

AT HOME WITH A B.B.C ANNOUNCER

RADIO PICTORIAL

2^D
EVERY FRIDAY



LAURIE DEVINE
RADIO AND TELEVISION DANCER

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AT THE MICROPHONE WITH VARIETY MEN.
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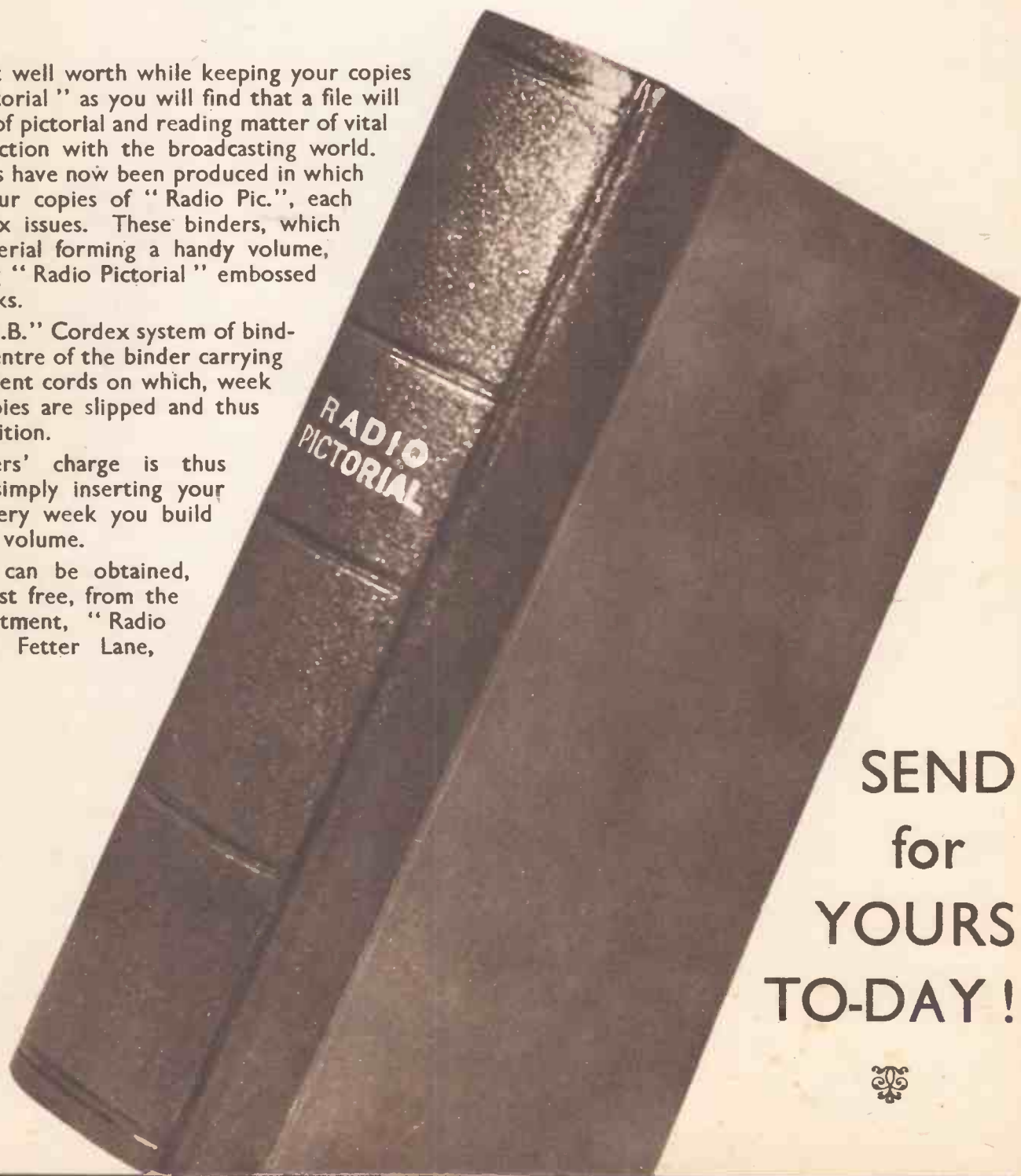
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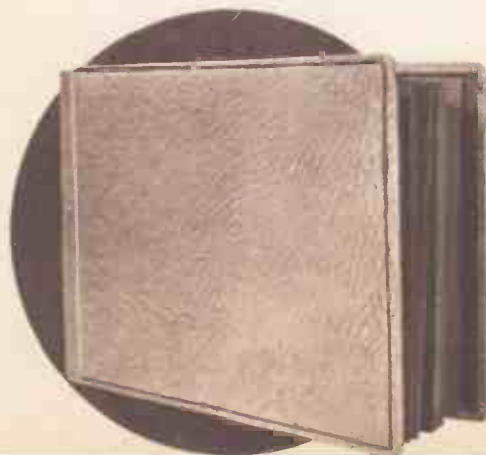
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Radio Pictorial — No. 18

Published by Bernard Jones Publications, Ltd., 58-61 Fetter Lane, E.C.4.
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 Editor KENNETH ULLYETT

A. J. CUMMINGS, the well-known press correspondent, talks about the full international radio significance of the B.B.C. motto . . .

“Nation shall speak Peace . . .”

THE motto on the B.B.C. coat of arms is “Nation Shall Speak Peace unto Nation.” A few days ago I was discussing with a leading English statesman the question whether the ultimate consequence of wireless will be to give the world an impetus in the direction of peace or in the direction of war. The possibilities either way may seem to be limitless.

Up to the present, so far as the B.B.C. is concerned, there have not been any serious “incidents.” There was certainly a momentary flutter in the Polish official circles a year ago when, in the B.B.C.'s New Year's Eve programme relayed from various European stations, a broadcast comparison was made on the armaments of Poland with those of Germany.

Poland was described as “the little country that is spending one-third of its revenue on military armaments”; and there were in addition some comments on the Polish.

The Polish Government was affronted at this reference; and M. Skirmunt, the Polish Ambassador in London, addressed to the British Foreign Office a strongly worded protest “against the use of the British radio stations for the purposes of political propaganda directed against a friendly nation,” and requested that steps should be taken to “make a repetition of such an abuse impossible.”

This incident shows how many are the pitfalls awaiting all broadcasting organisations as soon as they enter the realm of foreign affairs. The bare statement of one elementary fact may be interpreted as a hostile reference to a foreign nation.

Of another order was the criticism directed against the B.B.C. talk which followed immediately the withdrawal of Germany from the League of Nations. On that occasion the complaints came not from abroad but from certain quarters in this country. The allegation was that the B.B.C. comments suggested general approval in Britain of the German Government's actions.

That was the inference undoubtedly drawn in Germany; and it was wrongly supposed by many people, in this country and elsewhere, that the broadcast was stamped with the British official sanction. On the one hand, numbers of people accepted this broadcast as a reasonable, balanced view of the situation; on the other, it was regarded unsympathetically.

My own view is that no commentary—however balanced, careful and veiled in expression—on a sudden crisis on the issues of which opinion was anything but unanimous, could escape criticism from one angle or another. Having seen the actual passages in the text of this particular broadcast, I find it difficult to single out any one passage as unfair or unveiled.

A good deal depends, of course, on the tone of voice and on the degree of emphasis used at certain points.

But the really serious question which arises out of the discussion is whether, at a moment of acute

international crisis, the Government of the day should order the withholding of all broadcasting comment until the proposed comment has been officially censored or whether such comment should actually be framed and fathered by the Government.

Personally I should be very sorry if anything were done to put restrictions on the admirable work now being accomplished by the B.B.C. in keeping the public informed on public affairs.

The B.B.C. organisers seem to me to combine discretion with enterprise with remarkable success. In the past few months a great advance has been made. It is well that the listening public

should appreciate justly, and not take as a matter of course, the close watch kept by the B.B.C. producers on current events, the quickness with which they seize the opportunity and the right man to illuminate the event on the wireless and the skill they exercise in avoiding the occasion for offence. The wonder is not that at rare intervals the B.B.C. is accused of an indiscretion but that so few opportunities are presented to the critics.

If the B.B.C. officials are to be subjected to an increasingly long list of pettifogging rules, if there is to be an outcry every time a living broadcaster uses a too picturesque phrase, the officials will be intimidated and programmes will suffer and much of the charm (as well as the valuable element of surprise) will fade out of the new first-class “topical talks.”

Having expressed that general view, I think there is something to be said for close consultations between the B.B.C. and an authoritative Government spokesman when any delicate international situation has arisen or when there is an intention to comment on a controversial issue about which opinion in a foreign country may be extremely sensitive.

Our B.B.C. is undoubtedly allowed more freedom of expression for individual broadcasters than most foreign stations are allowed.

But I doubt whether any Government in the world would be persuaded that a B.B.C. wireless statement on a matter of international importance was not an official pronouncement.

That being so, it is surely desirable that care should be taken to see that any B.B.C. statement made in such circumstances is not at variance or out of tone with the official point of view.

This carries me to the consideration of the further question whether the invention of wireless is likely to exercise a good or bad influence on world affairs, whether it will in the long run make for peace or for war.

It is too early yet to say with every confidence. In moments of international peril it might be either a public menace or a public peril.

It might even be both at the same time. Let us assume, for example, that two great European nations were on the point of flying at each other's throats. It is fairly certain that each Government would broadcast to its own people and abroad the most powerful propaganda it could devise.

What other Governments did would depend almost entirely on the extent to which any one of

Continued on page 17



Ramsay MacDonald faces the microphone at the Leeds Town Hall



When they were in the wings, every movement caused these wretched bells to tinkle.

And nothing would make them keep still.

At last I pushed four of them into a big armchair where they subsided into silence until they were wanted again.

An amusing incident occurred while they were dancing. As you know, they wear shoes with soles of aluminium so that the sound of their tap-dancing shall come through.

In order to emphasise this, Bryan Michie held a sort of clapper in his hand which he operated on down beats in the bar. Quite effective until it refused to function properly. "Go on," I said, "hit the thing!" He laughingly told me to shut up.

I then found out why.

I was standing close to a live microphone!

These shows are smartly worked. You hear an item brought to a conclusion. Then follows the applause. The curtains drop and the artist comes before it to take the call.

While this is going on, a rush is made on stage.

Furniture is hauled on and off with amazing alacrity because there is no time to lose.

In the Wings of St. George's Hall

by Derek ENGLAND

THE other night I went behind the scenes at St. George's Hall. Very amusing. Everyone keen to make things go with a swing. The producer when I was there happened to be John Sharman.

With him was Bryan Michie, one of the

giants of Broadcasting House. He looked very impressive—six-feet-I-don't-know-how-much of him in faultless evening dress.

The Eight Step Sisters led off as usual. They were garbed (here and there) quite effectively with little bells stitched on to their garments.

The audience in the hall does not mind waiting, but that audience is not the first consideration. It is the radio audience that counts.

The next instant the curtains swing up on a newly-set stage and another artist appears. The announcer is in his corner and has just enough time to introduce the newcomer.

Everything is worked to a minute so that the show shall end as the Greenwich time signal sounds before the news which follows. As there are generally seven turns in a vaudeville of this kind, you will see the necessity for quick action.

Not all artists take the trouble to make up or wear costume. Eric Maschwitz drew my attention to the fact, which should do something to dispel the common notion that artists are expected to entertain the audience in the hall.

I saw a singer using a copy; I saw a comedian (who generally acts in costume) going through his scene in ordinary morning dress; another read from a script.

There is no compulsion either way.

To watch a show of this kind from the wings gives one the impression that the radio audience is the first consideration.

Artists, especially comedians, are beginning to realise that facial expression means nothing in broadcasting.

I was chatting to Will Hay in the wings on this very subject. His act on the halls is largely made up of mime. He can reduce an audience to helplessness without saying a word.

"When I am here," he said, "I cut out everything in that way. If the audience laughs at something I do rather than at something I say, I count it a point against myself."

With which I profoundly agree. There are many comedians who think that way. When they all think it, light entertainment by wireless will have become fully established.



Philip Ridgeway puts a show across in his popular variety style

LEW STONE

in an exclusive "Radio Pictorial" interview tells some

STORIES of My LIFE



A personal account, which will be continued week by week in *Radio Pictorial*; by the popular leader of the broadcasting band at the Monseigneur.

OF the millions of listeners who are enthusiastic about dance music, many, I know, are proud of their own capabilities as vocalists or instrumentalists. They think that there must be an easy way to success in Broadcasting.

Though it is true that even genius in this branch of music is unlikely to find success without persistence, I must, I fear, disillusion those who think that persistence alone will bring them to the top of the professional tree.

I have made friends with dance band enthusiasts not only in this country, but also abroad and I have achieved a position in the world of dance music from which I can be a friend to many, many people who listen to my broadcasts and take an interest in my music without being able to see me. Every day my post-bag is full of letters from listeners who, because they are interested in my programmes, feel that they would like to know more of my personal life story and my musical career.

I shall not pretend that the story of my life is a thrilling story, but, perhaps, an account of the strides I have taken in my profession since, as a boy at school, I first started thinking of music, will be of interest.

I do not want my readers to think that in those days my musical ambition soared to great heights.

As a matter of fact, as a small boy I had no real musical ambitions and was certainly not a youthful prodigy. It gives me pleasure still, to remember that I was far more interested in sport than music.

The greatest of professional musicians would not have seemed so wonderful to me as an international footballer and I spent more time and much, much more enthusiasm on football practice than on piano practice. Now—I almost regret it—music, and particularly broadcasting, leaves me very little time for soccer, but as you probably know, I have not lost my enthusiasm for the game and if I pride myself on anything, it is on my reasonable successes as an amateur footballer.

Memories of my school days all centre around athletics.

If I had any scholastic successes, I have forgotten them, but I shall not forget the day when it was first discovered that I was a good soccer player. I was twelve years old, small and wiry.

The first time that I played with a full sized football was also the first time that I played in a big school match.

I think I was more scared at my debut on the football field than at my debut before the microphone. In neither case have I ever been relegated to the reserve team!

