

LONDON CALLING

THE OVERSEAS JOURNAL OF THE BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION



Firemen have suffered heavy casualties in the bombing of London, and a benevolent fund has been started. In May, Mr. Bertram Cruger, of the British War Relief Society, handed over a cheque for £5,000 to Major Jackson, Officer Commanding the London Fire Service. The simple ceremony took place at a badly bombed fire station: dirt-smeared firemen stopped work on dangerous walls in a nearby street for a few moments to welcome this magnificent gift from the U.S.A.

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London Calling

The Overseas Journal of the
British Broadcasting Corporation

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RECENTLY an advertisement appeared in the Portuguese press and it was headed:—
**GERMANY SPEAKS
AND THE WORLD HEARS HER.**

The British Embassy soon replied with this:—

**THE VOICE OF LONDON SPEAKS
AND THE WORLD BELIEVES IT.**

The House of Commons

IN London we are hardening our hearts against the damage done to famous and beautiful buildings. It is difficult in some moods even to believe that the House of Commons is now charred and roofless; that the Chamber, where so many fateful events of the last hundred years have been watched and debated, is in ruins.

Yet a Parliament that goes back to Simon de Montfort, and draws from the ancient stem of our Greek allies the very word democracy, has roots stronger than any building. Londoners are becoming accustomed to moving into new quarters and finding that the essentials of their work are unchanged, even if the surroundings are different.

Robin Duff was there

ON the night of the raid that rocked Big Ben and damaged both the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey, our commentator Robin Duff was on the spot. In the article on the opposite page he supplements his recent broadcast description.

Curiously enough, no microphone had ever been permitted inside the House of Commons before Robin Duff told his story from within the damaged Chamber; during his broadcast and for many days afterwards a dark green eyeshade bore witness to the effect of the blast and dust upon his eyes.

'Stone of Destiny' Undamaged

THE famous 'Stone of Destiny' escaped damage when Westminster Abbey was bombed. The stone was believed in medieval times to have been Jacob's pillow at Bethel, and to have been brought to Ireland and thence to Scotland. It was brought from Seone to Westminster Abbey by Edward I in 1296, and now lies beneath the Coronation chair in the Confessor's Chapel in the Abbey. The Kings of Scotland were crowned on the stone from time immemorial, as have been the Kings of England since Edward II.

Fire-watching Deans

DR. LABILLIERE, the Dean of Westminster, saw his own home burnt during the same night. He had been for months doing his share in A.R.P. duties at the Abbey, and had always made a point of visiting the fire-fighters on duty. In the Pyx Chapel, oldest part of the

Abbey, midnight conversations ranged from the likelihood of a raid in the next ten minutes to authoritative views on the early fathers.

The Dean's chief thought after the destruction of his home was that his loss mattered little compared with the safety of the Abbey.

Mr. Anthony Eden at the Coliseum

MR. ANTHONY EDEN recently made an unexpected appearance on the stage of one of London's most famous music-halls—the Coliseum. The occasion was the All-Services and Allied Club Variety show, part of which was broadcast. Mr. Eden said that he was not there to make a speech but to welcome a unique gathering representative of every service of the fighting forces and home defence. Also among the audience were representatives of many allied countries, and four of the boxes were occupied by BBC commentators taking notes for talks—in at least a dozen languages—to their various compatriots.

Music for France

LETTERS from occupied countries, commenting on our services, and even asking for particular kinds of broadcasts, continue to reach us. From France there have been many requests lately for the playing of more military music—especially the *Marseillaise*—and these provide moving testimony to the power of music in linking the Allies and gathering new courage for their cause.

One Frenchman writes: "Everyone feels what it is that makes these transmissions so valuable. We hear a voice, which, being free, has the power to speak the truth, but this is not the only reason for its prestige. This free voice is also a French voice." So from within France comes the echo of the Free French voice.

Dutch Convictions

QUEN WILHELMINA recently broadcast to the Dutch people and also to the home front in England. She spoke of the strength of the unconquered Dutch Empire and the stubborn resistance of the people of occupied Holland. "Hitler," she says, "has never succeeded in invading the Dutch spirit. We have but one conviction that our resistance must be absolute." In the meantime, news comes from Holland that listening to the BBC and "Radio Orange" is increasing. We quote from M. van Blankenstein in the *Spectator*: "Everybody listens to the BBC and 'Radio Orange,' a programme broadcast from London under the auspices of the Netherlands Government. The German and Dutch Nazi stations and the Goebbels newspapers are not trusted at all. When the war situation is discussed in private, the Hollanders talk about the news heard from London, which is familiar to everybody."

Honouring the Home Guard

THE first anniversary of the foundation of the Home Guard, the great army of volunteers for home defence, was marked by an actuality programme broadcast in foreign languages to our European listeners. This consisted of recordings made during the past year which illustrated the work of the Home Guard throughout the country. The highlight of the programme was a recording made when the H.G. mounted guard at Buckingham Palace recently by command of His Majesty the King.

Eastern Service's News Commentator

A REGULAR contributor to our Sunday News Commentary in the Eastern Service is E. A. Montague of the *Manchester Guardian*, who was formerly known to the world as an Olympic runner. He ran in the Olympic Games of 1924, and likes to think that he

is one of the few living Englishmen to have beaten a Finn. In 1936 he was at the Olympic Games again, but this time as a reporter in Berlin. He shared then a room with H. M. Abrahams, who won the 100 metres in 1924. But Abrahams and Montague did not enjoy their stay in Berlin. They were regarded with suspicion and ill-concealed hate by the German staff of the hotel, and soon discovered that their every telephone call was listened to by Dr. Goebbels' Ministry.

E.N.S.A.'s New Statue

THE Entertainments National Service Association, familiarly known as E.N.S.A., which was set up at the beginning of the war and now provides entertainment of all kinds for the troops and civilian war workers, was recently given official Government recognition in the form of a Treasury grant. The occasion was celebrated by a luncheon at the Savoy Hotel, London, and it was at this luncheon that Mr. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, announced the sinking of the German battleship *Bismarck*. His audience of three hundred, which included many stage stars, several Cabinet Ministers, and other celebrities, clapped and cheered like schoolboys. Among the speakers were His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, who presided; Sir Kingsley Wood, Chancellor of the Exchequer; and Mr. Basil Dean, Director of E.N.S.A., who expressed his appreciation of the grant by referring to the Treasury as "channing people." Mr. George Formby, the well-known Lancashire comedian, also spoke, though he did not occupy his usual place at the top of the bill. His turn came between Lady Louis Mountbatten and Mr. F. W. Ogilvie, Director-General of the BBC.

Next Week

CCROSSING the Atlantic when you know that an unseen battle is being waged all around you—and may envelop your own ship at any moment—is a vastly different proposition from crossing in peacetime." So says the master of a British ocean-going ship which has made thirteen round trips to Canada since the war began, and in next week's issue of LONDON CALLING he gives from his own experiences a first-hand account of the Battle of the Atlantic—that battle upon which the issue of the war depends.

American Eagle Squadron to be Filmed

BBRITISH war films are on the increase, and two more of particular interest have just been scheduled for production. The first is called *Eagles Up*, and tells of the part played in the R.A.F. by American pilots—the famous Eagle Squadron. The second, as yet unnamed, portrays the Anzacs' outstanding rôle in the war.

Full official collaboration has been promised for both films. They are to be produced by George King and John Stafford, who also sponsored *The First of the Few*, story of R. J. Mitchell, creator of the 'Spitfire,' which Leslie Howard will direct and in which he will star.

Coincidence

THE London *Evening Standard* tells a good story of General Ralph Royce, who is coming from New York to London as Assistant Military Air Attaché. At the British Embassy in Washington he was told that he would be flown from Canada to England in an American-built bomber. "By the way," said the official, "the Flight Commander on your trip is named Royce. Ralph Scott Royce. Isn't that a coincidence?" General Royce took a deep breath. "More than you realise," he replied. "He is my son."

ROBIN DUFF, the news commentator whom you frequently hear in 'Radio Newsreel' and other BBC programmes, was at Westminster on the night of May 10 when the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, and Westminster School were damaged by fire and high explosives. Here is his dramatic account of that night

'Fire at the Palace of Westminster'



Tangled steel work, shattered masonry, and charred timber are all that remain of the House of Commons Debating Chamber

German bombs may destroy buildings, but they cannot destroy free discussion, the basis of democracy. Here is a picture of a State opening of Parliament in peacetime



I WAS in one of London's main Fire Stations when the sirens sounded the old familiar wail. Without any good reason we were all convinced that there was going to be a 'blitz' before the night was out. After a few minutes we heard the uneven drone of twin-engined bombers, flying in pairs. As each pair came over the noise grew to a crescendo, and we waited to hear the whistle of the bombs. But for the first twenty minutes the planes passed over, and nothing came down. We rang up the main station in another part of London and heard that high explosives were coming down there at the rate of about one a minute. It sounded

as though our first job would be to go and give some help at the other end of the City.

Ten minutes later every telephone in the Watch Room was ringing. Men were taking down addresses as fast as they could write; messages were punching out on the tape machines, and the alarm rang in the station itself. In less than a minute the big swing doors were open, and the appliances were on their way—not only from our station, but from every post in the district. The drone of the bombers and the sounds of bombs falling were mixed with the din of fire bells. So far all the calls had been to private houses, shops, and blocks of flats.

Then came this one: 'Fire at the Palace of Westminster.' The Chief Superintendent, who had been itching to get out, took this as his cue; and three minutes later we were on our way. We wasted no time on the road, and there was no slowing at cross-roads; our bells were going, and it was up to other cars—if any were about—to keep clear. More than once our driver swerved suddenly to avoid a new bomb crater, and glass and debris crunched under the wheels. We passed Buckingham Palace, looking strangely gaunt against a sky of flickering red, and then on into Parliament Square.

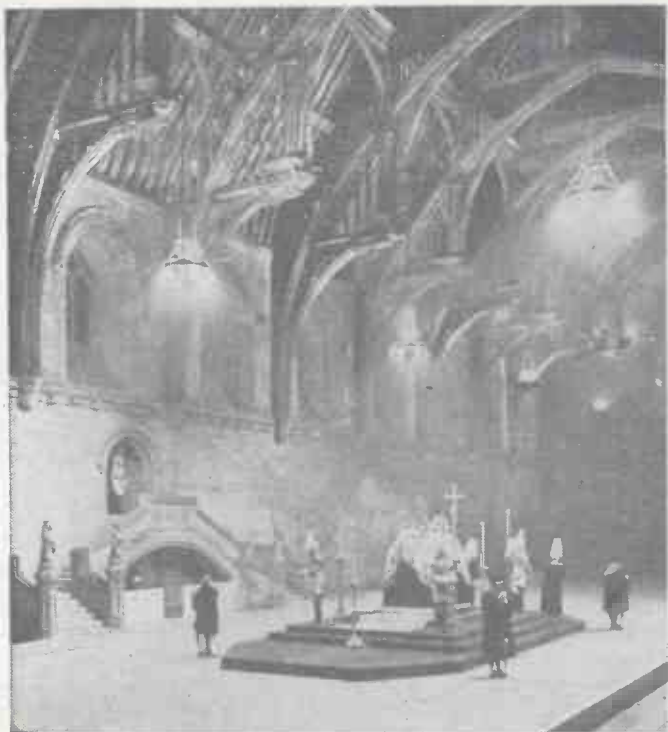
When we got into Parliament Square we saw that the fire was in Westminster Hall. The small rooms along one side—the side that faces Oliver Cromwell's statue—were well alight. There was another fire on the roof of the Victoria Tower, the highest part of the Houses of Parliament; but already the firemen who had been standing by on duty had got that under control.

The fire in the Hall itself was a difficult one to fight, with the deep moat in front, and the Hall itself behind. More pumps were ordered on, and we found our way into the building through a small side door. The building was filled with smoke, and the flames were licking the frames of the windows.



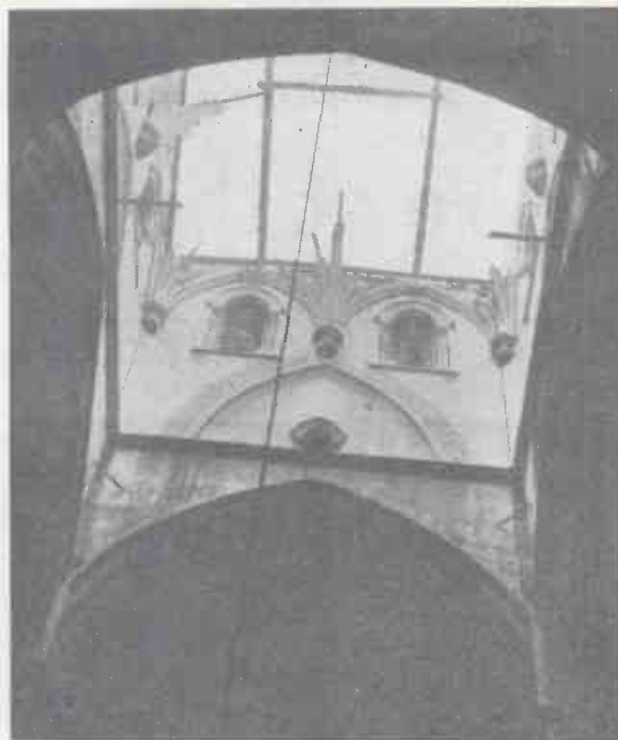
The Dean of Westminster, his tin hat in his hand, looks on while workmen take away the debris in front of the High Altar in Westminster Abbey

(Continued overleaf)



Westminster Hall—'I thought for a moment of the last time I had been in this great historic building . . . when, watched over by the Yeomen of the Guard, the coffin of King George V lay in state'

The gaping hole in the roof of Westminster Abbey caused by Nazi fire bombs. The burning roof crashed on to the very place where King George and Queen Elizabeth had stood at their coronation exactly four years before



I thought for a moment of the last time I had been in this great and historic building: the time when it was banked high with flowers and, watched over by the Yeomen of the Guard, the coffin of King George the Fifth lay in state. On the floor at my feet was a brass plate, recording for history the exact spot where King George had received the loyal addresses of his Lords and Commons at the time of his Silver Jubilee. Now it was just another building on fire.

Conditions were not made easier by the bombs that were falling every few minutes; but fairly soon the Chief Superintendent sent back a message to Fire Brigade Headquarters to say that the fire was under control.

Big Ben's Chimes Rang Out

Two minutes later, while the driver was still sending the message, we heard the roar of another bomb—the roar that tells you that this one hasn't got your name far off it. There was a crash, and we found ourselves thrown along the road, with rubble falling on our backs. I looked up at Big Ben, and saw only a cloud of black smoke. Then the chimes rang out, and we knew that that at least was safe.

It was not long before we knew what had happened. Bursts of flame shot up from the roof of Westminster Hall and from the whole length of the Chamber of the House of Commons. All along the House small fires were burning.

Every man there was working feverishly. Some were fighting the fire from the Star Courtyard, directly under the wall of the Chamber; and three of us went up to the passage joining the Cabinet Ministers' Offices to the Chamber. With me was the Firemaster of Dunfermline, a thorough-going Scot who had come down to London to see a real blitz.

Our job was to see that the flames did not spread across the passage, and so run towards Big Ben. We were searching for hydrants, with no idea of the lay-out, when our driver—we call him 'Dusty'—joined us. He is another Scot, with all the courage you could want; and by the end of that night I felt I could cheerfully go through hell with him, and trust him and his judgment every time. He had been the first into the building, and already he knew where to look for things. He showed us a couple of hydrants; and we got the hoses to work through the door behind the Speaker's Chair into the blazing Chamber.

Bomb Explodes in the Commons

Very soon there was a great rumbling, ending in a crash. A delayed-action bomb had exploded inside the burning building, and the outer wall had been hurled into the Courtyard below. There must have been about thirty men in that Courtyard when the wall came down. Now it was filled with huge blocks of stone, and it looked as though there was not more than a square foot anywhere where a man could have lived. The only casualty among those thirty men was one badly sprained arm.

By this time two hoses had been brought up to work at the doorway where we were. We went up one floor higher to find out whether the ceiling above the passage was safe. It was burning pretty fiercely, and the further wall was alight. Once again 'Dusty' saved the situation. He knew where there was a stirrup pump and, giving me the nozzle,

pumped water to it from a bucket under the nearest tap. It seemed rather pathetic to play this little jet on to a fire of this size, but it did its job.

Bombs were still coming down, and burning embers from the Commons had started fires in other parts of the building; but the firemen managed to get to them all, and these were soon all out. Later the main fire in the Chamber was checked and, though every part of the room where six hundred and fifteen members of the House of Commons had sat was destroyed, the rest of this vast building was saved. By morning the fire was out, and with it the fire in Westminster Hall. Part of the magnificent roof had gone, and some of the famous hammer-beams were damaged. The floor was knee-deep in water, with charred timber floating in it; but once this had been cleared away we could see that the damage was not great.

'Its beam fell on to the tomb of the Unknown Warrior'

While the House of Commons was burning, fire broke out behind us in Dean's Yard, the Abbey Cloisters, and the Deanery, and in the lovely buildings of Westminster School. Getting these fires under was only a matter of time; but it was very different when one of the highest parts of the Abbey roof burst into flames. When this happened I went into the Abbey. It was filled with smoke. The only light came from 'Dusty's' torch, and as we went in its beam fell on to the tomb of the Unknown Warrior.

Only one part of the roof was alight—the part called the Lantern—and we could see that it was going to be a very hard job to check the fire there. Water was needed at about a hundred and fifty feet above the ground. 'Dusty' and the Dunfermline Firemaster ran up and down the flight of two hundred stairs, and, by luck, found a pulley that had been left by some workmen and with it they got the hoses to the top. The pressure was all right, and soon great jets of water were pouring down into the Abbey through the timbers of the Lantern.

An hour later the roof crashed on to the floor below, and the fire was out. The roof had fallen on to the very place where King George and Queen Elizabeth had stood at their Coronation exactly four years before.

