

THE RADIO TIMES

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MAY 17, 1929

Every Friday. Two Pence.

HANS ACROSS THE SEA or The Power of Broadcasting

A Moral Tale by HARRY GRAHAM

In youth her relatives complained
Of dear Aunt Maud's piano-playing,
And even those who least disdained
Her talents (which were quite untrained),
Could not refrain from saying
That, when she strummed 'The Merry Peasant,'
The net result was far from pleasant.

When she began to learn the flute
The thing became a local scandal;
Aunt Maud was threatened with a suit
For bringing into disrepute
The lighter works of Handel,
And neighbours laid a stern embargo
On her performance of the 'Largo.'

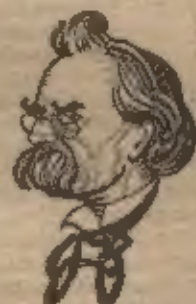
Her parents—and one must applaud
The sacrifice they made for Art's sake—
Decided that their darling Maud
Should study harmony abroad
(Although it made their hearts ache);
And Dr. Schweinhart, the conductor,
Became her musical instructor.

'Twas thus—and if one speaks the truth
One cannot call such conduct prudent—
She met and loved a foreign youth,
Long-haired, short-sighted and uncouth,
A Polish fellow-student,
And went as far as woman may go
With what we Britons call a Dago.

His name was Hans; his tenor voice
Was low, and musical, and mellow;
To hear it made her heart rejoice.
And, though one can't commend her choice,
She loved this foreign fellow;
And he would stimulate her passion
By singing love-songs in Circassian.



MAUD.



Dr. SCHWEINHART.



HANS.

To Dr. Schweinhart this affair
Seemed an intolerable nuisance.
Though, as a rule, his timid air
Suggested he would hardly dare
Say 'Oboe!' to a Goossens,
This time his courage was not lacking;
He sent his lovesick pupils packing.

So, with her flute inside its case,
A chastened and embarrassed spinster,
Aunt Maud returned in sad disgrace,
Back to her father's country place,
'The Laurels,' Kidderminster,
Where, since her plans have all miscarried,
She still resides, alone, unmarried.

But poor Aunt Maud remembers yet
Her first, her last, her one flirtation;
And when upon her wireless set
She chanced, last Sunday night, to get
A distant foreign station,
And heard, athwart the ether ringing,
A tenor most divinely singing—

She recognized the mellow note,
The voice that she had loved so dearly!
The gutt'ral tone—as when a goat
Bleats in some Alpine pass remote—
She heard again, how clearly!
Love called to her across the ocean.
You can imagine her emotion!

The keenest now of wireless 'fans,'
Endowed with joys she never foresaw,
With what felicity she plans
To listen in whenever Hans
Is entertaining Warsaw;
For thus her heart may still recapture
The lover's first fine careless rapture.

My Moral—obvious from the start—
Is this: Though parents go to grave lengths
To keep two lovers Poles apart,
Fate cannot sunder heart from heart
While Britain rules the wave-lengths!

If you're in need of further morals,
Please send a postcard to 'The Laurels.'





'The Broadcaster's' Notes on Coming Events.

BOTH SIDES OF THE MICROPHONE



I Reveal Nothing.

THE following brief and sinister letter reached me by yesterday's post: 'You are Mr. Stobart, are you not? Confess!' The direct, unemotional terms of this communication sent a shudder through me. I started at the least sound; dank perspiration started up on my brow like mustard and cress on flannel. I had a vividly pictorial vision of some secret society in North-West London (whence the letter was addressed) whose dastardly intention it was to threaten me



A secret society in North-West London (whence the letter was addressed).

into blurring out my identity. Let me quickly admit that I am not Mr. Stobart. It would be very pleasant to be Mr. Stobart, who is the Education officer of the B.B.C., a great wit and scholar. But I was born under another guise, alas! If my sinister correspondent, whom I suspect to possess a long blank beard and a pair of piercing blue eyes half concealed behind green spectacles, desires further proof of my complete innocence, let me state that, as my trembling hand pens these words at Savoy Hill, Mr. Stobart is bumping across the prairies of Canada.

The General Election.

THE three most important political addresses yet broadcast will be heard from all Stations next week, when the Parties make their final statements prior to the General Election. On Monday, May 27, Sir John Simon will be relayed from the Kingway Hall; on the following evening, Mr. Ramsey MacDonald's address will be S.B. from the Newcastle Studio, and on Wednesday, May 29, the Prime Minister will speak from the London Studio. Our issue of next week will contain a General Election Chart on which listeners can score results of the poll as they are broadcast on the evening of May 30.

Alexandra Day.

THE two greatest Festivals of Charity in the year are Poppy Day, November 11, and Alexandra Rose Day, June 12. The latter was inaugurated in 1912 in honour of her late Majesty, Queen Alexandra, and has been instrumental, in sixteen years, in raising more than a million pounds for hospitals and charities for the sick. Over 2,500 towns and villages are this year joining in the celebration for their local hospitals, etc. The charity is a noble one, in that all the roses sold are manufactured by crippled girls. Helpers in the general organization, stall holders, sellers of roses, etc., are urgently needed. Offers of help, donations, etc., should be sent to Miss May C. Beenan, C.B.E., 33, The Grove, The Boltons, S.W.10.

A Parisian Idol of Fifty Years Ago.

JULES EMILE FRÉDÉRIC MASSENET, whose opera, *Le Jongleur de Notre Dame*, we are to hear broadcast on Monday (5GB) and Wednesday of next week, was the darling of Parisian audiences in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. As a composer he was without great depth, but his gift for melody (which d'Indy describes as 'discreet and semi-religious eroticism') makes him very easy to listen to. Massenet was the son of an iron-master whose fortunes were ruined by ill-health. The boy, who might have expected to live a life of ease, was therefore forced to earn his way through the Conservatoire by playing the triangle four nights a week at one theatre and the drum for the remaining three nights at another. His career at the Conservatoire was a brilliant one; he gained the Prix de Rome with a cantata entitled *David Rizzio* and went away to study in Italy. At the age of thirty he won fame with an opera, *Don César de Bazan*, and from that day was

established. He wrote twenty operas, of which those most often given are *Manon*, *Thais*, *Werther*, and *Le Jongleur de Notre Dame*, which was first performed at Monte Carlo in 1902 and at Covent Garden in 1906. Of these *Manon* is undoubtedly his masterpiece, though Puccini's setting of Prevost's immortal story is better known to English listeners.

A Memorable Performance.

THE piano-duet hardly flourishes today with the vigour it showed in Victorian days. It has become an art, rare and rather isolated. I well remember a village concert at which two ladies entertained us by playing a pianoforte duet. I forget the piece, but, anyway, it involved a snow-scene complete with sleighs. After the landscape (or so I suppose it to have been) had been etched in with appropriate trills and runs and a cold glitter of staccato chords, suddenly the two ladies dived their hands beneath the keyboard and, after a silence, brought them up again furnished with bells at the wrist and fingers. So the piece proceeded to its glorious close. But the art of the duet has become more specialized. Music that is really music has been written for it, whilst artists like Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson have given their blessing to the duet for two pianos. Among the best light-hearted duet music is that of Moszkowski, a recital of whose duets will be given from London on the evening of May 28.

Library List.

ON May 2, Miss V. Sackville West reviewed, in her broadcast talk, the following books:—*Brothers and Sisters*, by I. Compton Burnett (Heath Cranton); *The Squire's Daughter*, by F. M. Mayor (Constable); *Roon*, by Herbert Asquith (Hutchinson); *The True Heart*, by Sylvia Townsend Warner (Chatto and Windus); *The Red Detective Stories of 1928*, edited by Father Ronald Knox (Faber and Gwyer); *The Agra Double Murder*, by Sir Cecil Walsh (Benn).

Mendelssohn.

MENDELSSOHN would have had to be more than human to come unscathed through the ordeal of his early triumphs and consequent flattering career. He appeared publicly, as a pianist, when he was nine; he was composing at eleven (in his thirteenth year alone he wrote five symphonies for stringed instruments, some motets, an opera, not to mention lesser works); he began, at a still early age, a series of Continental tours that brought him adulation everywhere; and before he was out of his early manhood he had achieved a reputation and a popularity that would have been ruinous to the creative genius of any man who had not Mendelssohn's sense of humour and his capacity for hard work in spite of hindrance. As it was, Mendelssohn's music, save in its peaks, shows only too plainly the effect of such a disastrous flattery; the Mendelssohn of the *Lieder ohne Worte*—that were so fondly admired up to the turn of the century—is dead, but the Mendelssohn of such works as some of the overtures, the music to *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and certain choral works, shows the best of the man and lives still. A Mendelssohn programme will be conducted by Stanford Robinson on Friday evening, May 31 (London), Maurice Cole being at the piano.

A Fine Treat of the '70's.

AN interesting early experiment with the microphone is recorded in a cutting from *The Yorkshire Post* sent me by a Bournemouth listener. On a fine Sunday in 1879 a number of gentlemen gathered in the telegraph office at the Victoria Railway Station, Manchester, to listen, by means of an apparatus designed by Mr. Louis R. Crossley, to the service at the Square Congregational Chapel, Halifax, thirty-six miles away. The apparatus in question was known as 'The Telephone Transmitter.' A microphone was placed in the pulpit in the chapel, 'on a level with the preacher's knees.' It was 'arranged in an unobtrusive manner in order not to create any feeling of curiosity in the chapel.' The service was relayed to Manchester via the telegraph wires. The party of gentlemen heard the service quite distinctly. 'There was 'fading' during the sermon (probably due to the fact that the preacher was not talking through his knees) but the Hallelujah Chorus played on the organ was plainly audible and 'afforded a fine treat to the congregation in Manchester.'

Dr. Coward and the Sheffield Choir.

MANY listeners will be provided with their first opportunity, on Tuesday evening, May 28, of hearing a broadcast from the new Broadcasting House in Piccadilly, Manchester. The occasion will be a performance, relayed from 5GB, of Coleridge-Taylor's choral work, *Hiawatha*, by Dr. Henry Coward and his famous Sheffield Choir. Broadcasting House provides a strange contrast from underground premises that were, until recently, the home of the North Regional offices of the B.B.C. in Manchester. In those days one stepped into a lift (if the lift was working), put one's faith in some none too responsive mechanisms, and slid down until the lift stopped. From that underground hive, teeming with busy workers, one found it hard to realize that the whole of the North of England, from Liverpool to Hull, was being served. Today, however, things are very different. Broadcasting House is among the most imposing of the modern buildings in Manchester, and certainly a more fitting home for such far-reaching activities.

With Illustrations by Arthur Watts

BOTH SIDES OF THE MICROPHONE



Lessing Comedy to be Broadcast.

THE next 'Great Play' is to be *Minna von Barnhelm* (June 11 and 12), representing German drama in the series. Listeners who are more familiar with the plays of Goethe, Schiller, and Grillparzer, or such moderns as Hauptmann and Georg Kaiser, may wonder that Lessing has been chosen as his country's spokesman in this symposium of the world's drama. Some may recall *Minna von Barnhelm* through having studied it as a holiday task or crammed it for an examination, experiences alien enough to dim for the reader the radiance of any playwright. Actually, the play is fine comedy, with a good 'story' to it, and should make one of the most successful of the series. It was the first great play of the German theatre. Before the Seven Years' War, the German drama had been pitifully non-existent. The actors' repertory consisted of stilted adaptations and imitations of the French 'classics' and the *commedia dell'arte*, or clownish comedies. *Minna von Barnhelm*, produced in Berlin in 1765, created a furor. Here was a play about real people—and not lords and ladies, either!—a play of psychology and realism. The story is set in the years following the Seven Years' War. The problems faced by Major von Tellheim are much the same as those faced in 1919 by any demobilized and penniless officer with 'a growth again the Government.' The drama wears well. As a writer in the booklet issued by the B.D.C., in connection with the forthcoming broadcast, puts it: '*Minna von Barnhelm* was given at the Haymarket Theatre in 1789 under the title of *The Disembled Officer*. It might well have been revived at the same theatre in 1919, under the title of *Demobbed*.'

'English Eloquence—V' (Sunday, May 26).

THE fifth of the 'English Eloquence' series will be 'The Marriage Ring'—a sermon preached by the Rev. Jeremy Taylor, D.D., the famous Divine of the early seventeenth century. The sermon was preached in the heyday of Taylor's life, before he was appointed to the turbulent See of Down and Connor, when, in fact, he was enjoying the patronage of the second Earl of Carbery, whose fine, hospitable mansion, *Golden Grove*, became immortalized in Taylor's most popular manual of devotion, and whose first wife was his constant friend. The great plea of Jeremy Taylor was for tolerance, since 'it is impossible that all should be of one mind; and what is impossible should be done is not necessary it should be done.' His work, even in an age of splendid prose, stands apart for its fine flower of metaphor and its astonishing felicity of phrase.

The Burden of a Name.

HAYDN'S String Quartets are to be played by the Brosa Quartet for the 'Foundations of Music' programmes commencing Monday, May 27. The pronunciation of 'Papa Haydn's' name has occasioned many a 'battle of looks' among those to whom a composer by any other name is not as sweet. How the Master of Music at Esterházy himself settled upon his name is hard to imagine; for some of his ancestors spelt it Hajden and Hajdin, while even in his own time it was often spelt Haiden, Hayden, Helden, and Hyden. Perhaps the fact that he was of Croatian race settled in Austria may account for these variations. Handel, by the way, was another composer suffering from a name capable of queer variations. On the Continent it is still usually spelt *Handel*, a pronunciation difficult to the average Englishman. Until Handel finally settled

in England he seemed uncertain of the best way of spelling his unfortunate name, whilst others gave it variations even more various than his own—Handl, Hendel, etc.

Linen Water-lilies.

MY best thanks to Mrs. Denby, of Croydon, and Miss Davis, of Whitechurch, among others, for revealing to me what I believed to be the lost art of converting a table-napkin into a water-lily. The former sent me an admirable working-model; the latter a chart of unexampled lucidity. From Dogsboddy came the following letter on the subject: 'I read your paragraph about the waiter at Richmond. I was not surprised. You have evidently a trivial mind. Instead of worrying how to twist table-napkins you would be better occupied in knocking a little sense into that head of yours. As it happens, I know the water-lily trick—but I should not dream of telling you.'

Gramophone Records.

AMONG the gramophone records broadcast by Mr. Christopher Stone during the luncheon hour on Thursday, May 9, were a Vocal Selection from Handel's *Messiah*, Regal Q1084; *The Dance of the Seven Veils* from *Salome* (B. Strauss), R.M.V. D1633; *Mosque* (B. Strauss), Lotte Lehmann, Parlo. R02081; the *Bird Song* from David's *Pearl of Brazil* (Guladya Nalish), Winner 4901; the *Prison Scene* from *Faust* (Gounod), Parlo. E16834; *Since First I Saw Your Face*, John McCormack, R.M.V. DA046; *Alford's Old Panama March*, Grenadier Guards Band, Col. 5313; *Burn Bras Medley*, mouth-organ solo by P.C. Hopkinson, Col. 5319; *Alexander's Ragtime Band* (Berlin), Vincent Lopez Orchestra, Brunswick 20072; and *Wake Up and Dream Selection*, New Mayfair Orchestra, R.M.V. D1660.

How to Keep Cool.

AT 10.45 a.m. on Saturday, June 1, Mrs. Robert Noble is to tell us 'How to Keep Cool during a Heat Wave.' This should be useful as we must all be a little out of practice. There seems to be every likelihood of a hot summer. Aged men tell me with a quivering assurance in their tone that 'a dry March spells a fine summer.' Our English weather is strangely changed since the war. The theory that 'that there wireless' is

responsible, has long since been exploded. But where are the known of yester-year when Christmas Day lent verisimilitude to the pictures in the Christmas Supplements; where those burning drowsy summers of our youth which browned the croquet lawn in the days when you could buy a pound of Victoria plums for tuppence?

Befriended by Christina of Sweden.

LISTENERS will recall the lively portrait Mrs. Compton Mackenzie gave in these pages recently of Christina of Sweden, 'The Queen who went dressed as a man.' Among the many artists she patronized in her great rôle as champion of liberty, was the Italian composer, Scarlatti. Scarlatti, at twenty years of age, had just had his first opera produced in Rome at the Collegio Clementino. Christina, awake to all the interesting events in Europe, heard of the opera—and heard, too, of the bad odour in which Scarlatti, because of his sister's misconduct, stood with the Vatican. She therefore, at once, proclaimed herself the protector of the unfortunate composer in defiance of the Papal representatives. How far her protection extended actual fact is unknown; but, in the libretto of his second opera, he is described as Christina's 'maestro di capella.' Works by Scarlatti will be included in Edith Penzance's flute recital from London, on Friday evening, May 31.

Spanish Music.

FEW who have once heard de Falla's *Nights in the Gardens of Spain* can resist for long the irresistible prompting to hear more of this attractive new Spanish music that has suddenly sprung into life—almost, I was tempted to write, out of nothing, but the seed of Spanish music, with its gypsy-beat and its splash of Moorish colour, is probably the folk-music of the country. However this may be, the music of de Falla, Granados, Turina, and Arbos is, for the average intelligent listener, among the most attractive music that the more romantic among modern composers are writing to-day. Both Turina and Arbos are represented in a programme of chamber-music from London on Monday, May 27: a Trio by Turina and Hahamern, Bolera, and Sequidillas Gitano by Arbos. Both of these composers, incidentally, are well known as conductors, Turina being conductor of the famous Madrid Symphony Concerts, and Arbos, at one time, of the Boston Orchestra. The soloist at this concert will be Sarah Fischer—who is singing songs by Beethoven and Gabriel Grovlez.

'The Broadcaster'



Both Sides of the Bristol Channel.

WAR-TIME STORIES OF THE SMALLEST 'Q' BOAT.

Fascinating New Series for Cardiff Listeners—Play with a West Country Flavour—An Outpost of Gower—Concert by University Students—An Important Episode in Welsh History.

Secrets of the War.

CAPTAIN C. E. HARRIS is to give the first of a series of talks on 'Q' Boats on Saturday, June 1, at 7.0 p.m. He was navigator and sailing-master to the smallest 'Q' Boat in the service, a ketch named *The Record Reign*, in honour of Queen Victoria. Nothing could have been more unlike the traditions of the Senior Service than the motley collection of boats and the unkempt men aboard that formed the unit of defence against the U Boats. The crews were recruited from all classes—dock labourer, fisherman, artists, and clerks. The officers and ratings were never in uniform, and as they were under oath to reveal nothing, they were often presented when ashore with white feathers by over zealous flippers. So much secrecy was maintained during the War about these disguised cargo-boats that the story Captain Harris has to tell will be stranger than any fiction.

A Return to the Cotswolds.

THE TURN OF THE TRAMP, a one-act play by Constance Smedley, will be broadcast on Thursday, May 30, in a programme introduced by the Station Trio at 9.50 p.m. Constance Smedley, who was actively associated with the Cotswold Players, later founded the Greenleaf Theatre. She is well known as novelist, playwright, and producer; she founded the Lyceum Club and is the wife of Maxwell Armfield, the artist. Although this play begins in town, both the characters, a man and a woman, know and love the West Country and, by the end of the play, they both resolve to return to the Cotswolds.

Talk on Granada.

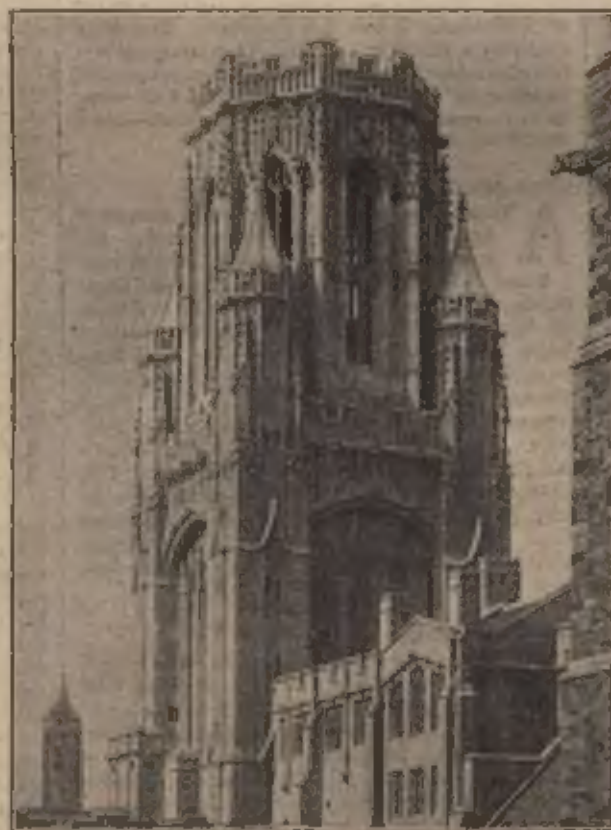
MR. ISAAC J. WILLIAMS, who gives a talk on Granada at 4.45 p.m. on Monday, May 27, will tell of the Alhambra, the colourful and ruined palace of the Moorish kings. He will also tell of the sixteenth-century roofless and unfinished palace of the Emperor Charles V., who changed his mind in the middle of a gigantic enterprise in building construction, peculiar to Spanish architecture of the period it represents.

