

Radio Pictorial March 9, 1934 N°8

BEHIND THE "REGIONALS" - PEOPLE and PICTURES

RADIO PICTORIAL 2^D

EVERY FRIDAY



RICHARD TAUBER

AMBASSADORS on the AIR by L^TC^{OM} KENWORTHY
EXCLUSIVE ARTICLE by Sir HENRY WOOD

HUMOUR by DUDLEY CLARK
AT HOME WITH THE HOUSTON SISTERS

The Woman Announcer on 'Why I came and Why I went'

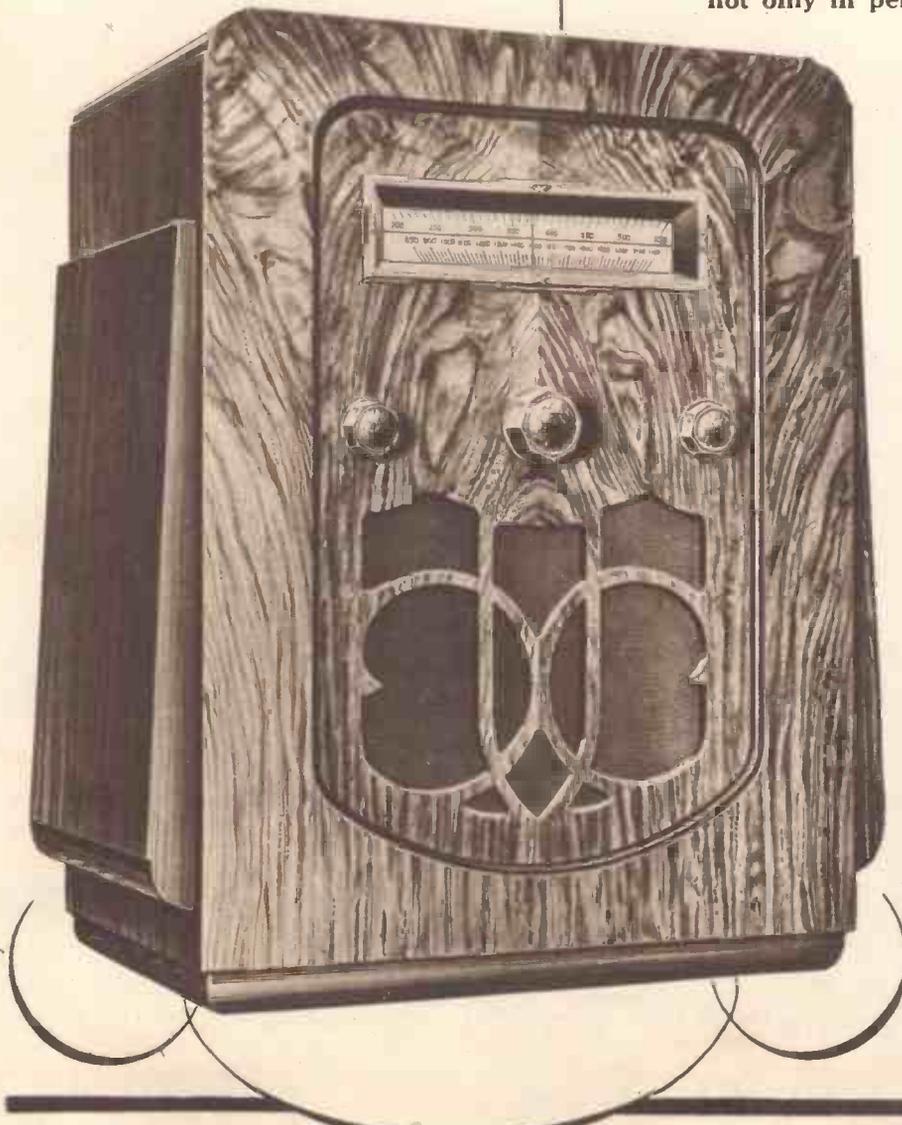
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ductions and was
filmed recently in "On
the Air."*

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Broadcasting is taking a big place in international affairs. Dollfuss, Austria's Chancellor (seen at the microphone) is using radio as a weapon against German broadcast propaganda

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tested to the Columbia Broadcasting Company. Whereas these gentlemen were once chosen for their beautiful drawing-room manners, they will now have to be picked for their broadcasting voices and do an audition before the "mike" prior to appointment.

What a change from the leisurely business of "notes," and *démarches*, and diplomatic bags! The old description of an ambassador was a man sent abroad to lie for the good of his country. To lie did not mean to tell falsehoods but to live abroad. Now he is becoming an instrument of public education or, to use the modern jargon, propaganda. Formerly, an ambassador moved in a limited circle and did his business behind closed

Ambassadors

on the AIR

By LORD STRABOLGI (Lt.-Com. J. M. Kenworthy)

MARCONI'S invention has effected many revolutions. Especially in the sphere of international relations.

Once upon a time this was the preserve of the diplomats. A foreign statesman could not in the old days address meetings or speak directly to the people of another country. It was contrary to etiquette for him even to address a public meeting.

Now he can and does sit in his own country and talk to the bulk of the population over the frontier in their own language. And his opposite number in the country so addressed can, and does, repay the compliment.

To-day on the Continent of Europe the Russians talk to the Poles and the Germans, and the Poles to the Germans and Russians, and the Nazi leaders reply to both.

A sort of international election campaign has been in progress across the imaginary line separating Germany from Austria.

Hitler started it. Both nations speak the same language, anyway.

Hitler, Chancellor of Germany, has been telling the Austrian people what they should think of their Chancellor, Dollfuss.

Dollfuss has been talking to the German public and criticising Hitler.

It became such a nuisance and caused so much ill-feeling that the British, French and Italian Governments took a hand. But they didn't use the radio. They fell back on the older diplomatic methods and instructed their ambassadors to protest in Berlin.

What an extraordinary state of affairs!

Little Dollfuss can prohibit Germans and German newspapers from entering Austria. But unless he has a wireless station powerful enough to blanket Munich he cannot prevent German ideas coming through the air to Austrian listeners.

The ether which carries the radio waves is the common property of all. And its use cannot be regulated. All those of good will can do is to seek agreement that nothing hostile or objectionable is sent over the radio.

For the custom is sure to spread and we may have the same thing happening in our own country and its neighbours.

Instead of one government addressing another through its accredited diplomats, a whole nation is talked at. As one consequence the professional diplomats are not only taking a secondary place in international affairs but are in danger of losing their jobs altogether. No wonder the ambassadors hate the radio!

Last year, when I was in America, I gave several broadcasts by invitation of the Columbia Company and spoke to a continent-wide hook-up.

As is the American custom, I was given complete freedom of expression and only asked to choose the subject that I thought most topical and interesting. There was much excitement at that time over the Japanese raid into China at Shanghai and, knowing the modern Paris of the East, as it is called, and some of the circumstances, I spoke about that and had some rather unkind things to say about my Japanese friends. Immediately the Japanese ambassador at Washington pro-

doors with the highest officials of the state.

What is likely to be the effect of this tremendous revolution? "Open diplomacy" used to be one of the slogans in past years. The idea was that secret treaties were obnoxious and contrary to modern ideas of democratic government. We now have open diplomacy with a vengeance. No longer are international relations a matter of whispering in *chancelleries* and salons; of secret treaties and understandings; of spies—beautiful and otherwise—trying to ferret out what the rival diplomats were up to.

(Continued on page 23)



Radio censorship exists in Germany to-day as a measure against broadcast propaganda. A twenty-four-hour watch is kept at listening posts on all the main transmitters in Europe

What's Happening in the Broadcasting World

Carroll Gibbons deals with his morning post bag of letters from listeners and "Radio Pictorial" readers.



From Eight to Nine

Variety programmes always seem to be broadcast from eight to nine, which is a popular time and probably the best hour for the provinces, but sometimes we might have a change.

At least, my milkman thinks so. "I can't shut my shop until eight," he says, "and it is a quarter to nine before I can sit down to listen."

The last turn is often the best and it is the only one he ever hears.

A Whiff of Lavender

I thought I caught a whiff of lavender as Maude Courtney stepped on to the stage of St. George's Hall. Although she must have sung "The Honeysuckle and the Bee" thousands of times since nineteen hundred, she carried the words in her snow-white gloves.

Maude has a quaint charm and at rehearsal the orchestra rose to the occasion by putting down their instruments and giving the artist a hand. Maude was the first to sing the number in this country and afterwards took it round the world.

In India she found that the tune had got there first and when she reached the chorus the natives started to sing in Tamil.

Ho-de-ho-do

A queer thing about this song is that bees don't like honeysuckle. Scientists argued this point years ago when the tune was on every barrel organ in town.

A little inaccuracy like that would not affect the royalties, but it confirms what I have often thought—that lyric writing must have offered more snags before this ho-de-ho-do business started.

Right in the Picture

I enjoyed watching Maude Courtney making her come-back. She was broadcasting for the first time and played more to the house than to the mike as stage favourites so often do.

Her eyes roamed from the stalls to the gallery and she sidestepped gracefully from time to time. Old-world dresses, like old-time songs, are being revived, and I can't tell you now whether her gown was in the fashion of 1904 or 1934.

It was right in the picture, anyway.

For Television

WHEN Soko Lova arrived at the studio for television rehearsal she brought a ballet frock which had been preserved since the days when she danced with the great Nijinski.

Eustace Robb, television producer, wished the dancer to wear the dress for her appearance before the projector, so the frock was sent to the cleaners and the mark of Nijinski's hand was removed at last from its flimsy material.

The dress with this touching mark at the waist had been cherished by the dancer for many years.

"Newsmonger's"
RADIO
GOSSIP

Stepping Off the Air

THE Eight Step Sisters will be stepping off the air at the end of April, just in time to catch the summer trade and I guess that it will not be long before we find them billed by some enterprising management—by the sea, perhaps.

It is an odd tribute to the power of radio that broadcasting can make the name of a troupe of dancing girls!

The sisters have worked hard and deserve success, anyway, but I do believe that if the B.B.C. were to put a deaf mute into the programmes twice a week for six months, that he would top the bill on the halls when he left.

Behind the Variety

WE hear a lot about the men behind the variety, dramatic and dance-music programmes, but no limelight seems to catch the fellows who arrange the talks.

On the lighter side talks are in the hands of Lionel Fielden, an old Etonian and a bachelor who lives in the country and cultivates his garden when he is not at work at Broadcasting House.

The News Reel was probably his most successful experiment and when staff is available we shall hear it again, I expect. The Mosaic programme was another of his ideas, and he is now working hard on dramatising the talks.

He is the man who is taking boredom out of the lectures.



Christopher Stone caught by our photographer in the act of trying over a few records on an H.M.V. radiogram, in preparation for one of his weekly broadcasts.

Stars in Person

Star band leaders and broadcasting artists will be seen in person to-night (March 9) at the New Horticultural Hall, Westminster, on the occasion of the All-England Rhythm Dance Band Championship. The list is headed by Cab Calloway, who makes his first appearance in England that week.

Stars present will include: Jack Hylton, Carroll Gibbons, Ray Noble, Charlie Kunz, Mantovani, Elsie Carlisle, Sam Brown, Leslie Sarony, Leslie Holmes, Rudy Starita, Maurice Elwin and a host of other famous performers. Roy Fox and his band, and Percival Mackey and his band are playing for dancing.

An Unfinished Symphony

Can you name our national songs? Probably you will say, "Yes, quite easily!" You will say "God Save the King" is the first, "Rule, Britannia" the second, and "Auld Lang Syne" the third. You may have opinions about one for Wales and another for Ireland, but those three come to your mind first. What about a fourth? "Land of Hope and Glory!" Written by a musical genius, easily the greatest in our time. A composer of oratorios, concertos, symphonies. His death, which every English musician regrets, caused him to leave an Unfinished Symphony. Schubert did that, but merely because he forgot to finish it. Elgar left his because there was not time to finish it.

Real English

What a tune it is, this national song of Elgar's! So English, so dignified, so majestic! Play it and sing it for yourself. Better still, play over a record of it. There are plenty of them for your choice.

You can have it with Dame Clara Butt singing on H.M.V. 03610, a single-sided record. You can have it sung by Leila Magane, accompanied by the Coldstreams (D787). Or Columbia does a version with Dame Butt and community singing on L7373. Or with her and a chorus on 7313. Or a community version with fourteen thousand voices on 4256. Or, finally, with Harold Williams, chorus and the Grenadiers, on 9386.

The High-brows Sniffed!

Of course, all the high-brow musicians sniffed at Sir Edward for writing a pot-boiler, but he was never ashamed of having written it. Why should he be? It is one of our national songs. He was a dear old man, a typical country English gentleman, very shy and retiring by nature, deeply loved by his friends, to whom he was always true. His music will always live because it was full of melody. The Enigma Variations, the two symphonies, the violin concerto, the *Dream of Gerontius*—all these are real English music. They are not high-brow nor even remotely difficult to understand.

That Radio Recipe!



NEXT WEEK: FREE COLOUR PORTRAIT OF JACK PAYNE



The smile behind the microphone! This is the announcer who takes part in the popular broadcast for British listeners from Radio Luxembourg

Unintentional

Incidentally, Elgar did not actually set out to write a song when he wrote the tune of "Land of Hope and Glory." He wrote a number of marches called "Pomp and Circumstance." Into one of these he introduced the tune which we now know by this song title. Arthur Benson then wrote words to fit the tune and so the song was born.

Denounced!

I saw Sheila Borrett the other day in the entrance hall of Broadcasting House. She was waiting to be announced as having come to keep an appointment. "You are not announcing yourself in any sense of the word?" I asked. Her reply was quite good. "No" she said with a sly wink. "In that direction I have been denounced!" Sheila is still a radio actress, though—and a very good one.

St. George's Rehearsals

I wandered into St. George's Hall the other Saturday morning. I always enjoy going there to see a rehearsal of one of the Saturday-evening shows. The first person I espied was Freddie Grisewood. He adores these vaudevilles and enjoys announcing for them more than for any other type of broadcast. Freddie tells me he is writing a book on *Our Bill*. It should make entertaining reading. I'll ask him more about it the next time. I'll see him and let you know when you will be able to get a copy. Not yet, I fancy. Still, don't forget it.

With a Stop Watch!

I tried to have a chinwag with John Sharman, but he was very busy. He does produce. I will say that for him. No leaving everybody to go along as they please. He walks about with a stop-watch in his hand timing everything to a split second. He was cheerful, as usual. Eric Maschwitz was more at liberty and in a lively mood. Very pleased with himself because he had managed to sign up some contracts with people abroad. Richard Tauber for one. There will be some first performances of tip-top shows from abroad before long. Thanks to Eric.

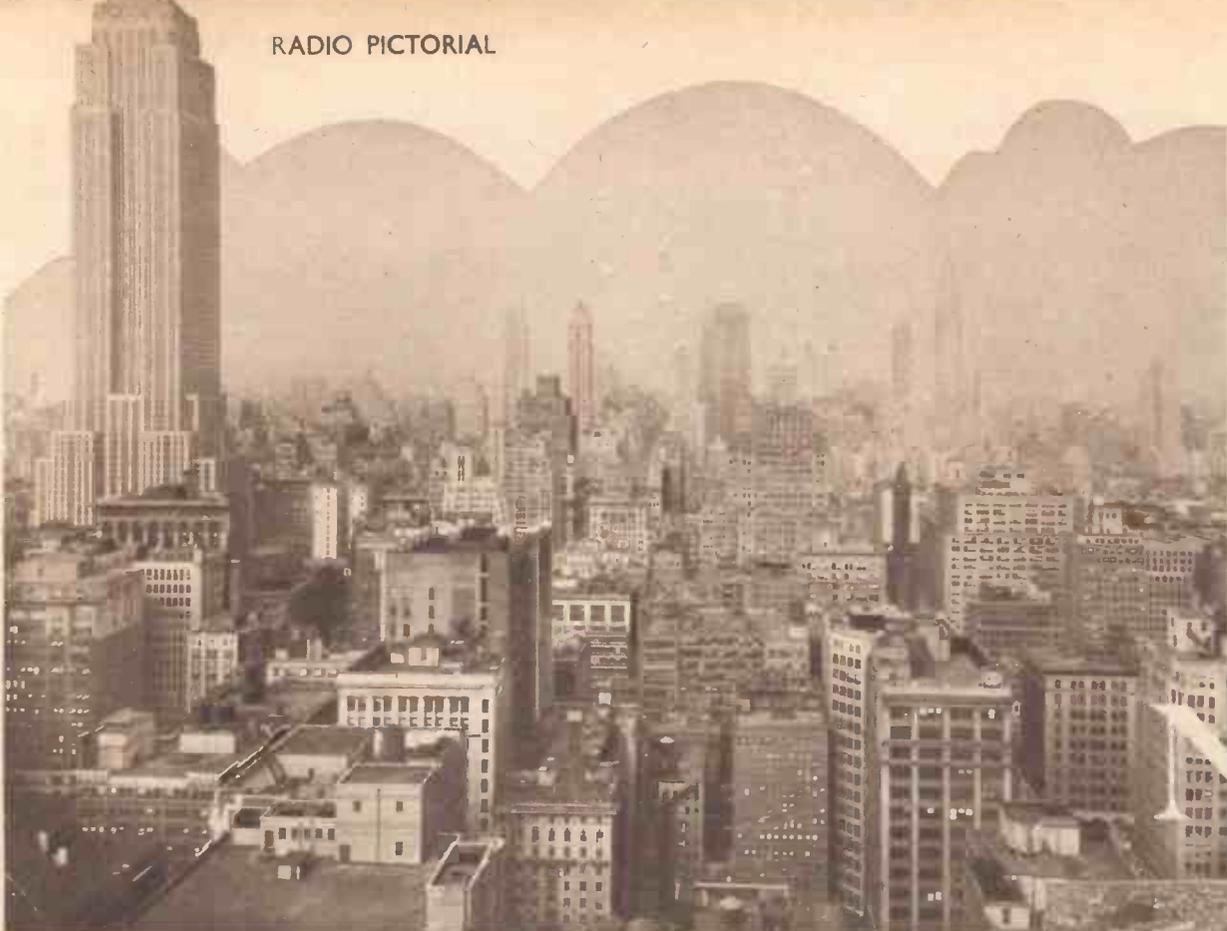
How to Announce!

