

MRS JACK HYLTON • RICHARD TAUBER • WYNNE AJELLO

RADIO PICTORIAL

LUXEMBOURG
& NORMANDY
PROGRAMMES



3^D
EVERY
FRIDAY

HELEN GILLILAND

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EL-TANAH
THE FAMOUS EASTERN
ASTROLOGER

PROFESSOR EL-TANAH WILL SPEAK FROM RADIO LUXEMBURG ON SUNDAY AT 3 P.M.

FREE

Please send my HOROSCOPE FREE and without obligation.

NAME (MR., MRS. or MISS)

ADDRESS

DATE AND PLACE OF BIRTH (and Hour if known) YEAR

AT 3 P.M.

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY!

TO PROFESSOR EL-TANAH (Dept. 31.W.)
JERSEY, CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Going to Hendon... to see the R.A.F.?

—then you must read these special features in the June "AERO AND AIRWAYS":

- Aerobatics at Hendon
C. W. McKinley Thompson
- Aerobatic Piloting and Formation Flying
C. Clarkson
- How to Get to Hendon Aerodrome: Special Road Map

—and then there are these additional outstanding articles you will enjoy:

- Jean Batten's Return Flight from Australia
H. W. Blood-Ryan
- Before You Start a Long-distance Flight
H. Leslie Brook
- Where Landing Means Death
Capt. F. McDermott
- M.P.H. of Birds in Flight
Clifford W. Greatorex
- Space Flight
Charles G. Philp
- What You Want to Know About Airship Design
- The Capricious Comets
Owen Cartcart-Jones
- The Monospar ST18 Transport
- This Airport Business
Seajay
- Maps in two Colours: European Airlines in Operation this Summer and Great Britain's Internal Air Services.
- Motorless Flight
- Pilots Look Down at History
W. Oliver
- Europe's Civil Aircraft
Then—and Now
W. J. Chanell
- Better Air Travel
Leaping for Life
Charles Dixon
- How Aero Engines Are Planned
Tarmac
- Success with a Motor-glider
- How to Overcome Bounce When Landing
Arthur Clark

Everything in Aviation for Everybody in



AND
AIRWAYS
for June - - 1/.



Richard TAUBER

who was successfully booked by
the B.B.C. for Wednesday, June 19.
His broadcast was arranged with
Stanford Robinson conducting the
Theatre Orchestra.

IF PRIVATE THOUGHTS WERE SPOKEN



He said: "I'll write to you when a vacancy occurs."

But he thought:
"I'd employ her on the spot
if it weren't for 'B.O.'"

Her photograph won interviews but "B.O." kept her unemployed

She would make an ideal mannequin—she has such a good figure and graceful carriage. But managers are loath to engage her. She will be more lucky when a good friend tells her that her trouble is 'B.O.'—and advises her to use Lifebuoy Toilet Soap.

For normal perspiration, if it is unknowingly neglected, may so easily cause the loss of personal freshness—loss of attractiveness. The impurities left in the skin pores become stale, and then

body-odour is noticeable to others.

The daily use of Lifebuoy Toilet Soap prevents any lapse into this distressing condition. Its deep-cleansing lather purifies the skin pores, removing every trace of perspiration.

Lifebuoy Toilet Soap is as mild as all other fine toilet soaps. More and more women are using it for all toilet purposes—for the hands and face as well as for the body.

"I ALWAYS USE LIFEBOUY TOILET SOAP IN THE BATH ROOM."

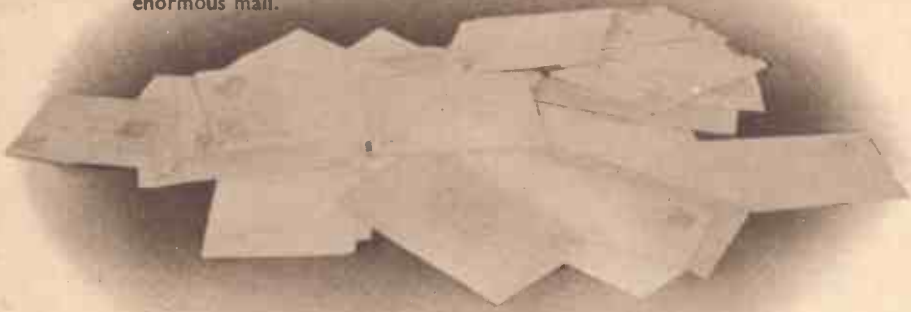
"YES, AND OF COURSE THE DOMESTIC LIFEBOUY FOR HOME-CLEANING"



LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP PREVENTS "B.O." (BODY-ODOUR)

FAN MAIL!

All B.B.C. announcers take letters home to answer. It's the only way of keeping pace with their enormous mail.



Radio Pictorial—No. 75

Published by Bernard Jones Publications, Ltd., 37-38 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.
Editor-in-Chief BERNARD E. JONES
Editorial Manager ROY J. O'CONNELL
Editor KENNETH ULLYETT

What do announcers do in addition to announcing? You hear their voices for a total of only an hour or so every day. What else do they do at the B.B.C.?

An Announcer's Job is not All Talking

says John TRENT

THOUGH an announcer is best known to listeners for his voice, the time spent in talking to the mike is but a small part of his working hours. Between the greeting which opens the programme and the valediction with which it ends, there are a hundred and one jobs for an announcer to do. His is one of the most exacting posts in the world.

Not only must he have an agreeable, educated voice, a Southern English accent, a passable knowledge of French and German, impeccable manners, and a personality that will pass through the mike, but he must also possess a critical knowledge of music and be well informed on almost every topic.

For it is part of his business to criticise and report on the programmes which he announces and to welcome in the studio authorities on almost every subject under the sun.

A brief appearance in the studio to introduce a programme is the prelude to a period of intensive listening which occupies, strangely, the greater part of his time. Though he is not the final arbiter, his judgment of a programme will weigh with the authorities. An artist's reputation may be in his care, future engagements may depend in part on his report—he must listen carefully and be scrupulously fair.

So, after announcing an orchestra, he waits only long enough to be sure that the conductor has taken his cue and then departs to the listening room next door. Here, with a loud-speaker at his elbow, he will sink into a chair to listen and report.

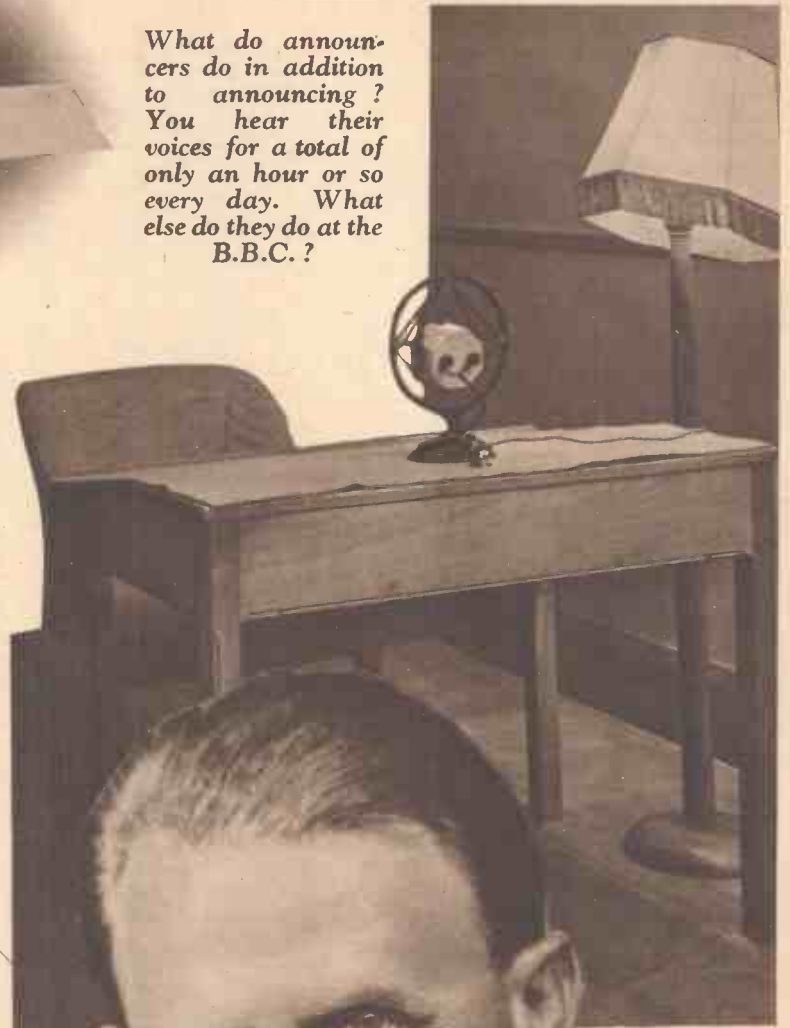
Most probably the orchestra is playing the kind of music that he likes. Presentation officials who allot duties to announcers, study their tastes, and it is more than likely that he has been chosen to announce this programme because it is the type that he enjoys. It is important that he should be in sympathy with his material.

Maybe, you have noticed that Stuart Hibberd and his understudies handle most classical concerts while Freddie Grisewood and his juniors announce more variety bills than the others.

This, too, is one of the reasons why an announcer may start work at six-thirty on the National programme, switch at eight to the Regional for an hour and return to the National later on. Perhaps you have noticed that this often happens.

The most delicate task sometimes occurs before the announcer reaches the mike. His duty sheet shows that Professor Blank is speaking on metallurgy in Studio 3C at eight o'clock. Metallurgy is not his strong subject, Professor Blank has not broadcast before and may be nervous. Better, therefore, to take no chances.

Continued overleaf



Senior B.B.C. Announcer Stuart Hibberd. His is certainly a full-time job even though he may spend only two hours a day addressing the mike.

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An Announcer's Job is not All Talking

Continued from previous page

A glance through the script clipped to his board teaches him something about the talk. A hasty reference to a *Who's Who* in the announcer's room tells him that the lecturer was at his college. That's a bit of luck, though the Professor was up some years before his time, and the book also shows that they share a passion for mountaineering. That's good; they have a taste in common.

Armed with this knowledge, the announcer leaves his room on the fourth floor, passes into the studio tower, walks downstairs to the floor below, and enters a studio where the professor is waiting with a member of the Talks department. It is five minutes to eight. The lecturer is fidgeting, an unmistakable sign of nervousness, but there is plenty of time. In five minutes the red light will flash its message that the microphone is alive. Meanwhile the speaker must be made to feel at home, and that is where the points of contact disclosed by *Who's Who* will be of value.

They chat, talk turns to climbing mountains, the lecturer becomes interested, and by the time his turn is signalled the lecturer is completely at ease. The announcer introduces the speaker at the mike and then slips out to listen.

Announcers work in shifts to cover the broadcasting day, from ten-fifteen in the morning till midnight, and it frequently happens that an announcer makes his first appearance at the mike reading the news at six.

There is no hard and fast rule about the time of his arrival for this "turn," but he rarely arrives after five and usually much earlier. He must study the arrangements for the evening, collect manuscripts, announcements and report sheets, and clip them in the order in which he will need them on his three-ply board.

He is certain to find a mail on his desk, and usually gives it a once-over before departing for the news room to study the bulletin in course of preparation. Many a slip when reading the news has been saved by fifteen minutes spent in the news room before the broadcast.

Maybe China is in the news again. Some of those place names are teasers, better consult Professor Lloyd James. There is just time, so he rings up the School of Oriental Studies for a word with the phonetic expert who is Secretary of the Spoken English Committee.

Possibly there are other words in the bulletin of doubtful pronunciation. Didn't a listener once write about his pronunciation of "zoological"? Safer to look it up and be certain this time. So he refers to the long list of pronunciations prepared by the committee and then, taking the last sheets of the bulletin containing sports news from the editor, he passes into the tower on his way to the studio, confident that he has mastered *that* job.

No small part of the evening will be spent travelling about the building, and the emergency key which every announcer carries in his waistcoat pocket will facilitate his transit. This key turned in a lock brings the lift non-stop to the floor on which it is used.

Later on he must make the journey to the big orchestral studio at Maida Vale to announce a symphony concert. So when this next programme is well under way, he will return to the announcers' room, hand over to another fellow, gather the remainder of his post into his pocket and run downstairs to catch the car which is waiting in Portland Place to drive him to Delaware Road. On the journey there will just be time to open the rest of the mail—the envelopes that looked least interesting and were cast aside for a later scrutiny.

Extraordinary how many listeners can identify his voice! The day is past when letters arrived in shoals addressed to "The Announcer." A few still reach Broadcasting House from unknown admirers for the "Chief Announcer," and these are answered by the department which handles all programme letters from listeners. Envelopes addressed to announcers by name form the bulk of this post, and these letters are always read by the individuals honoured.

Some letters contain useful hints, others, invitations, more, inquiries about coughs and colds and some, protestations of love. Fans who write with affection rarely add their names, so it is not possible to reply.

Other letters are answered, some from the desk in the announcers' room during the late dance music period, when it is no longer necessary to listen carefully, and some from home where an announcer can work in peace.

As a change from the orderly turmoil of existence at Broadcasting House, announcers mostly choose to live in the country.

Stuart Hibberd has a house in Kent and Freddie Grisewood's home is in Surrey, many miles beyond the London boundary.

Both take letters home to answer; it is the only way of keeping pace with their enormous mail.

Although an announcer may spend only two hours a day in addressing the mike, his is certainly a full-time job.

I AM AN ANNOUNCER'S WIFE . . . !

An announcer's job may not be all talking . . . but how would you like to be a member of an announcer's family? It has its drawbacks, says Ute Williams, wife of Stephen Williams, Chief English announcer at Radio Luxembourg. Mrs. Williams, a pretty German girl, has written us this domestic document in her quaint English. It speaks for itself.



SHALL I tell you how it is to be the wife of a Radio Announcer? Just now my husband is at the Radio Studio looking after his concerts, so I have time to tell you things about him which you can only hear from me. Private things are most interesting, I think, don't you? I must begin at the beginning. In March of this year we were married at Wiesbaden in Germany, Wiesbaden being what you call "my home town."

Stephen had not much time to leave his

loved radio, so he only could arrive at Wiesbaden late on our wedding eve. The next morning we were married at the Rathaus, in the town hall, and the wedding was in German and English so that my husband later could not be able to say that he hasn't said "yes."

After the wedding we went to Frankfurt-am-Main for my pass from the British Consulate. When I had it from the Consul he took away my German pass . . . and I was sorry because now I cannot ever go away without my husband knowing!

We had not told anybody in Luxembourg that we would marry, and when we were nearly out of Germany we sent a telegram to Gerald Carnes to say that Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Williams would be coming at 8.30.

Oh, I nearly had forgotten I would tell you about being his wife. Somebody may think it wonderful and easy! A big mistake! Wonderful, yes, but not easy! The story about awaking some men most women know, but he is such a lazy man! If the bath is ready I must pull him from the bed and tickle him till he wake up quite.

Then he must have the post which is not small and the English newspaper. I am angry that so much news is in the English newspaper. It is so long to read. And then he goes to his bath. He must let run the water again, because the water is—with the time he has taken for the letters and newspaper—cold.

