

THE BROADCAST PROGRAMMES OF THE WEEK (August 12th—18th).



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What Does the Public Want?

It is absurd, says St. John Ervine in this article, to suppose that the public, as a whole, can ever be in agreement as to what it wants. Tastes differ profoundly. Those who are responsible for providing entertainment should see to it that they give only the best, for the best pays in that it always outlasts the worst. The motto of the listener should be, briefly, 'I'll tolerate your tosh, if you'll tolerate mine!'



I, says Mr. Dogsboddy, 'should like Military Band Music all day'—

WHAT does the the public want? That is the question which all entertainers have been asking ever since the original Morality piece was performed in the Garden of Eden, and was boned off the stage. Someone has answered it, but not satisfactorily, with the assertion that the public does not know what it wants until it gets it. If that be true—and it is largely true—then the business of entertainment is entirely a matter of luck; and a perfectly good entertainment may be a calamitous failure merely because it happens to be produced at the wrong time. How is one to account for the fact that a clever comedy, *The Road to Rome*, should receive so little support

from the play-going public that it was withdrawn after a run of a fortnight? Some critics have ascribed its failure to its title, saying that the public regarded it as (a) a proselytizing piece, or (b) a dull, historical piece; while others have asserted that the theatre in which the play was produced was too large, or that the preliminary publicity was inadequate, or that the time of year was the wrong time. Any, or all, of these explanations may be right. I suppose there are idiots in the world who imagine that a play called *The Road to Rome* must be either an awful warning against the errors of the Roman Catholic Church or an attempt to persuade weak Protestants to desert the faith of their fathers. I suppose, too, that there are want-wits who think that any play which is not about cocktails must be dull.

When Miss Heather Thatcher took a play called *Quest* to Sheffield, a member of her company talked about it to a young person in a hairdresser's shop in that city. The actress thought she might do some useful propaganda for her play by talking of it to the young person who, after she had listened for a few minutes, exclaimed, 'Oh, it isn't a musical comedy, then?' 'No,' the actress replied, 'it's a play!' The young person expressed her disappointment. What she liked was musical comedy. Anyhow, what sort of a play was *Quest*? The actress told her. A cry of pain burst from the young person's lips. 'Aren't there

any posh clothes in it?' she moaned. 'No,' the actress answered. 'Then I shan't go,' the young person said. 'Fancy! Not a musical comedy, and no posh clothes in it!' That is the sort of playgoer that grows in Sheffield, and managers can easily make up their minds about the sort of entertainment they must offer that poor fool on whose education hundreds of pounds have obviously been wasted. The woman would have been as well if she had never been educated at all!

I take it that the public wants good entertainment, but that it cannot tell what is good entertainment until it has enjoyed it. I know what a good meal is, but I cannot tell whether the meal I am about to eat is good until I have eaten it. The cook has to

(Continued overleaf.)



—'We,' say Mr. and Mrs. de la Mare d'Arcy, 'adore the more obscure quartets of Van Plonck!'

chance her luck with me, and she may be unfortunate enough to find that I am the single person in the world who cannot eat meals cooked by her. If she offers me a bowl of Scotch broth—the finest soup in the world—in the middle of July, I am unlikely to thank her for it as heartily as I should do if she offered it to me in the middle of December; and if I am invited to witness a performance of *Ghosts* by the best company in England on a fine afternoon in the merry month of June, I may reply, 'Do you know, I think I'll go and gather me nuts and may instead!' There must, I think, be some regard shown for the season and the temper of the time, but not, I suggest, too much regard for them. It will not do to lower the standard when the mood is unexact because there may be difficulty in raising it again; and on the whole it is better to offer the best you have, even if no one wants it, than to offer your worst, because you will find, when the public has become sated with imbecility, that you will not easily be able to improve upon it. When the taste has been ruined, people do not turn from bad stuff to good stuff; they turn to different stuff; and if managers of theatres persist in supplying 'bad' entertainments, a time will inevitably come when the very people who demanded them will cease to ask for them. When it comes, they will not say, 'Give us good stuff!' They will conclude that you have nothing but bad stuff to sell, and will seek for their entertainment in other places than yours. And what is true of the theatre-

managers is true of all other entertainers.

Periodically I read letters in the newspapers from people, generally anonymous, complaining of the B.B.C. programmes. These complaints amount to this: I do not like classical music (or concert parties or talks, or dance music, or whatever it may be), so why should there be any classical music in the programmes? The man who loves jazz seems to imagine the B.B.C. exists solely for his entertainment. He pays his twopence-halfpenny per week, and he thinks that he ought to receive twenty-five shillings' worth of his particular sort of pleasure in return for it. The severe gentleman who cannot listen to anything more frivolous than Beethoven's Fifth Symphony frowns heavily when he hears that his twopence-halfpenny per week is being spent, in part, on enabling Low Brow Bill or No Brow Bessie to hear the Savoy Orpheans, while the person who loves concert parties can scarcely contain himself when he reflects that other people are being treated—at his expense, mind you!—to accounts of native life in New Guinea.

I do not know how many millions of people listen to wireless programmes. Nobody knows. But it is obvious that the millions are many, and that no human being can possibly devise a programme that will please the lot. So we all have to compromise. I will tolerate your tosh if you will tolerate mine. There is, in brief, no means whereby any person in authority can discover what it is that the public wants, because there is no such thing as *the* public, if

by that expression we mean a collection of persons all with the same tastes; and the most that any man can do is to give what seems to him to be the best kind of entertainment in its own line. If he finds that there are people who like jazz bands and people who hate them, but like chamber music; and people who enjoy talks and debates, and people who detest them, but enjoy concert parties; and people who love broadcast plays and people who cannot listen to them, but like to be given instruction in French or Italian—then, surely, the best thing that he can do is to satisfy all these tastes to the best of his ability and hope that he will please all of them to some extent. The public wants the best that it can get, but it does not always want the same best, even when it appears to be unanimous about its need. I often say, in connection with the theatre, that no man can tell what sort of play will be popular—he would soon become a millionaire if he could—but that any intelligent man can tell what is a good play and what is a bad play; and in the long run, the man who persists in offering what seems to him to be the best stuff will do better than the man who runs about looking for what is likely to be popular or cynically offers bad stuff in the belief that the bad is generally the most profitable. For good stuff will outlast bad stuff. It may not be demanded today but it will certainly be demanded tomorrow; and it will continue to be in demand long after the bad stuff is dead and damned.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

2LO & 5XX.	5GB.	Other Stations.
Sunday. 3.30-5.15. Military Band. Lionel Tertis (Viola). 5.45. Bach Church Cantata No. 46. 9.5-10.30. Light Orchestral Programme.	3.30-5.35. Bantock Programme (Chorus and Orchestra). 9.0-10.30. London Wind Quintet.	9.5-10.30. Cardiff. National Orchestra of Wales.
Monday. 8.0-10.30. Promenade Concert (Queen's Hall).	8.0-9.45. 'Ma Mie Rosette,' Romantic Opera.	
Tuesday. 7.30-8.30. 'Request' Orchestral Programme. 9.50-10.30. Montague Phillips's music.	8.30-10.0—Military Band.	7.30. Belfast. 'I Dispettosi Amanti.' An Opera in One Act, by Enrico Comitti.
Wednesday. 9.50-11.0. Chamber Music Recital.	9.0-10.0—Light Orchestral Programme.	4.0-5.15. Glasgow. Music of the Highlands and Hebrides. (Orchestra.)
Thursday. 7.30-8.0. Military Band (Coleridge-Taylor Programme).	3.0-4.30. Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra.	4.0-5.15. Cardiff. National Orchestra of Wales.
Saturday. 7.45-8.15. Albert Sammons.	8.0-10.30. Promenade Concert (Queen's Hall).	



PERHAPS the best way to realize what the 'Proms' mean, and have meant, these thirty years past and more, to London and the Londoner is to recall how we all felt this time last year when it was feared that we were going to lose them. Oh! the agonies of suspense and apprehension which we all endured as we sat, so to speak, beside the patient's death-bed and awaited what had seemed at first the inevitable end. Who will not recall those anxious hours and the feelings which accompanied them?

The incredulity at first with which the stupefying rumour was received that the best and best-loved of all London's many concerts were actually to cease to be! The despair and indignation which quickly succeeded as the horrid truth of this 'unbelievable' report was quickly realized! Then the dawn of hope as the thrilling news got about that the situation might yet be saved by the intervention of the B.B.C.—previously denounced, by the irony of things, as the villain of the piece who had been responsible for all the trouble! And finally the joy when at length it was definitely made known that such was indeed the case, that the 'Proms' had been rescued from extinction when actually in *articulo mortis* and given a new lease of life!

Yes, it was really almost worth the anxiety to have enjoyed the subsequent relief; and certainly it all brought home in the most unmistakable manner the unique position which the 'Proms' had come to occupy in the affections of the London musical public—as well they might indeed!

For, of course, there simply never have been any jollier or better concerts of their kind. Others might be as good, or even better, in their way. But none ever had quite the same friendly and exhilarating atmosphere—an atmosphere of healthy enthusiasm and unlimited appreciation, of ease and unrestraint and unlettered enjoyment, of eager attention and exuberant delight; in a word, of a hearty democratic audience enjoying the very best music in the very best way. Certainly I know no other concerts where quite the same spirit of intense enjoyment and appreciation prevails.

And how enormously the pleasure of the concerts is increased for one and all thereby! Even if you are tired yourself of, say, the *Casse-Noisette* suite and the *Tannhäuser* overture, it is in itself a 'separate ecstasy' to note what intense enjoyment these famous, if too familiar, numbers can still afford to others.

Your Promenader is, indeed, nothing if not catholic and liberal-minded. Unlike the gentleman who preferred Offenbach to Bach often, he takes to one and all with equal avidity. Bach or Bartok, Haydn or Honnegger, Sullivan or Scriabin—nothing comes to him amiss, provided only it be good of its

kind; and even sometimes, be it whispered, if it is not! But, after all, a healthy eclecticism is no bad foundation on which to build, and even a little misplaced enthusiasm is better than none at all. When the B.B.C. 'took charge' last year, it eliminated entirely those ballads which in former seasons had rather over-emphasized the 'popularity' of the concerts.

As a whole there is certainly little occasion to feel dissatisfied with the tastes of these Promenade audiences. On the contrary, it is more often than not quite astonishing to

The Thirty-Fourth Season

of

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

THOUGH there had previously been Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden for many years, the affectionate nickname of 'the Proms' was first applied to the series of concerts which opened at the newly built Queen's Hall in 1895 and has continued until the present, thirty-fourth, season under the conductorship of Sir Henry J. Wood. This year's season opens tomorrow, Saturday, August 11, and will continue for eight weeks. The opening concert will be heard from all stations at 8 p.m. One concert will be broadcast from London and Daventry each week, two from Daventry Experimental, and at least one from all other Stations, so that listeners will have a fair chance of hearing London's oldest and most popular annual festival of orchestral music.

THERE will be many, however, who will wish to go to the Queen's Hall to hear those concerts which are not broadcast. They can obtain tickets from the usual agencies, from Chappell's Box office at the Queen's Hall, and from the B.B.C., Savoy Hill, at the following prices: Promenade, 2s.; Balcony, 3s.; Grand Circle (numbered and reserved), 5s. and 7s. 6d.; Season Tickets (Promenade), 35s. (a limited number).

note what stiff fare they will stand and apparently enjoy. Sometimes, indeed, when some hour-long symphony or formidable new work is being tackled one is disposed to fear that Sir Henry is trying his faithful supporters almost too high, and to tremble for the result. But not a bit of it! That full-throated roar of approval is always forthcoming at the close to prove that such fears were groundless.

Yet, splendidly as he stands the stiffer items, what the average Promenader always wants, of course, is to hear again and again

the things he knows and loves already. Give him such things as the C Minor symphony, the *Meistersinger* overture, and the *Peer Gynt* suite to the end of the chapter and he is perfectly content. Sir Henry Wood, however, has always considered it his duty to educate his public as well as to entertain them. And so, along with the tried and tested, he has always included a due proportion of things less familiar, including a certain number of absolute novelties, even though perfectly aware that from the box-office point of view he could easily choose things more attractive. And he has had his reward in the respect, as well as affection, which is always enjoyed by those who take the higher line and who even 'chasten us for our good.'

The 'Proms' as we know them go back some thirty years and more, but, of course, there were others earlier still, at Covent Garden and elsewhere, though of a very different type; nay, even at one time with a flavour of 'naughtiness' about them. For those were 'Proms' at which there actually was 'promenading,' and in the case of which the business at the 'bars' was not the least important source of revenue to the management. But to dwell on these would be taking us far indeed from our blameless Promenaders of today!

Yet it may be just worth recalling, for the benefit of readers of the younger generation, that even in the case of those earlier and more frivolous 'Proms'—going back, indeed, to the days of the great Jullien, otherwise the famous 'Mons.' himself—the music given was often surprisingly good. The general standard maintained may not have been so high as that which prevails today. But it is quite a mistake to suppose that good popular music was unknown in those earlier times.

Thus Jullien himself, with his jewelled bâton and white kid gloves, ceremoniously handed to him on a silver tray by a Negro attendant, always made great play with Beethoven, even though he might sandwich him with quadrilles of the day and descriptive battle pieces. And later, under such conductors as Sir Arthur Sullivan and Sir Frederic Cowen (happily still with us), at Covent Garden and elsewhere, fare no less excellent was regularly provided and appreciated. Thus it is on record that the 'Trauermarsch' from *Götterdämmerung* was actually encoired on the occasion of its first inclusion in a 'Prom' programme, under Arditi, at Covent Garden.

Nevertheless, one may certainly say that such programmes as will be offered once again at Queen's Hall during the forthcoming season were quite unknown in those earlier times, and there is food for pleasant reflection in the fact. Certainly one need not despair of the musical republic so long as such programmes go down so well.



Songs of Moussorgsky.

NEXT week's 7.15 Recitals will consist of songs by Moussorgsky sung by Tatiana Makshina, the Russian soprano. The life of Modeste Petrovitch Moussorgsky (1835-91) was a tragic one. As a youth, he joined the famous Preobrazhensky Regiment, a crack corps of the Czar's army, but he had been musical since a child, and, since military service seriously interfered with his aspirations, he sent in his papers and devoted his life to music. Poverty meant lack of food and loss of health. He was driven to work in a government department, but his poor health and excitable temperament eventually made office work impossible. In 1874 his great national opera *Boris Godunov* was performed in the capital; it earned him some fame but little money. For a while he shared rooms with Rimsky-Korsakov; later he toured Russia as a pianist, and seemed likely at last to earn a living and freedom to develop his genius, but fortune came too late. Worn out by illness and drugs, he died in South Russia. His songs are the greatest expression of his genius.

BOTH SIDES OF THE MICROPHONE



The British Association.

ON September 3 we are to hear, relayed from Glasgow, Sir William Bragg's Presidential Address to the British Association. This annual address is one of the year's most important public contributions to science. You will remember that last year we broadcast Sir Arthur Keith on 'Darwin Today.' At 9.15 on August 22, Sir William is giving a talk on the British Association and its purpose. I will not forestall his talk except to say that the full title of the B.A. is the British Association for the Advancement of Science; that its annual meeting is held in each of the great cities of the Empire in turn, though never in London; that each branch of Science has its own section at the meeting and elects its own president, who gives an address to the Association on some aspect of his particular subject; and that these addresses are published and quoted in every part of the world as up-to-date and authoritative contributions to scientific progress. Listeners should make a note of the date of the relay from Glasgow. Last year's presidential address was a most lively relay which aroused a great deal of interest and discussion.

