

NORTH REGIONAL DIRECTOR - PAGE PORTRAIT

2^D

EVERY
FRIDAY

RADIO PICTORIAL

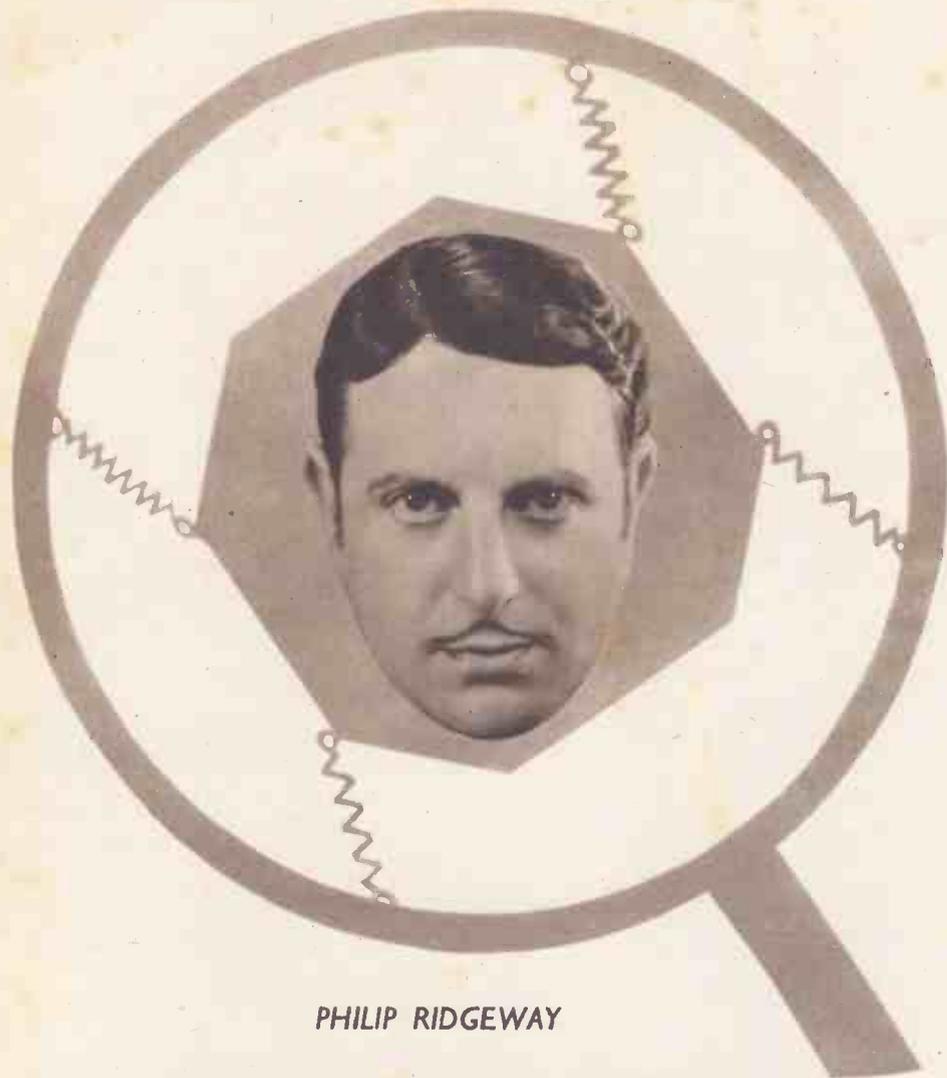


ELSIE CARLISLE

At HOME
with LEHAR

J. MURRAY SMITH'S
—MURDER CLUB FOR CROONERS—

12 Beautiful Photographs of RADIO STARS for 1/3



PHILIP RIDGEWAY

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LESLIE WESTON
THE ROOSTERS

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Never before has such a variety of portraits of such marvellous quality been offered and remember that only **RADIO PICTORIAL** can produce them at so low a price.

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

"RADIO STARS,"

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free!

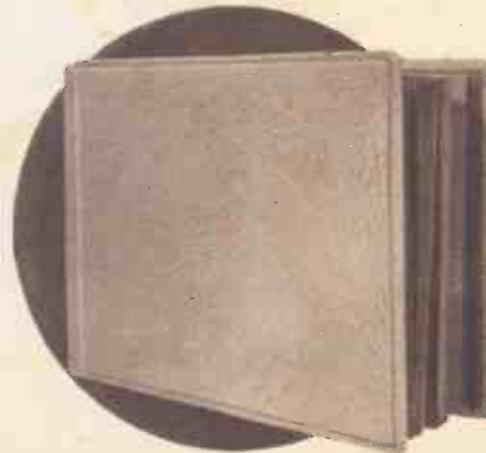
* If more than a dozen required increase amount of P.O. by 1/3 per dozen.

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

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Send for your first set of portraits TO-DAY.



If there are others, not in these lists, that you would like—write and let us know



The Man Behind
the NORTHERN
PROGRAMMES

Edward Harding, who, as North Regional director of the B.B.C., is largely responsible for guiding programme policy in the North of England.

Why You Should Join the Constructor Crusaders

THE following are five good reasons why you should be a **CONSTRUCTOR CRUSADER**. Fill up the coupon at the foot of the page and enrol to-day.

- 1.—Every Constructor Crusader will receive a full-size blueprint, immediately on publication, of each of the four star sets to be described in "Amateur Wireless" during the 1934-1935 season. These sets will be released on August 15, October 3 (1934), and January 23 and March 13 (1935).
- 2.—Every member will also be entitled to free technical advice in connection with any or all of the four special Crusader sets mentioned above (each query must be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for the reply). In the case of queries regarding any other "Amateur Wireless" sets the usual rules of the Information Bureau must be observed.
- 3.—All Constructor Crusaders are invited to contribute ideas and suggestions to the Constructor Crusaders' Corner. Constructive suggestions will be especially helpful and will be interpreted by the "Amateur Wireless" Technical Staff as far as possible to the advantage of all set builders.
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Please enrol me as a member of the Constructor Crusaders. I enclose postal order for 1s. to cover postage on four free blueprints and office expenses (and also an extra 1s. for buttonhole badge).* It is understood that I shall be entitled to free technical advice on any matters concerning the four free blueprint sets. My name and address are:

RP27.1934

Value of Postal Order Enclosed	For office use only.			
	No.	C	B	L
*Delete if not required				

Radio Pictorial — No. 28

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

J. Murray SMITH Suggests . . .

*A Murder Club for***CROONERS!**

J MAY be suffering from a confusion of ideas. As psychologists and such-like would say, a kind of mental traffic-jam.

It is not improbable. I have been listening-in a lot lately.

Now, unless I am mistaken (see paragraph one), the original Murder Club consisted of gentlemen who were one and all willing to risk the long drop. Each of them would go out and polish off a victim, for some reason which I have forgotten.

Now the time is ripe, I feel, for the establishment of a new and up-to-date Murder Club. In fact, without further preamble, I'll ask you to imagine that it is already founded and then I can show you it in operation.

Agreed? Good. Then we'll visit the palatial headquarters of the Club, which are located in that massive pile known to all and sundry as the English counterpart of the Empire State Building, New York.

You have guessed? Of course! Peabody Buildings it is, then, and we are in good time to climb the fine stone stairs to the seventh floor.

We enter the outer office boldly enough, noting at once that it is liberally strewn with attractive young women. You might expect one of them to speak to you, to ask your business, but the fact of the matter is that they are crooning fans and therefore quite dumb.

Most of them are occupied in signing photographs, copying large signatures hung in front of their desks; and they all work with expressions of sheer ecstasy on their faces. The electricity is turned off from the main, as they all have a fanatical light in their eyes.

At the other end of this large outer chamber there is a door, and through this we discover the sanctum of the secretary himself. He wears an enormous rosette on his breast, like a target, and you get the impression that someone launched a miniature torpedo at it, which, going rather wide of the mark, somehow lodged in his mouth. You might imagine, at first glance, that he is sitting inside a hole in the floor—a mistaken impression conveyed by the fact that his desk occupies almost the entire floor space.

Now just stand on one side and we'll witness our friend in action. You have already realised by the way he champs at the cigar, that he is an American of Polish extraction.

In a few moments there enters a young man of fresh complexion and slightly mincing gait. He is exquisitely dressed and in one hand he carries a lily.

The secretary looks up, scowls and dips the cigar in a kind of salute.

"So yer wanna sign up, huh?" says the secretary.

"Please," says the young man, with a gulp, and in little more than a whisper.

The secretary looks at him closely and presses a button. An extension arm, bearing a microphone, swings out from the wall and touches the young man on the nose. The secretary clips a pair of earphones over his head, and then booms across the table:

"Are you a murderer?"

For a moment the young man hesitates. He is closing his eyes and murmuring into the mike, so that we have to strain to catch the reply.

"Well, I play the saxo—"

"Yes, but could you murder, say, 'Sally'?"

It is a queer scene. The large American, with his badge of office, booming across the polished surface,

(Continued on page 21)



MISTAKES



the end of the page, he turned the sheets with particular care.

It was bad luck that *two* pages were caught by his thumb.

His place was lost, and the illusion was destroyed. The microphone never forgives, and words whispered in its presence are fatally irrevocable.

Announcers are human fellows, and their slips sometimes make amusing hearing. It is a tribute to their concentration that there are not more to record.

Every time they mispronounce a word, six listeners write to the B.B.C. and six more send letters to the press.

Their's is a thankless job, well done.

Quite the funniest break, I think, occurred in the news, when a B.B.C. Announcer was reading about an eruption of Vesuvius. "The volcano is still active," he said, "and streams of *lager* are pouring down the countryside."

Far the strangest mistakes occur behind the scenes, and more often than not the victims are unconscious at the time that anything untoward has occurred.

There was a the case of a baritone who was engaged to sing in a play.

His voice was needed as a background to one brief scene in the drama and he was placed in a studio by himself with a piano. Several studios were in use for this production and the cast were grouped before microphones in different parts of the building, which were all linked to the dramatic control panel where the producer was at work with his script. By turning a dial he could bring into the use any studio which he needed, and it was arranged that the singer should start his serenade when a green lamp lit by his piano.

It was his cue, and he could stop when that light went out.

The play had been in progress about ten minutes when he took his cue and began to sing. Listeners heard about three minutes of his song, and very effective it was, too, as a background to

the love scene. Forty minutes later, when the play was over, he was still singing to himself in that studio. The producer's assistant had forgotten to switch off the cue light and, weary but unbeaten, the artist had gone on singing.

Fifteen times he had given that song, without pause!

The other day an artist engaged for the first time to broadcast in an afternoon programme was led by a page to a studio on the sixth floor and asked to wait. "They will be here soon," he said as he left a rather nervous little figure on a big settee against the wall. He was wrong, for they never came her way, being busily engaged in broadcasting from a studio on the floor above. To the newcomer the tower at Broadcasting House is a place of mystery and it is not altogether surprising that this artist should have sat in that studio waiting, as instructed, until the time for her broadcast had passed.

How was she to know that the attendant had mistaken the floor?

Anyway, a future date was arranged, and now we know her voice quite well.

With two hundred microphones distributed about London, in restaurants, ballrooms, cinemas and other places more or less accessible to the public, it is surprising that so little unwanted sound is relayed.

The little bit of marble with a gauze face by the band is no longer a novelty and the temptation for a dancer, when passing, to call out, "Hallo Mum; love to Dad," is no longer irresistible.

Ten years ago such incidents were fairly common.

To-day they rarely occur and when they do greater subtlety is usually employed. Recently dance music fans may have noticed a feminine laugh, remarkable and rather infectious, which was broadcast between several items whenever late dance music was relayed from a certain West End hotel. Its possessor was a regular visitor to the restaurant and, with the assistance of her partner, she often contrived to be near to the band at the end of a number.

The mike then picked up her peculiar laugh and some listening friends knew that she was enjoying herself.

It was a harmless vanity and it must have been fun for her while it lasted, but detection followed and, lest listeners should be irritated, that mike was faded out at the end of each dance.

Now she laughs no longer when she stops by the band!

Talks are so well ordered that mistakes rarely occur.

A member of the talks department is present, either in the studio or in the listening room adjoining, whenever a speaker is before the mike and, in emergency, a bell push at the side of his table signals to the control room to disconnect the speaker.

Last year William Ferrie, who was to speak in a series, obtained notoriety.

At rehearsal in the afternoon he had read a manuscript in the studio and at night, when his talk was announced, gave no indication that he would fail to say his piece.

Then, alone with the mike, he explained in three sentences why he would not deal with the subject. He stopped and a sensation was caused. Had he continued the signal would have been given and his microphone would have been disconnected.

It is several years since such drastic treatment was needed.

The classic case concerns a speaker who was giving a talk about the Stock Exchange from Savoy Hill. His manuscript had been read and approved and, at the end of the talk, the announcer was waiting to make the closing announcement when he heard: "If you take my tip, you will buy. . . ."

"HELL, where am I?" cried the famous patter comedian, fumbling with his script, and, perhaps, a million listeners were shocked. It was a variety programme and he was broadcasting from the vaudeville studio in the basement at Broadcasting House.

Standing on a small grey carpeted stage, he had the orchestra below him, a few friends in the seats behind and a microphone in a stand at the level of his face. He was reading, as usual, from a script, four pages of closely typed foolscap, secured at the top left-hand corner by a pin. Paper is inclined to rustle—such a sound would reveal that his gags were prepared, so, when he got to



at the MIKE John TRENT

Acting quickly, the announcer pressed the bell push; the mike was disconnected and what might have been an invaluable boost for some shares was dissipated in the barren studio air to an audience of one! Once a speaker is successfully launched on a talk, the announcer

Such cases are rare, but the profession laughed when a programme contained a lyric which had failed to pass the vigilance committee of the gramophone recording companies. The song was afterwards reconsidered by this powerful body and was then recorded!

A strange misfortune marred J. B. Priestley's first appearance before the microphone. He was ready, the studio was prepared, and the announcer was waiting, but where was the manuscript? The author had left a copy at Broadcasting House that afternoon and had



"... fifteen times he had given that song without pause"

"Quite the funniest break, I think, occurred in the news, when a B.B.C. announcer was reading about an eruption of Vesuvius. 'The volcano is still active,' he said, 'and streams of lager are pouring down the countryside'"

withdraws from the studio.

