavelength for an hour.

Don't misunderstand me.

I am not suggesting for a moment that programmes by young people for young people should be allowed to dominate the ether—that would be neither politic nor practical—but I do think that the Olympian utterances of the experts might

by Godfrey WINN

occasionally be leavened by a series of confessions by people who are still in the process of wooing success and carving out a career for themselves.

My contemporaries, I am sure, would be frantically interested in the account of how a young author wrote his first novel, or what an actor felt like rehearsing his first part, or a barrister carrying out his first brief in court, or a newly fledged architect building his first house, or even a young tennis player's first appearance at Wimbledon. Such experiences, such reminiscences would sound an echo in our own hearts.

The experts are so aloof. We can't make friends with them, whereas we can with people who are doing the same things that we are trying to do. What I Want To Do With My Life—what a wonderful series that would make from the point of view of the younger listener, who would feel a fellow-sympathy and comprehension of the speaker's aspirations.

Or, again, why couldn't a dozen famous people look back—for our benefit—on the turning-point in their career?

There are so many ways that the B.B.C. could interest and win the support of my generation, if they only set out deliberately to do so.

It is wrong to think that we only want to be amused by dance music and variety performances.

We want to be educated, too, as the amazing response to the German lessons prove (forty thousand people, I understand, wrote in for the accompanying booklets, and it stands to reason that a large proportion of these were young men and women, eager to take the opportunity of widening their saleable knowledge), but at the same time the pill, like all pills administered for

the good of the young, to be swallowed easily, is best coated with jam.

For example, it is hopeless to try and educate and improve our taste in reading by the device of keeping the weekly book talks solely on high-brow works and ignoring completely the very existence of all novels.

Now I daresay a lot of novels are trash—including my own!—but you won't stop people reading novels merely by refusing to mention their existence. Further, the only result of this present policy is that we don't listen to the books talk at all. Whereas if, instead, the B.B.C. were to provide us with a weekly library list that contained the best of the new novels as well as of non-fiction works, well, we would swallow the pill—whole.

And, in consequence, our standard of reading would improve unconsciously. Gradually we would come to reject instinctively anything that wasn't really first class.

There isn't much more space for further suggestions of what the younger listener wants, and so seldom gets, but I would like just to mention one or two more ideas, like dressmaking classes for the girls, and the internal workings of a motor-car or cycle for the boys; and for both a hiker's guide, which would prove invaluable this spring and summer.

Couldn't what Mais did in his *Unknown England* series be carried one stage further, or, rather, couldn't England be re-discovered from the hiker's point of view?

Couldn't the map be divided up into districts and each one in turn "surveyed" for the benefit of prospective walkers, who would naturally be interested to hear not only about possible routes, but also about pretty objects and landmarks to look out for *en route*? If the B.B.C. would do something on these lines, I am certain that it would meet with a very grateful response.

In conclusion, I should like to add that I have not written this article in a mood of carping criticism, but simply to try and effect a liaison between the B.B.C. and young listeners. I don't suggest that the blame for this state of affairs should be exclusively placed on the shoulders of the powers that be; on the contrary, I know only too well how absurdly hard to please we young people are, and I am not surprised that the B.B.C. should choose to ignore us for the most part and concentrate on pleasing the older listener, who is less critical, and much more consistent, too.

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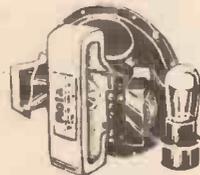
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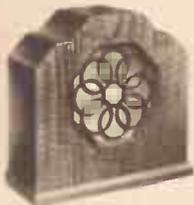
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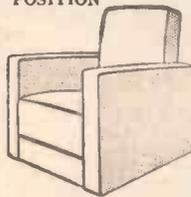
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And what amazing value this new Berkeley production offers. The materials and workmanship are of the highest quality. The seat is not only perfectly sprung, but is ALL-HAIR stuffed. The back is also sprung and deeply upholstered. Both back and seat are quickly detachable from the main frame which makes for very easy, thorough cleaning. Coverings are the very latest and most fashionable designs in multi-coloured Repp in a variety of shades. Other Coverings are Damask, Tapestry, etc. Fitted with concealed castors which raise chair 1 1/2 in. from the floor. Send Coupon for Catalogue of all Models and Patterns from which to choose your own Coverings.

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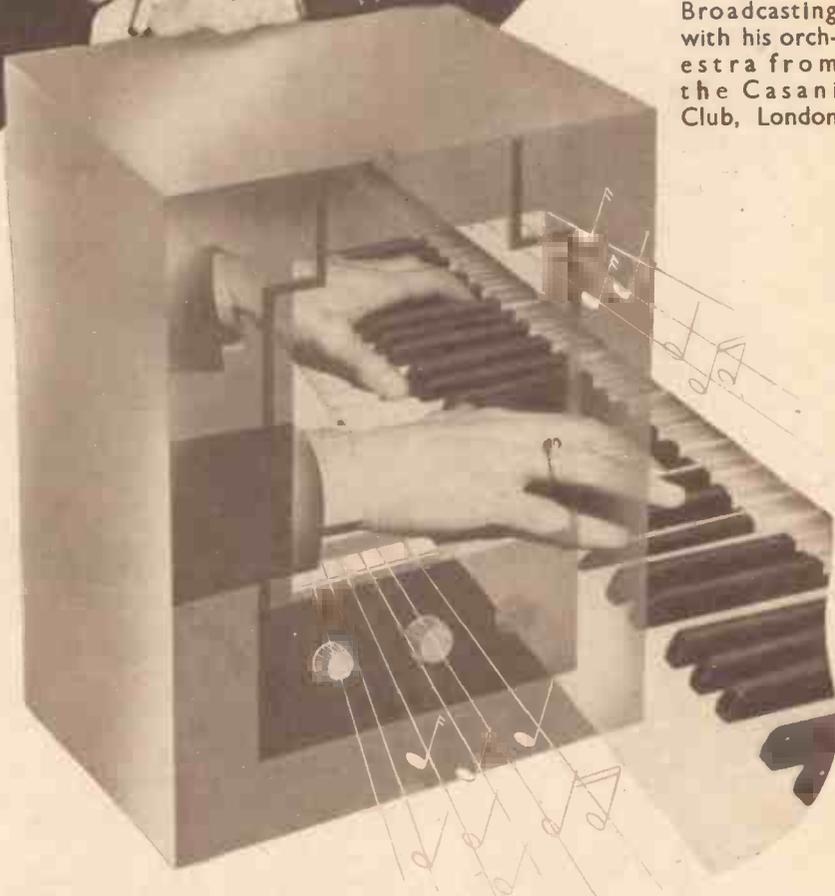
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NAME.....  
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Radio Pictorial



# LISTENERS want Melody, says Charlie Kunz

Broadcasting  
with his orch-  
estra from  
the Casani  
Club, London



**M**Y own radio début with the newly formed Casani Club Orchestra took place at a time when London was in the throes of a "hot versus melody" controversy.

Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington—high priests of hot music—had caused quite a sensation in London. Each was the originator of a style, but in each case the style was distinctly representative of ultra-modern rhythmic music, popularly known as "hot jazz."

These coloured artists have expressed themselves in a manner which proved to be a valuable contribution to modern music. Their ideas have had a definite influence on modern dance orchestration as we know it to-day.

That they enjoy comparatively small public appreciation is not surprising as pioneers of a new style. Even in America, with its cosmopolitan public and wider field for exploiting modern music, these bands have a small following compared with the tremendous popularity of "melody" orchestras. I refer to Guy Lombardo, Rudy Vallee, and Wayne King, whose eminently musical bands are known to gramophone fans and owners of short-wave sets.

I was already convinced through practical experience that listeners wanted a type of dance music they could understand. With London still excited over America's representative "hot" bands, I made my first broadcast with my Casani Club Orchestra and gave listeners—the melody.

In musical circles some spoke unkindly of my band. Uncharitable critics said it was

old-fashioned. To quote American expressions now found in the dance musician's vocabulary, they said I was "corn-fed" and "honky-tonk," which means unsophisticated. For all that I gave my listening public the melody backed up with a good "swing" rhythm.

The result was unanimous approval. My fan mail, for which I was totally unprepared, reached a magnitude that required an office staff to handle. My listeners took the trouble to express their appreciation of my music. But they probably did not notice the secret of its general appeal—the melody.

It may have been fortunate for me that so much "hot" music was heard at the time. In all probability my simple treatment of popular tunes stood out by distinct contrast against the highly involved rhythms and unintelligible solos of the "hot" instrumentalists.

**O**n the other hand, I am still convinced that a measure of success would have been my reward for giving listeners straightforward interpretations of popular tunes.

You will agree with me that simple melodies like "Tipperary" and "Long, Long Trail" played a mighty part in the Great War. They were never jazzed-up. (Pardon the expression!)

The original melodies were sung, note for note, as they were originally composed. Nobody thought of distorting these tunes by singing their own musical versions of them.

That is why they still live in our memory to-day. After all, the only means you have of recognizing and learning a song is by

hearing the melody. Dance bands to-day have a habit of exercising their musical licence to distort the original tune. The result, whether you like it or not, is their own interpretation. In many cases the composer is unable to recognise his own tune and in most cases the listener is uninterested because it has no appeal to his musical appreciation.

For this reason my own piano solos, which are a feature of my programmes, embody a simple rhythmic style with the melody predominating. These solos never take the form of a display of firework technique. Listeners do not particularly want to hear me play.

You want, primarily, to hear *what I am playing!*

The Britisher must have a song to sing—something simple and easy to learn.

Even the errand boy must have something to whistle.

It is characteristic of the race.

*But the masses, highbrow and lowbrow, representative of all classes, are not interested in the highly involved patterns of ultra-modern dance music.*

They never were and never will be.

What they want is a simple, appealing tune. I think it is the band leader's job to give it to them.

**W**ith this idea in mind, the popular song is written, composed, and published. It has been proved that the public wants its music in a melodious form, easy to understand. By what right, therefore, can we broadcasting bands, servants of the listening millions, distort these tunes until they have no further significance?

It is generally believed that jazz, born in the post-war era, is the musical expression of a neurotic age.

This may be true.

But take your mind back to the days of "Tiger Rag," when dance music was comparatively barbaric, with no definite orchestral foundation; when noise from drums and shrieks from clarinets were the hall-mark of sophistication; when jazz (or ragtime, as it was then called) was not tempered with any musical restraint.

Even then, the greatest song hits of the time were delightful compositions, such as "Dearest," "Whispering," and "Moonlight."

You remember them?

Of course you do, because they were melody numbers with appealing tunes, like the immortal "Lily of Laguna."

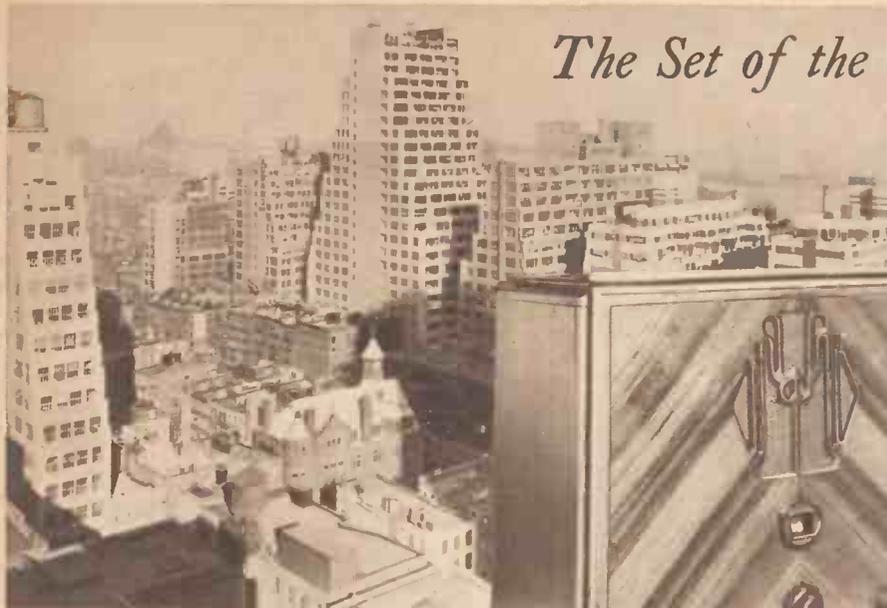
**I**f you doubt whether the great British public wants a melody before anything else, you have only to hear "Lily of Laguna" played in any music hall, cinema, or dance hall.

The audience will instantaneously sing or whistle it.

Like "Land of Hope and Glory," it has attained the significance of a national song by reason of its appealing melody and, more important still, because it was always played and sung in its natural melodic form.