Rhosilly.

THE village of Rhosilly, about which Mr. W. H. Jones is to talk on Friday, May 31, at 6.0 p.m., in his series on 'Village Histories,' may be described as an outpost of the fertile and picturesque peninsula of Gower, in Glamorganeshire. It stands on the heights of a sheer cliff, two hundred feet and more above the sea, just where the rocky coast finds its terminal in the bold and sinuous promontory of Worm's Head. The little church of Rhosilly is of the crudest type of architecture, amongst many rudely constructed churches in the neighbourhood. There are many interesting relics of an earlier civilisation in the village and its neighbourhood, including an extensive British Camp and a prehistoric open hearth. When this hearth was discovered there still remained charcoal and heating stones used by the man of many centuries ago who cooked his last meal there. Mr. Jones has received many interesting letters from listeners who have heard the other talks in this series.

Bristol University Madrigal Singers.

THE Bristol University Madrigal Singers, who are to broadcast from the University Union at 8 p.m., on Tuesday, May 28, consist of some thirty students of the University who meet weekly for the singing of madrigals, etc., under the direction of Mr. A. S. Warrell, Lecturer in Music in the Department of Education. The singers are all members of the University Men's or Women's Choirs, and the music they sing is designedly of a different type from that sung by the larger choirs. The programme on May 28 will include madrigals by Edwardes,



BRISTOL UNIVERSITY TOWER,

a beautiful example of modern Gothic architecture. The University Madrigal Society broadcasts a programme from Cardiff on the evening of May 28.

Morley, Weelkes, Wilbye, and Gibbons; and arrangements of folk songs by Vaughan Williams, Rutland Boughton, and W. G. Whittaker. Mr. M. H. Salter will play pianoforte solos by Bach, Handel, Percy Grainger, York Bowen, and Norman O'Neill.

Afternoon Concert.

MISS BEATRIX RICHARDS (soprano) will be the vocalist at an Afternoon Concert on Wednesday, May 29, at 4.5 p.m. Miss Richards began her training when she was twelve years of age, and won the Challenge Shield for Junior Vocalists at the Bath and West of England competitions for three years in succession, so that the Shield became her own property.

Welsh Concert.

ON Friday, May 31, a Welsh Concert will be given at 8.0 p.m., when Arianwen Price (soprano), Charles Clements (pianoforte), Emyln Burns (tenor), and Morgan Lloyd (violin) will be the artists. Arianwen Price specialises in singing works of modern Welsh composers, and she has sung at many of the Chamber Music Concerts in Swansea. Emyln Burns (tenor) won the tenor solo competition at the Treorchy National Eisteddfod in 1928. Charles Clements gained the unique distinction of winning the Lafontaine prize for the A.R.C.O. at the age of eighteen, and the F.R.C.O. twelve months later. This prize is awarded to the candidate receiving the highest number of marks in organ playing, and no candidate hitherto has won the prize at both examinations. He took his Mus. Bac. in 1923, and was appointed assistant to Sir Wulford Davies at Aberystwyth University in 1919.

Llywelyn The Last.

LYWELYN THE LAST PRINCE, is the subject of the Broadcast to Schools by Professor Ernest Hughes on Wednesday, May 28, at 2.30 p.m. Llywelyn was a grandson of Llywelyn the Great, and when Henry III. bestowed most of the Principality upon his son Edward, the outraged people turned to their Prince as one raised to help them in an evil time. He swept North Wales almost free of the oppressors, made an alliance with the Scots, and joined forces with the English barons who were struggling against the power of the Crown. He made an alliance with de Montfort and for a time the King recognized his right to the Principality and to receive homage from the Welsh barons. But Llywelyn loved de Montfort's daughter Eleanor, and when she was taken prisoner by the King, she was used as a hostage. The story is a stirring one and the fall of Llywelyn the Last meant, for the time, the fall of the Principality of Wales.

Short Notes.

MR. H. W. HYDE, who broadcasts to schools at 2.30 p.m. on Monday, May 27, on *Saracens*, was Biology Master at Tonbridge School from 1919 to 1922. His work at the Museum has been the acquisition and organization of collections to illustrate the flora and vegetation of Wales and the utilization of Welsh plants in the service of man.

Mr. Ian Kyrie Fletcher takes 'Pioneers of Experiments in the Theatre' as the subject of his fourth talk on the Theatre on Thursday, May 30, at 3.45 p.m.

On Sunday, May 26, a Light Orchestral Concert will be given at 9.30 p.m. Megan Thomas (soprano) will sing with the Orchestra and she will also be heard in groups of songs.

A Popular Programme has been devised for Saturday, June 1, at 7.45 p.m., when Walter Glynn (tenor) and the National Orchestra of Wales will make music in honour of love and roses.

'STEEP HOLM.'



THE Sunday before, Fenny's father, coming out of his own shop with a cage of canaries in either hand, had slipped on a piece of orange peel, broken his leg and was carried off to the hospital.

He blamed nothing on the boy who had dropped the peel there, that had nothing to do with it. It wouldn't have been dropped if—in silent, white-faced fury he shook his fist at the man sitting at the second floor window in the house across the Row.

And that was not the beginning of it either. Ever since he had been there the police had been poking their noses about Club Row; things had been happening—well, if he wasn't an informer he was something darned well like it. And there was more to it, too. See here:—

'Snow Gruddle' had 'seven clean shirts'—three months hard—for something he had done months before and forgotten about; Billy Saunders had let a knife slip on his wife, when before there had been nothing more than a black eye or two; old Boggles's moko had dropped dead in the Row, an' just after a feed o' hay, too; six of Weslem's roll-canaries had died on him; Beelby's girl had turned stool-pigeon—and given him away; while some interfering fool or other—and if the watcher at the window could only have heard what Mrs. Ruggles had to say about it—had drawn attention to the fact that the spots on the face of the Ruggles's youngest were owing to scarlet fever, not fleas. 'As if the kid weren't insured, an' all paid up proper. Call this a free country! Well, I don't think—wiff the likes o' that about.'

And yet, though she, too, shook her fist at the window, it ended there.

They were afraid, that was it; afraid of something they couldn't understand.

'Something's come over the something, something Row.' That's what they all said, with a jerk of the chin or a shake of the fist.

But Fenny—and goodness only knows where her mother had got hold of that name Fenella, which no one ever used—absolutely refused to look up. She had to force herself to resist, but she just would not: 'Givin' in ter the like o' that.'

The men seen about in that short, crowded street were for the most part of two kinds: heavy jawed, pallid, fleshy men with velvet

collars to their short-cut coats, folded neck-cloth in the place of collars; and grey-faced, sharp-featured men like pen-nibs in smooth blue-grey tweeds, with longish skirts and tight waists to their coats; wearing tall celluloid collars and brocaded ties. Just a few nondescripts, a few down-and-outers, a few country tramps hawking birds; but apart from these, if it were possible to look at once respectable,

smug, and villainous, there you had it.

The whole of every week Club Row—so nearly a *cul-de-sac*, tapering off at the farther end into a narrow sort of passage, crooked as a dog's legs—was a dead place: a few women hurrying off furtively to their shopping—for while some females flaunt their affairs, others are always sidling; some make a parade of spending, eating, while some wouldn't be seen at it—and a few frowzy men scraping the trays of the canaries' cages into the gutter. That was all.

Sunday mornings, however, Club Row was alive with people, every shop was open; and every shop, apart from a pawnshop or two, a bird and small animal shop—finches and blackbirds and larks, vainly and eternally hopping; hiskins and bullfinches, a few exotic love birds and paroquets, but for the most part canaries; canaries of all sorts and all prices.

Before every open-fronted shop were cages piled high one above another, a torrent of song and wildly fluttering wings.

Beneath these, upholding them, crates, their fronts covered with wire netting, filled with ducks and fowls and geese, rabbits and guinea-pigs, and pink-eyed, squirming ferrets.

With their feet in the gutter stood men guarding more rabbits, more guinea-pigs set out like wooden toys upon a scrap of sacking: alive and panting, petrified into immobility by the press of human feet about them.

Gold fish, too, in bowls of clouded water, though there is not much in fish; and every sort of small, naturally wild, scared-to-death animal. Though, all the same, birds—and in front of some shops cages are hung close against the wall, high up to the second story, costly birds at that—were, and still are, the great affairs of moment in Club Row of a Sunday morning.

Why? Why? Search me. Why, I, in my turn, would ask, do the police in every big city—London, Paris, Vienna Berlin—forever say, yes and act upon it, too: 'Beware of the man who keeps birds?'

What is it, I ask you? Is it that any human being, the killer even, the brute who kicks his wife to death, must have as a pet something or other that won't answer him back? Is it that a dog, or even a cat, might follow him, give him away?

The Watcher

By Elinor Mordaunt

The Lord only knows, but there it is, and in Club Row, above all places, pounds and pounds of good mogey change hands over roll-canaries and piping bullfinches.

An altogether pleasant interlude to business, to the gentle art of burgling and such-like, these Sunday mornings—up to the advent of the man at the window: 'That there bloke as they've all gone potty over,' as Fenny put it.

No more than a couple of Sundays before, four policemen, abreast, had swept down the roadway, pressing the people back among the birdcages and crates; while four more police, in pairs, had run up the crooked, dog-leg alley leading into it and met them. Someone trod on a guinea-pig, and it squealed shrilly: there was a deafening outcry from cocks and hens—though far away up on the front o' Bill Smiley's house a lark still poured out its soul, passionate with pain, the illusion of open fields beneath it; while Bill Smiley himself was squeezed out between the two sets o' police, like the rabbit from the hat in a conjuror's show, with the bracelets on his wrists.

It was beyond a joke. 'Narking'—the trail of the narker, the 'stool-pigeon,' over it all. Yes, and more than that, something they didn't understand spoiling their luck, putting it over them—for people with something on their conscience are quickly rendered uneasy—till, by now, Sunday seemed half dead: depression hung like a dark pall over the comparatively depleted Row.

'That there bloke at the window!' It seemed as though people could not keep their eyes from him, were continually glancing up, furtive and sullen: trying not to look, forced to it.

And, curiously enough, though the Sunday trade was so bad, there had been far more people than usual about all the week, while they had all been the same: just like this, continually looking up.

Fenny alone refused not only to look up at 'that there image'—the immobile, fat, white-faced man, with his perfectly unchanging expression and great round dome of bald head, his Buddha-like series of chins, who sat staring down into Club Row; she, alone, refused to be depressed.

She was whistling now as she plucked a pair of white ducks: plucked them like lightning; perched high on a pile of crates, with one leg dangling, soft down flying around her and feathers heaping up at her feet.

It was a June morning, fresh for South London, with a blue sky and silver clouds overhead. Fenny wore a short-sleeved pink cotton gown and a whitish apron; there was white fluff in her frizzy, yellow hair and three or four freckles across the bridge of her short, turned-up nose. From the look of her she

might have been a country girl, and though she wasn't—far from it, bred an' born in Club Row—there must have been some clean streak in her: the same that had impelled her mother without knowing why to give her that same queer name that no one ever used. Anyhow, they all knew her, and they all liked her. 'Hallo, Fenny!' 'Wot ho, Fenny!' was what they said as they passed her; and 'Ow's the old man gettin' on?' with an upward sliding glance at the bloke at the window.

For, if he hadn't been sitting there, Fenny's father wouldn't have broken his leg. Why should he? He'd never done it before.

And see here! If there is one class of humanity extraordinarily superstitious, extraordinarily simple—simple to stupidity, stupid as an ostrich with its head in the sand—it's the criminal class, though you might not believe it.

Fenny, though, Fenny was different: she didn't get all messed up with pretending to be so mighty sly; saw things with crystal clearness. Nothing shocked or surprised her, there was nothing she didn't know; what they called 'her way about,' and more too—much more.

If a girl of eighteen could be said to resemble a god in her knowledge—the sort of things that nothing and nobody could teach you—with the tolerance and kindly contempt of a god, it was Fenny. It seemed as though all blokes—real stiff, too, at the very tops of their professions: fakers, forgers, housebreakers, pickpockets; toffs with black-and-white check trousers and heavy gold watch chains—were just like so many kids to her.

And yet she, too, had her 'boy': knew him for a wrong 'un; loved him all the same.

And that, too, was godlike; though, to tell the truth, give the devil his due, Bert Sennitt was a 'wrong 'un' with a difference. Everything in the way of a safe, or a locked door, or barred window was a challenge to him. If only people had been content to leave things open, it might have been different. But it seemed as though they sort of bet him that he wouldn't get them, with all that paraphernalia of locks and keys—setting their wits against his.

HE was the best dancer east of Aldgate Pump was Bert, as light as a fallen leaf on his toes. When Fenny and Bert danced together it seemed that there was nothing on earth could stop or tire them. He was lighthearted too; as lighthearted as he was light footed, light fingered—a regular card. And though he's been in what some people might have called trouble—others call 'stir'—he had done it on his 'ear,' as the saying goes; nothing touched him.

A medium-sized fellow, with broad shoulders and small waist: a clean, inward curve from hip to instep; narrow feet and narrow hands—ideal for a pickpocket: light grey eyes with yellow specks in them, always laughing, very wide open or all screwed up with wrinkles round them: a wide, flexible, thin-lipped mouth like a frog's.

Bert's check cloth cap was always a little fuller in the crown than the other chaps'; a trifle wider in the peak, more on one side: his very nostrils, high and wide and sensitive, had a look as though they'd have just hated

to miss anything, as though each nostril were an individual, alive to every lark.

Gay and game. In all the dreary fraternity of petty crime there was no one touched Bert—a reincarnation of Mercury: the eternal Harlequin—up to the time that silent watcher appeared across the Row from Fenny's father's fowl shop—that's not meant for alliteration either, it's just fact; an' there's another 'f' to it, too; for he was fence as well as bird fancier, was Fenny's father.

On this special Sunday morning Bert was all in, on edge with nerves, fine strung as a wire. He had a big job on that night, and for the first time a premonition of something coming to him.

Leaning against the doorpost at Fenny's side, he raised his fist and shook it at the yellow-white moon of a head and face in the opposite window.

"If so be I get copped over this 'ere, I'll do you in. Sure as God I'll do you in, you blighter, you," he said.

HE was changed; something had come over him, a thick veil of sullenness, furtiveness and fear overhung him like a cloud across the sun. There seemed, indeed, next to nothing left of the old Bert. Raising her hand to brush the white down from her thick straight, corn-gold eyelashes, Fenny tightened her mouth anxiously, and frowned. She knew her sort when they were like this, these half-grown kids of men; there was no holding them. All the same, she couldn't, couldn't look up at the window opposite.

'Bert, cut it out for to-night, old dear. Nervous as a cat on 'ot bricks, that's wot you are.'

'Not if I knows it. I'm all for it. An' there's others, you know—our push. We're all in it.'

'What time?'

'Nine or thereabouts. The cops are less nosey early on. More to keep 'em interested like. More noise, likewise.'

Fenny rose. She had finished her last duck, looped its neck round under its wing as though to keep it from shame at its nakedness. There was a customer after a pair of goldfinches and she served him, handed him the little cage and his change. She and Bert were both grave. It seemed as though a weight hung over them; a weight on Fenny's feet as she turned into the shop, where the air was heavy with the sickening scent of birds; a weight on Bert following her, feet and spirit like lead.

'Well, I must be getting along; gi'e us a kiss, old girl,' he said, and took her in his arms.

Then suddenly he stiffened himself, looking out of the open door over the piled crates and cages.

'That there bloke—' he began, and broke off, shaking his fist.

There was a light yellow blind in the upper window of the opposite house. It was drawn at night, but the same heavy lump of a figure, the same great rounded dome of a head could be seen silhouetted out against it.

Still Fenny could not look. That was the queer thing about it. What she chose to do later on, I mean, when she had so absolutely refused to allow herself to so much as look. It wasn't as though the thing would cease to be there if she disregarded it for long

enough. Maybe it was that she did not mean to waste her strength.

AT eight o'clock Bert's pal, Alf Grigson, came round to the back door with a watch which he told her to keep for her Pa. She let him in for a few words, and when he left volunteered to let him out by the front door. 'It's better that way,' she said; 'seems to me the cops sorter forget the front doors,' but he would not hear of it.

'It's not the cops,' he said, and added, 'not while that there bloke's at the window.' Then, very kindly: 'Look 'ere, kid, that chap o' you's 'as gone fair dippy. Some 'un got word o' what we'd fixed for ter-night. The whole place fair hums wiff cops.'

'Schuyler's, aint it?'

Alf nodded. Schuyler's was a large corner pawnbroker's shop. They'd had the whole thing, every door and window, lock safe, jewel-case at their finger-tips for weeks, and it seemed almost too easy. 'Like stealin' milk from a blind kitten,' they had said. Now, however, with some queer intuition, they were all off it; all save Bert.

'Seems sorta-ways as if 'e wanted ter force 'em ter take 'im,' was wnat Alf said. 'Regular set, no turnin' 'im no ways.'

Fenny knew that, knew all about it. Queer how men set themselves to do things. Bert had sworn he'd do in the man at the window if he got copped, an' he meant to get copped; get even with him some way or other, without seeming to be the first to attack. For they were all like that, with that silent figure like an aching tooth in the conscience of the Row.

'Nuffin' goes on 'ere that 'e don't see, hand on ter the cops,' that's what they said; trying to pass it off with the everyday reason for the obsession and dread.

'About time sum'an did 'im in, put 'im out o' the way.' That's what they all said, slithering aside from it themselves.

But, look here: we think that because people don't happen to be subtle in our own sort of way that there's nothing complicated about them, just so much plain sailing. Those sort of fools who write about so-called criminals write like that; sometimes they repent, sometimes they don't; that's all the difference they give them.

But down there—well, the truth is, the people of Club Row were so scared no one of them would have dared to do anything unless he were red hot to it; and that's how Bert felt.

But Bert was like that; the more so because he was more sensitive than most; sensitive from the turned-back tips of his long fingers to the arch of his narrow, pointed foot.

He meant to be took—or nearly took, an' before that he'd do the blighter in.

At nine o'clock Fenny shut the shop door behind her and moved out into the Row. But still she would not look up.

The place was badly lighted. An old Jewess, with her black wig awry, went shuffling past her, muttering to herself; and one stray, sidling cat—but that was all.

The houses were low and smallish, and the sky seemed immense; a deep indigo, pierced with stars, thick as pin pricks.

The fresh air had dropped to nothing, and the whole Row smelt of birds and ferrets.

A quarter past nine struck; then the half hour; another quarter; ten, and yet another quarter.

A drunken man zig-zagged painstakingly down the Row past her.

She was holding herself so tightly that she felt as though she were altogether in—perfectly rigid. At the sound of running feet, however, she leapt to life.

Why she had waited until then she never knew, but she catapulted across the Row and threw herself against the door of the opposite house.

To her amazement it gave—why, it wasn't even shut! Think o' that in Club Row—something wrong there.

A light from above shone down the narrow, straight stairway and she ran up. What was she going to do? Well, of course, warn the bloke—the sappy bloke who left his door open—that whatever he was up to there were others—deserved what he had coming to him? O' course, all the same, she didn't mean to have her man swing for that.

As she reached the top of the stairs she heard the running steps draw up outside the front door and hurtled forward a step or two into the room facing her—another open door, too: down there where no one left their doors open.

The bloke—watcher—narker—worse—a heavy figure in shirt-sleeves, with short legs and immense belly, was still sitting there: still—still—blimey, could you beat that?—still staring out. That alone showed the evil eye—putting it over on them even at night with that pretence of blind to the window.

The pretence of a blind!

The man by the window turned his head and stared, not at her, but at *where she was*.

She had her hand to her throat, suddenly and dreadfully frightened. What was it about those eyes, shaded and blank as the shaded window?—more so, much more so; not so much as a sillonette, the window of a soap behind them: wide open and utterly blank in that immensity of countenance.

'Yer door,' she gasped—'dippy not

ter shut yer door o' nights. There's a fellow coming—'

But Bert was already up the stairs. She would never have believed that anyone could pant like that; like an overworked engine shaken with panting—Bert of all people.

He had his coat off, she could feel his shirt drenched with sweat as she threw herself against him, flung her arms around him, felt something in his hand cutting like fire into hers as she caught it.



Then, suddenly, he stiffened himself, looking out over the piled crates and cages. 'That there bloke——!' he began.

'I said as 'ow——' began Bert.

'No, no, no——' Her face was raised to his as she clung: panting as he panted. She could no longer see the man by the window but she could see Bert's eyes widening, then fixed.