Some days ago Stephen looked at the clock when he had his post: it was 7.30. After he had bathed and shaved he looked again at the clock. Now she shows 8.30! Stephen put it up and shook it. He hold it on his ear. He run to the window. The clock outside shows 8.30, too. He had only taken one hour.

We were over in England recently and my husband was filming. Stephen comes home on the Friday night to tell me that he must go next day back to Luxembourg. I jump out of the bed because I am glad about travelling. Stephen looked at me. He had forgotten that

he promised me to take me with him on every travel . . . but that was before we were married. He said to me that I would not be long a widow. This naughty boy. I said to him, "That's quite true, but just now I have got used to you and I would not like a new husband." And look, there he goes to the telephone and ask for a seat for me. The luck was with him. No seat was available!

Yes, it's the same with all the promises men make! So it was with the radio receiver I should have. At first he says he will buy me a radio so that I can listen then to him and if I not hear him any more I know that he is at home in five minutes. I have not yet had the radio so I think he does not like that I know at what time he is finished so that he must come at once at home.

A long, long time before we were married he gave me a picture of him. He wrote plenty of nice words on it, and I think this picture is only for me. But the other day I finding him sending the same picture for listeners who write a nice letter and ask for an autograph and a picture. So now he must promise to take a picture only for me.

The Jubilee week was the first time I see England. My husband had much work to do and I must go to the shops alone. But we saw some Jubilee procession and all the decoration of the streets, and some theatres and films. I like London and Liverpool where we went to see Mr. Ayres of Littlewoods Pools. Mr. Ayres gave me a real dog—an Airedale terrier. He is called Beejay. My husband has just telephoned me he will come home to have tea. He will come in ten minutes and I must make ready the things. Then he will run back to his radio. But for me it is wonderful to be wife of an announcer.

Ute Williams

ON THE AIR



Judy Shirley (top circle) sings with Maurice Winnick and his Band on Wednesday next at 10.10 p.m. National

George Dolton (centre circle) is broadcasting a group of West Country songs from West Regional, June 25, at 7.45 p.m.

Joe Loss (bottom circle) and his Band will next play to you on Saturday, June 29, at 5.15 p.m., National



(Above) Miss Ethel Glendinning, the wife of Richard Ainley, with their daughter "Polly." Miss Glendinning is in the cast of "The Nightingale" on June 22, Regional, at 8.30 p.m.

Sir Walford Davies will delight all his listeners when he broadcasts next on June 24, at 7.30 p.m., National



Harry Roy and Miss Elizabeth ("Princess Pearl") Brooke, who have recently become engaged—a charming Sasha photo study

Discovery

When Stanford Robinson confessed that he had never heard anyone like her before, I started to take a lot of notice. He had been listening to a record of Erna Sack, which had just arrived from Holland. She is a singer with a tremendous range, and they say that she reaches the highest note in the world. The record satisfied everyone who heard it that Erna Sack has a most remarkable voice and without further "audition," Eric Maschwitz booked her for Jubilee Gala on July 27.

Ready for Vision

So the Alexandra Palace is to be the first television station in London and work is starting immediately to transform a pillar hall, a masonic suite and a refreshment bar into studios, dressing-rooms, workshops and offices. This is bound to take time, and some months will pass before Gerald Cock and Eustace Robb leave their elegant offices in Broadcasting House for the wilds of North London.

Your B.B.C. Ticket

Now is the time to write to the B.B.C. if you want to see a show being broadcast. The waiting list for admission to the studios, closed last August, has just been opened again. Thousands of applications are pouring in to Broadcasting House, and as they will all be dealt with in turn, it will pay to write at once. Don't be put off by the numbers. About five hundred visitors are present in the studios each week, so two or three thousand are soon wiped off the waiting list.

They are Funny!

Meet Walter Badham, broadcasting for the first time in an Entertainment Hour on July 12. He is a lad from the Midlands who writes his own songs, and they are funny. Ernest Longstaffe picked him out at audition last week and promptly booked him for this programme. It then transpired that Henry Hall had heard him on holiday at Selsey last summer. Henry had said that he ought to blow in and try his luck at the B.B.C., but he had taken a long time to do it.

"Newsmonger's"

Radio
GOSSIP

I am too wise to acclaim a "discovery" before a broadcast, but I shall listen on July 12. Hildegard is in same programme.

Gentle Toscanini!

Toscanini was as great a success with the B.B.C. Orchestra as the orchestra was with him. The famous conductor's methods are so gentle that everyone enjoyed working for him. Yet watching his dark burning eyes I was conscious of latent fire, but there were no fireworks at rehearsal. I have seen a conductor gesticulate with anger, and another drop his baton in exasperation; Toscanini has a gentler and more effectual way. After his last concert they asked him to return, and no one will be more disappointed than members of the orchestra if he does not come again.

Last "Music Hall"

The last music hall for a couple of months will be broadcast on July 13, and John Sharman is trying to collect a bumper bill. A fresh series will start in September, when I hear that another old favourite—Songs from the Shows—will be back again. Listeners never seem to tire of these John Watt programmes. Anyway, they are always writing to the B.B.C. asking for more.

Radiolympia

Meanwhile there is the exhibition at Olympia, where the B.B.C. will be staging a big vaudeville show. Lily Morris and "In Town To-night" are two attractions already arranged. Henry Hall will play on the stage for the last four days and two other bands will share the rest of the run. There will be three shows a day from August 14 to 24, and the bill will be changed three times during the exhibition. As last year, Eric Maschwitz and John Sharman will be in charge and there will be several relays from the stage. I hear, too, that the B.B.C. is to show two remarkable models of Droitwich on its stand in the hall.

From World to Mike

July is sometimes an "off" month in broadcasting, but it will not be so this year. The O.B. men are relaying the King's reviews of the Navy, Army, and Air Force. The variety department are broadcasting a jubilee programme each week and the drama director, not to be beaten, has in hand an all-star production of Hassan, in which he hopes that Henry Ainley, Leon Quartermaine, and Ion Swinley will all take part.

Normandy Time Signal

I notice that the International Broadcasting Company have instituted a novel time signal in the breakfast time broadcasts from Radio Normandy. After the usual opening "trumpets," the announcer says "It is now 8.15 a.m.," and throughout the programme the exact time is given out at the conclusion of each musical number. These time signals are proving a great boon to listeners who are hurrying to get ready for business, and apparently young boys and girls appreciate them, too. One mother wrote how her young son Michael eats a better breakfast as he does not have to worry about arriving late at school through the clock being slow.

Not Good Taste

An American organisation has just produced a new set of rules for broadcasters. It seems that some advertisements were not in good taste.

Now, I learn, that they are burning the midnight oil round at St. George's Hall, preparing a list of "Don'ts" to be hung on the walls of dressing-rooms. I don't know what the result will be, but I guess that it will read something like this: "Don't advertise." "Don't depart from the script." "Don't slip in an extra gag."

"Christopher Stone Calling . . ."

MY blotter has an odd habit of collecting scraps of paper on which stray thoughts and quotations have been scribbled. It is a sort of refuge for things that are too shapeless to be filed away in pigeon-holes and yet not worthless enough to be thrown into the waste paper basket.

Properly they should be kept in a "commonplace book."

To-day, while performing the rare ceremony of renewing the blotting-paper in this blotter, and while meditating upon the present doldrums which threaten to hold the entire gramophone record business becalmed, I came across two slips of paper on which I had written quotations at some untraceable date.

The first was from an article in the RADIO TIMES by Sidney Dark.

"The telephone is the curse of my working day and the gramophone the curse of what might be my restful evenings."

The other was the beginning of a short story, with the scene apparently laid at a race-meeting.

"The rain fell steadily and impartially upon the paddock and the starting-gate, upon the top hats in the enclosure and upon the gipsies and crowds on the hill side. It fell with equal force upon the just and the not quite on the County Lawn."

Then a third slip of paper caught my eyes, with a quotation from *The Observer*.

"Every art is beset with the temptation to cater for the greatest ignorance of the greatest number."

In those three quotations, if you are anything of an amateur moralist, you will find food for some prolonged meditations. At least I did—and I am the laziest and most amateurish of moralists.

But fear not—I can keep my thoughts to myself, at least on the subject of the "only just" and the "not quites" which make up nine-tenths of the monthly lists of new records. I shall get into trouble if I don't.

However, there is one particular record that simply must be bought by you even if you only play it through once—or not even once—before storing it away in some safe place for the benefit of your grandchildren, or someone else's.

It is a 4s. record, the number is H.M.V. RC 2747, and the profits go to charities.

On one side is the King's Silver Jubilee Broadcast to the Empire on May 6, authentic and complete (with the throat-clearing), exactly as we heard it on that memorable evening.

On the other is a really wonderful impression of the Royal Procession to St. Paul's Cathedral earlier on the same day. If you heard the broadcast you will be thrilled to hear again the surge of cheering, the clatter of hoofs (or hooves) and the lucid excitement of the commentators, Gerald Cock at Temple Bar and Commander King-Hall at St. Paul's.

There are lots of other historic Jubilee records, if your purse can indulge your grandchildren to that extent; but this one is outstanding. Don't wait to be reminded of it again. Get it at once.

By the way, there will be a very charming lady as my guest in the Ovaltine Time Programme at 9.30 on Sunday (Radio-Luxembourg) unless plans go wrong. You will like to hear her again, and I hope she will stay till Mary brings my cup of Ovaltine, at 10 o'clock.

Christopher Stone

Radio Reunion

Dropping into a rehearsal of that bright play, *The Golden Hind*, I was impressed by the perfect understanding between the producer and his cast. Between scenes, during a break for coffee, I discovered that Peter Cresswell (the producer), Flora Robson (Queen Elizabeth) and Richard Goolden (Chaplain) in the play had started their stage career together at the Oxford Playhouse in J. B. Fagan's Company. They have all become famous since those days, and were delighted to be working together again. It was a pleasure to be present at such a reunion.

Breakfast Time Broadcasts

I was glad to learn that the Cashmere Bouquet Trio who have proved so popular in recent Sunday afternoon transmissions from Radio Luxembourg, are now to be heard in the breakfast time broadcasts from Radio Normandy. The Trio's first concert will be given on Thursday, July 4, at 8.30 a.m. If you have not yet heard these programmes, I should certainly advise you to tune in to Radio Normandy every Thursday morning.

Dance Music of the Week

Monday—Jack Jackson and his Band—Dorchester Hotel.

Tuesday—Lew Stone and his Band—Studio.

Wednesday—Maurice Winnick and his Orchestra—San Marco Restaurant.

Thursday—B.B.C. Dance Orchestra directed by Henry Hall—Studio.

Friday—Harry Roy and his Band—May Fair Hotel.

Saturday—Ambrose and his Embassy Orchestra—Studio.

Aerobatics from Your Armchair

Thrills from Hendon on Saturday, June 29 when Squadron-leader Helmore gives a running commentary on the R.A.F. Display

ON Saturday, June 29, the best part of a quarter of a million people will gather at Hendon Aerodrome to watch an exhibition of the world's most polished flying—the annual R.A.F. display, which has now become the flying event of the air.

So much so, in fact, that the B.B.C. has again arranged for a special relay and again—almost inevitably, it seems—listeners will welcome the breezy commentary of Squadron-Leader Helmore.

A very great deal of interest in an event of this kind is lost by not being able to see what is going on. However spectacular the aerobatic, the commentator cannot possibly convey the whole thrill to those who are listening at a distance.

Among the main items of the Display—it is no longer called the R.A.F. Pageant, although many prefer the old name—must be mentioned air drill by three squadrons of Harts; squadron air drill by Gaunttets; inverted flying; smoke patterns; demonstration of a pterodactyl fighter (a machine that looks as if it is all "wing"); low flying attacks; parachute jumping; fly past of flying boats; and aerial skittles.

The really spectacular events are those that come under the heading of aerobatics—officially any manoeuvre that is not normal straight flying—turns, sideslips, dives, spins, and landing.

"I would have included spinning, vertical diving, and sideslipping myself," writes Flight-Lieutenant C. W. McKinley Thompson, in a special aerobatic article in the June issue of *Aero and Airways* (1s.). "Anything more aerobatic, spectacular, or dangerous-looking than recovery from any of these 'juggles with death' with only a few feet of height to spare, is hard to imagine."

And Flight-Lieutenant Thompson should know, for he was a test pilot at Martlesham Heath for six years and during 2,000 hours of flying has handled fifty-seven different types of aircraft!

Having seen what aerobatics are not, it will be as well to note that the commonest are looping and rolling, nearly every other aerobatic manoeuvre being a variation or combination of these two fundamental "stunts."

When you are listening to the relay from Hendon, remember that for weeks pilots all over the country have been patiently practising for this great day—plain loops, rockets loops, formation looping, slow rolling, flick rolling, upward



Squadron-leader Helmore, who is giving the B.B.C. commentary, seen here with Sir Alan Cobham.

rolling, half rolling, and rolling off the top of a loop.

Quite apart from the spectacular value to the observer, aerobatic training has a beneficial effect on the pilot; indeed, the qualities that it develops are very desirable ones to be found in any pilot and cannot be ignored with impunity by those who confine their flying activities to commercial and private flying. A good aerobatic pilot always feels that he is flying the machine and not it flying him.

Indeed, a good aerobatic pilot has a "something" quite on his own, and to an expert eye it is possible to pick out various well-known aerobatic pilots by the sequence and smoothness of their movements," as C. Clarkson points out in a further aerobatic article in *Aero and Airways*.

Early in his aerobatic training the pilot becomes used to the feel of his aircraft under a variety of conditions and in a variety of positions. He learns that it will always obey certain laws of aerodynamics; that certain control movements will always produce certain results. In short, he gains a self-confidence in himself and a confidence in the machine that would be quite beyond him were he not taught aerobatics as a standard part of his pilot's training.

Remember, though, that the pilot is hard at work while you are listening to a description of his aerobatics—from your armchair!

Make the most of the R.A.F. Display, no matter whether you go to Hendon or listen to the B.B.C. commentary. There's a special article in the June issue of "Aero and Airways" (1s. at all book-stalls) and a helpful road map for everyone who is going to the Display.

A Day in My Life

“JUDY” —RUTH FIELD of Midland Regional!

The new chief of the Children's Hour at Midland Regional describes a typical day in her life, in diary form, as told to Godfrey Winn



8 Family breakfast. Very pleasant. My last job with the Kent Council of Social Service meant exile, and I frankly missed all the other members of my large family.

8.30.—Family disperses about the day's business. Am I going to ride this evening? Will I be home in time to make up a four at tennis? Will I change the library books? Yes, yes, yes, B.B.C. *volente*.

