

RADIO TIMES

3d.

SUMMER NUMBER

Hagedorn.



SOUTHERN EDITION.

THE RADIO TIMES SUMMER NUMBER



From a photograph by Edgar Ward.

A Dream Programme

by Wilfrid Rooke Ley.

MUSIC AND A SUMMER NIGHT.

IT is one of those evenings when I walk through French windows into a dream.

The half-acre that I call my garden is transfigured, is become a corner of some great old garden in the Shires. This is the hour of illusion. In daytime the world laps up to my fences, an insistent tide of neighbours and traffic, but now in the stillness and the dusk there seems no boundary to my tiny domain, and such sounds as reach me are but rumours of the world, as meaningless as was the mutter of revolution round the vast enclosure of Versailles. The last colours are in the sky, and one sigh to hold them there a moment longer. A nameless potpourri of scent rises from the flowers and the grass. My absurd patch is already the background of all romance, the setting for immortal comedy. At any moment Feste might spring from behind a bush, and soon, when the summer night has fallen and the stars have crept one by one into their stations, Lorenzo and Jessica might be found staring up the long avenue to Portia's house. How well Shakespeare knew the mood of that matchless hour, when gardens are so filled with loveliness and mystery that we dare no more than whisper. We quote poetry—inaccurately, groping for the half-remembered line, the mind draws back among its memories, and unbidden to the lips start the words, 'In such a night as this.' Shakespeare has built up the whole fabric of a starlit summer garden in lines that put the very thought of painted scenery to shame; Lorenzo and Jessica have spoken their litany of the great lovers of history, have not forgotten their own truantry—'in such a night as this'—and still something is wanting, something that we may be sure Shakespeare will supply. We know that a few lines down the page we shall find a bracket that enshrines the most magic of stage-directions: 'Music.' 'Why should we go in? . . . Bring your music forth into the air.' And then the passage that is itself the very soul of music:—

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep into our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

It is good to be a dramatist and create a dream-world in which mood and music meet, all by a stroke of the pen, by writing one little word on the margin of your scrip. In the real world, how rarely—how very rarely—does the orchestra come in pat to its cue! And now, on this evening of evenings, when illusion walks abroad and the sound of 'flute, violin, bassoon' is almost palpable, what music will rush to greet so golden a mood when I turn on my radio? What music would I choose?

Veracini, for prelude. That gavotte of his that gathers the fading dusk and all the wistfulness of this hour when 'one bird prattles that the day is done.' For it is almost a bird-tune, bitter-sweet like the smell of box, and very lonely and remem-

bering; and it repeats itself many times over, as a bird-tune will, and you listen, loving the repetition. This will last the daylight out. Dim figures move across the grass. Is it Prunella, dragging her weary little body to the feet of Love, and Pierrot whimpering self-pity to the unheeding stars; or is it Percinet and Sylvette wandering into each other's arms by the machinations of crafty, kindly Straforel? They are too shadowy to be sure. Already the bird-notes fall, and with

courtier too, and will intrude no syllable from over there in the darkness—over there behind the forests, where the people murmur and poverty prints curses upon starving mouths—nothing that shall spoil their happiness 'in such a night as this'? Lull alone holds the secret, veiling it in the tender pity of his music: for beneath the laughter of the violins throbs an insistent *carpe noctem*. But Molière is satisfied, and the King's great periwig nods approval. And youth has snatched one more golden moment from devouring Time, embalmed for ever—and for me tonight—in the sad, sweet music of the minuet.

In truth, there shall be no music this night to which men and women have not danced, or made love, or launched their more splendid epigrams. What then of a magnum of Strauss to christen this *heure exquise*? Strauss of the imperial ballroom, the glittering chandeliers, the white uniforms. Strauss who rained his golden bubbles of intoxication over all the liting floors of Europe. No; when we come to the waltz, I have a fancy of my own. But dare I avow it—I who have been so glub with my Veracini and my Lull and my Strauss—must I wear my heart upon my sleeve? After all, this is my hour and, in imagination at least, my programme. It is, I suppose, a tawdry little waltz (Waldteufel, I think), one foot in the chancel, the other in the suburban hop (I write of the long ago), an anthem unfrocked, a hymn-tune on holiday (in short, a true English waltz); but let it be struck up, and instantly the lawn is hung with Chinese lanterns, and there are fairy-lamps round the rose-beds, and

Groups under the decreasing garden-trees,
And the full moon and the white evening
star,

and the vicar dispensing lemonade; and I don't envy Louis XIV and Louise de la Vallière or remember them any longer, or think of any garden in the world but that garden, for it was myself and—

Starshine and music on a summer night start many a ghost: the ghost of oneself walks but to one music alone. This, alas! is not always from the classics. It may be a waltz called 'Très Jolie.'

WIRELESS.

THROUGH the resounding corridors of space
The voices of the invisible ring
In ghostly melody. . . . They sing
For audiences of every race,
Scattered throughout earth's listening lands,
To music spun by unseen hands
Into a web so delicately rare
It floats suspended on the enchanted air.

Pale spirits, passing on their tenuous way,
Hearing the well-remembered sound
Of mortal notes, pause wonder-bound.
And once a nightingale, they say,
Cloistered within some English wood,
Chanced on the magic where she stood
And, mindful still of Perea and his curse,
Plunged her lament across the universe.

EDWARD B. WRIGHT

In this issue you will find stories,
verses, and articles

by

Compton Mackenzie; A. J.
Alan; Harry Graham;
Herbert Farjeon; E. V.
Knox; Winifred Holtby;
Richard Hughes; Raymond
Mortimer; P. P. Eckersley;
and Harvey Grace

And illustrations by

Althea Willoughby; A. W.
Sindall; Aubrey Hammond;
Eric Fraser; Sherriffs;
Alfred Leete; Fouet; Bert
Thomas; and Geo. Morrow

the long-drawn cadence of the music darkness falls.

And now what music shall hang the night with colour and herald this hour of carnival? Lull, of course. There is a suite of his. . . . Sound its first trumpets, and the dead shadows in the garden leap to life again, shadows from innumerable torches flaming behind the trees. The garden is suddenly peopled. There is a glitter of brocade and sword-hilts. Is there to be ballet to-night? The procession forms, is held for one exquisite second of curving arms and touching finger-tips, the red heels twinkle, the laces shimmer, the fanfare ceases, the march begins. Stately proud measure of the gallant court that leads them, those fine cavaliers and ladies, to where all is set for their dancing, where the fountains toss their pizzicato to the stars and the very trees are cut into arabesque. Nothing so bourgeois as a wind to ruffle my lady's curls or turn a leaf or send the candles flickering by a fraction. Or is the wind turned

WERE BYGONE SUMMERS ALWAYS SUNNY?

Compton Mackenzie, in the course of a delightful reminiscent article, explodes a popular fallacy.

BYGONE summers are always sunny. To hear the average man over forty talking about his youth, one might suppose there was as much difference between the summers of today and the summers of yesterday as between Siberia and Siam. Human nature, like a sundial, seems to mark only the sunny hours. Moreover, when one turns over the pages of an album and looks at the snap-shots of old summer holidays, the weather always appears fine, because the photographer usually chose a sunny day to get the best out of his camera.

So let me remind these believers in better weather long ago of the summer of 1888, when I was five years old. Cornwall was covered with snow in mid-June. Most of Europe was in a deluge of cold rain during July. In August the floods in south-east England were so heavy that the fires of railway engines were extinguished. No wonder Jack the Ripper started work at the end of the month.

We took a farmhouse near Eridge, in Kent, that drenching year. The day on which my father went down to see if it would suit, and took me with him, is marked by two outstanding events of my earliest youth. We had ridden on the top of an omnibus from Kensington to Hyde Park Corner, where we alighted and crossed over to a cab-rank in Buckingham Palace Road, much to my delight, for I loved riding in hansom cabs. We had hardly gone a hundred yards when the wheel on the left came off, and over we went with a tremendous crash. My father was only scratched, but I escaped without any injury, and was calm enough to be much impressed by the way the wheel that came off went rolling ahead on its own along Buckingham Palace Road like a hoop. A cab-tout ran up and said to our driver, who was sitting in the road and rubbing a bump on his head as big as a goose's egg:—

'I knew that would happen one of these mornings. I told the gov'nor so only yesterday. I said, "Gov'nor," I said, "if you don't watch out for that near wheel, it'll come off one of these mornings."'

