

MIDLAND REGIONAL ANNOUNCER — PAGE PORTRAIT

RADIO PICTORIAL 2^D

EVERY
FRIDAY



P.C. WREN
Story

JANE CARR

The B.B.C. Goes out to Play

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to get thirty or
forty Stations
wherever it is
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It has been designed to meet needs of those who require a good-looking set that can be used in the home and out of doors. Two H.F. stages are used to ensure good sensitivity and a twin-pentode output to give large volume.

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A Test of the Heptode Super
Three
News of the Short Waves
Choosing Your Records

TELEVISION SECTION

First Steps in Television
ETC., ETC.



WIRELESS MAGAZINE

JUNE ISSUE—PRICE 1/-

June 8, 1934

RADIO PICTORIAL



J. E. COWPER

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who is heard through the Mid-
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Reginald New



Jane Carr



Eve Becke



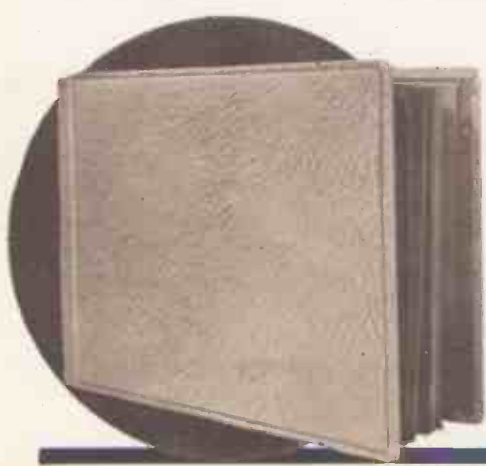
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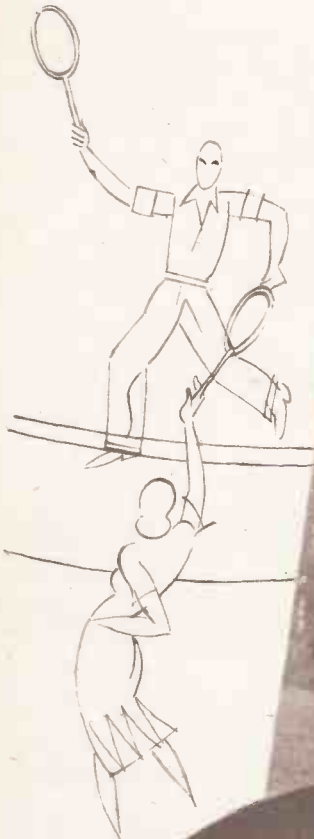
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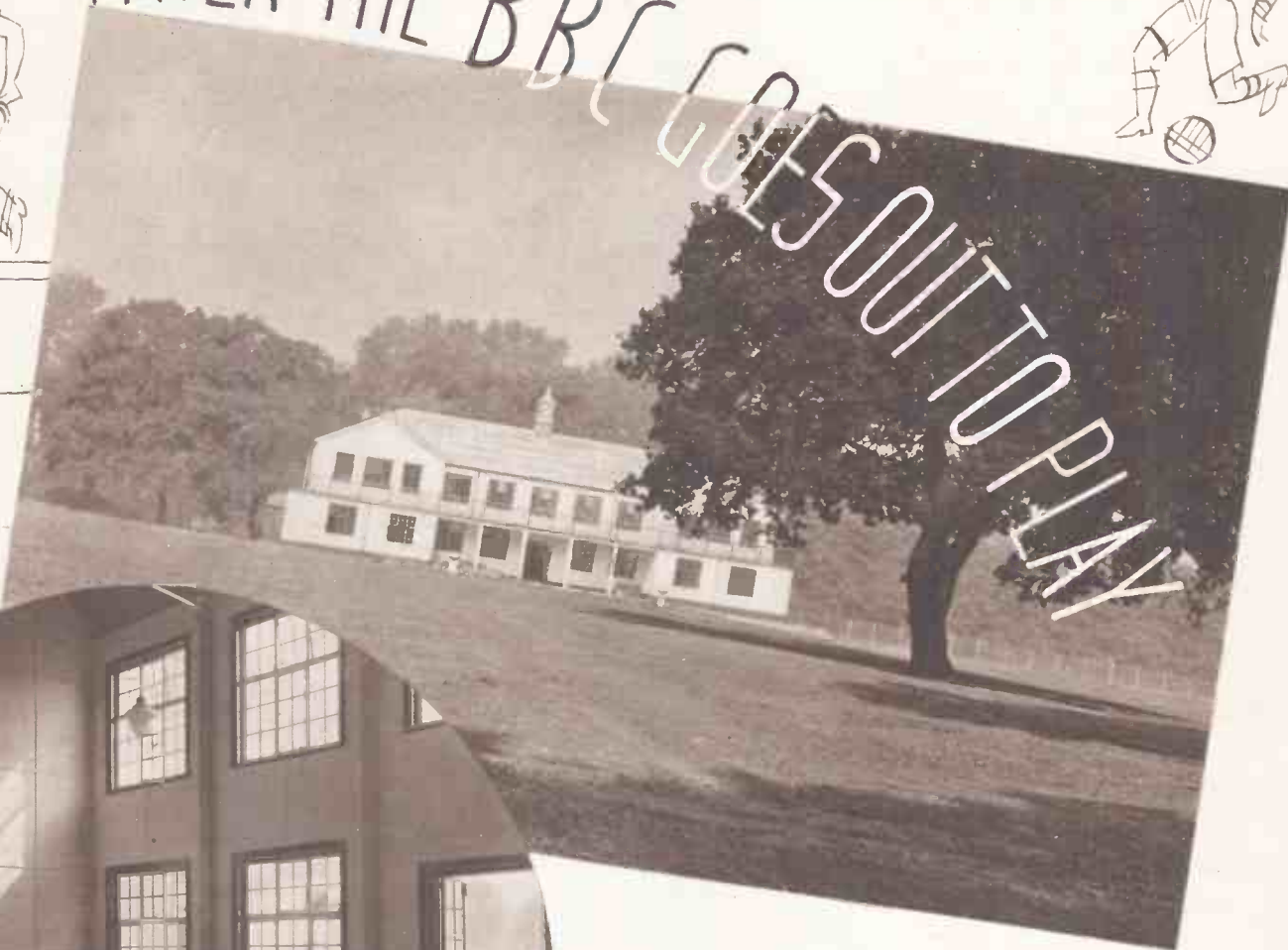
- MAMIE SOUTTER
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WHEN THE B.B.C. GOES OUT TO PLAY



In a little by-road near Motspur Park station, on the Waterloo-Epsom line, is a pair of gates, each leading to a brown sandy roadway.

A notice on one gate says, "Private. No Road." The notice by the other one says, "British Broadcasting Corporation." Since this gate is open we will invite ourselves in, and see how the B.B.C. disports itself on Saturday afternoons.

The pavilion catches the eye at once. It is a roomy two-storeyed building, with cream stucco-walls and pink-tiled roof. We see a concrete car-park at the back with numbers of cars lined up. (No, there are no Rolls-Royces there!)

The main doors of the pavilion lead into a large hall which extends the full height of the building. Here the football teams, hockey teams, and netball teams take their teas, and long tables are laid in readiness.

At other times this hall becomes a dance-hall, bad-

minton - court, and tea - room with small glass-topped tables and comfy basket chairs.

A staircase leads up to a lounge on the first floor, from which there is access to the veranda, a good vantage point for a comprehensive survey of games in progress. Here we find some furniture from the old studios at Savoy Hill, well-used, but delightfully comfortable still.

High up on the walls are two loud-speakers from the fine radiogram in one corner of the hall. There is a piano, of course, and a visitor's book in which you may find some familiar names.

Through one of the fire-station-red doors there is a glimpse of the kitchen, with the billiard-room and bar to one side, and stairs to the ladies' dressing-rooms to the other.

At the opposite end the building is mainly taken up with changing rooms for the men. There is a plunge bath which is very popular with players in summer and winter, and the usual showers and washbasins.

The lower half of the fields contains the tennis-courts, fine hard red courts which are a pleasure to play upon.

Quite close is a new hard netball court. Two netball teams are run throughout the winter, and a long fixture list of home and away matches is arranged each year.

The larger part of the field is occupied by the second-team football ground, also used by the second Rugby team when the football team is playing away. The first teams of the football and Rugby sections play on the top

half of the ground, along with the hockey team.

Summer sees the cricket teams monopolising both parts of the ground, and the first team pitch, under the care of a one-time Gloucestershire professional, Arthur Sellick, is worthy of the adjective "county standard."

And what of the players?

One of the first questions asked by visitors is a somewhat respectful, "Are there—er—any announcers or anything about?"

There seldom are, unfortunately. Occasionally, Freddie Grisewood appears on the tennis courts, but as far as the other games are concerned, no!

The musical departments are strongly represented, especially in the cricket season. Sometimes Henry Hall's band plays on the second team ground on Sundays, against such teams as the Regal Orchestra, Holborn Restaurant, etc.

A keen lot of cricketers they are, and some very good games ensue.

In the B.B.C. first team, the crack batsman is the well-known military band conductor, B. Walton O'Donnell. He is a forcing left-handed batter, who did much to set B.B.C. cricket on its feet in the early days along with Captain Graves, who recently came into the fortune of Viscount Grey of Fallodon.

Captain Graves is a fine batsman himself, but seldom makes an appearance at Motspur Park. B. Walton O'Donnell, affectionately called "Bandy" by his team-mates, is also a good left-arm bowler.

Sellick, previously mentioned is well over what is usually regarded as veteran age for cricket, but he regularly tops the bowling averages, and gets well over the hundred wickets in a season.

The B.B.C. orchestra is well represented in winter and summer. Jack Mackintosh, of coronet renown, plays in the first football team. Members of Balance and Control appear in the cricket and Rugby sections.

Violinists are there and may be picked out by

Continued on page 22

Tommy Handley

—at home

At the moment he is touring the country, visiting all the principal towns. He started on May 12.

Jean is an actress and occasionally appears in town. She still retains her love for the stage. She is a great gardener. Tommy is not.

He is very good when it comes to pointing out the weeds, but she has to pull them up. He is simply splendid a-spotting greenfly on the roses, but it is Jean who uses the syringe.

Tommy is a bit of a nuisance in the morning. He insists on going into the bathroom first, where he divides his time between ablutions and thinking out his acts. He would stay there half the morning if Jean didn't fetch him out of it.

However, he gradually pulls himself together and then takes Laddie out in the Park, where he thinks out the rest of his work.

Neither Tommy nor Jean are very keen on living in London. They have to, of course, because of his work; but both are lovers of country life. They have a cottage down at Egham where they go whenever an opportunity occurs. Once there, Tommy has no thought for his car. He much prefers to get his bicycle out and ride round the lanes of the district.

They are very happy, these two—or three, with Laddie. Tommy never dreams of broadcasting an act unless Jean has heard it. If he can't make her laugh—and she won't laugh at anything just to please him—he alters his act until she does laugh. That means he occupies the bathroom longer than ever for the next few mornings.

Tommy has been broadcasting now since 1925.

As a matter of fact, his marriage is a radio romance.

Continued on page 24

HE lives in Paddington in a maisonette quite near the sky. On the ground floor is a wine and spirit shop which, as he says, has its uses.

Three in family.

Thomas, Jean (Jean Allistone that was until five years ago, and still is when she broadcasts) and Laddie.

Laddie's the dog.

Barks with a Scotch accent.

Tommy is a genial soul. He likes to meet people and add to his wide circle of friends. The sort he can't stand is the person who, on introduction, says "How do you do? I've heard you on the wireless."

Tommy is always prepared for it.

He sees it in the person's eye!

He is a great reader at home.

Novels if they are really good, but is a student of human nature. Therefore he reads biography a great deal. People who *have* lived interest him more than those who are made to live. Tommy likes realities.

He is a motorist.

He drives a "Daisycar." Very good he has found it. Some days it goes and some days it doesn't.

Like all wireless comedians, he works hard.

Tommy lends a hand with the housework! And Mrs. Handley (Jean Allistone) issues a word of warning!

In this new series Whitaker-Wilson tells you personal facts about

MEN who Make your VARIETY

No. 1 — JOHN WATT

ONE of the many versatile men in the B.B.C. Obviously a live wire—very much so. He modestly says he has been a Jack of all trades and is now master of none, but as a matter of fact he has made a certain type of radio production very much his own. It is doubtful whether any of us ever think of songs from any shows without coupling the name of John Watt with the thought.

He is personally quick in speech and has a merry laugh. He smokes the strongest cigarettes of my acquaintance. I offered him an ordinary gasper, but he insisted on my having one of his. (I am now able to work again.)

Songs from the Shows seem to have been a natural consequence of John Watt's career. His knowledge of these shows is really amazing. Obviously the outcome of years of devotion to this form of light entertainment. John has studied musical comedy all his life.

In producing them he is a little inclined to engage the same artists more or less each time. His explanation is that he likes to have those whom he knows and who know him, the more so because he undertook to produce one show every week for six weeks.

Even though he prepared months ahead he found one show a week quite enough.

He told me that when he first thought out the idea he relied largely on his memory. On his own admission he has seen every musical comedy since 1910. The amazing part is, he never seems to mix them up. He can always reel off the outstanding numbers in any one of them.

It was only when he conceived the idea of producing them under the heading of various London theatres that he went so far as to ring up a management here and there, just to check a date. Even then he was often disappointed because managements have changed a good deal during the last twenty years.

It is not surprising that many of them told him they had not the least idea what was performed twenty years ago.

You have only to listen to John Watt "compèring" one of these shows to realise he has everything at his finger ends. Also you get at least some sort of idea of him. His voice sounds much the same when you actually meet him.

He told me his request lists have been very useful. Listeners sent in suggestions for their favourites to be included. Often the name of some long-forgotten song has set a train of thought going in John's mind. Half a dozen other songs have been jotted down in as many seconds.

John is a cheery person and likes a cheery atmosphere to pervade his productions. Unlike quite a number of the B.B.C. producers, he will go out of his way to avoid interfering with an actor's inflections.

If he finds an actor really making a mess of his lines he will take the whole scene and discuss it to the last detail in order to make the actor feel his part.

As he says, many of his actors are people with years of stage experience. Consequently he respects that experience and leaves them to do things their own way as far as is reasonable.

That is a distinct method in radio production,

but one that largely depends for success on careful casting in the first instance. John Watt is an adept at the delicate art of casting.

His career began on the stage, but he soon turned his attention to broadcasting. Not here, though—in Belfast. There he produced *Love in Greenwich Village*, which he subsequently revived in London.

Altogether he has written over fifty radio shows. The full list is too long to give here, but the outstanding amongst them are worth recalling. The first of his London productions dates back to May 26, 1930. It was called *Talkie Town*, and was a burlesque on talking pictures, then regarded as a novelty.

In the same year he produced *Stop Press*, which

ran into four editions; *World for Sale*, which had two; *Prunes and Prisms* and *Out of Patience*, which had one each.

In 1931 there was *Rich Girl*, *Poor Girl*, *Crisis in Spain*, *Depression Over Fairyland*, *Weather or No*, and one called *Watt Nonsense*.

The following year there was *Good-night Vienna*, *Africa Shrieks*, *Beau Brummel*, *General Post*, *Postman's Knock*, and *Tour of Broadcasting House*.

Last year there were two editions of *I Sketch Your World*, an adaptation of *Chu Chin Chow*, and the Radiolympia show called *Nine Days' Wonder*. Also *Follies of the Air*, and a version of *No, No, Nanette*.

Already this year there have been productions of note, such as *Meet the Prince*, *Big Business*, *Frederica*, and the excellent show from St. George's Hall a few weeks ago called *The First Twelve Years*. You will remember poor John Henry made his last radio appearance that night.

