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THE RADIO TIMES



'OLD MAGIC'

By BOHUN LYNCH

(page 327)



Savoy Hill with the Lid Off.—IV.

My Day's Work.

By The Chief Announcer.

In this personally contributed article the Chief Announcer describes his daily round of duties, details of which may prove something of a surprise to those listeners who imagine that the life of an announcer is an enviable easy one.

TO many of you, sitting comfortably at home in your arm-chair listening to your loud speaker, an announcer's life must seem a very easy one, and certainly a very pleasant way of earning a livelihood. 'What a soft job that fellow must have!' I can hear some of you saying. 'I wonder how much of the evening he spends reading the paper between the items?'

Certainly an announcer should make a point of reading the newspapers, because he must make himself familiar with current events and never allow himself to be caught napping, but can he do this between the items? Is the job really as soft as it sounds?

I think the best answer to such questions is to ask you to bear with me while I outline a typical day's work at Savoy Hill, and give you one or two examples of the unexpected things that sometimes happen to all announcers. Then you will be able to judge for yourselves!

Not so Simple as it Sounds.

Arriving about 10 a.m., I take over the fair copy of the programme for the day, which by this time, thanks to the attentions of a careful secretary, has filled in on it, in addition to the items, all the little details of the estimated time which they will last, etc., added, information which will be useful to me later on when the actual broadcast begins.

Armed with this, and also the programme for 5GB, I then interview the Head of the Presentation Section and go through the programme step by step with him, and discuss the best way of 'putting it over,' as he, it must be remembered, is one of the programme builders, and it is essential that I should be acquainted with the plan on which the programme has been drawn up.

By the time this meeting is over the 5XX weather forecast will have been read by the day-announcer on duty, and all the announcers then come to my room to discuss the details of the day's programmes and to report on the previous day's programmes.

At this stage I should perhaps explain that there are five announcers at London—two (one senior and one junior) are on duty each night, and two on duty in the day, so that normally each announcer is on duty every other night except the 5GB announcer, and he is on duty every night, but has a good deal of free time in the day, as 5GB programmes

do not begin before 3 p.m.; similarly one pair of announcers work all Saturday and Sunday one week-end and are entirely free the following one.

The Lozenge Ration.

Well, having completed my instructions to the announcers regarding the programmes of the day, and also having dealt with matters arising from correspondence, e.g., criticisms of style, pronunciation, speed of reading etc., it is now time for the morning concert to begin, and the meeting ends after the usual issue of throat lozenges to each announcer. This gives me a chance of settling down to some of the routine work which chiefly deals with checking programmes, drafting microphone announcements, correspondence, and finding out what is going on at this Savoy Hill of ours, whose lid I am helping to raise a little farther.

As you probably know, the programmes are made up several weeks in advance, and it frequently happens that, for various reasons, the original programme does not tally exactly with the final programme which appears in *The Radio Times* and the daily newspapers. Such alterations are covered by microphone announcements, either general or local, which are always made whenever there is a discrepancy between *The Radio Times* programme and the Press programme, or the Press programme and that which is actually available on the night; other microphone announcements prepared deal with special forthcoming events—National Concerts, Libretto Operas, and publications.

Lo, the Gentle Bishop!

Many of the small errors that occur in the programmes are sometimes quite amusing, e.g., Overture, 'The Merry Pheasant' for our old friend 'The Merry Peasant'; 'The furry-breasted Pearl' for 'The snowy-breasted Pearl,' and, better still, 'Lo, here the gentle Bishop (Lark), instead of 'Lo, here the gentle lark' (Bishop).

Similar routine work and discussion with engineers and others take up the remainder of the morning, and at 1 o'clock I leave Savoy Hill for the afternoon, returning just before 6.30, when the main evening programme begins. This lasts until 11 o'clock or later, though it is not as late as it used to be, as it is no longer necessary for the announcer to go over to the Savoy until midnight; but he is free to go as soon as the dance music begins and he has completed his report.

Before coming to the actual programmes, a word as to stations and studios. The London announcer has always to bear in mind that he is not dealing with one station only, but certainly two (2LO and 5XX), at times during the evening all stations and

at other times various stations; this means keeping in the closest possible touch with the engineers, without whose co-operation he would indeed have a difficult task, to enable them to link up stations with London, or reverse the process whenever the programme so demands. Both engineers and announcers are provided with a chart showing exactly what every station is doing throughout the whole of the evening.

You may have wondered why the announcer always says, after the 9.15 talk has ended, something to the effect that 'Local announcements, if any, will follow immediately.' The reason for this is that the word *local* is a cue word for all stations other than 5XX, which takes London's local announcements, to disconnect with London and go over to their own studios, and you can imagine how awkward it is if, by a mistake, this all-important word is mentioned at the wrong time!

Switching Over.

Then as regards studios, there are now nine in constant use at Savoy Hill, and, to employ these effectively, constant switching from one to another must be carried out and the greatest care taken to avoid errors and to see that the change-over is only a matter of seconds; this, of course, is the reason why it is so necessary to have a second announcer always on duty.

In the early days you said, politely, 'One minute interval, please,' made a dash for the lift—which was always in the wrong position when I wanted it—and then carried on with the programme as soon as you had recovered sufficient breath; but now intervals have to be avoided at all costs, and directly one studio finishes the next must be ready to begin.

Decentralization such as I have described gives the senior announcer on duty time to do some of his most useful work, which is to see artists and talkers beforehand and try to set them at ease if they are nervous or worried about small details. Although it is wonderful what a few words of encouragement will generally do, sometimes difficulties are experienced, and a good deal of tact, and maybe firmness is then required.

The Broadcaster who Bolted.

I could give a good many examples, but space only permits me to say that I shall never forget one broadcaster, who had worked herself up into such a state of nerves, that although I had done my best to calm her beforehand, when the time for her turn came on she tried to rush out of the room, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that she was persuaded to broadcast in the end, and when it was over she collapsed completely!

Having a second string also gives you a chance of taking a glance at at least some of the news bulletin before 9 o'clock, instead

of hardly any, as in the old days, and also it is a great help when things go wrong! Unless you are prepared beforehand, the news bulletin can set you some posers in the way of pronunciation—as, for instance, when there is a war in China.

Yes, things do go wrong occasionally, and you must then keep a cool head. Once Daventry broke down and the engineers could not find out the cause of the trouble. Eventually, after almost stripping the whole

transmitter, an electrocuted mouse was found in one of the condensers!

Another night I shall not forget was when a performance was being broadcast from a large provincial hall; this was so badly timed that I had to cut the whole of the second half of the concert!

Not so long ago I was in the middle of reading the second general news bulletin when the lights suddenly went out. After a pause I carried on by the light of a few

matches until some kind person found a candle!

But such happenings are the exception, and normally things run smoothly, and the timing—a constant source of anxiety to the announcers—is generally good; but, as you may imagine, I am not sorry when 11 o'clock comes, with its 'Good-night to you. . . . Goodnight.' Though it is hard and 'nervy' work, it is supremely worth while.

Those United States.

Percy A. Scholes on his American Visit—English Language in the Melting Pot—Adventure in a 'Blind Pig'—Hotel with 4,000 Bedrooms—Where the Dead of Many Wars Sleep.

THE Editor asks for my impressions of America. It is only a day or two since I landed in England, yet 'Sit down at once and write!' saith he. In other words, he wants my more superficial views before they vanish—and he shall have them.

There is a value of their own in superficial views. They answer those natural questions of the reader: 'What are the more prominent features in American life? What would most immediately spring to my eye if I were there?' I can the better answer such questions, as on this occasion, after an absence of over two years I returned there for a very passing visit. Last time I was there I travelled 16,000 miles of American railway in two months—from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic Coast to the Rockies. This time I saw about as much of America as the average

The Tribune Building which houses a great newspaper—a triumph of modern architecture.

American tourist sees of England. He visits London, Stratford-on-Avon, Warwick, and perhaps Oxford, and then flies to Paris to see France. I visited Chicago, Pittsburg, Washington, and New York, and then hastily boarded my liner. But all the time I lived the American life, in closest contact with a large number of American friends, absorbing American thought, hearing the American language and, so far as I could, learning to speak it.

But that last task requires more than nineteen days, and a more instinctive linguist than myself! 'Chewing the fat' is a current American expression. It means 'destroying the vernacular,' to do which effectively calls for the services of the authentic 'Hundred-per-cent American' with, in his veins, a bubbling mixture of Czech, German, Italian, Finnish, Jewish, and Irish blood, and in the family circle of his youth a speech compounded of ingredients derived from similar sources.

There is one of my first and strongest

impressions of America. The English language is in the melting pot. It is being enriched by very significant additions and impoverished by slovenly omissions—omission of grammatical constructions, and, above all, omission of consonants. Numbers of Americans speak with a beautiful clarity, but the general tendency is to reduce the language to a string of vowels, resembling certain 'vocalizers' practised by singers. If the present trend continues there will in another fifteen years not be a 't' or 'd' in America—outside the glass cases of the museums.

Back in the grass-grown streets of London I reflect on the hustle of New York. If it were not for the enforced rest of the long waits at street crossings of pedestrians for motorists and motorists for pedestrians, the New Yorkers would all die of sheer speed. At last the reason has struck me why Americans are always eating ice cream and drinking iced water. You know they do that, don't you? Why, in every American hotel in which I have ever stayed (save a few in villages) the private bathroom attached to my bedroom has had, not two taps to its wash-basin, but three—hot water, cold water, and iced drinking water. And every meal to which I was ever invited has ended with ice cream. The fact is these swift-

moving Americans are in an eternal inward turmoil. They are superheated, and so they have to be water-cooled.

I never saw an American take a sip from the tumbler of iced water that stands beside every plate at every meal table without expecting to hear a sudden sizzling sound as it trickled down his throat and to see a cloud of scalding steam issue from his mouth like that which comes from the mouth of the dragon Fafner at Covent Garden.

Those of you who have been to that great country will confirm me in this—it is no child's play keeping up with the Americans! I'll give you a little tip. Don't keep up with them. Since you have to exert yourself, exert yourself just an ounce or two extra, and make them keep up with you.

I did that, with the result that in various cities of America I have left seventeen dead Americans, and the other result that when I reached my homeward steamer I sat down in my state-room a little tired. However, what is a trifle of fatigue if the Americans have been beaten at their own game and the honour of Britain maintained? . . . God save the King!

Talking of the King, Mayor Bill Thompson, of Chicago, is about the only American who really objects to saving him. The rest of the people seem quietly confident that if the present King George should make any very determined attempt to win back what a previous King George lost, they will be able to take pretty good care of themselves. They may be wrong about this, of course. Chicago may yet become an outlying suburb of London—but they don't think so. To convince them of their danger from foreign enemies, Mr. Thompson's friends have had to break their windows and use bombs—'pine-apples' is the accepted Chicagoan euphemism, by the way. In a ten-mile motor ride through the streets of Chicago I saw several



THE HEART OF CHICAGO.

The river winding its way through the 'Loop' towards Lake Michigan.



The Chicago Temple Building, the recently-built skyscraper church of twenty-five stories.

committee rooms of the anti-Thompson faction with broken windows, whereas, curiously, such Thompsonian windows as I saw were still intact. But, of course, I didn't see every window in Chicago.

The mayor's party has had a sad setback in the recent elections, and when at a banquet in his own city, at which I was present, the chairman soberly announced: 'His Honour the Mayor of Chicago regrets his inability to be present, through indisposition,' there was, I blush to say, a roar of laughter. It is very sad, but not all Americans take His Honour seriously. When the Union Jack proudly waves over the Union Stock Yards, and a Guards' Band on the front steps blares out 'The Roast Beef of Old England,' then will thoughtful, far-seeing Bill turn sad-eyed to his fellow-citizens and reproachfully mormur: 'I told you so!'

Meantime His Honour might devote a little attention to internal affairs. Whilst I was in Chicago a train was 'held up' right within the city limits, and the driver of a laundry van was sandbagged and left within his car, which was then set on fire. A few days after I left, a girl movie cashier was shot, members of the audience being covered with revolvers whilst her till was rifled. Two members of the Conference I attended, wishing to see a 'blind pig,' or bootlegging saloon, found their way to one, but as they didn't like the look of their companions there, slipped out and asked a policeman to direct them to a better one. This was more to their taste; they felt safe, as it was half full of policemen in uniform.

Yet let nobody within my hearing sneer at Chicago, the second largest city in the United States and the fourth largest in the world. It has its faults (which some day, I feel sure, it will conquer), but it has also its virtues. It possesses the greatest number of parks, the finest forest preserves, and the greatest mileage of boulevards of any city in the world. Its Art Institute holds a magnificent collection of pictures (especially rich in the French Impressionists); its Field Natural History Museum is a marvel; it has four universities. Its railway stations are temples and its hotels palaces. The hotel in which I stayed has 4,000 bedrooms and 4,000 bathrooms, and with a fairly extensive acquaintance of the world's best

hotels I am prepared to admit that this modest hostelry stands at the head of them all. It offers every comfort and advantage. Each of the 4,000 rooms has an electric connection for heating curling tong, facilities for broadcast reception (the set works on the shilling in the slot system—a shilling for every half-hour), a Bible, and a corkscrew fixture in the walls—I suppose for the convenience of any guest wishing to open a bottle of cough-mixture.

Just one more word in defence of that city before I leave it. It is not the most criminal city in the United States. Chicagoans tell me that Nashville, Tennessee, goes far beyond them, with an annual homicide rate of 63 per 100,000 (as against Great Britain's modest 7 per 100,000). Chicagoans, by the way, are like Aberdonians; broad-mindedly they joke at their failings. It was at a public meeting in Chicago itself that I heard this. A Chicagoan in a distant city asked for a trunk call, and was indignant at

Further Articles by
Mr. PERCY A. SCHOLES
on Music and Broadcasting in America will
be featured in forthcoming issues of *The
Radio Times*.

the cost of it. 'Why,' quoth he, 'in Chicago we can 'phone to Hell for five cents.' 'Yes,' said the operator, 'but that's within the city limits!'

All Americans are great eaters. I don't mean that they eat quantities, but that they love quality and variety. On many of the trains you can choose from a menu of fifty or more dishes. I have even seen fifty in the breakfast menu. In one city I happened to note a modest-looking place called 'The Tiffin Tea Rooms.' 'Just the place for a quiet cup of tea and a bun,' I thought, and entered. 'Hello, you there!' genially cried the proprietor, and came towards me with a card bearing the names of over three hundred dishes. 'The Tiffin Tea Rooms'—and you could take with your tea 'Lady Clementine shrimps,' 'Snappy Old Mountain cheese,' and 'Fried frogs' legs.'

There is no country in the world with such miraculous lettuces as America. The

lettuce industry, like the celery industry, has been wonderfully developed of late years, on the traditional American lines of 'bigger and better.' Every lettuce stands a foot high, and is a solid chunk of succulent vitamins; like the present writer, it is 'all heart.' I cannot understand why Mr. Bernard Shaw persistently refuses to visit America. It is worth the journey for the lettuces alone.

Of Pittsburg my main impression is the intelligence of its inhabitants. In five days I gave the same lecture there ten times to ten different audiences of over a thousand each, and they say they want me to go again, because there are seven or eight more such audiences awaiting my wisdom. But Pittsburg has other noteworthy qualities. *Railway Passenger*: 'Isn't this a very long tunnel we're passing thru, Conductor?' *Conductor*: 'This isn't a tunnel, sir; this is Pittsburg!'

My finest memories are of Washington. Since I last saw it fourteen years ago it has enormously developed; its blank spaces are gone, and it is now, surely, the most beautiful, the best-laid-out, and the most dignified city of the world.

And just outside Washington is the great military cemetery of Arlington. There, in that lordly park, are marshalled in death, rank after rank, those who have fallen in all American wars—on land or at sea. There, a memorial of the late war, stands the marvelously beautiful marble arena, with its marble colonnades, its marble benches, and its marble chair for the President. Here every year, on Independence Day, the country gratefully remembers its defenders.

And passing out behind the President's chair, one finds oneself on a terrace high above the Potomac, with wide-spreading views of the Capitol and the surrounding country. One feels high and distant, and looks down as if from heaven. And from sunrise to sunset the terrace echoes to one steady tread—that of the sentry who, summer and winter, paces backwards and forwards, his rifle on his shoulder, before the tomb of America's Unknown Soldier. I cannot reproduce in words the emotion that overcame me there, but it is the one quite unforgettable memory of my visit to America.

PERCY A. SCHOLES.



First Lady: 'I wonder what they're laughing at?'

Second Lady: 'Better not inquire. I expect it's too LOU!'



A Story of England in a hundred years time, by the author of *Menace from the Moon*, telling of an "old magic" in the heart of Dartmoor which fought relentlessly against the "new magic" of an age of air-liners, sky-scrapers, television, and world monopolies. Like *Menace from the Moon*, *Old Magic* is notable for the skill with which Mr. Bohun Lynch combines distinction of style with fertility of invention.

IN all modern Britain at the beginning of the twenty-first century Mid-Devon was one of the wildest and least populated country districts. It had been said for a hundred years or more that nothing ever happened there. The neighbourhood was out of the track of the main air-routes, and while holiday-makers from London, Bristol, Birmingham, and elsewhere swarmed in their thousands to the North and South coasts of the county respectively, and while invalids came every year to be braced by the fine air of Dartmoor, there was yet a considerable tract of country remaining which offered no special attractions to tourists, and regarding which the busy world at large had no curiosity.

It is a land of many streams, of little woods that nestle amongst low hills, of wild patches of uncultivated moorland, of deep, narrow lanes with high banks, and of miniature valleys choked with a tangle of briars. Along these lanes the wayfarer might walk all day and hardly meet a living soul, and hear no sound but the wind in the trees, the bleating of sheep, the far, sad cry of the curlew, or the homelier call of rooks. Sometimes a dog's bark would tell him that beasts or a farmhouse were hidden somewhere near at hand; sometimes he could lean upon a little old crumbling bridge, built any time these three hundred years, and gaze down into the swirling waters of a brook across which, from shaded bank to bank, a kingfisher would fly, a jewelled flash. In such a place otters would yet play at dawn, and foxes and badgers would stand and stare at the surrounding shadows. There were but few modern houses here, and whole villages even preserved the appearance of two centuries ago.