'Oo's there—'oo's there?' inquired a curiously muffled voice. 'The door open? O' course the door's open——'

The words seemed to drip out so slowly that there were weeks between them. Fenny could feel her boy's heart like a piston rod thudding out the days: had time to think: 'If 'e does 'im in 'ere,' to realize other steps—quick-running, sure, and somehow hard—beating down the Row. And with it all

the muffled voice dripping on with a sort of whine in it; a cajoling whine, a sort of pride, too.

'No'un couldn't be so wicked as ter do nought ter me. A poor blind man as couldn't 'urt a fly.'

The Watcher—the man that had held them all, narked on them all.

'A suspected person about enclosed premises, none too good a record either.' Oh, yes, they got Bert right enough, ran him down there—Fenny's Bert.

But what was that? No more than a month, not like murder that.

As for the girl: 'What was the girl doing there?'

Well, look here, you—could anything be more innocent than Fenny chopping up the poor blind man's baccy for him, with a dangerous looking knife? 'Bargin' in on us, that way,' she complained to the police. 'No derved wonder as 'ow I cut my 'and.'

And the old man played up in that, too. 'What I says is,' came the curious far-away muffled voice, 'that the police ain't got the manners as they 'ad when I kept company will 'em!'

And that was all that they ever got out of him.

They wave their hands to him now, buying, selling birds in Club Row o' Sunday morning—stumble up the steep stairs with a brimming glass of beer, or nobbler

of whisky, and sit and listen to his stories of when he was in it—a master snider. 'An' it was that as made my eyes go, for there ain't no profession will out its drawbacks.'

'A snider? What's a snider?' you ask. Well, where on earth have you been brought up? Did you never hear tell of men who can sign other men's cheques for them better than they can themselves: and more than that, too, turn out a five-pound note as fresh and neat as though it were straight from the Bank of England printing press?

'The poor blind old man.' But what I says is I lost my sight in a good cause,' he tells them.

DURING THE COMING SUMMER YOU WILL LISTEN OUT OF DOORS

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CHINA IN PICTURE AND POEM

PLUCKING THE RUSHES.

(A boy and girl are sent to gather rushes for thatching.)

GREEN rushes with red shoots,
Long leaves bending to the wind—
You and I in the same boat
Plucking rushes at the Five Lakes.
We started at dawn from the orchid-island;
We rested under the elms till noon.
You and I plucking rushes
Had not plucked a handful when night came!
Anon. (Fourth Century).



Maid bringing a candle to her mistress. By Yu Chia-Tung (A.D. 1684).

DREAMING OF A DEAD LADY.

'I heard at night your long sighs
And knew that you were thinking of me.'
As she spoke, the doors of Heaven opened
And our souls conversed and I saw her face.
She set me a pillow to rest on
And she brought me meat and drink.

I stood beside her where she lay,
But suddenly woke and she was not there;
And none knew how my soul was torn,
How the tears fell surging over my breast.

Anon.

This page will be of interest to those who are following the present Thursday series of talks on China. The translations are by Arthur Waley from his "A Hundred and Seventy Chinese Poems" (Constable). The pictures are reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum.



Tiger. Unknown Painter (Early Nineteenth Century).

CIVILIZATION.

To the south-east—three thousand leagues—
The Yüan and Hsiang form into a mighty lake.
Above the lake are deep mountain valleys,
And men dwelling whose hearts are without guile.
Gay like children, they swarm to the tops of the trees;
And run to the water to catch bream and trout.
Their pleasures are the same as those of beasts and birds;

They put no restraint either on body or mind.
Far I have wandered throughout the Nine Lands;
Wherever I went such manners had disappeared.
I find myself standing and wondering, perplexed,
Whether Saints and Sages have really done us good.

Yüan Chieh (A.D. 740-770).



Studies of flowers. Unknown Painter (Seventeenth Century).

THE WITCH OF WESTMINSTER A MODERN FAIRY STORY.

By RALPH DE ROHAN, better known to the Police as 'THE WICKED UNCLE.'

WHAT is the matter with you, George? You seem—
'I am—fed up.'
'With what?'
'Everything,' I replied.
'Never mind,' said Phillida, soothingly, and



Phillida, snatching a knife from the table, sprang to my side, ready for attack or defence.

thereby, of course, increasing my irritation more than ever. 'You'll feel better when you've had your dinner.'

Dinner was late; Elgin, our perfect parlourmaid, was clearly upset about something and bore traces of having been crying. I detected a suppressed snivel more than once during soup, and I was not at all sure that a tear had not splashed on to her head as she placed the fish on the table. I was overworked, tired out, and had been looking forward to a short motor holiday with Phillida in the Phibbus two-seater, taking our meals of *frisco* in the warm spring sunshine of Whitson. But now I had reason to fear that there would not be any sunshine; and I told Phillida so.

'But why?' she asked. 'What reason have you for—'

'The weather's going to be arctic,' I replied, gloomily.

'Pessimist!' she murmured, pleasantly.

'No,' I said. 'Penguins!'

'Penguins? What do you mean?'

'I nearly ran over another of them this afternoon—the place is seething with them. That's why the weather's going to be rotten.'

'I don't see the connection,' said Phillida.

'It's obvious—or ought to be. Penguins are Arctic creatures and their coming here means we are going to have arctic conditions.'

'Oh, perhaps not—perhaps they're only looking in, as it were, on their way to somewhere else—going, for instance, from the North Pole to the South or something like that,' she suggested.

'Well, they're making a long call,' I replied. 'They've been here for at least a fortnight—banging about the streets and jabbering like so many tub-thumpers, especially when a crowd collects to stand and stare at them.'

'Yes—I watched one of them this morning; he stood there and jabbered just as if he was making a speech.'

'Penguins do that,' I said, 'at least, Darwin says so. I looked them up in the library at the club today. He says they apparently deliver an impassioned speech and then their young come and eat out of their beaks—the parents' beaks, of course.

By the way, I dropped my voice, 'what's up with Elgin? She seems upset.'

Elgin had just removed the plates and gone out of the room—we hadn't had the service lift installed then.

'A love affair, I fancy,' replied Phillida. 'I'm sorry for her; she's a good girl. Oh, speaking of love affairs, did you get that antique necklace you said you saw somewhere, for Carol's wedding present?'

'No, I went to the shop, but it seems that it changed hands some weeks ago. It's a dingy, cobwebby place now—a herbalist keeps it—a woman; I caught sight of her—looks like an old witch.'

'Where is the shop?' asked Phillida, much interested.

'Oh, you wouldn't know it,' I said. 'It's in that very dirty little street of tumble-down old houses—I always forget the name of it—just round the corner. Ought to be pulled down—it's a blot on this neighbourhood. Don't you go there, I added.'

Phillida's eyes lit up.

'But I've been there often—you mean Harnet Street?' she said.

'Yes.'

'And I know the shop; it is kept by a witch,' she went on, excitedly. 'She sells charms and spells and love-philtres and—things like that.'

'Oh,' I laughed, 'and have you been buying love-philtres to charm me home punctually to dinner?'

'Of course, not, George,' she replied; 'but the witch, she sells them.'

'Oh?' I said. 'The witch really sells—?'

'Of course!' Phillida was quite serious. 'She is a witch, and she does sell love-philtres and things.'

'Well, I wish she'd sell a charm or something to make Elgin hurry up with the entrée; she's a deuce of a time about it.'

'She was here a minute ago,' mused Phillida. 'I remember—she came in and then suddenly went out—it was just when we were speaking about the love philtres and things. I don't ring—she might give notice. And it's so late—just nine o'clock.'

'Time for Weather Forecast and General News,' I said, and, jumping up, switched on the wireless; 'now we'll see what the weather's going to be.'

'This is London calling,' the Announcer began; and then, 'I have here an S O S—which I will read first.'

'We are asked by the Chief Commissioner of Police at Scotland Yard to broadcast the following: Missing from their usual habitats from the third instant, the following persons, all Members of Parliament—'

Then followed a long list of names of the missing members and of their constituencies, together with details of age, appearance, and so on. The announcement continued:—

'It is now known that the persons in question left their homes on the afternoon of the third instant to attend a meeting in connection with the Bill for the Suppression of Sorcery, Witchcraft, and Allied Practices. The suggestion, that they may have been the victims of some malpractice at the hands of opponents of the Measure, is not seriously entertained by those best qualified to judge; and the Chief Commissioner desires to make this clearly understood in view of certain rumours which persist, in spite of common sense and the absence of any grounds for the suggestion. Will anyone able to give information as to the whereabouts of the missing persons please communicate with

the Chief Commissioner of Police, at Scotland Yard, or with any police station.'

'Seems to me pretty obvious what's happened,' I said; 'the missing ones have just missed themselves, so to speak, on purpose, so that their opponents will think they can't be at the House to support the Bill and—'

'I don't see that they need go and vanish themselves just for that,' said Phillida; 'think of their families waiting for them—the anxiety and—'

'Speaking about waiting,' I sighed, 'what about the entrée? What on earth can Elgin be doing?'

It was now nearly a quarter-past nine; I became aware once more of the Announcer's voice:—

'The B.B.C. appeals to all lovers of birds, animals and—particularly—amphibians, not to destroy or injure in any way the numerous penguins which have lately made a mysterious appearance in certain parts of London, chiefly in the Westminster district. These strange visitors, though carnivorous—one of them was seen this morning to take from a butcher's basket and consume greedily a prime point-steak—are not dangerous to human life. On the contrary, they are mostly gentle, and respond to kind treatment, accepting buns, biscuits, lollipops, and other dainties—as well as scraps of meat and fish—with signs of evident relish and appreciation. Dr. Puffin, Regius Professor of Penguinology at the University of Wrangle, who is visiting London, and is making an exhaustive study of the question, strongly deprecates the practice of giving the birds beer or, indeed, any form of alcohol, for which some of them have an evident liking. On no account should the birds be allowed, or enticed, into public houses where they may be exposed to temptation. . . . We are pleased to be able to announce that Professor Puffin will give a Talk from 210 tomorrow evening at 9.20.'

'Who wants to entice a penguin into a pub?' I remarked, contemptuously; 'a penguin's quite top-heavy enough without alcoholic aid: besides . . .'

At that moment, there came from the direction of the kitchen a scream of terror, followed by a metallic crash and a noise as of something heavy falling.



'What! You got one of these penguins? Good Lord!' said one of the constables.

We jumped from our chairs, but before we could get clear for the rush, were held still by a queer, pattery, shuffling noise as of something—or someone—crossing the tiled floor of the hall.

'A burglar—perhaps he's murdered the cook and Elgin: and now he's coming . . .' whispered Phillida, tremulously.

'Nonsense!' I answered, and took a step towards the door which stood ajar.

But, before I could take a second step, the door moved—opened an inch or two farther—then another inch or two, and again, until it was half open.

Phillida, snatching a knife from the table, sprang to my side, ready for attack or defence. I held her back, keeping my eyes fixed on the doorway. Whoever the intruder might be, he would find us ready—we would sell our lives dearly!

Again the door moved; we held our breath.

A final movement of the door and then—in walked—a penguin!

In walked that blessed penguin, and, standing before us, commenced an impassioned speech—again I quote Darwin.

Unfortunately, neither Phillida nor I understood one single word the creature said.

'Do you think it has murdered cook and is threatening us?' whispered Phillida.

'What nonsense!' I replied, adding, 'perhaps we'd better go to the kitchen anyway and see what that screams was about.'

So off we went, and the penguin followed, resuming its impassioned speech the moment we came to anchor in the kitchen. But we could not take notice of the bird, for the cook was lying on the floor in a dead faint and needed our attention. Near the door lay our best silver entree dish, the contents scattered messily around.

By strenuous efforts we got cook out of her faint, but she was incoherent and utterly unable to talk intelligently, so we carried her upstairs and Phillida put her to bed whilst I 'phoned for the doctor.

It was some days before cook recovered sufficiently to give her account of what had happened, and by that time—as I shall tell you—we had cleared up the mystery.

Meanwhile Elgin was still missing, the entree was all over the kitchen floor and we were saddled with a persistent penguin which followed us everywhere and made impassioned speeches. We had not the heart to turn it out into the rainy night, so, giving it some scraps of fish, which had been left over, we shut it—violently protesting by means of 'speech' and struggle—in the conservatory.

Midnight came and still there was no sign of Elgin. We searched every corner of the house, without success. That she had left the house was evident, although she had not, as Phillida assured herself, put on her coat or hat.



A metamorphosis was taking place; the detective was dissolving, changing, re-forming. . . .

I rang up Scotland Yard and the house was soon undergoing a second search—this time by two burly constables whose arrival had been greeted by a fresh outburst of impassioned speech from the penguin in the conservatory.

'What! You got one of them penguins? Good Lord!' said one of the constables, when I explained what the noise was. 'Nice game we've had with them tonight—a grand round-up—dozens of 'em!'

'Only thing to do,' said the second policeman: 'they were all over the place—wonder none of 'em was run over. Silly things, penguins. However, we've got 'em all now, I think, safe.'

'Where?' I asked.

'In Palace Yard—the yard of the Houses of Parliament, you know. You see, sir, as no one claims them, they're Crown property, so to speak.'

'Then,' said Phillida, 'our penguin—the one in the conservatory—is Crown property, too, I suppose?'

'Well, mum,' the constable hesitated, 'I suppose it is, in a manner of speaking, but . . .'

'Then you'd like to take it along with you to put with the rest of the flock or covey or whatever you call it,' I suggested, hurriedly, and hopefully.

The policemen looked at one another rather worriedly. I thought, holding a telegraphic optical consultation which ended in a decision negative to my suggestion.

'Well, no, sir,' said Policeman A: 'if it's all the same to you, we'll leave the bird where it is . . .'

'To be called for, as you might say,' put in Policeman B; adding, 'It'll be happier, more comfortable like, here, perhaps.'

'It doesn't sound like it, the poor thing!' said Phillida. At that moment the bird had begun a fresh speech, more impassioned than ever.

'We'd be very much obliged all the same, if you'd kindly keep it for tonight at any rate,' said policeman A, pathetically.

'All right,' said Phillida, 'you can leave it here.'

'Don't forget, though,' I added, 'you've claimed the bird as Crown property and you leave it here at—er—owner's risk.'

'We'll risk that, sir,' replied the much-relieved constable.

'But about Elgin—what is to be done?' said Phillida: 'here we are—talking about a silly penguin when all the time poor Elgin may have been—well, anything may have happened to her.'

'Don't you worry, mum,' said Scotland Yard: 'she'll turn up—leave it to us.'

'But she may have been . . .' began Phillida.

'Done in?' I suggested, helpfully.

'Yes, done in—murdered, you know,' said Phillida, looking appealingly at the arms of the law.

'Yes, we know,' replied one; 'but 'tisn't likely. More probable it's loss of memory—generally is. Just you give us full particulars as to appearance, age, clothes. . . .'

Phillida proceeded to give a verbal picture of Elgin, so accurate that it would have done credit to a photographer.

'Thank you, mum,' said the constable, snapping his note-book; 'and now we'll be getting along. Good night, mum, and don't you worry.'

As I showed the men out, I gathered that a hue and cry would be raised without delay for the missing girl. But, for all that, we searched the house and the garden again, and even the roof, and I spent several wet and weary hours in the rain combing the neighbourhood—without success, returning at last to find that Phillida had 'phoned

for and obtained a nurse for cook and was now trying to pacify the penguin with soothing speech and bits of food pushed through a broken pane of glass in the conservatory door. The moment I had gone out, she told me, the bird had started again and, as she expressed it, almost screamed the house down.



'Trying to pacify the penguin with soothing speech and bits of food. . . .'

'We shall have trouble with some of our neighbours,' I said; 'especially the old colonel next door. Perhaps I had better—'

'No, George, you can't shoot a bird sitting—and penguins don't fly; besides, it would be cruel,' Phillida protested.

'Well, something's got to be done—just listen to the brute.' I had almost to shout, for the bird had stopped on to the loud pedal.

'Sleep is what I have to do,' said Phillida; 'I'm tired out.'

'Four fifteen a.m.,' I murmured, glancing at my watch.

In spite of Phillida's best culinary efforts, breakfast was a grey meal; even the offer of a share of our eggs and bacon failed to pacify the persistent penguin. I got so exasperated at last that I am afraid I lost my temper.

'Stop it, you perishing pig,' I yelled, 'or I'll wring your neck for you.' Oddly enough the threat—or something in my tone—stopped it for the time being, and I returned to the dining-room where I found Phillida reading the morning paper.

'Listen, George,' she exclaimed, suddenly, 'the Daily Post says—oh, isn't it thrilling!'

'The Daily Post says "Isn't it thrilling"! I queried.

'No, George—listen. . . . "A curious scene took place last night when the woman known as the Witch of Harnet Street was arrested by the police. For some reason, the officers were unable at first to cross a semi-circular chalk line drawn on the pavement in front of the door of the witch's house. It was only when, at the suggestion of a bystander, the police crossed their fingers that they were able to surmount the invisible obstacle and enter the house. Even there, the men state, they were compelled to keep their fingers crossed as, whenever they failed to do so, they seemed to become spell-bound and unable to take any action. The so-called witch will be brought up at Bow Street Police Court this morning and charged with necromancy. We direct the attention of readers to the article on page 8 of this issue in which Mr. Leger D. Main urges the importance of the proposed new Act for the Suppression of Sorcery, Witchcraft and Allied Practices."

'Let's go to Bow Street,' said Phillida; 'I'd love to hear the case.'

(Continued at foot of page 344.)



SEASIDE MUSIC ONCE UPON A TIME

By COMPTON MACKENZIE



SOMETIMES, when during the summer the entertainment of a seaside concert party is broadcast, I listen in and try to recapture that first fine careless rapture with which thirty years and more ago I would hang over the parapet of the esplanade and listen to the pierrots or niggers on the sands below. I hesitate to accuse the contemporary concert-party of failing to provide as melodious an evening as those that were provided by the entertainers of my youth, for I know that it is my own inability to respond to them, as once I knew how to respond, which makes the modern pierrots sound so much duller than those of the past. My memory is sharpest of a certain pierrot party which performed every morning, every afternoon, and every evening on the south sands of Scarborough, immediately below the crowded promenade of the Spa, in the year 1896. This particular party was known simply as 'The Pierrots,' which makes me inclined to think that pierrots were then a novelty, and I seem to remember that people spoke of listening to the pierrots in preference to the niggers with a certain conscious superiority. I remember, too, that the young women had their favourites among the individual pierrots, which the rowdier bands of nigger minstrels could never have provided so romantically. That summer in Scarborough there must still have been three or four bands of nigger minstrels besides that solitary troupe of pioneer pierrots, but we felt that the day of the nigger minstrel was already done, and that the music of the bones, the humour of the corner man, and the excitable swinging of the concertina would soon pass into the great limbo of outmoded entertainments. Of the songs that summer the one which appealed most poignantly to my emotions was 'Two Little Girls in Blue.' It began:

*An old man gazed at a photograph
In a locket he'd worn for years.*

And how well I remember that the pierrot who sang this always said 'photograph' instead of 'photograph.' There must be

many who can still recall that immortal refrain:

*One little girl in blue, lad,
Who won your father's heart,
Became your mother; I married the other,
And now we have drifted apart!*

For me, then, on the top wave of a tremendous love-affair with two friends, to one of whom I was faithless in the morning and to the other equally faithless in the afternoon, the sense of time's inexorable hostility was overwhelming. I divined with a kind of hopeless foreboding the inevitableness of love's fugacity. For me the words of 'Two Little Girls in Blue' had the poignancy of Catullus or Propertius, of Burns or Byron.

*Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met—or never parted
We had never been broken-hearted.*

Not even those lines could have matched for my thirteen year-old emotions the eternal yearning regret of *And now we have drifted apart*. If anything were needed to brighten the poignancy of 'Two Little Girls in Blue,' it was found in listening to:

*After the ball is over,
After the dancing is done,
Many a heart is broken
After the ball.*

the words of which I found printed on the back of an advertisement for somebody's pills! By the way, I am not able to check the words of these lyrics in any book, so I hope accurate readers will forgive misquotations.

However, I must not suggest that my summer holidays of 1896 were passed exclusively in a mood of Byronic melancholy. I remember that I enjoyed equally a due, by two of the pierrots, one of whom was tall and thin and the other short and fat, the refrain of which ran—

*We are a couple of barmy chaps,
Huah, not a word!
A little bit loose in our tiles perhaps,
Huah, not a word!
We're lunatics, lunatics, everybody declares,*

We're a couple of fellows gone wrong in our bellows,

As mad as a pair of March hares

The tall, thin pierrot also sang the 'Dandy Coloured Coon' every day with much applause, the refrain of which began:—

My name is John James Pelay Henry (with a lot more names I have forgotten)

Don't you know me? Go on!

Well, you will very soon, for I'm John James Brown.

The dandy-coloured coon

For some reason or other, I supposed, perhaps from the not too perfect diction of the singer, that 'dandy-coloured' was a kind of complexion which I visualized as café au lait.

