

THE REAL SIR JOHN REITH

MAY

RADIO

MAGAZINE

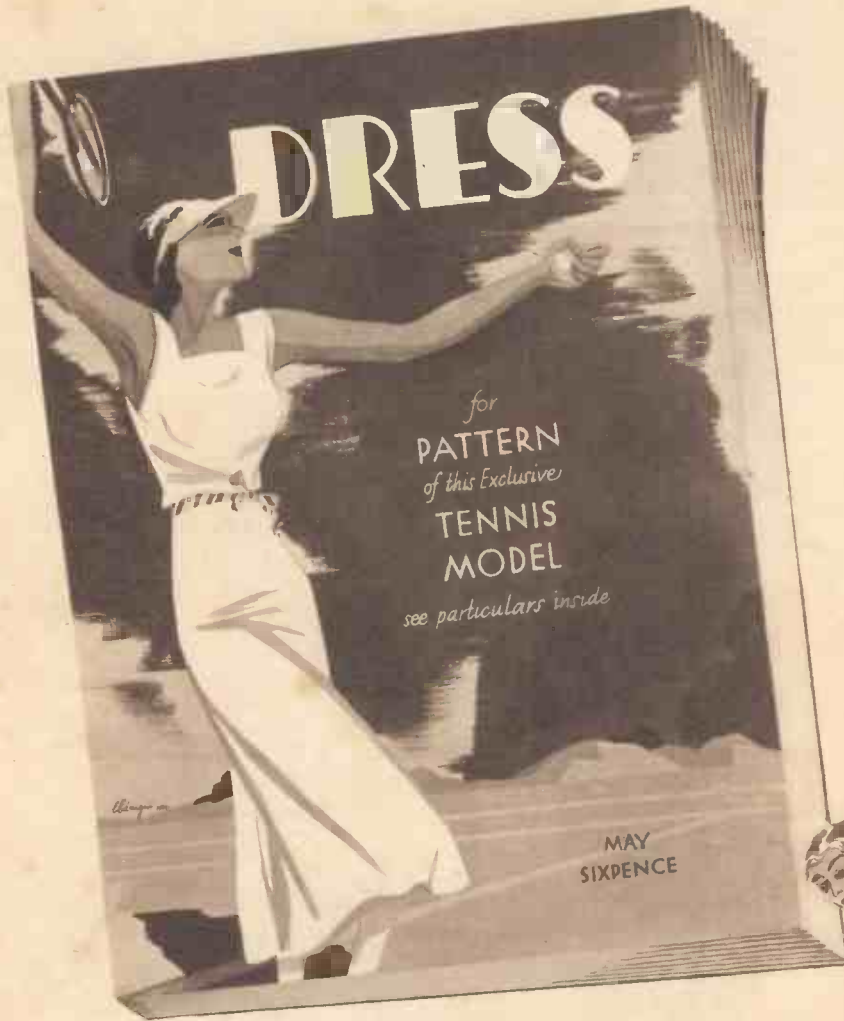
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ALBERT SANDLER

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Dealing in an intelligent manner with the intelligent matters of broadcast entertainment for intelligent listeners.

RADIO MAGAZINE

EDITED BY GARRY ALLIGHAN

Editorial and Advertising offices: 8-11 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.2. Phone: Temple Bar 7760.

COVER-SUBJECT BIOGRAPHY

Albert Sandler was born in the East End of London in 1906, of extremely poor parents who were Russian exiles. Father a shoe-repairer with seven children. Elder brother contributed to the family exchequer by fiddling at local weddings; Albert made up his mind to help also.

Family scraped to save 16s. with which to buy a secondhand violin from a near-by pawnbroker. Albert took lessons, and at the age of 12 was able to earn 5s. a week playing at a cinema.

Gained a scholarship at the Guildhall School of Music and later became sub-leader in a West End café orchestra. Was appointed leader at the Trocadero and then went to Eastbourne where his Grand Hotel broadcasts brought him fame.

Now at Park Lane Hotel broadcasting alternate Sunday nights.

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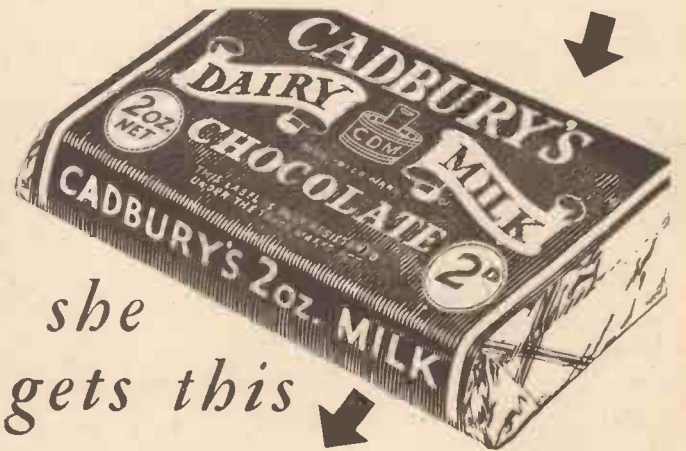
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ASK YOUR DEALER — HE KNOWS

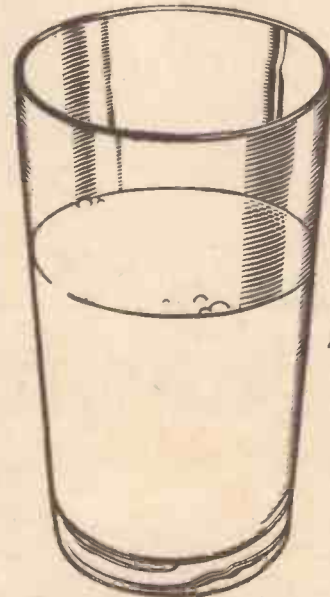
She needs
extra milk



When she eats this



she
gets this



because there
is nearly half
a glass of
fresh full-cream
British milk
in every
2 oz. block of

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Editor Calling



ONE-EARED LISTENERS

Kreisler said, the other day, that one of the reasons why he refuses to broadcast is that he objected to the idea of playing to people who, sitting in their carpet slippers and turning a knob, would use his music only as a background to cards or conversation. I agree with him. Such one-eared listeners are doing the art of radio no good.

He said that in New York, when he has been out playing bridge at the house of friends, they have said: "Let's turn on the radio and hear Toscanini with the New York Philharmonic"—the world's greatest conductor and one of the world's greatest orchestras. Presently, he added, some person would exclaim, "One heart," and another respond

with "Two Spades," and the bidding would go on until someone would say, "Turn that thing off." And off goes Toscanini.

And these one-eared listeners fulminate against the programmes. How can people who listen to radio with one ear and the conversation with the other sit in judgment on programmes?

My plea here is for intelligent listening. Make a date with the programmes, in the same way that you make a date with your cinema. And act the same. I know — and you know — what would happen if you used a film as a background to conversation in the cinema.irate neighbours would hiss you into silence.



PAUL ROBESON



revealing his true self to the public, which, with an imperfect knowledge, is apt to make an inaccurate assessment of the man. I propose to reveal to the public, not Sir John Reith, director-general of the B.B.C., but John Charles Walsham Reith, the man.

To get a correct conception of most men you have to study the forces that have influenced their mental and spiritual development. In common with other great Scotsmen, the forbears of Sir John Reith were humble folk, small land-owning farmers in the counties of Aberdeen and Banff, in fact, they were well known over a considerable region.

John Charles Walsham Reith—the present B.B.C. chief—was born in 1889 at Stonehaven, when his parents were there on holiday.

George Reith, grandfather of the B.B.C. chief, was a very able man who progressed from humble circumstances, was apprenticed as a wheelwright, then served his apprenticeship in a solicitor's office, became local manager of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, and for the last thirty years of his life was General Manager of the Clyde Navigation Trust.

This man's son, George, continued the Reith progressive development. He was one of the most successful students of his time—Aberdeen, Edinburgh, and Germany and became Minister of the College Church in Glasgow at the age of 23, and was there for fifty-three years until his death. He became Moderator of the United Free Church of Scotland Assembly.

The Rev. Dr. George Reith married a London woman in the Presbyterian Church, Regent's Square, London, and John Charles Walsham was literally a son of the manse.

His early years differed little from those of the average boy in his class of society. At the age of seven he was sent to the Glasgow Academy, where he remained a pupil for eight years. As a pupil at that well-known school he describes himself as "a nonentity—or very nearly so. I achieved nothing—not a prize, not the

REVEALING THE UNKNOWN

Third XV, not even a lance-corporal's stripe." Rugby caps and dux medals were, in his own words, "within my grasp but I never got them."

He left the Academy when he was fifteen, and proceeded to Gresham's School, at Holt, Norfolk, where after two years he returned to Scotland and attended engineering classes at the Royal Technical College in Glasgow. His degrees include the A.M.I.C.E., the A.M.I.M.E., and the M.Sc. of Lafayette, Easton, Pennsylvania. He is also an Hon. LL.D. of Aberdeen and Manchester Universities.

So much for his educational background. His career has been meteoric, not by fortuitous circumstance but by sheer personal force and intellectual application.

J

It is an amazing fact that the most talked-of man is the least known. Never since Caxton developed the printing press has there been a more powerful influence introduced into public life than broadcasting, and yet its chief—the man who took command of the new

vehicle for public service when it was in the experimental stage and fashioned it into the mightiest factor in public life—is either unknown to the public or wrongly known. Sir John Reith, possessing the power that comes from controlling a force that includes the greatest university, most far-reaching pulpit, largest theatre, most influential forum, greatest concert-hall, in the world, has studiously refrained from

As a young man—aged twenty-four—he obtained a post on the staff of a big engineering concern in London, his work being interrupted by the War. As he held a pre-War Territorial commission he joined the Forces immediately, and with the rank of Major served the first winter in France, was wounded in action in October, 1915, and transferred, in 1916, to other national work. This involved him in an important Government mission to America regarding munitions, and the following year found him in the department of Civil Engineer-in-Chief of Admiralty. When the War finished he was in charge of the liquidation of ordnance and engineering contracts.

Retiring to civil life, he again returned to Scotland and became general manager in 1920 of the Coalbridge works of William Beardmore & Sons, and at this time he began to take a keen interest in wireless telephony. With that visionary quality that has always enabled him to look over the head of the immediate to the promise of the future he realized the enormous possibilities which this branch of science offered. Two years later John Charles Walsham Reith was appointed the first General Manager of the British Broadcasting Company, Ltd.

The intelligent reader will, from this very cursory survey of the history of Sir John Reith, be able to discern the factors that have contributed to the development of the B.B.C. chief. In his forty-fifth year we find him a towering giant, physically and psychologically. Bred on a diet of porridge and the Proverbs he has the rigid Covenanter spirit that never compromises with conscience.

Perhaps because of that war-scar that slashes his left cheek he has two appearances to the onlooker—one side of his face is stern, almost forbidding, the eye a boring optic of relentless intensity; the other side

“NATION SHALL SPEAK PEACE UNTO NATION”

of British Broadcasting. It is horrifying to think what might have happened had it got into other hands, and at this important juncture in its history it is worth noting that not even his fiercest critics are able to produce the name of any other man in whose care they would have confidence in leaving this great public service.

Sir John Reith is a non-social person. He has no intimates and has permitted himself to make few friends. A family man who believes in family life, his off-duty hours are spent in his Buckinghamshire house, or its delightful gardens, with Lady Reith and their two charming children. Last year I spent my holidays at Frinton during the same two months that the Reith family were holidaying there, Sir John coming down each week-end and being met at the station by Lady Reith, who drove him to the house, facing mine, at which they stayed. I was therefore able to see a different Sir John—just an ordinary holiday-man, bathing, drinking tea on the verandah of his beach hut, taking the big golden retriever for his nightly walk on the greensward. The picture gained was a much truer picture of the essential Reith than I gained in his office—because Sir John is, at heart, a man of simple tastes, simple outlook, and has reduced life to its simplest terms.

He sincerely believes that he would be false to himself if he were to allow fear of consequences to divert him from the channels of truth. That courage caused him to make the very sane declaration: “I do not pretend to give the public what it

mob-criticism. Not that he objects to criticism; he has said: “One of the B.B.C.’s greatest troubles is the lack of criticism. The constructive critic is welcomed and encouraged and needed.”

One of the many popular misconceptions of Sir John Reith is that he is a “high-brow.” He is not. I should call him the typical middle-brow—or no-brow. He likes good symphonic music, as does—thanks to B.B.C. concerts—the average man. I sat with him in the “Radiolympia” theatre last year and observed his enjoyment of the vaudeville show, and noted how he even applauded the dancing of the chorus girls. He likes dance music and enjoys dancing to it—“only I have a difficulty finding any lady tall enough to dance with.” And he once confessed that his favourite dance tune was “Hallelujah” from *Hit the Deck*.

Sir John Reith takes a fatherly interest in the welfare of his staff. He attends their sports and staff parties. I recall once when the staff put on *Tilly of Bloomsbury* as a private stage show in which the finest bit of acting was that representing the bailiff. It was most convincing—and the part was played by Sir John Reith!

In his office, the tasteful design of which he always good-naturedly attributes to Miss Nash, his secretary, are three photographs. One is of Lady Reith, to whose helpful comradeship Sir John is always ready to pay tribute. Another is of his father, in his Moderator robes with laces at the throat and wrists. The Rev. Dr. George Reith died before his son began to achieve fame.

On the wireless set in the corner by the

SIR JOHN REITH

is the face of the genial fellow, a-crinkled with humour, the eye a-twinkle. That is also the picture of the mind of the man. His training and tradition has inculcated within him a stern sense of duty and responsibility—there is a relentless intensity in his passion for all that is progressive. Birth and ancestry have given him a warmer aspect also—instinctive sympathies and a warm regard for the essential humanities.

This is the man into whose hands the most important years in the life of the most important public utility service have been placed. Looking back on those ten years of vital pioneering, I can only feel that the nation has ample cause to be grateful to the circumstances that placed John Charles Walsham Reith at the head

wants.” Nor does any newspaper editor—the most that any one man can do is to give the public what he thinks it wants; and, if he has an enlightened mind, to lead the public to want what he thinks it ought to want. Sir John’s courage leads him to do stern things; his humanity leads him to try to disguise the sternness.

Sir John seldom smokes in his office, permits himself a cigarette over his coffee, and is a teetotaler. He always dresses sombrely, eats sparingly, and, Scot or no Scot, does not play golf. His club is the Athenaeum, and his favourite reading biography. In stature he is reminiscent of Lincoln and, like Lincoln, is always unmoved by the turbulent violence of

PRESIDING OVER BRITISH BROADCASTING IS ITS DIRECTOR-GENERAL, BUT HE IS THE LEAST-KNOWN MAN IN THE LAND. THIS CHARACTER STUDY, BY THE EDITOR OF “RADIO MAGAZINE,” DEPICTS, FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE REAL MAN

fireplace stands the photograph of his mother. Mrs. George Reith, now 85, is still alive, and to this day her famous son finds his greatest inspiration in her beauty and strength of character. To his parents, his forbears, and his early upbringing Sir John Reith owes those sterling qualities which made it possible for the tribute to be paid to the B.B.C. when its chief was given an honorary degree—“it has grown from experiment to strength, and from strength to authority.” G. A.

One of the most interesting departments at Broadcasting House is that devoted to libraries, and filing systems connected with the building-up of a programme. There are at least six major branches of this department—the main music library, which includes choral, orchestral, and miscellaneous works; dance band music; gramophone records; plays and steel tape recording process files. The photograph library, although it does not contribute directly to programme construction, plays a very important part in adding to the general attractiveness of all B.B.C. publications, particularly the *Radio Times* and the *Listener*.

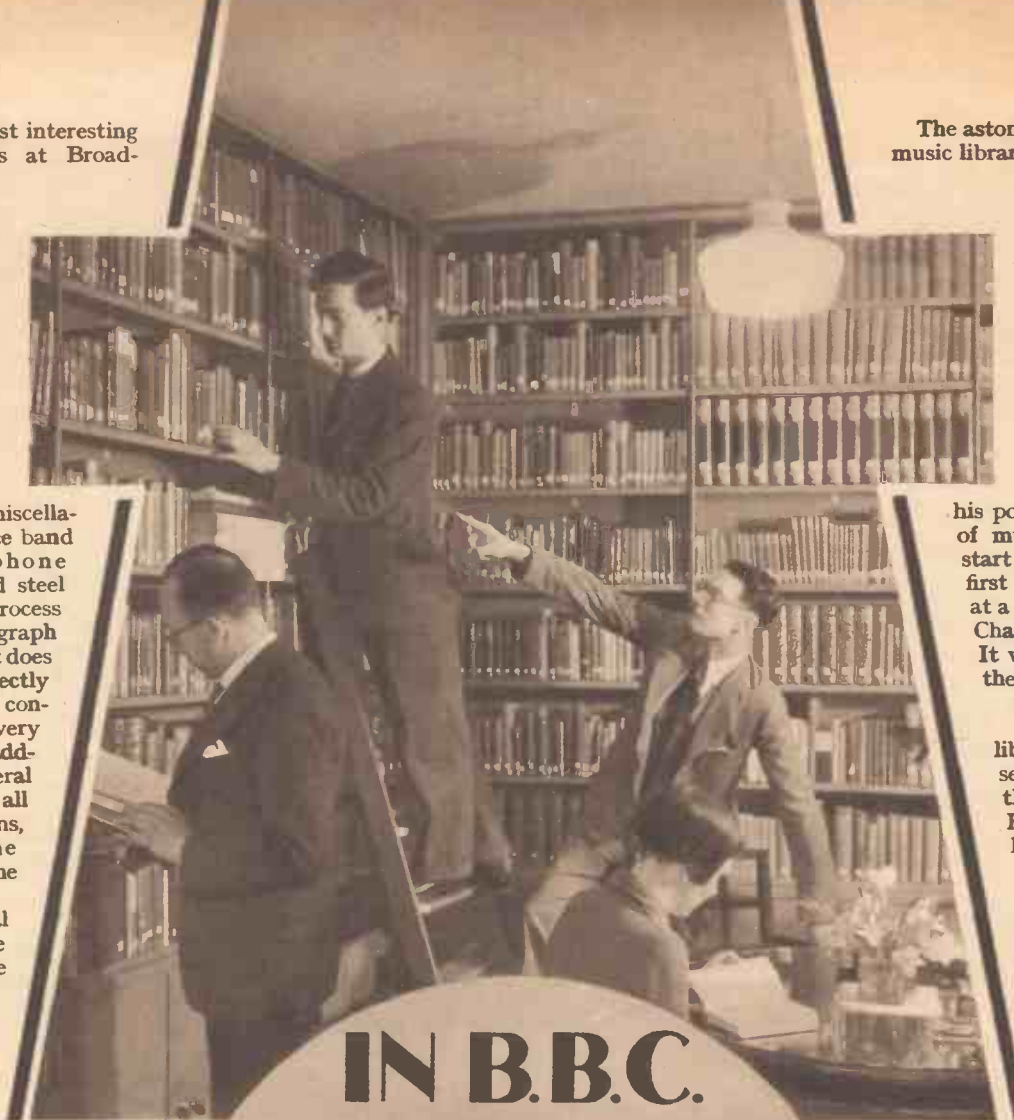
In the orchestral library alone there are 500,000 separate pieces of music. There are 20,000 orchestral scores, 10,000 parts for bass drums, and ten for penny whistles. Parts may be found for Jew's harps, and even a complete symphony for ordinary childish toys.

Such is the perfection of this machine that not a single page of music is out of its appropriate place on the shelves. There is scarcely a piece of orchestral music in existence which cannot be found here, so that I was the more surprised to find that the orchestral parts of such a work as Elgar's "Kingdom" were not amongst the oratorios. It is no fault of the B.B.C. librarian. The publishers will not supply the parts of this masterpiece.

Another interesting absentee from the shelves are the orchestral parts of the incidental music of Grieg for Ibsen's fantasy drama, "Peer Gynt," from which the famous, and so often heard "Peer Gynt" suites are culled.

In another portion of the main music library, which is devoted to vocal music, there are 100,000 choral scores, 30,000 songs, and one of the most complete operatic libraries in the world. This last contains the collection recently added which originally belonged to the late director of broadcast music, Percy Pitt, the value of which would be hard to estimate, as it contains so

Picture at the head of this page shows Val Gielgud, drama director, in the drama library, where manuscripts of very many radio plays are filed.



IN B.B.C.

LIBRARIES

By
Gibson Young

many scores unobtainable to-day. I was struck by the appearance of a full-sized score of Rossini's opera, *William Tell*. It was so much like our old family Bible.

Owing to the foresight of the librarian, the B.B.C. to-day possesses one of the most complete libraries of Russian music in existence. The bulk of the purchases has taken place in the last eight years, and many valuable private collections have been acquired.

The astonishing feature of the music library is that it has been created from nothing, in slightly over ten years. The present librarian has been in charge from the outset. He remembers most vividly setting out from Savoy Hill one afternoon about ten years ago with his first grant of £10 in his pocket and a long list of music with which to start his collection. His first purchase was made at a second-hand shop in Charing Cross Road. It was a vocal score of the "Geisha."

The dance-band library is housed separately. It is under the direct control of Henry Hall through his manager, and is handled entirely by a dance-band librarian. The B.B.C. Dance Band, like most other of the leading bands, uses its own particular version of the popular dance numbers.

Henry Hall has been in charge at broadcasting headquarters for almost two years, and in this time he has broadcast more than 1,200 of these specially orchestrated numbers. As there are fourteen players in the band, in addition to the conductor, it means that 17,000 parts must be housed and cared for. Nor does that number include those in which the original orchestration provided by the publishers were used.

The dance-band library grows steadily as anyone who listens to the B.B.C. Dance Band must realize. Henry Hall passes in review an average of 150 new publications and manuscripts each week. His programme is an ever accessible forum for the best, and he himself is always vigilant in his search for fresh ideas.

To me, one of the most astonishing features of B.B.C. internal organization is the gramophone record library. This branch of programme construction has been in existence, or more correctly under one unified central control, for exactly twelve months. In that time a filing system has been evolved for over 30,000 discs.

Apart from such a colossal disc-housing scheme, the department has been responsible to all regional stations for their programme needs. If

TURN TO
PAGE 46

Sons of Erin have faced the microphone more often than her daughters. Most of them have gained their place by sheer Irish pertinacity. Some, born in the poverty that only Ireland knows, have fought their way up as Irishmen say only Irishmen can.

Cavan O'Connor is the most versatile tenor in the world—either of Irish or any other nationality. Cavan's career is a symphonic saga of triumph over hardship.

While still at school he helped to fill his mother's ever-hungry purse by selling newspapers in Nottingham.

Then the war broke out. Craving for adventure, he lied about his age—then fifteen—at every recruiting office he could visit. The naval authorities, dubious of his airy statements about being over eighteen, asked for his birth certificate, so Cavan tried the Army—this time with success.

Getting right into the front trenches, he was seriously wounded in the head, and came home to convalesce. Within a few weeks he was back in France again.

In 1922 he took up singing, won an open scholarship to the Royal College of Music, and paid his way through his training by taking any and every kind of odd job he could find.

Then he got a job recording ballads with a recording company. They liked his work.

"I can sing anything you like," he told them.

Singers from

"Dance tunes, opera, light comedy, European folk songs . . ."

The recording manager politely exclaimed, "Really?" and didn't believe him.

So Cavan chose twenty-seven different aliases—one for every type of song he can sing—and presented himself under these various names at all the recording studios. The result was that he obtained more work than he could possibly find time to do.

For broadcasting work he invariably uses his own name.

Small, twinkling eyes, a rather plump face, and dark hair proclaim Denis O'Neil as a product of Belfast. In mannerisms he is a typical Southern Irishman, because when he was eight months old his parents moved to King's County.

Almost as soon as he could talk, his mother gave him lessons in singing, but the reason was only that Irish people have an inherent love of creating music for themselves.

Actually, he decided to become a doctor, and he studied for the profession at Trinity College,



Cavan O'Connor

Dublin. Gradually he found himself favouring the music studio instead of the dispensary. He asked for an interview with Count McCormack to find out what possibilities there were in singing as a career.

The man who has made several fortunes from his voice told Denis it would be safer to stick to medicine.

But the inborn pertinacity of the Irishman asserted itself. Denis said "thanks very much for the advice"—and secretly decided to become a singer.

A few years later he was down to sing at a private function. In the dressing room he met the other soloist—Count McCormack.

Coming to England, he created something of a sensation with his voice and perfect diction. After making a reputation for himself on the concert hall, he decided to try musical comedy and variety. From these he launched out into films.

Now, of course, he's a popular broadcaster as well.

A queer paradox—typical of Ireland—was that Gabriel Lavelle, who also sought expert advice, was told to take up singing as a profession. By all the rules Gabriel should have promptly decided to continue his profession of civil engineer. As every listener knows, he did not, and a new Irish baritone entered the concert world.

He is a native of Galway, and after a period with the Birmingham Grand Opera Company, he went to Vienna for further training. His first German

Shamrock-land

song recital took place before the ex-Crown Prince of Germany.

But the greatest saga of triumph over hardship is the story of Danny Malone's years of struggle against starvation followed by a meteoric rise to stardom.

Born in Ireland, in 1911, he began work at an early age in the shipyards, but with the depression unemployment became the rule rather than the exception. So he emigrated to Australia. After eighteen months vainly looking for work, he returned to this country disillusioned and penniless.

As a last resort he called on a theatrical agent and insisted on singing a song. In spite of the fact that he collapsed from hunger half-way through, he obtained an immediate audition with the B.B.C. A contract followed, and with it innumerable gramophone recordings and variety work.



Denis O'Neil



Danny Malone



Gabriel Lavelle

LESLIE HOLMES



They are waiting

Then there is Leslie "Smiling Voice" Holmes—Harold Lloydish, tall and slim. I met him on his way to his music publishing office looking very pleased with himself. Here's the reason.

"I've just enjoyed an excellently-cooked and very hearty breakfast," explained Leslie. "I prepared it myself. I challenge any woman to beat me at the culinary art. The contest can be on any subject—joints, puddings, or even waffles.

"So you see, I have no need to take out a marriage licence because I want a cook. I left home when I was sixteen and have had to fend for myself ever since. Perhaps

**Here they are—the hand
lors of broadcasting. Why
What is their conception
hopes and confessions**

with my profession, and understand its inner working and the trials it makes. She must be very, very beautiful—and a very good cook.

