

SIR JOHN REITH - THE TRUTH (SEE PAGE 4)

RADIO PICTORIA 2

EVERY
FRIDAY



COMMANDER
STEPHEN KING-HALL

- SPECIAL ARTICLE IN THIS ISSUE

AT HOME WITH AN ANNOUNCER.
BIRMINGHAM'S NEW STUDIOS IN PICTURES.

Behind the Scenes at a B.B.C. Audition

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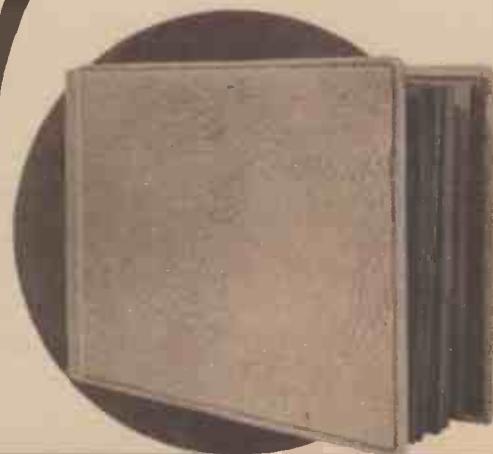
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Additional portraits will be released each week. The following will be available next week:—

LEONARD HENRY ANONA WINN HERMIONE GINGOLD

April 13, 1934

RADIO PICTORIAL



Jerina DE CASALIS,
better known to listeners as
"Mrs. Feather," is a regular
broadcaster. Her most recent
appearance was as Irina in the
Fidelity play, "The Seagull."



10! NOTES FREE!

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

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

And 1,000 PERSONALLY SIGNED PORTRAITS of HENRY HALL

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

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

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

**This COUPON
May Be Worth
10% to YOU!**

**POST YOUR ENTRY
TO-DAY!**

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

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

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

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

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

Address.....

WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS, PLEASE.



Radio Pictorial — No. 13

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 Editor-in-Chief BERNARD E. JONES
 Editorial Manager ROY J. O'CONNELL
 Editor KENNETH ULLYETT

past problems—probably extremely similar problems to their present ones.

Or to hear Mr. Bernard Shaw. Or the announcer declaiming some vital piece of news which may result in a complete change of our system of society.

What would we not give to be able now to hear the voice of Nelson or John Wesley or David Garrick? How enthralling to be able to hear again the trial of Joan of Arc recorded by this wonderfully accurate machine.

Television will be able to give us the latest films at our own fireside. In fact, the big cinemas will only contain those who need a change from home or young couples starting on their first romances.

This will not interfere with regular broadcasting, but will enable the broadcasting staff to have much needed rest in the middle of their ordinary programmes.

The latest news will be rushed to the studios as films and we shall be able to see the Opening of

Broadcasting in Twenty Years

IT is always difficult to guess at what point an invention will reach perfection. But I think we can be fairly certain that wireless reception has not yet reached that pinnacle.

Looking back on the different types of receiving sets we have known during the past five or six years, we can see that the tendency has been towards simplification. For, although super-sets are often fine pieces of furniture, that is because the set includes a gramophone as well; not because of an increase in the number of components.

The future sets will be smaller still.

I see no reason to doubt that within the next twenty years everyone who can afford five shillings will carry his receiving set in his pocket . . . and while away his lonelier moments with the strains of a jazz band in his ears.

No doubt an increase in road accidents will follow the universal carrying of this instrument, but once a new craze gets hold of the public it is almost impossible to control it.

Long walks in the country will have an added joy . . . or agony, according to one's liking for music; and waiting at the corner of the street for the friend who has not turned up will cease to be so heart-breaking.

Manual work to music should increase the productive power of the worker and keep him cheerful. It should also keep the boss in an equally pleasant mood!

With this apparatus will appear the continuous programme, which can not be delayed much longer. No matter what time of the day or night, we shall be able to listen in to a talk, a play or dance music. This should prove a boon to sufferers from sleeplessness. But how the B.B.C. will be able to find enough new ideas for such a long programme is another question!

I can see the wireless being used more and more for political propoganda. Especially at election times by the particular government that is in power. In the event of any form of dictatorship, we shall probably have our programmes interposed with appeals to our patriotism, our lack of intelligence or our pockets—much in the same way as advertisements are interposed in the continental and American programmes.

In the event of war, there will be an added worry to the high command. That will be the ease with which people could listen in to war-messages.

The counter to this will be a complicated series of secret codes; and the jamming of the air by loud power buzzers, that will prevent anyone from hearing anything but a roaring siren continuously blaring forth.

By *Oliver* BALDWIN

All of which, let us hope, will be one step farther to that happy day when the whole of warfare will be so mechanised that the fighters themselves will be made of steel and rubber and be controlled by wireless waves.

Then each side will pay the highest salary in their own country to the one man who, at a control board, is the most perfect manipulator of wireless waves.

To turn from the contemplation of war to that of peace.

I think we can be certain that in the future, much more use will be made of the wireless in schools than has been the case up to the present.

When it is possible (as it is now) for every school in the country to be able to hear French taught by M. Stephan, for instance, what possibilities for education this opens up!

Travel talks are invaluable as a part of education and the time will shortly come when such broadcasts will be part of the curriculum of all national schools in the country—and the sooner the better.

The statement is sometimes made that broadcasts in schools do not receive the attention from the pupils that a visible personality does. I reply that there is all the more time and opportunity for the masters to supervise their pupils' concentration when the teaching is for the moment in the hands, or, to be more accurate, the mouth of the broadcaster.

Another thing. The invention of the Blattnerphone, which records a talk on a strip of ribbon steel and then relays it, will be of amazing interest in fifty years' time.

How interesting for future generations to hear the voice of Mr. Lloyd George talking to them of

Parliament at the same time as it is announced as part of the News Bulletin.

Radio plays will use silent technique when certain parts of the story can be shown as a film, and the double use will widen the scope of such entertainment.

Classical music can be heard with close-ups of the musicians, accentuating the different orchestral parts. While, as a joke and also for the purposes of interest, they could relay to you by television the Sound Department as, with two half-coconuts, they make for you the noise of galloping horses.

In my particular job of film critic, I could interpose my talk with filmed sequences of several well-known films.

There is no limit to the experiments that will be made the moment television becomes a workable entertainment.

Let us hope that the future will also show us less red-tape at Broadcasting House . . . and a realisation that art and entertainment are more important than Oxford accents and military or naval rank.

At least we have a great advantage over foreign stations inasmuch as we are not dependent upon the proprietors of manufactured goods, who use the air as a method of advertising their wares. This enables us to have time for experiment and gives us a better balanced programme.

There is the danger that in the future there may be an agitation to hand over the wireless to private control. With the result that we shall be pestered with appeals between each number to buy someone's patent food or special article of clothing.

It is safe, however, to predict that otherwise there will be constant improvement in programmes and technical details. These will further enhance the value of broadcasting and give to a tired public relief from the cares of the day and pleasure and entertainment whenever they feel they want it.

Sets will become cheaper and cheaper.

Inventions will be on the market that will enable you to adjust a clock to the time when you wish to hear some particular item and your wireless will then be automatically switched on.

There is much to look forward to. Until the time comes when a present day radio set will look like Stevenson's *Rocket* in comparison with its modern counterpart.

Sir John REITH

BIG interests are out to attack the B.B.C. Their chief weapon is the statement that the broadcast programmes do not interest anybody and that the outstanding reason why the B.B.C. is failing in its appeal is that at its head is a man in the wrong place. "Give us," they say, "someone who has had ten years' experience as a public entertainer. He would do the trick. But a pawky Scot, a minister's son trained as engineer—what does he know or what can he know of entertainment?"

Isn't this criticism business just a little overdone? Is it not too centred in one man? All criticism of the B.B.C. should be sensible and sympathetic and bear in mind the immense difficulty of the task which the B.B.C. has been given to perform. Obviously all institutions that set out to serve the public invite criticism. They expect it, and they get it, some far less than they deserve, and the B.B.C. far more. The delightful idea is quite common that anybody could do the B.B.C.'s job, and there is therefore no lack of people to tell the B.B.C. exactly what it should do and how to do it. That everybody tells it differently is the joke that is to be expected. Indeed, the criticisms for a large part tend to cancel themselves out. One man wants more of this, the other less. Practically, that sums up eighty per cent. of programme criticism. There are six million licence-holders, and if you put six hundred of them into a hall and asked them to decide the programme for the forthcoming month, you would need six hundred ambulance men to get them out. I insist that the B.B.C. has a task which is more than human. In the sense of satisfying everybody, or even satisfying a double handful of prominent critics, they will never succeed in it. They would be beaten from the start if they were foolish enough to try to do anything of the sort.

All through its career of more than eleven years, the B.B.C. has regularly profited by constructive criticism offered it by its friends and enemies. It keeps its ear close to the ground, and immediately it has recognised that its service is inadequate in any respect, it has done its best to improve it. But some criticism, particularly that published in a section of the Press during very recent months, goes beyond the mark; it is inclined to be ill-mannered, ill-humoured, and as you read it you are led to wonder what sort of broadcasting we should have if these particular critics had their way. Such criticism can only be ignored. Knowing as much of the working of the B.B.C. as most people do, I unhesitatingly give it credit for having more or less consistently applied excellent canons of judgment in deciding, in face of a continual flow of comment and suggestion, how to interpret its duty.

I could not count the mistakes the B.B.C. has made, but I have no doubt that they are as nothing to the multitude that would have been committed had ill-fortune placed British broadcasting in the hands of certain commercial interests. Of course the B.B.C. has made mistakes. Of course it will go on making them. All the B.B.C. can hope to do in performing its most difficult function is to make as few mistakes as possible, to recognise them, and to profit by them. But whatever its capacity for doing the wrong thing as well as the right, we can be sure of one thing; so well has the B.B.C. done its task that the countries of the world look to it as a model of what a national broadcasting machine should be! The B.B.C. is being copied everywhere, and its constitution—possibly adapted to geographical and national requirements—will yet provide the basis of the chief broadcasting systems of the world. A corporation neither the creature of the

The Editor-
in-Chief
tells
"Radio
Pictorial"
readers
what sort
of man Sir
John Reith
really is



Government on the one hand nor an agent of big commercial interests on the other, occupying a position of independence and yet subject to the overseership of the State—the nearer the B.B.C. approaches and maintains that ideal the surer will be its foundation. As a tool of peace and a weapon of war, broadcasting is too efficient and too potent to remain under any other sort of direction anywhere in the world. All the governments know this quite well, and all the sectional interests clamouring for a broadcast "revolution" know it too.

"Great Battle to Smash the B.B.C." is a heading I read in a Sunday paper. I wonder whether the interests that would "smash" it would have British broadcasting just an adjunct of their own par-



ticular schemes? God help us if they ever had the chance! They would cover us with ridicule in their first week, and we should be lucky if they did not bring us to the edge of war in the second.

It is a sign of the weakness of the case against the B.B.C. that it is the man more than the machine that during recent weeks and months has become the target for slings and arrows. The attackers are only just learning that the Corporation is far too well founded for them to shift it, but they appear to think that by attacking the man they can accomplish some part of their purpose.

Sir John Reith is held up to ridicule; as he enters the entrance hall of Broadcasting House, his staff has to "stand to order." "He takes himself seriously"; "He runs the show"; "He is a square peg in a round hole"; "He is an engineer with a short army training; how much better if he were a professional entertainer"; "He is too weak and too much influenced by public criticism"; "He is too strong and takes no notice of what the public says"; "His conception of the B.B.C. as a public utility body is nonsense; all we want of him is amusement"; "He is such a martinet that his staff speak in hushed whispers and with strained attention"—and so on and so forth. Some of the stuff is so ill-humoured that it is difficult to escape the impression that there exists a personal vendetta.

—the TRUTH



A study of Sir John Reith in his room at the B.B.C., taken specially for "Radio Pictorial"

against him, and that the various attacks are part of a scheme of propaganda to get the Government or the public to say "Reith Must Go."

I have known Sir John Reith longer than ninety-nine out of a hundred of his critics. He and I lunched together, I well remember, within a week or so of his appointment in 1922, and from lunch I went back with him to his office and there met members of his then tiny staff housed in an office in Magnet House, Kingsway, the studio in those days being a small room on the top floor of Marconi House. The British Broadcasting Company was then in process of formation. The then Mr. John Reith was a giant, physically and mentally, an obvious leader and organiser, with an unusual personality that made an instant appeal to me. He must have been chosen for his difficult task almost entirely on the strength of that personality, because obviously there was nobody in the country in those days who knew anything about the founding of a national broadcasting machine. As a friend well in touch with events told me the other day, Reith alone of several men considered for the post had had the vision to foresee the immense power that was to evolve from the novelty of the year, and already in the early weeks of his appointment the foundations of a social service were being laid under the guidance of his zealous missionary spirit. I met him many times in the years

following his appointment, chiefly to discuss difficulties, and ever I have found him to have a ready and sympathetic understanding of the position we were discussing. I received his confidences in many matters in those early years and was impressed with the tremendous effort the man was making to cope with a job that would soon have proved far too heavy for the shoulders of another and less Atlas-like man.

People frequently complain that Sir John is aloof. I agree that he does give that impression to those who know him but slightly, but, as so often is the case with able men, there is a natural shyness ever forcing him to avoid the limelight. In many ways he loathes publicity, and is not always tactful in avoiding it. It is to his lasting credit that he has not played for popularity, as a "slick" man directing the nation's broadcasting might have done. He could have played to the gallery, and easily become a national hero. How many men with the microphone at their mercy could have withstood the temptation?

I speak of Sir John as I know him. He is a clever man, rather impatient, I confess, of individuals less endowed than himself. He does not suffer fools gladly. He is a cautious man, calmly taking his time to make his mind up on the evidence available, and not inclined, once he has come to a decision, to alter it.

He is a kindly man. There is a benevolent

humanity about him, but I feel he hides it sometimes from those he meets in negotiation; they may be inclined to regard him as brusque and occasionally ruthless. They note his strength and his natural liking for his own way. They have to admit the force of his argument, to submit to the brushing aside of considerations that do not matter and perforce have to admire the way in which he handles his case and marshals his facts. In a tight corner he is a bonny fighter—one of the bonniest in debate I have ever known. He can "think on his feet." Well-baited and with his back to the wall, as I have seen him on more than one occasion, he puts up an amazing show of orderly, convincing speech made up of plain words well chosen. His favourite phrase is a challenge. He defends by attacking. As a speaker he has a "way" about him.

But you see how simple it is to misrepresent a man of this type. "His staff must stand to order when he appears." I was in the entrance hall of Broadcasting House the other day as he passed through. I saw no standing to attention. "He takes himself seriously." And so he should—his is a serious job. "He runs the show." Just as well, or Broadcasting House would be in chaotic state and broadcasting with it. "His staff speak in hushed whispers." They spoke to him naturally enough the other day when I visited Broadcasting House. "He is an engineer—not an entertainer." This criticism, so glib and easy, just takes for granted that an entertainer in charge of the nation's broadcasting would have succeeded in giving the public everything it wanted and in keeping it pleasantly and charmingly amused for seventeen hours out of twenty-four. Assuming for a moment that it is an entertainer that is wanted, where will you find a professional showman who can consistently keep even three or four theatre audiences profoundly interested and amused night by night for any length of time? Are not the failures of the amusement providers monthly commonplace?

The B.B.C. has twelve thousand audiences to interest for as much as seventeen hours a day! There is a serious risk that had the B.B.C. been piloted from the beginning by a man who was nothing more than an amusement caterer, broadcasting to-day would be a thing of mere triviality. The B.B.C. is a vast institution and, like it or dislike it, you must have at its head a man whose mind runs on institutional lines and yet, at the same time, has both the domestic and the international outlook. He must be a manager, an organiser, and a resolute trained thinker capable of settling problems arising day by day and almost hour by hour. He must be able to maintain contact with the nation's leading citizens and with public affairs. He controls an enormous staff and a great and expensive plant. His authority is constantly being sought for alterations, additions and for the putting in hand of practical schemes that may not see fruition for years to come. What do you think a man whose chief qualification was that he was an amusement caterer would do in a job like that? The right position for the entertainer is as a member of the programme board, in charge of some part of the programme, or in the programme itself.

There is a limit to my space. I could write much more, but is it necessary? I could even offer a few little criticisms of my own, but now is not the moment. I have given you my first-hand impressions of a man who has made a mark on the time in which we live, a man who has dedicated great and outstanding gifts to the public service, a man who deserves well of us and ought to receive from all concerned the minimum courtesy of a square deal.

Renard Jones



Jack Doyle, the famous boxer, is also a well-known microphone personality and is here seen in a gramophone studio making a record after an audition

Behind the Scenes at a B.B.C. AUDITION

AUDITIONS are always going on at the B.B.C.

Either for a violinist who aspires to give sonata recitals, or a string quartet who wants to broadcast chamber music, or someone for the Children's Hour who imagines he (or she) can tell a story.

