

# PICTURES OF THE "GUEST NIGHT" STARS

NORTH REGIONAL ANNOUNCER — PAGE PORTRAIT

# RADIO PICTORIAL 2

EVERY FRIDAY



GRACIE FIELDS

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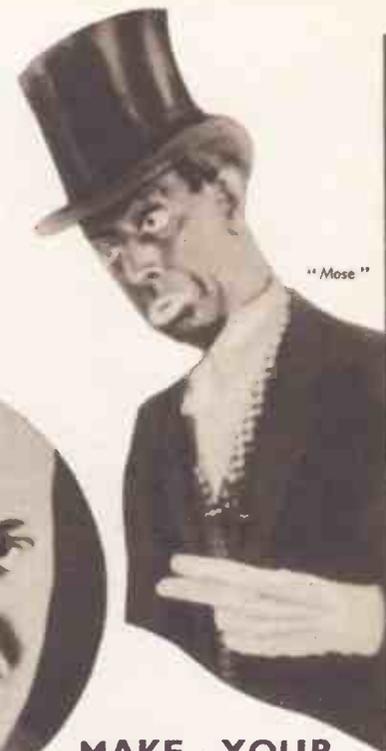
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|---|---|

Additional portraits will be released each week. The following will be available next week:—

**LESLIE FRENCH  
WALTER GLYNN  
ODETTE DE FORAS**

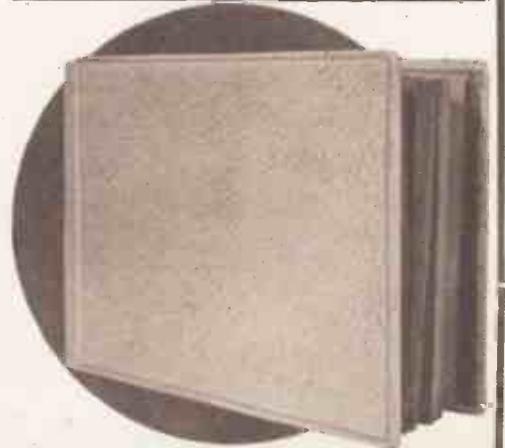
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How would you like to keep your collection of Radio Stars in one of these handsome albums?

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

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Send for your first set of portraits TO-DAY.





A POPULAR  
B.B.C. *Announcer*  
Roy de Groot, who is frequently  
heard making the announcements  
at the Manchester studios

# Gazes

*the  
craftsmen  
that  
are different*



## SWIMMING POOL EXPERTS

Illustrated here is a completely equipped Gaze Swimming Pool at Bramley Grange Hotel, near Guildford. From rough ground to completion Gazes undertake the whole of the work and will be pleased to submit suggestions and estimate.



## RESTORATION OF OLD-WORLD CHARM

The restoration of these 350-year-old cottages depicted above into a charming Surrey residence, with up-to-date conveniences, is another typical evidence of Gaze Craftmanship, while the beautiful interior below shows equally well how the modern needs and the faithful adherence to Tradition can be welded together by Craftsmen of Distinction.

## GAZES HARD TENNIS COURTS

Gazes Non-attention Hard Courts obviate labour and expense, and mean trouble-free Tennis the year round. The photograph, reproduced by special permission, shows Miss Betty Nuthall, Mrs. Michel, Miss Mudford and Mrs. Godfree at play on a "Gaze" Court at Sutton.



## GAZES CHELSEA SHOW GARDEN, 1934

The photograph below shows a corner of the Gaze exhibit at Chelsea this year, which won the Silver Gilt Medal for its class. Let Gazes plan your Garden. There is inimitable charm associated with a Gaze Garden.



The successful treatment of your problems is by no means a costly matter when placed in the resourceful hands of such a comprehensive firm as Gazes. The quality of true Craftmanship and lasting satisfaction always associated with Gazes remain long after cost is forgotten. An appointment will place you under no obligation and an enquiry mentioning the department you need will secure the personal attention of an expert.

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10 CONDUIT STREET, W.1  
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KINGSTON 3000 (8 lines)

Every listener wants to know

Radio Pictorial — No. 24

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

# How the B.B.C.

# CHOOSES *your* Dance Music



**D**O you fancy yourself as a composer of light music for broadcasting?

Have you ever thought that you might make a fortune out of radio song-writing? Are you chipped on the 8.35 up about your powers as a radio composer?

And are you, as a reader of RADIO PICTORIAL, one of those who regularly swell the postbag at the B.B.C. with new numbers intended for trial on the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra?

If you have any interest in the composition of music for broadcasting, then you may take encouragement from the fact that every new number submitted to the B.B.C. is given personal attention.

If it is a dance number, it goes straight to Mr. Henry Hall's office at "B.H." If it is a more serious composition, it is considered by Dr. Adrian Boult, Mr. Owen Mase, or one of the other members of Dr. Boult's musical staff at Broadcasting House.

But by far the greatest number of new tunes is submitted to the Director of the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra.

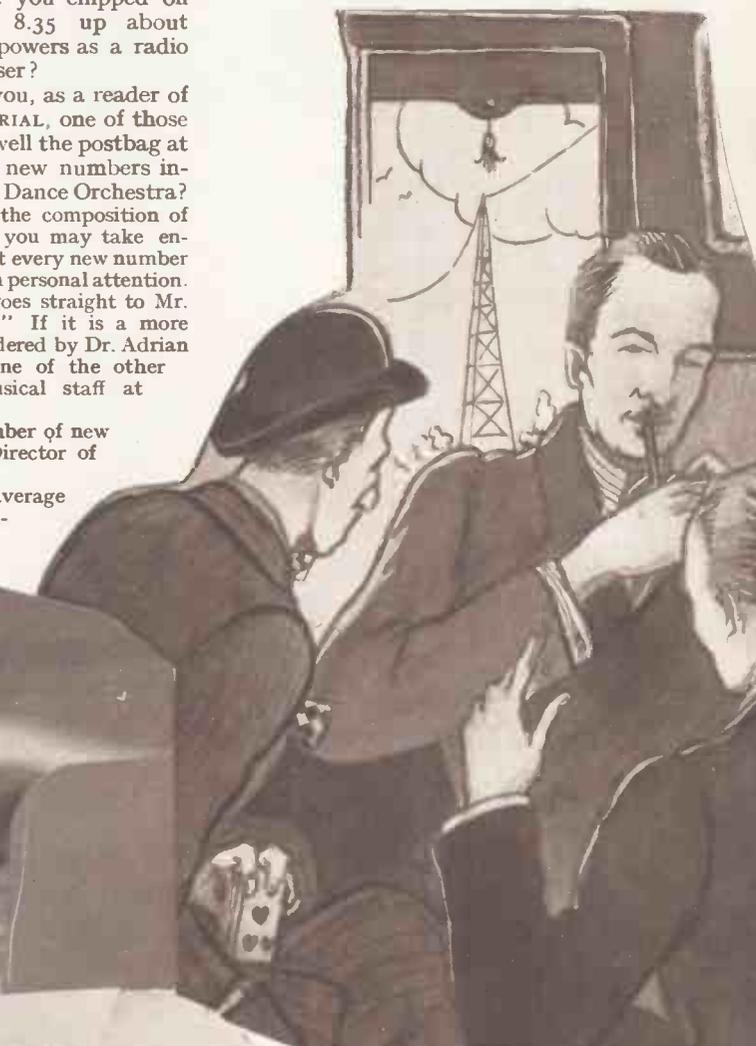
Every week he gets on an average one hundred new song manuscripts; some that have been

so badly written that it is almost impossible to decipher them, and others drawn up with meticulous care.

Every one is judged on its merits. One evening recently, Henry Hall took home with him a parcel of music which his manager, Mr. G. Hodges, had put into his hands as he was leaving Broadcasting House.

Mr. Hall placed the parcel on his study table, intending to scrutinise the contents when the rest of the household had retired to bed.

*Continued on page 22*



"Every new number submitted to the B.B.C. is given personal attention." Here you see the letter opening machine at Broadcasting House

"Are you chipped on the 8.35 up about your powers as a composer . . . ?"



A collection of motor-horns mounted on what looks like bedstead. That is what Stanelli's "Hornchestra" looks like, but he manages to squeeze genuine music out of it.

# "Newsmonger's" RADIO GOSSIP

## Are You the Chorus?

THEY were interrupted while rehearsing for the Children's Hour last week by a small party which walked into the studio. "Hallo, are you the chorus?" cried a violinist, laying down the fiddle.

Sir John Reith was taking the King and Queen of Siam round the building and the royal party had paused in its tour to watch a programme in rehearsal. Their Majesties preferred that this visit should be informal, and the group had passed the blue light and entered the studio unannounced.

The King and Queen were delighted with

the building; Her Majesty was particularly pleased with the kitchens and His Majesty enjoyed watching the signalling apparatus in action.

## Visitors From Abroad

I have met many other distinguished foreign guests on visits to Broadcasting House this week. The International Broadcasting Union is meeting in London and there has been a great deal of coming and going between Portland Place and the hotel in Park Lane where the delegates are staying. Besides the Lord Mayor's reception and

several banquets, the foreign broadcasters have been taken by the B.B.C. to the Tower of London for the ceremony of the keys, to the Aldershot tattoo, and to Droitwich.

As a delegate confided to me, "There has not been a dull moment." But these affairs are not altogether a picnic, and work got so much behind schedule, that they had to meet on Sunday!

## By the Sea

Writing of Droitwich reminds me that a dozen B.B.C. engineers are already in residence... and I hear of a man with a rheumatic tendency who is applying for a transfer to the new station!

The brine baths at the Spa are, of course, the attraction. The B.B.C. usually chooses a good spot for its transmitters. Watchet is on the Bristol Channel and there's a good bathing beach within a mile of the station. Burghead, the site for the Highland station, is on the Moray Firth, where there will be fishing, as well as bathing, for the staff. I would prefer to spend the summer at any of these stations than in the control room at Broadcasting House.

## Good Yarns

An announcer, knocked down by a motor-car, is taken to hospital suffering from delirium and in a horrid nightmare dreams of a day's work in which everything goes wrong.

But the story is not true; it is just one of the ideas which Cecil Madden is working out for the Empire programmes.

Another introduces a society hostess, well known in Mayfair for her stories, who will follow the London debutante I mentioned last week, to the Empire "mike." Mrs. Claud Beddington tells some good yarns which they should enjoy in the outposts.

## Maisie Gay, Hostess

Motoring up from Bristol, I called at the Northey Arms at Box, where Maisie Gay is now the hostess. She was busy arranging for the relay next Friday, July 6, from the dining-room at the hotel. Best wishes, "Mrs. 'Arris" and I shall tune in to West Regional for your programme. Most of her guests will be stars that evening.

## The Twiddleknobs—by FERRIER



IF MY PLANS WORK OUT I'LL BE ABLE TO ATTACH MY NEW INVENTION TO ANY NORMAL SET.

—MAKING IT INTO A SHORT WAVE ONE. THIS WILL MEAN GETTING NEW ZEALAND ON EVEN A CRYSTAL SET.

NOW FOR IT! IF THE VOLTAGE IS RIGHT, I SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET PAUL WHITEMAN ON WGY. BY JOVE, THERE HE IS!

LITTLE MAN, YOU'VE HAD A BUSY DAY!

ARTHUR FERRER

### A Happy Accident

The other day a big swing door at Broadcasting House struck a fair young man in the face, as one of the chiefs strode out of the building. Apologies followed and the pair walked together down the street in earnest conversation. The young man was obviously making the most of the encounter!

That particular chief is a very busy man; he always strides through the entrance in a hurry, and the young man clearly wanted his ear. Was it chance that the door struck his face?

### The Signal

I heard an amusing story the other day concerning the drummer of a dance band, who, unfortunately, could not read music and was accustomed to bang away just as he thought fit. So a friend of his arranged that he should give the drummer his cue by shouting out, "drums," "cymbals" at the proper times. But the friend was afflicted with a stammer. When the moment came he began, "S-s-s-s-s- --" Then, "Too late!" he shouted, "Drums!"

### His "Hornchestra"

Listeners will hear Stanelli and his "Hornchestra" again on July 2, at 9.15 p.m. You will be interested to know that his music is really produced by genuine motor horns that cannot be tuned or altered in any way. The "Hornchestra" comprises nearly every conceivable kind of hooter, some of them now obsolete.

### A Hunt for a Hoot

Stanelli had an arduous time collecting them. Once he was near Hyde Park in his own car when he heard a particular "hoot" that took his fancy. So off he set in pursuit, but he couldn't come up with his quarry!

Still, he got the number, and after some researches at last got in touch with the owner of the coveted hooter at Leighton Buzzard. And he was able to exchange his own brand new electric horn for the little old bulb one—to his own satisfaction and the delighted surprise of the other man!

### Famous Guests

This week the centre pages are devoted to some of Henry Hall's famous visitors to his "Guest Nights." These have been outstandingly successful and Henry tells



### IF YOU WROTE A RADIO PLAY

Have you considered how you would feel if you wrote a play for the B.B.C., went along to the studio and heard the actors' rehearsal. A special article in next Friday's "Radio Pic." tells you the intimate stories behind radio-play writing.

me that his postbag has swelled considerably since the introduction of this popular feature.

Kitty Masters, I understand, is also a great success. I went to the studio this week to hear her in the five-fifteen session; I had forgotten that if you want to hear a crooner, the last place to go is the studio!

### Seen . . . Not Heard

From my seat in the balcony of studio BB I watched Miss Masters slowly approach the "mike," step up on to the special wooden platform placed for her, and wait for the signal to begin. Then she turned to the "mike" and appeared to be whispering to it tenderly—but we couldn't hear anything!

What particularly struck me was the agility with which Len Bermon or Les Allen would slip out of his seat, thread his way through players and instruments, and appear at the "mike" at exactly the right moment for a solo. Or a violinist would suddenly come forward, with stand and music, play a few bars, and silently retire.

### The Guards at the Mike

B.B.C. engineers are lucky in having generally to cater only for small parties in the studio. Most broadcasters only face the microphone out of doors—at the Aldershot Tattoo and at similar events.

But the talkie engineers have difficult problems. When "Lord Babs" was filmed, for example, the leader of a large band dropped his staff right under the mike, blowing several fuses and recording cameras.

The Gaumont British engineers feared a similar calamity during the filming of *My Old Dutch*, in which the Scots Guards, led by Pipe-Major McDonald, played a certain part in scenes showing a small procession marching to a recruiting station. A number of microphone tests were made in the B.B.C. manner before the amplifiers were turned on . . . and the guards were allowed to play at full volume.

### Anona's Escape

Had a wire from Anona Winn last week. Appears she had a narrow escape when the train in which she was travelling en route to Glasgow left the rails near Portobello. Anona was not hurt, very fortunately, but naturally had a nasty shock and is not anxious to go through the same experience again, thank you!

### Come In!

The entrance hall of Broadcasting House has been considerably improved by some new seats. I am glad because I never get a chance to sit down when I go there to see people; there is always a crowd. It is as good as a vaudeville to spend half an hour watching people come in. It is the place where I see everybody who is anybody in the musical and literary world. They all turn in there some time or other.

Despite the fact that Broadcasting House was cleaned in the spring it is getting quite dirty-looking again. Personally, I should let it mature, but they seem keen on keeping it white. There were some lovely flowers in the entrance hall to-day.