One of the pierrettes that year sang:—

*Hi! Di! Say, Di!
Ain't you kicking high, Di!*

I wanted to use this melody in the recent B.B.C. production of *Carmal*, but, though we searched London, we could not get a copy of it anywhere and 'High-kicking Di,' who, in the words of the song 'was known from St. Petersburg to Utah,' has now apparently kicked herself out of this world into complete oblivion. That was why we fell back on the anachronism of using 'Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay' in the pantomime scene. Finally I remember that the tall, thin pierrot sang a song called 'You can't lose me, Charlie,' which consisted of something like fifteen verses, and so much enchanted my ambition that I persuaded my people into buying me a copy which I proceeded to learn, to give a performance of it at a party the following Christmas. Only one verse of it still haunts my memory. A husband, after many attempts to get rid of his coloured wife has finally tried to let her drown, but she grasps the gunwale of the boat and sings—

*You can't lose me, Charlie,
'Deed you can't lose me, Charlie,
You thought you wouldn't grab me,
But the devil wouldn't hah me
('Um-ah—win' says the baby) . . .*

and I forget the rest. This verse anticipated by a few years the words of a more famous

(Continued Overleaf)



(Continued from previous page.)

comic song, 'If your missus wants to drown, let her drown!'

There was an article some time ago in *The Radio Times* which contrasted the cynicism of the present-day songs with the sentiment of twenty-five years ago or more. I cannot agree with that distinction. It would be hard to find a more cynical song than 'You can't lose me, Charlie,' and what could be more cynical than Vesta Victoria's

There was I, waiting at the church, waiting at the church,

Here's the very note,

This is what he wrote:

'Can't get away to marry you to-day,

My wife won't let me.'

or again:—

Our lodger's such a nice young man,

Such a nice young man as he—

He's so good, so kind to all the family,

He's never going to leave us now,

Oh, dear, Oh, dear, no!

He's so good, so very, very good,

Can't you tell me so.

It was all very well to sing to Daisy Bell the sweet romance of 'A bicycle made for two' but at the same time there was being sung:—

At Trinity Church I met my doom,

Now we live in a top back room;

On the bank of course she'd plenty,

I was an M U G. . .

and here, again, owing to a failure of diction on the part of the singer, I visualized a curious epithet, 'amugee,' which I employed myself for some time as a term of abuse, for I remember once calling a boy with whom I was quarrelling a dirty little 'amugee.'

Pierrots and muggers, the pierrots gradually increasing in quantity and quality, the muggers correspondingly declining, provided us each year with song after song whose tunes will still be easily recalled by those who heard them. 'Good bye, Dolly Gray'; 'Sweet Suzanne, I'll be your young man'; 'Sweet Rosie O'Grady'; 'On the Silvery Sands'; 'The Honeysuckle and the Bee' (which ought to be sung to an accompaniment of Mendelssohn's *Spring Song* to get

its full flavour), and a hundred others which held the sentimental ear.

Then, about 1910, ragtime, which had hitherto only been heard in the shape of coin songs, burst upon the world in a flood of genuine melody, a flood which, to my mind, over-sophisticated perhaps, seems nowadays to trickle very thinly in the syncopation of the moment.

Before I close this article I must go back again to that summer of 1896 and recall the figure of Meyer Lutz, who took charge for the season of the Spa orchestra and superintended those delicious tunes of his own he composed for the burlesques of the Gaiety Theatre, where he was still conductor. I can see him now wielding the baton in that immortal *Pas de Quatre* from—was it *Faust Up to Date* or *Carmen Up to Date*? And I can see him stepping down from the handstand in the interval, a genial, dumpy little Teuton, to chat with a lean, horsey man whose thin red nose belonged to none other than the great Phil May himself. COMPTON MACKENZIE.

THE END OF THE WITCH OF WESTMINSTER

(This story begins on page 341)

'Right!' I replied. And, whilst she was getting ready, I hastily carried out an idea which had come to me, and then 'phoned for a taxi.

'What's in that?' asked Philida, as I brought out a laundry basket and put it into the taxi.

'Penguin!' I replied, and Philida kept silence. 'House of Commons,' I instructed the driver.

At Palace Yard we found the gates closed to prevent the escape of the many penguins which kept up an agitated babel within.

To the policeman on duty I explained that I had brought another of the Crown penguins and, persuading him to take delivery of our bird, I handed over the basket.

'I'll call for the empty later,' I said, and, jumping into the taxi, told the driver to take us to Bow Street.

The case had already begun. The witch, now in the dock, was recognizable from her likeness to the portraits in books which I had had as a small boy.

A detective, giving evidence, produced from a box on the floor beside him the 'exhibits,' which consisted of phials containing liquids, powders, and pellets, besides an array of odds and ends including a large crystal ball and a witch's hat—evidently her second-best, as she was now wearing a much smarter one.

'This powder,' the detective was saying, holding a packet in his hand, 'is supposed—'

Some of the contents must have got into his nostrils, for he gave a violent sneeze and then—

'Good gracious!' gasped Philida, clutching my arm.

A metamorphosis was taking place; the detective was dissolving, changing, re-forming and, at last, was no more there. In his place, stood a penguin!

A gasp of astonishment went through the court:



the witch, I noticed, grinned in malevolent triumph.

'This is contempt of court,' stammered the magistrate; 'remove that bird. If there is any further display of penguinitis, I shall deal severely with the offender.'

But no one moved. Only the bird, in seeming desperation, nosed—I should say, 'beaked'—amongst the exhibits and, seizing a packet which was marked in large letters 'To convert a penguin to a man,' tore it open with his beak and pecked greedily at the contents.

A minute later, the detective was standing again in the witness box, continuing his evidence—but with considerably less assurance than before. In the end, the witch was remanded in custody.

As we were leaving the court, Philida stumbled against the witness box and, in saving herself, her hand went through the rails and amongst the exhibits. When, a few minutes later, we got into a taxi, I noticed that she had a handful of greenish powder.

THAT evening, we called at the House of Commons to see our old friend, Colonel Jasset, M.P. really in order to carry out a plan which Philida had propounded to me. At the entrance, Philida unobtrusively dropped some powder.

How the plan worked will be gathered from the broadcast announcement made that evening.

A series of mysterious occurrences took place this evening at the House of Commons. The penguins which had been rounded up and were being kept in the yard, suddenly approached the door of the House en masse, and, before the astonished door-keepers could recover from their surprise, the birds had passed aside. That no one noticed them immediately thereafter is explained by the fact that a division was about to be taken on the A-Servery Bill, two opponents of which had anticipated an easy victory owing to the recent disappearance of so many of the supporters of the Measure.

A second mysterious occurrence, however, took place and disappointed the opponents who, to their astonishment, discovered the missing Members assembled in the Division Lobby voting, and, as it proved, carrying the day. The missing—but now returned—Members decline to offer any explanation regarding their absence and sudden return.

The third mystery, not yet cleared up, is that the

penguins which beyond doubt did enter the House, cannot be found, and only the fact that these birds are unable to fly contradicts the theory that they managed to reach an open window and so flew away.

Amongst the party of returned Members was observed a domestic servant, complete with cap and apron; whom she was and how she managed to elude the vigilance of the officials and escape adds another incident to the tale of mystery.

Elgin, who had returned just as we reached home after visiting the House, was explaining. She was looking rather bedraggled, by the way; and her walk had a distinct waddle about it.

'That witch ought to be in prison,' she said, indignantly. 'She told me the powder was good for love—and—and . . . It was all Harry's fault,' she sobbed.

We waited sympathetically until she resumed

'But I got a bit of my own back on him. I saw him looking through the railings and—I gave him a nasty peck—hit him with my beak—' She stopped short; and then, 'Please, mum, I'm sorry about the entrée; I tried to serve it, but—but—it dropped when I got as far as the kitchen door. You see, mum, one can't carry very well with wings.'

There was a ring at the front door bell. Elgin answered it and, a few minutes later, happening to cross the hall, I observed her in not unfriendly conversation with a young man.

His right hand was bound up and rested in a sling!

RALPH DE ROMAN.



A BLACKBIRD was singing on a bough one morning early in the spring. From his black, voluptuous throat he sent aloft fair music in adoration of the sun.

The sun was pouring down upon the dewy earth myriads of beams that rippled like a golden rain. Its rays danced on the glossy bellies of the naked trees. They warmed the wet buds that were peeping out of the branches. From the earth, wet with rain, the smells of countless plants and herbs that were breathing their first breaths. And loud, like the clamour of wild torrents flowing over pebbles, came the music of a great chorus of birds near and far, all with joy.

Although the blackbird sang in ecstacy there was a strange pathetic cry in every note. His body, trembling on the bough was calling for a mate.

And then like a rift from the sun to which he sang, a hen bird dropped gently near him on the bough. She was less dark than he and her plumage did not shine in the sun light. Her beak was not golden. But she had a beautiful slender body. When he saw her, she looked good to him, and her comeliness aroused a desire in him to spread his wings over her and caress her with all his force. So he sang his wildest and sweetest notes to charm her and make her come nearer.

She stretched out her neck and hopped towards him a little way. Then she became motionless, with outstretched neck, blinking her little eyes, as if dazzled by the beauty of his golden beak, his shining feathers, and his voluptuous throat.

Then an overflowing passion made him hoarse and he ceased to sing. He, too, stretched out his neck and blinked his eyes. He spread out his wings and ruffled the feathers on his rotund breast. Uttering passionate cries, he trotted towards her. But instead of receiving him, she fluttered upwards to another bough and then looked down with her head to one side, as if indignant.

He looked at her stupidly for a little while. Then his sudden burst of passion left him. He became subtle like the hen. He chirped and shook himself. He hopped away, raised his beak, and sang a few notes very arrogantly, as if sending out an invitation for another hen.

That fetched her. She in turn grew excited and approached him once more with outstretched neck. Now he pretended not to notice her. But when she came quite near and made a little chirping sound, he again spread his wings and offered himself. Immediately she flew away from him, downwards, and then turning suddenly, she wound like a swallow through the trees. He became furious. Uttering a wild cry that re-echoed through the wood, he set off in pursuit.

They left the wood and followed the course of a stream that was lined with willow trees, until at last she hid in the bank among the wet roots of an overhanging bush. He found her there. She offered no resistance. Beak to beak, chirping, fluttering their trailing wings, they mated by the silent stream. Then they returned to the wood.

Now she followed him like a captive, and when he hopped along the ground searching for food she waited behind until he offered

THE BLACKBIRD'S MATE.

A Short Story by LIAM O'FLAHERTY.

her a morsel, or shook a wriggling worm proudly before her eyes. Later she stood near him on a bough while he sang for her, and when night came she slept beside him in the ivy that grew around an old oak tree.

For many days they wandered through the wood, enjoying their young love without labour or anxiety. For food was plentiful.

The hospitable earth opened her pores and offered to their prodding beaks a choice store of worms and insects and young sprouts. Except when he was feeding, the cock spent all day singing and playing with his mate. At dawn he sang when the sun rays were chasing the silent, ghoully shadows of the night. And again at noon he warbled when the sun was high. But his wildest song came with the fall of night, as if he called the departing sun, in fear that it would never shine again.

Then one day the hen bird began to search with great care among the branches of a hawthorn bush. At first the cock bird did not seem to understand her purpose, for he began to chirp and flutter about her as if in play. But she was very serious and not inclined for frolic, so she pecked at him angrily when he brushed against her. Then he stood on a twig and watched her with interest. At last she sat in a little hollow where three branches grew from a single stem, making a cosy nook, and pressed against the branches with her breast. Then, having finished her examination, she hopped upwards a little way and looked down, cocking her head from side to side very wisely. Then she flew around the bush and entered it very hurriedly from various angles. Then she went to neighbouring trees and bushes and looked about her, taking note of the surroundings. Finally she flew to the ground and hopped about. The cock followed her, uttering little cries, questioning her. She paid no heed to him. Now it appeared that he was the captive, following submissively in her tracks.

When she picked up in her beak a little cake of moist earth and grass and flew with it to the hawthorn bush he knew what she was about. He also made a little ball and followed her with it. They had begun to build a nest.

The making of the nest took a very long time, because the hen bird insisted on doing

all the designing. Whenever the cock added a piece of moss or a little chip of a twig she caught it up and put it somewhere else. The business was carried on very secretly, and both birds made wide circuits with material in their beaks in order to avoid being seen. Sometimes their work was interrupted by the necessity for driving away from their bush

other birds. The smaller birds went quickly, but a pair of thrushes, that were also seeking a home, gave great trouble and were routed only by constant nagging that lasted a whole afternoon. Then, at last the framework of the nest was finished. Then the hen sat in it, and began to line it with feathers until it looked very beautiful and it was hard to believe that it had not always been there, or that it had not grown like a flower, fashioned by some genius of the invisible world. Indeed, so beautiful was it that it was almost impossible to believe that two little birds could have made



THE BLACKBIRD AND HIS MATE.

A Woodcut by Eric Daglish

it with their beaks, using their breasts to plane it and compass its roundness.

Now the hen was very proud indeed. On a tree, within sight of the bush, she sat beside the cock, while he sang for an hour or more, rejoicing in the nest they had built.

They finished their work just in time because next morning the hen laid an egg in the nest. She laid three more, and then sat on the nest in a queer posture, as if she were in a swoon, or stricken with some sickness. The cock became still more tender. He fetched her food and roamed about the bush, protecting it from enemies.

For eight days after the hen began to sit on her eggs the sun continued to shine all day. The wood was merry with brilliant light and with the joyous smells of growth. Then the sun disappeared. The sky grew dark. The wind rose. Black clouds passed over the wood dropping a wondrous of grey mist from their sagging bellies. The air grew very cold. At dawn the gloomy earth was covered with frost that closed its pores and drove the insects and worms deep into the soil. There was no food for the birds. Growth ceased, and many birds that had been tempted forth by the sun withered on the branches. The blackbird began to sing less gaily. But the hen bird on the eggs still sat

(Continued on page 381)

THE RING OF THE NIBELUNGS:

This simple re telling of the legend of the Ring should be a considerable help to listeners.

In those days a store of magic gold lay hidden at the bottom of the Rhine. No man knew it was guarded, night and day, by the dragon.

Once, as they swam in the green waters, they perceived a boat and a man, and they went to him, and he took them to his house. He was a man of great wisdom, and he showed them the way to the land of the living.

then glimmered and grew bright. It was the light of the sun, which had been hidden away in a tower of the palace, and which now shone forth. He then went to the tower, and forewent his anger at the taunts of the king, and went to the tower, and to where the gold lay concealed, and and the screams of the frightened guardians, tore it from the pinnacle of the tower.

Meanwhile in a hall of the town
tains not far away, the great god
Wotan and his wife Fricka were resting
in the fields. In the distance they
could see the towers of a mighty castle
rising above the crags, and the sight
of it woke Fricka to wrath.

'Why,' she cried, 'why didst thou ever bargain with the giants Fafner and Fasolt to build us this castle in exchange for our dear daughter Freia?'

And not all Wotan's assurances could calm her, that he had only admitted the bargain because Loge, god of evil, had promised to secure a ransom that would free him from his promises. The assurances counted for nothing in her ears, and when the beautiful Freia herself arrived, fleeing from the pursuing giants, her wrath grew more unassuageable still. Following close on Freia's heels came the two giants, their work finished, their dreadful payment demanded. But as they stood quarrelling, Loge appeared, only just in time if he were to save the trembling girl. He told how, though he had sought the world over for a proper ransom, none could he find but the precious Rhine gold itself, now in the keeping of Alberich. And, as he described the untold wealth, the greedy giants grew suddenly attentive; for, much as they desired to possess the gold itself, as they desired much more to possess such treasure as Loge told them of. Therefore they would, they said, exchange Freia for the gold of the Nibelungs—if Wotan and Loge could secure it.

Away sped the gods, therefore, to Nibelheim, the underground kingdom of Alberich, where the wished-for treasure lay.

Now Alberich had a brother—a dwarf like himself a magician. MME. Lately he had fashioned for Alberich a helmet which could make its wearer invisible. Wasst Alberich himself, out of the gold of the Rhine and by



But for his protestations of love the Rhine maiden gave him only taunts and playful gibes.

magic. If it pleased his visitors, said Alberich, taking the helmet, he would change his shape for their amusement. What shape should he assume? a dragon? Very well, nothing could be easier; and forthwith a dragon he became. Loge saw his opportunity and was quick to grasp it. When, once again, the dwarf stood before them in his normal shape, Loge made a further request.

I see,' he said, 'that you have no difficulty in transforming yourself into something huge—but something very small, can you transform

yourself into that also?—a toad, for instance?

Hardly had the request been made when Aberich vanished again and in his place there hopped a tiny toad. Whereupon the wily good witch, Wanda, let out a cry and a dash of magic brought her back to her old self. Then she was as before, and she was as good as dead.

"but," he said, "as a curse gave me
leaving the ransom was left to us.
We must have it or we shall be
the curse will be upon us."
Now the king was moved; he had what he desired and
now they liked to secure the ransom
for Freia. And soon they came,
Fasolt and Fafner, leading the fright-
ened Freia between them. Before
their greedy eyes the gold was heaped
a gleaming pile; and, hardly was
the bargaining well under way, when
the curse of Alberich came into effect
—in the lust of his greed Fafner fell
upon his brother and slew him.

Now might the gods enter into the castle that had been so dearly bought
The lightning flashed; the thunder
rolled through the mountains; and
over a splendid rainbow bridging the
valleys beneath, they entered Val-
fada.

But even as they entered, the wailing of the Rhine maidens, robbed of their gold, surged up to them from the depths.

Valhalla's worst fear, now, was lost. Alberich should regain the magic ring. For Wala, earth's wisest woman, had said that once Alberich secured the ring from Fafner who, as a great dragon guarded it in a woodland cave, then should begin the twilight of the gods, the end. So in defence the gods gathered their forces against the dwarf. Brunnhilde, Wotan's daughter by Wala, massed her Valkyries at Valhalla; and Wotan

himself went down to earth to attempt the capture of the ring. (Whilst he was there he was known as Waise, and of his marriage with an earth spirit, page 107.)

—WAGNER'S IMMORTAL WORK

when they hear one or other of the Wagner operas relayed from Covent Garden this season.

It was not long before Hunding himself arrived; and, having questioned the stranger, he asked him to join them at their evening meal. The bond of sympathy was already strong between Sieglinde and the youth; and gradually, effortlessly, as the meal progressed, she won from him his pitiful tale—how that, without father or mother he had always had to face unending bad fortune—how that he was one of twins, brother and sister, though he had hardly so much as seen her with whom he was born—how that, in his loneliness, his heart continually cried out for the companionship of men and women—and how that, even now, he was but freshly come from an uneven combat with a certain clan. And at those last words, Hunding started up.

'They were my kinsmen,' he cried; 'and here am I returned home only to find you, an enemy, sharing the shelter of my hearth.'

So he drove the youth from the innermost chamber, and bade him sleep in the outer room where, as his guest, he should wait the morning; for then, he sinisterly added, he would join him in open combat.

Meanwhile, Sieglinde had prepared for her husband a draught for the night, and with it she had mixed a sleeping potion.

Wearily, the stranger slept. Across his dreams at last there broke the sound of footsteps. It was Sieglinde, come to his aid; her heart full of compassion for him, and love. In words he could scarcely comprehend, she told him that in the ash tree by the door a sword awaited his defenceless hand. Wotan had set it there, against his need, foreknowing that he, Siegmund, should become the mighty hero that must rob the giant Fafner of the ring. Siegmund could not understand. Dazed, he watched the dim figure before him; and then, as the moon, in all the beauty of the young spring night, shone through the open door and lighted the face of the girl, where she stood, he knew that he loved her, loved her beyond life, beyond death. At her bidding he wrenched the sword from the tree—the sword that only Siegmund might loosen—the sword that Wotan himself had set there for him and none other.

Then it was that Sieglinde confessed what she had known since he told her his tale known even during their passionate love-making; that he and she were twins, brother and sister, children of the great god Wotan. But the confession troubled Siegmund not at all; sword in hand—'Nothung,' he called it—he rushed forth with her into that odorous night of spring, fearful lest Hunding should waken from his drugged sleep.

The all-seeing gods had watched. 'Go,' said Wotan to Brunnhilde; 'see that the victory is to Siegmund.'

Then Fricka, goddess and protectress of wedded love, vented her wrath against the incestuous lovers; so that not all

Wotan's pleas could silence her, they must be punished, she said. And at last Wotan was forced to withdraw his promise of aid swearing that he would not protect his son. When Brunnhilde returned, therefore, he bade her forget his first command.

Up the hillside came the tired lovers Siegmund and Sieglinde, fleeing as fast as they might from the oncoming fury of Hunding. But Sieglinde was utterly spent, she could go no farther. So Siegmund urged her to rest and comforted her with his caresses until she fell asleep. Then Brunn-



'Sieglinde prepares Hunding's draught for the night.'

hilde, leading her horse, came to the mouth of the cave and spoke to the distressed lover warning him of his approaching death and telling him that Valhalla awaited him.