Never a week passes but there are instances of success—and failure—at the auditions.

As you may imagine, much time is devoted to new aspirants to fame on the boards of St. George's Hall. As time goes on, the demand for people on the side of Light Entertainment increases.

The B.B.C. is well awake to the fact that, for hundreds of thousands of listeners, radio entertainment means light entertainment. Hence Mr. Maschwitz takes a great responsibility.

The Variety Producer for the B.B.C. is John Sharman, who has lately moved into new offices in St. George's Hall. He is responsible for the shows at St. George's Hall.

In order that the supply of new artists shall meet the ever-increasing demand there are generally two auditions each week.

They are serious affairs.

New talent must be found at all costs. Otherwise you would soon tire of light

entertainment because nothing becomes so stale as humour.

One of the worst things that can happen to a popular variety artist is to have him too often.

A great many of these applicants are really amateurs. This does not disqualify them. Neither does it in any way militate against their success.

They are welcome as amateurs, provided they are not *amateurish* . . . a different thing altogether.

Every chance is given them, but the standard is high.

Often it proves too high. If you, who read

WHITAKER-WILSON takes you behind the scenes of a B.B.C. audition at St. George's Hall and shows you how new stars are discovered for the B.B.C.

these words, fancy you can do as well or even better than some you have heard, there is nothing to prevent you from applying for an audition.

But you will be unwise to do so unless you are fairly sure of your ground. The microphone is a great test.

Some time ago a rumour was circulated that the test was made under impossible conditions.

It was suggested that applicants, amateurs especially, were turned down because they failed to understand the needs of the microphone and that only experienced people stood an earthly chance.

This is entirely untrue.

If you apply for an audition you will be asked in due course to go and present your act. You will be received by an official who is not only courtesy itself to you, but most helpful and encouraging.

You may be nervous of the microphone when you get into the studio, but you will be made at home before you actually have to face it "professionally."

In fact, you are thoroughly coached.

Where the test becomes really searching

lies in the fact that Mr. Sharman refuses to see you until afterwards.

Quite reasonable, if you come to think it out. He argues—as they all argue at Broadcasting House—that your radio audience is not going to see you, and that the audience in St. George's does not matter one way or the other.

So that if you have relied for a second of time on your ability to look funny you will find he has entirely missed the point. Indeed, the point has counted against you.

If you have amused him with a smart line it is another matter altogether.

In other words these are auditions in the literal sense of the word.

They are held in this way as a policy. The B.B.C. is never tired of telling its great public that they count first and last.

The actual studio audience has its part in the show because its laughter is a guide to



Joseph Hislop (left) discusses a microphone detail after an audition, while (above) Howard Rose listens to a B.B.C. audition. Variety auditions are carried out on the stage of St. George's Hall (below)

artists causing that laughter. You can hardly expect a comedian to wait for laughter he cannot hear.

That is one side of the auditions. There is another—quite as important.

If a variety artist—hitherto unknown, perhaps—comes to the West End for a week at one of the halls, somebody belonging to the Variety Production Staff goes to see his performance.

If the impression gained is favourable, the artist is interviewed and asked if he would care to broadcast. If he says he would, he may be asked to give an audition.

Or, it may be done another way. The artist is asked to realise that his turn, though suitable for the halls, is not suitable for St. George's Hall because the audience there is of secondary consideration.

The question facing the variety producer is, "Can this act be translated into wireless terms?"

If it can, all well and good. If it cannot, is there anything else the artist can do that will be of use in the broadcasting sense?

So it goes on, week by week.

The department does not miss a chance of finding new talent. After a discussion on the whole aspect of auditions, I came away from St. George's Hall impressed with the business-like way in which it is all done.

I found Mr. Sharman and his colleagues deadly serious over their work.

How strange it seems! Variety humour and nonsense, which entertain us at various times in the week, is treated as though it were not amusing at all.

Humour is weighed, as it were, on some sort of imaginary scales. If it is weighed and found wanting—well, that is all about it. Humour must be so many ounces in weight or no "pounds" are paid for it.



Red Tape?

PROBABLY you have been reading all the rubbish written in the Press lately about the red tape at Broadcasting House. Don't you believe half of it. I can tell you how much red tape there is.

None of my friends at Broadcasting House would mind my looking in on them at any time, but that is not the way to do things there. There is no red tape in orderliness. The proper procedure is a very simple one.

I go to the receptionist and say, "I want to see one of the staff." He rings up and asks if it is possible. If so, a messenger escorts me to his room, and the time I went there is noted in the receptionist's diary for the day. My name must have been written hundreds of times in that book.

This is merely business. It may be necessary to find out when I (or anyone else) visited a certain member of the B.B.C. staff. That diary gives all particulars. That's all.

Planning your Programmes!

Stainless is Busy

Walking down Regent Street, whom do you think I met? None other than the Spotless One—my old friend, Stainless. I inquired what he was doing in London, as I had not seen his name down for broadcasting.

"Oh," said he (comma), "I'm up for a show in town. The Bricklayers' (apostrophe) Banquet or the Archbishops' (ditto) Reunion."

"Why on earth do you want to live up in Sheffield?" I said.

We argued the point for some time. Stainless Stephen is a busy person. He travelled nearly 25,000 miles in his car last year.

Nine hundred in one week. Bah Goom, exclamation mark. How does he do it, note of interrogation.



The man behind the North Regional programmes of the B.B.C.—Mr. Edward Liveing, the North Regional Director. He is seen here going through the advance programme sheet, picking out the high spots!

The B.B.C.'s Anthem

At least the B.B.C. has a sense of humour. Accusations of "Prussianism" have been hurled at Broadcasting House lately, but if you listened to *Tea Mixture* the other day you must have been amused at a song which was put over by a man whose real identity was not disclosed. Here's part of it:—

1ST VERSE

Have you read the awful news, and what the papers say,
How everyone's gone Prussian at the B.B.C. to-day?
The announcers do not shake your hand, they click their heels and bow,
They have to do the goose-step with the fat-stock prices now.
All the artists and producers, and musicians, too, as well,
Are being slowly strangled by red tape—the papers tell;
So if you hear in Portland Place a scream they're trying to drown,
You'll know it's some poor bloke who for the last time's "closing down."

REFRAIN

Everyone is speaking German, English now is being dropped,
It's a pretty mouldy rotten state of things.
And Gershom Parkington has had to have his hair all cropped,
It's a pretty mouldy rotten state of things.
Instead of saying, "Good morning," now "Hoch! Hoch!" they have to shout;
In the Canteen you eat German food, or else you go without,
And Teddy Brown is sick to death of nothing but Sauerkraut.
It's a pretty mouldy rotten state of things.

2ND VERSE

Another paper says there's revolution in the air,
There's mutiny and dirty work afoot—so they declare.
It's just a seething hot-bed, and "Rebellion!" is the cry,
There's murder in and on the air, and someone's got to die.
They are holding secret meetings to decide on zero hour,

"Newsmonger's"
RADIO GOSSIP

When the Staff will rise and massacre the chaps who're now in power.
Charlie Hayes and Tommy Handley carry guns slung from the hip,
They're fed up to the teeth, they've fairly got the Greenwich pip.

I am able to disclose that the author, composer, and singer of this B.B.C. anthem was none other than Charles Brewer, the well-known B.B.C. producer. Brewer is a son of the late Sir Herbert Brewer, famed as a cathedral organist and composer of church music.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE STARS

You can now purchase copies of the actual exclusive photographs of radio stars published each week in "Radio Pictorial."

Many of the photographs taken by the "Radio Pictorial" cameraman will, in future, be marked with the sign "R.P." in small type.

An actual full-plate, unmounted original photograph of every picture so marked, can be obtained, price 2/6 each post free.

Address your enquiry to "Radio Pictorial," 58-61, Fetter Lane, E.C.4., and state clearly which photographs are required.

The Road to Success

Bern Ecks is one of the coming comedians. Watch him. I had a long talk with him the other morning. Probably you heard that he insists on broadcasting lying down on the stage? He says lying is natural to him.

You have been reading all about how to become a radio star. I will tell you how he became one. Simply by listening. He heard several comedians and began to study their technique. When he thought he had heard enough, he decided to write up an act of his own. Then he sent in a note to Broadcasting House to say he had an act, and if they would care to hear it he would be pleased to do it for them.

A reply came quite soon and Bern did his act. Then nothing happened for several months. But an elephant never forgets.

The elephant didn't forget and Bern was sent for. This time he came into contact with John Sharman, which is always a good thing to do if one is vaudeville inclined. Hence an engagement to broadcast. Very successful; another followed. Now, I imagine, Bern Ecks is no longer X, the unknown quantity.

Jack Payne in Paris

Jack Payne has made one of his periodical flying visits to the Continent, and from March 29 until April 12 he carried out a busy dance-music schedule in Paris.

This is the first time that Jack Payne's band has appeared in a theatre in Paris, although Jack received several offers from time to time since he resigned from the B.B.C. in March 1932, but his commitments have prevented him from exploiting the offers until now.

There is no doubt that the band will be just as popular on the Continent as it is over here. Jack is very popular in France and even now when he broadcasts from the B.B.C. he gets dozens of letters from French listeners.

The Man Who Never Forgets

The reception desk at Broadcasting House is to lose its senior inhabitant, for Captain Heslop is joining the variety department.

What's Happening in the Broadcasting World

No, he will not appear like Charles of the same name in the programmes. His work will lie behind the scenes, and artists at auditions will be his special care.

While at the desk in the Entrance Hall he has received cabinet ministers, prima donnas, comedians and pressmen and every one has had the same suave welcome. Captain Heslop never forgets a face. His memoirs should make a good book.

Back to the Burrow

The B.B.C. Dance Orchestra is back in its own home, the studio in the basement which was designed for it by Raymond McGrath.

Bands make a lot of noise and up on the third floor where they have been playing there was always the risk that their frivolity would interrupt the learned talkers who speak in the other studios.

In fact, there were complaints that an instrument could be heard blowing loud notes, but it was just an innocent rehearsal. Down below there is more room and the bright colour scheme helps the guest artists who are a popular feature on Saturday nights.

He Took Her for a Man

Esmé Haynes, the violinist, tells me that she was mistaken for a man by a "looker-in" in Morocco!

He had written to Eustace Robb, the producer, to praise "his" playing after an appearance in a television programme. The picture could not have been very clear in the television receiver so far away and Esmé's short hair explains the mistake.

Will You Recognise Him?

So we are to hear Big Tom from Saint Paul's while Big Bea is under repair and the engineer who has been testing the bell which strikes the hour tells me that we shall all notice the difference in tone.

When heard at close quarters—and the microphone will be fixed near the clock in the South West tower—the note of the bell is A flat, but in the distance the note seems to change and a quarter of a mile away it is distinctly E flat.

So Londoners who never hear the bell at close quarters may not easily recognise the hourly strokes.

A Boy Prodigy

Hughie Green, the boy prodigy, is broadcasting again on April 18, when he will appear in vaudeville with two other kids. Hughie, who is only fourteen, made a name for himself with the radio audience in "Emil and the Detectives" and before this became known for his part in the Christmas Play at the Rudolph Steiner Hall.

He is a cute lad and he got his first chance by persuading an agent that another was waiting to book him. The first agent took him on and I shall be surprised if he ever regrets signing up this singular act.



Boys will be boys and their back chat should be amusing.

Listening to Father

No listener was ever more thrilled by his first visit to Broadcasting House than McCulloch junior who sat with his mother in the corner of a studio,

An intimate "at home" photograph of Sir Henry Wood and his daughter taken last week by the RADIO PICTORIAL cameraman

IF
the
MIKE
were
MINE



What would you do if the B.B.C. microphone were yours? What an interesting possibility and what grand schemes it conjures up! But when you get down to rock-bottom facts you may not find it so easy to control the mike in the right way.

Next week in "Radio Pictorial" Godfrey Winn, the well-known writer, gives some leading opinions in an article under the heading "If the Mike were Mine."

Order Your Copy NOW!

watching his father conduct the Children's Hour one day last week. Mrs. McCulloch is well known to the staff as she was formerly Miss Barry of the Talks Department and it was some time before the party could leave the building as so many people wanted to greet them. Derek carried his young son through the entrance hall.

He is a fine boy of two years.

An Opera Relay

An excerpt from the Edinburgh Opera Company's production of Hamish MacCunn's opera "Jeanie Deans" will be relayed from the King's Theatre, Edinburgh, and broadcast at 9.0 p.m. to-day (Friday).

Hamish MacCunn was a pupil of Sir Hubert Parry at the Royal College of Music. His opera "Jeanie Deans" was produced by the Royal Carl Rosa Company in Edinburgh, and performed in London by the same company, after considerable success in the provinces, in 1896.

The Twiddleknobs—by FERRIER





Things the CHILDREN Ask Me!

by *Commander Stephen*
KING-HALL

He can claim to be primarily responsible for recognising the value of broadcasting as a means for interesting the youth of the country in current events. His Friday afternoon talks in the Children's Hour have become a household institution to millions of listeners of all ages.

LAST Friday I had the honourable and responsible duty of delivering the 163rd talk in the "Here and There" series.

The origin of these talks was as follows.

Impressed by the reception given to a book I had written under the title of "Letters to Hilary," I approached the B.B.C. and suggested to them that it might be interesting to try the experiment of inserting in the Children's Hour a short talk dealing in an informal manner with the news of the day, and especially current political and economic problems.

Some unkind things are being said about the B.B.C. at the moment, and I feel it right to place on record that so far as my own experience goes I have always found the officials of the Corporation very ready to consider and try out a new idea.

It was so in this case.

Any scepticism felt by Miss Matheson and Mr. Eckersley when I announced that I proposed to select as my first three subjects "Unemployment," "The Gold Standard," and "India," was cleverly concealed. It was agreed that at the end of the third talk the children should be asked whether they liked the new idea.

The three talks were delivered, and were followed by hundreds of postcards requesting that the series should continue.

People sometimes say to me: "What are the rules

for talking to children?" It is difficult to give exact answers to this question, but I suggest that the following points should be borne in mind by those who wish to hold the attention of young listeners.

Firstly, never talk down to a child.

Secondly, remember that a child is a young adult and that nearly everything which is of interest to an adult is of interest to a child if it can be got across to the child's mind.

The real difficulty arises from the fact that the child's vocabulary and experience are limited, and that one is obliged to manoeuvre in a very restricted intellectual field. It is rather like dancing in a television programme—the area in which one can move is very small.

For this reason it is necessary to be careful not to jump steps in an argument, and often one has to build up a statement of fact, give that to the child, and use the foundation so created as a jumping-off place for further discussion.

For instance, if one is talking about body-line bowling to an adult one can assume that the listener knows something about the game of cricket.

It would not be safe to talk about the Gold Standard to a child on the assumption that the child knew what money was. Incidentally, it would be equally dangerous to do this in the case of the average adult listener.

The third essential in talking to children is absolute intellectual honesty. A child's mind is largely free from conventions.

To talk, as I have done, for over three years to thousands of children and to receive hundreds of letters showing me the extent to which the

children trust me, is a very humbling experience, and I feel it necessary continually to beg the children to be critical, to realise that, though I am trying to be impartial, complete impartiality is an impossibility, and that I am as liable as anyone else to make mistakes.

Not long ago I addressed a meeting of the Historical Association in the West of England, and I told the children that I was going to speak to some of their history teachers, and that I would like to know the views of my listeners on the following point.

"Given that only a limited amount of time is available for the teaching of history, would the children prefer to have more of past history, such as the Wars of the Roses, the Tudor period, and so on, or would they prefer to be taught more about current events, such as the disarmament problem, the Roosevelt Plan, the Nazis, and so forth?"

I stressed the fact that I wanted reasons for their choice.

I received 800 postcards and letters in response to that request, and 90 per cent. of the replies emphasised the desire of the children to be taught more about present-day events.

I sometimes wonder whether Fleet Street appreciates the nature of the storm which is gathering over its head.

This meeting in the West of England was the scene of an incident of a very moving nature.

After the meeting a lady came up to me and said: "Will you come outside and see my boy?" I followed her to the street and was introduced to a crippled boy who was lying on his back in a motor ambulance. "Here he is," said his mother, as she put my hand in the boy's hand.

Then, turning to me, she explained that hearing I was coming down to the West of England the boy had been motored forty miles in the ambulance in the hope of seeing me. "I want you to realise," said his mother, "that you are his life."