"Do you think she will be hard to find?"
C. Denis Freeman is quite justifiably



HARRY ROY



HARRY PEPPER



PATRICK WADDINGTON



very radio artist who conveys even the semblance of allure in his broadcast can rely on a couple of hundred letters the following morning. Some are just written in admiration of the entertainment he gives. And some are written in admiration of something more personal.

If only all these feminine love-lorn optimists knew how many of the objects of their affection are happily married, wear carpet slippers warmed by a loving wife and take the children out in the park on Sundays, quite a lot of the glamour would disappear from broadcasting.

Still, there are the others. . . .

Among the very charming unmarried men at Broadcasting House—and there are not so very many of them—Harry Pepper can claim a place as an adamant bachelor.

Why this should be he does not say. Maybe a lifetime in the show business has set him an example of what not to do. Still, one day he may live up to those songs he writes. Remember "In an Old World Garden," and "Good-bye to All That?" Neither their sentiment nor Harry's face seem to typify the hardened misogynist.

that is why I am so self-supporting.

"One thing in the domestication line stumps me. I cannot darn or sew. In fact, I am regarded as the outfitters' delight. Nothing I wear is ever repaired. I always have to buy something new as soon as a hole appears.

"But make no mistake about me. I sincerely hope to marry one day. The trouble is that I have never met the right girl. My work occupies most of my time all day and all night—which gives me very few opportunities for meeting her.

"I don't mind whether she is blonde or brunette. What is essential is that she should be very understanding of my work. She should know something about it, too. In fact, I believe that the ideal marriage for the working artist is with a girl in the profession.

"One day I hope I will have the real home life I am always longing for. . . ."

Charles Mayhew, debonair singer and actor, is another bachelor who is continually hoping for the right girl to come along.

"Being a bachelor is a very serious state of affairs," he thinks. "But I live in hopes. Are there any offers?"

"My future wife must be sympathetic

known as the best-groomed man in Broadcasting House. Slim, debonair, and never without a monocle, he is a perfect example of the well-bred Englishman.

His character is graphically represented in the programmes he produces. The "Miscellany" series was typical of him. They were a trifle exotic in character, sophisticated without being highbrow, cultural without a trace of pedantry or boredom.

People who have met him without succeeding in delving into his real character have described him as "wearing the air of a faded lily." Outwardly this is true, but behind it lies a razor-keen intelligence and a brilliant knowledge of light entertainment production in its most satisfying form.

Charlie Hayes is one of the few radio comedians to broadcast in a television programme. It is very unofficially stated that the immediate result was an increase in the sale of television sets. So many women wanted to see the funny man who often stated in his patter that he was free from any matrimonial ties.

But according to Charlie himself, he cannot be caught easily. "Broadly speaking, I have always taken so long to make

for next Leap Year

some and eligible bachelors—haven't they married? of the ideal girl? Their are revealed below.

up my mind that by the time I had come to a decision there was no one to tell it to!
 "Now, at the ripe age of forty, I suppose I must be a confirmed bachelor. I'm in a rut. I like to please myself—to come home when I want and no questions asked."

"My ideal girl would be sincere and sympathetic. She would not be in the same profession as myself. She would not talk too much. I don't mind whether she is blonde or brunette—both kinds can be treacherous."

"I wonder if she exists? I don't believe there is a girl to whom I could say 'Darling, I love you,' and be in love with her and she with me. More probably it would be that we were just in love with love."
 This is a new side of Harry which he does not often show. He is not really cynical towards women. In fact, the person whom he admires most and confides in most is a

NORMAN LONG



C. DENIS FREEMAN



CHARLES MAYHEW



CHARLIE HAYES

"Listeners do write loving epistles to me. I had a nice one the other day. The writer said she liked my voice. I sent her a photograph. Can anyone explain why it is that I have not heard from her since?"
 Harry Roy, the bachelor of the dance-band leaders, is thirty-one. He gets hundreds of letters a week from women admirers. He is a fugitive from a Jane Gang.
 Besides the letters and telephone calls, some women take even more ruthless steps to make his acquaintance. There was the instance when Harry was driving along the Great West Road, when a woman in a passing car recognized him, and followed him for mile after mile.

Harry has much more serious views on marriage that one would credit to this acrobatic-comedian-conductor.
 "It's a subject very near to my heart," he says. "Mainly, I suppose, because I was badly hurt once when I was jilted. That was in 1924. Since then, I have found that bachelorhood has its advantages. There are no heartaches, no jealousies. I can work in peace, and I have no worries. When I want to go out with a girl, I choose one with a nice disposition, and a sense of humour. She must not be dumb.

woman—his mother. Very few days pass when Harry does not find time to spend a little while with her in the London suburb where she lives.
 Patrick Waddington is the perfect happy bachelor. An intelligent dog, a reliable housekeeper, and a cosy West End flat, are the ingredients which make his life worth while until the girl he hopes to marry one day turns up.

Frankly, I don't think that Pat will find it easy to discover her. What girl can fill the following stipulations?
 "She must be ready to go cycling with me—on a tandem if I can get some manufacturer to present me with one for a wedding present.
 "She must be a very good cook—as good as my present housekeeper—although I will forgive her a lot providing she excels with chocolate soufflé.
 "Derry, my dog and constant companion, must approve of her. In fact, I rather dispute the point that a wife would be as charming a companion as Derry. For you see, I can talk to Derry—and he does not answer back. Now I ask you, where is the girl like that?"
 Norman Long is another bachelor who

seems perfectly content with a dog as a companion—a terrier named Billy. Actually Billy ought to have been a thoroughbred Sealyham, but—but there; why bring that up? He, with Norman Long's sister, completes the personnel of the house, with the exception of his very excellent housekeeper who, he tells me, looks after his inner man and personal comforts as well as most wives could.

"I don't see a great deal of my sister," I said Norman. "She has a business appointment in the daytime, and as my business takes me out most nights we lead a sort of Box and Cox life. Still, we get on awfully well together. Perhaps if some husbands and wives saw less of each other—but there, don't let's get involved in an argument. I'm perfectly happy and really I keep so busy that I don't seem to have a lot of time to think of marriage. Not that I've definitely decided to remain single all my life. For Heaven's sake don't think that.
 I shall be only too glad to consider any applications from eligible ladies. In the first place by post only, stating correct age, particulars of financial status, recent photograph and Postal Order for a shilling to cover cost of office expenses."

At Number Eighteen, Genesta Road, London, S.W.16, Albert Worsley enjoyed the reputation of being a Man of the World.

"Dear Albert!" Mrs. Aimes would sigh. "Such a man of the world! So cosmopolitan, if you see what I mean."

It was not difficult to see what Mrs. Aimes meant; Albert took care of that. His rather too flowery good manners, his reference to celebrities by their Christian names, his calm handling of the wine list at the Corner House, the casual way in which he introduced French and Italian phrases into his conversation—in fact, his whole make-up suggested unmistakably that he possessed what Maude and Mabel, friends of the heroine of that popular folk-song, "Eddie was a lady," always referred to as "savoir fairy."

To the Aimes family—Mother, Father, and Cynthia—whose experience of Life had been confined to Genesta Road and Ventnor—Albert was as devastatingly worldly, cynical and experienced as a mixture of Casanova, Noel Coward, and Adolphe Menjou. They were all very proud and happy that this glittering social phenomenon had selected Cynthia to be his future wife.

Cynthia's father was a great radio enthusiast. He and Mrs. Aimes spent many long evenings listening to London Regional. Cynthia was secretly a radio fan, too, but as it was part of her fiancé's worldly pose to sneer at the B.B.C. programmes, she did not get much opportunity of listening.

However, one evening in July, 1933, Cynthia and Albert, returning early from tennis, found themselves listening to a programme coming on Mr. Aimes' receiver. Albert certainly did not want to listen, but on this particular occasion Cynthia's father "shushed" his attempts at conversation so firmly that he settled back in a chair, and puffing wearily at a Turkish cigarette (elevance for twenty), resigned

himself to the experience. For many months to come he rued the day.

"We now introduce to you for the first time," said the announcer from Broadcasting House, "the Orchestra of the Café Colette in a programme of Continental dance music." This was the moment for which Mr. Aimes had been waiting; a good deal of publicity had been given by the Press and the *Radio Times* to this mysterious new dance band. Of the twelve men with whom Mr. Aimes had shared a third-class smoker from Victoria this

'Such a Man of

evening, seven had announced their intention of tuning-in for it.

When it came, the orchestra of the Café Colette fully lived up to his expectations. He and Mrs. Aimes and Cynthia liked the excitable broken English of the compère, his shouts of "*Un, deux, allez-ooop!*", his shy references to "Sir Reith," the shouts and enthusiasm of the band itself, the "different" dance-rhythms with their gay tempo, the romantic songs of Aranka von Major, the wicked "twinkle" in the voice of Henri Leoni. By the end of the hour even Albert had dropped his pose of bored indifference.

"My word," said Mr. Aimes, when the band had given three cheers for the "beautiful British audience" and its signature tune had faded away, "my word, that's something new and no error."

"Very French!" agreed Cynthia. "I wonder where it is. Paris, I suppose."

It was at this point that Albert made the mistake that he was to regret for many months to come. "Of course, it's in Paris!" he chipped in, a little scornfully. "Everyone in Paris knows the Café Colette in Montmartre. Near the Folies Bergere."

"You've been there, Albert?" asked Mrs. Aimes, respectfully.

"Dozens of times—in the old days," Albert replied. "Quite a gay spot. The last time I was there I saw Anatole France and Maurice Chevalier and—and—well, lots of people."

"Oh, Albert, you are lucky!" sighed Cynthia. "I should like to go to Paris."

"I must take you over one of these days," replied her fiancé, "and show you round."

"Dear Albert!" murmured Mrs. Aimes in bed that night. "Such a man of the world! So cosmopolitan, if you see what I mean!"

Cynthia and Albert were married in the autumn. They spent their honeymoon at Ventnor—although, ever since the evening of the first Café Colette broadcast, Cynthia had been crazy to go to Paris.

Albert had discouraged the idea of a French honeymoon. "Paris in the Spring!" he had said, "that's the time to go. We must drop over then. The chestnut trees will be in flower, and you can have a look at the new fashions." It was really remarkable, that worldliness of Albert's; when he talked of "dropping over" to Paris, he made you forget that he only had one Saturday morning in three away from the office, and spoke of Cynthia's "having a look at the fashions" as though she could as easily buy her dresses in the Rue de la Paix as in Oxford Street, if she wanted to.

Nevertheless, his wife fretted a little after Paris and, listening attentively each time the Café Colette was on the air, longed desperately for Spring to come.

She even bought a French phrase-book and practised, "Waiter, will you have the kindness to bring some boiling water (*eau bouillante*) and two clean towels (*deux serviettes propres*)."

Had Cynthia but known it, Albert had no intention whatsoever of taking her to Paris. The truth was that those famous visits of his to Paris in "the old days" had been confined to a single week-end trip with an uncle the year he left school. Nevertheless, in spite of the fact that his two days in Paris had been spent, not in revelling with Anatole France and Maurice Chevalier in Montmartre, but in tramping round the Louvre, the Luxembourg and Napoleon's tomb, he would have been quite prepared to bluff his way round the



"night life" with the simple-hearted Cynthia, had it not been for a most disturbing piece of news printed by a critic in the radio columns of an evening newspaper.

"The B.B.C.," wrote the erudite journalist, "has put over one of the cleverest hoaxes of the day—the orchestra of the Café Colette. Listeners all over the country believed this to be a French orchestra. However, I was in the studio for their first broadcast, and I am able to reveal that there is not a Frenchman in the band—all the musicians are Englishmen, recruited and trained by Walford Hyden, the conductor of the famous Magyar Orchestra and formerly musical

Another
Short Story
Specially
Written for
RADIO MAGAZINE
by
HOLT
MARVELL

the World"

director to Anna Pavlova; the French compère is a London actor of Italian descent, Mr. Dino Galvani. The discovery that there is no Café Colette and that its 'Continental' atmosphere is a cleverly managed piece of showmanship will not lessen listeners' enjoyment of the broadcasts." Thus was the mystery of the band revealed.



"However, one evening Cynthia and Albert found themselves listening to a programme by the Orchestra from the Café Colette . . . 'Of course, it's in Paris!' chipped in Albert scornfully. 'Near the Folies Bergere.'"

be able to visit Paris this year after all.

"Oh, but you promised!" Cynthia said, tears of disappointment springing to her eyes.

"Y-you talked about the ch-chestnuts and everything—and I w-wanted to go to the Café Colette."

"I know you did," thought Albert secretly, "but you're darn' well not going to," and aloud he said in a firm, kind, businesslike voice, "I'm sorry to disappoint you, but it's been a very expensive six months, what with the furniture and settling into the house, and I really can't run to it this time."

For several days Cynthia was inconsolable, but at the end of a week she no longer cried every time she thought of the Café Colette. As her father pointed out, it must be just as disappointing for poor Albert, not being able to go back to the haunts of the "old days." Mrs. Aimes said that she was sure that by the autumn Albert would have managed to save enough money to pay for the trip; he was ever so go-ahead, really.

In the meantime Albert, much relieved to have got the matter off his chest, was secretly planning a fortnight at Ventnor in August and continuing to pooh-pooh to his office colleagues the idea that the orchestra of the Café Colette could be anything but the band to which he himself used to listen at the famous Café in the "old days." All went well until, returning one evening to S.W.16, he found his wife jumping excitedly about the door-step.

"Whatever is the matter with you, Cynthia?" he said.

"We've won!" Cynthia gasped. "We've won, Albert!"

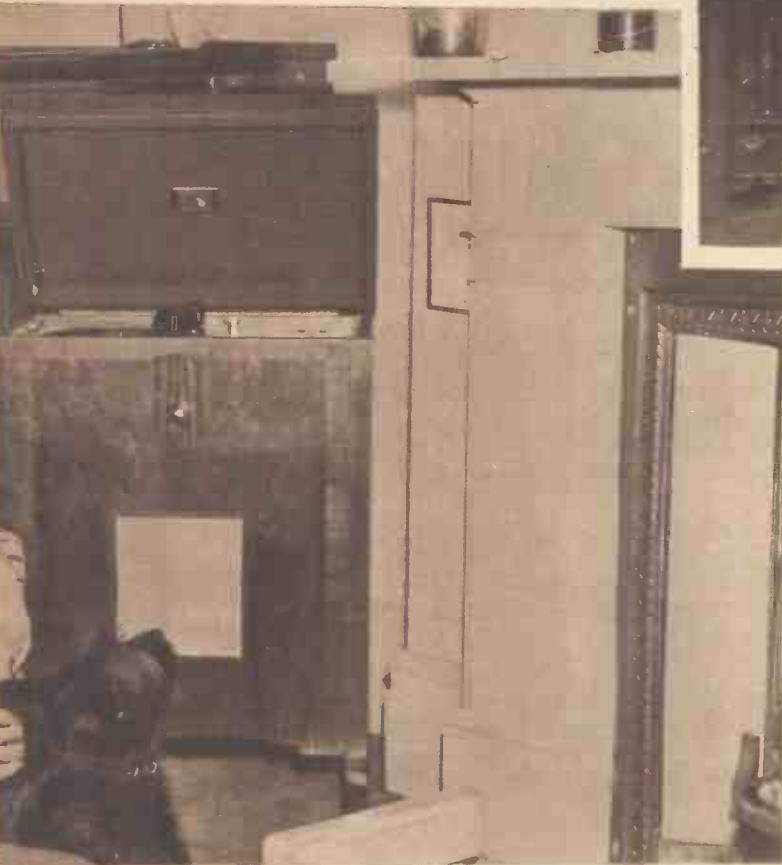
"Won what?"

"Tenth prize in the 'Good Luck Raffle.' Our ticket—fancy!"

"Tenth prize; I don't suppose that's much!"

"Oh, it is, Albert, it's the loveliest

P.
T.
O.



The usually veracious critic was wrong in one respect; the enjoyment of at least one listener was seriously impaired by this revelation—and the name of that listener was Albert Worsley. Albert saw the whole of his carefully built-up reputation as a man of the world endangered by the Variety Director's most successful leg-pull.

Following the first broadcast of the orchestra, Cynthia had egged him on to talk about "the old days" and, knowing how it would impress her and her people he had described mad nights at the Café Colette which would have made *La Vie Parisienne* read like *The Church Times*.

He went to elaborate lengths to ensure that the original paragraph was not seen by the family and, since other newspapers made a "story" out of seeming to doubt the "leg-pull" theory, he was not in much danger of being found out—not, at any rate, as long as he kept his wife away from

the Spring, of buying the tickets at Cook's, of being photographed for her passport, of practising her French on the porters at Calais, of seeing the Arc de Triomphe and the Eiffel Tower—of listening to the orchestra at the Café Colette, up on the romantic heights of Montmartre, while she and Albert sipped absinthe, or whatever one did sip.

She was so possessed by this dream that she didn't even notice Albert's irritation when she referred to it. She was saving on her housekeeping expenditure so that they should have plenty of money to spend; she found herself grudging all sorts of minor expenses—and was quite annoyed when Albert insisted on her paying half a crown for a ticket in a "Good Luck Raffle."

This obsession of Cynthia's made it very difficult, even for the urbane and superior Albert, to tell her, as he did during the first week in March, that they would not

prize in the world. Look!"

She held out to him a copy of the magazine in which the results of the Raffle were announced—and Albert, following her trembling finger, read the following words:

Tenth Prize—Mr. and Mrs.

Albert Worsley,
"Derrydene," Inkerman
Road, S.W.16.

A WEEK-END FOR TWO IN
PARIS.

Paris is known, particularly in S.W.16, as "The Gay City," its gaiety is said to be "infectious." It would have been impossible, however, to imagine anything *less* gay than Albert Worsley as the Calais boat train steamed into the Gare du Nord. This was at eleven o'clock on Thursday evening. The "Good Luck" ticket entitled Albert and Cynthia to stay in Paris until midday on Sunday. Sixty hours during which to keep Cynthia from remembering the Café Colette! It did not seem possible.

By the time the Worsleys reached their hotel in the Rue Scribe, it was too late to do anything but go to bed. They were both tired. Cynthia had never known Albert to be so tired. Why, he hardly spoke at all about the "old days!"

On the following morning, after a breakfast of rolls and coffee, Albert hurried his wife to the Louvre. They passed several exhausting hours staring at thousands of pictures, some of which Cynthia described as being "very rude." In spite of having to walk several miles through the galleries, Albert enjoyed his morning. He was on familiar ground and, with memories of that previous visit with his uncle, could chatter knowingly about the pictures.

Cynthia was impressed. This was the man who had chosen her out of all the women in the world—her Albert, who talked about Botticelli and Rubens and Velasquez as though they were old friends of his. She was so impressed that she clean forgot about the Café Colette. Albert enjoyed his morning.

After lunch, they strolled in the Bois, viewed the famous flowering chestnuts which Cynthia considered "ever so nice," had tea at the Pavilion. In the evening they saw the new revue at the Folies Bergère, which Albert enjoyed in a nervous way, though the effect on Cynthia of so much disclosure, coming on top of the "rude" pictures in the Louvre, was subduing. When they came out of the theatre, poor Cynthia was so subdued that her husband was able to get her away to bed without even so much as a mention of the Café Colette.

Saturday dawned fair and bright. By keeping his wife on the move from the Tuilleries to the Invalides, from the Invalides to the top of the Arc de Triomphe,



*"In the evening they
saw a new revue,
which Albert enjoyed in
a nervous way, though
the effect on Cynthia
was subduing."*

beckoned to the English-speaking *maitre d'hôtel*.

"Can you tell me," he asked, "where there is a café with a loud orchestra?"

"A loud orchestra, m'sieu? There is a very gay orchestra at the Café Linette on the Place Pigalle."

It was dark and raining when the Worsleys' taxi pulled up outside the Café Linette and Albert managed to hurry Cynthia into the lighted interior before she could notice the lighted sign which flashed the name of the café across Montmartre.

The Café Linette, to Albert's relief, looked as like the Café Colette as anything he could imagine. A small and noisy band dispensed one-steps, tangos and jivas with fervour, if not with accuracy; the clientele had a suitably bohemian appearance; the *patron* every now and then encouraged the dancers in a voice that was not too unlike

that of the Café Colette announcer.

"So this is the Café Colette!" said Cynthia ecstatically.

"Yes," replied Albert uncomfortably. "Y—yes."

Cynthia's enthusiasm became so vocal that it attracted the attention of a bearded Frenchman in an alpaca jacket who was seated at an adjacent table. After watching the young couple for some time, he came over to them and bowed politely.

"Forgive, please," he said, "but I could not avoid to hear your conversation. I say to myself, this lady and gentleman are English. They are also enthusiasts for the T.S.F."

"T.S.F.?" Albert repeated.

"*Telegraphie sans fil*—the wireless."

"Oh, yes," said Albert uncomfortably. "That's right."

The bearded one beamed. "I myself am a listener, yes. At the next door to this café I keep my wireless shop. Would you and madame perhaps like to listen to the English programme?"

Albert thanked him. "What do you say, my dear?"

"I'd love to," said Cynthia. "How queer, though—listening to England from abroad, instead of listening to abroad from England!"

Albert paid the bill and the pair of them followed the enthusiastic wireless merchant. As they entered the shop, Albert was glad to notice that Cynthia did not glance back at the Café Linette. The noisy blare of the orchestra, though, followed

(Turn to page 60)

from the top of the Arc de Triomphe to the Madeleine, Albert succeeded in diverting her thoughts from the fatal subject. His plan succeeded so well that by lunch-time he had recovered his old spirits and, over a carafe of *vin rouge ordinaire* began to recall his Parisian career of long ago.

The blow fell at dinner, when Albert, now as confidently the man of the world as ever, asked, "And what shall we do this evening, dear?" That was a mistake; ever since Thursday he had been telling her what to do.

Without a moment's hesitation, Cynthia replied, "We'll go to the Café Colette and see that wonderful orchestra!"

Albert started and dropped his fork, "It's rather a long way," he said, thinking desperately. "And you're tired."

"Oh, I'm not tired, Albert."

"Oh, but you must be, after our big day."

"Well, just a little," she admitted, sending his hopes soaring, only to dash them to earth again with, "but not too tired to see that wonderful café where you used to go with Anatole France and all the other famous people."

Albert saw that her mind was made up (Cynthia had a tiny strain of obstinacy in her nature). He thought of Mr. and Mrs. Aimes and a hundred other Café Colette admirers in S.W.16, expecting to hear from her lips the exciting description of this mysterious café which represented in the minds of a million British listeners the bright and wicked night life of gay Paris. Excusing himself, he left the table and, hurrying into the foyer of the restaurant,



Olive Kavann
—RADIO'S SWEET
SONG-BIRD

NOW MEET THE



Mrs. Mary Hamilton, the only woman member of the B.B.C.'s Board of Governors, who assists in the formulation of Britain's broadcasting policy.

Spring," which won a £5,000 prize last year.

Her appointment was made after Miss O. B. Schill, until then organizer of the Children's Hour from Manchester, took up a position in the talks and religious broadcasts section.

But it is at Broadcasting House, London, where one finds many women. They are busy in almost every department of the B.B.C. machine. Most important of all is Mrs. Mary Agnes Hamilton, who has been a B.B.C. governor since January, 1933. She is peculiarly suited for her job. She combines the keen conception of the trained journalist with an intimate understanding of British broadcasting derived from a period as Parliamentary Private Secretary to a Postmaster General.

She has considerable practical knowledge of listeners' tastes from her numerous talks before the microphone, the most important of which were her book criticisms from May, 1927—April, 1929.

In Broadcasting House are some 250 women on the staff, ranging from typists to heads of departments. Perhaps the busiest is Miss Freeman, who is the "mother confessor" to them all. Any of the women members of the staff can take any problem they like to her—whether it is to ask for a rise, a holiday, or to discuss the pros and cons of marriage.

For their benefit she runs a rest room furnished with cretonne-covered easy chairs, blue carpets, and yellow walls.

Pursuing duties rather similar to those of Miss Freeman is the B.B.C. nurse. Her flock is still larger, for she also has the male staff and visiting artists under her care. The number of minor injuries, fainting fits, and cases of sudden illness which occur every day of the week, can only be realized after a day in the nurse's room. During the periodical bouts of influenza which inflict themselves on this country her work increases to high pressure.

Broadcasting must continue. The whole building is saturated with disinfectant, free gargles are provided for the artists, and compulsory medicine is doled out daily to every member of the permanent staff.

The name of Miss Minns means nothing to the average listener. It conveys a lot to radio stars and embryo B.B.C. musicians. She works in the Music Department,

British broadcasting has reached such a pitch of efficiency that the average listener is apt to regard the service as a mighty machine which, once set in motion, largely runs itself with nothing more than the mere guiding hand of a living personnel.

Nevertheless, as RADIO MAGAZINE is constantly showing, there is a strikingly human note behind every department of the B.B.C.'s activities. This is the reason for the almost unbelievable freshness which inspires every new day's programmes, despite the remarks to the contrary of many critics.

More important still is the little known fact that there are a number of women who work behind the scenes and render invaluable assistance in enhancing the human touch in British broadcasting. For a public corporation of its size and importance, the B.B.C. pays a remarkably generous tribute to the modern—and still little practised—creed of sex equality.

That they work behind the veil of anonymity which the B.B.C. insists on for the executive staff is a fact that cannot be generally understood in this era of ballyhoo.

But this well-tried system of substituting an organization for the individual makes for all-round efficiency and a complete lack of jealousy. The result is the B.B.C.—doyen of the world's broadcasting systems.

However, it is time that some credit should be given to these radio women. . . .

How many play enthusiasts know that the name in the programmes of M. H. Allen hides the identity of a woman? Miss Allen is now an important producer at Broadcasting House, and previously she was associated with Denis Freeman in the production of many of his tuneful shows.

She has been with the B.B.C. for six years, and in addition to her production work she has been actively connected with the organization of the broadcasts to schools.

Another woman whose work considerably enhances the programmes is Miss Janet Beith, a brilliant young Scots-woman who was appointed organizer of the North Regional Children's Hour last January. She is a niece of Ian Hay, and author of the novel "No Second



B.B.C. WOMEN

and listens to thousands of music auditions yearly. Violinists, pianists, saw players, throat whistlers, and xylophonists all see Miss Minns at some time on their way to the B.B.C. microphone.

