

"RADIO PICTORIAL" MAY 11, 1934. No. 17.

S.P.B. Mais on "MY BROADCASTS"

# RADIO PICTORIAL

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EVERY FRIDAY

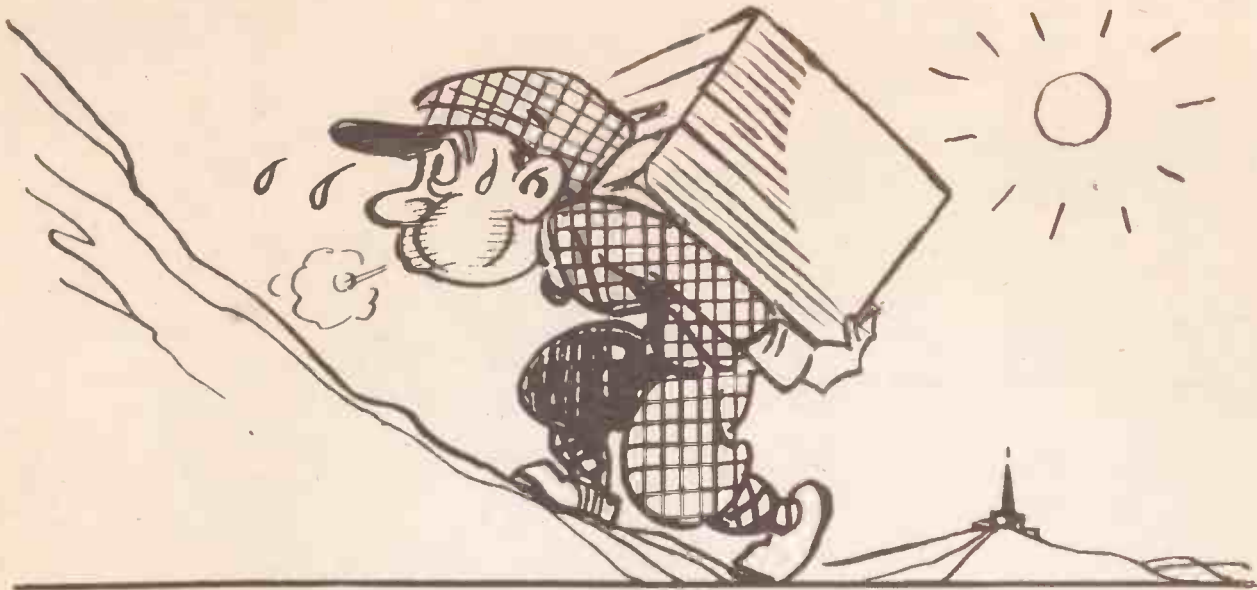


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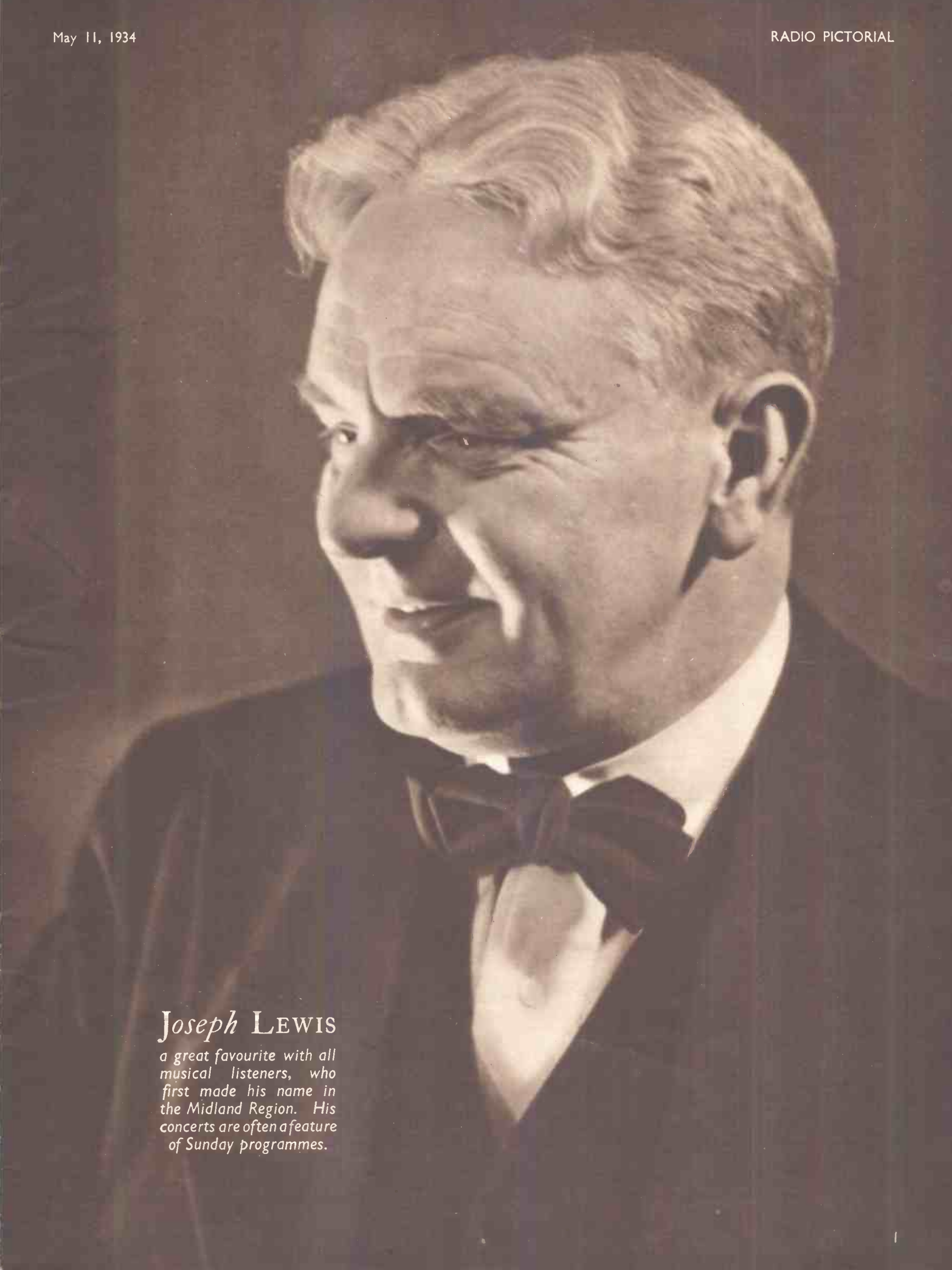


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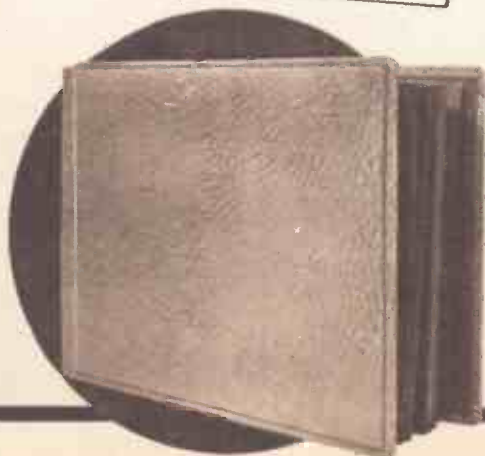
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# PITY *the*

Radio Pictorial — No. 17

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## Man behind B.B.C. Variety

**O**F all jobs in the B.B.C., Eric Maschwitz's position as chief of the vaudeville programmes is the most unenviable. Too many critics attack these programmes without realising the extremely narrow scope which broadcasting offers in such a branch of entertainment.

says **OLIVER BALDWIN**

few dialect comedians there are applying for an audition at the B.B.C.

People are apt to think that, because they can see a first-class vaudeville performance at their music-halls once a week, there is no reason why the B.B.C. cannot do as well.

There are, however, many reasons. Firstly, three-quarters of the turns you enjoy in a music-hall debar themselves by the nature of their individual style.

Dancing, for instance, which is such a popular item in the average music hall is of no use before the microphone.

Acrobatics which thrill you with admiration for the nerve and courage of the performers is also impossible.

Juggling, whether straight or comic, is useless for the B.B.C. programmes, and such items as comedy cycling and animal acts can mean nothing to the audience that surrounds the receiving set.

Any comedy that relies on make-up, knock-about or slap-stick; any drama that relies on stage positions; any musical number that is based on comic situations like the work of Grock or Noni cannot be drawn on by the Director of Wireless Vaudeville.

He has therefore very little left.

He can give you straight ballad or comic singing—and in the latter case he has no help from make-up or facial expression; cross talk comedy or musical instrument playing . . . and that is about all!

Little specially written sketches are certainly possible, but their number is few and far between.

In actual fact, making music of one kind or another is his main standby. And even there he will have to compete with the ordinary dancebands, the light orchestral music and the many singers who perform in other programmes items that you are used to seeing in your music-halls. Even that very popular turn of the burlesque ballad-singer is debarred, since three quarters of his or her effect depends upon facial expression.

The great stand-by of the music-halls is undoubtedly the dialect comedian.

He is the father of variety and as such he leapt early into broadcasting.

To-day there are very few dialect comedians coming along to take the place of the old stagers. Education is slowly killing him: not real education but that form of low intellectual snobbery that imagines that there is something common and vulgar in an English dialect.

The B.B.C., with its stupid efforts to standardise a certain way of speaking on the air, has been responsible for making people believe that the particular accent used by people who have had expensive educations is pure English.

Whereas, of course, there is no such thing as a pure English accent. Our tongue, made up of so many different languages, was until quite recently expressed in a number of dialects natural to different parts of the country.

The gradual disappearance of dialect destroys personality in a comedian and brings the expression of humour and wit to a dead level.

It is surprising how

Eric Maschwitz holds about a hundred auditions a week to try to find new talent, and, of the prospective applicants, forty per cent. imitate Americans and try to croon over the air.

There must be something terribly infectious in this jazz music to cause so many to take up its vocal rendering for a living. Yet out of this forty per cent. only one or two have bothered to learn to sing, or have voices that can give them a clear top note, which is about the most essential thing in crooning.

Critics of the vaudeville programmes on the air, while quite content with the ordinary music-hall, are constantly forgetting that the music-halls themselves cannot find any new turns.

How do they expect Eric Maschwitz to produce them when he is bound by the much narrower scope of the microphone?

In the last few years I suppose that John Tilley is the only find of importance in the whole field of comic variety, and yet his best number—that of selling a purse in imitation Italian—

(Continued on page 17)



Eric Maschwitz, the B.B.C. Variety Director, photographed with Tamara Desni at Sound City, Shepperton, during the filming of "A Friend Like You."

Stars at  
Home—17

“...directed by  
**Henry Hall**”

**C**ONSIDERING he was thirty-five on May 2, Henry Hall is a remarkably young-looking man. Perhaps it is his figure that is so young. He is very slim. Perhaps there are faint signs of maturity in that his hair is turning iron-grey at the temples.

Henry lives in Hampstead. It is true to say he lives for his wife and children. Betty is nine. She is full of personality, and gives the impression of being an intensely happy child. Her father says she is absolutely care-free. May she remain so!

Michael is six. He is very different in temperament. Detail is his trouble. He must have detail in everything. He is not in the least musical, but is certain to distinguish himself in some way sooner or later. A thoughtful, serious-minded youngster.

Every Sunday afternoon, punctually at five o'clock, he produces either a halma-board or a draught-board, and he and his father settle down to a good game. Betty is not a bit keen on that sort of thing. She prefers something a little livelier. Swimming, when she has the chance. She has already won several cups, and is a remarkable swimmer for her age. Both children are at school in Hampstead.

**M**ichael is the image of his father. Henry admits that himself. Probably both wearing glasses makes the likeness stronger—but there it is: Henry will never die while his son is alive.

Mrs. Hall is a native of Manchester. They were married just ten years ago. You will be surprised to hear that she is not in the least interested in music, serious or otherwise. She listens to her husband occasionally, but rarely has any comment to make on his band's performances.

Henry does not consider this a disadvantage in the least. On the contrary, he says he appreciates the value of it. His life is so much taken up with work—he is one of the hardest sloggers in Broadcasting House—that he is really glad not to have to talk about it when he is at home. Considering he is rehearsing half the day and broadcasting very often until the clock strikes midnight, he likes his home to be his home, not a second-B.B.C. studio.

In the spring and summer months Mrs. Hall spends a good deal of time in her garden. She is fond of needlework and homely pursuits in general. Where they really meet on common ground is in their love of the theatre. They see everything worth seeing in London in the course of a season. Henry is very deeply in love with musical comedy. It forms one of his off-shoots from his work.

Nearly all musicians find they have

*Continued on page 20.*

*A peep through  
the keyhole into  
Henry's home.*





S. P. B. MAIS, *the popular broadcaster, lets you into the secret—*

**W**HEN you ask me how I prepare my broadcast talks, I must reply as Charles Lamb replied when asked how he liked walking upon an empty stomach: "It rather depends upon whose!"

So my preparation of talks depends upon which. If it is a talk on books for schools, I normally bully my way into a school beforehand and try reading this extract and that to a class (rather like trying out different poisons on a dog), and then select those which make them seem the least sick or bored.

I have to try to imagine that I am talking to myself when I was twelve and think back to the sorts of books I myself liked at that age.

I never know how far children really like my talks about books. They write enthusiastically, even affectionately, in large numbers, so I suppose they read the books for themselves, and as that is the object of my talks, I suppose it's all right. But actually, I'd rather be talking to them in the flesh and watching the reaction of this reading or that.

It's all rather in the dark talking into a microphone. But nowadays my talks are not mainly for children, but very hurried descriptions of lovely places or ugly things that I have witnessed during the week. As I am a slow thinker and slow writer, I find this rather nerve-racking, but I doubt whether it would be any better if I were given a month instead of a week between talks, because I never sit down to write my talks until the very last possible second, and I am always still polishing and still revising the manuscript when the red light goes up for us to begin.

I can safely say that the B.B.C. has never yet seen a talk of mine beforehand that corresponded with the talk that I have given. There is a rule that all manuscripts should be in the hands of the scrutinisers or censors at least a week before the talk. Well, quite obviously when I was discovering the Unknown Island and reporting on distress areas, it took me all the week to travel to and from the places to gather material. There was no chance

I read it over and I then usually tear the whole thing up and start again.

It flows more easily the second time, because I realise by now more or less what I can get in and what I can't.

I find that I now compress far more tightly than ever I did in the old days when I wrote for periodicals.

Now this is at first sight odd because the first point in oratory is to repeat and to repeat and to repeat one theme, hammering one idea home. But broadcasting bears no relation to oratory. The tub-thumper is oddly enough seen through much more easily if he cannot be seen. Audiences may be hoodwinked by the trick of a smile or the vigour of a gesture, but if the speaker has to rely on his voice alone he has to speak directly and say what he means and not repeat himself.

He is not talking to an audience. He is talking to one man on the other side of the fireplace, a man at least as intelligent as himself and one who is not suffering from the hysteria that



HOW I PREPARE MY BROADCASTS

seizes on the mob. So I find myself compressing and polishing far more than ever I do when I am writing to be read. I am now speaking to be heard and one word missed may throw the whole talk out of gear.

My "Unknown Island" talks were received far more favourably than I ever dared to hope, and the reason was two-fold: (1) My voice was clear and (2) the subject was familiar. Doctor Johnson, who understood more of human psychology than almost any other Englishman except Shakespeare, hit the nail, as usual, right on the head when he said "The public prefers to be reminded rather than informed."

My "Modern Columbus" talks from America were received far less favourably because (1) my voice was indistinct owing to atmospheric conditions, so that words were lost, and (2) the subject was unfamiliar.

"All that this long tour of America of Mr. Mais has taught me," wrote one candid critic, "is that I don't care two hoots what Arizona looks like."

