

OLIVER BALDWIN'S - "TRUTH ABOUT ANNOUNCERS"

RADIO PICTORIAL 2^D

EVERY FRIDAY



The CUP FINAL

Exclusive Article by B.B.C. Commentator

WHEN the B.B.C. CLOSES DOWN

By JOHN TRENT

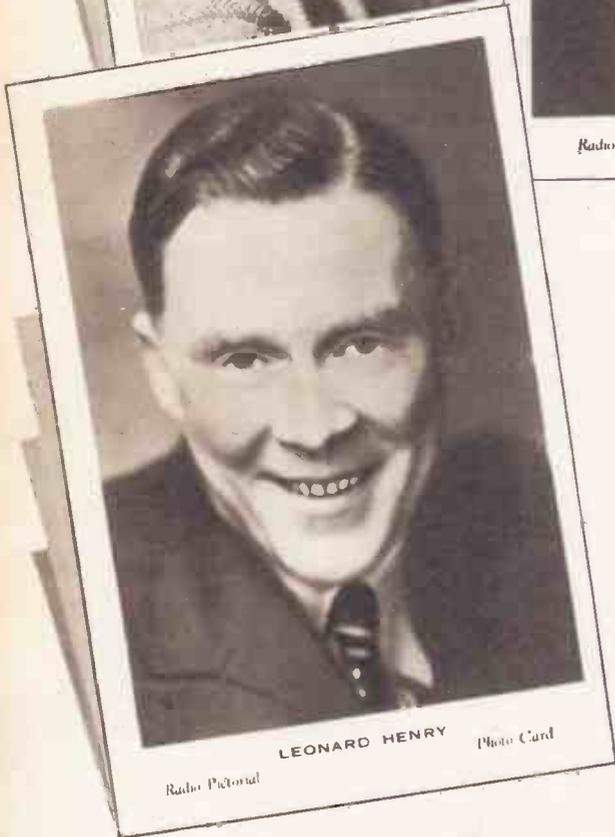
A RADIO CITY for the B.B.C.?

AMBROSE + Page Portrait

GEORGE F. ALLISON
POPULAR SPORTS COMMENTATOR

12 BEAUTIFUL PORTRAITS of FAMOUS RADIO STARS for

1/3



Here's a fascinating new hobby for you!
Collecting these 'positively lifelike' photographs of your radio favourites.

RADIO PICTORIAL has instituted a unique photograph service whereby readers can obtain, for the small sum of 1s. 3d., a set of a dozen beautiful photographs in black and white with a de luxe semi-matt finish.

Never before has such a variety of portraits of such marvellous quality been produced—and remember that only **RADIO PICTORIAL** could offer them to you at so low a price.

Now select 12 from list at the foot of the page, write them on a sheet of paper together with your name and address, affix the coupon cut from the bottom left-hand corner of page 24 of this issue, enclose P.O. for 1s. 3d. and post to:—

"RADIO STARS,"
RADIO PICTORIAL,
58-61 Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

* If more than one dozen required increase amount of P.O. by 1/3 per dozen.

MAKE YOUR CHOICE FROM THE FOLLOWING—

LEONARD HENRY
ESTHER COLEMAN
CAPT. WAKELAM
A. LLOYD JAMES
JOHN THORNE
REGINALD PURDELL
JAMES AGATE
M. STEPHAN
CHRISTOPHER STONE
S. P. B. MAIS
GERSHOM PARKINGTON QUINTET
B.B.C. NATIONAL CHORUS
B.B.C. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
HAROLD KIMBERLEY
JOHN ARMSTRONG
FLORENCE DESMOND
HAVER & LEE
FLOTSAM & JETSAM
LEW STONE

SIR HENRY WOOD
GEORGE ALLISON
ANDRE CHARLOT
BILLY BENNETT
BRANSBY WILLIAMS
JEAN MELVILLE
ALEXANDER & MOSE
COMMANDER S. KING-HALL
HERMIONE GINGOLD
DORA GREGORY
LESLIE SARONY
BROOKMANS PARK
EFFECTS STUDIO
B.B.C. WIRELESS MILITARY BAND
ANONA WINN
LILIAN HARRISON
REGINALD NEW
VIVIENNE CHATTERTON
VAUDEVILLE STUDIO

MABEL CONSTANDUROS
EMILIO COLOMBO
WALFORD HYDEN
BERTINI
JEANNE DE CASALIS
RONALD GOURLEY
JACK HYLTON
RICHARD TAUBERT
VERNON BARTLETT
DENIS O'NEIL
LESLIE WESTON
BROADCASTING HOUSE
THE ROOSTERS CONCERT PARTY
PARRY JONES
ALBERT SANDLER
JANE CARR
HARRY HEMSLEY

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

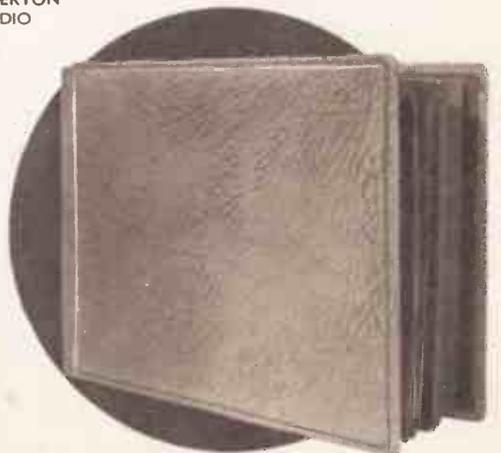
"STAINLESS STEPHEN"

JOHN COATES

BILLY MERRIN

free!

How would you like to keep your collection of Radio Stars in one of these handsome albums?
Measuring 10½" wide, 7½" deep, by 1½" thick and stoutly bound in beautiful blue art leather, they hold 144 portraits.
All you have to do is start collecting these fine photographs and when you have had 12 sets send 6d. (overseas readers 1/6) to cover cost of postage and packing and the album will be sent to you FREE!
Send for your first set of portraits TO-DAY.





AMBROSE

The ever-popular dance music director who has won millions of radio-listener friends by his broadcasts from the May Fair Hotel, the Embassy Club and the B.B.C. studios

BIND YOUR RADIO PICTORIALS into a HANDSOME VOLUME

YOU will find it well worth while keeping your copies of "Radio Pictorial" as you will find that a file will provide a wealth of pictorial and reading matter of vital interest in connection with the broadcasting world. Handy self-binders have now been produced in which you can keep your copies of "Radio Pic.", each holding twenty-six issues. These binders, which are of stout material forming a handy volume, have the lettering "Radio Pictorial" embossed in gold on the backs.

The special "M.B." Cordex system of binding is used, the centre of the binder carrying a number of resilient cords on which, week by week, the copies are slipped and thus held firmly in position. No bookbinders' charge is thus involved, as by simply inserting your "Radio Pic." every week you build up the complete volume.

These binders can be obtained, price 4s. 6d., post free, from the Publishing Department, "Radio Pictorial," 58/61 Fetter Lane, E.C.4.

Radio Pictorial — No. 15

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

The TRUTH about Announcers



A well-known woman announcer at the microphone, Trude Heinz, at Hamburg

THE announcer has a peculiar attraction for people interested in broadcasting.

It seems so simple to read programmes from a printed sheet at intermittent times during a broadcast programme that it is as well to realise what a hard and thankless job it is.

Not only does the announcer have to put in long hours of work; his qualifications must be many and varied.

For one thing, he has to possess a good micro-

phone voice, also a thorough knowledge of French, a good knowledge of German, and a general understanding of the pronunciation of three or four other languages which he may or may not understand.

Added to these qualifications, he must be a man of great charm—and greater tact when he has to do with visitor-speakers on the air.

His voice must be sympathetic and well modulated. Worst of all, after six o'clock in the evening he has to dress up in a stiff shirt, stiff collar, and patent leather shoes!

He, like all the other workers on the B.B.C., must have the temperament of a Guardsman, so that he stands to attention with heels at 45 degrees, and thumbs well behind the seam of the trousers, when spoken to by any of the flag or field officers that control the artistic and entertainment side of the Corporation.

Owing to the slowness of advancement, the announcer tends to become a talking robot. The only chance he has of showing his creative ability is when something happens and there is a hitch in the programme.

Announcers are best known by their reading of the general news bulletins, and one realises how easy it is for an announcer to become stale when we hear this being read.

I should like to see experiments

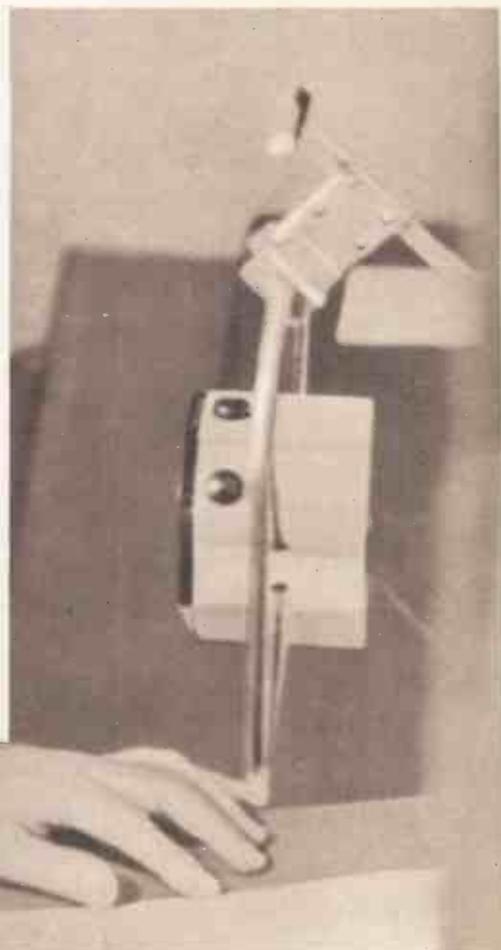
tried in new ways of reading the news bulletins.

It would be interesting to see how the public would react to a news bulletin read by Christopher Stone, or by an actor with a strong declamatory style. And I am not at all sure that another experiment could not be made by having the items announced in a dead level voice of loud declamation, after the style of a man rehearsing a pageant.

Continued on page 20

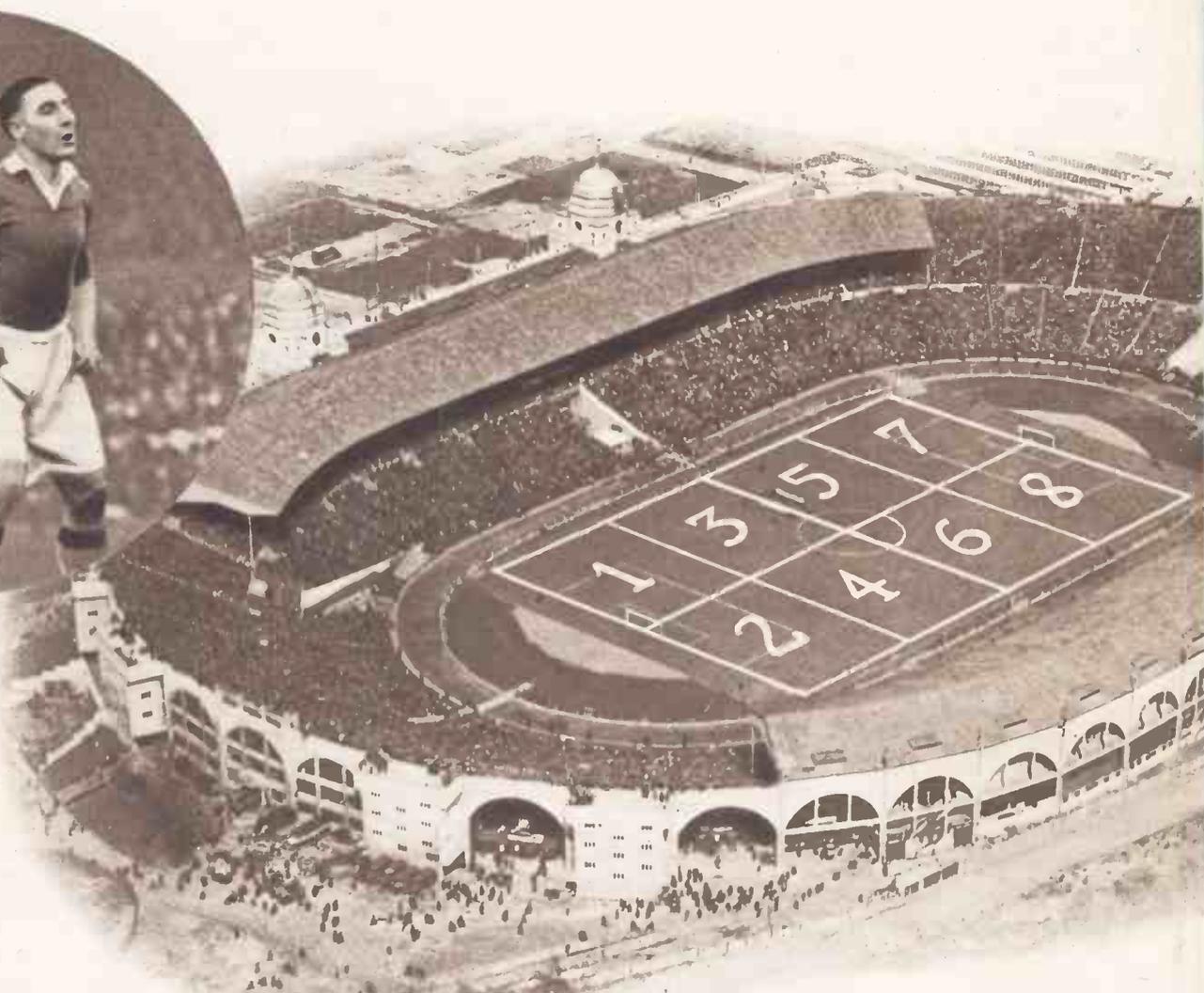


His voice is known to millions —Stuart Hibberd, the senior announcer of the B.B.C.





Use this numbered ground plan of the Wembley Stadium when you listen to George Allison's commentary on Manchester City v. Portsmouth to-morrow. This plan enables you to follow the progress of the game and the numbers shown will be used in the broadcast



George Allison, the author of this "Radio Pictorial" exclusive article and the man you will hear at the Cup Final microphone

THESE years gallop along all too fast for me. I am afraid I am so steeped in football that I have begun to reckon the passing of time by the important events in the "Soccer" calendar.

My recollections of last year's thriller at the Empire Stadium, when Everton beat Manchester City, are still vividly clear in my memory. And now another year has slipped away and I am again to "tell the world" all about the Cup Final, in which Manchester City once more take part, with Portsmouth as their opponents.

There is a bump of vanity in all of us. Some merely disguise it better than others. This thought occurs to me because I am tempted to tell you a little story against myself.

How well I remember, late in 1926, receiving a telephone call from Savoy Hill. "Was I the Mr. Allison, the football expert?"

As the thief said to the policeman when he was caught red-handed, there's no use denying it. This was not exactly my reply, but it was words to that effect.

Would I care to do a trial broadcast of a football match—a running commentary—not for the world to hear, but for the edification of the controller of the B.B.C. programmes? Would I go to Savoy Hill and then proceed to the Arsenal Stadium, accompanied by the impresario who was to judge my abilities as a commentator?

Delighted, of course, and not a little flattered to think I had been singled out for this pleasing distinction.

It never occurred to me that I was not the

only pebble on the beach. Such is the frailty of human conceit.

I visualised myself being greeted at Savoy Hill with all the deference my exalted position in the football world deserved.

I duly arrived and, having given my name to the janitor, I was ushered into the waiting-room.

And here is my confession. To my momentary astonishment, the room was filled with old friends of mine and other aspiring commentators I had not met before. I covered my fleeting embarrassment with a cheery "Hello, everybody." What a splendid corrective the hard school of experience is, to be sure.

We eventually arrived at the Arsenal ground. The audition was something of a trial.

First one and then the other described a few minutes of the play in a reserve match of no importance, and at the end of the game I was asked if I would broadcast the forthcoming Cup-Tie at the Crystal Palace between the Corinthians and Newcastle United.

That was my first appearance before the microphone. It certainly was an ordeal, talking at top speed for two solid hours.

I had thought a good deal about how I would do it, but I had had no experience of this sort of thing. For a time I was slightly baffled by the speed of the play, but I became so engrossed in the game that my initial nervousness soon disappeared.

