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Broadcasting and International Relations.

IN what way may broadcasting be used to improve the relations between the various nationalities of Europe and the New World?

They need improving; for if there is one point in which the hopes of our fathers have been more bitterly disappointed than in another, it is in what used to be called 'the brotherhood of nations' or 'the citizenship of the world.' There was a time when Christendom was one, and when what are now wholly separate peoples with utterly distinct mentalities, let alone languages, were but provinces of what was essentially a united civilization. Today we are groping back desperately to that better state of affairs; but we do not seem to be reaching it. We seem to be getting further away.

The first thing to be noted in this connection, I think, is that there are two quite distinct evils to be considered. The first is misunderstanding, and the second is lack of sympathy. Too many people imagine that the second is a result of the first. I confess that in my experience of travel it is not so. Nations do not like each other the better merely by knowing more about each other at random.

For instance, the more a Frenchman learns of English legal procedure, the more he dislikes it; and the more an Englishman learns of French legal procedure, the more he dislikes it. When, therefore, we are tackling the problem of how broadcasting may lessen these two evils, we must begin by keeping them quite distinct; and from this I would draw my first rule, which is that it should aim at lessening misunderstanding, but *not* aim at lessening antipathies. Only time, and a very gradual re-outing of our common civilization, can do that. Thus, when you have noted that some particular contrast between two particular nations is a source of irritation, avoid that contrast.



BROADCASTING AND THE FUTURE

This striking article by Mr. Hilaire Belloc is the first of our new series, 'Broadcasting and the Future,' which has been specially written by well-known authors for *The Radio Times*. This series endeavours to cover all the most important areas which are likely to be particularly affected by the continual development of Broadcasting.

The second article of the series, to appear in next week's issue, is by the Rev. Archibald Fleming, D.D., who writes on 'Broadcasting and the Future of Religion.'

You will not lessen it by attempting to rationalize it. For instance, you will not make an Italian fonder of England by telling him all about the English parliamentary system. He has come to loathe parliamentarians with an intensity incomprehensible to most of us. Nor will you make Italy sympathetic to the Englishman by dwelling upon the advantages of government by one man. To Englishmen the thing is frankly incomprehensible, and the more you dwell upon it the less they like it.

Next I suggest that of the greatest value in removing misunderstanding is the propagation of facts rather than of opinions. And facts must be selected with an eye to the audience to which they are to be presented. For instance, to take the special case of Italy and England, nothing would be of more value in making an Italian understand modern England than a description of the loyal reception given to Their Majesties throughout all the social friction of our time. There has been no exception to this loyalty, and it is most striking. Again, nothing will make an Englishman understand why Italians are so enthusiastic for their new régime than a description of the great material works it has accomplished. For example, the magnificent new arterial roads.

It is in general my experience that when you try to bring the modern separated nations together by exchanges of opinions or ideas intimate to each, you only bewilder them and add to their antipathy; but facts (duly selected) are another matter. Talk of French republicanism to an English audience, and you will be at best wasting your effort, and at the worst exciting animosity, as you will if you praise English criminal procedure or English village life to a French audience. But tell a French audience what very few French audiences

(Continued overleaf.)

really know, the actual figures of the English effort during the war, or tell an English audience, with figures and instances, what the French have done in the way of putting the battlefields into cultivation again, and you will have an effect worth having.

From this it follows, I think, that the attempt to lessen the differences between nations by broadcasting must be particular rather than general. You will not get your effect by addressing the world at large, but by directing a specially selected effort towards the particular audience you are addressing. And this will be my third rule in the matter: that the man or corporation making the attempt should say to themselves at the outset, not 'I am telling the world,' but 'I am telling this particular group of people'—and, above all, do not tell them things which they already know, or which they think they already know.

My fourth rule would be this: Consider the particular idiom, that is, the method

of thought, and, of course, the terminology, of the people you are addressing. Suppose, for instance, you want to have an effect upon the French mind in explaining England in connection with the war. It would not be of much use to give them mere figures of the men mobilized: they know these already, and they have in their own country more than a hundred years of familiarity with much larger military figures. But point out that this vast force was made out of nothing, so to speak. As, for instance, the growth of the heavy artillery. I think no one on the Continent conceived it to be possible that heavy gunners could be trained to such a level of excellence with such rapidity out of purely civilian conditions. I do not know, without turning to a book of reference, what the exact co-efficient here was, but I think it was 900 per cent. in two years—perhaps it was a great deal more, certainly not less. A thing like that would impress the French enormously.

Or again, take the converse case of the French re-establishment of agriculture on the battlefields. If the French want to tell the English about that they must remember that they are talking to an urban population, and they must give instances which an urban population will understand. They must give comparisons with English counties, saying that the arable area restored is equivalent to such and such English counties put together: giving the pace and cost (in pounds) of rebuilding of houses, and so forth. And obviously they must give their information in English terms of acres and of miles and currency, not in French terms. The point may seem elementary, but I have seen it neglected in the Press of both countries continually.

These are the general considerations that occur to me when I review this very interesting and suggestive opportunity, and I cannot but believe that it is by keeping to such limitations that good may be done.

Poetry: Reading or Hearing?

In the following article Mr. Edward Shanks gives his reasons for claiming that we should no longer be content to read poetry. Poems, in his opinion, should be heard rather than read.

NOT much more than a hundred years ago, it would have been thought absurd to discuss the desirability of reviving popular appreciation of poetry—by which, for the purposes of this argument, I mean the expression of feeling in verse. Some men had always written poetry and the rest had always read it—or listened to it. There were, no doubt, exceptions; there were also exceptional men who did not share the normal human interest in, say, eating and drinking. There were differences of appreciation, the educated man preferring one sort of poetry, the ploughman another. But it was taken for granted, and had been since the beginning of civilization, that poetry, in the limited sense which I have defined, was a natural part of life.

Then, in the course of the nineteenth century, there was a change. An attempt to explain how and why it came about would involve writing the history of an epoch. But we can say in general terms that the general public became distrustful of, or indifferent to, any matter expressed in verse. The extent to which this has happened can be, and very often is, exaggerated. The generality of mankind continues to have an almost superstitious respect for rhyme and metre. It hands limericks about; it has its fancy caught by a rhyming advertisement; and it regards, almost as savages regard a wizard, the individual who happens to have the knack of versifying. But it has come to think that, save in exceptional cases, serious feeling expressed in verse will be too difficult for enjoyment. The deplorable consequences of this hardly need to be emphasized. There are millions of people who, because of a delusion, sacrifice a pleasure which might be theirs, and the poet cannot resist an intermittent feeling that he is working in an

art from which the main current of real life has turned aside. All suffer together, unless we are to suppose that poetry actually has ceased to be a natural part of life.

If we are to discover a remedy for this state of affairs, we must first inquire what it is in poetry that presents so repellent and difficult an appearance to the ordinary man. It is, I think, the fact that the reading of verse requires a special art just as does the writing of it. The poet expresses what he feels by the sound of words as well as by their meaning—otherwise, there would be no sense in using verse at all. But the ordinary man, untrained as to the purpose of these devices, finds them, not helps to a wider meaning, but so many obstacles between him and the bare literal meaning. It is as if one were musician enough to distinguish the tunes of a symphony by reading the score, but thought the orchestration to be no better than a hindrance in the way. The continuation in the woodwind of a melody begun by the strings would then seem only a purposeless added difficulty.

We know better, of course, than to approach music in this fashion. The most accomplished musician does not think reading a score anything but a poor substitute for hearing a performance. But we have, in some odd way, allowed poetry to get into much the state that music would be in if there were not a musical instrument left in the world. The parallel is not exact. It is much easier for a reader of poetry than for a reader of music to hear all the necessary sounds inside his head—if he knows enough about it to divine what the poet means him to hear. The pity of it is that so many of us don't know—and so many of those who might don't take the trouble.

If we are to put new life into poetry we must get back to the beginning, we must

remember that the justification of the use of verse springs from the sounds made by the human voice. It is true that effects depending on sound are a part of prose-writing also, but prose is not so continuously dependent on them. Verse must appeal to the mind by way of the ear or lose its reason for existence. The reader to whom a phrase conveys only an image or an idea had better not read verse at all. He will get less than the full meaning, and he will encounter unnecessary difficulties in getting that.

At the beginning of what is sometimes called 'the boom in poetry' two or three years before the War, when the Poetry Bookshop and the Poetry Society were founded, this was instinctively recognized. The life of the movement was in readings, most of all when poets could be induced to read their own work. For the poet, though he may be no elocutionist—he may indeed, and often does, read very badly—knows more than anyone else and more than he can explain what he meant his own poem to sound like. I do not think I have ever heard a good poem read by the writer of it without having my own appreciation to some extent changed and to a considerable extent enriched.

This might be thought, from one point of view, a somewhat depressing reflection, since now we can never know how Shakespeare and Milton intended their poems to be heard. But it does illustrate the importance of sound and, if we often cannot arrive at the author's intention we can always approach it by our own efforts. The way of our approach lies in speaking poetry and in hearing poetry. We shall thus bring to life again those old instruments of the poetic art which have been in danger of being forgotten.



HOME, HEALTH AND GARDEN.



For Housewife and Gardener.

SINCE our Household Talks began last year there has been a large demand for copies of recipes, etc. In this weekly page it is hoped not only to meet listeners' wishes in this direction, but also to publish much helpful information on matters concerning home affairs of many kinds. From time to time we hope to publish extracts from talks on cooking and housekeeping, and on such subjects as emigration, the care of pets, and the observation of out-of-door life, and also weekly gardening hints.

We would draw your attention again to the Listeners' Talks, to which contributions are invited. Particulars will be found on page 325.

A New Salad and its Dressing.

TAKE half the heart of a white cabbage, a nice-sized, good-coloured carrot, and a small cooking onion. A piece of swede or white turnip is a good addition. Peel the onion and turnip, scrape the carrot and wash all, with the cabbage first, in salt water, then in fresh; but do not break your cabbage heart. Put to drain in a colander, and afterwards dry all with a cloth. You will need a sharp knife, a scraper such as you shred meat with, and a chopping board.

First remove the hard stem of the cabbage, then proceed to slice it up very finely, cutting the shreds if they are too long. Now take your scraper and rub down first your carrot, then the turnip, afterwards the onion—each in a separate heap. Now add to these an apple or two, peeled and either scraped or chopped. Have ready a dish. First shake into it a layer of cabbage, then sprinkle some of your scraped vegetables. Use all in such proportions that second set of layers can result, the whole piled up with the brilliant yellow of the carrot glowing on the top surface. But all has not yet been said about this salad. You will require a dressing if the mass is to be as good to the taste as it is to the eye.



Here is an inexpensive one. Take three hard-boiled eggs; after removing the whites, place the yolks in a basin with a liberal allowance of salt, pepper, a little cayenne, also a saltspoonful of mustard. You will further require a tin of sweetened condensed milk and a teaspoonful of vinegar.

Pound your dry ingredients well together and then gradually add the vinegar. When all is smooth and well mixed stir in the condensed milk, blending all thoroughly together. Now put your dressing into a wide-mouthed bottle, reserving enough in your basin for immediate use. The bottle should be well corked and put into the store cupboard. What remains in the basin should be slightly thinned down with a little water and either poured over the salad or put into a vessel on the table for guests to use as they like. The dressing in the stored bottle will need to be thinned down before use. It is good with all kinds of salads.—*Miss Kate R. Lovell, in a talk on July 20.*

Ever Thought of Going to Canada?

IN Canada I think there are tremendous opportunities for girls and women who are of the right kind. By the right kind of people I mean you who have got courage, because it does require courage to go out and find your place in a new country. Secondly, you must have determination; because there will be moments when you will find that you have got to have some grit to pull through difficult times. Then you need to be adaptable, and the quicker you settle to the work and life out in Canada, the happier you are going to be. Also, let me recommend you to take in your luggage what was of the greatest value to me, a sense of humour, because when you are setting forth on any kind of adventure, you will find that a sense of humour will cheer you and help you.

Now for the opportunities. You will already have heard of the tremendous need for domesticated girls and women. There are a lot of you who have never thought of becoming domesticated, but I think if you had been with me in my various situations last summer you would have been willing to try domestic work for at least a year. Always remember, also, that with that behind you, you need not necessarily remain in domestic occupation all your days; there are other opportunities which are only to be found by watching and waiting.

In Eastern Canada, especially in the big cities, life is very much as it is here. I went as a general with a very charming family of father, mother, three children and a nursemaid. The cooking is very simple, slightly different from ours here, but very easily learnt; and people were most reasonable about letting you go out very frequently. Once you are off duty you feel a great sense of freedom and independence, and by making friends at the Y.W.C.A. and other clubs, you will get companionship and amusement.

Then I took a job out on a prairie farm. We had a harvest gang of about ten men to feed, but the work got done somehow, and one was so much made to feel you were one of the family, and sharing in the intensely exciting experience of getting a really good crop in.

In the towns, unless you go as a home help, which means generally lower wages, you are a domestic and you have your meals on your own in the kitchen, but on the farm you are one of the family, and when they go off to a barn dance in the early summer, before the strain of the harvest begins, you go with them. Then, too, although so much is heard about loneliness out in the prairies, you will, as I did, find the neighbours are always glad to have you drop in and have tea or supper. My jobs on the farm were varied; of my own free will I undertook to milk the cow, because I liked it.

Some of you may be women going out with your families and husbands to the prairies; to you I say, let your neighbours help you with advice, as they know the ropes, and every year the Red Cross and other organizations are providing outposts, hospitals and other services to help you with your children.

I found, while on the farm, it would have been very much to my advantage had I been able to do either dressmaking or millinery, and it seems to me these are two of the opportunities which I spoke to you about before.

Shorthand-typists are not wanted in the East, nor in Vancouver, but occasionally, if they are really first-class, they will find jobs in some of the

Middle West cities. There is, to my mind, a great opening for girls who have been able to pass their matric. to go and take a training in the women's colleges which are part of the Canadian Universities. The training I mean is one of domestic science.

In British Columbia there is a tremendous outcry for well-educated girls and women who will go out to ranches in the country districts to help young married women with the house and children.

Remember, if you go, you may not like your first situation. My advice is change it and try again, but don't develop into too much of a rolling stone, or you will never get anywhere. And even if you think Canadian ways are rather curious, don't criticize them; it doesn't pay.

They do like cheerful, plucky people out there, and don't let it be said of you as a Scotswoman once remarked: "She'd seen better things crawling out of cheese than that girl."—*Miss Smith-Ryland, in a talk on May 29.*

This Week in the Garden.

THE time has now come for propagating plants required for furnishing the flower beds for next season.

Seeds of many hardy annuals—nemesophila, candytuft, godetia, larkspur, clarkia, and nigella (the variety of nigella called Miss Jekyll is a most attractive form) may now be sown out of doors on light soils, to stand the winter. It is better to sow these in lines so that the hoe can be used, rather than broadcast. Among these hardy annuals poppies should not be omitted, and the Shirley poppy will be found one of the most valuable. East Lothian stocks may be sown now if they are required for early bloom next year. It is best to sow in boxes in a cold frame or greenhouse, keeping them close to the glass, and when the seedlings are large enough to handle transplant into 3in. pots and grow on as cool as possible all the winter.

Climbing roses of the Wichitana type, which are more or less past their flowering time, should be attended to, and old wood of three years or more may be entirely removed. Vigorous growth on



which we depend for the flowers next year should be carefully arranged and tied in.

No delay should take place in making fresh plantations for strawberries. Plants that were laid in pots or turf as advised a few weeks ago will be now well rooted and may be planted in their fruiting quarters. The ground selected for this crop should be deeply trenched, manured, and given a light dusting of lime. Some people like to force strawberries, and plants for this purpose should be moved into 6in. pots and kept growing to build up good crowns before autumn. A good compost consists of three parts of good rich loam of fairly heavy texture, one part of well-decayed manure, a little bone meal, wood ashes, and lime rubble. The plants may be stood in the open on a bed of ashes, and close attention must be paid to watering.

Lettuce for winter use may now be sown in cold frames. Winter spinach may be sown on the ground cleared of early potatoes.

(Continued at foot of page 320.)



Promenade Concert.

THE Prom, to be broadcast at 8.0 p.m. on Thursday, September 8, is a popular miscellaneous programme, including the *Peer Gynt Suite No. 1*, the famous Schubert 'Unfinished,' *Symphony Espagnole*, by Lalo, and *Brigg Fair*, by Delius. Frederick Delius is one of the greatest living English composers. Theatre-goers will remember his superb settings to Flockler's *Hassan* when it was produced a few years ago at His Majesty's Theatre. His greatest composition, *A Mass of Life*, is a grand-scale religious work, hardly to be surpassed in music. Delius's father was naturalized in 1850. His son found it hard to devote himself entirely to music, as he desired, owing to his parents' opposition, and he spent some years in business in the North of England. It was only when he had persuaded his father to settle in Florida that he decided finally to make music his career, and even then his parents would not allow him to go to Germany as he wished. Accordingly he left home abruptly, and after teaching music successfully for some time in Virginia, made his way to Leipzig, ultimately settling in Paris.

Vice le Sport!

TOMMY HANDLEY, whose name is, I think, sufficient introduction, favoured me recently with a call. In his hand he carried a postcard which he passed to me with the chuckle for which he is famous. It ran as follows: 'I must tell you the following. My little boy (age eight years) at



'At breakfast.'

breakfast the other morning said, "Did Tommy Handley win the Big Fight, daddy?" I think Mr. Tunney should appreciate a charming compliment.' By the way, we are to have another Revue from Tommy Handley on September 14 from GGB, and from London the following night. Personally I shall be at home that night.

Place aux Dames.

THERE are moments when I am compelled to fear for the continued existence of my columns lest they be squeezed out altogether by the great demands on the Editor's space. Readers will notice this week a considerable increase in the size of the paper as a whole. But in particular I would advise them to give more than a casual glance at page 319, which contains a new feature, 'Home, Health and Garden.' In particular I would recommend the ladies to take advantage of a page which has been specially set aside for their requirements. The home, the health and the gardens of the nation are largely in their charming hands, and it is hoped that this page will be of some assistance in helping those hands in their many arduous duties.

BOTH SIDES OF THE MICROPHONE



'Kaleidoscope.'

JUST a reminder to discriminating listeners to make a special note of Tuesday, September 4, when the feature programme 'Kaleidoscope' is to be broadcast. No one interested in the development of Radio dramatic experiments should miss it. And in any event, whether the whole conception succeeds or fails, it contains so many individual items, in music, verse, and prose, of the highest emotional and classical value, as to be worth hearing for those alone. But do not imagine that it is 'highbrow.' Having attended two rehearsals, I can honestly affirm that its main appeal is a strongly emotional one arising from the most normal of human experiences.

A Book.

IT is seldom that one finds written in English a book that mingles symbolism and characterization successfully in the tradition of Dostoevsky. The other day I came across such a book, a novel called 'Apparition,' by F. Le Gros Clark. Mr. Le Gros Clark had the misfortune to be accidentally blinded after the Armistice, after serving through much of the war without a scratch. His novel, with its curious mixture of story and social-political argument, is a remarkable achievement.