But in the days of which I am speaking, the microphone was a long way off.

For a few years yet I thought of little but sport. Besides playing football, I did a certain amount of cross country running and entered for Marathon races.

I remember how once, in the Isle of Wight, I entered a cross country run which was much too arduous for my age and size. I did not realize that I was competing with men who were on the way to becoming famous amateur runners.

I believe I distinguished myself for about two-thirds of the course, but I fell unconscious only a few seconds after passing the tape.

The lesson I learned then—to temper my enthusiasm with reason—has served me since in other fields than the fields of sport.

When I left school I left also many of the opportunities for athletics behind me.

I have said so far little of my musical life, but I had by this time been at the piano for several years. There was nothing remarkable about my progress during the years in which I was learning to play the piano. I could remember that when I commenced—at the age of seven—two hours of practice was sufficient to make me feel that a musical career was not my ambition. I had had enough. But my parents thought I had the elements of a pianist in me, and insisted that I should practice and practice.

Many of my readers will know the weariness of those hours of practice and though musical theory came to me easily, it was long before I became reconciled to the hours of practical drudgery.

I am, nevertheless, confident that long practice is vital to success in the world of music—and I had my share!

My parents' methods of keeping me at work were simple and effective. I was locked into



A new portrait of the ever popular Lew Stone (left).

Lew says, "Every day my post-bag is full of letters from listeners who, because they are interested in my programmes, feel that they would like to know more of my personal life story."

a room at the end of a long passage.

I always thought it somewhat unfair that, though I must suffer the long practices, my parents were not prepared to suffer the noise I made! I said that my parents' methods were simple and effective, but they had one flaw. The practice room was on the ground-floor, and as soon as I discovered that I could easily open the window I am afraid I became a frequent truant!

Of course I was discovered and lectured . . . and finally as a musician I was despaired of.

When I was ten my parents decided that after all I was not to be a pianist.

(To be continued.)



Ronald Frankau, the popular radio comedian, poses at the piano for the "Radio Pictorial" cameraman. A suitable title might be his own song number—"Extraordinary, wonderful, fascinating, queer, marvellous, incredible, oh, dear, dear!"

"Newsmonger's"
RADIO
GOSSIP

Dead and Buried

NEVER again will the staff at the B.B.C. ask for leave to bury their grandmothers. That fiction is dead for ever. Two odd days' leave each year is to be had for the asking and no reason need be given.

There is much rejoicing about this privilege at the Big House and I expect to see several of my friends at Lord's and the Oval when the Australians are playing. I think so well of the idea that I am going to mention it to the Editor!

"Atmosphere!"

I was talking to Charles Brewer one day last week. We fell to discussing "atmosphere" in broadcasting. He told me quite a good story about Irene Vanbrugh and Lyn Harding.

They had been playing together in one of those reminiscent shows. Going down in the lift afterwards Harding asked Irene which was the quickest way to get to Baker Street Station.

"Oh," said Irene quite seriously, "you can get a hansom outside." Then she came to earth, I suppose.

The Girl in Canada

I ran into Les Allen in North Regent Street. I noticed a ring on his finger with his initials deeply engraved. "Where did you get that ring?" I asked. "It is very handsome." "To tell you the truth," said Les, "I was once engaged to a girl out in Canada. She gave it to me. I liked the ring better than the girl, so I kept one and not the other." He did wisely, judging by Mrs. Allen. She is very charming.

A Voice that Kisses the Ear

Greta Keller is probably the Continent's greatest gift to British radio, but we must give the B.B.C. credit for exploiting a voice that always seems to kiss the ear.

Greta is married to Joe Sargent, the fair-haired partner of the Ross and Sargent team, who some years ago were members of the Three

New Yorkers act. They have been in the States where Greta has been filming; she has also sung with Rudy Vallee. Greta, Ross and Sargent will all be heard on the first of June.

It was Denis Freeman who first persuaded Greta to come to Savoy Hill from Berlin, where she was singing in cabaret. Small and dark, she whispers to the mike.

His Own Conductor

No doubt you heard Richard Tauber the great German tenor, singing in *Frederica* recently. John Watt was telling me what a charming man he is to work with. Tauber was trained as a conductor in his early days, and often amuses himself by conducting his own accompaniments at rehearsal. He is quite a favourite over here.

No Handicap

Unlike some Continental stars, Tauber has a disposition which is as sweet as his voice, and with good nature on both sides, his limited English was no handicap to John Watt's production of *Frederica*. Whenever the great man was

at a loss for a word he paused and then made a noise which sounded to me like "Mien Schnoopings." His meaning was usually clear.

Summertime for Henry

Now that the Royal Command show is over, Henry Hall is looking forward to his next appearance on the boards. He will be at the London Palladium for the first week in August.

To qualify for the honour of appearing before the King and Queen at this annual variety festival an artist must be a member of the profession, which means that he must have appeared or be booked to appear on the halls. Hence this week in the summer for Henry.

August will be a pretty hot month for all the variety boys. The theatre at the Radio Exhibition at Olympia will be bigger than ever this year, and strong vaudeville bills will be broadcast in the presence of 3,000 visitors.

The Boy and the Gipsy

Although Gipsy Smith is now a veteran, he is still a spell-binding preacher, and when he addresses a school there is not a cough to be heard.

He usually tells this story. After a sermon many years ago, a boy came to see the preacher. "Gipsy, teach me to pray," he asked.

That boy is now a big figure at the B.B.C.

For Another Time

Before discussions which are broadcast the speakers usually meet at dinner where they agree to disagree before the mike.

But things went wrong the other day when Sir Samuel Instone travelled down to Cardiff to disagree with Mr. H. H. Merritt about coal. Sir Samuel arrived shortly before the broadcast with his talk in his pocket. Mr. Merritt had his piece ready, too, but unluckily there was not

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" copy-right 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.

time to compress the material into a brief debate in the time allowed. So while there was a discussion it was not broadcast. We shall hear both speakers later.

Father Time!

I was amused to see that Arthur Salisbury's age was given incorrectly as 49 in a recent issue. Now, I am the greatest of friends with Arthur, and he is full of life and vivacity. There is nothing like 49 about him! When I pulled his leg about it the other day he assured me that he had only just seen his 35th year. I mention this fact for the interest of readers who regard RADIO PICTORIAL as an official "Blue Book" so far as radio star information goes.

Television Rendezvous

Eustace Robb, television producer, is making the new television studio at No. 16 Portland Place quite a cosmopolitan rendezvous.

Within the last few days I have met there Georgia Graves, a Folies Bergères dancer from Paris, but actually a Californian; Joseph Wagstaff from the States; three Japanese doing ju-jitsu; Leo Rowsome, a piper from Ireland; Consuelito Carmona, doing Spanish dancing; and Elsa Brunelleschi, also from Spain!

Georgia Graves and Joseph Wagstaff both prolonged their stay in England specifically to take part in television programmes, Joseph going to considerable trouble to obtain permission from the passport authorities.

"Make-up" in the Studio

Whether artists should dress up and "make-up" for broadcasting is as controversial a question as the problem of studio audiences. Here is the opinion of Will Fyffe, the Scotch comedian. He believes in going all out to provide the visual effect, even if there is no studio audience. In the B.B.C. studio he always appears in full "make-up."

"It helps a lot to 'get over' the character," he told me. "For one thing, the members of the orchestra and the other artists seeing me 'made-up' feel they're in the environment and help to create the atmosphere for the character I am portraying."

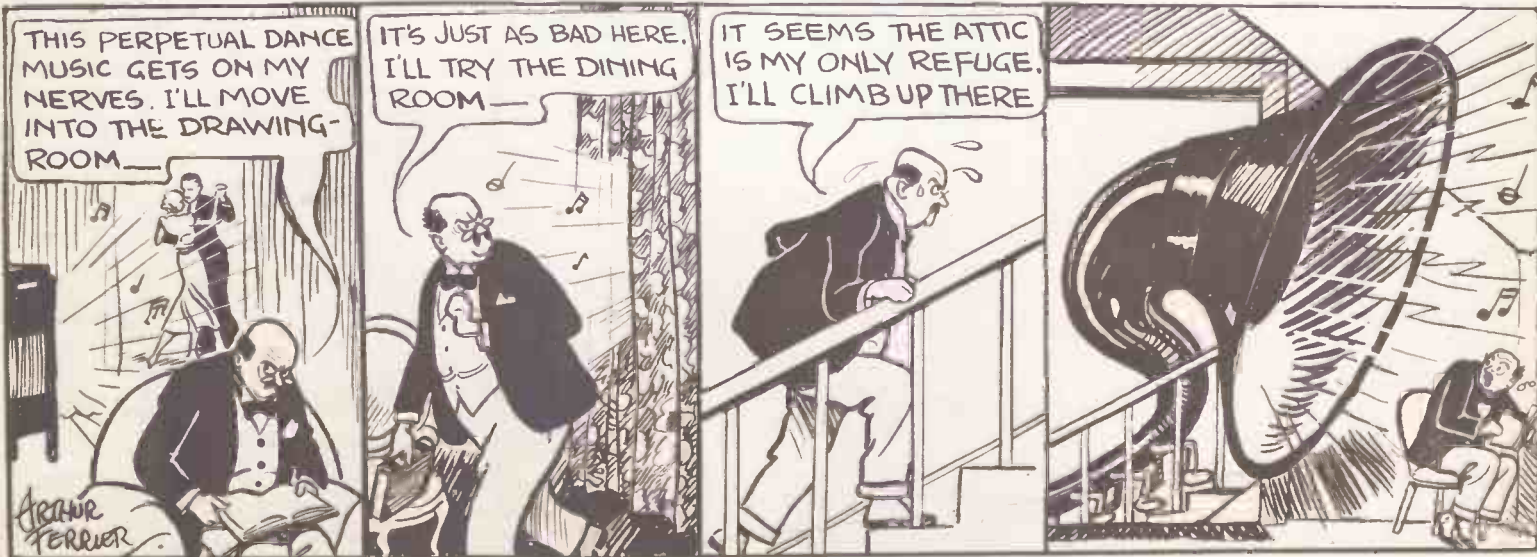
The O.B. Atmosphere

Victor Smythe is organiser of outside broadcasts in the North. His is the voice you hear introducing the Bouquet's Concert Party at Scarborough or describing the dazzling fun of Blackpool, for he works on the spot of all "O.B.'s."

A realist in everything, those at the Manchester studios will not forget how Smythe, then Dramatic Producer, produced J. L. Hodson's war play *Red Night*. A studio was "set" as a trench, there were sandbags, dim lights, a soldier's tin hat on the floor, and real bombs detonated by electric press-buttons! So keen was Smythe to get over the right "atmosphere" that he employed ex-service men for his cast.

He was also the first radio producer to take a radio play cast "on location" in an effort to obtain the atmosphere of an outside scene, just as film directors do. This experiment he tried in

The Twiddleknobs—by FERRIER

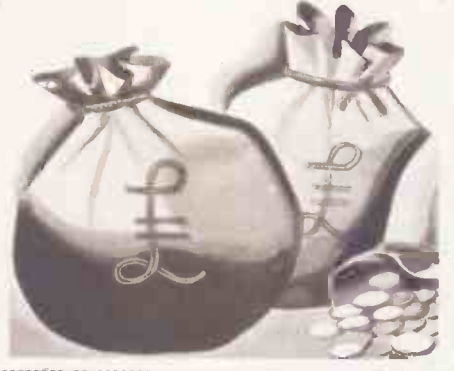


NEXT WEEK: A FINE A. J. ALAN MYSTERY YARN

THE TRUTH ABOUT B.B.C. FEES

Do you know how much B.B.C. artists get paid? Do you know how much you would get if you broadcast a song or talk from the B.B.C.?

Next week in "Radio Pictorial" an exclusive article will tell you the real truth about B.B.C. fees—a feature of interest to every listener



a play about a Lancashire family on holiday at Blackpool. He actually took the cast down to Blackpool and had microphones fixed on the "pleasure-beach" there for them.

Play to Me!

I don't suppose you bother much about a popular song except to whistle it—if you like it! Yet I daresay you have heard that the song-publishing business is in a distressed state at the moment. In other words—they don't make any money out of all the good songs you and I sing to ourselves on auspicious occasions. But here's a story that may interest you concerning a tune you hear on every conceivable occasion—"Play to Me, Gipsy."

Ragtime!

The G.O.M. of the song business is Bert Feldman. It was Bert who gave the country ragtime. He-it was who brought Irving Berlin to England.

To Bert Feldman, song-pioneer, came a tune which had been published first in Prague with the title "Cikanka" which, I believe, is Czech for gipsy. Later it had been published in Germany and called "Du Schwartzter Zigeuner." Any publisher in London could have had it but nobody wanted it. Yet pioneer Feldman backed his opinion that this was a potential hit. He bought it and asked his pet writer, Jimmy Kennedy, to put an English lyric to it. The

result was "Play to Me, Gipsy." It turned out to be a world-beater overnight! In one month half a million copies of sheet music were sold together with two million gramophone records!

Mrs. H. on the Air

I thought Mrs. Jack Hylton's recent broadcast with her merry bunch of lads was excellent. In the first place she has a really fine band. The brass was particularly brilliant and very certain. The hot violin playing of George Hurley was an "earful." Hurley was one of the first hot violinists in England. To-day he is still one of the greatest.

Ennis' Debut

And Mrs. Hylton can still sing a number with the best of our lady jazz vocalists. She is a particularly versatile lady and leading that really fine band is only one of her strong points. But it must be remembered that before she was Mrs. Jack Hylton, as Ennis Parkes, she was a performer of considerable merit.

I remember her, years ago, as soubrette with Fred Karno's touring revue *Moonstruck*, in which Will Hay was the comedian. His schoolroom sketch with which he tops bills to-day was a scene in the revue!

Our Cover

I am sure you will be interested in the ingenious cover design this week, as superimposed on the "television" background is a very attractive portrait of Laurie Devine, the popular radio and television star.

She appeared in public at last year's Radiolympia show, and is a frequent artist in front of the television apparatus at the new Portland Place television studio now opened up by the B.B.C.

