

WIMBLEDON THRILLS *by a* BBC Commentator

2^D
EVERY FRIDAY

RADIO PICTORIAL



EVE BECKE

At Home with

PHILIP RIDGEWAY
OLIVER BALDWIN.
AL BOWLLY. J. MURRAY SMITH

FULL PAGE
PORTRAIT *of*
ELSIE CARLISLE

Radio Jobs made easy for YOU!



BLOB OF SOLDER
TINNED COPPER WIRE
CORK

TINNING YOUR SOLDERING IRON
A short length of tinned-copper wire and an ordinary cork makes an ideal gadget for tinning a soldering iron

CHALKING A FILE BEFORE USE
Before such soft metals as copper or aluminium are filed, the file should be rubbed with billiard chalk to prevent it becoming clogged and, therefore, spoils

ROUGHENED WITH FILE

SCREWDRIVER BIT FOR A HAND DRILL
Many useful jobs can be done with a screwdriver bit. The drill will grip the screwdriver better if the end is roughened, as shown in this sketch

Mr. R. W. Hallows, M.A., in the June issue of the **Wireless Magazine** explains the simple secret of easy, quick and neat soldering. Not only hints about soldering, but all the hundred and one odd little jobs that crop up, whether you have a ready built set or you build your own.

The **Wireless Magazine** now on sale is worth the 1/- alone for the useful information that Mr. Hallows gives, but there are also nearly thirty other interesting features, some of which are given below.

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WIRELESS MAGAZINE

JUNE ISSUE PRICE 1/-



Elsie CARLISLE

the popular radio vocalist,
who broadcasts with
Ambrose's Orchestra and
also appears in vaudeville
programmes by herself and
with Sam Browne.

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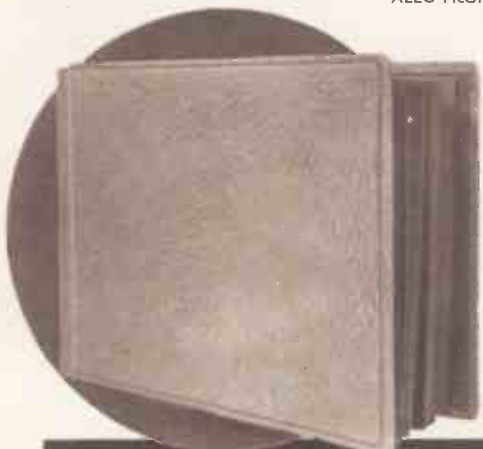
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Radio Pictorial — No. 23

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FASHIONS

from

Television

DEREK ENGLAND

tells you how dress designers may be able to assist the artistic side of television shows broadcast by the B.B.C.



Make-up to the accompaniment of an H.M.V. Fluid-light Six Portable



Televising a mannequin parade from the television studio at the B.B.C.

MR. ROBB, the enthusiastic producer of B.B.C. television, is finding increasing scope for his subjects. Under his direction practically every type of "act" has been presented at the television studio from a mannequin parade to a collection of zoo animals.

The artistic aspect of television is becoming increasingly in evidence.

While television may not yet be so popular as the B.B.C. and enthusiasts would wish, the B.B.C. producer is, nevertheless, taking care that the artistic side of his television productions does not suffer.

Special make-up is used in the new Portland Place television studios—partly to achieve an artistic effect as is the case with ordinary film make-up and partly to counteract the colour sensitivity of the photo-cells used in the television transmitting apparatus.



Eustace Robb (in shirt sleeves), the B.B.C. Television Director, discusses a costume point during a television rehearsal

Make-up and dress design are becoming almost as important as they are in the film world and it may not be long before prominent people in the film fashion world—Berle, Schiaparelli and Herbert Norris, for example—may be called in to assist at television productions.

Certainly every sort of dress design and make-up technique is required in modern studio work.

Having read the script and studied the sartorial idiosyncrasies of each player, the designer

prepares sketches for the required number of dresses. As many as six designs may be tentatively put forward for each ensemble, from which one is finally chosen.

Discussion takes place between the designer, the artists, the producer, the fashion supervisor and the cameraman—or, in the case of television, the engineers.

That sounds fairly straightforward, but there are many angles to be remembered. Every woman, for instance, responds favourably or unfavourably to given colours. Therefore, the psychology of colour and its effect on the stars must be considered. Colour concerns not only the wearer, but also the cameraman who must consider colour in the terms of light and shade and the frock in relation to the setting.

Some materials, also, react more favourably to the lens, either of the camera or the television

Continued on page 10



"I've brought you some narcissus, Cis" — Joe Batten, the Columbia musical adviser, is tickled by Norman Long's new tongue-twister song

Radio's Composer

DELIUS, the blind genius who died recently at his home at Grez-sur-Loing, was of the few moderns who took any interest in composing for wireless. Only on his deathbed, on which he lay for ten years, did fame eventually come to him. He listened in to many of his own works, when they were broadcast by the B.B.C. His death is a great loss to the musical world and in fact to all radio listeners.

The Producer's Aid

In the corridor at Broadcasting House I met a blind man who was not known to me. He was Pat Grenville, who helps producers at rehearsals of plays, and he was just returning to the village on the Sussex coast where he spends most of the week.

With his sister he comes up to town once and sometimes twice for each play that is being produced. They sit together in a listening room and as the rehearsal progresses, Pat dictates to his sister notes on his reaction to the drama.

His suggestions and criticisms are then passed on to the producers who get some useful tips this way.

It seems to be a case where a blind man's sixth sense is invaluable.

"Newsmonger's" RADIO GOSSIP

"Lions Make Leopards Tame"

The anniversary of the Battle of Bannockburn—the six hundred and twentieth, to be accurate—is being celebrated in the Scottish programme on Saturday this week at 9.45 p.m. The programme is called "Lions Make Leopards Tame," and consists of a series of episodes from the battle as recorded by Scottish chroniclers through the ages.

It culminates with a fragment of what is probably the oldest extant Scottish song, said to have been sung in triumph after Bannockburn. As the tune has been lost, a new one has been provided by Ian Whyte, who has also composed special fanfares and trumpet calls. The programme has been devised by James Fergusson, the B.B.C. Talks Assistant in Scotland.

Launching 534

Plans for the most ambitious outside broadcast ever attempted in Scotland are now being made. All the resources of Scottish radio will be brought to bear on the broadcast of the launch of the giant Cunarder from John Brown's yard at

Clydebank on September 26. I was told by one of the officials at Broadcasting House, Edinburgh, that negotiations were now going on between the B.B.C., Brown's, and the Cunard Company.

It is expected that listeners will hear the Queen launching No. 534, the pop of the bottle of champagne, the cheers of the spectators, and the roar as the 50,000 tons ship slides down the slipway into the Clyde. It is also hoped to broadcast the King's speech at the luncheon following the launch.

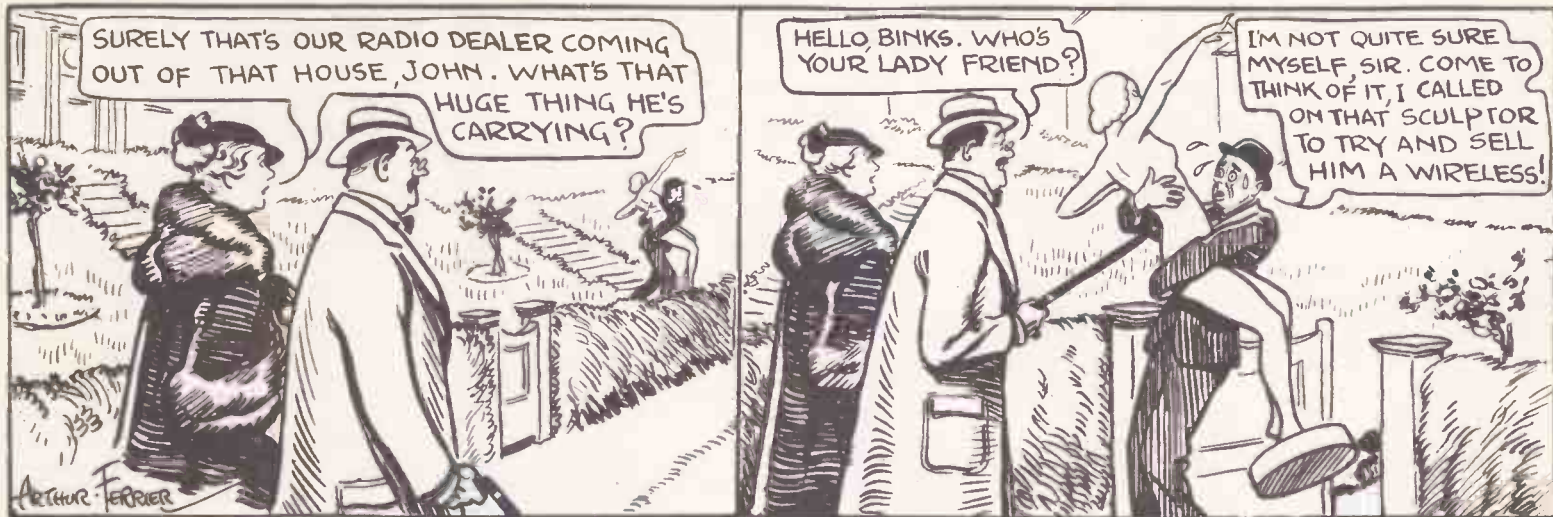
Ten Years Old

The Wireless Military Band, who spend practically every Sunday in the studio, will attain their tenth anniversary in July, which makes them the oldest music combination at the B.B.C. They have had Mr. Walton O'Donnell as conductor since early in 1927. An amusing story is told about "Bandy" O'Donnell, as he is known to his friends, in connection with his tour in the *Repulse* in 1925, when he accompanied the Prince of Wales to South Africa and South America.

Their First Military Band

In one African village where they arrived, the market square was filled with natives, many of whom had travelled hundreds of miles for the occasion. When the Prince appeared, Walton O'Donnell and his band crashed at full blast into the Royal Salute. The effect was amusing. The trees began to shake and the terrified natives,

The Twiddleknobs—by FERRIER



who had never before heard a military band, dropped off like coconuts and fled panic-stricken.

A Talking Library

It has often been discussed how invaluable talking films would be if they had only been invented a little earlier—in time to give us records of the famous men of the past, Napoleon, say, or Charles Dickens. As it is, the great men of our generation will be the first to go down to posterity in "their likeness as they lived."

The Institution of Electrical Engineers have decided to make a library of speaking portraits of great electrical men of this age, at the cost of individual members of the firm. It is interesting to find that the first of these, to be made at the expense of the chairman of Ferranti, Ltd., is to be of Dr. Fleming, the inventor of the valve.

A Discovery

Nesta Sawyer, the broadcasting name of a poetry reader, conceals the identity of a charming lady who first came to the mike through a chance meeting at a cocktail party. At one of these informal affairs, Lionel Fieldon, of the talks department, was struck by an unusual quality in the voice of another guest.

As they chatted, Lionel became more and more convinced that he had discovered the voice that was needed. A microphone test followed an invitation to Broadcasting House and now Mrs. Seymour Obemer—for that is the lady's real name—is regularly heard giving readings.

For Listeners Overseas

A society debutante is going to describe her London season, and if the "bird" is allowed to speak her mind the Empire should be amused. In any case I am sorry that we shall not get the chance to hear her. It is one of several snappy items arranged for listeners overseas and it will not be broadcast in the National programme.

The Empire people at Broadcasting House have just started to collect autographs of their "stars" and the large sheet of cardboard which speakers are invited to sign reveals a mixed but none the less distinguished bag.

I noticed that the names

of Lord Jellicoe, Lord Halifax, Jack Hylton, Duke Ellington, Sir Harry Brittain and the Astronomer Royal were all there.

See Him at Olympia

Henry Hall has signed on the dotted line, which means that the popular band leader will direct the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra for a further two years at least. It was already a foregone conclusion, but I should like to congratulate the B.B.C. on its choice and Henry on the new terms which it is whispered are deservedly better than the old.

He is in for a busy time in the next two months, as the band has now been booked for the big show at Olympia during the Radio Exhibition which opens only ten days after the engagement at the London Palladium.

Ninety-five

The other day I made in these columns the startling statement that Henry Hall is ninety-five this year. I explained this by telling you that the Henry Hall referred to is not our popular Henry of the B.B.C., but his father—and that's where I made a mistake.

I should have said grandfather. Mr. Hall senior is ninety-five, Mr. Hall (father) is sixty-five, Mr. Hall (our Henry) is, of course, thirty-five and his kiddy is just six. I hope that puts it straight for you.

A Thriller

I was very interested to see that Martin Hussingtree's "The Wrong Bus" was published in a recent issue of RADIO PICTORIAL as I have heard this not only when it has been broadcast, but also on the Columbia recording of it (DX272), as done by the B.B.C. Dramatic Players.

It is a thriller, and so, too, is the Congo Night radio play which is on the other side and which I wish it were possible to publish in these columns.



Dare Lea and his boys enjoying themselves during a brief spell off duty at the Barn Club


In The Air

ELIZABETH (CROONER) WELCH humming a lil' ditty to herself as she roamed Piccadilly . . . rehearsing a new broadcast song, 'lis'beth? . . . heard as John Watt left Broadcasting House: two little urchins in furious debate, finally the second one solved the difficulty. "Naw," he said with conviction, "it can't be John Watt, this chap wears flannel trousers!" . . . Eugene Pini, leader of that delightful little radio orchestra, is that good-looking, all the gals think he is a film star. . . . Clayton Hutton, the man behind the "Picture People" programme used to make two-reel comedies at the Gaumont-Studios. . . . John (Piano-tinkler) Burnaby is a great believer in sandwich bars, spends a lot of his spare time in 'em—grabbing a bite to eat in between B.B.C. assignments. . . . James Agate on the other hand specialises in really smart eateries . . . maybe you didn't know it, but Florence Desmond has a young brother who has an "autograph book" made from the seat of the "You-Know-What"! . . . it's a fact, with a lot of famous radio names on it and in that space in the middle he's put a photograph of Schnozzle Durante the film star! . . . Jack Hulbert, bronzed through his trip to Egypt, is certain that the Luxor jinx was on his movie expedition, they had very bad luck with weather, illness and heat spots. . . . Gracie Fields, having a grand time in Blackpool, no she was not on holiday, taking scenes for her next fillum; you'll be hearing some of the new song numbers on the ether any time now.

NEXT WEEK : PICTURES OF THE "GUEST-NIGHT" STARS

Behind the Scenes at

Radio Athlone



These snapshots of Radio Athlone show, in order from top downwards, Mr. Seamus Hughes, the assistant director of Radio Dublin, Athlone, and Cork; Miss Margaret O'Grady, an announcer; Dr. Vincent O'Brien, the musical director at Dublin; and finally, the control panel of the Radio Athlone broadcast

I WONDER how many readers of the RADIO PICTORIAL "tune in" and listen to Radio Athlone? No doubt many "exiles of Erin" do, and thoroughly enjoy the simple programmes that are broadcast by this station, which is, to give it its full name, Radio Dublin, Athlone, and Cork.

Although the Athlone programme appears prominently enough in the "Home Stations" column of our wireless guides, it is really astonishing what a number of radio listeners do not know of this station! Someone actually asked me once if Athlone were one of those tiny "out-of-the-way foreigners." The station should really be given as Radio Dublin and not Athlone at all; it's too misleading.

The Athlone station is one of the most powerful in Europe and is the only station in the British Isles with 60 kilowatt power.