By morning we could get a clear picture of what the raid on Westminster had achieved. Westminster School was badly damaged, and the lovely old Deanery was completely destroyed. Part of the Abbey was littered with debris, but only the Lantern had suffered. The Chamber of the Commons was gutted, the Members' Lobby blasted, and parts of the House of Lords had suffered. It was a sad sight; but the damage was incomparably smaller than had at first seemed possible.

Not a Life Lost

All through that night of May 10 the Chief Superintendent had directed operations with the greatest possible skill, and firemen of all ranks had worked with magnificent courage and determination. By some miracle, not one of them had lost his life at this fire.

When we left Westminster a blood-red sun was climbing up the sky, and the last glow in the roof of Westminster Hall had faded.

'This Strange Army of the Shadows'

'They are spare-time soldiers, men who work all day on the roads and in the fields, in factories or offices; therefore they have no time to train in anything but the essentials of warfare for which they volunteered . . . bound together by something more effective than ordinary discipline—by something which is a mixture of local pride and the comradeship of free men'

ONE of the oddest things about the English is that they loathe militarism and yet they take to soldiering as if it was second nature. I was born an Irishman myself, so I can speak with some detachment. The British carry this dislike of militarism to extraordinary—you may say to foolhardy—lengths. For instance, an Act of Parliament has to be specially passed every year in order to keep the British Army in existence at all. Again, though Englishmen have a great love of colour and pageantry, it is still the custom in peacetime for Army officers to wear mufti off duty. It is all part of the Briton's stubborn reluctance to encourage anything which might endanger his hard-won civil liberties, of course; part of the English tradition of insularity and independence. But it is also part of this tradition that, when the country is threatened, every able-bodied Englishman takes up arms. So there is in fact nothing so very odd about the lightning growth of the Home Guard in 1940.

You remember the circumstances. Holland's defensive waterways had been made useless by parachute invasion. France was cracking. We looked at the narrow strip of sea between us and the German hordes. And we wondered if they couldn't jump that as easily as they had jumped the Dutch waterline. That was when Eden called for volunteers for the L.D.V. That was when the militarism-detesting English rose up—one and a half millions of them—out of every town and village and field, and agreed to defend their country without pay.

We were a queer sort of army in those early days. I remember seeing an illustrated article about us in an American magazine. Hair-raising



Keeping guard in an outlying Kentish lane—a photograph taken last year when Home Guardsmen had more enthusiasm than equipment



Camouflaging a Home Guardsman in an anti-tank position—a picture taken at recent Home Guard manoeuvres in Bedfordshire

pictures of German dive-bombers and amphibian tanks on the one side and a rabble of civilians with shot-guns on the other. Well, that picture was not so far from the truth—when it was published. But it didn't stay true for long. You remember the fascinating account in Thomas Hardy's novel, *The Trumpet-Major*, of village militia drilling during the Napoleonic invasion-scare? The fussed, pompous sergeant-major, the insubordinate recruits, the rakes and pitchforks that were the best many of them could do by way of weapons? It was just as well Napoleon didn't invade Britain then; and just as well Hitler didn't invade us last summer. But, as I say, that parlous state of affairs did not last long. By September, when Hitler held his unfortunate invasion-rehearsal, the L.D.V. was no longer a shot-gun rabble. We had uniforms: we had rifles, petrol bombs, grenades, and we know well enough how to use them. Moreover, we were no longer the L.D.V.: we were the Home Guard. And there I must make a digression.

Our Purpose and Tradition

'Local Defence Volunteers'—that sort of thing is all right for a Government form. But 'Home Guard'—there's an inspiration. When Winston Churchill re-christened the force with those two monosyllables, he not only named our purpose but gave us our tradition. The Englishman's home, they say, is his castle; and to guard that castle he will fight to the end. The Home Guard's tradition was to be the tradition of the militia—the men who a thousand years ago came out to face a foreign invasion, the last invasion these shores have seen; the tradition of the men who stood to arms when the Armada was sailing down the Channel; of the men who were ready even to depose their King rather than to stand any nonsense from Charles the First, and then turned against the military dictatorship which Cromwell had set up; of the Wessex rustics who shook their pitchforks against the bogey Napoleon. That tradition, kept alive through shooting-clubs, cadet corps, Territorial Army, sprang again into full flower with the Home Guard.

Now I am not pretending that a pitchfork and a tradition have ever been enough to repel foreign invaders. They certainly wouldn't go far against parachutists and Panzer divisions. Nor must you suppose that the Home Guard's job is to fight battles. It is true we are now well equipped with automatic weapons as well as rifles and bombs: we have far more ammunition than we had six months ago; every village in the country can be turned into a strong point at very short notice; and we have a number of disagreeable surprises waiting for the Germans, which I'll leave them to discover for themselves if they keep their so-often-postponed date with us. But, for all that, the Home Guard is not



At the Home Guard training schools men receive intensive training in guerilla warfare. There is excitement when a car pulling a trailer—a supposed tank—is blown up by a dynamite charge hidden under the road

primarily a force for fighting a pitched battle. The training to which these men have devoted their spare time for over a year now has been in the three essentials of active defence—accurate observation and reporting of information, taking cover, and shooting straight. Our watchword, you may say, is 'Hide and Seek.'

The training of the Home Guard has been defined by three conditions. They are spare-time soldiers—men who work all day on the roads and in the fields, in factories or offices: therefore they have no time to train in anything but the essentials of the warfare for which they volunteered. They are tied to their own home-towns and villages: therefore, they train solely for fighting in one particular locality. They are an auxiliary force



The Home Guard—'spare-time soldiers'—was honoured on its first anniversary by being privileged to take over the guard duties at Buckingham Palace. This photograph was taken at the ceremony of Mounting the Guard when the men were inspected by His Majesty the King

designed to combat the 1941 technique of invasion: therefore their training is largely a matter of anticipating what the enemy would do in their own locality and preparing to counter it.

The strategic rôle of the Home Guards is to maintain defence in depth. Parachutists, sea-borne raiders, or a large-scale invasion will be faced by a network of strong points all over the country. The object of parachutists is to damage communications, spread false rumours, get the civilian populace on the run, and thus make things as difficult as possible for our regular Forces until their own supporting troops arrive in larger numbers. One important duty of the Home Guard is to make things as difficult as possible for any of these parachutists or air-borne troops who land in their own district.

Every night, in every weather, all over the country, the Home Guard is watching for such invaders. Wherever they land, they will be observed and stalked by Home Guard patrols, whose first job may be not to engage them but to report their numbers and movements accurately to the regular troops. In whatever direction they move, it will be more of an obstacle race than a triumphal progress; for each village and hamlet will be barricaded against them and defended by men who are fighting—so to speak—on their own doorsteps.

In France, civilian morale cracked, not because it was faulty at the start, but through the utter failure of local leadership. That, at least, cannot happen in Britain: here, every locality can look to its Home Guard section for leadership and a backbone of resistance. Rumour—that new and deadly weapon—will be shot down on the wing by a million and a half marksmen trained in the accurate reporting of information. And I don't fancy the chances of any Fifth Columnists who try conclusions with the sort of shrewd, tough countrymen it was my privilege to command.

If the enemy succeeded in landing tanks and armoured vehicles they wouldn't have too happy a time either. Thousands of Home Guardsmen have passed through such training-schools as Osterley Park and Denbies, where veterans of the Spanish War taught them—among other arts of modern guerilla warfare—how to make things hot for tanks. A tank needs petrol: its crew needs food and sleep. So the Home Guard's job is to keep them on the move, creep up on their crews wherever they lie up for the night, chivvy them around the countryside: it will worry, worry, worry at them all the time.

To sum up, the defences of Britain can be compared with a spider's web. The Home Guard is the intricate strands of this web, making things sticky for the intruder, sensitively relating his whereabouts to the spider at the centre: the spider is, of course, the Regular Army—and, like a spider, the Regular Army is extremely mobile.

I wish I could take you down to Devonshire one Sunday afternoon—Sundays are field-days for the Home Guard—to see them at work. Though 'see' them is perhaps not quite the word: you would have to look very hard to see anything at all. A faint rustle behind that unkempt hedge: a flight of pigeons alarmed from the tree-tops in the combe down there; a mere flicker of movement from that patch of bracken on the hillside—it is a section of the Home Guard engaged in a tactical operation; countrymen who know every gate and ditch and fold of the ground—farm-labourers, roadmen, tractor-drivers, old soldiers many of them, and all a part of this strange Army of the Shadows.

It is an unobtrusive army. And it is a remarkably democratic one, too. Some of you may think of the English countryman as a servile, cap-touching relic of feudalism. Well, he may touch his cap; but he is an independent sort of fellow for all that. He won't be driven. Officers in the Home Guard soon realise that he has got to be led. There are no field punishments in this army: if a Home Guardsman doesn't like it, he can just give notice and pack up. But very few of them do that. You see, although I have perhaps made us sound a rather undisciplined force, we are bound together by something more effective than ordinary discipline—by something which is a mixture of local pride and the comradeship of free men. There is a spirit of keen competition between the sections in neighbouring villages. And, within each section, there is the moral strength of men who for all their lives have lived and worked together. It is this that makes the morale of the Home Guard.

The London Letter

MINE used to be the only house in the City of London with a front garden. Not to be outdone, the house next door—where Keir Hardie, the early Socialist leader, once had rooms—used to pride itself on being the oldest house in the City of London. Now we can boast no more. The title of the oldest house is vacant for a new champion. The only house in the City with a front garden now lays a heap of rubble in the place where the garden used to be. You can guess the cause.

When I heard the sad news that my old house in Nevill's Court had gone, my first thought was for the hidden treasure. The treasure was said to have been buried during the seventeenth century by the Moravian Brethren, a South German sect who established a church in the vicinity (the Moravians still own the property, and I used to pay the rent when I lived there to the Elders of the Church). Apparently, the Moravians forgot where they put the treasure or didn't tell anybody when they dug it up. Anyway, many people still think it is waiting to be found.

During my tenancy at Nevill's Court, several people came along to have a dig for the treasure in a piece of waste ground, used as a car park, at the back of the house. One old archaeologist, I remember, actually found a jewelled dagger of early workmanship which is now in the British

Museum. He also collected a shedful of nondescript pieces of iron, earthenware, and stones, which he assured me were of great antiquarian interest. Among his other finds he had boxes and boxes of broken clay pipes, souvenirs of the time when people used to reject their old pipes as we throw away cigarette butts.

To me, Nevill's Court was chiefly fascinating because the little alleyway—it was no more—was a practically unspoilt example of a seventeenth-century London street. There was a little row of shops with leaning walls, leaded windows, and broken-down shutters on one side. On the other was the row of old houses—not forgetting the garden. You entered the court through a narrow archway lit by an old-fashioned iron street lamp. The houses falling on top of each other shut out the daylight.

The whole place was as musty and rat-ridden as a long-empty house. It was undoubtedly one of the unhealthiest spots left in London. From the point of view of fire, it was always considered the most dangerous, and I suppose we ought to be glad that the Germans have cleaned it up for us. Still, it seems a pity that a house which survived the Great Fire in 1666 should finally be demolished by a bomb made in Germany.

The Great Fire petered out—through a change of wind—at the front door. Two other houses, blackened but not destroyed by the Great Fire, still survive. They are both in a direct line with Nevill's Court. One is the old building by Temple Bar, in Fleet Street, and the other the timbered

Contributed by

MACDONALD HASTINGS

London's Oldest House Bombed

★ ★ ★
Menzies or Mingies

★ ★ ★
The Lady and the Orange

★ ★ ★
World's Most Cosmopolitan Hotel

★ ★ ★
Breath of Edwardian London

house in Holborn. Both of them have been recently restored. And both of them have had remarkable escapes from bomb destruction.

At the present rate, London, by the time the war is over, will have no ancient buildings left. Years hence, New Yorkers will come here to see our skyline and we shall go to New York to see America's old world city.

★ ★ ★

THE Australian Prime Minister left us in England after his ten weeks' visit still wondering how to pronounce his name. When one of the press men asked him which pronunciation he favoured: 'Menzies,' or 'Mingies,' he replied that 'Mingies' in the Scots fashion was really correct; but, in Australia, he had long ago given up the attempt of making his fellow countrymen pronounce it that way. 'Everybody in Australia knows the Menzies Hotel,' he said, 'and pronounces it as it is spelt. So they're not likely to change the pronunciation for me.'

The discussion on how to pronounce Mr. Menzies' name inspired a Scottish Menzies to write this limerick:—

There was a young lady named Menzies
Who said 'Do you know what this menzies?'
Her aunt, with a gasp
Said, 'My dear, it's a wasp,
And you're holding the end where the stenzies.'

Mr. Menzies or 'Mingies'—what's in a name anyhow?—made forty-nine speeches during his visit. In their eloquence, forthrightness, and realism they were comparable only with the oratory of Mr. Churchill himself. He made a really deep impression on people here and—with all due respect to Mr. Priestley—his Sunday night postscript to the news on the Women of Britain was, in the opinion of most people, the most moving talk of its kind that has been broadcast so far.

At a lunch to the Foreign Press Association he got in a wisecrack which ought to please all Australians. Introducing him, the Chairman remarked that the time was not so distant when Australians were called Colonials.

It was a misapprehension, Mr. Menzies explained, to think that Australians did not like the expression: 'We don't care what they call us. It is nothing to what we can call them.'

★ ★ ★

SCENE: The grill of a famous London hotel. An over-dressed outside woman with a miserable-looking orange set on a silver salver on the table in front of her. She was sitting over it as possessively as a broody hen over an egg. When she had displayed it long enough to make sure that everybody had seen what she had got, she clucked for a waiter to peel it. Skewering the orange on a fork, the waiter solemnly attacked the job of tearing off its leather jacket. Jets of acid spat out of the fruit into his eye; but he never blinked. He set out the chunks of pith and seed as ceremoniously as if he were arranging a tray of precious stones.

After a decent interval, the woman started to cram the orange into her crop. It set my teeth on edge to watch her. She herself was grimacing with the acidity of the thing. But—like a dog with another dog's dinner—she was determined to get it down if it killed her.

The absurdity of the incident was that, in peacetime, this woman would no more have eaten an orange than a costermonger would eat caviare. Because even sour oranges are now virtually unobtainable (and all other



'The most exciting . . . the most cosmopolitan hotel in the world.' Cabaret on the rising floor in the Savoy Hotel restaurant

oranges only a sweet memory) she was quite willing to make herself miserable to get something which the others haven't got. The moral is that wealth and luxury are only relative.

★ ★ ★

A COUPLE of days later I paid one of my rare visits to the Savoy. Only the pathetic little menu distinguished the scene here from any peacetime evening. The place was crowded with celebrities—theatrical people, newspaper men (a goodly crowd of American correspondents) and, of course, a generous spattering of Service men. The atmosphere seemed as magical as ever. The Savoy is still the most exciting hotel in the world.

It is not simply that the Savoy is the American visitor's spiritual home in Europe. It is not simply its legendary tradition of luxury. Personally, I believe that the Savoy gets its atmosphere from the fact it has always been the most cosmopolitan hotel in the world. The celebrated and the notorious, the respectable and the disreputable, the beautiful and the ugly rub shoulders in its luxurious corridors. The guests have nothing in common except perhaps that more of them have figured on the front pages of newspapers than any other crowd in the world.

One of my own earliest memories of the Savoy is seeing Tom Mix riding into the lounge on his horse Tony. One of my most thrilling was sitting on the knee of Sir Charles Hawtrey, the great actor, on the day that he was knighted—and, incidentally having my first sip of a champagne cocktail.

Certainly my funniest experience was provided by Mrs. Patrick Campbell. She upset the entire Grill Room staff one evening by complaining that a steak she had ordered was uneatable. The management replaced it with another. Again Mrs. Pat sent it back to the chef with a complaint. Finally, most of the kitchen staff mustered in a procession behind a silver dish to offer a third steak which might win Mrs. Pat's approval. She accepted it critically. Then, under the eyes of the assembled chefs and everybody else in the Grill Room, she unconcernedly chopped the delicate morsel into pieces. Then she stalked out of the Grill Room, carrying the plate, remarking as she went: 'Now I can feed my dogs.'

★ ★ ★

MRS. ROSA LEWIS—said my evening paper—of the Cavendish Hotel, Jermyn Street, has been injured in a recent air raid. Mrs. Rosa Lewis . . .

How much and how little that name conveys. To most people, just another raid casualty. To a few, the very breath of Edwardian London. Yellow gaslight. Whispering plush. The brassy din of the music-halls. The clipity-clop of hansom cabs. The Pink 'Un . . . the Jersey Lily . . . the stage door Johnnies . . . the Gaiety girls . . .

Rosa Lewis was the queen of the night life of that riotous, naughty world. Her hotel—the Cavendish—was the hotspot of Edwardian gaiety. Rosa's beauty, Rosa's cooking, Rosa's discretion were the bywords of fashionable London.

King Edward himself was a regular patron of the hotel. The great aristocratic families kept up their own suites of rooms on the premises (Anthony Eden was born in the Cavendish). And everybody who was anybody went to be seen or unseen there. The story is told that when Isidora Duncan, the great American dancer, came to London, her publicity agent booked her rooms at another hotel. Isidora agreed to the arrangement officially but, unofficially, she stayed at the Cavendish.

Only Rosa knows the real secrets of the Cavendish—and Rosa won't tell. Many journalists have visited her with the avowed intention of worming her story out of her. But even when Rosa has talked (she does sometimes) she has persuaded them not to write. The result is that when she was injured in an air raid, all that the papers could find to say about her was that 'she is thought to be about seventy-six years old' and her hotel was the home of Louis Phillipe of France during his exile.

Rosa—'thought to be seventy-six'—still dispenses champagne as if it costs 7s. 6d. a bottle. She sits in a little room visited by a few friends—surrounded by memories of past glories. On one wall hangs a full-length portrait of Rosa when she was young and lovely. Completely covering the other walls are drawings, old photographs, and paintings which the great men and women of the past gave her to remember them by. Rosa remembers . . .

There is nothing she loves more than to show you round her establishment. The dining room, dust-sheeted for twenty years. The corridors, lined with what I believe to be the finest collection of sporting prints in London. The garden in the well of the hotel where Rosa used to arrange dinner parties during the summer. The bedrooms, lavishly over-furnished. The withdrawing rooms, stuffed with treasures and curios. And everywhere, links with a past, associations with the great, memories of the notorious.