After a while a discussion arose in which several of us took part. Eric Kneale Kelley, John Sharman, Freddie Grisewood, and myself. Much argument as to whether Freddie was to announce through music or whether the music was to drop for a few seconds while he announced the name of the next artist. In the end the decision was that the announcement should not be made through music. Quite right, too. The Old Music Hall show suffered from too much music during the announcement.

A Chat with Beryl

I had a long talk with Beryl Orde in St. George's. A charming girl—quite a youngster—and very vivacious. She tells me she will be down at Worthing for the summer. I also met her manager, Morris Levy. Beryl is one of the few imitators who imitate and don't caricature. We were all agreed that her imitation of Gracie Fields was really brilliant.

By FERRIER



The very last and latest word in broadcasting is to be found in New York City. Sydney D. Thomas describes here some of its municipal radio systems—how the visitor is welcomed—how criminals are detected—even fire-fighting controlled—all by radio!

Now

AMERICANS visiting London are supposed, by unbreakable tradition, to sum up their impressions of the city in the remark: "I think your police are wonderful."

To Londoners who may be contemplating a visit to New York within the near future, I can give a valuable tip if they wish to return the compliment.

When asked by a New Yorker (as they inevitably will be) what has struck them most about the city, they should reply: "I think your municipal radio is wonderful."

New Yorkers are proud of the use being made of radio in running the city, and they are justified.

To praise their municipal radio systems is not paying an empty compliment, as anyone who has the opportunity of observing the widespread application of radio to the city's activities will quickly learn.

In fact, a visitor will have an opportunity of making his first observation before he sets foot on Manhattan Island.

If he happens to be a distinguished visitor, or if the ship in which he is a passenger is carrying such a person, he will see steaming down the bay towards him the "Macom," which is New York's official welcoming ship.

She is used to convey officials to welcome the distinguished stranger and to carry him from ship to shore out of the hurly-burly of the ordinary landing.

The *Macom* is equipped with short-wave apparatus, by which she is kept in communication with the shore and by means of which musical programmes and speeches of welcome can be broadcast whilst the distinguished visitors are steppin'aboard her.

She is also equipped with a radio-telephone for two-way ship-to-shore conversation, and the individual to whom special honours are being done can thus be connected up to any land telephone in the city before he arrives ashore, and can, if he wishes, be talking business or ringing up friends as he steams up the harbour.

If he is so great a personage that there is likely to be further scenes of welcome when he sets foot on American soil, he will immediately find himself close to a microphone and will be asked to say a few words into it.

Nearby will be standing one of the municipal broadcasting vans with loud-speakers on its roof, whilst loud-speakers will be distributed at suitable points above the heads of the crowd.

New York is well supplied with such vans, and they are used for all such occasions and at important municipal and civic events.

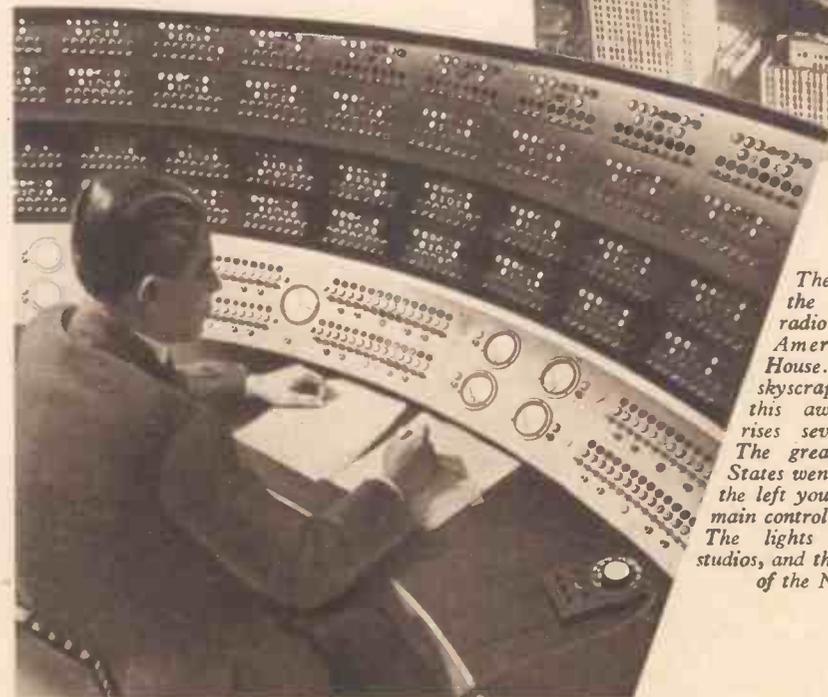
Whether the distinguished visitor is given a triumphal passage to his hotel or not, it is certain that not far from him will be one of the radio-equipped motor-patrol cars that have proved themselves so great an aid to the police.

These police cars are the pride of New York.

There are no less than 250 of them (a remarkable number when compared with London's nine or ten), and vary from two-seaters to limousines capable of carrying seven men. They are fitted with seven-valve sets, pre-tuned and locked to the police short-wave band. They are in constant touch with police headquarters and two auxiliary stations, the former sending with a 500-watt unit, the latter two with 400-watt units.

At headquarters is a chart of the city many yards square, divided into sections in which the positions of the cars are denoted by brass markers.

On hearing of any crime or occurrence requiring



The largest building in the world devoted to radio is Radio City, the American Broadcasting House. Amid the jostling skyscrapers of New York, this awe-inspiring building rises seventy storeys high. The greatest brains in the States went to its making. On the left you see a section of the main control desk at Radio City. The lights represent different studios, and the eighty-five stations of the N.B.C. network

the presence of the police, the dispatcher calls the nearest car and gives it the necessary orders.

Through the courtesy of officials at headquarters I was allowed to become a passenger in one of the limousines, in which the loud-speaker was fixed in the roof, the set being in a "boot" at the rear of the vehicle.

I was lucky enough to be present when an interesting call came through.

It concerned a "smash-and-grab" raid on 7th Avenue, and I was interested at the calm way in which directions were given, expecting something of a melodramatic kind to which the talkies had educated me.

The number of the car having been called, a calm voice said: "Proceed to 7th and 156 Street. Code 35."

That was all.

But the car instantly turned, and within a few seconds had arrived on the scene.

With a word to me to remain inside, the policemen swarmed out of the car and I witnessed a swift arrest, the "bandits" car having struck another car and overturned whilst making its get-away.



A scene in the vast concert hall studio of the Radio City broadcasting centre

A City RULED by Radio

The dispatcher apparently gave our car no details

But the words "Code 35" were enough.

In order to prevent wireless fans listening in, hearing lurid details of crimes, and rushing off to make crowds and thus impede the police, information is given by the use of codes.

"Code 35" meant that a "smash-and-grab" raid by two men in a car had taken place. Had the men used guns or shot anyone down this information would have been given by means of another code number.

New York has 578 miles of waterfront, and the fire-floats continually patrol the harbour. They are connected by two-way radio-telephones with the headquarters of the New York Fire Department, and it has been found that much time has been saved by these installations.

Previously the fire-floats returned at intervals to their berths to receive instructions, and were thus not able to hear of waterfront fires (unless they happened to observe them) until the end of each patrol.

The police-boats are similarly equipped and are in touch with the station WPY, being enabled to



proceed instantly to the scene of harbour robberies, mutinies, fires, and so on.

Although Londoners are as "radio-conscious" as New Yorkers are with regard to the listening end of broadcasting, there are not at present on this side of the Atlantic many means whereby students can obtain tuition in the mechanics and operation of broadcasting.

Brooklyn Technical School, however, owns a 1,000-watt transmitter broadcasting unit which is an exact replica of the unit used by WNYC. It is arranged to operate only within the school walls, and has no license. Students can, therefore, obtain instruction in the whole routine and techniques of broadcasting before seeking posts in any of the municipal or commercial stations.

New York has not yet sought to provide individual police officers with portable receiving sets (as has been the case in Brighton, for instance on this side of the water), but has relied entirely on its large fleet of police vans

There is some suggestion, however, that such an innovation may be made in the near future, for the value of radio as an aid to ruling a city of over seven million people and with 5,000 miles of streets has been proved to the hilt, and the municipal authorities are open to consider any new measure that promises to ease their task!



(Above) Steaming into New York harbour. On the left is a corner of a reception room at Radio City, where the artists congregate before and after broadcasts. It is decorated in the modern manner, in quiet, restful tones



For fourteen hours every day London broadcasts to thousands of listeners in the colonies and dominions. In an interview with Whitaker-Wilson, Captain Cecil Graves, the director of Empire Broadcasting, tells you how the exile in lonely places is kept in touch with home

HAVE you relatives or friends living in one or other of our colonies—Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Africa, India? I suppose you get letters from them? And when you write you tell them all your news and talk about places they knew?

Perhaps you would like to know something about Empire Broadcasting and what the B.B.C. is doing for them. I have just spent a pleasant hour with Captain Cecil Graves who is in charge of this important department.

Because you write to your friends, and thousands like you write to theirs, you can safely conclude that Britons abroad have a fair idea of what is going on over here.

It may not have occurred to you, though, that one Dominion knows very little about another. How much do you suppose the Canadian ranchers of Canada know about the sheep farmers of Australia?

Yet probably this is just the sort of thing that would really interest them. So Captain Graves has arranged little talks, such as a day in the life of an Australian sheep farmer, given by someone who knows the subject intimately. These talks are broadcast to other Dominions.

That was the first thing he told me. Then there is the exile in lonely places who must be kept in touch with everything at home. Think of the British people in India, for example.

Most of them are out there for at least three years at a stretch. Some more than that. Three years is a long time for young men who have left their sweethearts, or for married men who may have had to leave their wives and children in the Old Country.

The B.B.C. has not forgotten these people. Every fortnight a talk is given by Howard Marshall who, incidentally, possesses a charming speaking voice.

Mr. Marshall does not make his talks formal as though he were reading the news bulletin. Far from it. The day Parliament was opened he went down to Westminster and described it all later in the day. A happy thought.

Imagine the thousands of Colonial listeners who would relish a description of that kind! On the way back to Broadcasting House, Mr. Marshall may notice that one-half of Regent Street is up.

That is nothing to you or me—except a nuisance. *But it is a good deal to your brother or my cousin sweltering under an Indian sun in some out-of-the-way place twenty miles from nowhere.*

All the more if the Big Ben microphone happened to be turned on just then!

"You should see the letters we get," said Captain Graves. "They are really moving, I assure you. At first we had letters telling us the sound of Big Ben was the greatest thing that ever happened. We thought that might wear off as time went on, but it never has.

"We have received over twelve thousand letters. We value them highly."

"Lately the correspondence has changed in character," he continued. "People are beginning to write and tell us what they like best which, of course, is a great help to us."

"For how long do you broadcast each day?" I asked.



having just finished, but it would be more like tea-time in India, and bed-time in Australia. Still, they would all get it.

"Special transmissions from two till six are intended for India, Burma, and Ceylon. From six until a quarter to eleven Africa has its turn, together with the West Indies. From eleven until one in the morning Canada has its evening broadcast which in Vancouver is only the late afternoon."

I was surprised to learn that many letters have

Above, the Empire Transmitting Hall at Daventry. (In circle) Captain Cecil Graves

"To The Empire..."

"Fourteen hours as a rule. Atmospheric conditions are not always what we would like them to be at the most convenient hours, but we generally begin at eight o'clock in the morning.

"From then until ten o'clock we transmit to Australia and New Zealand. For Australia this means from six to eight in the evening. New Zealand has summer time just now, so their period is 7.30 to 9.30, or thereabouts.

"At noon we are off again until two o'clock. This transmission is important inasmuch as it is for everybody. It is generally light music of our lunch-time variety, but it catches the Canadian at breakfast.

"In Africa it may find people at lunch, or

been received from the States. Americans listen to and appreciate our programmes.

Now think of the human side of all this—of what it must mean to these people.

You probably heard the running commentary on the Boat Race. You may have even wished your brother in India or Africa could have heard it. Or perhaps Australia, where it would have been received when he was sound asleep in bed.

Ah, but the B.B.C. thinks of all that. *Records are made of the commentary and saved up till the morrow and then sent out across the world.* So that brother of yours heard it after all.

Why, it is not so many years ago that if you lived, for instance, in Scotland or Wales—especially in any remote part—you had to wait until next morning for the result in your daily paper.

Now your Australian brother, sixteen or seventeen thousand miles away, gets it as quickly.

Captain Graves has the impressive personality of a man with an ideal—a man who can say he is proud to be associated with a work of this kind. In fact, he is the very type of Englishman who could devote his day (and probably a good deal of his night) to thinking how he might best serve those lonely souls across the seas. A fine piece of work.

So that you can leave your brothers, cousins, and friends in his hands. And when you next hear the boom of our English Big Ben as he crashes out the hour in the tower at Westminster, remember his majestic voice is heard thousands of miles away. What a terrific thought!



Everybody loves Jack Payne and his dance music. And next week's issue of "Radio Pictorial" will include a free crayon portrait in colours of Jack. You will want to frame and keep this portrait, so order next week's "Radio Pictorial" now!

Jack Payne

Stars at Home—8

The HOUSTON SISTERS

THESE two are really sisters. You know them as Billie and Renée.

Billie evidently was not intended to be a "boy," judging from her baptismal names. She was christened Sarah Cecilia Maria Houston.

Renée was originally Katherina Valorita Veronica Houston, but if you are to know them at home you must begin all over again because they are both married. Billie is Mrs. Richard Cowper, and has a flat in Maida Vale. Renée is



The Houston Sisters are as different in temperament as they are to look at. Renée is on the left, and Billie on the right



Mrs. Patrick Aherné. She has two children. They are respectively Master Patrick Anthony, who is three, and Master Brian Alan, who is not yet two months.

Billie and Renée are not in the least alike in temperament—nor indeed in anything. What one likes the other detests.

Billie is a keen golfer and enjoys outdoor pastimes. She and her husband amused themselves at his people's place, in Kent, by making three lily ponds. Billie mixed a ton and a half of cement in one day.

They even built a bridge. Renée says she will go and jump on it one day to see if it is built for heavy traffic or not, she weighing about nine stone!

When not occupied in fresh air pastimes or in professional work, Billie Houston is a voracious reader. She will devour anything from history to criminal anthropology.

Renée, on the other hand, devotes herself largely to photography. She and her husband

run their own cinema shows at home, which is, by the way, at Edgware.

They have travelled about a great deal, but are now keen on keeping in London for as much of their work as possible.

Renée says there was a rumour that they had parted owing to a quarrel. As a matter of fact, they had merely accepted separate engagements.

The idea of a quarrel tickles them immensely. They swear they never do anything else.

They bully each other in their act, but that is nothing to what they can do in the wings. They will have a

furious argument just before they go on stage. Then they will appear and sing love songs. Finally they will finish their argument in their dressing-room.

The amusing part is that if you find them together they will entertain you by quoting what they have said to one another. It is difficult to tell whether they are really devoted or not. If you ask them a direct question they will deny the least affection, but it is hard to believe all they say.

Quite a climax in their "quarrelling" was reached a few weeks ago when Brian Alan was born.

Billie went over to Edgware to see Renée. She remembered to ask Renée how she was, and then took a look at the small son. She declared he must be called Michael.

Renée said nothing would persuade her to name him Michael. He was to be Brian Alan and that was all about it.

A fierce argument ensued, and there is no

knowing what might have been the end of it, but for the fact that the nurse took Billie and ejected her.

They have a third sister. She is a nice big thing, but only seventeen. Her name is Shirley. Whether they quarrel with her (or over her) seems uncertain, but Shirley must know their proclivities in that direction. It is on record that one of her greatest delights is to see the Houston Sisters kiss each other on Christmas Day.

The only time, apparently! Seemingly it is a function which has to be carefully prepared for and one which affects them adversely for some hours afterwards.

There is a brother also—Jim. He and Renée collaborate a good deal.

Renée's husband is in the motor trade. Like all men who have to deal with cars, he generally finds one to use privately.

He delighted Renée by arriving home in a Rolls-Royce one night recently. As she was in a show at the West End they decided to go up in their best finery and do the thing in style.

Renée so enjoyed it that she suggested they should repeat the experiment the following night.

He said he would do his best, so she waited for his return in another nice frock, but was a trifle disturbed when he arrived with a motor-cycle and sidecar, explaining he had nothing else to bring.

To see the Houston Sisters rehearse is to realise the skill their act demands. *On a Steamer Coming Over*, which must have been sung dozens of times on the wireless, seems a different thing in their hands.

Their Scottish accent and their general charm have made them very popular. And the intonation of these two amusing Scotch lassies is beyond reproach.

An exclusive "Radio Pictorial" article by Sir Henry Wood.



Sir Henry WOOD

speaks out on—

ANYONE returning from America must expect a barrage of questions, for there is no country in the world that excites so much curiosity among Englishmen.

The man who buys an occasional gramophone record of the celebrated Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra naturally wonders how an organisation such as this fits into the traditional home of film stars, jazz, and ballyhoo.

