

A. J. ALAN

—Story

ANDRE CHARLOT

—At Home

S. P. B. MAIS

—Special Article

RADIO PICTORIAL

2
EVERY
FRIDAY



MABEL CONSTANDUROS—
“Mrs. Buggins” writes a
story in this issue

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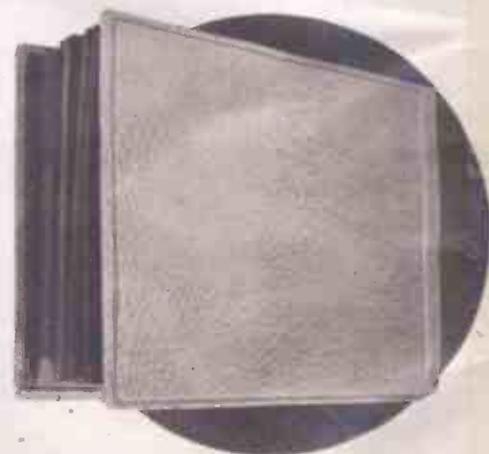
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Hughie GREEN

*the fourteen-year-old
British and Empire boy
Star broadcaster, producer
of "Hughie Green and
his Gang."*

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J. Murray SMITH

makes some trenchant comments on commentators in general

AS some of our very best actors have observed from time to time, it is those people who are incapable of doing anything themselves who make the most brilliant critics.

Your drama critic is rarely, if ever, a man of acting experience; nor could he, by any conceivable effort, create a play worth putting on the stage.

One of our best-known and most widely read book-reviewers has publicly admitted that he failed lamentably as a novelist himself. And some of the most scathing criticisms of the B.B.C. come from people for whom that organisation has no use whatever.

Now, I am going to be critical; and I realise perfectly that I shall be laying myself open to the charge with which these observations are concerned.

I may, indeed, be incapable of doing anything myself. But still I claim the right to say that those people who *are* doing something are not making much of a job of it.

For all I know, mine may be the only voice in the wilderness of aerial masts. Perhaps the rest of you are thoroughly content. Well, if that is the case you're not the highly intelligent, keenly perceptive critic, discriminating people I thought you were.

For the purpose of this article, however, I must leave that point in doubt—otherwise there would be no purpose at all. And as you have already noted, no doubt, with grim smiles of gentle malice, the satire of an otherwise feeble title, you know what I have on my mind.

Don't look up! I'll remind you. *Commentators.* Yes, the fellows who are supposed to give us a vivid word picture of some remarkable scene that is being enacted before their eyes, while we sit hanging on their every syllable.

Vivid my eye! If the kind of stuff which most commentators put over the air were set down by descriptive reporters there would be even more newspaper men changing jobs.

To begin with, their style is execrable. Almost without exception the two conspirators—I am grateful to a commentator for the word—adopt a secretive air which makes the listener feel like an eavesdropper.

"What do you think, Featherstonehaugh?"
"I am inclined to agree, Cholmondeley."

All far too refined, too conversational. The listener doesn't care a hoot whether the cultured yes-man in attendance on the principal commentator agrees or not. At least, I, as a listener, would prefer a forthright but authoritative expression of opinion every time.

"Oxford are weakening."
"Petersen won that round."

We Want
WORD PICTURES

in B.B.C. Running Commentaries

Short, pithy sentences which present the news in the right way.

There should be no time for pauses. From the moment the commentator is on the air he should be concerned, keenly and animatedly, with the scene beneath and around him, until the actual action commences.

There's enough material in a subject like the Derby to keep anyone with a flair for description firing apt phrases into the microphone for the ten minutes or so before the actual "Off."

Yet I seem to remember a commentator whose imagination and vocabulary seemed limited to something like this:

"Terrific crowd here. Any number of people about. People everywhere. Shouldn't like to be down in that crowd, would you, Brown? No, nor would I. Don't remember seeing a bigger crowd at the Derby. Lovely day for the race, eh, Brown? Yes. It is a big crowd, isn't it?"

And so on, for about eight minutes, until it began to dawn on me that there must have been a big crowd at the Derby—quite contrary to what I should have expected on a fine day!

And then, when the actual race began, the commentator seemed at any moment about to have a fit. All we got in actual description was the heavy and excited breathing of the radio representative, punctuated by the deafening rasp of his voice as he shrieked the name of a horse.

With one of the most dramatic moments of the sporting year as his material, all he could manage was something that might have come straight from the effects department, representing anything from a dog-race to a bull-fight.

It seems to me that a comment-technique has yet to be evolved. It should be concerned with the artful balance of action and background, so that the listener has the scene presented for him with the smooth faithfulness of the cinematograph.

Surely, when the commentator becomes so excited that he loses his voice and is in danger of asphyxia, we get about as much genuine idea of what is happening as when a film becomes suddenly obscured in the exciting part?

Commentators, generally, fail to realise that not one in ten thousand of the people listening to them have ever seen anything like the scene before them. Comparatively few people in England have ever been at a big fight, the centre court at Wimbledon, or the R.A.F. Pageant. They must have a *background* before they can appreciate the action. To describe the fight or the play or the flying, without painting the scene generally, is tantamount to playing on a stage without scenery.

The best commentator I ever heard described the famous hill climb at Shelsley Walsh. He gave a vivid picture of the scene, with the onlookers packed so close on the steep banks above the narrow road that they appeared to be sitting on one another's shoulders.

He had an ample command of language to picture the cars hurling themselves at the hillside, leaping from side to side, lurching hideously, skidding perilously. And he knew the moment to pause, dramatically, so that the next thing the listener heard was the roar from the exhaust.

That man had imagination. He was capable of realising what the listener wanted to know—and he had mind and tongue both ready enough to satisfy that curiosity.

J. Murray Smith criticises B.B.C. commentators in this article. In next Friday's "Radio Pic." he will show you how he thinks a typical B.B.C. commentary should be given.

Continued on page 21

Tea-Time Gossip



Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Handley talk over some programme matters at tea with a doggy companion

New B.B.C. Vocalist

THIS week-end "Gerry" FitzGerald becomes vocalist to the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra, while Les Allen goes on holiday to his native Canada. "Gerry," otherwise known as Charles FitzGerald, has been singing since his eighth birthday. He was fully trained in Canada and for years was tenor soloist in the biggest church in Toronto. Two and a half years ago he had not sung a note of popular music—and now hear him! He will still be with the band when the boys return from holiday in mid-September.

Still Undiscovered

Another confusion of identity occurred recently when the Potters Bar Liberal Association engaged P. J. Allen, the ventriloquist, to appear at a local concert.

Owing to the similarity of names, the impression got around the district that A. J. Alan was going to take part, and I was astonished to hear from a friend that the man of mystery was to perform on a platform. A.J. has never disclosed his political beliefs at the microphone and, as he lives in the West End, I was all the more surprised to be told that he had chosen to reveal his identity to the North London Liberals.

Why Potters Bar? Anyway, it was all a mistake which the organisers quickly cleared up, and P. J. Allen gave a show which was most successful.

Dressed in Glass

Dressing for television is often a delicate process. In the flickering shaft of light colours take a false value, and to make a good picture pink frocks have to be draped with black.

But problems like this did not bother Les Diamonds, who danced in the studio the other day. They just covered their figures with paste, then sprayed themselves with ground glass, and the effect was sparkling!

They glittered like diamonds as they whirled around the studio. Watching their act from the control room it occurred to me that it might be easier to put the glass on than it would be to get it off, but afterwards they assured me that it was not difficult to remove.

Harold Ramsay, Conductor

Starting this week, we are going to hear a new orchestra formed by Harold Ramsay, organist of the Granada, Tooting. He is the fellow who put on the eight-piano novelty a few months ago, and his new band is of the Paul Whiteman type, though not so big. It will have about fifteen instruments and will broadcast for half an hour each week at about seven-thirty.

Roger Eckersly promised to brighten this period, and I expect to hear a lot of fresh talent in the next few months, but the B.B.C. will not forget Sidney Baynes and Fred Hartley, who worked so hard to make this time popular.

"Dear Stuart . . ."

Stuart Robertson, the singer, was puzzling over a letter which he had just received, when he chanced to meet Stuart Hibberd, the announcer, in the tower at Broadcasting House.

The letter, written in a bold childish hand, praised "Stuart" for his playing the mouth organ.

The singer had never used the instrument in his life, and he asked whether the other Stuart qualified for the congratulations. The chief announcer sometimes blows a tune in the Children's Hour so he claimed the letter which was then handed by one Stuart to the other, and now the writer has had a note of thanks.

Relay from Salzburg

I hope that the disturbance in Austria is not upsetting the international relays from Salzburg. Arturo Toscanini is one of the finest conductors in the world and the Vienna Philharmonic is one of the best orchestras.

The Salzburg festival brings the two together in the *festspielhaus*, and weeks ago, before the Dollfuss affair, a broadcast to Britain was fixed for August 23.

Other countries are arranging to take the relay as well, but no one can be sure of international broadcasts in these days.

Cuts Restored!

Northern listeners are rejoicing in the news that the Northern Studio Orchestra is to be enlarged to almost four times its present size.

The orchestra—actually a nonet (nine players)—has long been the subject of controversy between Northern listeners and Broadcasting House. Originally the regional orchestras were fully-fledged combinations of between twenty and thirty players.

Then suddenly they were reduced to nonets (with the exception of the one at Belfast), the B.B.C. contending that regional listeners had plenty of large orchestras to listen to on the National wavelength. Northerners begged to differ, and bluntly asked for a full orchestra at

the Manchester studios—as indeed did listeners in the other regions affected by the cut.

At last their orchestra is to be restored. It will consist of thirty-five players, all members of the great Hallé Orchestra—and its a safe bet that full orchestras will be restored at Birmingham and Edinburgh, too.

Coincidence

Did you know that Jan Berenska, whose broadcasts from Leamington Spa are proving so popular, is brother-in-law of Tom Jones, of Eastbourne fame? Mrs. Berenska, who is Tom Jones' sister, met her husband when she was playing first violin in a Birmingham orchestra. And yet another coincidence. Tom Jones' father is in Berenska's orchestra at Leamington Spa. So the Jones's and the Berenskas could give quite an entertaining music recital on their own. Berenska, by the way, is Jan's mother's family name—she was a Hungarian soprano in the Carl Rosa Company, of which his father was conductor.

"Two Janes and a Jack"

The "Three Janes" have often appeared in the programmes, and now we have heard a variation in "Two Janes and a Jack." I could not recognise them but have since learnt who they are.

Elsie Otley and Jean Melville are the two Janes, and Jack Lorimer makes up the trio. Elsie Otley is a leading member of the Wireless Chorus and Jean Melville accompanies variety programmes; so they ought to know their stuff!

Muscant's Broadcasts

JOSEPH MUSCANT has now moved from the Commodore Theatre at Hammersmith to the Troxy, and his broadcasts will continue. Engineers'



Marius B. Winter, photographed by the "Radio Pictorial" cameraman during an idle hour away from the microphone. (Left) is Hazel Jennings, who has just been given a test as a new member of the Ridgeway Parade and is one of Phil Ridgeway's latest talent finds while on tour

tests were made at the Troxy, and Muscant will in future face the B.B.C. microphone on Tuesdays and not on Saturdays as before.

At the Piano

The accompanist can make or mar a performance by the best soloist, and I think that the B.B.C. should let us know who is at the piano in concerts and recitals. Since the names are not published, I will lift the veil.

There are three regular accompanists for serious music; the best in the country, some say. They are Berkeley Mason, who is also well known as an organist; Ernest Lush and Cecil Dixon, who, as Auntie Sophie plays in the Children's Hour.

Isn't the "Cecil" misleading? She has never told me why she uses a masculine name, but a more feminine person it would be hard to find. She was one of the first broadcasters in the old Savoy Hill days, and one of the first "Aunts."

The Twiddleknobs—by FERRIER



GODFREY WINN WRITES A SPECIAL FEATURE IN NEXT FRIDAY'S "RADIO PIC."

Mabel Constanduros

—radio's "Mrs. Buggins"—
writes a human-interest
complete short story



Illustrated by Lang

"Wot d'yer mean, 'Oo to'?" demanded Mrs. Ogboddy angrily. "Me first 'usband was a genii, and you know it!"

The Sykerlogical Moment

"WOT'S the matter?" said Aunt Gert, arriving breathlessly at Mrs. Ogboddy's front door. "Why did you send for me in sech an 'urry? Anybody ill?"

Mrs. Ogboddy's forbidding countenance almost relaxed into a grin. "Well, not exactly ill," she said playfully. "Unless you count love a illness, that is!"

"Love!" said Aunt Gert, incredulously. "'Oo's been and fell in love? Not you at your age?"

"Me?" said Mrs. Ogboddy, indignantly. "At my time o' life and with an 'usband? Don't talk silly. No, it's Ede wot's gone all goo-ey over that lodger of ours."

"Wot, old Donoghue, with the red whiskers?" said Aunt Gert, incredulously.

"Not so much of yer old!" grumbled Mrs. Ogboddy. "The man's not a day more than fifty-seven and Ede's one o' the steady sort—she don't go in fer them silly boys like your Pussy."

"Per'aps they don't go in for 'er!" suggested Aunt Gert, her feathers up directly her beloved daughter was attacked.

"Well, anyway, if the girl wants 'im, she shall 'ave 'im if I can manage it," said Mrs. Ogboddy, determinedly.

"The thing is," said Aunt Gert, doubtfully, "does 'e want 'er?"

"Why shouldn't 'e want 'er?" demanded Mrs. Ogboddy, indignantly. "Nice steady girl like Ede, with a light 'and at a sooet puddin'—why shouldn't 'e want 'er?"

"Well—she ain't exackly a oil paintin', is she now?" said Auntie, delicately.

"What's that to do with it?" demanded Mrs. Ogboddy, angrily. "You was never a picture postcard yerself, Gert Peacock, if you must know, even before you lorst your complexion.

