

NO B.B.C. STAFF REVOLT! | THE EASTER BROADCAST

2^D EVERY FRIDAY

RADIO PICTORIAL



"S.O.S." (SPECIAL ARTICLE)
THE ANNOUNCER'S JOB
"FIRST TIMES" IN THE BROADCASTING STUDIOS
THOSE PIRATE LISTENERS

Albert Sandler
—Hear him on Easter Sunday

A SPECIAL EASTER NUMBER *for* SCHOOLBOYS

Schools all over the country have broken up for the Easter holidays. The evenings are still long. What better opportunity is there for schoolboys (and schoolgirls too, for that matter) to turn their attention to radio?

Thousands of boys will welcome something special to do these Easter holidays. We have prepared a very fine Easter Schoolboy number to meet their needs. In it the construction of simple and cheap valve sets—including a short-waver—and a crystal set will be described; good working sets that will give pleasure, both in assembly and in operation.

And we are sure these sets will prove just as interesting to those grown-up "schoolboys" who like building their own receivers as to those who are still actually at school.

Everything will be shown in the simplest and easiest way and—most important to the younger generation—the question of expense has been closely watched. With the help of this week's special issue of "Amateur Wireless," every schoolboy will be able to build a radio set of some kind at the very lowest cost.



Amateur
Wireless
and
Radiovision

**GET YOUR COPY OF
THE EASTER NUMBER
TO-DAY - 3d.**



Olive GROVES

the popular radio singer who was first brought to the B.B.C. in 1926 by John Macdonell, the creator of the Surprise Items. She broadcast recently in the "Songs from the Shows" series.

Two great battery SKYSCRAPERS



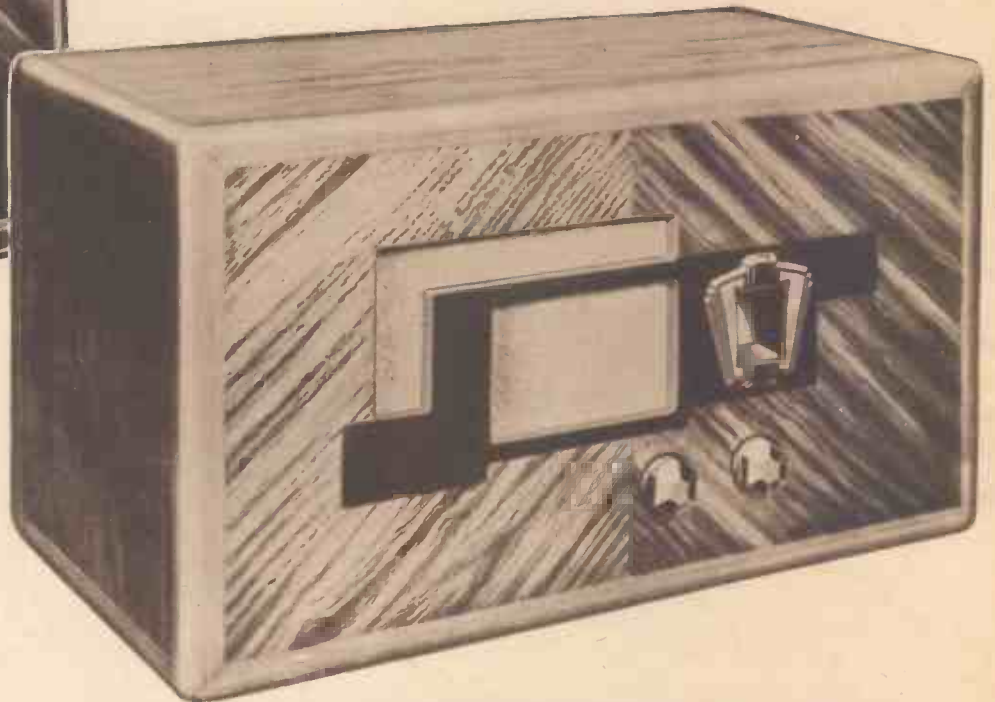
'SKYSCRAPER' ALL-WAVE-ALL-WORLD 4

Kit of parts complete with valves £5 12s. 6d.
Kit, as above, with cabinet and loudspeaker, £8 2s. 6d.
Or complete factory-assembled and factory-tested receiver, with valves, loudspeaker, H.T. and L.T. batteries, in cabinet, £9 15s. 0d.

'SKYSCRAPER' 7-VALVE SUPERHET

Kit of parts complete with valves, £8 17s. 6d.
Kit, as above, with cabinet and Moving Coil Speaker, £11 10s. 0d.
Or complete factory-built and factory-tested receiver, with valves, loudspeaker, H.T. and L.T. batteries, in cabinet, £13 13s. 0d.

Now available as
complete receivers
**FACTORY BUILT &
FACTORY TESTED!**



For two years now the name "Skyscraper Radio" has echoed round the world wherever home-constructors meet. The mighty power, the vast range of these "Skyscraper" receivers was a new experience for everybody, and happy home-constructors boast that no commercially-built set can equal the "Skyscraper" they have built themselves.

Now at last the man who is NOT a home constructor can have his "Skyscraper Radio." So insistent has been the public demand for a ready-built "Skyscraper" that Lissen have decided to put the "Skyscraper" sets through those same factory processes which make commercial receivers so absolutely reliable. To-day the All-Wave All-World "Skyscraper" 4 and the "Skyscraper" 7-valve Superhet are available as complete receivers—factory assembled and factory tested. They have retained the all-but-magic distance-getting properties of the home-constructed receivers, they have not

lost one iota of their power, they are sold complete with batteries, valves, accumulators, loudspeaker and cabinet—ready for all the family to use and to thrill over.

If you own a "Skyscraper" you know that you own a receiver which has been developed to the limit of range and power—you can get no better set in its class than the "Skyscraper" of your choice! Ask your dealer to show you "Skyscraper Radio," either as a kit of parts for you to build with your own hands, or as a complete receiver, factory built and factory tested.

LISSEN LIMITED, WORPLE ROAD, ISLEWORTH, MIDDLESEX.

LISSEN

Skyscraper Radio

All Lissen "factory-built and factory-tested" Skyscrapers carry label to this effect.

Radio Pictorial — NO. 11

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



An Announcer's Job—

Romance—

OR HARD WORK?

by the Woman ex-Announcer

(MRS. GILES BORRETT)

MANY people think that radio announcing is a "cushy job." But is it?

After I heard that I had passed the test for the post of announcer at Broadcasting House I reported for duty and had a long talk with Mr. Wellington, the Presentation Director, who supervises the work of all the announcers.

He took me along to the announcers' room, and, as can be imagined, I felt extremely nervous.

I did not know how the other announcers would take to the idea of a woman colleague.

I fully expected they would hate my appointment and that all the time I should have that horrible feeling of being *de trop*.

It was a great relief to find they immediately regarded me, so to speak, as one of themselves.

I quickly made firm friends with Freddy Grisewood, one of the senior announcers, whose "Good-night" is so familiar to listeners.

For a few days I literally became his little shadow and followed him about everywhere, and that is how I learned the duties.

The most important assets in an announcer are elasticity of mind, tact, and the ability to keep your head in any emergency. So far as elasticity of mind is concerned, it requires some little experience before you can adjust yourself rapidly to announcing varied items in quick succession. One minute you may be dealing with a bishop, and then a dance band. Or you flit from a serious speech by an M.P. to a snappy variety show.

Tact and unflinching good temper, however, are equally important, and something arises every day to test you in this respect. I remember announcing a lady who even complained about the beautiful flowers in the religious studio; she said she could not possibly sing unless they were removed. Had I told her what I really thought she certainly would not have been able to sing!

Instead, I invented a story about the B.B.C. pumping rarefied air round the flowers to keep the pollen away from the frightfully delicate vocal chords of soprano singers. That seemed to satisfy her, and the broadcast was a great success.

A good deal of tact is always required with a new artist.

Many who are at the microphone for the first time want you particularly to explain to listeners the origin of the song they are singing.

They tell you, for instance, that their marvellous new song entitled "Three Blind Mice" was

specially written by a brother who is a tea planter in Ceylon, and that in the odd hours between his arduous duties, he . . . and so on:

These people do not understand that all these details are not a bit interesting to listeners.

The poor announcer tactfully has to cool down their ardour, and it usually finishes up with a somewhat drastic compromise, the announcer merely saying that the song was written by a Mr. Snooks!

Keeping your head in any emergency is more a habit of mind than anything which you can learn in a hurry. Even after I had been announcing for some time, I remember that on one occasion, when the studio red light suddenly went out, I involuntarily came out with the expression: "Good Lord! What's happened now?" only to find that the studio was still on the air.

What are an announcer's actual daily duties? Many misleading statements have appeared in the Press. Here is a true account of a typical day's work.

I arrived at Broadcasting House about 10.10 a.m. and first obtained the summary of the day's programmes and duties, to see what was before me.

Finding that I was detailed for the religious

service at 10.15 a.m., I went to the religious studio where my duties consisted mainly of "turning the knobs."

Without waiting for the last "Amen," I then had to dash up to the news studio, which is on the floor above. If I was lucky, I found the weather forecast already waiting for me on the desk, ready to read.

If it was not there, I had to go and find it, and sometimes I was so out of breath with running that I could hardly read it.

As soon as this was over, I had to go down to the talks studio to announce the morning talk.

Between 11 a.m. and noon I often fondly imagined I had an hour off, but usually found that I had to attend a rehearsal of an evening show.

After that, the midday programmes claimed attention, and I usually had to spend some time listening-in on the loud-speaker in the announcers' room.

This listening-in business is not so simple as it may sound, for programmes do not always run to their allotted time. For instance, the control room might suddenly ring up and tell me that the show then running was going to be say eight minutes short. I would then have to 'phone up and book a studio, get out a number of suitable gramophone records—remembering that one of Duke Ellington's "hot" dance records would not go very well on top of a serious talk or Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony."

Some of these gramophone record "fill-ups" have to be arranged at exasperatingly short notice.

And so it goes on until 5.15 p.m. when Henry Hall with the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra and the Children's Hour definitely released me until 6 p.m., which is the time of the first general news bulletin.

In the ordinary course of events, the daytime announcer's job finishes here.

No artist knows the agony of mind that the announcer experiences over his responsibility for time-keeping. This question of time is an absolute fetish at Broadcasting House, and rightly so, but some artists do not understand the necessity of working exactly to a time-table.

If they overrun their time, then somebody else who may be more important to many listeners, obviously must suffer. Others are so intent upon their broadcast that they seem oblivious to time.

One well-known radio star who is particularly absent-minded in this respect is Christopher Stone, the gramophone recital expert.

(Continued on page 18)





Clark Gable becomes a radio enthusiast! This popular film actor is seen taking an active interest in a pilot loud-speaker amid a group of admirers

"Newsmonger's" RADIO GOSSIP

that everyone has to stand to attention when he appears. You can take it from me that the suggestion is absolute nonsense.

Six Feet Seven!

Sir John is suave and courtly to all his staff. He deeply appreciates all they do in the cause of broadcasting. They, in their turn, entertain the profoundest respect for him. I go about Broadcasting House a good deal and meet many members of the staff, and I know what I am saying.

He is very tall—six feet seven, I believe—and he seems to tower above you when you speak to him, but there is not the least suggestion of a martinet. I am all for Sir John, because he is all for those who work under him.

At Rehearsal

I looked in at St. George's Hall on Saturday morning, a thing I am very fond of doing. If all radio journalists and critics took more personal interest in what goes on there, and in the studios, there would be less nonsense appearing in the Press and more constructive criticism.

St. George's Hall on a Saturday morning is really the very heart of broadcasting. Everybody is cheerful, but anxious that the show shall go well. When I arrived Layton and Johnstone were doing their act.

A Second Gracie Fields

Tessie O'Shea came up and chatted to me. She is a good soul. Tessie is rapidly becoming a second Gracie Fields. They think a lot of her at Broadcasting House. So do I.

I had quite a long chinwag with Frank Colman. His voice is really staggering. As Freddie Grise-wood was saying, the B.B.C.'s job is to make listeners believe he is a man.

The Villain of "The Hero"

I RAN into Abraham Sofaer the other afternoon in Broadcasting House. He was half in and half out of a telephone box, but I pulled him right out. He told me he was rehearsing for *The Hero*.

I asked him if he was the hero. He shook his head. "No," he said. "That sort of part never falls to me. I am always a thorough blackguard in any play they cast me for here!"

When you see his name down, listen for a remarkably beautiful, deep-toned voice. That is "Sofy" all right.

23 O'clock!

What do you think of the B.B.C.'s forthcoming change over to the twenty-four-hour clock system? This doesn't take place until April 22, so there is plenty of time to practise getting used to times like 13 and 23 o'clock!

The scheme is likely to be met with a great deal of opposition (as most B.B.C. changes are), but it must be remembered that the system is adopted by most European broadcasters, and may in time prevent confusion. B.B.C. programmes for this country start in "a.m." and end in "p.m.," while Empire broadcasts run through twenty-four hours.

Do You Like Plays?

You remember hearing Val Gielgud appeal for cards from listeners giving opinions on radio plays. I hope every reader of RADIO PICTORIAL responded. Well, I made inquiries the other afternoon and learned that a huge Post Office sack

had arrived and that Val was snowed under. So some of you must have written: I hope he will get a reliable expression of opinion.

An Hour with Henry Hall

I spent an hour with Henry Hall while he was rehearsing the dance band. We were high up in a cubicle overlooking the studio. This room is in the central tower and is consequently in the region of conditioned air. Rather a quaint place. You can reach it from the offices through one door; and a steep staircase, which seems very hollow when you bump up or down it, leads directly into the studio below.

The band can be seen through a large double window. By that I mean that there are two windows with a space between them. No actual sound can reach the cubicle from the studio while those windows are closed. What you hear comes from the microphone and a loud-speaker. There is the usual switch, so that conversation can be carried on by moving it to and fro.

On Its Own

Henry had a pile of scripts on his desk and we sat together and listened. The band played merrily on its own. That is one of Henry's methods of making it self-reliant. All the same, he went down later and took one of the numbers through himself. Philip Cardew was there and Henry made him conduct his own composition.

Enter Sir John

Soon after this we were pleasurably surprised by a visit from Sir John Reith and a friend whom he was evidently showing over Broadcasting House. He was extremely pleasant and listened interestedly for some minutes.

You have probably read a good deal about the Director-General recently in some of the papers. It has been said that he is a great autocrat and

His voice when he talks to you is quiet and light in tone, but when he begins to sing you never know what to expect. He was telling me he finished a record on top D, which is what is called *in all* and should be the perquisite of a high soprano. Frank did not take up singing until he was eighteen.

Tea Mixture

Charles Brewer came in half-way through. You had better watch that *Tea Mixture* series at half-past four on Saturday afternoons. I think they are quite one of the best features of the week. He is the producer for these shows over which he takes immense trouble. Charles produces with imagination.

An Announcer's Dilemma

There was another animated discussion as to how exactly Freddie is to announce these shows in St. George's. You may remember I mentioned it a fortnight ago. Eric, John Sharman, Freddie, Kneale Kelley, Bryan Michie (Sharman's assistant) and myself argued it out again. Eventually it was decided that as the applause began to fade Freddie was to rise from his seat in the front row of the stalls at a special music cue. Then he was to call the name of the next artist and the music was to continue.

It sounds simple enough but they had a bit of a job to get it to go smoothly. We supplied the applause as the curtain fell and helped in the rehearsal. Ultimately this small but artistically important point was solved. (The effect at night was good.)

Difficulties at Rehearsal

After that Henry Hall arrived with his boys. I went on the stage to watch them more closely. You would be surprised how many little rehearsals there were before the curtain rose at the exact

second it was required to. This had to be on a certain bar in Henry's signature tune.

Then the spotlight was too late or too early. Then someone knocked a microphone off its tripod and I thought that was that. It seemed none the worse, though.

The Dancing Band

One characteristic of Henry's band amused me. Not a player keeps his feet still for two seconds. They all beat time—apparently for their own benefit—Henry included. He is never in the same place on the stage for more than a few seconds. They seem to enjoy themselves—which is probably one of the reasons you enjoy them.

When A. J. Broadcasts

Before I forget it I must tell you something about A. J. Alan. As you know he never appears more than twice in a year. He takes the greatest pains with his stories. Not only in their actual composition—you would expect that—but in their delivery. The next time he broadcasts you should listen both nights. You will notice his inflection, hesitation, and way of speaking generally are identical on both occasions.

A. J. arrives in the studio half an hour before he is due to broadcast. He is always in evening dress. Moreover, he insists on having a lighted candle at his side in case the electric light fails. He has a lighter there and, in case that should fail, a box of matches. Of course you know who he is, don't you? No? I thought everyone knew his real name was . . . er . . . but I forgot; I mustn't say. It's still a secret.

A Letter from Flotsam

A letter from Flotsam this morning. You will be sorry to learn he has been far from well. His wife has been seriously ill and also his child. He says his house is a miniature hospital. However, they are all on the way to recovery.

In the Listening Room

I spent part of my time in the listening room with Paul Askev and Charles Brewer. Paul was looking after the mechanical side—pushing microphones this way and that—and Charles was producing.

Both these men are very popular with the radio artists. I tease Charles.

I tell him he is a regular B.B.C. man—so polite. Still, it is one of the pleasures of going into the heart of broadcasting (as I do each week for your news) to find the atmosphere so pleasant.

Bryan on Portugal

Bryan Michie was also amongst the merry party. He has been on leave to Portugal and evidently enjoyed himself. He is a good-natured soul. By the way, he told me they are getting on with a sort of new Broadcasting House out there.

Apparently wireless has hardly developed at all. Bryan said he only saw one set all the time he was there.

The Twiddleknobs—By FERRIER



ORDER NEXT WEEK'S "RADIO PIC."—OUT ON FRIDAY



A "Special" in next Friday's "Radio Pic." — the Man Behind the Café Colette

The Café Colette has become a second A. J. Alan mystery of the air. And now in "Radio Pictorial" next week, the man responsible for the Café Colette broadcasts lets you into the secret!

Order next Friday's "Radio Pic." now—full of good features.

Stands to be Shot at

Eric ("Variety Director") Maschwitz is working himself to bits. He stands to be shot at, but he forgets all that in his enthusiasm for his department.

I usually find him excited over something or somebody.

Who is Zachariah?

How many Northern listeners are mystified by the identity of "Zachariah Briggus," whose colourful talks, the "Beckside Chronicles," now running into their second series in the North Regional programme, portray such pleasing pictures of village life in Yorkshire?

The Chronicles are broadcast from the Leeds studio by an off' broadcast voice which must be familiar to Northern listeners. James R. Gregson, you will remember, has done more than anyone else to put the Yorkshire dialect on to the air. He is also a frequent visitor to the Leeds studio—but, perhaps, if we say no more, Zachariah Briggus will be neither offended nor exposed!

The "Radio Pic." Vogue

Watching a rehearsal in the Vaudeville Studio at Broadcasting House last Friday morning, I noticed that the orchestra seemed to be playing from odd sheets of music. On some stands were plain sheets and on others coloured. In the interval the mystery was explained, when several players removed copies of the RADIO PICTORIAL from their music stands!