Foot Inaugurates It

Reginald Foot, the popular cinema organ broadcaster, has been doing some flying trips recently in connection with organ broadcasting on the Continent.

A new organ was installed in the Rome broadcasting studios, and our own Reginald was specially invited to Rome to inaugurate it. His opening recital was broadcast from Rome last Sunday, and on the following day he travelled by air to Hilversum, where he had an engagement to broadcast on the studio organ.

This was his seventh broadcasting visit to Hilversum. He comes back to the B.B.C. microphone on June 6, when at 6.30 p.m. he will play on the organ at the Regal, Wimbledon.

More by Fol

If you heard the special Swiss programme broadcast on the 7th of this month by Pierre Fol, of the Trocadero, you will, I am sure, be interested to know that another of these programmes is to be given on Friday, May 25.

Fol specialises in collecting folk musical material from the Continent, and he certainly succeeds in putting over the right "atmosphere" at these broadcasts from the drab atmosphere of a B.B.C. studio.

Stars at Home — 18

At Home with Frederick Grisewood
a popular B.B.C. Announcer



The MAN at the MIKE—at home

FREDDIE GRISEWOOD, the popular B.B.C. announcer, is just—and only just—a native of Worcestershire. He was born at Daylesford, which is in that little strip of Worcestershire that gets between the shires of Oxford and Gloucester.

He joined the B.B.C. in July, 1929, but had sung for them as early as 1925.

Freddie has had a first-rate training for a concert singer under Victor Beigel. He has sung both in Paris and Munich, after which he returned to England. He sang the solo bass part in Sir George Henshel's Requiem at Queen's Hall in 1913. Carrie Tubb, Muriel Foster and Gervase Elwes sang that night.

So Freddie was in good company.

Then came the war which spoilt everything for Freddie, but he joined the 1st/3rd Oxfordshire and Bucks Light Infantry, reaching France in March, 1915.

He was invalided out finally in April, 1917.

However, there was compensation. In the early days of the war he met his wife—strangely enough, while he was stationed at Writtle, near Chelmsford, and actually the early home of broadcasting.

Little did he think when he was guarding

the Marconi station at Chelmsford that, one day, he would be so closely associated with broadcasting.

He went to Kingham, Oxon, to manage the Daylesford Estate, two miles from where he was born.

In talking to the natives he adopted the dialect of the district, and does so even when he goes back there now. If he tried any announcer English on his old pals, he would be accused of putting on "side" at once.

There they love him to be "Our Bill," whatever opinion they may entertain of him when he reads the Fat Stock Prices.

"Our Bill" is a genuine microphone character. He came into being out of his creator's personal observations in the country.

Freddie is a thorough sportsman.

He has played both cricket and tennis for Worcestershire, hockey for Oxfordshire and the Southern trials. Golf he has played everywhere there are links. His handicap used to be two, but he declares it is now a bad five.

He has also shot and fished a great deal in Scotland, and is keen on carpentry as well as old furniture and glass. He is also fond of dogs but does not possess one at the moment.

Mr. and Mrs. Grisewood celebrated their

nineteenth wedding anniversary during March. Their daughter, Anne, is thirteen.

AT the B.B.C. he takes charge of everything from the variety shows in St. George's Hall to the Epilogue of Sunday nights.

He takes up probably 50 per cent. of the microphone announcing time at the London studios, for the National and Regional studios.

He possesses great tact and social quality in a man who has to handle the B.B.C. microphones very often in times of great political difficulty, and he has a personal charm which is an asset in reassuring new artists, and overcoming their microphone fright.

Although "Freddie" gives you the appearance of being a retiring individual, he is actually not a bit bashful of appearing in public and he is as much at home on the stage of St. George's Hall (or on the stage in the basement vaudeville studio of Broadcasting House) as he is in the privacy of one of the news studios.

He is a music lover—a fortunate thing for a man who has to hear so much B.B.C. broadcast music as he does—and now that it is the Corporation's policy to give more intimate announcements with gramophone record broadcasts, Freddie's general music knowledge is invaluable. He can give just the right personal touch to these record broadcasts.

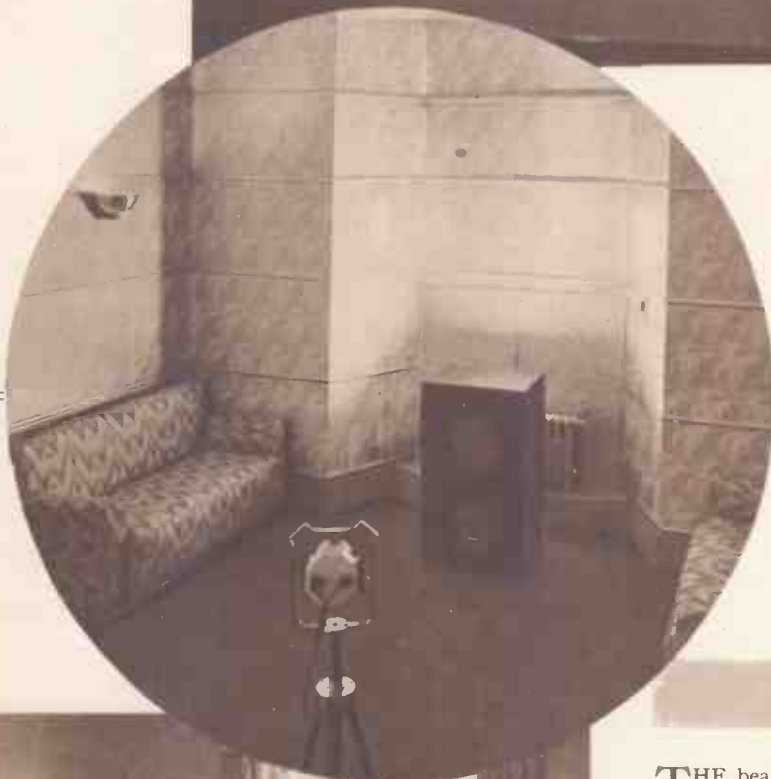
Frederick Grisewood is one of the most popular announcers at the B.B.C. and here is an intimate article about him by our Special Commissioner.

THIS IS WHERE THE WEST REGIONAL PROGRAMMES FOR THE WATCHET BROADCASTING STATION ARE MADE . . . SPECIAL B.B.C. PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE STUDIOS AND THE REGIONAL DIRECTOR'S OFFICE AT CARDIFF.

THE CARDIFF STUDIOS



CARDIFF is still the headquarters of the West Region, although the actual transmitting station is at Watchet, a village on the other side of the Severn. The reason for this unusual arrangement is that topographically, Watchet is better suited for radiating wireless waves than any site which could be found in Wales.



THE Cardiff Studio centre not only serves South and Mid-Wales better than any Welsh station could but, of course, the West of England as well. For the convenience of West Country artists, studios and a control-room have also been established at Bristol.



THE beautiful design and technical perfection of the studios at Broadcasting House, London, made all the provincial stations seem out of date by comparison, and recently nearly all of them have undergone extensive reconstruction. At Cardiff, for instance, the studios were too small, and, in view of the increased demands of radio drama among other things, there were not enough of them. Additional accommodation acquired at the beginning of 1933 made it possible for a reconstruction on modern lines, which was carried out by Mr. Edward Maufe, who was responsible for the architecture of Guildford Cathedral. Now, with five studios of varying sizes, Cardiff is as well equipped as any other station.

At the top of the page you see a view of Studio No. 2, the large orchestral studio, seen through the window of the Silence Room. The Western Studio Orchestra is giving a broadcast. The circle shows a corner of the Dramatic Studio, where the horizontal wall treatment and the long, low lines of the furniture give a very pleasant effect. The Regional Director's Room, left, shows the effective use of polished wood in conjunction with plain wall and floor surfaces.

PROGRAMME HEADLINES of the WEEK

Star Features in the National Programme

SUNDAY
 Fred Hartley and his Novelty Quintet
 Norman Allin.
 E. R. Appleton.
 Keith Falkner.
 Ronald Watkins
 The Park Lane Hotel Orchestra.

MONDAY
 The Scottish Studio Orchestra,
 directed by Guy Daines.
 The Midland Studio Orchestra,
 directed by Frank Cantell.
 Desmond MacCarthy.
 Commander Stephen King-Hall.
 B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra.

TUESDAY
 Reginald New,
 The Torquay Municipal Orchestra.
 Max Kroemer.

WEDNESDAY
 The Trocadero Cinema Orchestra,
 directed by Alfred van Dam.
 Oliver Baldwin.

THURSDAY
 Mrs. Oliver Strachey.
 Christopher Stone.
 Stiles Allen.
 Berkeley Mason.

FRIDAY
 Charles Manning and his Orchestra.
 Commander Stephen King-Hall.
 Olive Groves.
 Beverley Nichols.
 B.B.C. Orchestra (Section C)
 directed by Joseph Lewis.

SATURDAY
 The Commodore Grand Orchestra,
 directed by Joseph Muscant.
 Harold Ramsay.
 Joseph Farrington.

NATIONAL

SUNDAY (May 20).—A Religious Service, relayed from Birmingham Cathedral.

MONDAY (May 21).—Here's How, feature programme.

TUESDAY (May 22).—*Meistersinger*, Act 3 (Wagner), relayed from the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

WEDNESDAY (May 23).—*Puritan Lullaby*, an operetta.
 Natalie Hall, "star" of broadcast musical play, *Love Needs a Waltz*, and of Drury Lane production, *Ball at the Savoy*, is returning to the microphone on May 22 (Regional), and May 23 (National) in this musical comedy by the authors of *Love Needs a Waltz*—James Dyrenforth and Kenneth Leslie Smith. The plot is founded upon Longfellow's old story of Miles Standish using John Alden as a go-between in his courtship of the fair Priscilla. History will teach listeners that the Puritans of the days of the Mayflower were hardly as un-Puritanical as those of the Dyrenforth-Leslie Smith *Lullaby*; but provided Natalie Hall does not forsake her British audiences and return to her

Dance Music of the Week

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

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

Wednesday. Sydney Kyte and his Band (*Piccadilly Hotel*).

Thursday. The Casani Club

Orchestra directed by Charles Kunz (Casani Club).

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

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

native America, so long will listeners tolerate the use of history for artistic ends.

THURSDAY (May 24).—*Empire Day Programme*, relayed from Australia.

The programme will be devised and produced by the Australian Broadcasting Commission and will open with the chimes of the General Post Office clock at Sydney, New South Wales. A demonstration by Kookaburra (Laughing Jackass) will follow. As an introduction to the playing of "Australia will be there," a favourite war-time song of Australian soldiers, a message of goodwill to the Empire will be broadcast. Three dramatic cameos will emphasise the historical side of the Commonwealth—the discovery of gold, the birth of the merino sheep industry and the foundation of the wheat industry.

FRIDAY (May 25).—*Wings of the Morning*, a play by Lance Sieveking.

Lance Sieveking's new radio play is the story of "a fantastic crime committed in the Fourth Dimension." As may be gathered, there is a scientific touch about the play, which includes members of the Royal Society, as well as the more commonplace "minions of the law," among the characters. The author will be the producer.

SATURDAY (May 26).—Variety programme.

LONDON REGIONAL

SUNDAY (May 20).—Light Concert, relayed from Belgium.

MONDAY (May 21).—*Arabella*, Act 2 (R. Strauss), relayed from the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

TUESDAY (May 22).—*Puritan Lullaby*, an operetta.

WEDNESDAY (May 23).—A relay and descriptive commentary from the Gravesend Pilot Station, Royal Terrace Pier.

Three pilots will first recall some of their thrilling experiences at sea. Their talks will be followed by the assembly of pilots at the Pier Head, preparatory to taking their ships through the mouth of the River Thames and out to sea. A background of river noises will add to the realism of this

broadcast, which has been arranged with the co-operation of the London Trinity House Channel Pilots Committee.

THURSDAY (May 24).—*Wings of the Morning*, a play by Lance Sieveking.

FRIDAY (May 25).—Evening in Buda Pesth, feature programme.

SATURDAY (May 26).—Orchestral concert.

MIDLAND REGIONAL

SUNDAY (May 20).—A Religious Service, relayed from Coventry Cathedral.

MONDAY (May 21).—A Light Orchestral Concert, from Leamington Spa.

TUESDAY (May 22).—Music of Handel, choral and orchestral concert.

WEDNESDAY (May 23).—*High Dudgeon*, a comedy by James R. Gregson; *The Battle of the Pump*, a comedy by C. A. G. Davis, relayed from the Repertory Theatre, Birmingham.

THURSDAY (May 24).—*Divertissement*, feature programme.

FRIDAY (May 25).—Instrumental concert.

SATURDAY (May 26).—Choral and instrumental concert.

WEST REGIONAL

SUNDAY (May 20).—A Presbyterian Service, relayed from Trinity Church, Vineyards, Bath.

MONDAY (May 21).—*Datganiad o Ddeuawdau ac Alawon ar y Piano* (a recital of duets and pianoforte solos).

TUESDAY (May 22).—*Hurdy Gurdy*, feature programme.

WEDNESDAY (May 23).—*Ar y Cei (On the Quay)*, a programme of old sea shanties sung with new words.

THURSDAY (May 24).—Montgomery County Music Festival, relayed from the Pavilion, Newtown.

FRIDAY (May 25).—A popular Orchestral Concert, relayed from Foster Hall, Bodmin.

SATURDAY (May 26).—Chweched Eisteddfod Genedlaethol Ieuenctid Cymru (The Sixth National Eisteddfod of the Children of Wales), relayed from the Eisteddfod Pavilion, Old Colwyn.

NORTH REGIONAL

SUNDAY (May 20).—A Religious Service, relayed from Ripon Cathedral.

MONDAY (May 21).—A Chamber Concert.

TUESDAY (May 22).—Some Country-side Music: orchestral concert.

WEDNESDAY (May 23).—A Brass Band Concert.

THURSDAY (May 24).—Organ Recital.

FRIDAY (May 25).—A Blackpool Night's Entertainment, feature programme.