And yet, but five and twenty miles away to the west, where a thin tapering finger of Cornwall points towards Hartland, was the great air port of Blade, built around a bay and extending, as it were, white, wide-flung arms to the Atlantic. Old men could still remember the place, fifty years ago, as an inconsiderable village, with one tiny inn. Now Blade crowned the high cliffs and descended in huge steps formed by gleaming palaces to the sea. Behind the town and behind the vast bridge which leapt in one single concrete arch across the bay, where in the old days had been a fine golf-course, was the main Western aerodrome, which absorbed nearly all the incoming passenger traffic from the United States and the Southern American Republics.

In the midst of the town, and itself rising like a great cliff, was the Atlantic Hotel, with its wide, private motor-road which ran right through its ground floor, its sea-water swimming bath, its innumerable lifts, its comfort, its convenience, its barbaric and even rather splendid ugliness. From a little distance, out at sea, Blade, which had been for the most part designed by a Scandinavian architect steeped in the traditions of the mid-twentieth century, was even imposing. Big, simple, chunky buildings of good proportion, each lending its due weight to a whole mass, invariably aroused the curiosity of the in-flying stranger, and not infrequently a kind of awe.

In his sitting-room at the Atlantic sat Mr. Spiridon Kakoglou, one morning in September, with his confidential secretary, Guy Harvester. They had just returned by air from a week-end in the Blue Mountains of Jamaica.

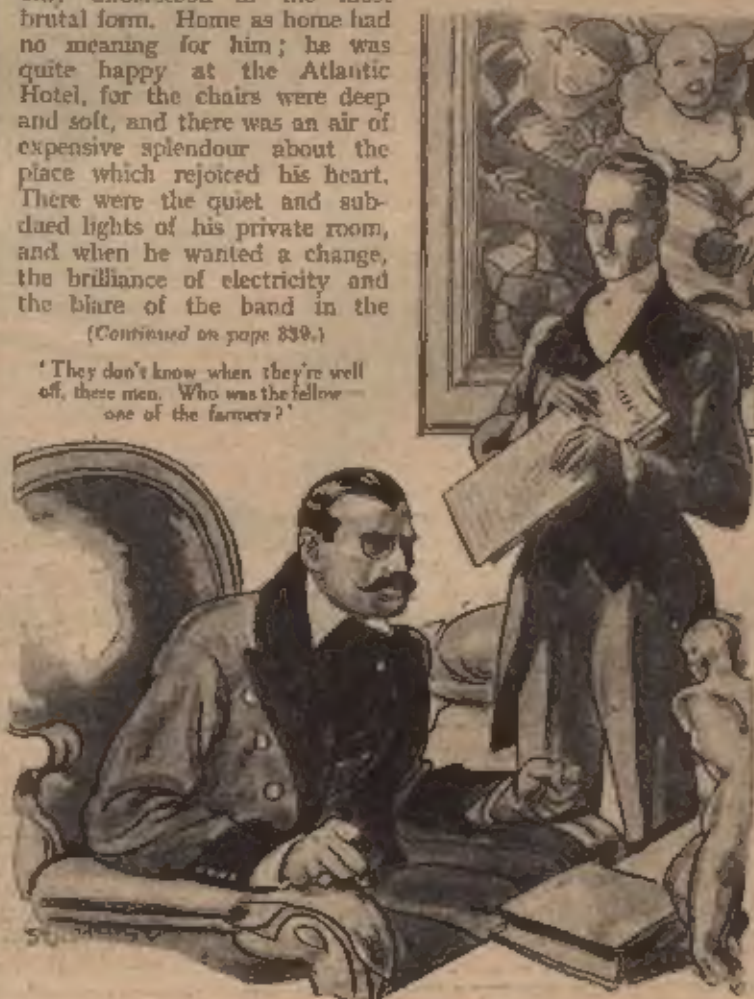
Mr. Kakoglou was one of those of whom people said that he had so much money he did not know what to do with it. Unlike many rich men, he did not even know how to spend money on

himself. A Greek by birth, but by choice a citizen of every civilized country, he was widely known in all of them as an exquisite person with an almost medieval love of art and elegance, a prince of collectors, a connoisseur of rare porcelain and precious stones, a gourmet who excelled all others in his knowledge of food and wine. It was indeed necessary to his vanity, necessary also to the part he had set himself to play in the world, that he should have this reputation. But it was all a sham, an elaborate disguise. Kakoglou was an extraordinarily acute financier, with not merely a wonderful head for figures, but a deep understanding of money in its large and international aspect. And he had made a great deal of it because he was interested in that and in the power that money gave him, and in nothing else at all. All the rest, all the taste, the splendour, the beautifully furnished houses, the decorations of his air-yacht, even his clothes, were thought out by the confidential secretary. He had, of course, other secretaries for other departments of activity, but he paid Guy Harvester a very large salary indeed to be ever at his side and to provide the elegance.

Kakoglou was now a man of fifty and, despite his dyed hair and neatly brushed moustaches, looked more. Even comfort he only understood in the most brutal form. Home as home had no meaning for him; he was quite happy at the Atlantic Hotel, for the chairs were deep and soft, and there was an air of expensive splendour about the place which rejoiced his heart. There were the quiet and subdued lights of his private room, and when he wanted a change, the brilliance of electricity and the blare of the band in the

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'They don't know when they're well off, these men. Who was the fellow one of the farmers?'





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big public saloons. He was, in straight English, just a vulgar brute with a single-minded devotion to money and power and without the smallest care in the world as to how he came by it.

Guy Harvester, thirty years of age, small, dapper and clean-shaven, rose from the chair, folded the newspaper he had been reading to a convenient size and pointed out a paragraph to his employer. This was a short account, in an inconspicuous place on the page, describing the trial of and punishment meted out to a farm labourer of Bishop's Moreland, in Devon, for wilfully destroying certain agricultural machines, to wit, an electric plough and a thresher, the property of the Mid-Devon Farm Syndicate. Kakoglou had been chiefly instrumental in forming this syndicate, the avowed object of which was to absorb all the small farms in Mid-Devon and to organize and run them as one huge concern on modern scientific lines, with unified control, eliminating all waste, punishing all inefficiency, centralizing markets, and reducing all the smaller proprietors to well-paid servants. In a comparatively short time the syndicate had grown to huge dimensions and only a few of the larger farmers had been able to hold out against it and to maintain, precariously enough, their independence.

'That's not the first time this has happened,' Harvester said.

Kakoglou read the paragraph and handed the paper back.

'Swine,' he repeated slowly. 'Swine. They don't know when they're well off, these men. Who was the fellow—one of the farmers?'

'Yes, a small-holder who was bought up last year.'

'They've never been so well off or so comfortable as they are now. There they were, all over the country, ploughing their couple of acres and keeping a cow, never sure of a living, constantly in difficulties. We buy them up, employ them on good wages, give them a first-rate house, and they do nothing but complain.' He laughed. 'They were perfectly free to refuse if they liked. They were not forced to sell their miserable farms to the syndicate. They could have gone on pigging it as long as they pleased. Isn't that so?'

'Certainly,' Harvester replied. He was not paid to contradict his employer more often than was strictly necessary. 'In the early history of this country these fellows would have been serfs, owned by their masters exactly as I own my cigarette case.'

'Slaves?' Kakoglou replied. 'Yes, no doubt. That is all they are good for, these small men. They had better be careful.' The Greek's voice hardened to a sudden snarl; then he laughed shortly. 'More of these fellows are holding out against the combine than suits me,' he added. 'But—I've got them—I've got them—like that!' and he stabbed his thumb downwards on the table.

'When do you want to start, sir?' the secretary asked after a pause.

They had only landed from the Atlantic

flight the previous evening. Kakoglou was due in London on the morrow for one of his innumerable board meetings.

'We'll go up this afternoon,' he said. 'We'll take the car. I'm sick of the air, and I want to have a look at Naboth's vineyard.'

'Naboth's vineyard?'

'There are some big farms that have so far held out against us. In fact, all the most desolate part of Mid-Devon is still trying to hold its own. That doesn't suit me.'

'But that district is miles away from the motor-road.'

'There are roads of a kind, nevertheless, and I want to look at the country for myself. We're bound to crush these folk after a time, and I am going to see what that part is really good for. There's a lot of clay. We might start brick and tile works on a large scale.'

'I'll go ahead of you in the plane,' said Harvester. 'By the way, tonight, they're broadcasting a lecture on that old pocket-book I got for you.'

'My name will be mentioned as the owner?'

'Of course.'

THAT same evening Mr. John Torch and his wife sat in the cosy sitting-room of their little home on the outskirts of Culverton, in Devon. He was tired with the day's work and profoundly discontented. Mr. Torch had become, to use his own expression and Mr. Kakoglou's, a comfortable slave. Unlike his own grandfather, he found himself in middle age without the risk of hard times in the sense of being uncertain of to-morrow's dinner and next quarter's rent. But he often said to his wife that he would prefer a sporting insecurity, with unlimited chances of doing better for himself, than this cloying semi-ease, which, it is true, provided him with a sufficient wage, but which held him thrall to a mere machine. For what was the great agricultural company but an inhuman engine? Even within his own lifetime farm labourers had been able to take their troubles and grievances to their masters. Mr. Torch had no master, but a sort of foreman or overseer employed by the machine, and, like himself, in a position to be dismissed at any time.

There were, however, compensations; though to Mr. Torch they did not seem very real. He had a better education, far more leisure, and much more comfort in his house than had his forbears, for instance, in the early years of the twentieth century. But in what was still called the march of civilization human nature was always the slowest to change, and Mr. Torch complained bitterly of the hardness of his lot.

'The whole country will be run by a company soon,' he said. 'Great Britain, Limited. All the cotton and cloth and what not in one pair of hands, and the newspapers, and now the farms.' Grumbling, he put on his cap and went out.

No wonder her man was tired, Mrs. Torch said to herself. Every evening for the last week he had gone out in the evening after tea and had not returned until midnight or later. Sometimes he played one of the old-time card games at the club, and without actually saying so, he had allowed her to

think that it was the club which had claimed him lately. That he had not been seen in the place, Mrs. Torch knew privately by comparing notes with the wife of a neighbour who certainly had been there. A better husband she did not want, but something was troubling him, something about which he was silent.

On the far side of the room, opposite the electric stove, a neat little cabinet was fitted in the wall, having the letters C.O.R.T. embossed upon it on a brass plate. C.O.R.T.—the Central Office of Radio Transmission in London—controlled Radio over all Northern Europe, and the little cabinet with its invisible loud-speaker was the commonplace of every English home, particularly when the day's work was done. Commonplace to the majority, that is, but having always an especial and private thrill for Mrs. Torch. Not so many years ago she had been a nurse in the Carlew family, and Tom Carlew, whom she had rocked to sleep as an infant, was frequently employed by the C.O.R.T., reading and giving lectures. She was fond of the family and especially of Tom. She had not seen him for some years, but there he was every week, talking or reading to her as though he were in the same room, and there, on the television screen, she could see him as he talked.

Tonight she had seen in the programme that Mr. Thomas Carlew was to give a short lecture on 'Some Recent Antiquarian Discoveries.' A little before the time appointed she turned on the loud speaker and switched off the electric light, so that the screen which hung on the wall opposite her chair, might be seen to its best advantage.

After the usual announcement had been made Tom Carlew's figure appeared on the screen and he began to speak in a clear, pleasant voice. He described the discovery in Australia of a batch of highly interesting letters from a soldier written at the time of the Gallipoli campaign during the Great War of nearly a hundred years ago. He told how Messrs. Winter and Manto, the antique dealers, had bought under the hammer, for a record price, a number of fruits and flowers modelled in wax and brilliantly coloured, which were undoubtedly made in the middle years of Queen Victoria's reign. Another object of antique as well as artistic value had lately come into the possession of Mr. Kakoglou, the famous financier, who, for a few pence had bought a bundle of books in the North London Market and lent it for broadcasting purposes to the C.O.R.T. No particular interest attached to any of these volumes but one, which was a pocket-book, beautifully bound in red morocco and belonging evidently to the eighteenth century. The bygone scribe had used the book for the entry of odd scraps of information, and there was a page of Latin written in a minute and exquisite hand. He had copiously decorated the book with curious designs and symbols, including a strange drawing of a sort of doll or image, not unlike the crude wooden dolls given to children during the nineteenth century. This doll, in a very simplified form, was repeated again and again throughout the book.

(Continued on page 342.)



BOTH SIDES OF THE MICROPHONE

Radio Favourites' Week.

DURING the week of June 10 we are to hear four popular favourites. On Monday, June 11, Maurice Cole will give a piano recital from London and Daventry. He is as popular today as he was in 1922, when he was one of the first artists to broadcast from the makeshift studio in Marconi House. On June 12, also from London and 5XX, Peggy Cochrane, whose playing of the violin, though not of heavy calibre, is first rate, will give a recital of those airy trifles which so suit her special technique. And on the following Friday, William Primrose and Sinclair Logan are combining in a violin and voice recital from 5GB. Sinclair Logan, though blind, is one of the most cheerful and delightful people alive—and a fine artist.

Community Language Lessons.

I MET last week a Frenchman who firmly believes that English will become the language of world radio. He is M. Jean Confida, a Parisian doctor who has given up his practice in order to develop a theory of language teaching of his own invention. His method is based upon the elimination of all words which are not strictly relevant to daily life. He teaches classes of never less than a hundred pupils, who repeat after him, all together, the words and phrases which he gives them. The community spirit of these lessons gives his pupils confidence, for, as he rightly says, the average man—and the average Englishman particularly—is too shy to tackle a language on his own. When he is teaching English to French people, M. Confida does not give a word of explanation in French. Instead, he acts all the time, showing, by gesture and inflection, the meaning of what he is saying. He has recently taught 800 gendarmes of Paris enough English in three hours to enable them to direct English visitors about the city. By the same method he also teaches French, Spanish, German, and Italian. The difficulty of finding a language suitable for employment in a possible world broadcasting system is emphasized in a letter which I have received from a German professor friend of mine, who tells me that there are no less than 2,790 languages spoken in the world today, of which 500 are main languages divided as follows: Europe 48, Asia 153, Africa 118, the Americas 424, and the South Sea Islands 117.



Wild and Woolly Opera.

THE last opera but one of the present 'libretto opera' season, Puccini's *Girl of the Golden West*, will be broadcast on Monday, June 11 (5GB), and Wednesday, June 13 (London, 5XX, etc.), under the direction of Percy Pitt. The broadcasting of Puccini's opera was made possible by an arrangement concluded with his publishers, Messrs. Ricordi, last summer. Puccini enthusiasts will welcome this chance of hearing *The Girl of the Golden West*, which is seldom performed in this country, though it is often heard in America, at the Metropolitan and elsewhere. It has never 'caught on' like *La Bohème*, *Tosca*, and *Madame Butterfly*, which it followed. Founded, like the last named, on a successful stage play of David Belasco, it was first performed in New York in 1910 and in 1911 at Covent Garden. The story is pure 'wild west,' set in California at the time of the '49 Gold Rush and dealing with the lovers of Minnie, barnyard at The Polka, Ramones, the outlaw, and Jack Rance, the Sheriff. It contains many lovely pages of writing, reminiscent of the charm of *La Bohème*. After *The Girl of the Golden West* came *La Rondine*, an attempt at operetta, to which Puccini was tempted by an offer from a Viennese publishing house; the *Trilby*, a trio of three short operas; and *Turnabout*, a gorgeous operatic fairy story of China, which was scarcely completed when the composer died in Belgium of cancer in 1924. Walter Wildup, Stiles Allen, and May Henderson will play the three leading parts in the present broadcast production.

The Pro Arte and Iturbi.

ON Sunday, June 10, the Pro Arte Quartet is to give a recital from the London Studio. You will remember from my note of last week that this same quartet will be heard a few days previously, when a Chamber Concert is relayed to 5GB from the Arts Theatre Club. On June 10 they will play the Haydn Quartet, Beethoven's Great Fugue, and a Quartet by Maurice Ravel. In the same concert Iturbi will play two groups of pianoforte solos. To my mind he is one of the finest pianists we have had in the Studio for a very long while. Some weeks back he gave a memorable concert of modern works which, sparkling from his fingertips, must have gone a long way towards converting the musical 'die-hard.'

A.A.A. v. C.U.

ARUNNING Commentary on the Athletic Sports between the A.A.A. and Cambridge University will be relayed from 'Fenner's,' the well-known sports and cricket ground at Cambridge, on Saturday afternoon, June 9. This will be given by Harold M. Abrahams, the athlete and former Cambridge 'blue.' His description of the various events will be interspersed with dance music from the London Studio.

Address by the Archbishop.

ACIVIC and Military Service, at which the Archbishop of York is to preach, will be relayed from York Minster at 10.15 a.m. on Sunday, June 17. This service, which will consist of shortened matins, an anthem, and two well-known hymns, and will conclude with a trumpet and drum fanfare leading up to the National Anthem, takes the place of the Military Service which was relayed from the Minster in 1926.



Late Again!

MY recent suggestion that someone should make a play of Captain Owen Rutter's novel *Chanak* came too late, for on the day following the publication of the paragraph Ivan Firth walked into my office and laid a four-act adaptation of the book on my table. You may remember that it was Mr. Firth who adapted Owen Rutter's *Song of Tiodaka* for its recent broadcast from 5GB. He had also obtained the right to dramatize *Chanak*. No manager has yet arranged to stage this play—perhaps because it deals with the subject of opium. I understand from friends in 'the business' that there is a slump in dope plays. If by 'dope plays' they mean those hectic dramas whose heroes take heroin obtained in little white packets from Chinamen in Limehouse, I must say I am glad to hear it. But *Chanak* is something different. It is a story of the East where opium is not a fashionable alternative to aspirin, but a pale haunting spectre behind the lives of millions.

A Jewish Festival.

THE great body of Jewish listeners will be interested to hear that on Wednesday evening, June 6, London, Daventry, etc., are relaying from the Kingsway Hall the *Jewish Chronicle* Musical Festival, organized by Alexander Kraut. The programme, which will be given entirely by Jewish artists—that is in itself a guarantee of an evening of good music—will consist of items by the Synagogue Choir and vocal, violin, and pianoforte solos.

Hospital Sunday.