Well, I have just spent the most delightful four weeks in the States, and I can assure my English friends that music has got the most astonishing grip on the American people.

This is largely the result of intense civic pride, and the inhabitants of Boston, for example, are convinced that their orchestra is unsurpassed.

I conducted this orchestra, so marvellously trained by Koussevitski, for the first time (although I had been offered the post of permanent conductor during the War), and I am almost prepared to endorse this view.

The string playing is without parallel, and the general discipline is something extraordinary.

Every orchestra is bound to reflect the personality of its conductor, and under Toscannini, Stokowski, and Koussevitski it is only natural that American orchestras should lead the world.

Stokowski was trained at our own Royal College and was for some time organist at St. James', Piccadilly.

Eugène Goossens and Basil Cameron, both Englishmen, are in charge of the orchestras at Rochester and San Francisco; the former also



A holiday photograph of Sir Henry Wood, taken while he was on his way back from America

conducts at the Hollywood Bowl, the famous open-air arena which houses the largest concert audiences in the world.

But I must say a word about American broadcasting, which has such a bad name in this country.

Of course, there is plenty of jazz, but the intelligent listener is being looked after. The N.B.C. building in New York is a miracle of efficiency, and contains a magnificent concert hall. I had the pleasure of conducting a broadcast programme with Joseph Hoffmann as soloist, and although the concert was sponsored by a well-known motor manufacturer, the "puff" took only five minutes and was quite unobtrusive.

Motor-cars remind me of Converse's amusing composition, "Flivver, Ten Million," which I also conducted during my stay.

The work is supposed to depict the Ford factory, but I am told that Mr. Ford is not enthusiastic about it.

It is a truism that no country is satisfied with its own radio; Londoners globe-trot round Europe, while France is focused on Langham Place. But there is one regular broadcast from New York that must be unique—an hour's programme every evening by Stokowski and the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra.

Musical America

What would they say in the Charing Cross Road if they started that sort of game at Broadcasting House?

Again, although the multiple system with numerous companies in competition with each other has definite drawbacks, it does provide an enormous amount of employment.

American audiences are as wonderful to the foreigner as the London policeman; not a cough, except at the Metropolitan Opera, where people are every bit as talkative as at Covent Garden.

They are very conservative and do not like any monkeying with the classics; that is largely the result of hearing these works played under conductors who, although great virtuosos, are not showmen, and who allow the music to speak for itself.

This love of good music is a great example to this country; on the other hand, we are giving a lead to America in the employment of native artists.

America will pay any price to obtain the right man for a particular job, and too often she looks for him everywhere in the world except on her own doorstep.

The encouragement of a native tradition will consolidate this remarkable cultural achievement and we may then listen to American music that can stand up to the best work of Elgar or Bax.

Henry Wood

How to become a RADIO STAR

Producing for the Mike

THERE is an immense interest in the way radio producers get material ready for the microphone. Many listeners have their own ideas and there is certainly scope for new radio producers.

But it is vitally necessary to study programme make-up before you commence on the ladder of radio production. It is so easy to overlook the fundamentals of good programme make-up and presentation.

Comical results of this kind have come from America.

Early advertising programmes were chosen by advertising managers of the businesses backing them. They would not look at specially trained announcers. They were sure they knew best how to do the business talk. They made the advertising announcements themselves.

Radio became the Bedlam of the Big Bow-wow.

They roared and bellowed into the microphone. The microphone had its own back, blurring their words in vague megaphone rumblings. Listeners found themselves thundered at as though they were deaf. They rebelled; and general protest caused the appointment of properly equipped announcers.

From microphone fear, the new performer often swings to the other extreme. Self-importance grows and eccentricities follow.

One prepares for this state when the performer begins to talk about how it feels to sing or speak to millions on the air.

Microphone megalomania—broadcasting's blown-up head—has set in. The idea that listeners can switch off is forgotten!

Radio listeners hear more personally, exclusively, than theatre or concert audiences. Radio enters homes more than assemblies.



Radio performers, to get home to radio audiences, must imagine definite, individual listeners. Thinking of an indistinctly featured multitude will make him vague, dispersed, impersonal in appeal. He needs the human touch. Only when he feels that he is in human communion will he get this.

This is particularly true in programmes for special audiences. Children's programmes, for instance. Insight, sympathy with children, must also go with the power to make each listening child imagine the performer addressing him alone. The child's personal interest must be gained.

Personal interest can only be roused by personal qualities. Radio performers must have powers of personal expression over the microphone—radio personality.

And to achieve radio personality, it is absolutely necessary to understand sound-effects, vocal and verbal expression. Radio art is not merely mechanical, like the tele-

DR. LEIGH HENRY, in this second article of an interesting series on microphone technique, gives some practical advice to aspiring radio producers.

graph. It can express moods and feelings. It reaches people with feeling and thoughts.

Radio performance must therefore put over a definite identity, carrying some mental or emotional impression, if the listener is to get the idea of radio personality.

The development of an effective microphone voice is a first consideration. Some voices suggest personality by their fixed character. Others carry over personality by characterisation, like actors in character parts. They are adaptable.

It is like star and repertory work in the theatre. Stars find parts to suit their personalities. Repertory actors succeed through versatility.

Intimacy should be worked for.

Conversational voice-pitch scores more than broad oratory in radio. Singers have no gallery to reach. The microphone registers the softest voice inflections.

It is no use relying on mannerisms of action or face expression. Only sound goes over. Only by grading pitch and sound-pace—fast or slow—can the microphone voice suggest action or personal mannerism.

A lot of theatre and music-hall moods come from costume and make-up. Radio performers, excepting in television, have no such support. Sound make-up is nevertheless possible over the microphone.

Little tricks of voice count in suggesting character. Music provides a scenic backcloth of sound, or moods of sentiment, or sensation. Music can even be comic. Burlesque sounds fill in well in place of grimace or comic gesture in broadcast vaudeville.

Behind technique, however, a successful radio performer must have character. He must be able to express these in characterising. His best study in how to reach his public will be his own human experience.

To be continued next week.



Lance Sieveking, the well-known B.B.C. producer, rehearses some budding radio stars at the microphone in preparation for the recently broadcast German film story "Emil and the Detectives."



Stars in the Week's Programmes. Thorpe Bates (Thursday, National, at 9.35 p.m.), Maurice Cole (Monday, National, at 9 p.m.), Montague Brearley (Sunday at 6.30 p.m.) and Frieda Dierolf (Sunday, National, at 4 p.m.)

PROGRAMME HEADLINES of the WEEK

NATIONAL

- SUNDAY (March 11).—*As You Like It*, a play by William Shakespeare.
- MONDAY (March 12).—*Big Business*, a musical show by John Watt and Henrik Ege.
- TUESDAY (March 13).—Instrumental recital.
- WEDNESDAY (March 14).—Symphony Concert, relayed from the Queen's Hall, London.
- THURSDAY (March 15).—Military Band concert.
- FRIDAY (March 16).—*The Hero*, an Italian farce by Alessandro de Steffani, translated by Marianne Helweg.
- SATURDAY (March 17).—Running commentary on the Boat Race.

LONDON REGIONAL

- SUNDAY (March 11).—Sunday Orchestral Concert, Number 17.
- MONDAY (March 12).—Orchestral Concert.
- TUESDAY (March 13).—*Big Business*, a musical show, by John Watt and Henrik Ege.
- WEDNESDAY (March 14).—Variety programme.
- THURSDAY (March 15).—Royal Philharmonic Concert, relayed from the Queen's Hall, London.
- FRIDAY (March 16).—Chamber Music Concert, to be given before an audience in the Concert Hall, Broadcasting House.
- SATURDAY (March 17).—*The Hero*, an Italian farce by Alessandro de Steffani, translated by Marianne Helweg.

MIDLAND REGIONAL

- SUNDAY (March 11).—Choral and Instrumental Concert.
- MONDAY (March 12).—A Light Orchestral Concert, relayed from the National Trades and Industrial Exhibition, Bingley Hall, Birmingham.
- TUESDAY (March 13).—Choir and Cloister, a microphone impression of the historic Midland Cathedrals (3) Hereford, relayed from Hereford Cathedral.
- WEDNESDAY (March 14).—Orchestral Concert.
- THURSDAY (March 15).—A School Concert, relayed from St. Mary's Church Hall, Bridgnorth.

- FRIDAY (March 16).—The Regional Revellers, feature programme.
- SATURDAY (March 17).—A Popular Celebrity Concert, relayed from the Central Hall, Walsall.

WEST REGIONAL

- SUNDAY (March 11).—An orchestral concert, relayed from the Empire Theatre, Cardiff.
- MONDAY (March 12).—Choral and orchestral concert.
- TUESDAY (March 13).—Theatre Music: orchestral concert.
- WEDNESDAY (March 14).—The Western Onlooker—A Regional Review.
- THURSDAY (March 15).—*Queer People*: Truth which is stranger than fiction told in play form by John Wyndham, 2—John Mytton.
- FRIDAY (March 16).—*Au plein air*, orchestral concert.
- SATURDAY (March 17).—Concert, relayed from Dartington Hall, Totnes.

NORTH REGIONAL

- SUNDAY (March 11).—"Mothering Sunday," a programme of music and speech.
- MONDAY (March 12).—"The Roadside Fire," orchestral concert.
- TUESDAY (March 13).—Pianoforte recital of the music of Yorkshire composers.
- WEDNESDAY (March 14).—A Brass Band concert.
- THURSDAY (March 15).—*Carmen* (concert version), relayed from the Parr Hall, Warrington.
- FRIDAY (March 16).—"The Dream

of Gerontius," an oratorio by Sir Edward Elgar, relayed from the Town Hall, Leeds.

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

SCOTTISH REGIONAL

- SUNDAY (March 11).—Orchestral concert.
- MONDAY (March 12).—Brass Band concert.
- TUESDAY (March 13).—*A Fool and His Money*, a wayside comedy by Laurence Housman.
- WEDNESDAY (March 14).—*Idomeno*, Act 3, relayed from the Theatre Royal, Glasgow.
- THURSDAY (March 15).—Orchestral concert.
- FRIDAY (March 16).—Once in the Ballrooms of Europe: a programme of Dances, from the Pavane to the Waltz, followed by Now—in the Ballrooms of Europe.
- SATURDAY (March 17).—Fringes of Music; a concert for those whose taste in matters musical is Catholic.

BELFAST

- SUNDAY (March 11).—Salvation Army Band programme.
- MONDAY (March 12).—Excerpts from Opera, orchestral concert.
- TUESDAY (March 13).—*The Coiner*, a comedy by Bernard Duffy.
- WEDNESDAY (March 14).—Orchestral concert.
- THURSDAY (March 15).—Instrumental concert.
- FRIDAY (March 16).—*What's the Idea?* No. 2, feature programme.

True to the traditional hustle of her native America, Ina Souez, who sings in the National programme on March 11, made her debut at Covent Garden in *Turandot* during the Grand Season at twenty-four hours' notice.

Prior to that, she had won the prize at a Philadelphia examination for the best soprano under twenty-one years of age.

On the advice of Gatti Casazza, manager of the Metropolitan Opera Company of America, she made up her mind to study under the best teachers in the world before becoming a professional, and so she went to Italy for training.

If the state of his health permits, Tobias Matthay, doyen of pianists, will broadcast a recital in the National programme on March 11.

His writings have revolutionised piano-teaching and music-teaching all over the world. He was born in London in 1858 and became a professor at the Royal Academy of Music considerably more than half-a-century ago. Since then he has made his mark as piano teacher, composer and player.

Probably no serious pianoforte pupil of the last thirty or forty years but has been influenced to some extent by the name and work of Tobias Matthay.

Parents are sometimes accused of showing no common sense in the management of their children; but is not the accuser often confusing common sense and knowledge? Rules of health have to be learnt, even by the most sensible of parents.

A word of advice or explanation may not be regarded as amiss, nor spurned, even by parents experienced in the rules of health, to say nothing of the inexperienced; and so the B.B.C. is contemplating a new series of morning talks in the spring.

Dance Music of the Week

Monday. The B.B.C. Dance Orchestra, directed by Henry Hall (broadcasting from the B.B.C. studios).

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

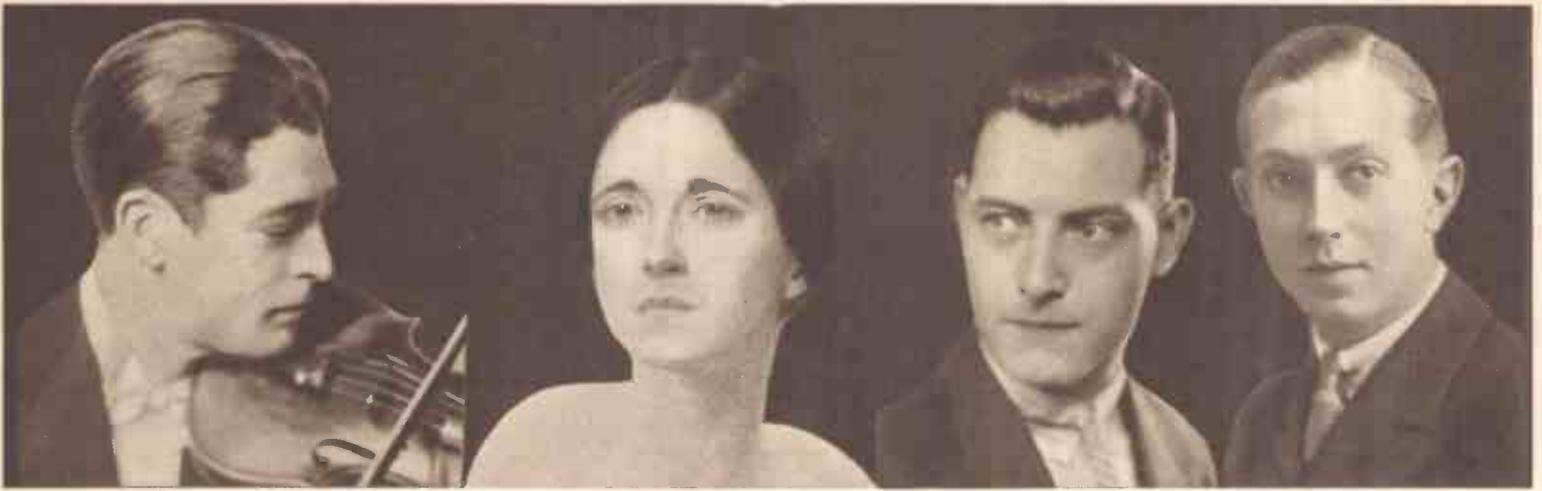
Wednesday. Lew Stone and his Band (broadcasting from the B.B.C. studios).

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

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

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

Radio Times gives full programme details.



(Left to right) A. Rossi (Hotel Metropole Orchestra), Harriet Cohen (Tuesday, National, at 9.20 p.m.), Reginald New (Tuesday, National, at noon) Ernest Lush (Sunday, National, at 7.30 p.m.)

Your Foreign Programme Guide

SUNDAY (MARCH 11)

Athlone (531 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 1.0 p.m.
Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Dance Music ... 8.0 p.m.
Berlin (Deutschlandsender) (1,571 m.).—"South Germany in Deed and Song"—Variety Programme 6.20 p.m.
Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—Play about Don Quixote (Rombach) ... 2.5 p.m.
Bucharest (212.6 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 8.15 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Concert by the Leipzig Symphony Orchestra 7.0 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Gramophone Concert ... 4.30 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Old Music for 'cello and Cembalo ... 5.45 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Variety programme ... 5.30 p.m.
Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Orchestral Music ... 2.0 p.m.
Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Variety 2 a.m. (Mon.)
Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Gramophone Concert ... 8.0 p.m.
Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Musical Programme ... 8.30 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Concert by an Amateur Orchestra 6.30 p.m.
Toulouse (335.2 m.).—Military Band Concert ... 8.15 p.m.
Vienna (506.8 m.).—Concert by the Vienna Symphony Orchestra 9.25 p.m.
Warsaw (1,415 m.).—Dance Music 9.25 p.m.

MONDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Orchestral Broadcast ... 9.30 p.m.
Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Dance Music ... 11.0 p.m.
Berlin (Deutschlandsender) (1,571 m.).—Concert of German and Italian Music ... 7.10 p.m.
Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—"Black and White—what we are and what we would like to be"—Variety ... 7.10 p.m.
Bucharest (212.6 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 7.0 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Transmission for all German Stations; Concert of music by Brahms ... 6.0 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Concert of Russian Music ... 7.0 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Hugo Wolf Song Recital ... 8.40 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Gala Concert ... 8.55 p.m.

Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Variety Programme 11.30 p.m.
Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Variety Programme ... 1.0 a.m. (Tues.)
Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—The Radio Quartet with Vocal Solos 8.0 p.m.
Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Variety 2 a.m. (Tues.)
Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Concert of Chamber Music ... 5.0 p.m.
Warsaw (1,415 m.).—Concert of Dutch Music ... 7.2 p.m.

TUESDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Orchestral Music ... 9.30 p.m.
Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Trio Concert ... 6.0 p.m.
Berlin (Deutschlandsender) (1,571 m.).—Radio Sequence about the Sea ... 8.5 p.m.
Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—Concert of Music in 1680 8.0 p.m.
Bucharest (212.6 m.).—Symphony Concert ... 7.0 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Dance Music by the Emdé and the Radio Orchestra ... 7.10 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Orchestral Music ... 7.30 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Transmission for all German stations: "Bavarian Salt"—Radio sequence 6.0 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Records of Richard Tauber 7.30 p.m.
Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Dance Music ... 5.45 p.m.
Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Amos'n Andy ... 12.0 (midnight)
Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Piano Solos, Records, and Dance Music 8.0 p.m.
Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Orchestral Music ... 2.30 a.m. (Wed.)

Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Light Orchestral Concert ... 5.0 p.m.
Warsaw (1,415 m.).—Frauenfresser—Operetta (Eyster) 7.2 p.m.

WEDNESDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Variety 9.45 p.m.
Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 9.10 p.m.
Berlin (Deutschlandsender) (1,571 m.).—Concert relayed from the Philharmonic ... 8.0 p.m.
Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—Part Relay of Concert from the Singakadeuse ... 8.0 p.m.
Bucharest (212.6 m.).—Variety Music ... 5.20 p.m.
Heilsberg (291 m.).—Transmission for all German stations: Schubert Song Recital ... 6.0 p.m.
Paris (Eiffel Tower) (1,389 m.).—Programme for Young People 7.45 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Dance Music 10.0 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Orchestral Music ... 6.30 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Concert 10.0 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Eugénie Grandet—Play after Balzac ... 8.0 p.m.
Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Request Programme 11.30 a.m.
Warsaw (1,415 m.).—Dance Music from the "Oaza" Café 10.5 p.m.

THURSDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Old Favourite Tunes ... 9.45 p.m.
Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Trio Concert ... 6.0 p.m.
Berlin (Deutschlandsender) (1,571 m.).—Song Recital by Marianne Mörner ... 5.0 p.m.
Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—Variety with Dance Music 7.10 p.m.

Bucharest (212.6 m.).—Concert of Light Music ... 4.0 p.m.
Frankfurt (251 m.).—Transmission for all German stations: *The Fleet of Dyonyosos* ... 6.0 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Concert by The Radio Orchestra 3.0 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Dance Music ... 10.0 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Variety Programme ... 7.30 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Programme of Basque Music 9.30 p.m.
Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Songs from the Shows ... 11.30 a.m.
Warsaw (1,415 m.).—Concert of Light Music ... 7.2 p.m.

FRIDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 9.30 p.m.
Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 9.10 p.m.
Berlin (Deutschlandsender) (1,571 m.).—Max Reger Concert by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra 7.10 p.m.
Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—Transmission for all German stations: Variety ... 6.0 p.m.
Bucharest (212.6 m.).—Concert of Variety Music ... 5.20 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Euryanthe—Opera (Weber) ... 7.10 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Concert of Wind Instrument Music 7.10 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 8.10 p.m.

SATURDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Irish Dance Music ... 11.30 p.m.
Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 9.40 p.m.
Berlin (Deutschlandsender) (1,571 m.).—Modern Operetta Duets 5.0 p.m.
Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—Variety Programme 7.10 p.m.
Bucharest (212.6 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 4.0 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Operetta Music and Dance Music 7.10 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Concert of Light Music ... 10.0 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Dance Music ... 11.15 p.m.
Stuttgart (522.6 m.).—Transmission for all German stations: *Daimler*—sketch ... 6.0 p.m.
Warsaw (1,415 m.).—Chopin Piano Recital ... 8.20 p.m.

Dance Music from the Continental Stations

SUNDAY	THURSDAY
Barcelona ... 8 p.m.	Berlin ... 7.10 p.m.
Warsaw ... 9.25 p.m.	Ljubljana ... 10 p.m.
	Reykjavik ... 8 p.m.
MONDAY	FRIDAY
Barcelona ... 11 p.m.	Warsaw ... 9.40 p.m.
TUESDAY	SATURDAY
Leipzig ... 7.10 p.m.	Athlone ... 11.30 p.m.
Radio Normandy ... 5.45 p.m.	Leipzig ... 7.10 p.m.
Reykjavik ... 8 p.m.	Poste Parisien ... 11.15 p.m.
WEDNESDAY	Radio Normandy 12 midnight
Leipzig ... 10 p.m.	
Warsaw ... 10.5 p.m.	



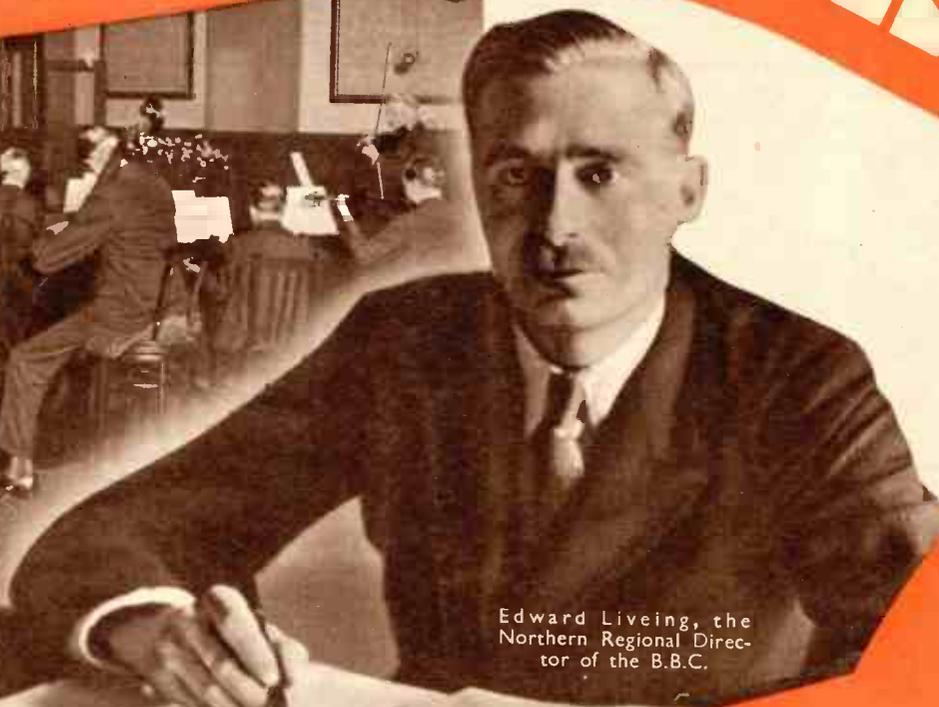
A popular item in the Scottish Regional programme—a broadcast by the Studio Orchestra at Edinburgh



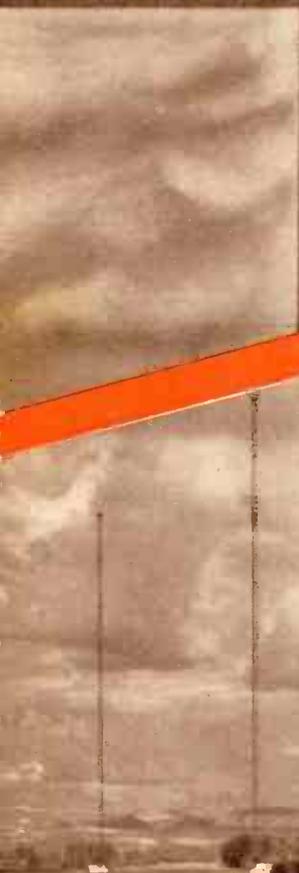
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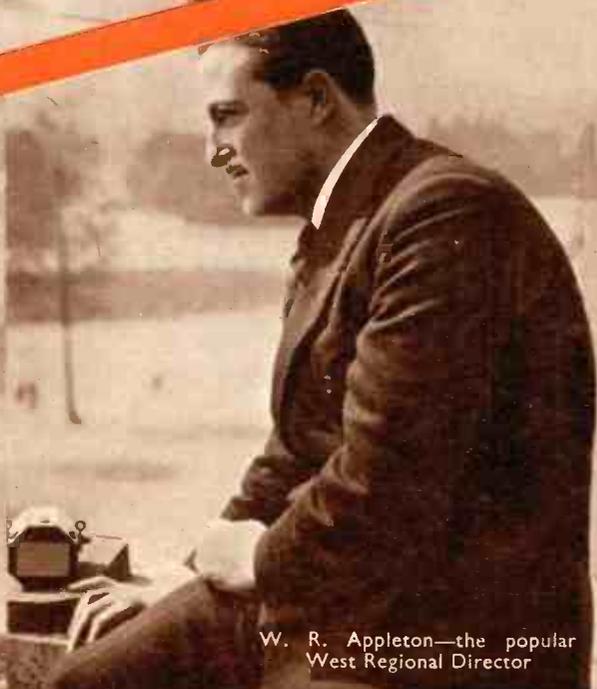
The Northern Studio Orchestra snapped during a rehearsal in the studio



Edward Liveing, the Northern Regional Director of the B.B.C.



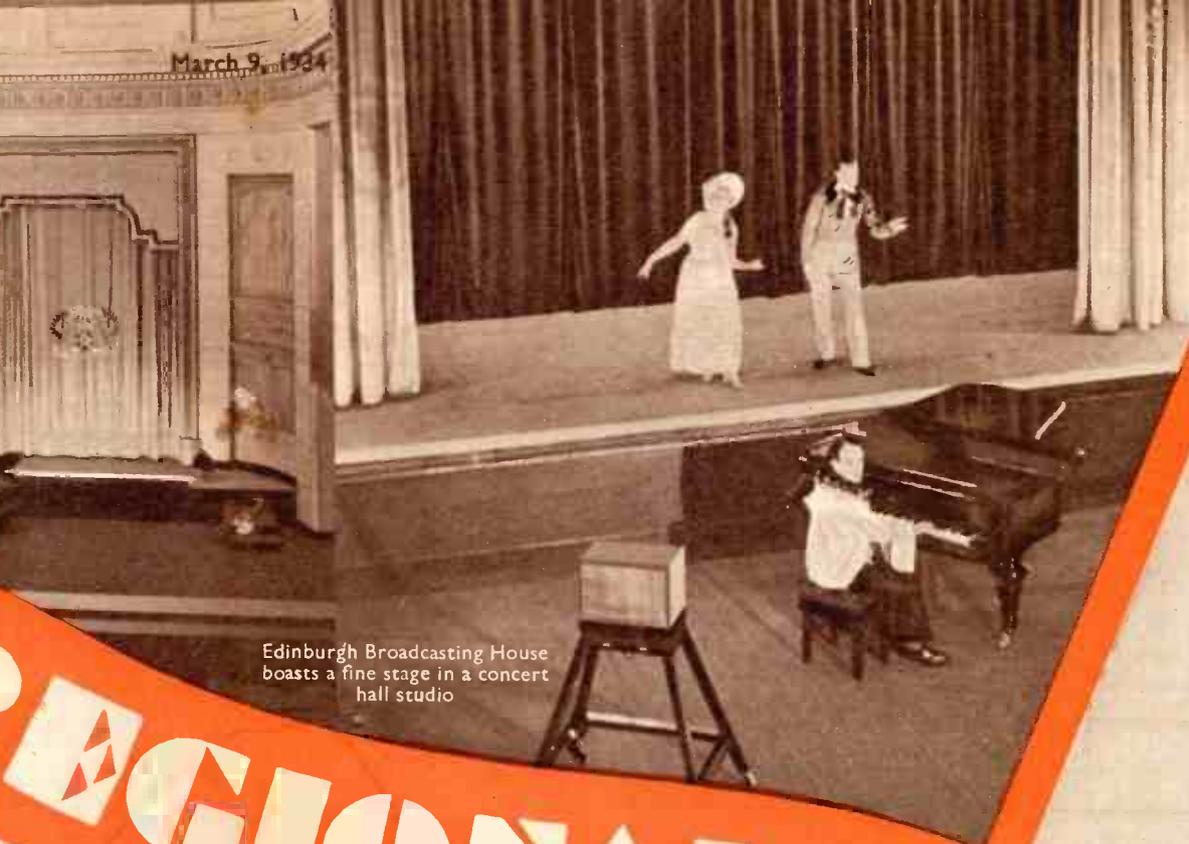
Where your West Regional Programme starts—the B.B.C. broadcaster at Watchet



W. R. Appleton—the popular West Regional Director

March 9, 1934

RADIO PICTORIAL



Edinburgh Broadcasting House boasts a fine stage in a concert hall studio



Kiddies will be interested in this—the Midland Children's Hour in course of production

REGIONALS



Percy Edgar, the Midland Regional Director and (right) Broadcasting House in Piccadilly, Manchester



A popular regional feature—the Midland Studio Orchestra

TUNED OUT!

"TELL YOU," repeated Stephen Penhale, "the old fool *did* make another will. He told me he was doing so."

John Dryden, neat and precise in his formal morning clothes, the very pattern of a family lawyer, tapped the table irritably with a gold pencil and avoided the angry eyes of the young man who was pacing up and down the library.

"Your uncle was not usually so careless about these matters," said the lawyer drily, "so you must admit that there is a good deal of reason in what I've been telling you, Mr. Penhale. I have opened and read the will dated September 10, 1923. As you know this leaves his entire fortune to his niece Miss Anne Penhale, your sister. I wish she could

By Cyril JAMES

be here to see what has happened, but she has probably left Ontario for London by now."

"Anne has forfeited any regard my uncle may have had for her," said Penhale, irritably. "I know. Haven't I lived here, looking after my uncle for the past five years, humouring the old fool? And now he leaves me with a Chinese puzzle instead of a proper will, the silly old..."

"Mr. Penhale," exclaimed the lawyer, standing up suddenly—"the late Mr. Edward Grahame was a life-long friend of mine and I do not like the tone you adopt when speaking of him."

"All right, I'm sorry. Let's forget it and get down to this damned thing."

The lawyer, disapproval written in every line of his wrinkled face, sat again rigidly at the table. The two men pored over the amazing scrap of paper which Edward Grahame had left behind him—a queer conundrum from the grave.

It was truly a most surprising document. Ever since the first will had been opened and the strange enclosure discovered, there had been little peace at nights for the nephew whose painstaking cultivation of a promisingly rich uncle was at the last threatened with disaster by this unexpected obstacle.

All he had known or imagined about his uncle's character had been turned upside-down. That an elderly bachelor, rich and amiable, whose only hobbies had been the collection of an extensive library, and, in recent years, an almost crazy passion for radio, should have devised such a post-mortem puzzle seemed grossly unfair.

Penhale looked disconsolately around the library, with its impressive array of richly-bound books, glanced with evident dislike at the huge radio-gramophone in the corner, and then returned his gaze unwillingly to the paper which the lawyer was scrutinising.

It was a scrap of smooth white paper and on it the old man had written:

WILL		
283	E	
319	441	431
203	1481	1538
349	1083	204
413	1380	E
1200	436	
1200	291	
345	690	
542	235	
	3	
		29

Beneath the rows of numerals, the old man—who had always been fond of an apt proverb—had written "Seek and Ye Shall Find." There followed his signature, the date, and the signatures of two old servants, who had repeatedly protested they were told nothing about the code when Grahame had asked them to act as witnesses.

The lawyer gave a tiny sigh of despair and arose.

"I give it up," he said; "well, Mr. Penhale, you have until your sister arrives to solve this mystery."

"But hang it all, Dryden, there must be people who can work out these things."

John Dryden shrugged his shoulders.

"I have already placed it before a cryptogram expert who is supposed to be the greatest living authority on the subject, and he tells me that the code is beyond him. It refuses to answer any of his tests and he is as puzzled as I am why the testator should



With a curse, Penhale caught up a calf-bound book from the shelf nearest the window and hurled it at the Italian

A Radio Short Story— with a difference!

have suddenly broken from numbers into the letter 'E.' Well, I must really be getting on."

He walked from the library and Penhale, after staring at the rows of numerals until he nearly lapsed into a state of self-hypnosis, rang a bell savagely.

"You rang, sir?"

Hermitage, the butler who had been in Grahame's service for the past twenty years, stood respectfully at the door.

"Yes—come here, Hermitage. About this damned puzzle. . . ."

"I'm sorry, sir, but I can only say again I know nothing about it."

Penhale swore softly.

Then into the quiet library broke the raucous rattle of a street organ which suddenly began playing below. After a few moments, Penhale strode to the window and glowered at the cheerful Italian who was cranking away.

"Clear off, d'you hear!"

The organ grinder looked up with an impudent smile.

"No like-a da tune?" he cried and slipping the pointer into a fresh position, began to churn out another.

It was the final irritation of an exasperating morning.

With a curse, Penhale caught up a calf-bound book from the shelf nearest the window and hurled it at the Italian, who ducked as the volume crashed on his organ.

Then he smiled. After all, the book would probably fetch him a shilling at Caledonian Market and that was more than he had expected.

"Si, si, signor," he laughed, "I go. . . ."

And trundled down the street and out of this story.

Penhale turned with a slightly sheepish look and confronted the astounded Hermitage.

"All right," he said, "you may go."

Left alone, he wandered disconsolately around the bookshelves, stopped at the radiogramophone and regarded it moodily. Penhale had never known much about the operation of these things.

As he looked at the instrument, something caught his attention. He stooped over it and remained deep in thought for some time his lips moving as though he was repeating a formula.

Then he straightened. His face was flushed and his eyes bright as he rang the bell.

"Yes, sir."

"Hermitage, are there any wireless journals here—ones that give all the foreign programmes?"

"Yes, sir, a whole pile of them. I'll get one."

"Just a minute. Get any copy dated 1933—it must be last year's."

When the butler returned, Penhale was poring over the puzzle again. He snatched the book from the butler's hands and began jotting down names and numbers with feverish haste.

"Is there anything else, sir?"

"Yes, wait . . . wait . . . Hermitage, I've got it!"

"Got what, sir?"

"The key—the answer to the puzzle. Oh! the cunning old devil."

Disregarding the shocked expression in the butler's eyes, Penhale rambled on, pouring out a torrent of excited words.

"No wonder, the cryptogram bloke couldn't solve it. See what the old devil did,

Hermitage? Instead of letters he used the names of radio stations. Look. Here you are: 283—that's Innsbruck; 319—Naples."