And look at me! 'Aven't I bin married twice!" "Ah, but 'oo to?" said Aunt Gert, pointedly.

"Wot d'yer mean, 'Oo to'?" demanded Mrs. Ogboddy angrily. "Me first 'usband was a genii, and you know it!"

"I know you 'ad to go out to work while 'e sat at 'ome and wrote 'is silly poems," replied Aunt Gert, drily.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Ogboddy haughtily. "It takes a lorffy intellect to understand a genii like my first 'usband was—you'd never 'ave managed it!"

"I should not," said Aunt Gert, decidedly, and there was a short pause.

"I don't deny," said Aunt Gert, presently, "that if I was in your place and saw a chance of gettin' Ede orf, I shouldn't jump at it."

"Well, there's this 'ere Donoghue," said Mrs. Ogboddy, earnestly. "'Ee's been lodgin' 'ere for a matter of six weeks, and Ede's been cookin' steak and kidney puddin' for 'im reg'lar—that's somethink. With a man of 'is age, a good meat puddin' goes further than a pretty face."

"It might," conceded Aunt Gert, with a glance at Ede, who was gazing at the fire with her most hopeless expression.

"Ede's too retirin', that's where 'er fault lays," said Mrs. Ogboddy decidedly. "If she was to push 'erself up and stick 'erself inter the limelight like your Pussy, she'd 'a' got orf years ago."

"You think if she was to push 'erself forward more—?"

"I'm certain of it. Wot you got to do, Ede," said her mother, urgently, "is ter sparkle up a bit. You won't never get a man by lookin' like one of yer own sooet puddin's, yer know."

"No, Mum," said Ede, looking more like a suet pudding than ever, as she settled into gloom.

"Wot she wants to do is to play up to 'im!" announced Mrs. Ogboddy. "A man likes a girl to be bright before marriage, at any rate. Afterwards, o' course, it's different. 'E won't notice

whether she's bright or not 'alf 'is time."

"I should leave 'er as she is," said Aunt Gert. "It's too risky. Ten ter one if she was ter 'try bein' bright, she'd only make a 'ash of it."

"Ede's is a face wot wants livenin'!" declared Mrs. Ogboddy, decidedly. "That's why I sent for you—to do 'er 'air a bit saucier like and tell 'er 'ow to smarten up a bit."

"Just as you like, of course," returned Aunt Gert, amiably. "But I don't think the saucy style soots 'er meself. It's the same as if a cow was to start ballet dancin'. If 'arm comes of it, don't blame me, that's all. Where's the comb?"

"By the sink, Auntie," said Ede, dully, and sat down limply while Aunt Gert heated some curling tongs in the fire.

"You see, it's like this," chattered Mrs. Ogboddy, as she lifted the lid from a steaming saucepan on the gas stove in the scullery. "You don't know nothink about the study of sykerlogy, of course, but me 'avin' been married to a genii, I know 'ow important it is. My 'Enry alway useter say that in any crisis if you make a right use of the sykerlogical moment you can

pull anythink orf. This 'ere Donoghue's comin' in fer 'is tea. We push up Ede, and put a drop of scent on 'er—I got a nice bottle o' Jockey Club on purpose, Ede can bear me out, I spared no expense on 'er—and send 'er in with an 'ot steak and kidney puddin'. She waits till 'e's et 'is second 'elpin', and unbuttoned 'is weskit and sat back in 'is chair, and reached fer 'is pipe, and then she makes use of the sykerlogical moment—and there she is!"

"Yes, but what do I do?" said Ede, miserably, wincing as the hot irons scorched her forehead.

"Oh, Ede, I never in my life come across anyone so backward," complained her mother, bitterly. "Dig 'im in the ribs playful, bless the girl, or lean yer face near to 'is—"

"I wouldn't lean too near—not if I was 'er," interposed Auntie, anxiously.

"Give 'im the 'Glad,'" went on Mrs. Ogboddy, enthusiastically. "Jest practice looking sideways, Ede—like any ordinary girl would at a feller."

"I should leave 'er as she is, reely I should!" said Aunt Gert, in a whisper, "and trust to the meat puddin'. Whichever way I do 'er 'air it seems to look worse, and I give you me word, when she tried lookin' sideways jest now, it give me quite a shock—it did reely. It's no good tryin' to make a girl act saucy when it don't come natural. Jest leave 'er as she is and trust to the puddin'."

"'Ere 'e is!" said Mrs. Ogboddy, excitedly, as a key turned in the front door and heavy steps sounded in the passage. "Go, right into the parlour, Mr. Donoghue," she called out, pleasantly, "and Ede shall bring you in yer tea."

"Now's yer time," she told Ede, excitedly. "Don't forget what I said, about the sykerlogical moment, and we'll 'ave you in white sating and orange blossom inside six weeks."

Ede was staring miserably at her reflection in

Continued on page 11



EVELINE WYBRA
of Radio Luxembourg



JEAN BRUCK,
Luxembourg announcer



Another Luxembourg
announcer—LEON
MOLLIN



MME.
BILINA
LARCVIC
chief announcer
at Radio-gram

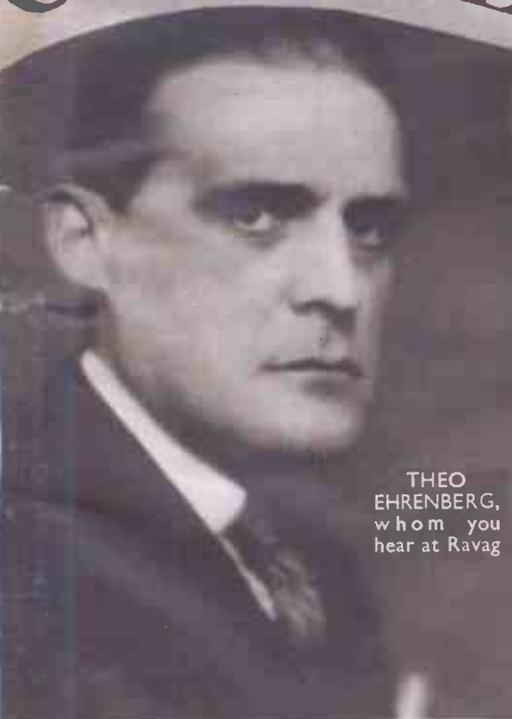


M. PIERRAT,
of Poste Parisien
(left)

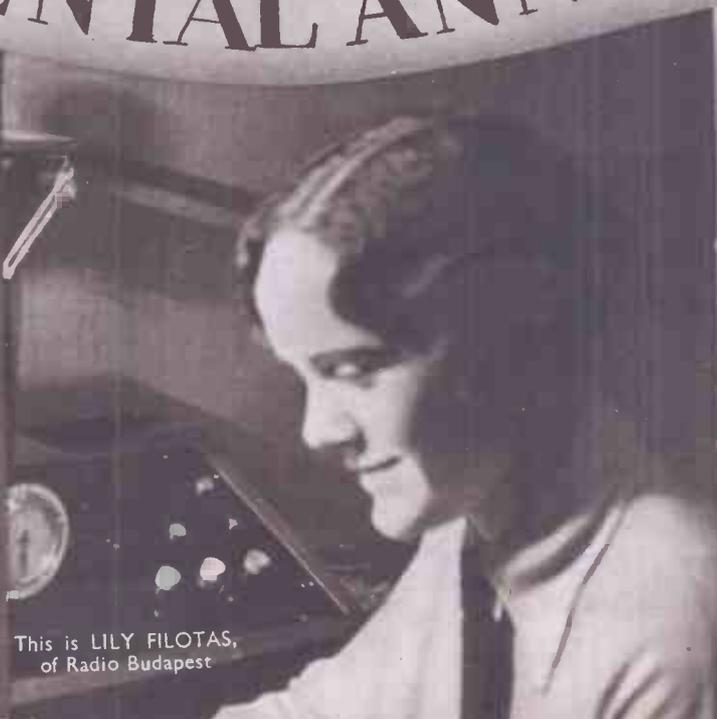


SIGNORINA NINI
speaks from the studios
at Lugano

CONTINENTAL ANNOUNCERS



THEO
EHRENBERG,
whom you
hear at Ravag



This is LILY FILOTAS,
of Radio Budapest



J. FRIEDRICH, of Radio
Ravag



S. P. B. Mais, in this lively article, talks about . . .

heartiness is too forced and too frequent. They protest far too much about the sterling qualities of their tomato juice and grape water or whatever it is that they are trying to sell. They are like the small stations in America. They have not studied the psychology of the listeners.

For my part, I should welcome advertising on the air for a reason that I have never seen advanced.

For practically every and all day of every and all months in the year I am far too busy to poke my nose into shop windows.

But there are certain things that I need and I always want the best—flannel trousers, watches, field glasses, wine, shoes, socks, underclothes, ink, fountain pens, writing paper, shaving soap, razor, and tooth powder, new varieties of food, maps, books, holiday hints, notebooks, barometers, cameras, filing cabinets, cricket bats, tennis racquets, easy chairs, etchings, china, glass, furniture, bicycles and cars.

Really I think this almost exhausts my needs.

Now how am I to find them quickly when I want them? To leave my work and give up a day to going round the shops is more than I can afford. I certainly turn over the advertisement pages of *Blackwoods*, the *Countryman*, *Esquire* and the *New Yorker*, just as I turn to the advertisement pages of *Country Life* when I want a new house. But how infinitely easier to be reminded of the excellence of what is obviously the best sort of bicycle by a particular turn on the radio.

Advertising on the Air— WHY NOT?

BEFORE I went to America I should have shuddered at the idea of advertising on the air.

I now realise that advertising on the air need be no more "offensive" than advertising in the press.

It is solely a matter of presentation. There are many forms of advertisement that are a delight to the eye (railway posters, for example) and many that definitely add to the gaiety of the nation.

There are certain advertising columns that I find infinitely more entertaining and enlightening than the editorial columns of the same periodical.

Whenever I select a book for my talks to schools, I naturally give it a terrific boost, just as when I talk about a place that I like, I can definitely advertise it.

The fact that I am not paid does not alter the fact that it is advertising and no amount of payment would make me say that I think "Pickwick Papers" is funny, Peacehaven beautiful, or Seaford gay.

The competition engendered by letting the air to advertisers is very healthy. The advertiser's first coin is to get the largest number of people to listen to his programme.

If he spends his air-time in repeating the virtues of the commodity he has to sell, he will be switched off at once.

If he has the wisdom to provide a first-rate entertainment his name and goods will always be associated with that entertainment.

Pepsodent is popular in the United States because everyone associates that commodity with the best two cross-talk comedians in America, Amos 'n' Andy.

Advertising on the air is good for the artists, because it means that they will be paid according to their merit, and a public favourite will be able to command a far higher salary than he will ever get from the B.B.C.

Advertising on the air is good for the public, because they can demand far more ambitious and far more varied programmes than they get under a monopoly, however good.

It is not true to say that advertisers always pander to the lowest taste. The Metropolitan Opera Company of New York are broadcast by advertisers.

It is just nonsense to suggest that our sensibilities are so delicate that the bare mention of Balletto silk stockings ruins the charm of the music provided by the advertisers of these delectable and airy nothings. It is just nonsense to suggest that Gracie Fields is less likely to captivate us if her name were allied in our mind with "Energy" oats, or that Jack Hulbert's art would suffer from being associated with "Black's" fountain pens. So far as I am concerned, I should be only too delighted to have my name connected with, say, Barclay's Bank. I might even manage to increase my overdraft on the strength of that connection!

I have never imagined that art suffered by being paid for adequately. Indeed, the price paid by advertisers invariably makes me work much harder to please them and give them their moneysworth.

So if I ever become a commercial broadcaster I hope to give the public measure commensurate with my very much augmented fee.

The only thing at all that I regretted about advertising on radio in America was the fatuity of certain small stations in selling time to advertisers who didn't know how to use it.

I suppose the same must be true of Luxembourg, for there is only one type of broadcasting which I can bear while I am working and that is dance music, and of that Luxembourg provides me with my fill. If anyone talks or if classical music is being played, I have to stop work and listen.

And the Luxembourg announcers have yet to learn the technique of broadcasting. Their laughter is too forced and too frequent, their

If the Hercules bicycle people were to hire John Tilley as their sort of signature tune I am convinced that its merits would be more widely appreciated. I should certainly confine myself to the whisky producers who had the good sense to corner Gillie Potter.

And I am quite sure that any filing cabinet that I associated with "Les Girls" or the Eight Step Sisters would be the right system of filing for me.

I cannot think that either Commander Stephen King-Hall or the Ordnance Survey Department would feel a sense of lowered dignity by a collaboration by which King-Hall's talks would be always associated in listeners' minds with those lovely maps which we pore over with much delight.

As I always like listening to King-Hall's voice and am most anxious to keep my library of maps up to date, that particular conjunction would afford me peculiar pleasure.