ON June 3, collections will be made in more than 2,000 London churches and chapels on behalf of the Hospital Sunday Fund, which has been in existence since 1872. The proceeds of this fund are divided between the London hospitals, all of which are supported by voluntary contributions. It is to be hoped that the generosity of the public towards the hospitals will never fail, so that these institutions may remain free of 'State aid,' and the risk of losing their personality and humanity. Every day there are 10,000 beds occupied in London wards—and 20,000 out-patients are treated. This is splendid—but costly—work. Please listen with sympathy when, on June 3, Mr. Holland Martin makes an appeal on behalf of the Hospital Sunday Fund. Contributions sent to the Hospital Sunday Fund, Marston House, E.C., will be very gratefully acknowledged.

BOTH SIDES OF THE MICROPHONE



Cricket Plans.

RUNNING commentaries on Sport which were instituted at the beginning of last year, have in the main proved very successful—particularly in the case of football, racing, and the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race. But, where cricket is concerned, the Running Commentary has not proved a success. It was obvious from the first that a whole match could not be described, and though descriptions of the game were attempted at ten-minute intervals during the afternoon's programme, it very rarely happened that these coincided with a climax in the match. Though, with half an hour to go and a desperate win in sight, cricket may move as quickly as a Calcutta Cup Match, it is in general too leisurely and formal a business to lend itself to commentary. This year, therefore, descriptions of cricket will be confined to Eye-Witness Accounts given from the Studio at the end of the day's play. I understand that several of these will be given by Colonel Philip Trevor. Running Commentaries may be attempted with inter and more crucial matches such as Oxford v. Cambridge, Yorkshire v. Lancashire, etc.

A Relay from Heckmondwike.

THE Heckmondwike Lectures constitute a unique phenomenon in the North of England. They have continued now, in unbroken succession, 117 years, and take the form of preaching services which attract such large congregations from all over the West Riding that on Lecture Day Heckmondwike becomes in a real sense a place of pilgrimage. The preachers are drawn from all the Free Churches in Great Britain and are always 'front rank men.' They will be held this year on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 12 and 13, and the Leeds-Bradford Station will broadcast two sermons from the Upper Chapel, Heckmondwike, on Wednesday morning, between 11 a.m. and 12.30 p.m. The addresses will be given by the Rev. Maurice Watts, B.A. (Coventry), and the Rev. Dr. Macdonald, M.A., B.D. (Liverpool).

A Play With One Character.

THOSE of you who are interested in experiments in drama and wish perhaps that broadcasting would make more of its unique opportunities in this direction will want to hear Hermann Kesser's play *Nurse Henrietta*, which is to be given from 5GB this Thursday. Kesser, who was writing plays in 1914 and continued to do so during the war, has lately emerged as the leader of the 'expressionist' movement in German drama. There is one character only in *Nurse Henrietta*, that of the nurse herself. The play is therefore a monologue. Its drama does not lie in the speed or complication of its physical action, but in the thoughts of its only character as she moves about her work, talking to herself. The world's tensest dramas are played in the minds of people labouring under complex emotion: a jealous man strikes a woman dead—that is certainly drama. But the thoughts of another jealous man wavering between killing a woman, killing her lover, and killing himself, with the final decision resting upon some queer freak of impulse—that may be a thousand times more dramatic, though our training in the modern theatre where a revolver shot, a cry, and a fall are the criteria of tense dramatic action may not yet have prepared us to appreciate its fitness.

Sir Frederic Cowen.

ON Monday, June 4, Sir Frederic Cowen is coming to Savoy Hill to conduct a programme of his own light music, including the second of his suites, *The Language of Flowers*, the suite *In Fairyland*, and *The Fantasy of Life and Love*. There will also be songs by Olive Sturgess. Sir Frederic's last visit to the Studio was at Christmas time, when he accompanied several of his charming *Songs for My Little Ones*.

From the Spa.

THE next relay from the Pump Room and Gardens at Leamington Spa will come through 5GB on Tuesday, June 5, when a concert is being given to holiday visitors by the Band of H.M. Royal Marines (Chatham Division), with Mary Pollock, soprano, and J. William Dunn, pianoforte, as soloists.

Two Manchester Programmes.

LISTENERS to the Manchester Station will next week hear two specially designed programmes—on Sunday afternoon, June 3, 'Over the Hills and Far Away,' a programme of music, poetry and song expressive of the elusive mood of escape from the world of hard fact; and, on Wednesday, June 6, a programme of music in which Western composers have attempted to paint the magic and colour of the East. The Station Orchestra, under T. H. Morrison, will take part in both. In the Sunday programme Robert Donat will be responsible for the poetry and Harold Hallas for the song; while on Wednesday listeners will hear, among other 'Eastern' pieces, three Chinese songs set by Eric Fogg.

"The Announcer"

A New Weekly Feature.

Samuel Pepys, Listener.

By R. M. Freeman.

(Part-author of the New Pepys's 'Diary of the Great War,' etc.)



MAY 5. My wife and I listening to this night, but the hearing indifferent; so to fiddle with the buttons, my wife in her busy way telling me I am like only to make bad worse by my fiddling. And, as the devil will have it, in the midst of my fiddling, out goes one of the valves, through a fused wire. Whereat my wife, like the fool she is, do lay all to me rather than to the fused wire, saying, 'There, Samuel, what did I tell you?' and other taunting things; so that how I did keep my hands off her, God knows.

By and by, up in our chamber going to bed, she falls to belittling me again, and do make me so mad that (God forgive me!) I fetched her a little rump on the bare arm, with the bristles of my hair-brush, being about hogg's bristles and harsher than I had reckoned for. But Lord! To hear the wretch cry aloud as I might be killing her, naming me for all the naughty brutes under the sun. Whereby being in a stew lest the maids hear, I hastened to give her the fullest assurance of my penitence and sorrow. I'm token wherein she is to have a new hat come Monday. Which will, I fear, stand me in 2l or more. But I had to muzzle her.

May 6. To Church to Mr. Bick (who waits, methought, a poor sour sermon) and in hopes of seeing Mrs. Fripp, the fair widow, whose paw is over against ours in the middle aisle and hath the most roguish eyes of any woman that ever I beheld. But she is not there, to my great discontent. After Sermon, came round Mr. Jumble, the warden, with the plate, and I thought I caught a change of looks betwixt him and my wife. Wherein I do earnestly pray I am mistaken, being a lightness

of behaviour unendurable in any man's wife, least of all in Church on Lord's Day.

After tea, I to our neighbour's Capt. MacNiff, whose cell is the same as mine, and I am in hopes he may have a spare valve to lend me; but he hath not, or so he says, but I doubt it, having the name for sitting mighty tight on his belongings. So, being denied St. Martin's Service on the wireless this night, was forced to play piquet with my wife instead; wherein if I have done wrong, may just Heaven visit it upon MacNiff who drove me to it.

May 7. Awoke this morning praying my wife shall have forgot the hat, but she hath not, reminding me at breakfast of my promise, and this in Davis our parlourmaid's hearing, so that I could not boggle over it, which methought pretty mean of her. Her notion is to buy the hat and bring me the bill. But this, knowing her, I will not have. So we away together into Bond Street (for I could not cajole her into Oxford St.), having first shifted into my new gray suit, and mightily pleased to see, by studying it in the mirror from all angles, how well it do become me. My wife, after trying-on half the shop, did at last find a hat to her mind (3l. 13s. 6d.), which cost me inwardly, but I came to it. But Lord! The coquetry of women! The way my wife stood loving herself in her new hat in the mirror before she determined on it.

Homs and to foam for a man to mend my self. Comes presently with a new valve (7s. 6d.) and fixes it (2s. 6d.). Which, with my wife's hat, do make in all 4l. 3s. 6d., the devilish thing have cost me. So to vow solemnly against taking my hair-brush to my dear wife in future, and I mean to stand to it.

'Old Magic.' By Bohun Lynch.

(Continued from page 339.)

Carlew held up the pocket-book from time to time as he spoke in order that his hearers might see the drawings on their screens.

The most elaborate of the drawings was a group of houses. Several people have since said that this drawing made a queer impression upon them; for when they first glanced at it they seemed to see, not roofs and chimneys, but an evil face. Looking again, they lost this impression; it was like the chance tumbling of clothes thrown upon a chair and seen faintly in the night time—now something vaguely terrible, and now but a crumpled jacket.

To tell the truth, Mrs. Torch was not greatly interested in antiquities, and it was the pleasure of hearing Tom's voice and seeing his jolly, boyish face on the screen which really held her attention. But when he held up this drawing in the old pocket-book so that every line of it and every thumb mark on the old worn page was clearly visible she started in her chair. She was not one of those who saw the evil face; she saw just the houses, and more, she recognized them.

But the recognition was not complete; she had seen that group of houses, she was perfectly familiar with them, but where—where? She could not remember.

Mrs. Torch switched off the screen and the loud speaker and began to get supper. But throughout the evening the outline of those houses, the angle of the roofs, the placing of the windows, remained in her mind's eye a clear vision. Where had she seen them? Was it the corner of some town or was it some tiny village? At one time or another, especially before her marriage, she had travelled about a great deal. Where was it? No, she could not remember.

That old drawing—just fancy!—over two hundred years old, and the place, wherever it was, was just the same, or had been within her recollection.



To tell the truth, Mrs. Torch was not greatly interested in antiquities, and it was the pleasure of hearing Tom's voice and seeing his jolly, boyish face on the screen which really held her attention.

As for Kakoglou, his name was familiar enough; pictures of his air-yacht, his collection of ancient swords, his private Zoo, had often appeared in the papers. She could remember how, some years before, from Lima, in Peru, he had broadcast an appeal to all the world for the thousands ruined and made homeless by the terrible earthquake of 1906. Well, it was kind of him to let them see his pocket-book.

When would John come in? She would sit up no longer. It was getting very late.

Some time after Mrs. Torch had gone to bed, her husband returned. He looked white and ill. Having fastened the door, he went to the table, where some cold supper awaited his attention. There was a jug of water nearby, and without waiting to fill a glass he lifted it to his lips and drank a pint or so straight off. For a minute or two he stood in the middle of the room, hesitating, and then turned on the loud speaker for the Final News. He remembered that the result of the Anglo-Swedish Billiard Tournament should come through at this time. That was why he wanted to listen, he told himself—just for the billiards. With some impatience he heard a series of items, until suddenly the voice of the announcer dropped a tone.

'News has just been brought in,' he said, 'of an accident near the road between Ashworthy and Culverton in Devon. Mr. Spiridon Kakoglou, whose name has already been mentioned in happier circumstances this evening, left his car for a few minutes to see the view from high ground just above the road. We regret to announce that he slipped and fell into a deep stone quarry and that, when found, life was extinct.'

At this point we must pause for a week in the development of the story of Tom Carlew's strange adventure in the world of a hundred years hence. Next week's issue will contain a further long instalment of 'Old Magic,' illustrated by Stephen Spurrer, R.I. This bizarre romance of the twenty-first century contains not only absorbing situations but a fine imaginative picture of a world changed by the progress of invention.

When Tom Carlew, during the course of his talk on recent antiquarian discoveries, held up the old note-book of Mr. Kakoglou, his hearers saw, among other crude designs sketched on the yellowing pages, a strange drawing of a doll or image, not unlike the wooden dolls given to children in the nineteenth century . . . and the same evening Kakoglou was found at the bottom of a stone quarry, dead. The brilliant swindling financier who had almost succeeded in 'cornering' British farming had come up against a magic as old as the soil itself. What was the note-book, what the significance of the crudely-designed figure of a doll, what the doom which had overtaken the Greek intruder? These questions were only solved by Tom Carlew after strange adventures.

'Old Magic' is one of the Special Summer Features which, during the holidays, will make *The Radio Times* as widely read as a magazine as it is as a programme. Whether you are at home, or away on your holiday with a 'portable,' you should make a point of ordering 'the listener's own magazine' each week.



The Long Bow Drawn to Breaking Point!

The Strange Episode of the Small Attaché Case.

By E. V. Knox ('Evoc' of *Punch*).



The other found it with a laugh at his lun. 'Take care you are not run in!' he said.

THE pearl rope was flung out of a window in Cavendish Square said the Man of Doubtful Veracity; and then, turning towards me—"but you weren't here when I began. I was saying that in spite of its marvellous organization, I happen to know that Scotland Yard often owes its successes quite as much to sheer good fortune as to ingenuity and skill."

"Oh yes," I said, sipping my coffee with a smirk.

"I was recalling," he went on, "the circumstances of the pearl rope robbery from the house of Lady Martlett, in Cavendish Square, which created a little sensation some while ago. It was worth about twelve thousand pounds. When it fell from the window it was caught by a man in the street, who immediately entered a waiting taxi-cab. A policeman actually saw this occur. Blowing his whistle again, he dashed in pursuit, taking another taxi-cab on his way. He would have caught the vehicle in front, very likely, but he was held up in a traffic jam. During this interval he observed the criminal jump out. He left his own cab, blowing his whistle again and continued the chase down several side-streets, but unfortunately in vain. To his great annoyance he found that he had failed to memorize accurately the number of the fugitive cab. That was all the public ever learnt from the papers, except that three days later the Yard had discovered the criminal and restored the jewels to their owner again."

"The way it really happened was this. A smartly dressed young gentleman appeared in the ordinary course at the Lost Property Department of Scotland Yard in Lambeth Palace Road, and asked for a small attaché-case which he had left in a taxi-cab, mentioning the time of his loss."

"It's marked O.K.," he told the official and I hope you've got it" (here he smiled engagingly). "because it's got the Cavendish Square pearl rope inside it."

The other found it with a laugh at his fun and gave it to him.

"Take care you're not run in," he said.

"The pearl rope, as a matter of fact, was inside it."

"Why was it inside?" I asked humbly.

"Because the thief put it inside when he got back into his taxi. He didn't want to run away with the pearls in his pocket because he was afraid of being caught. But he trusted to Scotland Yard and the taxi-driver who had received his fare, and hadn't the slightest notion that there was anything wrong."

"All might have gone well for the culprit now, if he had not had a bit of bad luck. Somewhere near Vine Street a loafer came up to him, tried to beg, and finally became abusive. A policeman arrested the beggar, took him to the station, and asked our friend to accompany them. Naturally, he wasn't very keen to join the gathering, but he didn't like to refuse."

"He put his attaché-case down on a bench while the beggar was being given in charge and when it was all over, turned to go."

"Wait a minute," said somebody. "What was happening all this while at Cavendish Square? Who had thrown the pearl rope out of the window, and what was it thrown for?"

"It was thrown out by a lady's maid. I suppose she was a confederate of the thief. But nobody ever discovered that. She left the house almost immediately, long before Lady Martlett knew anything about her loss. In fact, she only heard of it when the police came round to tell her. But a very big reward was offered, and that is what, to my mind, makes it so peculiar that the pearl rope should first have gone to the Lost Property Office at Scotland Yard, and then been quietly taken away from it by the thief and placed the same afternoon on a bench at Vine Street."

"Does one really have to go round to Vine Street?" I inquired, sipping my coffee, "to give evidence against a beggar? Couldn't one just give one's name and address and walk away?"

The Man of Doubtful Veracity looked at me with a reproving frown.

"The beggar in question," he said, "was a somewhat obstreperous fellow. You can hardly expect a police constable to take the name and address of a witness when the man he is arresting is trying to slug him in the jaw. But, of course, if you know how the story ended, better than I, who am the mere narrator, please do not consider me in any way. Continue it yourself, and let me listen to you. As I happened to be personally concerned with the latter stages—"

I apologized. I apologized humbly.

"Pray go on!" I said.

The M.O.D.V. chose a cigarette from his case with great deliberation, tapped it on the cover, lit it, and began again.

"I said that the thief, after giving his name and address as a witness—not, of course, his right name, nor his real address—turned to go. He had scarcely got out of the door when the Superintendent shouted: 'Look sharp, one of you there! He's taken the wrong bag!'"

"And so he had. There happened to be another attaché-case on the bench—the Superintendent's own—and by an extraordinary chance, or perhaps, we might say, because of his embarrassment, the thief had picked up the wrong one."

"A constable snatched up the case—the case marked O.K. I mean—and went out to exchange them. A cool hand like our thief ought to have stood his ground, you may say. But even the coolest of thieves, I suppose, is nervous at times. Anyhow, when he saw the constable coming out after him, the fellow ran like a hare, and the constable ran after him like a greyhound, into Regent Street."

"Do you mean to say—" I interrupted.

"Do I mean to say what?"

"Do you mean to say that the man who stole Lady Martlett's pearl rope from Cavendish Square started running up Regent Street as hard as he could peg, with the policeman sprinting after him in order to give the pearl rope back?"

"I do," said the M.O.D.V. "I do mean just that. It was one of the most curious features of this very curious affair."

"In broad daylight?" I pursued.

"Not exactly broad," (I could see that he was shaken a little.) "It was one of those very dark December afternoons. And what else was the constable to do? If the man was innocent, common courtesy compelled him to make the exchange. If he was guilty all the more was it necessary to pursue. There was no reason to guess what there was in the case which the constable held. The other case belonged to the Superintendent. The man running, so far as the constable knew, might have had some business to do, or might be stealing the Superintendent's case. On the other hand, he might be merely hurrying to get a drink, or to catch a train."

"I should have thought," observed somebody, judiciously, "that the passers-by would have joined in the hunt. In fact, I should have thought that the policeman would have shouted, or whistled, to make them do so."

"You must remember the fog," said the M.O.D.V. "The fog and the noise of the traffic combined. That is the only way that I can account for it myself. But there certainly was a kind of irony in the fact that Scotland Yard, for a second time that afternoon, should be thrusting as it were, his stolen booty on the thief. Anyhow, there they

were; the thief hurrying guiltily through the gloom without his swag, and the constable dutifully pounding after him in order to restore it. And then about a hundred and fifty yards up the road the thief crossed to the further side. The constable was by this time scarcely a yard and a half behind him. It was at this very moment that a small two-seater came out of the fog, and, though it pulled up sharply and skidded, failed to avoid touching them both. They were knocked over, but neither of them was hurt. Both attaché-cases, curiously enough, were burst open by the shock. And that was how Lady Martlett's pearl rope was restored to her again.

He paused.

And what, I asked, a little faintly, 'was in the Superintendent's own case?'