'If you don't shut your mouth,' our driver growled, 'you'll come off yourself one of these mornings and roll a bit farther than the wheel.'

Ten minutes later, while I was standing behind my father at the booking-office in Victoria Station, I saw on the ground in front of me what I thought was a golden farthing.

'Oh, look, father!' I squeaked. 'There's a golden farthing on the ground.'



'Put your foot on it, you silly little fool,' said my father.

And when he had taken the tickets he stooped down and handed me a half-sovereign.

'If you find a piece of gold like that lying about in a public place,' he told me, 'don't shout about it, or somebody will claim it who has no more right to it than you have.'

Worldly advice!

Oh, what a wet summer that was! It rained and rained every single day. One of the pleasures I had been promised was a picnic, and as each day went by wetter than the last it was ruled by my elders that the picnic could not take place. It drew near to the end of our stay, and still it rained. Finally, on the day before we left, when it was raining harder than ever, my mother said that I really must not be disappointed over this picnic, and so, carrying umbrellas we walked about a hundred yards from the farmhouse, and, sitting in a field under wet umbrellas and dripping elms, we ate the soggiest bread and butter and cake I've ever eaten in my life.

Another memory of that summer is of seeing a rain of frogs. I have heard people deny such a phenomenon; but I saw those frogs myself, myriads of them, so that you could not walk along the wet lanes without

squashing them by the dozen. Even the bushes and trees were covered with them. I remember their falling down on my head, much to my disgust.

The first real hot summer I remember was 1887, and walking along High Street, Kensington, to see the Jubilee decorations. But, of course, I remember more about that glorious 1893 summer, when I do not believe it rained for an hour all through August. We were at Hastings most of the time, and I remember eating pounds and pounds of greengages from paper bags during the first half of the holidays, and pounds and pounds of pears during the second half, both flavoured with the smell of the melting asphalt on the Esplanade.

The summer holidays of 1894 were exciting, though rather wet. I went to France for the first time. Two masters of St. Paul's Preparatory School, Mr. Spencer and Mr. Sankey, took a party of boys to stay in a house on the cliffs of the Loire Estuary, three or four miles out of St. Nazaire. We had to do a certain amount of work, which sounds depressing; but never was work done under pleasanter conditions. I had to read Lucian's *Charon* with Mr. Spencer, and the first book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* with Mr. Sankey. However, construing was done in the open air, with a butterfly net beside one in case a Silver-washed Fritillary or even a Camberwell Beauty floated past to interrupt the tale of Deucalion and Pyrrha or Charon's arguments with the ghosts on the banks of Lethe.

There comes back to me from these holidays the picture of Mr. Sankey standing in a very long double-breasted overcoat just outside the ticket barrier at Victoria, and giving me two quarter-pound packets of Mazawattee tea to put in my overcoat.

'Don't say anything about them at the French Customs,' he added.

More worldly wisdom, and I must believe it to be sound, for it was given to me by the present Lord Chancellor in the days when he had only just been called to the Bar, and, while waiting for this first brief, was teaching Latin to small boys.

He was a man of extraordinary kindness and charm, and I am sure if any fairy had appeared and told us that one day he would be Lord Chancellor, we should all have agreed that it was no more than he ought to be. Mr. Spencer, the other master, was equally kind and charming, and I wish I could add that he became Prime Minister.

I went back to England alone in advance of the others, because I had to sit for a scholarship



(Continued on page 212.)

'WOTTIE': A. J. ALAN'S FAMOUS STORY

THE preparatory school I went to was near Haywards Heath, about sixteen miles from Brighton—in Sussex, you know. The headmaster was a man called Mercer, and he knew his job.

He taught us cricket and rugby, and how to behave, and (I believe) one or two other things.

There was nothing at all petty about him. He didn't make us walk two and two on Sunday afternoons, but he discouraged us from openly laughing at schools who did. If anyone attempted to put on 'side' he promptly thrashed him. Altogether old Mercer was a sportsman, and so, incidentally, was Mrs. Mercer.

As regards tuck shops, we were pretty well off. There were two, Wottlespoon's and Jackson's. Wottlespoon's was the nearer to the school and the better. It was also the more expensive of the two. For instance, Russian buns were eight a penny instead of ten, as it was at Jackson's, and you didn't get quite such a big too for threepence, but it was cleaner.

Also there was Ma Wottlespoon. That's what she was known as, but I ought to point out that it was quite a courtesy and polite use of the title 'Ma.' The lady was, to the best of my belief, a complete and utter spinster. She was fair and plump, but not by any means old. She was very dignified, too. For instance, as soon as you got your 'clemen' or your 'fifteen you could call her 'Wottie,' but not before. She was awfully decent about tick, and had rather prominent front teeth.

That's the sort of person she was. We all liked her, of course, over so, but Ackroyd major went a bit too far in my opinion, and got quite sloppy about her, and it was rather distressing, because he was a particular friend of mine.

Not only that, we were both of us getting fairly senior, and old Mercer expected us to set an example to the rest of the school, so you see how difficult it was when he—Ackroyd, that is—went and developed this passion for Wottie. I was terrified that other people might notice it.

He used to give her presents. There was a perfectly appalling inkstand, I remember, and I had to present it because he was too shy. I was shy, too, of course, but not as shy as he was.

I shall never forget it. We had to wait till the shop was empty, then I went in and thrust the inkstand at her. Ackroyd hung about outside. She was perfectly charming, as always, though I'm quite sure she must have wondered what it all meant. At least, I don't know. They say women understand these things. She tried to give me a sausage roll, and it was dreadfully awkward. I went outside and kicked Ackroyd, and that was my first experience as a liaison officer.

At all events, this was the pitch things had got to just before the middle of a certain summer term.

Then there came a day of tragedy. It wasn't all tragic by any manner of means. In fact, as days go it began jolly well.

There was a whacking great thunderstorm at about six o'clock in the morning, and the whole basement of the house was flooded to a depth of nearly two feet. It was owing to some grating getting stopped up. Old Mercer allowed us to bail it out in our pyjamas instead of doing early school, and you could actually swim in the coal cellar. On the top of all this it was the morning we had hot rolls for breakfast and a half-holiday, so what more could you want?

However, after dinner someone strolled down to

Wottie's for an ice, and came racing back with the news that she'd disappeared. She'd got up and dressed during the night and not come back.

We naturally tore down to the shop, about twenty of us, to verify this, and found her mother in a great state of mind. In another walk of life she'd have been sitting with her apron over her



'When we continued to crash into the right-hand hedge, I began to feel that we weren't getting the best out of our machine.'

head—if you know what I mean. She was sure that something terrible must have happened to her daughter.

We weren't old enough to do anything but agree, so we bought a few things out of sympathy and faded away. During the next few days sundry rumours filtered into the school, via boot-boys and people of words being searched and ponds dragged, but without success.

Wottie never came back, and it came to be generally accepted that she had made away with herself owing to a fruitless love affair.

Ackroyd was nearly prostrate with grief. With any encouragement at all he'd have persuaded himself that it was entirely on his account that she'd gone out and committed this suicide. What did I think? I said I thought not, unless she'd been driven to it by the inkstand. Whereupon we had words, in the course of which we forgot Wottie—for the time being.

I'm afraid you will have to excuse this story for being rather disjointed, but it's rather a disjointed story.

Nothing more happened for about three weeks, and then something did.

You should know that Mrs. Mercer, our headmaster's wife, was an extremely nice woman, and, like so many extremely nice women, she had an awful lot of brothers—about eight—and one or other of these brothers used to come down to the school for most week-ends.

It's a matter of considerable surprise to me that they never came a second time in view of what they had to put up with. Reels of cotton unwound themselves in tin boxes on the tops of their wardrobes. Alarm clocks went off under their beds at 3 a.m., and those who slept with their mouths open were fed with pellets of soap. In fact, they were made thoroughly welcome.

Well, the one who was coming this particular Saturday was Julian. We didn't call him that, but that's who he was. He was immensely tall and bowled leg breaks.

Now, it so happened that the rest of the school

were being taken into Brighton to see the last day of Sussex v. Middlesex. Ackroyd and I weren't going, because the following Saturday old Mercer was going to take us to a place called Sheffield Park to see the South Africans play someone or other. So this left Ackroyd and me entirely on our own, and we thought it would be rather a whoose to go down to the station and meet old Julian and carry his bag up. He would, or should, think how kind of us it was, and while he was still in this frame of mind we should stop for a breather just outside the tuck-shop and—er—oids!