When I read that Rosa had been injured, I thought it must be the end. But that very night in a West End restaurant I saw her moving sedately into supper on the arm of an elegant gentleman with an orchid in his button-hole. When I went up to congratulate her, all she said was that she never read the papers! But I could see that she was badly shaken. Nevertheless, she declared her determination to stay in her battered hotel to the end.

London Calling Review of New Books

By HAROLD HOBSON

Irresistibility of the Famous Barrie Charm

ONE evening during the heavy air attacks on London last autumn I was talking about her career to Dorothy Dickson. Like two or three thousand other gallant Americans, Miss Dickson has refused to be forced out of England by the Nazi bombers. In the course of the conversation I asked her: 'What was the proudest moment in your stage life?'

Without any hesitation she replied: 'When I was with Leslie Henson in a musical comedy at the Winter Garden Theatre. Sir James Barrie was in the audience, and he came round after the show, and asked me to play Peter Pan.'

I wonder how many other actresses would make the same reply? Probably everyone to whom the same offer has been made. For Barrie was unrivalled in the art of complimenting a lady, and this suggestion of playing Peter Pan was the most effective—and also the most sincere—item in his long and constantly increasing repertory of irresistibly charming flattery.

The irresistibility of the famous Barrie charm is one of the keystones of Denis Mackail's authorised biography, *The Story of J. M. B.*; and if the charm does not always quite ring true, if the diamond seems to have a flaw in it, well—that is a keynote, too. Mr. Mackail was a close friend of Barrie's. He is a writer of exquisite literary skill, with some of the Barrie wistfulness himself. He admired Barrie, and loved him. But in his case—and this makes both for the entertainment and the profit of his readers—love has clearer eyesight than it is usually credited with.

In one sense Mr. Mackail's achievement is quite simple. People who have rendered themselves willing victims—and there are hundreds of thousands of them both in America and in Britain—to the feyness of *Mary Rose*, the wistful sentiment of *Quality Street*, or the magic worship of childhood in *Peter Pan*, are apt to think of Barrie as a strange, enchanted cross between a fairy and a perpetual boy, living in a Never-Never land of his own devising. There is some truth in this conception, but it is only a partial truth; and against it Mr. Mackail sets the obvious yet very striking discovery that Barrie was, after all, a Scotsman.

Generous—but he could drive as hard a bargain as any man in in the land'

The typical Scotsman is reputed to be hard-headed, ambitious, keenly appreciative of the value of sixpences, and slow to perceive a joke. Barrie fitted this description far better than would be guessed from a superficial reading of his plays and novels. He was consumed with an unceasing and tormenting desire to be the greatest writer of his age. Though on occasion he was generous on a millionaire's scale, he could drive as hard a bargain as any man in the land. I remember that when I was up at Oxford I was a member of a play-reading society. We read Shaw, Maugham, Bennett, and most of the moderns who were alive ten or fifteen years ago. But not Barrie. Barrie was the only living playwright with whom our secretary failed to come to mutually satisfactory financial terms.

There is still, however, the final count in the description to be considered. Is it really possible that Barrie was slow to see a joke? No, it is not. But he was slow, unbelievably slow, slow beyond the comprehension of any normal being, to appreciate a joke that he had not made himself. In one sense, however, he differed from the typical Scottish character. He had not the stern Calvinist devotion to religion that has coloured so much of Scottish history. Until he came to London in his early twenties, he went to church twice every Sunday. After that he rarely went to church at all, except when on a visit to his mother and father in Kirriemuir. It was while he was in the kirk at Kirriemuir on one of these visits, by the way, that he thought of the title for his first novel, *When a Man's Single*.

The Puritan tradition is, of course, one of the enduring glories of Scotland, one of the things that gives it an affinity, not so much with England, as with New England. Yet it is a hard tradition, and it might be thought that it was this hardness that made it imperfectly sympathetic to a writer whose plays hovered as constantly as Barrie's did upon the very edge of tears. Part of Barrie's make-up was, in fact, femininely soft, but another was as granitic as the Grampians. There was no limit to his devotion to his mother, but there was no limit, either, to the demands that he allowed this devotion to make upon the devotion of his wife; and these and other demands ended in the wreck of his own marriage, a sad tragic matter in which Mr. Mackail's sympathies certainly are not with Barrie.

His Most Famous Heroine

He was insatiable, too, in the services that he expected for himself, and, at times, callous. His friend Henley had a little girl, Margaret, who died when she was five. Barrie was devoted to her, as he always was to children. An echo of his love can be heard in *Dear Brutus*, when he gives to the dream-child of the second act the name of this dead girl. She called him 'Friendly,' and then 'Friendly-Wendy,' and that is how his

The Story of J. M. B. (Sir James Barrie, Bart., O.M.)—Denis Mackail: Peter Davies, 11s. 6d.

English Saga, 1840-1940—Arthur Bryant: Eyre and Spottiswoode and Collins, 10s. 6d.

Outside Information—Naomi Royde-Smith: Macmillan, 5s.

Definitive Edition of Rudyard Kipling's Verse: Hodder and Stoughton, 25s.

most famous heroine came into existence. Yet the memory of this little girl seems to have been strangely ineffective in softening Barrie's recollections of her father, which appear in one of the hundreds of notes that he prepared for his articles, plays, and novels. 'The Kipling-Henley school,' we read there, 'each trying who can say "damn" loudest.' It does not seem to indicate a particularly tender feeling, does it?

Still, Barrie had many things to harden him, in spite of his outward and obvious successes. He made £80,000 out of the dramatic version of *The Little Minister*, mainly in America. By the time he was forty, with all his most famous work still undone, he was earning £12,000 a year. He was amazingly lucky in his contacts, meeting such people as Greenwood, Frohman, Quiller-Couch, and Robertson Nicoll at the precise moment when they could most add to his happiness or his wealth.

But at the same time he was diabolically dogged by misfortune. He was tortured by his own temperament, which could never let him do a thing without dramatising himself doing it, and then commenting on this dramatisation.

And he was dogged by misfortune of another kind, too. One instance is enough. His sister Maggie was to be married to a Free Church minister, the Reverend James White. Barrie, generous as ever, gave White the money to buy a horse in order to get round his scattered parish of Bower in Caithness more easily. Just before the marriage, the minister was thrown off this horse, and killed.

There is thus a dark undertone to Mr. Mackail's book, but often, also, it glitters and glows with happiness, its pages enriched with scores of gay and bright pictures and sketches of life in the days when wars of whole peoples were still unknown. This, for example, is Mr. Mackail's evocation of the summer of 1887:—

'Peaceful and delicious glimpse into the 'eighties. Boats, punts, flannels, and straw hats, bustles and parasols, a little waterside inn, paper lanterns again in the evenings, laughter and leisure; such a safe, happy summertime world. Friends coming and going for odd nights, staying and playing games on a Sunday. . . . Maggie Barrie as a guest for a while, or, when other women are expected, as hostess. Her brother smoking, walking, writing, musing, as warm, sweet-scented hours slipped by.'

The golden years, the unforgotten; youth, and the glow of vanished sunrises, the echo of lost tunes, the spell of an old magic—Mr. Mackail has caught them all.

Story of England in the Last Hundred Years

The 'eighties come into Arthur Bryant's *English Saga* as well. This vivid and eloquent book tells the story of England in the last hundred years. Its thesis is that during that time the British people have sought too eagerly after wealth and economic power, sacrificing things that are noble and of good report. It shows an amazing grasp of detail, and its opening chapter, which sketches the condition of the country in 1840, is as magnificent as the famous pages in which Macaulay described the Britain of Charles II. It ends upon a note of hope and admiration, for in the terrific ordeal through which the democracies are now passing Mr. Bryant believes that the British nation has rediscovered its soul.

Tale of London's Endurance Under Air Bombardment

In *Outside Information* Miss Naomi Royde-Smith does not aspire to be so deeply philosophic. Her aim in the first place is merely to record, as a historical curiosity, the various rumours that she encountered in London and Winchester during the air attacks of last fall. She was told on one occasion that Goering flew over London to see the damage his airmen had done, and that the Battersea Power Station was blown up, whilst a friend assured her that the full secret of the French collapse was to be found by reading all through Proust's *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*.

These entertaining but fallacious stories as the book goes on gradually play a less and less conspicuous part. *Outside Information* then becomes the tale, which has been many times told already, of London's remarkable endurance under air bombardment.

As is natural this battle of London has provoked many volumes. Negley Farson, J. L. Hodson, Vera Brittain, John Strachey and several others have written about it. Very good books they are, too. But since they were composed whilst

(Continued at foot of page 10)

Japan Flounders in China

A survey of the Sino-Japanese War by O. M. GREEN

'If the democracies will lend us arms and economic support, they need not send their navies and troops to this country. They can safely leave Japan to us.' So said General Chiang Kai-Shek less than two months ago. Of Japan's position our contributor says that the more sober-minded Japanese are worried and that the country's internal situation is particularly worth watching: he believes that it is far less happy than the Government propagandists make out



The big cities of East and West are in the front line of this world-wide struggle between freedom-loving peoples and aggressors. This is Chungking, battered and blazing, after being raided by Japanese aircraft

General and Madame Chiang Kai-Shek meet the Press. On the General's right is Mr. Knickerbocker, the American journalist, whose revelations on the money that Nazi leaders had stowed away abroad caused a sensation last year

JUST three years ago the Chinese cut the banks of the Yellow River in Central China, flooding hundreds of square miles of country and blocking the Japanese advance on the then Chinese capital at Hankow. It took the Japanese completely by surprise. They lost numbers of men and vast quantities of guns and stores in the floods. But the really important thing was that the floods delayed the fall of Hankow for over four months, thereby enabling General Chiang Kai-Shek to make an orderly withdrawal and to carry off immense quantities of valuable factory plant beyond the mountain barriers of West China.

The cutting of the Yellow River's banks may be said to have marked the beginning of the development of China's real strength, which, increasing month by month, now holds a million Japanese securely pinned in China with no prospect that they or anyone else can see of release.

Free China measures nearly 2,000,000 square miles in extent, with a population of about 270 millions. It is full of wealth, mineral and agricultural, which had been very little worked until the Government moved there in the autumn of 1938. What has since been done in the establishment of factories, cottage industries and co-operative societies, in building roads and railways, in the development of coal and iron, tea, silk, the fur and hide industry, tungsten, with which China is more richly provided than any country in the world, and the much-prized wood oil in which she has a complete monopoly, is the amazement of every foreign visitor who has seen it. Naturally mistakes have been made, and perfection is still far off. But it is no exaggeration to say that if the Japanese were never turned out of occupied China, free China already constitutes a new State which is bound to have the most important influence on the future economy of the world.

China's Darkest Hour

The downfall of France a year ago had the most formidable repercussions throughout the Far East. The pro-Axis party in Japan, which had been badly discredited by Germany's treachery in concluding a pact with Russia, burst out again in a blaze of aggressiveness. The Government of Admiral Yonai, which had been following a comparatively moderate policy towards Great Britain and America, was swept from power and an undisguisedly totalitarian Government was set up dominated by the Army and friends of the Axis. In September Japan entered into the Tripartite Treaty with the Axis, while her papers indulged in golden dreams of the extension of her much-advertised new order in East Asia over Indo-China, Malaya and the Dutch East Indies, and vied with each other in menaces to America

and ourselves if we dared to interfere with Japan's new order in East Asia.

These were very dark days for China. Not only was it easy for Japan to compel the Vichy Government to admit Japanese troops into Indo-China and to close the useful road from the French colony by which China had drawn supplies from abroad, but Great Britain, too, was obliged to agree to the closing of the vital Burma Road, not unfairly described as China's life-line. China seemed isolated, with no help available except what she drew—and still draws—from Russia: In the summer of last year, as General Chiang Kai-Shek has recently admitted, China passed through the most difficult and discouraging period of the war.

But she never wavered. Behind the mountains that shield Free China, though often cruelly bombed by Japanese aircraft, she continued to develop her resources, to husband her reserves, and to create new armies. She claims now to have 5,000,000 men under arms, and there is abundant evidence to prove that they are better trained, equipped and led than they have ever been.

One of the most touching things in China's attitude is that she seems to have remained as confident in the ultimate triumph of Great Britain as of her own. She took the closing of the Burma Road with true dignity, expressing her faith that it would be reopened, as it was last October.

Events which have Worried Japan

And from the moment of its reopening her fortunes have visibly begun to mend. She has defeated the Japanese in three considerable battles in the past nine months and has regained not a little territory from the invader. Great Britain and America between them have advanced her £10,000,000 for the support of her currency, besides further large sums in export credits. Great Britain has agreed to finance the building of a railway extension in Burma to link up with one that the Chinese are building, which will form an invaluable addition to the Burma Road.

It is reliably reported that America is sending China war materials. In the third week of May, General Clagett, commanding the American air force in Manila, began a month's visit to Chungking to study China's needs. Russia has lately made a new barter agreement to supply munitions in exchange for Chinese produce. And you will remember that in May also Mr. Eden announced in the House of Commons Great Britain's resolve to give China all the help she can.

These events have set Japan thinking rather hard. Her expectations when she entered into the Tripartite Treaty of the early triumph of the Axis with plenty of loot for herself at no expense were badly upset by



This student of the Lo-Shun Art Academy dramatic class frequently entertains Chinese troops at the front. They say she is the best actress on the stage

the R.A.F. victory in the Battle of Britain and by Italy's ignominious downfall. Meanwhile neither America nor ourselves showed the slightest signs of being intimidated. The defences of Malaya now literally bristle with armaments. America has decided to keep in the Pacific the powerful fleet she sent early this year on a courtesy visit to Australia. The Dutch East Indies, which Japan had thought she could easily bully, have shown all the traditional toughness of the Dutch. Japan has got nothing from them but a little oil, and meanwhile they have increased their defences out of all knowledge. Their fleet, air force and army formed from local levies are by no means to be despised.

So Mr. Matsuoka, the Japanese Foreign Minister, was sent to Europe to see things for himself. That curious man, who unctuously mouths his love of peace and throughout his career has always been on the side of the aggressor,

who protests that 'sincerity' is his motto in everything, but by his actions does not appear to know the meaning of the word, seems to have been completely hypnotized by Hitler and returned to declare his earnest wish to introduce the German system into Japan.

He did, however, bring back a neutrality pact with Russia by which the two agree to respect the integrity of each other's possessions. But while the pact may—or may not—relieve Japan of some of her anxieties in Manchuria, it makes no mention of China and in no way whatever prevents Russia from sending China arms and ammunition. Many Japanese writers and speakers have objected that without some such embargo the pact is useless, and, although the pact has been ratified, it has plainly not proved the success for Mr. Matsuoka that he expected.

The internal situation of Japan is now particularly worth watching. I am not indulging in wishful thinking when I express my belief that it is far less happy than the Government propagandists make out. Since these undeclared wars with China began, national expenditure has grown to over eight times, and the national debt to five times what it was before. Taxation has practically reached its limit and the banks have difficulty in absorbing the Government's loans.

In spite of extra workers and longer hours the output from the factories, including metals and machinery, is less than it was in 1939, and seems unable to be stimulated; while increasing sickness, especially tuberculosis and accidents among the workers, tell an unmistakable tale of weariness and malnutrition.

Food supplies, in which Japan had always been practically self-supporting, have declined seriously for want of labour in the fields and fertilizers. The Japanese have to eat foreign rice, which gives them indigestion, and anyway it is tightly rationed—considering the normally meagre existence of the Japanese masses this restriction weighs very heavily on them. And all clothing and many household requisites are now *ersatz*—or as the Japanese call it *sufu*—of poor quality which wear out in no time.

LONDON CALLING REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS (continued from page 8)

the battle was still going on, they none of them tell the most important fact about it. That fact is that the battle is over, and we have won it. It may start again at any moment, and we may have to win it all over again. But the first (and possibly the last) battle of London is a British victory.

Whereas until just before Christmas the *Luftwaffe* attacked London every night, nearly always from dusk to dawn, since then the number of large-scale attacks can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Whereas I used to read books by the light of a flickering candle in a steel shelter half-way below ground in the garden, now I read them by the fireside in the full glare of the electric light. The attack, in other words, has been called off. Something bigger may be coming along in the future, but the first attack has failed.

Complete Edition of Kipling's Verse

There are many pages in the *Definitive Edition of Rudyard Kipling's Verse* that confirm Barrie's judgment of Kipling. But there are more that do not. This edition contains everything in the way of rhyme and metre that Kipling ever wrote, and though the observation that a complete edition of his poetry would be a much smaller volume might be justified—for a good deal of it is doggerel—it is none the less a remarkable production. One is left astonished at Kipling's skill in versification, at the rushing energy of his rhythms, at the zest and vigour of

There are many signs that the more sober-minded Japanese are much worried. The Tripartite Treaty has only got them deeper in the black books of America, of whom they are visibly afraid, while it in no way commits Germany to help them if they become involved in further wars. True Japan has forced a treaty upon Indo-China which practically puts the French colony's resources at her disposal, but these will take a long time to develop and are no adequate compensation for her losses in China.

I do not say that Japan is near the end of her resources. Her patriotism and readiness to tighten her belt are unsurpassed. I do say that China has very seriously drained Japan's resources and will drain them much more. The war started in July 1937 was meant to be over in four months: it has lasted nearly four years. And every recent Japanese observer returning from China—the latest was Mr. Honda, Ambassador to the puppet Government in Nanking—has warned his countrymen that no date for the end of the war can be predicted. Japan can go on plunging about in China, perhaps winning a victory or two here and there. But she cannot make her invasion pay, she cannot conquer China, and she cannot get out of it.

Japan has broken down in China over two great obstacles—the enormous size of the country and the united and active hostility of the peasants. That is the new and, for an invader, the most dangerous factor in the whole Chinese situation. In former wars the peasant cared little what happened so long as he might be left to till his fields. He cares now, because for the first time he understands; and every village the Japanese burn down, every farmer they butcher, every woman they dishonour only deepens his hatred of the invader and stiffens his resolve to drive him out, however long and painful the process.