'That was another curious point,' said the M.O.D.V. 'It was a typescript of a serial for one of the Sunday papers, which he was writing in his off hours, and was called "The Stolen Gem."'

A little hush fell upon the room.

'Do you mind telling us,' said somebody 'how you came to know all this?'

Merely, answered the Man of Doubtful Veracity, 'because I happened to be in the two-seater myself when the accident occurred. And by a rather quaint coincidence, Lady Martlett was driving it. She got off without a fine.'

'Merely,' answered the Man of Doubtful Veracity, 'because I happened to be in the two-seater myself at the time.'



Mr. McTurtle Broadcasts

By Victor France. Illustrated by Alfred Leete.

THEY had asked me to broadcast. 'Dear Mr. McTurtle, the letter ran: we shall be pleased if you will deliver your talk, "Across Africa on a Tandem with my Wife," from our London Studio at 9.15 p.m. on April 7.'

The news that I was to broadcast upset the entire neighbourhood. It was the biggest thing that had happened in Little Acre since Buffalo Bill's circus came there in 1907. An announcement of my talk appeared in *The Radio Times* on Friday. On Sunday the Squire nodded affably to me as we came out of church. On Monday Green and Wallop, the grocers, sent round their little account and waited in the scullery until I had paid it. It is quite extraordinary what broadcasting does for you.

My wife looked out a train to town—though why she did that I have not the remotest idea, for there is only one train to town from Little Acre, and that, owing to a misprint in Bradshaw, is not detectable. It passes through our station at 5.30 p.m.—passes through, that is, unless the station-master telephones to Princes Risborough to say that there is actually someone in Little Acre who has had the nerve to decide to go to London. Then, if the station-master—who has a beard which confuses his speech—has succeeded in making his meaning plain, it pulls up reluctantly at the far end of our platform, and everyone stares at you from the windows as though you were a murderer.

It was, I remember, a fine afternoon when, with the manuscript of 'Across Africa on a

Tandem with my Wife' in the pocket of my new grey suit, I started out for the station. My wife, who has never entirely recovered from her experiences on the tandem, was in tears as she accompanied me to the gate. I walked down the village street to the station, and, as I passed their shop, Mr. Green and Mr. Wallop waved their hands to me. A number of children, who had evidently heard from their parents that I was going to London to broadcast, ceased playing 'last across in front of the motors,' and followed me as far as the booking-hall. Their attentions were



I saw that he had put his beard in curling-papers as though for a long night's rest.

embarrassing, but I kept my temper by repeating over and over to myself the opening words of my talk: 'It was on a glorious morning in early December that my wife and I pushed off on our tandem bicycle down the High Street of Algiers. . . .'

I had no need to take a ticket, as one had been procured by my wife on the previous day, so, leaving my bodyguard in the dust outside the station, I strolled on to the platform. After a few minutes the train came in sight. It seemed to be going very fast, and I wondered how it would manage to pull up in time. As a matter of fact, it did not pull up at all. It raced straight through the station. A man in the guard's van threw out a bundle of newspapers, which caught me on the side of the head. Imagine my despair. I thought of the millions who would be waiting at 9.15 for my talk, to whom, if I failed to appear in the Studio, the name of McTurtle would be for ever hateful. I rushed madly into the station-master's office, but the station-master was sound asleep. Though I shouted at the top of my voice, I could not wake him. I saw that he had put his beard in curling papers as though for a long night's rest. My only thought was to get to London. But how? The idea occurred to me of stopping a car on the main road outside and imploring its driver to take me to town. I ran out into the road, waving my umbrella. Several motors passed me, but their drivers took not the slightest notice. A horrified glance at the station clock showed me that it was already 6.30.

At length a powerful grey car swung round

the corner towards me. It was doing at least fifty miles an hour but I planted myself firmly in the way of it and waved my arms. The car pulled up.

'Get out of the way!' shouted the man at the wheel.

I refused courteously. I believe

'I want to get to London,' I said.

'Well, hop inside,' he growled. 'If you won't get out of the way, I suppose I must take you with me' and added as I took my place beside him and he pushed in the door.

'Can't do another man in today, I suppose.'

'What?' I asked nervously.

He looked grimly at me. He was a large, forbidding creature with only one eye, and that a green one. 'I've killed a man, do you hear? Did him in by bashing his head in with a loafah. Collared his pocket book and skipped in this car. The cops are after me.'

'You shouldn't have done that,' I said, but he did not answer. Instead he drove on towards London at a speed which made me dizzy. Every time we passed a policeman he went twice as fast. But nobody stopped us, though people stared very hard at me—a fact which I found difficult to explain until, on passing a shop window, I realized that the parcel of newspapers had bashed my hat in.

My companion dropped me, more dead than alive, at Hammersmith. I was extremely glad to be rid of him, for during the ride I had been afraid that he might at any moment whip out his deadly loafah and break his resolution not to take life twice in one day.

I looked at the clock. Despite our furious dash to London, it was now ten minutes to nine. I hailed a taxi and directed him to the B.B.C.

'What?' he said.

'B.B.C.' I repeated. 'Broadcasting—Savoy Hill—Studios.'

'Do you mind speaking a little louder?' he rasped. 'I'm deaf.'

'B.B.C.,' I yelled. 'British Broadcasting Corporation.'

'It was burned down,' he said.

'What!' I exclaimed.

'Yes, sir—in the summer of 1903; I remember it well.'

'You remember nothing of the sort!' I moaned, and held out the B.B.C.'s letter to him. When he had stared at the address for a long time, he said: 'Oh, that,' and went

crawling away with me, one of his cylinders flopping in the breeze.

I reached Savoy Hill at 9.12. The driver had no change for a pound note. It was 9.14 before he had collected it in sixpences from a one-legged man with a harmonium who was playing *Because* at the corner of the street.

I went inside. A number of very tall men in evening dress were standing in the hall. They looked threateningly at my damaged hat, and made a concerted movement as though to throw me out. Instead, they wrung my hand with great heartiness.



He collected it in sixpences from a one-legged man with an organ.

'So here you are,' they said. 'Only just in time,' and they hustled me up fourteen flights of stairs to a studio.

'I—I—I—shan't have any breath left!' I said. 'How can I talk?'

'You won't need to talk,' they murmured, and opened the door.

I found myself in a very large room with curtained walls. The announcer came forward to greet me, and I realized with a sinking feeling that we were not alone. At the far end of the studio were arranged on chairs the members of an orchestra, all of whom were looking at me and handling their trombones and things in a very threatening manner.

A red light flashed over the doorway and the announcer cautioned me to keep quiet. He led me over to a platform in front of the orchestra and turned to the microphone. I prepared my manuscript for the ordeal.

'We now come to our Symphony Concert,' he said. 'Herr Brickdust will conduct the Wireless Symphony Orchestra in a new tone poem in 57 movements by Heantz.'

I waved my arms in despair. 'It's a lie,' I shouted. 'I have come to give a talk on "Across Africa on a Tandem with my Wife".' I can't conduct. My name isn't Brickdust.

But no one was paying the slightest attention to me. My words had been drowned by the crash of the orchestra, which, mistaking my agitation for Herr Brickdust's conducting, had begun the tone poem. With my battered hat on my head and my beloved manuscript in my hand, I was faced with fifty excited musicians making a noise which beggars description. On and on it went. Drums crashed, bassoons thundered, violins squeaked and wailed, the orchestra looked at me with doglike devotion as the man who was to steer them through.

And suddenly there was a deadly silence. Everyone looked at me.

'Well?'

'Are you conducting?' asked the leader of the orchestra.

'No,' I admitted.

'Why not?'

'Because I am not Herr Brickdust, because I know nothing about music, though I did once try to learn the ukulele by post, because I have a talk here which—'

But I got no farther. The orchestra rose as one man and rushed at me, brandishing their instruments. I looked pitifully at the announcer only to discover that he was my friend with the one green eye, and that in his hand he held a murderous-looking loafah. I screamed.

'Here's a letter for you,' said my wife, 'and breakfast has been ready for twenty minutes.'

Rubbing my eyes, I opened the letter. 'Dear sir,' it ran, 'we regret that we shall be unable to make you an offer to broadcast your talk entitled "Across Africa on a Tandem with my Wife," the MS. of which we are accordingly returning to you herewith.'

Leading Features of the Week.

—All items from 5XX can also be heard from 2LO.

MUSIC.

Sunday, May 27.

(5XX) 5.50. A Bach Cantata.

(5XX) 9.5. Albert Sandler and the Park Lane Hotel Orchestra.

Monday, May 28.

(5XX) 7.15. Songs by Sir Hubert Parry, sung by Elsie Suddaby (and throughout week).

Tuesday, May 29.

(5CB) 9.55. Act III of 'Louise,' from Covent Garden.

Wednesday, May 30.

(5XX) 7.45. Song Recital by Sir George Henschel.

(5GB) 8.30. Chamber Music.

Thursday, May 31.

(5GB) 8.0. New Friends in Music—Ravel.

Friday, June 1.

(5XX) 9.40. Act II, 'Samson and Delilah,' from Covent Garden.

Saturday, June 2.

(5XX) 7.45. The Gresham Singers.

DRAMA, Etc.

Monday, May 28.

(5GB) 8.35. 'The Rebel Maid.'

Tuesday, May 29.

(5XX) 9.40. 'The Survivor,' a Play in Three Acts by Mabel Constanduros and Michael Hogan.

Wednesday, May 30.

(5XX) 9.35. 'The Rebel Maid.'

Thursday, May 31.

(5XX) 9.35. 'Charlot's Hour—XIX.'

VARIETY AND VAUDEVILLE.

Monday, May 28.

(5XX) 7.45. Lancelot Quin, Rudy Sorita, Cyril Shields.

(5GB) 8.0. The Roosters.

Friday, June 1.

(5XX) 10.25. A. J. Allen.

Saturday, June 2.

(5XX) 9.35. Mabel Constanduros in 'Mrs. Buggins Sees it Through.'

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Holiday Broadcasts for North-Country Listeners.



BLACKPOOL

WHEN summer comes to the North-Country towns, the holiday spirit is everywhere. In the great towns where so much of the world's work is done, the holiday spirit is everywhere. In the great towns where so much of the world's work is done, the holiday spirit is everywhere. In the great towns where so much of the world's work is done, the holiday spirit is everywhere.

This week, the North-Country group of stations starts its summer holiday programme. Listeners to five stations—Manchester, Hull, Leeds, Bradford, Liverpool, and Sheffield—will hear some of the best shows of the season.



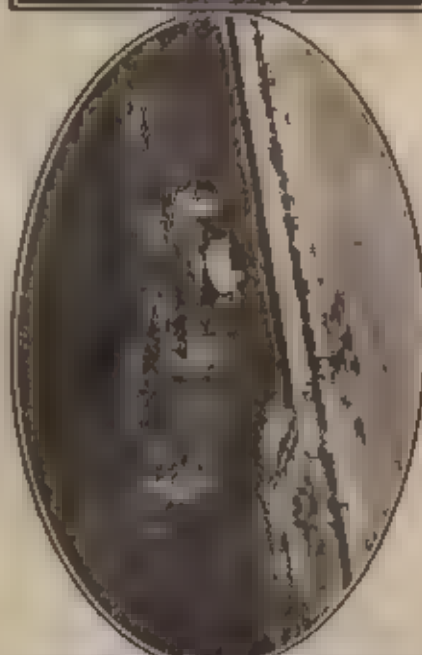
BLAXTON



HARROGATE

from six famous seaside places and spas. First there is Blackpool—the mammoth fair grounds of the North. Then Friday ManchesterListeners will hear some of the best shows of the season. On Wednesday, the HarrogateListeners will hear some of the best shows of the season. On Thursday, the ScarboroughListeners will hear some of the best shows of the season.

In a crash to Blackpool is the town of Harrogate. In a crash to Blackpool is the town of Harrogate. In a crash to Blackpool is the town of Harrogate. In a crash to Blackpool is the town of Harrogate.



SOUTHPORT



LLANDUDNO

most of the season comes on Thursday night. For those who want to hear the best shows of the season, the HarrogateListeners will hear some of the best shows of the season. On Thursday, the ScarboroughListeners will hear some of the best shows of the season.

And finally, HarrogateListeners will hear some of the best shows of the season. On Thursday, the ScarboroughListeners will hear some of the best shows of the season. On Thursday, the ScarboroughListeners will hear some of the best shows of the season.



SCARBOROUGH

Sunday's Programmes continued (May 27)

5WA CARDIFF. 353 M. 850 KC.

3.30 S.B. from London
 5.50-6.30 S.B. from Glasgow (See London)
 8.0 S.B. from London
 8.45 THE WEEK'S GOOD CAUSE
 An Appeal on behalf of the Shipwrecked Mariners Society and their Flag Day, by Captain J. M. ...
 8.50 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)
 10.30 Epilogue
 10.40-11.0 The Silent Fellowship

2ZY MANCHESTER. 244.5 M. 740 KC.

3.30 CLAUD BIGGS (Pianoforte)
 Pastoral - - - - - } Scarlatti
 Fugue - - - - - }
 Organ Choral Prelude - - - - - } Bach
 Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue - - - - - }
 ARTHUR CARTERHALL (Violin)
 Introduction and Allegretto - - - - - } Lohengrin
 Violin Concerto - - - - - }
 Prelude - - - - - } Bach, arr. Schumann
 4.10 'The Vision of San Juan'
 Sir W. Stokely Bennett
 Sacred Airs and Choruses from the Oratorio
 By the MANCHESTER CATHEDRAL CHOIR
 Directed by Dr. W. B. Wilson
 Relayed from the Cathedral, Manchester
 4.5 ARTHUR CARTERHALL and CLAUD BIGGS
 Sonata for Violin and Piano in A Minor, Op. 105
 Can pasquero, Allegretto, Valse
 5.0 S.B. from London
 5.50-6.30 S.B. from Glasgow (See London)
 8.0 S.B. from London

8.45 THE WEEK'S GOOD CAUSE
 An Appeal on behalf of the Out-Patient Department of the Blackburn and East Lancashire Royal Infirmary, by His Worship the Mayor of Blackburn, Mr J. A. ORMEROD
 (Contributions should be sent to the Hon. Secy., Blackburn Branch, 10, Market Street, Blackburn.)
 8.50 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)
 10.30 Epilogue

6LV LIVERPOOL. 287 M. 1,010 KC.

3.30 S.B. from London
 5.50-6.30 S.B. from Glasgow (See London)
 8.0 S.B. from London
 8.45 THE WEEK'S GOOD CAUSE
 An Appeal on behalf of the Out-Patient Department of the Blackburn and East Lancashire Royal Infirmary, by His Worship the Mayor of Blackburn, Mr J. A. ORMEROD
 (Contributions should be sent to the Hon. Secy., Blackburn Branch, 10, Market Street, Blackburn.)
 8.50 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)
 10.30 Epilogue

(Contributions should be sent to the Treasurer Liverpool Heart Hospital, 34, Oxford Street, Liverpool)

8.50 S.B. from London 9.0 Local Announcements

10.30 Epilogue

2LS LEEDS-BRADFORD. 277.5 M. 282.1 M. 1,020 KC. & 1,100 KC.

3.30 S.B. from London
 5.50-6.30 S.B. from Glasgow (See London)
 8.0 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)
 10.30 Epilogue

6FL SHEFFIELD. 272.1 M. 1,100 KC.

3.30 S.B. from London
 5.50-6.30 S.B. from Glasgow (See London)
 8.0 S.B. from London
 8.45 THE WEEK'S GOOD CAUSE
 Appeal on behalf of the work of the Rotherham Queen's Nurses, by Mrs. E. BLACK, J.P., Hon. Secretary of the Rotherham District Nursing Association (Donations should be sent to the Rotherham District Nursing Association, 1, Huddfield, Doncaster Road, Rotherham)
 8.50 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)
 10.30 Epilogue

6KH HULL. 284.1 M. 1,010 KC.

3.30 S.B. from London
 5.50-6.30 S.B. from Glasgow (See London)
 8.0 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)
 10.30 Epilogue

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 284.1 M. 820 KC.

3.30 S.B. from London
 5.50-6.30 S.B. from Glasgow (See London)
 8.0 S.B. from London

8.45 THE WEEK'S GOOD CAUSE
 Appeal on behalf of the Haldenham Convalescent Home, Bournemouth, by the Rev J. ...
 Moon (Honorary Chaplain of the Home)

THE Haldenham Convalescent Home, Bournemouth, which was established in 1879, has 12 beds for male and female patients, mainly for cases of Tuberculosis in its various stages.
 Founded and maintained by voluntary contributions, the Home has not since the war managed to make its income balance its expenditure, and this appeal is on behalf of its 'Tubercle' Fund, by which it is hoped to raise £5,000 for the endowment of beds.
 (Contributions, marked 'Wireless Appeal' should be sent to Mr H. M. Snowden, Secretary, Haldenham Convalescent Home, Bournemouth.)
 8.50 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)
 10.30 Epilogue

5NG NOTTINGHAM. 278.2 M. 1,000 KC.

3.30 S.B. from London
 5.50-6.30 S.B. from Glasgow (See London)
 8.0 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)
 10.30 Epilogue

5PY PLYMOUTH. 400 M. 750 KC.

3.30 S.B. from London
 5.50-6.30 S.B. from Glasgow (See London)
 8.0 S.B. from London
 8.45 THE WEEK'S GOOD CAUSE
 Appeal on behalf of British Legion, Plymouth Branch, by Rev. T. WILKINSON (Rural F.I.K.S.)
 THE Plymouth Branch of the British Legion has been hampered by the lack of adequate premises. Better premises, however, have now been secured and to meet these of about £2,500 is required.
 8.50 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)
 10.30 Epilogue

6ST STOKE. 284.1 M. 1,020 KC.

3.30 S.B. from London
 5.50-6.30 S.B. from Glasgow (See London)
 8.0 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)
 10.30 Epilogue

5SX SWANSEA. 284.1 M. 1,020 KC.

3.30 S.B. from London
 5.50-6.30 S.B. from Glasgow (See London)
 8.0 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)
 10.30 Epilogue
 10.40-11.0 S.B. from London



THE WAR MEMORIAL WING OF BLACKBURN ROYAL INFIRMARY
 This is an architect's drawing of the new wing of this big infirmary (architects: Soames and Green) for whose out-patient department the Mayor of Blackburn will appeal from Manchester Station tonight

(1,804.3 M. 107 kg.)

