

DAVY BURNABY !
TEARS BEHIND MY SMILES

STAINLESS STEPHEN "AT HOME"
EXCLUSIVE

2
EVERY
FRIDAY

RADIO PICTORIAL



MARGARET RAWLINGS

B.B.C GOVERNORS - WHAT THEY DO!
A PERSONAL VISIT to RADIO NORMANDY

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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:
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B.B.C. GOVERNORS—

What do they DO?

IN the original B.B.C. charter it was laid down that over and above the Director-General there should be a board of governors . . . but what their actual duties were to be was not defined.

They have power to add to their number and are paid a comfortable income for their labour.

I imagine the idea of the charter-framers was to convey to the public an atmosphere of impartial vigilance by such appointments and to ensure that there would be no chance of political propaganda.

That being the case one would imagine that such governors would have considerable power.

While not interfering with the internal organisation of the B.B.C., they could safeguard the interests not only of the outside public, but the actual staff and the entertainment industry in general.

In order to accomplish these objects, the governors have strangely enough been drawn from every kind of profession but the world of entertainment. They belong neither to the Stage nor the Management.

Now it is understandable that if managerial interests were paramount on such a board of governors, jealousy in the profession would immediately result. But you would imagine that some connection with entertainment would be a qualification for the position of governor in order that the interests of artists could be safeguarded.

The Governors have a charmingly decorated board room in which to meet . . . and even if the red carpet is not put out every time they enter the building they are persons of the highest importance in Broadcasting House.

Mr. Whitley, the Chairman of the Board, is an ex-speaker of the House of Commons, well known as a man of broad democratic views and balanced judgment.

He takes a very great interest in his job, and likes to find out from the man in the street what he thinks of the programmes.

Mrs. Snowden in the days when she was a Governor, used to visit the Birmingham studio, and took a very obvious interest in the workings of the different stations. **But what are the present Governors doing in this direction?**

When, a few months ago, an agitation was raised in the Press about the alleged militarism and

unnecessary red tape in the B.B.C.—things that were telling against artistic efficiency—did the Governors find out themselves the truth of these accusations?

Or did they merely take the assurance of the Director-General that everything in the garden was lovely, and feast their eyes on that interesting document that purported to be a voluntarily signed statement from everyone working in the offices that there were "no complaints"?

Did they bother to find out who sent out that document for signature and who did not sign it—and why?

Had any of the Governors served as non-commissioned officers or privates in the army their sense of humour might have been severely taxed, but none of the Governors were private soldiers; they are worthy members of the "loranordah" brigade, to whose minds criticism can very easily be sedition and complaints high treason.

How many of the Governors have conversed with junior members of the Staff at Broadcasting House or have shown interest in their working conditions, their hours of labour or their wages?

Perhaps such things are so entirely in the hands of the Director-General and his headquarter staff that any interest shown in such things would betray a lack of confidence in those hands, or savour too much of interference. If this be so, of what use are the Governors, and what purpose do they serve?

Mrs. Hamilton, who is now a Governor, was once one of the brightest of radio artists, and her talks are remembered by many. In fact, I believe, she is the only Governor who has had regular practical experience in the art of broadcasting.

But what has happened to her? Who has seen her? Is she still alive?

Has she, with her wide sympathy for everybody and everything, investigated conditions in the B.B.C. with a view to improvement? If so, I have yet to hear of the person who has given her information that could be of benefit to the organization.

And there is much the Governors could do in this respect, unless they think things cannot be bettered, in which case they are obviously superfluous.

I do not suggest for one minute that things in Broadcasting House are in a bad way or that there is "open rebellion," I do suggest that certain things should be looked into by the Governors and that they should not rely on the Generals as to the feelings of the rank and file.

Such things as salaries, hours of work, irritating red tape, treatment of artists, and so on . . .

The B.B.C. deals with so many different branches of art that there is no reason why its staff should not be the very best possible. Yet what is done to attract the best material? In some cases the salary is ludicrously small, in others the restrictions are so pettifogging that no creative artist can remain under them and give of his best.

The B.B.C. has departments that deal with journalism, drama, poetry, science, music, and many other things, and yet it seems to prefer to recruit ex-soldiers and sailors just as if it were a department of the Officers' Employment Agency.

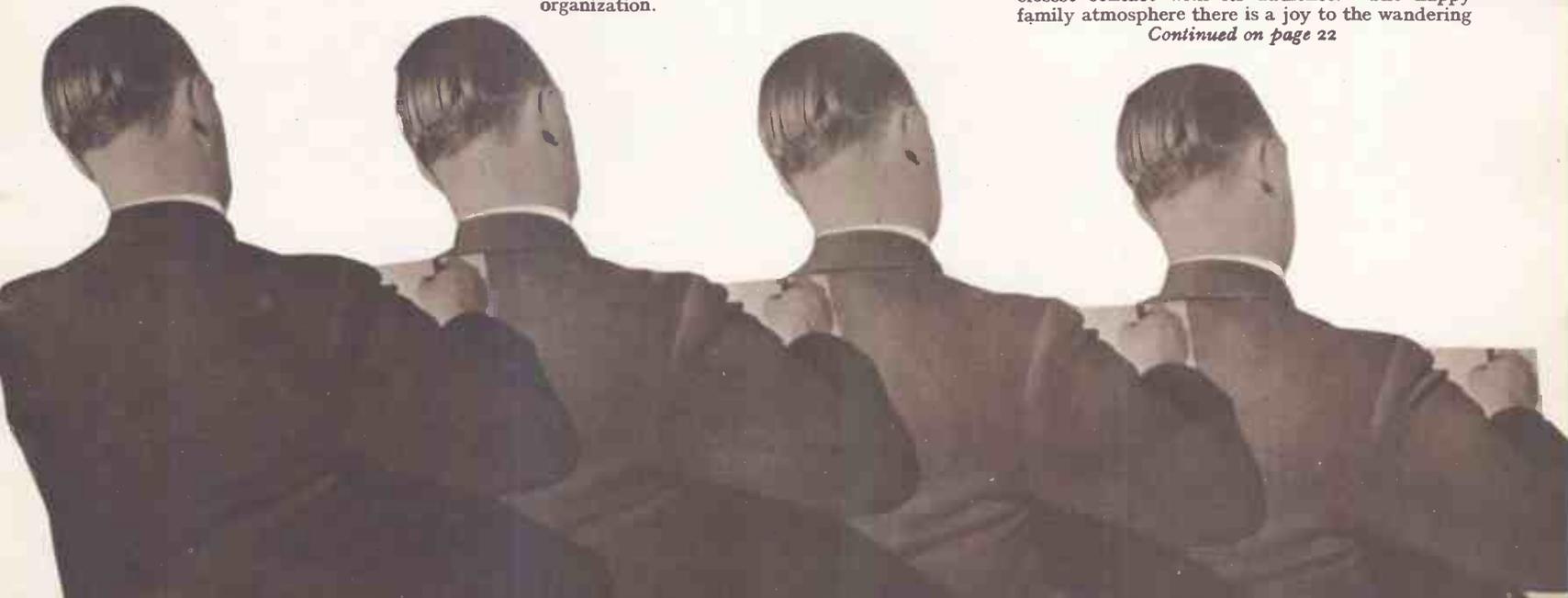
Now that we have a new police college I am expecting to see a few ex-station inspectors coming into the vaudeville department in the near future!

The staff as it is to-day is extremely efficient, but it cannot be expected to keep up its high standard for ever in such departments as the talks, the vaudeville, or the programme.

It will always be needing new brains, and there is no reason why the B.B.C. should not have the best available. What chances are there for promotion among the staff? Who amongst the Governors have investigated this question and what conclusions have they reached?

The Birmingham station has the reputation not only for being most efficient, but for having the closest contact with its audience. The happy family atmosphere there is a joy to the wandering

Continued on page 22



Does the B.B.C. Board of Governors have a vital effect on the control of the B.B.C.? Oliver Baldwin makes some trenchant comments on the Governors in this article and shows how they might take a more active part in broadcasting affairs. Do you agree with the views of this famous broadcaster and radio film critic?



Where there's a well there's a way! Mabel Constanduros — "Mrs. Buggins" of wireless fame—has an attractive old-world cottage home at Prattenden near Arundel, and here she is with her son Michael at the old well

B.B.C. Crooner

"GERRY" FITZGERALD left his fiancée in Canada when he sailed for this country on holiday. Now he is singing with the B.B.C. Dance Band, he is thinking of settling over here, and plans to ask her to join him. Meanwhile Les Allen is off to Toronto on holiday and has already been asked to broadcast when he gets there. It is a long trip and Les will be away for several weeks, but he promises to come back.

The Colman Touch

These two sing differently and they are not much alike. While Les is dark and clean shaven, Gerry is fair with a Ronald Colman moustache. Both are still in their twenties.

No Spook

"I thought you were a ghost, Mr. Brown," said Claud Gardiner, as he walked into a bright office above St. George's Hall yesterday. He was meeting for the first time the man whose signature he has read on every contract he ever had for broadcasting.

Arthur Brown books all the variety artists, and for years they had corresponded about engagements, yet had never met. Claud wanted to be sure that A. H. Brown really existed.

Fees Expert

A slight, alert figure, Arthur Brown is known throughout the profession as an authority on fees. It is his business to negotiate the bookings and every week in his little office he signs away

hundreds of pounds for the acts we hear. Nine-thirty in the morning finds him at his desk at the B.B.C., though most nights he is late at theatres and cabarets, hearing new artists and keeping in touch.

Ready for the Show

Just now he is busy making terms with stars for the shows which will be staged in the big theatre at Olympia during the Radio Exhibition. There will be five relays in ten days.

Commodore Change

At the end of the month Joseph Muscant leaves the Commodore at Hammersmith for the Troxy, and Harry Davidson takes charge of the orchestra at the theatre, which has given us many successful broadcasts in the past five years.

The transfer of the music director involves changes in the orchestra, and this week engineers will be testing the bands at the Troxy and the Commodore. Joseph is popular, and I expect that we shall hear him from his new home, and I am looking forward to broadcasts by Harry Davidson as well.

Star-Spotting

If you are a judge of talent, try your hand at spotting stars of the future in "Wild Violets," which is going to be broadcast in the first week of August. Nine artists in a cast of twenty-one will be new to the microphone, and Eric Maschwitz tells me that several show great promise. Some musical comedies cry out for stars. "Frederica" needs a Tauber and Binnie Hale made the name part in "No, No, Nanette." But "Wild Violets" is not a show of this kind. There is plenty of scope for most of the cast, and all the music is pretty.

— from Manchester —

Whenever Jack Hylton is on the air, Europe wants to listen, and last Saturday, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Sottens, and Milan all relayed his programme.

Jack and his band were in Manchester, the right place to be while the test match was on, and they just popped in to the studio in Piccadilly there for the broadcast in the evening.

The usual telephone lines brought their programme to London, which was linked through the international trunks exchange to the foreign broadcasting stations.

Smiling Leslie

Leslie Holmes was broadcasting as long as ten years ago, having actually been vocalist with Henry Hall's Gleneagles Hotel Band, in 1924. For some years, however, his rollicking voice has been lost in the rush of a commercial life, but the success of his records and his broadcasting, both with Jack Payne, and with Leslie Sarony, has made him realise that his forte lies even more in radio and variety than in Tin Pan Alley.

Those who enjoyed the two Leslies' broadcast on a recent Monday can look forward to hearing a special effort with Van Phillips' All-star Orchestra on July 23, whilst the boys will be both heard and seen at the Radio Exhibition.



For the Empire

I did a spot of Empire broadcasting on a hot Sunday afternoon just recently. I walked up to Broadcasting House from Oxford Circus tube station in something approaching eighty degrees. The broadcast was from studio 7A, which I found pleasantly cool, the thermometer standing at 64 degrees only.

On Sunday

Broadcasting House on a Sunday afternoon is very different in atmosphere from what it is during the week. Not a soul in the entrance hall except a solemn-looking official at the reception desk whom I do not remember having seen before. He asked me my name—the first time that has happened for long enough. I wandered along the corridor to the Studio without meeting anyone, and sat down and looked over my script. At 2.40 the Empire Announcer arrived, and we chatted until 2.45 when he

The Twiddleknobs—by FERRIER



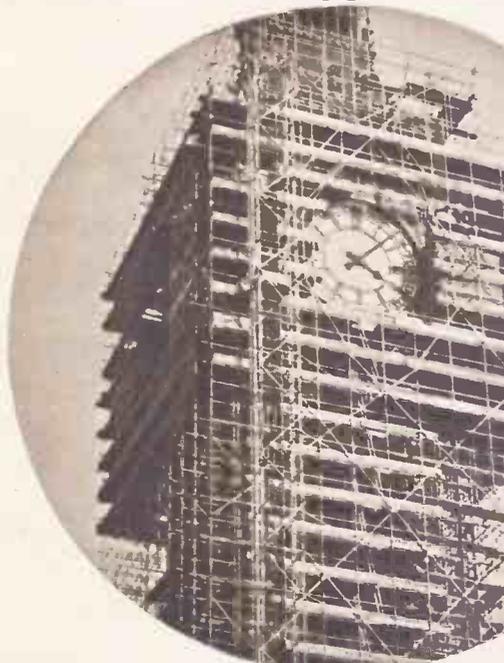
read the news bulletin. He then introduced me to all the Indias and left me to it!

Julian's Illness

You will be sorry to hear Julian Rose is quite, quite ill. He spoke to me from his bedside 'phone the other day. He has been to Droitwich, but does not seem too happy about the result thus far. However, he seemed to think he would be ready to give an interview for "Radio Pic." before very long. He is quite one of our funniest comedians.

Our Cover

The attractive cover design this week features an artistic portrait of Margaret Rawlings with her adorable Dachshund pup. She is well



known to radio listeners, and has taken part in a number of radio plays.

Monte Gets Married

Mantovani, the popular leader of the Tipica Orchestra, is getting married on Saturday, August 4, to Miss Winifred Moss. It so happens that he has a broadcasting booking on the same day, so he will have two important events to crowd into a few hectic hours! We feel sure all radio listeners will wish him luck.

Phil Moves

Maybe you will remember a fairly recent note in the daily papers about an aeroplane crashing in the extensive garden of a house in Hendon. Well, Philip Ridgeway has just moved there and finds that parts of the plane are still in the garden—the propeller and part of the fuselage. He is disappointed to find, however,

that it does not make an attractive summer house, for, during the hot spell, he would welcome some shade of this kind when he sits out in the garden devising new radio ideas.

A Big Tour

Phil is on a big hunt for new ideas at the moment, because he is embarking on a big "Parade" tour of the south coast theatres, being compelled by popularity to make an appearance at some theatres where he has been already twice before. Then he is going on to Ireland.

"Howzat!"

David Cecil's Revue "Howzat!" is to be relayed during the week of August 20 from the Empire Theatre, York. David Cecil has been connected with a number of popular stage relays in the North, and this broadcast presentation of new revue is bound to appeal to radio listeners who like to hear genuine stage atmosphere over the microphone.

