

JESSIE MATTHEWS! A SUMMER NIGHT'S PROGRAMME

— PAGE PORTRAIT

— GODFREY WINN

RADIO PICTORIAL

2ND

EVERY FRIDAY



WESTERN BROTHERS

WE VISIT POSTE PARISIEN

At home with Harry Roy

Gazes

the craftsmen that are different



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Illustrated here is a completely equipped Gaze Swimming Pool at Bramley Grange Hotel, near Guildford. From rough ground to completion Gazes undertake the whole of the work and will be pleased to submit suggestions and estimate.

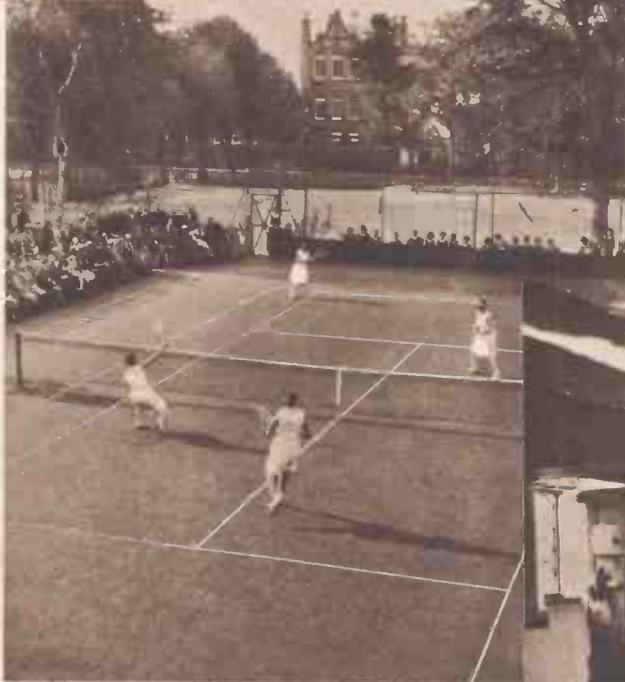


RESTORATION OF OLD-WORLD CHARM

The restoration of these 350-year-old cottages depicted above into a charming Surrey residence, with up-to-date conveniences, is another typical evidence of Gaze Craftsmanship, while the beautiful interior below shows equally well how the modern needs and the faithful adherence to Tradition can be welded together by Craftsmen of Distinction.

GAZES HARD TENNIS COURTS

Gazes Non-attention Hard Courts obviate labour and expense, and mean trouble-free Tennis the year round. The photograph, reproduced by special permission, shows Miss Betty Nuthall, Mrs. Michel, Miss Mudford and Mrs. Godfree at play on a "Gaze" Court at Sutton.



GAZES CHELSEA SHOW GARDEN, 1934

The photograph below shows a corner of the Gaze exhibit at Chelsea this year, which won the Silver Gilt Medal for its class. Let Gazes plan your Garden. There is inimitable charm associated with a Gaze Garden.



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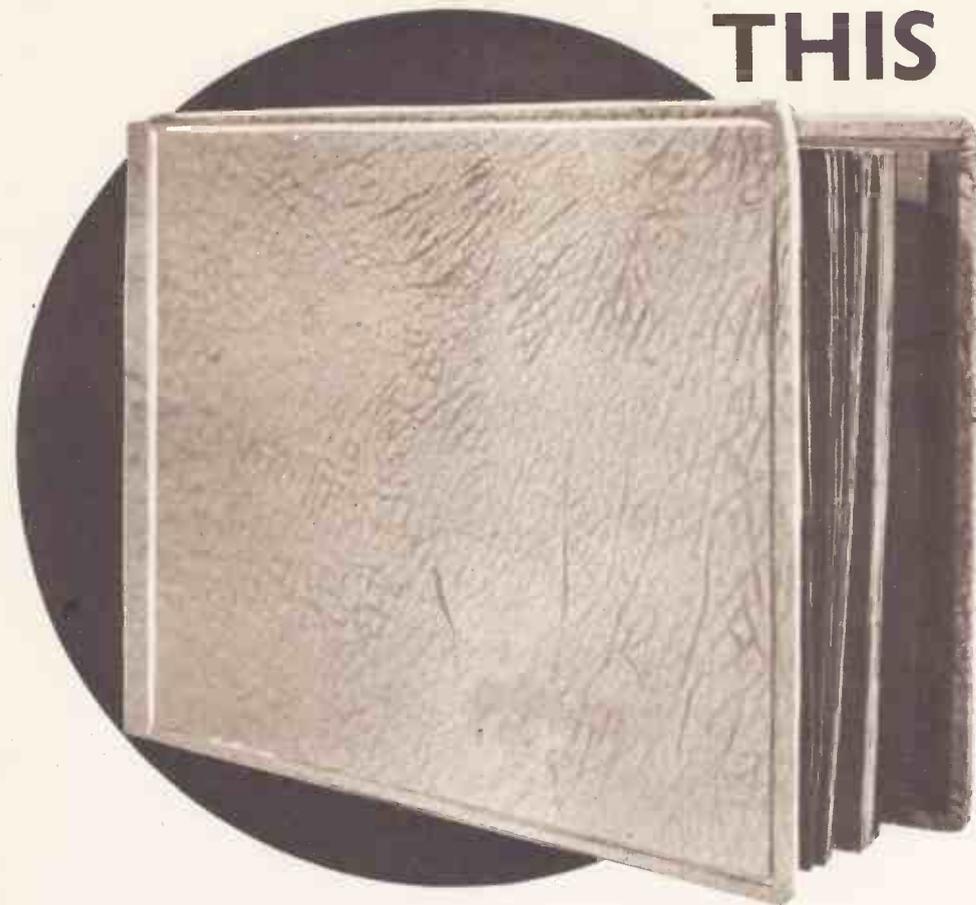
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Jessie MATTHEWS

popular with all listeners; she made an appearance with Sonnie Hale in a recent Henry Hall "Guest Night" programme, and she has starred in John Watt's "Songs from the Shows."

THIS HANDSOME ALBUM IS *free!*



How would you like to keep a collection of your favourite Radio Stars in one of these handsome albums?

Measuring 10½ in. wide, 7½ in. deep, by 1½ in. thick and stoutly bound in beautiful blue art. leather; they hold 144 portraits.

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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.

Qualify for your FREE Album and send for your first set of portraits TO-DAY.

YOU'VE ALL THESE TO CHOOSE FROM:—

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"STAINLESS STEPHEN"
HERMIONE GINGOLD
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MAMIE SOUTTER
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LESLIE FRENCH |



Radio Pictorial **BILLY MERRIN** Photo Card

(Top left), Leonard Henry. (Below), "Stainless Stephen."

These splendid photographs are post card size, measuring 5½ in. by 3½ in.



Additional portraits will be released each week. The following will be available next week:
**DORIS AND ELSIE WATERS
JOSEPH MUSCANT
REGINALD FOORT**

Now write the names of the 12 you have selected 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:—

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



What the C.O. Said

IT was hot on the first night of the Tattoo at Aldershot, and one of the outside broadcasting men turned out in white flannels, cool and sensible kit for the job. In the middle of the show he had to break cover and cross the arena to inspect a mike. The searchlights picked out his conspicuous figure, which looked rather odd at the siege of Namur, and what the C.O. said is not for your ears.

Anyway, the O.B. engineer was for orderly room next morning, and later in the week I found him looking hot and uncomfortable in a khaki tunic buttoned up to the neck. The C.O. was taking no risks with his pageantry, and as the B.B.C. men were staying on for Empire recording, he had them disguised as soldiers!

One Announcer . . .

I am all in favour of the new announcers. It is so much easier to identify the speakers now that the voices are not all of the same kind. L. Marson, one of the new men, was known as an actor and a cricketer before he came to Broadcasting House, and his voice is more mature than some others. He speaks with great assur-



RADIO GOSSIP

ance, too, and I do not think that you will fail to pick him out.

Of course, Stuart Hibberd and the Grisewood cousins, Freddie and Harman, remain, and their voices are too familiar to need description.

. . . And Another

Another newcomer doing well is R. Marriott who joined the announcing staff several months ago. He is the fellow with the casual, conversational style which I think is to be

A new photograph of the popular Carlyle Cousins, with their reflections not in the water, but on the top of the piano.

admired. Know him by his informal manner and the absence of "over-refinement" in his voice. I saw him the other day for the first time, but felt that he was already a friend. It is a strange sensation to meet a fellow with a voice which you already know so well.

Scotland, too, has a new announcer in W. Hunter, and I hear that they like his voice north of the Tweed.

Amusing the B.B.C.

When the B.B.C. sets out to amuse itself it usually does so in style, and the sports at Motspur Park on Saturday will end with a tattoo by the Gordon Highlanders.

This meeting at the sports ground is an annual feature for the staff, and it is often hard to recognise some rather frigid officials footing it lightly in the pavilion to the strains of the

The Twiddleknobs—by FERRIER



dance band. But my eyes have not deceived me. This year attractions include a Punch and Judy show, a flower and vegetable exhibition, a concert, and some fireworks.

Sir John at a Party

There was a sparkling cabaret at the B.B.C. party for the International broadcasting delegates. It was a distinguished gathering, and the big men of the B.B.C. were in excellent form.

Giovanni collected several diners on the platform and then proceeded without detection to relieve Sir John Reith of his braces, Sir Charles Cargill of his spectacle case and Filson Young of his cash. An amazing feat which raised a hearty laugh.

Lord Bridgeman took part in some of the tricks, and the party broke up at midnight. There is no doubt the visitors genuinely enjoyed their stay over here.

Pleasing the Farmer

Everyone likes to meet the people who talk to the mike, and farmers are no exception. They fairly surge round the B.B.C. tent at all the big agricultural shows, discussing the fat stock prices and other things near to their hearts.

It is a useful thing for the broadcasters to meet the folk who listen in this way, and I hear that they have taken a few tips for improving the service. On the whole, the farmers are pleased with what they are getting. I wish that we all had the same chance of airing a grievance.

The Hospitable North

I had a letter from Tom Jones a day or two ago. He seems to have been busy touring the north. He has been in Leeds, Manchester, Bury, and Carlisle.

He says he liked being up north. "What marvellous tripe and onions, blackberry puddings, simnel cake and, above all, *what hospitality!*" That's what Tom thinks of the North.

He tells me he is doing some popular stuff for the B.B.C. shortly, but he is also going to play in Beethoven trios. He used to do nothing else except good music until he went to Eastbourne. Then he became popular. You must listen to him both ways.

A Car Accident

I had tea—soda and milk to be exact—with Val Gielgud in his office. He told me that Margaret Rawlings has met with a car accident. She was to have played Oberon in *Midsummer Night's Dream* the previous Sunday. Fay Compton undertook the part, and Miriam Adams played Titania instead of Miss Compton. Not often casts are upset in that fashion. Let us hope Miss Rawlings is quite well again now.

A Loss to the Schools

I have just had a chat with Sir Walford Davies. He has retired from the broadcasts to the schools. Sir Walford's loss will be greatly felt. The

sight of those classes of children responding to his questions is amazing. In a Devon village what looks like old ladies off to their mother's meeting is really a number of them going to the schoolmistress's house to listen.

Sir Walford's opinion of children's powers is very high. He considers few are fit to begin learning the piano, but he says the best tunes composed by them come from budding musicians of ten. One *baby* hummed a tune and his mother sent it up. He was *three*.

Helping Unemployment

The employment curve is likely to take a sharp rise in the Tottenham district of London soon. Not very far from the Hotspurs football ground, a big new British valve factory has come into being—the factory of British Tungram Radio Works, Ltd., where Tungram valves will, in future, be made. A large number of young women will be absorbed, for even in these mechanical days their extra deft touch is essential at many points in a delicate operation like the making of a valve.

A particularly interesting point is that all the actual valve-making machinery used is made by Tungram's themselves in accordance with their own special patents and designs. Quite an amount of this unique machinery is now installed, and some "trial trips" have been made with great success.

Harry on Tour

During the summer session at the May Fair, Harry Roy's Band is going for a fortnight's holiday and a quick tour. He will be away from the May Fair from July 30, touring in Manchester, Glasgow and Liverpool, and back in London again on September 3. As a result of his successful broadcasts he should have an amazing reception when he tours.

Dance Music Changes

TWO changes have been made in Lew Stone's Band, the popular Nat Gonnella and Monia Litter (the pianist) having parted with the famous Monseigneur combination. Monia Litter may be heard with Lou Preager.



Cyril Nash, stage and radio actor, with one of his Schmauzer dogs. He breeds them for a hobby, and has given several talks on dogs.



Enjoying a few hours away from work, in speed boats at Torquay, Mrs. Jack Payne and Jack and his Boys.

We Visit

Poste



POSTE PARISIEN, which is so popular with all listeners, is really in two parts!

The programmes start in the studio in the Avenue des Champs-Élysées, Paris, only a stone's throw from the Unknown Warrior's grave underneath the Arc de Triomphe.

Then the programmes are carried by a special underground line to the transmitter, which is outside Paris, at Molières (Seine-et-Oise).

The broadcaster is modern and is futuristic in style. To anybody interested in broadcasting, the

transmitter presents more thrills than do the studios, so let us inspect the transmitter building first of all.

We have to make a trip of about twenty miles out of Paris and the most comfortable way of doing this is in the car of one of the station officials! But all listeners may not be so fortunate.

To the south of the Vallée de Chevreuse, we come to Molières and, as it is here about 500 feet above sea level, it is a fine centre for a broadcaster.

It is partly due to the good locality that the Poste Parisien transmissions are received so well in Great Britain.

There are no big Diesel engines at the Poste Parisien station, for the power comes by land line.

These land lines are among the first things the guide shows you at the station.