We knew everyone's habits, and as Julian had always come by the 2.15 we duly met it, but to our extreme chagrin it arrived without him, and so did the next train, so we gave it up.

We decided that it was a beastly swizzle, all our plans being upset like this, and we promptly cast about in our minds for some mischief to get into.

Ackroyd 'voted' that we went and tried to hire the tandem from Hilton's (Hilton's was the local bicycle shop where we got our hair cut) and then ride to Blane's Hill Quarry. I said 'Good egg.' I said it with especial care-freedom because I hadn't any money at all, whereas I knew he'd got five bob. He was the pampered son of an only father and mother, and they'd sent it him that very morning. So, as I say, I concurred with this proposal.

There was a strong element of doubt about our getting this tandem because the man hadn't ever let us have it. He said we weren't old enough. However, we were lucky. He wasn't there—it was only Mrs. Bicycle, and she raised no objections. Ackroyd planked down his half-crown just as though it were a penny, and away we went.

We didn't attempt to mount the machine outside the shop, because we didn't know how, and the saddles were too high, anyway, so we just wheeled it up to Wottie's. We leaned it up against the window and went inside to see how far Ackroyd's remaining half-crown could be made to go.

We got a reasonably large pork pie, which was our fashionable 'stodge' just then, but we couldn't get any celebratory go with it owing to Wottie herself being dead and so on, so we had to be content with half a chocolate cake for second course, and four bottles of stone ginger-beer.

We tied those stores about the wretched tandem until it looked like a Christmas tree, and wheeled it clear of the village.

We then proceeded to learn to ride it. Ackroyd hagged the front seat, so I held the machine upright while he got on, and when he was on I pushed it a few yards and got on, too—in perfectly good faith, but Ackroyd promptly steered us into the right-hand ditch.

There wasn't any water in it, but it was none the less a ditch.

Well, we picked ourselves up and brushed each other down and got on again. After all, you can't expect to be able to ride a tandem first go off, but when we continued to crash time after time into the right-hand hedge without the slightest sign of improvement, I began to feel it in my bones that we weren't, somehow, getting the best out of our machine.

I raised the matter with Ackroyd the next time we fell off. I said, 'I say, Ackroyd, you might let me sit in front. You can't steer for nuts.'

He demurred on the grounds that it was his half-crown which had paid for the hire of the blooming thing, and he could steer it if he liked.

PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME

I said he obviously couldn't, and that he'd better let me have a go while the front wheel was anything like round. I also agreed to pay him one and threepence, which I was marked out of my journey money at the end of term. That did it, and we swapped over.

Just as we were going to remount I noticed that the string of the pork pie parcel had somehow got looped over the front lamp bracket, and it was preventing the handle bar from being turned to the left at all. I just unlooped it. It was no good telling Ackroyd, because he'd only have wanted to try sitting in front again.

As it was, we began to make progress. I don't wish to spot myself in the very least, but we did get along quite well, especially on the straight, and there was only a slight falling off at one or two of the sharper corners.

Well, we got to Blane's Hill Quarry all right—it was only about four miles—and sat down on the edge to enjoy ourselves.

I should perhaps mention that this quarry was hopelessly out of bounds, because it was extremely dangerous, which made it all the more attractive, and it was a lovely day, but the food was not all it might have been. Anything but. I don't know what the shelf life of a pork pie is, but when we came to break this one open we found a sort of grey feathery deposit on the top of the pork. If it had been an accumulator I should have said it was sulphating.

It tasted so mouldy that we could hardly finish it, and the shortcomings of the chocolate cake made us still further deplore the death or what not of Wotlie.

However, at the non-time of youth (we were both twelve) moods soon pass, and we looked round for some convenient method of disposing of the empty ginger-beer bottles. We didn't want to leave them lying about.

Now, there was a small stone hut with a slate roof down at the bottom of the quarry about fifty feet below us which really might have been put there on purpose.

We registered two direct hits on it, but the roof proved obstinate and the bottles merely bounced off. Not to be borne for a moment, Ackroyd found a piece of flint the size of a football and said: 'I dare you to throw that down.'

Mind you, I'm not defending my action for a moment—it was dastardly—but you know what it is when you are dared to do anything. I simply had to pitch this young houlder over, and it went 'plunk' straight through the roof and left a great gaping hole in the slates.

There was no chance of hurting any one because it was only a sort of store shed. We found out afterwards that they kept the dynamite and detonators there for blasting in the quarry, but we oughtn't to have dropped rocks on it all the same.

The next thing Ackroyd did was to fall over the edge. It was a judgment on him, because he was reaching for something still larger to throw, and he made a slight miscalculation and lost his balance. I thought he'd gone right to the bottom, and I was a bit worried, but actually there was a ledge sticking out a few feet down, and on this ledge he—lodged. It was covered with brambles, and he got so involved that I had to climb down and undo him.

While we were musing about down there we both began to notice a most peculiar—what shall I say?—lack of freshness in the air. Most marked it was, and it seemed to be coming from the mouth of a small tunnel driven into the face of the stone just behind us.

I said: 'Something's died,' and Ackroyd said: 'Let's go in and see what it is.' I wasn't frightfully keen personally, but he would go, so I had to follow. We had to duck our heads to get in, and there wasn't room to walk two abreast. It was pretty dark, too, after the glare outside, and the atmosphere—well, it was indescribable.

We'd only gone three or four yards when Ackroyd stooped over something lying on the ground; then he suddenly gave a most fearful yell and said: 'By gosh, it's Wotlie—let me out,' and he turned round and tried to charge past me, but the place was so beastly narrow that we almost got jammed, and while we were fighting to get free I caught a glimpse, over his shoulder, of a ghastly object with an almost black face grinning at us. It wouldn't have been recognizable at all if it hadn't been for the rather prominent front teeth. One look was enough for me—I bolted for the entrance for all I was worth, with Ackroyd after me—still yelling.

It may sound cowardly now, but we'd neither of us seen anyone dead before, and what with one thing and another it came as a bit of a shock. I've no recollection at all of getting back to the tandem, but I do know we rode it across a corn-field without falling off, which only shows what absolute panics will do.

We'd recovered somewhat by the time we got back to school and we went and had a long jab behind the pav, about what was to be done.

If we'd been a little older we should have gone straight to old Mercer and owned up, but we were so afraid of what might happen to us for going to the quarry at all, let alone bashing in that roof, that we decided to trust to luck and keep quiet, and, strange to say, we were never found out.

After thirty odd years I was almost beginning to regard the incident as closed until, about a couple of months ago, I got a letter from a cousin of mine.

He lives down in Sussex, and he said, in this letter, that they'd just laid out a new golf course

near his place. Would we go down for the opening and watch him miss his first tee shot? He'd been elected president of the club, or something, and had to drive off before a cheering multitude.

Well, my wife and I went down on the great day and saw him carry the first hazard of the course in brilliant fashion.

This hazard turned out to be a corner of my dear old friend, Blane's Hill Quarry. It had been disused for some years, so they told me, but there it still was, as large as life. That's the great thing about a quarry—when it's done with it's got to stop. You can't pull it down or turn it into flats.

I even recognized the ruins of the old dynamite store. The historic tunnel where Ackroyd and I had found—what we had found, was right away on the far side, and there wasn't a chance of going to look for it just then. But after dinner that night (my cousin had a lot of people there) I told them the whole story—all about Wotlie and the tandem, and finding the body, and so on—just as I've told it to you, only they didn't believe it. They said I'd made it all up—as though one would. They were so jolly certain about it not being true that they laid me ten to one in gin-and-bitters that I couldn't take them to the place and show them the tunnel.

I said 'Done with you,' and it was finally arranged for us all to meet at the Golf Club next morning, and then I was to lead them to the tragic spot. They called it the gruesome grotto.

By the by, one man dining there was the coroner for the district, and he pointed out that if we found so much as a single bone he'd have to hold an inquest. They do, you know. Why, they once found a mummy in the cloakroom at King's Cross, and they solemnly sat on the good lady to find out what she'd died of about seven thousand years before.

At any rate, we all met next morning and walked round the edge of the quarry till we got to the point just above the ruins of the store shed. The ledge was still there, and I slithered down on to it. The others were still so certain that it was all a leg-pull that they wouldn't come down with me. They all stood at the top and jeered. The whole place was a mass of brambles and weeds, but I found the tunnel all right. That fetched 'em. They all came tumbling down and fairly fought to get the entrance clear.