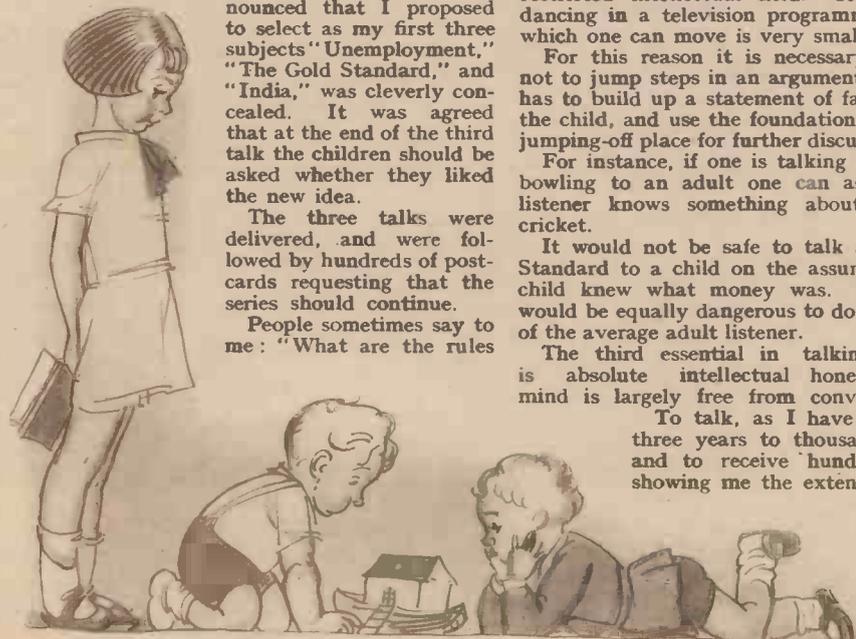
It is incidents such as these, and others which it would be improper to quote, which make a broadcaster feel an almost overwhelming sense of responsibility.

To conclude with one or two amusing incidents.

There was the case of the small boy who misunderstood something I had said in one of the talks, and acting on what he understood to be my suggestion, proceeded to flood out the whole of his parents' house, adding, "Commander King-Hall will be pleased when he hears about this."

There are the endless conundrums, many of which involve application to Government Departments; there are the ideas put forward by children for the reform of the monetary system, for disarmament, etc., many of which show evidence of original thought.

The letters from the children, all of which are acknowledged, form a correspondence of a varied and never-failing interest, and of all the work which I do for the B.B.C. there is none more fascinating than the "Here and There" talks in the Children's Hour.



The latest thing in broadcasting studios at Birmingham's newly reconstructed Broadcasting House.

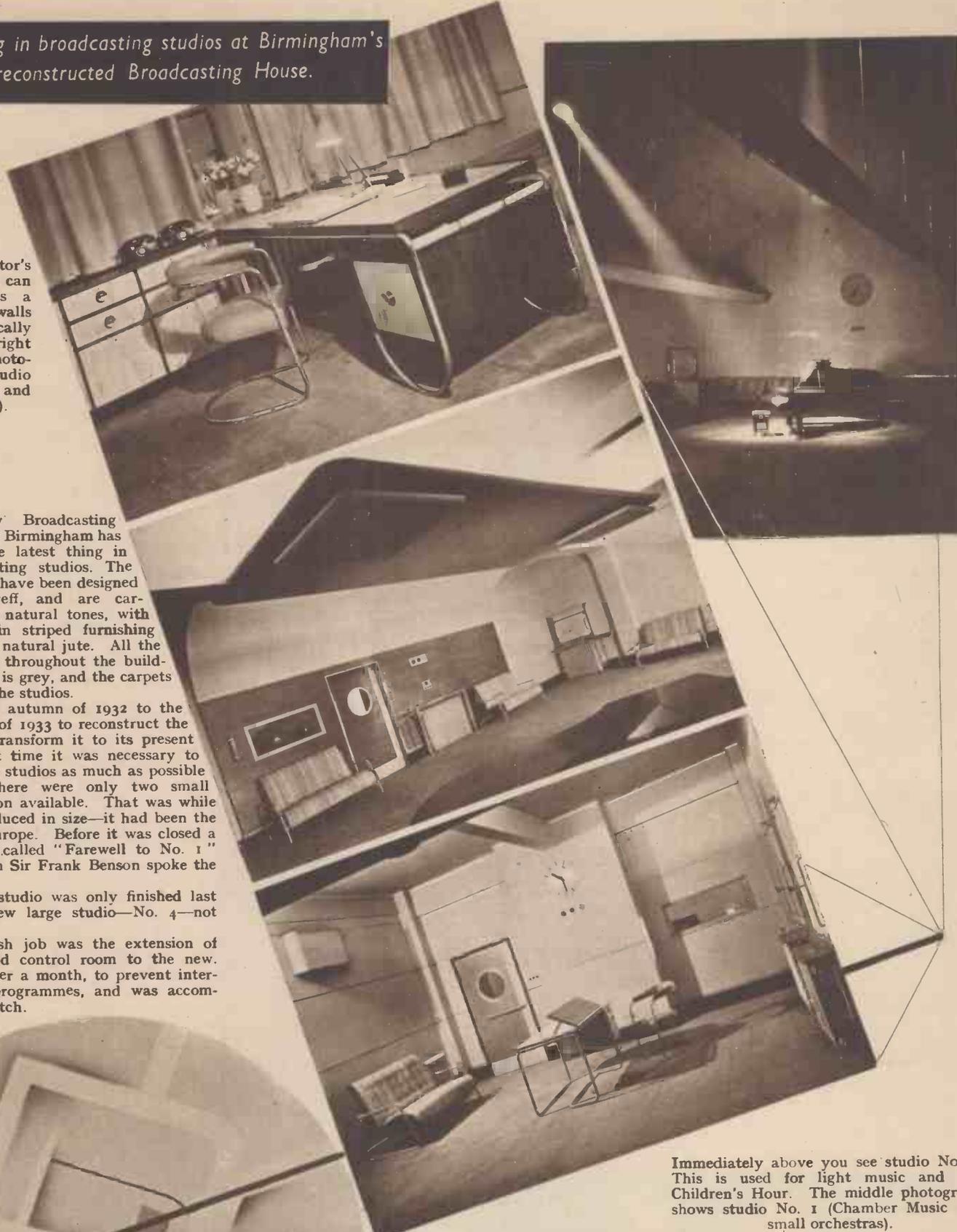
The Regional Director's room on the right can also be used as a studio, as the walls have been acoustically treated. The right hand top corner photograph shows studio No. 4 (Vaudeville and Military Bands).

THE new Broadcasting House at Birmingham has quite the latest thing in broadcasting studios. The interiors have been designed by Serge Chermayeff, and are carried out mainly in natural tones, with colour introduced in striped furnishing fabrics woven from natural jute. All the doors are the same throughout the building, the metal work is grey, and the carpets also are grey in all the studios.

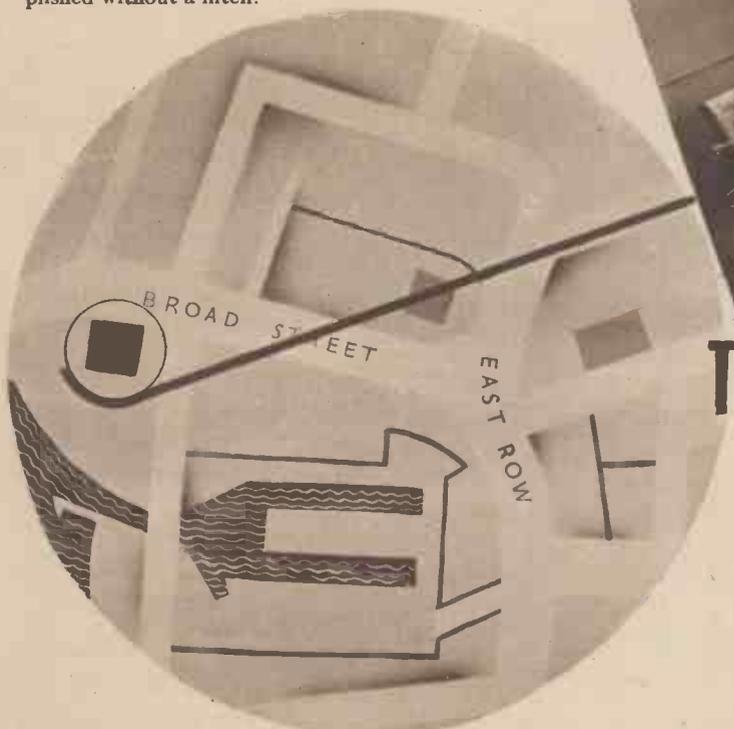
It took from the autumn of 1932 to the end of the summer of 1933 to reconstruct the old building, and transform it to its present state. During that time it was necessary to make use of outside studios as much as possible—for one week there were only two small studios at the station available. That was while No. 1 was being reduced in size—it had been the largest studio in Europe. Before it was closed a special programme called "Farewell to No. 1" was produced, when Sir Frank Benson spoke the prologue.

The new No. 2 studio was only finished last March, and the new large studio—No. 4—not until July.

The really ticklish job was the extension of wiring from the old control room to the new. This was spread over a month, to prevent interference with the programmes, and was accomplished without a hitch.



Immediately above you see studio No. 2. This is used for light music and the Children's Hour. The middle photograph shows studio No. 1 (Chamber Music and small orchestras).



THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIOS

THE three chief studios at Birmingham are No. 1, No. 2, and No. 4. Studio No. 1 is decorated in green, which combines well with the walnut dado and natural colour of the walls. The lighting is concealed by the projecting section of the false ceiling. Studio No. 2, as you see, has also a horizontal wall treatment. The woodwork is birch, stained grey; the furnishing fabric is striped with red. The largest studio is No. 4, which is about thirty-eight feet by forty-five. The high sloping ceiling with arching ribs gives a ship-like effect. Lastly, there is the Director's room, which is furnished with low cupboards and bookshelves at sill-height. The desk is of polished birch, and a red-striped fabric has been used for curtains and easy chair.

PROGRAMME HEADLINES of the WEEK

Star Features in the National Programme

SUNDAY

The Rev. Pat. McCormick.
Reginald King and his Orchestra.
E. R. Appleton.
Stanley Rife.
The Wireless Chorus (Section B).
Trefor Jones.

MONDAY

The Northern Studio Orchestra
directed by John Bridge.
Spencer Dyke.
The B.B.C. Chorus (Section B)
conducted by Leslie Woodgate.

TUESDAY

Reginald New.
The Commodore Grand Orchestra
directed by Joseph Muscant.
The Gershom Parkington Quintet.
Max Kroemer.
Christopher Stone.

WEDNESDAY

Quentin Maclean.
The Trocadero Cinema Orchestra
directed by Alfred Van Dam.
The B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra
directed by Dr. Adrian Boult.

THURSDAY

Ernest Armitage.
Ceredig Jones.
The Scottish Studio Orchestra
directed by Guy Daines.
Leonard Gowings.
Maggie Teyte.
The Rev. W. H. Elliott.

FRIDAY

Charles Manning and his Orchestra.
Emilio Colombo.
Stuart Robertson.
Commander Stephen King-Hall.
Sir Walford Davies.

SATURDAY

Harold Ramsay.
The Bernard Crook Quintet.
George F. Allison.

NATIONAL

SUNDAY (April 15).—Old Contem-
pibles' Service relayed from St.
Martin-in-the-Fields.

MONDAY (April 16).—*Boris Godounov*,
an opera by Mussorgsky.

TUESDAY (April 17).—*Bureau de
Change*, a play by Lord Dunsany.

WEDNESDAY (April 18).—Symphony
Concert relayed from Queen's Hall.

THURSDAY (April 19).—*From
Tolpuddle to T.U.C.*, a dramatic
interlude by R. S. Lambert.

FRIDAY (April 20).—Music Hall
programme.

SATURDAY (April 21).—*The Extra
Hour*, a Summer-Time Symposium
feature programme.

The coming of summer, which syn-
chronises with the adoption by the
B.B.C. of the twenty-four hour clock,
will be celebrated this evening in a
broadcast entitled "The Extra Hour,"
author and producer, Laurence Gilliam.
The programme is in praise of William
Willett, the founder of daylight saving,
and will include various views on
summer-time, rustic and urban; the

Dance Music of the Week

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

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

Wednesday. Jack Jackson
and his Band (Dor-
chester).

Thursday. Howard Jacobs
(Café Anglais).

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

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

practice of foreign countries; certain
popular confusions about time and a
procession of summer sports and
pastimes. This is a well-deserved tribute
to one who was considered a crank when
he first brought forward the idea of
providing us with an extra hour's
daylight in the summer months. He is
now—alas!—forgotten by the majority
of people; even the memorial erected
in his honour is tucked away in the
dense woodland of Petts Wood, Chisle-
hurst.

LONDON REGIONAL

SUNDAY (April 15).—Roman Catho-
lic Service relayed from Corpus
Christi, Maiden Lane, London.

MONDAY (April 16).—*Bureau de
Change*, a play by Lord Dunsany.

TUESDAY (April 17).—*Kentucky
Minstrels*, a Black-faced Minstrel
Show.

In "Kentucky Minstrels," Harry
S. Pepper's microphone revival, the
same team will take part—Scott and
Whaley, who gave a brilliant "turn" as
the private detective agency in "Music
Hall" in mid-March, Aubrey Pankey,
C. Denier Warren, and Percy Parsons,
the Gaumont-British "star," with, of
course, the Kentucky Banjo Team,
consisting of Joe Morley, Tarrant Bailey,
jun., and Dick Pepper.

WEDNESDAY (April 18).—Variety
programme.

THURSDAY (April 19).—Leslie
Sarony's Concert Party.

Sarony will have the assistance of the
ubiquitous Leslie Holmes as, indeed, is
only natural, for the Two Leslies have
already earned top marks from listeners
to variety. In addition he will bring to
the microphone for the first time a singer
and comedienne named Phyllis Stainer,
who, he thinks, will prove "a winner."
Leslie Sarony's record song hits include
"I Lift Up My Finger and I Say 'Tweet
Tweet,'" and that humorously mournful
"Ain't It Grand to Be Bloomin' Well
Dead?" When television is in all our
homes, maybe we shall see him as the
climbing monkey, or with Leslie Holmes
in a demonstration of ventriloquism.
These two hilarious "turns" have
hitherto been reserved for the delectation
of their intimates; but they deserve
a wider public.

FRIDAY (April 20).—B.B.C. Chamber
Concert (last of series), to be given
before an audience in the Concert
Hall, Broadcasting House.

SATURDAY (April 21).—*La Traviata*
(Verdi), Act 1, relayed from Milan.

MIDLAND REGIONAL

SUNDAY (April 15).—Religious Ser-
vice relayed from Southwell
Minster.

MONDAY (April 16).—More Edwar-
dian Memories, orchestral and
choral programme.

TUESDAY (April 17).—Chamber
Music concert.

WEDNESDAY (April 18).—A pro-
gramme of music and sketches.

THURSDAY (April 19).—Tunes of
Yesterday and To-day, choral and
orchestral programme.

FRIDAY (April 20).—Organ recital
from Walsall.

SATURDAY (April 21).—From the
Musical Comedies, band pro-
gramme.

WEST REGIONAL

SUNDAY (April 15).—Religious Ser-
vice from Clifton Parish Church.

MONDAY (April 16).—Orchestral con-
cert.

TUESDAY (April 17).—Police Band
concert.

WEDNESDAY (April 18).—Cymys-
gedd, or Welsh variety pro-
gramme.

THURSDAY (April 19).—Orchestral
Concert, relayed from The Spanish
Barn, Torre Abbey, Torquay.

FRIDAY (April 20).—Popular Con-
cert, relayed from the Princes
Theatre, Yeovil.

SATURDAY (April 21).—Parti Alawon
Gwerin Tregaron (Welsh Folk
Songs).

NORTH REGIONAL

SUNDAY (April 15).—Religious Ser-
vice relayed from Beverley Min-
ster.

MONDAY (April 16).—"Come up and
see me sometime," an Invitatory
programme.

TUESDAY (April 17).—Brass Band
Concert.

WEDNESDAY (April 18).—Organ
music from Blackpool.

THURSDAY (April 19).—*A Prophet
is Never a Prophet*, a play specially
written for broadcasting by Edwin
Lewis.

FRIDAY (April 20).—Variety relayed
from the Empire Theatre, Middles-
brough.

SATURDAY (April 21).—*All Over
Italy*, a musical epilogue to the
opera relay from Milan.

BELFAST

SUNDAY (April 15).—Presbyterian
Service from Fisherwick Church,
Belfast.

MONDAY (April 16).—Orchestral con-
cert.

TUESDAY (April 17).—Light
Operatic concert.

WEDNESDAY (April 18).—*Partners*,
a comedy by Ian Priestley
Mitchell.

THURSDAY (April 19).—*April Foolery*
a revue by Roger McDougall.

FRIDAY (April 20).—Orchestral con-
cert.

SATURDAY (April 21).—Orchestral
concert relayed from the Ulster
Hall.

SCOTTISH REGIONAL

SUNDAY (April 15).—Orchestral con-
cert.

MONDAY (April 16).—A Triple Scot-
tish Bill of song, music and speech.

TUESDAY (April 17).—*The Guinea's
Stamp*, a gentle satire on Glasgow
society, by C. Stewart Black.

WEDNESDAY (April 18).—*Don
Giovanni* (Mozart), Act 1, relayed
from the King's Theatre, Edin-
burgh.

THURSDAY (April 19).—Silver Band
concert.

