

CHRISTOPHER STONE Exclusive Article (Page 9)

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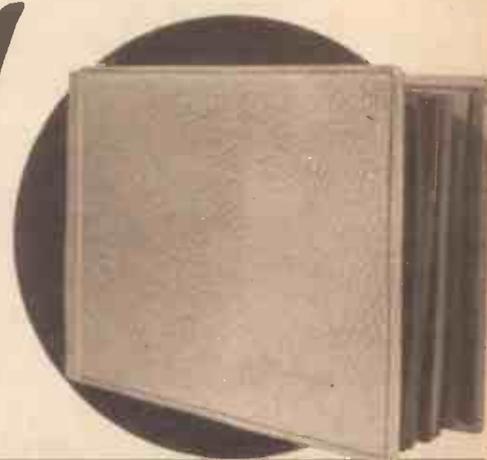
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Eddie CARROLL

The popular dance music pianist, who is very much in the news at the moment. He made his name with Lew Stone's dance band, and has recently been heard on the air with Henry Hall and the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra.

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TO complain about the programmes offered on the radio is a "popular" sport in these days—but what do people really want to hear. Well, here are some opinions of men famous in various walks of life

SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

W. REID DICK, R.A.

PROFESSOR A. M. LOW

GORDON SELFRIDGE, JUNR.

LORD SEMPILL

The BROADCAST

I WANT to HEAR

Sir Malcolm Campbell
"I REALLY think I get more enjoyment out of listening to comedians on the wireless than anything else ... unless it is a good play. "I always prefer to listen to or go to see a witty play, where one can have a good laugh, than one of a more serious nature."

The broadcast Sir Malcolm would like to hear, then, would be a programme which included all his favourite comedians—something to give him a jolly good laugh. "Second to this," he says, "my choice would be something of an exciting nature, in fact, a 'thriller.'"

Lord Sempill

"I should like to hear a broadcast in which some scientist would announce definitely that fog had been overcome; that is to say, that ways and means had been found of

dispersing and abolishing this nuisance. "Possibly, in addition, I should like to hear the announcer add that henceforth the burning of coal in open grates and other pollution of the atmosphere has been made illegal.

"My reason, of course, is that we should be able to fly anywhere at any time."

Professor A. M. Low

"There are so many examples of what I would NOT like to hear, that it is difficult to think in the reverse direction.

"In my opinion practically all broadcasting should be of instantaneous events.

"For this purpose, it would be possible to have a great deal of music and all ordinary speeches transmitted over land lines, or even by water and gas pipes. Then the ether could be kept clear for affairs of the moment.

"Every time an Atlantic flight takes place, comments should be kept up from 'planes fitted with radio.

"We should also be allowed to listen-in to exciting trials at the Law Courts. Above all, a marriage of cables and radio should be arranged so that picked items could be given to us from America and the Continent.

"No one is interested in settled events, formal openings of Government buildings or futuristic music except as short novelty excerpts. The modern mind is slightly journalistic and does not like encyclopaedic affairs thrust upon it after a hard day's work.

"A dash of C. B. Cochran, plenty of controversial matters and events which are headline

news are all broadcasts I should like to hear, especially when no other means can bring them to the home.

"The standard clergyman's voice, tremolo singers and speeches about the British Empire do not greatly help the struggling worker. And plays which intensely amuse those who write them, and whose cleverness we are willing to take for granted, are not necessarily suitable for radio."

Gordon Selfridge, Junr.

First of all he would like to see more anxiety expressed on the part of the B.B.C. to prevent people switching off.

"In the broadcast I would like to hear," he said, "there would be a real desire to entertain. There would be less of the Civil Service and more of the salesman-to-customer atmosphere. I should like to feel that the B.B.C. were definitely trying to please me.

"There should be a little more elasticity in case of some unexpected event taking place in which all would be interested.

"Then I should like to hear more *uncensored* talks. These might possibly be dangerous, but any misunderstanding could be avoided if the speaker remarked at least every five minutes during his talk that the views expressed were entirely his own and not approved of or sponsored by the B.B.C. in any way.

"In this way I believe that we should get original ideas over the air, and that is what I should like to hear."

Continued on page 19

Three famous radio stars spend a happy hour away from the microphone . . .



Tommy Handley initiates Clapham and Dwyer into the mysteries of the new game, table golf. And it all looks very simple, if you can judge by Tommy's expression

“Newsmonger’s”

RADIO GOSSIP

Doctor Boulton in the Country

AT last Doctor Boulton has been able to snatch a few days' rest at the lovely country house which was his Christmas gift to his wife. He and Mrs. Boulton spent last weekend at this retreat which is built on the ridge of hills between Dorking and Shere. Both are country lovers, and now that spring is here their London friends must be resigned to their leaving Town for Surrey whenever the conductor's work allows them to get away.

Like Vaughan Williams, who is well known in the district, Doctor Boulton takes a keen interest in amateur music making, and local societies are already seeking his help.

What He Said!

Writing the other day of the indiscretions which the mike overhears in the studios reminds me of the story which Ronald Gourley tells of his tripping over a microphone cable during the Children's Hour one day. He had entered rather hurriedly, his foot caught this cable, and he stumbled.

What he said was just what I exclaimed when I did the same thing the other day, but in his case, the mike was *alive*.

By the way, the Children's Hour will soon be back in its own home in the third floor at Broadcasting House—the studio which Henry Hall has used for so long. This desirable home is now being prepared for the return of its original tenants.

Making the Hours Fly

Nothing in this broadcasting business fires my imagination so much as the Empire service. I was talking yesterday to a fellow who had just flown back from South Africa, and he told me that most of the way from the Cape to Cairo he had heard a programme from London.

He had made the trip previously without wireless

and it had been pretty grim flying for hours over the desolate African bush, but with the dance band drumming a rhythm in his earphones the second flight had been a picnic. Broadcasting had dispelled the sense of isolation, and the hours had simply flown.

A New Recruit

Max Kester, whose name I mentioned four weeks ago, has joined the B.B.C. staff as I hoped he would. He will help Eric Maschwitz on the variety side, and I gather will do everything but produce. He is a witty fellow, and I shall look out for shows which he is writing. His records burlesquing B.B.C. programmes always raised a laugh. Now the boot is on the other leg.

Philip Ridgeway—Hiker

Philip Ridgeway is bringing his Parade back to the microphone in the summer. The show is in its third year on tour, which may be a record for a company reared by radio. I should not have suspected that Philip was a hiker, but he tells me that out on a country walk the other day he was attracted to a cottage door by the strains of a song. He knocked and discovered a boy soprano, with the result that Jackie Bostock, aged thirteen years, is now in

the company. We shall hear the lad with Philip and other old friends in June.

Henry's New Pianist

The new pianist in the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra looks more like a pugilist, Carpentier type, than a musician, but he certainly can play. Before joining Henry Hall, he was playing for six years with the Ambrose outfit, so there can be no doubt he is good. Twenty-four years old, he is a bachelor at present, but he is engaged to be married in the summer.

Len Bermon, the drummer, introduced him to the girl who is now his fiancée. Golf and motoring are his hobbies.

Tea with the Vienna Philharmonic

The players in the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra won't see the Cup Final this year. On Saturday afternoon they will all be taking tea with the Vienna Philharmonic team in the Small Queen's Hall. Doctor Boulton is a great admirer of this orchestra, and he has arranged for his men to hear it play.

Afterwards the orchestras will meet at tea and exchange wrinkles. A pretty notion—that one fine orchestra should entertain another from abroad—and typical of Adrian Boulton, who has the instinct and manners of a diplomat.

Thursday's Newcomer

Louis Preager and his Band will provide the late night dance-music on Thursday, relayed from Romano's.

As a matter of fact, if it hadn't been for a nasty bump on the nose, sustained by Louis whilst playing football, this band would have been broadcasting earlier. A fractured nose turned septic and complications set in.

"However, as you see, I've recovered," said Louis, "and somebody did a marvellous spot of plastic surgery on my nose, completely altering the shape. Result—when I walked into Romano's again, the head waiter tried to show me to a new table!"

What's Happening in the Broadcasting World



Louis Preager is twenty-eight, is married, and has a seven-year-old son. He has previously broadcast in a "First Time Here" programme.

Heard in the Studio!

Most studios are alike—film and radio! Conversation overheard between two coloured gentlemen, extras in the banquet scene in Shepherd's Bush Studio, during the "miking" of *Chu Chin Chow*:-

"Well, boy, what is yu waitin' foh?"
 "Ah'm waitin' foh mah cue."
 "Yo' cue? Wha—what's that?"
 "Yeh, man! Mah cue! That's when de Assistan' Di-rector say 'That's all foh to-night, boys! Dismiss!'"

A Chat with Julian

I had a chat with Julian Rose the other morning and found that he had been very ill. He told me he had a "tired" heart. However, he seemed to be well on the way to recovery, but not inclined to walk any distance. He is going down to Droitwich for a while.

A Cheerful Soul

I was watching Donald Calthrop and Sylvia Cecil in their sketch which you probably heard the other Saturday night. Sylvia is a cheerful soul.

She sent me her photograph (which must be published when there is room) and forgot to stamp it. She was very penitent.

The Step Sisters were stepping their steps for the last time for a while. They have made quite a name for themselves. Jolly children, all of them. We shall hear them again before long, I expect.

Three radio stars who broadcast through the American Columbia network . . . blonde Marjorie, brunette Dottie and auburn-haired Betty (the Misses Briggs, Hill and Noyes)

Those Saturday Shows

John Sharman was greatly disturbed because his bill was rather full, and he was afraid he wouldn't be able to get everybody in at full length.

However, they all agreed to sacrificing half a minute out of their turns. Doesn't seem much, but you can say a good deal in thirty seconds. John wears himself to death over these Saturday night shows. He's a bit of a fusspot, perhaps, but if he wasn't there *would* be a fuss! Everything has to be timed.

The "Building"

When you are in St. George's Hall, and you speak of Broadcasting House, you don't call it that. You refer to it as the *Building*. I heard Freddie Grisewood tell Bryan Michie he was just going over to the Building and would be back in a few minutes. There is a Scot, by the way, in the press department who always talks about *St. Jarriges*, but we have taught him very well.

He can now say *St. Jawges* without difficulty!

Dat Sarsaparilla!

The new Alexander of the firm of Alexander and Mose is a good appointment. At least, I think so. I believe his name is Ellwangler; if not, it is something very like that. Mose, of course, is Billy Bennett.

On the stage in rehearsal, without make-up he stands there with his eyes closed, looking as though he would hate a day's work. He is going away for a while, but when he is back I'll have a glass of sarsaparilla with him and let you know all about it. Personally, I am very keen on the Alexander and Mose team.

One of His Hobbies

Crossing Regent Street the other morning, I saw Stanford Robinson standing on the edge of the kerb evidently far away in thought. As he seemed about to step off into the gutter and under the nearest bus, I caught hold of his arm and told him to pull himself together.

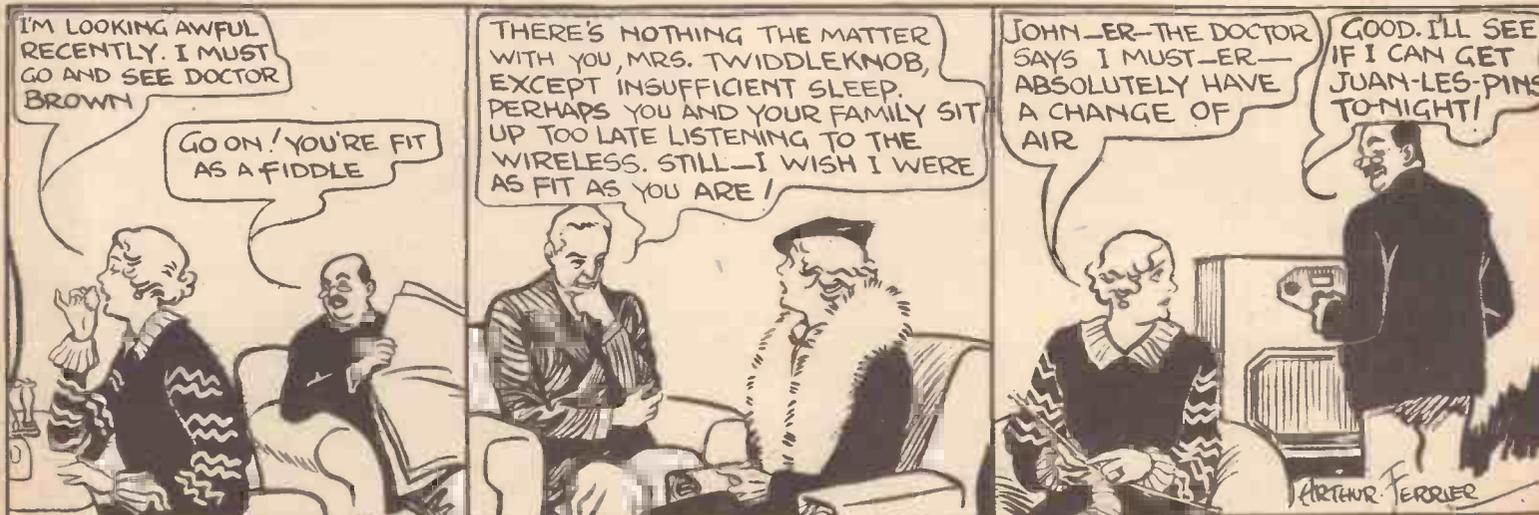
As a matter of fact he was following his usual custom of trying to find a new place for lunch. It is one of his hobbies. He told me he had lunched at every restaurant within a radius of two miles of Broadcasting House. I told him where I was lunching and made him come with me.

He had a fair-sized bump over his left eye. I inquired what he had hit. "The bathroom door," said Robbie. "I just opened it and then walked into it." "Conductor," said I, "learn to conduct yourself."

Our Cover Portrait

THE cover design of this week's RADIO PICTORIAL features the Boswell Sisters, the popular radio and recording stars. They were pioneers of the harmony trio idea for feminine vocalists in America and are now popular on the air through the stations of the Columbia Broadcasting Chain. And they need no introduction to British light music enthusiasts, owing to their excellent recording work.

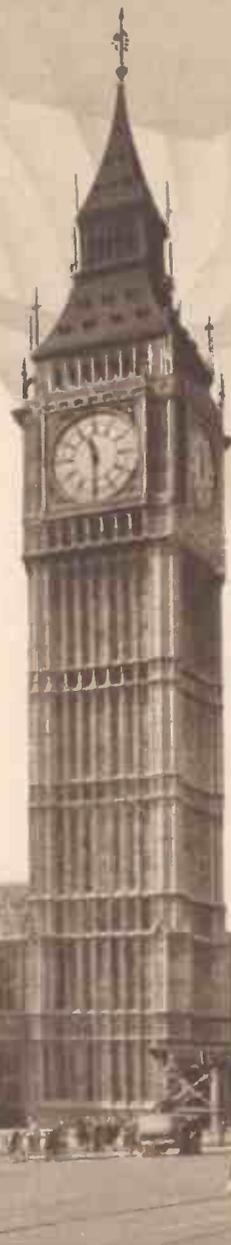
The Twiddleknobs—by FERRIER



HOW BIG IS



A close-up of the famous bell in the Westminster tower, now heard by radio listeners all over the world



great clock is conveyed by the fact that the minute hand measures 14 ft. in length, which is more than twice the height of an average man. The length of the hour hand is 9 ft. The face is 23 ft. in diameter. Take eight good steps from one point to another in shoeless feet and you will obtain a practical conception of the dimension of the most accurate clock in the world. The spaces in between



MIDNIGHT! Though but a differentiation of time, it is the hour when most things stop, though some things start. Since time was it has been the zero hour of the human race. If, during recent years, it has adopted a different individuality it is through the instrumentation of the world's most famous, though not largest, clock, Big Ben.

Wireless has brought Big Ben a notoriety additional to that it hitherto won. Its solemn strokes time the doings of an hemisphere. Eighty-nine million people, it is estimated, hear them night after night. Millions of fathers wind up millions of clocks and place the minute hand just where it ought to be. Millions of people say: "Well, it's time for bed." Millions of lovers make their last farewells. As the last stroke sounds, an old day, with its worries, its problems, and its duties passes into the great sea of time. A new one with its opportunities, its successes and, again, its failures dawns. It is Big Ben which announces a death and a birth.

Big Ben, though so famous, is quite small when compared with the giant of Moscow which weighs no less than 198 tons and measures 19 feet in height and 60 feet around the rim. This was cast in 1653, but met with an ill fate. It fell down in a fire and remained half sunk in the ground till 1837. In that year the Emperor Nicholas ordered it to be raised and placed on a platform. The interior was then used as a chapel. The largest bell actually in use is also in Moscow. This weighs 128 tons. Against these mammoth weights has to be compared that of Big Ben, a mere 13 tons, smaller even than Great Paul of St. Paul's, whose avoirdupois is 17½ tons.

But though diminutive when compared with others of its kin, it is "Ben" which has won fame. No other bell has exerted so great an influence upon those who hear it. Even on the Continent it is accepted as a time signal. As far north as Iceland, south to where England is almost unthought of, west to America, and east beyond the frontiers of Russia, folk listen to a sound which

in point of solemn grandeur has never been equalled. Big Ben is heard where, when it strikes, it is nowhere near midnight.

For a long time a popular "turn" in American music-halls was to transmit from the stage the chimes of London's famous old clock. By means of sensitive receiving gear and gigantic amplification Americans have listened to England going to bed just when they have been commencing their evening's enjoyment.

A popular experiment with wireless folk more skilled than most of us has been to transmit a relay of Big Ben's chimes on short waves to Australia, whence it has been retransmitted back to and received in England almost simultaneously. Big Ben's voice was heard again after it had travelled all round the world!

To relay the chimes proved to be one of the most ticklish of broadcasting problems, and it was not till many experiments had been conducted that their transmission could be so efficiently arranged. The gigantic percussion is such that heavy "blast" would utterly ruin all chances of successful transmissions were a microphone used in the ordinary way. The tonal quality that marks the reception of midnight counts to the credit of the B.B.C.'s engineers.

Some idea of the mammoth size of Westminster's

the minute marks are each a foot square. The height of the tower is 318 ft., and it measures 39 ft. square. The pendulum weighs 4 cwt. It is not a very long one—only 13 ft.

When the clock was built—it was started in 1858—it was illuminated by Nernst lamps, the fuel being oil. Later, gas was used, and later still electricity. Clockwork is the means of propulsion.

Before the electrical era it took a whole day to wind Big Ben. This task is now accomplished in one hour by means of a motor.

When the last stroke of twelve is heard at midnight and we put our clocks to synchronise them with the hour, can we depend upon the reliability of our famous informant? We certainly can. Twice a day it is automatically synchronised with Greenwich, and is never more than two seconds out.

If these two seconds make any difference to you, it is well that you should be told that this is the maximum diversion from Greenwich recorded. You may assume as a general rule that the time you hear via ether is strictly accurate. Provided your clock is equally so, you will have no excuse for missing your train in the morning.

Great Tom, or Big Tom—the bell on which

BEN IS BROADCAST

St. Paul's Cathedral clock strikes—is to be broadcast from May Day onwards in place of Big Ben.

However, Great Paul is the real big bell at the cathedral. If you are ever in the City at one o'clock—you will hear him being rung until five minutes past.

Four men are employed for the purpose, though it is not quite clear why the bell is rung at all. It is possible to go up and watch him swing; you stand on a staircase so close that he passes within a distance of two inches.

Big Tom is not rung. He was put there to be struck at the hour. Originally he came from Westminster—Wren persuaded the Commissioners to buy him from the Abbey—and he weighed 84 hundredweight.