Light Orchestral Concert.

ON Wednesday, September 5, at 7.45 p.m., listeners will hear the March from *Prince Igor* and Messager's *Hellenic Suite*. The soloist is Hugh Macklin, tenor. Andre Messager, the French operatic composer, was born in 1853. He was thoroughly moulded by his tutor, St. Saëns, who developed in him a taste for a faultless style. He was an organist of talent, and even wrote a symphony; but his fame rests on his light music. His operettas and comic operas, such as *Les Petites Miches* and *Veronique*, have had a wide popularity. As a composer he is full of melody, and is perhaps the last representative of those who wrote comic operas in the pure French tradition. Although he himself is of the classical school, he is thoroughly sympathetic with new ideas, and it was he who brought about the first performance of *Pelléas and Mélisande*, which he conducted himself.

An Author's Debut.

MEMORIES of my schooldays are a curious mixture of pleasure and of pain; and, frankly, the latter predominate. My schooldays were definitely not the happiest time of my life. But there were one or two consoling occasions, which stood out like cherries in a dreary cake—and one was the evening when for the first time I read Mr. George A. Birmingham's novel, 'Spanish Gold.' I regret to have to add that I finished it beneath the bedclothes with the aid of an electric torch after 'lights out.' It is an immortal book. And now Mr. Birmingham is to face the microphone for the first time to talk of Irish Bulls. I hope that the eventual result will be a novel even more stupendously funny than usual. But in any event what he has to say that evening is sure to be well worth hearing.

For Two Violins.

MOST of the great composers have at one time or another written sonatas for two violins. Listeners will be given the opportunity to hear several of these fine works during the week of recitals which start at 7.15 on Monday, September 3. The players will be Dorothy Churton and Cecil Bouvalet.

Bows and Arrows.

WE have often been told that Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton. I have often wondered where we really won Agincourt and Crecy. I rather hope I may find out at last in the course of the Talk on 'Archery Today,' which is to be given by Mr. W. A. Underwick at 5.0 p.m. on Friday, September 7. Mr. Underwick is a former English champion of the bow. We are inclined to rank Archery with forgotten or neglected sports like Dashing the Haber or



'Young ladies handled bows.'

Plesiosaurus shooting. In reality Archery is very much alive, though it is not at present a craze as it was in the Early Victorian era, when all young ladies handled bows as now they brandish tennis-rackets—only—dare I say it?—more gracefully.

Another National Programme.

I HEAR there is to be a Swiss National Programme on Thursday, September 12. It is the least we can do in gratitude to a country which supplies us with milk, chocolate, cows and their bells, and the finest mountain scenery in Europe—to say nothing of taking over the heartier and often rowdier sections of our tourist class for some months every year. The programme will include as many 'audible glimpses' as are possible of the national life, including music by Honegger, Delerme and Gustave Doret. There will surely be yodelling, and a recollection will be included of the famous accident that occurred during the descent of the Matterhorn by the climbers who first conquered that terrific peak. Edward Whymper had made seven abortive attempts before success crowned his efforts, and then was to see four of his companions killed before his eyes in the greatest tragedy of mountaineering in the high Alps.

Orchestral Concert.

THE Sunday Concert to be broadcast from London on September 2 at 3.30 p.m., will include works by Liszt, Weber, Gounod and Goldmark. Karl Goldmark, an Austrian by birth, was born in 1830 and lived until 1915. Starting his career in Vienna as a violinist, he first achieved attention as a composer with the overture *Salomé*, which is to be performed at this concert. His greatest success was with his opera *The Queen of Sheba*. It is full of fine melody, and is refreshingly free from some of the popular musical influences of his times. His later works were less successful, but lately there has been a distinct revival of interest in his work. The soloists at this concert are Megan Foster, soprano, and Eric Marshall, baritone. Miss Foster is already well known to listeners. The daughter of Ivor Foster, himself a singer of considerable reputation, she made her debut in 1920, since when she has rapidly established her position.



BOTH SIDES OF THE MICROPHONE



Things Seen.

I DON'T know whether I am unusually lucky—or observant—but very fairly recently I have seen three things in the midst of everyday life in London which have caused me mingled amazement and entertainment. First of all I saw one last afternoon in Knightsbridge a staff officer, complete with red hat, lats, and spurs, riding a bicycle with extreme gravity. About a week later an old man sat down opposite to me in a 'bus. He was, to put it mildly, unfashionably dressed, and was eating buns out of a newspaper. In his left eye was a moustache. My third strange vision met me this week in Regent Street just after lunch, again in a 'bus. A gentleman who had not shaved for days, to judge by appearances, kept on to my No. 15. He wore an old tweed coat covered with oil, and heavy brown boots, completing his costume with a pair of very smart black evening trousers with braid down the sides. It may be curious of me, but in each case I wondered how and why? In any case I dare swear that Dogsboddy cannot produce three equally surprising examples of curious happenings in streets.



"Riding a bicycle."

Walter Donaldson.

A SPECIAL broadcast of his works is to be given by Mr. Donaldson from London at 7.45 p.m. on September 1. He started his musical life as a pianist, but soon turned to the writing of melodies, achieving his first great 'hit' in 1913 with 'My Old Kentucky Home.' In America on August 7 a special programme of his songs was broadcast from twenty stations simultaneously. Among his best-known successes listeners will remember 'My Blue Heaven,' 'That Certain Party,' 'I wonder Where My Baby is Tonight,' and 'Beside a Babbling Brook.' So ballroom dancers, among others, owe him a considerable debt of gratitude.

Vaudeville News.

LOVERS of this branch of light entertainment are promised a treat on September 10 at 7.45. The vaudeville programme that evening will include Miss Grace Fields, fresh from her new triumphs at the St. James's Theatre; Mr. Will Evans, whom I remember as having caused me to weep most helplessly with laughter in several pantomimes; Mr. Teddy Brown and his famous xylophone; Miss Dorothy McBlane, who whistles quite marvellously through her throat; and, last but not least, Phyllis Scott and Ivan Firth. In truth an all-star bill!

Book by a Broadcaster.

AMONG the new books is 'Knee Deep in Daisies,' by Philip Mallet Wright, whom listeners will remember for his vivid 'eye-witness accounts' of the Opening of Parliament, the Installation of the Speaker, etc. It is published by Messrs. Benn at 7s. 6d. and concerns an elderly colonel whose love of children leads him into strange and disconcerting adventures.

Chamber Music.

ON Monday, September 3, at 8.15 p.m., the Brass String Quartet will give a concert of Chamber Music, with Nina Vallin (soprano) as soloist. Their programme will include Bax's Second String Quartet, and Goossens's String Quartet 1915. All music enthusiasts know Eugene Goossens both as composer and conductor, though, soon after the season of Russian Ballet which he conducted not long ago, he was attracted to the United States, like so many of the artists of the world to whom a livelihood besides their art is a necessity. He now conducts the Rochester Symphony Orchestra. Bax's music is rapidly ceasing from being termed 'highbrow,' and as it becomes more familiar is equivalently more appreciated. In his Second String Quartet, a work of great imaginative power, he displays his individuality of style as clearly as in some of his bigger orchestral works.

Tail-Pieces.

I HEAR on good authority that Dogsboddy has been compelled to retire to the Isle of Dogs for a complete rest and change. His house is shot up. His loud-speaker is dumb. His eulogaries are withered. I could feel sorry for him if it were not for all the other soundrels up and down the country who make life hideous for their neighbours by putting their loud-speakers out of doors. There are some sins beyond forgiveness. Miss Jimp writes—as usual—two postcards, from Skye and Bury St. Edmunds. 'I believe,' she says, 'in a tiny car and a portable wireles. But why is my cousin so cruel?' I have forwarded this outburst to Jimp, K.C.

"The Announcer."

Samuel Pepys, Listener.

By R. M. Freeman.

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



Aug. 1.—By carr to Gilford to brother Tom, my wife and I, to fetch brother's portable set that I am to have in comfort for my 50'. But just as I am on the doorstep with it to the carr, who comes but a fellow from the shopp where Tom had it and most rudely claims it of me—being, it seems, that brother had it of him on hire-purchase, but 2 installments unpaid, so now lapses to the shoppman. Whereby I into a pretty stew with Tom, his dishonesty in having had the hire-purchase from me; and what aggravates it is, if I had been 3 min. sooner, I should not have been cheted out of this little comfort for my 50'; which is a wicked thing.

So away, as mad as ever I was in my life, and come to Merrow. Here, leaving the carr awhile did walk with my wife upon the downs towards Newlands Corner, between the great Yew Trees on the old Pilgrims' Way, where the wild raspberries grow, and to joy ourselves of picking and eating them, both the red and the white sorts, being smaller than tame raspberries, yet not of so flat a savour, but have more tipp to them.

Presently my wife cries out that her stays have given and begin to slipp; whereby must lift her jumper to see to it. Which I cannot have her do on a publique downs and see told her. But upon her answering me, most vehemently: 'Sam, if these (meaning her stays) slipp, all slipp,' I was fain to let her have her way. So bade her cringe into the raspbury bushes, while I stand sentinel, with great trouble of mind, lest any come by before she have done tugging-upp her stays. But, by God's mercy, none did.

Aug. 2.—A letter from my wife's aunt, Letitia. She offers us her cottage in the woods at Broadmoor, by Leith Hill, to our summer holidaying, from middle August to middle September, as we so chose. My wife is for a civil refusal and voets for Eastbourne, whose ayre, says she, do suit her beyond everything, but chiefly, I believe, bankers after the shopp in Terminals R^d. I in 2 minds between expensive gaiety at Eastbourne and chepe dulness in the woods alone with my wife. Whereupon debating with myself

inwardly, did, upon a balance, determine rather for the chepe dulness than the expensive gaiety, and so intimated to my wife; yet not blundy in those words, but rather by making myself sweet to her, in particular my calling her Bettykins (which I have not done now this many a day) and the joy I shall find in having her all to myself in a sylvan Paradise, like Adam and Eve, with other fondnesses. Hereby did at length coax her round to Aunt's cottage, where (praise God!) be no Terminals R^d., nor any shopp (nearer than Dorking, with first a 2-mile trudge to the bus-poynt) to my very good content.

Come Mrs. Jumble, the potato-nosed lady. She goes to Cheltenham come Saturday and Jumble goes the same day to Flanders with the British Legion. So begs it of us as a particular favour that we have Connie to stay with us till they return. Whereupon, upon my wife consenting, beyond my expectations, I was at pains to show nothing of my joy herein, but rather (after Jumble's lady was gone) to make a growl of it—the nuisance (using those very words) of being stuck for a whole se'night with that damned flapper. For which, may God forgive me, as upon a consideration of my wife's senseless jealousy, I believe He will.

Discoursing at the Clubb this night of the B.B.C.'s talks on the right pronunciation of English, we come round to proper names, and Snigsby to ask my why I call myself 'Pepys,' when most of the family, including my Lord Cottenham, do call themselves 'Pepys.' Whereupon I cited him the example of our g. Samuel himself, and the college books of Magdalene in Cambridge, with an entry of 'Peaps and Hind' being 'called before the Fellows' and by them 'admonished for having been scandalously over-served with drink.' At this, silly Snigsby to wax waggish and prayses me for a very thorough upholder of the Pepys tradition. Good Lord deliver me from all fools, but chiefly from those very particular fools that do wrongfully plume themselves for wagg, like silly Snigsby.

Geneva and the Health of Nations.

Extracts from a Talk by Sir George Buchanan, C.B., M.D., F.R.C.P., Senior Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health, and British Member of the Health Committee of the League of Nations. (Broadcast June 13, 1928.*)

THIS talk is about one of the side lines of the League of Nations which is becoming rather conspicuous—the work of its Health Committee. I have attended it as British member since it was formed six or more years ago, and have just returned from a session which gives me a good text. As it dealt with many parts of the world I suggest we take it geographically.

Let us start, in courtesy, with people at the opposite end of the earth. The Health Committee began by accepting a suggestion of the Australian Government to share in a special mission to visit some of the remoter islands of the Pacific Ocean. These islands sometimes suffer severely when the ordinary epidemic diseases of other countries are accidentally introduced by shipping. Some island groups are full of diseases entirely absent from other island groups, and *vice versa*. Their medical services are naturally very limited, and we were satisfied that it would be a benefit to them, as well as to medical knowledge in general, if we could arrange a tour of investigation by two specially qualified authorities on epidemics, one provided by the Australian Government and the other by the League of Nations.

If next we look at the continent on the other side of the Pacific Ocean, we find the Committee considering other expert missions in South America. That which occupied our attention last month was in connection with leprosy. One usually associates leprosy with Asia and the East, but it is every bit as serious and widespread in parts of South America. The Brazilian Government, moved by the promise of a substantial contribution offered them by a Brazilian citizen, is arranging a special campaign to deal with this scourge, and our Committee at Geneva settled on a method by which they could obtain the experience of three great countries in which there is already an enormous experience in leprosy treatment and research—India, Japan, and the United States. I should say here, perhaps, that the position of the United States in regard to the League of Nations does not prevent American participation in the kind of international public health work which I am describing. A good instance of this occurred last month, when we dealt with the transmission of plague infection from one country to another by means of shipping. The Health Committee then invited the Surgeon-General of the United States Public Health Service to work out, at New York and New Orleans, the best method of destroying plague-infected rats by poison gases for our common benefit. I am glad to say that he accepted the suggestion.

Another resolution of the Committee takes you out of America and across the

Atlantic to Africa, the Gold Coast, and the Congo basin. The prevalence of yellow fever in West Africa has been brought prominently to public notice lately on account of the fatalities it has caused among the doctors who have been working in laboratories, in our own and in the French African Colonies, to discover its causes and methods of spread. Within a few months two distinguished officers of the British West African medical service, Dr. Ranking

TWELVE GREAT PLAYS.

In the forthcoming issue of August 31 will appear an article by Mr. Hubert Griffith, the well-known dramatic critic of the *Evening Standard*, introducing the series of monthly broadcasts of Twelve Great Plays, which is to begin with Shakespeare's *King Lear* on September 12.

A booklet will be published by the Publications Dept. of the B.B.C. in connection with each play, containing a long article by a well-known critic or actor, illustrations, the list of characters, and a full synopsis.

For details see page 357 under heading Publications Subscriptions Scheme.

and Young, another brilliant worker, Adrian Stokes, an Irishman, and a great Japanese scientist, Dr. Noguchi, have all lost their lives in yellow fever investigations. It is specially important to investigate this disease now, at a time when all these colonies are making progress and their European communities are increasing, and when great inland areas of the continent of Africa are being penetrated for the first time by roads and railways. Governments of all the colonies concerned—British, French, Belgian Congo, and Portugal—are vitally interested therefore in comparing notes about it.

On the other side of Africa, the Health Committee some three years ago brought together workers concerned with sleeping sickness, which prevails over the great tropical belt of Africa. We arranged for the continuance of this work. If you think of the necessary isolation of scientific workers in these great African regions, you will easily understand that even a simple arrangement by which they may work for a spell in a neighbouring colony belonging to another country, may make all the difference to their outlook and output.

We seem to be going against the sun, from west to east, and from Africa therefore our flying carpet will cross the Indian Ocean. In India itself there was a great deal of recent work before our Committee. With the help of the Rockefeller Foundation, the League of Nations arranges for visits from time to time by groups of public health

officers to particular foreign countries where they can see new lines of administration or new medical conditions. One such had just been completed in India. The Governments of India and its provinces have at their disposal a staff of research workers and administrators of world-wide reputation. They had given facilities to representatives of the medical services of practically every country in the Far East to come and see what was done, and it had clearly been a success.

In coming to Europe from India we have to stop for a moment in Greece. As a result of war and politics, a great Greek population, as you know, has now been displaced from Asia Minor and, on a Turco-Greek exchange system, has had to be settled in, and absorbed by, Greece itself. It is a population which, though in one sense properly called Greek, has lived for generations under conditions in Anatolia very different from those of modern Greece. It has proved to be—man, woman, and child—specially susceptible to infection of diseases like tuberculosis, to which it was much less exposed in its old quarters than it is in its new settlements. Our Committee did its best to respond to a request by the Greek Government for suggestions in regard to the way in which this situation should be dealt with.

Looking back at the whole work of the session, I think the most exacting critic may be satisfied that among the different items there have at least been some things worth doing or putting in hand for the future. It must not be supposed, and I hope none of my readers will think, that those of us who are concerned with this international health work are wanting to level and standardize every sort of medical treatment or every piece of public health work, and have them carried out according to the international prescriptions of the League of Nations or of any other international body. Far from it. Every country must deal with the prevention and treatment of its own diseases and with its own health problems on its own national lines. England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland are no exceptions; still less is the British Empire, which itself may be more important for this purpose than anything international. But what is of use, and what the sort of work I have been writing of endeavours to supply, is to be able to take joint action by agreement with other countries where this is necessary to stop the progress of epidemics, and to be able to get on with our national work in full understanding of what has been learned and achieved in countries whose circumstances are different from our own. This is no new doctrine; there has always been a fellowship in medicine throughout the world, and there are many methods of combining effort against disease which are in daily use apart from the activities of the League of Nations. Nevertheless, the advent of the League, and the insertion in its Covenant of an undertaking to take action in common matters relating to public health, has undoubtedly made the process easier, and the kind of flying health carpet round the world on to which we get twice a year, takes good things about with it, and has been worth the weaving.

* This article is being reproduced in pamphlet form (price 2d.) by the League of Nations Union, 15, Grosvenor Crescent, S.W.1.

Manslaughter. By Sylvia Thompson.

Most of our readers will have read Sylvia Thompson's famous 'best seller'—'Hounds of Spring.' In the following short story she proves herself to be as able as a writer of short stories as she is of novels. 'Manslaughter' is a fascinating and merciless study of feminine psychology, typical in its stern realism of the modern school of young writers who 'nothing extenuate.'

BARBARA hurried along the platform, wishing that she weren't always late for everything. Only three minutes before the train went, and mother had begged her to come early. Mother loved a 'seeing off.' It was the only matter in which she had always and consistently overruled father's objections. She held to it like a religious observance learned in childhood. She saw off, and was seen off, whatever anyone else might wish or feel. It was a rite, an art—a form of bigotry. It must be mother's drop of German blood. 'Abschiedstimmung!'

'Sorry,' Barbara snarled, as a man pushed past her. And there (damn the man, nearly knocking the magazines from under her arm)—and there she was. Mother always travelled in a grey tweed coat and a grey fox fur. There she was, clasping her special rug and cushion and looking about and glancing up at the clock.

'Morning, mother!'