FRIDAY (April 20).—Orchestral con-
cert.

SATURDAY (April 21).—*Another
Night at the Bursts*; feature
programme.

Radio Times gives
full programme
details.



T. H. Morrison (Monday, 6.30 p.m.,
Regional)

Spencer Dyke (each week-day, 6.30
p.m., National)

Isolde Menges (Sunday, 9.5 p.m.,
Regional)

Trefor Jones (Sunday, 9.5 p.m.,
National)

Star Features in the London Regional Programme

SUNDAY
The B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra directed by Stanford Robinson. Sydney Baynes and his Orchestra. The Rev. Father Ronald Knox. Isolda Menges.

MONDAY
Haydn Heard and his Band. Arthur Sallsbury and his Orchestra. T. H. Morrison.

TUESDAY
The Kentucky Banjo Team. Harry S. Pepper. Gavin Gordon.

WEDNESDAY
Berkeley Mason. The Wireless Singers. Leslie Woodgate. Tom Kinniburgh.

THURSDAY
The Coventry Hippodrome Orchestra directed by Charles Shadwell. The London Zigeuner Orchestra. Melsa.

FRIDAY
The New Victoria Cinema Orchestra. The New Georgian Trio. Wilhelm Backhaus.

SATURDAY
The Wireless Military Band directed by B. Walton O'Donnell. Alfredo Campoli.

SUNDAY (APRIL 15)

Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Orchestra 6 p.m.
Bucharest (365 m.).—Orchestra 8.15 p.m.
Heilsberg (291 m.).—Orchestra 11 a.m.
Ljubljana (569.2 m.).—Orchestra 7 p.m.
Luxembourg (1,304 m.).—Concert 1 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Choral and Orchestra ... 7 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Sound Film Music ... 11.15 p.m.
Radio Paris (1,796 m.).—Orchestra 12 noon
Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Gramophone ... 10 p.m.
Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Musical Programme ... 7.45 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Estonian Music ... 2 p.m.

MONDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Soprano Solos 8.45 p.m.
Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Trio Concert ... 6 p.m.
Bucharest (365 m.).—Song Recital 4.30 p.m.
Heilsberg (291 m.).—Light Music 3 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.2 m.).—Opera Relay from Belgrade ... 7.30 p.m.

Your Foreign Programme Guide

Items You Must Not Miss

Luxembourg Concert ... 1-1.30 p.m., Sunday
Athlone ... Concert ... 9.30-10 p.m., Friday
Radio Paris ... Orchestral concert 12 noon, Sunday
Munich ... Gramophone concert 11 a.m., Monday
Toulouse ... Piano recital ... 6 p.m., Wednesday
Poste Parisien Operetta selections 12.35 p.m., Thursday
Radio Paris ... Light music ... 7.45 p.m., Saturday

Luxembourg (1,304 m.).—Gramophone ... 6 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Gramophone 11 a.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Gramophone ... 9.55 p.m.
Radio Paris (1,796 m.).—*L'Attaque du Moulin* (Bruneau) Opera 7 p.m.
Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Popular Music ... 8 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Song Recital from Metz ... 8 p.m.
Toulouse (335.2 m.).—Orchestra 12.45 p.m.

TUESDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Light Music 9.30 p.m.
Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Gramophone ... 12.45 p.m.
Bucharest (365 m.).—Café Concert 9 p.m.
Heilsberg (291 m.).—Ballad Recital 8.40 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.2 m.).—Modern Yugoslavian Music ... 7 p.m.
Luxembourg (1,304 m.).—Orchestra ... 8.30 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Orchestra 3 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Orchestra ... 6.45 p.m.
Radio Paris (1,796 m.).—Orchestra 11 a.m.
Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Cello Music and Icelandic Songs ... 8 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Variety 5.30 p.m.
Toulouse (335.2 m.).—Hunting Music ... 8 p.m.

WEDNESDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Contralto Solos 8.5 p.m.
Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Trio Concert ... 6 p.m.

Bucharest (365 m.).—Song Recital 6.20 p.m.
Heilsberg (291 m.).—Pfitzner Song Recital ... 6 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.2 m.).—Symphony No. 9 (Beethoven) from Vienna 7 p.m.
Luxembourg (1,304 m.).—Beethoven and Chopin Piano Recital 8.5 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—*Flotte Bursche* (Suppé) Operetta ... 7.30 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Gramophone ... 9.10 p.m.
Radio Paris (1,796 m.).—Orchestra 11.30 a.m.
Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Dance Music ... 9.30 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Variety 4 p.m.
Toulouse (335.2 m.).—Piano Recital ... 6 p.m.

THURSDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Traditional Fiddle Music ... 10.50 p.m.
Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Gramophone ... 8 p.m.
Bucharest (365 m.).—*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Opera (Nicolai) from the Roumanian Opera House 6.30 p.m.
Heilsberg (291 m.).—Festival Concert ... 8.15 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.2 m.).—Organ Recital ... 7.30 p.m.
Luxembourg (1,304 m.).—Song Recital ... 7.55 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Schubert and Behm Lieder Recital 4.50 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Operetta Selections 12.35 p.m.
Radio Paris (1,796 m.).—Orchestra 11.30 a.m.
Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Dance Music by the Radio Quartet 6 p.m.

Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Orchestra 7.30 p.m.
Toulouse (335.2 m.).—Violin Recital ... 6.15 p.m.

FRIDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Variety 10.40 p.m.
Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Gramophone Records ... 8 p.m.
Bucharest (365 m.).—Philharmonic Orchestra ... 7 p.m.
Heilsberg (291 m.).—Konigsberg Opera House Orchestra 6 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.2 m.).—Gramophone Records ... 5 p.m.
Luxembourg (1,304 m.).—Radio Cabaret ... 6 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Ballad Recital ... 5.30 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Orchestra ... 7.10 p.m.
Radio Paris (1,796 m.).—Orchestra ... 11.30 a.m.
Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Symphony No. 4 (Beethoven) ... 6 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Orchestra with Accordion Selections 7.30 p.m.
Toulouse (335.2 m.).—Dance Music ... 10.15 p.m.

SATURDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—A Revue, with the Station Orchestra 8.55 p.m.
Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Theatre Relay ... 9.10 p.m.
Bucharest (365 m.).—Café Concert 9 p.m.
Heilsberg (291 m.).—Orchestra 3 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.2 m.).—Accordion Recital ... 7.45 p.m.
Luxembourg (1,304 m.).—Radio Luxembourg Musical Medley 8.30 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Variety 6 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Quintet ... 12.15 p.m.
Radio Paris (1,796 m.).—Concert of Light Music ... 7.45 p.m.
Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Gramophone ... 8 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—*Madame Butterfly*, Opera (Puccini) from the Opera Comique, Paris 7 p.m.
Toulouse (335.2 m.).—Organ Recital ... 6.15 p.m.



Alice Moxon (Friday, 5.15 p.m., National)

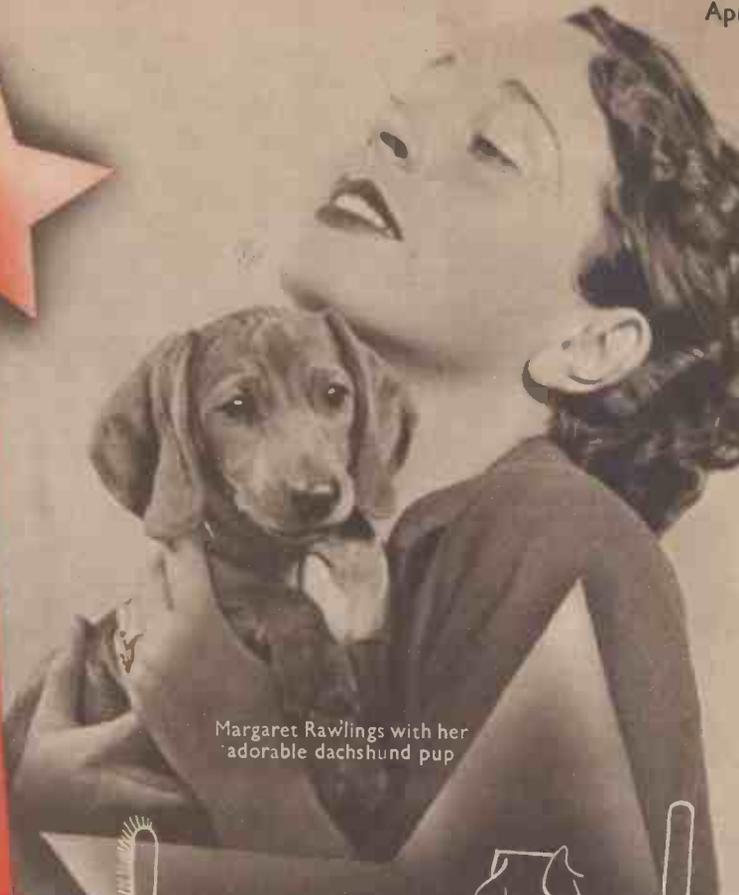
Tom Kinniburgh (Wednesday, 8 p.m., Regional)

Mrs. Jack Hylton (April 21, 8 p.m., National)

Leonard Gowings (Thursday, 8 p.m., National)

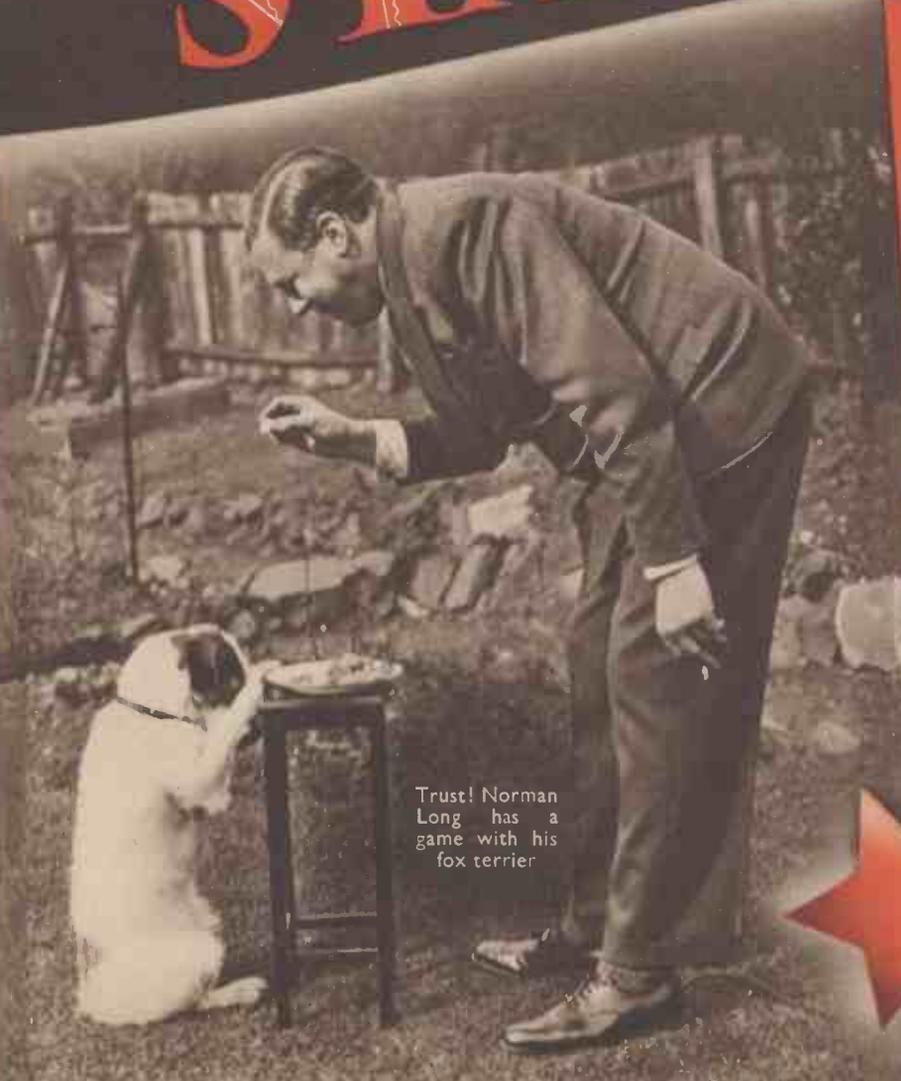


Elizabeth Pollock thinks black and white rats make ideal pets



Margaret Rawlings with her adorable dachshund pup

STARS



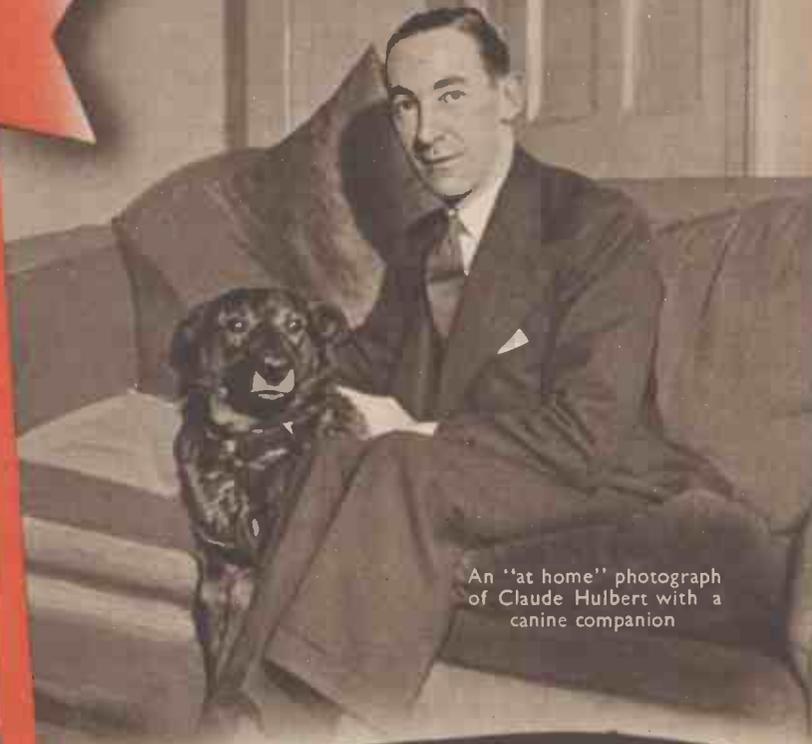
Trust! Norman Long has a game with his fox terrier



Mrs. Jack Jackson poses for the camera with a pet Aberdeen



Esther Coleman and her beloved spaniel, "Nimble"

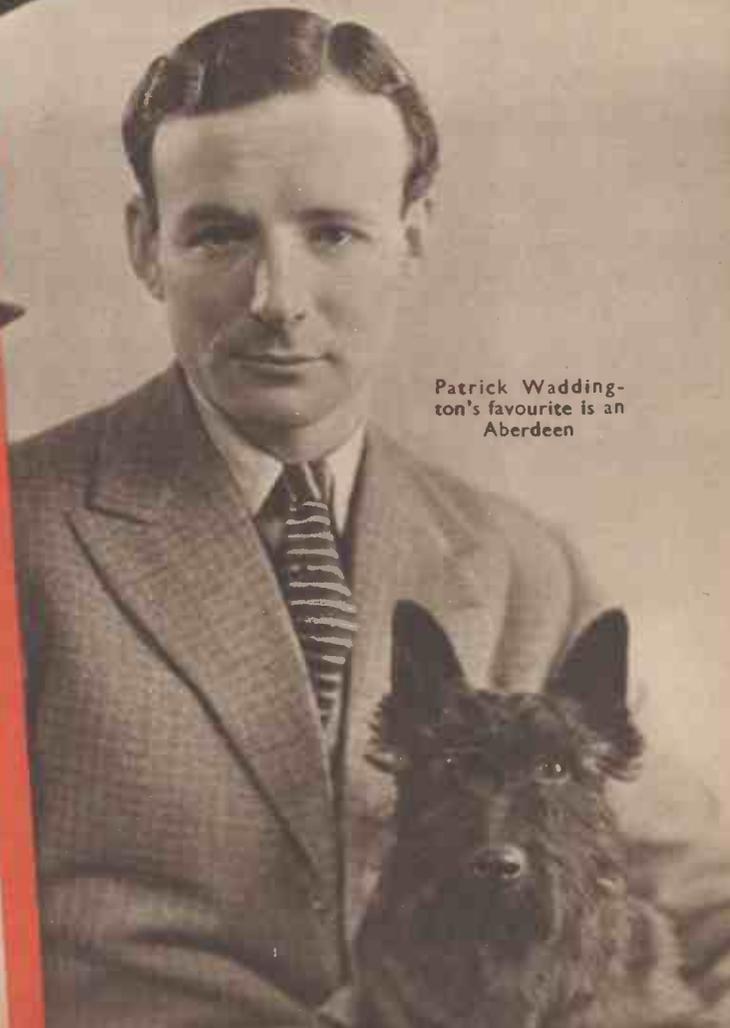


An "at home" photograph of Claude Hulbert with a canine companion

AND THEIR PETS



Jean Melville loves dogs and has two cocker spaniels



Patrick Waddington's favourite is an Aberdeen

A. J. ALAN re-tells another of his Popular Broadcast Stories

I AM going to tell you about rather a curious experience I had three years ago. One morning in October a letter arrived by the first post which rather puzzled me. The envelope was type-written, and it contained just a single stall for Wyndham's Theatre for the same evening. No letter or card to say who it was from—just the ticket.