It is only human to prick up one's ears on listening to a description of the familiar, to drift into listlessness when the unfamiliar and foreign are under discussion.

I realise every time I prepare a talk that I have to fight the microphone to win the ear of my audience afresh, and so I insist on rehearsal after rehearsal until I have got both the material and my way of presenting as free from fault as I and my patient rehearsers can make it. I have always made myself a nuisance to everybody who is put in charge of me whether on this side of the Atlantic or the other.

I always want the engineer to be satisfied that I am speaking it exactly the angle to the microphone, exactly the distance from it that gives my voice the best chance of being heard. In a word,

I am fussy beyond all belief. I am impressed by the number of my listeners in spite of the fact that I am addressing myself to one. That one is so hypercritical that I cannot afford to make a single mistake.

In a public lecture I am free to make many, to go over my ground, to repeat myself, but before the microphone I feel that I am upon oath in the witness box.

Do not imagine that I dislike giving the talks. I enjoy myself once the talk is started, and there is no more question of elaboration or deletion. It is the final preparation that threatens to turn my hair grey and does make my temper almost impossible to be borne.

The worst trouble is not being able to gauge in the least before a talk whether I am going to give it well or badly.

The success or failure of my lectures depends almost entirely upon my audiences.

If they have paid a reasonable sum to hear me the talk usually goes well. If the lecture is a free one or dependent upon a silver collection, I have always noticed that the audience is sparse and listless. The more they pay the better they listen and the better a talk. It is all a question of getting and giving value for money. But this doesn't hold in a broadcast talk.

Whatever I feel about the adequacy or inadequacy of my fee usually affects my broadcast not at all, and certainly the temper of my audience can scarcely enter into it because I cannot gauge the temper of my audience. The excellence or stupidity of my talk depends solely on my mood. There are certain tricks that I find helpful.

I never talk to anybody on a day that I am broadcasting. I concentrate wholly on my manuscript, even shutting myself up for weeks.

I get to the studio three-quarters of an hour before the time to give myself a chance to be quiet.

And I always wash myself nine times just before I start and brush my hair carefully. Then I take off my coat, waistcoat and tie, roll up my shirt-sleeves, and wait for the red light to appear.

And then when it has started I find that I want

Continued on page 20



"LEARN TO CROON . . ."

Did you know that Les Allen, the popular crooner in the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra, is married and has a little son, Norman? Here you see Norman taking a lesson from Daddy in the rudiments of music . . . but there seems something wrong somewhere. Norman doesn't see any discord, to judge by his cheerful expression!



"Newsmonger's"  
**RADIO GOSSIP**

*An Announcer Never Waits!*

**W**AITING for a lift on the top floor in the studio tower at Broadcasting House yesterday, I was let into a secret. Beside the bell push which summons the lift is a lock, and why it should be there has often puzzled me. I had rung the bell, but the lift was seven stories below and descending.

As I stood waiting, an announcer hurried out of a studio with a script in his hand, drew a key from his pocket, and turned it in the lock. The effect on the lift was magical as seen in the indicator.

It reversed immediately and rose non-stop to our floor. We entered and were rushed non-stop to the sub-basement which was the announcer's destination. Only six keys fit these locks, and when they are turned an emergency signal brings the lift at once to the floor where it is needed.

So an announcer in a hurry to get from one studio to another never has to wait, and the system helps to keep the programmes running to schedule.

*Holidays—*

**E**veryone is planning holidays. It is always difficult to get away and nowhere is it harder to fit in the leave than at Broadcasting House, for the programmes must go on. The big orchestra takes holiday in two parts. About half the players will be away for four weeks starting early in June and the other part will follow, overlapping by one week. It has to be arranged in this way because the players must all be back for the "Proms" which start early in August, just when most of us will be by the sea. The Dance Orchestra will take holiday later in September.

day, so he arranged for these to turn up at Broadcasting House, Piccadilly—Manchester—in the evening. We shall be hearing several soon.

*No Risks*

**I** had a chat with Howard Rose in his room the other afternoon, while he was busy with some manuscripts. He never takes risks with a play. I watched him mark voice-inflections in every sentence. By the time he has finished a page it looks years older than it did before he began on it. He has had great experience in play-producing.

*In the Studio*

**W**hile I was there Val Gielgud came in. "Hallo, you old rascal," was his greeting. "You can come down with me and hear a bit of Will Shakespeare, if you like." I went with him into a listening-room overlooking Studio 6A and heard a scene rehearsed. After that we went down together into the studio.

I had a chat with some old friends, amongst whom was Lilian Harrison, who seemed very cheerful. She has one of the best microphone voices I know. Very sympathetic.

*The Mike Bogey*

**F**reddie Lloyd was there also. He is a splendid microphone actor. You have not heard him for some time as he has been in a West End show. He was as pleased as Punch to be broadcasting again.

Haidee Wright was doing the part of Elizabeth in the Shakespeare play. She was a little anxious about the microphone, but Val told her to forget it. He had it slung over her head so that she should not see it. He tells me he is pleased with the effect these suspended mikes have on actors.

I listened to a rehearsal of *The Dorsetshire Farmers* from one of the control panels the other

*—And Holiday Programmes*

**F**or the talkers the holiday problem is simpler because there is a gap in the serious talks programme from the end of June until the middle of September. So for ten weeks the voices of the lecturer will be silent—at least he will not be heard on the air. We shall have lighter fare in this time and should make room for portables in our luggage after all.

Sunday Shakespeare plays will be dropped during this period too, and more popular programmes will be given in their place. All of which is encouraging to the holiday mood.

*New Blood from Manchester*

**E**ric Maschwitz, just back from a flying visit to Manchester, tells me that he cannot count on having discovered a second Gracie Fields though some of the artists who attended his auditions showed considerable promise.

He was away for three days and heard more than a hundred applicants. Several were employed in mills, works and offices during the



The Twiddleknobs—by FERRIER



morning and was introduced to Mr. J. Inglis the producer. A very affecting play. Had a ring of truth in it which always makes for good drama.

**By Gaslight!**

On the way out I encountered Henry Hall. I told him I liked his guest-night shows. He told me someone had written to him and congratulated him on his *gaslight* show.

**Talent by Telephone!**

Philip Ridgeway, as you have heard, is returning to the mike for another "Parade" on June 1 and 2. He will bring with him a new leading lady, Helene Cooney, a lady with real microphone personality.

Naturally he has been on the 'phone to Broadcasting House quite a bit recently with reference to rehearsals and so on, and he professes to be much impressed with the speaking voices of the

B.B.C. staff—both women and men! In fact, he says he wants to have the pleasure of forming a company of B.B.C. secretaries and typists! Well, you never know. Radio speakers have been chosen before now for the quality of their voices over the telephone.

**New Radio Play**

The Drama Director at the B.B.C. certainly made a successful experiment with the first actual reproduction in miniature of famous English trials. *The King's Tryall* was well received.

Of course, the trial of the only King we ever executed had a good start on any that might follow it.

Whitaker-Wilson has chosen for the second trial of the series that of Simon Fraser, the Master of Lovat. He, you will remember, was the amazing old reprobate who revolted with Bonnie Prince Charlie against George II. He was caught at Culloden, in 1746, and brought to London in

a litter. He was tried in Westminster Hall during the month of March, 1747. The trial lasted seven days.

The method of trying persons for high treason in those days was often hard on the offenders. Simon was seventy-eight years of age when he stood for his trial; yet they refused to allow him counsel for defence. He had to defend himself.

You need not strain your imagination to visualise what he must have gone through. Of course he was guilty; there can never be any question of that. The Crown witnesses proved the case up to the hilt. Also private letters between him and the Prince were read.

You ought to listen to this trial if only to get a close-up view of how they did things in those days. The play—if play it be—will give you everything in miniature. You will hear the vital speeches only. Even those will be boiled down to give you just the essential points. There is to be the examination of one witness, and part of two incriminating letters will be read.

As Lord Lovat was a Scot, a first-rate Scottish actor is coming down from Edinburgh specially to play the part. It was thought unwise to risk an Englishman playing it. Whitaker-Wilson himself is to be the narrator. The transmissions are next Thursday, May 17, at 9.15 p.m., and Friday, May 18, at 8 p.m.



Have you tried this in your garden yet? Norman Long, the popular radio comedian temporarily leaves his songs, smile, and piano, and takes the roller out on to the lawn. He says relaxation is good for the mind!

**Our Cover Portrait**

I am sure you will be interested in the "Star" portrait on the cover this week as it is of the ever-popular Jeanne de Casalis . . . Mrs. Feather, to you. Her humorous telephone conversations have made her famous on the radio recently and only a week or so ago she was invited to take part in one of Henry Hall's Guest Night programmes. Remember it? She convulsed everybody from Henry Hall to the man at the drums with her idiotic telephonic remarks on gardening technicalities.

In private life she is, of course, Mrs. Colin Clive, and she tells me that actual domestic facts often give her inspiration for her humorous broadcasts. The telephone incident forms the background of the very ingenious "Mrs. Feather" cover design . . . and do you see she is dressed in feathers?

**Childhood Days**

One other thing about this week's issue impresses me as being of extreme personal interest. I refer to the centre colour pages, "Myself when Young." You know the quotation, of course—that is if you study Omar Khayyám! But I had never believed it possible that people could grow up from the kiddy stage and still for many years carry distinguishing marks. Look at Christopher Stone and John Watt, for example. Their eyes have remained unchanged. Major Gladstone Murray, who has the important job of Director of Public Relations at the B.B.C., is another example of a man who has grown up without losing his cheerful youthful expression.

NEXT WEEK: HOW THEY EAT—AT THE B.B.C.!



DID YOU HEAR THE ZOO—

A RELAY from the Zoo is one of the most interesting outside broadcasts, and here you can see what goes on behind the scenes when the animals come to the microphone to broad-



—RELAY ON MAY 9?

cast. Although the Zoo relay sounds impromptu, this half-hour's entertainment has to be planned with great precision. The cost of each broadcast is approximately £300!

# BROADCASTING FROM THE ZOO

**B**ETWEEN one and two million visitors pass through the turnstiles of the London Zoo each year. They include all grades of society—the wealthiest and the poorest—for there is no more universally popular institution in the land than London's 105-year-old menagerie.

By far the most interesting visitor, however, is "Mr. Mike," who, making a tour of the gardens, as he does from time to time, picks up the Zoo's most amusing animal and bird voices and transmits them far and wide across land and sea to that greater public which, for one reason or another, can rarely visit the metropolis.

Broadcasting the Zoo is a novelty which usually, for about half an hour, finds a place in the Children's Hour. What the outside audience may be on these occasions obviously cannot be assessed; but it must certainly run into millions.

There is this to be said about the Zoo: as a place of healthy entertainment it appeals to young and old alike. Walk among a typical bank-holiday crowd and observe the people as well as the animals; you will see almost as many folk of sixty as of six. Therein lies the secret of the Zoo's popularity and prosperity. It is the playground of people of all ages, and although the "Zoo broadcast" is placed in the Children's Hour, it is safe to say that at least half its audience are no longer children, though they may be "young enough in spirit"!

**B**efore we come to the animals and their introduction to the mike, let us have a glance at a few facts and figures connected with these broadcasts.

In the first place, each Zoo broadcast costs the Post Office about £300. And if there is one "outside" event in the B.B.C.'s varied programme for which preparation is needed, this Zoo effort is certainly that one. Impromptu as it may sound when it comes to your ears from the loud-speaker, I can assure you that this half-hour's entertainment has to be planned with much forethought and attention to detail.

About three weeks before the event is due to take place, four or five Post Office engineers come into the Zoological Gardens with a van-load of apparatus. Usually these broadcasts are put out from about eight of the more popular Zoo houses, and in each of these buildings a microphone has to be installed, each with its connecting wires leading to a telephone cable in the middle of the gardens.

When all is ready a dress rehearsal is given, the audience on this occasion being two or three cheery engineers who squat inside their van with phones over their ears (and possibly extra buttons on their waistcoats to stop their sides from splitting).

Finally, when the actual broadcast is over, it takes two or more days to dismantle all the apparatus and leave the place "clean and tidy," as the plumber's bill has it.

I well remember the first occasion, some six years ago now, when the event was a real novelty. There was naturally a good deal of speculation among the Zoo authorities as to whether the broadcast would be a success or a failure. The

question was: Would the animals speak up when ordered to do so, or would they, like some nervous human performers get "mike fright" and remain obstinately dumb? No one knew the answer to that question. It was obviously a matter for trial.

The appearance of the Post Office van in the gardens, I remember, took most of the keepers by surprise. Not a few had misgivings of a purely personal nature. "What's all that wire for?" one asked me, and, when I enlightened him, replied: "Broadcasting Zoo noises, are they? They'll have their work cut out. I hope they don't want us keepers to do a lot of spouting."

Fortunately, "they" didn't. The services of a well-known Zoo journalist, the late Leslie Mainland, were available, and Mr. Mainland on that first occasion, as on one or two others, made a round of the houses where the mike had been fitted up, and introduced the animals to his vast unseen audience.

By Craven Hill, F.Z.S.

It was a harrowing job, for, though to announce the four-footed or feathered performer was simple enough to a man of Mainland's experience, there was no guarantee that the animal concerned would do his part.

However, there are tricks in every trade, and one of those in the Zoo keeper's is knowing how to get his charges to speak when he wants them to.

In the lion house, for example, the keeper induced two or three lions to roar by the simple but effective process of roaring at the King of Beasts through a megaphone! This is a trick which never fails to come off, and explains why the lion house always puts up such a good show on these occasions.

Similarly, the cockatoo's vocal powers can usually be stimulated by showing the bird a wriggling worm. This excites his curiosity and, in his growing excitement, he begins to talk.

The hyena can be persuaded to "laugh" by showing him a nice, juicy piece of horseflesh, and the laughing jackass ("Australian kingfisher" to his more scientific intimates) can be induced to utter his well-known maniacal cackle merely by vigorously clapping your hands in front of his cage.

Elephants, of course, are so obedient that they will trumpet at the command of their keepers. The same willingness to oblige characterises the famous Zoo bear, Winnie-the-Pooh, who has broadcast on several occasions and who, on being given a spoonful of condensed milk, will thank her keeper by means of an enthusiastic "gobble-obble-obble," not unlike a turkey with a baritone voice—if you can imagine such a horror!

One of the most amusing Zoo broadcasts was that sponsored by Will Owen, who had a bicycle with him on which he peddled from house to house as fast as he could go.

After introducing the lions to

his audience, for example, he would rush from the house, mount his cycle, and scoot up to the bird house in order to be ready to introduce the laughing jackass as soon as the lions had finished their "turn." One result of this was that listeners were gratuitously treated to the sound of Mr. Owen's panting voice as he announced the next performer. By the time the final "turn" arrived the harassed *compère* was almost inarticulate!

**T**he summer of 1933 saw the introduction of Zoo animals for the first time to the television projector. The time selected was 11 p.m. on a warm summer evening, and this time "Mr. Mike" did not visit the animals—they visited him, in his sanctum at Broadcasting House.

They went thither in a taxicab, and it is interesting to note that this was the first occasion on which Zoo animals have ever been sent out of the gardens on loan. The fact that they were so sent was due to the courtesy of the Zoo Council, who, considering that this was a matter of special public interest, waived a hitherto rigidly observed regulation.

The animals—a monkey, a crocodile (of satisfyingly small proportions), a cockatoo, and one or two others—were accompanied by the Curator of Mammals and Birds, Mr. D. Seth Smith. They were duly taken up to the projector, and induced to "look pretty" and, if possible, to use their voices.

Only one performer went seriously on strike. This was Cocky, the 65-year-old sulphur-crested cockatoo, who, having been amusingly introduced by Mr. Seth Smith, refused to utter a word. Consequently the Curator, anxious to leave no gaps in the programme, was forced to occupy Cocky's appointed time by giving listeners and lookers-in a brief outline of the bird's history and capabilities.