8.45.—Am offered a lift in my father's car into Birmingham. Prefer to catch the

9 o'clock train from Kenilworth, as that gives me time to digest the morning papers in peace. Notice with amusement that the controversy about the equality (or otherwise) of the sexes has taken a new lease of life, owing to the admittance of women undergraduates to the Oxford Union, and the O.U.D.S. Club. In my day, these were masculine sanctuaries, which, personally, I hadn't the least desire to violate. I found I had a lovely time when I was up at Somerville, despite, or, who knows, perhaps because of, the male undergraduates' superior, shunning attitude towards their female counterparts. But here I am at

9.45.—Exchanging good-mornings with the sergeant on duty at the door, about to embark upon another day's work, side by side with, and on the same terms as, my male colleagues. As a matter of fact, I have been overwhelmed with kindness since I came into the building for the first time a few weeks ago. I am still slightly bewildered by everything, still finding my feet, but enjoying the process enormously. There is such a universally friendly atmosphere, in the studios and behind the scenes.

10 o'clock.—My secretary shows me the morning's letters. Tactfully she has put on the top the one that starts: "I am writing a few lines to say how much I like the Children's Corner lately" . . . but really, the letter that gives me most pleasure is from a listener who is anxious to know the nature and the price of the instrument that we recently

submitted lately have been rather disappointing. Small children stories, it scored a great success with her parrot, who immediately gave its own version of the proceedings, and she is hopeful that with a few more repetitions Polly will have a new act to add to its already large repertoire. I wonder what her neighbours will say! However, I send her the number and the name of the gramophone record—the gramophone being our usual reliable instrument for all kinds of noises.

10.30.—Charles Hatton arrives, hand in hand with a new story. I greet him enthusiastically. The MSS. submitted lately have been rather disappointing. The MSS. stories that are pure fantasy, best of all, adventure stories with an exciting climax, these, together with talks on interesting experiences are the chief headings under which I classify my wants. So many of the people who submit material for the Children's Hour make the mistake, in my opinion, of deliberately writing down to what they think is the level of a child's intelligence. The enormous success of Commander King-Hall, as a broadcaster, is surely abundant proof that there is practically nothing under the sun that children can't understand if it is properly and simply explained to them by someone who talks to them as an *equal*. As for the purely entertainment side of the Children's Hour, I should imagine that almost as many grown-ups listen as children. That's not surprising, really, when you remember how people flock to see the latest Disney "Coloured Symphony" on the screen. The old trite saying about us all being children at heart has been given a new meaning by Broadcasting!

11 o'clock.—Put finishing touches to the first programme that is completely my own invention. Something for all ages of children. Gerald Martin (alias, Martyn



"Holiday thoughts recede into the back of my consciousness, as I frantically telephone half a dozen 'possibles' to bridge the gap." Here's "Judy" on the 'phone booking a newcomer for the Midland Regional Children's Hour.

Webster, our own dramatic producer) sings very delightfully in the Children's Hour, when he has time, and another member of the staff who "obliges" from time to time is our Executive Chief, Harold Casey, whose marching songs are justly popular.

11.30.—David Gretton bursts into the room with someone kindly sent up to me from Denis Last, our Talks Director. Will I give her an audition as a possible artist for poetry reading. Certainly, if I can get a studio. Usually we hold our Midland Regional auditions once a month in the studios themselves to discover new malleable material. We still have E. G. Hilton with us, doing his "What about it?" talks, which are in the nature of a lighter edition of Stephen King-Hall. As the author is a barrister on the Midland Circuit, it is safe to hope that he will stay with us indefinitely. Also, Gladys Davidson, whose animal talks are popular, and Norah Holloway, who reads her own Irish tales very charmingly. I am sure that these popular broadcasters will need no further introduction to regular Midland listeners.

12 o'clock.—Conference with Martyn Webster about plays. Has anything been submitted to his department, that might be suitable for the Children's Hour? Can he give me some assistance over casting? As the sponsor of over a hundred shows last year, he is in the best possible position to give me the "low-down" on all available acting talent. Of course, I already know and respect the work of old favourites like Hugh Morton and Alfred Butler, but I want someone to take the part of a very regal old man, can he suggest someone? Of course, he can! I hurry away to a rehearsal at . . .

12.30 and wish at the end of it that I could have half a dozen more. This momentary mood of depression quickly vanishes, when I join a friend for lunch down town, and we start planning our summer holidays.

2 o'clock.—Still mentally unfolding a map of Europe. I have already made expeditions to Vienna and Andorra, but my companion fills my heart with jealousy and yearning when he embarks on an account of a trip he made to Ragusa last summer. Its beauty is still untouched by tourist traffic, despite the fact that the exchange is very much in the favour. There are no casinos and fashion parades on the beach. However, there is magnificent bathing, a very comfortable hotel, and lovely expeditions to be made by car into the mountains. As for the people, my companion assured me that they were the most beautiful race that he had ever seen. They reminded him of the illustrations of the Old Testament. Every shepherd boy you meet on the mountain side might be David, guarding his father's flocks. As you pass, they all raise their hands solemnly in salutation. Adios, they cry, speeding you on your way.

2.30.—We speed each other on our respective ways. Still slightly intoxicated by his evocation of my slumbering wanderlust, I make my way up prosaic, unromantic New Street, back to the office where I discover that a minor crisis has occurred in my absence. One of the people who was going to take part in "The Wind and the Willows" has developed laryngitis. Holiday thoughts recede into the back of my consciousness, as I frantically telephone half a dozen possibles, to bridge the gap. It's an extraordinary thing, I have already discovered, but when one hasn't an inch of space in the programme to fill, the ante-room seems to be bursting with applicants for work, but the moment that an unexpected vacancy occurs, they all seem to have other engagements!

2.45.—Dictate letters, make dates for auditions, send back batches of MSS. with polite notes of regret. In the middle of which at . . .

3.20 a writer comes in to see me about a story I have already accepted. As we only know each other through correspondence, I am anxious to hear her voice, before I decide whether she shall read it herself over the microphone. Sometimes it is better for one of our expert readers to do this. They have correct microphone technique which the author may not possess—it makes so much difference. So often a professionally-trained personality is an enormous help to an author's work. It is impersonal and for that very reason doesn't miss a point and thus enhances the general effect enormously.

4 o'clock.—In the board-room, having tea, where all the members of the staff wander in and out at will, help themselves, and exchange gossip between mouthfuls. As I am swallowing my second cup, I find Denis Last at my elbow, who proceeds to tell me an enchanting story about a young charcoal burner, who arrived to give a talk on how he used to make charcoal in the Forest of Dean.

All went well, till he approached the microphone, when the only sound was a loud hissing noise like steam, escaping from a railway engine! Last discovered that the speaker's acute sibilance, magnified a thousand times over by the loud-speaker, was due to a small gap between his two front teeth. First aid in the form of a wad of paper was applied and failed. Chewing-gum was next tried. It would not stay in place, either. The young man departed disconsolately: gloomily Last returned to his office. An hour passed. Suddenly, in burst the charcoal-burner with a radiant smile. "I've got it, I've got it," he cried, baring his teeth. And the solution? His wife had filled the gap with a piece of white hat elastic!

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SHE is either Miss Wynne Ajello or Mrs. Wynne Ajello, just as you please. Once an Ajello always an Ajello, seemingly. At all events Wynne thinks that way, for she married her cousin. Ajello is a very old Italian name and Wynne is Italian by descent. Her grandfather came over here many years ago and founded the firm of piano makers under the name of Ajello.

Wynne is not Italian-looking in the least, but she speaks the language and always tries to spend a little time in Italy each year when she is able to leave her job.

She has been married for two years now and is very happy. So she ought to be with so pleasant a home. She lives near Mill Hill in pleasing surroundings. The house stands in a large garden in which she is going to have a wonderful show of roses this year. Already some are budding, and she seems to have most of the best varieties.

Not a gardener, though! Don't run away with that idea. If she sees a worm she screams and she has a horror of slugs. She feels they are detrimental to her flowers, the young lupins particularly, whose buds they seem to like so much, but she says they make such a squelching sound when you tread on them that she really cannot cope with slugs.

In any event the young lady is far too busy to spend much time in her garden. She is a voracious reader for one thing. She is yet another who is devoted to biographies. The number of radio stars we have met in our wanderings of late who are devoted to this type of reading seems to be increasing week by week.

At Home with the Stars—75

WYNNE AJELLO

pioneer broadcaster and favourite B.B.C. star who made a great hit in "London Bells" and the "White Coons"

she never broadcasts. Her tastes are certainly catholic. She plays the piano a good deal and is quite an accomplished musician. She was trained by a pupil of Marchesi and her singing shows the method.

Wynne is thoroughly artistic. She has never had a painting lesson in her life, but she has considerable natural talent. Examine some of her work on the walls of her room and you will soon be convinced. In fact, the young lady is inclined to express herself artistically in most ways, her mode

of dress not least. She drives a car and is a keen swimmer. So is her husband. He plays golf, but Wynne has no use either for hitting a ball when it is lying still (and cannot defend itself) or hitting one on the move. Consequently she ignores both golf and tennis. She is rather keen on flying, but has not yet risen to the dignity of a pilot. Her husband has, so perhaps one in the family is enough. Her swimming must be quite good because she has a few prizes gained at various times in her life.

The urge to express herself has resulted in a longing to go in for filming. This she has already done, but she is evidently anxious to do more of it.

At the week-ends Wynne and her husband like to run down to the coast whenever they have the time. They are both keen on outdoor life. They rarely let a week-end pass without some activity.

It would be an omission to pass by the presence of Buller, the Airedale. He is some person. A fine-looking animal, perfectly bred—a real beauty. Some time ago a picture of Wynne and Buller was published. It had a most extraordinary result. Wynne was inundated with pictures of Airedales. People sent them from all over the country. She wondered why. Did they want her to buy up the lot, or to write them long letters on the subject of "Airedales versus Other Kinds of Dogs," or what? It is surprising to know so many people are Airedale-minded these days.

Wynne is actually one of the earliest radio artists to make a name entirely by that means. She must have broadcast something like five hundred times since 1925. She owes everything to the B.B.C., and is very ready to acknowledge the fact.

She was actually born in London, but her long Italian descent, from a family known for centuries because of the music amongst its members, has been largely responsible for her artistic renderings of even the lightest song she sings. She made a great hit, you will remember, in Ashley Sterne's amazingly clever show called *London Bells*. She may also be the only artist who can claim to have broadcast on five successive nights. Indeed, when certain parts are cast

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The house is modern, but Wynne takes pride in showing her friends some of her pet pieces of furniture, heirlooms of the Ajello family. Also some fine Persian and Turkey carpets. Very handsome they are, too.

If ever you go to see Wynne Ajello in her home, you will be taken to her music room. There is, of course, an Ajello piano. You would hardly expect anything else. As for music, it seems to be everywhere. And there again you get a glimpse into the mind of this attractive young person. Her library does not consist entirely or even mainly of light songs with a strong sentimental theme. These songs have their appeal and Wynne enjoys broadcasting them, as you know, but amongst her music is a good deal

Wynne is thoroughly artistic. She has never had a painting lesson in her life, but she has considerable natural talent

The left-hand photo shows her with Buller, Wynne's airdale



Oh, to be in Luxembourg...

"—which, even in its harshest mood can only be a place of gentle memories."

PEN PICTURES OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS RADIO LUXEMBOURG WHICH GIVES PLEASURE TO MILLIONS WITH ITS CONTINENTAL PROGRAMMES FOR ENGLISH LISTENERS, NOT ONLY ON SUNDAY, BUT THROUGHOUT THE WEEK—BY

J. MURRAY SMITH

Soon I was sitting on a hard wooden seat in a railway compartment, jogging back towards Luxembourg, but the journey was enlivened by a conversation with a diminutive man who explained that he was an engineer with "considerable experience of gas engines."

He was going to Cologne, he said; though when, exactly, he could not say. "Perhaps in a week or so," he added.

"I too, am going to Cologne," I said, "on my way to Berlin."

At this his face lit up.

"Excellent," he said. "Then my wife will pack a luncheon basket for two, and we will go together."

That was my first indication of the Luxembourg character. I made an appointment with my little middle-aged acquaintance. We were to meet on the railway station in Luxembourg, on the following Sunday, to take the midday train.

A week later I had almost forgotten all about him. But when I arrived to catch the train on the first stage to Berlin, there he was, clasping his luncheon basket and smiling a jovial welcome.

What is more, we are still friends, for we have corresponded ever since, and I received a letter from him this morning.

He tells me that he enjoys the programmes from England, especially the dance music. And he is glad he met me because, although he has lived for years in the shadow of the greatest transmitter in Europe he had never owned a set. He decided to invest in one when he discovered that I had travelled from England to see the radio station in his own town.

Luxembourg, then, on that wintry morning when I alighted from the train with my new acquaintance was a dreary and dismal place. The cobbles of the station yard were dusted with snow, and the shutters of all the little hotels and *estaminets* still covered the windows.

There was one feature of the station yard in striking contrast to all the rest—the taxi-rank. This was composed of several of the smartest little cars I had ever seen, very low-built and swift-looking.

Continued overleaf

seated demurely at the mike, with the more robust and smiling German girl beside her. I could see Gerald Carnes lounging about in the background; and Stephen Williams coming into the studio with that swift, light walk of his.

With this little scene in my mind I did a thing I rarely do. I read some of my own articles again. There are several large volumes in my study, containing a record of the outpourings of this one-man literary business over the past few years. I took up the latest of them, turned back to the stuff about Luxembourg which I wrote for RADIO PICTORIAL a few months ago, and refreshed my memory.

As I read I realised how poorly I had contrived to convey any real impression of that amazingly interesting "buffer state" out there in the middle of Europe, between Belgium, France, and Germany. I had no time to mention some of the familiar scenes; but perhaps that is an omission I can still remedy.

I shall never forget my first glimpse of Luxembourg, which was very early on a cold, wintry morning. I should have arrived in the town on the previous night, but I must have dozed in the train and been carried on to Bettembourg, a large village about twenty miles distant.

Unfortunately I told the maid that I intended returning to the capital "quite early in the morning," and she, with mistaken zeal, called me at six o'clock.

It was only when I had bathed and shaved that I discovered the hour; and then it was too late to go back to bed. Anyway, the most succulent odours were ascending from the large room which served as kitchen, dining room and public bar.

(Right) An aerial photograph of Luxembourg itself

HERE is nothing in this life more dreadful than the mood of sentiment. With regret, therefore, I confess to feeling sentimental.

It is all the fault of Mr. Sidney Kyte. I had listened dutifully enough to the news summary, and all that comes with it. Then Mr. Kyte was wafted into my presence, and forthwith produced a number that transported me, in imagination, to a sunny cliff-top in Devon where I first heard (on a portable gramophone) that plaintive melody.

It is not, I suppose, a very good tune. But it has all kinds of memories for me; and hearing it set me thinking of my extraordinary habit of allowing chance words, casual gestures, or a few bars of a song to take complete charge of my thoughts.

You know how it is, of course. The way a man looks down at the bowl of his pipe reminds you of old Seymour, and in a flash you are back ten years, in the office where you and Seymour worked so well together. It may even be that a popular chorus takes you back to your honeymoon, which must account for the way in which some men switch off the radio abruptly and apparently without reason.