Of course, it was obvious what had happened—somebody had found himself with a ticket that he could not use and had sent it on to me, quite forgetting to put a note in with it. He would probably ring me up during the morning. However, no one did telephone, so during the afternoon I got through to two people who might have sent it, but neither of them had. Anyway, it didn't matter. The play was *Bulldog Drummond*; and I hadn't seen it, so I naturally decided to go.

I got there a shade early and went and sat in my seat, which was in the middle of the sixth row, wondering rather vaguely which of my friends was going to sit next to me; at the moment there was no one else in the row at all. Presently in came four Americans who took the seats to my left—not people I knew—and a minute or two later an elderly married couple, whom I did not know either, came in and sat down next but one to my right. When the curtain went up the seat immediately to my right was still empty, and so it was at the end of the act.

During the first interval I went out and smoked a cigarette, and during the second—as still no one had turned up to sit in the seat—I went round to the box office and inquired whether it had been sold at all. The man looked up the plan and said, "Oh, yes"—it had been sold all right and to the same person who'd bought mine the day before, but that was all he could tell me. So I didn't worry any more.

Now, then. While I was clawing my way back to my seat for the last act the lights went down, but there was just enough twilight left to see that the mysterious stall was at last occupied—and by a lady whom I'd never seen before in my life. I must describe her a little, if you don't mind, because her appearance had everything to do with what happened afterwards.

She was about thirty. Most attractive-looking and well turned out. She hadn't much jewellery, but what there was looked good. I liked the way she did her hair; I mean it was properly dressed. None of your last year's birds' nests, which you so often see at the theatre. I am afraid I am not much good at describing people, but speaking quite generally—well—she was the sort of woman who looks you straight in the face and says "Thank you" when you give her your seat in the Tube. In fact, rather unusual.

You see how awkward it was, don't you? If she'd had anyone with her I should have been able to ask her if she knew anything about the whole thing, but as she was by herself I naturally couldn't do that. Ten to one she was a friend of whoever had sent me my seat, and that being so—had he meant me to introduce myself—was she expecting me to—or what? Altogether it was like one of those wretched problems in etiquette which you sometimes see in the papers and which finish up with—"what should B do?" Anyhow, she never even looked my way, so that settled that.

However, at the end of the play she turned to me and said quite naturally: "Oh! Mr. Alan, you did get my letter, didn't you?" I said: "Well, I got an envelope this morning with a ticket in it and nothing else. I wonder if you mean that?" And she said: "Yes, of course I do; but what on earth can have happened to my note. I've been expecting you to ring me up all day." I said I was very sorry, and thanked her for the ticket, and said how much I had enjoyed the play, and so on. By this time people were beginning to push past us, so we had to move out, too.

On the way out she said: "Oh, you will come and see George, won't you?" I said: "Rather! Who's George, and when do you want me to come?" She said: "George is my brother, of course, and I want you to come now." By this

time we were fighting our way through the scum in the doorway. I said: "What—now as ever is?" She said: "Yes, come along, my car is waiting just round the corner." And she sort of hurried me up that little bit of the Charing Cross Road and round into Cranbourn Street, and there sure enough a very nice car was waiting. The man was evidently on the look-out, and the moment he spotted us he had the door open and she got in and made room for me.

Well, of course, I admit that it had been rather quick work, and it might easily be very unwise to go any farther, but one can't always be weighing the pros and cons—especially when the pros are pretty—and there was the man standing with the rug waiting to tuck it round us, and wondering why I did not get in. Oh, well, of course, it was quite impossible not to, so I got in and away we went.

Mind you, I *did* think that, once in the car, I should be able to put a few leading questions—but not a bit of it—it was one of those totally enclosed cars where the man sits in with you and can hear every word you say, and that being so, I couldn't very well ask my hostess what her name was—now could I? I mean it would have sounded too utterly hopeless for anything. So we just talked of this and that, and said the usual interesting and amusing things that people do when they have known each other for about five minutes—and there it was.

Presently the car turned into Jermyn Street and stopped at a house about three doors down on the left-hand side (and it is no use your going round to-morrow morning to gaze up at the windows, because it has been pulled down).

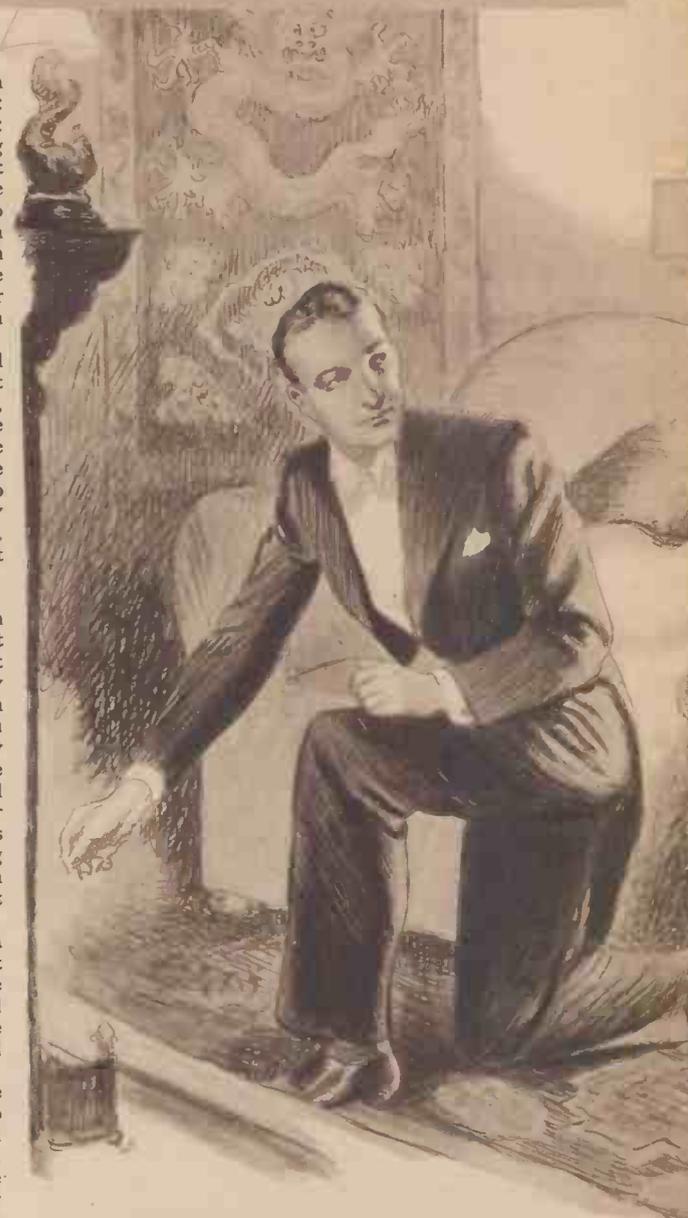
Well, as soon as we were out of the car it drove off, but I was just able to get the number. My lady soon had the street door open, and we went in. It was pitch dark inside, and she whispered to me not to make any noise, and then she listened very carefully. I thought this was rather rum. Then, apparently satisfied with what she heard—or, rather, didn't hear—she switched on a dim light somewhere and we went upstairs on tiptoe.

I was able to notice on the way up that the lower floors were given up to offices and that kind of thing, and that the top floor, when we got to it, had been divided off into a flat, with its own front door. She listened outside this for a moment—mind you, I was getting rather bored with all this listening, I don't mind telling you—then she opened the door with a latchkey and we crept in like a couple of burglars.

She switched on a light, and said: "You might leave your hat and coat on that chair, will you?" And while I was doing this I was able to notice that we were in a very luxuriously furnished flat, rather Oriental in style—thick carpets and hangings everywhere, weird pictures on the walls—you know the sort of place. I also noticed that there were two doors opposite the front door, both shut, and that the hall, or rather corridor, of the flat led off down to the left and then turned sharply to the right.

She took me down this and round the corner and in at a door on the right-hand side, and I found myself in a very nice sitting-room, furnished in much the same style as the hall, only more so. In the wall opposite the door were two windows with thick curtains drawn. In the middle of the right-hand wall was a fireplace with a gas-fire in it. To the right of the fireplace was a cupboard—bookcase thing going nearly up to the ceiling—and to the left of the fireplace another door. This was shut.

Of course, I quite expected we should find



brother George here. But he wasn't. In fact, there was no one at all, so as this was my first opportunity of speaking to the good lady alone, I tackled her, and said: "Look here, you know, don't think me ungracious and all that sort of thing, but you must realise that I still haven't the faintest idea who you are." And she said: "Oh, but I explained all that in my letter!" And I said: "Yes, but I haven't had the letter." Then she said: "Of course, how stupid of me. I keep on forgetting that! I know it must seem very strange to you, but as a matter of fact I have got a little surprise for you, only it isn't quite ready yet. I wonder if you will give me a few minutes longer?" And I said: "Of course I will, and I promise to be as surprised as anything; but just one question now, if you don't mind. Are you quite sure you haven't got hold of the sticky end? I mean, are you quite certain that you are not mistaking me for anyone else?"

And she said: "Oh, good gracious, no! I know all about you. You were born in 1883. You went to such-and-such a school. You are a Civil Servant in such-and-such a department." And I said: "Oh, that is good enough—carry on," or words to that effect.

Then she asked me to light the gas-fire. Well, I tried to, but it just gave a pop and blew the match out, so I had another go. This time it wouldn't even pop, so I turned to her, and said:

"Who hasn't paid her gas bill?"—just like that—quite a harmless remark; but for some reason or other it seemed to upset her a good deal. Oh, but quite a lot! Up till then she had been as calm and self-possessed as anything, but now she got that hot and bothered as how; and

My Adventure in JERMYN Street



anything you like, would have been too obvious for anything, but somehow one could not associate the idea of anything shady with this woman, and you must bear that in mind.

However, left to myself, I couldn't help wondering about it all. You see, the whole thing had happened so extremely casually that I simply couldn't believe that it had been arranged beforehand. Take the theatre business, for instance. It had been quite a toss-up whether I had gone or not, and so on all the way through. Then, even supposing that it was a put-up job of some kind—whatever could it be for? I hadn't any plans of battleships, or secret treaties, or compromising letters with me—like they always do in books; and however hard they robbed me they wouldn't get more than ten bob, because that was all I had.

"Who hasn't paid her gas bill?"—just like that—quite a harmless remark; but for some reason or other it upset her a good deal

Then again, why the panic about the gas-stove? It wasn't cold—we could have done without it perfectly well. Altogether the whole thing seemed so inconsequent and ridiculous.

Well, after I had thought all these thoughts it struck me that my lady had been gone rather a long time—ten minutes, in fact—and no sign of brother George. It was then just about a quarter to twelve. I got up and made a sort of reconnaissance round the room, and looked behind the window curtains.

Then the idea suddenly came to me how extremely unpleasant it would be if anything had happened to her. Supposing, just for the sake of argument, she had fallen down dead, and there had to be an inquest—whatever sort of story should I have to tell?

Well, the idea of this was enough, and I said: "This is where we do something," and I went and knocked at the door, but I couldn't hear whether there was an answer or not because of the gas-fire. It was kicking up rather a row, so I went and turned it off—after all, it was my gas—and went and knocked at the door again.

This time I could be quite definitely sure that there was no answer. So I fairly thumped on the door and said:

"If you don't answer I shall come in," and I picked up the soda-water siphon. You must forgive me for this, please, but don't forget I had been to *Bulldog Drummond*—you may remember that it was a series of thrills from start to finish; automatic pistols, fights with daggers in the dark, people tied to chairs—and then this little show on the top of it. . . .

Well, there was no sound of any sort from the room, so I opened the door and went in. The

room itself was dark, but a door at the far end was letting in a certain amount of light—just enough for me to see that there was something lying huddled up in the middle of the floor. And I said:

"Are you hurt?" or "Are you ill?"

As a matter of fact, I don't remember what I actually did say—I was so worried. Anyway, there was no answer, and I sort of felt there could not be one, and I stood still and cursed and wondered what on earth I was going to do next.

There was no switch by the door because I felt to see, so it was a case of going right down through the room in the dark, taking jolly good care not to disturb anything on the floor, and of turning on the light at the far end. When I eventually did get the light on I saw that the thing on the floor was just a bundle of dust sheets. I was angry.

Then I looked round the room and saw that it was a bedroom, quite empty, with dust sheets on all the furniture. I looked in the wardrobe—there was no one there, and, what's more, there was nothing there—not even any clothes hanging up—which was rather strange.

Well, having begun the job I thought I might as well finish it, so I searched that flat from end to end and didn't find anyone alive or dead! Covers on all the furniture—no food in the larder—not a scrap of writing or an old envelope in any of the drawers to say who the place belonged to; in fact, bar a handkerchief which my—er—hostess had left on the kitchen table and which I collared, there was nothing to show she had ever been in the flat at all.

Well, it was just about now that it began to be borne in on me very strongly what an exceedingly fine place home was. I had been got to this place for some reason or other—probably not my health—and the plan or trick, or whatever it was, had gone adrift somewhere. Perhaps the hired robbers or murderers who were coming to do me in were late.

Well, I let myself out into the street and there seemed to be no one about, so I crossed the road and went up that little passage leading from Jermyn Street to Piccadilly—I think it's called Eagle Place. When I got nearly to the top of this, I found I had still got the old siphon with me, so I shoved it down on a doorstep and took a taxi home.

Next morning I went across and told the whole story to a bloke I know at Scotland Yard. He was very good and sympathetic and heard me out, and when I had finished, he said: "Well, I believe you—but thousands wouldn't." And I said: "Thank you very much." And then he said: "Wouldn't it be rather fun to look into things a bit," and I said I thought it rather would. Then he said: "What was that car number again?"

I told him, and he telephoned about it, and the answer came back that the rightful owner was a Number 17 bus, so they had camouflaged the number plate all right.

Then we went along to Jermyn Street and routed out the caretaker from the basement and asked him a few questions. It appeared that the tenants, a Mr. and Mrs. K— (well, their name doesn't matter, anyway)—had been in India six months and wouldn't be back for another

Continued on page 23

she started emptying the things out of her bag on to the table, and some of them fell on the floor, including a bunch of notes, which I picked up and gave her, and judging from the thickness there must have been at least forty or fifty pounds' worth.

I got quite sorry for her, she seemed in such a state, and I said: "Are you looking for a shilling for the meter, because, if so, here's one."

And she said, "Thank you so much," and took it as though I had saved her life, and hurried out of the room, and I heard her cross the corridor and go into, evidently, the kitchen on the other side. Presently I heard the rattling, clanking noise of the meter, and on came the gas, and I lighted the fire.

When she came back she seemed to have cheered up somewhat, and she said:

"I wonder why they always put the gas meter on the top of the coal-bin. Just look at my hands," and she held them out, and they certainly were rather grubby. Then she said:

"You will help yourself to whisky and cigarettes, won't you? I must go and get this black off." And she shovelled the things back into her bag and went out through the other door—that is, the door to the left of the fireplace.

Well—one's read stories and heard stories, and I wasn't going to be such a fool as to touch the whisky or the cigarettes until I knew a good deal more how the land lay. And to tell you the honest truth, I was—well—I couldn't make head or tail of it. With another class of woman I should have been very suspicious indeed—but then, I shouldn't have been there at all. The idea of a night-club, gambling hell, opium den,

WHAT LISTENERS THINK . . .

The "ENID TREVOR" Ribbed Suit

What do you think of broadcasters at the B.B.C. and Continental stations? What are your views on radio programmes, and how do you think broadcasts could be improved? What do you think of the men who run broadcasting, and what helpful suggestions could you offer? Let us have your views briefly. Every week a letter of outstanding interest will be starred on this page, though not necessarily printed first.

The writer of the starred letter will receive a cheque for one guinea.

All letters must bear the sender's name and address, although a nom de plume may be used for publication. Letters should be as brief as possible and written on one side of the page only. Address to "Star" Letter, "Radio Pictorial," 58-61 Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

★ An Eye on the Provinces

WHEN will the broadcasting powers that be start to think a little more provincially? London possesses only a small proportion of the listening public, but a huge slice of the daily programme is London-minded.

"What producer would guarantee that his London show would also capture the provinces? Yet the B.B.C. entertainment powers blissfully imagine that what London likes all the rest like.

"The same show can be 'gradely' in Lancashire, 'champion' in Yorkshire, and 'sick-making' in Mayfair. But it is possible to please all the north of England with the same show and the same artist.

"I would like to see more entertainment made with an eye on the provincial idea of pleasure. The Regional programmes have their good points, but they are still choked with the old-school-tie idea of entertainment as promulgated by the college at Broadcasting House. After all, no daily paper can be a complete success by catering for one place alone."—E. Race, Sheffield.