**T**he annoying part was that, directly Cocky found himself back at the parrot house, he chattered incessantly during most of the following day. But that was just the cussedness of things.

Zoo broadcasts are expensive entertainments, as I have shown. But that there is a big audience for them is demonstrated by the B.B.C.'s post-bag, which after every successful occasion has contained thousands of eulogistic letters.

So, although these broadcasts cost approximately £10 a minute, they are unlikely to drop out of the programmes altogether, and at least once a year your loud-speaker should be able to put before you "the noises of the Zoo," and later on, no doubt, your televisor will show you what these animal performers look like. When that day comes you will be in for some really good fun.



A giant snake, one of the residents of the London Zoo, makes the acquaintance of television broadcasting apparatus at Broadcasting House!

Another Outside Broadcast feature next week



# Florence DESMOND

who is famous for her "Hollywood Party" broadcasts—in which she gives impersonations of famous film stars—has recently returned from America . . . and here she tells you about . . .



## New York's RADIO

**I** THINK that the most vivid impression I have of my broadcasting experiences in America is that of—*distance*. As I stood in front of the microphone, before going on the American air for the first time, I was almost struck momentarily dumb!

I was certainly very frightened at the sudden realisation that my voice was going to be heard in California, Canada—thousands of miles away, to the East, West, North and South.

I shall never forget how lonely, how infinitesimal I felt before that little, shining instrument in the New York studio of the National Broadcasting Corporation.

Imagine all those millions of people listening-in to me.

A further uncanny part of it is that when you broadcast at eight o'clock in the evening in New York it's five o'clock in the afternoon in Hollywood!

I always used to think of that once-popular song:

When it's night-time in Italy—  
It's Wednesday over here. . . .!

Well, after getting over that shock, I got another one—only of a more pleasant kind this time.

Money . . . money is always associated with America (or vice versa) in one way or another. And in radio, the Americans continue their famous policy of "money is no object."

All the most famous stars of the stage and screen and concert platform may be heard on the radio. These stars and celebrities are paid fabulous sums of money. At least they seem fabulous to us. And not only are the performers paid, but their material, that is, sketches, songs and jokes, are bought for them.

As you know, each big American firm—whether

they make tea, coffee, cigarettes, motor-cars or aeroplanes—"owns" an hour on the air. Owners of broadcasting stations (Columbia and the National Broadcasting Corporation already mentioned are the two principal stations) hire out the air to anybody who can pay for it.

In this way, tremendous competition is stimulated.

Various firms vie with each other in securing the biggest attractions with which they can discreetly (more or less!) advertise their goods.

For instance, Chase and Sanborn, makers of coffee, have their hour with Eddie Cantor as the star; Fleischmann's Yeast, a chemical commodity, is represented by Rudy Vallee (with whom, for a while, I lent a helping hand) as well as James Cagney, June Knight and "Chic" Sale; Ipana Tooth-paste—with which I was "guest star"—has other stars, and so on.

In the middle of the programme, the announcer will advise you to buy the goods sold by the firm sponsoring that programme.

This sort of thing is at first rather disconcerting. It came as a surprise to me when on one occasion my enjoyment of a comedian was interrupted by the following announcement:

"This programme is being brought to you by Inglewood Cemetery. If you love your mother, bury her in Inglewood Cemetery, where she will rest in peace. . . ."

However, as with other unpleasant things, the Americans have grown used to having their enjoyment of crooners and dance-bands interrupted by advertisers' slogans.

It must not be thought that the Americans are interested only in the more popular forms of radio entertainment. They have a definite taste for symphony concerts of the "highest browed"

music. They also have their talks on various subjects, and readings of poetry—all the symbols of a cultured country—as much as we do.

Here again they expect, and are given, the best that money can buy. The firms who sponsor a symphony concert hour are eager to present the best and most famous orchestra in the country.

A further example of the various firms' policy in having only the best is illustrated in the case of Fleischmann's Yeast and Rudy Vallee.

Rudy had to go to Hollywood to make a picture when he was at the same time under contract to Fleischmann's. The firm arranged for him to broadcast his hour from Hollywood in such a manner that it could be picked up by the New York station and presented at his usual time.

You can imagine the trouble that had to be taken in order that this famous band's hour could be broadcast just as if it were playing—as in the ordinary way it would be—from the New York studio.

Chase and Sanborn also go through the same procedure when Eddie Cantor goes to the coast to appear in films.

There is no doubt that from a competitive point of view, the hired-out hour to advertisers has its advantages. Unfortunately, however, American radio is cursed with the same curse as American films. The advertisers more often than not attempt to compete with their rivals in an imitative manner.



# PROGRAMME HEADLINES of the WEEK

## Star Features in the National Programme

**SUNDAY**  
The Scottish Studio Orchestra, directed by Guy Daines.  
The Walford Hyden Magyar Orchestra.  
Rev. H. R. L. Sheppard.  
Leslie Jeffries and the Grand Hotel, Eastbourne, Orchestra.

**MONDAY**  
Isobel Baillie.  
Enid Cruikshank.  
Heddle Nash.  
Arthur Fear.  
The Philharmonic Choir.

**TUESDAY**  
Emelle Waller.  
Reginald New.  
Sir Walford Davies.  
Winifred Small.  
Peggy Cochrane.  
The Wireless Military Band, directed by B. Walton O'Donnell.

**WEDNESDAY**  
E. M. Stephan.  
Quentin Maclean.  
The Folkestone Municipal Orchestra, directed by Eldridge Newman.  
Gerald Heard.  
Wilhelm Backhaus.

**THURSDAY**  
The Rutland Square and New Victoria Orchestra.  
Christopher Stone.  
A. Lloyd James.  
The Wireless Singers, directed by Leslie Woodgate.  
Rev. W. H. Elliott.

**FRIDAY**  
Don Gregory Murray.  
Charles Manning and his Orchestra.  
The Hotel Metropole Orchestra, directed by A. Rossi.  
Commander Stephen King-Hall.

**SATURDAY**  
Philip Thornton.  
The Northern Studio Orchestra directed by John Bridge.  
The Commodore Grand Orchestra, directed by Joseph Muscant.  
Harold Ramsay.  
Ronald Gourley.  
Rudy Starica.  
Howard Marshall.  
Tom Jones.  
S. P. B. Mais.

### NATIONAL

**SUNDAY (May 13).**—*The Merchant of Venice*, a play by William Shakespeare.  
Shylock will be played by Abraham Sofaer and Jessica, his daughter, by Gwendolen Evans. Tubal will be Hector Abbas and Launcelot Gobbo, servant to Shylock, will be Leonard Henry. Portia will be Celia Johnson and Nerissa, her maid, will be played by Pamela Stanley. Cyril Wood, B.B.C. producer from the West Region, will be responsible for the production.

**MONDAY (May 14).**—London Music Festival, 1934 (organised by the B.B.C.), fifth concert, relayed from the Queen's Hall, London.

## Dance Music of the Week

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

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

**Wednesday.** The Casani Club Orchestra, directed by Charles Kunz (*Casani Club*).

**Thursday.** Howard Jacobs (*Cafe Anglais*).

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

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

**TUESDAY (May 15).**—Variety programme.

Names familiar and unfamiliar to listeners are included in this programme. Hebe Haworth and Dennis Redhead (He, She, and a Piano) open the programme, and are followed by George Buck, comedian, Bobbie Comber, assisted by Myles Clifton, present a sketch entitled "Order to View," by Fred Coyne; Mario Lorenzi plays harp solos and The Two Oddments (Ethel Reynell and Gracie West) provide a novel entertainment. Leonard Henry will round off what should prove to be a diverting hour.

**WEDNESDAY (May 16).**—London Music Festival, 1934 (organised by the B.B.C.), last concert of the Festival, relayed from the Queen's Hall, London.

**THURSDAY (May 17).**—*Arabella*, Act I (Strauss), relayed from the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

**FRIDAY (May 18).**—Famous Trials—2: Simon Lord Lovat, compiled from the records by Whitaker-Wilson.

Whitaker-Wilson was the author of the play about Sir Christopher Wren, broadcast at the time of the tercentenary of the architect in October, 1932. "Wren" was actually the first radio play to be recorded for Empire use. As Lord Lovat was a Scot, James Gibson will come down from Glasgow specially to play the part. Whitaker-Wilson is to be Narrator.

**SATURDAY (May 19).**—Variety programme.

This will include Britain's Master of Comedy (Will Hay and his Scholars), Max and Harry Nesbitt, whose songs and duets with ukelele accompaniment have been greatly missed from the programmes of the past month or two, and Bertha Willmott, comedienne.

### LONDON REGIONAL

**SUNDAY (May 13).**—Orchestral concert.

**MONDAY (May 14).**—Band concert.

**TUESDAY (May 15).**—*Schwanda*, Act I (Weinberger), relayed from the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

**WEDNESDAY (May 16).**—Variety, relayed from the Argyle Theatre, Birkenhead.

**THURSDAY (May 17).**—Concert Party programme.

The broadcasting Fol-de-Rols will not be the actual party of entertainers who are to appear during the summer at any one resort—there are Fol-de-Rols at Eastbourne, Hastings, Scarborough, and Westcliff—but will be drawn from all four parties, the crème de la crème, as it were. The majority of the ten who are to take part in the studio performances will be making their microphone debut. The party will consist of Will Kings, Madeleine Rossiter, Richard Hassett, Connie Clive, Emmie Joyce, Robert Beresford, Kathleen Southcott, Frederic Gregory, Irene North, and Marriott Edgar.

**FRIDAY (May 18).**—*Götterdämmerung* Act 3 (Wagner), relayed from the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

**SATURDAY (May 19).**—*Mediterranean Man*, a revue by Ronald Hill.

### MIDLAND REGIONAL

**SUNDAY (May 13).**—Orchestral concert.

**MONDAY (May 14).**—*Clean Hands*, a tragedy by Alan Norton.

**TUESDAY (May 15).**—Ilmington Meets the Microphone; Life and music from a Warwickshire village.

**WEDNESDAY (May 16).**—Orchestral and choral concert.

**THURSDAY (May 17).**—*Choir and Cloister*, a microphone impression of the Historic Midland Cathedrals—5, Worcester.

**FRIDAY (May 18).**—Band programme.

**SATURDAY (May 19).**—A military band concert, relayed from Leamington Spa.

### NORTH REGIONAL

**SUNDAY (May 13).**—Orchestral concert, relayed from New Brighton.

**MONDAY (May 14).**—Organ recital from Liverpool.

**TUESDAY (May 15).**—*Through Foreign Eyes*, a radio vision in three scenes; scene 2, Britain looks at the world.

**WEDNESDAY (May 16).**—Variety, relayed from the Argyle Theatre, Birkenhead.

**THURSDAY (May 17).**—Music Out of School, a school musical festival programme, from Bradford.

**FRIDAY (May 18).**—*Music of the Church*—2, Chester; organ recital relayed from Chester Cathedral.

**SATURDAY (May 19).**—*The Marleys of Tyneside*, a Tyneside Chronicle, by Walter Dierix, No. 7, The Pageant Meeting.

### WEST REGIONAL

**SUNDAY (May 13).**—Religious Service in Welsh, relayed from Tabernacle Congregational Church, Holyhead.

**MONDAY (May 14).**—King Carnival; orchestral concert.

**TUESDAY (May 15).**—Detholion o "Rhys Lewis" (selections from "Rhys Lewis" (Daniel Owen).

**WEDNESDAY (May 16).**—*Trip yr Ysgol Sul* (The Sunday School Treat), feature programme.

**THURSDAY (May 17).**—*John Jones*, an episode in the history of Welsh Letters, by John Oswald Francis, and *Mr. Sampson*—a matrimonial impasse, by Charles Lee.

**FRIDAY (May 18).**—An excerpt from the George Clarke Revue.

**SATURDAY (May 19).**—Band concert.

### SCOTTISH REGIONAL

**SUNDAY (May 13).**—Orchestral concert.

**MONDAY (May 14).**—Choral and instrumental recital.

**TUESDAY (May 15).**—Brass band concert.

**WEDNESDAY (May 16).**—Variety. *Thursday (May 17).*—*In Praise of Scotland*—3.

**FRIDAY (May 18).**—Further Facets of syncopation, feature programme.

**SATURDAY (May 19).**—Choral and instrumental recital.

Radio Times gives full programme details.



Charles Shadwell (Thursday, 12.45 p.m., Regional)

Sidonie Goossens (Friday, 8 p.m., Regional)

Enid Cruikshank (Monday, 8.15 p.m., National)

Isobel Baillie (Monday, 8.15 p.m., National)



# Your Foreign Programme Guide

**SUNDAY (MAY 13)**

**Athlone** (531 m.).—Light Music 1.30 p.m.  
**Barcelona** (379.7 m.).—Request Music ... 8.0 p.m.  
**Brussels No. 1** (483.9 m.).—Gramophone Concert ... 5.0 p.m.  
**Brussels No. 2** (321.9 m.).—Recital of Benoit Music ... 10.30 a.m.  
**Hamburg** (331.9 m.).—Harbour Concert ... 6.15 a.m.  
**Juan-les-Pins** (240.2 m.).—Orchestra ... 9.10 p.m.  
**Ljubljana** (569.3 m.).—Choral Concert ... 8.0 p.m.  
**Leipzig** (382.2 m.).—Popular Music and Folk Music ... 3.45 p.m.  
**Luxembourg** (1,304 m.).—All Star Variety Concert ... 1.30 p.m.  
**Munich** (405.4 m.).—Concert by the Small Symphony Orchestra. 1 p.m.

**Pittsburgh** (306 m.).—Organ Recital ... 9 p.m.  
**Poste Parisien** (312.8 m.).—Songs from Sound Films ... 12.50 p.m.  
**Radio Normandy** (206 m.).—Gramophone ... 2 p.m.  
**Reykjavik** (1,345 m.).—The Kreutzer Sonata (Beethoven), played by Thibaud and Cortot, on Gramophone Records ... 11 p.m.  
**Strasbourg** (349.5 m.).—Concert in honour of Joan of Arc 6.30 p.m.  
**Warsaw** (1,402 m.).—Warsaw Philharmonic Orchestra ... 12.15 p.m.

**MONDAY**

**Athlone** (531 m.).—Dance Music 10 p.m.  
**Barcelona** (379.7 m.).—Trio Concert ... 7 p.m.  
**Brussels No. 1** (483.9 m.).—Regimental Concert ... 8 p.m.  
**Brussels No. 2** (321.9 m.).—Gramophone ... 10.10 p.m.  
**Juan-les-Pins** (240.2 m.).—Orchestra ... 8.20 p.m.  
**Leipzig** (382.2 m.).—Military Band 6.20 p.m.  
**Ljubljana** (569.3 m.).—Concert of Contemporary Austrian Music 8 p.m.  
**Madrid EAJ7** (274 m.).—Dance Music ... 2 a.m.  
**Munich** (405.4 m.).—Concert by a Horn Quartet ... 4 p.m.  
**Pittsburgh** (306 m.).—Musical Potpourri ... 11 p.m.  
**Poste Parisien** (312.8 m.).—Ballet Music ... 6.57 p.m.  
**Radio Normandy** (206 m.).—A Half-Hour in the East 5 p.m.  
**Reykjavik** (1,345 m.).—Popular Music by the Radio Quartet 11 p.m.



Eldridge Newman  
(Wednesday, 3.15 p.m., National)

Items You Must Not Miss			
<b>Luxembourg</b> ...	Concert ...	...	1-1.30 p.m., Sunday
<b>Athlone</b> ...	Concert ...	...	9.30-10 p.m., Friday
<b>Radio Normandy</b>	Dance music ...	...	11.30 p.m., Wednesday
<b>Munich</b> ...	Piano recital ...	...	5.50 p.m., Friday
<b>Toulouse</b> ...	Viennese concert	...	1.30 p.m., Monday
<b>Poste Parisien</b> ...	Operetta selections	...	8.45 p.m., Friday

**Strasbourg** (349.5 m.).—Students' Concert from the Metz Conservatoire ... 8.30 p.m.  
**Toulouse** (335.2 m.).—Viennese Music ... 1.30 p.m.  
**Warsaw** (1,402 m.).—Jazz Music for Trumpet, Saxophone, Piano, Trombone, and Guitar 6.10 p.m.