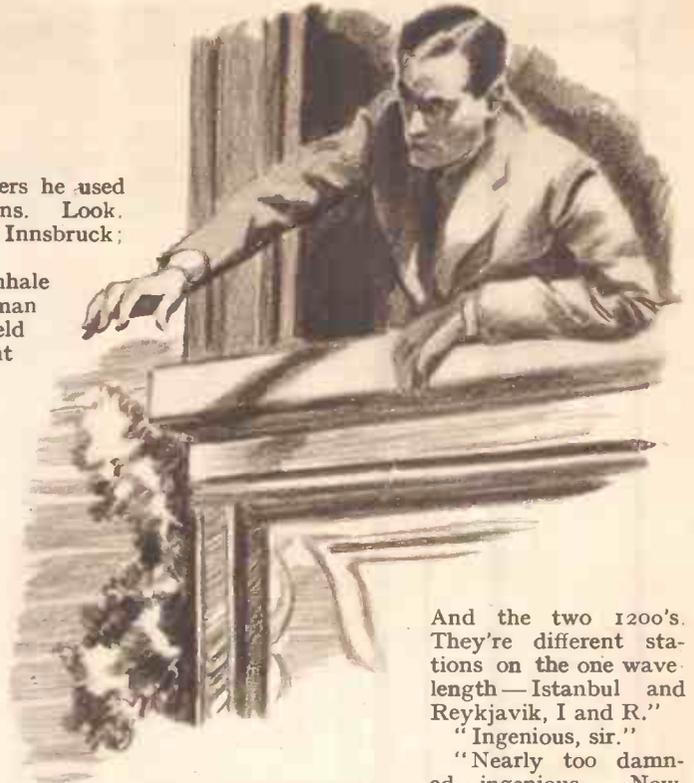
The butler looked at Penhale curiously. Had the young man gone crazy? But Penhale held out the paper and the servant took it dubiously.

Penhale had scribbled:

Innsbruck. Naples. Bilbao. Leningrad. Athlone. Istanbul. Reykjavik. Strasbourg. Sundsvall. E. Rome. Moscow. Oslo. Novosibirsk. Stockholm. Viipuri. Oulu. Lodz. 1/3/. Parede. Ankara. Gavle. E. 1/29/."

"I'm afraid, sir, I can't make. . . ."

"It's simple. Put the initials of these stations together and you'll find they spell a message. Get it? Look—'IN BLAIR'S SERMONS. VOL. 3. PAGE 29'. The old fox wouldn't use a number for E because the only station given here is Eiffel Tower, and as that's, let me see, yes—1445.7, he didn't use it because the decimal point might give an easy clue. Then, see how he used different numbers for the two S letters—Strasbourg and Sundsvall? That would put any expert off the scent.



And the two 1200's. They're different stations on the one wavelength—Istanbul and Reykjavik, I and R."

"Ingenious, sir."

"Nearly too damned ingenious. Now,

Hermitage, you can trickle around the library and find me that book. Then I collect before my precious sister comes along. Go on, man, don't stand there staring. Volume Three, 'Blair's Sermons.' Jump to it."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but. . . ."

"What the devil. . . ?"

"With great respect, sir, that was the book you threw at the organ-grinder."

HERE AND THERE

HELLO, CHILDREN!

The Government has just issued figures which show that during the year 1933 the value of the goods we bought from abroad (imports) was just about the same as the value of the goods we sold abroad (visible exports), plus the value of the services we sold abroad (invisible exports). If you don't know what an invisible export is, send me a post card and I will tell you about these mysterious but very important things in another letter.

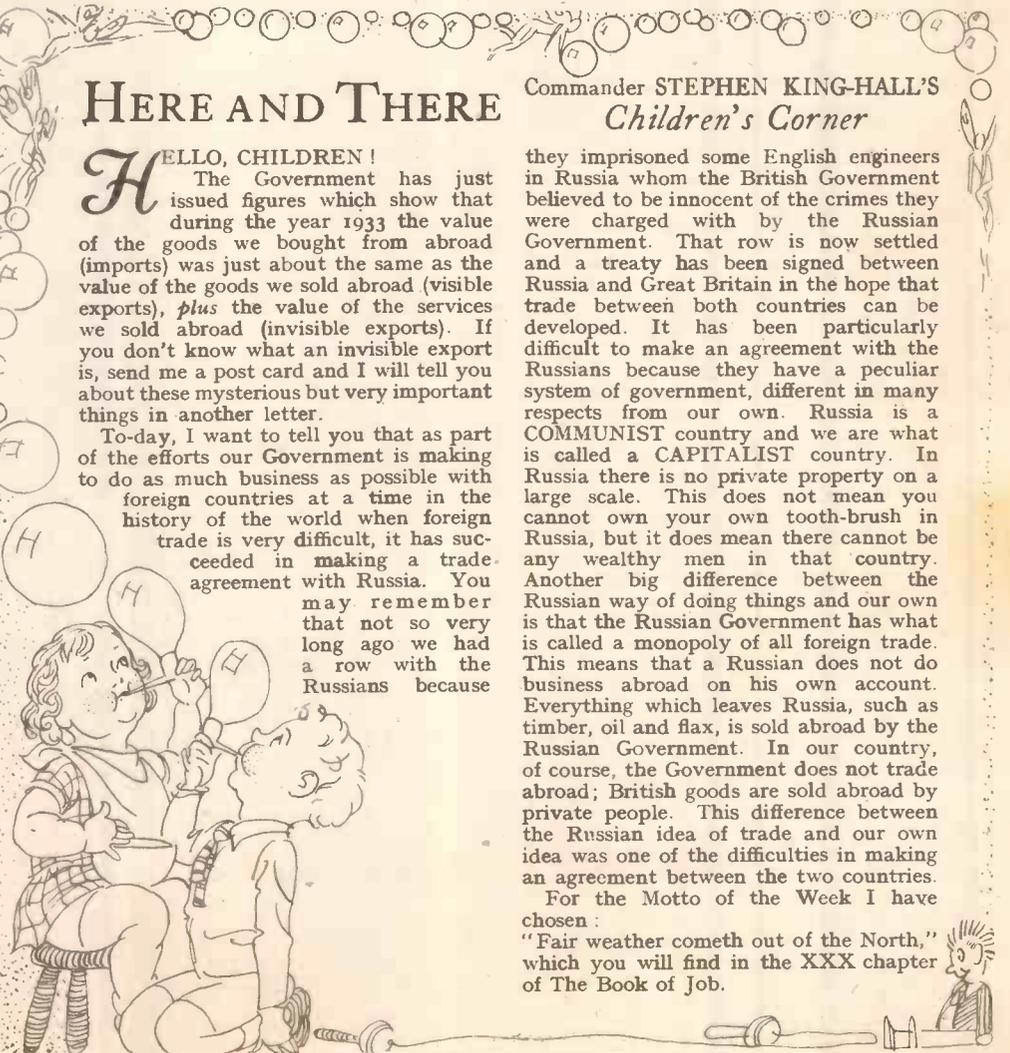
To-day, I want to tell you that as part of the efforts our Government is making to do as much business as possible with foreign countries at a time in the history of the world when foreign trade is very difficult, it has succeeded in making a trade agreement with Russia. You may remember that not so very long ago we had a row with the Russians because

Commander STEPHEN KING-HALL'S Children's Corner

they imprisoned some English engineers in Russia whom the British Government believed to be innocent of the crimes they were charged with by the Russian Government. That row is now settled and a treaty has been signed between Russia and Great Britain in the hope that trade between both countries can be developed. It has been particularly difficult to make an agreement with the Russians because they have a peculiar system of government, different in many respects from our own. Russia is a COMMUNIST country and we are what is called a CAPITALIST country. In Russia there is no private property on a large scale. This does not mean you cannot own your own tooth-brush in Russia, but it does mean there cannot be any wealthy men in that country. Another big difference between the Russian way of doing things and our own is that the Russian Government has what is called a monopoly of all foreign trade. This means that a Russian does not do business abroad on his own account. Everything which leaves Russia, such as timber, oil and flax, is sold abroad by the Russian Government. In our country, of course, the Government does not trade abroad; British goods are sold abroad by private people. This difference between the Russian idea of trade and our own idea was one of the difficulties in making an agreement between the two countries.

For the Motto of the Week I have chosen:

"Fair weather cometh out of the North," which you will find in the XXX chapter of The Book of Job.





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EVE and the MIKE

THE choice of your new spring hat is the supreme thrill of the season's shopping expeditions. Everybody knows what a hat can do for a woman in driving away depression for herself and everybody round her. And when it is a case of emerging from the close-fitting felts of winter, with all the glory and gaiety of the new season's straws to choose from—well, there is no knowing what rash purchases will be made as the result.

The difficulty is, of course, what to choose. Never before, it seems, have millinery modes presented themselves in such a diversity of shapes. First, of course, there is the off-the-face hat that can be a halo, a queenly coronet, or a childish bonnet. They frame the face with an upturned brim of straw, softened with a bandeau of ribbon tied on top—like a child's hair ribbon—or with a wreath of artificial blossoms.

The tilted straw sailor is perhaps the most becoming choice for most of us—stiff of brim, with a stick-up bow at the back and two short tails.

Then there is the George Robey hat—amazingly like the famous round billycock with a little turned-up brim. There are Mexican hats with shallow crowns and wide, straight brims that change their minds at the last moment and turn upwards. And there are a few hats with transparent tulle brims that can be pinned or looped as you like with fascinating effect.

As for colours, the hats that have been seen so far this year are mostly either white or black or of natural

straw. Even the ribbon that trims them is generally black or navy, of moiré, grosgrain, or plaid taffeta.

DO YOU KNOW THIS?

If your spectacles constantly get clouded and misty, try rubbing them with a little glycerine before putting them on. You can keep a small square of chamois leather in the case for this purpose. The glycerine prevents the moisture in the atmosphere condensing on the glass.

MAKE YOUR OWN COLD CREAM

If you are one of those people who enjoy "messing about," and would rather concoct things for yourself than buy them ready-made, here is a tested recipe for a really pure and nourishing cold cream. It will not promote the growth of hair.

Take half an ounce of beeswax and melt it on the stove in two ounces of almond oil. Add, with constant stirring, a pinch of borax previously dissolved in five teaspoonfuls of rosewater. Add a drop of oil of rose, and continue to stir.



You need not worry about your milk getting burnt with one of these safety milk boilers. It costs only 9d. and, when it is put in the bottom of the saucepan, the milk is kept moving as though it were being stirred

HOME DYEING

Have you ever tried dyeing things at home and been disappointed at the result? Here is a hint worth knowing.

When you have dissolved the dye in boiling water, strain it through fine muslin into the bath. In this way no specks and impurities get into the water to spot the garment. Then stir the dye all the time to avoid it becoming streaky.

When you are dyeing something black, one packet of navy-blue dye to every three of black gives a much better colour.

A good pink colour can be given to a white garment with a few drops of red ink and a little cold tea added to the rinsing water. A tablespoonful of methylated spirit in addition gives a good gloss to the fabric. Iron while still damp.

A NEW KIND OF EGG-CUP

I had an egg-cup sent to me the other day—a new sort of egg-cup, in which you can cook the egg as well as eat it. It is made entirely of china—in white, green, pink, blue or yellow—with a lid that screws on. This, of course, conserves the flavour and makes this a specially suitable method of cooking for invalids. Eggs in new and fascinating forms can be evolved in a few minutes.

For one tempting recipe, you break an egg into the cup, add cream with salt and pepper, place the cup in boiling water for five minutes, and serve in the cup. Imagine how delicious!

A charming "Dorothy Walker" frock for the not-so-slim, in navy and white diamond check milanese



FURRED KETTLES

For removing "fur" from kettles, vinegar is excellent. Pour in enough to cover the furred part and let it stand for an hour or two. Then rinse the kettle out and fill it with water; bring it to the boil and rinse again. The kettle should then be quite free from fur.

Another method is to fill the kettle three-quarters full of water and add a dessertspoonful of borax. Bring to the boil and then boil it again with clear water.

Teapots that have become stained can generally be cleaned by filling with boiling water and adding a few lumps of soda. A cloth dipped in salt will remove discoloration.



This egg-opener quickly breaks an egg and positively prevents the shell from falling into the basin. It costs 1s. (Left) A Maugreen model in heavy silk piqué. (Photograph by Blake)

Finish with a wipe over with a rag dipped in turpentine.

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

Margot



For Leather Chairs

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

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

MICHAEL HOGAN, whom you know as "Father" in the famous "Buggins Family" sketches, which are made so extremely funny by him and Mabel Constanduros, told me he is very fond of fish.

Here are two of his favourite recipes:—

SOLE COLBERT

Remove the head from a large Dover sole, brush over with seasoned, beaten egg and dip in breadcrumbs; fry in boiling fat, drain thoroughly and slit fish down the middle of the back with a knife; cut the flesh away from the bone—which must then be carefully lifted out. Fill space with maitre d'hôtel butter, made from 1 oz. butter mixed with a little lemon-juice and seasoning worked together until creamy; add 2 teaspoonfuls of finely chopped parsley. Serve plain, without sauce.

FISH CUTLETS

Ingredients: ½ lb. cooked fish; 1 teaspoonful chopped parsley; a teaspoonful anchovy or Worcester sauce; 1 gill of very stiff, well-seasoned white sauce; 1 egg; breadcrumbs.

Remove all skin and bones from fish, and flake finely; add to the sauce with parsley and Worcester and mix thoroughly; turn out on a wet plate and divide into eight portions; when quite cool, shape into cutlets, brush both sides with beaten egg and dip in breadcrumbs.

Fry in boiling fat until golden-brown; drain well on soft paper and dish in two lines, cutlets leaning against each other, with fried parsley in the middle.

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.

**Laugh With
Leonard Henry**

"That singer reminds me of a canary."
"She's certainly a fine yeller."

"I'd much rather deal with thin artists," says a B.B.C. official. He can't get round the stout ones.

Strange though it may seem, it is impossible to go straight with the B.B.C. There are too many corners in Broadcasting House!

IMPOVERISHED ACTOR (at Broadcasting House): "But I only want a lift."

OFFICIAL: "Sorry, we cannot oblige you; but you can have a ride in one."

A man in Leicester who has been going to put up a new aerial for the last two years is taking steps to do it. But he'll need a bigger ladder than that.

"That singer's a man of rare gifts."
"Yes. He hasn't even bought his wife a box of chocolates for ten years."

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THE PRESIDENT'S BROADCAST

"THE PRESIDENT must broadcast."

José Adolfo Pirella, President of the Federation of Santagrada, sighed wearily. Amiable and indolent though he was, José brought himself to glare almost balefully at old Senator Rebasque.

He would cheerfully have seen the whole Legislature, even the Loyalists, boiled down into one of the various synthetic oil products for which Santagrada is famed wherever Commerce stoops to conquer.

José knew he would have to yield or else play into the hands of Ruanardo's crowd, for in Santagrada a fluctuating Loyalist majority is best maintained by docile acquiescence which, as a rule, suited José's disposition admirably. But a public speech terrified him almost as much as the possibilities of assassination.

This was not unnatural since in Santagrada the one was often made the occasion for the other!

"It was agreed I shouldn't make public speeches," José said grumpily.

Senator Rebasque, removing a freshly lighted *cabagaro* from his lips, rose again to his feet.

"True, Excellency. But the opening of a broadcasting station in Ralletando is an event of unprecedented importance."

Other voices were raised in support.

"An opportunity not to be missed!"

"The President's voice must be heard!"

"Your Excellency understands...! The Anglo-American Concession...!"

"Besides," Rebasque continued pleasantly, when the bellowing and counter-bellowing peculiar to Santagradian legislative business had subsided, "in this instance there will be no danger." He smiled at the saturnine Xoti Ruanardo, who chorled genially at the implication. In Santagrada one either tucks one's political cards up one's sleeve or puts them frankly on the table.

"Your Excellency will not be on a public platform, but in a well-guarded studio. We need fear no revolutionary traitor." He beamed again upon Ruanardo and sat down.

José found little comfort in Ruanardo's smiling acquiescence. It was clear enough that if once the Loyalist party succeeded in baulking a corrupt Press and broadcasting through the Presidential lips a subtle statement regarding the proposed concession to Anglo-American interests, the Revolutionaries would find their early worm (as the English say) nicely cooked. Then why should Ruanardo... Oh, damn these politics... It was stiflingly hot, and in the *cantina*—"Arbour of Summer Roses"—would be pretty girls, cool drinks, and a gratifying absence of Presidential cares.

A knock at the door and a secretary admitted a good-looking young Spanish-American of King's College extraction.

"Permit me, your Excellency," rumbled old Senator Rebasque. "This is Pedro Nueblo, the engineer-in-chief who will be in charge of your Excellency's broadcast. A loyal young man, Excellency, and a distinguished disciple of the great Sir Jay Reith."

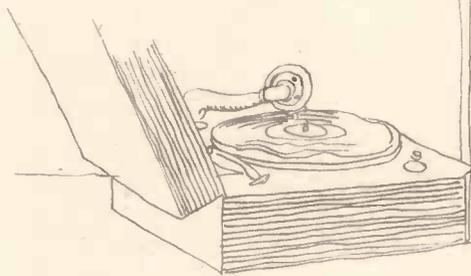
José groaned.

So they had it all cut and dried as usual. He nodded gloomily at Pedro Nueblo, who still maintained the rapt if humble posture into which he had fallen on hearing the name of Sir Jay Reith, and rose with a shrug of resignation.

"You win," he said, and went to his private bachelor suite to change into one of the various disguises in which, like the Caliph of olden time, he was accustomed to perambulate the city.