In the film studios, Henry Hall chats with Evelyn Laye and Victor Saville, the famous film producer. Evelyn Laye is a star in Henry Hall's "Guest Night" Series.

## S.P.B. MAIS

WHEREVER I went in the United States I found the High Schools in a state of intense excitement about our system of radio. Apparently the high spot of all debates this year is that on the relative merits of our system and theirs.

At St. Paul I heard two young Cambridge graduates debating the matter with the debaters of the St. Thomas' College. The English debaters erred on the side of flippancy and concentrated on the usual gag of making advertising on the air sound ridiculous.

The American debaters erred on the side of a too funereal solemnity and spent their time asserting and reasserting that the B.B.C. is a Government department.

Even in one of the most reputable New York papers I read that in England radio is government owned and operated, which only goes to prove how easy it is for nations to misinterpret each other.

The American people do not, and I think naturally, look with any favour on the substitution of a 2.50-dollar tax for no tax at all, in order to keep the advertiser out. The truth is that you soon get so used to the advertiser that you don't notice him.

The only time that I found him really troublesome was in Seattle while listening-in to a wildly exciting wrestling match which was being continually broken into by the narrator saying, "What d'ye say, Frank?" a cue for Frank to repeat once again with damnable iteration how necessary for our continued existence were somebody's pills.

From 7.15 in the morning until midnight or later the day is split up into exact quarter-hour periods. And I must confess that most of those periods each taken by a different advertiser exactly suited me, for most of them put on a dance band—Paul Whiteman, Duke Ellington, Wayne King, Cab Calloway or someone of that sort.

And I can always work to the music of a dance band and to nothing else.

I realise that that makes it sound as if America had far less variety on her radio than we have.

But it is worth remembering that in America you have hundreds of stations to choose from and I always turned from one to the other in search of a whole day of dance music when I was preparing my broadcast talks.

On the same analogy anyone who wanted a day of nothing but talks could, I imagine, get it by simply pressing the button. I particularly liked the hill-billy and cowboy music.

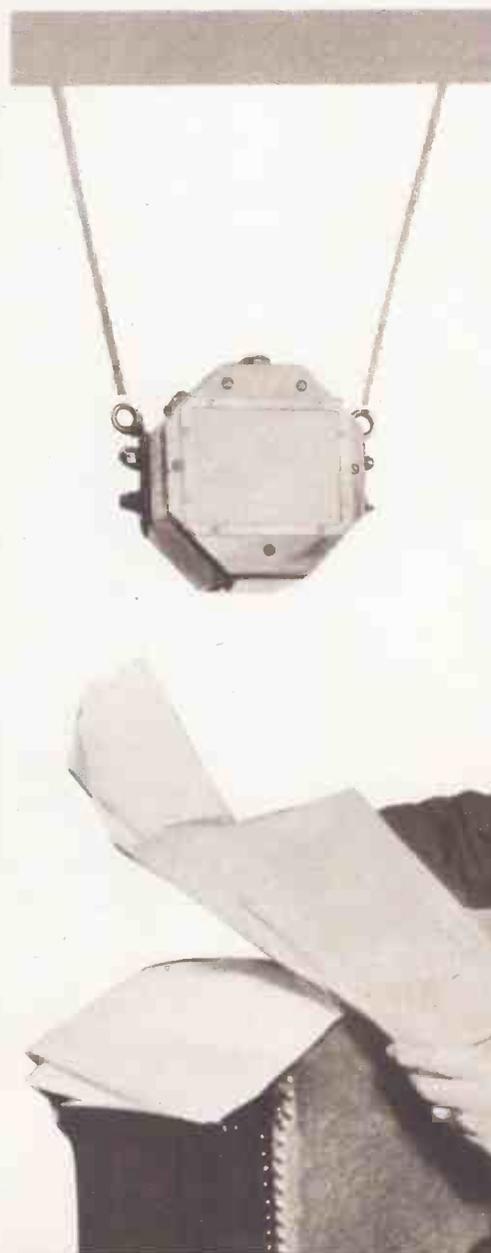
But had I wanted them I could have listened to Catholic priests advising Roosevelt what to do with the dollar, Lowell Thomas talking on Arabia, Commander Byrd on his Polar expedition, or Amos 'n Andy doing their daily coloured man's cross-talk story of pathos and laughter; then followed the adventures of the Happy Family, a most ingenious device by which we follow the humorous and dramatic life of one large family, listened to Dr. Damrosch teaching children how to appreciate music exactly as Sir Walford Davies does over here, or followed the instructions of the gymnasium instructor who gives the United States citizens their morning daily dozen.

Those who complain that the American system does not provide sufficient classical music perhaps forget that all the operas performed by the Metropolitan Opera Company are put on the air through the good offices of some famous advertisers.

The National Association of Broadcasters in America recently published a pamphlet, the purport of which was to help debaters with their facts.

tells you where

# AMERICAN Programmes are BETTER



In this, debaters were told that we, on this side, restrict the discussion of public questions, neglect public events, devote too much time to purely cultural subjects and neglect the social and political sides of life.

It is difficult to see the justice of the contention that we restrict the discussion of public questions in view of the freedom given to speakers to discuss highly controversial subjects such as unemployment, disarmament and blood-sports.

During my own series of talks on unemployment I said exactly what I meant to say and never had one word censored.

*Certainly I think America is luckier in not having her programmes fixed months ahead.*

It was very pleasant to find that I could go on the air at about a day's notice, and the President, of course, can take control of the air whenever he chooses, which is pretty often.

It is certainly true that the United States is far more interested in international affairs than we are. This may be due to the fact that listeners-in come from all nations and that a fair allowance of time must be allotted to Irish, French, Russian, German, Italian, and Czecho-Slovakian affairs.

I certainly think that we do accentuate the more purely cultural attitude to life and I am very glad. I was rather surprised in America, in view of their great interest in literature and the drama, not to hear more critical talks. I heard one on Galsworthy in Chicago by a Professor, which was well informed but a little heavy.

The American audience is much more heterogeneous than ours; it spreads over three million square miles—that is, over an area more than thirty-two times the size of the British Isles.

There are six hundred stations, nearly four hundred of which are all working at the same time. There are perhaps 17,000,000 receiving sets. It is obvious that home interests must be served before you can hope to make room for the cultural.

The great mass of people much prefer entertainment to information. This means that an immense amount of world news is rattled off at an almost incredible rate to squeeze it into a quarter-hour bulletin, and then the public is free to laugh its sides off for several hours.

For laughter is the main aim of advertisers and

*Continued on page 22*

"Most of all do I like the deep, clear, really masculine human voices of the announcers . . . the main thing wrong with American broadcasting is not advertising, but confusion in advertising. . . ." So says S. P. B. Mais

# MEN *who* Make your VARIETY

No. 2 — JOHN SHARMAN

Whitaker-Wilson, in this new series, gives you a personal description of the leading men at Broadcasting House who are responsible for radio variety and vaudeville shows

COMPARED with other producers of light entertainment at the B.B.C., John Sharman stands by himself somewhat because the nature of his work differs considerably from theirs.

My first impression of John was that he is singularly fitted for a producer of variety.

In fact, he leaves nothing to one's imagination in that respect. One does not meet him and wonder what he does at the B.B.C. One finds that out in two seconds. Obviously a man who has devoted all his energies to variety all his life.

Always smartly dressed; smokes his own weight in cigarettes during the course of a year, judging by his chain-methods during a rehearsal.

The joke is that no one is allowed to smoke on St. George's stage, but a small matter of that description does not worry John Sharman. He manages to finish his cigarette before going on stage during rehearsal. He is alight again as soon as he is back in the auditorium.

As you know, he produced the music-hall shows from St. George's Hall every Saturday night last winter.

Although it is true that producing shows of this type in a hall like St. George's differs considerably from producing musical comedy—or anything else that has a definite plot—it is not true to say that the question of "producing" does not arise. A few facts will prove it.

Sharman has to make some sort of beginning to his shows.

This is not, as is often supposed, merely effected by putting the weakest turn on first and getting it over that way. The sad fact is that, out of the hundreds of acts on Sharman's books, hardly a round twenty are what he considers really good opening acts.

He told me that he made use of the Eight Step Sisters—and continued despite the remarks in the papers—because he found they were useful in creating atmosphere. They were never on more than three minutes. If the effect of them singing an opening chorus (with a little tap-dancing thrown in) was a trifle misty, it at least served as a *beginning* while listeners settled down to the more specialised acts to follow.

The same thing applied to the two-minute intermission when the Sisters danced again. Even though there may not be much to say in defence of dancing by wireless, there is good psychology behind its inclusion for the reasons Sharman has given.

A comedian, for instance, has a cold start in a radio production compared with one who appears in an ordinary theatre show, where he has plenty of time to get an audience in his grip.

John Sharman rehearsing a programme in a B.B.C. Studio



The comedian engaged for a show at St. George's must grip his wireless audience in thirty seconds if he is to be any good at all.

His whole turn only lasts seven minutes, so that he can hardly afford to waste time.

Fifteen minutes on the Palladium stage where he is seen and seven in a studio where he is not, are very different propositions.

John showed me his engagement book. A mass of crossings out. These, he explained rather ruefully, were *disappointments*.

He books his artists at least a month ahead. It is hard to believe it when one finds seven out of every eight refusing on account of other work.

These people are busy. Moreover, their business takes them all over the country.

Neither is it always easy to get someone else. If Sharman puts a man like Will Hay into a programme it is because his style of act differs from anything else in the scheme.

If Will Hay has to disappoint on account of acting somewhere out of London, John must find someone else whose act is sufficiently distinctive to replace him.

Either that or else alter the rest of the cast.

Sharman's method—he insists definitely on this—is to build his programme as he intends to perform it. Rarely does he have the pleasure of performing exactly as he plans, for the reasons already given, but he keeps to a definite plan.

He says it is nothing for him to make out a really good programme with seven tip-top people, write to them, and get one acceptance out of the lot. Heartbreaking.

Incidentally, this accounts for names being announced not appearing in the printed programme.

The difficulty in programmes of this sort is the balance. Sharman is dead against putting two patter comedians of the same style in one show. As he says, what is the use of killing one with the other? Such a combination is not fair to either.

These difficulties have to be solved somehow. Sharman does it largely by a patient policy of waiting. He has his eye on every London music hall of note, and frequently books a comedian during his week at a theatre. This method he finds excellent both for himself and for the comedian concerned. The only difficulty is arranging a time, especially when the artist is working two shows a night at his theatre.

So that the conditions under which a producer of music-hall shows does his best to provide a well-built programme, from a good opening number to a real climax, are by no means ideal.

Beyond which, the work demands much "overtime." Sharman is in his office at St. George's Hall (or else in the actual theatre) more or less all day, in addition to which he generally spends his evenings at some theatre looking for new acts and actors. Always on the watch for something that might be effectively adapted for microphone use. Such actors are not found by the wayside; they have to be hunted down.

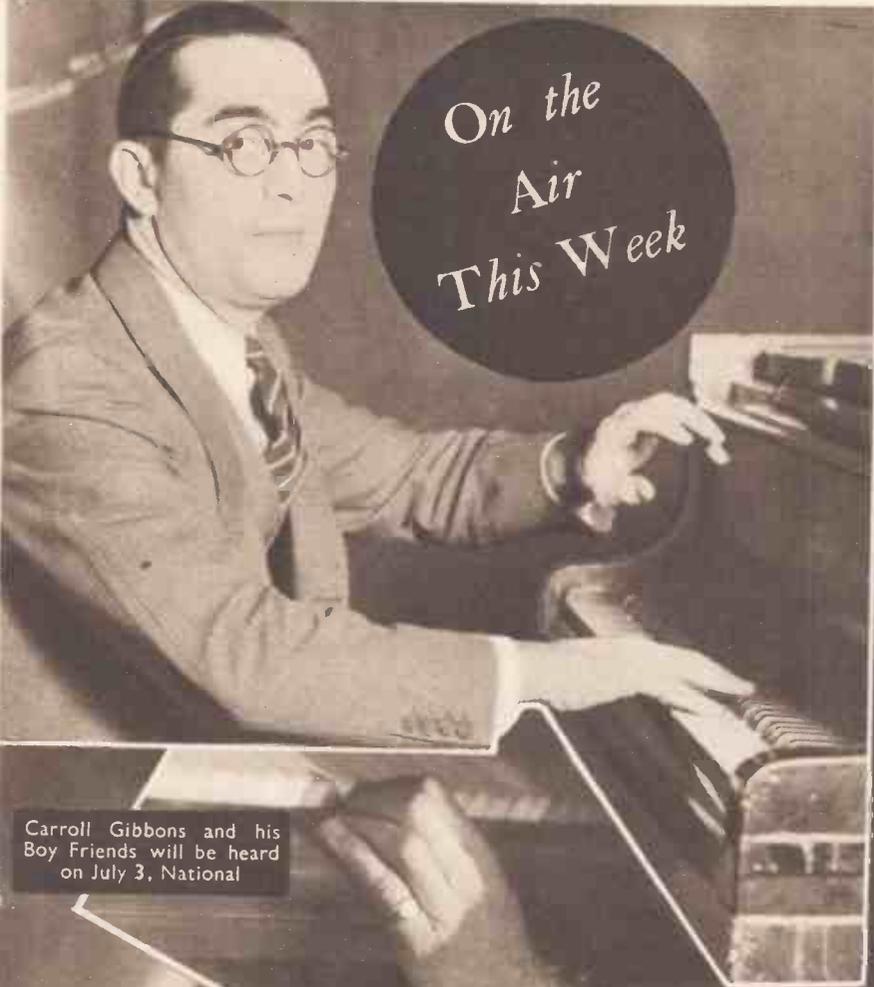
John Sharman's success as a producer is largely due to his untiring energy.

A man whose whole heart is in his work.