(A cheque for one guinea has been forwarded

to this reader, winner of the guinea "Star" this week.)

The Value of Silence

THE fact that short intervals occur between various B.B.C. items does not necessarily infer that time is wasted at the studios.

"Silence is of great psychological importance and often the intended effect of a transmission is marred by suddenly switching from an item to a subject which is the absolute antithesis of the item first heard.

"Consequently, conflicting trains of thought are induced in the minds of average listeners and thus the entertainment and educative values of both items are diminished. Therefore, it cannot be justly claimed that intervals are wasteful. Both silence and sound are golden where the B.B.C. is concerned and, therefore, a happy balance between the two should be discovered.

"In conclusion, may I suggest that neither 'old-fashioned time wasters' nor 'modern hustle complex sufferers' should be pondered to, but that programmes should be timed to accord with the desires of average listeners."—Doris' Good, Paddington.

Getting Into the Atmosphere

MAY I express my humble opinion of the 'audience' problem. Living in a very quiet village, it really is delightful to hear the enthusiasm of those who are seeing as well as listening. Somehow, it seems to get you right into the atmosphere of things—perhaps you are chuckling to yourself—quite alone—then you hear the audience laughing aloud. Instantly you are sharing the fun with someone else. It helps tremendously! Once we had a real treat. I believe it was 'Music Hall'—anyway, Mr. Christopher Stone described (in a very charming way, too) the artists and even some of the ladies' dresses! Reality—which helps the make-believe that you are really there. After all, I expect most of us have a wistful little longing really to see it all. That's why I think the audience helps."

—M. Burr, Lamberhurst.



ISN'T this a smart suit? Note the 1934 fashion points—breast pockets and slotted-through scarf. Although, of course, it is not Enid Trevor in the photograph, she has made a suit for herself just like this one.

Directions for making the coat only are given here. Instructions for the skirt also are available, and will be sent free to any reader on request. Please send a stamped addressed envelope.

MATERIALS.—12 oz. Copley's "Excelsior" or "Climax" Wool, natural, No. 18, 3-ply; 2 oz. Copley's 4-ply "Excelsior" Wool, scarlet, No. 141; 1 pair No. 9 needles; 10 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS.—Length from the top of the shoulders, 23 inches. Width all round at underarm, 34 inches. Sleeve seam, including cuff, 20 1/2 inches.

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

ABBREVIATIONS.—k., knit; p., purl; st., stitch; tog., together; d.c., double crochet.

THE BACK

Using natural wool, cast on 130 sts. and working into the back of the sts. on the first row only, proceed as follows:

1st row—*K. 4, p. 3. Repeat from * to the last 4 sts., k. 4. 2nd row—*P. 4, k. 3. Repeat from * to the last 4 sts., p. 4. Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows 4 times more. Keeping the rib correct, decrease by working 2 sts. tog., next to the edge sts. at both ends of the next and every following 10th row until there are 118 sts. on the needle and 6 decreases at each side have been worked.

Still keeping the rib correct, work 2 inches without further decrease, finishing at the end of a p. 4, k. 3 row.

Keeping the rib correct, increase by working into the front and back of the next to the edge st. at both ends of the next and every following 10th row until there are 130 sts. on the needle. Continue without further shaping but keeping the rib correct until 15 1/2 inches from the commencement have been worked, finishing at the end of a p. 4, k. 3 row.

Shape the armholes by casting off 8 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, and then by working 2 sts. tog. at both ends of the following 8 rows. There are now 98 sts. on the needle. Keeping the rib correct continue without further shaping until 6 1/2 inches from the commencement of the armholes shaping have been worked.

Shape the neck as follows:

Next row—Cast off 16 sts., keeping the rib

(Continued on page 21)

HERE AND THERE

HELLO, CHILDREN!

I wonder if any of you read in the papers lately about the Tolpuddle labourers? It was the story of something which took place a hundred years ago in Dorsetshire. Six farm labourers, who were being paid seven shillings a week each, formed a "club" or "union" and asked for their wages to be raised to ten shillings. In those days it was considered very dangerous

for workmen to form unions, and the six labourers were accused of hatching a plot and sentenced to be transported—that is, sent away from their families and friends—to Botany Bay, in Australia, for seven years. The case caused a lot of talk and in the end the men were allowed to come home after two years. Since that time people have come to recognise that it is very right that wage earners should be allowed to form unions in each trade to get better wages and conditions for themselves. Laws were

Commander STEPHEN KING-HALL'S Children's Corner

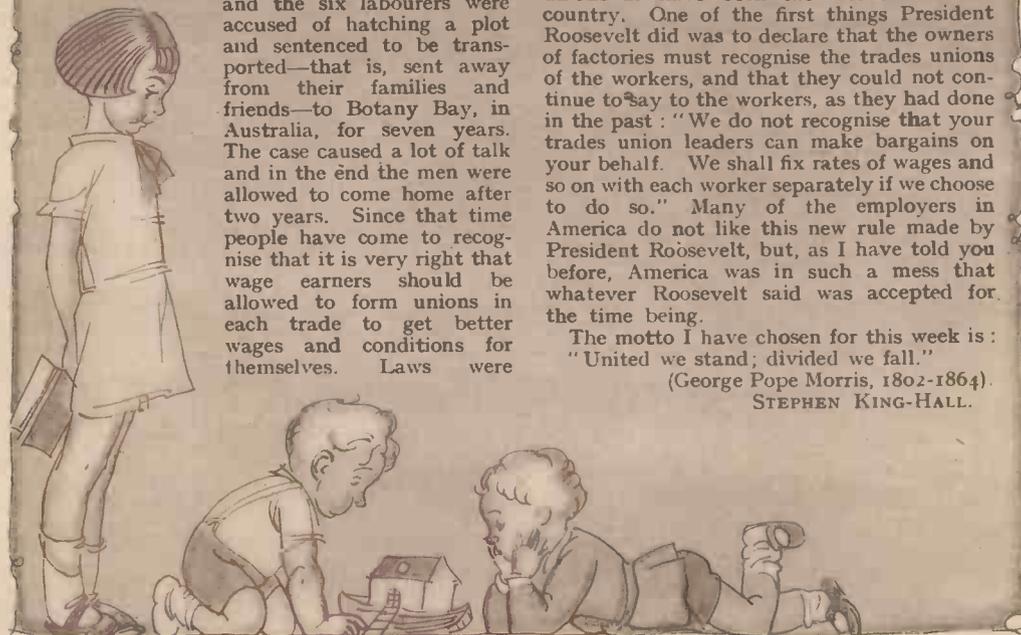
passed making trade unions legal, and we are now quite used to the idea that the best way to settle trade disputes is for some of the workmen's union to meet some of the employers and talk things over round a table. I am talking, of course, of our own country. Conditions in other countries are often quite different.

In the United States, for instance, the workers in the past have not, for various reasons, been so well organised in trade unions as have been the workers in this country. One of the first things President Roosevelt did was to declare that the owners of factories must recognise the trades unions of the workers, and that they could not continue to say to the workers, as they had done in the past: "We do not recognise that your trades union leaders can make bargains on your behalf. We shall fix rates of wages and so on with each worker separately if we choose to do so." Many of the employers in America do not like this new rule made by President Roosevelt, but, as I have told you before, America was in such a mess that whatever Roosevelt said was accepted for the time being.

The motto I have chosen for this week is: "United we stand; divided we fall."

(George Pope Morris, 1802-1864).

STEPHEN KING-HALL.



Stars at Home—13

AT HOME

with an

Announcer

EACH morning, six days a week (sometimes seven) the senior announcer of the British Broadcasting Corporation leaves his quiet country home at Bickley, Kent, and sets out for Portland Place.

Immaculate, tall, fair haired, and a typical Varsity man, Stuart Hibberd is as popular at work as at home.

And home doesn't see very much of him.

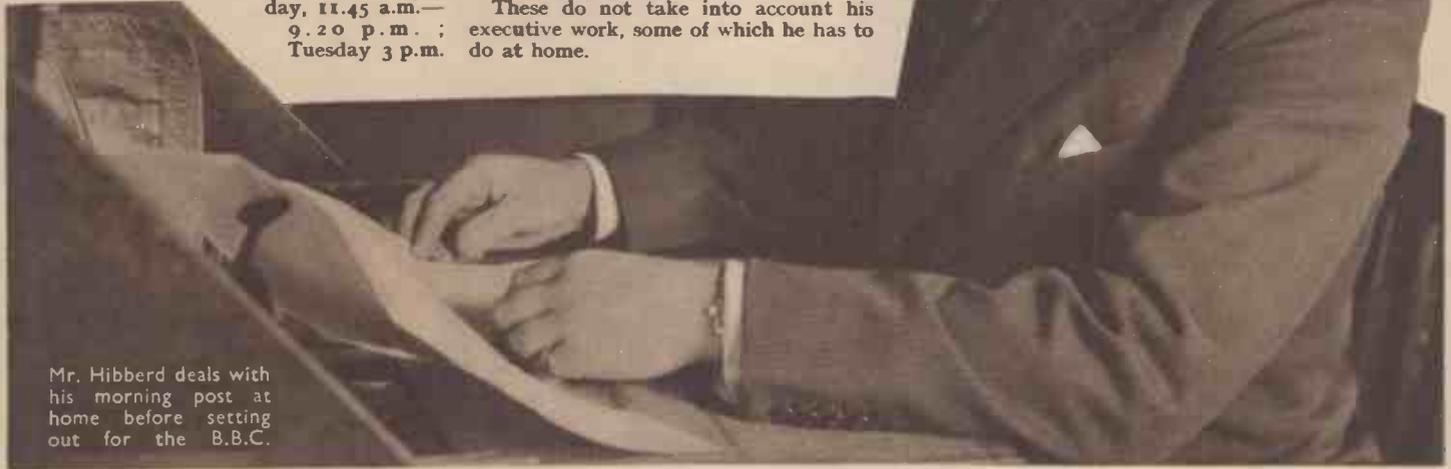
Announcers have been taken on for the work of broadcasting in the Empire programmes in the early hours of the morning, but Hibberd, with the whole responsibility of the announcing staff on his shoulders, is still a busy man.

A typical time sheet at the B.B.C. is: Sunday, 3.30—10.45; Monday, 11.45 a.m.—9.20 p.m.; Tuesday 3 p.m.

—midnight; Wednesday, 6.30—9.35 p.m.; Thursday, 6.30—midnight and Friday, 2—6.30.

These are microphone times.

These do not take into account his executive work, some of which he has to do at home.



Mr. Hibberd deals with his morning post at home before setting out for the B.B.C.

Hibberd's schedule allows one clear day at home every week, but he does not always get it.

The B.B.C. is to some extent a Government organisation, but the senior announcer does not work like a 10.30—4 p.m. pre-war Government official.

The only time on the average when there is no

programme emanating from Broadcasting House is from five past three in the early morning until 8.20. And the responsibility of all the announcing during the programme hours is Stuart Hibberd's.

When his one clear day a week falls at the weekend, he spends some of his time pottering round the garden of his Bickley home.

And the rest on the road.

He is an enthusiastic motorist and has just taken delivery of a new fast open tourer. No closed cars for him.

At home Hibberd has a desk in his own "den," where he carries out his personal correspondence. And in spite of the official cloak of anonymity in announcers, which until recently the B.B.C. has so strictly exercised, Hibberd has a great deal of personal work to attend to.

After distinguished war service and various peace adventures, he joined the B.B.C. announcing staff on July 14, 1924. And naturally he has won friends in every branch of broadcasting.

At home he is constantly having his leg pulled about the reported preponderance of Oxford accent in the B.B.C. microphone announcements.

Hibberd was at Cambridge, you see! He is a charming host and domestic entertainer. You glean a hint of this from the way he sings—unfortunately only too rarely—in the Children's Hour programmes.

Originally, he had professional training and like his fellow announcer, Frederick Grisewood, intended to become a singer. That was before he discovered that a speaking voice can be just as appealing—and as useful—as a singing voice!

Millions of kiddies who listen to the National programme broadcast Children's Hour features are unaware that the "Uncle" who sings to them is the B.B.C.'s golden voiced announcer.

But he has a streak of shyness and it is easier to persuade him to sing in the studio than at his home!



Announcer—and motorist. He has just taken delivery of a new fast tourer.



Radio Stars You Hear on Records

They are John, 21; Herbert, 19; Harry, 18; and Donald, 17. John is the bass, tuba and third trumpet—that's how they call themselves—and, in addition, plays their only instrument, the guitar. This guitar, incidentally, is a mail order model and cost \$6.25 c.o.d.

Herbert plays, or rather sings, the second trumpet, saxophone, and trombone. He is more reticent than the others, and usually remains in the background while the others, particularly Harry, do the talking. Harry does the first trumpet, baritone solos, and "licks"—vernacular for unusual hot intonations. He is stout, almost to fatness,

Herbert, John, Donald and Harry, the Four Mills Brothers, who broadcast through the American Columbia System and who are heard over here on gramophone records and in musical talkies

The MILLS Brothers' Story

ONE warm afternoon four young negroes waited patiently in the reception room on the nineteenth floor of the Columbia Broadcasting System building. Finally, they were ushered into the office of Ralph Wonders, director of the Artists Bureau.

They said they were the Mills Brothers. They said they sang.

Wonders, who has his share of unannounced visitors, arranged an immediate audition. The brothers sang only one number—Wonders didn't wait to hear a second. He rushed them into a studio which was "piping" an orchestral audition to the private office of William S. Paley, president of Columbia.

"With your permission, Mr. Paley," Wonders said, "I'd like you to hear the Mills Brothers." With that brief introduction he signalled to the somewhat startled boys to sing. They did, and so delighted was the executive with their unique vocal renditions that he sent word to Wonders to have them continue. For more than an hour the four went from one song to another, dozens of them altogether.

Three days later they were scheduled for their first broadcast. There was no advance ballyhoo. Not a line of print, other than the bare programme listing, heralded their network debut. They went on the air "cold," but as soon as their programme was half-way completed those around the studios realised that here was the "hottest" outfit that had come to radio in many Wabash moons.

And as soon as their fifteen-minute broadcast was over, the telephone switchboard was flooded with calls from listeners. "Who are they?" . . . "What kind of instruments do they use?" . . . "How do they make themselves sound like an orchestra?" . . . "Where are they from?" . . . "When can I hear them again?"

Veteran musicians and orchestra leaders refused to believe that with only their voices they could simulate such musical instruments

as the tuba, clarinet, saxophone, and trombone. Yet nothing but a guitar accompanied the singing of the Mills brothers.

Their success was immediate. Newspaper and the listening public's comments stamped them as the fastest "click" in radio history. They were scheduled for four broadcasts the following week, and definite proof of their literal overnight popularity occurred when a single programme was cancelled for a speech of special importance. For forty-five minutes two hostesses were busily answering hundreds of calls with assurances that the Mills brothers would return to the air the following Monday.

To-day they are among the biggest drawing cards and money-makers in radio. They broadcast every Tuesday and Thursday evening, from 7.15 to 7.30 p.m., on behalf of Procter & Gamble, makers of Crisco, and their feature is among the most popular of programmes. The quartet has appeared in person at almost every Broadway playhouse presenting variety shows, including the Palace, Paramount, and Roxy theatres, and now is making an eighteen week's tour of Paramount-Publix houses throughout the country. Throughout the past winter they were heard nightly at Connie's Inn, one of up-town New York's favourite haunts where they attracted crowds until the small hours in the morning. Their spare moments have been spent in making records, which are best-sellers, and talking motion pictures.

The four youths, a bit bewildered by their sudden success in the big city, are really brothers, and only four years separate them.



but resents being addressed as "Fats" by the other three. He would rather be called by his middle name—Flood. Like John, he sports a moustache.

Young Don is the "kid" of the quartet, and he looks as though he is wearing his first pair of long pants. In truth, they are his second pair. Though the youngest, he has the best memory for dates, names and places, and is quick to correct his brothers whenever he deems it necessary.

All the boys were born and raised in Piqua, Ohio. Before their father turned barber, he and their mother sang in vaudeville and wherever they chanced to get an

engagement.

The boys began singing together when John was but thirteen and Donald a mere nine. At first they performed for stray pennies, nickels and dimes—once they received a quarter—but their father, wishing to keep them off the streets, set them up as entertainers in his barber's shop. Business doubled, and the Mills were enabled to keep the hovering wolf from the door.

At the same time their three sisters also were asserting themselves musically. One played the violin, one the piano, and the third sang. To-day, two are married, and one is a registered nurse. The brothers are particularly emphatic about the "registered." They are quite proud of that.

Finally, the brothers graduated to an engagement in the local opera house. By this time, they had developed that unique "instrumental" harmony which happened quite by accident. John, who just about blew

(Continued on page 23)

The "Enid Trevor" Ribbed Suit

(Continued from page Eighteen)

correct work over the next 15 sts., making 16 sts. on the right-hand needle, k. 2 tog., cast off 30 sts., work in rib to the end.