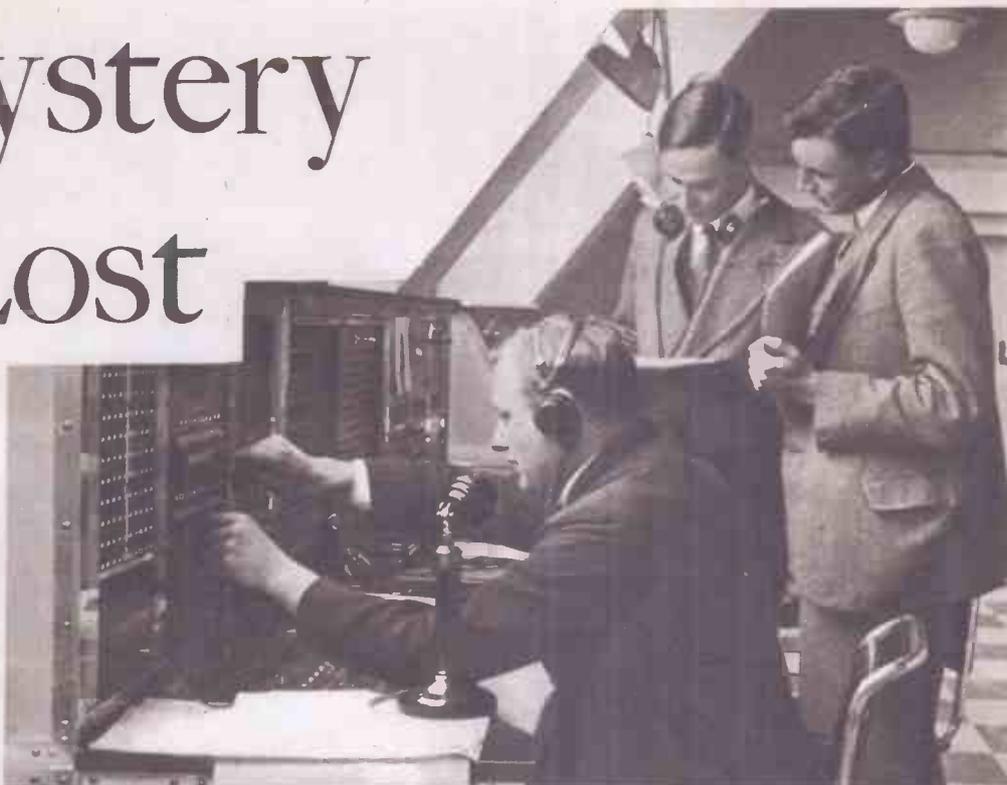
And what better time to be reminded of cricket bats than during an eye-witness account of a Test Match by Howard Marshall.

Any flannel trousers, shoes, socks, associated with the immaculate Mr. Eric Maschwitz would be definitely on my list, and any furniture, glass or china linked with that man of impeccable taste, A. J. Alan, would be good enough for me, while any easy chair that would make G. K. Chesterton comfortable would be sufficient for my needs.

Pepsodent has made Amos 'n' Andy.

Think how much unsuspected genius is lying fallow for want of a toothpowder or shaving soap to bring it to the front.

The Mystery of the Lost PIPS!



There is romance behind the engineering side of the B.B.C. The inside aspect of this romance is typified by the above Broadcasting House control room view, while the outside aspect is shown by the engineer at work below, arranging a microphone



SIX O'CLOCK came. Listeners glanced at their watches, waiting to adjust them by the six pips. The announcer prepared himself for the first news bulletin.

But—silence. No time signal came through! A minute later, the announcer made an apology. The time signal would be given at 6.15.

What had happened? Well, one of the engineers, who was supposed to have put out the six pips from Greenwich, had failed to do so. He had not pressed the switch over to the right place. A simple thing to happen, and one which has occurred more than once.

We hear the announcers. We read about the artists who broadcast. We learn secrets of outside broadcasting, of the powers behind the scenes, of the studios.

But who stops to think of the engineers? Without them there would be no broadcasts. If they nod, there is sudden silence over the ether. If there is a breakdown, only their skill can put the studios on the air once more.

There are about sixty of them, and there is pretty well a twenty-four hours service to maintain. After you've heard Big Ben chiming midnight, you probably think the B.B.C. has gone to sleep, and you either go to bed or tune into a continental station. But the B.B.C. is still active, for concerts are going out on the short waves to the colonies.

There is, with the engineers, none of that austerity which seems to be associated with so many of the other departments of the august B.B.C.

They are the lads of the village, and some grand tales they have to tell.

The time signals have been the centre of several incidents. A little while ago, listeners heard Big Ben striking the hour—and also the six pips!

Down in the engineering department, one man was staring blankly at another.

"Here—you're not supposed to put out Big Ben!" exclaimed one of them.

And the other made a dart for the Big Ben switch, and Big Ben was cut off one stroke before his chimes had finished!

Another time, listeners heard Big Ben boom out its introductory notes for midnight, and they waited for the first chime of the twelve. But nothing happened. Big Ben had been accidentally switched off before the actual notes were struck.

If you keep your ears on your set, you will frequently come across accidents of one sort or another. Take, for instance, the announcement that was made from London not long ago.

"That concludes so-and-so," said the announcer. "The next part of our programme

consists of a military band concert, given by . . ."

Dead silence. Then another voice.

"This is London Regional calling. We will now have a programme of light music . . ."

What had happened was that London Regional had been taking the wrong programme, and listeners had heard the announcement for the National station.

Similarly, a little while ago, an orchestral concert was announced from one station, to be relayed from another. The engineer thereupon faded-in to the other station—and instead of an orchestra, listeners heard the end of a soprano's song. The engineer had faded-in before the previous concert was over!

One wireless engineer tells a good story against himself. It is the job of one man to sit at the controls. He has a chart in front of him, and he has to adjust the controls according to this chart.

He sat down at the controls, and got on with his job. He had been solemnly doing this for over five minutes before another engineer informed him that the concert had not yet started, and that he was controlling "dead" machinery!

The engineers have to be ever on the alert for things that go wrong in the studios.

A speaker may be too nervous to carry on. A signal from the studio, and it is cut off at once.

Or maybe a violin string has snapped when a soloist is playing. This has happened more than once.

As you can well imagine, there were some guilty looks in the engineering department when, the other week, six pips were heard at five o'clock, when no time signal was supposed to have gone out.

Yet no one had touched the time signal switch.

The solution of the mystery was that a gramophone record was being played. It was a skit on the B.B.C., and the six pips were included in the record. The amazing thing about it was that those six pips were broadcast almost to the split second at five o'clock.

A hundred and one things can happen—and do happen. The engineers find plenty to interest them, in addition to their technical work!

THE MONTH'S RECORDS

Broadcast by
CHRISTOPHER
STONE and
ROBERT
TREDINNICK

ROBERT TREDINNICK on

Recent Records I Have Broadcast

HERE are two outstanding records which you should get. They are "Speak Easy," played on Sterno, by Walford Hyden and his Melodians, and "Lonesome Road," sung by the Boswell Sisters, on Brunswick. Everyone knows that Walford Hyden has a decided sense of what the public wants, and he has certainly made a very excellent record. The Boswell Sisters have come back, a bit late, I admit, giving us something that is better than many a record we have heard in years.

Gracie Fields always manages to show off her versatile self on any record she makes, and once more she sings a sentimental song with every ounce of feeling. I refer to "Love's Last Word is Spoken" (H.M.V.). Regal-Zonophone, re-introduce that quartet of singers, working under the name Victorian. These men sing "Hot Coddings," making it a sheer delight to the ear and showing how good some of the old songs are to-day.

We must not overlook Titterton, singing "Always." This is a song everyone likes, and one that will go on being sung for a very long time, but Titterton has entirely surpassed himself on the record, and it is delightful to feel we have so good a singer in our midst. (Decca.) I wonder what your feelings are about Pat Hyde. She broadcast with Howard Jacobs and his Band, and is part of the act Pat and Ivy Hyde, that made such a success the other week when broadcast from North Regional. She ought to go a long way, and her version of "When a Woman Loves a Man" is decidedly worth noting. (Parlophone.) If you are a lover of a good choir, let me point out The Holme Valley Male Voice Choir, singing "Swing Low Sweet Chariot." (Rex.) This choir is one composed of working men, and they certainly know how to use their voices. Lastly let us step out with Geraldo and his Sweet Music, and do the "Carioca." You may remember hearing this broadcast by him during June, and the record is a faithful reproduction of the broadcast performance which was so much enjoyed. (Columbia.) The following are some of the records broadcast.—

Walter Glynn, "The World is Waiting for the Sunrise," H.M.V., B8195; The Victorian Quartet, "Hot Coddings," Regal-Zono, MR1333; The Holme Valley Male Voice Choir, "Swing Low Sweet Chariot," Rex, 8217; Orchestra Mascotte, "The Wedding of the Winds," Parlophone; The Boswell Sisters, "The Lonesome Road," Brunswick, 01791; Geraldo and His Sweet Music, "Carioca," Columbia, CB769; Nick Lucas, "Love Thy Neighbour," Rex, 8219;

Ambrose and His Orchestra, "When You Climb Those Golden Stairs," Brunswick, 01788; Les Allen, "Little Man You've Had a Busy Day," Columbia, DB1410; Titterton, "Always," Decca F5008; Kitty Masters, "It's Funny to Everyone but Me," Sterno, 1462; James Melton, "Short'nin' Bread," Decca, F5083; Gracie Fields, "Love's Last Word is Spoken," H.M.V., B8185; Walford Hyden and His Melodians, "Speak Easy," Sterno, 1449.

Christopher Stone has given some interesting records during the Thursday lunch-time broadcasts. He always manages to provide well-chosen programmes on these occasions, and thousands of gramophone record enthusiasts will be anxious to make notes of the numbers of some of the records broadcast.

Owing to pressure of space, it is impossible to give the full lists, but here are some of the records

broadcast at 1 o'clock on July 12, 19 and 26, and August 2.

Caroll Gibbons and His Boy Friends, Selection, "We're Not Dressing," Columbia, DB1398; Walford Hyden and His Melodians, "Speak Easy," Sterno, 1449; Nichols—Trumpet; Miff Mole—Trombone; Fudd Livingston—Clarinet; Victor Burton—Drums; Ed Lang—Guitar; Arthur Schutt—Piano; Adrian Rollini—Saxophone, "Riverboat Shuffle," Brunswick, 01806; Duke Ellington and His Orchestra, "Cocktails for Two" ("Murder at the Vanities"), H.M.V., B6497; Debroy Somers Band, "Love is a Song" ("Princess Charming"), Columbia, CB762; Pat Hyde accompanied by Edgar Jackson Orchestra, "When a Woman Loves a man," Parlophone, R1871; The B.B.C. Dance Orchestra directed by Henry Hall, "Café in Vienna," Columbia, CB767; Male Voice Choir, "Sea Shanty Medley," Parlophone, E11254; Billy Reid and the London Piano-Accordion, "I Like to Jump on a Bike," Decca, F5093; George Thill, "Liebestraum," Columbia, LX310; The London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by John Barbirolli, Overture, "Fra Diavolo," H.M.V., C2644; Cortot and the London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Landon Ronald, Symphonic Variations, H.M.V., DB2186; Part 4 only; Inés Jouglé—Soprano, "Depuis le jour" (Louise), Columbia, LX315; Alfred Sittard, Organ Concerto No. 4 in F, Decca, CA8181; Richard Crooks, "A Dream of Paradise," H.M.V., DA1368; Troise and His Mandoliers, "Destiny Waltz," Rex, 8237; The Victorian Quartette, "Teaching McFadden to Dance," Regal-Zono, MR1333; Harry Royand and His Orchestra, "As Long As I Live, Parlophone, R1873; Carl Kress and Dick McDonough, "Stage Fright," Brunswick, 01808; Walford Hyden and His Melodians, "Café Colette," Sterno, 1460; James Melton, "Carry Me Back to the Lone Prairie," Decca, F5083; Marek Weber and His Orchestra, "Beautiful Spring"—Waltz, H.M.V.,

Continued on page 20

Hullo, Children

AUNT BELINDA'S Children's Corner

DEAR NIECES AND NEPHEWS,
Since I wrote to you last week, I have been to see *Admirals All*. And whom should I find taking part but our old friend, Corporal Higgins of Toy Town fame! But he wasn't a corporal this time. Oh, dear no! The name on the programme was Frederick Burtwell, but he made such a splendid and fearsome Chinese bandit that I found it most difficult to believe that it was really he! At the beginning of the play he took the part of an American film producer, and by the time the play was over I wondered if it was to be the Mayor of Arkville's most superior butler that I should see in his dressing-room! But, no—it was "Freddie" himself, full of the fact that he has taken to sailing in his spare time and has bought a "cutter"—with an auxiliary engine in case he gets into difficulties!

Most of his sailing is done with Reginald Purdell, whom you all know as "Dennis the Dachshund," "The Magician," and "The Inventor" in the Toy Town escapades.

Reggie has been doing a lot of filming until a week or so ago when he appeared in a new musical comedy at the Saville Theatre. And most amusing he was, too! I asked him how many parts he had played in his time, but he said, "Oh, don't let's think about difficult things—have a look at that!" "That" was a snapshot of him with his small son—aged about two and a half—who was holding up a large mug of milk towards Daddie and saying, I understand, "Jolly good health, Daddie!" Of course, Daddie said, "Cheer-ho, old Son!" and quaffed his own drink in one go!

Charles Mason, who played in *A First Class Adventure* last week, decided some ten years ago that he *must* act! But his family said "No!"—so he went into his father's office. "Toddy," however, persisted, and spent all his spare time acting for amateur dramatic societies. Then he got an audition at the B.B.C. and made his broadcasting debut in the Children's Hour. He summoned up courage to apply for the lead in *Journey's End*, and was chosen out of many to play it! He now announces the Television programmes, acts in other programmes and has been offered a part in a big film—and so good-bye to that office stool! This may be some encouragement to my thousands of nieces and nephews who want to take up some active part in radio later on.

"If at first . . ." Well, you all know the rest!

Until next week,
AUNT BELINDA.



Stars at
Home—32

At Work and Play

with

ANDRÉ ("Uncle") CHARLOT

MR. CHARLOT used to play tennis and also rode a good deal. He has given up both. He says he never walks, and never will while a taxi is left in London. He takes practically no exercise but vows the lack of it has never affected his health in the slightest.

He certainly looks a fit man. Tall—he is six-foot-two—and well proportioned . . . a fine figure of a man in middle age. His son is an inch taller. He is connected with the technical side of filming.



"Uncle" Charlot is a lover of great dogs. Girlie, his Great Dane, is enormous. She has a pedigree longer than herself.

Perhaps Uncle André's height is responsible for his love of large dogs. Girlie, his Great Dane, is enormous. She is a bit of a swell in the canine world and has a pedigree longer than herself.

Wherever Uncle André goes, Girlie goes also. She rides with him in taxis and accompanies him everywhere. She is five years old and he has had her three years.