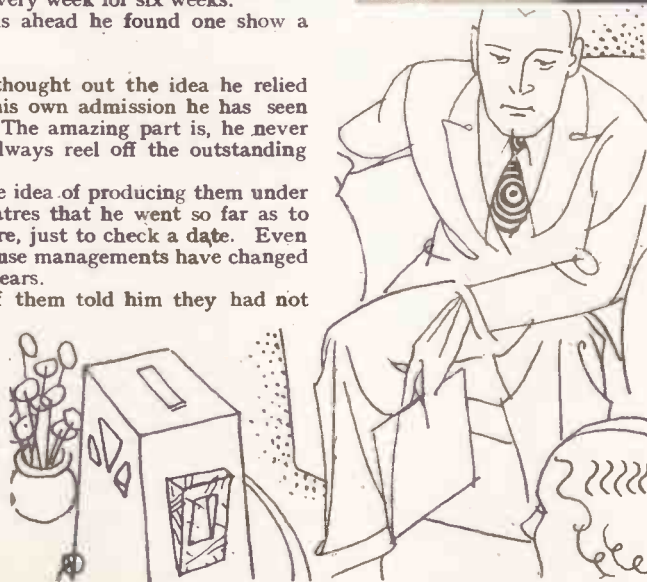
Songs from the Shows have had thirty productions. John was also responsible (with John Sharman) for the first series of Music-Halls. He has not forgotten the Empire Service, and has written shows which have been recorded and sent out to the Dominions. One was an original play called *Worlds Away*.

He is extraordinarily broad-minded over his productions. He will allow make-up, spot-lights, costumes even, if any of these things help the actor to play his part more comfortably.

His freedom of thought shows itself even in his "compèring." He will write it all down quite carefully, take the script with him to the microphone, and then proceed to alter very line of it.

I watched him read a section of his script at the rehearsal for *The First Twelve Years* at St. George's a few weeks back. I saw what he had written, and heard what he made of it when he spoke.

There was hardly a line left as he originally wrote it. John likes to improvise everything. By the time he is fifty he will probably be improvising shows without scripts at all!





A scene from the new film, "Radio Pirates," which deals with a pirate broadcasting station on the air. (Left to right) Mary Lawson, Leslie French, Enid Stamp-Taylor and Warren Jenkins. This film—a Norman Loudon production—is being made at Sound City, Shepperton

that cosy little room behind the bar. Charles Austin and lots of other old timers turned up.

“Newsmonger’s”
RADIO GOSSIP

A Swiss Tragedy

“Please, will you be my baby’s godfather?” wrote a woman listener to a speaker at the Basle studios, after a tensely dramatic play about an airship which broke adrift from its moorings. And the arrival of an infant was not the only effect of this moving story! Hundreds of letters reached the Swiss broadcasters from listeners who really believed that they were tuned in to a tragedy and a newspaper published an account of the destruction of the airship as news!

I rank this episode with the story of communists rushing the Houses of Parliament told by Father Ronald Knox some years ago. It hoaxed the British Isles.

For the Woman Listener

Fashions will be described by radio if the drapers have their way, and after all, why not? Looking through the talks programme I cannot find a single subject which would be of such absorbing interest to my women friends.

Anyway, a deputation from the London Drapers’ Chamber of Trade is going to Broadcasting House to try and persuade Sir John Reith to make room for fashion talks. Eustace Robb, the tall Guardsman who runs television, reminds me that he has already shown the season’s models from the house of Reville-Terry.

S O S

Another story from a friend just home from abroad tells of the comfort of radio. While in Monte Carlo an S.O.S. called a couple home to Prague where their child had just undergone an operation. Some weeks earlier this couple had

For Effect

Passing through a corridor beside the concert hall at Broadcasting House, I heard a strange noise. It was the murmur of an angry crowd. Suddenly the note changed—they were evidently amused now, but peering through a diamond pane in the door I could see no cause for emotion.

The big studio was full of men and women, and I recognised several friends on the staff seated in the stalls, but there was nothing on the platform to account for the uproar; just a figure in a lounge suit. The blue light was glowing and I asked an engineer to explain. “Just a crowd noise, recording,” he said, “for effects.”

“There is a Tavern . . .”

I thought I knew my radio as well as I know my London, but it was not until the Bank Holiday programme that I discovered that Reginald Gardiner, radio comedian, and Reginald Gardiner, host of a tavern off Tottenham Court Road, were one and the same person. And I should not be wise to this “doubling” act now if the B.B.C. had not taken a mike to the hotel. No wonder we had such a cheerful singsong from

Immune!

SIR JOHN REITH has a horror of the mike! He confessed to it at dinner last week. There was a microphone on the table at the Musicians’ Club dinner and I was amused to see that the head of the B.B.C. edged away from it when he rose to speak.

“As Director-General, I am immune from broadcasting,” he said, which is a pity, because in the mood, Sir John tells a good story, as was heard that evening.

Off to Brussels

Met Eric Maschwitz in an ulster off to Brussels for a week. These are the dog-days of radio, and he is snatching a holiday while he can. Later on, when others are by the sea, he will be at Olympia for the Exhibition, travelling to Droitwich for the opening of the giant, or preparing for the autumn programme drive. He is trying to persuade Lehar to come over and conduct the Theatre Orchestra, now that Oscar Straus and Kalmann have each had a turn at it.

The Twiddleknobs—by FERRIER



gone for a trip to Spain, leaving their child of nine in Czechoslovakia.

The child fell ill, and the doctor, feeling that the parents should know, got in touch with the broadcasting people in Prague. They passed an S O S. to Spain, and the call, which was broadcast from Madrid and in Palma de Mallorca, was heard in Monte Carlo. The parents returned at once to find the child convalescent.

John Peel's Birthplace

Up in Caldbeck they have raised a subscription for a memorial to John Peel who lived there, they say. Over one hundred pounds is in hand, so imagine their chagrin when they heard "John Peel" in a local programme: "D'you ken John Peel in his coat so gay?—he lived at Troutbeck once a day."

The words were unmistakable, so the organisers of the fund at Caldbeck complained to the B.B.C. The Scottish Students and the National Students Song books say that he lived at Troutbeck, but we all know the liberties which are taken by song writers and the statement will not satisfy Caldbeck. Maybe he lived at both becks; he had a horse.

Studying the Records

Sales of gramophone records are being studied by producers. The discs provide a much neglected guide to popularity, and Sandy Powell, who is a best seller on wax, is assured of a great reception when he brings his own company to the mike next week. His show is down for broadcasting on June 13 and 15.

A Father-and-Son Act

"Sister" and "brother" acts are common on the radio, but a father and son combination is not so usual. There is one just coming along. Jacques Abady, former Mayor of Westminster, and his son Tim have written a show for Midsummer's Eve. "What the Fairies do" is the title, book and lyrics by Abady senior.

Another Famous Tryall

Lance Sieveking, the airman producer, is at work with scissors and blue pencil on the "Trial of Richard Hathaway," down for broadcasting in July. As Whitaker (Pinner) Wilson knows, language used in old manuscripts is often more picturesque than proper, and it seems that in 1702 our rough island tongue was vulgar. It was in this year that Dick of Hathaway was accused and found guilty of being a cheat and an impostor, for accusing Sarah Morduck of witchcraft in order to get her burned.

That witch business had its drawbacks.

Musical Shows

Stanley Lupino says that box office receipts have improved since that amusing relay of "Sporting Love." Listeners liked it, and since the management are pleased we are sure to hear some more of these relays from musical shows. It is difficult to get a good microphone balance in a theatre, but most musical comedies have at least twenty minutes of song and humour which would broadcast well. Anyway, Outside Broadcasting scouts are going to see several next week.

"The Battle" Again

I hear from my old friend Leslie Baily that his successful play, "The Fantastic Battle" is to be broadcast again during the week of July 8. On its first broadcast it may have upset enthusiastic militarists, but for my part, I thought that, judged as a radio play, it was a great success. Val Gielgud is producing it on its next performance.

"Next Week You will Hear . . ."

This is the title of a new item in the Scottish programme which listeners should make a point of hearing—it will give them the "cream" of the next week's programmes. On June 9, at 6.20, for example, excerpts from programmes to be broadcast during the week beginning June 10 will be given. These are "trailers" to important forthcoming programmes, to help you decide if you want to listen to them or not.

More by Mayerl

I understand that Billy Mayerl is down for another piano recital of his own compositions on Tuesday, June 26. I am sure this will appeal to the millions of Mayerl enthusiasts all over the country, so I hasten to bring this B.B.C. booking to your notice.

In the Control Cabin

I was watching Paul Askew the other afternoon. He was "balancing" a show in St. George's. He has a nice little cubicle on the stage from which he can see the producer and through him keep in touch with the actors.

He was showing me how he uses his various controls. By turning down the fader operating on the orchestra's mike, and turning up the audience's mike (through which you hear them applauding) he gave me the effect of the orchestra as heard in the gallery.

A Present from the Boys

While I was there John Sharman came in. I purloined a handsome-looking silver cigarette case from his waistcoat pocket, intending to "pinch" a cigarette. Nothing I could do would open that case. John said it was made like that on purpose so that people like myself should not take his cigarettes. Eventually he repented, rubbed the two sides together, and opened it. The case was a present from his Brighton Boys Club. John organises a charity matinee once a year down there.

Listening-in de Luxe

I had supper with Howard Rose the other evening. We then decided to go to the Fol-de-Rols. So we went along to the B.B.C. listening hall and sat in very comfortable chairs. It is a charming room, lit by brightly glowing panels. These, and the conditioned air, made it very pleasant. Very nice on a hot evening.

Sporting the Colours

Walking towards Broadcasting House the other afternoon I noticed how the B.B.C. flag has faded. The rain, wind, and sun seem to have combined to its misfortune. Inside, however, the flowers were as nice as ever. There are always at least two huge vases of brightly-coloured flowers in the entrance hall. That day one vase contained gladioli and white broom.

When you hear Charlie Kunz's band broadcasting from Casani's Club, you hear Dawn Davis vocalising at the microphone



A fine Story by P. C. Wren starts for "Radio Pictorial" readers this week

CAPTAIN ZARLES of the Foreign Legion was undeniably a very fine soldier, an admirable regimental officer, and worthy of the great regiment that he adorned.

When he sent him to the Military College at St. Maixent to study for his commission, Colonel des Voeux had prophesied that they would undoubtedly make an officer of Sergeant-Major Zarles—but not a gentleman. However, brave, zealous and experienced officers were of more importance than gentlemen; and the Legion's Mess would soon give him the necessary veneer.

Captain Zarles lived for his work, and nothing else interested him greatly. Women, a little; wine and absinthe, a little; practical cruelty, a little. At the moment, the camel question occupied his keen and active mind, almost to the exclusion of his present form of relaxation, the baiting of his wife, and of *le légionnaire* the ci-devant Vicomte Michel Valmond de la Roche St. Michel.

Something, he felt, could be done to improve the already high efficiency of the various *pelotons* of the Camel Corps, those splendid hardy *méharistes* who go out on desert patrol for months on end, preventing or punishing Touareg raids, conveying the big caravans, and generally rendering the Sahara safe for plutocracy, if a duller country for heroes to live in. Also of the *groupes mobiles* and desert columns on their work of peaceful penetration.

And his great idea in this connection was the invention and introduction of a new and improved camel-saddle, a saddle with two seats, in short. Why, the Zarles saddle would mark an absolutely enormous step in the progress of the equipment of the XIXth Army Corps, the army of Africa. Where one hundred men arrived to-day, two hundred men would arrive to-morrow—seated on the Zarles saddles—and at no greater cost in camels and the feeding and watering of camels. That it could be done, Captain Zarles was certain, for he had visited India on his way home from a tour of duty in French Indo-China, and had seen two men riding in comfort on one camel. He had at once made personal experiment and, in one day, had ridden seventy miles across sand and stone, carrying a gun across his thighs, behind a sturdy camel-man who drove the beast by means of rope-reins fastened to its nostrils. And the camel had also carried the camp-kit of Captain Zarles and had finished the journey without the slightest signs of fatigue.

The zealous officer had made a careful sketch of the two-seated contraption.

And, this bright and shining morn, Captain Zarles stood eyeing the bony wooden frame of a Touareg saddle with its high-crutched pommel and narrow back-board crupper, comparing it unfavourably with the type represented by the sketch in his note-book. Yes, surely the Arab was wrong and the Baluchi was right. Both used the same species of camel, the dromedary, and in similar country. Yet how should the Arab be wrong in the light of five thousand years' experience. On the other hand, why should the Baluchi be wrong? Presumably the Asiatic has used the single-humped dromedary just as long as the African had, and his practical conclusion—the two-seated saddle—is as much entitled to respect.

Anyhow, Captain Zarles would have a two-seated saddle-frame constructed at once, and he would himself experiment therewith, giving it the fullest trial, and possibly modifying and improving it. Yes, and this dog Monsieur le Vicomte Michel Valmond de la Roche St. Michel should be his camel-man, his *oont-wallah*, as they called the man in the Indian deserts. Quite a promotion for *ce bon sacré chien d'un Vicomte* to be groom to a camel. And Captain Zarles proceeded to carry out his great idea of evolving the Regulation Sealed-pattern Zarles' Two-seated Military Camel Saddle—to his undoing and terrible death.

As some students of history are aware, there was a Valmond de la Roche St. Michel with Roland at Ronceval, and there have, of course, been Valmonds de la Roche St. Michel in the *entourages* of most of the kings and queens of France. Their bannerets have been seen in Jerusalem, at Acre, Rhodes, Malta and wherever new pages of French history were written in steel and stone.

The Valmond de la Roche St. Michel of the French Revolution weathered the storm, thanks partly to his courage, ability and stoutness of heart, and partly to his and his family's great popularity throughout the countryside.

Paris graciously allowed him to live and even to retain his chateau and a small portion of the family lands. The reduced and declining family received further blows during the troublous Napoleonic times—and paid a heavy price for its haughty aristocracy and unbending royalism.

By the time the Michel Valmond de la Roche St. Michel of this story was born, his father was a country gentleman of modest means, with little left to him of his family possessions but its pride, traditions, and dilapidated chateau, the decaying roof of which he literally kept over him with difficulty.

Thus it was that the latest, and indeed the last, of the Valmonds learned, at an early age, that he must take his profession seriously; though, among the many things that he disliked, work of all kinds was prominent. What he did like was to lead, as far as possible, the kind of life lived by his ancestors, to hunt, to feast, to carouse, to gamble, to enjoy every *droit de seigneur*, and for a change of dissipation, to visit the gay capital.

Within the shadow of the chateau, at the foot of the hill that it crowned and adorned, crouched humbly the village of St. Michel, and in the village dwelt Monsieur Farge, butcher, a politically-minded man, gross, violent, and of most subversive views. With him dwelt, more or less in amity, Madame Farge, the female of the species, a scheming and evil woman, more dangerous than her noisier lord. And beneath their roof, when not elsewhere, sojourned their really beautiful daughter Angelique, in whom mingled and flourished the distinctive virtues of her parents.

At the sign of the *Coque d'Or* she exercised and exploited her charm, and charms; and did that very ancient hostelry much good. Financially speaking, that is to say.

The name and the fame of la Belle Angelique, her reputation—or, as some jealous detractors said, her lack of it—had spread far beyond St. Michel and the parts adjacent. She was, indeed, what was once termed a "toast," a "reigning belle," and the *Coque d'Or*, especially on market days, was a place of pilgrimage. Men fought about her; women talked about her; and Madame Farge, to whose side she, more or less, nightly returned, thought about her—long, long thoughts that somehow ended in a chateau—in fact, the Chateau de la Roche St. Michel. On their way thither, these fond maternal thoughts halted and hovered about the head of one Etienne Zarles, and, as they did so, Madame might be heard to curse, and, indeed, seen to spit.

For *ce sale cochon d'un Etienne Zarles*—and might the Devil inviscerate him, impale him on a red-hot stake, and grill him over a slow fire till he looked like a nicely-browned *poussin*—dared to raise his sheep's eyes, his pig's eyes, his eyes of a hairless green goat, to la Belle Angelique!