In the old days he would frequently remain and some intimate "asides" were sometimes broadcast at the end of a talk, the speaker forgetting in his exuberance that the microphone was still alive. The best example of this type of mistake occurred at the end of a sermon given in the studio when the preacher spoke in these terms. "... and may we all meet in Heaven. I don't think . . ."

The sermon ended at the word "Heaven," after which the parson turned to the announcer and remarked: "I don't think that I was too long."

An engineer in the control room, realising that the service was over, switched off the microphone, but the first three words addressed to the announcer were broadcast with the curious effect shown above.

The B.B.C. is rightly careful that no questionable material or advertising matter is included in any part of the programme.

Lyrics and gags which raise laughter in the music hall are sometimes unsuitable for broadcasting. Material of this type is amended at rehearsal, but in the excitement of the actual performance, alterations have occasionally been overlooked.

not thought that it was necessary to bring another.

There are several hundred rooms at Broadcasting House and all the likely offices were searched in a hectic ten minutes while Britain waited, but that manuscript could not be found and the talk had to be postponed.

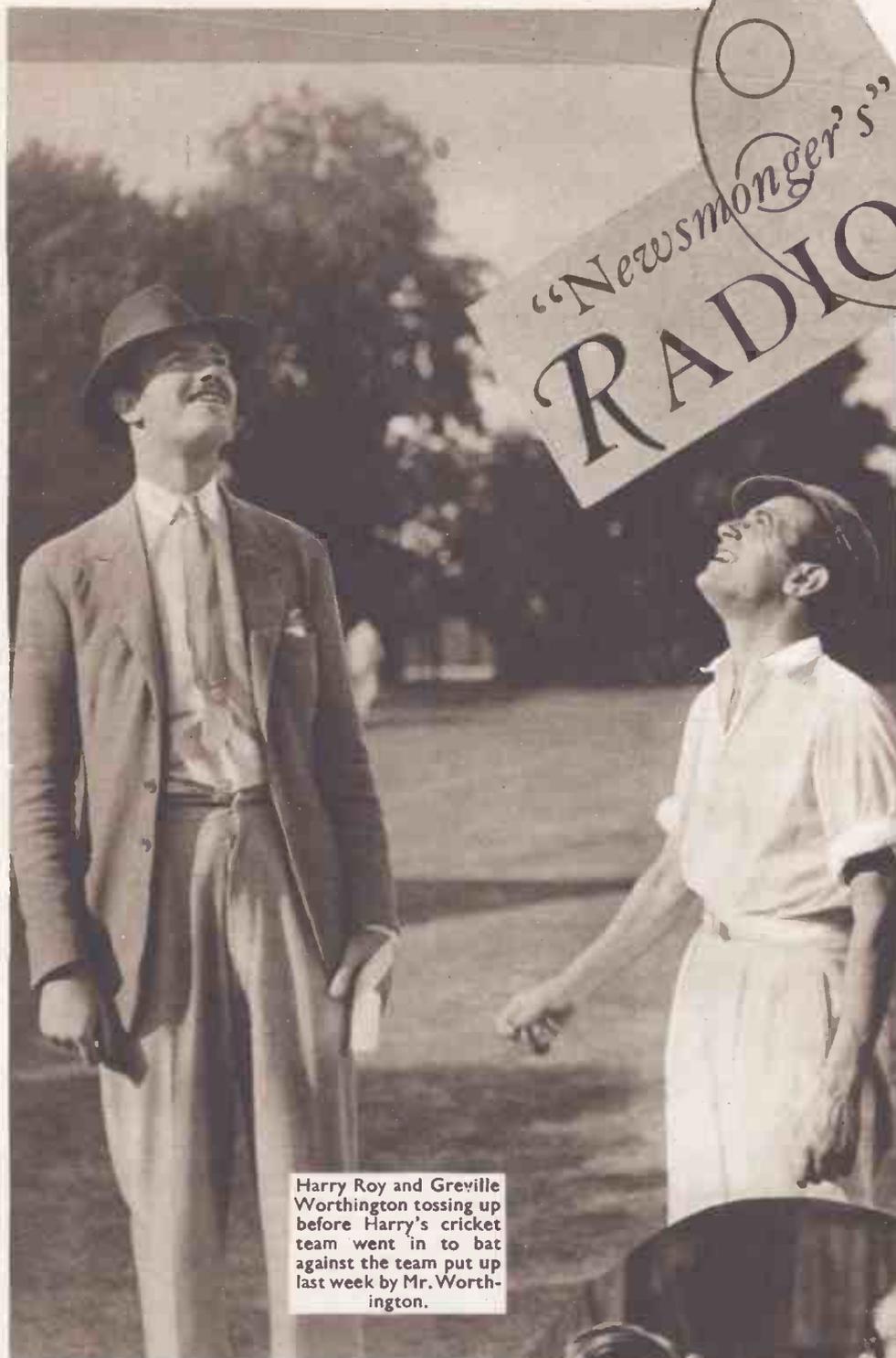
Few talkers are sufficiently confident to

Continued on page 22



William Ferrie (in circle) who made an outburst at the B.B.C. microphone during a talks series

What's on in the Radio World



Harry Roy and Greville Worthington tossing up before Harry's cricket team went in to bat against the team put up last week by Mr. Worthington.

Charles is Back

JRAN into Charles Brewer in Regent Street. He had just returned from Denmark and was looking very well and sunburnt. He and his mother had been together to Copenhagen, where Charles had inspected the broadcasting station, and had then spent their time lazily, Charles producing freckles rather than vaudeville shows. Special article about him on page 9.

Its Fascination

Hedde Nash, the famous tenor, always swore he would never learn the tenor role in *Carmen*. However, Eustace Robb persuaded him to take part in an art version for television.

He was so intrigued with the television show, and his part in it, that he went back on his

previous decision and decided to learn the whole part.

Another Holidaymaker

Hermione Gingold is taking things easily on the sunny shores of Lake Maggiore. Not that she need go there to get sun. There is plenty outside Broadcasting House. But she has had an operation and has been recuperating and spending her time bathing.

She is to sing in *Wild Violets*, of which her husband, Eric Maschwitz, is now preparing a version for broadcasting in the autumn.

Crooner on Tour

Casani Club "fans" who missed Dawn Davis, the popular vocalist of Charlie Kunz' Band, last week will be interested to know that she made a flying visit to the Argyle at Birkenhead, a theatre well known to listeners by the relays from its stage.

From the amazing reception she had there is no doubt that the popularity of London vocalists and bands is not only a thing of the south alone but is also definitely very strong in the north. During her stage appearances she was accompanied on the piano, as usual, by Cinders Gaye.

Radio and Film Star

Jessie Matthews has made such a name for herself in broadcasting just recently, having starred in past variety shows and having been a guest in a recent Henry Hall Guest Night, that one is reminded of the big part she has played in British films. In fairness, it should have been stated that Miss Matthews is under contract to Gaumont-British, and the fine portrait of her published on the opening page of the July 6 issue of *RADIO PICTORIAL* was actually taken of her by "G.B." photographers.

Serious Side of Broadcasting

We are apt to think of broadcasting almost entirely in terms of entertainment, but radio still has its serious side. For instance, it is proving invaluable in police work. Bandit cars can now be tracked down by radio, and the latest move is to guide radio-equipped police patrol cars from a police aeroplane scouring the countryside. Marconi experts provided miniature broadcasting sets for police cars and aeroplane at a recent demonstration, witnessed by a *RADIO PIC.* correspondent, and the Chief Constable of Leicestershire (Captain C. E. Lynch-Blosse) has actually succeeded in identifying "wanted" cars from the air. During the test at the Leicester aerodrome a dummy bandit car was traced by a police plane, and the Marconi apparatus guided the radio-equipped patrol car to the main road on which the "bandit" was travelling.



Watching the match — Tommy Venn, Harry Roy's guitar player, and Princess Elizabeth of Sarawak

£500 for Hughie

Hughie Green has had a cable from America offering him the miserable

salary of £500 a week to take his celebrated Gang and do an extensive tour of the States.

Whether he can accept such an offer depends on circumstances. Many of his Gang are only twelve or thirteen years of age and the Home Office may have something to say about it. Usually, juveniles must have attained their fourteenth birthday before they are regarded officially as fully-fledged artists.

Their Chevalier Show

Max Kester and William Disher surprised me in a Regent Street café one morning. They were telling me how difficult they found it to do that excellent little show on Chevalier in ten minutes. Next year, however, Mr. Disher hopes to write a really good scene and to obtain a longer period for its transmission.

Oiling Jim

There is a young comedian-imitator coming on, who may turn out rather well! Did you chance to hear Clifford Stanton the other Saturday night? He was run into a vaudeville show at the last moment. Anyhow, he's a "find." This young man is a sort of manager for Arthur Prince. John Sharman told me he looks after Arthur and oils "Jim" or whatever a ventriloquist's doll needs in that way. Arthur Prince has a very high opinion of this young man. He approached Sharman to get him to hear Stanton. John heard him and got him put into an Empire Show. I think it must have been during a rehearsal that Eric Maschwitz heard him. That was enough. Clifford Stanton was officially considered a "find." I agree. I thought his imitations exceedingly clever. These light entertainment officials are ever on the watch for new talent.

A Diversion

There was a diversion at Broadcasting House the other morning. A large bull-dog came in and began wandering about. He was one of the vicious-looking sort. The commissionaires became somewhat unnerved and someone

Radio on serious business — police pilots mapping out the route before going off to track a bandit car by means of wireless, as described in an accompanying paragraph. The police car's radio is shown in the circle photograph.



A photograph of the police radio test made recently before the Chief Constable of Leicestershire



called: "Turn him out!" I noticed nobody had to be held back.

Half an hour later the dog was still there and sound asleep. He belonged to one of the Charlot Hour people, who was rehearsing for the evening's broadcast. The dog was allowed in the studio during Charlot's Hour and did a little broadcasting.

rehearsing a new classical piano act which will shortly be on the air, arranging an ambitious concerto for piano and orchestra, which he has just written, and setting the lyrics of a new musical comedy. Jack, who was responsible for the music of "Midland Masquerade," has just written a number called "For the Love of Mike."

Jack's "Fans"

For a week while Henry Hall is away in Sussex on holiday, Marius Winter and Maurice Winnick will be playing with their bands in the studio. On the other week, Jack Payne returns to the mike and I expect to find a crush of his fans waiting outside Broadcasting House each evening at six. Autograph hunters are more faithful to happy Jack than to any other band leader who is not broadcasting regularly.

Busy Days!

Jack Hill, the young Midland radio pianist and composer is having a busy time just lately. In addition to taking the second piano with Jack Wilson as "The Two Jacks," he is

The Twiddleknobs—by FERRIER



BEFORE DECIDING ON THEIR ANNUAL SEASIDE RESIDENCE

THE TWIDDLEKNOBS TEST ITS ACOUSTIC PROPERTIES!

FRIDAY

CALLED with orange juice at 7.45. Felt quite sprightly this morning and had a quick cold shower, and was into riding kit by 8.15. Then to Richmond.—A perfectly lovely morning, and I rode for three-quarters of an hour.

Home and had my bath and was ready for breakfast at 10. Fruit, coffee, brown bread and honey. Opened the mail—all the usual stuff, including an offer for a theatre engagement in Paris. After breakfast, answered one or two letters, and went over songs for evening broadcast, arrived at St. George's Hall for rehearsal at 11.25.

Slightly reprimanded for being late—the call was for 10.30. I looked appealingly round at all the others who were there and said I thought they could have begun without me.

John Sharman gave me a wink and a smile and pretended to be severe. "It doesn't matter if the whole British Army is here; you were called for 10.30."

Had to go through my numbers first with Kneale Kelley, who was conducting, and arrange what I wanted. But the rehearsal proper didn't start till twelve. Then the band parts were lacking in the brass section, and the arranger had to write them on the spot. Finally everybody satisfied.

Then a press photographer appeared, and of course I wanted to do my hair and powder my nose, but John S. insisted that I should go into the group at once. "Just as you are, just as you are." Felt horribly unprepared. Why is it that photographers always choose a day when you are in clothes with which you are fed to the teeth?

Lunched with Hakens, the song writer, at the Escargot Bienvenu. We didn't seem to see eye to eye about these two songs we sold to Chapell's.

Simply smothered the table with MSS., to the great embarrassment of the waiter.

Arrived at the recording studios in Abbey Road at 2.10 and recorded four new numbers, including Ray Noble's latest, "The Very Thought of You." Also "Butterfingers."

A Week in My Life

by ANONA WINN

Home again by five, and took the puppy for a walk in Regent's Park, where we met an aggressive Alsatian who threatened battle. Luckily we escaped. Also met Anna Neagle, and arranged to lunch to-morrow.

Home to discuss household affairs with the staff, settle meals and so on until I began to feel absolutely worn out. Who would try to combine the domestic duties of the housewife with the demands of a profession?

Rested for three-quarters of an hour, during which time I heard the phone ring continually, but refused to answer it, and Mina knows better than to disturb me.

Reached St. George's Hall at 8.10 for the broadcast—having had nothing to eat, of course, as I was going to sing. Sang two songs I recorded this afternoon, also the Gipsy Tenor Burlesque, in response to urgent requests. Very flattering!

Autograph hunters outside as usual, to the number of thirty or forty also as usual, a most extraordinary and baffling collection of pens and pencils. Feel sure I would not recognise my signatures again if I saw them.

Home to belated supper at nine-fifteen, with Freddy. The first time I'd seen my poor husband all day. Ate gallons of ice-cream! Thank heaven, they never forget that—and felt revived.

A few people dropped in, among them Shirley Darbyshire, always enjoy her articles on the housewifely crafts. She is just off to Australia, so we had a long talk about that. Switched on to dance music at 10.30.

SATURDAY

Woke up with the glad feeling of No Rehearsal this morning, and rode in the park for a full hour. Glorious. Came back to find an urgent telephone message from the film studio, wanted immediately—must be on the set at once.

Hurriedly put off my lunch appointment and rushed down to the Studio.

I was shown the song I'd got to sing, and was told to learn it at once. I had to double for Miss—who was starring in the film and was to have sung. But she apparently had suddenly been seized with mike fright, at the last moment.

Lunched in the studio restaurant and walked in the fields of Elstree afterwards, learning the song, and singing to the birds and cows.

Finished at 7.30. Home again to lie

down to rest. Amazing how fresh I felt after it—expected to feel much more tired.