When, some twelve months previously, José Pirella, with an inherited fortune from tobacco

By
DUDLEY CLARK



to sustain him in the avoidance of work had elected to amble through the wilder parts of Santagrada, he, being an indifferent horseman, had fallen easy victim to the bandits of that particular region.

A rescue by a detachment of mounted *copperos* (police) had spared him the ignominy of conceding the exorbitant demands of his captors, and a convenient Presidential demise had rendered the opportunity of obtaining a figure-head with real money to spend, in place of the mere ability to float dubious loans, far too good a thing to be let slip. José, after it had been delicately hinted that the bandits were still available if preferred, had agreed. He found life as President of Santagrada boring, but not too bad. The Loyalists took no chances with their golden goose, and, save for an occasional very touched-up official Press photograph, the good folk of Santagrada saw nothing of their new President.

When José took the air it was in the guise of a foreign tourist or some other insignificant individual at whom no one (even in Ralletando) would dream of throwing a bomb.

While José was attiring himself for an inconspicuous evening's pleasure at "The Arbour of Summer Roses," Xoti Ruanardo hastened to a less fashionable *cantina*, in a back room of which, as all Ralletando knew, the revolutionary leaders held their secret meetings.

"All is superfine," Ruanardo proclaimed happily. "The fool President has agreed to broadcast at the opening of the new station, and Pedro Nueblo is to arrange his accommodation in Studio K.1."

"Bah!" exclaimed El Tympani. "Pedro Nueblo is an incorruptible loyalist if ever there was one."

"His twin brother Garcia is anything but incorruptible," chuckled Ruanardo, "and he sails from Soho to-night at my bidding. They are as like as two glow-worms. It remains but for you to arrange the proper disposal of Pedro until after the Revolution."

He tossed off a glass of *polperra*, and the sinister silence was broken only by the usual casting of lots for the next day's dirty work.

In Studio K.1, José Pirella was giving one of the most moving exhibitions of microphone fright that the history of broadcasting has so far had to record.

Bandits, earthquakes, revolutions—anything, he felt, were better than this ghastly ordeal. Shivering and shaking, he had put on for the first time the fantastic full-dress Presidential uniform in which it had been deemed politic to have him photographed in the act of broadcasting, and the realisation of his idiotic appearance had not improved his nerves.

The horrible electrically-synchronised studio clock showed that he had only three minutes to go.

José licked his dry lips and turned hysterically upon the Chief Director of Radio who, alone of all the teeming host of high-salaried broadcasting functionaries had remained in the studio.

"For G-g-god's sake, g-g-g-get out," stuttered José.

"Pardon, your Excellency. It is by the orders of the Administrative. In case your Excellency should—a thousand apologies, Excellency—falter or—er—dry up—I am at once to turn on this gramophone record of your Excellency's speech. In view of its political significance..."

José drew himself up and puffed himself out until he almost fitted his absurd uniform.

"If you don't g-get out," he said huskily, "I'll have you hanged for something or other."

He was obeyed. In Santagrada there is a wide selection of excuses for hanging!

José, after a hasty glance at the armed guards standing three deep in the passages, closed and locked the door.

He was himself again; indeed, if anything, rather better than himself.

He grinned rudely at the studio clock; he made a long nose at the microphone. Only the desire not to waste too much time prevented him from actually putting out his tongue at an enlarged photograph of Sir Thomas Handley, the British Radio Controller, which hung on the wall. Instead, he dragged the gramophone into position, and when the signal light glowed above the microphone, set the record going.

A few more moments sufficed for José to change into his ordinary clothes. He then darkened the studio, and climbed out of the window on to a parapet and so by cautious degrees to the street below where, as President of the Republic, he felt justified in commandeering for himself a fast-looking car. Bandits or no bandits, he would chance it under cover of the starry night.

He was through with Santagrada.

An excited crowd surging before a shopkeeper's loud-speaker held him up for a few minutes, and he was gratified by the impression his speech was making. Though as he sped for the frontier he wondered a little anxiously what would happen when the first part of his speech came to a stop.

He need not have worried. The President's speech had scarcely commenced to touch upon political matters when Xoti Ruanardo judged it time to press the button of the electrical installation which had been secretly carried out by the twin brother of Pedro Nueblo.

A second later Studio K.1 was blown to the four winds of heaven.

The subsequent Revolution (so José judged from the foreign newspapers) was one of the best that Santagrada had enjoyed!

The Ever-popular LEW STONE and his BAND

LEW STONE has the reputation of being one of the greatest wizards of rhythm. When he broadcasts his dance music, not only this country, but listeners all over the Continent, tune in to hear him. Nor forgetting his famous vocalist, the all-conquering Al Bowly. You see him here with the mike. His personality is as persuasive and charming as his voice.

Lew Stone began his dance-band career ten years ago in a London night-club. His salary was not altogether exces-

sive in those days, being exactly ten shillings a night! Later he played the piano in Bert Ralston's band, until they went to South Africa. He became arranger to Ambrose and achieved some very striking orchestrations. Finally, he was engaged as pianist by Roy Fox, who at that time had just arrived from America, and was appearing with a new band at the Monseigneur.

Now he is one of our most regular and famous broadcasters, and his hobby is his work—music!



"TEN THIRTY TUESDAY NIGHT"



"Ten Thirty Tuesday Night" is the name of the signature tune which Lew Stone has popularised in his broadcasts. This week he is broadcasting on Wednesday from the B.B.C. studios, but don't let that worry you!

Radio Variety—Wednesday and Saturday

TWO star items in the coming programmes will interest all listeners who like radio variety and dance music. Henry Hall is providing a special programme in the National programme on Saturday (March 10). Radio variety plays a big part in the London Regional programme next Wednesday (March 14).

When Henry Hall and the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra appear as a turn in Music Hall on March 10 (National) it will be in the nature of a farewell to their second year of broadcasting—the actual anniversary falls five days later.

Mr. Hall is arranging a programme on the lines of that which he gave at the Radio Exhibition at Olympia last year; it will comprise the orchestra signature tune, a "sweet" number with vocal refrain, a "hot" tune and a selection of the ballad type.

In addition, Mr. Hall will have all

four "Anti-crooners" who have been appearing as single vocalists in various programmes of the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra during recent weeks.

Leonard Henry, Clapham and Dwyer, Ronald Gourley and Yvette Darnac are some turns in the vaudeville programme for London Regional listeners on March 14.

Mlle. Darnac's return will be welcomed by listeners, who had begun to think that she had forsaken the microphone now she has opened a beauty parlour in the West End. Other names in the "bill" on March 14 are Billy Reid, Ivy Tresmand and Leslie French.

Make a note of the times of these broadcasts.

The Henry Hall programme in "Music Hall" on Saturday, March 10, is at 8 p.m.

The Variety Bill, on Wednesday, March 14, is at 8 p.m.

If you are interested in variety, then you'll find it worth while keeping these dates and times for reference.

The B.B.C. Dance Orchestra has been doing a great deal of rehearsing recently—and while these rehearsals are carried out in the third floor dance studio, the broadcast on Saturday will be done more under "Music Hall" conditions, as shown by the photograph below.

Altogether, the week's radio variety promises well.



Leonard Henry looks very worried at the microphone in the top photograph! Clapham and Dwyer are shown in the right-hand photograph



Henry Hall and the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra appear as a turn in "Music Hall" on March 10. Henry is arranging a special dance programme for that night

Ambassadors on the Air

Continued from page Three

It is now becoming a question of who has the best broadcasting stations, the best broadcasters and the ability to catch the attention of millions of householders at their own firesides.

The modern spy will be a wireless expert who bribes and suborns the electricians in the opposing broadcasting station to put the apparatus out of order at the critical moment. This was actually done during one of Chancellor Hitler's recent broadcasts!

Radio has already altered diplomatic history.

At a critical stage of the Disarmament Conference Mr. Vernon Bartlett, broadcasting from our own B.B.C. station in London, let himself go on the question of the day. His words caused a tremendous sensation, for they were heard all over Europe. Bartlett pleaded for calm judgment and described some aspects of the German side of the question and why Germany had withdrawn from the League of Nations.

There was a rumpus in the British and French Foreign Offices. But the broadcast had been heard and had had considerable effect on public opinion. This was an unofficial "talk." And all the more acceptable for that reason.

If the "official spokesmen" of the various Governments concerned would sometimes remember that their words will be heard on the radio outside their own countries, a lot of trouble would be avoided. It is not only the national governments of the various countries which use the radio for political explanation and propaganda.

The League of Nations has its own broadcasting station and is to send out approved messages for the information of the public generally.

Our own Foreign Office has not been behindhand.

For some years now, we have been sending official messages on behalf of Downing Street for foreign consumption from our high-power stations. The old diplomats have

probably turned in their graves several times!

Is this modern use of radio a good thing?

It depends, of course, on how it is used.

All sensible people want peace and friendly relations between the nations. The more we know of each other, therefore, the better. If the actions of a government in its own country create resentment, a clear explanation of what it is up to and is trying to do can remove misunderstandings. And, apart from this type of message on the air, good music, entertainment and talks heard by listeners in one country and broadcast from another, are likely to create kindlier feelings and a better sympathy generally.

Supposing we had had this modern development of radio in 1914. All of us remember or know what happened in July and August prior to the Great War. But we didn't know it at that time. Suddenly we found ourselves in a titanic struggle, from the effects of which not one of the nations concerned, directly or indirectly, has yet recovered.

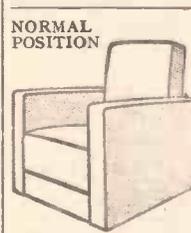
Supposing at that time the governments concerned had been able to put their various points of view across the frontiers? Mightn't it have made some difference and possibly avoided the catastrophe? And if that is so, what is the lesson we should learn to-day?

One lesson, surely, is that the radio must not be abused. It must not be used all the time for sheer propaganda purposes or listeners will become either bored or distrustful.

I would like to see a real international agreement restricting the political use of radio across the frontiers to important occasions. In other words, I would ration the international broadcasters, if that were possible.

Otherwise, this great invention will become an irritant and a nuisance instead of a great power for peace and understanding between the peoples.

AFTER THE DAILY ROUND.



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(Proc. Patent No. 9361/33)

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NAME.....
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Radio Pictorial

Snapshots of the Stars—3

Laurie Devine

MEET the "television ballerina" —in her time one of the hardest worked of all variety stars! If you don't believe me, read this list of her accomplishments.

"I learnt in my touring days," she told me, "to be a contortionist, acrobat, dancer; to play the drums, xylophone, oboe, cornet, piano; sing, play parts, and be a *speiler*, which means an announcer or *compere* to a travelling company." So, you see, she is well versed in the arts of Variety-Circus-Revue, as she calls it.

Which is not surprising. She was born in a circus in Australia, and began her career at the age of four as a contortionist. With the circus, she toured Australia, the U.S.A., the West Indies, Mexico, North Africa, and Europe, sometimes playing in eight shows a day, and travelling all night. Once she worked in a show that started at eight o'clock in the morning and went on all day and all night, ending up in a beer garden in time to start again next morning!

She finally left America after being arrested for being on the stage under the age required by law.

Over here, she first appeared in Cochran revues, beginning with *On with the Dance* in 1924. Radio fans with television sets saw her dance in the second television programme transmitted from Broadcasting House.

The only thing Laurie Devine has never found time to do is to go to school. So that, naturally enough, her ambition is to become erudite. She wants to write Literature, with a capital L.

"When I was about fourteen," she said, "I wrote an article and sent it to a variety artists' paper, and it was accepted. Then for several years I contributed a column to that paper under the name of 'Meg o' the Halls,' and I believe it was very popular. But until I wrote with my brother a radio play, *Stardust and Sawdust*, which was broadcast last year, I'd never tried to write anything else."

You remember *Stardust and Sawdust*? It was so successful that the B.B.C. immediately accepted three more plays also written in collaboration with her brother, Tom W. Rees.

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MAKE the "Esther Coleman" CARDIGAN!

THIS gay and spring-like cardigan is just the thing for cruising, sports and quiet at-home wear. Though it is not, of course, Esther Coleman who is wearing it in the picture, she has made it her choice, and is having it knitted for herself. The stripes are in lovely shades of brown and yellow, and the leather belt gives a final touch of smartness.

MATERIALS.—6 oz. Copley's 4-ply "Excelsior" wool, nigger, No. 84. 4 oz. Copley's 4-ply "Mandarin," No. 94. 4 oz. Copley's 4-ply "Sandalwood," No. DO 21. 1 pair No. 9 needles. One brown belt.

MEASUREMENTS.—Length from the top of the shoulders, 21½ inches. Width at underarm, 30 inches. Width at hem, 38 inches. Length of sleeve seam, 18 inches.

TENSION.—Work to produce 7 stitches to 1 inch in width. Unless this instruction is followed exactly, the measurements of the garment will not work out correctly.

ABBREVIATIONS.—K., knit; p., purl; st., stitch; tog., together.

TO GRAFT

Place the two sets of stitches together, (still on the knitting needles) wrong sides of work together, and a length of wool at the right-hand end. Thread the wool through a wool needle, insert the wool needle through the first stitch as if to knit, draw wool through and slip the stitch off, insert the wool needle in the next stitch as if to purl, draw wool through and leave the stitch on the knitting needle. Take the wool under the front needle and insert the wool needle as if to purl into the first stitch on the back needle, draw wool through and slip the stitch off the needle. Insert the wool needle as if to knit into the next stitch, draw wool through, leaving the stitch on the needle, bring to the front needle again, and repeat from * until all the stitches are worked off.

N.B.—Do not break off the wool for each stripe, but carry it along the edge to avoid having many ends.

THE BACK

Using nigger wool, cast on 120 stitches. Working into the back of the stitches on the first row only, proceed as follows:

1st row—* k. 1, p. 1, repeat from * to the end of the row. 2nd row—Purl. Repeat these two rows 3 times more. Change to Sandalwood and proceed as follows:

1st row—Knit. 2nd row—K. 1, p. to the last st., k. 1. 3rd row—Using Mandarin, k. 1, k. 2, tog. to decrease, k. to the last 3 sts., k. 2 tog., k. 1.

4th row—K. 1, p. to the last stitch, k. 1.

5th row—Using nigger wool, knit.

6th row—K. 1, purl to the last st., k. 1. Continuing in stripes of 2 rows Sandalwood, 2 rows Mandarin, 2 rows Nigger, decrease, by knitting 2 stitches together, at both ends of the needle on the next and every following 4th row, until there are 96 sts. on the needle.

Work 7 rows straight. On the next and every following 4th row, increase by knitting into the front and back of the st. next to the edge st. at

both ends of the needle till there are 120 sts. on the needle again. From here, work quite straight until the work measures a depth of 15 inches from the beginning.

Shape the armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of each of the next 4 rows then by decreasing the edge sts. at both ends of the needle on each of the next 6 knit rows. 92 stitches remain on the needle.

Work quite straight on these sts. for a depth of 4½ inches, finishing at the end of a Mandarin stripe. On the next row knit 28 sts. in nigger, cast off 36 sts., then knit the remaining 28 sts. in nigger, and leave these sts. for grafting.

THE LEFT FRONT

Using nigger wool, cast on 68 sts. and work the border in the same way as for the lower edge of back.

On the next row, knit 60 sts. in Sandalwood, then with a fresh ball of nigger, k. 1, p. 1, over the 8 remaining sts.

On the following row purl 8 sts. in nigger, and the remainder in Sandalwood, twisting the 2 colours round each other when changing in order to avoid a gap.

Now work in the stripes over the 60 sts. and keep the 8 sts. in nigger for the front border, decreasing on the next and every following 4th row at the side edge until there are 12 decreases in all. Work 7 rows straight.

Now increase (by knitting into the back as well as the front of the stitch) next to the edge st. on the side edge on the next and every following 4th row until 3 increases have been worked.

On the next and every following 6th row

decrease on the front edge next to the border sts., still increasing every 4th row at the side edge until 12 increases have been worked at this edge.

Continue without further increasing at the side edge, but still decrease every 6th row at the front edge, until the side edge measures the same depth as on the back up to the armhole.

Still decreasing every 6th row at the front edge shape the armholes as follows:

Cast off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 knit rows, then decrease 1 st. at the beginning of the following 6 knit rows.

Continue without further shaping at the armhole but still decreasing every 6th row at the front edge until there are 36 sts. on the needle.

Continue quite straight on these sts. until there is a depth of 4 rows more than on the armhole edge of the back.

Leave the 28 sts. in stocking stitch on a safety-pin and continue over the 8 border sts., for a depth of 2¼ inches. Leave these sts. for grafting

THE RIGHT FRONT

Work this front to match the first with the front border and all shapings at opposite edges one ball only of nigger being required.

Graft the sts. of the shoulders of the back and front together, then graft the sts. of the 2 borders together and sew one edge of this border to the back of the neck.

THE SLEEVES

Using nigger wool begin at the cuff edge by casting on 58 stitches. Work the border as for the lower edge of the coat.

Now work 12 rows of the stripe pattern over all stitches. On the next and every following 8th row increase in the edge sts. at both ends of the needle till there are 92 sts. on the needle. Purl the next row.

Now shape the top of the sleeve by decreasing 1 st. at both ends of the needle on every row until 24 sts. remain. Cast off.

Work the second sleeve in the same way.

CUFFS

Using nigger wool, cast on 28 sts., and working into the back of the sts. on the first row only, proceed as follows:

1st row—* k. 1, p. 1. Repeat from * to the end of the row. 2nd row—Purl.