I like to reverse the process sometimes and let the radio amuse me in this way. First, I give the station-indicator a twirl, and then I switch on. I have no idea which station I have carelessly selected, and often the first few words from the loud-speaker whisk me half across Europe.

That was how it happened when I took my leave of Mr. Kyte. I changed to long-wave, trickled round to the thirteen-hundred mark, and heard a little voice which suggested that Radio Luxembourg was a lady.

The mood of sentiment was there already. "Oh, to be in Luxembourg—!" I thought. I pictured the little French girl announcer

(Left) The "station" Luxembourg for the small train which links the city with the broadcasting station. (Above) Stephen Williams, the chief English announcer

In the old-world courtyard

(Left) Ferry Juzas, Dance Orchestra leader at Luxembourg. (Above) Christopher Stone goes over some records with the chief English announcer

Oh, to be in Luxembourg!

Continued from preceding page

On my return to England some weeks later I saw the same model advertised here as "two years in advance of modern car construction." It seems odd that in a great city like London we still have dilapidated taxi-cabs, while in a sleepy and ancient place like Luxembourg the taxis are the last word in modernity.

My hotel was cheap but extremely cheerful. I deliberately avoided a more pretentious place opposite, and chose the hotel because it had a public room downstairs.

Each day I chatted with some of the local characters, and before a week was out had earned the reputation of being a good listener. This meant that I nodded to the waiter at more or less frequent intervals. However, I heard all about the family affairs of the Grand Duchess, and how a royal salute is fired at the time of an event such as the birth of another child.

There is a story that the Luxembourg army—consisting of a mere handful of men, a few officers, and one general—finds difficulty in firing a royal salute with the two guns at its disposal. So they borrow another gun from France!

What is more, the borrowed gun makes a louder bang than the other two—that, at least, is the story. But the gentleman who told it to me, amid scowls and dissenting nods from the rest of the company, accompanied the recital with little smiles, as though to say: "Of course, it's not true, really—at least, we don't like to admit that it is true."

So I don't know whether it is or not. For when I repeated it to Stephen Williams he roared with laughter. "So you've found us out already, have you?" he said, whatever that may mean.

There are a few modern shops in Luxembourg, and a good many old-fashioned ones. They favour a quaint style of architecture, with a completely flat face to the buildings and no front doors. To enter the houses you go through little arched alleys to the back—but as the alleys always seem to be guarded by a fierce dog it isn't easy to pay social calls.

It took me about half an hour to call on Elizabeth Corty, the German girl announcer, after I had located her house. The time was taken up with prowling along searching for an unguarded alley, so that I could get to the back and hurry along to the right door. Most of the dogs in the town seem to be Alsations, or German sheep dogs, and they are the kind you simply do not argue with.

This should be the place for dealing with Miss Corty "at home." You must have heard her voice hundreds of times, and the strange thing to me is that she sounds so solemn over the

air. Actually she wears an infectious smile always, and she talks a great deal with a laugh between each sentence.

Her rooms, or flat, were furnished in a completely German style, with very heavy carpets and comfortable furniture. She was so interested in her job, and liked explaining it so well, that I found myself in danger of keeping M. Martin, the director of Luxembourg studios, waiting for me.

Incidentally, Elizabeth Corty, apart from being an announcer, is a famous singer in Germany, because she entertains at the microphone on the German days.

One day I had lunch with Stephen Williams and Gerald Carnes in a little restaurant on the corner of two little side streets. We drank the wine of the country, as all good travellers should do, and Stephen did the talking.

It is a great grief to me, though perhaps it need not always be, that Stephen Williams' powers as a talker have not greater scope. For such an entertaining conversationalist to have merely to announce, for week after week, as he does, seems to me a great waste.

He told us, for instance, of how he was in a hurry to reach the studios one day, and how his car was held up by some kind of religious procession.

I forget all the details of the story, but apparently he should have got out and stood with a great show of respect until the procession had passed, instead of which he backed out and tried to get around by another way.

The town was shocked. He became a desperate character, a distinction he enjoyed for perhaps a day. "But while it lasted it was rather tiresome," he said, in the kind of drawl that makes you chuckle without knowing exactly why.

I don't know whether it is sacrilege to say so; but I think that when it comes to microphone technique Stephen Williams has even more personality than Christopher Stone. If I had any control over his services I would write little talks for him to deliver as a kind of Sunday half-hour. From his place of exile he might look on the English scene with a discerning eye; and if a well-informed Londoner wrote to him regularly I feel convinced that he could add the kind of comments most of us would enjoy.

What is more, if I were an advertiser over the air from Luxembourg I should be very happy to turn my time over to Williams—somewhat in this way.

"Hullo, everyone. This is Stephen Williams. By courtesy of the Betta-Bath Company. I notice that this week we have several amusing events to discuss."

That's all. Just like that. I should be content, as a director of the Betta-Bath company, to know—or, at least, to believe—that the vast majority of listeners enjoyed the half hour and were grateful to me for providing it.

Of course, it is doubtful if you will agree with me. But then you have never been threatened with indigestion through laughing too much over a meal with Mr. Williams.

I remember driving out of the town with Stephen, away through the cobbled streets and over the fine bridges that join the two sides of the town; out into the country, and up to the great transmitter on the high, bleak spot in the fields.

And I remember thinking that I must come back to Luxembourg some time in the summer, when those fields would be lush and green, and those wet lanes little romantic highways.

I can see the station yard now, brightened by the *estaminets* opposite, their shutters all down and put away, the pavement covered with little glass-topped tables. Probably there are hundreds of coloured sunshades, and the long main street is busy with people.

The little park where the studios stand will be bright with foliage now, and very pleasant to sit in. The great house that serves as offices must be light and airy.

Perhaps I shall go and take another quick glance at Luxembourg.

A Day in My Life

Continued from page eleven

4.30.—Run through to-day's Children's Hour in studio. All goes well. "Jacko" a tower of strength, as usual. Why do announcers always possess such charm of manner as well as charm of voice? Do they always go together, like strawberries and cream? No time now for such a frivolous train of thought as I am busy making a note of the order of proceedings which I show to the artists concerned, some of whom I haven't met before. "Dinah" runs through their songs with them, while I talk to the story-teller lady, asking her if there is anything special she wants me to say when introducing her? Then as Zero hour approaches the studio grows quiet.

5.15.—The red light flickers, I press the button to control room, then the red light comes on and stays on. "Hello Children," and we're off. I announce a couple of songs, and later retire to the control room to listen to the story-teller, through ear-phones. Yes, it seems all right. And so on, till the end of the hour. Sometimes, on "play" days for instance, the forty-five minutes has a disconcerting habit of going like a flash. Other times, it drags on and on, and we begin to wonder whatever to do next! But here I am at last saying: "Good Night Children."

6 o'clock.—The red light has gone out, and we are free to talk in our normal voices and go about our various businesses. Occasionally, I have a night rehearsal or stay behind to watch a dramatic show from the control room, as it is my secret ambition to be allowed to manipulate the fascinating D.C. panel myself one day. Sometimes I spend the evening reading manuscripts, but usually at

6.15 I am free, heading for the station, home and a family four at tennis.

7 o'clock.—I take part in another kind of Children's Hour.

Wynne Ajello at Home

Continued from page twelve

nowadays, they simply say, "That's a Wynne Ajello part. Better see if she is free to take it."

Microphone fame nearly always depends on ability either to create a character or to sustain a certain type of character. Jacks-of-all-trades are not really wanted at the B.B.C. Broadcasting is a specialised business dealt with by specialists. The entire staff at Broadcasting House is a staff of specialists. That is why people like Wynne Ajello are expected to make and sustain their characteristics before the microphone.

Wynne would often like to change her style. A very natural desire. She knows she could do all sorts of things she is not allowed to do. No; she must do as she is asked. She has made her name in a certain way. She must sustain that name in the same way. Hence her eagerness to make films, to paint pictures or to take up anything else artistic.

I Believe in Man

I DON'T think many people find it difficult to believe in God. You must believe in a god of some kind, if there is to be any rhyme or reason at all in the world. And if you are to make anything of human life, there isn't very much divergence possible from the God whom Christians worship.

But I must say I find it terribly difficult to believe in man. Insignificant in the universal scheme of things, he does seem so near the animals: often inferior to the dog in fidelity, and to the pig in contentment. Treacherous, ungrateful, conceited—seventy times seven doesn't exhaust the number of fresh chances he needs. How can I—why should I—love him as myself?

Religion says that I must. For however ugly his face or his mind or his morals, it is the pivot of our faith that he is made in the image of God. However worthless in the universe, he was at all events worth God's very Self coming to earth and being crucified for his redemption, his fresh start, his re-birth to his true destiny, the destiny attaching to



By The
Rev. JAMES WALL, M.A.
Precentor of Durham Cathedral

those made in the image of God, God's own children.

It becomes, then, blasphemy to deny man, for that would stultify God's purpose in creation. God made man—Briton, foreigner, white man, yellow man, black man—as he also made the lemurs and the lizards. But he has given man a potentiality which gives him a peculiar place in the world and in the universe. His future development is illimitable. Made in God's image, he may become absorbed in and identical with God the Infinite. That may not be just yet. In the meantime, we may go a great part of the way through following the revela-

tion of God made in the life of the Nazarene, and follow Him in love and mutual service.

That is why, despite doubts and the abundant room for doubts, it would be criminal, as it would be a counsel of despair, not to affirm: "I believe in man."

This address was broadcast by Canon Wall from Radio-Normandy at 4.15 p.m. last Sunday. Another "Thought" next week.

“Radio Pictorial” Short Story

Good Reception

By

J. A. WRIGHT, L.L.D.



“Jerry . . . quick, come here . . . God, I’m afraid.”
The faint thud of a bundle hastily dropped . . . the soft pad of hurried, frightened steps . . .

“Do you know, constable, it is the most expensive receiver in ‘The Drive,’—an eight-valve heterodyne radio-gram. It makes my own set look cheap—and you know it is a good one. It cost him somewhere about a hundred guineas.”

“A hundred guineas! That’s a lot of money, sir. He must be a wealthy man. But it certainly is a wonderful set. A few nights ago I just listened to some talk going on, and I would have sworn the speakers were in the room.”

“I’ve heard it myself, constable—listened in to one of Shakespeare’s plays. You had only to shut your eyes and the players seemed to be acting in the room in front of you. Do you like radio plays, constable?”

“Well, Mr. Jenkyn, I don’t get much time for hearing any of them. Most times when I’m off duty they are playing symphonies—and then I just switch off.”

“I don’t think many people like symphonies. Like yourself, I switch off whenever they come on.”

“But I like some of the crook plays they put on at times.”

“That’s in your line, constable—and it so happens there is a short crook play on the ‘National’ at ten-twenty to-night. It’s called ‘The Gag.’”

“That sounds interesting. Well, good-night, sir, I’ll be moving along the beat now. Does number 17 stay up late?”

“Oh yes, I believe so. At least his light is always full on when we retire for the night, at eleven. I suppose he closes down with the B.B.C.”

“Well, good-night, Mr. Jenkyn.”

“Good-night, constable.”
The guardian of the law continued his deliberate progression down the avenue, and turned to the left into the utter blackness of a rough, country lane—turning again to the left to inspect the rear entrances of “The Drive.” Returning to the lane, he came upon a closed motor-car, stationary under some trees—lit a match and entered the registration number in his note-book.

It was not a local registration mark. This was

no unusual occurrence. “The Drive” had many visitors who sometimes left their cars in the safe seclusion of this obscure lane that ended abruptly in open country. But a policeman’s note-book was meant for such odds and ends in the routine of duty, and it might happen that a motor-car number or such stray scrap of information would prove unexpectedly of service—might be the connecting link in some official search—in tracing a crime.

He retraced his steps down the lane, passing across the unlighted end of “The Drive” and patrolled conscientiously the district beyond.

Meanwhile the rain began to fall and it grew colder and darker. Mr. Moore-Jenkyn had been right. A storm was impending. It was as dark as Erebus when, two hours later, the officer turned again into “The Drive.” The houses were in darkness, but a faint light filtered through the closely-drawn blinds of number 17—and he was glad to shelter in its porch.

Voices! Yes, of course—the radio play! He pulled out his watch—ten-thirty. The play had been on for some time. He leaned forwards to listen. The volume was subdued at that hour on account of the neighbours.

“Hurry up packing that stuff, Red! We’ve been here long enough.”

“I’ll soon be done, Jerry. See what’s inside that other drawer. Here—jerk it open with this.”

There came a sharp, splintering sound of breaking wood. The noises department of the B.B.C. was splendidly realistic. What fine reproduction! It was grand to have a really expensive multi-valve set by the best makers. Some people were lucky! The dialogue went on with little intervals filled up with the mechanical

(Continued on page 37)

THE young constable left the circle of light at the corner, and moved into the gloom of the tree-lined suburban avenue. Here and there the strained illumination from shaded pendants displayed the bright plate and glittering glassware of late diners, and helped to dispel the darkness—but only in a localised fashion. In most of the long line of detached villas the blinds were drawn, and the laughter of young people or the sound of an ether-borne symphony alone evidenced the pulse of life within.

The officer proceeded leisurely along the sidewalk, conscious occasionally of a quizzing eye at a darkened casement; exchanging a nod of recognition with two or three residents who were giving their dogs a last airing. The villa dogs were well-cared for, and all of pure strain. Pedigree in their canine possessions was as essential to the inhabitants of “The Drive” as spats or golf or uniformed maids. “The Drive” was a highly respectable address.

Through the obscurity the constable could just see “number 15,” standing as usual at his garden gate, and crossed the road for a few minutes’ gossip with the avenue’s most important householder. Mr. Moore-Jenkyn was a spare, wiry, highly-strung man of medium stature, who was a living directory of the estate and its inhabitants—and it is always wise for an officer of the law to tap every source of information.

“Good evening, constable.”

“Evening, sir.”

“Fine weather for the season. But it’s getting colder—I think we’re in for a storm.”

“Very likely, Mr. Jenkyn. By the way, sir, have you got to know your new neighbour yet?”

“Number 17? Oh yes, constable; a very quiet elderly man—was chief engineer on a P. and O. liner. He is a widower, but has no family. He has a fine collection of jade, and gold coins. He showed me also some beautiful cameos and carved ivory—Chinese, I think. These old sailors that go east have great opportunities.”

“Very likely, sir. I hear his radio going strong every night—wonderfully clear.”



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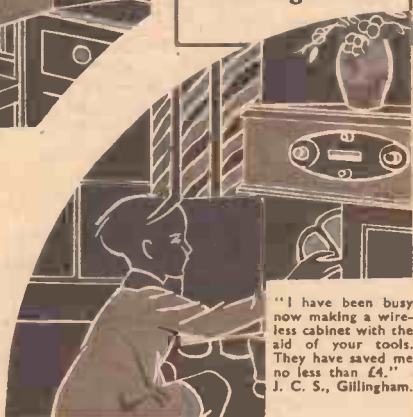


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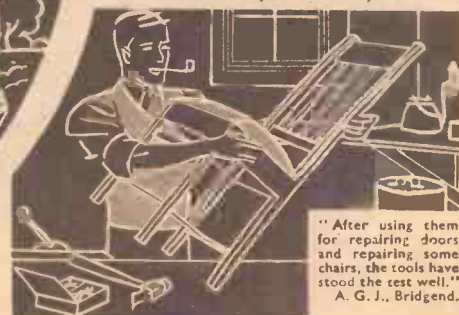
A first payment of a few shillings and the G.T.L. Tool Chest is sent at once to your Home **CARRIAGE PAID**. The balance can be paid by small monthly sums to suit your pocket; meanwhile, the G.T.L. Tool Chest is making money for you.