NEXT FRIDAY

Wakelam on the TEST MATCH

On the Air This Week



Carroll Gibbons and his Boy Friends will be heard on July 3, National



Cecil Baumer, another prominent pianist, will be heard on July 2, National



Leslie England will play to listeners on Sunday, July 1, in the National programme

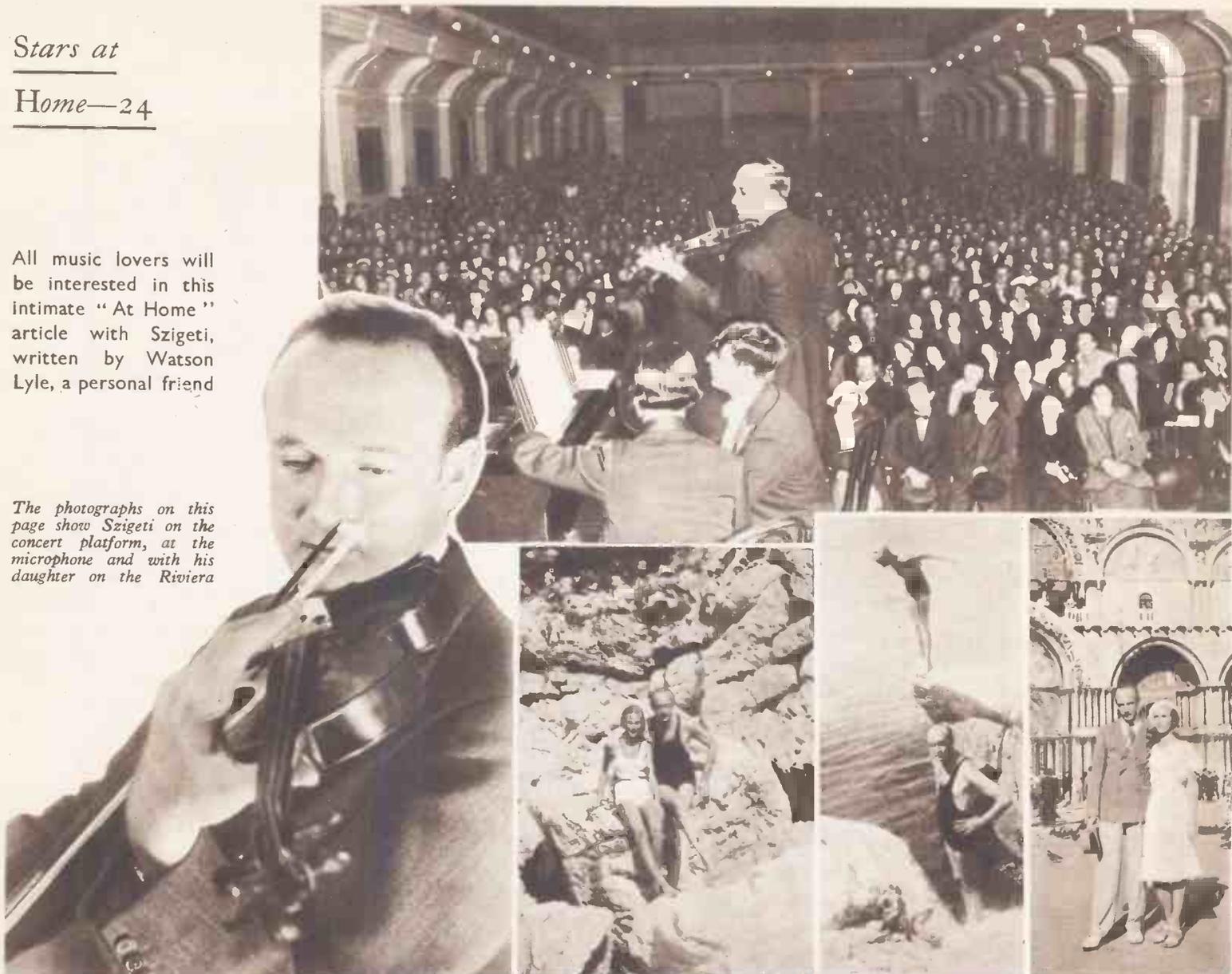


Sam Browne croons with Ambrose and his Orchestra, and will broadcast on Saturday, July 7

Stars at  
Home—24

All music lovers will be interested in this intimate "At Home" article with Szigeti, written by Watson Lyle, a personal friend

The photographs on this page show Szigeti on the concert platform, at the microphone and with his daughter on the Riviera



JOSEPH SZIGETI has two homes, one of which is a charming villa on the Riviera to which he, Mme Szigeti, and their young daughter go in summer for his well-earned holiday. The other is an *appartement* in the Boulevard Hausmann, Paris, which is the home of his wife and daughter for most of the year, and his haven for the brief spells of rest that his many concert tours and engagements, literally "from Paris to Peru," permit him.

There is scarcely any civilised country where Szigeti has not toured in the service of his art. Mme Szigeti is wont to declare that a small china clock in their bedroom is so unfamiliar with his presence that it stops when he arrives "home"!

In addition to the attraction of being with his family, which he sees only too seldom, it is easy to understand how his beautiful home irresistibly draws him to it from Australia, Japan, New York, or in whatever distant land he may be playing. He likes to hurry back, for even a day or two, to the many lovely and rare *objets d'art* harmoniously a part of his house. Beautiful furniture and treasured ornaments fill his house from hall to attic. Come with me to his home in Paris; let us see what Szigeti's flat is like.

If you know Paris at all, you will get a very good idea of the situation of Szigeti's *appartement* when I tell you that, when you enter it from the Boulevard Hausmann, you get a very good view of the Fauborg St. Honoré from its windows.

The ground plan of the flat is fan-shaped, so that it is possible, looking out of the windows of one wing, to see across to the opposite windows.

Within the *appartement* one passes from room to room through communicating doorways, or heavily curtained archways. At each end of the suite is a bathroom, in one case adjoining the

At home

with

SZIGETI

bedroom of the violinist and his wife; the other belongs to his little daughter.

Next to her bedroom is the Blue Salon, a restful and charming room with five lovely aquarelles by Eugène Boudin on its walls. On the floor is a beautiful Persian carpet woven by serfs of the Ukraine, a rare treasure in decorative art, blending well with the colour scheme and giving the *salon* its name.

Through a doorway is the music room.

There is a grand piano in one corner, in another a bust, about one and a half times as large as life size, of the famous pianist and composer, Busoni. The two men were friends, and his violin concerto was played by Szigeti for the first time in this country at an Albert Hall concert, and broadcast a few months ago. Mme Busoni, well known in the art world of Paris to-day, regularly visits the *appartement* Szigeti.

The music room, like the dining *salon* which can be seen beyond, through the looped, heavy curtains of an archway separating the two rooms, is frequented by many musicians, painters, poets, and dancers, whose names and careers may be expected to become a part of the history of our times.

Béla Bartók, Serge Prokofieff (that gay spirit!) and his charming wife, Igor Stravinsky, are often to be seen there.

Then there are the conductors, Bruno Walter and Ernest Ansermet; the composer, Ernest Bloch, at least one music critic of Paris, Henri Prunières; and several poets and *littérateurs*, such as Ilja Ehrenburg, Edmond Fleg, Boris d'Schloezer, and Cavalcanté Fedor Ozep, creator of *Le Mirage de Paris*.

Serge Lifar (well known to us in this country, of course, in ballet) is another famous visitor; and Shankar, the Hindu dancer, who, by the way, once cooked an Indian meal for his host and hostess. Painters include the cubist, Kandisky, and Boris Grigorieff.

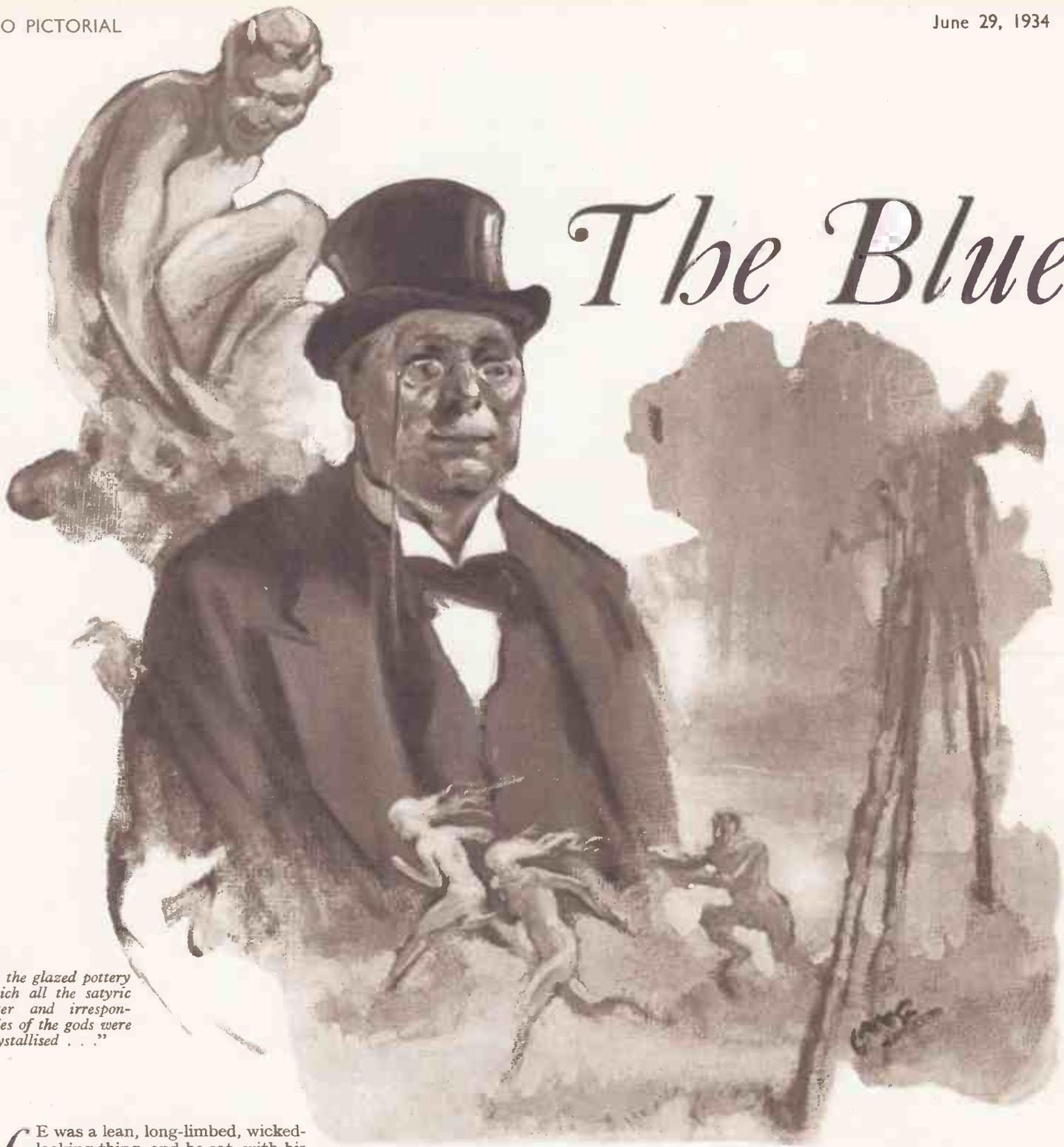
But it is not the dining salon, nor the music room, that is Szigeti's favourite retreat. This is his library, which is hung with some curiously coloured Tapa cloths from Sumatra brought back with him from one of his world tours. Here he can enjoy a welcome peace from his active and restless life.

There is another important personality belonging to the home life of M. Szigeti who must not be forgotten, partly because she insists on being noticed. This is his daughter's huge, fluffy, snow-white Angora cat, "Maviche," who was given to her by an admirer of her father's art, an old Turkish gentleman.

Maviche travelled as a small kitten in a compartment reserved for her use by the Turk, travelling the many hundreds of miles from Constantinople to Paris in perfect comfort, the train steward having specific instructions to give her warm milk at agreeable intervals!

No wonder Maviche (her name is Turkish, by the way) claims remembrance; especially as her present chronicler is also a cat-lover, and has her counterpart, in blue, in his own home.

# The Blue



"... the glazed pottery in which all the satyric laughter and irresponsibilities of the gods were crystallised ..."

HE was a lean, long-limbed, wicked-looking thing, and he sat, with his knees up and his long fingers clasping his feet, on a blue mushroom with a black-spotted stalk as wicked-looking as himself, and he leered at Mr. Pecklethwaite through the bow-windows of a little art shop in a narrow street of the Adelphi.

There was nothing in the least satyric about Mr. Pecklethwaite; he was tubby, short-limbed, and kindly-looking. He wore the orthodox attire of the business gentleman who is rather more than manager, yet rather less than director—striped trousers, black coat, and top-hat—and he carried on his arm the gold-mounted umbrella Mrs. Pecklethwaite had given him five birthdays ago, and which he was never likely to leave in the train, because he was not that sort of man.

You might also have thought that he was not the sort of man to stand and be leered at by a blue satyr on a baroque mushroom; but the secret places of Mr. Pecklethwaite's soul held a great many surprising things, and he frequently looked in at the little art shop on his way down to Charing Cross District station and the train which deposited him, after half an hour's strap-hanging, practically on the doorstep of his irreproachable villa which, being enclosed by a privet hedge, was called "The Shrubbery."

He had a nice taste in etchings, and a definite leaning towards futuristic china cats with blue-white bodies and vicious jade eyes—not that he ever bought any of either; Mrs. Pecklethwaite did not care for such things, any more than for the Russian ballet—which was Mr. Pecklethwaite's secret vice.

But there had never been anything in the bow-windows as fascinating as the blue satyr. Mr. Pecklethwaite thought of *Woizikovsky* in *L'Après-midi d'un Faun*—the same lithe grace, the same subtle suggestion of mockery and passion. Debussy's music wrapped Mr. Pecklethwaite round in an invisible mist, the motif phrase sounded a thin sweetness of pipes in his brain . . .

"You're an imp, that's what you are," Mr. Pecklethwaite addressed the satyr.

And then he was inside, recklessly inquiring "the price of the blue feller-me-lad on the mushroom," for however baroque one's soul, however pagan the music swirling in invisible mists about one, one speaks the language of every-day.

Two guineas was the price of the blue satyr. It was a signed piece, not one of those mass-production articles you could buy anywhere. The thing was absurdly cheap at the price.

But two guineas was two shillings more than the local man wanted for the overhaul and re-

sharpening of the lawn-mower; and "The Shrubbery" cried aloud for the restoring of the lawn-mower to active service. Mrs. Pecklethwaite also wanted a gas-copper; and there was a plumber's bill "round about two pounds" awaiting payment . . . But the little grey man with the scholarly forehead, who ran the art shop, removed the satyr from the window and placed him in Mr. Pecklethwaite's hand, calling upon him to admire the modelling.

Mr. Pecklethwaite fondled the six inches of glazed pottery in which, it seemed to him, all the satyric laughter and irresponsibilities of the gods were crystallised, and something flowed through him that was more than a contact with beauty, something composite of sun-drenched fields of wild thyme and warm wine outside tavern doors with trellis vines and blue shadows on white walls; he heard pagan laughter of satyrs that pursued nymphs in deep woods, and thin reedy music of the pipes of Pan; and out of this warm tide of emotions and tumult of curiously sweet discord, a voice that crept out of the grinning lips of the blue satyr:

"Escape from Suburbia and the tyranny of shams and trivialities and futilities, and come with me to where men dance like gods the antic hay."

Mr. Pecklethwaite had secretly read his Aldous

# SATYR

"Radio Pictorial" Complete

Story by Ethel MANNIN

Huxley and his Edith Sitwell, and these seemed to him the right and proper words for the lips of a satyr, and they were like music in his heart.

Under his prosaic, commonplace exterior, Mr. Pecklethwaite had always nurtured a secret desire to tread the antic hay—and that baroque twist in his soul suddenly shook with satyric laughter. If he bought the satyr, the mower would go unrepaired, and the lawn, therefore, remain uncut, till presently he might dance the antic hay in his own back-garden in Suburbia!

It seemed to Mr. Pecklethwaite to have a symbolic and beautiful significance. He and the blue satyr left the Adelphi together.

All the way home in the stuffy train the blue satyr and Mr. Pecklethwaite communed with each other in language that, though unlyrical in form, was yet lyrical in essence.

"Now, don't let Maria nag you when you get in. Tell her you can do what you like with the money you earn by the sweat of your brow. Assert yourself as the master of the house. Don't give in to her weakly for the sake of peace and quiet. Tell her that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in her domestic philosophy."