Mr. Charlot is at present without a home in the strict sense; he has some furnished rooms in the West End. Every morning his mail is brought to him there and he deals with it immediately.

Once in his office, he works all day until evening, when he changes into dress clothes and visits a theatre or a show of some kind. There is nothing in London worth seeing he has not seen.

He is quiet and gentle in manner—a charming Anglo-French gentleman with refined tastes and a broad outlook on life.

He does not believe in relaxation as such; only diversion. He plays contract bridge; and as he

declares only bad players say they play well, but said nothing about his own playing, we may conclude he is pretty good.

Those of you who were listening as far back as 1928 may remember your Uncle André in the 'old days. You could hardly have missed him, for he broadcast thirty-two "Hours" in thirty-four weeks, all different and all "compèred" by himself.

André Charlot was born and educated in Paris. His father was a theatrical manager there. He might have remained French entirely but for the fact that his mother had an English maid for twenty-five years.

She acted as nurse, and young André talked English as much as French. He has by no means forgotten French and is, of course, still fluent; but he admits to receiving correction occasionally from his mother with whom he corresponds regularly.

She accuses him of using English construction here and there. On the other hand, he never

makes the mistake of using French construction when speaking or writing English; but whenever he reckons or counts figures he always does it in French.

No matter how many languages you may speak (says Uncle) you always reckon in your original tongue.

The Sykerlogical Moment

Continued from page Six

the glass over the fireplace. Auntie had done her lank hair into stiff curls and the touch of rouge on her hot face made her cheeks look purple.

"I can't go in like this," she said, miserably. "I look orful."

"The girl's right!" said Aunt Gert, suddenly. "Come upstairs, Ede, and we'll comb yer 'air out with a wet comb, and wash the rouge orf yer face. There's some faces you can't liven, and yours is one! The puddin' won't 'urt for a few minutes, and the 'ungrier 'e is the better. Come on."

The three women scuttled upstairs and busied themselves frantically in trying to eradicate the traces of Aunt Gert's well meant efforts.

Meanwhile her daughter Pussy came softly in at the back door. She saw the lodger's meal on the kitchen table ready to be taken in to him, and thought it a pity that it should be allowed to get cold. So, being a good-natured girl, she carried it into the parlour, waited on Mr. Donoghue in her deft way, chatting gaily to him as she did so. A homeric roar of laughter startled the conspirators above. They hurried downstairs, and gazed with dismay at the empty kitchen table.

"E's fetched it 'isself!" said Mrs. Ogboddy in horror:

"'Oo's 'e talkin' to!" breathed Aunt Gert, and listened intently.

Ede picked up a pair of gloves and a red hat from the kitchen chair.

"Pussy!" she said.

"That old Donoghue of yours ain't 'alf a lad!" chattered Pussy, as she came into the kitchen laughing and patting her golden curls into place. "Ate two, bloomin' great 'elphin's of puddin', and then tried to put 'is old red-whiskered arm round me! I told 'im orf proper."

So the sykerlogical moment had come—and gone!

"What are you all looking at me like that for? What have I done?" said Pussy, as the tense silence made itself felt.

Mrs. Ogboddy swallowed, and spoke.

"My 'usband always said that it was better to 'ave an 'oller tooth than it was to 'ave a serpent's child, and I believe 'im!"



FRANK STEWART



DENNY DENNIS



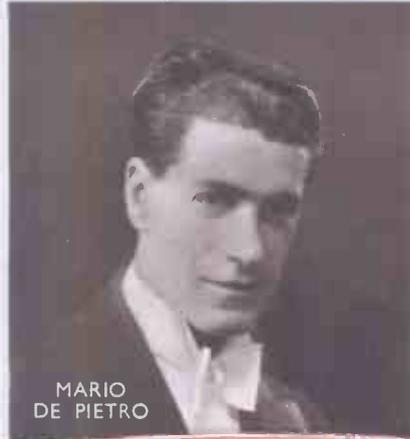
BILLY COTTON



ELSIE WATERS



LEW STONE



MARIO DE PIETRO



HAROLD RAMSAY



ANONA WINN

PORTRAIT GALLERY OF



REGINALD NEW



ANDRÉ CHARLOT



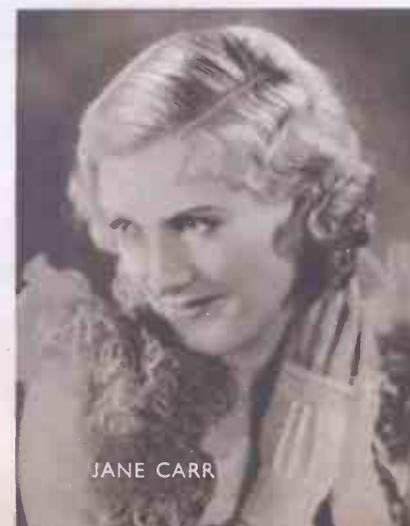
NORMAN LONG



LEONARD HENRY



ALBERT SANDLER



JANE CARR



MICHAEL HOGAN



MABEL CONSTANDUROS



DORIS WATERS



JACK HYLTON



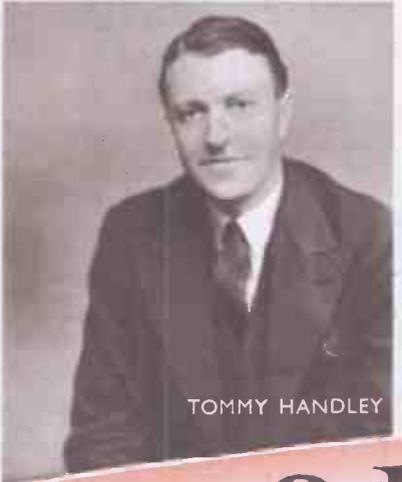
AMBROSE



STANLEY HOLLOWAY



BILLY MERRIN



TOMMY HANDLEY



ELSIE CARLISLE



LESLIE HUTCHINSON

OUR RADIO FAVOURITES



STUART HIBBERD



JACK SALISBURY



STAINLESS STEPHEN



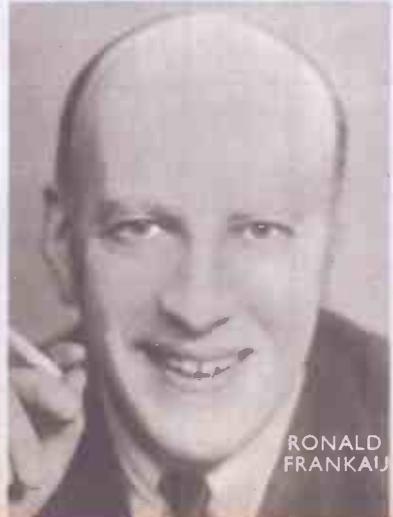
PEGGY COCHRAN



BILLY BENNETT



BARBARA COUPER



RONALD FRANKAU



CHRISTOPHER STONE

A. J. ALAN concludes one of his most popular broadcast stories

Cuthbert



"There was most distinctly something there—something heavy and slightly yielding to the touch"

was only a matter of feet and you couldn't see the far bank of the canal. My general scheme was to let Christopher begin by sticking his pole into the exact spot where his dream told him that Cuthbert was. I would then demonstrate that he wasn't by dragging my grapnel across the place several times. Having done that, I intended that we should go on making casts every yard or so until the whole section of the canal bed opposite the garden wall had been thoroughly raked over, and if that didn't flatten out his Cuthbert complex, nothing would.

As it happened, things didn't go like that at all. Christopher took his stand at the point where he'd found the hat, thrust the pole down into the mud somewhere near the middle, and, after a few gentle prods, remarked quite casually: "There it is."

I naturally said: "Nonsense," and seized the pole; but I soon had to alter my tone, because it wasn't nonsense, and there was most distinctly something there—something heavy and slightly yielding to the touch. When one pushed hard it rolled partly over and then back again. I don't mind confessing to you (although I didn't let on to Christopher) that I'd never felt so completely taken aback in my whole life.

It wasn't so much coming across a dead body—not that that's amusing at any time—but it meant the readjusting of my whole attitude as regards Christopher's absurd story. When a man discloses to you a chain of events consisting of a shot, a cat, a cry, a splash, and a hat all in the same straight line (to say nothing of a recurrent dream), you may say, if you are moderately sceptical: "I'll buy it as far as the splash, but you can keep the rest." You may even reject the splash and put it down to rats. But if he produces his straight line still farther and predicts to an inch where you will find an obstruction, and you actually do, it's quite fatuous to go on talking about flukes.

Your only chance is to raise some new factor to argue about.

It was rather convenient that the day was a Saturday, because it meant that there would most likely be no barges passing during the evening, so we fixed it up that I should be at his place soon after it got dark.

During the morning I called at a shop near Shaftesbury Avenue and acquired the necessary implements for dragging operations. Needless to say, I didn't ask for them as such. I was merely wanting an anchor for a medium-sized sailing dinghy, preferably something which would catch nicely in weeds, and the man soon produced the very thing—a grappling-iron with four nice sharp points. He also sold me ten fathoms of light rope which he guaranteed not to break under about half a ton, and did it all up in a brown-paper parcel.

After lunch it was inclined to be foggy, and it got thicker and thicker as the afternoon wore on. By seven o'clock, when I got to Christopher's, it had developed into a real pea-souper, and you couldn't see more than five yards. As you can imagine, this was all in our favour, because it would completely stop traffic on the canal and keep people off the tow-path. Even one interested onlooker would have cramped our style.

I think I have said before that Christopher lived by himself, and his servant slept out, and his house wasn't at all a nice one to be alone in for too long. The hall and a good many of the rooms were panelled with black oak, which made them dark, and the air smelt damp at the best of times, but in a dense fog it was the holy limit.

It said "Knock and Ring" on the door, but as we had rather a stealthy job on hand, it seemed a pity to lead off by making a lot of noise, so I only rang. However, ringing didn't seem to have

any effect, and I was just beginning to wonder whether Christopher might not have done something desperate after all when he came to the door. He'd been out in the back garden and hadn't heard the bell.

We first of all had some sherry, and then he trotted out his two exhibits, the air-gun and the hat. I was relieved to find that the air-gun was an air-gun, and not a rook-rifle, because you never know with people as clever as that; but otherwise it called for no special remark. He told me that he'd given twenty-five bob for it. Then came the hat, which didn't impress me either. He'd been keeping it locked up in a cupboard, which struck me as silly—he ought to have left it hanging on the garden gate where Cuthbert could have got at it—but as a piece of evidence it didn't get one very far. It was entirely disreputable and had evidently been in the water, but for how long one couldn't tell off-hand. It might have been there for a few hours or it might have been cruising about for weeks.

Christopher was a little disappointed at my want of enthusiasm over his black museum, but he made the best of it and took me out into the garden. There he'd got two eight-foot bamboo cornice poles, which he'd been tying together by the light of a candle. He thought they might come in useful to prod with. I didn't think much of the odd bits of string he was using, so we made a proper job of it with some of my rope. When that was done, we opened the garden door and made sure that there was no one about, and then carried our stuff out on to the tow-path.

I must say conditions were ideal for an enterprise of that kind. The moon had evidently risen, because it was lighting up the fog, but visibility

As Cuthbert was the only new factor in the case, he must therefore be raised, and it wasn't a one-man job. I said to Christopher: "Look here, old thing, this is a bad business. We can't leave this poor feller where he is. He's got to be buried. How do you feel about helping me to fetch him out before going to the police?" As a matter of fact, I didn't care two hoots how he felt so long as he gave me a hand, but it was the only means I could think of to gain a bit of time. Hope dies hard, and it struck me that if we could recover Cuthbert there was just a possibility that something might come to light which would alter the situation. For instance, if he turned out to be an exceptionally short man it would mean that he could never have been in line of fire from the study window, and better still, if he proved to be a woman it would wash out the bowler hat as having any significance. It was much too large, and there wasn't a feather round it.

To my surprise, Christopher agreed to my idea of getting the body out—not because it would look better, but he thought it might make his conscience easier if he assisted personally. My conscience was easy, so I went ahead and made the line fast to the grappling-iron and started heaving it out into the water.

To begin with, I didn't have much luck and my first few casts weren't any good. It was rather funny. One felt the hook pulling rather stiffly through the mud on the far side, but when it got to Cuthbert it seemed to slither over him in some way. This happened several times, but finally I got a firm hold and we began to pull. But still things seemed to be against us. Each time we pulled, Cuthbert rose about eighteen inches and then stuck, and as soon as we eased up for fear

(Continued on page 22)

PROGRAMME HEADLINES of the WEEK



Gladys Parr
(August 26, 4.30 p.m., Regional)

NATIONAL

SUNDAY (Aug. 26).—Light Instrumental Concert, relayed from Felixstowe.
MONDAY (Aug. 27).—*The Land of Heart's Desire*, a play by W. B. Yeats, and *Meadowsweet*, a comedy by Seamus O'Kelly, presented by the Abbey Theatre Company, from Belfast.
TUESDAY (Aug. 28).—Promenade Concert, relayed from Queen's Hall, London.
WEDNESDAY (Aug. 29).—*The Cat and the Cauliflower*, a revue.
THURSDAY (Aug. 30).—Promenade Concert, relayed from Queen's Hall, London.
FRIDAY (Aug. 31).—*Pas Seul*, a play by Laurie and Tom Devine.
SATURDAY (Sept. 1).—Running Commentary on the Royal Automobile Club International Tourist Trophy Motor Race, from Belfast.

LONDON REGIONAL

SUNDAY (Aug. 26).—A Congregationalist Service, from a studio.
MONDAY (Aug. 27).—Promenade Concert, relayed from Queen's Hall, London.
TUESDAY (Aug. 28).—*The Cat and the Cauliflower*, a revue.
WEDNESDAY (Aug. 29).—Promenade Concert, relayed from Queen's Hall, London.
THURSDAY (Aug. 30).—*Pas Seul*, a play by Laurie and Tom Devine.
FRIDAY (Aug. 31).—Promenade Concert, relayed from Queen's Hall, London.
SATURDAY (Sept. 1).—Variety programme.