Crooning to Africa

When she broadcast to the Empire (African Zone) the other day, Jean Conibear, the crooner, was especially thrilled because she has many friends

Big Ben is now back into programmes again, but the tower is still under renovation, as you can see from the circle photograph on the left

on the Gold Coast, where she spent some years of her life.

She may return to the Gold Coast in the winter. If she does, it may be as the result of a very interesting engagement. I'm pledged to her not to tell you what—yet!

In the Children's Hour

It may or may not be an indication of success but it is worth remarking that when Columbus relinquished the strings of control the Radio Circle membership had increased 53,000. Under Mac's regime there has already been a further increase of several thousands.

Whether the decision to stop Birthday Greetings is going to lessen the present interest in the hour or whether the programmes themselves will prove by their hold on listeners that the Children's Hour Staff has not laboured in vain remains to be seen. What do you think?

First Commentaries

I was interested to see in a recent issue an article on the Athlone station. I think you may be keen to know that the assistant director is Mr. Seamus Hughes, Dublin's first announcer, who still "takes on" the "mike" occasionally. Seamus Hughes is well known in Gaelic circles, being an all-round athlete and speaker of four languages.

Mr. Seamus Clandillon, the director, is a very popular and charming man of no mean attainments. He is a great Irish scholar and his rendering of Irish songs in Gaelic is masterly.

It is indeed interesting to note that the Dublin Broadcasting Station was the first in Europe, certainly in the British Isles, to make "running commentaries" on sporting events.



NEXT FRIDAY: BEHIND B.B.C. VARIETY WITH CHARLES BREWER

DAVY BURNABY, the popular radio humorist, tells you that it is not all fun being funny at the microphone. And incidentally he tells you a great deal about the hard path to microphone fame



Davy Burnaby takes Reginald Purdell for a ride in his baby car



The Tears Behind my Smiles

There may be tears behind Davy's smiles, but he is certainly smiling as he faces the microphone in this "On the Air" scene

THE great sorrow of my life is that it all sounds so easy!

Men who loiter at an office from ten till four sigh enviously and say it's easy to get fat when one is paid a large income for making a few asinine personal remarks about other people.

Men whose secretaries have to rewrite their letters to turn them into intelligible English make sarcastic remarks about any fool being able to make up doggerel rhymes.

Men whose humorous anecdotes are guaranteed to empty the lounge of any club inside two minutes wax horribly superior about puns being the lowest form of wit.

In fact, I sometimes wonder if being a compère is worth the candle—whether it would not be better and nobler to refuse the fattest fees and win back the respect of my fellow men.

If I took on, let us say, a job as O.C. pneumatic drill and bored holes in the road I should attract audiences nearly as large as my present ones; I should have a permanent free course of vibromassage; and, most joyous thought of all, I could go and dig huge excavations outside the front doors of all the people I dislike.

I might be even poorer than I am now, I should undoubtedly get a lot thinner . . . but I should be a power in the land.

People would nudge each other as they passed and whisper "That's Burnaby! You know—the Burnaby. Started digging a hole one day in Piccadilly Circus and the next news they had of him was from Australia!"

At any rate, that's better than the sort of thing I hear now.

"Hully Davy! I thought you were rotten on the wireless the other night. How on earth do you get away with so many stale jokes? Wonder the B.B.C. don't rumble you. By the way, old man, can you lend me a quid?"

Yes, it all sounds too easy.

The B.B.C. hand you a list of artists and say "Just make a few amusing remarks to introduce each turn and jolly the show along.

"You're on at eight next Tuesday. Mind you're punctual—and, if possible, funny!"

Ladies and gentlemen, I will now give you a slight impression of a light-hearted, though portly, compère composing a few introductory jokes.

For obvious reasons the artists I shall mention are far more mythical than any monster that ever came out of Scotland. But the principle is the same.

I first take home the list of names and brood over it a bit.

Let's see, there's Cross and Talke, the comedians. Jolly good chaps—jolly smart. What was that story old Cross was telling me the other night?

A couple were on their honeymoon and one evening the girl said—well, we won't bother about what she said. The Editor wouldn't print it anyway.

Still, it would make a topping introduction to their turn if I started by just hinting at—no—I'd better not. No—definitely—it wouldn't do. Too many people might see the real point.

Well, who's next?

Sara Saluki in "Shudders from the Steppes." Never heard of her! Sounds like a Russian ex-prince who has vamped one of the announcers.

Or is it another Café Collette gag? What on earth is she going to do? Might be anything from a dance to a dirge.

Why doesn't someone tell me something about the turns I've never heard of?

Or do they imagine I give people one quick look and then spout inspired witticisms in perfect rhyme?

If I ring up the B.B.C. the chances are I won't get hold of anyone helpful. Oh, I'll chance it and write something non-committal.

So after a lot of sheer physical agony I produce "From your shudders you'll step when you've heard Miss Saluki, As she's partial to flowers, you can send her a *bookey*." Then, two minutes before I have to toss this gem down the microphone, someone blandly informs me that her name is pronounced "Seecha."

Oh, dear, what's the next on the list? Mr. Finklestein will play an Etude by Brahms on the double bass.

I don't believe it!

He must have strayed in from the Queen's Hall. Even the B.B.C. couldn't put a Brahms Etude, on the double bass of all things, in a variety programme.

Oh, well, perhaps its a new order from H.Q.—a serious and uplifting touch to provide a moment for quiet thought even in a flippant programme.

So I compose something really beautiful about the soul of music quivering to a deep diapason and find to my intense disgust that Mr. Finklestein is a new comedian and uses his double bass as a rabbit hutch.

The next item is Jeanie MacSlype, the Fair Maid of Perth, in Scottish Song and Story. No, dash it, that's the limit: I'll write to the B.B.C. and say I decline to broadcast on the same bill as that woman.

And I've got to say something nice about her—to try to raise five million hopes which will be dashed to the ground directly her voice oozes through five million loud speakers.

I shouldn't wonder if I could be sued for false pretences!

If only I could be candid! "Here's Jeanie MacSlype, a purveyor of tripe, so plug up your eardrums and fill up your pipe. Tobacco may help you to live through her turn—after that, about torture you've no more to learn."

No, I don't think it would be allowed. More's the pity.

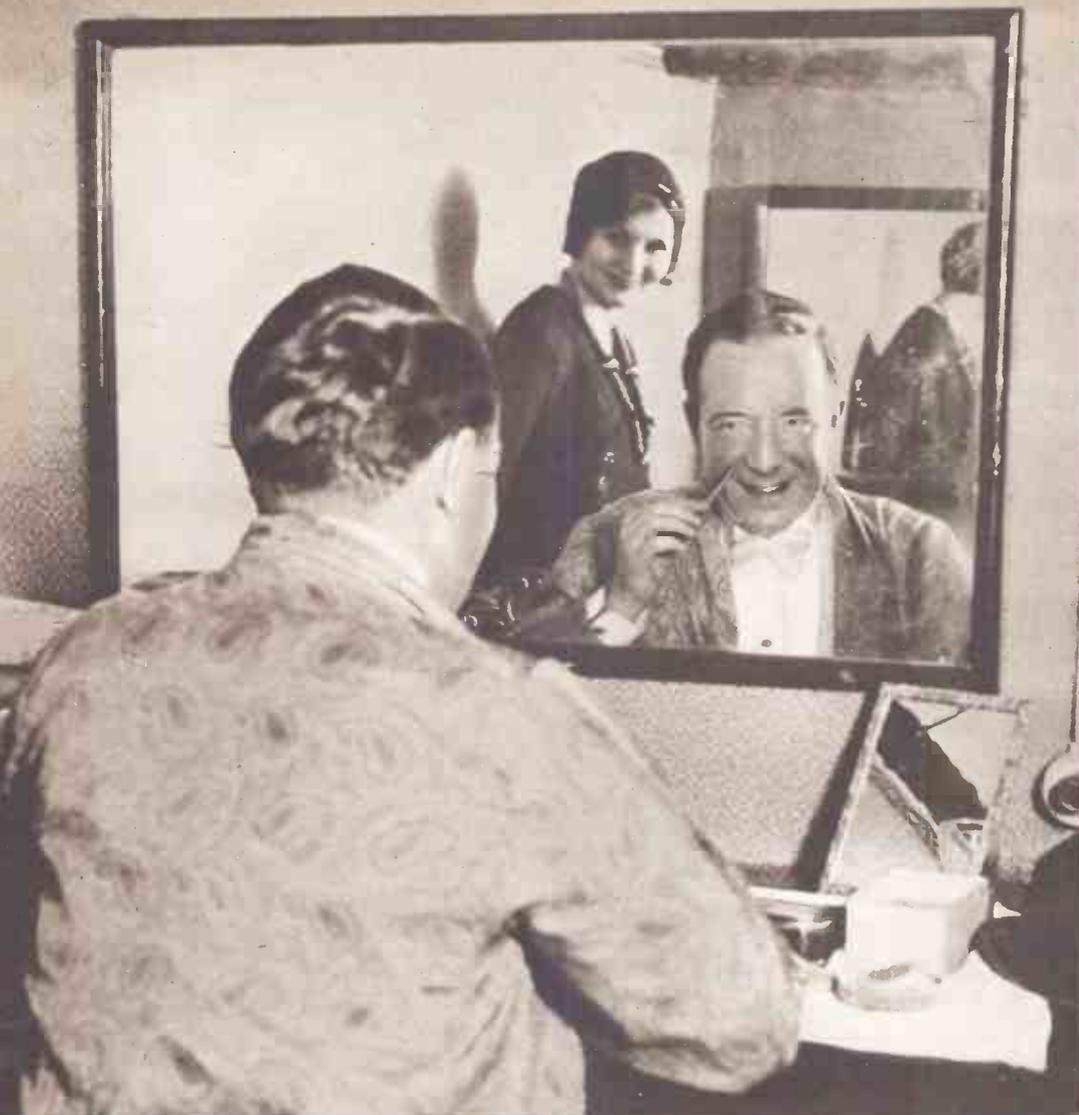
Now, come on Davy, you fat hypocrite, think of something nice and polite to say about the lady!

When I emerge from my bath, I often gaze at my graceful contours in the mirror and say to myself "Davy, how do you do it? With the worries you have on your mind you ought to be as scraggy as a modern girl!

"Yet you still send the pointer of the weighing machine spinning gaily round till its heading West Nor' West."

Davy Burnaby

Stars at Home—27

STAINLESS
STEPHENComma Comedian
Question mark

Stainless Stephen prepares his make-up before doing his act. This intimate article by our Special Commissioner describes his home life

to the Press. His wife acts as his typist. In fact, as he himself admits, this is the only time when he presumes to dictate to his better half.

He is a quick worker, is full of humorous ideas, and rarely gets "stuck" for some original quip or joke to include in his radio features.

Mrs. Stainless Stephen is his keenest critic.

Not only does she help him with the dictation of his work, but she gives him helpful criticism and assists him to add the finishing touches to every radio variety manuscript.

His first thought of the idea of audible punctuation when on a course of Army signalling in 1915, but whether he dictates it that way to his wife when writing articles is another matter.

At all events, he humbly signs himself *Stainless Stephen comma Comedian question mark*.

IF you ask the Spotless One where he lives he directs you to a certain house in Fulwood Road, Sheffield. You would easily find it because it has a stainless steel letterbox and door-knob.

That is the House of Stainless Stephen, full stop.

The best way to find him, according to his own view of the matter, is to ring and ask for him. He is sure to be out, but it is likely Madame Stainlesse will be in.

If you are lucky you may find Stainless II in also.

When Arthur Clifford, Esq.—for that is his real name—elects to return from a Chemists' Convention in Carlisle or somewhere, you may get a chance of a close-up of all these Stainlesses in their home.

Mrs. Clifford is a Scot by birth, hailing from Edinburgh, but her family is now in Ottawa, Canada, where her brother is one of the secretaries at Parliament House. She is her husband's private secretary (unpaid), and, if the truth be told, his severest critic.

When he goes to a variety theatre—as, of course, he frequently does—she will often go with him and polish up his shiny steel waistcoat before old Semi-Conscious presents himself to his audience. She is a keen listener—apart from anything to do with him—and rarely misses a radio play.

Stainless Junior, who is named Ian David, is just eight years old. He is a happy-go-lucky little chap with a sense of humour like his father.

Something has to be done with him when Stainless and Stainlesse go on tour. He generally goes to an uncle and aunt. He likes doing that because he is allowed three helpings at meal times instead of only two.

At home he has to obey rules and regulations. Bed-time is half-past six and not a moment later. Because of this he has only heard his father broadcast once, but it is on record that he has been known to interpolate a comma in his prayers.

Mrs. Stainless plays bridge a good deal, but Stainless prefers contracts of another kind. She will spend hours in the garden, like Mrs. Tommy Handley, but Stainless, like Tommy, prefers to look on and cannot be persuaded his bodyline would benefit if he did a little weeding.

When they tour it is always by car. They think they have done badly if their mileage does not amount to thirty thousand in the course of a twelvemonth. They think nothing of a trip from Sheffield to Margate and back. That must be something like five hundred miles. Stainless did a thousand miles in a week recently, all in the cause of commas, etc. He will read anything worth reading. Like many other comedians, he devotes his time to philosophy and biography. No trash for him. History, too. Interested in anything pre-hyphen-war.

He is a frequent contributor

"Stainless Junior" (Ian David) takes a hand at his father's radio set. "He is a happy-go-lucky little chap with a sense of humour like his father."



Come with the "Radio Pictorial's" special commissioner on a trip to Radio Normandy and meet the announcers who introduce the popular variety programmes from this broadcaster



You hear her often at Radio Normandy microphone—Mlle Le Maitre (above). A general view of the gramophone turntables is shown left (in circle), while below is Uncle Pierre, a French announcer who also broadcasts during the English programmes



RADIO NORMANDY is undoubtedly one of the best known and most popular of Continental stations with British listeners. This is partly due to its proximity to England and, lying as it does almost midway between Le Havre and Dieppe on the north coast of France, it is only separated from the south of England by the waters of the English Channel.

To a large extent the popularity of Radio Normandy is also due to the fact that it gives regular transmissions in English every day, and in the winter months, when it broadcasts until 3 a.m., it is, to all intents and purposes, the only European station on the air.

To untold thousands of listeners of the theatre, cinema, and other businesses which keep them from home until after the close-down of the home programmes, these late transmissions have been a boon.

To reach Fécamp, where Radio Normandy is situated, we took the night boat from Southampton to Le Havre, and on arriving there at an hour when we are usually fast asleep, we were met by Monsieur Fernand Le Grand, the owner of Radio Normandy, as well as by Mr. T. St. A. Ronald, the head English announcer, better known to listeners as "Uncle Tom."

Jumping into Monsieur Le Grand's handsome car, we soon completed the twenty-mile ride to Fécamp.

Before arriving there, we were greeted by a magnificent view of the 300-ft. masts of Radio Normandy, and later learned that these can be seen from any part of the town, erected as they are on the side of a hill.

While Fécamp could hardly be termed pretty, it is an interesting little town of 25,000 inhabitants, and, apart from being the home of Radio Normandy, is also noted for the manufacture of Benedictine, and for being one of the largest fishing ports in France.