It is beautifully situated in almost the central point of Ireland, Moydrum, though really it is intended to supply the needs of the Irish Free State only. About five miles from the famous old town of Athlone, County Westmeath, this now famous station is the latest product of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company. I gathered that there is a reserve of power even to the extent of 100 kilowatts.

The studio for this station is in Dublin, in the vast building of the old, rebuilt Dublin G.P.O., and this studio "feeds" Athlone, 75 miles, Cork, 165 miles, and Dublin, 2 miles distant, all by land lines.

In the G.P.O. there are three studios for emergency use and the usual practice rooms and offices on either side of a long passage reached by means of a lift to the third floor. All the rooms have glass-panelled doors, upon which are displayed notice cards declaring whose office it is or for what purpose the room is used. At the end of this passage, up a long flight of stairs, one comes to the reception room; just a simple affair, this: some easy chairs, a long polished table in

the centre of the room, and a loud-speaker placed on a side table against one of the walls.

No luxury about Athlone!

Then off a passage from the reception room is the smaller studio for plays and quartets, etc., and farther along one comes to the larger studio from which orchestras broadcast.

Between these two studios are the control room and the announcer's room (the latter is used also for talks), both of which look into either studio by means of the usual sound-proof windows. All are ever so plainly furnished, but nevertheless perfectly homely and not at all

up" a few minutes beforehand and, having signalled "All O.K.," the warning "red light" flashed into life and the orchestra commenced its hour of musical variety.

Radio Athlone is noted for its "solid" music, though, of course, it can also provide light music, but anything in the nature of "jazz" is almost non-existent. Nevertheless, Irish dance music, being particularly lively, is appreciated by those who love the old fiddle, accordion, and pipes.

The Athlone programme does not commence till 1.30 p.m. each day, and just to give you an idea, here is one example of the usual evening programme:—

- 6.0.—*Uair i dTir na nOg* (Gaelic for Children's Hour).
- 6.45.—News Bulletin.
- 7.0.—Gaelic Lesson.
- 7.15.—Talk.
- 7.30.—Time Signal and Station Orchestra.
- 7.45.—Classical Music and Operatic Solos.
- 7.55.—Piano Solos.
- 8.10.—Operatic Duets with Station Orchestra.
- 8.45.—Talk.
- 9.5.—Station Orchestra.
- 9.15.—Irish Songs.
- 10.30.—Time, News, Weather Forecast.
- 10.40.—Flute and Piccolo Solos.
- 10.50.—Uilleann Pipes.



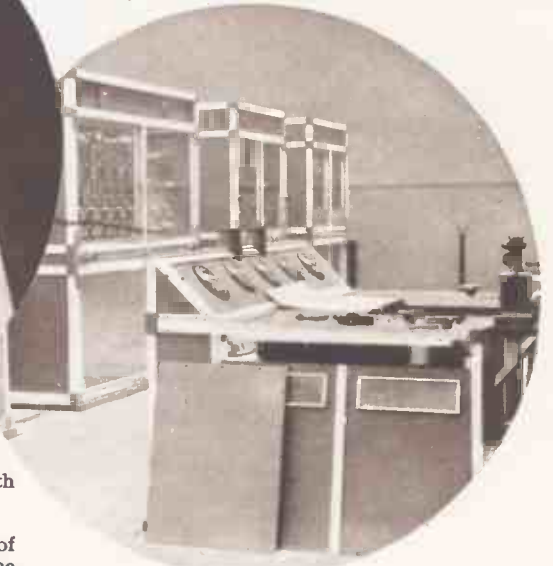
likely to produce any "mike" nervousness with "first time broadcasters."

In the announcer's room, at her desk near one of the sound-proof windows, through which she can see either studio or control room, sits Miss Margaret O'Grady, the regular announcer, whose clear, sweet voice is familiar to those who make a practice of "listening in" to Radio Athlone. Miss O'Grady is certainly very fully occupied with her various duties of announcing, recording, etc.

She is relieved at times by another announcer, Miss Kathleen Roddy (who also plays the part of "Auntie" in the Children's Hour), and on special occasions by the popular station director, Mr. Seamus Clandillion. Through the little window in front of her desk Miss O'Grady can see the broadcasters quite easily, and at the time I was present an orchestra was just about to give an hour's musical variety.

I learnt that the orchestra was made up of Dublin's unemployed professional musicians, who broadcast under the rather novel name of "Bill Hogan and His Variety Orchestra."

No time was wasted. The orchestra "tuned



11.0.—The National Anthem.

The musical programmes are all under the direction of that well-known and delightful personality, Doctor Vincent O'Brien, who was the "discoverer" and tutor of the world-famous Count John McCormack. The assistant director is Mr. Seamus Hughes, Dublin's first announcer, who still "takes on" the "mike" occasionally. Seamus Hughes is well known in Gaelic circles, being an all-round athlete and speaker of four languages.

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

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

"I was so nervous when I first broadcast that I did my little piece collarless and in my shirt sleeves. . . . I shall miss the friendly faces—but I shall not miss the atmosphere of the Ogpu which overshadows one in the B.B.C. building itself . . ." There are some frank comments in this article by

OLIVER BALDWIN

MY nine months at the B.B.C. have come to an end . . . and leave me with mixed feelings. To think that I am no longer tied by time, muddled by so many similar films, or harassed by arrangements for surprise items, is certainly a great relief, but, on the other hand, I have become attached to the microphone and like the actual broadcasting.

When I first broadcast from the Birmingham studio about ten years ago I was so nervous that I did my little piece collarless and in my shirt sleeves. Now nothing like that worries me, and the only time I felt at all disturbed was two years ago in New York, when I broadcast from an American station in the full glare of arc lights, with make-up on my face and a cinema camera right in front of me, hard at work behind a glass screen, while the room was full of a curious crowd.

Since that day in Birmingham when I read one of my own short stories, I have read poetry and short stories, and interjected French phrases

in several of E. A. Harding's international historical broadcasts.

But being a film critic was far more arduous than any of that.

First of all, there were the many films that had to be seen and the finding out of the dates of their general releases. Then the choice of about six a month and the writing out of about 2,500 words about each set of three.

My Good-bye to the B.B.C.

These B.B.C. listeners enjoy a radio talk on the H.M.V. Super Forty-five Radiogram

Then the arranging of a surprise item, the discussion to decide on a line of talk, the writing of this out in dialogue form and the rehearsal before the microphone to balance our two voices.

And as if that was not enough, there was also the answering of letters from film aspirants, critics of my talks, and those desirous of film information. I feel I ought to send a large bill in to the B.B.C. for the money I have spent on stamps, but fear of their refusal to meet my just demands has so far prevented me.

I shall miss the little coterie of film fans who wait outside Broadcasting House with their autograph books in order to meet my fortnightly surprise items in the flesh. I hope my successor will be as nice to them as I have tried to be, for



Oliver Baldwin's present series of film criticisms has come to an end, but he will continue to contribute lively articles to "Radio Pictorial" . . . dealing with the many aspects of broadcasting with which he has come in touch.

it is encouraging to see the interest they take in the endeavour one has made to entertain them, and the least one can do in exchange is to be pleased to see them.

And we have had some interesting surprise items during the past nine months.

Madeleine Carroll spoke to you just before she went to America, and was amazingly self-possessed before the microphone.

Douglas Fairbanks and his son both gave their views on films, and the latter was surprisingly nervous in our little studio, while his father behaved as if he had broadcast all his life, and entertained a little nephew of mine with conjuring tricks until three minutes before we started to broadcast.

David B. Cunynghame, production manager of London Film Productions, told us how *The Private Life of Henry VIII* was made from the production point of view, and David Manners, fresh from Hollywood, told us how he first broke into films.

Stewart Rome and Alma Taylor, stars of the old silent days and still to the fore to-day, spoke of the beginning of filming in England before the war and the way in which it has since developed.

Gordon Harker and I played three excerpts together from his latest films, since he could not imagine why anyone would wish to hear his views on the cinema, and thought acting would be more popular.

Henry Edwards, who has the biggest following of any English male star, came all the way up from the country to speak to you, and Donald Calthrop, who perhaps has the best microphone voice of any of them, spoke on the theatre *versus* the films.

Alexander Korda, Miles Mander, and Paul Robeson have also spoken to you on different aspects of film art, but no endeavour I could make could induce Gracie Fields, Conrad Veidt, or Phillips Holmes to face you.

Richard Arlen's broadcast nearly ended in disaster.

He had been ill just before arriving here from America, and in the middle of the interview he lost his place in the typescript and had to make up the rest. For two and a half minutes we had to act it impromptu, and the moment it was finished he burst out with, "I'm so sorry, I'm afraid I messed the whole thing up."

Continued on page 17



'NAT' & 'REG' (Our Twins)

J. Murray SMITH

makes a social call upon the giant twin B.B.C. transmitters at Brookman's Park, the sources of the National and London Regional programmes.

FOR some unknown reason twins are usually possessed of lusty voices; and those at Brookman's Park are no exception.

Five years ago they were born, a couple of lads hefty enough to delight any mother's heart. And young Ma B.B.C. was rightly proud of her handiwork.

Actually, of course, one twin is always a little older than the other. And in this case, "National" was already yelling his head off when "Regional" first saw the lights of his amplifier valves. Or it may have been the other way round.

Now, they have gathered around them all the dignity of maturity. They are assured of the respect that is accorded to two very efficient fellows. They have grown up together, they share the same house, and they work together constantly. Yet you could not honestly say that they are inseparable.

They are easy enough to get on with, and anyone with twenty years' technical training can understand them. Which is more than you can say of women.

As a matter of fact, the principle of their operation is clear even to me. You put oil in at the one end, and programmes emerge at the other.

If you ever visit this modern Gog and Magog at home, you'll need to take the road north out of London, and you'll see the aerial masts on the right, before you reach Hatfield.

They're quite small—so small that you might well mistake them for pylons of the electric grid scheme. That's because a limit of 200 feet is imposed by the Air Ministry upon masts within a certain distance of London.

Then you come upon the entrance to the station itself, a squat building in the middle of a thirty-four acre plain.

A hundred yards or so up the gravel drive brings you to the main doors, and there, confronting you, is the transmission hall, with all its array of dials, switches, knobs and apparatus.

Unlike Broadcasting House, there is no awe-inspiring entrance hall, and you'll probably walk blithely into the transmission hall itself. But that's a fatal move, and a display of sheer tactlessness. You'll only be hauled out again by a pained, though casual, man who is certain to be wearing an old suit.

The out-hauler doesn't mind where you go, really, but he is anxious that you should, like the oil, enter at the other end. He knows his stuff that way round, and if you go anywhere out of your turn he's apt to forget his lines.

Well, we're not fussy. So round we go. And the fact that that only takes three or four minutes shows that this is quite a small place for one so important.

Here we are, then, in what really counts as the back yard in most buildings. And if that thing is the dustbin—no, that's one of the two tanks

which hold the oil which feeds the Diesel engines. Yes, they're inside. Seventy-five tons each tank holds, the out-hauler tells you, with a defiant air. He knows you daren't argue.

Over there is the valve-water cooler, and you gather that there are two separate systems, one enclosed and the other exposed. Inside the pipes is the distilled water which cools the anodes of the valves, and the water you can see dripping like a storm in a studio is the ordinary hard water.

But what's this big pipe leading from the wall and weeping its heart out into the unsympathetic ground? Ah, he's been waiting for that, and he has the answer ready.

It's the exhaust pipe from the engines. The gases pass through that pipe into a big underground expansion chamber, whence they trickle through a chimney into the open air. And on the way they expend any heat they have to spare on the heating system for the entire building.

"We get our heat for nothing," says the expert. "The exhaust is completely silenced."

Before you can gaze at him with quite enough respect he has passed on and, properly subdued, you follow.

A quick peep into the room containing the oil-fed boiler, for use when the engines aren't running, and then into the engine-room itself.

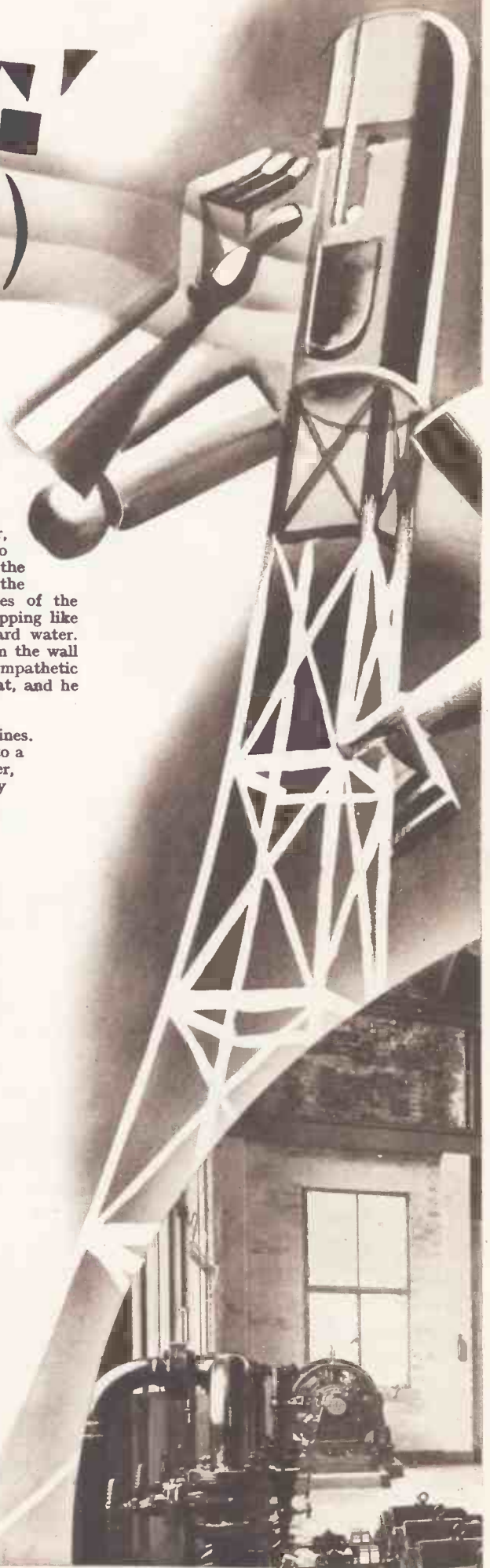
Here's something to look at! Something to make you proud you once owned a Meccano.

Four mighty Diesel engines, three of them snorting and roaring, popping out their fingers at you, and the fourth looking on with a superior air. You gather from that one that it could do better than all the others if it wanted to.

It's only having a breather. Soon it will take over, and one of the others will go off duty. There's always a spare, you understand, in case one should break down.

Each of the engines has six cylinders. Each of them generates a casual 300 horsepower and, incidentally, some 200 kilowatts of electrical energy. And, facing them, keeping a hundred unwinking eyes upon them, is a giant switchboard that controls their output.

In the middle of the switchboard is one of those little instruments which



draws mountains and valleys on an endless roll of graph paper.

That records the state of the batteries. Batteries? Yes, sir, this way.

There they are, an odd hundred and twenty-five of them. Each one as big as a fair-sized packing case, mounted on a substantial sort of trestle table. All holding hands, so to speak, to preserve their 2,000 ampere hours, if you know what they are.

After the heat and roar of the engine-room, the battery room is a haven of rest. Unfortunately, the atmosphere is acrid and unpleasant. You know what people mean when they talk about an acid stare.