'Ah. There you are, Barbara. Thank goodness you've come. I was beginning to think something must have happened to you. Only two minutes before the train starts. I do hope they've got our luggage in all right. The porter was very nice, but I don't believe he was really listening to what your father said. Are these for me? How sweet of you, child. The *Cornhill* and . . . But your father's bought the *Morning Post*; he won't need *The Times*. What a pity you bought it. Perhaps you could get them to take it back—if you go at once after the train leaves. Now, I just wanted to say to you, Barbara darling . . . (oh, by the way, don't you think my little travelling hat is nice?—I got it from a wonderful little woman that Cousin Rose told me of. A poor, brave thing who's simply struggling to make both ends meet. Her husband died, tubercular, I believe.—Only twenty-one shillings, and she makes them all herself and has to keep her mother, poor thing. I like the grey velvet and silk alternately, don't you?) Well, what I was going to say, darling, is that you really must write while we're away, and give us some news of yourself and the darlings, and how they are, and how many teeth Alan cuts before we get back. I believe Chloe "Harris" baby—'

'Mother, you must get in.'

'Yes. Come along in, Marion. Morning, Barbara. Brought your mother some magazines?'

Mr. Wedderburn kissed his daughter, congratulating himself on her looks. In the rosy



The hotel gardens.....the pool.....a dolphin feebly spitting up into the air.

flush of his fifties he had forgotten that his wife had been pretty.

'Now, Gerald dear, I must say good-bye to Barbara—'

'Very well, Marion. Good-bye, Barbara. Look after your husband and don't spoil your children.'

His face retreated into the carriage like a Dutch cheese into a larder.

'Now, Barbara darling, promise to write. "Hotel Maritime, Arcachon." Sure you've got that?'

'Yes, mother. I shan't forget.'

'But you'd better write it down. Oh dear—now the train. Quick, darling. That's one kiss for each of the babies. Look after yourself. Bless you, darling child. Love to John . . .'

As the train moved, Mrs. Wedderburn took out her handkerchief and waved it up and down. When her daughter's face and figure became a pink blob on a black streak she still fluttered the handkerchief; and when she exclaimed to her husband, 'I can still see her, Gerald!' Barbara was outside the station climbing into a taxi.

'You'd better sit down, Marion, and not tire yourself.'

'Yes, Gerald.'

She muddled herself into her rug, and spent several minutes adjusting her cushion behind her back. She took up the *Daily Mirror*.

'What time did you say we get to Dover, Gerald?'

'I forget exactly.'

'I do hope we shall have a good crossing. Anyway, we've got a cabin. Do you remember that dreadful crossing, when Barbara was only five, and we couldn't get a cabin? How big London is! It goes on for miles, doesn't it? I can remember my Aunt Georgina telling me that she remembered driving out to Kensington to pick buttercups! She paused, staring over the map of roofs and streets, something of its uniform misery touched her. 'Isn't it sad to think of all these poor people, while you and I go on such a lovely trip, Gerald?'

'Mph!'

'Dear, dear, what an unjust world it is in some ways! From her hat-box on the rack hung a blue label, addressed in her own hand: 'Hotel Maritime, Arcachon.' A smile curved in her plump face. What had been the name—of the hotel? Hotel—something?—Arcachon! That was the address she'd written to—that one letter: well, more a note than a letter really. Rolf—Rolf—Necker! Necker; such a

funny name, she'd thought. A peculiar name, Aunt Georgina had said. Aunt Georgina had said that foreigners had peculiar names. The affair was, well, exciting—for those days. Not that Barbara would think anything of a young man trying to kiss you; and saying such passionate things. And such letters! And if she hadn't written that note—was a lie never excusable?—but she'd had to fib! Simply had to, in self-defence! If she hadn't written he might, he would, have come over.

Placidly—with the satisfaction of a peaceable little man remembering how, long ago, he shot at a burglar—she pondered on what she could remember of the episode. Hotel—yes, 'Splendide'!—That was it—Splendide. Rolf's brown eyes, and his black eyebrows that drew down into a straight line when he was fierce! And his white teeth! (Aunt Georgina saying 'that young man has a smile like a baritone!') And the evenings when she escaped into the hotel gardens, and they sat by the pool—a dolphin feebly spitting up into the air. . . .

'What are you smiling to yourself about, Marion?'

(Oh dear, Gerald was annoyed!)

'I was thinking of the last time I was in Arcachon!'

'Last time.' He glanced again at his paper. 'Didn't know you ever were.'

'Yes, Gerald. Don't you remember I went abroad with Aunt Georgina for six weeks, during our engagement, to—to keep me cheerful while you were in America—on business?'

'Oh, yes. I'd forgotten. And I'd quite forgotten where you went. As you know, it was what Travers told me about the golf—'

'And the oysters, dear!'

'—about the golf being so good, and the prices comparatively reasonable, made me decide. Why didn't you say you'd been?'

'I'd almost forgotten.'

He was looking out of the window, half-attending to her.

'Mmm.'

'Gerald.' She glowed mildly, a trace of coquetry in her manner. 'Gerald, don't you remember that I—I had quite a romantic episode there?'

He clasped. 'What! By Jove, I'd quite forgotten if you did. Look at that car there, I like that body! I must say I much prefer an open car. Next time—'

'Yes. Don't you remember? Quite romantic. A young Austrian who fell madly in love with me?'

'By Jove! I remember now. So he did!'

'Aunt Georgina never knew. She disapproved of his appearance. He was—very handsome, and, seeing her husband jocularly attentive, she added simply: 'And, of course, I was very pretty then—'

'Oh, you haven't changed much,' said her husband, lighting his pipe.

She looked at him for a moment.

'Well, of course, dear—' She hesitated, a little perplexed. 'I expect he would notice—if he saw me now,' she said. And, of course, she thought, he would have changed, too, and wouldn't be as handsome any more.

'We're neither of us as young as we were, Marion, but still—well,' he went on, biting his pipe—'well, well, to think of you, Marion, carrying on a flirtation with a handsome foreigner! Didn't the fellow have the check to propose to you?'

'Yes. He wanted me to elope with him. And when I came back, don't you remember, he wrote me a letter and said he was going to follow me? He wanted to shoot you.'

'The young—' Mr. Wedderburn's momentary annoyance lapsed into an amusement proper to his sense of perspective. 'And after that he disappeared! Just bravado, that kind of thing.'

'Oh, no, Gerald, he meant it. He was very—well, very fierce; you know how foreigners are! And I knew he meant it. So I wrote to him and told him. I'm afraid it wasn't true, but it was the only thing, I thought—I just told him that I was already married to you.'

'But you weren't, were you, yet?'

'No, I know, dear. But I knew it was the only way to check him. I had to do it—in self-defence, Gerald.'

He chuckled at her troubled expression.

'Well, my dear, what a past! Flirtation, deceit, perjury!'

'Gerald! It meant nothing, dear. Indeed, she hadn't meant it, as far as she could remember, to mean anything.'

'Dear old Marion. You never do know

when I'm serious, do you?' The image of his wife exhibiting a portly coquetry to a handsome young bounder in a French hotel, appealed to his sense of humour. 'So you never heard of him again?'

'No, Gerald.'

She was thinking of that last letter. The letter she'd burned on her wedding morning. 'I go to our pool by the stupid dolphin, and I kneel to look into the water, because once you look in it, and your beauty was shining in that dirty water, and I tell to myself that there is still the perfume of you coming to me from the image that once was there.'

'I daresay he consoled himself pretty soon.'

'I hope so. I hope so very much.' For now, looking back, she felt maternal and distressed for the poor, poor boy. Poor Rolf!

'You'll be able to revisit your old haunts then, my dear. See where you sowed your wild oats!' He took up the *Morning Post* again.

'Yes. It will be strange. Dear, dear, how the years have flown.' She unfolded the *Daily Mirror*. (. . . *Your beauty was shining in that dirty water.*) A photograph of the Duchess of York—such a dear little girl giving her a bouquet—

II

Barbara picked up a blue envelope from among her letters.

'Here's one from mother.'

John pushed across his cup.

'More coffee, please, darling.'

'Oh, sorry! I wonder how they're liking it. It always amuses me, the way they go off for a holiday every year. As if they ever



The pool was dark. . . . She stood looking down at the moon trembling thousands of miles down in the pool.

had anything else! Bother! I've put in too much milk. Drink some and I'll fill up.'

She opened the envelope. There was no date.

'My Darling Little Barbara,—I'm afraid this is my first letter although we have been here two days already, but things have not gone as smoothly as we had hoped, and in fact your father has been a little upset at the way things have turned out; but we are all serene now and all will be well, I hope.'

'When we arrived at the Hotel Maritime we were rather late, and we found that the management by some stupid mistake had not reserved rooms overlooking the sea, as we specially wrote. Naturally this made your father very angry, and then to make matters worse they said it was too late for us to have a proper hot dinner and that we could only have cold meat. Most upsetting, as we were both very tired after the journey, and your father had counted on getting a nice dinner. He was extremely angry with the man, and I could see that he was working up into one of his rages, which proved to be the case, and he ordered them to call a taxi and put our luggage on, and said some very strong things to the man (i.e., the man at the Maritime). And he said to me, "We'd better go somewhere else," and he consulted the taximan, but the man spoke extremely bad English and we found it difficult to understand anything he tried to tell us. However, we understood that everything was very full, and then it struck me that we might try the hotel where I once stayed with your great-aunt Georgina. So your father agreed we might try it, and luckily they *did* have a room. And so here we are, at the Splendide, and your father is quite pleased, the food is good, and we are having excellent weather. Your father has had some good golf. The Nicholsons are here, and he has had a game with Sir Herbert. She is not very well, poor thing—her influenza in the spring pulled her down very much, and she hasn't really picked up since. I have been sitting with her this afternoon. Her room happens to be almost *exactly* opposite the one I had as a girl, when I stayed here. Isn't that a coincidence?'

'Well, dear, I hope you and the darlings are all very well and that John is not working too hard. Don't forget to write.'

'Your father sends his love. He is having a really good game of bridge tonight, which is a joy: it does make such a difference to him.'

'If you should be going to Marshall and Snelgrove (only, of course, darling child, don't go on purpose) will you send me 2½ yards of that nice "nattier" blue ribbon they have with the rose-sprays on? I have bought a hat, in a little shop here, a pretty blue, but not properly trimmed.'

'I hope you are having good weather.'

'Always your very loving

'MOTHER.'

Barbara put down the letter and helped herself to toast.

'What an absurd woman my mother is!' she said.

III

'... Well then, dear Lady Nicholson, perhaps you'll join me in the garden later on, when you've had your rest? I think I

(Continued on page 329.)

'Taking Stock,' by Captain P. P. Eckersley—V.

The B.B.C. Regional Scheme.

A Present Need and a Basis for Future Development.

In his fifth article Captain Eckersley deals with the new Regional Scheme, which is designed to give alternative programmes to the greatest number of listeners.

IT has been pointed out that the Plan de Genève is a practical attempt to limit inevitable interference and may evolve, on the basis of single wavelength working, as the best means of using present facilities to the maximum of efficiency. But more wavelengths must be allocated before the listener is assured of both uninterrupted broadcasting and a choice of different programmes. Nevertheless, the special transmitting aerial may offer another solution.

Present Facilities for British Broadcasting.

Now that the principles and theories have been set out side by side, an attempt will be made to indicate how the Regional Scheme for broadcasting in Britain is designed to form the basis for a gradual evolution towards ultimate perfection. Our aim is to give every listener eventually a choice of many uninterrupted programmes. Let us see how our aim can be achieved even in a limited way.

The relevant points are these: Britain under the Plan de Genève has nine medium waves and one long: nine channels which can be effectively used up to ranges of between sixty to one hundred and thirty miles, and one channel good for the whole country. We want, finally and ideally, to have several programmes available for every listener. These many contrasted programmes should ideally be radiated from the same place. This would mean for Britain only a very few centres of distribution. This, while it might give ideal conditions for a minority of the population, would deny facility for hundreds of thousands who have bought licences for the present 'one programme' service. Thus our present object is to give a minimum a choice between two programmes. This allows five centres of distribution. Working this out in detail reveals that the scheme, called the Regional Scheme, might be criticized in principle in that it robs some districts now served by stations with a single programme in order to give other districts uninterrupted alternative programmes. The reply to such criticism is, firstly, that eventually more wavelengths must be forthcoming; secondly, the new service, while in certain cases not as strong as the old, is nevertheless sufficient. To this argument one may add the more convincing one that single wavelength working allows us to repeat one programme at any rate in centres that today possess transmitters but will be outside the range, or will have a weaker service from the new Regional Twin wave transmitters.

The backbone of the Regional Scheme is, therefore, five twin wave transmitters, located so as to give a service of two contrasted and uninterrupted programmes to the maximum number of listeners. But these stations will not cover all towns now served by single programme stations with their

present signal strength, and will leave a very small minority of listeners outside good service altogether. In the latter case, single wave-working comes to the rescue and a service of one programme is maintained. This means that the lack of facility—i.e., this ever-repeated fact of the lack of enough channels for broadcasting—imposes the restriction that we cannot either have enough centres of distribution for the ideal of contrasted programmes for 100 per cent. of the population. The compromise is, therefore, to do all we can with existing waves,

zing the service to give alternative programmes, that it is essential to face some technical dislocation. The service, even if improved by single wavelength working, would still be, owing to interference from other stations in Europe from morse, from electric trains, etc., etc., lamentably bad in many parts of the country.

There is only one bar to ultimate success and that concerns the listener. Is the average receiving set capable on the one hand of adapting itself to an inevitable change of signal strength and, upon the other, is it capable of selecting between two equal strength transmissions? The Postmaster-General has had, and still has, grave doubts as to the wisdom of introducing the twin wave transmitters, fearing that there is so much uninstructed opinion and such poor sets in so many homes that there will be great outcry against the scheme.

Well knowing, however, that only the very crudest apparatus will need to be seriously modified, and realizing that the common sense of the general public will allow them to appreciate the need for some co-operation, on their part to assist progress, we have no fears as to eventual success. In America, France, Spain, many cities have more than one broadcasting station, and in no case does the simple but adequate set fail to choose a desired programme. What can be done in these places can be done in Britain. The crudity of a minority of sets should not delay progress. It is no question of an expensive set, it is merely a set which is susceptible of simple tuning. In Birmingham, where the field strength has had to be reduced and where, to choose between 5GB and 5XX a measure of selectivity is essential, 2½ per cent. of the listeners have failed to cope with the new situation. In time, no doubt, these will return, but the figure is not startling—97½ per cent. of the listeners have an improved service and Birmingham is better off today than London or, indeed any other broadcasting centre. Conditions are today so bad in many parts of the country, that something must be done speedily, and we feel that the obsolescence of a small minority of sets should not stand in the way of progress. Advice will be given to listeners in due course as to what they will have to do to improve the cruder type of set to benefit from the Regional Scheme.

Conclusion.

The Regional Scheme is designed to give an uninterrupted service of alternative programmes to the greatest number of people. The lack of available facilities makes it impossible to spread an ideal service throughout the whole of the country, and some localities will still have to be served on a single programme basis, but by far the greater majority will have alternative programmes.

LISTENERS' TALKS

A NEW feature in the Household series this autumn will be a monthly talk to which listeners are invited to contribute recipes, or household hints. 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.

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.

Letters should be addressed to 'Household, B.B.C.' and marked 'Recipe'.

supplement regional services by single wavelength working, and definitely admit that a certain small minority of listeners do not get an easily attained alternative. It may be asked why we cannot apply single wavelength working to two programmes; that is, repeat everywhere two transmitters, and then at each centre have a third transmitter for 'local' work. The difficulty is that the areas of bad quality or mush formed by the existence of several stations sharing two programmes cannot be efficiently covered by other stations. Daventry 5XX is the great stand-by in filling up mush areas caused by single wavelength working. It can only fill up the mush areas on one programme.

The interested reader, however, will be able to realize that, as more wavelengths are granted, the outlying places, not perfectly covered by the alternative giving regional stations, can have a second programme service and the possibility of 'local' programmes, on occasions which may occur, and that the scheme outlined above can be expanded as more facilities are granted, or if they are never granted, stands still as complete up to the limit of facilities given.

It may be asked why we cannot let well alone, that the present service suffices and so on. It is true that by using single wavelength working the present situation could be partly stabilized—a stabilization we hope to consummate during an interim period between now and the Regional Scheme—but so much importance is attached to reorgani-

Chapter Fourteen of 'Old Magic' by Bohun Lynch.*

The Ambush in the Wood.

Tom Carlew and Guy Harvester, returning to Hamadon, lose their way, and are captured by the mysterious Men of Hamadon.

TOM CARLEW and Melvil Rooke have tramped across Dartmoor on the track of the Curse of Hamadon, an age-old superstition which, at the time of this story (approximately a hundred years hence), is connected with a secret but violent opposition to the plans of a giant Farming Syndicate to monopolize agriculture in the West Country. Carlew is a broadcaster, Rooke an antiquarian. From them has been stolen an eighteenth century notebook which had formerly belonged to M. Kakoglou, head of the Farming Syndicate, who was found dead with a broken neck. The dead man's secretary, Harvester, is opposed to the Syndicate which proposes to exploit in a dastardly fashion the scheme of a certain Professor Brake for controlling the weather. Despite the warnings of John Torch, husband of Carlew's old nurse, the two friends come to the village of Hamadon. Carlew sees a youth whom he believes to have been involved in the theft of the note-book. He pursues him to an old barn and there loses sight of him. But he discovers the notebook in the pocket of a discarded coat. As he moves to take it a hand comes out of the shadows and removes it. Further action is prevented by the arrival of a mysterious cowherd, whom Carlew had met on the moor, who, despite his rough appearance, has a trick of whistling classical music. Carlew is forced to escape, but later returns to the inn. He finds there a message from Rooke, bidding him follow to Hamadon's. Going towards the house, he is conscious of being followed, but fails to trap the hidden watcher. He meets Guy Harvester, who brings news of the recent landing of an aeroplane whose passengers were Bruntwith, Pembton, and Julius Brake.

JULIUS BRAKE? I know,' said Carlew. 'He lectures sometimes for the C.O.R.T. The other chaps are friends of yours, of course.'

'Hardly that,' Harvester answered, with a wry smile. 'I'll explain sometime—not now. Get into the car and come on. It was good of you to come and meet me.'

Tom Carlew was slightly embarrassed.

'I can't come now,' he said. 'I've got to meet a man along this road.'

And then something in the way Harvester had disclaimed friendship with Kakoglou's partners, some hint he had also dropped implying sympathy with the farmers, gave Carlew courage.

'Look here,' he said. 'I've got a ticklish job in front of me,' and he told him about John Torch and the detectives.

Harvester listened unmoved till he had finished.

'Right,' he said. 'I see your point. You shall have Miles and the car. He can take your friend Torch well out of the way.

You don't think he had anything to do with Kakoglou?'

'I'm sure he hadn't, but once they arrest him you never know what will happen. Torch may be mixed up with the anti-syndicate movement. I say, I feel it's awfully good of you—especially—'

'Nonsense, Carlew. I was Kakoglou's secretary and one of his executors, but that doesn't force me to sympathize with his undertakings. Of course, Torch can't remain hidden for long, but it will give us a start.'