Thus counselled, Mr. Pecklethwaite, upon arriving at "The Shrubbery," and having placed his umbrella in the stand, and hung his hat on the rack, marched boldly into the drawing-room through an odour of frying steak.

Mrs. Pecklethwaite sat by an occasional table that supported an aspidistra and her sewing-basket, darning her husband's socks. She raised her face for the methodical kiss which Mr. Pecklethwaite had been bestowing upon her brow every evening for the last fifteen years. That ritual over, Mr. Pecklethwaite produced the satyr from his pocket and set it defiantly upon the polished centre table within full firing range of his wife's eyes.

He stood back rubbing his hands. "Isn't he a little beauty? What d'ye think of that, eh, Maria?"

It was not really an intelligent thing to have demanded, for Mrs. Pecklethwaite did not like anything undressed. She even put runners and table centres on her tables to clothe their nudity.

She said, "Good gracious, John! What on earth did you buy that for? Haven't we got enough ornaments? Besides, it doesn't go with anything we've got, and really, John, I don't think it's in the best of taste! I do wish you wouldn't waste your money on rubbish. I'm sure there's enough to do with it—there's that lawn-mower . . . The lawns are getting positively disgraceful!"

And at that John Pecklethwaite laughed long and loud, in a manner which quite terrified Mrs. Pecklethwaite, and the satyr just sat there grinning on his mushroom.

"That's just it," shouted Mr. Pecklethwaite, holding the satyr above his head, and prancing round the room with as much abandon as the furniture would allow; "that's just it! The lawns are turning to hay. Antic hay! Presently you'll see brown-eyed satyrs peeping through the trees,

and hear the pipes of Pan on still afternoons, instead of the whirr of the lawn-mower!"

"Really," said Mrs. Pecklethwaite, quite distressed—"really, John, anyone would think you had been drinking!"

"I have," chanted John Pecklethwaite, his eyes shining with unhallowed light. "I have! 'Weave a circle round him thrice, And close your eyes with holy dread, For he on honey-dew hath fed, And drunk the milk of Paradise.' That's me!"

"Really," choked Mrs. Pecklethwaite; "at your time of life, John! Really!" and stalked out of the room.

That was the beginning of Mr. Pecklethwaite's emancipation. He flatly refused to hand tea at any more of Mrs. Pecklethwaite's Sunday afternoon tea-parties; when he wanted to stay in town and go and see the Russian Ballet he did not pretend he would be working late; he even

brought home the programme and left it lying about, naked and unashamed; he made no secret of the fact that he was a member of the Arts Theatre Club; he converted a box-room into a study with yellow-painted walls, and introduced into the house a young artist who painted upon it brown Picasso-ish ladies that Mrs. Pecklethwaite described as "outrageous females."

On the mantelpiece of this room Mr. Pecklethwaite set the blue satyr, like the outward and visible sign of his inward and spiritual escape from the thrall of Suburbia. He refused to wear the black velvet smoking-jacket that Mrs. Pecklethwaite's sister had given him last Christmas, and he ceased to take an interest in the roses.

On Saturday afternoons, instead of clipping the privet hedges in shirt-sleeves and praiseworthy perspiration, he lounged in a black and orange deck chair he had imported into the home soon after the blue satyr, and watched the lawns turning slowly to hay which might or might not be antic.

He lived to the strains of an invisible orchestra playing pagan music.

How long this might have lasted, or in what it might have resulted, it is impossible to say; but Mr. Pecklethwaite had just reached that stage of his emancipation when he was seriously contemplating the idea of retiring from business and taking a small villa in Sicily—the generally accepted haunt of the goat-foot god and his relatives—when Mrs. Pecklethwaite came home one afternoon with the astounding information that the Brown-Joneses had not one, but a pair, if you please—a pair of blue satyrs on their dining-room mantelpiece!

"On either side the presentation clock the firm gave Mr. Brown-Jones last year," sniffed Mrs. Pecklethwaite. "Ridiculous, they look, I must say. So out of place. Mr. Brown-Jones won them in a raffle."

A pair of blue satyrs won in a raffle! O mocking laughter of the gods! Was his symbol of spiritual emancipation that he had fondly believed the individual creation of an artist, something exclusive in its beauty, merely one of many knocking about the drawing-rooms and dining-rooms of Suburbia?

(Continued on page 22)

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

DEAR NIECES AND NEPHEWS,—I was having tea the other day with Phyllis Scott who, with John Rorke, sings "darker" folk songs (they did so last week, you remember, in the National programme), and I accidentally knocked a little notebook—it looked rather like a pocket diary—into a flower bowl. "Hi!" said Phyllis, recovering it quickly, "that's my music!" And, do you know, it was! It appears that Phyllis has collected the original melodies of those "darker" songs and written them out—just the top line with the words underneath—in this little book, which she props up on the music stand of the piano and improvises her own accompaniments as she goes along. No cumbersome music-cases for Phyllis!

And talking of that, one of my nieces has asked me who plays the accompaniments generally in the National Children's Hour. Well, nowadays, that job is shared by the staff accompanists, Cecile Dixon (Aunt Sophie), Ernest Lush, and Jean Mel-

ville. Jean is the accompanist for the variety programmes in the evenings, so she usually plays for Leonard Henry and Mario de Pietro in the Hour. Sophie, who joined the staff in the very early days of broadcasting, has always reserved 5.15 to 6 p.m. on Mondays for you all. She was born in the Fiji Islands, you know, and spent her childhood there. Her favourite pastime is winter sporting in Switzerland. She is also a professor of music at one of the big London colleges, so she does not have a great deal of spare time to spend in her charming little house in Chelsea.

Ernest Lush, who also plays the incidental music to the Pomona Stories, is the "baby" of the staff accompanists, but his youth is no bar to his brilliancy. He is equally at home playing the most difficult concerto with an orchestra, making up music as he goes along as a background to speech, transposing a song from one key to another to suit a singer, or playing the simplest nursery rhyme for very small nieces and nephews.

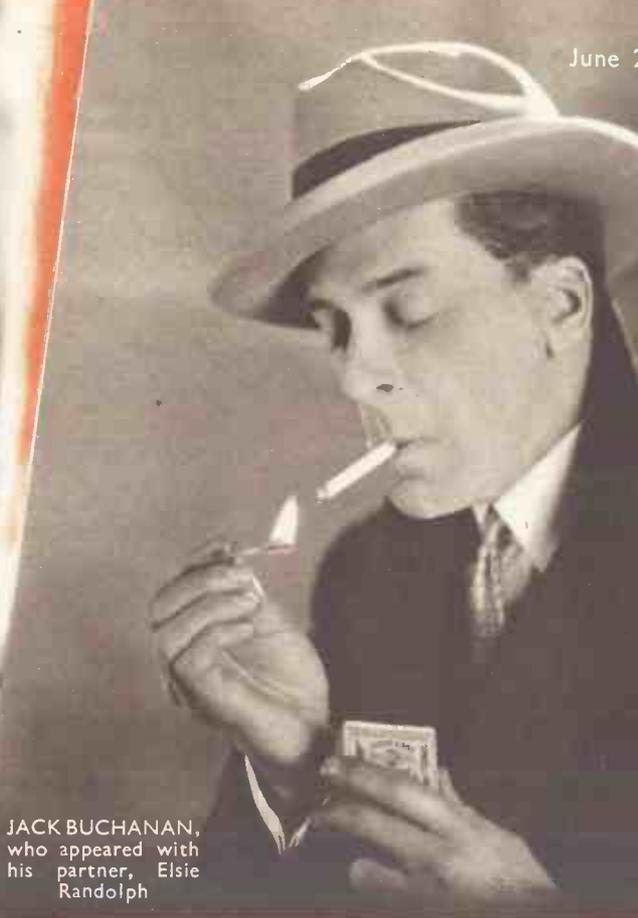
Imito, who took part in "A Country Holiday" last week, has a small daughter. She is her father's sternest critic. He has to rehearse all his imitations for her especial benefit and if he should happen to make his actual performance the smallest bit different from the rehearsal, daughter spots it, and none but the soundest reasons for the change will satisfy her! But father gladly toes the line!

Until next week,  
AUNT BELINDA.





EVELYN LAYE, a recent  
winner of Henry's Satur-  
day Night



JACK BUCHANAN,  
who appeared with  
his partner, Elsie  
Randolph

# HENRY HALL'S GUEST NIGHT



SONNIE HALE, who broad-  
cast with his wife, Jessie  
Matthews



JUNE—one of the  
guests at the  
very first Guest  
Night, and (right)  
VICTORIA HOPPER



That effervescent fun-maker,  
LUPINO LANE



BILLY MAYERL and his  
piano



ADELE DIXON, another  
guest, with JOHN GIEL-  
GUD in pierrot costume

# GUEST NIGHT



Henry Hall's Guest Nights are very popular with listeners, and have become a regular and looked-for Saturday evening feature. We show some of his famous visitors from the stage and screen who have been present on these Saturday nights

## JOHN TRENT gives you a wonderful word picture of Broadcasting House



Of many casual callers at Broadcasting House, women and parsons are the most persistent. They pay their ten bobs for licences every year and, being in London on an excursion with an hour to spare, think it would be nice to take a look round the building. They are disappointed when told that it is not possible.

Of course, they understand that the studio is in use at night and if the time is inconvenient because someone is rehearsing in it, they could always come back later on.

Their train or their coach is not leaving till six. The young men in black jackets and spotless stiff collars regret.

It would give great pleasure to show them round, but unfortunately everyone wants to see how the programmes are broadcast and if visitors were allowed in, work would be interrupted and listeners would complain.

The B.B.C. is always polite!

First impressions are important and there is an air of orderly calm about the lofty marble chamber which forms the entrance hall at Broadcasting House. There is no other place in London quite like this foyer, which has been mistaken for a bank and for the entrance to a cinema.

Visitors have presented cheques to be cashed at the counter and others have tried to book two "one-and-sixpennies" for the next showing.

Many quaint inquiries are made every day, but nothing has been known to ruffle the suave figures who smile behind the desk from nine in the morning till nine at night.

The same officials will not always be there to greet him, but at whatever hour he calls a visitor can rely on finding a genial face, with a helpful word and gleaming linen.

Vases of flowers give gaiety to the hall, which is lit by day from tall windows on two sides and at night from yellow glass boxes round the ceiling.

Blue leather settees line the wall for the use of those who may have to wait.

Bronze doors open to the lifts, to the artists' inner foyer, and to the drawing-room.

Stairs lead to floors above and below and a second reception desk is being fitted on the further side of the hall where the bookstall used to be.

Commissionaires in dark blue uniforms deal summarily with Cup Final tourists, autograph-hunting schoolboys and others who seek admittance in bands.

In summer these soldierly stalwarts wear white covers on their caps.

White gloves are a part of their equipment which only appear on ceremonial occasions, as when Royalty visits the building.

Some weeks they are busier than others. For several days recently the Queen's Hall was filled with Oddfellows attending a convention. There

## Curious CALLERS at the B.B.C.

were breaks between sessions each day and in every interval groups released from their labours strolled across to the B.B.C. It was not until the conference was ending that word seemed to pass right round that gathering that there was nothing doing for its members at Broadcasting House.

A country service of motor coaches used to make its terminus at the corner outside, and on wet days "fares" would straggle in for shelter. Commissionaires have kind hearts, but the hall must be kept clear for visitors with business in the building and of these there are many in the course of the day.

Let us take a look at them.

By 9.30 the cleaners have passed out, the staff have passed in to their offices, and the hall is cleared for the day's work. A commissionaire stands by a pillar, two receptionists are seated at the desk, with several telephones and callers' books like ledgers before them, while several boys with metal numbers in the lapels of their blue serge suits are waiting to guide visitors to their destinations.

A tall and athletic clergyman is one of the earliest callers. It is Hugh Johnston who is striding through the hall. He is going to conduct the 10.15 service and has travelled thirty miles from Cranleigh, where he is vicar, to continue the work which he started while a curate at St. Martin's. A page holds the door open and, with a

friendly nod to the men at the desk, the parson passes into the studio tower, where an announcer and the Wireless Choir are ready in a studio on the third floor to start the programme.

Like Christopher Stone, Howard Marshall, S. P. B. Mais and a few other regular broadcasting figures, the Rev. Hugh Johnston requires no guide. He knows the building and the staff know him.

But freedom to move about the building is a privilege not to be abused and an artist wishing to visit a member of the staff will return from the studio tower, which is his territory, to the entrance hall, where a receptionist will dial the official's office in the administrative section of the building.

The artist will then be conducted by a page to the administrator's room.

It would be a breach of etiquette for the artist to walk through from a studio to the office and plunge in unannounced.

If this were allowed, constant interruptions would interfere with work.

About 10.30 journalists begin to arrive. Broadcasting is always news. A morning daily contained a revelation about the alleged under-payment of stars, who always seem to me to conceal their poverty with consummate artistry. The evening papers, scenting a scandal, are interested in the story and three gentlemen whose names are more famous than those of the announcers are waiting on the settee for interviews in the Press Department. At all hours of the day journalists are to be found in the building and listening halls are always open for their convenience.

These rooms in the basement are decorated in a simple modern style and the National and Regional programmes are generally on tap.

A dear old lady has just approached the reception desk. "Excuse me, but can I speak to the announcer? I won't keep him more than a minute." It is a common request and though it is obviously painful for the receptionist to refuse, he regrets that it is impossible. "Well, if I leave this little packet, will you kindly be sure to see that he gets it?" "Certainly, madam, they shall have it," replies the young man, taking a brown paper packet concealing a bottle of cold cure and a letter of tribute scented with lavender "From an admirer."

A recent Monday morning an old man hobbled to the desk. Stirred by the pathetic story told by one of the unemployed in the "Time to Spare" series on Saturday night, he had called at Broadcasting House to leave a cheque.

"Just a moment, sir. Take a seat, please."

The Talks Department was dialled on the house telephone, which connects the entrance hall with each office, and in a few minutes a young woman secretary was attending to the old man. "Here is my cheque book. Please write out a cheque for five pounds to that poor unemployed lad and I will sign it," he said.

His hand shook with age and emotion as he feebly scribbled his name.

Then there are the fans who call.

"Will you please send my card in to Miss—?" asks the tall young visitor with a carnation adorning his natty grey suit. "Certainly. Is she expecting you?" The caller has to admit that she is not. "Miss— is rehearsing. May we state your business?"

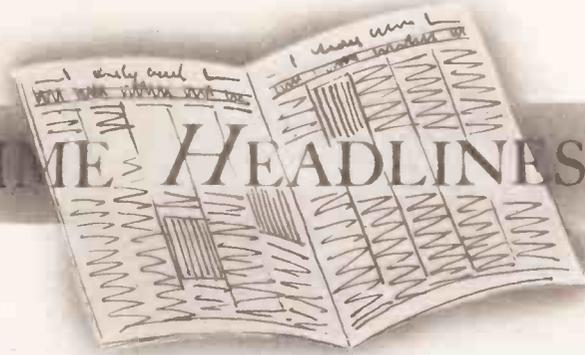
He had called on the chance of seeing her, just a casual visit.

After ten minutes the card is returned. "Miss— is sorry but she cannot leave the studio."

The foyer, too, is a hall of disillusion. Fans and autograph hunters wait at the doors for their favourite artists to appear. Many are recognised, some with a shock; others walk past their admirers undetected, which is, perhaps, as well.