And the hell of it was, Madame freely admitted, that the fool girl was by way of catching the eye that was raised—the bold buccaneering, come-hither eye of this rollicking rascal, this village *vaurien*. But there, girls would be girls, and Angelique was a good girl, and would never give her mother a moment's anxiety. Never would she jeopardise her chances of becoming a fine lady by stooping to folly before she was one. Afterwards was another matter.



"Just a dog-whip—bless him—and about the biggest thrashing that ever a man bestowed upon a woman."

The subject being raised in family council, Angelique concurred. Certainly, *ce bon Etienne Zarles* was a fine figure of a man. But Michel Valmond de la Roche St. Michel was a fine figure of a Bank Balance. And undoubtedly, he was aware of Mademoiselle Angelique Farge.

"Nibbling, eh?" grunted the butcher. "Il en est bien epris," stated Madame Farge. "With the most dishonourable intentions," blushed Mademoiselle modestly. "Monsieur le Vicomte comes into the *Coque d'Or* almost nightly. . . . Not a reticent or shy young gentleman, that one. . . . He says just what he thinks—just what he likes. . . . Fortunately he does not think much."

"And I am what he likes—for the moment," added Angelique. "And that penniless *canaille*, Etienne Zarles, is he there also nightly? Does he likewise say what he likes?" inquired Madame. "Oh! la, la!" blushed Angelique. "*Ce pauvre Etien* . . ."

When Lieutenant le Vicomte Valmond de la Roche St. Michel, of the 46th Infantry of the Line, came home on furlough and married Angelique Farge, it was a great and terrible surprise to the dwellers on the hill, but to the dwellers of the Plain it was not unexpected.

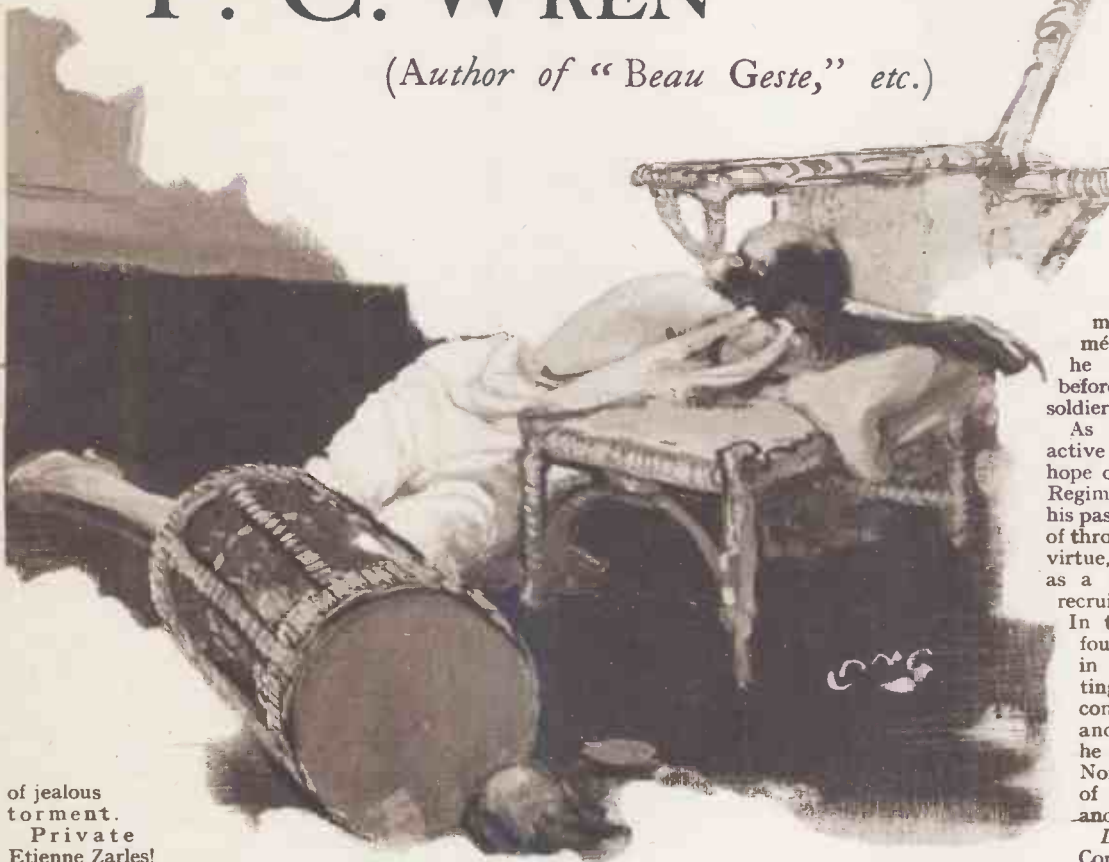
It would, they had said all along, take something much more like a man than Monsieur le Vicomte to defeat or evade Monsieur and Madame Farge when betrayed into their hands by their little daughter Angelique.

Monsieur le Vicomte never forgot his treatment by the butcher Farge on the night when he was trapped by that forceful ruffian and his wife; and, for the rest of his days he detested his papa-in-law nearly as much as he did the presumptuously insolent young scoundrel, Private Etienne Zarles, of the 46th Infantry of the Line, who had dared to be his rival for the favours of this Angelique, his madly-loved and bitterly hated wife, this vixen who could raise him up to Heaven and dash him down to Hell, and who could and did make his life a garden of bliss and a desert

The DOUBLE SADDLE

by
P. C. WREN

(Author of "Beau Geste," etc.)



of jealous
torment.

Private
Etienne Zarles!
That one should
learn something.

And to the best of his rather limited ability, Monsieur le Vicomte taught Etienne Zarles something. Self-control, for example, and how to refrain from smashing the sneering, jeering face of the man who put him on the rack of humiliation, jealousy, and mental torture. For Lieutenant le Vicomte Michel Valmond de la Roche St. Michel had the, for him, bright idea of making Etienne Zarles his *ordonnance*, and promoted him to be his soldier-valet, body-servant, butler, and general factotum.

It gave the good Vicomte very genuine pleasure to say "Fill Madame's glass, Zarles," and to note carefully whether the hand of Private Etienne Zarles trembled as he did so. And to address him as oaf, lout, clod, bumpkin, or fresh-faced, flat-footed fool.

Or to bid him stand further away from Madame—as, apparently, neither his leisure time was equal to his need for ablutions, nor his income to the purchase of perfume—and to watch the dull flush overspread the sullen countenance of the young man.

The Vicomte exercised much ingenuity in contriving that Etienne Zarles should see a great deal of Madame—in her husband's presence—and that he should appear at the very greatest disadvantage.

And Madame la Vicomtesse? Madame accepted

the situation, and everything else that Madame could get, including the whole of her husband's income.

After a brief and passionate honeymoon, trouble had begun quite early, and there was little need of Monsieur le Vicomte's bitter, cutting tongue, and Madame's utter incompatibility and hopeless unfitness for her rôle, to widen the inevitable breach. Within a year of the wedding he had observed with some justice:

"Your idea of existence is to spend all day, and to gamble all night."

To which she had replied, with equal truth:
"The shops are shut at night, my cabbage."

An annoying woman. When her infuriated and outraged husband would cry:

"You'll come to a bad end," she, with a feline smile, and flexing of tense fingers, would coldly reply:

"And you, my cabbage, have come to a bad beginning."

When he would groan, "You have ruined me," she would reply:

"Not yet, quite, my little one, be patient."

And the kindest thing that Angélique ever did for her husband, was to leave him, having faithfully kept her promise that she would never desert him while he had a franc.

Lieutenant le Vicomte Michel Valmond de la Roche St. Michel, instead of returning thanks to Heaven for his good fortune, raved like a maniac, and threatened murder and suicide.

It was Private Etienne Zarles, just returned from furlough at St. Michel, who was to be murdered, and that forthwith, unless he instantly confessed his share in the shameful business of Madame's flight, presumably to St. Michel. And it was Etienne Zarles who neatly recorded the general estimate of Madame's character, by shrugging his shoulders and mentioning that his income from all sources amounted to about sixpence a day.

So the murder of Etienne Zarles was postponed, and a violent slap on each cheek substituted. The suicide of Monsieur le Vicomte was also postponed, and a deeper plunge into even wilder dissipation substituted for that. But dissipation of the kind enjoyed by such gentlemen of rank and fashion is apt to be expensive, and a week of it cost a sum greater than the income of the Vicomte for a year.

After the manner of his kind, the Lieutenant turned first to the gentlemen who lend money; then to the green tables which sometimes return it; then to the horses that run quickly, though sometimes not quickly enough; and finally to various regimental funds that were in his trust.

And, still after the manner of his kind, he came the early and inevitable cropper, and in ruin and disgrace, fled to escape prosecution.

Private Etienne Zarles, returning to regimental duty from the misery and martyrdom of his experience in this domestic ménage, quickly found himself. Before long he found himself a Corporal and, again before long, a Sergeant. For he was a born soldier.

As such, he not unnaturally longed to see active service, and as there was apparently no hope of his doing this as a Sergeant of the 46th Regiment of the Line, he showed the mettle of his pastures by taking the bold and extreme course of throwing away all he had gained by his soldierly virtue, deserting from his regiment, and enlisting, as a Belgian without papers, at a far-distant recruiting depot of the Foreign Legion.

In the Foreign Legion, Etienne Zarles again found himself, and was justified of his boldness in this apparently over-rash step. He distinguished himself as a steady, keen, and competent soldier, cheerful, willing, zealous, and smart—and in addition to these qualities, he had invaluable knowledge of "the ropes." None so skilful as he at the legitimate kind of "creeping," the propitiation of superiors, and the avoidance of every kind of offence.

Le légionnaire Etienne Zarles became Corporal Zarles in less than due course; Corporal Zarles was promoted to Sergeant for distinguished coolness and courage in action; Sergeant Zarles was promoted to Sergeant-Major for the brave, skilful, and tenacious defence of an outpost after the death of his officer, and *l'Adjudant* Zarles was sent to the Military College of St. Maixent to be trained to fitness for commissioned rank.

It was during a furlough spent at St. Michel that Captain Etienne Zarles of the Foreign Legion again met Angélique, *née* Farge. The Captain, more of a fine figure of a man than ever, took the high hand. He also took, within a week, the hand of Angélique, more than a little weary of life in the minor key, and the village of St. Michel. Nor had Monsieur and Madame Farge any objection to make to their daughter's alliance *en secondes noces* with *Monsieur le Capitaine*. Not that it would have interested Captain Etienne Zarles if they had.

"I treat 'em rough," was the Captain's motto, and method, whether with reference to women, subordinates, civilians or parents-in-law.

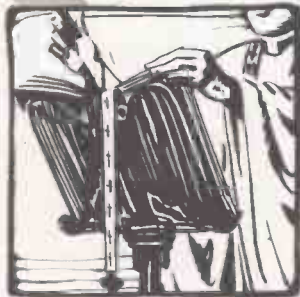
The happy couple spoke quite frequently and freely of the bride's first husband, and when, on one occasion, Madame Angélique Zarles remarked, "I suppose that account of his death in the paper was true," her Etienne cryptically replied.

"It'll soon be true enough, if it turns out not to be true."

Continued on page 22

WITH *the* B.B.C.

At Church



JOHN TRENT takes you behind the scenes at Liverpool and Canterbury Cathedrals, and other points from which the B.B.C. relays religious services

EVERY cathedral and church presents its peculiar problem to the outside broadcast men responsible for relaying the service.

Unobtrusively they work behind the scenes, concealing microphones, cables, batteries and telephone so that the presence of their apparatus shall not distract the clergy or the congregation.

The difficulty may be an echo which plays queer tricks on the mikes, an organ with pipes so arranged that the bass overpowers the treble at close quarters, or just that the vicar's voice is basso-profundo, while the curate's is a fluting tenor.

Again, it may be that scaffolding and sheeting for repairs affect the acoustics, or that the cathedral is not complete, as at Liverpool.

Perhaps the preacher sways as his eloquence grips him and strikes the pulpit to emphasise his words. Special care is needed here.

At least five microphones are used for every service. At a test before a relay one is placed in the pulpit for the sermon, another in the lectern for the lesson, one in the stall for the prayers, one is slung aloft for the organ and choir and another is fixed in the tower for the bells.

All these microphones are connected by cables to amplifiers and batteries at a control point where an engineer will follow the service with earphones, bringing each microphone into use separately as the service progresses.

This control point is usually placed in the vestry, but at Canterbury it is located in the crypt,

Telephone lines are ordered by the B.B.C. several weeks before a service, and Post Office engineers connect the control point in the church to the nearest telephone exchange and reserve lines which will carry the service to Broadcasting House, or to the nearest point in the B.B.C. system.

An hour before the service starts, these telephone lines will be tested, and when the engineer in the vestry gets the O.K. from the control room at Broadcasting House he knows that the system is in order.

He must next consult the vicar about the order of service, in case there has been some alteration.

The vicar may have a cold and wish to save his voice for the sermon, in which case the curate will take the early part of the service and an additional microphone must be rigged in the curate's stall on the far side of the chancel.

This change will involve some quick work and cable must be laid carefully, passing under the carpet on the steps, to ensure that no one trips.

Bells are not always relayed before a service. It depends on the peal. If it is famous, distinguished, or merely unusual, it is certain to be heard.

Engineers will then mount the tower and, if the church is being used for broadcasting for the first time, a good three hours are likely to be spent in finding the best place for the mike.

It is remarkable how a change in microphone position will alter the sound of a peal of bells. There can be no rule and the best position has to be found by a process of trial and error.

Sometimes the microphone makes quite an extended tour before finding a permanent home, which may be in the tower close to the bells, or yards

there are O.B. men who will not regain that happy carefree demeanour until the cathedral is finished.

On June 9 the bell of *H.M.S. Canterbury* is to be hung in the cathedral and the ceremony will be broadcast.

Ceremonies involve processions, movement always complicates a relay and there will be some anxious moments for the fellows in charge of this elaborate programme.

They are already at work with a diagram, "rigging" the cathedral for the service, and probably the record will be broken of fourteen microphones in use for one programme.

It has been held by York Minster since the enthronement of the Archbishop in 1929.

This ceremony opened with a procession to the Chapter House, the Dean and Chapter then moved to the Great West Doors to meet the Archbishop, who knocked on the door and petitioned for admission. The Archbishop next visited the Sanctuary and afterwards walked to the throne.

Later he passed through the choir screen to seats beneath the central tower and thence down the nave to the door. Every movement was "followed" by invisible mikes and not a word or significant sound was lost.

For us, an impressive broadcast of pageantry in sound; for O.B. engineers, a more than ordinarily tricky job of work.

The King and Queen were attending St. Paul's during the first relay permitted by the cathedral authorities and it was essential for the apparatus to be inconspicuous.