**TUESDAY**

**Athlone** (531 m.).—Dance Music 9.30 p.m.  
**Barcelona** (379.7 m.).—Mandoline Concert ... 11.30 p.m.  
**Brussels No. 1** (483.9 m.).—Symphony Concert ... 8 p.m.  
**Brussels No. 2** (381.9 m.).—Orchestra ... 6.30 p.m.  
**Juan-les-Pins** (240.2 m.).—Orchestra ... 9.15 p.m.  
**Leipzig** (382.2 m.).—Light Music 4 p.m.  
**Ljubljana** (569.3 m.).—Czechoslovak Music ... 8.30 p.m.  
**Munich** (405.4 m.).—Symphony Concert, with Cello Solos 9 p.m.  
**Pittsburgh** (306 m.).—Musical Potpourri ... 11 p.m.  
**Poste Parisien** (312.8 m.).—Popular Music ... 9.30 p.m.  
**Radio Normandy** (206 m.).—A Viennese Beer Garden 4.30 p.m.  
**Reykjavik** (1,345 m.).—Cello Solo and Icelandic Songs ... 11 p.m.  
**Schenectady** (379.5 m.).—Leo Reisman's Orchestra ... 12 midnight  
**Strasbourg** (349.5 m.).—Popular Music ... 6.30 p.m.  
**Toulouse** (335.2 m.).—"The Marriage of Figaro"—Opera (Mozart)—Concert Version ... 9 p.m.  
**Warsaw** (1,402 m.).—"Der Orlov"—Opera in Three Acts (Granichstaedten) ... 6.20 p.m.

**WEDNESDAY**  
**Athlone** (531 m.).—Dance Music 9.45 p.m.  
**Brussels No. 1** (483.9 m.).—Gramophone ... 5.30 p.m.

**Brussels No. 2** (321.9 m.).—Orchestra ... 9 p.m.  
**Juan-les-Pins** (240.2 m.).—Orchestra ... 7 p.m.  
**Leipzig** (382.2 m.).—Romantic Piano Music ... 5.20 p.m.  
**Ljubljana** (569.3 m.).—Orchestra 7 p.m.  
**Madrid** (274 m.).—Dance Music 2 a.m.  
**Munich** (405.4 m.).—Violin and Harpsichord Sonatas... 5.30 p.m.  
**Pittsburgh** (306 m.).—The Singing Lady ... 10.30 p.m.  
**Poste Parisien** (312.8 m.).—Orchestra ... 8.10 p.m.  
**Radio Normandy** (206 m.).—Dance Music ... 11.30 p.m.  
**Reykjavik** (1,345 m.).—Violin Solo, followed by Chopin Music 11 p.m.

**Schenectady** (379.5 m.).—Musical Programme ... 7 p.m.  
**Strasbourg** (349.5 m.).—Concert by the Nancy Symphony Orchestra and a Military Band 8.45 p.m.  
**Toulouse** (335.2 m.).—Dance Music 11.15 p.m.  
**Warsaw** (1,402 m.).—Jazz Music for Two Pianos ... 3.20 p.m.

**THURSDAY**

**Athlone** (531 m.).—Concert of Old Favourites ... 9.45 p.m.  
**Barcelona** (379.7 m.).—Trio Concert ... 7 p.m.  
**Berlin (Deutschlandsender)** (1,571 m.).—Dance Music ... 11 p.m.  
**Brussels No. 1** (483.9 m.).—Quartet ... 6.15 p.m.  
**Brussels No. 2** (321.9 m.).—Symphony Concert ... 8 p.m.  
**Juan-les-Pins** (240.2 m.).—Orchestra ... 8.25 p.m.  
**Leipzig** (382.2 m.).—Leipzig Symphony Orchestra ... 4 p.m.  
**Ljubljana** (569 m.).—Request Music on Gramophone Records 7 p.m.  
**Munich** (405.4 m.).—Light Music 9.20 p.m.

**Poste Parisien** (312.8 m.).—Gramophone ... 7.25 p.m.  
**Radio Normandy** (206 m.).—A Trip to Fairyland ... 4.30 p.m.  
**Reykjavik** (1,345 m.).—Music by the Radio Orchestra... 11 p.m.  
**Strasbourg** (349.2 m.).—The Municipal Orchestra ... 8.45 p.m.  
**Toulouse** (355.2 m.).—"Cavalleria Rusticana"—Opera (Mascagni) Concert version ... 9 p.m.  
**Warsaw** (1,402 m.).—Light Music by a Theatre Orchestra 4.35 p.m.

**FRIDAY**

**Athlone** (531 m.).—Light Music 9.30 p.m.  
**Barcelona** (379.7 m.).—Orchestra 10.10 p.m.  
**Brussels No. 1** (483.9 m.).—Orchestra ... 8 p.m.  
**Brussels No. 2** (321.9 m.).—Gramophone Concert of Light Music 10.25 p.m.  
**Juan-les-Pins** (240.2 m.).—Orchestra ... 8.30 p.m.  
**Leipzig** (382.2 m.).—Operetta Music 6.15 p.m.  
**Ljubljana** (569.3 m.).—Orchestra 6 p.m.  
**Madrid** (274 m.).—Dance Music 2 a.m.  
**Munich** (405 m.).—Chopin Piano Recital ... 5.50 p.m.  
**Pittsburgh** (306 m.).—Comedy Stars of Hollywood 11.30 p.m.  
**Strasbourg** (349.2 m.).—Widow Concert for his 90th Birthday 8.30 p.m.  
**Toulouse** (355.2 m.).—Dance Music 11.15 p.m.  
**Warsaw** (1,402 m.).—Polish Music 4.30 p.m.

**SATURDAY**

**Athlone** (531 m.).—Orchestra 9.30 p.m.  
**Brussels No. 1** (483.9 m.).—Concert from Malines Cathedral 8 p.m.  
**Brussels No. 2** (321.9 m.).—Max Alexys Orchestra, from the Ancienne Belgique ... 10.10 p.m.  
**Juan-les-Pins** (240.2 m.).—Orchestra ... 8.30 p.m.  
**Leipzig** (382.2 m.).—Emde Orchestra ... 6.15 p.m.  
**Ljubljana** (569.3 m.).—Polish Music 8 p.m.  
**Munich** (405.4 m.).—Weber Concert by the Radio Orchestra, Choir and Soloists ... 8.10 p.m.



Winifred Small  
(Tuesday, 4.30 p.m., National)



Howard Marshall  
(Saturday, 6.30 p.m., National)



May Blyth  
(Sunday, 9.5 p.m., Regional)



MAURICE WINNICK, popular dance-band leader, now at Ciro's Club

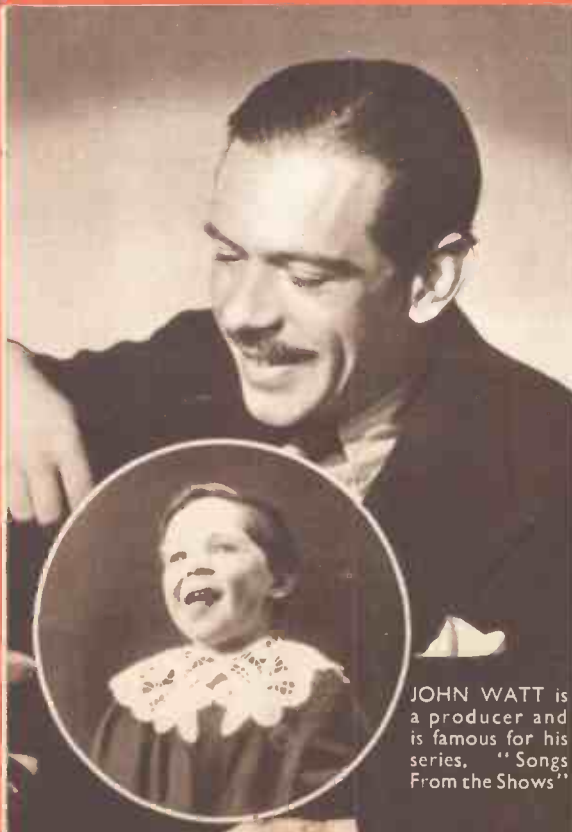


STANFORD ROBINSON, who conducts the B. B. C. Theatre Orchestra



VAL GIELGUD is Productions Director and is responsible for broadcast plays

# "MYSELF WHE"



JOHN WATT is a producer and is famous for his series, "Songs From the Shows"



GLADSTONE MURRAY, whose important job is that of B. B. C. Director of Public Relations





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the man in charge  
of vaudeville, revue,  
and variety



HERMIONE  
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Eric Maschwitz),  
known also to  
listeners as "Mrs.  
Pulpleasure"

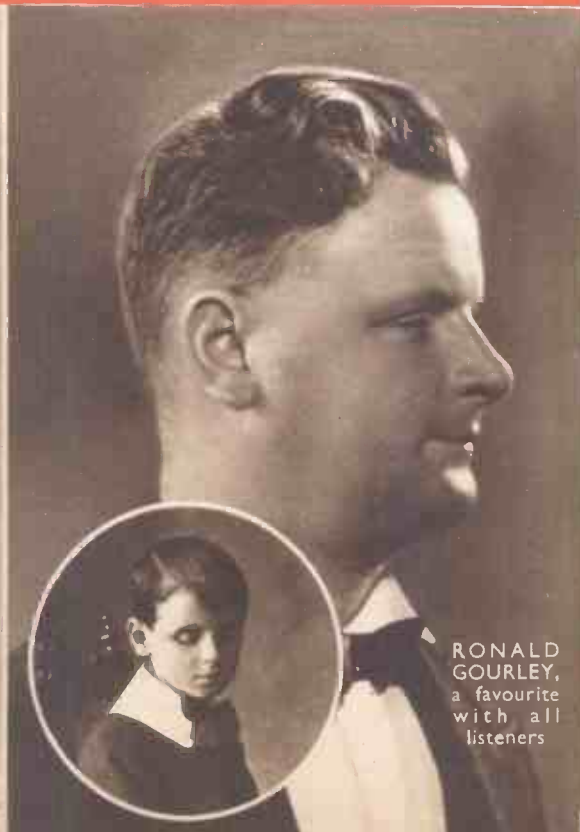
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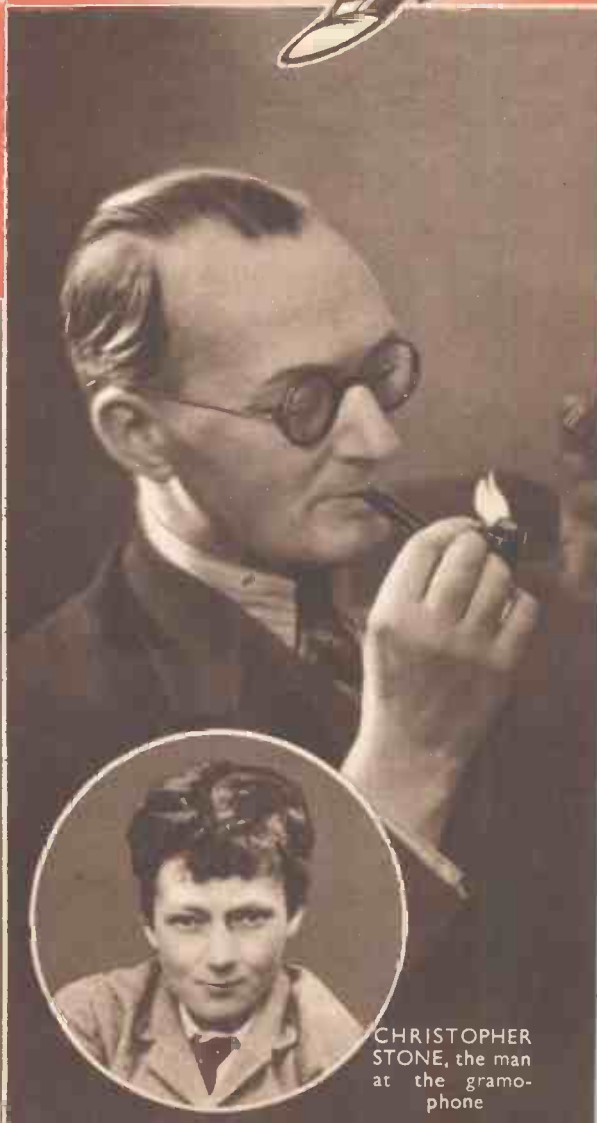
# N YOUNG . . . "



WYNNE AJELLO,  
one of our finest  
light singers



RONALD  
GOURLEY,  
a favourite  
with all  
listeners



CHRISTOPHER  
STONE, the man  
at the gramo-  
phone



"Radio Pictorial" Story by

# Ethel MANNIN

WHEN young Mrs. Holt knew that she was going to have her first child, she did not greatly mind whether it should prove to be a boy or a girl. If the truth be told, she was perhaps not particularly enthusiastic about having a child at all, but if she had any preference it perhaps lay in favour of a girl. It would be easier to dress a girl-child, for one thing, and for another, little girls were easier to understand; she had a vague idea that little boys were a difficult, unknown quantity.

Harry Holt secretly desired a son, but he did not consider it tactful to say so, and for his wife's sake he hoped that the child would be a daughter—it would be some sort of compensation for her, he thought, seeing that she had not really wanted a child at all, or at least so early in their married life, and she, poor kid—that was his attitude—not much more than a child herself.

Actually Marie Holt was a little more than nineteen when her child was born, and much less of a child than she seemed to the husband, who was nearly twice her own age. But perhaps there was something of the child still left in her even after the ordeal of motherhood. She regarded the tiny girl baby very much as a child regards a new doll. She called her "June," and was glad that she had been born in the month of roses; the three most important events of her life had happened in that month; she had been born in June, married in June, and become a mother in June.

Harry Holt smiled indulgently when she had the baby christened "June." Being of the unimaginative type, he regarded it as a mere coincidence that his daughter should have been born in the month of her mother's birth and marriage. June, in his estimation, was all right for the name of a month, but not much of a name for a girl, but if it pleased Marie, bless her heart . . . and when you came to think of it both June and her mother were like a couple of June roses, only the baby was as yet nothing but a crumpled rose-leaf.

He got a great deal of pleasure out of that rose-leaf as it began to unfold into a rose, and when it was a dainty, compact bud of seven summers he marvelled again and again how a man could ever wish for a son instead of a daughter. In those day-dreams which no one, his wife least of all, ever suspected that he had, he often saw little June as the rose of seventeen summers—a lovely, fragrant, slender thing—walking by his side and laughing up into his eyes in the most complete understanding and exquisite comradeship.

It shocked him profoundly, therefore, on that day soon after June's seventh birthday, when Marie announced: "I wish I had a son."

He stared at her in shocked bewilderment.

"But I thought you said you never wanted any more children—that you couldn't ever go through it all again?"

"I know. I was nineteen then. One thinks differently at twenty-six—and after eight years of marriage."

He continued to gaze at her unhappily. He said helplessly: "I don't understand."

She answered patiently: "I can't expect you to; you're a man, and I'm a woman, and we think along different lines. When I married you at eighteen I thought I should live happily ever after—"

He broke in: "Well, we've got along all right, haven't we? You haven't been unhappy?"

"No. I haven't been unhappy—but any intelligent woman asks more of life than that she shall be just negatively not unhappy. Just to be not unhappy isn't good enough. I thought at eighteen that in marriage I'd find the wonderful adventure waiting just round the corner of life—the everlasting blue. Well—" she laughed ruefully, spreading her hands and brushing from the white lap of her dress a leaf that fell from the tree under which they both sat—"I just didn't, that's all!"