She has been with the B.B.C. since 1924, and reached her present important post through various office-jobs. Besides the knowledge of music which she obviously has, she has also to show considerable tact in dealing with temperament and microphone fright, and—after a successful audition—to be capable of getting down to business and arrange contracts, fees, and dates.

The position held by Miss Minns is very suitable for a woman, for it requires tremendous tact and patience—two factors which are essentially within the feminine province. There are many radio artists—whose names have become household words—who are ever ready to speak gratefully of the woman who made that first and never-to-be-forgotten audition a thing of

Right: Miss Janet Beith, novelist and organizer of North Regional's Children's Hour. Below: The "Radio Nurse" at Broadcasting House.

pleasure instead of a dreaded ordeal.

In the vaudeville section Jean Melville—already familiar to RADIO MAGAZINE readers—performs a similar duty. She hales from Australia and is a brilliant pianist. Hers is the difficult job of accompanying variety artists in all those turns which require music.

Usually she has never seen the music before and has never



Above: Miss M. H. Allen, the woman producer at Broadcasting House. She is also responsible for some of the broadcasts to schools programmes.



In addition to this feature she regularly took a hand in the organization of special features in the children's hour. Now she is assistant editor of *World Radio*, and arranges the publication of the B.B.C. programmes for the benefit of tens of thousands of listeners all over the world.

Mrs. Lines deserves the personal thanks of every RADIO MAGAZINE reader, for it is she who is in charge of the B.B.C. photographic library. Almost every photograph of scenes within the B.B.C. buildings and of B.B.C. personalities appearing in our pages are supplied by her.

Last of all, there is just one more woman who deserves to be singled out. The reason is the mass of flowers one sees in almost every room at Broadcasting House.

Summer and winter there are great clusters of them harmonizing with the varying decorative schemes of the studios. It would be a difficult—even impossible—task to find any great building in London where flowers form such an important feature of its appearance.

It is amazing, too, that one never finds a drooping blossom anywhere. Due to some magic of the B.B.C. florist, Mrs. Webb Smith, she contrives that nature shall flourish in the synthetically aerated, windowless studios of Broadcasting House.

heard the artist's act. The success of the audition depends largely on her, and no artist can say that he has missed obtaining an engagement through a poor backing from the accompanist. More often, the reverse is the case.

The stimulation and quiet assistance of Miss Melville spell success instead of failure at many an audition.

Two more women to whom the listening public would be grateful if they all knew about them are Mrs. Ella Fitzgerald and Mrs. Lines. Mrs. Fitzgerald may be remembered by older listeners, for she was the organizer of the women's hour which used to be a daily feature of the programmes in the '20's.





Above is Mary Hamlin, former leader of the Wireless Singers, who is now working as a soloist. Below is Edward O'Henry, the cinema organist, and the third picture shows the Hetty Bolton Trio, which has broadcast in Europe as well as here.



It's spring and so the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love — Pat O'Malley being the young man in question. Pat, who has been Jack Hylton's vocalist for several years, has just become engaged to Miss M. Mullen, a beautiful girl who is also a musician.

Pat, who is still on the sunny side of thirty, blankly refuses to tell me the day of the wedding chimes. I hope that there will be more news about the date next month.

merly leader of the Hallé, and other members are Don Hyden (second violin), Frank Park (viola), Clyde Twelvetrees (cello), Alfred Stott (double bass), Pat Ryan (clarinet), Otto Paersch (French horn), Sam Holt (trombone), and Charles Kelly (pianist).

In a certain isolated quarter there has been a series of inexplicable attacks on Hermione Gingold, the popular broadcaster. The incessant assertion has been that as her husband is Eric Maschwitz, the variety chief, Miss Gingold has had preferential treatment in the way of microphone engagements. As this magazine is known as "the artists' friend," it is only dutiful to state that during the year previous to

Favesdropping

Edward O'Henry was once a store boy in a mineral water factory. Now he can afford to use his own shamrock-stamped notepaper. He has a strange hobby—kite-flying. His other pastimes are tennis, travelling, and playing every kind of organ he can find:

Have just had a note from Cavan O'Connor who is now in Barcelona, studying and singing both on the air and the operatic stage. He tells me that he is spending three happy months among mountains and pinewoods in a house that has a fine view of Montserrat. Cavan is studying with Saberter, one of the greatest opera coaches in the world and also the director of the Lucio Theatre there.

Mary Hamlin, who was for four years with the Wireless Singers and now is a solo artiste, has the blood of Welsh princes in her veins. She is descended from the Welsh princes of Powys. This didn't stop her from singing when she was five years old!

The constitution of the Northern Studio Orchestra is different from that of all the other Regional station orchestras in that it contains two brass instrumentalists, French horn and trombone, and has only one wood wind player. The members are nearly all old Hallé players, and that they are all skilled musicians was demonstrated recently when the members presented a delightful programme of solo items. The leader is John Bridge, for-

Mr. Maschwitz being appointed Variety Chief, Hermione Gingold had eighteen broadcasting engagements; during the year since he was appointed she has had thirteen—which is a quaint form of "preferential treatment" for a very competent artiste in her own right.

Harry Hopewell, "Uncle Harry" of the Northern Children's Hour, has played a very active part in Northern broadcasting, and his undoubted versatility as a singer has led to his appearance in more varied types of programme than almost any other provincial artist. He began when the Manchester studios and transmitting gear were housed in an old warehouse in Dickenson Street, Manchester, where he frequently stood in the midst of a big orchestra, and faced a hanging microphone in his shirt sleeves, without any collar, in an effort to keep cool in the crowded studio.

He has a repertoire of over three thousand songs, and has sung in grand and light opera, and in programmes devoted to *lieder*, folk and traditional songs, old ballads and modern songs. In the early days of broadcasting he was what was known then as a "touring artist," being sent by the Savoy Hill big-wigs on numerous occasions to all the B.B.C.'s principal stations.

RADIO MAGAZINE has readers all over the world, and one writes from Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A., to tell of the thrill she had in listening to a broadcast "Prom" concert. Our correspondent writes:

"You will know Sir Henry Wood is a favourite here, and it was a joy to hear his voice when he conducted a symphony concert in New York recently. His programme was "different," and met with tumultuous applause. An introductory personal note by Sir

Henry when broadcasting from London would be appreciated here."

I pass the hint over to Sir Henry Wood—listeners abroad want to hear your voice, Sir Henry!

□ □

The other day a veteran star of the music halls, making his first broadcast from St. George's Hall, had the misfortune to "dry up." This experience is more common among broadcasters than you would think; it is a form of "microphone fright" which causes the muscles of the throat to contract. For a moment the broadcaster almost chokes.

On this occasion Kneale Kelly, who was directing the orchestra, realized instantly what had happened, and the

A dilemma which would make the most hard-boiled announcer wince was once the lot of Leslie Baily, the radio dramatist. He was taking an active part in a programme in the Leeds studio, standing at the microphone with his back to the orchestra.

"And now," he said, giving a pre-arranged cue, "the orchestra will play three dances from *Henry VIII* by Edward German." Mr. Baily turned round and saw to his horror that the orchestra had vanished! Quickly he decided to take listeners into his confidence, and, joking about what had actually happened, managed to

in Studioland

comedian owes his radio salvation to Kneale. At the end of every verse of his song the comedian developed that nasty catch in the throat, and each time Kneale covered the hitch by his skilful conducting of the orchestra. Broadcasting is full of these studio emergencies of which the listener knows nothing.

□ □

One night an announcer was busy with a concert when somebody rang up and insisted on speaking to him. The B.B.C. telephonist pointed out that the announcer was engaged in the studio. The unknown person replied that he must speak to the announcer immediately. He was switched through to him.

"Please," said the unknown voice, "I missed the news, and I want to know the winner of the 5.30. Can you tell me?" Then the announcer made some "emergency" remarks!

□ □

The first instrumental concert ever broadcast from one of the provincial studios was a catastrophe. A peculiar and annoying resonance was heard every time the 'cello played.

Earlier test transmissions had revealed no fault in the studio and the cause of the jarring noise was a mystery. One of the engineers gave it a lot of thought, and next morning studio officials were amazed to see him entering the studio with a heap of sacking under his arm. He solemnly wrapped this round the hot water pipes in the studio.

A 'cello was obtained and a new test carried out. The resonance had disappeared. The pipes (which had been installed after the studio tests) were in resonance with certain 'cello notes.

"gag" until the musicians appeared—smacking their lips!

□ □

Rose Hignell, who is becoming a popular singer on the air, is the daughter of a tramways inspector in Bristol. When she was on the stage she received a valuable turquoise and diamond pendant from an unknown admirer. It was handed in at the stage door.

□ □

North Regional has several very popular dance bands on its broadcasting list, and one which gets fairly regular engagements is that of Will Hurst, which plays regularly in the Palace Ballroom, Blackpool. Will Hurst, the conductor, was something of a musical prodigy, for he was only seven years of age when he made his first public appearance as a violinist. He was only eight when he first joined a provincial orchestra.

Four years in the army interfered with his musical training, but in 1920 he came into the limelight again, graduating from musical directorships in Ashton-under-Lyne, and the Ice Palace, Manchester, to the Winter Gardens, Blackpool. He took up his present engagement in 1923, and his was the first band to broadcast from Blackpool.

□ □

Les Allen tells me that he hopes to go to Canada and visit his parents after the Radio Show. It will be a well-deserved holiday.



Rose Hignell (above) comes from Bristol, and has understudied Evelyn Laye. The centre picture is of Will Hurst, popular North Regional O.B. dance band conductor, and below are the Southern Sisters. Betty Havell, on the right, was married last December.





On the left is the orchestra from the Café Colette rehearsing under the baton of the shirt-sleeved conductor, Walford Hyden, while other "Café artists" — Aranka von Major (sitting in foreground), Phyllis Stanley (standing) and Henri Leoni (in front of Walford Hyden)—can also be seen. Below is Dino Galvani, who is announcer-com-père in the orchestra's programmes.

L

ast summer was the finest and sunniest for a decade. Broadcasting had a hard fight to keep its end up in the face of the attractions of outdoor sports

and recreations. It needed something sensational to bring the programmes into the newspaper headlines.

The sensation arrived in July, when the B.B.C. announced "the special engagement of the famous continental combination, none other than the well known orchestra from the Café Colette."

The public, mystified by the brief announcement, took their portable radio sets out with them that evening and switched them on just to hear what the orchestra sounded like—and stopped to listen.

Next morning some newspapers praised the programmes to the heights, while others—putting patriotism before art—vigorously decried the B.B.C. for engaging foreign musicians for its programmes in view of the unemployment at home.

The B.B.C. refused to be drawn. Not a word was said of the exact origin of the orchestra from the Café Colette, although experienced continental travellers were quite certain that no such café existed in any of the big towns of Europe.

And now here is the real truth about this orchestra, from the man who created it. His name is Walford Hyden, formerly conductor for Anna Pavlova.

"From my experiences at all kinds of concerts which I have conducted, I obtained the idea that real continental dance music would please English people," he says. "I refused even to think of playing Anglicized tangos and the other so-called continental rhythms which usually pass for the real thing in this country.

"The B.B.C. were delighted with the idea. I therefore got busy selecting the right type of musician. Each one of them was English. They all entered into



MYSTERY of the "CAFÉ COLETTE" REVEALED

the spirit of the idea with enthusiasm.

"I realized that the public would not be so intrigued with the idea if they knew that their own countrymen were playing in the orchestra as they would by the glamour of a 'real' continental combination, so I kept the whole thing anonymous.

"And now for another secret. Those breezy continental announcements by Dino Galvani are written by none other than Eric Maschwitz, the B.B.C. variety chief. Galvani is, of course, Italian, and the only non-English member of the entire company.

"As we had been billed in such a manner as to suggest that we were the real thing, it was obvious that imitation would not be good enough. Before that first brief broadcast we therefore had fourteen rehearsals.

"It was entirely new ground for the orchestra. The music I had collected myself at various times while I was abroad on my numerous tours. Each item had to be entirely differently played. Even in similar types of music the tempo may vary in different parts of the world.

"Nowadays our experience makes this side of the work much easier, of course. And our reputation is such that we now have no difficulty in obtaining manuscripts of music from any part of Europe.

"The reason is the simple one that we are just as well known with European listeners as we are to those in Britain. Manuscripts arrive spontaneously from continental music lovers who would rather hear a British band play the native music than the local café orchestra."

Mr. Hyden is too modest about the European fame of his orchestra. The truth is that newspapers from Barcelona to Vienna, from Paris to Budapest have argued fiercely as to the nationality of the orchestra, each country rivalling the other in the claim for ownership.

The truth is still unknown to them—and if they heard it they would not believe it—for "the English are so cold-blooded!"



JACK HYLTON
Our King of Jazz

BAT 34

E

verybody thinks that this Guy Garry Allighan is a clever editor, but they can't get that sort of thing past me. Just because he has produced a magazine that keeps the bookstall managers busy repeating, "Sorry, m'm, we're sold right out," and he's got half the population (twenty-four million, excluding myself) as regular readers, it is assumed that RADIO MAGAZINE is a fine journal and simply cannot be improved in any way.

I disagree; in fact, I disagree so heartily that, right here and now, I have decided to edit what I consider RADIO MAGAZINE should be.

It's a bit revolutionary—like all great ideas. I admit that, following in Shakespeare's footsteps, I have decided to utilize somebody else's idea as the basis to work on. You know those "programme magazines" that they give you when you go to a theatre? Well, there's the source of my idea.

You know the sort of thing I mean: full of all those nicey spicy bits about the stars with which we beguile the weary hours we sit perched behind a pillar seventeen rows back in the gallery, waiting for the bar to open and the curtain to go down.

It tells us all the things we don't want to know—or do we? The stars' birthplaces, birthstones, and birthmarks; chitter-chatter for the chaps and giggle-gaggles for the girls; "confessions" by matinee idols; "what I like," by This, and "what I hate," by That; and so on, and so on.

With that as my pattern, I hereby proceed to introduce myself as the new editor of RADIO MAGAZINE, and to blaze with Garry Allighan!

I confidently expect that the big shots in Fleet Street will see this and want to meet me with a contract. I am always available c/o Dartmoor, except on early closing day, which is Thursday.

I should like to say that there is a bit of dirty work somewhere. In fact, to put it bluntly, there is a conspiracy. Instead of getting the whole six penn'orth of the paper to blazon forth my talents, I have been cut down to a miserable two pages.



MEET THE EXPERIMENTAL EDITOR

Still, genius will out, and these two pages are enough for any intelligent person to see the sort of editor I'd make.

MAINLY ABOUT PIANOFORTES

(Dedicated to Doris Arnold and Harry Pepper)

The word pianoforte is derived from piano, soft, and forte, loud (which is absurd), while the grands, semi and baby, are exactly the same, only morceau. (Tut!)

There are various makes of pianofortes, each with special advantages; for instance, hymns should always be played on a Chappell, very dull songs on a Bord, while for rugger dinners there is nothing to beat a Collard and Collard.

Though these instruments do not play a higher note than G, on a certain French piano it is possible to Pleyal. (Fie!)

Two Classes

Pianos can be divided into two classes: piarnos and pianners. The first is the aristocrat of the music world and is always highly strung—overstrung, in fact.

It has far more hammers than a plumber and more wires than a bookmaker's

office. The reason for its shape is lost in the dim past of history. It is a coffin-shaped affair with an arbour scooped out of the side, into which the unsuspecting vocalist smuggles, only to receive a kidney punch from the corner of the lid bang in the middle of a chanson.

Two foot controls are provided and are fitted at the bottom of a thing that is evidently a cross between a lyre and an American dollar.

To play the machine is simplicity itself. Simply push down the black and white things that are grinning up at you. Immediately this is done, a noise results.

Practice to obtain the correct noises should be carried out under special conditions. Removal to a remote desert island for a period of not less than five years will usually

please neighbours and relatives of the embryo pianist.

Legal Affairs

The pianner, which is now considered a lethal weapon and should be registered under the Income Tax Acts, Schedule D, still continues to lead an upright life. It is difficult to imagine a more useful piece of furniture.

Not only will it silence the neighbours, remove blight from roses and kill beetles, rats and mice, but the top will support a bunch of wax flowers under glass, a pile of

★ LEONARD HENRY TRIES TO

library books, father's pipe-cleaners, a present from Southend, and a daguerreotype of Aunt Tabitha, while there is still room in the interior for hat-pins, cigarette ends, hairpins, old glass eyes, and half-bitten chocolates that turned out to be soft ones.

In these days of wireless all pianners should be placed on casters to prevent earthing.

WOMEN

La Constanduros Chatters About Them

Lunched with Gogo Giglamps at the Fritz yesterday. A wonderful woman, my dears. Think of it—still in the front row of the Gaiety chorus and Pepys mentioned her in his Diary.

Has had her face lifted to such a height that she has to stand on a chair to remove her dentures.

Clever, what?

You really must get one of Yvonne's new jumpers, my dears. Almost too 'scruciatingly posh to wear really.

A warning, though. Always have them dry-cleaned, otherwise the waist-line, instead of acting as a choker, will trip the wearer up.

Called on a sixteen stone chum of mine and, really, my poppets, there's nothing of her. Told me her great scheme for shedding the superfluous.

Stands on the escalator at Baker Street tube station till the stairs turn into a floor, goes right under the scraper-off thing, and comes out the other end. Ingenious, isn't it? Tells me that after one or two applications her clothes simply fell off her.

THEATRICAL CONFESSIONS

No. 21 1/2.—Mr. Tommy Handley

Which is your favourite play? High, with low people.

What is the very earliest recollection you still have? That old-fashioned mother of mine.

Which is your favourite sport? International bumble puppy.

What is your favourite hobby? Counting confetti.



Mabel Constanduros

What would you do if you had the opportunity to make London brighter?

Form a spit and polish brigade, recruits supplying-own materials.

What is your ideal occupation when you are on holiday?

Tiddler snaring.

Which is your favourite restaurant?

Any post office with vanilla-flavoured penholders.

Which is your favourite dish?

Dishabille.

On what occasion do you feel at your worst?

Wearing squeaky boots in church.

On what occasion do you feel at your best?

Directly they open.

What is your opinion of bridge?

It is very useful for standing on at midnight.

What is your pet aversion?

Manicuring silk-worms.

WHO'S ZOO

No. 9.—Ernest Longstaffe

Birthplace: Next Tuesday.
 Birthday: February 31.

Career: Ernest Aloysius Tinklepippin Longstaffe was originally known as the black sheep of the family and, as such, was educated for the Baa.

His famous father, Coo-Coo Catsup Longstaffe will be remembered as the first scientist to isolate the Jumperwoolicus Bacillus, eventually dying of a broken heart through trying to fit identification discs on the little cocci.

The scene of the son's first studio was Mother Seigels' Academy, where he took a Greats in Appetite, a Smalls in Winter Woollens, and a Medium in Spiritualism, besides being horribly mentioned for Putting the Weight, Swinging the Lead, and Pushing the Boat Out.

He speedily delighted everyone by



Ernest Longstaffe

becoming a Double Glue at Shove-Half-penny, a Double Six at Ludo, also a Treble in the 2.30 and the village choir, which made his heart rejoice.

Reduced at last to the stern necessity of eating his act, he did so, and the sheer grit in the man laid the foundations of his present huge fortune.

LEONARD HENRY

(The Flower of the English Stage. How He Became Self-raising)

This well-known comedian first saw light on February 31, ten-sixty-six-seventy-eights (which, it will be remembered, was a Friday), at the village of Double Magnum Parva, in the country of Weakersex.

The child, who was extraordinarily young when born, was accompanied by a brother, who, after one glance at his companion, snatched up a saxophone his father had been re-stringing and blew himself to pieces.

It was indeed a terrible blow, not only to his parents, but to the youngster, who was carried completely away with it.

It is from here, dear reader, that our jolly waterman falters and fails to function over our hero's harrowing experiences.

How the little lad, with only half a shirt to his back (the other half was in front), both boots soled, and not a crumb to eat except at meal times, split his last infinitive with a starving trouser stretcher he met begging his door from crust to crust; how he swapped his three-cornered Cape of Good Hope for a piece of eraser, rubbed himself out and began again—all this would take too long to tell.

Being now thoroughly grounded (often on the rocks, in fact), it was not long before he boarded the struts of a portable theatre and, in turn, strutted the boards, his first play being *Aladdin and His Lamp*, in which he made an instantaneous success as the wick, getting oiled twice nightly.

Since then he has never looked back, except to say "Hoy!" to the *hoi polloi*. In his later experiences he played his first leading part (the front legs of the pantomime donkey).

Some time afterwards he was given the Order of the Bath and was elevated to the Beerage.

STUDIO HANDWRITING

Delineated by Quacko

No. 99.—Miss Olive Groves.

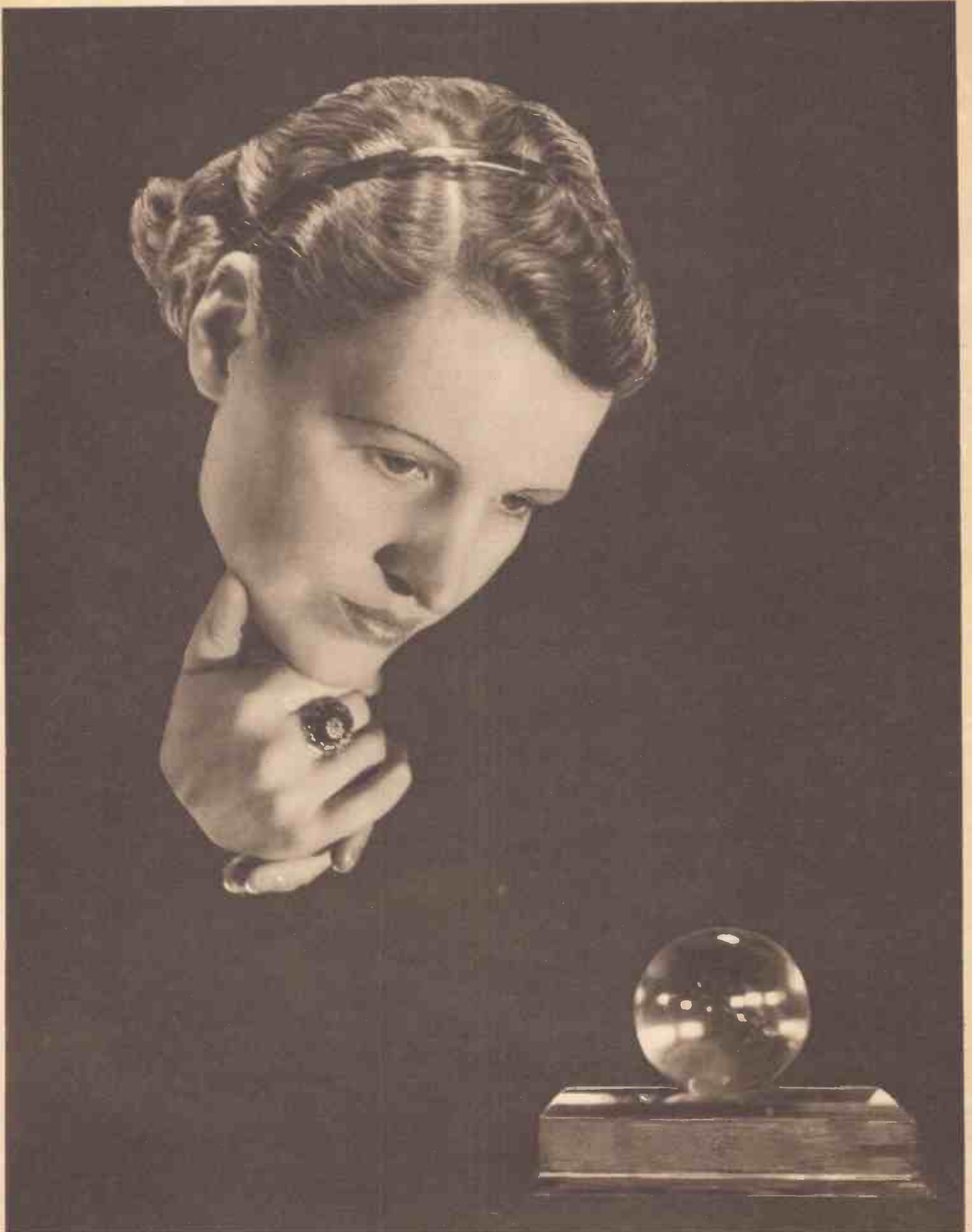
The handwriting of Miss Olive Groves indicates extreme longevity of the larynx, coupled with immense warbilly of the glottis.

Has an unquenchable thirst for music, principally on the "higher" system.

Has great culinary skill and possesses a wonderfully "sharp" range, which she uses in her "flat" in a charmingly "natural" manner.

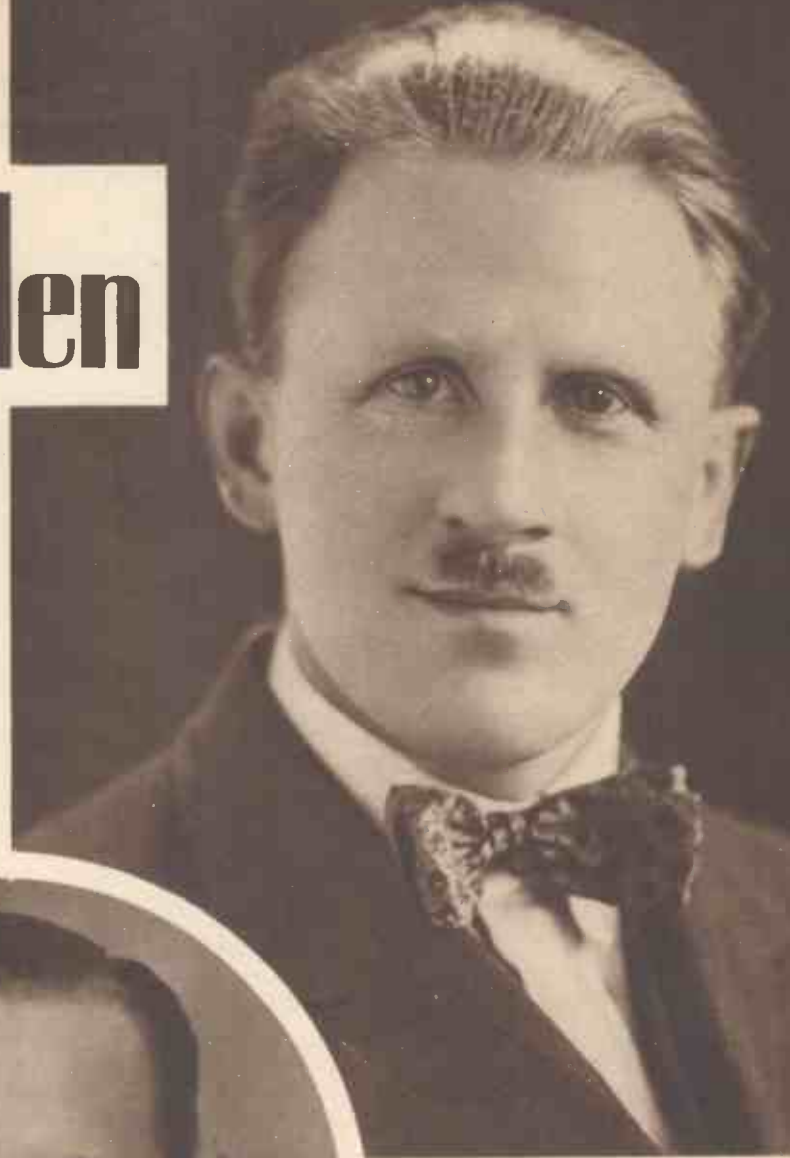
Can track a diminished seventh to its lair and transform it into an augmented eighth by a flick of the uvula.