As they stood talking in the lane a man appeared from the direction of Hamadon,

how the land lies. I'll be sure and let your wife know, and she can join you later. I don't know what you've been doing at Hamadon and I don't want to know. But you seem to be the only man against whom the police have got any evidence.'

'I didn't have a hand in that foreigner's death, Mr. Carlew. That I swear. I tried to stop it. I can't go back along the Culverton road, though. They nearly caught me just now. They tried to stop me, but I was going too fast.'

'But they were to wait for you at the bridge. I told you.'

'Oh, not the police—the Old Men, as we call them. From Hamadon. One of them struck at me with an axe as I went by. It's a wonder I wasn't upset. It only grazed my knuckles.'

He looked behind him apprehensively as he spoke.

Harvester broke in.

'I don't understand anything of this,' he said, 'but we'd better not stop here. Get into the car. As for you, Torch, you can sit down on the floor and hide.'

Carlew and Torch accordingly got into the body of the saloon, and Harvester took his place by Miles, and they set off again. Torch's bicycle they left at the roadside, after disconnecting the front wheel.

As they returned towards Hamadon, Harvester told Carlew briefly of the project undertaken by Julius Brake at the instigation of Bruntwith and Pembton.

'I've a very flimsy idea of how their apparatus works,' he concluded. 'They've probably set it up by that quarry. I should think we'll get a deluge any moment now. The necessary clouds seem to be drifting up from the north-west. They'll work on those.'

'Stop the car a minute,' Carlew said, 'here, by this gap. We may be able to see something. You've got glasses?'

Miles pulled up the car, and they got down. From this place they had a clear but very distant view of the hill-top above the quarry. Carlew focussed the powerful

binoculars, which brought the distant scene within a few yards, and after a minute's gazing handed them to Harvester.

'I can't see anyone at present,' he said.

'Nor I,' said Harvester. 'Half a minute, though. You've got some odd folk about here. There are a couple of fellows running towards the quarry now—they're in the field this side of it—and one of them has bare feet.'

Tom Carlew snatched at the glasses.

'It's the half-wit I was telling you about,' he said. 'The other chap I don't know. There'll be some fun for your Mr. Bruntwith and Co., I'm thinking.'



The big man laughed, and with a hand upon the neck of each, pushed them both forward.

whom Carlew momentarily mistook for one of the detectives he had seen that afternoon. A second glance, however, assured him that the fellow was a genuine countryman, who went by without paying them the least attention. Presently they saw him turn off through a gateway.

A minute later they caught the sound of an approaching motor-bicycle, which, coming at a great pace, had to slow down in order to pass the car. It was John Torch, who, seeing Carlew there, pulled up. He looked wilder and more haggard than ever: he was bareheaded and one of his hands was bleeding.

In a few hurried words Carlew explained the situation.

'That's the only way, Torch,' he said.

'Mr. Harvester's car will take you up country somewhere out of the way till we can see

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

DUSK was falling as they drove over the bridge into Hamadon. They saw nothing of the detectives, though they might well be lurking somewhere near by. Following Carlew's directions, Miles drove straight on past the inn, round to the right at the hill-top, and up the road which led towards the south-east. Here on high ground, well beyond the confines of Hamadon, they set down Miles and Torch, who was supplied by Carlew with a cap and a raincoat taken from his knapsack. They had settled that these two should make their way to Bradcombe, or possibly to the further village of Metland, stay that night at an inn and await orders to be telegraphed to Miles on the following day. Carlew provided Torch with sufficient money, and Harvester and he bade the men farewell, and they started on the return to Hamadon once more.

They now made their way past the carpenter's shop and the last houses on the north side of the valley, down the slanting lane, which wound through the woods, to a foot bridge over the stream.

There's something to that old notebook,' Harvester said, 'I forgot to tell you—I've got something belonging to it in my pocket. I'll show it to you and let you know about his discovery of the

'And that reminds me of an old friend, Francis Cadogan came into the C.O.R.T. yesterday evening when I was there with Down. He's made to see the book itself.

The image which occurs in the book and which you saw up in Holland Town—he's certain it's the emblem of some ancient religion—a sort of idol.'

'Pre-Christian, do you mean?'

'Far beyond that—right back into the very mists. You know, of course, that Cadogan has discovered some extraordinary links in the chain of archaic religions in Scandinavia and elsewhere? His theory is that the Hamdenites of Holland Town are an offshoot from Hamadon and that their form of religion is an attenuated relic of some incredibly old faith which was practised here in Devon long after it was forgotten everywhere else.'

'That explains a good bit. But I leave all that to Rooke. He's the antiquarian. We go slow here: the house is somewhere on the left, I think.'

The lane rose steeply from the stream between high fir woods, and above them the narrow riband of sky was darkening with the flush of the afterglow. The air struck cold and damp and on either side the darkness amongst the trees was impenetrable.

'We must have passed the turning,' Carlew said presently. 'It can't be as far as this.'

'We have passed no turning—that I'll swear,' Harvester replied. 'Hallo!'

Coming round a bend in the road he suddenly jammed on the brakes and drew up. Across the way from bank to bank lay a tall larch.

'How are we going to get past that

And as he spoke, there came a swishing sound behind them, and a crackling, and at last a heavy thud. Looking out of the car Carlew saw that another tree had fallen immediately behind them, resting on the bank, like the first, about three feet from the road level.

'We're absolutely boxed,' he said.

Harvester did not reply, and Carlew turned. Then he saw that a pair of arms had reached through the open window by the

It must have been less than two minutes from the moment that Harvester stopped the car to that in which they found themselves, bound and gagged, in the growing darkness of the wood.

Hitherto their captors had been silent, but now the big fellow who had carried Harvester spoke.

'There are no stars,' he said. 'We didn't catch them in time. I felt a drop of rain.'

'There were no instruments or apparatus in the car,' said another. 'Perhaps that professor

He couldn't do it alone. It wants at least three men. David found that out from the papers in the Piddadly office. I wish David was here.' Then turning to Carlew and Harvester: 'Is either of you Professor Brake?'

They shook their heads.

'No,' said the big man. 'Brake's over by the quarry. These are Brantwith and Penbton.'

Again Carlew and Harvester

struggled to speak

that gave them

The big man

hand upon the neck of each pushed them forward.

It took Carlew a moment or two to realize what had happened. David, whoever he was, had been one of the men employed by the con-

probably a Hamdenite from Holland Town. He had gassed Kokoglou's Piddadly office and had here discovered the secret plans which Brantwith and Penbton had made in con-

junction with Julius Brake. It may not have been known at Hamadon that they would come down to the west country by air: the aeroplane may not have been seen in the vicinity of the quarry. These men had jumped to the conclusion that the occupants of the car must be the two financiers who, they had learned, intended to spend the night at Barnstaple, far away to the north, and who would, therefore, choose that road from the quarry. Carlew remembered the glimpse he had caught of the barefooted boy and his companion making their way towards the place, and he guessed, rightly as the event was to prove, that he was acting independently of the others.

Tom Carlew wondered vaguely what was happening, what had by now happened at the quarry. But the most pressing need of the moment was to convince these fellows of their mistake.

If they were being taken to Hamadon's, all was well, for Rooke was there.

(Chapter Fifteen Next Week.)

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

London & Davenport	Daschitz Experimental	Other Stations
Sunday, 26.		
9.5-10.30 Military Band.	3.30-5.30 Military Band	3.30-5.0 Manchester, Or
11.30-6.30 Manchester	9.0-10.30 Chamber Music	hears Concert Wagner
		5.45 Manchester, Bach Cantata.
Monday, 27.		
		7.45-9.15 Glasgow Orchestral Concert
Tuesday, 28.		
8.0-10.30 Promenade Concert.	4.0-5.45 Military Band.	
Thursday, 30.		
7.30-9.15 Military Band.	3.0-4.30 Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra.	
	8.0-10.30 Promenade Concert.	
Friday, 31.		
	6.45-8.0 Westminster Singers, Violoncellos, Double Bass and two Pianos.	7.30-9.15 Belfast, Popular Operatic Concert, (Orchestral and Singers).
	8.0-9.0 Orchestral Programme.	
Saturday, Sept 1.		
7.15-7.25 Beethoven Piano-forte and Violoncello Sonatas	8.0-10.30 Promenade Concert	

tricking seat, that one of them was Harold Harvester's body, and that strong fingers were pressed upon his neck. He started forward, just as the door on his side opened, and the next moment he found himself dragged out feet foremost into the road.

Though taken completely by surprise neither Tom Carlew nor the elegant Gny Harvester lost either head or heart. They fought and struggled. In Harvester's case this was of no use, the huge dark-faced fellow who had seized him in the car lifted up the dapper little secretary as he would a small child and holding him so that his blows fell harmless on his arms carried him into the wood. Carlew, on the other hand held by his feet in the road, and much shaken by the way in which his back and head had been banged upon the running board of the car, managed, nevertheless, to jerk himself into a sitting position and let fly with his right. The blow caught one of the men bending over him in the middle of the face and made him flinch, but it was impossible to put any real weight behind it.

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(Continued from page 184)

will fetch some sewing and go out and find a nice shady place now. Yes. Somewhere . . . You just call "Cooee" and I will hear you, when you come. Now you're sure?—Mrs. Wedderburn hesitated, holding the door half open—"you're sure," she said, gazing at poor Lady Nicholson, who looked such a bad colour against her pillow, "that there's nothing more I can do for you?"

But Lady Nicholson shook her head, which ached so that she couldn't clearly see Mrs. Wedderburn, plump and pigeon-grey—and a benevolent and troublesome!

Nothing, thank you. The flowers are lovely. You are so kind," she brought out, shutting her eyes because of the pain pressing and working behind her temples.

Not a all. I love to do anything I can to cheer you up. Well, I hope you'll have a little nap."

"Thank you."

"You're sure you won't have any more aches?"

"Thank you. No."

"Very well then. Just call "Cooee" and I will answer."

Mrs. Wedderburn shut the door gently. And scurrying to her own room, she thought with humble superiority of her own health. For it must be dreadful, she reflected, taking up her work-bag from the writing-table, to be so delicate; though, of course, it depended so very much on how one took care of oneself and it was quite possible that Lady Nicholson—(keep the hat in paper until she was in the shade for blue faded so easily in sea air)—that a rather "society" woman like Lady Nicholson was apt to overdo things whenever she was well. And, of course, that—Mrs. Wedderburn looked stern, stepping into the lift—that was always fatal.

"Madame has dropped something!"

"Oh, yes—oh, dear! Thank you, boy." She took the packet of riband and stuffed it into the depths of her work-bag.

It was a relief to get into the shade between these lovely trees. And if only one could find a nice bench in the shade. Now surely (but how one forgot!), but surely, hadn't there been a stone bench somewhere in this direction. And yet the smell of the pines and sea was familiar! Very odd how smells brought things back to one. And there it was, just beyond that old gardener.

She sank down, mildly breathless. The gardener, who was shearing the grass borders of the walk, glanced up at her and nodded.

She put on her spectacles, and unwrapped

the blue hat. The riband from Marshall's looked even nicer than when she'd tried it on her hat upstairs. Really it toned perfectly. And the great thing with a flowered riband was to remember that one could use one side . . . Double round the crown and

She began, tentatively, to make knots and bows, trying various effects.

The gardener watched her with interest.

"The hat for madame?"

She was surprised. She nodded.

"Very—pretty!" He wagged his head.

Mrs. Wedderburn decided that since he was a foreigner she needn't feel that he was impertinent. And she couldn't help being pleased with the praise of her hat.

"Yes," she said loudly, for she spoke to foreigners as if she were addressing deaf children.

"You speak English?" she added.

"Once I was in England. Valet to an English gentleman. But I was not happy. So I come back here . . . I was born near to Arcachon."

Mrs. Wedderburn held up the needle and asked the end of the silk thread.

"Why did you become a gardener?"

He hesitated, chopped twice at the edge of the grass, and stood painfully upright again.

"It is more—interesting," he said. Then he began to clip once more.

Mrs. Wedderburn took up the hat, wound a length of riband round the crown and fixed it with a pin. Or would it be nicer "ruched"? But then that wouldn't show off the little spray of roses so nicely. It was better as it was. Really very pretty. And how funny it would be if this gardener had been here when she was last here. And she could ask him if he remembered . . . But no, of course he wouldn't.

"How long have you been here?" she shouted.

He seemed to reflect.

"Many years, madame."

Just catch that down there, and sew it firmly under where the bow . . .

A smile slowly twisted up his face. "Many years," he repeated, watching the old English lady bent over the blue hat. He wiped his forehead and mopped behind his ears.

"It's a very pretty garden. I came here a long time ago."

He nodded with a show of polite interest.

"There was such a pretty fountain—I wonder if that is still . . ."

"Fountain?—isn't it?"

"Yes," she spoke louder. "Fountain,—pool,—with water!"

"Ah bassin!—Fountain!" He indicated a direction beyond a clump of rhododendron bushes. "Over there," he said.

"Really." And six or seven loops would make the rosette, big loops. And then she must go and look at the fountain—just to think—Rolf and herself, all these years ago. But not all the loops the same length: the two longer ones just trailing over the edge of the brim. And—

"When I come here," the man was saying, "they used to say that a *jeune monsieur* . . ." (and the pink sprays really did look pretty on the blue ground, and made the whole hat look more summery), "the *jeune monsieur* have shot himself near to the—the fountain."

"A—Dear, dear—what a dreadful thing! By the fountain, did you say?" And, oh dear, it looked as if there wasn't going to be enough—2½ yards she'd told Barbara—it ought to be.

"What a dreadful thing," she repeated.

The man shrugged his shoulders. "Perhaps it was not true. Yes, it is pretty, the fountain. Last year they have put goldfishes in it, but this year they have put the goldfishes into an aquarium in the hotel. *Sans doute madame* has seen them. . . ."

Mrs. Wedderburn couldn't make up her mind to go to bed. She kept walking about her bedroom. She was glad that Gerald went on playing bridge so late. She went out on to the balcony because her room was so hot, and bright pink and yellow, and made her dizzy. For hadn't she done it? Hadn't she written? That boy, that young boy's life. . . .

The garden was rigid with moonlight.

From the next hotel came the syncopated wail of a band.

Mrs. Wedderburn put on her coat. She went to the lift. Downstairs she went across the hall and out into the garden.

The grass was white.

The rim of the pool was white. The dolphin was spitting up silver water into the air. "The stupid dolphin."

The pool was dark. She stood looking down at the moon trembling thousands of miles down in the pool. And they had put the goldfishes in the aquarium. . . .

She held her tweed coat round herself, remembering that she might catch a chill from the night air.

"Your beauty was shining in that dirty water. . . ."

She turned away shuffling and frightened. "For if I stay out any longer," she thought, "I shall certainly catch a chill."

THREE slogans are: Common sense, Prevention is better than cure; Do it at once, and I should like them painted on every door. Dogs are just as often killed by kindness as neglect. Killing by kindness merely means lack of common sense, and not doing it at once amounts to neglect.

The health of the dog depends almost entirely upon being given the right food, sanitary living quarters, and a good start in life. Proper food and proper housing are two necessities to health for man and beast. The great scourge of the dog world is the parasite, internal and external, and it must never be allowed to get the upper hand.

I strongly advocate dosing at least four times a year for worms. This keeps them in check.

Keeping Your Dog Fit.

(Continued from page 110)

Always imagine your dog has three pests—don't think because he looks fit and healthy and shows no signs that he is free of them.

First pest—Parasites weaken a dog's constitution enormously. Paraffin is the dog's best friend, and is the finest insect killer that I know of. If the dog is covered with fleas, lice, or ticks, take a sponge and rub him over with paraffin from head to tail, being careful to see that he has been sponged all over, leave him for ten minutes in a shed or kennel, but not tied up in the sun. After the ten minutes, wash thoroughly in good soapy water and dry.

Burn all litter which the dog has previously used. Paraffin down the kennel, particularly the bench or box in which the dog sleeps, and after that test I guarantee that you will find him free of any live pests.

A house dog should be brushed constantly, and at moulting times spend plenty of time with a wire comb in really getting the old hair away. Try and avoid washing whenever possible. To keep the dog in good condition and the coat glossy I consider nothing better than a dose of castor oil and syrup of buckthorn. One teaspoonful of each mixed for small dogs, up to one tablespoonful of each for large dogs, according to size. Give first thing in the morning, about once a month.—Miss Nancy Rose, in a talk from London on June 7.

Sunday's Programmes continued (August 26)

5WA CARDIFF. 263 M.
850 KC.

3.30 Evensong
Relayed from the Cathedral, Llandaff
THE CHOIR OF THE NEWCASTLE PARISH CHURCH
C. HAROLD LLOYD (Soprano)
A. JONES (The Baritone)
Fletcher, Canon D. PHILLIPS, of Llandaff

4.45 An Orchestra Concert
THE NATIONAL ORCHESTRA OF WALES
Leader ALBERT VON KUNEN
Conducted by WARWICK ROBERTS
Overture to 'Pell and Peasant'.....Suppe
PENNY WHITEHEAD (Baritone, and Orchestra)
Ye twice ten hundred Deities.....Puccini
On the Water
Suite, 'Arabian Scenes'.....Mawenzi
PENNY WHITEHEAD
Cello Again.....Dowlund
Birds in the High Hall Garden.....Somerset
The Cornish Emigrants Song.....Dean
On the Water
Dance of the Tumblers.....Rimsky-Korsakov

5.35 S.B. from London

5.45-6.15 app. S.B. from Manchester

6.55 S.B. from London

8.45 THE WEEK'S GOOD CAUSE:
An Appeal, organized by the Cardiff Branch of
The H. on behalf of accessories cases in the
Mining Valleys, by the Rev. T. M. HUGHES
Pastor of the Local Branch of The H.

8.50 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)

10.30 Epilogue

10.40-11.0 The Silent Fellowship

5SX SWANSEA. 294 M.
1,020 KC.

3.30 S.B. from Cardiff

5.35 S.B. from London

5.45-6.15 app. S.B. from Manchester

6.55 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)

10.30 Epilogue

10.40-11.0 S.B. from Cardiff

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 326.1 M.
920 KC.

3.30 S.B. from Manchester

5.0 S.B. from London

5.45-6.15 app. S.B. from Manchester

6.55 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)

10.30 Epilogue

5PY PLYMOUTH. 400 M.
750 KC.

3.30 S.B. from Manchester

5.0 S.B. from London

5.45-6.15 app. S.B. from Manchester

6.55 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)

10.30 Epilogue

5NG NOTTINGHAM. 775.2 M.
1,030 KC.