Now into the main machine room. Six large motor generators there are, and a good collection of smaller ones. Something like one of these elephant collections, which begin with big models and go right down to pigmy size.

Here you begin to notice the sets of three that are evident all through the building. The twins insist upon recognition. For instance, the six large generators are in two sets of three, and so are the smaller ones. One machine of each set is for one transmitter, one is for the other, and the third is a spare.

But this is one of the places where you have to keep your hands in your pockets. There's 12,000 volts knocking about these generators, and that's enough to make the electric chair feel like a warming pan.

Still, they have a railing round, and if you open the door you stop the motors. Sometimes, when a man is working on the motors he locks the door open—in case someone should try to switch on.

The switchboard in this room—of course, there's one in every room except the billiard saloon upstairs—is truly a marvel of ingenuity. Most of the ingenuity is directed into preventing someone from making a mistake that would crack the eardrums of a million listeners.

There are innumerable switches that have to go on in a certain order. And there is the most amazing system of sliding bars which prevent one switch from engaging before the former is safely home.

By this time your expression of awed respect has become a fixture which you will carry about for days.

You stagger out of the generator room into the transmission hall—the very place from which, only a few brief hours earlier, you were ignominiously hauled. Ah, but this time you come in from the other end of it, with the knowledge of all that electricity behind you.

This time you view that tremendous array of valves and panels and controls with a proper sense of their importance. You would no sooner think of blundering in there than into an operating theatre. You enter gently and almost on tiptoe.

You realise that you are in the heart of an immense system. The man seated at the desk in front of "National"—at once its keeper and its slave—seems almost part of the apparatus, far superior to us mortals.

"National" takes up all one side of the hall, "Regional" occupies the other side, and there is an immense screen covering one end of the room, divided into sections and displaying a nightmare collection of dials, switches and coloured lights.

Each unit of the transmitters has an enclosed glass cage to itself. You can't open the doors while the system is working, but you can peer through the glass at valves the size of street lamps, glowing with a kind of subdued intensity.

There is so much complicated wiring that you wonder at the human ingenuity which fashioned it.

The water-cooling system winds in and out, up and down; and there are dials which tell you the temperature of the water and the rate at which it is flowing.

The floor of the transmission hall is hollow, and all the wires lead underground from the generators to the transmitters.

Down below, too, you can see the water tanks to which the cooling flow returns before it is pumped out to be made thoroughly cold. If there were a breakdown in the pump gear these tanks would begin to fill up, a valve would close and an alarm bell ring.

Not long ago Someone Very Important took some visitors down into the vault and explained this detail to them. Then he seized the valve guide and pulled it.

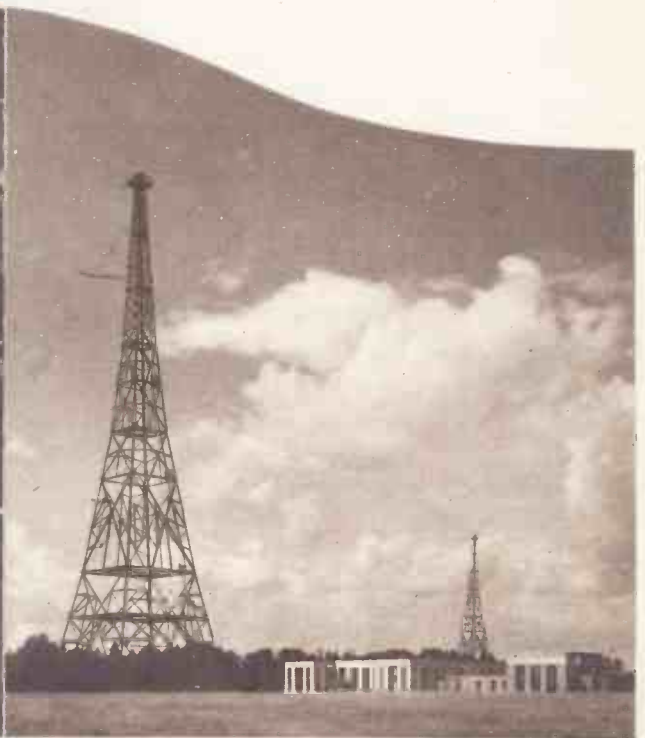
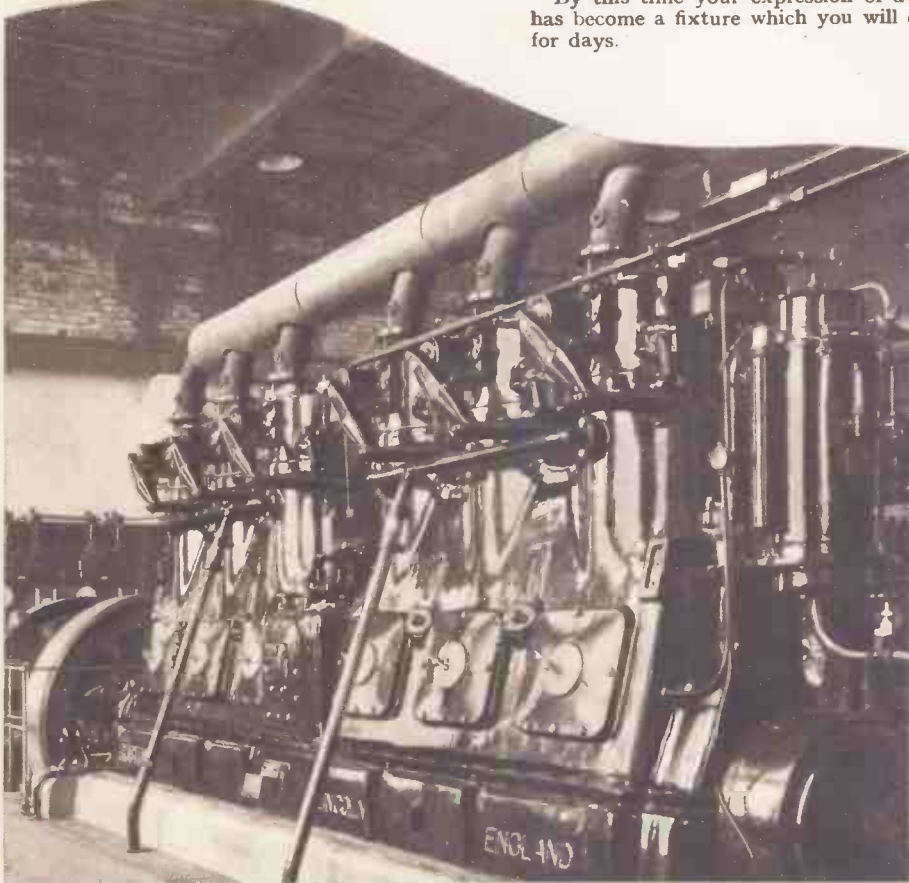
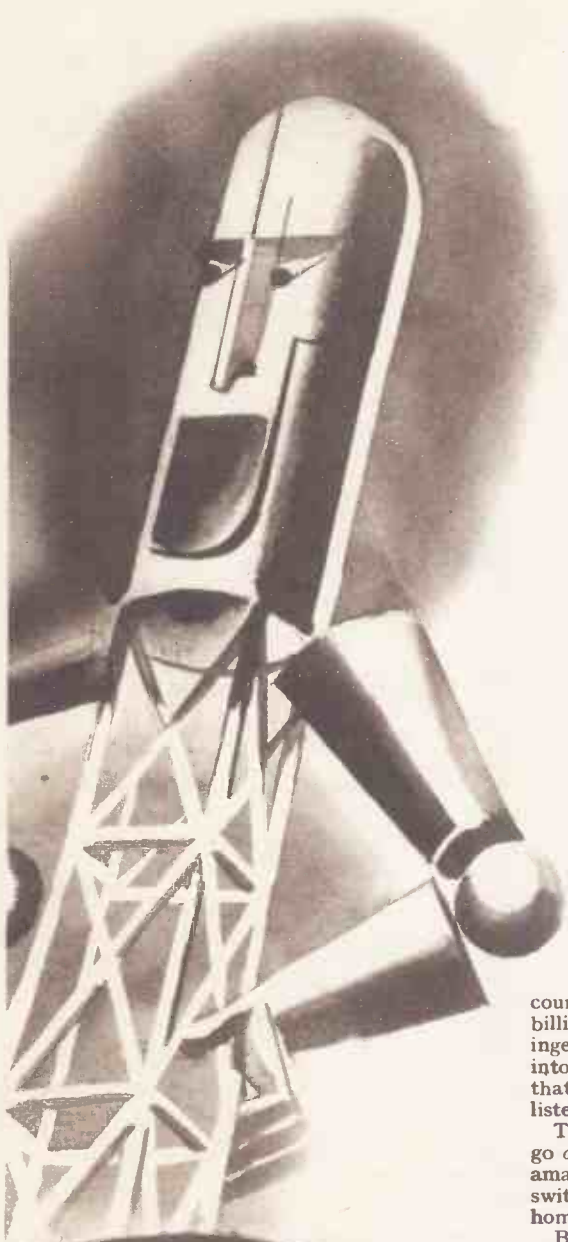
Nothing happened.

Since then all the technicians, every time they go into the vault, give a ring on the bell, just to make certain.

Upstairs again, and we come upon the most patient man in the B.B.C. He's the fellow who sits in a little room all on his own listening to the reception by land-line from Broadcasting House—for even hours at a stretch.

He's the only one who can't switch off when he's tired of a programme.

But, between you and me, I doubt whether he hears half of what comes over. There he sits with the earphones on, it's true, but he looks too disinterested even to be bored.



WIMBLEDON THRILLS

by Capt. H. B. T. Wakelam

ON Monday the Wimbledon Championships begin. This will be the eighth successive year of broadcasting from the Centre Court.

Ever since 1927 we have done the principal events from there, so it is possible to claim a very intimate knowledge of championship matches and their players.

There have been some wonderful fights there, at times some rather odd incidents, and always a tense atmosphere, the players and the crowd being keyed up to great heights.

It is curious to note how the spectators take this or that player, whatever their nationality, to their hearts. I suppose that, as everywhere, the mercurial French-Basque Borotra is the greatest idol, but some of the girls, too, have great drawing power, and it is nearly always a safe bet to say that Betty Nuthall playing means a crowded arena.

From our broadcasting box a "full house" is a really wonderful sight.

Situated as close as possible to the left-hand corner of the court below the Committee box, where their Majesties the King and Queen frequently appear to watch, it embraces a splendidly comprehensive view of almost the whole place. It is an ideal spot from which to give a commentary, except that the box itself, having, of course, to be more or less sound-proof, becomes terribly hot and stuffy on a warm day.

My fellow conspirator and myself invariably shed garments as the afternoon wears on, and I always take the precaution of going down as lightly clad as possible.

Just outside the box, in telephonic communication with the "administrative" at Broadcasting House, is the engineer, complete with all his gadgets, controlling the "voice" and the "outside effects" microphones, and balancing the one against the other according to the roar or temporary silence of the crowd.

I always think that from the point of view of actual broadcasting technique, the Wimbledon commentaries are as good as any put out.

By this I do not, of course, mean the actual descriptive stuff, but rather the way in which it is possible to gather, from the listening end, so much of the actual atmosphere of the place.

I have at home two records, presented to me by the B.B.C., taken off the Blattnerphone tape, one of the historic Moody-Round singles final, and one of the Franco-Japanese men's doubles final last year, Borotra and Brugnon against the late Jiro Satoh and Nunoi.

Even on my gramophone, which has survived the first eleven years of my daughter's life, it is possible to pick out quite distinctly the "ping" of the ball on the racket, as well, of course, as the "Ohs" and "Ah's" of the crowd, rising to a crescendo of cheering at each winning shot or any particularly spectacular piece of play.

These crowd noises actually are one of a commentator's chief worries, for as they grow in volume, he almost automatically raises his voice in self-defence, to fall sometimes into the great fault of "blasting," thereby not only incurring the "wrath of the gods," but also perhaps nearly blowing some unfortunate listener out of the room. It is terribly hard not to do this; only long and constant experience enables one to keep a level, even tone, whilst at the same time trying to convey some of the excitement across.

The way we work our times to suit the ordinary programmes is quite simple.

We are given a schedule which lays down for us the exact amount of "air" which we can have for each day on each of the wavelengths. By a close and comprehensive study of the list of matches for the day, we can more or less roughly foresee what will be happening approximately at the times which we have got, and whether the match likely to be in progress is worth putting over.

Having done this, we ring up the O.B. people in Portland Place, and give them, as far as we can,



A striking action photo of the famous Cochet—and when you listen to the B.B.C. Wimbledon relay you hear the ping of the racquet striking the ball!

our proposed details. It really is very curious how lucky we generally are, and how often we have managed to get over a real climax just before we are due to close down.

Then, of course, we are helped enormously by the regular announcers at the other end, who strive might and main to give us every assistance. Sometimes, of course, such as when the 6 p.m. (I'm sorry—1800) news bulletin is going out, we have to be abruptly broken off, but in all the previous seven years, I only remember one really bad set-back.

It was during a most amazing and most intriguing men's singles final between, if I remember rightly, Cochet—the ultimate winner—and Borotra. The match started, as usual, at 2 p.m., and we had the "all clear" until 4 p.m., by which time we thought that it should just about be over.

As it turned out, it was not. For when 4 p.m. came, it was at the most exciting moment possible, 2 sets all, I think 5 games all, and still very open, with the crowd gasping almost hysterically at every shot, and the type of "climax" for which we usually pray.

Just as I said "Borotra is now serving to the forehand," the B.B.C. official with me in the box touched me on the arm, and giving me the "silence" signal, leaned across to the "mike" and announced: "We are now leaving Wimbledon

—one of the B.B.C. Commentators at Wimbledon during the B.B.C. relay season starting next Monday.

and going over to the Girls' Friendly Society Concert at the Albert Hall!"

I hope to this day the "mike" was dead in time to prevent my comment going over, though perhaps some listeners might have heartily endorsed it.

But that was some time ago. Nowadays the organisation and care of the administrators is too cast-iron to allow any little *contretemps* like that. And if a bad commentary comes over, it's almost a hundred to one that the fault lies with the boxed-in gent. behind the little glass window, the anxious-to-please and sometimes hot and bothered commentator.

Fashions from Television

Continued from page three

apparatus, than others. Therefore, the surfaces of the materials must be taken into consideration. Each proposed length of material is consequently subjected to photographic tests in order to ensure that the combination of two or more different materials is as successful on the screen as it would appear to be in the hand.

Moreover, the producer and the actress have something to say about the necessary sympathy between the dress and the part the actress is expected to portray—understandably, of course, for no determined character could be conveyed in timid clothes.

The new Gaumont-British production of *Evergreen* is an example of dress-design technique which may have to be copied by our television producer. Every costume in this film has been designed by Berleo. For a young man—he is only twenty-seven—he has an extraordinary and versatile mind. He has designed no fewer than twenty-eight frocks for Jessie Matthews alone, varying between the frills and furbelows of the nineties and an extremely daring rumba costume.

Every chorus girl had each costume fitted two or three times, totalling 990 hours spent amidst pins and tape measures. An entire drill hall was taken over to accommodate all these girls and the various dressmakers.