Dance music, on the other hand, must be rhythmic.

But the musical material we use for dancing is the popular song. Apart from the rhythm which distinguishes dance bands from other orchestras, the melody of the popular song must have primary consideration if it is to appeal to both dancers and listeners alike.



*The Set of the Week*

*Lissen Skyscraper Kit for Mains-users*

*This kit for home-construction will interest the handy-man of the home*

**H**ANDY men who like to build their own receivers from kits of parts will be interested in the set which is the subject of this week's test—the Lissen A.C. Safety Skyscraper.

Thousands of listeners have made up the battery driven version of this fine Skyscraper kit and now here is a version for mains users.

The accompanying photograph gives you a good idea of the cabinet work which is neatly designed. The metal chassis of the set is housed in a neat walnut table console cabinet.

The loud-speaker is placed above the receiver and its controls.

While any radio enthusiast who is handy with ordinary tools can make this receiver in an easy evening's work, any member of the family can operate the set and get good results from it. The controls are not only neatly arranged but simple to operate. There is a main tuning knob in the centre with, superimposed, a trimmer knob for fine tuning. The volume control is on the left and the wave-changing switch on the right.

In these days of economy there is a great deal to be said for the kit set idea, for this kit complete with valves costs only £7 19s. 6d., which is remark-

able value for money, in view of the fact that from the kit of parts supplied it is possible for any handy-man to build a fine mains driven receiver.

The circuit is very sensitive so that there is no need to have a large aerial. A mains aerial connection is provided which is a feature likely to be appreciated by flat-dwellers. There are also three aerial tapplings so that you can get exactly the right amount of sensitivity with any length of aerial.

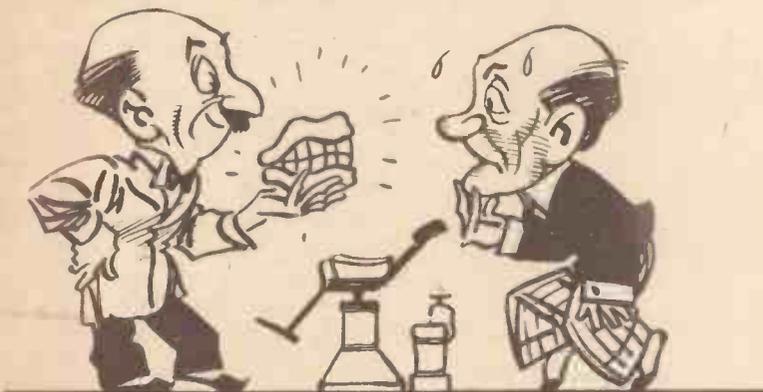
A set of this type is likely to be used by many listeners who want to take advantage of the fact that an external loud-speaker can also be used. An additional speaker can be used with the Skyscraper without any alteration to the wiring, and the internal speaker can be cut out if it is desired to use the external one alone.

Don't be afraid of fusing the mains by mis-using this set. It is built to the very highest requirements of safety and there is even a fuse in the mains plug connection itself.

Quality should please even fastidious listeners and selectivity is very good with the Skyscraper so that you will not be troubled with the stations coming in one on the other.

**THE SET IN BRIEF**

Makers. Lissen, Ltd.  
 Model. LN8031.  
 Price. Kit complete with valves, £7 19s. 6d.  
 Type. Table-console type with self-contained moving-coil loud-speaker and all-mains equipment.



**ARE YOU THINKING of BUYING a NEW SET?**

It's a very difficult job trying to make up one's mind as to the radio set to decide upon finally. The "Wireless Magazine" have a service—the "W.M." Set Selection Bureau—which is free to all readers. In the March issue is a free entry form which asks you to give full information about the kind of set you want—price, locality, etc., and the WIRELESS MAGAZINE Set Selection Bureau will tell you exactly the best receiver for the money you have to spend. Get a copy of the March issue, on sale to-day—it contains 40 articles of importance and interest to all set owners.

**WIRELESS MAGAZINE**  
 MARCH ISSUE — PRICE 1/-

**MAN**  
*What's the Matter With YOU?*

**NERVE AND VIGOUR GONE !!!**

DO you dare ask yourself why your health and strength are failing? Look at yourself in a mirror and ask what's wrong. Why are you not able to achieve success and get the joy out of life? Do you realise the danger you are in by neglecting yourself? Is it Nervousness? Weakness? Constipation? Rupture? Indigestion? Rheumatism? Are you flat-chested, round shouldered, too thin or too stout? No matter what is wrong with you, I can help you to get rid of your weakness or ailment.

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IT has lifted thousands of weak, ailing, impotent men out of despair and placed them on the Road to Health, Success, and Happiness. Strongfortism has restored the Manhood they thought was lost for ever, and given them renewed vitality, ambition, and power. It can do the same for you, irrespective of your age, occupation, or surroundings. I GUARANTEE IT. It was through the Strongfortism methods I used in developing my own body that I won the world's record as the finest specimen of manhood. It is through it that I reclaim wrecked and weak men, make them into new beings. I require you to use no apparatus. No drugs or medicines are prescribed.

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A particularly attractive business Frock in light-weight Bradford woollen material. Just the trend of Modern fashion. High neck-line with check tartan tie. Fancy epaulettes embodying a style that is 'just right.' Remember it's on approval for 1/- deposit. Balance 2/- monthly.



In Light Bottle, Cherry, Lido Blue, Nut Brown, Navy, Black.

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## K327 Bargain Coupon

Please send me, on approval, Model K.327 at Present Sale Price of 9/11.

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Hips..... Length.....

I enclose 1/- deposit, together with 6d. for postage, and will pay balance of price either in one sum or by monthly instalments of 2/-. If I return the Frock unworn at once, you will refund my deposit.

Enclose Coupon with full name and address and Postal Order crossed thus / /.

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# EVE and

**D**RESS DESIGNERS look upon the weather with an optimistic eye. Already they are considering voiles and light silks, and many of the newest models are made of gaily printed fabrics in bright reds, greens, blues and yellows. Evening dresses especially are to be flowered and patterned once again, as you see by the Frances Stuart model in the illustration. If you have a dress which is plain-coloured, a bright waist-length jacket with a sash to match will bring it in line with the mode.

In the day-time, printed dresses will be worn beneath coats of brown or beige. These, held together only by a belt in front, fly open to show as much as possible of the bright silk beneath.