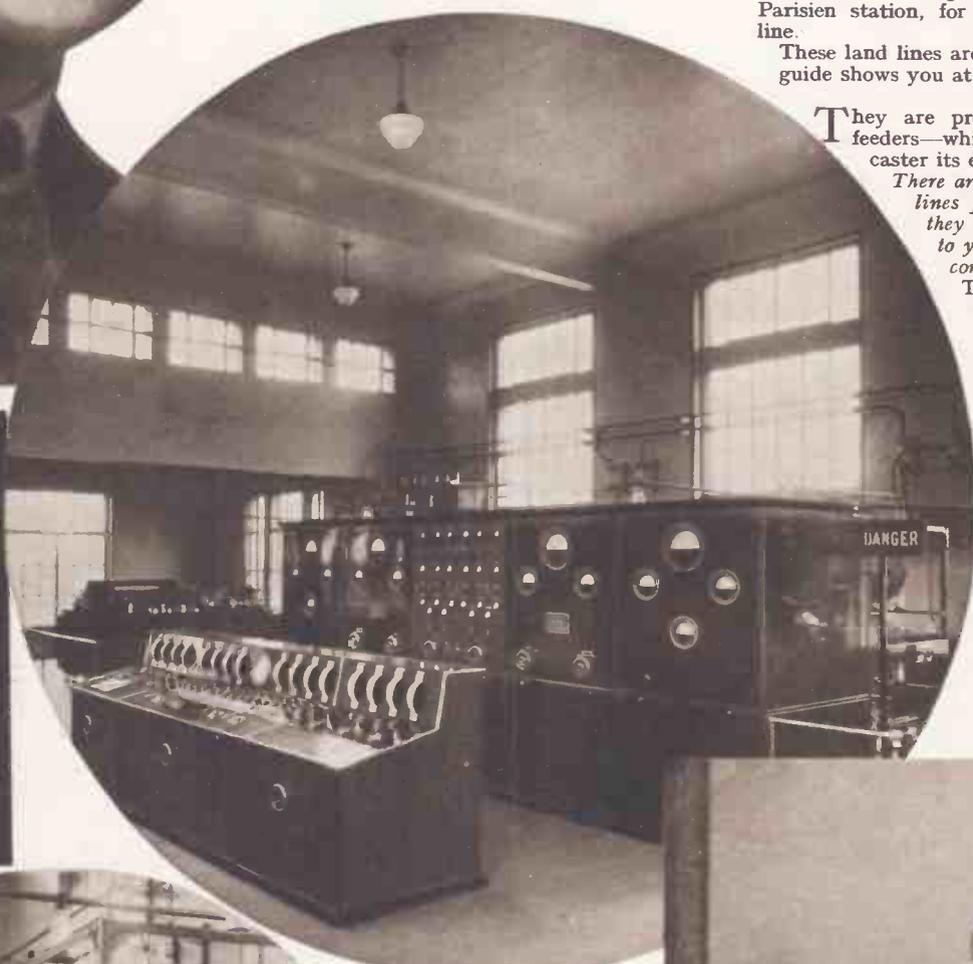
They are proud of them—these giant feeders—which give the entire broadcaster its energy.

There are two completely independent lines from two sub-stations so, as they take great pains to explain to you, there is little chance of a complete hold up.

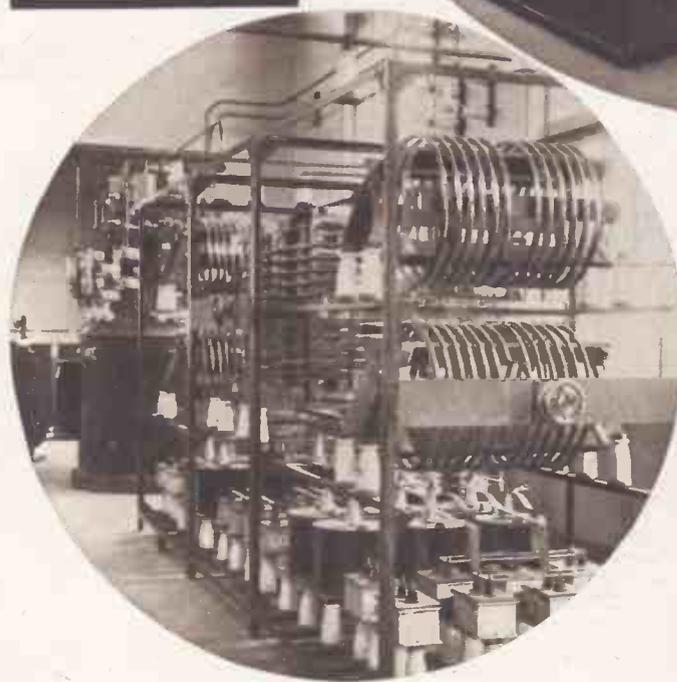
The power comes in at a very high voltage and is handled by a wide bank of mercury vapour valves which change it into the direct current needed to feed the transmitter.

These mercury vapour valves are worth noting . . . no sign of movement and yet they are handling enough power to broadcast programmes all over Europe.

They are proud of the transmitter at Poste Parisien, and rightly so, for it was built and installed under the direction of Messrs. Chireix and Bouvier, by the French Radio-Electric Society.



Andre Gaudette (above) an announcer heard during many of the transmissions from Poste Parisien. His colleague, M. Pierrat, announces on Sundays only. (Right) the main transmitter controls



(Left) Do you see any resemblance between these coils and the tuners in your set? These are the inductances on which Poste Parisien is tuned to its wavelength of 312 metres. (Right) An "at home" photograph of Lucienne Boyer, whom you hear often at the Poste Parisien microphone



Parisien

Poste Parisien stays exactly on its wavelength, the reason being a minute quartz crystal oscillator which keeps the transmission absolutely stable.

The guide tells you that the crystal maintains the wavelength at a relative precision of one part in 300,000 . . . and then he goes on to describe the principle of quartz oscillator drive and its effect on frequency stability . . . so that we have to beg him to stop and describe the rest of the apparatus in plain language!

The main transmitter hall is the acme of neatness. Lofty windows, panels, superbly polished and neatly arranged controls and dials impress you.

Just to the right of the main control desk is a contraction looking like a kiddies' roundabout.

Any facetious remarks are instantly quashed by the expert in charge, who tells you that it is the mounting rack of the huge water-cooled valves . . . the last link in the transmitter.

Out in the grounds the twin aerial pylons tower over the station building.

The aerial consists of a vertical wire supported by two masts 360 feet in height and 840 feet apart, which are linked by three horizontal wires. It has been specially constructed with the idea of reducing to a minimum the fading which so often occurs on the medium wave-band.

That's the aerial.

Every listener knows



listeners to Radio Normandie as "Uncle Benjy," is also becoming very popular, and soon he will need a secretary to handle his rapidly growing "fan" mail.

For the first few months these concerts were confined to Sundays, but due to their high entertainment value, they rapidly became so popular, that, in addition to the Sunday transmissions (5.30 to 6.30 p.m. and 10.30 to 11.30 p.m.), regular weekday programmes were inaugurated a few weeks ago.

The French transmissions close down at half-past ten every evening, and after a minute or two, during which special directional aerials are put into operation, the station comes on the air again with the English concerts, heralded by the well-known I.B.C. station call sign "Trumpets."

Except at certain times on Sundays, dance music is taboo and the type of programme found to appeal most to all classes of listeners is one composed of musical comedy selections, old-time tunes, orchestral renderings of popular operatic numbers and so on.

On Sundays at 11 o'clock a half-hour of "Old Favourites" is given, and more letters in appreciation of this programme are received than for any other.

(Top right) Maurice Bourdet, the chief announcer of Poste Parisien, facing the microphone. (Right) One of the control engineers at work. (Bottom right) M. Laporte, a French announcer, during the weekday transmissions from Poste Parisien

that a radio outfit must in addition have an earth.

To the casual visitor to the Poste Parisien broadcaster it seems there is no earth device but the guide tells you that underneath the ground are buried three-and-a-half miles of copper cable, covering 54,000 square feet.

And that's the earth!

Now we drive back to see the studios in the Champs-Elysées.

Designed by the famous French architect Chatelan, they are quite as up-to-date from a technical point of view as anything owned by the B.B.C.

The studio headquarters are quite in keeping with the other apartments in the Champs-Elysées and in addition to the three studios, there are the various control rooms, the lounge for artists, and offices:

The big studio is the one used for orchestral concerts. It is virtually a double-decker, being 18 feet in height and having

a floor area of nearly 1,600 square feet.

The announcers generally use one of the smaller talks studios.

The Poste Parisien talks microphone is mounted in a ring with a little pilot light so that the announcer knows when to say his piece.

English programmes under the auspices of the International Broadcasting Company, Limited, have been given from Poste Parisien since the end of 1933.

The programmes are announced in both French and English, and the attempts of M. Pierrat and M. Laporte, the French announcers, to pronounce such titles as "Making Wicky-Wacky down in Waikiki," have to be heard to be appreciated. The same announcers' quaint fashion of saying "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen," also seems to appeal to all their English listeners.

The English announcer, Mr. Bernard McNabb, who is already known to many



"Poste Parisien gives excellent reception over a wide area, including the South of France, North Africa, Egypt, Syria and the Scandinavian countries. In certain instances, according to reports sent in by listeners, it is well received as far off as Canada, the United States, South Africa, and even New Zealand. Since the opening of the station on April 25, 1932, letters have been received from listeners all over the world . . ."

Off the Air

Stars at Home—25

with

Harry Roy



There are still some people in the world who think that a dance band leader has an easy time of it—that he just turns up at the restaurant or to broadcast at the appropriate hour each time during the session and then goes home again.

If you want to know just how wrong this conception is, consider the activities of one of the most popular broadcasting band leaders of to-day, Harry Roy.

In the stage days, when Harry used to produce and comper shows at London musical halls, they used to call him "Dynamite" Roy. Short, wiry, and a hundred per cent, full of activity, this description fits him neatly.

He broadcasts to you every Friday from 10.30 till midnight at the May Fair Hotel. This, of course, is only part of his appearance at the May Fair which on every week night is from about half-past nine till two in the morning.

That, in conjunction with the very necessary rehearsals, would be enough for the average man.

It does not take very many occasions of crawling back to bed at half-past two in the morning to sap one's vitality. But Harry seems to thrive on it.

but they rarely meet to discuss social affairs—so all that has to be done at week-ends when they go home.

Harry is a keen motorist, runs a big Sunbeam and enjoys nothing better than a long drive out into the country.

And in the evening when he comes back he puts on dozens of gramophone records and hears himself as Parlophone records him.

He has a wireless set at home and also at his flat.

But the only occasion when he has heard one of his own broadcasts all through on the radio was when, some months back, he was taken ill, and by the strict order of the doctor was forbidden to go down on the Friday night to the May Fair.

So he sat up in bed and

He has a flat in Jermyn Street, where, owing to the calls on his time, he does not get as much rest as he should.

So, at week-ends whenever he can, he goes home to his mother's at Campden Hill.

His London office in Norris Street, Haymarket, is the scene of a great deal of activity, and prevents too much work from reaching him at Jermyn Street.

His service flat there is modern and comfortable.

The lounge has cosy settees. A writing desk in a big bay window, a well-stocked bookcase and, of course, a piano, on which Harry tries out all the new numbers submitted to him.

Roy fans will be interested to know that the bookcase is partly stocked with trophies and souvenirs (many of them compiled from his pictures published in RADIO PICTORIAL) sent to him by enthusiasts.

On several occasions in the week Harry has parties or social affairs to attend after he closes down at the May Fair and, in view of the very late nights (or, more accurately, early mornings), which he is compelled to keep, it is amazing how he keeps so full of energy.

But occasionally he complains of getting too little sleep—and just goes out to one of the West End cinemas and goes to sleep.

The other day he told me that he was so tired that he even went to sleep during an Eddie Cantor film—and Eddie is Harry's favourite comedian.

He plays cricket about two days a week, and is a moderate golfer, but does not get enough practice to improve his game. Harry Roy's band, of course, have their own cricket team and Harry is a good all-round player.

He is keen on swimming and often when at his mother's place at week-ends he goes in for a dip.

His brother, Syd, manages the London office,



"ARE YOU LISTENING?" . . . Harry Roy conducts a rehearsal

Harry Roy is caught by the "Radio Pictorial" cameraman in the act of shaving, while (below) he tries over a few of his own gramophone records. Most of his radio and gramophone listening has to be done at week-ends, when he goes back to his mother's house

turned on the set and made very critical notes of everything that his boys did at the microphone. And they heard about it the next day!

It is no exaggeration to say that Harry is one of the most popular men in the world of dance music. And while rumour has it that there is intense jealousy between all band leaders, this certainly does not apply to Harry Roy and Roy Fox, who are the greatest of pals and who are frequently to be seen at the races together with Mrs. Roy Fox.

If you could never get back to bed until two or three in the morning, if you had to be out early for rehearsals, recording and trials of new musical numbers, how would you like to undertake also an energetic life of motoring, sport, and social gaiety?

Harry thrives on it!

NEXT FRIDAY

At Home with PEGGY COCHRANE





"Cut out the ordinary dope," I commanded. And here are Leslie French and Warren Jenkins in a sequence from "Radio Pirate."

Getting the "Truth" from the B.B.C.!

Dudley CLARK

lets you into the grim secrets
to be learnt at Broadcasting
House

IS it true," wrote "Perplexed Mother of Fourteen" (Jermyn Street, S.W.1), on a tear-blotted picture postcard of the Crystal Palace (Central Transept), "that the B.B.C. Controller is a cannibal?"

I wondered. The poignancy of the appeal, so typical of Press and public anxiety all over the country, stirred me. I determined to try to discover the truth.

Not an easy matter, I assure you. It is one thing to stroll through the imposing outer doors of Broadcasting House, buy a paper at the book-stall, or book a couple of seats for a harpsichord recital at St. George's Hall, and quite another to penetrate the inner sanctuaries.

Thrice I presented myself; first as the Nuneaton representative of a firm of glockenspiel manufacturers; secondly as an orphaned great-uncle of Mr. Henry Hall, just arrived from Tristan da Cunha, and thirdly as a purchaser of false teeth and cast-off clothing.

Each time the courteous response was the same: Would I call again at the close of the next financial year.

There seemed nothing for it but to hang about under the pretence of waiting to see a man about a spade terminal.

Then luck favoured me. A distinguished-looking man, wearing heavy gold earrings and a long drooping black moustache, strode through the lobby and disappeared.

I inquired his name. It was unfamiliar to me but, nevertheless, I was certain he was a fellow with whom in happy days gone by I had often sported on the concrete playing-fields of a well-known reformatory.

I went out, replaced my sports cap by an unassuming bowler, and returned. I sent up my card on which I had taken the precaution of adding the words, "Piano Tuner."

My friend appeared.

He blanched a little at the sight of me, and a lot more when I hissed my project into his ear.

He said it was more than his job as Fly-Paper Controller was worth, and that he had a neurotic aunt at Hammersmith who was almost entirely dependent upon what he collected from the plates of artists after they had left the café.

I showed him a blank cheque. I had no hesitation in offering him this. In the first place I was after the truth about the B.B.C. at all costs, and secondly my bank account was, if anything, even blander than the cheque.

"You win," he said huskily, wiping his beaded brow with the ends of his long black moustache. Then he smiled as I remember he used to smile when he climbed through the dormitory window after spending the night in the school larder.

I thought nothing of it, however. Enough for me that I was at last inside Broadcasting House.

"Cut out the ordinary dope," I commanded. "Rehearsing a Radio Play"—'The Announcers' Play Room'—'Copyright Investigators at Work' and all that. Show me what matters, or I go straight to the Foreman and tell him about your putting stag-beetles in the Matron's boots."

As I spoke I stumbled against a large packing-case addressed to Christopher Stone.

"Gramophone needles?" I queried.

"On the top," admitted my old reformatory-mate. "Underneath—moth-balls."

It was my turn to blanch. *The B.B.C. was engaged in the sinister moth-ball traffic.*

My companion led me along corridor after corridor, pausing only to throw himself into deferential gear as some higher official passed by preceded by a bevy of Nautch girls scattering flower-petals.

A truck-load of venison and caviare went by on its way to the restaurant.