Next row—Cast off 16 sts., work in rib to the last 2 sts. K. 2 tog. Cast off. Join wool to the neck edge of the remaining 17 sts. and cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

The Pockets.—Using Natural wool, cast on 39 sts., and working into the back of the sts. on the first row only, proceed in rib as on the back for 5 inches. Leave on a spare needle. Work 3 more pieces in the same manner.

Using Natural wool, cast on 74 sts., and working into the back of the sts. on the first row only, proceed as follows:—

1st row—* K. 4, P. 3. Repeat from * to the last four sts., K. 4.

2nd row—* P. 4, k. 3. Repeat from * to the last 4 sts., p. 4. Repeat these 2 rows 4 times more.

Next row—K. 2, cast off 3 sts. (for a buttonhole), work in rib to the last 3 sts., k. 2 tog., k. 1.

Next row—Work in rib to the last 2 sts., cast on 3 sts., work to the end. Keeping the rib correct, decrease on every 10th row at the side edge and make a buttonhole as before every 2 inches at the front edge, until 5 inches have been worked from the commencement, finishing at the front edge.

Next row—Rib 21 sts. Cast off 39 sts., work to the end.

Next row—Rib to the cast-off sts., take up one pocket piece on a spare needle and with the wrong side of the pocket piece facing rib across these sts., rib to the end. Keeping the rib correct, continue to decrease at the side edge on every 10th row and work a buttonhole every 2 inches at the front edge until 6 decreases have been worked.

Still keeping the rib correct and working a buttonhole every 2 inches, continue without further decrease at the side edge for 2 inches, finishing at the front edge. Increase next to the edge st. at the side edge on the next and every following 10th row and also working the buttonholes every 2 inches, until 6 increases at the side edge have been worked.

Continue in rib without further shaping at the side edge but working the buttonhole as before until the side edge measures the same up to the armhole as on the back, finishing at the front edge.

Shape the Armhole and Work the Breast Pocket as Follows.—Next row—Rib 21 sts., cast off 39 sts., rib to the end.

Next row—Cast off 8 sts., work in rib to the cast-off sts. for the pocket, take up a pocket piece and with the wrong side of this facing, rib across the pocket piece, rib to the end.

Keeping the rib correct and working the buttonholes as before, decrease at the armhole edge on the next and every alternate row until 10 decreases at this edge have been worked.

Continue without further decreasing at the armhole edge but still working a buttonhole as before, until the front edge measures 19 3/4 inches and 9 buttonholes in all have been worked, finishing at the front edge. Still keeping the rib correct, shape the neck as follows:—

1st row—Cast off 10 sts., rib to

the end. 2nd row—Rib to the neck.

Continue in rib, decreasing 1 st. at the neck edge on every row following until there are 32 sts. on the needle. Continue in rib without further shaping until the armhole measures the same as on the back, finishing at the armhole edge.

Shape the Shoulder as Follows.—Cast off 8 sts. at the beginning of the next and every alternate row at this edge until 4 sets of sts. have been cast off.

THE LEFT FRONT

Work this to match the right front with all shapings at opposite edges and omitting the buttonholes.

THE SLEEVE

Using Natural wool, cast on 63 sts. and working into the back of the sts. on the first row only, proceed in rib as on the back and fronts for 3 inches, finishing at the end of k. 3, p. 4 row.

Increase next to the edge st. at both ends of the next and every following 8th row until there are 101 sts. on the needle and the edge of the work measures 20 1/2 inches; if it does not measure 20 1/2 inches continue without further shaping until it does.

Shape the Top of the Sleeve as Follows.—Cast off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 4 rows, then decrease 1 st. at both ends of every row following until 29 sts. remain on the needle. Cast off. Work another sleeve in the same manner.

THE COLLAR

Using Natural wool, cast on 109 sts., and working into the back of the sts. on the first row only, proceed in rib as on the main part of the work for 10 inches. Cast off loosely.

THE TIE

Using scarlet 4-ply wool, cast on 2 sts., and working into the back of the sts. on the first row only, proceed as follows:—

1st row—K. 1, p. 1.

2nd row—Increase in the first st., k. 1. 3rd row—K. 1, p. 1, increase in the last st. 4th row—Increase in the first st., k. 1, p. 1, k. 1. 5th row—K. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, increase in the last st.

Continue in moss st., increasing every row at the same edge until there are 27 sts. on the needle. Continue in moss st. without further shaping until 30 inches from the point have been worked. Still working in moss st., decrease 1 st. on every row on the same edge as the increases were worked until there are 2 sts. left on the needle; work 2 sts. tog. Fasten off.

THE BELT

Using Natural wool, cast on 11 sts., and working into the back of the sts. on the first row only, proceed as follows:—

1st row—K. 4, p. 3, k. 4.

2nd row—P. 4, k. 3, p. 4. Repeat these 2 rows until 29 1/2 inches have been worked or as long as desired. Next row—Work over 4 sts., cast off 3 sts., work to the ends. Next row—Work over 4 sts., cast on 3 sts., work to the end.

Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows for 1 inch after the buttonhole.

Keeping the rib correct, dec. 1 st. at each end of every row until 3 sts. remain; work the 3 sts. tog. Fasten off. Work another strip in the same manner.

(Continued on page 23)

MAKE Spring-cleaning WORTH WHILE

-brighten up your home the Berkeley way

Make all the hard work you put into your Spring-cleaning worth while. Do not let your rooms continue to look dull because of faded furnishings and worn-looking furniture. Create new beauty and comfort in your home with colourful Berkeley Loose Covers and Curtains and this luxurious ease-bringing Chair, the Berkeley Superlax. You can renovate all your rooms at surprisingly little cost. And the Berkeley Superlax stands alone for value—will give you many years of satisfaction and pleasure. Modern in design and harmonising with all types of decoration, yet it satisfies every home-lover's ideal of homely comfort.

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 12, Poole Hill, Bournemouth;
 85, New Street, Birmingham; and
 71, Deanagate, Manchester.



"Café Colette" goes on the stage. Walford Hyden and his Café Colette Orchestra on the stage at the Granada, Tooting, during their performance

High-spots of the Programmes

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

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

THE last of the symphony concerts comes off on April 18. I think you had better make a point of listening to it because it may really be the last. There has been a rumour for some time to the effect that these concerts are to be discontinued owing to their not having paid too well this season.

At all events, it begins with Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony* which is everybody's music. By the way, the idea that Schubert died before he could finish that symphony is all wrong. Schubert wrote the two movements (as we know them) in 1822, and did not die till 1828. Moreover, he wrote the great C major two or three years after the co-called *Unfinished*.

What really happened was that he and von Schober were on holiday and Schubert suddenly remembered that a conductor of a society in Gratz had asked him for a symphony. Anybody could get a symphony out of Schubert. Unfortunately, they never thought of paying him for it.

Anyway, he wrote the first two movements. Then the conductor called for it. Schubert said he was sorry he hadn't finished it but would do so in a day or two. He then forgot all about it. You and I would hardly forget we had written a symphony, but Schubert thought nothing of writing a movement between breakfast and lunch.

I see the rest of that programme contains the Brahms C minor and a work by Walton—a concerto for viola and orchestra. As Lionel Tertis is playing the solo viola part it will be worth hearing.

Well, what did you think of the Easter programmes? Not too bad, I thought. The B.B.C. is very generous at holiday times and does make a reasonable attempt to please all shades of opinion. For those who regard Good Friday merely as a bank holiday and consequently expect dance music, the B.B.C. says it is sorry, it cannot oblige.

A good many people may be irritated because the programmes looked rather sombre, but there would be a high explosion if they were not. Personally I think it was sensible to perform Bach's *St. John Passion* rather than Wagner's *Parsifal*. Much more suitable. Yet when you come to look into the rest of the programmes for that day, there was a modicum of light music for those who wanted it.

In any case there was a first-rate Music-Hall from St. George's Hall on the Saturday evening. People such as Elsie and Doris Waters, Arthur Prince and Jim, not to forget those delightful Cads the Western Bretheren, make up a good show at any time.

Westerners should not miss a good concert from the Spanish Barn, Torquay, on the 19th. The orchestra is Torquay's Municipal and Mabel Ritchie is going to be the solo soprano, while Audrey Piggott is the solo 'cellist. I think you will find this attractive and quite light in character.

So Belfast is to have Sir Henry Wood on the 14th? He told me a week or two ago that he was looking forward to going to Ireland. These concerts have proved very popular. When they

were first suggested, everyone went up in smoke and said they would be a failure. Irish people weren't a bit musical and all the rest of it.

Well, they were wrong. I think Irish people are very susceptible both to music and art.

I have to warn Northern listeners not to listen to Granville Roberts' play *Anniversary* unless their nerves are at less tension than their wireless batteries. It is a shilling shocker and calculated to make your hair rise an inch before the first five minutes are over.

Scotland must listen on the 15th to one of its best sopranos, Marie Thomson. She is singing in a concert by the Scottish Studio Orchestra. Also to an excerpt from *Clarity Cabaret* on the 17th.

Probably you heard *The King's Tryall* a few weeks ago. If so, I shan't ask you how you liked it because I know you did. I was sorry the first half hour wasn't condensed to seven minutes because I was longing to hear the King speak. Farquharson was wonderful in it.

This was Val Gielgud's first experiment with an actual report of a trial. I think he agrees it was too long but that there was nothing else against it. At all events, he tells me he may repeat it later on in the year.

There is something fascinating about having an historical occurrence reconstructed from the actual verbatim reports at the time. Something real about it.

Mr. Gielgud has given Whitaker-Wilson a choice of two or three trials and asked him to search for contemporary reports and do one of them. He has chosen that of Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, the cheery old Jacobite rebellionist of the famous revolt of 1745.

Of course, Simon wasn't a King and you can't expect anything quite so spectacular as the trial of Charles I. Fortunately, we are not given to executing our Kings very often. All the same, Simon was a fine old boy in many ways. A disgraceful old treason-monger at the same time—but courageous.

For the Kiddies

Here is the solution to the Blackboard Crossword Puzzle given last week, in RADIO PICTORIAL:—

- | Across. | Down. |
|--------------|--------------|
| 1. Gathers. | 1. Golliwog. |
| 7. O.B.E. | 2. Able. |
| 8. Vat. | 3. Teacher. |
| 9. Llama. | 4. Evan. |
| 11. Leçon. | 5. R.A. |
| 12. Ho! | 6. Stick. |
| 13. O.K. | 10. Moo. |
| 14. Woe. | 13. Opal. |
| 16. Oarsman. | 15. Oar. |
| 17. G.R. | |

The Enid Trevor Ribbed Suit

(Continued from page Twenty-one)

Join the shoulder seams. Stitch the pocket pieces lightly to the inside of the fronts. Press on wrong side with a hot iron and a damp cloth. Fold the collar in half width-wise and stitch the 2 edges tog., leaving the ends open.

Commencing at the top of the collar, join the two ends tog. with Natural wool, work 1 row of d.c. all round the edges of the coat.

Work 1 more row of d.c. up the right front edge and 4 more rows backwards and forwards along the left front edge to form a flap for the buttons. Place the two pieces of the belt tog., the wrong sides facing each other, and join with 1 row of d.c. all round. Buttonhole-st. round the button-holes.

The Mills Brothers' Story

(Continued from page Twenty)

his way along with the trumpet, was offered a job playing the horn in a local coloured boys' band. Not having one of his own, he tried to borrow one, but failed. It required money to buy a trumpet, and he had none. So he offered to imitate the instrument in the band for the night's engagement for only half pay. He didn't get the job, but it gave him an idea.

That idea he took to his brothers, and they each picked out several instruments, and listened closely to every orchestra they heard in order to perfect their effects.

Financially speaking, matters weren't so good with the Mills family, and the boys found it necessary to quit school and seek work. That was in 1926, and Harry became a bootblack, John tended flowers in a greenhouse, and Herbert turned hod-carrier. But Don didn't search very strenuously for work—in fact, several times when it almost overtook him, he ran the other way. He preferred to sit at home and watch the others bring home the pay envelopes.

When it was suggested that they make a bid for the "big time" broadcasting in New York, they were a bit dubious as to how they would be received.

When they first came to New York their haberdashery and sartorial make-up hardly set them apart from the homeward-bound porters of the studios. But to-day it is another story!

My Adventure in Jermyn Street

(Continued from page Seventeen)

two—that the flat had been shut up ever since they had been away. We actually verified this afterwards.

Then we went upstairs and found that the flat was exactly as I had left it—all the lights were on, and it was quite obvious that no one had been back. Well, we had a good look round. Of course, we found that the dust sheets in the bedroom, which had given me such a turn, were really those off the sitting-room furniture, which had been uncovered for my benefit. However, to cut a long story short, the police made every possible inquiry. They analysed the whisky and the cigarettes, and found them perfectly all right. They hunted for the car and couldn't find it at all. They interviewed the tenants when they came home from India, and they could not help us in the least.

And do you know, from that day to this, not a single fact has ever turned up to throw any light on the affair at all. I am still just as much in the dark as I was then as to who the lady was, who her friends were, why I was got to the flat, or anything about it, and it occurs to me that some of you may have ideas or suggestions to offer, and if you will write to me here—A. J. Alan (one "1" if you don't mind), c/o the B.B.C.—I shall be more than grateful, and if the lady herself will write she shall have her handkerchief back.

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SPECIAL FREE OFFER.—Send a postcard to-day for a liberal sample bottle of D.D.D. Prescription to D.D.D. Laboratories, R.P.13, Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

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BANISHES ALL SKIN TROUBLES

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See Page 2 of this Issue

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 Before using Kotalko my hair was very weak and falling out in combfuls until the scalp was almost bare on top. I had used several tonics. Then I used Kotalko. Before I had finished the second box, my hair seemed stronger. This improvement continued, and the hair is now thick and lustrous and is a thick mass of waves and more healthy looking.
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You can prove to your own satisfaction the remarkable medicinal power of Zam-Buk by sending a postcard (stamped 1d.) for a free sample box. Write, giving your name and address and mentioning RADIO PICTORIAL, 13/4/34, to Zam-Buk, Leeds, 2.



Natives bringing herbs to a forest distillery.



The Set of the
 Week

TELSEN All-electric RADIO-GRAM

The controls and speaker-opening arrangements of the Telsen all-electric radiogram are unusual and attractive, resulting in a cabinet layout that is really pleasing

TELSEN CO., LTD., are to be congratulated on their latest radio-gramophone model 1240. This, as can be seen from the accompanying photograph, is a very modern style receiver.

Practicability has been considered in design and the result is a pleasing set with a fine radio and gramophone performance.

The top of the cabinet opens, disclosing the gramophone turn-table and pick-up equipment. The radio control is done from the front of the cabinet, the tuning scale being rectangular. At the bottom left, harmonising with the cabinet design, is the loud-speaker opening. At the left-hand side of the cabinet, not visible in the photograph, are the wave-change and radio-gram switches. Radio and gramophone volume control is carried out from the front of the set, without the necessity for lifting the cabinet lid.

Performance is up to the best standard one expects from a circuit incorporating two high-frequency pentodes, and low-frequency pentode output.

Practical details are interesting because the Telsen designers have got down to real facts. The

pentode output, for example, feeds into an energised moving-coil speaker; iron-cored screened coils are used throughout resulting in knife-edge selectivity. A high-frequency pentode is used as a detector.

The output is three-watts undistorted, and there is provision for an extra speaker.

Gramophone working is very pleasing with this radio-gram as the Garrard electric motor and turntable unit gives every convenience of operation. The arm of the pick-up operates a fully automatic switch. Lifting the arm and moving it slightly to the right automatically starts the motor and when the end of the record is reached the motor is automatically stopped.

This receiver is for use on alternating current mains, 200—250 volts, 50—60 cycles.

Economy of operation has obviously been considered by the designers, for the consumption is only 48 watts on radio and 70 on gramophone.

Technical details and general finish of this receiver are of the highest quality and this is certainly a radio-gramophone that could be recommended to the discerning user.

The price is 18-guineas and the makers are the Telsen Electric Co., Ltd., Aston, Birmingham.

IN THE COUNTRY—April 13

By Marion Cran

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



"RADIO PICTORIAL"—EVERY FRIDAY

On the Air . . .



(Left) Quentin Maclean, whom you will hear on Wednesday (National). In the photograph below he is listening to his own "mike"



Harry S. Pepper (left) will broadcast on Tuesday, from London Regional. (In circle) Don Rico is besieged by a crowd of ardent admirers outside Colston Hall, Bristol, from which he will broadcast on Friday, this week.



Don Rico with his Gipsy Girls' Band at the microphone

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Orlex imparts colour to streaked, faded or grey hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks.

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Joan Stonehewer, known as "The Soloist on the Saw," busy with the powder-puff.

EVE

sallow, oily skin. And when you are dressing for a dance, remember to use a liquid foundation in white or rachel for your back and arms, to give them the right smooth white surface.