However, these are not to be seen just yet. While fogs and cold winds persist, we cling to warmer and more sober styles. The little woollen dress is still a favourite. I saw Hilda Robinson, one of the Three Janes, the other day; she was wearing a dress of powder blue angora embroidered with silver. She had a hat to match, and a fur coat of cocoa-dyed squirrel.

Tinsel embroidery on wool strikes the newest note in fabrics, but contrary to what you might expect, it looks really attractive. Not in the least gaudy. Anona Winn has a dress of moss green, covered with spots about the size of farthings in dim gold thread. Very attractive.

Another of the Three Janes was wearing a very striking dress in the



(Photograph by Blake)

This charming evening gown is in the new boldly coloured floral silks, and has becoming epaulette sleeves. (Below) An attractive pleated dress by Harrods, with a contrasting box-coat, made in a coarse lined material



## This Week's RADIO RECIPES— by Mrs. R. H. Brand

**M**ABEL CONSTANDUROS, whose inimitable portrayal of "Mrs. Buggins" acts like a tonic on listeners who are fortunate enough to hear her broadcasting one of her sketches of that famous family, tells me she adores Scotch scones made like these:—

### DROP SCONES

**Ingredients.**—½ lb. of flour; a pinch of salt; 1 tablespoonful castor sugar; 1 egg; ½ pint of milk or buttermilk; ½ teaspoonful cream of tartar; ¼ teaspoonful bicarbonate of soda.

Sieve dry ingredients into a basin; make a well in the middle; beat egg and milk and stir them into the flour until a creamy batter is formed; afterwards beat hard.

Grease a hot girdle or iron frying pan with a piece of suet tied in a linen bag; drop on a spoonful of batter; when it bubbles turn scone immediately with a palette knife and cook the other side; cool on a tea-towel. These scones should be a golden brown and as light as a feather; they only take a few seconds to cook; serve them with butter and golden syrup.

**Note.**—Buttermilk is supplied by any dairy at a day's notice; it makes the scones much lighter.

### SODA SCONES

**Ingredients.**—½ lb. flour; 1 gill (bare) buttermilk; ½ teaspoonful of salt; ditto bicarbonate of soda and cream of tartar.

Sieve all dry ingredients into a basin; add buttermilk and make a soft dough with the handle of a wooden spoon; turn out on floured board; knead lightly; roll out about ½ inch thick and cut into four. Bake scones on a warm girdle or iron frying-pan until well risen and brown; turn and cook the other side. Serve hot or cold with butter.

# the MIKE

studios the other night, of plain black velvet, very high at the neck in front, and cut low at the back. Leslie Woodgate wanted to know if she had got it on back to front!

The Three Janes are making a film at Elstree, by the way. Jean Melville, who is now one of them, described their dresses to me. They are made of cellophane, with silver trunks, little capes, and Dolly Varden hats.

Elsie and Doris Waters are always very smart. They dress exactly alike—even their make-up boxes are to match. They were wearing oyster grey satin frocks when I saw them last week, with over-dresses hand-sewn all over with crystal beads, so that they looked like shining cascades of lights.

Another of their dresses is of white marocain with a side train falling from the waist fastening. It is quite plain except for a diamond clip at the waist, and the diamond bracelet that each sister wears.

### The Week's Hint

**W**ashable" leather gloves sometimes do not respond as kindly to soap and water as a good one would like. Here is tip. Instead of washing



A Kynoch scarf for wear with your Spring suit. In a "Cheerful Check" pattern, in cascade-green and black

them, clean them with indiarubber. It will remove all ordinary dirt, without any risk of pulling the gloves out of shape, or harming the leather. Miss Jean Melville gave me this hint. She says it takes about half an hour to clean her gloves this way—but it's worth it.

### When You Spring Clean

**C**alling on a friend the other day, I admired her loose furniture covers, which were looking particularly fresh and bright. I thought they must be brand new, but no, it was only that they had just been washed. My friend gave me some good advice, which I will pass on to you. When you wash your covers, add a little bran to the rinsing water. This prevents the colours from running, and cleans and stiffens the fabric. You make the bran water as follows: Steep a handful of bran in about two quarts of cold water. Bring to the boil and simmer gently for about half an hour. Add cold water to make it tepid.

Margot



A five-valve set that will easily obtain stations all over Europe—and amazingly compact, as you see

No soap is required for this magic scrubber, and one section will last you at least a year

An oiled silk cover for your cookery book is indispensable in every kitchen. It can be obtained in various colours, complete with book-marker

### 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:



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**E**LASTO, the wonderful blood substance, which positively must be present in the blood to ensure complete health, is now known to be the active principle which controls the healing properties of the blood. Such troubles as Varicose Veins, Varicose Ulcers, Eczema, Swollen Legs, Phlebitis, Thrombosis, Heart Trouble, Rheumatism, Piles, Prolapsus, Varicocele, and Kindred Ailments are directly traceable to degeneration of the tissue cells resulting from a deficiency of this vitalizing principle in the blood. These conditions will not respond to ordinary treatment; to effect a cure it is essential to remove the cause of the weakness, and this can only be done by making good the deficiency of the blood.

Elasto does this with results that often appear positively miraculous.

### What is Elasto?

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

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- "Had a weak heart for years but Elasto cured me."
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- "Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto put me right."
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We invite you to test Elasto Free. Simply fill in the Coupon below and post it without delay to: The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd. (Dept. 240), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1. Don't long for relief; get Elasto and be sure of it!

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Radio Pictorial, 2/3/34

**BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!**

# PEGGY COCHRANE

made this

## Hat and Scarf Set



**Y**OU know Peggy Cochrane as the pianist to the well-known radio act, "That Certain Trio." Just recently she has been appearing at the Dominion Theatre. She has made this very smart hat and scarf set, in buff and brown—so very becoming and absolutely up to the minute.

**Materials:** 3 oz. 4-ply Templeton's "Ayr" wool in brown; 3 oz. 4-ply Templeton's "Ayr" wool in buff; No. 10 crochet hook.

**Abbreviations:** Tr., treble; sl.st., slip stitch; st., stitch; rep., repeat; ch., chain.

**Measurements:** 21 in. round cap; 36½ in. length of scarf.

### THE CAP

Make a 4-loop ch. 1st row—8 tr. into centre. 2nd row—Tr. to end of row. 3rd row—Tr. to end, ending on 2 tr. 4th row—Tr. Rep. once. 6th row—Tr., sl.st., finish off.

Join buff wool 2 rows below start of brown and tr., joining last tr. to start by sl.st.