MIDLAND REGIONAL

SUNDAY (Aug. 26).—A Religious Service, relayed from Birmingham Cathedral.
MONDAY (Aug. 27).—Light Instrumental Concert.



Albert Sammons
(August 29, 8 p.m., Regional)

Foreign Items You Must Not Miss

Luxembourg	... Concert ...	1-1.30 p.m. Sunday
Poste Parisien	... Concert ...	10.30-11 p.m. Friday
Leipzig	... Marches and Waltzes	8.10 p.m. Monday
Moscow	... Concert ...	8 p.m. Tuesday
Poste Parisien	... Tzigany Music ...	12.35 p.m. Thursday
Kalundborg	... Dance Music ...	11 p.m. Saturday



Greta Keller
(August 30, 10 p.m., National)

TUESDAY (Aug. 28).—The Sincerest Form ... some radio stars as seen by their Midland contemporaries.
WEDNESDAY (Aug. 29).—“Maud”—A Cycle of Songs, words by Tennyson, music by Arthur Somervell.
THURSDAY (Aug. 30).—A programme of Scenes from Shakespeare.
FRIDAY (Aug. 31).—Light Orchestral Concert, relayed from Leamington Spa.
SATURDAY (Sept. 1).—“Humoresque,” a programme of Amusing Orchestral Pieces.



Mavis Bennett
(August 26, 9.30 p.m., National)

WEST REGIONAL

SUNDAY (Aug. 26).—The Boy Scouts of Wales Own Service, relayed from the Town Hall, Pontypridd.
MONDAY (Aug. 27).—Promenade Concert, relayed from Queen's Hall, London.
TUESDAY (Aug. 28).—West Country Club: Oriental Night, feature programme.

Radio Times gives full programme details.

WEDNESDAY (Aug. 29).—A Recital on the New Organ of Shiloh Chapel, Aberystwyth.
THURSDAY (Aug. 30).—The Roosters Concert Party, relayed from Ilfracombe.
FRIDAY (Aug. 31).—Promenade Concert, relayed from Queen's Hall, London.
SATURDAY (Sept. 1).—A Band Concert, relayed from Bodmin.



Geoffrey Dams
(August 28, 1.45 p.m., National)

NORTH REGIONAL

SUNDAY (Aug. 26).—A Religious Service, relayed from St. John's Parish Church, Blackpool.
MONDAY (Aug. 27).—“In Venice,” Orchestral concert.
TUESDAY (Aug. 28).—Colliery Band programme, relayed from Morecambe.
WEDNESDAY (Aug. 29).—Caruso comes to Blackpool, a recital of gramophone records.
THURSDAY (Aug. 30).—Concert Party, relayed from St. Annes on Sea.
FRIDAY (Aug. 31).—Promenade Concert, relayed from Queen's Hall, London.
SATURDAY (Sept. 1).—Concert Party programme, relayed from New Brighton, Wallasey.



Miriam Licette
(August 27, 8 p.m., Regional)

SCOTTISH REGIONAL
SUNDAY (Aug. 26).—A Scottish Episcopal Service, relayed from Roslin Chapel.
MONDAY (Aug. 27).—Promenade Concert, relayed from Queen's Hall, London.
TUESDAY (Aug. 28).—In the Highlands in 1934, a Ceilidh of To-day.
WEDNESDAY (Aug. 29).—Band Concert.
THURSDAY (Aug. 30).—Military Band Concert.
FRIDAY (Aug. 31).—Concert Party programme, relayed from Largs.



Janet Joye
(August 28, 7.15 p.m., National)

SATURDAY (Sept. 1).—Variety programme, relayed from the Radio Exhibition, Glasgow.

BELFAST

SUNDAY (Aug. 26).—Light Concert relayed from Felixstowe.
MONDAY (Aug. 27).—*The Land of Heart's Desire*, a play by W. B. Yeats, and *Meadowsweet*, a comedy by Seamus O'Kelly.
TUESDAY (Aug. 28).—Promenade Concert, relayed from Queen's Hall, London.
WEDNESDAY (Aug. 29).—At the Shore, a programme introducing variations on the Holiday Theme in Holiday Places of Northern Ireland.
THURSDAY (Aug. 30).—*The Enthusiast*, an Ulster comedy by Lewis Purcell.
FRIDAY (Aug. 31).—Promenade Concert, relayed from Queen's Hall, London.
SATURDAY (Sept. 1).—Running Commentaries on the Royal Automobile Club International Tourist Trophy Motor Race.

Dance Music of the Week

Tuesday. Sydney Kyte and his Band (Piccadilly Hotel).
Wednesday. The B.B.C. Dance Orchestra, directed by Henry Hall (broadcasting from the B.B.C. studios).
Thursday. Casani Club Orchestra, directed by Charlie Kunz (Casani's Club).
Friday. Roy Fox and his Band.
Saturday. Jack Jackson and his Band (Mayfair Hotel).

Your Foreign Programme Guide

The BEST in NEXT WEEK'S Sponsored CONCERTS

SUNDAY (AUGUST 26)
Radio Normandy. — "Three Ring" Oranges and Grape Fruit Concert. Episode VI—A Night Out in London
 10.15-10.30 a.m.
 Philco Happy Half-Hour—Light Music
 11.30 a.m.-12 (noon)
Radio Luxemburg.—Irish Hospitals Sweepstakes Concert, arranged by the I.B.C. (Ireland) Ltd.—Dance Music
 12.30-1 p.m.
 Vernon All-Star Variety Concert ... 2.30-3 p.m.
Radio Normandy.—Three Diamonds Pink Salmon Concert—Sunny Days 5.30-5.45 p.m.
 Socapools' Broadcast—Dance Music ... 6-6.30 p.m.
 Ballito Concert—Dance Music 9.30-10 p.m.
 Swift's Plate Corned Beef Concert—Old Favourites 10-10.15 p.m.
 The Frank H. Ayling's Homes Concert—Orchestral Music 10.15-10.30 p.m.
 Charles Stevens' Concert—Light Music 10.30-11 p.m.
Poste Parisien.—William S. Murphy's (Edinburgh) Broadcast—Light Music 10.30-11 p.m.
Juan-Les-Pins. — T. Strang Broadcast—Old Favourites and Musical Comedy Selection 10.30-11 p.m.
E.A.Q. Aranjuez.—Philco Broadcast—Spanish Music 11-11.30 p.m.
Radio Normandy.—Irish Hospitals Sweepstakes Concert, arranged by the I.B.C. (Ireland) Ltd.—Dance Music 11.30-12 (midnight)

MONDAY
Radio Normandy. — Philco Happy Half-Hour — Light Orchestral Music 11.30-12 (noon)
Poste Parisien. — Gordon Mackay Broadcast 10.45-11 p.m.

TUESDAY
Radio Normandy. — Philco Happy Half-Hour — Dance Music 11.30 a.m.-12 (noon)
 Outdoor Girl Concert—Dance Music ... 5.45-6 p.m.
Poste Parisien.—Ballito Concert —Tunes from the Talkies and Shows 10.30-10.45 p.m.
Radio Normandy.—Irish Hospitals Sweepstakes Concert, arranged by the I.B.C. (Ireland) Ltd.—Light Music 11.30-12 (midnight)

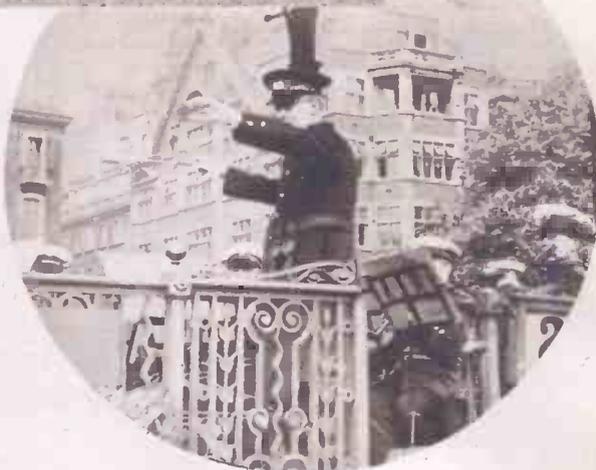
WEDNESDAY
Radio Normandy. — Philco Happy Half-Hour — Request Programme 11.30 a.m.-12 (noon)

THURSDAY
Radio Normandy. — Philco Happy Half-Hour — Military Band Music 11-11.30 a.m.
 Outdoor Girl Concert—Dance Music ... 5.45-6 p.m.
Poste Parisien.—Ballito Variety Concert (Gramophone Records) 10.30-10.45 p.m.
Radio Normandy. — Irish Hospitals Sweepstakes Concert, arranged by the I.B.C. (Ireland) Ltd. — Dance Music relayed from Etretat Casino 11.30-12 (midnight)

FRIDAY
Radio Normandy. — Philco Happy Half-Hour—Concert of Gramophone Records 11.30-12 (noon)
Poste Parisien. — Bile Beans Celebrity Concert (Gramophone Records) ... 10.30-11 p.m.

SATURDAY
Radio Normandy. — Philco Happy Half-Hour — Dance Music 11.30 a.m.-12 (noon)
 Irish Hospitals Sweepstakes Concert, arranged by the I.B.C. (Ireland) Ltd.—Dance Music relayed from Etretat Casino. 11.30-12 (midnight)
 Gordon Mackay Broadcast—Dance Music 12.15-12.30 a.m.

Percy Bush and his Radio Military Band have recently been giving Londoners' a musical treat by forsaking the radio studio for a bandstand in the Embankment Gardens, London. Here is Mr. Bush conducting the band.



MONDAY
Kalundborg (1,261 m.).—Dance Music ... 11 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Marches and Waltzes ... 8.10 p.m.
Moscow (1,724 m.).—"Seven Minutes"—comedy. Music by Mossovlov ... 8 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Light Orchestral Music ... 4 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 12.5 p.m.
Stuttgart (522.6 m.).—Light Music 7 p.m.
Berlin Deutschlandsender (1,571 m.).—The Song in Dance Rhythms 6.5 p.m.

THURSDAY
Berlin Deutschlandsender (1,571 m.).—Gala Variety Programme 8.15 p.m.
Berlin Funkstunde (356.7 m.).—Pianoforte Recital ... 6.30 p.m.
Kalundborg (1,261 m.). — Dance Music ... 10.50 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Sonatas for Violin and Piano 8.10 p.m.
Moscow (1,724 m.). American, English, Spanish, and German Songs 11.15 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Josef Schwarz Orchestra from Nürnberg 11 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Cigány Music (Records) 12.35 p.m.

TUESDAY
Berlin Deutschlandsender (1,571 m.).—Light Music ... 7 p.m.
Berlin Funkstunde (356.7 m.).—Afternoon Concert from the Radio Exhibition ... 2-6 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.). — National Dances on Records ... 1.10 p.m.
Moscow (1,724 m.).—Concert 8 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Old Embalo Music ... 5.50 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Viennese Music ... 8.10 p.m.

FRIDAY
Berlin Deutschlandsender and all German Stations (1,571 m.).—Symphony No. 4 in E minor (Brahms) ... 8.15 p.m.
Berlin Funkstunde (356.7 m.).—The Wireless Orchestra 10.50 p.m.
Cologne (455.9 m.).—Folk Songs 7 p.m.
Kalundborg (1,261 m.).—Dance Music ... 11 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Light Music 6.50 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Dance Music 11 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Accordion Music ... 10.30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY
Berlin Deutschlandsender (1,571 m.).—Concert from the Radio Exhibition ... 4 p.m.
Berlin Funkstunde (356.7 m.).—Lunch-hour Concert... 10 a.m.
Kalundborg (1,261 m.).—Dance Music ... 10.50 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—An Evening in Vienna, Orchestral Concert 9 p.m.
Moscow (1,724 m.).—Concert 5.30 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Songs and Lute Melodies in praise of Germany ... 3.10 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—La Traviata (Verdi) ... 8.10 p.m.

SATURDAY
Berlin Deutschlandsender (1,571 m.).—Gala Evening of Dance Music ... 8.10 p.m.
Berlin Funkstunde (356.7 m.).—Quartet Concert in honour of Wolfram Humperdinck (d. Sept. 1, 1854) ... 7 p.m.
Kalundborg (1,261 m.).—Dance Music ... 11 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—With Trumpets and Drums (Records) 1.10 p.m.
Moscow (1,724 m.).—Gramophone Concert ... 8 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Dance Music 11 p.m.

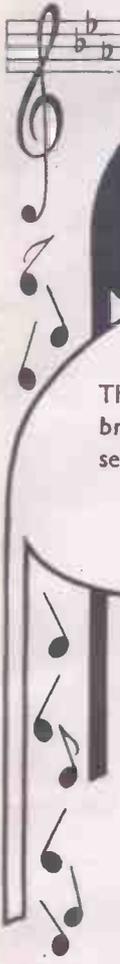
Above is given a selection of programmes broadcast by sponsored-programme stations. The rest of this page is devoted to the programmes of other Continental and American stations.

FROM OTHER STATIONS

SUNDAY (AUGUST 26)
Hamburg (331.9 m.).—Harbour Concert ... 6.15 a.m.
Kalundborg (1,261 m.).—String Orchestra ... 9 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Operatic Arias on Records ... 3.20 p.m.
Moscow (1,724 m.).—Music 9 a.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Walter Niemann Piano Recital, by the Composer ... 5.50 p.m.

Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Selection from *The Merry Widow* (Lehar) ... 7.35 p.m.
Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Variety 11.45 p.m.
Berlin (Deutschlandsender) (1,571 m.).—Play for Children 2 p.m.
Berlin Funkstunde (356.7 m.).—Virtuosity and the Piano 7.10 p.m.

Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Selection from *The Merry Widow* (Lehar) ... 7.35 p.m.
Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Variety 11.45 p.m.
Berlin (Deutschlandsender) (1,571 m.).—Play for Children 2 p.m.
Berlin Funkstunde (356.7 m.).—Virtuosity and the Piano 7.10 p.m.