The air was heavy with rare scents, and everywhere was heard the refreshing glug-glug of rippling streams. This latter effect, I discovered, was produced by numbers of small page-boys concealed behind grated grottoes where they pour water out of ginger-beer bottles from morning to night.

Suddenly my guide thrust me into a recess which effectually concealed us, and bade me watch.

A panel in the wall opened and there appeared a lavishly caparisoned flunkey bearing a golden salver on which stood a jewelled silver goblet and a quart bottle of grocer's port.

The mysterious menial crossed the corridor, deposited the intoxicant inside a secret service hatch, pressed a button, and vanished the way he had come.

"Where did that one go to?" I inquired. My friend shook his head. "Who drinks it?" "No one knows," he hissed. "But the bottle always returns empty."

My brain began to reel.

We came to a stainless steel grille before which a formidable-looking girl-guide stood on guard. Having given the password, which my confederate whispered in my ear, I was allowed to enter.

I stared in wonder at an enormous machine of chilled steel rollers, a long blasting cylinder, powerful presses, and other gadgets.

This, I learned, was the machine for slimming the Variety Choruses. The girls are fed in at one end and (if all goes well) emerge at the other where they are gauged to the fraction of an inch and passed out, or thrown back, as the case may be.

A striking example of the B.B.C. regard for efficiency, though one might perhaps feel it a duty to raise the query: "Is Chilled Steel Good for our Girls?"

A small cupboard at the end of a corridor intrigued me, and I opened it before my friend could stop me.

Inside, before a microphone, sat a moon-faced man with a long beard and the expression of resigned melancholy peculiar to one whose task is mechanical and monotonous. In his hand he held an empty medicine bottle.

As I stared at this strange figure it glanced at an ancient silver watch and hastily drew the cork from the bottle with a gentle "plop." He did this half a dozen times.

"The six-pip Time Signal," I gasped, astounded by the devilish ingenuity.

"Come away, curse you," snarled my companion as he seized me by the ear and pushed me into an automatic lift. Swiftly we descended, passing in turn the "Swimming Pool," "Gent's Hairdressing Saloon," "Crooners' Creche," the "Abattoir," and other B.B.C. Departments of which the outside public is more or less ignorant.

We stopped at a floor designated "Bullion." Here I was shown the "Paymaster's Office" flanked by the "Bank" on one side and the "Pawnshop" on the other.

At a sign from my confederate I paid particular attention to a well-known comedian who had pushed his way to the head of the queue. I saw him receive from a stoutly barred pigeon-hole a weighty envelope on which was printed "Copper—5/-," and walk happily away.

Continued on page 16

"There are moments when you are nearly swept off your mental balance on hearing an experienced actor utter your own lines in a way you never expected to hear them . . ."



voice deliver your own lines in a way you never expected to hear them.

The character you tried to imagine when you wrote your play comes to life before your very eyes. As the rehearsal proceeds he becomes more and more a living, pulsing being.

You love him as you never did when you wrote him.

Then you saw him dimly in your imagination.

Now you see him almost in the flesh.

You leave the studio and go into a studio not in use for the play, but where there is a loud speaker. You listen to what you have written—laugh at your own jokes, weep at your own pathos, thrill at your own drama. It is a marvellous experience.

The hour allotted to your play goes in a flash. You wish it would go on for ever. You long for your next to be written. You forget the hours you spent wrestling with it, months ago now. You long to get home and begin another.

You naturally buy every newspaper the following morning. Things seem colder by then and a sarcastic notice by some fool of a radio critic sends the blood into your head

IT is a strange experience. Not too comforting, either.

You have a sense of shame that your lines should have caused so much trouble in rehearsal. People seem to be taking such care with the inflection—the producer especially. Every time there is a mistake you feel it was your fault for writing the line like that.

Yet, when you wrote it at home, you thought it the perfect line for the situation.

And your jokes, too.

You thought pretty well of them at the time of writing, but feel a bit upset because they do not bring the appreciation you expected.

Then everybody laughs at something you did not intend to be funny and you have to laugh with them to cover up your dismay.

Apart from these disconcerting experiences, there are the private stabs to your writer's heart.

The lines you thought sounded so well when you read them over at home sound feeble when spoken.

The producer may alter a word here and there—and you feel a worm.

Not that he says anything. It is part of his job; he has no feelings against you over it.

If you get off without a few lines being cut as unsuitable for some reason or other, you are indeed lucky. Nearly always the cut lines are your own pets!

I had a shock to my nerves during the rehearsal of my first radio production.

A line was spoken by an actress exactly as I intended it.

I could see nothing wrong with the way she delivered it.

The producer stopped her immediately.

"Oh, no," he said. "She does not mean that. She means this," and he proceeded to infuse a meaning into the line I never intended or even thought of.

The result was so much better than my original that I naturally felt pleased, but I was a trifle disconcerted when the producer turned to me with a charming smile—they all have charming smiles at the B.B.C.—and said: "That is what you meant, isn't it?"

"Yes," said I, lying like a naughty schoolboy. I felt myself going red, but hoped nobody noticed it.

Then comes the shock when the play over-

If YOU wrote a RADIO PLAY

by Whitaker-WILSON

runs ten minutes in rehearsal. It is no use pulling yourself up to your full height and declining to have a line touched. There are other programmes in the evening besides your show!

The fact remains that you misjudged the time—all through reading it over too quickly and not allowing for effects and other stoppages. *The play has over-run ten minutes* and you have got to cut out something like three and a half pages of foolscap!

This means very careful work if you are not to injure the play.

You do it and then find it runs over the mark on the first performance by, perhaps, three minutes.

So the next night there is another cutting for you to do because you may not keep the news waiting.

Altogether, it is a refining experience. You are put through the refiner's fire and come out suitably burnished. That is, if you are sensible and receptive at the same time. Any irritation you may experience is better suppressed. The answer, every time, is that the cuts and alterations are not made wantonly, but for the good of the cause.

Then there are the thrills you experience. There are moments when you are nearly swept off your mental balance on hearing an experienced actor with a superb speaking

or, it may be, the appreciation of some really good critic—he proves his worth in your eyes by his reception of your work—colours everything for the next few days.

You have experienced the deep pleasure of hearing your thoughts rendered in something like concrete form. It has been a thrill—perhaps more than the publication of a book you may have written. Print is often very cold.

There is something very pleasing about it all. You thank your cast for the way they have played for you and it is a happy experience when they tell you—often very sincerely—that they have loved the parts you wrote for them.

All the more satisfactory when it happens you did not really write the parts for these people at all.

They were chosen for the parts, of course, but they have been generous enough to think of it the other way.

In the studio they are always fairly polite.

B.B.C. play producers find that it helps productions to be kind to the poor radio playwright, but that does not mean that sensible criticism is ever spared.

Nevertheless, it is sometimes difficult at the B.B.C. to find out the exact worth, as judged by artists and producers.

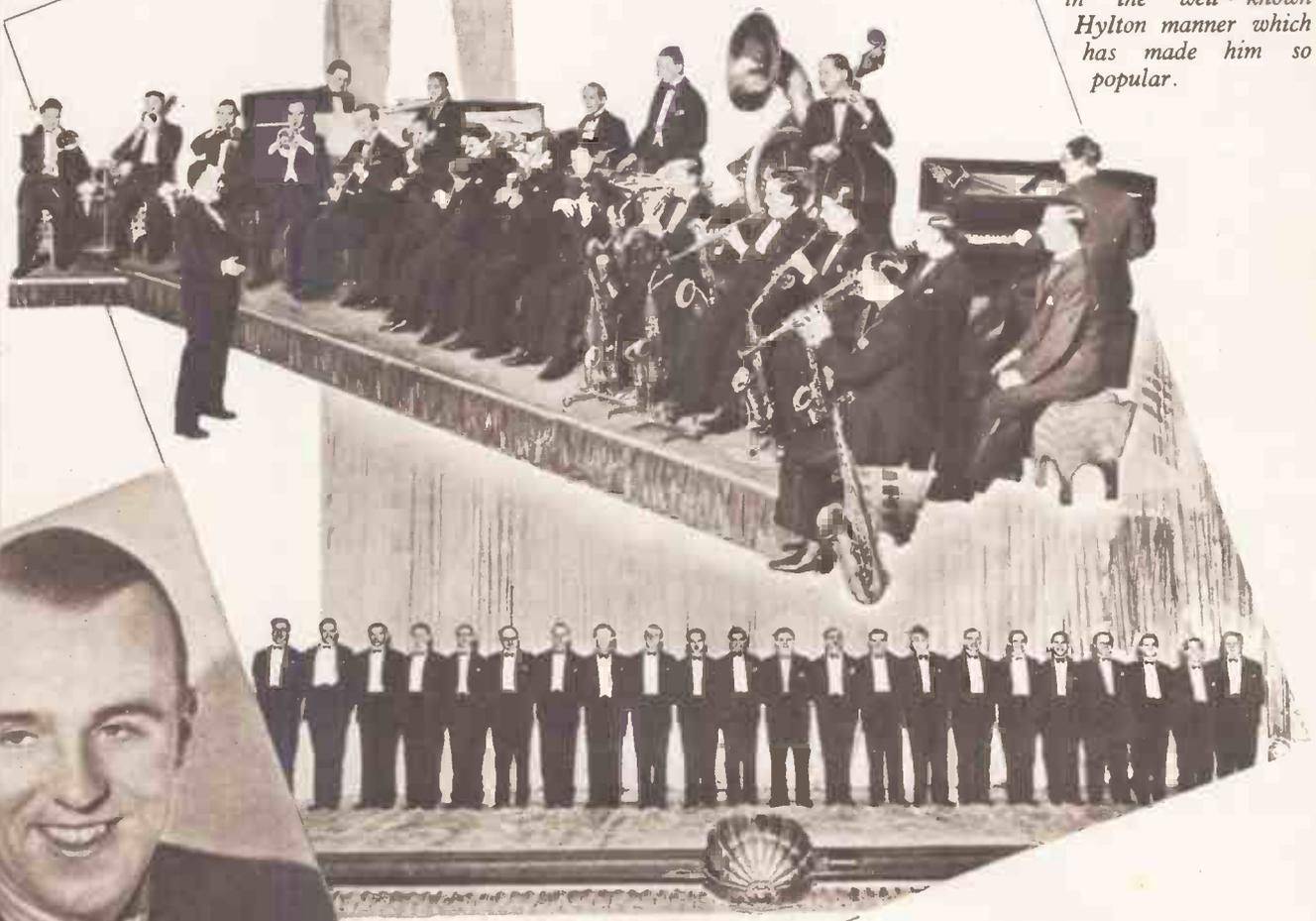
The acid test is when you get home and hear the frank opinions of your circle of friends!

Make a note of this in your week's programme

JACK'S BACK . . . !



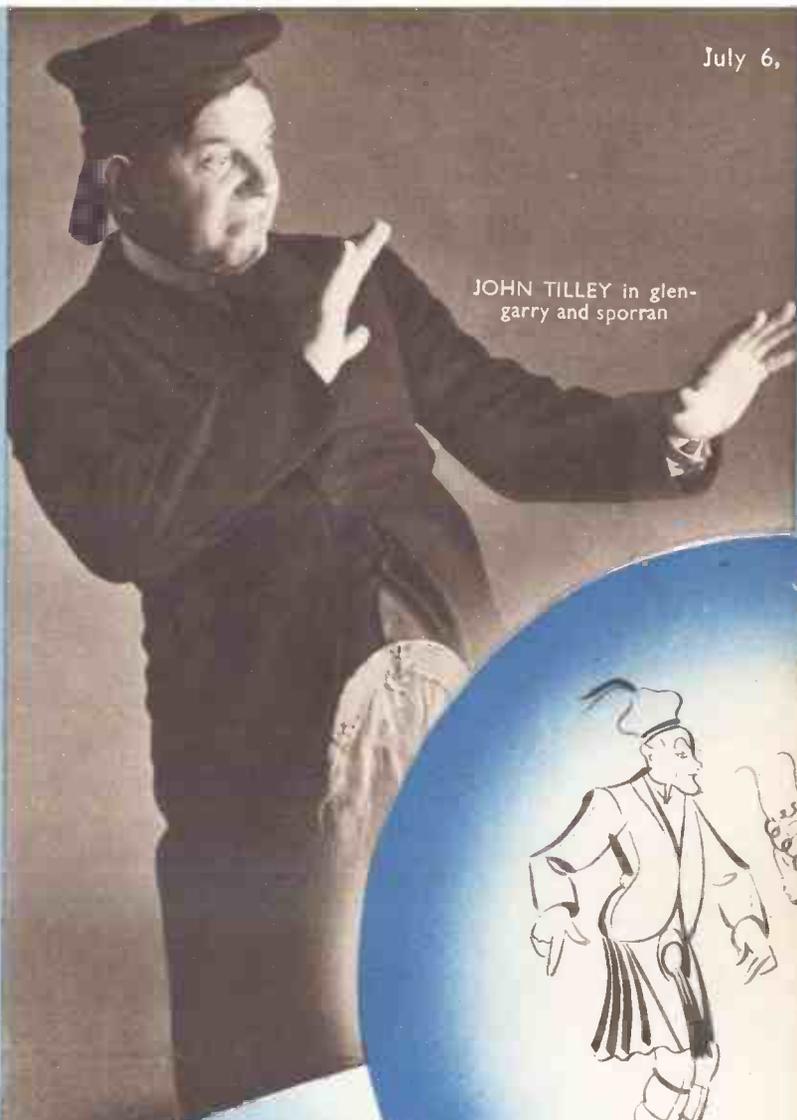
Listeners, listen on July 7 at 8.15 . . . Jack Hylton and His Boys are back again at the mike and will be broadcasting from Manchester that evening. So look out for an entertaining hour of dance music presented in the well-known Hylton manner which has made him so popular.



THE picture on the left is of Pat O'Malley, the vocalist of the band. Hylton himself got his first professional job as a boy vocalist and assistant pianist with a seaside pierrot show. By the time he was seventeen he had conducted pantomime, review, and opera. He has played at three Command Performances, also before the Spanish and Italian Royal Families, Hitler, and Mussolini. And, of course, he has one of the most popular broadcasting bands, a favourite with all radio listeners.