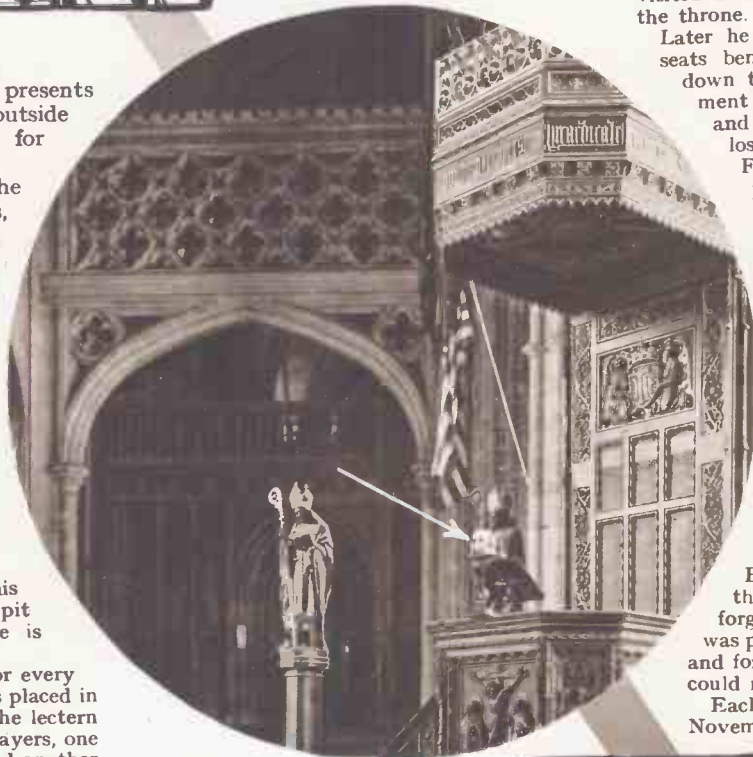
Despite a procession, the O.B. men succeeded in concealing seven out of eight mikes to be used for the service. They were placed in the centre transept, in the pulpit, on the lectern, in the choir, and by the great screen.

Permanent wiring was then installed and is still in use.

Broadcasting makes such rapid progress that its growing-pains are already forgotten. Once upon a time a microphone was positively unwelcome at national events and for several years the Cenotaph ceremony could not be relayed.

Each year now in the early morning of November 11 a big green van is driven into Richmond Mews hard by the Cenotaph. A cover is raised from the ground and the end of a telephone line is joined to an amplifier in the van. It is the control point for the service and its other terminal emerges about five yards from the plinth. Presently an engineer will fix two microphones under the book-rest, wires will be joined, and so the last link will be cast in a chain which will send a service and a silence round the world.

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away outside the church beneath an eave. But be certain that the peal is always heard to the best advantage.

Once found, the place for the mike is marked on a plan and if the B.B.C. returns to that church, even five years hence, those bells will sound just the same.

Curious things, bells, and the biggest are the most eccentric. When heard from one point, Great Tom strikes A, while at another distance the note is unmistakably E.

Liverpool is justly proud of its new cathedral, which towers above the city. Chancel and transept are complete, but a great brick wall from the stone floor to the arch of the roof blocks the nave which is now being built.

Sound which will roll on through the nave is now sharply reflected by this wall and a pretty acoustical problem was set for the engineers when the cathedral was first scheduled to broadcast. Many mike positions were tried for the organ and the sound reflected from the wall kept disturbing the balance.

When hope of securing a successful relay was almost abandoned, it was decided to climb higher in a final effort and a microphone slung seventy feet above the choir solved the problem. But

(In circle) The arrow shows the position of one of the microphones in the pulpit at Canterbury Cathedral. It is of the type used in the B.B.C. talks studios



O.B. ENGINEERS

A graphic description, by R. M. Samuel, the well-known Speedway Correspondent, of the way the B.B.C. carries out its relays from the speedways, as was done last Thursday at the Wembley Stadium

—And at the SPEEDWAY



ON Thursday the B.B.C. relayed from the Wembley Stadium half an hour of speedway thrills.

Not an easy job!

The idea was not to give an account of the whole meeting, but just a short thrilling snapshot ending with a climax of excitement. Just imagine if you were given a microphone and a telephone line through to the control room, and were told to give a "snappy" description of the racing and to let millions of listeners (many of whom have never seen a dirt-track) have a good idea of what thrills are worked up in motor-cycle racing of this kind. The B.B.C. engineers were testing at the track several weeks before the actual broadcast. It is surprising how much work goes on behind the scenes to result in only half an hour's broadcast. Difficulties often have to be faced in connection with the installation of land-lines and microphone leads.

But the commentator at the actual broadcast has the most difficult job. You see, the commentator has to convey not only a word-picture of the racing, but the excitement of the crowd, its reaction to happenings at the track, the tenseness of the riders, and the general "colour" of the meeting.

There are apt to be interruptions through mechanical breakdowns or accidents, and it calls indeed for a quick-witted commentator to tide over these periods without losing the thread of his story.

He gets little help from track officials! Perched as he is in a small enclosed box, alone save for the mike, his eyes are his only assistant.

His view-point is good, situated high up in the main stand in a position where he has a commanding view not only of the track but also of the pits. He can see all that is happening, but must anticipate a great deal.

On Thursday the commentator was Mr. B. C. Holding who, although he has never actually

Broadsiding! Two of the Australians who rode in the first Test match relayed from Wembley, Max Grosskreutz (nearest camera) and Dickie Case, both popular speedway riders

broadcast before, has had four years' experience as an announcer at many speedway tracks, and carried out this duty at three test matches last year. Holding was selected not only because of his particularly clear enunciation, but because of his intimate and practical knowledge of speedway racing.

But he found the test to which he was subjected by the B.B.C. something of an ordeal.

When he went along in response to the invitation he was immediately ushered into a small

studio, where he was told to set up his watch before him, to imagine himself at Wembley, and to broadcast all he saw in the next five minutes. Quite an effort of imagination!

Apparently he came through the ordeal with flying colours, for he walked out five minutes later with his contract in his pocket.

He had another test, however, for at 8 o'clock when the starting gun for the first race of the evening went off, Holding started to broadcast—but only on closed circuit. For fifteen minutes this test continued, during which time the B.B.C. engineers were busy arranging the necessary degree of amplification so that when the actual broadcast commenced half an hour later everything was perfect.

It's a difficult job, because the commentator has to keep in mind not only the progress of the particular race he is describing, but also that of the match as a whole. He must not only understand team riding tactics thoroughly, but also be able to convey them to his public—an extremely difficult task. Should an accident occur—and few speedway meetings pass without two or three such occurrences—he must be able to describe it simply, but, of course, not luridly!

Mr. Holding was the first journalist to talk over the radio between London and New York in 1926.

Here is just one little "trick" which was resorted to at a previous B.B.C.-relayed speedway match. After some of the effects had been given and the commentators had explained the details of the racing, it was arranged that the effects microphone alone should be switched on and allowed to tell its own story of one complete race. The effects "mike" could be turned on so quickly that the deafening roar of the machine came as a sudden surprise to listeners. The broadcast really did work up to a climax of excitement.

And that is the secret of a successful "broadside" broadcast.

In the Air . . .

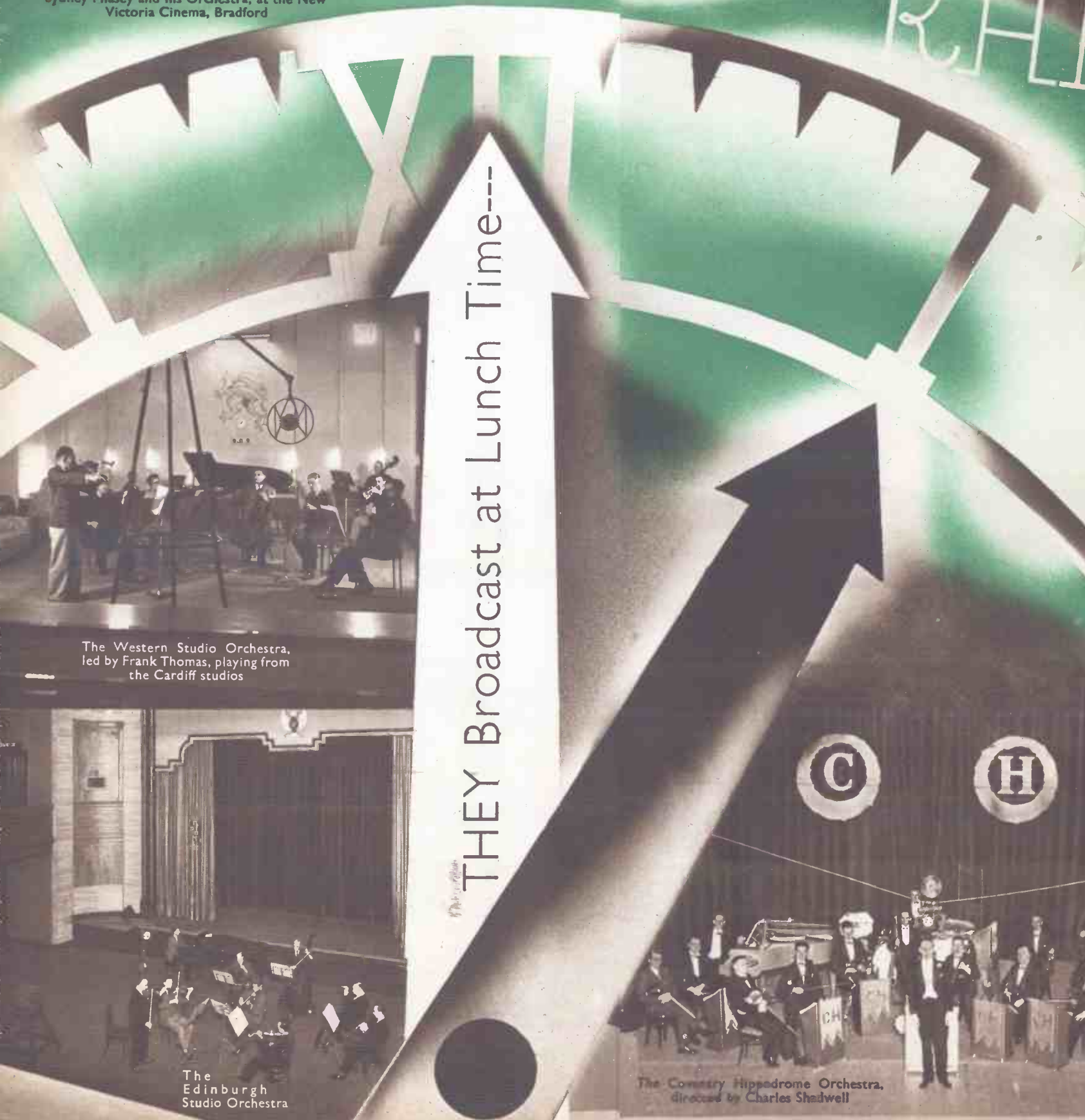
. . . Queenie Leonard keeping B.B.C. dates in a booful serge ensemble . . . didja know that an ardent admirer of Florence Desmond gave that gal, when she was recently in Hollywood, a bejewelled and gold-plated telephone; claimed that Flo wasn't recording enough in his direction! . . . Miles Malleon, returning to the air after a period of acting, playwrighting and scenario-scribbling, had an amusing experience when playing in *Twelfth Night* not so long ago . . . the fire sprinkler broke in the middle of the duel scene and Miles had to go through the scene getting drenched to the skin . . . the audience applauded loudly; thought it was a clever scenic rain effect! . . . Doug Fairbanks was more afraid of his British Radio debut than of any of his movie premières.



Sydney Phasey and his Orchestra, at the New Victoria Cinema, Bradford



Sydney Phasey



THEY Broadcast at Lunch Time---



The Western Studio Orchestra, led by Frank Thomas, playing from the Cardiff studios



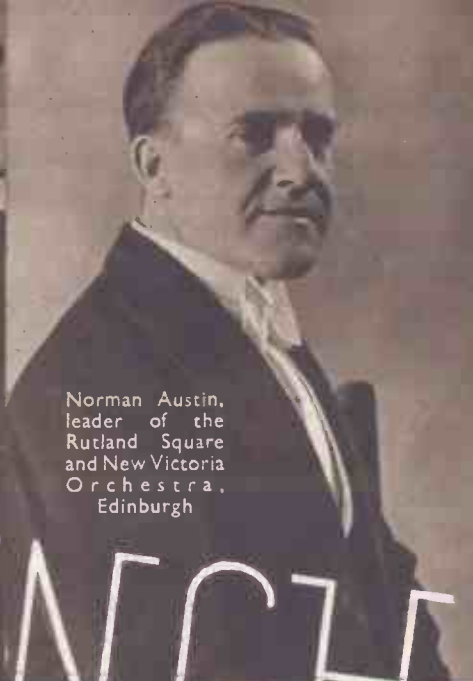
The Edinburgh Studio Orchestra



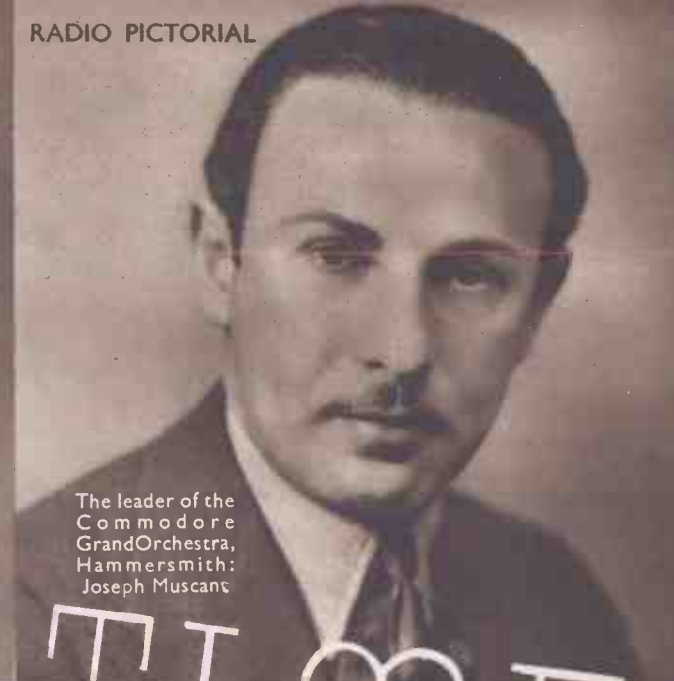
The Coventry Hippodrome Orchestra, directed by Charles Shadwell



The Northern Studio Orchestra, directed by John Bridge



Norman Austin, leader of the Rutland Square and New Victoria Orchestra, Edinburgh



The leader of the Commodore Grand Orchestra, Hammersmith: Joseph Muscant

RADIO LUNCH TIME



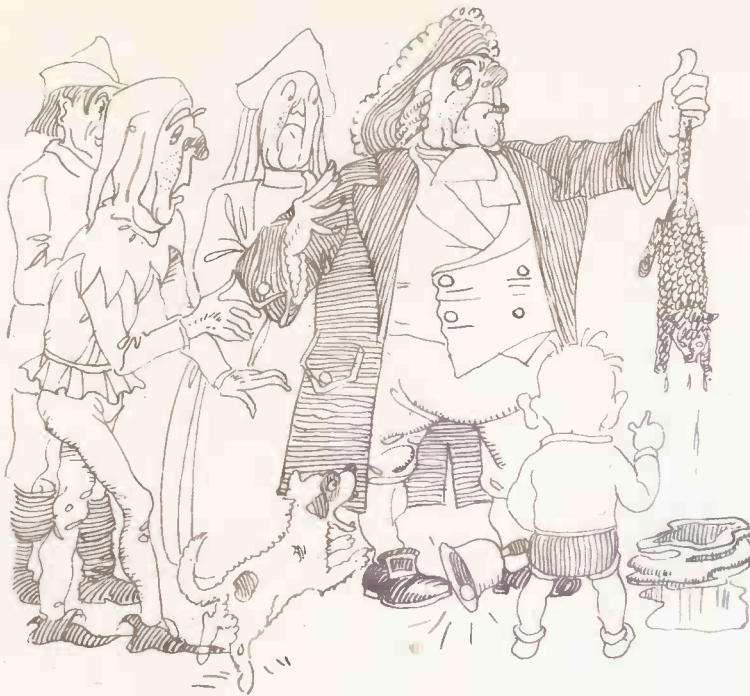
Cecil Chadwick, at the organ of the Classic Cinema, Belfast



Quentin Maclean at the organ of the Trocadero Cinema, Elephant and Castle



Tom Jenkins, on the air from the Plaza Cinema, Swansea



A VERAY PARFIT RADIO PLAY— Pussy's in the Well!