EDIT HIS OWN "RADIO MAGAZINE"



— SIDONIE GOOSSENS —

"THESE ARE THE " Good-night Men



WHO ARE THE ANNOUNCERS AND WHAT DO THEY LOOK LIKE? THIS ARTICLE LIFTS THE VEIL ON THESE MYSTERY-MEN OF THE AIR

Good night, everybody. *Good night.* The words that millions of lonely people regard as a personal message to them. The words that spell the end of another day's programmes.

Who are the men who make this the most famous announcement in radio?

First and foremost comes the chief announcer. His name is Stuart Hibberd, senior in work and years of all the other announcers. His "Good night" set the fashion which all the other announcers now successfully copy.

He is an example of how the necessity always finds the man, and the man can always find the opportunity. It would be difficult to imagine Stuart Hibberd as anything but an announcer. It is so obviously his *métier* in life to broadcast announcements.



Here are the two senior announcers. Above is Stuart Hibberd, whose silken tones whisper a bed-time farewell every night. On the left is Freddie Grisewood, vocalist and linguist, the man who can even make the Fat Stock prices sound romantic.

He was educated at Cambridge where he was both a distinguished scholar and a fine Rugby footballer. During the war he was an officer in the Indian Army—a period in his life which has stood him in good stead at Broadcasting House, for names in Hindustani and other Indian dialects hold no terrors for Stuart Hibberd.

A very tall man—next to Director-General Sir John Reith he must be the tallest man in the B.B.C. His fair hair is slightly greying now. Just possibly the innumerable worries of an announcer's existence may have something to do with that—but it is to be doubted.

Lost talks manuscripts, failing lights, "technical hitches," temperamental artists, artists who fail to turn up, and even speakers who rebel at the mike, never upset the man who has to tell the listening public that the programme has been held up. His calm, dignified voice comes through reassuringly, rather like a doctor to a timid patient.

Although Stuart Hibberd is a highly important—and outwardly emotionless—official at Broadcasting House he is a very human man in private life. He is not too proud to do the family shopping. In fact he has been known to do some on the way to work, and to leave the Sunday joint in

the announcer's room, while he read the first news bulletin on Saturday!

As second to Stuart Hibberd at the London headquarters is Frederick Grisewood. Finishing his education at Magdalen College, Oxford, he intended to become a singer. His musical and artistic abilities constitute the reason why he still does a considerable amount of work on the productions side of broadcasting even though announcing takes up so much of his time. Sometimes, too, he has appeared in vaudeville shows. The Oxfordshire dialect turn given by "Our Bill" from time to time is one of his efforts; in fact he is quite a

linguist and can pass any test in five languages.

The perfection of his voice for announcing, and the continual demand for it, is the chief reason why his talent as a singer remains unknown to the listening public. Nevertheless he could quite easily gain a reputation as a golden voiced vocalist as he has as a golden voiced announcer.

As regards his personal appearance and private life he is tall, dark, and clean shaven. He is married and has one daughter of whom he is inordinately fond. She is being taught to be a thorough little sportswoman.

The reason for that is not far to seek. Freddie Grisewood is an all-round athlete—golf, tennis, hockey, squash racquets, shooting, fishing can all be classed amongst his recreations.

Lastly, strange as it may seem for an announcer, he has a completely unquenchable sense of humour **TURN TO** which reveals itself at every **PAGE 53**

Marie Wilson is leader of Section E of the B.B.C. Orchestra and a violinist of virtuoso standing. Started studying at the Royal College at the age of fifteen and entered Queen's Hall Orchestra in 1922, playing there for three years. Made her first broadcast nine years ago.



formation, has been firm on this point. His policy, with the full support of the B.B.C. behind him, has been that, paying the piper as they do, they have a right to call the tune. And they pay the piper to some considerable effect.

At a very conservative estimate the B.B.C. Orchestra costs the B.B.C. well over £100,000 a year in salaries. Rank-and-file players receive £11 a week, principals more and leaders more still.

In return for this the B.B.C. ask for a working week of thirty-six hours. This is hard work but not too hard. Each player has one day a week entirely free, and the B.B.C. stipulate that it should be kept free, for rest, relaxation, exercise, private practice, sleep; anything, in fact, that will fit him and keep him fit for the next week's work. What is not allowed is for this free day to be used in fulfilling other engagements, and a very wise rule it is, although occasional exceptions are permitted.

It falls to the lot of Mr. Richard Pratt, the

HOW THE B.B.C. ORCHES

The B.B.C. scoured the whole of Great Britain before they found that brilliant collection of orchestral players who now comprise the B.B.C. Orchestra. Thousands applied, one hundred and twenty were selected; these realizing the dream of a conductor's heart as being, every man and woman, the best in his or her particular department.

Further, the conductor's nightmare, the deputy, the player who turned up to the performance but not to the rehearsals, was entirely eliminated. Players signed a contract for a year at an excellent salary, and the B.B.C., from that moment, took entire possession of their services. That, of course, was right and proper, and the only way in which a body of 120 players can merge and fuse until they are work-

ing in perfect harmony as one man.

To realize conditions in English orchestras before the advent of the B.B.C., here is a story, old in the profession, but possibly new to you. A distinguished foreign conductor, infuriated by a succession of deputies at rehearsals, turned to the third horn and said, in biting tones: "I am delighted to see, gentlemen, that the person of Mr. X, our third horn, has remained unchanged during rehearsals." "Your pardon, Herr Doctor," said Mr. X, "I'm afraid my deputy will be playing at the performance!"



ARTHUR CATTERALL
Leader and solo violinist of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. Professor of the Royal Academy of Music. Was associated with the Hallé orchestra as leader for many years.

official B.B.C. Orchestral Manager, to decide on these exceptions; to grant or withhold permission for a player to accept an engagement outside ordinary B.B.C. work. I know Richard well, and I know that when he does make an unpopular decision it is, in nine cases out of ten, made in regard to the player's health and not in the interests of red tape.

The players all receive a month's holiday on full pay, although naturally not all at the same time. Here again Richard Pratt has to exercise the wisdom of Solomon in deciding who shall go away, and when. Every player has to have his or her holiday before the Prom. season begins in August, and every player, being only human, wants to get away in June or July, when there's a reasonable chance of some sun (and so would most people who worked in artificial air and light for the major part of the year).

Richard's difficulty is that some portion of the orchestra has to be at Broadcasting House during these months for programmes, and so they, poor things, have to pack their bags and sally forth in the doubtful sunshine of early May. The trials of an orchestral manager are manifold!

After the Proms. are over, every player has four days' clear rest, and they need it! Imagine, if you can, playing a concert every night for eight weeks, with

a three-hour rehearsal every morning in the hottest time of the year. No wonder, last year, the B.B.C. relaxed and allowed the players to perform in soft shirts.

Illness in the orchestra is rare, and if it does crop up, players are allowed time off until they are fit again, also on full pay. Conditions such as these have never existed for orchestral players in all the musical history of England before, and it is small wonder that the B.B.C. Orchestra has become the Mecca of British musicians.

Amongst those who are fortunate enough to be members an occasional doubt crops up in the mind and that is where is all this leading me—are not my chances of becoming a soloist growing more and more remote? To balance there is the conviction: I have an assured job—I am well paid and I work under reasonable conditions. And a bird in the hand, be it a humble sparrow twittering in the second violins, is worth two in that prickly and dubious bush of stardom.

So you will find that in the ranks of the B.B.C. orchestra are names that have, in the past, made reputations on the solo platform and who could, were they so inclined, make such reputations in the future.

Meanwhile, to revert to my original subject, what is the result of the no-deputy system on the B.B.C. orchestra?

thinkable to see anybody else standing in the conductor's rostrum. From August to the middle of September the B.B.C. Orchestra, with the exception of a small section of players who do the studio concerts, belongs to him.

On the opposite page is a picture of Arthur Catterall, the leader. Some people seem a little vague as to what exactly is meant by a leader, and so I hope I may be forgiven if I enter into a somewhat obvious explanation.

The leader of an orchestra is always a violinist. He invariably sits on the extreme left of the conductor, on the outside of the first desk of the first violins. His job is to form a link between the conductor and the rest of the orchestra in matters concerning discipline, small details of bowing, phrasing, and so on. He is responsible for seeing that the conductor is kept from as many small worries as possible.

He is also, by virtue of his position, the finest fiddler in the orchestra. Occasionally in orchestral works a short passage has to be played by one violin alone. It is always the leader who plays it. When I tell you that

Arthur Catterall is one of the highest paid men in the B.B.C. you will understand the importance of his position. The able way in which he fills it is obvious to anyone who has watched him at work.

His deputy head-men are Laurence Turner, who leads Section E, and Marie Wilson, the leader of Section D. Both are under thirty, both stand high in their profession, and after them come a host of other talented musicians.

It is no exaggeration to say that, in the formation of the B.B.C. Orchestra, the B.B.C. have performed a very fine public duty: one that will rank high among their achievements.

That the Orchestra is now rapidly gaining an international reputation is indicated from its known popularity with continental listeners. There is also other evidence of its growing fame.

Distinguished conductors such as Sir Landon Ronald, Koussevitsky, Bruno Walter, Sir Thomas Beecham, and others

have on occasion accepted the B.B.C.'s invitation to conduct the orchestra.

Such events are giving Britain an undreamed-of position of musical prestige.



ORCHESTRA WORKS By

HECTOR HAMILTON

Briefly, it has built a unified orchestra, where each man knows the failings, limitations and capabilities of those around him; this is the first consideration of good orchestral playing.

I will not say it has built the finest orchestra in the world, because it hasn't; it is too young and new. But, given time, there is every possibility that this orchestra will soon be entering the lists with the Berlin and Boston symphony orchestras—and beating them to it!

The orchestra works under the permanent conductorship of Dr. Adrian Boult, the B.B.C. Director of Music. Other staff conductors handle the various sections from time to time, for studio concerts. These are Mr. Leslie Woodgate, Edward Clark, Almyer Buesset, Joseph Lewis, and B. Walton O'Donnell. But to Dr. Boult falls the responsibility of the public concerts. There are, of course, exceptions to this rule.

During the Promenade concert season, Sir Henry Wood takes charge. This is only right and proper. Sir Henry and the Proms. have been associated for so many years now that it would seem un-

Laurence Turner is the Section D sub-principal first violin of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra.

A product of Yorkshire, studied in Huddersfield; led Yorkshire String Quartet for six years. Is a Professor of the Royal Manchester College of Music.

Should a Chess Combat
be broadcast?



YOGO HANIA:

"SOME EXCLUSIVE SCOOPINGS"

I

are in the receipt of the as follows *communiqué* from an Hon. admirer as thusly: "Sir, —I regard you to be not any better as a 100 per cent. punkster of the 1-st water, who, more likely as not, are non-able to successfully distinguish between a wireless radio and a coffee-grinder. Because of having pursued your so reliableless informations and hintings in No. 2 of Hon. RADIO MAGAZINE, I have achieved to entirely imbust my 40 h.p. internal-combustion all-mains set, which I shall now have to pay per 5s. od. weekly for without receiving in lieu any musics out of it or other audible assets. I shall report you to Hon. B.B.C. as a competantless nincompop and also suit you for damages."

I imbeg to inform the abovely feeble-brained and ½-witted knobs-twister that I are an entirely non-B.B.C. person and do not impurse a id. from them. Actions for damages should be addressed to Hon. Editor of this magazine who, I do not hesitate to doubt, will give them his best quality attention.

I are an enormously busy person and cannot waste my so valuable time reading the educationless effusings of such ignorami as the abovely quoted pifflerster.

I are given to inform that Hon. B.B.C. are contemplating to perform some very novel and entertaining features before not so very long. "Among these are 1 which will non-dubitably cause prodigeous enthusiasms in all ¼'s," said a frightfully high B.B.C. official a day or 2 before last. "This are not any the less as a broadcast from all stations of a sunset in the Sahara desert.

"This will necessiate frightful expense.

It will, we trust to sincerely hope, broaden the intelligents of those ignoramus persons who, very perhapsly, have not ever heard of the Sahara desert, and cause them to acquire some good quality up-lift."

This, I feel more sure as eggs, will prove to non-doubtlessly be a step in the right direction. If, as I confidently prognose, it proves to be more popular as hot pies, Hon. B.B.C. may be encouraged to perform us a broadcast of moon-rise over the Andes, or dawn breaking above the Caledonian Market.

Even persons who hate the wireless more worse as poison, will be able to listen-in without suffering audible inconvenients, while impoverish persons with only a .05 h.p. super-hetless, non-licensed crystal set, will hear just as well as the so proud possessor of the latest triple-expansion, self-lubricating, syncro-meshed all-valve set.

"Another very A.1 and nobbish idea," informed saidly high official, "are a broadcast of a day on Dartmoor. This should prove to be not only good entertainings, but also a 95 per cent. warning to those honestless persons who seek to consume our programmes and other perks without having disimbursed their ros. od. p.a.

"As Dartmoor persons are non-allowed to talk, the only disturbants will be the clanking of hammers on rocks as the *habitués* pursue their geological labours in the quarries."

Personally myself, I think it should be far more better to broadcast the abovely during the Children's Hour. Thusly infants with criminal hopes, or who contemplate to become burglars, pirates or gangsters, would learn the sort of rewarding they may anticipate to confidently expect, and thusly their piousless ambitions would be pinched in the bud.

For more as several years now, sportings like as football, tennis and Derby racings have been broadcast per radio. I are privileged to now inform that other national sportings like as darts, chess and suchly indoor athletics may be added to the B.B.C. programmes thisly year. Indeedly, a small feathered sparrow has whispered to my private ear that special arrangements are being made to broadcast the next International Darts Championship to be held at "The Green Cow" at Chorley-cum-Chump.

As some of the world's most celebrated darters will join in this highly magnificent and most edifying combat, we may confidently anticipate to expect some very good excitements among the sporting *haute monde*. Since impenning the above I are inform that Hon. B.B.C. are also contemplating relays of incidental drinking noises at the same time.

The World's Chess Combat to be fought at Hastings this year, are a horse of a different tune. "While achieving to realize the so enormous and world-wide enthusiasm such a broadcast would cause to ensue," informed another frightfully high B.B.C. official, "we feel that it might end in some deplorish diplomatic 'incident'.

"As chessters of all nations will be fighting for the championships belt, anything in the nature of *fracas* (French for nose-punchings) between same, would, if heard through the microphone, cause to produce high feeling among the listeners and be extremely non-edifying."

All correct-thinking persons will agree that this are a very ticklish question, as chessters are noted for their so dangerous pugnacity. The imbanging of shots and cries of wounded would, we must all constrain to agree, be entirely *au contraire* to Hon. B.B.C.'s policy of *toujours politesse*.

Cod Stuff

You know the one about the radio star who, seeing rows of fresh cod lying on a fishmonger's slab, their eyes glassy and their mouths wide open, exclaimed—"Heavens! that reminds me, I've got to broadcast at St. George's Hall!"

Well, mine's the other kind of cod—the kind that has its American equivalent in the term "hokum." Somebody says: "Why don't you write a cod opera?" and you immediately think of Fishes' Roesenkavalier, to be conducted, maybe, by some great man like Halibut Coates.

When you are told that Val Gielgud wears a beard so that he cannot be mistaken for A. J. Alan, whom nobody has ever seen, that's cod, pure and simple.

Gracie Fields is still nervous at the microphone. They say her knees knock together so loudly that Sidney Baynes takes his tempo from them. In the old Savoy Hill days a Colonel Brand ran the anti-knees-knocking department. He had a big room and the keys of the cupboard. Nowadays it's a waste of time turning up early for broadcasts.

Master: Describe an announcer.

Scholar: It's a noun, sir.

Master: Announcer?

Scholar: Yes, sir, a noun, sir.

Master: What kind of a noun, sir, is announcer?

Scholar: A substantive.

(Torn it—and it was just beginning to sound like Will Hay!)

Alec McGill chattered so much as an infant that the cotton wool which his nurse stuck in her ears cost the McGill family 9s. 6d. a week. One day, in Hyde Park, he fell out of his pram unnoticed, and, still chattering, crawled over to little Gwennie Vaughan, who was playing on the grass all by herself, pretending she was interrupting people. They formed

their present partnership there and then.

Paul Beaver, of Gravesend, is programmed for another of his bright talks on "Coffins I Have Lowered," and is due to re-hearse. You will remember his last cheery broadcast, which was entitled "Tomb It May Concern."

Strange how unthinking people mix up these various Pauls at Broadcasting House. One old lady writes asking if it is Paul England who is connected with the control department. Now I Askew!

Not appreciating the origin of our traditional nonsense rhyme, "Pop Goes the Weasel," Americans have adapted the lyric to their own times, thus:

**"Half a pound of radio rice,
No matter what the cost be;
Mix it up and make it nice,
Bing goes the Crosby!"**

It is said that even the highest executives at Broadcasting House get exasperated with each other at times. Two of them were on inspection patrol recently. One said: "Is that a cigarette butt on the floor there?" The other said: "It is. Smoke it if you like; I won't look."

Not wishing to poach upon Doris Arnold's preserves, I would nevertheless like to call the attention of male broadcasters to the neat little jacket, vest, and pants in which I have been attending rehearsals lately. This was made for me by Charles Hayes during spare time at Elstree (he makes all his own clothes) and is of Sharman tweed, trimmed with Watt-nots, and is caught in at the waistline à la Macdonnell which makes it a surprise item in any masculine wardrobe. I am sorry I have no picture of myself in this roguish outfit—one was taken but the decision in regard to the destruction of the negative was in the affirmative.



WRITTEN BY

FLOTSAM

Of "Mr. Flotsam and Mr. Jetsam"

What "8 p.m. Variety"



You read: "8 p.m. Variety." And you switch on your set, light your pipe, and stretch your legs out to the fender . . .

But what if Ariel, deserting his pedestal at Broadcasting House, appeared at your elbow and took you backwards along those wireless waves your switch had just tapped, to the place of their origin?

What would you see? You are in the orange and yellow foyer of Studio BA, two floors below street level at Broadcasting House. The clock on the walls says ten minutes to eight. Sitting here is "Freddy" Grisewood, one of the announcers—and he sometimes takes part in dramatic programmes.

He is tall, good-looking, and there is ever a humorous twist lurking about the corners of his mouth and a sparkle in his dark eyes. He is scanning a sheet of the typescript—the announcements for the coming variety programme.

A sturdily-built man, with a jovial face, walks up and down one side of the foyer, reading to himself from a wad of foolscap. It is Ernest Sefton, the actor having a last-minute rehearsal with himself.

A lady comes in. The first thing which strikes you about her is the blue of her eyes. She slips off an evening wrap and sits down. She seems quite at home as she picks up a newspaper and glances through it. And so she should be, for it is Rose Hignell, the soprano, who is a broadcasting favourite.

All the while there has been dodging about between the foyer and studio Charles

Brewer, the producer, who is in charge of the variety programme about to commence. Charles carries his great height along with a swinging stride. He is still on the right side of forty.

The clock in the foyer now says three minutes to eight. The artists go into the studio, where the B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra is tuning up. You follow. As you enter your feet sink into a thick carpet and you walk noiselessly across to the seats for the audience at the back.

Modernistic, decorated in tones of grey, black and orange, the studio has also a small gallery for an audience. There is a stage, with a grand piano at one side, over which is hung a microphone on an adjustable metal rod. At the centre of the stage two more microphones hang from the ceiling. The twenty-eight members of the orchestra are accommodated on the floor immediately below the stage.

"Silence, please, everybody!" It is Freddy Grisewood, on the stage. He moves over to the hanging microphones. There is a hush. S. Kneale Kelly, conductor of the orchestra—a slightly built, dark-haired man—waits with baton raised.

Freddy looks off-stage through the glass window beyond which sits the "balance and control" man.

A red light glows on the wall. You know, with a tinge of thrill, that Britain is listening to that studio.

Freddy makes a sign to S. Kneale Kelly. The baton cuts the air, and the rousing chords of variety's overture fill the studio.

After a few bars the orchestra softens down, and Freddy announces the programme at the microphone. Sitting at the back you can hardly hear him above the still playing orchestra. The listener hears him with the orchestra only very faintly playing in the background, because the balance and control man has cut down the power of the orchestra microphone and brought up that of Freddy's.

The artists go through their turns. Ernest Sefton, wise-cracking like fury . . . Drops each sheet of his typescript notes on to the floor as he finishes with it . . . Retires out of breath and with a perspiring brow.

Rose Hignell, singing musical comedy songs with the orchestra . . . Turns her face away from the microphone whenever she reaches a high note—a piece of the technique of broadcasting necessary to avoid those high notes "blasting" through your loud-speaker.

The Western Brothers arrive. They have dashed in a taxi from a West End theatre to squeeze in their broadcast turn and then rush back again to the stage. One is stouter than the other, but there is quite a family likeness. Both wear red carnations in their coats.

One sits at the piano, and the other stands at his side. "Hello, you cads . . ." And their inimitable patter begins.

All through the broadcast you have been a little amazed at the odd jobs Freddy

**BACKSTAGE
AT A
STUDIO SHOW**

Means



On the extreme left is Harry Tate (complete with his famous moustache) and his company broadcasting the "Motoring" sketch, and next to it is a photograph taken during a broadcast of a Jack Hulbert show.

Grisewood has been doing. You thought that his business was simply and purely to announce each turn as it came along, but you have seen him walk silently on to the stage and gently move one of the artists a little nearer to or further from the microphone, you have seen him come down on to the floor and turn the pages of the pianist's music, and you have seen him rush out to show a performer the way to the B.B.C. restaurant and rush back again in time for his next announcement.

The Western Brothers are the last turn. As they walk off Kneale Kelly whips up his orchestra into a rousing finale. The minute hand of the clock on the studio wall is a fraction off nine. The man in the balance and control room "fades out" the orchestra . . .

A lift jumps up two floors. Artists walk across the dignified vestibule of Broadcasting House and go out through the swing doors. They stand on the pavement, under Ariel's statue, and call for a taxi . . . Meanwhile, ten floors above the variety studio there is a vital knob—a knob which can cut off the programmes to millions of listeners, or cause indescribable chaos in the studios. The man who sits before the control board with that knob is really the most important link in the chain between the artist and the transmitting aerial. The public knows little about him.

In the control room are the volume controls connected with every studio in the building.

First there are the "mixer" controls, enabling effects noises and echoes to be blended with the ordinary transmission. In this room also is the terminus of one section of the simultaneous broadcasting system, by which Broadcasting House can supply programmes to any Regional station

or vice versa. All these jobs may be required to be done at the same time. Some studios may be busy with rehearsals, while in another is a concert, and in others talks, a play, and a dance band session. One can therefore realize very easily that the control room consists of a bewildering conglomeration of switches and knobs which represent a living nightmare to the man who is not "in the know."

Anyone who uses the telephone realizes that cross-talk from another line is a very common event. It is even more difficult to avoid this on the B.B.C. lines, and yet no complaint of interference of this kind has ever been traceable to the control room—which is a testimonial to the remarkable efficiency of the men responsible.

Their job in a variety broadcast consists chiefly of "fading" naturally and gradually from one item to another. They must also watch that the band is not heard more loudly than the singer. The men chosen for the job are primarily musicians, and they have to have an almost unparalleled knowledge of all kinds of music in order to carry out their job efficiently.

Another little known job is to add an echo to a broadcast. A variety show would not have the real music-hall atmosphere unless this was done. The artificial echo created in the bowels of Broadcasting House is blended into the variety broadcast.

This is effected by reproducing the ordinary programme through a loud-speaker at one end of a long room and picking up the sounds at the other end. The sound thus picks up an echo en route. By manipulation in the control room the degree of echo can be altered as required.

The man at the control panel makes listeners think they hear a sound which never existed in that particular form, and by so doing materially enhance the interest in broadcasting.

This side of broadcasting technique has been developed during very recent years. If the B.B.C. were to broadcast programmes in the style of the early '20's there would be an immediate outcry.

That Britain is in the forefront both of presentation and transmitting technique can be proved by listening to some overseas broadcasts. Blasting and muzziness are common. In a B.B.C. broadcast they are unknown.

Simultaneously receivers have been vastly improved, and to-day a variety broadcast "on the air" is as lifelike as the genuine article.



Ernest Sefton, the "Lon Chaney of Radio," can change his voice to suit any character.



TUNE IN

Here are some of the personalities from the current radio programmes: (1) Glamorous Jane Cornell, Gaumont-British film star and new recruit to musical radio shows; (2) Teddy Joyce, whose band has broadcast from the Kit-Cat; (3) Billy Merrin and his Commanders, a hot favourite for provincial dance band laurels; (4) Roy Fox and his "Cubs"; (5) Harriet Cohen, pianist of international repute; (6) the Waters Sisters—"Gert" and "Daisy"; (7) Hall Swain's



TO THESE

"Saxophone" : (8) the Brosa String Quartet ; (9) Sydney Kyte, ex-Life Guardsman and conductor of the Piccadilly Hotel Orchestra ; (10) Alec McGill and Gwen Vaughan, the "Wireless Chatterers" ; (11) Hogsnorton's publicity agent—Gillie Potter ; (12) the Carlyle Cousins, Queens of Syncopation, and (13) Ben Osborne and Nellie Perryer, snapped during a broadcast from the Melbourne station, Australia.