History contains no more extraordinary phenomenon than the determination with which the once weak and easily coerced Chinese peasants have been welded together by four years of war into an active spearhead of resistance.

No one can foretell the future. But I think there is great truth in General Chiang Kai-Shek's words at a farewell banquet in May to the departing American Ambassador. 'If the democracies will lend us arms and economic support,' he said, 'they need not send their navies and troops to our country. They can safely leave Japan to us.'



One of the latest pictures to come from Free China. It shows a proud mother with her young daughter at a baby beauty contest

the whole thing. One begins, too, to realise that our contemptuous dismissal of him during the last twenty years as an out-of-date militarist is not a sign of any particular intelligence. The warnings that Winston Churchill used to give us in the years that the locusts have eaten are all to be found in Kipling.

As, for example, in 'Natural Theology':—

I run eight hundred hens to the acre,
They die by dozens mysteriously . . .
I am more than doubtful concerning my Maker.
Why has the Lord afflicted me?
What a return for all my endeavour—
Not to mention the L.S.D. !
I am an atheist now and forever,
Because this God has afflicted me.
Money spent on an Army or Fleet
Is homicidal lunacy . . .
My son has been killed in the Mons retreat.
Why is the Lord afflicting me? . . .
We had a kettle; we let it leak;
Our not repairing it made it worse.
We haven't had any tea for a week . . .
The bottom is out of the Universe !

The irony of this is hardly to be called subtle. Its freedom of expression is not, perhaps, in particularly good taste. But the democracies are beginning to realise the truth of its implications.

A revealing account of how Denmark has suffered from fourteen months of Nazi occupation. Our contributor, a young Dane, who recently arrived in London to join the R.A.F., says that food is scarce, prices are rising and the people are stringently rationed, but the spirit is grand: no man or woman says a word against the British bombing of German military objectives in their country because they feel that every blow struck at Germany is a blow struck for their liberation

ON April 9, 1940, the Germans occupied my native land—Denmark. For over a thousand years we have been a free people. You can imagine what a bitter blow it has been for us to see German soldiers on the streets, to see the German flag flying over Danish barracks, and to see that flag in Danish towns flying from the hotels which house the German headquarters.

It is more than a year now since that dark day when the invaders swept in. I think that Danes are now beginning to realise fully their loss of freedom. At first we were bewildered and dazed. I remember well the very morning. For some months I had been training to become a flier and join the Danish Fleet Air Arm. My holidays came, and I went out for the spring and summer to live in a tiny village not far from the town. I remember as clearly as if it were yesterday being awakened by the drone of many 'planes. I rushed out and saw a squadron of German 'planes. They were heading north. Another squadron followed, and then another. They were making for Norway. The village people were standing in groups watching them overhead. Some people cried, others chattered excitedly. Some were very quiet and dazed. The thing that worried me most was why our Air Force wasn't up there to stop them flying over our neutral country. Later we learnt the sad facts. Our Air Force, our Army, our people had been paralysed by the swift, cold thrust of German force. Denmark had been obliged by circumstances to go down without offering serious opposition.

Hazardous Escape

I think that stung us more than anything else, particularly young men like myself. I can remember in that first week sitting with my friends and talking about our plight in a dazed sort of way. We used to talk about escaping and joining the Allies and fighting to free our country. For the most part it was idle talk because escape was well-nigh impossible. Nazis were posted on the high roads and they kept a careful watch along the whole coast of Denmark. We had heard something of German concentration camps, and we shuddered to think what would happen if we dared to escape and then failed. Nevertheless, one night I thought that I had hit upon a plan of escape that might succeed. I called on my friend Eric. I wanted to tell him as quickly as I could. I wanted to know if he thought it would work. I knew if anybody would take a chance, Eric would. He agreed. Today we are together in London to join the R.A.F.

I would like to be able to tell you more about that trip from Denmark to London. I can't, because it would mean a lost opportunity for others of my friends who might take the same chance. Meantime they are in Denmark waiting their chance. It is not the same Denmark that we knew before the Germans came. Food is scarce. Whoever would have thought that Denmark could want for food? For years she has sent choice foodstuffs out to other countries—eggs, butter, and bacon. We couldn't supply fodder for our cattle. We bought most of that from Great Britain. As soon as the Germans walked in most of our fodder supplies were cut off immediately. The Germans told our farmers that it didn't matter. It is going to be a short war, they said. Kill your cattle and pigs, send the carcasses to Germany, and then when we've won we'll build up your flocks and herds again.

Even Soap is Rationed

The farmers had no choice. They could not get the fodder, so they could not feed their cattle. The more cattle they killed meant more meat for Germans to eat, but it meant less butter and milk and eggs produced in Denmark. Production of these foodstuffs is becoming low. Other food is becoming short. The citizens are issued with ration cards. They hand them in for their flour and their bread, their soap—even that is rationed. I had one piece of hand soap a month on my ration card, and I could take either hand soap or shaving soap.

Prices are going up, too. Just before I left Denmark I wanted to buy a new suit: it cost me nineteen pounds. It was a good one, English cloth; but compared with pre-war prices, it is too much. I could buy the same suit then for six guineas. You can, of course, get lots of cheaper suits made from German artificial textiles. There is a flood of German-made goods like these. I suppose they are meant to pay for all the food the Germans are taking out of Denmark. But these artificial cloths are a poor, and cold, substitute.

Another thing we miss very much is coal. We have been cut off from our main sources of English supply, but the Germans promised us coal for dairy products. But they didn't send very much and, as a result, central heating plants are closely watched by the police so that no coal is wasted. It is an offence to leave open a window of a room in which a heater is on. I have seen a policeman knock on the door and draw the attention of the owner to this fact.

Plenty of Paper Money

It seems to me that the only thing we have in plenty is money. The National Bank keeps on printing it. A great many of the peasants have bundles of this money. They know that it is not worth much, so they try to invest it in something that will have value after the war. I know farmers who have bought two or three motor cars and stowed them away in their barns. They can't use them because there is a severe petrol shortage and private cars are seldom seen in the streets. Numbers of workers in Denmark have been tempted by the artificial high rates the Germans pay them. They work for the Germans. Some are building aerodromes in Denmark. Others have been drafted back in workers' armies to Germany. They are paid the same as German labourers, but when they send their money home to Denmark the exchange is in their favour and they get two Danish Kroner to one German mark. You can't blame a man for doing this. Some of them have been unemployed for years and they will take any chance to get money for their wives and children. But I do hope these men who have gone to Germany will be allowed to return safely to their homes when the time comes.

We have been free to listen to broadcasts from other countries. Friends of mine would gather with me to listen to the BBC. The broadcast in Danish was always very popular. Although the Germans didn't prevent us from listening to other countries, they took every chance of forcing their own views well before our eyes. The newspapers always carried in big print despatches from Berlin, and at the pictures it is law to show German newsreels at the beginning of each session. Sometimes the people cannot resist demonstrating against this propaganda. They are urged not to demonstrate. At every picture session there is flashed on the screen a request by the Danish King to refrain from any stamping or hissing or demonstration of any kind. But as I say, sometimes they can't resist.

I remember one night we were watching an old newsreel showing the King of Denmark at a Scout Jamboree held some years ago, and among the flags of many nations could be seen the British flag carried by the English scouts. Some people clapped. I am told that this scene was cut from the film before the next session.

Danish Nazis were Imprisoned

I think a lot of the propaganda in Denmark is stirred up by our tiny Danish Nazi party. It is a small party, but they use vast amounts of money for publicity. I remember they were rather badly caught out one night. Shortly after the invasion a new law was made prohibiting public meetings. Obviously it was a German-inspired law to prevent an uprising against the army of occupation. Organisers had to obtain a special permit before holding a meeting, and one night the Danish Nazis held a meeting without a permit and they were promptly thrown into prison.

But for all these things, the spirit of the people is grand. They realise that they can't put up a fight now, and they passively accept the German occupation. But if you look closely in the streets you will see that hundreds are wearing a tiny Danish flag, and you will see also hundreds who avoid with their eyes and their faces any German soldier that passes. Many of the German soldiers can sense this stony atmosphere. One said to me: 'I think I would rather be in a country where they throw stones at me than here in Denmark where people avoid me.'

And now that I have arrived in London I am joining the R.A.F. The Danes follow the R.A.F.'s exploits with great interest. They fully expect British attacks on German military objectives, and when they come the Danes do not complain. At least, I have never heard man or woman say a word against British bombing, because we feel that every blow struck at Germany is a blow struck for our liberation.

Denmark Waits for Liberation

By A. THALBITZER

Would your Friend like to see a Specimen Copy of 'London Calling?'

We shall be pleased to send specimen copies on receipt of a postcard. Please send it to the Editor, 'London Calling,' Broadcasting House, London, W.1



The King is holding an investiture at Buckingham Palace, and friends are waiting outside



Girls are now riding what motorists consider the most annoying vehicle in London



IN TOWN

London Scenes in



There are sandbags as well as milk on the doorsteps of London today



Young girls in smartly cut coats and skirts have replaced the men conductors on London's buses



These days Londoners appreciate more than ever a walk by the lake in St. James's Park



A signaller shows his skill at an Auxiliary Fire Service display held on the river during London's War Weapons Week



Pavements and roads are outlined in white paint to guide people in the blackout



A couple of Aussies in conversation with one of London's War Reserve policemen



Sailors of the Free French forces feed the pigeons in Trafalgar Square. In the background is the famous church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields

IN TODAY

May 1941



Buckingham Palace still draws the crowds. This photograph was taken in the morning when the guard was marching away after the guard-changing ceremony



A motor boat on the river during London's War Weapons Week. Londoners took the hint, and subscribed £120,041,000



Waiting to get a glimpse of the King: schoolboys in their summer boaters at the railings of Buckingham Palace

Hitler's Three Ways of Breaking the Blockade

ON my desk at the Ministry of Aircraft Production, where I have a war job, is volume II of a book by the American sailor-author Captain Mahan. This book is called *The Influence of Sea Power Upon the French Revolution and Empire*. The back of this book has a deep cut in it. That would give this copy of the book a special interest in my eyes, for it was in my cabin in the light cruiser H.M.S. *Southampton* at the Battle of Jutland, and was struck by a fragment from a shell which burst in my cabin.

On the last page but one of this book, Mahan points out that when Napoleon obtained power in France that country was exhausted, but by his organising genius he restored her military strength and above all 'Secured for her a further power of endurance by drawing upon the life blood of surrounding nations. So exhaustion was, for the time being, postponed, but if the course of aggression which Bonaparte had inherited from the Revolution was to continue, there were needed not the resources of the Continent only, but of the world. There was needed also a diminution of the resistance. On both these points Great Britain withstood Napoleon. She cut him off from the world and by the same act prolonged her own powers of endurance beyond his power of aggression.'

These words are almost prophetic if we imagine them applied to the situation today and substitute the name of Hitler for that of Napoleon. For just as Napoleon was cut off by Great Britain from that source of strength and sustenance, the sea, so does British sea power strive today to cut off Hitler's empire from that same means of refreshing its resources. Today, as 120 years ago, the world is witnessing a tremendous struggle between the elephant and the whale, and it is the sea power of the whale which will, in the long run, make it possible for Great Britain, aided by the U.S.A., to exhaust the elephant, no matter how far on land he rages to and fro in his mad career.

A Blockade Europe Cannot Survive

It is because over a long period of time the Continent of Europe cannot provide its inhabitants with an adequate standard of living, if that Continent is shut off from the resources of the tropical world, that the Nazis rightly understand the deadly significance of British resistance. The Continent of Europe cut off from tropical supplies is reduced in effect to a state of economic simplicity comparable to that which existed during the Middle Ages when the population, of course, was far smaller and the standard of living to which people were accustomed was far more primitive. This is not to say that the economic warfare now being conducted by Great Britain against Germany is likely in any very short period to produce famine conditions in Europe. From the short term point of view, a successful German blockade of Britain will be more deadly to us than anything we can do to Germany, but from the long view, and provided we are able eventually to stop certain obvious leaks in the blockade which are in fact taking place, particularly through unoccupied France, economic warfare based on sea power will steadily sap the powers of endurance of the German people and constitute towards creating conditions in which they will no longer stomach the Nazi régime, especially if the effect of the blockade is accompanied by air bombardment.

There are three ways in which Hitler can break the blockade and we must consider the part which sea power plays in each case.

The first way is to break out through the Middle East. If we were to lose control of the Middle East, Hitler gets the oil of Iraq and the products of Palestine. One must admit that through his conquest of the Balkans he has already reached a state of affairs in which he can prevent us trading to any considerable extent with Turkey, and he may be able to bring oil tankers from Batum through the Black Sea and Dardanelles round Greece and up the Adriatic to Trieste. This will save the Nazis the cumbersome route up the Danube.

He will not have this all his own way because we shall be operating from Crete, but it must be recognised that by his seizure of the Greek islands which lie in the Ægean and the existence of the Dodecanese Islands he can give his oil tankers substantial protection from the air. We also know that he has E-boats, which are fast motor-torpedo boats, operating in the Ægean.

The conclusion to be drawn from these facts is that air power in the case I have just mentioned will go a good long way towards enabling the Nazis to discount British sea power in the narrow waters round Greece.

But all this is really incidental to the main issue, which is whether or

not the Nazis can get to Egypt. Our position there can be reinforced up the Red Sea where we have eliminated the Italian naval forces which were based at Eritrea. Not that they ever did very much. They were most unenterprising. However, the key to the situation is whether we can sufficiently hamper German-Italian communications to Tripoli and maintain our position at Tobruk.

It is commonly said that any advance made by the Germans from Sollum towards Egypt must be made along the coast road which can then be bombarded by the sea. I do not attach much importance to this theory. Ships can only bombard for short periods, and here again the air menace to the ships must be taken into account.

I will sum up the connection between sea power and the Middle East by saying that our task at sea in that battle is to get more men, and especially more machines, into the Middle East by sea, and at the same time try to harass the German communications with Sicily. The Germans will no doubt attempt to prevent us operating at sea in the Eastern Mediterranean by ringing round the area with aerodromes.

The second way in which Hitler can break out of the blockade, and at the same time develop his plan for encircling Britain, is via North Africa, and in particular, North-West Africa. He is no doubt hoping to bring the Spaniards into the war and incite them to

attack Gibraltar, our base in the Western Mediterranean. Gibraltar, or the Rock as it is often called, is a good artificial harbour with an important dockyard. But the naval base is quite untenable if Spain becomes a belligerent, because ships lying in the harbour can be bombarded by guns mounted behind the hills across Algeciras Bay. These guns would be only a few thousand yards from the naval base. Furthermore, there is no aerodrome worthy of the name at Gibraltar. However, if the Spaniards are forced into the war, it will be one thing for them to make it impossible for us to use the base and quite another thing for them or the Germans to drive us off the Rock so that they can use the base.

The most serious consequence of Spain's entry into the war would be the fact that such an event would make it hard for the Portuguese to remain neutral, and if Portugal were overrun the enemy would have the use of the Tagus as a submarine base as well as the port of Vigo in Northern Spain. The Germans make no secret of the fact that it is their present intention to drive the British Fleet out of the Mediterranean Sea.

From the days of Oliver Cromwell we have always endeavoured to maintain a fleet in these waters, and that policy became of Imperial importance when the Suez Canal was opened to traffic. If the enemy were to succeed in his design he would have access to Africa and one cannot doubt that he would soon be using Dakar, Casablanca, and the other French West African ports and aerodromes.

If you will glance at your maps you will see that this would bring the shadow of the Swastika close to India to the East, Africa to the South, South America to the West—who can say what grandiose schemes of conquest are fermenting in Hitler's brain? It is hardly necessary for me to add that we on our side have no intention of being driven from the Mediterranean. On the contrary, we intend to stay there and use our sea power to intensify the pressure on Germany's economic life.

The Third Way—Invasion

His armoured divisions and his air force and troop-carrying planes are formidable instruments of land and air power, but the further they operate from their central base in Germany the more vulnerable they become to assaults on their lines of communication delivered by forces carried to the decisive spot by sea.

There is a third way in which Hitler can break the blockade and that is by invading Britain and thus destroying the operating centre of the blockade. For, as I pointed out earlier, the naval vessels which are the instruments of sea power need bases, and some of these bases are in Great Britain. But in addition to bases, fleets need shipbuilding yards where new vessels can be built in order to replace those lost by enemy action. A naval base can, to some extent, be extemporised, but a shipbuilding yard is a permanent fixture equipped with elaborate specialised machinery and manned by highly skilled men.

However, the connection between sea power and the security of Great Britain against invasion is such a big subject and one of such vital importance, that it deserves a talk to itself, and this it shall have next time. (Commander Stephen King-Hall's fourth talk in this series will be published next week.—ED.)