The Monologue Play.

AFTER 'touring' 508 and Belfast, Hermann Kesser's *Nurse Henriette* comes to London and Darenty on August 23. This extraordinary play—forgive the paradox!—is not a play at all—or rather was not a play but a short story until the translator of it persuaded the B.B.C. to present it in dramatic form over the microphone. *Nurse Henriette* takes the form of a monologue. The single character will be played by Lilian Harrison, who created the part and has made a name for herself in it. Kesser is one of the leading authors of the German 'expressionist' school. The technique of this play is, therefore, closely allied to that of the expressionist film—such as the recently revived *The Street*—which strives with varying success to picture the thoughts as well as the actions of its characters. This movement is important. We are so used to seeing tragedy, which grows and breeds in the mind, portrayed on the stage in terms of violent action, that the less thoughtful of us are apt to forget that the greatest dramas of love, passion, jealousy, despair, failure, are enacted behind the eyes of men and women who are too stunned to perform more than the vaguest physical actions. *Nurse Henriette* is a novel and strangely moving experiment. Listen to it. It is so real.

Samuel Pepys, Listener.

By R. M. Freeman.

(Part-Author of the *New Pepys' 'Diary of the Great War,' etc.*)



July 15. (Lord's Day, Swithin's Day). The hottest day that ever I felt in my life. Whereby did envy my wife that she goes to church in one of her slave-like pink joggles over rumpknicker, but I swelter in cloth and a hard shirt. The sweat running from me all service-time, and made me fear for my collar's going, but by God's mercy it held good. Admirall Norker's collar, that sits in front of us and fancies widow Fripp across the middle aisle, the old fool, already rumpled to a rag; which, I confess, did please me to observe.

In the porch, coming out, the Fripp woman staid to bid us to her bathing party that she gives at her bungalow nr. Maidenhead, come Wednesday. Her holding of my hand in greeting me and her looking into my eyes most challengingly roguish beyond everything, and would have pleased me more queefie for my having seen her look the same way at Admirall Norker and others. She wears her arms bare, like my wife, but they have more fluff on them and the sun makes it show. Sett me wondering why women that have floppy arms, some of them like monkeys' almost, will chuse parade them naked, when they should use much better bury them in sleeves. But Lord! If a man once began to wonder why women do this or that, he may live wondering.

Listening-in, my wife and I this night, to Dame Madge Kendal, who makes appeal for the Rehearsal Clubs for poor she-players. Her speaking voice as good, pure and clear as ever, and was, I have heard father say, always noted for it from the first, when she was still Madge Robertson; but afterwards married to Mr. Grimston (of my Lord Verulam's family) that played under the name of Kendal.

July 16. Having an occasion of business to my friend Mr. Greene to Seladon Park by Croydon, I did by the way wander into Sandemsted Church—a most sweet church in a most sweet churchyard as ever I did behold. But what, in particular, caught me was an old tomb in the church with a woman's effigy on top of it; hereunder an inscription to her prayse,

in Latin, declaring how, after first marrying and losing Randolph, she afterwards married and was lost by Ludwig; so now lies buried in the tomb of Randolph, but in the heart of Ludwig, expecting to enjoy (in the Company of the Blest hereafter) eternal nuptials with both husbands, yet without jealousy (simple zelotypia); which methought a pretty simple sort of expectation.

July 18. To Mrs. Fripp to Maidenhead by carr, carrying with us our bathing clothes; my wife's a white body-piece, with black shorties; mine all one piece, with cherry stripes over cream, which is fine, yet chaste; but my wife disables it, saying something darker had illumined my bulges better; whereto I answered her not, knowing it for mellic wilfulness with more habit than hurt in it, yet it vexed me.

Come to Mrs. Fripp, here we find a good company gathered, of whom was Admirall Norker who brings his niece, a pert wench that they call Mumps, Mr. Jimble and his lady, with them Connie, Lieutenant Hilbert, a most lively young saylor, and severall others, whose names I caught not. So to eat lunch under the trees; then, having rested awhile, into our bathing clothes, and to pass the afternoon, now romping in the water, now sunning on the lawn, all with the greatest freedom yet innocency imaginable. Presently, having drunk tee, did turn on the wireless, and, happening upon a fox-trot, to trot it thereto (still in our bathing clothes); I having Mumps to my partner, with the utmost difficulty in keeping a grip of her by the wet slipperiness of her skin-tight suit, and in, moreover, all hard muscle, as our young wenches now be.

A thing that prest itself on me was how comelier by far be most felt in their clothes than out of them—in particular, Admirall Norker's bromasticks of legs, Mr. Jimble's duck feet, his lady that (without her stays) do wobble and fall about like a jelly; and even Connie, I was wadd to see, bath square, squab toes. Yet, for all their looking such guys naked, not one of these poor blind fools seems to see it; which is very strange.

Dogsbody Trial: First Day.

THIS morning I rose at eight and looked out of the window. On the lawn next door I saw Dogsbody in a singlet and a pair of trousers doing Muller exercises with great *bravura*. I reached the court as the clock struck the hour. Mr. Malice (my solicitor, you remember) told me yesterday that our case was first on the list. This, however, was not so. The whole day so far has been occupied by the tail end of one of yesterday's cases—van Haddock & Smithson. Smithson, it appears, is accused of alienating the affections of van Haddock's canary. I am jammed in between my Aunt Agatha, who is staring hard at Dogsbody in indication of the contempt she feels for him, and Mr. Malice, who is reading a wizen merchant's catalogue and grumbling to himself about the price of Madeira. Dogsbody, wearing one of those white linen suits, appears quite unmoved by my aunt's scrutiny. Every now and then he winks at her under the impression that he has created rather a flutter in that direction. When we were out for lunch, a lady in Girl Guide uniform dashed up to me and wrung my hand fiercely. 'You are a good man,' she said. 'I can read it in your face. These beasts who allow noisy loud-



'Dashed up to me and wrung my hand.'

speakers in their gardens! Ugh! With these words she hurried away—but I have a sneaking suspicion she must have been Miss Jimp.



BOTH SIDES OF THE MICROPHONE



The Poor Gargler of Guy's—

A FRIEND has sent me the following charming legend, which is in line with that of the poor juggler in medieval days who, as an offering to the Virgin, juggled with his knives before her altar in Notre Dame. It is entitled 'The Poor Gargler of Guy's,' and at the risk of occupying a whole column of my valuable (sic!) space, I propose to quote it in full. 'He was nothing im-



"Up and up the gargling soared!"

portant. Just a throat case. "Tonsillitis Acuta" was written on the label above his bed. He was poor and rather plain, and not at all clever at music or hymns. But in the sick room Nurse had taught him to gargle. Of course, he was clumsy enough at first, but gradually he learnt the trick of it, and, by practising hard every day, at last made himself quite an expert. Not content with the common chord of O Major upon which most people base their garglings, our poor invalid would try experiments, he would run off into joyous little trills, lively arpeggios, and even arabesques of fantastic design, while the other patients stopped their own gargling to listen to the wonderful sweetness of his music. Well, one evening our poor friend chanced to be listening by wireless to a performance of Beethoven's Solemn Mass in D at the Albert Hall. He heard the superb voices of Rosina Buckman and Muriel Brunskill soaring up and up like silver fireworks over an August sea.

—And His Strange Offering.

IT was at the height of the glorious music of the Sanctus that the Nurse stood before him with his tumbler of reddish liquor for his gargle. His first instinct was to wave her aside, and bid her wait until the aria was finished. But on second thoughts—suppose this were "his one talent which 'twere death to hide!" No, he must not shirk! He seized the tumbler and drank. He began to gargle, at first a mere quiet, nervous vibrato, but as the voices of the singers lifted to the heights, our poor invalid rose to the occasion: up and up his gargling soared, making a harmonious third with Buckman and Brunskill, nay even outstripping them, lost in the perfection of his own art! Not until his breath failed him did he remember where and who he was: not a prima donna, not even a nameless chorister in the Albert Hall, but a poor invalid in bed with an empty glass. His fellow singers had ceased now and there was a moment's hush on the wireless. But, presently, very far off it seemed, there came to his ears the faint sound of many hands clapping; and the poor invalid, like the poor juggler of Notre Dame, knew that his strange offering had been accepted.

Last Week's Rumours.

ONE of my 'rumours' of last week has vanished into thin air. Albert de Courville is not to give us a radio revue after all. However, *Djinn*—and 'Bitters' is good for the evening of August 25. The music of this revue is by Billy Milton and Harry Pepper, the book and lyrics by Clifford Seyler. These three were responsible for *Fancy Meeting You!* the gay and 'snappy' little show we heard on June 23. It deals with the magic behaviour of a Djinn with a flying carpet and, like its forerunner, consists of a number of scenes scattered all over the face of the globe. That is where the studio 'has one on' the stage. It costs the producer nothing extra to stage a show with a hundred scenes. What a chance for putting on a super-melodrama of the old Drury Lane type with a list of scenes including the Royal Enclosure at Asotk, the Interior of the Stock Exchange, the Bursting of the Dam, Vesuvius in Eruption and so on. As a boy I used to see dams burst and volcanoes erupt at the old Curzon Hall in Birmingham. The excitement almost killed me. With regard to my rumour of a 'thriller' on the 21st, this is still true, but *The Locked Chest* is by John Maschfield, not Drinkwater. I apologize to these eminent playwrights. I expect my head was full of *The Mayor of Canterbury* which we are to hear this week. *The Locked Chest* is based upon an old Icelandic story.

The Man who Dressed the Waxworks.

WANDERING round the new Madame Tussaud's, I wondered at the great detail of the costumes in which the waxen celebrities are dressed. The designing of these, I now hear, was the work of one man, Mr. Herbert Norris, who is coming to Savoy Hill on August 22 to talk about the amusing experiences he met with in the course of this work. Mr. Norris is an expert in historical costumes. He lectures on this subject to students for the University of London's Diploma in Dramatic Art. The costumes in the new film, *The Triumph of the Scarlet Pimpernel*, are his, as also those in a new play entitled *The Song of the Sea*, which is coming to the West End this autumn.

Departed Voices.

THE gramophone is raised to something more than a mere instrument for music by its power to record for us the voices of dead singers, the playing of famous orchestras long since disbanded, the touch of a vanished pianist. It has become the storehouse of the musical performances of all time. Had it been invented a century earlier we might today be hearing the first performance of a Beethoven Symphony, or the passion of Chopin's interpretation of one of his own pieces. It can, however, give us the voices of Adelina Patti and Enrico Caruso. On August 24, at 7.30, we are to have a recital, entitled 'Voices of the Past,' in which we shall hear those two great singers as immortalized by the gramophone records which they made. These records, although manufactured before the days of the electrical process, are of remarkable clarity. The recital will conclude with Patti singing *Home, Sweet Home*.

Pouishnov Recital.

ON August 20 Lef Pouishnov is to give a recital from London and Daventry. His programme will include thirty-two Variations in C Minor by Beethoven, which have not been heard for some time, a new short composition of his own entitled *Quand il pleut* (When it rains) and the first broadcast performance of Godowsky's arrangement of *The Swan* by Saint-Saëns.

Novels to Read.

ON July 28, Mrs. Hamilton, in her talk, reviewed the following books: 'Tragedy at the Unicorn,' by John Rhoads (Goodfrey Blue); 'The Unpleasantness at the Bellona Club,' by Dorothy Sayers (Bena); 'The Man from the River,' by G. D. H. and M. Cole (Collins); 'Kontrol,' by Edmund Snell (Bena); 'The Flying Kestrel,' by Captain Dingle (Heinemann); 'Drums of the Legion,' by J. D. Newson (Heinemann); 'Beast Ideal,' by P. C. Wren (Murray); 'The Enormous Room,' by E. E. Cummings (Cape); 'The Bewildered Lover,' by Ward Muir (Lane); 'The Professional Guest,' by William Garrett (Lane).

An Interesting Abbey.

ON Sunday, August 19, an interesting religious service is to be broadcast at 8.0 p.m. from Buckfast Abbey, relayed from Plymouth to London and Daventry. The story of this Abbey is romantic in the extreme. After the death of its former Abbot in 1904, Dom Anscar Vonier, O.S.B., was elected and allotted the duty of rebuilding the Abbey Church. His only resources were to begin with, apart from enthusiasm and good intentions, a single brother who could handle hammer and trowel. Up to the present day, however, the work has gone steadily forward with, as an average, four brothers occupied on the building. Expenses have been and are exclusively covered by voluntary contributions of visitors. To prove the truth of the old motto, 'Laborare est orare' is the aim of the monks. The service to be broadcast will be given both in English and in Latin.

'The Female Spectator.'

THE wife of that eminent novelist, critic and broadcaster, Mr. J. B. Priestley, is giving, at 3.45 p.m. on August 23, a talk on *The Female Spectator*, a contemporary, and imitator, of the famous *Spectator*, edited by Addison and Steele, whose graceful essays were the talk of the coffee-houses during the short life of their periodical (it lasted for little more than a year). This first of women's journals, as Mrs. Priestley will show, was a quaint publication. Her talk will consist mostly of extracts from its pages concerning tea, the evil



'Cosmetics for the use of young officers.'

effects of its immoderate use by ladies who are apt to neglect their household duties in favour of the tea-cup; Mrs. Rebecca Freeman, who sold face-creams and cosmetics for the use of young officers in His Majesty's Forces; the impossibility of the use of flying machines, and so on. It should be interesting to compare the contents of *The Female Spectator* with those of our scientific and sophisticated contemporaries.

(Continued at foot of page 240.)

The World We Live In.

Three extracts from travel-talks lately given from the London Studio by E. M. Forster, the famous author of 'A Passage to India,' Sir Ronald Storrs, Governor of Cyprus, and Compton Mackenzie, who has given us in 'Carnival' and 'Sinister Street' two of the greatest novels of the century. All three talked of places they loved so vividly as to arouse the *wanderlust* in their listeners.

Of Railway Bridges.

An extract from the talk given on July 6 by Mr. E. M. Forster.

I ASK for three things to be precise: firstly, movement, which is or ought to be provided by the train; then I want a nice view; and, thirdly, I want what I am going to call 'geographical emotion.' A beautiful view by itself isn't enough; it's too vague; one just slides by like a tourist. And if there's only geographical emotion, one starts thinking and feeling too much, rummaging in one's mind for maps and dates and ideas, and doesn't look at what's passing at all. To make this clearer I'll take two examples of bridges which fail—at least by my standards. The bridge over the Rhine near Schaffhausen fails because it is merely a view—foaming cataracts, beetling orange luxuriant vegetation—no more. If a lot of water has to fall over a lot of rocks, it can't do it better than the Rhine does it at Schaffhausen with Teutonic thoroughness; but one's reaction is touristy, and I'm wanting something more from my bridge. On the other hand, a bridge can be too geographic, and here I would instance the bridge that crosses the Ganges into Benares. This is in many ways an admirable structure. People who die on one bank of the Ganges go to a bad place, people who die on the Benares bank go to a good one; so the geographical emotion can nowhere be more intense, and there is the added interest of throwing a halfpenny into the river, in order to please the goddess.