Had an engagement to sing at the Anglo-American Oil Co., dinner at the Dorchester; got there at

ten. Wore my new opalescent sequin. A charming audience.

Went straight from the Dorchester to the B.B.C. for Henry Hall's Guest Night. What a day!

Met Freddy at last at the Savoy Grill. Marie Burke and her daughter Pat there; also Natalie Hall and her husband, Barry McKay, whom I congratulated on his successful debut in "Evergreen." All the usual faces.

Saw Carroll Gibbons in the foyer as I was leaving. Told him how I looked forward to hearing him on the air again.

Home and to bed at 1.30.

SUNDAY

Frightfully tired after a crowded day. Lay in bed till 10.30. Then down to the cottage at Angmering. Changed into old clothes—shorts, celanese shirt, enormous hat and gardening gloves, and spent a peaceful day gardening.

Went to evensong and on the way home, everybody stopped to talk about the broadcast on Friday. They were very candid, and all highly interested—considered me a "local," I suppose.

Had a really early night.

MONDAY

Awakened by the birds at 6.30! The country is so peaceful! Was up by seven-thirty and had a lovely ride over the downs. Picked flowers from the garden for flat in town, and then back to town for a television rehearsal, but had lunch first in the canteen at the B.B.C. Then the rehearsal—how

I hate that make-up!—with the lights, the engineers, sound and full orchestra.

Had to be at a dress fitting at five, and managed it, a little late. My new frock looks as if it is going to turn out very well.

Rested till seven, and dined at home. Wish I could do this more often. Played bridge with Freddie and the Barrys till ten.

Then off once more to the B.B.C. to get made up for television which

(Continued on page 21)



The snapshots on this page are from Anona Winn's own snapshot album . . . but her week is not always one long holiday!

MEN Who MAKE Your VARIETY

No. 4. — Charles BREWER

CHARLES BREWER is that unusual type of producer—a "gentlemanly" man. He is a sensitive, thoughtful soul who could never bear to hurt anyone.

He is the son of the late Sir Herbert Brewer, one-time organist of Gloucester Cathedral. I remember his father in the days of my own youth and see much in Charles reminding me of him.

Possibly the refinement so obvious in his make-up is responsible for his appealing to a certain type of listener so far as his productions are concerned. He goes for delicacy in humour when he can get it.

Although in his *Scrap-Book* shows he finds it necessary to adopt the multiple-studio principle, he works in a single studio whenever he can.

To Charles' mind burlesque is one of the finest forms of comedy, but he puts strict reservations on the statement. Burlesque, in his view, fails in its purpose if it is overdone. He will allow it to sail close to the ridiculous but watches every line carefully.

As a consequence of this—a principle with him—he spends a good deal of time cutting broad comedy out of scenes and sketches.

Incidentally, he says there is very little bur-

lesque, of the standard he requires, to be found.

Brewer considers there is a difference between burlesque and satire. He prefers the former to the latter, because satire is so often cruel.

From my description of him already given, you will readily understand his opposition to anything cruel.

He likes to make his audiences chuckle.

Therein lies an interesting difference between Brewer and Sharman as builders of programmes. Sharman, knowing his public, will never rest until he gets a roar of amusement from his audiences.

Brewer's productions appeal to an entirely different mind.

As wireless audiences are drawn from every type of mind, both styles of production have their value.

One imagines Brewer took a certain amount of risk when he tried out those *Tea-Mixtures* on Saturday afternoons last winter. They were successful and will be repeated in the autumn.

He declares their success was largely due to the compères



Romance is conjured up at the microphone by B.B.C. producers who put artists into form for their broadcasts. The human side of each of the producer's jobs is described in this series by Whitaker-Wilson.



he provided for them. He has always favoured the idea of having an announcer who will do something more than just announce. He considers the method of employing a first-rate comedian, good at this sort of thing, to be thoroughly sound from the radio point of view.

Brewer is keen on the intimate side of broadcasting.

He chooses his compères with the greatest care. He expects the compère to contribute something towards the entertainment personally, but success in this direction does not, in his eyes, excuse failure in the routine work of "compèring."

So keen is Charles on the note of intimacy that he tries experiments of all kinds. He welcomes an audience at most times, but if he thinks his artists can do better without one, he will produce a show behind closed doors without anyone present, excepting those directly concerned.

Charles Brewer first made his name in Birmingham where he made many successes under Percy Edgar.

He considers the most successful of his shows there were the *Nine-Thirty Novelties* which he originated. Of these he produced not less than fifteen. They gained popularity not only in the Midlands, but throughout the country generally. They were frequently relayed to other transmitters.

Another invention was a series called *Vignettes of Variety*.

These recalled memories of the old music-halls. These shows differed considerably from Wilson Disher's with which listeners have become so familiar more recently.

Edgar Wallace's well-known play, *The Calendar*, as presented by the Ferranti Amateur Dramatic Society

Brewer was responsible for the last musical comedy broadcast from Savoy Hill. You will not have forgotten it—*Little Miss Make-Believe*.



When Native
INDIA
Discovers
Radio!

Broadcasting Would Bring
Peace in India
says
Suresh VAIDYA

THE ambitious scheme of the Government of India to spread a network of broadcasting stations all over India, embracing the 500,000 villages, holds out the possibility of ushering in a new era for the Indian peasant.

Up to the present all efforts of Indian broadcasting have been directed towards the entertainment of the urban population, leaving the large masses in the villages entirely unprovided for. The number of licence-holders has constantly increased, but the figure is now only about 25,000, which means one set to every 20,000 people.

But in a country where the majority of the inhabitants live in their secluded homes in the villages far removed from the hurry and bustle of town life, broadcasting has immense potentiality for development.

In the Indian country life its need is felt to be far greater than in the large cities.

The Indian peasant, who leads an isolated life in his small village and trusts the wayfarer to supply him with news of the outside world, will find the radio a great friend on whom to rely for information and amusement.

I remember an incident when havoc was caused in a small town in a southern district of the Madras Presidency where I was spending a few days.

The Government officials had sent out warnings of locusts to the neighbouring villagers. One of them who was supposed to have given us the news that evening changed his mind and went to his father-in-law's place. It was some twenty miles away from our town.

The result was that we woke up the next morning to see all the November harvest lying in ruins.

Had the information been broadcast to the villagers, the destruction would have been averted. This is where the wireless could come to the rescue of the peasant, to whom such catastrophes spell starvation and poverty.

The need for keeping the Indian peasant in touch with all the important happenings in the country is recognised by all. The comparative obscurity and isolation in which the peasant lives is indeed disastrous for the growth of proper civic sense in the country.

Here is an instance of how the poor peasant was duped of his fortune by the crafty middleman—all because the peasant had no knowledge of the lucky position in which he was placed.

In 1927, most of the cotton crop of India was washed away by heavy floods, except some tracts in the Central Provinces, and as a result cotton prices were forced up.

The crafty *bania* (money-

lender), who is, in the majority of cases, the middleman, bought from the peasants all their stock at very low prices and made a fortune by disposing it at record prices.

If the peasant had known of the monopoly he held, he could have reaped the benefit of his labour instead of allowing the moneylender to enrich himself.

One can thus see how important it is for the Indian peasant to remain constantly in touch with the outside world. The newspaper is of little value to him. He does not know how to read.

Besides, the majority of papers published in India contain scanty information on subjects which would be useful to his trade and wellbeing.



Photo: by Cowling,
from
Ewing Galloway

the well-known investigator into Indian social and economic problems, who has lived for many years in the villages he describes

The wireless is the best medium through which he can get the necessary information. One can see how its development is essential for the welfare of the Indian village life.

It must be admitted that the prices of radio equipment in comparison to the meagre income of the Indian peasant are high enough to be prohibitive.

In view of the existing poverty of the Indian masses, the possession of private sets is impracticable. The whole village will have to subscribe for its purchase and maintenance.

Russia has successfully carried out her project of installing wireless sets in all the villages and towns in her Eastern territories. To-day the Turkish peasant and the Mongol nomad receives his advice on the loud-speaker for the better cultivation of the collective farm on which he is working.

The Indian peasant, too, is steeped in ignorance and isolation like his Turkish brother, and the radio can come to his aid and enlighten him.

A friend of mine who travelled extensively in the eastern part of the U.S.S.R. related to me the miracle the wireless had worked for the Muslim women of Russia.

Not many years ago they had just sat quietly in their mud-plastered huts, spinning cotton yarn and weaving it into coarse cloth in their antiquated looms. My friend became eloquent in describing the conditions.

"The spirit of modernism," he said, "dominates the Turkish woman. They are no longer like bleating sheep who unquestioningly submit to the tyranny which illiteracy and ignorance has bred in those parts for ages.

"All thanks to the miracle of broadcasting."

The same law holds good with Indian women, who are in no better condition than their Russian sisters of five years ago. All efforts of the reformers to drag Indian women out of the mire of slothfulness and ignorance have borne hardly any results. Where they have failed radio can succeed.

Stars at

Home—28

LEHAR

—the man who

wrote

“You are my Heart’s Delight”

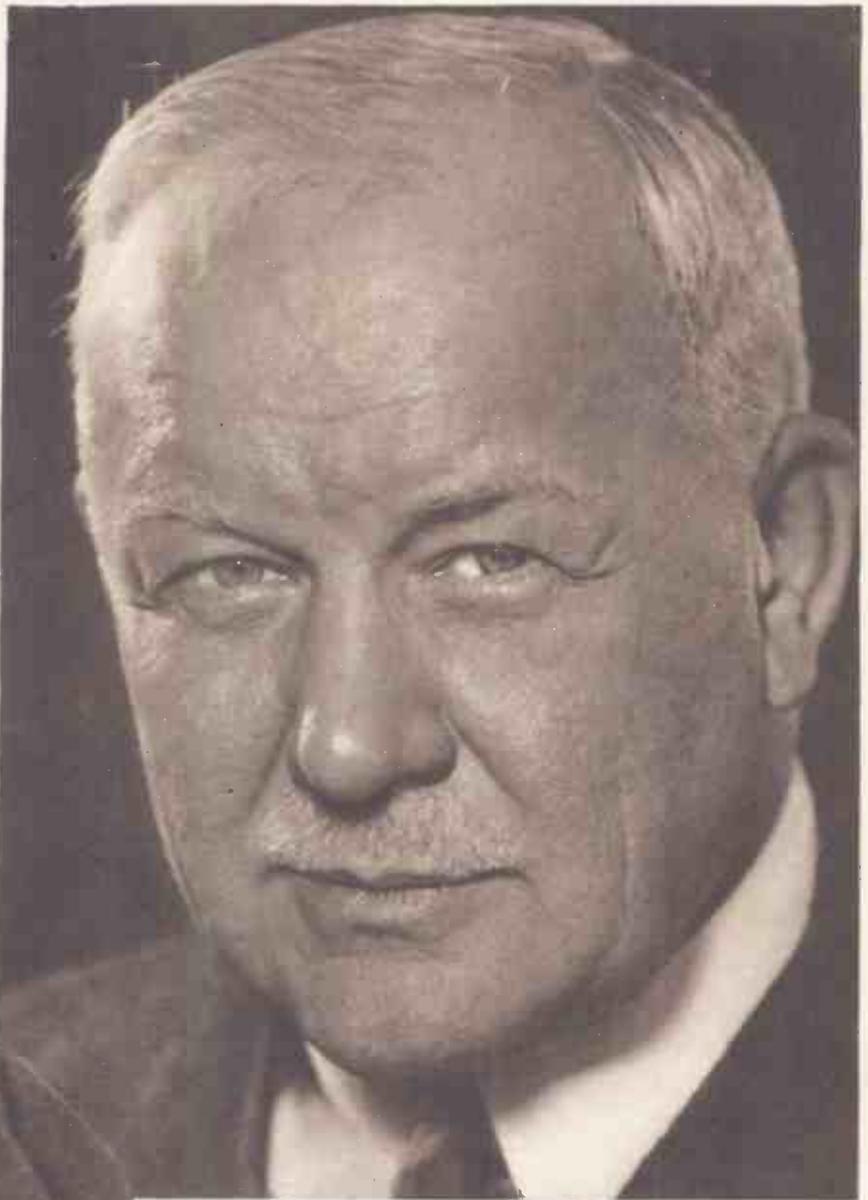
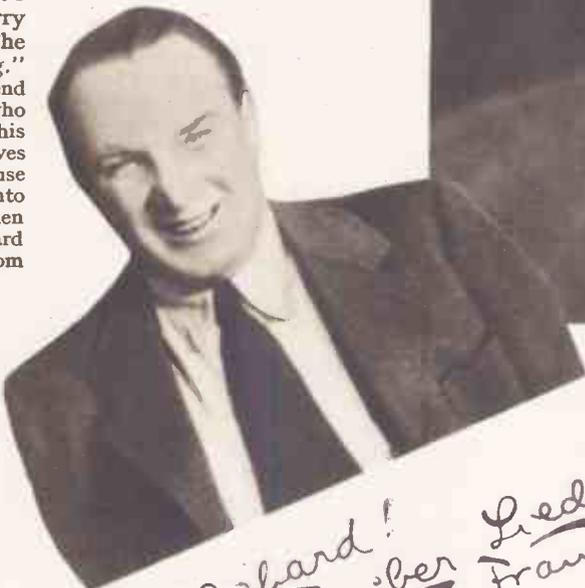
An elderly man with a genial smile is behind some of the most popular music of to-day—“The Land of Smiles” (from which comes “You are My Heart’s Delight”), “The Merry Widow” and “The Count of Luxembourg.”

He is an intimate friend of the great Tauber, who has helped to make his music famous. And he lives in a delightful town house in Vienna . . . going into the country at Ischl when he wants to do some hard work and get away from busy life in *Wien*.

In his Vienna home, Franz has a secluded music room where he spends several hours every day, not only working on his own numbers, but going through a vast amount of music of other composers.

He is getting on in years. But he must keep up to date in music.

The world won't let



An exclusive portrait of Franz Lehar is given above, while (left) is the ever popular Richard Tauber. (Below, left) is a message from Lehar to Tauber, on the composition of “You are My Heart’s Delight.”

*Mein lieber Richard!
Kier hast Du dein Tauber Lied!!
Bad mel. 148. 1929 -
dein Franz*

him get stale. As he has given us many melodies which will live for generations, we expect him to be profuse in ideas.