Commander King-Hall says that provided we can stop certain obvious leaks in our blockade of Germany, economic warfare based on sea power will steadily sap the powers of endurance of the German people. Hitler, he points out, has three ways of breaking the blockade, and he analyses the part that sea power plays in each case. This is the third of a series of talks broadcast in BBC's Overseas Service which we are publishing in 'London Calling'



The armed forces of both sides are making use of radio propaganda in this war: listeners will recall that both the French and Germans shouted across the Rhine at each other before the German attack last year. Here are some interesting photographs taken at Broadcasting House, Keren, when loudspeakers proclaimed the truth to the besieged Italians. The photograph on the left shows Viscount Corvedale with his staff outside the main entrance; in the centre is the announcer; and on the right some of the public-address loudspeakers are laid out in rows on the ground. (Reproduced by courtesy of British Paramount News)

Your Letters to the BBC

Our Listeners

I AM twenty-five, married, and a farmer. I manage a pedigree Jersey herd for my father, and milk sixty cows with the help of a boy of sixteen. I have a brother, a lieutenant, who left another of our farms (there are three in all) to volunteer at the outbreak of war. I am the eldest son, and have two other brothers in the Territorials, so you will see that the family is doing its bit on both fronts. We have a radio in the cowshed as well as in the house, and hear the news rebroadcast from our local station, so you have more than the human element to consider when you start 'Questions of the Hour'—there is usually an audience of contented cows.—*New Zealand.*

Joins S.A.A.F.: Parents Provide 'Plane

My home is in the hills about 2,000 feet above Durban—the city, you will remember, that collected about £300,000 for the 'Speed the Planes' Fund in two or three weeks. Talking about 'planes, here is an item that may interest you. A certain young Dutch farmer of wealthy parents and equally wealthy relatives decided to join the South African Air Force. When his period of training was over his parents were duly advised, who, on hearing of the great news, decided to purchase a 'plane for their son. Word was then sent round to the near relatives, and in a few days the necessary amount was collected.—*Natal, South Africa.*

Mosquito-net Aerial

WE are having very good reception over the 49-metre band. You will laugh when I tell you that my aerial is about a yard square of mosquito wire netting stuck up in the roof of the house immediately under the wooden shingles. Results have been astonishing; it is the wonder of all who know about it.—*Bahamas.*

'With you all the way'

My husband, little son, and myself live on a cattle station in Central Western Queensland, fifty-four miles from the nearest town or railway, so obtain most of our pleasure from the wireless. I am very happy and proud to belong to a free and proud nation. You see, we can listen when or how we like without fear. Australia's sons are proud of their homeland, and I know they won't forget when they hand Hitler his change. I have a young brother-in-law and nephew with the A.I.F. in North Africa. My nephew was at Bardia. Chins up, London, we are with you all the way.—*Queensland, Australia.*

Georgie Henschel v. Guinea Fowls

THE other day my flock of guinea fowls, for some reason best known to themselves, decided to invade the garden about twenty yards away from the loud speaker. Just at that time the fair Marjorie opened up in full blast. The poor guinea fowls listened for about half a minute and then tried to compete. After striving gallantly for about two minutes they were utterly routed (as there were only nine of them) and have not shown up since—in fact I think their nerve has gone. While it may be all right for listeners in the afternoon to hear these voluble young women say how thrilled they are to talk to such a vast audience and how their voices fill the room (which it certainly does) and how near they feel towards us, it does not sound so good at 6.10 a.m. after a hot night in West Africa.—*Gold Coast, West Africa.*

Georgie Henschel replies: 'I should like to tell this listener how sorry I am to think that our voices come over to him rather like his own flock of guinea fowls. I once lived quite near some guinea fowls, and have often heard the noises they make, and therefore I can sympathise with what he has to endure.'

War and BBC Brass Hats

You say you would like to hear about us, as well as our opinions on your programmes. Well, we are old listeners and have heard your cheery voices in several queer parts of the world—Rodrigues Island, as well as Ascension. Time was, way back in 1934, when on tuning in and hearing a dreary moaning music we would say 'That's London, chamber music as usual.' However, those days are over now, and it seems very funny that it has taken a war to induce the brass hats of the programme department to give us some really amusing and interesting programmes. Wireless and the news and talks from the BBC are the breath of life to us exiles, especially now that mails are so delayed and that we are so anxious about relations at home. My husband in Port Sudan is one of those who presses the headphones closer to hear the whisper, 'This is London calling,' on his very home-made set. Were the engineers at Broadcasting House to see that set they would say it was a product of Heath Robinson. It has been made from thrown out junk, but it works. I am hoping to be able to send him a real set soon.—*Natal, South Africa.*

BBC Stops After-lunch Rest

I POSTED a letter to you some days ago, but feel I must burst into type again to congratulate you

The BBC wants your letters: it is interested to know what you think about its programmes; it wants your opinions, and your suggestions. Please send them to the Editor, 'London Calling,' Broadcasting House, London, W.1

on the new lay-out of what is our 'afternoon transmission.' My only grouse is that I seldom get my usual rest after lunch as most of the talks after the news are of absorbing interest.—*Nyasaland, East Africa.*

Finest Feature on the Air Today

NIGHTLY, and with quasi-religious attention, we tune in the family radio to catch your North American broadcasts. We do not hesitate to say that your remarkable half-hour, 'Radio News-reel,' is unquestionably the finest feature on the air today. Why? Well, there are many reasons, but just by way of a summary we might say that when we hear those calm, modest, conversational voices of the men and women narrating so simply the exploits and deeds that have shown your enemies the quality of the British fibre, we get an inward comfortable sensation that, as Mr. Churchill put it, 'All will be well.' We sense the fact from that one feature of your work that the British spirit grows stronger daily, and we are thus encouraged to believe that when our tools arrive you will indeed 'finish the job.'—*New York, U.S.A.*

'Churchill of Clocks'

LIKE most of your correspondents, I like to hear Big Ben striking. During the blitz on London it has cheered me no end to hear him chiming out the hours; it is like a Churchill of clocks booming out encouragement to us Britishers abroad and defiance to the Nazi raiders at home.—*Iraq.*

Listening to the King in India

MAY we thank you all for the pleasure and amusement and confidence you have brought us through this last dark year. One evening I was walking in the dusk on a lonely road in the hills and I saw, grouped about an open door of a tiny shop, some Indians who, having no radio of their own, gather there to listen. I realised as I went by that the King's speech was being rebroadcast from Delhi, and I heard ringing out over these lonely hills his words that came to me then like a real promise, 'There will always be an England.' I had heard the speech earlier, but this came almost like a miracle, and I'll never forget it.—*Patiala, India.*

(More Letters on page 23)

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BRITAIN'S WAR CHIEFS

Major John Bagot Glubb, O.B.E., M.C.

Commanding Officer of the Arab Legion

INTO the deserts of Iraq, at the head of a flying column of Arab horsemen went that remarkable man, Major John Bagot Glubb, O.B.E., M.C., otherwise Abu el Haneik ('The Father of Chins'), uncrowned king of the deserts which meet at the junction of Iraq, Trans-Jordan and Saudi Arabia.

Glubb will make history. He has already made it in a quiet, unostentatious way. For that he was awarded the first gift of the Lawrence Medal, the highest award that can be given to any man for great work in the Near and Middle East.

John Bagot Glubb was a small boy of fifteen when the last war broke out. He was quiet, studious, played no games and went for long walks. He was the son of Major-General Sir Frederick Glubb, K.C., M.B., C.B., D.S.O., of Pembury, Kent. Today he is making new and greater history in the desert country which farsighted prophets say will be the final land battleground of this war.

I know Glubb. He belongs to that extraordinary race of Englishmen and women who have understood the Arab, loved the desert, made themselves friends of the Arab peoples—Doughty, Lawrence of Arabia, Lord Lloyd, Gertrude Bell, Peake Pasha, Colonel Newcombe, the rebel poet, Wilfred Scawen Blunt, and the Dane, Knut Holmboe, and so on.

His official title is Commanding Officer of the Arab Legion and Director-General of Public Security in the Kingdom of Trans-Jordan, the ruler of which is the Emir Abdullah, brother of the late King Hussein of the Hedjaz. Hussein was chased off his throne by Abdel Aziz Ibn Saud, King of Saudi Arabia; the most powerful monarch in Arabia, Lord of half a million fanatical warriors. Ibn Saud is a grand, fighting Moslem, who won his throne by the sword, and he commands our respect. Between him and the Royal families of Iraq and Trans-Jordan little love was lost during the time that Lawrence of Arabia was creating those two latter kingdoms and putting Hussein's kinsmen on their thrones.

Problems Glubb has Solved

It is not surprising, therefore, that when Glubb, after entering Woolwich a year before the usual time, going to France as a boy, being wounded in the jaw, and building bridges over the Tigris, finally became organiser of Arab defence and peace in Iraq, he found himself faced with frontier problems of perplexity and asperity.

Inter-tribal raids were everyday affairs. War was a game. Law and order were cockshies. Yet order had to be established and maintained. Glubb did so.

Fantastic newspaper legends have grown up around him. An unusually voluble Sunday newspaper has described him as tall, stern, strong-jawed with steel blue eyes, and a mysterious manner. That is sheer nonsense. He is, in fact, slight, slim, and small, with a scarred chin, a humorous eye, and a friendly manner. He usually wears khaki with an Arab headdress.

He has for years administered a territory of 33,000 square miles inhabited by about 40,000 wandering Bedouins.

He knows everyone among the Arabs and they all know him. He understands them, their language, their philosophy, their way of life and their religion. They love him and respect him. That is the touchstone of his strength. Finally, he is always on the job.

You can go to Glubb's house, where the garden is made round the ruins of an old Byzantine church, and, although you may find his seventy-year old mother or his very charming wife at home you will discover that Glubb is never at home for three weeks out of the month. He is on the job in the desert.

This is the man, friend and confidant of the Arab, hater of publicity, the man Mussolini had specially watched. This is the man who, at the time of writing, is leading the loyal Arab columns against the Axis-bribed Iraqis. Glubb knows the desert and the Arab better than either Hitler or Mussolini. He was a friend and comrade-in-arms of Lawrence. J. WENTWORTH DAY

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF OUR PROGRAMMES?

The BBC is very interested, particularly at the present time, in listeners' views on its Overseas Service. The more we know of your likes and dislikes, the better the service we can give. And when you write be candid as well as kind. Please send your letters to the BBC, Broadcasting House, London, W.1.



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Sunday, June 29

EDST (GMT)
(p.m.)

- 6.20** 22.20 LONDON CALLING ...
Preview of the day's programmes
- 6.25** 22.25 BEHOLD, THE HEBRIDES !
Songs of the Western Isles
sung in Gaelic
and presented in English by Hugh MacPhee
- 6.45** 22.45 THE NEWS
- 7.0** 23.00 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
- 7.15** 23.15 News in French
- 7.30** 23.30 FRED HARTLEY AND HIS
MUSIC
- 8.0** 00.00 THE NEWS
- 8.10** 00.10 LISTENING POST
- 8.15** 00.15 LONDON CALLING ...
- 8.30** 00.30 BRITAIN SPEAKS
A talk by Michael Foot
- 8.45** 00.45 HEADLINE NEWS AND VIEWS
Commentator: J. B. McGeachy

Maurice O'Sullivan's autobiography

'TWENTY YEARS A-GROWING'

originally written in Irish, telling the story of the life of the people on the lonely and storm-swept Blasket Islands off the coast of Kerry, will be broadcast as a radio serial this week

- 9.0** 01.00 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
'In a Summer Garden,' by Delius
played by the BBC Orchestra (Section A)
Concert master: Paul Beard
conducted by Clarence Raybould

FREDERICK DELIUS died in France, near Fontainebleau, in 1934 at the age of seventy-two. He was one of the most original and distinguished composers Britain has ever produced. His style was intensely individual, and it was some time before he won full recognition in his own country. His music is essentially lyrical and romantic in feeling, impressionistic in style, and characterised by shifting and subtly chromatic harmonies. *In a Summer Garden* is one of the loveliest of Delius's musical pictures. It was composed in 1908, and the score bears the following quotation from a poem by Rossetti:—

'All are my blooms and all sweet blooms of love
To thee I gave while Spring and Summer sang.'

- 9.15** 01.15 VIOLIN SOLOS
played by David McCallum

Last-minute changes in programmes are sometimes unavoidable, and listeners should listen each day to 'London calling', a period devoted to news about BBC programmes and to special announcements. Listeners should note that the bold-faced timings throughout the North American programmes are Eastern Daylight Saving Time—Greenwich Mean Time is given in light-face type

Every
Night
This Week
(except Sat.)
at
10.15 p.m.
EDST



- 9.30** 01.30 THE SUNDAY SERVICE
From a church in the South-West of England
the music will be sung by the choristers of
Canterbury Cathedral
- 10.0** 02.00 DEMOCRACY MARCHES
A talk
- 10.15** 02.15 'TWENTY YEARS
A-GROWING'
1—The Mainland

Maurice O'Sullivan (as a child and as the storyteller), his father, his grandfather, his two aunts, Michil and Tomás (his friends), the schoolmistress, the King of the Blasket Island, Shaun Fada, and George Thomson (an Englishman)

The scenes are laid in the Great Blasket, an island north-west of the coast of Kerry, and in the mainland of Kerry, Dublin, and Connemara
produced by Mary Allen

THIS programme in six episodes is a broadcast adaptation of Maurice O'Sullivan's famous autobiography of the same name, which was originally written in Irish, and which tells the story of the life of the people on the lonely and storm-swept Blasket Islands off the coast of Kerry.

The title is taken from a saying of O'Sullivan's grandfather: 'Did you never hear how the life of man is divided? Twenty years a-growing, twenty years in blossom, twenty years a-stooping, and twenty years declining.'
(Listen each night this week (except Saturday) from 10.15-10.30 p.m. EDST for the other five episodes.)

- 10.30** 02.30 BRITAIN ON GUARD
A radio impression of the forces defending the
British Isles

Written by Tom Wintringham
produced by Laurence Gilliam
A BBC production: Made in England

MORE than once now Hitler has postponed his much vaunted invasion of Britain. But we have not been lulled thereby into any false sense of security. While the battle rages on other fronts, at home we remain continually on the alert. Our preparations are made, and we cannot be surprised by the suddenness of any attack.

This programme is designed to show how Navy, Army, Air Force, Home Guard, and civilians maintain a 24-hour vigil throughout the length and breadth of Britain against the threat of invasion; and if invasion comes everyone knows what he or she must do.

'Britain on Guard' has been specially written by Tom Wintringham, who is admirably equipped to handle so wide a subject expertly and dramatically. He is a well-known military writer, with a practical knowledge of modern strategy and tactics. Last spring he founded the Home Guard School at Osterley Park, and he is at present an instructor in a War Office Home Guard Training School. He had first-hand experience of Axis methods of warfare when he fought with the International Brigade in Spain. Outstanding features by Wintringham which have been broadcast recently include 'The Black Day of the German Army,' the stories of Carnot and Washington in the series 'These Men Were Free,' and 'Armies of Free Men.'

'Britain on Guard'



Britain's preparedness against invasion will be told in this programme. Here are two pictures from the British stronghold: the strange gasmasks are those used by elderly people and invalids; the other is a striking picture of the balloon barrage carried by vessels patrolling off our coast

Sunday at 10.30 p.m. EDST

- 11.0** 03.00 LONDON BARREL-ORGANS
Richard Pasquale in an interview with
Gerry Wilmot
- 11.15** 03.15 CALLING THE WORLD
The People of Britain
A talk
- 11.30** 03.30 RADIO NEWSREEL
- 12.0** 04.00 THE EPILOGUE
- 12.10** 04.10 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 12.15** 04.15 BRITAIN SPEAKS
A talk by Michael Foot
- 12.30** 04.30 THE NEWS
- 12.45** 04.45 Close down

Monday, June 30

- EDST (GMT)
(p.m.)
- 6.20** 22.00 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 6.25** 22.25 HELLO, CHILDREN!
A programme for the children evacuated from the
British Isles to Canada and the U.S.A.
- 6.45** 22.45 THE NEWS
- 7.0** 23.00 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
Military commentary by Major Lewis Hastings
- 7.15** 23.15 News in French
- 7.30** 23.30 THE LOW ROAD
A dramatic sketch written round the words of the
old Scots song, 'Loch Lomond'
- 8.0** 00.00 THE NEWS
- 8.10** 00.10 LISTENING POST
- 8.15** 00.15 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 8.30** 00.30 BRITAIN SPEAKS
A talk
- 8.45** 00.45 HEADLINE NEWS AND VIEWS
Commentator: Lindley Fraser
- 9.0** 01.00 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
Music by Arthur Warrell
performed by the BBC Singers
conducted by Trevor Harvey
- ARTHUR WARRELL, who died last year, composed many
part songs. His name will always be connected with
music-making in the West of England.
- 9.15** 01.15 FRONT-LINE FAMILY—55
A serial describing the adventures of the British
Family Robinson in wartime London
- 9.30** 01.30 CANADA CALLS FROM
LONDON
Canadian regimental Concert
(in collaboration with the CBC)
- 10.0** 02.00 DEMOCRACY MARCHES
A talk
- 10.15** 02.15 'TWENTY YEARS
A-GROWING'
2—The Ventry Races

- 10.30** 02.30 THE STONES CRY OUT
Guy's Hospital
The ninth of a weekly series of programmes con-
structed round historical buildings in Britain which
have suffered damage or destruction from German
bombs

A BBC production: Made in England

THOMAS GUY, a bookseller who made a fortune, founded
the hospital which bears his name in 1721. He spent
£18,000 on it in his lifetime, and at his death bequeathed
£200,000 for its endowment. Previously he had built
and furnished three wards in St. Thomas's, and had
endowed Christ's Hospital with £400 per annum.

He was a genuine philanthropist, and on the bounty
of men of his kind our hospitals have always depended.
But he had a curious streak of meanness in his char-
acter. It is recorded of him that he remained a bachelor
to the end of his days, because the only lady to whom
he was ever engaged angered him by spending more money
on the repair of some paving in front of his house than
he had authorised!

The façade and much of the present Guy's building
were designed by John Bacon and date from 1773. The
hospital has grown considerably during the two centuries
since its foundation, and its staff of physicians, surgeons,
bacteriologists, radiologists, dental surgeons, etc., num-
bered eighty-seven in peacetime. A recent addition was
a separate block founded by Lord Nuffield at a cost of
more than £70,000. It houses seventy beds for private
patients.