SATURDAY (May 26).—The Marleys of Tyneside.

SCOTTISH REGIONAL

SUNDAY (May 20).—A children's Whit-Sunday Service, relayed from St. Stephen's Parish Church, Edinburgh.

MONDAY (May 21).—Orchestral Concert.

TUESDAY (May 22).—The Opening of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

WEDNESDAY (May 23).—*Edinburgh Entertains*.

THURSDAY (May 24).—*Roaming*: Orchestral Concert.

FRIDAY (May 25).—Orchestral Concert.

SATURDAY (May 26).—A Festival Concert by Prize Winners from the Twenty-fourth Glasgow Musical Festival, 1934, The Fourteenth Edinburgh Musical Festival, 1934, and the Fourth Verse Speaking Festival, 1934.

Radio Times gives full programme details.



Aylmer Buesst (Friday, Regional, 9 p.m.)

Eric Cross (Tuesday, Regional, 6.30 p.m.)

Reginald King (Monday, Regional, 6.30 p.m.)

Julian Clifford (Thursday, National, 8 p.m.)

Your Foreign Programme Guide

SUNDAY (MAY 20)

Athlone (531 m.).—Light Music. 1.30 p.m.
Barcelona (379.7 m.).—Dance Music ... 9 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Light Music ... 10.10 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Concert ... 8 p.m.
Hamburg (331.9 m.).—Concert. 6.15 a.m.
Juan-les-Pins (240.2 m.).—Light Programme ... 10.30 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Popular Music ... 4.30 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—*The Last Waltz*, Operetta (Stolz) ... 8 p.m.
Luxembourg (1,304 m.).—Dance Music ... 2 p.m.
Madrid EAJ7 (274 m.).—Dance Music ... 2-3 a.m. (Monday)
Munich (405.4 m.).—Orchestra 1 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Records and Old Favourites 11 p.m.
Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Gramophone ... 2 p.m.
Radio Paris (1,648 m.).—Dance Music ... 10.30 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.5 m.).—Dance Music ... 10.30 p.m.
Toulouse (335.2 m.).—Variety 3 p.m.

MONDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Orchestra 9.45 p.m.
Barcelona (379.7 m.).—Trio Concert ... 7 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Symphony Concert ... 5 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Light Gramophone Music ... 10.10 p.m.
Hamburg (331.9 m.).—Concert 6.15 p.m.
Juan-les-Pins (240.2 m.).—Light Concert ... 8.20 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Opera from Zagreb ... 8 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Concert 8 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Variety 2.30 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Concert ... 8.55 p.m.
Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Dance Music ... 4.30 p.m.
Radio Paris (1,648 m.).—Chamber Music ... 8 p.m.
Reykjavik (1,345 m.).—Popular Concert ... 9 p.m.
San Sebastian (238.5 m.).—Organ Recital 2.30 a.m. (Tuesday)
Strasbourg (349.5 m.).—Light Music ... 6.30 p.m.
Toulouse (335.2 m.).—Dance Music 5 p.m.

Items You Must Not Miss

Luxembourg ...	Concert ...	1-1.30 p.m., Sunday
Athlone ...	Concert ...	9.30-10 p.m., Friday
Radio Normandy ...	Musical tour ...	11.30 p.m., Wednesday
Munich ...	Selections from sound films ...	6.30 p.m., Friday
Toulouse ...	Dance music ...	5 p.m., Monday
Poste Parisien ...	Hawaiian music ...	7.34 p.m., Friday

TUESDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Dance Music 9.30 p.m.
Barcelona (379.7 m.).—Trio Concert ... 7 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Concert relayed from the Conservatoire ... 8 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Orchestra ... 5 p.m.
Juan-les-Pins (240.2 m.).—Radio Concert ... 9.15 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Concert of Russian Music ... 8 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Variety 6.15 p.m.
Madrid EAJ7 (274 m.).—(Wednesday) Dance Music ... 2 a.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Concert 7 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Concert with Choral Selections 10.10 p.m.
Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Variety ... 4.30 p.m.
Radio Paris (1,648 m.).—Dance Music ... 10.30 p.m.
Reykjavik (1,345 m.).—Piano Recital followed by Records ... 9 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.5 m.).—Concert 6.30 p.m.
Toulouse (335.2 m.).—Accordion Band ... 6.45 p.m.

WEDNESDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Dance Music 9.45 p.m.
Barcelona (379.7 m.).—(Thursday) Tango Orchestra ... 2.30 a.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Concert ... 5 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Orchestra ... 9 p.m.
Hamburg (331.9 m.).—Modern Opera Music ... 11 p.m.
Juan-les-Pins (240.2 m.).—Concert ... 8.20 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Orchestra 7 p.m.

Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Concert 3 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Variety 7 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—*La belle Helene*—Operetta (Offenbach) 10.10 p.m.
Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Musical Tour ... 11.30 p.m.
Radio Paris (1,648 m.).—Symphony Concert ... 8.45 p.m.
Reykjavik (1,345 m.).—Trio Concert 9 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.5 m.).—Orchestra 6.30 p.m.
Stuttgart (522.6 m.).—Italian Music ... 8.30 p.m.
Toulouse (335.2 m.).—Variety 6.15 p.m.

THURSDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Dance Music 9.45 p.m.
Barcelona (379.7 m.).—Trio Concert ... 7 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Request Records ... 10.10 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Orchestra ... 9 p.m.
Hamburg (331.9 m.).—Memorial Programme ... 8.15 p.m.
Juan-les-Pins (240.2 m.).—Light Concert ... 8.25 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Request Records ... 7 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Concert of Military Music ... 6.20 p.m.
Madrid EAJ7 (274 m.).—Dance Music ... 2 a.m. (Friday)
Munich (405.4 m.).—Sonata Recital 5.50 p.m.
Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Variety ... 4.30 p.m.
Radio Paris (1,648 m.).—Dance Music ... 8 p.m.
Reykjavik (1,345 m.).—Quartet 9 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.5 m.).—Concert from Lyons ... 8.30 p.m.

Toulouse (335.2 m.).—Concert version of *Tosca* (Puccini) 9 p.m.

FRIDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Light Music 9.30 p.m.
Barcelona (379.7 m.).—Trio Concert ... 7 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Dance Music and Light Music 10.25 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Orchestra ... 8 p.m.
Juan-les-Pins (240.2 m.).—Light Programme ... 10 p.m.
Langenberg (455.9 m.).—Variety 7 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Orchestra 6 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Variety 6.15 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.).—Selections from Sound Films ... 6.30 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Hawaiian Music ... 7.34 p.m.
Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Dance Music ... 4.30 p.m.
Radio Paris (1,648 m.).—Dance Music ... 10.30 p.m.
Reykjavik (1,345 m.).—Brahms Concerto Records ... 9 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.5 m.).—Concert by Alsace-Lorraine Composers 8.30 p.m.
Toulouse (335.2 m.).—"1812 Overture" (Tchaikovsky) 7 p.m.

SATURDAY

Athlone (531 m.).—Records 9.45 p.m.
Barcelona (379.7 m.).—Records (Sunday) ... 2 a.m.
Berlin (Deutschlandsender) (1,571 m.).—Concert ... 4 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Operetta Music ... 8 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Chamber Music ... 6.30 p.m.
Juan-les-Pins (240.2 m.).—Concert ... 8.20 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Orchestra 9 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Operetta Music 6.20 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Dance Music ... 9.5 p.m.
Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Opera Music ... 11.30 p.m.
Radio Paris (1,648 m.).—Dance Music ... 10.30 p.m.
Reykjavik (1,345 m.).—Choral Selections followed by Dance Music 9 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.5 m.).—Song Recital ... 9.15 p.m.



Walter Widdop
(Saturday, Regional, 8 p.m.)



Joseph Farrington
(Saturday, National, 9.35 p.m.)



Lola Shari
(Friday, Regional, 8.15 p.m.)



Norman Allin
(Sunday, National, 4 p.m.)



Sydney Lipton, popular dance band leader, posed especially for "Radio Pictorial" with his small daughter



Xylophonists all, Gloria (aged four) and Michael (two and a half) with their father, Rudy Starita.



At their Suffolk home—Mr. and Mrs. Lance Sieveking, and some of the family



Mr. Ronald Frankau is thoroughly happy in his family circle



With their "Radio Pictorial"—Les Allen, Mrs. Les Allen and Norman



A charming portrait of Enid Trevor with her elder daughter, Jill



10 FAMILY CIRCLES



Olive Kavann, the sweet singer (Mrs. Percy Kahn), with her daughter, Helen



Mr. Horatio Nicholls, the song writer (in private life, Mr. Lawrence Wright), with his wife and baby daughter, Laurette

Whitaker-WILSON

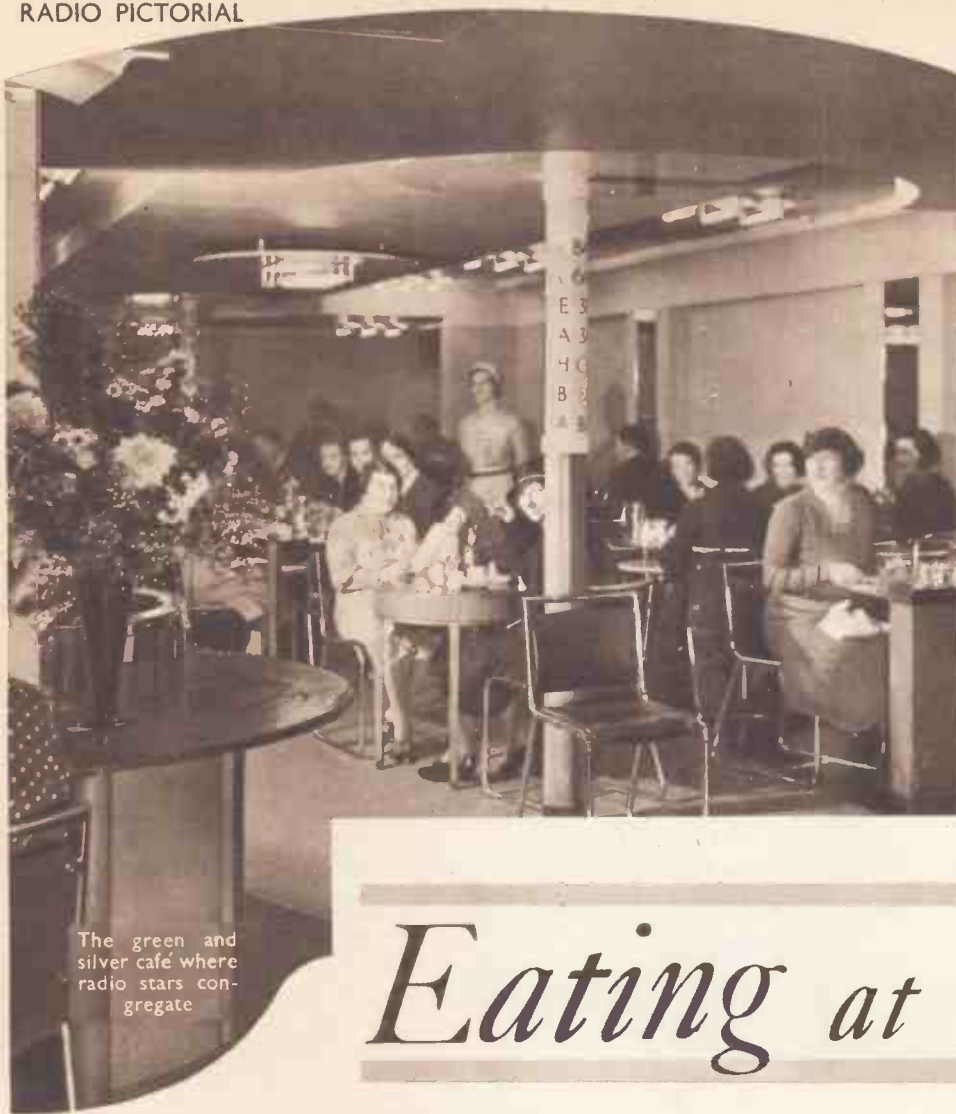
on

The restaurant is run entirely for the benefit of those who patronise it. The B.B.C. does not expect a profit. On the other hand it does not expect a loss. The prices charged pay for provisions and wages. Breakages, too. These come to about £30 a month. Things will come to pieces in people's hands, as the saying is, but there do not seem to be cases of real carelessness.

I brought away with me some of the menu-cards. The prices are so remarkable that I feel I must quote a few. The breakfast costs 1s. 6d. For that you can have a choice of three or four cereals, three kinds of fish, or anything in the egg-and-bacon line, or cold meat. Toast, marmalade, tea or coffee. Not a bad breakfast for eighteen pence.

Any time during the day you can have a hot meal. On the list before me the most expensive dish costs one shilling—roast chicken and sausage. I see nothing else over ninepence, for which you can have crab mayonnaise, or roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. Egg mayonnaise costs 6½d.; roast lamb and mint sauce 7½d.; salads 4d.; sweets 3d.

The restaurant is situated below the street level and seats a hundred people. The tables are glass and jet-black; the chairs have chromium-plated frames and are upholstered in green. If you look at the picture given here you should



The green and silver café where radio stars congregate

Eating at the B.B.C.!

To show that the Cafeteria in Broadcasting House is appreciated by the staff and artists, let me give you a few figures.

During 1933 (please read these figures as *thousands*): morning refreshments 92; lunches 70; teas 196; evening meals 42; breakfasts 6. Total (exact figures) 409,247.

I had a topping lunch there the other day with Mr. A. E. Mason, the catering manager. He is really an accountant and is in charge of the internal auditing but also looks after the catering.

Before lunch we visited the kitchens, where I was deeply impressed by the absolute cleanliness. When I remarked on it Mr. Mason smiled. "I eat my meals here," he said, significantly.

I think I saw everything. The refrigerators, the larders, the electric oven, the electric cutter (which carves meat hot or cold, and cuts bread thin or thick), the washing up arrangements, store cupboards, etc., all spotless and in perfect working order.