Wren had a bit of a "ding-dong" with the Dean over that bell. People were allowed to pay sixpence to see him struck with heavy hammers until Wren said it was to stop because the bell was being damaged.

In 1709 Wren had nearly finished St. Paul's. He saw Richard Phelps about a new bell to replace Big Tom. This was cast, but there was something wrong with it. Anyhow, Phelps cast another, using up some of the old bell. This hangs in the south-west tower to this day, and is the bell you will hear on May 1. The other tower contains the peal of twelve.

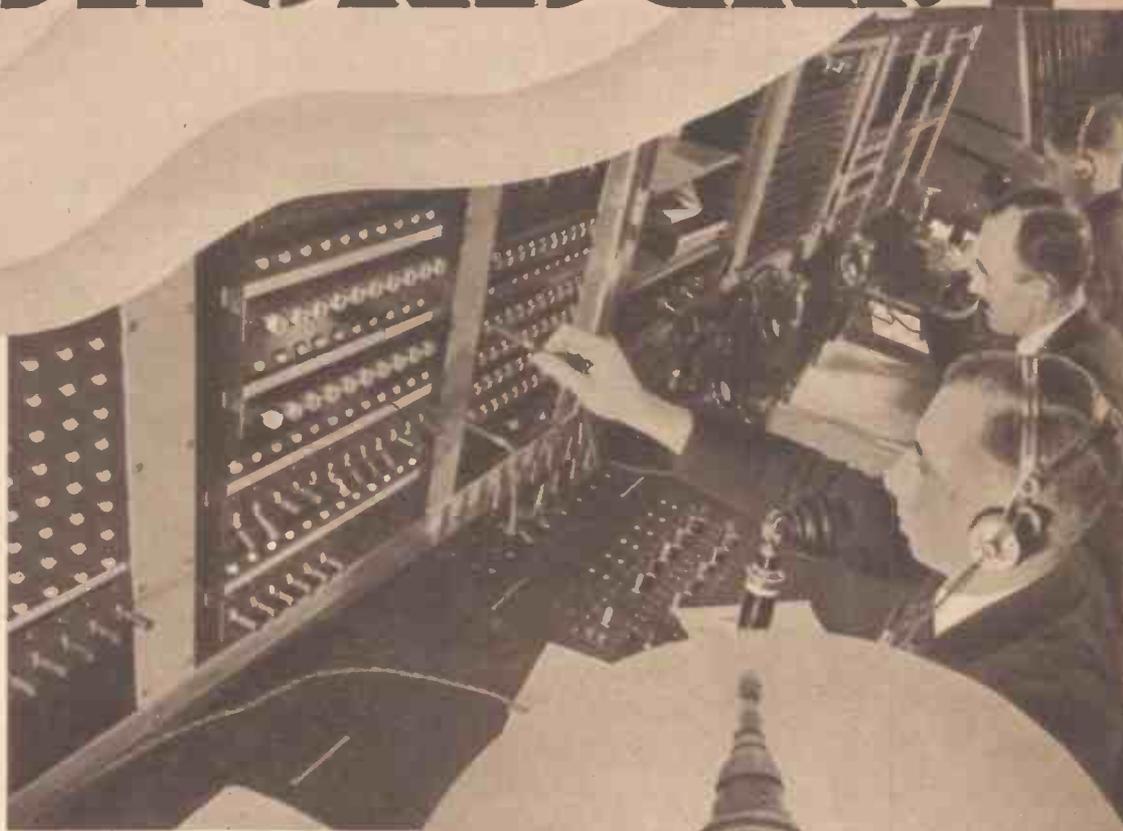
The present clock is not very old. It was designed by Lord Grimthorpe, and was installed in 1893.

Wren had a clock made by a man named Langley Bradley, but the thing refused to keep time, and when Wren took Bradley to task about it he was told that it was not surprising because the public had been allowed to inspect it. People were curious about a big clock in those days, but poking walking sticks into this one's inside didn't

do it any good. In 1719 another clock was built, and this time the London public was *not* allowed to inspect it. A good timepiece it proved to be. It did duty for over a hundred and seventy years.

Perhaps the tone of Great Paul is more appealing than that of Great Tom. Still, Tom is a good fellow and will make an excellent understudy for Big Ben, who hopes to be "doing his stuff" on August Bank Holiday, if not before.

(In circle) The bell tower of St. Paul's, from which the new B.B.C. time signal will temporarily be broadcast



The fine panorama of London, from the top of the Big Ben tower. Special infra-red plates were used to photograph this view, to clarify the distant objects



Behind the Scenes

with the

B.B.C.

THEATRE

Orchestra

by Whitaker-WILSON

AS time goes on, this excellent little band is becoming more and more popular. Not only with listeners in Great Britain but with a great many Continental listeners as well.

Since Stanford Robinson took it over, the orchestra has been augmented and improved in many ways. It is now his special care. It is so important in the general scheme of broadcasting that its guidance was thought to be a whole-time job.

Robinson takes immense trouble over it, stroking it the right way until it purrs as he wants it to. The members are keen on their work; thus there is at least one orchestra at the B.B.C. with a soul of its own.

You may remember Dr. Julius Burger, the popular Viennese conductor who came over here specially to conduct an admirable little show called *Vienna*, a few weeks ago. Most foreign conductors will tell you that no English orchestra has the slightest idea how to play a Viennese waltz.

Probably Dr. Burger was of that opinion when he arrived, but before he left he told the B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra that they played waltzes exactly like a Viennese orchestra.

It is not every English band that earns a high compliment of this description from so fine a judge.

The Theatre Orchestra is always busy. It is always wanted for something. Only the other day I watched a vaudeville rehearsal with what was dubbed a scratch band. I asked where the Theatre Orchestra was. The reply was that it was busy on another production and could not be spared.

"Robbie," as we all call Stanford Robinson, is an indefatigable worker, and very popular with his band. He is always rehearsing it for some show or other. Often these are specially written and are new to everyone concerned. Therefore they need as many extra rehearsals as can be arranged.

I obtained an excellent idea of the work of the Theatre Orchestra during the rehearsals for *Love Needs a Waltz*. I remember Leslie Smith, the composer, talking about the production. "Robbie obviously knows what he is about," he said. "I shan't interfere with him." That is a high compliment from a composer. Usually they want to interfere about every other bar. Incidentally, that was one of the best shows we have had for some time.

Perhaps you did not realise that the transmission was from the Concert Hall at Broadcasting House.

An excellent place for the purpose. I remember there was an unpleasant fog outside in the streets, but the air of the Concert Hall had had a nice wash before we breathed it.

The Theatre Orchestra had spread itself out comfortably on the stage. Mr. Robinson stood in a rostrum in his shirt-sleeves. (They always conduct their rehearsals that way at Broadcasting House.) Directly behind him was Debroy Somers and his band. You may remember they provided an attractive tonal contrast to the Theatre Orchestra. An excellent idea to use two orchestras of differing make-up.

This rehearsal was enough to demonstrate Mr. Robinson's thorough methods. He was patience itself when mistakes occurred, as they were bound to occur with manuscript parts being read for the first time. An hour passed like a few minutes, but a good deal of work was done.

A pleasant place, this Concert Hall. The lighting arrangements are so attractive. Also there is plenty of room to move. Everyone seemed comfortable.

Stanford Robinson is one of the veterans of broadcasting. Admittedly a young-looking veteran but the fact remains that he has been at the B.B.C. for ten years. He remembers the beginnings of things. He has not wasted his time, nor the B.B.C.'s for that matter. He was directly concerned with the formation of the National Chorus which began in a very small way.

Originally the chorus was intended for occasional concerts only, but its membership gradually grew. In 1928 there were six thousand applicants. Mr. Robinson personally heard about a thousand.

Then, of course, we cannot forget the Wireless Singers, brought together for the rendition of part-songs and madrigals. The perfection of their singing was due to Stanford Robinson.

Other work for which he has been directly responsible comprises the conducting of fifty-three out of the 198 church cantatas of Bach. These cantatas may not be everyone's meat, but they are amongst the greatest musical literature in the world. To have had the opportunity of rehearsing and conducting fifty-three of them does not fall to the lot of every musician.

Mr. Robinson has conducted Mendelssohn's "Elijah" at the Queen's Hall, and three studio performances of Handel's "Messiah." He says that he hopes the next time he conducts "Messiah" it will begin on time. Through no fault of his own it has begun late on each of the three occasions. First of all he was delayed through a taxi breaking down; the second time a dense fog appeared from nowhere and made him twenty minutes late, and the principal tenor fifty minutes late; so the third time he decided to stay in the building all day to try and break the hoo-doo. Everyone was present in the studio five minutes before the transmission was due to start, but fate stepped in, and the previous programme overran twenty-five minutes!

In appearance Stanford Robinson is tall and dark. Perhaps a little dreamy-looking, but with noticeably quick movements when conducting. In rehearsal he is reasonably strict in the sense that he allows no waste of time, but he is pleasant with it all. When correcting or suggesting improvements he seems to use short sentences. So much the better. Verbose conductors rarely get the best out of their orchestras.

WHITAKER-WILSON.

**"Radio Pictorial"—every Friday
—ORDER YOUR COPY NOW!**

CHRISTOPHER STONE on—

BY common consent, the cushiest job that anyone could be offered by the B.B.C. would be to choose gramophone records for broadcasting, and the most experienced musical critic would probably do the job less efficiently than the average errand boy.

You, yourself, if you listen to gramophone broadcasts, have often thought that you could do it at least as well as the man who chose the records.

So far as I am concerned—and I have probably been responsible for as many B.B.C. broadcasts of records as anyone—you are justified in thinking so. In a fairly busy life I have not a quarter of the time that I should like to spare for preparing the programmes that I broadcast and the very restrictions under which I work make it easier rather than harder to build a programme that will serve its purpose.

Consider it like this. There are the records that you enjoy yourself; there are the records that the majority of listeners will enjoy; there are the records that the majority of listeners ought to hear whether they like them or not. There are various makes of records each of which has to have its fair share of representation; there are various music publishers who claim the right to have a due proportion of their publications broadcast. Then there is the



RECORDS I SHOULD LIKE TO BROADCAST

programme itself to be arranged and balanced so that it is varied in kind, not top-heavy, not angular. Then, too, there is the consideration of the programme's relation to preceding and succeeding programmes and to its opposite numbers on other wavelengths.

All these things—and none of them can be ignored—tend to take the vitality out of the finished article; but, as with solving cross-word puzzles or writing a sonnet or a rondeau, there is the compensating advantage of the neat design over the vivid jumble. It sometimes happens that what appears to the listener to be a very ordinary hour of gramophone records is a most ingenious dove-tailing of the numerous considerations involved; and it would be absurd for me, or any other programme-builder hedged in with these conditions, to expect to provide first-class entertainment for the listener every time.

But supposing for a moment that there were no restrictions at all, and that one had a completely free hand to choose at will from the storehouse of all that is, or has been, recorded for the gramophone, without any thought for the feelings and rights of the artists, composers, copyright-holders, and manufacturers, what superlative adventures one could have! What celebrity concerts, what contrasts between operas and musical comedies and music halls of the pre-War and post-War eras, what fascinating travels by means of rare records from foreign countries, what interesting studies in the various ways of playing a piece of music or singing a particular song or operatic air!

The only series of programmes that was ever entrusted to me by the B.B.C. was of "Tunes we all Know," and though the quality of this was diminished by the necessity of choosing the less than best records of many tunes in order to represent the various recording companies, the total effect was popular.

One very old lady wrote to tell me that she had listened to the whole series with delight and had only missed one afternoon when it was her birthday and her grandchildren had taken her out for a treat to have tea in a teashop with them, and she, good soul, had not had the heart to tell them that she would much have preferred to stay at home and enjoy her radio set, and the tunes she knew.

I should like to repeat that series again some day. But it would be a great mistake to lay stress on the repetition of what is popular. Variety is the life blood of broadcasting, and listeners ought to recognise that even "The Blue Danube" and Handel's "Largo" and the "Londonderry Air" can be broadcast too often.

Legend says that one particular record was broadcast in Australia no less than seventy-three times in one day. This is the apogee of pandering to an ephemeral vogue.

The other day I received a long letter from an invalid who had never been to school. She and her younger sister "spend all our evenings, weekends, and holidays together at home, so you will understand why our radio and our gramophone are a grate comfort to us."

She went on to say "We enjoy your programs very much, espeshally when you give us light music such as that by Strauss. We like operettes, dance music (before it gets hot), light opera, old tunes, also some comedy numbers. We utterly dislike symphony, heavy operas, hot jaz, and folk songs."

I believe that the taste of this girl and her sister is as nearly as possible the taste of the average listener. Certainly, it is the taste which I try to bear in mind when I am making up a programme.

But it is at this point that the two other considerations which I mentioned above come into action. The records that I like myself, but which are not really popular (the singing of Yvonne

Printemps, for instance) or that, like most of the classics, "grow upon you" the oftener you hear them; and the records that the majority of listeners ought to hear whether they like them or not—i.e. the superb performances of great works by famous orchestras or soloists and the superb performances of great songs and airs by great voices; the triumphs of the recording studio, of whatever kind they may be—these are the things that essentially and vitally justify the diffusion of music by radio and the gramophone.

If I were obliged to broadcast only what the average listener already likes, I should still cling to my job; but I should die in harness of a broken heart, or just boredom, quite soon. And the average listener would die too.

From time to time parents and school-teachers write to me to recount the solecisms of children who have confused me with Christopher Columbus, Sir Christopher Wren, or even Christopher Robin; and every now and then I am sent a newspaper cutting or a cinema programme in which Gilbert Frankau's "Christopher Strong" is misprinted "Christopher Stone."

And there was a lady who went into a theatre-ticket agency and asked for two seats for "The Late Christopher Stone."

There cannot be more than a few individuals with my names in the world.

Actually I only know of two.

One of these lives in London. The other may (but probably does not still) function as a policeman in Cape Town. Years ago, long before the B.B.C. was invented, I was travelling in South Africa and having run short of money had cabled to the bank in London to cable some money to Cape Town for me.

The sea-trip from Durban rather delayed my arrival, but I lost no time in going to the local bank to draw my fifty pounds. I was requested by the clerk to go to the manager's office, where after sundry searching inquiries and proofs of identity I was paid my money.

But, unfortunately, my delay in claiming it had caused the bank to insert an advertisement in the local paper, which was answered by my namesake the policeman.

This brave fellow had lately lost a relative in England and was not in the least surprised to hear that a sum of fifty pounds had been cabled to his credit from London.

He had taken and spent the windfall before I arrived on the scene; I trust upon worthy objects.

Christopher is thus obviously a lucky name to bear, even outside Germany.

Personally I am lucky not to be called Decimus, for my parents had called the sister next before me "Nono," and they were fairly stumped when it came to naming their tenth child.

But one afternoon, while my father was out for a walk, my mother received a letter from my godmother designate, who was Miss Octavia Hill then in the height of her philanthropic activities managing working-class houses; and she wrote that she had been collecting rents in Christopher Pass age, which is off Wigmore Street, and had felt certain that the name of her godchild must be Christopher.

On that in came my father from his walk and, as he opened the door of the bedroom, in which my mother and I lay, he said:

"I have got baby's name. He must be called Christopher."

This little fragment of family tradition would not be revealed by me if I were not very conscious that it has played a great part in my fortunes!



Stars at Home—14

amount and has a high opinion of Huxley, George Moore, and David Garnett.

She has just bought a car.

She intends to drive it in the South of France for her holiday this year, but does not like driving in London.

She says she cannot concentrate well enough, and is likely to get woolly and hit a policeman or run into a taxi.

You will never catch the lady smoking a cigarette. She says they hurt her throat abominably. But she can smoke a cigar, or a whiff, with anybody! Neither does she play cards to any extent, but she will cheerfully gamble in a mild way at roulette or poker for the whole of an evening.

An intimate article dealing with the home life of Hermione Gingold—Mrs. Eric Maschwitz, the wife of the popular B.B.C. Variety Director, Eric Maschwitz.

At Home with "Mrs. B.B.C. VARIETY"

HERMIONE FERDINANDA GINGOLD is her name.

She is of foreign extraction, as her paternal grandfather was an Austrian and her grandmother a Turk.

As you know already, she is Mrs. Eric Maschwitz. Hermione lives in a sweet little flat in Adam Street, Adelphi, just off the Strand. It is right at the top of a building, the lower floors being offices of one kind or another. The flat has a sitting-room, a bedroom and a kitchen. The living-room is very charmingly furnished. There is a roomy divan, a baby grand piano, some unusual-looking ornaments and always a huge bunch of lilies. Hermione is never without her lilies. You would be surprised how quiet it is there, even though but a few feet off there is a busy thoroughfare.

The only objection to the flat from most people's point of view is its ghost.

Hermione says she has never seen it, but it likes to come and rattle the wardrobe door, knock the other doors, and occasionally amuse itself by turning the kitchen light on and off.

It comes when they have friends, but never goes so far as to enter the living-room.

Hermione is quite friendly with it, seemingly.

At the moment she is busy with her singing prior to going back to the stage whence she came to broadcast. Hers is a distinctly pleasing voice.

She is determined to go back to the stage because she feels broadcasting can only be *part* of her work.

Naturally, she is not pleased at the way some of the papers have been treating her.

They say because she is Eric's wife she gets jobs she otherwise would not get.

That is quite untrue. While he was

editing the *Radio Times*, she broadcast far more than she has since he took over Light Entertainment.

As she says, the whole thing is so silly because the papers took no notice of her until Eric became Variety Director. It isn't as though she were an amateur.

She has been on the stage for years.

Hermione Gingold is really a highbrow in a way. That is to say she likes serious music—Bach especially. She declares she finds everything in music in him.

She is also devoted to Chopin and Debussy, showing her good taste. She reads a fair

Another confession is that she likes good food, and nearly always takes her meals in a restaurant. So that the flat does not see her for very long at a time. She says she would be very extravagant in the matter of her clothes if she could afford all she wants. She is certainly always smartly dressed.

She has a horror of getting stout.

SWhy is a mystery, for she never will.

Every morning she works away at her physical jerks, and the day is not complete until she has proved she can touch her toes as easily as she did yesterday.

At one time in her career she evinced an interest in spiritualism, but every medium she has interviewed has proved a fraud. So Miss Gingold is no spiritualist in these days.

She has written a good many short stories and, like her husband, is never happy unless she is working. They are an odd couple. Neither of them ever dreams of going to bed until two o'clock in the morning, yet you can ring her up—or him, for that matter—at nine-thirty and be sure of a cheery reply.

Hermione makes frank confessions about herself if you disturb her to it. She considers she has allowed herself to be misrepresented to such an extent that everyone who offers her a part thinks she always wants to be a Cockney. On the contrary she has no real use for any but serious parts. She lives a serious life and takes interest in serious things.

It is often the way.