- 10.45** 02.45 MUSIC OF THE SEA
played by the BBC Military Band
Conductor: P. S. G. O'Donnell
- 11.15** 03.15 CALLING THE WORLD
Matters of Moment
A talk
- 11.30** 03.30 RADIO NEWSREEL
- 12.0** 04.00 THE DAILY SERVICE
- 12.5** 04.05 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 12.15** 04.15 BRITAIN SPEAKS
A talk
- 12.30** 04.30 THE NEWS
- 12.45** 04.45 Close down

Tuesday, July 1

- EDST (GMT)
(p.m.)
- 6.20** 22.20 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 6.25** 22.25 CALLING THE WEST INDIES
West Indian Party
- 6.45** 22.45 THE NEWS
- 7.0** 23.00 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
Air commentary by Oliver Stewart
- 7.15** 23.15 News in French
- 7.30** 23.30 BEYOND VIMY
A feature programme for Canada's Dominion Day
Written by Eric Gibbs and H. Rooney Pelletier
- THE Canadian War Memorial at Vimy Ridge consists of
two great pylons with, in their shadows, a symbolic figure
of a Canadian mother. It commemorates thousands who
'have no known grave.' Its state under German occupa-
tion is uncertain.
- Meanwhile the Canadian troops in Britain are increas-
ingly eager to get to grips with the enemy and find their
retention within our shores the supreme test of patience.
The Memorial is a monument to the chivalry of the
Canadian troops during the war of 1914-1918, but it is
- 10.0** 02.00 DEMOCRACY MARCHES
A talk by William Holt
- 10.15** 02.15 'TWENTY YEARS
A-GROWING'
3—War 1914-1918
- 10.30** 02.30 STARLIGHT
'Hutch' (Leslie Hutchinson)
Compère: Gerry Wilmot
- 10.45** 02.45 NORTHERN LIGHTS
A miscellany.
- 11.15** 03.15 CALLING THE WORLD
Scots Abroad
A talk by John R. Allan
- 11.30** 03.30 RADIO NEWSREEL
- 12.0** 04.00 THE DAILY SERVICE
- 12.5** 04.05 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 12.15** 04.15 BRITAIN SPEAKS
A talk by Vernon Bartlett, M.P.
- 12.30** 04.30 THE NEWS
- 12.45** 04.45 Close down

in reality more—a symbol of Canadian courage and valiant
enterprise. The soil on which it stands was given to
Canada by the Government of France, and it is therefore
fair to say that the Germans now occupy one small
corner of Canadian territory. In this programme, various
themes of Canadian courage will be woven together
around the symbol of the monument at Vimy Ridge.

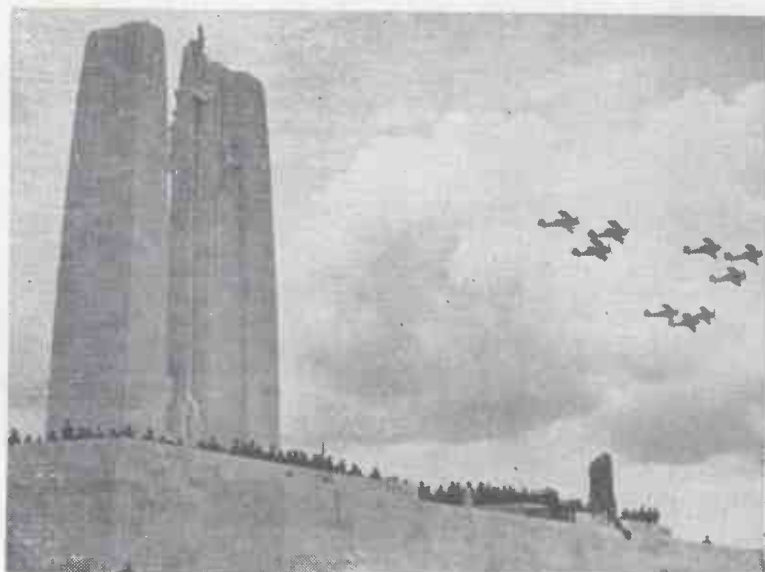
- 8.0** 00.00 THE NEWS
- 8.10** 00.10 LISTENING POST
- 8.15** 00.15 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 8.30** 00.30 BRITAIN SPEAKS
A talk by Vernon Bartlett, M.P.
- 8.45** 00.45 HEADLINE NEWS AND VIEWS
Commentator: Lindley Fraser
- 9.0** 01.00 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
Five English Nursery Tunes
by Hubert Clifford
played by the BBC Orchestra
Concert master: Paul Beard
Conducted by the composer
- 1 The frog and the mouse; 2 The evening
prayer; 3 Lavender's blue; 4 Curly locks;
5 London Bridge.

DR. CLIFFORD is an Australian. A number of his orchestral
works were produced in Melbourne in the late 1920's by
the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra. Since 1930, the
composer has been in England.

In the work which figures in this programme the com-
poser has taken five traditional nursery tunes and made
each one into an orchestral movement. They are
contrasted in style, and each in turn follows out the
particular character of the melody. The suite was broadcast
for the first time on May 17 by the BBC Symphony
Orchestra.

- 9.15** 01.15 FRONT-LINE FAMILY—56
A serial describing the adventures of the British
Family Robinson in wartime London
- 9.30** 01.30 CANADA CALLS FROM
LONDON
Message from Sandy
Sandy Macpherson at the Theatre Organ sending
messages in music from Canadian and American
soldiers

- 10.0** 02.00 DEMOCRACY MARCHES
A talk by William Holt
- 10.15** 02.15 'TWENTY YEARS
A-GROWING'
3—War 1914-1918
- 10.30** 02.30 STARLIGHT
'Hutch' (Leslie Hutchinson)
Compère: Gerry Wilmot
- 10.45** 02.45 NORTHERN LIGHTS
A miscellany.
- 11.15** 03.15 CALLING THE WORLD
Scots Abroad
A talk by John R. Allan
- 11.30** 03.30 RADIO NEWSREEL
- 12.0** 04.00 THE DAILY SERVICE
- 12.5** 04.05 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 12.15** 04.15 BRITAIN SPEAKS
A talk by Vernon Bartlett, M.P.
- 12.30** 04.30 THE NEWS
- 12.45** 04.45 Close down



This was the
scene at the un-
veiling of the
Canadian War
Memorial on Vimy
Ridge in 1936.
This memorial in-
spired the title for
the feature pro-
gramme that the
BBC is broad-
casting at 7.30 p.m.
EDST on Canada's
Dominion Day,
Tuesday, July 1



Mrs. Winston Churchill recently visited the American
Eagle Club and took tea with the men. As this
photograph shows, she had a busy time with auto-
graph hunters. May we remind you that the BBC
microphone pays its weekly visit to the American Eagle
Club on Saturdays at 9 p.m. EDST

Wednesday, July 2

- EDST (GMT)
(p.m.)
- 6.20 22.20 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 6.25 22.25 CALLING FROM BRITAIN TO NEWFOUNDLAND
- including a newsletter from the Trade Commissioner for Newfoundland, Mr. D. J. Davies, C.B.E.
- 6.45 22.45 THE NEWS
- 7.0 23.00 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
- 7.15 23.15 News in French
- 7.30 23.30 SOMETHING GOING ON IN BRITAIN NOW
- 8.0 00.00 THE NEWS
- 8.10 00.10 LISTENING POST
- 8.15 00.15 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 8.30 00.30 BRITAIN SPEAKS
A talk
- 8.45 00.45 HEADLINE NEWS AND VIEWS
Commentator: J. B. McGeachy
- 9.0 01.00 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
Thelma Reiss (cello)

Sonata for violoncello.....*Henry Eccles*
Drink to me only with thine eyes...*trad., arr. Quilter*
HENRY ECCLES, whose Sonata for violoncello appears in this programme, was an English violinist-composer. He was a member of the King's Band in England during the reigns of Charles II, James II, William and Mary, and Anne; and from 1710 until his death in 1742 he was a member of the band of King Louis XIV of France.

- 9.15 01.15 FRONT-LINE FAMILY—57
A serial describing the adventures of the British Family Robinson in wartime London
- 9.30 01.30 CANADA CALLS FROM LONDON
'Jean-Baptiste s'en va-t-en Guerre'
French-Canadians of all ranks tell Jacques Des Baillets of military life in Britain today
'British Sketchbook'
Sound pictures of everyday life in Great Britain presented by H. Rooney Pelletier (in collaboration with the CBC)
- 10.0 02.00 DEMOCRACY MARCHES
A talk
- 10.15 02.15 'TWENTY YEARS A-GROWING'
4—An Englishman Comes to the Village in the West
- 10.30 02.30 FREEDOM FERRY—8
Bombs on Brest
A BBC production: *Made in England*
- 10.45 02.45 LONDON TANGO ORCHESTRA
directed by Reginald Leopold
- 11.15 03.15 CALLING THE WORLD
A talk
- 11.30 03.30 RADIO NEWSREEL
- 12.0 04.00 THE DAILY SERVICE
- 12.5 04.05 LONDON CALLING . . .
A talk
- 12.15 04.15 BRITAIN SPEAKS
A talk
- 12.30 04.30 THE NEWS
- 12.45 04.45 Close down

Thursday, July 3

- EDST (GMT)
(p.m.)
- 6.20 22.20 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 6.25 22.25 CALLING THE WEST INDIES
West Indian choir
- 6.45 22.45 THE NEWS
- 7.0 23.00 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
Military commentary by Captain Cyril Falls
- 7.15 23.15 News in French
- 7.30 23.30 THE GRINKE TRIO
Frederick Grinke (violin), Florence Hooton (cello), Kendall Taylor (piano)
Gipsy Rondo (from Trio No. 1 in G).....*Haydn*
Impressions of a Holiday, for piano trio....*Goossens*
- 8.0 00.00 THE NEWS
- 8.10 00.10 LISTENING POST
- 8.15 00.15 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 8.30 00.30 BRITAIN SPEAKS
A talk

- 8.45 00.45 HEADLINE NEWS AND VIEWS
Commentator: J. B. McGeachy

9.0 01.00 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
Irish songs composed or arranged by Herbert Hughes
sung by George Beggs
presented by the composer's brother, Fred Hughes
HERBERT HUGHES, whose death shortly before the outbreak of war was a great source of grief to his many musical friends in this country, was well known as a musical critic as well as a composer. Irish by birth and sympathies, his arrangements of many famous songs of his native land are among the best that have ever been published, and they show a rare feeling for the 'folk' style, as well as considerable musicianship.

- 9.15 01.15 FRONT-LINE FAMILY—58
A serial describing the adventures of the British Family Robinson in wartime London
- 9.30 01.30 CANADA CALLS FROM LONDON
'Les Voix françaises'
including
French men and women speak from Britain to French-Canadian listeners (in collaboration with the CBC)
- 10.0 02.00 DEMOCRACY MARCHES
A talk
- 10.15 02.15 'TWENTY YEARS A-GROWING'
5—The Visit to Dublin
- 10.30 02.30 STARLIGHT
Stanley Holloway
Compère: Gerry Wilmot
- 10.45 02.45 THE MAN, SHAKESPEARE
'The Sea of Glory' (*Julius Caesar, Henry VIII—Wolsey*)
The fifth of a series of half-hours with the greatest of English dramatists arranged by Clemence Dane and produced by Val Gielgud
- 11.15 03.15 CALLING THE WORLD
In My Opinion
A talk
- 11.30 03.30 RADIO NEWSREEL
- 12.0 04.00 THE DAILY SERVICE
- 12.5 04.05 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 12.15 04.15 BRITAIN SPEAKS
A talk
- 12.30 04.30 THE NEWS
- 12.45 04.45 Close down

Friday, July 4

- EDST (GMT)
(p.m.)
- 6.20 22.20 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 6.25 22.25 HELLO, CHILDREN!
A programme for the children evacuated from the British Isles to Canada and the U.S.A.
- 6.45 22.45 THE NEWS
- 7.0 23.00 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
Air commentary by Oliver Stewart
- 7.15 23.15 News in French
- 7.45 23.45 CANADA CALLS FROM LONDON
With the Troops in Britain (in collaboration with the CBC)
- 8.0 00.00 THE NEWS
- 8.10 00.10 LISTENING POST
- 8.15 00.15 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 8.30 00.30 BRITAIN SPEAKS
A talk
- 8.45 00.45 HEADLINE NEWS AND VIEWS
Commentator: J. B. McGeachy
- 9.0 01.00 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
Music by Edward German
played by the BBC Salon Orchestra
Concert master: Jean Pougnet
Conductor: Leslie Bridgewater
Dances from 'Nell Gwyn'; Waltz from Suite in D Minor
EDWARD GERMAN studied at the Royal Academy of Music during the 1880's, and among his fellow students were Stewart Macpherson, Tobias Matthay, Marie Tempest, and Henry Wood. His first step to fame was in 1889 when as conductor at the Globe Theatre he was commissioned to write the incidental music for a production of *Richard III*. The music was a great success, and two years later Irving commissioned German to write the music for *Henry VIII*, for which he received three hundred guineas. In 1900, after the death of Sullivan, came German's association with the Savoy Opera, during which period *The Emerald Isle* and *Merric England* were produced, and later *A Princess of Kensington* and *Tom Jones*. In 1904 German was asked to write a new work for the Cardiff Musical Festival, which

resulted in his famous 'Welsh Rhapsody.' From that time until his death in 1936 he established himself as the greatest living British composer of light music.

- 9.15 01.15 FRONT-LINE FAMILY—59
A serial describing the adventures of the British Family Robinson in wartime London
- 9.30 01.30 CANADA CALLS FROM LONDON
'Cahiers Français'
A potpourri for French-Canadian listeners (in collaboration with the CBC)
- 10.0 02.00 DEMOCRACY MARCHES
A talk
- 10.15 02.15 'TWENTY YEARS A-GROWING'
6—'You will change yet, Maurice'
- 10.30 02.30 THE TRADITION OF LIBERTY
A feature programme for Independence Day
- 11.15 03.15 CALLING THE WORLD
World Affairs
A talk by H. Wickham Steed
- 11.30 03.30 RADIO NEWSREEL
- 12.0 04.00 THE DAILY SERVICE
- 12.5 04.05 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 12.15 04.15 BRITAIN SPEAKS
A talk
- 12.30 04.30 THE NEWS
- 12.45 04.45 Close down

Saturday, July 5

- EDST (GMT)
(p.m.)
- 6.20 22.00 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 6.25 22.25 CALLING THE WEST INDIES
West Indian newsletter
- 6.45 22.45 THE NEWS
- 7.0 23.00 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
Naval commentary by H. C. Ferraby
- 7.15 23.15 News in French
- 7.30 23.30 THE LONDON NOVELTY PLAYERS
- 7.45 23.45 CIVILIANS' WAR—8
Making Money Fight
A description of a village War Weapons Week by Denis Constanduros
A BBC production: *Made in England*
- 8.0 00.00 THE NEWS
- 8.15 00.15 LISTENING POST
- 8.20 00.20 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 8.30 00.30 BRITAIN SPEAKS
A talk
- 8.45 00.45 HEADLINE NEWS AND VIEWS
Commentator: J. B. McGeachy
- 9.0 01.00 WEEKLY VISIT TO THE AMERICAN EAGLE CLUB
- 9.15 01.15 FRONT-LINE FAMILY—60
A serial describing the adventures of the British Family Robinson in wartime London
- 9.30 01.30 CANADA CALLS FROM LONDON
Quiz for the Forces
Saturday night at the Beaver Club (in collaboration with the CBC)
- 10.0 02.00 DEMOCRACY MARCHES
A talk by George Gibson, Chairman of the Trades Union Congress
- 10.15 02.15 AT YOUR REQUEST
Items chosen by listeners
- 10.30 02.30 OFF THE RECORD
News and views of brighter London presented by Gerry Wilmot
- 10.45 02.45 LIGHTS OF LONDON
Compère: E. V. H. Emmett
- 11.15 03.15 CALLING THE WORLD
Inside the Nazi Mind
A talk
- 11.30 03.30 RADIO NEWSREEL
- 12.0 04.00 THE DAILY SERVICE
- 12.5 04.05 LONDON CALLING . . .
The week's programmes
- 12.15 04.15 BRITAIN SPEAKS
A talk
- 12.30 04.30 THE NEWS
- 12.45 04.45 Close down

Programmes for Pacific, Eastern, and African Services

PACIFIC SERVICE 04.57-08.15	
Australia	GSD 9.51 Mc/s (31.55 m.) GSD 11.75 Mc/s (25.53 m.) GSF 15.14 Mc/s (19.82 m.)
New Zealand	GSD 9.51 Mc/s (31.55 m.) GSI 15.26 Mc/s (19.66 m.) GSF 15.14 Mc/s (19.82 m.)
Oceania	GSI 15.26 Mc/s (19.66 m.)
Central America	as for Australia
South America	GSD 9.51 Mc/s (31.55 m.)
S. and W. Africa (from 06.30 to 07.00)	GSF 15.14 Mc/s (19.82 m.) GRY 9.60 Mc/s (31.25 m.)
Near East (to 07.00) (from 07.00)	GSD 11.75 Mc/s (25.53 m.) GSP 15.31 Mc/s (19.60 m.)
Far East	GSF 15.14 Mc/s (19.82 m.)

EASTERN SERVICE 10.55-16.30	
India, Burma, and Malaya	GSF 15.14 Mc/s (19.82 m.) GSV 17.81 Mc/s (16.84 m.) GSD 11.75 Mc/s (25.53 m.)
Far East (to 13.30) (from 13.45)	GSF 15.14 Mc/s (19.82 m.) GSV 17.81 Mc/s (16.84 m.) GRU 9.45 Mc/s (31.75 m.)

Australia	as for India
New Zealand	as for Far East
E., S., and W. Africa (to 13.30) (from 13.45)	GSH 21.47 Mc/s (13.97 m.) GSV 17.81 Mc/s (16.84 m.)
South America	GST 21.55 Mc/s (13.92 m.)
Central America (from 12.00)	GSJ 21.53 Mc/s (13.93 m.)
North America (to 12.00) (from 12.15)	GSD 11.75 Mc/s (25.53 m.) GSF 15.14 Mc/s (19.82 m.)

AFRICAN SERVICE 16.55-22.00	
South Africa (to 19.00) (from 17.00)	GSD 11.75 Mc/s (25.53 m.) GSI 15.26 Mc/s (19.66 m.) GRY 9.60 Mc/s (31.25 m.)
East Africa (from 20.15) (to 20.00)	GRY 9.60 Mc/s (31.25 m.) GSF 15.14 Mc/s (19.82 m.)
West Africa (from 20.45) (19.00-20.45)	GSD 11.75 Mc/s (25.53 m.) GSI 15.26 Mc/s (19.66 m.)
Near East (to 20.30)	GSD 11.75 Mc/s (25.53 m.)
Canada and N. America (to 19.30) (from 19.30)	GSV 17.81 Mc/s (16.84 m.) GSP 15.31 Mc/s (19.60 m.)
S. and Central America (from 20.45)	GSF 15.14 Mc/s (19.82 m.)
India and Burma (to 18.15)	GRV 12.04 Mc/s (24.92 m.)