"Our plough broke and we decided to have a go at it, and did the job in our spare time . . . it is now working fine."

J. W. and H. B., Hull.

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"After using them for repairing doors and chairs, the tools have stood the test well."

A. G. J., Bridgend.

What it's like to

Run a Dance Band

MRS. JACK HYLTON cuts away some of the glamour listeners associate with the night life of a dance band leader. "It's a strenuous life which demands the maximum in physical fitness," says Mrs. Hylton

We are not quite finished yet. There is often a dance after the last show at the local dance hall. The boys must hurry into the waiting motor-coach. I follow them in my car, first making sure that nothing has been forgotten; no one left behind. We reach the dance hall, take the stand, and from then until perhaps two o'clock, with but one brief interval for

enthusiasts. I personally enjoy motoring, flying, swimming, tennis, horse-riding, and my "daily dozen" each morning. In the band, we have golfers, boxers, swimmers, tennis-players, billiards and "snooker" players, a cricket team, and a football team of which I am honorary manager. Jack's band has all these things, too, and recently we instituted a tournament lasting over several

Continued on page 22



A quaint old-world corner of Mrs. Hylton's cosy home in Mayfair

ARE you fascinated at the thought of running a dance band? I know there are hundreds of people all over the country who would like the job. They write to me and ask for advice. Not only do they imagine that running a dance band is an easy way to make a fortune, but they appear to have the impression that it is all milk and honey and no hard work. Glamour . . . easy money . . . staying in bed until three o'clock in the afternoon . . . living a riotous West End life . . . driving about in luxurious motor-cars and obtaining all this heaven of happiness merely by the ability to blow down a trumpet or saxophone . . . that's how some people picture dance-band life.

Actually, it is very hard work. Both Jack and I find pleasure in our work, but of course we see very little of each other as directing a dance or stage band is a full-time job.

Far from staying in bed until after lunch, dance-band directing is a job which starts bright and early in the morning and continues without an appreciable break throughout the rest of the day, often until after midnight.

When you see a broadcasting band leader on the stage or in a restaurant you may imagine that baton-wagging and rehearsals make up his job. Well, I ask you . . . !

Here is a fairly typical example of a day in my life. I leave you to judge whether it is a busy one.

8 a.m. Breakfast, reply to mail, read the morning papers.

10.30 a.m. I arrive at the theatre, where there is more mail to be attended to, photographs to be sent off, autograph books to be signed. Then a short rehearsal. Possibly a few auditions for local aspirants to musical fame.

1 p.m. Lunch engagement.

2.30 p.m. A charity performance; opening of a bazaar, perhaps; inspection of a factory, or a tour of the shops. A flying visit to a nearby town, maybe, to see an act in which I am interested.

5 p.m. Tea, a short rest, and then a hurried dash to the theatre, where I spend the rest of the evening on and off the stage until 11 p.m. There will be many visitors to receive, new numbers to try out. Then some supper.

A full day's work, you say. But wait a moment.



Mrs. Jack Hylton and her band in action—a clever snapshot actually taken on the stage. (Right) Mrs. Hylton in an idle moment "snapped" in her Mayfair home

supper, are hard at it again, providing dance music and giving a cabaret show.

The week-ends are no less strenuous than the other days. Sunday, throughout the summer, means early rising; motoring various distances up to a hundred miles or more in order to fulfil concert engagements at the various coastal resorts and big towns throughout Britain. Like Jack's band, we usually play two concerts each Sunday; one in the afternoon and one in the evening. After that, I motor back to London, or stay overnight, and set off the following morning for the town where we are resident during that week.

It's a strenuous life, and one which demands the maximum from myself and from the "boys" in physical fitness. To this end, we are all keen sport





Arnold Matters, who recently appeared at Covent Garden, will make his first "appearance" in a B.B.C. musical production in the part of Lieutenant Fairfax



Another well-known singer, Ian Glennie, in the part of Katana

Colleen Clifford, the Juliette of the story

One of the "high-lights" of this Jubilee season is the broadcast production of the "Geisha" on June 18 at 7.30 p.m. (Regional) and June 20 at 8 p.m. (National). The producer is Gordon McConnel, who has been responsible for so many musical-comedy winners over the microphone, and he has succeeded in casting many well-known artists for this musical favourite. Listeners who saw the original "Geisha" will make a point of hearing it; and those who didn't—must!

THE



Stanford Robinson and his versatile Theatre Orchestra will provide the music





Ewart Scott will be Lieutenant Cunningham



Lawrence Baskcomb will bring comedy to the microphone in the part of Imari



The famous Wun-Hi, Huntley Wright, will be in his original part. You must hear him sing "Chin Chin Chinaman"



Lady Constance is played by Gladys Young



"... Produced by Gordon McConnell." Here he is at the job

THE ISHIA



Anne Ziegler (left) will sing the part of O Minosa San, and Huntley Wright's charming daughter, Betty, plays Molly Seamore



Another "close-up" of the Theatre Orchestra in action

Tuesday, June 25th

Wednesday, June 26th

RADIO NORMANDY 269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

8.15-8.45 a.m. DANCE MUSIC
St. James's Park—Quick step ... Leon
When the Robin Sings ... Parish

4.30 p.m. Torquay, Exeter, Plymouth and Devonport Concert
DANCE MUSIC
Down by the River—Fox trot ... Rodgers

4.45 p.m. The I.B.C. Nursery Corner with the Uncles BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

5.0 p.m. Ingersoll Time Signal. DANCE MUSIC—continued
On the Night of June 3rd—Fox trot ... Stept

5.15 p.m. FIFTEEN MINUTES WITH LAYTON AND JOHNSTONE (Gramophone Records)
Hello Gorgeous ... Donaldson

5.30 p.m. ORCHESTRAL MUSIC
The Entrance of the Little Fauns ... Pierni
Twinkling Lights Waltz ... Kalman

6.0 p.m. CONCERT FOR FRENCH SPEAKING LISTENERS
Arranged by l'Association des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

11.0 p.m. CONCERT OF GRAMOPHONE RECORDS
My Isle on Hilo Bay ... King
Sol Hoopii and his Novelty Quartet.

11.30 p.m. CONCERT FOR LISTENERS IN THE IRISH FREE STATE
Arranged by Industrial Broadcasting Corporation of Ireland, Ltd., Dublin

12 (midnight) Club Concert for Bude Listeners Part I—DANCE MUSIC BY BILLY COTTON AND HIS BAND (Gramophone Records)

12.30 a.m. Part II—DANCE MUSIC
The Wind was Blowing Ninety Miles per hour—Comedy Fox trot ... Keuleman

1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

RADIO LJUBLJANA 569 m. 527 Kc/s. 7 kW.
10.30-11.0 p.m. I.B.C. CONCERT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC

RADIO NORMANDY 269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

8.15-8.45 a.m. CONCERT OF GRAMOPHONE RECORDS
The Chestnut Man ... Perking
Gerald and his Rumba Orchestra.

4.30 p.m. Isle of Wight, Portsmouth and Southsea Concert DANCE MUSIC
Talkin' to Myself—Fox trot ... Conrad

4.45 p.m. The I.B.C. Nursery Corner with the Uncles BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

5.0 p.m. Ingersoll Time Signal. DANCE MUSIC—continued
The Paper Hat Brigade—Fox trot ... Damerell

5.15 p.m. VOCAL DUETS
How's Your Cousin? ... Richards
My Heart Was Sleeping ... Kennedy

5.30 p.m. ACCORDION BAND MUSIC
Cheero, Nero! ... Seely
Ankle-clinging hosliery means extra comfort and extra charm—that's why wise women insist on Ballito Stockings.

5.45 p.m. "THE PAST, THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE"
Programme Arranged by U.P.C.

6.0 p.m. CONCERT FOR FRENCH SPEAKING LISTENERS
Arranged by l'Association des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

11.0 p.m. MUSIC FROM THE OPERA
Schwanda the Bagpiper ... Weinberger
They Call Me Mimi (La Bohème) ... Puccini

11.30 p.m. THE ANNOUNCERS' VARIETY HALF-HOUR

12 (midnight) Club Concert for St. Ives Listeners DANCE MUSIC—Part I
Lullaby of Broadway—Fox trot ... Dubin

I.B.C. Time Signal.
12.30 a.m. Part II
What a Difference a Day Made—Fox trot ... Adams

1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

RADIO LUXEMBOURG 1304 m., 230 Kc/s., 200 kW.

6.15 p.m. BANJO SELECTIONS
Rhapsody in Blue ... Gershwin
Selections from Bing Boys on Broadway.

6.30 p.m. CONCERT FOR LISTENERS IN THE IRISH FREE STATE
Arranged by Industrial Broadcasting Corporation of Ireland Ltd. Dublin

6.30 p.m.—The Irish Concert—cont.
The Man on the Flying Trapeze ... O'Keefe
Oopsala ... Butler

7.0-7.15 p.m. LIGHT SONGS
The Girl with the Dreamy Eyes ... Carr
Limehouse Blues ... Furber

PARIS (Poste Parisien) 312 m., 959 Kc/s., 100 kW.

10.30 p.m. VARIETY CONCERT (Gramophone Records)
Streamline Strut ... Sid Phillips
With All My Heart and Soul ... Hudson

10.45 p.m. "THE PAST, THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE"
11.0 p.m. Ingersoll Time Signal. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

RADIO LUXEMBOURG 1304 m., 230 Kc/s., 200 kW.

6.15 p.m. CHANGING TIMES
I Want to Hear those Old-Time Melodies Again ... Gilbert

6.30 p.m. CONCERT FOR LISTENERS IN THE IRISH FREE STATE
Arranged by the Industrial Broadcasting Corporation of Ireland Ltd., Dublin

6.30 p.m.—The Irish Concert—cont.
Melville Gideon Medley ... Gideon
You Turned Your Head ... Ellis

7.0-7.15 p.m. THE OXYDOL QUARTER-HOUR
Starring Jack O'Day The Oxydol Minstrel
Signature Tune—Stay as Sweet as You Are.

PARIS (Poste Parisien) 312 m., 959 Kc/s., 100 kW.

10.30 p.m. TUNES FROM THE TALKIES AND SHOWS
The Magic of You (Rumba) ... Rainer
Singing a Happy Song ... Meshell

10.45 p.m.—"Radio Pictorial" Concert—continued.
Anything Can Happen Nowadays Burnaby Norman Long.
Step by Step (Binnie Barnes) ... Baucombe

Saturday, June the Twenty-ninth

RADIO NORMANDY 269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

Morning Programme

8.15-8.45 a.m.

DANCE MUSIC

Talkin' to Myself—Fox trot ... Conrad
 'Neath the Southern Moon ... Young
 The Chestnut Man—Rumba ... Perkins
 Believe Me—Fox trot ... Grossman
 The Paper Hat Brigade ... Damerell
I.B.C. Time Signal.
 Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life—Waltz ... Young
 Devil in the Moon—Fox trot ... Hill
 When the Robin Slings his Song ... Parish
 Again—Fox trot ... Parish
 Gentlemen! the King!—Fox trot ... McLaren

Afternoon Programme

4.30 p.m.

Tunbridge Wells, Isle of Thanet, Dover and Folkestone Concert

DANCE MUSIC

Better Think Twice—Fox trot ... Seymour
 Soon—Fox trot ... Hart
 Marie Louise—Waltz ... Wayne
 With All My Heart and Soul ... Hudson

4.45 p.m.

The I.B.C. Nursery Corner with the Uncles

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

5.0 p.m. Ingersoll Time Signal.

DANCE MUSIC—continued

March Winds and April Showers ... Samuels
 Turn 'Erbert's Face to the Wall ... Ellis
 Well dressed women know the importance of smart stockings—that's why they insist on Ballito.
 At Twilight—Tango ... Donato
 Don't Stop Me if You've Heard It Before—Fox trot ... Sigler

5.15 p.m.

NOVELTY ORCHESTRA

La Petite Tonkinoise ... Scotto
 Fit as a fiddle—and looking years younger—he's begun taking regular nightly doses of Bile Beans.
 Evening Bells.
 Round the Roundabout ... Foster
 Alchemists turned base metal into gold—Spink & Son, Ltd., turn old gold into currency notes.
 In the Shadows ... Finck

5.30 p.m.

GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

Buffoon ... Confrey
 New Light Symphony Orchestra.
 If you're wanting to buy or sell a business, or a hotel, Firmin's Gallery, 2 Adelaide Street, Strand, W.C.2, can help you.
 Listen to the German Band ... Gordon
 Hildegard with Orchestra.
 Midnight Bell (The Opora Ball) ... Heuberger
 Alfredo Campoli.
 A Street in Old Seville ... Towers
 Val Rosing.

5.30 p.m.—Gramophone Records—Contd.

Don't be misled—buy genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, with the signature Alex. C. Maclean on the carton.
 Pidgin English Hula ... King
 Sol Hoopii and his Novelty Quartet.
 A Radio Tour Round the World.
 Wallace Beery, Richard Tauber, Moral and Mack, Paul Robeson, Afrique.
 Barnes Stores, Arundel Street, Portsmouth—see their weekly bargain squares in Saturday's newspapers.
 That's the Kind of a Baby for Me Harriman Eddie Cantor.
 El Abanico ... Javaloyes
 Band of H.M. Coldstream Guards.

6.0 p.m.

CONCERT FOR FRENCH SPEAKING LISTENERS

Arranged by l'Association des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

Evening Programme

11.0 p.m.

REQUEST PROGRAMME

Viennese Memories of Lohar ... arr. Hall
 One Night of Love ... Scherzinger
 Brewster's Millions Selection ... Noble
 When My Ship Comes In ... Kahn
 With Her Head Tucked Underneath her Arm ... Weston
 Spink & Son, Ltd.—the firm with over a century of experience in the valuation of important diamonds.
 The Whistler and His Dog ... Pryor
 Twilight Yodelling Song ... Ted and Ezra
 Charlie Kunz Medley of Famous Waltzes ... Tolchard

11.30 p.m.

CONCERT FOR LISTENERS IN THE IRISH FREE STATE

Arranged by the Industrial Broadcasting Corporation of Ireland, Ltd., Dublin
 "GOING PLACES"

Dermot O'Neill, Globe Trotter and Adventurer, Guides You Each Week to Lands of Quaint Custom and Strange Music

12 (midnight)

Club Concert for Launceston Listeners

DANCE MUSIC—Part I

Alexander's Ragtime Band ... Berlin
 It's Easy to Remember—Fox trot ... Hart
 Gertie the Girl with the Gong ... Sonin
 Fox trot Medley.
 Rhythm of the Rumba—Rumba ... Rainger
 The Wind was Blowing Ninety Miles Per Hour ... Keuleman
 The Continental—Fox trot ... Magidson
 Waltz Medley.
 Old Mammy Mine—Fox trot ... Kennedy

I.B.C. Time Signal.