As soon as it was possible my cousin and I squeezed in, and we found an absolutely perfect skeleton—of a sheep.

Well, of course, they reckoned I'd won all right, and that it was very handsome of me to have thrown in a skeleton as well when it wasn't in the contract, even if it wasn't quite the right kind of skeleton. But up at the club house afterwards, over my winnings, one of them said: 'It's all very well, you know, but quite apart from your being a couple of heartless young devils, I can't think why you didn't go back next day out of sheer curiosity, and then you'd have found that it was only a sheep.'

And I said: 'Yes, we did.'

A. J. ALAN.



'I found the tunnel all right.'

IF THERE HAD BEEN A
'RADIO TIMES' IN 1851.

See page 225 for

'The Telharmonic Guide'

A Victorian Fantasy

by FRANK KENDON

BYGONE SUMMERS

(Continued from page 211.)

examination. I travelled from St. Malo to Southampton, on a calm, hazy pale blue September morning, and when I arrived at Southampton I had my first clash with bureaucracy. An officer of the Customs discovered in my luggage fourteen cigar boxes.

'Open these,' he commanded.

'But, look here, if you don't mind,' I protested, 'I'd rather not, because they are full of butterflies.'

'Open them,' he repeated, sternly, evidently supposing that he had caught an international smuggler.

'You'll have to get a chisel,' I told him, 'because they are all nailed up.'

I can see now the amused expressions on the faces of my fellow-travellers as he prised open those cigar-boxes one after another, and found each one, as I had warned him, full of butterflies.

'Well, now,' I said, 'perhaps you'll nail them up again, because some of these butterflies are most frightfully rare.'

'You can't do less, Bill,' murmured one of his colleagues.

So a hammer had to be fetched, and the precious collection was made secure for the railway journey up to London.

My next summer holidays were spent at Scarborough. I have already talked about them over the microphone, and written about them in *The Radio Times*.

But I never mentioned those delightful carriages driven by postilions in jockeys' parti-coloured jackets, and the arguments we used to have over the choice of colours when, on rare occasions, we were able to drive in those enchanting and delightful vehicles.

Another memory of that summer is of being taken to the cricket matches during the Scarborough week by an enthusiast, who was much shocked when he found me turning away from the cricket and trying to look at a football match, no doubt the first of the season, which was being played on the next ground, some of which was visible from the cricket pavilion. I have often thought since how much my boyish desire to watch the football rather than the cricket

foreshadowed the extemporary attitude towards the two games. Yet the cricket was worth watching. There was W. W. Read, in his chocolate-coloured Surrey cap, bowling lobs. There was J. J. Ferris, the great little Australian bowler, who was then playing for Gloucestershire. I can see him now, a fine-featured man with a dark complexion and a tremendous action as he drew near the bowling crease. There was Bobby Peel, of Yorkshire, and Lockwood, of Surrey, with fair, wavy hair, a very handsome fellow—or am I confusing him with Lohmann? I can see Briggs, of Lancashire, playing the fool on the field, and Bobby Abel walking out to bat, and C. I. Thornton hitting sixes, and many another famous figure of those days.

1897, 1898, and 1899, those were all toasting summers as I remember them—the days of great cricketers and wonderful records. I remember the summer evening when one of my friends at school said:—

'Have you heard that Archie MacLaren has made 424 not out against Somerset?' And I remember replying, 'You liar!'

COMPTON MACKENZIE.

THE B.B.C.'s NEW HOME.

A DRAWING of the architect's modified design for the new broadcasting building to be erected in Portland Place. The modifications made to the original design allows for a fuller and more practical use of the 20,000 square feet of ground space available. Excavation has now begun on the site. The building will be completed before March, 1931. The new design leaves untouched the studio arrangements originally announced. There will be nine studios, complete with waiting rooms, etc., enclosed in a central brick tower and thus insulated from all noise. Four of these will be more than double the size of the largest studio at Savoy Hill. In addition, there will be a super-studio or concert hall with an orchestra and gallery, capable of accommodating an audience of nearly a thousand people. The studios will be protected from street-noises by a complete outer layer of offices and corridors. The architect to the syndicate responsible for erecting the building is Lieut.-Col. G. Val Myer, A.R.I.B.A. London listeners may be acquainted with two other fine buildings which Colonel Myer has to his credit—Portoken House in the Minories and Asia House, Lime Street.



SAMUEL PEPYS, LISTENER

July 6.—Word from Mr. Nubbins that water Pall is delivered safely of twins, a he and a she. For which I know not whether to be glad or sorry. One if she have brought a little Pepys into the world (as time alone can show), that shall be not so bad as a little Nubbinses.

July 8.—To Lord's with my wife to Oxford and Cambridge, with great pleasure in meeting many mine acquaintance, old and new, *inter alia* my Lord Arlingbury that both a lurching tent and bids us thereto beyond my expectation. Here a good company, good cheer and all merrie, my lord using us most handsomely and soe does my lady, making as much of my wife as she does of me almost; which be comfortable proof of the consequence whereto I am now come, and my wife to share it by reflection. Heaven send the wretch have sense enough to see this and not have her vain head turned by it.

July 10.—This day (the weather being got mighty warm) I did for the 1st time shed my waistcoat, with some effort in the greater

coolness, yet almost more discomfort, I think, in losing 4 my most servicable pockets and nowhere to put anything.

A thing that pleased me this night was listening to bits of *Cavalleria Rusticana*, to me most sweet musique and do carry me back to my merrie single days, when Mascagni took all the publique by sudden storm, from highest to lowest; and his intermezzo to generall a rage, that Grandmother Pepys did once give the milk-boy 1st not to whissel it for a wthnight, God rest her.

July 11.—A sweltering day, with a great heaviness in the ayr; as limping a day as ever I do remember. Phoons us Squillinger's lady to goe punting with them, my wife and I, to Hampton Court, and to carry bathing clothes with us. So away and to meet them at the boatman's above the lock, with great onward hopes that they bring Hannah with them, and they do, to mine infinite (but secret) content.

Staid the punt 3 way to Sunbury, upon a generall resolve of bathing before we eat lunch;

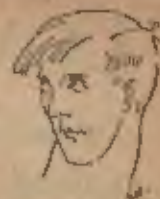
By R. M. Freeman,
Part-Author of 'The New Pepys'
Diary of the Great Warr, etc.

Squillinger having with him a little shifting tents and to set them up at either end the punt. They hide us to the neck, but have our heads out, and a plaguy yet merrie business it was, shifting clothes by groping instead of by seeing. Which was worst of all in shifting back after swimming, to match buttons with button-holes and other blind matters. But here all the advantage is to the women, they having no button-ons, oneie slip-ons or pull-ons with elasticks to them, so as blind shifting do come easy to them and all 3 back into their clothes, before I have done struggling upwardly into my shirt. But Lord! What a fight a man has to get into his shirt upwardly, sleeves and all, when he has always before been wont to get into it downwardly. An observable thing was how many boaters and punters have portable seats with them, the musique coming to us over the water most sweetly tuneable beyond everything all-mour. Tea at the *Maggis*. So home, and all-beit little discourse with Hannah, did make some pretty changes of eyes with me behind her Japanese umbrell.



THE SIREN A SEASIDE IDYLL

By HARRY GRAHAM.



'Mid summertime's fantastic heat,
When urban pavements parch the feet,
To some far loophole of retreat
Our drowsy thoughts go straying;
In bondage on each office-stool,
We dream of caverns dim and cool,
Of shady grots beside some pool
Where nymphs and fauns are playing,
Where timid dryads coyly scatter
In flight before the local satyr.

While some (the more romantic chaps)
May plan a walking-tour, perhaps,
Where coloured counties spread their maps
For Shropshire lads on Brecon,
And some (the richer fellows) plot
A cruise to Lapland in a yacht,
And thus enjoy, if polyglot,
The voice that breathes o'er Sweden,
And others yearn for Monte Carlo,
For Fontainebleau, or even Marlow,



Much simpler travel-tastes have I;
My needs the humblest joys supply;
I never try to aim too high,
Nor choose too large a target,
For I recall (sweet souvenir!)
The holiday I spent, last year,
In seaside lodgings with my dear
Aunt Ramsgate at Margate,*
With whom and where that blest vacation
Was one long round of dissipation.