Continued on page 17

# PROGRAMME HEADLINES of the WEEK



Anona Winn (above)  
(July 7, 3.30 p.m., Regional)



Cedric Sharpe (above)  
(July 1, 1.30 p.m., National)



Winifred Small (below)  
(July 3, 9.25 p.m., National)



Isolde Menges (right)  
(July 1, 9.5 p.m., Regional)



Gershom Parkington  
(July 6, 10.5 p.m., National)



Leslie Bridgewater  
(July 2, 9.5 p.m., National)



Mark Raphael  
(July 6, 8 p.m., Regional)

## NATIONAL

SUNDAY (July 1).—Dominion Day Programme, from Canada.

The Canadian Broadcasting Commission will make its debut in Great Britain with a relay of forty-five minutes' entertainment. Percival Price, Dominion Carillonist, will open the programme in Ottawa and will be followed by the Canadian Grenadier Guards Band of Montreal, under the direction of J. J. Gagnier, relayed from Montreal. The Mendelssohn Choir of one thousand voices, relayed from Toronto, will next take part, and their performance may conclude the programme. It is hoped, however, that it may be possible for Mr. R. B. Bennett, Prime Minister of Canada, to go to the microphone in Ottawa and broadcast a message to British and Canadian listeners.

MONDAY (July 2).—Parliament and the People: closing scene from the Pageant of Parliament, relayed from the Royal Albert Hall.

TUESDAY (July 3).—Honeymoon in Paris, a musical romance by Cecil Lewis.

Mr. Lewis is the author of the book, while Austen Croom-Johnson has written the music. "Honeymoon in Paris" is a diversion for summer evenings; the story, though artificial, is gay and concerns a finishing school in Paris and a young English nobleman masquerading as a professor, with amusing complications and the usual happy ending.

WEDNESDAY (July 4).—Symphony concert.

THURSDAY (July 5).—Concert Party programme, relayed from the Beach Pavilion, Aberdeen.

FRIDAY (July 6).—Beauty and the Jacobin, an interlude of the French Revolution, by Booth Tarkington.

Beauty and the Jacobin is not by any means so well-known as Booth Tarkington's other play, *Monsieur Beaucaire*. Jack Inglis, who will produce the play, has been always of the opinion that the angle from which the author wrote the play made it particularly suitable for the microphone. Mr. Inglis, who joined the production staff of the B.B.C. last January, has already produced the broadcasts of *The Dorsetshire Labourers*, and *The Sheffield Outrages*.

SATURDAY (July 7).—Commentaries on Tennis Championships, relayed from Wimbledon, and Eye-witness accounts of the Test Match, relayed from Old Trafford, Manchester.

## LONDON REGIONAL

SUNDAY (July 1).—A Religious Service, relayed from St. Mary the Virgin, Somers Town.

MONDAY (July 2).—Honeymoon in Paris, a musical romance by Cecil Lewis.

TUESDAY (July 3).—Orchestral concert, relayed from Scarborough.

WEDNESDAY (July 4).—Entertainment Hour, feature programme.

THURSDAY (July 5).—Beauty and the Jacobin, an interlude of the French Revolution, by Booth Tarkington.

FRIDAY (July 6).—"Henry," a story by A. J. Alan.

SATURDAY (July 7).—Sketch Book, feature programme.

## MIDLAND REGIONAL

SUNDAY (July 1).—A Religious Service, relayed from Birmingham Cathedral.

MONDAY (July 2).—A Shropshire Lad, song cycle.

TUESDAY (July 3).—Band programme.

WEDNESDAY (July 4).—Shropshire Historical Pageant and Tercentenary Performances of Milton's "Masque of Comus," and Grand Finale of the Pageant, relayed from Ludlow Castle.

THURSDAY (July 5).—Dance music.

FRIDAY (July 6).—Three Plays: *The Second Best Bed*, or *The Truth About Shakespeare*, by A. A. Thomson; *Thumb Prints*, by Cedric Wallis; *A Storm in a*

*Breakfast Cup*, by Eliot Crawshaw Williams.

SATURDAY (July 7).—Municipal Flying: the Microphone visits the Leicester Municipal Aerodrome.

## WEST REGIONAL

SUNDAY (July 1).—A Roman Catholic Service, relayed from the Dominican Priory, Woodchester, near Stroud.

MONDAY (July 2).—A Nautical Medley, orchestral and choral programme.

TUESDAY (July 3).—A Concert Party programme, relayed from the Gaiety Theatre, Ilfracombe.

WEDNESDAY (July 4).—A Concert, relayed from the Foster Hall, Bodmin.

THURSDAY (July 5).—A Programme in honour of Mrs. Sarah Siddons on the anniversary of her birth, relayed from her birthplace at Brecon.

FRIDAY (July 6).—At the Sign of the Northey Arms; an entertainment hour from Box.

SATURDAY (July 7).—Y Rhondda (A Musical Tour of the Rhondda).

## NORTH REGIONAL

SUNDAY (July 1).—A Manx Concert, relayed from the Palace Coliseum, Douglas, Isle of Man.

MONDAY (July 2).—A Military Band concert, relayed from Morecambe.

TUESDAY (July 3).—A Manx feature programme.

WEDNESDAY (July 4).—Orchestral concert, relayed from Whitby.

THURSDAY (July 5).—Running commentary on the Tynewald Ceremony, relayed from the Isle of Man.

FRIDAY (July 6).—Song recital.

SATURDAY (July 7).—Concert Party programme, relayed from Blackpool.

## SCOTTISH REGIONAL

SUNDAY (July 1).—A Scottish Religious Service, relayed from Dunblane Cathedral.

MONDAY (July 2).—Tunes from the North, vocal and instrumental programme.

TUESDAY (July 3).—Orchestral concert.

WEDNESDAY (July 4).—Variety programme.

THURSDAY (July 5).—Concert Party programme, relayed from the Beach Pavilion, Aberdeen.

FRIDAY (July 6).—Orchestral concert.

SATURDAY (July 7).—Brass band concert.

## SUFFERED UNBEARABLY FROM DUODENAL ULCER

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

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

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

**Wanted SONG POEMS** CAN YOU WRITE WORDS FOR SONGS? Publishers of many Broadcast and Recorded Hits invite known and unknown Authors and Composers to submit song-poems, songs and musical compositions for immediate publication. Send MSS. PETER DEREK LTD., Music Publishers, R.D., 140a Shaftesbury Avenue, LONDON, W.C.2.

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## BE TALLER!

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## What CAR RADIO really gives to the MOTORIST

In this week's issue of AMATEUR WIRELESS, now on sale, Percy W. Harris explains the value and advantages of installing car radio.

In the same issue are details for building a Five Metre Shortwave set, further details of the A.C. Pentaquester, a Shortwave feature and Television Section, etc., etc.

Get your copy of AMATEUR WIRELESS TODAY, Price 3d. from all newsagents.



*Bill*

# 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.

### ★Sponsored Programmes

**I** FEEL that there is a demand for 'sponsored' programmes in England, but entirely separate from the present programmes.

"Therefore, I suggest that when the new Droitwich transmitter opens, one of the redundant stations should be maintained as a self-supporting establishment, under the auspices of the B.B.C., which, incidentally, would be an admirable training ground for B.B.C. officials, and transmit only sponsored programmes, news, and other essential daily features.

"Even if these sponsored programmes were confined to about 10.30 p.m. and onwards, and afternoon transmissions, I maintain that they would be most acceptable to the average listener and worth while to the trader."—P. I. P., Sheffield.

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

### To The Wireless League

"Many motor boats in use on the coasts are fitted with car radio which tunes only on the medium waveband. Such boats are used chiefly at week ends and their owners would welcome the shipping forecast during that period.

"Some members of the League have suggested that we should use our representation on the appropriate B.B.C. Committee to advocate that there be two shipping forecasts radiated each Sunday on the medium wave band.

"Would those readers who are members of the Wireless League kindly send me their views on the matter?"—Alfred T. Fleming, M.I.W.T., General Secretary.

### "Meaningless" Singers

"Why must the joy of hearing light orchestral concerts be 'everlastingly' marred by such (for the most part) indifferent vocalists, whose songs convey nothing to us, either of sorrow or gladness, but simply a meaningless stream of maudlin words?"

"When we are treated to a programme of the gramophone records of beautiful singers, we seldom hear one of these glorious voices more than once, or, perhaps, twice. Why then should we suffer at all, the soullessness of these other singers?"—L. Cookson, Blackpool.

### More Theatre Relays

"Let us have more relays from the London theatres. The recent one was first rate.

"The B.B.C. in this way acts as an advertisement for the theatre. Listeners say what a jolly good show, let's go and see it. Entertainment has reached a high standard, why shouldn't the B.B.C. and the theatre work together and maintain a still higher standard?"—C. S. Reid, Leatherhead.

### Variety in Dance Music

"Looking through a back number of the RADIO PICTORIAL, I read that M. B., London, deplores the fact that dance bands do not 'break away from musical convention,' with 'a little discreet fooling . . . and . . . variety.'

"I would like to point out that Harry Roy has been doing this very successfully every Friday night for the past nine months.

"Lew Stone's band always gives us some delightful 'instrumental fooling,' while the recent Saturday 'guest nights' of Henry Hall have introduced variety in the dance programmes.

"Surely the many people who prefer a 'straight' dance programme are entitled to the other three nights for their entertainment."—C. H. Wenham, Croydon.

### A Crazy Hour

"I wonder if the directors or producers of variety have given the thought of putting over a Crazy Hour after the style of the London Palladium's successful crazy months. We have many stars to fill the bill, including Tommy Handley, Leonard Henry, Clapham and Dwyer, Horace Kenney, Scott and Whaley, Lily Morris, Anona Winn, and numerous others to choose from. I feel certain this would provide ideal entertainment."—Harold Davey, Bethnal Green.



"Hi, Bill, we've forgotten the Foundations of Music!"

# 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.

**S**UMMER sunshine has an unhappy knack of making houses and gardens look drab and untidy, but fortunately there is an easy way out. House conversion and redecoration need not be expensive, and at comparatively low cost a garden can be modernized and planned in an artistic manner. W. H. Gaze & Sons, Ltd., specialize in this work, and I most strongly advise you to write, through my free catalogue service, for literature describing each section of the Gaze activities. Artistic house decoration, garden ornamental work, and even the laying of first-rate but inexpensive tennis courts are undertaken by Gaze experts, so drop me a line, mentioning number 29

**E**VERYTHING that a mother wants to know about baby's diet is contained in a charming book called "Enchantment," issued by the Humanised Trufood Co. It is obtainable entirely free, together with a sample of Trufood—the food that builds sturdy babies, by giving them the nourishment they need. Send for a sample for your baby. **30**

**J**UNE and July are the months for weddings, and let me give brides and brides-to-be some good advice. When the question of wedding presents comes up, ask for a Ewbank. It can be bought for as little as 23s. 6d. and it is strongly and beautifully made to give you years of service. Write for the new book of the Ewbank and find out all about this up-to-date sweeper. **31**

## This Week's RADIO HINT



**Y**ou can always tell a man who knows something about wireless, even by little details such as the way he handles a valve putting it into a set. With some of these new multi-pin valves it is not easy for a novice to see exactly how the base fits into the holder. But the expert puts his thumb down the side of the valve close to the pin which has the widest spacing from the others. This guides his hand so that by showing the spacing of the sockets on the base you can get the valve right home first time.

Moreover he always grips the valve by the base and not by the glass as shown here. Handling the valve too much by its bulb tends to weaken the cement.

## Curious Callers at the B.B.C.

Continued from page Fourteen

The resplendent figure in a blue, red and gold uniform, standing in the centre of the hall, is the fireman, pausing on his rounds. One day a dear old lady was seen peering nervously through the doorway. After a few moments she summoned courage to enter, dashed across the hall and, with outstretched hand, approached the fireman. "Mr. O'Donnell," she said, "let me congratulate you. I have often wanted to tell you how much I enjoy your military band."

Visitors who are stickers and will perhaps waste an hour of valuable time if admitted to an office are often interviewed by a programme man in the hall. While it is difficult to remove a visitor from a deep armchair by his desk, it is easy to break off an interview conducted standing in a corner of the hall.

And then there are the visitors he may not wish his juniors to meet.

They, too, are seen in the hall.

Now that the Variety Department is housed across the way, a lot of time is spent in re-directing visitors to St. George's Hall. Here the commissionaire handles many inquiries for Maskelynes. A notice is posted outside giving the new address of the magical shows, but this does not prevent hundreds of people calling in the school holidays to ask whether, why, how and where the magicians have gone. Perhaps they suspected that the notice outside was a trick.

**A**ll through the day artists pass in and out of the studio door, to and from rehearsal and transmission. But about one this traffic eases. They have gone to lunch and the tower is temporarily deserted. Soon afterwards a small crowd begins to assemble in the hall and by 1.30 twenty men and women are chatting in groups about the place.

Promptly at the half hour Major Menzies appears. He is the B.B.C. guide and in ten years he has shown the B.B.C. buildings to sixty-thousand inquisitive people. It takes longer to get round Broadcasting House than Savoy Hill and in a few moments the party has left on a two-hour tour. Each member of the group had a special claim to be shown the gear, and the public cannot be admitted. The hall seems quite deserted now that they have passed down in the lift.

**E**veryone is familiar with buying such things as houses, cars, and furniture on easy terms, but on the back page of this issue an opportunity occurs of buying fashionable jewellery and watches on particularly reasonable out-of-income terms. The range and quality of this old-established house of jewel craftsmen gives you the opportunity of acquiring that ring or watch you have been promising yourself, but for which you did not feel inclined to pay out a lump sum. Every article displayed on the back-cover announcement is covered by a written guarantee, and what is particularly helpful to out-of-town readers is the fact that any of the designs illustrated can be had on seven days' approval, thus enabling the would-be purchaser to see the remarkable value offered.

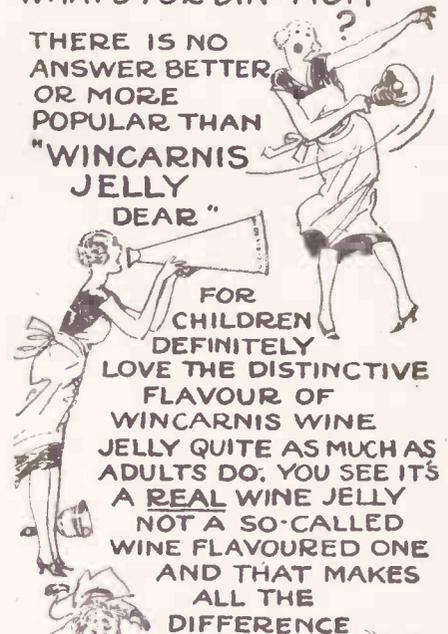
## REAL PHOTOGRAPHS of Radio Stars

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

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

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**JEANNE DE CASALIS on the FOUNDATION OF FASHION**

**T**HIS week let us go into the very important question of foundation garments—that is, what to wear under summer frocks, to make the very best of them, and do away with every danger of bulk and bulges.

And first, which is it to be, corselette or belt and brassière? Well, some say one thing, and some another, and there seems to be no rule except that an all-in-one backless garment seems best for the evening, and a corselette is also to be preferred for the heavier figure.