Radio Cavalcade

If you are a listener of many years sitting, you will probably want to hear a programme on Saturday week, April 14. It is called a cavalcade of radio variety and stars who made their name at the microphone will come in turn and give a show.

Old favourites, such as John Henry and Tommy Handley, will be there, while Clapham and Dwyer and Mr. Flotsam and Mr. Jetsam and lots of others have promised to come if engagements permit. The last turn will be an artist broadcasting for the first time and I wonder who will have this honour.

Anna May Wong—Broadcaster

I found Eric Maschwitz dancing with Anna May Wong at a theatrical ball the other night, and now I hear that he is writing a sketch for her first broadcast. There must be very few film stars in England who have not faced a microphone at Broadcasting House, and I am glad that this fascinating little artist has agreed to come along.

Florence Desmond is hurrying back from Hollywood and will be on the air on Easter Monday.

The Popular Arthur Wynn

Arthur Wynn looks a musician, which he is, and I wish we could hear his voice at the microphone more often. One of the most popular men at Broadcasting House, he was a good choice for the job of handling music artists which he takes over from Pedro Tillett at the end of the month. For nine years Arthur Wynn has worked among singers at the B.B.C. and all his life has been spent near the concert platform.

He was with Sir Thomas Beecham for some time and has toured America. Perhaps that was where he acquired his tact.

From Switzerland

Henry Hall has fans all over Europe, apparently. This came from Switzerland recently: "Dear Sir Hall,

"You must me excuse. I am no English nor German, but—Swiss! So are the errors numerous in this letter! And you must me yet to excuse that i come you as an uncivil stranger. But Sir Henry Hall and his B.B.C. Dance Orchestra is something for me.

"Every evening to 18.15 is the Radio open of London National. It is more strong that me . . . I must (but with great pleasure) to hear 'my friend' (pardon!) Henry Hall. This english music! I can almost all to trill, to play or to whistle . . . 'Open the window,' 'Mademoiselle,' 'Jimmy has a—,' and so on!

"I were very happy, but above all things, thankful, when you are so amiable me a photography, with your signature to offer. It were for me a great joy!

"Do i can hope? "In advance all me thanks and much vows for the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra.

"Yet all my excuses. . . . "Well, if Henry doesn't send him a signed photograph after that effort I shall be surprised!

March 28, 1934

“FIRST TIME Here...”

What would your thoughts be as you entered Broadcasting House to broadcast for the first time? This is the doorway through which all broadcasters at the London Broadcasting House have to pass on their way to the studios

NO time to get this make-up off. Couldn't get it on again in time for the next show. Better go like this.

Hat pulled well down. Scarf well up. Now, hurry round the corner, down the corridor. Better let George know I shan't be long.

"Only away an hour, George. Back in time for the next time. Let 'em know, will you? Right!"

Sensible chaps, stage door-keepers. Have to be. . . . Hullo, where's the car? Someone's moved it down, perhaps. Ah, here we are.

Engine's sure to be cold. No, first touch. Good. Now for it—this way, into Piccadilly. Clear, too.

Better pull this scarf up. Seems as though people are staring. Just isn't done—driving along Regent Street in stage make-up. Curse, got to stop. Believe those confounded women are laughing. Look away.

Ah, this is better. Oxford Circus—straight across. There it is, facing. Heavens, doesn't it look imposing.

Don't fancy the idea, now. Gosh, hope there's a breakdown. No hope, though. Feel faint, somewhere down inside. . . .

Here, this won't do at all. Come along, out we get. In to the slaughter.

Hullo, what a dear old boy at the desk. Just like a diplomat. Don't suppose he'll mind sending a card in. No, thought not. Superior kind of page, though.

"Studios." Urgh!

All very modern, these lifts. And the lift chappie—he's bored. Tired of seeing celebrities, perhaps. Nice change for him.

Must have been through the stuff hundreds of times on the stage. Don't seem to remember it now, somehow. Heavens, suppose—no, couldn't possibly forget. How's it go—

What, already? This door, d'you mean. What's this—kind of waiting-room? Look, there's the door opening. That fellow looks all confident and happy—bet he's done *his* act.

No one about. Better sit down, here. No, sit properly. Only makes you more nervous,

The vivid thought impressions of an artist who comes to broadcast for the first time—an entirely new feature in radio journalism. The artist is Eric Barker, and his thought impressions are recorded by
J. MURRAY SMITH

Supposing the microphone were yours, and this were your manuscript which you had to broadcast! How would you feel?



sitting on the edge like that. Uncomfortable too. Wonder where that other fellow went. Wish there were someone else here. Must be the last turn.

The door—is it?—yes, it's opening. Commissionaire beckoning. *Me?* Must be. No one else here.

Legs feel weak, somehow. Kind of no-tummy feeling, too. Heavens, look at all the people. Are they—yes, they're laughing. Oh, up this little slope, on to the platform.

Why are they applauding? That must be an extra bit for the last chap. Perhaps they want him back. No, seem to expect something.

Hang it, had to trip up on that slope! Just the sort of thing to put a fellow off.

Now for the execution. Come to think of it the mike does rather look like a gallows tree, hanging like that.

Looks unfriendly. Certain it's scowling. Try a little smile on it. H'm—no use. Edge towards it.

Hullo, ought to be beginning now. Throat dry. Voice won't come. Swallow hard.

"Er—"

Holy smoke, this won't do.

Try again.

"Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. I shall try to give you an impression. . . ."

Bit better. Voice sounds strange, though. Seems silly, talking to this idiotic little gallows. Don't believe it's really working at all. No, that's it! Just another try-out. Didn't they say the stuff wasn't suitable. . . .

Never sung so badly before. All hot under the collar. Cold tingles in the spine. Must have caught a chill, coming up so quickly in the lift. Dreadfully draughty, those things.

There's a sneeze hanging about somewhere. Shan't possibly reach that high note . . . well, try perhaps.

Must be slightly deaf, or something—haven't the faintest idea—wonder if they're laughing at—or *with*—

Oh, Heavens! Never knew this was so long on the stage. Seven minutes? No, must have been here half an hour already.

All seems strange. Unreal. All imaginary, that's it. Not really happening.

What's that fellow want? Pointing to the mike—oh, yes, still here, aren't we. Remember now.

That's it—the other verse. Yes, the last verse. . . .

Just—one—line. Queer, singing and thinking at the same time.

Doing things with their hands—yes, that's a *hand*, all right. Perhaps they really like it. No, they're always kind to first-timers. Hullo, the red light's gone out.

That means the mike—why, there's nothing in it, really. One try beforehand would have made all the difference. Experience, that's it. Ruined, now. Never get another chance.

Ah, well, back to the theatre. Been better

Continued on page 18

NO Staff Revolt at the B.B.C.

TINKER, tailor, soldier, sailor—you will find them all at the B.B.C. Never before has such a heterogeneous mass of humanity collected under one roof to earn its daily bread. Consult the programmes, which open with a prayer and close with dance music, and consider the variety of interests which are represented. Broadcasting touches life at all angles and experts are employed in every department—specialists of every kind.

At the transmitters crude oil is poured into an engine at one end and a symphony emerges at the other. Art is wedded to a machine.

Pause to think of the hands and brains, human cogs in an intricate mechanism, each playing a part, big or small, in this daily marvel, and wonder with me that things run so smoothly.

It is team-work which makes the machine run sweetly and, as everyone knows who plays a game, mutual respect is the basis of any successful combination. And here is the secret of B.B.C. organisation. Every member of the staff is a specialist, picked for his knowledge of some particular phase of the work: music, variety, drama, education, religion, news, or an engineering process.

In each department at Broadcasting House is a man who shoulders responsibility that would only be carried by a managing director in a private business, and on his own particular subject his word is law, it *must* be so. His experience compels attention.

At the head of this giant creative and administrative machine is Sir John Reith, directing and co-ordinating the efforts of hundreds. Beloved by those in daily contact, respected by all whose work makes him more remote, the Director-General is accessible to everyone.

A studio porter may seek his advice in time of trouble. At a time when many foresaw no future for a novelty known as broadcasting, Sir John Reith set out to build the B.B.C., and throughout its life his spirit has inspired its-work.

It will be a sad day for Britain when criticism is silenced of any public service. Freedom of comment is both healthy and helpful

and no enlightened organisation would attempt to stifle criticism even if means were to hand. As I write, sections of the Press are pouring abuse and ridicule on the B.B.C. The wails of disappointed job-hunters, seasoned with the malice of ex-employees, are to be read in several newspapers, and since ammunition is limited, personalities are introduced. Though discerning readers accept these reports for what they are worth, the assault cannot be ignored, and the charges deserve examination for the wide circulation which they receive.

It is said that the staff revolt at discipline and that irksome restrictions abound. As a fact, formality ends in the entrance hall, where a caller must state his business. I have never known an office where this was otherwise, and suspect that writers who complain have got no further than the commissionaires, who smartly guard the portals.

by
**John
TRENT**

Beyond the bronze doors I never fail to envy the friendly atmosphere in which our broadcasters work. The "Happy Family" of my childhood comes to life. On the cards, I remember, one beaming tradesman after another returned my greeting. It is the same at Broadcasting House with some occupational difference. No brewers, sweeps, or butchers, but in their place noise merchants, copyright experts, conductors, producers—each with the same genial air which cannot always be assumed.

All over the country engineers outnumber other staff, but this does not make them superior. One man may think of a programme, another may write it and a third produce it; but it takes at least twenty engineers to transfer it from the studio to your home. "Plumbers," the other fellows dub them, but they never go back for their tools.

Programme staff come next in strength; "black hats," the engineers call them, after their favourite headgear. Then come the girls who are employed in large numbers and it is about the treatment of women that one of the most stupid slanders is published.

It is said if a girl becomes engaged she must inform an official. The truth is that the B.B.C. will not make a hard and fast rule to dismiss women staff when they marry, and if a girl, on getting engaged, wishes to know whether she may keep her job after tying the knot, she is invited to ask.

Unlike Government Departments and some local authorities, Broadcasting House recognises that circumstances alter cases, even in the delicate matter of marriage. It is a humane way of dealing with a human problem and hardship is often avoided.

Despite all this quarter-deck, parade ground atmosphere we read about, the staff smoke all day at Broadcasting House, and only in the studios is the cigarette forbidden. A sensible rule, this, because the soprano might cough and the bass would certainly complain if the air around the mike were full of smoke.

Of course, they keep office hours at Broadcasting House, just as in any other business. Hard work and generous holidays is the principle which the Governors apply. Staff who are on regular night duty work in shifts, while those whose job keeps them late occasionally, may always take an equivalent time off. Here the rule merely requires that staff inform the executive when they will be away, otherwise they will be expected at 9.30 a.m.

Much has been made of an incident when the lights failed during a concert in Number Ten

Continued on page 18

In the top picture you see—no, not a Staff revolt; merely the arrival of the staff at Broadcasting House in the morning! On the left a happy band of cleaners are leaving at the end of their day at Broadcasting House



Where is your radio licence?
If you are a radio pirate,

then read this article with
fear and dread!



ARE RADIO PIRATES IMMORAL?

LISTENERS in the areas of Nottingham, Mansfield, Newark, Grantham, Loughborough and Derby who have overlooked the necessity of taking out a licence for their wireless apparatus should make a note of the date April. 2. The Post Office is then sending out a direction-finding van and it will be on service in the districts named for several weeks."

This is the latest notice issued to the Press in connection with the efforts of the Post Office to cut down radio pirates.

It means that every listener from Nottingham to Derby who has not paid for a wireless licence has cause to shiver in his shoes. Gone are the days when a radio pirate got off with a caution when a court case was eventually made.

The prosecution has a watertight case in most instances, and the Bench is seldom sympathetic towards the man who "did not think it necessary to take out a licence," or "only had the set on trial," or "meant to take out a licence to-morrow."

These excuses won't wash!

And yet on the face of it there is the other side of the question. Are we too ready to assume that a wireless licence, although a legal necessity, is morally correct?

Are radio pirates immoral, or are they merely transgressing the letter of the law? There used to be a small section of the public who maintained that the B.B.C. was unfairly extracting money through the medium of the Post Office, or alternatively that it was unfair for a large proportion of the licence fee to be filched by the Treasury.

They maintained, in other words, that the Post Office and the Treasury were not acting squarely with the listener and the B.B.C.

They maintained, therefore, that a radio pirate is not transgressing the spirit of the law, as the law had been formulated at a time when broadcasting was unheard of, and when radio telegraphy and the technical experiments of wireless enthusiasts were the only things to be covered by a Post Office permit.

Only this morning I was dragged into a conversation in the carriage on the way up to town. Talk turned quickly to radio and the occupant in one of the corner seats, always

"But most of it goes towards the programmes," ventured another traveller to town.

"Most? No, I don't think so!"

"No," he went on to explain, "I read in the paper only the other day that the Post Office takes more than half of my ten shillings . . . and although you know my view, Robinson, that the B.B.C. doesn't put out good programmes in spite of its State subsidy, I think it's absolutely immoral that the State should be allowed to take more than half the money we pay in good faith as a contribution to the B.B.C."

"Well, yes, if it's like that . . ." murmured Robinson.

The others settled back into perusal of their daily news, half convinced.

I'm sure he succeeded in making potential radio pirates out of at least four of us!

I wasn't satisfied that Smith's argument was correct.

I checked it up with the latest B.B.C. figures and I am sure you will agree with me that there is no excuse for radio piracy.

Out of every ten shillings the Post Office takes approximately one shilling. This is not wasted.

Part of the shilling goes, of course, towards the cost of issuing and renewing licences, while the rest of it is a contribution towards the salaries, pensions and engineering costs which are all part of the comprehensive scheme for the detection of radio pirates and for the cutting down of man-made static and electrical interference with radio sets.

The Treasury takes approximately 3s. 6d., which must be regarded very much on the same lines as an ordinary entertainment tax.

It is certainly higher in proportion than the entertainment tax on theatre or cinema seats, but as our radio entertainment is present every day of the year, then a 3s. 6d.-a-year entertainment tax is not excessive.

I find on investigation that of the proportion of the licence money received by the B.B.C. just over 2s. 6d. out of every 10s. goes towards programmes and artists' fees, while just under a shilling is contributed towards engineering costs.

Smith must see these figures!

They are a watertight argument against radio piracy.

Every radio pirate is stealing approximately a shilling from the Post Office—money which would otherwise be spent to help him to secure interference-free reception.

And he is stealing approximately a shilling from those hard-working fellows who maintain the giant National and Regional transmitters.

by
"The Man in the Carriage"

very anti-B.B.C., more or less openly declared that if things were not as they are, he would be a radio pirate.

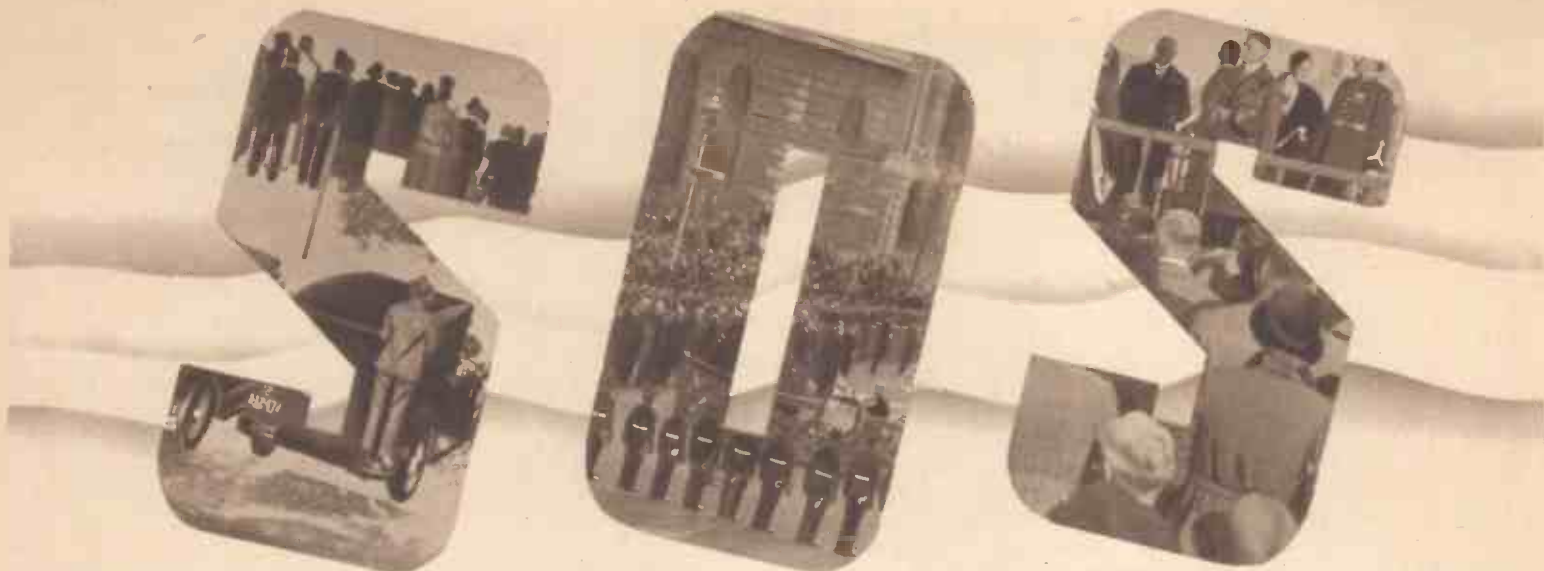
By that he—let's call him Smith—meant that if he had the courage to face a court case he would openly declare that he had not paid his licence fee. Anyway, I am sure the other eight people in the carriage knew him to be a radio pirate!

A quiet little man living in the same street ventured to ask why he had any qualms about paying ten shillings for a year's good programme value from the B.B.C.

"Ah, that's just it," explained Smith.

"I pay my ten shillings, but it doesn't go towards getting programme value from the B.B.C. . . . even if we did get good programme value," he added sarcastically.





HAVE you ever requested the B.B.C. to broadcast an S O S message? If not, it is to be hoped you will never need to. Even so, you might as well know the rules.

The B.B.C. will broadcast messages requesting relatives to go to a sick person, but not unless a hospital authority or private doctor certify the patient to be "dangerously ill," which means there is no real hope of recovery. Not even then, unless all other means of communication have failed. The full name of the person broadcast for must be given.

If the person sought is known to be on board a ship at sea, a message will be sent if the ship is not equipped with ordinary wireless telegraphy.

Also, the ship must not be on its way to a known port, in which case inquirers must communicate with the port authorities. In any event, it must be proved that the return of the person sought can be hastened by the reception of the S O S message.

A general rule is that no message will be broadcast for persons to attend a relative after death has occurred.

The broadcasting of messages for missing persons has been discontinued, apart from messages originating with the police. Even then, the B.B.C. uses its discretion. If it is considered the missing person may be in danger, a message will be broadcast. Not otherwise.

Then there are the messages for witnesses of accidents. These are amongst the most successful, but they are not broadcast unless the police have made a request.

In any case, messages cannot be broadcast for lost property or pets. Finally, there is no charge connected with these messages.

The rules are rigid. If they were not you can imagine how they would be taken advantage of, especially by unthinking people. Also, you would have to wait for your news while a long list of them was read.