Nor did I worry at all when some snappy youth opened the door of the broadcasting kiosk and, pushing his head near the microphone, shouted: "Tell 'em Bill's here from Scunthorpe, mister." Why he should think the world might want to know where "Bill" was, I can't imagine. Perhaps he was tickled to death at the thought

George F. ALLISON, the famous B.B.C. Commentator, on his—

Cup Final Broadcast

the movements of the players and mention their names with such rapidity. I have been asked if I am always "behind" the actual play. No, I am not.

I forget how many thousand miles a second sound travels, but listen carefully when I tell you a goal has been scored and judge by the roar of the crowd whether you or they "saw" it first.

The ability to broadcast a fast-moving game—and for speed "Soccer" is second only to ice-hockey—means an expert knowledge of the game, the faculty for memorising the names of each individual player, and to recognise each one instantly (oh, those French and Austrian names!), a quick and unerring eye, the synchronising of the eye, the brain and the tongue, and, last but not least, the power instantaneously to express in words what the eye has seen.



B.B.C. Outside Broadcast engineers have to tackle many difficult jobs—and while every broadcast is in progress the transmission is checked for technical faults by engineers wearing headphones

that he had got away from Scunthorpe.

In that year I broadcast the Cup Final, the Derby, and the Grand National, as well as many important football matches. And in the intervening years I have tried my hand—or, rather, tongue—at international ice hockey, motor speed-boat tests, and a variety of other things.

I have broadcast American football matches in New York and talked on sporting subjects in Chicago and Hollywood, but my happiest hours have been spent with my "Soccer" friends at home.

Broadcasting "Soccer" football is always a joy to me. I love the game, and I try to impart some of my enthusiasm to my listeners. When I am talking I try to visualise those people whose only chance of enjoying the thrills and excitement of a football match is through the medium of the radio.

I think of my blind friends especially. I know they love music. I understand how they enjoy the drama and the witticisms of the comedians; but, above all, I realise that they want to "see" things for themselves.

So I try to give them a word picture of everything that comes before my eyes. I try to take them with me. We just sit down and enjoy the game together.

We follow the players and the ball. We get excited together and we jump when a goal is scored. It is all good fun. I get my full share of it.

People often ask me how it is that I can follow



At the commentators' microphone—George Allison (centre) and Graham McNamee the famous American sports broadcaster

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Payne and Georges Carpentier—a happy snap taken during Jack's recent successful flying visit to the Continent.



What's Happening in the Broadcasting World

When Eric Walked Out

THE whole variety department, headed by Eric Maschwitz, its chief, walked out of Broadcasting House last week. No, it was not a strike, and many of them did not want to leave, but new quarters had been prepared for them in offices above St. George's Hall, so they had to move.

John Sharman was already in possession and he has been joined by Gordon McConnel, Denis Freeman, John Watt, Charles Brewer, and the others. Now that they are in, they seem comfortable; but those on the third floor would be grateful for a lift.

Crooner's Throat

NO prima donna ever took more care of her throat than some of the crooners who broadcast, and I know one lady who will take nothing more than an egg beaten up in port within six hours of her performance.

Another, a dance-band vocalist, took to having his throat sprayed by a specialist. It began when he had a slight cold, and now he finds that his crooning suffers unless he has a fortnightly spray. He cannot do without it.

But not everyone has to take this care, and Les Allen, when I asked him, said that he did nothing. Yet his voice is as smooth as any. Some singers find smoking harmful, but Les likes his cigarette.

A Mixed Caste

HENRY Hall paid a surprise visit to the Gaumont-British studios in search of talent for his guest night. They were shooting on the set, and Henry got mixed up with the caste. As a result, he was photographed with Anna May Wong, George Robey, Betty Balfour, and our old friend Jetsam. I wish that the man with the deep voice could find time to broadcast again with Flotsam.

RADIO GOSSIP

By "Newsmonger"

Later, Betty Balfour came along to Broadcasting House, looking as pretty as she does on the screen, which is more than can be said of many stars.

Television's New Home

I watched Joseph Wagstaff showing a dance to Betty Astell, who was to be his partner in a television programme. It had an intricate "routine," as dancers say, but Betty is a quick pupil and after two hours' rehearsal in the studio the dance was ready for transmission. The same steps had been rehearsed for two weeks before the stage show.

These television programmes are now broadcast from a house in Portland Place, four doors away from Broadcasting House, the studio on the first floor occupying what used to be the drawing-room.

The previous owner would probably fret to see what liberties have been taken with the place. Windows have been blocked up, fireplaces and ceilings have been covered, and wires have been laid in the parquet floor.

While You Wait

WRITING of this transformation reminds me that the entrance-hall is to be changed at the Big House. A second reception desk is to be built on the far side of the hall, and as visitors enter they will be asked whether they are artists or others. In this way, the sheep will be separated from the goats.

Artists will receive a welcome at one side of the hall while business callers will hand in their cards at the other. And there will be more seats for people waiting for an appointment.

This will be good news for at least one frequent caller who sometimes has to wait half an hour. At present, he feigns sleep to avoid having to move up continually!

Watch This Man

IT was a blow to John Southern when the London Pavilion had to shut down for re-building. At one time he had three theatres in the West End running variety bills—the London Pavilion, the Garrick, and the Victoria Palace—and he was friendly to broadcasting. Watch this manager; his attitude to the B.B.C. may change the whole course of relations between broadcasting and the vaudeville stage. Obviously, they can help each other and any change of front means better variety programmes.

Of course, there are bound to be quarrels about details, clashings of bookings, and so on; but once the big men have got together, the smaller fry will follow, and there should be much less serious trouble.

George Black is roping in a strong radio troupe for the Command Performance. Already he has Elsie and Doris Waters and the Western Brothers, besides Henry Hall.

Can't We Hear Them?

NOT content with the talks which they arrange for broadcasting everyday, the staff at the B.B.C. are always fixing private pow-wows, and the subjects discussed by the debating society cover

about as wide a range as the talks programme itself. The other day, Rose Macaulay and "Fougasse" were talking about the consideration shown to animal pets. I should like to hear these two and wish some of the debates could be broadcast. Derek McCulloch spoke at this session, and if a microphone could be slipped in one day we should get a human picture of some of our radio celebrities. Now that the B.B.C. wants us all to get to know the staff, why not do it this way?

Rehearsing with a Cold

I looked in on the rehearsal of the London Pavilion show at St. George's Hall. I was very sorry for Denis O'Neil. He had a perfectly shocking cold. His voice was so weak that John Sharman had him out in the centre of the hall to sing into the front microphone. As John said, he didn't really care two hoots whether the hall audience heard him or not, because they are not the first consideration, but he was afraid listeners would not hear him.

Denis went off quite cheerfully to see his doctor, who must have known what he was about, for Denis's was not too bad at night. I listened to note how he managed to sing.

A Music-hall Sweetheart

Marie Kendal won all hearts. She has been on the halls for over forty years; she's a perfect marvel. As lively as a cricket, taking part in teaching the chorus her songs—even conducting them herself. We all bellowed *Dorothy Dean* at the top of our voices, which delighted Marie. *Cheero, Lady!* Stick to it: you have plenty of vitality left in you yet!

Gert and Daisy

My nice young friend Doris Waters rang me up during the week. She and Elsie had been down to Dorking for a few days, and had returned to London for a broadcast. She told me Elsie had been not at all well lately, the chief of her troubles being tonsillitis. They had been compelled to cut out several engagements.

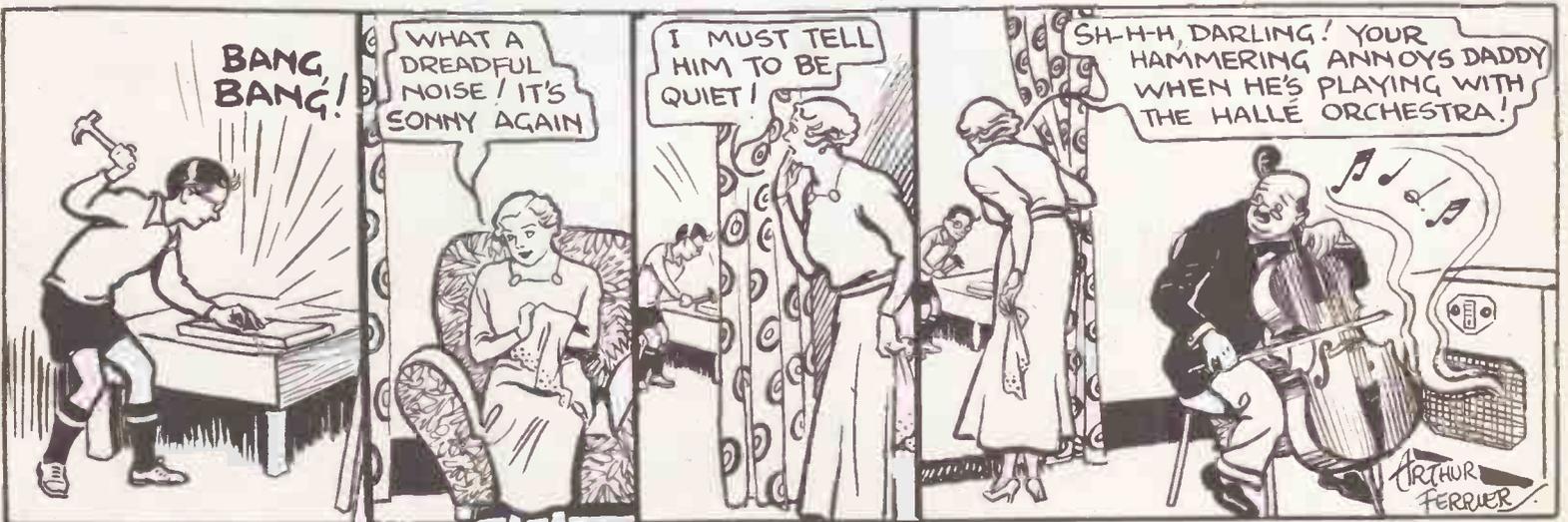
I asked her how they had been getting on in their tour round the country. Doris said the popularity of Gert and Daisy surprised them both. They have only to turn round to the piano to take up their hats and coats for a round of applause to be given them.

Trying Something New

I was sitting in a North Regent Street café, having my tea, when Kneale Kelley came in. He had been spending a couple of hours rehearsing the Eight Step Sisters. He looked quite worn out, but explained that he had been trying something very new on them, and they had not taken to it as quickly as they generally do.

As we walked together over to Broadcasting House we fell to talking about hyper-modern music and its value, if any, to broadcasting. We were of the same opinion. Still, it won't make any difference what we thought. They'll do it just the same.

The Twiddleknobs—by FERRIER



Who's in it...?
How's it done...?
WHAT?
THE
ROYAL COMMAND
VARIETY SHOW!
This is one of the star variety broadcasts of the year, and the novel arrangements made by the B.B.C. form the subject of a special feature in next week's issue—
The Command Performance
—Story and Pictures.

Ten Thousand Postcards!

During the afternoon I thought I would go and have a look at Val Gielgud to see how he had fared with his postcards in response to that appeal of his. I found him swallowing aspirin for a headache. "I hear you have had a postcard," I said, provocatively. Val looked at me for a moment in silence. "I have had *ten thousand*," he said. "Serve you right," said I. "Have you read them all yourself?" "Eighteen hundred of them," said Val.

He told me that they were most encouraging, and that fully twenty per cent. told him not to take any notice of hostile critics. Very gratifying. All he has now to do is to keep on keeping on.

Stanley's New Production

Mrs. Stanley Holloway rang me up the other morning. I wanted to see him, but Mrs. Stanley begged me to allow him another week as he has been working all day and most of the night over a production. So I told her he needn't pick his musket up this week but that I should take no refusal next.

You mean 15.30!

I rang up Mr. Hamilton Marr of the copyright department at Broadcasting House on the day the B.B.C. finally decided to use the twenty-four hour clock scheme. I knew three weeks had been given to the staff to get into the new way of talking about the afternoon hours before the public was asked to join in.

I wanted to arrange an interview. "About half-past three will suit me, if it is all right for you," he said. "You mean 15.30, don't you?"

I said. "I beg your pardon. I don't quite understand."

I told him I knew he had three weeks to get into the new idea, but I had imagined he had *already begun*. He was highly amused at being caught out.

From Skegness and Back

Radio artists are often hard put to it to meet all the calls on their time, but not many of them have to work as hard as Harry Hemsley did in the recent production of *Easter Eggs*.

He happened to be taking part in a show at Skegness at the time. In order to attend rehearsals, he had to leave Skegness by the 6.30 train every morning to arrive in London for the 10.30 rehearsal.

Then back again by the 5.30 train to Boston, where a car waited for him to cover the last twenty-four miles in half an hour, arriving just in time for the show. It was only on the actual evening of the *Easter Eggs* broadcast that Skegness had to do without Harry Hemsley's turn.

Tommy on Newcomers

I walked down Regent Street with Tommy Handley the other morning. He was very full of beans, as usual. We fell to talking about broadcasting. Why I don't know, neither of us is interested in it. However, Tommy was talking about some of the newer comedians, and was saying he thought there was really some new talent about which should take some of the strain from the older birds.

I was surprised to hear him talk so frankly. I think you may appreciate his view. He pointed out that these young comedians apply for an audition, take up a script full of good gags, and get accepted. Eventually they appear before the microphone. Then everyone says what marvels they are. Really funny, and so on and so forth.

After Ten Years!

"But wait," said Tommy, "until they have been at it for ten years and have established a reputation which takes living up to. They will not find it so easy then."

That is very true. The youngster succeeds because he has new ideas and a new technique with it. When his style is set he has heartbreaking moments thinking out something new to say.

An Empire Talk

I spent a pleasant half hour one afternoon rehearsing for an Empire talk. My first, as a matter of fact. Cecil Madden was my tutor and very good he proved. One may not speak at any speed for Empire broadcasting, because people in Australia miss half of it. It has to be quite measured. The job is to keep it conversational. Still, it is worth trying to do well, because they do appreciate it, miles from anywhere. My talk is to be Blattnerphoned and sent out five times in all. Weird thought, addressing the world!

At the Microphone with the—



The Boswell Sisters—
radio stars in the Col-
umbia Broadcasting
chain

BOSWELL Sisters

On September 14, 1928, the Boswells left the South to accept a six-weeks' engagement in Chicago. The cool reception which awaited these young unknowns on their arrival in the big city contrasted strangely with the enthusiastic ovations they received once they had been heard.

All theatre-going Chicago realized that these pretty dark-haired Southern girls were capable of producing vocal harmonies which were different from anything they had ever heard.

After touring the Middle West, the girls settled down in San Francisco to devote themselves almost exclusively to radio and film work.

Children's NEWS MOTTO

by Commander Stephen KING-HALL

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

" from the toil
Of dropping buckets into empty wells
And growing old in drawing nothing up."

These lines were written in *The Task*, Book 111, by a poet called William Cowper (1731-1800). You will find the key to news item on page 19.

other—
Martha is
oldest, Connie
next, and then Vet—
they have always done
everything together.

Once the art school which they attended held a Christmas poster contest. Although each of the sisters was proficient in her particular line, no single one had the all-round ability to produce a prize-winning poster.

So, while Connie conceived the idea, Vet did the actual drawing and Martha contributed the lettering and borders. Needless to say, their poster brought home the prize. It has been just this spirit of co-operation which has enabled them to garner prizes ever since.

All during their school days the Boswells appeared at various home-town entertainments. Before long New Orleans began to sit up and take notice, for here were three beautiful youngsters who could play the old classics, set feet tapping to "hot" rhythms, vocalize expertly and even write their own songs.

Thus, even their stern father could only nod his head in approval when he returned from Florida.

Their first professional appearances were in vaudeville houses in and around New Orleans. Through stage contacts they became acquainted with the microphone and quickly became great air favourites in the South.

A BUSINESS trip taken by their father was the prime factor in starting the Boswells on their radio careers. If Mr. Boswell had not left New Orleans for Florida on an extended trip some six years ago, the Boswell sisters might still be playing stately minuets and sedate classical selections on that time-honoured trio of strings; the violin, 'cello and piano.

But the train had hardly left the station, carrying with it their stern musical mentor, when the three volatile girls—Connie, Martha and Vet—laid aside the trappings of classicality and took up a more congenial set of instruments.

With Connie playing the sax, Vet the banjo, and Martha the piano, the "St. Louis Blues" replaced the melodies of Brahms.