He leant far back in his garden chair, frowning, and said resentfully: "I did my best."

She bent towards him, laughing softly, and ran

a hand over his brow, smoothing out the frown. Her voice was caressing.

"My dear, I know. I did, too. But I happen to ask rather a lot of life. Perhaps I ask too much. Perhaps being human makes it impossible for anyone to realize one's ideal of love and happiness, and to make life as beautiful as one had dreamt it might be."

"Even if you're not satisfied with me, you've got little June." She knew by the tone in his voice just how bitterly hurt he was.

She came and knelt on the grass, clasping her hands over his own, and looked up into his face.

"Dear, I'm not blaming you for anything. I wouldn't have been happier with anyone else, and I would not have been nearly as happy if I hadn't married. I know that. But I want you to try to understand. I'm not a little girl of eighteen any more, and when a woman gets to twenty-six and hasn't made her dream of love come true through her husband, then, isn't it understandable that her thoughts should turn to a man of her own creating—a son? A kind of what the psycho-analysts call—sublimation?"

He moved restlessly, drawing his hands away from hers.

"I'm not much interested in these modern ideas of sublimation and all that sort of thing. I love you, and I always took it you loved me, and we've been getting along very nicely all these years, just the three of us, and I don't know that I want to go all through that baby business again. I don't know, anyhow, that it's not just a passing fancy. You women are always getting some new idea or other into your heads."

He turned to her, suddenly laughing, and patted her under the chin, as he might a child.

"You don't want a son, Marie; you've got me and you've got June—isn't that enough?"

She rose slowly to her feet, a tall, slender woman in white, standing under a green tree, a tree with maternally spreading branches holding her in its shade, and she answered slowly: "No, it's not enough."

She looked up into the green twilight of the tree, stretching her arms above her head, and the blue shadows that ran along the tree ran, too, along her upward reaching arms.

At the fall of the year, when the tree was clothed in gold, Marie stood again within its maternal embrace, her head thrown back against its trunk, her hands pressed above the joyous throbbing of her heart, and in her eyes there was that light that men never see. Such a light it was that encircled Mary of Galilee when the Annunciation was made to her; yet Eve it was whose eyes first so shone, when she felt the world's first child stir to life beneath her wondering heart.

Against the trunk of the tree she stood, half fainting in that moment's ecstasy, and the tree rained down gold upon the softer gold of her hair, the while she drank in long, quivering



Illustrated by  
Lang

breaths of autumn sweetness, the sharp cool sweetness of the air and the pungent leafy sweetness of the earth—breathing in deep draughts, like wine, to flow through her veins, to be absorbed into every cell and tissue of her body, to reach down to that other life beating within hers.

"You must love the fall of the year because I love it, Michael, because you are my son coming to life, to grow and to grow in secret and silence through the long, dark days of winter until the spring comes, and with the buds and the blossoms you are born, Michael, my son!" Her heart and brain throbbed in a paean of glory.

That this second child of hers might be a girl did not occur to her. With every fibre of her body, and the whole texture of her mind and spirit, she willed it to be a man-child. She never thought of it as other than a son. Long before this child was born it had a name. Michael—her son. She moved about the house in an unbroken day-dream through that fall and winter, and at the back of all her thoughts, like an unchanging drop-scene before which other figures dance and play their part and make their exits, there was this thought of her unborn son.

Not even the practical unimaginativeness of her husband could break in on this fantasy.

He would say: "But look here, my dear, with all due respect to this modern cult of sex-determination and all that—supposing it's a girl? There's no guarantee it's going to be a son. You've got to face that probability, anyhow!" But Marie would merely smile serenely,



# Mothers of MEN



*She regarded him with that peculiar cold look. "How do you know what was born in my heart fifteen years ago?"*

like one who has secret knowledge, and she would say: "I know that my child is a son."

Harry would shrug and drop the subject. He had always heard that women at such times got queer fancies, and that there was no point in arguing with them. But since Marie had so set her heart on a son, he only hoped that Fate would be kind.

On a mad March day of blue sky and scudding clouds and swaying daffodils, Marie's second child was born.

It was a girl. An impatient nurse, a troubled doctor, and a distraught husband besought Marie in vain to take an interest in her new-born child, but she remained equally unmoved both by their anger and their appeals to her reason—and to her sentiment. She had nothing to say to any of them or to anything they might say, except that they might take the child away and do with her as they wished; she did not interest her; she had been cheated of her son and that was all she cared about. Harry hugged to himself the hope that when she was stronger she would be more reasonable; he had heard before of these curious aversions which simply amounted, he told himself, to a form of hysteria resulting from the ordeal of child-birth.

But Marie, when she was about the house

again, did not change. She left the child entirely to the nurse, never asked to see her, or inquired after her, and, in short, completely ignored her existence. Finally Harry gave up appealing to her. He had the child christened Margaret, because that was what he had wanted the first child called, only Marie had been so set on calling it June. Of this child Marie said listlessly that he might call her whatever he chose, she was simply not interested.

Any hope Harry might still have cherished that Marie would take an interest in the baby as it grew older faded as the months passed.

She was as devoted as ever to little June, but she never looked at the baby or mentioned her.

One day he found her superintending the moving of furniture into a room at the top of the house that had up till then remained unfurnished.

He said: "What's the idea, Marie? Another guest room? I thought we had enough."

She replied, with a curious coldness: "When Michael is older he will want a room to himself; this is to be his den; every boy needs a den."

Harry went white. He took her by the arm and drew her into the room opposite and closed the door.

"Look here, Marie, this has got to stop. We haven't got a son. Our second child was a girl, and you've got to stop this delusion. It was a bitter disappointment for you, but you've got to be sensible—pull yourself together! Where's all this going to lead? You'll have a nervous breakdown. Please, Marie, for my sake—be sensible!"

Her eyes were like blue ice as she answered him. "My son is here—in my heart. He will be there until I die," she said, and turned and went out of the room.

Harry consulted a neurologist, and the neurologist came to see Marie—and found her so completely normal that he began to suspect that it was the husband and not the wife who had the delusion.

Asked how many children she had, Marie replied: "Two."

"A boy and a girl?"

"No, both girls. But there is a son in my heart."

"He will come true one day?" The neurologist watched her closely.

"He is real enough in my heart."

"Why prepare a room for a son who is only in your heart?"

"Why not!" she answered him, smiling serenely. "God, they say, is in men's hearts, yet men build churches and altars for Him."

The neurologist attempted to convince Harry Holt that his wife had a fixed and perhaps unusual idea, the outcome of a sensitive imagination, but that she was not suffering from any illusion, and as Marie never talked about Michael, in time Harry was able to dismiss the matter from his mind.

But Marie's disinterest in her younger child did not change with the years. Little Margaret went to a boarding-school when she was five years old, and during the holidays was sent away with the nursery governess who looked after June, and who was retained, after June herself had gone away to a boarding-school, for that especial purpose. The result was that whilst Margaret was devoted to her father, she had no feeling at all for her mother; her mother was simply a person who attended to her wardrobe, and she could not understand her sister's love for her.

When Margaret was fourteen, the Holts moved to a larger house, and it was then that Harry discovered that Marie had not forgotten Michael. They were going over the new house before they had moved into it and Harry's imagination was fired by a little room which he declared was the sort of room that would suit him admirably for a study and smoke-room.

Marie looked at him curiously. "I had planned this for Michael's room," she said.

"Michael?" He stared at her in bewilderment—and saw again in her eyes that hard coldness he had seen that day when he had found her superintending the moving of furniture into the spare room at their other house, and he knew then that down through all those years she had cherished that illusion—that still in her heart she carried a son.

"Michael needs a room of his own more than ever now," she persisted.

He did not argue with her; he was too unutterably shocked. It seemed to him that all these years he had lived with a strange woman—a woman who, unknown to him, yet whilst living in closest intimacy with him, was obsessed with this idea of a son.

He watched her as he had not watched her in fourteen years, and he noticed that she went every morning into Michael's room and dusted it herself; she placed issues of boys' magazines there as they came out; she installed a wireless set, and always there were fresh flowers in the room.

When she was not in there she kept the room locked. On Margaret's birthday, she gave the child no present, but she took into Michael's room a Meccano set, a new cricket bat, a blazer to fit a boy of fifteen, and several boy's books.

"What on earth—" Harry gasped.

(Continued on page 23)



“Radio Pictorial’s” Selection of

The Month’s Broadcast RECORDS



by Gertrude Lawrence. Rex 8135.—My Last Year’s Girl (Swanstrom-Ilter), sung by Leslie Holmes. Parlo E1784.—Lucy’s Lips (Wheldon-Ixelson), played by Harry Roy. Sterno 1389.—Springtime Serenade (Heykens), played by Mantovani and his Tipica Orchestra. Ed. Bell 5666.—My Bonnie Lass (Sir Edward German), the London Madrigal Singers. Decca Polydor LY6085.—The Old Tower of St. Stephen (Kreisler), played by Erica Morini. Parlo RO20248.—The Willow Song, “Otello” (Verdi-

—Ol’ Pappy (Neiburg, Symes, Levinson), sung by Layton and Johnstone. Regal Zono MR1239.—In a Monastery Garden (Ketelbey), The Commodore Grand Orchestra. Rex 8132.—Midnight with the Stars and You (Woods, C. & C.) Sung by Maurice Elwin. Bruns. 01720.—Carioca (Kahn, Elisen, Youmans), The Castillian Troubadours. Regal-Zono. MR1248.—Yodelling Mountaineer, recorded by Andreany. Decca K726.—Waltz Memories (Massed Bands—Lew Stone’s, Alfredo Campoli’s, and Don Resto and his Accordeon Band. Col. DB1341.—Grand March from “Tannhauser” (Wagner), The B.B.C. Military Band. Parlo RO20244.—A Little Bird Came Flying, sung by Richard Tauber. Sterno 1392.—Dirty Little Tinker, recorded by Harry Hemsley.

Christopher Stone (left) and Robert Tredinnick (below), who have broadcast many interesting new records

Robert Tredinnick also has an eye for good light music records, and if you want to keep your collection up to date you should make your selection from these records, all of which have been broadcast during the last few weeks by Tredinnick.

H.M.V. B6468.—Daybreak Express, Duke Ellington and Orchestra. Regal-Zono. MR1244.—A Brown Bird Singing, Fred Hartley’s Quintet. Rex 8133.—Masquerading in the name of Love, Bob and Alf Pearson. Col. CB726.—Garden of Weed, The New Music of Reginald Foresythe. Bruns. 01719.—Mama Don’t Allow It, Frankie “Half Pint” Jaxon and his Hot Shots. Decca F3836.—Music at Midnight, Spike Hughes and his Negro Orchestra. Bruns. 01731.—Porgy, Ethel Waters. Parlo. R1792.—Blue Interlude, The Chocolate Dandies. Parlo. R1801.—One

**M**ANY listeners wish the B.B.C. would devote more time in the programmes to gramophone records.

The ever-popular Christopher Stone broadcasts a selection of the latest records every Thursday in the National programme, and also occasionally in the evenings.

Robert Tredinnick “does the honours” for the Midland Regional listeners, and in addition a number of dance music records are sometimes given between the final news bulletin and the evening outside broadcast of dance music.

But the total programme time occupied by gramophone records is still very small and, as so many good items are recorded which, for one reason or another, could not be broadcast direct from the studio, there seems to be no valid reason why the B.B.C. should not make increasing use of records.

Readers will be interested, nevertheless, in the star records of broadcasting during the past few weeks by Christopher Stone and Robert Tredinnick. Space does not permit full mention of all the records broadcast by either of these popular radio gramophone personalities. The reader may nevertheless be interested to make a note of some of the outstanding records and their label numbers.

Let’s turn back the clock to Christopher Stone’s Thursday lunch-time broadcast on April 5.

The records he gave then were: H.M.V. C2651.—Medley of Popular Classics, played by Sydney Gustard. Hungarian Rhapsody No. 14, Melody in F (Raff), Gavotte from “Mignon”, Waltz in A minor and First Polonaise (Chopin), Unfinished Symphony (Schubert), March from “Carmen” (Bizet). Rex 8123B.—Medley of Popular Classics, played by Jack Payne and his Band. While London Sleeps, I want to see the old home again, Old love Letters, The One Word Mother, Oh Flo!, The Lads in Navy Blue. Col. DB1357.—The Super Special Picture of the Year (Yacht Club Boys), recorded by the Yacht Club Boys. Rex 8136.—White Wings (Winter), sung by Master Joe Petersen. Bruns. 01715.—I got Rhythm (Gerschwin), The Five Spirits of Rhythm. Regal-Zono MR1245.—Ca c’est Paris (Jordan and Padilla), Alexander’s Accordeons. Col. CB729.—Ali-Baba (Charnfleury, Lecuona, Tabot), Oscar Calle and his Cuban Orchestra. H.M.V. B8317.—What Now, “Big Business” (Johnny Green), sung

Kalbick) sung by Lotte Lehmann. H.M.V. DB2034.—Brandenburg Concerto in F major—Allegro (Bach), The Ecole Normale Chamber Orchestra. Regal-Zono MR1238.—Old Faithful (Holtzmann-Bidgood), Massed Brass Bands under Henry Geehl.

A few of these records deserve special mention. Christopher himself is keen on massed brass bands, and the “Old Faithful” is a good record with plenty of volume and good brass tone. One of those popular tunes at the moment is Heykens’ “Springtime Serenade,” played, interestingly enough, by Mantovani. “Monti,” as this popular band leader is nicknamed, has just the right orchestra for this kind of thing, and it is well recorded on Sterno.

Johnny Green wrote one of his first tunes for Miss Gertrude Lawrence, and Miss Lawrence first sung “What now, ‘Big Business’” on H.M.V. B8317. Dance music enthusiasts will be interested in “I Got Rhythm,” a Gerschwin tune . . . and it should be rhythm because Gerschwin is the composer of the famous “Rhapsody in Blue.”

An interesting selection of records broadcast at lunch-time on Thursday, April 12, included:—

Decca Polydor CA8174.—Malaguena and Habanera (Ravel), The Lamoureux Orchestra of Paris. Parlo R1781.—The Poet Speaks, sung by Gerhard Husch. Col. DB1349.—Tchaikovsky in Vienna—The Orchestre Raymond. H.M.V. B8139.—On Wings of Song (Mendelssohn), played by Mark Hambourg. Imp. Broadcast 4002.—I Give My Heart, “The Dubarry” (Millocker), sung by Robert Naylor and Sylvia Cecil. H.M.V. B6467.—Let’s Fall in Love (Koehler, Arlen), Eddie Duchin and his Orchestra. Bruns. 01729.—Gee Oh Gosh I’m Grateful (Carr, Nesbitt), Ambrose and his Orchestra. Bruns. 01724.—Lullaby in Blue (Magidson, Trubel), The Casa Loma Orchestra. Col. DB1351.



Morning in May, Leslie Hutchinson. Sterno 1385.—Because It’s Love, Teddy Joyce and His Music. Bruns. 01678.—I Love You Truly, Casa Loma Orchestra. Parlo. R1796.—Alexander’s Ragtime Band, Harry Roy and His Orchestra. Decca K726.—Waltz Memories, The Massed Bands. Col. DB1310.



# YOU Hear the SHOW

# BEFORE the AUDIENCE



**W**E are now taking you over to the Pavilion Theatre, Liverpool, one of the largest music-halls in the country."

You hear the suave voice of Mr. Victor Smythe, the Director of Programmes for the North Regional Area of the B.B.C., as he announces the latest addition to the providers of music-hall fare, and you are ready to listen-in to a real vaudeville programme—complete with atmosphere.

No variety broadcast is complete without atmosphere; that is why relays from variety theatres are so popular with listeners. The audience is a genuine one. By that I mean one that has bought their seats. And when a Lancashire man has paid for his entertainment he is a real critic!