3.30 S.B. from M.

5.0 S.B. from London

5.45-6.15 app. S.B. from Manchester

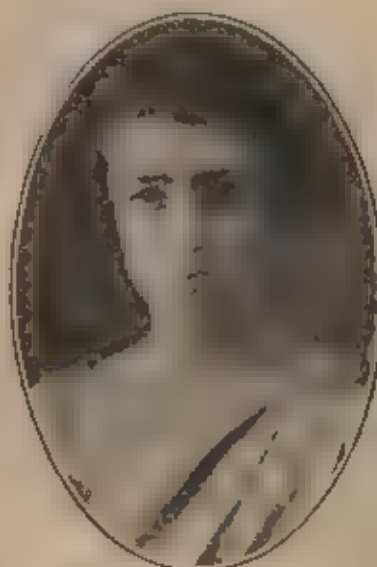
6.55 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)

10.30 Epilogue

6ST STOKE. 294.1 M.
1,020 KC.

3.30 S.B. from Manchester

5.0 S.B. from London



LADY GOSTINGTON.
makes the appeal for the Duchess of York's Maternity
Centre, from London and Daventry tonight

5.45-6.15 app. S.B. from Manchester

6.55 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)

10.30 Epilogue

2ZY MANCHESTER. 384.6 M.
780 KC.

3.30 A Wagner Concert

Relayed to London and Daventry

THE MANCHESTER AUGMENTED WIRELESS
ORCHESTRA

Conducted by T. H. MORRISON
Overture and Venusberg Music ('Tannhäuser')

TUDOR DAVIES (Tenor), with Orchestra

Prize Song ('The Masteringods')

Sword Forging Song ('Siegfried')

ORCHESTRA

Siegfried Idyll

HORACE STEVENS (Bass), with Orchestra

Wotan's Farewell..... ('The Valkyrie')

ORCHESTRA

Death March ('The Dusk of the Gods')

ELLA BAILLIE (Soprano), with Orchestra

Closing Scene ('The Dusk of the Gods')

5.0 S.B. from London

5.45-6.15 app. S.B. from Manchester
Relayed from St. Ann's Church
'Lobe den Herrn, meine Seele'
Prize Song, my soul, praise Him almighty
MURIEL BRIDGEMAN (Contralto)
TUDOR DAVIES (Tenor)
HORACE STEVENS (Bass)
THE ST. ANN'S CHURCH LADIES
THE MANCHESTER AUGMENTED WIRELESS
ORCHESTRA
Conducted by T. H. MORRISON
GEORGE PITCHFORD at the Organ

10.30 S.B. from London

8.45 THE WEEK'S GOOD CAUSE:
An Appeal on behalf of the Manchester Children's
Camp Committee of the
by the Rev. H. LLOYD, M.A.
Donations should be sent to the Honorary
Treasurer of the Committee, Mr. HUGHES
BANKER, 13, Pall Mall, Manchester

8.50 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)

10.30 Epilogue

Other Stations.

5NO NEWCASTLE. 313.6 M.
800 KC.
3.30 S.B. from London (see London). 5.0 S.B. from
London. 5.45-6.15 app. S.B. from Manchester (see London).
6.55 S.B. from London. 10.30 Epilogue.

5SC GLASGOW. 305.9 M.
780 KC.
3.30 The Marden Colliery Band. Conducted by Mr. Jack
Hewitt. Relayed from Kelvingrove Park. 5.0 S.B. from
London. 5.45-6.15 app. S.B. from Manchester (see London).
6.55 S.B. from London. 10.30 Epilogue.

2BD ABERDEEN. 320 M.
800 KC.
3.30 S.B. from Manchester (see London). 5.0 S.B. from
London. 5.45-6.15 app. S.B. from Manchester (see London).
6.55 S.B. from London. 10.30 Epilogue.

2BE BIRKBECK. 308.7 M.
800 KC.
3.30 S.B. from Manchester (see London). 5.0 S.B. from
London. 5.45-6.15 app. S.B. from Manchester (see London).
6.55 S.B. from London. 10.30 Epilogue.

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

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Bach Cantata.

Church Cantata, No. 69.

'Lobe den Herrn, meine Seele.' ('Praise Him, my Soul, yea, praise Him always.')

COMPOSED in 1724, the Cantata No. 69 is one of the most beautiful and expressive of Bach's church cantatas. It is in G major, and is in the form of a church cantata. The score and all are used with the text of the Cantata is indeed one of the most beautiful of the Master at his best.

The first three choruses in this cantata are on a most beautiful and expressive melody, and the trumpet rings out on a noble note of worship, the bass is high up on one of Bach's favourite themes of rejoicing. The middle section of the cantata is in the form of a church cantata.

The aria for alto voice, No. 3, has a very beautiful and expressive melody, and the text of the words 'Mein Erlöser und Erhalter' ('My Redeemer, Thou my Saviour') for bass solo, the fifth number, has great strength and dignity.

Words

English Text by D. Miller Crump, copyright by the BBC, 1936.

I—Chorus

Praise Him, my Soul, yea, praise Him always
And remember all His great mercy and goodness.

II—Recitative (Soprano).

How many, Lord, Thy mercies are
Thou lead'st me to the light.
A: I have sustained me
God watcheth over His creatures here below.



Bella Badde and Tudor Davis sing in the Bach Cantata that will be relayed from St. Ann's Church, Manchester, on Sunday afternoon.

None is unworthy in His sight.
For all the great and small
His love is manifested so.
Unheeded ev'n a sparrow cannot fall
Oh, would that I a sacrifice might bring Thee,
A worthy song of praise might sing Thee!
How may I tell with humble voice and lowly,
Thy praise and glory, God on High, most holy?

III—Aria (Alto).

Praises bring Him, anthems sing Him,
To the Father, to the Son.
Praise the wonders He hath done.
To the Highest raise your voices,
L: His praise mankind rejoices.

IV—Recitative (Tenor)

The Lord hath great and mighty wonders wrought.

He will not let His people fall.
The Lord is our refuge and our strength.
The Lord is our refuge and our strength.
The Lord is our refuge and our strength.
The Lord is our refuge and our strength.

That we may ever know how sin is death,
Yea, how we may be saved by His blood.
We walk in His own light.
Then let us all, His praise forth showing,
Sing to the Lord.

That He may guide us evermore, our
His might shall be our shield, our sword,
Our arm our children He defendeth.
'Gainst ev'ry foe His help He sendeth.
Thy hand shall still Thy people cherish
Though guilty we, we shall not perish.

V—Aria (Bass).

My Redeemer, Thou my Saviour, by Thy blood
I am sustained.
Thine the balm in ev'ry sadness, so my mouth
shall sing with gladness,
'God hath wisely all ordained.'

VI—Chorus

'Let all the Earth show forth Thy praise,
Thy grace let deeds be done.
The fields a plenteous harvest reap,
For so Thy word hath spoken.
So bless us, Father and the Son, so bless us
God the Holy Ghost
With heart and voice let ev'ry one, on earth
and 'mid the heavenly host,
Sing Auehula, Amen!

Beethoven's 'Cello Sonatas.

In the 'Foundations of Music' series this week (broadcast from London at 7.15 each evening) Miss May Mukle with Mr Leslie Heward, the pianist, will play Beethoven's 'Cello Sonatas. The five Sonatas are described in the following notes.

THIS week we are going to hear Beethoven's contributions to 'Cello literature, amongst which are at least two of the biggest and best things ever written for the instrument. The five Sonatas cover the greater part of his working life, and those who have heard representative Pianoforte Sonatas, early and late, have here an opportunity—something that does not very often occur—of again following his development in a parallel line of composition.

The first two Cello Sonatas came out together in 1802, when he was twenty-six. In that year he visited Berlin, and played the Sonatas at the Court of King Frederick William II (to whom he dedicated them), his partner being Dupont, the King's leading 'cellist. For him, it is said, the Sonatas were written.

The plan of the first two Sonatas is unusual, for there are only two Movements, both quick. One introduced by a longish slow section, is based on a single tune, and the other is a Rondo. Beethoven seems to have been seeking a fresh plan for his work, but he did not pursue this scheme.

With the Third Sonata we come into the mature work of Beethoven (1807-8), a dozen years after his first visit to Berlin. It is the finest of his five works in this form. In its delightful poise and breadth it bespeaks the experienced artist-master also of his medium and his mood. The fairly long First Movement, all resistent strength and grace, is followed by the Scherzo, with its jumping appropiations. This Movement has an ending that most people, when they have listened to it, find quite satisfactory.

I intend of a fine-length slow Movement we have a very uncommon proceeding. The composer writes a short Adagio section of less than a score of bars, which forms a kind of exordium, not seriously

letting down the tension of the work, but just allowing us to get a few quiet breaths before we are launched into the vivacious, self-confident, happy Last Movement.



MISS MAY MUKLE

The Fourth and Fifth Sonatas belong to 1815. Beethoven was on terms of warm affection with the family of Count Erldy, and often visited them. They had staying with them at this time a 'comet' named Lutz, and it was his presence that turned Beethoven's mind to expressing some of his ideas in the form of two more 'Cello Sonatas—the last he wrote. He dedicated them to the Countess Erldy.

They are 'last period' works, perhaps less immediately interesting all through than the Third Sonata, but in places more deeply emotional, in a way peculiarly characteristic of their composer.

The Fourth Sonata opens with a rather slow, gently moving section, marked to be played 'tenderly'; to this succeeds a quick Movement, vigorous and even rough. We are not always quite sure whether the roughness is merely good-natured fun, or conveys other emotions that we cannot fully share.

The following slow section is a brief interlude, deep and tender in spirit, reminding us again of the opening thought of the Sonata; then we are plunged into the final quick Movement, in which again we have sharp contrasts of colour and power—the answering not rather than drawing out of ideas.

The last of the Cello Sonatas has but three Movements—a splendidly bold, impulsive one, starkly strong, with individuality in every phrase; a slow Movement, one of Beethoven's deepest and tenderest self-committings; and lastly a fugue which is apt

draw from musicians rather strongly differing opinions. It should, like all the unusual Movements of Beethoven's last period, and especially the fugues, which are a little staid in themselves, be considered in the light of his bolder free striving towards the expression of changing ideas in old forms. Perhaps most people will enjoy it best for its powerful sense of determination and its bold flight in free air.

Monday's Programmes cont'd (Aug. 27)

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

(497.8 M. 610 KC.)

TRANSMISSION FROM THE 5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL STATION

4.0 LOZELLS PICTURE HOUSE ORGAN

From Birmingham

FRANK NEWMAN
Overture to 'Coriolanus' Beethoven
Entr'acte: 'My Love to You' T. Scher
ALBERT JONES (Tenor)
Airs
Friend a Mine Adams
The King's Swan Scher
Selection from 'Aida' Verdi
Serenade Scher
Norman Dance No. 1 Scher
The King's Swan Scher
Selection of Old English Songs: 'The Rose' Scher
arr. Middleton

THE B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA

Personally conducted by JACK PAYNE

5.45 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR (From Birmingham)

Kevla the Tattler — a R. Scott Fairy Tale by
Gweneth Cather HELEN ALSTON with Ed.
L. ALVIN (Violoncello)

6.30 THE SIGNAL GREENWOOD Weather Forecast

First General News Bulletin

6.45 Light Music

From Birmingham

THE B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA

Personally conducted by JACK PAYNE

Overture to 'The King's Lieutenant' T. Scher
The King's Lieutenant T. Scher
The King's Lieutenant T. Scher
The King's Lieutenant T. Scher

The Suite is adapted from that
written for Graham Robertson's Pantomime
Play 'The Town of the Fair' which was given in
Cardiff in 1927

(1) The Town of the Fair and the Two
Gardens of the Fair St Catherine and St
Martin

(2) The Fair Maid of Astolat

On a Day of Rejoicing A June morning
of 1815 The news of Waterloo A cheering
cavalry band from Portsmouth brings the news of
the victory

CHALFONT WHITMORE (Pianoforte)
Nocturne in F Sharp Op. 9, No. 2 Chopin
Study in E Flat, Op. 10, No. 1 Chopin
Study in G Flat, Op. 25, No. 9 Chopin

ORCHESTRA
Second Intermezzo from 'The Jewels of the
Madonna Suite' Wolf Ferrer
R. Ferrer
Dance of the Apprentices, from 'The Master-
singers of Nuremberg' Wagner

7.30 CHALFONT WHITMORE

Polonaise in A Flat, Op. 53 Chopin

ORCHESTRA
Selection from Incidental Music to 'The Merchant
of Venice' Verdi

8.0 A Concert

DAVID BRYNLEY (Tenor)

THE CORNWALL PARKINGTON QUINTE

QUINTE
A Hymn to the Sun Rimsky-Korsakov
A Waltz Scher
Colonial Song Grieger

8.15 DAVID BRYNLEY

The Evening Song arr. Cecil Sharp
The Evening Song arr. Cecil Sharp

8.23 QUINTE

Wagner
The Love arr. B. Alma
Hungarian Dance arr. B. Alma

8.39 DAVID BRYNLEY

Northern Spirit arr. Alfred G. Withall
Blind men lay hands arr. Alfred G. Withall
Stand Still Jordan arr. Hurteph
For my time I feel despair Lawrence Brown

9.0 VARIETY

From Birmingham

THE B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA
The King's Lieutenant T. Scher

THE OLD TIME SINGERS
HELEN ALSTON (Entertainer at the Piano)
JULIETTE ALVIN (Violoncello)

10.0 WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS

BULLETIN

10.15 DANCE MUSIC

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

11.0-11.15 CHARLES WATSON'S BAND from the

Kit-Cat Restaurant
(Monday's Programmes continued on page 236.)



"Golden Shred"

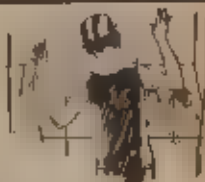
the whole goodness of the Sun

opened fruit... pure white sugar... nothing else.

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Constantly tested by eminent medical men. Every test a success.

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Made in the spotless kitchens of Angus Watson & Co. Ltd., "Skipper's" People.



THE OLD-TIME SINGERS

take part in the Variety programme from Birmingham tonight. Here they are: Margaret Stephen, Leslie Holman, Gilbert Bailey, and Edith Ashby (piano)

Monday's Programmes continued (August 27)

SWA CARDIFF. 355 M. 850 KC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
4.45 Antoinette What Paris says for the
5.0 JOHN STEAN'S CARLTON CELEBRITY ORCHESTRA
Relayed from the Carlton Restaurant
5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
6.30 S.B. from London

8.30 THE STATION TRIO
FRANK THORNTON (Violin), RONALD HANCOCK
(Violoncello); HURLEY FENNELLY (Pianoforte)
Humoresque Tchaikovsky

8.40 'A Museum Episode'
A Force in One Art by STUART READY
In the August WYNNE AJELLO
Music
Second Movement from Suite, 'Joyous Youth'
Valse, 'Blusette' Drigo
Evening Reverie No. 3, Op. 10

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

9.50 BROTHER BELLS
NATIONAL ORCHESTRA OF WALES
Suite, 'My Native Heath' (Impressions of
Yorkshire) Arthur Wood

ARTHUR WOOD, born at Heckmondwike in
1875, has spent many years in conducting
orchestras—at first, as deputy, that of the
Harrogate Corporation, and then, as chief, at
various London theatres, particularly the
Gaiety, the Gaiety, and Daly's. He became Musical
Director at His Majesty's in 1927. He has written
the music for several musical comedies and revues,
and also a number of orchestras.

The four pieces in this Suite are entitled: (1)
Knarborough Station; (2) The Tower; (3) Bolton
Abbey; and (4) Barwick Green.

A Station in Yorkshire is a hiring fair, at which
the farm lads and lasses stand about the market-
place to receive offers of engagements for the
following year. Hilday Turn is on the moor of
which the Henry stage. Bolton Abbey, one
of the most beautiful of the Yorkshire
hills, is a very pleasant village in the
West Riding.

WYNNE AJELLO Soprano
The Language of Flowers Haydn Wood
Between the Heather and the Sea

Drumhead Florence Aylmer
ORCHESTRA
White Heather Phillis
Programme Ann

10.20 'Shepherd's Delight'

A Pastoral by ALFRED REYNOLDS
Phoebe, a shepherdess WYNNE AJELLO
Giles, a shepherd HERBERT DE LEON
ORCHESTRA
Internuncio, 'Dawn' Miss
Whispering of the Flow'ers Elin
HERBERT DE LEON (Harmonica)
Heatherdell John Dymally
Turn Ye to me Scottish Air, arr. Somers
Shadows of Night, Old English Air, arr. Somers

10.55-11.0 ORCHESTRA
The Ferns (The Language of Flowers) Comen
Fiddle (The Language of Flowers) Comen

SSX SWANSEA. 284.1 M. 1020 KC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from
4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
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

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 328 M. 920 KC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from
4.0 Tea-Time Music from BOURNEMOUTH RESTAURANT
Directed by J. P. ...
Patrol, 'The West Musgrave' Arthur
Valse, 'Dorchester' (Village Children) German
Selection, 'Faint Fairies' German
Fox-trot, 'Dew-Dew Day' Sherman
Ballet Music from 'Coppelia' Delibes
Valse, 'Ramona' Wayne
Entr'acte, 'Londonderry Air'
Selection, 'On with the Snow' Nicholas
10.15-11.0 On a Sunday Morn' Burns



SHEPHERD'S DELIGHT
Alfred Reynolds's charming pastorate will be broad-
cast from Cardiff at 10.20 tonight.

5.0 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)

5PY PLYMOUTH. 400 M. 750 KC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from
4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
'The Ways of the Weather'
A Play in Rhyme, by DONALD A. FOCOCK
6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.45 Local Announcements)

5NG NOTTINGHAM. 278.2 M. 990 KC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from
4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
5.0 Mrs SWALES 'Faint'
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. 284.1 M. 1020 KC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from
4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
5.0 'De... the Club's Catalog' by RONA
LORRA
5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
'Jemma' (from Twenty-six Christmas Chandler
Stories for Girls)
'Larry All-alone' (La Héro Vierge)

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.45 Local Announcements)

2ZY MANCHESTER. 284.6 M. 750 KC.

12.0-1.0 Gramophone Records
4.0 THE MAN WHO WROTE THE MUSIC
M. The Man Who Wrote the Music
ON THE PLYMOUTH BOAT
EDITH COCKER (Contralto)
Take to the Damask Rose
I am Bird's Song
I love thee
ON THE BOAT
Selection, 'A Princess of Kensington' German
Dance Boy
Dance Boy
Speak on, sweet voices
THE BOAT
The Grasshopper's Dance
Waltz, 'Nights of Gladness'
5.0 Miss FREDA WHITTAKER: The ...
II, Bluebirds of Happiness

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
Six Silly Songs for Sensible Children
P's and Q's, or Q's and P's; H's
Valse Cat; From Foreign Parts;
Peckery; The Fuzzy, Buzzy Bee
Song by HARRY HOPKINS
Piano Solos, played by ELLIOTT
Five Waltzes from Op. 50
Songs sung by BETTY WHITE PLAY
The Dark
Please Mother Darling
Fiddle

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
6.30 S.B. from London

7.30 WALTER JOYNS and PARTNER (The Quiet
Songsters)
S. ...
Lark ...
Lark ...
A Little Coo's Prayer B. M. Hope

7.45 Elizabethan Memories

THE CHATLAIN TRIO (Harpichord, Viola d'Amore
and Viola da Gamba)
Pavane Tomkins
Lullaby
H's ...
H's ...
Tower H.
I ...
KATE CHAPLIN (Viola d'Amore)
The Irish Ho Ho Ho
ARTHUR WILKES (Trio)
Come again
Dear, if you change
What if I seek for love
If she forsake me ...