A B.B.C. Engineer fixes the microphone to pick up the noises of the crowd on Derby Day

almost a matter of routine.

Most people would probably be surprised to learn that the type of O.B. which frequently presents the most difficulties is an organ recital from a church or cathedral. In the first place the O.B. point is probably somewhat remote since it must, of course, be out of sight, and running the necessary wires from it to the microphone positions in a church is in itself a ticklish job, especially in the case of an organ which is divided into two sections.

Usually the only possible position is found to be just under the roof or suspended in mid-air fifty feet from the ground. Consequently the O.B. engineer may find that he has to climb to the top of the building and risk his life crawling along buttresses and hanging on by his eyebrows.

There is no doubt that the most fascinating jobs from the point of view of the O.B. man are the running commentaries.

These occasions have their exciting moments. George Allison will probably never forget hanging head downwards from the roof of the Grand Stand at Epsom in order to get a better view, with a faithful O.B. engineer holding his legs.

It was fortunate that this did not happen to Geoffrey Gilbey, for he has a horror of heights and even needed a certain amount of persuasion to go up a ladder on to the roof of the

County Stand at Doncaster. Bob Lyle, who does all the racing commentaries, is another who dislikes climbing, though once he is comfortably ensconced inside the B.B.C. hut he does not care if it snows, except from the point of view of visibility.

But one could go on like this for ever. There is the story of what the O.B. engineer said to the Major of the Royal Engineers at the Aldershot Tattoo, the sad tale of the dirt track racing when every rider fell off and not a single race was finished, not to mention Bob Lyle at the Derby allowing his excitement to get the better of his vocabulary!

Undoubtedly many people who aspire to jobs with the B.B.C. would first of all attempt to obtain a position in the O.B. Department.

Who would not have a job that takes one to Twickenham one day, Epsom or Aintree the next, and Aldershot the day after? The work is forever full of variety, even though it has its elements of danger and periods of tiring work.

The B.B.C. could not get on without its O.B. engineers, and at the risk of bringing a blush to the face of the O.B. Director, it must be said that it is very difficult to imagine the Department without Gerald Cock. May his next eight years in this job be as successful as his last eight.—
Alan Howland.

THRILLS

— ACCORDING TO THE B.B.C. —

G

It is surprising how few people realize the amount of organization and hard work which is indicated by the simple words

“relayed from the Hotel Magnificent.” Surprising, that is, when one realizes how well-informed people are on the majority of radio topics, but not so strange when one considers the personality of the Outside Broadcast Director, Gerald Cock. The O.B.

Department rarely allows the full light of publicity to be turned upon it, but there are many who think that Mr. Cock is one of the most valuable (as he is one of the most modest) members of the staff at Broadcasting House.

The work of the O.B.'s is not confined to the more spectacular events like the Derby, the Boat Race, and the Cup Final, but is going on quietly every day. Without the O.B.'s there would be no . . . going over to the Savoy Hotel for Dance Music until midnight, no lunch time music, no organ recitals, no church services, and no Promenade Concerts.

The organization and spade work which is necessary before a new cinema organ can make its debut on the air or before a

cathedral service can be broadcast is considerable, and Gerald Cock and his two assistants, the imperturbable Leonard

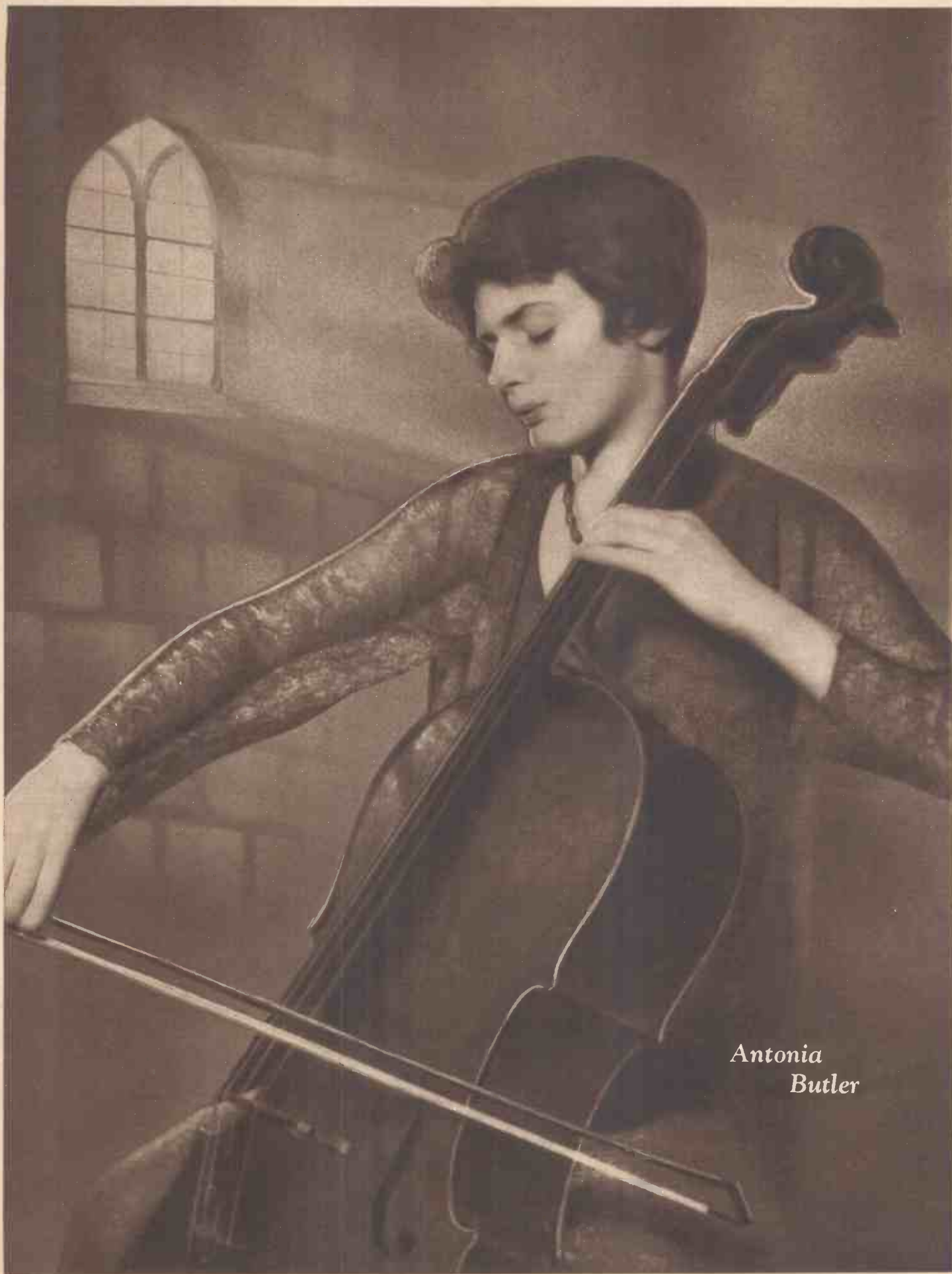
Schuster and John Snagge, are in consequence three of the busiest men in the B.B.C.

Side by side with the O.B.

Department, which is, of course, part of the Programme organization, are the O.B. engineers under their capable chief, H. H. Thompson, and his assistant, Mr. Wood. O.B. engineers are divided into sections, and at least one section, comprising two men with all the necessary paraphernalia, has to be present at every broadcast the O.B. Department controls.

It is not always the most spectacular O.B.'s which are the greatest trouble to arrange. The Boat Race, of course, in which the commentary is actually transmitted by wireless from a launch in motion, will always require hours of patient testing before perfect reception can be guaranteed, but football matches present no particular difficulties, and have become by now

THEY TAKE RISKS
FOR YOUR RADIO
ENTERTAINMENT



Antonia
Butler

By DAL
SEGNO

FROM THE

Behold the
Smiling
Trumpeter

Jack Jackson
of the
Dorchester



Someone badly blundered when the public were deprived of the pleasure of hearing Bert Ambrose and his Embassy Orchestra as usual on Saturday nights.

Ambrose was away in the States at the time and, curiously enough, Gerald Cock, director of outside broadcasting, was also on the other side of the Atlantic, taking a well earned rest. It is probably not going too far to say that had both remained at home the broadcasts would have continued.

The trouble appears to have developed through a complaint on the part of the Music Publishers' Association to the B.B.C. because Ambrose's Band had included in a broadcast a prohibited song, in spite of the fact that a warning notice about it had been sent to the Ambrose office from the publisher concerned. Inadvertently this notice was overlooked and the tune went through—no doubt quite a damaging error from the point of view of the copy-right owners.

These prohibited songs are always associated with big American films or theatrical shows which are due to come to London. Sometimes the tunes in themselves are so arresting that they play a great part in the success of the productions with which they are concerned—for example, "Night and Day"—and it stands to reason, therefore, that if they are pre-released and hackneyed then the shows are all the weaker when they open.

Band leaders should not broadcast them, since there is ample material without damaging the interests of song writers and publishers who have everything at stake in the proper exploitation of their tunes.

But it is not surprising if the bands chance their arms. Each is anxious to gain a reputation for being first with the hits, and these West End bands have, of course, to cater for a travelled class, many of whom come from America where they hear the show successes in the first place and consequently request them—nay, demand them—from the leaders of the West End ballroom bands.

I dined at the Dorchester a short time ago and was chatting over this question with Jack Jackson, whose wonderful success with his band at this most expensive of London's show places is thoroughly deserved. I have yet to hear a heavier floor show better accompanied than was the one at the Dorchester on the occasion of my visit.

Jack Jackson is in the same position as the other band leaders. These prohibited numbers are always being requested by the

BAND BOX

diners, who, since they have to pay a guinea cover charge before they start to eat anything at all, naturally look upon the bands as part of the fixtures specially installed for their particular service.

Jack told me that he always gets an elevated eyebrow when, having received such a request, he has to go into a long explanation as to why he cannot grant it. He is in much the same trouble when he is broadcasting because the dancers simply cannot understand that on such a particular occasion he has to adhere to a strict programme specially designed to please millions.

One of the most frequent requests he gets at the moment is a number called "Heat Wave." This, too, is a show number and definitely not one which could be broadcast, since its lyric is of a decidedly *risqué* nature.

To be asked by some important state official, perhaps, to play this in the middle of a broadcast calls for a carefully worded refusal which might try the tact of a professional diplomat.

Although the Palladium is reliably reported to have paid a fee of between £1,200 to £1,500 a week for the Cab Calloway Band, the B.B.C.—at the time of writing—has arranged no broadcast of this highly diverting act. One has to admit that such an oversight on the part of the official bookers requires some sort of an explanation.

But then so has the repeated neglect to broadcast Jack Hylton and his Band more often. With the British jazz master it cannot be a question of expense since he is quite prepared to give his show at a convenient date for the modest fee which is all that is offered.

Don't they understand in the programme department of the B.B.C. that an hour from such a band as this is a complete variety entertainment in itself, and that the general masses of the country have proved, time and time again, by the way they roll up at variety houses where this band is billed, that there is no better attraction in British entertainment?

Nor can I personally understand why Maurice Winnick's recent broadcast from Ciro's Club has so far been its first and last. It was a very good show for a first time effort; in fact a good show from any point of view, and so much better than a great many others put up by regular outside broadcasting bands.

I begin to think that there will never be

Dawn Davis, who croons with Charlie ("Clap Hands") Kunz and his Casani Club Orchestra. Charlie's photograph appears below.



justice done to bands so long as the O.B. system prevails. Get these bands into the studio and pay them on merit, then we shall have real competition and a genuine effort to excel.

If it is true that the provincial outside broadcasting bands are only being paid a fee of some £7 to £10 per broadcast then it is high time that an investigation of the reason for the practice was carried out. This is not only underpayment but it is a direct invitation to the performers to seek a reward from side angles such as song plugging and other adventitious windfalls which have pernicious reactions on the performers.

As a matter of fact, although payment in cash for the specific broadcasting of tunes is a thing of the past, certain of those band leaders who do receive a reasonable fee from the B.B.C. for their outside broadcasts are still receiving non-

cash considerations from music publishers. Their demand now is for special orchestrations in consideration for featuring particular tunes, and although this does not put money direct into their own pockets it certainly does take money out of the pockets of the victimized publishers.

After all, are these special arrangements worth it, anyway? A thing given under *duress* is not always dished up in its most attractive form.

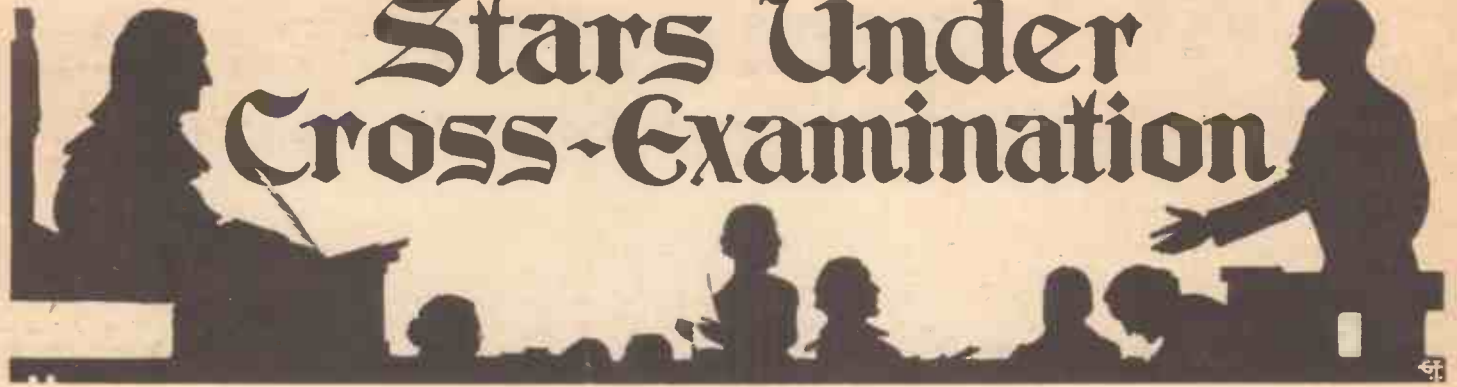
There is a report that London is shortly to receive a visit from Ted Lewis and his Band. This American-Jewish band leader was over here some years ago with his corny gob-stick (clarinet to the uninitiated), and was a real "wow" in variety and at the Kit-Cat.

His amazing and gripping showmanship provides an unforgettable spectacle. It seems that just so soon as he enters the ballroom he is the only person present of any consequence, and he seems to take his audience by the scruff of the neck to shake it into vociferous applause.

He sings, acts, recites and plays with a gusto which is quite infectious, and as a compère, complete with silk hat and bejewelled walking stick, he is second to none.

Since the paragraph respecting the "Barnstormers," published in our March issue, was written the band has been reconstructed. Eric Siday has left and Ben Oakley now conducts the "Barnstormers," which is, I am informed, the only authentic band playing under that name.

Stars Under Cross-Examination



MR. LIST'NER, K.C.: *I am desirous of finding out precisely what crooning is and what advantages it has over straight singing. What is your opinion, Mr. Les Allen?*

LES ALLEN: Crooning can be one of two things: (a) Singing close to a microphone in a much smaller voice than is usual with straight singers, in order to utilise the new technique which has been made possible by the development of the microphone and its associated amplifiers. This enables the vocalist to sing rhythmically and to get his words over clearly; (b) Singing close to a microphone, but using the voice primarily for the purpose of rhythmic effect while the actual quality of the voice becomes of much less importance.

MR. LIST'NER, K.C.: *Agreed; which do you consider the most popular?*

LES ALLEN: Crooning of the kind I described first has achieved tremendous popularity both in this country and in America—whatever may be said to the contrary by a handful of ill-informed critics. The popularity of dance bands has been largely bound up with this development on the vocal side, which is not surprising when it is remembered that dance bands are playing popular songs.

Let us take the commercial aspect of crooning. Even in these days of depression dance records enjoy a tremendous sale. Practically every record in the commercial category includes a vocal chorus which is always crooned.

People do not buy gramophone records in order to demonstrate to their friends their dislike of crooning. Crooning mainly for the resultant rhythmic effect does not enjoy anything like the same widespread popularity in this country.

MR. LIST'NER, K.C.: *Now, Mr. Tate, do you consider a variety of material enhances an artist's popularity with the public?*

HARRY TATE: In my opinion, a radio artist must always be fresh. Versatility is a priceless asset, and with that I consider that the more regularly artists broadcast the greater their popularity.

MR. LIST'NER, K.C.: *Another witness on this point—dealing with it from a different angle—is available in the person of Miss Peggy Cochrane. Will you kindly give the court your views?*

PEGGY COCHRANE: My opinion is that versatility in art is a very great asset. Wider comprehension is surely always a thing to aim at in an artistic profession.

But under the present system of broadcasting I do not consider it an advantage, as an artist is identified in the public's mind by a particular kind of act. Versatility tends to nullify such identification.

My first broadcast was made ten years ago as a "serious" violinist. Since then I have broadcast as a violinist at regular intervals. Then for the past five years I have concentrated on syncopated piano playing, and yet I have not been able to convince the B.B.C. that I should be billed as a pianist as well as a violinist!

at the question as a cinemagoer and radio listener I would say most emphatically that the camera is best for creating atmosphere and stimulating the imagination.

I consider the visual impression more important than the oral one. Whereas it is fairly easy to be persuaded that the actor on the screen is the character he is portraying, it is infinitely harder to be convinced by the same actor's voice over the air.

For this reason I think that plays on the air will never be as popular as light entertainment and music which require little or no stimulation of the visionary imagination to follow.

MR. LIST'NER, K.C.: *I wish to ask Mr. Ronald Frankau whether he considers there is a limit to the number of times any one joke can be broadcast.*

RONALD FRANKAU: I do not think that any joke or humorous material should be broadcast more than four times altogether, and not more than twice in one year. Even then, the old material should be supplemented by new jokes each time. While trying to please a number of listeners who write and ask for a broadcast to be repeated, I simultaneously offend numerous others who would have preferred something fresh.

MR. LIST'NER, K.C.: *Call Mr. Harry Hemsley. . . . I want to ask this question: Do you think it advisable for a broadcaster to read his material from a manuscript or improvise it?*

HARRY HEMSLEY: I am not adverse from reading from manuscript provided I am in the same mood as when the manuscript was compiled, but artists are temperamental, and when an article is shelved, one experiences great difficulty in arriving in the right atmosphere again. The fact that the B.B.C. require artists to submit their material in MSS form for the purpose of censoring it, makes it imperative that manuscripts are prepared. To my mind, an outline, or skeleton form would answer the purpose, since experienced B.B.C. artists are fully aware as to what to avoid when addressing the listener.

I naturally take note of any official blue pencillings (they rarely occur) and do my utmost to follow the script, but one or the other of my imaginary children may be suddenly inspired to say something that does not figure in the copy, and without any hesitation I give voice to whatever happens to be in her mind.

MR. LIST'NER, K.C.: *Thank you, Miss Cochrane. Next, there is the problem of the respective merits of the cinema camera and the broadcast microphone for creating the idea of verisimilitude for the audience. What is your opinion, Mr. Purdell?*

REGINALD PURDELL: I must say that I consider actors and broadcasting artists the last people to venture an opinion on this topic. But forgetting that I can claim to be both, and looking

MR. LIST'NER, K.C.

You can put your favourite broadcaster under cross-examination. Tell us what you want to know and we will ask the "witness." Fill in this form and mail it to RADIO MAGAZINE at 8-11 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Question.....

To be addressed to.....

Sent by (name).....

Address.....

The Editor reserves the right to refuse to address any question, or to publish the reply to any question, without giving reasons for his action.

A recording studio is naturally the scene of strange happenings from time to time, but I doubt if in the history of record making has there been a more interesting one than occurred in that of "His Master's Voice" quite recently.

It was that of a three-year-old boy having the time of his life in helping Ray Noble and his Band to make a record of a new song which had been written for and dedicated to himself by Henry Hall.

Here is a potential dance musician of 1954! Little Richard Streeton helps Ray Noble and his Band to make a record of "It's Time to Say Good Night," the tune written for him by Henry Hall.

The little chap is Richard Streeton, son of W. L. Streeton, the H.M.V. recording manager. When the band tried over the new number he started beating time with his little hand and was soon humming the melody. Then as a treat he was allowed to have a "shot" at the trumpet, but thought the drums and cymbals would be easier, so he carried on with that section, with no small measure of success, to the lilt of the waltz.

The bass drum, however, was nearly the cause of tears, as his foot would not reach the pedal. And so ended his first effort to entertain.

It would hardly be fair to describe this valiant effort on his part as the birth of a "star," but his future appears hopeful, as he has had an ear for music since he was eighteen months old, and has been able to remember and hum simple tunes ever since. Recently he has been able to pick them out on the piano with one finger. Henry Hall wrote this number, "It's Time to Say Good Night," after leaving a party at which young Richard showed the natural reluctance to go to bed. Now he won't go to bed until "my tune" has been played! The number of the record, which has on the reverse side, "Have a Heart," is B6459 (H.M.V.), and very good it is.

One of the most picturesque of gramophone recorders is undoubtedly Emilio Colombo, who is a master in the art of gypsy music. A recent contribution of his is "A Tzigane Night at the Hungaria," in which he gives us a delightful selection of lovely old Romany airs. The reverse side of this record is none the less enchanting, although in rather contrasting vein. Here we get some light-hearted airs associated with the Vienna of old. Colombo's mellow-toned violin and exotic playing are evident throughout (Columbia DB1318).

Emilio Colombo, who is a native of Italy, has been playing the violin since the age of seven, when he left his native country to tour Europe with his father's orchestra. At the age of twelve, when touring Russia as a fully-fledged violinist, he attracted the attention of the great Russian composer, Tchaikowsky, who predicted a big future for the boy if he could be properly trained.

As a result of this advice, the young Colombo was sent to Brussels and Liège, where he studied under the famous Pro-



NEEDLE POINTS

GRAMOPHONALITIES
By HAROLD BAKER



fessor Caesar Thomson, carrying off first prizes and gold medals. After a tour of Europe, he decided to go back to Russia in memory of the man who had played such a large part in his career.

It was not long before he had the honour of being appointed solo violinist to the late Tzar, a post he held until the revolution, when, with his beloved instrument, he had to make his escape via that dread area, Siberia, and literally "play his way" to Vladivostock.

This finally brought him to Japan, where he played before the Imperial Family at Tokio. Some time was then spent giving recitals in many of the important Eastern cities until he came to London, in 1921, via Canada. Here his work is very well known, and I think we can be really glad that Columbia record his art for our benefit.

One might almost call Peter Dawson a veteran, he has been recording for so long. Thirty years to be exact, and the amazing thing is that he **TURN TO** has never lost his popularity. **PAGE 53**

Above: Emilio Colombo, who is unsurpassed in renderings of Hungarian and Viennese music. Right: Peter Dawson, the baritone, who has been recording for thirty years, and whose records sales exceed 10,000,000.



INFORMATION BUREAU

ANSWERS guaranteed to any question on RADIO MATTERS

How did Christopher Stone come to start giving his gramophone record recitals."—Marie Tanner, 25 Cadogan Square, S.W.1.

Christopher Stone became interested in gramophone records through his brother-in-law, Compton Mackenzie, who has one of the finest collections of discs in existence. One day, Christopher Stone wrote a letter to the B.B.C., criticising the method of record presentation then in vogue at the B.B.C., with the result that they offered him the opportunity of doing them as he thought they should be done.

"Do the B.B.C. pay a fee to dance bands when they are relayed from restaurants and hotels."—C. W. Heathcote, Wilford Road, Ruddington, Nottingham.

Since the summer of last year all relays of dance music have been paid for at the rate of £40 per performance, and the bands concerned are under contract to the B.B.C. for these programmes.

"Can you give me the names of the players in Lew Stone's band"—R. J. R Jenkins, Gibbs House, Lancing College, Shoreham.

Saxophones : Joe Crossman, Ernest Ritte, Harry Berley.

Trumpets : Nat Gonella, Alf Noakes, Lew Davies.

Trumpet and trombone : Joe Ferrie.

Drums : Bill Harty.

Piano : Monia Litter.

Vocalist and guitar : Al Bowly.

PRIZE QUESTION

"Who are 'The Three Janes,' and do they broadcast individually."—Brian Martin, Chalk Farm, N.W.

Their photographs are shown on this page. At the top is Jean Melville, B.B.C. staff pianist; in the centre Elsie Otley, of the Wireless Singers, and at the bottom Hilda Robins, who frequently broadcasts from the Cardiff studios.

Ten shillings will be paid to the sender of the question which is productive of the most interesting reply. Questions can relate to any aspect of radio.

"Does Harry Hemsley ever employ real children when broadcasting"—Joan Bowman, 52 Coudray Road, Southport, Lancs.

Although it is hard to believe it, all the voices one hears in a Hemsley sketch are Harry's own. He does not bring real children into the studio.

"When a show is repeated from an alternative transmitter, do we hear a Blattnerphone record."—E. Smith, 484 Leek Road, Shelton, Stoke-on-Trent.



No; the second broadcast is invariably repeated with the same cast as on the previous night. Quite often minor alterations are made to the show.

"Is Barbara Couper, the radio actress married."—Mary Jack, King's Lynn.

Yes; she is the wife of Howard Rose, the B.B.C. producer. They met during a rehearsal of a radio drama.

"Is it true that Dorothy MacBlain whistles in her throat."—Ernest Reid Salford, Manchester.

This is perfectly true. Dorothy has an almost unique throat formation which permits her to whistle without making any use of her lips. She does not, of course, utilise any instrument for her whistling.

"What are the nationalities of Bertini, Geraldo, and Troise?"—W. Baines, 32 Worsley Road, Lower Walton, Warrington.

Bertini is a real cockney, born within the sound of Bow Bells in the Old Kent Road, London. His real name is Bert Gutzell. Geraldo is also English. His name is an adaptation of his first name—Gerald. Sig Pasquale Troise was born within a few miles of Naples.

"How old is Jane Carr."—Mavis Smart, Seven Sisters Road, N.

Jane was born on August 1, 1910. Her first appearance on the London stage was in 1932.

"From what sources do the B.B.C. compile their news bulletins."—Miss R. Austin, 60 Paul Street, Stratford, London, E.15.