Sketch by L. du U.

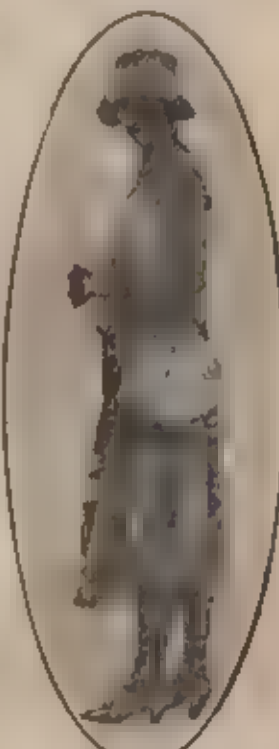
Tuesday's Programmes cont'd (May 29)

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

(491.2 M. 510 kC.)

TO BE KEPT OPEN FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE WIDOWS' OTHERWISE STAY

- 3.30 **PAT MCKEE'S RAYOL THEATRE**
Orchestra
From the Rayol Theatre
- 4.0 **A MILITARY BAND PROGRAMME**
From Birmingham
THE BIRMINGHAM MILITARY BAND
Conducted by W. A. CLARK
Overture to 'Zampa' *Herold*
Descriptive Piece, 'The Grasshoppers' Dance' *Huculand*
- 4.15 **MURIEL ALLEN**
Wild Flowers *M. Allen*
Melancholy in the Wind *Allen*
The Early Morning *Allen*
- 4.25 **BAND**
Fantasia, 'A Life on the Ocean' *B. Allen*
Intermezzo, 'Rêve du Ba' *Eisenberg*
(Dream of the Ball)
- 4.40 **THOMAS FREEMAN (Violoncelle)**
The Broken Melody *Van Borne*
Minuet *Borcherding*
- 4.50 **BAND**
Duet (for Cornet and Euphonium)
Exclamation *Balf*
Two Ballet Airs, Liselot' and
Lancelot' *Adams*
- 5.5 **MURIEL ALLEN**
Hark, what I tell to thee *Hamp*
O lovely night *London Bonals*
Spreading the News *Oliver*
- 5.15 **BAND**
Selection from 'Eugen Oneg' *T. Allen*
- 5.30 **THOMAS FREEMAN**
Prelude, No. 6, Op. 28 *Chopin*
- 5.45 **BAND**
March, 'The Life Guards' *Almer*
- 5.45 **THE CHILDREN'S HOUR (From Birmingham)**
The Lavender *Dorothy Cooper*
Songs by Phyllis Lanes (Mozart)
(Violin), The Story of the
Charter Oak by E. M. Griffiths
- 5.50 **TIME SIGNAL GREENWICH, WEATHER FORECAST FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN**
- 6.45 **THE B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA**
Personally conducted by JACK PAYNE
FREDERICK CRISTEN (West Country Dialect)
Stanzas
JOE NOBLEY (Banjo Solos)
- 8.0 **The Victor Olof Sextet**
ANNA TIBELL (Contralto)
SEXTET
Overture to 'The Magic Flute' *Mozart*
Little Suite *Debussy*
- 8.20 **ANNA TIBELL**
Cora mio bon *Papini*
Lament of Isis *Bantock*
The Sings *Chapman Phillips*
- 8.25 **SEXTET**
Cherry Ripe *Cyril Scott*
Poupée Valante (Dancing Doll) *Peters*
Witches' Dance *MacDonnell*



FANNY HELDY
the famous singer, will take the title rôle in *Loulou* at Covent Garden tonight. Act III of *Cherubino's* opera will be relayed at 9.55

- 9.40 **ANNA TIBELL**
So it is the Night *Bohin*
Soldier's Wife *Rachmaninov*
No. 100, Mother to the *Bohin*
- 9.45 **SEXTET**
Twelfth Hungarian Rhapsody *Liszt*
- L**ISTZ was a great lover of the music of the gipsies of Hungary, and made a number of their tunes into Rhapsodies—a term he used, as he said, because he felt that it best expressed the epic element in the gipsies' performances. In his book 'The Gipsies and their Music in Hungary' he gives a stirring account of such performances. Most of his twenty Rhapsodies were composed on his return in 1859 from a tour abroad, on which occasion a sword of honour was presented to him by Hungarian nobles. They were performed at the first concert of the gipsies in London, and have since been recorded in 1909.
- 9.45 **W. ALLEN FOR THE SEVENTH GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN**
- 9.55 **'LOUISE'**
Act III
From The Royal Opera House, Covent Garden
LOUISE *FANNY HELDY*
Loulou *BERNARD ANNEAU*
Le Pape des Fous *M. Allen*
Le Chiffonier *PAUL PAVAN*
La Mère *JANE BOULGICSON*
- 10.40 **A Ballad Concert**
From Birmingham
HERBERT THORPE (Tenor) and
DOROTHY BENNETT (Soprano)
Watchman, what of the night? *Sargant*
DOROTHY BENNETT (Soprano)
Oravishing delight *Allen*
Old Song *Allen*
- 10.50 **HARRY BRINDLEY**
Hail a horse, a merry one ever
saw *Allen*
A Lull on the Way *Jackson*
- HERBERT THORPE
Drink to me only with thine eyes *Allen*
I know of two bright eyes *Allen*
- 11.5-11.15 **DOROTHY BENNETT**
I think of you, my sweet *Haydn Wood*
Apr. in a Lull *Monique Phillips*
- HERBERT THORPE and HARRY BRINDLEY
The Hero and the Villain *Bourne*
(Tuesday's Programmes continued on page 158.)

The Organs broadcasting from
2.0-LONDON: New Pausdium
REGINALD FOORT at the Organ
5.0-BIRMINGHAM: Loughlin Picture House
5.0-NEWCASTLE: Haydock, SUNDERLAND
2.0-BELFAST: FRANK MATTHEW at the Organ
2.0-EDINBURGH: The New Picture House
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Canada for Girls and Women House-workers.

ATTRACTIONS and opportunities offered by Canada for girls and women from Great Britain are being revealed by Miss Smith-Ryland in her Radio Talk to-day. If you have been thinking of Canada, and are stirred, as a listener-in, to further action so that you may secure full information in printed form, you are invited to

Write for Booklet and Information, Supplied Free by the

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62-65, Charing Cross (Trafalgar Square), London, S.W.1
Or Local Agents Everywhere.

For Safety of Funds when travelling, carry Canadian Pacific Express Travellers' Cheques.

Tuesday's Programmes cont'd (May 29)

GBM BOURNEMOUTH 420.1 M. 930 K.C.

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
4.0 THE TIME MUSIC by F. G. BACON'S ORCHESTRA
March, 'Under Freedom's Flag' A. J. S. S. S.
Waltz, 'Warrior' J. S. S. S.
Selection from 'A Country Girl' M. J. S. S.
Rock-rot, 'Every little while' S. J. S. S.
Selection from 'The Anonymous' S. J. S. S.
Fox-trot, 'Come to my heart'..... Heugley

5.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 S.B. from London

7.0 Prof. A. A. COPE, Philosophy and the Plan
Mar

7.15-12.0 S.B. from London (9.35 Local An-
nouncement)

5NC NOTTINGHAM. 275.2 M. 1,090 K.C.

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 S.B. from London

7.0 Mr. GORDON BARNALL: 'Countries where
Students Try to Rule the Roost'

7.15-12.0 S.B. from London (9.35 Local An-
nouncement)

5PY PLYMOUTH. 400 M. 780 K.C.

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: 'Here we go
gathering Nuts in May,' in a few sketches and a
ravel

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 S.B. from London

7.0 Miss LVB MACATLAY, of the University College
of the South West, Exeter: 'The Significance of
Children's Ambitions'

7.15-12.0 S.B. from London (9.35 Local An-
nouncement)

6ST STOKE. 254.1 M. 1,020 K.C.

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: The Story of Little
Claus and Big Claus told in play form (L. Dain)

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 S.B. from London

7.0 Mr. E. GARRY RIGGALL: Motor Cycling for
Women

7.15-12.0 S.B. from London (9.35 Local An-
nouncement)

5SX SWANSEA. 294.1 M. 1,020 K.C.

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: Songs and Stories
by Miss Morgan

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 S.B. from London

6.45 A WELSH INTERLUDE
Pynhau r Dydd yng Nghymru
(Carnedd y Cymry in Wales)
A Review of the Welsh by E. J. D. J. S. S.
Pinned at Music by E. J. D. J. S. S.

7.15 S.B. from London

7.45 S.B. from Cardiff

9.0-12.0 S.B. from London (9.35 Local An-
nouncement)

Northern Programmes.

5NO NEWCASTLE. 454.4 M. 1,000 K.C.

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: 'Here we go
gathering Nuts in May,' in a few sketches and a
ravel
6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
6.30 S.B. from London
7.0 Mr. GORDON BARNALL: 'Countries where
Students Try to Rule the Roost'
7.15-12.0 S.B. from London (9.35 Local An-
nouncement)



RAYMONDE AMY

sings in the programme of Excerpts from Popular
Operas, which will be broadcast from Cardiff this
evening at 7.45.

5SC GLASGOW 415.4 M. 900 K.C.

3.15 Breakfast to school (Radio Glasgow)
5.35 The Glasgow News (Radio Glasgow)
5.50 The Glasgow News (Radio Glasgow)
6.0 The Glasgow News (Radio Glasgow)
6.30 The Glasgow News (Radio Glasgow)
7.0 The Glasgow News (Radio Glasgow)
7.15 The Glasgow News (Radio Glasgow)
7.45 The Glasgow News (Radio Glasgow)
8.0 The Glasgow News (Radio Glasgow)
8.30 The Glasgow News (Radio Glasgow)
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9.30 The Glasgow News (Radio Glasgow)
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10.30 The Glasgow News (Radio Glasgow)
11.0 The Glasgow News (Radio Glasgow)
11.30 The Glasgow News (Radio Glasgow)
12.0 The Glasgow News (Radio Glasgow)

2BD ABERDEEN. 415.4 M. 900 K.C.

3.30 The Aberdeen News (Radio Aberdeen)
5.35 The Aberdeen News (Radio Aberdeen)
5.50 The Aberdeen News (Radio Aberdeen)
6.0 The Aberdeen News (Radio Aberdeen)
6.30 The Aberdeen News (Radio Aberdeen)
7.0 The Aberdeen News (Radio Aberdeen)
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11.0 The Aberdeen News (Radio Aberdeen)
11.30 The Aberdeen News (Radio Aberdeen)
12.0 The Aberdeen News (Radio Aberdeen)

2BE BELFAST. 304.4 M. 780 K.C.

3.30 The Belfast News (Radio Belfast)
5.35 The Belfast News (Radio Belfast)
5.50 The Belfast News (Radio Belfast)
6.0 The Belfast News (Radio Belfast)
6.30 The Belfast News (Radio Belfast)
7.0 The Belfast News (Radio Belfast)
7.15 The Belfast News (Radio Belfast)
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10.30 The Belfast News (Radio Belfast)
11.0 The Belfast News (Radio Belfast)
11.30 The Belfast News (Radio Belfast)
12.0 The Belfast News (Radio Belfast)

6.5 BELFAST. 304.4 M. 780 K.C.

3.30 The Belfast News (Radio Belfast)
5.35 The Belfast News (Radio Belfast)
5.50 The Belfast News (Radio Belfast)
6.0 The Belfast News (Radio Belfast)
6.30 The Belfast News (Radio Belfast)
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10.0 The Belfast News (Radio Belfast)
10.30 The Belfast News (Radio Belfast)
11.0 The Belfast News (Radio Belfast)
11.30 The Belfast News (Radio Belfast)
12.0 The Belfast News (Radio Belfast)

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THE BAND
 Torch Dance Meyerhede

B 10 LUKER ANDRIKOVICH and GREGOR
T
Rustic Fantasia by Andrikoovich and Tchernia
W 12 T

2.16 BAND
Fantasy Overture, "Romeo and Juliet"
Tchaikovsky

[illegible]


5.44 BARD
Hungarian Rhapsody Reinecke

9.5 WEATHER FORECAST (LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN)

5 15 ISLANDS GREEN AND PLEASANT LAND
The Rt Hon. Viscount GRAY OF FALLODON


9:30 Local Announcements; (Darenley only) Shipping Forecast

716 THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC
 SONGS BY SIR ROBERT LARKY
 Sung by ELDE SERRARY (Soprano)



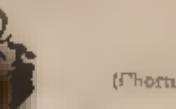
9.35.

THE REBEL MAID.



Lyrics by O'NEAL DODSON
 Composed by MONTAGUE F. PHILLIPS

Lady Mary (The Rebel Maid)	CLARA BUTTERWORTH
Alzaid (her Maid)	WINIFRED DAVIS
Dorothy	JAMES T. DUFFY
Derek (Commander of the Rebel 'Cutler' 'Curlew')	THOMAS BATES
Bunkie (An Innkeeper)	KINGSLEY LANE
Lord Milverton (Derek's father)	STANLEY RULEY
Stephen	
Solomon (Derek's Servant)	

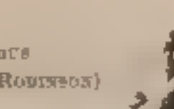


THE WIRELESS CHOIR

(Thomas-Master, STANFORD ROBINSON)

THE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA

Conducted by THE CHIEF SE



Lyrics by **OSCAR O. HODSON**
 Composed by **MONTAGUE F. PHILLIPS**

Mary (The Rebel Maid)	CLARA BUTTERWORTH
Her Maid	WINIFRED DAVIES
.....	JAMES T. OTT
Commander of the Rebel Cutter 'Curlew'	THORPE BATES
..... (An Innkeeper)	
Milverton (Derek's father)	KINGSLEY LARK
.....	
..... (Derek's Servant)	STANLEY RULEY

THE WIRELESS CHOICE
(Thomas-Meyer, STANFORD ROBINSON)

THE WINTER ORCHARD
Conducted by THE CHURCH

7 25 11 14 ANNOTATE 'Theology of Daily Life --
-V, Nature and the Laboratory.' SE from
Humboldt

745 A SEXED HOSPITAL
by

Sir GEORGE HENSHALL

Cruzanino's Song from 'Cisalino con Villa	Bertho en
The Two Grenadiers	Schumann
Air from the Comic Opera, 'Don Calandrino'	Chapman

8.0 A MILITARY BAND CONCERT

EMILY ANDERSON (Violin)
CHERRY TUBERNAK, Balalaika
Jo Duce

THE WIRELESS MILITARY BAND,
conducted by
B. WALTON O'DONELL

S. Mary. 'The ~~-----~~ good down
Chorus of Serving Maids, 'Serving maids
Duet (Solomon and Bunkle) and Male Chorus
'Ho, ho, diddle dum
Song (Mary and Chorus), 'Are my lanterns
shining?
Final (Principal and Chorus), 'Now, hold, can
we not save?'

ACT III
J. g. Orchestra
Opening Chorus, 'What do you want and
jolly
Song (Derek) and Chorus, 'The Fishermen of
England
Song (Mary), 'Said my Ships
Madrigal (Chorus), 'Wisdom and Folly
Duet (Mary and Derek), 'Now stand we up the
sub rest of the act
Finale, 'They have come from over the Seas

11.0-12.0 (*Doventry only*) **DANCE MUSIC:**
FRANK ASHWORTH and his BAND from the Hotel
Metropole

Wednesday's Programmes cont'd (May 30)

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

(401.5 M. 810 K.C.)

3.30 CHAMBER MUSIC

From Birmingham

GORDON SLATER (Pianoforte); LESLIE BENNETT (Baritone)
In a recital of GORDON SLATER'S Compositions
S. C. COTTELL (Clarinet); NIGEL DALLAWAY (Pianoforte)

GORDON SLATER
KINGDOM'S B.P.

LESLEY BENNETT
(Accompanied by THE COMPOSER)

Lower in W...
And shall I...
In Time of...
A Million W...
A Ballad of... Elizabeth

GORDON SLATER

...
...
...
The Blue Peter

LESLEY BENNETT
Why tell the Land?
Drinking Song
The Green W...
A... ..

3.40 S. C. COTTELL and
NIGEL DALLAWAY
Sonata for Clarinet in
D, Op. 36. *Prodot*
(1) Quick and dig-
Bed, (2) Seb...
, (3) Slow and
pressive; (4) Rond.

4.0 THE B.B.C. DANCE
ORCHESTRA
Personally conducted by
JACK PAYNE
ERNEST DUNN
(Entertainer)

5.45 THE CHILDREN'S
HOUS (From Birmingham):
The Magic
Clubs—IV, The Twins
decide the Wied War,
by Frieda Bacon. Songs
by Leslie Bennett (Bar-
itone). Competition Fea-
ture: 'How Gramophone
Records are Made,' by Major Vernon Brook.
Fred Masters will entertain

6.30 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORE-
CAST; FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.45 Light Music

From Birmingham

THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIO ORCHESTRA, conducted
by JACK PAYNE
Overture to 'Il Seraglio' ('The Harem') Mount
Waltz, 'Lyabstrata' L. Mac

7.5 ETHEL CORBIN (Pianoforte)
... .. Len
Prelude and Toccata

7.15 ORCHESTRA
Selection from 'A Country Girl' Mondston

7.30 ETHEL CORBIN
Prelude
Seguidilla

7.37 ORCHESTRA
Selection from 'Romeo and Juliet'
... ..
Suite, 'From the Court-yard' Eric Coates

8.0 Leslie Stuart's Songs

From Birmingham

Jack Leslie Stuart (Singer)
FRED MASTERS (Coon Songs)
Accompanied by the BIRMINGHAM STUDIO
ORCHESTRA
Conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS

8.30 Chamber Music

MAY HARRISON (Viol.)

BEATRICE HARRISON (Violoncello),
MARGARET HARRISON (Pianoforte)
... ..

MAY and MARGARET HARRISON
Double Concerto in D Minor, for two Viol.

Bech



A CELLO VIRTUOSO.

Miss Beatrice Harrison, who will be remembered
in radio history as the charmer of the nightin-
gale, will re-visit the broadcast programmes
tonight, when she and her sister give a Chamber
Music Concert from 5GB.

11.0-11.15 FRANK ARBUTHNOT and his BAND, from
the Hotel Metropole

(Wednesday's Programmes continued on page 302.)