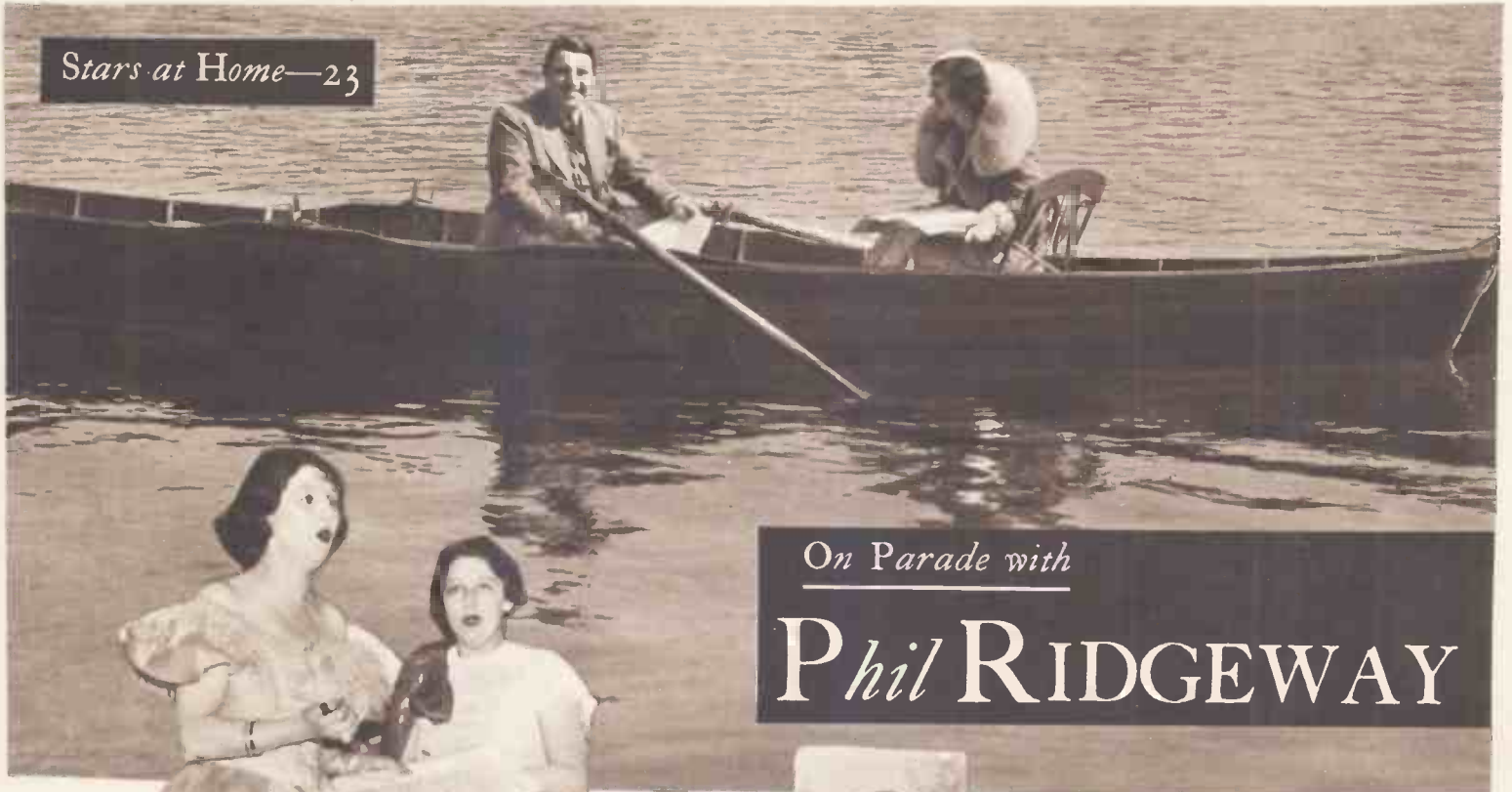
For these costumes 2,640 yards, or a mile and a half, of material were used and every yard of it is British.

Madame Schiaparelli, who has done so much for British materials in particular and for the world of fashion in general, has designed in her London workrooms the gowns for many films—which, again, might set an example to the television producer. This is of particular interest when one realises that screen designs are created some six months before the film is as much as trade shown.

A newcomer to this team of British film fashion experts is Miss Ward, who, besides helping to groom the junior stars, concerns herself with matters of fashion and beauty in the "still" studio in collaboration with expert photographers. Her counterpart will soon have to be found in television.

The new studios in No. 16 Portland Place have not at the moment so much space for changing and make-up as was the case in the basement studio at Broadcasting House, previously used for television. But as more space is taken over by Mr. Robb's Department, it may become necessary to borrow talent from the film world.

Stars at Home—23



On Parade with

Phil RIDGEWAY

On the river, Phil and Helene Cooney, his leading lady, go through their manuscripts for a broadcast show. The photograph at the bottom of the page is of Phil pater and his three children, Denis, Roma and Basil



During a B.B.C. rehearsal of a Ridgeway Parade . . . Phil is not really looking cross (he couldn't), but only critical!

Then there's Roma, a beautiful auburn-haired girl of twelve, with hair nearly as long as herself—probably the longest in London—and typical high-school girl, with personality, impudence, and father's pep, and who is always worrying Pop as to when her film career will commence!

Also Mrs. Philip, who paints, when not keeping the family in order—Philip being the most difficult child—and Philip's mother, who is his severest critic—a former operatic prima donna.

Last week the three children had their first trip in the air. They were passengers in the *Hengis* (Imperial Airways).

Philip is not the heavy father. In fact, he is kept in order by the family. When he strikes up the family band, comprising the two boys, the girl and himself, Mrs. Philip goes to the pictures. People above their town flat frequently complain of the noise—but it just goes on.

On the stage and at the microphone Ridgeway is irrepresible—especially when with his partner, Helene Cooney. There is rarely a performance, after singing with her his popular and sentimental numbers, without Helene having to scold him for doing some mischievous thing on the stage.

But, as himself, he is sometimes serious. He has had serious moments and done serious things. He served in the Great War. He read for the Bar (Inner Temple). Was adopted Parliamentary candidate. Declined offer to be Governor of Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, to lecture at Universities, and what not . . . Pioneered many of the best features used to-day in light radio entertainment. . . . Broken many theatre receipts records, and sales of gramophone records; and, he declares, broken more wireless valves than any other broadcaster . . .!

But he likes playing with a whip and top, eating chipped potatoes (from a chip shop), and, above all, enjoying himself at fair grounds, which he cannot be dragged away from, whenever they are within miles of him.

He is one of the biggest practical jokers of our time, and has hoaxed theatrical and other London celebrities more than once, one case being one "Mr. Ramsbottom." But in spite of that everybody likes him!



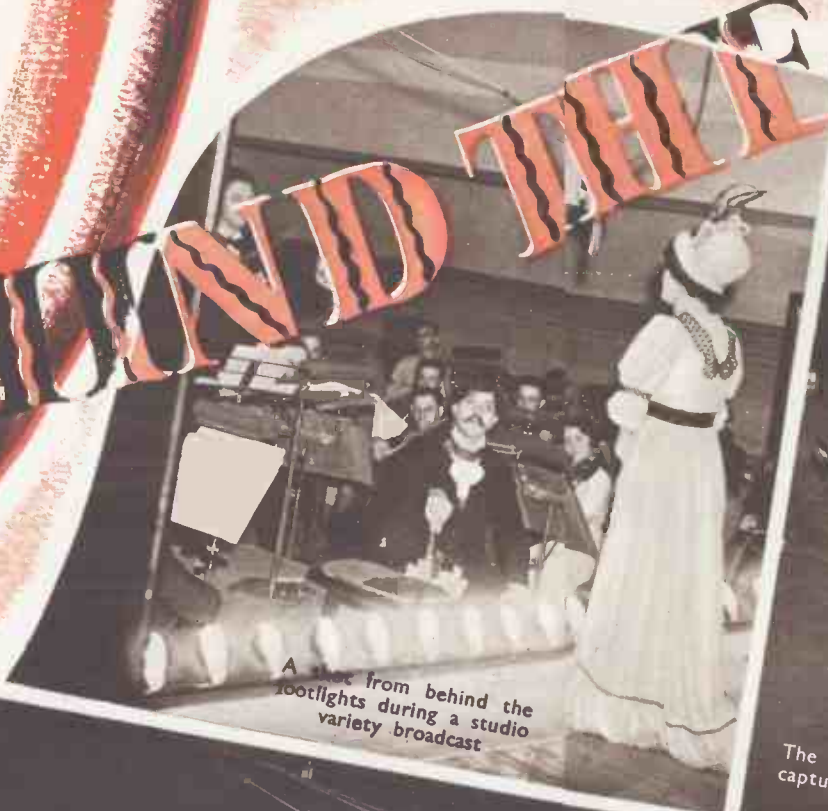
PHILIP was married at about twenty, and has three lovely children at school. Denis, aged fifteen, who has just built his own television set, and used to design scenery for father Philip's stage productions when twelve.

Basil, who is thirteen, and argues with Pop until he has to give in, on microphone technique, and plays the banjo at required peaceful moments.

During a summer vac. the two boys, on their own, fixed an engagement as the "Ridgeway Brothers" at the Capitol, Dublin's super-cinema theatre. Their act, self taught, was retained for an extra week.

Geraldo was on the same bill, and the boys complained to the management about Geraldo's name being in bigger type. Geraldo, who was tickled to death with them, when he next met Pop, told him all about his great boys. Pop, who was on a personal tour of the country theatres, and had no knowledge of the affair, wrote to the boys and was a little angry at their escapade. They wrote back: "Is it jealousy? You've not played Dublin yet, and we doubt if they'll book you now."

BEHIND THE STUDIO



A shot from behind the footlights during a studio variety broadcast



The genuine musical, comedy touch is captured in this spirited ensemble from the Ridgeway Parade



On the left, Oscar Strauss is conducting while Natalie Hall and Derek Oldham sing a duet in the "Waltz Dream." In the centre, Philip Ridgeway rehearses his company for his recent Parade. On the far right is a scene from the White Coons Concert Party

RADIO FOOTLIGHTS



A scene from the John Macdonell production "Magic in the Air" showing Hilda Trevelyan at the mike



The Flat Upstairs



"All right, Emma. *All right!*" And, opening the door he crept out on tiptoe.

Secretly he was very proud of Emma. So far as he knew she was the oldest woman still active in the London "jewel trade." Although seventy-three and therefore ten years his senior, she remained such a valuable ally that he would never have considered taking another member into the partnership.

The two of them—"Bill and Em," as they were known in Houndsditch—had worked together for nearly thirty-five

And they had not chosen this place of abode in a hurry. It was all according to plan.

Madame Tushkova, "the Tushkova" to the ballet lovers of a dozen European capitals—had a *piéd-à-terre* on the second floor, and it was not coincidence that placed Mr. and Mrs. Groach's flat immediately under it. It had all been worked out, from the time that Mr. Groach had first located the dazzling

She appeared on the steps suddenly, pausing and looking round her as if hungry for the plaudits of a multitude



ANDERSON

"PARIS!" snapped the big man, and quick as thought the old woman's long, trembling fingers had twirled the dial to the point which brought the Poste Parisien announcer's voice to a

bellow.

"Now Rome!" he ordered. Within three seconds the flat was flooded with Italian opera. Then followed Berlin, Prague, Hamburg, Hilversum, Munich, Vienna—each one at the word of command—and the woman's sure touch never faltered until, with a note of challenge in his voice, the man barked out: "Gleiwitz!"

Even then she jumped to obey, but her old memory stuck at the remoter German relay stations; with a hopeless gesture she sank back in her chair.

"No, Bill, it's too much to expect. I've learnt them eight alternatives to London and I reckon that ought to do."

"It ought to do, Emma," he conceded, "but I'm always afraid you'll bungle things at the last minute—like you did when I was ferreting out the d'Arcy gems in Park Lane. It was over-acting that time; this time you're just as likely to—"

"There you go again!" broke in his wife. "Always meeting trouble half way! If you'd only trust me and get on with your part of the job! Why not go and spy out the land now? The time's getting on."

Mr. Groach waved a hand impatiently.

years, and beyond one or two regrettable convictions for petty larceny, bore a record which would not have shamed a duke and his lady. They owed their success to a combination of ingenuity and mutual loyalty, together with a patent respectability which made even a Bow Street policeman feel that he had rushed in where angels feared to tread.

This perfect pair shared the gift of ingenuity. It was Mr. Groach who had brought the wireless set into the scheme for parting Madame Tushkova from her famous pearl necklace, but it was Emma who had detected the first fatal flaw and suggested a number of alternative stations which could be tuned-in at a second's notice.

Mr. Groach had more than signified agreement; he had "put her through it" until Emma could twiddle the dial with a slickness that would have shamed a B.B.C. engineer. Wonderful woman!

Still on tiptoe, Mr. Groach proceeded along the corridor on the first floor of Argentine Mansions, Maida Vale. It was a highly expensive residence, but the Groaches never begrudged present sacrifice for future gain, and a pearl or two from the necklace would pay the quarter's rent and leave something over for charity.

creature in her temporary home and made her astonishing peculiarities his special study.

Everyone, of course, knew of the Tushkova necklace, but only Mr. Groach, outside her circle of friends, knew when the divinity wore it and when she carried a substitute. He knew, for instance, that she would not wear it to-night, for she was appearing at the Paladrome, where close scrutiny was impossible, and it was therefore unnecessary to expose the precious thing to risk of accident or theft.

What he did not know was just where she kept it in the flat, but this was where experience came in. The rifling of boudoirs for nearly half a century had taught him where to look and where not to waste time.

He passed the lift shaft at the end of the short corridor and went through the swing door which gave on to the landing of the stone stairway. This stairway was to be the line of retreat, for not even Mr. Groach, with all his plausibility, would have summoned the lift to take him down when once the swag was in his hands.

Meanwhile Mrs. Groach was also reconnoitring the position. She had switched off the wireless set and was now drawing down the window blind in order to determine the best position after dark from which to obtain a reasonably good view of the front porch and steps.

—“Radio Pictorial’s” Short Story by Bernard Bland

Down those steps, in perhaps an hour's time, would trip the unsuspecting Tushkova, with her queer assortment of satellites—the giant, bearded Cossack, the fat Russian woman who cooked, the tiny housemaid and the “lady in waiting.”

“Silly hussy!” muttered Mrs. Groach, as she peeped down into the street.

It was this nightly ritual which was giving the Groaches their opportunity.

Like so many of her tribe, Tushkova carried vanity to extremes. It was not enough that she should be met at the Paladrome by a grovelling stage manager and troupe of fawning sycophants, or that her departure from the theatre should be attended by more riotous adoration than the enthronement of an archbishop. Her cravings were not appeased unless the pomp and ceremony began from the very moment she left the flat.

Unhappily a prophet lacks honour in his own country and the blasé inhabitants of Maida Vale being less demonstrative than the denizens of Leicester Square, Tushkova was obliged to supply her own retinue at the Kilburn end of the journey.

This “scratch crew” consisted of her own body-servants; and many a time, from the opposite side of the road, the soldierly Mr. Groach had watched them form up on the pavement to await her ladyship's descent from the second floor.

Mrs. Groach had confirmed his calculation that the dancer's flat was unoccupied on these occasions for just about two minutes.

The preparation for to-night's *coup*—the removal, the tense working out of details, the installation of the wireless set—had been a severe strain, and it was small wonder that her hands shook.

Even now she had not conquered her fear of the “wireless,” which was to play so important a part in the Plan. The thing was “all-electric,” and she thought that it was connected to the lighting mains made her picture all sorts of impossible disasters, such as shocks and explosions.

“Suppose, Bill,” she had said, “London isn't doing a programme at the moment I switch on? What then?”