News is supplied to the B.B.C. by the chief news agencies after which it is dealt with by a News Editor and his assistant. They re-write it in a suitable form for broadcasting.

"Is A. J. Alan really John Tilley, or is he one of the announcers."—C. R. Topping, 5A Panyern Road, Earls Court, S.W.5, and others.

A. J. Alan is not John Tilley and is quite unconnected with the B.B.C. with the exception of his story broadcasts.

"Why have we not heard much of Patrick Waddington lately."—Phyllis Wilson, 71 Dudley Street, Brierley Hill, Staffs.

Pat has been very busy taking a leading part in a West End play, which is still going strong. He appeared in a Shakespeare play on a recent Sunday as well as in a television programme.

Readers should note that we are unable to publish artists' private addresses on this page. Any letter addressed c/o the Editor, will, however, be forwarded direct to the artist concerned.

In the Padded Cell of Broadcasting

RAY WILSON

UNDER the shadow of Brixton Jail is an old Georgian mansion, once the residence of the Deputy-Governor but now the home of the B.B.C. Equipment Department. "Equipment" stands in two acres, and its windows are still heavily barred, a relic of the day when the jail chief lived there. There is still a padded cell there, but how vastly different from that in which recalcitrant wrongdoers were imprisoned. It is a ghostly room. Its floor, ceiling and walls are snow-white; all heavily draped with cotton wool, inches thick, which hangs in dull stalactites of soft whiteness.

The only relief in this all-white room is the microphone in the centre. It is a microphone facing the most stringent test possible. The room is dead—it has not a millionth decibel of echo. When you speak your companion can hardly hear what you say; the sound of your own voice barely reaches your own ears. I fired a revolver in that room of dead silence, and it was as if I had banged a wooden mallet on another wooden mallet.

It is the most deathly silent room in the world. It is more silent than the tomb. And as eerie. Walls, floor and ceiling are padded with six inches of hard-packed mineral wool; over this is hung another six inches of loose cotton waste. The door is eight inches thick of padding.

IN this perfection of silence it is possible for Research Engineers to test a microphone to the *n*th degree. A wire runs from the mike to another room where is housed a battery of most intricate sound-measuring instruments. The faintest sound, the half-murmured whisper, in that ghostly silence chamber is recorded by an automatic pencil moving incessantly over a graph chart. I should not be

surprised if the unuttered thought is not registered!

This room is one of three used by the Research Engineers whose main headquarters are two miles away. In other parts of "Equipment" engineers are designing, building and testing the complicated Control racks and panels for use at the various B.B.C. stations. About sixteen "bays" form a complete equipment for an average provincial station—a "bay" being a frame, as big as a door, fitted with all the necessary amplifiers, switches, fuse panels, jackfields, and other technical equipment. The big control room apparatus rack at Broadcasting House has sixty bays. There is a minimum of 250 different wires—each identified by a distinctive colour—to each bay. This means that the big apparatus rack has nearly 20,000 different wires—hundreds of miles of wires. And yet they call it "wireless"!

I was privileged to be the only journalist to visit "Equipment," and when I was there the place was working at top pressure owing to the changes made necessary by the new Lucerne wavelength plan and new equipment in course of manufacture for Droitwich and new provincial control rooms.

Every worker here is either a skilled engineer, acoustic expert, highly trained draughtsman, or radio mechanic. There are over 100 workers, but there is no place here for a woman.

Evidently, only the masculine mind can grapple with such scientific



MR. NOEL ASHBRIDGE, B.Sc., CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE B.B.C.

secrets. Perhaps the female mind could not be trusted to keep a secret!

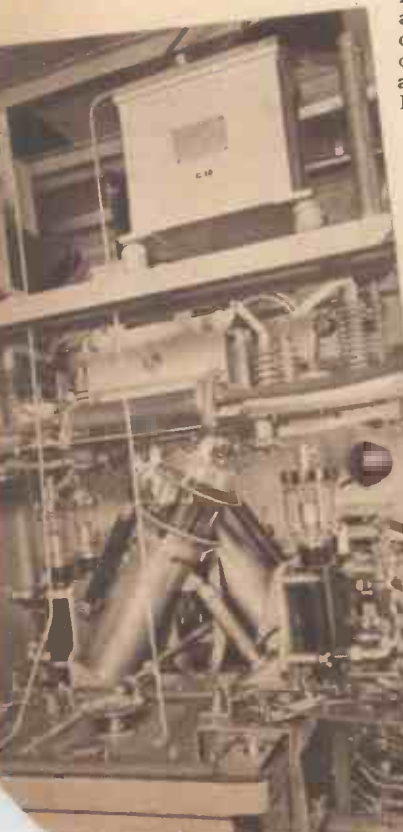
PRACTICALLY every item of technical apparatus (apart from the actual transmitters and heavy power plant) is designed, assembled, repaired, or tested here. It is the B.B.C. hospital. Even the radio sets which the B.B.C. officials have in their homes for checking purposes are maintained here. Servicing of these sets alone keeps one engineer working every day.

In one department of "Equipment" are all kinds of ghosts from the past. They have been brought from the original 2LO at Marconi House or from Savoy Hill, and are either used as experimental impedimenta, or regarded as museum curios. I was interested to see the original playing

desk that Christopher Stone first used in 1927 from which to broadcast records.

I journeyed a short distance from the Georgian mansion to another large house wherein are situated "Research." Here I saw the first experimental model of part of the Droitwich equipment being tested. One function of "Research" is to investigate peculiar defects in certain apparatus of the various transmitting stations. The other day, for instance, the steel tuning fork of the Newcastle station had a fit of hysteria and was immediately ambulated into hospital. Each of the non-Regional stations has a tuning-fork, its job being to maintain a constant frequency of oscillation so that the wavelength of the station shall not vary

TURN TO PAGE 53



PICTURES show scenes of B.B.C. technical activities. In the centre are a few of the engineers at the giant Control Panel under the roof of Broadcasting House. On the left is part of the amplifying gear and on the right engineers are testing apparatus.

STARS

HOROSCOPES BY NAYLOR

Jeanne de Casalis is born on the same day of the month as Binnie Hale—May 22—but in a different year. Both have the sun placed in the zodiacal sign Gemini at birth, and as regards the qualities given by the sun's position these two artistes have a certain psychological affinity. They are both ambitious, both quick in speech and wit, both fond of and destined to travel. Owing to the difference in the year of birth their stars and consequently their outer characteristics and life history will differ tremendously. The different tendencies are of interest.

Jeanne de Casalis comes largely under the dominion of the planets Saturn and Uranus. At heart she will be inflexible in her convictions, extremely conscientious, most sensitive, rather ingenious. She will all her life be devoted to doing the best things that the best people do; a factor which will ensure a thoroughly successful theatrical career.

Miss de Casalis has a curious gift for what one might call impersonal intellectual friendships. In some ways she will tend to exalt the mental above the emotional side of life. There will be some unexpected financial windfall—probably about 1943.



JEANNE DE CASALIS — MAY 22

Here is a daughter of Mercury, the winged messenger of the gods. In her art Binnie Hale can veritably be extremely versatile. There are several Binnie Hales, have which you will! Reared in the soundest traditions of the old school of the theatre, our subject will, nevertheless, always be willing to experiment in new forms of expression. Indeed, the danger is that she will experiment continually and somehow miss the opportunity for definite specialization on lines characteristically her own.

Her real personality shows an amazing warmth of feeling and capacity for affection. Binnie Hale will like crowds and groups rather than individuals.

She has a sense of justice and proportion—a comparatively rare thing in a woman. Beneath her passing enthusiasms will lie the gift to make peace between disputing friends.

Between 1932 and 1942 kindly stars operate in the birth horoscope. The best years in the future will be round about 1937 (distinction in a spectacular production and a good deal of travel), 1938 (more travel or a run of profitable productions) and 1941 (considerable success in a production of a lighter kind).



BINNIE HALE — MAY 22

An agreeable fellow is Jay Laurier, with a facile personality that could fit itself into any environment whatever. As in the case of Binnie Hale, the moon at birth is in the sign Libra, an indication of a love of the beautiful, natural tact and a singular absence of petty jealousy. There is genuine artistic ability here. As Jay Laurier gets older his work will increasingly display a mellow, impersonal genius.

Recently—in spite of his successes—Mr. Laurier has been working against the astrological tide, but after the middle of next year his stars are fighting for him.

He has a fertile, picturesque imagination which turns to the weird and wonderful. This, in turn, gives him acute intuition, it would be no good trying to "put it across" Mr. Laurier. He would see through one in no time.

I should say he is nearly as dexterous with his left hand as with his right and he has a curious faculty that one might call mental duplication.

Money has little meaning for our subject; it represents a means of getting what he wants. Yet, at periods of his life he will feel a strong urge to thrift and save industriously for a while.

The important periods this year are round about May and December. The end of 1935 is very good.



JAY LAURIER — MAY 31



People born between May 21 and June 20—such as

Florence Desmond—have the sun in Gemini, the sign of the zodiac which has to do with mimicry and wit. But in this horoscope those gifts are backed by solid ability in other directions.

Sooner or later Miss Desmond will drift into or launch out in business ventures of her own apart from her profession. She will acquire and own property, for instance.

The Florence Desmond of to-day affords comparatively little indication of the Florence Desmond of to-morrow. Her heyday comes

between 1939 and 1947. It is thrilling to reflect that in 1942 the sun reaches the conjunction of Jupiter in Miss Desmond's horoscope. What more would you have? It means money, fame, popularity and—property!

There is real originality. In a sense I regret that our subject confines her work so much to various forms of mimicry. One day, perhaps, she will delight us by being—just Florence Desmond. That very self would interest the British public much more than some of the personalities which she so cleverly retails to us at second-hand.

The temperament and the professional life of an artiste do not, as a rule, encourage strong family ties. Yet, in some way Miss Desmond will be influenced by her home.

FLORENCE DESMOND — MAY 31



MARIO LORENZI

"IN TOWN TO-NIGHT"

STOP PRESS OF RADIO

Described by . . .
LESLIE BAILY

On any Saturday night a visit to the studios at Broadcasting House will reveal a strange scene. In various uncomfortable stages of nervousness, mostly acute, you will find a collection of folks gathered round the microphone—and a rum crowd they are, pugilists rubbing shoulders with publicists, syncopators with sword swallows, tramps, clowns, infant prodigies, massive men of adventure, and petite ornaments of the silvery screen. You may rightly judge from their "mike fright" that most of them have never seen a microphone before; moreover, they are here putting over their show without any rehearsal . . .

And yet the show these people give is one of the most popular in present-day programmes! "In Town To-night" is, in my opinion, the most remarkable phenomenon in 1934 radio.

This "topical supplement to the week's programmes" was invented by Eric Maschwitz and Bill Hanson, of the B.B.C. Variety Department.

"The up-to-the-minute nature of the show prevents any rehearsal," Eric remarked to me the other day, "and, to tell you the truth, until it's all over every Saturday at eight we haven't the remotest idea how it's going to turn out! But don't you think it's this very informality, together with the surprise element, that has made the show so popular? To Hanson and me it has become a sort of Frankenstein monster—we started it as a stop-gap in the programmes, and now look at it . . .!"

This informal and surprising and altogether delightful half-hour has, in fact, become such a favourite that Eric and Bill seem to be doomed to organize "In Town To-night" until their beards are as long as Prospero's, or until each makes an untimely decease from sheer exhaustion.

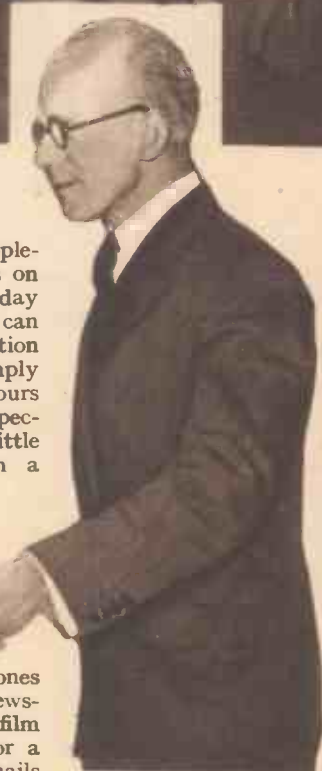
In fairness to these two energetic and nice-looking young men, perhaps I should



add that neither had any trace of a beard (not even a goatee à la Gielgud) the last time I saw them; but that was on a Thursday, and the "topical supplement" makes such relentless demands on the time of Eric and Bill from that day onwards to Saturday evening that I can well believe that shaving, not to mention sleeping, is one of the things that simply is not done during those hectic rush-hours of every week. You who tune-in expectantly to "In Town To-night" have little idea what the organization of such a feature means.

They do not start before Thursday because freshness and topicality is insisted upon. In fact, most of the organization is left until Friday. "In Town To-night" is the most impromptu thing in British programmes. On Friday the telephones get busy, and Eric and Bill comb the newspapers for ideas—news perhaps of a film star about to arrive from America, or a man in Clapham who eats two-inch nails for a living. The next job is to get into touch with these illustrious and grotesque, famous and infamous people.

Telephones, telegrams, taxis, scouts dispatched post-haste to landing stage and railway platform, are the machinery of this great weekly round-up in London. Most of the day Eric stays in his office, telephone receivers in either hand like the newspaper editors of fiction, while at intervals Bill bursts in to report that Gertrude Ghashtly has been prevailed upon to overcome her reserve and say a few words to listeners, or that the current prize-fighting hero refuses to broadcast because he thinks a recent B.B.C. commentary on his fight was insufficiently favourable to himself. When this sort of disappointment occurs, as it often does,



Above is a scene taken when Alfredo and his Gipsy Band were filmed for a Pathé "short," while a wandering B.B.C. microphone picked up a description for an "In Town To-night" broadcast.

Left: Bill Hanson, who shares with Eric Maschwitz the distinction of inventing and organizing this popular Saturday evening feature.

Eric and Bill have to get down to a frantic search for alternatives.

At last, on Saturday morning, the thirty minutes is (on paper) filled. Still most of the detail has to be arranged. Eric takes the film star off to lunch at an exclusive West End restaurant, where, the born journalist that he is, he "pumps" her until he gets the story; then he tactfully passes her on to her bodyguard, scurries back to Broadcasting House, leaps at his portable typewriter, and puts it all down on paper.

Many a Saturday afternoon when the long rows of offices at B.B.C. headquarters are silent and empty the clatter of feverish typing comes from

Continued on opposite page

"IN TOWN TO-NIGHT"

(Continued from previous page)

the room of the Director of Variety.

Meanwhile Bill is rounding-up the nail-swallower in Clapham, or pacifying the increasing agitation of the elderly lady from the Old Kent Road who is going to describe her emotions forty years ago when she shook hands with Queen Victoria.

At last they all arrive, shortly after seven—or they are supposed to do so. There was that hectic evening when one of the chief

turns took fright and fled, twenty minutes before "zero hour." Did Eric and Bill go into a flat spin? Not they. Immediately an idea was concocted, a very Beautiful Idea. They opened the telephone directory, stuck a pin at random among the names, and rang up the subscriber thus selected, who proved to be an elderly lady in Maida Vale, an astonished lady, to say the least, when she was asked whether she would like to address the country twenty minutes later, down her own telephone; subject: "What I think of broadcasting, by an Average Listener."

So sad that the Beautiful Idea didn't come off. The lady was willing enough. In fact, one of the B.B.C. boys sped post-



Three of the regular "stars" of "In Town To-night"

haste to Maida Vale to stand by the dear old thing while she went through this unexpected ordeal. The trouble was that at the last moment the engineers at Broadcasting House, who are canny men (mostly Scots) drew attention to the existence of an agreement between the B.B.C. and the Postmaster-General prohibiting the use of the ordinary Post Office telephone microphone for broadcasting. So they had to tell the lady of Maida Vale it was all off, and no doubt she went to bed thinking that the B.B.C. employs some queer fish.

The difficulty of the defaulted turn was overcome by padding the remaining turns out. The signature tune was played longer than usual, for instance. The extraordinary

public curiosity about that tune is eloquent of the popularity of "In Town To-night," as well as the appeal of the tune itself; an average of 100 telephone calls a day have been received at Broadcasting House from people who want to know what it is. The "Knightsbridge" movement from the "London Suite" by Eric Coates is, of course, the answer.

The tune is played from a gramophone record. The sound-picture of Piccadilly Circus, with the flower girls crying their wares and the buses and taxis hooting, also comes from a record, specially made in the Circus.

"At first, when I was working out the idea of 'In Town To-night,' I thought of starting each week with a brief commentary relayed from the roof of the Piccadilly Hotel," Eric told me. "Then it occurred to me that this might be rather a chilly job in winter, and as I intended to do the commentary myself the notion was turned down."

As well as a studio for the records, two speech studios are used for "In Town To-night," all three being linked up to the dramatic control room, where the fading from one to another is performed. And as the whole thing is done without rehearsal the job of the man at the control panel is an anxious one.



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B.B.C. LIBRARIES

(Continued from page 8)

you will read carefully through any week's programme from a provincial station you will have an idea of the amount of work this entails. But the library does not include any of those records used by Christopher Stone. The Stone collection of gramophone records is a romance to be told later.

The drama library is a lofty, well-lit room, with a strong suggestion of sunshine and open-air. This is a blessing, as the library is dreadfully dull and forbidding to gaze upon. I was reminded of an income-tax inspector's office, containing millions of card indexes, in each of which was reproduced the deadly, heart-breaking information that comes to us in buff envelopes, or of the Finger Print Gallery at Scotland Yard.

There are nearly a mile of shelves in which are stored grey-coloured tin boxes, reminding one of solicitor's brief cases; and in these boxes are filed in alphabetical order 7,000 plays—romantic, comical, historical, and tragic.

This library, full as it is of the very cream of dramatic literature, is additional evidence of the amazing growth of the B.B.C. machine. Less than seven years ago the library consisted of one volume, "Paddy the Next Best Thing."

A superficial glance at Broadcasting House gives us no idea of the vastness of its workings, of the myriad cells constantly radiating activity and life itself to the larger nervous centres at Daventry, at Moor Edge, at Falkirk, and at Watchet, from which your programmes come to you through the ether. Broadcasting House remains for me a constant source of wonder and provides a continual stimulus to my sense of exploration and adventure.

RADIO AND THE CINEMA

The British film industry is now fully alive to the tremendous interest in radio stars—the result is a number of excellent films with a broadcasting motif. An instance is the B.I.P. production *Hello Radio*, which includes Mario Lorenzi, the famous harpist. His picture appears on another page.

"IT'S PICTORIAL"

Credit for some of the photographs in this issue is due to Blake for fashion study; "Bystander" for Mrs. Sieveking; Cannons of Hollywood for Albert Sandler; Kenneth Collins for Vivienne Chatterton; Elliott and Fry for Harriet Cohen; Pearl Freeman for Rose Hignell; Peter Dawson; Claude Harris for Dino Galvani; Jay Laurier, Ernest Longstaffe, Gillie Potter; Hughes for Edward O'Henry, Sir John Reith, The Three Janes; Janet Jevons for Charles Mayhew; Ker Seymer for Sidonie Goossens; Navana for Brosa Quartet; Raphael for Mabel Constanduros; Sasha for Elsie and Doris Waters; Hugh Shaw for Robert Tredinnick; Swaabe for Carlyle Cousins; Tunbridge for Hermione Gingold; Kay Vaughan for Eileen Joyce, Mary Hamlin, Charlie Kunz; Dorothy Wilding for Binnie Hale; Princess Yvonne for Anona Winn.

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By
DORIS
ARNOLD

It's Springtime in FASHION AND

*who gossips
about spring
outfits and the
dresses she has
seen in radio's
studioland.*

By the time you are reading this month's article, spring will be with us, and I hope, some real spring weather, so that you can get into those new clothes you've been waiting to wear for the last few weeks. It's a grand feeling, I think, on the first really sunny spring day of each year, to fling aside that old winter coat that you've had to wear for so long, and sally forth in some smart new clothes, enhanced by that "feeling in the air" that only spring brings.

However, at the time of writing, there is rather a lull in the dress world—everybody is making their winter things last, and waiting for that first sunny, not too cold day, when they can blossom out into something new.

Talking of spring, though, reminds me of a day in January this year—one of those almost spring-like days that we do occasionally get in that month. We were rehearsing a broadcast show, and on this particular morning, Jane Carr had arrived in a smart new suit.

It was a light sage green in colour, with a hat of the same material. The suit had leg-of-mutton sleeves of brown fur, and a most unusual collar, consisting of four rolls of the sage green material. We had great fun, because as soon as Jane put her head inside the studio door, Reggie Purdell, Davy Burnaby, John Watt and Harry Pepper each made a dive for one of these rolls, with the full intention, if they could have unrolled them, of doing a Maypole dance around her. Needless to say, they did not succeed!

At the recent "Reminiscence" broadcast by the Co-Optimists, which took the place of "Julian Wylie presents," owing to the illness of Mr. Wylie, we were a real black and white troupe—the men, Stanley Holloway, Davy Burnaby and Harry Pepper being in evening dress, while Phyllis Monkman, Betty Chester and Elsa Macfarlane were all in white, Elsa's frock only

being relieved by epaulettes of sable, and I was in my favourite black, although on this occasion, this too was relieved by a silver sequin coat.

Everybody was very kind to me, although I have only had the opportunity of being a "radio" Co-optimist, and after the broadcast I was very proud to be included in a re-union dinner at one of London's well-known hotels, where you can imagine I had a marvellous time, listening to them all as they re-called their many amusing experiences during the eleven years they have been in existence. These stories alone would more than fill these pages, but I must not digress.

At the same time I was keeping a "dress" eye on the people on the dancing floor, and I was again struck by the fact of how remarkably few people have the art of dressing to suit their particular style. I saw many lovely gowns, but quite a few were on entirely the wrong type of people.

I noticed one far from slim woman completely spoiling a beautiful sequin frock—every glittering sequin seemed to be saying—"Doesn't it take a lot of us to cover this rather large lady?"

I recall a similar instance one day last summer. I was returning from lunch and as I passed through the entrance hall of P. Broadcasting House T. my eyes caught the O.

Almost every week the dress designer is offered some new miracle in the way of material. On the right is a frock made in novelty check crêpe. This—an Emme model—has fine pleatings on the skirt, while the smart bodice offers a striking contrast in ivory crêpe nestée.





Beautiful Eve Becke is fortunate in being tall and slim. She has the gift of wearing clothes distinctively—and having distinctive clothes to wear. Her brother is Colin Becke, the designer, and here she is wearing one of his most recent creations for her. It is of royal blue satin cut entirely on the bias, with unusual bishop sleeves which are detachable from the frock and are caught together at the back by large silver rings. The frock is backless and on both sides is slit to the knee.

and yellow flowers, and again these bunches of flowers seemed to scream at me to notice how many of them were necessary to cover this lady.

I often wonder sadly why it is that so many fat people have no idea whatsoever of how to dress. It is my experience that the average too-thin woman has far more idea of how to disguise her lack of flesh than her too-fat sister has of making one believe she is thinner than she is. I wonder if you have noticed the same thing?

Those of you who have seen the Carlyle Cousins recently on the films will have noticed the pretty white frocks they were wearing. I have had an opportunity of studying these at close quarters, as they have been rehearsing for their broadcasts. The frocks are of white velvet, tight to the knees, below which are voluminous skirts of white tulle, and round their shoulders they wear capes of silver sequins.

Another pretty set of frocks they have are of sky blue net, with an applied design in a deeper shade of satin on the front of the bodice, and wide sashes of the satin material.

They have a special set of frocks designed for them for the song "Night and Day." Cecile Petrie, the leader, who sings the melody, is dressed in pale blue satin, symbolising "Day," while the other two, who sing an obligato to the melody, wear very deep blue satin, representing "Night."

Paris and London unite in decreeing that hats shall remain on the slant. They are still to be perched precariously on the head as well. An excellent example of the latest and most up-to-date vogue is shown in this photograph of a hat from Suzy worn by Mrs. Lance Sieveking, wife of the B.B.C. producer and playwright.



It is a mixture of bowler and cure's hat, kept in position by elastic. In spite of its mannish origin, the motif is essentially feminine in appearance.

back view of a very large woman, who was waiting with a party of people to be shown over the building. She was dressed in a bright blue patterned georgette frock, made in a style with lots of frills, flounces and uneven edges, which in themselves are very unsuitable to the "too-fat."

At intervals all over the blue background of the material were large bunches of pink



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Left to right:
Hermione
Gingold,
Eileen Joyce,
and Anona
Winn.



**HAIR
STAYS
PUT!**

Just look at the trouble most of us have with our hair in making it "stay put." It is all very well for those who have time for

constant sallies with a comb. But girls who work all day have to find ways of making their hair stay tidy for a long time. They have no opportunity to fly to their dressing-tables to repair the damage of each strenuous moment.

If you have ever seen the immaculate head of Hermione Gingold you must have admired it. Yet she has very little chance to tidy it during the day. She may often have an energetic stage act that would make many heads of hair go into a riot of disorder. Hers stays neatly in its moulded curls and seldom gets disturbed.

She takes care of her scalp, massaging it with a good hair tonic once every twenty-four hours before going to bed. Her hair is naturally wavy. She has it shampooed and set by a hairdresser every ten days and is a great believer in the "plastic" wave setting.

She always keeps to the same hairdresser who knows her hair. People who chop and change will find their hair more difficult to keep tidy. Miss Gingold is wise enough not to be afraid of using her hairbrush.

"Once I had a terrible time with my hair," she told me. "It began falling out in handfuls, and I was soon nearly bald. Then I took my hairdresser's advice and went to bathe in the sea without a bathing cap, letting my hair dry in the sun afterwards. I found it completely cured it from falling out."

Unlike very many people, Miss Gingold does not consider that vigorous brushing with a stiff-bristled brush will spoil her waves. On the contrary she is quite certain that regular brushing improves it.

Good conditioned hair is far easier to keep tidy than hair which has been neglected—or cared for only at sporadic intervals.

Think of that when you want to improve its general appearance.

**HANDS
THAT
WORK**

There is no need to let your hands suffer because of the work they have to do. You cannot despair over them because you use

a typewriter all day or work with machinery—it just means you have to give them extra care, and they can look as nice as if you sat at home all day.

A very disheartening thing is when you have to wear your finger nails very short. Eileen Joyce, the pretty twenty-one-years-old radio star pianist, has solved that problem perfectly.