Each morning she would take the air,
Propelled by me in a bath-chair—
That is, the weather being fair
And other things propitious—
Then home to lunch we gaily hied
And though, I own, the meal supplied
Erred somewhat on the frugal side,
The mince was quite delicious,
And tapioca, too, would follow,
With lumps that were sheer joy to swallow.

Each afternoon, from three to five,
We hired a fly and took a drive—
Of vehicles one could contrive
No nicer form to ride in—
And then upon the pier we'd sit,
Enjoying all that (you'll admit)
Makes England still a country fit
For Pierrots to reside in;
And oh! what talks we'd have together
About our ailments and the weather!

On stormy mornings we'd remain
Indoors, and Aunt would not complain,
For she declared she liked the rain,
It made her fringe so wavy!
And if the afternoons were wet
She would produce her wireless set
And we would very often get
Morse signals from the Navy
Or howlings from some foreign station
Which she ascribed to oscillation.

Sea-bathing was a sport I'd planned,
But the authorities had banned
Undressing on the open strand,
And though a Nature-lover
Might deem such regulations strange,
They would not suffer a sea-change
Unless somehow one could arrange
To do it under cover;
Attempts to shed one's underclothing
In public they beheld with loathing.

Though this was something of a blow,
My habits I would not forgo—
'Aut nec aut nihil,'† as you know,
Has always been my motto—
And, after tea, when Auntie lay
Upon her couch, I'd slip away
To a sequestered little bay
Where (in a cave or grotto)
My garments' plenary removal
Could meet with no one's disapproval.

One day, as I removed my socks,
I noticed here upon the rocks
A maiden with peroxide locks
Who sat and watched me stripping.
She wore a one-piece bathing-suit
And was a most attractive 'beaut,'
And when she said: 'Hullo, old fruit!'
I felt that I was slipping.
And when she giggled rather sweetly
I knew that I had fall'n completely!

Then up she sprang and, like a shot
(She was a lovelsome thing, God wot!),
She bolted from that cave (or grot)
And leapt into the briny.
She sank like—was it Milton said?—
A day-star in the ocean bed,
Then reared anon her dripping head
As, with her eyes all shirry,
She shouted: 'Catch me if you can, sir!'
And dived again like a merganser!

A moment's start was all I gave,
Then darted from my grot (or cave)
And through the cool, translucent waves
Pursued the nymph and caught her!
In vain she struggled to escape;
I seized her firmly by the nape
(Which was of most convenient shape)
And home rejoicing brought her.
'Oh, fie!' she cried. 'You didn't otto!'
But 'Neck or nothing'—that's my motto!

'Twas thus our love-affair began.
Each day, as to that cave I ran,
The offering for her form I'd scan,
I couldn't live without it!
She looked so sweet in deshabille,
And when she kept an even heel
She seemed as graceful as a seal—
I spoke to her about it.
She answered: 'What of your vile corpus?'
'No doubt 'twas made like that on porpoise!'

Ah, yes, she'd such a sense of fun,
She dearly loved a harmless pun;
I well remember making one
That specially rejoiced her.
As we were swimming through a shoal,
I murmured: 'There's no place like sole!'
And on a breakwater (or mole)
Suggested I should 'oist-er'!
She smiled a smile so quaint, so elfish,
And said: 'That would be very shellfish!'

She was the trimmest little craft
(Conspicuously so abast)
And how I loved her when she chafed
And said that I was her 'buoy,'
For she was so 'attached' to me!
And when she perched upon my knees,
Just like a mermaid from the sea,
And whispered: 'Asta Merbay!'
The very lobsters started blushing;
The tide went out as far as Flushing.

Such happiness was doomed, alas!
My aunt, to watch The Skylark pass,
One evening, through her op'ra-glass
Quite innocently gazing,
Observed us sporting in the foam;
Her colour changed from puce to chrome,
She hurried forth and dragged me home,
Her eyes with anger blazing,
And packed me off, next morning early,
To 'Kenilworth,' my home near Purley,



I've never met my Siren since,
And yet, whenever I eat mince
Or tapioca, I evince
Strong symptoms of emotion.
In retrospect I see her still,
Broad-based upon that rocky sill,
Submerged or compassed (as you will)
By the inviolate ocean!
And distance does but serve to heighten
The memory of our time at Brighton! ‡

* Should this not be Aunt Margaret at Margate?—Ed.
Yes.—H. G.

† Back or Nothing.

‡ Should this not be Margate?—Ed. No, Margate.—H. G.

LOVE AND SUMMER HOLIDAYS

Sentimental Recollections of a Summer's Afternoon. By HERBERT FARJEON.

ALTHOUGH in the springtime the fancies of young men may lightly turn to thoughts of love, it is usually during the summer holidays that these annual fancies most conspicuously materialize into facts.

Probably, during the next few weeks, more people will fall in love with one another all over England than during all the rest of the weeks of the year put together. This is because, during the summer holidays, the opportunities are so much more favourable. There is more chance of getting to know the girl you see twice on the sands than the girl you see twice in the Tube. Mrs. Grundy regards the open air as peculiarly respectable, provided it is not city air. The police have not yet started parading the sea-shore as they parade the parks.

Yet very few of these holiday love affairs will come to anything. Marriages are made in Heaven, not in Hastings. An intensive friendship formed in Llandudno is hard to maintain when one of the parties has returned to London and the other one to Leeds.

You will meet again next year, and, in the meantime, you will write—you will write regularly—and you do write, the very night you get incredibly home. Twice a week, once a week, twice a month, once a month—yours lovingly, yours affectionately, yours ever, yours etcetera. And when the next summer holidays come round, you decide that, after all, you won't go back, as ardently arranged, to Llandudno. Of course, it was a topping place. But she might be there.

It is among my many regrets that, in forty years of summer holidays, I have never experienced one of these passionate, short-lived idylls—and I don't suppose now I ever shall.

True, for about twenty years, I never went away to the seaside without falling in love, but it was love at a distance, love exquisitely hopeless and unrequited. How sweet it was, when the sun had sunk below the horizon, to nurse my secret sorrows by the sad sea-shore, pining in thought what time concealment, like a worm in the bud, fed on my damask cheek.

I never told my love, for I had but one confidant—my brother: and I was always unconsciously careful to fall in love with the girl he loved himself. There was Madge, in Trimmingham, who had a younger sister, Molly, but Molly would not do for me, because she offered no impediment. But my brother stood between me and Madge, and Madge never knew there was anything on the other side of him, roaming the cornfields in a state of the most satisfactory despair, whispering her name to the chickens on the farm, and imagining her a spectator when a long shot was to be attempted at croquet.

I remember writing a letter to Madge on

the day she went away, intending to slip it into her hand when we said good-bye, to be read on the homeward journey in the train. It told, in language noble and restrained, the tenderness of my devotion, it assured her that, though I was but ten years old, I would never love another; it protested that



'Love at a distance, love exquisitely hopeless and unrequited... secret sorrows by the sad sea-shore.'

the mere thought of her would be as a beacon to me through the gloom of my later years; it asked her to believe that, should she ever need me, I was at her call.

But that letter was never presented. Madge never said good-bye to me at all. Did she not look for me? Or was I careful that she should not find me, that the twinge of desolation might be yet more delightful?

WHAT men will do for love! and what, for the matter of that, small boys! I will tell you a secret I have never told before. M, the first letter of Madge's name, stands No. 13 in the alphabet. A, the second letter in her name, is 1. D is 4. G is 7. E is 5. Add these together and you get 30. Therefore, for the sake of Madge, during the remainder of that holiday, and for some time afterwards, when I brushed my teeth before going to bed, I would give them thirty brushes in the middle, thirty on the right, thirty on the left. Has any *amatorata* been paid a stranger tribute than this?

But when, on another summer holiday, my brother fell in love with a girl called Mary, and I, falling in love with her according to custom, applied myself to paying her the same tribute, my devotion was put to a severer test. M 13, A 1, R 18 and Y 25

make 57 in all. That is a big test for a small boy. Fifty-seven brushes to the teeth in the middle, fifty-seven on the right, fifty-seven on the left—for a few nights I plodded scrupulously through with my labour of love. Then, in the forties, I began to grow impatient, and in the fifties to ask myself whether she was quite worth it.