Repeat these two rows 4 times more. Continue in this rib increasing 1 st. at the end of the next and every following 4th row until there are 40 sts. on the needle. Cast off.

Work another cuff to match, increasing at the beginning of the rows, to reverse.

THE REVERS

Using the nigger wool, cast on 40 sts.

Work 6 rows in garter stitch (every row knitted) working into the backs of the sts. on the first row.

Now work as follows:

1st row—K. 2, tog., * p. 1, k. 1. Repeat from * to the last 4 sts., p. 1, k. 3.

2nd row—k. 3, purl to the end. 3rd row—* k. 1, p. 1. Repeat from * to the last 3 sts., k. 3.

(Continued at foot of next column)

Daily Service—

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

"Old Favourites"

THE ordinary person is probably quite unaware of the number and variety of hymn books which are in common use.

But if all requests were to be granted for the number of the hymns at Broadcasting services to be given out in the particular book familiar to this or that listener, a large proportion of the few minutes available would be taken up in announcements!

It was difficult to know which books to choose for our daily service, but eventually it seemed advisable to concentrate on two collections: one long established and the other a modern selection which covers a good deal of fresh ground.

Even so the choice of hymns has proved anything but easy.

At the time, when I was first making the selection of twelve hymns each week for the daily service, I was also choosing (and trying to sing) at least two dozen hymns for other services in the same week.



It is not surprising that parsons and organists are often inclined to try to introduce too large a proportion of hymns that are not well known.

For they find it difficult to recollect that many lovely words and tunes remain fresh for those who come to church less frequently, while they have inevitably become stale and hackneyed for those who are present at all services.

The only obvious policy for the daily service was to provide for the use of the "old favourites" and, at the same time, gradually to introduce a proportion of lesser-known hymns—which would very soon become just as much favourites as those which had been familiar from childhood.

Though it is obviously impossible to cater for all tastes, criticisms of the selection made have been more than outweighed by appreciation of what has been attempted and gratitude for introduction to certain less well-known spiritual songs and poems.

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.

★ An Audience for Henry

AFTER listening to Henry Hall's Band on Thursday nights I have come to the conclusion that this band would be greatly improved if they were able to play to an audience.

"Surely it must be very miserable for them just playing one number after another with no applause. Somehow they seem to lack the 'atmosphere' of the outside broadcast bands.

"The value of an audience was particularly noticeable when the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra played at the Radio Exhibition at Olympia last year when, in my opinion, they played so much better than at any other time.

"Would it not be possible to arrange for an audience to be present in the studio during the Thursday evening broadcasts, in a similar way to the variety concerts?"—(Miss) E. Hilditch, 25 Mafeking Avenue, Seven Kings, Essex.

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

Entertainment for Kiddies

HOW pleased I was to see, on opening my RADIO PICTORIAL, the words, 'Hello children' and the interesting article on the 'Children's Hour' by Aunt Belinda.

"As a worker amongst children, I know what a difficult task it is to cater for the present generation's entertainment. Those responsible for the 'Children's Hour,' therefore, are worthy of the highest praise.

"The favourite at home is from North Regional, but that is by the way.

"You cannot go far wrong when you are interesting the youngsters, for the quickest way to the hearts of the populace is through its children."—R. W., Wallasey.

Repeat the 2nd and 3rd rows, then repeat the 2nd row.

Keeping the rib pattern correct, and working the 3 edge sts. in garter st., decrease at the beginning of the next and every following 6th row until 17 sts. remain.

Leave these sts. on a safety pin for grafting. Work another piece to match this with the shaping and garter stitch edging at the opposite edges.

Graft the sts. of the collar together.

TO COMPLETE THE COAT

Sew the sleeves into the armholes. Press out all pieces of work on the wrong side with a hot iron over a damp cloth. Press the stocking stitch again on the right side.

Sew up the side and sleeve seams. Sew the collar to the neck edge. Sew the half cuffs to the front half of each sleeve, the straight edges to the seam, and the shaped edge to a straight line of the sleeve. Press out all seams.

Work chain loops on the side seams for passing the belt through.

IN THE COUNTRY—March 9

By Marion Cran

THE lanes are carpeted with a tapestry of green and yellow, flecked with white, where windflowers dance beside the primroses all over the hedge banks, the glens, the woods, and stream-sides.

Earth is starry with the pale, soft gold of this first supreme flowering of the year.

It is as though these lime-free, cool, moist lanes of Kent were the original factory for turning out all the primroses in the world! They seed themselves from year to year; they come in great drifts on long, brave stalks where leaf-mould has gathered under the trees and hedges; or short and stiff in fat close-clustered "posies"—in the full sunshine of new-cut hazel and chestnut copses.

Where they get damp and shade they grow biggest and best.

Here, in our mossy, clayey loam, they are supremely content; one can hardly look anywhere without finding the chrysopraxe



green of the pretty crinkled leaves thrusting up in rosettes of every conceivable age, from nursing babes to veteran many-flowered clumps.

Where the wild form grows so freely it follows that the gardens can grow to perfection the rarer-coloured forms.

Here are blue primroses in every shade round our banks and ponds, from pale, clear azure to midnight velvet-blue; pale pink; rich, rosy magenta, with all the intermediate tones; tiny plants with tiny flowers in pockets of the paved "winter" garden; and large, lustrous clumps of the adorable bunch-primroses which

most people call polyanthus.

These are gay indeed, frolicking in rude health and countless grades of colour—carrying in stem, leaf, and root, as well as flower, the earthy fragrance, indescribably sweet and wild, which is characteristic of the race.

New Dance Tunes Wanted

I came up against a rather unusual view of dance band music the other day. Several of us were discussing the different merits of the various dance bands that were broadcast, and we were just settling on what we thought was the brightest and most popular, when another keen listener-in entered our circle.

"He was asked his opinion, and he astounded us all by declaring he had no experience to venture an opinion on as he had very seldom heard dance-band music on the wireless.

"He went on to explain that he had to leave home very early in the morning in order to get to work, and as he did not return home till after seven in the evening, he naturally retired to bed about ten o'clock, and as the music in question was very largely broadcast later than that he never had felt wide awake enough to stay up for it.

"This rather frank confession led me to make further inquiries, and I was astonished to find that quite a large number of listeners came under the same category. This leads me to the opinion that the B.B.C. are showing favour to those people who do not do enough work to get tired early in the evening. Is it quite fair to the bands to put them on the air when their real public are sleeping?

"Isn't it about time the B.B.C. realised that the working-class people form a very big majority of their licence holders, and as such should certainly be catered for?

"Obscurity of dance bands will not help to increase the listeners, so perhaps the B.B.C. will do something in the matter and not ignore the growing dissatisfaction that they are causing by their wooden-headed attitude."—Ernest Barnard, London, N.W.6.

Programme Change?

The music the B.B.C. broadcasts is very good—in its way. But don't you think that it is apt to get very monotonous? I do. The home transmitters broadcast for about fifteen hours a day, I think, of which period much more than half is given up to music. And when we do get the spoken word, it is usually in the form of a heavily instructive talk. Can't the B.B.C. realise that when a man has spent his day in the bustle of a busy town he definitely does not want to hear long-winded, drearily technical talks? Apparently not, or it would not have left the job of story-telling to one man, A. J. Alan, who only broadcasts about once in every six months.

"I read in your excellent 'Radio Pictorial Gossip' that the Midland station intend to try some new raconteurs out soon. That is very pleasing; but why should it be left to the Midland Regional? I feel sure that a good broadcast story could take the place of a mere routine concert with advantage, even if only for once a week.

"The nearest approach to story-telling as yet is the nightly reading (excluding, of course, A. J. Alan), and that is a long way from it. Two or

three minutes of excessively heavy literature, after which one finds the dance music a welcome stimulant, is not my idea of fun. No, these readings will not do; what I want is something with a thrill in it, yet nevertheless told in a whimsically confidential tone—a tone such as the great A. J. A. uses with such success—and, above all, it must feature in the programmes entirely as an entertainment.

"One man's voice will never budge the B.B.C.—I know a mass movement and a couple of Acts of Parliament are necessary before anything can percolate through to the inner recesses of Broadcasting House—but anyway, here's hoping!"—"Grangely Dringthorpe," Leeds.

Why the Programme?

A few lines—to criticise and applaud. Congratulations on a splendid paper. No doubt there are thousands like me who know little about the technical side of broadcasting, and (let us whisper it!) do not want to know anything about it. We are interested in the 'social' side, however, and I, for one, have received your paper with open arms.

"To-day, I bought the new number and found still more pages wasted. Why do you give us 'Plan your week's listening in advance' and 'High Spots of the Programmes?' There is nothing in those two features that cannot be easily learned from the *Radio Times*—and is there one amongst your readers who does not purchase the 'Official Organ of the B.B.C.?'—D. G. F., Cardiff.

THE BOAT RACE

The B.B.C.'s broadcast of a running commentary on the Boat Race is an event of national importance. Next week, in "Radio Pictorial," a popular Boat Race commentator, will tell you all about the broadcast.

Other star features of next Friday's "Radio Pictorial" include humour by Ashley Sterne, a leading article by Godfrey Winn, and a two-colour display of pictures of famous radio comedians.

FREE WITH EVERY COPY—TWO-COLOUR PORTRAIT OF JACK PAYNE

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

BE sure you don't miss Music Hall to-morrow evening (10th). It is the *Anti-Crooners' League Night* at St. George's Hall. I should imagine the shade of St. George himself will be there.

Henry Hall and the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra will accompany the programme, which is really Henry's challenge to the supporters of crooning.

And whether you are a supporter of crooning or not, you ought to get some entertainment out of this, because Scott and Whaley are in it. Also Frank Coleman, the male soprano.

Frank ought to do something towards defeating the crooners. I have heard him take the high B flat.

Julian Rose is to appear. Not that he can be expected to help in the good work of the League, but he never fails to be amusing. I see they have Tessie O'Shea down also. *She's* no crooner!

Also Layton and Johnstone, whose rhythm is about the most perfect thing in light music. These, with those Eight Dancing Relatives, should put something up worth hearing.

I want to talk about two symphony concerts. The first is next Wednesday. Alban Berg's opera, *Wozzeck*, is being done at Queen's Hall. I think you should lend it an ear because it is out of the ordinary. First performance in England. Expected to create a stir. So if you are feeling operatically inclined and a trifle modern at the same time, try a little of it. After all, you can afford to try anything once. This may be the only once, for all I know. These works are expensive to perform.

The following week, March 21, Adolph Busch is the solo violinist. I have the very highest admiration for his technique. Moreover, he is playing one of the most beautiful violin concertos in existence—the one written by dear old Sir Edward Elgar.

The Elgar concerto is a work that should appeal to anyone who takes their music in the least seriously. There is nothing highbrow about it. Simply a straightforward piece of writing, easy to understand, and superbly beautiful.

This concert begins with Schu-

mann's *Overture, Manfred*, another work well worth while and not difficult to appreciate, even on first hearing. The second half of the programme is given to Arnold Bax—his E flat minor symphony. A good many people like it. I am not one of them—to be quite candid—but it has made quite a little name for itself and its author.

I shall have time to warn you again, but just make a note of the running commentary of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race on March 17. A bit early, isn't it? I seem to think it has generally been the last Saturday in March. However, there it is, and I'll bet you Oxbridge wins.

Midland Regional listeners may like to hear Victor Hely-Hutchinson, their new music director, on the 12th. He is giving a piano recital and is playing Bach's Sixth French Suite and Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata*. The Bach suite is very attractive—just full of old-world dance tunes. The *Moonlight* you know well enough. Silly name for it, though. What on earth has the last movement to do with moonlight. Beethoven never called it that. If I remember rightly, it was a Hamburg publisher who so named it.

I hear Mr. Hely-Hutchinson has been busy in the Midlands, combing various districts for orchestras and choral societies. I lived for years in the Midlands and I know they have always been famous for their musical societies. So you may be hearing something to your taste before long.

On March 15 you might like to listen to a new play with music called *Our Gramophone Shop*, by Laurie Devine and T. W. Rees, produced by Martyn Webster. It is about an office boy who changes the covers on the records and upsets all the customers. I should have thought he would have had to change the labels as well to have caused much confusion. Anyhow, if you listen you will find out what he really did do.

Have you been listening to these *Choir and Cloister* broadcasts? There is another—the third—on the 13th. It comes from Hereford.

You Western people are lucky with your concert from the Empire Theatre, Cardiff, on the 11th. Sir Henry Wood is your conductor and I see the soprano is Evelyn Scotney. She has easily the most perfect soprano voice, in England. There isn't a flaw in it anywhere. If she feels like



Can you spot them? The radio artistes in this happy party group include Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Elwin, Mantovani, Ronnie Munro, Felix Mendelssohn, Dawn Davis, Yola de Fraine, and Mr. and Mrs. Percival Mackay

Star Features in the National Programme

SUNDAY

The Midland Studio Orchestra.
The Victor Olof Sextet.
Frieda Dierolf.
Rev. Pat McCormick.
Ina Souez.

MONDAY

John Armstrong.
Desmond MacCarthy.
Commander Stephen King-Hall.
The B.B.C. Dance Orchestra directed by Stanford Robinson.

TUESDAY

The Commodore Grand Orchestra, directed by Joseph Muscant.
The Gershom Parkington Quintet.
Harriet Cohen.

WEDNESDAY

Quentin Maclean.
The Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra, directed by Sir Dan Godfrey.
Oliver Baldwin.
Sir William Bragg.

THURSDAY

Mary Pickford.
Norman Austin.
Christopher Stone.
Vernon Bartlett.
The Wireless Military Band, directed by B. Walton O'Donnell.
Thorpe Bates.

FRIDAY

S. P. B. Mais.
Charles Manning and his Orchestra.
Emilio Colombo.
Sir Walford Davies.

SATURDAY

The Western Studio Orchestra.
Captain H. B. T. Wakelam.
Beverley Nichols.

singing Saint-Saën's "Song of the Nightingale," you will hear something that will amaze you. I played it for her not very long ago, so I know. With luck, you may get it as an encore.

Then there is that remarkable boy pianist, Harold Rubens. He is a Cardiff boy. Paderewski listened to him for an hour and said he had a great future. "Paddy" should know, shouldn't he? (March 12.)

Welsh listeners must not miss Mr. Gareth Jones in his talk in their native language on the 15th. Mr. Jones is to give a description of the revolution in Germany and of his meeting with Hitler. I should certainly listen to it, but, unfortunately, my Welsh is not what it was.

Northerners are to have a new series of news-reel talks called "Owt About Owt." They will understand what that means. It is to be a reel of real surprises, so I hear. Beyond that, I knows nowt.

Belfast people are noted for their love of oratorio. As there has been a heavy post in favour of broadcasts of this nature, Sunday evenings will see a continuance of them. The next is next Sunday. Excerpts from Handel, Gounod, and Elgar. I see Astra Desmond is to be the contralto. Lovely voice. Don't miss her.

Howard Rose is still producing plays up in Edinburgh. He is producing a wayside comedy called *A Fool and His Money* for Scottish listeners on the 13th. In the cast are Arthur Nelson, Harold Goring, and R. J. Buchanan.

Some of these plays might be suitable for inclusion in the National Programme, especially as they have Howard Rose behind them as a producer. He is an expert at it.

Why I CAME

In this personal article Mrs. Giles Borrett, first woman full-time announcer of the B.B.C., tells the inside story of how she joined the ranks of B.B.C. announcers and subsequently left to take up her previous position on the B.B.C. radio play staff. Mrs. Borrett first came to the microphone as an announcer in July, 1933, and, under the name of Sheila Stewart, she is still to be heard at the microphone.



threw me into excessive limelight and gave the whole affair a quite unnecessary importance, I had slipped unobtrusively into Broadcasting House and the programmes?

The English are a very conservative people and hate innovations.

They may well have been irritated in advance by this advertising of the B.B.C.'s change of policy.

But supposing I had just announced one programme each evening, as a start, especially chosen for its suitability. They might have got used to the sound of a woman's voice in the role of announcer almost before they realised it.

Or does it go deeper than that—is it racial prejudice against woman playing a speaking part in the affairs of the world?

People used to say: "Rome has a woman announcer; Paris has one; why shouldn't we?"

Ah, yes, but the Latin races are much more interested in, and influenced by, women than the Anglo-Saxons.

The Englishman is fond enough of his own womankind, but "woman" as an abstract element means very little to him.

So long as the football results and the fat-stock prices are read clearly and well, it is small matter to him if it is in a man's stentorian tones or a dulcet soprano.

Whereas the Frenchman or Italian is interested and, shall I say, intrigued, not only by the woman's voice, but by the woman behind the voice. And the job of the Roman *signorina* and her foreign colleagues is made considerably easier in consequence.

She can be, through the "mike," a person and a woman. In fact, I imagine the more charm and magnetism she can radiate, the better she will please her audience.

I, on the other hand, had to try to "put myself over" in a sufficiently personal way to make friends with my listeners, while keeping the strict laws of impersonality and anonymity insisted on by the B.B.C.

Any attempt at being "matey" would have been severely discouraged. It took some time to find the attitude of mind which produced the right mixture of friendliness and the announcer's traditional aloofness.

It is so easy to sound schoolmasterish in an effort to be merely impersonal.

THE experiment that failed! I suppose that is my correct label. And yet, oddly enough, I have no sense of personal failure, nor do I think that the experiment has been proved yet, one way or the other. I did my job conscientiously—towards the end as well as many another. And I brought to it an enthusiasm which often earned me the good-natured raillery of those who had served broadcasting for years and consequently gained a sense of proportion about it.

The decision of the public that they do not want a woman announcer can be only a temporary one.

Women are bound to come forward in that capacity sooner or later, for I do firmly believe that woman has a definite place in radio.