“Holy Moses, you're right, Emma!” he had gasped. “We must have some alternatives!”

As the scheme now stood it was the acme of simplicity. At the appointed hour Emma was to watch the convoy on the pavement. Bill, in the meantime, would be plying his profession in the room above and listening for the peal of music below which would indicate that the party had turned back into the building.

When the warning came he would make a quick getaway; a minute later any inquisitive caller at the Groach's flat would behold a loving old couple listening to Gracie Fields, *Wozzeck*, a Bach Cantata, Henry Hall and his Boys—it really didn't matter what.

Mrs. Groach gave a start as the door opened.

“Now don't get jumpy, Emma,” said Mr. Groach testily, flopping on to the couch. “You've got nothing to be scared about. It's me who's taking the risk. To begin with, I don't like the look of that Cossack fellow.”

“Have you seen him again?”

“A minute ago. He's not only big—he's quick. Tushkova got him when he escaped from the Revolution. I'm not surprised he escaped. You should have seen him shin down those stairs just now! The lift's quick, but I bet he raced it to the bottom.”

Mr. Groach rambled on in this pessimistic strain for an hour. It was his notion of “keying-up” Emma to the job in hand. The actual result was that, when at a quarter to eight the rumble of many footsteps above told that the great moment had come, Mrs. Groach's poor old heart beat like a sledge hammer. She took up her post at the window as Bill slunk out.

Another eternity of waiting and then—the Tushkova!

She appeared on the steps suddenly, pausing and looking around her as if hungry for the plaudits of a multitude. Then, ever so gracefully, despite the wrappings of her immense cloak, she glided rather than stepped to the pavement.

The “lady-in-waiting” followed her timidly.

The Cossack bowed as the stately creature passed into the car and then, with slow solemnity, arranged the rug over the limbs that were so soon to fascinate a thousand people with the poetry of their movement.

“Take your time, Bluebeard,” muttered Mrs. Groach, who could hear Bill's quick footsteps in the room above.

At last the car door clicked and Tushkova was wafted towards the West End. The little group remained on the pavement for perhaps another half minute and then turned to come in.

It was Mrs. Groach's signal to act. Tottering towards the wireless set, she stumbled, fell heavily, picked herself up and staggered on. She reached the switch and jammed it down. In another moment her trembling fingers were swiftly rotating the dial. . . .

Meanwhile he spent one of the most hectic minutes of his career. In the first stages it had been easy going. The flat door actually stood ajar and he walked in. Nocturnal observations from the other side of the road having shown him where the boudoir was located, he found it at once.

But Tushkova was evidently crafty. With a lightning touch his gloved hands ran over all the usual places, his miniature jemmy soon stripping the feeble locks of the dressing table, the travelling chest and the wardrobe.

“Pl-plague the thing!” he stammered, and got up from his knees.

Every second was precious now. At any moment might come the faint strains of the wireless below. And then, with one of those flashes of intuition which come only at desperate moments, he made for the place which the little Princess Petrovsky had hoped was secret when he burgled her Knightsbridge boudoir in 1909.

The top of the wardrobe!

He got a chair and stood on it. Peering over the wardrobe's dark top, he gave an exclamation

of delight. The little black leather box—there was no mistaking it. It was at the far end, just out of his reach, so he jumped down to push the chair along. As he put his foot to the floor he stiffened with annoyance and listened. It was just as he had feared. From below came the cascading chords of the Tannhauser Overture.

And at that moment his blood ran cold. Close at hand a woman screamed, and glancing over his left shoulder, still with one foot in the air, he saw the tiny parlour-maid framed in the doorway and dancing with fright.

“Quick! There's a man!” shrieked the creature, and in another second the doorway was completely blocked by the stout cook.

There was only one thing to do, and Mr. Groach did it. He put his head down and charged. The parlour-maid jumped aside, but the cook, who took the full force of the onslaught, groaned fiercely in Russian and clung to his coat tails.

Only when he had struggled along the corridor as far as the lift shaft did she release her grip and drop panting on the floor.

There was just the hope, he told himself, that the women had not recognised their visitor. One thing was certain; the “innocent old couple” trick was the only one left to play.

“You bungled it nicely!” he roared at the terror-stricken Emma, who was pacing the carpet as he lurched into their room and slammed the door. “Half a minute late with your blinking switch! Don't argue! Pick up your knitting and look homely!”

“I didn't bungle it,” she protested feebly. “The wireless wouldn't come on—not till—”

“Wouldn't come on?” And then William Groach passed a hand over his forehead and the book dropped to the floor. “N-no, Emma, of course it wouldn't,” he stammered. “I forgot. These mains sets take half a minute to warm up—”

Already heavy feet were coming along the corridor.

HULLO, CHILDREN!

AUNT BELINDA'S
Children's Corner

DEAR NIECES AND NEPHEWS,— You, of all listeners to B.B.C. programmes, can have no reason to complain. One whole week's programmes of your own choosing! Your parents must itch for that privilege sometimes, and I do hope you appreciate the advantage that is given you. It is interesting to see that each Request Week brings practically the same choice even to the Zoo Man and the Star Gazer. Leslie Mainland and Captain Ainslie were the originators of this type of item, while Toy Town, Here and There, Peach plays, etc., are all old favourites. Leonard Henry is the new-comer, and he has fully justified the experiment of having a comedian in the Children's Hour.

Scottish Regional nieces and nephews also chose “Larry the Plumber” for a Request Programme last week. It was undoubtedly a lucky day for you all when the late S. G. Hulme Beaman walked into

the old Savoy Hill offices, wasn't it? And luckier still that the organiser of your hour knew a good thing when he saw it!

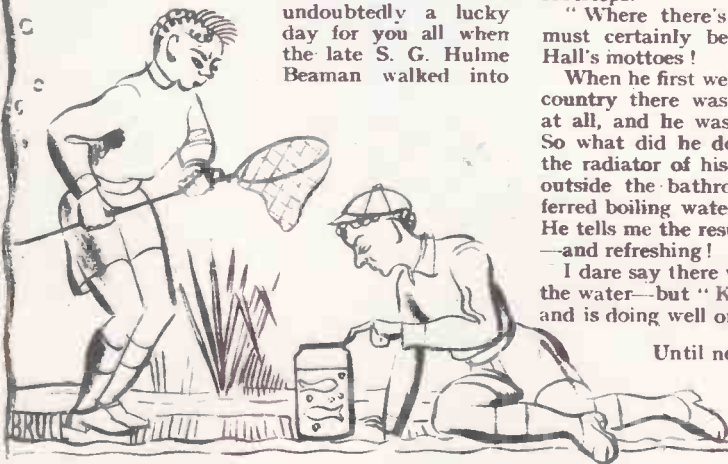
Larry's co-mate and brother in crime, Dennis the Dachshund (that is Reginald Purdell) introduced me to a new nephew the other day—his little son, aged two! Reggie is very proud of his heir, and told me quite seriously that the young man has already written two acts of his first play, and is now working on the third act; he has also beaten his father at golf! Went round in bogey, I understand!!! What a prodigy! That is, of course, a slight(?) exaggeration, but as Reggie himself was a brilliant child actor before he was as old as most of you, and has, since he grew up, written plays and film scenarios and achieved a big reputation as a film, stage, and broadcast artist, he naturally hopes that “junior” will follow in his father's footsteps.

“Where there's a will there's a way” must certainly be one of Stephen King-Hall's mottoes!

When he first went into his cottage in the country there was no hot water apparatus at all, and he was dying to have a bath! So what did he do but fix some tubing to the radiator of his car, which he parked outside the bathroom window, and transferred boiling water from it into the bath. He tells me the result was most satisfactory—and refreshing!

I dare say there was quite a lot of iron in the water—but “K.-H.” is a handy man—and is doing well on his country life!

Until next Friday,
AUNT BELINDA.



PROGRAMME HEADLINES of the WEEK



Percy Heming (left)
(June 24, 9.30 p.m., National)

Henry Bronkhurst (below, right)
(June 26, 4.40 p.m., National)

Harold Fairhurst (below)
(June 24, 5.30 p.m., Regional)

Henry Wendon (right)
(June 27, 12.45 a.m., National)



Dennis Noble (left)
(June 29, 9 p.m., Regional)



WEDNESDAY (June 27).—Band concert, relayed from Leamington Spa.

THURSDAY (June 28).—Organ recital, relayed from the Town Hall, Cheltenham.

FRIDAY (June 29).—Review of Midland Revues, feature programme.

TUESDAY (June 26).—Festival of the Friends, of Bristol Cathedral, orchestral and choral concert relayed from Bristol Cathedral.

WEDNESDAY (June 27).—*Y Tegell* (The Kettle), a comedy by J. O. Williams and T. Rowland Hughes.

THURSDAY (June 28).—*Drake*, a play by L. du Garde Peach.

FRIDAY (June 29).—A baljo, mandoline and guitar concert.

SATURDAY (June 30).—Police Band concert.

NATIONAL

SUNDAY (June 24).—A Roman Catholic Service, relayed from the Servite Church, Fulham Road, S.W.

MONDAY (June 25).—Variety programme.

TUESDAY (June 26).—Symphony Concert.

WEDNESDAY (June 27).—The Kentucky Minstrels, a black-faced minstrel show, written and remembered by C. Denier Warren.

"Not so typical," is the description applied by Harry S. Pepper to his next "Kentucky Minstrels" show. It will be a black-faced minstrel show; but it will be a summer picnic kind of programme, reminiscent of the open air. Mr. Pepper contends that with so large a bulk of listeners engaged in sports and other outdoor pastimes, it is necessary, even in the case of a minstrel show, to frame the details to suit the open-air mood.

THURSDAY (June 28).—Orchestral Concert.

FRIDAY (June 29).—Military Band concert.

SATURDAY (June 30).—Variety programme.

LONDON REGIONAL

SUNDAY (June 24).—Band concert.

MONDAY (June 25).—Orchestral concert.

TUESDAY (June 26).—The Kentucky Minstrels, a black-faced minstrel show, written and remembered by C. Denier Warren.

WEDNESDAY (June 27).—Old Songs and Pictures, vocal and instrumental programme.

THURSDAY (June 28).—*The Lost Horizon*, a play by James Hilton and Barbara Burnham, based on the novel by James Hilton.

The story of the play concerns a small party of people who, through a chain of strange circumstances, find themselves isolated in a beautiful valley in the wilds



J. H. Squire
(June 30, 9 p.m., Regional)

of Central Asia. Here, not only do they meet with queer adventures—to which their various personalities respond in different ways—but they are also brought face to face with a philosophy of life which must be of compelling interest to all those who have sometimes wondered whether modern civilisation cannot be most fitly compared with a maze having no centre. For its ingenuity and distinction of writing the novel received great praise on its original publication, and the B.B.C. welcomes an author of Mr. James Hilton's calibre to the ranks of those who are prepared to submit their work to the medium of the microphone.

FRIDAY (June 29).—B.B.C. Concerts of Contemporary Music—number 8 (eighth season), British Music.

SATURDAY (June 30).—Orchestral concert, relayed from the Spa, Whitby.

MIDLAND REGIONAL

SUNDAY (June 24).—A Religious Service, relayed from St. Mary's Church, Nottingham.

MONDAY (June 25).—Vocal recital.

TUESDAY (June 26).—String orchestral concert, relayed from Queen's College, Birmingham.



Olive Groves
(June 25, 9.35 p.m., National)

Several of the musical shows produced by Martyn C. Webster in the Birmingham studios since last November will be recalled in this review which is to be given by Alma Vane, Hugh Morton, and Gerald Martin, vocalists; the Two Jacks, syncopated pianists; and the Midland Studio Orchestra, conducted by Frank Cantell.

SATURDAY (June 30).—The Microphone visits the Convention of the International Brotherhood of Magicians at the Town Hall, Leamington Spa.

Oswald Rae, President of the British Ring, will give a talk on magic, with examples; and there are other illustrations of the art from J. G. Stickland, the Wessex Wizard, H. J. Collings (of "Wizardry and a Whistle" fame), and J. Milton Woodward, of Leamington. Mary Phelps will entertain with songs and dances. As some of the tricks necessarily will appeal chiefly to the eye, a compère will explain what is going on: Walter W. Kemp is to fill this office.

WEST REGIONAL

SUNDAY (June 24).—A Religious Service in Welsh, relayed from Capel Gomer (Baptist Church), Swansea.

MONDAY (June 25).—A Welsh Choral concert.



Sir Charles Carpendale
(June 25, 10.45 a.m., National)

NORTH REGIONAL

SUNDAY (June 24).—A Religious Service, relayed from Kendal Parish Church.

MONDAY (June 25).—Orchestral concert.

TUESDAY (June 26).—A Song recital.

WEDNESDAY (June 27).—Orchestral concert, relayed from Harrogate.

THURSDAY (June 28).—A Frivolous Half-Hour: We Three, an intimate entertainment.

FRIDAY (June 29).—Dance music.

SATURDAY (June 30).—Concert party, relayed from Blackpool.

SCOTTISH REGIONAL

SUNDAY (June 24).—A Scottish Religious Service, relayed from St. Machar's Cathedral, Aberdeen.

Continued on page 22

Radio Times gives full programme details.

IT isn't so much what you sing or how you sing, as the way you sing it!

You never hear the crooner—the new product of the microphone age—discussed in terms of light tenor, tenor, baritone or bass, as they used to talk about popular singers.

He is discussed more in terms of fan mail than in a category denoting the range of his voice!

Crooning is a new art, for which there is a new public.

But what most people seem to have forgotten is that the microphone singer has to convey an atmosphere to his hidden audience without that atmosphere actually existing.

He must convey to their imagination such things as a smile, a sigh, a frown, a laugh.

All these are invisible to the listener—yet the crooner, if he knows his art, has the specialised ability to convey these gestures solely by his manner of presenting a song.

Some crooners (no names) are perfectly inanimate. They leave you cold after they have sung. A second later you have forgotten the vocal chorus. It was just a voice singing mechanically conveying nothing to you whatever.

But these are not the artists.

If I may say so, the whole act of microphone singing—call it crooning if you like—lies in the ability to impress your audience with the correct atmosphere of the song you are singing. To do this it must be remembered that you have only vocal expression at your command. No amount of facial expression is visible.

Light and shade, inflexion of the voice, and correct expression are alone able to give listeners an impression of what you feel as you sing into the microphone.

Herein lies the art of crooning.

First, you must be sufficiently artistic to "feel" the song you sing. In other words, you must close your eyes and forget about your surroundings and live only in the atmosphere of the song.

Then you must convey what you feel through the medium of your voice. Some people have expressive voices, while others haven't.

You may notice this when you talk to different people. Some speak in quite an animated tone, while others talk in monotonous. This is mostly a matter of temperament.

For this reason, some have the right temperament for microphone work while others are particularly unsuited to it.

It is my impression that quality in a voice matters less than this, rare ability to convey atmosphere to your listeners.

Of course, crooning like many other lines of business, has its evils. It has attracted those who, in my own estimation, are not qualified from the artistic standpoint to be microphone singers.

For my own part I was, and still am, a guitarist. I play that instrument in Lew Stone's Orchestra.

It was in this very band that I made my radio debut as a crooner. When I commenced to sing into the microphone I was never, from the very first, concerned with the quality of my voice.

I realised that I had to sing, and as I am usually rather sincere in my other undertakings, including my guitar playing, I was equally sincere in my early vocal efforts.

This sincerity alone is responsible for any measure of success I may have attained as a crooner.