It need not, however, be heavily boned; a small amount of boning in the right place will be enough, but the garment itself should be of two-way stretch elastic, or cut with elastic gussets.

For the young, a narrow suspender belt of elastic is generally enough, and has the advantage that it does not ride up and can be easily laundered. There are also the most delightful and airy garments of chiffon, lace, net and various open-weave fabrics, all of which wash beautifully, and therefore are to be preferred to brocade. Brocade is hotter, and makes special cleaning necessary; it should be cleaned either by the corset-makers or a firm that really understands the art. Careful cleaning will double the life of a corset.

The newest ideas in corsets are those made with "Lastex" yarn. You have all heard a lot about this miraculous fabric, but have you found out

A boldly checked jacket is very smart with a plain frock: "Country Life" Wear

(Photograph by Blake)

for yourself what a revelation of comfort it is, and what trim, youthful lines it gives your figure?

**Mrs. R. H. BRAND gives by request KITCHEN HINTS**

**TO AVOID GAS WASTAGE**  
**W**HEN cooking with a gas stove, do not allow the flame to lick the sides of the saucepans; the contents do not boil any more quickly, the pans become unnecessarily dirty, and the gas is wasted. When the contents have reached boiling-point, which is 212 degrees Fahr., remove the pan to a smaller burner, if possible, to save gas. Two or three pans can be kept simmering, if placed together on an iron sheet over one burner.

**CARE OF SAUCEPANS**  
**S**oda must never be used to clean aluminium pans. These can be kept beautifully bright, inside and out, if cleaned with coarse salt and sand, taking care to rinse them very thoroughly afterwards with plenty of clean water. Lids should be washed in hot water and polished with a little whitening.

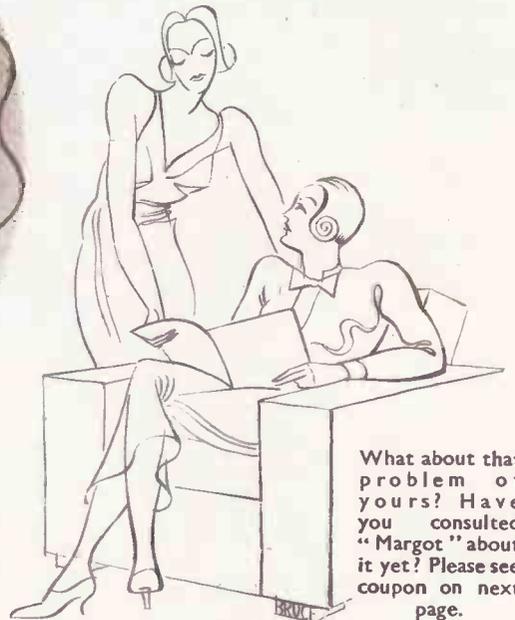
Saucepans, when in use, are intended to be closed, but there are exceptions when their lids are left off, such as boiling milk, fish stock, macaroni, and, of course, green vegetables.

**DO NOT WASH OMELET PANS**  
**S**hould they be burnt, clean them with salt. Otherwise wipe them with soft greased paper, afterwards rubbing with a clean cloth. If possible, do this while still hot, as they clean more easily.

Iron saucepans and frying pans should be cleaned with hot water and soda, and rinsed well with fresh water. Make certain all pans and lids are perfectly dry before being put away, and do not cover the pans, as they become sour if the air is excluded from the inside.

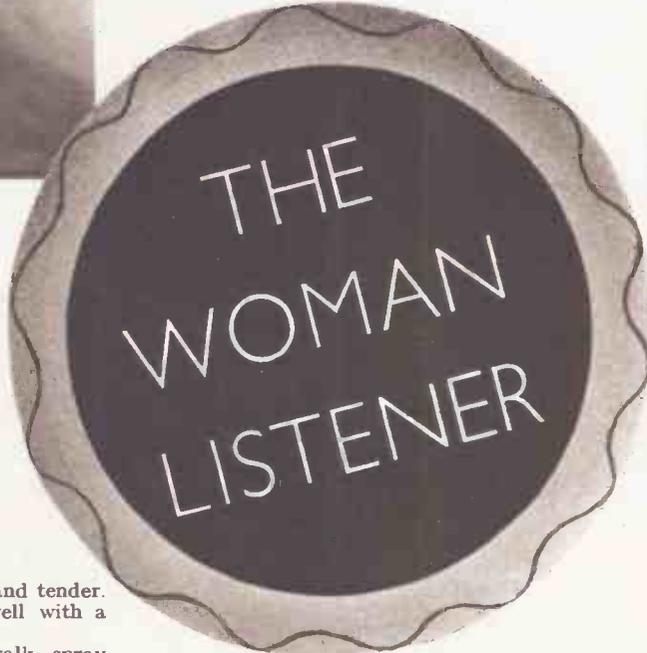
Be particular that the bottoms of saucepans and kettles are clean, as if they are coated they take longer to boil and are apt to burn.

**THE MINCING MACHINE**  
**D**irectly the machine is finished with, unscrew it and put all the parts in boiling water with a little soda. Rinse in hot water and see that it is perfectly clean and dry before putting away.



What about that problem of yours? Have you consulted "Margot" about it yet? Please see coupon on next page.

**MEASURING**  
**H**ere are some useful measures:—  
An ordinary tumbler holds about half a pint, and a tea-cup a quarter of a pint.  
One tablespoonful of flour (as much above the bowl of the spoon as in it) weighs 1 oz.; 1 dessert-spoonful of flour weighs ½ oz.  
One level tablespoonful of rice weighs 1 oz. (Rice doubles its weight when cooked.)  
One level teaspoonful of sugar weighs ¼ oz.  
Note.—A set of 5 measuring spoons can be bought at any of the large stores. These are most useful and only cost a few pence.



**JANE CARR talks about FOOT COMFORT**

**W**HATEVER sort of holiday you are going to have, it will be worth while taking particular care of your feet—especially, of course, if you do any walking at all.

The first item in foot comfort is a hot bath, made especially refreshing with your favourite bath-salts. It is best, however, to have the bath the night before you start out, as it is apt to make your feet rather soft and tender. After the bath, massage your feet well with a rough towel.

Immediately before you start to walk, spray your feet with eau-de-Cologne, letting it dry on. Then dust on an antiseptic foot-talc, between the toes, over the ankle, and under the instep. You can imagine how cool and refreshed your feet will feel after this!

Shoes must be considered seriously by the walker or "hiker." They must be good, strong ones, rubber-soled or nailed as you like best, but not new—they must be well accustomed to your feet, and grip well round the ankle to avoid rubbing and blistering.

And remember, if you walk with arms and legs bare, you must anoint them first with a lotion to keep off insect bites and stings which will otherwise spoil your holiday. If you would like to make one yourself, you can do so by mixing equal quantities of citronella and oil of lavender. Take a bottle of this with you in your rucksack, and dab it all over the exposed parts of your body whenever you have the opportunity.

There are, by the way, bathing suits, too, made with this yarn, which not only give you the enviable appearance of having been poured into them, but fit just as snugly after the bathe as before it.

Coming to the question of lingerie, this is unusually charming at this time of year. Lovely designs are being brought out, cut on the cross to fit close to the figure, and made of the lightest and daintiest of fabrics.

The most fashionable colours just now are peach and a soft "dirty" pink that blends becomingly with flesh colour. Pale blues and white come next in favour.

As to material, triple ninon, washing satin and flowered chiffon are the favourites. And undoubtedly the most fashionable trimming is needlerun lace, of a beige or darker brown tint that contrasts so charmingly with the pastel colours of the fabric.

Jane Carr

Jeanne de Casalis

Bellina Brand

**FIVE SHILLINGS HINTS**

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

**FOR A DAMP WALL**

Before repapering a damp wall, give it two good coats of water glass, letting the first coat dry thoroughly before applying the second, and in its turn, the second coat, before putting on the new paper.

This will prevent the damp coming through and spoiling the paper.

**HOME-MADE JAM COVERS**

June means the beginning of the jam-making season, and it is useful to know how to make your own jam covers in case of shortage. Cut ordinary kitchen paper into squares, damp it with white of egg or new milk, and put it, while it is still damp, on the bottles, stretched fairly tightly across the tops. As the paper dries it will become tighter, and completely airtight.

Allow about two inches extra all round, smooth it down close to the sides of the bottle, and tie up with string. It is a good plan to damp the string so that the knot does not slip.

**WITH EGGSHELLS**

"Thermos" tea or coffee can be as good as any made in a china pot, so long as the milk is not added to it but carried in a separate bottle. The curious taste that some picnic tea has is often due to the flask not having been washed thoroughly.

The best way is to keep your eggshells for the purpose. Put them, crushed, in the bottom of the flask with a little vinegar. Shake it well, then half fill it with water and let it stand. Finally rinse with cold water.

**DO YOU KNOW THIS ?**

Banana, cut thinly, and spread over the top of jellies, trifles, and fruit salads, makes an excellent decoration. To prevent it taking on a brownish tinge, sprinkle it with a little lemon juice. This will keep it quite fresh, and also improve the flavour.

**BEAD BEAUTY**

Your strings of beads will look twice as lovely if you keep them well polished with a silk handkerchief kept for the purpose. More valuable necklaces should be specially cleaned. Coral is cleaned with a soft cloth moistened with milk. Amber beads can be made to shine brilliantly by rubbing with olive oil. And a raw potato, cut in half, will keep ivory beautifully white.

**USE LEMON JUICE**

Brown stains on baths caused by the dripping of taps can spoil the look of your whole bathroom. They can often be removed with lemon juice. Apply it with a piece of flannel, dipped first in the lemon juice, then in salt. Rub it in hard, and you will find the marks will disappear.

**IRISH STEW**

Here is a good recipe for Irish Stew:—  
Ingredients required.—1 ½ lb. neck of mutton, 2 lb. potatoes, 1 lb. onions, 1 pint water.

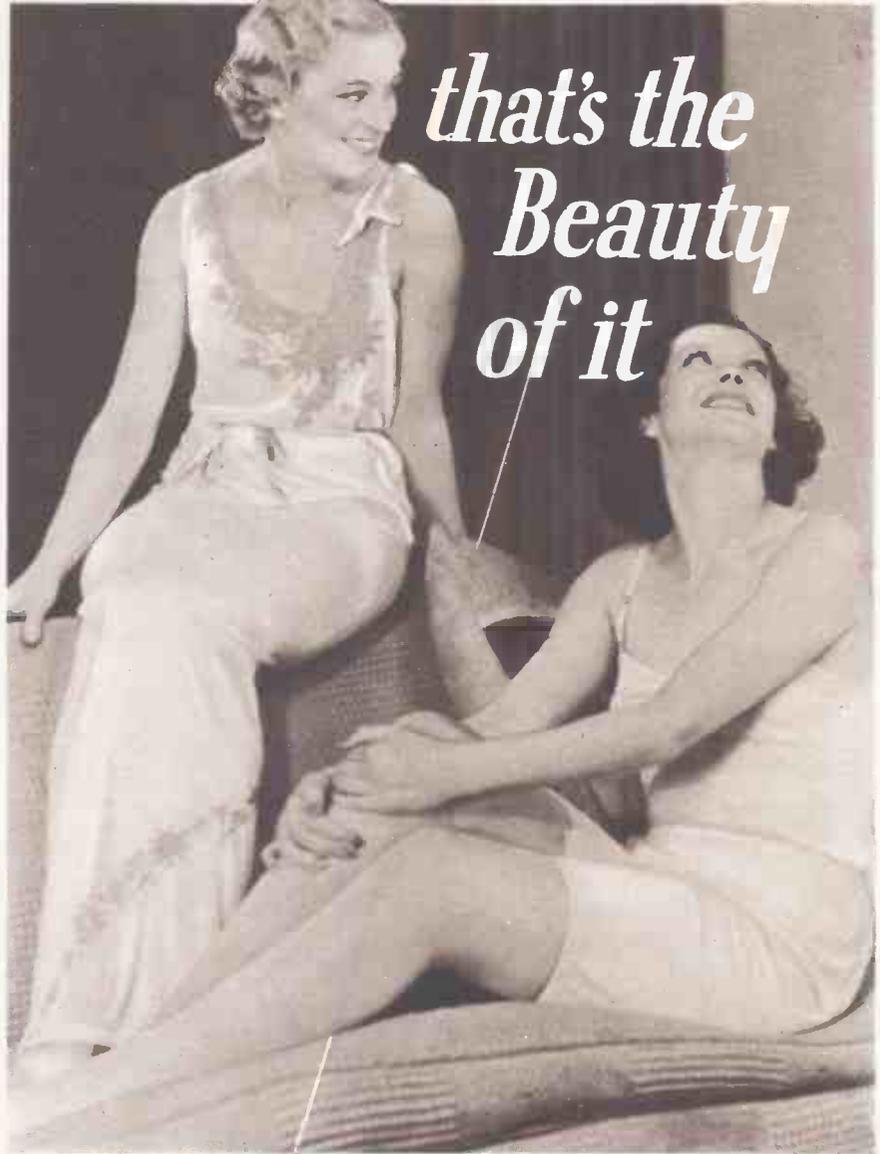
Joint the meat and remove most of the fat; cut potatoes and onions into thick slices, and put a layer of each at the bottom of a stewpan. Add meat and remaining vegetables, season well, add water and simmer for 2 ½ hours.

*Margot*

**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.

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# Your Foreign Programme Guide



Mme. Jelena Bilbija-Lapcevic, chief announcer at Radio-Belgrade, Yugoslavia. She writes children's books in her spare time.

## SUNDAY (JULY 1)

- Athlone (531 m.).—Violin Solos. 10.15 p.m.
- Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Sextet Concert ... 3 p.m.
- Bucharest (364.5 m.).—Opera Arias on Gramophone Records. 11 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Request Gramophone Concert. 11 a.m.
- Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Orchestra, with Songs in the interval ... 9 p.m.
- Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Mandoline Concert ... 3.30 p.m.
- Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—National Songs with Accordion Accompaniment ... 4.30 p.m.
- Moscow (1,714 m.).—Musical Programme ... 7.15 p.m.
- Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Music Hall ... 8.55 p.m.
- Reykjavik (1,345 m.).—Gramophone Music, followed by Dance Music ... 11 p.m.
- Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Concert by the Republican Guard (Records). 12 (noon)
- Radio Paris (1,648 m.).—Contemporary Songs ... 8 p.m.
- Warsaw (1,345 m.).—Dance Music from the Café Europe 1.5 p.m.

## MONDAY

- Athlone (531 m.).—Piccolo Selections ... 9 p.m.
- Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Gramophone ... 9.20 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Light Music ... 8 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Gramophone ... 10.10 p.m.
- Bucharest (364.5 m.).—Light Music on Gramophone Records 3.40 p.m.
- Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Italian Opera Music ... 1.10 p.m.
- Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Operetta Selections ... 8 p.m.
- Moscow (1,714 m.).—Variety Concert ... 7 p.m.
- Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Yugoslav Songs ... 8.10 p.m.
- Reykjavik (1,345 m.).—The Radio Quartet ... 11 p.m.
- Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Festival of Modern French Music from the Casino, Vichy ... 8.45 p.m.