As it is, we hear them quite regularly. We note the name of the person sought and also that we have never heard of anyone of that name. There it ends—for us. We do not feel we need offer sympathy or shed tears any more than when we

glance down the obituary column of a morning newspaper.

So it may not even occur to us that somewhere there are aching hearts over a message which meant nothing to us. There is a very human side to this department of broadcasting.

An unusual type of message was broadcast some time back. The house physician of a coastal hospital asked for a convalescent patient, suffering from a specified complaint, to act as serum donor to an infant in danger of its life. The message was successful.

The Chief Constable of a Scottish town applied for a message to be sent in connection with a case of kidnapping. He wanted to comb out a certain area. The message met with a great response. An arrest was made, and the following day it was stated the child had been found.

A message was sent out for the parents of a young man who had met with a serious

motor-cycling accident in a fog. The ambulance had to travel slowly to the nearest hospital. Unfortunately, the parents, who had been listening all the evening, switched off as the announcer said "Before the news, there is one S O S message."

They knew nothing of the accident until the next morning. Then it was too late.

A real tragedy occurred some time last year. A young man was broadcast for at the repeated request of his fiancée, despite the fact that the engagement had been broken off. The girl was lying at death's door and constantly calling for her lover. The doctor certified that if he came it might be the saving of her life.

The message was sent and reached the man. He refused to go and the girl died. One supposes he must have had very good reasons for his refusal and also, of course, the girl may not have lived in any event. Nevertheless, a very sad and human story.

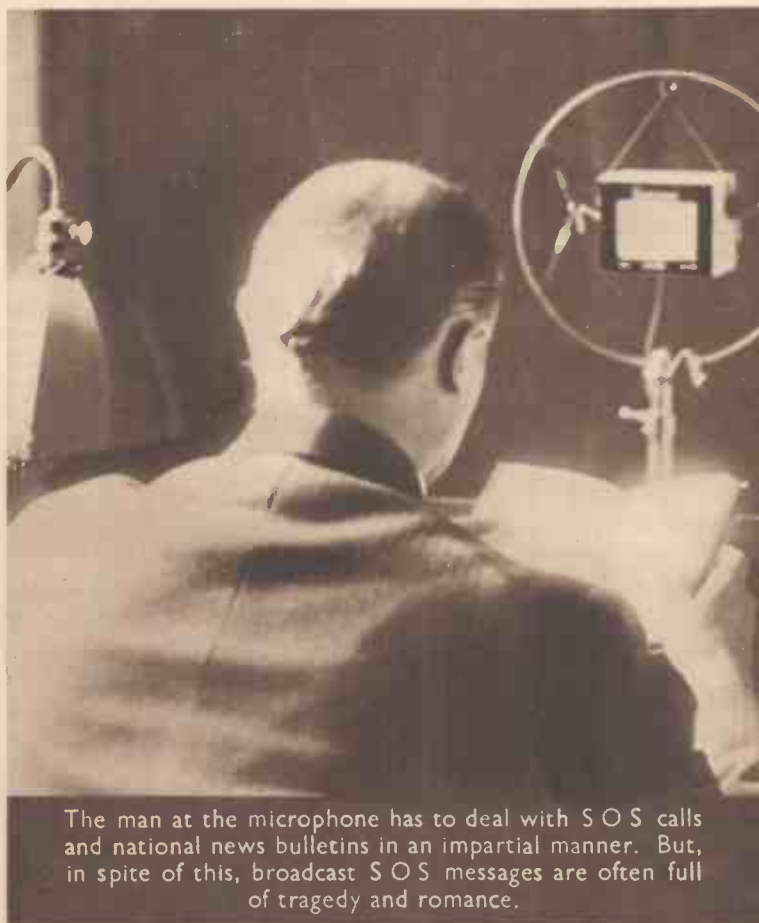
There are other stories, such as that of a son rushed by car to the bedside of his dying mother after an absence of twenty-three years; a reconciliation between a man and his wife after years of separation when one was brought to the bedside of the other; even a case where a country's broadcasting was held up for a few minutes in order to get an S O S message to a man in a remote part of the world.

Of course, there is the humorous side. It hardly outweighs the other, but some amount of amusement was caused by a request for an S O S to be sent out for a lost monkey answering to the name of Percy. Amongst the real gems the S O S Department treasures is the following:

"Will you please put it on the wireless for Mrs. N—, who as had her dog poisoned by some person who as thrown it over in the yard. She as never been loose. Hoping the people of Leven will look after there pets,

"I remain, Yours
"Mrs. N—."

Well, good luck to you! May you never cause an S O S to be sent out for anyone near to you, nor may you yourself be sent for!



The man at the microphone has to deal with S O S calls and national news bulletins in an impartial manner. But, in spite of this, broadcast S O S messages are often full of tragedy and romance.

The END of the SEASON

(Running Commentary on the final match between PUDDLEHAM GASPERS and BUNGHOLE WATERWORKS. Relayed from Bunghole Common.)



The boys pulled him out

—Not to be taken too seriously!

FIRST COMMENTATOR.—Well, we're all set, and there are a few minutes to go, bar accidents, before the match between Puddleham Gaspers and Bunghole Waterworks.

I don't know how it is with you all, but the weather here is great. A wonderful day. An extraordinarily wonderful day.

The sun is in the sky, and the grass, where there is any, is amazingly green, and the mud looks in magnificent condition, especially in front of the goals.

A strong breeze is blowing from the south according to the church weathercock, and from the north-east according to the one on Joe Gagger's flagstaff, so conditions should be just right.

What you are hearing at the moment are the gallant efforts of the Bunghole Brewery Temperance Prize Band to compete with the hooting of passing motorists, the former being slightly handicapped by the eleventh hour requisition of the bass drummer, Ezra Tottle, to take the place of Sam Pillbox, the Bunghole goal-keeper, whose unfortunate absence, in connection with a poaching charge, will be generally regretted.

There must be nearly one hundred spectators present at the moment, and when the rest have finished streaming out of "The Black Pig," "The Gaffer's Arms," "The Salt & Mustard" and "The Man in Trouble," there should be six times that number round the ropes. Bunghole is a wonderful old village. . . .

SECOND COMMENTATOR.— . . . dating from the time of Ethelred the Unready who is believed to have granted its first off-licence. . . .

FIRST COMMENTATOR.— . . . Its population of 784. . . .

SECOND COMMENTATOR.— . . . 785 before long if all goes well at "Sunflower Cottage"

FIRST COMMENTATOR.— . . . lies snugly between the Old Brewery and the new Waterworks. . . .

SECOND COMMENTATOR.— . . . the Drill Hall was opened in 1893

FIRST COMMENTATOR.— . . . the Church contains many objects of antiquarian interest. . . .

SECOND COMMENTATOR.— . . . including the thigh-bone of Beoff, the Saxon, who was killed by a blow from a side of bacon while resisting the Danes on the site of the Old Brewery. . . .

FIRST COMMENTATOR.—I think they're ready now. Yes, there's the referee—old Ben Splurge, who is waving his ear-trumpet at a horse which has strayed on to the field of play. . . .

SECOND COMMENTATOR.—Square 6.

FIRST COMMENTATOR.—Wonderful old fellow, Splurge. He has refereed this match in the same enormous bowler hat since 1885.

Here come the teams. Hullo! Puddleham Gaspers are four men short. No, no, here come three more, hurrying from the road and hanging their firemen's helmets on a tree as they trot panting on to the field. Fine fellows. Always ready for the call of duty even at such an exciting time as this.

And that slight explosion just now was the Puddleham station-master arriving in his car. He has doffed his braided frock-coat and is now taking his place at right-half.

SECOND COMMENTATOR.—All set. The local

Waterworks team looks ready for almost anything. . . .

FIRST COMMENTATOR.—A trifle dazed by the sun after coming out of the "The Gaffer's Arms" where they have been lunching heavily, but every man on his feet.

SECOND COMMENTATOR.—In accordance with the ancient custom, the local Postmistress is going to kick-off. . . .

FIRST COMMENTATOR.—There she goes. A fine figure of a woman. . . .

SECOND COMMENTATOR.—Fifteen stone' in her hiking outfit. . . .

By Dudley CLARK

FIRST COMMENTATOR.— . . . The excitement is tremendous. I wonder whether you can visualise the picturesque scene. The Waterworks . . . the Brewery . . . the half-dozen or so pub . . . er—old inns, and . . . Oh, the Postmistress has kicked off. No, she has sat down in the mud.

SECOND COMMENTATOR.—Square 4.

FIRST COMMENTATOR.—They've got her up. Now she's kicking off. . . .

SECOND COMMENTATOR.—She's down again. . . .

FIRST COMMENTATOR.—So she is. This is a wonderful match. By Jove, she's fallen on the ball this time. . . .

SECOND COMMENTATOR.—Square 4.

FIRST COMMENTATOR.—This looks serious. The ball's bust.

SECOND COMMENTATOR.—It's all right. Some small boys by the pond have a football. They're lending it to Sam Joblet, the skipper of the Waterworkers for . . . I can't quite see. . . .

FIRST COMMENTATOR.—Half-a-crown. Now we're all set again. Third time lucky. The Postmistress has kicked it this time. She sliced a good bit and the ball has carried away the referee's ear-trumpet. . . .

SECOND COMMENTATOR.—Square 5.

FIRST COMMENTATOR.—The local Press photographers are hustling her off the field. Joblet's got the ball. Joblet has it. He's racing up the field. . . .

SECOND COMMENTATOR.—He's going the wrong way. . . .

FIRST COMMENTATOR.—So he is. Joblet hasn't found his form yet. Now he's doubling back. He falls over the referee who is looking in the mud for his whistle. . . . Pugger, the Puddleham half-back has it—the ball I mean. He's dribbling it up the touch-line. Stokes is bearing down on him. Oh, well charged, Stokes! Pugger sits down in the mud. . . .

SECOND COMMENTATOR.—Square 8.

FIRST COMMENTATOR.— . . . Stokes clears Pugger

with a wonderful leap, but cannot check himself. The ball goes into touch and Stokes goes into the pond. Stokes is in the pond. Good job he's used to water. The boys are helping him out.

The ball's in play again. Oh, fine kick, Slapper. Bad luck—Woodlouse stops it with his ear at six paces. Fugg kicks a bootful of mud down Slapper's neck. . . .

SECOND COMMENTATOR.—Square 5.

FIRST COMMENTATOR.—Slapper socks Fugg on the ear. Fugg punches Slapper on the chest. Slapper. Fugg. Slapper. Now Fugg. Oh, well, done, Slapper. A straight left. There goes the whistle. Where's the ball?

SECOND COMMENTATOR.—Smith's bull-terrier has got it in his mouth.

FIRST COMMENTATOR.—That's awkward. Smith's the local carpenter and he hasn't been paid for the new goal-posts. Yes, I thought so. He's asking for his money before he calls the dog off. They're chasing the dog.

SECOND COMMENTATOR.—Squares 2—4—6—8—7—5—3. . . .

FIRST COMMENTATOR.—Right round the field. A magnificent run. Joblet's headed him across the Puddleham goal. Now Stokes. Yes, Stokes is there.

Can he shoot the ball and the dog into the goal. Yes. No. Yes. No. He's kicked the dog by mistake.

SECOND COMMENTATOR.—Square 1.

FIRST COMMENTATOR.—A marvellous match. You ought to see the crowd. Smith's dog is chasing Stokes up a goal-post. Only just in time; the dog has got a piece of his shorts. Smith has collected his money and is calling his dog off.

Hullo, now what's up?

SECOND COMMENTATOR.—There's a fire somewhere. The three firemen have got to go.

FIRST COMMENTATOR.—Oh, bad luck. Puddleham are three men short. No goals have been scored and there are eight minutes to go to half time.

They have sent someone across to "The Black Pig" to wake up the Puddleham reserve man. Meanwhile they're playing on—or they will be when the referee has made up his mind about the dog incident, and Joblet and the Puddleham goal-keeper have been separated. . . . Hullo! What's all the excitement about over there?

SECOND COMMENTATOR.—News has come to hand that the Bunghole Waterworks team has been called off the field. A main has burst at the Waterworks.

FIRST COMMENTATOR.—By Jove, yes, there they go. What a piece of luck for Puddleham. Well, well, the result of the match between Puddleham Gaspers and Bunghole Waterworks is a draw in favour of Puddleham who lead by eight men to nil.

A fine game—a most extraordinarily fine game so far as it went. I'll just repeat the score. . . .

Order next Friday's "Radio Pictorial" NOW!

Stars at
Home—II

At Home with— A SONG, a SMILE (and a piano)



IF you want a really fine-looking upstanding Englishman you have him in Long the Norman! He is six foot one and forty-one. Looks one and not the other.

He lives in Sydenham. Not in married bliss, though. He takes the other view—that he has found out how to be happy though unmarried. He lives with his sister. He sees less of her than he would like because she is out all day and he most of the night.

Of course, he has a car. The strange part is that he can never be persuaded to drive it. He says he hates driving and always feels that if he did drive he would be Norman Long no longer. He found an excellent chauffeur at Blackpool four years ago and still has him.

He "valets" Norman and looks after him generally.

There is another person of importance in the establishment.

Billy.



He is—well, he was supposed to be a Sealyham when Norman bought him, but his parentage is rather a sore point.

He turned out to have a good deal of terrier in him.

Still, he is important and refuses to be ignored merely because he is not, so well connected as he was said to be.

"A Song, a Joke, and a Piano" is a Norman's broadcasting slogan. On the stage it is a smile instead of a joke. Smiles don't count in broadcasting. Though an entertainer, one of Norman's indoor hobbies is serious music. He will spend hours playing Beethoven, Brahms, and Chopin, but admits he is not fond of Bach.

Also he is keen on amateur cinematography. He often makes films of his friends.

At one time he played the violin as well as the piano, but has not touched the former instrument for some years now.

Norman is fond of flowers, and likes to see his garden looking nice. All the same, he is never to be found with a spade in his hand. He employs a gardener instead.

His is a busy life. Like most of your favourites, he has to study his fan mail every morning. When that is done he has a look through the latest batch of songs, for dozens of composers submit manuscripts in the hope he will take to one of them and broadcast it. He gets scores of scores, so to speak, every day.

He leaves home during the morning in order to keep appointments with his agent. So many are his engagements that the agent uses a large sheet and maps them out carefully so that mistakes are avoided. It is not a question of whether Norman will go to such and such a theatre, but whether he can find time to go to it.

Then there are the lunch-time programmes at various West End cinemas. Fortunately Norman has his car and can therefore dash about from one place to another.

When it comes to the thought of taking a holiday that chart is often a stumbling-block.

Norman says there never seems to be time for an extended vacation, but every now and then he decides that work can go hang. Then he collects his holiday attire, golf sticks, the dog, and anything else he needs, and tells his chauffeur to drive like nothing else on four wheels down to Devonshire for a few days.

The trouble is that unless he goes for a cruise Norman can never get away from broadcasting because there are sets wherever he goes.

Even on board ship he generally finds the man
(Continued on page 18)



Stars of the week's programme: (from left to right) Joan Stonehewer (Monday, 7.30 p.m., National), Dorothy Silk (Sunday, 4.50 p.m., National), Harold Williams (Saturday, 5.15 p.m., National), and Phyllis Evens (Tuesday, 6.30 p.m., London Regional).

PROGRAMME HEADLINES of the WEEK

Star Features in the National Programme

- SUNDAY**
The Gershom Parkinson Quintet.
Cedric Sharpe.
E. R. Appleton.
Dorothy Silk.
Derek Oldham.
- MONDAY**
The Western Studio Orchestra.
Garda Hall.
Sir Frederic Cowen.
The B.B.C. Orchestra (Section E).
Parry Jones.
- TUESDAY**
Reginald New.
The Commodore Grand Orchestra
directed by Joseph Muscant.
The Wireless Military Band directed
by B. Walton O'Donnell.
Christopher Stone.
- WEDNESDAY**
The Trocadero Cinema Orchestra.
Cecil Dixon.
Mario de Pietro.
Geraldo's Orchestra.
- THURSDAY**
The Rutland Square and New
Victoria Orchestra.
The Scottish Studio Orchestra
directed by Guy Daines.
Helen Perkin.
Kenneth Ellis.
The Rev. W. H. Elliott.
- FRIDAY.**
The Hotel Metropole Orchestra
directed by A. Rossi.
Franklyn Kelsey.
Commander Stephen King-Hall.
The B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra
directed by Stanford Robinson.
- SATURDAY**
Harold Ramsay.
Joan Stonehewer.
Ronald Gourley.
Helen Alston.

NATIONAL

- SUNDAY (April 1).**—A Service, relayed from Liverpool Cathedral.
- MONDAY (April 2).**—Variety programme.
- TUESDAY (April 3).**—*The Magnificent Charlatan*, a play by Cecil Lewis.
- WEDNESDAY (April 4).**—A non-stop dance-music programme.
- THURSDAY (April 5).**—*Comfortable Words*, an oratorio from the oratorios, choral and orchestral programme, being a selection of texts from the Holy Writ.
- FRIDAY (April 6).**—*The Lilac Domino*, an operetta by Charles Cuvillier.
- SATURDAY (April 7).**—Music Hall programme.

LONDON REGIONAL

- SUNDAY (April 1).**—A Brass Band concert.
- MONDAY (April 2).**—A Musical Travelogue, instrumental concert.
- TUESDAY (April 3).**—*The Fifth Form at St. Pontefracts, or Little by Little*, a burlesque by the Melliush Brothers.
- WEDNESDAY (April 4).**—*The Lilac Domino*, an operetta by Charles Cuvillier.
- THURSDAY (April 5).**—*The Magnificent Charlatan*, a play by Cecil Lewis.
- FRIDAY (April 6).**—*Easter Eggs*, a revue by Ernest Longstaffe.
- SATURDAY (April 7).**—Choral and instrumental programme.

MIDLAND REGIONAL

- SUNDAY (April 1).**—A Church of England Service, relayed from St. Mary's Church, Nottingham.
- MONDAY (April 2).**—Midland Bank Holiday, feature programme.
- TUESDAY (April 3).**—*The Fifth Form at St. Pontefracts, or Little by Little*, a burlesque by the Melliush Brothers.
- WEDNESDAY (April 4).**—Midland Composers, orchestral concert.
- THURSDAY (April 5).**—Instrumental programme.
- FRIDAY (April 6).**—*Brighter Bridge*, a sketch by Gerald Elliott, and *In the Dark*, a sketch by Harold Holland.

SATURDAY (April 7).—*The Beggar's Opera*, Act 1, relayed from the Little Theatre, Leicester.

WEST REGIONAL

- SUNDAY (April 1).**—Religious Service, relayed from Brynyffynnon Methodist Church, Wrexham.
- MONDAY (April 2).**—*Yn Gynnar yn y Bore* (Early in the Morning), a Welsh comedy by Idwal Jones.
- TUESDAY (April 3).**—*Ar Lannau'r Ddyfwrdd* (On the Banks of the Dee), choral programme.
- WEDNESDAY (April 4).**—Band concert.
- THURSDAY (April 5).**—Orchestral concert, relayed from the Spanish Barn, Tore Abbey, Torquay.
- FRIDAY (April 6).**—A concert relayed from the Barnfield Hall, Exeter.
- SATURDAY (April 7).**—Variety, relayed from the Blue Horizon Country Club, St. Mellons.