When she puts on her varnish she covers the whole nail, leaving no tips or moons. This makes them look far longer than they are—and she really has to wear them very short.

Miss Joyce's hands have first place in her beauty régime, for she realizes how important they are to her. This is how she looks after them:—

A very good manicurist comes to my flat twice or sometimes three times a week. She does all that is necessary in the way of actual manicure. But with playing the piano so much I have to re-varnish my nails every day.

"When I get up in the morning I always go straight to the tap and rinse my hands first in hot water and then in cold. That stimulates the circulation and I rub in a non-greasy lotion immediately afterwards. Hand lotions are almost a craze with me. I use them all day long, whenever I have washed my hands. And I keep three different kinds.

"At night I wash my hands in warm water and lemon juice and rub them thoroughly with a slightly greasy lotion. One day I realized that I am just like a runner or a boxer. I am making a physical effort, and the limbs I use should be treated in the same way, as theirs.

"So I keep my hands in training and

**SING
TO BE
SLIM**

It is more than coincidence that nearly every girl who takes up singing as a profession dreads excessive stout-

ness. You may envy her success, but while surveying the ample figure of your favourite prima donna on the platform you feel thankful for your own dimensions.

Yet there are singers who do manage to keep really slim. An outstandingly slender singer with a very pretty figure is Anona Winn.

"How do you do it?" I asked.

Miss Winn laughed happily and described her first years of singing.

"I was studying for serious operatic singing at an academy," she said. "It made me so depressed seeing how fat all my fellow pupils were getting that I nearly gave it up. Then the worst happened. I grew fat myself.

"As I am only five feet one in height it made me look completely round. In a frenzy of fear, I took up stage dancing, but that had simply no effect at all.

"After that, I gave up worrying and decided to hope for the best. But I devised a diet of my own invention in the hope that at least it would prevent my getting any fatter. It did much more for me. It made me really slim. I still follow it out carefully every day of my life.

"I never touch bread or drink with my meals—but I drink a great deal of milk in between. Instead of breakfast, I drink a glass of orange juice; and I have a salad to eat every day. Whatever kind of meat I have to eat, I always order a salad afterwards. Usually a lettuce and two tomatoes. Otherwise, I eat quite heartily and have more or less anything I want.

"I also do three exercises in the early morning—*toe-touching*, *back-bending*, and *high kicks*—for about five or six minutes.

"Apart from this I am not able to obtain very much exercise—apart from hurrying about to keep all my appointments."

CONTINUED ON OPPOSITE PAGE



BEAUTY HINTS FROM THE STUDIO

Two photographs of the hands of Eileen Joyce, the pianist. How she keeps them strong and beautiful is described on this page.

If you want to economize you can do your own manicure, but it is better to have a professional manicure at least once a month. It would pay you to learn from a professional how to do your own manicure properly. You could have a lesson at a very small cost.

Remember that your hands are "part of the picture."

HANDS THAT WORK

(Continued from previous page)

they have massage just like an athlete's legs. A special masseuse comes to me after a concert and massages my hands and arms to relieve the feeling of strain. To exercise them I take a little digitorium about with me—a tiny piano with four octaves and soundless keys. Then I can begin a concert with my fingers already 'played in.'

"I have my nails cut as round as possible. Through being kept short, the quills often get pushed up above the nails. I have to push them down gently for a few minutes every day. Another trouble I have is cracked thumbs. The skin at the sides of them splits from so much playing, and I have to bind them round with plaster when I am practising.

"I always wear thick gloves and carry a muff in cold weather. If I once caught chilblains it would be a great disaster to my playing."

Miss Joyce spends more on her hands than she does on her hair.



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Two typical listeners to the Children's Hour—Eric Pavitt and Josephine Sangwin, young members of the Buggins Family. They appear with Mabel Constanduros and Michael Hogan in the film, "Radio Parade."



"Hullo Twins" CHILDREN'S HOUR AT THE REGIONALS

Many of the Uncles and Aunties at the B.B.C.'s provincial stations have endeared themselves to their local juvenile audiences just as successfully as have the London "relatives" of whom I wrote last month. Recently I have been listening a good deal to these Children's Hours from the Regional stations. My little son, Jeremy, seems to like a little variety in his radio fare, and, although he is a loyal supporter of Uncle Mac in the London programme, he is already getting touchingly fond of some of the more distant Uncles and Aunties, and choosing which to hear before bedtime is now a problem demanding weighty deliberation and furious manipulation of the tuning dial.

Not one in a thousand listeners suspects that "Uncle Eric" of North Regional is none other than Eric Fogg, the famous composer and pianist. Northern listeners know this Manchester-born musician well—by his proper name—for he frequently appears in the programmes. "Uncle Eric" began composing when he was a child, and used to be a cathedral chorister. He is now only thirty-one years of age.

The Manchester Children's Hour was formerly looked after by Miss Olive Schill,

but she is now doing other work. At present the Children's Hour organiser for the whole of the North Region is Miss Janet Beith.

Auntie Muriel, of the Northern Region, is Miss Muriel Levy, a short, dark and very neat young lady who formerly was at the old Liverpool station until it was closed. Miss Levy is not really on the B.B.C. staff but is under contract regarding her work in the Children's Hour. In addition to this work, which she is doing so well, she writes plays, several of which have been produced on the air.

One of the most remarkable Children's Hours is at Midland Regional, for it is run almost single-handedly by Dorothea Barcroft, a dark, well-dressed and very lovable lady who, by the way, always wears spectacles. Normally, she appears in the "Hour" every day, but I am sorry to learn that at the moment of writing this she is away

ill. We all hope she will soon be quite fit again. What does it feel like, Auntie Dorothy, to know you are missed by so many kiddies?

Auntie Dorothy is a prolific composer, too. Among other things, she has written three big books of children's music and jolly songs; one of them contains a collection of pixie music named by the nephews and neices. The pieces were all played as

part of the Midland Regional programme and children were invited to suggest appropriate titles, prizes being given to the successful ones. I fancy it was because of Auntie Dorothy's great experience in children's music that she was asked—ten years ago—to join the B.B.C.

As I mentioned just now, this capable lady organises the Midland Children's Hour with only the help of her secretary, Miss Betty Buckle, who has been with her for several years.

"Jacko" Cowper, who was at Broadcasting House during the time that I was announcer there, is a good-looking man with blue eyes and grey hair. He and David Gretton, another Birmingham announcer, also are helping to organise the Midland Children's Hour at present.

Victor Hely Hutchinson, the musical director at Birmingham, who also assists in the Children's Hour, was the original Uncle Bunny at Savoy Hill. He was christened "Bunny" because he was first known by the nickname "Hutch"! He has written an enormous amount of incidental music to Children's Hour plays including *Alice in Wonderland*, and the recently-produced *Charcoal Burner's Son*.

Who invented the "twiddly bits" on the piano which used to follow the "Hullo, Twins!" announcements? It was Uncle Peter, of the Midland Region, who really is C. E. Hodges. Listeners

By MRS. GILES BORRETT

CONTD. OPPOSITE SITE

HULLO TWINS!

(Continued from opposite page)

to the Midland Hour now hear J. H. Loughlin, who is known as Peter Piper, Uncle Pat (Harold Casey), and last but by no means least Uncle Edgar, or Percy Edgar, the popular Director of the station.

The Station Director at Cardiff, Mr. E. R. Appleton, plays a large part in the West Regional Children's Hour which is under the direction of Raymond Glendinning (Uncle Raymond). In the West Regional Hour other favourites are Uncle Morgan, Uncle Sam—who talks to the children in Welsh every Friday—Auntie Evelyn (Miss Evelyn Amey), Auntie Bronwen (Miss Bronwen Davies), and Cousin Dorothy (Miss Dorothy Champion). Miss Champion is on contract, not on the permanent staff, and devotes herself chiefly to giving charming descriptions of the West Region countryside.

Auntie Kathleen is well known to every Scottish child. She is Miss Kathleen Garscadden, a fair young lady in the early thirties who is extremely versatile. Not only does she play the piano and sing in the Children's Hour, but in the adult evening programmes as well, and in addition is a wonderful composer. Auntie Kathleen used to be on the B.B.C. staff, but is now under contract, for the way they work the Children's Hour in Scotland is that Glasgow provides it on two days of the week, Edinburgh for two days, Aberdeen one day, and on the remaining day Scottish listeners hear the National programme.

Those who remember the Children's Hour of the early Savoy Hill days will be thoroughly astonished if they tune-in these Regional stations, a different one each day, and listen to the great variety and amusement for the kiddies that is now given in these Children's Hours which have developed beyond all recognition in the past year or two.

PADDED CELL

(Continued from page 41)

and thus avoid interference between the station and its neighbours. Newcastle's fork, which should keep the frequency of the transmitter to within 5 cycles, suddenly went all jaundiced and ran up a temperature that made it impossible to keep it within 50 cycles. That means nothing to you or me; in fact, to the B.B.C. it only meant the difference of one-fortieth of a semitone at middle "C," on the piano—a difference that not even the acute ear of the most sensitive piano-tuner could detect. But it was sufficient variation from the standard of perfection for the B.B.C. to send it to be doctored.

These tuning-forks are vital, and "Research" had to take utmost care to ensure that the Newcastle one was cured of its hysterical outbreak. The original fork frequency was a trifling thing of 1,015.6 vibrations a second, but the B.B.C. has to double that up nine times to make it fit to control the carrier-wave of the transmitter, which has a frequency of 1,040,000 vibrations per second. This figure has to be rigidly adhered to by the tuning-forks in each of the stations sharing the same wavelength, and accuracy is maintained by the forks being kept cooking in a special electric oven at a temperature of 130 degrees.

The master fork is at Bournemouth, and "Research" listens to this, with a measuring instrument, once a week. That is how the illness of the Newcastle fork was diagnosed and why it went into the isolation ward at Brixton for treatment.

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RECORD REVIEWS

(Continued from page 39)

He started in the days when the H.M.V. Company were known as The Gramophone and Typewriter Co., Ltd., and their recording studio was a sort of impromptu affair at the top of a City warehouse. His first recorded song was "Long Ago in Alcalá"—long forgotten now by most people.

In those far-away days his voice was so suited to the crude apparatus in use that he made records for this company and their associate companies under many different names. Some readers may remember a Scottish comedian, who used to imitate Sir (then Mr.) Harry Lauder, under the name of Hector Grant. That man was none other than Peter Dawson, and it was not until fifteen years later that Sir Harry discovered his famous imitator's identity, when the "culprit," at a meeting in the studio, suddenly broke into broad Scotch and started to sing one of the former's songs. His latest record, at the time of writing, consists of two robust ballads of the "open-air" type entitled, "Here is My Song" and "Joggin' Along the Highway." Which is the better I really cannot say—they are both good—but the number is B8120.

A gramophone was really the cause of Vladimir Rosing discovering that he had a voice. This great Russian tenor was being trained in his father's profession, the law, when one day a grateful client presented Rosing, sen., with a gramophone. The effect of hearing such great Russian artists as Figner, the tenor; Mikhailova, soprano; and Maksikoff, famous baritone, incited young Vladimir to try to sing.

Rosing is the recognized classic interpreter of the "Song of the Flea." He sings this song, together with "The Song of the Volga Boatmen," on Parlophone No. E11240—a record that should be in every collection.

B.B.C. ANNOUNCERS

(Continued from page 25)

available opportunity that presents itself.

Harman Grisewood is a young cousin of Freddie and arrived at the B.B.C. as an actor after gaining a reputation as an amateur actor at Oxford. He became secretary of the University Dramatic Society while he was an undergraduate. He was in great demand during the Children's Hour broadcasts and quickly extended his work in the big dramatic shows of a few years back.

He is the quiet, thoughtful type, of medium height, with brown hair and clean shaven. Unmarried.

There are three other announcers who make up the half-dozen who keep the National, London Regional, and Empire programmes running smoothly, and inform the listener what they are to hear next.

There is John Lampson, an Oxford man, tall, dark, and wears horn-rimmed spectacles. He is a bachelor so far—engaged to a young lady in the B.B.C. Music Department.

Another Oxford ex-graduate is T. Lidell—"the blonde bachelor of broadcasting."

The newest addition to the ranks is Mr. Marriott, who was engaged by the B.B.C. last November. Like Mr. Hibberd, he is a Cambridge man and a bachelor.

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This is the West Regional programme from Cardiff, Bristol, Plymouth, Swansea, and Bournemouth!"

This part of the B.B.C. service represents a strangely assorted mixture of stations which started in a little 18-foot studio in Cardiff. We will start on our tour by going there to meet Mr. E. R. Appleton, the station director. This name invariably conjures up thoughts of Joan and Betty, of Bible talks fame, but one must not forget little Bridget, the youngest of Mr. Appleton's trio of daughters. Bridget is feeling rather important just now, because she has just had her portrait painted by a well-known child artist.

When Mr. Appleton plans a talk, he looks to the assistance of trained speakers and actors in their dramatization, and he uses a background of orchestral and gramophone music. He has brought a new touch to Bible teaching among young people.

Now he is planning to dramatize all the narrative parts of the Bible in his Sunday afternoon talks to children.

He also inaugurated the Silent Fellowship which ends every Sunday evening programme from the West Regional transmitter, and now he is busy working up a series of services for the sick which are broadcast once a month. His postbag of letters of appreciation for his religious broadcasting work runs into thousands.

Yet when he wants a little rest and a change, there is nothing he enjoys so much as a thrill from an Edgar Wallace book.

Here is John T. Sutthery, the programme director, coming in to talk over some details of a new programme with Mr. Appleton. He was an announcer for a short time in the early days of broadcasting. He went to Manchester as second-in-command, and was later transferred to London. In last autumn's rearrangement of staffs he was allocated to the West Region to direct programmes.

That tall, slim man talking at the end of the corridor is known to thousands of children who have since grown up as "Uncle Norman." Norman Settle is his full name, and he is in charge of the administrative side of the West Regional station. He was one of the most popular of wireless "uncles" in the old days when everyone from the station director downwards joined in those jolly 5.15 p.m. parties for children.

Not long ago he went into the depths of Wookey Hole, one of the mysterious caves of Somerset's Mendips, organizing a choir broadcast in the pitch-black darkness, but keeping his voice as smooth and calm as ever through it all.

Now we shall have to start dodging about the different transmitting stations and studios of the West Region if we are to find those other personalities who come to you only as voices through the microphone.

There is Alexander Jinman, engineer-in-charge. Since the new regional transmitting station at Washford Cross in Somerset was opened last August, he is a busy man, for West Regional is a powerful station, while the West National wave-

length has to be carefully synchronized exactly with the London National wavelength at the Brookman's Park transmitter.

Cyril Wood, the dramatic producer—big and genial—has done as much as anyone in the West Region to preserve the rural quaintness of the Gloucestershire dialect, the gentle "burr" of the Somerset farmer, and the soft intonations of Devon and Cornish speech. He has been particularly successful in the broadcast of these dialect plays and in the organization of series of specialized dramatic broadcasts such as those given under the titles of "Facet" and "Burlesque."

Cyril Wood was associated with repertory theatre work before he took up broadcasting. He is going to London for a few months this summer, while Peter Cresswell is coming down to the West Region to take his place.

Mr. E. H. F. Mills, education officer for the Region, is probably away organizing a listening group somewhere in the wide area that comes under his control. He is Secretary of the Gloucestershire, Somerset, and Wiltshire Council for Broadcast Adult Education, and he is proud of the fact that Bristol was the first city in the country to form a wireless advisory committee of its own. Nevertheless, he does not live in Bristol. His home is at Kilmersdon, a pretty little Somerset village not very far from Bath.

While we are in Bristol, we must meet Francis Worsley, who is responsible for the talks and light programmes which are a feature of West Regional.

Incidentally, his wife, Dorothy Worsley, writes plays which are very popular in the West Regional children's hours. She created the character of Sir Goahead, the kiddies' hero, as champion dragon slayer and President of the Society of Maiden Rescuers.

Back across the Bristol Channel to Cardiff we meet Reginald Redman, who conducts the Western Studio Orchestra. He has successfully arranged for broadcasting many old folk-songs gathered from both sides of the Bristol Channel.

Just a few brief peeps at the other men behind the microphone . . .

Raymond Glendenning, Cardiff's chief announcer, also looks after the Children's Hour. Major Edgar Jones and Mr. Sam Jones, who are responsible for the Welsh features which are so much criticized on the English side of the Channel; J. L. B.

E. R. Appleton,
Director of
West Regional



THIS IS
WEST
REGIONAL

Bridgmont and F. H. S. Pocock, the balance and control officials; C. K. Parsons, who was at Plymouth until the studios there were closed down; and E. H. Jenkins, who is in charge at Swansea.

Before we leave West Regional we must pay a visit to the Bristol studios, where a new orchestral studio is being built in the garden of an old mansion, to the design of Mr. J. C. Proctor, architect of the Leeds studio.

Here many of the most important programmes for the region are performed. When the studio is completed it will permit much larger orchestras to broadcast.

Introducing the CHRISTOPHER STONE of MIDLAND REGIONAL



ROBERT TREDINNICK
IS THE "RECORDING
ANGEL" OF THE
BIRMINGHAM STUDIO
AND A REAL "HOT"
MERCHANT

"I am fully aware that it is not the sort of thing everybody likes to hear," he says, "but I am certain that it is growing tremendously in popularity. The number of Rhythm Clubs which have been started all over the country proves that."

"Just lately, I have been broadcasting other types of music, as my small contribution to the B.B.C.'s immense task of trying to cater for all tastes."

A great lover of the country, Bob Tredinnick is a keen gardener, and loves animals. His greatest favourite is an Australian terrier, Christopher, which was named—not after Christopher Stone—but because he first saw light on Christmas Eve.

Tredinnick, still in his early thirties, is a native of the Derbyshire village of Melbourne, but lives in London, travelling down to Birmingham once or twice a week for his broadcasts. He finds the solitude of the journey provides a useful opportunity for writing some of his record reviews and for preparing for his forthcoming broadcast.

As a compère for all types of entertainment, his services are increasingly in demand. He has figured prominently in a village broadcast, and has interviewed boxers and footballers. His handling of the first broadcast of Geraldo's new band was a superb piece of showmanship.

In the midst of all the aforementioned activities, he has found time to write two novels, both of which have been published, and to paint pictures which have been extensively exhibited in London and the provinces. His latest hobby is lyric writing, and he is responsible for the words of Geraldo's signature tune, "I bring to you sweet music."

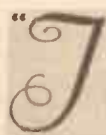
The nearest approach to America's featured announcers, Robert Tredinnick has a microphone personality which converts a mediocre programme into a lively entertainment.

Nowadays he is also emulating his colleague in London—Christopher Stone—by writing reviews of Gramophone records in a number of papers. His breezy style—as attractive on paper as it is over the microphone—is enhancing his popularity still further.

Apart from this, his great ambition is to see a play written by himself produced at a London theatre.

By the way, he has one boy-like hobby—collecting cigarette pictures. He treasures these as much as he does his collection of "hot" gramophone records.

When you next hear him broadcast, picture this slim young man in the early thirties, with sympathetic eyes and a humorous mouth. Do not get the idea that his cheerful voice is specially assumed for the benefit of the mike. Bob Tredinnick is always like that.



Here's twenty minutes to fill in after the news. Here's some re-

records—though you needn't play them if you prefer to go and choose some more from the library," said the Midland Regional announcer to his second-in-command.

During the evening the new announcer looked through the records, shook his head sadly and paid a long visit to the music library. The result was a programme of hot dance music, enthusiastically compered by an announcer whose boyish eagerness was so infectious that listeners were soon ringing up and asking for more. The next few days letters poured into the studio to inquire the identity of this breezy young comper.

And that is how Robert Tredinnick leapt into radio fame.

It was intended that he should succeed his father in the medical profession, but he upset the family plans by going on the stage, where he gained invaluable experience in repertory work. After a time, he became ambitious and managed a theatre himself for some years. After giving up theatre management, Robert



Tredinnick suddenly discovered that he had a forte for writing children's stories, many of which he broadcast himself in the Birmingham Children's Corner, where he is known to this day as the Story Teller. This led to the discovery that he had a very pleasing microphone voice, and he was asked to undertake some announcing during the summer months.

Robert Tredinnick is a very modest young man who is quite convinced that the B.B.C. is doing him a favour in allowing him to broadcast the type of modern dance music which he so wholeheartedly enjoys.

The IMPORTANCE of COOKERY

Sir George Newman, Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health, states in his report for 1932:—

"... our national capacity for work and output is impaired by unsatisfactory nutrition. There is still much apathy and ignorance in the choice of nutritious foods, often associated with deplorable ineptitude in cookery. Our scientific knowledge stands far ahead of our practice."



Scientific cooking is of paramount importance—old methods need no longer be tolerated. It is neither sensible nor necessary to continue throwing away the real goodness of the food with the water in which it was cooked—the

Easiwork HEALTH COOKER

cooks by controlled steam. It is recognised by dietetic experts as the best method of cooking to preserve the mineral salts and vitamins so necessary to health. The Easiwork Health cooker is

the greatest cooking achievement of modern times!

because it has brought healthful, scientific cooking in a simple common-sense form within the reach of everyone.

Already the Easiwork Health Cooker has brought health to thousands of homes—it is revolutionising the nation's diet. Tests carried out by the London School of Dietetics prove that food cooked in the Easiwork Health Cooker contains 22 per cent. more mineral salts than similar food cooked in the ordinary way—they even prove that the shin of beef cooked the Easiwork way is 25 per cent. more digestible than sirloin cooked in an oven.

Quite apart from its value from the health point of view, the Easiwork Health Cooker deserves its position as one of the great achievements of the age on the score of economy. It cooks not only thoroughly, but quickly—only one-third of the usual time and fuel are required—20 minutes to cook a dish ordinarily requiring an hour.

A full meal can be cooked altogether on a gas ring, hot plate, primus stove, or other heating unit, without mixing of flavours.

It is your duty to yourself and to your family to investigate the possibilities of the Easiwork Health Cooker.

SEND COUPON TO-DAY

If you are buying or building a new house, insist on a genuine Easiwork Kitchen Cabinet. Full particulars on request.

EASIWORK, LTD.,
250 Tottenham Court Road,
London, W.1.

Please send 12-page Health Cookery booklet.

Name

Address

R.M.

I can rid you of CATARRH HEAD NOISES AND CATARRHAL DEAFNESS once and for all



I have banished this nauseating complaint for 100,000 others. I can do the same for YOU or it shall not cost you 1

I don't believe in Free Samples. They prove nothing. I prefer to give you better evidence that my treatment ends the trouble permanently. Write to me for particulars of my FAR FULLER AND EXTENDED TRIAL and how you are covered by my absolute and legally binding GUARANTEE.

Allan Cooper

I know what it is

to be everlastingly clogged in all my breathing passages.
to be dulled and incapable in mind and suffer from heavy brow aches.
to be deafened in hearing and driven to distraction with singing, buzzing noises in my head.
to be hateful to myself and objectionable to others with my never-ending nose-blowing, clearing, sneezing, short breath and thick speech.
to be kept awake at night with discharges falling into my throat.
to be disappointed time and again with so-called remedies and reliefs.

I have suffered myself!

I know what is behind your mind at this very moment. You are saying, "This is probably only another Catarrh easier that may, or may not, give me a little relief." Very likely you have reason enough to be sceptical. Maybe you have spent pounds on inhalants, atomisers, gargles, mouth washes... **AND YOU'VE STILL GOT CATARRH,** though you have very little faith left. My way to end Catarrh is fundamentally sound and totally different. Whether I stumbled upon it by sheer inspiration or cold logic, I will not attempt to say.

But I do wish to emphasise that it is the method of a man who made the total banishment of Catarrh his guiding principle. **I HAD TO.** For I could see that if I did not succeed there would be little joy left in life for me. Mercifully, **I DID.** And every grateful letter I have had since from the thousands of unfortunates with whom I have shared my discovery, has renewed my own joy in being permanently free myself. I want to show you why, how, and where Catarrh originates—not in the head, as is commonly thought. How it permeates and infects the whole body and why Indigestion, Flatulence, Heartburn, and Constipation follow as a result. How it drags you down so that you catch cold after cold and are always one of the first to be attacked by 'flu. And, most important of all, I will show you how you can speedily and comfortably end your Catarrhal troubles once and for all—whether you have suffered for years, months, or only weeks.

I make no charge whatever for the information I send to sufferers. If they follow my advice the cost is quite small and the method so successful that I am able to say **NO ONE NEED SUFFER ANY LONGER.** Now is the time to conquer

your complaint and get rid of it for ever, so that you will never have to suffer in winters to come as you have in the past. Not even hay fever martyrs need dread the coming Summer, because my treatment has met with remarkable success in such cases. If you are in earnest to end your suffering, write to me on the convenient coupon below. There is nothing to pay—nothing to promise. You may, if you wish, send 1½d. stamp to cover postage of my reply, but even this is optional.

I have just got room to print this guaranteed genuine letter of appreciation. I have picked it haphazard from many hundreds I hold at my offices, and reproduced in full the writer's own heartfelt words. It should encourage you to look forward to a happier and brighter future for yourself.

"YOURS IS A GENUINE CURE FOR CATARRH"

"It is with the greatest of pleasure I write you this letter. I cannot thank you sufficiently for all the good your course of Catarrh Cure has done for me. Yours is a genuine cure for Catarrh. From living day by day in misery with headaches, colds, and a nose that was practically closed, I have now gone back to what I was 12 years ago—full of life and enjoying every day of it." You have my full authority to refer anyone who has the least doubt about your Catarrh Cure to me."
(Signed) J. R. LIVINGSTON.

LET ME TELL YOU HOW

FREE

To MR. ALLAN COOPER,
33 Strand, London, W.C.2.

Without cost or obligation, please tell me how to permanently rid myself of Catarrh and Head Noises.

Name

Address

Radio Magazine, 5/34.

Wisecracks and Gimcracks

In reply to MRS. FEATHER (Marshmallow), it is not necessary to have a combined wireless and dog licence for a set that howls.

"The programme never gets 'hot' till Christopher Stone comes on," declares a listener. Three cheers for Stone-ginger!

The silliest thing we can imagine—allotting thirty minutes to the commentary of a fight in which Carnera is taking part.

No, REGULAR TUNER (Seven Dials), we have never heard of a radio sister act named Ann Ode and Kath Ode.

We would remind readers who are doubtful on the point that it is not necessary to have poetic licence for listening to the B.B.C. poetry readings.