After all, she would never know. Fetching her lemonade or wheeling her bicycle up the hill for her was more to the point, because she could see this and feel duly grateful for it. But even wheeling the bicycle was unsatisfactory, because she only used to let me do this when she had had a tiff with my brother and wanted to tease him. In these circumstances, the pleasure of service was not without its humiliation.

WHEN I was young, the girls I fell in love with on summer holidays were much too old for me. When I grew older, I saw to it that they should be much too young for me, and I became a sort of sad kind uncle to them—a sad kind uncle of twenty-one. Yet now, at the close of these idle confessions, I suddenly remember an affair to which there was no impediment—we were the right age, and we were drawn to one another, and my brother was somewhere else, and I looked like being properly in for it. She was a fine, vigorous creature, a kind of county amazon in the bud, with a passion for horses and dogs and all things strong and dangerous.

And she suggested to me a tryst. She did not call it a tryst. There was nothing romantic on the surface of her. But she said:

'Look here! I'll tell you what! Get up early tomorrow morning, and come down to the beach, there's no one there then, and we'll bathe before breakfast.'

Bathe before breakfast!

Even when I have not myself erected the barrier, Fate seems to have seen to it that something shall thwart all my summer idylls.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE:

CHARLES MORGAN

on 'Henry VIII'

W. ROOKE LEY

on 'Chopin'

FELIX GOODWIN

on 'Vauxhall and Ranelagh'

M. WILLSON DISHER

on 'The Story of Vaudeville'

And full programmes of the first complete week of

BROADCAST 'PROMS'

E. V. KNOX CALLING!

He broadcasts the Chess Championship of the World.

[Author's Note.

A THRILL of great joy, I suppose, ran through all England when it was made known that I had been selected, out of several hundred competitors, to broadcast the great match between Dr. Spillikine and Professor Wackemov in the Town Hall of Czysw. For, if it was objected on the one hand by a few feeble carpers (jealous of my popularity) that my knowledge of the game of games was nil, my sympathy with all healthy forms of international sport, coupled with my strong sense of drama, my clear and concise enunciation, and my lifelong friendship with the two protagonists (I was at school with Spillikine, and recommended Wackemov for election to Madame Tussaud's) made me obviously the man for the job. Even characters so dissimilar as Jackie Coogan and the ex-King of Afghanistan were pleased that I got it.

'English chess will be the gainer,' they wrote to me, independently, on postcards, 'and so will international peace.'

For the benefit, however, of any listeners who on the night of the historic encounter were otherwise engaged, I have been persuaded by the Editor of *The Radio Times* to publish an exact reproduction of my actual words hereunder.]

IN a few moments I shall commence to broadcast the Chess Championship of the World between Spillikine and Wackemov, fought under International Chess Championship rules for the belt, presented by Senator Borah, biting and ankle-taps barred.

Already, in anticipation of the tremendous encounter, the Town Hall of Czysw is literally packed with spectators. Many, unable to find seats, are clinging to the rafters, others hanging on trees outside, where they can peer through the stained glass windows at the combat. The Hawaiian orchestra is in the musicians' gallery. The Mayor of Czysw is seated on his great canopied throne. The male spectators are massed on one side of the hall, the women on the other, as is always the custom. . . . Amongst the men present I recognize the faces of the King of Spain, Plum Warner, Bill Tilden, C. B. Cochran, Mussolini, H. W. G. Leveson-Gower, Major Segrave, M. Briand, Mr. Arthur Henderson, Lord Lonsdale, Jean Borotra, M. Anthropolopolis (the ex-Dictator of Greece), and Dean Inge. . . .

The women, in accordance with the rules of the International Chess Association, wear veils, so as not to distract the attention of the players. . . . Doctors and ambulances are in attendance. . . . I and the other broadcasters are seated on gilt chairs slung from the roof by silver chains. . . .

On the roped square with its sanded floor,



The Chess Championship of the World between Spillikine and Wackemov.

where the table and two chairs have been set up, only the umpire and the referees, the seconds and the linesmen are at present to be seen. . . . There is a great clock hanging under the gallery; from left to right its fateful hands tick on, the long hand more swiftly than the short. . . . The moment is arriving. . . . It has come. . . . There is a sudden shout. . . .

Punctual to the second, tossing a pawn in front of him, Wackemov has bounded into the ring, followed by Spillikine. They advance lightly, grip each other by the hand, and kiss each other on either cheek. . . . They disengage. . . . The fight is about to begin. . . .

Wackemov is a huge man with a dark-red beard, and the muscles of the habitual athlete. . . . One can see at a glance that he will take every advantage the rules allow. . . . If his adversary's queen is in danger, he will attack her with no more courtesy than if she were a pawn. . . . Once fully determined to castle, no tears or entreaties will prevent him from carrying out his grim design. . . .

Dr. Spillikine is a slighter figure, but there is a look of steady determination in his eyes. . . . He will mesmerize his opponent, manoeuvre him, if possible, into a corner of the board, and pass him with a quiet coup, or an unexpected forehead thrust with one of the knights which he holds in reserve. . . .

They have spun a guelder for choice of stations. . . . Wackemov has won. . . . He has elected to start against the wind. . . . A great cry of triumph goes up from his admirers in the audience when it is seen that he is playing with white, his favourite colour. . . .

They sit down warily, searching for a grip. . . .

What piece will Wackemov select in order to start the game? There is a moment of suspense. . . . It is over. . . . He has chosen a pawn. . . . Spillikine smiles confidently. . . . He moves a pawn also. . . .

This masterly counterstroke wins a cry of admiration from the crowd. . . .

Exchanges rule even for a time, neither side gaining any tangible advantage. . . . To and fro move the swift pieces, weaving the web of design. . . . Wackemov's wonderful wrist action is more than met by Spillikine's forearm, with its feline agility and grace. . . .

A deadlock has arrived! Wackemov is puzzled!

While the deadlock is going on and Wackemov is being puzzled, the Hawaiian Orchestra will play. . . .

Wackemov is still puzzled. The Hawaiian Orchestra will play again. . . .

Wackemov is still puzzled. There will be a short lecture on Ants. . . .

Wackemov is about to move. . . . No! He has stopped. . . .

The umpire has signalled that Wackemov must move within two minutes or forfeit the match. . . . The supporters of Spillikine are growing restive. . . . There is no open barracking, for posers of police are present, as well as mounted troops outside. . . .

Wackemov has put out his right hand towards a bishop. . . . He has touched it. . . . A minute and a half is gone. . . . Wackemov has withdrawn his hand. . . . Spillikine protests. . . .

The umpire has begun to count! One. . . . Two. . . . Three. . . . Four. . . . Five. . . . Wackemov has moved!

Once again the shuttle of destiny plays to and fro. . . .

While the shuttle of destiny is playing to and fro my eyes are diverted momentarily from the board. . . . Involuntarily the lids close. . . . My head sinks forward on my chest. . . .

I am awakened by a loud cry! It is the cry of Spillikine! What has occurred?

I see what it is. Wackemov has seized a black castle and swept it from the board. . . . Spillikine is annoyed. . . . He appeals against the light, and the shape of Wackemov's queen. . . . A new white queen is sent for, and the game is renewed. . . .

Spillikine has uttered another cry! It is the cry of Check! in his native tongue. . . .

Interpreters translate it to the polyglot crowd. . . . Spillikine has checked Wackemov's king. . . . It was an audacious stroke, made with the backhand, and has taken Wackemov entirely unawares. . . . He examines the line of the check and admits it to be true. . . . He scowls. . . .

He leans back in his chair. . . . His seconds are massaging his forehead. . . . He pants for breath. . . .

While he is panting for breath the Hawaiian Orchestra will play again.

What is this? Something terrible has happened! A thing has happened almost

(Continued on page 220.)

INHALING

By Richard Hughes

A Simple Story for your Second Childhood

ONCE there was a boy and a girl who saw an enormous policeman. He was at least six times as big as any other policeman in the world.

'I know what's happened,' said the little girl. 'He has been inhaling too much!'

'What's inhaling?' asked the boy.

'You know!' said the girl. 'When we have a cold and they pour some funny-smelling stuff into a jug of hot water, and make us breathe over it. That's it!'

'Quite right, Miss,' said the policeman in a six times too big voice. 'I have been inhaling too much—much too much! Would you like some of the stuff?'

And he gave them a small glass pot.

'Thank you,' she said. 'We're rather small, you see; there'd be no harm in trying a little.'

So they went home.

That night, when they were both in the bath, they poured some of the stuff into the

hot water of the bath and immediately began to sniff it.