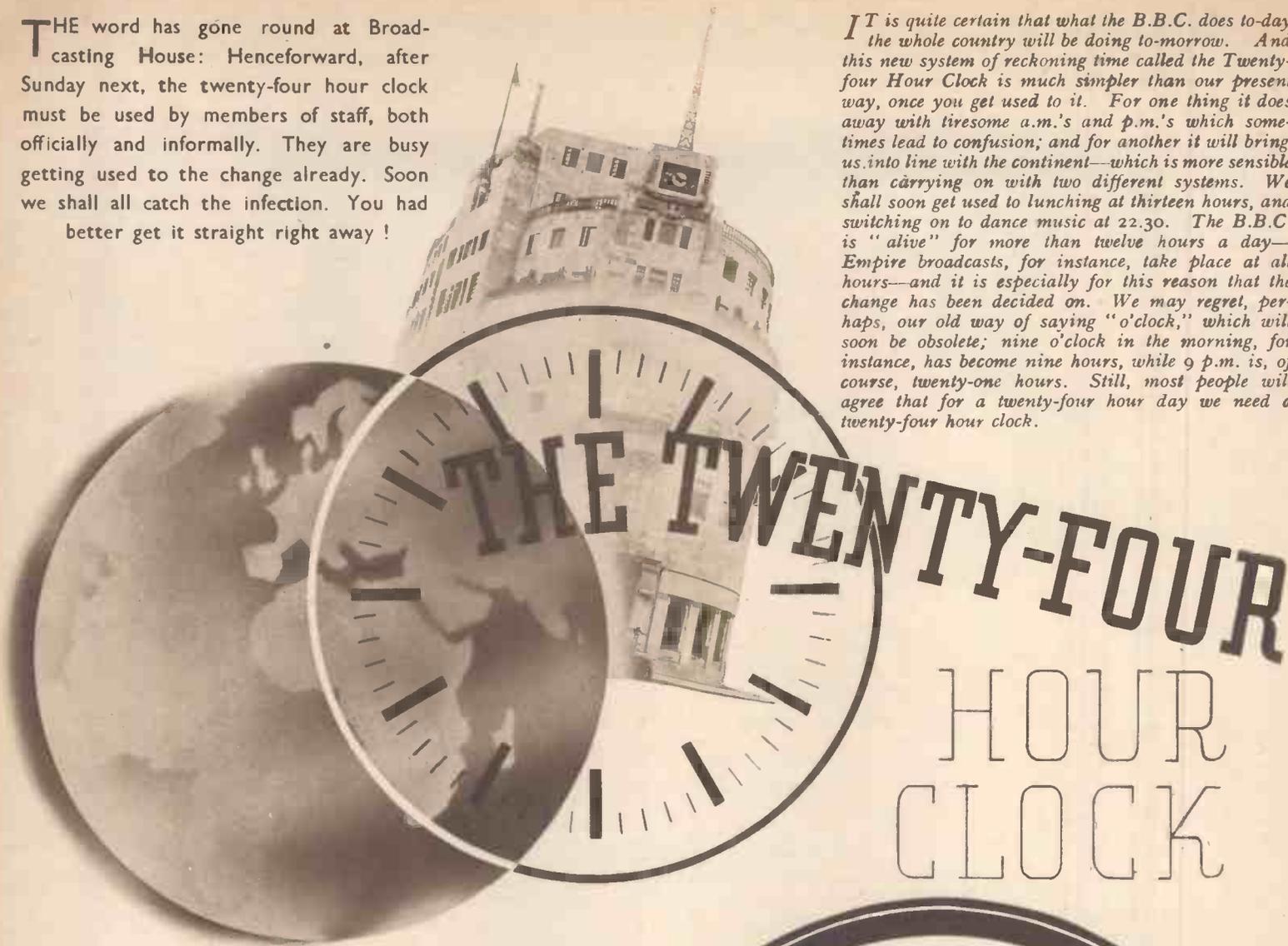
Some chance, or mischance, gives an actress an opening.

She takes it and then finds nobody will let her do what she wants. Perhaps somebody at the B.B.C. will give Hermione an opportunity to play something worth her while.



THE word has gone round at Broadcasting House: Henceforward, after Sunday next, the twenty-four hour clock must be used by members of staff, both officially and informally. They are busy getting used to the change already. Soon we shall all catch the infection. You had better get it straight right away!

IT is quite certain that what the B.B.C. does to-day the whole country will be doing to-morrow. And this new system of reckoning time called the Twenty-four Hour Clock is much simpler than our present way, once you get used to it. For one thing it does away with tiresome a.m.'s and p.m.'s which sometimes lead to confusion; and for another it will bring us into line with the continent—which is more sensible than carrying on with two different systems. We shall soon get used to lunching at thirteen hours, and switching on to dance music at 22.30. The B.B.C. is "alive" for more than twelve hours a day—Empire broadcasts, for instance, take place at all hours—and it is especially for this reason that the change has been decided on. We may regret, perhaps, our old way of saying "o'clock," which will soon be obsolete; nine o'clock in the morning, for instance, has become nine hours, while 9 p.m. is, of course, twenty-one hours. Still, most people will agree that for a twenty-four hour day we need a twenty-four hour clock.



APRIL 22 will see a revolution in our timing system as important as the introduction of Summer Time—which begins on the same day—though much less spectacular than the first introduction of Daylight Saving.

This time there will not be an Act of Parliament, nor any agitation whatsoever; simply an order has been given to the staff of the B.B.C. that in future they shall use the twenty-four hour clock.

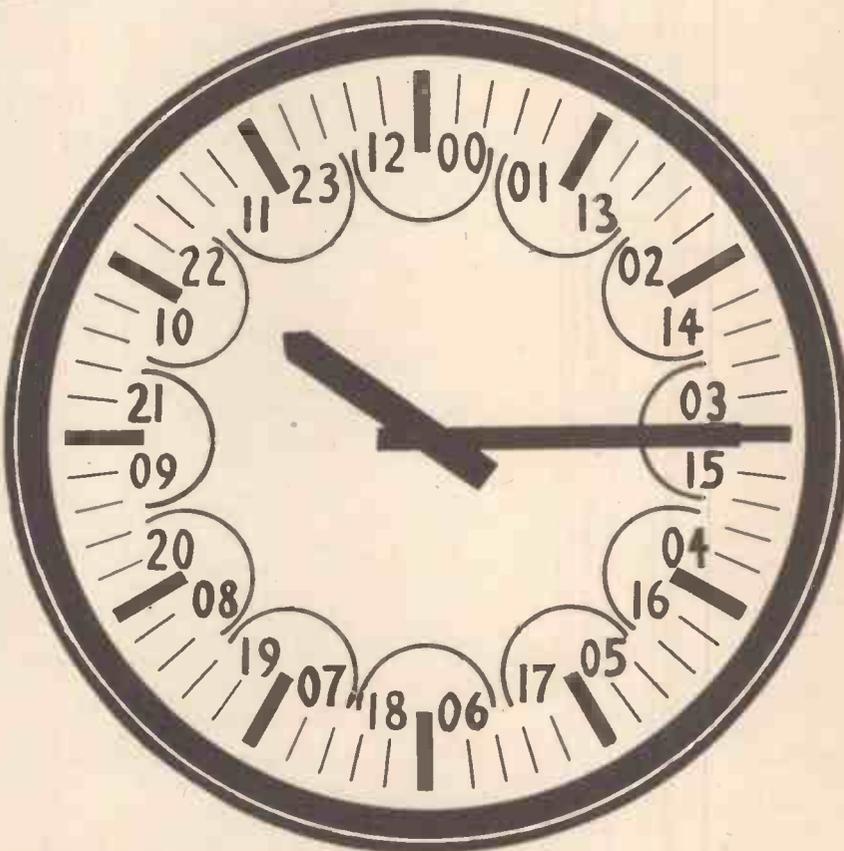
Look at the clock on the right—its normally rather vacant face has suddenly become rather crowded. Each hour is marked with two numbers; first, from 1 to 12 (or, rather, from 01, 02, 03 as far as 12) and, secondly, from 13 to 23. Instead of 24 we have 00. Thus 1 p.m. becomes 13 hours, 2 p.m. 14 hours, and so on till midnight. By the way, though 12 p.m. has now become 00 on the clock, it will be printed 24.00 when it ends a programme, and 00.00 when it begins one. Further, announcers will always speak of it as "midnight."

You will see at once that there can be no more confusion between a.m.'s and p.m.'s. Especially was trouble liable to arise with the hours just after midnight, when Empire broadcasting is, of course, taking place; and Empire listeners will find the new notation much more convenient. Occasionally foreign relays also take place at awkward times.

Another common source of disaster—the railway timetable—would also benefit by a change of time system, when mistakes between trains which run at 12 p.m. and those which run at 12 a.m. would be altogether avoided. The rest of Europe already uses this system, and we should gain as much from universalising our systems of time notation as we should by agreeing to the same Rule of the Road.

Here is a typical afternoon programme :

- 12.30—Light Orchestra.
- 13.30—Gramophone Records.
- 14.0—Studio Orchestra.
- 15.0—Light Orchestra.
- 16.30—Light Classical Concert.
- 17.15—The Children's Hour.



For the last week or two the B.B.C. has been practising the new times. Rehearsal and broadcast times on the notice-board were according to the new clock, and the staff was told that anybody making use of the old hours in the course of their work and conversation would be considered to have infringed the rules of the Corporation.

The general public cannot be similarly enforced, and we shall be free to learn as quickly or as slowly as we like.

PROGRAMME HEADLINES of the WEEK



Joseph Slater
(Tuesday, 4.30 p.m. National)



Gerald Heard
(Wednesday, 6.50 p.m. National)



Orrea Pernel
(Monday, 8 p.m. National)



Percy Kahn
(Monday, 7.30 p.m. Regional)

NATIONAL

SUNDAY (April 22).—Orchestral concert, from Eastbourne.

MONDAY (April 23).—Speech by Sir Austen Chamberlain at the Royal Society of St. George, relayed from the Connaught Rooms.

Sir Austen Chamberlain will propose the toast of "England," and to wind up the evening Patrick Curwen will give a reading from Shakespeare.

TUESDAY (April 24).—*Will Shakespeare*, an invention by Clemence Dane.

Will Shakespeare, Clemence Dane's play, has been adapted for broadcasting. Val Gielgud, B.B.C. Drama Director, is the producer and the music has been composed and will be directed by Robert Chignell.

WEDNESDAY (April 25).—Variety programme.

THURSDAY (April 26).—The Old Music Halls, a series of programmes written and arranged by M. Willson Disher, 6—The Empire.

FRIDAY (April 27).—*Seven Days' Sunshine*, a musical cruise.

SATURDAY (April 28).—Running commentary on the Football Association Cup Final, Manchester City v. Portsmouth, relayed from Wembley.

The last Saturday in April is always a big day for football "fans." It is the day when the F.A. Cup Final is broadcast from Wembley. This time George F. Allison will again be the commentator, when Manchester City and Portsmouth compete for the Cup, and the proceedings open with community singing, conducted by T. P. Ratcliffe. The Welsh Guards will provide music under the conductorship of Captain A. Harris.

LONDON REGIONAL

SUNDAY (April 22).—A Religious Service, from a studio.

MONDAY (April 23).—Speeches following the luncheon on the occasion of the Annual Shakespeare Birthday Celebration, relayed from the Conference Hall, Stratford-upon-Avon.

April 23 is both St. George's and Shakespeare's day and these two great National figures will be suitably commemorated in the B.B.C. programmes. At the luncheon on the occasion of the annual Shakespeare birthday celebration, Sir John Simon will propose "The Immortal Memory"; Mr. James Agate will propose "The Drama," and Sir John Martin Harvey will reply to the toast. London Regional and Midland Regional listeners will hear these speeches.

TUESDAY (April 24).—*Frederica*, a musical play by Ludwig Herzer and Fritz Löhner.

WEDNESDAY (April 25).—*Will Shakespeare*, an invention by Clemence Dane.

THURSDAY (April 26).—Royal Philharmonic Society Concert, relayed from Queen's Hall.

FRIDAY (April 27).—A Stravensky programme of contemporary music.

SATURDAY (April 28).—Variety programme.

MIDLAND REGIONAL

SUNDAY (April 22).—A recital of favourite ballads.

MONDAY (April 23).—*The Swan of Avon*, a birthday programme, relayed from the Memorial Theatre, Stratford on Avon.

TUESDAY (April 24).—Folk tunes from Gloucestershire, choral programme.

WEDNESDAY (April 25).—Band programme.

THURSDAY (April 26).—Sailor songs, choral programme.

FRIDAY (April 27).—The Regional Revellers' Concert Party.

SATURDAY (April 28).—Variety programme.

WEST REGIONAL

SUNDAY (April 22).—Baptist service, relayed from Ebenezer Church, Abertillery.

MONDAY (April 23).—Speeches and music at the annual dinner of the Mawnogshire Society, Cnwc-y-Cnau.

TUESDAY (April 24).—Orchestral concert, relayed from Torquay.

WEDNESDAY (April 25).—Singing festival of the Calvinistic Methodists of Conway Valley, relayed from Siloh, Llandudno.

THURSDAY (April 26).—A choral concert, relayed from the Drill Hall, Merthyr.

FRIDAY (April 27).—*Rhythms Round the World*, orchestral programme.

SATURDAY (April 28).—*On the Banks of the Dovey*, feature programme.

NORTH REGIONAL

SUNDAY (April 22).—*April Showers*, a programme of seasonal music and speech.

MONDAY (April 23).—St. George's Day: Trooping the Colour.

TUESDAY (April 24).—Orchestral concert.

WEDNESDAY (April 25).—Variety, relayed from the Grand Theatre, Doncaster.

THURSDAY (April 26).—Brass band concert.

FRIDAY (April 27).—The Yorkshire Mummers' Concert Party.

SATURDAY (April 28).—Variety programme.

SCOTTISH REGIONAL

SUNDAY (April 22).—Annual church parade service.

MONDAY (April 23).—*Mixer-Maxter*, variety fae Aiberdeen Awa.

TUESDAY (April 24).—*Strathspeys from Strathspey*: a programme of Scottish song and dance.

WEDNESDAY (April 25).—Orchestral concert.

THURSDAY (April 26).—A concert by a ladies' choir.

FRIDAY (April 27).—*Jephtha* (Handel).

SATURDAY (April 28).—*Sea Wave*, feature programme from the North-East Coasts of Scotland.

BELFAST

SUNDAY (April 22).—Tenth anniversary service of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve Ulster Division.

MONDAY (April 23).—Orchestral concert.

TUESDAY (April 24).—Irish music, orchestral and choral concert.

WEDNESDAY (April 25).—Orchestral concert, relayed from the Municipal Museum and Art Gallery.

THURSDAY (April 26).—Military band concert.

FRIDAY (April 27).—*Castles in the Wind*, a play by Ethel Lewis.

SATURDAY (April 28).—*Cavalleria Rusticana*.

Star Features in the National Programme

SUNDAY

The Akphas:
Eugene Pini and his Tango Orchestra.
Thalben-Ball.
The Kolisch String Quartet.
Lord Gorell.
Leslie Jeffries and the Grand Hotel (Eastbourne) Orchestra.

MONDAY

The Scottish Studio Orchestra, directed by Guy Daines.
Stuart Hibberd.
Desmond MacCarthy.
Commander Stephen King-Hall.
Sir Austen Chamberlain.
Richard Tauber.

TUESDAY

E. M. Stephan.
Joseph Slater.
The Gershorn Parkington Quintet.
Sir-Herbert Samuel.

WEDNESDAY

Hastings Municipal Orchestra, directed by Julius Harrison.
Gerald Heard.
Oliver Baldwin.

THURSDAY

Megan Lloyd-George.
Christopher Stone.
Denis O'Neill.
Bertha Willmott.
The Leslie Bridgewater Harp Quintet.

FRIDAY

S. P. B. Mais.
Charles Manning and his Orchestra.
Peggy Cochrane.

SATURDAY

The Commodore Grand Orchestra, directed by Joseph Muscant.
Cup Final Relay.
Jack Payne with his Orchestra.

Dance Music of the Week

Monday. Lew Stone and his Band (*Monseigneur*).

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

Wednesday. Charlie Kunz and the Casani Club Orchestra (*Casani Club*).

Thursday. Lou Preager and his Band (*Romano's*).

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*).

Radio Times gives full programme details.

Your Foreign Programme Guide



Peggy Cochrane
(Friday, 9.20 p.m. National)

Jack Salisbury
(Sunday, 5.30 p.m. Regional)

Julius Harrison
(Wednesday, 3 p.m. National)

Denis O'Neil
(Thursday, 8 p.m. National)

SUNDAY (APRIL 22)

- Athlone** (531 m.).—Choral Concert relayed from Wexford ... 9 p.m.
- Barcelona** (377.4 m.).—Dance Music from the Hollywood Bar ... 9 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1** (483.9 m.).—Conservatoire Concert ... 10 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2** (381.9 m.).—Dance Music ... 5 p.m.
- Bucharest** (365 m.).—Light Music on Gramophone Records 1.20 p.m.
- Ljubljana** (569.3 m.).—Opera Relay ... 8 p.m.
- Madrid** (274 m.).—Dance Music (Mon.) 2 a.m.
- Madrid EAQ** (30 m.).—Light Music (Mon.) 1 a.m.
- Luxembourg** (1,304 m.).—All Star Variety Concert ... 2.30 p.m.
- Poste Parisien** (312.8 m.).—Orchestra ... 10.30 p.m.
- Pittsburgh** (306 m.).—Radio City Concert ... 5.30 p.m.
- Radio Normandy** (206 m.).—Dance Music ... 2 p.m.
- Reykjavik** (1,200 m.).—Popular Songs ... 11 o.m.
- Scheneclady** (379.5 m.).—Musical Programme ... 8 p.m.
- Strasbourg** (349.2 m.).—Concert by the Philharmonic Orchestra ... 5 p.m.
- Copenhagen** (255.1 m.).—Gramophone ... 2.25 p.m.

MONDAY

- Athlone** (531 m.).—Light Music 9.30 p.m.
- Barcelona** (377.4 m.).—Song Recital 8.30 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1** (483.9 m.).—Gramophone ... 8 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2** (381.9 m.).—Orchestra ... 6.30 p.m.
- Bucharest** (365 m.).—Flute Recital 6.15 p.m.
- Ljubljana** (569.3 m.).—Orchestra 9.30 p.m.
- Poste Parisien** (312.8 m.).—Operetta Relay ... 9 p.m.
- San Sebastien** (238.5 m.).—Military Band Music (Tues.) 2.30 a.m.
- Pittsburgh** (306 m.).—Concert Favourites ... 9.45 p.m.
- Radio Normandy** (206 m.).—Dance Music ... 4 p.m.

- Reykjavik** (1,200 m.).—Popular Songs ... 11 p.m.
- Strasbourg** (349.2 m.).—Gramophone ... 6.30 p.m.
- Copenhagen** (255.1 m.).—Old Dance Music ... 8.30 p.m.

TUESDAY

- Athlone** (531 m.).—Selections by a Pipe Band ... 10.40 p.m.
- Barcelona** (377.4 m.).—Orchestra 10.10 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1** (483.9 m.).—Orchestral ... 8 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2** (321.9 m.).—Concert of Music to Shakespeare's Plays ... 8 p.m.
- Bucharest** (365 m.).—Symphony Concert ... 9 p.m.
- Ljubljana** (569.3 m.).—Choral Concert ... 8.45 p.m.
- Poste Parisien** (312.8 m.).—Orchestra ... 7.45 p.m.
- Pittsburgh** (306 m.).—Musical Potpourri ... 11 p.m.
- Radio Normandy** (206 m.).—Dance Music ... 5.45 p.m.
- Reykjavik** (1,200 m.).—Instrumental Selections ... 11 p.m.
- Strasbourg** (349.2 m.).—Orchestra 5 p.m.
- Copenhagen** (255.1 m.).—Ballet Music ... 10.15 p.m.

WEDNESDAY

- Athlone** (531 m.).—Pipes and Fiddle Selections ... 10.40 p.m.
- Barcelona** (377.4 m.).—Trio Concert ... 7 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1** (483.9 m.).—Orchestra ... 10.10 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2** (381.9 m.).—Peter Barwit Concert ... 8 p.m.
- Bucharest** (365 m.).—Concert of English Music ... 8 p.m.

- Ljubljana** (569.3 m.).—Opera Relay 8 p.m.
- Poste Parisien** (312.8 m.).—Dance Music ... 12.45 p.m.
- Pittsburgh** (306 m.).—Musical Potpourri ... 11 p.m.
- Radio Normandy** (206 m.).—Dance Music ... 11.30 p.m.
- Reykjavik** (1,200 m.).—The Radio Trio ... 11 p.m.
- Strasbourg** (349.2 m.).—Concert of Chamber Music ... 6 p.m.
- Copenhagen** (255.1 m.).—Piano Recital ... 7.45 p.m.