The above figures had impressed me, and I asked a few questions. Not being used to this sort of thing, I imagined perhaps the same number patronised the cafeteria each day of the week, or at least that there was some sort of guide to the number of visitors expected.

Not quite so easy as that, apparently. A wet day makes a difference; more come in. Mr. Mason studies the weather forecasts and also the rehearsal sheets. He knows that if there are three or four rehearsals going on during the morning there will be a rush on the cafeteria for coffees and, later, for lunches.

The Empire broadcasters, engineers and announcers are the first consideration in the morning. They all sit down to breakfast before they leave—while the people they have just been talking to on the other side of the world are at their evening meal!

A small staff is there to attend to their wants. The second shift works from 9 to 6, but a third section arrives at 11.30 and goes on till 8. Cooks and waitresses change at 2.30 and newcomers work till 10.30 that night. There is a night chef on until next morning. Nobody works more

than forty-five hours a week. If they work Saturdays they are off on Sundays, and *vice versa*.

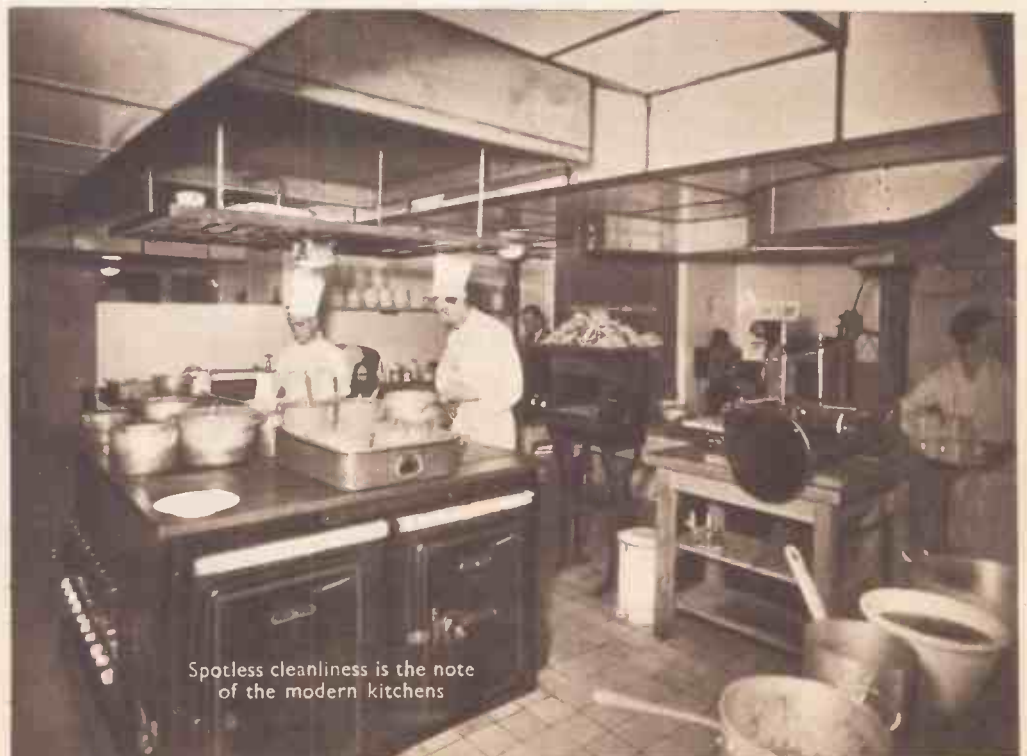
Besides meals in the restaurant, there are at least 600 teas to be taken up to the various floors for the staff. I have often had tea in offices with my various friends.

Another point which impressed me was Mr. Mason's firm determination to have nothing but the best food. He is very particular about eggs, for instance. Only reliable sources are tapped for these. Most of the eggs come from farms in Kent.

get a good idea of the general appearance.

The figures on the central poles refer to the studios. If artists come down for coffee and are required to go back to their rehearsals a white band lights up the studio-numbers. Then those concerned are expected to return immediately.

Naturally, this restaurant is not open to the general public, but, if the B.B.C. ever decides to let radio journalists in when they like, the cafeteria at Broadcasting House will be my regular haunt for lunch—or any other meal.



Spotless cleanliness is the note of the modern kitchens

Standing Beside . . .

John and Harry S.

Here are the famous variety producers, John Watt and Harry S. Pepper, observed at their job—

By J. Murray SMITH

"**T**HERE," said Mr. Watt, "is something wrong. The saxes—"

"Exactly," returned Mr. Pepper suavely. "The saxes are playing rhythm—they can't help it."

With which Mr. Pepper vacated the box-like room in which we were standing, and a moment later could be seen through the window, speaking to Stanford Robinson in the studio itself.

Mr. Robinson appeared to be listening. Beside me Mr. Watt twiddled a knob on the "mixer" panel and Mr. Pepper's voice, with just the right suggestion of pepper in its timbre, could be heard, talking about saxophones and rhythm.

"Quite," Mr. Robinson said. "Oh, quite." Beside the microphone suspended above the low stage Anona Winn tapped a delicate toe with admirable restraint, and Claude Hulbert yawned discreetly.

Reginald Purdell executed a little dance in the background, found himself beside a demure little lady by the piano, and offered

her a little curtsy. In short, the rehearsal was in progress.

Mr. Watt and Mr. Pepper were busy. You would never have thought so to look at them, but then they have the same quality as high-tension batteries. Not much to look

(In circle)
Howard Rose in
a B. B. C.
listening-room



—and JOHN



HARRY S.—

at, but plenty going on, all the same. Under Mr. Watt's hand was a little switch, and beside him in the control room a microphone. Above the little switch was the word "Listen" and below the word "Speak."

Mr. Watt depressed the switch and spoke. "News room number," he said.

Any business man who possesses a desk telephone would have been piqued at the effect of those three words. All the members of the theatre orchestra turned over their music industriously, their leader hitched up his shirt sleeves and lifted his baton.

"Remember," said Mr. Robinson. "On my signal—so—back to coda."

Mr. Purdell and La Winn advanced in formation and took the mike into their confidence. Claude Hulbert stopped yawning—or it may have been that he merely closed his mouth for a moment—and almost looked intelligent. The effect was uncanny.

Mr. Robinson looked at Mr. Pepper. Mr. Pepper looked at Mr. Watt. Down came the baton, and in came the strains of the orchestra.

Mr. Pepper came in too, and we stood there listening.

"Thank you for loving me," sang Anona sweetly, and Reginald reassured her on the matter. It was very jolly and delightful, and I felt quite

annoyed with Harry S—er, Mr. Pepper when he popped out of our little box again.

Mr. Watt smiled and lit another of his impossible cigarettes. I looked with apprehension at the dial that deals with conditioned air, and noted with relief that it was full on.

There was a muttered colloquy between producer and principals. The conductor nodded sagely and a violinist practised "Lift, ascending" effect.

They went through the number again, a little quicker, a little slicker.

"Good," said Mr. Pepper. "Just right," smiled Mr. Watt. "Waiters."

Claude Hulbert drifted over to the microphone and Miss Winn tripped away. The Hulbert and Purdell duo followed, a kind of vocal all-in wrestling match, but the orchestra missed the gong. I mean, they started playing another verse when the number had come to an end.

Mr. Pepper frowned. Mr. Watt momentarily stopped smiling. Mr. Robinson consulted his score, and honour was satisfied.

Then the door of the listening box opened and a vision in blue wandered in. She talked technicalities to Mr. Watt, reminded him of eleven appointments and disappeared. That was his secretary, and I knew then why he was always smiling.

There was a good deal more waiting about, a great number of minor conferences, sundry yawns and toe-tappings and Reginald told a funny story. It promised well, but he turned his head away from the mike for the last line and I'm still wondering how it ended.

Mr. Watt sorted out gramophone records, finally placing one on the turntable of the double gramophone in the little room. It was a recording of this very show when it was broadcast a year or

Continued on page 17



Concluding

Mothers of MEN

by Ethel MANNIN

"She looked up as two soft hands drew her own away from her face and Margaret knelt before her on the grass, her eyes soft and pitying"

JUNE smiled, a little bitterly. "What Margaret's never had she doesn't miss—and she's so pretty that presently she'll marry and go away and work out her own destiny. She loves you and she loves me—and there's someone else she loves too. Oh! and Daddy, even if she isn't quite seventeen yet, if she asks your permission to be engaged, you won't say no, will you? With mother being so strange about her, life's got a lot of love to make up for where's she's concerned!"

But Margaret never came and asked permission to be engaged, and not much more than a year later she went away, ostensibly for a week-end with some friends and on the Monday wired that she had married an artist from the art school where she had been studying, and gone to Paris with him!

In the letter that followed the wire she admitted forging her father's name to the form of consent to her marriage and begged to be forgiven.

"It's much better that I should be away from home," she wrote, "for mother cannot stand the sight of me and never could, and perhaps now that I've gone she may abandon that horrible delusion about a son that was getting on all our nerves just before I ran away."

Harry Holt was shocked and distressed at his younger daughter's runaway marriage, and anger leapt out uncontrollably towards Marie.

"See what you've done for the child—driven her out of her home!" he cried passionately. "Married at eighteen to a man we've never heard of or set eyes on. If this John Bramby makes her life a misery, it'll be you who have spoilt her life! She's your daughter—don't you realise it? Don't you care?"

Her face was impassive.

"My daughter has not left home to marry a man we've never heard of; she's here in the house; in the drawing-room now, playing the piano."

"That's June," he cried despairingly, seizing her wrists and shaking her as one shakes an obstreperous child.

She answered serenely: "My daughter's name is June."

"You've got two children. For God's sake,

Marie——" He let fall her wrists to wipe the perspiration from his forehead.

"I know. One is my daughter, June, the other my son—Michael."

Harry buried his face in his hands and groaned. When he looked up his face was haggard.

"Marie——" he began, but broke off before the frozen expression in her eyes.

She never mentioned Margaret or revealed any reaction to the fact that she had left home, and Margaret, writing to her father and sister from Paris, never referred to her mother, and beyond that "John and I are perfectly happy," she wrote little concerning her marriage.

Nevertheless, when in the winter of that year Marie caught a chill which developed into pneumonia, June suggested that Margaret should be sent for.

"Sometimes when people are ill they change," she suggested wistfully.

Her father doubted it; in her delirium it was for her imaginary son, not her living daughter, that Marie asked.

"Why don't they send Michael to me?" It was her one cry.

It was difficult to explain to the doctor that this Michael for whom she cried with such pitiful persistence was a pure figment of the imagination, an obsession of years' standing.

"Send for the younger daughter, then," he urged; "it may help."

So Margaret was sent for; she made the crossing by air and arrived in England the same day that she had received the summons. She came accompanied by her husband—and Marie, when told of their arrival, refused to see either of them. She was so violent in her declaration that she would not see them, that the doctor declared that it would be positively bad for her to have their presence forced upon her.

Margaret was bitter and resentful and June distressed. Their father had no emotion except that of utter despair.

Whilst they were discussing the uselessness of Margaret's visit, and Margaret was planning to return immediately, John Bramby went upstairs, leaving them to their discussion. Outside the sick woman's door he hesitated and his face was

thoughtful. He knocked on the door softly and the nurse opened it to him.

"I want you to let me speak to Mrs. Holt a moment," he said.

The nurse hesitated. "The doctor said it would only send up her temperature."

"The doctor also says that she won't live unless some change takes place. Let me see her. If I can't help her, at least I can't make her any worse than she already is."

"For just a minute then," the nurse conceded, and he was shown in.

He stood at the foot of the bed, looking down at the white face and feverish eyes of the woman who lay there. So this was Margaret's mother—Margaret, who should have been a boy; Margaret, who had never been forgiven for something she could not help. How pretty she was, this disappointed mother of Margaret, with the washed-out gold of her hair and the blue flames of her eyes.

She turned those smouldering eyes to him and she demanded: "Who are you?"

And he said: "I am Michael!"

She lay looking at him, taking in the details of his young, attractive face, and she said in a quivering breath: "Michael!" and held out her hands to him.

He stepped over to the side of the bed quickly and, taking her hands, sat down beside her, bending over her, his face close to hers.

"Where have you been all this time?" she whispered.

He answered, laughing softly: "I've been growing up. I've been painting, and living in Paris with Margaret."

"But you will come and live at home now, won't you? Your room is all ready." She looked at him curiously. "It's been ready for years. But I always knew that one day you'd come home."

He bent and kissed her forehead. "I have come home," he said softly.

She sighed contentedly and closed her eyes. He sat with her, holding her hands, until she slept.

June was a little shocked.

"But why did you tell her you were Michael? What are we going to do about it when she knows that you're not? It may mean a relapse for her."

"But I am Michael! My name is Michael John Bramby. Margaret refused to call me Michael because of obvious reasons. Everyone else calls me Michael, and when your mother asked me who I was, it came naturally, instinctively, to me to say, 'I am Michael.' And I saw no reason to say: 'Oh, but I'm not your Michael!' Later on she may realise that I am not—but by then I hope she will have come to accept me as a son—in lieu of the one she never had."

June's face was thoughtful. "If only she would!"

"I believe she will! And anyhow now she's getting better."

(Continued on page 21)

HULLO CHILDREN!

AUNT BELINDA'S
Children's Corner

DEAR NIECES AND NEPHEWS,
Do you believe in lucky charms?
I have lately had two given me
of a most unusual kind.

The first is a Bear's Tooth!
It was presented with great ceremony by Chief Os-ke-non-ton who has broadcast to you such interesting Red Indian stories and music. Chief Os-ke-non-ton is a real Chief of his Tribe, and the Bear's Tooth is a symbol for all the Health, Wealth and Happiness that can, and should, be the lot of each one of us. The full ceremony of presentation includes much beating of native drums, which are made from a small length (about one foot) of the trunk of a youngish tree, i.e., about nine to ten inches in diameter, which has been hollowed out to form a cylinder. A skin, rather like chamois leather to look at, is stretched across either end and tied down and wetted according to the different tone of the drum-note required. As an accom-

paniment to this a rattle, made from a dried fruit of the pomegranate variety on a short stalk, is shaken. Chief Os-ke-non-ton uses both these instruments in his broadcasts, so you hear the real thing.