If I sing a song, I first read carefully through the lyric. I try to understand thoroughly what story the author has attempted to convey. Then I forget about everything else and live, for a few fleeting seconds, in the atmosphere of the song while I am singing it. Oblivious to my surroundings, an earthquake would be the only thing to bring me back to earth again!



SINGING on the AIR

by Al BOWLLY
the popular radio crooner

Some like my voice—some don't.

But I can never be accused of insincerity or of singing mechanically. The notes mean less to me than the story expressed in the lyric.

So you see, it is all a matter of interpretation. It is this ability alone that brought fame to the greatest of all microphone singers, known throughout the world as the "King of Crooners"—Bing Crosby.

He has a delightful voice, it is true, but his artistry alone is responsible for his unprecedented success.

And this is where the trouble starts—most of the crooners in this country lay claim to the title "The British Bing Crosby." They try to copy Bing in a perfectly mechanical way, which you will agree is, from the very beginning, an admission of insincerity.

The great Bing Crosby is, above all things, sincere in his work.

To be somebody else you are not an artist, but a mimic.

I have never tried to imitate Crosby. But I cannot help being as sincere as he is in the interpretation of popular songs through the medium of the microphone.

People's voices differ in timbre and in quality—two characteristics that cannot be imitated. If crooners would bother less with an imitation of Bing Crosby and more with a real effort in their own natural voices, there would be more good singers of popular songs in this country to-day than there are at present.

To prove this statement it may surprise you to learn that amongst the scores of recording bands whose discs are issued regularly every month, about four or five of the most popular crooners do most of the vocal work on these records.

That's just how plentiful the crooners with microphone technique really are at the present moment, in spite of the fact that the Press deplors their popularity!

You, personally, may not like crooning. But if you could take a peep at a crooner's fan mail you would realise that there is a greater public for the microphone Pagliacci than anyone else. That alone justifies his existence.

Some crooners sing one type of song best. Others are more versatile and can sing any type of number equally well.

This, of course, is a matter of temperament.

But, for all that, I stick to my story. *It is not what kind of voice you have, or the way you sing—it is the manner in which you sing.*

Nothing has ever been achieved in this world without sincerity of purpose. The crooner, like everyone else, has to be sincere. Unfortunately, few are.

But those who are definitely made up for the absence of lighting effects, facial expression, gestures and acting, by their vocal interpretation of a song alone.

I will admit that certain legitimate singing rules are essential. For instance, among the crooners your *bête noir* sings out of tune. But he can't help it. He cannot correct himself because he does not know it!

His intonation is at fault—he has no musical ear.

Or, on the other hand, he may have that fatal "wobble." He sings two notes instead of one, with a vibrato that is wholly unnecessary. One of the causes of this is affectation.

This wobble, or vibrato, is one of the causes of a performer singing out of tune. Actually, what happens is that instead of singing one pure note accurately in tune, he sings two different ones. Between these two notes his own "ear" is bewildered. At the same time, the listener's "ear" is offended. Those listeners with a more or less accurate sense of pitch—and there are many with this gift—will naturally be aware of such a fault.

My Goodbye to the B.B.C.

(Continued from page Seven)

But he said something stronger than "messed," and we were still on the air.

I often wonder how many people heard that outburst. Those little accidents are always amusing afterwards, but at the time are rather disconcerting.

I shall miss the friendly faces of the reception clerks and the commissionaires, and the atmosphere of conviviality in the "Bolivar," where artists take their refreshments; but I shall not miss the atmosphere of the "Ogpu" which overshadows one in the B.B.C. building itself.

One day, not long ago, I asked a studio attendant how many engineers in the building were Trade Unionists. He replied that he did not know. To my further query as to whether he was or not I received a negative answer. I expressed surprise, and he left the room.

I was to learn later that he reported the whole of our conversation to the powers-that-be in writing, for which I hope he got promotion; but it is not a pleasant atmosphere to work in when such things are encouraged.

However, I shall shortly be going away to North Africa, and if ever you happen to tune-in to the Algiers station, maybe I shall be sending you greetings from there and thanking you for the interest you showed in one of your broadcasting film critics.



JANE CARR
on—

MORE ABOUT
NAILS

NAILS are such an important subject, and I feel many women do not make them as attractive as they might.

For one thing, nails, I think, should be cut shorter in summer.

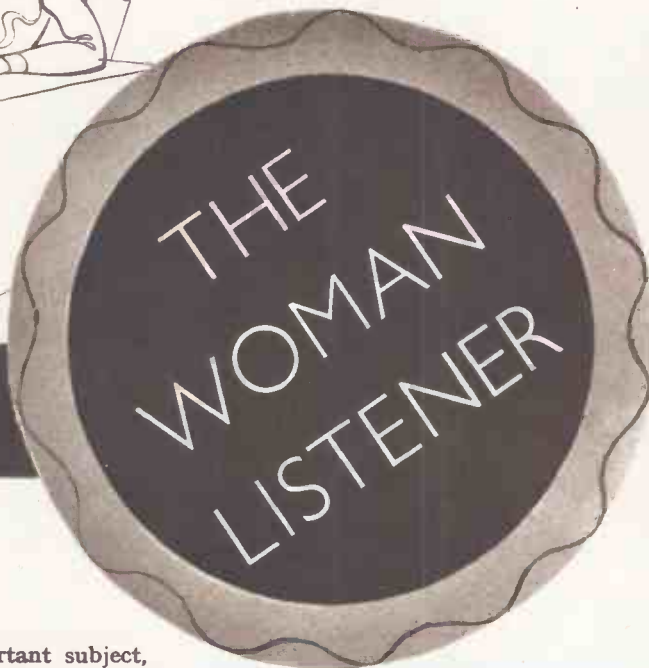
For games, and generally for out of doors, shorter nails are much more comfortable, as well as more attractive.

Nails are fragile things—they should never be put to hard use. I mean, in the ways we are so often tempted to use them, for opening lids and boxes. They are really very delicate, and they ought to be looked after just as carefully as we do our teeth, for instance.

Be very careful when pushing back the cuticles not to push them too far. There is a danger of breaking the nail while it is still under the skin, and when it comes into view it will be bumpy and blotchy. If you give your

nails a chance, for three months, say treating them very gently—i.e. pushing the cuticles back with an orange stick with a special rubber hoof at the end—you will find that they will not break at all.

Steel should never be used for nails, and you should never use a steel file; emery boards are much better. For cleaning the nail, use a bone or ivory file, or the ordinary orange stick is best. And when you are filing, be careful not to file your finger at the same time! Else you will have an ugly, sore, red place.



For the modern home—a wireless loud-speaker and flower-pot combined

JEANNE DE CASALIS on—

THE IMPORTANCE
OF COTTON

IF you can make anything, you can make a cotton dress, and for tenpence or a shilling a yard you can buy lovely, firmly woven, crisp cotton fabrics that will put you right in the forefront of the mode. Never again will we neglect cotton as a summer fabric; it is the *only* correct wear on the beach, for one thing—for trailing, loose, three-quarter length jackets, for blouse-and-shorts outfits, as well as the indispensable knockabout tub frock.

And really cotton fabrics are amazingly attractive nowadays.

Bright coloured checks on a white ground and those very narrow pin stripes are most popular for mornings in town or country, and flower patterns are the rule for afternoons and evenings. We are obliged to be our most feminine selves this season, in very long, fluttery frocks and very short fly-away jackets, that are completely right for any occasion from lunch to bedtime. These are of net or tulle, with organdie, lightly spotted or diagonally striped, for our more thrilling occasions.

The most practical and up-to-date form of beach dress is the wrap-around sort that buttons up the front or down the back from a low-cut neck. With large round buttons as big as half-crowns, that make any other trimming quite unnecessary.

There are also the most engaging little rompersuits, which seem to be mainly of red and white check, and three-piece suits comprising shorts, blouse and wrap-around skirt which button on to one another, and look singularly comfortable and adaptable.

But gingham not only makes frocks—it makes tailored suits as well, of which the nicest form, perhaps, is the flowered gingham or linen jacket with hat to match, worn over a black or dark coloured woollen skirt. New, useful, and inexpensive.

And in addition to all this, blouses, tunics, scarves, bows, jabots, collars, gloves—even sandals are made of this charming and useful fabric. Truly a cotton season.

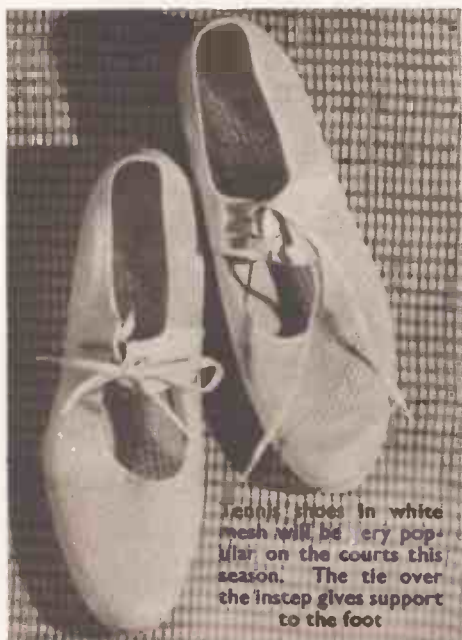


This is an "Ostrich" make hat, trimmed with a wide band of flowers and a tiny veil

(Photograph by Blake)

Toe nails, too, of course, have to be considered in the summer time. I must say that I think feet are never very beautiful at the best of times, but they can be helped enormously by having shapely toe nails. Not necessarily polished; but you really should put a little oil on the cuticles and try to push them back with an orange stick. Use the blunt end, applied with plenty of grease.

It doubles the pleasure of a bathe if you don't have to hide feet you are ashamed of.



Tennis shoes in white mesh will be very popular on the courts this season. The tie over the instep gives support to the foot

Jane Carr

Jeanne de Casalis

Write to "MARGOT" About It

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

FIVE SHILLINGS HINTS

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

ORANGE ICING

ORANGE ICING on cakes is often very sweet and sickly.

The remedy is—try lemon juice, instead of the orange juice, and use only the grated peel of the orange. Soak the latter for a few minutes in the lemon juice, while preparing the other ingredients for your icing. Here is a recipe for a really delicious icing for a layer cake.

Beat the whites of two eggs until stiff, add two



There is no need to tire yourself by stooping, if you have this long-handled dustpan and brush. It costs 5s. 6d.

cups of sifted icing sugar, then the grated and steeped orange peel. Mix into a smooth paste, adding more sugar if too liquid, or more lemon juice if too solid.

TRY THIS FOR INK STAINS

MOST people have tried two or three remedies for removing ink-stains, with varying success. For white linens and cottons, mustard is generally successful. Mix the mustard to a paste with water, and cover the spots with it before the stain has been washed. Let the mustard soak well in before washing in the usual way.

Another method is to cover the stain with salt, squeeze half the juice of a lemon over it, and leave it to stand for some hours. Then scald with boiling water, and the stain should disappear.

If the ink is quite fresh it can often be moved by rubbing with a rag soaked in methylated spirit.

Margot

MRS. R. H. BRAND

says—

JUNE FOR STRAWBERRIES

I THINK almost everyone likes this delicious fruit which, unfortunately, is seasonable for all too short a time, so we should make the most of it and use strawberries in cakes and puddings.

STRAWBERRY BAVAROISE

Ingredients required.—1½ lb. of strawberries; 1 good oz. powdered gelatine; 1 pint of custard; 3 tablespoonfuls water; 2 oz. castor sugar.

Hull the strawberries and leave them all night on a plate sprinkled with castor sugar. The next day, make the custard and strain into it the gelatine previously dissolved in the water, mix well and allow to cool. Rub the strawberries through a fine sieve and add the purée to the custard. If not pink enough, add a few drops of carmine to improve the colour.

STRAWBERRY WHIP

Ingredients required.—½ lb. of large strawberries; 4 oz. castor sugar; 2 whites of eggs; ¼ lb. of Finger biscuits; squeeze of lemon.

Crush the strawberries very thoroughly into a good-sized basin and put this basin into a much larger one half filled with cold water, or iced if possible. Add the sugar and egg-whites slightly beaten, and whisk all together until very thick.

Leave in the basin until required, so that the whip may be very cold. Serve in tall glasses if possible, with a half strawberry on the top.

STRAWBERRY CAKE

Ingredients required.—1 lb. of strawberries; 3 oz. castor sugar; 3 oz. flour; 3 eggs; ¼ pint of cream.

Whisk the sugar and eggs together over a saucepan of hot water until they are thick and creamy, add the flour gently, sieved with a pinch of salt, turn the mixture into a small greased sandwich tin and cook in a moderate oven until a golden brown. Hull the strawberries, halve them and sprinkle thickly with castor sugar. When the cake is cold, split it and cover one half thickly with fruit and a layer of cream which must previously have been stiffly whipped and flavoured with vanilla. Place the other half-cake on the top, cover with the remaining strawberries and cream and sprinkle with icing sugar.

I would like to call my readers' attention to an excellent cream now on the market which is sold in 4d. cartons (unwhipped) and 6d. (whipped), larger sizes being obtainable. I shall be pleased to give the name to anybody interested.

Bellina Brand.



Picnic comfort—plates, table cloth, napkins, spoons and bamboo knives and forks. Price 9d.



FOR YOU, TOO, THE Beauty THAT Captures Men!

DO YOU long for the allure of a soft, smooth skin . . . a complexion young and radiant as a morning in May?

Mere "wishing" won't bring you the beauty you envy so much in others. But there is a very easy, very inexpensive way to acquire loveliness . . . a way that is practised by millions of charming women the world over.

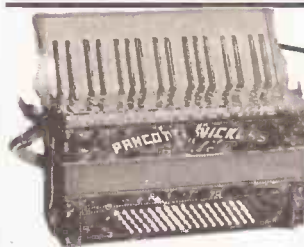
Begin to-day to use **OUTDOOR GIRL** Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick . . . the only preparations of their kind made with a pure *Olive Oil* base! Observe how these marvellous beauty-aids improve your skin; bring out its natural, living tones. Your face takes on a smooth, velvety texture. Lips and cheeks become tempting—*luscious*.

Outdoor Girl Beauty Products are amazingly inexpensive. Generous handbag sizes as low as 6d. 6d. to 3s. 6d. sizes in the newest smart shades at all CHEMISTS.

FREE SAMPLE sent Post Free.

Send a card for a generous free sample (one week's supply) of Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Face Powder, in the fashionable new Everglades shade which blends with every complexion, to Crystal Products Co., Ltd. (Dept. 50), 32 City Road, London, E.C.1.

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The Best GREY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME

You can now make at home a better grey hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce of bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and one quarter-ounce of glycerine. Any chemist can make this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Orlex imparts colour to streaked, faded or grey hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks.

It will not colour scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.



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 Shaftsbury Avenue, LONDON, W.C.2.**

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DISTINCTLY ALLURING
THAT IT'S BOUND TO
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7½d. a packet at all good Grocers and Chemists

**AWFUL STOMACH PAINS
AFTER OPERATION**

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

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

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

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

Send us your guinea "star" letter!

What Listeners Think...



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

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

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

★ **Empire Broadcasts**

"I WAS very interested in the article on the Empire broadcasts and the excellent work put in by Capt. Graves.

"I am sure some of the programmes must be highly appreciated by listeners in the colonies and dominions, but why inflict the highbrow music on the poor Canadian's breakfast table which is transmitted each Friday by a skeleton orchestra like the Northern Studio Orchestra? Granted they are good musicians and masters of their art, but who wants fugues and opus, etc., for breakfast. Then again, there is too much individualism by the leaders of these small orchestras and we already get more than enough violin. Of course, I do not know what the Empire listeners think of it.