Of this latter information we obtained immediate confirmation as the wind was blowing from the quays and warehouses where the fish is prepared!

The French and English transmissions from Radio Normandy are run entirely separately and, in fact, originate from different studios which are situated either side of the Rue Georges-Cuvier.

Monsieur Le Grand first took us over the French studio, which is equipped in the most modern manner.

We VISIT —

Most evenings there are programmes from either Rouen, Le Havre or other nearby Normandy towns which are relayed to Fécamp by land lines and re-broadcast from there.

We had the pleasure of meeting the French "speakerine," the pretty and charming Mlle Lemaitre, as well as Monsieur Pierre Garnier, the French "speaker," who takes most of the English transmissions.

Uncle Pierre is almost as well known to listeners in this country as the other Uncles of whom we will speak later.

After visiting the fine auditorium, we crossed over to the English studios.

Here we were lucky enough to find the "I.B.C. Nursery Corner" in progress, and to meet Uncles Benjy and John (B. McNabb and J. Sullivan) to say nothing (and the least said the better) of that saucy little imp Flossie!

The studios at Radio Normandy from which the English concerts are usually broadcast are rather striking.

One is furnished entirely in grey silk, including the walls, ceilings and curtains.

The carpet is grey pile, furniture mahogany.

The second studio is in old gold silk, with ebony furniture. Our illustration shows a corner of one of the studios.

While the studios are right in the town, as we have mentioned, the actual station and masts are built on a hill some little distance away.

The new masts are 300-ft. high, and at night

are lighted up and down with red warning lamps placed at varying distances, which resemble fairy lights hanging in space.

The main English studio is oblong in shape with the turntables which you see reproduced here in one corner.

Incidentally, when listeners are writing to the I.B.C., they are advised not to refer to "your gramophone," as many of them do.

There are actually six turntables, five for ordinary records, and one for special electrical transcriptions which have to be played at 33½ r.p.m. instead of the usual 78.

By using these turntables, it is possible to achieve remarkable results in the way of "effects" as they are all fitted with fading devices, enabling the "effects" records to be faded in and out as necessary.

Along one side of the studio are stored the many thousands of records which are used in many of the I.B.C. transmissions, although often actual artists, such as Stanley Barnett and the Ibcolians, perform direct from the studio.

Opposite the record library are the microphone and announcer's desk.

English programmes, under the auspices of the International Broadcasting Co. are given on Sundays between 10 a.m. and noon; 2 and 6.30 p.m., and 9.30 and 1 a.m. The week-day transmissions are from 11.30 a.m. to noon; 4.30 to 6 p.m. and 11 p.m. to 1 a.m. As the week-day



evening transmissions do not commence until 11 p.m. listeners have the opportunity of listening to the I.B.C. concerts which are sent from Poste Parisien every night between 10.30 and 11 p.m.

From the studio we journey up the hill to the actual transmitter, etc. Radio Normandy transmits on a wavelength of 206 metres, and although its present power is 10 kilowatts, it is possible to increase this to 30 kilowatts or more.

The distances at which Radio Normandy has been heard are truly remarkable. Reports of reception have been received from India, China, Rhodesia, New Zealand, America, Canada, Alaska, and the Arctic Circle.

Probably one of the biggest thrills ever experienced by a listener was that of five fur trappers, living in a log cabin on the Arctic Circle, cut off from all touch with the outside world for eleven months in the year, when the International Broadcasting Club sent them a personal message for Christmas Day, 1932. This message was again sent to them last Christmas.

This is one of the activities of the International Broadcasting Club, the aim of which is to make for friendship amongst listeners all over the world.

Radio Normandy is very well received in this country, and can rank with the best stations in the nature of its programmes. A reference to the programme details given on page 16 this week—the Foreign Programme section—shows that the programme material is varied and designed to suit all tastes. The amusing sketch on the left, forming part of the heading, was drawn by a French artist—"Normandie" is the French spelling—and shows how advantageous is the station's position near the coast.

M. Fernand le Grand, the owner of Radio Normandy (below), and (below, left) happy members of the Radio Normandy announcing staff during an "off duty" break. The map on the heading photograph on the left, drawn by a French artist, shows the position of Fécamp, Radio Normandy



"AUNT BELINDA" takes you behind the scenes of the Children's Hour and tells you how the B.B.C. Aunties and Uncles arrange the music for these daily broadcasts

SONG-WRITING

— for the Kiddies

"L^{AY} something."
"What shall I play?"
"Oh, anything will do, it's only for the children!"

You have no doubt heard that said as often as I have. Indeed, until comparatively recently, people seemed to take it for granted that the hiatus between Nursery Rhymes for the very small ones and Symphonies and such for the grown-ups was a bare and arid waste. Children, shall we say youngsters of from eight to fifteen, were apparently not catered for musically at all, with the result that, hearing nothing that they could understand during these particularly impressionable years, they failed wholly or in part later on in life to derive any pleasure from or see any beauty in the finer works of great musicians, even when the desire to do so was there.

Now I believe the Children's Hour has gone a long way towards remedying this state of affairs.

A great deal of time and trouble has been taken to find music that would interest young listeners. Publishers' lists have been combed and hundreds of compositions inspected in order to compile a list of songs, piano solos, violin and 'cello solos, and arrangements for string groups for the use of Children's Hour artists. Gramophone record catalogues have been studied assiduously.

At first, I am speaking of seven or so years ago, there was precious little that was suitable; but now, owing largely to the new demand created by the Children's Hour, certain publishers and gramophone companies have become interested, and more and more is being issued to attract the young listener.

Artists and composers have reacted to the stimulus, too.

Helen Alston, for instance, writes all the songs she sings at the piano in the Hour—"Going Upstairs," "Rosemary Anne," "Birthdays," etc., while Ronald Gourlay with his "Dickey-Bird Hop," whistling solos, and "Imitations of the Village Band"—all his own compositions—is invariably top of the bill as far as musical items are concerned in Request Week voting.

Ronald also uses published material—"Goodbye" (Daisy McGeoch) is, I should think, the most popular—and he will take the trouble to adapt other people's lyrics, with their permission, of course, if the music is what children will like, as he has done in his "doggie" version of "Lazybones."

Humour in music is very rare, so rare that many people say "there ain't no sich animal," but listen to Victor Hely-Hutchinson's "Owl and the Pussycat," or "The Table and the Chair," or "The Duck and the Kangaroo," and see what you think, especially if he sings them himself.

These and his unforgettable "Old Mother Hubbard," written in Handelian manner, have been published, and are often included in the programmes of several well-known artists both for microphone and concert-hall.

It has been the policy of the Children's Hour to engage particular artists to sing particular types of songs. Thus Stuart Robertson would be booked for Sea Shanties and Student Songs, Dale Smith for the "Christopher Robin" collection, Helen Henschel for Folk Songs such as the "Raggle-Taggle Gipsies," Frederick Chester for songs of the West Country as he speaks (and sings!) the dialect like a native, and Stuart Hibberd for traditional Songs—"Gentle Maiden," "Passing By," etc., which never seem to lose their popularity.

With regard to piano music—probably the most popular of all instruments with children—Cecil Dixon (Sophie) has done as much as anyone to give entertainment of lasting interest. Every Monday afternoon you can, if you wish, add a little more to your store of knowledge of pleasant melodies. A great deal of ground has been covered.

All Mendelssohn's Songs Without Words, Brahms' Waltzes, Schubert's Moments Musicaux, Minuets and Scherzos from Beethoven's Sonatas, Debussy's Children's Corner, and, of course, literally hundreds of separate items.

Of them all I should say that "Country Gardens" (Percy Grainger) is the children's

favourite. This, "Shepherd's Hey," "Handel in the Strand," and "Shepherd Fennel's Dance" (Balfour Gardiner), all based on Folk Tunes, are ageless in appeal with melody and rhythm that are irresistible.

There is very much less music for stringed instruments that is likely to attract children but David Wise manages to make as good a selection as is possible. An artist to his fingertips, full of sentiment but not sentimentality, he succeeds in talking as eloquently with his violin to the eights to fifteens during the Hour as he does to their fathers and mothers in the evening programmes.

A Minuet by Beethoven, a Rondo by Mozart, "Tango" by Albeniz, "Oriental" by Cui, or a Spanish Dance by Granados—choose at random from his repertoire, and the result is sheer delight.

The violincello has proved not to be so popular an instrument for solo broadcasts, so Gershom Parkington plays his in the Quintet that he has formed. For Children's Hour purposes this combination is mainly used for the incidental music to Dialogue Stories. These stories usually last about twenty-five minutes, and as that is too long a time to expect to hold the unbroken attention of the young mind, they are divided into two or three sections. The Quintet plays before the story begins, at each of the breaks, and at the end of the story. The music must be in keeping with the type of story being told, and it is no easy matter to find exactly what is wanted in quintet form. Gershom Parkington is not deterred by that difficulty. He gets the necessary permission from the copyright holders and arranges what he wants to use himself. Amongst the most popular quintet selections are Lenart's "Animal Suite," Norman O'Neil's "Where the Rainbow Ends," and "Children's Suite" by John Ansell.

Victor Olof is another who bothers to get what he wants for his Sextet. It was to him that the late Sir Edward Elgar gave permission to arrange for Sextet one movement of "Nursery Suite," and the Children's Hour had the distinction of broadcasting this before the first public performance of the whole work.

There is one contributor to the Hour of whom very little is ever said, one who steps into the breach valiantly and makes possible things which would otherwise be quite impossible.

I mean, of course, Genial Jemima—the gramophone—the great stand-by.

If an artist fails to appear—if a programme runs short—there is now always a record that will fit the bill. The gramophone companies have indeed covered a lot of ground in the last few years, and the record library of the Children's Hour must now run into hundreds.

Her most important function is to provide the incidental music to plays for the kiddies.

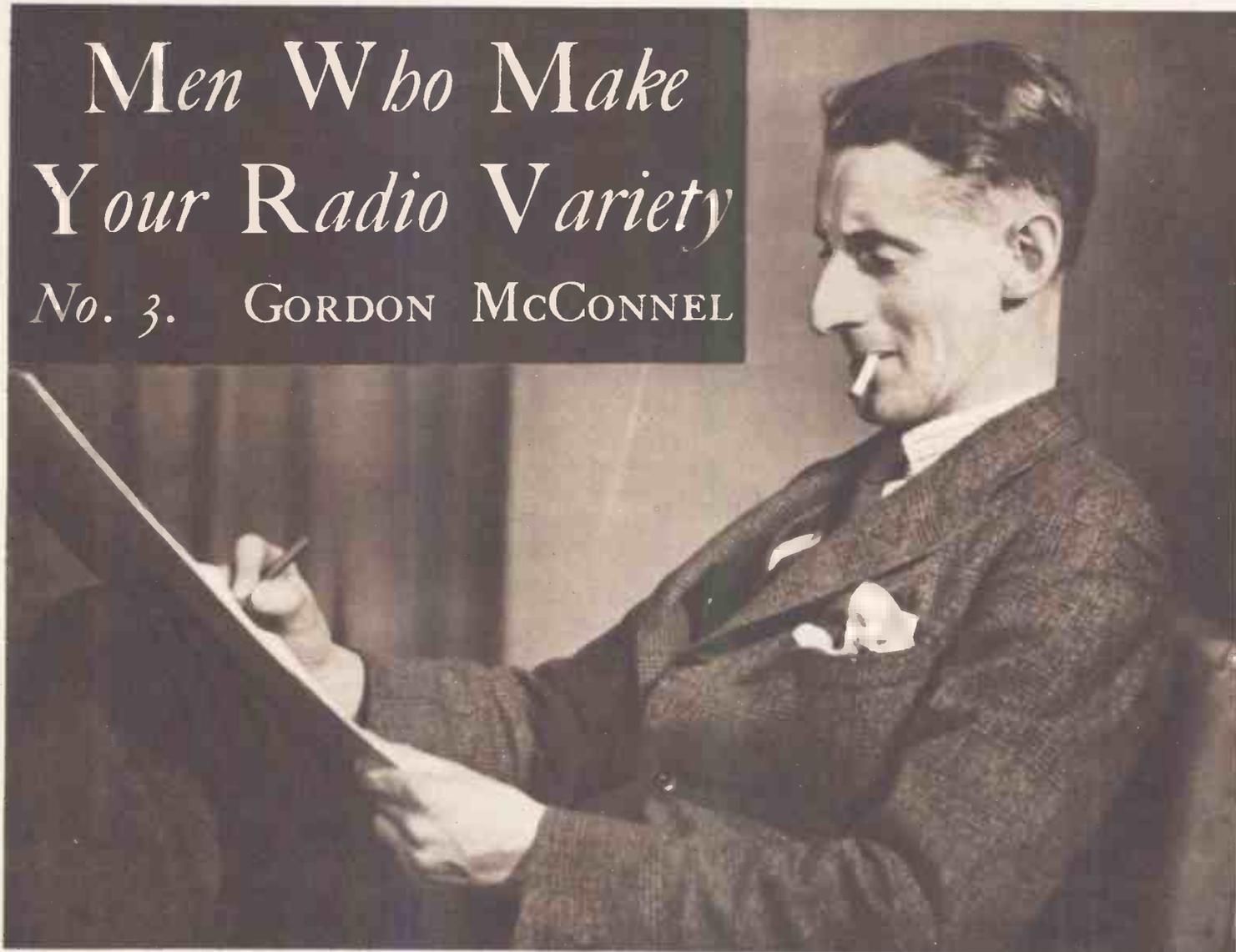
"... Nursery Rhymes for the very small ones, and symphonies and such for the grown-ups..."

Photo: E. K. Cole, Ltd.



Men Who Make Your Radio Variety

No. 3. GORDON McCONNEL



A MAN with an ideal. Thoroughly up to his job because he is an actor and has been through it all. He has known what it is to feel nervous and sense an inferiority complex.

That was my first impression of him—and his intense sympathy for those in his cast. He has a mania for personal contact with his artists. He sits at a dramatic control panel listening to his actors through a loud-speaker (as all radio producers do), but if he feels things are not going quite happily down in the studio below he will leave the panel room and try the personal touch as a means to improving matters.

He will stroll up to an artist quite casually and whisper: "This is fine. Keep it like this. You are coming over perfectly."

The result is the actor is braced up considerably. So keen is McConnell on personal touch with his artists that he avoids a multiple studio production whenever he can.

He much prefers St. George's Hall, where he can use the stage as a studio and be amongst his people. He has nothing against using a number of studios in principle, it is merely that to have his cast all together suits his own psychology.

When making adaptations, McConnell's first thought is of the actors he intends to have in the cast. If, for example, he is writing a comedian's part, he decides on the comedian before putting pen to paper. If it is to be Leonard Henry, it will be a Leonard Henry part; if John Tilley is to play it, the part will be written in a totally different manner.

I noticed another human aspect of his producing. McConnell never corrects his principals to any extent in the presence of the members of his chorus. This he considers bad production policy. He will go out of his way to avoid embarrassing them, and will convene private rehearsals instead.