With the discovery of popular rhythms came the desire to sing the tunes they played, and from this transition emerged the Boswell Sisters, specialists in vocal harmonies—vocal harmonies which have brought them fame and fortune through their broadcasts over the Columbia network.

To-day they appear as co-stars of "Music That Satisfies" over the Columbia network, and are famous in this country on gramophone records.

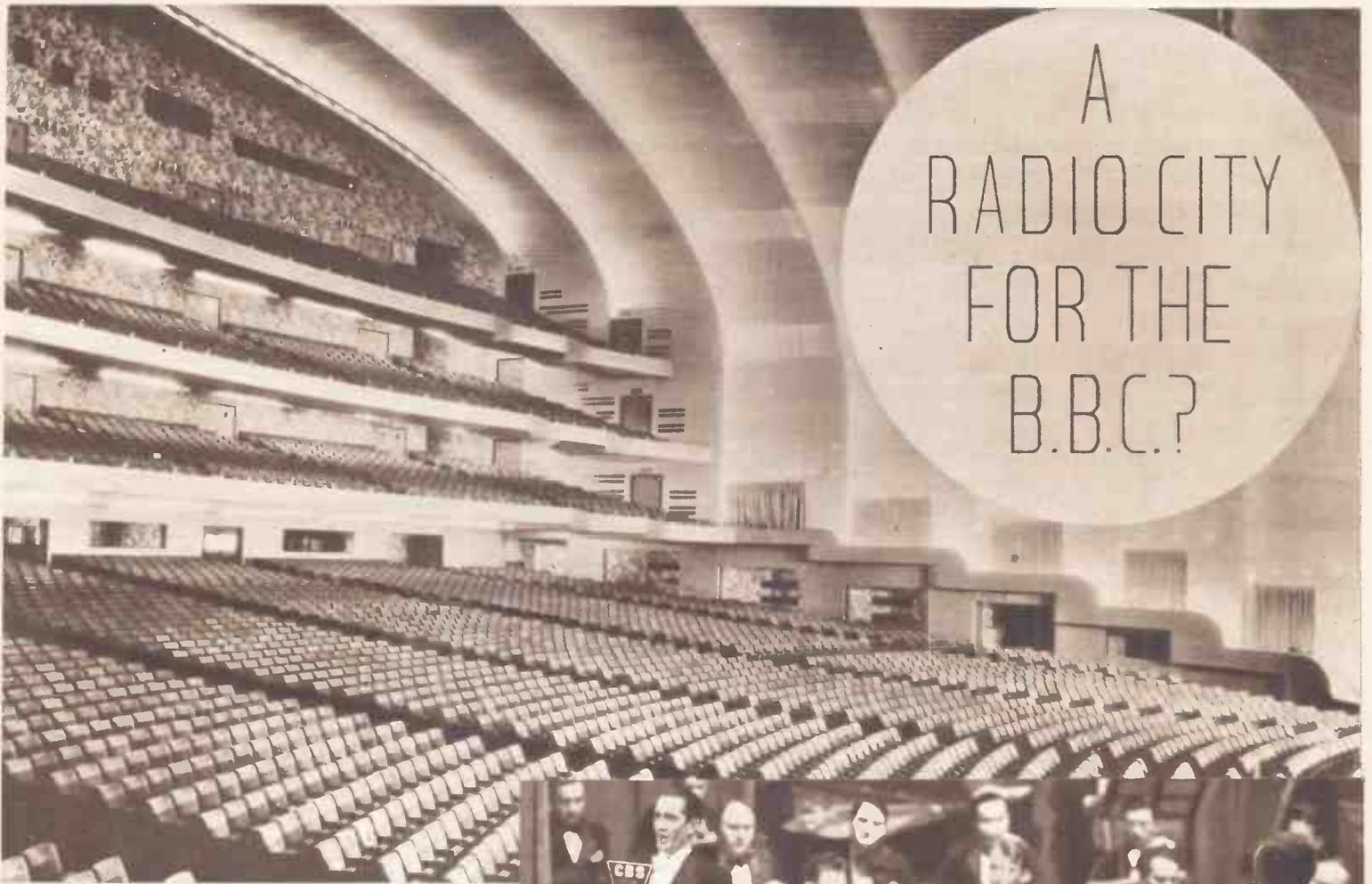
The girls are three-quarters French and were reared in a home rich with the cultural tradition of old New Orleans. Both parents were musicians, and the girls began their musical studies when hardly out of the cradle.

Co-operation has been their by-word since they began to play together as babies.

Since only a year separates each from the



The popular Carlyle Cousins—the equivalent on this side of the Atlantic of the Boswell Sisters described in this "Radio Pictorial" article



A
RADIO CITY
FOR THE
B.B.C.?

THE staff of the B.B.C. is slowly spreading out to offices in the St. George's Hall—where the variety broadcasts are given, and to additional buildings in Portland Place. Is there any foundation for the suggestion that the B.B.C. needs a radio city? American broadcasting officials are finding plenty of scope for the radio city block of buildings in the heart of New York—immense radio studios, the world's largest music-hall and a theatre. The photographs on this page give you some idea of what a radio city can be like.



An orchestral programme in the new Columbia Broadcasting Radio Playhouse, Manhattan.



Another Radio City lounge.



One of the artistic lounges in the radio side of Radio City.

PROGRAMME HEADLINES of the WEEK

Star Features in the National Programme

SUNDAY
The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, directed by Bruno Walter.
Samuel Kutcher.
Raymond Jeremy.
Jan Berenska and his Orchestra.

MONDAY
Florence Lorimer.
The Scottish Studio Orchestra, directed by Guy Daines.
Cecil Dixon.
Commander Stephen King-Hall.

TUESDAY
Reginald New.
E. M. Stéphan.
Howard Marshall.
The B.B.C. Orchestra (Section E), directed by Joseph Lewis.

WEDNESDAY
A. G. Street.
Quentin Maclean.
Hastings Municipal Orchestra.
Herbert Kinsey.
The Café Colette Orchestra.

THURSDAY
The Rutland Square and New Victoria Orchestra.
Christopher Stone.
A. Lloyd James.
The B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra, directed by Stanford Robinson.

FRIDAY
Sir Walford Davies.
Charles Manning and his Orchestra.
The Hotel Metropole Orchestra, directed by A. Rossi.
The B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, directed by Dr. Adrian Boult.

SATURDAY
The Commodore Grand Orchestra, directed by Joseph Muscant.
Sir Malcolm Campbell.
The Wireless Military Band, directed by B. Walton O'Donnell.

NATIONAL

SUNDAY (April 29).—A military service, relayed from York Minster.
The Vicar of Leeds, Rev. Canon W. Thompson Elliott, will give the address and the bands taking part are to be those of the 2nd Battalion of the Northumberland Fusiliers and the 2nd Battalion of the Manchester Regiment.

MONDAY (April 30).—*Fidelio*, Act I (Beethoven), relayed from Covent Garden.

TUESDAY (May 1).—*Charlot's Hour*, feature programme.

WEDNESDAY (May 2).—Prince George, speaking at the banquet given on the occasion of his return from South Africa, relayed from Grosvenor House, Park Lane.

THURSDAY (May 3).—*Imperial Airways*, feature programme.

FRIDAY (May 4).—London Music Festival, 1934, organised by the

Dance Music of the Week

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

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

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

Thursday. Charle Kunz and his Band (*Casani Club*).

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

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

B.B.C., first concert relayed from the Queen's Hall, London.

SATURDAY (May 5).—*Show Numbers*, feature programme.

Hughie Green, the Emil of that notable broadcast of *Emil and the Detectives*, under the brilliant direction of Lance Sieveking, is to broadcast again on May 5, following his appearance before the microphone in a variety programme on April 18. Whereas on the latter occasion he brought with him two members of his "gang," Leslie Wilson aged thirteen and a half years and Audrey Samson, of similar maturity, he is to have the assistance on May 5 of five other members of the "gang" in addition to Leslie and Audrey. One, Priscilla Jay, is said to look like a miniature edition of Jessie Matthews. There will be three other girls in the show, which is to consist of sketches, songs, and turns.

LONDON REGIONAL

SUNDAY (April 29).—Sunday orchestral concert, number 24.

MONDAY (April 30).—*Charlot's Hour*, feature programme.

TUESDAY (May 1).—Orchestral concert.

WEDNESDAY (May 2).—Variety programme from the Pavilion Theatre, Liverpool.
A selection from the following "bill" will be broadcast: Marie Hendall and her Family, Herschel Henlere, Horace Kenney, Johnson Clarke, Jimmy Charters, Jay Morelle, The Five Canadian Wonders, and Gaston and Andree.

THURSDAY (May 3).—Military band concert.

FRIDAY (May 4).—*The Gesture*, a play by E. M. Delafield.

SATURDAY (May 5).—*Oxford v. Columbia University*, a trans-Atlantic debate.

MIDLAND REGIONAL

SUNDAY (April 29).—Industrial Sunday service, relayed from Birmingham Cathedral.

MONDAY (April 30).—*Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Sailor*, choral and orchestral concert.

TUESDAY (May 1).—*Midland Masquerade*, feature programme.

WEDNESDAY (May 2).—*String Music of To-day*, orchestral programme.

THURSDAY (May 3).—*Ali the Cobbler*, an Arabian comedy by Martin Shepherd, and *Catherine Parr*, a play by Maurice Baring, relayed from the Repertory Theatre, Birmingham.

FRIDAY (May 4).—A light orchestral concert, relayed from Droitwich Spa.

SATURDAY (May 5).—A military band programme.

WEST REGIONAL

SUNDAY (April 29).—A religious service, relayed from Bristol Cathedral.

MONDAY (April 30).—*West Country Music*, orchestral programme.

TUESDAY (May 1).—Orchestral concert, relayed from the Pavilion, Torquay.

WEDNESDAY (May 2).—*Ceruch Oddna! neu Consart o'r Frest ar y Prom (Go On! or An Impromptu Concert on the Prom)*, by Colliers from Llantwrch.

THURSDAY (May 3).—*Springtime in Somerset*, a West Country news column told in play form by Froom Tyler.

FRIDAY (May 4).—*Brethyn Cartre (Home-Spun)*, a feature programme by Cardiganshire girls.

SATURDAY (May 5).—Three Valleys Festival, third festival concert, relayed from the Pavilion, Mountain Ash.

NORTH REGIONAL

SUNDAY (April 29).—A brass band concert, by the winning band in the Chester-le-Street Contest.

MONDAY (April 30).—*All the Year Round*, a programme of music in the air over the Opera Houses of Europe.

TUESDAY (May 1).—*May Day*, feature programme.

WEDNESDAY (May 2).—Variety programme, from the Pavilion Theatre, Liverpool.

THURSDAY (May 3).—*Idioms of the North*, 6—Westmorland and Cumberland, feature programme.

FRIDAY (May 4).—Orchestral concert.

SATURDAY (May 5).—*Willow Pattern*, feature programme.

SCOTTISH REGIONAL

SUNDAY (April 29).—A Scottish religious service, relayed from St. Mary's Church, Dundee.

MONDAY (April 30).—Orchestral concert.

TUESDAY (May 1).—Choral and instrumental programme.

WEDNESDAY (May 2).—Variety programme, relayed from the Pavilion Theatre, Perth.

THURSDAY (May 3).—Three one-act plays: *Rory Aforesaid*, by John Brandane; *The Shrine*, by Edward MacQuaid; and *The Proposal*, by Anton Tchekov.

FRIDAY (May 4).—Band programme.

SATURDAY (May 5).—*Waltz Time*, orchestral concert.

BELFAST

SUNDAY (April 29).—A Baptist service, from a studio.

MONDAY (April 30).—*Old and New Italian Music*, orchestral concert.

TUESDAY (May 1).—*The May Queen*, a pastoral by Sterndale Bennett.

Wednesday (May 2).—An orchestral concert, relayed from the Municipal Museum and Art Gallery.

THURSDAY (May 3).—Orchestral concert.

FRIDAY (May 4).—*Music of Stanford*, orchestral concert.

SATURDAY (May 5).—*The Eloquent Dempsy*, a comedy by William Boyle.



Johnson Clarke
(Wednesday, 9 p.m., Regional)

Samuel Kutcher
(April 29, 5:45 p.m., National)

Muriel Brunskill
(Tuesday, 9 p.m., Regional)

Herbert Kinsey
(Tues., Wed., Thurs., 6.30 p.m., Nat.)

Your Foreign Programme Guide

SUNDAY (APRIL 29)

Athlone (531 m.).—Light Music 1.30 p.m.
Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 7 p.m.
Berlin (Deutschlandsender) (1571 m.).—Light Radio Sequence 6.50 p.m.
Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 10 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Concert by Russian students 5.30 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Concert of Light Music ... 10.10 p.m.
Bucharest (365 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 5 p.m.
Hamburg (331.9 m.).—Concert 6.15 a.m.
Juan-les-Pins (222.6 m.).—Light Programme ... 10.30 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Bach Cantata 11.30 a.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Orchestral Concert of Folk Music 11.15 p.m.
Luxembourg (1304 m.).—Variety and Dance Music ... 1.30 p.m.
Madrid (274 m.).—Dance Music 2 a.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—*Czar and Car-seater*, Opera (Lortzing) 8 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Gramophone Records ... 11 p.m.
Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Light Music ... 10.30 p.m.
Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Concert followed by Dance Music 11 p.m.
Toulouse (335.2 m.).—Concert of Variety Music ... 8 p.m.
Vienna (506.8 m.).—Sound Film, Dance and Operetta Music 8 p.m.
Warsaw (1,304 m.).—Jazz Music 6.40 p.m.

MONDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 9.45 p.m.
Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Concert of Music by Beethoven, Schubert, and Wagner ... 11 p.m.
Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 4 p.m.
Berlin (Deutschlandsender) (1,571 m.).—Radio Sequence 8.15 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Mozart Concert ... 8.30 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Gramophone Recital ... 10.10 p.m.
Bucharest (365 m.).—Concert of Serenades and Humoresques. 8 p.m.
Juan-les-Pins (222.6 m.).—*Les plus beaux yeux du monde* (Sarmant) 9.15 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Wind Instrument Concert ... 6.15 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Gramophone Recital ... 8 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Concert of Light Music ... 7 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Gala Concert ... 8.55 p.m.

Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Light Music 2.30 a.m. (Tuesday)
Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Dance Music ... 4 p.m.
Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Concert 9 p.m.
Toulouse (335.2 m.).—Variety Programme ... 8 p.m.
Warsaw (1,304 m.).—Light Music 8.2 p.m.

TUESDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Dance Music 9.30 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Gramophone Recital ... 10.10 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Gala Concert ... 8 p.m.
Bucharest (365 m.).—Symphony Concert ... 8.20 p.m.
Frankfurt (251 m.).—Variety Programme 12.30 a.m. (Wednesday)
Juan-les-Pins (222.6 m.).—Concert ... 8.40 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Variety Programme ... 11.30 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Variety Programme ... 8 p.m.
Munich (405 m.).—Dance Music 1 a.m. (Wednesday)
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Quintet (Dvorak) ... 9.30 p.m.
Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Old Favourites ... 5 p.m.
Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Chamber Music, Icelandic Songs, and Dance Music ... 11 p.m.
Toulouse (335.2 m.).—Concert version of *Veronique* operetta (Messager) ... 9 p.m.
Warsaw (1,304 m.).—*Victoria and her Hyssar*, Operetta (Abraham). 8.2 p.m.

WEDNESDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Dance Music 9.30 p.m.
Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Trio Concert ... 7 p.m.
Berlin (Deutschlandsender) (1,571 m.).—Concert of German Folk Dances ... 5.20 p.m.
Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 6.30 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Messenger Concert ... 9 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Gramophone Recital ... 6.30 p.m.
Bucharest (365 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 6.15 p.m.
Juan-les-Pins (222.6 m.).—Concert ... 8.30 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Concert of Operetta Music ... 6.15 p.m.

Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Concert of Chamber Music ... 6 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Dance Music 11 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—*Waltz Dream*, Operetta (O. Strauss) 8.10 p.m.
Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Orchestral Music ... 12.30 a.m. (Thursday)
Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Dance Music ... 11.30 p.m.
Reykjavik (1,639 m.).—Concert 9 p.m.
Toulouse (335.2 m.).—Violin Recital ... 7 p.m.
Warsaw (1,304 m.).—Concert of Light Music ... 6.10 p.m.

THURSDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Dance Music 9.30 p.m.
Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Concert of Spanish Music ... 11.30 p.m.
Berlin (Deutschlandsender) (1,571 m.).—Variety ... 8.15 p.m.
Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—Haydn Concert ... 9.40 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Symphony Concert ... 8 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 5 p.m.
Bucharest (365 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 5 p.m.
Juan-les-Pins (222.6 m.).—Literary and Musical Programme 9.15 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Variety Programme ... 6.15 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 9 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 4 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—*Le Misanthrope* (Molière) 8.10 p.m.
Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Tunes from the Talkies and Shows 11.30 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Concert relayed from Mulhausen 8.30 p.m.
Toulouse (335.2 m.).—Concert of Polish Music ... 9 p.m.
Warsaw (1,304 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 7.52 p.m.

FRIDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Light Music 9.30 p.m.
Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 10.40 p.m.
Berlin (Deutschlandsender) (1,571 m.).—Trio Concert ... 6 p.m.
Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—Max Reger Recital ... 7 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Chopin Piano Recital ... 6.40 p.m.

Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Concert relayed from Antwerp 9.15 p.m.
Bucharest (365 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 8 p.m.
Juan-les-Pins (222.6 m.).—Concert of Light Music ... 8.30 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Concert by the Station Orchestra 8.10 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Relay from Zagreb ... 8 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Pfitzner Concert conducted by the Composer 8.15 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Symphony Concert ... 8.10 p.m.
Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Dance Music ... 4 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Concert relayed from the Café l'Odéon 9.45 p.m.
Stockholm (426.1 m.).—International Concert of Swedish Music ... 8.30 p.m.
Toulouse (335.2 m.).—Radio Fantasy ... 9 p.m.
Valencia (352.9 m.).—Military Band Music ... 2 a.m. (Saturday)
Warsaw (1,304 m.).—Concert relayed from the Philharmonic 9.45 p.m.

SATURDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Gramophone Records ... 9.45 p.m.
Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Request Gramophone Records 9 p.m.
Berlin (Deutschlandsender) (1,571 m.).—Variety Programme 12.10 p.m.
Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.).—Variety Programme ... 8.15 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Dance Music ... 5.5 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Trio Concert ... 7 p.m.
Bucharest (365 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 5 p.m.
Juan-les-Pins (222.6 m.).—Popular Concert ... 8.30 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 4 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Variety Programme ... 8.15 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Dance Music ... 9.5 p.m.
Pittsburgh (306 m.).—Musical pot-pourri ... 11 p.m.
Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Music from Opera ... 11.30 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Concert of Light Music ... 9.30 p.m.
Toulouse (335.2 m.).—Concert of Variety Music ... 7.45 p.m.
Warsaw (1,304 m.).—Concert of Light Music ... 8.50 p.m.

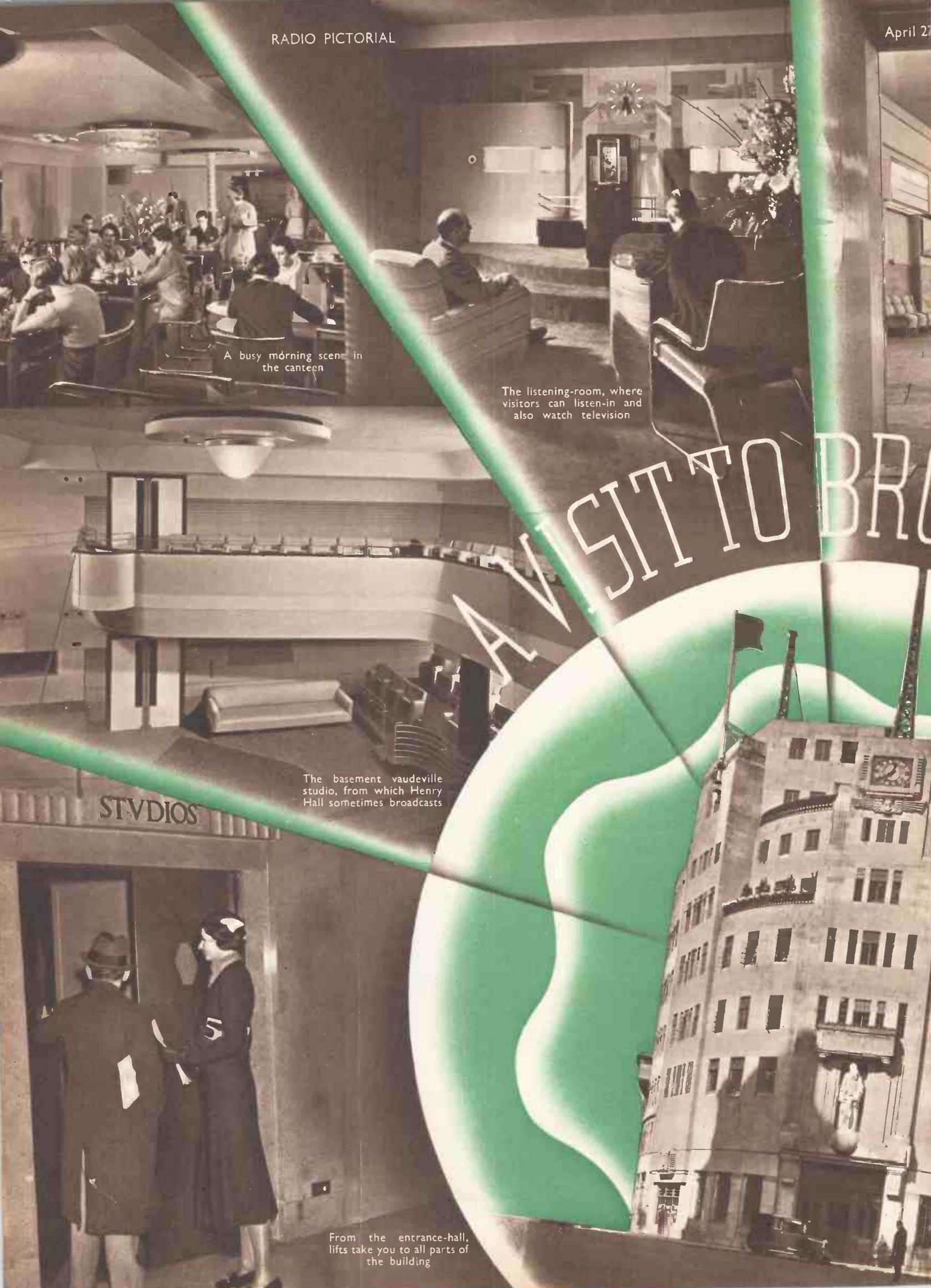


Ethel Bartlett
(April 29, 9.5 p.m., Regional)

Charles Woodhouse
(Tuesday, 6.30 p.m., National)

Percy Heming
(Thursday, 9.50 p.m., Regional)

Jack Jackson
(Wednesday, 10.30 p.m., Regional)



A busy morning scene in the canteen

The listening-room, where visitors can listen-in and also watch television

The basement vaudeville studio, from which Henry Hall sometimes broadcasts

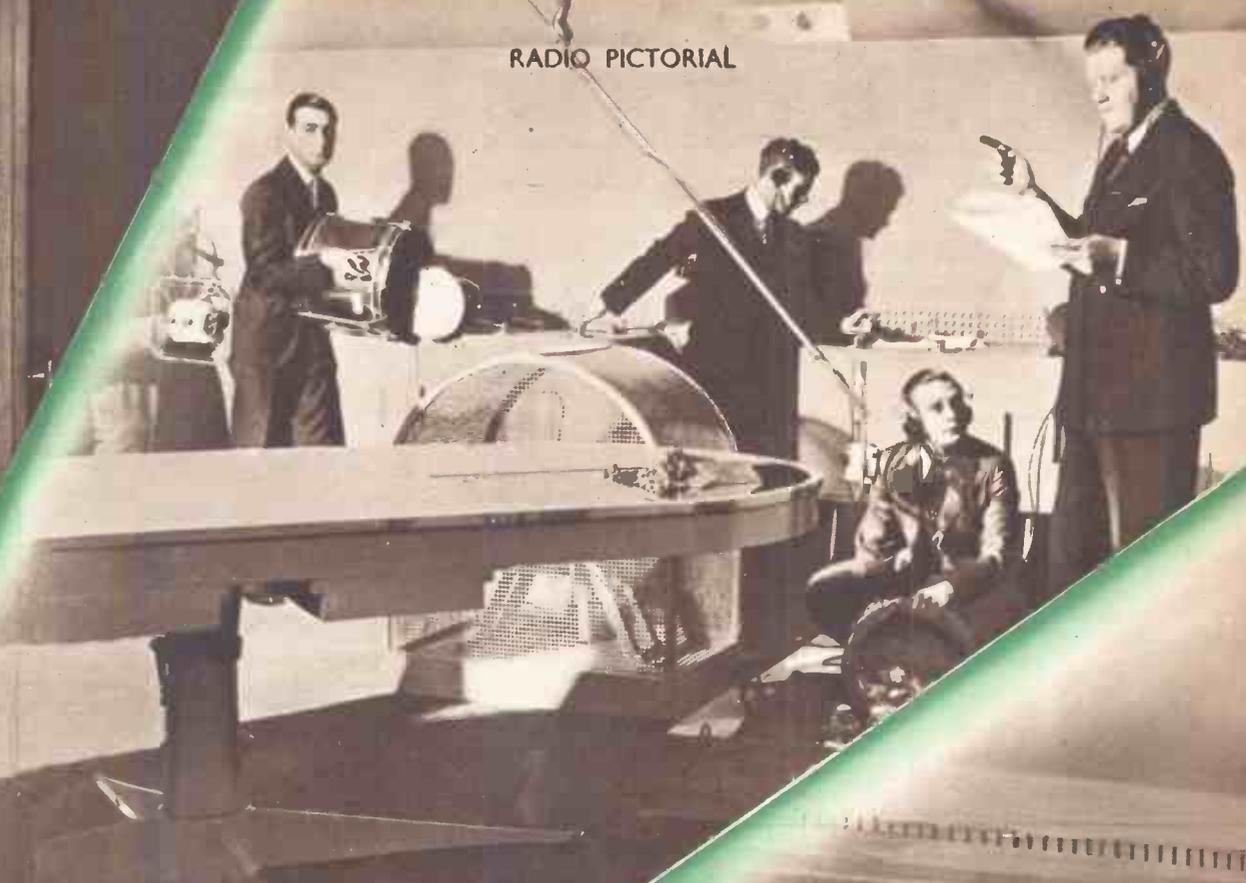
STUDIOS

From the entrance-hall, lifts take you to all parts of the building

AMSTO BR

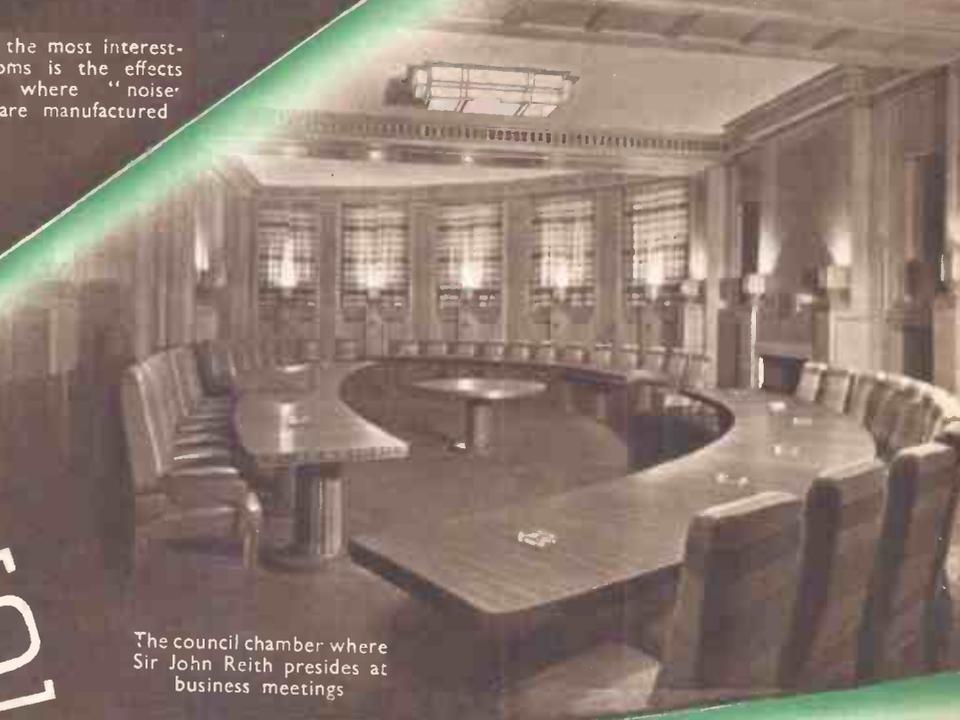


A peep into the Military Band studio



One of the most interesting rooms is the effects studio, where "noiser off" are manufactured

BROADCASTING HOUSE



The council chamber where Sir John Reith presides at business meetings



The receptionists' desk in the entrance-hall, where visitors throng all day

Our Radio Short Story

“--- before the NEWS”

IT was a rainy day in one of those small Alpine health resorts which receive a number of visitors even during what hotel managements are pleased to call “between seasons.”

Plush & Co., confidence tricksters of the first water—at least, they hoped they were—sat in the lobby. Plush & Co. always registered as commercial travellers, as that best explained their large number of trunks, which often contained their precious booty.

Plush was thin, not particularly tall; he wore horn-rimmed spectacles and was of undecided age.

“Co.”—whose name really does not matter—was short and fat, and the top of his head was entirely covered by a bald spot with a small fringe of hair.

Dinner had been extremely good. Their last “transaction” had been even more satisfactory than usual, and sitting quietly here, enjoying after-dinner coffee and cigars, they felt they had well earned a short holiday.

Complete silence reigned in the hotel lobby, except for the gentle clatter of a few coffee cups and a murmur from one or two tables. Unhappily, hall porters in health resorts are great enemies of a more or less silent lobby. They feel that something must be wrong with business.

The hall porter stared at the page-boy. “Why haven’t you switched on the radio?” he said. The peaceful quiet was suddenly interrupted by a deep voice which seemed to come from the white-washed ceiling of the hall.

“... Small and fat...” it said, “anybody able to give information concerning the present whereabouts of the two will obtain a substantial reward. Information should be given to the Police Headquarters, Room No. 313. . . . That is the end of the news bulletin. . . . We will now give you. . . .”

Just as the band struck up there was a loud crash.

Plush had upset his coffee-cup and “Co.” who had very nearly swallowed the stump of his cigar, was doing his best to remove it from his throat, accompanied by indescribable noises. Both went even whiter in the face as a waiter rushed up to the table. Plush heaved a sigh of relief as the man stooped to pick up the coffee-cup, and after giving “Co.” a kick under the table, both did their best to compose themselves again.

The waiter had gone. “Co.” who had now succeeded in removing the cigar stump, whispered excitedly: “For goodness sake, we must do our very best not to seem perturbed. We must avoid conspicuousness.”

“Did you see the way the waiter looked at us as he picked up the cup?” answered Plush.

They rose carefully from their seats, looked furtively around and then strolled across the hall to the lift. But in spite of all their attempts to avoid conspicuousness, a keen observer would immediately have noticed that there was something very much wrong with the two of them.

In their room “Co.” sank into an armchair and exclaimed: “Safe for a few moments at least; better start packing at once.”

“Oh, yes,” sneered Plush. “I suppose you want to leave here in great style. You seem to have forgotten that probably at this very moment the hall porter or the hotel manager is telephoning the police.”

“Co.” looked at all those beautiful trunks which contained the fruits of many days’ “work,” sighed and took his tooth-brush and all the available cash. They left.

“Co.” was about to take the turning to the main staircase, but Plush stopped him. “I saw a side stair here to the left the other day. I think it leads straight down to the pantry behind

The hall porter stared at the page-boy. “Why haven’t you switched on the radio?” he said. The peaceful quiet was suddenly interrupted by a deep voice “... information should be given to the Police Headquarters, Room 313. . . .”

the café. We can get out through there.”

“But we can’t just walk through that crowded place,” said “Co.” “We will have to sit down a moment and take something. . . .”

“Waiter, two coffees, please.” Plush and “Co.” were quietly sitting at one of the small round marble-topped tables as close to the door as possible. Both of them were unaware of the loud-speaker immediately above the entrance.