NORTH REGIONAL

- SUNDAY (April 1).**—A Roman Catholic Service, relayed from Salford Cathedral.
- MONDAY (April 2).**—A Bank Holiday feature programme.
- TUESDAY (April 3).**—Orchestral Concert.
- WEDNESDAY (April 4).**—"Music hath charms. . . ." A programme of music inspired by the works of Shakespeare.
- THURSDAY (April 5).**—Concert Party programme, relayed from the Arcadian Pavilion, Morecambe.

FRIDAY (April 6).—Organ music, from Blackpool.

SATURDAY (April 7).—Variety programme, relayed from the Argyle Theatre, Birkenhead.

SCOTTISH REGIONAL

- SUNDAY (April 1).**—Religious Service, relayed from St. Cuthbert's Parish Church, Edinburgh.
- MONDAY (April 2).**—Excerpts from *Tammie Twister*, a pantomime relayed from the Royal Princess's Theatre, Glasgow.
- TUESDAY (April 3).**—Orchestral concert.
- WEDNESDAY (April 4).**—Instrumental recital.
- THURSDAY (April 5).**—Variety programme.
- FRIDAY (April 6).**—Orchestral concert.
- SATURDAY (April 7).**—Band concert.

BELFAST

- SUNDAY (April 1).**—A Religious Service, relayed from St. Patrick's Protestant Cathedral, Armagh.
- MONDAY (April 2).**—A Military Band concert.
- TUESDAY (April 3).**—Orchestral concert.
- WEDNESDAY (April 4).**—A relay from the Empire Theatre, Belfast.
- THURSDAY (April 5).**—An Operatic programme.
- FRIDAY (April 6).**—Dance music programme.
- SATURDAY (April 7).**—Prize-winner's Concert at the Feis Doire Colmille, Londonderry, relayed from the Guildhall, Londonderry.

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

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

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

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

Suggia (violoncello) will be the artist at a concert to be relayed from the Pump Room, Bath, on March 31. The Pump Room Orchestra, conducted by Edward Dunn, will play.

Radio Times gives full programme details.

Your Foreign Programme Guide

Star Features in the London Regional Programme

SUNDAY
The London Symphony Orchestra.
Henry Holst.
Clifford Curzon.

MONDAY
Arthur Salisbury and his Orchestra.
The Leslie Bridgewater Quintet.

TUESDAY
Fred Hartley and his Novelty Quintet.
Charles Mayhew.
The Wireless Male Voice Chorus.

WEDNESDAY
Clifford Roberts.
The Northern Studio Orchestra,
directed by John Bridge.

THURSDAY
The Coventry Hippodrome Orchestra,
directed by Charles Shadwell.
Reginald King's Orchestra.

FRIDAY
Norman Austin.
Medvedeff's Balalaika Orchestra.
Antonio Brosa.

SATURDAY
The B.B.C. Orchestra (Section C),
directed by Joseph Lewis.
Eileen Joyce.
Leslie Woodgate.

SUNDAY (APRIL 1)

Athlone (531 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 10.15 p.m.

Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Concert ... 6.0 p.m.

Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Concert ... 5.0 p.m.

Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Dance Music ... 10.10 p.m.

Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Concert ... 3.0 p.m.

Madrid EAQ (30 m.).—Light Music 12 (midnight)

Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Light Music ... 11.30 p.m.

Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Music by Rimsky-Korsakov, Bach, and Beethoven ... 8.20 p.m.

Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 5.30-7.0 p.m.

Warsaw (1,415 m.).—Dance Music ... 10.5 p.m.

MONDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Orchestral concert, with Pipe and Violin Solos. ... 9.0 p.m.

Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Trio concert ... 6.0 p.m.

Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Dance music or concert ... 10.10 p.m.

Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Concert ... 5.0 p.m.

Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Concert ... 3.0 p.m.

Madrid EAQ (30 m.).—Spanish music ... 10.30 p.m.

Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Light music ... 11.30 p.m.

Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Vocal Quartet and Dance music ... 10.0 p.m.

Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Concert for the Anniversary of the Death of Brahms ... 5.0 p.m.- 6.0 p.m.

Warsaw (1,415 m.).—Dance music ... 10.5 p.m.

TUESDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Light Music ... 9.30 p.m.

Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Trio Concert ... 6 p.m.

Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Concert ... 5.0 p.m.

Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Dance Music or Concert ... 10.10 p.m.

Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Concert ... 3.0 p.m.

Madrid EAQ (30 m.).—Programme in English ... 12 midnight

Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Light Music ... 11.30 p.m.

Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Cello solo, Icelandic Songs, and Dance Music ... 10.0 p.m.

Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Operetta Evening, from Paris... 8.30 p.m.

Warsaw (1,415 m.).—Dance Music ... 10.5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Light Music ... 9.30 p.m.

Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Trio Concert ... 6.0 p.m.

Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Dance Music or Concert ... 10.10 p.m.

Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Musical Programme ... 5.0 p.m.

Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Concert ... 3.0 p.m.

Madrid EAQ (30 m.).—Spanish Music ... 11.0 p.m.

Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Light Music ... 11.30 p.m.

Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Concert ... 10.0 p.m.

Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Concert of Music by Franck and Rimsky-Korsakov ... 8.30 p.m.

Warsaw (1,415 m.).—Dance Music ... 10.5 p.m.

THURSDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Light Music ... 9.30 p.m.

Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Trio Concert ... 6.0 p.m.

Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Musical Programme ... 5.0 p.m.

Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Dance Music or Concert ... 10.10 p.m.

Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Concert ... 3.0 p.m.

Madrid EAQ (30 m.).—Light Music 12 (midnight)

Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Light Music ... 11.30 p.m.

Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Dance Music ... 10.30 (approx.)-11.30 p.m.

Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Café Concert ... 10.0 p.m.

Warsaw (1,415 m.).—Dance Music ... 10.5 p.m.

FRIDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Light music ... 9.30 p.m.

Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Trio concert ... 6.0 p.m.

Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Dance music or concert ... 10.10 p.m.

Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Musical programme ... 5.0 p.m.

Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Concert ... 3.0 p.m.

Madrid EAQ (30 m.).—Light music ... 11.45 p.m.

Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Light music ... 11.30 p.m.

Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Concert ... 8.0 p.m.

Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Dvorak concert ... 8.30 p.m.

Warsaw (1,415 m.).—Dance music ... 10.5 p.m.

SATURDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Light Music ... 9.30 p.m.

Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Trio Concert ... 6.0 p.m.

Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Musical Programme ... 5.0 p.m.

Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Dance Music or Concert ... 10.10 p.m.

Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Concert ... 3.0 p.m.

Madrid EAQ (30 m.).—Spanish Music ... 6.0 p.m.

Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Light Music ... 11.30 p.m.

Raykjavik (1,639 m.).—Records and Dance Music ... 10.0 p.m.

Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Dance Music ... 10.30 p.m.-Midnight

Warsaw (1,415 m.).—Dance Music ... 10.5 p.m.

Arthur Prince and Jim make their reappearance in broadcast variety on the National wavelength on March 31. Jim has been round the world with the well-known ventriloquist and has made his bow to music-hall audiences in this country on thousands of occasions. Two other inseparables in the same "bill" are Elsie and Doris Waters ("Gert and Daisy"), who really are sisters. Rudy Starita will be heard in vibraphone and xylophone solos and the Western Brothers (Kenneth and George), who are first cousins, will entertain.

Star Features in the Midland Regional Programme

SUNDAY
Jan Berenska and his Orchestra.
Bishop Neville Talbot.
Sir George Bowyer.

MONDAY
Haydn Heard and his Band.
Max and Frank Young.

TUESDAY
The Droitwich Spa Orchestra,
directed by Ernest Parsons.
Hugh Morton.
Alma Vane.
The Midland Studio Male Chorus.

WEDNESDAY
The Midland Studio Orchestra,
directed by Frank Cantell.
Marjorie Palmer.
Cecil Twisleton.

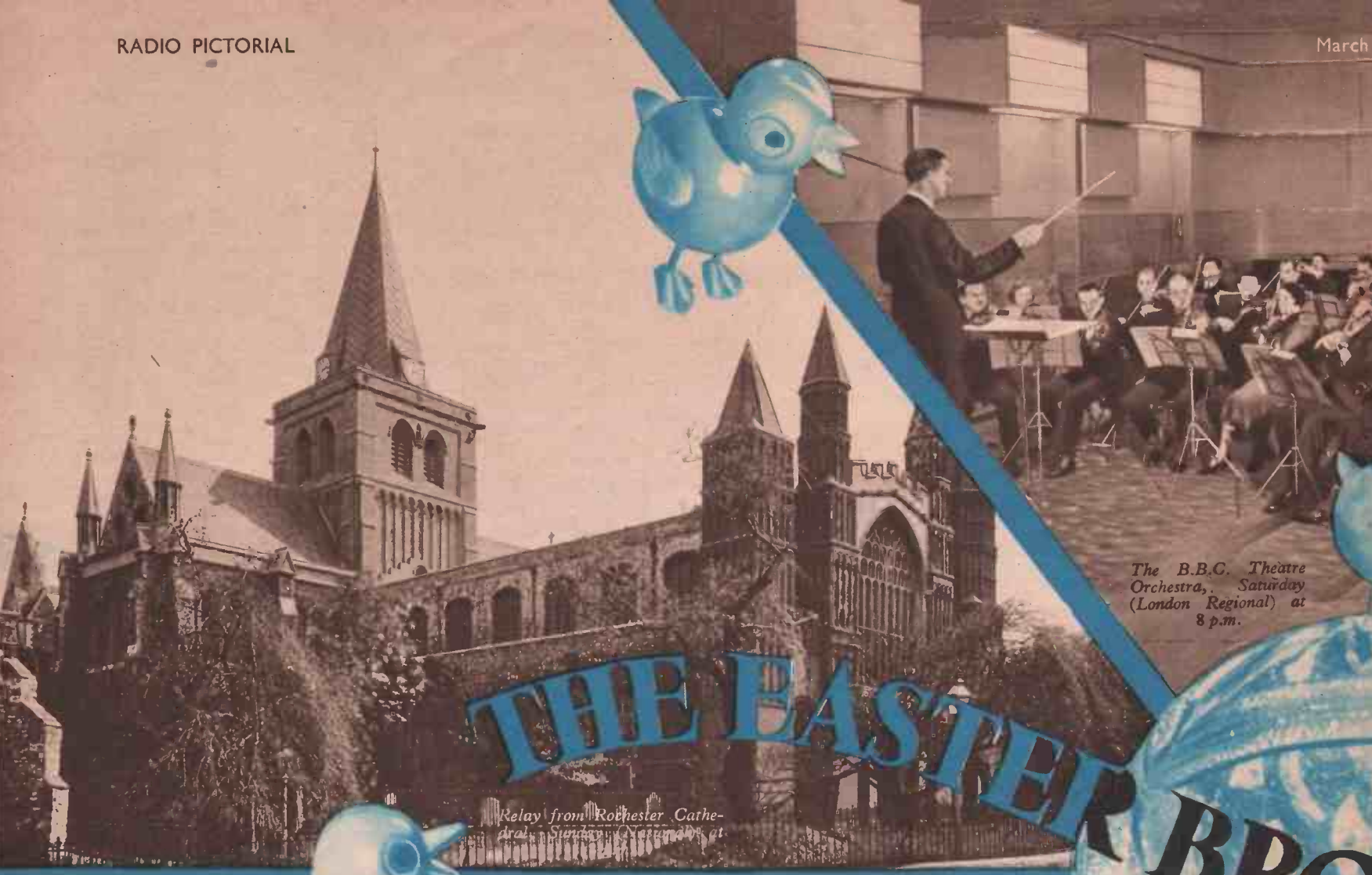
THURSDAY
The Coventry Hippodrome Orchestra,
directed by Charles Shadwell.
Haydn Heard and his Band.

FRIDAY
Dorothy Summers.
John Lang.
John Morley.

SATURDAY
The Droitwich Spa Orchestra,
directed by Ernest Parsons.
Harold Blackburn.
Arthur Goddard.
Billy Merrin and his Commanders.



More stars you will hear this week : Cecil Baumer (Sunday, 12.30 p.m., National), Garda Hall (Monday, 7.30 p.m., National), Barrington Hooper (Monday, 6.30 p.m., London Regional) and Cecil Dixon (Wednesday, 3 p.m., National).



THE EASTER BRO

Relay from Rochester Cathedral, Sunday, National, at

The B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra, Saturday (London Regional) at 8 p.m.



Arthur Prince with "Jin" in the vaudeville programme on Saturday evening (National), 8 p.m.



Tammy Twister in the pantomime relay on Monday, 10.50 p.m. (National)

The Pace Egg Easter play on Good Friday, 12.15 p.m. (National)



Sydney James and his Orchestra, Saturday (London Regional) at 6.30 p.m.



Henry Hall broadcasting on Monday, 9.15 p.m. (London Regional)



St. John Passion conducted by Sir Henry Wood from the Queen's Hall, Good Friday, 7.30 p.m. (National)

"A BIG pile to-day, Miss Richards!" Ford P. Elgin, known to millions of listeners as Editor of the Heart Hour of the Canadian Station WXE, pushed on his horn-rimmed glasses and surveyed the trays of letters which his secretary laid before him.

For twelve months the Heart Hour feature had been one of the greatest triumphs of broadcasting in the New World.

Every Friday night for one hour Ford P. Elgin went before the microphone and discussed real human problems with his vast and scattered audience.

Family quarrels, difficult sons, indifferent husbands, blind lovers—Ford P. Elgin's field was the whole range of human emotions, with special reference to that strange combination of them which we call Love.

An average of a hundred letters a day, marked "Confidential, the Heart Hour Editor," poured into the offices of WXE.

These were opened and sorted by Virginia Richards for the attendance of her chief. The majority were answered by post.

A few Elgin kept back to answer over the air. He found that quotations from the letters gave an air of reality to his heart-to-heart talks, and he was always very careful, of course, to ensure that the letters were read in such a way that no one could guess the identity of the sender.

Monday generally brought a particularly heavy mail.

Perhaps because many girls—nearly all his correspondents were women—wrote with his last talk fresh in their minds, perhaps because Sunday gave them the necessary leisure.

Most of them wrote at considerable length, but Elgin conscientiously read every word, and gave real thought to his answers.

On this particular Monday he surveyed the piles of letters, written on paper of every imaginable tint and in writing ranging from the spidery scrawl of the elderly spinster to the bold, dashing hand of the twenty-year-old girl in love—and she means "really" this time.

Elgin looked out of the window and sighed. For the first time since his appointment as Heart Editor he felt that other people's worries were not half as important as his own.

He looked down on the Park and noticed the first signs of spring.

"I expect it's the weather," he murmured to himself, "and not that I'm in love. Darned funny that I'm paid two hundred a week to solve the love problems of girls and boys, and myself, a mature man, when it comes to the point, haven't the pluck even to ask the girl! But then, wise doctors never did prescribe for themselves."

"Were you dictating?" The voice of Virginia Richards, the perfect secretary, had just the right tone.

The tone implied that if he was merely musing to himself, she had not heard; but that if he was dictating, she had written it all down in her neat shorthand and would immediately transcribe.

"Er . . . yes, I must have that for next Friday. The wise physician does not prescribe for his own . . .—no, put it another way. Many good doctors do not take their own medicine, but that does not prove their medicine is bad. Got it?"

"Yes, Mr. Elgin. Shall I put it amongst your notes for next Friday?"

Elgin nodded. His eyes had strayed out of the window again.

He was brought back to earth once more by his secretary. "The typists have nearly completed the cylinders you dictated last Saturday," she said.

The HEART Hour

By SIDNEY D. THOMAS

"Will you have some more ready soon?"
"In half an hour." Elgin tried to snap back at her. Virginia Richards was always the same. Cool, efficient, businesslike.

No frills.

No nonsense.

Probably she didn't take his work seriously.

For one awful moment Elgin wondered if she secretly laughed at any of his replies.

"My advice to you, Frank, is to go to the girl and tell her that you must have her answer finally, once and for all. She must not be allowed to keep you hanging about, pretending one moment that she is engaged to you and the next that she hasn't definitely said 'Yes.' I do not suppose she is doing it purposely, but she is playing with your emotions. From what you tell me, I think she must really be in love with you; but, like so many girls to-day, is afraid of committing herself. Firmness pays in these cases. Put it on a little, if necessary. Play the strong, silent man. I'll be surprised if she doesn't say 'Yes' and fix the day. Write and let me know. . . ."

That's what he had written on Saturday.

Had Virginia Richards smiled to herself? "Play the strong, silent man. . . ."

Easy to write.

Not always so easy to put into practice. "And the girl hasn't even given the slightest sign that she is interested in me."

He smiled a little wryly, then picked up the mouthpiece of his machine and began dictating.

"Dear Elsie,—Men are sometimes like that . . ."

A minute later he was writing a really consoling letter to Dear Alberta, who had lost a favourite Pekinese and wanted to know whether she would meet it in Heaven. "In my Father's house are many mansions," he dictated. "Can we not conclude that some of them, at least, will be set aside for our devoted pets. . . .?"

The next letter interested him.

To begin with, it was typewritten.

Most people seemed to think typewriting and affairs of the heart did not go together.

Did young people typewrite love-letters, he wondered, as he scanned the letter?

Surprising how, in spite of all their apparent hardness and indifference, these young people became hopelessly sentimental when it came to Love . . . He smiled at himself for thinking of them as "young people." Many of them were older than himself!

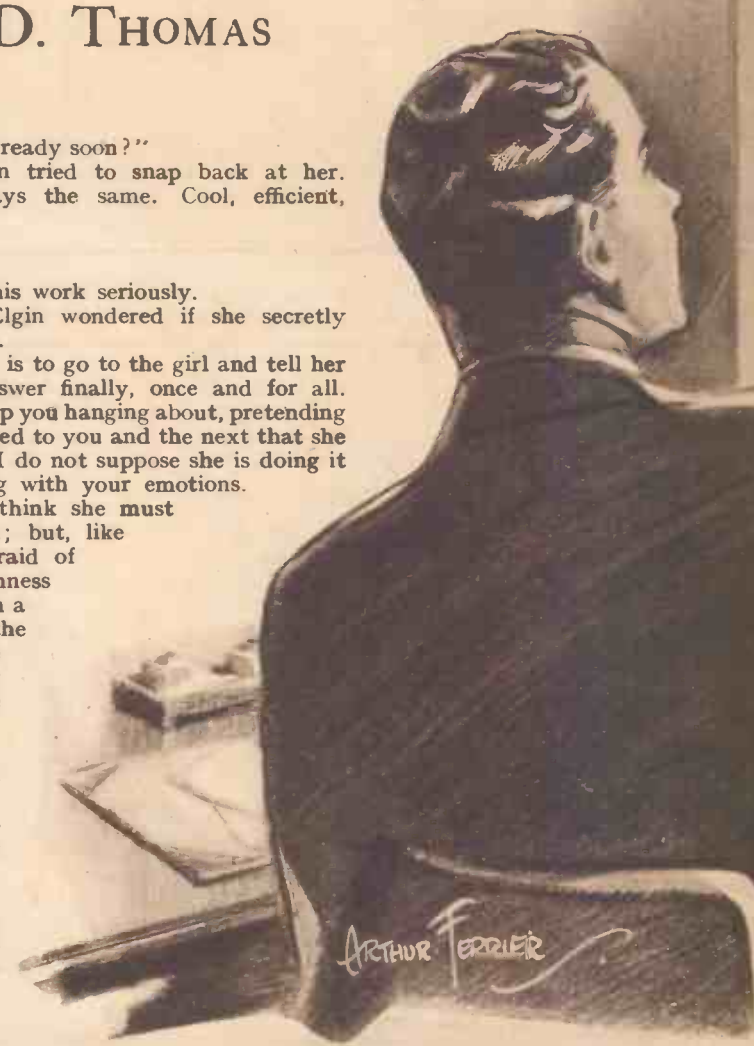
Twelve months of advising other folk had made him feel fifty, and he was still well on the sunny side of forty.