BERYL ORDE in her brilliant impersonation of Mae West, specially dressed for the part



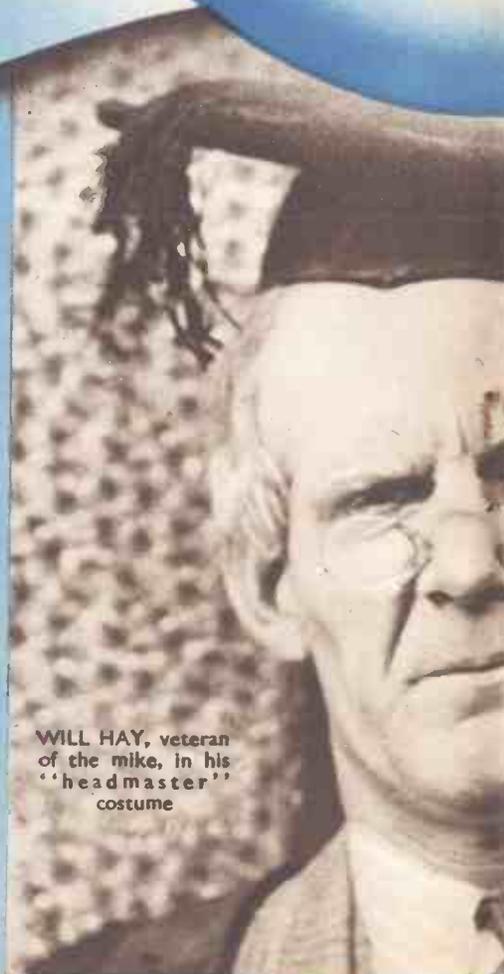
JOHN TILLEY in glengarry and sporrans



DRESSING UP



LAURI DEVINE completing her dress for a masked television broadcast



WILL HAY, veteran of the mike, in his "headmaster" costume



HARRY HEMSLEY, the popular child impersonator, looking like a clay statue of himself!



DENIS O'NEIL, dressed for his part in the film *Danny Boy*, comes to the B.B.C. from the film studio



FOR THE MIKE



The debonair GERALDO and HIS BOYS, ready to begin a "broadcast"

"Radio Pictorial's" Short Story

By Peter TRAILL

The GHOST of an IDEA

"MY dear man, you've no idea what a drudgery the whole business is."

"It seems to me it ought to be easy enough to get an idea for a short story." The first speaker lay back in his chair and laughed. There was good humour in the laugh—that was only to be expected from his double chin, sharp nose, and generous mouth—but his brown eyes had no light of laughter in them.

"At first, perhaps, it is; but when you've been turning them out for fifteen or twenty years, it's not so simple," Traiton said. "There they are before me now—the husband, the wife and the lover, the three skeletons out of my cupboard. I've dressed them, undressed them, and redressed them until I am heartily sick of them.

"First she leaves him with a tear, then she does it with a smile, then she does it with both. Now she stays with him with neither, then she stays with him with one, then the other. Sometimes she dies on him, sometimes on the lover, and so on. They are standing before me at this moment waiting to be filled out with a brand new set of emotions and, above all, a twist." He stopped and looked at his friend. "And I haven't got a ghost of a notion what to do with them."

"My dear Traiton, a man of your experience can always find a story—damn it, if you can't invent one, pinch one from your friends' lives."

"I've used them all up. I've even had to exploit your affair last summer with that German actress." His friend sat up and eyed him sternly.

"That was quite unnecessary," he said. "I told you in confidence . . ."

"Keep your shirt on; you wouldn't recognise the finished product and neither did anyone else." His friend leaned back a little mollified.

"That's all very well, but why don't you use your own life for a change?" Traiton took a cigarette and gave one to his friend. After he had lit them, he shook his head.

"There's nothing in my life," he answered. "Besides, my wife gets hold of all my stuff and she'd recognise the landmarks."

"Oh, there have been some landmarks." Traiton sighed.

"There used to be," he said. "Why, do you know," he continued in animated tones, "when I was a young man, my wife used to leave me on an average once a year."

"Every time a coconut," his friend murmured. "The last occasion was five years ago; that Spanish dancer who was all the rage, do you remember her?" His friend nodded. "She told me tales of old Seville, but Mary thought she was telling me something else."

"Was she?" Traiton ignored the question.

"Since her, there's been comparative quiet," he went on. His friend leaned forward.

"I can't understand that," he put in. "Does not she know about Virginia?"

Traiton frowned and

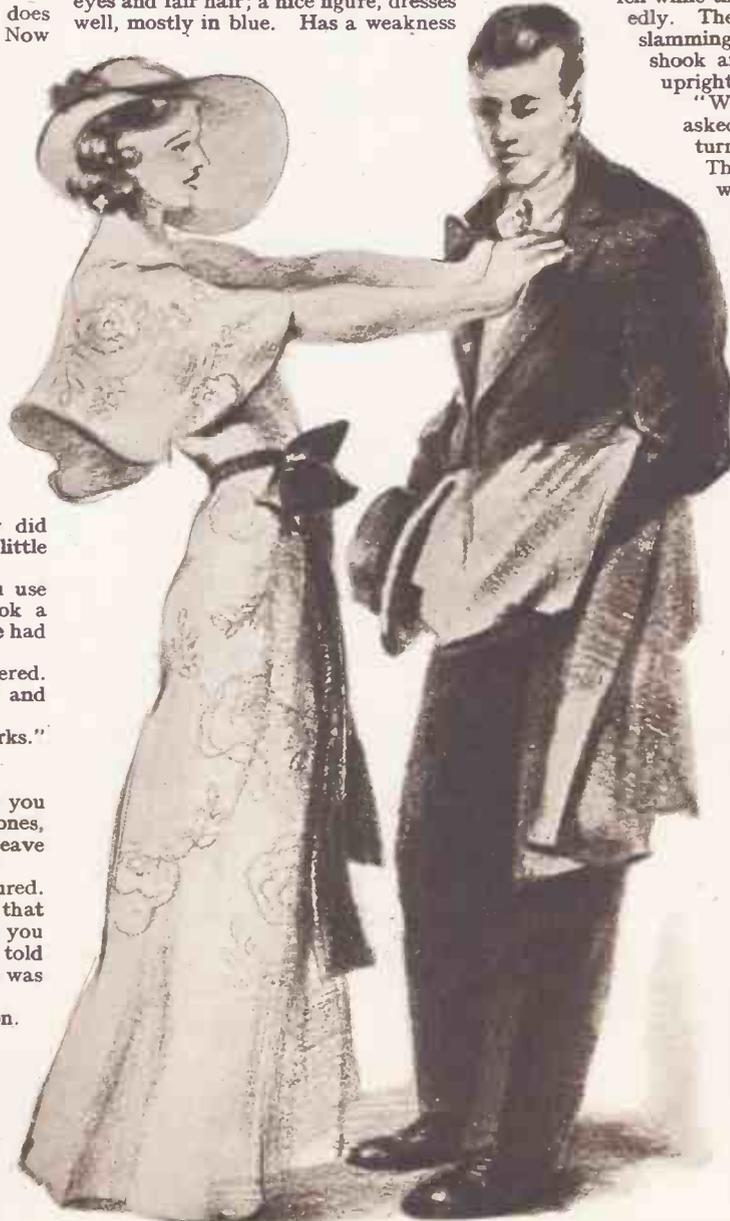
" . . . a young widow, about thirty years of age . . . she's got blue eyes and fair hair; a nice figure, dresses well, mostly in blue."

. . . They both looked into the fire dispirited. The silence was shattered by the shutting of the front door; the whole house shook and the two men were startled into an upright position. "What on earth's that . . .?"

flicked his cigarette ash into the hearth.

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Whom' should be used by authors when referring to persons," his friend said. "So you don't know a young widow, about thirty years of age, who lives off Baker Street. She's got blue eyes and fair hair; a nice figure, dresses well, mostly in blue. Has a weakness



for a cocktail composed of cointreau and gin, and flirts like the devil."

"She doesn't."

"I thought you didn't know her?"

"How do you know so much?" His friend didn't answer the question immediately and, when he did, it was no real answer at all.

"Seems to me Mary'd have disturbed your comparative peace if she knew, Traiton."

"Well, she doesn't. When did you meet Virginia?" There was a slight undercurrent of hostility in the tone in which the question was put, but Traiton's friend laughed it away.

"I don't know her," he acknowledged, "but I have heard a lot about her. It's all right, I put in the bit about flirting; she's very true to you, George." Traiton let out a sigh of relief; he hadn't thought anything else really, but it was nice to have his thoughts confirmed.

"She's a darling," he said. "That's what I call a woman. There are very few like her." His friend threw his cigarette away in disgust.

"Must I listen to that sort of guff from you!" he exclaimed. "Why don't you do a short story about her, then you can get it all off your chest." At the reminder of the short story, all the happiness fled from Traiton's face, and it became overcast with gloom.

"There's no story in that," he said peevishly.

"Suppose I went and pinched her."

"I'd knock your head off."

"I meant in the story." Traiton smiled.

"That would be original," he said. A silence fell while they both looked into the fire dispiritedly. The silence was shattered by the slamming of the front door; the whole house shook and the two men were startled into upright positions.

"What on earth's that?" the friend asked. Traiton licked his lips gently and turned in the direction of the door.

Then he got slowly to his feet and walked towards it.

"I thought so," he muttered.

"Thought what?"

"Can't you see the door's open; every word we've said can be heard quite easily in the passage." His friend shrugged his shoulders.

"What if they could . . ."

Traiton laughed a little sheepishly. "Mary's heard the whole damn conversation." His friend jumped to his feet.

"Nonsense, my dear man; she'd have practically to put her ear against the chink."

"I wouldn't put that past her. Besides, there's that slamming of the front door."

"What of it?"

"She always leaves me like that." Traiton walked slowly out of the room, his friend following, and, crossing the passage, entered his wife's boudoir. It was empty.

"Told you so." His friend lit another cigarette.

"I'm terribly sorry, old man; if I'd known I'd never have opened my mouth about Virginia." Traiton led the way back to the study.

"It wasn't your fault," he said. His friend sat down and put his hand over his eyes.

"Well, what does A do now?" Traiton gave a short laugh.

"Wait for her to write from her mother's; wait for her mother to take her away 'somewhere quiet'; wait for her to get bored with that; and wait for her re-appearance." His friend looked more cheerful.

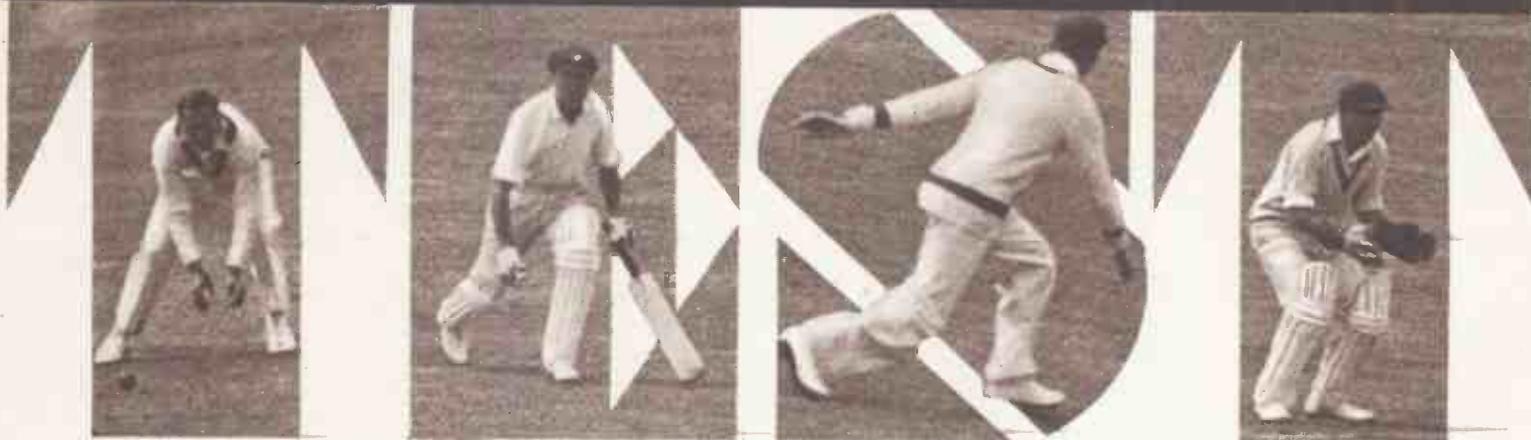
"Is that all that'll happen?"

"Except I shall have to give up Virginia."

"Oh, I see—yes—of course, I

(Continued on page 16)

Capt. H. B. T. Wakelam on the B.B.C.'s cricket broadcasts - - -



"The B.B.C. is absolutely correct in limiting test match accounts to three eye-witnesses. Ball by ball commentaries, though popular in Australia where the whole nation is cricket mad and test match days

are public holidays, are apt to become deadly dull and monotonous for both commentator and listener, being necessarily slow and long drawn out, and full of constant repetition."

COINCIDING with the Wimbledon finals, and the third day of Henley Regatta, comes to-day the opening of the third Test Match between England and Australia at the Old Trafford ground, Manchester.

Inter-mixed at certain times with our Wimbledon commentaries, listeners will be able to follow the progress of that game from the great adept of eye-witness accounts and veteran microphone expert, Howard Marshall, an old Harlequin playing contemporary of mine. His deep mellow tones are well-known over the air.

I cannot help thinking, from my own previous cricket broadcasting experiences, that the B.B.C. is absolutely correct in limiting Test Match accounts to three "eye-witnesses." For "ball-by-ball" commentaries, though popular in Australia where the whole nation is cricket mad, and Test Match days are public holidays, are apt to become deadly dull and monotonous for both commentator and listener, being necessarily slow and long drawn-out, and full of constant repetition.

I well remember, way back in 1927, being perched up in a small room leading off the scorers' box at the Oval, from which point of vantage I was giving out a "ball-by-ball" account, helped by Alan Howland, then one of the "Children's Hour" Uncles.

What a job!
A famous Surrey pro. was batting; the Middlesex attack, led by Durston, was well managed and accurate, and the said pro. made 115 in just over four hours!

The commentary went something like this: *Self*: "Durston is bowling from the Vauxhall end, bowling to Sandham, at the Pavilion end. He's just running up to the wicket now. He's bowled. Sandham has played the ball back to the bowler. Durston is walking back to get ready to bowl again."

Howland: "Do you suppose that this will be another maiden over?"

Self: "I can't say, but it looks rather like it, doesn't it?" and so on, almost *ad nauseam*, though interpolated occasionally by "bright" remarks, such as, "Look at those sparrows in front of the Pavilion rails," or, "I wonder if that man on top of the gasometer can see as well as we can?"

No, cricket is definitely not a "running commentary" game, unless one could always guarantee a desperate finish against that most relentless match player of all, Father Time.

Fortunately, I was not the first to try my hand (or rather, voice) at it. For just previously a well-known cricketer had had a go.

He, during the periods of monotony, had hit on the idea of describing the various advertise-



The Test Match broadcasts are to-day and to-morrow, and July 9 and 10

ments round the ground, thereby breaking one of the B.B.C.'s most stringent and correct rules.

I for one, however, would never blame him under the circumstances. I don't think anyone else would who had had to fill up such intervals himself.

When England were last over in Australia, winning the Ashes, I occasionally listened myself to the running commentaries for a short space, and must say I heartily pitied the unfortunate commentator.

He produced one real "Irishism" from Melbourne I remember. In his preliminary talk, having described the crowd, etc., he said that the grass on the outfield was very much burnt up by the sun, so that the whole ground looked brown except just in the middle where the "table" was.

He then carried on to say, "Here come the players, stepping out on to the green sward!"

Any sport, for instance, perhaps the fastest of all games, must contain constant and quick movement, something for the man in the box to keep talking about, and so to keep both himself and his audience from becoming bored.