Whitaker-Wilson, in this new series, gives personal details of the men behind B.B.C. variety

He will also take the utmost trouble with minor principals—people who have, perhaps, a dozen lines all told. McConnell will go over those lines until they are perfect, thus sending the actor to the microphone in comfort. McConnell has an absolute horror of small parts being imperfectly rendered.

Character and dialect parts are treated in the same way. If a Cockney butler has five lines to say, McConnell will see to it that those five lines are real Cockney, not a bad imitation. He declares he will never infuriate everyone who understands the Cockney (or any other) dialect by allowing a travesty to be broadcast.

One of the reasons McConnell likes St. George's Hall is because of its resonance. The acoustics of that hall are practically perfect for broadcasting. McConnell is no lover of deadness in a studio. He is an admirer of the effect produced from the Grand Hotel, Eastbourne, where there is real reverberation. There, of course, a good many of us agree with him.

You may be interested to know that he keeps a log book in which he records impressions of his own productions. Not only those; in that book are his thoughts of everything he hears broadcast. He is indeed a hard listener.

Gordon McConnell joined the B.B.C. in 1925. He was appointed dramatic producer at Cardiff in that year. There he produced a long series of stage plays, including *Lady Windermere's Fan*, *General Post*, and a version of *Hamlet* condensed to an hour in performance.

His general principles in these productions were a minimum of effects, a small cast, strong characterisations, and—in long plays—an interval filled

with music to create atmosphere for the next act.

While at Cardiff McConnell took an interest in short Welsh plays written by Welshmen. He produced several. He also arranged and produced a series of programmes of musical comedy and revue "hits" of the pre-war era, and continued the series at Savoy Hill under the title of *Suitable Songs*.

One of his productions was a staff revue called *No, No, Nunkie!* in which poor old John Henry—then at the height of his popularity—was supposed to be applying for the post of Chief Uncle in the Children's Hour.

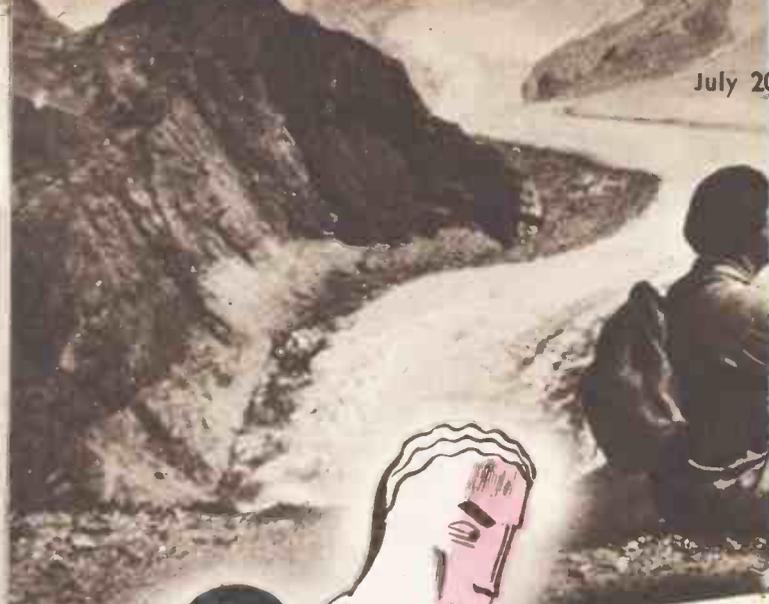
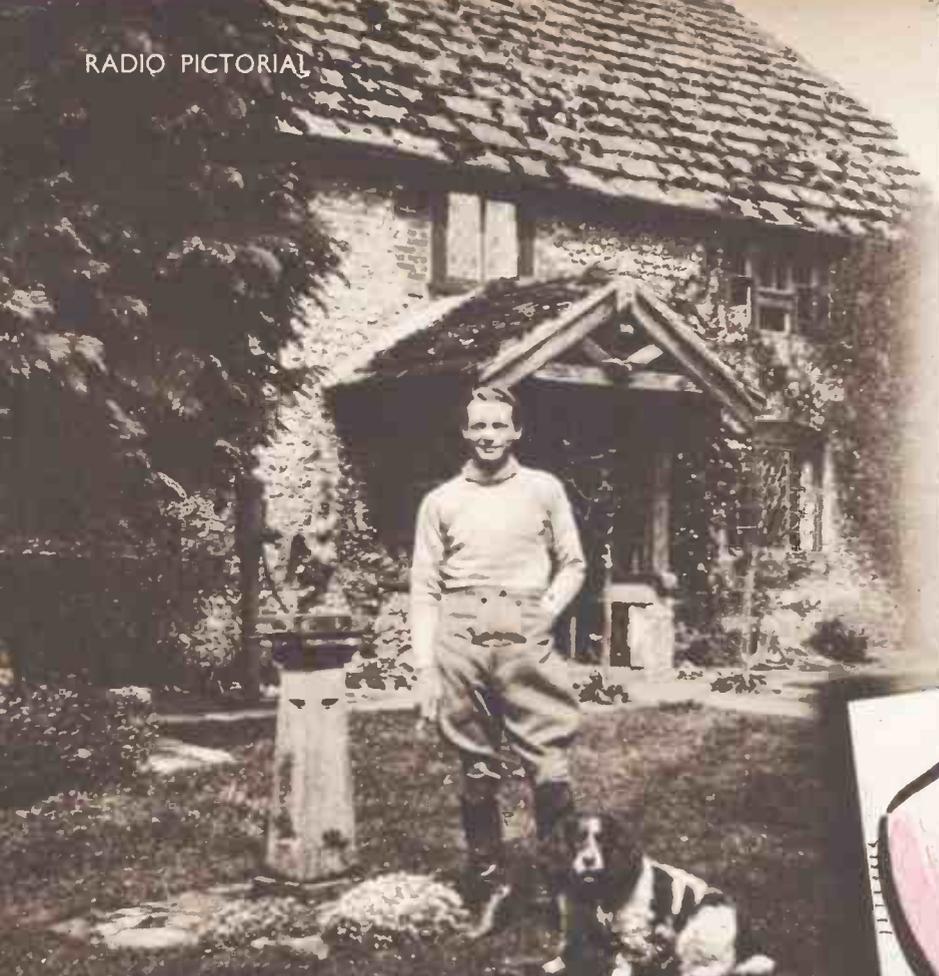
McConnell has always taken interest in the children, and has written sketches and stories for them. He nearly always performed in these productions, but always anonymously.

McConnell was transferred to Savoy Hill early in 1927. He began his career there by producing plays, but was soon given revues and musical comedies to handle. His early productions at Savoy Hill included *Tilly of Bloomsbury* and *The Way of an Eagle*. He also wrote the first satire on the B.B.C. in the form of a concert party production called *Entre Nous*.

For some time he supervised vauville and variety. This was in 1928. He then relinquished the work for something more creative. He had found time during the previous year to produce *The Cousin from Nowhere*, *The Arcadians*, and *Miss Hook of Holland*, but continued writing and producing revues.

Ashley Sterne's first revue—*Grand Slam*—was a McConnell production. Also he adapted and produced a short version of *Tales of Hoffmann*. More recently, *Derby Day* (by A. P. Herbert and Alfred Reynolds) as well as *The Lilac Domino* and *La Vie Parisienne*.

Obviously a man with ideals, and one who works himself to death. He is as thin as a rake; perhaps that is the reason. That he is utterly devoted to his art is, I think, proved.



EUGENE PINI, who is very fond of riding, spends a holiday in the country



He really oughtn't to look so furious as this when on holiday
BILLY BENNETT concentrates on a difficult shot



NORMAN LONG spends a mermaid-like moment in a secluded Devonshire pool

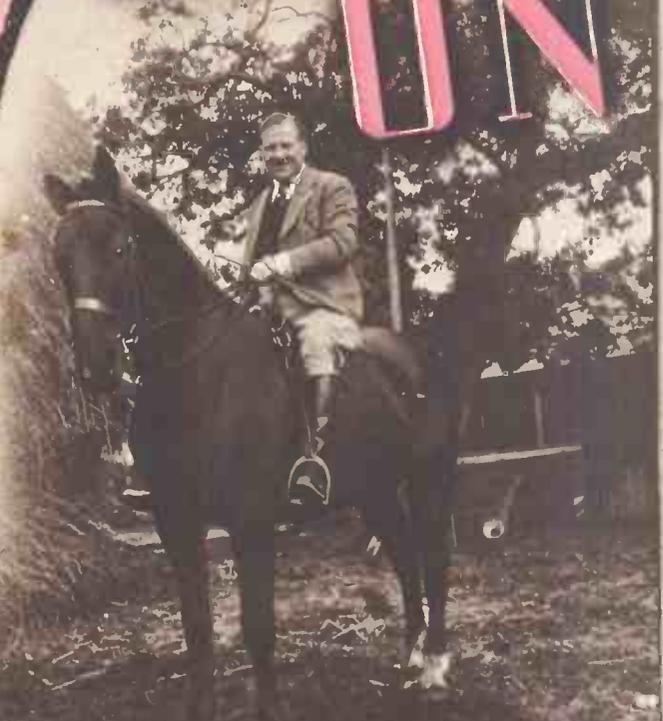
Holiday-making at the foot of the Matterhorn, MAE BUSBY thoroughly enjoying her Swiss holiday



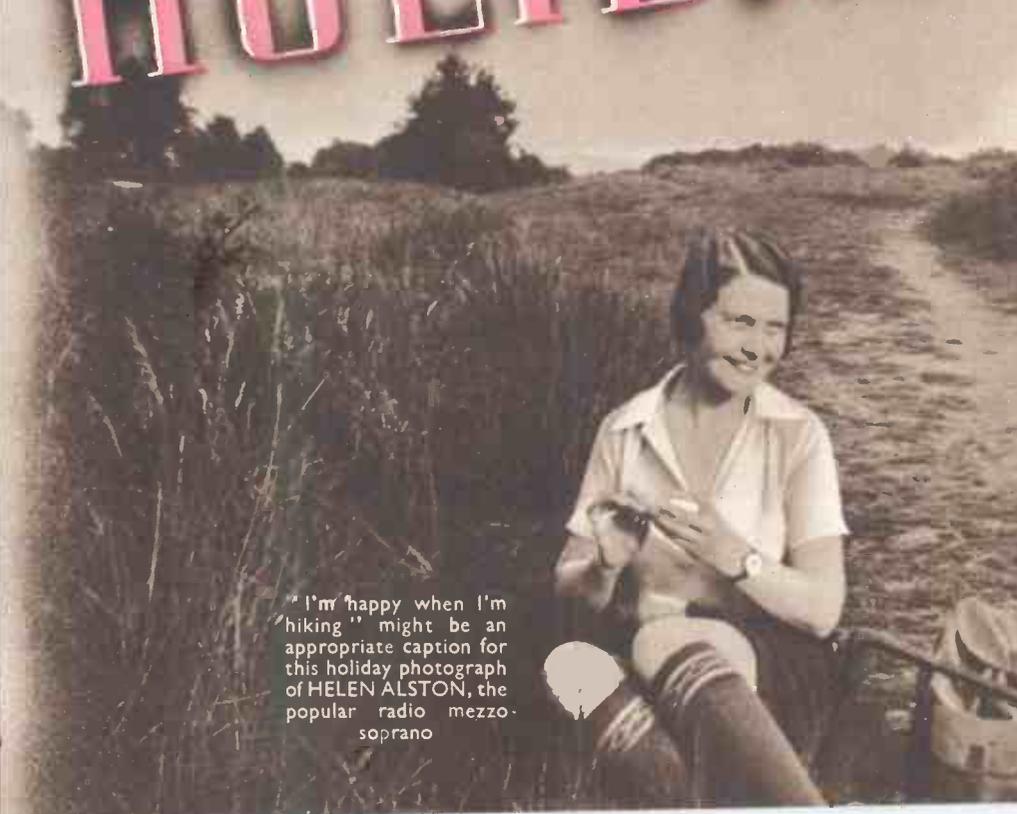
TOMMY HANDLEY and his wife JEAN ALLISTONE "Do like to be beside the Seaside"—and seem to be enjoying it, too



ON HOLIDAY



JACK PAYNE'S great hobby is riding, which he indulges to the full when on holiday



"I'm happy when I'm hiking" might be an appropriate caption for this holiday photograph of HELEN ALSTON, the popular radio mezzo-soprano

PROGRAMME HEADLINES of the WEEK



Herman Darewski
(July 24, North Regional)



Herbert Menges
(July 25, 8 p.m., National)



Norman Motley (below)
(July 22, 3.45 p.m., National)



Herbert Thorpe (right)
(July 24, 8 p.m., National)

Molly Mitchell (below)
(July 24, 4.40 p.m., National)



Leslie Holmes
(July 23, 8 p.m., National)



Guy Daines
(July 23, 3 p.m., National)

NATIONAL

- SUNDAY (July 22).—A Religious Service, relayed from Canterbury Cathedral.
- MONDAY.—All-Star Orchestral concert.
- TUESDAY.—Canada, a programme to celebrate the Fourth Centenary of the Birth of Canada.
- WEDNESDAY.—*Mr. Pim Passes By*, a comedy by A. A. Milne.
- THURSDAY.—Concert Party Programme.
- FRIDAY.—International Cabaret, feature programme.
- SATURDAY.—Variety programme.

LONDON REGIONAL

- SUNDAY (July 22).—Malvern Festival Concert (by arrangement with Sir Barry Jackson), relayed from Malvern.
- MONDAY.—Chamber Music.
- TUESDAY.—Instrumental recital.
- WEDNESDAY.—International Cabaret, feature programme.
- THURSDAY.—*Mr. Pim Passes By*, a comedy by A. A. Milne.

MIDLAND REGIONAL

- SUNDAY (July 22).—Malvern Festival Concert (by arrangement with Sir Barry Jackson), relayed from Malvern.
- MONDAY.—Light Orchestral concert, relayed from Leamington Spa.
- TUESDAY.—Military Band concert, relayed from Derby.
- WEDNESDAY.—English Folk Songs, choral programme.
- THURSDAY.—Dance music.
- FRIDAY.—Concert Party programme relayed from Skegness.
- SATURDAY.—Organ recital, relayed from the Town Hall, Birmingham.

WEST REGIONAL

- SUNDAY (July 22).—A Welsh Service relayed from Tabernacle Congregational Chapel, Morriston.
- MONDAY.—Orig Hapus: choral programme, from Skewen.
- TUESDAY.—Dŵr y Môr (The Seaside), feature programme.
- WEDNESDAY.—Choral programme, relayed from the Bristol Museum and Art Gallery.
- THURSDAY.—Band concert.
- FRIDAY.—Concert Party programme relayed from Newquay.
- SATURDAY.—*Queer People*, truth which is stranger than fiction, told in play form by John Wyndham: 3, Lady Hester Stanhope.

NORTH REGIONAL

- SUNDAY (July 22).—A Religious Service, relayed from Chesterfield Parish Church.
- MONDAY.—Orchestral concert, relayed from Scarborough.
- TUESDAY.—Orchestral concert, relayed from Bridlington.