He laughed aloud at himself.

Miss Richards looked round interrogatively. Sometimes when he found a very amusing letter, Elgin would read it aloud to her and they would discuss it humorously, but not unkindly.

"No," he said, answering the question in her eyes. "It isn't the letter. I was laughing at myself. As a matter of fact, the letter is very interesting. I shall answer it over the air on Friday."

The notebook and pencil were ready before he had finished the sentence. Elgin sighed quietly. If only Virginia Richards was not so completely efficient, so completely the machine. He kept her for the really personal stuff, but really, sometimes he felt that for all her curly hair and neat frocks, the dictaphones were more sympathetic!





For one minute he looked at it. "A birthday cake? How did you know?"

and here I am again, to let you into other people's secrets and try and help you with your worries. I hope you've all finished shampooing your hair and are sitting cosily in front of the fire, drying it. This hair-washing business has got to be something of a joke, but I know you're all going out with your boy-friends to-morrow and you want to look your best. And you ought to.

Think of the girls that aren't going out; the girls without boy-friends, or the girls whose love is not returned."

Elgin's voice was perfect for broadcasting. It was partly that which had got him his unique job.

He became a new man before the microphone.

He combined the sublime and the ridiculous into just the right cocktail. He cheered those who were sad without ever making fun of those who were in love.

He felt in fine form to-night. He turned over the papers in front of him and picked up a letter. He deliberately let his invisible audience hear the rustling of papers.

"Now this letter, folks, is from a girl with a problem many of you may have to face. We'll call her Mary, because that isn't her right name. Mary works in an office. So do lots of girls. But in Mary's office there's a nice young man. Let's see what she says about him. Yes; he's about five-foot-ten in height, handsome, kindly blue eyes, brown hair, very attractive voice—why, folks, it might be me . . . now, don't laugh!

I'm not the old grandfather you think! Mary's in love with this young man. Not the wild, passionate love they manufacture in Hollywood and export in tin boxes holding one thousand feet, but quietly, solidly in love. She thinks she could bear to marry him. The prospect of sitting opposite him at breakfast for fifty years, for better or for worse, doesn't make her turn pale. Oh, yes, she's in love, all right. And the right kind of love. The kind that lasts. When it's rheumatism, doctors call it chronic. When it's love, I call it immortal.

"But wait a minute. Mary's problem is this. The young man is very nice and polite. As far as she knows, he isn't married. He often smiles at her, but in a businesslike sort of way. He's never shown the slightest sign that he notices her, except as a cog in the office-machine.

"He never tells her that she's got on a pretty dress, or asks her what picture she saw last Saturday, or what picture she'd like to see next Saturday. In fact, he displays none of the well-known symptoms. But Mary thinks, maybe, he's just shy.

"Now, what is Mary to do? Well, you can't ask him if he's in love with you, can you, Mary? For a start, if he wasn't, he'd probably fire you on the spot; and, being a man, if he was, he'd think you a forward hussy. No, you've got to be more subtle than that,

Mary. You must bring the personal note into the office. Have you ever tried putting a bunch of flowers in a vase on his desk, and when he says: 'How kind of you,' mentioning that you picked them with your own hands, in your own garden; and isn't it grand to have a home of your really own, especially this fine spring weather? If he's married he'll tell you about the wife and kids, and if he isn't, he'll . . .

"No, perhaps that's a little too straightforward. We shall have to think of something cleverer than that. I'll tell you what, Mary. Why don't you find out when his birthday is? Birthdays are a weakness with most men, especially when they get to thirty, which is what I guess your friend to be. Say thirty-three.

"They like you to remember their birthday, though they don't like you to remember how many of them they've had. How are you going to find out the date of his birthday? Well now, that shouldn't be hard. The library keeps a copy of the last Census Return. That will tell you.

"Now all you've got to do, Mary, is to get a nice birthday-cake, an iced one, with 'Many Happy Returns' on it—but be sure not to put the age, won't you? Just produce that at tea-time. He'll say: 'Really, Mary, this is a surprise! How did you find out?' Then, of course, you'll tell him and say you thought it would be nice, and he'll say, 'What, all that trouble for me? I didn't know you cared!' And after that it should be all plain-sailing. But don't let him kiss you too often in the office, Mary, or you'll both be fired! Anyway, let me know how it goes, and the best of luck."

The papers rustled again. Elgin cleared his throat. "Now, Albert's problem is a bit different. He lives at home with his mother, and she doesn't approve of the girl he's chosen . . ."

It was Monday again.

The big piles of letters had gradually diminished under the eager attack of Elgin. A dozen cylinders had gone down to the transcribing-room. The first letters were coming up for him to sign.

A clock across the road struck four.

Elgin got up. "I'll slip down to the restaurant for a cup of tea," he said. He took up his hat.

"Oh, I ordered it to be brought up!" There was a knock at the door, and Miss Richards opened it to take a tray from the waitress.

She opened her cupboard and took out a heavily-laden plate, then laid the tray on Elgin's desk.

For one minute he looked at it, then he turned to meet Miss Richard's eyes.

"A birthday cake? How on earth did you know?"

"Oh, they keep the last Census Returns at the local Library. . ." began Miss Richards.

She got no further. You can't talk when your face is being crushed into the shoulder of a man six inches taller.

"Mary," he murmured, "So you wrote that letter?"

"You called her 'Mary' because that wasn't her right name," she laughed.

"Virginia is much prettier. I suppose I can call you that?"

"Of course you can, silly; or anything else you like."

"And to think that for twelve months . . ." Elgin stopped short. He heard footsteps in the passage.

"I think," he said, "we had better take some of this medicine I prescribed."

He cut two large slices from the birthday-cake.

"Advise you to try and get the human touch," he murmured. "Bring the personal note into the office." Get that? Good. Well, that'll be enough to remind me. Interesting letter. Care to read it?"

Obediently, she took the letter from his tray.

When he looked round two minutes later, she had transcribed his note and pinned it neatly to the letter.

She handed it to him back. "Well, what do you think?" he asked.

"I shall be very interested to hear your reply on Friday," she smiled.

"It's good to know there'll be at least two people interested in it," he remarked.

"Two people?"

"Yes, the girl who wrote it and you, Miss Richards. Usually, I can only be certain of one person."

"Oh, I hadn't thought of that!"

"Cool and self-possessed as ever," thought Elgin. "I wonder if she has ever had a heart problem?" He glanced at her from the corner of his eye and decided that, if she hadn't, the majority of men must have poor taste.

"Well, folks, it's Friday, and nine o'clock,

HERE AND THERE

HELLO, CHILDREN!
To-day, for a change, I am going to start this letter with a motto.

A man called Dean Swift, who died in 1745, once said that "whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind . . . than the whole race of politicians put together." I think Dean Swift would be very popular with farmers nowadays, but the politicians might be a bit upset.

However, I expect a good many of you will agree that it is tremendous fun to make things grow. Of course a garden is the most satisfactory way of growing things, but we have not all got gardens. But everybody can raise a tin and some water, and it is wonderful what you can do with those two things, as you will see from this letter which I have received from a boy who lives in Sheffield.

"I am the curator of our

Commander STEPHEN KING-HALL'S Children's Corner

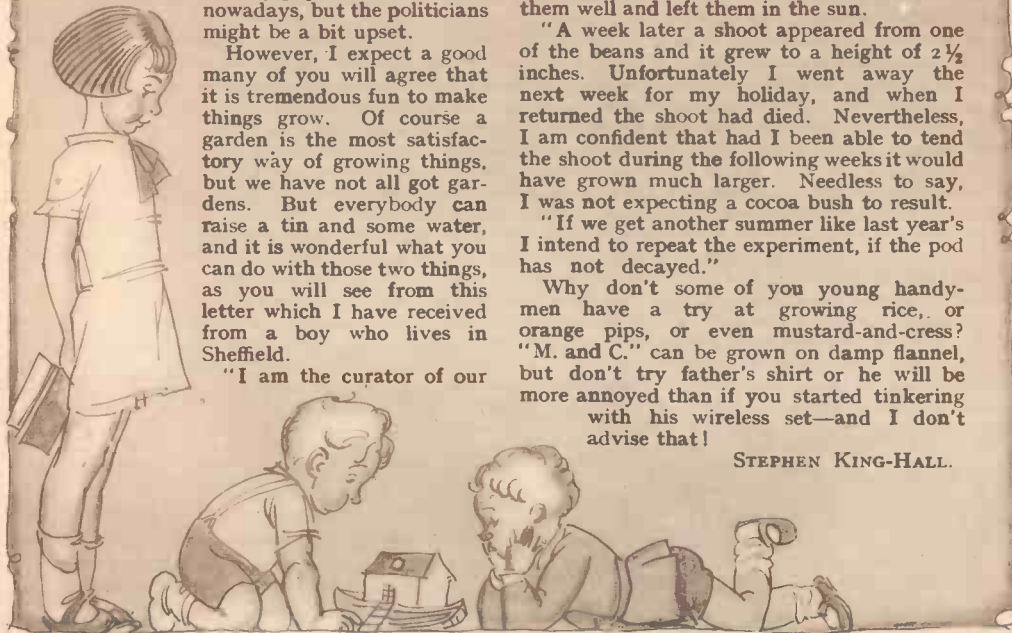
school museum. Last year I had given to me for exhibition, a cocoa pod. Since the midsummer holiday was approaching I decided to experiment. I carefully removed three beans from the pod and left them in the sun's heat for a week, when I was able to remove a kind of fur which covered them. I took a deep tin about a foot square in area and filled it with a mixture of sand and carefully selected earth. I put the beans in the soil about two inches from the top, watered them well and left them in the sun.

"A week later a shoot appeared from one of the beans and it grew to a height of 2½ inches. Unfortunately I went away the next week for my holiday, and when I returned the shoot had died. Nevertheless, I am confident that had I been able to tend the shoot during the following weeks it would have grown much larger. Needless to say, I was not expecting a cocoa bush to result.

"If we get another summer like last year's I intend to repeat the experiment, if the pod has not decayed."

Why don't some of you young handy-men have a try at growing rice, or orange pips, or even mustard-and-cress? "M. and C." can be grown on damp flannel, but don't try father's shirt or he will be more annoyed than if you started tinkering with his wireless set—and I don't advise that!

STEPHEN KING-HALL.



Romance or Hard Work?

Continued from page Three

He is always so engrossed in his work that he forgets the time, and an announcer has to tip-toe into the studio about three minutes before he is due to finish and silently point a finger at the clock.

Readers will see from this brief account of an announcer's routine that it is quite hard work, although I must admit it is all most exciting, and the varied nature of the broadcasts gives you no chance to get bored. The responsibility for programmes affecting millions of people is literally upon an announcer's shoulders, and decisions which you have to take in a few moments may affect the whole of Britain's listeners. Yet it is work that is almost romance.

My personal feeling is that radio announcing is the only job I have ever really enjoyed, and, please Heaven—and Sir John Reith!—I hope I shall one day go back to it.

First Time Here

Continued from page Six

to have stayed in an office, rather than make such a—

What!

"Really? Well, that is most charming of you. . ."

Beastly liar! Bet he thought it was rotten, really. Look, there's that official Johnny. He's nodding—grinning. Now what—?

"No, really? Honestly? Are you sure? Yes, I know, but. . ."

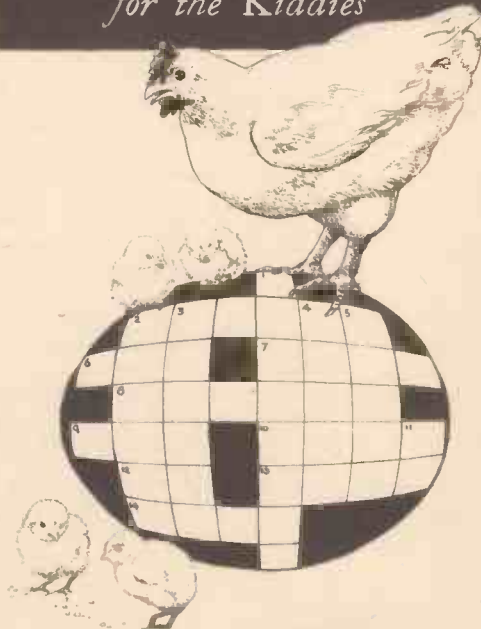
Perhaps, after all, it sounded all right. They seem to think so. Like to ask someone outside, without telling them—

Gosh, due on in five minutes. Thank goodness the make-up is all right. Better make a dash for it. Lift coming down now.

This is it. Hurry, now. Across the hall—good-bye, Mr. Diplomat—there's the car. Feel very light-headed, somehow.

Wonderful! Wonderful! To have come through such an ordeal alive.

AN EASTER CROSSWORD for the Kiddies



- ACROSS.**
2. There are four of these in the picture.
 6. To and . . .
 7. These insects are an example to lazy people.
 8. This is when you should have a nice "egg" for a present.
 9. A long way off.
 10. A side of eleven.
 12. Short for manuscript.
 13. To see at a distance.
 14. A long period of time.
- DOWN.**
1. How the farmer gives the grain to the chickens.
 2. Nice tasting.
 3. You may sound like this when you have a cold.
 4. Usually there are two to a lap. (Look out, there is a catch here.)
 5. A long piece of leather.
 11. Belongs to me.

This puzzle is for amusement only. The solution will be given in next week's issue.

Yes, and no one else seems the least bit glad about it. Darned if Regent Street doesn't look just the same.

Like to rush up and tell those people. Something like—"Weren't you listening in, just now?" Or, casually perhaps—"Just come from—"

Yes, that would be more effective. Wonder why it seemed so strange at the time—gosh, that's it!

Left out the joke in the middle!

At Home with a Song

Continued from page Eleven

in the next berth has a gramophone. So far as that goes, all musicians suffer from similar annoyance. Unless they are right away from music and occupied with something of a real holiday nature their work remains with them.

Which is the worse for them.

Norman plays a good game of golf. His handicap is consistently twenty-four. In 1933 he was President of the Vaudeville Golfing Society. He also rides a good deal at Chislehurst.

He looks the picture of health. He says himself that he does not know what it is to feel ill.

Altogether his has been a varied career. He was born in Deal, his father being a bootmaker.

He studied the violin and piano while at school. Then he went into a well-known life insurance firm, but soon found his thoughts were more with music than commerce. In 1914 he joined a concert party, but the War spoilt all that for him, and he served both in the Infantry and the Air Force. It was then that he became associated with songs at the piano.

He is immensely proud of the fact that he was actually the first entertainer to broadcast. He also appeared at the first Royal Command Variety Performance to be broadcast in 1927. At various times every member of the Royal Family has witnessed his turn.

So that he is a veteran in broadcasting. He sometimes looks back over the years to the time when he was earning a meagre pittance as a clerk in that insurance office and realises that success has come to him more or less gradually. Now it is assured, for he is immensely popular.

His voice, when you talk to him, is exactly as it sounds on the wireless—particularly his well-known short laugh. He is very cheery and an exceedingly pleasant companion. He naturally does not employ Cockney speech when talking to his friends, but with very little effort he can adopt it.

No Staff Revolt at the B.B.C.

Continued from page Seven

Studio by Waterloo Bridge. Candles were supplied to the orchestra for their music stands and Joe Lewis continued his programme. After some minutes the electric supply was put in order and the bulbs lit up again. The candles were then blown out and collected.

Isn't that what one would expect?

Some critics discovered red tape in the incident. Actually, L.C.C. regulations prohibit an exposed flame in a studio and if the candles had remained there might have been trouble. Comment on a simple action of this kind shows to what depths criticism will sink when no better cause can be found.

I am told by several who were present that the King and Queen received a welcome from the staff that was remarkable for its warmth and spontaneity on Their Majesties' visit to Broadcasting House. Normal preparations had been made for the Royal party as is customary wherever Their Majesties visit, and in the studios the day's rehearsals had been timed so that the King and Queen should see many programme staff and artists in action. Beyond the slight re-arrangement of rehearsal times involved by this procedure and an invitation to staff to assemble in the Concert Hall to greet Their Majesties, work continued as usual.

No, we must look for discontent without and not within the B.B.C., and I am glad to find no evidence that the staff at Broadcasting House is rattled by attacks which are based on prejudice and fed by misrepresentation.

"Aren't you revolting?" is the catch-phrase there to-day.

Radio Drama— the Facts

The fourth of an authoritative series by
DR. LEIGH HENRY, the programme
producer, who has discovered radio stars
for the B.B.C. and for the National
Broadcasting Company of America.

How to become a

RADIO STAR



BROADCASTING studios are generally comfortable places. Yet most actors get horribly cold feet when they first enter one.

It isn't a matter of temperature, of course. It's a matter of temperament!

The studio is very strange after the theatre. There is no stage. Wings, flies, footlights, limes, and auditorium are missing. It is worse than the first undress rehearsal in an empty theatre.

If the actor's heart doesn't sink into his boots, his voice seems to do so.

There's none of the usual theatrical bohemianism about the broadcasting studio. No stage doorkeeper.

You couldn't imagine the spruce official in the radio entrance hall greeting you familiarly: "Good hevenin', Mister 'Amlet; an' 'ow are you ternight, sir?"

Radio centres are very official places. Doorkeepers wear uniforms. Lift-men, studio and control-room workers, announcers, and producers, all have a bureaucratic manner.

No stage hands move about. No groups gather in wings. Everything is strangely hushed. Footsteps make no sound on thick carpets. The official radio voice is solemnly subdued.

There's no auditorium to declaim into; not even a cleaner dusting the stalls. The studio is a large room. Curtains loop across the ceiling and hang round the walls.

Sometimes the walls are panelled in severe neutral-tinted fabric. Networks of wire show here and there. A few chairs, maybe a table and piano, stand about.

Most unfamiliar, queer contrivances of metal, on slender stands like orchestra desks, are set up here and there. These are microphones.

Wire coils run from them to the control-dial cabinet. This has an observation window looking into the studio. More strange mechanism can be seen through it.

It is all terrifyingly mechanical. The unhappy actor feels as if he had become a robot.

His voice sounds lonely and ghostly before the microphone. He can't tell how to pitch it. Even when the control room, through the loud-speaker, tells him he's right, he's still uncomfortable.