He works in congenial surroundings. A pet dog is allowed into the music room while Franz is at work—the only visitor.

A large grand piano, a writing desk, a large bird-cage in the window, signed photographs of great sentimental value, a roll top desk . . . these are the things which impress themselves on your mind as you first enter Lehar's study.

The evenings are warm now in Vienna. The lofty windows are open wide as he practises and

composes. Not that he ever claims to be a great soloist . . . but many happy evenings are spent in musical recollection, and he is never happy unless his fingers are caressing the keys of his specially built piano.

Lehar has reached that stage in life when he can afford to look back . . . to his happy days at the famous Theater an der Wien, where he first won his big success with “The Merry Widow” . . . to the early days of his friendship with Puccini, the famous composer of “Mme. Butterfly.”

Puccini and Lehar were great friends. Both have written immortal melodies. In many ways their music shows the true gaiety of Vienna better than some of the so-called “Viennese” productions to-day.

Yet Lehar was not born in gay Vienna but at Komoram, in Hungary. His father was a military band master, and the young Franz was sent to Prague to study music. As a boy he sent two of his compositions to Dvorak for an opinion, and Dvorak advised Lehar to concentrate entirely on composition and to endeavour to express his

nationalism through his music. He took the job as first violinist in the orchestra of a German theatre and then went back to join his father's band in Vienna. For two years he concentrated on army work and then accepted the post of conductor of the orchestra at the Theater an der Wien.

He conducted many famous operas and operettas . . . young and enthusiastic, he decided that he could write material just as good himself. He worked hard. “The Merry Widow” was the result.

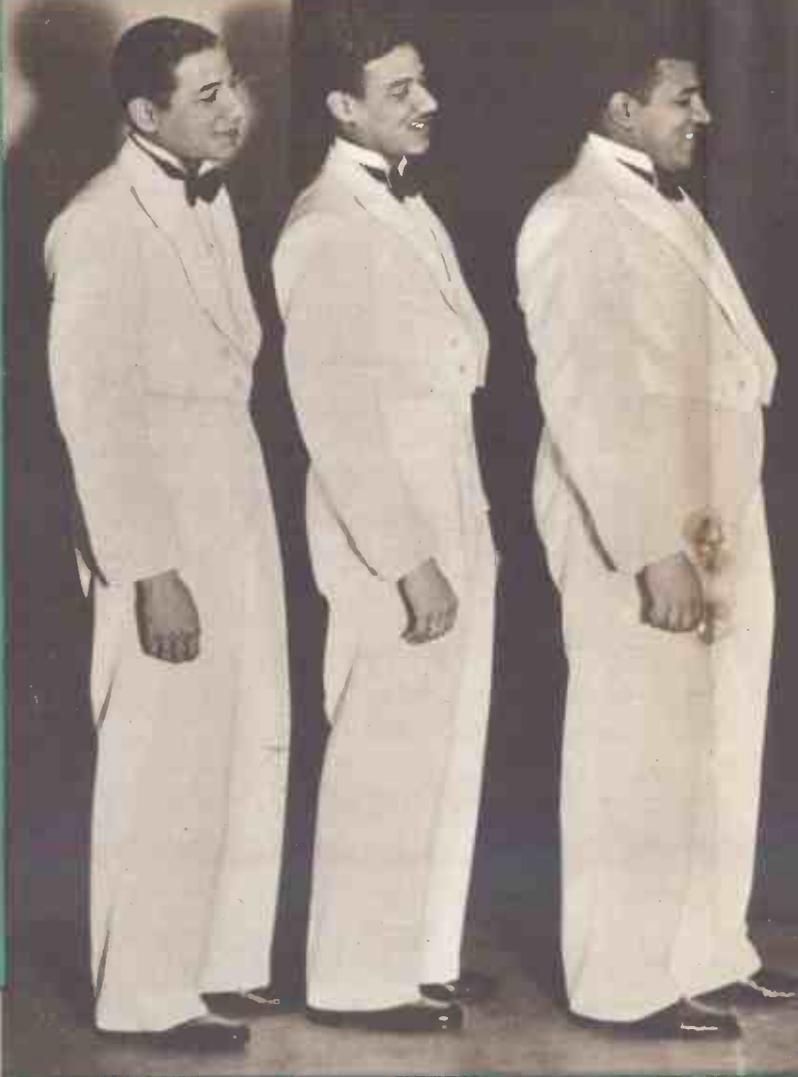
In later years came “The Land of Smiles,” which cemented his friendship with Tauber. The whole piano score of the operetta was completed without the now famous vocal number for the tenor. Lehar felt that the work was not complete without one main “theme song.”

He left his writing desk in Vienna and went for a few weeks to Ischl. Inspiration came slowly to him . . . but eventually “You are My Heart's Delight” (*Dein ist mein ganzes Herz*) was put on paper and tried over for Tauber's approval. On the finished copy, Lehar wrote the note which you see reproduced on this page. And truly it is a “Tauber Song.”

Lehar occasionally listens in when at Ischl, but not often when in Vienna. He listens frequently to the B.B.C. stations and makes comments on the programmes and musical material. He had some “interesting” things to tell a B.B.C. representative who went to Vienna to discuss the possibility of Lehar conducting a programme of his compositions at the B.B.C. 1

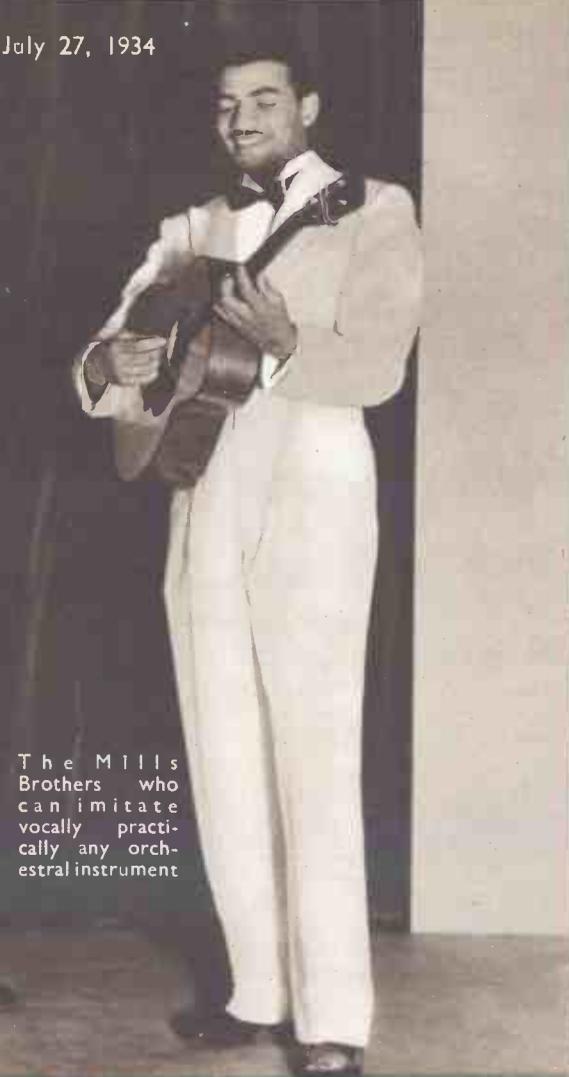


The Goofus—a weird instrument sometimes heard in dance orchestras



Joan Stonehewer who makes melody out of household saw



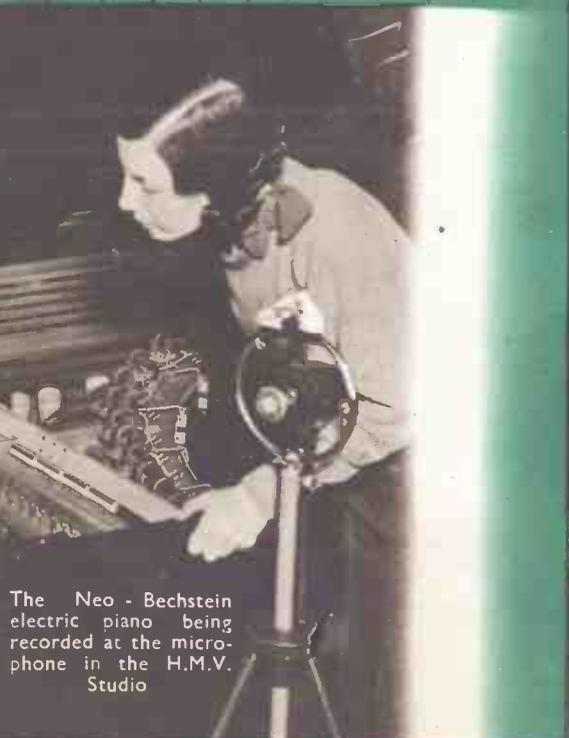


The Mills Brothers who can imitate vocally practically any orchestral instrument



A curious home-made portable organ which was broadcast recently

GM MAKERS



The Neo - Bechstein electric piano being recorded at the microphone in the H.M.V. Studio



Stanelli and his "hornchestra," made up of a curious collection of motor-car hooters

PROGRAMME HEADLINES of the WEEK



Herbert Heyner
(July 29, 5.30 p.m., London Regional)



Irene Scharrer
(August 2, 9.40 p.m., National)

Outstanding items in the British programmes are given on this page. On page 20 are the next week's programmes from foreign stations, and details of next week's dance music.



Emilio Colombo
(August 3, 4.30 p.m., National)



Lafitte
(July 29, 9.5 p.m. London Regional)



Rudy Starita
(August 4, 5.15 p.m., National)

WEDNESDAY (Aug. 1).—Variety programme.
THURSDAY (Aug. 2).—Orchestral concert, relayed from Scarborough.
FRIDAY (Aug. 3).—*Wild Violets*, a musical comedy operetta, by Bruno Hardt-Warden and Robert Stolz, from London.
SATURDAY (Aug. 4).—Orchestral concert.

SCOTTISH REGIONAL

SUNDAY (July 29).—A Scottish Religious Service, relayed from Dalmeny Church.
MONDAY (July 30).—Band concert.
TUESDAY (July 31).—*Clyde Built*, a play by George Blake.
WEDNESDAY (Aug. 1).—Orchestral concert.
THURSDAY (Aug. 2).—Concert Party programme, relayed from Largs.
FRIDAY (Aug. 3).—Waltz Time: orchestral concert.

NATIONAL
SUNDAY (July 29).—Orchestral concert.
MONDAY (July 30).—Non-stop feature programme.
Geraldo and his Orchestra present yet another popular programme, namely, a repeat performance of "Dancing Through." This pageant of popular music from 1918 to 1933 is to be given again in response to numerous public requests. Ina Souez, soprano, John Hendrik, tenor, and Leslie Holmes, are the artists and the Revue Chorus will also take part.
TUESDAY (July 31).—Choral and orchestral concert.
WEDNESDAY (Aug. 1).—*Clyde Built*, a play by George Blake.
THURSDAY (Aug. 2).—*Wild Violets*, a musical comedy operetta, by Bruno Hardt-Warden and Robert Stolz.
This musical comedy operetta has been adapted for broadcasting from the English version of the play by Hassard Short. Desmond Carter and Reginald Purdell. A notable cast will include Bernard Clifton (Paul Hoffmann), Frank Drew (Otto Bergman), Viola Compton (Madame Hoffman), Jack Clewes (Erik Schmidt), Vivien Lambellet (Lena), Jack Forbes Williams (Carl Hoffmann) and Frances Clare (Greta). The Revue Chorus and B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra will be conducted by Charles Prentice.
FRIDAY (Aug. 3).—Symphony concert.
SATURDAY (Aug. 4).—Variety programme.

WEDNESDAY (Aug. 1).—Variety programme, relayed from the Grand Theatre, Doncaster.
THURSDAY (Aug. 2).—Military Band concert.
FRIDAY (Aug. 3).—*Wild Violets*, a musical comedy operetta, by Bruno Hardt-Warden and Robert Stolz.
SATURDAY (Aug. 4).—Popular Orchestral concert.
MIDLAND REGIONAL
SUNDAY (July 29).—Light Orchestral concert, relayed from Leamington Spa.
MONDAY (July 30).—Divertissement, feature programme.
TUESDAY (July 31).—Variety programme, from London.
WEDNESDAY (Aug. 1).—*After the Event*, a play by Hugh Ross.
THURSDAY (Aug. 2).—A concert party programme, relayed from Leamington Spa.
FRIDAY (Aug. 3).—String Orchestral programme.
SATURDAY (Aug. 4).—Military band concert, relayed from Leamington Spa.

WEST REGIONAL
SUNDAY (July 29).—A Religious Service, relayed from Exeter Cathedral.
MONDAY (July 30).—Ar Gae'r Eisteddfod (At the Eisteddfod), an imaginary visit to the National Eisteddfod.
TUESDAY (July 31).—Orchestral Concert, relayed from Torquay.



Mrs. Norman O'Neill
(August 1, 8.30 p.m., National)



Aylmer Buesst
(July 29, 9.5 p.m., London Regional)

Wednesday (Aug. 1).—A Choral concert, relayed from Exeter.
THURSDAY (Aug. 2).—Orchestral concert, relayed from Torquay.
FRIDAY (Aug. 3).—*Wild Violets*, a musical comedy operetta, by Bruno Hardt-Warden and Robert Stolz, from London.
SATURDAY (Aug. 4).—Cyngerdd gan Yr Urdd (Cylch Cwmtawe), a programme by the Swansea Valley Branch of Yr Urdd.

NORTH REGIONAL
SUNDAY (July 29).—A Roman Catholic Service, relayed from St. Mary's, Lowe House, St. Helens.
MONDAY (July 30).—A programme of light music.
TUESDAY (July 31).—*Clyde Built*, a play by George Blake.

SATURDAY (Aug. 4).—Brass band concert.
BELFAST
SUNDAY (July 29).—A Congregational Service, from a studio.
MONDAY (July 30).—Non-Stop feature programme, from London.
TUESDAY (July 31).—A Concert Party entertainment.
WEDNESDAY (Aug. 1).—Symphony Orchestral concert.
THURSDAY (Aug. 2).—At the Shore.
FRIDAY (Aug. 3).—*The Thrush*, a play by Roger McDougall.
SATURDAY (Aug. 4).—Variety.

Radio Times gives full programme details

Give YOUR Hair Amami Loveliness!