LONDON and DAVENTRY PROGRAMMES FOR Tuesday, August 28 Including a B.B.C. Promenade Concert

- 10.15 a.m. The Daily Service**
- 10.30 (Daventry only) TIME SIGNAL, CHERNWELL
W. OTHER LONDON ST.**
- 11.0 (Daventry only) Gramophone Records**
- 12.0 A CONCERT**
ARTHUR BRIDGES (Baritone),
W. L. JENNINGS (Solo)
- 10.20 ALPHONSE DU CLOS and his ORCHESTRA**
From the Hotel Cecil
- 11.0 WILLIAM HUDSON'S
MARBLE ARCH PAVILION ORCHESTRA**
From the Marble Arch Pavilion
- 5.0 Miss A. VANDERPUST: 'A Career for Girls'**
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR**
Castles in the Air
'The Phantom Castle' and other Songs of
CLAUDE A. J. B. (Solo)
Sung by F. J. B. (Solo)
- 'The Seller of Dreams, a Whimsical Story by
Stephen Spender
Told by PATRICIA HAYES
- 'Marriage - The End and How it was Filled
for a Hundred Years (E. K. B. (Solo)
- 6.0 A RECITAL OF GRAMOPHONE RECORDS,**
arranged by Mr. CHRISTOPHER STONE
- 6.30 TIME SIGNAL, CHERNWELL WEATHER FORE-
CAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN**
- 6.45 A Recital of Gramophone Records**
- 7.0 Mr. A. B. B. VALENTINE** (Solo)
Country - IV, Uncovered Essex

PARTLY because the approach to Essex from London for many years through the parks or garden suburbs of the North West and South, but through the miles of brick and mortar of the East End the Londoner in search of country has not yet really found it out. But, apart even from the Forest, Essex provides some of the most completely country scenery that can be found within twenty miles of London, and Mr. Valentine will describe some of its delightful corners in the last of his series of talks.

- 7.0 (Daventry only) Mr. DONALD
MAXWELL: 'The Countryman
in London - IV. The Hills of
London'**

UNFORMALLY covered as it is with built-up areas and streets, London seems to the unobservant almost flat. How many Londoners know that there is a hill in Piccadilly; or what a view of London you can get from Cap Horn Hill, Snow Hill and Shafton Hill, Kingsway Hill and Hay Hill, Shooters Hill and Shooter's Hill, all in and around London, also little hills breaking up the scenery and diversifying the view. Some of these hills are so small that they are almost invisible from the city.

- 7.15 THE FOUNDATIONS
OF MUSIC**

LESTON'S VIOLIN TALK
SONATA

Played by
LESLIE HEWART (Pianoforte)
and MAY MUKEL (Violoncello)

- 7.30 The Roosters**
ARTHUR MACNEAVE (Tenor)
STEPHEN HUNT (Baritone)
PERCY MERRIMA (Soprano)
WILLIAM MAZE (Hornist)
KENNETH AND JORGE WESTERN (Entertainers)

For the first time the 'Roosters' are now making up the programme. The programme, and, accompanied by the orchestra, will roll round London, evening and morning, and evening and morning, and evening and morning.

- 8.0 PROMENADE CONCERT**

Relayed from the Queen's Hall
MR. HENRY WOOD

with SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SUZANNE BERTIN (Soprano) and WILLIAM
JENNINGS (Baritone), ARNOLD TROWELL (Violoncello)

ORCHESTRA
Overture to Othello

LONDON heard Othello under the baton of Sir Henry Wood a few weeks back. It was a fine performance, and the story of Othello, in which Weber's gift for composing imaginative music, full of romantic and pictorial suggestion, rose to the heights of genius. In this fine Overture we hear all sorts of graphic ideas—the march of the Turkish army, the love of Othello and Desdemona, the jealousy of Iago, the tragedy of human loves and triumphs.

HANDSOME WILLS
Songs (Sung from Othello)

ARMED TO THE TEETH
The story of the battle of Tewkesbury

The story of the battle of Tewkesbury
The story of the battle of Tewkesbury



AN OLD ABBEY OF RURAL ESSEX.

Waltham Abbey parish church, which incorporates the Norman nave of the great Abbey that once stood on the site, is one of the most interesting buildings in Essex, about which Mr. Valentine will talk in the last of his 'Londoners' Country' series this evening at 7.0.

- ST. BARNABAS' LUTHERAN
Bell Song ('Lakmé')..... Debussy
ORCHESTRA**

Fifth Symphony..... Tchaikovsky

THIS Fifth Symphony of Tchaikovsky, and its younger and still more emotional brother, the 'Pathetic,' appear to be still without rivals in popularity among the Symphonies written by Beethoven. This one is too well known to need close description. Those to whom it is not yet familiar should first know that it is a 'Morte' theme that binds the four movements together. It is the chief subject of the main section of the first movement that leads to the swinging First Movement; it is mainly declamatory and abruptly ended at the climax of the romantic Second Movement, near the end of the Waltz which forms the Third Movement; it enters, low down, with a suggestion of mockery, and as the spirited Fourth Movement works to a climax it is thundered out triumphantly in the Major key.

- 9.30 WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS
BULLETIN**

- 9.45 PROMENADE CONCERT**

ORCHESTRA
First Dance Rhapsody..... Debussy

THE First Dance Rhapsody was brought out at the Oxford Festival of 1909. It is written for a large Orchestra, including the rarely heard 11 cellos (an unproved Bass Oboe). At the Oxford Festival it was played by the Oxford University Orchestra, and it was a success. In the next section the time quickens considerably, and a new tune is given out, low down in the bass, in a very lively and cheerful mood. The treatment of these is free, and charmingly colorful.

After a climax, a slow section ensues, in which a Solo Violin has a beautiful version of the first tune, accompanied only by the strings.

The last clear division is that in which the very lively pace is resumed. The ending is loud and most energetic.

Trumpet Voluntary.... Purcell

SUZANNE BERTIN

Messages..... Schumann
Sonata..... Richard Strauss

HANDSOME WILLS
The Soldier..... Ireland

A Lover's Garland, Hubert Parry
My father had some very fine sheep (Traditional Irish)

- 10.30 Local A.....
(Daventry only) 8.15 p.m. 10.30**

- 10.35 Lieut.-Col. W. F. DRAKE
'James Cook—Captain Cook
and S.B. from Plymouth'**

IN 1728 was born Captain James Cook, the circumnavigator of the globe and one of the greatest of the seamen who mapped the world. Lieut.-Col. Drake will describe the life of this great man, and his achievement in tonight's talk, a well known as the author of 'The Flag Lieutenant' and many other books and plays.

- 10.50-12.0 DANCE MUSIC.
JAY WHITTAKER'S BAND from the
Carlton Hotel**

Tuesday's Programmes continued (August 28)

5WA

253 M.
550 KC.

4.0 A Light Symphony Concert

THE NATIONAL ORCHESTRA OF WALES
Overture to 'Tristan und Isolde' Wagner
Algerian Suite Saint-Saëns
Symphony in D ('London') Haydn

WHEN the busy round of Concerts, Operas and recitals became too much for Saint-Saëns, he went off to Africa or India, or the Canary Islands, sometimes causing a good deal of anxiety by disappearing completely for some time, leaving no address.

He was particularly fond of Algeria and Egypt, and this Suite contains reminiscences of his travels in North Africa.

There are four Movements: (1) Prelude, - Moorish Rhapsody; (2) Evening Reverie; (3) French Military March.

SAINT-SAËNS was fond of London and twice came over to conduct some of his works—and accidentally to be feted and have a thoroughly

good time. In 1890 he had in London a concert of his own works, and in 1901 (aged sixty-three) had a benefit concert. His style and power the music looks forward to Beethoven.

The First Movement opens with a slow Introduction, which, very effectively, is in the Minor key, the quick main body of the Movement being in the Major. Its first main tune is a paddy, lively one, which Haydn apparently liked so well that he used it as the second main tune also—quite an unusual thing to do. There is a brief new tune, but it soon merges into the old one.

The Second Movement, the slow one, is an Air with two variations.

The third Movement follows—a typical Haydn dance Movement.

The Finale is quick and spirited. In its opening drone bass, like the tune of a shepherd's pipe, it recalls Haydn's love of peasant music.

5.0 LONDON HARBOR: 'Boat Sharp' gives a Lesson in Manners.

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

6.0 ORGAN RECITAL by JAMES E. BELL
Relayed from the New Palace Theatre, Bristol

6.30 S.B. from London

7.0 A WELSH INTERLUDE
Professor W. J. GREGORY, Eton Field

7.15 S.B. from London 10.30 Local Announcements

10.35 S.B. from Plymouth

10.50 12.0 S.B. from London

6SX

SWANSEA.

254.1 M.
700 KC.

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR:
Songs and a Story by Lillian Morgan

5.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 S.B. from London

7.0 A WELSH INTERLUDE
S.B. from London

7.15 S.B. from London 10.30 Local Announcements

10.35 S.B. from Plymouth

10.50 12.0 S.B. from London

6BM

BOURNEMOUTH.

518.1 M.
620 KC.

4.0 THE TIME MUSIC

Relayed from Beale's Restaurant
Directed by GILBERT STACEY

Suite, 'Riverside Scenes' Brooks
Valse, 'Opay Song' Brooks
Selection from 'Will o' the Whispers' Brooks
Fox trot, 'A Little Dream' Brooks
'On with the Motley' Leoncavallo
'All through the Night' arr. Pocock
Selection from 'The Show Men' Kern
Valse, 'Together' Hendrickson
Fox trot, 'Sally's Fawn' Lou

5.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 S.B. from London

7.0 Mr. RUSKIN BENNETT, Lighthouse of the South



FROM PLYMOUTH TODAY

Two leaders in Plymouth's programme today—the Rt. Rev. J. H. B. Masterman, Bishop of Plymouth, who will broadcast on the city as it was in the Middle Ages, and (right) Lieut.-Col. W. P. Drury, whose talk on Captain Cook will be relayed to London and Daventry at 10.35.

7.15 S.B. from London 10.30 Local Announcements

10.35 S.B. from Plymouth

10.50 DANCE MUSIC: BILL BROWN and his BAND, relayed from the Westover.

11.20 12.0 S.B. from London

5PY

PLYMOUTH.

450 M.
780 KC.

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Dreams and Nightmares
The story of the reading 'The Song of Dissonance' by Stephen Spender

5.50 THE BISHOP'S CANDLESTICKS

A PLAY by NORMAN Mc KINNEL
Founded on an incident in Victor Hugo's novel, 'Les Misérables'

Presented by THE MICRO-TECHS

The Bishop CHARLES STAFFLTON
The Convict ERIC MORRIS
Persons, the Bishop's sister, a widow

PAULINE CARR
Sergeant of Occurrence

A broadcast version of Norman McKinnel's famous play of the early nineteenth century. The scene is the kitchen of the bishop's cottage

in France, about thirty miles from Paris, and we must draw attention to the two handsome candlesticks on the mantelpiece which appear strangely out of place in their simple surroundings.

5.30 S.B. from London

7.0 The Rt. Rev. J. H. B. MASTERMAN, Bishop of Plymouth: 'Medieval Plymouth—I'

7.15 S.B. from London

10.30 Local Announcements

10.35 Lieut. Colonel W. P. DRURY, B.L.
James Cook, Captain Courageous
Relayed to London and Daventry

10.50 12.0 S.B. from London

5NG

NOTTINGHAM.

275.2 M.
1,050 KC.

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 S.B. from London

7.0 Mr. STACEY BLAKE: 'Richard Parkes Bonington'

7.15 S.B. from London 10.30 Local Announcements

10.35 S.B. from Plymouth

10.50 S.B. from London

6ST

284.1 M.
1,070 KC.

4.0 Local Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Play, 'Teach Blossom' (L. & P. Music)

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 S.B. from London

7.0 Mr. STACEY BLAKE: 'Richard Parkes Bonington'

7.15 S.B. from London 10.30 Local Announcements

10.35 S.B. from Plymouth

10.50 12.0 S.B. from London

2ZY

284.5 M.
700 KC.

4.0 THE MAN WHO WAS DEAD: Orpheus and Eurydice to 'Don Juan' Mozart

Selection from 'The Grand Duchess' Offenbach

Edwin Hotchkiss (Pianoforte)

Study, Op. 10, No. 3 in E Chopin

Study, Op. 25, No. 6 in G Sharp Minor Chopin

Study, Op. 25, No. 11 in A Minor Chopin

CHORUS: 'Quo Vivo' Verdi

5.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Selections from Sullivan's Operas

Played by THE SUNSHINE TRIO

Songs from 'Desert Town' (Arthur F. T. H.)

Invitation, 'Two Wistful Eyes'; The Little Street in Dreamtown; When the Sun Shines on the Moon

Song by BETTY WHEATLEY

A Story, 'The Seller of Dreams' (Southey)

6.0 ORCHESTRAL MUSIC, relayed from the Theatre Royal

6.30 S.B. from London

Tuesday's Programmes continued (August 28)

6.45 **DISNEY'S MUSIC** (Continued) Directed by
Walt Disney
7.0 **Writers of the North** V. H. ...
Latter ...
7.15 **5 L from London**

8.0 **FOGBOUND***
A Short ... by ...
The Station Repertory Players

Cast in order of appearance:
Miss Mary Carter ...
Miss Mary Carter ...
The ...
Scene: The sitting-room of a small cottage on ...

8.25 **Music and Songs of Italy**

The ...
The ...
The ...
The ...
The ...
The ...
The ...
The ...
The ...
The ...

8.15 **Sibelius**
The ...
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The ...



Harold Williams and Suzanne Belm are the two solo vocalists in the Promenade Concert that will be relayed from the Queen's Hall by London and Daventry tonight.

9.30 **WEATHER FORECAST, NEWS**

9.45 **Johann Strauss Waltzes**

The Manchester ...
Wine, Women and Song
Vienna Life
Thousand and One Nights
Mac Danube

10.30 **Local Announcements**

10.35 **SB**

10.50 12.0 **SB**

Other Stations.

5NO NEWCASTLE

4.0 - London Programme relayed from Daventry ...
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Wills'

GOLD FLAKE

THE ALL VIRGINIA CIGARETTE

(1.404.3 ML 157 KD)

Entertainment (Entertainer of the Nation)



Here, it seemed, was material which should be put to the proof. Kesser's monodrama in which one voice speaks for several characters, was presented some months ago as an experiment from GGB, and was later repeated from one of the provincial stations and tonight, therefore, is to be performed for the third time.

2. Astronomical and the Band, from 1900

Hotel Metropole

Wednesday's Programmes cont'd (Aug. 29)

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

(481 S.W. 810 K.C.)

THE D.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA

40 PAUL MONTEUX'S RIVOLI THEATRE ORCHESTRA
From the Revue 1938

THE D.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA
Personally conducted by JACK PATER

5.45 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR From Birmingham
The Heedy Stoll, by Winifred Joblin
Songs by HAROLD CARTER (Baritone)
'Some Shropshire Tales,' by T. Davy Roberts
CONSTANCE MCLACHLAN (Songs at the Piano)

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

6.45 Light Music

ANNA FILIPPOVA (Soprano)

RICHARD FORD (Baritone)

THE CHAMBER TRIMETRY SEXTET

Waltz, 'Blue Danube'..... Johann Strauss

6.58 ANNA FILIPPOVA
Vocal Caprice..... Mozart
Duet..... Verdi

7.5 SEXTET
Intermezzo from 'Nozze d'Epithyme'

7.12 RICHARD FORD
Three English Lyrics
When comes my love
And yet I love her till I die
A Lover's Garland

OUR HUBERT PARRY
(1848-1918) left us no fewer than twelve books of English Lyrics, and many people rank some of the among the classics of song. These three come from the Sixth Set of the Lyrics. The first, a setting of a translation from the Welsh, tells how, when Gwen comes, 'and the green hills are all in a glow' and the 'sweetest of the world' is 'loving me' and 'loving me'.

Next comes a beautiful setting of a well-known poem from John Keats' 'Musa of Sundry Kinds' (1607), each verse of which ends 'And yet I love her till I die'.

A Lover's Garland is a graceful song with verses from the Greek, by that famous lyric writer, Alfred Perceval Graves. 'I'm waiting, weak violets - frail narcissus... for Helios to come'.

7.20 SEXTET
Melody in F..... Schubert
Prelude from 'Sylvia'..... Debussy

7.28 ANNA FILIPPOVA
Soprano
Tu fa la Sinfonista

SEXTET
Selection from 'The Show Boat'..... Kern

7.45 RICHARD FORD
Pilgrim's Song..... Thomas Hardy
Woe thou... (Soprano)

7.52 SEXTET
Fox-trot, 'Mary'..... Arca

8.0 'Pitch and Toss'
(From 'The Bohemians')

A Play by BENJAMIN N. GRANTHAM

Andy Whitcomb..... VINCENT CORBAN
Mrs. Ellison (his cousin)..... GLADYS WARD
Fossil Wilson..... EDITH JAMES
We meet Andy Whitcomb, author, in his dingy rooms in York Street. He is hurriedly typing an instalment of a magazine story whilst the Editor's office boy waits on the landing outside.

Included Music by the MIDLAND PIANOFORTE TRIO

8.30 MILITARY BAND CONCERT

SPENCER THOMAS (Tenor)

LOUIS GODOWSKY (Violin)

THE WIRELESS MILITARY BAND

Conducted by STANFORD ROBINSON

Overture, to 'The Barber of Seville'..... Rossini

Invitation to the Dance
Haber, arr. Weinberger

Thou gentle dove Old Welsh
When lo, by break of morn'g
Maddy, arr. Ewel
Who is Sylvia?..... Schubert

8.58 BAND
Second 'March of Arise' Suite
L. Arca

THE incidental music that Bizet wrote to Daudet's play of Provincial life is by now very familiar to his listeners. It will be recalled that the four pieces in the Suite are: 'Pastoral, Intermezzo, Uxant, and Furandade' (the last, in the play, being a chorus sung in praise of St. Etel). It introduced, after the march-like introduction, an old Provençal song and dance tune.

Louis Godowsky
Scherzo and Rigaudon
Finnegans, arr. Kreisler
Malgouna, Op. 31

Saravali
Turkish March (from 'The Ruins of Athens')
Rachmaninoff, arr. After

Ronde des Lutins (Goblin's Round Dance)

9.32 BAND
Two Light Pieces
Stanford Robinson

SEXTET
Love's Worship..... K. A. Wright
To Mary..... M. P. White

DANCE
Gavotte from 'Nigun'..... Ambrose Thomas
March from 'The Tournament of Song' (Savoy)
Tannhäuser..... Wagner

10.0 WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

10.15 DANIEL MURPHY and his BAND, from the Hotel Metropole

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

(Wainwright's Programmes continued on page 244.)