The St. George's Hall and studio vaudeville programmes lack atmosphere!

The audience in St. George's Hall and the studios are not a music-hall audience. They are merely sight-seers, out for an evening's free entertainment and education (at the same time), and cannot convey to the listener the applause and laughter at the psychological moment.

Very often gramophone records are used in the studio to convey laughter and applause . . . but not so in a theatre relay. You get the genuine appreciation of the audience.

But this is only by the way.

There is no trouble or expense spared by the B.B.C. to ensure perfect reception and satisfaction in catering for all listeners-in.

Extensive tests, lasting usually five or six weeks prior to the date of the first broadcast, are carried out. These are to locate the best position for fixing the microphones, transmitting apparatus, amplifiers and controls.

In the case of the Liverpool Pavilion, the amplifiers and the switches (for a special telephone line to the B.B.C. headquarters in Piccadilly, Manchester) are fitted below the stage in a specially built soundproof room.

The microphone controls are fitted in one of the stage boxes on the right-hand side of the auditorium.

In this box there is a red lamp (as used in the studios), by which the operators can tell when the show is "on the air," and the engineers in charge sit (with headphones) watching the show and controlling the microphones at the same time.

They do not distract the attention of the audience, for, although they can be seen, they do not make themselves too conspicuous.

At the Liverpool Pavilion there are six microphones attached at the various distances and angles to the footlights on the stage, and there are four microphones in the orchestra pit.

All these are connected to the amplifying room



Smythe goes into the amplifying room and makes his comments and announcements on the special telephone-mike.

One curious thing about a theatre relay is that the listener hears the show a split-second before the audience in the theatre! This is because sound is slow in travelling, but the "mike" is very quick on the up-take! A practical illustration of this can be taken next time you see the "Road-up" and the men at work. You will see their hammers strike the stone and when the hammer is lifted you will hear the noise. With the mike, as soon as the hammer touches the stone the sound can be heard instantly!

## Pity the Man Behind B.B.C. Variety

(Continued from page Three)

is debarred from the air since the main effect depends upon his actions in trying to open the article he is offering for sale. Then good comedians who would be a delight to a wireless audience are forbidden by their contracts with music-hall managers to broadcast at all—a very short-sighted policy in my estimation.

Surely if you hear a good number on the air you will search in your papers for the artist's name, and, having found it, look in at a music-hall should you see the same name billed on the outside?

The only reason I can see for preventing these artists from broadcasting is to prevent the vast invisible audience from realising his or her shortcomings and staying away from any music-hall which has billed that particular number.

The fact that the broadcasts are listened to by such a variety of people, some of whom have never been to, or wish to go to, a music-hall, prevents the B.B.C. from attempting some of the most comical numbers over the air.

Gentility can also kill variety.

That which you and I might term "healthy vulgarity" receives such a yell of abuse from people with repressions, prejudices or straight-laced senses of humour that the B.B.C. does not dare to put any more over.

It is perhaps lucky that so many critics of the B.B.C., who do not understand foreign languages and clamour about the superiority of foreign broadcasts, cannot have the comic songs they hear translated for them.

I feel that there would be less criticism after that.

The future of vaudeville on the air is none too rosy to contemplate. The only real hope I can see for it is the development by a new set of artists of a new radio technique. For the man or woman who discovers this there should be a good living to be made.

by DAVID S. CECIL

of the Pavilion Theatre, Liverpool, the latest theatre to come "on the air," for regular broadcasting. Relays from the Pavilion are now being regularly made in the North Regional programmes.

where engineers transmit the sound simultaneously to the operators in the box and Manchester.

The volume and mixing is done in the stage box, and not by the engineers in the amplifying room.

Mr. Smythe selects the artists most suited for broadcasting during the first performance on a Monday. Many of the "top-liners" are unsuitable for broadcasting as their turn sometimes is of the "silent" type. That is why some unknown artistes are selected to broadcast in many instances. Of course, there has to be a rearrangement of the programme, but this is not necessary until the night of the broadcast.

Before the show is ready for the listener, several rehearsals take place . . . these are during the artists' actual performance on the stage and Mr. Smythe gives the various artists instructions with regard to their place on the stage, and the various incidentals that ensure perfect reception for the listener.

He also "times" the artists, so that they must either lengthen or "cut" their act. Time, is, as you know a very important factor in broadcasting.

When the show is due to go on the mike, Mr.



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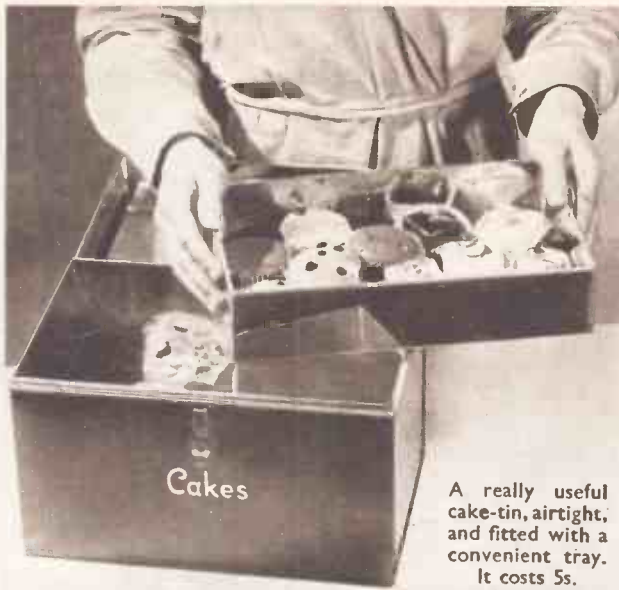
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A really useful cake-tin, airtight, and fitted with a convenient tray. It costs 5s.

# EVE and

dish out of something which has already been seen in the dining-room once or twice, and which the family is tired of. A miracle has to be performed, in fact. And here is one way of doing it.

Cut the meat from the remains of the joint (it can be ham, beef, chicken, etc.), and mince it finely. Then parboil some Spanish onions, one for each person. Scoop out the centres, and add these, finely chopped, to the meat. Add to the mixture a tablespoonful of breadcrumbs and a raw egg to bind it, also pepper, salt and chopped herbs. Stuff the onions with

**T**WEEDS this season have all got that rough, uneven, home-spun look about them, whether they are home-spun or not. They are woven with a home-darned or even home-knitted effect. Some have an irregular blob interrupting the surface, either woven in the ground-colour or a contrasting one; some are flecked diagonally or woven into open and closed checks. In colours, too, they are reminiscent of the cottage weaver—golden brown and spinach green—though beige is general, and all the chalky tints, especially pastel blue, are high in favour.

Your new suit will, then, be of tweed—or, if you decide you can't possibly manage a new suit just now, have your present one pressed and cleaned, and set to work to think about accessories.

First, of course, a new hat, and, to match it, gloves, scarf . . . perhaps a belt. A navy leather belt, to match a navy straw sailor and navy gauntlet gloves, would stamp 1934 on any light tweed suit.

Crisp white ties of linen are being worn with both white and black hats. White doesn't suit you? Then choose instead a printed one of silk or cotton. Yes, printed cotton for scarves and blouses is going to be smarter than ever this year, especially when the jacket of the suit is lined with the same fabric as the blouse.

The range of cottons is fascinating and amazingly varied; there are also the printed silks to welcome, the taffetas to think about (but alas! they don't wash) and the sheer woollens—at their gayest in scarves and shirts.

The colour notes of some of the new suits are striking. Many are in two colours—a navy and mustard coat, for instance, is worn with a plain mustard-coloured skirt. Some, again, make no pretence of matching up their colours in the accepted way. A tomato-coloured skirt may "belong" to a dark brown coat, which, in turn, is finished with a scarf of olive green!

All this should, of course, make it easier for us to plan our wardrobes. All that is wanted is a jacket of one suit, the skirt of another and a few skilfully chosen accessories, to make us feel, as the Americans say, one hundred per cent.!

### SPLITTING PAPER

It sometimes happens that you want to paste in a scrapbook a newspaper article printed on both sides of the paper. To detach one side from the other is not only possible but extremely easy. Get a piece of plate glass, and place on it the sheet of paper; then soak it thoroughly. With a little care the sheet can be split by the top surface being removed. But the best plan is to paste a piece of cloth or very strong paper to each side of the sheet to be split. When dry, pull the two pieces quickly apart; you will find part of the sheet sticking to each piece of cloth. Soften the paste in water, and the sheets can easily be removed.

### USING UP

The art of "using up" is the really difficult one of making an entirely delicious and different



This necklace is in silver and gold wire and looks very effective on a black evening frock

this, and place them in a buttered dish. Bake in the oven, and serve with white sauce.

### POTATO PORCUPINE

This is a rather tasty little dish, and one which will appeal to the lover of nuts. With the help of a little butter and warm milk, mix two pounds of well-boiled potatoes to a smooth mash. Grease a pie-dish thoroughly and press chopped nuts over it, put in the mashed potatoes, and bake in hot oven for twenty minutes. If the dish has been well greased you will find it quite easy to turn out the contents in a neat loaf on to a hot dish. Surround with a little cooked fish nicely flaked, or some hard-boiled eggs chopped small, and at the last moment add tomato sauce.

This recipe was sent me by Mrs. Arthur Webb, well known to housewife listeners. You will be pleased to hear that she intends shortly to publish a book of her special recipes.

### FOR A TRANSFER

If you wish to stamp a transfer for embroidery without heating an iron for the purpose, place

### Write to "MARGOT" About It

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



# the MIKE

## This Week's RADIO RECIPES—

by MRS. R. H. BRAND

THE other day when I was discussing food with Mrs. Claude Hulbert, she told me both she and Claude loved "steaky" dishes. Given below are two they particularly like.

### BEEF OLIVES

**Ingredients.**—1½ lb. steak; 1 pint stock; 2 oz. flour; 2 oz. dripping; 1 carrot; 1 turnip; 2 onions; stuffing.

Choose a small thick steak and cut it into thin slices; pepper and salt each piece; make some stuffing with 1½ oz. of chopped suet; 3 oz. breadcrumbs; 1 teaspoonful mixed herbs and some grated lemon rind; add beaten egg and mix well together.

Spread some of this mixture on each piece of steak, roll up, tie with string, and cut the ends evenly.

Fry half the olives a good brown in hot dripping, and drain them on a plate. Re-heat fat and fry remainder, remove from pan and add flour and stock to dripping, mix well and bring to the boil, stirring constantly. Put in olives with peeled and sliced vegetables; cook very slowly until tender; remove string and strain gravy before serving.

### HAMBURG STEAKS

Mince ½ lb. of fresh steak; add 1 small chopped onion; season well and mix with egg, shape into small rounds on a floured board and place in a greased baking-tin; cook until brown in a moderate oven and serve with fried onion rings—gravy also, if liked.

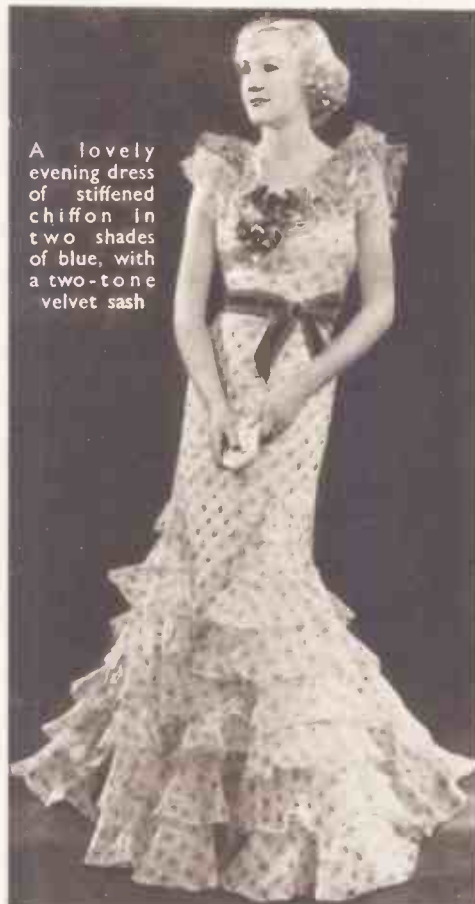
the transfer in position, dip a cloth in methylated spirits, and dab the back of the transfer gently.—J. D., Blackburn.

### BURNT LEGS

An excellent hint for those who have allowed their legs to become burnt by sitting too near the fire is to mix a little hydrogen peroxide with some lanoline and apply it to the legs before going to bed.—M. S., Hounslow.

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

*Margot*



A lovely evening dress of stiffened chiffon in two shades of blue, with a two-tone velvet sash

## SENT TO YOU Nu-Style Corsette for deposit of 1/-



Just 1/- deposit and this better Corsette is yours on approval. If satisfied, you have the option of paying the balance in one sum of 7/11 or in monthly instalments of 2/-. Examine the Ambron Nu-Style and you will agree that it is the last word in the art of scientific corsetry.

The special feature is the patent back which extends or contracts with each movement of the body... that is why you can wear this snugly fitting Corsette with the utmost comfort imaginable. Proved by its immense popularity, the Ambron Nu-style model is the latest wonder of modern Corsetry. It ensures perfect 'line' for every dress. Made in fine stripe Pink Coutille, with a brassiere front of soft web net which supports bust. An under-belt, side fastening, ensures "uphold" and correct diaphragm control. Four strong elastic suspenders are fitted. Post Coupon to-day!

MISS MARY CLARE, says: "I have never worn a Corset more perfect in its fit, more artistic in its conception and make, nor more comfortable in wear."

### NU-STYLE BARGAIN OFFER

HIPS.....

Please send me, on approval, a Nu-style Model Corsette, measurements as stated, at present Bargain price of 8/11. I enclose 1/- deposit, together with 4d. for postage, and will pay balance of price either in one sum or by monthly instalments of 2/-. If not satisfied, and I return the garment at once, unworn, you will refund my deposit.

BUST.....

(Sizes range from 30 to 46 in. Bust.) Enclose Coupon with full name and address and Postal Order crossed thus //.

No. 341 (A) Radio Pictorial, 11/5/34.

Overseas and Irish Free State, full cash only.

**AMBROSE WILSON LTD.,**  
341 Ambron House, 60, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.



Jeanne de Casalis at work in her kitchen. She is famous for her French cooking

## The Best GREY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME

You can now make at home a better grey hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce of bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and one quarter-ounce of glycerine. Any chemist can make this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Orlex imparts colour to streaked, faded or grey hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not colour scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

## BE TALLER! CLIENTS GAIN! 2 to 6 INCHES!

Increased my own height to 6ft. 3 1/2 ins. ROSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS. Fee £22s. Particulars (mailed privately) 2/4d. stamp R. C. MALCOLM ROSS, Height Specialist, Scarborough, E. Yorks. (P.O. Box 13)





# 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.

## ★ *Owning the Mike!*

"SOME statements in the article 'If The Mike Were Mine' by Godfrey Winn, have roused my feelings. At times I agree with Mr. Winn, but at times I am apt to differ with him.

"Firstly, with regard to surprises. He is going to have THE RADIO TIMES full of blanks, I understand. The paper would cease to serve its purpose. The listener would find himself unable to make ordinary advance arrangements to listen in; he would be afraid to go anywhere for fear he missed anything; or he would not bother to listen.

"I approve of the following suggestions: campaigning against cruelty of all types, crusading for peace and against war, and bringing Mr. Vernon Bartlett to your microphone. Good!

"On the other hand, the B.B.C.'s time-honoured policy of repeating plays and other such items on two different nights is a great boon. It enables many to listen who might find one of the particular nights inconvenient. And it gives the artists the feeling that all their rehearsals have led up to more than one performance only. It would be a bad move on your part to discontinue it.

"You say the staff at Broadcasting House are like nuns and monks. I thought the RADIO PICTORIAL itself had exploded that fallacy. Still you know best. . . .