(Continued at foot of next column)

RADIO LUXEMBOURG 1304 m., 230 Kc/s., 200 kW.

6.15 p.m.

ORCHESTRAL CONCERT

Turkish Patrol ... Michaelis
 The Whistler and His Dog ... Pryor
 Choristers' Waltz ... Phelps
 Verdi Memorles.

6.30 p.m.

CONCERT FOR LISTENERS IN THE IRISH FREE STATE

Arranged by the Industrial Broadcasting Corporation of Ireland, Ltd., Dublin

AT THE CASANI CLUB

(Gramophone Records)

Signature Tune—Come Back to Erin.
 Malola—Fox trot ... Wayne
 Cherokee—Fox trot ... Carr
 Maori Song of Goodbye—Waltz ... Keuleman

6.30 p.m.—The Irish Concert—Contd.

Kunz Medley No. 12.
 March Winds and April Showers—Fox trot ... Samuels
 Say It—Fox trot ... Schwartz
 Kunz Medley.
 Looking for a Little Bit of Blue—Fox trot ... Woods

7.0-7.15 p.m.

POTTED VAUDEVILLE

(Gramophone Records)

Illusions (Zigeuner Romance) ... Gade
 Wot For? ... Burnaby
 "Radio Pictorial" is a weekly portrait gallery of Radio Stars. Get a copy from your newsagent, price 3d.
 I'm Not Worrying 'bout Anything Broones
 Here's to the Maidens—Medley.

PARIS (Poste Parisien) 312 m., 959 Kc/s., 100 kW.

10.30 p.m.

STRANG'S RACING POOLS BROADCAST

VARIETY

Put on an Old Pair of Shoes ... Hill
 The Train that's Taking You Home ... Fyffe
 Weddings ... Richards
 Whistling Solo—Blaze Away March
 Uncle Pete ... Holzmann
 Wot For? ... Jones
 Rio Rita ... Burnaby
 Rehearsing a Lullaby ... McCarthy
 For full details of Strang's Racing Pools, write to T. Strang, Hawkhill Avenue, Edinburgh, 7. It may mean a fortune for you next week.

11.0 p.m. Ingersoll Time Signal.

SOME TANGOS AND RUMBAS

Ali Baba ... Ernesto
 Every bottle of genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder has the signature Alex. C. Maclean on the carton.
 Son Grupos ... Rodriguez

RADIO NORMANDY—continued

12.30 a.m.

DANCE MUSIC—Part II

Were You Foolin'?—Fox trot ... Ahlert
 Wine Song—Fox trot ... Kahn
 Malola—Fox trot ... Wayne
 La Morocha—Tango ... Saborido
 The Bouncing Ball—Fox trot ... Traumbauer

12.30 a.m.—Dance Music—Contd.

So Red the Rose—Fox trot ... Jerome
 The Bridal Waltz ... Burke
 Two Trumpet Toot—Fox trot ... Kern

1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

FEELING very enthusiastic the other day, I thought it would be interesting to give a talk from the top of one of the aerial masts of Radio Luxembourg's transmitter at Junglinster. I talked it over with the engineers and, technically, they saw no difficulty. But they asked: "Who will take the microphone up the 500 ft. of mast?" I said that, as I should have to be at the top in any case, I would take it with me. Have you, my dear readers, ever tried to climb a vertical ladder of 500 ft.? Nor had I. I set out for the transmitter, intending to climb up and have a little rehearsal from the top of the mast to make sure that everything would go off well. I got underneath this vast steel mast and looked up. One of the engineers asked me how long I thought I should take to get to the top. I said I imagined about an hour, at which he smiled and bet me 50 francs that it would take me nearer double that, if I managed it at all. So I started. The designers of vertical ladders inside steel masts must have a grudge against mankind, I think. The rungs were just too far apart for comfortable climbing,

ANNOUNCER RISKS HIS LIFE UP 500-FOOT AERIAL!

Chief English Announcer at Luxembourg tries to take microphone up giant mast for 50 franc bet!

and this meant that I had literally to heave myself up with my arms and legs. The microphone was in my pocket and the cable for it attached to a cord round my waist. I got up to the first stage about 120 ft. from the ground and stood for a while on the little platform. Then I looked up again. It seemed as if the mast had grown taller. I began to climb again and arrived at 180. As I seemed to have been going for a considerable time, I looked at my watch. It had taken me just forty on minutes so far. I did some hasty mental arithmetic and found that at that rate it would take me just about two hours. Two hours up, and how much down? So I decided to descend. This took about fifteen minutes, and I can assure you I was very

glad to be on terra firma once more. And that, my dear listeners, is why you never heard my impressions from the top of one of the giant masts of Luxembourg's transmitter. Of course, I might start on a serious course of training, but if I don't this "stunt" broadcast will have to be postponed until somebody fits a lift or a mechanical ho'sun's chair to the masts. During this summer I hope we shall be able to do a few real outside broadcasts (on the ground). We might run out to one of the famous beauty spots or take you somewhere where there are some amusing and interesting noises to be heard. The military band concerts given during Littlewood's Sunday broadcasts by the Luxembourg Military

Band, conducted by Fernand Mertens (who is Master of the Royal Music at the Grand Ducal Court), continue to draw lots of enthusiastic letters from listeners. The bandmen are always intensely interested to hear how their concerts have been received in England and elsewhere. I have asked Herr Mertens for a photograph of himself and his band, and I expect to have it in time for next week's issue. The Luxembourg Military Band is famous throughout Europe. Last year in the Military Band Concours at Paris it was placed third, only one of the Guards Bands and the famous Garde Republicaine Band were placed before it. If I can arrange it, I hope to let you hear the Military Band three Sunday's out of four for a month or two. I have ordered a quantity of music from London, so you will be hearing marches and pieces you know.

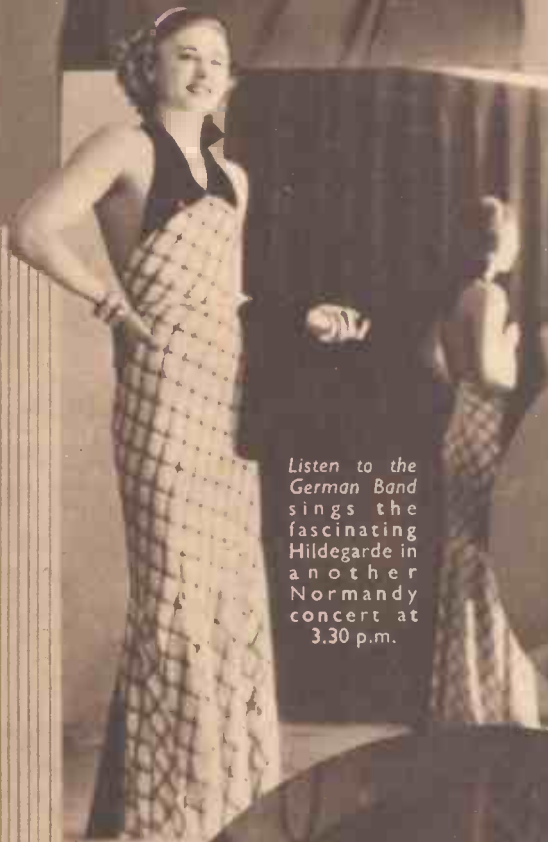
Stephen H. Williams

THIS SUNDAY'S VARIETY from the CONTINENT

Binnie Hale sings with Bobbie Howes selections from *Yes, Madam* in a concert from Normandy at 9.45 a.m.



Norman Long—at the piano and your service—from Normandy at 9.45 p.m.



Listen to the German Band sings the fascinating Hildegard in another Normandy concert at 3.30 p.m.



(In circle) Roy Henderson is included in a gramophone concert from Normandy at 2.15 p.m.



Enid Trevor appears with her husband, Claude Hulbert, in *Myrtle and Bertie* from Luxembourg at 7.15 p.m.

In a "Radio Pictorial" Celebrity Concert from Normandy at 11.15 p.m.—Norah Blaney and Gwen Farrar

For maintaining the beauty of youth

the Olive Oil in Palmolive

SAFEGUARD the natural beauty of your skin in the way recommended by 20,000 experts in the art of beauty culture—by natural cleansing with water and an Olive Oil soap. And make sure your soap is a pure vegetable oil soap by insisting on Palmolive.

You will then be giving your skin the benefit of the age-old beautifying influence of pure palm and olive oils—for Palmolive contains *nothing else*. You will be amazed to see how quickly your complexion improves with the daily use of Palmolive's rich, abundant lather.

3^d PER TABLET

Price does not apply in I.F.S.

TUNE IN TO
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 (1304 metres)
SUNDAYS AT 8 p.m.
 to the
PALMOLIVE HALF-HOUR OF LIGHT MUSIC
PAUL OLIVER
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 Next Sunday from 10 to 10.15 p.m.
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 at 10 p.m.

JANE CARR
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 Beauty Preparations

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LOSS OF VOICE

Tune up the Throat membranes and keep your voice vibrant with

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FROM ALL CHEMISTS IN TINS 8 & 1/3

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KOLYNOS
 TOOTH PASTE

Of all Chemists and Stores **— OF COURSE! —**
 TRIAL SIZE 6d



It's Weird

For years and years specialists have recommended Peroxide to reduce skin grease, why on earth wasn't it added to face powder before. Staymat Face Powder contains Flower Extract and Peroxide to cure as well as cover the greasy condition.

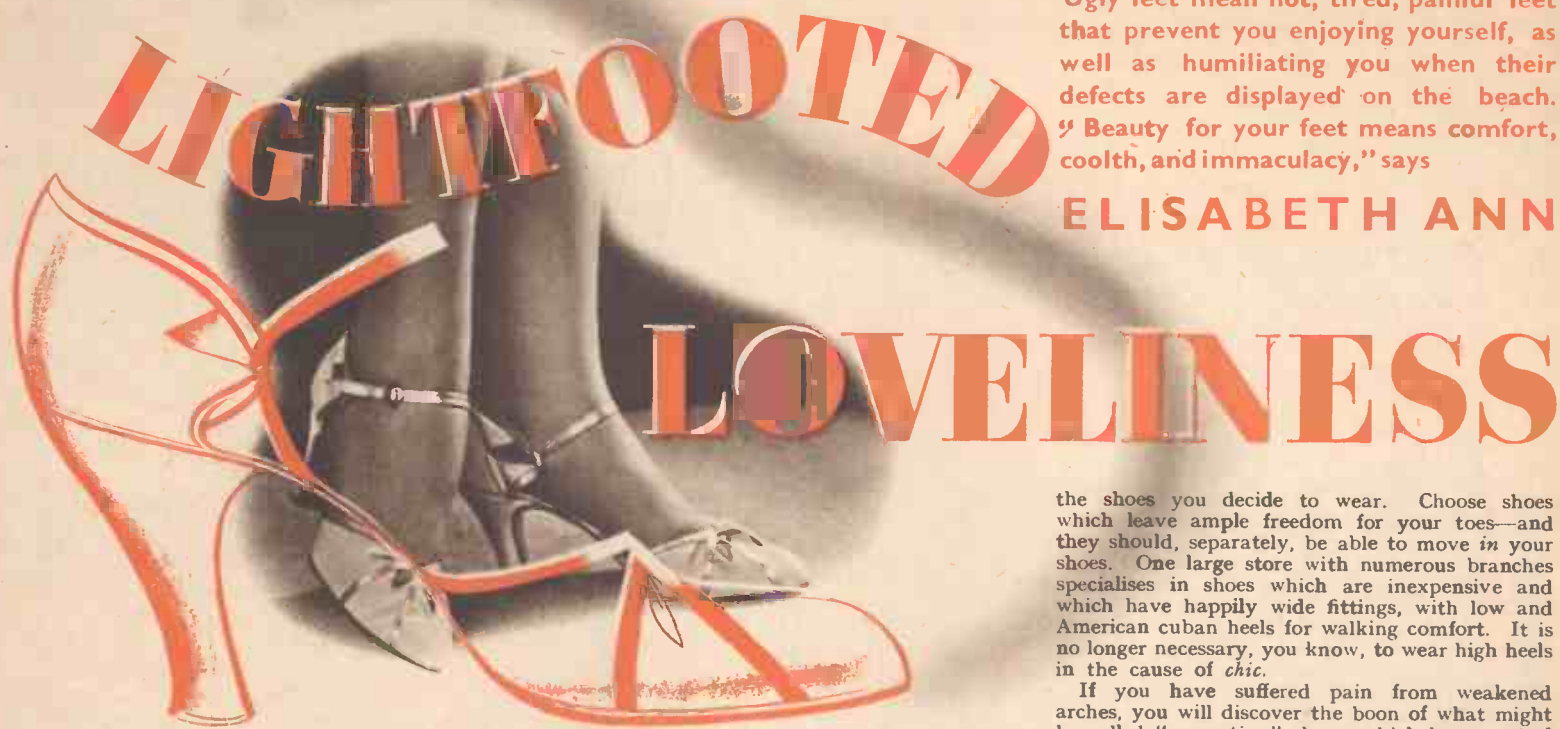
STAYMAT FACE POWDER
 Prices 6d., 1/3, 2/-
 cures greasy skin shine.

FREE Send 1 1/2d. to Dept. BG1, Helmar Ltd., 204 Great Portland Street, London, W.1, for sample. State shade.

Help Kidneys

● If Kidney Trouble or Bladder Weakness makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Itching or Acidity, try the guaranteed Cystex (Siss-tex) Treatment. Must cure or money back. At Boots, Taylors, Timothy White's and all chemists.

THE WOMAN LISTENER



Ugly feet mean hot, tired, painful feet that prevent you enjoying yourself, as well as humiliating you when their defects are displayed on the beach. "Beauty for your feet means comfort, coolth, and immaculacy," says

ELISABETH ANN

THERE is one aspect of beauty accentuated by the approach of summer days—beauty as it concerns your feet and legs. Beauty for your feet means comfort, coolth and immaculacy, or they will rob you of all kinds of enjoyment—and beauty for your legs is a matter of smooth whiteness, tapering slenderness and an ability to walk well.

The very first step towards leg beauty can be achieved with this exercise:

Take your position on the floor, shoulders flat, arms relaxed at sides. Now raise the knees, keeping feet together on the floor. Lift your left foot and fling the leg upward, tensing the knee. Bring it back sharply, kicking against the "tail." Lift your right foot in the same fashion, bring it back against the "tail" and repeat, say, twenty times, night and morning, using alternate legs. (And may I whisper that this movement also has a flattening influence on the "tail"?)

Exercise of this kind stimulates circulation—and you do know that the gooseflesh condition, which seems to happen to so many of you—is caused chiefly by poor circulation. No legs can be entirely lovely with this disfigurement.