ALL TIMES IN PACIFIC, EASTERN, AND AFRICAN SERVICES GIVEN IN GMT

Please Note that . . .

Last-minute changes in programmes are sometimes unavoidable; details of programmes will be announced on Sundays in the Pacific Service at 05.30 and 06.45; the Eastern Service at 12.00 and 14.15; and in the African Service at 18.30 and 21.45.

* * *

The chimes of Big Ben can be heard daily in the Pacific, Eastern and African Services at the quarter, half, and three-quarter hours.

* * *

The six-pip Greenwich Time Signal (the last pip denoting the exact time) is broadcast daily at 01.00, 02.00, 03.00, 05.00, 06.00, 07.00, 08.00, 11.00, 12.00, 13.00, 14.00, 15.00, 18.00, 19.00, 21.00, 23.00.

Sunday, June 29

PACIFIC SERVICE	
04.57	LONDON CALLING . . . Preview of the day's programmes
05.00	BRITISH NEWS SERVICE— REUTERS A feature programme
05.30	LONDON CALLING . . . The week's programmes
05.45	THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN (see N. American S., Tues., 01.00 GMT)
06.00	AMERICAN COMMENTARY A talk by Raymond Gram Swing
06.15	THE NEWS
06.30	QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR Naval commentary by H. C. Ferraby
06.45	LONDON CALLING . . . The week's programmes
07.00	RADIO NEWSREEL
07.25	LISTENING POST
07.30	THE SUNDAY SERVICE from a church in the South-West of England music by the choristers of Canterbury Cathedral
08.00	HEADLINE NEWS News commentary by Cyril Lakin
08.15	Close down

EASTERN SERVICE	
10.55	LONDON CALLING . . .
11.00	THE NEWS
11.15	QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR Naval commentary by H. C. Ferraby
11.30	THIS WEEK'S ANNIVERSARIES Recalled by Christopher Stone and S. P. B. Mais
12.00	LONDON CALLING . . . The week's programmes
12.15	GERALDO AND HIS CONCERT ORCHESTRA
13.00	THE NEWS News commentary by E. A. Montague
13.15	STARLIGHT
13.30	THEATRE ORGAN
13.45	PRELUDE Gramophone presentation by Marie Legge
13.55	LONDON CALLING . . .
14.00	THE PEOPLE OF BRITAIN A talk

14.15	LONDON CALLING . . . The week's programmes
14.30	FAIREY AVIATION WORKS' BAND
15.00	AMERICAN COMMENTARY A talk by Raymond Gram Swing
15.15	THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN Orchestral music by J. B. McEwan
15.30	THE SUNDAY SERVICE from a church in the South-West of England music by the choristers of Canterbury Cathedral
16.00	THE NEWS
16.15	QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
16.30	Close down

AFRICAN SERVICE	
16.55	LONDON CALLING . . .
17.00	BBC NORTHERN ORCHESTRA
17.45	'NEWS FROM NEW ZEALAND' A talk by D'Arcy Cresswell
18.00	THE NEWS
18.15	AMERICAN COMMENTARY A talk by Raymond Gram Swing
18.30	LONDON CALLING . . . The week's programmes
18.45	THE STONES CRY OUT—8 St. Paul's Cathedral A BBC production: Made in England
19.00	FRED HARTLEY AND HIS MUSIC
19.30	LONDON CALLING . . .
19.45	THE SUNDAY SERVICE from a church in the South-West of England music by the choristers of Canterbury Cathedral
20.15	THE PEOPLE OF BRITAIN A talk
20.30	THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN (see N. American S., Thurs., 01.00 GMT)
20.45	THE NEWS
21.00	BRITISH NEWS SERVICE— REUTERS A feature programme
21.30	BBC ORCHESTRA (Section C) Symphonic Suite, 'Paris'Ibert
21.45	LONDON CALLING . . . The week's programmes
21.50	EPILOGUE
22.00	Close down

07.45	THE DAILY SERVICE
07.50	LONDON CALLING . . .
08.00	HEADLINE NEWS News commentary by Robert Fraser
08.15	Close down

EASTERN SERVICE	
10.55	LONDON CALLING . . .
11.00	THE NEWS
11.15	QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
11.30	PARLOUR GAMES FROM A SERVICES CLUB
12.00	LONDON CALLING . . .
12.10	THE DAILY SERVICE
12.15	QUIET, PLEASE! Variety
13.00	THE NEWS News commentary by Major Alan Murray
13.15	STARLIGHT Stanley Holloway
13.30	'FRONT-LINE FAMILY'—55
13.45	PRELUDE Gramophone presentation by Marie Legge
13.55	LONDON CALLING . . .
14.00	NEWS FROM HOME A talk by Howard Marshall
14.15	THE STONES CRY OUT—9 Guy's Hospital A BBC production: Made in England
14.30	THE MAN, SHAKESPEARE (see N. American S., Thurs., 01.00 GMT)
15.00	MATTERS OF MOMENT A talk
15.15	THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN (see N. American S., Tues., 02.45 GMT)
15.30	NORTHERN LIGHTS A miscellany
16.00	THE NEWS

16.15	QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR Military commentary by Major Lewis Hastings
16.30	Close down

AFRICAN SERVICE	
16.55	LONDON CALLING . . .
17.00	CALLING GIBRALTAR A programme of music and messages to British Forces at Gibraltar Presented by Joan Gilbert
17.20	QUIET, PLEASE! Variety
18.00	THE NEWS
18.15	MATTERS OF MOMENT A talk
18.30	BRITAIN ON GUARD A feature programme by Tom Winttingham A BBC production: Made in England
19.00	IN HARMONY WITH HISTORY The development of music in South Africa
19.30	LONDON CALLING . . .
19.40	THE DAILY SERVICE
19.45	'FRONT-LINE FAMILY'—55
20.00	STARLIGHT Stanley Holloway
20.15	NEWS FROM HOME A talk by Howard Marshall
20.30	THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN (see N. American S., Mon., 01.00 GMT)
20.45	THE NEWS
21.00	HERMAN DAREWSKI AND HIS ORCHESTRA
21.45	NATIONS AND THEIR MUSIC compiled and presented by Scott Goddard
22.00	Close down

Monday, June 30

PACIFIC SERVICE	
04.57	LONDON CALLING . . . Preview of the day's programmes
05.00	QUIET, PLEASE! Variety
05.45	THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN (see N. American S., Wed., 01.00 GMT)
06.00	WORKING TOGETHER A talk

06.15	THE NEWS
06.30	QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
06.45	THE STONES CRY OUT—6 Llandaff Cathedral A BBC production: Made in Wales
07.00	RADIO NEWSREEL
07.25	LISTENING POST
07.30	CALLING NEW ZEALAND A talk

Tuesday, July 1

PACIFIC SERVICE	
04.57	LONDON CALLING . . . Preview of the day's programmes
05.00	NORTHERN LIGHTS A miscellany
05.30	THEATRE ORGAN
05.45	THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN (see N. American S., Sun., 01.00 GMT)
06.00	MATTERS OF MOMENT A talk
06.15	THE NEWS
06.30	QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR Military commentary by Major Lewis Hastings
06.45	A PROGRAMME OF DUETS sung by Foster Richardson and Doris Cowen
07.00	RADIO NEWSREEL
07.25	LISTENING POST
07.30	CALLING AUSTRALIA A talk

07.45	THE DAILY SERVICE
07.50	LONDON CALLING . . .
08.00	HEADLINE NEWS News commentary by Robert Fraser
08.15	Close down

EASTERN SERVICE	
10.55	LONDON CALLING . . .
11.00	THE NEWS
11.15	QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR Military commentary by Major Lewis Hastings
11.30	ORCHESTRE RAYMONDE
12.00	LONDON CALLING . . .
12.10	THE DAILY SERVICE
12.15	OUT OF THE HAT An impromptu party with Jack Payne and his Band

- 13.00 **THE NEWS**
News commentary by Major Alan Murray
- 13.15 **STARLIGHT**
Eric Winstone's Accordeon Quartet
- 13.30 **'FRONT-LINE FAMILY'—56**
- 13.45 **PRELUDE**
Gramophone presentation by Marie Legge
- 13.55 **LONDON CALLING . . .**
- 14.00 **SCOTS ABROAD**
A talk by John R. Allan
- 14.15 **POPULAR VIOLIN SOLOS**
played by Melsa
- 14.30 **BEYOND VIMY**
A feature programme for Dominion Day
- 15.00 **INSIDE THE NAZI MIND**
A talk
- 15.15 **THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN**
(see *N. American S., Wed., 01.00 GMT*)
- 15.30 **BBC MILITARY BAND**
- 16.00 **THE NEWS**
- 16.15 **QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR**
Air commentary by Oliver Stewart
- 16.30 Close down

AFRICAN SERVICE

- 16.55 **LONDON CALLING . . .**
- 17.00 **SONGTIME IN THE LAAGER**
Liedjestyd op Laer
A programme for the South African and Rhodesian Forces with Leonard Sachs (compère)

Wednesday, July 2

PACIFIC SERVICE

- 04.57 **LONDON CALLING . . .**
Preview of the day's programmes
- 05.00 **BRITAIN ON GUARD**
A BBC production: *Made in England*
- 05.30 **LONDON NOVELTY PLAYERS**
- 05.45 **THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN**
(see *N. American S., Fri., 01.00 GMT*)
- 06.00 **POLITICAL COMMENTARY**
A talk by Vernon Bartlett, M.P.
- 06.15 **THE NEWS**
- 06.30 **QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR**
Air commentary by Oliver Stewart
- 06.45 **STARLIGHT**
Anona Winn
- 07.00 **RADIO NEWSREEL**
- 07.25 **LISTENING POST**
- 07.30 **HELLO, CHILDREN!**
- 07.45 **THE DAILY SERVICE**
- 07.50 **LONDON CALLING . . .**
- 08.00 **HEADLINE NEWS**
News commentary by Cyril Lakin
- 08.15 Close down

EASTERN SERVICE

- 10.55 **LONDON CALLING . . .**
- 11.00 **THE NEWS**
- 11.15 **QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR**
Air commentary by Oliver Stewart
- 11.30 **VARIETY**
- 12.00 **LONDON CALLING . . .**
- 12.10 **THE DAILY SERVICE**
- 12.15 **BBC NORTHERN ORCHESTRA**
- 13.00 **THE NEWS**
News commentary by Major Alan Murray
- 13.15 **STARLIGHT**
'Hutch' (Leslie Hutchinson)
- 13.30 **'FRONT-LINE FAMILY'—57**
- 13.45 **PRELUDE**
Gramophone presentation by Marie Legge
- 13.55 **LONDON CALLING . . .**
- 14.00 **CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN**
A talk by Sidney Hornblow
- 14.15 **FREEDOM FERRY**
A BBC production: *Made in England*

Thursday, July 3

PACIFIC SERVICE

- 04.57 **LONDON CALLING . . .**
Preview of the day's programmes
- 05.00 **BILLY MAYERL (piano)**
- 05.15 **THE MAN, SHAKESPEARE**
(see *N. American S., Thurs., 02.45 GMT*)

- François van Reenen and his Laager Band
Richard Lilienfeld
and guest stars and South African members of the Forces
- 17.45 **BILLY MAYERL (piano)**
with John Reynnders and his Orchestra
- 18.00 **THE NEWS**
- 18.15 **CALLING AFRICA**
A talk by Major Lewis Hastings
- 18.30 **NORTHERN LIGHTS**
A miscellany
- 19.00 **PARLOUR GAME FOR A SERVICES CLUB**
- 19.30 **LONDON CALLING . . .**
- 19.40 **THE DAILY SERVICE**
- 19.45 **'FRONT-LINE FAMILY'—56**
- 20.00 **STARLIGHT**
Eric Winstone's Accordeon Quartet
- 20.15 **SCOTS ABROAD**
A talk by John R. Allan
- 20.30 **THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN**
(see *N. American S., Fri., 01.00 GMT*)
- 20.45 **THE NEWS**
- 21.00 **BEYOND VIMY**
A feature programme for Dominion Day
- 21.30 **BBC ORCHESTRA**
Classical Symphony in D. Prokofiev
- 21.45 **NATIONS AND THEIR MUSIC**
compiled and presented by Scott Goddard
- 22.00 Close down

AFRICAN SERVICE

- 14.30 **BBC ORCHESTRA (Section A)**
- 15.00 **LONDON LETTER**
A talk by Sir Frederick Whyte, K.C.S.I.
- 15.15 **THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN**
(see *N. American S., Thurs., 01.00 GMT*)
- 15.30 **THE LOW ROAD**
A feature programme
- 16.00 **THE NEWS**
- 16.15 **QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR**
- 16.30 Close down

AFRICAN SERVICE

- 16.55 **LONDON CALLING . . .**
- 17.00 **LONDON TANGO ORCHESTRA**
- 17.20 **NEW ZEALAND MAGAZINE**
A programme for the New Zealand Forces with Darewski and his Orchestra and guest stars and New Zealand members of the Forces
Compère: Alick Hayes
- 18.00 **THE NEWS**
- 18.15 **CALLING SOUTH AFRICA**
Interviewer: J. Grenfell Williams
- 18.30 **FREEDOM FERRY**
Norwegian Merchant Navy
A BBC production: *Made in England*
- 18.45 **PIANO SOLOS**
played by Monia Liter
- 19.00 **VARIETY**
- 19.30 **LONDON CALLING . . .**
- 19.40 **THE DAILY SERVICE**
- 19.45 **'FRONT-LINE FAMILY'—57**
- 20.00 **STARLIGHT**
'Hutch' (Leslie Hutchinson)
- 20.15 **POLITICAL COMMENTARY**
A talk by Vernon Bartlett, M.P.
- 20.30 **THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN**
(see *N. American S., Wed., 01.00 GMT*)
- 20.45 **THE NEWS**
- 21.00 **THE LOW ROAD**
A feature programme
- 21.30 **RECITAL OF POLISH SONGS**
by Herman Simberg
- 21.45 **NATIONS AND THEIR MUSIC**
compiled and presented by Scott Goddard
- 22.00 Close down

- 05.45 **THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN**
(see *N. American S., Thurs., 02.45 GMT*)
- 06.00 **THE MODERN MAP**
A talk by Professor W. K. Hancock
- 06.15 **THE NEWS**
- 06.30 **QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR**

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- 06.45 **FREEDOM FERRY**
A BBC production: *Made in England*
- 07.00 **RADIO NEWSREEL**
- 07.25 **LISTENING POST**
- 07.30 **CALLING AUSTRALIA**
A talk
- 07.45 **THE DAILY SERVICE**
- 07.50 **LONDON CALLING . . .**
- 08.00 **HEADLINE NEWS**
News commentary by Cyril Lakin
- 08.15 Close down

EASTERN SERVICE

- 10.55 **LONDON CALLING . . .**
- 11.00 **THE NEWS**
- 11.15 **QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR**
- 11.30 **MERRY-GO-LUCKY**
with Magda Kun and Charles Heslop
- 12.00 **LONDON CALLING . . .**
- 12.10 **THE DAILY SERVICE**
- 12.15 **ALBERT SANDLER TRIO**
- 13.00 **THE NEWS**
News commentary by Major Alan Murray
- 13.15 **STARLIGHT**
Noel Gay, composer of 'The Lambeth Walk'
with Irene to sing his songs
- 13.30 **'FRONT-LINE FAMILY'—58**
- 13.45 **PRELUDE**
Gramophone presentation by Marie Legge
- 13.55 **LONDON CALLING . . .**
- 14.00 **TO TALK OF MANY THINGS**
A talk
- 14.15 **PIANO RECITAL**
by Eric Hope
- 14.30 **BRITAIN ON GUARD**
A BBC production: *Made in England*
- 15.00 **IN MY OPINION**
A talk
- 15.15 **THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN**
(see *N. American S., Fri., 01.00 GMT*)

- 15.30 **CALLING BRITISH FORCES IN INDIA**
A programme of music and messages with Geraldo and his Orchestra
Compère: Franklin Engelman
- 16.00 **THE NEWS**
- 16.15 **QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR**
Military commentary by Captain Cyril Falls
- 16.30 Close down

AFRICAN SERVICE

- 16.55 **LONDON CALLING . . .**
- 17.00 **'NEWS FROM AUSTRALIA'**
A talk by Colin Wills
- 17.15 **LONDON, STUDIO PLAYERS**
- 17.30 **THIS WEEK'S ANNIVERSARIES**
Recalled by Christopher Stone and S. P. B. Mais
- 18.00 **THE NEWS**
- 18.15 **MILITARY COMMENTARY**
A talk by Captain Cyril Falls
- 18.30 **ENSA OVERSEAS HALF-HOUR**
- 19.00 **THE MAN, SHAKESPEARE**
(see *N. American S., Thurs., 02.45 GMT*)
- 19.30 **LONDON CALLING . . .**
- 19.40 **THE DAILY SERVICE**
- 19.45 **'FRONT-LINE FAMILY'—58**
- 20.00 **STARLIGHT**
Noel Gay, composer of 'The Lambeth Walk'
with Irene to sing his songs
- 20.15 **DEMOCRACY MARCHES**
A talk by William Holt
- 20.30 **THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN**
Orchestral music by J. B. McEwan
- 20.45 **THE NEWS**
- 21.00 **ROOM MUSIC TITBITS**
Music by Percy Grainger, Australian composer and pianist
- 21.30 **VIOLIN RECITAL**
by Frederick Grinke and David Martin
- 21.45 **NATIONS AND THEIR MUSIC**
compiled and presented by Scott Goddard
- 22.00 Close down

Friday, July 4

PACIFIC SERVICE

- 04.57 **LONDON CALLING . . .**
Preview of the day's programmes
- 05.00 **'SLOGAN' SONGS**
with Geraldo and his Orchestra
- 05.45 **THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN**
Orchestral music by J. B. McEwan.
- 06.00 **FROM THE OLD COUNTRY**
A talk
- 06.15 **THE NEWS**
- 06.30 **QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR**
Military commentary by Captain Cyril Falls
- 06.45 **CIVILIANS' WAR—4**
A BBC production: *Made in England*