Showers of Propitiatory Coins.

Coins come flying out of all the third-class carriages—a perfect shower. Some of them reach the water; most of them hit the metal stays and girders and then bounce back upon the fairway, to the despair of their donors. I was not travelling third the time I crossed myself—I had not the pluck—but I, too, threw a coin. A Hindu friend had asked me to do this for him as he could not come to Benares himself. It was not easy. For one thing, I was travelling with English people, who had hitherto treated me as their equal, and their manner changed when they saw me fumble in my pocket and go to the window. For another thing, I had to take a careful aim, which is unnatural to me, and I was afraid of falling, in case it brought bad luck to my friend. I did not fail. My coin found a gap in the lattices, and, like religion reconciled with science, fell triumphantly into the abyss. Yet, in spite of this success, I cannot rank the Benares Bridge high. It is too purely geographic. There is no sensuous enjoyment in it. One is thinking and feeling all the time: considering the future and the past, where the Ganges comes from, where it is going to, whether Hinduism is intensely foolish or more profound than the Western mind can grasp; all that, but scarcely looking at all. Certainly not looking at Benares, which is all sectioned up behind the girders. And one does want to look, one does want a beautiful view as well as thoughts and ideas, and my bridge must combine them all.

The Flower-Isle of Cyprus.

From the talk given on July 13 by Sir Ronald Storrs.

... You take a little train, about half the size of those we know here, and wander out in it through the fortifications across the great central plain of the island until we come to the capital, Nicosia. In spring this plain is one great emerald of blushing

barley with very brightly coloured groups of peasants driving bullock carts. The curious feature of the peasants is that men, women, and very often children, wear black top boots, which I fear they don't change quite as often as they might, for fear, they say, of being bitten by snakes. Snakes are now growing rarer and rarer, and I expect the real reason is to avoid the scratching of thorns and briars and the prickly spear grass. The peasant costume, until one gets used to it, continues to remind one rather of the Russian Ballet, also perhaps of a conventional stage pirate: a shirt, with a brilliantly-coloured sash round the waist, handkerchief round the head and enormously baggy-pleated black trousers, which you would think in case of necessity would accommodate almost the whole family.

Flower Carpets.

Some of the country is wonderfully beautiful—great masses of wild flowers, including anemones

A further step forward in the development of

'THE RADIO TIMES'

will begin in the issue dated August 24. Not only will the weekly programmes be further amplified and illustrated, but the editorial section will contain several new features of interest to the wide radio audience.

'HOME, HEALTH AND GARDEN'

a weekly page devoted to the interests of the woman listener whose special requirements are already met by the Afternoon and Household talks.

In the same issue will begin an important series of articles under the general title of

'THE FUTURE OF BROADCASTING'

The series will open with an article by

HILAIRE BELLOC,

who writes with his customary brilliance and frankness.

of every colour, cyclamen and hyacinths; olives, cypresses, poplars, almonds, eucalyptus, and other trees, and on a fine day (and it's nearly always fine) with the background of the brilliant Mediterranean Sea, the effect is enchanting.

After Nicosia, you can go on by train to the foot of the mountain, but it is pleasanter in some ways to take the car and drive along until you get to the vine country, where hills most brilliantly carpeted with green vineyards. The air is often heavy with the dust, and, great as the benefit is for the island, you are apt to regret the atmosphere until once more the road takes a sharp turn and you find yourself in the glorious great pine forests of Mount Olympus, six thousand four hundred feet above the sea.

The Giant Pines of Cyprus.

The pines are very much larger than anything one ever finds here, eleven and even twelve feet in circumference, with their boughs curiously bent downwards by the weight of the winter snow that presses upon them for so many months of the year. The country here is a mixture of the scenery of Switzerland and Scotland, the little burns and waterfalls flowing down the glens and through the trees; and very often can be heard the thin, distant sound of a goatherd's pipe, recalling the early legend of the pipes of Pan on the mountain.

The Enchanted Island.

From a talk given on July 13 by Mr. Compton Mackenzie.

... 'Come with me. You see that diminutive hut thatched with rushes? Mind your head. The door is only four feet high. You'd better sit down at once, or the smoke will make your eyes smart.' It's dim inside, because the only light comes from a hole in the thatch which is letting out the smoke. Gradually, however, your eyes get used to the dimness and you find yourself in a dwelling-place which has grown as it were out of the island like one of its own flowers.

It is as genuine a product of environment as Robinson Crusoe's residence. It may make you just a little impatient of a tent or a caravan or any of the other halfway houses to simplicity. Every bit of wood used in the construction has been washed ashore on the island beaches—even the planks covered with rushes on which you are going to sleep. The bothy was built by fishermen who come here every year in winter for two or three weeks at a stretch to catch lobsters.

Fairy Tale Land.

You might disdain your quarters at first, but after you had climbed all over the islands you would be glad enough to lie down and sleep, with the firelight flickering on the sooty thatch, watching the blue cloud of smoke above your head, and through the only aperture the pearl-grey Hebridean night sailing overhead. You would begin to think yourself a child again, living in one of those jolly places which the illustrators of fairy-books love to draw, but in which few of them can ever have been lucky enough to live. And perhaps I might mention that you'd better not leave such things as leather bags lying about because the rats might chew them up. They are very enterprising, our rats.

Still, in spite of the rats, if I go on talking about this bothy I shall pack up and go North again by the 7.20 train tomorrow evening, which would upset a number of those absurd fetters of the mind which we call business appointments. You see, I can't stand at my door in London, nor even in the Channel Islands, and watch not thirty yards away an elder dock with her duckling swimming in the sea at twilight. I can't be an object of curiosity to an intelligent short-necked seal, that eyes me over the crest of every wave. I can't wonder if I shall perhaps see a whale, and then actually see one routing about lazily in the water for herrings.

Sharks and Seals.

The aquarium at the Zoo is a wonderful place, and many a fine sight can I see there; but I can't watch there the two black fins of a basking shark like two black sails. I can't see the gannets at their fishing in Regent's Park. I can't sit on a green lawn and count fifteen great creamy dappled Atlantic seals at their ease on the rocks below. I can't walk through a tract of irises in full golden bloom to go and lie in the sun on a mattress of sea-pinks and watch on the face of a cliff three hundred feet high a thousand thousand birds, not one of which will allow my presence to disturb it.

There on one narrow ledge you'll see seven guillemots in a row with their backs to the sea, looking like seven little Etan boys turned to the wall in disgrace. Each of them has an egg, and not one of them dares to turn round to enjoy the view for fear of knocking that priceless egg off the ledge. Close to me is a Fulmar Petrel, with cold, disdained eye.

Pursuit.

In this Twelfth Chapter of *Old Magic** by Bohun Lynch, Tom Carlew meets in the inn at Hamadon the barefooted youth who had tried to pick his pocket in London and, pursuing him, comes across the stolen packet containing the note-book.

THIS is a story of the Future, of a strange warfare between the Mid-Devon Farming Syndicate, which seeks to monopolize farming in the West Country, and an unknown antagonist, believed by Tom Carlew and Melvil Rooke, who are on the track of the mystery, to be connected with Hamadon, a village on Dartmoor, and an ancient semi-religious sect known as the Hamadenites. They have seen an old notebook containing strange drawings of houses, crude figures, etc., which they know have some relation to the mystery, for, after various attempts, it has been stolen from Carlew.

The two friends have come down to Devonshire in search of further information regarding Hamadon and the Curse, leaving behind them in London a further mystery connected with the disappearance of Guy Harvester, secretary to the late Spiridon Kakoglon, head of the Syndicate, who, it is suspected, was killed by his opponents. They are tramping across Dartmoor when John Torch, husband of Carlew's old nurse, pursues them on a bicycle and warns them against tampering with the Curse. Without further adventure, except a meeting with a strange labourer who whistles an old classical tune, they come to Hamadon, where their reception at the only inn is vaguely cold and forbidding.

AFTER a while, when they were half way through a second helping of bread and cheese, a shadow suddenly fell across their table. Someone outside had paused at the window and was looking in. Tom Carlew raised his head and for an instant looked into a pale, staring face pressed close to the glass. The next moment it was gone. He started up, but Rooke caught his arm.

'Keep still,' he said, and as he spoke the whispering from behind the bar ceased.

'Didn't you see him?' Carlew said. 'It was the boy who tried to pick our pockets at King's Cross that night. Here—let go!' He twisted himself free of Rooke's grip and sprang across the room. In another moment, heedless of his companion's call to him to stop, he was outside in the village street. The boy with the pale face was running up the hill. Tom Carlew followed. Rooke was just about to go after him, when a man entered the bar parlour from the back of the house. Rooke felt that all the uneasiness and depression of that morning had come suddenly to a culminating point.

On the face of it there was nothing remarkable about the newcomer—a spare, awkwardly built fellow of average height,

with grey hair and a short moustache which grew low about the corners of his mouth, red-faced from exposure to the weather, and dressed in the old worn clothes of a working farmer. His eyes were peculiar, direct, and yet having in them a sort of coldness, like a goat's.

Rooke was against the light, and it was not until the man was well inside the room that he saw him. When he did so, the newcomer started forward, his cold eyes suddenly gleaming with amazement.

The youth who had looked in at them through the window of the inn had run up the hill towards a part of the village they had not yet seen. When Tom Carlew gave chase he had no plan in his mind, no particular end in view: the lad was simply associated with their London adventures, and the fact that he was running away seemed to point to a guilty conscience.

Not another living soul was in sight: the afternoon sun shone down out of the cloudless sky, and from the woods beyond the village came the call of pigeons. The youth ran bent, his long arms hanging, and now and again he glanced behind him. Carlew saw that he wore no shoes. He ran with the furtive swiftness of an animal.

At the top of the hill the road forked, one branch on the right continuing uphill towards the south-east, the other leading northward, level for some way, and then, as Carlew discovered later, slanting down to a bend of the stream. It was round this latter turning, to the left, that the youth disappeared as Tom Carlew raced up the hill. When he reached the corner, he caught sight of a figure going into a big shed, which from the thick incrustations of paint upon the half-door, which gleamed green, and red, and blue in the sun, would seem to be the shop of a carpenter who had cleaned his brushes on the boards for many years.

'Now, my boy, I've got you,' Carlew said to himself and slackened speed. As he did so, he saw a man suddenly appear at the side of the road beyond the carpenter's shop, who glanced about him for a moment and then turned back, apparently into an adjacent cottage garden. Tom Carlew was certain that this was the fellow who had passed him on the road earlier in the day, the man who had been whistling.

Presently he found himself abreast of the



A long thin arm shot out and snatched the soft blue paper sticking out of the coat upon the door.

shop. He peered into the dusty interior, where no one was to be seen. At any other time, he would have been interested to observe the old-fashioned equipment of the place—the lathe worked by a treadle, the well-worn bench, the hand-planes and other obsolete gear. Now all his attention was given to the matter in hand. There was nowhere in the shop itself where anyone could hide and no other exit except a dusty window at the back which had evidently remained long closed. On one side of the shop, however, a wooden step ladder led up to a loft from the edge of which the ends of a store of boards protruded. With a glance into the road, left and right, which told him that no one was about, Tom Carlew entered the shop and scrambled up the ladder. The loft was but dimly lit from a doorway which gave upon a much larger place, no doubt used at one time as a barn, but now, except for a few pieces of timber and some old rusting machinery, empty. In one corner an open trap-door looked down into a stable behind the shop and opposite, away from the road, was an open door such as would be used in bygone days for taking in hay. A second glance showed him a couple of trusses in one corner with the evident signs of having been lain on. Just over them hung a couple of rain-coats on the wall, while near at hand, on a packing-case, stood a small lamp such as travellers used for cooking. It was obvious that two people were camping here.

Carlew went quietly across this farther loft, looking down first into the stable, and then, without exposing himself, out of the open door. There was no sign of the lad who, if he were not lurking somewhere up here, could easily have made his escape.

* *Old Magic* is a purely fantastic adventure of the Future and is not intended by its author as propaganda for any point of view.

Tom Carlew was just about to retrace his steps to the outer room over the carpenter's shop in order to make sure that there was no hiding-place amongst the stored timber, when he heard the stable-door open below him. He stood still. From his position, by leaning forward, holding a beam, he could without moving his feet or making a sound see through the trap-door the space in front of the stalls below. He expected to see the youth he was hunting in the act of escaping from the stable. He was surprised, therefore, to recognize in the man who entered the place the countryman who had passed him outside. He was no longer whistling, but talking to someone who remained outside.

'Phew!' he said, 'it's a real melter today. Wish we could go to the beer-shop, but that won't do.'

As he said this he hung up the coat he was carrying on a nail.

Carlew noticed that a blue paper was sticking out of the breast-pocket.

The man had not spoken like a countryman, but in these days, when local dialects were practically extinct, that signified nothing.

The fellow picked up a knapsack which disclosed a bunch of bananas. Then he went out, shutting the stable-door, and a moment or two later Carlew heard his voice again on the other side of the building, he and his companion having chosen there a shady corner where they could sit and eat their midday meal. Peering round the door of the hay-loft, he was unable to see them, but lowering himself to the floor and very carefully dragging himself to the edge of the doorway he was able to look right down upon the two men who sat with the knapsack between them and their backs against the wall.

At this point some trees encroached upon the village, screening the backs of the houses which ran at right angles to the stable. Where the two men were sitting was a rough farm track, which ended at a stone wall on the left, and on the right turned about to join the road just behind the carpenter's shop. On that side, towards the north, Tom Carlew could see the straggling cottages of the farther part of the village that he had

not yet been through, and a low grey tower peeping from amongst trees, which was probably that of the derelict church.

He lay there, looking down at the two workmen, but curiously enough paying no attention to what they said. Two words kept coming, unuttered, to the tip of his tongue—two words which seemed to have no meaning. 'Blue paper—blue paper.' From where he lay on his face his toes were just over the edge of the trap to the stable, and now catching his shoe on that edge it came to him why he should be thinking of blue paper. A piece of blue paper was sticking out of that fellow's coat-pocket and the coat was hanging there in the stable. There was something more in the connection of ideas than that, something which belonged to another period of the adventure and, after a moment of desperate concentration, Tom Carlew remembered what it was. There, eight or nine feet below, the two workmen were eating their food and talking in an undertone, which, however, was plainly audible. Suddenly one of them uttered a name which caught Carlew's attention and he craned forward.

'He'll be coming to Hamadon tonight,' one of them had said.

'Who? Torch?'

'John Torch. We'll take him at the bridge—any time after six. It's queer, but he's the only one against whom there's a scrap of evidence.'

'Not much for him, either.'

'Enough.'

'What about the boy?'

'He's half-witted, poor thing. He doesn't count, especially as I've got the book from him. And it wasn't he who first stole it—we know that.'

Tom Carlew waited to hear no more. He knew now or imagined that he knew why Torch had been so agitated that morning when he had overtaken them this side of Bishop's Orchard. Rooke was right. It was for himself that he was afraid.

With the utmost care lest he should make a sound, he dragged himself very slowly backwards, pushing against the floor boards with his hands and pulling himself with his toes over the edge of the trap.