There had just been an interval, and now the announcer started: “Before continuing our dance music, we have a short police message; will anybody. . . .”

Already at the word “police” “Co.” had started up and had been on the point of rushing out. Plush seized his arm. “You can’t do that, you fool,” he whispered. “Sing.”

“Co.” stared. All of a sudden Plush started to sing the refrain of an older dance number. At last “Co.” understood and joined in. The café stared; the waiters whispered about these two guests who obviously had had too much to drink.

But there was method in their madness.

Nobody heard the loud-speaker, not even Plush & Co., whose unharmonious and slightly hoarse song stopped the moment the dance orchestra struck up again.

After this exciting episode they left the money for their coffee on the table and tottered out into the rain. . . .

On their way to the station they passed not less than three radio dealers, all with loud-speakers going full blast. At the newspaper stand on the platform there only seemed to be radio papers.

At last the train arrived. They clambered into a third class compartment, only

to find some farmers discussing the latest stock prices which they had heard on the radio that afternoon. They both had the same thought: “That fateful message must have been broadcast together with those stock prices.”

At the next station they changed compartments and were alone for a little while. Then a man came in with what seemed to be two heavy

suitcases. He placed one next to him on the seat and switched it on. Dance music poured from it. Plush & Co. looked at each other.

“Nice, isn’t it? We can go on listening even right through the tunnels.”

The two sat there. “Co.” had visibly lost weight in the past few hours. The train clanked on.

All of a sudden the baritone voice of the announcer came from the loud-speaker: “We have been asked to repeat the special police message which we have broadcast already this afternoon. . . . Will anybody. . . .” Silence.

The owner of the set said, “Oh, dash it all, the battery has gone out again.”

Plush & Co. heaved a sigh of relief. The next station was the frontier. The customs officers passed, then the passport officials. Two policemen advanced. . . . but they did not stop and passed their window.

Plush & Co. felt very much easier when the train slowly moved out. After a few moments they knew that they were over the border. They were saved—even though they had had to leave the greater part of their spoils in the hotel.

The man with the portable set had been fiddling with it all this time and at last it started again.

“Yes,” he beamed, “if you know all about it. . . . by shorting the one bad cell in the battery I’ve got it to go again. . . .” He was interrupted by the announcer: “. . . Before giving the second news bulletin I have the following police message: Will anybody who has seen two small boys, ages seven and nine, who left their homes after lunch yesterday and have not returned yet, please report. The elder looks very much smaller than his age and was wearing a blue sailor suit. The other wore a jersey and knickerbockers and is small and fat. . . .”



They rose carefully from their seats, looking furtively around. . . .

The POWER behind your DANCE Music

A staff of expert arrangers is employed by every music publisher. Below, Mr. Dash, of the well-known music publishing concern, and (in circle) some radio music makers



You listen to the band playing your favourite tune. But it is the hard work of the arranger, behind the scenes, that means popularity or failure

"The arranger is the master mind of the dance-band . . . he does as much as, if not more than, anybody towards the success of a popular song"



DO you know what an arranger or orchestrator is? He is the architect of the dance band. He is given the piano copy of a popular tune and he draws up the "plans" for a musical structure.

The musicians in the band are the "bricklayers," as it were, putting in the notes instead of the bricks according to the plans of the arranger. The musical director is, let us say, the "foreman," and sees that his "bricklayers" are doing their work correctly.

The arranger is therefore the master mind of the dance band. That is why the various dance bands all sound different. They use different arrangers.

Some arrangers are more versatile in their ideas than others.

Yet they all have their musical characteristics. It is almost possible for the experienced ear to guess correctly who was responsible for a dance arrangement.

Of course, the musical directors have different tastes concerning arrangements. The type of orchestration that appeals to one would not suit the requirements of another. Some orchestrators aim at simplicity and predominant melody.

Others favour a more intricate style. These styles will have become apparent to you as a listener, and you may be able to associate such types of arrangement with various radio bands.

So you see that the characteristics of the band are dependant upon the arranger of the music they play and not, as you may have believed, upon the musicians.

There is, of course, this exception—the musical director, as I said before, chooses arrangements to suit his own individual style for which he has created his own particular public.

The tunes are the same, but they are constructed differently for each band.

Arranging for dance bands is a highly specialised job. There are many arrangers, but the good ones are few.

Most of the big bands have an arranger amongst their musical personnel, actually playing an instrument in the orchestra. But these arrangers have not the time to deal with all the numbers the band plays in its repertoire.

Consequently the music publishers, who always have a staff of expert arrangers, provide the most part of the orchestrations for special purposes such as broadcasting and recording.

And what, you might ask, has the arranger to do with a tune before it can be played by a band?

In the first place he is given the tune itself—a verse and chorus.

This alone would not be sufficient to make it interesting for the listener.

So our architect of jazz has to invent an interesting introduction to make you sit up and listen. Then he has to arrange the choruses for different instruments, in different keys to avoid monotony. Modulations have to be composed by him from one key to another.

The whole work, which must be built up to a strong climax, will no doubt introduce a vocal trio. A network of rhythms has to be composed for the saxophone and brass sections, and a bright ending must be thought out to suit the number.

You might suggest that the arranger is also a composer.

He certainly is all that.

In fact, he does as much as, if not more than, anybody towards the success of a popular song, throughout its course of production from its original composer to the final broadcast.

The composer invents the song, but the arranger makes what you hear the band play.

Now let me introduce to you some of these master minds of the jazz business. You hear their work daily, yet you seldom hear their names unless they happen to be musical directors themselves.

First there is the talented George Scott-Wood.

In the field of popular music he is probably the greatest genius in the business, not only by reason of his aptitude for this class of work, but through his amazing versatility.

He arranges for Henry Hall, Harry Roy and other broadcasting bands in a style as modern as the hour, yet on the more serious side of music he arranges for people like Richard Tauber and Maggie Teyte, conducting the orchestra for these great artists with equal thoroughness.

This young Scotsman is a product of Glasgow University who came to London a few short years ago. He played the piano with Jay Whidden at the Carlton Hotel, and finally established himself as a genius.

He is the most recorded musician in the gramophone industry to-day, having his own orchestra on Regal-Zonophone, where he earned for himself the title "The British Paul Whiteman."

An accordionist of outstanding merit, he also directs his accordion bands for various gramophone companies, and, until recently, was conducting several B.B.C. musical shows.

Scott-Wood derives his greatest revenue, however, from arranging and is in constant demand, necessitating much hard and incessant work, day and night.

Harry Roy's arrangement of "Edie Was a Lady" was the work of George Scott-Wood, and in direct contrast the orchestrations of Richard Tauber's "I Love the Moon" (Parlophone) and Maggie Teyte's "Songs from Veronique" (Decca) were also from his versatile and prolific pen.

Another name well known to you as a recording maestro is Ray Noble (musical director for "His

Master's Voice" records).

Ray makes all his own orchestrations and built a big reputation for himself in the music business as an arranger long before his New Mayfair Orchestra became famous.

Here, again, is a musician whose time is almost entirely occupied by arranging.

Now let me present some equally famous arrangers whose works are constantly heard on the air, yet whose names may be less familiar. Probably the most talented is the youthful Sid Phillips.

He is staff arranger to the Lawrence Wright Music Co., but arranges for many famous broadcasting bands such as Ambrose, Henry Hall, Jack Payne, Billy Cotton, Jack Jackson, and numerous others. This young Englishman studied music at Milan and distinguished himself at a very tender age.

His instrument is the saxophone, upon which he is considered to be this country's greatest exponent.

He plays this instrument in all the broadcasts of Ambrose's Orchestra.

Peter Yorke is arranger to Jack Hylton. He used to play the piano in that universally famous band.

But primarily an arranger, he could not find time to play the piano as well, so gave up his professional work for orchestrating, and still contributes to the Hylton organisation in that capacity.

Peter is in great demand by publishing houses for all types of commercial and special arrangements.

Lew Stone needs no introduction to you.

Though, perhaps, it is not generally known that he has the reputation of being one of the finest arrangers in the country. He does most of the orchestrations for his splendid band himself.

But, as I said before, it would be almost impossible for an arranger-maestro to undertake all the orchestrations played by his band.

In consequence other arrangers are called upon to do some of the work.

Then there is Ronnie Munro, a talented pianist and recording artist who finds arranging more remunerative than playing the piano, and Andy Hodgkiss, a Tynesider who plays trumpet with Roy Fox, and who combines both orchestrating for the Fox band and tooting on his horn.

Another brilliant pianist, Bert Read, who plays with Ambrose, is also an arranger of merit and combines this art with his piano playing.

Even the discriminating Lew Stone, who is capable of orchestrating all his own numbers in exactly the manner he requires them to be heard, uses other arrangers.

This is probably why the band has such distinct musical variety.

It might interest you, now that you know just how much the arranger has to do with your dance music, to listen and compare the arrangements of the same number played by different bands.

At least you will find it an intriguing pastime.

Thick, Lustrous, Glossy Dandruff-Free Hair—

by using
KOTALKO

"My hair was very thin and full of dandruff. It was a tremendous relief to find that after I had used Kotalko for a few weeks there was a noticeable improvement. My hair is now thick and wavy and I am able to recommend Kotalko with confidence."

Miss D. Mathieson.



Are YOU Losing Hair?

Thousands of men and women have re-grown fine new heads of hair by using Kotalko. It re-grows the hair because it frees the scalp from hair-stifling dandruff and poisonous and malodorous grease, softening the hardening scalp and restoring its healthful circulation, and reviving new and vigorous life and growth in the sleeping hair-roots.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or entirely bald, use or copy the Coupon below.

To JOHN HART BRITAIN, LTD.,
9 Percy Street (1096), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose three pence in stamps.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....



SUPERFLUOUS HAIR Removed by Electrolysis at Home

The VANDRE HOME ELECTROLYSIS OUTFIT now enables any lady to remove disfiguring hairs in privacy at home, saving pounds. The only known permanent way, removing each hair and root completely, without any discomfort, leaving the skin lovely; it has never failed. Indispensable to modern women and no simple child could use it; guaranteed. Complete, with full instructions, £4 4s., or 20/- and 10/- monthly.

Trial free. Illustrated Brochure free, in plain envelope.
VANDRE Ltd. (Dept. 85), 227 BATH STREET, GLASGOW

SUCCESS! INDEPENDENCE!

FREE MATERIAL OFFER MEN & WOMEN

Make Repha products in the privacy of your own home, and earn big money weekly. Light, interesting work. No experience necessary. No need to canvass as we guarantee to buy all your finished products and keep you supplied with regular orders.

Letters come daily from SATISFIED Members: one writes—

"Sir.—Many thanks for cheque for £8 12s., received. I find the work very interesting and profitable occupation. Hoping to have plenty more orders from you.

Yours faithfully, Signed, E. Taylor."

Write now for full details of this work and FREE offer of MATERIALS.
REPHA INDUSTRIES CO. (Dept. R26),
74 REGENT STREET, KETTERING

The Best GREY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME

You can now make at home a better grey hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and one quarter-ounce of glycerine. Any chemist can make this up for you or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.



Orlex imparts colour to streaked, faded or grey hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not colour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

LIGHTER stocking tones have taken the place of the more subdued winter shades. This spring, the colours are a little lighter than last year's and there are none of the very dark sunburn browns. Instead, two tones, one called Sun Tan for blonde skins, the other Sun Kist for darker ones, will be much worn, especially with white clothes and white shoes. An enchanting shade of smoky grey, with a faintly pink tinge, variously called dove rose, greylite, and blue fox is the most popular of the new shades, especially in conjunction with blues, greens, and natural string colours. A slightly less warm shade of grey harmonises well with red, and a golden beige with yellow.

It is a wise plan to take a piece of the material of your costume with you when you are buying stockings. It is a nuisance, but it's worth it. Your stockings should blend with your colour scheme rather than exactly match it. The new dull surfaces are very popular; their shades are specially soft and subtle and give a magical effect of slenderness.

Coming to the question of shoes, white buckskin and pigskin is to be worn a lot this summer, in conjunction, of course, with brown, blue, and black. Tie shoes tend to oust court shoes from popularity and heels are much lower than they



Two very smart sandals of the type that will be much worn this summer



This rubber rain cape costs only 4s. 11d. and can be had in a variety of colours. It is shaped on the shoulders to a perfect fit, and is so light it cannot hurt the most delicate frocks

used to be two or three years back, favouring the Spanish straight type.

The ornament used is mainly confined to plaiting, perforation, tucking, and small cut-out motifs.

A CURTAIN-ROD TIP

During spring-cleaning days difficulty is often experienced in putting the rods through freshly cleaned lace or casement curtains or short blinds. A good plan is to put an ordinary thimble on the end of the rod, which will then run through easily and without injury to the blinds or curtains.—F. S., S.E.4.

EVE and the

TO MAKE ELDERFLOWER WATER

Take 5 lb. weight of elderflowers. Place in a large jar or jug. Pour on 2 quarts of boiling water and 1 1/2 oz. of rectified spirit—this latter obtainable at the chemists.

Cover with a thick cloth, doubled several times, and stand in a warm place till cool.

When quite cold, strain. Put into bottles, cork up, and keep in a cool place.

This is an excellent and harmless complexion astringent, by the way.—H. H., Thames Ditton.

(The sender of every receipt printed in these pages receives a postal order for five shillings. Send yours to "Margot," RADIO PICTORIAL, 58-61 Fetter Lane, E.C.4.)

A PRACTICAL IDEA

The knit-pack is the latest idea in knitting accessories. It is, as you see in the illustration, a convenient cardboard case, which contains enough wool for the making of a model garment, together with the directions for making. You pay for the cost of the wool only. For instance, No. 2 design is an attractive openwork jumper called the "Joan" model. It takes 3 oz. of wool, which means that at the rate of 9d. an ounce you pay 2s. 3d. for knit-pack, wool, and directions.

It is issued by the Jaeger Company and a different design will be published monthly. I recommend this practical idea to your notice. The photograph on the facing page shows how compact and convenient it is.

THE CARE OF THE HANDS

It is the failing of beauty experts that they always presuppose on the part of their readers an unlimited amount of time—and money—to spend in the pursuit of the Graces. So when we come to the subject of hands, it is a relief to find that here no complicated rules are necessary. You need spend no extra time on them whatever beyond the usual washing; the important thing is to use lukewarm water for that washing, followed by cold water, and then dry them very carefully on a soft towel.

Perhaps a lotion which can be kept on the bathroom shelf to rub on immediately after the wash will repay the little extra trouble demanded by safeguarding your hands from chapping or roughness.

Of course, if the skin of your hands happens to be red or rough, the best thing for them is cold cream, applied liberally every night before going to bed.

A pair of old cotton gloves should be worn in bed to keep the cream from rubbing off. Smooth the cream backwards from the fingers, so as not to wrinkle the skin.

If your hands are inclined to be fat, use a greaseless lotion instead, and for moist clammy hands a liquid deodorant should be used. There

MIKE

are, too, bleaching creams on the market which are said to make a difference after only one application. If you would like to know the name of one, write to me and I shall be only too pleased to advise you.

A good habit to cultivate in your spare moments is the old-fashioned business of wringing your hands—flap them limply from the wrists, letting your muscles go absolutely slack.

TINNED MEALS

Tinned foods unfortunately lose much of their flavour in the process of canning and should be re-cooked for as short a time as possible. At the same time, extra flavouring should be added. In the case of tinned peas, for instance, a sprig or two of fresh mint, some sugar, and salt to taste are a great improvement. Spinach should be well seasoned with salt and pepper and is better for the addition of a little butter.



The Breton sailor vogue. Model by Kathleen Day

The method of treating canned vegetables differs according to the nature of the contents. Beans and peas should be well rinsed and put in cold water for a short time, then drained and cooked for a few minutes in boiling water. Asparagus is immersed—in the tin—in boiling water for ten minutes, then opened and served on toast.

The normally more expensive type of party dish can often be managed quite economically by using tinned things. Tinned oysters make excellent soups and sauces. Tinned lobsters, prawns, sardines, anchovies, and herrings can be used instead of fresh fish for most recipes.

Store your tins in a cool place; they turn out better and are more easily sliced. To open them, cut away one end of the tin and make a small hole in the other end. The contents then slip out quite easily.

Tinned foods should be used as soon as possible after the tin has been opened, as they quickly

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.