"I use
AMAMI
Nº1"

"Me?
AMAMI
Nº5"

"Mine's
AMAMI
Nº12"

USE THE SHAMPOO FILM-STARS CHOOSE

Film-stars . . . Beauty Queens . . . girls whose hair simply *must* look lovely—all choose AMAMI, the world's most popular shampoo. They know that *only* Amami* contains the 47 ingredients essential to the complete Hair Treatment; 21 for Health, to banish Brittleness, Splitting, Dryness, Falling, Greasiness . . . 26 to restore gleaming, lustrous beauty, give an unbelievable attractiveness and glamour.

Why don't *you* have "Film-star Hair"? Just choose the shampoo made specially for you from Amami's 12 varieties. Shampoo regularly every Friday night, and see how beautiful your hair becomes!

- AMAMI No. 1 for Brunettes, 3d. and 6d.
- AMAMI No. 5 for Blondes, 3d. and 6d.
- AMAMI No. 12 (the new Permanent Wave Shampoo), is the only shampoo made specially for "permed" hair, 3d., and 9 other varieties.

Friday night is Amami night

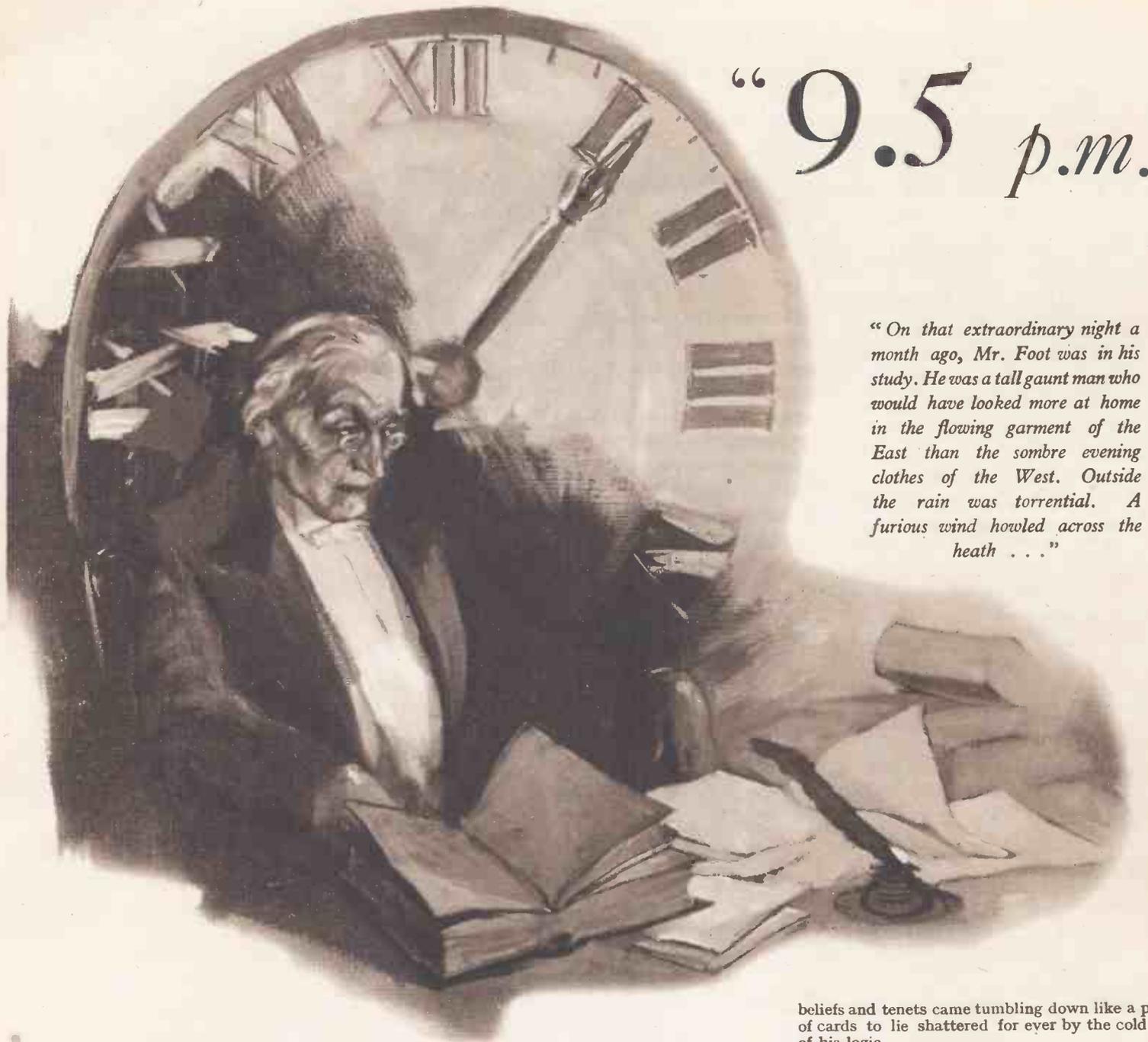
AMAMI Tonic Shampoos

& AMAMI "WAVE-SET"

6 Wave-Sets for 6d!

You'll be amazed how easy it is to set deep, professional-looking waves—at home! Just damp the hair with Amami Wave-Set; press in the waves where you want them; pin the curls, cover with a tight cap, and to-morrow you'll have a setting you can be proud of!





“9.5 p.m.

“On that extraordinary night a month ago, Mr. Foot was in his study. He was a tall gaunt man who would have looked more at home in the flowing garment of the East than the sombre evening clothes of the West. Outside the rain was torrential. A furious wind howled across the heath . . .”

MR. Septimus Foot, the eminent lecturer on Theosophy and the Occult, author of several books on the Far East and an authority on mystic religions of all countries, lived at Blackheath.

Blackheath is high above sea-level, the air is bracing and healthy, while the park is one of the finest in England. Altogether it is an excellent residential neighbourhood for anyone whose business activities necessitate his living near London.

But for Mr. Foot it had one great disadvantage—it was at least half an hour by car from his massive and rather gloomy mansion to Broadcasting House.

At this time his talks constituted one of the most popular features of the B.B.C. programmes, and so amazing were the subjects he discussed and so appreciated were they by his millions of listeners, he broadcast twice a week regularly.

The reason why Mr. Foot debated whether to leave his mansion and live in a West End hotel was not because the journey of half an hour was so fearsome but because he suffered from a very indifferent memory.

He would forget all about his engagements until the last moment, and then would follow the inevitable rush and scramble so repugnant to the trained and orderly mind.

Once he had actually arrived at Broadcasting House five minutes late—an almost unpardonable offence. Absolutely unpardonable in the case

of a lesser light. If he lived in the hotel over the road this heinous crime would not recur.

On that extraordinary night a month ago, Mr. Foot was in his study. He was a tall, gaunt man who would have looked more at home in the flowing garments of the East than the sombre evening clothes of the West.

Outside, the rain was torrential. A furious wind howled across the heath, whipping the mansion until the windows rattled and the smoke blew down the chimney into the room.

Of all these things Mr. Foot was oblivious.

By the light of a reading lamp, which left the corners of the room in shadow, he pored over a mass of notes written in a cramped and spidery hand. By his side were two books of reference. They were printed on a kind of parchment, yellow and stiff, very old.

Probably Mr. Foot was the only man in the country who could understand the meaning of those queer, irregular characters. It was because he could and did delve into books like these that his talks were so extraordinary, brought him fame, and caused him to be credited with powers that are rare and, in this country, a little feared.

To-night would see the finishing touches to a talk which would electrify the sceptical and conservative Western Civilisation. It would give them a jolt. They would pause and gape for a while, uncomprehending.

Then the full purport of his words would strike them and they would look aghast as their old

beliefs and tenets came tumbling down like a pack of cards to lie shattered for ever by the cold fire of his logic.

What would happen then could only be conjectured. The name of Foot would be immortal. That was certain.

The talk that would ensure this and change the social outlook of the Western world was to be called “The Soul of Man.”

His hand trembled slightly as he finished the manuscript, blotted it and returned his pen to a waistcoat pocket. He closed the precious books as gently as if they were comprised of delicate gold leaves.

Just then there came a frantic knocking on the study door.

“Come in! Come in! What is it?” snapped Mr. Foot irritably. The reaction to the hard concentration of the last few hours was severe. His nerves were on edge. After this talk he would take a holiday; it was long overdue.

Johnson, the man-servant, entered. He looked agitated from the top of his bald, square head to the tip of his immaculate black shoes. He glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece and his eyebrows raised an inch.

“Sir! Sir! It’s nine o’clock!” he gasped.

Mr. Foot followed the line of the trembling forefinger and saw that the clock was on the point of striking.

“Well, what of it?” he began testily. Then:

“Good God! Nine o’clock. My talk’s at 9.5 . . . Why the devil didn’t you tell me it was so late, man?”

“I forgot, sir. Shall—shall I ‘phone them up, sir?”

“What the devil’s the good of that?”

—a Talk

"Radio Pictorial's"
short story by
Deryck KENNARD

The lecturer walked up and down the room impatiently. Twice he stopped by the mantelpiece and peered through his gold-rimmed glasses at the clock as though half hoping to find that they had both been mistaken in the hour. All doubt was dispelled by a pretty, tinkling chime followed by nine strokes, deep and sonorous.

Johnson heard them against the background of the wind and rain. He shivered unaccountably.

His master looked white and worried beneath the sallow tan of the Eastern sun. He resumed his nervous pacing and appeared to be lost in some intricate problem.

It was a serious thing letting down one's public in this way . . .

Suddenly he paused, and the troubled Johnson noticed a curious difference. His expression had changed in some subtle way; his eyes were resting on the completed manuscript.

He had the appearance of a man who has reached a momentous decision. The distinguished features were set in their old firm and masterful lines. The frowns on the high, broad forehead had relaxed.

He looked at Johnson queerly and waved his hand towards the study door.

"All right, Johnson. You can go now. Shut the door, please."

"Very good, sir. I am extremely sorry—"

Mr. Foot waved his hand again, impatiently.

As he shut the door, Johnson caught a last glimpse of the clock. It was an ornate affair, fashioned in the shape of an Eastern temple, delicate and colourful.

The hands pointed to four minutes past nine.

In another minute a vast, unseen audience would receive a bitter disappointment, and the Talks Director would be thinking out a polite synonym for "—unreliability."

Johnson hurried off to explain the position to Simson, the chauffeur, who had been impatiently waiting for the last half hour. Simson took the matter badly. He asserted that it had been something cold out there, and referred to Johnson and his master in terms that are not used in the best society.

If Johnson had possessed any hairs on his respectable head he would doubtless have blushed to their roots. Instead, he turned a broad, black-coated back on his colleague and retired with silent scorn to his private quarters.

How long he would be allowed to remain there in peace was uncertain. In the ordinary way his master would not have returned from the West End until round about midnight. To-night anything might happen.

Johnson believed in comfort. He had bought and installed an armchair which surpassed in comfort any chair in the house. Lighting a reasonably good cigar, he sat down luxuriously, placed a large handkerchief on the crown of his shining dome and switched on the portable wireless set which was another of his little luxuries.

Simson, the chauffeur, comes into this story again. He came in at 10.5 p.m., to be exact, and he entered the house with the intention of having supper with his colleague Johnson—both were bachelors and shared the same quarters.

He came in with a grin on his red, angular face, expecting to find a dignified Johnson seated at the little table and staring meaningly at the clock. Unpunctuality to Johnson was a crime, and supper was at 10.

What he found was a Johnson whose face was grey, sprawled in a dead faint.

From the wireless set by his side came the strains of an orchestra. Outside the wind was at the height of its fury; somewhere a pipe was gurgling; the house itself seemed unnaturally quiet. Simson had to fight down a feeling of inexplicable panic.

With an effort he pulled himself together and,

after loosening the unconscious man's collar and placing a pillow under his head, ran to his master for his assistance.

There was a light under the study door, and Simson did not wait for a "come in" to his hurried knock. It was as well that he did not—he would have waited a long time. For, as he entered the room, he received his second shock that evening.

Mr. Septimus Foot was sitting in his chair in the most natural manner possible. Before him were the piles of notes and manuscripts which Johnson had seen earlier in the evening. But Simson had seen too many dead men in Flanders not to know a corpse when he saw one—his master was beyond the aid of man.

To say that Simson was startled would be to put it mildly. For fully half a minute it was all the chauffeur could do to stand upright in the room which spun round and round him dizzily.

He helped himself liberally from a decanter standing on the table, and then used the telephone which stood beside it.

First he rang up Mr. Foot's doctor, who lived on the other side of the heath. Then, as an afterthought, he asked for the police station.

There was no sign of foul play anywhere, but Simson was taking no chances. The sooner this great gloomy place had a few people in it the more comfortable he would feel. Surely the wind had never howled so furiously?

Neither Dr. Bolt nor the police had completely understood the excited message which had come from "The Ferns." Probably that is why they

were so quickly on the scene. Dr. Bolt's examination was interesting. He stated that Mr. Foot had been dead about half an hour, which was approximately the time his talk would have finished had all gone well.

The cause of death he could not discover. Neither did the subsequent post-mortem elucidate the mystery; the heart was in splendid condition, and Mr. Septimus Foot, who was fifty-five, should have been good for another twenty years.

For their part the police were satisfied that foul play had not occurred. Everything was in perfect order.

They would have liked to question Johnson that night, but this was impossible because Johnson remained unconscious all night and did not recover until ten o'clock the following morning.

Simson was with him when he came to, and it was then that he received his third shock within the last twelve hours. Perhaps it was the most severe of all.

In a voice that trembled, Johnson explained why he had fainted.

When he left his master in the study he retired to his own quarters, as we have seen.

At 9.6 p.m. he had switched on his wireless set. For a moment or two there had been nothing but the faint crackle of atmospherics and the sound of a foreign station in the background. Suddenly, another popular talk by Mr. Septimus Foot had been announced.

Then, to his utter amazement and horror, Johnson had heard the deep, unmistakable tones of his master coming out of the ether . . .

Hullo, Children AUNT BELINDA'S *Children's Corner*

DEAR NIECES AND NEPHEWS,
For the last few days I have been staying in the country with neighbours of Sir Malcolm Campbell, who broadcast to you recently. I have a sneaking feeling that the elder of his two sons—Don, aged about thirteen—intends to follow in his father's footsteps, for he already has two cars, each of which is a small replica in every detail of a very famous make! He manipulates them in a truly expert manner and is, I am sure, quite prepared to help his father break any further record for which he may be competing. This "chip of the old block" seems also to have at his finger-tips all the particulars of and differences between every make of car available! So he should go far—and fast!