'Blue paper—yes, he must make sure.'

In another moment, kicking gently, he had a foot upon the step-ladder down to the stable and without a sound had swung himself on to it. As he did so he heard voices and footsteps outside. The men were coming round again to the stable door. Ducking as he passed the window, Tom Carlew was just about to dart forward, when out of the deep shadow of a loose-box, a long, thin arm shot out and snatched the soft blue paper sticking out of the coat upon the door. It was the bare-footed youth again, and it was clear even in that momentary glimpse from the way he gripped it that there was something hard inside the package. Carlew had not been mistaken. When he had wrapped up the packet for Sir Francis Cadogan, he had used some sheets of blue paper. The shade was an unusual one. He was just about to call out and seize the boy, when he remembered Torch.

Still without a sound he sprang back to the foot of the ladder and scrambled quickly up into the loft just as the stable door opened.

For a moment he stood irresolute in the middle of the floor. Then the next words he heard uttered decided for him his course.

'Better get a sleep while we can,' said one of the men. 'We shan't get any tonight.'

This was followed by a muttered assent from the other and the ladder up from the stable shook under a heavy tread.

Carlew tiptoed to the open door, hastily lowered himself till he was sitting with his legs dangling, and then, turning and keeping a grip upon the wooden jamb, hung for a second and dropped on the grass below. As he did so he heard the foremost of the two men cross the boards from the trap-door. At the same moment he caught a glimpse of a slight figure running, bent double, amongst the trees before him. Keeping close to the wall, Tom Carlew went along the road without passing the stable-door. Then he broke into a run and darted back the way he had come not many minutes before, past the carpenter's shop, round the corner, and down the hill towards the inn.

'Old Magic' will be continued in next week's issue.

(Continued from page 237.)

A Bach 'Prom'

NEXT week's 'Prom' from London and Daventry, on Wednesday, August 22, will consist largely of Bach—the Wednesday concerts at the Queen's Hall are, alternately, Bach and Brahms Nights. We shall hear two of the Brandenburg Concertos (so named because they were written by Bach at the request of the Margrave Christian Ludwig of Brandenburg, a wealthy amateur of music with an orchestra of his own)—No. 5 for viola, violoncello and double basses, and No. 4 for solo violin, two flutes and strings, also the Suite No. 3 for strings and oboe. Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson will play Philip Emmanuel Bach's Concerto in E flat for two pianos. The soloists are Dorothy Silk and Stuart Robertson; Mr. Stanley Marchant will play the organ in Handel's Organ Concerto in G Minor.

—And from 5GB.

LISTENERS to Daventry Experimental are to hear two concerts from the Queen's Hall next week—on Tuesday, August 21, a miscellaneous programme including the *Symphony in E Flat Minor* by Arnold Bax, the modern English

composer whose music has been much broadcast of late; and on Friday, August 24, a Mozart and Beethoven concert including the famous Ninth (Choral) Symphony of Beethoven (on this occasion the final, choral, section will be omitted), and the same composer's *Piano Concerto No. 2 in E Flat*, in which Harold Samuel will play the solo part. The soloists in the former concert will be May Huxley, John Turner, and Katharine Goodson, the pianist; in the latter, both Percy Whitehead and Florn Woodman will sing.

Sunday Programmes.

THE afternoon concert from London and Daventry on Sunday, August 19, is to be given by the Casano Ortel, with Hubert Elsdell and Rimpah Goodacre. In the evening the String Players are coming to the studio to give one of those programmes of an eighteenth-century flavour, which, to my mind, when played by a string orchestra, 'comes over' almost better than anything else. They will play Woodhouse's arrangement of four pieces from Bach's *Suite in D*, Vivaldi's *Concerto in G Minor*, a gavotte by Rameau and the ballet music from Gluck's opera, *Orpheus*.

Mr. France's 'Belieff.'

I WAS interested in Victor France's article in last week's issue, though he set the B.B.C. a harder task than he realized. That radio *Belieff*, 'a mixture of *'Varsity* don, raconteur, music critic and publicist' is about as easy to find as the *Philosopher's Stone*. The B.B.C.'s task of providing programmes from every station every day is stiff enough; how much more so that of a man who had to talk interestingly and amusingly about those same programmes every evening of the three hundred and sixty-five. Despite Mr. France's flattering optimism, I am sure that, did such an announcer-entertainer exist, the B.B.C. would have discovered him by now.

Arthur Watts.

I HAVE received many letters from listeners appreciating the drawings which each week illustrate my page—and several asking the name of the artist. Arthur Watts, of course.

The Announcer.

'Taking Stock,' by Capt. P. P. Eckersley. No. III.

The Partition of the Ether.

In his third article on the present situation in Broadcasting and likely developments of the future, Captain Eckersley deals with the 'Plan de Genève' which created 'common wavelengths' for the surplus of European Stations, and prophesies possible readjustments which will make for what may be termed 'a fairer division of the ether.'

THE problem of the minimization of mutual interference between broadcasting stations is essentially international. The B.B.C. may take some credit for foreseeing this, and it was on their primary initiative that most European organizations exploiting broadcasting were invited to discuss the matter in London in the year 1925. The result was the formation of the Union Internationale de Radiophonie.

The chief problem before the Union has been to devise means of overcoming interference between European broadcasting stations. The devising of a plan to reduce interference was entrusted to the Technical Committee of the Union. Under the inspired Chairmanship of M. Raymond Brillard, of Brussels, much has been done to form order from chaos. The essence of the matter is simple; there were, when the problem was tackled, and there still are today, something like twice the number of stations than available channels—'House full'—everyone clamouring for admission and, when admitted, reluctant to have any but the front seats!

The Plan de Genève was a plan designed to try to make a repartition of available channels on a basis of justice to existing and future national broadcasting systems. Of the hundred medium waves assumed to be available in 1925 (Washington had not then decided on the exact number), the Plan arranged that eighty-four were to be considered to be allocated among all European countries for their exclusive use, while stations in excess of this allocation were to share one of the sixteen remaining channels set apart for 'common' use. The eighty-four wavelengths were divided up among nations according to an agreed formula, taking into account a country's population, area, and economic and cultural activity (the last factor assessed according to a League of Nations figure). Of this division Britain found herself with nine medium waves and one long.

Common Waves.

The Plan de Genève accepted by many organizations and put into partial operation finally in 1926 based itself upon the sharing of sixteen waves internationally between excess stations. These shared waves are called common waves.

In the writer's opinion, the Plan de Genève has just saved the situation in time. Everyone knows that it is far from perfect, but what if it had never existed and unchecked building of masses of small stations had gone on? But we cannot stand still. Everyone realizes that the Plan is a point of departure; one may ask departure where to. Can we foresee better methods and minimize interference?

I look mostly towards single-wavelength working (i.e., the sharing of one wave between several stations exactly synchronized and doing the same programme), not as allowing fundamental revolution in the art.

PRO AND CON.

This week's winning letter. A full page of Listeners' Letters will be a feature of next week's issue.

PRO.

DEAR SIR,—

I certainly agree
With those who praise the B.B.C.;
A pair of 'phones, a crystal set,
Ten bob a year—for this I get
A store of knowledge, wealth of fun,
To cheer me when the day's work's done.
Whatever other folk may say
I thoroughly enjoy a play,
While amusing and bright revues
Are just the things to banish 'blum';
Lowbrow I'd be considered as
Because I'm rather fond of jazz—
But highbrow too!—I love each note
Of music which great masters wrote;
By foreign talks I strive to learn,
I'm there when opera takes its turn,
For weather forecasts, news reports,
For talks on travel and on sports;
When Mr. Baldwin 'takes the air'
Or when the Prince is in the chair
I listen in; by Greenwich time
I set my watch, and Big Ben's chime.
I listen to the church bells' ring,
I hear the congregation sing,
And from the broadcast pulpit gleam
Comfort from him who speaks unseen.
O give to me the happy mind,
O give me the contented kind,
That pleasure, knowledge, wealth will find
Whatever be the programme!

A Cheque for One Guinea will be sent to Miss Lilian L. Cornelius, 21, Compton Road, Canonbury, N.1.

CON.

'To my mind the most disconcerting result of wireless in the decay of amateur instrumental playing. We have become a nation of listeners rather than players. While pre-war piano playing usually served as a more or less musical accompaniment to drawing-room conversations, the advent of broadcast music effectively put an end to all requests for amateur performances.

The B.B.C. has given us musical perfection and nothing less than perfection is in demand today, hence the popularity of wireless and the gramophone.

Crowds of youths go every Saturday to see professional football matches instead of playing football themselves.

Where will this lead us? It is so easy to watch and to listen; action is more difficult. Comfort should be a means to an end, not an end in itself.

One day, possibly, the earth will have been transformed into one huge feather bed with man's body slumbering sweetly on the top of it and his mind, like Desdemona, smothered underneath.

A Cheque for One Guinea will be sent to Mr. W. H. Hought, 66, Chancery Lane, Avenor, Hull.

but as the present most practical palliative against interference. Examining the implications of the method in more detail and stressing what was pointed out in the last article, we have this: if two stations, exactly synchronized, transmit the same

programme, then they will give each a good local service in an area bounded by the contour where the field strength of one is five times that of the other. Thus each station has an area of good service, but the two stations together create outside this service area a 'mush' area where quality is bad. If, however, a third station not on the same shared wavelength as the other two fills up this mush area and gives a service to those who would otherwise be denied, we see that two wavelengths are sufficient to spread one programme over a very wide area. More important and useful is that the densely populated areas will be covered by strong signals. The channel or wavelength, as such, does not, therefore, on the basis of single-wavelength working, represent so valuable a property as a means of spreading one programme throughout a large area; it retains, however, its intrinsic value as a means for giving separate programmes.

Turning back, therefore, to the question of the Plan de Genève, one foresees, with the new means at our disposal, not revolution, but evolution. This evolution may take place along the lines of the gradual abandonment of the wave to be shared among stations doing different programmes (international common wave) in favour of the granting of more waves to countries who have now only one wave. By this means no country in Europe can complain of the impossibility of spreading one programme over a very wide area and providing any densely populated area with strong signals.

All the above is speculation based on what we know now about working two stations on the same wave. I have no authority from the Union for saying that development will take place as I have suggested, but certainly there is a hope of further minimizing interference between broadcasting stations.

Naturally, if non-upward-radiating aerials are practical, facility will be greater, but still single-wavelength working will be a useful weapon against interference.

To Sum Up.

In the past the chief attack against interference has been the formation of the Plan de Genève. This has been successful when considered in comparison with what might have occurred had it not existed. Possible evolution of the Plan may be towards the gradual abandonment of the international common wave which made the Plan de Genève possible, in favour of the national exclusive wave which, on occasions and where desirable, may be shared between two or more stations under one authority and transmitting one programme. The practical attack against interference means that it can be minimized by single-wavelength working, but at the expense of the total number of programmes which can simultaneously co-exist.

PROGRAMMES for SUNDAY, August 12

2LO LONDON and 5XX DAVENTRY

(361.4 M. 830 KC.)

(1,604.3 M. 187 KC.)

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

3.30 A Military Band Concert

MIGAM THOMAS (Soprano); LIONEL TERTIS (Violoncello)

THE WIRELESS MILITARY BAND, Conducted by LIEUT. P. S. G. O'DONNELL

Heroic March *Saint-Saëns*
Overture, 'The Homeland' ('Patrie') *Bizet*

3.50 MEGAN THOMAS

Serenade *Gounod*
Kiel Dance *Grieg*

BAND

Suite from Ballet, 'The Seasons' *Glass*

GLAZOUNOV (born in 1865) is probably the most distinguished living Russian composer who does not work on very advanced 'modernist' lines.

He is a master of orchestral effect, and in his ballets and other light pieces he has produced music that follows very agreeably, yet with distinct individuality of its own, in the Tchaikovsky tradition.

The Seasons, a Suite of orchestral pieces (now to be heard in an arrangement for Military Band), was originally written for a Ballet. We are to hear—(1) *Barcarolle and Variations*; (2) *Waltz of the Poppies and Cornflowers*; (3) *Slow Movement*; (4) *Bachanal*.

4.12 LIONEL TERTIS and CELIL DIXON (Pianoforte)

Sonata in A, No. 1

Mozart, arr. Lionel Tertis
Allegro molto; Thema con variazioni

Three Songs of Brahms

arr. Lionel Tertis
Minnelied (Love Song), Op. 71, No. 5

Wiegenlied (Lullaby), Op. 49, No. 4

Wir wandelten (We wandered), Op. 98, No. 2

BAND

Fantasia from 'La Boutique Fantasque' (The Eccentric Toyshop) *Rossini*, arr. *Respighi*
Waltz from 'Eugene Onegin' *Tchaikovsky*, arr. *Gerard Williams*

EUGENE ONEGIN, the libretto of which was written by the celebrated Russian poet Pushkin, was first performed in 1879 by the students of the Moscow Conservatory. The plot concerns the love of the rakish Eugene Onegin for the innocent, sentimental Tatiana, whose sister Olga is betrothed to Lenski, Onegin's friend. When Tatiana foolishly writes Onegin a love letter (the letter scene is a favourite concert air), the modish fellow is offended. At a ball he flirts with Olga. Lenski is resentful, and challenges his friend to a duel. Lenski is killed. Years later, the remorseful Onegin meets Tatiana, now the wife of a prince, and makes love to her, but she, after doubting her feelings, sends him sorrowing away.

The Opera is not heard in England now, but some of the dance music is fairly often played, notably the Waltz which we are to hear.

4.48 MEGAN THOMAS

When Myra sings A. L. Shepherd, thy demurest vary

Brown, arr. *Lane Wilson*

BAND

Suite from 'Othello' *Coleridge-Taylor*

Dance; Children's Intermezzo; Funeral March; Willow Song; Military March

5.15

A Song Recital

By HEDDIE NASH (Tenor)

Derivation *Schumann*
Serenade *Schubert*
Hedge Roses *Morgan*
Chlorinda *Dolmetich*
So sweet is she *Morley*, arr. *Keel*
It was a lover and his lass *Wilson*
The Pretty Creature *Storace*, arr. *Lane Wilson*

8.0

THE SERVICE

Hymn, 'How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds' Confession and Thanksgivings

Psalm No. 23

Lesson

Nunc Dimittis

Prayers

Hymn, 'The King of Love my Shepherd is' Address by

the Rev. H. R. L. SHEPPARD, C.H., D.D.
Hymn, 'Holy Father, in Thy Mercy' Blessing

8.45 (Daventry only)

THE WEEK'S GOOD CAUSE:

Appeal on behalf of Wireless for Hospitals by Mr. J. C. STODART

THERE are 7,500 blind persons in Greater London, and this Fund was formed seven years ago to represent their interests and co-ordinate the activities of the many societies, institutes, libraries and associations that train, educate and maintain them.

Contributions should be sent to the London Blind Broadcast Appeal, 224 Great Portland St., W.1.

8.50 WEATHER FORECAST, GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN. Local Announcements. (Daventry only) Shipping Forecast

9.5 A Light Orchestral Concert

WINIFRED DAVIS (Mezzo-Soprano); SINCLAIR LOGAN (Baritone)

THE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA.