2nd row—2 tr. into each tr., ending on sl.st. 3rd row—Tr. to end, ending on sl.st. Finish off. Join on brown on first row of buff, tr., ending with sl.st. to start. 2nd row—Tr., ending on sl.st. to start. Rep. once. 4th row—2 tr., 1 tr., 2 tr., 1 tr., rep. to end, ending on sl.st. 5th row—Tr. to end, ending on sl.st. to start, rep. for 4 rows. Break wool and join buff.

1st row—Tr., ending on sl.st. to start, rep. for 7 rows. Finish off with sl.st. Join brown into start of buff frill and tr. into every loop, ending with sl.st. to start. 2nd row—Tr. to end, ending on sl.st. to start, rep. for 1 row. 4th row—Tr., miss 1 tr., 2 tr., miss 1 tr. Rep. to end, ending on sl.st. to start. Rep. for 2 rows, join all loops together at tr. circle and finish off. Join buff top, 5th row of brown top and tr. for 3 rows, ending on sl.st. to start.

4th row—1 tr., miss 1 tr., tr., miss 1 tr., rep. to end of row. Join. Finish off.

### THE SCARF

Using brown wool, make a ch. 9½ inches when stretched.

1st row—35 tr. into ch. 2nd row—1 loop ch., tr. to end. Rep. for 3 rows. Join buff and work with both wools. 6th row—Miss 1 tr., 2 tr. into next tr., 2 loop ch., 2 tr., miss next tr. Rep. to end, ending on 1 tr. 7th row—1 loop ch., 2 tr. into loop of last row, 1 loop ch., 2 tr., ending on 1 tr. Rep. for 6 rows.

14th row—1 loop ch., 2 tr., 1 loop ch., 2 tr. Rep. to end, ending on 2 tr. 15th row—Make 1 loop ch., 2 tr., 1 loop ch., 2 tr. Rep. to end, ending on 1 tr. Rep. for 5 rows.

Continued on page 28

# WHAT LISTENERS THINK

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

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

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

## ★ Godfrey Winn Answered

**I**F Godfrey Winn ran the talks department, the number of licence-holders would drop down to a million in three months. His article in the issue of February 9 is all kybosh, or as P. G. Wodehouse might say—BLOTTO with a very capital B. Excuse the slang, but I cannot put it forcibly enough in good English.

"I, and numerous others, could listen to almost any talk in quiet ease, but concerts from Queen's Hall make us writhe and groan. The B.B.C. is perfectly right in choosing the man who knows what he is talking about. Imagine Hannen Swaffer holding forth on 'For Farmers Only'. Ludicrous, absolutely! Have you watched a farmer listening on a Wednesday evening, smoking his pipe and nodding his head all the time? And when the talk is over—staring up into the ceiling and thinking. And have you ever said 'Penny for them' and got some such reply as this? 'I was jus' wondrin' how as yon hen croft would be best arranged way as that feller on t' wireless said.'"

"The expert knows, and speaks as a knowledgeable man—with authority. You realise that you are listening to an expert on the subject—and you listen. Talks are not meant for amusement; the varieties, vaudevilles, revues and so forth provide that, and well.

"Speakers, we must remember, are chosen as much for their voices as their knowledge. One thinks immediately of the fine broadcasting voices of Stephen King-Hall, Oliver Baldwin, Vernon Bartlett. Personality—it is part of them all—S. P. B. Mais, Max Kroemer, A. P. Herbert, Walford Davies, Julian Huxley. It flows from them. I have heard, too, well-known people (no names) who have about as much personality as a fried egg and voices like . . . well, voices that give you a pain in the neck.

"As for fees, ten guineas is a royal fee. If well-known men are going to quibble at that, it is as well they are away from the microphone. Money-grabbers! If authors want the advertisement of wireless talks and to be paid for it as well, let them go to pot.

"Millions of English listeners are picking up knowledge every afternoon and night, revelling in sensible talks. I, myself, am learning German better from an unseen teacher than I ever learnt French from a seen teacher; and I used to be considered good at French in those days. The fact is that there are too many diversions in a class-room. As for a book, it gets dry and uninteresting.

"Consider, lastly, the people who have come to the microphone for debates, domestic, politic and transatlantic. Mr. Winn, you simply can't decry the B.B.C. for their talks. Consider yourself squashed!"—G. A. Batty, 2 Ince Avenue, Great Crosby, Liverpool, 23.

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

## Every Band Its Own Crooner!

"It's great stuff, this RADIO PICTORIAL. I have tried all kinds of weekly papers, but it beats the lot. I read one of the readers' letters last week, namely, B. E., East Grinstead, which roused my blood. He states, 'Can anyone tell my why crooning is popular? I'd like to shoot the lot.' Now, this guy is as bad as the lot; I would like to punch him fair and square! In any radio articles I have read, there is not a letter with a kind word for crooners. I say if a band has not a crooner it is not a band. I think the Broadcast Programmes are O.K. They are what the public like—a bit of everything."—H. W., Burnley.

## Why Not the Harpsichord?

"When listening in to recitals on that old-fashioned instrument, the harpsichord, I have been impressed by the way its tone is reproduced through the loud-speaker. It seems an instrument admirably suited for broadcasting, the crisp tones coming over well.

"I wonder if the harpsichord will wander one day into a dance band. I should imagine it would be useful in the rhythm section along with a guitar and banjo."—J. J., Birmingham.

## A Few Suggestions

"Broadcasting, as entertainment, is a mere child. From a child we expect—and forgive—experiments, novelties, surprises, the unorthodox—and mistakes.

"My suggestions include:

"1.—Synchronised programmes, i.e., Clapham in Manchester, Dwyer in London; Black and White, at two pianos, one in Cardiff, the other in Aberdeen, etc.

"2.—Running commentary on Cornish wrestling match, or on one of the many inter-village soccer matches, including spectators' comments.

"3.—Place 'Mike' in Parliament during interesting debate.

"4.—Occasionally invite chance passers-by into a studio, give them a more or less free hand, or tongue, for ten minutes or so. This should prove interesting!

"5.—Relay from the "Village Hall" of drama or comedy performance.

"6.—After the usual 'high lights' have spoken on any series of talks, such as 'Whither Britain?' call in a few nonentities, from any walk of life and let them have their say. We might get a few worth-while ideas from this source."—P. O'B., Richmond Park.