"And lastly I hope you do not feel insulted by this letter. It is written in good part by one who is proud of, and satisfied with British broadcasting and the Corporation behind it."

G. A. Batty, Liverpool.

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

## *Relayed Music-Hall*

"My quarrel with radio programmes is: the B.B.C. have too many hard and fast rules with regard to popular items. In several ways the Corporation tries to

## REAL PHOTOGRAPHS of Radio Stars

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

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

emulate the music-hall and theatre. To a point they succeed. But who would patronise a music-hall that only gave one hour's programme?

"The average vaudeville show lasts from one hour and a half to two hours. Of course, there are several items that can only be enjoyed visually. But if everyone was blind the promoters would still find aural items to make the programme the same length. Why shouldn't the B.B.C. do the same? In a manner of speaking we are all blind where broadcasting is concerned.

"The applause of the studio audiences seems rather futile and machine-like because no encores are given. Could you see Florrie Ford, etc., get off a music-hall stage without giving an encore? That is the reason I enjoy relays so much more—there is a more human feeling about matters and less of the machine that must always be heeded."—E. Race, Sheffield.

## *The Second Time*

"As a user of a small set, mainly depending on National or London Regional programmes, I often find that after enjoying a play for, say, an hour on the National, the same is repeated on the other station the night following. This gives me—and I suppose many others—the feeling that we are being deprived of hearing something different. This surely could be remedied, leaving the repetition of the play till a later date, thereby preventing many of us switching off somewhat 'fed-up.'"—A. H. Wagstaff, London.

## *Broadcasts from the Empire*

"Being a very keen listener and particularly to the development of Empire broadcasting, may I suggest that after approximately twelve months of the latter, items of interest and musical interludes be reciprocated to us from the distant lands of our Empire. The B.B.C. are continually praising their efforts of Empire broadcasting to their home listeners, and I take it that the financial expenses for the employment of extra staff and the engagement of artists are met by the home listener in their licence fees, and therefore instead of being bored with gramophone interludes of half an hour or more (this does not include Christopher Stone's programmes), a good relay, say once a week, from one of the Empire stations could be included in our programme. To my knowledge we have only been favoured with two relays, the one from the Table Mountains and the Indian programme from Bombay. In my opinion these relays would be an excellent education to both young and old."—J. W. Haines, Southall.

## *Satisfied*

"We have been reading a lot lately about the unsuitability of the B.B.C. programmes. In every paper and in one in particular (which shall be unnamed) the radio critics, as they call themselves, persistently run down any and every enterprise of the B.B.C.

"We do not possess a set, but have an installation from a wireless relaying station, and 70 per cent. of the programmes we receive are from the home transmitters. We have our speaker on from 8.15 a.m. until we retire, on an average about fourteen hours a day, and we can assure you and all readers that the B.B.C. programmes offer much more variety and entertainment than most Continental stations."—Unemployed, Rams-gate.

## *The Radio Circle*

"Now that the 'Radio Circle' has had to cease, wouldn't it be a good idea for the different Regional stations to record their various family parties, and the proceeds of the sales go to the Radio fund for kiddies. There are many young and old who would like their favourites in some permanent form, and perhaps Stephen King-Hall and Ronald Gourley could be squeezed in on the London one, for alas, there are some now that we shall never be able to hear again."—E. E. Suter, Caterham.

## "... directed by Henry Hall"

(Continued from page Four)

to turn to some other form of music for recreation. (Many a serious composer may be found listening to dance-music.) So it is with Henry Hall. He was trained at the Guildhall School of Music, and is a good pianist.

Therefore you will not be surprised to learn that he will often seek his piano in leisure hours, and take up a volume of Chopin. Nothing delights him more than an hour playing the *Ballades*.

Quite reasonable, if you come to think of it. Modern dance-music is definitely in a class by itself. It is also very definitely rhythmical. To play the easy and gentle rhythms of Chopin—even if only one of his waltzes—is a great rest from our modern dance-tunes.

Henry is also a trumpet player. He studied for some time under John Solomon, of the London Symphony Orchestra, and entertains the deepest respect for his old master.

One of Henry's hobbies is car-driving. His wife says she likes the pace of his slow fox-trots, but has different opinions of his speed in the car.

He is a shy individual. Very quiet and reserved, but thoroughly English. Perhaps that is one of his attractions, for he is very attractive and a charming companion. He is never nervous in public, but has a horror of being pointed at and recognised in a crowd. People will make a dash for him and demand his autograph. When that happens the B.B.C. Dance Band Director simply shakes with fear and trepidation.

His shyness is part of him. A little surprising because, after all, he is very much in the limelight. Yet he is entirely unspoilt.

He is always well dressed. Perhaps you think he can afford to be, but that is no argument. You must know plenty of men who can afford to dress well but who do nothing of the kind. Henry Hall dresses not only well but tastefully.

## "How I Prepare My Broadcasts"

(Continued from page Five)

to cough. That I simply cannot raise my voice at the ends of sentences, that it sounds as if I were reading, that I am emphasising the wrong words or making the words I have so carefully selected sound woolly or wooden.

Worst of all, I say something entirely different from what I meant to say.

Broadcasting from Seattle, I wrote, "Immediately after leaving you last week," and said, "Immediately after leaving you next week," which just made no sense at all.

I find myself mispronouncing words that I never mispronounced before. I accented "Navalio" (?) on the second syllable on one occasion, and called geysers "gaysers."

I find my voice going completely out of my control in speed, now darting along in short staccato sprints, now loitering along in a detestable drawl, all the time that I am trying to talk naturally.

If there is one thing more than another for which I pray it is for a voice with the perfect poise and quietude of Christopher Stone.

I know what a broadcasting voice ought to be like, and I strive to turn mine into one, but over-much zeal threatens only too often to turn mine into that of a restless, over-emphatic chatterer bordering on hysteria—or so it seems to me when I have to listen to my talks on the Blattnerphone.

It is most odd to think that to speak naturally into a box should be so infinitely more difficult than to speak naturally to one's mother, one's sisters, one's cousins, and one's aunts.

But I certainly find it so. I have had five years' hard broadcasting, and I am still as far as ever from achieving perfection of technique.



"Radio Pic." Readers

Improve  
Programmes!



IN addition to preparing his Royal Command Variety Act, Henry Hall has been feverishly busy! For weeks past he has, during every minute away from B.B.C. work, been busy autographing portraits for lucky "Radio Pic." readers! The above photograph shows him engaged in this task.

The reason is the recent "Radio Pictorial" ballot and competition to discover readers' tastes in radio programmes, inviting, also, suggestions for brightening B.B.C. broadcasts.

An overwhelming number of entries were received.

Our ballot revealed the following order of importance of present and suggested programme items: more variety, Sunday dance music, more plays, more running commentaries of public events, less military band music, and, finally, more talks by politicians.

Ten shilling notes and autographed photographs of Henry Hall have been sent to the following readers, who, in addition to giving the correct voting in the majority order, have submitted practical programme suggestions.

Mrs. A. Pickersgill, 14 Kirkbridge Road, Attercliffe, Sheffield 9.

Mrs. E. E. Marsh, 87 Radnor Park Road, Folkestone.

Mrs. G. Harness, Round House, Algarkirk, near Boston, Lincolnshire.

Mrs. and Mrs. Clem and Dorothy Long, 90 Hazelbourne Road, Clapham South.

Mrs. V. Dawney, 39 Courtenay Gardens, Upminster, Essex.

Mrs. W. Litchfield, Bury Farm, Downham, near Ely, Cambs.

Mrs. Jessie Robinson, 46 Mount Pleasant, Alperton, Middlesex.

Miss Rose Ansell, Hurst Lea, Holmesdale Road, Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex.

Miss M. Brown, 6 Coleridge Avenue, Stockton Road, West Hartlepool, Co. Durham.

Miss May Frith, 128 Cleveland Street, Doncaster.

Miss E. Abbott, Shave Lane, Todbere, Stur, Newton, Dorset.

Miss J. M. Sullivan, 75 Marcia Road, London, S.E.1.

Miss Phyllis Whitehead, 9 Diseworth Street, Leicester.

Miss M. T. Footman, 70 Empress Avenue, Ilford, Essex.

Albert L. Geradine, 37 Park Street West, Luton, Beds.

Henry C. Pattinson, 19 York Street, Penrith.

Sydney H. Wells, 22 Villiers Road, Beckenham, Kent.

Ernest Shaw, 81 Church Street, Leigh, Lancs.

Walter R. Smith, 76 Dryfield Road, Burnt Oak, Edgware.

W. Sillifant, 19 Park Rowe, Okehampton, Devon.

G. A. Turner, 8 Mount Cottages, Old Common, Cobham, Surrey.

Harold G. Wells, 28 Clifford Street, South Wigston, near Leicester.

H. Rhodes, 47 Princeville Street, Bradford, Yorks.

A. Simpson, 47 Clun Street, Pitsmoor, Sheffield 4.

John William Chamberlain, Lyndon, Harts-horne Road, Woodville, Burton-on-Trent.

In addition autographed portraits of Henry Hall have been sent to a thousand of the readers who entered for the Competition.

# Nobody Loves a Fat Woman



The old saying has it that "everybody loves a fat man," but it's probably truer to say that nobody loves a fat woman. Man or woman, excess fat is a handicap. And with many a woman it is a tragedy as well.

A woman's charm is in a slender figure. Fat is the foe of beauty, the hall-mark of middle age. And fat is unnecessary. Science has discovered a way to control excess weight. A simple, easy

way that supplies the same normal element that the body itself uses. Thousands of women about you are using it every day. They find it in Marmola brand Antifat Tablets.

All you do is take four tablets a day. Moderation helps, of course, but starvation diets and strenuous exercise are not necessary. Try them yourself. Take them as directed in the book that you will find in every package. And when you reach the weight you desire, stop. It is so simple and easy that you will regret that you did not get rid of that fat months or even years ago.

You owe it to yourself to try Marmola Tablets. Why not start to-morrow?

Marmola brand Antifat Tablets are sold by all chemists at 3/- per box or sent post paid on receipt of price by the Marmola Distributing Agency (Dept. 99A), 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. Send this coupon or write for our latest book, a two-day sample free, and our guarantee.

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Please forward two-day sample and Marmola Booklet, also guarantee form—FREE.

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## ● ARE YOU A HIKER?

● Now that the summer is nearly on us, all hikers have started, or will shortly, on the open road. Why not have music wherever you go? See page ii of cover of this issue for details of a natty little Hiker's Portable Set.



### Children's NEWS MOTTO

by Commander Stephen  
KING-HALL

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

"Whose talk is of bullocks."

These words are to be found in the book of Ecclesiasticus in the Old Testament. The news reference is on page 24.

*Stephen King-Hall*

## MAKE-UP WILL NOT HIDE PIMPLES, ACNE, ECZEMA



CREAMS and powder will only partially disguise a blemished skin. The only perfect base for make-up is a charming, spotless skin. D.D.D. Brand Prescription is a sure remedy for enlarged pores, spots, pimples, as well as for disfiguring Eczema, Rashes, Insect Stings, Pimples, Ulcers, or other skin diseases. D.D.D. Prescription is a clean, soothing liquid easily applied with a piece of cotton wool. A few drops of this marvellous preparation will give instant relief, and quickly dries up the disfiguring spots. Buy a 1/3 bottle to-day at any chemist.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER.—Send a postcard to-day for a liberal sample bottle of D.D.D. Prescription to D.D.D. Laboratories, R.P.12, FLEET LANE, LONDON E.C.4.

**D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION**  
BANISHES ALL SKIN TROUBLES

IT'S MARVELLOUS!

# WHAT *the* STARS *are* DOING



Bert Copley, the entertainer, heard recently in "Tea Time Mixture." He has broadcast on sixty-five occasions from provincial stations!

James Gibson (above) will play the part of Lord Lovat in the broadcast version of the famous trial, which will be heard on Thursday at 9.15 and Friday at 8. In the two circles on the right you see the producer and the author of the play, Howard Rose and Whitaker-Wilson, respectively



On the left you see Dare Lea, leader of the Café de la Paix Orchestra, chatting with his new manager, Harry Mills. Mr. Mills was for six years manager to Jack Payne, and has a vast experience of the toils and trials of his job. He has now found fresh fields for his energies and will be bringing new talent to the microphone



# HULLO CHILDREN!

AUNT BELINDA'S  
*Children's Corner*

**D**EAR NIECES AND NEPHEWS,  
Those of you who listen to the National Programme will, barring accidents, have heard the Children's Hour on May 9, actually broadcast from the Zoo, and I feel that this occasion will not be complete without recalling "Uncle Leslie" (L. G. Mainland) who gave the very first of these most exciting outside broadcasts. The excitement was not always confined to listeners, for during one such programme Uncle Leslie and Uncle Columbus were accidentally locked in the Elephant House! Those of us at the centre microphone—in the Reptile House—who were "filling in" while Leslie went from house to house, were in a state of alarm. We plugged in to the lions—but, no, they would not roar—then we tried the Birds House—nothing more than an occasional twitter there—and finally, in desperation, we tried to persuade a local bull-frog to croak rather than leave an unaccountable gap in the programme.

Eventually the missing uncles were discovered and arrived at the Parrot

House so breathless that they were almost speechless! Uncle Leslie quickly made up for lost time and the parrots—all of them at once, it seemed—stepped into the breach. By this time our bull-frog was, of course, in full voice, but he had missed his opportunity of speaking to the world, and was quietly put back into his little glass house.

Professor Branestawm visited Belfast last week. He is becoming a much-travelled gentleman, and I doubt if Norman Hunter, when he originated these Incredible Adventures for a small monthly paper in Oxford, ever anticipated such a long journey. In London, of course, these stories are always told by "Ajax" (T. C. L. Farrar) who has characterised them so vividly that the author himself now builds up fresh adventures with an eye to giving Ajax still more scope. "Too many Professors" is, I think, my favourite Incredible Adventure. Which is yours?

How many of you have seen a Puppet Show? From the Adventures of Pinocchio you can, I feel sure, imagine how amusing they are. S. G. Hulme Beaman, for his own amusement made puppet figures of all his "Toy Town" citizens, and I had the very great pleasure of seeing these little figures act "The Arkville Dragon" upon a stage that their creator had built in the drawing-room of his house. The dialogue was spoken in character behind the scenes, and the incidental music was played by gramophone. If Hulme Beaman had not died so very prematurely he might have developed his hobby in a larger scale for a Children's Theatre.

More next Friday. AUNT BELINDA.



## Every Day Rub on **ZAM-BUK** To Improve Your Skin

**A**T this season the skin tends to get out of condition—sore, "tight," tender, and even rough and blotchy. Whether through housework or chafing winds, or soreness caused, maybe, by shaving, this simple treatment will soon restore its natural velvety feel—

Every night rub in a little Zam-Buk ointment, when the refined herbal extracts in this healing balm will be taken up by the pores, with the result that the tissues are put into a much healthier condition.

Zam-Buk soothes, purifies and protects your skin in an amazing way. You will not have any of these annoying blemishes or discomforts if you regularly "feed" your skin with Zam-Buk's fine antiseptic oils.

Whatever your skin trouble, you can rely upon Zam-Buk, which is famed for its purity, reliability and wide range of usefulness in home, workshop and sports field. 1/3 a box, or 3/- family size, of all chemists and stores.

## AWFUL STOMACH PAINS AFTER OPERATION

Whatever agony you have been through from stomach trouble, even if you have tried almost everything to get relief, do not give up hope. There is one way in which you can get certain relief. Just read this letter from Mr. A. S. ...., of Scunthorpe:

"Three years ago I was operated on for appendicitis and they also removed the gall, which was diseased. My doctor told me I should be troubled with bile and indigestion, and this proved right. I had awful dragging pains and was sick three times a day. As time went on I had not energy to carry on with anything. I tried everything I could think of and then I tried Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. The very first dose gave me relief, and I can safely say it has completely cured me and I feel better now than I can ever remember."