A satire on ultra-modern broadcast play production methods

FREELY adapted for the microphone from *Mother Goose, Her Book*. Preliminary injunction to producer: Two panels are indispensable for a just presentation of this play—(1) Dramatic Control Panel, (2) Self-Control Panel—with possible recourse to the National Health Insurance Panel also.

THE ACTION:

(Fade-in "The Bells of St. Malo" or *Aberdovey* or *Any-old-where-that's-got-bells* and ring them loudly. Cross-fade "Silver Bells and Cockle Shells" or *Harry Robbins*—first bells out, second bells in. Relegate to background; play very softly; make a note of studio whence bells emanate; then fade-out as speech begins in *Principals' Studio*.)

TOWN CRIER: Oyez, Oyez, Oyez! Ding-dong-bell! (Rings small hand-bell).

(Fade-in noises from *Crowd Studio*. Let one man cry "Muffins!" another whistle some gutter-song of the moment; another blow his nose violently; another chew nut-nougat with a loud action; a fourth (or is it a fifth?) strike a match on the leg of his slacks. In fact anything to conjure up a vast, seething mob—Oh!—and some dogs, too, and a rabble of school-children breaking from the portals of learning. Let the whole crowd have zip, élan, verve, éclat, and bounce. But fade them a bit to allow the speaker who follows to hit the ether in an intelligible manner.)

A MAN: Watcher ringin' the bell for, Bottlenose?

(Let the crowd laugh uproariously here, because if the folks at the other end of the transmission don't recognise "Bottlenose" as a joke it is up to the studio to jolly well larn 'em.)

TOWN CRIER: Oyez, Oyez, Oyez! Pussy's in the well!

(A lot must be left to the producer here, because he's three studios to keep going—*Principals'*, *Crowd*, and *Cat-in-Well*. Let the *Cat-in-Well* studio sound like *Ali Baba's cavern* or the *Crystal Palace* when the sounding brass and tinkling cymbals have departed for the more savage reaches of England. It is the author's intention that three separate slants on the cat's predicament should be stressed, as follows.)

CROWD: Ooooh! what a shame! who did that to poor puss-cat? Where's the R.S.P.C.A.? Ooooh! Garn! Rats! etc.

TOWN CRIER (sobbing): Oh, witta-wirra! The pore darlint av a cat! (NOTE: *Rich Irish voice* so as to differentiate the Crier clearly from any other speakers who may turn up during the action.)

CAT: Meaow! Meaow! Meaow!
(After a bit).

A MAN: Who put the blamed cat in the well, anyway?

CROWD: Yes! Who done it? I'll bet it's my well! The dirty dogs! Name! Yah! Speech!

TOWN CRIER: Oyez, Oyez, Oyez! Oi name that little spalpeen, Tommy Green!—An' green's the colour av me heart—God save ould Oireland!

("Londonderry Air" faintly from a studio in the sub-basement or

Vienna or a long way like that).

TOMMY GREEN: It's a blinkin' fib! I was playin' Yo-Yo when I done it!

CROWD: Yah! He's owned-up! Bet ee Yo-Yoed the perishin' cat! 'Ang 'im! Shoot 'im! Ber-lud! Grrr-atcha! Attaboy!

(There is the sound of running feet, of overturned fountains and statues in the square, of shop-windows being hurriedly barricaded, of bank managers locking the tills. Then, in a pregnant pause, let the Town Hall clock strike four as a time-motif, showing that time has got on a bit. Let the hullabaloo re-start. Then, from it, let there emerge high and clear, in a piping treble schoolboy voice...)

JOHNNY STOUT: Stop!

(Let the crowd stop if overhead charges are not too stiff. Otherwise send them home to await cues. A little music would be desirable here, too, as subscribing to the high-minded character of Johnny Stout. Perhaps "The Eton Boating Song" or "I Didn't Raise My Boy to be a Soldier" or simply "Sonny Boy". N.B.—See if any performing fees attach before finally committing to action. Fade-out ad lib.)

By Richard POMFRET

TOWN CRIER: Oyez, Oyez, Oyez, broth av a bhoj! Ye've saved the situation!

JOHNNY STOUT: (with conscious rectitude): I have done more! I have saved the cat.

(Here it would be advisable to fade-in the now empty *Cat-in-Well* studio to give evidence that the cat really has been saved. Transmit this silent testimony regardless of potential letters from *South Corns* and *North Northumbs*, protesting against "break in transmission" at 7-52 p.m., on the 20th inst.—And what about it? Then bring up crowd again.)

CROWD: Who 'as? Where is it? Bet it's the blighter that walks our tiles! Nasty little prig! Three cheers! Hooray! Mind me 'at! Hooray! You big stiff! etc.

TOWN CRIER: Oyez, Oyez, Oyez! Shure an' 'tis me duty to check the cat!

A MAN: Watcha mean, Bottlenose? It ain't twins, is it?

(Another merry salvo of laughter from crowd.)

TOWN CRIER (with sublime contempt): Iv'ry cat's a twin when it's black—an' moreover inside the bag av Johnny Stout! Oyez, Oyez, Oyez, Tommy Green! Stand forth if ye're here an' check the cat—an' if ye're not here then for the love av Mike say so!

(A silence, broken only by the creaking of stiffly-starched collars, of necks craning, of mouths opening questioningly. Then, a low rumble as the crowd grasps the truth...)

CROWD: He's bolted! Green's bolted! Who's to check the cat? Greeeen! Rah-Rah-Rah!

We want GrEEEEEEN! Hoy! Green to Check! Green to Check!

(Let the refrain "Green to Check" be taken up by the whole of the assembled multitude—Cf. That bit in "Squirrel's Cage" where a typewriter impales the soul of a man on its platen. Let the refrain become maddening. N.B.—Have handy 'phone numbers of asylums adjacent to studio. Then, with this refrain always in the background, let the crowd sweep up the Town Hall steps, regardless of the charwomen's activities of the morning. N.B.B.—The idea of shifting the crowd this way is to allow for the legitimate aim of broadcasting, which is to be able to tote a microphone just any place.)

SECOND MAN: 'Ere's the blinkin' Rate Office!

A MAN: Come on, folks! Rip 'em up! No say, no pay! (Ripping of paper from *Effects studio*). (Always the running feet, the "Green to Check!")

A MAN: Where's this?

SECOND MAN: The mayor's parlour.

A MAN: Lummy! Ee ain't at 'ome.

SECOND MAN: Wha's that?

A MAN: Wha's wha'?

SECOND MAN (tensely): Over there—in the Johnny 'Orner?

A MAN: It's Green! Hoy, folks, we've got 'im! Come on out, you young perisher!

TOMMY GREEN (whimpering): Wha's up? Lemme alone!

TOWN CRIER: Come out av it, ye tiresome gossoon! Ye're goin' down into the square it is to check the cat.

(Here the crowd should retrace its steps to the square. It is suggested that a *Blattnerphone* strip of the preceding scene run in reverse would admirably fulfil the intention of the author.)

TOWN CRIER: Oyez, Oyez, Oyez! An' now, Tommy Green, tell all the people that this is the cat it is that Johnny Stout has bin takin' from out the well is the same as the same one ye put in the well.

CROWD: Hear, hear! Speech! Shurrup! Don't tell 'em! Yah! Boo!

TOMMY GREEN: P-Please, sir, it is the same cat.

JOHNNY STOUT (introduce softly the chosen "Stout" motif, as boys sound much alike): Why need you have doubted my word?

TOMMY GREEN: But it was dead when I chucked it in the well, same as it is now! Look in the bag.

TOWN CRIER: Me ould Aunt Bridget that put herself in the oven an' the cakes to bed! The spalpeen's pulled iv'ry one av the town's legs!

(Fade-up crashing "Ha-ha-ha's" from crowd. Let the clock strike the quarter. Let bells chime as at opening. Oh, and a train shunting might nicely round-off the whole action. This always goes well. Then fade out.)

Concluding injunction to producer: If any long-nosed listener should write in pointing out that the cat couldn't be dead because he heard it "Meaow!" refund him his licence fee, and hope for the best. That "Meaow!" cannot be sacrificed.

In the Children's Hour

Step by STEP



Introducing "George" to the microphone! George is the baby son of Mme. Horakova, the chief announcer at Bratislava

WHEN, in 1926, C. E. Hodges (Peter) was asked to run the Children's Hour that section was indeed the "Cinderella of the Service," consigned to the darkest corner of a dark office, dressed in the rags and tatters of office equipment and fed only with the crumbs of inspiration that Uncles Caractacus, Rex, and Jeff and Aunt Sophie could spare occasionally and haphazardly from their already overladen time-tables.

Now Uncle Peter undoubtedly believed that genius is 99 per cent. perspiration and 1 per cent. inspiration, for he literally took off his coat and got down to building a Children's Hour that was to be really worth while.

He was aided and abetted by Aunt Geraldine, whom many of you must remember, especially as "Piglet" in the "Christopher Robin" stories. She has since married and gone to South Africa, but I was interested to see in the Children's Hour programmes recently that a play written by her was being broadcast.

In the early days, however, it was Peter who wrote a very large percentage of the programmes—wrote them, produced them and acted himself in them—truly a man of many parts. Funds available for the Children's Hour then were very small indeed and it was chiefly owing to Peter's intense enthusiasm that friends were willing to take part for a negligible fee or for no fee at all.

Every topic of interest and entertainment was tried out, but as it was still of necessity in an early experimental stage, there had to be a good deal of discarding. One of the experiments which remained was Leslie Mainland, whose fortnightly talks on the Zoo went on without stopping until his much regretted death in 1929.

By the time that Peter relinquished his position at the end of

1928 the Children's Hour was well on the way to being one of the broadcast periods that mattered. The Radio Circle membership had grown from roughly 2,000 to 19,000, and it was no easy matter for Alan Howland (Columbus) who succeeded Peter as organiser and director to carry on with the building—to weave his own ideas into the pattern that had already been made.

Now Columbus had a theory that it was better to induce authors and musicians to write especially for the Children's Hour rather than that the Children's Hour should use what was already written, should it happen more or less to fit in with Children's Hour ideas. There were at that time very few contributors, for Peter had written so much himself and the funds available did not allow reasonable recompense to authors for their efforts. That difficulty had to be overcome.

The fight was long and slow, but gradually Columbus gathered around him S. G. Hulme-Beaman and his Citizens of Toytown, Arthur

By "Aunt BELINDA"

Davenport, that well-known author who was responsible for so much that was good in Pelissier's Follies and L du Garde Peach whose Greek Legends, Nordic Sagas, Historical Plays, *Roads of England* and *Waterways of England* have delighted you week by week. L. du G. had already written *Hearts are Trumps* and *The Charcoal Burner's Son*, both musical plays, but a long time had elapsed since he had done so. He was persuaded to try a further experiment on these lines and *The Sandcastle* was the result. Like the other two it was set to music by Victor Hely-Hutchinson (Bunny). How many of you, I wonder have joined in "It's a Waste of Time to Bother," which was lifted from *The Charcoal Burner's Son* and became the theme song of the Children's Hour until "Bunny" was transferred to the staff of one of the Regional stations?

Then, of course, there is Franklyn Kelsey who was one day describing to Columbus his adventures in a windjammer. Franklyn had never thought about writing anything—in fact he even found it rather a nuisance to have to write letters, but Columbus insisted that he have a shot at writing down what he had been telling us and the result was *Southward Ho!* Having tasted blood, so to speak, it was not long before he sent in *Fifty below Zero*, based upon his adventures in the frozen north and then one day, to our

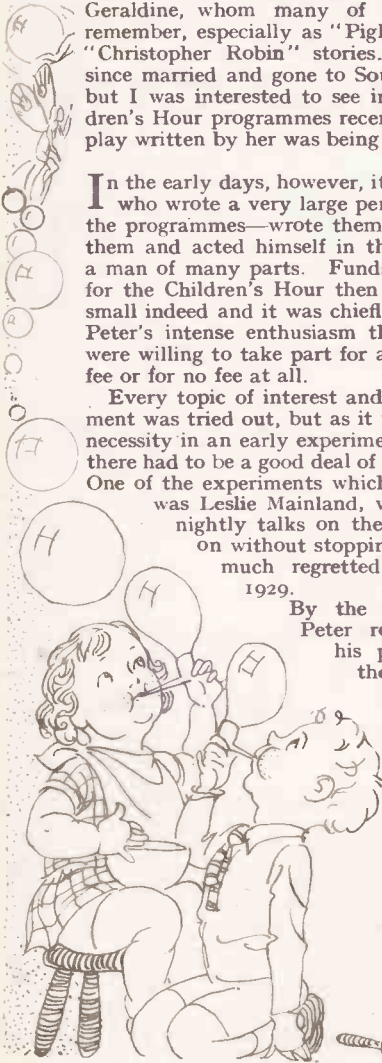
delight and amazement, we received the first episode of *The Shield of Malcchus*—the first thriller we had ever attempted. Many episodes followed and would continue to do so now except that, as Franklyn says, its awfully difficult to make the shield appear in the right place at the right moment every time without stretching the long arm of coincidence beyond breaking point.

In the little band of stalwarts is also included Carey Grey, who began with short stories—*The Barrel Organ Man*, *French Nails*, *Just by Way of a Change*, etc., but soon caught the fever of encouragement and enthusiasm and produced plays—*Money for Jam*, *Moonshine*, *Playing the Game* and many others. Robert Chignell, one of the best musicians attached to the staff of the B.B.C., was induced to write the music of *Playing the Game*, and a very successful joint effort it proved to be.

Norman Hunter, who created Professor Branestawm, was drawn into the, as he calls it, very pleasant net and as it was by this time possible to pay reasonable fees for accepted material he is now able to look upon writing as his profession rather than as something to be done if he had time. And who will deny that you listeners gain even more than the author by such a decision?

The same process took place with regard to musicians and actors. Only the best was good enough and the best had to be paid for. It was—and still is—and the result is that artists now want to take part in the programmes, not because they have been asked to do so and it might not be good policy to refuse, or because, well, it's something to do of an afternoon, but because they think it is really worth bothering about.

In due course Columbus passed on and the fort was valiantly held by Uncle Mac until "J. K." (John Kettlewell) took over. Unfortunately ill-health prevented J. K. from carrying out the plans he had made and when, after a long illness, he passed from us, it was Mac who picked up the strings and is now introducing new ideas and methods.





Sydney Gustard (extreme left)
(Thursday, 12 noon, Regional)
Maurice Vinden (left)
(Wednesday, 1.30 p.m., Regional)

Maria de Laguna (above)
(Thursday, 6.50 p.m., National)
Guy Daines (left)
(Monday, 4.30 p.m., National)

PROGRAMME HEADLINES of the WEEK

Stanford Robinson (below)
(Sunday, 4.30 p.m., Regional)

Percy Bush (below, right)
(Saturday, 3.30 p.m., National)

Bileen Joyce (right)
(Saturday, 8 p.m., Regional)

Derek Oldham (extreme right)
(Tuesday, 7.25 p.m., National)



NATIONAL

SUNDAY (June 10).—A Religious Service from St. Martin-in-the-Fields.

MONDAY (June 11).—England v. Australia: eye-witness accounts of the day's play, by Howard Marshall, relayed from Trent Bridge, Nottingham.

TUESDAY (June 12).—Variety programme.

WEDNESDAY (June 13).—Canterbury Festival of Music and Drama; choral and orchestral concert, relayed from the Cathedral, Canterbury.

In addition to the Kent Choir of ninety voices, the B.B.C. Orchestra of eighty will take part, the conductor being Dr. Adrian Boult. Choir and orchestra will be heard in the anthem, "Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem," by Purcell; and the orchestra will play Brahms' third symphony and Transformation Music; Amfortas' Prayer and Closing Scene (*Parsifal*) by Wagner.

THURSDAY (June 14).—*Quartet*, a play by Cedric Wallis.