Conducted by JOHN ANSELL

Overture to 'Iolanthe' *Sullivan*

WINIFRED DAVIS and Orchestra

Le Temps des Lilas (Lilac Time) *Chabrier*

On the Banks of the Indus *Meyer*

The Lover's Song; The Hindu Boatman's Song

ORCHESTRA

Selection from 'Thais' *Messiaen*, arr. *Tacchin*

9.35 SINCLAIR LOGAN and Orchestra

Homeward Bound ('Songs of the Devon, O Devon Sea') *Stanford*

ORCHESTRA

Little Suite *Debussy*

Boating; Procession; Minuet; Ballet

WINIFRED DAVIS

Parodies on Nursery Rhymes *Hughes*

Little Bo Peep; Curly Locks

10.2 ORCHESTRA

Two Minutes for Strings

From 'Derenda' *Handel*, arr. *Beal*
Minuet in A *Boccherini*

SINCLAIR LOGAN

The Happy Lover *Asch*, arr. *Lane Wilson*
The Dance *Rossini*

ORCHESTRA

Incidental Music to 'Rosamunde' *Schubert*

10.50

Epilogue

'Gladness are they that Abound'

10.40-11.0

(Daventry only)

The Silent Fellowship

S.B. from Cardiff



MASTERS OF THE MICROPHONE—'DICK' SHEPPARD.

The Rev. H. R. L. Sheppard will this evening return to his old church, St. Martin-in-the-Fields, from which his address will be relayed during the course of the Service at 8.0 p.m.

5.35

SONGS OF THE BIBLE—V

David's Dirge over Saul and Jonathan

2 Samuel i, vv. 17, 19-27

5.40

Each Church Cantata

No. 48,

'BENOLD AND BEN'

(For the words of the Cantata, see page 245)

ENID CRICKSRAKE (Contralto)

TOM PICKERING (Tenor)

PHILIP MALCOLM (Bass)

THE STATION CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA

Conducted by HERBERT A. CARBUTHEN

S.B. from Glasgow

(The Each Cantata to be performed next Sunday is No. 113: 'Herr Jesus Christ, du höchstes Gut,' Lord Jesus Christ, Thou Fountain Pure.)

5WA CARDIFF. 352 M.
880 MC.

Relayed from Cappel Gomer Welsh Baptist Church
 + Welsh
 1. Cymuned Wylfaelwys Hysgry
 2. Ffôn: Ffôn 60
 3. Ffôn: 'At Ua a Wrendy Werd f Gwan
 4. Cymuned
 5. Ffôn: Ffôn 60
 6. Ffôn: Ffôn 60
 7. Ffôn: 'Ar lan Iorddenn dlofn'
 8. Ffôn: 'Y Parch R. B. Rogers
 9. Ffôn: 'Cymer adan fwyn Elenygl'
 10. Ffôn: 'Y Ffônith Apostoladl'

10.30 Epilogue

THE RADIO TIMES.
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This Week's Bach Cantata.

Church Cantata, No. 46.

'Behold and see' ('Behold and see').

REFERENCE was made to this Cantata in last week's note on No. 105, with which it has many features in common: it belongs to the same prolific period in the Master's career. Only few of the Cantatas are so rich as these: striking, even thrilling, effect; very few can rival this one in the beauty with which its grief is set before us.

It opens with a fine or vocal introduction in which two flutes, two violins, and violas all have expressive parts; alto voices begin the chorus, followed, in imitation, by tenors, sopranos, and basses, all singing the same melody, simple and direct. The tempo is moderate, but changes to quicker tempo with an energetic theme, illustrates the words 'his fierce anger'. In the beautiful tenor recitative which follows, the two flutes, in the role, have a persistent broken figure throughout, over a tamed string accompaniment: trumpets, which were merely reinforce the voices, have an independent part along with the strings, in the vigorous bass aria, No. III, and, similarly, two oboes da caccia join the flutes in accompanying the alto voice—'But Jesus mild.' There is no bass to the aria, for the tenor's part is the two flutes play short interludes between the lines sung by the choir.

WORDS.

In a version by D. Molar Craig, copyright by the B.B.C., 1938.

I. Chorus
Behold and see, I there be any sorrow, like to
thee, who are done to me; for the Lord
afflict me in the day of anger, in the day of
His wrath.

II. Recitative (Tenor)
Remem thy fate, lost city of the Lord,
I am shatter'd place of evil loves.
Thy tears are flowing ev'n as rivers,
For like a flaming sword,
There hath descended upon thee a judgment.

For that the Lord's command thou didst defy
Yet wert thou like Gomorrah not chastised,
Nor wholly wert despoiled.

It is better than wert level'd to the ground,
Than that God's enemies within thy walls be
found.

To thee were Jesus' tears as nought
So wrath like angry waters' flood that rings,
Upon thee fall, of sin thy wages,
Since God, long suffering, hath thee to judge
now brought.

III. Aria (Bass)

The darkness cloeth round thee, o'er thee,
But at the last will shine a light;
Blinding 'twill fall upon thy sight.
Thy evil way pursue
Hast wrought thine own undoing
And nought but downfall stands before thee.

IV. Recitative (Alto)

Yet boast thou not, O sinner, in thy pride,
Nor ave Jerusalem drunk
As though her sinful ways appeal thee
Thou knowest well a fine tale may befall thee
In evil fortune
And a crash uncleanness within you
So soon ye even pass your awful destruction.

V. Aria (Alto)

But Jesus mild for us aye pleadeth,
He is our shield, our Saviour He,
To Him His flock He gently leadeth,
And watches o'er each one of us
When tempests of vengeance over a sinner are
break'd
He is our Rock, no more forsaking.

VI. Chorus

Almighty God of Truth, 'fore whom no man
may plead
Save Thy Son Jesus Christ, who for our sins
did bleed.
O look Thou on the Cross He bore,
His wounds, the crown of thorns He wore,
And by the love He gave us,
Forgive us, Father, save us.

Next week's Cantata is No. 113. **HERA JESU CHRIST
DU HILFSTES GUT**
(Lord Jesus Christ, Thou Fountaine pure).

In the Near Future.

News and Notes from Davenport Experimental.

The Rev. G. E. Southall will conduct the studio service on Sunday, August 19.

The weekly recital on Monday, August 20, will be broadcast from the Church of the Messiah, Birmingham, Mr. Gilbert Mills being the organist, and Arthur Smith (baritone) the vocalist.

A selection of musical comedy items and songs by Aubrey Milward (baritone), and Olive Groves (soprano), will be heard at 8.30 p.m. on Monday, August 20, the title of the broadcast being 'The Mad Whirl'.

At 8.45 p.m. on Friday, August 24, the Birmingham Studio Orchestra, conducted by Frank Cantrell is giving a programme of light music, the items including Eric Coates' Suite *Four Ways* and a Fantasia on *Lohengrin*. Popular ballads will be sung by Ida Cartwright (contralto).

The afternoon and early evening programme on Saturday, August 25, will be given by the Amington Band, conducted by Roland Davis, Charles Dean (baritone), Harold Chambers (entertainer), Geoffrey Dams (tenor), Muriel Southam (contralto), and Marie Wilson (violin).

For their afternoon concert on Tuesday, August 21, the Birmingham Military Band, conducted by W. A. Clarke, will include selections from *La Traviata*, Massenet's *Neapolitan Scenes*, and the Overture to *William Tell*. The soloists are Mary Pollock (soprano), and Alice Conchman (pianoforte).

The artists in a vaudeville programme to be broadcast at 9 p.m. on Wednesday, August 22, include Dick Driscoll and Doreen Season (comedy duo), Albert Daniels (comic impressions), Muriel Fort (comic songs), and Arthur Smith (organ trio), who will be supported by Philip Brown's Dominoes Dance Band.

All the Tomorrows is the title of a play to be performed on Monday evening, August 27. It is a tragedy written by Mr. A. J. M. Ward, who will himself play a part. Other members of the cast being Trevor Cope, Charles Ward, Gladys Joiner, and Ethel Molloy. Incidental music will be provided by the Midland Piano-forte Trio.

Bizet's *L'Arlesienne Suite* and the Overture to *Rossini and Luluella* will be heard during the afternoon concert on Tuesday, August 23, which is being provided by the Birmingham Home Orchestra under Paul Newman. Frank Newman at the organ will provide the organ suite of Rossini's *Italian Music*. The vocalist is James Bennett (baritone).

Another relay from the Bandstand, Cannon Hill Park, will be heard on Saturday evening, August 25, when the City of Birmingham Police Band, conducted by Richard Wassell, will, among other items, play the First Movement from Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony* and a selection from *Aida*. Louis Knight (bass) will be the vocalist.

An orchestral concert in which the soloist is Leonie Zifado (soprano), will be heard on Sunday afternoon, August 19, when the whole programme will be of a light, summery nature. The orchestral pieces will include Cowen's *Ballet Suite In Fairyland*, and the Ballet Music to *Orpheus and Eurydice*, while among the vocal items is the *Aria Dore Bono* from *The Marriage of Figaro* by Mozart.

Leading Features of the Week.

DRAMA, ETC.

Monday, August 13.
(5GB) 8.0. 'Ma Mîe Rosette,' a Light Opera.

Wednesday, August 15.
(5XX) 7.30. 'Ma Mîe Rosette.'

Thursday, August 16.
(5XX) 9.50. *Charlot's Hour*

Friday, August 17.
(5XX) 7.30. 'The Mayor of Casterbridge,' a Play by John Drinkwater from the novel by Thomas Hardy.

TALKS (5XX).

Monday, August 13.
5.0. Miss Phoebe Redington: *Casserole Cooking*

10.35. Mr. Paul Cavanagh: 'Some Reminiscences—from the West to the West End.'

Tuesday, August 14.
7.0. Mr. A. B. B. Valentine: *Londoner's Country—II, Up to the Chilterns* (2LO only).

Mr. Donald Maxwell: *The Countryman in London—II* (5XX only).

Wednesday, August 15.
7.0. Mr. Harry Hillman: *Sticks that Walk*.

Thursday, August 16.

3.45. A Bonnet Lard: *Cream for Tea*.
7.0. Mr. W. Addington Willis: *Your Boots and Shoes*.

Friday, August 17.

9.15. Mr. Donald Maxwell: *The Lost Rivers of London*

Saturday, August 18.

7.25. Mr. George F. Allison: *Prospects for the Football Season* (S.B. from Newcastle).

VAUDEVILLE AND VARIETY.

Monday, August 13.

(5XX) 7.30. Rex Evans' Cabaret.

Tuesday, August 14.

(5XX) 8.30. Dick Tubbs, Lily Burns and Norman Parry, Joseph Burns and George Foster, Mary O'Farrell, Tommy Handley.

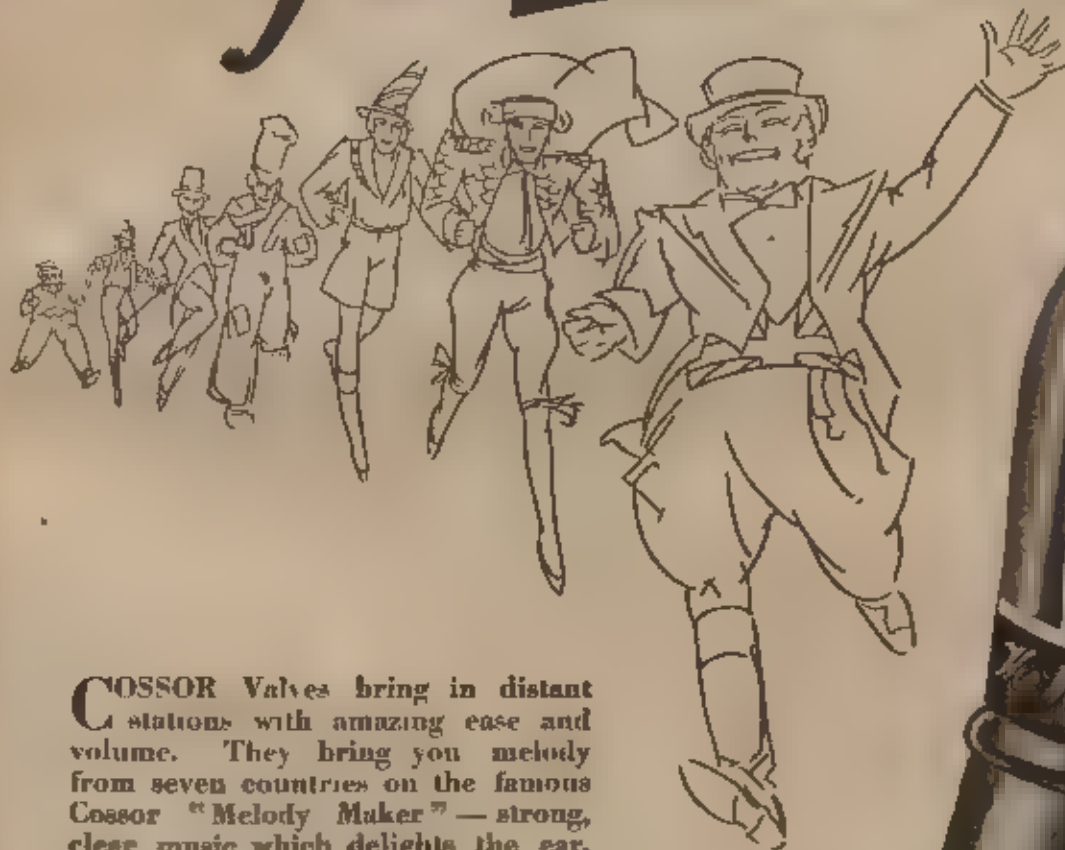
Friday, August 17.

(5GB) 9.0. Tommy Handley, Raie da Costa, Penrose and Whaddock, George Foster, Philip Brown's Dominoes.

Saturday, August 18.

(5XX) 8.15. John Thorne, Harold Scott and Elsa Lanchester, the Parkington Quintet.

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(1,504.3 M. 1000000)

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on methods and the
the

20 I AM GIDDY
KENTRAME NEWSTAD BARRONET
THE LONDON ENSEMBLE QUINTE

4.0 WILLIAM H. ... S. MARBLE ARCH
13 ...
From the Marble Arch Pavilion

This afternoon's talk is one of the series on holiday subjects. Miss Howard Burleigh will describe some of the plants we meet with on bridges and cliffs along our English coasts and tell us particularly of those which can be gathered and dried indoors during the winter for use.

518 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
 'SNOW WHITE AND ROSE RED
 A Play adapted from Grimm's Fairy Tales by
 E. Harcourt Wildress
 Incidental Music by GENIAL JEMIMA
 The Story of Puss-in-Boots, told by MISS JONES
 ALEX.

6.6 A Record of Graptophane Records, Arranged
by Mr. CHRISTOPHER STONE

6 30 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

§.45 A Recital of Gramophone Records (Cont'd)

7.0 MR. A. B. B. VALENTINE, 'Londoners' Country
—II. Up the Chilterns

ON the north-west of London lie the Chilterns—a range of little hills that contains some of the most typically English scenery in the Home Counties. Although the Chilterns are within such easy reach, their beauty-spots are still unspoiled, and in this evening's talk Mr. Valentine will describe some of their less-known places, and how best to get to them.