The second charm was quite different. It is a very small bronze image with wings and was given me by Sir George Dunbar, whose talks on Aborland and stories of that secret country of Tibet most of you have heard. Sir George was one of the first of the few white men to penetrate into that mysterious country, and the charm was given him by one of the Chiefs of an Arbor Tribe as a protection against all ills—which, considering the natural and somewhat violent unfriendliness of these wild people towards any intruders into their country, proves, I feel, the great success of Sir George's Expedition.

With Mortimer Batten, the Zoo Man, and Arthur Davenport writing for the Hour, you should all know a tremendous amount about the animal world.

It was as a result of a chance meeting with Columbus that Arthur Davenport, who made his name by writing the sketches and lyrics for Pellissier's Follies and many other stage shows, started to write for the Children's Hour.

He has always been a lover of animals and a keen observer of their lives and habits, but until about four years ago had never thought of writing about them. Here's to many more plays from his pen!

Until next Friday. AUNT BELINDA.



"Nation Shall Speak Peace..."

(Continued from page Three)

them or any group was committed to the sympathetic or practical support of either of the two prospective combatants.

In the perhaps unlikely event of the rest of Europe agreeing to keep out of the conflict, or to prevent it, or do all that was possible to bring it to an end, the broadcasting of peace propaganda on those lines would serve a useful purpose in keeping public opinion quiet and free from the contagion of war fever.

It must be obvious even to the most simple-minded persons that Government radio stations can be converted at any critical moment into instruments of immense propaganda power.

They could assuredly be used as instruments for peace by collective agreements among Governments determined to prevent war.

In its day-to-day functioning, when national sentiments are normal, the radio stations should be employed always with a zealous anxiety to strengthen friendly intercourse with other nations and to deepen mutual understanding by revealing to a neighbouring people the pleasant intimacies of a nation's home life.

It is in such normal times that the foundations can but be laid for developing wireless into a medium for encouraging goodwill among the nations.

An excellent beginning has been made by the B.B.C. through its occasional co-operation with American wireless stations to present joint programmes for British and American listeners. The success of these interesting experiments is of course simplified by the fact that the two great nations concerned speak the same language.

But broadcasters are only beginning to explore such possibilities. For my part I am convinced that one of the great international problems of the future will be posed when the nations seek agreement on the political aspects of broadcasting.

One day this question will become almost as vital a matter in the maintenance of peace as the more familiar problems of security and disarmament



Children's NEWS MOTTO

by Commander Stephen
KING-HALL

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

"The Empire is peace."

Louis Napoleon said these words in a speech to the Chamber of Commerce in Bordeaux in 1852. (You will find the news reference on page 24).



NEXT FRIDAY

The TRUTH About
What The B.B.C. Pays
Its Artists

"Radio Pictorial"

Shopping Guide

Here "Housewife" reviews the latest booklets and samples issued by well-known firms. If you would like any or all of them FREE OF CHARGE, just send a postcard giving the index numbers of the particulars 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.

SPRING is the time when housewives feel the need of brightening their homes with new curtains and covers; why not new floors as well? Linovent, the cork underlay, will give you an entirely new, restful, luxurious floor at little cost; at the same time, it preserves the boards and protects your carpets from wear. Send to me, if you are interested, for a free sample. Also a book on "Floor Coverings" which tells you all you want to know about the subject. **5**

ANYBODY who does any writing at home, voluntary secretary work, for instance, or correspondence of which copies must be kept, should send for full particulars of the Remington Home Portable Typewriter. It is delightfully easy to use and you will find it saves you any amount of time and labour. "It's easy to learn to type," the slogan goes, "and it's quicker to type than to write." By the way, an easy system of monthly payments will bring a typewriter to your home. **6**

HERE is an opportunity—if your hair is not as thick and glossy as it ought to be—to get to know the wonderful results of "Harlene" Hair-drill. Choose any three out of the following preparations: Harlene Hair Restorer and Tonic, Cremex Shampoo, "Uzon" Brilliantine, Wave-Setting Lotion, Camomile Hair-Wash, "Astol" Hair Colour Restorer, and Harlene Hair Cream; they will be sent you free of charge on receipt of 4d. in stamps to cover postage. You have only to make a trial to find what a difference "Harlene" can make to your hair. **7**

HOUSEWIFE.

"Standing Beside..."

(Continued from page Fifteen)

two ago, and all this trouble and expense might have been saved by playing them to listeners, since almost the same artists appeared on the former occasion.

Mr. Watt listened attentively to the very number we had just heard, nodded to himself and switched off the instrument. He turned round, sat down in his high seat by the mixing panel and settled down to wait.

Alas, there was a hitch. The blue light in the studio had died on us. We could see musicians performing industriously, singers opening and closing their mouths with precision, but not a note penetrated to the fastness of our little room.

The producer seized a telephone and spoke incisively to unseen electricians.

"What," he said, "you listened and heard nothing—you took my juice off—well, do you mind—"

After that the sounds came in with a rush and the smile returned unchanged by its rest.

Mr. Watt settled down to knob-twiddling. He mixed orchestra and singers and then cut them both off abruptly. They went on like a film that has lost its sound track.

He led them in again, very gently, until he was satisfied with the balance. He nodded to Mr. Pepper, who strolled up and down in the studio and took no perceptible notice.

Claude Hulbert came to the end of his song. He nodded to everyone, yawned and went home. A youth appeared behind me and announced that he couldn't get no tea as it wasn't hallowed and Mr. Watt lit another cigarette.

"Oh, sorry," he said. "Have a cigarette."

I hadn't the heart to refuse. I took two puffs and went home. The rehearsal was still in progress. Mr. Pepper was walking up and down.

Mr. Watt was still smiling. He hadn't noticed. The blue light had gone out again.

NEW LIFE FOR HAIR

"Dead" Hair Roots Rare. They Simply Become Too Weak to Grow New Hair THROUGH Hard or Scuffy Scalp



"Had Big Bald Patch"

"I was almost Bald"

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

See What Kotalko Will Do for You

Almost at once you will feel new life and hair-growth activity in your scalp.

Surprisingly quickly you will see new hair growing through the scalp. Simply carry on with Kotalko (True Hair Grower) and Kotalko Scalp Soap as directed. Any thin or bald patches will soon be recovered with new and vigorously healthy hair rich in its natural colouring.

KOTALKO TRUE HAIR GROWER

To JOHN HART BRITAIN, LTD.,
9 Percy Street (103J), London, W.1.

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

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....



CILOREAL permanent tint for fascinating eye-brows and lashes.

Two minutes to apply. Withstands sun, rain, and sea-bathing. Complete with full instructions and eye-palette 4/-

Obtainable from "Boots" and all other high-class chemists and hairdressers.

Descriptive brochure on request:

C. Nestle & Co. Ltd., 48 South Molton St., W.1.

WE have all been struck from time to time by the well-known truth that it is not so much what a woman wears, but how she wears it, that counts.

At the same time, it is, I admit, not at all helpful to say: "That woman knows how to wear her clothes!" Just what is it that makes all the difference?

Probably the difference between the woman who is smart and the one who is not so smart is a matter of the right accessories carefully chosen—gloves and belt, and so on; in short, simply a matter of taste.

There was the woman, for instance, I saw the other day in the entrance hall at Broadcasting House. She was middle-aged, not slim, and was wearing a very ordinary navy and white printed dress. You will see dozens like it this summer—navy and white is the most popular combination of the moment—but you will be lucky if you see many women dressed as smartly as this one.

Her dress was relieved at the neck with white frilling, finely pleated, and edged with red. Her hat, of navy straw, had two flowers, one navy and one red, poised over her right eye. She wore scarlet button-earrings, and two bracelets on one wrist—one blue, one scarlet. The result—a simple printed frock transformed into a charming model gown.

A COOKING HINT

If a teaspoonful of cold water is added to the cake mixture, it will ensure a very light and spongy cake. G. H. B., Huntingdon.

USE A PRESS-STUD

Belt buckles of washing frocks will keep their new look much longer if you follow this suggestion.

Instead of sewing the flap of the belt, which usually holds the buckle, sew on a press stud. Then it will only take a moment to slip out the buckle when the frock is washed. Also, it will enable you to use the same buckle with different frocks. H. H., Notts.

COLOUR IN THE HOME

I wonder how many of my readers visited the recent Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia? What particularly struck me, after an inspection of the lovely bathrooms, kitchens and nurseries of the modern home is the new use of colour—on walls, paintwork and fabrics. One instance of this was the curtains of oilsilk in bright trans-

White buckskin will be worn a lot this summer. Here are two samples of the latest mode by Harrods



At one time picnics were simply a matter of taking a basket—any size or shape—and packing it with old cracked cups, a medicine bottle of milk, and sandwiches wrapped in paper. This was a real picnic, of course, not merely an open air banquet; but it was generally a matter of acute discomfort as well. The food melted or dried up, the milk leaked or tasted oddly, and the cups broke. So then manufacturers put their heads together and evolved the elaborate picnic case—the "dozen of everything" standard of luxury. The drawback of most outfits of this kind is that they are so heavy that they cannot be carried without a car. And the family is forced to camp round the car for their meal.

Here is something much more sensible. The photograph on the left shows a flat basket which comfortably holds tea for four, and is not a bit awkward to carry. It contains two vacuum flasks, a large sandwich tin, four teaspoons, a milk bottle, four cups, and a screw-top container. It costs 18s. 9d. complete. Just the thing for every kind of picnic, you'll agree.



parent reds and greens and ambers that let the sun through to fill the rooms with light and cheerfulness. Nothing could be more charming and, at the same time, more sensible.

There was the kitchen, for instance, in beige with post-office red curtains; another was in beige and apple-green. These schemes are within the reach of every purse, for, after all, a pleasant light paint costs just the same as a muddy dark one, while the oilsilk costs no more than cretonne and lasts a lifetime.

It can, of course, be cut and stitched like any other fabric. And it has one great advantage over ordinary curtain material—it need never go into the washtub. Simply sponge it over with a damp cloth from time to time.

Don't be afraid of choosing bright colours. Red in a bathroom combined with white tiles, and blue or green in the kitchen, will make a tremendous difference to the cheerfulness of your rooms.

FOR UMBRELLAS

Here is a way of reviving a silk umbrella that has begun to look a little shabby, and making it look almost new again. First make a lotion by pouring about half a pint of boiling water over a tablespoonful of sugar. Leave it until the sugar has dissolved, then open the umbrella and sponge it all over with the solution, washing downwards from the ferrule to the tips. Afterwards, hang the umbrella in the open air.

IF.... you have sometimes thought that your ability to write a good letter might lead to bigger things; if—feeling the urge to write—you have made timid efforts and then desisted in the face of disappointment... the London Editorial College can be of service to you.

We can train you to make your spare hours profitable by writing articles and stories for the Press. We can help you to transform what is now a vague urge into cheques and the pride of achievement. Please write to-day for our Free Booklet on "How to Write for the Press," and a Specimen Lesson

LONDON EDITORIAL COLLEGE (Dept. R.P.)
12-13, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.2.



A plainly-cut linen frock with high round neck and puff sleeves. From Harrods

SKIN PROBLEMS

The problem of the blackhead has to be faced by most people at some time or other, as it is one of the commonest and most annoying of complexion evils. Oily skins are especially inclined to them. It is best to deal with blackheads swiftly as soon as they appear before they develop into worse blemishes.

First, if you have an oily skin, you must set to work to make it less oily by treating it to plenty of pure soap and water. This is very important. Use a liquid powder base instead of vanishing cream, and dab on every night a greaseless complexion milk followed by an astringent. Always rinse your face in cold water, and rinse it several times a day.

Ethereal soap—a liquid soap with ether, which can be bought at the chemists—will thoroughly clean the skin. This is necessary before the blackheads can be removed.

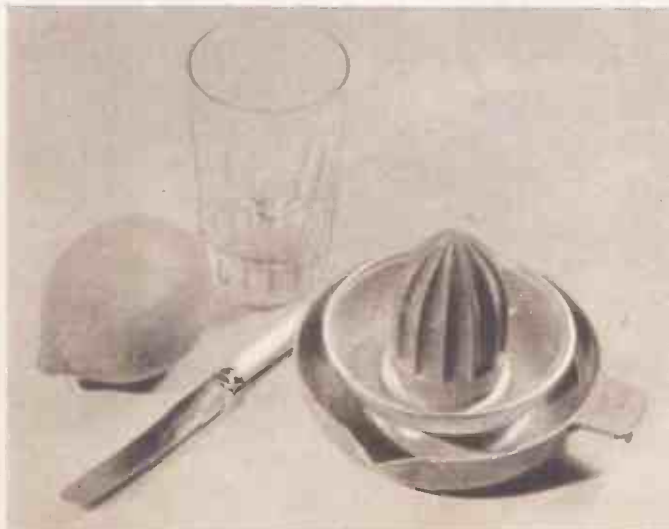
The face should then be steamed thoroughly with a towel wrung out in hot water. Remove the towel and press the spot gently, being careful not to pinch the tissues of the skin to bruise them.

There are, of course, certain pastes which can be used to get rid of blackheads. Also an extractor, specially designed for the job, which is placed over the spot and pressed gently to loosen it. Finally, soothe the skin with a little cold cream, and allow it to rest.

I am sure this will interest listeners who envy the complexions of radio stars.

Margot

This very practical lemon squeezer, price 2s. 6d., is made of coloured plastic material. The top part can be unscrewed for washing



the MIKE

This Week's RADIO RECIPES—

by Mrs. R. H. BRAND

THE other day, at a Cabaret show I heard amongst other broadcasting artists, that fascinating person, Eve Beche, who was singing some charming songs. You will appreciate what a delightful treat it was both to see and hear her; and she had a great reception.

Talking to me afterwards, she told me she loves sandwiches made with home-made pastes; and here are some recipes, including a specially tasty one made with fish and egg, and one with fish and cheese.