The original ambition of Jack Payne was to become a doctor. If he had realised his ambition, one may well ask: would it have been very clever or very tactless to have kept that surname?

Cab Calloway, highest-paid radio star, earns £1,000 a week. "His High-De-Highness of High-Dough," so to speak.

Neat geographical programme-arrangement—the Western Brothers followed by the Southern Sisters.

Replying to SAD CASE (Hogsnoton), the Eight Step Sisters are *not* char-ladies.

How it ought to be: Henry Hall and his Hall-stands; Roy Fox and his Hounds; Lew Stone and his Masons; Jack Payne and his Liniments; Sidney Kyte and his Fliers.

"How would you pronounce the foreign station, Ljubljana?" asks a reader. Very badly.

Come troll me a ballad of Browning Mummery—
Gallant and debonair, bright and summery.
Music for him must never be strummery—
Bach is the fellow for Browning Mummery.

He doesn't care for tunes tum-tumery—
Bit of a highbrow is Browning Mummery.
Not that he scorns a melody hummery—
Modern the culture of Browning Mummery.

But it must not be sugar and plummery
For the critical ear of Browning Mummery.
Rather like Ridgeway—not at all 'Brummery.'
A touch of Beau Brummel for Browning Mummery.

He doesn't work by the rules of thumbery;
Bold and bizarre is Browning Mummery.

Diction delightful—not at all gummery;
Free open methods for Browning Mummery.

Gifts mediocre leave him numbery;
Art with an A for Browning Mummery.

Cheery and volatile, he's never glummery—
Looks on the bright side does Browning Mummery.

Fond of the lasses but never yum-yumery;
Broth of a boy is Browning Mummery.

Never a trace of fribble or flummery;
Solid the structure of Browning Mummery.

So here's to an artist chippy and chummery—
And the glorious name of Browning Mummery!

By PERCY MERRIMAN (of the "Roosters").

JUST FAIRY TALES

"Mr. John Tilley's Company Report will be reported fully in to-morrow's issue of *The Listener*."

"This is Henry Hall and His Rhythm Maniacs."

"Here is Mr. A. J. Alan, whose real name is —" and the announcer gasped and fell, riddled with machine-gun bullets.

"Pardon me for speaking too quickly," said Christopher Stone.

"I will now sing some old English folk songs, notable for their simple and quiet charm," said Harry Roy.

"Al Bowly will render some rollicking sea-shanties."

"There's a beautiful view from here—can't possibly miss anything," said the running commentator.

"The Ministry of 'Ealth ain't come to no decision," read out Stuart Hibberd, the chief announcer.

"I am illustrating to-day's talk with the latest records of Louis Armstrong," said Sir Walford Davies.

"The devil take football! Give me ping-pong," declared George F. Allison.

"And now Norman Long, with his Dance, Scowl, and Jew's harp."

"For the School: A Talk on Punctuation, by Stainless Stephen."

"There's nothing very interesting going on in Europe," announced Vernon Bartlett.

"Please communicate with New Scotland Yard, telephone number —oh, dash it all, you know it by now!"

"Dance music has the same effect on me that a beautiful perfume would!" bleats a correspondent.

Jazzmine?

"I believe in having my set placed near the ceiling," a reader informs us. That is one way of raising the output.

"The inside of a wireless set is a complete mystery to me," declares a listener. Now he knows where the term "baffle-board" comes in.

In reply to MRS. GRANT-WHISTLE (Middle Tooting), who complains that speakers on her radio sound as if they had "sore throats," it is unlikely that rubbing the loud-speaker with camphorated oil will improve matters.

Roy Fox has bought a greyhound for racing. There's a joke here somewhere, if we could only think of it.

"I have spent two years getting my radio perfect," confesses an enthusiast. Obviously a man of set purpose.

There are 142 miles of wire in Broadcasting House, or nearly the length of our aerial lead-in at home.

Television performers have to colour their lips black. One highly respectable B.B.C. official has been a week explaining to his wife that the black smudge on his cheek was caused through a spot of bother with the chimney.

The old interval "knocks," CURIOUS (Wit's End), were achieved by a row of announcers, each dropping aitches so that they fell to the ground with a dull thud.

Heard of the fellow who calls his set "Dorothy McBlain" because it whistles in a peculiar manner?

A LARGE NUMBER OF LISTENERS WANTED

MYSTERY OF INTERPLANETARY SPACE TO BE PENETRATED MASS LISTENING MAY SUCCEED WHERE ISOLATED SCIENTISTS FAIL

Ralph Stranger, the well-known Technical Author, forms a Research League

WIRELESS ECHOES

Professor E. V. Appleton, D.Sc., F.R.S. (of Appleton layer fame) and a number of other distinguished European scientists have devoted a great deal of time during the last few years to the study of the so-called *Wireless Echoes* from Space.

As you know, a transmitting aerial, unless specially oriented, normally radiates wireless waves in all directions. Some of these waves, carrying a given signal, proceed along the surface of the earth, some of them go up into space.

But very few of them can leave the earth as there are in the upper reaches of our atmosphere and beyond three known layers of electrified atoms—layers D, E and F, which send the waves back to earth, thus making long range communication possible. The layer D, 30 miles up, reflects back to earth very long wireless waves. The layer E (the Kennelly-Heaviside layer), about 65 miles up, reflects long and medium waves. The layer F (the Appleton Layer), on the average 150 miles up, reflects most of the short waves. Some of the waves, however, are able to penetrate all the known layers, and *escape into the inter-planetary space*. This depends, largely, upon the wavelength and the angle at which the waves strike the layers.

But, it appears, that even these waves are not allowed to escape altogether. There is something else in space, apart from the three known layers, which sends the waves back.

A LISTENER'S DISCOVERY

In 1927 a Dutch listener discovered that during the reception of signals from Eindhoven the same signal could be heard three times (wireless echoes). After the original signal was received, the first echo arrived from the opposite direction one-seventh of a second later, and a second echo was heard three seconds later. Now, the first echo is easily accounted for by the fact that the circumference of the earth is approximately 24,800 miles and the speed of wireless waves is 186,000 miles per second, which gives us a seventh of a second interval between the original signal and the first echo. But where did the third signal come from? A three-second interval means that the wave has travelled some 558,000 miles before it returned to earth. Since it went into space and came back again, at a uniform speed and in a given time, the medium which reflected it would appear to be situated at half that distance, i.e., 279,000 miles away from the earth's surface!

In 1928 wireless echoes were obtained after a lapse of fifteen seconds. Professor Appleton has heard in London an echo after a lapse of twenty-five seconds which appears to imply that the wave was reflected by some mysterious body or medium at a point of 2,325,000 miles away from our planet!

A MYSTERIOUS MEDIUM

What can there be in space 2,325,000 miles away? Is this mysterious "something" a layer of electrified atoms, an extensive cloud of some cosmic matter, some unknown solid body, or merely a stream of corpuscles from the sun?

Is this reflecting medium, whatever it is, moving with the Solar System or has it a motion of its own?

Why do wireless echoes, travelling into space as far out as nine times the distance between the earth and the moon, behave differently, as they do, during the different seasons, and why are they affected by polar lights and sun spots?

At how many points on the earth's surface can a wireless echo be received simultaneously?

There are many theories, but experimental data are lacking.

The whole thing is, at the moment, a mystery.

There is a race in scientific research in connection with wireless echoes. It is hoped that, with the aid of the vast listening British public, this race may be won by a British scientist.

MASS LISTENING

The idea of mass listening with a scientific aim is, I believe, a novel one. Science, in the whole of its history, has never had such a wonderful opportunity of obtaining so quickly a vast mass of results. Up to the present all research in connection with the study of the outer space has been conducted by a few isolated scientists who could ascertain what is happening only in their locality. There were too few people working on the problem. What is wanted, in this particular case, is a very large number of people experimenting under definite direction and comparing results.

No special scientific qualifications are required for this purpose on the part of the listening experimenters. A number of scientific laboratories such as N.P.L. and Government research institutions will be approached and requested to co-operate in order to carry out all the necessary measurements and photographing with the help of cathode ray oscillographs. All that the listeners need is a wireless set capable of receiving short waves (any existing receiver can be adopted for this purpose easily and very cheaply, without interfering with it in any way, just by means of a small external addition, and without any interference with the reception of usual programmes), an ordinary watch and a few minutes a week listening. Each experiment will take only about five minutes, at a time.

Thus, it is obvious, that, given a certain amount of interest, enthusiasm and national pride in the progress of British science, the vast British listening public in this country and throughout the Empire can be of the greatest possible help in solving a number of highly important scientific problems.

Such mass listening, if it is to produce tangible results, must be organised. Regular transmissions must be arranged. Each problem must be explained as simply as possible and each experiment directed.

HOW EXPERIMENTS ARE TO BE CONDUCTED

With this in view it has been arranged to proceed as follows: A League of Listener-Experimenters is to be formed throughout the world. A number of powerful transmitters in this country and abroad will send out at fixed times strong characteristic signals which cannot be possibly mistaken for something else.

A number of scientific institutions throughout the world will measure and photograph the signals and the echoes received.

The listening public will be told clearly what to do.

As soon as the signal is given and the echoes are received, each listener belonging to the League will write to a given address and state his or her results.

Such results obtained from all over the world will then be collected, counted, analysed, and the conclusion will be published.

Professor E. V. Appleton has expressed his full approval of the aims of the League, and it was he who suggested that the first problem (other scientists will deal with other problems) to be attacked should be that of *long-delayed echoes*. He kindly promised to co-operate in directing the experimental work and assisting in the League's progress.

KEEPING IN TOUCH WITH MEMBERS

The next problem is to keep Professor Appleton and his brother scientists in constant touch with the millions of listener-experimenters spread throughout the world.

This was solved by the Editor of the B.B.C. technical journal, *World-Radio*, who has offered the hospitality of the columns of his paper to the members of the league.

THE STARTING DATE

It has been decided to start work on May 4. This will give us roughly a month to arrange all the preliminary work and complete the enrolment of members. In the issue of *World-Radio* dated May 4 Professor Appleton will inaugurate the work of the first experiment with a simple explanation of the problem and the precise methods of research. Other scientists will follow, and, from then onwards, week after week, the members of the League will be guided and advised in their work.

W.R.R.L.

It has been decided to call the organisation "WORLD RADIO RESEARCH LEAGUE."

Throughout April we shall be enlisting members. Thanks to the interest of the Editor of *World-Radio*, there is no expense involved in connection with the formation and the running of the League, and, for this reason, there are no entrance fees or any subscriptions, all work done being purely voluntary work.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO NOW

All you have to do, therefore, is to fill in the coupon below and to send it off to the address indicated in an open envelope with a halfpenny stamp, unless you are writing a letter as well. The next job is to instruct your newsagent to reserve for you a copy of *World-Radio*, starting with the issue of May 4, and until further notice.

HOW TO POPULARISE THE LEAGUE

It is important that everybody interested in this research work should do his or her best to widen the area of interest.

Please show this announcement to all your friends possessing wireless sets.

Teachers and Lecturers are specially requested to draw the attention of their classes to our activities.

Please write in block capital letters.

To RALPH STRANGER, (R.M.)
 Hon. Secretary, W.R.R.L.,
 C/o Editor, *World-Radio*, B.B.C.
 Broadcasting House, Portland Place,
 London, W.1, England

Please enrol me as a member of the W.R.R.L.

Name (Mr., Mrs., Miss).....

Address.....

.....

Scientific Qualifications (if any).....

.....

Type of receiver available.....

.....

(State type and make of set, number of valves and if battery or mains supply.)

Type of Transmitter (if any).....

..... Call Sign.....



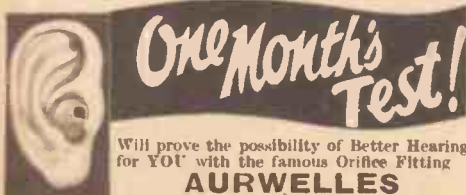
Quickly and safely ends the discomfort and danger of a cold in the head

First thing every morning put a drop of 'Vapex' on your handkerchief and breathe the germicidal vapour.

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-.

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

V106



One Month's Test!
Will prove the possibility of Better Hearing for YOU with the famous Orifice Fitting **AURWELLES**
The smallest in the World.
No Cords or Batteries—No attachments of any kind. No rubber to get hot. Strain and headache relief.
DEAFNESS DEFEATED
This simple inconspicuous way has meant Hearing for thousands in all stations of life. **DON'T DELAY—HEAR TO-DAY. CALL FOR FREE TEST**, or write for details and **FREE HOME TEST OFFER**. Consultations 9-6 daily.
DENT (Suite 98) 309 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1 (Coloured building and square clock.) Mayfair 1380/171.8
Service Bureaux in many Big Towns.

"SUCH A MAN OF THE WORLD"

(Continued from page 14)

them; it was still audible above the crackling of atmospherics which greeted their new friend's efforts to tune in Daventry. He hoped that the sound of it would not tempt Cynthia back to the café.

"Ah!" said the wireless merchant. "Ah, here it is, your English Daventry," and, through the crackling came the sound of music—a tune that seemed vaguely familiar. The music faded down and a voice that was more than vaguely familiar spoke from the ether.

"Good evening, beautiful British audience," it said. "Permit me to introduce to you for the ninth time, my orchestra of the Café Colette!"

Cynthia looked at Albert. Albert looked at the floor. The band on the radio began to play a fast one-step. The band in the café next door was playing a slow waltz. The wireless dealer still thinks his two visitors were quite mad. Cynthia walked out into the street and saw the real name of the café. Albert tried to explain that it was all a mistake. He never really succeeded.

It was a very quiet and thoughtful Albert who left Paris with his wife the next day. To both of them the capital of France had lost most of its glamour.

Back in S.W.16 both were very reticent about their visit—despite the curiosity of their friends and relations.

Mrs. Aimes sometimes says to her husband, "You know, Cyril, our Albert seems to have changed. He used to be such a man of the world—cosmopolitan, if you see what I mean."

Indispensable to Every Wireless Enthusiast

MR. RALPH STRANGER, who is a master of lucidity, has produced in this book a valuable and fully explained synopsis of technical terms that everybody can understand. It will prove indispensable to everybody who reads technical books and journals. Fully illustrated throughout.

DICTIONARY OF WIRELESS TERMS

By RALPH STRANGER

Obtainable at all Bookstalls, or by post 2/10 from George Newnes, Ltd., 8-11, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2. **2/6**

"I've often scribbled odd things," said the Casual Caller. "You know—something in the paper sets the old pen scratching. That's about as far as I've ever got. . . . That's as far as a lot of people get; just "scribble odd things"—and leave it at that. The London Editorial College was founded in 1928 with the object of training ordinary people to become successful writers. "Successful"—not to the extent of producing writers of best sellers—but in training ordinary people to write for both pleasure AND profit. If the above strikes a responsive chord in your mind, you will find it worth while to send for our Free Booklet and Specimen Lesson. Please write, 'phone, or call—

LONDON EDITORIAL COLLEGE
(Dept. R.M.) 12-13 HENRIETTA ST., W.C.2
Telephone: Temple Bar 6167



The Best Pen I have Ever Used

A STRAIGHTFORWARD, genuine ALL-BRITISH pen, free from fantastic features and with no complicated parts to get out of order.

There is a "Conway Stewart" to please everybody, in colour, design and price.

STANDARD MODEL
OF ALL STATIONERS AND STORES

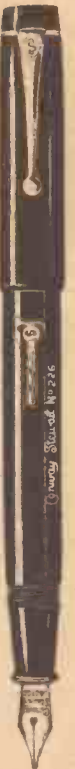
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Guaranteed by the Manufacturers: **CONWAY STEWART & CO., LTD.**

75/82, Shoe Lane, London, E. C. 4.

OTHER MODELS FROM 5/6

The Conway Stewart PEN



All-ways the Best

FOR SHORT HAIR.—"My friends have all passed remarks about my curls and will hardly believe it is from curlers I get such lovely hair."—A letter from Gloucester.

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MISS D. MBROWNING, Tollington Park, London, N.4, writes: "Although I live in London and find that the National and London Regional stations are naturally the easiest to tune in, the majority of my listening is to the Regional stations. Both Midland and North Regional provide excellent programmes, and it seems to me that these two provincial centres easily outdo the rest of the B.B.C. on the matter of obtaining informative and entertaining material for their broadcasts. Although these programmes do not consist of the 'big names' which are available at headquarters, I think that they are far more interesting from a listener's point of view—which shows that broadcasting is gradually creating a retinue of artists of its own."

I am inclined to agree. The policy of the B.B.C. is to encourage initiative among the Regional stations.

MISS R. WINTER, Bancroft Avenue, East Finchley, writes: "Let me say right away that I am a satisfied listener. I am not one of those who write to the press just because there is nothing to my taste one evening. If I had to pay £10 a year instead of ten shillings I should consider that I received wonderful value for my money. At the same time I believe in making the best use of my modern set—a four-valve super-het—and constantly listen to overseas broadcasts. While listening the other day I heard a programme which might well be copied by the B.B.C. This is broadcast by several American stations as the closing item to their day's programmes. It is called the 'Slumber Hour,' and is intended as a quiet round-off after the turmoil of the day. Could not the B.B.C. adopt this idea instead of the noisy dance music we now hear? Instead, we could have dreamy Viennese music, a violin solo, a short story, and a few solos by a first-class singer. This would be what I might call a secular Epilogue."



An excellent idea. The only thing against it is that it would involve more trouble and cost than the present relays of dance music.



N. V. HARRIS, 21 St. Andrew's Park, Southborough, Kent, writes: "Why is it that the B.B.C.

seems to follow some bands about like a little dog? Directly Lew Stone leaves Monseigneur we promptly cease to have relays from that restaurant. Surely a good band must have succeeded Lew Stone's? There must be quite a few hotels and restaurants in London and the provinces with good bands, worth broadcasting, playing in them. Another point: I think many listeners would appreciate an increase in the number of hotel orchestras and theatre orchestras to be broadcast. These studio orchestras are all very well, but don't we get a bit too much of them?"

The B.B.C. are extending their dance band arrangements so that, in future, they will not be confined to hotels.

Quoth the READER

MRS. SMITH, Seaside Road, Eastbourne, writes: "Now that summer is nearly here, I hope that the B.B.C. can be persuaded to rearrange their programmes so that they fit in with the long light evenings now on the way. We want programmes of a lighter character, and I suggest that none of them—not even variety shows—should last more than three-quarters of an hour. If we are to be persuaded to listen to talks they must not be on any heavy subject. If they are to be educational, I suggest that they have a definitely summery flavour—such as talks for housewives on suitable dishes and drinks, talks on hiking and motoring routes, where to spend one's holidays, and impromptu discussions on events of the day. I also suggest that the 'high spots' of the programmes should not begin until 9 p.m., by which time recreation will be almost over and we shall be ready to sit down in the twilight and listen in. Most people stay up late in the summer, and I do not think the programmes proper should end as early as 10.30."



Your suggestions are excellent. The B.B.C. are already formulating important plans which will make summer, 1934, a star season in British broadcasting.

G. H. RICE, 24 Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, W.12, writes: "I am one of those unfortunate, unenlightened individuals who prefer dance music and light entertainment to symphony concerts, quintets, readings, and so on. I am well aware that this form of entertainment has more time devoted to it during the week than any other. But why, Sunday after Sunday, I am denied even a single hour of enjoyment passes my understanding. I may be told that dance music is not sufficiently uplifting or that I may be encouraged to sin by dancing on Sunday. I can see no point, however, in either of these arguments."

If you will carefully study the programmes you will see that a measure of dance music is being introduced into the programmes by theatre orchestras and other musical combinations



MRS. A. MBROOKMAN, Enid Street, London, E., writes: "My two young children were very excited to see pictures of the mysterious and glamorous beings they hear in the Children's Hour, but I must confess that they were not nearly so enthusiastic as I was myself. I suppose that they are typically sophisticated children of the new generation, but they seem to prefer listening to Henry Hall's band unless there is something 'extra special' in the Children's Hour. I myself must admit that I find the Children's Hour the most entertaining item broadcast by the B.B.C."



Other letters indicate that the Children's Hour has as many adult listeners as children, while Henry Hall is certainly an idol of tens of thousands of youngsters.

MISS L. ROBINSON, Killinghall Road, Bradford, writes: "RADIO MAGAZINE is performing a wonderful service by telling us about the people who entertain us. Until now they have been—just voices. What



appeals to me especially is that you have persuaded so many of the women artists to describe their clothes, and—in the last issue—how they dress their hair. Is it too much to expect that we can hope for more beauty articles of this kind? It is not that I am a radio fan or any other kind of fan, but I realize that subconsciously almost every young woman these days models herself on some star she sees on the screen, and it seems to me that these clever and beautiful women you write about could also provide less fortunate people like myself with some worth-while wrinkles."

RADIO MAGAZINE will continue to reveal the personalities behind the voices you hear. There will be more beauty articles of the kind you ask for; another appears elsewhere in this issue.

N. HURST, 87 High Street, Wimbledon, S.W.19, writes: "Now that English pronunciation on the wireless has become reasonably standardized, what about trying to attain some measure of uniformity in pronouncing foreign names, such as those of well-known composers? Take Smetena, for instance. During the past few days I have heard B.B.C. announcers render this composer's name as 'Smet-enner,' 'Smet-ah-nah,' and so on. Messenger, too, has been dished up variously disguised as 'Mess-age-er' and 'Mess-ah-jhay'! Really, if matters get much worse some of the announcers may have to resort to spelling out the names of composers, as our genial friend, Christopher Stone, sometimes does when confronted with something really unpronounceable on a record label."

Your experience is rather exceptional. Generally speaking, there are very few mistakes.



NOTE: Ten shillings is paid to the sender of each letter published. Letters can deal with any topical aspect of radio.

MUSIC MAKERS



No. 2: HAYDN WOOD

COMPOSED "ROSES OF PICARDY"

In a flat looking on to Baker Street Station lives Haydn ("Roses of Picardy") Wood, whose latest work, "Mannin Veen," surpasses anything he has yet written. This is the opinion of both the critics and himself. "Mannin Veen," a tone poem based on four Manx folk songs, was written with the object of introducing the beauty of traditional Manx music to the British public. The composer is a perpetual "no-man's-land" between Yorkshire and the Isle of Man, which both lay claim to his origin. Actually Haydn Wood was born in Yorkshire, but went to live in the Isle of Man when two years old.

He studied at the Royal College of Music and became a violinist of outstanding merit. Thirty years ago he wrote a little piece called "Springtime," for which a publisher gave him five guineas.

Contrast this little deal with the five figure revenue issuing from the composer's gigantic war-time success, "Roses of Picardy." Curiously enough Haydn Wood had heard about the lyric which accompanies this song some time before he actually saw it. He was conducting at a Bournemouth festival at the time, and the late Sir Henry Brewer mentioned that the lyric had been sent to him by the author, Fred E. Weatherly, for setting, and Sir Henry had rejected it. Not long afterwards Weatherly submitted the lyric to Haydn Wood. Result: one of the biggest ballad successes of all time.



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Mr. W. MUNNS,
9, Suffolk Road,
Kirkdale, Liverpool,
4, writes:—

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GALLERY OF SINGERS



No. 4: VIVIENNE CHATTERTON

VOCALIST WHO PREFERS ACTING

During the very earliest days of broadcasting Vivienne Chatterton took part in an experimental concert from Marconi House. Immediately after her group of songs a friend living at Hendon rang her up to say that she had been heard quite clearly. Reception over ten miles was something of an event in those days.

She has also the distinction of taking an active part in one of the first radio romances. She married Stanton Jefferies, then a principal official of the old British Broadcasting Company. They now have a lovely cottage at Lyme Regis.

Vivienne Chatterton has broadcast in dozens of types of radio programmes. Her principal claim to inclusion in the gallery of singers is the universal interest she has created in mid-Victorian ballads, of which she has made a special study. The intimate knowledge of nineteenth century life which she gleaned from these gave rise to the characters of Charlotte and Mamma which she often utilizes in her cameo sketches.

In addition, she is equally at home in operatic and oratorio programmes. Musical comedy also does not come amiss.

Although she has undoubtedly made her radio name through the versatility of her singing, she confesses that she much prefers acting. She took up singing chiefly because it is in her blood. She is the youngest of ten children, all of whom were decidedly musical. A singing career was just a matter of course.

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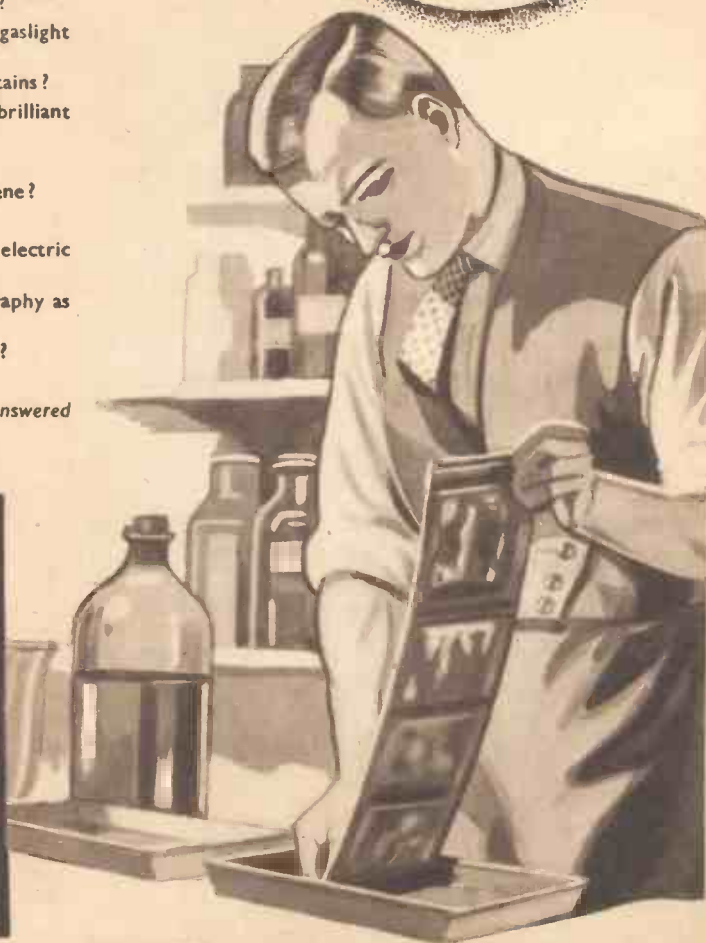
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