THURSDAY

- Athlone** (531 m.).—*The Golden Threshold*, play with the Station Orchestra ... 7.30 p.m.
- Barcelona** (377.4 m.).—Theatre Relay ... 11 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1** (483.9 m.).—Orchestra ... 8 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2** (381 m.).—Symphony Concert ... 9 p.m.
- Bucharest** (365 m.).—*Die Fledermaus* Opera (Strauss) relayed from the Romanian Opera House 7.30 p.m.
- Ljubljana** (569.3 m.).—Request Gramophone Music ... 7 p.m.
- Poste Parisien** (312.8 m.).—Operetta Selections ... 1.30 p.m.
- Pittsburgh** (306 m.).—Musical Potpourri ... 11 p.m.
- Radio Normandy** (206 m.).—Dance Music ... 11.30 a.m.
- Reykjavik** (1,200 m.).—The Radio Quartet. Dance Music 11 p.m.
- Strasbourg** (349.2 m.).—Orchestra 6.30 p.m.
- Copenhagen** (255.1 m.).—Orchestra ... 8.10 p.m.

FRIDAY

- Athlone** (531 m.).—Stanley Barrett and the Ibcolians ... 9.30 p.m.
- Barcelona** (377.4 m.).—Orchestra 10.40 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1** (483.9 m.).—Symphony Concert ... 5 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2** (381.9 m.).—Dance Music ... 10.10 p.m.
- Bucharest** (365 m.).—Concert by the Philharmonic Orchestra 8 p.m.
- Ljubljana** (569.3 m.).—Gramophone Concert ... 6 p.m.
- Poste Parisien** (312.8 m.).—Neapolitan Songs ... 12.5 p.m.
- Valencia** (352.9 m.).—Selection of Waltzes ... (Sat.) 2.30 a.m.
- Pittsburgh** (306 m.).—Gershwin Music ... (Sat.) 12.30 a.m.
- Radio Normandy** (206 m.).—Gramophone Concert 12 midnight
- Reykjavik** (1,200 m.).—Gramophone Music ... 11 p.m.
- Strasbourg** (349.2 m.).—Chamber Music ... 8.30 p.m.
- Copenhagen** (255.1 m.).—Concert 3 p.m.

SATURDAY

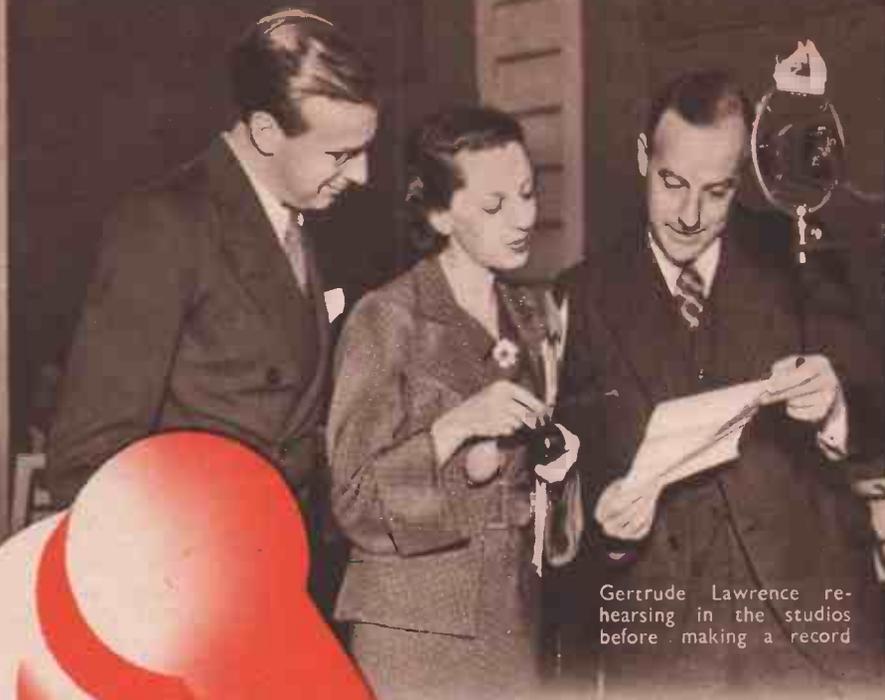
- Athlone** (531 m.).—Gramophone Concert ... 9.45 p.m.
- Barcelona** (377.4 m.).—Gramophone Concert ... 1.45 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1** (483.9 m.).—A Capello Concert ... 8.50 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2** (381.9 m.).—Symphony Concert ... 8 p.m.
- Bucharest** (365 m.).—Concert of Light Music ... 9.20 p.m.
- Ljubljana** (569.3 m.).—Choral Concert ... 9 p.m.
- Poste Parisien** (312.8 m.).—Orchestra ... 8.10 p.m.
- Pittsburgh** (306 m.).—Musical Potpourri ... 11 p.m.
- Radio Normandy** (206 m.).—Orchestra ... 12 midnight
- Reykjavik** (1,200 m.).—Choral Music and Dance Music 11 p.m.
- Strasbourg** (349.2 m.).—Concert by the "Orpheon" Music Society 8.30 p.m.
- Copenhagen** (255.1 m.).—Musical Programme ... 7.30 p.m.

Items You Must Not Miss

- Luxembourg** ... Concert ... 1-1.30 p.m., Sunday
- Athlone** ... Concert ... 9.30-10 p.m., Friday
- Poste Parisien** ... Orchestra ... 7.45 p.m., Tuesday
- Brussels No. 1** ... Concert ... 10.10 p.m., Wednesday
- Athlone** ... Radio play ... 7.30 p.m., Thursday
- Radio Normandy** ... Orchestra ... 12 noon, Saturday
- Poste Parisien** ... Orchestra ... 8.10 p.m., Saturday



Bobby Howes lets the mike have it



Gertrude Lawrence re-hearsing in the studios before making a record



Evelyn Laye makes a record with help from Max Kester and Ray Noble

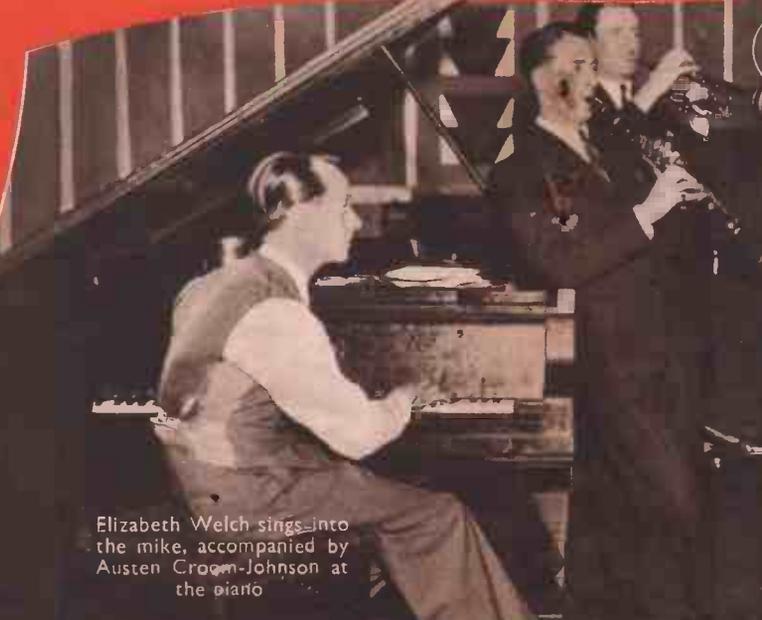


Eve Becke, Bobby Comber and Claude Hulbert record together

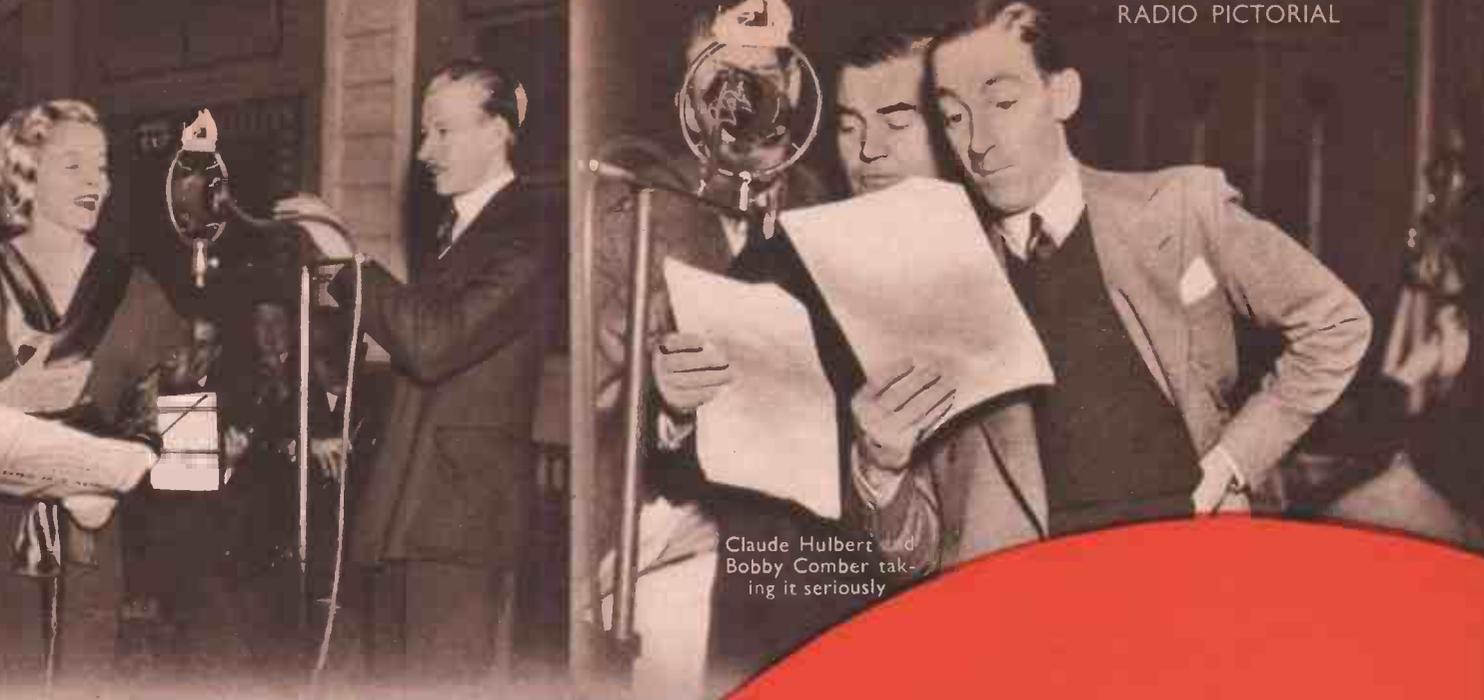


And here's how the record is finally made—the wax being cut at the All-England Dance Championship, photographed by Pathe

RADIO



Elizabeth Welch sings into the mike, accompanied by Austen Croom-Johnson at the piano



Claude Hulbert and Bobby Comber taking it seriously

STARS RECORD



Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert enjoying themselves in the studio



Gracie Fields with the members of her family at a party in the H.M.V. recording studios

VAL GIELGUD'S Famous Radio Thriller

FADE in gradually dance music and the chatter background of a reasonably expensive restaurant.

SHIRLEY : I love this tune.

BASIL : So do I.

SHIRLEY : You always say that.

BASIL : It always happens to be true—when you're my partner.

SHIRLEY : I wish I could believe that.

BASIL : Don't you?

SHIRLEY : Yes.

[These sentences should be spaced as of people talking to each other while dancing.]

[Music stops abruptly. Increase chatter slightly, but the band does not resume.]

SHIRLEY : Oh, I wish they'd go on!

BASIL : It's midnight, my dear. This is where they bring on the Tziganes.

SHIRLEY : Yes, so they do. I was forgetting.

[Chatter dies down. Sudden burst of clapping. A few preliminary flourishes by the zymbalist, and then bring up some faintly melancholy Tzigane tune. Fade to background.]

BASIL : Shirley!

SHIRLEY : Well?

BASIL : I've got a surprise for you.

SHIRLEY : Well?

BASIL : [ironically]: Ten for enthusiasm! You are coming on Friday morning, aren't you?

SHIRLEY : Am I?

BASIL : I think you are, somehow.

SHIRLEY : You're sure you want me to? No nonsense?

BASIL : Yes.

SHIRLEY : There's only one thing.

BASIL : What? Your mother?

SHIRLEY : I know I don't get on with mother, darling, but she's a person not a thing, all the same. No. But I don't think that being seasick is a good start for an elopement, do you?

BASIL : That's just it—you won't be!

SHIRLEY : What do you mean?

BASIL : You won't have the chance. We're going to fly!

SHIRLEY : Basil! Not really? What a tremendous rag! Do you mean to say we're really going to—?

BASIL : Here are two perfectly good tickets. We will meet at the aerodrome at half-past eight, and we will arrive in Paris at half-past eleven. You will not be seasick, and I shall have had a new experience. Do you mind?

SHIRLEY : I think it's a marvellous idea.

[Bring up Tziganes. Fade out.]

[Short silence.]

[Fade in the same dance tune, being played on a very indifferent gramophone.]

[Appropriate background noises of an Edinburgh bar.]

McLAURIN : Well, Sandy my boy! Fancy meeting you! What's yours?

SANDY : And what are you celebrating, Andrew?

McLAURIN : Celebrating! The very word! I'm off to Paris on Friday morning.

SANDY : Paris? You're a lucky man. I wish I was going with you. Mine's the usual.

McLAURIN : Two doubles and splash, please, miss. There's only one thing against Paris, Sandy.

SANDY : And what's that?

McLAURIN : They've no proper appreciation of whisky.

SANDY : Flying again?

McLAURIN : Ay. I certainly am flying. Ye see my wife's in Paris—I don't think—and she likes me to be punctual. She makes an awful song if I'm not punctual for my meals.

SANDY : Well, Andrew, you always were a perfect husband..

McLAURIN : And that's a fact!

SANDY : When do you go?

McLAURIN : I take the half-past eight 'plane from Croydon on Friday morning.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Basil : a young man

Shirley : a young girl

Mr. Andrew McLaurin : a commercial traveller

Sir Edward Harwood : baronet

Mr. Henry Chapman : of "The Briars," Woking

Mrs. Henry Chapman of "The Briars," Woking

Also : A Scotsman ; a Steward ; a Stenographer ; a Neighbour ; an Announcer ; an Editor ; Two English Tourists.

TIME : The Present.

SANDY : I suppose I can't sell you a parachute, Andy?

[Bring up background and fade out.]

[Short Silence.]

[Telephone bell.]

HARWOOD : Hullo! . . . yes, Sir Edward Harwood speaking. Oh, you, Mackintosh—well? . . . what's that? . . . Oh, damn it, is it absolutely necessary? . . . no, but really it is most awfully tiresome. Harry's asked me down to shoot over the week-end! No, I can't possibly cross to-morrow . . .

Oh, have it your own way . . . I'll go. Where am I to meet Havelock? Oh, he's staying at the Ritz. All right, I'll catch the early 'plane on Friday morning . . . Yes, that'll do . . . I'll see him at lunch . . . be at his disposal all the afternoon, if necessary, and fly back on Saturday morning . . . only another time I wish you wouldn't leave things quite so much until the last moment . . . Get me a seat on the early 'plane, will you, and send the ticket round to me by a messenger boy. Thanks. Goodbye. (Rings off.)

[Short pause.]

[Fade in the voice of an announcer reading the weather forecast.]

ANNOUNCER : Weather forecast for to-night and to-morrow. A depression is approaching the Southern and Western coasts from the Atlantic. Stormy weather is to be anticipated in the English Channel, North Sea, and St. George's Channel. Further outlook unsettled.

HENRY CHAPMAN : You don't want the news and the dance music, do you, Mrs. Galleway?

[Click as set is turned off.]

MRS. GALLEWAY : No. Mr. Chapman, frivolous music never did appeal to me. I like something more solemn, like Mr. Ketelby's "In a Monastery Garden," don't you, Mrs. Chapman?

MRS. CHAPMAN : Yes, he's my favourite. Isn't that forecast too bad, Henry? The first time we've ever gone abroad, and stormy weather in the Channel. I told you we oughtn't to go out of England for a holiday.

MR. CHAPMAN : Nonsense, my dear! Travel broadens the mind. We are quite old enough to have our minds broadened by now. Why, Ada, I'm fifty-three, you're forty-seven, and we've never been farther than Herne Bay.

MRS. GALLEWAY : Well, that's far enough, if you think of the train service.

MRS. CHAPMAN : I know I shall be sick.

MR. CHAPMAN : Really, dear, before Mrs. Galleway! I'm surprised at you.

MRS. CHAPMAN : No, dear. I meant on the boat.

MR. CHAPMAN : Well, it's too late now. We've got our tickets.

MRS. CHAPMAN : Henry!

MR. CHAPMAN : What is it, Ada?

MRS. CHAPMAN : Henry! I've forgotten to get the tickets!

MR. CHAPMAN : Well, really, Ada, I thought I could leave something to you. Here I have changed £3 into francs and got us a room in a really nice hotel, making sure that they speak English there, and you forget—

MRS. GALLEWAY : I think I must be going, Mrs. Chapman. I hope you have a nice holiday.

MRS. CHAPMAN : Oh, I don't suppose we'll go now, as I did forget the tickets. Perhaps it's a mercy.

MRS. GALLEWAY : It does seem a pity. My Ted knows a Mr. McLaurin—a Scotch gentleman—travels in woollen goods—he goes over to Paris three and four times a year. A dreadful bad sailor. Used to be downright ill. Now he always flies across. He tells Ted it's wonderful. Just like sitting in an armchair all the way, and no trouble with customs or anything.

MR. CHAPMAN : That's a great idea, Mrs. G.! Ada, we'll fly!

MRS. CHAPMAN : I couldn't!

MR. CHAPMAN : Ada, we're going to fly! On Friday morning. We may as well go the whole hog while we're about it. We made up our minds to enjoy ourselves on this holiday, to do something we've never done before, to be original and daring.

MRS. CHAPMAN : But, Henry—

MR. CHAPMAN : No, Ada—I won't hear another word. I shall go into International Air Transport on my way to the office to-morrow morning. I'm very grateful to you, Mrs. Galleway. I should never have thought of it myself. And Ada, I think you had better wear your woollen—

MRS. CHAPMAN : Henry!

[Clicks on set, and starts dance music.]

[Bring up and fade down and out.]

[Short silence.]

[Clock strikes eight.]

BASIL : Well, Shirley?

SHIRLEY : Well, Basil darling?

FRIDAY

BASIL : Feeling nervous?

SHIRLEY : Not a scrap.

BASIL : You're looking rather pink! Pretty, I admit, but pink.

SHIRLEY : I happen to be rather excited. I don't elope every day of my life.

BASIL : You surprise me!

SHIRLEY : I wish it wasn't such a beastly morning.

BASIL : Yes, but I expect we shall be above all that. When we're flying in glorious sunshine under a blue sky we shall be able to think of that odious squash up the gangway to the boat, and the even more odious squash down the gangway from the boat, and those quite revolting French customs. In short, my child, I think we've chosen the better part.

SHIRLEY : I expect so.

[Short pause.]

I wish we'd start, all the same.

BASIL : They'll tell us to go over in a minute now. We were due to go off at eight. The 'plane looks pretty nice and solid, doesn't it?