Better Radio

The second of a series of brief reviews of the new season's sets on show at Radiolympia

In this section Philips, Aerodyne, Ferranti, G.E.C., and Lissen receivers are reviewed

The New AERODYNE Sets

THE new range of Aerodyne sets offers a sound standard of performance and beautifully finished cabinet work at strictly reasonable prices, ranging from five to twelve guineas.

Their range of three-valve battery receivers are especially economical in running costs—a feature worth considering—combined with more than the usual station getting ability and reproduction of the finest. They prove how efficient and delightful really modern battery sets can be.

A set that gives particularly good value for money is the "Raven" three-valver. You have a choice of cabinet—either a very good-looking ebonised cabinet with chromium fittings, or a figured oak with brown bakelite fittings.

A square-faced clock is incorporated in the control panel. Under normal conditions this set will receive the majority of British stations and foreigners as well with good tone and volume.

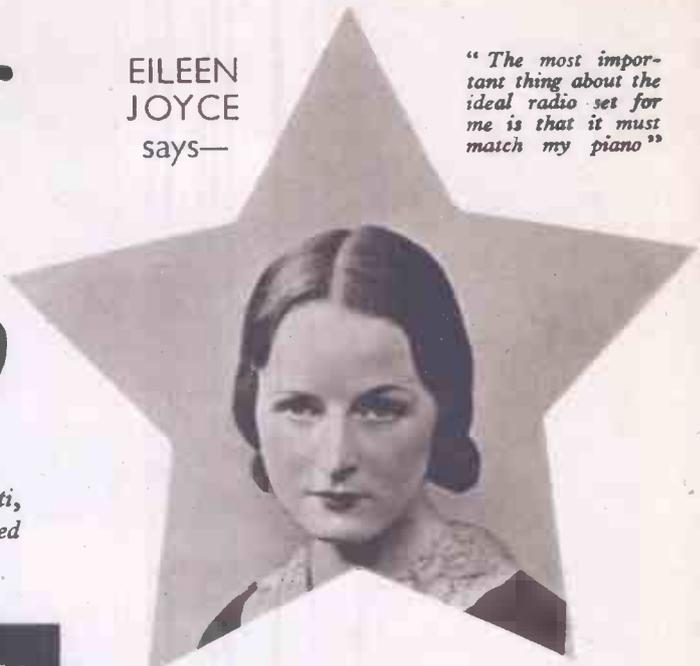
A mains set that will be popular is the Aerodyne "Drake" which takes the place of last year's "Swan" model. Recent improvements in circuit and valve research have resulted in greater sensitivity and selectivity, making this a very enjoyable set. It includes moving-coil loud-speaker, gramophone pick-up sockets, and provision for external speaker. The cabinet is veneered walnut, with a good, plain front and illuminated wavelength scale.

The "Swallow" superhet is a more luxurious set; the very latest developments found in it include automatic volume control, which makes "fading" impossible, and tone control, and noise suppression between stations. The quality of reproduction remains exceptionally pure under practically any conditions, and all the important British and Continental stations are available.

A four-valve universal receiver for A.C. or D.C. mains is another set worth noting, which takes full advantage of the new Universal valves. The output on either A.C. or D.C. is more than sufficient for most needs, and the quality of reproduction is up to standard.

EILEEN JOYCE says—

"The most important thing about the ideal radio set for me is that it must match my piano"



The "Raven" three-valve battery receiver, 5 guineas.

The "Drake" four-valve mains receiver, 10 guineas.

The "Swallow" five-valve super het, 12 guineas. The prices of the new Aerodyne receivers show how economy has been obtained without loss of quality in material. The standard of construction is excellent.

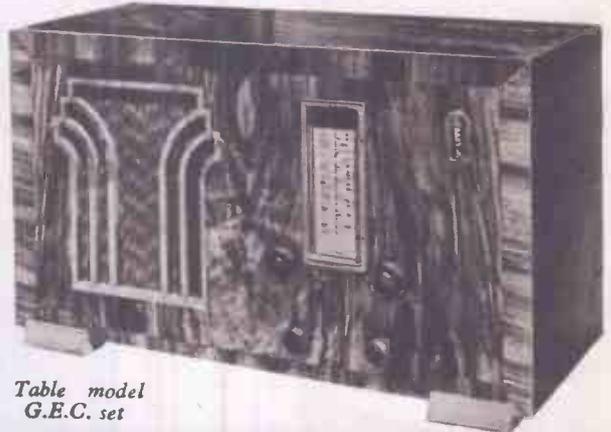
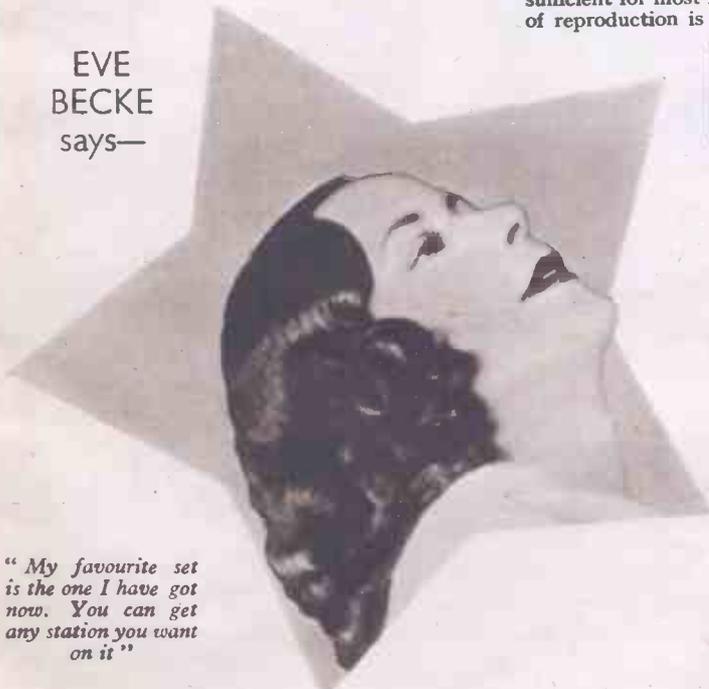


Table model G.E.C. set

EVE BECKE says—



"My favourite set is the one I have got now. You can get any station you want on it"

Fine G.E.C. Receivers

THE new G.E.C. receivers give the listener all that he wants with regard to up-to-date features and handsome cabinet design at prices to suit his pocket. They have, for instance, produced a model that can be operated on either A.C. or D.C. mains, which should prove attractive to people who are living in districts where conversion of the mains supply is likely. This universal mains receiver is the first of its kind to be made on mass production principles, and all the peculiar difficulties of safety in operation, which so far have stood in the way of the introduction of this type, have now been overcome.

It incorporates three of the latest form of Osram valves, giving exceptional quality and power with reasonable range, and has a built-in moving-coil speaker in its bakelite cabinet.

There are also two battery-operated receivers, one a powerful and well-built three-valve set in a pleasant bakelite

cabinet, the other a four-valver with a cabinet of inlaid walnut, giving a wide range of stations with exceptional quality. Both these sets have an illuminated scale, and separate selectivity and volume controls, while the four-valver accommodates a moving-coil speaker, and gramophone pick-up connection.

Another notable set is a five-valve mains super-het which has been designed in three different forms—as a table model, a console, and a radio-gram, the console being particularly attractive in appearance as the control panel is placed altogether out of sight beneath the hinged lid.

- Universal mains receiver, £7 15s.
- Compact Three—three-valve battery receiver, £5 17s. 6d.
- Four-valve battery receiver, £9 17s. 6d.
- Five-valve superhet table model, £14 14s.
- Ditto, console, £17 17s.

More sets on page 20.





The shorts-dress is the latest news in holiday wear. This one, from Marshall and Snelgrove, has fin-like tabs on the shorts and a sun-back

JEANNE DE CASALIS gives you NEWS FROM PARIS

WHILE we are enjoying the triumph of our carefully planned holiday clothes, the first news of the autumn fashions, via the Paris dress shows, comes to hand.

First, a revolution in millinery: berets, wide and flat, like hats; and hats which look as much as possible like berets. The new berets can be of blue or black velvet, but are smartest in golden brown, with plenty of width pulled forward into a peak which obscures both eyes, or the whole of one cheek. The crown is generally stitched in sections like a football, or in shell-like twirls, and is stuck through with pins and brooches, even large wooden nails, or quills.

The same effect is created by the new hats whose flat pancake crowns are continued into equally flat wavy brims. They are worn well forward on the head, and straight across the brows. Tricornes are to be seen again this autumn, of velvet or furry felt. Sports felts tend to the Homburg shape, and are generally green or tan in either a hairy or a plain felt.

Woollen fabrics with a gold fleck are being shown, and shiny sequin trimmings on afternoon and evening dresses are the rule. Green and brown are the two most popular colours, and look lovely flecked with gold; our old friend the brown-and-tan combination is again very smart, and green appears in many combinations, especially with grey and wine-red.

Throughout the day the most fashionable skirt length continues to be three or four inches above the ankle. As for the silhouette, the shoulder is no longer the point of vantage; interest has gone to the front, where shirred gilets, upturned revers, soft bows, looped collars and ingeniously arranged plastrons focus the attention. One black woollen dress I have seen had a top of pin-spot taffeta drawn into a huge bow at the neck. And a brown and white striped travelling coat had a plain coloured wool jabot falling from the neck.

Jeanne de Casalis

The WOMAN

FASHION · · · COOKERY

JANE CARR asks ARE YOU SUNBURNT?

ANYONE who has a fair, sensitive skin will be lucky indeed if she has escaped till now the effects of summer sun and sea wind. A face that is used to an office atmosphere will soon get dry and shrivelled up—even badly burnt, or covered with freckles, unless proper precautions are taken.

Your face and neck, particularly that V-shaped piece of skin below the throat, must be carefully protected with an oily foundation cream and a rather heavy powder. It is important to remember that both freckles and burning are caused by the action of the sun in drying up the natural oil of the skin, and to avoid it, you must



A cravat-shaped collar of coloured linen is a useful accessory with many dresses. This one costs 4s. 11d. (Right) A fascinating cocoa set for the nursery with mushrooms and gnomes painted in gay colours

add oil from the outside to make up for what you are losing. A naturally oily skin will not burn so easily, and requires a sun-tan lotion instead of a sun-proof foundation cream.

Once your face has become burnt, dab on calamine lotion at night. You can buy a bottle for about 1s. 6d. Dab it on your face, neck and arms; it leaves a powdery sediment behind, which will stay on all night, and you will find most of the burn has disappeared by the morning.

If your face feels burning at the end of the day, don't attempt to use even the mildest soap on it.

Write to "MARGOT" About It

Have you any problems about which you would like advice? Whether it is a cookery query, a dress renovation, or simply what to take away with you for a week-end; if it is interior decorating, a laundry question, or a problem of domestic relationship; I feel that I can help you. Please write to me, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply, addressing your letter to "Margot," "Radio Pictorial," 58-61 Fetter Lane, E.C.4.

Beauty queries are welcomed by our Beauty Editress, Jane Carr, popular radio and film star. If you want to make the best of yourself, or if you have an individual beauty problem, write to her, care of "Radio Pictorial," she will gladly give you the benefit of her personal advice.

Remove your make-up with liquid cleansing cream instead, and rinse the face afterwards with first warm water, and then cool water.

When you are home from your holiday, even a perfectly tanned skin is apt to fade to a disappointing yellow, and an unevenly burnt skin cannot be allowed to spoil the effect of your evening frock. You will want a bleaching lotion to add to your bath water to whiten your skin again. You can make one for yourself with a mixture of bitter almonds 4 grams, sweet almonds 16 grams, rose water 90 grams, and benzoic acid 1/2 gram.

Steep all the almonds in the rose water, and crush them into a paste. Strain and add the benzoic acid. A little of this in your bath water will smooth as well as whiten your skin.

There are, of course, bleaching creams on the market which you can pat gently into the skin nightly, and which make a wonderful difference to the colour of your skin after only one application. They should not be massaged in, but gently patted on, and left there until you begin to feel it stinging. Remove the cream with ordinary cold cream—not soap and water. Although soap is generally to be recommended in the interests of beauty, if you put it on after a bleach it sometimes causes irritation.

Jane Carr.



LISTENER



BEAUTY ···· HOMECRAFT

For wear with filmy summer dresses—a Dunlop waterproof of green marocain. The scarf collar is striped in natural, green, and red



Stand for 5 days, carefully strain, stand for a further day, and then bottle.

The yeast will be killed if it is put in before the ginger beer is cold.

A FEW HINTS ON JAM-MAKING

Always use perfectly sound and dry fruit and as fresh as possible. Stir jam with a wooden spoon and keep skimming. If scum is allowed to boil into the fruit it spoils the colour.

Use best preserving sugar, granulated or loaf. Cover jam when hot or cold, never when it is lukewarm. Always put jam into warm jars and do not stand them on a cold surface or they may crack.

Write on the covers the make of jam and the date.

Use a copper, brass or aluminium preserving pan and be sure it is a thick one, to prevent burning.

Keep jam in a dry, cool place and away from the light, and use glass jars if possible, so that the condition of the contents is visible.

SHINY, BUT NOT SMART!

A WORN and shiny surface on serge or tweed can sometimes be renewed by rubbing it with a cloth dipped in hot water to which a few drops of ammonia have been added. Another way is to boil a few ivy or laurel leaves, just covered with water, for about half an hour. Let the mixture cool slightly, and then dip a cloth in it and rub the shiny surface all over, rubbing the way of the weave. Then iron with a hot iron on the wrong side, over a thick blanket; press the iron hard, but do not slide it in the usual way. The fabric should have recovered its surface after this treatment.

A DAMP LARDER

If you think your larder is damp, keep a jar of lime on one of the shelves. Lime quickly absorbs moisture.