"The English Wallace Beery!" That is how I heard someone describe Franklyn Kelsey, whose serial play "The Island in the Mist," is so popular.

You will see from his photograph that there is a great likeness to the famous American film star, but as

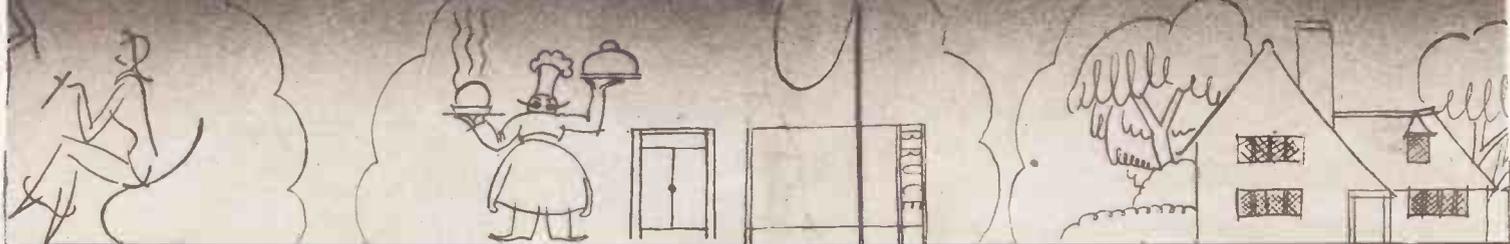
Franklyn had never even thought of filming he just grinned and said: "Oh, yeah!"—or words to that effect. Imagine his surprise, therefore, when a day or so ago he was asked to play an important part in a new film that is going to be made in a near-London studio! The proverbial feather would have knocked him down—almost! However, he has agreed to try his luck on the "silver screen," so here's to hoping that the epithet may prove to have been a prophecy!

We do not often hear that very excellent artist, George Parker, in the Hour; so I looked forward with pleasure to last Wednesday on the National. The first time he came to sing in the Children's Hour—it was, of course, at Savoy Hill—we were discussing the songs he was going to sing, when he suddenly broke off and said, "Do you like strawberries?" I said, "Ooh, rather!" "Well," replied George, in his broad Yorkshire accent, "I thought you might like these!"—and he produced from his music-case a small round basket in which reposed about a dozen really luscious strawberries! "I grew them myself," he added, "and in case you like cream and sugar with them I've brought a little with me!" And he had! The unexpected little feast was much appreciated and then Columbus reminded George of how, some twenty years before, when he, Columbus, was a small choir boy in Westminster Abbey, George Parker—one of the basses—used covertly to pass across to him a bag of acid-drops!

Until next week,
AUNT BELINDA.



The WOMANLISTENER



FASHION

BEAUTY

RADIO RECIPES

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

JANE CARR

TALKS ABOUT THE DRY SKIN

THE dry skin has an unfortunate habit of getting drier still in summer, and it calls for special attention—particularly with regard to the choice of your foundation cream.

This question of the right powder foundation is important; the right kind will do more than anything to remedy defects, and flatter the quality of your skin.

For most people, vanishing cream is the normal choice. If you use it, choose one which is only very faintly perfumed. A strong one will probably clash with the scent of your powder, producing an



The sort of frock that always looks just right for smart morning and afternoon occasions, in a light flower and fern design on a dark ground. (Photograph by Blake)

unpleasing mixture of scents instead of a well-blended harmony.

Rub the vanishing cream lightly into your skin, and remove the surplus before powdering.

A cream which has an almond oil basis is best for very dry skins. Liquid powder is not for you. The almond oil serves to soften the skin, and render it less likely to flake and peel.

There is also a special sunproof vanishing cream which is designed to protect your face from freckles and sunburn, which is excellent for the dry skin, softening it and giving it a lovely dull finish. You can get it in a tan shade, and powder to match, if you like.

Fundamentally, the best way to tackle the problem of the dry skin is to study your diet. Eat more butter, olive oil, and cream, and try to drink at least one glass of milk a day.

Use a milk soap for washing. An unlimited application of soap and water is not for you; that is, unless you first take care to smooth a liberal amount of cold cream into your face.

Smear it on lightly with your fingers, then wash with warm soap and water. Avoid a soap with a lemon base.

Then there is the question of the right powder. When you are buying it, rub a little between your finger and thumb. If it falls through your fingers, it will prove too light and drying, if it sticks together you can safely use it.

A clear, smooth, flawless skin is something that everybody has a right to. We are always hearing this said, but granting its truth, in these restless days, when we are constantly exposing our faces to the menace of flying dust and grit, we must take particular care if we are to keep our complexions from becoming coarsened and dried-up.

And, first of all, before we put anything on the outside of our faces, it is as well to tackle the problem from the beginning and recognise the truth of that well-worn but valuable rule—drink more water. Water is the first rule of beauty, applied inside or outside, especially for the dry skin. Drink as many glasses as you can a day—half a dozen at least—and, at the same time, use plenty on the outside of your face in conjunction with cream and soap!

Jane Carr.

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.

JEANNE DE CASALIS

ON—OUR HATS

WE have all looked through an old photograph album and laughed at the enormous hats loaded with flowers and fruits that our mothers wore; whoever would have thought that fashion, which invariably goes round and round in circles, would have brought us back to this point so soon?

Not that we are complaining.

Large-brimmed hats have always been ridiculously flattering since the days of La Pompadour, and what could be more sensible as a protection from blistering summer suns? Especially now that we need not fear for the safety of our hats at the first gust of wind. We have solved that difficulty—without the dire necessity of hatpins, too—by adopting the elastic band that fits snugly round the head, hidden under a layer of hair.

The neat sailor that we saw such a lot of earlier in the season is now worn, with a somewhat wider brim, with sports clothes and morning suits.

But later in the day, all manner of vagaries are sanctioned. There are fly-away brims, that shoot up over one ear and dip sharply across the other eye; there are brims that set squarely across the brows, making a pent-house roof for the eyes laden with a flower bouquet; and there are indeterminate but not flapping brims that rise and fall, rippling like the tide. Then all sorts of things happen at the back of the neck, the brim either dipping to shade the nape of the neck, or turning sharply up to show a glossy bun of hair. Finally, there are the hats that turn up at the edge all round. These are no longer new, but make ideal holiday hats, and are generally bound with a stripey material with something of a Mexican atmosphere.

But whatever the brims do, the hat in nearly every case fits squarely, the crown settling levelly on the head, not titled sideways. As for the trimmings . . . they range from narrow twisted satin ribbon to loads of fruits and flowers and feathers that are almost indistinguishable from the ones our mothers are wearing in the photograph albums.

The flowers, generally a "country bunch" of spikes of corn, poppies and cornflowers, are placed in the centre front; or a wreath of tiny flowers encircles the crown. Large velvet bows challenge the eye, or wings, even whole birds, are used as more elaborate decoration. All of which means that hats are more picturesque than they have been for a long time; and that buying a new one is more than ever an event of importance.

Jeanne de Casalis

FIVE SHILLINGS HINTS

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



POACHED EGGS

Poached eggs sometimes turn out broken or ragged. A simple way of keeping them a good shape is to use well-buttered patty pans. Break each egg into a pan, and stand them in a frying pan in a little boiling water. They are cooked when the white is set, when the egg can be easily removed by slipping the handle of a teaspoon underneath them.

TO WASH CUSHIONS

Cushions can be washed successfully if you use plenty of borax water or liquid ammonia. The tick should be scrubbed well then rinsed and squeezed out as dry as possible. Dry it out of doors and shake it from time to time until it is dry.

KNIVES RENEWED

Knives that are allowed to come into contact with hot water or steam will sooner or later part with their handles. An excellent mixture for re-fixing them consists of black resin, two ounces; beeswax, half an ounce; and half an ounce of powdered brickdust. These should be melted together, and the spikes of the knife blades soaked in it while it is still warm, then pushed home into the handles. The knives will not come apart again after this treatment, but they should not be wholly immersed in water when they are washed.

Ivory handles can be whitened by rubbing them with a slice of raw potato, or half a lemon dipped in salt. Afterwards, wash them in warm water and polish them with a linen cloth.

CRISP LETTUCE

If the hot weather has made your salad limp, soak the lettuce and cress in cold water some time before you want to use it. The water should be ice-cold, if possible, and a tablespoonful of bicarbonate of soda should be dissolved in it. You will find they will regain some of their lost crispness.

REPAIR YOUR BROKEN GLASS

Broken glass dishes and jugs can be repaired with a paste made of powdered quicklime and white of egg. If you have any whey, add a little to the mixture and it will make it much stronger. Do not, however, let any cement stay on the surface of the glass, as it is difficult to get off again.

"PROOFING" THE DISH

Before using a new fireproof dish, treat it in this way. Fill it with water, put it in the oven, and bring it slowly to the boil. Then let the water get quite cold again before emptying the dish. This method will "season" it and make it last longer.

RICE WATER

Save the water that rice has been boiled in, as it makes a very good and economical substitute for starch, if only a very slight stiffening is needed. Cretonne covers and curtains, for instance, net curtains and linen and cotton things should all be put through rice water, with excellent effect.

YOUR GAS FIRE

If the asbestos fuel in your gas fire has become discoloured, sprinkle salt on it, then light it for a few minutes. It should then be restored to whiteness.



The capacious back part of this dustpan holds all the dust and fluff, and to make sure it will not come out again, there is a lid that fits on to the front.

MRS. R. H. BRAND'S RECIPES FOR PARTY CAKES

CHOCOLATE BUNS

Ingredients.—6 oz. flour. 3 oz. margarine or butter. 4 oz. chocolate. 4 oz. castor sugar. 2 eggs. 1 small teaspoonful baking powder. ½ teaspoonful vanilla. ½ gill milk.

Method.—Dissolve chocolate in the milk without boiling; beat margarine and sugar together until creamy, add eggs separately, then chocolate and mix thoroughly. Stir in lightly the flour and baking-powder sieved together, and add vanilla. Half fill some small greased cake tins and bake from 10 to 15 minutes in a moderate oven. Leave plain, or ice with chocolate and decorate with violets or cherries.

CHOCOLATE ICING

Ingredients.—¼ lb. icing sugar. 2 oz. grated chocolate. 2 tablespoonfuls water (about).

Method.—Stir chocolate and water together until melted over a low fire, then boil for 5 minutes; cool slightly and stir in sugar, which must be sieved twice, stir over a very low fire until sugar is melted and use immediately.

(Note.—Do not allow glacé icing to get too hot or it will become dull.)

GENOESE PASTRY

Ingredients.—3 eggs. 3 oz. castor sugar. 2½ oz. flour. 1½ oz. margarine or butter.

Method.—Line a long shallow tin with greased paper, beat eggs and sugar together over a pan of hot water until they are thick and creamy, and stir in sieved flour very lightly. Then add the margarine (melted); pour into prepared tin, and bake about 20 minutes in a moderate oven. When cold, split down centre, spread with jam, cut into fancy shapes and ice with different coloured glacé icing.

SHREWSBURY BISCUITS

Ingredients.—6 oz. flour. 3 oz. margarine or butter. 3 oz. castor sugar. 2 small eggs. 1 dessert-spoonful finely grated lemon-rind.

Method.—Cream sugar and margarine together until white; add sieved flour, lemon-rind and sufficient beaten egg to make a stiff paste. Roll out very thinly on a slightly floured board and cut into fancy shapes or rounds; put biscuits on a greased baking-sheet, allowing space in between, and bake a golden-brown in a quick oven for about 10 minutes.

(Note.—Vanilla or Ratafia Essence may be used instead of the lemon-rind if preferred.)

Margot

Bellina Brand.

A WARNING TO STOMACH SUFFERERS

The amazing cures effected by Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, even in cases where all else has failed, have brought on to the market so many imitations of its name and appearance, that you must be very careful to insist on the original product, bearing the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN."

The formula of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder depends for its effect on its very accurate balance. Any inaccuracy in its composition, any impurity in an ingredient can render it practically useless, and the price at which some of these imitations are sold makes it obvious that they cannot be compounded with the care and equipment used by Macleans Ltd.

The success of the original Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is largely due to the fact that only the highest grade ingredients are used, sifted through the finest silk to ensure that the powder is perfectly smooth, fine, pure and clean. All its intricate mixing and blending is carried on under the watchful eye of highly qualified chemists under strictly hygienic conditions. Even the very air is cleaned for your greater protection.

Health is too important to risk for the sake of a few pence. When you recommend Maclean's to friends advise them always to see the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN," and always to ask for it under the full name of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. To ask vaguely for "Maclean's" is to risk getting an inferior article.

The genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is never sold loose but only in bottles in cartons. All good chemists stock it at 1/3, 2/- and 5/- in Powder and Tablet form.

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Your Foreign Programme Guide

Dance Music of the Week

Monday. The Grosvenor House Dance Band directed by Sydney Lipton (Grosvenor House).

Tuesday. Lew Stone and His Band (Monseigneur).

Wednesday. The Casani Club Orchestra directed by Charlie Kunz (Casani Club).

Thursday. The B.B.C. Dance Band directed by Henry Hall (from the B.B.C. studios).

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

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

SUNDAY (JULY 29)

- Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Sextet Concert ... 3 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Symphony Concert ... 8 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Cabaret Programme ... 9 p.m.
- Juan-Les-Pins (240.2 m.).—Programme in English by the International Broadcasting Company. Organ Recital. ... 10.30 p.m.
- Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Gianni Schicchi—Comic Opera (Puccini) ... 9.20 p.m.
- Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Records ... 5.30 p.m.
- Luxembourg (1,304 m.).—Symphony Concert on Records. ... 9 p.m.
- Munich (405.4 m.).—Concert. ... 1 p.m.
- Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Film Music on Records ... 12.15 p.m.
- Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Orchestral Concert by the I.B.C. (London) ... 5.30 p.m.
- Reykjavik (1,345 m.).—Selection from *Lakmé*—Opera (Delibes) ... 9.25 p.m.
- Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 7.30 p.m.