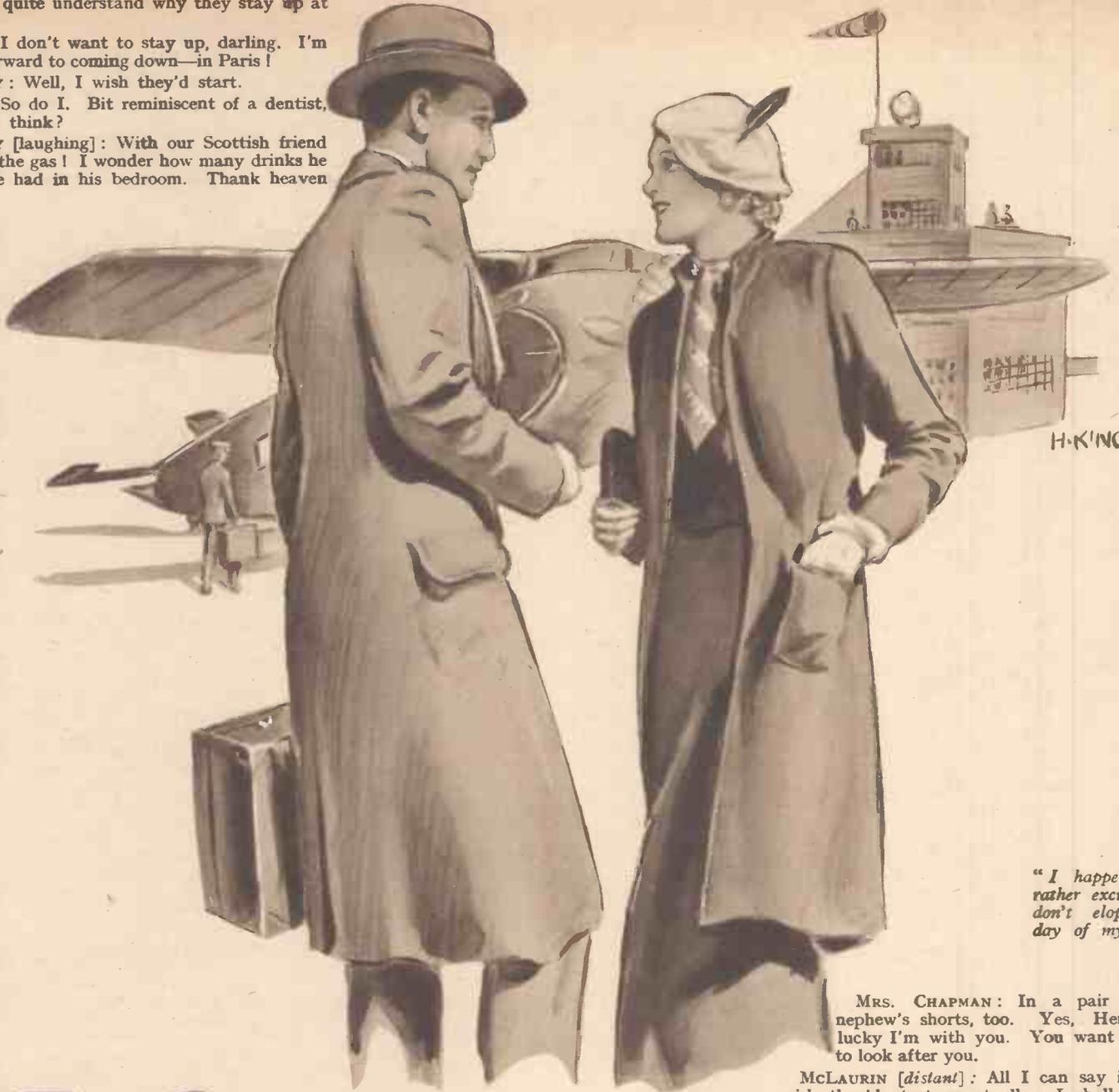
SHIRLEY: Quite nice, but rather too solid. I can never quite understand why they stay up at all.

BASIL: I don't want to stay up, darling. I'm looking forward to coming down—in Paris!

SHIRLEY: Well, I wish they'd start.

BASIL: So do I. Bit reminiscent of a dentist, don't you think?

SHIRLEY [laughing]: With our Scottish friend to supply the gas! I wonder how many drinks he must have had in his bedroom. Thank heaven



"I happen to be rather excited. I don't elope every day of my life!"

MRS. CHAPMAN: In a pair of your nephew's shorts, too. Yes, Henry, it's lucky I'm with you. You want someone to look after you.

McLAURIN [distant]: All I can say is that I wish they'd start punctually. I shall be very displeased if I'm late in arriving in Paris. I'm a punctual man. I've been married twenty-five years, and my wife likes me to be punctual. She makes an awful song if I'm not punctual for meals.

VOICE [distant]: Well, ladies and gentlemen, if you're all ready, will you come over? The 'plane is waiting.

[Clock strikes the half-hour.]

[Fade in sound of aeroplane engine ticking over.]

[Fade down noise of engine.]

STEWARD: Take your seats, please, ladies and gentlemen.

MRS. CHAPMAN: Oh, Steward—er, "Steward" is right, or should it be officer?

STEWARD: "Steward" is quite right, madam.

MRS. CHAPMAN: Then would you suggest forward or back? I'm a little liable to—er—

STEWARD: I think you'll find this quite comfortable, madam.

MRS. CHAPMAN: Thank you. Yes, beautifully padded. Henry, I declare I'm enjoying myself. But would you ask him where—if I feel a little—

MR. CHAPMAN: Yes, Ada. Steward! What arrangement is there—I mean, my wife here is liable to seasickness—

McLAURIN [heartily]: You won't be sick, mother! Trust me. I know. My wife would never let me travel if she thought I might be sick. But just look under the seat, man. You'll find a paper bag there for your wife if she wants it—and I've a wee drop of whisky handy—

Continued on next page

MORNING

he's taken his filthy cigarettes outside. They are a rum lot, aren't they?

BASIL: We can't all be quite as charming as you, darling! And now sit up and look pretty. Here comes our strong, silent man.

HARWOOD: I beg your pardon—I see you've got a morning paper.

BASIL: Yes.

HARWOOD: Very stupidly I forgot to get one at my hotel. Might I borrow it for a minute or two?

BASIL: Of course. I don't expect I shall want to read it.

HARWOOD: Very kind of you. It's only—there are some shares I'm interested in.

BASIL: Delighted.

[Short pause.]

Isn't he grand? Might have walked out of a film. Can't you see the dictaphone and the telephone in the background?

SHIRLEY: And the gramophone, darling! Don't try to be too clever!

[Short pause.]

Oh, I wish they'd start.

BASIL [seriously]: You aren't getting rattled?

SHIRLEY [tersely]: Don't be an ass. And if I was, I'd only have to look at "The Briars," Woking. Solid and stuffy as railway carriage cushions!

BASIL: Personally, I think they're charming.

[Clock strikes quarter.]

MR. CHAPMAN: Quite comfortable, Ada?

MRS. CHAPMAN: I'm enjoying myself, Henry.

MR. CHAPMAN: I said you would. I feel my mind's being broadened every minute. Nice people, these are. Very different from the second class, even when it's first class on the boat. That's a pretty girl in the corner, Ada. Looks nice, too.

MRS. CHAPMAN: You're not in Paris yet, Henry. Yes, he looks a nice young man.

MR. CHAPMAN: I wonder if they're married. They don't look it, somehow.

MRS. CHAPMAN: Don't let your imagination run away with you, Henry. It isn't good for the liver. Remember what happened when you saw that Douglas Fairbanks film.

MR. CHAPMAN: Well, perhaps I was a little old to begin running round the garden before breakfast.

Friday Morning

(Continued from preceding page)

MRS. CHAPMAN [*primly*] : Thank you very much. But we never touch spirits.

McLAURIN : I don't believe it!

[*Pause.*]

HARWOOD : Here's your paper, sir. I'm most grateful.

BASIL : Please keep it. I don't think I'll want it, shall I, Shirley?

SHIRLEY [*laughing*] : Not unless you can read a paper with one hand, darling!

BASIL : You see, sir? Shameless modern young women are, aren't they?

HARWOOD : But extremely attractive. My name's Harwood. Perhaps you'd both give me the pleasure of lunching with me in Paris?

BASIL : Love to, sir. Awfully good of you. I'm Basil Gordon. And this is my—er—wife.

HARWOOD : Nice of you to put up with a stranger. Till Le Bourget, then. I think I'll sit forward.

BASIL : Of course. I thought I knew his face. Sir Edward Harwood, one of the big steel men. I say, that's a bit of luck! He might be more than useful to know.

[*Slight increase in noise of engine.*]

SHIRLEY : Basil, hold my hand.

BASIL : Righto, darling! I don't mind if I do, to be quite honest.

SHIRLEY : Are you feeling nervous now?

BASIL : The whole thing seems too damn solid, and perhaps it's being shut in like this, but I don't see why we should keep up in the air at all. It doesn't seem natural to me. By Jove! We're up to 500 already. Rather fun having an altimeter inside the cabin. You can see what we're up to, anyway.

SHIRLEY : Or down to!

BASIL : Look at that train.

SHIRLEY : Just like a toy.

BASIL : It reminds me of the clockwork train I used to run with my tin soldiers all over the nursery floor.

SHIRLEY [*affectionately*] : Idiot!

BASIL : I suppose they don't give children toy soldiers any more now that militarism has stopped being fashionable.

SHIRLEY : Are you pretending that you're detached enough to start a conversation on general subjects? It doesn't go while you're holding my fingers with such a very sticky hand.

BASIL : You're too observant, darling. I wish the beastly thing wouldn't behave every other minute like a lift starting to go down. My stomach always feels as if it wanted to stay behind.

SHIRLEY : Isn't that what they call bumping?

McLAURIN [*loudly*] : There's no cause for alarm in that. I tell you I've flown thousands of miles by this time, and bumping's just a part of it. I always say to my wife it's one of the best parts of it. It keeps the liver active.

SHIRLEY [*whispering*] : I wish he'd gone and sat forward instead of Sir Edward.

BASIL : Yes. The back of his head's as good as a tonic. Sits there reading his paper as if he were in the Carlton Club.

SHIRLEY : Well, I suppose it's silly to be excited. After all, three or four of these things go to Paris and back every day, don't they? It's really only like going in a bus or a train, except that we haven't done it before.

BASIL : You're right. 800. I wonder why we aren't up any higher. I always thought these big machines were supposed to fly at about the 2,000 mark.

SHIRLEY : Oh? Why?

BASIL : Well, in case anything goes wrong over the Channel. They then have enough height to be able to glide down one side of it or the other, whatever happens. I expect it's those low rain clouds.

[*Pause.*]

SHIRLEY : You know, it's really rather fun. All those tennis-courts look like pocket-handkerchiefs, and the houses as if they had come out of a box of German bricks!

BASIL : I'm beginning to realise what a bird's-eye-view means. There's something pretty funny about a bird's-eye-view of a cow!

CHAPMAN : Well, Ada?

MRS. CHAPMAN : Well, Henry, I must say, so far I'm a little disappointed. It seems a trifle monotonous to me, somehow. I don't think it's a patch on the Giant Racer at Wembley.

SHIRLEY : Basil, look! There's the South Downs.

BASIL : So they are. I wish we'd go up a bit all the same. We're still under a thousand.

SHIRLEY : I'm beginning to think you're rather a fusser.

BASIL : Oh, are you? I'm beginning to wish I hadn't given Sir Edward my paper. I should like at this moment to retire behind it with dignity and a resounding crackle.

SHIRLEY : If you want to put your face into retirement, there's always your paper bag.

BASIL : That, darling, is coarse.

MRS. CHAPMAN : Henry, I declare in a few minutes I think I shall be asleep. I must say I expected rather more than this for my money.

MR. CHAPMAN : I'll take you to the theatre in Paris, Ada.

MRS. CHAPMAN : You'll do nothing of the sort, Henry.

MR. CHAPMAN : Then I shall go alone.

MRS. CHAPMAN : Henry! I think perhaps you'd better give me my paper bag.

MR. CHAPMAN : You're not feeling—er—peculiar

MRS. CHAPMAN : Not at all. I wanted to take your mind off a doubtful subject.

[*Pause.*]

[*Fade in sound of engine, which diminishes slightly.*]

BASIL : The odd thing about it is it all seems so frightfully slow. We don't seem to be going any pace at all, though we must be nearly over the Kent border. I thought somehow it would be frightfully fast, like an express train, only more so.

[*Slight pause.*]

Shirley, what is it? You're fairly digging into my arm. Shirley!

SHIRLEY [*whispering*] : Look!

BASIL : What?

SHIRLEY : Can't you see? That propeller isn't going round!

BASIL : Nor it is.

[*Pause.*]

It's all right, darling. A machine this size has four engines. Don't you remember, we saw the four propellers at Croydon? He's probably cut this one out on purpose, because of the wind, or something. They can get along easily on two.

SHIRLEY : Of course. How silly of me. Just for a second I thought there was something really wrong.

BASIL : Who's fussing now, darling?

SHIRLEY : Yes—that's fair. But it's only because I'm so desperately anxious to get to Paris with you.

BASIL [*whispering*] : Sweetheart, I know.

[*Pause.*]

By Jove, we're down to 750. I suppose there isn't—

[*Door opens and slams.*]

[*Three or four quick footsteps and another door opens and slams.*]

What the deuce—?

SHIRLEY : Basil, something is up. His face looked like dirty blotting-paper.

BASIL : Are you being literary, darling?

SHIRLEY : If you must know—I'm frightened.

BASIL : 700. Damn, I wish I knew. One feels so fantastically helpless if there is anything wrong.

[*Door opens and slams.*]

STEWARD : Ladies and gentlemen, we're going back to Croydon.

[*Footsteps. Door slams.*]

[*Pause.*]

MRS. CHAPMAN : Henry, this is really too bad.

MR. CHAPMAN : Don't worry, dear.

McLAURIN : This is very vexatious. I shall be late for my lunch. I think I told you my wife's not pleased when I'm not punctual for my meals.

HARWOOD [*to himself*] : Damned incompetence!

SHIRLEY : Basil, we shall never get back. I know there's something wrong. I'm so frightened.

BASIL : I wish he'd make a landing and have done with it. But it's all right, darling, don't worry. I know it will be quite all right.

[*Noise of engine right out.*]

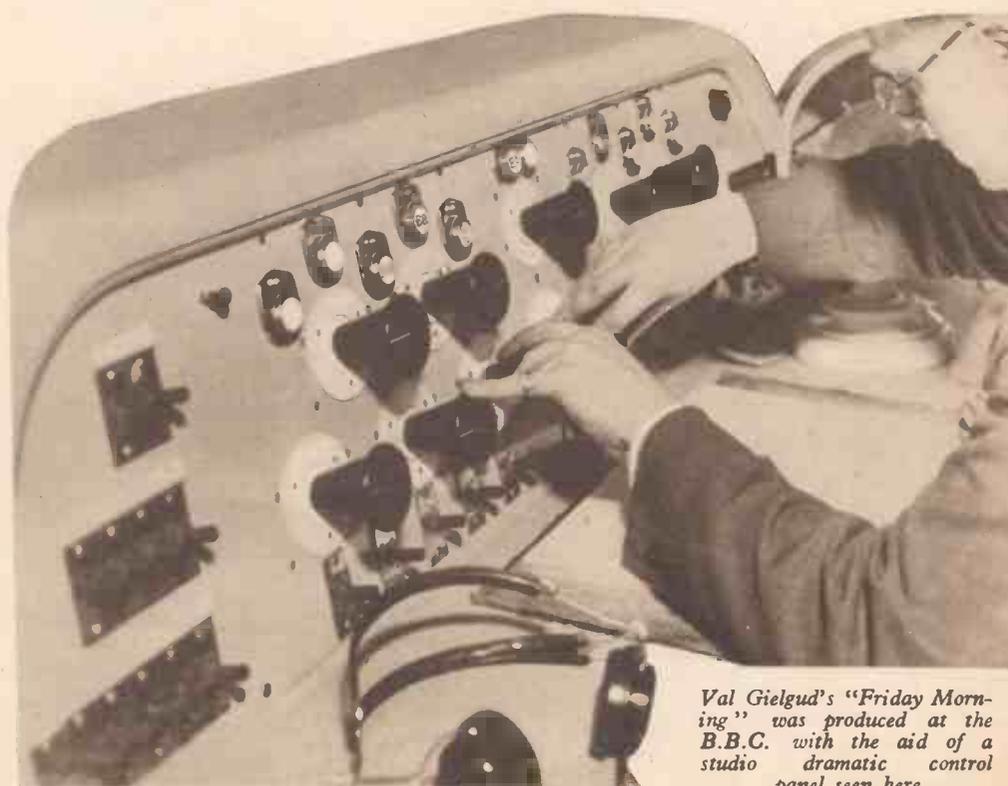
SHIRLEY : I can't bear it, I feel awful.

BASIL : I swear it's going to be all right. Hang on to me, darling. I know it will be all right.

[*To himself. Change of voice perspective.*] Why the devil do I keep on saying that? I don't believe it. We're going to smash. I don't think we're going to be killed, but we shall be horribly hurt; 500; I wish it would hurry up and get it over. It's interminable—and one can't do anything except sit and wait for it. What happens in a railway accident? People get their legs and thighs broken. Perhaps if I sit sideways and get my legs clear of the seats in front, and jump for the floor as we hit and pull Shirley with me . . . so long as one of us isn't killed. Perhaps if I get my hands over her face. . . . Of all the infernal luck . . . before we'd even begun. By Jove, that propeller's gone completely—stripped to matchwood . . . I knew the damned machine was too big. What fools we were . . . I wish I wasn't such a coward . . . I wish I didn't mind being hurt . . . 200 . . . there are fields below, at any rate. I suppose we've got a sporting chance. Oh, Shirley, darling . . . it's taking so long . . . I wonder if everyone else is feeling like this?

HARWOOD [*to himself*] : This looks pretty grim. Curse Mackintosh. Why didn't I tell him to go to blazes? I'm afraid we're for it. That's the worst of having had two years in the Flying Corps during the war—you know too much about it. I suppose the propeller hit some miserable bird. Two have gone, at least. Lucky we

(Continued on page 20)



Val Gielgud's "Friday Morning" was produced at the B.B.C. with the aid of a studio dramatic control panel seen here

The Broadcast I Want to Hear

(Continued from page Three)

W. Reid Dick, R.A.

"The broadcast I would like to hear," he explains, "would be in the nature of a series of talks about art from all angles. I have no objection at all to the most modernist among artists or sculptors having his say, provided that those with other ideas are granted the same facilities.

"I should, of course, like these talks to be given in as entertaining a way as possible, so that they would attract all kinds of people to listen and thus arouse a desire to know more about art among those not hitherto greatly interested."

Arthur Greenwood, M.P.

"I would like to hear more constructive talks given on the question of housing and slum clearance. These talks to be without political bias, but by people of various shades of opinion. Again, I would have subjects of health, such as Child Welfare, prevention of disease and so on dealt with in a similar manner.

"Only by hearing the entire programme offered by the different political parties are people in a position to judge for themselves.

"In offering an entire 'free' platform to all the B.B.C. would not only have more entertaining matter to offer, but they would cease to be embroiled in any arguments."

Forthcoming Talks

THE new Talks Programme, for April, May and June, is now ready. The B.B.C. seems to have listened to the advice which pours in from listeners from day to day, and provided something to please everybody. Many of the old series of talks still continue, much to the satisfaction of listeners, and the new ones promise interest and novelty.

Probably most welcome is a series of short stories to be given on Friday evenings at 10.0 o'clock, or soon after. These will be specially written for the microphone by such well-known writers as Mr. Walter de la Mare, Miss Agatha Christie, Miss Dorothy Sayers and Mr. Compton Mackenzie. They may vary in form from stories told in the first person to dialogues with incidental noises.