70 (Decency only) Mr. DONALD MAXWELL, 'The Countryman in London—If Names in London'

AT this time of the year a two-fold migration takes place in London; the inhabitants go out in search of the country and the people from the country come in to see the sights in town. Mr. Yulekine a series of talks culture for the former, Mr. Maxwell's for the latter class. The names of these names that make the streets of London sound so beautiful, and in which so much history lies hid.

**7 15 THE FOUNDATIONS
OF MUSIC**
LIEDER'S PIANO MUSIC
Played by JOHANNES STOCKMANN

**7.30 A Classical Request
Programme**
MAY H. KLEIN
THE WIRKINGS SYMPHONY
CONDUCTED BY
STANFORD ROBINSON



Figure 14.9

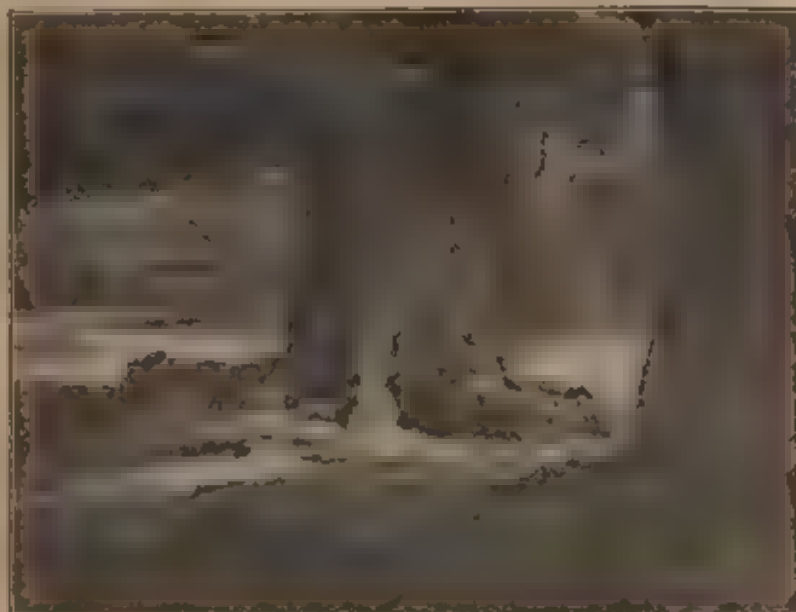
MR. MONTAGUE PHILLIPS

the composer of *The Rebel Maid*, a concert of whose music will be broadcast at 9.50 tonight.

Overture to "The Marksmen" ("Der Freischütz")

WILDER was uncommonly successful in catering for early nineteenth century German tastes in Opera, which lay in the direction of folk legends, tales of romance and chivalrous deeds, and homely sentiment.

The Opera, *The Marksmen*, is about mysterious deeds of black magic, the romantic love of a huntman, and the machinations of his rival—a capital plot for those who like opera hot and strong, and don't trouble too much about its improbabilities. *The Marksmen* went down at the first performance, so Weber wrote, with "unreliable enthusiasm . . ." "I was calmed before the curtain . . . verses and wreaths came flying up. *Solt Dao gloria*."



1. 0.1 M of the following:

THE GREAT TREES OF BURNHAM BEECHES

This ancient heady-spot is on the way out from London to the Chiltern Country, about which Mr. Venturini will speak this evening in the second of his new series of talks.

MAY HUXLEY and Orchestra
 Voi che sapete ('Le Nozze de Figaro'). M.
 1.
 'Lullabyed' Symphony. Schubert
 MAY HUXLEY and Orchestra
 O Patria mea (from 'Aida').
 ORCHESTRA
 Overture, 'Fingert's Cove'. Mendelssohn

8.30

Vaudeville

IN A TUNE (Comedies)
LILY BURN and NORMAN PARRY
(Light American Badads)
JOSEPH BURNS and GEORGE FOSTER
(Concertina Duets)
(Mr. WOOD)
By JOSEPH BANTLEY
(LUSHY CHORUS)
J. H. B. MATHURON
MARY O'FAHILL
HELEN I. A.
and
F. J. J. J. J.

THE B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA
Personally conducted by JACK PAYNE

9.30 WEATHER FORECAST, ~~SPECIAL~~ GENERAL
NEWS BULLETIN

D.45 Local Announcements: (Dover only)
Shipping Forecast

950 Music by Montague Phillips
THE WIDENESS OF HEATH
Conducted by the Composer
ARTHUR BUCKWORTH (Violin)

ORQUESTRA

New Route, 'Dance Revels'

(1) Mazurka; (2) Minuet; (3) Waltz

ARTHUR BECKWORTH
Violin Solo

QUESTIONS

A Hulaide Melody

Two Light Orchestral Pieces
(1) Violette (Air de Ballet);
(2) Arabesque

Author: LEUKWORTH
Yvonne Nelson

INTERNATIONAL
SOCIETY

PEDRO MENDELZBERG was born at Montagu Philipps. He was born in 1885, and studied at the Royal Academy of Music, of which he later became a Fellow Professor of Composition, and Examiner. His music for his romantic Opera, The Fiddlers of St. Petersburg has made him famous.

10.30-12.0 DANCE MUSH
at Whinnex & B&S, from the
Cotton Hotel.

110-120 - Apartment a B&B from
the May Fair Hotel

Tuesday's Programmes cont'd (Aug. 14)

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

(491.5 M. 810 K.C.)

TRANSMISSION FROM THE LONDON STUDIO 22.15 PM (WHEN OTHERWISE STATED)

4.0 A MILITARY BAND CONCERT

(From Birmingham)

Relayed from the Pump Room Gardens,
Leamington SpaThe BAND of H.M. ROYAL ARTILLERY
(Portsmouth)

Conducted by J. L. T. HURD

March, 'A Bunch of Roses' Chopin
Selection from 'Romeo and Juliet'
Gounod, arr. Godfrey

NORA DESMOND (Soprano)

Eros Grieg
The Boy Old Irish Air
Sanctuary Beethoven
The New Umbrella Beethoven

BAND

The Doul Dances
Cornet Duet, 'Ida and Dot' Loebe
Soloists: Musician F. MARKHAM
Q. M. Sgt. J. DOWELLROBERT O'HEA
(Entertainer)The Glorious Days
to Come
SullivanOn the Point
SullivanAsking Him
Sullivan

BAND

Selection from
M. J. O'Connell's
MusicFinch, arr.
H. J. O'Connell

NORA DESMOND

Soprano (Sight)
Henri DuparcObsession
The Rose enlaves this glidingale
in early morningAu bord de l'Eau (By the Water Side)
FaureSong of Florian
Gounod

BAND

Entry of the Gods into Valhalla (from 'The
Ringgold') Wagner

Xylophone Solo, 'Tell' Kruger

ROBERT O'HEA

Allegretto
Phil the Fluter's Ball
Tibia Barden

BAND

Scottish Patrol, 'The Gathering of the Clans'
Williams

5.45 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

(From Birmingham)

'The Price of a Nightingale,' by Agnes Taunton
Songs by NORA DESMOND (Soprano)

Elsie Stark (Violin)

'Rock a Bye Sea Breeze,' by G. BERNARD
H. J. O'Connell

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

6.45 THE B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA

Personally conducted by JACK PAXE

ETHEL and BURGESS SOAR in Songs and Duets
W. DILLER (Comedian)

8.0 'HUSBANDS UNLIMITED'

A Farical Dialogue by STUART READY
Being the Second Adventure of James Augustus
(From Birmingham)James Augustus STUART READY
Beryl Vernon MOLLY HALL
The Scene is James' flat in London
Incidental Music by the MIDLAND
PIANOFORTE TRIO

8.30 A MILITARY BAND CONCERT

DOROTHY SMITHARD (Contralto)

PENE COOK (Pianoforte)

THE WIRELESS MILITARY BAND, CONDUCTED BY
CHARLES J. COFFEEMarch of the Peers from 'Inland' Sullivan
Overture to 'The Bronze Horse' Anber

8.45 DOROTHY SMITHARD

Softly awakes my heart Saint-Saëns
Vergeblisches Ständchen (Vain Serenade) Brahms

8.52 BAND

Waltz, 'Art's Life'
Johann Strauss

9.2 RENE COOK

Impromptu, No. 2
Chopin

Schubert, D. 946

9.10 BAND

Ballet Music from
'Carmen' Bizet
Prelude, 'The
Toreadors'; In-
termezzo; Entrée;
act, 'The Dra-
gon of Alcala';
Gipsy Dance

9.25 DOROTHY SMITHARD

The Lover's Curse (Three Irish Songs)
I know where I'm going
B for Bonyon Herbert Hughes

9.32 BAND

Three English Dances Quilter

9.42 RENE COOK

Waltz in E Major
Enlaid in G Major Chopin

9.50 BAND

Ballet Movement from 'Hercules',
Waltz from 'The Sleeping Beauty' Tchaikovsky

10.0 WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

10.15 DANCE MUSIC, JAY WHIDDEN'S BAND from the Carlton Hotel

11.0-11.15 ARKON'S BAND from the May Fair BAND

(Tuesday's Programmes continued on page 252)

No wireless receiving apparatus, crystal
or valve, may be installed or worked
without a Post Office licence. Such licences
may be obtained at any Post Office at which
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10s. Neglect to obtain a licence is likely
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There close at 1 p.m. Open until 9 p.m. on Saturdays.

Tuesday's Programmes cont'd (Aug. 14)

6ST STOKES. 204.1 M.
1.020 MC.

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
Play, 'Knee-Deep in the Olden Days' (Emma V. Roe)
Story, 'The Flamingo' (Davidson)

5.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

S.B. from London

7.0 Mr. Browning Burton: 'The Lakes and Landscapes of Southern Ireland'

7.15-12.0 S.B. from London (9.45 Local Announcements)

2ZY 384.0 M.
740 KC.

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
A Day Trip to Blackpool
Robert Roberts will conduct the Trip
Selection from 'On the Beach'Lancashire Chorus
Played by the BENSINGTONSCome to the Fair
Sung by HARRY HOFFWELL6.0 ORCHESTRAL MUSIC
Relayed from the Theatre Royal

S.B. from London

6.45 ORCHESTRAL MUSIC (Continued), directed by
MICHAEL DORR7.0 Winters of the North—II W. J. BAKER
'Wynynage River'

7.15 S.B. from London

8.30 'The White Blackbirds'

Relayed from the Central Pier, Blackpool

9.15-12.0 S.B. from London (9.45 Local Announcements)

Other Stations.

5NO NEWCASTLE. 312.5 M.
630 KC.

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
Play, 'Knee-Deep in the Olden Days' (Emma V. Roe)
Story, 'The Flamingo' (Davidson)

5.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

S.B. from London

7.0 Mr. Browning Burton: 'The Lakes and Landscapes of Southern Ireland'

7.15-12.0 S.B. from London (9.45 Local Announcements)

8.30 'The White Blackbirds'

Relayed from the Central Pier, Blackpool

9.15-12.0 S.B. from London (9.45 Local Announcements)

5SC GLASGOW. 405.4 M.
740 KC.

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
Play, 'Knee-Deep in the Olden Days' (Emma V. Roe)
Story, 'The Flamingo' (Davidson)

5.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

S.B. from London

7.0 Mr. Browning Burton: 'The Lakes and Landscapes of Southern Ireland'

7.15-12.0 S.B. from London (9.45 Local Announcements)

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

S.B. from London

7.0 Mr. Browning Burton: 'The Lakes and Landscapes of Southern Ireland'

7.15-12.0 S.B. from London (9.45 Local Announcements)

8.30 'The White Blackbirds'

Relayed from the Central Pier, Blackpool

9.15-12.0 S.B. from London (9.45 Local Announcements)

10.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

11.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

12.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

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10.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

11.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

12.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

Listeners' Talks.

A NEW feature in the Household series this autumn will be a monthly talk to which listeners are invited to contribute recipes, hints. Most of us have some special which we pride ourselves is like no one else's, or a wrinkle which we know from experience saves time and trouble. Most of us, too, like to share these good things with our neighbours and receive their hints in return. So here is a splendid opportunity of which it is hoped listeners will take full advantage.

The first talk will be given on Monday, September 24, at 6 p.m.

All recipes and hints should be personally known to and tested by senders. Recipes must not be more than 150 and preferably only 100 words. Hints must not be more than 50 words.

Ingredients should be given in the same measure, all in spoonful, or all by weight. Recipes should mainly be of an economical nature, not involving the use of expensive materials.

Contributions should be written on one side of the paper only.

Not more than five recipes and five hints will be broadcast at one time. There will be a closing date for each talk, but contributions received late will be carried on for consideration in the next batch. A fee of 10s. 6d. for each recipe and 5s. for each hint will be paid, and this will cover publication in either *The Radio Times* or any future Household Booklet if the B.B.C. wish to use them for this purpose.

No contributions will be returned.

The closing date for contributions to the talk on September 24 is Monday, September 2. The names of the accepted contributors will be given in *The Radio Times* issue of September 2.

Letters should be addressed to Household, B.B.C., and marked 'Recipes' in the left-hand margin.

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Wednesday's Programmes cont'd (Aug. 15)

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

(491 B.M. 810 K.C.)

THEY HAVE NOW THE MIDNIGHT WINTER OTHERWISE STATED.

40 PALLAS, THE PALLAS OPERA
from the Royal Theatre

50 THE B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA
Personally conducted by JACK PAYNE

5.45 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR (From Birmingham)
Fanny, Wooty, Betsy and Others, by Id on
Ray. Tossy will Entertain. 'The Silvery
Sovereign,' by William Haynes. Songs by JOHN
ARMSTRONG

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

6.45 Light Music

DOROTHY STANTON LEE and JAMES TOPPING (Tenor in Songs and Dances)
THE SEVEN DANCE

Octet
Valse Symphe
Blue Eyes Massenet

DOROTHY STANTON LEE
Don't come in, air please Cyril Scott
The fields are full Armstrong (Gibbs)

JAMES TOPPING
A Dream of Spring Banstock
The Star James Rogers

Octet
Gipsy Suite Coleridge Taylor
Chorus of Gipsies Song of the Gipsy Girl
Gipsy Dance

DOROTHY STANTON LEE and JAMES TOPPING
O lovely night Landon Ronald
Mountain Lovers Squire

Octet
Ronde Capricieuse Mendelssohn
Muted Strings Martin Uhl

JAMES TOPPING
Oh, lovely rose Quilter

DOROTHY STANTON LEE
My Lovely Celia Monro, arr. Luna Wilson

JAMES TOPPING and DOROTHY STANTON LEE
Sweet is the Air Sullivan

Octet
Ballet Music from 'Coppelia' Debussy

6.50 A Reading from R. L. Stevenson by Mr.
PAUL CAVANAGH

8.30 'A TABLOID
A Tragic Farce by ARTHUR ECKERSLEY
(From Birmingham)

Sherwood, a dramatist
Knight his friend
Thordike an old actor
The action takes place in Sherwood
Sherwood is furnished flat about the age of
The action is the centre of the room
Incidental Music by
THE MIDLAND PIANOFORTE TRIO

9.0 A Light Programme
From Birmingham,
THE LONDON AND NEWCASTLE
ORCHESTRA
(Leader, FRANK CASTELL)
Conductor, J. H. BAKER

Overture, 'Fingals Cave' Mendelssohn

MENDELSSOHN'S Overture, an inspiration
from his visit to the wonderful cave in
the Isle of Staffa, has been known by various
names. On the first copy of the score, written
at Rome in 1830, the piece is entitled 'The Lonely
Island'. A second copy (an amended score) bears
the name 'The Hebrides'. The name by which
the Overture is usually known is that given
in the programme. The opening theme came into
the composer's mind as he was rowed into the
grotto cave.