FRIDAY (June 15).—A running commentary on the Senior International Auto-Cycle Tourist Trophy Race, relayed from the Isle of Man.

SATURDAY (June 16).—Variety programme.

LONDON REGIONAL

SUNDAY (June 10).—The Carlyles at Cheyne Row, feature programme.

MONDAY (June 11).—Orchestral concert.

TUESDAY (June 12).—Canterbury Festival of Music and Drama; Serenade, relayed from the Cloisters, Canterbury Cathedral.

WEDNESDAY (June 13).—Sandy Powell Revue, feature programme.

THURSDAY (June 14).—*Othello* (Verdi), Act 2, relayed from the Royal Opera, House, Covent Garden.

FRIDAY (June 15).—*Quartet*, a play by Cedric Wallis.

SATURDAY (June 16).—A Scandinavian programme.

MIDLAND REGIONAL

SUNDAY (June 10).—A light orchestral concert, relayed from Leamington Spa.

MONDAY (June 11).—Marching Songs: choral programme.

TUESDAY (June 12).—A military band programme.

WEDNESDAY (June 13).—Vocal and instrumental programme.

THURSDAY (June 14).—*Rallentando*, a musical extravaganza by Bruno Barnabe and Arthur Goulet.

The scenes for this musical extravaganza which Martyn C. Webster produces are: A palace, a milk-cart, a Parisian night club, an aeroplane, an orange grove, a sailing ship, and the London Zoo. The plot concerns the adventures of the exiled Royal Family of *Rallentando*. Harold Clemence plays the King; Dorothy

Summers, the Queen; Hugh Morton, the Prince; and Alma Vane, the singer with whom the Prince elopes. Victor Hely-Hutchinson conducts the Midland Theatre Orchestra.

FRIDAY (June 15).—Chamber music.

SATURDAY (June 16).—A band programme.

Munn and Felton's Works Band, from Kettering, pay a return visit to the Birmingham studio, William Halliwell conducting. They were the first works band in the boot and shoe industry. Will Gardner will entertain during the interludes.

NORTH REGIONAL

SUNDAY (June 10).—Orchestral concert.

MONDAY (June 11).—Eye-witness account by Mr. Graham Walker of the International Auto-Cycle Junior T.T. Race, relayed from the Grand Stand, Douglas, Isle of Man.

TUESDAY (June 12).—Orchestral concert.

WEDNESDAY (June 13).—The Heckmondwike Lecture, relayed from the Upper Independent Chapel, Heckmondwike.

THURSDAY (June 14).—Variety, relayed from the Grand Theatre, Blackburn.

FRIDAY (June 15).—Chamber concert.

SATURDAY (June 16).—Orchestral concert, relayed from Buxton.

WEST REGIONAL

SUNDAY (June 10).—A Religious Service in Welsh, relayed from Tabernacle Welsh Calvinistic-Methodist Church, Aberystwyth.

MONDAY (June 11).—Open Air Concert, relayed from the grounds of the Royal Fort, Bristol University.

TUESDAY (June 12).—Vocal and instrumental recital.

WEDNESDAY (June 13).—Band concert.

THURSDAY (June 14).—A programme of music by Polish composers.

FRIDAY (June 15).—*Not a Step Forward without Twm*, a farce by Idwal Jones.

SATURDAY (June 16).—A concert, relayed from Dartington Hall, Totnes.

SCOTTISH REGIONAL

SUNDAY (June 10).—Scots music: orchestral concert.

MONDAY (June 11).—*Crane and Spire*, a play by W. Cumming Tait.

Continued on page 20

Radio Times gives full programme details.

Send us your guinea "star" letter!

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.

★ A Woman's Point of View

I HAVE no quarrel with the B.B.C. but from a woman's point of view I do think that they should be considered more. What woman wants to hear about fat stock prices? I suggest a 'Ladies' Hour' of real interest to women, preferably about seven-thirty after the children are gone to bed. I am sure a dress show by Selfridge's or one of the big stores, with a description of the dresses broadcast by a lady, would be most interesting to women listeners.

"We could also be informed of how to get across London when we come up, the best places to stay if our income is not lordly, where to get a cheap and good "perm.," some reasonable beauty shops and how to get to them from Waterloo, etc., and many more interesting things."—*"Ladies First," Portsmouth.*

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

Serials on the Air

After hearing the readings from classical literature given on Sunday afternoons a few weeks ago, I should like to suggest that the

B.B.C. make more use of this idea. Why not let the average listener in on the deal? Instead of readings from the Odyssey, let's have short readings twice a week from classical fiction. Introduce the listener to the best of Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, etc., as well as the more famous of present-day authors.

"It is much more exciting and interesting to hear a passage read by a man who really can read—I am thinking now of Mr. S. P. B. Mais—than to read it oneself. I know the idea has occasionally been tried in the past, but then the readings were merely extracts—amusing and interesting, no doubt, but not half so good as they would have been had they been presented in serial form from one book at once."—*R. Hinckley, Blackburn.*

The 24-Hour System

The B.B.C. wish to popularise the twenty-four-hour clock. They say that their main reason for introducing this system is to avoid confusion between a.m. and p.m. This is rather surprising as there are, for us, only two a.m. wireless hours—10 a.m. to midday—and these hours can only affect a small minority of listeners.

"The B.B.C. could at once add much weight to their argument and give much pleasure to their subscribers by utilising more of the a.m. hours in our programmes. Early-morning broadcasts have long been in demand and their introduction would greatly increase the possibility of the public taking more kindly to the new system."—*J. F. S.*

Continued on page 21

FREE—to YOU

Here "Housewife" reviews the latest booklets and samples issued by well-known firms. If you would like any or all of them FREE OF CHARGE, just send a postcard giving the index numbers of the particulars required (shown at the end of each paragraph) to "Radio Pictorial" Shopping Guide, 58/61 Fetter Lane, E.C.4. "Housewife" will see that you get all the literature you desire. Please write your name and address in block letters.

Home Decoration

Colour schemes, specially designed for all kinds of rooms by Mrs. Lovat Frazer, F.I.B.D., are beautifully reproduced and fully described in *Colour Values*, a new art publication issued by Pinchin, Johnson & Co., Ltd. This is what the housewife wants to help her when she is thinking of buying new curtains for the dining-room, or planning a bedroom scheme. 16

Live Rent Free

"Live Rent Free" is the attractive title of a booklet that has just been sent me—free—by the National Building Society. "Own your own house," it urges, "and live anywhere you like—up to a hundred mile radius of London." If you haven't the money "The National" is ready to lend it. You will find full details of the house purchase plan in your copy of "Live Rent Free." 17

For the Young People

A word of advice—the mother who is not satisfied with the progress her baby is making should try him with Robinson's "Patent" Groats. All young people like it, and they thrive on its active body-building qualities. And for the benefit of young mothers, Robinson's have compiled "My Book," a complete guide. 18

An Opportunity for Everybody

We all recognise nowadays the importance of beautiful teeth, and one easy way of keeping them white and sparkling is by using Gibb's Dentifrice. If you would like to try for yourself its efficiency, wholesome flavour and antiseptic qualities, write to me now for free samples, both of solid dentifrice and toothpaste. Please enclose 1 1/2d. for postage. 19



Children's NEWS

MOTTO

by Commander Stephen KING-HALL

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

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes."

I am sure you all know where this comes from. If you don't, look at page 24.

Stephen King-Hall



HULLO, CHILDREN!

AUNT BELINDA'S
Children's Corner

DEAR NIECES AND NEPHEWS,— I have been listening this week to Midland Regional in the hope that I should hear "Uncle Bunny" gargle his way through "The Bluebells of Scotland!" And when I say gargle, I mean gargle! It happened this way. One day, in London, a few minutes before 5.15 p.m. in the studio, Bunny—officially known, of course, as Victor Hely-Hutchinson—walked over to the little table near the microphone and helped himself to a glass of water. Nothing noticeable in that. But imagine our astonishment when the strains of "The Bluebells" came wafting across the studio! It seemed too good to be true, and as it was a family party day we begged him

to try it again during transmission. Which he did—and even more successfully! But I fear me that Bunny, who is now director of music for Midland Regional, is too busy these days to get into the studio for the Children's Hour. Such a pity!

It was good to hear "The Wicked Uncle" at the microphone again last week; but, much as I enjoyed the story he told, I regretted that his appearance was not as "Professor Winkle, X.Y.Z., W.T.Y.T. etc."—that eminent scientist whose magnificent inventions have in the past filled us with admiration and surprise, especially the latter!

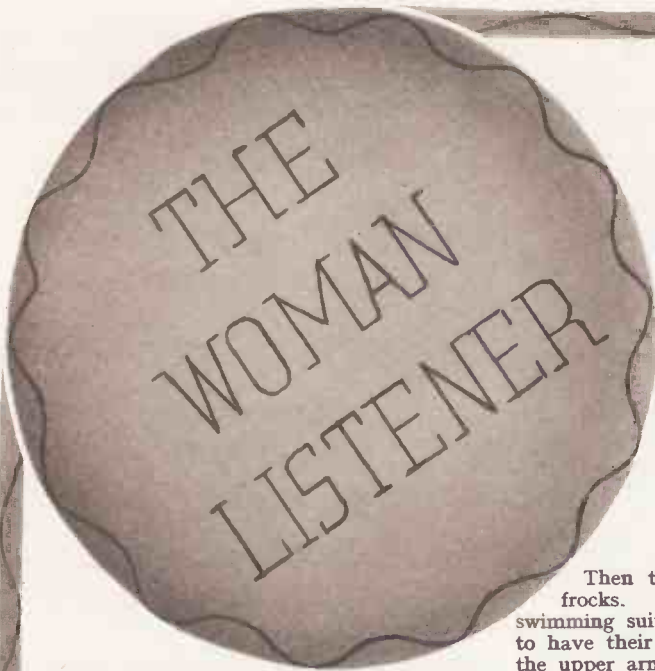
Gershom Parkington, whose quintet always plays such delightful music—he himself is the 'cellist of the combination—told me the other day that he used to be a farmer!

It was apparently as a result of a breakdown that he took to the land. He had been conducting for several years without a holiday at one of our well-known northern seaside resorts and became very ill. So his doctor said he must have a complete change. Never doing things by halves, Gershom bought a farm, and he and his wife and a few hands ran it entirely! You know the sort of thing—up at cock-crow and to bed at sunset, with the hours between simply packed with good hard work out of doors!

More next week,

AUNT BELINDA.





JANE CARR
this week on—

SUMMER BEAUTY

NATURALLY, as soon as the weather lets us, we want to spend as much time as possible out of doors. But summertime has its beauty trials as well as advantages, although most of them can be overcome by taking a little extra trouble.

First, a word of advice about your hair. When you shampoo it, get some macassar or pure olive oil and rub it in all over the scalp the night before, or even two hours before. Rub it well in, a little at a time, and comb it down to the ends of the hair. (It is advisable, by the way, to tie a handkerchief round your head to keep the oil from your pillows.)

You will find that the oil, besides making your hair beautifully soft and lustrous, will keep it from breaking. Especially in the summer, sun, although it does your hair good, dries up the natural oil and makes it brittle.

Sun does more than dry up your hair: it dries up the skin as well, and it is wise to use a generous amount of a rich skin food during the summer months instead of your nightly dose of cold cream.

At this time of the year the papers are busy either urging people to sun-bathe more, and more thoroughly than ever before, or warning them against its ill effects. Personally, I think a middle course is the reasonable one, and the sun can do little harm if you wear shady large-brimmed hats.

These are so much more becoming with summer dresses than tiny ones, and they shield your neck from the sun.



use a generous amount of a rich skin food

Jane Carr will be very pleased to help readers with their beauty-queries. Have you any special problem about which you would like expert advice? Then write to Jane Carr, c/o "Radio Pictorial," 58/61 Fetter Lane, E.C.4. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

Then there is the question of sleeveless frocks. Except for tennis dresses and swimming suits, it is advisable for most people to have their shoulders covered, as sunburn on the upper arm can be very bad. Short sleeves are the most practical—and the prettiest. But have them really short, three or four inches above the elbow. Sleeves that end at the elbow give an ugly effect by exaggerating the thickest part of the arm. If they end higher up, they make your arm look slenderer, and are also in better proportion to the rest of your arm.

It is all a matter of proportion. This is what makes some faces beautiful and some less so, in spite of the fact that we all have the same eyes, more or less, the same mouths, the same chins. Good looks are mostly a matter of correct spacing; for instance, the height of your forehead from hair to eyebrows should be much bigger than that from mouth to chin. And so on.

Again, your eyes. To make your eyes look big, pluck your eyebrows from underneath—never take the top hairs away. You want to enlarge the space from the eyes to the brow—a matter of proportion again. And if you pencil your eyebrows, do not let them turn down at the corners to close round the eye. Curve them away from the eye, straight or turning slightly up.

If you find yourself puckering your brows in the sun, I advise you to get tinted glasses, and wear them out of doors. Even if you think they look ugly, it is better to put up with them for a bit, rather than develop permanent creases, which remain white when the rest of your face is tanned.

Here are some essentials for your dressing-table or your beauty-box during the summer months. First you need a good protective cream to use as a powder base, a bleaching cream for sunburn, and a sunburn lotion or oil. Smooth it on before you go out; you can get one that will help you to tan quickly to a lovely golden shade without first going through the painful "raw and sore" stage.

Jane Carr.

Mrs. R. H. BRAND

on—

DELICIOUS SUMMER SWEETS

HONEYCOMB MOULD

Ingredients required.—2 eggs; 1 pint of milk, 1 teaspoonful vanilla, 2 tablespoonfuls castor sugar, ½ oz. powdered gelatine.

Heat milk with the gelatine, separate eggs and beat the yolks with the sugar, pour over them the strained hot milk, return to saucepan, stir over a low gas until custard thickens, add vanilla and cool in a basin.

Whip whites of eggs stiffly and stir them in to the mixture; pour into a mould rinsed out with cold water, and leave in a cold place.

SURPRISE TARTLETS

Ingredients required.—1 tin peaches, 2 eggs, ¼ lb. flour, 1 oz. castor sugar, 2 oz. butter, 1 tablespoonful milk (about), ½ teaspoonful baking powder.



Here is a tablecloth in dashing colours that costs only 4s. 3d. The weave is rather like the old-fashioned diaper cloth, and is very hard wearing

Sieve flour, baking-power and sugar into a basin, rub in the butter, add milk and one beaten yolk of egg, knead until quite smooth, roll out thinly and line some patty tins with the paste, pricking it well at the bottom of each. Bake in a hot oven. Drain juice from fruit, and when pastry is cold, put one half peach into each tartlet, whip whites of eggs very stiffly and pile on the top, sprinkle with sugar, and return to a cool oven to set the meringue.

FOODS IN SEASON FOR JUNE

I am giving a monthly list of "Foods in Season," in the hope that it may be of help to my readers.

Fish

Brill, crabs, cod, eels, haddocks, halibut, herrings, hake, lobsters, salmon, salmon trout, soles, skate, prawns, plaice, whittings, whitebait, turbot.

Vegetables

English Asparagus, beans, broad beans, cabbages, carrots, cucumbers, cauliflowers, onions, potatoes (new), turnips, spinach, peas (Jersey), green artichokes, beetroots, lettuces, tomatoes, watercress, mustard and cress, tarragon and chervil.

Fruit

Apples, bananas, rhubarb, pears, pineapples, lemons, oranges, strawberries.

Meat

Lamb, veal, beef, pork.

Bettina Brand.

JEANNE DE CASALIS SAYS...

WHY NOT NEW COLOUR SCHEMES?

A dark coat over a printed dress is the smartest and most practical wear this summer. (Williams and Cleaver)



Photograph by Blake

WITH navy, white. With brown, fawn—that's the old story, isn't it? But what an entirely different aspect you can give your summer coat or suit if you leave all the accepted colour themes, and launch out into one of this year's entrancing new combinations.