SPENCER THOMAS

Sings in the Military Band Concert that will be broadcast at 8.30 tonight



Look after your nerves nowadays. Modern rush and noise is resulting in thousands of 'nervy' people. Take Cassell's Tablets—the all-round nourishing tonic—for all nerve

HEAD PAINS

Take Cassell's for nervous and sick headaches, and all nerve pains. The Hypophosphates, Digestive Enzymes, Stomachics and Blood Nutrients—they contain—comprise the best and most complete form of nerve and dyspeptic treatment.



DEPRESSION

Don't allow yourself to get depressed. Depression is a common form of nerve weakness. The valuable nerve-foods in Cassell's will soon build up strong nerves, and restore your high spirits. Remember, Cassell's are a food—not a harmful stimulant.

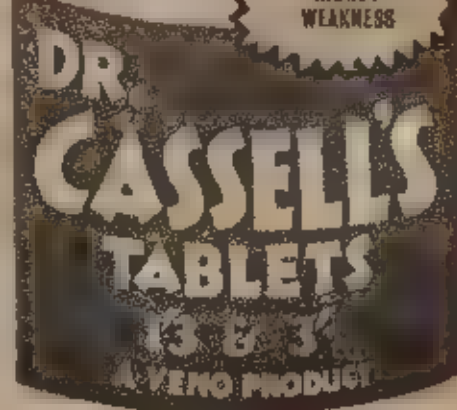
"Sleepless Nights."

"For the last few months I suffered from severe headaches and had become quite used to sleepless nights. I was never free from head pains but after taking Dr. Cassell's I am feeling quite well and my sleep is good again."

Mrs. E. Smith, 49 Radford Boulevard, Nottingham

NEURASTHENIA

- HEAD PAINS
- DEPRESSION
- NEURITIS
- NEURALGIA
- BLINDNESS
- ANEMIA
- KIDNEY WEAKNESS



1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1033-1036.



AN UNHAPPY HUMOURIST - BUT HE MAKES YOU LAUGH!

John Henry will be calling you again soon—watch your programme. This unhappy humorist gets many of his jokes over by the mere inflexion of

his abject voice. You need the pure D.C. current of a Lissen Battery if you want these priceless inflexions delivered to you full of their abject abandon.

There are more Lissen Batteries than any other battery sold—and there is more energy packed into each cell—because of the new process of new technology used by Lissen and which you can't get anywhere else.

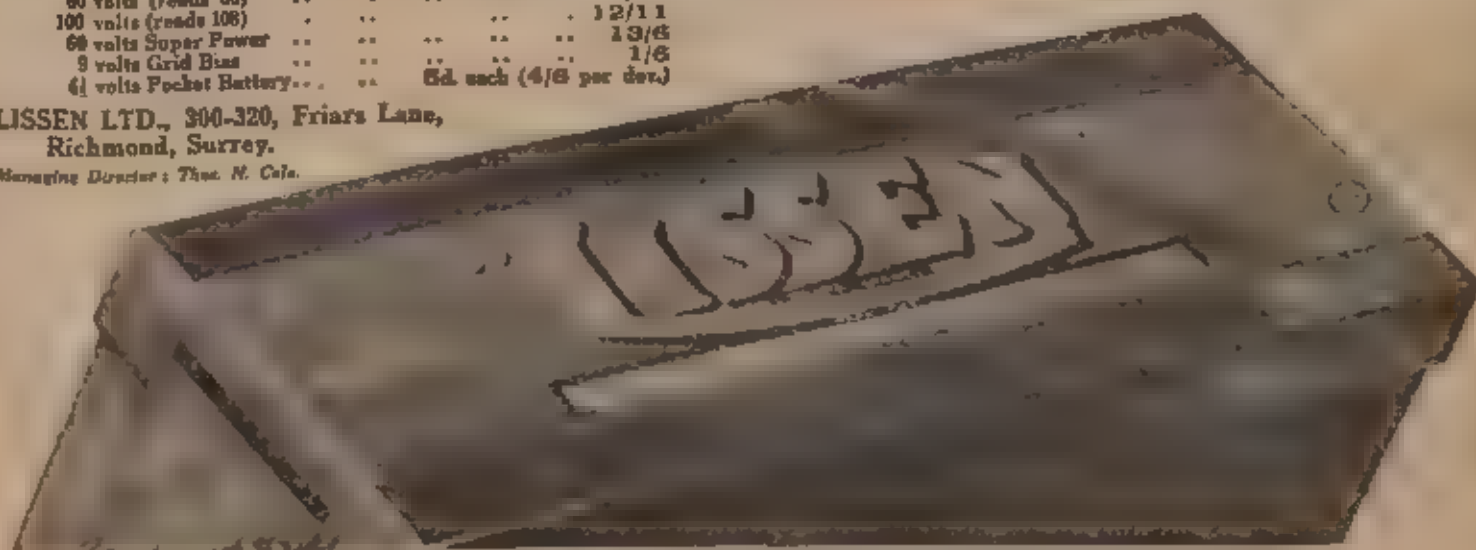
There is a treat in store for you if you put a Lissen New Process Battery into your set in time to hear John Henry and Blossom before their next broadcast.

Obtainable at 10,000 radio dealers—ask for it by name and show firmly that you want Lissen New Process and no other. You'll be glad you insisted.

60 volts (reads 68)	7/11
100 volts (reads 108)	12/11
60 volts Super Power	13/6
9 volts Grid Bias	1/6
41 volts Pocket Battery	5d. each (4/6 per doz.)

**LISSEN LTD., 300-320, Friars Lane,
Richmond, Surrey.**

Managing Director: Theo. N. Cole.



PROGRAMMES for THURSDAY, August 30

2LO LONDON and 5XX DAVENTRY

(361.4 M. 630 W.D.)

(1404.3 M. 187 W.D.)

8.10 BAND

S. G. N. L. from 'The Wand of Youth' Elgar

10.15 a.m. The Daily Service

10.20 (Daventry only) TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH

11.0 (Daventry only) Gramophones Records

12.0 A CONCERT
EVA HAYARD (Contralto)
E. W. TURNER (Tenor)
ETHEL BAKER (Pianoforte)

10.20 The Week's Rental of Gramophone Records

3.0 EVENSONG
From Westminster Abbey

3.45 Prose Reading

2.00 AN ORGAN RECITAL
by FREDERICK HENRY
Relayed from Maudslayi Theatre Cinema

4.30 THE B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA
Personally conducted by JACK LAYNE

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

'Robert and his Family visit Polberry House' by the author of the Robert Plays

6.0 Ministry of Agriculture Fortnightly Bulletin

6.15 Market Prices for Fruit

6.20 Musical Interlude

6.30 TIME SIGNAL GREENWICH
WEATHER FORECAST
GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.45 THE B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA
Personally conducted by JACK LAYNE

7.0 THE NATIONAL CHORUS, the new organization and its first season's work

READERS of *The Radio Times* will remember a permanent feature of the new National Chorus, which is destined to provide a permanent, amateur chorus, the members of which will be at the same time members of the existing amateur choral societies, to perform in important works on a big scale. For some time it had been the custom to get together a chorus formed of parties drawn from some of the big London choral societies, who sang with the professional Wireless Chorus—but it was felt that the time had come to establish a permanent amateur chorus that could be called upon for the performance of the most important choral works. Ever since the announcement was made the work of giving sessions has been going on, although the actual season will not begin until the last audition is held. In this series of talks the full significance of the importance of such an organization in history, both of broadcasting and of choral singing for permanent choirs of two hundred and fifty are not formed every day—will be explained, and the work of the new organization will be outlined.

7.15 THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC
BEETHOVEN'S VIOLONCELLO SONATAS
Played by LESLIE HEWARD (Pianoforte)
and MAY MUKLA (Violoncello)

7.30 A MILITARY BAND CONCERT

BETSY DE LA PORTE (Soprano)
Maurice D'Orly (Tenor)
The Military Band
Conducted by Percy Pitt

Homage March Wagner
THE royal support of which Wagner had always dreamt, but which he hardly expected, came to him when he was over fifty, and when his prospects were blackest. One of the first acts of Ludwig of Bavaria, as an eighteen-years-old King, was to summon Wagner to Munich. Three years before he had become enthusiastic about *Lohengrin*.

In the autumn of 1864, King and Composer settled for a time by Lake Starnberg, and Wagner in his first flush of gratitude to his patron, wrote this *Homage March*.

Overture to 'Don Juan' Mozart
THE story of the escapades of the libertine Don Juan, who was finally delivered over to the Evil One, was treated operatically by



THE DANCE BAND EVERYBODY WANTS TO HEAR

The Savoy Orpheans, famous broadcast dance band, will be on the air again tonight. This is a recent photograph of the band, with Reg Batten at their head.

Mozart in a half-comic, half-tragic spirit. Don Juan was described as a 'Comic Opera,' but the dramatic elements were never absent for long.

BETSY DE LA PORTE

In the Silence

I think . . .

Open Door . . .

Loughborough

of Harrogate

Dun

7.58 BAND

Rigaudon from 'Dardanus'

Four Dances from 'Prince Igor'

Ravenn

Borodin

PRINCE IGOR, that Opera of ancient pagantry and Oriental colour, is Borodin's most famous work. The Dances, of which the music is now to be heard, occur in the Second Act, when Igor, a prisoner in the camp of a nomad tribe, the Polovky, is, as a tribute to his courage, invited to be present at a festival.

MAURICE D'ORLY

Faisceaux-vous le carillon du verre

Old French, arr. Frederic Austin

Adieu du Matin

Patriotisme . . .

When Night descends

Drink to me only.

The Ballad of Little Boles

Fessard

Wachstein

Bachmannoff

arr. Quiller

Poul

As a boy of twelve, Elgar wrote songs for a children's play. In 1865, he wrote this, and arranged it for a Full Orchestra, in the form of two Suites. We are to hear the Second of these.

MARCH.—This, the opening movement of the Second Suite, begins in the time-honoured way with the Drums. Then the tune begins. There is a light and dainty Trio, followed by the return of the March and these two are used in alternation.

THE LITTLE BELLS.—This calls for little description. Now one instrument, now another, suggest to us fairy bells, while one bigger bell booms through.

MOSES AND BUTTERFLIES (Dance).—Here light fluttering fingers picture for us those dancing creatures.

FOOTWEAR DANCE.—Very rapid figures suggest the playing waters.

THE TAMER BEAR and the WILD HEATH.—The tame creature calls for just as big an orchestra as his more uncouth companion, and all seem to have a liking for B.G. Drums, Cymbals, and, particularly, Tambourines.

BETSY DE LA PORTE

A Last Year's Record

Quarter

The Ships of Arctur

Silver G. G. G.

BAND

Ballet Music from

Tchaikovsky

8.15 'The Way of the World'

8.30 WEATHER FORECAST
BY OUR GENERAL NEWS
BULLETIN LOCAL
announcements. (Daventry
only) Shipping Forecast

9.50 CHARLOT'S HOUR

A Light Entertainment
Specially devised and
arranged by the well
known theatrical director,
ANDRE CHARLOT

10.50-12.0 DANCE MUSIC, THE SAVOY ORPHEANS and the SAVOY BAND, from the Savoy Hotel

Home, Health and Garden

contains

The Best Household Talks of 1927.

Garden Talks by MARION CRAN.

Health — Dressmaking — Decoration

Read Hints on

JAM MAKING and FRUIT BOTTLING

before doing your own.

Price 1

from all Booksellers, Newsagents, or from
the B.B.C., Savoy Hill, W.C.2 (Postage 3d.)

Home, Health and Garden

Thursday's Programmes continued (August 30)

SWA SWANSEA. 353 M. 850 KC.

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

4.0 A Light Orchestral Concert

THE NATIONAL ORCHESTRA OF WALES
Overture to 'Raymond' ... Ambrose Thomas
Dances ... (Contralto and Orchestra)
O Love, from thy Power, Salmon and Delahay ...
The ...

Second ... Suite ...

Under the Greenwood Tree ...

Who is Sylvia? ...

It was a lover ...

At Nightfall ...

St. ... in C Major ...

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 S.B. from London

7.30 A Welsh Concert

THE STATION TRIO

FRANK THOMAS (Violin), RONALD HARRING (Violoncello), HENRY PENEHLY (Pianoforte)

All through the Night ...

The Bells of Aberdovey ...

GLAXVILLE DAVIES (Baritone)

Flower of May ...

Dol ...

Bogail yr Hafod ...

THE KYRING ORIASA CHORUS. Conductor, JONES

Y Nant ar Modur ...

O Ffwrn Teg ...

Y Trwsor ...

ETHEL COMER LEWIS (Meczo-Soprano)

Gwynn Y Morwr ...

Can Y Cryd ...

Dafydd Y Harreg Wen ...

A ...

Penillion Singing on Traditional Welsh Airs

Chor ...

Y Wawr sy'n Agor ...

Gydar Bore Bach ...

Trio ...

David of the White Rock ...

The Dove ...

The Departure of the King ...

GLAXVILLE DAVIES

Y Myrddin Du ...

Pe ...

Always Jones (Riop, ...

Llew ...

Gwynn Y Gwyn ...

Penillion ...

FRANK THOMAS (Violin)

David of the White Rock ...

The Dove ...

The Departure of the King ...

GLAXVILLE DAVIES

Y Myrddin Du ...

Pe ...

Always Jones (Riop, ...

Llew ...

Gwynn Y Gwyn ...

Penillion ...

6BM BOURNE MOUTH. 378 M. 970 KC.

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 12.0 S.B. from London 9.45 Local An

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 S.B. from London

7.30 Light Operatic Programme

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6BM BOURNE MOUTH. 378 M. 970 KC.

My love's an apple ...

Bushes and Brans ...

My Boy Billy ...

I will give my love an apple ...

Raving in the dew ...

Come, my own one ...

The Gentle Maiden ...

The Cheerful Art ...

Chorus ...

6.15-12.0 S.B. from London 9.45 Local An

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 12.0 S.B. from London 9.45 Local An

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 12.0 S.B. from London 9.45 Local An

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 12.0 S.B. from London 9.45 Local An

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 12.0 S.B. from London 9.45 Local An

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 12.0 S.B. from London 9.45 Local An

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 12.0 S.B. from London 9.45 Local An

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 12.0 S.B. from London 9.45 Local An

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6.30 12.0 S.B. from London 9.45 Local An

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 12.0 S.B. from London 9.45 Local An

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry



GEORGE PARKER

sings in the Light Operatic Programme from Plymouth this evening at 7.30

Violin, EILEEN PIER (2nd Violin), ARTHUR DARTING (Viola), MARGARET KEMP (Violoncello), CHARLES EAST (Bass), WINIFRED CHAST (Pianoforte)

Selection from 'Iolanthe' ...

CONSTANCE WILLIS (Contralto)

Hibernia ('Carmen')

Vai che sapete (Yo who know) ...

Non so piu (I know no more) ...

LIVIO MANNUCI (Violoncello)

Minuet ...

Over ...

Selection from 'The Lily of Kularney' ...

LIVIO MANNUCI

Astorian ...

Over ...

All ...

Over ...

Song of the Twentieth (Daughter of the Rose)

Bonny ...

Over ...

Barcarole (Toss of Hoffmann) ...

A Recital of Traditional Songs by GEORGE PARKER (Baritone)

Over ...

Barcarole ...

Over ...

A CONCERT by the BUXTON PAVILION GARDENS

Accompanied by ...

Musical Director, HORACE FELLOWES

Featured from the Pavilion Garden

Overture to 'Russian and Lullaby' ...

1st ...

2nd ...

3rd ...

4th ...

5th ...

6th ...

7th ...

8th ...

9th ...

10th ...

11th ...

12th ...

13th ...

14th ...

15th ...

16th ...

17th ...

18th ...

19th ...

20th ...

21st ...

22nd ...

23rd ...

BSX SWANSEA. 353 M. 850 KC.

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Songs will be sung by MARGARET MARR (Soprano)

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

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

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

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

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

7.30 A Light Orchestral Programme

THE MANCHESTER WIRELESS ORCHESTRA

March from 'The Old' ...

Overture, 'Patric' (Homeland) ...

When the King went forth to war ...

In the Dawn ...

Sombre Woods ...

(1,604.3 M. 57 MC.)

DAIMARA RHINA (Superior)
T. A. H. T. H.
FRANK THOMAS (Superior)
HARDING (Superior)
JES. J. J. J. J.

Friday's Programmes cont'd (August 31)

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

(492.2 MHz 810 KHz)

TRANSMISSIONS FROM THE 5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL STATION.

6.40 THE B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA
Personally conducted by JACK PAYNE
HARRY SWALSON (Syncopeated Singer)
MABEL FITZGERALD (M. Swalson)

6.45 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR (From Birmingham)
'A Swiss Lullaby', by Helen M. Enoch. Tony will entertain. Songs by DOROTHY MORRIS (Soprano)

6.50 TIME IN FAL, CREEKVIEW: WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST FAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.45 Light Music

THE WESTERN TUNES
ERIKEN ANDERLEKOVITCH (Violin)
MAUD DIXON and CARL WEBER
Duet for Two Pianofortes,

FLORIAN ANDERLEKOVITCH
I. Prelude in C Major
Andante
Chopin's No. 10
Waltz in F Major
Maud Dixon and Carl Weber
Prelude in C Major
Andante
Chopin's No. 10
Waltz in F Major
Part Song, Down in Alabama

ONE of the most popular of all madrigals is Festa's *Dum in a Flowery Vale*. It is also one of the oldest that most people are likely to know, to hear. Its composer belonged to the Papal Choir, and was one of the leading men who gave the start to the great unaccompanied choral music of the sixteenth century.

A YOUTH, taking his way through bushes and briars, "all for to hear the small birds sing," hears his true love singing of her unmeasured because her lad does not return. She wonders if she shall win him her maid; but she fears that if she does so he will requit her, and if she is bold he may cease to love her.

7.5 MAUD DIXON and CARL WEBER
Prelude in C Major
Andante
Chopin's No. 10
Cartège Danant (Processional Dance) d'Erlanger

WESTMINSTER SINGERS
Folk Songs:
Early one morning...
John Peel...
Three Modern Folk Songs...
ERIKEN ANDERLEKOVITCH
La Citana, The Cyprian Maid
Larghetto
Canzonetta
Mazurka

7.58 WESTMINSTER SINGERS
Glee, "By Colin's Arbour" ...
Part Songs:
O Peaceful Night...
Grandpa's Adventure...

THE first piece, a typical example of the glee (an English invention) is by William Horsley, one of the founders of our Philharmonic Society, and a friend of Mendelssohn. He gained much benefit from his association with the noted glee writer Dr. Collick. Most of his life was spent as a church musician and teacher.

MAUD DIXON and CARL WEBER
The Maid...
Vol. 2, The Maid...
Johann Strauss, arr. Chas. St.