- WEDNESDAY.—International Cabaret, feature programme, from London.
- THURSDAY.—Variety, relayed from the Pavilion Theatre, Liverpool.
- FRIDAY.—Concert Party programme relayed from Morecambe.
- SATURDAY.—Debatable Ground, an argument in words and music on the Kingdoms of England and Scotland, conducted at His Majesty's Good Town, Berwick-on-Tweed.

SCOTTISH REGIONAL

- SUNDAY (July 22).—A Scottish Religious Service, relayed from Portland Church, Troon.
- MONDAY.—Scottish Military Band concert.
- TUESDAY.—Concert Party programme, relayed from Aberdeen.
- WEDNESDAY.—Orchestral concert.
- THURSDAY.—A Programme of Part-Songs, Scots or Scots-Flavoured.
- FRIDAY.—Piping and Fiddling programme.
- SATURDAY.—Debatable Ground, an argument in words and music upon the Kingdoms of England and Scotland, conducted at the Guild Hall of His Majesty's Good Town of Berwick-on-Tweed.

BELFAST

- SUNDAY (July 22).—Sea Breezes, orchestral and choral programme.
- MONDAY.—*The Whiteheaded Boy*, a comedy in three acts by Lennox Robinson.
- TUESDAY.—Canada, a programme to celebrate the Fourth Centenary of the Birth of Canada.
- WEDNESDAY.—Concert Party programme, relayed from Portrush.
- THURSDAY.—An Irish Recital, feature programme.
- FRIDAY.—Military Band programme.
- SATURDAY.—Variety programme, from London.

Radio Times gives full programme details.



"Radio Pictorial's"
Short story of the
week by
Cyril JAMES

The Surprise ITEM

"... Before the astounded Jack Dean could make any move, he leaned towards the microphone and cried hoarsely, 'Ullo everybody!'"

FOR at least five years Albert Benson had cherished a deeply-rooted ambition, and now, as he fixed his ready-made black tie with slightly trembling fingers, he was within measurable distance of its realisation.

Some people long to climb mountains. Others yearn fiercely to track beautiful butterflies in the depths of the Malayan jungle.

Albert was more reasonable in his ambition: he wanted to get on the radio. And he had wanted so badly that it had hurt—for five long years.

They still remember Albert at the B.B.C. as the queer little man who wrote in for an audition, was heartily rejected after the first warblings of his uncertain baritone voice—and then wrote in under another name, asking for an audition as a talented but undiscovered comedian.

It was Albert who accomplished the unprecedented feat of bursting, unannounced, into the Programme Director's office, treating that astounded official to an entirely gratuitous rendering of "It's nice to get up in the morning."

But as Albert surveyed the black tie, so neatly effective against a virgin expanse of stiff shirt front, a queer little song of joy kept running in his head. At last... at last...

His joy was all the more delicious because he knew that downstairs Jane, his wife, was dubiously discussing the miracle with her brother Tom—"that fat know-all."

He knew what they were saying.

Jane was looking fretfully at the pink, self-satisfied face of her brother, and asking, "Tom, d'you think he's reely goin' to broadcast to-night?" And the Know-All, removing his eternal pipe for a moment, was answering, "Naw—some blinkin' joke of his. We've looked through the programmes and he ain't there. Still, he loses that ten bob he bet me if we don't ear him to-night."

Albert chuckled as he pulled on his shabby dinner jacket. He'd show them. When he had burst in on them the night before and announced that at 11.45 on the following night he, Albert Benson, would broadcast to an expectant nation, they had flatly refused to believe him. They had produced the radio programmes in an attempt to confound the shining beneficence which had fallen upon him—the contentment of a man who sees the realisation of a delicious dream.

And Tom, waxing indignant, had bet him ten shillings that he wasn't broadcasting.

Jane, more practical and less speculative, had demanded full details of the broadcast. And he had answered calmly, "It's a surprise item, that's what it is, Janie."

He burst into song as he brushed his hair before the dimmed mirror, and, with a final glance at his reflection, clattered downstairs.

In the tiny sitting-room, his wife and brother-in-law regarded him intently. Jane, a little faded woman with an air of perpetual worry, was sitting near the fire opposite her brother Tom, the builder's foreman, who was a perfect type of the contented widower.

"Well," said Albert, "I'm off to broadcast."

The Know-All lowered his pipe again.

Some people long to climb mountains. Others yearn fiercely to track beautiful butterflies... Albert was more reasonable in his ambition: he wanted to get on the radio. And he wanted it so badly that it had hurt—for five long years.

"Come on it, Bert, you ain't broadcasting."

Albert laughed.

"You get that ten bob ready for me, when I come back famous. Come to think of it, you oughter let Jane hold the stakes."

Jane ran her fingers through her hair.

"I wish you'd be sensible, Albert, and not make a mystery out of it. Where are you broadcasting—and when?"

"My dear," replied Albert, "where I'm broadcasting is my own business. When—is 11.45 p.m."

"And," he added from the doorway, "it's a surprise item."

Now if Jane and Tom could have followed Albert as he left the suburban crescent where he lived and headed for a tube station, they would have been more than ever convinced that a strange madness had descended upon the little clerk.

For he left the underground at Piccadilly Circus and turned into a public-house. There he stayed, steadily and modestly drinking, until eleven o'clock. Apart from an argument about tariffs with a fiery Irishman, nothing out of the ordinary came to him as he sat in the saloon bar.

He crossed the street with a superb disregard for the after-theatre traffic, and halted before the

glittering doors of the "Crescent Moon" night club.

The uniformed commissioner eyed the little man judiciously.

He didn't seem the type that usually filled the tiny dance-floor of the expensive, exclusive "Crescent Moon." Albert's overcoat flopped open.

Ah, dinner jacket... probably a visitor out to see the sights.

"Evening, sir," grunted the commissioner with a smart salute.

Albert expanded...

He returned the commissioner's salute with a portentous dignity that might have been remotely traceable to his session at the public-house across the way.

Now the "Crescent Moon" deserves a little attention because the civilised world at the moment is divided into two classes.

In the first class may be found the millions of radio listeners who hear the weekly broadcasts of Jack Dean's dance orchestra. Two examples may be quoted: "Typist," of Brixton, who thinks Jack Dean "too marvellous," and is only waiting for television so that she can stare, goggle-eyed, at the crooner; and "Commander R.N. (Ret.)," who writes with monotonous frequency, "Sir, Might I, as a licence-holder, protest against the horrible mixture of discords, the so-called dance music, which..."

In the second class is the immensely smaller "smart set" that actually wines, dines and dances at the "Crescent Moon" and gets its rather vapid face into the weekly "society" journals.

Albert had considered himself irrevocably destined to dwell in the first class—until the Great Idea formed in his mind.

In pursuance of the Great Idea, he descended with solemn dignity to the discreetly illuminated floor of the restaurant.

"No," he said fiercely to a waiter who tried to waft him towards a distant table. "I want a table near those chaps."

Patrons of the "Crescent Moon" do not usually refer to Jack Dean and his world-famous orchestra as "those chaps," so it was with a helpless gesture of surprise that the waiter showed Albert to a table beneath the gesticulating hands of the great Jack Dean himself, who at that moment was standing right before the microphone, whipping up his boys into the frenzy of syncopation he knew was echoing in every part of the British Isles. "Lover, beneath the midnight skies" crooned a sleek young elegant, eyeing the microphone as if

Continued on page 22

Your Foreign Programme Guide



A peep into Radio Normandy—the auditorium from which many French broadcasts are transmitted. An article describing Radio Normandy is given on another page of "Radio Pictorial" this week

SUNDAY (JULY 22)

- Athlone** (531 m.).—Pianoforte Recital ... 9.30 p.m.
- Barcelona** (377.4 m.).—Sextet Concert ... 2 p.m.
- Berlin (Deutschlandsender)** (1,571 m.).—Concert ... 6.30 p.m.
- Berlin (Funkstunde)** (356.7 m.).—Dance Music and Variety ... 4 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1** (483.9 m.).—Instrumental Concert ... 8 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2** (321.9 m.).—Concert of Records ... 10 a.m.
- Leipzig** (382.2 m.).—Concert by the Leipzig Symphony Orchestra ... 1 p.m.
- Ljubljana** (569.3 m.).—Vocal Concert by the Danica Choir ... 4.30 p.m.
- Luxembourg** (1,304 m.).—Dance Music by the International Broadcasting Company of London ... 12.30 p.m.
- Munich** (405.4 m.).—Request Records ... 9 p.m.
- Poste Parisien** (312.8 m.).—Orchestral Concert by the I.B.C. ... 10.45 p.m.
- Radio Normandy** (206 m.).—"The Second Test Match"—Musical Version, by the I.B.C. (London) ... 3 p.m.
- Reykjavik** (1,345 m.).—Dance Music ... 11.30 p.m.
- Schenectady** (379.5 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 7.30 p.m.

Dance Music of the Week

- Monday.** Jack Jackson and his Band (Dorchester Hotel).
- Tuesday.** Lew Stone and his Band (Monseigneur).
- Wednesday.** Roy Fox and his Band (from the B.B.C. studios).
- Thursday.** Joe Loss and his Band.
- Friday.** Harry Roy and his Band (May Fair Hotel).
- Saturday.** The B.B.C. Dance Orchestra directed by Henry Hall (Broadcasting from the B.B.C. studios).

- Warsaw** (1,345 m.).—Concert of Light Music ... 4 p.m.
- Madrid (E.A.Q. Aranjuez)** (30 m.).—Portuguese Music by the I.B.C. (London) ... 12 midnight
- Madrid (EAJ7)** (274 m.).—Dance Music by the I.B.C. ... 2 a.m. (Monday)
- Pittsburgh** (306 m.).—Organ Recital ... 9 p.m.

MONDAY

- Athlone** (531 m.).—Tenor Solos ... 9.20 p.m.
- Barcelona** (377.4 m.).—Sextet Concert ... 2 p.m.
- Berlin (Deutschlandsender)** (1,571 m.).—Concert ... 7.15 p.m.
- Berlin (Funkstunde)** (356.7 m.).—Humour on the Rhine from Frankfurt ... 3.15 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1** (483.9 m.).—Records ... 1.10 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2** (321.9 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 8 p.m.
- Leipzig** (382.2 m.).—Light Music ... 10.50 p.m.
- Ljubljana** (569.3 m.).—Light Music ... 9 p.m.
- Munich** (405.4 m.).—Chopin Pianoforte Recital ... 5.50 p.m.
- Poste Parisien** (312.8 m.).—Military Band Music by the International Broadcasting Company, of London ... 10.30 p.m.
- Radio Normandy** (206 m.).—Lucky Dip by the I.B.C. (London) ... 4.30 p.m.
- Reykjavik** (1,345 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 10 p.m.
- Schenectady** (379.5 m.).—Health Hunters (Sketch) ... 7.15 p.m.
- Warsaw** (1,345 m.).—Concert of Light Music ... 9.12 p.m.
- San Sebastian**—Light Music ... 2.30 a.m. (Tuesday)
- Pittsburg** (306 m.).—Chicago Symphony Orchestra ... 9.45 p.m.

TUESDAY

- Athlone** (531 m.).—Operatic Songs with orchestra ... 8 p.m.

Items You Must Not Miss

- Luxembourg** ... Concert ... 1-1.30 p.m. Sunday
- Poste Parisien** ... Concert ... 10.30-11 p.m. Wednesday
- Munich** ... Piano Recital ... 5.50 p.m. Monday
- Brussels (No. 2)** ... Records ... 1.10 p.m. Tuesday
- Madrid EAJ7** ... Military Band Concert ... 2 a.m. Thursday
- Warsaw** ... Popular Music ... 7.15 p.m. Friday

- Barcelona** (377.4 m.).—Sextet Concert ... 2.10 p.m. (approx.)
- Berlin (Deutschlandsender)** (1,571 m.).—Schubert Piano Recital ... 5.40 p.m.
- Berlin (Funkstunde)** (356.7 m.).—Light Music ... 4 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1** (483.9 m.).—Symphony Concert ... 8 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2** (321.9 m.).—Records ... 1.10 p.m.
- Leipzig** (382.2 m.).—Concert by the Station Orchestra ... 10.50 p.m.
- Ljubljana** (569.3 m.).—Organ Recital; Song Recital ... 8 p.m.
- Munich** (405.4 m.).—Concert of Italian Music ... 5.50 p.m.
- Poste Parisien** (312.8 m.).—Pianoforte Music and Songs by the International Broadcasting Company, of London ... 10.45 p.m.
- Radio Normandy** (206 m.).—Hungarian Orchestra by the I.B.C. (London) ... 5.30 p.m.
- Reykjavik** (1,345 m.).—Records; Dance Music ... 11.30 p.m.
- Schenectady** (379.5 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 12 (midnight)
- Warsaw** (1,345 m.).—Operetta in 3 acts (Gilbert) ... 8.12 p.m.
- Madrid (EAJ7)** (274 m.).—Dance Music ... 2 a.m. (Wednesday)
- Pittsburgh** (306 m.).—The Chicago Symphony Orchestra ... 9.45 p.m.

WEDNESDAY

- Athlone** (531 m.).—Orpheus Male Voice Choir ... 9 p.m.
- Barcelona** (377.4 m.).—Sextet Concert ... 2 p.m.
- Berlin (Deutschlandsender)** (1,571 m.).—Folk Song Recital ... 5.15 p.m.
- Berlin (Funkstunde)** (356.7 m.).—Concert of Contemporary Music ... 6.30 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1** (483.9 m.).—Cello and Pianoforte Recital ... 8 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2** (321.9 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 9 p.m.
- Leipzig** (382.2 m.).—Orchestral Concert from Dresden ... 12 noon
- Ljubljana** (569.3 m.).—Instrumental Concert ... 8 p.m.
- Munich** (405.4 m.).—Concert ... 11 p.m.
- Poste Parisien** (312.8 m.).—Records by the International Broadcasting Company of London ... 10.30 p.m.
- Reykjavik** (1,345 m.).—Arias from The Pearl Fishers Opera (Bizet) on Records ... 11.30 p.m.
- Madrid (EAJ7)** (274 m.).—Military Band Music by the I.B.C. (London) ... 2 a.m. (Thursday)
- Pittsburgh** (306 m.).—The Chicago Symphony Orchestra ... 9.45 p.m.

THURSDAY

- Athlone** (531 m.).—Accordion Solos ... 9.45 p.m.
- Barcelona** (377.4 m.).—Sextet Concert ... 2.10 p.m. (approx.)
- Berlin (Deutschlandsender)** (1,571 m.).—Old Chamber Music ... 5.20 p.m.