This Week's RADIO RECIPES—

by Mrs. R. H. BRAND

STUART HIBBERD, the chief announcer at the B.B.C., whose charming voice is so well known to millions of listeners all over the world, always looks forward to tea time, especially if there is a layer-cake with lemon curd. As eggs are getting cheaper, now is the time to make this toothsome delicacy:—

LEMON CURD

1 lb. loaf sugar; 3 lemons; 3 eggs; ¼ lb. butter.

Wash and dry the lemons; grate the rind on to some of the sugar; put butter, sugar, and strained lemon juice into a thick saucepan and stir over a low fire until all the sugar is dissolved. Cool slightly, then stir in the well-beaten eggs; stir mixture constantly until it thickens (do not boil); leave until cool and pour into jars and cover.

LAYER CAKE

½ lb. flour; ditto castor sugar; 3 eggs; 4 oz. butter; 1 teaspoonful cream of tartar; ¾ gill of warm milk; ½ teaspoonful soda bi-carb.

Line a cake tin with greased paper; cream butter and sugar together until soft and add each egg separately with a teaspoonful of flour and beat well. Sieve remainder of flour with tartar and mix it in alternately with milk in which is dissolved the soda.

Bake in a moderate oven for 1 hour; when cold, cut open and spread with one or two layers of lemon curd or butter icing.

become unusable. Do not accept battered or bulging tins. If there is a rush of air when the tin is opened it must not be used.

Margot



The Jaegar Knitpack holds your knitting in the most convenient way

HOW TO BUILD A SIMPLE SET which can be used in conjunction with the "DAILY EXPRESS" TELEVISION KIT

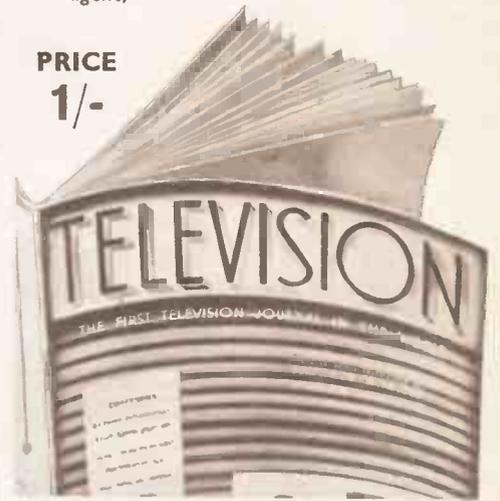
The construction of this new Television receiver is explained in full in the May issue of *Television*.

Not only can it be used in conjunction with the recently issued "Daily Express" kit, but it enables amateurs to receive transmissions from ANY part of the country.

Included in the many other features of the May issue is much useful information for constructors who have already assembled the "Daily Express" kit, that will enable them to obtain really first-class results.

Get a copy to-day from your news-agent.

PRICE 1/-



The ONLY Publication entirely devoted to TELEVISION

Have you joined in the new craze?

Collecting photographs of radio "stars"—everybody's doing it. Why don't you start this fascinating hobby? See Cover ii of this issue for "Radio Pictorial's" special offer.

Wanted SONG POEMS CAN YOU WRITE WORDS FOR SONGS?

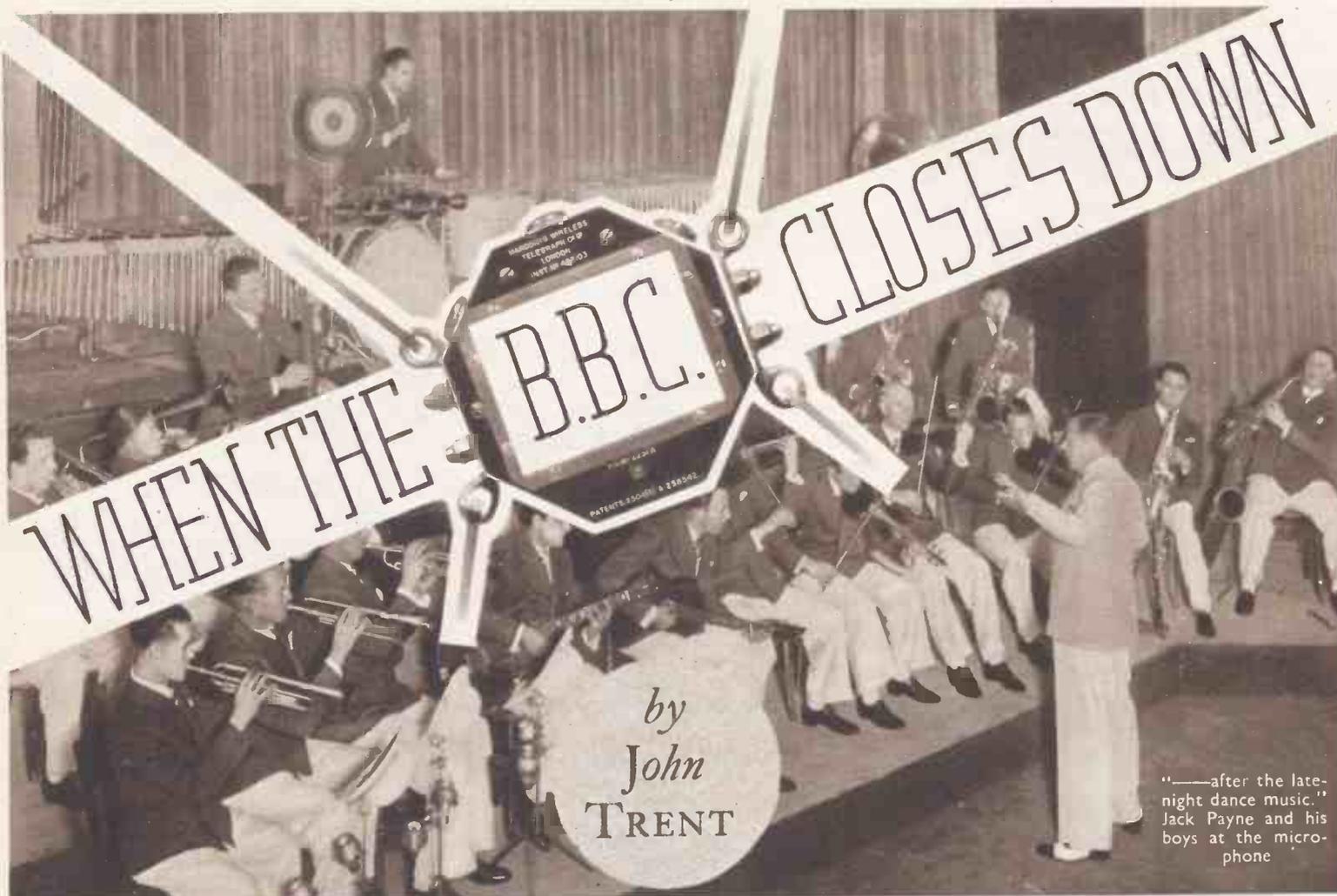
Publishers of many Broadcast and Recorded Hits invite known and unknown Authors and Composers to submit song-poems, songs and musical compositions for immediate publication. Send MSS. PETER DEREK LTD., Music Publishers, R.D., 140a Shaftesbury Avenue, LONDON, W.C.2.

BE TALLER! CLIENTS GAIN! 2 to 6 INCHES!

Increased my own height to 6ft. 3 1/2 ins. ROSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS. Fee £22s.

Particulars (mailed privately) 2/6d. stamp R. C. MALCOLM ROSS, Height Specialist, Scarborough, England. (P.O. Box 15)





BIG BEN has boomed and a familiar voice is heard: "All stations are now closing down until to-morrow. Good-night, everyone, good-night." An announcer is speaking in the news studio on the third floor at Broadcasting House.

He leans forward in his chair to press a bell-push and a bulb glows at a panel in the control room under the roof five floors above. It is the signal that the programme is finished.

An engineer pulls a plug from his switchboard, disconnecting the microphone in the studio, and the red lamp goes out.

The announcer who has remained behind to close down the programme reaches for his hat which he has brought with him to the studio and in two minutes' time he is footing it down Langham Place for the tube, closely followed by four engineers whose work for the night is done.

For listeners another day has ended, and after the familiar valediction, we switch off our sets and turn in. But for many at Broadcasting House, work is just beginning.

The Big House never sleeps, and at any hour of any night you will find an attendant at the reception desk in the entrance hall and another working a lift, outward signs of intense activity within.

The windows of the offices have long since been darkened in the outer shell of the building, and it is mainly in the studio tower which forms the core of Broadcasting House that workers are still to be found.

The strokes of Big Ben which closed our programme opened Transmission Five of the Empire service, and another announcer is reading news to Canada and the West Indies.

His voice would not be recognised here, though it is known to listeners throughout the North American Continent. Two engineers seated at a desk in the control room are checking this programme and passing it through to Daventry.

Two others are standing by the Blattnerphone, waiting for a cue to set the metal ribbon in motion.

This tape contains a record of the best of the home listeners' programme, and at a signal from the control room, a variety show will be relayed from the machine by telephone line to the Empire station.

At two o'clock this programme ends and the announcer retires to a comfortable bed in a room overlooking a quiet street on the east side of the building where the noise of nocturnal traffic should not disturb him.

Let us leave him in peace until 5.15, when he will be called for his bath and breakfast.

The engineers are just a small part of a shift which came on duty at 11.30 and will work through the night. The next programme to the Empire, starting at 6.15, will be in their charge. In the meantime there is much to be done.

During the day a fault has been reported by a programme official in a loud-speaker in his office; the instrument must be examined and maybe replaced.

A job of wiring which can only be tackled when the control room is not in use, has to be finished.

The cause of induction which is carrying sound from one studio to another has to be traced, and the emergency plant which will carry the load for the whole building in case of failure in the power supply is scheduled for test.

Engineers three floors below the ground have started the dynamos, switches are turned and the building is running for two hours under its own "steam."

In the boiler room, fitters, who have been trained in ships, are cleaning the oil feeds to one of four boilers which supply heat and hot water to the building, while other hands are controlling the giant ventilating plant which never ceases to pass air through the studio tower.

The firemen and night watchmen are on their rounds.

A chamber concert was broadcast last evening from the concert hall. An audience paid for admission and seven hundred people were seated in the hall listening to a quartet playing from a small platform below the organ grill.

At 6.30 a.m., Berkeley Mason will be using the organ for the Empire programme, and from six o'clock he will want to practise. By this time two hundred and fifty stalls must be removed from the hall and an extension of the platform must be fitted in their place.

The big orchestra is due to rehearse in the morning, and eighty music stands and a dais for Dr. Boulton must be ready for use. So attendants in dust-coats are transforming the hall, and when

the organist arrives to unlock his console, the big studio will be set up for the orchestral rehearsal to follow.

Man must eat, and hot food and drink may be had in the pretty green café at every hour of the night. From 9.0 p.m. to 10.0 a.m. there is a special menu. Appetising porridge, bacon, eggs, sausages, tea and coffee, and other breakfast dishes are served from electric cookers to all comers at work in the building.

A cosmopolitan crowd assembles in the small hours, sleepy artists dropping in for a coffee before an early morning broadcast, which will start their day, mingle with tired men who are taking breakfast before catching an early tube for home and bed.

The restaurant can have no better testimonial than the experience of an Empire announcer, who ate four poached eggs for his breakfast one day last week. His order for a second plate surprised the cook, who asked whether he needed more eggs because the first lot had been bad.

"No, because they were so good," he said.

Although purified air is passing through the tower all day and night, artists and staff may bring in dust on their shoes and the carpet in each studio is cleaned at least once every twenty-four hours.

Vacuum pipes built in the masonry line every corridor with points for each office and studio. A plant in the basement supplies the suction and attendants connect their cleaners to the nearest point in the main pipe to the studio which they are sweeping.

The longest spell between programmes is from 2.0 to 6.15 a.m. and cleaners make good use of these hours.

At seven o'clock an army of women, sixty strong, besieges the doors. Within a few minutes dusters will be polishing in every office and soapy water will be swirling on the rubber floors.

A tanker lorry standing at the curb is pumping fuel-oil through a hose to storage in the basement; a van at the goods entrance is disgorging joints from a refrigerator, and postmen are unloading sacks of mail at the main door.

Fresh faces are arriving, a new day must have begun; but I can't tell you when it started, or who was the first comer, because the work of yesterday never seemed to stop.

What Listeners Think...

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

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

All letters must bear the sender's name and address, although a nom de plume may be used for publication. Letters should be as brief as possible and written on one side of the page only. Address to "Star" Letter, "Radio Pictorial," 59-61 Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

★ Sunday Shakespeare

IN my opinion, the broadcast Shakespeare plays, admittedly well presented and admirably performed, do not make ideal Sunday listening. For one thing, about an hour and a half of Shakespeare sans visual aid is something of a strain at any time, and we don't want strain on Sundays.

"But why stick to Shakespeare? Why cannot we have good modern plays to accompany our relaxation with pipes and/or sweets? Plays of the *Marie Celeste* type. If the argument be that such plays are not in accordance with the B.B.C. Sunday, I can only say that few of our good modern plays contain half as many murders and gruesome scenes as the recently broadcast *Macbeth*."—John Roy, Hornsey.

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

The B.B.C. as Patron

It was evident by the results of the B.B.C.'s enormously successful poetry competition last year that a tremendous amount of good could be done by the B.B.C. taking over the task of encouraging and helping the enthusiastic amateur and the struggling professional in literature and music.

"I am sure that a great deal of talent would be discovered if the B.B.C. would devote a small part of its vast income to organising annual competitions for plays, poetry, short stories, and musical compositions.

"Not only would the B.B.C. help itself by obtaining an unlimited amount of fresh material for its programmes, but it would provide a stimulus that British art badly requires."—R. D. Birch, Taunton.

Give Us Something New

Why does the B.B.C. give us so many items we have heard so many times, in their gramophone record recitals? Almost every programme of record dance music includes Harry Roy, Henry Hall, and other bands that are a regular broadcasting feature. And such duplication is not confined to dance music. One finds the Wireless Military Band popping up in band programmes, the B.B.C. Orchestras in orchestral records, and the broadcasting light orchestras seem almost synonymous with light music records.

"Why shouldn't record programmes be used to give us something new? There are literally thousands of discs that have items never previously broadcast. Why not use them?"—Albert Inman, Sheffield.

Key to Commander King-Hall's Children's News Motto on page 8

There is a shortage of water in Great Britain. This is called a Drought. The Government is passing a law to meet the dangers of this situation. But the best remedy would be more rain. So don't tell the rain to go to Spain!

The "Macbeth" Broadcast

Disregarding the question of production, the play appeared to me to have one great fault—few of the players had voices suited to the microphone.

"As much as I admire Charles Laughton as a stage film actor, my opinion of him as a radio actor cannot be anything but low, because his voice does not 'get over'.

"The B.B.C., in my opinion, made a great mistake in choosing a stage company for a broadcast performance. The previous broadcast of *Macbeth*, which was by a company specially chosen for broadcasting, was much more successful."—F. Hazel, South Shields.

More Wireless For Women

At present, the only item of special feminine interest is the fifteen-minute cookery talk on Tuesday morning. This is to be continued, in response to a great many requests. Please will the B.B.C. develop this idea? It would be appreciated alike by newly-married women who are just learning housekeeping, and by older women who have forgotten some of what they learnt, and are becoming a little stereotyped in their housekeeping."—Housewife, Wakefield.

The Radio Home

I was very interested in the article 'The Ideal Radio Home' in a recent RADIO PICTORIAL—but would a house so equipped (a loud-speaker in every room and garage) really be the ideal radio home? In my opinion definitely no!

"I think most of us whose homes boast only one loud-speaker get too much radio. The temptation to leave the receiver on for hours on end, even though the broadcast does not interest us, in the hope that something "good" will come on, is undeniably what happens in thousands of homes to-day. How much more likely to happen in a house with radio in every room and the garden. (By the way, what happens if the neighbours also adopt the latter idea?)"—W. S. Helliwell, Halifax.

"Hot" Music

Why are the 'hot dance music' fans in the North not catered for by the B.B.C.?

Presuming we are in a minority, I make so bold as to say, so are the 'Wozzeck' and such-like music devotees, and one minority is as deserving of attention as another.

"The Midland Regional transmitter, unobtainable to most of us, gives the Midlands brief record recitals with Robert Treddinick at the turntable. Are we North Regional listeners so civilised, or otherwise, that hot music is above, or below, us?"—"Melody Maker," Cheshire.