MONDAY

- Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Sextet Concert ... 3 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 8 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Pianoforte Recital ... 6.30 p.m.
- Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Concert of Operetta Music ... 6.20 p.m.
- Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Song Recital ... 8 p.m.
- Luxembourg (1,304 m.).—Spanish Orchestral Concert ... 9 p.m.
- Munich (405.4 m.).—Concert ... 4 p.m.
- Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Symphony Concert ... 6.49 p.m.
- Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Mandoline Band by the I.B.C. (London) ... 11.30 a.m.



Bernard McNabb, who, after being in charge of the I.B.C. transmissions from Poste Parisien, is now at Radio Normandy.

- Reykjavik (1,345 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 10 p.m.
- Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Health Hunters—Sketch ... 7.15 p.m.
- San Sebastien (238.5 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 2 a.m. (Tuesday)

TUESDAY

- Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Trio Concert ... 7 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Records ... 10.15 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Records ... 12 noon
- Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Concert ... 2 p.m.
- Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Records ... 1.10 p.m.
- Luxembourg (1,304 m.).—Concert version of *Pagliacci*—Opera (Leoncavallo) ... 9.30 p.m.
- Munich (405.4 m.).—Concert ... 4 p.m.
- Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Concert of Operetta Music ... 8.10 p.m.

- Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Dance Music and Pianoforte Selections by the International Broadcasting Company of London ... 11.30 a.m.
- Reykjavik (1,345 m.).—Records, Dance Music ... 11.30 p.m.
- Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Play ... 7.15 p.m.
- Madrid (EAJ7) (274 m.).—Dance Music ... 2 a.m. (Wednesday)

WEDNESDAY

- Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Sextet Concert ... 3 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 8 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Pianoforte Recital ... 6.30 p.m.
- Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Organ Recital ... 5.20 p.m.
- Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Vocal Concert ... 8 p.m.
- Luxembourg (1,304 m.).—Concert of Military Music ... 9 p.m.
- Munich (405.4 m.).—Folk Music ... 7 p.m.
- Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Song Recital on Records ... 6.49 p.m.

Items You Must Not Miss

- Luxembourg ... Concert ... 1-1.30 p.m. Sunday
- Poste Parisien ... Concert ... 10.30-11 p.m. Wednesday
- Leipzig ... Comic Opera ... 9.20 p.m. Monday
- Madrid (EAQ) ... Dance Music ... 2 a.m. Wednesday
- Leipzig ... Radio Sequence ... 8.15 p.m. Friday
- Radio Normandy ... Dance music ... 11.30 a.m. Saturday

- Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Request Programme by the International Broadcasting Company of London ... 11.30 a.m.
- Reykjavik (1,345 m.).—Records ... 11.30 p.m.
- Schenectady (379.5 m.).—The Wiseman—Sketch ... 7.15 p.m.

THURSDAY

- Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Sextet Concert ... 7 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Records ... 6.15 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 8 p.m.
- Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 12 noon
- Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 7 p.m.
- Luxembourg (1,304 m.).—Symphony Concert on Records ... 9.35 p.m.
- Munich (405.4 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 8.45 p.m.
- Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Concert ... 12.15 p.m.
- Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Dance Music by the International Broadcasting Company of London ... 11.30 a.m.
- Reykjavik (1,345 m.).—Records, Dance Records ... 11.30 p.m.
- Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Quartet Concert ... 7.15 p.m.
- Madrid (EAJ7) (274 m.).—Dance Music ... 2 a.m. (Friday)

FRIDAY

- Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Sextet Concert ... 3 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Records ... 10.45 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Recitations ... 8.45 p.m.
- Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Radio Sequence ... 8.15 p.m.
- Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 7 p.m.
- Luxembourg (1,304 m.).—Pianoforte Recital ... 9 p.m.
- Munich (405.4 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 4 p.m.
- Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Records ... 7.35 p.m.
- Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Military Band Concert by the International Broadcasting Company of London ... 11.30 a.m.
- Reykjavik (1,345 m.).—Arias from *Faust*—Opera (Gounod) on Records ... 11.30 p.m.
- Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Concert ... 11 p.m.

SATURDAY

- Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Trio Concert ... 7 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Light Music ... 10.10 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 8.0 p.m.
- Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Cabaret Programme ... 8.15 p.m.
- Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Records ... 1.10 p.m.
- Luxembourg (1,304 m.).—Cello Recital ... 9.5 p.m.
- Munich (405.4 m.).—Recital of Spanish Folk Songs ... 5.50 p.m.
- Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Concert of Spanish Music ... 8.20 p.m.
- Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Dance Music and Pianoforte Solos by the International Broadcasting Company of London ... 11.30 a.m.
- Reykjavik (1,345 m.).—Records, Dance Records ... 11.30 p.m.
- Schenectady (379.5 m.).—Orchestral Concert ... 7 p.m.

A Murder Club for Crooners

Continued from page Three

and the pleasant-faced youth answering him through the microphone.

Suddenly, however, the young man raises himself proudly to his full height. "I," he says, almost loud enough to be heard a yard away, "could murder anything."

The secretary smiles grimly.

"Good," he says. "A crooner to the toe-nails."

That, my friends, is not only the way it should be, but the way it will be before long. That is, unless Parliament takes a hand in the matter.

I don't want to appear vindictive, and I know we all have to earn a living somehow, but not without reason I regard crooners as a public menace. There are statistics which demonstrate that there is a sudden rise in the temper of suburban housewives immediately after the broadcast of dance music. This would appear to indicate to expert observers that too many women get lulled into something or other by listening to the crooners, and then accidentally take a quick look at their husbands.

Moreover, I know a man who recently fell out of an aeroplane. When he was recovering from the effects of his descent to earth, the doctors noticed that he had a rise in temperature and a definite relapse at certain distinct intervals.

These intervals, of course, were determined by the times of the dance music, to which he usually listened. The moment the crooners started he would writhe so much that he cracked his plaster.

Consider, then. People are listening under all sorts of conditions to crooners every day. Glass blowers have been known to swallow molten glass, dentists to extract whole sets of teeth in sheer uncontrollable fury. Who can prove that such incidents are not due to the sudden switching on of the wireless, the unexpected flood of red-hot treacle known as crooning?

It can't go on. There must be a Murder Club. With any luck the members might practise on each other.

A Week in My Life

Continued from page Eight

lasted from 11 to 11.30. (Sorry I chose "Snowball," it was not really suitable. Very pleased with "One morning in May.")

Cleaned off the wretched make-up and home again by 12.15, to hear F's criticism of the performance. He seems to think it was O.K.

Did my spot of "cleaning off" and "patting" very conscientiously. Wrote my diary—and to bed at 12.45.

Tuesday

Spent the morning as usual and worked on learning some new songs. Had the lunch with Anna Neagle which was postponed. Very interested to hear the details of *Nell Gwyn*. Anna is delighted to be acting with Cedric Hardwicke.

Appointment at Chappells at three to discuss cover for "Sad is the Willow." It seems very charming. Ray Noble came in and we had tea in Jimmy Green's office.

Home again at five. I've got a new idea for a song lyric—really good, I think—and worked at it till seven. Looked at my engagement book and found that I had a free night—thank goodness! I couldn't tear myself away from that song!

Went out to dinner at the Ivy with F. and then to the theatre—*Conversation Piece*. Loved it.

Wednesday

Started the day badly—no riding, as I had to be on the set at 9 for "voice tracks" . . . a retake of last Saturday's work, as it hadn't turned out well.

A tiring morning, but we were all

through by lunchtime and I came home to lunch to meet three girls from Sydney with whom I was at School. Hadn't seen them for six years. They are over here on a trip and we had a grand old gossip. I reluctantly had to break up the party at three o'clock as I was booked for a Charity Concert at Ewell to-night and had to rehearse with the accompanist.

Got back at about five, and took the Woggles out for her walk, which we both thoroughly enjoyed.

Went to dinner at Mother's flat. Then home to change into evening dress for Ewell.

The concert went over quite well, I thought. But directly my turn was over I had to dash back to town. I almost forgot that I was due for a spot of crooning with the dance band to-night. Got there just on time; and thankfully home to bed at about twelve.

Thursday

Again no riding this morning. I worked on my film scenario from nine until lunchtime.

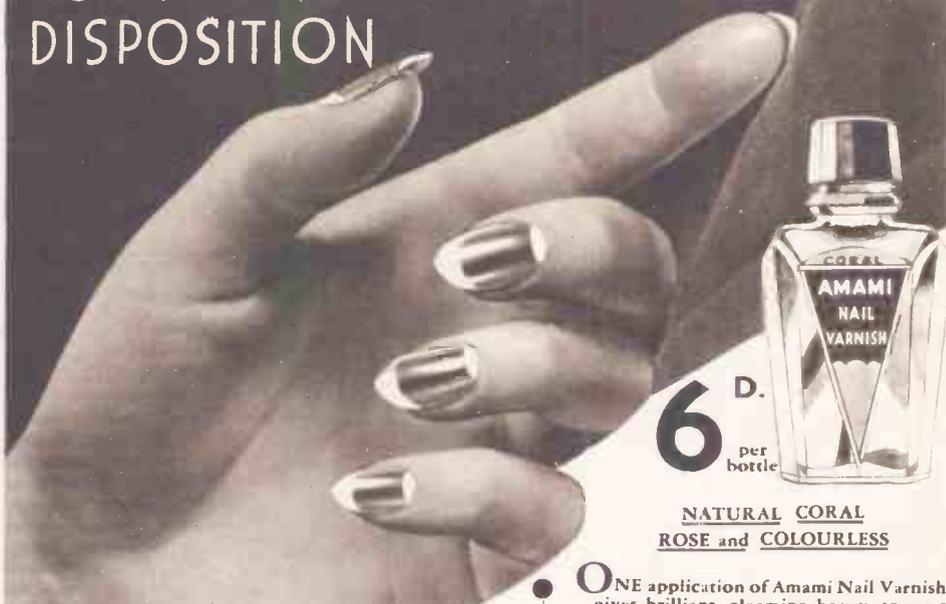
Had lunch with John Watt and Harry Pepper at Pagani's. Saw all the B.B.C. crowd.

At three o'clock had an appointment to sign a contract for the Palladium. That means a lot more work, I suppose. N.B.—Remember to map out new programme.

Home to supervise a dinner party—flowers, food, etc. Six guests. I thanked heaven none of them was musical. So that subject was taboo, for once.

The dinner seemed successful and we played bridge till ten-thirty. But I had to break it up as I was booked for another private party, at the Ritz this time "What life is this I lead?"

ROUND FINGERS SHOW A PLEASANT DISPOSITION



ARE these your Round fingers? Because, if so, they're talking about you! They say you are an idealist with common sense, an artist who is practical. You're easily hurt, but courageous; sympathetic, but changeable. You are excellent company and you're many friends, but your head will always rule your heart. Fingers like these mean much to your friends, so keep them lovely always with Amami.

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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 the 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.

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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.



IRENE: I cannot understand, Lillian, how you manage to keep such a beautiful complexion. You are without doubt the most beautiful woman I have ever seen; yet, my dear, you must be at least 45 years old. You are ten years older than myself, and you look ten years younger! You have not got a wrinkle.

fect with Doge Cream. It is simply wonderful! It takes all wrinkles away. I could not believe a face cream could work such magic. It is Venetian and does not grow hair. It is not a vanishing cream, because they only dry up the skin. It is without doubt a marvellous beautifier.

LILIAN: My darling, don't flatter me. I am certainly 45, and my skin is kept per-

fect with Doge Cream. It is simply wonderful! It takes all wrinkles away. I could not believe a face cream could work such magic. It is Venetian and does not grow hair. It is not a vanishing cream, because they only dry up the skin. It is without doubt a marvellous beautifier. IRENE: Oh, Lillian, why did you keep this secret? Why did you not tell me of it before? I will get some at once.

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FOR FREE SAMPLE TUBE OF DOGE CREAM.

For a sample of Doge Cream send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of Doge Soap is also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the SHAVEK ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. De.36), 40 Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

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

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

Send us your guinea "star" letter!

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.

★ More Dramatic Plays

"I SHOULD like to take this opportunity of showing my appreciation to the B.B.C. through the medium of your magazine for the excellent production of *The Calendar*, by Edgar Wallace.

"I do not propose to call myself a critic, but why, during the last six months, have plays of this nature hardly been broadcast at all, except for a few exceptions such as *Trent's Last Case*, practically only one good example. Admitted that the B.B.C. gives some kind of play each week, but generally they are so light that they could almost be called farce, or, worst of all, they are fantastically imaginative.

"Surely, far-fetched plays, such as *Wings of the Morning*, involving the so-called fourth dimension, cannot prove very successful by reason of the fact that the listener already has to use his imagination to the full extent in any play whatever it is, so that if the play itself is of an imaginative nature, the story must become very thin."—H. J. Colebrook, *Sandwich*.

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

Mistakes at the Microphone

Continued from page Five

speak in an unresponsive studio coherently and without faltering for twenty minutes, and the experience of a university don, renowned for his fluent speech, illustrates the value of the written word as aid to broadcasters.

This eminent lecturer was engaged to speak on his special subject and, on coming for a voice test, was asked to submit a manuscript.

He protested that he never used a note, it was ridiculous, but, of course, if the B.B.C. insisted he would write his talk and send it in, though he would not dream of using it when broadcasting. He had been lecturing for years—and so on. The manuscript arrived and was given to the announcer who put it in his pocket. In the evening the professor turned up and was seated in the studio. He was announced; the red lamp glowed at his desk; it was the signal for his talk to start. The professor coughed, then paused; he coughed again and reddened with embarrassment; another pause and, at this point, the announcer pulled the manuscript from his pocket and the grateful professor proceeded to read it!

But for the timely production of the manuscript that talk could not have been given.

At times agitation and nervousness cause broadcasters of all kinds to move too near or too far from the mike, but unless the fault takes the form of swaying to and fro, it can be corrected by the man in the listening-room, and it often happens that he has to increase or reduce the volume to compensate for movements of this kind. It is just a part of his job, one reason why he sits so

What We Want

"I have just been listening this evening, Monday, to Jack Jackson and his Band from the Dorchester Hotel, from 10.30 till 12 o'clock. It was certainly by far the best dance programme I have heard for a long time. There was hardly ever a break between numbers of longer than nine or ten seconds. These are the kind of programmes we want."—*Dance Enthusiast, Chesham*.

"D.G." to Broadcast?