EASTERN SERVICE

- 07.00 **RADIO NEWSREEL**
- 07.25 **LISTENING POST**
- 07.30 **CALLING NEW ZEALAND**
A talk
- 07.45 **THE DAILY SERVICE**
- 07.50 **LONDON CALLING . . .**
- 08.00 **HEADLINE NEWS**
News commentary by Cyril Lakin
- 08.15 Close down
- 10.55 **LONDON CALLING . . .**
- 11.00 **THE NEWS**

11.15 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
Military commentary by Captain Cyril Falls

11.30 STUDENTS' SONGS

12.00 LONDON CALLING . . .

12.10 THE DAILY SERVICE

12.15 'MOODS MODERNISTIC'
Tunes played in a popular manner by Jack Payne and his Band

13.00 THE NEWS
News commentary by Major Alan Murray

13.15 STARLIGHT
Harry Leader and his Orchestra

13.30 'FRONT-LINE FAMILY'—59

13.45 PRELUDE
Gramophone presentation by Marie Legge

13.55 LONDON CALLING . . .

14.00 NEWSLETTER FOR THE FAR EAST
A talk by O. M. Green

14.15 CIVILIANS' WAR—8
A BBC production: Made in England

14.30 THE GRINKE TRIO

15.00 WORLD AFFAIRS
A talk by H. Wickham Steed

15.15 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
(see N. American S., Mon., 01.00 GMT)

15.30 SANDY CALLING
A request programme for Forces in the Near East, presented by Sandy Macpherson at the Theatre Organ

16.00 THE NEWS

16.15 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
Air commentary by Oliver Stewart

16.30 Close down

AFRICAN SERVICE

16.55 LONDON CALLING . . .

17.00 THE HAPPIDROME
Variety

18.00 THE NEWS

18.15 WORLD AFFAIRS
A talk by H. Wickham Steed

18.30 THREE IDYLLS FOR STRING ORCHESTRA

18.45 THE TRADITION OF LIBERTY
A feature programme for Independence Day

19.30 LONDON CALLING . . .

19.40 THE DAILY SERVICE

19.45 'FRONT-LINE FAMILY'—59

20.00 STARLIGHT
Gwen Austin and Nora Coken on two pianos

20.15 IN MY OPINION
A talk

20.30 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
(see N. American S., Sun., 01.00 GMT)

20.45 THE NEWS

21.00 THEATRE ORGAN

21.15 ELIZABETHAN MUSIC
sung by the BBC Singers

21.45 NATIONS AND THEIR MUSIC
compiled and presented by Scott Goddard

22.00 Close down

Saturday, July 5

PACIFIC SERVICE

04.57 LONDON CALLING . . .
Preview of the day's programmes

05.00 THE TRADITION OF LIBERTY
A feature programme for Independence Day

05.45 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
(see N. American S., Mon., 01.00 GMT)

06.00 WORLD AFFAIRS
A talk by H. Wickham Steed

06.15 THE NEWS

06.30 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
Air commentary by Oliver Stewart

06.45 STARLIGHT
Stanley Holloway

07.00 RADIO NEWSREEL

07.25 LISTENING POST

07.30 CALLING AUSTRALIA
A talk

07.45 THE DAILY SERVICE

07.50 LONDON CALLING . . .

08.00 HEADLINE NEWS
News commentary by Cyril Lakin

08.15 Close down

13.45 PRELUDE
Gramophone presentation by Marie Legge

13.55 LONDON CALLING . . .

14.00 THE HAPPIDROME
Variety

15.00 BOOKS AND PEOPLE
A talk

15.15 SATURDAY AFTERNOON
A weekly magazine programme for the people of Britain serving overseas with Joyce Grenfell
Comper: F. H. Grisewood

16.00 THE NEWS

16.15 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
Naval commentary by H. C. Ferraby

16.30 Close down

EASTERN SERVICE

10.55 LONDON CALLING . . .

11.00 THE NEWS

11.15 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
Air commentary by Oliver Stewart

11.30 CALLING BRITISH FORCES IN THE FAR EAST
A programme of music and messages with Geraldo and his Orchestra
Comper: Alick Hayes

12.00 LONDON CALLING . . .

12.10 THE DAILY SERVICE

12.15 INDEPENDENCE DAY
A feature programme

13.00 THE NEWS
News commentary by Major Alan Murray

13.15 STARLIGHT
The Southern Sisters

13.30 'FRONT-LINE FAMILY'—60

AFRICAN SERVICE

16.55 LONDON CALLING . . .

17.00 MALTESE NEWSLETTER
by Joseph Sultana

17.15 AUSTRALIAN MAGAZINE
A programme for the Australian Forces with Geraldo and his Orchestra and guest stars
Comper: William Gates

18.00 THE NEWS

18.15 AIR COMMENTARY
A talk by Oliver Stewart

18.30 LAND OF SONG

19.00 MUSIC OF THE SEA
played by the BBC Military Band

19.30 LONDON CALLING . . .

19.40 THE DAILY SERVICE

19.45 'FRONT-LINE FAMILY'—60

20.00 STARLIGHT
The Southern Sisters

20.15 BOOKS AND PEOPLE
A talk

20.30 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
(see N. American S., Tues., 01.00 GMT)

20.45 THE NEWS

21.00 JACK PAYNE AND HIS BAND

21.45 NATIONS AND THEIR MUSIC
compiled and presented by Scott Goddard

22.00 Close down

FOR RECEPTION OUTSIDE EUROPE
BBC DAILY BROADCASTS IN LANGUAGES OTHER THAN ENGLISH

Language	Time (GMT)	Programme	Wavelength (Metres)	Area Served		
Afrikaans	16.30-16.45	News	16.84	Africa		
	18.30-18.45	News	31.75	South Africa		
	18.45-19.00	Talk	25.38			
Arabic	05.00-05.15	News	31.32	Near East		
			41.96			
			31.75	North Africa		
	05.30-05.45	News (2nd reading)	31.32	Near East		
			41.96	North Africa		
	16.55-17.45	Programme	19.60	Near East and Arabia		
			31.32	North Africa		
			19.60	North Africa		
	17.45-18.10	News	19.60	Near East and Arabia		
			31.32	North Africa		
Dutch	11.45-12.00	News	16.86	Netherlands E. Indies E., S., and W. Africa		
			13.86			
Flemish	19.00-19.15	'Radio Belgique' (odd days of month)	31.75	West and Central Africa		
			25.38			
French	10.45-11.15	Programme for Free French Forces	19.60	N. East, Syria, and Seychelles		
			11.15-11.30		News	19.60
						13.86
19.00-19.15	'Radio Belgique' (even days of month)	31.75	West and Central Africa			
		25.38				
19.15-19.30	News	31.32	N. East, Syria, Seychelles Canada and N. America			
		19.60				
		19.60				
		31.75				
		31.75				
19.25-19.30	Programme for Free French Forces	19.60	North and West Africa Central and S. Africa, Mauritius, and Madagascar			
		19.60				
		31.75				
19.30-20.00	Programme	25.38	North and West Africa Near East and Syria			
		19.76				
21.15-21.30	News	31.32	Central and South Africa			
		25.38				
		24.92				
23.45-00.00	News	31.32	North and West Africa Canada and North and South America			
		25.38				
25.53	S. and Central America	31.25	Central America			
		49.10				
25.53	North America	31.25	North America			
		49.10				
German	20.00-20.20	News	31.75	Central and South Africa		
			25.38			
Greek	18.40-18.45	News	31.32	Cyprus and Near East		
			19.60			
Hindustani	14.00-14.30	News and Programme in English	19.60	India, Burma, and Malaya		
			16.86			
			16.86			
Italian	18.30-18.45	News	19.60	East Africa		
			19.60			
Maltese (Saturday only)	17.00-17.15	Newsletter	41.96	Malta (the most suitable wavelength is 19.82 m.)		
			31.25			
			25.53			
			19.82			
			19.66			
Persian	16.15-16.30	News	19.60	Iran		
			19.60			
Portuguese	12.15-12.30	News Programme	13.86	E. and S. Africa Africa Mozambique, and Portuguese E. & W. Africa		
			13.86			
			31.55			
			24.92			
Spanish	12.45-13.00	News Programme	13.86	E. and S. Africa Africa Portuguese E. and W. Africa		
			13.86			
			31.55			
			24.92			
Turkish	05.15-05.30	News	31.32	Turkey and Near East North Africa Turkey and Near East Turkey and Near East Turkey, Near East, and North Africa		
			41.96			
			31.75			
			19.60			
			19.60			
			19.60			
			31.32			

BBC WEEKLY NEWSLETTERS FOR THE FAR EAST

Thai	(Sun.)	13.30-13.45	16.86 & 19.60 m.
Burmese	(Mon.)	13.30-13.45	16.86 & 19.60 m.
Kuo Yue	(Tue.)	10.30-10.45	16.86 m.
Cantonese	(Wed.)	10.30-10.45	16.86 m.
			13.30-13.45	16.86 & 19.60 m.
Malay	(Fri.)	13.30-13.45	16.86 & 19.60 m.
Ceylon Tamil	(Sat.)	13.30-13.45	16.86 & 19.60 m.

A Newsletter for the Forces in the Middle East is broadcast on 30.96 m. on Saturday and Sunday mornings at 04.30 (GMT)

BBC Service for Europe in English and Other Languages

Table with columns: Time (GMT), Item, Language, Wavelength (metres). Lists various news and program times for multiple languages including English, German, Norwegian, Czech, French, Flemish, Greek, Italian, Polish, Luxembourgish, Dutch, and others.

BBC LATIN-AMERICAN SERVICE

GSN 25.38 m. 11.82 Mc/s for South and Central America. GSB 31.55 m. 9.5E Mc/s for South and Central America. GRX 30.96 m. 2.6F Mc/s for Mexico.

Table with columns: Time (GMT), Item, Language, Wavelength (metres). Lists program times for Spanish, Portuguese, and French.

Musical programmes are broadcast during the intervals between the fixed points—dance music, symphony concerts, light music, soloists, etc. Feature programmes are broadcast in Portuguese on Mondays at 06.30 and in Spanish on Wednesdays at 01.15, and are repeated on Fridays at 23.30.

Table with columns: Time (GMT), Item, Language, Wavelength (metres). Lists program times for various languages including French, Italian, Dutch, Spanish, English, and German.

More of Your Letters to the BBC

(See also page 15)

The Will to Victory

PLEASE let the people over there know we are behind them with all we have. Lately we have had a war-saving drive, and really it was an inspiration being a collector. One old couple aged eighty and seventy-five years, who have only what they make from selling butter and milk from one cow and eggs from about a dozen chickens, insisted on buying one war savings certificate, and I knew that was about all the money they had, but they were determined to help beat Hitler with all they had.

Heavy Sweaters for Coastal Command

WE have become quite interested in the British War Relief knitting here. Our unit was small at first, but it is steadily gaining, and yesterday we shipped helmets, sea-boots, stockings, sweaters, socks, caps, mufflers, all for the Forces, and we are now working hard to knit up fifty heavy sweaters for the boys of the Coastal Command.

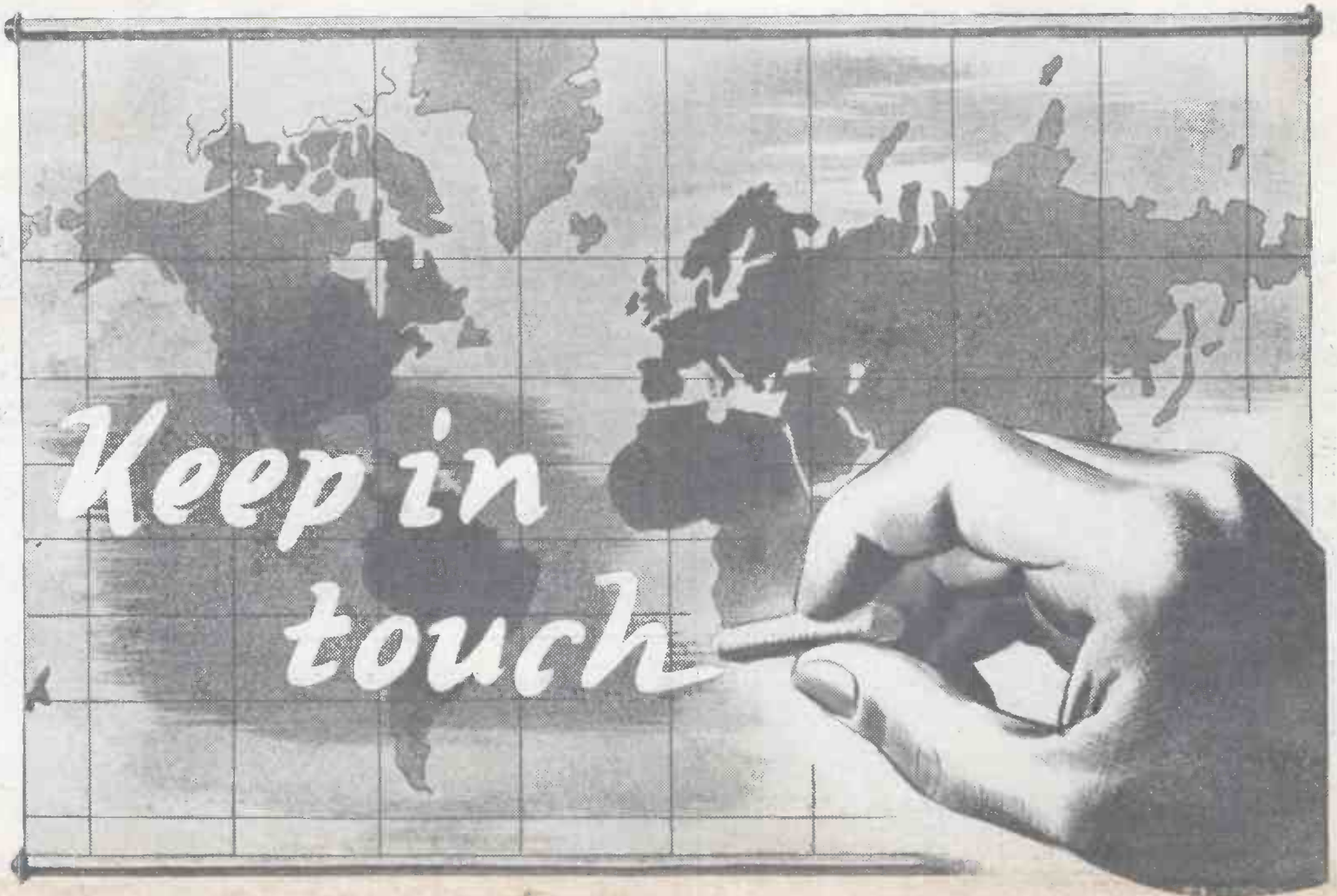
For 'Some dear old soul bombed out of her home'

I WONDER if these thoughts ever enter your mind. The dial of my set can call hundreds of different peoples of the world, and as I turn I say to myself, 'Well, how very near all are to one another, yet to think of such unhappiness and cruelty, it makes one think there's something wrong somewhere in our make-up...' I wish I could show you a two-yard square knitted rug I have just sent to the British Red Cross for some dear old soul who has been bombed out of her home, or to a children's hospital which has been treated as cruelly.

'We think you're doing fine'

WE nearly fell off our chairs this afternoon when you called us by name in your programme addressed to correspondents. Nothing was farther from our thoughts, and we can assure you it was like an electric shock to hear our names coming across those thousands of miles.

We like the little Daily Service—the 'war preach' as we call it—which comes just after 'Radio Newsreel'; it gives us a sense of unity with you at home in prayers for the common cause. You ask for criticisms of your programmes, but we think you are doing just fine, and when you come to the end of the transmission and wish us 'Goodnight,' we answer you, and then grab up our knitting and stand while you play 'God Save the King.'—Ekuuu.



with British Radio

By choosing British Radio you help Britain's war effort—by choosing G.E.C. Radio you buy the best in British radio. Each model in the wide range of G.E.C. overseas receivers is designed and built purely for export, each offered with that confidence in its superiority which is the result of *knowing*, through first-hand practical research and test throughout the world, the exact requirements for successful overseas design.

- ★ **World-Tested Designs**—No G.E.C. Overseas receiver is introduced until samples of the laboratory design have been tested in every market where the finished model will be sold.
- ★ **World-Wide Research**—World-wide research tours made by G.E.C. Radio engineers already total 120,000 miles.
- ★ **Unique Service Facilities**—G.E.C. Radio is the only British Radio that can offer a comprehensive world-wide organization of 36 overseas branches, with agents in every territory, equipped to provide speedy, trained service facilities.

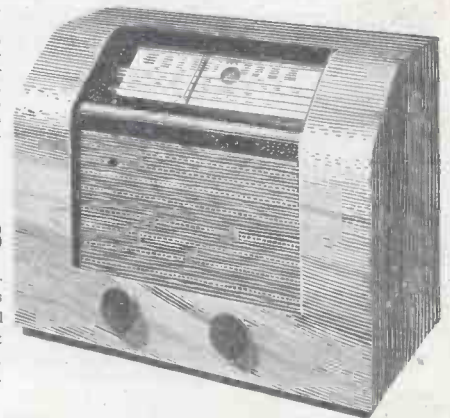
G.E.C. A.C. OVERSEAS 7

So smooth and effortless is the performance of this powerful receiver, that programmes from half the world away are brought close to the consistent standards of quality usual only for local broadcast listening. An advanced seven-valve superheterodyne circuit is employed, incorporating newly developed multi-functional valves of exceptional efficiency, and covering every wavelength from 13.5 to 550 metres by continuous switching over four wavebands. The use of a pre-selector HF stage assures range and selectivity, and the final beam-power output stage with its anode dissipation of 20 watts provides a 6-watt audio output of high-fidelity quality.

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G.E.C. DC/AC OVERSEAS 8

For listeners on D.C. mains, the G.E.C. DC/AC Overseas 8 will provide results equivalent to its companion A.C. model described above. The same attractive walnut cabinet presentation is employed for both models, which are also available in auto-radiogram form.



G.E.C.

RADIO

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY

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