Margot



MRS. R. H. BRAND on Ways of Cooking MARROW

STUFFED MARROW

Ingredients.—1 marrow; 5 oz. fresh breadcrumbs; ¼ lb. of suet; 2 oz. lean bacon; 1 dessertspoonful each of finely chopped parsley and chopped mixed herbs; 1 teaspoonful grated lemon-rind; 2 eggs (or 1 egg and a little milk); pepper and salt.

Peel the marrow thinly and cut it in two, lengthways; take out all the seeds and sprinkle over it a little salt and pepper. Leave it to drain for 2 hours (marrows are very watery and must be well drained either before or after cooking).

Put the breadcrumbs into a basin with the parsley and herbs, chop the suet very finely and cut the bacon into thin shreds after having removed all the rinds and bone. Add these ingredients to the crumbs with some salt and pepper, then beat up the eggs, or egg and milk, mix well together and fill the marrow. Tie the halves tightly together with wide tape or string, put them into a well-greased baking-tin, cover with a greased paper and cook from ½ to ¾ hour, according to the size; turn at half-time. When ready, untie strings, put marrow in a hot dish and cover with either thick white or brown sauce sprinkled with parsley.

Note.—Marrows are very nice stuffed with minced cold meat mixed with sauce, breadcrumbs and chopped herbs.

FRIED MARROW

This is delicious served with grilled bacon as a breakfast dish. Get a young marrow and peel it without cutting. Then cut across in ½-inch slices, remove all the seeds and put the rings on a dish; sprinkle with salt and pepper, cover and leave them to drain for at least one hour. Dry in a clean cloth and fry in either hot butter or frying batter, until a golden-brown. Drain on paper and serve very hot. If preferred, the rings may be egged and crumbed and fried in hot fat. Do not cook too many at one time as they cool the fat.

STEAMED MARROW WITH POACHED EGGS

Peel a medium-sized marrow and cut it into even slices. Sprinkle these with salt and put them into a steamer over boiling water. Cover closely and cook from ½ to ¾ hour, or until tender.

Boil ¼ lb. of rice and get this quite dry and every grain separate. Keep hot until required.

When the marrow is ready, allow it to drain whilst you poach some eggs, allowing one to each person. Pile the rice in the centre of a hot fire-proof dish (a round one if possible), arrange the marrow slices all round and cover each with a tablespoonful of well-made parsley sauce. Put the eggs on the top of the rice and serve immediately.

Note.—Always steam marrow, if possible; it loses much of its taste when boiled.

Bellina Brand.

THIS WEEK'S FIVE SHILLING HINTS

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

GINGER BEER RECIPE

Ingredients (for 1 gallon and increase in proportion).—1 oz. root ginger; 1 lb. white preserving sugar; ½ oz. yeast; 1 teaspoonful of cream of tartar; essence of lemon; 1 lemon.

Method.—Bruise the ginger and then boil with 1 gallon of water and 1 lb. sugar.

Boil for 30 minutes and then add a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, 1 peeled lemon in slices, and essence of lemon to taste.

When cool, add yeast, which has been previously made into a paste with water or milk.

Do you know how to convert a saucepan into an oven or a steamer? You see in the photograph how it is done by means of this pan converter. For steaming, place in the saucepan half an inch of water. For roasting, use fat instead of water. For baking cakes or pastry no liquid is required; just place your pan on a tin plate or asbestos mat over the heat. Price 1s., post 3d.

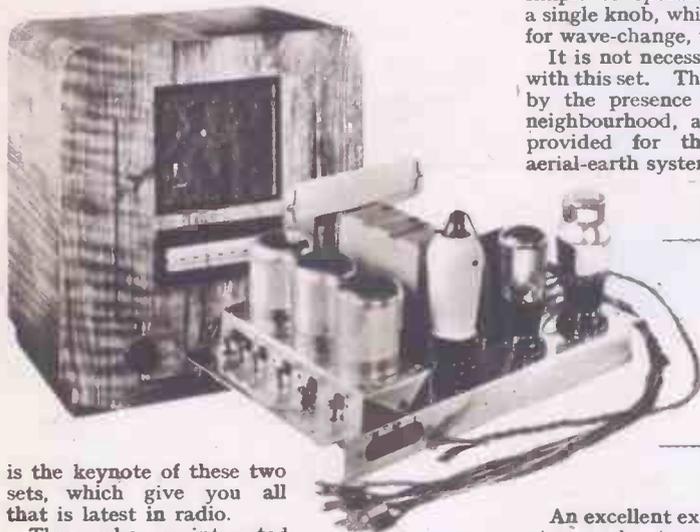
LISSEN'S New Sets and Kits

THIS year visitors will be specially attracted by Model 8093—a three-valve band pass mains receiver; and Model 8073, its counterpart in battery operated receivers. Reliability

from its extremely silent background, this set—the six-valve super-inductance receiver—is provided with a new loud-speaker with a very impressive standard of reproduction.

Like other Philips receivers, this set is extremely simple to operate. The tuning is controlled by a single knob, while separate controls are provided for wave-change, volume and tone adjustments.

It is not necessary to use either aerial or earth with this set. The results, however, are influenced by the presence of electrical machinery in the neighbourhood, and for this reason sockets are provided for the connection of an external aerial-earth system.



This Lissen Skyscraper outfit is typical of 1935 design. The chassis is neatly laid out and the cabinet design is artistic. Note the clear station-scale reading

is the keynote of these two sets, which give you all that is latest in radio.

Those who are interested in constructing their own sets at home should note that the famous "Skyscraper" kits now include a new three-valve band pass model for battery operation. This kit is, as usual, supplied with three valves and all necessary parts, nuts, screws and wires for building the model. A fine looking cabinet is also available and is sold separately, together with a permanent magnet moving coil loud-speaker.

Car radio is a special exhibit on the Lissen stand and demonstrates the great studies which have been made in this direction since last year. The sets incorporate both long-wave and medium wave tuning—an essential factor in view of the future developments in British broadcasting.

Lissen Model 8093, three-valve mains receiver, complete in walnut cabinet, price £9 15s.

Lissen Model 8073, three-valve battery receiver, price £8 10s.

An excellent example of a Philips mains receiver at a moderate price is their new five-valve set, whose extreme simplicity of control and reliable operation makes it an attractive proposition. Tuning is carried out by a single knob, and the illuminated dial, when used in conjunction with the station chart supplied with the set, makes station finding a simple matter.

Six-valve super-inductance receiver, type 472, 15 guineas; five-valve mains receiver, 9 guineas.

At Home with the Stars

THE intimate "At Home with the Stars" articles in RADIO PICTORIAL give you interesting facts about the famous personalities at the B.B.C. microphone. A large number of radio stars have already been interviewed in this series, as shown by the list below.

"Radio Pic."

	No.
Jack Payne	1
Roy Fox	3
Elsie and Doris Waters	4
Claude Hulbert	5
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Copies of the above issues of RADIO PICTORIAL can be obtained from any newsagent, price 3d., post paid, direct from RADIO PICTORIAL, 58-61 Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

Records of the Month

Continued from page Ten

B8193; Lily Pons, Waltz Song ("Mireille"), Parlophone, RO20255; The Band of H.M. Grenadier Guards conducted by Captain George Miller, Covent Garden ("London Suite"), Decca, F5076; Marcel Wittrisch, "Flower Song" ("Carmen"), H.M.V., DB4408; Walford Hyden and His Melodians, "Love's Last Word is Spoken," Sterno, 1449; Freddie Martin and His Orchestra, "All I Do is Dream of You," Brunswick, 01809; Hubert Eisdell, "Pale Moon," Columbia, DB1392.

Did you listen to Christopher's broadcast (National) on August 1? One of the high spots was Henry Hall's arrangement "Love Tales,"

with Herbert Thorpe and Olive Groves (Columbia, DX591). Christopher also included No. 7 of Charlie Kunz's popular medleys (Sterno, 1453).

The 7.30 programme on Saturday, June 23 (Regional) included some interesting records, and here is a selection of them.

Harry Hopewell, "The Tree in the Wood," H.M.V., B8091; Layton and Johnstone, "Little Dutch Mill," Columbia, DB1387; The Casa Loma Orchestra, "Moon Country is Home to Me," Brunswick, 01773; Leslie Holmes, "How're You Getting On," Rex, 8213; Bertha Wilmott and Leslie Douglas with André Aston and His Orchestra, "Comedy Land"—A Radio Play, Sterno, 1440; Billy Cotton and His Band, "Rags, Bottles and Bones," Regal-Zono, MR1301; "Mister Magician," Decca, F5005.

1935 FERRANTI Sets

FERRANTI, LTD., have brought out two special new sets for Radiolympia, the Lancastrina and Arcadia. These have been designed in consolette, portable and radiogram models, and you can have them either as mains or battery sets.

Another set introduced at Olympia is the Universal A.C./D.C. receiver.

It is a five-valve set, and in addition employs a barretor, a special device enabling the set to adjust itself automatically to different voltages. Its performance is comparable to sets using as many as seven valves, owing to the use of two Ferranti valves which are in effect double ones. It is worth remembering in this connection that Ferranti receivers are tested continuously for six hours before despatch from the factory, so that the utmost freedom from defects is assured.

A wooden receiver pedestal, designed specially for use with the Lancastrina and Arcadia receivers, makes a useful addition to your set. It is solidly constructed in walnut and costs 39s. 6d.

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Arcadia consolette ...	15 guineas
Universal receiver... ..	14 guineas

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The Radio Show Train! This is the striking carriage chartered and specially fitted out by Bon Marché, Ltd., of Brixton, S.W. The original carriage, before conversion, was shown on page 34 last week. It is touring the main London termini and will then go to all the main South London Stations

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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 cut out this coupon and send it to us, giving the index number shown at the end of each paragraph. Please write your name and address in block letters.

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THE time is long past when one expects to be grey at forty. New scientific means are now available for hiding the grey hairs. I should like to draw your attention to the Imedia system of the Nestle Salons of South Molton Street, W.1. Your hairdresser will tell you more about Imedia, or an interesting brochure will be sent free on request. **61**

EVER tried egg flip? Seager's Egg Flip is a fine pick-me-up, as it is a blend of the yolks of English new-laid eggs and fine wines. Why not write to me for the chatty booklet, "Egg Flip in the Kitchen"—an interesting little publication giving numerous recipes for the use of egg flip as a delicious culinary asset? **62**

WHEN there is somebody ill in the house, the housewife is often hard put to it to devise light and tempting dishes. Robinsons, the makers of the famous barley and groats, have compiled a Recipe Book that will solve her problems, with thirty-three easy, economical recipes for varying invalid diet. A copy will be sent—quite free—to any reader on request. **63**

IF you have never used Icilma Face Powder, the powder that is sifted through silk to make it especially fine and delicate, let me recommend you to make friends with it at once and all the other Icilma products by means of a trial Beauty Outfit. This consists of two boxes of powder, two kinds of face cream and wet and dry shampoos. Please enclose 6d. in stamps with your request. **64**

Word Pictures

Continued from page 3

He was, I remember, a journalist. But that is neither here nor there. I know journalists who stutter and some who take whole minutes to think of a sentence. They would not make good commentators. But—and this is a golden rule, I am certain—every commentator should, if he is any good, make a first-class descriptive writer. He should be able to think, on the spur of the moment, of something with which every listener is familiar as a means of comparison.

For instance. A week or two ago I reported the Aldershot Tattoo for a Sunday newspaper. I was impressed with two brief incidents, and appropriate phrases leapt in my mind.

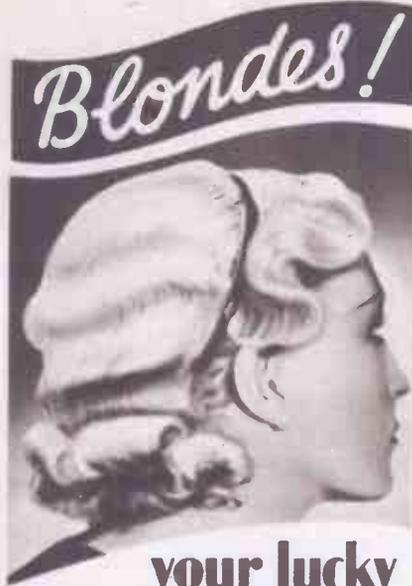
"Now, the Light Infantry of half a century ago are cantering about, wheeling adroitly, stepping like toy soldiers in a Silly Symphony."

Does that convey anything to your mind?

"Soon the ground is covered with an intricate patternwork, like a piece of old lace thrown on to the grass. Five hundred men—little white dots in their singlets and shorts—walking, running, bending and twisting, without a single word of command and in perfect unison."

All carefully thought out, you say? No, that was written while the scenes were actually being enacted, on a rough wooden desk in the press box, under a single swaying electric light.

Still, the most scathing critics are always those incapable of doing anything themselves. . . .



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STOMACH PAINS CEASE IN 5 MINUTES

Remarkable letter from Coventry

A letter does not have to be long to tell a wonderful story. And this is a wonderful story for you if you know what it is to suffer from stomach trouble. It is from Mr. J. E. Richards, of 84 Shakespeare Street, Stoke, Coventry.

"Thank you very much for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. After suffering great pain I was surprised that 5 minutes after taking the first dose the pain was less severe. I have since purchased 2 bottles and am pleased to say that I am quite well again. I shall always keep a bottle by me. I have also recommended it to other sufferers and shall continue to do so. You can make any use you like of this letter."

If you too have suffered agonies from indigestion for years why not try the way Mr. Richards found so effective?

But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder or Tablets under that exact name with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/-, and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

Cuthbert *Continued from page 14*

of the hook tearing out he sank back to his original position.

We soon realised that he must be lying in a hollow, out of which he couldn't be pulled sideways, and nothing but a direct lift from above would be the least use. This was very awkward indeed. Of course, as I pointed out, what we really wanted was a boat, but as Christopher didn't know where there was likely to be one we had to think of something else.