THE FOUNDATIONS OF POETRY

An Anthology

Issued as a companion to the Sunday afternoon
poetry readings which started on Sunday April 1
With Notes Price 1/- (Post Free 1/3)

NEW VENTURES IN BROADCASTING

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5 VALVE
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Wednesday's Programmes continued (May 30)

SWA

CARDIFF.

355 M.
860 KC.

10.15 A SYMPHONY CONCERT

Relayed from the National Museum of Wales
NATIONAL ORCHESTRA OF WALES
Overture to Goethe's 'Faust' ... Schumann
'Oxford Symphony' ... Haydn

SCHUMANN was writing his music to Faust during several years. As early as 1844 he studied Goethe's book, and wrote a good deal of the music for his *Scenes from Faust*. The Overture was written last in 1853. The work was first performed (without this prelude) in 1840, but the complete *Scenes* only came out thirteen years later.

HAYDN'S Symphony owes its name to the fact that the composer chose it for performance at an Oxford concert in 1791 when the University conferred on him the Degree of Doctor of Music. It is typical Haydn music, delightfully fresh and spontaneous, and full of fun.

There are four Movements in the Symphony the style of each strikingly in contrast to that of the others.

The First Movement, beginning with a slow introduction on, breaks, after a pause, into a quick spirited pace, and so continues throughout its course.

The Second Movement, the slow one, is really a waltz with variations, but the song-like, expressive theme is treated very freely, and some times practically disappears.

The Third Movement is the usual Minuet and Trio.

The Last Movement is just an exhilarating express-speed dance.

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

4.0 THE STATION TRIO

FRANK THOMAS (Violin), RONALD HARDING (Violoncello), HUBERT PANGOLLY (Pianoforte),
Finale (Trio, No. 1) ... Beethoven
Finale (Trio, No. 2) ... Haydn

MORWYN STEPHENS (Soprano)
Ave Maria ... Bach, arr. Beethoven
(Violin Obligato: FRANK THOMAS)

I Love Thee ... Grieg
A Birthday ... Huntington Woodman
Trio

Fantasy on Gypsy Tunes ... Hubert Pangolly
MORWYN STEPHENS

Elegy ... Musset
(Violoncello Obligato, RONALD HARDING)

Santuzza's Romance (from 'Cavalleria Rustica') ... Mascagni

O Mio Babbinio Caro ... Puccini

Trio
Gypsy Rondo (Trio in G) ... Haydn
Waltz 'Ma non' ... Gounod

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

A talk on Cricket by W. H. Dunn. II, Batting, and a vocal instruction. 'The Ants', by Robert Hughes. The Station Trio

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 S.B. from London

7.25 S.B. from Plymouth

7.45 A LIGHT SYMPHONY CONCERT

NATIONAL ORCHESTRA OF WALES

Leader, ALEXANDER VOORBAANDER

Conducted by WARWICK BRAITHWAITE

Overture to 'The Secret Marriage' ... Rimsky-Korsakov
DOROTHY BENNETT (Soprano) and Orchestra
Waltz Song ('Romeo and Juliet'), ... Gounod
Orchestra

Three Bavarian Dances ... Reger
DOROTHY BENNETT

Japanese Night Song ... Blom
The Wedding Gown ... Wast
At the Well ... Hageman

ORCHESTRA
Lyric Suite ... Grieg

DOROTHY BENNETT and Orchestra

'Lullabye Mimi' ('La Bohème') ... Puccini
(Orchestra)

Drumroll Symphony ... Haydn
WE call this 'The Drumroll' Symphony because it opens with a kettle-drum rumble—a sort of call to attention. (Its key is E Flat, and its number in the new Beethoven Edition is 103.)

The work is planned in the usual three movements, and the chief point of interest is that in every Movement at least one of the Ma a Tunes is a folk-song of Haydn's native Croatia, and very jolly tunes most of them are. Listen, for instance, to that dainty pair that come into the First Movement one after another and submit to themselves leaders in its course—a game that sounds so simple that you would think anyone could keep it going, but that is really so finely and sensitively put together.

A serious Second Movement, consisting of a short series of Variations on a theme, follows; then there is a dainty, pretty little Minuet (with a waltz part that seems to have crawled from the governess's eye and sought a quiet corner for a flirtation, perhaps), and a lively Last Movement, splendidly enlivened, and sounding perfectly spontaneous and immensely contented.

9.0-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

22Y MANCHESTER.

284.8 M.
780 KC.

12.0-1.0 Gramophone Records

3.45 London Programme relayed from Daventry

4.0 FAMOUS NORTHERN RESORTS

SOUTHPORT

A MUNICIPAL BAND CONCERT

The Banners of the Barn Band

Conducted by H. ROYLE

(See also page 347)

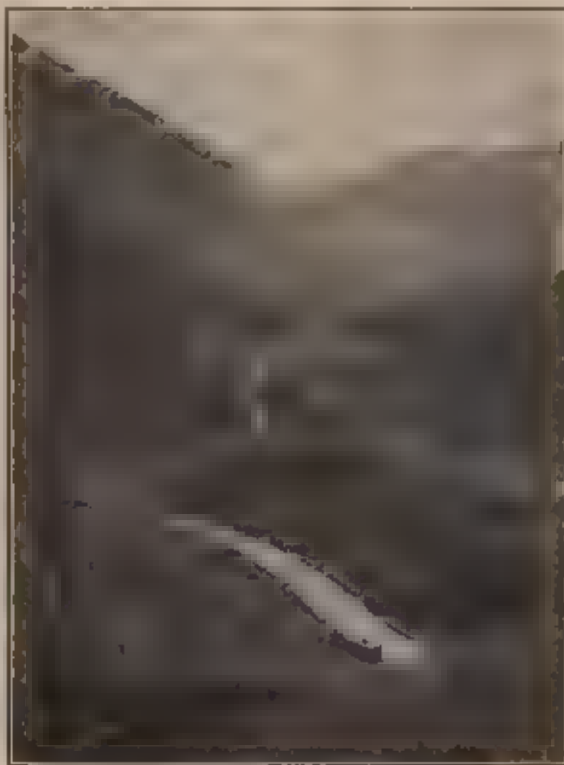
Relayed from the Bandstand

Cornet Soloists, W. ROSEWORTH and

H. NUTTALL

ORCHESTRA

Grand Selection of Lullaby Works ... arr. Short



THE OPEN ROAD

A special programme of 'Music of the Countryside' will be broadcast from Manchester to-night

Cornet Duet, 'Ida and De' ... Long
Selection from 'Lady of the House' ... G. D. H.
Lullaby ... 'Della's' ... H.
Selection from 'The Bohemian Girl' ... H.

5.0 DORIS AINLEY (Messa-Soprano)

Romance from 'Mignon' ... Ambrosius Thoma

Serenade ... Beethoven

Lullaby ... Stanford

Drumroll Symphony ... German

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.25 Royal Horticultural Society's Bulletin

6.30 S.B. from London

7.25 S.B. from Plymouth

7.45 LEEA CHILDS and PATT

In a New Musical Entertainment

8.0 Music of the Countryside

THE A. CHILDS and WIND ORCHESTRA

Conducted by T. H. MORRIS

Pictorial Scenes ... Morris

GEORGE JEFFCOCK

Who'll tramp along with me? ... Long

The Stock Rader's Song ... James

A Song of the Road ... Lead

WIND ORCHESTRA

The Grasshopper's Dance ... Beethoven

March, 'The London Scottish' ... Holmes

9.0-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

21V LIVERPOOL.

287 M.
1,010 KC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

4.0 S.B. from Manchester

5.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

'Aloud the Wind' ... A. Magna ... T. J.

(H. G. Jackson) ... The And ... T. J.

hard ... Maffey ... Heavy ... T. J.

we'll go ... At ... T. J.

Greenwich ... 'Mistress of the sea' ('Merru ... T. J.

England ... 'Ten Thousand Miles Away ... T. J.

Traditional

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.20 Royal Horticultural Society's Bulletin

6.30 S.B. from London

7.25 S.B. from Plymouth

7.45-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

21S LEEDS-BRADFORD.

277.5 M. &
282.1 M.

1,089 KC. & 1,190 KC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

4.0 S.B. from Manchester

5.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Whisper de in the Dales

(Leeds Bradford Programme continued on page 385)

"IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS"



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Wednesday's Programmes cont'd (May 30)

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.30 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

6FL SHEFFIELD. 122.1 M 1,000 KC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 4.0 S.B. from Manchester
 5.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.20 Royal Horticultural Society's Bulletin
 6.30 S.B. from London
 7.25 S.B. from Plymouth
 7.45-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

6KH HULL. 294.1 M 1,020 KC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 4.0 S.B. from Manchester
 5.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.20 Royal Horticultural Society's Bulletin
 6.30 S.B. from London
 7.25 S.B. from Plymouth
 7.45-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 326.1 M 920 KC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 4.0 S.B. from Manchester
 5.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.30 S.B. from London
 7.25 S.B. from Plymouth
 7.45-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

5NG NOTTINGHAM. 378.2 M 1,000 KC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.30 S.B. from London
 7.25 S.B. from Plymouth
 7.45-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

5PY PLYMOUTH. 400 M 700 KC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.30 S.B. from London
 7.25 Dr. S. Glasstone: "Chemistry in Daily Life", "Nature and the Laboratory"
 7.45-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Mid-week Sports Bulletin, Local Announcements)

6ST STOKE. 294.1 M 1,020 KC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.30 S.B. from London
 7.25 S.B. from Plymouth
 7.45-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

5SX SWANSEA. 294.1 M 1,020 KC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 4.0 A CONCERT
 MARGARET HANLEY (Soprano)
 THE STATIONERS
 T. D. JONES (Tenor)
 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
 6.0 Mr. E. George: "The History and Work of the North YMCA"
 6.10 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.30 S.B. from London
 7.25 S.B. from Plymouth
 7.45 S.B. from Cardiff
 9.0-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

Northern Programmes.

5NO NEWCASTLE. 326.1 M 920 KC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 4.15 S.B. from London
 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.20 S.B. from London
 6.30 S.B. from Plymouth
 7.25 S.B. from London
 7.45-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

5SC GLASGOW. 400 M 700 KC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 4.15 S.B. from London
 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.20 S.B. from London
 6.30 S.B. from Plymouth
 7.25 S.B. from London
 7.45-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

241 ABERDEEN. 500 M 800 KC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.30 S.B. from London
 7.25 S.B. from Plymouth
 7.45-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

41 BELFAST. 294.1 M 1,020 KC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 4.15 S.B. from London
 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.20 S.B. from London
 6.30 S.B. from Plymouth
 7.25 S.B. from London
 7.45-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

Moving-Coil Loud-Speakers

Making and using them

Six authoritative articles on this subject including two by Capt. R. and Dr. McFarlane respectively, are contained in the WIRELESS MAGAZINE now on sale.

From the full constructional details given in two other features for making the Junior Moving-Coil Loud-Speaker or the Coil-driven Loud-Speaker with Permanent Magnets, you can build a speaker which will give the finest possible reproduction

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also described in this issue, is the first portable designed to use the screened-grid valve. Mr. J. Godchaux Abrahams tried out the set during one week-end and definitely identified 23 stations. Another test resulted in 31 stations being found

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Full-size Blueprints of all above sets, etc., available at half price. Don't miss this wonderful issue

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PROGRAMMES for THURSDAY, May 31

2LO LONDON and 5XX DAVENTRY

(90.4 M. 830 M.D.)

(1,804.2 M. 187 M.D.)

10.15 a.m. B
Short Religious
Service

10.30 (Daventry only) TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH.
WEATHER FORECAST

11.0 (Daventry only) Gramophone Records

12.0 LIGHT MUSIC
CORRIE WINDMILL'S BAND
LILIAN CARROUSEL (Soprano)

12.20 The Week's Recital of Gramophone
Records

3.0 EVENING
From WESTMINSTER ABBEY

3.45 Mr. F. J. BRIDGMAN: 'Poultry
Keeping—Egg Production as a Home
Industry'

4.0 FRED KITCHEN & ORCHESTRA
From the Astoria Cinema

5.0 ORGAN RECITAL, by PATTMAN, from
the Astoria Cinema

6.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
'Dances Minutaires de Ballet' (John Ansell)
Played by THE OLOF SEXTET
'The Little Hunter' the story of a stout,
by H. MORTIMER BAYNES
'The Zoo that never was' and other
by GUY DOLLMAN
'Four-legged Animals that lay eggs — a
chat by GUY DOLLMAN

6.0 THE VICTOR OLOF SEXTET
Lyric Suite *Grig*
Shepherd's Boy; Norwegian March,
Nocturne, March of the dwarfs

6.15 Market Prices for Forecasts

6.20 THE VICTOR OLOF SEXTET
Koch's Capriccio *Montclair*
O. W. of Song

6.30 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH. WEATHER
FORECAST. FIRST GENERAL NEWS
BULLETIN

6.45 THE VICTOR OLOF SEXTET
Woodland Sketches *MacDowell*
To a Wild Rose, In Autumn; To a
Water-Lily; Told at Sunset

7.0 Mrs. M. A. HAMILTON, 'New Novels'

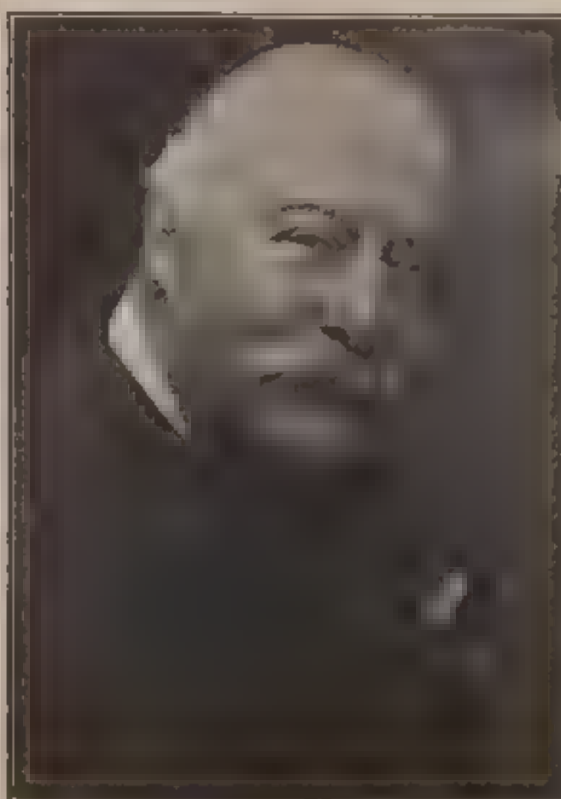
7.15 THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC
SONGS BY SIR HUBERT PARRY
Sung by ELIZABETH SUNDAY (Soprano)

7.25 P. M. FOR T. F. G. GREGORY, 'Currency
Problems'

THERE was a time when problems of currency seemed remote enough from the average man—an abstract puzzle for the economists and financial experts to solve. But the debacle of European currencies after the war, and the scourge of inflation, when money lost its value overnight, made everyone realise how important currency policy was in the every-day life of the modern man. Everyone was in some measure affected by the complicated process of return to a gold standard, which, with all its intricacies of deflation and devaluation, Professor Gregory will explain in a most interesting way. He will go on to discuss the future of the gold standard and the probable future value of gold.

7.45 A LIGHT ORCHESTRAL CONCERT

JOHN ARMSTRONG (Tenor)
THE WHISTLELESS ORCHESTRA
(Leader S. KIRKLEY KELLEY)
Conducted by JOHN ANSELL
Processional March from 'The Queen of Sheba'
Overture, 'Friend Fritz' *Walden*



SIR HUBERT PARRY.

the British composer whose songs are being sung by Miss Eliza Sunday in the 'Foundations of Music' series this week. Born in 1848, he died two years ago a leading figure in the world of British music, and the composer of a song that has become a second National Anthem—'Jerusalem', in which his music fully matched the spirit of Blake's great poem.

RICHARD WALTHAM (born 1872) is perhaps best known by his conductorship of the orchestra at the South Place Sunday Concerts, where much of his highly-appreciated chamber music has been played. He had early success with his Cantata, *The Pied Piper* (1893), which has since been widely sung, and his Piano Concerto (1894). He is Professor of Music at Queen's College, and was for a time Conductor of the University of London Musical Society, and of the Opera Class at the Guildhall School of Music.

His compositions, besides chamber music, include a Piano Concerto, Variations for Orchestra, two Operettas, several Cantatas, funny songs, and part-songs.

8.0 JOHN ARMSTRONG and Orchestra

Song Cycle, 'The Song of the Wren'
Sullivan, arr. V. Hely Hutchinson

WALTON, in 1870.
Tanyson told how
Sullivan had asked
him to write 'a

little song-cycle, German fashion, for him to exercise his art upon.' The poet adds: 'I dressed up for him, partly in the old style, a puppet, whose almost only merit is, perhaps, that it can dance to Sullivan's instrument.'

Under the figure of 'The Wren,' the poet tells in a dozen little songs a simple episode of a lover's longing and his mistress's absence. He records the passing of lonely Winter, and of Spring with its songs of love in Nature. Then he summons up courage and sends her a letter, asking the old, old question. After an anxious interval the answer comes—and it is the right one. Then in an ecstasy of joy he puts another question—'When is it to be?' and the cycle ends with a happy song of love's fulfilment.

8.15 ORCHESTRA

Suite, 'The Palace of Cards' *Lyons*

DR. LYON, a musician largely self-taught, and long prominent in the musical life of the North of England has composed a great many works—four Operas, several 'Mélodrames', Suites for Orchestra, chamber music, etc.

His Opera, *The Palace of Cards*, is his Op. 56. From it we are to hear four pieces: (1) *The Faison*; (2) *The Dance of Faisans*; (3) *Woodland Scene*; (4) *Dance of Firefly and the Dragonflies*.