"There could, in my opinion, be no man better fitted for Director-General of the B.B.C. than Sir John Reith. As Dictator of this mighty organisation he fits into the scheme of things admirably. There is, however, just a point of human touch the British public wants—to hear him. "I do not think it is without reason to suggest that Sir John ought to give a "talk" periodically, if only for, say, ten to fifteen minutes at a time. As a diversion, perhaps Henry Hall would persuade Sir John to be one of his 'studio guests' on guest night!"—L. Haither, *Sheffield*.

Earlier Dance Music

"We live out in the country where it is impossible to attend any social functions at which London dance bands play. It is therefore a treat for us to be able to switch on at 10.30 every week-day evening and hear the 'star' bands of the West End. We should get more pleasure from the radio dance music if it started earlier. Bands begin to play at about 9.30. The B.B.C. doesn't switch on till 10.30. Why? Surely something could be arranged."—A. J. K., *Northrepps*.

intently listening with earphones clamped on his head.

The week's good cause appeals bring a lot of money to charities which are lucky to secure a place in the programme. On some Sundays several local appeals are broadcast at the same time from different studios, and a gentleman who spoke with great fervour recently, was surprised that the result of his effort should be so small.

Owing to a technical fault his remarks had not been broadcast at all!

In the television studio programmes are produced with the greatest care because mistakes can be seen as well as heard. If an artist misses his cue he cannot be impersonated because lookers would be conscious of the deception.

In a recent successful performance of *Carmen*, Heddie Nash had to make a rapid change off stage, and for several moments Sarah Fischer found herself standing alone in the flickering shaft of light when she should have had a partner.

On another occasion the accompaniment continued after the dancer had left the floor. Whispered "shut ups" failed to impress the musician, and the dancer, seizing his hat, threw it across the studio. As it struck the pianist in the face the music stopped.

Yes; the B.B.C. is human and mistakes like these enliven the programmes.

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

My name and address is:—

Send this coupon in an unsealed envelope, bearing 1d. stamp, to RADIO PICTORIAL Shopping Guide, 58-61 Fetter Lane, E.C.4.

DO you know the way to make strawberry and raspberry jam, so that it is certain to be successful—the fruit whole, and the colour and flavour unspoiled? There is a trick in it... and the trick is "Zett," the pure fruit pectin compound that cuts down the time required for boiling and makes your jam absolutely certain to set. A booklet of simple and delightful recipes with "Zett" will be sent free on request. **46**

HORROCKSES Fashion Portfolio is something entirely different in fashion books. For not only does it give a collection of new models by leading designers, but also samples of the actual fabrics from which to make the frocks—lovely new Prestique and Nucolaine designs, that cost only 1s. 0½d. a yard. Coupons for paper pattern are also included, and it costs—exactly nothing. Write to me for your copy to-day. **47**

ANYBODY who has looked with longing at a jeweller's window of gold and silver watches, diamond rings, and other beautiful jewels, with the feeling that he cannot afford them, should send for Cuthbertson's catalogue, where he will find all these things beautifully illustrated and marked at prices to suit his own pocket. A special system of deferred payments makes it possible to buy valuable jewels in the easiest and most convenient way, and it is as simple and safe to order by post as on the spot. Let me send you a catalogue. **48**



Children's News MOTTO

by Commander Stephen KING-HALL

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

"As idle as a painted ship Upon a painted ocean."

This week's saying comes from a famous poem called "The Ancient Mariner," by Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who lived from 1772 to 1834. You will find the key on page 24.

Stephen King-Hall

Wanted CAN YOU WRITE WORDS FOR SONGS?

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

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RADIO PICTORIAL
July 27, 1934

Sandler rehearsing
for his Park Lane
broadcast—Sunday,
July 29.



On the AIR ---



Joe Loss and his Band—you
heard him at the B.B.C. micro-
phone last Thursday.



Eileen Joyce, who
broadcasts in the
National programme on
Saturday, August 4.



Van Phillips and his All Star Orchestra rehearsing
in the Columbia studio. You heard him on the air
in his second broadcast on July 23.



He's broadcasting on Saturday, August 4 and getting married the same day! Mantovani, leader of his Tipica Orchestra

High-spots of the Programmes

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

St. Michael's College, Tenbury, on the 30th. Crosthwaite has made a name for himself in Tenbury since he came over from Simla three years ago. Pity there is to be no singing in this recital, because they are specialists there in old English church music.

On the same evening there is to be a *Divertissement* by Martyn Webster. It is to begin with a problem sketch by C. H. Averill. The problem is the sort of thing set in police examinations. So you can see if you can beat the bobbies on the beat. The solution will be given later in the programme, which contains a good deal of music.

Do you know the Coventry Opera House? Doesn't matter if you don't, but I want you to hear the Coventry Rep. Players in a play called *After the Event*. A Communist tries to wreck a train in it, so it may be quite 'citing'. This is on August 1.

On the same evening the Midland Mischief Makers are up to their usual tricks—the saucy 'ounds. One of them—Joan Daniels—is a crooner at fifteen. What she will be by the time she's fifty hardly bears thinking of.

The following night (August 2) a concert party comes all the way from Leamington Spa. It is called *Frills and Flounces*. Bit old-fashioned, surely? Do they still wear such things in Leamington? Perhaps they go with the bath chairs?

Steering my compass to the West, I hear tell of the Plymouth Division of the Royal Marines doing things in the Abbey Hall on the 30th. Sure to be a good show.

Wales is to have a talk in its native lingo by Mr. J. E. Jones, with illustrations on penillion singing. So long as penillion singing is no relation to pillion riding (which is dangerous) or scat-singing (which is much more dangerous), I think I may recommend the broadcast to all it may concern. (August 2.)

Exeter is doing a little in the Western cause. Its male voice choir, conducted by W. J. Cotton, is to give a concert with Kate Winter and Stuart Robertson, on the 1st.

A Morecambe Night's Entertainment is fixed for July 27. I don't know whether it is the first or the thousand-and-first, but it is to include the 1934 Frolics and the Arcadian Follies, so there oughtn't to be much the matter with it.

Belfast listeners will be interested in Mr. Harrie Palmer, Secretary of the Ulster Cycle Club, on July 28, when he gives an eye-witness account of the 100-mile Motor Cycle Race from Belfast. It will be a short race, but there will be plenty of life about it.

Scotland gets an account of the Australians (who are playing on July 28-30) from Norman Bruce.

On August 2, Mr. W. B. Prentice gives an eye-witness account of the Scottish National Sheep-dog Trials.

It's easy to make a slip of the pen when dealing with personalities. I see that a friend of mine "tripped up" last week in the article on song-writing for the kiddies. It was stated that "Where the Rainbow Ends" was written by Norman O'Neil. This, of course, was written by Roger Quilter. In the interests of accuracy I make the correction!

John Sharman is already busy on the shows which will be staged at Radiolympia. There will be three programmes each day during the run of the exhibition and the bill will be changed at least once. Eric Maschwitz will direct the entertainment which John will produce. The producer will have to spend all day and much of the night around the big stage in the hall and he will be relieved of all other work while the exhibition lasts. As soon as the final curtain is rung down the show will be packed up and put on a train for Glasgow where the same programme will be staged a few days later. John, of course, will travel north in charge. One way and another it is lucky he took an early holiday!

An enterprising fellow, wanting to get a sketch broadcast, has chosen a novel way of submitting his work for approval. Instead of sending in a manuscript which would have to be read he had the sketch recorded by a dictaphone and then sent the record round to the B.B.C. Its arrival in this unusual form caused consternation, but eventually one of the big men agreed to take it home, borrow an instrument to hear it and report what it was all about. A good idea which deserves success.

A BRITISH film on a pirate radio station is the latest idea! This picture has just been completed at Sound City, Shepperton, under the direction of Ivar Campbell. The cast includes Mary Lawson, Enid Stamp Taylor, Leslie French, Warren Jenkins, and Hughie Green, and this musical fantasy is written around a pirate radio station.

Several very interesting sets have been used for this production, both in the studio and on the lot. A complete replica of the face of Big Ben has been erected on the lot, as a great deal of the action in the picture centres round Big Ben. Some of the shots were actually taken from Westminster on the scaffolding of the tower.

And if this heat continues much longer I shall be heading for the last Rondo!

If you are keen on good opera—Wagner especially—do listen on August 6, when a goodish slice of the *Valkyrie* comes over from Bayreuth. That's where they make Wagnerian opera. You will get Act I on the National and, later, Act III on the Regional. You will have to whistle for Act II. Still, what matter? You are not concerned with the story, especially as you can't see anything. All you care about is the music, which will be good.

Being Bank Holiday, the B.B.C. is undertaking a little light entertainment in the form of a *Coster Cavalcade*. Yus, an' they won't arf put it acrawst yer, neither. Swelpmebob, they won't!

This week I seem to have more provincial news than anything else. All the same, I do know you will all get the last military tattoo of the season from Tidworth on August 7.

This tattoo has a wonderful setting. Salisbury Plain offers a sort of saucer arena with lovely wooded hills in the background. I always think Salisbury Plain is ageless—until I come to Stonehenge. That is merely aged.

There will, by the way, be more than a dozen bands, some of which are mounted. I think it will be quite realistic.

Midland Regional listeners might do worse than hear Laurence Crosthwaite on the organ of

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

The British Government has said that it will spend two million pounds on helping British ships which are now lying idle, so that they may be able to compete with foreign ships. Many of the foreign ship-owners are being given money by their governments. Such money is called a subsidy.

Binders for the next twenty-six issues of RADIO PICTORIAL are Now **READY**

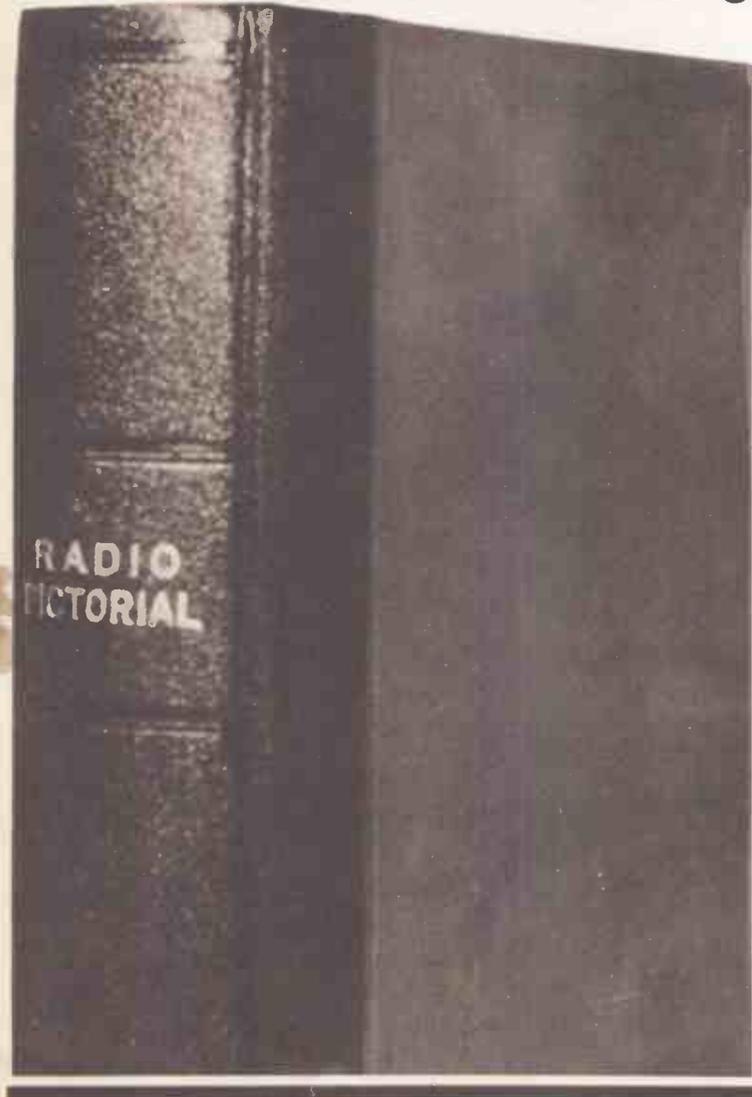
Readers of "Radio Pictorial" whose binding cases for the first half of the year are now full, can send for the new one which accommodates the next twenty-six issues.

Those who have not yet started using one, should send to-day, enclosing remittance for 4/6. They will find that keeping "Radio Pics" in one of these binders provides a wealth of reading and pictorial matter in connection with the broadcasting world.

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Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils. This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in "Zee-Kol" Almond Oil Soap.



It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price, 6d. instead of 1/- Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

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You play divinely, my darling, but I am a little distracted gazing at your beauty—and your complexion is the most perfect I have ever seen. And what is this glorious perfume that you use?

FIANCÉE: "You flatterer! I do not use any perfume. I use the most perfect soap that I have ever used in my life—it is called Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap, and it is only 6d. a tablet, instead of 2/6, as I paid for other soaps, which were not so good, and the lovely perfume comes from this Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap. The Almond Oil keeps my face young and, as you say, beautiful. Everyone should try this beautiful soap—originally 1/- per tablet, now 6d."

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Paul D. Tyers designs a new PORTABLE



Paul D. Tyers

Paul D. Tyers, one of the best-known set and component designers in the radio trade, has produced the TYERS PORTABLE for the WIRELESS MAGAZINE.

This set, which is published in the August issue of the WIRELESS MAGAZINE now on sale, reflects closely current commercial set production. It is a simple four-valver, using a single stage of high-frequency amplification; detector and low-frequency stages. With this set you can easily receive all the main stations on both wavelengths without any difficulty and the set pulls in the foreigners during the daytime with remarkable ease. A notable feature of the TYERS PORTABLE is that the anode

current taken by its four valves is only 7 milliamperes, which means that the bugbear of constantly renewing H.T. batteries is avoided.

Full constructional and operating details together with scale wiring diagrams will be found in the August issue of WIRELESS MAGAZINE.

Below are some of the other forty-odd features also in the August number:—

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WORLD'S BROADCAST WAVELENGTHS VALVES IN THE MAKING

I.B.U.—THE RADIO LEAGUE OF NATIONS. By Alan Hunter

SHOULD AMATEUR TRANSMITTING BE ENCOURAGED? By Kenneth Jowers

AUTOMATIC S O S FOR THE YACHTSMAN. By Malcolm Harvey

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NEW EGYPTIAN BROADCASTING STUDIOS RECORDING—AND HOW YOU CAN DO IT AT HOME. By Frank Chartley

ON THE CREST OF THE WAVES. By Jay Coote.

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