The 9.20 p.m. talks on Mondays will be concerned with the relation between Mind and Body. Various distinguished physiologists and psychologists will contribute to the series, but being for the most part in private practise, they will do so anonymously, in accordance with the rules of their profession.

For several years now the 9.20 p.m. talks on

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Broadcasting the Cup Final—by the B.B.C. Commentator.

The Truth about Announcers—by Oliver Baldwin.

After the Broadcast is Over—by John Trent.

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Thursdays have been devoted to a survey of foreign affairs. During April, May and June they are given by various experts from different cities in Europe.

The late evening talks on Saturdays will introduce a new speaker to the microphone—Captain David W. Bone, Commander of the *Transylvania*. He will talk about ships and a seaman's life, and he will be followed towards the middle of May by Mr. S. P. B. Mais, who will be describing visits to the islands round our coasts.

The theatre critic, Mr. James Agate, and the cinema critic, Mr. Oliver Baldwin, have been moved from 6.50 p.m. on Wednesdays to 9.20 p.m. so that a wider public may listen to them. Mr. Gerald Heard will take their place at 6.50 p.m. with a renewal of his old series, "Science in the Making."

The rest of the 6.50 p.m. talks remain unchanged, except that Mr. Francis Hackett will alternate with Mr. Desmond MacCarthy in the Monday evening book reviews. Mr. MacCarthy will talk about books in general, and Mr. Hackett will deal with current fiction, so that the new novel will get a little more attention than it has had during the last few years.

There is only one change in the 7.5 p.m. talks. This will be on Saturdays, when a series called "Time to Spare" will enable unemployed men and women from various parts of the country to describe what unemployment means in terms of their own lives.

The Sunday series starts with eight talks on some of Queen Elizabeth's subjects—Sidney, Raleigh, Essex, Marlowe and so on. These will be given by Mr. G. B. Harrison and Mr. A. L. Rowse, and will be followed by four talks on the modern literature of France, Germany, Italy and Spain. As illustrations to these four talks, extracts will be read from books in these languages.

On Mondays at 7.30 p.m. a series on "The Treaty of Versailles and After" will deal with the problems that confronted the peace makers in 1918, and the problems which are still confronting the world as a result of the terms of the treaty which was made.

The Talks Programme may be had free on application to any B.B.C. Office. Applications by letter or postcard should be marked with the letter "T."

Friday Morning

(Continued from page 18)

weren't flying any higher, or the 'plane would have shaken itself to bits. If the pilot keeps his head we may just do it. I hope to heaven no one panics. I'd like to kick that fool of a steward. I'm sorry for that nice young couple I asked to lorry. On their honeymoon, I expect . . . she's pretty and he's civil . . . not too common nowadays amongst the young. Harry'll be furious if I'm—killed—and there's a gap in his shooting-party. I should think he'd write my epitaph: "Here lies Edward Harwood, who always let business interfere with pleasure." . . . By George! we're dropping on a downward slope . . . if he can pull us over that hedge . . . I wouldn't care to be in his shoes . . . great, heavy 'plane like this . . . and new at that . . .

MR. CHAPMAN [to himself]: This is really extremely alarming. I don't know quite what I ought to do. Ada looks quite unmoved . . . but perhaps she doesn't realise . . . I must try not to let her notice anything . . . That young man looks very white. . . I hope I don't look white. . . I must remember I'm an Englishman. . . It seems a pity there's nothing I can do. . . I wish I had been smoking my pipe. . . I don't believe I'm insured against a flying accident. It's most awkward. It may make things very difficult for my poor nephew Archibald. It's just as well we never had any children.

MRS. CHAPMAN [to herself]: Henry's very courageous. I feel convinced that it's something serious. It's my fault. I should never have consented to such a rash experiment. If Henry sees I'm nervous, he'll go all to pieces. He can't bear anything in the nature of a scene. I hope everyone will behave properly. That young woman's hanging on to her young man rather hysterically. . . I don't think I can bear it if she screams. The sensation isn't really unpleasant. . . I'm so sorry for Henry. . . it must be so bad for him . . . I must just make my mind a blank.

MCLAURIN [to himself]: I wish I'd had one more drop of whisky in my bedroom. I thought I put my flask in my hip-pocket . . . it must be in my overcoat, and I daren't stand up to get it out . . . I wish my wife was with me—I'd like fine to hold her hand . . . I'd like to say a prayer, but I can't remember the words.

SHIRLEY [to herself]: I can't bear it . . . if only I could scream or run or do something violent. Basil's looking awful . . . I hope I don't look like that . . . we're so young . . . if only we'd had a week together first . . . it's so silly, so cruel, and I'm so frightened. But it can't really be going to happen. We can't be going to die. We're much too young to die.

[Revert to natural voice perspective.]

[Pause.]

BASIL [loudly]: Under 100! We're for it! Hold tight, darling!

HARWOOD [shouting]: For God's sake all of you—sit still!

[Burst of sound from the engine.]

[Splintering noise, and then silence.]

[Telephone buzzer.]

VOICE [loud and irritable]: Hallo! . . . yes, News Editor of the Evening Sun speaking. What is it? . . . What? . . . Aeroplane in forced landing. . . Well? . . . Oh, the *Charybdis*? That big, new International Air Transport machine? That's better. Just a minute, please. Miss James, here—quick! Take this down, and put it into paragraph shape. All right, sir, go ahead. . . Where are you speaking from? Tonbridge? Oh, I see. . . Were you on the 'plane? . . . No? . . . Oh, that's a pity. Still, you saw it coming down. . . Well, how many killed? . . . No killed? . . . Well, any celebrities on board? . . . What do I mean by celebrities? Well, film star, jockey, boxer, chorus girl, divorced female member of the aristocracy—there couldn't have been a journalist peer, or I'd have heard about it already—cabinet minister, perhaps, at a pinch. What, none? . . . Well, how many hurt? . . . Only shaken? . . . I don't think there's much in this. . . Any young girls on board? . . . Oh, two—that's better. . . One an American? That's better still. . . Could you get her to the telephone? Well, if you can, ring me up as soon as you can.

Thanks very much. Good-bye! Got that, Miss James?

MISS JAMES: How will this do? "The new air liner *Charybdis*, of the International Air Transport Company, made a forced landing to-day near Tonbridge, in Kent. Very fortunately no casualties were incurred owing to the brilliant handling of the machine by the pilot"—I'll get his name from the company, Mr. Marriott. "There were X passengers on board"—I can get the number from the company, too—"All of them showed the greatest coolness and courage in the face of a most alarming experience." Two of the passengers were young girls, whose demeanour was the admiration of their companions. An account of actual sensations of one of them, an American young lady on her way to Paris"—I'll get her name from the company, Mr. Marriott—"appears in another column." Is it a top liner?

MARRIOTT: No, Miss James. You ought to know by this time that nothing's a top-liner without a death or a celebrity. But get on to the company right away and get those details.

[Buzz of telephone.]

Hallo! . . . Another telegram from Manchuria? . . . How many casualties? . . . Several thousand, and some well-authenticated atrocities. . . Oh, Miss James—cut out that damned aeroplane. This is some real stuff. And send me Mr. Jonas at once. We must clear the front page.

[Fade out.]

[Fade in unmistakable station noises.]

[Bring up, and then to background.]

BASIL: Well, we've got to France, anyway, darling.

SHIRLEY: Yes, I suppose we have.

BASIL: It was decent of the Air Transport people to send us to Folkestone in the car. But what a foul crossing!

SHIRLEY: Perfectly foul.

BASIL: I thought every roll was going to roll us to the bottom of the Channel. That's what comes of coming down in aeroplanes.

SHIRLEY: Don't talk about it, Basil, please.

BASIL: Sorry, I say, there's a chap with English papers. I must get one.

[Up station noises for a moment and down.]

SHIRLEY: Well?

BASIL: Yes, the *Mercury's* got it—picture of the machine and everything. Do you feel grand at being "news" at last?

SHIRLEY: Not very. Basil, shut up, if you don't mind. I'm not feeling too good.

BASIL: Darling, I am sorry. Look here, shall I nip out and get you some brandy, or something?

SHIRLEY: No. It's quite all right. I just don't want to talk. I can't believe I'm sitting in a railway carriage, instead of being—

[Pause.]

HEARTY MASCULINE VOICE: In here, Jim. Plenty of room.

JIM: Right you are, George. Heave me that bag. Oh, I'm sorry, sir, did I tread on your foot?

BASIL: You did. So long as you don't tread on the lady's I don't mind. She isn't feeling too well.

GEORGE: I'm frightfully sorry. Can we do anything? Would you rather we went into another carriage?

JIM: The train's pretty full, I'm afraid.

BASIL: Oh, no, it's quite all right.

SHIRLEY: Quite all right.

BASIL: Perhaps you'd like to see the evening paper?

JIM: Oh, thank you very much. I say, George, look at this. One of those jolly old air liners down!

GEORGE: Not really? Let's see. Anyone damaged?

JIM: Apparently not. Only shaken, they say.

GEORGE: Blow your aeroplanes! What about that re-play between West Bromwich Albion and Derby County?

JIM: Here you are. I say, George. I wonder what it's like to be in an aeroplane crash?

GEORGE: Well, so long as you aren't killed, I should think it must be rather fun.

[Shirley and Basil laugh, and the train moves slowly out of the station.]

[Long train whistle, dying away.]

[Fade out.]

This radio play is published in Val Gielgud's "How to Write Radio Plays" (Hurst & Blackett). Applications for amateur performing rights should be made to James Pinker and Son, Talbot House, Arundel Street, W.C.2.

MARJERY WYN

wears this

Crochet Front



THE charming crochet front that the model in the photograph is wearing has been crocheted by Marjery Wyn, the well-known radio revue star. Daffodil and nigger brown are the colours she chose, to go with a dark brown suit. But daffodil with slate blue, and champagne with pine green, are other equally attractive colour combinations.

MATERIALS REQUIRED.—2 oz. Copley's 2-ply "Excelsior" Shetland Wool, daffodil was used for the original model. Two or three skeins "Darnart" Embroidery Wools in Nigger Brown, No. 84. 1½ yards of Brown Ribbon, about 1 inch wide. 1 No. 14 Stratnoid Crochet Hook.

MEASUREMENTS.—Length, 15 inches. Width, 9½ inches.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Tr., treble; st., stitch; ch., chain.

TENSION.—8 trs. to 1 inch in width, the trs. to be ½ inch in height. Unless this instruction is followed exactly the measurements of the garment will not work out correctly.

Begin by working 83 chain with the Shetland Wool, turn.

1st row—Miss 3 chain next to the hook, then work 1 tr. into each of the next 7 ch., 1 ch., miss 1 ch., ** 1 tr. into each of the next 15 ch., 1 ch., miss 1 ch. and repeat from ** 3 times more and complete the row by working 1 tr. into each of the last 8 ch., turn.

In future a space is always 1 chain, miss 1 st., and on following rows the space is counted as 1 st. and 1 treble is worked into the space.

2nd row—3 ch. which stands for the first tr. thus no tr. is worked into the 1st tr., 1 tr. into each of 6 sts., 1 space, 1 tr., 1 space, ** 1 tr. into each of 13 sts., 1 space, 1 tr., 1 space, and repeat from ** 3 times more ending with 1 tr. into each of 7 sts., turn. 3rd row—3 ch., 1 tr. into each of 5 sts., 1 space, 3 tr., 1 space, ** 11 tr., 1 space, 3 tr., 1 space and repeat from ** 3 times more ending with 1 tr. into each of 6 sts., turn.

4th row—3 ch., 1 tr. into each of 4 sts., 1 space, 5 trs., 1 space, ** 9 trs., 1 space, 5 trs., 1 space, and repeat from ** ending with 1 tr. into each of 5 sts. 5th row—3 ch., 1 tr. into each of 3 sts., 1 space, ** 7 trs., 1 space, and repeat from ** ending with 1 tr. into each of 4 sts.

6th row—3 ch., 2 tr., 1 space, 9 tr., 1 space, ** 5 trs., 1 space, 9 trs., 1 space, and repeat from ** ending with 3 trs. 7th row—3 ch., 1 tr.,

Continued on page 24

IF *the* MIKE *were* MINE

IF the mike were really mine, I think I should be almost too frightened to use it at all, at first. I should remember that in my possession I held the most powerful propagandist machine in the world—far more powerful, for instance, than any play with a "message," or any paper with a mere million circulation, or any public orator with but a single golden voice—and that, therefore, it behoved me to be very cautious in regard to what fare I provided for listeners.

All the same, I hope my feeling of responsibility would not make me such a coward that I only provided programmes that were so neutral and non-committal that the result was merely boring. I hope I should strive deliberately to attain an atmosphere of passionate sincerity rather than remain content with an odour of patient sobriety. Above all, I hope I should have the courage to launch some crusades.

Such as? Well, what about a crusade against cruelty, for a start?

Cruelty in all its manifold forms. Cruelty, not merely to animals (including the fox), but cruelty to people and things, too, like the demolition of historic buildings and the desecration of the most beautiful country-side in the world. Cruelty again to parents as well as to children, for I would be the first to admit that my generation are far too inclined to treat their homes as a free bed-and-breakfast hotel, and that it wouldn't do us any harm to be told of our faults occasionally over the wireless—in between relays of jazz to sweeten the pill!

And especially would I launch a crusade against cruelty to women who even in this age of so-called civilization and equality of the sexes are still treated too often as domestic slaves by their menfolk and allowed to suffer unnecessary torture every time they bear a child.

I have always longed for someone with power and position to launch a giant campaign for making motherhood safe for women, and if the mike were miraculously to come suddenly into my hands, it would certainly be one of the first planks in my programme platform. There isn't space for me to go into details here as to what methods I should employ, except to state that I would go on "plugging" the topic, until inevitably public opinion was at last aroused. For once that happened the Government would be compelled to take action in the matter.

And, indeed, if only a quarter of the sum that is yearly squandered on armaments could be sensibly spent instead on public clinics and the setting up of a research faculty, there is little doubt but that the present disgracefully high percentage of maternity mortalities would be swiftly reduced to the absolute minimum.

Moreover, I can't help feeling that more could be achieved over the mike than is at present in the cause of universal peace. If the mike were mine, my first consideration would be to live up to the motto blazoned in the hall of Broadcasting House—Nation shall speak *peace* unto nation.

My whole policy would be directed towards building up international comradeship over the ether and breaking down all national barriers that at present cause so much "interference" and "obstruction." I should strive to attain the ideal of world-wide free fellowship by the system of a free exchange of wireless entertainment and education. I maintain that there should be no boundaries and no passports needed over the ether.

For who will deny that the creed of pacifism,

as practised in *peace time*, is an honourable creed, the only creed for thinking men and women? Therefore it distresses me that the B.B.C. should neglect so many of their opportunities for elucidating that creed, and making the public international-minded. The last war was caused by ignorance of war. The next will be prevented by the dissemination of knowledge. What better sower is there in the world than the wireless? If the mike belonged to me, I should not rest until such knowledge had been scattered over every corner of the globe.

Moreover, I think it is a tragedy that **Vernon Bartlett**, who has done more than any man over the wireless to preach the cause of internationalism in a practical way, should have had his weekly series of talks indefinitely suspended. I don't mind admitting that if the mike were mine, I should present it straight away on a platter to Mr. Bartlett and tell him to carry on the good work for peace.

Whether you personally are a Bartlett-ite or not, I am sure you will agree with me when I assert that the B.B.C. are in any and all cases much too terrified of causing controversy, and that they have carried their policy of aloof, god-like impartiality to the point where the only result is a complete cancelling-out of all values. I feel that a little less lukewarm smugness and a great deal more boiling enthusiasm would be eagerly welcomed by the majority of listeners. For even those who

found themselves in disagreement with the sentiments of the speaker would at least respect him—and the B.B.C.—for their joint honesty, whereas a consistent policy of cautious under-statement can obviously arouse no other feelings in the end except boredom.

Personally I would much rather annoy some people than bore everyone.

I would rather that one person smashed his loud-speaker in a rage with me than that hundreds and thousands ignored its existence with a yawn.

Besides, if the listener found himself out of sympathy with one of my many "causes," he wouldn't have to listen to it, but would be able to switch over to the other wavelength. Of course, he can do that now, but now he can't be certain that the other programme won't be merely a *rehash of what he heard the night before*.

Isn't that a fair criticism?

The type of fare provided by the National and the Regional stations isn't nearly sufficiently differentiated.

Originally, I believe it was the intention of the authorities to keep the National programmes for more intellectual listeners, and the Regional for those who simply required pure entertainment, but in actual fact many of the items in one programme are repeated in the other the next night (the one change being one of time), with the result that so far from there being two totally different types of programme, very often there are not even alternative ones. In any case, few listeners want to hear the same items two nights running.

So if the mike were mine, I should take elaborate precautions to ensure that the two programmes were utterly unlike every night, both in actual items and in atmosphere, too.

That I feel would kill staleness and make for greater elasticity, especially as I should allow much more space in all programmes for surprise items.

At the present time all programmes are arranged six weeks ahead and the result is something as stereotyped and as unexciting as a school timetable. All spontaneity is lacking, as well as that sense of mystery that more than anything else

Continued on page 26

by
**Godfrey
WINN**



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HANDY self-binders are now available in which you can keep your copies of "Radio Pic.," each holding twenty-six issues. These binders, which are of stout material forming a handy volume, have the lettering RADIO PICTORIAL embossed in gold on the backs.

The centre of the binder carries a number of resilient cords on which, week by week, the copies are slipped and thus held firmly in position.

These binders can be obtained, price 4s. 6d., post free, from the Publishing Department, RADIO PICTORIAL, 58-61 Fetter Lane, E.C.4.



Frances Day, watched by her dog Bill, making toffee while listening to her "His Master's Voice" portable

MANNEQUINS of an almost unbelievable slenderness and the thin, drawn-out figures which meet our eyes in every fashion paper or advertisement, concentrate all our attention on "slimming." They tend to make us forget that there are people who are definitely underweight, and just as anxious in their turn to add a few pounds to their figure, particularly if they are sallow or anæmic as is often the case. And, although it is the easiest thing in the world for one who is plump to get even plumper, it is not so easy for the thin people to do the same thing.

Last week I gave you a "slimming" diet. Here is a moderate and sensible diet, quite easy to follow, that will help you to put on a few extra pounds, at the same time banishing nerves and the depression that often dogs the underweights.

To begin with, you can afford to treat yourself to frequent "snacks" of milk and biscuits in between meals. This is much better and more digestible than trying to make yourself eat rather heavy meals. Drink as much milk as possible whenever you feel you can.

Breakfast: Cereal or fruit with milk and sugar—cream, if possible; bacon and eggs or scrambled eggs or fish with butter; wholemeal bread or toast and butter. Tea or coffee with milk and sugar.

An egg beaten up in milk, or plain hot milk, should be drunk in the middle of the morning. Lunch can be much as usual, but should include vegetables cooked with butter, or salad with oil instead of vinegar, and milk pudding. Also a glass of milk.

For tea choose home-made, plain cakes rather than pastries, and wholemeal bread and butter. For dinner or supper, the same rules apply: thick soup, vegetables with butter, and milk or cream with the sweet. Before you go to bed, drink another glass of milk or chocolate, and sleep for as many hours as possible.

WHEN YOU GO SHOPPING

The housewife who is really efficient is not content to do all her shopping by telephone. Even French sauces and elaborate accessories will not make poor quality food appetising. The housewife must do her own marketing, and insist on getting sound, unblemished, absolutely fresh goods. To do this, she must be able to tell good

A useful meat cover that does duty in the larder or on the table, as required

food from bad. Here are a few tests:—

Try your milk by dipping a steel knitting needle in it. The milk should run off it slowly. If it drops off quickly, leaving the needle bright, the milk has been adulterated with water.