## Dance Music of the Week

- Monday.** Sidney Kyte and his Band (Piccadilly Hotel).
- Tuesday.** Lew Stone and his Band (Monseigneur).
- Wednesday.** Jack Jackson and his Band (Dorchester Hotel).
- Thursday.** The B.B.C. Dance Orchestra directed by Henry Hall (from the B.B.C. studios).
- Friday.** Harry Roy and his Band (May Fair Hotel).
- Saturday.** Ambrose and his Embassy Club Orchestra (from the B.B.C. studios).

- Toulouse (328.6 m.).—Cello Recital ... 7.45 p.m.
- Radio Paris (1,648 m.).—Light Music ... 12 (noon)
- Warsaw (1,345 m.).—Dance Music from the Hotel Bristol 10.25 p.m.

## TUESDAY

- Athlone (531 m.).—Irish Songs. 8.15 p.m.
- Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Trio Concert ... 7 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Orchestra with Songs in interval. 8 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Gramophone Concert of Music by Kurt Weill, Honegger, and Hollander ... 6.30 p.m.
- Bucharest (3,645 m.).—Orchestra. 10.15 p.m.
- Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Variety. 6.20 p.m.
- Moscow (1,714 m.).—Talk, followed by Musical Programme. 5.30 p.m.
- Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—String Quartet ... 9.20 p.m.
- Reykjavik (1,345 m.).—Instrumental Selections, followed by Dance Music ... 11 p.m.
- Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Tenor Song Recital ... 6.30 p.m.
- Toulouse (328.6 m.).—Argentine Orchestra ... 11 p.m.
- Radio Paris (1,648 m.).—Variety. 8 p.m.
- Warsaw (1,345 m.).—Edith Lorrands' Orchestra ... 6.15 p.m.

## WEDNESDAY

- Athlone (531 m.).—Piano and Fiddle Duets ... 9.5 p.m.
- Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Trio Concert ... 7 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Popular Songs ... 6.30 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Choral Concert ... 9 p.m.
- Bucharest (364.5 m.).—Piano Recital ... 10 p.m.
- Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Lucia of Lammermoor—opera in three acts (Donizetti), relayed from Dresden. 8.15 p.m.
- Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—The Station Orchestra ... 7 p.m.
- Moscow (1,714 m.).—Light Concert ... 8 p.m.
- Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Carmen Opera (Bizet) on Gramophone Records ... 8.10 p.m.
- Reykjavik (1,345 m.).—The Radio Trio ... 11 p.m.
- Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Concert relayed from Lille ... 5 p.m.
- Toulouse (328.6 m.).—Sound Film Music ... 6.30 p.m.
- Radio Paris (1,648 m.).—The National Orchestra, conducted by Tughebrecht ... 8.45 p.m.
- Warsaw (1,345 m.).—Music from the Café Paradis ... 10.10 p.m.

## THURSDAY

- Athlone (531 m.).—Vocal Duets. 8 p.m.

## Items You Must Not Miss

- Luxembourg ... Concert ... 1-1.30 p.m. Sunday
- Poste Parisien ... Concert ... 10.30 a.m. Wednesday
- Moscow ... Dance Music ... 9 p.m. Thursday
- Radio Paris ... Variety ... 8 p.m. Tuesday
- Luxembourg ... Concert ... 10.30-11 p.m. Sunday
- Bucharest ... Orchestral-Concert 8.10 p.m. Friday
- Leipzig ... Military Band Concert 6.20 p.m. Saturday

- Barcelona (377.4 m.).—The Radio Orchestra ... 10.10 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Gramophone ... 6.15 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Orchestra ... 8 p.m.
- Bucharest (364.5 m.).—Light Music 8 p.m.
- Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Folk Songs. 7.5 p.m.
- Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Gramophone ... 12.15 p.m.
- Moscow (1,714 m.).—Dance Music. 9 p.m.
- Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Gramophone ... 7.50 p.m.
- Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Danish and French Music ... 8.30 p.m.
- Toulouse (328.6 m.).—Selections from L'Africaine (Meyerbeer). 9 p.m.
- Radio Paris (1,648 m.).—Song Evening ... 8 p.m.
- Warsaw (1,345 m.).—Dance Music from the Gastronomica. 10.15 p.m.

## FRIDAY

- Athlone (531 m.).—Pipe Solos. 8.45 p.m.
- Barcelona (377.4 m.).—Trio Concert ... 7 p.m.

- Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—Piano Recital of Schumann Music. 6.40 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Concert from the Blankenberge Casino ... 10.10 p.m.
- Bucharest (364.5 m.).—Orchestra. 8.10 p.m. (approx.)
- Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Light Music. 6 p.m.
- Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—The Station Orchestra ... 6 p.m.
- Moscow (1,714 m.).—Variety. 8 p.m.
- Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Light Music ... 7.45 p.m.
- Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Gala Concert ... 10.30 p.m.
- Toulouse (328.6 m.).—Dance Music. 11.15 p.m.
- Radio Paris (1,648 m.).—Theatre Programme ... 8.45 p.m.
- Warsaw (1,345 m.).—Concert by the Studio Orchestra. 8.12 p.m.

## SATURDAY

- Athlone (531 m.).—Mandoline Solos. 9.30 p.m.
- Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.).—The Max Alexys Orchestra. 5 p.m.
- Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.).—Gramophone ... 6 p.m.
- Juan-Les-Pins (240.2 m.).—Operetta ... 10.20 p.m.
- Leipzig (382.2 m.).—Military Band. 6.20 p.m.
- Ljubljana (569.3 m.).—Orchestra. 9 p.m.
- Moscow (1,714 m.).—Songs and Instrumental Music 8 p.m.
- Poste Parisien (312.8 m.).—Dance Music ... 9.5 p.m.
- Strasbourg (349.2 m.).—Popular Concert relayed from Colmar. 8.30 p.m.
- Toulouse (328.6 m.).—Thé Dansant ... 4.30 p.m.
- Radio Paris (1,648 m.).—Chamber Music ... 8 p.m.



Stanford Robinson is conducting the B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra in the photograph above, while—



—Jack Hylton and his Boys come to the microphone in the left-hand photograph

# High-brow or Low-brow?

IT is a great pity that our careless way of using our language has resulted in the slang terms "High-brow" and "Low-brow," as applied to music; meaning the same as "good" and "bad" respectively. This meaning is confusing. It does not follow that low-brow music is bad, as so many listeners seem to think.

These two slang words arose largely out of the broadcasting of an immense amount of musical material, and their necessity can excuse their hasty introduction into our language. They express very succinctly the difference, say, between a Bach cantata and a Strauss waltz; but they do not mean that the waltz is *bad* music because it is low-brow. It is equally absurd for a listener to praise large orchestral and choral works and to deprecate all other things which he loosely terms "low-brow."

Anyone with pretensions towards being musical should be able to appreciate all music, from the low-brow to the high-brow. He should also be capable of detesting music which is bad, or which is really no music at all.

The term low-brow is often applied to what should not be classed as "music" at all. There is some music which nowadays is largely commercialised for dance purposes, and as it appears to be well suited to this I wish it no harm; but it does not deserve to be classed by music-lovers even under the low-brow heading.

It is pitiful to see some men and women group themselves together in a snobbish attempt to "send to Coventry" everything but one particular kind of music; others form an anti-group and seem to set out to hear stuff which can never give them such real

Which is our music to be—high-brow or low-brow? And what do these terms mean?

pleasure as proper music. It is a great pity. Both sides are missing the best.

The trouble is due to a misunderstanding which has been accentuated by broadcasting and by the fact that people who once upon a time could hardly recognise the National Anthem now have the opportunity of hearing the very best music in the country.

However, as the opportunity grows to hear more and more music, the difference between

despite the ups and downs of the musical world. They have been appreciated by fishermen in Cornwall and Wales, by mill girls, lonely crofters, office clerks, miners and by the whole gamut of listeners.

The keynote of the concerts is keenness. The performers themselves are tremendously keen. So long ago as 1904 Sir Henry Wood reformed the system of "deputies" and, reorganising the orchestra, took in many young and enthusiastic members. This enthusiasm, to-day, is reflected in the interest which listeners *via* radio take in the whole of the season.

By Derek ENGLAND

the "highs" and "lows" in brow dimensions will diminish; though listeners will always have their likes and dislikes, which is a good thing and denotes a keen interest.

Perhaps you started to read this article because you are not quite satisfied with your own position. Maybe you are anxious to have plenty of light music, and it seems to you that too much heavy material is broadcast; or *vice versa*, and you think the B.B.C. must be going "jazz" mad.

The B.B.C. has a slogan: "We cannot please everyone all the time, but we do try not to offend anyone at any time." That really doesn't imply much effort. But it does take pains to provide items whereby it is hoped to please all tastes, I think, with some success.

Take the Promenade Concerts, for example. These have been given, with the Queen's Hall, London, as their home, for nearly forty years,

The concerts have an immense educative force and when the slang words which form the subject of this article finally disappear it will be largely owing to the Promenade Concerts, and to the amount of music which radio listeners are enabled to hear by their aid.

Do you realise that in a full season some 500 or 600 works are performed? And each programme has to be arranged so that there is a variety of interest.

Those low-brows who dub the Promenade Concerts as high-brow, and therefore something not worth listening to, do not realise that the concerts were never meant for any particular class, or for any aesthetic clique. There never has been, in the whole of their run, any tendency towards faddism. If there had been, the advent of B.B.C. interest would have made them more than ever democratic.

I repeat: the definitions "high-brow" and "low-brow," and the musical "split" resulting from the use of these words, is heartily to be deplored. It is only by listening to plenty of music of both kinds that one can pretend to understand music.



In the Studio with the "Novelty" Quintet as seen by our caricaturist

## How the B.B.C. Chooses Your Dance Music

Continued from page Three

On opening the parcel, a neatly-scored manuscript caught his eye, and as it appeared to be the easiest of the works in the parcel to "read," he settled down to study it. He quickly perceived that it was a tune far removed from the ordinary—the work was described on the flyleaf as a "Phantasy of Negro Moods for Orchestra and Piano." It was written without resort to romanticism and conveyed an impression of the negro in his very simple moods.

The B.B.C. Dance Orchestra director discovered that the work, which is entitled "Southern Holiday," was written by Reginald Foresythe as the result of a tour of South American States. It was played at the Hotel Biltmore, New York, by Paul Whiteman last year and broadcast from sixty-five stations of the National Broadcasting Company's network. Mr. Foresythe played the piano solo in America and consented to play it for Henry Hall.

But Henry doesn't always spot winners so easily.

He has spent most of his leisure hours during the past few weeks in examining more than two hundred compositions. One of his early selections was "Rhythm of the East," a symphonic poem for dance orchestra written by Clifford Hellier, a brother of Cyril Hellier, the principal violin of the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra. This caught the true spirit of the Arab orchestras with their blow-pipes, tambourines, one-string fiddles, and tomtoms of various kinds.

You might do much worse than follow out the main ideas of old favourites when you sit down to compose your new dance tune for broadcasting.

Henry himself is an expert on old favourites. He has studied various lists of "best sellers" during the period since 1920 to the present, including gramophone records, sheet music, and American performances, musical comedy and "talkie" numbers.

In 1924, "Horsey, keep your tail up," was one of the phenomenal successes of the original Savoy Orpheans. Another outstanding success—the only one of the old favourites to be written by a girl—was "Coal-black mammy," and the composer is Ivy St. Helier.

The year 1929 saw two famous "talkie" numbers: "The Wedding of the Painted Doll" ran neck and neck with "Sonny Boy." They are in direct contrast. "Sonny Boy" is the only number in the list of "best sellers" which was both written and sung by the composer, Al Jolson.

"Ole Man River" was a world-beater of 1930; but in this country we had the "King's Horses." In 1931 a British tune went all round the world

for the first time as a "best seller" and as listeners cannot fail to remember it, they will agree that "Good Night, Sweetheart" deserved its popularity.

The year 1932 was particularly prolific in good sellers—"Let's Put Out the Lights," "Good Night, Vienna," "Underneath the Arches" and "Auf Wiedersehen" were all born: and at Christmastide came a number which "capped the lot." It was called "Let's All Sing like the Birdies Sing."

"Valencia" is the only six-eight tune that has achieved world-wide popularity. The two waltzes, "Charmaine," which came in 1927, and "Dancing with Tears in My Eyes," which is dated 1930, are written in the same strain.

Henry Hall is not averse to considering good "hot music" for B.B.C. use. Some who have no ear or stomach for "hot" music—an increasing host since Henry soothed our jangled nerves with his soft rhythmic melodies—may not like the Duke Ellington style. But if you're a "hot-cha" enthusiast then try to give the B.B.C. something worth while.

## The Blue Satyr

Continued from page Eleven

Mr. Pecklethwaite went to see for himself. He called round one evening. "Just happened to be passing, so thought I'd drop in."

They declared themselves delighted, showed him into the drawing-room, and offered him grocer's port.

"Hear you were lucky in a raffle," he said presently. "Very nice pair of ornaments, Mrs. Pecklethwaite tells me," and shuddered inwardly. A nice pair of ornaments! Beauty in duplicate! Pseudo-art! Mass-production.

Mr. Brown-Jones laughed good-naturedly. "Dunno that it was much to write home about. They cost me ten shillings, anyway, as the wife and I both had tickets, and only mine won, and ten shillings a pair is dear for something you can buy for yourself at three-and-six each!"

"Vulgar, I call them," sniffed Mrs. Brown-Jones. "We only keep them in the dining-room because Mabel likes them."

"I'd like to see them," said Mr. Pecklethwaite, smiling, but with a sick heart.

Mrs. Brown-Jones conducted him to the red-and-brown dining-room that always smelled vaguely of roast joints and dust.

And there, on either side the monstrous marble clock that always looked to Mr. Pecklethwaite like nothing so much as a generous slab of over-ripe gorgonzola, stood replicas of his own blue satyr, ranged there in a row with the carefully balanced pairs of Goss china, pieces of Doulton, and imitation Worcester.

"Three-and-six each at the china stores down the road," sniffed Mrs. Brown-Jones; "and it took George two raffle tickets at five shillings

each to win 'em—and then they're nothing to look at, though Mabel does call them 'artistic.' Dessay they are, but, as Mrs. Pecklethwaite says, 'not altogether in the best of taste.'"

Mr. Pecklethwaite crept away. From every privet hedge of Suburbia, as he walked back to "The Shrubbery," brown-faced satyrs thrust mocking faces and pointed derisive fingers at him, and through their laughter he heard the broken melody of *L'Après d'un Faun*. The afternoon of a faun, an idle siesta; then the faun turns to sleep again, and fools to their everyday.

He went into the yellow room with the Post-Impressionist mural decoration and took the blue satyr into his hand, and he laughed bitterly...

And then he was still standing at the counter in the little art shop in the Adelphi with the figure in his hand, and he heard himself saying, "I'm afraid the price is more than I can pay," and as he set the figure down on the counter and came out of the shop, to go down to Charing Cross District Station, he thought: "I must see about sending that lawn-mower round to-night or the lawns will be nothing but hay."

Mr. Pecklethwaite was thrall again to Suburbia, but, so rapidly travels thought, that for a few moments, holding the blue satyr in his hand, he had known what it was to be free...

Next time he passed the little art shop the blue satyr had disappeared from the window, and Mr. Pecklethwaite was glad. He had had the lawn-mower repaired, and what might have grown to be antic hay now rotted on the rubbish-heap, forming the genesis of a marrow-bed.