## Speakers Who Drone

"How often after looking forward eagerly to some talk by a celebrity have we found it nothing more than an efficacious sleeping draught? Time and again whilst trying to grasp the views of some illustrious speaker I've been lulled to sleep in spite of myself by his dull, monotonous, uninspiring drone. The B.B.C. should take its courage in both hands, blattnerphone these dismal johnnies beforehand and let them hear themselves as we should have heard them. Suitably chastened, they might then be willing to learn from blattnerphone records of such delightful speakers as S. P. B. Mais, Vernon Bartlett, Commander King-Hall, and Howard Marshall, how to keep us awake whilst putting over a talk!"—W. M. I., Padiham.

## Talks On London

"I think it would be very interesting for all listeners if the B.B.C. were to organise talks on the City of London. For instance, the unseen guide could take us to several of the places of interest and supply a brief account of the history connected with each particular place. Then when some of us do go 'up to town' sight-seeing, we shall probably have decided what we want to see (after listening to the talks), instead of rushing through a dozen places and seeing nothing properly—having overlooked the most interesting details through sheer ignorance."—Christopher's "Fan," Porton.

It should be noted that price alterations have been made in connection with the receivers illustrated in the Telsen announcement in last week's issue. The model 470 is now priced at 9 guineas and the model 474 at 9½ guineas.



Next Monday's  
Star Broadcast  
(March 5) at  
8.10 p.m.

# "This Radio Racket"

*This national broadcast on Monday, March 5, is repeated the following evening in the London Regional programme*

**N**EW style radio variety which is sure to interest you is "This Radio Racket," which is to be given at 8.10 p.m. on March 5 in the National programme and the following evening in the London Regional programme.

Several studios at Broadcasting House will be called into play in connection with this variety show, which is quite different from the "red-nosed" style variety and high-kicking revues which are sometimes the feature of St. George's Hall.

"This Radio Racket" is something different in B.B.C. variety, for it is a humorous disclosure of what is supposed to go on behind the scenes in the world of broadcasting.

Take the effects staff, for instance, the men who make the radio noises for the microphone. Never yet, says the B.B.C., has any radio critic paid any tribute to their dexterous adherence to veracity.

Then again there is the off-stage relationship between the microphone hero and heroine. "This Radio Racket" will attempt to lift the veil of secrecy from those things which are supposed to be behind the scenes at the B.B.C.

Few departments of Broadcasting House will be spared—talks, children's hour, music, and productions will come within the rays of the searchlight which the authors, Godfrey M. Hayes and F. Keston Clarke, are turning on to broadcasting. Incidental numbers are by Jack Venables and the producer is Charles Brewer.

The cast for "This Radio Racket" will include Doris Gilmore, who once played all seven characters in a sketch which she had written in the 'bus on her way to the B.B.C. studios; Lawrence Baskcomb, well-known actor; Harry Hemsley, scenic artist and impersonator of children; Philip Wade, broadcasting "star" and author of "Family Tree" and other radio plays. It also includes John Rorke, nephew of those distinguished actresses, Mary and Kate Rorke, and himself in turn a Civil Servant, musical comedy artist and a first-rate microphone personality, and Fred Hartley, with the Quintet which he formed in 1931.

M. Hartley, by the way, considers piano teaching the world's worst job. He used to be a pianoforte teacher!



The Effects Department of Broadcasting House (shown above) is part of the "radio racket" dealt with in this variety broadcast. Below is a typical Children's Hour scene and (in circle) more effects noises being created before the microphone



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This new discovery will give you a fresh, girlish loveliness no man can resist. Absolutely no trace of shine all day long, whatever you are doing.

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The "Mousse of Cream" in Poudre Tokalon prevents it from drying up the natural oils of the skin like ordinary powders do, causing it to become rough and dry.

If you would have a marvellous and fascinating complexion that will make you the admiration and envy of all your friends, get a box of Poudre Tokalon to-day. See for yourself how entirely different it is from all other powders, because "Mousse of Cream" is the exclusive secret of Tokalon.

**FREE:** By special arrangement with the manufacturers, any woman reader of this paper may obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing six shades of Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" Powder so that she may test them for herself. The outfit also contains Crème Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc., to Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 362), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

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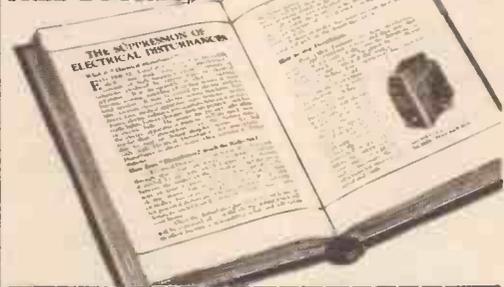
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"New hair came almost immediately and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since and no return of the baldness."

This verified statement is by Mr. H. A. Wild. He is but one of the big legion of users of KOTALKO who voluntarily attest it has stopped falling hair, eliminated dandruff, or aided new, luxuriant hair growth.

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I do not say I may—I say positively that I WILL if I accept you as my pupil. I AM ENROLLING 60-100 ADULT PUPILS EVERY WEEK AND HAVE TAUGHT 38,000 DURING 28 YEARS AND

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You need no cleverness, only ordinary everyday intelligence. If a Beginner, you quickly learn from Ordinary Music to play easy Dances, Songs, Hymns, and Gems from the Great Masters. If already a Player, in a few weeks the whole practice of your art shall be positively and literally transformed! BY POST, crystal-clear, Musically Training a child could follow. A teacher by your side, always—not for merely half an hour weekly.

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 LONDON, E.C.4.

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

# High-spots of the Programmes

Do you agree with Rondo's opinions on the current programmes? Write to "Radio Pictorial" and voice your own opinions on the B.B.C. broadcasts

Do you take interest in "evidence in court"? If so, and you like a thrill at the same time, listen to-night (if you missed it last night) to *Alibi from the Air*, by Frank Cochrane and Cyril Roberts. You will find it in the London Regional programme. Very exciting, they say.

To-morrow night (Saturday, March 3) there is something new in place of the usual style of Music Hall. It is called *There is Gladness in Remembrance*, and is a show devised by John Southern.

Veritably the Veterans of Variety! None of your imitations about this show! Mr. Southern has mobilised those genuine stars you used to know years ago or—if you are younger than that—those your father used to know.

Amongst them: Tom Costello, Leo Dryden, Joe O'Gorman, Charles Coburn, Sable Fern, Marie Kendall, Daisy Dormer, and Vesta Victoria.