8.25 JOHN ARMSTRONG

Consider *Warlock*
My Own Country *Ward*
Dream Song *Hely Hutchinson*
Love's Philosophy *Debussy*

8.32 ORCHESTRA

Pavane, Ayre and Procession from
Incidental Music to 'Henry VIII'

Selection from 'Carmen'
Bizet, arr. De Wood

9.0 WEATHER FORECAST SECOND GENERAL
NEWS BULLETIN

9.15 Mr. VERNON BARTLETT 'The Way
of the World'

9.30 Local Announcements. (Daventry only)
Shipping Forecast

9.35 CHARLOT'S HOUR—XIX

A LIGHT ENTERTAINMENT

Specially devised and arranged by the
well known theatrical director
ANDRÉ CHARLOT

10.35-12.0 DANCE MUSIC: THE SAVOY
ORCHESTRA, FRED ELIZABETH and his Music,
from the Savoy Hotel

The musical annotations in the programme pages of 'The Radio Times' are prepared under the direction of the Music Editor, Mr. Percy A. Scholes.

Rates of Subscription to 'The Radio Times' (including postage): Twelve months (Foreign), 15s. 8d.; twelve months (British), 13s. 6d. Subscriptions should be sent to the Publisher of 'The Radio Times', 8-11, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.2.

Thursday's Programmes cont'd (May 31)

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

(401.5 M. 810 KC.)

3.0 Second Summer Symphony Concert

Transmitted from the Winter Gardens, Bournemouth

Conducted by Sir DAN GODFREY

Shepherd Fennell's Dance ... *Caroline*
Overture to 'The Barber of Seville' ... *Rossini*
Symphony in B Minor (The Unfinished) ... *Schubert*

Second Piano Concerto (in G Major) ... *Schubert*

(1) Slow then Quick, (2) Quick and playful,
(3) Very lively

... *St. John's*

Introduction to Act III, 'Day of the Apple' ... *Verdi*
... and 'Hymn to Saint Simeon' ... *Verdi*
Mastersingers ... *Schubert*

4.30 LOZELL'S LECTURE HOUSE

From Birmingham

Conducted by PAUL RUSSELL
Overture to 'Morning, Noon,
and Night in Vienna' ... *Suppe*

La Belle Helene ... *Suppe*
(The beautiful Helen) ... *Suppe*

Roses softly blooming ... *Suppe*
So we'll go on with a-roving ... *Suppe*

Andante Religioso ... *Thom*
Café Chantant ... *Thom*
Andante Religioso ... *Thom*

Butter, Egyptian Ballet ... *Thom*

At my Window ... *Thom*
At my Window ... *Thom*
At my Window ... *Thom*

Waltz, Les Pavanes ... *Alford*
Mazurka, The Whirl ... *Alford*

5.45 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR (Fairy Tales)

The Fairy Godmother's Adventure ... *Alford*
Selections by the Midland Piano Soloists
(Lewin, Frank Cammell), including 'Cap and
Bells' Suite (Holliday)

6.30 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH, WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

8.0 New Friends in Music—Ravel

Introduced by PERCY SCHOLES and KATHLEEN LONG (Pianoforte)

RAVEL—the composer of the flaxbush
the plant in *Parade for a Dead Princess of Spain*,
which everybody who once hears them is
... and Ravel the composer of
... and other pieces which the
to tell us are of just as surpassing beauty and
... yet which at a first
... as mattering in bewilderment.
... Ravel mad, or on the
... his phrase, says Miss Long, that excel-
lent pianist, and her colleague of this evening,

Mr. Scholes, who has been ...
... understood and
... a 'New Friend in Music' to thousands to whom
he is yet a more distant acquaintance, and with
Miss Long ...
... putting in a helpful explanatory ...
and there, we have at last the perfect opportunity
of establishing a friendship which hundreds of
succeeding broadcast programmes (for Ravel is
often broadcast) will then strengthen and
confirm.

9.0 AN ORCHESTRAL PROGRAMME

From Birmingham

Conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS

Leader, FRANK CASTELL

Conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS

GERTRUDE JOHNSON (Soprano)

Overture to 'Anacreon' ... *Ch*

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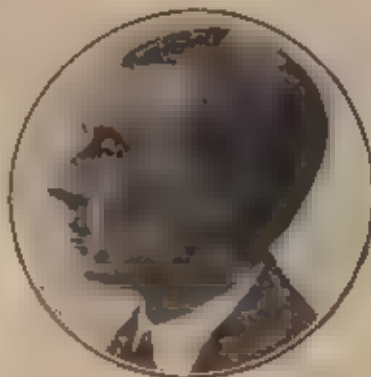
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M. MAURICE RAVEL
the brilliant French composer, is the
New Friend in Music whom Mr Percy
Scholes and Miss Kathleen Long will
introduce to 5GB listeners tonight.

WITH L. E. JON ...
Snowflakes ... *Waller*
Spring youth all in white ... *Ellen*
Wol of the Wisp ... *Spruss*

9.45 ORCHESTRA

Love March ... *Coran, arr. H. Hat*
Tone Poem, 'Fandango' ... *Coran*

10.0 WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

10.15-11.15 'NURSE HENRIETTA'

by HERMANN KESLER

Nurse Henrietta ... *Coran*

In this remarkable introduction there are

... *Coran*

... *Coran*

... *Coran*

... *Coran*

... *Coran*

... *Coran*

... *Coran*

... *Coran*

... *Coran*

... *Coran*

... *Coran*

... *Coran*

... *Coran*

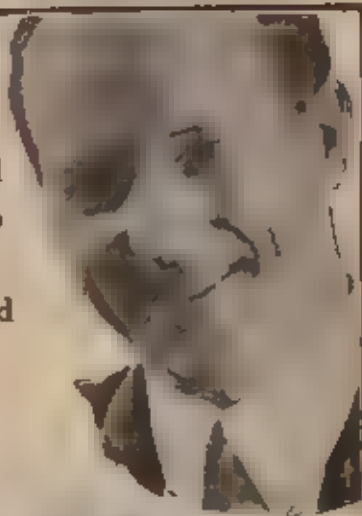
... *Coran*

... *Coran*

... *Coran*

... *Coran*

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you
heard
Radio
as it
should
be?



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Carter's Invalid Furniture has
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(Thursday's Programmes continued on page 305.)

Thursday's Programmes continued (May 31)

353 M. 880 KC.

- 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
6.30 S.B. from London

7.45 SECRET OF THE SEA

THE STATION TRIO: FRANK THOMAS (Violin),
RONALD HARDING (Violoncello), H. BERT
PICKOMLEY (Pianoforte)

A Sea Idyll Herbert Denison

MARGARET FRANKS (Soprano)

The Stars of Northumbria Adams

Scandinavian Town Bennett

By the Sea Waves Bennett

The Clang of the Wooden Spoon Molloy

8.0 'THE PARIS DOCTOR'

A Play in One Act by HARGREAVE BRIGGS

Played by THE STATION RADIO PLAYERS

Mario (a peasant girl) IRENE WILKS

Henri (a fisher boy) RAYMOND GLENDENHURST

Dr. Raymon (a Paris doctor) ... TOM JONES

Jean Olivet (the village barber) JACK HOWELL

Scene: The garden of an old home in a

Britany fishing village.

The village barber's reputation as a

physician rests largely upon a professional

reputation and the ability of his village

patients. The arrival of a real doctor from

Paris fills him with apprehension, since it

must soon become clear that one of them is

a charlatan. Jean does his best to advertise

the doctor as a quack, but finds the new-

comer is as well versed in human nature

as in medicine; he is also very successful

in cases of heart trouble.

Two

Love Scenes ('Werther'). Massenet

8.45 PEGGY and LENA CHISHOLM and PAUL

FRICANO

In a New Musical Entertainment

9.0-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local An-

ouncements)

22Y MANCHESTER. 224.2 M. 780 KC.

12.0-1.0 Gramophone Records

4.0 FAMOUS NORTHERN RESORTS

AN ORCHESTRAL CONCERT

by the

BURTON PAVILION GARDENS AUGUSTED

ORCHESTRA

Musical Director, HORACE FELLOWES

Relayed from the Pavilion Gardens, Burton

'Lull' Symphony (No. 36, in C) Mozart

Lobenstein (Dream of Love) Liszt

Fantasia on 'The Darnation of Faust'

Berlioz, arr. Foulds

THE Symphony received its name because

it was written in the town of Linz

(in 1783). Here Mozart stayed with one Count

Thun, and gave a concert in the theatre. He

writes: 'As I have not a single symphony with

me, I am writing one for dear life, to be ready a

time.' This Symphony in C may perhaps have

been the work he refers to, though that is not

certain.

It contains four Movements—the splendidly

vigorous and varied First Movement (opening

with a short slow Introduction), the graceful,

tenderly and deeply romantic Slow Movement,

the brisk Minuet, and the energetic, effervescent

Finale.

(See also page 347.)

5.0 The Rev. G. W. Kerr: 'The Humour of the

Platform'

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: Pictures in Music

Three Famous Pictures (Haydn Wood). The

Village Wedding (printed by Luke Fildes); The
Doctor (printed by Luke Fildes); The Laughing
Cavalier (printed by Frank Hale). Played by
the Sunshine Trio. The pictures will be described
by Robert Roberts. Songs by Betty Wheatley

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.20 Market Prices for Local Farmers

6.30 S.B. from London

7.45 S.B. from Hull

9.0-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

6LV LIVERPOOL. 297 M. 1,010 KC.

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

4.0 S.B. from Manchester

5.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry



THE HUMOUR OF THE PLATFORM
is the title of the Rev. G. W. Kerr's talk from Manchester
this afternoon. This is one aspect of the subject as it
appears to our artist

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: The Coons Croon.
'Kentucky Babe' (Dorbell); 'Cotton Dolly'
(Uebel); 'Mammy's lanky-headed boy' (Trin-
kaus); 'Little Chocolate Coon' (Farrell);
'Lil' Orphan Coon' (Haydn Wood); 'Ma Curly
headed Babby' (Clatsam); and some stories
the Nigger Mammy tell the little Nigger chil-
dren, by Guy Brown

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 S.B. from London

7.45 S.B. from Hull

9.0-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

2LS LEEDS-BRADFORD. 277.6 M. & 282.1 M. 1,030 KC. & 1,190 KC.

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

4.0 S.B. from Manchester

5.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: Another talk on

Wireless by Mr. L. Harvey

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 S.B. from London

6.45 For Scouts

7.0 S.B. from London

7.45 S.B. from Hull

9.0-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

6FL SHEFFIELD. 272.7 M. 1,000 KC.

London Programme relayed from Daventry

4.0 S.B. from Manchester

5.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: Short—and hear

marches played by Carl Duce's Band, Soldier

Songs by John Anderson. Soldier Tunes

played by Hilda Francis, and a story about

Richard Coeur de Lion (Rowland Walker)

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 S.B. from London

7.45 S.B. from Hull

9.0-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local An-

ouncements)

6KH HULL. 294.1 M. 1,020 KC.

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

4.0 S.B. from Manchester

5.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 S.B. from London

7.45 FAMOUS NORTHERN RESORTS

SCARBOROUGH

JOHN CARTON and his BAND

From the Spa, Scarborough

8.0 THE ORCHESTRA

From the Spa, Scarborough

Music Director, ALICE MAULMAN

Overture to 'Mignon' Antonin Thomas

St. Paul's Suite for String Orchestra Holst

Pastorale on Bizet's 'Carmen'

Meditation from 'Thais' Massenet

ROY HENDERSON (Baritone)

Selection from 'The Gondoliers' Sullivan

(See also page 347.)

9.0-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 276.1 M. 970 KC.

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

5NG NOTTINGHAM. 275.2 M. 1,090 KC.

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

AUSTRALIA CALLING!

Mrs. Jim Thomson
speaking

Hullo, the old folks. It seems ages since we left England, but it is only nine years ago I was discharged from the Army.

Yes, we are doing well here, just give us your help for a while—buy our butter and fruit we send over, so that we can buy more of the machinery and things that old England makes so well.

What are we doing? Of course, I should have told you. We have a beautiful dairy. You'd love to see it. We get all the best of the advice from the Government.

The climate here is grand, and the land so fertile. The sun shines winter and summer—indeed you can hardly tell the seasons here. Cows graze out in the fields all the year—never need tying up in stalls. They get plenty of grass and plenty of water, and give such rich, creamy milk which we send to the butter factory.

'The Government are very particular you know. They insist on our having healthy cows, clean dairies and everything spic-and-span, and you'd be surprised, too, at the up-to-date factory where we send our cream to be made into choice Kangaroo grade butter. They've got all the latest freezing machinery, and everything is clean

"There are many like us all over Austrait—in fact, the people here are no different from you folks over there. They are all British, like ourselves, and we are great supporters of everything that comes from the old land; we believe in buying British goods.

'I suppose you see plenty of our butter in the shops at Home. There's a bit of me—a bit of Britain in it. Our labour, our patriotism, and pride are in that butter, and we are hoping that if we succeed—and we *will* if you buy what we send you—there will be encouragement for others to come out to a healthy, prosperous life in this happy country.

"Will you try our choice Australian butter? It is lovely butter, and the price is always so reasonable.

"Well, here's Jim, just in from talking with Jack Williams from the next farm. Jack came from Birmingham and grows the most beautiful fruit you ever saw. Give my love to all at home. Ask mother to write to me.

"Good night, everybody!"

3.0 t_{max} is the maximum time taken for the reaction to occur. t_{max} is the time taken for the reaction to occur.

5.15 t_{max} is the maximum time taken for the reaction to occur. t_{max} is the time taken for the reaction to occur.

t_{max} is the maximum time taken for the reaction to occur. t_{max} is the time taken for the reaction to occur.

6.0 London Programme received from Hawtrey

6ST STROKE. 204 I M
1,070 KC

5.15 **THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: A Study in** *the*
 (travels, Scripts. In 1960 (Jackson); The Seven
 Minutes (*Italy*), The Spinster (*Armadale*). Film
 Parts: Buckles and Lace (Sharpe). Stories -
 Ride with the Driver of the Royal Scotsman (The
 Magna Doucway). A Peep into Bygone Days
 (Fry)

6.20-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local. At

55X SWANSEA 294.1 M
74010 H0

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR - 1 Program, and 1
all the children

6.0 London Programme relayed from Deventer
6.30 S.R. from Lond

7 45 MUSIC AND HUMOUR

THE STATION OCTET
Selection from "Carpen" .. Beet. arr. De Gro
MYFANWY ELLIS (Contralto)
A Bold Young Farmer } Vaughan Williams
Garry Brownson }
I Gwyl I Gwyl }
Cwyn Mam y Nghyfran }
An Interlude
By TOMMY HANDLEY
OCTET
Hungarian Dances in G Major
Serenade, Op. 15
MYFANWY ELLIS
The Scarborough E. T. Davis
Under the Greenwood Tree Eric Coates
Shepherd's Cradle Song
G. T. T.
Fantasia on Schubert's Melodie arr. R. W. St.
No. 125 S.E. from London (9.30 Local A
(1945)

Northern Programmes.

SNO NEWCASTLE.

16	Tenth II Programme	played on 1 Saturday.	£15
Chorus II	out 8.0 PM	on 1 x W. Whirl-	
Reverend H. Ostry	4.15	London for grounds re-ent-	
from Devon.	£30 12 0	D. D. Jones St.	

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2BD ABERDEEN.

2BE BELFAST

Talks of the Week.

(For *Murex*, *Fundulus*, etc. see p. 141.)

TALKS (5XX)

Monday, May 28.

5.0. Miss E. M. Hewitt: 'Wells and We Dressing'

Tuesday May 29

70. Life in the Dominions Miss Smith
Ryland: 'Canada from the Woman
Point of View'

7.25. Mr. A. J. Pearse Wit and Humour
in Books: Augustine Berch.

Wednesday May 30

70. Mr. James Catecliff	More about
Eggs.	

725. Dr. A. Glasstone: 'Chemistry in
Daily Life: Nature and the Labora-
tory.

915. Rt. Hon. Viscount Grey of Fallodon
'England's Green and Pleasant Land'

Thursday, May 31.

345, Mr F. J. Broughton-head Poultry
Keeping

725	Prof. T. E. G. Gregory	Current
	Problems.	

Friday June 1.

915, Prof. George Gordon. The Oxford Dictionary.

Saturday, June 2.

7.25. Col. Philip Trevor: Cricket of the Moment.

915 Mr A. B. B. Valentine Holid
in Britain—IV. Between the Ed

and the Lune.'

PROGRAMMES for FRIDAY, June 1

2LO LONDON and 5XX DAVENTRY

(361.6 M. 830 KC.)

(1,604.8 M. 187 KC.)

10.15 a.m. B

Short Religious Service.

10.30 (Daventry only) TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH, 7.55

11.0 (Daventry only) Gramophone Records

12.0 A SONATA IN F

PHYLLIS MACDONALD (Viol.)
DOROTHY FOLKARD (Pianoforte)

12.30 AN ORGAN RECITAL

From St BOTULPH'S, BISHOPSCOTE

1.0.20 LUNCH-TIME MUSIC

THE HOTEL METROPOLIS ORCHESTRA
(Leader, A. MANTOVANI)
From the Hotel Metropole

3.0 THE B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA

Personally conducted by JACK PAYNE

3.45 AN AFTERNOON CONCERT

ANDREW BROWN'S QUINTET
BENTHAM NEWSTEAD (Baritone)

5.0 Mrs. MARION CRAN: A Garden Tale

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Going Upstairs

We shall pass on the stairs for
'Rosemary Anne,' by
HELEN ALSTON, and'The First Lady'—a not-so-young
version of an old rhyme, as written
by MAUD MORRISProceeding to the tenth stair, we
shall listen to: 'The Traction
Engine' and other songs by
STANLEY MARCHANT, and 'Frod-
gobblum's Fancy'—(a Tissue of
Nonsense)The continued recital will provide
such pleasures as 'Off the Ground',
'Walter de la Mare' and
'Shepherd's Hey'(There will be room to dance to
this on the landing at the top)

6.0 FRANK WESTFIELD'S ORCHESTRA

From the Prince of Wales
Layhouse, LEWISBURG6.30 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH,
WEATHER FORECAST FIRST
GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN6.45 FRANK WESTFIELD'S ORCHESTRA
(Continued)7.0 Mr. G. A. ATKINSON: Seen on
the Screen

7.15 THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC

SONGS BY SIR HUMBERT PARRY
Sung by ELISE SUNDAY (Soprano)7.25 Prof HAROLD J. LASKI: 'Social Purpose—
V. How we judge the State'

MEN obey the State as it satisfies their wants. The State is therefore an organization for that end, and it is judged by what it does towards that end. It exists to enable its citizens to realize, as far as possible, the demands of their personality. Its power is therefore a limited power; unless it is successful in achieving its end, it will not ultimately secure obedience, and if it uses bad methods, it will be challenged by those who suffer from the consequences of its civil disobedience this evening in the fifth hour.