'Let Sieglinde be my charge,' she begged; 'I will protect her.'

But Siegmund would not hear of it, none but himself should protect his love; if death was to take him, death should take her also. Whereupon he drew his sword, prepared to slay the sleeping Sieglinde. So to Brunnhilde there seemed no alternative now, but to defy her father's commands and rouse Siegmund with promise of victory in the coming fight.

Hardly had she spoken when Hunding's horn sounded through the forest. Siegmund ran to meet his enemy and, with Brunnhilde hovered above to protect him the two joined in fierce combat. Then just as Hunding's death-blow was about to fall, Siegmund's sword shivered on Wotan's spear, and Hunding pierced him through the breast.

Speedily as she might, Brunnhilde, frightened at the awful intervention of her father, caught up Sieglinde, set her upon the horse, and disappeared through the trees.

And Wotan, in his triumph, what of him? With a contemptuous wave of the hand he struck Hunding dead and, vanishing amid thunder and lightning, called down woe upon the offending Brunnhilde.

She, bearing the bereaved Sieglinde, came home to the Valkyries on the mountain-top. As the warrior-maidens rode across the tearing skies, through the storm-clouds came the voice of Wotan, foretelling Brunnhilde's fate.

'Flee,' she said, 'and have done with thy despair; for the sake of the Walsung's child thou shalt bear.'

Into her reluctant hands she gave the broken scraps of Siegmund's sword, whereupon Sieglinde gathered new strength at the sight of it and, blessing and thanking her guide, departed as she was told—to the forest where the dragon Fafner guarded the fateful ring.

And thou, Brunnhilde,' said the voice of Wotan; 'who hast crossed my wish who gave thee life, thou must suffer as I decree. Robbed of thy divinity, thou shalt sleep upon this naked mountain-top, prey to whoever first may find thee.'

With passionate pleading Brunnhilde begged that this at least might be granted her in her punishment—a circle of magic fire to protect her in her slumbers and to defend her from all but the true hero whom it was decreed should win her. Leaning above her, Wotan kissed her farewell, kissed away her godhead; then, carrying her gently to a mossy bank, he laid her there beneath the shade of a pine tree, and even as she wished, so was it granted to her.

At Wotan's summons a gleam of fire issued from the rock, broke into a flicker of flame spread, and at last surrounded the sleeping Brunnhilde, where she lay stretched upon the forsaken height.

'The Rhinegold' and 'The Valkyrie' are the two operas covered in this week's re-telling of 'The Ring': next week's will tell the story of the remaining two operas, 'Siegfried' and 'The Twilight of the Gods.' The third Act of 'The Valkyrie' will be relayed from Covent Garden on Tuesday, May 21.

the conclusion will appear in next week's issue.



"I say—
George
—that's
better!"

You can't beat
Cossor Valves

Every Set is a better Set when Cossor Valves are used. For greater volume, sweeter tone and increased range, use Cossor Valves in your Receiver—they'll improve it out of recognition. Every Wireless Dealer sells Cossor Valves for use with 2, 4 or 6 volt Accumulators.

Cossor

BRITAIN'S FINEST VALVES

9.5 A Military Band Concert



This grim portrait of the seventeenth-century Dean of St. Paul's was the frontispiece to the first edition of 'Death's Duel,' his last sermon, which is being read in the 'English Eloquence' series this afternoon.

330 A CONCERT

SECE SON, Mendelssohn's Songs Without Words. THESE pieces of Mendelssohn's, written in 1831, for the first time, and described by the name which he gave them that it is difficult to understand why the original first edition fought shy of the title. On their first appearance in this country they were called *Instrumental Lieder for Klavier, or Songs for the Piano-forte Alone*. In 1852 the first set appeared in London as *Original Mendels for the Piano-forte*, and only some years later did the original German title, and eventually the English translation of it which is now so universally known, make their appearance. Another astonishing thing about them, in view of the way in which they have since made themselves at home throughout the country, is that very few copies were sold in the first years after their publication here.

Mendelssohn himself regarded them as rather trifling works, and on one occasion spoke of them as "Anecdotes to none but the dead, they do embody some of our feeblest metaphysical ideas, and are chiefly destined to keep the strong hold which they have on the affections, not only of Germans, but of those who like them in the many nations which have been made of them."

342 WALTER CLYNNE
Reed. Deeper and deeper still }
Air. 'Walt her Anna's' } Handel

3.50 QUINTET
Irish Folk Songs 350

40 **LIV** **AND** **LOVE**

Fair House of Joy	Quiller
Johnnie	Stanford
Do not go, my Love	Hagenman

4.20 $\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2} = \frac{1}{4}$

Anthony Daffabiz

[illegible]

4.38 $L_{\text{eff}} = L \frac{1}{1 + \frac{1}{\epsilon}}$

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5 30 ENGLISH ELOQUENCE
 'Death's Duel'
 A Consolation to the Soul
 Against
 The Dying Lull and Living Death
 of the Body

THE planet among preachers, La Folle Andrews, went out in 1853. In the subsequent five years he was succeeded as a successor in the pulpit estimation by that angel preacher, George A. Johnson. Theologically, Andrews and Donne were contemporaries. As preachers, the former was a Zebulonian, the latter a Mormon. As a man it has been said that Andrews was of the born spiritual, while Donne, even in death, had not done with earth. The contrast is reflected in the quality of their eloquence. The spiritual perfection of Donne's is more interesting but less convincing than Andrew's.

In the early days of Charles I, Donne's sermons provided the most brilliant public oratory that London had to offer. The last of them, *Deliverance*, 1631, was the prologue to the most spectacular death of the time. For on the 30th of March 1631, he was much possessed with death. The portrait reproduced above was one of the preparations he made for his final rendezvous with the skeleton.

He knew the anguish of the morrow,
The ~~time~~ of the afternoon,
And ~~it~~ possible to flesh,
Alloved the force of the bone

For 5.45-8.45 Programmed use of people page

845 The Week's Good Cause
Appeal on behalf of Kingsley Hall. y M 4
Museum, 1900.

KINSELEY Hall, which was started in 1875, housed in a dilapidated building, shaken to pieces by a Zeppelin attack in 1940. It was the only place of its kind in England. It was the only place where the service of the neighbourhood—a local, untrammelled, and unorganised community—was maintained. Tom, Dick and Harry and their womenfolk. It allows men and women to meet on an equal footing, organized or unorganized, and to share their own culture and run their own kitchen, and it closes on every evening with a period of silent prayer. The hall has yet been paid for cooking, gardening, and other work. All that is done by the men and women is to keep the hall in a state of self-supporting, the work of the general public is required for rent, taxes, light, and the maintenance of the community.

המחיר הנמוך ביותר של 1.14 ש"ח, נמדד ב-1997, כאשר
המחיר הגבוה ביותר של 2.31 ש"ח, נמדד ב-1998.

It should be sent to Miss Martel
at 1000 Broadway Bldg, Box E-3, or to the
U. S. District Court, Room 1000, New York City.

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95 A MILITARY BAND CONCERT

North Enders (Spartano)

Rechtsanwalt Dr. phil. jur. h. c. E. v. K.

THE WIRELESS MILITARY BAND
conducted by B. WALTON O'DONNELL

Overture, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" . . . Sullivan

918 NOEL, ELLIOT
 41 fers à lui, 'Tis he of whom I ordered, (La
 [praying])

9.25 BAND
Sea Phant ~~.....~~ *His Dearest*
To the Sea, Starlight, Nautilus

938 ROY HENDERSON
King Charles (Cavalier Song)
The Fighting Temeraire

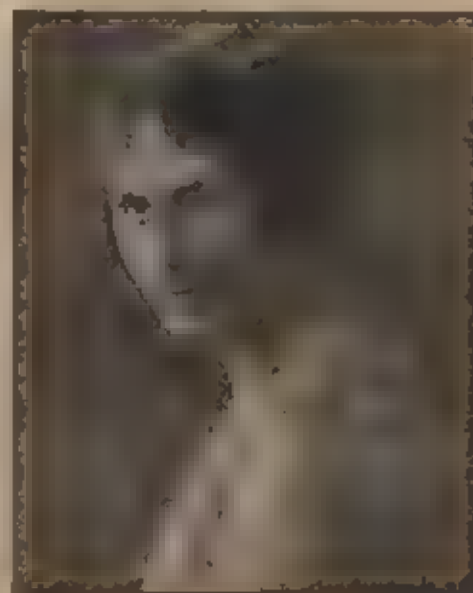
9.45 North EADY
Where'er a snowflake leaves the sky I. 2a Letman
At Dawning Cydman
When the Boe socks Nib

952 BAND
Rhapsody, No. 2

105 ROY HENDERSON
The Traveler
At Tinkertown Inn

10-12 BAND

10.30 Epilogue



NOEL EADIE

will sing some soprano solos in the Military Band Concert that will be broadcast from London and Daventry between 9.5 and 10.30 tonight.

4.55

The British Legion Service

(For 3.30-4.55 Programmes see opposite page)

4.55 The British Legion Service

Conducted by the
LEON V. WENTWORTH
The Very Reverend
W. FOSKETT MURPHY D.D.
Relayed from the Cenotaph,
Whitehall

Hymn, 'O God, our help in ages
old'

Prayers

Antiphon: 'Woe is the lot
Souls of the Righteous'

Hymn, 'All praise that on earth
do dwell'

The Benediction

Drummers will Take Post
The Playing of the Legion March
The Last Post

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

For 5.30-5.45 Programmes see
opposite page)

5.45-6.15 am. Church Cantata (No. 74), Bach

Relayed from the Guildhall School
of Music

'O WINGS PRAYER, O UNSPOUNED
OUR LIPS'

(O Light Everlasting, O Love never
fading)

Don't Give Up Contralto

TOM PURVIS (Tenor)

SPRING (Harp)

LESLIE WOODHEAD (Organ)

THE W. C. CHORUS

THE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA

(Trumpets, Tympani, Flutes, Oboes
and Strings)

Conducted by STANFORD ROBINSON

It is a splendidly impressive work, and the
opening chorus, in a key of G major, is on a very
high scale. The service has many features
rather than light, and the vivid imagery
features in the orchestral introduction and the
chorus.

It is a splendidly impressive work, and the
opening chorus, in a key of G major, is on a very
high scale. The service has many features
rather than light, and the vivid imagery
features in the orchestral introduction and the
chorus.

There are two short recitatives, one for
Tenor and one for Bass, and between them is
a beautiful aria for Alto in which the music
is for her voice and the orchestra has a
quiet accompaniment of music and nothing further.

The recitatives are a beautiful and
moving of the cantata.

The cantata is a beautiful and moving
of the cantata.

THE DAY OF REST.

Sunday's Special Programmes.

From 2LO London and 5XX Daresbury



Broadcast Churches—XIV.

LINCOLN CATHEDRAL,

from which a service will be broadcast tonight at 8.0.

By the Very Rev. T. C. FRY, D.D., Dean of Lincoln

NO building in England embodies more strikingly the difference between
Gothic and Classical architecture than does Lincoln Cathedral.
It is in itself a complete history of the effort of the Middle Ages to
express itself in stone, from the last days of Norman to the first days of the
Renaissance. The West Front is a Norman picture set in an Early English
frame; the western towers for half their height give us some of the earliest
English Norman. Spared by the earthquake that is said to have destroyed
the first nave and choir of Remigius, they were happily kept intact by
Grosseteste when the present nave was built. By shortening the last two
bays, he contrived to bring them within the compass of his new nave, but
the new nave being wider, with its aisles wider, forced on the Early English
builders the widening of the west front.

The choir, begun by St. Hugh before 1200, was carried by him as far
as his new centre tower, which, being insufficiently supported, fell while
Grosseteste was at work. With his usual energy, the great Bishop at once
carried up a new tower, to which was added later the present perpendicular
upper story, such as was also added to each western tower. Most lovers
of Gothic will maintain that the centre tower is the most beautiful possessed
by any English cathedral.

But perhaps the best-known feature of Lincoln is the Angel Choir, built
out and completed about 1330 as a shelter to speak for the shrine
of St. Hugh who was buried behind the high altar. This second choir
is called by some the 15th Century Choir by others the first Decorated.

It is amazing to think how much damage has been irreparably done
by the ravages and pillage of the past. The greed of the Tudors
took all gold, silver and precious gems that could be carried off. The
Civil Wars broke up most of the stained glass. Lincoln has no such good
fortune as York had in finding a naive Fairfax in command of the Puritan
forces, so not only are the windows almost all gone, but the wonderful
sepulchral brasses, of which we had 203—more, indeed, than in any other
such building—were torn up for panels, and the usual damage done to
carvings. But all this, though ever regrettable, is not the cause of our
recent anxiety. The wide cracks in the building itself are the result of
the mistaken methods trusted to when the Minster was put up. The
inner core of the walls was formed of mere rubble, which the centuries have
robbed of supporting power. We have been reconstructing the inner core
of the larger part of the walls, and only just in time.

Space fails me to speak of the interesting basalt font, the counters with
just a piece of Christopher Wren at his best, the Chapter House where the
first and greatest Edward held two Parliaments, and the three perpen-
dicular chapels, largely undamaged.

In recent years all but one of the many chapels have been simply restored,
and all are in use; the nave altar has been re-erected and fenced with a
worthy wrought-iron screen, modelled on the beautiful thirteenth-century
screens of the choir. The organ, erected in George IV's reign, and blocking
the clear space over the choir screen, would seem to invite removal under
George V and replacements by the destroyed roof. The most interesting
of the internal restorations has been the voluntary act of Lincolnshire
soldiers and sailors and Air Force, that of the three north-west chapels, in
memory of their fallen comrades. Something more will be said on Whit-
Sunday evening by a special cantor than will be the ringing of the old
peal of eight bells furnished by the four new bells—themselves again
memorials of the fallen ringers. No place has more memories than
Lincoln now.

7.55

A Broadcast from Lincoln Cathedral

I. Antiphona
In the name of the Father
The Lord is with us
May we from Thy right hand receive
The Lord is with us
The Lord is with us
The Lord is with us
The Lord is with us

II. Antiphona
The Lord is with us
The Lord is with us
The Lord is with us
The Lord is with us
The Lord is with us

III. Antiphona
The Lord is with us
The Lord is with us
The Lord is with us
The Lord is with us
The Lord is with us

IV. Antiphona
The Lord is with us
The Lord is with us
The Lord is with us
The Lord is with us
The Lord is with us

V. Antiphona
The Lord is with us
The Lord is with us
The Lord is with us
The Lord is with us
The Lord is with us

7.55 A Religious Service

From Lincoln Cathedral

CATHEDRAL BELLS

8.0 THE SERVICE

Hymn, 'O Holy Spirit, Lord of
Grace' (English Hymnal No. 453,
A and M, No. 208)

Psalm 136

Lesson, Galatians, ch. v, vv. 16 to
end

Magnificat—Wood 30 F (Double
Chorus)

Anthem, 'My Soul, there is a
Country'—C. H. B. Perry

Sermon by The Very Reverend the
Dean of Lincoln

Hymn, 'Praise to the Holiest in
the Heights' (English Hymnal
No. 411 (A, and M, No. 172)

The Blessing. (Orwell Arno)

(For 8.45-10.30 Programmes see
opposite page)

10.30 Epilogue

'Praise to the Holiest in the Heights'
(For details of this week's Epilogue
see page 3)

THE RADIO TIMES.

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Sunday's Programmes continued (May 19)

SWA CARDIFF. 225.2 M. 925 KC.

3.30-6.15 app. S.B. from London

6.30-8.45 **A Religious Service**
 Relayed from St. Andrew's Parish Church
 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100)
 General Confession and Prayers
 Psalm 133 (Church of the Holy Spirit)
 1. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18)
 No. 10 Duet (Church of the Holy Spirit)
 Anthem, 'Kiss all Glorious' (Hornby)
 Hymn, 'Our Blessed Redeemer' (A. and M. No. 207)
 Address by the Rt. Rev. J. H. B. MANTON
 Lord Bishop of Plymouth
 Hymn, 'Praise my soul, the King of Heaven' (A. and M. No. 104)
 Benediction
 'God be in my head' (Hornby)
 8.50 S.B. from London 9.0 Local Announcements

1.00-1.30 **Epilogue**

2.25 **SWANSEA.** 255.5 M. 1,040 KC.

3.30-6.15 app. S.B. from London

6.30-8.45 **A Religious Service**
 Relayed from the Park Hall
 N. 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100)
 General Confession and Prayers
 Psalm 133 (Church of the Holy Spirit)
 1. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18)
 No. 10 Duet (Church of the Holy Spirit)
 Anthem, 'Kiss all Glorious' (Hornby)
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 Address by the Rev. W. THOMPSON ELLIOTT
 Lord Bishop of Plymouth
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 Benediction
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 8.50 S.B. from London 9.0 Local Announcements

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 Hymn, 'Praise my soul, the King of Heaven' (A. and M. No. 104)
 Benediction
 'God be in my head' (Hornby)
 8.50 S.B. from London 9.0 Local Announcements

1.00-1.30 **Epilogue**

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 255.5 M. 1,040 KC.

3.30-6.15 app. S.B. from London

6.30-8.45 **A Religious Service**
 Relayed from the Park Hall
 N. 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100)
 General Confession and Prayers
 Psalm 133 (Church of the Holy Spirit)
 1. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18)
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 Address by the Rev. W. THOMPSON ELLIOTT
 Lord Bishop of Plymouth
 Hymn, 'Praise my soul, the King of Heaven' (A. and M. No. 104)
 Benediction
 'God be in my head' (Hornby)
 8.50 S.B. from London 9.0 Local Announcements

1.00-1.30 **Epilogue**

5PY PLYMOUTH. 255.5 M. 925 KC.

3.30-6.15 app. S.B. from London

6.30-8.45 **A Religious Service**
 Relayed from St. Andrew's Parish Church
 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100)
 General Confession and Prayers
 Psalm 133 (Church of the Holy Spirit)
 1. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18)
 No. 10 Duet (Church of the Holy Spirit)
 Anthem, 'Kiss all Glorious' (Hornby)
 Hymn, 'Our Blessed Redeemer' (A. and M. No. 207)
 Address by the Rt. Rev. J. H. B. MANTON
 Lord Bishop of Plymouth
 Hymn, 'Praise my soul, the King of Heaven' (A. and M. No. 104)
 Benediction
 'God be in my head' (Hornby)
 8.50 S.B. from London 9.0 Local Announcements

1.00-1.30 **Epilogue**

2.25 **NEWCASTLE.** 255.5 M. 1,040 KC.

3.30-6.15 app. S.B. from London

6.30-8.45 **A Religious Service**
 Relayed from the Park Hall
 N. 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100)
 General Confession and Prayers
 Psalm 133 (Church of the Holy Spirit)
 1. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18)
 No. 10 Duet (Church of the Holy Spirit)
 Anthem, 'Kiss all Glorious' (Hornby)
 Hymn, 'Our Blessed Redeemer' (A. and M. No. 207)
 Address by the Rev. W. THOMPSON ELLIOTT
 Lord Bishop of Plymouth
 Hymn, 'Praise my soul, the King of Heaven' (A. and M. No. 104)
 Benediction
 'God be in my head' (Hornby)
 8.50 S.B. from London 9.0 Local Announcements

1.00-1.30 **Epilogue**

5NO NEWCASTLE. 255.5 M. 1,040 KC.

3.30-6.15 app. S.B. from London

6.30-8.45 **A Religious Service**
 Relayed from the Park Hall
 N. 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100)
 General Confession and Prayers
 Psalm 133 (Church of the Holy Spirit)
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 Address by the Rev. W. THOMPSON ELLIOTT
 Lord Bishop of Plymouth
 Hymn, 'Praise my soul, the King of Heaven' (A. and M. No. 104)
 Benediction
 'God be in my head' (Hornby)
 8.50 S.B. from London 9.0 Local Announcements

1.00-1.30 **Epilogue**

5SC GLASGOW. 255.5 M. 1,040 KC.

3.30-6.15 app. S.B. from London

6.30-8.45 **A Religious Service**
 Relayed from the Park Hall
 N. 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100)
 General Confession and Prayers
 Psalm 133 (Church of the Holy Spirit)
 1. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18)
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 Benediction
 'God be in my head' (Hornby)
 8.50 S.B. from London 9.0 Local Announcements

1.00-1.30 **Epilogue**



THE BEST RECORDS OF THIS WEEK'S WIRELESS MUSIC

Orchestral and Band.

LORENZO 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100) 45-50-34.
 2. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18) 45-50-34.

MARIA 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100) 45-50-34.
 2. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18) 45-50-34.

REDAUTION 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100) 45-50-34.
 2. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18) 45-50-34.

PIQUE DANCE ORCHESTRA 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100) 45-50-34.
 2. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18) 45-50-34.

IOANTHE 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100) 45-50-34.
 2. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18) 45-50-34.

CAKE 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100) 45-50-34.
 2. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18) 45-50-34.