- Berlin (Funkstunde)** (356.7 m.).—Intermezzo from Leipzig ... 8.15 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1** (483.9 m.).—Records ... 1.10 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2** (321.9 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 8 p.m.
- Leipzig** (382.2 m.).—Light Music ... 9 p.m.
- Munich** (405.4 m.).—Concert of Contemporary Music ... 5.50 p.m.
- Poste Parisien** (312.8 m.).—Light Songs by the International Broadcasting Company of London ... 10.45 p.m.
- Radio Normandy** (206 m.).—Tunes from the Talkies and Shows by the I.B.C. (London) ... 11.30 p.m.
- Warsaw** (1,345 m.).—Concert of Light Music ... 7.15 p.m.
- Madrid (EAJ7)** (274 m.).—Dance Music by the I.B.C. (London) ... 2 a.m. (Friday)

FRIDAY

- Athlone** (531 m.).—Station Orchestra ... 9.45 p.m.
- Barcelona** (377.4 m.).—Sextet Concert ... 2 p.m.
- Berlin (Deutschlandsender)** (1,571 m.).—Liszt Piano Recital ... 5.40 p.m.
- Berlin (Funkstunde)** (356.7 m.).—Dance Music ... 9 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1** (483.9 m.).—Records ... 12 noon
- Brussels No. 2** (321.9 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 6.15 p.m.
- Leipzig** (382.2 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 4 p.m.
- Ljubljana** (569.3 m.).—Records ... 7 p.m.
- Munich** (405.4 m.).—Concert ... 4 p.m.
- Poste Parisien** (312.8 m.).—Instrumental Concert by the International Broadcasting Company of London ... 10.45 p.m.
- Radio Normandy** (206 m.).—Military Band by the I.B.C. (London) ... 11.30 a.m.
- Schenectady** (379.5 m.).—Concert ... 7 p.m.
- Warsaw** (1,345 m.).—Popular Polish Music on Records ... 7.15 p.m.
- Valencia** (352.9 m.).—Light Orchestral Music by the I.B.C. (London) ... 2 a.m.

SATURDAY

- Athlone** (531 m.).—Soprano Solos ... 9 p.m.
- Barcelona** (377.4 m.).—Light Orchestral Music by the International Broadcasting Company of London ... 2.30 a.m. (Sunday)
- Berlin (Deutschlandsender)** (1,571 m.).—Variety Programme ... 3.15 p.m.
- Berlin (Funkstunde)** (356.7 m.).—Variety Programme ... 9 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1** (483.9 m.).—Records ... 1.10 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2** (321.9 m.).—Figaro, Opera (Beethoven) from the Salzburg Theatre ... 7 p.m.
- Leipzig** (382.2 m.).—Mandoline Concert ... 7 p.m.
- Munich** (405 m.).—Concert ... 11 p.m.
- Pittsburg** (306 m.).—Song Recital ... 11.45 p.m.
- Poste Parisien** (312.8 m.).—Orchestral and Vocal Concert by the International Broadcasting Company of London ... 10.30 p.m.
- Radio Normandy** (206 m.).—Music from Opera by the I.B.C. (London) ... 11.30 p.m.
- Warsaw** (1,345 m.).—Fidelio, Opera (Beethoven) from Salzburg ... 7.10 p.m.

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.

★The Intelligent Listener

"It is said that we waste too much time reading newspapers. It can be more strongly averred that we waste far more time listening-in.

"We seem to overlook the fact that the B.B.C. caters for a wide variety of tastes, and that it is up to us to select just those items which we desire, and to switch off when we are not entertained. Instead, we let the radio continually drag our intellect against our better judgment.

"Surely the most intelligent use of the radio is to select one's items beforehand, from the published programmes, and to listen only to those?"—*Herbert Steward, Derbyshire.*

The Children's Vote

"Fan letters usually depict the complaints and pleasures of adults. May I offer the opinions of the children I often hear?"

"Oftentimes, before school begins for the day, the children discuss 'Broadcasts.' If only

producers could eavesdrop! The girls love Florence Desmond and Enid Trevor, the Houston Sisters and Gracie Fields are other favourites, while the boys think Henry Hall is grand, and they mimic Claude Hulbert for days after hearing him over the air. They give me a wonderfully vivid account of the Ridgeway Parades. The best way to hold the respect of this class of children, it seems, is to be a wireless fan."—*L. V. Marsden, Sheffield.*

Pleasing Everybody

"With regard to the criticism of the undying efforts of the B.B.C. in trying to please all listeners' tastes, may I suggest a method which would, in my opinion, help to solve this very difficult problem. Strictly speaking, all entertainment can be divided into five sections, namely (1) variety, (2) dance music, (3) light music, (4) symphony concerts and chamber music, (5) talks and weather and news bulletins. Let there be five transmitters instead of the present number, with enough frequency so as to be heard quite easily on any normal wireless set anywhere in the British Isles. Each transmitter to broadcast one of the above sections from 5 p.m. till midnight constantly. When artists in person could not give programmes, gramophone records could be used, with the exception of talks and news. Listeners could then have their choice of entertainment."—*G. E. W., Olney.*

Our Hints

"Each week I look forward to Friday and the RADIO PICTORIAL because not only are the news and pictures of life in the radio world of great interest to me, but also your page with its hints. I dare say that I have saved many shillings since I ordered the first copy of the paper by using these hints."—*H. B., Rochdale.*

More Military Band

"Tuning into the Regional Programme the other night, I was just in time to hear an announcement that the Wireless Military Band would play. The band commenced the programme with a march, after which the soloist sang a group of three songs. This went on until the termination of the programme, the band playing one or two numbers, and the soloist singing a group of three songs. If one were to count the items in the programme the number of songs sung would be greater than the marches played.

"Surely a Military Band programme should contain a greater percentage of military pieces than songs, and if there has to be a soloist, has the soloist to sing after every item by the band?"—*Critic, Worbeck.*

A Broadcasting Week

"We have Baby Weeks, Rat Weeks, etc., so why not a Broadcasting Week? During that week the B.B.C. could make a great effort to please everyone. The cream of talent could be obtained, and surprise programmes and other novelties could be given.

"The announcers could be given a chance to show that they are human and not be so frigidly aloof. The news could be given to us in a more human manner and the talks givers would be able to radiate good fellowship.

"Such a scheme, properly carried out, would not only provide us with a memorable week of broadcasting but would also provide the B.B.C. with many ideas for future programme improvement."—*Albert Pace, Sheffield.*

Copying the Continent

"Copying the Continent seems a very common thing lately. We copy it with time, why not copy it with Sunday dance music?"

"The majority of people entertain on a Sunday because it is the only day they are free from their work, and one can hardly switch on a service for entertainment, can they?"—*Marjorie E. Watts, Wolverhampton.*



ECZEMA

"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."



VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.

"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."



ABSCESSSES

Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.



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This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvelous.

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Cured in a Night

We have a room full of Testimonials

Many men promise a wonderful cure, but there is nothing like Zee-Kol.

Beware of imitations. Zee-Kol is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying the big London Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin trouble will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hemorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

ZEE-KOL

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K. 45) 40 Blenheim Road, London, N.19. Of all Chemists: Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3, or a large tin, 3/6.



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Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.



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Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol, and in two days they disappear.



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Splendid for Stiff Joints, rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

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COMPLEXION RESTORER

HOWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market. It

is the most remarkable and the most perfect cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil and it does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles, and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe. We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Doge Cream. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Send for a sample and see its marvellous results.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing Cream and does not dry up the skin; it keeps the skin supple, firm, and youthful. We do not pay for Society women to give us their portraits, but over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream.

If Doge Cream is smeared around the eyes

at night every wrinkle will vanish as if a miracle had happened.

When thinking of other face creams remember that Doge Cream is not like any of these. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used.



AT THE CASINO

SHEILA: Look at that beautiful dancer. That is Naide. She is supposed to be the loveliest woman in the World. She is Venetian. Everybody raves over her lovely skin. She has a special cream she uses. BARBARA: Oh, Darling! Do tell me what it is. SHEILA: I asked her hair-dresser this morning, and he told me it was a cream called Doge Cream and he also told me that she never uses soap for her face and neck, only this Doge Cream. Doesn't she look beautiful! I thought the Cream must cost at least 10/- a pot, but you can get it for 1/- and 2/-. BARBARA: That's wonderful! I shall not rest until I have got some.

Per Pot - 1/-
Large Pot 2/-
Large Tube 9d.

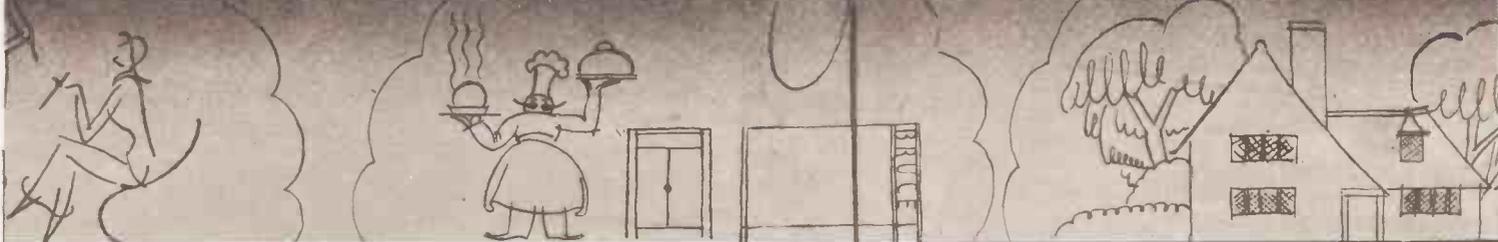
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The WOMANLISTENER



FASHION

BEAUTY

RADIO RECIPES

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

JEANNE DE CASALIS ON—

FLOWERED PRINTED FROCKS

IN the morning in the office or on the beach, we may cling to our stripes and checks; in the evening, nevertheless, we are certain to appear in a flower-sprinkled frock that bring the colours and gaiety of the garden into the ball-room. It may be of organdie, chiffon, taffeta or printed lamé, printed in palest greys, pinks and blues, or bold reds and greens on a dazzling white ground.

And even though the fabric of the frock is itself a posy of flowers, you will probably wear an additional bouquet, a large one at the breast (of crimson carnations, perhaps, on a blue satin frock) or a smaller one at the waist (why not violets over parma violet organdie?)

Then there is the posy that is worn high up on one shoulder, made of the same chiffon as the dress; or you may choose to wear a garland of real flowers round your head. Even sequins are

made to take on the shapes of flowers, lightly spangled over the palest of pastel-coloured fabrics.

As to colours, these, of course, are almost as varied as the colours of the flowers. Lightly printed organza over a pale pink slip is a favourite combination for this summer; also, clear cool shades of red and blue. One lovely frock I saw recently was of red and blue embroidered organdie with lines of red and blue round the hem.

Another white frock was embroidered with posies in cherry, rose, green and blue.

The summer-evening mode is definitely informal, and caters rather for the half open-air tennis-dance than for a stuffy ballroom. So that although so much is talked about the lower décollete, both at front and back, there are also plenty of comparatively high necks to be seen. Most dresses, too, have their complementary capes or scarves—these latter often flung backwards across the shoulders, and falling nearly to the ground behind.

The fichu, too, is a very pretty mode that has a place of its own in a season of fluttery frocks. On some of the newer frocks it is worn reversed, crossing over at the back and tying in a butterfly bow.

Material of this nature is very useful for light tennis frocks, which often look a great deal more attractive with some floral pattern than if of stripes or checks. White need not always be the rule.

Jeanne de Casalis



Black velvet is chosen for this smart summer hat, with a wide brim, simply trimmed with white chiffon flowers. A Garvette model

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.

MRS. R. H. BRAND GIVES—

ECONOMY RECIPES

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

TO use up the remains of cold boiled beef the old-fashioned dish called Bubble and Squeak cannot be equalled; to make it you will require ½ lb. of thinly-sliced meat, 2 lb. (or more) of half-cooked cold potatoes cut into thick slices and fried a golden brown, and a large cooked cabbage which is much nicer if left in whole leaves instead of being mashed up, but it is necessary to drain it very well before using.

Butter a fireproof dish or pie-dish and fill it with equal layers of the three ingredients, beginning and ending with potatoes; season each layer with pepper and salt and spread the meat with freshly made mustard. Cover the dish with a greased paper and put it into a moderate oven for twenty minutes, or until thoroughly heated.

CORNISH PASTIES

Ingredients.—4 oz. cooked meat; 2 half-cooked potatoes and onions; a little water; pepper and salt; ½ lb. of flour; 1 small teaspoonful of baking powder; 3 oz. of lard (or dripping); and cold water to mix.

Remove all skin and gristle from the meat and cut it and the potatoes and the onions into small dice, add pepper and salt and a little water, and mix well in a basin.

Sieve the flour with the baking-powder and some salt into another basin, rub in the fat and mix with cold water to a firm paste, roll out on a floured board, cut some rounds with a saucepan lid and wet the edges of the pastry. Put a spoonful of the meat mixture in the centre of each, press the edges of the paste firmly together making the join at the top, flute this with the fingers to make a decoration, brush over with a beaten egg or some milk and bake the pasties in a hot oven for about half an hour.

Note.—Real Cornish Pasties are very delicious. They are made with uncooked meat and vegetables and require slightly longer cooking.

TIMBALE OF COLD MEAT

Ingredients.—½ lb. of cold cooked meat; 1 small cooked onion; 2 oz. fresh breadcrumbs; 1 gill stock (good measure); pepper and salt and a little Worcester or similar sauce.

Mince the meat and onion, or, if preferred, cut it up very finely and put it into a basin with the seasoning, crumbs, and Worcester sauce. Make some stock with the bones (if any) and trimmings from the meat, and add it to the mixture, stir well, and put into a well-greased basin or small cake tin. Press mixture in very firmly, cover with a greased paper, and steam gently for forty minutes.

Turn out carefully and coat with brown sauce or thick gravy and a border of peas all round.

Bellina Brand.



A smart holiday tailorless frock in ivory silk. Over it is a jacket in turquoise wool. Modelled by Williams and Cleaver

Photo: Blake

JANE CARR
ON
REST-FOR BEAUTY!

WE are always being told that the truest and most worth-while beauty aids are fresh air, soap and water, simple diet—things like that. But human nature being what it is, we much prefer to be told to buy expensive creams and pat them into our faces for so many seconds a day, rather than to drink so many glasses of water, or go to bed at a certain time.

And yet, of course, it's true—the simplest things are the most important, and healthy sleep at night is one of Nature's best ways of cultivating a clear, fresh skin and sparkling eyes.

The first rule for making the most of your beauty sleep is—never sleep with grease on your face. The skin is clogged with make-up and impurities most of the day, and at night should be allowed to breathe absolutely freely.

First wash your face in warm soap and water, pat in your astringent, and apply cold cream or skinfood, not forgetting to treat your throat in the same way.

Rub the cream in lightly with your first three fingers, always moving them in an upward and circular direction. Then pat your forehead smartly, as quickly as you can, beating a sort of tattoo across the frown lines.

If your skin is so dry that it flakes, use a nourishing skin food instead of a cold cream. Leave it on for a few minutes and then remove any surplus grease.

Now, here's the second rule for inducing sound sleep—relax. If you find it difficult to drop off to sleep, try swinging your arms slackly before you get into bed, standing with your feet apart. Then let yourself sink into the bed, all your muscles limp . . . breathe deeply . . . and before you know where you are, you will be fast asleep.

Jane Carr.