I often wonder how much our thoughts and wishes, if they are intensely sincere, can affect our destinies: if it was, in some part, my passionate wish to be connected with broadcasting and, in particular, to have access to the microphone, which got me so speedily where I was aiming.

I had had, almost since my first arrival in the B.B.C. as an actress, a strong consciousness of broadcasting as a force and an ardent desire to belong to it in some capacity.

The microphone seemed to me to be a link forged between Broadcasting House and the millions of listening people in every quarter of the globe.

This thought fired my imagination and made me long to make more use of that link.

I set myself to think in what ways I could serve broadcasting; and having discovered two or three different jobs that I believed I could do, chief among which was announcing, I made my request.

I expected to be laughed at; instead I found that it was no new idea to the powers there, and that they were giving it their serious consideration.

This, of course, finally fixed my aim.

If the idea was to be put into practice, I was

and Why I WENT

determined that I should at least have a try for it.

And so, in due course, I came to the realisation, short-lived though it was, of my ideal.

I wonder whether the experiment might have been a success if things had happened differently? If, instead of that awful Press campaign, which

People have made a great deal of the fact that over 90 per cent. of my detractors were women, and tried to prove by that that my dismissal was due to the jealousy of my own sex.

But I would say, on the other hand, that nearly 90 per cent. of those charming people who wrote me letters of appreciation were women too.

So you see, that really proves nothing, except, perhaps, that only women write letters!

Many of the people who wrote letters objecting to my appointment stated reasons for their objections; sensible criticisms which, whether one agreed or not, were always interesting and often helpful.

All these people had my entire sympathy. Goodness knows, I had plenty of faults, and everyone is entitled to their own views as to woman's plan in the scheme of things.

But there was also a good deal of prejudice; people who unreasonably reiterated "We want men," and when asked why, had no very clear idea, except that they didn't want a woman. Or people like one good lady—or was it, perhaps, a gentleman?—who wrote to the B.B.C. saying if they must have a woman to announce, why not choose someone with a nice voice, "like that girl who acted in *Paradise Lost* a few months ago"—"that girl" being Miss Sheila Stewart, afterwards known to the public as Mrs. Borrett, woman announcer!

Well, there it is. I came and I went.

Giles Borrett



Radio Sport

TO-MORROW—*W*ALES *v.* *I*RELAND

TO-MORROW, Swansea is the scene of the last but one of this season's Internationals, Wales *v.* Ireland, the 44th of a series in which Wales leads by 25 to 10, with two matches drawn.

And how many proud teams and great records have been broken down on that St. Helens ground (where, incidentally, the Glamorgan cricket team put up such a fine show against the last touring Australians).

If not so close to the centre of the town as the Cardiff Arms Park arena, the St. Helens ground is only a penny tram ride from the hub of Swansea. And it is, perhaps, of all the International grounds the most intimate and distinctive.

There, in their thousands, flock the real South Walians, the men from the valleys, born and bred in the game, desperately keen for the Leek to prove triumphant, but ready to applaud any real fine work by the opposition.

Though, it must be whispered, that being Celts they are naturally and nationally inclined to partisanship.

Here is the home of some of the greatest of all Welsh players of the past. First, Dickie Owen, whose wonderful reverse pass made the most renowned try in football, that by which Teddy Morgan, another Swansea man, beat the all-conquering New Zealanders under Gallaher in the '05-'06 season.

W. J. Bancroft, Ivor Morgan, and W. J. Trew are three more who have made the "All Whites" famous wherever football is played or talked about. Perhaps as a Club they can claim to have an all-round record second to none.

Small wonder then that the whole town is football mad on an International day. Many are the scenes before and after the game that drive home the lesson that no city in the world can out-do Swansea in the question of intense Rugby enthusiasm.

As one who has spent every Easter since 1911 (excepting, of course, the War period) on football tours based on Swansea, I think I can speak of the town and its inhabitants with a certain amount of authority. I always look forward to my visits there, as much, if not even more, than to any other football centre.

Our box, on account of the formation of the ground, is perhaps a little far away—as at Murrayfield—for really close observation. But it gives a magnificent bird's-eye view of the whole arena, and only a sea-mist blowing down a south-west wind from the Mumbles end makes things at all unpleasant or difficult of vision.

Situated as we are on top of the cricket pavilion, we have, to make up for the distance, plenty of space and freedom of movement; and it is indeed very acceptable to be able to leave the box at half-time for a short and much-needed constitutional.

What games we have seen from that roof . . . and before, from the old score-box!

How it is done. Captain Wakelam with Mrs. Wakelam at home, preparing the material for to-morrow's Rucker broadcast



Never shall I forget the Wales *v.* Springbok match, played under simply vile conditions, with the hopes of the crowd and the prophecies of the pundits all on the Welshmen. But it was not to be.

Osler, that great tactician, and his marvellous pack—in which MacDonald and Daneel stood out especially on the day—rose to the occasion magnificently. Out-playing the home men at their own traditional "kick and rush" in the mud, they came off the field victorious by eight points to three.

It was never great football, but it was a real hundred per cent. full-blooded battle, and it was certainly no place for the weakling or the coward that afternoon. To it there hangs a tale which is perhaps worth repeating.

Sitting in the stand was a very old friend of mine, an Oxford Blue who played in the same Harlequin pack with me in the good old pre-War days. Next to him was a very obvious miner

By Capt. H. B. T. WAKELAM

from the Valley, true to his salt in his eagerness for Wales to win, but, for an exception, rather ignorant of the finer points of the game.

Having exhorted Wales throughout most of the game to "Come and play by here," advice which they seemed strangely loath to accept, he got a little bored and fed up with things shortly before the final whistle, and took to gazing round the surroundings in general to pass away the time.

Noticing two seagulls floating in the aforesaid south-west wind, and bang over the centre of the ground, he remarked to my friend (and I naturally cannot reproduce his exact language!): "Them blighters have got the best view, haven't they, mister?" "Yes," said my friend, "they have."

"Indeed," replied the miner, "but they don't show much blinking appreciation!"

Written baldly, perhaps it may look a little flat. But spoken in the musical sing-song dialect of the Welsh and with the correct words substituted, it certainly conveyed to the listener the exact trend of thought of that particular miner towards things in general at the moment!

I remember, too, quite an amusing sight down there in the early morning of an Irish-Welsh match.

In the middle of Wind Street there stands a large statue to, I believe, the first Lord Swansea. Before the earliest of the local inhabitants had left their beds, the Irish excursionists, by boat direct and by train from Holyhead, in their green berets and with their green favours, had begun to invade the town.

One of them, seeing this statue, was stuck with a great idea.

When the Swansea-ites came out to look at the morning they were surprised and some of them perhaps a little shocked to find that not only was the head of the statue crowned with a large and distinctive green hat, but also from its right hand floated a big balloon, with the words "Ireland for ever" clearly printed on it!

Needless to say, it did not stay there very long and, as a matter of fact, Wales won that particular game by twelve points to seven.

Indeed, one has to go back to the 1888-9 season before one can find that Ireland registered a victory in Swansea, the games of 1900-1, '04-5, '08-9, '12-13, '21-22, '25-26 and '29-30 all having finished in wins for the home side.

This, perhaps, may prove an ill-omen for the visitors to-morrow.

The Welshman, with a considerably changed team from that which functioned so unsatisfactorily against England at Cardiff, played really brilliant and convincing football against the Scots at Murrayfield. And unless something very unforeseen happens, they should repeat their victory at St. Helens.

It is always a rash thing to prophecy, especially at Rucker, where form is so very apt to go by the board.

However, somehow one cannot altogether fancy the Irishmen's prospects, and Wales seem to stand and very fair chance of coming through on top to put themselves in good tune for next year.

Whatever happens, neither side can win the Triple Crown this season, for England has already beaten them both, and "Triple Crown" means absolute victory against all three opponents.

The fate of this Crown still hangs in the balance. It is all on next week's Twickenham game against Scotland; which will be the subject of a later article.

And now off to Swansea to meet a lot of my old friends, to yarn and chat over old times and old incidents; if possible, to pay a flying visit to the wonderful Gower Coast, almost second to none in its beauty and grandeur in this or any other country.

H. B. T. Wakelam

SHAKESPEARIAN RADIO !

"Then my dial goes not true."
(All's Well that Ends Well.)

"Poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you."
(Coriolanus.)

"And those musicians that shall play to you Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence."
(Henry IV.)

"If I begin the battery once again, I will not leave."
(Henry V.)

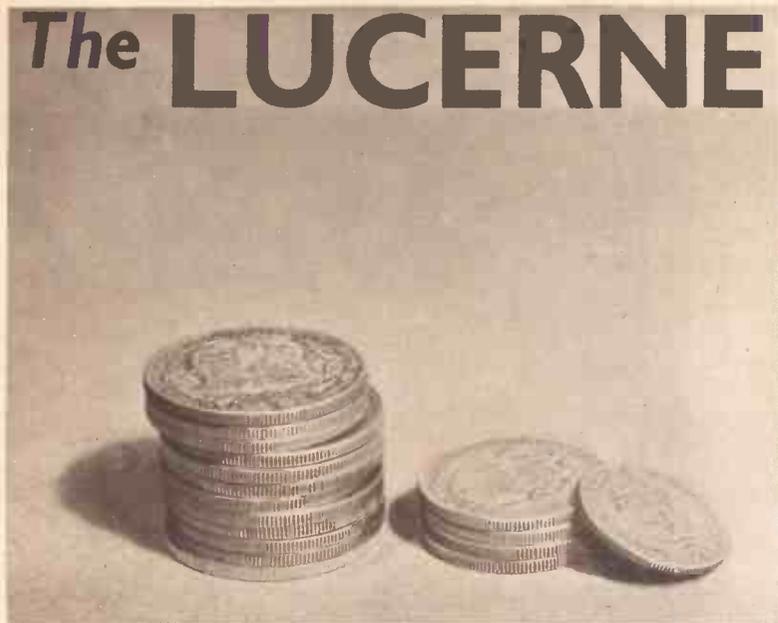
"'Tis no matter how it be in tune, So it make noise enough."
(As You Like It.)

"Yet now—no matter. Ah, stand by."
(Antony and Cleopatra.)

"My ingenious instrument! Hark, Polydore, it sounds."
(Cymbeline.)

The LUCERNE S.G. RANGER

for 39/- (including valves)



- Screen-grid three-valver for which all the parts can be obtained for 39/-.
- Lucerne coils with extended wave ranges to cope with the new broadcasting plan.
- Variable selectivity without loss of volume.
- Large baseboard and panel so that there is no cramping of the parts.
- Extremely simple wiring that any beginner can follow without difficulty.
- Home-made coils, high-frequency chokes and low-frequency transformer—or they can be bought ready assembled if desired.
- Between thirty and forty stations at good loud-speaker strength with good quality.

RESULTS ON TEST

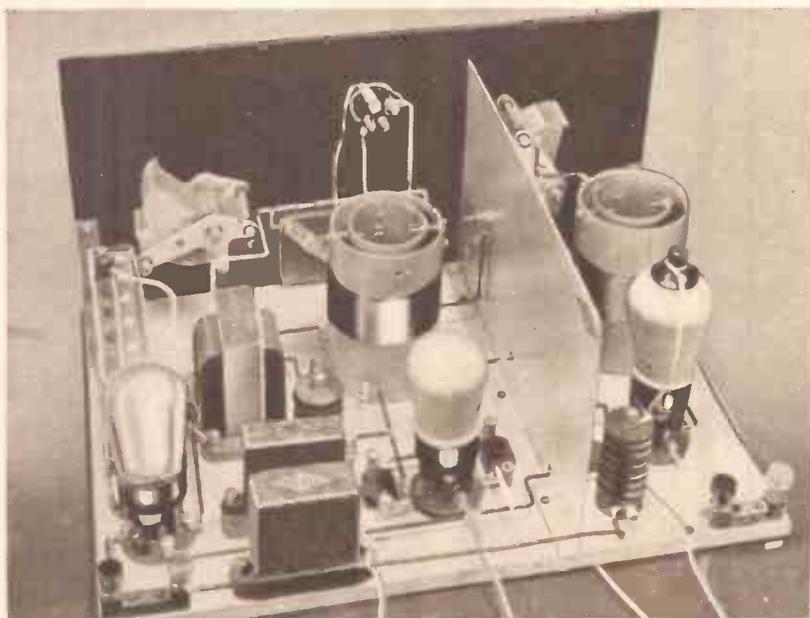
During a short test the Lucerne S.G. Ranger received the following stations at good strength:—

LONG WAVES.—Huizen, Radio Paris, Daventry National, Eiffel Tower, Motala and Luxembourg.

MEDIUM WAVES.—Munich, Midland Regional, Leipzig, Scottish Regional, Milan, Berlin, Strasbourg, London Regional, Hambourg, Breslau, Poste Parisien, West Regional, Genoa, Hilversum, North National, Heilsberg, Scottish National, Bari, London National, Frankfurt, Trieste, Nürnberg, and Fécamp.

PARTS NEEDED FOR THE 39/- LUCERNE RANGER

BASEBOARD	
1—14 in. by 10 in., metallised ...	1 9
CHOKES, HIGH-FREQUENCY	
2—As described in "A.W." for February 3	3 0
COILS	
2—Lucerne aerial and grid types, as described in "A.W." for January 27	5 0
CONDENSERS, FIXED	
2—.0002-microfarad ...	1 0
1—.0003-microfarad ...	6
2—1-microfarad ...	4 0
1—2-microfarad ...	2 6
SWITCHES	
2—Three-point push-pull shorting ...	1 9
TRANSFORMERS, LOW-FREQUENCY	
1—As described in "A.W." for February 10	3 6
CONDENSERS, VARIABLE	
2—.0005-microfarad, air dielectric ...	7 0
1—.0005-microfarad, reaction type ...	2 0
HOLDERS, VALVE	
3—Four-pin ...	1 1½
PLUGS, TERMINALS, ETC.	
5—Wander plugs ...	5
2—Spade terminals, marked: L.T., L.T.—	4
2—Terminal blocks ...	1 0
RESISTANCES, FIXED	
1—25,000-ohm ...	7½
1—1-megohm ...	7½
SUNDRIES	
1 ft. brass strip ...	} say, 2 2½
3 yds. thin flex ...	
10 ft. insulated wire ...	
6—Bolts and terminals ...	
1—Aluminium sheet, 10 in. by 6 in.	
2—3-in. dials ...	8



Here is the 39/- Lucerne Ranger complete with valves and all ready for use. See the log of stations on left.

Further notes on this set, together with operating instructions, are in this week's issue, March 10, now on sale.

Details of how to build a de-luxe all-electric radiogram—the 1934 A.C. Century Super—are also given in March 10.

It is a five-valver embodying every up-to-date requirement, and is the last word in luxury set design.

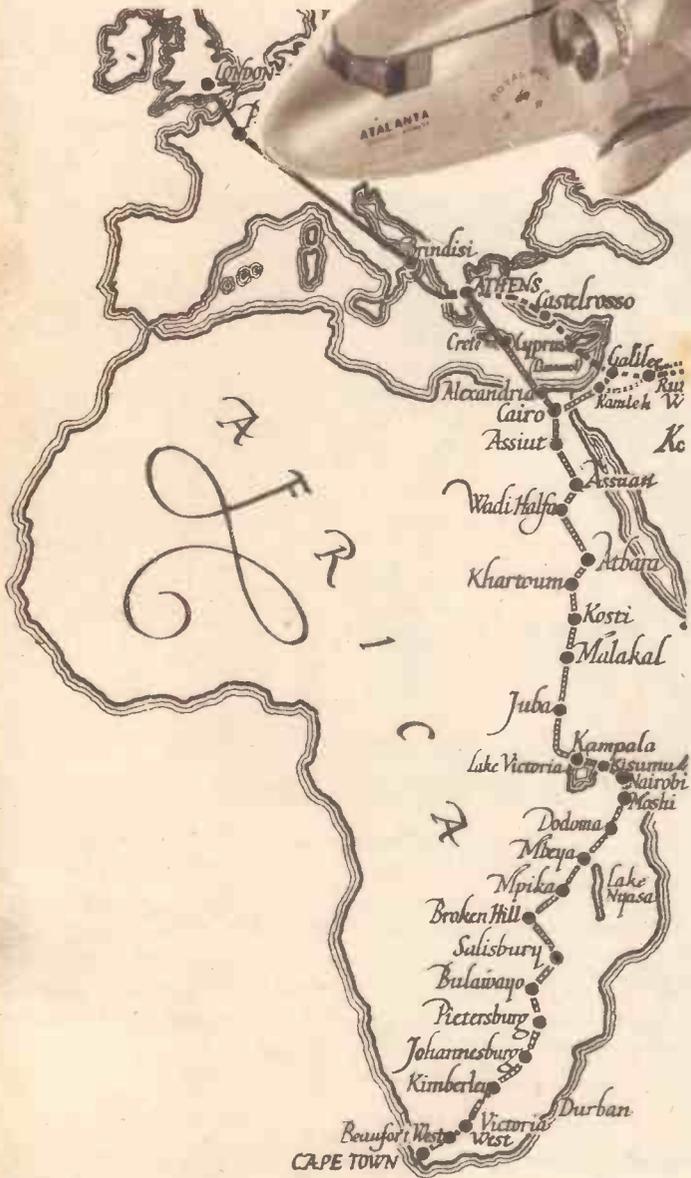
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Direction finding is one of the most useful phases of radio. A fine article in the March "Wireless Magazine" explains the many and vital uses that radio is put to in this respect, during times of war and peace.

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The first is a three-valver which can be built complete with valves for £3 3s.

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