What points score? He can't see or hear his public. The microphone doesn't applaud

or laugh. It is almost like being asked to make an after-dinner speech in a bath-robe. He feels undressed. He has no costume, make-up, or background.

Gesture, movement, facial expression are useless. He feels a mere ghost of himself.

If he wishes to get a character part over to his radio audience, then he must make it, in a new way, a truly speaking likeness.

He must have absolute voice control. His stage speech must be readjusted. He has no proscenium to get past, no galleries to reach.

The radio listener can hear him as intimately as if in the same room.

Least of all must he have the delusion that the vastness of his unseen public requires loudness of voice to reach it. Many new to radio make this mistake.

Though the radio actor may feel all "up in the air" in more ways than one when broadcasting, he has much to support him. Music gives him emotional or sentimental background.

Sound effects suggest scenery and atmosphere, even action. Microphone control can stress or decrease these, merging them to throw up his speech. It can also give added effect to his voice.

Comedians can use burlesque sounds instead of their usual comic gestures and expression. Movement, mood, and even radio

make-up can be suggested in this way.

Actors must time speaking differently for the microphone. Pace and pause must be altered. Stage action can cover pauses. It means nothing to listeners who only hear.

Drama on the air gains this way. Pitching the voice in the theatre encourages theatricality. Over the microphone actors can speak more naturally, as in actual conversation.

Sound effect is the radio dramatist's main concern. He must forget to be literary. Written scene descriptions mean nothing in broadcasting. Real radio drama is thought out in sound material—speech or graphic sound effect.

Music can throw up emotional moments. Theme songs repeated through a play—dance music heard behind a love scene at a ball—these intensify certain situations. Music can suggest many kinds of scenes—warlike ones, with military bands, drums, and trumpet-calls; dance halls and cabarets; theatre episodes; singing crowds; scenes of folk life.

Footsteps, thuds, clashes, rumblings—all suggest action. Sirens, klaxhorns, whistles, bells, clappers, steam-hissing, motor starters, grinding brakes, railway-train rhythms, and gun shots help realistic episodes. Soft swishing or sighing sounds, ripples, bird-calls, rain patter, and thunder peals suggest atmosphere. Gongs and bizarre percussion strokes make colour for exotic scenes.

To be Continued



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.

★ Breakfast-time Dance Music

AS I am away from home all day, the only times I can listen-in are after six in the evening and before nine in the morning. I suppose this is the case with the majority of listeners; yet, oddly enough, the early morning is about the only time when the B.B.C. is absolutely dead, dark, and silent! This means that we get only half the value out of our sets that we might do. Why cannot the B.B.C. follow the example of Continental stations and give us some entertainment at breakfast, even if it is only gramophone records? I believe that Empire broadcasting continues most of the night; so it surely should not be impossible for the staff to go on working a little longer, and give listeners a little entertainment at the time when they most want it."—A. K. J., Woking.

★ Stand Up for the B.B.C.

Enough of this perpetual groaning at the B.B.C. One never reads a listener's letter in your admirable paper, or any other periodical, without it containing streams of adverse criticism upon the broadcast programmes.

"I will admit that seventy-five per cent of the material broadcast does not suit my taste; but at the same time, I am fair enough to think that what doesn't please me personally, has an interest for someone in the British Isles. At a cost of less than a half-penny a day, I think I have excellent value for money, if I only find one hour during a day's programme to my taste. Where else can one obtain an hour's entertainment at such a ridiculously low price?

"I challenge any of your readers to state with truth, that they cannot at least find one hour's entertainment during a day's broadcast, even Sundays.

"Listeners should realise that the B.B.C. has a colossal task to suit everyone's requirements, and I have the courage to put forward the opinion that the programmes are set out with a wonderful sense of variety."—F. G. H., St. Albans.

A guinea is offered each week for every "Star" letter published, and this week, owing to the popularity of the topics dealt with, we feel justified in "starring" the above two letters. Cheques for one guinea each have therefore been sent to the above readers in St. Albans and Woking.

A "Variety Week?"

In the columns of a recent issue of RADIO PICTORIAL I am told that variety occupies approximately one-third of the percentage of programme matter. When I realise that variety must be the spice of the evening's entertainment to at least half the listening public, I am urged to suggest that the B.B.C. would do well to stage a variety week to balance this deficiency of one of the best of items.

"Considering that a number of weeks in the year are taken up with nightly broadcasts of serious music by famous masters, I am sure the lowbrow deserves and would greatly appreciate a week featuring his own favourites."—*Variety Fan*, Fulham.

An All-brass Band

Your paper is just great and I have placed a regular order with my newsagent. To me it provides just that link between Broadcasting House and the home. I thoroughly enjoy all its contents from cover to cover.

"You ask for suggestions. I would love to hear an all-brass band concert of gramophone records comprising marches and light music. If it was compered by our great friend Christopher Stone during his Thursday evening broadcast, it would be ideal."—M. P., Tottenham.

Sunday Programmes

Don't you think the B.B.C. could make our Sunday programmes a little brighter by engaging such orchestras as Jack Hylton's or Jack Payne's, both of them are noted for their handling of concert arrangements of popular tunes. I thoroughly enjoyed Marek Weber and His Orchestra some time ago, when they broadcast in the Sunday programme."—R. W. S., London.

Remember the Lowbrow

The B.B.C. should, surely, be able to be more elastic with their programme direction. I maintain that the material is broadcast, but the wrong time is often used. For instance, the other day, a talk by a well-known boxer was broadcast at 3.15 in the afternoon. It is obvious that 9 o'clock would have been much more effective for the particular section that the talk appeared to.

"Often the North or Midland Regional are broadcasting some very attractive relay—London does not get it! We have the alternative of chamber music on the National or a symphony concert on the Regional. Whilst a relay from a theatre with popular appeal is allowed to go unheard.

"Our Saturday-night programmes are very sadly constructed. Variety always is featured at the wrong time. From the news until the dance music we get talks and heavy music. We have enough of these on Sunday; give us the enjoyment and excitement of a London Saturday night.

"Remember that there are 6,000,000 licence holders and not all highbrow."—W. B., Kenton.

For Your Gramophone

Iwonder how many listeners noticed a special point about the photographs of Mr. Christopher Stone, published in connection with his article in a recent issue of RADIO PICTORIAL. The edges of the turntable facing the ever-popular Christopher, have white stroboscope markings so that he can make sure the records are running at the right speed. If only listeners with radio gramophones working from alternating current mains would use such prominent stroboscope marks, there would be a genuine upward trend of the quality of reproduction in the home. Incidentally, many thanks to Mr. Stone for a fine article."—J. W., Brighton.

Another A. J. Alan!

We have discovered another A. J. Alan! This gentleman is a representative of a very well-known firm and happened to call at our house one day last week.

"He is of medium height, rather fair, and speaks exactly in the charming tone and manner of our mysterious 'story-teller.'

"So impressed was I by the familiarity of his voice, that I ventured to ask him if he was A. J. Alan. In characteristic 'A. J.' style, my friend smilingly evaded my breathless question by saying, 'he wondered why the B.B.C. kept the identity of so great a personality such a secret!'

"The mystery deepens."—J. M. B., Hereford.

What the Public Wants

If I had the opportunity I should like to place two suggestions before the B.B.C. The first is, why not make a really determined effort to find out what the public really needs? Besides finding out the peak hour of broadcasting, the most favourable time for the news, etc., this could easily be done by sending out a questionnaire to each listener covering every subject necessary to answer these questions. I admit it would be a very expensive undertaking, but would not the results of a ballot of this description justify any expense? I think so.

"I should imagine the result of a ballot of this kind would be rather startling. In my humble opinion Vaudeville would top the list. If that is so it would be very upsetting to our programme builders who last year only gave us 3 per cent."—R. G. W., Ashford.

Christopher Stone Again

I am a great admirer of Christopher Stone, but why can't we have more of him instead of the silly Musical Comedies that are put over the air from time to time? To me it seems such a waste of good artists. Perhaps dramatic plays would be better than the silly comedies."—G. O'C., Norbiton.

IN THE COUNTRY—March 28

By Marion Cran

THE Easter moon at its full, lambs playing like kittens on the emerald green meadows and drifts of white blossom through the fruit orchards of the Weald!

The flash of a white body in the air and swish of a blue-black wing shows an early martin back to the village, herald of the flock to follow, and one to fill the heart with welcome. For nightingales and swallows, cuckoo and blackcap will not now be long behind.

Another week or two and the days and nights will be pure magic.

In the wood, spires of the blue bells are crowding thick with bud, and among them are purple patches of wild orchids with their spotted leaves.

Where the countryside was lately all a sheet of gold with primroses, it will soon be a haze of blue from the wild hyacinths we call bluebells. The harebell, or "bluebell of Scotland," is in truth more nearly a bluebell!

In the gardens we have an equivalent in the tall spikes of muscari, or grape-hyacinths, with their close-set fragrant urns of richest

glorious blue; "Heavenly Blue" is their country name, and a good one too!

The poorest garden will have at least a few spikes, and there are some which grow the muscari in broad carpets; one cannot have too many of these lovely easy things, so amiable to grow.

There is another variety called Muscari Moschatum which is hardly ever grown in gardens though it has a most entrancing perfume; the flowers are perhaps too modest; but anyone who takes pleasure in sweet scent, will rejoice to have that modest grape-hyacinth growing among the lordly spikes of its showy relative.



On the Air NEXT WEEK



The Step Sisters crowd round fifteen-year-old Pat Taylor at the piano during a break in rehearsal. You will hear them again next Friday on the National wavelength. These girls have made a name for themselves in television as well as in microphone broadcasting. They sing and dance in a very convincing manner



(Above, in circle) Ernest Longstaffe, the well-known producer of radio plays. A revue by Ernest Longstaffe will be broadcast to London Regional listeners on April 6, and National listeners on April 7, and will also be heard by overseas listeners. The author's birthday is April 6.

The title of the revue is *Easter Eggs, A Sitting of Idle Idylls*, and will open with the whirring of a cuckoo clock, the particular time-piece to be used having been presented to Longstaffe, when he was six years old, by his father. The keynote of the programme will be the joy of spring.

♦ ♦ ♦
 "Sweet is the music of Arabia," says the poet. But is it? Listeners may find out for themselves by listening to Philip Thornton who, starting on May 5, will play for them on each successive Saturday music gathered from as many strange countries as train, boat, bicycle, aeroplane, or flat feet will permit. They will hear the music of other peoples, who have discovered great beauty in sounds quite unlike those to which we are accustomed in Europe. Music can often speak more effectively than words. Perhaps listeners will decide at the end of the series that differences are between individuals rather than between nations, even though they be separated by the width of the world.



Lovers of fine music welcome the appearance of the famous Gershom Parkington Quintet, which will broadcast on Sunday of next week—also in the National programme



the woman who dresses at corot deserves admiration—and gets it.

to know that one is perfectly dressed is the surest way of attracting admiration. that is why the wise woman comes to corot—to bond street. here, fashion is tempered with discrimination, at prices we can all afford, and on an instalment plan that takes any strain off the bank balance.

post the coupon below for the latest fashion guide and full details, or call at the corot showrooms

"are you coming?"

a novelty tweed weave coat with a soft collar of fox-aline lined throughout. Cash 5 gns. 15/- monthly

corot (dept. r.p.503) 33 old bond st. london, w.1 regent 0234

post this coupon to corot to-day
corot ltd., 33 old bond st., london, w.1

free please send, without obligation, corot spring fashion guide and details of instalment plan.

name

address

r.p.503

£100 CHALLENGE
New VARICOSE VEIN
& BAD LEG TREATMENT

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

LE BRASSEUR SURGICAL MFG. CO., LTD
(Dept. P.B.), 12, Mortimer Street, London, W.1

TURN YOUR SPARE HOURS INTO MONEY

Making "REPHA" Matting in the privacy of your own home. A PROFITABLE business anyone can start in spare or whole time. We guarantee to buy all your finished production at good rates. NO CANVASSING OR EXPERIENCE NECESSARY. Be your own MASTER and secure a yearly income with this genuine spare-time business, which is easy, profitable regular work and a fascinating occupation for your spare hours. Readers of this paper have the opportunity to secure our SPECIAL FREE MATERIAL offer by writing NOW to

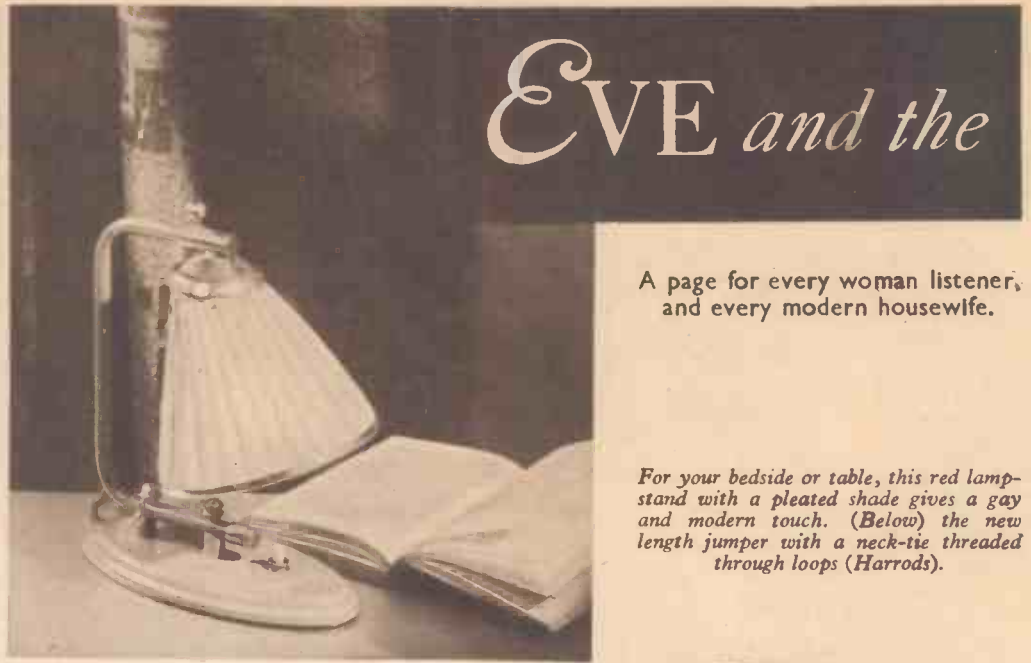
REPHA INDUSTRIES CO. (Dept. R.26),
74 Regent Street, KETTERING.

Wanted SONG POEMS CAN YOU WRITE WORDS FOR SONGS?

Publishers of many Broadcast and Recorded Hits invite known and unknown Authors and Composers to submit song-poems, songs and musical compositions for immediate publication. Send MSS. **PETER DEREK LTD.,** Music Publishers, R.D., 140a Shaftesbury Avenue, LONDON, W.C.2.

THE HERBAL METHOD FOR PSORIASIS

ECZEMA, and all other Skin Diseases. Removes all trace completely and permanently without rest or absence from work. Nature's own antidote, and a proved success over 40 years. Write for FREE BOOK, sent under plain cover, and full particulars of our MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. **J. ROBINSON & SONS (BRADFORD), Ltd.,** 53 Kurem House, BRADFORD



EVE and the

A page for every woman listener, and every modern housewife.

For your bedside or table, this red lamp-stand with a pleated shade gives a gay and modern touch. (Below) the new length jumper with a neck-tie threaded through loops (Harrods).

BLUE is, undoubtedly, the season's favourite colour—especially a lovely variation of sky blue called Sandringham, which was named by the Queen at the British Industries Fair. This is seen a great deal in conjunction with black in most unusual combinations.

For instance, even a blouse can be black, with a frothy black jabot in front, when it is worn with a blue tailored double-breasted suit, a jaunty black hat of shiny straw, and black gauntlet gloves.

Next after blue come all the pastel shades. Sunshine yellow is one of the most effective. At a recent show of sportswear models, I was shown a suit in this colour with wide fringed revers—a very new note this. A dark brown jersey was worn with it.

NEW IDEAS FOR GOLF

There were also some very attractive suits in off-white linen. One, for golf, had the new trousered-skirt, a very practical fashion and becoming at the same time, beautifully cut with wide box pleats to give plenty of freedom. The jacket of this suit buttoned on to the skirt to prevent any possibility of a gap appearing—an idea worth noting.

Another new idea in golf suits was a jacket of green suede with knitted sleeves in exactly the same shade. This looked extremely comfortable, and was worn with a green and beige checked skirt.

FOR CRUISING

Quilted cotton is the newest fabric for summery dresses; it looks freshest, I think, in blue and white. I saw some very new models designed for Easter cruising. We are to be very plain and high-necked in front, but full of surprises when we turn round—either completely backless, in which case there is a cape or three-quarter length coat to match the frock, or else the neck is low cut with a diagonal fastening right across the back, ornamented with buttons.

One vagary of fashion sponsored by Paris is the deep hem which turns up outside the frock. It has a somewhat clumsy effect, in my opinion. Sleeves are again noteworthy. They generally begin at the shoulder with a pouter-pigeon effect, coming smoothly in to the elbow. Note that they come right down to the elbow, not half-way down as last year.



DO YOU KNOW THIS ?

Sometimes water bottles and jugs, and especially glass flower-vases, get a bad colour through hard water. When this is the case, cut up half a raw potato and place the pieces in the vase. Cover them with a little water and leave overnight. Next day shake well, and wash in fairly hot soapy water.

SOME COOKING HINTS

English housewives are sometimes criticised—as compared with the French, for instance, who are famous for their vegetable cookery—for the unappetising appearance of their vegetable dishes. Here are some ways of preserving the colour of boiled vegetables, so that they look as good as they taste.

Cauliflower, for instance, can be kept white by putting it head downwards into the water, and keeping it well covered all the time it is cooking. A little milk added to the water will also improve the colour.

Cabbages should be boiled with the lid off. By the way, if a piece of bread is boiled in the saucepan, it will absorb the unpleasant smell. Lemon juice added to the water in which they are boiled keeps potatoes a good colour.

When you are going to make parsley sauce, it is a good plan to cook the parsley for a few minutes in water to which a little salt and a

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.

MIKE

pinch of soda has been added. This gives the parsley a very good colour, and improves the appearance of the sauce.

NECK OR NOTHING

The first signs of middle-age, so we have often heard it said, are the "necklace" lines that etch themselves on the neck, if your neck happens to be thin, and the puffiness that appears under the chin—even, perhaps, making a second one—if you happen to be fatter. After the forties are reached, the muscles begin to sag, contours lose their firmness and either a "scraggy" wrinkled neck results or a relaxed, baggy one.

Now for the remedy or, better still, the prevention; for, superfluous though it seems, it is when your neck is young and unblemished that yet invisible signs of age can most effectively be combated. The longer you wait, the more difficult it is to get the results you want.

FOR THE DOUBLE CHIN

This is the whole secret of a youthful chin-line—to stimulate the jaded muscles; and for this patting is the best treatment. You do it with the back of your hand, as lightly and as quickly as you can, working along the jawbone until the skin is quite pink. Then pat round



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

THAT well-known signature tune, "I was a good little girl 'til I met you," needs no further introduction. Clarice Mayne is a universal favourite and listeners are delighted when she is on the "air." Clarice loves cooking and her Casserole of Rabbit is second to none; she tells me if there is any meat left she always makes Croquettes; here are the recipes for both dishes:—

CASSEROLE

Ingredients.—1 or 2 jointed rabbits; 4 oz. bacon cut into dice; 1 oz. flour; 2 onions; 2 oz. dripping; 2 sprigs parsley and one teaspoonful mixed herbs (tied in muslin); 1 pint stock or water seasoning.