Before buying your coffee take a little in your hand and press it. If it sticks together in lumps it is impure.

A USE FOR OLD BERETS

Don't discard old berets as they are very useful to put over the mop when it begins to wear out. They make excellent polishers, and can be removed for washing.

V. D., Upminster.

The sender of this "hint" has received a Postal Order for Five Shillings. Have you got a receipt or a practical hint that other people would like to know about?

Then send it in to me, addressed to "Margot," "Radio Pictorial," 58/61 Fetter Lane, E.C.4.

Flour should be warmed in the oven for an hour and a half, and then sieved on to a plate. There should be no lumps, and no unpleasant smell.

Burn a little sugar in an iron spoon. It will burn away altogether if it is pure; any sediment left behind is the impurity in it.

Pure tea shows a blue flame when it is burned. The bluer the flame, the better the tea.

The best olive-oil for kitchen use is a light green colour. An almost colourless oil or a golden-yellow colour is also good. Dark green or dark brownish-yellow should not be used.



EVE and the MIKE

This Week's **RADIO RECIPES**—
by Mrs. R. H. BRAND

YVETTE DARNAC, whose delightful way of singing has made her such a favourite with listeners, is a very versatile person. Besides running a most successful beauty parlour, she is, like most French women, an excellent cook and in her spare moments is often to be found in her lovely yellow kitchen trying out some new dish. She is very fond of curry made like this:—

Cut up the remains of the joint; remove all skin; season and fry golden-brown in 3 oz. of hot butter and drain on plate. Chop finely 1 apple and 1 onion; fry both in the butter; add 1 oz. flour and 1 oz. curry powder; fry ten minutes, stirring constantly. Gradually

stir in ½ pint stock and 1 gill coconut water (made by pouring ¼ pint boiling water over 2 ½ oz. desiccated coconut; strain when cold). Stir until boiling; add meat, salt and 2 oz. sultanas; simmer gently about three-quarters of an hour. Serve with chutney and boiled rice.

MEAT PATTY

Mince scraps of cold meat and ham with an onion; add seasoning and beaten egg to bind mixture; put into pie-dish; cover with crust of rough puff pastry; decorate with pastry leaves; brush over with beaten egg and cook in hot oven for half an hour.

Hand gravy separately.

DO YOU KNOW THIS ?

When you wash glass bottles or vases put them in the airing cupboard to dry. If you put them upside down on the draining board, the drips will run down the sides, and the glass will dry smeary.

YOUR SUMMER COAT

Just as the choice of an evening dress at Christmas time is the crowning purchase of your season's shopping, the corner-piece of your whole wardrobe, so the choice of a new coat at this time of the year can make or mar your smartness for the whole summer. For this reason, the problem should be approached with due care. How long should it be, what colour, what kind of sleeves . . . collar or no collar?

You have the choice of two kinds of coats this year. First, the redingote . . . i.e., a single-breasted, semi-fitted, rather high collared coat, which falls away in front to show quite a lot of your dress underneath. Often it has no collar, but wide revers that stand stiffly forward, and it can be belted or not, as you wish.

The most practical choice for a coat like this is black or navy (and navy alpaca is the very latest note), or a light oatmeal-coloured wool. A light coat should be worn over a dark dress, with a triangle of dark-coloured scarf showing at the neck, and vice versa.

Alternatively, you can choose the loose swing-back coat that is called "swagger"; it is three-quarter length and collarless. Remember, this is a style that is especially kind to the larger figure, concealing extra inches in the most obliging fashion.



The Duchess of York chose this smart plaid silk waterproof at the British Industries Fair. It is a Dunlop, Latex proofed. (On the right), An aluminium strainer for pressing the vegetables in a collander

Margot

Write to "MARGOT" About It

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



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"Curicones" are stocked by all up-to-date Chemists. For free sample, however, fill in the coupon above.

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.

★ Radio Pirates

"THE pomp and publicity of the Post Office direction-finding vans carefully bolting the stable door after the naughty licence pirate has flown fills me with a certain quiet amusement.

"After all, the thing can be so easily tackled at its source. If it were made compulsory for the retailer to notify the Post Office when a set has been installed—then the solution is there."—Harold Keen, Leicester.

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

"Why We Play as We Do"

"I am a non-dancing enthusiast of dance music, and was extremely interested in your article, 'Why we play as we do.'

"It seems to me that of the four dance band leaders who contributed, two, Jack Payne and Harry Roy, who claim to use some 'showmanship' and consideration for non-dancers in the presentation of their programmes, do not achieve such a pleasing effect as those who play dance music pure and simple.

"Although a great many listeners do not dance to broadcast music, they do want it played to strict tempo. The 'average' listener likes to be able to sit in his chair and jog his foot to the music, and hear appealing tunes which he can remember.

"Listeners to dance music do not want comedy, other than is already contained in the original words of the song. Real humour can be heard in the vaudeville programmes. The excellent playing of Harry Roy's band is spoilt by the nonsense he calls comedy.

"Roy Fox and Carroll Gibbons do keep to playing 'straight' dance music. An example of the popularity of the straightforward dance band is the Casani Club Orchestra, directed by Charlie Kunz, whose opinions you published a short time ago."—A. A. B., Carshalton.

A "B.B.C. Week"

"I think there ought to be a 'B.B.C. Week' on more or less the same plan as Navy Week. You ought to let people over Broadcasting House between hours like 11 and 12 when there is nothing 'on the air' in Broadcasting House. I am quite sure people would be jolly interested in the inside of the B.B.C."—Simon Kershaw, 1 De Walden Street, New Cavendish Street, London, W.1.

Old-time Programmes

"In one of your recent issues you printed a letter of mine criticising 'old-time programmes,' i.e., reminiscences and the like. I should like to point out that I was referring to these programmes collectively and not separately as Mr. Bailly seems to imagine.

"Now each of these programmes was excellent entertainment when it had a clear field, but when one of each of the above follow fast on each other's heels I think they steal one another's fire.

"I deeply regret that Mr. Bailly should have misunderstood my letter as, contrary as it may seem, I really enjoyed his Scrap-books. I hope my letter does not discourage him from further efforts."—G. Rudkin, Box Hill.

March 26, 1934

"It is, I think, safe to assert that on this day a programme was broadcast which didn't bring forth a single moan from the listening public. Cheerfully compered by our genial Christopher, Van Phillips and his All-Star Orchestra gave us something to remember for a long time, something to suit all tastes.

"Wonderful arrangements wonderfully played, and what an array of players."—W. H. Baleman, Dereham.

Reply to Criticism

"If R. G. W. realised that the B.B.C. is really anxious to find out what the majority of listeners enjoy most perhaps he would complain less unreasonably. The B.B.C. is only too glad to hear others' opinions, and always consider listeners' letters. Also I doubt whether vaudeville would head a ballot, a view held by several of your correspondents.

"I feel compelled to point out that D. C. of Allestree is labouring under a grievous illusion. The American Radio stations that work in conjunction with each other all have the same programme and thus it is not necessary to wait till the other stations finish as in the case of the Regionals. Also the American programmes need very little mapping out as each item scarcely ever lasts longer than half an hour; thus programmes are rarely early or late."—A. L. King-Herman, St. John's Wood.

Good-bye to Vernon Bartlett

"Hundreds of thousands of listeners have reason to be grateful to the B.B.C. for the series of talks given on Foreign Affairs. Thanks to Mr. Vernon Bartlett and his marvellous résumés on the affairs of other nations. The average listener is now, to say the least, more internationally minded than ever before.

Listeners deplore the fact that Mr. Bartlett's talks have ceased and that the B.B.C. has not seen its way clear to continue them.

"His 'Good-bye' last week caused tears in our eyes—we should so much have preferred 'au revoir'."—Internationally-minded, Burry Port.



Do You

Know it?

Every radio listener should read—

the

TRUTH

about

Announcers



Next week in "Radio Pictorial" Oliver Baldwin, the well-known writer, gives some leading opinions in an article under the heading "The Truth About B.B.C. Announcers."

Order Your Copy NOW!

Why Curtail the Best?

"Can you explain why, in almost every vaudeville and music-hall show, the best turns appear last, as in nine cases out of ten they are obliged to curtail their act, sometimes by several minutes, owing to the minor acts overstepping their time.

"I would suggest that the poorer class of act should appear last, and the best turns appear about the middle of the programme, so if there is to be any cutting in time we would not miss the cream of the show."—H. Davey, Bethnal Green.

Vary the Times

"I think it would be appreciated if the B.B.C. varied the times of the different items each day. For example, let some of us have a chance of hearing Christopher Stone at 12 o'clock midday. Many people seldom hear particular artists' programmes merely because of the B.B.C.'s dogmatic attitude for routine."—Deprived Listener, Sydenham.

A Dance-band Suggestion

"With all due respect to the B.B.C. Dance Band, I think it should be given a rest, or a change of atmosphere, such as an audience.

"I suggest that the B.B.C. divide the thirteen regular dance band programmes as follows: Eight for O.B.'s and five for the B.B.C., three for 5.15 p.m., one 12.30 p.m. Friday, and one for 10.30 p.m. Also an hour of request numbers, this to be given from St. George's Hall with audience, and to take place once a week in the evening.

"My suggestion is only for a month, to stop the band from becoming a machine."—C. Chappell, Rochdale.

Marjery Wyn Wears This Crochet Front

(Continued from page Twenty)

1 space, and repeat from ** ending with 2 trs.

8th row—3 chain, 1 space, ** 13 trs., 1 space, 1 tr., 1 space, and repeat from ** ending with 13 trs., 1 space, 1 tr. 9th row—3 chain, ** 15 trs., 1 space, and repeat from ** ending with 16 trs.

10th row—As the 8th row. 11th row—As the 7th row. 12th row—As the 6th row.

13th row—As the 5th row. 14th row—As the 4th row. 15th row—As the 3rd row.

16th row—As the 2nd row.

These 16 rows form the pattern. Repeat these 16 rows twice more or 3 times more if a longer front is required then work as follows:

Next row—Work 3 ch., 6 trs., 1 space, 15 trs., 1 space, 8 trs., turn.

Now work on this side only, keeping the lines of holes correct and leaving 3 sts. unworked when finishing at the neck edge and 1 st. unworked when finishing the row at the outer edge. Continue in this way until 5 sets of 3 sts. have been left unworked at the neck edge. Fasten off. Complete the opposite side in the same way.

THE TIE COLLAR

Begin by working 35 chains with Shetland wool. On the first row miss 3 ch. next the hook, work 1 tr. into each of 7 ch., 1 ch., miss 1 ch., 1 tr. into each of 15 sts., 1 ch., miss 1 st., 1 tr. into each of 8 sts., turn.

Now continue in the pattern until the strip measures 37 inches in length.

TO COMPLETE THE FRONT

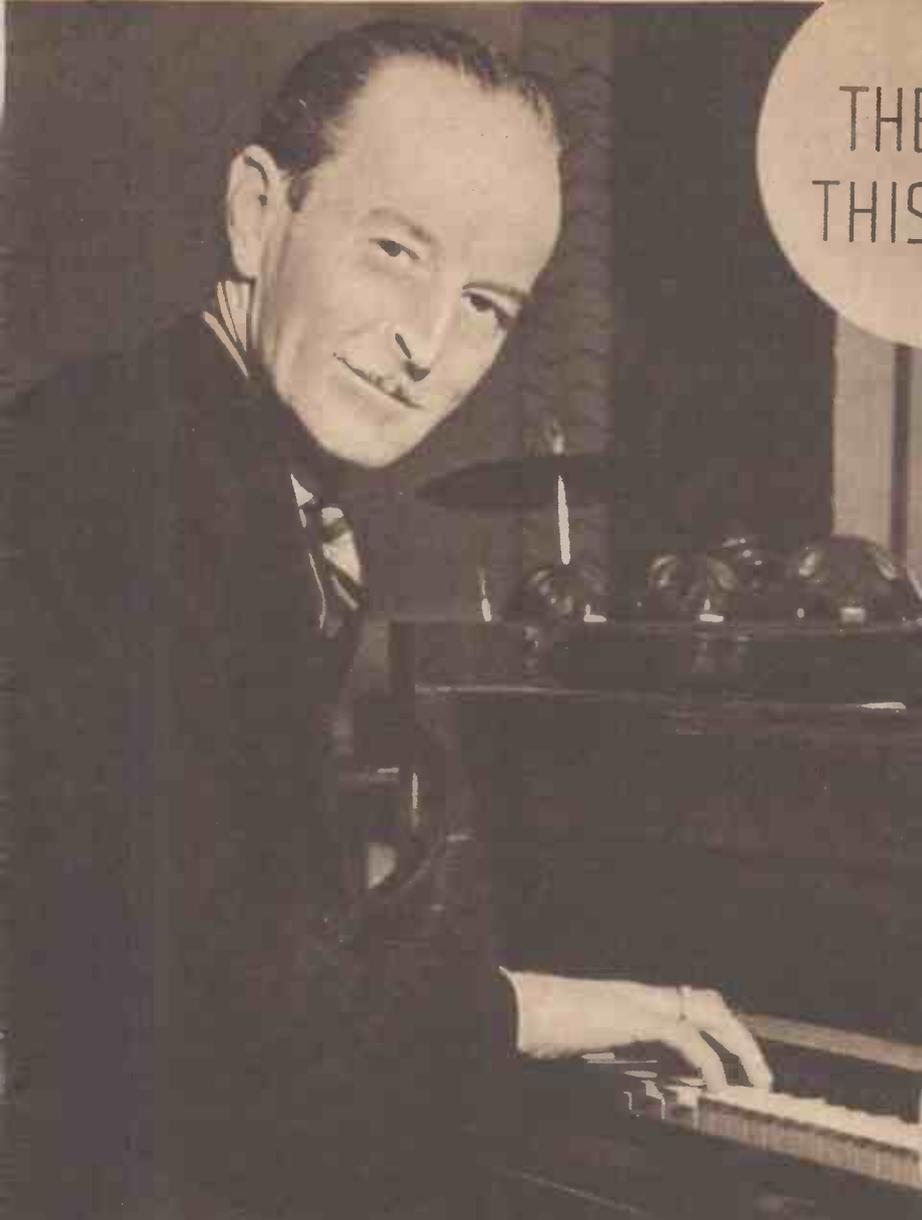
Press the work with a hot iron over a damp cloth. Using the Brown wool double, darn crossways through all lines of holes made by the spaces forming diamonds.

Both front and collar are darned in this way. Place the centre of one edge of the tie collar to the centre of the neck on the front and stitch along the neck.

Fold the width of tie in half and make a 2-inch loop 5 inches from the end on one end only. The straight end of the tie passes round the back of the neck and through the loop to close.

Pass the ribbon along the back of the front at the lower edge and stitch to the side edges. In this way there is no danger of pulling the work awry and spoiling the tailored appearance.

ON
THE AIR
THIS WEEK



Charles Kunz (above) will broadcast with his Casan Club Orchestra on Wednesday, National. Leslie Jefferies (below) has been appointed to succeed Tom Jones as leader of the Grand Hotel Orchestra, Eastbourne. You will hear him on Sunday.



Two popular broadcasters, James Agate (top of the page) and Yvette Darnac (centre) will be heard on Monday and Saturday respectively, London Regional. The Rev. J. T. Hodgson (just above) will speak to Midland Regional listeners on Sunday at 8 p.m.

HULLO CHILDREN!

AUNT BELINDA'S
Children's Corner

DEAR NIECES AND NEPHEWS,
Instead of talking to you every day as I used to do, I am going to write to you each week and tell you about things and people in the Children's Hour.

Last week I happened to be at West Norwood, and I came upon a crowd of about twenty children collected outside a school there, all clamouring to talk to—whom do you think?—why "Uncle" Ronald Gourley! Uncle Ronald had been playing and singing to them, and they were all seeing him off!

You know, he always takes two "nieces" with him to Broadcasting House when he takes part in the Children's Hour

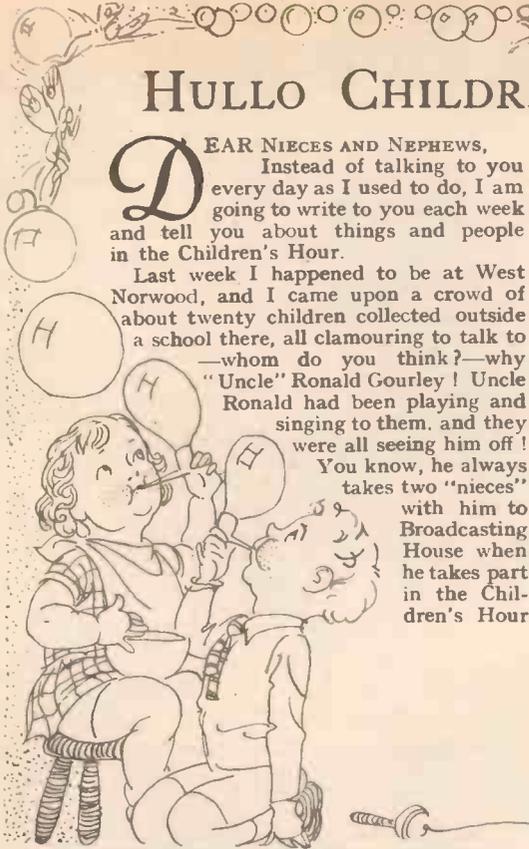
—a different two each time—so I knew exactly what she meant when one niece piped up, "Can I go with you next time, please, Uncle Ronald?" Over 300 children have had this honour so far. What a large "family" Uncle Ronald must have!

Did you know, children, that Beryl Laverick, who took part in *Little Boy Blue*, is really only fourteen years old? She is, and is now playing an important part in a play at one of the big London theatres. I went along to see her one evening. Her mother and father were watching the performance, too, and they seemed quite bewildered by their daughter's very clever acting.

During one of the intervals I met Denis Vincent. He is the author of a new series of Indian stories called "Ali Told Me," which began this month in the Children's Hour. These stories were actually told to him by his Indian servant when they were miles up-country on a tea plantation. There were no white people within miles and miles, so you can imagine how much this story-telling helped to pass the lonely evening hours after the day's work was done.

More next Friday,

AUNT BELINDA



If The Mike Were Mine!

Continued from page Twenty-one

thrills the imagination of a theatre and cinema audience; while surprises are as rare as oases in the desert.

I should change all that. Under my regime, there would be deliberate blanks in almost every programme, to be filled at the last moment with topical novelties, and in addition, at least once a week I should have a complete surprise programme, only fixed up and rehearsed on the day itself.

And to achieve a continual supply of novelties and to save myself from having to serve up the same old hash night after night, I should engage a special staff of bright young men and women, whose job it would be not to work inside the building, but to go out and search the highways and the byways for new broadcasting material.

It would be the modern version of the mountain and Mohammed story. As a matter of fact, the B.B.C. is not so much like a mountain as a fortress. The hundreds of employees at Broadcasting House are shut up and guarded as closely as monks and nuns. They never see the outside world, except after dark. Life passes them by. Every day wonderful, exciting things are happening in odd corners of the country, but inevitably the windows of the B.B.C. are blind to them.

Yet one of the greatest problems that the B.B.C. has got to face in the future is the problem of staleness, and nothing goes stale so quickly as a "mike" success. For instance, could you listen

to *Carnival* the third time? Moreover, staleness seems to me unavoidable under the present system of keeping the staff tied to their office stools all day long, with the result that the idea merchants are expected to give birth to all their brain-waves inside the building. Obviously after a time their inspiration must run dry.