You will get it in the old style of presentation, and each of the artists is out to give you his or her most popular hit of yester-year.

In the afternoon, during tea, listen to *Tea Mixture*, a lighthearted entertainment, likely to prove popular. Charles Brewer is producing it, so it should be good.

Before you settle down to tea you might like to hear the commentator giving a running commentary on the Army v. Navy football match at Twickenham. Captain Wakelam played Rucker for Cambridge at one time.

On Monday (March 5) Regional listeners should get the Folkestone Municipal Orchestra's concert. Soffi Schöning is the soprano—and very good she is. I see she is singing *Adele's Walk Song* by Strauss. Worth hearing, take it from me.

The middle of the country advertises its native composers to-night, together with Jack Venables and Wilson as pianists, and a light baritone (Gerald Martin) as vocalist.

To-morrow, Saturday, the Midlanders will hardly dare to go to bed. A new series of broadcasts called *Don't Listen to This* begins with a play called *Ghosts at the Laurels*.

There is "a haunted 'ouse," because John Lang is billed to play the tenant of it. Godfrey Baseley is a butler, and Stuart Vinden is a Detective-Inspector called in to investigate whatever has gone wrong.

Major Valentine Baker is to give an account of his experiences on March 5 in a talk called *Boyhood at Sea*. Likely to be worth hearing.

Anyhow, he has been washed overboard and back again on one wave-length, seen a man fall from the foreyard arm to the deck and escape injury, watched a man go overboard and hang on to the leg of an albatross until a boat arrived—so he should be entertaining. Try him and see.

Music for you on Wednesday. The Worcester Festival Choral Society is performing Dr. George

Dyson's *Canterbury Pilgrims*. Dr. Dyson used to be music master at Rugby. He is now at Winchester. Soloists: Mary Hamlin, Percy

Manchester, and Frank Phillips.

Before I forget it, have you Western people paid your licences? (Which reminds me mine has just run out.) I tell you because those fellers with the detector vans are combing the Cardiff-Newport-Swansea area. Beginning on Monday. You have paid; of course. All readers of RADIO PICTORIAL pay their licences, but in case any of your friends haven't, just drop them the hint.

There is a good programme for the West Region on the 5th. It is called *From the Musical Comedies*. Not the first time you have heard a broadcast under that title, but I think you will like the soprano, Vera Devna. Also a good bass-baritone—William Parsons. University Singers and the Western Studio Orchestra.

To real West Countrymen, Mr. Alfred Vowles has something to say on Wednesday in his talk, *Hunting on Exmoor*. He will give his experiences in photographing deer on the moors.

Scottish listeners will be interested in hearing *Songs from the Shires* on Wednesday. Selkirkshire this week. Also I see Sandy and Andy are down in a broadcast with the Scottish Studio Orchestra that same night.

On Thursday afternoon Jean Houston sings with the Studio Orchestra. She is worth hearing. As my Scottish readers know, she was for many years a member of the Glasgow Orpheus Choir.

If you are not home in time to hear her you may get a chance of listening to the Star Variety show in the evening. Amongst those to be presented: Ike Freeman, Ian Sadler, Peggy Desmond, Mae Wynne, Bobby Telford, and Em Vernon.

## Television—Is It Coming Soon?

Continued from page Ten

removed and another set before the caption card vanishes.

All sorts of dodges are employed for the scenery. Anything with definite lines is considered good. I saw a picture of a staircase. The definite lines of the steps made a delightful effect. Dancers could move up and down it.

Another little scene which took my fancy was where a lattice window was used. A singer pushed it open and sang with her head framed by the rest of the window. Charming.

Another quite elaborate effect was made with very simple means. Upright bars were used. A man was in half shadow behind them, a woman in full light in front.

The Zoo night was a great excitement, apparently. Mr. Robb had the pleasant job of "compèring" the animals. He held a baby alligator in view of the gun. The baby was quite old enough to bite; indeed, had he been a few weeks older it is quite possible that another producer of television would have had to be appointed.

While he was holding the alligator Mr. Robb felt somebody punch him in the back. It was only a playful python, so there was nothing to worry about!

## Peggy Cochrane's Hat and Scarf

Continued from page Twenty-four

21st row—D.c. into each loop for 4 patterns, 2 tr., 1 loop ch., d.c. into next 4 patterns.

22nd row—D.c. to pattern, 2 tr., 1 loop ch., 2 tr., 1 loop ch., 2 tr., 1 loop ch., d.c. to end of row.

23rd row—Using brown only, tr. into every loop (15 tr.). 24th row—Tr. starting with 1 loop ch., rep. for 22 rows. Break brown.

47th row—Join buff and tr. as before. Rep. for 19 rows. 67th row—2 tr. into 1st tr. of row. Tr. to end, rep. for 3 rows. 71st row—Join brown and work with both wools as before.

2 tr. into 1st tr., and 1 loop ch., 2 tr., 1 loop ch. Rep. to end, ending on 2 tr. Rep. for 6 rows.

78th row—1 loop ch., 2 tr., ending on 3 tr. 79th row—2 loop ch., 2 tr., 1 loop ch. Rep. to end, ending on 3 tr. Rep. for 7 rows.

87th row—Break brown, and work in buff. Tr. into every loop (20 tr.). 88th row—Tr. to end, starting each row with 1 loop ch. Rep. for 3 rows. Finish off all ends and press.

## IN THE COUNTRY—March 2

By Marion Cran

THERE are lambs and ladies' smocks in the meadows, and under sheltered hedges gleam the first brave primroses. Over the hedges trail pale wraiths of green that will one day be lusty ropes of honeysuckle.

In the garden everyone is busy sowing seeds of good useful vegetables and gay, laughing annuals; there are rakes among the borders.

In the thickets of ivy and holly small feathered bodies, bursting with excitement, are feverishly seeking sites for nest-building. There are squabbles and wooings, singing and scoldings, at the bird-table, while more and more often there comes across wood and field the authentic mating music of the spring. Soon the whole chorus will be complete and our dawns will break in melody.

Every day has its changing beauty. This is the time of year when, with every sense alert, we must yet miss something of the wonder of the lanes. It is not possible to garner all there is to see and hear and smell in a single day; it is enough to watch one willow by the pond to find a cycle of delights.

The wood, first flushing with the rise of sap, then the swelling buds which open (all in an hour, it would seem) to push out each a milk-white pearl—those long wands of willow wood, pearl-set against the crystal blue of a March sky!