Flake finely some scraps of cold, cooked smoked haddock; add chopped egg, pepper, salt, and half a teaspoonful of Worcester sauce; mix into a smooth paste with slightly melted butter and spread thickly between thin slices of brown bread and butter. Cut into fancy shapes and serve with mustard and cress.

Buy a small tin of sardines and tomatoes; skin and bone them and mix into a paste with their own oil and salt and pepper. Melt some Gruyère cheese and spread a layer of this between slices of thin bread and butter, cover with some of the sardine mixture, and finish with a few separate leaves of watercress. Cut into long fingers and garnish with extra watercress.

Chop finely 1 gill of shrimps, mix thoroughly with 3 oz. of slightly melted butter, season highly with pepper, salt (if necessary) and a pinch of nutmeg, rub mixture through a sieve, leave in a cold place until required, and then spread on brown bread and butter, cut into squares. Serve with a little cress.

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.

EVEN INVALID APPETITES
REVIVE
AT A
WINCARNIS
WINE
JELLY!



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

YOU SEE IT'S A
REAL
WINE
JELLY

NOT A SO CALLED
"WINE FLAVOURED"
ONE. HONESTLY
IT'S THE MOST
DELICIOUS JELLY
EVER MADE.
TRY ONE
AND SEE FOR
YOURSELF!



WINCARNIS WINE JELLY

7½d. a packet at all good Grocers and Chemists

The Best GREY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME



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

BE TALLER!

LADIES and GENTLEMEN of ALL AGES report wonderful improvement in Height, Health and Mental Energy, when other methods failed! Increased my own height to 6ft. 3ins. No Appliances. No Drugs. No Dieting. ROSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS. Fee £2 2s. Convincing Testimony 2½d stamp H. C. MALCOLM ROSS Height Specialist, Scarborough (Eng.)



Wanted SONG POEMS CAN YOU WRITE WORDS FOR SONGS?

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



DR. LEIGH HENRY concludes his interesting series with an article on the possibilities of radio advertising.

HOW TO BECOME A STAR

RADIO advertising is not allowed in England. It offers prospects for English-speaking radio workers in the United States, however. Several European stations also broadcast English advertising programmes.

Such systems provide remunerative work for a new kind of advertising expert on the air.

British listeners pay fees for Governmental licences to use radio sets. But Americans pay no fee or tax. Controlling corporations—the National Broadcasting Company of America, the Columbia, Attwater Kent, Bamberger, and Westinghouse systems—lease out "time on the air."

Business firms, called radio "sponsors," hire this to advertise. They are radio's godfathers, taking the place of a paternal Government in England.

Radio controlling corporations pay for Federal Governmental grants. The N.B.C. and Columbia cover America with their own stations or by relay, linking with companies in various States. This is called a "national hook-up."

Each radio corporation has a bureau which provides artists, like theatrical and musical agencies and booking managements. Business firms, renting time on the air, give their programme arrangements to these bureaux, or to advertising agencies with radio departments.

A new advertising field opens up with what Americans call "the billboard of the air."

Advertising programmes are made up of various entertainments, with an interval made in the middle for advertising announcements. The programme is introduced and ended by a "Signature" — a fixed tune, song refrain or special sound-effect.

Brighter brains are required in American radio advertising. The bureaux haven't got the radio angle. They select artists and prepare programmes as if for theatres or concert-halls.

Advertising managers used by some sponsor companies, with no entertaining experience to guide them, are worse. They concentrate on trade announcements, choosing programmes and artists at haphazard. Advertising programmes should suggest the wares advertised, and the trade announcement should be woven into this as part of the programme itself.

Instead, programmes in America are often a hotch-potch of fine music interrupted by an advertisement for a remedy for dyspepsia! Or love-songs leading up to the slogan: "Make the American Nation Breath-Conscious!" Businesses leasing cemetery lots might easily advertise with a comedy programme! What an undertaking!

Worst of all, advertising managers, insisting on announcing themselves, get swelled head. This produces the swollen voice. They imagine millions listening. They think a huge, booming voice is necessary to reach so many.

Deafening roars result. The abused microphone revenges itself by blurring these even more. And it's not much use advertising when listeners switch off to save their tortured ears!

The advertising programme's signature should be a real business autograph. It should sign the programme unmistakably. Generally, any signature might be attached to any programme without the public being any wiser. Any old tune will not do.

The signature should autograph the programme, suggesting immediately what is advertised.

For example, I used the old nursery tune, "This is the Way We Wash our Clothes," as signature for a laundry programme.

Still, however good the signature, it has little value without a good programme to back it. Star names alone may make or mar. Many American businesses pay, not to publicise their wares, but to popularise radio stars. Many people who can recall every star name on American radio—Kate Smith, Street Singer, Chandu, and many more—cannot remember on whose programmes they appeared!

That method does not provide real commodity programmes. It suggests no particular product. It does not illustrate what is advertised.

Wares can inspire. Most commodities have histories. Use these like writers of newspaper features. A razor-blade programme can dramatise the development of steel in a popular way. Music might be useful here. Verdi's "Anvil Chorus," Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith," and Siegfried's "Forging Song," for instance.

A beauty specialist could make a feature of operatic selections dealing with famous beauties of fact and fiction.

Performers are often priggish. They think they let themselves down by adapting their work for advertising ends. But they don't mind getting the commercial radio fees! It's all nonsense! Look at the London Underground posters! Are Nevinson, Gregory Brown, McKnight, Kauffer, Tom Purvis, and many more, worse artists because they've done poster work? Haven't they made advertising space a delight to our eyes in our journeys to and from our daily work? Haven't their posters done a lot to encourage artistic interest and appreciation in the general public?

Artists, like everyone to-day, must serve the community. Even trades' interests are being organised this way by the stronger Governments of our times.



Dr. Leigh Henry, the author of this popular series, "How to Become a Star," which has covered many angles of broadcasting and a number of radio "star" possibilities.

The
**"MAMIE SOUTTER
 BAG and BELT"**



STRING BELTS are the smartest and most up-to-the-minute accessories for light silk frocks, and here is a very attractive one, plaited in twine, with a pochette in the new circular shape to match. Mamie Soutter, the well-known radio star, made this set in green and white, a delightfully cool and summery combination. You will find them very easy and quick to make—and the last word in chic!

THE BAG

Materials required.—1 ball Strutt's Macrame twine in green; 1 ball in white; a small buckle for the belt; a chromium-plated ring; a coarse steel hook.

Abbreviations.—Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble.

Begin with 5 chain in white twine. Join into a ring and into this work 10 d.c. In each d.c. make 2 d.c. Now work a round of 1 tr. in each d.c. with a ch.-st. between.

Next round—1 d.c. on tr. and 2 d.c. in space. Repeat all round.

Next 2 rounds—1 d.c. on each d.c.

Next round—2 d.c. in first stitch, 1 d.c. in each of next 4. Repeat all round.

Next 2 rounds—1 d.c. on each d.c. Continue in rounds, adding sufficient stitches every third round to keep flat.

When the circle is 6½ inches across, break off and make another in green with the last two rounds in white.

Lay the two pieces together and join with d.c. leaving about a third of the bag open. Finish this off by working d.c. on both edges in green.

Work a tab in the centre of the opening 7 d.c. stitches wide and 3½ inches long, and finish by missing 1 d.c. at the ends of the last two rows. Pull a thread through the remaining stitches and fasten off.

Weight the tab with a chromium-plated ring, and add a press-stud.

THE BELT

Make a length of chain to go round the waist in white, and into this work two rows of d.c. Break off and make two matching strips in green. Sew them together at one end for 1 inch. Plait loosely and sew again at the other end. Sew on a buckle at one end and a stud at the other.

Mothers of Men

(Continued from page Sixteen)

Marie's progress was rapid, and there came the day when she opened the door of Michael's room and saw seated at the writing-desk a tall, slender young man who, as she called "Michael," turned and smiled, and held out his hands to her; a young man who called her mother and fussed round her as she had always dreamt it would be when Michael grew up.

Her manner was changed to Margaret, too, because Michael had said: "You must love Margaret, too, you know, because she is my wife."

But the thing came to its inevitable climax when Michael's mother, having to come to England unexpectedly from Paris, decided to pay her son and his wife a surprise visit. The family was having tea under the tree in the garden when a maid brought her across the lawn to them.

Michael gasped: "Why—it's mother!" and sprang to his feet.

June went white and Margaret looked despairingly from Michael to his mother and back to her own mother.

In the delight of seeing his mother, Michael forgot that the woman in white who sat at the table pouring out tea regarded him as her son, and he flung his arms round his mother and kissed her heartily, then turned to the company.

"This is my mother," he announced joyfully, and then suddenly he became aware of Marie Holt's eyes upon him, and of the white faces of June and Margaret, and the strained expression in Harry Holt's eyes.

Margaret made a tremendous effort to sustain the conversation on a normal level, but she was acutely conscious of the queer, defeated look in her mother's eyes and of the distress in Michael's.

Mrs. Bramby chatted brightly and appeared to notice nothing amiss.

After tea, when the party broke up, and she was departing, she slipped her arm through Marie's.

"Well, I'm very glad to have had the chance of meeting you, Mrs. Holt," she said. "I loved your little girl the moment Michael brought her to Paris as his wife, and I wanted to meet her mother. I haven't any daughters of my own, and you haven't a son, so we've each gained by the marriage of the young people."

Marie answered mechanically: "Yes, of course, of course."

But after Mrs. Bramby had left she sat alone under the tree, and round and round in her mind went the realisation that Michael was another woman's son. She sat with her face in her hands whilst all the pitiful illusions of the years rolled away, leaving her utterly stricken.

She looked up as two soft hands drew her own away from her face and Margaret knelt before her on the grass, her eyes soft and pitying.

"Mother, darling, it's better you should realise it. But he's still your son, because I am your daughter and I married him—and he loves you, too. And, oh mother, I couldn't seem to bring myself to tell you before—but I'm going to have a baby in the summer, and perhaps if it was a boy you would forgive me for not having been one."

Marie took the wistful face between her hands and looked long into the eyes as blue as her own.

"I believe your child will be a son," she said. "I don't believe that life could rob me twice like that."

"But if it isn't," Margaret cried despairingly, "you wouldn't hate me all over again? I might never have a son."

With an impulsive gesture, for the first time, Marie Holt pressed her youngest child against her heart.

"Dear child, how could I hate you? You've brought me Michael—and though he isn't my son, he's all that that my son would have been—if he'd happened. I can't stop loving him because I know he isn't my own—it doesn't seem to me even now that he's not really my own."

Margaret pressed her head against her mother's shoulder—and passionately she prayed that her child might be a son.

And in the month of roses the circle completed itself and Margaret had a son, and when the nurse laid him in her arms she handed him back gently and whispered: "Take him to my mother first—and tell her—his name is—Michael."

Give your pores
**A CHANCE
 TO BREATHE**

The choice of a powder-base is important if you want a clear, lovely skin underneath the powder. Cucumel Cream is the perfect day-cream—skin-food, astringent and powder-base in one. Here's a cream that leaves your pores free to breathe. Made of natural beautifiers, with a base of fresh cucumbers and lemons. Use it after massage with Cucumel Lotion. Two minutes' massage night and morning with Cucumel lotion, and town-dulled skin is cleansed, softened, whitened. A generous sample will be sent you free if you will write, enclosing 3d. for postage and packing.

AT ALL CHEMISTS, HAIRDRESSERS AND STORES—LOTION 1/- and 1/6. CREAM 1/-.

CUCUMEL
 PREPARED FROM
 ★ FRESH CUCUMBERS ★ AND LEMONS

Thos. Christy & Co., Ltd., Dept. R.P. 2, Old Swan Lane, E.C. 4
 Please send me a sample of Cucumel Lotion and of Cucumel Cream, together with your Beauty Booklet. I enclose 3d. for postage and packing.

Name
 Address

**SUFFERED UNBEARABLY
 FROM DUODENAL ULCER**

What would your feelings be if you had been for two years in constant agony, which nothing seemed to ease and then found relief from the first dose of a medicine which doctors all over the country are recommending?

Read this amazing letter: "For over two years I suffered almost unbearably with what my doctor considered duodenal ulcer. I was treated but only obtained temporary relief. I tried several so-called remedies but nothing was effective. The first dose of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder relieved me wonderfully and now I feel quite a different woman."—Mrs. M. H—, Erskine Hill, London.

And if you suffer from stomach trouble of any sort remember that you can get just the same relief as Mrs. H—, but be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

The Construction of a NEW Television Set

is explained in full in the May issue of Television. Not only can it be used in conjunction with the recently issued "Daily Express" kit, but it enables amateurs to receive transmissions from ANY part of the country. Get a copy to-day from your newsagent.

**PRICE
 1/-**

The ONLY Publication entirely devoted to TELEVISION

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.

★ Song Writing

MOST people think they can write songs. Some produce commendable lyrics, and a few clever amateurs compose original and pretty tunes on the piano. Publishers are not concerned with the aesthetic side of a composition. They only consider material which they think the masses want to hear.

"Sometimes they make mistakes themselves, for all their vast experience in song-picking is no guarantee against the whims of Lady Luck. Occasionally an "also-ran" from which they expect nothing at all will top their list of best sellers. This is the element of luck which is as bewildering as it is unaccountable.

"The fact remains that the song publisher is the person who decides which song shall top his list and have the most money spent on its exploitation."

And he himself cannot always be certain!
—J. V., Edgware.

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

A Sporting Suggestion

Why can't we have running commentaries of soccer matches on Saturday afternoons? I suppose countless thousands of listeners have asked this question of late.

"Commentaries of rugby games are becoming a regular feature of our Saturday afternoon programmes, but still football associations refuse to grant their permission. What is their objection? The soccer clubs believe that if their games are broadcast, attendances and consequently gate-money will be seriously affected. Thousands will stay away from the game and listen to it in the comfort of their own homes. 'Tis quite a reasonable argument, too. But need the identity of the particular game to be broadcast be revealed until the game is actually in progress? Why not just advertise 'an association football match will be broadcast at 3 o'clock to-day'?"