FIVE SHILLINGS HINTS

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

A SALAD SELECTION

Boiled eggs that are allowed to get cold before being used for salads or picnics should be boiled rapidly for ten minutes, and then put immediately into cold water. This will prevent the dark ring round the yoke which forms when the egg is cooked in the ordinary way.

TWO SHORT CUTS

Here are two ways of saving time when you are cooking.

If the bread is too new to make into crumbs, cut it into pieces and sprinkle a little flour or ground rice over it. It will then crumble quite easily.

When you have to stalk currants and sultanas, put them in a colander and rub them against the sides. The stalks will fall through the holes.

WHEN YOU WASH UP

Good washing-up is often represented to be simply a matter of a constant supply of hot, soapy water. This, as a matter of fact, is not always so. When you are washing glass, for instance, you want warm but not hot water, with not much soap.

Add a few drops of ammonia to the water instead. Afterwards rinse it in cold water—curious though it may seem, cold water gives a better polish to glass—and dry with a fine cloth that will not leave any flick behind it.

To get a specially bright polish put a little vinegar in the rinsing water. If the glass has had milk in it, rinse it in cold water first, before washing in the usual way. Your milk bottles, too, should be rinsed under the cold tap, and not under the hot, before being returned to the milkman.

Stains can be removed from decanters by half-filling them with soapy water and a handful of used tea leaves. Allow it to soak, shaking the glass hard from time to time. Another way of washing decanters is with a mixture of vinegar and salt.

No soda should be used if you are washing coloured china; and soda is especially harmful to gilt. It is also bad for your hands and should be used as little as possible.

When you are washing very delicate china, it is worth while using a papier-mache basin or else putting a folded towel at the bottom of the washing-up bowl, to minimise the danger of chipping.

TRANSFER HINTS

Never use a hot iron for transfers. With only medium heat the transfer will stamp off clearly and may be used again. A transfer may be renewed by tracing over the lines with a new steel pen nib, dipped in a paste made by mixing equal portions of blue and sugar with cold water. When quite dry the transfer will iron off again.

A USE FOR STARCH WATER

This hint saves water and also improves the appearance of your hearths; so it serves a twofold purpose. Save your starch water after starching, for cleaning hearths and front steps. It helps to whiten hearths and does not powder when the hearths are swept or steps "tread about."

A SLICE OF LEMON

When using aluminium saucepans for boiling eggs, steaming porridge, or just boiling plain water, put a thin slice of lemon into the saucepan and you will find that it will not get discoloured, as is often the case if the lemon is not there.

MILK PUDDINGS

To prevent a milk pudding from boiling over, just smear a thin layer of butter all round the top edge of the pudding-dish. Then, as the milk boils, it will not go beyond the rim of butter. This also prevents the lovely brown skin from sticking to the dish, thus avoiding all waste.



Try it on at Home for Deposit 1/-

Here is the fashionable foundation garment for Modern frocks . . . the 'Ambron' Belted Corsetette. It discreetly slendernesses the hips . . . gently maintains an elegant waistline. You can't afford to be without its luxurious comfort for present day wear.

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COLOUR . . . Please send me, on approval, Belted Corsetette, measurements as stated, at present Bargain Price of 8/11. I enclose 1/- Deposit, together with 4d. for postage, and will pay balance of price either in one sum or by monthly instalments of 2/- If not satisfied, and I return the garment at once, unworn, you will refund my deposit. Sizes range from 30 to 46 in., Bust. Enclose Coupon with full name & address and Postal Order crossed thus //

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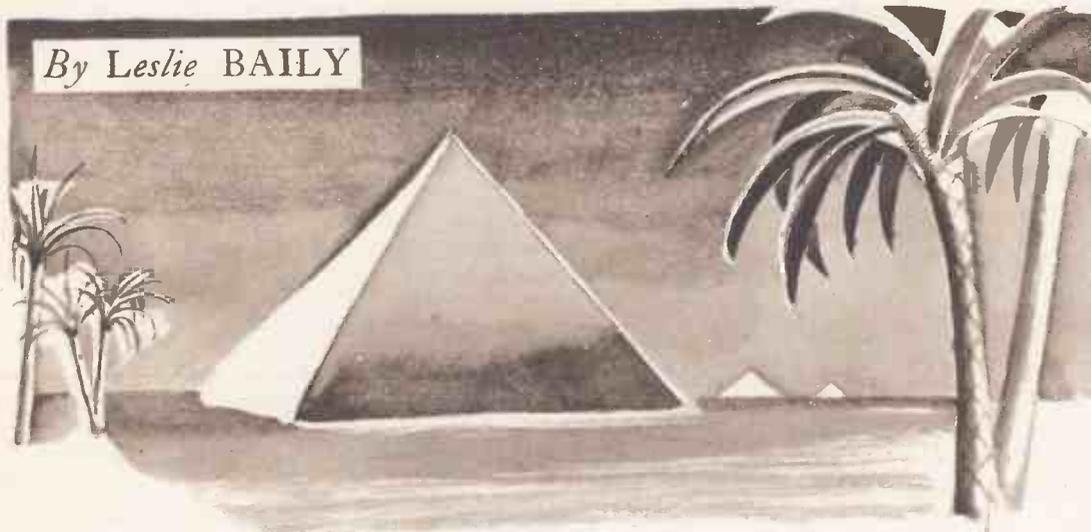
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CURES PILES



By Leslie BAILY

Concluding
The
Mummy's
Foot

"Here we enter the first of the great halls . . . [Footsteps and echo. Tom-tomming is heard in the distance.]

RADLEY: For whom do you bow low in salutation, Princess?

PRINCESS: For the Pharaohs—Cheops, and Chephrenes, and Psammetichus. Can you not see them?

RADLEY: Yes, I can see them. My eyes are becoming accustomed to the dim twilight. These are the Pharaohs? They are withered and wrinkled . . .

PRINCESS: But grand old men. . . .

RADLEY: Yes, grand old men. Their eyes are like the eyes of the sphinxes and their beards are white. . . .

PRINCESS: Whitened by the snow of centuries.

RADLEY: And those figures standing stiff behind them?

PRINCESS: Those are the peoples of the Pharaohs.

[Still they walk on. Presently . . .

That is the Pharaoh Sesostris and on the higher thrones sit Chronos and Psammetichus. . . .

[They walk on. The drums now fade completely away.]

PRINCESS [she sounds excited]: And now!—and now come to my father, King Xixouthros.

[For a moment their footsteps continue, then they stop, the echoes die down, and there is a moment's complete silence.]

RADLEY: Your royal father seems to be lost in a reverie.

PRINCESS: Yes. He is buried in dreams. For centuries he has dreamed, with his head buried in his hands and his arms on that granite table . . . for centuries. And his beard has grown seven times round the granite table.

RADLEY: Seven times round the granite table! Amazing!

PRINCESS: And behind him, rank upon rank, are his peoples. Can you see them?

RADLEY: Yes, I see them. They are black and bronzed and copper.

PRINCESS: The races of Kemi. The races of Nahasi. They, too, are dreaming, and thinking, and watching.

RADLEY: And their beards? . . .

PRINCESS [now she calls, to waken her father]: My father! My father, oh King Xixouthros!

[The Pharaoh, who has a deep and resonant bass voice, starts out of his reverie.]

PHARAOH: Uh? Uh? Uh? What is it? . . . Why! Hermonthis!

PRINCESS: I have found my foot again! I have found my foot!

[She is very excited and dances up to Pharaoh, her footsteps ringing out and echoing. Throughout this scene in the tomb there is this pronounced echo.]

PHARAOH: You have found your foot again, little Hermonthis?

PRINCESS: I have found my foot again!

[The races of Kemi and Nahasi repeat her words in a deep full-throated chorus:]

CHORUS: The Princess Hermonthis has found her foot again!

PRINCESS: I have found my foot again, and, oh, Father, it was this gentleman who found it for me.

PHARAOH [in loud and ringing tones]: By Oms, the dog of Hell, and Tmei, daughter of the Sun and of Truth! This is a brave and worthy lad!

[From his peoples there comes a great roar of approval.]

PHARAOH [when it has died away]: What recompense do you desire?

RADLEY [breathing heavily under the excitement]: Sire . . . oh, Pharaoh! I . . . greatly daring, I humbly ask for the hand of the Princess Hermonthis.

[A great chorus of surprise rings out from the peoples and echoes away.]

PHARAOH [astonished]: The hand of the Princess Hermonthis!

RADLEY: Oh, venerable Pharaoh, the hand is surely a very proper recompense for the foot.

[A roar of laughter from the peoples is checked by Pharaoh, whose voice is now rather severe.]

PHARAOH: Silence! [To Radley]: What country do you come from? And what is your age?

RADLEY: I am an Englishman, venerable Pharaoh, and I am twenty-seven years old. . . .

PHARAOH: Twenty-seven years old! And you wish to espouse the Princess Hermonthis, who is thirty centuries old!

[The roar of laughter from the peoples is not stopped this time. When it ceases, and its echoes, Pharaoh commences to speak in wise and measured tones, like a judge passing judgment.]

PHARAOH: If you were even only two thousand years old I would willingly give you the Princess; but the disproportion is too great; and, besides, we must give our daughters husbands who will last well; you English people do not know how to preserve yourselves any longer; the secret died with our races; even those who died only fifteen centuries ago are already no more than a handful of dust—behold, MY flesh is as solid as basalt; MY bones are like bars of steel. My daughter Hermonthis will last longer than any statue of bronze. . . . I shall be present on the last day of the world, with the same body and the same

Continued on page 22

Hullo, Children AUNT BELINDA'S Children's Corner

DEAR NIECES AND NEPHEWS,
One of the most attractive things I have seen since I wrote to you last week is a large basket full of Schnauzer puppies! Some of them were twelve, some seven, and some of them only three weeks old! They belong to Uncle Beau, whom you heard in a Children's Hour play last week, and he is rather at a loss for names for all these new arrivals. As I told you some time ago, he calls his Schnauzers after the characters in Shakespeare's plays and it looks as if he will soon have used up all the available ones and have to resort to the schoolday custom of saying "Macbeth major" and "Macbeth minor," or words to that effect! For the new bunch of deliciousness he has chosen so far "Seaward," "Malcolm," and "Angus."

I was very pleased to hear that "Robin"—father of six of the babies—walked off with a first in his class and a second in the Open Championship at the Richmond Dog Show recently! Well done, Uncle Beau!

I went to Speech Day celebrations at a big public school a few days ago and in the evening the school orchestra played for our enjoyment. I was most intrigued to find that one of the boys was playing a saw—playing it very well, too! He happened to be a friend of the nephew whose guest I was, so I asked how it had happened that that boy had chosen so unusual an instrument. To my delight—and, I admit, some surprise—I was told that Joan Stonehewer—who was, I believe, the first artist to broadcast the saw, and that in the Hour—was his inspiration. He had bought the saw and bow out of his pocket-money and had practised feverishly in the woods some good distance from the school until he had become proficient!

Crossing the roads in these days is no laughing matter, so I was more than a little curious to know why, when I came upon Dora Gregory—who is such a splendid Red Queen in your "Alice in Wonderland" stories—she was standing on the curb, chuckling to herself and making no attempt to cross over to the Criterion Theatre where she is playing in *Sixteen*. She told me that she had just heard an irate voice behind her say, "I don't know what things are coming to the traffic these days—it don't give the 'presbyterians' a chance"!!! Shades of "Mrs. Adams"!!!

But that reminds me that all my radio nieces and nephews should be very watchful of the new white line crossings on the roads.

Until next week,

AUNT BELINDA.



FREE TO YOU

SEND TO ME 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 ½d. stamp, to RADIO PICTORIAL Shopping Guide, 58-61 Fetter Lane, E.C.4.

AN interesting booklet that every home-lover will want to look at is the illustrated catalogue issued by Berkeley, the makers of the Berkeley Superlax easy-chair. This is not only the easy-chair *de luxe*, fitting itself to any position automatically, beautifully stuffed and sprung, but it is also upholstered in the very latest designs in multi-coloured repp that will add to the beauty of any home. Patterns from which to choose your covers will be sent to you with a catalogue on request. **42**

I STRONGLY advise you to send for samples of Pond's new powder. I will send you all four shades, Natural, Peach, Rachel 1 and Rachel 2 (but please enclose 1d. stamp with your request). You will find that this fascinating new powder is so fine that it will cling to the skin without clogging the pores, and is as absolutely pure as Pond's other famous preparations. **43**

I EXPECT a number of readers were interested in the West Electric announcement on page 19 of RADIO PICTORIAL for July 6. The West Electric system provides the fastest and safest ways of curling and waving the hair. Don't forget, if your shop is out of stock, send 1s. (British P.O.) for a full set of curlers or wavers, and receive also a free West Electric real hair net. State colour of hair, and write to me through the Catalogue Service, or direct to the West Electric Co. (Dept. 220), 8 Kirby Street, E.C.1. **44**

WHEN next you get the "I-must-have-new-covers" fever, it will be worth while paying a visit to Robinson and Cleaver first in your search for patterns and fabrics. You could want nothing more charming than their printed furnishing linens, at 1s. 9d. a yard, patterns of which will be sent you, post free, together with their latest catalogue of designs. Patterns of striped dress linens and linen tweeds at very moderate prices will also be sent you on request. **45**

MACHINERY installation is now at an advanced stage in the new factory that is being completed by British Tungstram Radio Works Ltd., for the production of British-made Tungstram valves.

The system employed will be group production rather than chain production, as this is found almost essential and certainly more efficient in dealing with such a delicate manufacture as a valve. The system is one that has been perfected by Tungstram in their many factories spread all over Europe.

The power-house installation was completed some time ago. Gas and air plants are also now complete, as are too the alarming-looking high frequency plants used to perfect evacuation.

"Trial trips" have been undergone by many of the valve-making machines (all of which, by the way, are designed and made by Tungstram's themselves) with great success. Most of the operations require a separate machine, each one of which can deal with two or three hundred valves an hour. Many groups of such machines are available and production is expected to reach a very high figure.



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The Alice-in-Wonderland band is only becoming to Soft, Wavy hair—you'll be delighted at the result five minutes with Wave Set will bring you—Deep lasting Waves and Soft Curls.

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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.

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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. P.T.), 90 Worcester Street, Birmingham.

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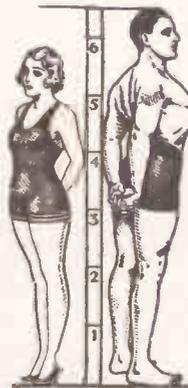
LADIES, If you are short you can increase your height and, at the same time, develop that graceful, willowy figure that is so much admired, by adopting the Ross System—IT NEVER FAILS! No discomfort or danger to health whatever is involved, and thousands of testimonials from clients of every age and every 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.



GENTLEMEN, If you wish to be tall get to know all about the Ross Method of Height Increase to-day. There is no longer any need to be short and overlooked. You will develop your physical and mental powers to an extent that will surprise you. Inches can be added to your height within a few weeks without trouble or danger.

THE ROSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS.