"No doubt they will enjoy the variety given by Christopher Stone as we all do, so why not give them a broadcast occasionally from one of our theatres in the evening, to reach them at lunch time? It would be a good 'sauce' to their lunch and put them in good spirits and help them tremendously in their afternoon's work."—*H. Penketh, Warrington.*

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

Cheers for "In Town To-night."

"I HAVE read with interest Mr. Godfrey Winn's article, "Secrets of the B.B.C. Postbag," and I notice he thinks that the 'In Town To-night' series is the best of the recent radio features. It may interest you to know that the same view is shared by a good few others, who, like myself, have never bothered to write and say so. I know that where my wife is concerned, it is the only feature in the whole programme that she has never missed.

"I would like to see this letter in print, if only to let him know that a good many more 'cheers' can be added to that 'less than a dozen' total."—*Albert J. Smith, Fife.*

A Breakfast Bulletin

"There have been many pleas for early-morning broadcasts; the latest was a request for dance music during the breakfast hour. Although an enthusiastic dancer, I hardly think this idea would appeal to many listeners.

"But why not an early News Bulletin? Under present conditions the first broadcast news is not until 6 p.m. (or is it 18 hours?), when we have already read any items of interest in the Press. A Breakfast Bulletin with a short weather forecast, would, I feel sure, prove highly popular, while a cheery 'Good morning' would be as acceptable as the looked-for 'Good night' to the lonely ones."—*Pictorial Reader, Dundee.*

Their Own Announcing

"Whilst the light orchestras provide very excellent entertainment, I find their 'personality' sadly lacking. Why do they not announce their own programmes, as is the case in dance bands? I feel sure that one of the prime reasons for the popularity of this latter type of orchestra is the 'intimate, personal appeal,' achieved by their leaders in announcing their own programmes.

"Another point to be considered is that, whereas it is possible to see the complete programme published in the *Radio Times*, this is not always sufficient to enable one to identify any one particular tune. It has been suggested that the B.B.C. announce the programmes after, as well as before the broadcast."—*M. J. W., S.W.16.*

English or Foreign?

"When will the foreign station fetish be forgotten? At least fifty per cent. of listeners swear by foreign stations. They cry that the programmes of their own country cannot be compared with continental broadcasts. They forget that, in their search for their own peculiar style of entertainment, they choose the cream of half a dozen stations.

"Were these dial-twisters compelled to listen to only one foreign country's stations, the 'swearing by' would soon become 'swearing at,' and they would pine for a chance to hear English stations."—*Albert Inman, Sheffield 5.*



"Licence? Dog, Motor, Marriage, Wireless or Performing Right?"

Here's something new to write for ...

FREE—to YOU

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.

WHAT to Wear is an important question that crops up at holiday-time, but whether you are only week-ending or going farther afield, you will certainly want a raincoat that is not only utterly wind- and waterproof, but also strong, light, and easily packed or carried. Such as the "Mattamac," for instance, which folds into a mere handful. Their illustrated booklet, supplied free, is worth looking at. **25**

ANOTHER catalogue I have just been looking at was sent me by Aertex. What struck me most about this strong, hygienic, easily washable and hard-wearing material was its price. The most attractive tennis shirts with short sleeves and open neck can be bought for as little as 5s. for men and 6s. 6d. for women. And they are as attractive as they are comfortable. **26**

I HAVE just been introduced to the latest thing in oil-cookers—the Quick-Meal. It costs £6 8s. 6d., and cannot smoke or give off odour. Here is a cheap and efficient answer to the fuel problem—especially in the country. Write to me for particulars. **27**

HERE'S something for smokers! Every smoker, I am sure, would like to know how to save from 4s. to 7s. in the pound by buying cigarettes and tobacco direct from the makers at wholesale prices. This is what the Rothman Service Book explains to you; it also gives full details of the exclusive personal facilities provided by the Rothman Service for smokers. The first edition is already exhausted; it is quite free—and should be read by every smoker. **28**

Two Thousand Years of London.—Whitaker-Wilson (Methuen). Mr. Whitaker-Wilson has written a thoroughly interesting and delightful book—worthy of his subject. It is far from being a history—call it a "Social Life and Times" rather; which, ignoring politics and economics, sets out to give a picture of the changing life of the London streets from the year 67 B.C. to the present day.

The history of the streets and buildings themselves, and the growth of the suburbs from tiny hamlets, forms a not inconsiderable part of the plan of the book. However well you know London you cannot help learning something from nearly every page—an anecdote, a bit of gossip about this or that famous Londoner, or some detail of curious information concerning a building or a custom.

The author turns from subject to subject! We read about the peculiar excellencies of Norman masonry, the ways in which shopkeepers of those times were punished for their crimes, and an account of the ebbing of the Thames when people paddled across at London Bridge—all on the same page.

The book is roughly divided into historical periods such as Lancastrian and Tudor, but it is essentially a book to be dipped into here and there. All the more picturesque and entertaining scenes from the history books are here—the Fire of London, King Charles' execution and so on, written in a lively, almost colloquial style, that makes easy reading. The author is to be congratulated on a full, entertaining, and essentially readable book.

If you are frightened of the lightning danger to your aerial during the summer, you will be interested in the £200 guarantee given with every Gard automatic lightning arrester sold by Graham Farish Ltd., of Bromley, Kent. Every Gard is flash-tested, and permanently safeguards your home for the trifling cost of 2s. Gards can be obtained at any radio dealer's.



Children's NEWS MOTTO by Commander Stephen KING-HALL

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

"Ah why should life all labour be?"

These lines were written by Alfred Tennyson, who lived from 1809 to 1892, in a poem called "The Lotus Eaters." You will find the key on p. 24.

Stephen King-Hall



INTERNAL & EXTERNAL GROWTHS

A well-known London Surgeon has created world-wide interest in the discovery that Internal and External Growths are due to a deficiency of Potassium "salts" in the body which causes the cells to break down and become malignant.

The London Press quotes:

He is able in the most emphatic way to define bodily growths as a deficiency of potassium "salts" in the body, and to assert with proofs in support, that if this deficiency is remedied they will retrograde. . . . A growth that could not be touched by a surgeon I have seen (he said) in about six weeks disappear utterly and completely.

'Bodily Growths—Their Cause & Treatment'

This most interesting book, which will be sent to you free of charge on receipt of a postcard, fully explains the cause of Internal and External Growths and how to overcome them. The Secretary, The Cantassium Co., 183 Twickenham, Middlesex.

BE TALLER!

ROSS FOR HEIGHT

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 24d. stamp R. C. MALCOLM ROSS Height Specialist, Scarborough (Eng.)

EXACT SIZE

SOLID ZAM-BUK

For piles, use this famous herbal ointment in the form of soluble suppositories. Best left in position at night. It cures while you sleep. Be sure to ask your chemist for "Zam-Buk Suppositories," 1/3 box.

CURES PILES

CATHERINE KEARSLEY'S ORIGINAL

WIDOW WELCH'S FEMALE PILLS

Prompt and Reliable for Ladies. Awarded Certificate of Merit. A Well-known & Valuable Remedy for Female Complaints & for Anemia. 1s. 3d. & 2s. of all Chemists, or post free 1s. 4d. & 3s. 2d. from CATHERINE KEARSLEY, 42 Waterloo Road, London, S.E.1. Est. 1787. REFUSE ANY PILLS NOT KEARSLEY'S. Please mention "Radio Pictorial"

For the Veins Arteries and Heart

Elasto

Cures Through the Blood!

Elasto cures all Circulatory Diseases because it restores muscular tone to the Heart and contractility to Veins and Arteries, making them as healthy and as sound as ever.

ELASTO, the wonderful blood substance, which positively must be present in the blood to ensure complete health, is now known to be the active principle which controls the healing properties of the blood. Such troubles as Varicose Veins, Varicose Ulcers, Eczema, Swollen Legs, Phlebitis, Thrombosis, Rheumatism, Bad Circulation, Weak Heart, Piles, Prolapsus, Varicocele, and Kindred Ailments are directly traceable to degeneration of the tissue-cells resulting from a deficiency of this vitalising principle in the blood. These conditions will not respond to ordinary treatment; to effect a cure it is essential to remove the cause of the weakness, and this can only be done by making good the deficiency in the blood.

Elasto does this with results that often appear positively miraculous.

Full particulars of this New Biological Discovery are given in an interesting booklet which explains in simple language the Elasto method of curing through the blood. Your copy is free, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore contractility to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries, and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation, the real basis of sound health! Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets, which dissolve instantly on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the cheapest, and the most effective treatment ever devised. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this Modern Scientific Treatment which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

What Users of Elasto say—

- "No sign of varicose veins now."
- "Rheumatoid arthritis gone; I have never felt better."
- "All signs of phlebitis gone."
- "I had suffered for years with a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
- "Completely healed my varicose ulcers."
- "Now free from piles."
- "Your free sample gave wonderful relief."
- "I feel 10 years younger."
- "As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort; no pain whatever."
- "Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
- "My skin is as soft as velvet." etc.

POST this COUPON for FREE SAMPLE

COUPON ★

for Free Trial Sample of Elasto.

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., Ltd. (Dept. 210). Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto Treatment cures through the blood.

NAME (Please Print in Capital Letters.)

ADDRESS

Rad. Pic. 22/6/34.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

PROGRAMME HEADLINES

Continued from page 16

- MONDAY (June 25).—*Buchan and the '45*, a play by Helen Drever.
 TUESDAY (June 26).—Band concert.
 WEDNESDAY (June 27).—Vocal and instrumental recital.
 THURSDAY (June 28).—A programme of Scottish Dance music.
 FRIDAY (June 29).—Concert Party, relayed from Rothesay.
 SATURDAY (June 30).—Military Band concert.

FOREIGN STATIONS

SUNDAY (JUNE 24)

- Athlone (531 m.).—Traditional Fiddle Music ... 10.45 p.m.
 Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Light Music 3 p.m.
 Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Gramophone ... 5 p.m.
 Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Military Music ... 12.35 p.m.
 Hamburg (331.9 m.).—Harbour Concert ... 6.15 a.m.
 Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—National Songs ... 10.30 a.m.
 Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Dance Music 10.50 p.m.
 Luxembourg (1,304 m.).—Dance Music arranged by the International Broadcasting Company 1.45 p.m.
 Madrid EAJ7 (274 m.).—Dance Music by the I.B.C. 2 a.m. (Monday)

- Munich (405.4 m.).—Old Songs and Madrigals ... 11.15 a.m.
 Poste Parisien (312.8 m.). Selections from Sound Films. 12.15 p.m.
 Radio Normandy (206 m.).—I.B.C. Orchestra ... 5 p.m.
 Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Concert from Vichy Casino ... 3.30 p.m.
 Warsaw (1,345 m.).—Orchestra 4 p.m.

MONDAY

- Athlone (531 m.).—Orchestra 8.15 p.m.
 Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Trio concert ... 7 p.m.
 Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Orchestra ... 9 p.m.
 Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Ballet Music and Light Music on Records 6.30 p.m.
 Juan-les-Pins (240.2 m.).—
 Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Music by Northern Composer ... 5.20 p.m.
 Munich (405.4 m.).—Munich-Stuttgart Exchange Variety 9.15 p.m.
 Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Chamber Music ... 9.25 p.m.
 Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Third-Class Carriage, Variety by the I.B.C. ... 5 p.m.
 Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Variety 8.30 p.m.
 Stuttgart (522.6 m.).—Stuttgart-Munich Exchange Programme. Variety ... 10.45 p.m.
 Toulouse (328.6 m.).—Orchestra 7.45 p.m.

Your Foreign Programme Guide



Signorina Nini, chief announcer of the National station for Italian-speaking Switzerland. The transmitter is situated on Monte Ceneri; the studios are at Lugano.

Items You Must Not Miss

- Luxembourg**
 Concert 1-1.30 p.m. Sunday
Poste Parisien
 Concert 10.30-11 p.m. Wednesday
Munich
 Variety 9.15 p.m. Monday
Madrid
 Dance Music 2 a.m. Tuesday
Luxembourg
 Concert 10.30-11 p.m. Sunday
Barcelona
 Trio Concert 7 p.m. Wednesday
Radio Normandy
 Dance Music 5.45 p.m. Thursday

- Warsaw (1,345 m.).—Concert 9.12 p.m.

TUESDAY

- Athlone (531 m.).—Dramatic sketch 8.30 p.m.
 Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Trio Concert ... 7 p.m.
 Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Light Music ... 9.15 p.m.
 Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Concert ... 1.30 p.m.
 Hamburg (331.9 m.).—Folk Songs and Folk Dances ... 8.15 p.m.
 Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Song Recital 8.30 p.m.
 Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Popular Concert ... 6.20 p.m.
 Munich (405.4 m.).—Variety Programme ... 8.10 p.m.
 Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Ballet Music and Variations on Records 7.43 p.m.
 Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Dance Music by the I.B.C. 4.30 p.m.
 Reykjavik (1,442 m.).—Cello Recital and Icelandic Songs 11 p.m.
 Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Variety 6.30 p.m.
 Warsaw (1,345 m.).—Song Recital 6.15 p.m.

- Toulouse (328.6 m.).—Orchestra 6.15 p.m.

WEDNESDAY

- Athlone (531 m.).—Anglo-Irish Ballads ... 8.45 p.m.
 Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Trio Concert ... 7 p.m.
 Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Gramophone ... 1.25 p.m.
 Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Light Music and Dance Music on Records ... 10.10 p.m.
 Konigsberg (291 m.).—Light Music 6.20 a.m.
 Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Orchestra 7 p.m.
 Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Dance Music 10.50 p.m.
 Munich (405 m.).—Variety
 Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Messenger Concert... 8.10 p.m.
 Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Dance Music by the I.B.C. ... 11.30 p.m.
 Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Orchestra 6.30 p.m.
 Warsaw (1,345 m.).—Light Music 8.12 p.m.
 Toulouse (328.6 m.).—Gala concert 9.15 p.m.

THURSDAY

- Athlone (531 m.).—Contralto Solos 8 p.m.
 Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Trio Concert ... 7 p.m.
 Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Concert ... 9.15 p.m.
 Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Flemish Songs ... 6.30 p.m.
 Heilsberg (291 m.).—"Schoies Samland": Music by Besch 8.15 p.m.
 Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Request Records ... 7 p.m.

- Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Wind Instrument Concert... 6.20 p.m.
 Madrid EAJ (274 m.).—Dance Music by the I.B.C. 2 a.m. (Friday)
 Munich (405.4 m.).—Orchestra 11 p.m.
 Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Opera and Operetta Music ... 1.35 p.m.
 Radio Normandy (206 m.).—Dance Music by the I.B.C. 5.45 p.m.
 Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Military Band ... 8.30 p.m.
 Stuttgart (522.6 m.).—Symphony Concert ... 8.45 p.m.
 Warsaw (1,345 m.).—Dance Music 11.5 p.m.
 Toulouse (328.6 m.).—Dance Music 11.15 p.m.

FRIDAY

- Athlone (531 m.).—Orchestra 8.5 p.m.
 Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Trio Concert ... 7 p.m.
 Breslau (315.8 m.).—Concert of Light Music ... 6.25 a.m.
 Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Orchestra ... 8 p.m.
 Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Acts 2, 3 and 4 of *Mefistofele*—Opera (Boito) ... 6 p.m.
 Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Orchestra 8.45 p.m.
 Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Contemporary Music ... 4 p.m.
 Munich (405.4 m.).—Light Music 11 p.m.
 Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—French Music ... 8.10 p.m.
 Radio Normandy (206 m.).—"Romance" by the I.B.C. 5 p.m.
 Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Concert conducted by Roskam 5 p.m.
 Warsaw (1,345 m.).—Polish and Other Songs upon the "Sea"—Recital ... 8.15 p.m.
 Toulouse (328.6 m.).—Variety 9 p.m.