If this were an isolated case it would be remarkable enough, but it is merely typical of the thousands of cases which prove that Maclean Brand Stomach Powder will do just as much for you.

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



**6/11**

EACH  
Postage 6d.  
extra.  
While they  
last.

These 15/6 FULL SIZE White tennis rackets are scientifically made, balanced weight, bevelled inside with 3 rows of trebling top and bottom. Strung all white with good animal gut. Shoulders bound in 2 places, also with surgical bindings. Every joint hand-made and perfect. Nice clean cane wedge lends lot of elasticity to frames. Handle entirely hand-grooved. State weight required. This is a surprising bargain. Money cheerfully refunded immediately if you are not ABSOLUTELY SATISFIED.

**BURDON HUNTER**  
Mail Order Specialist  
Dept. R. 46, Camomile Street  
Chambers, London, E.C.3.  
(Near Liverpool Street Station).

## "Radio Pictorial" Shopping Guide

Here "Housewife" reviews the latest booklets and folders issued by well-known firms. If you want copies of any or all of them FREE OF CHARGE, just send a postcard giving the index numbers of the catalogues required (shown at the end of each paragraph) to "Radio Pictorial" Shopping Guide, 58/61 Fetter Lane, E.C.4. "Housewife" will see that you get all the literature you desire. Please write your name and address in block letters.

**W**HY worry over the day's menu, and "what to have for a change," when I have discovered that you can get a new Cookery Book—free—containing 100 useful recipes? These recipes all contain Trex, the cooking fat which guarantees light, well-risen puddings and cakes every time and which is so much more digestible than ordinary fats. Please write to me for your copy, enclosing 2d. in stamps. **1**

**N**ow that summer is here, we are all bent on making the most of fine weekends and light evenings. And what better way is there of taking the road than on a bicycle? A really reliable make, such as the Enfield, for instance, will last you a lifetime, and costs under £4; or you can buy it by easy payments. Please write to me for a catalogue if you are interested. **2**

**H**ave you ever tried Ovaltine—cold? It is a summertime drink more refreshing than lemonade, more nourishing and easily digestible than milk, and with a delicious taste all its own. If you would like to try it, write to me for a small tin, sent entirely free of charge. The children will love it. **3**

**M**others know the importance of keeping children's teeth white and sound, and Gibbs' Dentifrice has been proved to be a splendid safeguard. If you would like free samples of both forms—Gibbs' solid dentifrice and Gibbs' tooth paste—write to this office enclosing 1½d. for postage. **4**

## Mothers of Men (Continued from page fifteen)

She turned to him serenely. "It's Michael's birthday, didn't you know?"  
He brought his fist down with a thud on the table littered with all the paraphernalia of a boy of fifteen.

"I tell you there's no such person as Michael," he thundered.

She regarded him with that peculiar cold look. "How do you know what was born in my heart fifteen years ago?"

Harry gave it up. Almost a year elapsed before the matter cropped up again, and then a friend came to stay a week-end with them, bringing her sixteen-year-old son. When the visitors had departed, Harry chanced to remark:

"A nice lad, that of Annie's."  
Marie smiled in a faintly superior way.

"He hasn't got the manners Michael has," she answered.

The thing began to get on Harry's nerves. He tried appealing to June, who at twenty-four was still living at home unmarried. He had some years ago explained her mother's obsession to the girl.

"I can't stand seeing her put the boys' papers in that room," he said despairingly. "Can't you break her of this illusion? She's normal enough in other ways!"

June smiled pityingly.  
"I've tried it; it worries me, too, but she simply gets that terrible cold look on her face whenever I try to convince her that there isn't any such person as Michael, and tells me I don't understand. And besides—supposing one could break the illusion for her—what have we got to put in its place? It's not as if she weren't completely normal in every other way."

"But it's so unfair to Margaret. She's never taken any interest in the child."

To be concluded next week

**NEXT WEEK**  
At Home with a B.B.C.  
Announcer



# 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.



### HOW THEY LISTEN!

We often show you photographs of famous people broadcasting . . . now, for a change, here are some intimate snapshots of listeners! Above is a lazy listener to the new Columbia Super-het Battery Grand. The next photograph has been sent in by a Watford reader, who reads RADIO PICTORIAL and listens to the radio programmes. The happy couple below are listening to the new His Master's Voice Flud-Light Six Portable



**H**IS Royal Highness the Duke of York is to unveil the Adam Lindsay memorial in Westminster Abbey on the 11th, and the Archbishop of Canterbury will give an address. The whole ceremony will be relayed in the National programme.

On the 17th and 18th a tip-top seaside concert party is to make its bow to the microphone. You won't see the bow but you will hear some excellent broadcasting, from what they tell me. The party is the Fol-de-Rols.

There are several of these Fol-de-Rollists, as a matter of fact. They haunt Hastings, Eastbourne, Scarborough, and Westcliff, where they are well known and admired. You, however, will get the best of all four parties. So don't miss them.

Empire Day (24th) is to be celebrated by an unusual event. A programme is to be relayed from Australia—that is to say, it will be radiated to wherever the B.B.C. can catch it, and be retransmitted all over the Empire.

Next year Canada will sponsor a programme, the year after, India; The Irish Free State in 1937; New Zealand in 1938; South and East Africa in 1939. By the time we get to 1950 the planet Mars may be one of our colonies; you never know.

Tell the kiddies that, on May 23, Mr. P. G. H. Fender, the former Captain of Surrey, is going to talk in the Children's Hour on *Cricket for Boys and Girls*.

Dare Lea and his band made a hit in the *First Time Here* series. The Midland Regional is to have an hour of dance music from him on May 16.

The Midland Regional seems to be having some good bands just now. The Blackwell Colliery Band gives its first broadcast to the centre of England on May 18. This band has been going for over forty years and has had only two conductors. Mr. George Hall has now directed it for thirty-five years.

The following day (19th) the band of the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment is to broadcast.

This band has broadcast ten times in India and also played in a command performance for the Viceroy. A male voice choir will sing. Both choir and band are composed almost entirely of Warwickshiremen.

Still another band—this time for the Westerners. The Torquay Municipal gives a programme of light music from the Pavilion on May 13. Getting quite summery!

From Plymouth Palace Theatre on the 18th comes an extract from the George Clarke Revue, and the following day the band of the Royal Marines, Plymouth Division, comes from the Abbey Hall. So this must be Bands Week.

For Welsh listeners Megan Foster and Gwendolen Mason will give a recital of old Welsh folksongs on the 19th. They will be worth hearing because none of our folksongs, excepting perhaps the Irish, have tunes like those of Wales.

Gwendolen Mason is a harpist. She will play a special arrangement of Welsh airs written for her by Herbert Bedford. Welsh airs on a harp sound attractive to me.

I note with interest that R. C. Lyle, the famous B.B.C. Commentator, is to broadcast a running commentary on the Chester Cup on May 9.

I think I am right in saying the Chester Cup is the oldest flat race in England. A meeting was held annually in Chester on St. George's Day right back in Tudor days, but I do not know when it was changed to the first—sometimes the second—Wednesday in May.

On the 11th, Northern listeners will hear

Reginald Dixon from the Tower Ballroom, Blackpool. He calls his programme *Mainly Feminine*. He mustn't play *On the steamer coming over*, in that case, because there was she, but there was I.

Northern Ireland listeners ought to hear the one time Director of Broadcasting in the Irish Free State—Seamus Clandillon—on May 9. He is going to give a recital of Irish folksongs. He is an authority on the subject and spends most of his spare time in travelling in Ireland.

Scottish listeners will be all agog, on the 17th, to hear Pipe Major Ross piping his pipes. As they know quite well, he is the instructor at Edinburgh castle.

On the 19th, the dance music period will suffer an interruption. It will suffer it cheerfully because the Scottish Studio Orchestra is producing a little twenty-minute show called *Jig Time*.



I had a letter from Leonard Henry this morning. He says: "I am knee-deep and chin-deep in preparations for my big summer show at Worthing and the next variety. And, just because I have always wanted to play Hamlet, they've gone and made me do Gobbo in *The Merchant of Venice*. If I don't give a revolutionary reading my name ain't Leo."

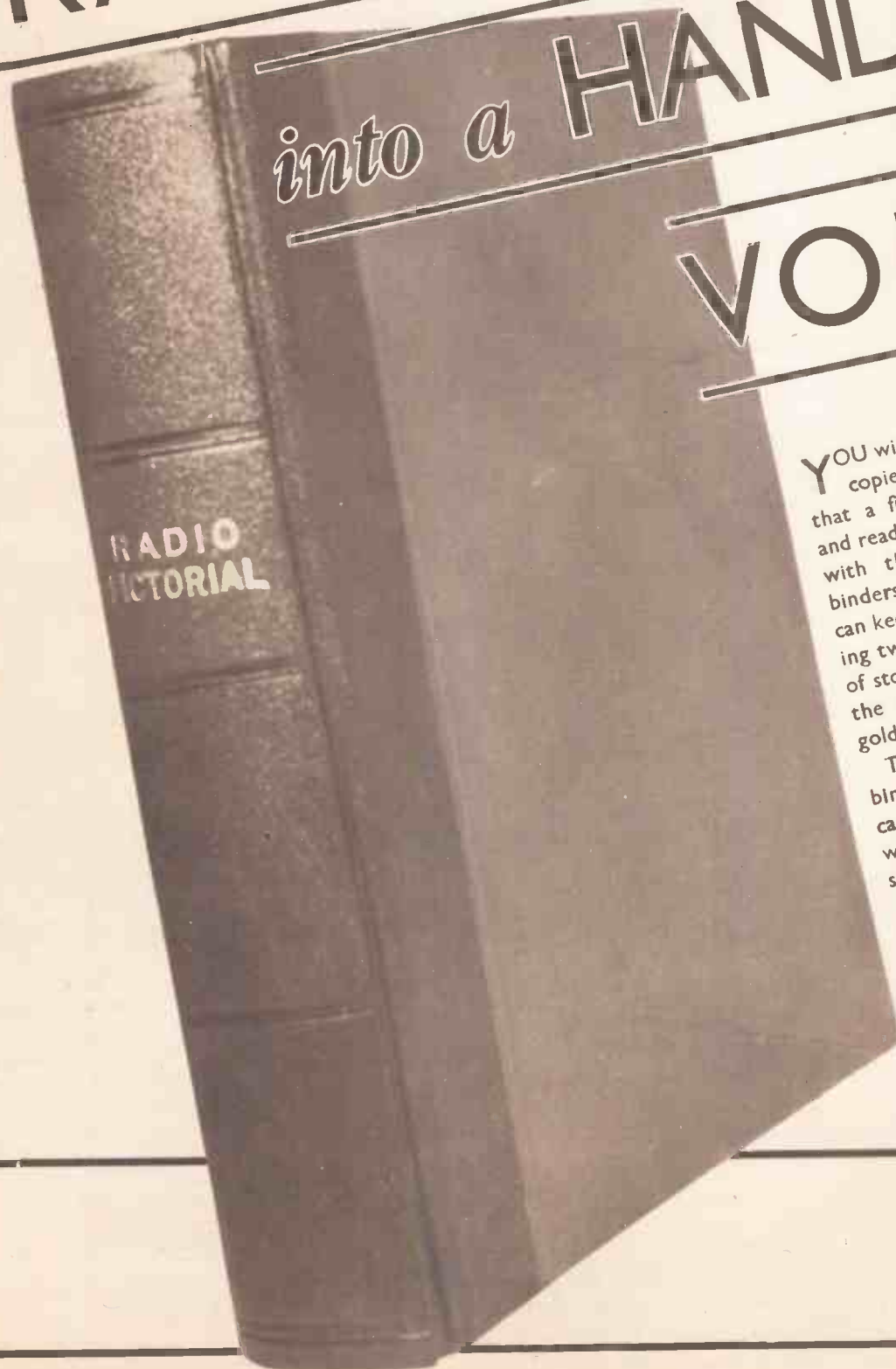
### Key to Commander King-Hall's Children's News Motto on page 21

The British Government is trying to arrange for less meat to come into the country from abroad, both from the Dominions and foreign countries, in order to give the farmer in this country a better price for his cattle.

Radio Stars **5**



# BIND YOUR RADIO PICTORIALS into a HANDSOME VOLUME



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

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# The Companionette



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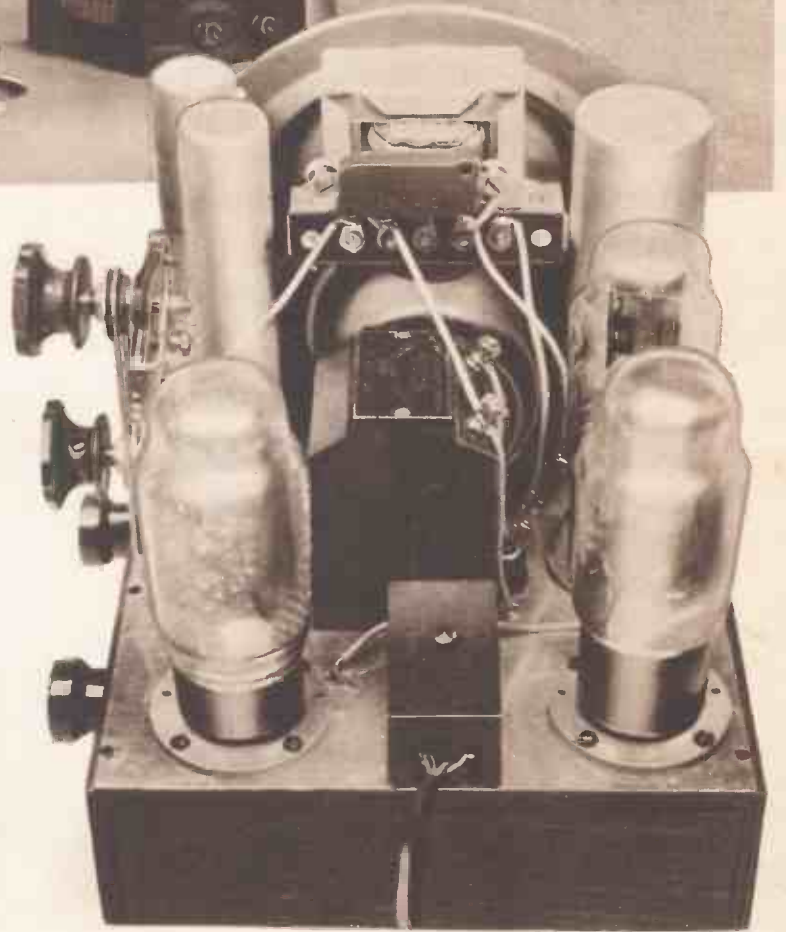
**T**HE COMPANIONETTE is an amazing midget set for use on A.C. or D.C. mains. It is so small that it can be moved about the house without the slightest difficulty and only needs a short piece of wire and a good earth to bring in local stations with adequate strength. It will also pick up a fair number of Continental programmes under favourable conditions. Complete details for the construction of this midget set will be found in the May "Wireless Magazine," now on sale, price 1s.

**MY VISIT TO THE BELL LABORATORIES**, by our American correspondent, Lionel Merdler, takes you behind the scenes at the famous Bell Laboratories in New York.

**HEALING BY SHORT-WAVE RADIO**. Dr. Alfred Gradenwitz explains how the medical world is making use of the recently discovered healing properties of ultra-short waves.

**RECORDING THE SOUND ON FILM**, by Baynham Honri; **WHERE THE B.B.C. WASTES MONEY**; **WIRELESS JOBS MADE EASY FOR MR. EVERYMAN**; 12 page **STEP-BY-STEP FAULT-FINDING GUIDE**, are just a few of the other fine features also in this issue.

*This illustration gives you some idea of the size of the COMPANIONETTE, its measurements are 8½ by 7½ by 7½.*



## WIRELESS MAGAZINE

—MAY ISSUE—PRICE 1/—