FAUST 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100) 45-50-34.
 2. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18) 45-50-34.

LAPPRINTI 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100) 45-50-34.
 2. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18) 45-50-34.

FLYING DUTCHMAN 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100) 45-50-34.
 2. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18) 45-50-34.

LIAC TIMU 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100) 45-50-34.
 2. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18) 45-50-34.

PARADE OF THE SOLDIERS 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100) 45-50-34.
 2. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18) 45-50-34.

BLUE DANON 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100) 45-50-34.
 2. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18) 45-50-34.

WHO MARCHES HIGHLAND PATROL 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100) 45-50-34.
 2. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18) 45-50-34.

GIORGIA 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100) 45-50-34.
 2. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18) 45-50-34.

Instrumental.

SI MEX VERA AVANT DEB AILS 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100) 45-50-34.
 2. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18) 45-50-34.

POEM 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100) 45-50-34.
 2. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18) 45-50-34.

AT DAWNING 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100) 45-50-34.
 2. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18) 45-50-34.

LONDON, LAY AID 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100) 45-50-34.
 2. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18) 45-50-34.

TRAMMOROI 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100) 45-50-34.
 2. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18) 45-50-34.

LILLESSTRAW 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100) 45-50-34.
 2. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18) 45-50-34.

KOPPU CAPRICCIO 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100) 45-50-34.
 2. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18) 45-50-34.

LE CYGNE 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100) 45-50-34.
 2. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18) 45-50-34.

VALSE TRISTE 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100) 45-50-34.
 2. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18) 45-50-34.

POURCE VALENTINE DANCING DOLL 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100) 45-50-34.
 2. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18) 45-50-34.

MOLLY ON THE MOORE IS SK REEL 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100) 45-50-34.
 2. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18) 45-50-34.

SONGS MY BROTHER TAUGHT ME 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100) 45-50-34.
 2. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18) 45-50-34.

Vocal.

HEAR A THOUGHT AT EVE 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100) 45-50-34.
 2. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18) 45-50-34.

HEAR MY PRAYER 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100) 45-50-34.
 2. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18) 45-50-34.

KING CHARLES 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100) 45-50-34.
 2. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18) 45-50-34.

GREEN GROW THE BASHES 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100) 45-50-34.
 2. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18) 45-50-34.

MY FAITHFUL FOND ONE 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100) 45-50-34.
 2. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18) 45-50-34.

BIRD SONG AT EVELING 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100) 45-50-34.
 2. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18) 45-50-34.

MAID, MY GIRL 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100) 45-50-34.
 2. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18) 45-50-34.

PASS ME BY 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100) 45-50-34.
 2. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18) 45-50-34.

O MISTRESS MINE 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100) 45-50-34.
 2. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18) 45-50-34.

O THAT WE TWO WERE SAYING 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100) 45-50-34.
 2. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18) 45-50-34.

ERI KING 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100) 45-50-34.
 2. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18) 45-50-34.

HORING 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100) 45-50-34.
 2. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18) 45-50-34.

AEROW AND THE SONG 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100) 45-50-34.
 2. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18) 45-50-34.

HANSON AND DELILAH 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100) 45-50-34.
 2. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18) 45-50-34.

HEMELINA O Vision Enchanting 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100) 45-50-34.
 2. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18) 45-50-34.

I HEARD YOU SINGING 1. 'God is a Spirit' (M. 100) 45-50-34.
 2. 'On the Mountains' (Verses 13-18) 45-50-34.

COLUMBIA ARTISTS IN THE PROGRAMMES

Sir HENRY J. WOOD
 His own company and the Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra
WIRELESS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.
 MORIS VANE Soprano
 ROY WINDGASON Baritone
 B.B.C. WIRELESS CHORUS
 DONALD HOT PLAT Duet
 JACK STABIS
 JACK PAYNE and his S.S.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA
 PROBABLY PLAYERS, directed by AL STABIS

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The Platform of The Ether

MONDAY, MAY 20
2LO LONDON & 5XX DAVENTRY
(248 M. 838 KC.) (1502.5 M. 192 KC.)

7.45
The 'B.B.C.'
Becomes
Light-Headed

This evening

at 7.45

'SUITABLE SONGS'

A Light-headed Programme

Arranged by GORDON McCONNEL
(Air: Loch Lomond)

*Ye'll tak' the high-brow,
An' I'll tak' the low-brow,
And I'll be in head-phones afore ye!*
ANON

JACK MORRISON
JOHN ARMSTRONG
STUART ROBERTSON
ANN WELCH

THE WIRELESS CHORUS
and

THE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA:
Conducted by JOHN ANSELL

The Tunes and Songs will be of the pre-syncope era

10.15 a.m. The Daily Service

10.30 (Daventry only) TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH
WEATHER FORECAST

10.45 Miss SPIELMANN: 'The Problem of Household Fatigue' II

THIS is the second of Miss Spielmann's two talks on Domestic Fatigue. The Institute of Industrial Psychology is shortly conducting a series of researches into household conditions in this country, and it is Miss Spielmann's wish to interest listeners in this and to obtain their useful co-operation. In this connection a questionnaire is printed on page 348.

11.0 (Daventry only) Gramophone Records

A BALLAD CONCERT
RUTH AGLAND (Soprano)
FREDERICK OSGOOD (Bass)

12.30 VARIETY
MURRO and MILES
(Syncopated Pigeons)

1.0-2.0 ORGAN RECITAL
by EDGAR T. COOK
From Southwark Cathedral
MONA LEMON (Voice)

EDGAR T. COOK
Pavane in E Minor ... Minor
MONA LEMON
Violin Sonata in D ... Minor
EDGAR T. COOK
Theme and Variations ... Major
Canon de Westminster from Third ... Violen
Suite
MONA LEMON
The Bard's Legacy ... O'Connor Morris
Adagio ... Piano
EDGAR T. COOK
Toccata and Fugue in E ... Bach

3.0 JACK PAYNE and THE B.B.C. DANCE

Continued from page 253

4.15 ALPHONSE DU CLOS and his ORCHESTRA
From the Hotel Continental

5.0 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

'ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

Adapted by CECIL LEWIS from the book by LEWIS CARROLL, with music by V. HOLY R. THOMSON

6.0 A BONYET LATER (Soprano)

Days—Mr. Bonnet Laid out the day's work as 'at the door' and the 'out-of-doors' generally

6.15 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH
WEATHER FORECAST
GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.30 'What the Younger Generation Thinks'—A Discussion by Miss N. HOOKER, Warden of the Jamaica Club, and a Girl Member

THIS is the third of the series of twelve broadcasts which are at bringing some of the problems of the various younger people's clubs and societies to the notice of the general public. Following upon the first four talks, or discussions, by the girls or boys themselves, under the chairmanship of men or women connected with work among young people, there will be a discussion by the four Chairmen, who will deal with some of the points brought out by the previous talks. This, in turn, will be followed, it is hoped, by talks on various aspects of young people's organizations, such as self-government in Clubs, the lost years, athletics for boys and girls, etc.

under the chairmanship of men or women connected with work among young people, there will be a discussion by the four Chairmen, who will deal with some of the points brought out by the previous talks. This, in turn, will be followed, it is hoped, by talks on various aspects of young people's organizations, such as self-government in Clubs, the lost years, athletics for boys and girls, etc.

6.45 THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC

DEBussy's Songs

Sung by

APRIL TILKIN (Soprano)

Beau Soir (1878) (Fair Evening)

Voilà que le printemps (1880) (See how the Spring)

Mandoline (1880)

Air de Lis (1884) (Lis's Song, 'The Prodigal Son')

Romance (1887)

DEBussy's songs are all laid out with a fine sense of the importance of the accompaniment. They might quite fittingly be called duets for voice and piano. Like most Frenchmen, he had a highly cultivated literary sense, and the poems he chose to set were much more than mere pegs on which to hang music. His settings do indeed seem to grow out of the text in a very spontaneous way, not merely illustrating it, but expressing it, with a wholly satisfying completeness. He was equally at home in songs of many different moods; some of his love songs, tender, sensitive, or passionate, are very beautiful, and there are others of more intimate personal feeling, varying between humour and rather word-tragedy. He left a number of fresh and breezy open-air songs, and there are three fine settings of 'Villon's' ballads, expressing the most varied emotions.

However little, as an instrumental composer, he may appeal to some of the older generation who like their music to be formal, there has never been any doubt that his songs are among the best things which French music of the last generation gave us

7.0 Mr. JESSE McCARTHY: Literary Criticism

7.15 Musical Interlude

7.25 Signor S. BRULLA: Italian Talk—Reading from the Second Novella by Castelnovo (1938), from the beginning to 'Le parole nella gola,' on page 40

7.45 'Suitable Songs'
A Light-headed Programme
Arranged by GORDON McCONNEL
(See top of column 1)

9.0 WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

9.15 Topical Talk

9.30 Local Announcements; (Daventry only) Shipping Forecast and Fat Stock Prices

9.35 Vaudeville
including
A Variety Item relayed from THE LONDON COLISEUM
(See below)

11.0-12.0 DANCE MUSIC, RITA BATTEN and her BAND, from the New Princess Restaurant

12.0-12.15
Experimental Transmission of Still Pictures by the Fuhograph Process

Monday's Programme continued on page 357

A VARIETY ITEM
RELAYED FROM
THE LONDON COLISEUM

LESLIE SARONY

COMEDIAN

JACK PAYNE

AND THE
B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA

GERALD

IN
OLD
TIME
SONGS

GEOFFREY GIBSON

BAROPHONE
60405

BERT COPLEY

COMEDIAN

PHYLLIS

SCOTT

Buy ripe bananas



Would you eat unripe strawberries? Unripe plums you know are bad for you. Therefore, buy ripe bananas. How can you tell? By seeing that the skin is a rich golden-yellow with no green at the tip. To ensure getting them ripe, ask your Fruiterer for Fyffes' bananas.

Thousands of miles from the sunny tropics to your home.

Only an organisation like Fyffes'—the first to do it—with its own ships and inland transport bringing bananas straight to the special ripening rooms of the leading wholesalers, can deliver perfectly ripe bananas. Over thirty years' experience is behind this claim. So insist on Fyffes' bananas

FYFFES'

BANANAS

THE ALL-FOOD FRUIT

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a perfect picture."



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would either be flat and lifeless or look like a mixture of soot and whitewash. This essential property that 'Kodak' film has of accommodating itself to varying conditions of light, and thus correcting possible errors of exposure, is what is technically known as 'latitude.' Freakishly fast film cannot show you this kindly indulgence. Here then is one sound reason why you should use only 'Kodak' film—the film that is known all over the world as "the dependable film in the yellow carton."



See that you get

'Kodak' film
in the yellow carton



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Programmes for Monday.

Other Stations.

[illegible][illegible]

ABD		ABERDEEN	
70	80	90	100
10	20	30	40
50	60	70	80
90	100	110	120
130	140	150	160
170	180	190	200
210	220	230	240
250	260	270	280
290	300	310	320
330	340	350	360
370	380	390	400
410	420	430	440
450	460	470	480
490	500	510	520
530	540	550	560
570	580	590	600
610	620	630	640
650	660	670	680
690	700	710	720
730	740	750	760
770	780	790	800
810	820	830	840
850	860	870	880
890	900	910	920
930	940	950	960
970	980	990	1000

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The Lord
The Four Seasons

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TUESDAY, MAY 21

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

(482.3 M. 622 KC)
TRANSMISSION FROM 20.00 TO 21.00 HOURS

2.0 PAUL MOULDER & RIVOLI THEATRE ORCHESTRA
From the Rivoli Theatre

4.0 An Orchestral Concert
(From Birmingham)

THE BIRMINGHAM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Conducted by FRANK CASTELL

OVER-MADE. HERBERT CAYE. Goldmark
HERBERT CAYE (Tenor)
Fair House of Joy
O Mistress Mine
Now sleeps the crimson petal
ORCHESTRA
S. "Touques China"..... Benny
MARIE WILSON (Violin)
Nostalgia, Op. 27 No. 2..... Chopin, arr. Wilhelms
Mazurka in A Major (Posthumous)
(Chopin, arr. Kreutzer)

HERBERT CAYE
T. "Touques China"..... Benny
MARIE WILSON (Violin)
Nostalgia, Op. 27 No. 2..... Chopin, arr. Wilhelms
Mazurka in A Major (Posthumous)
(Chopin, arr. Kreutzer)

ORCHESTRA
Norwegian Rhapsody..... Lulu
MARIE WILSON
La Folia aux Chateaux de Lorraine
Maid with the Harp
Paseo en forma de Habanera
(In Spanish dance-form)

Jota (Spanish Dance)
de Folia, arr. Kochanski

ORCHESTRA
First "Maid of Arles" Suite
(L'Arlesienne)..... Bizet

5.30 The Children's Hour
(From Birmingham)

Mrs. Southworth at the
Sale of Work, by Norman
T. ...
MARIE WILSON (Violin)
Songs by HAROLD CASKY
(Baritone)

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

6.30 JACK PAYNE
and the
BBC DANCE ORCHESTRA
THE CHORUS OF
(Harmonised Duets)

8.0 Vaudeville
(From Birmingham)

TOM CLARK (at the Piano)
GABLE and KEMP (Light Songs)
NAN ELLIS (Syncopated Pianism)
S. "Touques China"..... Benny
F. W. WILSON (Mimicry)
PHILIP BROWN'S ORIGINAL DANCE BAND

9.0 'The Invention of Dr. Metzler'

(From Birmingham)
By JOHN PULLONE

DR. METZLER
H. "Touques China"..... Benny
K. "Touques China"..... Benny
K. "Touques China"..... Benny

An April evening in the year 1848. Rosa
von West, an Austrian, is working at a piece
of embroidery, by the light of a reading lamp,
in the salon of a country house near a fortified
town besieged by the Austrians.

Incidental Music by
THE MYLAND PIANOFORTE TRIO

10.0 WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS
BULLETIN

10.15-11.15 An Orchestral Programme
(From Birmingham)

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Conducted by FRANK CASTELL

OVER-MADE. HERBERT CAYE. Goldmark
HERBERT CAYE (Tenor)
Fair House of Joy
O Mistress Mine
Now sleeps the crimson petal
ORCHESTRA
S. "Touques China"..... Benny
MARIE WILSON (Violin)
Nostalgia, Op. 27 No. 2..... Chopin, arr. Wilhelms
Mazurka in A Major (Posthumous)
(Chopin, arr. Kreutzer)



NAN ELLIS,
whose syncopated pianism
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Invention of
Dr. Metzler'



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March, The Little Belle, Moths and
Butterflies; Fountain Dance; The Tame
Bear, The Wild Bears

As in the first Suite from this 'Music to a
Child's Play,' the names which the composer
has given to the several movements are practically
all that is needed by way of guidance to the listener.

The first movement is the longest and most
elaborately worked out in the Suite; major
and in minor sections, with contrasting tunes, alternating
throughout its course.

As a sub-title of the second movement the
word 'Scherzino' (a little joke) is added, actual
jokes are included in the score but the music is so
happy and out that the other movements almost
equally well without them.

In the third movement we are to suppose
moths and butterflies dancing in the sun, and in
the fourth the sparkling water of the fountain
is vividly presented to us by flowing figures on
the strings and wood winds, with an effective
drum part, played very softly.

Although in the fifth movement the bear is
for the most part tame and well-mannered, we
are here and there reminded that he is, nevertheless,
a bear and can still growl, the wildness in the last
movement is at times no more than playful good
spirits, but these give way to real ferocity from time
to time, although the music always preserves the
character of a light, frolicsome dance. It brings the
Suite to an end with great energy.

(Tuesday's Programme continued on page 362)

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Programmes for Tuesday.

Watch the Programme on the following pages
Omnivox
Section. "A Miss Under the Sea"
Shepherd, Home & Away
P. V. WARDWELL
Orchestra
Singer
The Children's Hour

5.15 The Children's Hour
6.0 Mr. A. F. L. & Co. W. & A. L. & Co.
6.15 S. B. from London
7.0 Trade and Industry
7.15 S. B. from London

7.45 Famous Northern Resorts Blackpool.

THE DELLA ROSA N. & J. N. L. & Co.
M. HILL GEORGE and ERNEST BUTLER,
A JOLLY GOOD TIME
P. V. WARDWELL
C. H. K. & Co. W. & A. L. & Co.
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8.40 HERMAN DANNEBERG'S DANCE BAND
9.0 S. B. from London (9.35 Local Announcements)
10.55-12.0 DANCE MUSIC BY THE DANCE BAND from the Tower Ballroom

Other Stations.

5NO NEWCASTLE
12.0-1.0 The Children's Hour
1.0-2.0 The Children's Hour
2.0-3.0 The Children's Hour
3.0-4.0 The Children's Hour
4.0-5.0 The Children's Hour
5.0-6.0 The Children's Hour
6.0-7.0 The Children's Hour
7.0-8.0 The Children's Hour
8.0-9.0 The Children's Hour
9.0-10.0 The Children's Hour
10.0-11.0 The Children's Hour
11.0-12.0 The Children's Hour

5SC GLASGOW
1.0-2.0 The Children's Hour
2.0-3.0 The Children's Hour
3.0-4.0 The Children's Hour
4.0-5.0 The Children's Hour
5.0-6.0 The Children's Hour
6.0-7.0 The Children's Hour
7.0-8.0 The Children's Hour
8.0-9.0 The Children's Hour
9.0-10.0 The Children's Hour
10.0-11.0 The Children's Hour
11.0-12.0 The Children's Hour

2BD ABERDEEN
1.0-2.0 The Children's Hour
2.0-3.0 The Children's Hour
3.0-4.0 The Children's Hour
4.0-5.0 The Children's Hour
5.0-6.0 The Children's Hour
6.0-7.0 The Children's Hour
7.0-8.0 The Children's Hour
8.0-9.0 The Children's Hour
9.0-10.0 The Children's Hour
10.0-11.0 The Children's Hour
11.0-12.0 The Children's Hour

2BE BELFAST
1.0-2.0 The Children's Hour
2.0-3.0 The Children's Hour
3.0-4.0 The Children's Hour
4.0-5.0 The Children's Hour
5.0-6.0 The Children's Hour
6.0-7.0 The Children's Hour
7.0-8.0 The Children's Hour
8.0-9.0 The Children's Hour
9.0-10.0 The Children's Hour
10.0-11.0 The Children's Hour
11.0-12.0 The Children's Hour



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9.35 Three Studies in Rhetoric

125 Sir John Russell, Bt. FRS The History of the English Countryside IV Part England The 17th and 18th Centuries

MARJORIE HARRARD (Violin); RAYMOND JENSEN (Viola); CARLOS S. ARRE (Cello).

Fantasy Quartet for Strings . . . Eugene Goossens

I + Sam + the boys of Oxnard with the women of Calipso

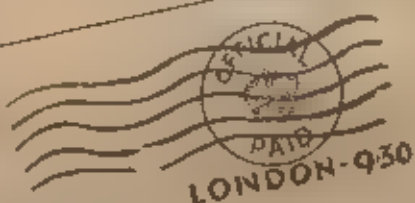
It has been said that the microphone is the ideal medium for the rhetorical play. It is hoped that this evening's experiment will contribute something towards proving the theory.