For instance, you start probably from navy or black. This is the foundation colour of your summer wardrobe, the colour of your coat or suit. Have you thought of choosing yellow to go with it? A pale lemon yellow is this year's newest combination with navy; a brighter bamboo yellow tones well with black.

Your ensemble could go like this: navy suit, white straw sailor hat with navy ribbon, lemon blouse, white gloves and navy shoes for smart occasions, or navy fabric gloves and brown shoes. And with a black coat either a warm yellow frock and natural-coloured straw hat, or alternatively, a pale blue frock and hat—a much younger combination this, than white with black.

With grey, brown is an excellent colour; a bit dark, perhaps, on sunny days. Pink, provided it is not a shrill pink, and lemon, or red in small touches, are all good; navy is newest, and very smart for town wear. A navy and white spotted shirt or scarf of tie silk and gloves to match would make a success of any two-or-more year old grey suit.

If your colour scheme is not based on black, grey or navy, then it is probably brown, and brown is particularly liable to become rather ordinary, dull and even elderly looking if it is combined with the wrong colours. Pale blue, especially for hats and blouses, has a fresh and sparkling appearance with a good dark brown; pale lemon with brown is especially good for sports suits, and green combines well for a coat and dress ensemble.

Contrariwise, brown accessories, gloves, shoes, and hat are worn with green.

One very attractive green ensemble I saw lately was a plain green linen dress equally suitable for tennis, the beach, or everyday wear. It was finished with a plain all-white cardigan and a white belt to match. Worth copying.

Jeanne de Casalis



In imitation straw woven with "Lastex" yarn to give it elasticity, this "Trevell" hat can be folded up and packed, without harming it in the least

FIVE SHILLINGS HINTS

Five shillings for every "hint" published in this column. Have you sent yours to "Margot"?

IF cane or wicker chairs are looking shabby, wash them with tepid soapsuds to clean and freshen, allow to dry, then rub well all over with water in which rice has been boiled. This re-stiffens the cane and gives the chairs a glossy finish.

When cleaning upholstered furniture, it is often impossible or inconvenient to move it outdoors. In such cases, place a wet cloth over the piece of furniture to be cleaned, and beat it, changing the cloth several times during the process. The dust will adhere to the cloth, and will not rise in the room.

When you stew fruit, add about half a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda. This removes the tartness, and you will need less sugar with it, while the fruit will be much more digestible, especially for children.

When you are making boiled or steamed puddings, let them stand for a few minutes before you turn them out. The pudding will shrink slightly as it cools, and will come out of the basin more easily.

You will find it a much simpler job to clean your gas stove while it is still hot and the grease has not yet set. Rub it over with newspaper when you have finished cooking. Cleansing will then be an easy matter.

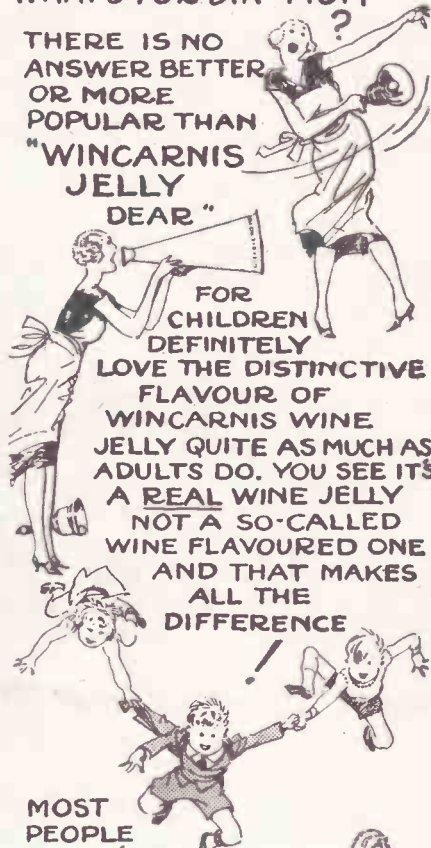
Margot

Write to "MARGOT" About It

If you are worried over any household or domestic problems, then tell your troubles to "Margot." Fashion, cookery, and home-crafts; 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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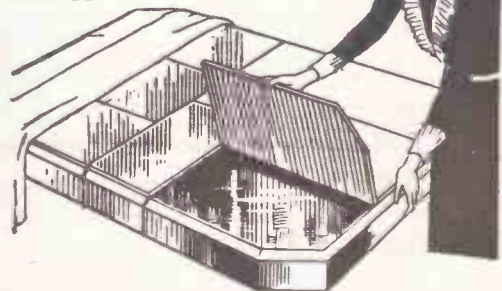
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PROGRAMME HEADLINES

Continued from page Sixteen

TUESDAY (June 12).—Dancing Round Europe: orchestral programme.
WEDNESDAY (June 13).—Concert party programme, relayed from Barrfields Pavilion, Largs.
THURSDAY (June 14).—In Praise of Scotland: a programme of speech and song.
FRIDAY (June 15).—Another Triple Bill, feature programme.
SATURDAY (June 16).—Supper Time: orchestral programme.

FOREIGN PROGRAMMES

SUNDAY (JUNE 10)

Athlone (531 m.).—Harp and violin selections ... 8.30 p.m.
Barcelona (379.7 m.).—Concert ... 8 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Light Music ... 5 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Viennese Operetta Music ... 9 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—National Music ... 11 a.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Popular Concert ... 8 p.m.
Luxembourg (1,304 m.).—Orchestral and Dance Music by the International Broadcasting Company, of London ... 1.30 p.m.
Madrid EAQ (30 m.).—Gramophone Records by the I.B.C. ... 12 (midnight)
Munich (405.4 m.).—Gramophone ... 2.30 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Dance Music by the I.B.C. ... 10.45 p.m.
Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Orchestra by the I.B.C. ... 11.30 a.m.
Radio Paris (1,648 m.).—Popular Music ... 1 p.m.
Reykjavik (1,345 m.).—Concert ... 9.25 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.5 m.).—Concert ... 5.15 p.m.
Toulouse (328.6 m.).—Light Programme ... 6.15 p.m.

MONDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Pipes and Fiddle Solos ... 7.30 p.m.
Barcelona (379.7 m.).—Trio Concert ... 7 p.m.
Berlin (Deutschlandsender) (1,571 m.).—Act II of *Der Rosenkavalier* Opera (R. Strauss) ... 8.20 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Chamber Music ... 9.50 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Records of Popular Music ... 6.30 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Records ... 7 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Transmission for all German stations: *Der Rosenkavalier*. Opera in three acts (R. Strauss) ... 7 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Concert ... 4 p.m.

Your Foreign Programme Guide

Items You Must Not Miss

Luxembourg ...	Concert ...	1-1.30 p.m., Sunday
Athlone ...	Concert ...	9.30-10 p.m., Friday
Leipzig ...	Variety ...	6.20 p.m., Tuesday
Radio Normandy ...	Dance Music ...	4.30 p.m., Wednesday
Luxembourg ...	Concert ...	10.30-11 p.m., Sunday
Berlin ...	Opera ...	8.20 p.m., Monday
Toulouse ...	Opera Arias ...	6.15 p.m., Thursday

Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—A Strauss Half-Hour, arranged by the I.B.C. ... 10.30 p.m.
Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Dance Music, arranged by the I.B.C. ... 4 p.m.
Radio Paris (1,648 m.).—Dance Music ... 10.30 a.m.
Reykjavik (1,345 m.).—Popular Concert ... 11 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.5 m.).—Saint Saens Concert ... 8.30 p.m.
Toulouse (328.6 m.).—Orchestral Music ... 7.15 p.m.

TUESDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Orchestra ... 9.30 p.m.
Barcelona (379.7 m.).—The Station Orchestra ... 10.40 p.m.
Berlin (Deutschlandsender) (1,571 m.).—Piano Recital ... 5.35 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Chamber Music by Modern French composers ... 6.15 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Light Music ... 10.10 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Zither Recital ... 9 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Variety ... 6.20 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Wind Instrument Concert ... 7 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Tunes from Talkies and Shows by the I.B.C. ... 10.30 p.m.
Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Dance Music arranged by the I.B.C. ... 5.45 p.m.
Radio Paris (1,648 m.).—Dance Music ... 10.30 p.m.
Reykjavik (1,345 m.).—Cello Solos and Icelandic Songs, followed by Dance Music ... 11 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.5 m.).—*Grise-lidis* (Morand-Messenet) ... 8.30 p.m.
Toulouse (328.6 m.).—At the Circus—Radio Fantasy ... 9 p.m.

WEDNESDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Traditional Music ... 10.40 p.m.
Barcelona (379.7 m.).—Light Music by the I.B.C. ... 1 a.m. (Thursday)

Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Gramophone ... 10.10 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Song Recital ... 6.30 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Orchestra ... 7 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Military Band ... 6.15 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Organ Recital ... 5.50 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Opera Music by the I.B.C. ... 10.30 p.m.
Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Dance Music by the I.B.C. ... 4.30 p.m.
Radio Paris (1,648 m.).—Chamber Music ... 8.45 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.5 m.).—Chamber Music ... 6.30 p.m.
Toulouse (328.6 m.).—Violin Recital ... 7 p.m.

THURSDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Irish Songs ... 9.25 p.m.
Barcelona (379.7 m.).—Trio ... 7 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Orchestra ... 8 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Orchestra ... 5 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Request Records ... 7 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Operetta Music ... 6.25 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Transmission for all German Stations: Siegfried Wagner Concert ... 8.15 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Records and Music from Spain, arranged by the I.B.C. ... 10.30 p.m.
Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Tunes from Talkies and Shows, by the I.B.C. ... 11.30 p.m.
Radio Paris (1,648 m.).—Dance Music ... 10.30 p.m.

Reykjavik (1,345 m.).—The Radio Quartet ... 11 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.5 m.).—Variety ... 6.30 p.m.
Toulouse (328.6 m.).—Opera Arias ... 6.15 p.m.

FRIDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Station Orchestra ... 7.30 p.m.
Barcelona (379.7 m.).—Military Band ... 11.15 p.m.
Berlin (Deutschlandsender) (1,571 m.).—Cello Music ... 6.10 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Orchestra ... 5 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Concert ... 8.30 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—The Station Orchestra ... 9 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Variety ... 6.20 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Dance Music ... 11 p.m.
Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Variety ... 11.45 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Old Favourites by the I.B.C. ... 10.30 p.m.
Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Dance Music by the I.B.C. ... 4.30 p.m.
Radio Paris (1,648 m.).—Concert by the Krettle Orchestra ... 12.30 p.m.

Reykjavik (1,345 m.).—Symphony No. 1 in C minor Op. 68 (Brahms) on records ... 11 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.5 m.).—Concert from the Cafe Odéon ... 10 p.m.
Valencia (352.9 m.).—Records by the I.B.C. ... 1.30 a.m. (Saturday)
Toulouse (328.6 m.).—Concert version of *Mignon* Opera (Thomas) ... 9 p.m.

SATURDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Anglo-Irish Songs ... 9 p.m.
Berlin (Deutschlandsender) (1,571 m.).—Variety ... 8.10 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Operetta Music ... 6 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Orchestra ... 8 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Concert ... 9 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Dance Music ... 10.55 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Berlin-Munich Exchange Programme: Variety ... 8.15 p.m.

Dance Music of the Week

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

Tuesday. Lew Stone and his Band (Monseigneur).

Wednesday. Roy Fox and his Band (Cafe de Paris).

Thursday. The Casani Club

Orchestra, directed by Charlie Kunz (Casani Club).

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

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



Ann Trevor, snapped on holiday in Majorca, chats with a flower woman.

What Listeners Think

Continued from page Seventeen

Sunday Programmes

"Surely the B.B.C. could give us better radio fare on Sunday without destroying the religious associations of that day? As things are at present, we get—from Daventry National—nothing but unrelieved dullness until the concert at 9.30. The music which is played for us by various orchestras is uniformly proper and dead in style—classical it may be, but it is not pleasant to listen to, except for the minority who are keen on such works—we have readings from the classics, Bach cantatas and missionary talks.

"The present Sunday programmes may satisfy a very few, but the majority simply tune in to foreign stations, and so are enabled to hear something cheerful. There are so many lovely compositions which are perfectly suitable for Sunday broadcasting and which would soothe and delight listeners. At present, Handel's 'Largo' is about the only one we hear, and that, though beautiful, is in danger of being played too often."—N. M. G., Westward Ho.

This Crooning

"In my opinion microphone singing is different from any other type of vocalism. In proof of this I can say quite honestly that electrical recording with the microphone has spoiled many famous legitimate singers whose earlier records with the old acoustic method (singing into a horn) were extremely good.

"For this reason it seems to me a great pity that the B.B.C. allows some exceptionally good vocalists to go before the microphone and broadcast without any preliminary training for the work, which differs essentially from anything else of its kind. A few short rehearsals in the form of practice, with the assistance of practical hints from the B.B.C.'s sound engineers, would make a world of difference to the artist's performance."—"Crooner," London, W.

Fair Play

"May I suggest an improvement which I consider to be of advantage to radio listeners. I have listened to most of the relays from popular theatres, and have been disappointed on many occasions when, as the final act is on the stage, dead on time they fade it out, while symphony concerts are allowed to overrun their scheduled time by five or even ten minutes. Surely, if these concerts can overrun, we can hear the finish of the act then upon the stage. In most cases, it would only take up a few more minutes of the programme that follows after the relay."—J. L. T., Malton.

Those Fat Stock Prices

"Mr. Oliver Baldwin, in a recent article in RADIO PIC., says: 'I should like to see experiments tried in new ways of reading the news bulletins.' I should like the B.B.C. to go a step further. I think that for 95 per cent. of the listeners, the Stock Exchange and fat stock prices in the first news are a ten-minutes waste of time. Therefore I would suggest that when the new Droitwich transmitter comes into action the fat stock prices, etc., should be confined to that station. The ten minutes thus saved on the other wavelengths could either be used to extend the Children's Hour, or the evening programmes could commence earlier. Or perhaps some other reader could suggest a new topic for a ten-minutes talk."—Ernest Bailiff, Wombwell.

Dramatic Readings

"Some years ago I was a thrilled listener to a rendering of 'The Encounter Between Lady Catherine and Miss Bennett' from Jane Austin's *Pride and Prejudice*. The 'life and fire' of this remarkable author immediately gripped and enthralled me. So much so that I lost no time in acquiring not only that book but another by the same writer.

"I wish the B.B.C. would revive this form of literary presentation for it gives the listener the opportunity of hearing and judging for himself—always a more interesting procedure than having to take another's opinion, however qualified that opinion may be."—T. E. Jackson, Sheffield.

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BE TALLER!

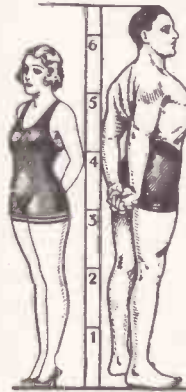
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 .. 164 passes 6' mark!
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Concluding Lew Stone's

STORIES of My LIFE

LAST WEEK I got to the point in my story when Roy Fox came to this country, and shortly afterwards he asked me to collaborate with him in forming an all-English band.

While I was the pianist with this band at the Monseigneur I attempted to take a rest from outside arranging. But the popularity of the Monseigneur band under Roy Fox's leadership only increased the popularity of my arrangements, and as the success of the band, at that time, meant so much to me personally, I found myself again in the midst of a great deal of work.

I concentrated on the "something different" arrangements which were one of the distinctive features of this band and which made it one of the broadcast favourites. Very naturally I had a leading part in its musical development.

Roy Fox's long illness compelled me to take an even greater share in the work of his band, and I was eventually called upon to be the musical director of the restaurant. (This was in addition to the similar position I held with the British and Dominion Film Company.)

I found that I was in for a very big responsibility, but it was a responsibility which was more than compensated for by the friendly interest shown me by listeners to my broadcasts. I have had charming letters from all over the country and many, too, from continental listeners.