There are certain little tricks you can play with the powder puff if you are careful to use it lightly. A light-toned powder on the nose between the eyes will give an effect of width, and a touch of a darker tone will give an illusion of a "bridge."

THE first and most important lesson in make-up is the right way to use a powder puff. Apart from the fact that there are so many people who regard any other kind of make-up as anathema, powder is the basis of every beauty course.

First, as to colour. Though it is, of course, possible to do startling things with mauve and green powders, the general rule is to blend your powder with the colour of your hair, eyes and skin. The blonde, blue-eyed damsel chooses a medium rachel, the dark haired, olive skinned beauty, special rachel; for white hair and blue or grey eyes, there is a dark rachel, and a pale mat foncé powder is good for the red-haired and fair skinned.

The choice of a right foundation is just as important as the correct shade of powder. Vanishing cream often proves too drying, and in this case a thin film of a light, cold cream should be used instead. A liquid powder foundation is extremely useful for covering up any scar or skin blemish you want to hide, and is also especially good for a



A labour-saving baking tin with a strainer lip and indented handles. It not only pours out the gravy without spilling, but automatically strains it as well.

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

DORIS GILMORE'S numerous admirers will be pleased to hear that on April 26 their favourite is again to be "on the air" in "Seven Days' Sunshine." She will play an amusing part of a seashick girl on a cruise.

Below are two recipes for supper dishes, her favourite meal and one that is always hopefully shared by Robin Ginger Hamlet, commonly known as "Binski," a faithful four-footed Irish Terrier pal.

KEDGEREE

4 oz. boiled rice; 2 hard-boiled eggs; chopped parsley; 3 oz. butter; 1 cooked smoked haddock; a little grated nutmeg and seasoning.

Boil rice carefully and allow it to dry; remove all skin and bones from fish and flake finely; chop egg whites and rub yolks through a wire sieve; warm butter and add rice, fish, egg whites, nutmeg to taste and seasoning, mix well and stir over a low fire until very hot (or heat in a double saucepan). Pile mixture on a dish and decorate with the sieved yolks and parsley. Serve with or without curry sauce.

KIDNEY CRUSTADES

Cut some bread about 2 inches thick into rounds and mark the centres with a smaller cutter, scoop out the middles, brush over with seasoned beaten egg and coat with bread-crumbs.

Skin, wash and chop two kidneys; fry half a small chopped onion in 1 oz. of butter, add kidneys and fry lightly for about 5 minutes, turning often; remove from pan and add ½ oz. flour to the butter and 1 gill of stock. Season and stir until boiling; then put back the kidneys, stand the pan in another of boiling water for 10 minutes—fry the bread in boiling fat until a golden brown, drain well, fill hollows with the kidneys and serve immediately.



The new material "Tantex" is the last word in style. Being light and cool, it will be ideal for summer wear. It makes this very attractive frock, which can be had in many colours, including ivory, pink, nil green and sky.

and the MIKE

Always use your powder puff downwards, otherwise the fine down on your face is brushed the wrong way up and spoils the smooth mat appearance. Never put fresh powder on your face without first washing off the old; and don't powder twice as so many people do—once before they leave home and then again in the cloakroom where they seem unable to resist having another dab or two. It is that extra touch, when your nose is already powdered to perfection, that is just that little bit too much. Powder once only, and then lightly, removing every extra trace.

WANTED—HOUSEHOLD HINTS
 DO you know any useful hints, any practical suggestions for making housework lighter? Every housewife has her own methods of doing things; she is bound to have little secrets—dress-making, cookery, or laundry hints—that she has discovered for herself. What is your hint? Send it in to me, and for every one published on this page, the sender will receive a Postal Order for five shillings. Please mark the envelope "Household Hint," and address it to "Margot," RADIO PICTORIAL, 58/61 Fetter Lane, E.C.4.

COLOUR NOTES
 No more matched ensembles; light over dark, or dark over light is the prevailing rule. Pastel blue, pale pinks, yellows and greens are used with black, and black with white is, as always, very smart. Cardigan suits are often seen in three different colours—the cardigan in a deeper shade than the jumper, with a contrasting skirt. Dark slate-blue, with lighter blue and a beige tweed



Sports socks with ribbed tops of Lastex yarn. On the right, a Lystalite model showing a new version of the upturned brim.

skirt or two shades of green with a brown checked skirt, are very effective.

Linen is a very popular fabric—and not only for frocks and suits designed for cruising and warmer climates. I saw a linen jacket in red and black plaid combined with a black wool skirt to make a very attractive ensemble. Taffeta, too, is combined with wool in the same way. Alpaca has been revived to make very neat and crisp little afternoon suits, usually in dark blue, and cellophane fabrics, looking like rather shiny, soft woollen materials, are much in evidence. Tie-silks, slipper satin, dull crêpes, organzie, organza, lace—these are also used for blouses and afternoon and evening dresses.

DO YOU KNOW THIS ?

Here is a short cut to the making of parsley sauce, when you are having a morning's cooking and time runs short. Put the parsley on a plate, and stand it on the gas stove under the gas ring. This will dry it and cause it to flake up in your fingers afterwards. The parsley, however, does not remain so green this way.

NOW'S THE TIME

Walls that have been treated with a washable paint or distemper should be washed with ordinary soap and water—or a little paraffin in the water helps to clean a very dirty place. Always



A summery three-piece in pastel shades with dark sweater. Both these models by Harrods.

work from the bottom upwards, as trickles of dirty water, once they have dried, are difficult to remove.

White paint can be washed with very little trouble with warm soapy water. Rinse out the flannel in clean water, and go over the paint a second time. Never use soda in the water.

Margot



Write to "MARGOT" About It

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

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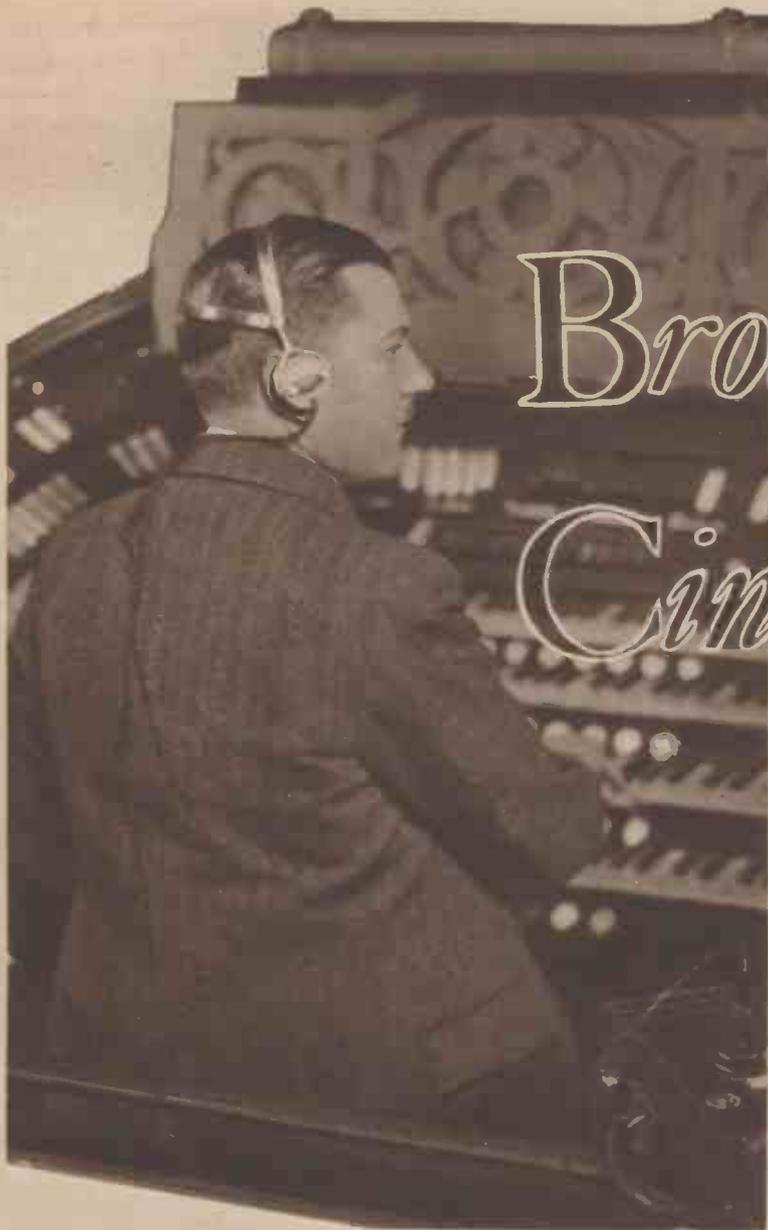
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REGINALD FOORT, F.R.C.O.

tells you about

Broadcasting the Cinema Organ



Reginald Foort is a pioneer organ broadcaster and devised an ingenious scheme for listening-in to his own broadcasts. In the accompanying photograph you can see him wearing head-phones connected to a pilot receiver

gave the "Bells of Marble Arch" as a distinctive opening call signal.

As I had fixed a contract as organist at the Regal, Marble Arch, I determined to get the organ suitable for broadcasting and thirty-seven alterations were made before the B.B.C. would give it an O.K.

Some of my broadcasts are given during a theatre show, while numbers are given especially for the B.B.C., when the cinemas are closed.

It is always a trouble to get absolute silence, because, although the general public probably does not realise it, a big cinema practically never closes.

Broadcasting is less trouble because a little extraneous noise does not matter and there is not the same accuracy needed in timing as when I am trying to squeeze several popular numbers on one side of a 10-inch disc.

When you sit in a theatre and listen to a cinema organ, you probably do not realise what a large space in the theatre is taken up by the whole equipment.

There are special battery and switchboard rooms, a compressor pump room and an ante-room carrying glass-fronted boxes full of contacts—apart from the large organ chambers which are generally situated above the proscenium arch, or on one side of the theatre.

The B.B.C. engineers have to do quite a lot of experimenting before they discover the ideal position for placing the microphone.

They have to check up the average volume of sound from each of the chambers, and they judge the effect of the organ as a whole. The microphone positions have to be carefully calculated with respect to bass and treble pipes and so on.

You must remember that many of the big pipes found in the largest organs are not by any means easy to broadcast. Most of the old organ pipes imitated one or other of the conventional orchestra instruments, the oboe, or flute, for instance.

Modern pipes such as the kinura and krumet are recent developments from the oboe and give a much sharper and more penetrating tone.

They produce that snappy effect which is the characteristic of jazz music on a cinema organ.

People who do not know very much about cinema organ broadcasts often say that their favourite tone is that of the vox humana, the stop which is intended to imitate the human voice. It may interest you to know that the average vox humana stop is not a very good imitation of the human voice and is seldom used by itself.

When you listen to a cinema organ broadcast and say "What a wonderful vox humana that organ has," you will generally find that this tone is being used with some other, probably the tibia clausa—the stop which produces that wonderful running glissando effect.

THE organ is the most difficult instrument of all to broadcast and record. The compass between the lowest notes on the pedals and the highest pipes of two-feet pitch is enormous. The way in which the B.B.C. and gramophone engineers have overcome all the difficulties is amazing.

My first experience of the "mike" in front of a cinema organ was at the New Gallery, the famous London cinema, way back in 1926. In those days the Gramophone Company used the small Queen's Hall near Oxford Circus as a recording studio.

It never entered their heads to bring all the complicated electrical gear required into the theatre. They simply hung a microphone up in front of the organ and connected it up through Post Office telephone lines to the small Queen's Hall.

These were ordinary telephone lines going through the Gerrard exchange. Of course, they were balanced by the engineers, but it is rather remarkable that, with the accepted frequency cut-off of land lines and the number of times we were cut off in the middle of a microphone session, we got as good results as we did.

Readers whose listening experience goes back to 1926 will remember when I first broadcast from that cinema and how, almost within a few days, cinema organ broadcasts caught the public fancy.

I had broadcast before then, for I was really one of the first pianists to broadcast from the old Marconi House studio when 2LO was the London station.

B.B.C. engineers went to the New Gallery cinema to hear Fred Kitchen's orchestra and

make balance tests with a view to broadcasting. They happened to hear me playing the organ, so decided to broadcast that, too.

That was in the days of silent films, and I had to choose my items so that, as far as possible, they would fit in with the pictures on the screen. Occasionally I was invited to give a special evening broadcast and then I had to choose my programme weeks ahead, so that it could be printed.

I simply had to hope for good luck that the pieces I chose would synchronise with the films.

I vividly remember that on one occasion I was most unfortunate; my broadcast of a selection of "Carmen" and a group of popular Schubert pieces came in the middle of an excruciatingly funny Buster Keaton film.

I do not think a note of my music was heard above the continuous shouts of laughter and, of course, any attempt at synchronising the music with the film was impossible. That was a wonderful piece of unintentional advertising for the cinema!

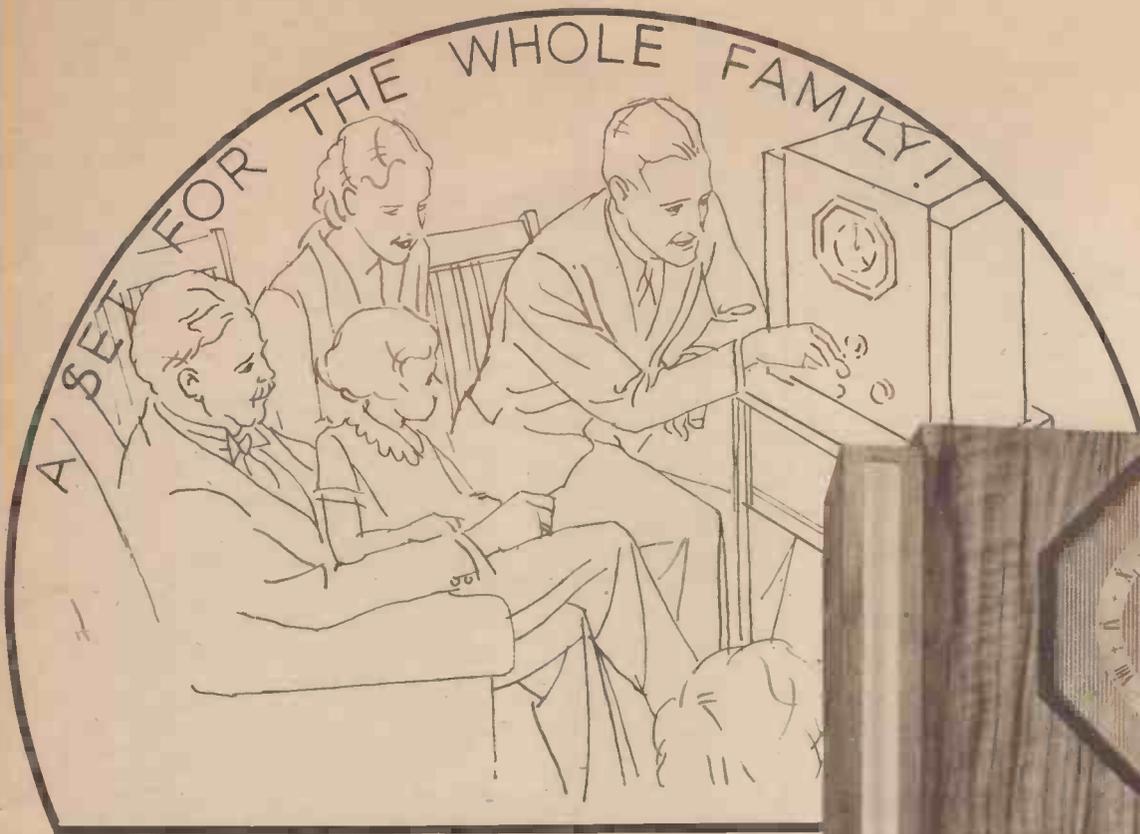
Later on, I accepted an appointment as organist of the Regent, Bournemouth, where I had a wonderful organ for broadcasting.

The hire of Post Office trunk lines through to Bournemouth cost the B.B.C. about £10 every time I broadcast.

My present new organ is ideal for broadcasting and gramophone recording and I intend carrying out an extensive programme with both.

An extraordinary thing is that the famous Regal, Marble Arch, organ was rejected as unsuitable for broadcasting when the B.B.C. engineers first made a balance test on it.

That is the organ, you may remember, which has the £2,000 carillon of bells and on which I



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Something entirely new in tuning dials takes the centre place in this ultra-modern cabinet. The tuning dial is designed like a clock face and will appeal at once to the keen constructor and to his non-technical family.

As you will see from the illustration, the cabinet incorporates two vertical chromium-plated bars on each side. Besides being ornamental, they have as well a practical function in the set's operations. The bars are ingeniously arranged so that one forms a unique form of local station aerial and the other can be used as an earth.

Every station in Europe that has entertainment value can be logged with ease. The set is remarkably cheap to build and battery consumption is low.

Full details of this startling new receiver together with simple building instructions are given in this week's issue of "Amateur Wireless," on sale to-day, price 3d.

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