While you are "curing" the gooseflesh condition with exercise, apply outwardly a soothing lotion which will whiten the skin, and massage briskly with a loofah strip each morning after the bath—again to aid circulation. You will be delighted with the results.

If your legs are suffering from a too-thin aspect, apply warm almond oil outwardly—or better still a fattening skinfood—and take plenty of milk, with Ovaltine, during the day.

In regard to your feet, keep the surface firm and trouble-resisting by spraying with toilet cologne daily, and dusting with a special antiseptic foot talcum. This is vital to the health of your feet, and in the cause of immaculacy. It absorbs any perspiration and keeps the feet delightfully cool throughout the day and evening.

Are you bothered with corns or callous skin—and warmer days will discover these "bothers" have they never existed previously—do have them corrected by a foot doctor. There is one in Mayfair who has branches throughout the country. They treat all kinds of foot ailments, and are by no means merely chiropodists.

If you prefer to treat your feet at home, use a reliable corn cure liniment, some chiropodists' felt as a protective measure against the pressure of your shoes—and you can

get a sheet of this to cut to any desired shape or size. Protection for the corn, against the leather jacket of your shoe, is most important if you mean to dispel foot beauty cares.

And for the callous skin, treat your feet first to a hot bath in which a soothing lotion or corrective bath saltrates have been added, to draw forth the acids; then with a small piece of pumice stone, or a pumice pencil, rub over the hard skin.

An essential to foot loveliness is a matter of

the shoes you decide to wear. Choose shoes which leave ample freedom for your toes—and they should, separately, be able to move in your shoes. One large store with numerous branches specialises in shoes which are inexpensive and which have happily wide fittings, with low and American cuban heels for walking comfort. It is no longer necessary, you know, to wear high heels in the cause of chic.

If you have suffered pain from weakened arches, you will discover the boon of what might be called "corrective" shoes, which have a steel support fitted into the shoe. And small metatarsal pads which can be inserted in your shoes and render walking a pleasure, as they support any weakened portion of the ball of the foot. A shoe specialist will advise you as to just what you need of these, and X-ray your foot if necessary to find the completely satisfactory fitting.

Certain it is that no foot bother should be borne indefinitely. You can strengthen foot arches with exercise—I shall be delighted to send you charts of these if you feel you need them.

ELISABETH ANN ANSWERS HER LETTERS

WHAT can I do to make my eyes larger? They are narrow, wide-set, but quite lost in my face since I am fatter. Nothing expensive, please, as I am saving for a holiday in Italy this year.—**BEAUTY ADMIRER.**

You cannot actually make the eyes larger, but you can enhance them with a blue eye-shadow carried over the rim of the eyelid and out beyond the outer corners of the eyes. A tonic lotion applied to the eyes daily will make them shining and much more noticeable. Would you like details?

WHAT can I do to fill out hollows in my face? I have been slimming too much and now have to build myself up again. I am taking large quantities of milk, but my face still looks years older than I am, and I cannot afford to look old just now.—**DISTRESSED (Alton).**

Continue to take plenty of milk, warm and never boiled, follow a nourishing diet and take a special brand of glucose for the next month. Outwardly apply a nourishing skinfood for those hollowed cheeks—but I am afraid only internal and external treatment will make a difference.

I MUST tell you since following an exercise you sent me sometime ago, I have lost 4½ inches from the hips and 3½ from the waistline. I was delighted to find you again in RADIO PICTORIAL. Now my problem is hair. I started to peroxide it and then it looked artificial so I stopped, but it seems a faded colour now and I do want to brighten it, but not with dyes. What can you suggest, Elisabeth Ann?—**GRATEFUL ELSIE.**

A soapless shampoo, followed by a rinse which is quite harmless but will lend lovely lights to the hair. These are available in twelve shades and for you I think the Light Golden Blonde would be best. They cost 6d. for two. Would you like me to post you particulars? I am so glad to hear about the reduction in measurements.

I NOTICE sometimes you help the older readers as well as the young ones. Please can we have a special article to ourselves one week? Don't think me vain. I am fifty-seven but still keen enough

to make the most of my appearance. Besides, I want to keep young for my three children, now grown up.—**SILVER THREADS.**

I will promise you a special article in the very near future.

I HAVE just recovered from a long illness and I am taking an interest in my face. Can you suggest a good lipstick to use? Nothing with a blue look, please. Also my nerves are rather bad, and I have gone very thin. Can you advise me of a diet or something to improve matters?—**CONVALESCENT MARY (Winchester).**

Try a lipstick with a tangerine base—one of the newest has a delightfully smooth appearance. And for your nerves, won't you let me send you a nourishing diet chart? Do take plenty of warm milk, and at night a soothing beverage to encourage sleep. This is vital for nervous bothers.

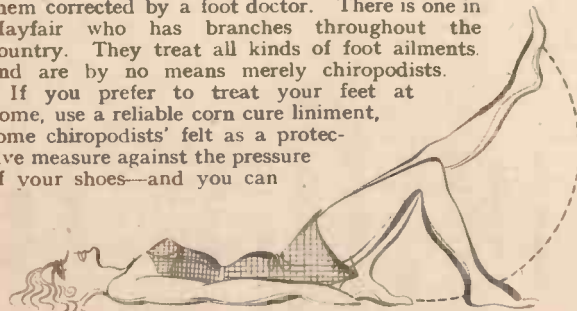
CAN you recommend a shampoo for really auburn hair, Elisabeth Ann? I don't want a complicated one, or a very expensive one, but my hair looks dull lately, and I fancy it needs toning up—the colour, I mean. No dyes, please.—**R. P. ADMIRER (Wandsworth).**

I am afraid your envelope was not enclosed, so I am answering you on this page. Yes, I can thoroughly recommend a sixpenny shampoo designed to throw up the auburn glints in the hair without harming the permanent wave or tinting in any way.

I AM delighted with the shampoo you recommended, and already my hair looks brighter and more glossy. Now about a new permanent wave. Which method do you really advise for fine hair which breaks easily. I have been told steam is best—is this true?—**GRATEFUL EMILY.**

The steam method of permanent waving is certainly the best for your type of hair, and I would advise you to pay a reasonable price and have it done by an expert. I am so glad to hear the shampoo was successful.

(Write Elisabeth Ann, c/o "Radio Pictorial," Chansitor House, Chancery Lane, London, E.C., if your problem is health or beauty. She is always delighted to advise you. See coupon on page 33.)



"Lift your left foot and fling the leg upward . . ."



GREY FLANNEL—
a sports frock
from Harrods
Junior Misses
Salon



A brush-shaped
like this is splen-
did for cleaning
dirty hands and
nails. It costs
1s. 3d.

THE WOMAN

GOOSEBERRIES
AGAIN!
by Mrs. R. H. BRAND

GARDEN NOTES
by
F. R. CASTLE

GOOSEBERRY MOUSSE

Ingredients.—2 lbs. gooseberries; 1 gill water; 6 ozs. castor sugar; 3 whites of eggs; ½ oz. powdered gelatine (good measure); a few drops of Sap Green colouring.

Melt the sugar in the water and add the fruit, which must be already prepared, cleaned and all stalks removed. Stew gently until tender, then rub it through a sieve. Melt the gelatine in three tablespoonfuls of hot water, stir until quite liquid and strain into the gooseberry purée.

Whip the whites of eggs very stiffly (they must not move when the basin is turned upside-down). Add a little Sap Green to the fruit to make it an attractive colour, stir in well and then stir the egg whites very lightly into the mixture.

Turn into small moulds, or one large one, rinsed out with cold water, and keep in a cool place until required. Turn out and pipe a little whipped cream round the edge.

GOOSEBERRY FOOL

Ingredients.—2 lbs. gooseberries; ½ pint cream or custard; 6 ozs. castor sugar; 1 gill water; Sap Green colouring.

Wash the fruit and cut off all tails. Make a syrup by melting the sugar in the water, add fruit, and simmer until tender. Then rub through a sieve and allow to get cool. Put in a few drops of colouring.

Add the custard (if you use cream, half whip it first) and stir well into the purée. Pour into large custard cups or a glass dish.

BOILED GOOSEBERRY PUDDING

Ingredients.—½ lb. flour; 4 ozs. suet; 1 small teaspoonful baking powder; 1 lb. gooseberries; 3 large tablespoonfuls of sugar; good pinch of salt.

Sieve the flour, salt and baking powder into a basin, chop the suet very finely and add to the flour. Make a well in the centre and put in the water gradually, stirring with a knife until the mixture is a smooth dough and leaves the sides of the basin clean. Knead lightly until all cracks are gone, turn out on a slightly floured board and roll with a floured rolling-pin to the thickness required, cutting off a piece for the lid. Grease a pudding basin with a little dripping or butter and line it with the suet crust. Put in the gooseberries with the sugar in the middle and a little water (about two tablespoonfuls).

Cover with the rest of the pastry, wetting the edges where they meet, and tie over a scalded, and slightly floured, pudding cloth. Boil for two hours or steam, which is much nicer, for 3 hours. Turn out on a hot dish and serve with a custard sauce. This is a really good family pudding.

Note.—If suet bought in packets is used, 1 oz. less will be sufficient, and this also saves chopping.



REVERS—A
dashing
model by
Adrian in
navy blue
and white
linen

Another useful brush—a complete shoe-cleaning outfit in one—with scraper and velvet pad. Price 2s. 6d.



SEERSUCKER—the cotton fabric that doesn't need ironing, from Harrods



LISTENER

THIS WEEK'S FIVE SHILLING HINTS

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

SHORTS AND SPORTS by RENÉE DU CANE

Two readers have sent grapefruit recipes this week:—

GRAPEFRUIT SALAD

REMOVE skin and pulp from several Grape Fruit.

Separate sections and arrange as flowers with cream cheese centres on leaves of crisp endive.

Serve with French salad dressing.

GRAPEFRUIT MARMALADE

YOU will want eight grapefruit and four lemons. Wipe the fruit and weigh it, and for every pound add 1½ pints of water. Then peel and cut the fruit in halves, take out pips and pith, and put in a pan covered with water, with the pips, etc., tied up in muslin.

Cut up the peel finely, put that in the pan with the rest, and cover. Let it stand for 24 hours, then boil (with the pips still tied up) till it is tender and soft—this only takes about one hour. Let it stand another 24 hours, then squeeze the muslin bag and contents as dry as possible and throw it away. Measure the pulp, and to every pint add 1 lb. of sugar, then boil till it sets. This takes anything from 1 to 4 hours, according to the grapefruit.

WICKER CHAIRS

WICKER furniture can be very much improved by scrubbing first with warm water then a strong solution of salt and water. White wicker should be brushed over with lemon juice, and brown wicker with a little warm linseed oil before polishing with a duster.

FOR COLD ASPARAGUS

HERE is another recipe for dressing. To 4 tablespoonfuls of salad oil, add 2 tablespoonfuls of Tarragon vinegar, 1 teaspoonful of finely chopped shallots, and 1 of chopped parsley, with a little seasoning. Mix all well together and serve.

A HOME-MADE ICE CHEST

AN ice chest can be made quite easily out of a 7-lb. biscuit tin. Bore a tiny hole in one corner of the tin. Then wrap a piece of ice in a flannel and stand this over the hole. Place tin on four bricks. The hole is to let out the water which comes from the ice, so put a dish under it. On the ice and round it you can keep butter, jugs of milk, cream, etc. The lid of the box must be kept on while in use to keep warmer air outside.

HOME SERVICE COUPON

For free advice on any subject, write to "Radio Pictorial" Home Service Department, 37/38 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2. Please enclose this coupon and a stamped addressed envelope. No. 75

THIS year's beach-frocks are at once the most simple and the most ingeniously complicated of garments. You begin by cutting down your apparel to the minimum, a handkerchief and a pair of shorts, say, and then adding extra garments, one by one, where and when you want them.

One sports dress is a wardrobe by itself. You will hardly ever wear all of it at once. It may have a blouse with a Peter Pan collar and no back, a skirt (wrap-around, button-up the front, or slit) and shorts, also a jacket or short-sleeved bolero. You mix these up and wear them, according to whether you are on the beach, the promenade or in town.

Yes, even in town. Quite likely the lady with the elegant printed silk suit, whom you see lunching fashionably, with a flower in her buttonhole and a sashed belt round her waist, could take off her jacket to display a nicely tanned back and bare arms.

Nothing is what it seems, you see, and no dress or suit serves for one occasion only. From your bathing costume with its cotton trunks to match, to the simplest one-piece frock with its careless little cardigan belonging, and the not-so-simple frock of dark linen or silk with its attendant cape of white, all your clothes have their casual and more formal aspects. I think one of the cleverest dodges of this kind is the rather severely tailored silk dress that would do good duty as a tennis dress. A jacket of silk as well-cut as if it were tweed—swing-back, patch-pockets, revers, tailored sleeves—makes the tennis dress into something very special in the way of suits and quite equal to even a Prize Giving.

Shorts, man-tailored or pleated and feminine, will be worn on every beach, but if you prefer to conceal your legs, choose shirt and slacks, not the floppy kind of pyjamas. And sports frocks, that leave your back and shoulders bare to the sun, or cover them with the most delicious coolness, are designed to everybody's taste, in the loveliest of colours.

If you like gay colours, wear them as much as you wish. The new prints, especially those fresh-looking seersucker cottons (they don't need ironing!) combine two or three of the brightest tones in their stripes and plaids. Yellow, pink, and blue are going to be seen a lot of; yellow combines especially well with brown, navy, grey, or white.

And there is no need to remind you of the colour that best sets off a browned skin. White bathing suits, white pique dresses and white linen suits—there's nothing smarter.

If you would like to know what sports clothes you should take away with you on holiday, or the minimum amount of clothes you need for a cruise, write to me and let me help you.



NECKLINES—The red and white striped jumper has an unusual draped scarf.

The Set of the Week

McMichael Super-het Model 135

FRRIENDS often ask me just what I do about the receivers tested which I consider poor value for money? Obviously it would not be fair to write a report pointing out this and that has not been up to the mark, for the receiver may have been damaged in transit or have been through many hands before it reached me.

Readers do not want to know about the poor receivers, there are quite enough good ones to think about as it is. Anyway about these dud sets. If a set gives a disappointing performance I always defer comment until I have tried a second model and, if the results are still the same back it goes to where it came from without comment.

Of course in some cases where the workmanship is bad or components are roughly made then the set does not even get tested. The only feature that I overlook is cabinet work, for this, to my mind, is not over important. All the same such points are noted while weak spots are always brought out so readers do know what to look for when buying a new set.

The daily Press have been booming the new McMichael 135 for some time so I tried one, to see how much truth there was in these reports. Frankly my first impression was distinctly disappointing. A nasty whistle on both the London stations and a very poor switch action. Knowing the makers to be amongst the best in the country I took the trouble of going along to the Strand showrooms for a demonstration as given to a prospective buyer.

Everything was fine, no whistles, a good switch and fine quality. Back went the receiver I had with a few comments. A second model was soon forthcoming with an explanation. Apparently my first set had been all round the trade and had not been very well treated.