Then, perhaps, the listener is the more fortunate; for he can do what is impossible for the commentator—switch off!

Some games, of course, are too fast, such as ice hockey, for instance, perhaps the fastest of all games. By the time the scoring of a goal one end has been described, three more may have been put on at the other!

Lawn tennis is just about right.

In anything except a very hard-hitting men's double, with all four men close-volleying up at the net, it is quite possible for the commentator to describe a match point by point if he is quick

enough, and even to give a rapid description of many of the shots.

However, if he is wise, he occasionally "lets up" on this, to give, if possible, a general summing up and idea of one or other, or both, of the players' general plan of campaign.

There is always, too, the opportunity to give brief descriptions of the ladies' costumes—sometimes a difficult job for a mere male, whose ideas of colours do not perhaps synchronise with those of the fashion experts—but anyway, the chances are that someone at any rate will get a laugh at the other end!

This year, with shorts and divided skirts and things, dress commentating has become rather dangerous, but again, to a mere male, it has produced rather an interesting problem. Does the wearing of these creations actually give to the wearer more freedom of movement and speed of action than the much more graceful-looking short white tennis dress that many of the players still favour?

And, if so, which is very doubtful, is not that little bit extra more than counterbalanced by the very natural feminine wonder as to how her appearance is standing the strain from the front row of Block X?

I suppose I am talking out of my turn; at any rate, I am getting a little out of my depth, so I don't think I will say any more about that subject!

To return to cricket. I should like once more to pat my old friend, Howard Marshall, on the back. I couldn't get up to the Nottingham Test Match until the last day, but I listened with enormous interest to his very calculated summaries at the various intervals, and I am sure he will not mind if I quote one remark of his "verbatim." I think it is one of the most original and descriptive things I ever heard put over.

He was speaking of the Australian attack during the first innings of England, actually at the luncheon interval, when Hendren and Geary were making their great stand, and he paraphrased what he described as an old sea shanty, but what I have always thought before was an "old soldiers" song.

This is how his effort went, an effort which informed me, at any rate, what he really thought:

"If this is O'Reilly they value so highly Gorbliney O'Reilly, you are bowling well."

When I saw him myself skittling out our tail on that fatal Tuesday, Howard's words came back to me, to be imprinted on my memory for the rest of my life.

H.B.T. Wakelam

BE TALLER!

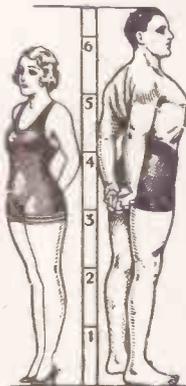
LADIES, If you are short you can increase your height and, at the same time, develop that graceful, willowy figure that is so much admired, by adopting the Ross System—IT NEVER FAILS! No discomfort or danger to health whatever is involved, and thousands of testimonials from clients of every age and every part of the world conclusively prove its absolute efficacy. The Ross System improves your health, physique and personality at the same time that it increases your height.



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.. 19	.. 2 1/2"	.. 4 weeks!
.. 20	.. 3 1/2"	.. 4 weeks!
.. 21	.. 5 1/2"	.. 5 months!
.. 26	.. 1 1/2"	.. 4 weeks!
.. 30	.. 2 1/2"	.. 4 weeks!
.. 40	.. 1 1/2"	.. 6 weeks!
.. 18	passes 6' mark!	

Increased my own height to 6' 3 1/2"
Some of hundreds of unsolicited testimonials open for inspection under a Penalty of £1,000 if not true.

G. M. (Newcastle):—
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"I am more than pleased with your wonderful Course, I am feeling fine, and have reached my objective. My height (bare feet) is now 6' 3 1/2" (an increase of 4 1/2" in 7 months). I expect you understand how grateful I am to you. I will make your System known to all I can among my friends."

The above is a reproduction from an actual photo graph showing how the Ross System increased my own height to 6' 3 1/2".

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My Ideal Summer's Night Programme

Continued from page Three

Still, you can't blame a dog for not enjoying Shakespeare, can you? And that's what is on at this moment—very super-Shakespeare, I hasten to add, and, moreover, not too much of it.

It was *Pelleas and Melisande* that put me in the mood. I suddenly thought how marvellous it would be to hear the balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet*, given as it has never been given before by Fay Compton and John Gielgud. They both possess perfect microphone voices, and they both speak blank verse to perfection.

Of course, they're rather expensive, I know, but then I take it that this would be one of the few nights in one's life when "expense is no object."

After all, it costs nothing to have imagination, and my imagination pictures a wonderful variety hour, which would consist, among other things, of an excerpt from *Conversation Piece*—pace Mr. Cochran—in which Yvonne Arnaud would sing "I'll follow my heart's desire." Followed by a selection of sentimental songs by Richard Tauber, including "You are my heart's delight" . . . and a monologue by Mrs. Feather, who is my own heart's delight, because being a friend of Jeanne de Casalis, I know what an extremely intelligent woman she really is. She once took me round Liverpool Art Gallery, and what she didn't know about art on that occasion was nobody's business—which doubles my delight in the ridiculous, fantastic sayings of her microphone personality.

And last of all I should have Jack Hylton's band, which in my humble opinion is the best of all bands. It has style and taste as well as a soft touch and a wonderful sense of rhythm. It makes jazz sound like the classics and old tunes like new ones.

And so my ideal summer's night programme would end as it had begun to the strains of the "Blue Danube," wafting me indoors at last, reluctantly to bed.

Goodnight, everybody; good-night.

Getting the "Truth" from the B.B.C.

Continued from page Nine

A masked attendant promptly pressed a bell, and a man looking like a respectable fish-porter detached himself from a lounging group in a neighbouring tap-room and sauntered after the comedian.

In a short while he returned and handed the "Copper—5/-" package to yet another masked

In Next Friday's "Radio Pic."

You cannot afford to miss the next issue of "Radio Pictorial" as it contains several fine features of outstanding interest to all radio listeners.

John Trent, the popular writer of B.B.C. affairs tells you how Broadcasting House is growing up.

Whitaker-Wilson talks about a very controversial subject "Our Crooners."

And in an exclusive "Radio Pictorial" article, Paul Hobson tells you the truth about "What the B.B.C. Pays Radio Song Writers."

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The astounding success of our recent free SAMPLE TRIUMPH (Regd.) TABLETS offer enabling sufferers to prove that all Ladies' Ailments CAN BE CURED has decided us to repeat the offer. Every woman sufferer should write without delay for FREE SAMPLE sufficient for a cure, sent entirely post free. Obtainable from all Chemists, price 3/-, 5/- and 12/-. THE MANAGERESS, LE BRASSEUR SURGICAL CO., LTD., Dept. R.2, 90 Worcester Street, Birmingham.

servitor, who at once vanished with it through a trap-door.

There was no confusion, and no word spoken. "One of our staff of expert pick-pockets," my friend whispered hoarsely. "They rarely fail."

I had learned how the B.B.C. balances its Budget. We descended in the lift once more. Lower and lower, and the air grew colder and danker.

"The dungeons," remarked my guide, as we stepped out on to cold dank paving stones. I peered through the keyhole of a small iron door. I could discern nothing in the gloom save a shapeless mass in an attitude of profound meditation.

"What's in there?" I asked, shuddering. "A. J. Alan," was the cold, dank response. "They take him out as required."

Those moans and screeches come from the large cell reserved for people who call to demand Brighter Sunday Broadcasts. They get them. A twelve-hour non-stop organ recital of Bach preludes weekly.

"On the right we have the Mutineers' Cell. On the left, the Torture Chamber for Conscientious Objectors to the Right to Revise Manuscripts. And here . . ." he flung up a sliding steel door, "the entrance to the catacombs."

"What do you want Catacombs for . . .?" "The bodies of those who have learned too much." Glaring balefully, the naughty fellow drew from his breast pocket a small marline-spike with which he attempted to perforate my more or less manly bosom.

Luckily I was wearing the ancestral chest-protector which my great-grandfather had found advisable to have stuffed with the best chain-mail. The implement's rebound caught the villain on the chin and rendered him agreeably amenable to the process of catacombing which I speedily accomplished.

"Good-bye, dear old cad," I said, and, skilfully eluding a couple of gigantic warders, I regained the light of day. I had escaped from Broadcasting House.

The Ghost of an Idea

Continued from page Fourteen

suppose so," his friend said awkwardly. "I take it you've never left Mary," he went on tentatively.

"She's always too quick for me," Traiton answered. They sat down again and gloom and silence once more descended, to be broken this time by a woman's voice calling, "George!" "George!" Traiton sat up with glassy eyes as though he had been shot unexpectedly in the back.

"She hasn't gone after all," he murmured. "Yes, my dear," he shouted back. His wife came into the room and, after shaking hands with the friend who looked to her like a startled rabbit, turned to her husband.

"The cook's walked out," she said; "so we'll have to put off the Montgomerys and I'll manage something just for us two."

"Was it she who slammed the door?" "That's all the satisfaction she got," his wife said grimly. "I'm going to cook the dinner—I'll teach these modern young girls."

"What about Gladys or Joy, or whatever the parlourmaid's called; can't she cook?" her husband asked hopefully.

"Not even a potato." His wife turned to the friend. "I'm sorry to have to leave you, but I shall have to get on with the meal."

"Not at all," the friend murmured politely. When his wife had gone, Traiton took his friend by the arm and led him gently into the passage.

"Don't make a noise," he said. Together they collected their hats and sticks and, after shutting the front door quietly behind them, stood on the pavement.

"What's the idea?" his friend asked.

"You put it into my head a moment ago. I'm leaving Mary this time."

"But you can't do that," his friend protested. "Not when the poor woman's in the middle of cooking your dinner."

"In the middle is where I leave. Have you ever eaten one of Mary's dinners? No, I thought not."

"What's your next move?" his friend asked. "I shall write to her from the club," Traiton said grandly as he hailed a taxi.

FREE TO YOU

SEND TO US FOR CATALOGUES AND SAMPLES!

Here "Housewife" reviews the latest booklets and samples issued by well-known firms. If you would like any or all of them **FREE OF CHARGE**, just cut out this coupon and send it to us, giving the index number shown at the end of each paragraph. Please write your name and address in block letters.

My name and address is:—

Send this coupon in an unsealed envelope, bearing 4d. stamp, to RADIO PICTORIAL Shopping Guide, 58-61 Fetter Lane, E.C.4.

EVERY day it seems that science comes to the aid of the housewife by solving another domestic problem. The latest invention is a cool way of heating hot water. This is by means of the "Creda" electric heater, which remains quite cold outside while nearly boiling inside—a boon for the summer months, you'll agree. If you are interested, I'll gladly send you full details. **32**

A **HELP** to all cyclists who are interested in their machines is a booklet on hints for easy running by F. T. Bidlake. No one should attempt a long ride without first assimilating the contents of this handy little book. It is obtainable free to all cyclists. **33**

HAVE you yet an electric clock in your home? If so you will appreciate the difference between ordinary clocks and a good electric make, such as the Ferranti. For, not only does it make a handsome addition to the mantelpiece; it keeps perfectly reliable time, and there is no danger of it ever running down. Write to me for a leaflet, giving full information. **34**

L **OOKING** forward to the future is not always as rosy as it might be, when it means living on a small pension, or none at all. You will be wise if you guarantee for yourself a steady income for all time by taking out a Prudential Assurance policy now. Decide on the amount of income, and at what age you wish it to become payable, and write for full particulars. **35**

NO style of hairdressing can be successful if your hair is not healthy, and a very pleasant way of keeping it at its best is to use "Harlene." You can try for yourself its hair-improving and beautifying properties, free of charge, by sending for free samples of three of these "Harlene" preparations: shampoo, tonic, brilliantine, wave-setting lotion, or colour-restorer. Please enclose 4d. in stamps to cover postage and packing. **36**

PURE, wholesome biscuits at only 6d. lb. are worth hearing about—and tasting. Have you had your sample packet yet? The children will love them, and there are thirty-five different varieties, so that nobody can ever get tired of them. Let me have your name and address for a free sample. **37**

IF your husband is a handyman, he will want to know all about Pluvex felt as an aid in all his odd jobs. Pluvex is a guaranteed roof felt that will last for years without painting or tarring; if you are thinking of roofing a building, write for the Pluvex Free Book. It will save you a lot of trouble and make the work simple. **38**



Children's News MOTTO

by Commander Stephen
KING-HALL

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

"Health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of."

This was written by Isaak Walton, who lived from 1593 to 1683, in a book called "The Compleat Angler"; and he should know, because, as you see, he lived to be 90 years old. You will find the key to this motto on page 24.

Stephen King-Hall

EVEN INVALID APPETITES REVIVE AT A WINCARNIS WINE JELLY!



ITS FLAVOUR IS SO DIFFERENT, SO DISTINCTLY ALLURING THAT IT'S BOUND TO TEMPT.

YOU SEE IT'S A

REAL WINE JELLY

NOT A SO CALLED "WINE FLAVOURED" ONE. HONESTLY IT'S THE MOST DELICIOUS JELLY EVER MADE.

TRY ONE AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!



WINCARNIS WINE JELLY

7½d. a packet at all good Grocers and Chemists

DREADED EATING FOR AWFUL PAINS

If you know the misery of eating every meal in fear of the awful pains which follow; if you starve for days at a stretch rather than endure hours of agony and intense discomfort—then do as Mr. Frank Bell, of Norman Avenue, Birmingham, did.

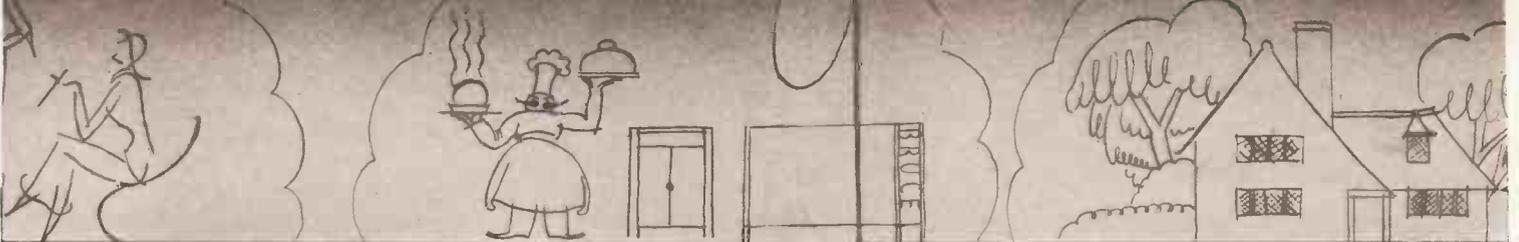
This is what Mr. Bell writes:—
"I have been a stomach sufferer since 1917, when I was gassed in the war, and during these seventeen years I have not known what it is to have a substantial meal without severe pains. I used to dread eating even the lightest of foods. I had weeks at a stretch away from work. I did not know that I had a Duodenal Ulcer until I was threatened with an operation. So I commenced taking Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, and since that day my progress has been rapid and sure. Now I feel like a new man, eating anything without fear of those awful pains. Before taking Maclean Brand Stomach Powder I spent a small fortune on so-called cures, so my advice is, 'Try Maclean Brand Stomach Powder first and save money.'"