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Just a Few Quite Usual Reports of Ross Pupils:
 Age 20 Gains 3 1/2" in 16 days!
 .. 19 1/2 .. 5" .. 6 weeks!
 .. 19 .. 2 1/2" .. 4 weeks!
 .. 20 .. 3 1/2" .. 4 weeks!
 .. 21 .. 5" .. 5 months!
 .. 25 .. 1 1/2" .. 3 weeks!
 .. 30 .. 2" .. 4 weeks!
 .. 40 .. 1 1/2" .. 6 weeks!
 .. 163 passes 6" mark!
 .. 184 passes 6' 2 1/2"!

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) :—
 "After disappointments from four other methods I am very pleased with my wonderful gain in height, and I recommend the Ross System to everyone."
 An Organist, age 20, writes (Jan., 1934) :—
 "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 photograph showing how the Ross System increased my own height to 6' 3 1/2".

Write me to-day for Free Details and Convincing Testimony of the "Ross" System, and enclose 2id. stamp to defray postage, &c.

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Yet read the plain unaltered words of Mr. Robert _____ of Drumeldrie _____ Here is his letter.

"I am now 61 years of age and have been subject to stomach trouble since I reached manhood right up to the time I received your powder. I had a bad turn at that time and thought I would try your powder, but the first supply I got was not the real thing, only a sort of Magnesia, which does me no good. I was under treatment all that time on powders and milk and I am safe enough to say that I got no benefit. When I started to take Maclean Brand Stomach Powder I felt improvement after the first dose. Then I got gradually better. I felt all right with the one bottle. I have had no return of the trouble since and have recommended it to all parties I am in touch with around here."

Get a bottle to-day yourself but be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, 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.

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The Mummy's Foot

Continued from page Twenty

features which I had during my lifetime. Then the last particles of YOUR dust will have been scattered abroad by the winds; and even Isis himself, who was able to find the atoms of Osiris, would hardly be able to recompose your being.

[His voice rises to a thunder.]

PHARAOH: Give me your hand; see how vigorous I am, and how mighty is my grasp!

[Radley squeals with pain and continues to squeal, and as he does so the echo of his cries gets less and less and soon has completely vanished. Then another voice is heard and during the ensuing dialogue there is no echo.]

DEARING: O you everlasting sleeper! Must I have you carried out into the middle of the street and fireworks exploded in your ears? Wake up, Radley!

RADLEY [half asleep]: What? What? Why . . . Dearing! All right, all right, but for heaven's sake leave go of my arm! You grip like a vice.

DEARING: Do you know it is gone noon, and don't you recollect your promise to take me with you to see the Spanish pictures?

RADLEY: Gone noon, Dearing? I say, I'm sorry. I'll get ready immediately.

DEARING: Yes, hurry up. Have you got the tickets?

RADLEY: They are on my desk. Under the paper weight.

DEARING: I'll get them.

[A moment's pause. Then Dearing, in tones of surprise:]

Why, Radley!

RADLEY: Well?

DEARING: The mummy's foot. It was here last night, on these papers.

RADLEY: Yes. Well?

DEARING: It has gone. Vanished! And in its place there is this little image of Isis!

RADLEY [to himself]: The Princess's little green idol!

The Surprise Item

Continued from page Fifteen

it had suddenly been changed into a very beautiful woman.

Albert ordered some sandwiches, a drink, and consulted his watch. It was 11.15.

For half an hour he gaped at this unfamiliar world of gorgeous dresses, immaculate males, noiseless waiters and noisy orchestra . . .

At last the black hands of his old-fashioned silver watch indicated 11.44 p.m.

Jack Dean's band ended a popular medley of old-time favourites with a blare of brass and a sudden cymbal crash that rang through the shuffling of feet like an effective exclamation mark. A patter of applause drifted elegantly across the room . . .

Then it happened!

Waiters still speak of the scandal in hushed voices at the "Crescent Moon." Even to-day the head waiter turns pale when the incident is recalled. And rumour still hints darkly that it was this incident which led to the departure of a stricken B.B.C. engineer on a big game expedition to Africa.

Albert rose from his table, deliberately mounted the orchestra dais, and before the astounded Jack Dean could make any move, leaned towards the microphone and cried hoarsely:

"Ullo everybody! This is Bert Benson talkin'. 'Ullo, Janie. What about that ten bob now, Tom Know-All? You've been . . ."

He said no more, for simultaneously the infuriated Jack Dean, two passing waiters and the burly saxophonist fell upon him viciously.

The fastidious patrons of the "Crescent Moon" sat for a moment in glassy-eyed horror, all except a Midland visitor who burst into raucous laughter and then subsided, killed stone dead by a freezing glance from across the next table.

In a moment Albert became the uncertain centre of a group of whirling black arms and shirt

fronts. Above the scuffle his voice rang shrilly: "It's alright. I'll go quiet. I'm finished . . ."

But the outraged personnel of the "Crescent Moon" had no intention of letting him go quietly. That was why when Albert found himself out on the pavement just a little later, he fingered a swollen eye, already tending toward a faint shade of blue, and wondered what had happened to his best ready-made tie.

It was long past midnight when he tottered, breathlessly but triumphantly, up to his quiet suburban home.

The smarting discomfort of his eye; the dawning knowledge that the morning would produce an egg-like lump on his forehead; the ruination of a perfectly good dress shirt: these things were but miserable trifles compared with the triumph that was ahead. Feeling a little like Mussolini during the march on Rome, Albert fumbled with his latch-key, burst into the quiet hall, and kicked open the door of the dining-room.

Jane regarded him with widening eyes, and the Know-All dropped his pipe with a crash.

"Albert Benson," said Jane severely, "you've been drinking!"

"An' where," grunted Tom, recovering his presence of mind, and his pipe, "did you get that black eye?"

"Ne'er mind where," replied Albert, dignifiedly, "you ne'er mind. You pay up, see!"

"What are you talking about?"

"My broadcast, I'm talkin' about. Me, Bert Benson, broadcasting! What did you think about it, eh?"

"There," said Mrs. Benson peevishly, "all this trouble over nothing. I wish I could 'ave told you, Bert. The batteries run out at eleven o'clock, and we 'aven't 'eard a sound since."

B.B.C. Governors

Continued from page Thre

broadcasters. I wonder if the Governors know this, and I wonder if the Governors know why?

Maybe they know all these things, but nothing seems to come from their knowledge. Do they find the subject a bit above their reach, as you and I might if we were suddenly put in another job after thirty years work in a different occupation?

Anyway, it seems to me that there ought to be Governors of an institution like the B.B.C., in order to act, at least, as a Court of Appeal. The complaint I have against them is that they don't get around enough. People in the broadcasting industry don't see enough of them:

They ought to be the fairy godmothers of broadcasters. Whereas they give us more the impression of being like distant wealthy relations who might give you a "tip" if you happened to be passing through Cheltenham or Llandrindod Wells, but are otherwise not particularly interested in your existence.



Children's NEWS MOTTO

by Commander Stephen
KING-HALL

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

"Push on—keep moving!"

This line was written by Thomas Morton (1764-1838) in a play called "A Cure for the Heartache." You will find the key on page 24.

Stephen King-Hall

NEXT FRIDAY: A MURDER CLUB FOR CROONERS!

On the AIR ---



*Billy Mayerl
(above)*



*Maurice
Elwin
(below)*



Navana photo



Kitty Masters, the new vocalist of the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra is shown above. (Left) is Harry Roy, with Ivor Moreton and Dave Kaye at the piano, ready for the May Fair broadcast. Billy Mayerl (top circle) you heard on Tuesday, June 26. Maurice Elwin is in the National programme on Monday, July 23.

High-spots of the Programmes

Do you
know
what's on
next
week?



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.

THOSE of you who have friends in Canada should listen on July 24 to the four-hundredth birthday celebration of the great Dominion. The Empire is to get the transmission, of course, and you will hear it nationally. Such events as Cartier's landing in Canada, the grant of the Charter to the Hudson Bay Company by Charles II, the capture of Quebec, and so on.

The cast will be largely Canadian. Roger Pocock is part author with Jack Inglis. Roger is a brother of Lena Ashwell. Inglis, of course, is a B.B.C. producer.

Do you remember a broadcast by Van Phillips and his Orchestra last March? He was tip-top. I understand he is coming to the microphone again on July 23, and is to give an hour of popular music in four moods—Humour, Romance, Solo and Rhythm. You will get some refrains by Leslie Holmes in the humorous section, and Olive Groves and Danny Malone will take part in the lovey-dovey part. As for the rhythm, it will be taken from some modern dance music. Christopher Stone to father the whole show.

Looking a bit ahead. August 5 is in Portsmouth Navy Week. There will be a religious service relayed from the deck of the old *Victory* when an address will be given by the Chaplain of the Fleet, the Ven. Archdeacon Peashall, D.S.O., R.N.

Gordon McConnell is producing a new adaptation from *The Cousin From Nowhere* on August 9. As usual, he will dispense with a narrator. The plot—even changes of scene—will be explained in the text of the play. Very few effects; a good deal of music.

Some good relays for Midland Regional listeners. One is from Malvern on Sunday, July 22. It is a concert in which Leslie Heward will conduct the City of Birmingham Orchestra. Harriet Cohen, the well-known pianist, is to play a concerto by William Walton, who has made so many recent successes.

On the 24th the Grenadier Guards will be relayed from Derby. On the 27th comes the first relay from Skegness. The Arcadia Follies, who are well known in Skegness, are to provide the entertainment. I rather think this will be a good show.

For those who like string music—I always think it sounds first-rate by wireless—should

listen to the Birmingham Phil. String Orchestra on the 25th.

The western side of the country will get a Schubert programme—and what is more attractive? On the 23rd, Mary Hamlin will sing some of the best-known Schubert songs. I see also that there is a relay on the 20th from Llandudno when an excerpt will be taken from the 1934 Evening Follies. They have a great reputation, so you must hear them.

Northerners may look forward to two sporting events on the 21st. The first of these is the Northern Lawn Tennis Tournament played at Didsbury, Manchester. It will be described in an eye-witness account by E. J. Sampson. The other event takes the form of a running commentary on a Speedway meeting, and will come from Belle Vue during the course of the fourth Test match this year between England and Australia. The commentator is Bernard Gray.

Scottish listeners will be sure to tune in to hear Harry Gordon again from his usual lair, the Beach Pavilion, Aberdeen, on July 24. I hear great things of Harry and his troupe. I am told they have never been in better form.

On the 28th there is to be a discussion over Berwick-on-Tweed, when there is to be a sort of musical argument about the kingdoms of England and Scotland. If they are going to quarrel over the question as to whether Berwick is Scottish or English, I can settle that question for them here and now. It is English, and has been for fifty years.

Seymour Hicks and Claire Luce, two of the stars in "Vintage Wine," listen to the B.B.C. programmes on a Halcyon receiver. The Australian Test team had one of these sets permanently installed at their London Headquarters

REAL PHOTOGRAPHS of Radio Stars

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

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



Radio Pictorial is enjoyed by these outdoor listeners as one of the new features.

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

Last Wednesday the King opened the new tunnel under the River Mersey between Birkenhead and Liverpool. The tunnel has been built to take four lines of motor traffic, and will save motorists in that part of the world a lot of time and inconvenience.

NOW READY!
RADIO PICTORIAL
Binders for the next twenty-six
issues—Send for yours
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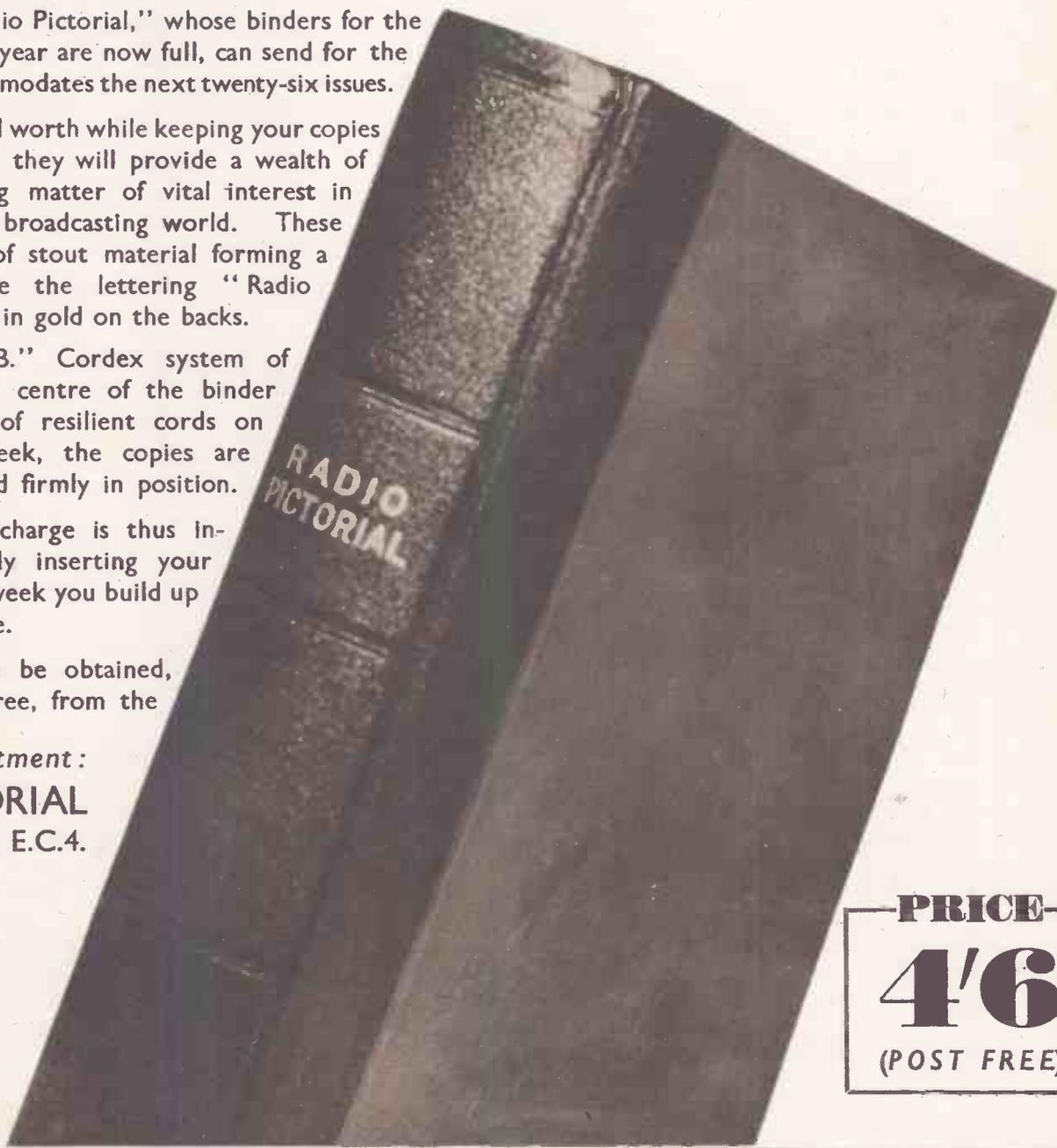
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