Presently, in less time than is credible, the pearls have turned into paws of silver

silken fur—pussy willows by the pond!

They change again; the soft silver pads grow bigger, hairier; take a greenness under their gleaming grey; and soon the willow is a tree of golden puffs.

That colour shows where pollen hangs, to the joy of the bees and the content of the pistil-bearing willows nearby; when the pussy-willows turn to gold, their marriage hour has arrived.



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Mr. A. J. Witt is a young man who began MAXALDING as a youth. He is not yet 21 years of age, but has already passed the 45-inch expanded chest measurement, is nearly 6 feet in height, and is still improving.

Mr. Gerard Nisivoccia, President of the Newark P. C. Club of New Jersey, and a member of the American Legal profession, writes: "Dec. 1, 1933. I believe that your courses are conducive to the appreciation of the body of strength, mentally and physically. Keep them up and the world will be blessed with real Supermen instead of Weaklings, which are a burden to humanity..."

### HEREDITY OVERCOME by SCIENCE

Courtlandt Saldo, the elder son of A. M. Saldo, is a clerk, and his work is entirely sedentary. He had already reached a height of 6 feet at the age of 21. His grandfather was only 5 ft. 2 in. in height, while his father (A. M. Saldo) was only 5 ft. 5 in. until well after the age of 30. At 54 he is now 5 ft. 6 in. in height. Until the age of 16, Courtlandt only indulged in the ordinary school curriculum when his height was below average at 5 ft. 3 in. Since then he has trained entirely on MAXALDING, proving that one reaches full potentiality in all directions by this science.

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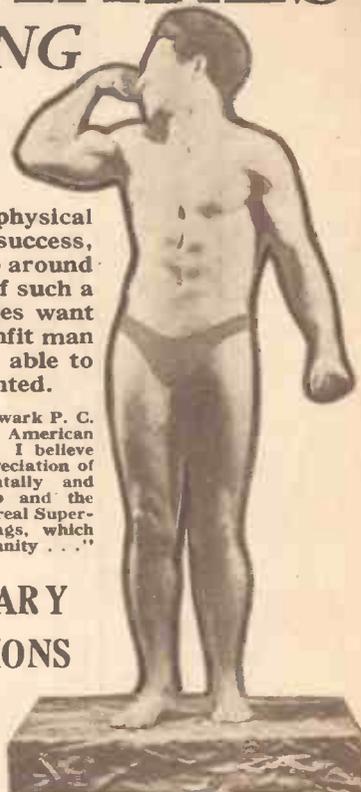
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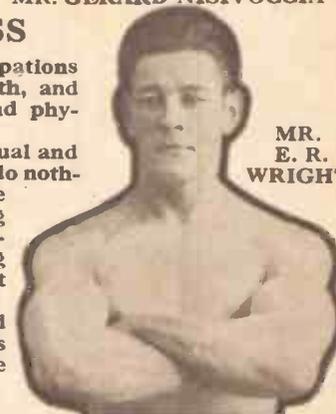
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MR. E. R. WRIGHT



MR. THOS. JARVIE

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The two Lucerne extended wave-range coils can be made up at home for 2/6 each, the two high-frequency chokes you can also make yourself for 1/6 each, and the low-frequency transformer can be built up from parts for 3/6.

These main components, together with one or two pieces from your junk box, can be engineered into a really "hot" straight receiver—The Lucerne S.G. Ranger.

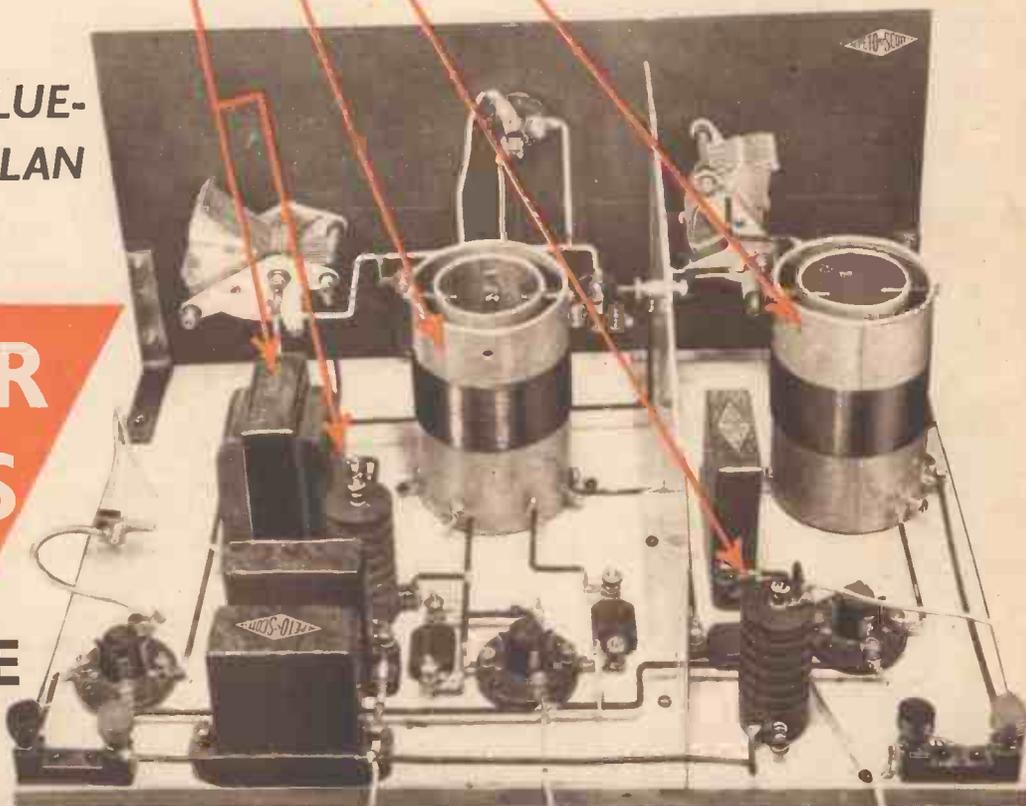
Full constructional details of this new-style set will be found in this week's **AMATEUR WIRELESS**. In this issue you will find a very detailed explanation of how to construct the parts and assemble the set. A special feature is the simplified wiring, the baseboard layout being very straightforward.

The Lucerne S.G. Ranger is a receiver for those who like to make their own sets as distinct from merely assembling them. There is no skimping in the quality of the parts and the cost is extremely low—the set can be built for as little as 39/-.

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