I wish I could adequately convey to you my feelings when, a short while ago, I received a letter from a listener at Budapest who had heard me many years ago when I was playing there.

To that listener, tuning in at Budapest, it must have seemed that my music came not only across a continent, but across the years. Certainly his letter awoke in me memories of those past days when such successes as I have since achieved were only a distant dream.

When I joined up at the Monseigneur, I little thought that, far from taking a rest, within the next two or three years I should be working just as hard as I had always done, and for as many hours. But so it is to-day. My readers may be interested in a typical day of my life now.

As my work makes it impossible for me to be in bed earlier than four o'clock in the morning, except on rare occasions, I should like my day to begin at eleven or eleven-thirty.

It is very seldom, however, that I am allowed to rest later than nine-thirty, for by that time my telephone has started ringing and a host of business details come crowding down upon me. Often these early morning 'phone calls are about the most trivial matters and I am far from pleased.

Once I am awake I start work at once. A sparing breakfast of tea and toast occupies me for a very little while and before I have finished I am in the thick of it.

Each day there is a large amount of new music to be examined—and it must all be examined with care because I should be sorry to miss a good new tune. Besides new music from the publishers, I get plenty of manuscripts from young people who are thinking of making the writing of dance-band music their career.

During the day I perhaps have to find time to attend a rehearsal, or a recording session; and, of course, there is the work of arranging my numbers, for I either arrange personally or supervise the arrangement of every number which is played by my band.

Usually I get steadily through the day only to find, when I have dealt with about half of what I had proposed to do, that the hands of the clock stand at about nine p.m. and it is time for me to change for my evening performance.

My mail is enormous, and as I like to attend to it myself I have to give it a large allowance of my time. I endeavour to reply to everybody, but I am afraid that some may have been missed. To all my correspondents, particularly those who have been unanswered, I should like to say how I appreciate the nice things they have written to me.

Some of these letters contain requests that I should play a particular number in my next broadcast. With many such requests I am able to comply, but I hope my correspondents will understand that I cannot do so with all of them.

If I did, I should find my programmes very unbalanced and instead of pleasing most of my listeners, I should be pleasing only a very small section.

The arrangement of a well-balanced programme cannot be done in a few minutes, and if I spent less than the greatest care, my listeners would soon feel that there was something wrong with my broadcasts although they might not be able to put a finger on what was wrong.

I am sometimes asked about my relaxations and I have to reply truthfully that my work allows me practically no time for the sports which I should like to follow. I have a tennis racquet, a set of golf clubs, and riding kit.

The first two I use—I should say, about half a dozen times a year; and the riding kit on even rarer occasions. I have not found time to do most of the things which I should like to have done, except the one thing that has been both my pleasure and my master—my work.

When The B.B.C. Goes Out To Play

Continued from page Three

the person knowing his Queen's Hall players well enough.

The great day of the year is the anniversary of the club's inception, which takes place each year.

The finals of inter-departmental sports are run off; the tennis finals take place; the inter-departmental cricket match is held; and there is usually a full variety concert where the stars of the B.B.C. programmes appear in force and in person.

In addition there are such pleasures as band music, dance music—probably by Henry Hall and his men, fireworks, and the presentation of cups.

And, be it whispered, this is the time when Sir John Reith himself comes down and takes a keen interest in everything going on. Admiral Carpendale is also there as a rule, and many of the high officials of the B.B.C.

Through the winter there are occasionally dances, promoted by the various sections, at which those stars who are most interested in the section concerned appear and give their assistance in entertaining. Visiting teams are welcomed to these dances and help to make up any shortage of dancing partners.

Inter-Regional matches are great occasions at Motpur Park. Cardiff, Daventry and Brookman's Park send their representatives to battle at football or cricket once in the season, and return visits are paid by the Broadcasting House players.

The Double Saddle

Continued from page Nine

"You mean, my darling," replied Angelique, "that if it ever turned out that he was still alive, you would—er—"

"Precisely, thou crystal dew-drop. I would," her Etienne assured her.

But he did not. *Au contraire*, as the French say.

Madame Zarles was far from unpopular with the officers of the battalion, for she was a beautiful and extremely lively young woman, and beautiful and lively young women are all too rare in those places where units of the Legion are stationed.

It could not be said that she was exactly popular with the wives of the married officers, but, then, beautiful and lively young women of the type of Angelique Zarles rarely are. Nor could it be said that she was a refining and softening influence in their rough and lonely lives, nor that her presence made for that peace, concord and harmony that should distinguish an officers' mess.

The Colonel was a great admirer of Madame, her professed cavalier.

Major Meurice, albeit a married man, made no secret of his conviction that the Colonel would be better employed in looking after the affairs of the regiment; and no less than four Captains, who agreed on no other point, agreed that Major Meurice was an old fool, whose wife should beat him more often than she did.

As for Angelique's lieutenants and *sous-lieutenants*, save for one or two with private means, these were as nothing in her sight, and less than nothing when out of her sight.

It is therefore perhaps unnecessary to affirm that life was distinctly thrilling for La Belle Angelique, and that she trod with delight a mazy primrose path of dalliance, a path on which no danger lurked, save that of the wrath of Captain Zarles.

However, that was quite danger enough, for Angelique, by this time, would have been the last to contradict her husband when he remarked that he treated 'em rough.

Should it ever occur, and *le bon Dieu* forbid, that Captain Zarles came unexpectedly round the corner at one of the sudden turns on the mazy primrose path of dalliance, there would be real trouble. No heroics and high falutin'; no talk of broken hearts or broken vows; no threats of divorce; nor any of the usual reactions of lesser men.

Not a bit of it. Just a dog-whip—bless him—and about the biggest thrashing that ever a man bestowed upon a woman. As for the "shadowy third," he would be a shadow indeed, by the time her Etienne had done with him—a shadow on the banks of the Styx.

Life was truly thrilling, and there was really no need for the final and crowning thrill which Etienne produced one morning after inspection of a new draft just arrived from Sidi-bel-Abbès, and posted to his Company.

"I'm making a small domestic change, thou daughter of all delights, and mother of none," he growled, as he flung belts and sword, képi and gloves on to the sofa of their tiny room. "A new servant, a new male house-maid . . . parlour-maid . . . lady's-maid . . ."

"How truly interesting," sneered Madame. "I positively think you'll find it so, *ma grosse*," grinned her lord malevolently.

Nor did Madame contradict, for a terrible idea struck her dumb.

To be concluded

In Next Friday's "Radio Pictorial"

Godfrey Winn tells you How to Get a Job at the B.B.C.





Charles Woodhouse (above) has been principal violin at the Promenade concerts since 1920. He will play to you on Sunday, June 10, in the Regional programme. On the right is a new photograph of Harold Ramsey, the popular organist at the Granada, Tooting. You will hear him next on Saturday, June 16 in the National Programme



Above you see Roy Fox and some of his merry men who will play the late dance music next Wednesday. On the left is another music-maker, Pasquale Troise, with Joe Morley, veteran of the banjo and fretted instruments. Troise and his Mandoliers broadcast on Tuesday from London Regional.

HIGH SPOTS of the PROGRAMMES

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



"R.P."

HERE is to be one of those delightful serenades from Canterbury Cathedral cloisters on June 12. Part of the B.B.C. orchestra (42 players) under the conductorship of Dr. Boult, will play the popular *Brandenburg Concerto* in G by Bach, a *Scherzo* of Mendelssohn, Vaughan Williams's *The Lark Ascending*, and Schubert's fifth symphony. Marie Wilson will be the solo violinist—and very good she always is.

I like her playing immensely. I do suggest you hear this serenade because there is a good deal of atmosphere about it. I remember listening to a relay from the Canterbury cloisters from my garden, two years ago. I could hear a bird singing above the music, and looked round me to see where he was.

I found he was not in my garden but in Canterbury.

I rather want to hear this racing comedy of Edgar Wallace's called *The Calendar*, because Barbara Burnham has done the radio version. I have always thought highly of her adaptations, and am rather critical in these matters.

The play was first produced at Wyndham's in 1929 and revived at the Lyceum the following year. I tried to find out for you who is playing in the radio version, but it seems they have not cast it yet. However, you can find that out later.

Do you remember, a week or two back, I told you the request week for the Children's Hour was that from June 11 to 16? On the first mentioned date the popular Zoo man is to be

Esther Coleman takes a few hours well-earned holiday in Sussex in company with Eugene Pini (in riding kit) and Harry Isaacs, the well-known pianist. Not forgetting the faithful "Nimble"

included in the programme; on the Tuesday, one of the Toy-Town adventures; on the Wednesday there will be a Request Week Family Party; on the Thursday one of the *Waterways of England* series; on the Friday Ronald Gourley and Commander King-Hall, and some more *Mostly Mary*.

As a good finish on the Saturday, Leonard Henry will be the entertainer. I am not always in by five-fif . . . er . . . that is to say 17.15, but I shall try for one of them.

I once lived fairly near a Midland canal, and actually dropped in on one occasion. Now I see the Midland Regional is having a discussion on the thirteenth called *Home Life Afloat*. Mr. J. M. Anderson, the Birmingham manager of one of the leading companies of canal carriers, and Mr. and Mrs. John Cresswell, of the motor-boat *Fox* and the butty boat *Amesbury*, are to present a picture of life on canal boats. Mr. Cresswell ought to know what he is talking about. At the age of sixteen he ran away from home and set out to walk along the canal to London. When he got near Warwick somebody gave him a job afloat, and he has lived that sort of life ever since—or if he hasn't done that literally, he seems to know a lot about it.

Give the Rainworth Male Voice Choir a hearing on

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the thirteenth, will you? Why? Well, two reasons. One—it's first broadcast; two—it has raised over five hundred pounds for charitable objects in a Nottinghamshire village of a thousand population. If you like its singing, let the B.B.C. know it. Choirs that help charity are to be encouraged.

A band from Kettering broadcasts on the sixteenth.

It is Munn and Felton's Works Band, the first works band in the boot and shoe industry. Will Gardner is to entertain during the interludes.

A programme of Polish composers will be given for West Regional listeners on the fourteenth. Julian Fuchs is the tenor singer. If any Welsh listeners, hearing him sing in Polish, mistake it for bad Welsh they had better be sure which it is before writing to the West Regional station to complain.

Dartington Hall, South Devon, sends out a programme on the sixteenth. I have mentioned this because they tell me the Boyd Neel String Orchestra is to play in it. Heard them a few weeks ago in a London programme.

Northerners should not miss the Arcadian Follies from the Arcadian Pavilion, Morecambe, on the ninth. Sure to be a good show.

Scottish listeners also get a summer show relayed. Theirs is on the thirteenth, and is Harry Kemp's from Barrfields Pavilion, Largs.

I understand that the statement was made recently that Mr. Mills, who is now managing Dare Lea's band, was Jack Payne's manager for six years. In the interests of complete accuracy, I must point out that Mr. Mills was Jack's manager for two years, although before that, in the Savoy Hill days, he was connected with Jack and was originally an instrumentalist in the first B.B.C. Dance Orchestra.

Tommy Handley—At Home (Continued from page Four)

He met Jean at the B.B.C. By birth he is a "Liverpolitan."

He began life in a corn merchant's shop. He was always dabbling in amateur theatricals and was brought to London by the late George Edwardes' manager.

He became a member of the chorus at Daly's theatre. He really ought to sing more than he does.

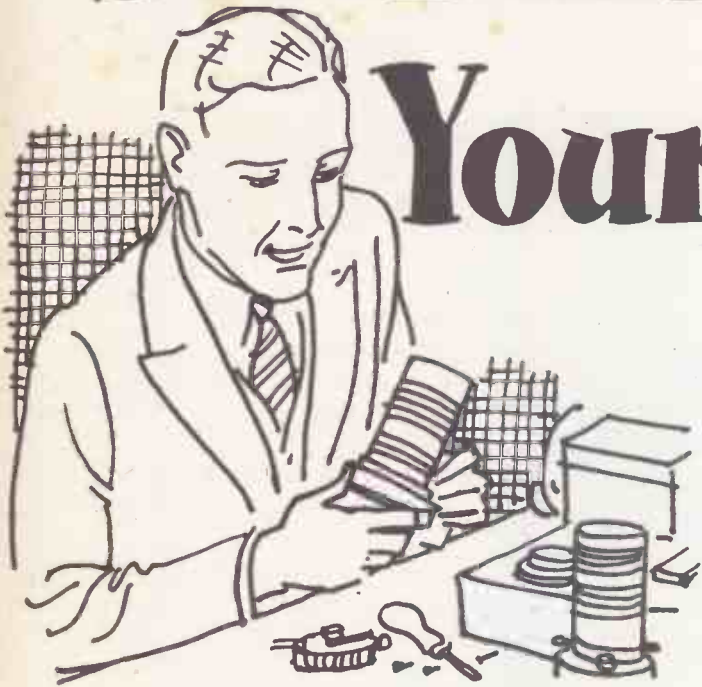
His voice is a deep bass—at least he can make it so. One of these days he must give a little recital of songs and not have his name announced until he has finished.

Then the announcer must give his name and he can prove his identity by the familiar *Hello, Folks!*

Key to Commander King-Hall's Children's News Motto on page 17

It was Miss Jean Batten's flight from London to Australia in fifteen days which made me think of Shakespeare's lines from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Set Building with Your Own Parts



Think of the thrill of building up a set which incorporates some of the parts you can make yourself. And the even greater thrill when you first switch on.

The Lucerne Straight Three described in this week's "Amateur Wireless," on sale to-day, incorporates the Lucerne home-made coil and a home-made transformer. As you can see from the illustration below, only a very few parts are required, most of which you can probably find in your "junk" box.

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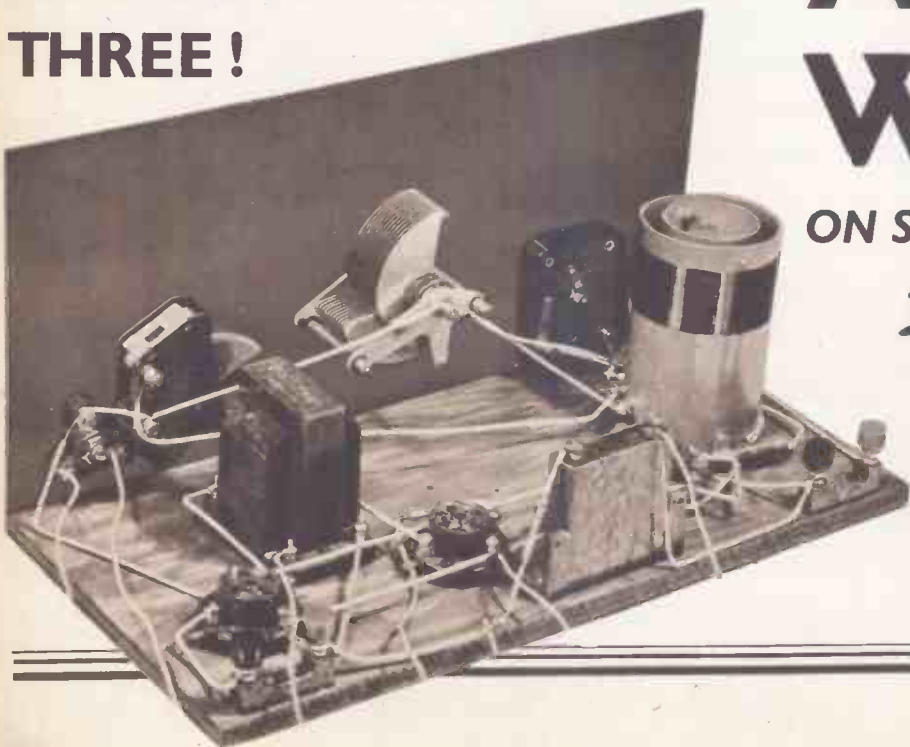
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