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



The Duke of York recently visited the "Beejapee" cot at the Queen's Hospital for children. This cot is endowed by "Radio Pictorial" and members of the associated publications.

The WOMANLISTENER



JANE CARR
on
WATERPROOF MAKE-UP

JEANNE DE CASALIS
on
SHIRTS AND SHORTS

MRS. R. H. BRAND
on
COOLING DRINKS

ARE you one of the people whose skin naturally takes on a beautiful bronze shade in summer—or do you stand in danger of burning an uncomfortable and painful beetroot shade first? If your skin is at all sensitive to the sun's rays, you should take proper precautions—before, not after, the damage is done. A bad case of sunburn means that you become really ill, and are even in danger of blood-poisoning.

Days spent in the country or by the sea mean that you are far away from mirrors or dressing-tables for hours at a time so that constant repairs



This square-crowned hat of lacquered straw is trimmed with plaid taffeta and has a scarf to match.

are impossible. What you need then is a waterproof powder-base that will stand sea-spray, rain, sun or whatever the weather does. After your swim simply dab your face dry, apply your powder puff, and that's all.

You must be careful how you apply the powder base in the first place. Put a little on a pad of cotton-wool, which is first damped with water, and smooth it over your face and neck—very evenly and very thinly. It acts as a splendid safeguard against sunburn and freckles as well as effectively hiding all spots or blemishes.

Jane Carr

SHORTS are making their first serious appearance this year for all holiday occasions . . . rambling, cruising, playing games, or lounging on the beach.

They may not, perhaps, be any more comfortable than a skirt—that point is still unsettled—but at least the wearing of them can be a new and thrilling experience. And, if they are well cut, they give the young and active—for whom, of course, they are intended—a most becoming and boyish grace.

There are shorts to suit everybody; some disguised behind box-pleats to look like skirts, some on the severely plain Boy Scout pattern. The more popular and feminine type has a deep waistband, stitched or shaped to a V, with two or even three pleats on each leg in front.

The shirt worn with them is kept as plain as possible. It is invariably cut in the same style buttoning down the front, with a round, high neck, collared, of course, and with short sleeves reaching midway between shoulder and elbow.

Perhaps the most notable thing about these outfits is their complete adaptability. The shirt can be exchanged for a sun-back top, or simply worn over it; so that when the time comes it is the work of a moment to peel off the blouse, and there you are in full sun-bathing trim.

Or a wrap-around skirt is buttoned on over the shorts and you are at once fully clad again.

Trousers, which have been so popular for the last two years, have been ousted from favour by shorts. When trousers are seen, they are generally of tailored grey flannel. Sun frocks, however, are much in evidence. They are generally fitted with shoulder capes which conceal low-cut sun-backs, so that the two-way idea is retained.

Jeanne de Casalis



A gaily coloured sunshade, patterned cushion, and striped bathing shoes for the beach.

LEMONADE
Ingredients.—4 lemons. 2 pints boiling water. 3 oz. sugar.

Wipe the lemons, and peel two of them very thinly. Squeeze the juice of all and strain it into a jug, add peel, sugar, and water, stir until the sugar is dissolved, and then cover closely. Leave in as cold a place as possible for two or three hours and strain before using.

LEMON SYRUP

Make some sugar syrup by boiling ½ lb. of sugar and ½ pint of water for 14 minutes, add 1 gill of strained lemon juice, stir well, and leave to get quite cold. Bottle the syrup and use it as required, diluting with cold water or soda-water if preferred.

MINT JULEP

Ingredients.—1 large bottle of ginger ale. 3 sprigs of well washed, really fresh mint. 1 large lemon. 2 tablespoonfuls of water. Ditto castor sugar.

Put mint, water, sugar, and strained lemon juice into a glass jug, leave it in a cold place for 1½ hours, then add ginger ale and a piece of ice (if possible). Decorate with thin slices of banana and orange.

HORSE'S NECK

Fill a tall glass with a large bottle of ginger ale and add a squeeze of lemon; put a long piece of lemon peel in the glass and allow one end to hang over the side. A lump of ice is a great improvement, but not essential.

CIDER CUP

Ingredients.—1 pint of bottled cider. Ditto soda-water. 1 gill of strained lemon juice. Castor sugar.

Mix cider, lemon juice, and sugar to taste in a jug with a large lump of ice and leave it in a cold place until required. Immediately before serving add the soda-water and stir well. A few halved strawberries or cherries floating about greatly add to the appearance.

ORANGE CUP

Ingredients.—½ pint of strained orange juice. The juice of 1 large lemon. Sugar to taste. Soda-water or iced water. 2 mint leaves and a few thin slices of orange.

Mix all together in a glass jug and if soda-water is used, be sure it is really cold.

BARLEY WATER

Ingredients.—2 pints of cold water. 2 oz. pearl barley. 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar. The rind and juice of two lemons.

Well wash the barley and put it in a saucepan just covered with water, allow it to come to the boil, then strain and put it into a large pan with the two pints of water, and thinly cut lemon rind. Stir well and bring it gently to the boil, afterwards allowing it to simmer for 2 hours; stir 4 or 5 times during the cooking. Strain, and add lemon juice and sugar to taste.

Barley water makes a very nice drink and may be taken either hot or cold.

Bettina Brand

FIVE SHILLINGS HINTS

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

WASH YOUR CEILINGS

Ceilings which have become darkened with smoke and dirt can be quite easily washed clean with warm water, in which a little soda has been dissolved. Wring out a cloth in the water, and wipe over the ceiling. Soap, however, should never be used. It is a good plan to cover your kitchen ceiling with washable paper, which cannot peel or blister, is easily kept clean, and lasts a long time.

A MOTH DESTROYER

Carpets which are put away in store can be protected from moths by being rolled in newspaper. If, however, you suspect the presence of moths or eggs, spread a damp huckaback towel over the part, and press it with a hot iron until it is dry. The heat and steam together destroy both moths and eggs.

SALT—NOT SODA

Saucepans should not be cleaned with soda, as, though it removes the burnt portions, it makes the pan all the more easily burnt the next time. Instead, fill it with salt and water, and bring it slowly to the boil. The saucepan can then be cleaned quite easily.

BROWN SHOES

Brown shoes that are badly stained can often be cleaned with a slice of lemon, rubbed on before the polish. Banana skin also makes a good polish.

If the colour of your shoes is too light, and you want to darken them, rub them well with pieces of cut potato. Then mix together a pinch of bismark brown with half a cupful of liquid annatto, and add as much boiling water again. Stir the solution until it is a good colour, and then brush it evenly on the shoes. When dry, they should be polished well in the ordinary way.

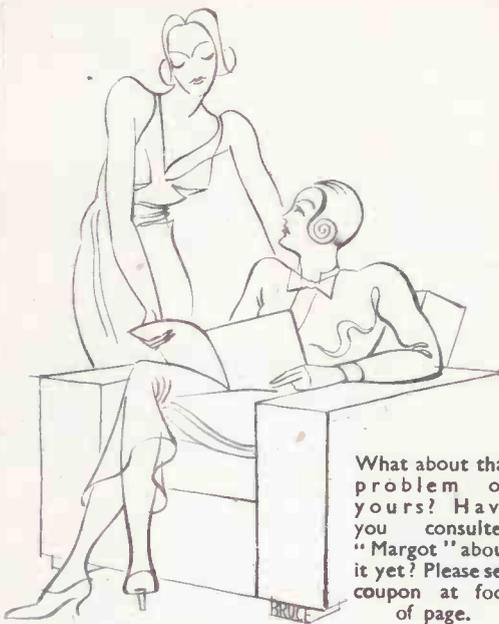
If you want to dye brown shoes black, an excellent result can be produced with ordinary black ink. First remove the polish from the shoe with a little hartshorn, then rub in as much ink as the leather will absorb. Finally, black and polish in the usual way.



This is a combined meat and vegetable safe cellulose finished. Price 11/3.

Write to "MARGOT" About It

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



What about that problem of yours? Have you consulted "Margot" about it yet? Please see coupon at foot of page.

DO YOU KNOW—

Candles improve with keeping, and should be bought in large quantities and stored in a dry, cool place.

If you find it difficult to make a candle stand upright in a holder that is too large for it, hold one end of the candle in boiling water, then press it firmly into the candlestick. It will harden almost at once, and stand quite safely.

By the way, do not scrape a candlestick to clean it, as you may damage the surface. Instead, dip it into hot water, and you will be able to wash the grease off with a cloth.

TRY THIS FOR VOILE

It is possible to wash voile frocks so that they look as fresh as when they were first made, if a little stiffening is used in the water. Do not use starch, but instead dissolve a few lumps of sugar or a little powdered borax in a cupful of hot water, and add to the rinsing water. Iron the frock while it is still damp.

LAST YEAR'S HAT

Have you a white felt hat that you look upon as too old and discoloured for longer use? Try cleaning it at home—this way. Mix a little magnesia to a paste with cold water, and brush it on the hat. Let it dry and brush it off.

Another method is to use powdered starch mixed with borax. Or flour that has first been dried in the oven, and then mixed with salt. The mixture should be left on for some time, and brushed off with a stiff brush.

SIEVES

These should be washed quickly after using. They must be scrubbed, rinsed, and hung up to dry; it is really better to keep them hanging, as they take up so much room on a shelf.

BEECH LEAVES

If you want to have branches of golden brown beech leaves all through the winter, pick them now while the leaves are new and green. Place in a big jug containing equal parts of glycerine and water, and leave until they have absorbed all the liquid. Arrange in an empty jar.

They will keep their shape perfectly, and the leaves will gradually turn bronze-brown.

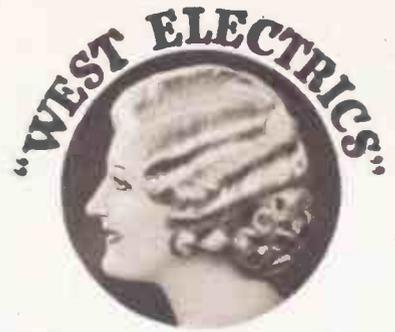
A SHAMPOO TOWEL

HERE is a splendid way of using a towel which has worn thin in the centre. Cut a hole in the centre large enough to slip the head through. Then bind the edge with tape. When shampooing the hair, just slip the towel over the head. You will find this a great boon.

FOR SMOOTH IRONING

If your iron sticks when you are ironing starched things, sprinkle some salt on brown paper and rub the iron on that. You will have no further difficulty.

Margot



All-ways the Best

- FASTEST** — 10 minutes to set, curl or wave by Electro-Magnetic pressure.
- SAFEST** — Cannot cut, break, burn or dis-colour the hair.
- SIMPLEST** — Easy and quick to use—light and comfortable to wear.

The Only Guaranteed

Guaranteed to last a lifetime.
Guaranteed to satisfy, or money back



1/- the card of 4.

Made in England.

Used the world over

FREE. If your shop is out of stock send 1/- (British P.O.) for full card of Curlers or Wavers and receive a West Electric Real Hair Net free (state colour of hair), West Electric Hair Curler Co., (Dept. 220), 8 Kirby Street, E.C.1

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 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.



DONT WASH

BABY'S HAIR USE NESTOL

Rub baby's scalp with NESTOL daily and the little darling will soon have those much desired curls. Thousands of mothers are using Nestol with wonderful results: why not you? Also use Nestol medicated toilet powder 1/3 large tin.

A month's treatment costs 3/6. Boots, Lewis's, Timothy White's and all good chemists and hair-dressers sell it. If any difficulty write direct to:



C NESTLE & CO. LTD. 48 SOUTH MOLTON ST. LONDON, W.1

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5/9
POST 9d.

By famous Continental Maker. Very Powerful. Full Size Centre screw focus adjustment to any sight. Fitted with genuine scientific torric lenses, making them ideal for home, theatre, dog-racing and all sports. Complete with compact carrying case. £2 0 pattern for 5/9, post 9d. extra. This amazing offer definitely cannot be repeated after present stock is exhausted. Send at once to avoid disappointment.



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BE TALL

Your Height increased in 14 days or money back. 3-5 inches rapidly gained! Amazing complete Course costs only 5/-, or 1/4d. STAMP brings Free Book with further details. Write NOW STEBBING SYSTEM (P), 28, Dean Road, London, N.W.2



(Left to right) Fred Hartley (July 11, 7 p.m., National), Don Hyden (July 13, 1.15 p.m., National), Phyllis Scott (July 10, 7.30 p.m., National), and Reginald New (July 10, 12 noon, Regional)

PROGRAMME HEADLINES of the WEEK

(Left to right) Edwin Benbow (July 12, 9.40 p.m., National), Rebecca Clarke (July 9, 9.25 p.m., National), Bobby Turp (July 14, 5.15 p.m., National), and John Armstrong (July 10, 8 p.m., National)



NATIONAL

SUNDAY (July 8).—*Twelfth Night*, a play by William Shakespeare.
 MONDAY (July 9).—Entertainment Hour, feature programme.
 TUESDAY (July 10).—*The Fantastic Battle*, a play by Leslie Baily.
 The microphone version of this play, which was first heard in September last, is by Leslie Baily from the story by C. R. Burns. The story is of the future, dealing with a way of making war impossible, discovered by a small nation ruled by an idealist. It has nothing to do with death-rays or secret formulae! Val Gielgud, B.B.C. Drama Director, will be the producer.
 WEDNESDAY (July 11).—Symphony concert.
 THURSDAY (July 12).—Choral concert.
 FRIDAY (July 13).—*Charlot's Hour*—4, feature programme.
 SATURDAY (July 14).—Variety programme.

LONDON REGIONAL

SUNDAY (July 8).—A concert from Amsterdam.
 MONDAY (July 9).—Orchestral concert.
 TUESDAY (July 10).—Cupid plus Two, feature programme.
 WEDNESDAY (July 11).—*Charlot's Hour*—4, feature programme.
 THURSDAY (July 12).—*The Fantastic Battle*, a play by Leslie Baily.
 FRIDAY (July 13).—Chamber music.

SATURDAY (July 14).—Symphony concert.

MIDLAND REGIONAL

SUNDAY (July 8).—Military band concert, relayed from Leamington Spa.
 MONDAY (July 9).—*These Young People*, a radio romance by Herbert Green.
 TUESDAY (July 10).—String orchestral programme.
 WEDNESDAY (July 11).—Orchestral concert, relayed from Leamington Spa.
 THURSDAY (July 12).—Orchestral concert, relayed from Coventry.
 FRIDAY (July 13).—Light music by Midland composers.
 SATURDAY (July 14).—The Regional Revellers, a concert party trifle.

WEST REGIONAL

SUNDAY (July 8).—Gwilym Gwent, centenary programme.
 MONDAY (July 9).—Orchestral concert from London.
 TUESDAY (July 10).—*Ar Lannau Conwy* (On the Banks of the Conwy), feature programme.
 WEDNESDAY (July 11).—Orchestral concert.
 THURSDAY (July 12).—*Cyhoeddi Eisteddfod Genedlaethol Frenhinol Cymru, Caernarfon, 1935, yng Nghastell Caernarfon* (The Proclamation Ceremony of the Royal

National Eisteddfod of Wales, Caernarvon, 1935).