9.0 Vaudeville
From Birmingham
MABEL CONSTANCE (M. Swalson)
FIRTH and SCOTT (Old Time Favourites)
THE MIRIMBA TRIO in Musical Selections
PHILIP BROWN'S SPARKS-FARE DAY & DANCE
WELL GARDNER (Entertainment)
CLAPHAM and DWYER in "A Spot of Boche"



8.0 Lace and Lavender

From Birmingham
FIVE BIRMINGHAM ST...
Conducted by J...
Select from "The Rebel Maid"
Montague Phillips

8.14 GEORGE PIZZEY (Baritone) and
Two Old English Songs
Wrong not; Oh, my sweeting

ORCHESTRA
Suite, At the Bal Masque...
Mélodie Erotique (Mélodie d'Amour)
Promenade; Danse Exotique (Exotic Dance)

8.32 DOROTHY MORRIS (Soprano) and
Orchestra
Three Old World Dance Songs
With Courty Grace (Gave to...)
and Patches (M. Swalson); In the Gay Old Times (G. Swalson)

ORCHESTRA
Waltz, "Rendezvous" ...
DOROTHY MORRIS, GEORGE PIZZEY, and
Orchestra
Say to...
Lighly, Lighly...
ORCHESTRA
Selection from "Marianne Pompadour" Fall
Pictures from "The Prince of Adenures," by
courtesy of European.

10.0 Weather Forecast, Second General News Bulletin, Road Report

10.15 DANCE MUSIC: MARIUS B. WINTER'S DANCE BAND from the Hotel Cecil

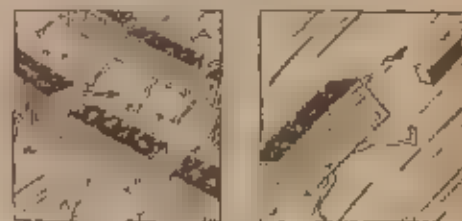
11.0-11.15 AMERSON'S BAND from the May Fair Hotel



For he too, am
My set's wrong and almost dumb
I've put it right with an Oldham H.T.—
A far bet-er job than a Dry Battery.



Jack Spratt tucked through his hat
When boosting his Dry Battery
But he felt quite a mull
When his set went phut
And now he fits an Oldham H.T.



Oldham 9-volt Blocks.
H.T. will they run,
They're better at power which gives sets life,
They don't make noise as a Dry Battery,
There's no distortion—so very life
With dry H.T.

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Friday's Programmes continued (August 31)

22Y MANCHESTER. 284.5 M. 750 KC.

4.0 The Manchester Wireless Orchestra
Selection from 'Russian Ballet' Leipzig
PHYLLIS McISACK (Entertainer)
The Old Stage Queen (Ella Wheeler Wilcox)
What are you grumbling for? (Anon.)

ORCHESTRA
Doll Waltz Poldini
Lakme, 'Lullaby Lullaby' Colini
Czech

THEATRE
The Revenge (Tennyson)
Negro's Sermon on Adam and Eve (Knickerbocker)

JACKSON
Selection from 'The Prodigal Child' (Furness)

5.0 Mr. W. REDPATH SCOTT: 'Border Strains'
In Sound

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
The Tenth Muse, Europe, and the
guidance of Uncle Phil
Suite, 'Children's Corner' Debussy
Played by THE STATION ORCHESTRA
Songs sung by BETTY WHITNEY and HARRY
H. PERELL

6.0 ORCHESTRAL MUSIC
Relayed from the Theatre Royal

6.30 S.B. from London

6.45 ORCHESTRAL MUSIC (Continued), directed by
MICHAEL DANE

7.0 S.B. from London

8.0 Famous Northern Resorts
Llandudno

AN ORCHESTRAL CONCERT, relayed from the Pier
Pavilion, Llandudno
S.B. from Liverpool

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

9.50 A Gilbert and Sullivan Programme
THE MANCHESTER WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
Selection from 'The Pirates of Penzance'
Selection from 'The Yeomen of the Guard'

10.15 'Trying a Dramatist'

A Comedy in One Act by Sir W. S. GILBERT
presented by

THE STATION REPERTORY PLAYERS

This intrepid author was so upset by the
treatment his play received at the Theatre
that he decided to take legal action in
the matter.

10.45-11.0 ONE SERIES
Selected from THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Other Stations.

SNO NEWCASTLE. 512.5 M. 750 KC.

12.0-1.0 The Station Orchestra
Selection from 'The Pirates of Penzance'
Selection from 'The Yeomen of the Guard'
Selection from 'The Pirates of Penzance'
Selection from 'The Yeomen of the Guard'

SSC GLASGOW. 408.5 M. 740 KC.

4.0 The Station Orchestra
Selection from 'The Pirates of Penzance'
Selection from 'The Yeomen of the Guard'
Selection from 'The Pirates of Penzance'
Selection from 'The Yeomen of the Guard'

5.0 The Station Orchestra
Selection from 'The Pirates of Penzance'
Selection from 'The Yeomen of the Guard'
Selection from 'The Pirates of Penzance'
Selection from 'The Yeomen of the Guard'

6.0 The Station Orchestra
Selection from 'The Pirates of Penzance'
Selection from 'The Yeomen of the Guard'
Selection from 'The Pirates of Penzance'
Selection from 'The Yeomen of the Guard'

7.0 The Station Orchestra
Selection from 'The Pirates of Penzance'
Selection from 'The Yeomen of the Guard'
Selection from 'The Pirates of Penzance'
Selection from 'The Yeomen of the Guard'

8.0 The Station Orchestra
Selection from 'The Pirates of Penzance'
Selection from 'The Yeomen of the Guard'
Selection from 'The Pirates of Penzance'
Selection from 'The Yeomen of the Guard'

London, S.B. from London (9.45 Local Announcements)
Selection from 'The Pirates of Penzance'
Selection from 'The Yeomen of the Guard'

2BD ABERDEEN. 500 M. 600 KC.

11.0-12.0 The Station Orchestra
Selection from 'The Pirates of Penzance'
Selection from 'The Yeomen of the Guard'

12.0-1.0 The Station Orchestra
Selection from 'The Pirates of Penzance'
Selection from 'The Yeomen of the Guard'

1.0-2.0 The Station Orchestra
Selection from 'The Pirates of Penzance'
Selection from 'The Yeomen of the Guard'

2BE BELFAST. 408.5 M. 740 KC.

12.0-1.0 The Station Orchestra
Selection from 'The Pirates of Penzance'
Selection from 'The Yeomen of the Guard'

1.0-2.0 The Station Orchestra
Selection from 'The Pirates of Penzance'
Selection from 'The Yeomen of the Guard'

2.0-3.0 The Station Orchestra
Selection from 'The Pirates of Penzance'
Selection from 'The Yeomen of the Guard'

3.0-4.0 The Station Orchestra
Selection from 'The Pirates of Penzance'
Selection from 'The Yeomen of the Guard'

4.0-5.0 The Station Orchestra
Selection from 'The Pirates of Penzance'
Selection from 'The Yeomen of the Guard'

5.0-6.0 The Station Orchestra
Selection from 'The Pirates of Penzance'
Selection from 'The Yeomen of the Guard'

6.0-7.0 The Station Orchestra
Selection from 'The Pirates of Penzance'
Selection from 'The Yeomen of the Guard'

7.0-8.0 The Station Orchestra
Selection from 'The Pirates of Penzance'
Selection from 'The Yeomen of the Guard'

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CELESTION
The Very Soul of Music

PROGRAMMES for SATURDAY, September 1

2LO LONDON and 5XX DAVENTRY

(301.4 M. 830 KC.)

(1,804.3 M. 167 KC.)

10.15 a.m. The
Daily Service

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

1.0-2.0 A CONCERT
C. RILEY WINDMILLS BAND

9.30 A Band Concert
GERTRUDE W. WOLFE (Soprano)
NORMAN VANNER (Baritone)

CALLENDER'S BAND, conducted by TOM MORGAN
March of the Crusaders, from 'Debutante Night'
Excerpts from 'The Gondoliers'
GERTRUDE W. WOLFE
When Daisies pied
Good morning, Brother Sunshine Lehmann

ARTHUR WOOD, born at Rickmansworth, has spent many years in conducting orchestras—at first, as deputy, that of the Hartsogate Corporation, and then, as chief, at various London theatres, particularly the Shaftesbury, the Gaiety, and Daly's. He became Musical Director at His Majesty's in 1927. He has written the music for several musical comedies and revues, and also a number of orchestral pieces, of which these *Three Daisies* are amongst the best known.

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
'In the Days of Charles I,' a little play of the Civil War period, written by C. E. Hodges

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

6.30 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH,
WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL
NEWS BULLETIN, ANNOUNCEMENTS
and SPORTS BULLETIN

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

7.0 Mr. BASIL MAIR 'Next
Week's Broadcast Music'

FOOTBALL IS HERE AGAIN

And for the amateurs as well as for the pros! Mr. Sloley will discuss prospects for the amateur season in his talk from London this evening at 7.30

Pictures by Sport and General

7.15 THE FOUNDATIONS OF
MUSIC

BARITONE & VIOLONCELLO
SONATA

Played by LESLIE HOWARD (Piano-
forte)
and MAY MUKLA (Violoncello)

7.30 Mr. R. SLOLEY 'Amateur Association
Football Prospects'

THE Association football season has already been welcomed in by Mr. George F. Allison, for the benefit of those who follow the professional game. Tonight Mr. Sloley, the former Cambridge Blue, will talk of the prospects of the amateur clubs.

7.45 A Programme of Music

by
Walter Donaldson

THE B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA
Personally conducted by JACK PAYNE
with
LESLIE CARLISLE

THE ordinary jazz-lover who 'falls for' a dance tune must often does not think of what he is getting for his money. He is not enough to recall such haunting tunes as 'I Wonder Where My Baby is Tonight' (who can ever forget Layton and Johnston's singing of it!) and 'That Certain Party', to feel grateful to Mr. Donaldson. Not that Mr. Donaldson has not been rewarded with a very tangible gratitude from a world that dances to his music, for it is estimated that his royalties average between £10,000 and £12,000 a year. Listeners who have heard his songs played and sung by every variety of band and singer, good, bad and worse, will

be a talented singer as Eileen Carlow

8.15 Vaudeville

TOMMY HANDLEY (Comedian)

JULIAN ROSE and NICK ADAMS

(Hebrew Comedians)

ELLA RAYBON (Songs and Improvisations)

HEATHER TRAYBON

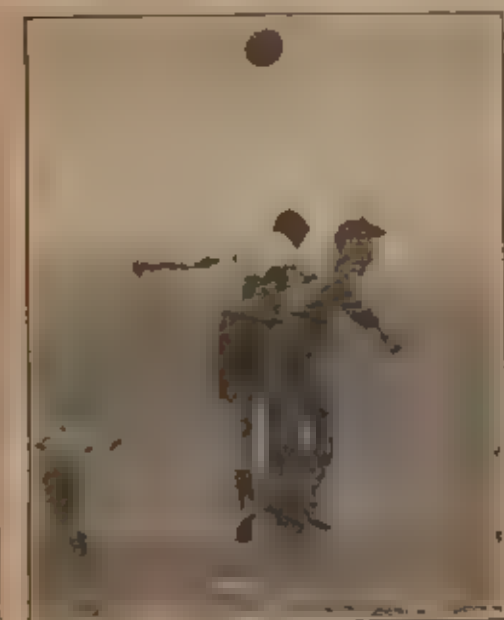
HENRI LEBON in Light Ballads

CLAUDE CAVALOTTE (Saxophone Solos)

JACK PABURY'S COSMO CLUB DANCE BAND

9.15 Mr. S. K. RATCLIFFE: 'Summer in America'

SUMMER in America, with its summer-camps, its fishing-parties in the backwoods, its 'hikes' and family treks half across the Continent in a ramshackle car, is a time full of interest for the foreign observer. Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe,



At Dawning
Love, the jester Montague Phillips

3.56 BAND
Cornet Solo, 'Hadstorm'
Soloist: Mr. E. FARRINGTON

Selection from 'The Huguenots' Meyerbeer

NORMAN VANNER

Epithet Coleridge Taylor

Song of the Bow Aylward

GERTRUDE W. WOLFE

Cherry Ripe Horn

The Dawn was a song Montague Phillips

A Fairy went a-ma-king Goodhart

4.30 BAND

Overture, 'Oliver Cromwell' Decker

Ma set, Dorothy Vernon' Horn

NORMAN VANNER

The Blind Ploughman R. Cowenby Clark

Lovely Aylward

The Song of the Waggoner Leitch Smith

LAND

Intermezzo, 'The Priory Bell' Hume

Three Daisies Arthur Wood

who is an English journalist of distinction, has been for some years one of the most popular of lecturers in the United States, and he is well qualified to describe the American manners and modes.

9.30 WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN, Local Announcements, (Daventry only) Shipping Forecast

9.50 Ballad Concert

BARRINGTON HOOVER (Tenor)

CHORUS: M. PARKINGTON, V. HARRISON

SOLIST: HARRISON (Pianoforte)

CHORUS: M. PARKINGTON

M. H. H.

Ser. 10.15

Ser. 10.15

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Ash for Leaflet M15



NEW PRICES from AUG. 15th.

2-Volt Cells in Celluloid Boxes.

Type	Capacity	Old Price	New Price
1-C22	20 a.h.	£0 11 0	88 9 0
" 2	30 "	0 13 0	0 11 0
" 4	40 "	0 16 0	0 13 0
" 5	50 "	0 18 0	0 15 0
" 6	60 "	1 1 0	0 17 0
1-C25	25 "	1 4 0	1 1 0
" 5	50 "	1 8 0	1 0 0
" 7	105 "	1 11 0	1 7 0
" 8	120 "	2 15 0	1 18 0
1-H25	40 "	0 17 0	0 13 0
" 5	50 "	1 1 0	0 17 0
" 4	60 "	1 4 0	1 2 0

2-Volt Cells in Glass Boxes.

Type	Capacity	Old Price	New Price
1-C20	20 a.h.	0 11 0	0 8 0
" 2	30 "	0 13 0	0 11 0
" 4	40 "	0 16 0	0 13 0
" 5	50 "	New size	0 15 0
" 6	60 "	1 1 0	0 17 0
1-W20	40 "	0 17 0	0 13 0
" 5	50 "	1 1 0	0 17 0
" 4	60 "	1 4 0	1 2 0

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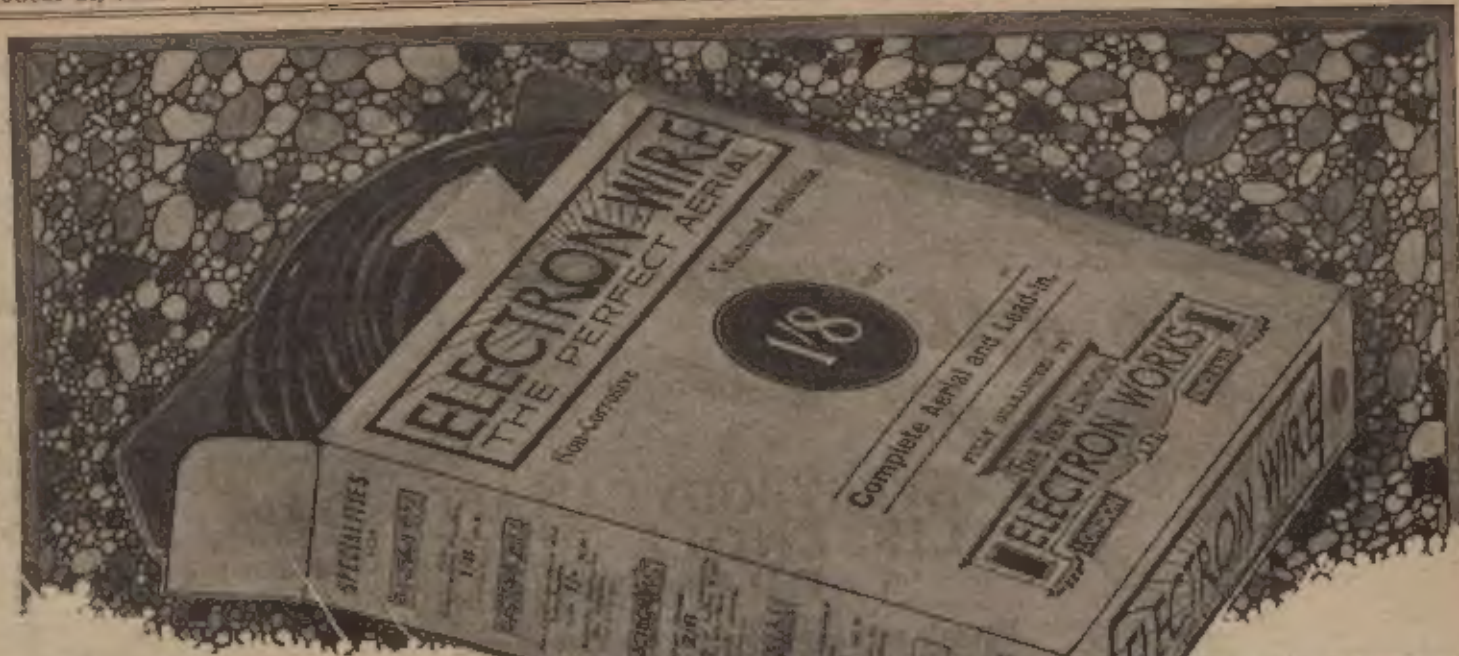
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MR. DOL

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Electron is the easiest aerial to fix—thoroughly well insulated with vulcanised rubber which prevents all leakage of incoming signals.

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Read this

Beach Cottage, Botley Rd.,
 Hedge End, Hants.
 13th July, 1928.

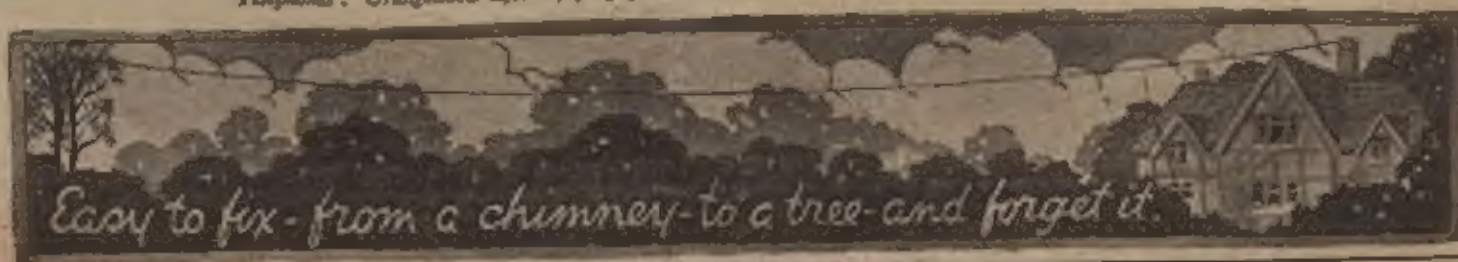
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