Dance Music of the Week

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

Wednesday. Roy Fox and his Band (*from the B.B.C. studio*).

Thursday. The Casani Club Orchestra, directed by

Charles Kunz (*Casani Club*).

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

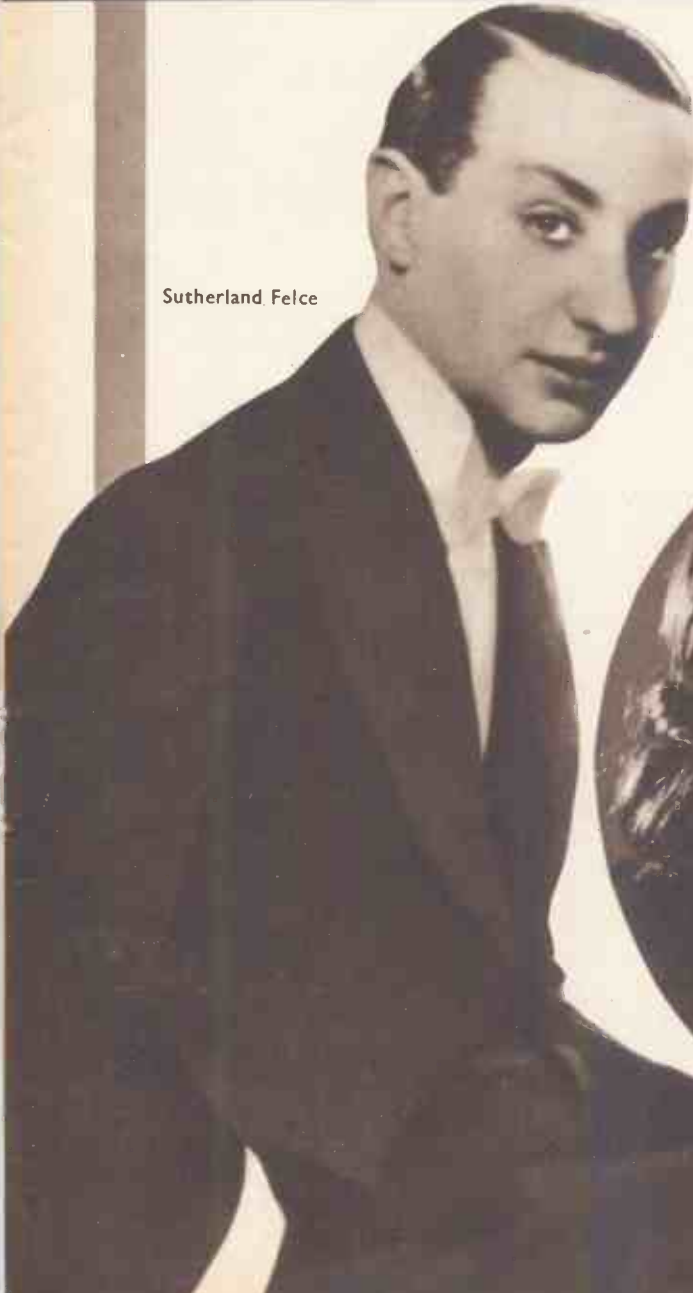
Saturday. The B.B.C. Dance Orchestra, directed by Henry Hall (*from the B.B.C. studio*).



On
the Air
This
Week



Dennis Noble relieves himself of coat, collar, and tie when singing into the mike! You will hear him on Friday, June 29, in the Regional programme. His first broadcast was on the night of the wedding of the Duke of York, and since then he has sung regularly in all types of programmes



Sutherland Felce

You will hear Sutherland Felce in the vaudeville relay from St. George's Hall on June 30. He is well acclimatised to the microphone, this being his third broadcast this year, and is equally at home on the stage, as compere, and in cabaret. Shortly he is to be given a part in "Radio Parade," the film which B.I.P. are to make at Elstree



Sydney Baynes and his Band will broadcast on Monday from London Regional. You see him (above) at his favourite pastime of jigsaw puzzles. Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson are on the left, and will be heard on Thursday (National). As students of the piano under Tobias Matthay, they met, fell in love, and were married. They have played together ever since, here and all over Europe. Ethel Bartlett has been called one of England's most beautiful women, and portraits of her have been hung at the Royal Academy for four consecutive years



A snap in the Gaumont British studios at the conclusion of the filming of "Chu-Chin-Chow." The group includes Anna May Wong, George Robey, Walter Forde (the producer) and Henry Hall, who paid a flying visit to the studios to see part of the filming

High-spots of the Programmes

I AM glad to hear there is to be a memorial concert to Gustav Holst in the National programme on June 22. He died on May 25. He was nearly sixty and a fine musician. As he was a great friend of Dr. Boulton, the orchestra will be conducted by the latter for the occasion. They don't seem to be doing any of the *Planets*, but I think the programme will appeal to a good many people.

Harry Pepper says his next *Kentucky Minstrel* show is "not so typical" as some of those already given. The difference, he tells me, is that he is making it as far as possible an open-air show. All to the good, surely? June 26 and 27 for this.

I have seen the play-list for July. Perhaps you would like me to tell you what is being done? You remember *Monsieur Beaucaire*, of course? The same author's *Beauty and the Jacobin*, a story of the French Revolution, is down for July 5 and 6.

On the 10th and 11th Val Gielgud is reviving *The Fantastic Battle*, by Leslie Baily. A topping play. I thoroughly enjoyed it last time. The third of the Famous Trials comes off on the 16th and 17th. It is of *Richard Hathaway*, who got into trouble for causing a woman to be burned at the stake for witchcraft. Should be good.

Then there is *Mr. Pim Passes By*, on the 25th and 26th. Finally, Laurence Gilliam's *Fourth of August*. A good list, especially for a summer month.

A show called *Sketch Book* is to be broadcast regionally on July 7. It is to consist of five or six short sketches ranging from the twopenny thriller to a comedy. One of the sketches is by Max Kester, so it ought to be good.

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

The International Labour Organisation (do you know what that is?) has just been holding its 18th Conference in Geneva. Amongst other matters of interest to the workers of the world the delegates to this Conference have been discussing the possibility of people working forty hours a week in industry.

RONDO'S newsy gossip about the items you have heard on the radio and the programmes in preparation

Milton Woodward of Leamington will be there. Mary Phelps will entertain with songs and dances, but whether there is to be any magic in them is more than I can tell you. As most of the tricks are bound to appeal to the eye, Walter Kemp will complete the relay and explain what is going on.

This Week's RADIO HINT

WITH a modern set, particularly if it is a super-het, you should not tune to ear alone. It often happens that a station will come in fairly loudly at two points on the dial close together, and if the dial calibrations are not watched closely, then you might be content with picking up the station at a tuning setting which results in tone distortion. Only when a receiver is accurately tuned do you get the greatest freedom from

jamming and the correct tone. It is so easy to miss the exact tuning setting if the scale is not watched.



There is to be Magic for the Midlands. On June 30, quite an interesting broadcast comes from Leamington Town Hall in the form of a relay of the doings of the Convention of the National Brotherhood of Magicians.

Previous conventions have been held at Cheltenham and Northampton and usually a number of Continental and American magicians have attended. The president of the British Ring is Oswald Rae, who will give a talk on magic with examples.

The Wessex Wizard (J. G. Stickland) and H. J. Collings (of *Wizardry and Whistle* fame) and also J.



OUR CARICATURIST TAKES YOU BEHIND RADIO PLAYS
"False face must hide what the false heart doth know"—(Macbeth)

Keep Your Copies of RADIO PICTORIAL

*and preserve them in one
of these handsome*

Self-Binders!

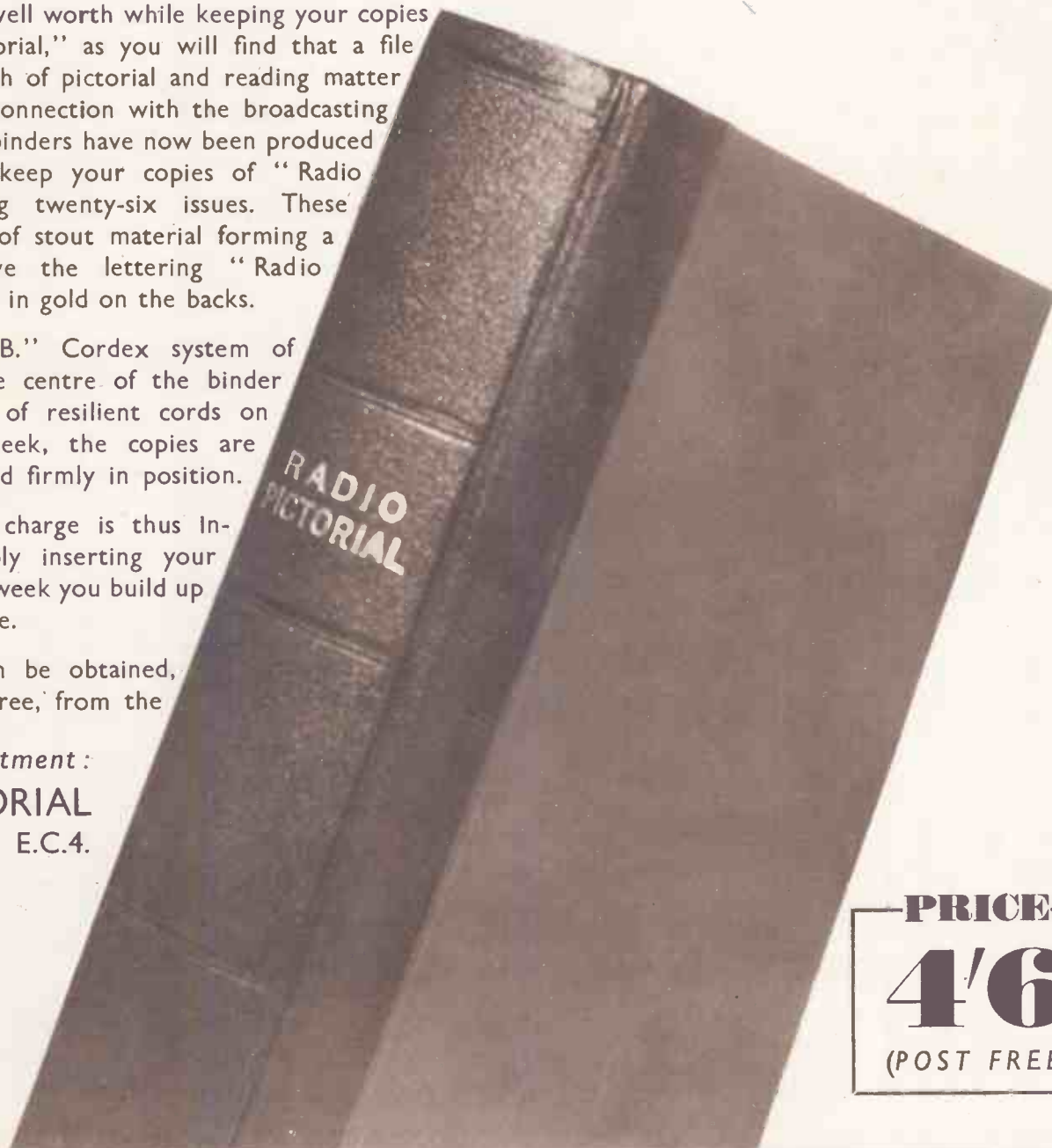
YOU will find it well worth while keeping your copies of "Radio Pictorial," as you will find that a file will provide a wealth of pictorial and reading matter of vital interest in connection with the broadcasting world. Handy self-binders have now been produced in which you can keep your copies of "Radio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

The special "M.B." Cordex system of binding is used, the centre of the binder carrying a number of resilient cords on which, week by week, the copies are slipped and thus held firmly in position.

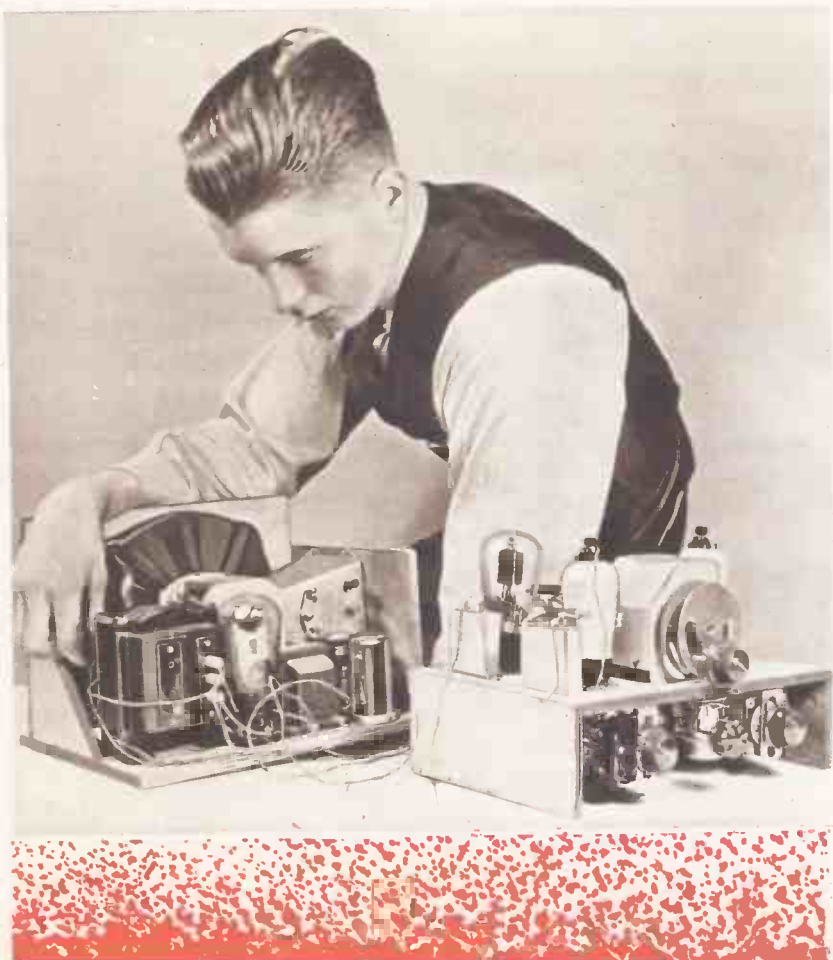
No bookbinders' charge is thus involved, as by simply inserting your "Radio Pic." every week you build up the complete volume.

These binders can be obtained, price 4s. 6d., post free, from the

Publishing Department:
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PRICE
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*Make no mistake
about it!—the
A.C. PENTA-QUESTER
is a “winner”!!*

The A.C. PENTA-QUESTER described in this week's issue of "AMATEUR WIRELESS" represents the very latest in modern all-mains set design. Its Selectivity, Range and Enormous Power of Exceptional Quality, combine to make it the "hottest" A.C. three-valver in history.

Get your copy of "AMATEUR WIRELESS" today—it contains full constructional and working details of the A.C. PENTA-QUESTER.

Other Contents include:—

A Supplement for Short-wave Enthusiasts
in which is described the construction
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A Television Section.

Test Reports on New Apparatus.

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