HARDY WILLIAMSON (Tenor) and Orchestra
Recit., 'Hell is raging in my' (from
'Hobson')
Air, 'E'en the shepherd with' (from
'Hobson')
'flock went in number' Handel

ORCHESTRA
Suite of Ballet Music Goring Thomas
HARDY WILLIAMSON
Black Roses
To Evening
Twilight Fancies
To the Queen of my heart
Darius

ORCHESTRA
Mimosa, 'My Lady Lavender'
March from 'Tambour' Wagner

10.00 WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS
BULLETIN

10.15 DANCE MUSIC: THE PROBABLY
PLAYERS directed by M. NICHOLS, and the
LONDON AND NEWCASTLE ORCHESTRA from the
PROMENADE

11.0-11.15 THE NEW PRINCES OF THE NEW
ALFREDO'S BAND from the New

Wednesday's Programmes continued on page 26

A Private Income— Not a Salary

£400 A YEAR FOR LIFE— FOR YOU!

Think of it! Not a salary de-
manding daily work at the office,
but a private income to be paid
to you every year as long as
you live.

And when you are qualifying
for it—it begins at age 55—
there's full protection for your
family; £3,200, plus accumulated
profits, will be paid to them
in the event of your death.
Should that be the result of an
accident, £6,400, plus the profits
will be paid. Should illness or
accident permanently prevent you
earning any kind of living, £32
a month will be paid to you until
you are 55, when the £400 a year
becomes due.

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substantial amount of Income-
Tax—a big consideration in itself.

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means of a plan devised by the
Sun Life of Canada—the great
Annuity Company with Govern-
ment supervised assets exceeding
£82,000,000.

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to any age and for any amount.
It brings independence within the
reach of tens of thousands of
men, who, otherwise, would be
compelled to go on working till
the end of their days.

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To J. E. JUNKIN (Manager),
SUN LIFE ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA,
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I enclose a sum of £
per
to be paid to me for my life, or to my wife or my children or my estate for my life.

Name
Address
Occupation

A 10/6

Exact date of birth

Signature



The Slydel Octet will take part in the concert of Light Music from 5GB this afternoon.

Wednesday's Programmes continued (August 15)

5WA CARDIFF. 353 M. 850 KC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

4.0 THE STATION TROUPE

FRANK THOMAS (Violin), RONALD H. (Violoncello), HUBERT P. (Piano)

CLARENCE DAVIES (Piano)

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FRANK THOMAS (Violin)

CLARENCE DAVIES (Piano)

5PY PLYMOUTH. 400 M. 750 KC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

An All English Day, dating from 1886

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 S.B. from London (9.45 Midweek Sports)

9.50-11.0 Ballads and Plays

MABEL CRISP (Soprano)

Sing Merrily today

Sing of a Nightingale

His Dawn has a Song

With Wife

A Drama by MICHAEL HOGAN and MABEL CRISP

Presented by THE MICROPHONES

Characters

Beth Hardstone (aged fifty)

Charles Nation

The Stranger

Margaret Blount (aged fourteen)

Molly Seymour

A seventeenth century drama in which 'the unexpected' plays a prominent part. The scene is the kitchen of Stoncroft Farm, Devonshire, in the year 1607, twelve years after the Monmouth Rebellion.

MABEL CRISP

Brown Eyes I love

Bird songs at eventide

Little Lady of the Moon

Aunt Maria's Wireless

A Sketch by MABEL CONSTANTINOS

Presented by THE MICROPHONES

Characters

Mr. Jenkins

Mr. Jones

Harry (a Wireless Expert)

Aunt Maria

Emmerdale

To enjoy to the full this sympathetic little Comedy, listeners must pay an imaginary visit to the Front Parlour of Mrs. Jenkins' house, where the good lady is regarding with dismay the arrival of an Unknown Quantity of Wireless Set.

MABEL CRISP

A blackbird's Song

The valent all are still

I hear a thrush at eve

There are Fairies at the bottom of our Garden

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.45 Local Announcements)

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.45 Local Announcements)

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.45 Local Announcements)

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6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.45 Local Announcements)

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.45 Local Announcements)

515 THE CHURCH. 383 G.M. 780 KC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

An All English Day, dating from 1886

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 S.B. from London (9.45 Local Announcements)

9.50-11.0 Ballads and Plays

MABEL CRISP (Soprano)

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MABEL CRISP

A blackbird's Song

The valent all are still

I hear a thrush at eve

There are Fairies at the bottom of our Garden

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.45 Local Announcements)

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.45 Local Announcements)

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6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.45 Local Announcements)

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.45 Local Announcements)

5SX 284.1 M. 1,020 KC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

4.0 A Concert

THE STATION TROUPE

D. JONES (Pianoforte), MORGAN LLOYD (Violin), GWILYM THOMAS (Violoncello)

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

For West Wales Girl guides

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 S.B. from London (9.45 Local Announcements)

9.50-11.0 S.B. from Cardiff

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.45 Local Announcements)

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.45 Local Announcements)

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.45 Local Announcements)

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6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.45 Local Announcements)

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6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.45 Local Announcements)

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.45 Local Announcements)

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.45 Local Announcements)

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5NG NOTTINGHAM. 275.2 M. 1,020 KC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

For West Wales Girl guides

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.45 Local Announcements)

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.45 Local Announcements)

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.45 Local Announcements)

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

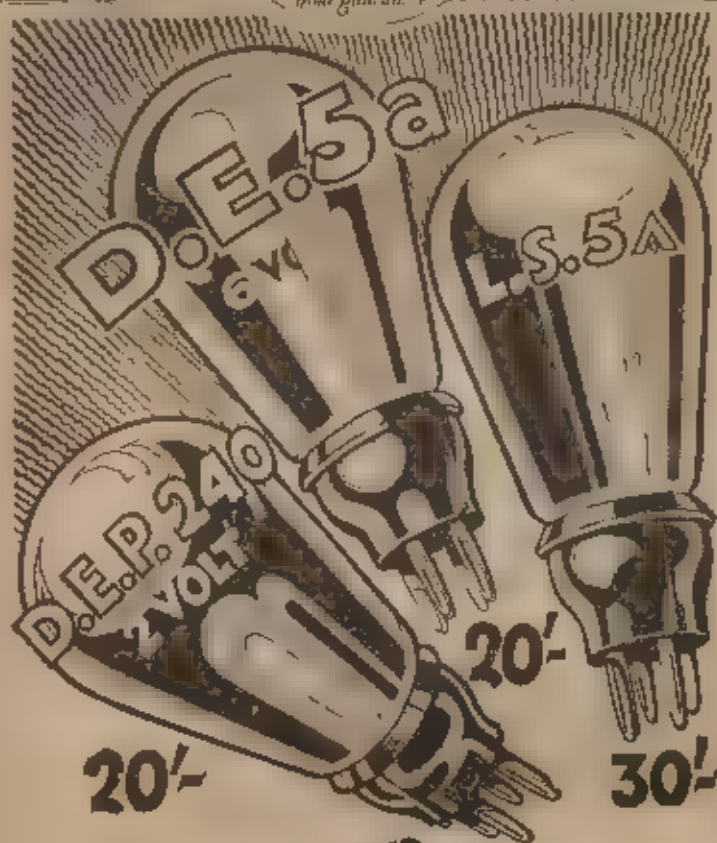
6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.45 Local Announcements)

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

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G.E.C.
Electric

ELECTRICAL



SUPER POWER with PERFECT PURITY

Power valves that are eminently suitable for Horn Speakers are not good enough for modern Cone or Coil driven Speakers that are extremely critical to imperfections in the set, particularly to overloading of the last valve.

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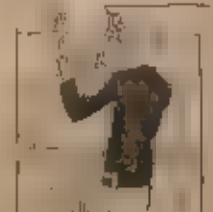
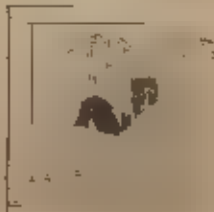
MADE IN
ENGLAND



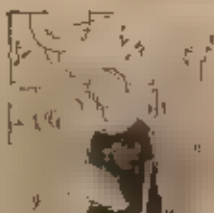
Sing a song of old times in your H.T.
Not and not to be so much as a song, today
When a song is sung in a song, today
Perfected and perfect, and perfect



Aggy had a Wireless Set
In a room in a house
And every day she'd Aggy went
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Thursday's Programmes cont'd (August 16)

SWA CARDIFF. 385 M. 850 KC.

3.5 London Programme relayed from Daventry

4.0 An Orchestral Concert
THE NATIONAL ORCHESTRA OF WALES
Conducted by REGINALD REDMAN
Overture to 'The Mastersingers' Wagner
FRANCIS BOWEN (Contralto) and Orchestra
The Third Song of Lohr ('The Snow Maiden')
..... Kennedy, Kesteven

ORCHESTRA
'Unfinished' Symphony Schubert

FRANCIS BOWEN
Spring Wakes Bacharach
The Wild Rose Schubert
The Lady Bird Schubert

ORCHESTRA
The Lullaby Paganini
Overture to 'The First Cockade' Strauss



DICK TYBB.

the comedian, will broadcast from Cardiff this evening at 7.30. He took part also in Manchester's Variety programme last night at 9.50, and on Tuesday he figured in the Vaudeville programme from London and Daventry at 8.30.

FRANCIS BOWEN
Lament of Isis Bontock
The Earl of Moray Malcolm Lawson
To People who have Grief Kennedy, Fraser and Mucloot

ORCHESTRA
'Neil Gwyn' Dances German

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 S.B. from London

6.45 Girl Gossies: Miss HELEN BEVERIDGE
Signalling

7.0 S.B. from London

7.30 DICK TYBB
(Comedian)

7.45 An Arabian Night
THE STATION ORCHESTRA
Oriental Suite, 'The Khayyam of Omar Khayyam'
..... Cameron
FRED KESTER (Tenor)
The Mountains of Allah Gosh
An Eastern Lament Cyril Scott
RICHARD BARBON
A Reading from 'The Arabian Nights'

ORCHESTRA
A Desert Romance Kennedy
Arabian Dance Kennedy
The Garden of Eden
The Late Player, Mansour Akhras Appa
to the State

ORCHESTRA
Oriental Serenade Herbert
Snake Dance Herbert
RICHARD BARBON
A Reading from 'Omar Khayyam', (Fitzgerald)
LESTER STEINER
Two Songs of the Desert Kennedy
Eastern Lullaby; Warrior's Love Song

ORCHESTRA
Three Eastern Sketches Howard
In the Bazaar—Morning; Interior—After
noon; The Dance—Evening

8.15 12.0 S.B. from London (9.45 Local An-
nouncements)

SSX SWANSEA. 284.1 M. 1,020 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

7.30 S.B. from Cardiff

9.15 12.0 S.B. from London (9.45 Local An-
nouncements)

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 316.1 M. 970 KC.

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 12.0 S.B. from London (9.45 Local An-
nouncements)

SPY PLYMOUTH. 400 M. 750 KC.

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
Rhymes in Music and Verse

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 S.B. from London

7.30 A SONG RECITAL
by ALEXANDER McQUEEN (Tenor)
Phyllis has such charming graces
Young, art Lane Wilson
My lovely Cole Morris, art Lane Wilson
Four Scottish Songs:
MacGregor's Gathering Lee
Oh, open the door Poem by Burns
The Laird o' Cockpen Poem by Lady Nairn
O' a' the Airts Poem by Burns
O mair was that
Love a Philosophy

8.0 12.0 S.B. from London (9.45 Local An-
nouncements)

SNG NOTTINGHAM. 276.2 M. 1,000 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

8.0 A Concert.
DAVID LILLMAN (Violin); DAVID BEARSON
(Piano); MAJORIE EDGAR (Entertainer)
BITTER BY MALE VOICE CHORUS, conducted by
WALTER COOKE
CHORUS
Strike the lyre Cooke
Torn the Piper's Song Kennedy
Drink to me only art. Elliott Button

VARICOSE VEINS

Q: 5. Person wearing a white undershirt and dark pants. The person is looking down and appears to be looking at the ground.

Compi-Venza

[illegible]

SEPARATE FITTING ROOMS FOR LADIES
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5WA CARDIFF. 353 M.
8524CSSX SWANSEA 294 IM.
1.010 KC.

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 326.940,
320.40

30-11-9 S.B. from London (8.45 Local An
agreements

Friday's Programmes cont'd (August 17)

5PY PLYMOUTH. 400 M. 750 KC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
5.15 The Children's Hour
in which are found two stories
'The Furies of the Hill' from Collins' Children's Annual
The Black Tabor Evening Service
6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
6.30-11.0 S.B. from London 9.45 Football & Events and Local Announcements

5NC NOTTINGHAM. 276.2 M. 900 KC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
4.0 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 9.45 Local Announcements

6ST STOKE. 384.1 M. 1070 KC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
5.15 The Children's Hour
A Charming Weather (Mendison) Programme
It don't do nothing but rain Rules
What a lovely winter Rules
What a lovely day Rules
The Brown Umbrella Rules
6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
6.30-11.0 S.B. from London 9.45 Local Announcements

2ZY MANCHESTER. 384.5 M. 780 KC.

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
5.0 No. 101 a Japanese Love Story written and told by ALAN GUY
5.15 The Children's Hour
The Beginning of a Tour across Europe
Conducted by Uncle Philip
I, Crossing the Channel
The King's Highway .. Enchaps Martin
Song by HARRY HOPKINSON
Where I am ..
If I could go anywhere ..
Song by BERTY WHEATLEY
6.0 ORCHESTRAL MUSIC
Relay from the Theatre Royal
6.30 S.B. from London
6.45 THE SPIRIT OF MUSIC (Continued with director by MURPHY DUNE)
7.0 S.B. from London 9.45 Local Announcements

9.45 B.B.C. PROMENADE CONCERT
PART II
MR HENRY WOOD
Relayed from the Queen's Hall, London
Santo L. Arlenhouse
OTARA SKERNA and Piano
I know a Bank ..
Praise ye the Lord
HARRY BAINBRIDGE (Bass)
Last to me, Rosebud
Song of the Sea ..
Gopak The Pagan Sorotchinsk ..
Mousbergsky

10.30 HARRY GREY (Bass)

Ticken the Strings
10.45-11.0 S.B. from London

Other Stations.

5NO NEWCASTLE. 375.5 M. 880 KC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
4.0 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 9.45 Local Announcements

5SC GLASGOW. 405.3 M. 740 KC.

4.0 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 9.45 Local Announcements

2BD ABERDEEN. 600 M. 600 KC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
4.0 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 9.45 Local Announcements

2BE BELFAST. 700 M. 800 KC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
4.0 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 9.45 Local Announcements

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PROGRAMMES for SATURDAY, August 18

2LO LONDON and 5XX DAVENTRY

(321.4 m. 830 kc.)