Dance Music Only

In the whole of my experience I have never yet met a person who really enjoyed a 'high-brow' concert.

"There are a great many listeners who look forward very much to dance programmes. The best bands usually come on after they have retired to bed.

"I suggest, therefore, that one of the ten B.B.C. stations should broadcast dance music all day and every day. This would leave nine stations for the 'highbrow' stuff."—Danmus, Lichfield.

To Help Hikers

I would like to suggest the B.B.C. would greatly help hikers and lovers of the country if they were to broadcast talks on different towns and counties of Great Britain. Perhaps this could be managed, say, every Friday evening after the first news."—Derrick, London.

For the Kiddies

Here is the solution to the Mister Bunny Crossword Puzzle given last week in RADIO PICTORIAL:—

Across.	Down.
1. Sward.	1. Spa.
6. Paper.	2. Warren.
7. Area.	3. Ape.
8. Run.	4. Reading.
10. Anno.	5. D.R.
	8. R.A.
	9. No.

HULLO, CHILDREN!

AUNT BELINDA'S Children's Corner

DEAR NIECES AND NEPHEWS, Wasn't it amusing to hear C. E. Hodges telling the story of "Another Adventure of Eustace"? A good many of you know, I expect, that he is Uncle Peter who used to organise and direct the Children's Hour when the B.B.C. was at Savoy Hill. I think Uncle Peter is one of the busiest men I know, but he did spare me a few minutes the other day to show me some of the very interesting films he has been making. I saw one of New Zealand—that was a talkie with Uncle Peter's familiar voice telling us all about it as we went along. There were some of Germany, too. Most of them come under the heading of Educational Films which sounds dull, but I believe you would be like Oliver Twist and ask for more if all learning could be made so interesting. Uncle Peter had to rush up to the North to give a lecture, so I have promised to go back another day to see more.

One of my "nieces" is Elizabeth, the small daughter of Stuart Robertson and Alico Moxon who sang such delightful duets in the Hour the Friday before last. I talked to Elizabeth on the telephone this morning, and to my great surprise she said, "Mummy has been very naughty and is standing in the corner until she is good"! I couldn't imagine what "Mummy" had been up to so I asked most humbly if I could please speak to her just for one moment. Mummy came to the telephone and when I said, "Sally, what have you been doing?" she roared with laughter and said, "It's *Monkey* who has been naughty—Elizabeth's favourite doll!"

I was delighted to see "Jacko" here in London not long ago. He used to be an announcer at Savoy Hill, and then went up to the Midland Regional Station where, as often as his other duties will allow him, he helps Auntie Dorothy in the Children's Hour. It is fortunate that what National loses on the swings, Midland gains on the roundabouts, isn't it? Did you know, by the way, that Auntie Dorothy has written some charming songs specially for nieces and nephews? I don't think all of them have been broadcast yet, but I hope they will be. Perhaps Uncle Eric will play the accompaniments, it will be quite a "family" business, won't it?

Until next Friday, then,
AUNT BELINDA.



The PEGGY DELL CAP



WEAR a cap like Peggy Dell's, laced in the newest way from brim to crown, and finished with two brass ball buttons. It is crocheted entirely in double crochet, and is amazingly quick and easy to work.

The model in the photograph is wearing a jersey to match. Directions for making this jersey are available, and will be sent free to any reader on request.

MATERIALS.—2 oz. Copley's 3-ply Excelsior wool Mandarin; 1 oz. Copley's 3-ply Excelsior wool, Nigger; 2 brass ball buttons; a No. 12 Stratnoid crochet hook; 1 large bone crochet hook.

SIZE.—Round the head, 21 inches; depth from fold of brim to centre of crown, 7 inches.

TENSION.—Work to produce 7 d.c. to 1 inch in width on the No. 12 crochet hook.

Begin in the centre of the crown by working 4 chain with Mandarin wool, and the No. 12 crochet hook, and joining into a ring.

1st round—9 d.c. into the ring.
2nd round—2 d.c. into every st. all round. Mark the end of this round with a coloured thread and carry the thread down the rounds as the work proceeds, as a guide.

3rd round—1 d.c. into each st. all round.
4th round—2 d.c. into every alternate st. all round with 1 d.c. on all other sts.

5th round—1 d.c. into each st. all round.
6th round—2 d.c. into every 3rd st. all round with 1 d.c. on all other sts.

7th round—1 d.c. into each st. all round.
8th round—2 d.c. into every 4th st. all round, with 1 d.c. on all other sts.

9th round—1 d.c. into each stitch all round. Continue in this way, increasing on every alternate round, with 1 st. more before the increases on successive increase rounds till the round with 2 d.c. into every 15th st. has been worked.

Work without further increase for a depth of 1 3/4 inches. Cut wool.

Join the wool to the next st. and work all round to the last st. Do not join. Cut wool.

Join the wool to the first st. of the last row and work all round to the last st. of the row. Cut wool.

Repeat the last row till there is a depth of 1 inch not joined.

At the end of the last row turn and work back in the opposite direction.

Continue working row upon row in this direction for a depth of 1 3/4 inches. Fasten off.

Press the work lightly with a hot iron over a damp cloth.

The Truth About Announcers

(Continued from page Three)

I fear, however, that listeners have become so used to their announcers that they would soon clamour for a return to their way of announcing.

Many people have wondered why Mrs. Borrett was not kept on as an announcer. But, listening to a woman speaker, one cannot deny that there is something about the mezzo-soprano voice which is not suitable for an announcer. A contralto voice, on the other hand, which is an extremely rare kind, might be a great success.

However, for some reason or other, the pitch of the average woman's voice is only at its best when used without amplification, for the high and low tones of the range are lost in discordance.

As to whether the public really disliked Mrs. Borrett on the air, I cannot be too certain. I make a shrewd guess that much of the reason for not keeping her on was the prejudice felt in this country against woman announcers—not by men only, but by many of her own sex.

I doubt whether anywhere in the world one could find a more charming collection of men than the announcers that work in London, Birmingham, and elsewhere. And it does not take much experience for a listener to be able to differentiate between the voices of the various announcers.

In New York, the Mecca of advertising, whether of self or somebody else, broadcasting announcers start and finish by announcing their own names.

I am glad we have not come to that over here, although I know many listeners-in would like to know the names of their favourite announcers.

I think it might be of great interest to wireless enthusiasts if the B.B.C. were to broadcast some wireless programmes from Olympia or the Crystal Palace, when listeners could see as well as hear their favourite stars at close range.

There was a time, in the early days of broadcasting, when much was heard in the newspapers of the "golden voice," and for a long time this was attributed to Mr. Eric Dunstan. The golden voice is still at work, and it is possessed, as it has always been, by Mr. Hibbard, the chief announcer.

As you know, it is he who organises all announcing, and this certainly takes some doing.

Now work a chain of 6 strands of nigger wool and lace up the Cap, beginning at the open part of the brim, which is first folded exactly in half. Stitch the edge of the brim along the left side of the cap.

Sew the buttons on the ends of the chain, and tie the ends in a bow on the top of the crown.

To come from one studio to another just before or just after an item and to be on time at each place, and be prepared to fill in with prepared remarks when some broadcaster does not arrive or has been taken suddenly ill—all this needs organisation as well as a cool head.

Most announcers enjoy their job, and they are prepared to go on the air at a moment's notice to read the manuscripts of someone who, at the eleventh hour, has been unable to fulfil his engagement. And, in spite of the arduous duties, there is no dearth of applicants.

Personally, I am not in favour of the standardisation of any particular form of announcing for the wireless. Why anyone who does not possess a certain type of accent should be debarred from announcing is a thing I could never understand.

However much we standardise our tongue, we cannot get away from the fact that the English language, as it is known to-day, is a mixture of dialects, and I should prefer to hear the broad outspoken dialect from one of our shires than the monotonous inflection which, for the past sixty years, has been the outcome of expensive schools.

That some dialects are more pleasant to the ear than others is natural, but that is no reason why we should be debarred from hearing the English that Shakespeare spoke.

The announcers at the B.B.C. are a hard-working crew.

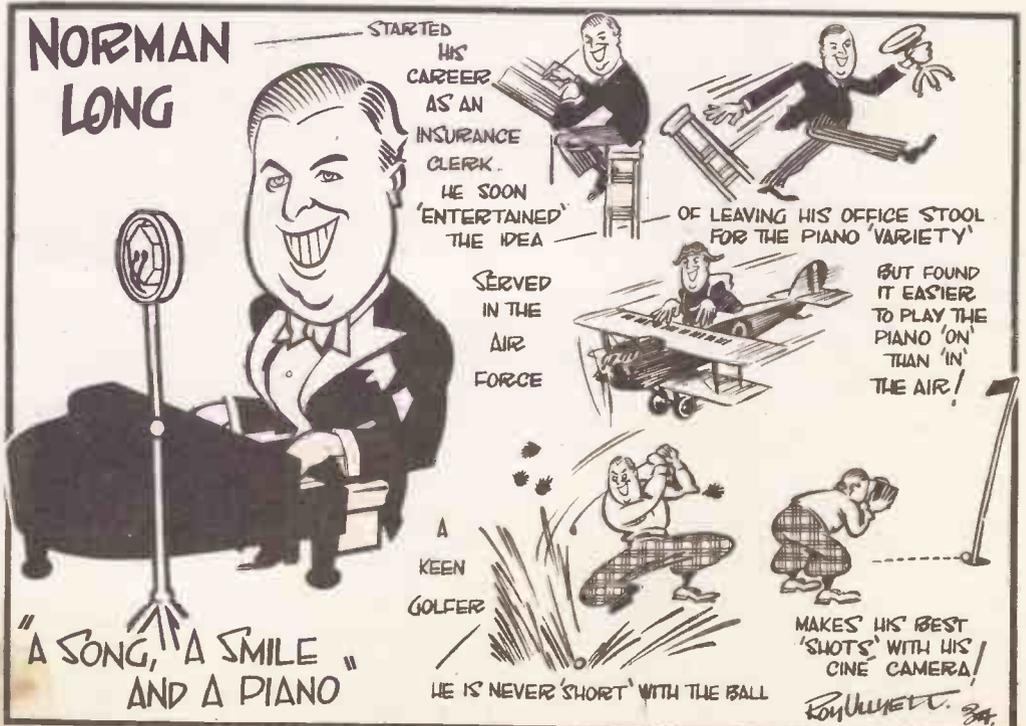
They get little publicity and no thanks. But they realise that to many lonely people they fulfil the role of an unseen friend. Surely a great comfort should they think for a moment that their work is not appreciated.

REAL PHOTOGRAPHS of Radio Stars

Would you like to have your own copies of some of the exclusive radio-star pictures appearing in "Radio Pictorial"?

It is now possible to obtain copies of every "Radio Pictorial" copyright photograph, price 2s. 6d. each, post paid. Every picture in this issue marked with the small sign "R.P." can be supplied—a full-plate photographic copy unmounted. Send a Postal Order, value 2s. 6d., for each print you require, to "Radio Pictorial," 58-61, Fetter Lane, E.C.4.

Snapshots of the Stars—5



The Tragic Story of—

A HUNGARIAN engineer invented a system of broadcasting over wires in the early 'nineties; Budapest was the first city in the world to own a broadcasting service. It was opened in 1893.

On the payment of a small fee a man living in Budapest could be connected with the broadcasting system, much as he becomes a telephone subscriber today. Every half-hour he could listen in on a headphone to the latest news, and a few years later he was given relays from the Royal Hungarian Opera House and from other concert halls.

In fact, right up till 1925 the Royal Opera House in Budapest was wired up with not less than thirty-two microphones for relaying operas to subscribers of the telephonic newspaper, the Telefon Hirmondo.

This first broadcasting system must have known many announcers, and I can well visualise the first of them sitting gravely in front of the microphone, wearing a top hat. But we know very little of them and none have survived.

There, however, exists one man who can boast of announcing experience dating right back to 1907. This man was, until quite recently, the chief announcer of Radio Budapest, and it is his life-story which I wish to recount.



One hour of suspense followed until official confirmation arrived. And then—well, the world was bright and sunny and the Telefon Hirmondo had had the greatest scoop in history.

Scherz saw active service during the war to the very end and then returned to the services of the Hirmondo, where he was transferred to the book-keeping department. But this was only until the advent of Hungarian wireless broadcasting in 1925. He was re-discovered for the microphone and took over announcing again. His voice became famous again and as Scherz *baczi* ("uncle" Scherz) he was the "star" of the children's hour. The following incident well shows his popularity.

There was an exhibition in Budapest where the Hungarian Broadcasting Company had placed a small studio surrounded by glass walls. The actual broadcasting took place from here, especially during the lunch-time period. It was warm and very silent in the studio and one afternoon—after finishing the mid-day announcements—Scherz sat down in a chair to wait for the next transmission and gently dozed and eventually fell asleep.

He awoke to find a paper with some sticky chocolates on his lap. Later a friend told him that during his sleep a lady with a little girl of five had passed by and the little girl had exclaimed:

"Oh, Mummy, surely that is Uncle Scherz."

The little girl's mother said: "Yes, of course," and the little girl had answered with a sad voice:

"Oh, but he must be hungry all alone in that glass cage," and slipping through the door, which had not been locked, tip-toed up to him and gave him the

the World's FIRST ANNOUNCER

I first met Eduard von Scherz in Budapest in April, 1928 (and last in October, 1933). I remember walking down the Rakoczy ut to number twenty-two, clambering up the stairs and ringing the bell under the sign: "Telefon Hirmondo," to which the words "es Radio" had been recently added.

A tall, spare man in a white overall opened the door. I stood before the world's first announcer, the only man who had been in front of the microphone for over twenty years.

Sitting in the offices of the Telefon Hirmondo and looking out of the window, Mr. von Scherz pointed across the road and told me that over there the Lecture Hall of the Urania had once stood. But I must start at the beginning.

Born in that beautiful city on the Danube, two hours' tram journey from Vienna, Pressburg to give it the German name, Bratislava to the Czechs and Poszfony to the Hungarians, Scherz learnt to speak languages as a child. His father was a wealthy landowner and young Eduard was given an excellent education, learning French and German next to his native Hungarian.

A honeymoon to the Riviera and Monte Carlo was well within his means, but this was to prove disastrous. At Monte Carlo he fell beneath the spell of the Casino, played till he had lost all his money; wrote home for more; used up all his fortune, and after what, no doubt, was a very hectic year he was absolutely penniless.

Young Eduard did not dare return home and live on the merciful bounty of his family; he was too ashamed. So he went straight to the capital,

Budapest, and looked for something to do. Luckily, he soon found a job as lecturer and public reader to the Urania, a cultural society.

From here it was but a step across the street to the Telefon Hirmondo, especially at the urgent request of a director in search of a good voice. His knowledge of French and German greatly helped.

So from 1907 we see Eduard von Scherz installed at the microphone of the Hungarian spoken newspaper, switching on every half-hour and reading the latest news, and in the evenings announcing the relays from the Royal Hungarian Opera House.

I asked Scherz what had been the greatest moment in his life as announcer. He smiled and told me that although his most strenuous moments had been the days in the winter of 1911 or 1912 when a storm had blown down the wires of the telephone system (he and some workmen had themselves clambered up on to the roofs and repaired the damage within a week, greatly to the pleasant surprise of the directors), his greatest moment had been on a certain day of June, 1914. A friend of his living in Sarajewo had sent him news of the assassination of the Austro-Hungarian Crown Prince. In his excitement he had broadcast this news without waiting for verification. Officials from the ministries, together with the police, promptly called on Scherz and he was questioned where he had got that news. If it were correct, well then he could expect high recognition, but if not . . . well, the deepest dungeon would not be deep enough for him.

remainder of a small poke of chocolates.

In 1931 Scherz had to undergo an operation on his throat and unfortunately lost his voice. He was succeeded by a charming young girl, Miss Lily Filotas.

And such is the march of time. Son of a nobleman, wealthy and then penniless, lecturer and reader, radio announcer in 1907, War, book-keeper, wireless announcer and star of the children's hour, an operation and now, 1934, out of the glare of the public eye, librarian of the Hungarian Broadcasting Company.

But there is one thing which helps Mr. von Scherz over the tragic fate of a lost voice—he still gets an average of twenty love letters a day, as most listeners cannot, will not, or do not believe that "Scherz baczi" has left the microphone for good!

RADIO RIDDLES

Who is the radio personality represented in each of the following?