Talk a few Quartets which make up Op. 69 belong to a period of Berlioz's life when he was going through a hard struggle for him. Vienna was occupied by the victorious French troops, and the unfortunate people had to suffer all manner of degrading humiliations and privations. The Court and all Berlioz's important friends had left Vienna, and the tragic affliction of his disease was upon him. It makes itself sorely felt. It may be well be true that some of the sadness which can be heard in this music is a reflection of his own depressed spirits. The Quartets are dedicated to Count Rumoldowsky and are affectionately known to chamber music lovers all over the world by his name. He was Russian Ambassador at the Viennese Court, and it is supposed that the Russian are which in each Quartet form the basis

11.0-12.0 DANCE MUSIC Jack Patton
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Wednesday's Programmes continued (May 22)

SWA	CARDIFF.	823.2 M. 975 KC.	SSX	SWANSEA.	289.5 M. 1,040 KC.
1.15-2.0	A Symphony Concert Relayed from the National Museum of Wales NATIONAL ORCHESTRA OF WALES (Chairman: Sir John Jones) Overture: "The Merry Men" Rhapsodic Dance, "The Bamburgh" [Edridge Taylor]		1.15-2.0	<i>S.B. from Cardiff</i>	
3.0	London Programme relayed from Daventry		3.0	London Programme relayed from Daventry	
3.45	The Beethoven Trio—No. XIV FRANK THOMAS (Violin) RONALD HARRING (Violoncello) HERBERT PENNELL (Pianoforte) Trio in G (Variations Op. 12) Introduction: Theme and Variations		3.45	<i>S.B. from Cardiff</i>	
			4.45	London Programme relayed from Daventry	
			5.15	The Children's Hour	
			5.30	<i>S.B. from Cardiff</i>	
				London Programme relayed from Daventry	
			6.15	<i>S.B. from London</i>	
			9.30	<i>S.B. from Cardiff</i>	
			9.35-11.0	<i>S.B. from London</i>	
6BM	BOURNEMOUTH.	289.5 M. 1,040 KC.	SPY	PLYMOUTH.	289.5 M. 1,040 KC.
3.0	London Programme relayed from Daventry		3.0	London Programme relayed from Daventry	
6.15-11.0	<i>S.B. from London</i> (9.30 Local Announcements)		5.15	The Children's Hour DATA AND DATES When we hear all about 'The Passage of Arms at Poissy' (W. P. Sherrill)	
			6.0	London Programme relayed from Daventry	
			6.15-11.0	<i>S.B. from London</i> (9.30 Mid-week Sports Bulletin, Local Announcements)	
ZZY	MANCHESTER.	378.5 M. 700 KC.	3.0	NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA Overture, "Der Gasconier" ("The Gascon") Waltz, "Arcturion" Selection, "The Passing Show"	
3.30	London Programme relayed from Daventry		3.30	London Programme relayed from Daventry	
3.45	ORCHESTRA (Continued) Selection, "The Beggar's Opera"		4.0	Famous Northern Resorts Southport A Musical Band Concert Relayed from the Bandstand ST. HILDA'S COLLEGE BAND Musical Director, JAMES OLIVER Selection from The Works of Tchaikovsky Carnet Solo, "Carnival at Venice" (arr. Douglas Harriman) (Soloist, W. DUBOIS) Selection, "Polka" (arr. Douglas Harriman) Romance, "Pierrot and Pierrette" (arr. Douglas Harriman) Trousseau Solo, "Joy Wheel" (Soloist, E. BOAM) Descriptive Fantasia, "A Sailor's Life" (Cope)	
4.45	London Programme relayed from Daventry		5.0	PYLLIS and DONOTER PEARCE (Symphonic Duo) My Old Home (Donaldson) King for a Day (Ted Florida) I kiss your hand, Madame (Brown) Some day, somewhere, we'll meet again (Rapee) Chloe (Song of the Swamp) (Neil Morris) Japanay (Kleener)	
5.15	<i>S.B. from Swansea</i>		5.15	The Children's Hour A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY Songs sung by DONALD CAMPBELL and HARRY HOWELL A Golden Prize will be given for a Golden Competition	
5.30	The Children's Hour				
6.0	London Programme relayed from Daventry				
6.15	<i>S.B. from London</i> (9.30 West Regional News)				
9.35-11.0	Variety Mona Jenkins (Soprano) Lionel Falkman (Violin) TERRANT BAILEY, Junr. (Banjo) Yvette and a Telephone (May) The Octor Glee Men Vera Allen and Sidney Evans In a sketch by L. de G., entitled "Strong"				

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Overture, 'The Barber of Bagdad' Cornelius
CORNELIUS, author, poet, and composer, and one of the leaders of the self-styled 'New German' School of music which gathered round Liszt at Weimar in the middle of last century, had been dead a good many years before his work began to receive anything like the recognition which is its due. Even now, neither his poetry nor his music takes the position to which their many fine qualities entitle them. The Comic Opera, *The Barber of Bagdad*, of which text and music are both by Cornelius, was performed only once in his lifetime, meeting with a wholly unfavourable reception. It was not revived until nearly thirty years later, at Munich, and was afterwards given in London and elsewhere. There is nothing Eastern about it, though he was an admirer of the manner of the Arabian Nights.

The Barber rejoices in the popular name of Abdi Hassan Al-Ebi Bekar, and is renowned not only as the greatest of all barbers, but as the greatest of all heroes. Like his still more famous brother of Sicily, he has a large hand in the destinies of the other people in the tale, and it is largely through his intervention that the young hero, Nureddin, is happily wedded to Margia, the fair lady of his choice.

The Overture begins with an introductory section, presenting two little themes which are heard a good deal in the course of the work, and then in flowing waltz rhythm the solo cello introduces one of the principal tunes. The other principal tune, a very lively figure, appears first on the woodwinds. Towards the end there is a little passage for woodwinds alone, in which it sounds as though the instruments were too shy to carry on, but soon the whole orchestra joins, and the Overture finishes with a robust and vigorous section.

Vocal Scene, 'Adonais' Landon Ronald
THIS finely conceived dramatic scene for Soprano voice and orchestra, by Sir Landon Ronald, is a setting of parts of Shelley's beautiful Elegy on the death of his friend Keats, in which he speaks of him as the beautiful youth of the old legend.

Hungarian Fantasy Liszt
LISZT, himself a Hungarian by birth, was a devoted enthusiast on behalf of the national music of his country. He wrote no fewer than twenty Hungarian Rhapsodies, and in them much of the spirit of the land is vividly embodied.

This Fantasy for pianoforte and orchestra is practically a transcription of one of the Rhapsodies,

and consists, like most of them, of two chief parts, one slow and melancholy, after the manner of the tune which the gipsies call 'Lassan,' and the other very lively and vigorous, like the melodies known in Hungary as 'Friska.' The latter part is made up of a number of short sections suggesting the original dances.

he chooses, he can be as thoroughly English as any of the folk-song enthusiasts of the modern school.

This Rhapsody, which will be new to most listeners, is based throughout on English folk-songs.

L'apprenti Sorcier Dukas

PAUL DUKAS, although having already many works of real distinction to his credit, is known in this country as yet almost solely by this very clever Scherzo, a musical jest in which the orchestra is used with remarkable skill. Mesio attracted him strongly in his boyhood, and while he was still at school he produced two dramatic Overtures. He was barely seventeen when the Paris Conservatoire admitted him, and when he left it with the coveted Prix de Rome he was not a man.

Yodanis the apprentice sorcerer, as he is heard throughout the piece which listeners are to hear this evening, and there are few examples in existence in which music tells a coherent story so vividly. The tale is a very old one: the original wizard was clothed in broomsticks, wearing them into slaves to do his bidding, learned his magic from the Egyptian goddess Isis. Dukas' music was inspired by the German poet Goethe's version of the story, in which the apprentice, left alone with the broomstick, pronounced the magic syllables which set it to work on the drawing of water and bringing it to the house. But the boy cannot remember the words which undo the spell, and the carrying of water goes on until the house is well-nigh engulfed. In desperation the apprentice seizes an axe and chops the stick in half, only to find that his predicament is twice as bad as before.

since both halves carry on the work with equal energy. Luckily, the master magician returns in time to avert complete disaster, and the work ends happily.

Dream Music, 'Hansel and Gretel' Humperdinck

THE traditional German children's play, which Humperdinck has embodied in his fairy opera, asks for no fewer than fourteen angels to stand guard until the morning. Two are asked to stand at the sleeper's head, two at his feet, two at his right side, two at his left, and so on, to guard him (and equally, of course, her) thoughts, ways, heart, and so on. In the opera angels do come down from heaven and take their stand about the sleeping child, as the curtain falls at the end of the second act.

The tone of the prayer is a very simple and beautiful one, and Humperdinck has set it with the happiest blend of solemnity and childlike simplicity.

PROGRAMME

PART ONE

- 8.0 Overture, 'Barber of Bagdad' Cornelius
DORIS VANE (with orchestra)
Vocal Scene, 'Adonais' Ronald
Meditation, 'Thais' Massenet
EFFIE KALISZ
Hungarian Fantasy for Pianoforte with Orchestra Liszt
An English Rhapsody Percy Pitt

9.0

INTERVAL

PART TWO

- 9.15 Scherzo, 'L'Apprenti Sorcier' Dukas
DORIS VANE (with pianoforte)
Songs: (a) A Little Winding Road Ronald
(b) The Silver Swan Eric Thorne
(c) My Dearest Heart Sullivan
Dream Pantomime ('Hansel and Gretel') Humperdinck
(a) Scherzo, 'Midsummer Night's Dream' Mendelssohn
(b) Pomp and Circumstance No. 1, in D Elgar

DORIS VANE

(Soprano)

EFFIE KALISZ

(Pianoforte)

THE B.B.C. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

(Leader, S. Knudsen Kelley)

Conducted by

Sir LANDON RONALD and PERCY PITT

English Rhapsody Percy Pitt

MR. PERCY PITT, from the B.B.C. is proud to claim as his Master-Director, as known to the whole world of music, not only as a distinguished conductor of opera and concert, one who has had a large share in making Covent Garden opera the best position in the world, but also as a composer who has contributed a good deal to the honourable regard in which present-day British music is held.

Spending some years in France, and young man and carrying on his work with a keenness and energy which has earned him a reputation as a wholehearted and successful composer, which is unique among his contemporaries. There is no more devoted Englishman, and there are very few people who are so closely connected with a circle of real friendship among the world's musicians. His work is a masterpiece of the most of his own kind, and it is a masterpiece of the most of his own kind.

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5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

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London Symphony Orchestra—D 167
6/6, Monday 9.45 London and Daventry

SHEPHERD FENNEL'S
DANCE Royal Opera Orchestra—
C 1469, 4/6, Tuesday 8.5 London and
Daventry

LA GIROMETTA Schup—DA720,
6, Tuesday 8.45 London and Daventry

LA FILLE AUX CHIMÈRES OF
LIN—Heller—DB1246 8/6, Tuesday
4.55 Daventry Ex.

SONG OF CALITSKY—Chalapsine
DA991, 6, Tuesday 10.15, Daventry
Ex.

LA BOULIQUE FANTASQUE—
Royal Albert Hall Orchestra—D1818 6/6
Wednesday 7.20 London and Daventry

BALLET MUSIC FROM "FAUST"
—Royal Opera Orchestra—C1462 and
C1463, 4/6 each, Wednesday 2.45 London
and Daventry

LE CYGNE—Casals—DA776, 6/6,
Thursday 9.15 London and Daventry

FLYING DUTCHMAN OVERTURE
—State Orchestra Berlin—D1290, 6/6,
Thursday 3.0 London and Daventry

HOMING D'ADAMS—DA 790, 6/6,
Thursday 5.0 London and Daventry

ORGAN CONCERTO IN B FLAT
Dr. Bullock—B1990, and B1991, 3/6
each, Thursday 6.30 London and Daventry

INTERMEZZO-GOYE-CAS—Casals
—DB1067, 8/6, Friday 7.30 London

MASTERSINCE R.SACH'S
MONOLOGUE—Schubert—D1331, 6/6,
Friday 8.30 Daventry Ex.

DANCE OF THE HOURS—New
Light Symphony Orchestra—C 1407,
Saturday 6.30 Daventry Ex.

LOVE DUET—MADAM BUTTER-
FLY—Sheridan & Perle—DB 1170,
8/6, Saturday 10.20 Daventry Ex.

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ORCHESTRA

1. Overture, 'The Flying Dutchman' . . . Wagner
Symphony for Major . . . Elgar
A—poco piacevole . . . Larghetto . . . Allegretto

EDM. KERSSET and Orchestra

Violin Concerto in A Minor Dvorak
Allegro ma non troppo; Adagio ma non
troppo; Allegro piacevole, ma non troppo

ORCHESTRA

Symphony No. 4, in E Flat Minor Glazounov
Andante—Allegro moderato, Scherzo—Allegro
vivo—Andante—Allegro

7.0 JACK PAYNE and THE B.B.C. DANCE
ORCHESTRA

8.0 'The Man who Worked Miracles' by H. G.
WELLS. Read by V. C. CLINTON BARNHILL

8.30 A MILITARY BAND CONCERT

PHYLLIS EVERETT (Contralto)

RONALD GOSWELL (Soprano)

THE WARRIOR MILITARY BAND

Conducted by B. WALTON O'DONNELL

March, 'The Stars and Stripes' Sound
Overture, 'Banditen Striche' (The Merry Rob-
bers) Supper

PHYLLIS EVERETT

The Arrow and the Song Half

O Western Wind Drift

In Norley Wood

To be broadcast tonight between 10.15 and 11.15—Two Plays

'THE PIERROT OF THE MINUTE'

A Dramatic Fantasy by
ERNEST DOWSON

With Music specially composed by

STANFORD ROBINSON

Conducted by the Composer

Characters:

A Moon Maiden

Pierrot

A Singer

The dimness of twilight rests upon a glade
in the Parc du Petit Trignon. It still reveals
a Doric temple and, near by, upon a pedestal,
the statue of a little Cupid. Pierrot comes into
the glade, with his hands full of lilies. He is
burdened with a little basket. He stands gazing
at the temple and the statue.

'THE MAN WITH FLOWER IN HIS MOUTH'

A Dialogue by LUIGI PIRANDELLO

Characters:

The Man with the Flower in his Mouth
A Customer (with Time on his Hands)

Twice, during the dialogue, a melancholy
woman, in a black dress and an old hat with
drooping flowers, will come round the corner.
An avenue, lined with trees; electric lights
gleaming through the foliage. Among the
houses, a miserable all-night café, with tables
and chairs on the sidewalk. In front of the
house, a street lamp, lighted. It is shortly
after midnight. The Man with the Flower
in his Mouth is seated at one of the tables,
silently observing the Customer, who is sipping
a martini through a straw.

4.30 LOZELLS PICTURE HOUSE ORGAN

(From Birmingham)

Overture, 'Mardianna' Fock

Entr'acte, 'The Shutdown' Bath

Rock Groves (Soprano)

Gentle Shepherd Peryton

Ecstasy Rummel

GRAND

Selection, 'Lilac Time' Schubert, arr. Clouston

Intermezzo, 'Bramble Pines' Warner-Kerton

Rock Groves

Humming Del Rio

When the Bee Sings Sullivan

GRAND

Value Song, 'I'm Lonesome' The Graces

Three Dream Dances Coleridge Taylor

5.30 The Children's Hour:

'The Stranger from the Sea' and Adventure Play
by Una Woodhead

Jackie will Entertain

Selections by THE MISTAKE PLAYBOY SOCIETY

6.15 THE SIGNAL, GERRARD: WEATHER FORE- CAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.30 ORGAN RECITAL

Relayed from Coventry Cathedral

FRANK EDWARDS (Organist)

Andante and Allegretto from Organ Concerto in
F Major Stanford

Two Preludes Stanford

Larghetto from Clarinet Quintet Mozart arr. Hings

L. A. G. E. C. Parry

BAND

Mardianna (Boudier) Monmouth

(Solists, CHARLES LAGRETT)

Polemnia ('A Life for the King') G. B. G.

The Parade of the Tin Soldiers J. G. G.

RONALD GOSWELL

Imitations

Song, 'The Green Grass'

BAND

Selection, 'Carnegie' D. G.

PHYLLIS EVERETT

June Quilter

My Little Garden World M. G. G.

A Prayer in Absence Brins

BAND

Waltz, 'The Blue Danube' Johann Strauss

RONALD GOSWELL

Song, 'Duke is going to Sea' Bennett

Impassioned

BAND

Value Triette S. G. G.

Shepherd's Hey P. G. G.

Patrol, 'Wee Macgregor' A. G. G.

10.0 WEATHER FORECAST. SECOND GENERAL
NEWS BULLETIN

10.15-11.15 Two Plays
(See centre of page)

2BE BELFAST 802.7 M
501.3 N

7.30 A Religious Service **7.45** — Info in Forelun 1.00
11.11 How we've Extended by Madeline Hallas **1.00**
The Treacy & O'Sullivan **1.15** A Plan for the
by May Sheppard **1.30** From the
by Mr. O. Harby **1.45** The children's hour **2.00**
A Homophone **2.15** 2.30 From London **2.45**
The Musical Concert **2.55** A celebration of a century by
Gibson Brown Over the horizon **3.15** Op. 9. 1.00
3.30 Arnold Bennett's **3.45** A new book by A. H. H. H.
The new and the old **3.55** The new and the old **4.00**
A 7.00 P.M. and all over **4.15** I have in my hand a drop of
The blue that is the light of the sun **4.30** The blue that is the light of the sun
flowers could know it, I wept, I lay the sun in my hand
and the Lily (Hampden) **4.45** The blue that is the light of the sun
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7.50
In Honour
of
Empire Day

FRIDAY, MAY 24
2LO LONDON & 5XX DAVENTRY
(355 M. 838 KC.) (1,582.5 M. 182 KC.)

10.45
Something
Quite
Unexpected

10.15 a.m. The
Daily Service

10.30 (Dauntsey only)
TIME SIGNAL, CHURCH
WICH WEATHER FORECAST

10.45 DRUM MERIEL
TALBOT: "Why we
could buy from the
Empire"

THIS week in Empire
Shopping Week,
and Dame Talbot's
talk has been arranged
in connection there-
with.

11.0-11.30 Empire Day
Celebration for Schools

Messages by the Rt Hon the Earl of MEATH
P.C., K.P., G.C.V.O., G.B.E. and the Rt
Hon. Field Marshal Lord PYM G.C.B.
G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., G.B.E.

A short Empire Tour by Mr. J. C. NEWMAN
Hymns and National Songs by the Wireless
Choir

12.0 A SONATA RECITAL
CLIFFORD HELLIER (Pianoforte)

LYRIL HELLIER (Violin),
Suite in D major for Violin and Piano York Bowen

12.30 ORGAN RECITAL

by
GEORGE RYAN, FRIC
Organist and Director of the Choir, St. Mary
Boat Quay, South Kensington
Religious from St. Mary's Bow

Imperial March Flight
March Song Horns
Polka for Major Bomb
March for Moderne Lemons
Scherzo (from 6th Organ Sonata) Guiltless

1.0-2.0 LUNCH-TIME MUSIC
MOSCHETTO and his ORCHESTRA
From the May Fair Hotel

3.0 JACK PAYNE and the B.B.C. DANCE
ORCHESTRA

3.30 A Ballad Concert
LILLA COOPER (Soprano)
SEYMOUR DOSSOR (Tenor)
ENRIE BAILEY (Violin)

4.15 FRANK WESTFIELD & ORCHESTRA
From the Prince of Wales Playhouse, Lewisham

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
Leaves from The Empire Story-Book (C. E.
Hodges)

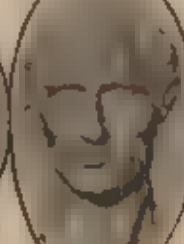
With incidental music
by the OLDFATHER

6.0 Mr. COURTNEY
PAGE, Secretary
of the National Rose
Society, gives some
tuneful advice to all

THE Englishman's
in China for the
rose survives all the
onslaughts made upon
its popularity by the
flowers of the moment
Mr. Courtney Page,
who is the Secretary
of the National Rose
Society, gives some
tuneful advice to all

EMPIRE - BUILDERS, OF

THE SWORD-AND MIND



ALEXANDER — TAMERLANE —

CAESAR

CHARLEMAGNE—QUEEN ELIZABETH

EMPIRE DAY.

WORDS are the coin of the mental world, the currency in which we transact all the give and take of daily life, public or private. They have been wonderfully made and adapted for their purpose, and in their present usage are capable of giving our experiences, wishes, and ideas with great force and subtlety.

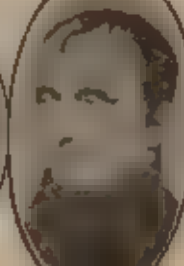
But they have also certain defects. A coin is plainly stamped with its value—the value may fluctuate in purchasing power, but at any particular moment there can be no dispute as to the authoritative figure which it supplies for making up an account. A word, on the other hand, has no stable authority; it has merely the value for which the giver and receiver use it as a token, and they may differ widely in their valuation.

The word Empire, with its derivatives, Imperial, Imperialist, and Imperialism, is a striking instance of this difference in valuation. When they are used today in the political Press of Europe and America, do they not often carry the impress of the ancient world, in which conquest was a main source of power and military glory was the surest way to fame? On the other hand, is there not to be found, both in the poetry and political creeds of modern England, an aspiration towards a dominion of the spirit, a desire for a union of peoples which should be as wide as any known in history, but based on alliance in place of conquest, repudiating force as an instrument of policy, and founding an Imperial life not on power or military glory, but on the common fellowship and mutual service of men rather than on their subjection?