FRIDAY (July 13).—Concert Party, relayed from Exmouth.
 SATURDAY (July 14).—Chamber Music, relayed from Dartington Hall.

NORTH REGIONAL

SUNDAY (July 8).—A brass band concert.
 MONDAY (July 9).—Prelude to St. Swithin, variations on an unstable theme, feature programme.
 TUESDAY (July 10).—Excerpts from the Northern Command Tattoo.
 WEDNESDAY (July 11).—Orchestral concert.
 THURSDAY (July 12).—Variety, relayed from Southport.
 FRIDAY (July 13).—Concert party programme.
 SATURDAY (July 14).—Contemporary Composers of the North, No. 3, Edward Isaacs: instrumental and vocal programme.

SCOTTISH REGIONAL

SUNDAY (July 8).—Orchestral concert.
 MONDAY (July 9).—A River Programme: orchestral concert.
 TUESDAY (July 10).—A folk music programme.
 WEDNESDAY (July 11).—The Roadside Fire—Songs of the open road; brass band concert.

THURSDAY (July 12).—Concert party programme, relayed from Largs.
 FRIDAY (July 13).—Orchestral concert.
 SATURDAY (July 14).—Here's a Health unto His Majesty, a programme of patriotic verse and choral songs.

BELFAST

SUNDAY (July 8).—A Religious Service, relayed from St. Martin-in-the-Fields, London.
 MONDAY (July 9).—*Carmen*, an opera by Bizet.
 TUESDAY (July 10).—Brownies on Parade, a concert party relayed from Bellevue Gardens.
 WEDNESDAY (July 11).—An orchestral concert.
 THURSDAY (July 12).—Orchestral concert.
 FRIDAY (July 13).—Irish Stew, a programme of varied local fare.
 SATURDAY (July 14).—Flute band programme.

Radio Times gives full programme details.

WHAT LISTENERS THINK

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

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

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

★Strictly Timed, Please

WHY does not the B.B.C. give each 'turn' a distinct time in the programmes, and why must certain 'turns' be given in two parts in the middle of someone else's programme? Here is an example of what I mean. On June 12, at 20 00, there was a concert given by the band of the 2nd Battalion of the King's Own Royal Regt.

"Now, here's the grouch. I did not want to hear the band, but I was very keen to hear the pianist, so I had to stay in on a glorious summer evening, and listen for forty-five minutes to music which bored me to tears, so that I could hear fifteen minutes of music that I thoroughly enjoyed.

"On the other hand, there may be thousands of listeners who did not like Mr. Wilson interrupting the band programme. Had he been allowed fifteen minutes either before or after the band performance, 'a good time would have been had by all'; as it was neither party was satisfied.

"The same idea applies to the vaudeville programmes. Sometimes there is only one turn which I want to hear, but if I wish to be certain that I do not miss it, I have to listen from the beginning until it turns up.

"Let's have each turn strictly timed and separated, please."—*Jack Bennett, Elsecar.*

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

A Keen Fan

I feel I should like to express my appreciation of your RADIO PICTORIAL. I possess every copy, and the point which strikes me most is that it definitely improves as it goes along. I admire especially your middle-pages style, and issue No. 22, 'Weekending With the Stars,' is really fine.

"I say improve in no uncomplimentary sense, because so many present journals seem to go 'off' after the first two or three numbers.

"I am a keen wireless fan, but unfortunately am unemployed. However, as soon as my luck turns, I am going to get one of your self-binders, as I can claim that my copies are as good as new.

"Congratulations and thanks for this enterprising book."—*G. Osmond, Wandsworth, S.W.18.*

Your Earphones

The employment of earphones for listening-in is practically unknown in these days of the loud-speaker—except in one direction. They are still employed in hospitals, sanatoria and similar institutions where one set disseminates entertainment to a number of individuals, many of whom are confined to bed.

"The supply of earphones is inadequate to meet the demand in the majority of cases; yet there must be thousands of pairs all over the country, discarded and unused in lumber-rooms and like places. May I suggest that they be brought to light, cleaned up, and taken round to the nearest hospital or institution, so that they may bring entertainment into the lives of the unfortunate inmates?"—*H. P., Dungeness.*

Empire Radio

I would like to voice my approval of your excellent weekly. I have purchased it since its inception, and have been very interested in the photographs and information of the various stars, most of which we hear in recorded versions over our 'B class' stations. There are seven broadcasting stations in Melbourne, excluding amateurs, which are divided into two classes; two 'A class' (controlled by the A.B.C.) and five 'B class' (advertising stations giving sponsored programmes). It is only between 2 and 5 a.m. that all these stations are off the air.

"As a matter of fact, programmes from the Empire station are rather disappointing. For instance, a record heard any number of times from our own stations is not greatly enhanced by distortion and the perpetual static accompaniment received on the best short-wave set."—*R. P. Boyd, Melbourne, Australia.*

A Woman Farmer

I see in a recent RADIO PICTORIAL a request to cut out the fat stock prices in the first news bulletins. I do not agree with this. We do not expect it is any use to the town dweller, but it is very necessary for the farmer and small-holder. As a woman farmer I have always found the fat stock prices and potato prices a very important guide."—*G. H. Mainwaring, Melbourne, Yorks.*

Sports Talks

Recently Sir Malcolm Campbell gave a broadcast on his experiences in land-speed record breaking. This was very interesting. Would it not be possible to have a series of these talks, and persons who are well up in their respective sports, such as boxing, golf, cycling, cricket and flying, etc., to come to the microphone and tell of their experiences and methods of

training, so that the average person may take a bigger interest in the sports of to-day?"—*E. Denholm, Leeds.*

Three Times a Day!

I think the B.B.C. should see that a tune should not occur more than once in a day. For instance, on Wednesday last the same melodies from 'Maid of the Mountains' were played three times by three different orchestras, and 'If You Were the Only Girl in the World' was played twice on the same day."—*M. Munden, Manchester.*

Thank You

May I, through the columns of the RADIO PICTORIAL, thank you for the magnificent Self Binder which I received from you this week. At the price of 4s. 6d. it is a bargain as it builds up a wonderful volume and is well worth a place in any home. Thanking you once again and wishing the RADIO PICTORIAL every success."—*L. Gibbs, Leicester.*

Parliament Broadcasts

It seems curious that the former disused Broadcasting apparatus at Marconi House, and elsewhere in London, was not adapted so that each of the two Houses of Parliament Sittings could be broadcasted intact. There are very considerable numbers of people who would be only too glad to tune in to listen to them. This appears easy to arrange on a slightly different wavelength."—*S. W. Upjohn, Colchester.*

Down With F.S.P.

I also quite agree with 'Ladies First.' The Fat Stock prices mean nothing to women. "I am sure that it would be most interesting to have a dress show, with the description given by Mrs. Giles Borrett, or, barring that, why not a few gramophone records with the numbers, etc., given last, so that we could have a guessing game. We all, I am sure, enjoyed those that Christopher Stone held a while ago. Please, *Down with Fat Stock prices.*"—*Kathleen Whiston, E. 16.*

Hullo, Children Children's Corner

DEAR NIECES AND NEPHEWS,—Maynard Grover, who wrote the music for "The Worm" and "Traffic on the River," and many other of the songs you have asked for from time to time, came to tea with me yesterday and brought with him the new set of songs he has just written for you. Dale Smith is going to sing them later on in the month and I feel sure you will like them as much as I did. Maynard was talking about his own young days. One of the incidents which stand out clearly in his memory was, he says, the most disturbing. He had just started his studies at the Royal College of Music and was one day wandering down one of the corridors, when who should come round a corner but Sir Hubert Parry and His Late Majesty King Edward VII!

Young Maynard was petrified! —just didn't know what to do! So he just stood still and, as the royal visitor passed along, bowed low. To his amazement, King Edward stopped and said: "What is your name,

young man?" "Maynard Grover, sir," was the reply as soon as the owner found his tongue. "What are you studying here?" asked the King. "Piano and composition, sir," said Maynard. "Well," was the royal reply, "there is a very great man here already—and you must do better than he, mustn't you!" "I'll do my best," said the boy—and then realised that the reference was to Sir George Groves, the head of the college at that time! But the King and Sir Hubert had passed on!

Running to catch a train recently I nearly had my name and address "took!" That sounds as if I had committed a crime doesn't it! Actually, it was all an account of "Ernest the Policeman." He—being wiser than I—was already waiting for the train and hailed me as I made my final dash. "Ernest"—that is Arthur Wynn—has a delightful house in Buckinghamshire, but his small son refuses to allow him to be a policeman there so he has to reserve that for the Children's Hour. At other times he is very busy as a high official in the Music Department at Broadcasting House. As he was an operatic singer and as such, travelled nearly all over the world before he joined the staff, his advice is much sought after, and his very kindly and genial personality has endeared him both to his colleagues and to the artists with whom he is constantly dealing. So it's really rather fun to have your name and address "took" by "Ernest!"

Until next week,
AUNT BELINDA.



Your Foreign Programme Guide



The popular French duettistes, Pills and Taber

SUNDAY

- Aranjuez (EAQ)** (30 m.).—Spanish Music, arranged by the I.B.C.
- Athlone** (531 m.).—*Richard III*, Shakespeare ... 10 p.m.
- Barcelona** (377.4 m.).—Dance Music ... 8 p.m.
- Berlin (Deutschlandsender)** (1,571 m.).—Light Music ... 6 p.m.
- Berlin (Funkstunde)** (356.7 m.).—Concert ... 4 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1** (483.9 m.).—Light Music ... 10 a.m.
- Brussels No. 2** (321.9 m.).—Cello ... 6 p.m.
- Juan-les-Pins** (240.2 m.).—Opera ... 9 p.m.
- Leipzig** (382.2 m.).—*Lucia von Launermoor*, Opera (Donizette) ... 8.30 p.m.
- Ljubljana** (569.3 m.).—Duets (Schumann) ... 8.0 p.m.
- Luxembourg** (1,304 m.).—I.B.C. Dance Music ... 12.30-1 p.m.
- Munich** (405.4 m.).—*The Forbidden Song*, Musical Play (F. Weither) ... 8.30 p.m.
- Moscow** (748 m.).—Variety and Dance Music ... 5.30 p.m.
- Poste Parisien** (312.8 m.).—I.B.C. Programme, A Summer Afternoon ... 6 p.m.
- Radio Normandy** (206 m.).—Dance Music ... 9.30 p.m.

- Reykjavik** (1,345 m.).—Fourth Symphony (Tchaikovsky) 11 p.m.
- Schenectady** (379.5 m.).—Orchestra ... 7.30 p.m.
- Strasbourg** (349.5 m.).—Café Concert ... 10.30 p.m.

MONDAY

- Athlone** (531 m.).—Orchestra ... 7.30 p.m.
- Barcelona** (377.4 m.).—Station orchestra ... 10.30 p.m.
- Berlin (Deutschlandsender)** (1,571 m.).—Piano Quintet (Schumann) ... 5.30 p.m.
- Berlin (Funkstunde)** (356.7 m.).—Music from the Zoo ... 4 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1** (483.9 m.).—Chamber Music ... 6.15 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2** (321.9 m.).—Light Music ... 1.10 p.m.
- Juan-les-Pins** (240.2 m.).—Light Music ... 1.10 p.m.
- Leipzig** (382.2 m.).—Leipzig Symphony Orchestra ... 6.20 p.m.
- Luxembourg** (1,304 m.).—Modern Music ... 9.45 p.m.
- Munich** (405.4 m.).—Russian Piano Music ... 3.10 p.m.
- Poste Parisien** (312.8 m.).—I.B.C. Orchestra ... 10.30 p.m.
- Reykjavik** (1,345 m.).—Popular Airs ... 11 p.m.
- San Sebastian** (238.5 m.).—Records (I.B.C. Programme) ... 2.30 a.m.
- Strasbourg** (349.5 m.).—Scandinavian Music ... 8.30 p.m.
- Toulouse** (328.6 m.).—Salon Orchestra ... 6.45 p.m.

TUESDAY

- Athlone** (531 m.).—Pipes and Fiddle ... 9.40 p.m.
- Barcelona** (377.4 m.).—Sextet ... 2 p.m.
- Berlin (Deutschlandsender)** (1,571 m.).—*Der Lauschliche Krieg*, Opera (Schubert) ... 6.55 p.m.
- Berlin (Funkstunde)** (356.7 m.).—Concert ... 12 noon
- Brussels No. 1** (483.9 m.).—Organ ... 6.30 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2** (321.9 m.).—Orchestra ... 12 noon
- Juan-les-Pins** (240.2 m.).—Concert from the Casino, Monte Carlo ... 9.15 p.m.
- Leipzig** (382.2 m.).—Cabaret ... 10.50 p.m.
- Ljubljana** (569.3 m.).—English Records ... 10.30 p.m.
- Luxembourg** (1,304 m.).—Variety ... 7 p.m.
- Madrid (EAJ7)** (274 m.).—I.B.C. Dance Music ... 2-3 a.m.
- Munich** (405.4 m.).—Records ... 12 noon

- Poste Parisien** (312.8 m.).—Talkie Tunes and Military Band ... 10.30 p.m.
- Radio Normandy** (206 m.).—I.B.C. Variety and Light Music ... 11 p.m.
- Reykjavik** (1,345 m.).—Dance Music ... 11.30 p.m.
- Strasbourg** (349.5 m.).—*Bluebeard*, Operetta (Offenbach) ... 8.30 p.m.
- Toulouse** (328.6 m.).—Chaussonettes ... 6.45 p.m.

WEDNESDAY

- Athlone** (531 m.).—Organ and Choral Recital ... 8 p.m.
- Barcelona** (377.4 m.).—I.B.C. Band Music ... 2-2.30 a.m. (Thurs.)
- Berlin (Funkstunde)** (356.7 m.).—Band Music ... 4 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1** (483.9 m.).—Harp ... 6.15 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2** (321.9 m.).—Flemish Songs ... 5 p.m.
- Juan-les-Pins** (240.2 m.).—Selection from Parsifal (Wagner) ... 9.15 p.m.
- Leipzig** (382.2 m.).—Operetta Music ... 6.20 p.m.
- Luxembourg** (1,304 m.).—Band Music ... 9.30 p.m.
- Munich** (405.4 m.).—Variety ... 4 p.m.
- Poste Parisien** (312.8 m.).—Celebrity Records ... 10.30 p.m.
- Radio Normandy** (206 m.).—Happy Half Hour of Records ... 11.30 p.m.
- Reykjavik** (1,345 m.).—Violin Music and Records ... 11 p.m.
- Strasbourg** (349.5 m.).—Symphony Concert ... 8.45 p.m.
- Toulouse** (328.6 m.).—*Carmen* Opera (Bizet) ... 8.15 p.m.