## American Programmes are Better

Continued from page Six

amusement one of the main aims of the American people.

I find little to laugh at in the wisecracks of Eddie Cantor, Ed Wyn or even Will Rogers, but I certainly like the slickness of Hal Kemp, Vincent Lopez and the rest of the band leaders.

Most of all do I like the deep, clear, really masculine human voices of the announcers, Phil Baker and his confederates, even though they are associated in my mind with patent medicines the very mention of which is calculated to give me the headache they set out to dispel.

There is, of course, a lot of ballyhoo connected with advertising on the air. That is only comparable to the cheap-jack trying to induce the milkman at the fair to try his quack medicines or buy trinkets for his Phyllida.

But I am quite sure that the advertiser on the air is coming to realise that buyers of goods are more generally to be found among the full-witted than the half-witted and therefore incites him to buy with the good rather than by being merely vulgar.

It is of the very essence of our system that the listener should be given what authority thinks is good for him rather than what he likes instinctively.



## Children's NEWS MOTTO

by Commander Stephen  
KING-HALL

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

"Procrastination is the thief of time."

This line was written by Edward Young (1684-1765) in a poem called "Night Thoughts." You will find the key to this motto on page 24.

*Stephen King-Hall*

“... Relayed  
from  
SADLER'S  
WELLS”

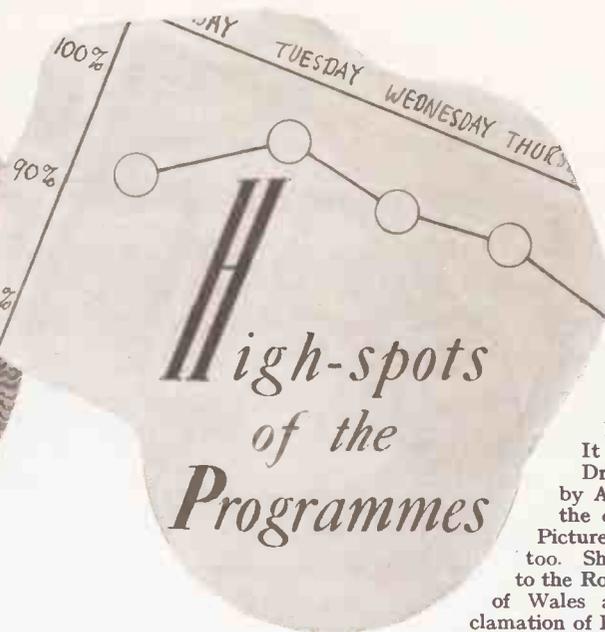


These photographs give you an insight into the relays from Sadler's Wells. (Below) Mr. Saunders Jacobs, the B.B.C. balance and control official controlling a broadcast from beneath the stage. (Above) a scene in the flies of Sadler's Wells, (in circle) the stage manager at the cue light switch board, and (right) the fireman goes his rounds





Charlie Kunz, the popular leader of the orchestra which broadcasts from the Casani Club, entertains a few friends at a party given by Dawn Davis, the Casani Club vocalist (at the microphone, left). Right is Phyllis Robbins, famous for her broadcasts with the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra



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

English. I am all agin phonetic spelling of English. The reason our words are difficult to spell is because until the time of Queen Anne any spelling did. Sir Christopher Wren, one of the most brilliant scholars of his own or any age, spells it that way, and it in the same sentence. Someone stabilised our spelling in Anne's reign, but I have never found out who did it. Anyhow, it doesn't want messing about now. Thru for through may suit the Americans, but we are not having any of it.

Midland Regional listeners can hear the Shropshire Historical Pageant on the 4th. It has been written by John Drinkwater, and will be produced by Avalon Collard. To be given in the outer bailey of Ludlow Castle. Picturesque setting for it. Interesting, too. Shows the betrayal of Caractacus to the Romans, the trial of Prince David of Wales at Shrewsbury, and the proclamation of Edward V—poor little wretch—at Ludlow Castle. There is also to be a tercentenary performance of Milton's *Comus*, first produced in Ludlow Castle in 1634. Don't miss *Comus*. A lovely work.

Two good bands for you. South Staffordshire on the 1st, and Cresswell Colliery on the 3rd. Also look out for a popular programme from the Jephson Gardens, Leamington Spa.

I have been asked by the ever-popular Phil Ridgeway to inform his "fans" that part of his post following the recent broadcast "Parade" has been lost. Phil feels, therefore, that there may be many listeners who wrote to him and who, by this loss, will be disappointed at not receiving a reply. So, if you were one of those who wrote, and do not get an answer, will you please drop him a line again, c/o RADIO PICTORIAL, 58-61 Fetter Lane, E.C.4.

**D**O you live in Brighton or Hastings or Tunbridge Wells or Horsham, or anywhere near those places? If you do, just look and see whether your wireless licence has expired. If you have never given one a chance to expire you had better toddle along to your nearest Post Office and see if they have any in stock, because that there 'tector van is coming round your district.

No good your telling the feller the programmes aren't worth ten shillings. Even if he agrees he will have you locked up. The campaign begins on July 2, and may go on for ever.

The closing scenes of the *Pageant of Parliament* comes to the National programme from the Albert Hall on July 2. Callender's Band will play your favourite Knightsbridge March (of *In Town To-night* fame), and a resumé of the pageant will be given by one of the announcers. The Royal Choral Society is to sing *Non Nobis Domine*, a new poem by Kipling set to music by Roger Quilter.

There is a light musical comedy called *Honeymoon in Paris*, written by Cecil Lewis, music by Austen Croom-Johnson. Carroll Gibbons and his Boy Friends will provide the accompaniments. A sort of summer stunt, from what I can make of it. Not exactly profound, but nice and cheery.

If the Aldershot Tattoo hasn't been enough for you, you might do worse than bide your soul in patience till July 12, when you will be taken to Gateshead for the Northern Command Tattoo in the grounds of Ravensworth Castle.

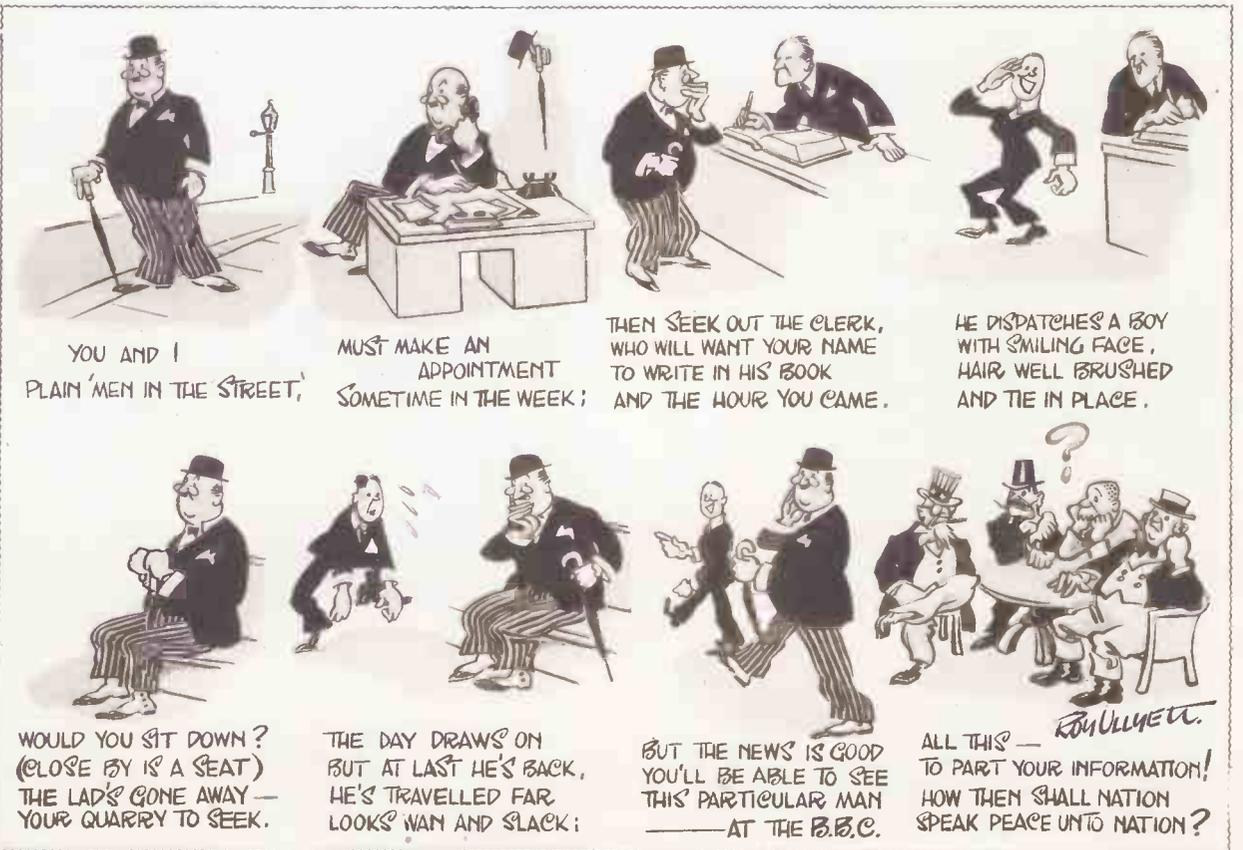
The Open Air Theatre Company (being tired of playing in the open air, I suppose) is to try a little conditioned air in a B.B.C. studio on July 8, when it will broadcast a performance of *Twelfth Night*. This will be the usual monthly broadcast of Shakespeare.

Another violinist coming over from Yugoslavia is taking part in one of the Wireless Military Band programmes on the 10th. He was trained, almost before he had cut his milk teeth, by the famous Sevcik. So he ought to have some tone about him. He seems to have played to kings and queens galore—Russia (when they had one), Serbia, Austria, Rumania, and Montenegro. By this time he has probably matured. I am wondering why he is to be with the Wireless Military Band, and not in a symphony concert. Still, the W.M.B. aspires high these days. My good friend Walton O'Donnell is very keen on first-class solo playing.

Here's a scream. A discussion on simplified spelling will be broadcast in the National programme on July 2. Speakers: Lloyd James and Geoffrey Faber. It is to be relayed to U.S.A. They will probably reply with a talk on *How to Murder*

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

After many years of discussion it has at last been decided to pull down the present Waterloo Bridge and build a new one in its place.



# 36 Stations in an Hour's Test

## —the Six-guinea A.C./D.C. Three Proves its Worth!

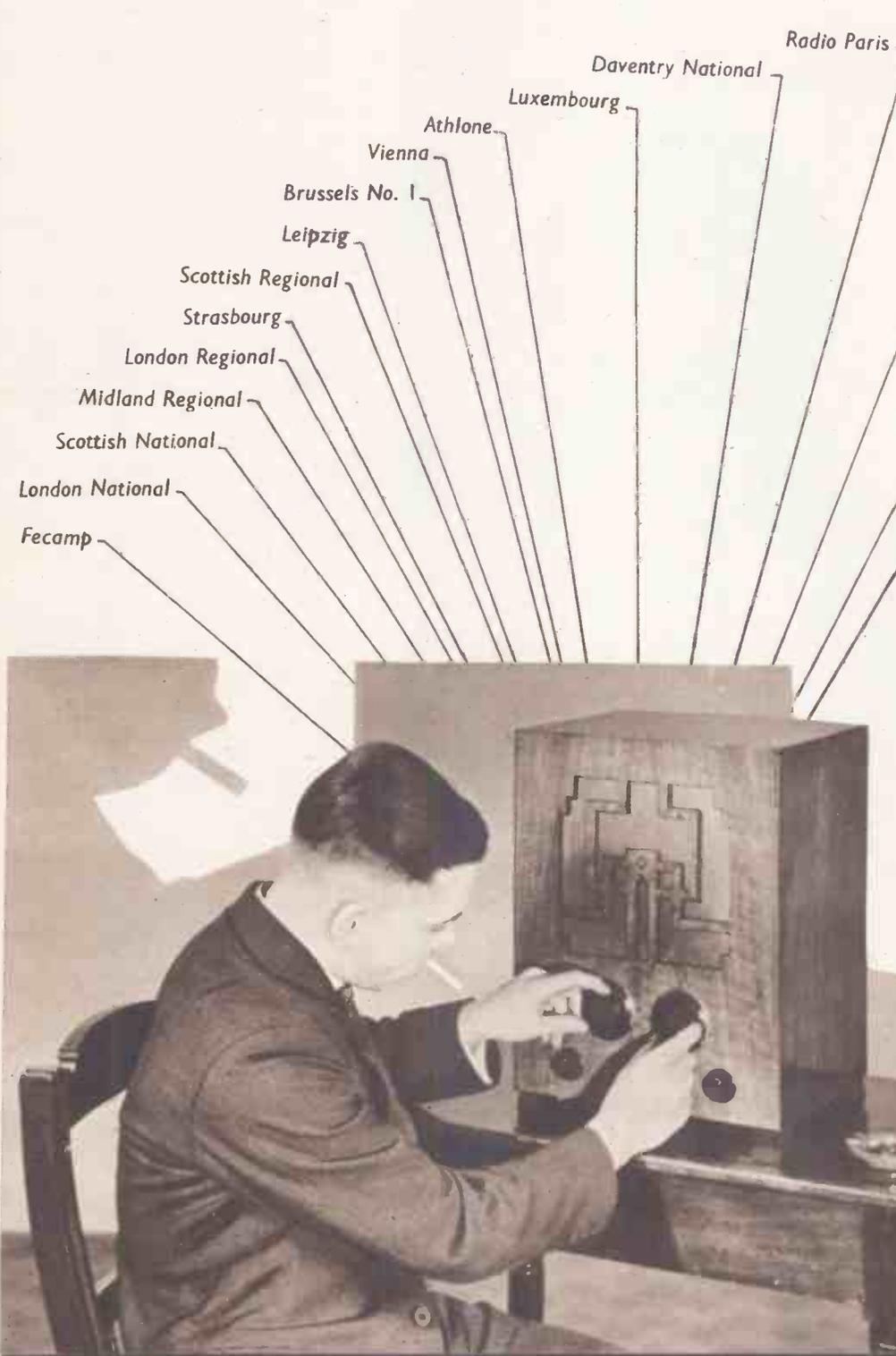
**T**HIRTY-SIX stations in an hour's test, on a three-valve set, is a pretty useful achievement!—a log that can be considerably increased with a more extensive test. This set, which is described in the July issue of "WIRELESS MAGAZINE," is designed for use on either A.C. or D.C. mains *without alteration*. The price of six guineas *includes every part necessary to build the set*—components, valves, loud-speaker, in fact, everything except the cabinet.

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Full building details and a half-scale layout and wiring plan will be found in the July issue of the "WIRELESS MAGAZINE," now on sale.



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Besides details of this splendid new set there is a host of other very interesting and useful features, some of which are given below.

Get your copy TO-DAY, price 1/- from all newsagents.

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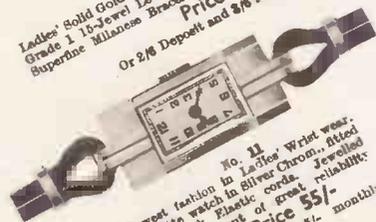
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CUTHBERTSON (New Bond St.), Ltd.,

*J.W. Hodges*  
Director.