'This is fine!' said the little boy. 'Aren't we growing nicely?'

And so they were. They were soon as tall as grown-up people. But the only trouble was that Nurse (who was giving them their baths) was swelling, too, and as she had been big to begin with, now she was enormous.

'Put your head out of the window,' cried the boy. So the nurse did, and then, of course, she stopped smelling the stuff, and so stopped growing.

But the children didn't, they stood in the bath and got taller and taller.

'This ceiling does hurt my head,' said the girl.

And no wonder, for they were pressed right up against it.

All of a sudden crack went the ceiling and pop came their heads up into the room above. This room was their father's study, and there he sat working.

'Bless me, children,' he said, when he saw their heads coming up through the floor. 'What are you doing next?'

'I don't know, father,' said the girl, whose face was now above the top of the writing table.

'Bless me!' he said again. 'What a funny smell!' For the smell of the stuff began to come up through the hole in the floor.

On that, of course, he began to swell too.

'Bless me!' he said for the third time. 'Fancy starting to grow again at my age!'

And indeed, he was soon about twice his ordinary height.

But at last the boy managed to twist his toe in the chain of the bath plug. He pulled it up, and let the water all run away, and the magic stuff with it, and so no one grew any more.

But now they were in a very great difficulty. The mother was still ordinary size, because she had not been there. The nurse hadn't had time to grow as much as the others before she put her head out of the window, but even then she was taller than the tallest soldier you ever saw. As for their father, he was twice the size he had been, and couldn't sit in his study at all comfortably, and could hardly crawl through the door. But the children! They were so big that standing there with their feet in the bath, the bathroom ceiling was only just up to their waists, and their heads were almost banging the ceiling of the study above!

'What a funny family we are,' they said; 'with the children bigger than the father and mother!'

'However,' they all agreed, 'we can't go on living in the same house, that's certain!'

So they built a new house, and a very funny house it was. The nursery, of course, was enormous, it reached from the cellar right up to the roof, the nursery table, even, was almost as high as an ordinary room, and they had wash-basins as plates.

As for baths, they had to go and take cold ones in the pond. It would have taken much too much hot water to fill baths for them in the house.

Then came the study for their father. That was just about double size, there was a double-size table, and a double-size chair, and double-size books, and double-size papers, and double-size pipes and matches and tobacco-boxes, and double-size pictures, and even a double-size wastepaper basket.

But the poor little mother had just an ordinary-size drawing-room and bedroom; and had to be ever so careful, when she went in the nursery, that the children didn't tread on her.

And as for the swollen nurse, it was much less trouble to send her away and get a new one of the ordinary size. So that is what they did.

RICHARD HUGHES.



'What a funny family we are,' they said.

*A Littlepuddle Saga**by Winifred Holby*

THE RUIN OF MR. HILARY

or The Sad Tale of a Village Running Commentary.

PROGRESS? You come here and talk about motor-buses and incubators and the telephone and broadcasting and such, and say how wonderfully Littlepuddle has come on since you left us twenty years ago, miss? Ah, it's a little you know. You call that Progress? It ought to be stopped, that's what I say. If the Lord meant chickens to come out of incubators he'd never have made hens, it stands to reason. And as for broadcastine—well—

Did they never tell you about Mr Hilary, poor chap? Decent little man; used to have the post office here and a bit of a shop, kept three daughters and a nice bit of poultry in the back garden. Wouldn't hurt a fly. One of those sort of chaps so full of the milk of human kindness that it slops over a bit as you might say but none the worse for that until this Running Commentary business ruined him. Ah!

If it hadn't been for the wireless he might still be here enjoying his pint of ale, like you or me, miss, and sending his hens to the poultry show regular, as innocent as a babe. Nearly cried, he did when they didn't win prizes, though, as I said to him, miss, the Archangel Gabriel himself wouldn't win prizes when he was in moult.

They tell me there are plenty of fowls where he is now, poor chap but they won't be quite the same pleasure to him up there.

No, no; he isn't dead. It's not Heaven where he is, only the County Asylum on the hill. That's what progress brought him to in the end, poor chap. It all began with those charabancs and the so-called visitors who came poking and prying round the country looking for somewhere to dispose of their waste-paper and salmon tins, and shouting with joy when they see a field just poisoned up with brassacks or peppies—'so picturesque,' you know.

Well, they found Littlepuddle picturesque, though I could tell them things about the quaint thatched cottages and water supply from our Sweet Little Stream that 'ud make them feel the germs just crawling up their plus fours, if you take my meaning.

Well, as I was saying, these charabancs found Littlepuddle a 'genuine old-fashioned Village,' something 'really out of the way,' which it never was to my mind, being only six miles from a station and two trains at least stopping every morning. And nothing would content them but talking about it all over the place until the B.B.C. gets to hear about it. Then one of those men who get bright ideas as you and I might get a touch of indigestion says: 'Why not broadcast some Real Old Village Customs for a change? Let's have a running commentary on Littlepuddle sports by a real local yokel.' I'd yokel them if I had my way. Not, mind you, that Littlepuddle sports aren't as good as any in the county and better, but when it comes to driving a nice, decent little man that never harmed so much as a blubottle

right out of his mind, it gets past a joke that's what I say. Butchered to make a broadcast holiday if you take my meaning, miss, though perhaps you don't know your Shakespeare.

Well, they sent down a young fellow in a ditto suit and a king dicky, from zLO, or whatever you call it, to come and spy round a bit in Littlepuddle, and he goes into the post office, it being also the village shop, as I might have mentioned, for a packet of 'gaspers,' though I always say them that smoke in this world will smoke in next. And he has a bit of talk with Mr Hilary.

Ah, that's what did for him, poor chap that's what did for him. Always one for a few words was Mr Hilary, and falls into conversation as natural as you might fall off a log if you ever got on one, which isn't likely. I suppose, now, miss, seeing you're not as young as you were. Well, poor Hilary starts chatting about the cricket match and the Sunday School Anniversary and Mr Robson's Funeral and such, and in less time than it would take you to wink an eye, if you ever did though, of course you never would, being a lady—this fellow from zLO calls out to himself: 'This is the man for the Running Commentary.'

Well, of course, that did for Mr Hilary. They told him they wanted him to go to the sports and speak down into a black plate affair and tell London-cubing-the-British-Isles just what was going on—which in itself isn't a bad idea because he always was one for a good tale, and you might have thought it was a simple matter just to look at Bob Holloway winning the hundred yards and little Miss Butcher in the egg and spoon being a lady-like race, if you take my meaning, unless they wear these short skirts and there's a wind. But no: not at all. zLO had no intention of just leaving Mr Hilary to nature. They must start him rehearsing a good ten days before the Sports, so as to

get it right, though how he could guess what was going to happen on the day, the Lord alone knows; for not even Parson knew that the judges had been asked by Squire not to let Jim Richers win the silver medal again because he got uppish and was suspected of poaching, and 'morals before hurdles,' as Shakespeare said—well, if it wasn't Shakespeare it was Parson. Well, if you see what I mean, there's no knowing what will happen until it happens, not in Littlepuddle, anyway.

But as I was saying this young chap takes Mr. Hilary out on to the main

road and says now you just tell me as you might be describing the village sports what you see before you. And Hilary, always a good little chap anxious to please, begins: 'Well, I see a long road that's a bit mucky, because Urban District Council's had a quarrel with Councillor Taddingford, he's our member on the County Council.' 'No, no, you mustn't drag in personalities,' says Mr. zLO. 'All right,' says Mr. Hilary, meek as Moses.

Well, I see a fellow tenting cows and there's Mrs. — well, I mustn't say—a woman's Alderney got through the fence again and there'll be the deuce to pay but this poor chap that's tenting them is a bit wanting, so they can't say much. And he's got on one of our 4s 11d. shirts, and Mr. — well, —our esteemed local farmer's trousers that Mr. — our local tailor patched in the seat three years ago last Christmas, there being no better patcher this side Halifax.' 'No, no,' says the Young Chap from zLO, 'you must not drag in commercial advertisement. It's against the rules.' 'All right,' says Hilary. 'I'm sorry, I didn't mean to. I'll start again. And so,' he said, 'why, there's one of Mrs. Jordan's Rhode Island Reds got loose. Nasty straggy things they are, though she did get second prize in Agricultural Show last year. And that's Geordie Triddle coming along on his bike. He'll be courting Parson's housemaid. Nice young woman, for what's a squint? says I. God made it as sure as he made straight eyes.' 'But that's personalities again,' says Mr. zLO. 'Is it?' says Hilary. 'Well, everything that seems to happen seems to be either personal or not, so I'll just start again.'