"The eager soccer 'fan' would not stay away from watching his favourites on the off-chance of their game being broadcast; gates would not be affected; the clubs could not complain. Let's give the blind, the maimed, and countless other unfortunate individuals the boon of a soccer match on a Saturday afternoon."—George Ogg, Glasgow.

Why Not the Organ?

Listening to the morning service, the epilogue, and studio services, I often wish they would use the organ. Surely it isn't only for organ recitals. I am sure if we went to church or chapel and had to sing always without an organ we should be asking for a volunteer organist. Not that we don't love to hear the singing, especially the lovely contralto voices."—Organ Lover, Wombwell.

The Woman Announcer

After reading the recent articles by Mrs. Giles Borrett on her brief stay as a B.B.C. announcer, one cannot help but feel that she has

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Payne, accompanied by a few members of Jack's band, visit some kiddies at the Royal Sussex Hospital and cheer them up.



not received a square deal. The B.B.C. do not usually gratify the whims of the public so readily, if taking the Bach cantatas is one instance. I feel sure they received thousands of letters crying them down. Still, we had to suffer them for months on end.

"I, for one, thought she always did her duty in an admirable manner and her voice was a pleasure to listen to."—H. Brown, Liverpool.

Christopher, Please Note

I think it would be a great help if Chris. Stone would give a complete list of records with name and number prior to commencing his hour of records and also at the end of the programme. Interested listeners could then take down particulars required and continue household duties if necessary, whilst listening to the records, and this would also save a little time."—Contented Listener, Rochdale.

How Do You Do It?

Would you tell me why dance bands are cut off promptly at nine o'clock, whilst talks often delay the news six or seven minutes. Also, could you tell me how to learn the words of dance tunes? I have tried to write them down, but, of course, I cannot do it quick enough. Perhaps another reader could help me." —I.F.L. Ilfracombe.

The Old Dance Tunes

Talking of dance music—I'm a fair critic as I seldom miss any of the dance programmes—may I suggest that some of the very old tunes be revived. I am sure the majority of listeners would welcome this idea. It would be a novel change from some of the new ones, and for me at least would bring back very pleasant memories. This idea might prove very useful when Henry Hall has three consecutive broadcasts in one day." —Y. M. Elderkin, London.

Across.

1. Who is Tommy tugging out of No. 9?
4. This is a Greek letter. It also means 22.
6. Out of England.
7. French word for "King."
8. Negative.
9. Where No. 1 lives.
10. The puppy's name. See if you can see it in the picture.
13. Atop.
14. Employed.
16. A district south of the Thames—say Waterloo Station.
17. Part of verb "to be."
19. French word for "study."
21. Short for Postscript.

Down.

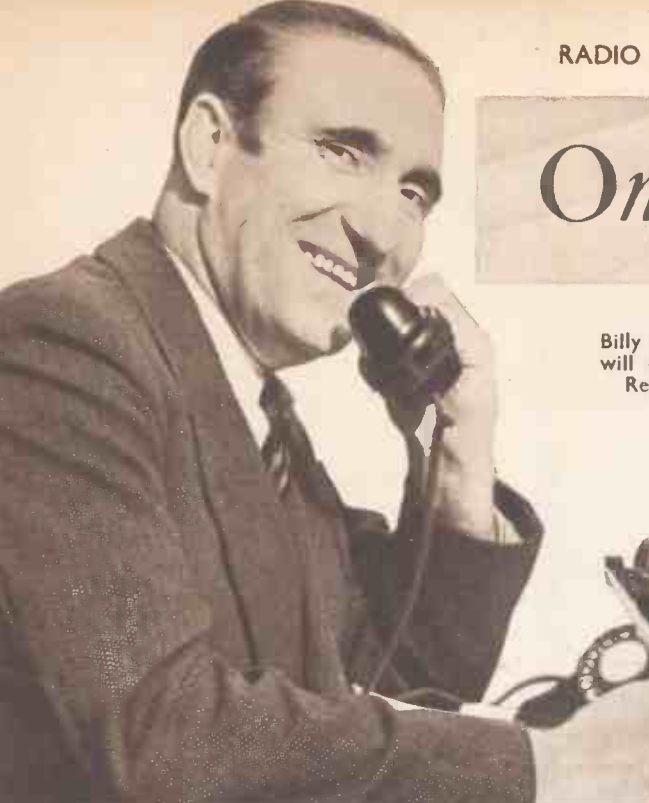
1. Not light.
2. A musical instrument.
3. Half a smile.
4. You can find this in a window.
5. A heathen god.
10. Mickey . . . (A film character.)
11. Placed inside.
12. Plural pronoun.
15. Belongs to father.
18. Myself.
20. Not down.

TAKING THE DOG OUT
A Crossword for the Kiddies

By Cam.

This puzzle is for amusement only, and the solution will be given in next Friday's "Radio Pictorial."

On the Air . . .



Billy Merrin in smiling mood. He will be on the air for Midland Regional listeners on Friday.



Arthur Salisbury, whom you see on the right, will be heard as usual from the Savoy Hotel on Monday at 2 p.m. (Regional). On the left is Vera Taylor, who partners Arthur Bullivant in his fourth "Punch and Judy" show, in the Children's Hour on Wednesday.



Sunday Singers : Keith Falkner will sing to you on Sunday, May 20, in the National programme, and Ben Davies (left) in the Regional programme. You would have no idea of his age from his powerful voice.



RONDO tells
you the . . .



Harry Roy and his popular May Fair band try over a few numbers at the microphone

the Programmes

Do you agree with Rondo's opinions on the current programmes? Write to "Radio Pictorial" and voice your own opinions on the B.B.C. Broadcasts.

If you are ever free on a Monday morning, listen to one or two of these *Boat Train* talks. That is their general title, though why I cannot quite see. Anyhow, the talks will be all right. They tell me at Broadcasting House that they will include anything from witchcraft and carpet buying in India to pleasure cruising, marrying an Englishman, or going on an elephant kraal. On May 28 Sir Malcolm Campbell talks about speeding; on June 25 Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Cappendale talks about the problems of Europe's wavelengths. The latter talk might easily be illustrated tele-visually with the Eight Step Sisters combing their own wavelengths!

On May 22 there is a show down in the Regional Programme which may prove attractive, especially to those who have enjoyed *Songs from the Shows*. It is to be a selection of songs from the stage, screen and even drawing-room. Francis Worsely produces, and the cast includes John Rorke, Elsie Eaves, Brian Gaye, Mervyn Saunders, the Revue Chorus and the Western Studio Orchestra under Reginald Redman.

On May 19 an excellent bill (National) including Will Hay and those intelligent scholars of his; also Max and Harry Nesbit, as well as Bertha Willmott.

On June 4 the Finnish National Orchestra is coming over to play at Queen's Hall. Mainly a Sibelius programme. To be expected, because he is their "best man." I imagine this is going to be a real high spot in the week's programmes.

Another visitor is Leo Fuld, the most popular radio singer in Holland. He comes on May 20 and will be heard with the B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra in the London Regional programme. I imagine Stanford Robinson will be the conductor, though I have not actually heard that this is so.

Midland Regional listeners will get a good idea on Whitmonday of what a cheese sounds like when rolled down a hill. The ancient custom of rolling cheeses down Cooper's Hill, near Gloucester, will be described on that day by John Capel, of Leicester. He gave an eye-witness account on Easter Monday of the bottle-kicking in the Leicestershire village of Hallaton. What he is likely to do on August Bank holiday is more than I care

to conjecture. Have you got any musk rats at home? Don't know that I am sure what a musk rat is like. Mr. Spencer Tuck has undertaken musk rat patrols in Shropshire and in Canada. He says our musk rats are a pound heavier than Canadian musk rats. Good for us. Any-



The home of Grand Opera—the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. Millions of listeners will hear the relays from here next week.

how, listen to his talk on the 22nd and weigh all your rats afterwards.

There is a Welsh programme on the 23rd called *Ar y Cei* which, I am told, means *On the Quay*. West Regional listeners are to be taken to the sailors' cabin at Aberysgethin, which isn't on my map of Wales. Think it must be imaginary. At all events, there will be aged salts telling tales of olden times and singing shanties.

The sixth National Eisteddfod of the Children of Wales comes off on the 26th; a relay will be taken from the Eisteddfod Pavilion at Old Colwyn. Over fifty thousand children are on the books of membership.

For Northerners there is a variety from the Argyle, Birkenhead, to-night, May 18.

Dr. Adrian Boulton will be in Belfast on the 19th to conduct the Wireless Symphony Orchestra in the final concert of a series given in the Ulster Hall. Temianka is to play Brahms' violin concerto.

Scottish Regional listeners will be interested in a recital of *Songs of the Hebrides* by Patuffa Kennedy-Fraser and Margaret Kennedy on the 21st. Miss Kennedy-Fraser was the first to introduce the Celtic harp as an accompaniment to the songs.

The *In Praise of Scotland* programme on the 23rd is to be devoted to Argyllshire, the principal speaker being Neil McLean. Also James McPhee will take part in the programme.

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

Next Thursday will be Empire Day, which will be celebrated by a good many schools in England. Louis Napoleon was referring to his "Third" French Empire. I am bagging his saying for the British Empire.

Radio Stars 6

HEALING *by* SHORT-WAVE RADIO!

It is seldom that a month goes by nowadays without some news of broadcasting developments on ultra-short-wave lengths. But more startling is the news that short-wave lengths between 20 and 2 metres are being used as healing agents in modern medical science.

Dr. Alfred Gradenwitz, the well-known authority explains in an exclusive article in the May issue of WIRELESS MAGAZINE, how the medical world is making use of the recently discovered healing properties of ultra-short waves.



HEAD TREATMENT BY ULTRA-SHORT-WAVE THERAPY
The arrangement of the electrodes for ultra-short-wave treatment of the Maxillar-Cavity



Two patients undergoing the new short-wave treatment. The woman in the chair is being treated for rheumatism, the other for internal trouble



A doctor applying the two electrodes to patient who has shoulder trouble



ARRANGEMENT FOR SHOULDER TREATMENT
Two sets of electrodes are used in connection with the treatment for the shoulders

EVERYMAN HIS OWN SET DOCTOR!

This issue of WIRELESS MAGAZINE also contains the simplest and most complete fault-finding guide ever presented to the radio public. The guide has been prepared particularly to help those with little technical knowledge who are experiencing trouble with their sets, and to help trace the faults quickly and easily and thereby save them the expensive advice of local experts. It is invaluable to owners of home-constructed and factory-built receivers.

Here are some of the other good features of the May issue:—

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

TECHNICAL FEATURES
Tuning by Eye—Instead of by Ear!

Healing by Short-wave Radio.
Automatic Tone Control for Your Set.

GENERAL ARTICLES

Guide to the World's Broadcasters.
World's Broadcast Wavelengths. Radios—and Riot Guns—Help American Police.
My Visit to the Bell Laboratories: Lionel Merdler.
Where the B.B.C. Wastes Money.

Recording the Sound on Film.
Home Recording on Film.
News of the Short Waves—
Choosing Your Records.

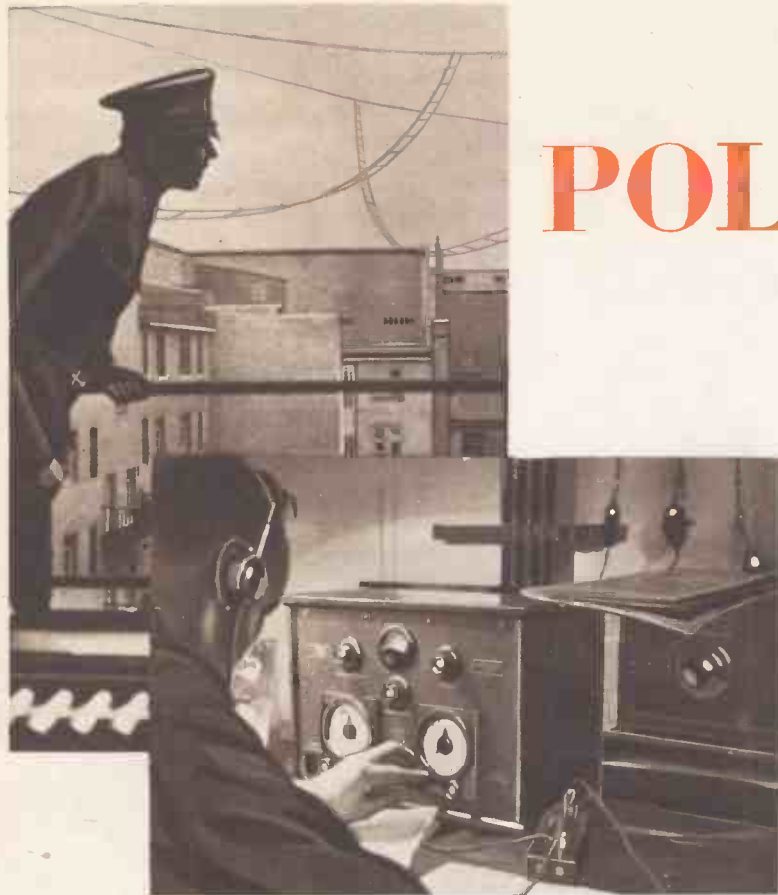
TELEVISION SECTION

Working a Simple Television Receiver from Your Broadcast Set.
Another Great Advance in Television.
Holding the Image Steady.

Get your copy to-day from all booksellers and newsagents. Price 1/-

WIRELESS MAGAZINE

Can the Amateur Learn from **POLICE RADIO?**



The top illustration shows the transmitting and receiving aerial on the building where police headquarters is located. Below, sending messages from headquarters

The other contents of this week's issue include a constructional article describing the building of the de luxe version of the "Five Guinea Three." This is a battery set using a variable-mu, detector and triode or pentode output.

"Tuning-in by Eye Instead of Ear." This is an entirely revolutionary gadget and can be simply added to any kind of receiver.

Notes for Short-wave Enthusiasts.

A Television Section. Etc., etc.

AMATEUR WIRELESS

On Sale Everywhere
Price 3^D.



A police officer receiving an emergency call from headquarters