Why not inaugurate a system instead of three months in the building and three months outside, with a roving commission? Anyway, that is what I should do, if the mike were mine. I am sure that too much office routine makes for dull programmes. It is life itself, life in the raw, life as it is being lived this minute that is the real, the best material for broadcasting, and I should send out my staff in turns to seek such contacts; afterwards, they would return to the office to record their impressions from a broadcasting point of view, and to employ their new ideas and knowledge in the building of future programmes.

Daily Service—

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

Our Modern Hymns

I CANNOT avoid in the subject of hymns a reference to something which appears to me to be all-important.

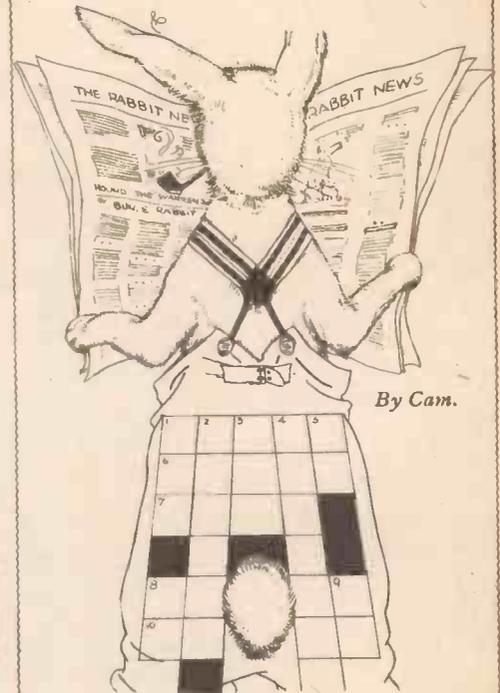
Mere familiarity may make us content to use over and over again words that express an attitude that we can no longer feel is the full truth. Words that sometimes even definitely fall far short of what we believe to be true Christian thought.

The words of the old hymn, "My God, my Father, while I stray," express a form of passive resignation instead of active striving, which is surely a caricature of what the Christian's attitude towards life ought to be.

Frederick Mann, who knew in his own life the need of courage in face of physical suffering and perplexities of faith, has left us a poem which rightly, as it seems to me, is replacing and correcting the words which children were once being taught to sing.

"My God, my Father, make me strong,
When tasks of life seem hard and long,
To greet them with this triumph song,
Thy will be done.

"Things deemed impossible I dare,
Thine is the call and thine the care,
Thy wisdom shall the way prepare,
Thy will be done."



By Cam.

Across.

1. The green . . . on which Bunny loves to play.
6. What bunny is reading.
7. You may go down steps to get here. It also means space.
8. This guides the horse. (Take no notice of his tail.)
10. If you use two words they are an article and a negative. Together they read . . . Domini.

Down.

1. Where people go for a health cure.
2. Bunny Town.
3. To copy, or an animal.
5. Little Doctor. (A catch here.)
8. Artist's ambition.
9. Not "Yes."

Children's NEWS MOTTO

by Commander Stephen KING-HALL

The Motto which tells the story of this week's news is as follows :

"Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

You will find this saying in the New Testament, Hebrews xi., 1.

You will find the key to news item on page 28.

Stephen King-Hall

Laugh with Leonard Henry



What happens when the crooner gives his solo!

Snapshots of the Stars—4

JEAN ALLISTONE

JEAN ALLISTONE is, need I say, Mrs. Tommy Handley.

It's a real radio romance. Tommy met Jean while they were working at Savoy Hill in the old B.B.C. days. And at first, Jean liked Tommy immensely personally, but disliked his broadcast humour! But I expect he's won her round by now!

However, I'm starting at the wrong end of the story. I hope her success as an actress hasn't been clouded over by Tommy Handley's own success as a broadcast comedian. Jean Allistone, as a matter of fact, is an actress of considerable experience, and she belonged in her early days to Sir Herbert Tree's company at His Majesty's Theatre.

How small is the world! There was another girl at His Majesty's in those days. Nobody knew much about her then, but she has since blossomed out as Hermione Gingold. And Hermione (another radio-romance) is the wife of "Holt Marvell," who is now in charge of the variety side of the B.B.C. programmes.

Jean was so young in those days that she had to have school lessons in the theatre. The "dome" room of His Majesty's was converted into a temporary classroom, and there Jean imbibed general education. Once or twice Sir Herbert Tree came to take a class himself. Perhaps she won't raise objection if I say that she still has her slightly highbrow side. And in those days of His Majesty's she was even more highbrow.

She wanted to win fame as a Shakespearean actress, but Fate decreed otherwise. As a matter of fact, she first started in musical

comedy, and after she had taken a part in *The Girl in the Taxi* she rapidly became so popular that she was the leading lady in *Round in Fifty* (London Hippodrome), *Peep Show*, *Mr. Manhattan*, and so on. She was in shows run by Sir Alfred Butt, and Sir Alfred says that at that time she broke all records for being the youngest leading lady. All stage artists of any note have had pantomime experience. And Jean was only fourteen when she took the part of the principal girl in that good old hardy annual, *Robinson Crusoe*!

I wonder if you remember *Radio Radius*, which was one of the first broadcast revues ever put out in the old Savoy Hill days. My log book says that it was in 1925. That was the first time that Jean Allistone came to the "mike." And as to date she has done just over 250 broadcasts, I think you will agree that she is some worker. And yet they all rave about that funny man, Tommy Handley!

It's pressure of business and not domestic differences with Jean that compels Tommy to spend a large part of his time in the studios and at the Savage Club! But at week-ends, if there is no stage or broadcasting work, they try to get away from their compact London flat to a charming country place in the south where they endeavour to seek solitude before coming back on Monday morning to face footlights, gramophone recording, microphones, or B.B.C. studios again.

Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Handley work together in getting material for broadcasting. And sometimes they broadcast together.

FREE TO LADIES

FREE TO MEN



3 Free Gifts FOR ALL WHO DESIRE Beautiful Hair

A famous Hairdressing expert writes:—

42 Albemarle St., London, W.
Dear Sirs,—No style of hairdressing can be a success without superbly healthy hair. Especially is this so with regard to a Prize-winning Hairdressing Style such as is shown. I always advise ladies to use the so wonderful "Harlene." If men, too, would only use "Harlene" they would not be worried by baldness and thinning hair. T. RENATO.

Every reader is fortunate in being invited to test "Harlene-Hair-Drill" Free of Charge. Just choose which 3 "Harlene" Preparations you would like from the list below and send the Coupon without delay.



1 'HARLENE' HAIR GROWER & TONIC

No man or woman need fear Hair Poverty while they use "Harlene." For "Harlene" is the true liquid FOOD for the Hair Roots—the Champagne-like reviver of every Hair Shaft. "Harlene-Hair-Drill" takes only two minutes a day, yet in that short time it performs wonders. Bald Patches become covered with a healthy growth. Thin, skimpy, dull hair grows daily in luxuriance and strength. Harsh, brittle hair becomes marvellously fine in texture, soft to the touch, attractive and alluring to the eye. Those who use "Harlene" possess wonderful heads of hair which are admired by all! 1/1½, 2/9 and 4/9 per bottle. From all chemists.

2 'CREMEX' SHAMPOO

Provides a wealth of super-cleansing, super-beneficial creamy lather, restoring the silken sheen and lustre so much desired. Complete with FREE Burnishing Rinse. All chemists. 1/6 per Box of 7 Shampoos (single Sachets 3d. each).

3 'UZON' BRILLIANTINE

Should be used by all who wish to add that final polish and finish. Keeps the hair in position all day. All chemists. In Liquid or Solidified Form. 1/1½ and 2/9 per bottle, or 1/3 per tin.

4 'HARLENE' Wave-Setting Lotion

A veritable "economy" boon to ladies. Keeps waves in place for long periods and makes them deep and entrancingly beautiful. Saves £££'s on Hair-Waving Bills. 7½d. and 1/3 per bottle.

5 'HARLENE' Camomile Golden Hair Wash

A dainty preparation for the Blonde. Imparts a glorious "light-gold" sunshine touch to fair hair that has become dull and lost its tone. 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per bottle.

6 'ASTOL' Hair Colour Restorer

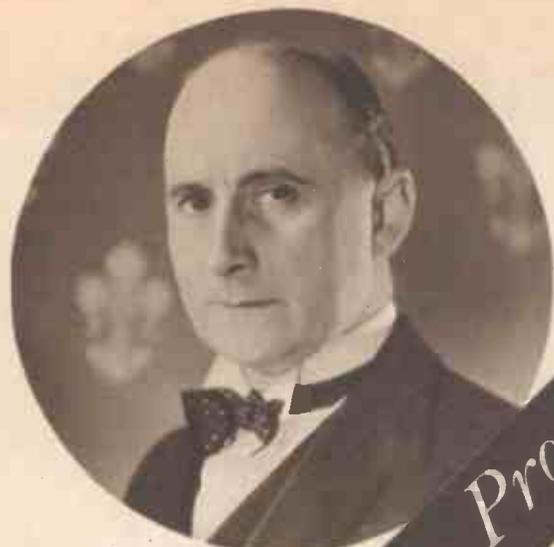
Restores colour to Grey, Discoloured and Faded Hair—even if of many years' standing. A real colour-restorative. 1/9, 3/- and 5/- per bottle.

SAMPLE COUPON

On receipt of this Coupon (postage 1½d.) and fourpence in stamps to cover the cost of postage and packing a set of any 3 "Harlene-Hair-Drill" samples and a Manual of Instructions will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom. State which numbers are required. Attach coupon to a plain sheet of paper bearing your name and address.

EDWARDS HARLENE, LTD. (H.953), 20, Lamb's Conduit St. London, W.C.

"Harlene" Preparations are obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or direct on receipt of Price. Post Free, within the British Isles.



"The Path of Glory," by L. du Garde Peach, was written as a radio play. It has now been filmed, and will appear shortly at the Empire, Leicester Square. Felix Aylmer (above) plays his original rôle.

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

High-spots of the Programmes

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



Max Kester, who has been on the staff of H.M.V. for four years, is leaving to join the Light Entertainment Department of the B.B.C. His last job for H.M.V. has been to devise a recorded skit on their feature, "In Town To-night," called "In Town All Night." This record, which has many sly digs at B.B.C. censorship, is being released very shortly.

SO the Royal Command Variety Performance is to be broadcast from the Palladium on May 8. Last year, you will remember, there was a difficulty because they squabbled over the price. This year the B.B.C. has come to an arrangement.

Mind you, I am not going to buoy you up with hopes of an ideal broadcast. The last Command Variety made very poor radio material indeed. Naturally, all the comedians played to the Palladium audience. We could hardly expect them to do anything else, but the fact furnishes the reason for my pessimistic view.

Say what you like, no show can ever be successful in the broadcasting sense unless it be specially arranged for the microphone. Considering all the trouble the Variety Department goes to in order that their shows shall be first-class broadcasting stuff, it is not surprising that shows put on with a different end in view occasionally flop.

Leonard Henry acted as compere and filled in odd intervals during the turns that could only be seen and not heard. He told me it was one of the hardest jobs he ever had. This year I believe a number of artists are going to do the job. The show is going to cost the B.B.C. about five pounds a minute, so let us hope it will be worth it.

Still, it is better that the B.B.C. should give five hundred guineas to the Variety Artists' Benevolent Fund than pay eight hundred pounds to perform unbroadcastable stuff like *Wozzeck*. The Palladium show is bound to be partly successful, at any rate; *Wozzeck* was a dire failure.

By the way, did you happen to hear *The Fifth Form at St. Pontefract's* a week or two back? That is the sort of show we want. Real good satire and perfect broadcasting stuff.

Listen on May 5 to the debate between Oxford and Columbia Universities. Likely to be a snappy affair, from what I hear.

There will be three speakers on the Oxford side and three from the Columbia side. The speeches will be relayed by the Transatlantic circuit. Rather fun to hear an argument across the world.

Hot from the Studios

Harry Roy, in spite of all kinds of rumours to the contrary, has signed a new contract with the May Fair Hotel for a further twelve months with another option.

And no wonder—business is business, even with Sir Francis Towle. Sir Francis packed Harry Roy off to Monte Carlo to recuperate after his recent indisposition.

Harry was overworked. Sir Francis knew it. He knew that Harry puts 100 per cent. into his work, so insisted on the *maestro* "taking it easy," as they say. His band played while the train left the station with the English Eddie Cantor aboard.

Ben Oakley and his Barnstormers made their radio debut. Leslie Holmes (he of the "smiling voice") sang several songs for the occasion and compered the broadcast.

The Barnstormers started at The Barn as a co-operative band—all for one and one for all.

This system is almost impossible in the band business. The iron fist must control the "temperament" of musicians.

So the venture resulted in "all-for-one and Ben Oakley for himself." He formed a new band which broadcast from The Barn.

Lew Stone's versatile lads put over a good show. In "Annie doesn't live here any more," the landlady is Joe Crossman—Lew's solo saxophonist.

The inflection in his voice for the occasion is very natural, but a little more restraint would have made this very nice impersonation more intelligible by reason of microphone sensitivity.

Jack Hylton is back from his triumphant continental tour. In Paris, where he is an idol, his first record was broken at the wonderful Theatre Rex by Jeanette Macdonald.

So Jack went back this time and broke Jeanette Macdonald's record, playing to an equivalent of £15,000 during one week!

The Westerners will have an opportunity of hearing Professor Gruffydd's sixth talk in his series on Welsh place-names on the 28th. What I like about Welsh names is their absolute simplicity. So easy to pronounce.

Beatrice Harrison is to play her 'cello in a concert from the Pump Room, Bath, on the same evening. No nightingales for her to charm, I fear, but you will be charmed with her playing.

Now for my Scottish readers. I am told that the Concerts for Secondary Schools have attained amazing popularity all over Scotland. Although intended for children, it seems the grown-ups have been listening regularly. Perhaps that is because Mr. Herbert Wise has something to do with them.

On the same day part of Handel's last oratorio, *Jephtha*, will be performed by the students of the National Academy of Music in the Athenaeum, Glasgow, whence the transmission will be relayed.

On the 28th there is to be a programme of music by Robert McLeod. The Royal Princess Theatre Orchestra will be conducted by the composer. Soloists: Alice Ray, soprano, and William Slaney, 'cellist. Miss Ray was the principal girl at the pantomime, which only finished its run there a few weeks ago. Mr. McLeod is the Music Director there.

Key to Commander King Hall's Children's News Motto on page 26

The fact that the British Government is still trying to find a way of making the French feel secure whilst letting the Germans have armed forces equal to those of other great Powers.

Radio Stars 2



10/-NOTES FREE!

We want to know what your ideas are for improving the B.B.C. programmes. Here is an opportunity for you to tell us and at the same time to stand a good chance of receiving one of the twenty-five 10s. notes we are offering to RADIO PICTORIAL readers.

First of all, study the list of suggested programme improvements given in the entry form below. Then mark them with what you consider their order of importance. We will then take a ballot of entries to find the most popular items and the twenty-five readers whose entries agree or most nearly agree with the result of the ballot and in addition make the most useful suggestion for the improvement of the Programmes will receive 10s. notes.

And 1,000 PERSONALLY SIGNED PORTRAITS of HENRY HALL

HENRY HALL, the famous B.B.C. Dance Band Director, has kindly autographed 1,000 copies of the "RADIO PICTORIAL" two-colour portrait of himself and these will be presented **FREE** to the first thousand entries received. Each portrait has been actually signed by Henry Hall at Broadcasting House.

Now cut out the entry form below, enclose in a sealed envelope, affix a 1½d. stamp and post immediately to "Competition," RADIO PICTORIAL, 58-61 Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

All entries must be sent so as to arrive not later than first post, Friday, April 27. The Editor's decision is final and no correspondence can be entered into.

**This COUPON
May Be Worth
10/- to YOU!**

**POST YOUR ENTRY
TO-DAY!**

Place the following in what you consider their order of importance by marking "1", "2", "3", etc., against the various items.

| | |
|-------------------------|---|
| SUNDAY DANCE MUSIC..... | MORE RUNNING COMMENTARIES OF PUBLIC EVENTS..... |
| MORE VARIETY..... | LESS MILITARY BAND MUSIC..... |
| MORE PLAYS..... | MORE TALKS BY POLITICIANS..... |

Give in not more than six words YOUR OWN suggested improvement.....

It will assist us to appreciate your replies if, in addition, you kindly answer the following questions:—

| | |
|--|--|
| Is your "Radio Pictorial" delivered to your standing order? (A). If not, do you buy it every week (B) or just occasionally? (C)..... | Number of persons in your household?..... |
| Are you married?..... | What is the price and name of your set?..... |
| Are you a householder?..... | How old is it?..... |

Mr./Mrs./Miss.....

Address.....

.....

WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS, PLEASE.

MEET THE PENTA-QUESTER!

—the Three-valver with Pep, Selectivity,
Economy of Operation, Range and Quality

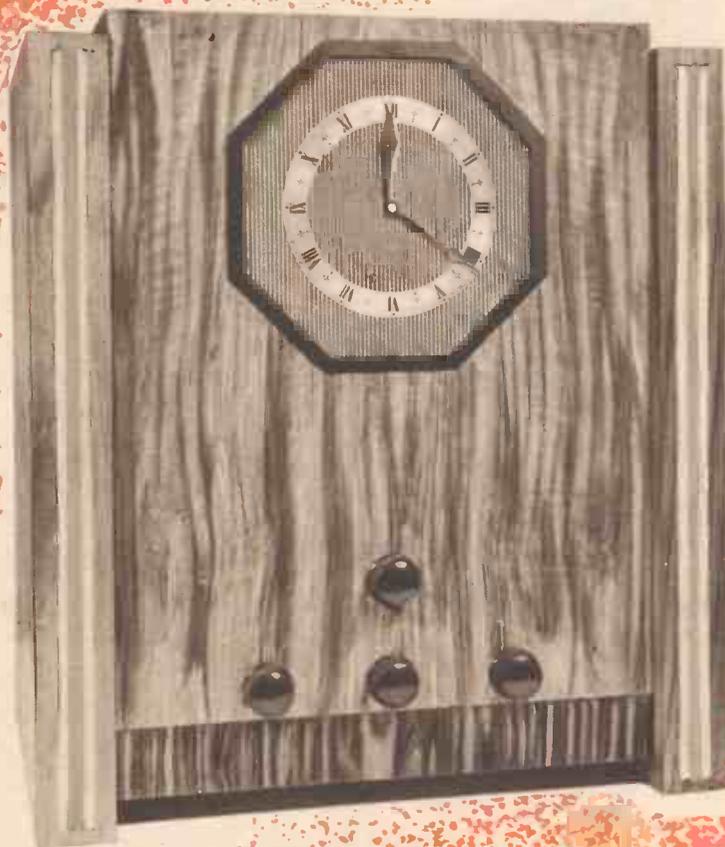
The battery three-valver is still the backbone of the wireless industry ; still the set the ordinary listener can afford to build and maintain without too costly renewals.

The PENTA-QUESTER, described in this week's issue of AMATEUR WIRELESS, represents absolute sanity in set design.

It claims your attention on three distinct points. Its "hot" circuit; its metallised wood chassis; and its original cabinet. Examine it from all angles. Read all about the technical truth of it. Study the details and then you will agree with us that the PENTA-QUESTER is the "hottest" three in history.

This issue of AMATEUR WIRELESS contains a coupon which you can use to obtain a **FREE** full-sized blueprint of this remarkable new set.

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Why the
PENTA-QUESTER
is the **Hottest**
"Three" in Radio!

- Because it uses three of the most up-to-date and powerful pentode valves.
- has screened iron-core coils for great selectivity.
- Because it has variable tone control to please all ears.
- the metallised wood chassis gets the greatest efficiency from components.
- Because it has a new and attractive style of tuning dial.
- the cabinet is provided with a special local-station aerial.
- Because, as a whole, it is the most advanced design available to the home constructor.

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