Rub the rabbit well with salt and pepper and fry it a good brown both sides in hot dripping, drain on a plate; fry the sliced onions; put these with the rabbit, bacon and herbs into a casserole; add flour and stock to remaining fat, stir until quite smooth and bring to the boil; season well and pour over rabbit; cover closely and stew very gently for 2 1/2 hours in a slow oven.

CROQUETTES

Ingredients.—6 oz. cooked rabbit; 3 oz. cooked ham; 1 small cooked onion; 1 dessert-spoonful chopped parsley; 1 gill of stock; 1 oz. flour; 1 oz. margarine; egg and breadcrumbs.

Cook margarine and flour together for a few seconds; add stock and stir until sauce boils (it must be very thick), mince meat, onion and bacon and mix with the sauce, add parsley and seasoning to taste; when cold, form into small sausage-like shapes, brush over with beaten egg and roll in breadcrumbs.

Fry in deep fat until a golden-brown.

your neck as well, but much more gently. Of course, you do not pat on a dry skin. For a double chin you must use a stimulating astringent lotion. For a thin neck, a nourishing skin food or almond oil (heated to penetrate more deeply) is needed to nourish the tissues.

After which you should smooth on a good cold cream before going to bed. But it is advisable to wrap a handkerchief round your neck to keep the cream from being rubbed off.

Margot

An attractive suit with three-quarter length coat made of "Lastex" yarn, the new material with an elastic weave that fits itself to the figure. (Photograph by Blake.)



A Good Circulation
Means Sound
Health

Elasto

REGISTERED The Great
Blood Revitaliser

CURES VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEG, PHLEBITIS, PILES, THROMBOSIS, ECZEMA, RHEUMATISM AND EVERY VEIN, ARTERY AND HEART WEAKNESS

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

ELASTO does this with results that often appear positively miraculous.

What is Elasto?

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

What Users of Elasto say—

- "No sign of varicose veins now."
- "Rheumatoid arthritis gone; I have never felt better."
- "All signs of phlebitis gone."
- "I had suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
- "Completely healed my varicose ulcers."
- "Now free from piles."
- "Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
- "Heart quite sound again now."
- "As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort; no pain whatever."
- "Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto put me right."
- "My skin is as soft as velvet," &c.

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

POST this COUPON for FREE SAMPLE

COUPON ★

for Free Trial Sample of Elasto.

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., Ltd. (Dept. 240),
Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

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

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

ADDRESS.....

My Ailment is.....

Radio Pictorial, 28/3/34

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!



down with fever, was compelled to take a substitute whose incredible ignorance and stupidity was only exceeded by his agility in avoiding my exasperated kicks! Having lived on half-cooked chicken and rice and tepid water for a week, I arrived home at seven one evening after an exhausting day.

When four hundred yards from the verandah I heard what I thought were native bagpipes and wondered who the dickens could have arrived in my absence. Then, unmistakably, there came a succession of oscillations and weird howls. Checking a desire to break into a run, I signalled my boys to halt and advanced alone. The verandah was in shadow, but through the window came a stream of light and a curious chanting.

It was an extraordinary scene. Hassan had removed his European

When HASSAN Listens-in

HASSAN, son of M'popo and husband to Aieesa, is my East African houseboy.

Beyond swindling me systematically of the equivalent of £50 a year and producing an incredible number of black, dingy urchins who sprawl and yell in the dust, he is as good as most houseboys. Also he is house-proud—at any rate, of my house.

Early this year I returned from leave with the latest thing in wireless sets, because when you are sixty miles from the nearest town the new Empire radio programmes do have an attraction. It was when we were fixing up an aerial between a couple of palms that Hassan approached me.

"This one big white man ju-ju?" he muttered, rolling his eyes. "No good for nigger, sah?"

I explained that presently out of the machine (Hassan called it bok-us!) he would hear voices from England, music and, if we were unlucky, a talk by Professor X.Y.Z. on the habits of crustaceans in the Antarctic.

That evening I switched on; it was the most curious feeling in the world to hear the familiar, cultured voice of an announcer while great bats swooped above the kerosine lamp-lit table and in the distance the cook played excruciating tunes in the minor key on an aged flute. Hassan's eyes glittered in the half-dark like those of an animal.

"Plenty fine bok-us," he remarked. "What he say now?"

I explained that in a moment he would hear a very famous orchestra, to hear which ladies in jewels and men in "boiled" shirts would pay twice as much money as he received in a whole month. Hassan was plainly sceptical, not of my veracity, but of

their sanity. He spat elegantly behind his hand and rubbed the sole of one foot against his shin.

"Allah succour the afflicted," he muttered in the vernacular.

For the first few days I had a nightly audience composed of the cook, cook's mate, both their wives and relations who lived at my expense, and sundry privileged men from the native village near by. Throughout the proceedings Hassan stood like a dark statue, a Master of Ceremonies and intimate of this new ju-ju which he now regarded with the casual air of a man well used to twenty-guinea sets. His manner said plainly: "This jinn of the air obeys my say-so; am I not worthy of admiration?"

But the trouble began when Hassan approached me to find out how he could procure a similar or a cheaper set for him-

clothes, of which he was so proud, and was naked save for a loincloth. With the light of three lamps focused on him, he swayed in front of my wireless set, twirling the knobs and singing a sort of incantation.

Now and then he got bits of programme, a few words of a song, a high-pitched note, and then a man's voice speaking. In the intervals he threw back his head, clicked his teeth like castanets, and rolled his eyes. Somewhere in the gloom at the back I glimpsed an audience of men who sat bunched together, their eyes glittering, while their hands clapped in time to Hassan's chant. I was so amazed that for quite a minute I stood staring; then I acted. At sound of the door handle, Hassan spun round and stood transfixed.

Words died on his lips just as they leaped to mine.

"Son of sixty thousand pigs!" I roared, and before he knew what had happened my boot took him in the place it hurt most. There was a sort of scrabble at the back as the audience fled through the side door, and presently Hassan was kneeling at my feet pouring out an incoherent explanation. Apparently it was all the doing of his wife, who had urged the suggestion that by use of the white man's ju-ju he could become great and gain local fame.

"Do you say then, that you cannot control your wife?" I demanded in scorn.

The suggestion was like a whip-lash. He stopped blubbering and got to his feet.

"She get stick one-time," he said with grim emphasis.

I went to a bureau, sat down, and wrote a short note.

"Oh, yeah?" I replied. "Well, before you set about her, just take this along to the Deputy Commissioner of Police. Oh, and get his initials on the reply."

Hassan looked at me mournfully; but, after all, he had had his fun. He limped slowly away. In the note I had written: "Please give bearer ten of the best and receipt this chit!"

Hassan listens-in no longer.

by Capt. R. G. GRIFFITH

self. His mind leaped ahead and he saw himself lording it over the locality by reason of so magnificent a possession.

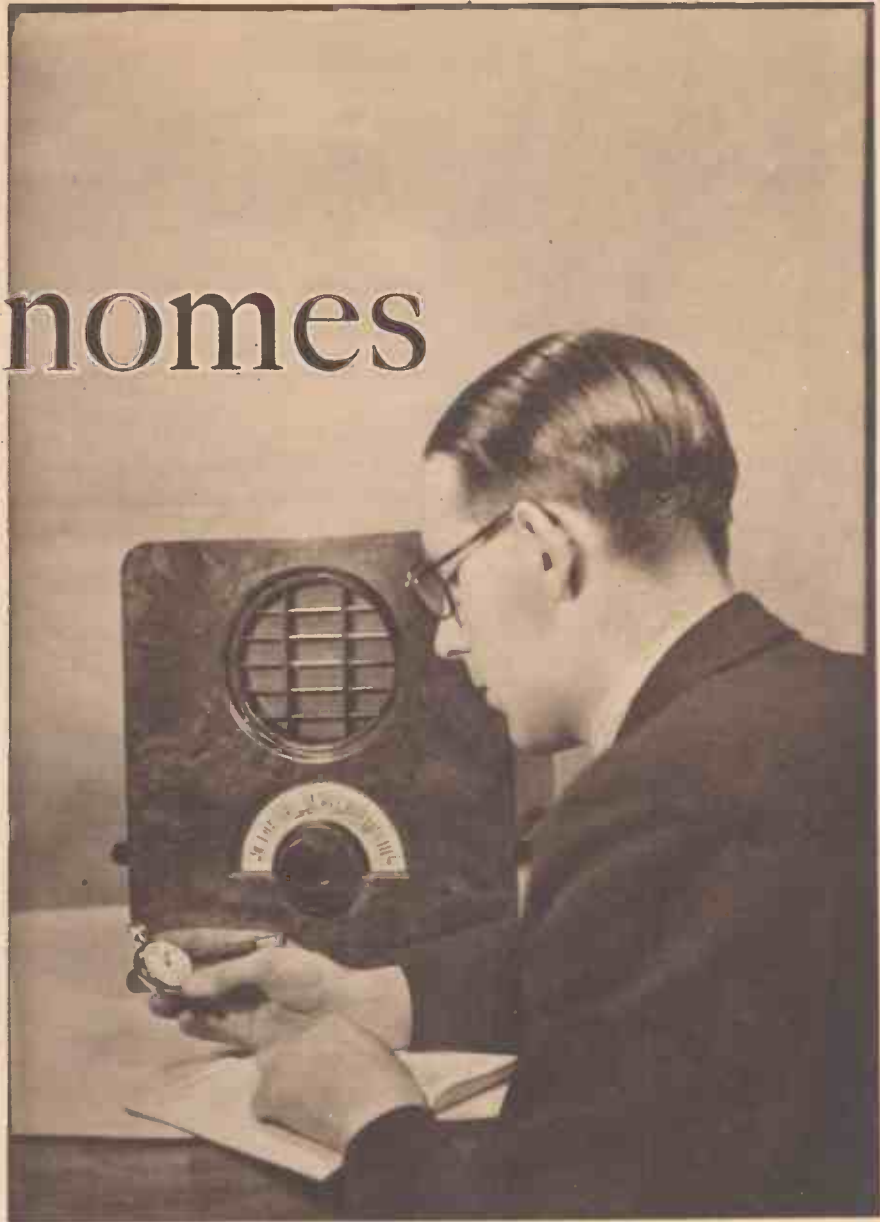
"No," I told him. "There will be no increase in wages. With what you steal you make quite a packet, as it is. In fact, if I hear any more about wireless sets you'll get a damned good hiding one-time. Savvy?"

That closed the matter so far as I was concerned. In any case, he would have needed ten years to get such a set on the same hire-purchase system by which he acquired his wife, paying her father with sheep and goats. I had a vision of his proposal to form a hire-purchase company and burst into a guffaw of laughter, whereat he retired with a hurt air. But he spent the next ten days to some purpose watching and manipulating the controls.

About a month later I went off for a week on a tour of inspection and, Hassan being

Human Metronomes

Have you ever used a stop-watch on programme items? This has to be done by recording experts in the studio when gramophone records are being made, and you will find many interesting facts and coincidences about broadcast items by timing them.



THE strains of Henry Hall's introductory signature-tune, "Just a Time for Dancing," have found me lately with a stop-watch in one hand, a fountain-pen in the other, a notebook to right of me and a loud-speaker to left of me.

As you are probably wondering why on earth I should arm myself with the foregoing impedimenta when about to listen to the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra, I had better explain!

Broadcasting officials have found that great orchestral conductors are able to maintain such amazing precision of *tempo* that the duration of a given piece is almost exactly the same each time they conduct it.

Toscanini, for instance, beats time so accurately that he has been nicknamed "The Human Metronome" by broadcasting engineers. One movement of a Schubert symphony, when played under his baton, has never been known to vary more than three seconds in duration—a remarkable feat of accuracy in view of the fact that the movement takes nearly fifteen minutes to play.

The object of my investigations with the stop-watch, etc., was to ascertain whether dance band conductors also keep to strictly uniform timing when playing the same dance tune on different occasions.

With this object in view I timed over sixty different foxtrots, waltzes, tangos and rumbas, noting down the exact duration of each to a fraction of a second.

As the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra (unlike the other dance bands) can be heard daily on the wireless, I heard many of the tunes repeated five or six times within a week or so, and thus was able to compare the duration of the same tune on several different occasions.

The results showed that the variation in timing was remarkably small, making a difference of a few seconds only between the length of one playing and that of another on a previous or subsequent day.

"Play to Me, Gypsy" can be taken as a typical example. The playing time of this tune as broadcast by the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra on five different occasions was 195½ seconds, 188 seconds, 196¼ seconds, 190 seconds, and 190 seconds again. The maximum variation, therefore, was only just over 8 seconds.

"The Buggy Song" took 195 seconds, 198¾ seconds, 198 seconds, 202 seconds, and 196 seconds to play on five different occasions. So there was

a variation of only 7 seconds in the time taken to "hitch the buggy up behind the old grey mare!" Other dance numbers showed an equally small variation in timing.

Consistently accurate *tempo* is, of course, a point of vital importance in programme-planning. The various items in a programme certainly could not be dovetailed-in properly, if it were not possible to predict with accuracy how much time a given piece of music would take to perform.

An interesting example of metronome-like precision in orchestral conducting was provided by a broadcast that took place some time ago in the United States. One of the "networks" over there was relaying a B.B.C. concert, and the American engineers anticipated trouble with serious fading.

To meet the contingency of the signals from England fading right out, a "spare" orchestra was held in readiness in a New York studio. This started playing the same piece in exact synchrony with the British orchestra, but the output from the American microphone was not actually radiated to listeners as long as the B.B.C.'s signals were coming over at good strength.

When, however, the British signals faded out, as the U.S. engineers had anticipated, the playing of the American orchestra was gently faded in to take the place of the missing signals from England!

After a lengthy period of fading, the B.B.C. signals again came up to useful strength on the far side of the Atlantic, and the engineers found that the two orchestras, thousands of miles apart, were still in perfect synchrony with one another!

Leslie Henson gave Stanley Holloway his first big chance.

Franklyn Kelsey spent his youth as a Canadian backwoods man.

A meeting near Poperinghe, during the War, was the beginning of the Flanagan and Allen partnership.

Jan van der Gucht is not a Dutchman. He was born in Essex.

Tod Slaughter has produced over three hundred plays.

Marion Harris starred on the films with Ramon Novarro.

Lew Stone and his band are to return to the Monseigneur Restaurant.

The difference between radio singing and crooning is that a crooner sings *into* the mike but a singer stands three feet away.

Ray Noble arranged for Jack Payne in the early days of broadcasting.

When he was fifteen years of age, Stanford Robinson formed an orchestra of his own.

Last year's revenue from broadcasting licences was £1,460,352.

When in America, Cab Calloway and his orchestra were paid £500 a night.

Seen in the STUDIOS—I.



the creator of "Soft" shows his localist, his new radio-receiver in a recording session at the H.M.V. studios.

A is for **AMBROSE**, good dance music fixture. (Hear Sam-Elsie "spoon" in the Ambrosial mixture.)

B is for **BOULT, BALDWIN, BORRETT, and BOWLLY**—Busy bees on Radioland's roly-poly.

C is for **CHILDREN'S HOUR**; all-round favour wins. When dad tunes to Toytown, why!—Hello, Grins!

D is for **DIXON**, of the organic **REG-ime**, Who Does Love To Be By The Sea, it would seem.

E is for **ENGLAND**, of "Two Pairs" and "Four Chaps."

Himself doesn't "PAUL." "England Calling" means claps.

F is for **FOX, FRANKAU, FLOTSAM** (and **JETSAM**); F-major performers, and no fan forgets 'em.

G is for **GINGOLD, GERALDO, and GOURLEY**, All richly amusing; and not one performs poorly.

H is for **HENRY HALL**, who may claim That he is the B.B.C.'s Hall of Fame!

I is for **IMITATORS**, true and trenchant; The **JOYE** of **JANET**, and **ANN'S** special **PENN**-chant.

The **RADIO** Alphabet

J is for **JONES**; Tom livens Sunday's scene With "Prom Concerts" (well, from Eastbourne, I mean).

K is for **KING, KYTE, KELLEY, and KUNZ**; Strong on the "baton," and gets lots of "runs."

L is for **LONG**, of Long-standing persuasion; None of us mind a **NORMAN** invasion.

M is for **MASCHWITZ**, His Variety Highness, A "Marvell" who "matches" his "wits" against dryness.

N is for **NOBEL**, of song-writing nobility. A **RAY** of (de)light. Such amazing fertility.

O is for **O'DONNELL**, the well-known B. Walt. His Military Band marches on without halt.

P is for—pardon my punning insane, But a **POTTER PEPPER** is good for a **PAYNE**!

Q is for **QUESTIONS** that make us all fret—"Who's A. J. Alan?" "Where's the **CAFÉ COLLETTE**?"

R is for **REITH**, Prime Minister of Air, Who rules the (R)ether with a parent's care.

S is for **STONE** (at the "mike," a "little boulder"). This is the Stone Age, with Chris the record-holder.

T is for **TILLEY**, John makes us laugh tears. We're on the impatient side Tilley appears.

U is for **US**, who pays the slaves Who make Britannia Rule the "Waves."

V is for **VAUGHAN**; to lose Gwen we'd be loath. Partners **ALEC MCGILL**, though they're "Smart Alocs" both.

W is for **WATERS**, sisters Elsie and Dot. Come on, Dais' and Gert, we'll drink the Waters a lot.

X is the **X-CITEMENT**, with which **WAKELAM** and **LYLE** Say a mouthful on sport in the running-comm. style.

Y is for **YOUTH**, the B.B.C. basis, Proving its worth in **SIX MILLION** cases.

Z is for **ZEAL**—B.B.C.'s favourite noun. And with that, dear readers, **WE ARE NOW CLOSING DOWN**.

Make MICHAEL HOGAN'S Pullover



THE pullover, knitted in cable stitch, is comfortable, well-fitting—just the sort of jersey that a man would enjoy wearing. Michael Hogan fully approves—he wears one exactly like it. Here is the ideal present for husbands, brothers, and fathers.

Materials.—9 oz. Copley's "Frenchlaire" wool; 1 pair No. 1 knitting needles; 1 set No. 6 knitting needles.

Measurements.—Length from shoulder to base, 21½ inches; width all round at underarm, 34 inches.

Tension.—Work to produce 6½ stitches to 2 inches in smooth fabric on the No. 1 needles. Unless this instruction is followed exactly the measurements of the garment will not work out correctly.

THE BACK

Using a pair of No. 6 needles, cast on 57 sts. Knitting into the back of the sts. on the first row only, proceed as follows:—

1st row—** K. 1, p. 1. Repeat from ** to the last st., k. 1. 2nd row—K. 1, ** k. 1, p. 1. Repeat from ** to the end of the row. Repeat these 2 rows until 15 rows of ribbing have been worked. Change to No. 1 needles and proceed as follows:—

1st row—K. 1, p. 2, ** k. 6, p. 3. Repeat from ** to the last 9 sts., k. 6, p. 2, k. 1.