THURSDAY

- Athlone** (531 m.).—Vocal Ballads ... 8.30 p.m.
- Berlin (Funkstunde)** (356.7 m.).—Concert ... 4 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1** (483.9 m.).—Programme for Children ... 5.30 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2** (321.9 m.).—Flemish Music ... 8 p.m.
- Hamburg** (331.9 m.).—Loewe Concert ... 8.15 p.m.
- Juan-les-Pins** (240.2 m.).—Light Music ... 12.30 p.m.
- Leipzig** (382.2 m.).—Italian Operettas (Records) ... 11.10 p.m.
- Ljubljana** (569.3 m.).—Request Records ... 7 p.m.
- Luxembourg** (1,304 m.).—German Concert ... 9.25 p.m.
- Munich** (405.4 m.).—Songs ... 5.50 p.m.
- Poste Parisien** (312.8 m.).—Variety Records and Choral Selections ... 10.30 p.m.
- Radio Normandy** (206 m.).—A Tour of Brighton and Hove with the I.B.C. ... 5 p.m.
- Reykjavik** (1,345 m.).—Orchestra ... 11 p.m.
- Strasbourg** (349.5 m.).—Band Music ... 8.45 p.m.

- Toulouse** (328.6 m.).—Ballet Music ... 9 p.m.

FRIDAY

- Athlone** (531 m.).—Cello and Vocal Recital ... 8.30 p.m.
- Barcelona** (377.4 m.).—Light Music ... 9.10 p.m.
- Berlin (Funkstunde)** (356.7 m.).—Unfamiliar Songs (Schubert) ... 6.30 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1** (483.9 m.).—Flute Recital ... 6.50 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2** (321.9 m.).—Concert to commemorate Pierie Benoit ... 8.3 p.m.
- Juan-les-Pins** (240.2 m.).—Concert from the Casino, Monte Carlo ... 9.15 p.m.
- Leipzig** (382.2 m.).—Light Music ... 10.50 p.m.
- Ljubljana** (569.3 m.).—Concert ... 7 p.m.
- Luxembourg** (1,304 m.).—Cabaret ... 7 p.m.
- Munich** (405.4 m.).—Japanese Songs ... 5.50 p.m.
- Poste Parisien** (312.8 m.).—Old Favourites, arranged by the I.B.C. ... 10.30 p.m.
- Radio Normandy** (206 m.).—I.B.C. Programme. Talkie Time and Old Favourites ... 11 p.m.
- Reykjavik** (1,345 m.).—Records ... 11 p.m.
- Strasbourg** (349.5 m.).—French Music ... 8.30 p.m.
- Toulouse** (328.6 m.).—Airs from Comic Operas ... 7.45 p.m.

SATURDAY

- Athlone** (531 m.).—Anglo Irish Ballads ... 8 p.m.
- Barcelona** (377.4 m.).—I.B.C. Orchestra ... 2.30 a.m. (Sunday)
- Berlin (Deutschlandsender)** (1,571 m.).—Operettas ... 8.10 p.m.
- Berlin (Funkstunde)** (356.7 m.).—Variety ... 4 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1** (483.9 m.).—Trio Concert of Chamber Music ... 6.30 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2** (321.9 m.).—Orchestra from Blankenberghe Casino ... 10.10 p.m.
- Juan-les-Pins** (240.2 m.).—3rd and 4th Acts of *Werther* (Massenet) ... 8.15 p.m.
- Leipzig** (382.2 m.).—Wander-Songs to the Lute ... 7 p.m.
- Luxembourg** (1,304 m.).—French Music ... 10 p.m.
- Munich** (405.4 m.).—Violin Sonata in G (Grieg) ... 5.50 p.m.
- Post Parisien** (312.8 m.).—I.B.C. Programme. Vocal and Orchestra ... 10.30 p.m.
- Radio Normandy** (206 m.).—The Ramsgate Historical Pageant (arranged by the I.B.C.) ... 5.20 p.m.
- Strasbourg** (349.5 m.).—Popular Concert ... 8.30 p.m.
- Toulouse** (328.6 m.).—Dance Music ... 11.15 p.m.

Dance Music of the Week

- Monday.** The Casani Club Orchestra, directed by Charlie Kunz (*Casani Club*).
- Tuesday.** Lew Stone and his Band (*Monseigneur*).
- Wednesday.** The Grosvenor House Dance Band, directed by Sydney Lipton (*Grosvenor House*).
- Thursday.** Lou Praeger and his Band (*Romano's*).
- Friday.** Harry Roy and his Band (*May Fair Hotel*).
- Saturday.** The B.B.C. Dance Band, directed by Henry Hall (*from the B.B.C. studios*).

Items You Must Not Miss

- Luxembourg** ... Concert ... 1-1.30 p.m. Sunday
- Poste Parisien** ... Concert ... 10.30-11 p.m. Wednesday
- Strasbourg** ... Operetta ... 8.30 p.m. Tuesday
- Brussels No. 2** ... Flemish Music ... 8 p.m. Thursday
- Luxembourg** ... Concert ... 10.30-11 p.m. Sunday
- Juan-les-Pins** ... Concert ... 9.15 p.m. Friday
- Toulouse** ... Dance Music ... 11.15 p.m. Saturday

On the Air Next Week



Anna Neagle as Olivia and Leslie French as Feste in "Twelfth Night" at the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park. A performance is to be broadcast on July 8

On the right you see Van Straten who will be heard with his band on July 9, 8 p.m., National. Constant Lambert (right, circle) the well-known composer and conductor, will also be heard the same evening in the Regional programme. Tolchard Evans (below) will broadcast from London Regional on July 12, at 10 p.m. He is the well-known author of numerous popular songs, including "Let's All Sing Like the Birdies Sing" and "Lady of Spain," Geraldo's signature tune.





A waiter who composes dance music—Richard Dabson, a waiter working at the Monico Buffet Bar, has composed a large number of popular dance tunes. (Right) George Dolton, who was "on the air" on June 25, and is a favourite with radio listeners.



Do you know what's on next week?

High-spots of the Programmes

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

haven't met since, but I shall alter all that before very long.

really sparkling this time. So, if you missed them on June 13, try again.

Two or three talks look interesting. There is to be a new series of holiday-time talks when rambles in Warwickshire, Leicestershire and Herefordshire are to be given. The first talk is by E. G. Hilton, entitled 'A Day on a Canal Towpath'. So if you are passing, drop in (July 10).

Their Majesties the King and Queen are to be in residence in the Palace of Holyrood House from July 9-16. On the 14th a special programme will be broadcast in honour of the occasion, appropriately entitled *Here's a Health Unto His Majesty*. It will largely consist of patriotic verse and choral songs taken from both English and Scottish sources. The Scottish Wireless Singers under Ian Whyte will also take part.

The two famous Leslies—Leslie (Tweet-tweet) Sarony, and Leslie (Heard-this-one?) Holmes—will be extensively heard on the air in future, for, owing to their success in variety, Leslie Holmes has relinquished his position as professional manager to Campell Connelly, and is going all out with the other Leslie on stage and radio.

His Majesty the King, accompanied by the Queen, will open the Mersey Tunnel, the largest underwater tunnel in existence, on July 18. The North Regional will relay a running commentary which will be heard nationally. In the evening there is to be a special *Tunnel Programme* including sound impressions of the old-time traffic.

Many is the time I have crossed the Mersey in one of the old ferry-boats. An interesting river with waters none too clear. The quality of Mersey was never strained.

Another centenary coming. Sorry—it's a birthday. Christopher Stone this time. Celebrates his first weekly broadcast of gramophone records and gives a recital for children in their hour on June 21. Wonder what Christopher will find to do in the next world if there are no gramophones? Make records of some sort, I expect.

The Vancouver Kitsilano Boys' Band is to be heard on July 16. Forty boys from twelve to eighteen years of age. Sounds lively to me. They are making a six-week stay in England and are going to run all over our south coastal resorts. They hold all kinds of championships, so you must give the lads a hearing.

There is to be a Prom. concert devoted to Delius. This, of course, was arranged prior to his decease. There is also to be a memorial concert in the autumn. More of this when I get further news.

You televisionists can peep tonight, July 6, when you should see and hear Sarah Fischer and Heddle Nash in excerpts from *Carmen*.

For Midland Regional listeners there are a few pleasures to come. Frank Titterton sings on July 8. He is very popular. He and I lived near each other when we were at school. We

Another is by H. Lansdale-Ruthven on *Some Interesting Epitaphs*. A nice, lively subject for you. Let's talk of graves, then, on July 12.

The evolution of cricket since the days of W. G. Grace is to be discussed by R. V. Ryder, secretary of the Warwickshire County Club for forty years, on July 14. This talk should have a large audience.

Listen, O Westerners, on July 8, to Parry Jones. He is going to sing some of Peter Warlock's songs. I never heard a bar of his music I did not like. Parry Jones says Peter was of Welsh extraction.

On July 12, the Proclamation Ceremony of the Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales will be relayed from Caernarvon Castle. Mr. Lloyd George (bardic name Llwyd o Wynedd) is to give an address.

On the 14th I am told the Griller String Quartet is to play for West Regional listeners. I personally think there is nothing like a string quartet for wireless, simply because the four instruments could be in your own room without being too loud. The Griller is one of the most famous quartets in the world, of course.

Howard Marshall is to describe the third Test Match for Northern listeners from the field on each day of the match—July 6, 7, 9 and 10.

There is a famous Dutch crooner broadcasting from Manchester on the 6th—Leo Fuld. He can sing anything, so they tell me. He is just as good at opera as at skat-singing. He broadcasts regularly from Hilversum, so I expect some of you know him.

Scotland will hear some more of *Sunny Days* on the 12th. Harry Kemp's popular show comes once more from Barrfields Pavilion, Largs. I am told the company is

REAL PHOTOGRAPHS of Radio Stars

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The too-effective bedtime story . . . as seen by our caricaturist!

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

The Minister of Health has recently told us in the House of Commons that we are steadily becoming a much more healthy nation, and that in the last ten years much progress has been made in lengthening life and fighting deadly diseases.

Sending Pictures by Wire and Wireless

Many of the pictures seen to-day in the newspapers are sent to the printers by wire, and frequently by wireless; coming from places over a thousand and more miles away. In an extremely interesting article in the July issue of *Wireless Magazine* the methods by which the pictures are transmitted and received are explained by W. T. Lowe and E. Phillips. In order that the high quality of the transmission of the pictures can be fully appreciated every illustration in the article is reproduced without any retouching exactly as received in the newspaper offices.

In the same issue there are over a score of very fine features—constructional details of three new receivers; particulars of new technical developments and articles of general interest.

Just glance at the list below, which gives you some idea of the splendid contents of the July *Wireless Magazine*, then get a copy to-day from your newspaper, price 1/-.

SOME OF THE OTHER CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE—

FOR THE CONSTRUCTOR

The "W.M." Radiogram Super. Designed by S. Rutherford Wilkins.
The All-Wave Battery Three. By the "W.M." Technical Staff.

TECHNICAL FEATURES

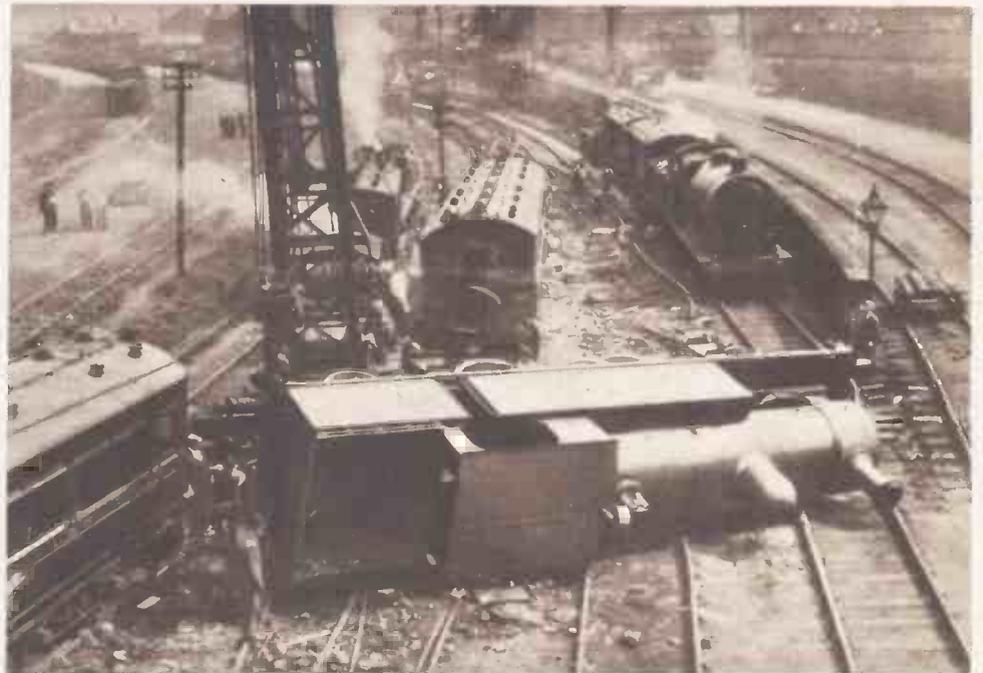
A New Push Pull Method. By F. E. Cox, B.Sc.
New Converters for Short-Wave Listening.
Why There is a Limit to Amplification. By G. S. Scott.
Our Tests of New Sets.
Reaction and Detector Output Circuits. By Percy W. Harris, M.Inst.Rad.E.
Practical Points in Amplifier Design. By the "W.M." Technical Staff.
Tests of New Apparatus.
All the Latest in Car Radio. By the "W.M." Technical Staff.

GENERAL ARTICLES

Guide to the World's Broadcasters. By Jay Coote.
World's Broadcast Wavelengths.
Radio Medley. By BM/PRESS.
Sending Pictures by Wire and Wireless.
Droitwich Means New Regional Plans. By Alan Hunter.
Have You Logged WLW?
New Stations for Old! By W. Oliver.
"Balance and Control" at the B.B.C. By Whitaker-Wilson.
Wireless Jobs Made Easy for Mr. Everyman.
The Vatican Short-Waver.
News of the Short Waves. By Kenneth Jowers.
Programme News and Views. By T. F. Henn.
On the Crest of the Waves. By Jay Coote.
Short Waves on the Seventy-Seven Super.
Choosing Your Records. By Whitaker-Wilson.

TELEVISION SECTION

Television Components—And All About Them. By H. Corbishley.



Daily Mirror Photograph

TELEGRAPHED PICTURE OF A RAILWAY SMASH

A picture of a railway smash at Wardleworth, near Rochdale, which was telegraphed to the "Daily Mirror" in London. The caption is transmitted with the picture



Daily Mirror Photograph

SPEEDING UP NEWS PICTURES

This photograph of the Irish mailboat "Duke of Lancaster" being inspected by divers and salvage men in Heysham Harbour was telegraphed to London by the Siemens process. Picture telegraphy is a great help in speeding up news pictures

WIRELESS · MAGAZINE

JULY ISSUE OF ALL NEWSAGENTS - - PRICE 1/-

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