Henry Newbolt

POETS, EMPERORS,

SOLDIERS AND KINGS



CHARLES V — BLAKE

NAPOLEON

SHELLEY—LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH

Those who intend or
ing roses during
the season

6.15 TIME SIGNAL
CHURCH WEATHER
FORECAST
GENERAL NEWS
BULLETIN

6.30 Empire
Day Rally

in Hyde Park
Under the auspices of
the Daily Express

7.15 Mr. LERNEST NEWMAN, The B.B.C. Music
Critic

7.30 Mr. E. L. WOODWARD: "How to Approach
Modern European History—IV, Europe in
the Nineteenth Century—The Problem of
Interpreting the Facts"

7.50 Empire Day Programme

(See centre of page, and for full Programme list
of page 37)

LISTENERS who have heard previous Empire Day broadcasts from Hyde Park on Empire Day will know how deeply moving these ceremonies are. This evening's is to be a different kind of service. Different lines from its predecessors. Massed choirs from the London churches will lead the community singing, and the massed bands of the Guards will play, and the ceremony will close with a message personally delivered by the Prime Minister, followed by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

8.0 WEATHER FORECAST SECOND CENTRAL
NEWS BULLETIN

8.15 Topical Talk

8.30 Local Announcements; (Dauntsey only,
Shipping Forecast and Fat Stock Price)

9.35 A Vocal and Instrumental Recital
by

HANS CLEMENS (Tenor)

ZOLTAN SEKELY (Violin)

PAUL HERMANN (Violoncello)

ZOLTAN SEKELY and PAUL HERMANN
Duo for Violin and Violoncello. Allegretto
Adagio, Rondo

HANS CLEMENS
Songs

ZOLTAN SEKELY and PAUL HERMANN
Duo for Violin and Violoncello. Adagio
Adagio—Menuetto con Variazioni. Allegretto
Romantic Folk Songs. Lento

(Transcribed by Zoltan Sekely and Paul
Hermann)

10.45 SURPRISE
ITEM

11.0-12.0 LUNCH
MUSIC
by the OLDFATHER

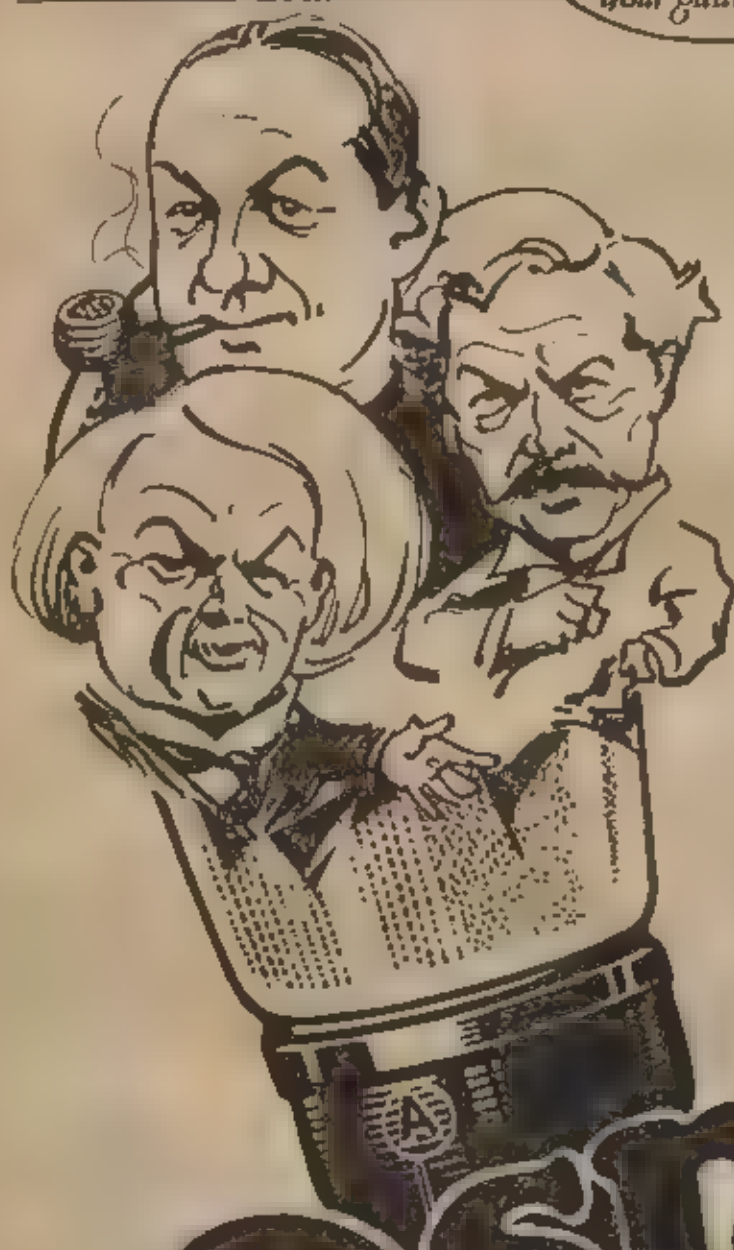
12.0-12.15

Experimental Transmission of
Pictures by the
Autograph Process

EVERYTHING

The
S.E.C.
your guarantee

ELECTRICAL



**Clearer,
Purer,
Louder
ELECTION
RESULTS
if you fit**

**Osrarm
valves**

“with the
**TENACIOUS
COATING**”

**MADE IN
ENGLAND**

*Sold by all
Wireless Dealers.*

Advt. of The General Electric Co. Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London W C 2

6.6 London Programme relayed from Daytime

[illegible]



IS MUSIC A LANGUAGE?

is quite a new sort of language of its own—that music? This question has been worrying me ever since the "I should like to compose" appeared. When the dust of that eruption was somewhat settled, a super-censor hastily informed me that Mr. Stravinsky had failed to comprehend (consequently, I think you will agree, had failed to comprehend) the meaning of the broadest Stravinsky's work because we had apprehended it, as we should (from the teacher's viewpoint and not the listener's, as we should), as a "series of notes," and not as a "series of" as we who have done. He was wrong, because, during that briefest knew closed down or destroyed our never heard of taking any nothing of music, and certainly never heard of taking any viewpoint. But instead of saying of him—Stravinsky is known to be a serious composer, one who composes because he has something to say—he was misunderstood. It adds nothing to the statement of Mr. Edwin Evans who, in his article in *The Boston Times*, said that music was the composer's medium of expression. We can understand from that, that as I use words to express my self, Stravinsky uses a mysterious language of sound. He could use words as I do, but having the gift of it in a perhaps overwhelming degree, he uses music. He could quite easily reply to this letter in that way, although judging by his "Composition of Spring," what a composition entitled "sending a letter to Edwin" would sound like. I cannot even imagine.

The extraordinary nonsense which support the Modernists put forward this language was quite seriously. In a piece recently sent, Mr. Douglas, whose favourite composer is Bartok, writes of the 'new speech' of the modern composer. The servants and the others set out to tell us something when they start on a new speech. It seems they do. But do they think of the effect that 'new speech' will have on us? It seems they don't. Mr. Percy Schuler wrote of the 'Massacre of the Moderns', but it should have been the 'Bodily-planting of the Liberator', for we are not considered at all.—*Thomas Brown, Netherland, Hampshire Road, Finsbury.*

GRUBB AND LIST.

Although agreeing with your correspondent, "Timbrow",
I never, in some of his views, I would like to point out, infer
a student himself, that I object to Grier being spoken of as a person
of that or another. I enjoy Beckwith's account to the full
and pay them daily, but I think Grier and there are very
honorable to their own schools. Grier especially, is a favorite
of mine, and I am always delighted by his Newington studies
which I think captures anyone with a special knowledge in them,
I also care that is not available, and far from showing off,
I think his music is very good exercise for the fingers, besides
being the from a student point of view - Student, New Bedford

Get MUSICAL HOUSEMAID NOW.

I am glad to see someone contradicting the absurd statement that "a housewife can't sing Beechcroft's sonatas or Brahms' preludes" about her work. The most beautiful and arresting tunes are to be found in Beechcroft's sonatas, and our housewife—being modestly inclined—always picks up any fresh tune which we play on the piano almost at once and hums it as she works all day—and we never play just—Rosemary C. post, 11, Halsewood Road, N.E.

GRAVEYARD MUSIC

May I use a small portion of your "Uncle's Letters" space to express my views on the graveyard music created by the composer of old. How on earth anyone can enjoy listening to Bach's preludes or Beethoven's sonatas or any other music of this type is a mystery to me. To my mind there is absolutely no music in it whatever. —Dance Band Enthusiast, Bristol.

AN ANECDOTE OF HAYDN.

It was interesting to readers to know that Haydn's *Oz Minaret*, played on April 29, 1898, by the band of B. M. Royal Marine, played also over the wireless on a previous occasion, is not by Haydn, but is the title of a symphony by Hoffmann, a poet-composer, but an anecdote from Haydn's life. The music selected founded on an anecdote from Haydn's life. The music selected found its way into his works and arranged by Siegfried. The anecdote, described as apocryphal, is that a Hungarian butcher requested Haydn to write a minuet for the marriage of his daughter, in exchange for which the grateful butcher sent the composer a fine ox.—(Rebel, Grove's Dictionary of Music.) I quote this, assuming that the libretto played was this composed by Hoffmann. Haydn, however, has a minuet and trio entitled *Hochzeitsmarche* in his string quartet Op. 76, No. 2. But this was not the minuet played by the band.—G. L. P., Kalamazoo, South Bend, Gt. Northwestern, Berke.

'GAY STARKS.'

PLEASE convey to Albert de Tourville and his Party of Guy Sparks many thanks for giving us such a splendid hour of amusement. I think the wireless is a great boon in its ordinary talk, as it makes life so much more worth while.—Mrs. H. Bransford, *Clinton, Southampton.*

Among others who have written in praise of Gay Sparks are the following: Wm. Burd, 58, Broad Street, Rutland, N. H. W. H. Tenchbridge, 7, Ashcroft Terrace, Abingdon, near Cardiff. J. B. C. Leithbridge, Surrey. D. Ferguson, Windmill Road, Mallock. Arthur, W. B., Sunderland.—Ed., "The Radio Times."

THE PATH OF PROGRESS.

WITH regard to the controversy in The Radio Times about modern music we never go any further than the "tonic and dominant" stage. If we were to stick in this groove for always, the art of expressing one's emotions in music would never advance. It must be remembered that Handel and Haydn used this form because new devices were not then forthcoming. Their music was often modern, too, and their works outlive those of others, not merely because they are simple in design, but because their composers had exceptional skill in using just what was available in that period. Modern composers are writing in a manner which Haydn and his contemporaries could not possibly have conceived. They are striving for higher means of expression. What will your old-fashioned correspondents say when Bartok and Stravinsky produce "op. lxxx" their quartet times? Even writers of dance music have passed from the stately dances to the hilarious mix-ups of today, they, in their own sphere of composition, exploring new territory. — F. D. Clayton, Clifton Street, Ayrington.

IN DEFENCE OF THE 'SURPRISE ITEM.'

It seems evident that your correspondent, Mr. Russell, who regards the "Surprise Item," is one of those solid, calculating individuals who would demand to know even the nature of his Christmas gifts in advance. The joy of life is largely provided by unexpected events, and surely the same applies to a limited extent to our religious programmes? Is there not a "Peter Pan" spirit in all of us that welcomes these little surprises? This surely should be sufficient to preserve their continuation. It is the only item to which we can come with completely unbiased critical faculties and this in itself is stimulating.—A. Andrew Moss, *Emmanuel, Bruce Grove, Cambridge.*

FROM 'ONE' TILL 'TWO.'

I SHOULD like to say a word or two in support of Mr. J. Munson's suggestion that music by one or other of the hotel orchestras should occasionally form a feature of the evening programme. The importance music by these orchestras is invariably of a pleasing and tasteful character, and one which I venture to say would appeal to a large number of patrons, particularly business people. — H. H. Whitford, *Director, Guyana, B. Yorks.*

THE BLACKBIRD'S MATE.

(Continued from page 345.)

with the same look of drowsy happiness in her half-closed eyes.

It grew still more cold. A terrible silence spread through the wood, until the creaking of a branch or the passage of a thrush's wing became a sound of loud degree. The sky was shut out by a mist that had no colour. Then snow began to fall.

A little before dawn the first flakes began to drop in silence from the sky. But they fell so quickly that when daylight spread the earth was covered with an immaculate white coat. The trees assumed strange shapes. On the branches little mounds of snow gathered and then fell with soft thuds to the ground. Their falling was the only sound, for the birds were silent, shuddering in their hiding-places, terrified by the strange white flakes that floated down from the dark sky.

The blackbird sat in the hawthorn bush above the nest on which his mate was sitting. He was terrified, for there was no more food, and the wet snow came cludding through the bush on to his mate's back from the topmost branches. And the cold was intense. When day advanced and the snow still kept falling, he left the bush and flew away from the wood, across the fields, until he came to a house. There were many birds there looking for food that might be cast out on rubbish heaps. But, although he flew about for many hours, he found nothing. Instead he was almost captured by a cat that lay in ambush behind the door of a shed. So he flew back to the nest. His mate was still there lying on the eggs. Night came. He stayed with her on the bush. She never moved or looked at him, but seemed to be still in a swoon of love.

Next morning the snow still fell. Again no bird sang. The wood was like a desert, with the great white hulks of the trees standing around like mummified ghosts. The blackbird was seized with panic, and he tried to induce his mate to desert the nest and fly away with him to the warmth of some shed in the plain. But she refused to move. The little creature was growing stiff with cold and

MUSICAL COMEDIES OF EARLIER YEARS.

I HUMBLY agree with your reader who asks for further radio performances of past musical comedies "in their entirety." The present cuts from musical comedies are to be commended, but might I suggest other types of programmes which up to now, as far as I know, have not been previously attempted. For example, could we have a "1935" programme, then perhaps later a "1934" programme, and so on, each reserved to contain Musical Comedy and Movie Ball hits, ballads, etc. popular at this particular period represented? Then would it be possible to have a programme of early and past jazz music? As one of the younger generation, it might be too late to inform your reader who stated "And the younger generation is too young to remember the old type of Musical Comedy," that he might have considered this correct statement before rushing into print.—C. G. P., Southwicks.

THE VISIT TO THE ZOO.

One is always ready to criticize but not so ready to show appreciation. I cannot help expressing the pleasure I derived from the Children's Hour to the class on Tuesday. The trip to the Zoo was most impressive, and I heard the old man shout twice—*After 2 Hours, 10, Kilmorie Road, Forest Hill, S.E. 23.*

EDUCATION.

Answer your speakers, they seem like maulstrums to spring up in a night. The listening public must be a most ignorant lot when they have to be educated by people who tell you about listening to a talking competition in New York; what a lot of rot we are getting. I think a letter in the Postmaster-General might have effect.—A Liverpool Cracker.

TSH-PRICE

I SHOULD like to hear a few English, Irish and Scotch songs
each night for a change, instead of so many durned keel songs.
— J. P. Crowe, Birmingham.

5GB Calling.

AN ELECTION NIGHT 'MIX-UP.'

'Vote-ville' in the Birmingham Studio—Sierra's Comedy, *Love Magic*, to be broadcast—Appeal for Birmingham's Children's Hospital—The Midland String Orchestra.

THE instructions were that on Election Day, May 30, the Birmingham Studio programme-builders had to put up an hour of vaudeville. What, therefore, more obvious than to change the spelling of the word, call it *Vote-ville*, and there's the best part of an election revue already to hand—at least, I've always understood that once you've got the title, a revue can be considered half finished! However, Alfred Butler has taken the task in hand, and with assistance in the shape of additional numbers from Graham Squires, will submit what he terms 'a budget of variety—a conservative labour treated with liberal independence.' The electorate consists of Betty Bond, Edith James, Harry Sennett, Alfred Butler, Ewart Mason, Harry Saxton, with Jack Venables and Gerald Armes at the piano.

G. MARTINEZ SIERRA'S fantastic comedy, *Love Magic*, is to be broadcast from 5GB on Wednesday, May 29. It has been translated into English by John Garrett Underhill and reveals the fact that married life in the land of fantasy is not the perfect 'bliss unalloyed' one might expect it to be. 'The lover in the husband may be lost,' but in the end Columbine overcomes the indifference and regains the love of her husband, Pierrot. She is assisted in the task by the old magician, Polichinelle, Harlequin, and Columbine's maid, Pierrette. The first scene shows Pierrot's Garden in Spring. The air is perfumed with the scent of flowers and the breezes sing with the voices of the birds. Then comes Autumn—the flowers are gone and gusts of wind drive the dry leaves into jostling, dancing circles.

THE Birmingham Children's Hospital has a warm spot in the heart of 5GB. Last October the Radio Circle connected with our Children's Hour endowed a bed, and on Sunday, May 26, the House Governor, Mr. Harold F. Swinton, is to make an appeal for funds to assist this Institution to carry on its good work. Let me give you just one typical instance of everyday life in the Hospital. A child of ten was admitted with a diseased leg-bone. The surgeon made every effort to save it, but ultimately amputation was necessary. The child—a girl—came from a poor home, which could not possibly provide her with toys, and her delight when the Hospital presented her with a real doll was most affecting. Eventually she was sent to a convalescent home at the sea and gradually she grew stronger. The story goes that, when her time for returning drew near, the united private prayers of the children, when they went to church on the last Sunday before she left, were centred on an appeal that she need not have to go back just yet.

WALTER LANHAM, who styles himself 'The Human Ark,' appears in the Vaudeville Programme on Friday, May 31. Mr. Lanham seems to have solved the secret of conversing with animals and birds. On one occasion he saw some wood-pigeons talking vigorously amongst themselves. Quite naturally he joined in the conversation and one of the birds followed him for nearly half a mile, holding a conversation all the time. Other artists in the programme are Mark and Alma Vane, Joseph Bull (banjo), and Norman Timmis is a sketch off for the Holidays.

THE Studio Service on Sunday, May 28, will be conducted by the Rev. H. McDonnell, of St. Patrick's Catholic Church, Walsall. This will be followed by an organ recital given by Gilbert Mills and relayed from the Church of the Messiah.

Betty Hutchings (soprano) and Winifred Morland (mezzo-soprano), who has won many first prizes in Midland Competitions, sing in the relays from Lozell's Picture House on Monday and Thursday May 27 and 30 respectively.

Dudley Stuart White, a young baritone who appeared in the London productions of *Betty in Mayfair*, *Lumber Lee*, and *Song of the Sea*, is the singer in the Concert of Light Music on Monday, May 27. As a singing scholar at Loretto School his voice broke at fourteen years of age, and he was given bass solos to sing at fifteen—something of a record. The other artist in this programme is A. V. Baker (pianoforte).

Margaret Wilkinson (soprano) appears with the City of Birmingham Police Band on Wednesday, May 29.

Norman King (tenor) and Edith Lake (violinello) are the artists in the Light Music programme on Wednesday, May 29, while Linda Seymour (contralto) and Arthur Kennedy (viola) appear in a similar programme on Friday, May 31.

The Midland String Orchestra appears again in 5GB's programme on Tuesday, May 28. The programme includes Sir Hubert Parry's *English Suite*. The singer is Sinclair Logan (baritone), who has chosen his items from amongst the most successful given by him at a recent recital in London.

'MERCIAN.'

B.B.C. PUBLICATIONS.

'JONGLEUR DE NOTRE DAME.'

On May 27 and 29 there will be broadcast the ninth of the series of twelve well-known operas, this time *Jongleur de Notre Dame*, by Massenet. Listeners who wish to obtain a copy of the book of words should use the form given below, which is arranged so that applicants may obtain: (1) Single copies of the Libretto of *Jongleur de Notre Dame* at 2d. each, (2) the complete series of the next twelve Librettos for 2s., or (3) the remaining four of the series for 8d.

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'MINNA VON BARNHELM.'

Minna von Barnhelm, by Lessing, to be broadcast on June 11 and 12, is the tenth of the Series of Twelve Great Plays. Listeners who wish to obtain a copy of the booklet on this Play should use the form given below, which is so arranged that applicants may obtain: (1) Single copies of the book on *Minna von Barnhelm* at 2d. each, (2) the complete series of twelve for 2s., or (3) the remaining three of the series for 6d.

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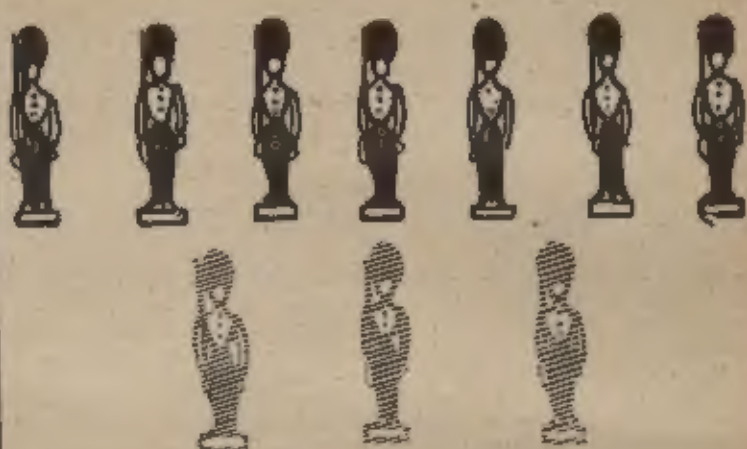
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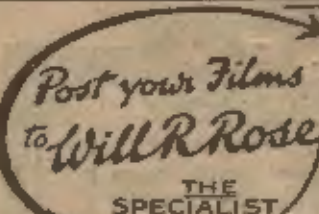
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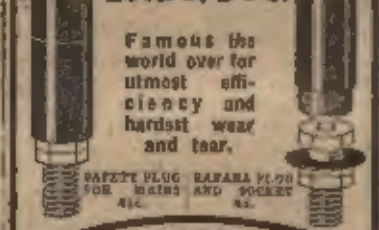


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