2nd row—** K. 3, p. 6. Repeat from ** to the last 3 sts., k. 3. Repeat these two rows twice more. 7th row—K. 1, p. 2, ** slip the next 3 sts. on to a spare needle with points at both ends and putting them to the back of the work, k. the next 3 sts., then bringing the 3 slipped sts. forward, k. them (thus forming the cable twist), p. 3. Repeat from ** to the last 9 sts., work the cable on 6 sts., p. 2, k. 1. 8th row—As the 2nd row. These 8 rows form one cable. Repeat these 8 rows 5 times more.

49th row—As 1st row. 50th row—As 2nd row. 51st row—As 1st row. Now shape for armholes. 52nd row—Cast off 6, p. the following 2 sts., making 3 sts. on the right-hand needle, ** k. 3, p. 6. Repeat from ** to the last 3 sts., k. 3. 53rd row—Cast off 6, k. the following 2 sts., ** p. 3, k. 6. Repeat from ** to the last 6 sts., p. 3, k. 3. 54th row—K. 1, p. 2 tog., k. 3, ** p. 6, k. 3. Repeat from ** to the last 3 sts., p. 2 tog., k. 1.

55th row—K. 2, ** p. 3, work the cable on the next 6 sts. Repeat from ** to the last 5 sts., p. 3, k. 2. 56th row—K. 1, p. 1, k. 3, ** p. 6, k. 3. Repeat from ** to the last 2 sts., p. 1, k. 1.

Keeping to the continuity of the pattern, work until 9 cables have been worked from the commencement.

Shape for the neck and shoulders as follows:—

1st row—K. 2, p. 3, ** k. 6, p. 3. Repeat from ** to the last 2 sts., k. 2. 2nd row—K. 1, p. 1, k. 3, ** p. 6, k. 3. Repeat from ** to the last 2 sts., p. 1, k. 1. 3rd row—K. 2, p. 3, k. 6, p. 3, k. 1. Cast off 13, p. the following 3 sts. (making 4 on the right-hand needle), k. 6, p. 3, k. 2.

Proceed on the latter set of 15 sts. for the left shoulder as follows:—

4th row—K. 1, p. 1, k. 3, p. 6, k. 4. 5th row—K. 1, p. 3, k. 6, turn. 6th row—P. 6, k. 4. 7th row—K. 1, p. 3, k. 1, turn. 8th row—K. 5. 9th row—K. 1, p. 3, k. 6, p. 3, k. 2. Cast off.

RIGHT SHOULDER

Slip the sts. on to the other needle and join wool to the armhole edge.

1st row—K. 2, p. 3, k. 6, p. 3, k. 1. 2nd row—K. 4, p. 6, turn. 3rd row—K. 6, p. 3, k. 1. 4th row—K. 4, p. 1, turn. 5th row—K. 1, p. 3, k. 1. 6th row—K. 4, p. 6, k. 3, p. 1, k. 1. Cast off.

FRONT

Cast on 66 sts. and work in the same way as the back until the armhole shaping is completed.

Proceed as follows for the left half of the front:—

1st row—K. 2, p. 3, k. 6, p. 3, k. 6, p. 3, k. 3, slip the remaining 26 sts. on to a large safety pin and leave for the present. Turn and proceed for the left front as follows:—

2nd row—K. 1, p. 2 tog., K. 3, p. 6, k. 3, p. 6, k. 3, p. 1, k. 1. 3rd row—K. 2, p. 3, cable on the next 6 sts., p. 3, cable on the next 6 sts., p. 3, k. 2. 4th row—K. 1, p. 2 tog., k. 2, p. 6, k. 3, p. 6, k. 3, p. 1, k. 1. 5th row—K. 2, p. 3, k. 6, p. 3, k. 6, p. 3, k. 1. 6th row—K. 4, p. 6, k. 3, p. 6, k. 3, p. 1, k. 1.

7th row—K. 2, p. 3, k. 6, p. 3, k. 6, p. 3, k. 1. 8th row—K. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 1, p. 6, k. 3, p. 6, k. 3, p. 1, k. 1. 9th row—K. 2, p. 3, k. 6, p. 2, k. 1. 10th row—K. 3, p. 6, k. 3, p. 6, k. 3, p. 1, k. 1. 11th row—K. 2, p. 3, cable on the next 6 sts., p. 2, k. 1. 12th row—K. 1, k. 2 tog., p. 6, k. 3, p. 6, k. 3, p. 1, k. 1. 13th row—K. 2, p. 3, k. 6, p. 3, k. 6, p. 1, k. 1. 14th row—K. 2, p. 6, k. 3, p. 6, k. 3, p. 1, k. 1. 15th row—K. 2, p. 3, k. 6, p. 3, k. 6, p. 1, k. 1. 16th row—K. 1, p. 2 tog., p. 5, k. 3, p. 6, k. 3, p. 1, k. 1. 17th row—K. 2, p. 3, k. 6, p. 3, k. 6, k. 1. 18th row—K. 1, p. 6, k. 3, p. 6, k. 3, p. 1, k. 1.

19th row—K. 2, p. 3, cable on the next 6 sts., p. 3, cable on the next 6 sts., k. 1.

20th row—K. 1, p. 6, k. 3, p. 6, k. 3, p. 1, k. 1.

21st row—K. 2, p. 3, k. 6, p. 3, k. 6, k. 1.

22nd row—K. 1, p. 6, k. 3, p. 6, k. 3, p. 1, k. 1.

23rd row—K. 2, p. 3, k. 6, p. 3, k. 6, k. 1.

24th row—K. 1, p. 6, k. 3, p. 5, turn.

25th row—K. 5, p. 3, k. 6, k. 1. 26th row—K. 1, p. 6, turn. 27th row—K. 7.

28th row—K. 1, p. 6, k. 3, p. 6, k. 3, p. 1, k. 1. Cast off.

Transfer the sts. from the safety pin to a No. 1 knitting needle, join wool at the neck edge, and proceed for the right half of the front as follows:—

1st row—K. 3, p. 3, k. 6, p. 3, k. 6, p. 3, k. 2.

Now proceed as the instructions for the left half of the front from the 2nd to the 22nd rows, reading the rows from the end to the beginning, i.e., the second row will be K. 1, p. 1, k. 3, p. 6, k. 3, p. 6, k. 3, p. 2 tog., k. 1.

Shape the shoulder as follows:—

1st row—K. 1, k. 6, p. 3, k. 5, turn.

2nd row—P. 5, k. 3, p. 6, k. 1. 3rd row—K. 7, turn. 4th row—P. 6, k. 1. 5th row—K. 1, k. 6, p. 3, k. 6, p. 3, k. 2. Cast off purlywise.

THE NECK

Join the shoulder seams neatly, easing the 21 sts. on the front shoulder to fit the 15 sts. on the back shoulder.

With the right side of the work facing, commencing at the V., and using the set of No. 6 needles. Knit up 80 sts. round the neck on to 3 needles.

1st round—** (K. 1, p. 1) twice, k. 1, p. into the front then k. into the back of the next st. (p. 1, k. 1) twice, p. 1, k. into the front then p. into the back of the next st. Repeat from ** to

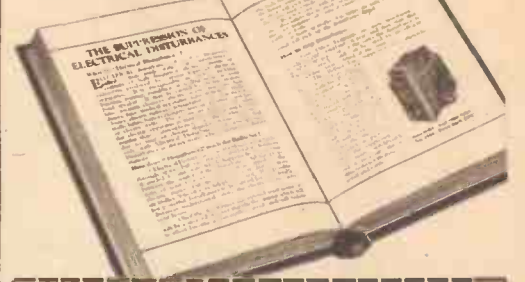
Continued on page 28

CUT THE CRACKLE OUT OF RADIO

Does YOUR reception suffer from buzzing, clicks and crashes made by electric machinery, lifts, electric signs, etc.?

Write for free booklet describing the Mains Disturbance Suppressor (won't cure atmospherics), Pick-ups and relative diagrams; Radio connections including Terminals, Plugs and Sockets, Mains Connectors, etc. Fuse Data, Circuits and I.E.E. Regulations, Fuses and Fuseholders.

WRITE NOW. FREE BOOKLET



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

Please forward **FREE** booklet.

Name.....

Address.....

B.P.6

BE TALLER! CLIENTS GAIN 2 to 8 INCHES!

Increased my own height to 6ft. 3½ ins. ROSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS. Fee £22s.

Particulars (mailed privately) 2½d. stamp

R. C. MALCOLM ROSS, Height Specialist, Scarborough, England. (P.O. Box 15)



AN EXCLUSIVE "SCOOP" in the APRIL TELEVISION

The April issue reveals for the first time the secrets of the new B.B.C. Television Studio. The B.B.C. Television Engineer gives a complete description of the studio with plans, details of the apparatus used, photographs, etc.

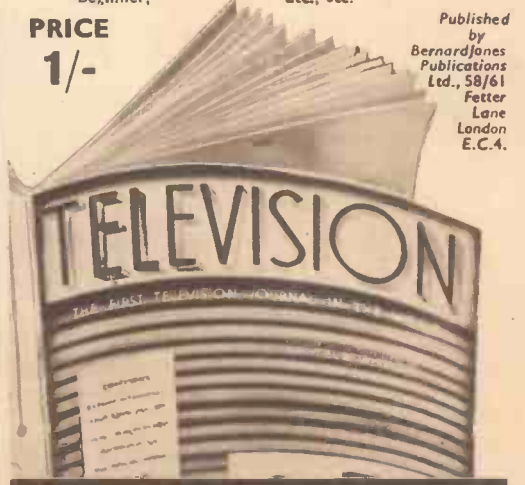
See list below for other fine features of this issue.

Get your April "Television" to-day, otherwise you may experience difficulty in getting one.

Some of the Contents of the April Issue

- The First Lensed Disc Machine for the Amateur.
- Puzzling Paradoxes In Television.
- Light Sources for the Mirror Screw.
- More about the Scophony Stixograph.
- Getting the Best Pictures—Some Points for the Beginner, Etc., etc.

PRICE 1/-



Published by Bernard Jones Publications Ltd., 58/61 Fetter Lane London E.C.4.

The **ONLY** Publication entirely devoted to **TELEVISION**

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

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



Arthur Salisbury and his orchestra indulge in a bit of fun for the "Radio Pictorial" cameraman while rehearsing at the Savoy Hotel

High-spots of the Programmes

BEFORE I begin on the programmes, a word with those of you who live anywhere near Nottingham, Mansfield, Newark, Grantham, Loughborough, and Derby. The Post Office is combing these districts with a Direction Van. Just lay your licence on the kitchen table and the apparatus in the van will immediately be put out of action. Then your homestead will be passed over. Better not borrow a licence as the stunt begins on April the second, *not the first!* So take your place in the queue and get someone to entertain you with a mouth-organ.

Eric Barker has been promoted from the ranks of the Tea Mixturians and will make his first invisible appearance at the microphone for National listeners on April 2. Florence Desmond will have returned from Hollywood by then and has threatened to give us impressions of some of the stars over there. Since the abolition of prohibition, there is no milky way in America. Horace Kenny has a new sketch which, I hear, is tip-top. Also Stanelli, that clever fiddler, is going to imitate London noises on his instrument. Perhaps he will oblige by imitating my umbrella for me. It is in London somewhere.

On March 31, there will be a good variety. The Western Brothers appear. They are really first cousins. Also Gert and Daisy. (Elsie and Doris Waters who are at least genuine: they are sisters!) These relatives worry me. The Carlyle Cousins are two sisters and one cousin, and the Eight Step Sisters are not relatives except in anything relative to their work. Then Rudy Starita plays on a vibraphone and a xylophone. These instruments are, I believe, uncle and nephew. Finally, Arthur Prince and Jim. Queer relationship here. One is alive and the other is made to appear alive.

Worrying, isn't it? Easter in the Midlands this year is to be brightened by a recital of gramophone records called *Holiday Attractions*. So don't go out, whatever you do. Robert Trédennick is going to Hallaton in Leicestershire to see the harepie-scrambling and bottle-kicking. This is an old custom for which the Rector of Hallaton provides the pies, ale and loaves. The ale is put into small wooden kegs which are kicked about to the parish boundary and then drunk—by the kickers presumably. The pies are not kicked. They are used for the coco-nut shies later in the evening—at least I have not heard to the contrary.

On Easter Tuesday Mr. John Howell (Manager in Birmingham for the R.A.C.) will give his impressions of holiday-driving over Easter. Ring up the Club and get his car's number. Then cut in on him hard and give him a fright. He will be glad of a little material for his talk.

On the same evening Martyn Webster produces a burlesque of school life called *The Fifth Form at St. Pontefracts, or Little by Little*. An exposure of the Upper School Cads, I suspect.

Martyn is at it again on the sixth when he will produce two light sketches. The first of these is called *Brighter Bridge* in which four amateurs play

a specimen hand. So if you think your bridge is worse than theirs you may get a hint or two. The other is about a couple dressing for dinner in an all-electric flat when the lights fuse. Don't know what this play is called, but it can't be brighter anything. That's all for you. Now I must see what is happening for the Westerners. On Easter Sunday you will get a *Cymanfa Ganu* from Ynysybwl. As you know, this festival is held every Christmas and Easter.

On the Monday the seventh number of the *Gaffer and Gavotte* series is to be given. I haven't heard these shows myself. I can never find the West Regional on my set, but I am told they are worth hearing.

Another Welsh comedy for you. *Yn Gynnar y Bore* will be given on Easter Monday. Doesn't that mean *Early in the Morning?* But you won't be up that early on Easter Monday, will you?

Northern Regional listeners may hear the running commentary of the Rugby League match at the Craven Park ground, Hull, on March 31. Kingston Rovers are to oppose Huddersfield.

How have you liked these *Idioms of the North* series? I am rather interested in that sort of thing. The fifth of the series comes off on March 31 and deals with Durham.

Make Michael Hogan's Pullover

Continued from page Twenty-seven

the last 8 sts. (k. 1, p. 1) twice, k. 1, increase in the next st., p. 1, k. 1.

Continue in k. 1, p. 1, ribbing for 4 rounds working 2 sts. tog. on either side of the centre front on every round. Cast off, decreasing as before in the centre front.

THE ARMHOLES

Join the side seams neatly. With the right side of work facing and using the set of No. 6 needles, knit up 64 sts. round the armhole.

Proceed in k. 1, p. 1, ribbing for 4 rounds. Cast off. Work the other armhole in the same manner. Omitting the ribbing, press the whole garment on the wrong side with a warm iron and a damp cloth.

This week's "Radio Pictorial" is published early owing to Easter, but the next issue will appear on Friday, April 6, as usual.

ORDER YOUR COPY NOW.

Filming Among the Devil Dancers



Photographs reproduced by courtesy of Gaumont-British Ltd.

How would you like to meet this pleasant-looking gentleman in the dark? W. H. O. Sweeney did!

In the April "Wireless Magazine" Mr. Sweeney describes his adventures in Tibet with picture camera and sound apparatus. You'll enjoy every word of this thrilling article.

This month's issue marks the commencement of a new section dealing with home talkies. This fascinating hobby is one that will interest you as it is closely linked to radio and television.

In the same issue you will find building details of two sets—the SPECTRUM portable and a super-het receiver for use on either A.C. or D.C. mains.

Altogether this splendid April issue contains over 40 articles; it is, in fact, as good a shillingsworth as money can buy. Get a copy to-day.

Some of the Contents of the April issue

FOR THE CONSTRUCTOR

- The Spectrum Portable. By the "W.M." Technical Staff.
- Wireless Jobs Made Easy for Mr. Everyman. By R. W. Hallows.
- The Universal Merrymaker. By S. Rutherford Wilkins and the "W.M." Technical Staff.
- Touring Europe with the Universal Merrymaker.

TECHNICAL FEATURES

- New Uses for Metal Detectors.
- Mains Transformers and Low-frequency Chokes to Make at Home. By Marcus G. Scroggie, B.Sc., A.M.I.E.E.
- Screened Pentodes as Low-frequency Amplifiers. By J. H. Reyner, B.Sc., A.M.I.E.E.
- Our Tests of New Sets. By the "W.M." Set Selection Bureau.
- Portadyne Battery Super-het—Model 872.
- Telsen Model 474 A.C. Receiver.
- R.G.D. Radio Gramophone—Model 1201.
- Kolster Brandes Model 888 Super-het.
- Marconiphone Battery Four—Model 285.
- A New Tone Compensator.
- More About the High-frequency Stage. By Percy W. Harris, M.Inst.Rad. E.
- Tests of New Apparatus.
- New Circuit Tester.

GENERAL ARTICLES

- Guide to the World's Broadcasters. By Jay Coote.
- World's Broadcast Wavelengths.
- A Year of Empire Broadcasting. By Alan Hunter.
- Blind Flying on Radio Beams. By Morton Barr.
- Radio Medley. A Radio Fan's Causerie. By BM/PRESS
- Secrets of Radio Playwriting.
- On the Crest of the Waves. By Jay Coote.
- Machinery Behind Your Broadcasting. By Derek England.
- Reports on Famous "W.M." Sets.
- Programme-building Step-by-step. By Whitaker-Wilson.
- Catching Those Foreigners! By Irvine Foster.
- Radio Kaunas.
- Broadcast Music of the Month. By T. F. Henn.
- And Now Home Talkies.
- Talkie Equipment for the Home.
- Who Can Supply the Gear?
- News of the Short Waves. By Kenneth Jowers.
- Short Waves and the Super 60.
- Choosing Your New Records. By Whitaker-Wilson.

TELEVISION SECTION

- A New Television Eye. By G. S. Scott.
- New B.B.C. Television Studios.
- Getting the Best Results from Your Television Receiver.



WIRELESS MAGAZINE

APRIL ISSUE — PRICE 1/-

4/6 PER WEEK

APPROX.

BUYS THIS AMAZING NEW **5-VALVE**

SUPER-HET

WITH FULL AUTOMATIC VOLUME CONTROL



MODEL 64

● Model 64 is the radio sensation of 1934! Your local dealer will demonstrate one of these magnificent sets without obligation. Quality for quality—feature for feature—price for price—Model 64 has no equal.

- Five-valve 6-stage bandpass-tuned super-het for A.C. or D.C. mains.
- Magnificent bakelite cabinet in walnut or black and chromium.
- Exclusive new station-scale—names instantly detachable—with colour-code waveband selector.
- Full range tone control.
- Light-beam and shadow tuning.
- Local-distant switch.
- Three latest type pentodes and special new double-diode valve.
- Full-wave rectifier in A.C. model.
- Moving-coil speaker.
- Combined on-off switch and volume control for radio and gramophone.
- Gramophone pick-up sockets.
- External speaker sockets.
- D.C. Model for use on Mercury Arc Mains.

In walnut cabinet **11 GNS.**
 or by 13 monthly payments of £1.0.0. In black and chromium cabinet, 11½ Gns. or 13 monthly payments of £1.1.0.

EKCO RADIO

To E. K. COLE LTD., Dept. R.P.5, EKCO Works, Southend-on-Sea.

A full-coloured folder will be sent you free on receipt of this coupon.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....