(1,604.2 m. 187 kc.)

10.15 a.m. The
Daily Service

10.30 The Ten Minute Signal for
Weather Forecast

10.20 T. D. MARGARET HOLLOWAY LADIES
THE VOICES

3.30 Some Light Music
FLORENCE LONG, mezzo-soprano
TOPHER GREENS (Baritone)
THE WALLACE ORCHESTRA
Conducted by JOHN ARSELI

11.15 The Holiday Overture Patrick H. H.

FLORENCE LONG
Tune Quilter
All my very own Barbara Motte Hope
The Wagon Song Let us
The Owl Let us

11.45 The Opening Birds. In Full Bloom
Serenade Pam Andersen

On the Road to Zug-a-Zug Frank

TOPHER GREENS
Tune
Shepherd, see they home's coming
Maiden arr. Korbay

ON HILTON
Selection from 'Blue Eyes' Kert
Intermission, 'Maconettes' For

12.15 The Bard's Song (from 'The Immortal Hour')
Love went a-riding Frank Bridge

ORCHESTRA
Tune 'Pantomime' Schytte
Tune 'Pantomime' Schytte
and Funks

FLORENCE LONG
Pur Diva A. Lotti, edited by Alberte Randegger
May Day Sterndale Bennett
Thou'rt like a lovely flower Schumann

ORCHESTRA
Dance des Bohemiens Godard
Overture Anst

ON HILTON
Waltz, 'Love and Spring'
Second Suite, 'Egyptian Ballet' Lingiri

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.
Selections from Gilbert and Sullivan's Operas played by The

Koko the Thugumabob, an
other Whimsical Story by
Ar hony Armstrong specially
put into dialogue form for the
Children's Hour

6.0 Musical Interlude

6.30 THE NEWS GREENWICH
GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.45 GEORGE BAKER (Baritone)

7.0 Mr. BASIL MAINE: 'New
Week's Broadcast Music'



Mr. GEORGE F. ALLISON

well remembered as the man through whose eyes
millions of listeners have seen the Cup Finals,
will this evening presage the advent of the foot-
ball season with a talk on prospects for next year

7.15 THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC

VIOLIN & PIANO MUSIC

Played by JOHANNES STOCKMANN

7.25 Mr. GEORGE F. ALLISON: 'Prospects for the
Football Season' S.B. from Newcastle

IN his capacity as a Director of the well-known
Arsenal team, Mr Allison can be relied
upon to know his subject thoroughly from every
angle. The simultaneous return of Football
is one of the few permanent consolations for the
early return of Autumn

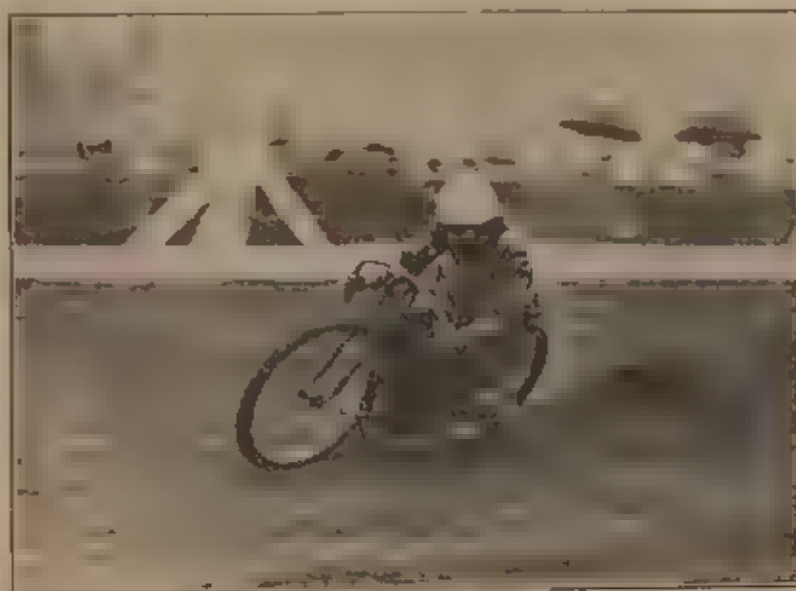
7.45 A VIOLIN RECITAL

by

ALBERT SAMMONS

FINEST LOVE (Pianoforte)

First Movement of Sonata in C Minor Grieg
Le fies aux cheveux de lin (The girl with the
flaxen hair) Debussy, arr. Hartmann
Must Brahms
Hejre, Kati! (Hillo, Kati!) Hubay
Waltz in A Brahms, arr. Hockstain
Rigaudon Montigny, arr. Franko



O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O!

A real speed thrill on the cinder track, as an Australian crack does a spectacular
corner slide. A running commentary on the evening's racing at Stamford Bridge will
be broadcast at 9.50 tonight.

GRIGOR'S feet were first
set on the path of
the violinist's life
when, the Violinist

whose influence we owe a good many of our
ly effective Violin pieces that Grieg wrote. He
attempted few large-scale works, and when he used
the Sonata scheme, one finds, usually, that he has
simply written three very effective and quite
simply constructed pieces, very charming, but
not essentially built up into one homogeneous
work. He is a most always at his best in short
lyrical pieces. This Sonata suite, in its First
Movement, at greater intensity of feeling than
most of his other works

HEJRE, Kati! (Hillo, Kati!) is one of a
series of Scenes from the Ullsten, the
first of which is 'Hillo, Kati!' originally
written for a play and it is significant that it
is in the form of a play and that it is a play

The play is a play divided into sections,
a slow portion, the Lullaby, being followed by
one or more quick measures, called Friskos.

Hejre, Kati! is constructed after this fashion.
Hubay (born 1858) has taught a great many
of the best known violinists—Sziggy on Verony,
and our own Lady d'Aranyi among others. He
is Director of the Royal High School for Music
at Budapest.

8.15 VARIETY

JOHN THORNTON (Baritone)

In Songs of Childhood by Doris Rowley and
Kerath Wright

Accompanied by THE QUINCY

HAROLD SCOTT and ELBA LANCASTER

In Old Time Music Hall Songs and Duets

MICHAEL SHERBROOK (Piano and Recitation)

ANN STEPHENSON and J. HURST LEBLIE

In a sketch,

WHY TAKE A RISK

ANONA WIFE (American Songs and Light Ballads)

THE PARKINGTON QUINCY

9.30 WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS
BULLETIN; Local Announcements, 'Dacentry
only' through Forecast

9.50 Music and Thrills

THE PARKINGTON QUINCY

And a running Commentary on
the Cinder Track Race Meeting

At Stamford Bridge

Under the Auspices of the Motor
Track Racing Association,
Limited

Relayed from Stamford Bridge

THE greyhound racing motor-
cyclist racing on cinder tracks
is a recent importation into this
country and one that has im-
mediately won the enthusiasm
of English sports-lovers. The
thrills of the 'dirt track'
racing in the strange white rays
of the floodlights, where the
crack riders come roaring and
skidding round the hairpin bends,
have gripped the Londoner
thoroughly and Stamford Bridge
has become the home of the best racing and the
London headliner of the
of the track, has added an
excitement to his list. Tonight these
thrills will be communicated
to the great body
of the men who live out of
reach of Stamford Bridge.

10.30-12.0 DANCE MUSIC:
THE SAVOY ORPHEANS and THE
SAVOY BAND, from the Savoy
Hotel

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WORLD-RADIO

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EVERY FRIDAY 2d

Saturday's Programmes cont'd (August 18)

5WA CARDIFF. 850 KC.

- 3.30 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 BLANCHER LEWIS: 'A Koran School in Malaya'
7.15 S.B. from London
7.25 A. S. BROWN: 'Current Sports Gossip'
7.45 S.B. from London
9.45 B.B.C. T. MENAGE CONCERT
S.B. from Daventry Experimental
10.30 Local Announcements (Sports Bulletin)
10.35-12.0 S.B. from London



A MALAY KITCHEN.

In her talk from Cardiff this evening Miss Blanche Lewis will describe a Koran School in Malaya, where all the students cook their own meals in the open, in the same way as the Malays shown in the picture above.

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

- 3.30 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. W. H. EVANS: Glimmer County Cricket Topics
7.15 S.B. from London
7.25 S.B. from Newcastle (See London)
7.45 S.B. from London
9.45 B.B.C. T. MENAGE CONCERT
S.B. from Daventry Experimental
10.30 Local Announcements; Sports Bulletin
10.35-12.0 S.B. from London

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 328.1 MC. 1,020 KC.

- 3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry
6.30 S.B. from London
7.25 S.B. from Newcastle (See London)
7.45-12.0 S.B. from London (9.45 Local Announcements; Sports Bulletin)
5PY PLYMOUTH. 400 MC. 750 KC.
3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry
5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
'Koko the Thingumbob' (Anthony Armstrong)
Llanfyllter Interference by LOUIE BAWDEN
6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
6.30 S.B. from London
7.25 S.B. from Newcastle (See London)
7.45-12.0 S.B. from London (9.45 Items of Naval Information; Sports Bulletin; Local Announcements)

5NG NOTTINGHAM. 275.1 MC. 1,000 KC.

- 3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry
5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
'Round the World in a Big Drum,' music by ADA RICHARDSON and W. RATCLIFFE. 'The Colour of the Drum' (Valerie Smith)
6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
6.30 S.B. from London
7.25 S.B. from Newcastle (See London)
7.45-12.0 S.B. from London (9.45 Local Announcements; Sports Bulletin)

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

- 3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry
5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
'Koko the Thingumbob' (Anthony Armstrong), with what-if-you-can-sing-it Music by THE STATION TROOP
6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
6.30 S.B. from London
7.25 S.B. from Newcastle (See London)
7.45-12.0 S.B. from London (9.45 Local Announcements; Sports Bulletin)

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.

What the Other Listener Thinks.

Appreciation and Criticism Selected from the Editor's Mail.

I ENTIRELY AGREE with Mr. Morton's suggestion regarding broadcasting sounds. One can easily imagine these things if we hear the actual sound, and I am sure more of them would be much appreciated. You may have tried some of these (I am only a 'young' listener), but may I suggest—Milton Fair—or Nottingham Goose Fair—Trooping the Colour—The Zoo—anyway, I am sure listeners would appreciate any actual ceremony that is as all possible from your point of view—it is the only chance many of us will ever have of 'seeing' these events, much as one would like to.—S. E. Banbury.

THE ordinary workman's tastes are not high-brow. We like songs with a common appeal, and less of the 'cuboon' and 'sweet little' stuff. 'Little Brown Jug,' 'Old Stable Jacket,' etc. are miles ahead.—G. B. B. Fleetwood.

I AM a Southerner, now living in an industrial village among the Yorkshire hills.

One member of our family is left behind in London and we see her but seldom. Every day, at noon, I turn on the wireless for the mere pleasure of hearing the boom of Big Ben, feeling that she, too, is most probably hearing the same sound.—W. E. B. Meltham, nr. Huddersfield.

ALLOW me to express my agreement with another listener whose remarks appear in today's issue, that 'people are too fussy.' If any listener does not appreciate chamber music or any other particular class of item, he need not listen to it: there is plenty of choice for all varieties of taste. Personally, I find the chamber music, and especially that of the older composers, the most satisfactory thing in the programmes; and I have no doubt so do many other listeners who don't think it necessary to write and say so. Why such

music should be supposed to be 'intended to represent' anything but itself, I do not understand. If I remember right, Mendelssohn, on being asked what his 'Songs without Words' meant, replied that 'they meant what they said.'—A. T. M. Headington, Oxon.

TO my mind, the trouble with the B.B.C. is that it provides entertainment too cheaply. If people had to pay for it a sum comparable with that paid for any other form of entertainment, the B.B.C. would get the appreciation that is its due. I have dabbled in wireless since 1919. Then we used to sit waiting for sounds that did not come, afraid almost to breathe in case the point came off the carborandum, and not knowing whether the set was out of order, or whether there was 'nothing about.' Now we can turn on music as easily as we can turn on water—and pay less for it.—F. H. B., East Ham, E.C.

THE curse of radio is the habit of turning on a loud-speaker like a gas-fire. I have played bridge to it, and when my frenzy became apparent to my host he turned it lower.—A. N., Richmond-on-Thames.

SOMETIMES we have alarming contrasts in the same evening. The worst was an Act from *Akha* between two interludes of variety, and no one can enjoy great music and horribly amusing 'turns' in (forgive me) absurd juxtaposition. But what is ten shillings?—J. M., Halifax.

HOW refreshing to enjoy opera without being disturbed by the singer's bad acting or unimpressive presence; to revel in a symphony concert minus the crackling of programmes, eating of chocolates, or the stertorous breathing of one's neighbours; or be whirled away by the lilt of a dance orchestra without being introduced to impossible

people, spending hours in an oppressive atmosphere and seeing all the pantomime of modern dancing.—B. C., Ipswich.

IN the concert hall a singer sings three songs. Between each song she must bow her acknowledgments to the applause, smile, toy with her music, and so on. In the broadcasting studio, however, the singer has no sooner finished her last top note than she must take a deep breath and burst into her next song without delay. The listener, who may have enjoyed the song, is given no opportunity of dwelling on it and properly appreciating its beauty—unless he switches off. The same hurry is evident in almost all the programmes, and when no other noise is available someone huddles on the studio piano.—H. C., Southsea.

THOUGH on the whole pleased with the broadcast programmes, I should like to venture one word of constructive criticism with regard to the opera broadcast from Covent Garden. I think the B.B.C. make a mistake in filling up the short interval with items from the studio. It completely spoils the atmosphere of the opera, and it would be far better to leave the listeners at the Opera House to hear the applause and enthusiasm of the audience.—L.P.T., Manchester.

THE marvel is that the responsible department can arrange such a variety of items day after day, week in and week out, and I am certain there is not a professional producer in the country who could do the same for any hall, or halls, of entertainment. There are certainly some programmes of the past which have stuck to our memory, and which we should love to hear again; but I think the whole trouble is, we get too much for our money. Given less, we would appreciate it the more.—A. S., Dundee.

Publications Subscriptions Scheme.

The B.B.C. has instituted a subscription scheme for the convenience of listeners who wish to avoid the trouble of applying for individual pamphlets from time to time. The scheme only applies to the pamphlets mentioned below, and listeners may subscribe for any of the series, or inclusively for all of them. The names of forthcoming pamphlets and other relevant details will be published in 'The Radio Times' and elsewhere from time to time.

AIDS TO STUDY PAMPHLETS. Autumn 1928

FIRST HALF OF SESSION Ready shortly

- 'Mechanics in Daily Life' (Illustrated) by Dr. Alex Wood.
- 'Life in Roman Britain' (Illustrated) by Major Gordon Home.
- 'Some Ideas and Ideals of World Religions' by Dr. E. S. Waterhouse.
- 'America To-day' (Illustrated) by Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe.

SECOND HALF SESSION.

- 'Science in the Modern World' (Illustrated), by Professor E. N. da C. Andrade.
- 'Modern Britain in the Making' (Illustrated), by Mr. G. D. H. Cole.
- 'Tendencies in Industry Today,' by Lord Melchett, Mr. W. M. Ottino, Mr. H. D. Henderson, Major Walter Elliot, M.P., Miss Lynda Gray, Sir Herbert Samuel, M.P.
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