Now I have a different story to tell. About

the dial this has done away with one of my pet grouses. I have always had a grudge against makers of small dials with station names all crowded together. With the 135 the dial measures no less than 12 inches, while the length of the two halves of the dial is 22 inches. Some dial, and floodlit from the lid of the cabinet.

Stations are calibrated by name and there is a gap between the names of in some cases of 1/2 inch, so they can be read several feet away. Range and selectivity are above reproach but the outstanding feature is quality. I don't know if you and I think alike but I am rather tired of

"Take it from me," says "Set Tester," "that this 135 is a good set for all and sundry, and not just for the select few who say 'I run a McMichael,' just as some say 'I run a Rolls,' or whatever it is they run in that line. With the lid down none of the four controls can be seen, and everything looks neat and tidy."



knob twiddling and except for what I call the Sunday stations and three or four English ones that is all I require—but, of course, the receiver must be able to pick up all the others if need be.

Consequently quality always comes first with me. With the 135 two acoustically balanced speakers are used mounted at the correct angle for uniform non-focused radiation of sound. Boiled down this means that you do not hear bass with one ear and treble with the other but perfectly balanced sound no matter how you may be sitting.

The Set in Brief

MODEL: 135.

PRICE: 15 guineas.

SUPPLY: A.C. mains 200-250 volts 50-100 cycles. Consumption 80 watts.

VALVE COMBINATION: Triode-pentode frequency changer, an H.F. pentode for I.F. amplification followed by a distortion-free double-diode second detector feeding into a steep-slope pentode. Mains rectification is by a heavy-duty full-wave valve.

MAKERS: McMichael Radio Ltd., Slough, Bucks.

A friend of mine described the effect very well by saying "the announcer was in front of the set" for that is the effect obtained. Do not think that is the only feature for tone control, constant gain couplings and so on are also included.

Take the tone control for example. I thought it was useless or rather not required for the reproduction does not require any faking, but it comes in useful to cut off needle scratch when the pick-up is used. Slight heterodyne whistles also vanish when the tone corrector is in action.

Constant-gain coupling means the lazy man will not have to do very much except turn the tuning indicator to the station wanted. As amplification remains almost constant at all wavelengths the volume output remains steady after once it has been set to the required level.



MR
CHRISTOPHER STONE
WILL COMPÈRE THE
WILLS'S
STAR
CIGARETTE
PROGRAMME

You are
recommended
to tune in to
LUXEMBOURG
(1,304 metres)
at
5 o'clock on
SUNDAY
JUNE
the **30th**



10
for
4^D

Have you heard about birdies? Golfers probably have, but I mean another type of birdie otherwise known as het whistle. These whistles come in at different parts of the dial on super-het receivers and are caused by the harmonic of one station clashing with the fundamental of another. In the McMichael a filter has been arranged to eliminate the harmonic and so cut out the whistles. Just another feature buyers are apt to forget.

With the volume control at maximum the output is approximately 2,500 milli-watts. Compare that with the output of the largest battery power—some 400 milli-watts and you may realise just how loud is 2,500 milli-watts.

With the lid down none of the four controls can be seen and as all external connections come in through the back everything looks neat and tidy. So take it from me this 135 is a good set for all and sundry and not just for the select few who like to say "I have a McMichael" just as some say "I run a Rolls" or whatever they run in that line.

Incidentally have you decided on the new receiver yet? If so, why not drop me a line for a few straight from the shoulder comments?

"Set Tester"

Good Reception

Continued from page fifteen

movements of the two crooks working quickly and efficiently at their craft. The little playlet was excellent!

"Red, take a look at the old boy—you made that gag very tight."

"Oh, hell, you can't afford to take any chances. If he came to, and the gag slipped, he'd yell and bust the show."

"Well, take a look anyway, while I tie up. Then we'll make it."

The dialogue ceased—a little pause of almost complete silence—then a guttural, gasping, throaty noise. It came from Red.

"Jerry! Quick, come here! God! I'm afraid."

The faint thud of a bundle hastily dropped—the soft pad of hurried, frightened steps.

The modern studios have reached perfection in sound reproduction.

And then—

"Curse you, you damned fool! I told you you made that gag too tight. He's dead! Out o' here quick—quick, you damned idiot! Here, take this."

Just then the constable, glancing along the dark avenue, saw a bulky figure advance into the penumbra of the little patch of light at the corner. It was the sergeant. Reluctantly the listener tore himself from his entertainment. Anyhow it was practically finished, and he had got the gist of the thing. Some other time, when off duty, he might listen-in again. These playlets were often repeated—and it doesn't pay to disappoint the sergeant on his round.

He went out of the gate and advanced briskly to the corner.

"Good night, sergeant!"

"Good night, Wilkins!—everything O.K.?"

"Nothing out of the usual, sergeant. It's a very quiet beat."

And Mr. Moore-Jenkyn at that moment turned from an upper window, from the vantage-point of which he had been reviewing the road, noting the condition and deportment of late-comers before retiring, and remarked to Mrs. Moore-Jenkyn:—

"The constable seemed interested in symphonies after all."

"But I thought you said it was a play about burglars."

"Oh, you weren't listening at the time. So it was printed. But the announcer apologised—there was some hitch about the play. They put on a symphony instead."

Children's NEWS MOTTO

"Cut and come again."

This was written by George Crabbe, who lived from 1754 to 1832, in a story called "The Widow's Tale." You will find the key on page 38.

Amami care means lovely hair..

● Until you've tried Amami Wave-Set you don't know how easy and inexpensive it is to set your hair perfectly at home. A few drops on a comb taken through the dampened hair and soft scintillating waves are yours. Get your bottle of this fragrant lotion to-day, and give yourself a setting to be proud of!



6 WAVE-SETS FOR 6^d.

AMAMI Wave Set

BET WITH THE FIRM YOU KNOW

The name "LITTLEWOODS" stands for Reliability and Prompt Payment. You always get a square deal with "LITTLEWOODS."

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LAST WEEK



THIS WEEK

A firm youthful bust can be yours next week! Take the Fuller Tablets as directed, and follow a simple diet chart which is sent you free. This discovery of Prof. Fuller has a great vogue in Sweden (Greta Garbo's country), where almost every woman has a firm youthful bust and figure. The tablets contain a rare yet harmless gland extract, quickly tighten up sagging breasts and firm up the loose flesh on the neck. See the difference in yourself in a week. Firm and round instead of loose and sagging. You yourself can possess this feminine attractiveness next week. You'll look and you will feel a different woman. Week's course, 1/6; 3 week's course, 3/-. Post coupon to-day.

Fill in and post (with Postal Order) to Nurse Simpson, c/o LOWTHERS OF LONDON, LTD., Chemists, 323, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.

Dear Madam,
Please send me post free by return (in plain packing) (state whether 1/6 or 3/-) (.....) course of Fuller Tablets, with directions, together with simple diet chart.

NAME

ADDRESS

R.P.

BE SLIMMER

The new
**'YOUTH-O-FORM'
GIRDLE WILL**

**...IMMEDIATELY
REDUCE YOUR
WAIST & HIPS.
THREE INCHES
IN 10 DAYS
GUARANTEED**

**Satisfied Customers
Say**

"I have worn your Girdle and Brassiere for 10 days and it has made a great difference to me. I am quite pleased about the result. I am 3 inches less in waist and hips. Even my husband says they have altered me a lot."—Mrs. P. S., *Dassbury.*

"I must say I am very pleased with your garments, they are the most comfortable I have ever worn. I weighed 12 stone, now I am only 10."—W. D., *Lower Lyde, nr. Hereford.*

"I am very satisfied with your girdle and brassiere, although I have only worn them a few days, the improvement is noticeable."—C. C., *Basingstoke, Hants.*

"I write to thank you for the corset and brassiere you sent me about a fortnight ago. I found them very satisfactory and feel deeply indebted to you. I had recently undergone an operation and was putting on weight at an alarming rate. I am glad to say since wearing the Youth-O-Form I have improved tremendously."—J. J., *Kirkcaldy.*

"I am writing to let you know that I find the Girdle and Brassiere very comfortable to wear, I am perfectly satisfied. I could not wear a low corset because of the roll of fat between the corset and brassiere, but yours does away with that. Here are the measurements that speak for themselves.
Bust 38 now 37.
Waist 37 now 34.
Hips 44 now 42.
Thigh 40 now 37.
E. M., *Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey.*

"I have now worn your Youth-O-Form Girdle for 10 days and am more than pleased with the result, having reduced 4 inches in the waist, 4 inches in the hips, 3 inches in the bust, and I think 3 inches in the thighs. I have also reduced 11½ lbs. in weight."—E. M. G., *Mitcham, Surrey.*

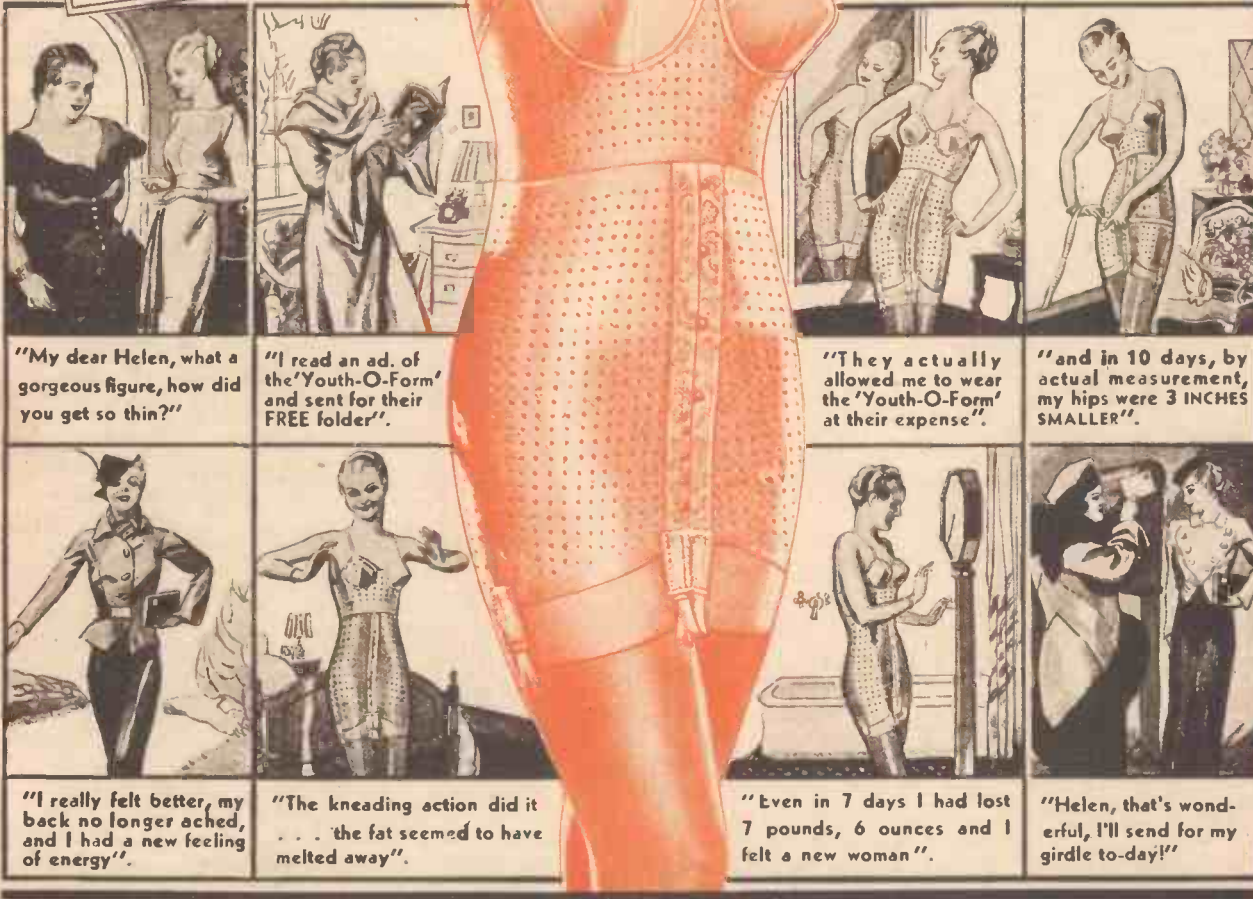
"I am quite satisfied with both garments. I have shown a reduction on all parts since wearing your girdle and brassiere."—L. B., *New Brunby, Scunthorpe.*

"I am extremely grateful for the Girdle and Brassiere, they are all you claim them to be, and I am very pleased with the results."—N. H., *Blackheath, S.E.3.*

"I am pleased to say my Girdle and Brassiere are quite comfortable. My bust has reduced from 36 to 35. Waist 31 to 28; hips, 29½ to 27½; thighs, 38½ to 37."—S. P., *Bush Hill Park, Enfield.*

The above letters were received in one post. The originals may be inspected at our Showrooms.

Read how
HELEN O'BRIEN
reduced her
waist and hips!



"My dear Helen, what a gorgeous figure, how did you get so thin?"

"I read an ad. of the 'Youth-O-Form' and sent for their FREE folder".

"I really felt better, my back no longer ached, and I had a new feeling of energy".

"The kneading action did it . . . the fat seemed to have melted away".

"They actually allowed me to wear the 'Youth-O-Form' at their expense".

"and in 10 days, by actual measurement, my hips were 3 INCHES SMALLER".

"Even in 7 days I had lost 7 pounds, 6 ounces and I felt a new woman".

"Helen, that's wonderful, I'll send for my girdle to-day!"

You can TEST the 'YOUTH-O-FORM' Girdle and Brassiere for 10 days FREE!

FREE TRIAL COUPON

To **YOUTH-O-FORM GIRDLE CO.**,
11 Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

Please send me WITHOUT OBLIGATION FREE Booklet describing and illustrating the new "Youth-O-Form" Girdle and Bandeau, so that I can accept your 10 days' trial offer. I enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply.

NAME

ADDRESS

DOES excess fat rob you of the grace and charm that should be yours? Has unwanted flesh accumulated at waist, thighs and diaphragm in spite of all your efforts to retain that girlish slimness? Then you will rejoice over the marvellous Youth-O-Form Girdle and Uplift Brassiere that reduce hips and waistline inches without effort . . . simply by their beneficial kneading action.

The only safe Reducing method
The wonderful part of the quick Youth-O-Form method is its absolute safety and comfort. You take no drugs . . . no gymnastics . . . you eat normal meals . . . and yet we guarantee

you will reduce at least 3 inches in 10 days or it will cost you nothing! We can dare to make this startling guarantee because we have tested the Youth-O-Form Girdle and the results have proved our claims.

Reduce ONLY where you are overweight

The Youth-O-Form Girdle kneads away the fat at only those places where you want to reduce. Beware of reducing methods which take the weight off the entire body . . . for a scrawny neck and face are as unattractive as a too-fat figure.

You Need Not Risk One Penny!

You can prove to yourself that these marvellous reducing garments will take off at least 3 inches of fat from your waist, hips and diaphragm or no cost!