7.45 THE VICTOR OLOF SEXTET

EMILIA CONTI (Soprano),

SEXTET
'Waltz, 'Take of the Vienna Forests', J. Strauss

7.55 EMILIA CONTI

Cecilia, Canadian Folk Song, etc. Violler May
When I was young D'Hardelot

8.2 SEXTET

Two Shakespearean Sketches O'Neill
Nocturne; Masquerade

8.12 EMILIA CONTI

Serenade (from 'Passion Pirot') .. De Léva
L'ultima canzone (The last Song) Tosti
The Early Morning Pini

8.20 SEXTET

Colonial Song
Irish Reel, 'Molly on the Shore' C. F. G. G. G.

THE BETRAYAL OF SAMSON.

The opera that is being sung at Covent Garden tonight, of which the Second Act will be relayed between 9.40 and 10.25, deals with one of the most famous stories in the world—the tale of Samson, his strength, and his downfall, and the final catastrophe in which he avenged his enemies with himself. This is that famous picture by Rubens, showing the betrayal scene.

8.30 A PIANOFORTE RECITAL

by
POLLARD

Sonata in B Major ..

THIS performance of a striking pianoforte work is the second of that series, the first of which was devoted to Beethoven's *Hammocklamer* Sonatas. The works in this series will be such as on account of their length do not come within the scope of ordinary programmes. They will be interpreted by players who bring to their interpretation high executive skill.

Let's Sonata, one of his few works without a 'programme,' was written in 1853 or 1854, and dedicated to Schumann.

The Sonata is in one continuous movement, its themes undergoing changes of mood and its sections worked into a whole with ingenuity and power. It begins with a few bars of slow music containing a descending theme, and goes on to a quick, imperious tune which is almost at once joined by a bold knocking theme in the bass. Much peremptory clucking is based on

these two notes, and then the descending theme is brought in.

grandiose hymn-like tune in a major key, across joined by clucking chords.

Soon we hear an expressive tune, begun with five repeated notes, singing out aloft. This, it will be heard, is an example of Let's motif, a morphosis of themes, for it is the tune we heard in the bass, in another mood, soon after the quick part began.

We have now got hold of the chief material—the (at first slow) descending tune, the two that 'opened the ball' so energetically, and the broad hymn-like one. Easily to follow Let's dealings with the material are seen, partly with the work.

It soon comes in three times. Here the tempo slows down, and the texture of the work, now peaceful, then untroubled. The descending theme of the Introduction, now, leading us to the third and last section of the Sonata. Here begins some brisk, incisive legal work, and with rapidity, and the tempo we know the work moves on to its end in a blaze of excitement. Just before the end, the tempo slows down, and then, slowly, the descending theme of the Introduction brings down the work to its end.

9.0 WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST
GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN, 1.0.209.15 Prof GABRIEL GORDON: 'The
Oxford Dictionary'

NO more stupendous enterprise has been conceived since the printing press was invented than the Oxford English Dictionary, which crowned a lifetime of scholarly labour by a final triumph when the last volume was issued this year. Many interesting stories have already been told about this extraordinary chapter in English literary history, but Professor Gordon, who was one of the original members of the Oxford Dictionary, will review the work and quality of the work in his talk.

9.30 Local Announcements, (Daventry only) Shipping Forecast

9.35 Musical Interlude

9.40 'SAMSON AND
DELILAH'

ACT II

(Relayed from the Royal Opera
House, Covent Garden)

DELILAH

GEORGETTE FROBER MARION
Samson GORDON THOMAS
Le Grand Prêtre THOMAS

AT night, before her house in the lonely valley of Sorek, Delilah nurses on her plot to be avenged on the Israelites. The High Priest comes to beg her to betray Samson, the Hebrew leader. She is only too ready to do so, to avenge her people. She determines to get from him the secret of his power.

Now a storm strikes on Samson comes to Delilah's dwelling. She exercises her arts of fascination upon him, but in the roll of the thunder Samson hears the warning voice of God. Delilah spurns him and rushes into the house, but her work is done, for Samson cannot resist, and follows her. The Philistine soldiers now creep in, and in a few moments Delilah appears at the window holding Samson's shorn hair, and exclaiming: 'The deed! Samson, crying 'Betrayed!' is overcome and bound!

10.25 A. J. ALAN

11.0-12.0 (Daventry only) DANCE MUSIC:
JAY WATKINS'S BAND from The Carlton Hotel

Friday's Programmes continued (June 1)

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

(481.5 MC. 1110 KC.)

TRANSMISSIONS FROM THE LONDON STUDIO EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE STATED.

8.45 BAND

Two Slavonic Dances Nos. 4 and 6) *Dvorak*

3.0 AN OR. AN. RECITAL

Relayed from St. Botolphs, Boston.

EDGAR THOMAS (Tenor)

4.0 THE B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA

Personally conducted by JACK PAYNE
LAVERT HASTINGS (2nd Tenor)

5.45 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR (From Birmingham)

'Tom and the Ants,' by Janet Muir. Songs by Marjorie Paumer (Soprano). 'Where Fair and Fanny Meet—The Sun Chariot,' by Helen M. Enoch. Bazaar and Pantomime will entertain.

6.30 TIME SIGNAL, ORENEWICH; WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.45 Light Music

ANITA DESMOND Soprano P. GARC P. R.
L. D. 100 W. C. 100 C. H. 100 D. A.
ducted by JOHN ANSELL

OP. 100

Overture, 'Grotto Green'

6.54 RICHARD FORD

Infelice (Unhappy one, from 'Ernani') For Non più andrai (No more you'll go, from 'Le Nozze di Figaro') *Mozart*

ERANZI is the story of a handmaid who is ready to sacrifice her life for her master, who is unwillingly has been betrothed to a girl. She has a third sister, the King of Spain. In the extract we are to hear, Eranzi is betrothed to her in her presence both the King and the handmaid, and bewails alike her inconstancy (as he supposes), and his folly in believing her.

(MARRIAGE OF FIGARO, the lovers, youthful pair. The Marriage of Figaro, worships his mistress, El Countess, but has an eye, too, for pretty Susanna, his maid. The Countess is also attracted by Figaro, and she then asks her company more than once and decides to peak him off to join the Army. In this Act Figaro, the Count's valet, chuffs the boy, who is not a little perturbed at this new turn of events.

7.0 ORCHESTRA

Suite, 'Vive la Danse' *Debussy*

7.10 ANITA DESMOND

The Last Rose of Summer *Wagner*
Waltz Song ('Romeo and Juliet') *Verdi*

7.16 ORCHESTRA

Suite, 'An Evening in Tangiers' *Lacotte*

7.25 RICHARD FORD

Next thee, my bird } ('Lord of the Sea') Wallace
The Sardanapalus

7.35 ORCHESTRA

Overture, 'Fingal's Cave' *Mendelssohn*

7.44 ANITA DESMOND

Fanny on vain chasing Fanny's years go by in vain, from 'The Prodigal Son' *Debussy*
Home, Sweet Home *Bishop*

7.55 ORCHESTRA

Three Characteristic Numbers *Hodley*
Wood Phrases; October Twilight; In Old Granada

8.0

'BRAINS'

A Play by MARTIN FLAVIN
Presented by STUART VINCENT
From Birmingham

MacGregor

W. H. H. H. H.

Crump

WILLIAM HUGHES

Captain Prince

STUART VINCENT

An island in the South Seas. A low dune screens the beach. To the eastward is a stunted and oddly twisted coco palm and



MARGERY PHILLIPS,

contralto, sings in the Military Band Concert tonight.

One of them, MacGregor, looks long and appraisingly at the palm and then it to the bank, measuring the ground between with his eye.

8.30 A MILITARY BAND CONCERT

MARGERY PHILLIPS Contralto

EDWARD N. ALLEN Tenor

THE WIRELESS MILITARY BAND, CONDUCTED BY D. WATSON O'DONNELL

Overture to 'The Black Domino' *Auber*

8.40 MARGERY PHILLIPS

Lover so far away *Brown*
The Lover's Curse *arr. H. Hughes*



He had PSORIASIS for years

Nobody can like going about permanently disfigured. Thanks to Germolene it is no longer necessary. The aseptic, skin and tissue-building properties of Germolene are the surest and quickest means to the cure of all skin troubles. This is why sufferers who have "tried everything" are finally healed by Germolene.

"No relief from anything I tried."

I feel I must write you a few lines in praise of Germolene. I suffered from Psoriasis for years and got no relief from anything I tried. But Germolene succeeded when all else had failed; four months after I began to use Germolene and Germolene I was completely cured.—Mr. Charles Roach, East View, Baginbun, Wickwar, Gloucester.

ECZEMA
CHILBLAINS
RINGWORM
SCALDS
BURNS
and all
obstinate skin
complaints

Germolene

ASEPTIC SKIN DRESSING

Friday's Programmes continued (June 1)

SWA CARDIFF. 253 M. 830 KC.

- 12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 2.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 4.45 Mr. A. WATKIN JONES: 'The Country Must' (Lyrics by—Romance and Rhythm)
- 5.0 THE STATION ORCHESTRA
Relayed from the Carlton Restaurant
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: 'The Rainy Day Man' A Play by Kathleen M. Simmons. Incidental Music by the Station Trio
- 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 6.30 S.B. from London
- 7.45 NOISES OFF
(Second Edition)
The Bill includes—

INDICATOR AND JACKSON
In a Song Recital
THE PICKERS: THE PICKERS
and a 1 and
NAN PORTER
in Character Sketches
A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.
(Soprano)
and
LEONORE WHEELER (Contralto)
in Songs and Duets
S. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.
and
D. HAYDN DAVIES
in a Dramatic Sketch, The
100. Clock
A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.
THE STATION ORCHESTRA

9.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: A Day for the Wee Ones. Three Little Nursery Songs by Maud Briggs. Holiday Time. The Nursery Rhymes. Soldiers and Sailors, sung by Betty Wheatley. Songs from 'Now we are Six' (Ernest Simon), sung by Harry Hopewell. Story, 'The Blue Lady' (Maud Morris), told by Hilda McCall. Nursery Rhymes Improvised (Eric Fogg)
- 6.0 ORCHESTRAL MUSIC relayed from the Theatre Royal
- 6.30 S.B. from London
- 6.45 ORCHESTRAL MUSIC (Continued), directed by MICHAEL DODD
- 7.0 S.B. from London
- 7.45 FAMOUS NORTHERN RESORTS
'ON WITH THE SHOW—THIS'
LAWRENCE WRIGHT'S NEW STYLE ENTERTAINMENT
Relayed from the North Pier (Blackpool)
NORMAN LONG (Entertainer)
FRED WILKINSON (Comedian)



ON WITH THE SHOW!

This evening takes place the first of a regular series of relays, which all the North-Country Stations will be taking, of Lawrence Wright's show of 1928 from Blackpool's famous North Pier. Here are three of the people who help to get on with the show—Walter Williams (left), Ethel Stewart and Norman Long

WALTER WILLIAMS (Light Comedian,
TREVOR WATKINS (Tenor)
ETHEL STEWART (Musical Comedy Star)
BETTY BLACKBURN (Soprano)
JACK RALPH and his BAND
THE EIGHT FIREFLIES, THE TWELVE LITTLE
PANSIES
(Singers and Dancers)

8.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

6LV LIVERPOOL. 257 M. 1,010 KC.

- 12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 2.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 5.0 O. FREDERICK 'Mistle Mountain'
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR Dr. James E. Wallace, 'Music and those who make it,' VII. St. Christopher's. Wm. (Hedrick) W. (Hedrick) Songs from 'Nursery Dreams' (Edith Vaughan), Violin, 'Serenade' (Gounod), and 'Scherzando' (Della)
- 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 6.30 S.B. from London
- 7.45 S.B. from Manchester
- 8.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

2LS LEEDS-BRADFORD. 277.5 M. 253.5 KC. 1,040 KC. & 1,190 KC.

- 12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 2.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: 'The Rainy Day Man' A Play by Kathleen M. Simmons. Incidental Music by the Station Trio
- 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 6.30 S.B. from London
- 7.45 S.B. from Manchester
- 8.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)
- 6FL SHEFFIELD. 272.7 M. 1,000 KC.
- 12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 2.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

- 5.0 'More Rhymes Round the Town' by OMBRETTA
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: 'The Rainy Day Man' A Play by Kathleen M. Simmons. Incidental Music by the Station Trio
- 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 6.30 S.B. from London
- 7.45 S.B. from Manchester
- 8.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)
- 6KH HULL. 254.1 M. 1,010 KC.
- 12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 2.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

ZZY MANCHESTER. 254.6 M. 780 KC.

- 3.0 THE STATION ORCHESTRA
Overture to 'The Wanderer's Goal' (F. Schubert)
Selection from 'The Rose of Persia' (F. Schubert)
- FLORENCE WHITTAKER (Pianoforte)
Polish Song in G Flat... (Chopin, arr. Last)
Consolation No. 9 in E... (Last)
- CICELY BOYE (Soprano)
When Myra Sings
Over hill, over dale
A. E. T. Cooke
- ORCHESTRA
Selection from 'The Pink Lady' (Rubens)
- SINGING ORCHESTRA
Le Toupie (The Humming Top)
Loin du Bal Far from the Dance)
Babilago (Chatter) (Gillet)
- FLORENCE WHITTAKER
Scherzo in B Flat Minor (Chopin)
- ORCHESTRA
Selection from 'The Dancing Mistress' (Montclon)
- CICELY BOYE
To Morning
Laughing Song
When passion's trance is overpast
Eric Fogg
- ORCHESTRA
Waltz, 'September' (Gopin)
Chorus (Finck)
- 5.0 Mrs. HELENA BLAND: 'The One-Mud House'

- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
- 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 6.30 S.B. from London
- 7.45 S.B. from Manchester
- 8.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 254.6 M. 820 KC.

- 12.0-1.0 Gramophone Records
- 2.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 5.0 Miss CATHERINE HUSKISSON: A Talk on Folk Dancing
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
- 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

5NG NOTTINGHAM. 276.2 M. 1,030 KC.

- 12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 2.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
- 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)



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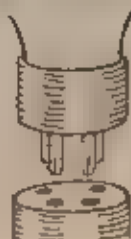
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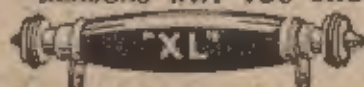
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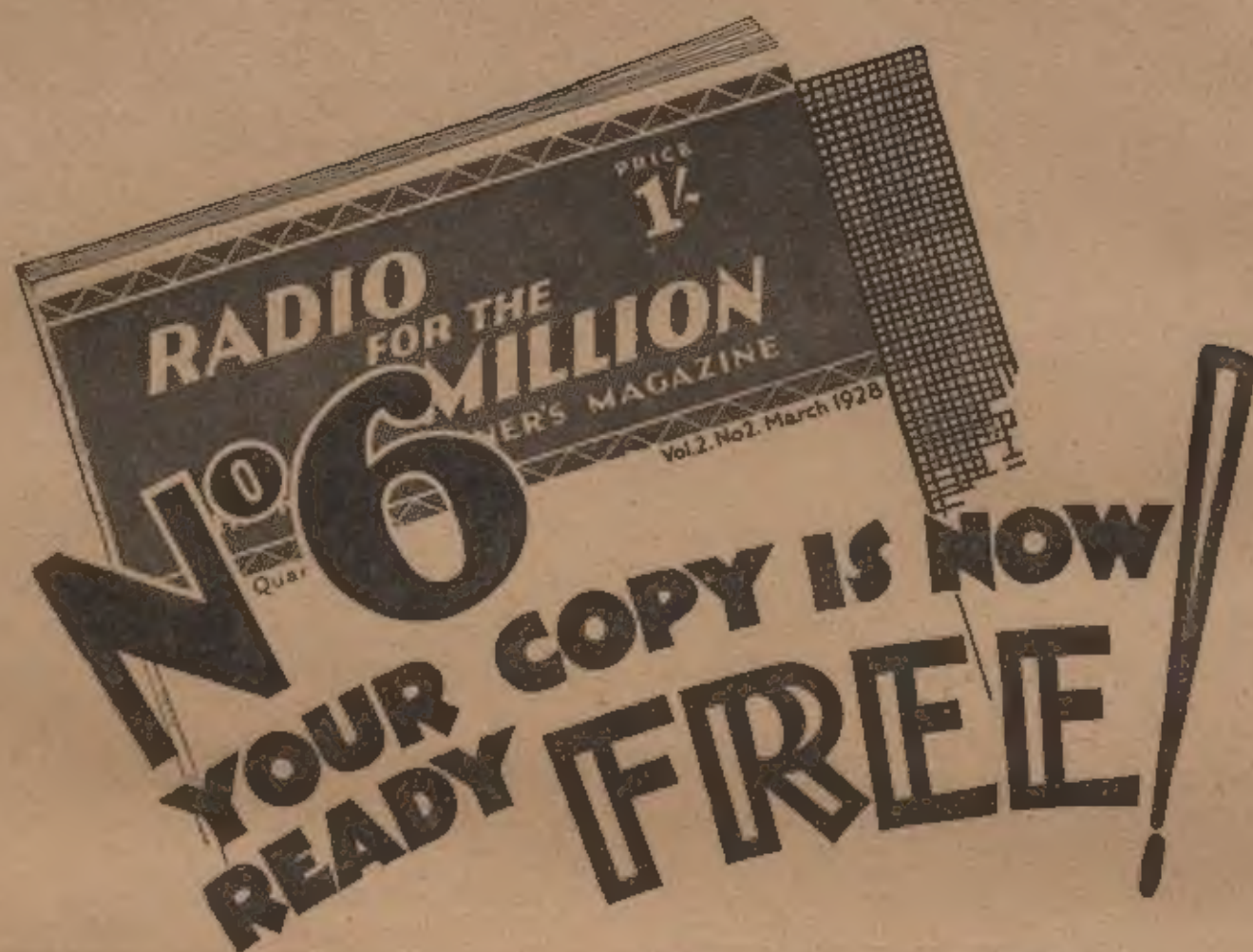
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