It was he who had the first brain-wave. He said: "Supposing we had a ladder floating in the water with one end against our bank, and supposing we'd previously passed our end of the rope between the two middle rungs, shouldn't we be able to get a perpendicular lift that way?" I said: "Yes, supposing; but where's your ladder?" It seemed to me that if a boat wasn't forthcoming, a ladder would be still more out of the question. However, it wasn't, apparently. Christopher thought he knew a place where there might be one, a sort of builder's yard a little way farther up the canal, and we went straight to it. There was a wooden hoarding dividing it from the tow-path, but as most of it had fallen down there was no difficulty in getting through.

Inside it was the most desolate spot I have ever seen. It may have been a builder's yard once, but now it was nothing better than a junk-heap. There were piles of scrap-iron and packing-cases all over the shop which one ran into, and anywhere that looked like a bare space was cunningly strewn with iron hoops off barrels, and you know what they are like. When you tread on them they invariably get up and fetch you a terrific chop on the knee-cap. One maimed oneself for life at every step. We made numerous other painful discoveries, too, and about the only thing we didn't find was a ladder, so we were just deciding to chuck it and go back, when Christopher tripped over something and very nearly fell into a large white bath. When I saw a white bath I mean that it may have been white in the dim past, but it was now largely covered with rust. In spite of this, it still flaunted its two taps (presumably hot and cold) and a plug which dangled pathetically at the end of its chain.

Well, we were gazing at this pitiful relic by the light of a match when I made a perfectly futile remark. I said: "There's your boat!" Just like that, and not meaning it in the very least. Christopher, the scientist, absolutely fell on the idea. He said: "You are perfectly right. To all intents and purposes, this is a boat. Let us examine the proposition further," whereupon he brought the whole of his intellect to bear on the problem of how this wretched object would behave if it were placed in the water instead of the water being placed in it. We very roughly estimated its dimensions and weight, and then he started working out its trimetric content on the back of an envelope.

When he spoke of going to fetch a slide rule I struck. I said: "No amount of mathematics, however high, will make this bath float if it doesn't want to. Let's put the da—, let's put it in the water and see what happens." So we bashed the plug tight home with a block of wood and took an end each. Getting it into the water was a beast of a business. If the bath had been flat underneath it wouldn't have been so bad—we could have slid it along; but it wasn't by any means flat—it had four extremely sharp feet which caught on everything. Mercifully, we didn't have to carry it far. There was a sort of offshoot or inlet from the canal which ran some way into our builder's yard (how we'd managed not to fall into it I don't know) and it ended in a slipway made of concrete. The ghastly screeching noise those iron feet made going down the slipway was enough to wake the dead, including Cuthbert, but we managed to launch our craft. And, what's more, it floated. So far so good. The next thing was for one of us to try it. Christopher was perfectly willing, not to say eager, to go on board, but as he had no experience of boats, and couldn't swim in his clothes, I elected to make a trial trip. It turned out to be the maiden and only trip. When I "embarked" the water-line rose a little, though nothing like as much as you would expect, but it was immediately clear that no sort of stability could be maintained as long as I stood up. Christopher found me a piece of board plenti-

fully studded with nails, which he wrenched off a bicycle crate, and with it I clawed my way along.

I know that in theory the whole thing sounds completely preposterous, but you've no idea how easy it was when it came to doing it. It was really no worse than being in an overlaid dinghy, and it was child's play compared with a hip-bath which I once paddled through Boulter's Lock. The voyage was short, too. The total mileage from start to finish couldn't have been more than sixty yards. The only trouble I had was in turning into the main canal, and that was entirely my own fault. There was a small bridge, or culvert, which carried the tow-path over the offshoot or inlet I was in, and I had to go under it. Well, I went under it all right, but rather too fast, and as it was lined with smooth brick there was nothing to hang on to to reduce speed, and before you could say "Knife," or at any rate, "Jack Robinson," I had shot right through into the open. Indeed, for one proud moment I was out of sight of land (of course, this was only due to the fog).

Having regained the bank, I hooked my way down to where the line to Cuthbert went into the water. I got hold of this and put it so that it passed over the end of the bath between the two taps, with Christopher hanging on to the shore end. Then I pulled gently, and that took me out to a position immediately above Cuthbert in the very middle of the canal. As soon as the line was straight up and down, I retreated as far forward as I could and began to pull.

Nothing happened at first except that the stern, or tap, end of the bath went down steadily inch by inch. I began to speculate how soon water would start coming in through the overflow, which was about three inches below the rim, and which we hadn't stopped up. Luckily, just as things were getting critical, Cuthbert came away with a terrific jerk, and we resumed an even keel, whereupon I went on hauling in the line, meaning to bring him close up. But it wasn't to be. There was suddenly a gurgling noise, and a young fountain started spouting at the plug-hole, the plug having been forced up by the extra pressure. I thought: "Me for the beach."

I yelled to Christopher to pull like a good 'un, which he did, and I managed to scramble ashore just in time. The bath drifted away and sank, but our object was achieved. The line was coming in hand-over-hand, and finally a long, dark mass appeared on the surface. We lay down and examined it, and then laughed till we cried: for Cuthbert—God bless him—was a sack of coke.

EARTH, Radio and the Stars (McGraw-Hill Publishing Co., Ltd., Aldwych House, London, W.C.2), (Stetson, 10s. 6d.). Radio enthusiasts who want to know more about wireless waves will be interested in this thoughtful book, which shows the connection between radio engineering, astronomy and geology. Curious questions—such as the effect of sun spots on wireless reception—are dealt with in an interesting manner and no great technical knowledge is needed for a thorough enjoyment of this book.

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Children's NEWS

MOTTO

by *Commander Stephen KING-HALL*

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

"Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety."

This was written by Shakespeare (1564-1616) in his play *King Henry IV, Part I, Act ii*. You will find the key on page 24.

Stephen King-Hall

RADIO
PICTORIAL
August 24,
1934



The Television Bal-
lerina, Lauri Devine,
has written a play
in collaboration with
her brother Tom,
called "Pas Seul."
It will be broadcast
on August 31,
National



The Roosters, famous War-time
Concert Party, will be relayed
from the Victoria Pavilion, Ilfra-
combe, on August 30, West
Regional

On the Air this Week . . .



Another excerpt from
Harry Kemp's Summer
Show will be heard
from London Regional
on August 31, and
George West (above)
will be the comedian.
The programme will
also be relayed to
Scottish listeners



A broadcast of Tennyson's
"Maud," song-cycle, set
to music by Arthur Some-
well, will be relayed from
Midland Regional on
August 29. Arthur Cran-
mer (above) is the vocalist

Why I FAIL as a LISTENER!

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.

1.—Promenade Concerts

ALTHOUGH I am an ardent musician and have been entering for various music examinations since I was six years old, I do feel that one needs to be actually at the Queen's Hall thoroughly to appreciate these concerts. Sitting at home listening to them is vastly different to being there and able to watch all the various instrumentalists and Sir Henry Wood. After all, the correct atmosphere plays a big part in one's enjoyment.

2.—Plays

I always find radio plays terribly difficult to follow, as all one has by which to distinguish the various characters is the voice. Here again, I think atmosphere and stage make-up is necessary properly to enjoy a play.

3.—Sonata Recitals

Why do the B.B.C. broadcast sonata recitals on Monday afternoons? Most women, after they have had a hard morning at the wash-tub, need cheering up rather than being thrown into the depths of depression.

4.—News

Must we have the six o'clock new bulletin on all stations? In my opinion this item of the programme is most dull. I sit there listening to all the fat stock prices, sports results, etc., afraid to switch off in case they play a decent gramophone record at any minute. It would be a great improvement to have the news on all stations except, say, London Regional one evening, Midland Regional the next, and so on. Then that station not being used could broadcast gramophone records.

5.—Sir Walford Davies

I feel very sorry indeed for the two gentlemen who are to carry on Sir Walford's school work next term. It must be very difficult to step into such an excellent broadcaster's shoes. I am afraid I shall fail as a listener to these lessons (as I expect many others will) in wondering whether Sir Walford would have said or played the same things as they are and wishing with all my heart that he was back amongst us again.—*P. Williams, Bristol 6.*

I am only a boy of fourteen years of age, but I think there ought to be more old-time songs and stars broadcast. There is no swing and rhythm in the modern tunes compared with the old ones. And a few more programmes under the heading: 'Old Time Music Hall' would brighten up programmes considerably, as the older folk should be catered for as well as the younger generation.—*H. Eldridge.*

Key to Commander King-Hall's Children's News Motto on page 22

DANGER!—You have all seen this sign on the roads, but have you "taken in" the fact that, in spite of many safety devices now in use, the number of people killed and injured on the roads of Great Britain is still very high? For instance, a week or two ago there were 148 killed and 5,000 injured in one week. So remember—**SAFETY FIRST!**

A Refreshing Comedy

I have been, for years past, a listener to the B.B.C. and can realise what wonderful strides toward perfection broadcasting has made during this time. Not so long ago it was almost impossible to hear the words sung by vocalists during a



RONDO gives you some interesting information on the new programmes now being prepared by the B.B.C. This is a helpful guide to your next week's listening.

High Spots of the Programmes

Who's this? You won't recognise him—Harry Roy photographed in the old days when he was specialising more in comedy than in dance music!

WELL, Radiolympia is nearly over for this year. A goodly show it has been, and remarkably enthusiastic audiences.

Now to business. Sir Henry's fortieth season at the Promenade Concerts has been suitably recognised. The B.B.C. wanted to make him a presentation. He asked that a cheque should be sent to the Samaritan Fund for British Musicians. That is the sort of thing Sir Henry does.

For your Proms this coming week you will kindly note—and I hope you will subsequently listen to—the following: Saturday (25th), The *Figaro* overture of Mozart, down first on the programme; and the piano concerto of Rachmaninoff played by Moiseiwitsch. A gorgeous work and he knows how to play it. Two other things. The *Casse-Noisette* (Nut-Cracker) Suite of Tchaikovsky and Percy Grainger's *Shepherd's Hey* which will amuse you. It has great humour in it.

Out of your Monday's Wagner, the first item—*Mastersingers Overture*. Don't miss *Wotan's Farewell* at the end of the Wagner group. There's a perfectly haunting tune in the accompaniment

play when there was also a chorus of other voices or even the accompanying music would quite drown the words. Of late there is a great improvement in that respect.

But, personally, I think the most enjoyable type of play that one can listen to from beginning to end and hear every word spoken is such as *Mr. Pym Passes By*. Miss Irene Vanbrough was delightful as the wife and who could help loving the dear quaint gentle old Mr. Pym himself, so cleverly characterised by that inimitable Mr. Richard Goolden, one of the cleverest actors in broadcast plays. One can always enjoy that type of comedy, it is so refreshing and after all there is music for those who want it at nearly every hour of the day.—*Marion A. Hall, Bowes Park.*

Out of Tune

I do not care for Henry Hall's new idea of starting a tune as soon as the previous one has finished. We like as many dance tunes as possible, but this idea is apt, I think, to throw the vocalist out of tune when he has to start singing at the beginning of a number as he had to the other night.—*17.15 Dance-band Fan, Yorks.*

which seems unceasing. Harold Williams is your *Wotan*.

For Tuesday—the Haydn-Mozart—I will give you one of each. The 'Cello Concerto of Papa Haydn, and the E flat symphony of his young friend, Mozart. The slow movement in this symphony is perfect. Turn everybody out of the room who won't sit still, and listen carefully.

Brahms on Wednesday. Sammons playing the violin concerto. He's played it more times than years he's lived, so you will get a good rendering of it.

Thursday is a bit of a mixture. I think you ought to hear the winning overtures of the *Daily Telegraph* Competition. The third, especially, by Cyril Scott. He told me he was very bucked at winning it, and Sir Henry also told me he thought very well of it.

There is something you can miss with advantage—the Prokoviev violin concerto. *Very modern*, I'm afraid. Have your supper then, and turn on again for Herlioz, the Hungarian March especially. It will blow the cobwebs off your ceiling.

Friday is the Beethoven, of course. The seventh symphony. Lovely stuff. Also remember old Schubert at the end.

I'm looking ahead a bit now. On September 4 a relay from the Three Choirs' Festival, this year from Gloucester, can be heard. Shouldn't have said anything about it as I have been talking so much about serious music, but Mozart's Requiem is not to be despised.

Mozart wrote it, saying it was for his own funeral. There was no music at his funeral, as a matter of fact. It was a snowy day and he was buried alone in a pauper's grave. But the work lived and was rendered in his honour soon after.

It is very beautiful. Coming from Gloucester with a lovely echo behind it—well, take my advice and listen!



H.M.V. photo

RECORDING—

How to Make Gramophone Records at Home!

There must be many occasions when you have listened to a particularly appealing broadcast item and have wished it possible to preserve it for future listening. The only way to do this is to make your own gramophone record of any such programme through your wireless receiver.

In the early days of home recording, the results were not entirely satisfactory. To-day the position is quite different. Equipment of very high merit is now in production so that it is possible to make really good records at home.

Frank Charnley in the AUGUST issue of the WIRELESS MAGAZINE tells you how you can now make these gramophone records at home. You will be well advised to get a copy of the WIRELESS MAGAZINE and learn more about this fascinating hobby.

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SOME OF THE OTHER CONTENTS of the AUGUST ISSUE of WIRELESS MAGAZINE

FOR THE CONSTRUCTOR

"W.M." BAND-SPREAD SHORT-WAVER. Designed by "W.M." Technical Staff
THE TYERS PORTABLE. Designed by Paul D. Tyers

TECHNICAL FEATURES

WHAT NEW IDEAS SHALL WE SEE THIS SEASON? By the "W.M." Technical Staff
MAKING AND USING A UNIVERSAL TESTER. By Marcus G. Scroggie, B.Sc., A.M.I.E.E.
HOW TO TRACE AND CURE HUM. By S. Rutherford Wilkins
OUR TESTS OF THE NEW SETS
TESTS OF NEW APPARATUS
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