1. If William The Conqueror had been six-foot-six, this would have described him nicely.
2. This chap was hired by a Highland shooting-party, but has joined up with a workman from Staffordshire.
3. A name linked with a famous Feast, the status of him who looked down, and the rest is behind the front-door.
4. Some bad scholar has written an article and preposition all in one, and spelt a canal very badly.
5. A certain oleaginous fruit doesn't grow like lemons, yet this would suggest that it does.
6. Here you have a really bright light and an aristocrat too.
7. Adam was probably at her call as well.

Solutions on page 24.

At Home with

Ronald FRANKAU

THE first impression one gets of Ronald Frankau is that he is a happy man. Happy in his work and still happier in his home. He has been married twice. By his first wife he had two children—Joy, now thirteen, and John who is eight.

John once intended to be an actor, but his father says he gave up the idea two years ago. Feeling that, at the advanced age of six years, he ought to be thinking out a career for himself, he asked daddy's advice.

Ronald, having been told by his schoolmaster that John was mathematically inclined, suggested chartered accountancy as a profession. John asked what a chartered accountant was. "Well," said his father, "you see—er—that is—a business firm must show their accounts—profit and loss, you see." John didn't see. In the end Ronald gave it up and felt rather bad about it. You try to explain to a boy of six what a chartered accountant is and see what sort of mess you make of it!

About four years ago Mr. Frankau was touring with a concert party wherein was a charming young actress named Renée Roberts. When her contract ended Ronald was so much in love with



RP

The photographs on this page were taken exclusively by the "Radio Pictorial" cameraman and copies can be obtained from the "Radio Pictorial" office if required

her that he decided to offer her another sort of contract. The result is a radiantly happy marriage. She is fifteen years his junior.

Now that Rosemary Frankau is nearly twelve months old their happiness is complete. Had she been a boy she would have been named Ronald or Robert—at least some name beginning with the letter R, because both her parents christian names begin with R. Rosemary can now inherit the fountain pens and brushes of the family. Everything in the entire establishment is initialled R.F. with the exception of the cheques. Those get initialled R.D. At least, he says so!

There are few radio stars busier than Ronald Frankau. How he ever gets a moment to spend with his wife and baby is a mystery, for sometimes he does as many as seven shows a day. Night after night he is performing in cabaret until two o'clock. He says he sleeps when he has time, shaves at four in the afternoon, and prepares for the next bout. He writes so many songs for other people that it is a wonder he ever gets time to write them for himself.

Just recently he has written an entire musical comedy—lyrics and libretto. This show starts touring in May, but it is possible the arrangements regarding it may be altered. If so it will appear in London first.

The business side of Frankau's life would occupy most men all their day. He generally writes a hundred letters a week. Even so, he finds time to write books. You should read his latest *Crazy Omnibus* because in it he has reproduced so much of his wireless wit and humour.

Some time ago he wrote a delightful book for children which he dedicated to his first two. You will have heard the first poem, though. He has often broadcast it. It begins:—

"Extraordinary, wonderful, fascinating, queer, Marvellous, incredible, oh, dear dear."

Ronald Frankau's wit is never the same for two successive audiences. He makes his punishments fit all sorts of crimes. He says he is happy on the stage because he has learned, by sheer forces of personal experience, to judge an audience on sight. He considers filming comes under a different heading altogether. There an actor has a producer who tells him what to do and sees he does it. When it comes to broadcasting Ronald Frankau is often quite nervous. He declares a studio audience doesn't mean a thing to him

Continued on page 24



RP

ON THE AIR THIS WEEK

Suzanne Marie Bertin arriving at Le Bourget from London. She is singing in the London Regional programme on Sunday at 6.30 p.m. Vivienne Bennet (below) has arranged a May Day Anthology for Midland Regional listeners.



Godfrey Kenton, who plays leading parts in Birmingham Repertory Theatre productions.



Jan Berenska and his Piano-forte Quintette. He will broadcast on April 29, National.

RONDOS cheerful gossip about the items you have heard on the radio and the programmes in preparation

High-spots of the Programmes

NOW you Highbrows, I want your attention for a few paragraphs! The subject is the *London Music Festival*, organised by a certain broadcasting corporation called British. I will let you off with the first three concerts this time, but I want you to hear at least a bit of each. All three are conducted by Dr. Boult.

The first is not until May 4, at 20.15. (Don't count on your fingers; do it in your head.) The Bach Brandenburg concerto in F is melodious, but if you aren't keen, switch in about half-past twenty and get Carl Flesch. You won't see him in the flesh, I fear, but he is one of the finest fiddlers alive to-day. He is playing the Beethoven concerto which is also one of the finest works written for violin and orchestra. That's that, then.

On Monday, at the same magic hour of fifteen after twenty, you might try a little of Hiddemith's *Das Unaufhorliche* if you feel that way inclined. They translate it *The Perpetual*. I think *The Eternal* is nicer, but far be it from me to argue with the noblebrows at the B.B.C. over a matter of that kind. Good singers: Adelheid Arnhold, they tell me, is wonderful. I know the other three are good. They are Arthur Cranmer, Harold Williams, and Parry Jones. Also the B.B.C. Chorus. Well, there it is. If you don't like it, don't blame me. I don't like the work personally. That's why I am suggesting you hear it.

Still, on Wednesday the ninth there is something really good. Vladimir Horowitz is playing the Tchaikovsky piano concerto. *That is everybody's music*. The first item is the winning overture in the *Daily Telegraph* competition for 1934. Next year they will perform the winning overture in the RADIO PICTORIAL competition. We like making overtures to the B.B.C., you know!

Well, that's that, as I said before. Now let's talk about something sensible.

Look out on April 28 for a return of Jack Payne plus boys for an hour's dance music in the National Programme.

London Regional listeners will get a relay from the Pavilion Theatre, Liverpool, on May 2. Some good names: Marie Hendal and her family; Horace Kenney; Johnson Clarke; Jay Morelle; the Five Canadian Wonders.

The first two matches of the Australians' tour are being played in the Midlands. Midland Regional listeners will have an opportunity of an eye-witness account of the first day's play at Worcester on May 2, and at Leicester on May 5. Quaipe does the first, Grierson the second. I used to watch Quaipe play on the Warwickshire ground thirty-five years ago. A fine player he was, too.



Ronald Frankau spends an idle moment away from the microphone with Mrs. Frankau and Rosemary

RP

At Home with Ronald Frankau

Continued from page Twenty-two

because he is trying to visualise some lonely soul sitting by his fireside listening, as it were, to a telephonic conversation. He wants the B.B.C. producers to judge each line broadcast on its value and to insist on the deletion, not only of unsuitable lines, but those which do not come over satisfactorily. Although he thus criticises variety productions at Broadcasting House, he freely admits his indebtedness to the B.B.C. which made his name. Well, he needn't be too anxious on the point. His style of humour is very suitable to the microphone.

Mrs. Frankau longs to get back to the stage. She feels if she appears in one of her husband's shows she is simply there because she is Mrs. Frankau. She wants to do something on her own account. But they are faced with a difficult problem, one they find hard to solve. *They cannot bear to be apart*. If she goes to America, or even tours in England, he will be wretched until she returns. They adore their baby and cannot make up their minds to be away from her.

Ronald is a fairly heavy smoker. If you ever meet him he will offer you a cigarette. When that happens just take the case from his hand and examine it. You will find in it a charming photograph of Renée Frankau done by some process on the metal itself.

Rosemary is evidently musical. If she hears music she is all rhythmic movement at once. Her father often does his act to her. He says there is some satisfaction because she is the only audience wholly appreciative. The rest criticise!

So there you are! Another radio romance—the Frankaus, who must surely be amongst the happiest people in the world of broadcasting.

Springtime in Somerset ought to interest West Regional listeners on May 3. Rather novel idea. You will be taken to a farmhouse in Somerset and will hear the farmer's granddaughter reading a column of village events from the weekly rag.

There will be another relay—the third—of the Festival Concert of the Three Valleys Festival from the Pavilion, Mountain Ash, on May 5. Mendelssohn's *Elijah* will be performed by ten choirs and the Welsh Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Henry Wood. The four soloists will be Ina Souez, Mabel Lindwood, Alec John, and Arthur Fear, who should make a splendid *Elijah*.

What looks like an attractive *Variety for the Empire* is to be broadcast from the North Regional studios on April 28.

Belfast listeners will probably be interested in a play by Ethel Lewis called *Castles in the Wind* which they may hear on the evening of April 27. The story is taken from an old Irish legend and tells of a soldier in Cromwell's army who was granted an estate on a wild and stormy night. Instead of settling down in the estate the soldier rides away next morning. The play gives the reason.

Of course, you Scottish listeners will switch on for the concert by the Robert Burnett Choir on May 1? Tip-top singers—amongst the best in Scotland, surely? Anyhow, there they are, or will be, and John Linden is the solo 'cellist.

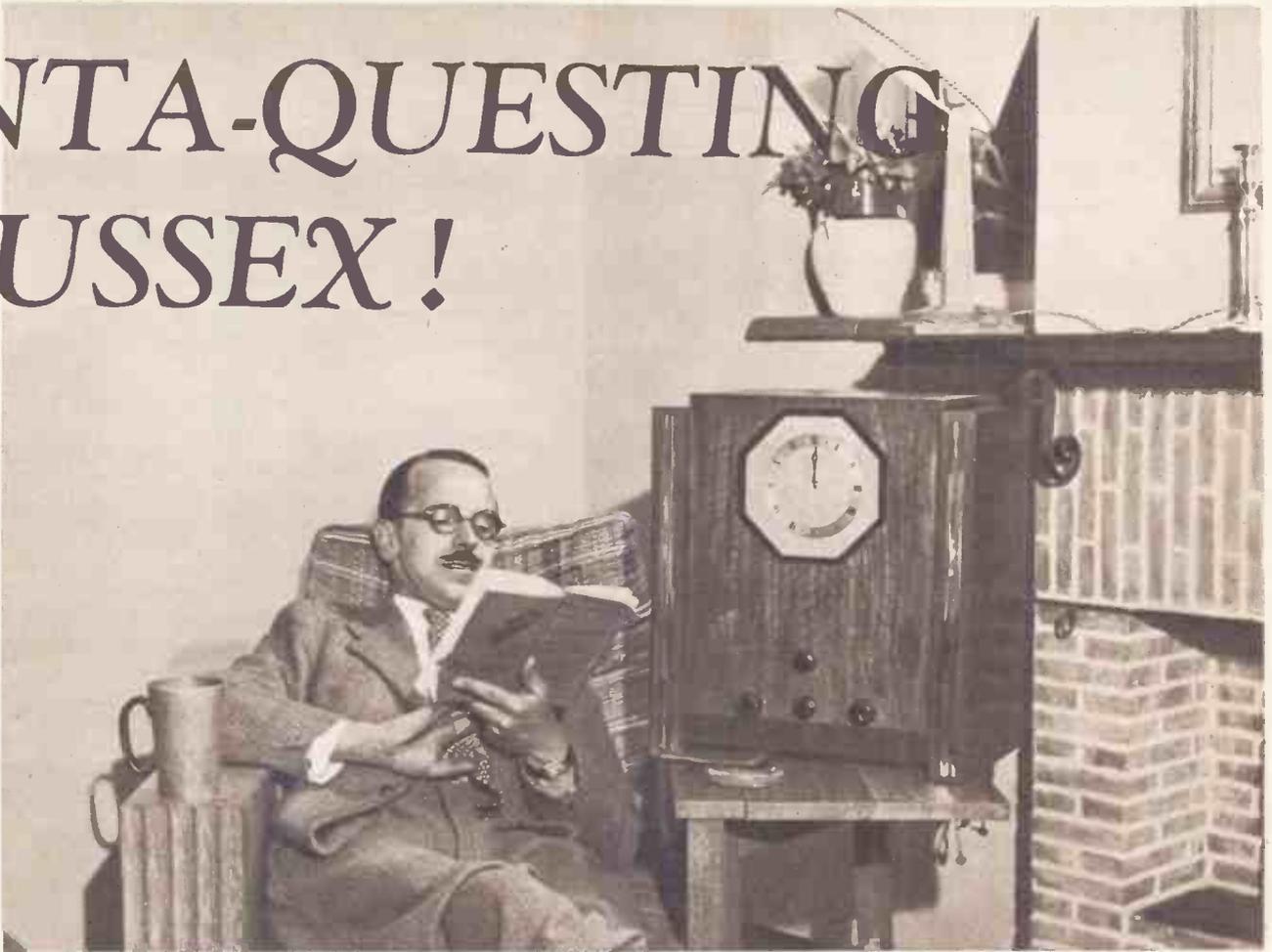
Solutions to the Radio Riddle on Page 21

1. Norman Long. 2. Gillie Potter. 3. Stephen King-Hall. 4. Ina Souez. 5. Olive Groves. 6. Ray Noble. 7. Eve Becke.

Radio Stars 3

PENTA-QUESTING

in SUSSEX!



THE Penta-quester, the "hottest" three-valve set ever produced for the home constructor, has already been tested in Yorkshire, Essex, Surrey, and Cornwall. In this week's issue of "Amateur Wireless" you will read yet another report of its searching tests, this time in Sussex.

Once again the Penta-quester has come through with flying colours. If you want to be up to date in radio you must build the Penta-quester.

ALSO in this issue is some very useful advice on bringing your old loud-speaker and pick-up units up to date. By following the simple instructions you will obtain a remarkable difference in power and quality of reproduction.

There is also an introductory article introducing the LUCERNE MAJOR—a four-valver with two screen-grid stages, using home-made components. In "Coupling the Set to the Amplifier" Noel Bonavia-Hunt continues his popular series on Quality.

There are also many other fine features in this issue, which you will find extremely interesting and useful.

Get your copy of this week's "Amateur Wireless" to-day.

AMATEUR WIRELESS

ON SALE TO-DAY—PRICE 3^D

EVERYMAN HIS OWN SET DOCTOR!

The May issue of WIRELESS MAGAZINE contains the simplest and most complete fault-finding guide ever presented to the radio public.

This guide is to help those with little technical knowledge who are experiencing trouble with their set, and to save them paying for the expensive advice of local experts. It is invaluable to owners of both home-constructed and factory-built receivers.

Look at the list at the foot of the page, giving some of the other splendid contents of this fine issue. Now get your copy of the May issue.

WHEN THE SET IS DEAD

Is it switched on?

Examine battery on-off switch or mains switch. See it is at the "on" position. Contacts must be clean. See that control knob is not slipping. Is the electric-light switch on?

Are the

Are the plugs and sockets of the high-tension, low-tension and grid-bias batteries making good contact? Open up the plugs with a pen-knife and scrape clean any dirty terminals points.

Inspect flexible connecting wires break in the wire under the covering.

Inspect connecting leads for broken joints as explained by Fig. 1.

Check high-tension and

Is the power valve holder faulty?

Is the loud-speaker connected?

Is it an old loud-speaker? so, the winding may be broke down. Apply continuity test with battery and headphones, as at Fig. 3. Test connections of loud-speaker to set, as with battery test. Test for continuity as at Fig. 1.

Has the power valve failed? Try another valve of the same type. Or test for filament continuity as at Fig. 1. If you have a milliammeter test as at Fig. 5A. If you have no spare valve of the same type, try a low-frequency type valve with less grid bias than you use for the power valve.

Sometimes the sockets in the valve holder work loose. Tighten them up, and make sure that the pins are clean.

SOME OF THE OTHER GOOD THINGS IN THE MAY ISSUE

FOR THE CONSTRUCTOR

The Heptode Super Three.
Fifty-five Stations on the Heptode Super Three!
The Companionette.
Wireless Jobs Made Easy for Mr. Everyman.
More About the Spectrum Portable.
Experimenter's All-wave Seven.

TECHNICAL FEATURES

Tuning by Eye—Instead of by Ear!
Healing by Short-wave Radio.
Automatic Tone Control for Your Set.

GENERAL ARTICLES

Guide to the World's Broadcasters.

World's Broadcast Wave-lengths.

Radios—and Riot Guns—Help American Police.

My Visit to the Bell Laboratories: Lionel Merdler.

Where the B.B.C. Wastes Money.

Recording the Sound on Film.

Home Recording on Film.

News of the Short Waves.

Choosing Your Records.

TELEVISION SECTION

Working a Simple Television Receiver from Your Broadcast Set.

Another Great Advance in Television.

Holding the Image Steady.

WIRELESS MAGAZINE

MAY ISSUE — 1/-