He got on pretty well after that, and the young man at last said 'Well, that'll do if you practise,' and Hilary, poor chap, says, 'All right, I will,' so that evening his eldest daughter heard him down at the hen run

(Continued on page 242.)



'Always one for a few words, was Mr Hilary'

THE FRAGRANCE OF A GARDEN.

HARVEY GRACE

writes an article for readers who have found that a garden is one of the best places in which to spend a holiday.

THIS is an age of gardening books, and all alike are readable, for gardening, like cricket, is a subject about which it seems impossible to write really badly.

When I was a youngster I put an assessing mark against every one of Bacon's essays. I have just overhauled the volume (with its naive and slightly priggish underlinings and annotations—for I was very young then). I find I gave the essay 'Of Gardens' full marks—a valuation I should repeat after all these years. Its opening sentence is one of the best known in English literature; but others stuck in the mind hardly less, e.g.

And because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air, where it comes and goes, like the warbling of music, than in hand, the therefore nothing is more fit for that delight than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air. (Of heavy flowers I peak not, because they are held flowers, but those which perfume the air most delightfully, not passed by as the rest, but being trodden upon and crushed are three; that is burnet, wild thyme, and water mint.)

Something of the gusto that moved even the calculating Bacon to such flights is present in such humble literature as seedmen's catalogues. No other trade publication makes such hearty reading, partly by reason of the merchant's enthusiasm and faith in his wares, and also because the catalogue arrives in the New Year and sets us thinking of spring.

One of the best gardening books on my shelves is a half commercial affair, a stout volume issued in 1887 by Sutton and Co. Much of it I know by heart, especially this opening of the long chapter on that noble plant whose very strength is its undoing.

The onion . . . is an ancient root, and has warmed the hearts of many heroes.

And

When onions are doing well, they lift themselves up and on the air, bearing the light and air upon their bulbs to the very axis whence the roots diverge.

However, I must not allow myself to be diverted from my object, which is to speak of a little-known book by William Cobbett. There has lately been something of a Cobbett revival, and many have relished the strong common sense, pungent, vigorous prose, and open-air feeling of his 'Rural Rides.' A new and cheap edition of 'The English Gardener' would be an even better seller, I fancy.

My copy picked up at a second-hand bookshop, bears a bookplate dated 1864. The work runs to just over four hundred pages, and even today may be studied with profit, especially on such high matters as budding, grafting, and pruning.

But one need not be interested in gardens to appreciate its downrightness and strongly personal style.

Hear Cobbett on a successful tussle he had with his gardener. After speaking of the importance of allowing ample space between rows of peas, he goes on:—

My gardener had once sowed, while I was from home, a piece of garden with the tall marrowfat peas, and had put the rows at about three feet apart. I saw them just after they came up. The ground was such as was very good, and which I knew would send the peas up very high, I told him to take his hoe and cut up every other row, but they looked so fine and he was so obstinate, that I let them remain, and made him sow some more



'The onion is an ancient root, and has warmed the hearts of many heroes.'

at seven feet apart very near to the same place, telling him that there never could be a pea there, and that if it so turned out never to attempt to have his own way again. Both the patches of peas were stuck in due time; they both grew very fine and lofty, but his patch began to get together at the top, and just about the time that the pods were an inch long, there came a heavy rain, which smashed the whole of them down into one mass, and there never was a single pea gathered from the patch, while the other patch, the single rows of which were seven feet apart, produced an uncommonly fine and lasting crop. The destroyed patch of peas was, however, of precious advantage, for it made me the master of my gardener, a thing that happens to very few owners of gardens.

Cobbett seems to have made war on garden pests with a cold, methodical ferocity. Ants are 'a very pretty subject for poets, but a most dismal one for gardeners':—

I know nothing but fire or boiling water, or squeezing to death, that will destroy ants. Monsieur de Comble recommends the laying of sheep's trotters with the skin on, near the attacked tree, and when these be well covered with ants, to plunge them into a bucket of water, drown the ants, then put the sheep's trotters near the tree again to wait for another cargo.

Here is a grim passage that gives us a glimpse of William on the trail by night:—

The true way is to find out the nest from which the ants come, . . . trace them to their fortress; and, when it is quite night, treat them to a bucket of water that is as nearly upon the bowl as possible. You kill the whole tribe.

For earwigs he recommends 'little things of paper like extinguishers':—

Put them on the tops of the sticks to which the carnation stalks are tied. The earwigs . . . find these extinguishers most delightful retreats from the angry eye of man and from the burning rays of the sun. Take off the extinguishers, however, in the morning, give them a rap over a basin of water and the enjoyments of the earwigs are put an end to at once.

At any moment one expects him to recommend something with boiling oil in it!

Cobbett has his likes and dislikes among fruit and vegetables, and his aversions (which included France) receive short shrift. For example:—

PURSLANE.—A mischievous weed, eaten by Frenchmen and pigs when they can get nothing else. Both use it in salad that is to say, raw.

SERVICE.—A tree of the woods, where it bears a thing between a sloe and a haw. It is totally unfit to be eaten; and therefore I shall say no more about it.

Elsewhere, however, with unusual caution, he speaks of it as 'a fruit which may be eaten.'

Clearly he did not like the medlar. It is

a very poor thing, indeed propagated by grafting on pear-stocks or crab-stocks. It is hardly worth notice, being, at best, only one degree better than a rotten apple.

Concerning tarragon, he hedges, evidently being half converted by

the 'orthodox clergyman':—

It is eaten with beef steaks in company with minced shallots. A man may doubtless live very well without it, but an orthodox clergyman or a told me that he and six others once ate some beef steak with shallots and tarragon, and that they 'voted, unanimously, that beefsteaks never were so eaten.'

For potatoes Cobbett had no use. He is bound to give so important a root considerable space, but he manages to work in some hard things about it.

For the more mellow side of Cobbett take this pleasant eulogy of his favourite brand of turnip (with a dig at Scotland, this time):—

The finest turnip for eating that I ever saw I never yet saw in England. It is a little flat turnip. The bulb lies almost wholly upon the top of the ground, sending down, from the centre of . . . a slender tap . . . the flesh is of a deep yellow colour. This sort of turnip is in universal use throughout the Northern States of America. Some farmers in England cultivate the yellow Scotch turnip, as it is called, and if this turnip really did come from Scotland, there is something good that is Scotch, at any rate.

Hear him, too, on the give and take that is one of the most delightful characteristics of gardeners. He advises the reader to plant out many more seedlings than he will need, in order that he 'might have some to give to a neighbour whose sowing might have happened to have failed.'

(Continued on page 11)



CLEAN FUN IN THE STUDIO THE WIRELESS WIRE-WALKER.

The Broadcasters' Notes on Coming Events.

BOTH SIDES OF THE MICROPHONE



Sea-side Shows.

WITH Compton Mackenzie and Herbert Farjeon making excursions to the sea-side of long ago, we are surely tempted to embark upon reminiscences of our own. We, too, were young once. Our most poignant recollection of the seaside is of the strolling players—jugglers



* Postcard pictures of them-selves *

and pierrots (there were no swell concert parties in those days). No day was complete without a 'S.S.M. service in the afternoon (at which we built a sand-castle pulpit for the brick-red young preacher) and an evening with The Blue Peters. These latter performed in the shadow of the pier. The blue lamps around their canvas theatre made a cheerful splash of light. During the interval, the Peters strolled round the audience selling postcard pictures of themselves. Our cousins and ourselves purchased by subscription a 'tuppenny' portrait of the sobrette—but burned it solemnly in the boarding-house garden on the day we met her in a disillusioning cotton frock helping the baritone to trundle the piano down to the beach. The Blue Peters were, if we are not mistaken, the wisest people on earth; and their songs the most tuneful. In former summers we listened used to hear frequent relays of seaside shows—but these had to be abandoned on account of technical difficulties. However, we are to have, on Thursday, August 15, a relay from the New Aquarium Pavilion, Brighton, of Mr. Wilson James's party, 'The Gaieties. Those whose holidays are ended will be able to recapture a little of the seaside spirit.

The Hansom Thing.

IN his introduction to the *Ambrose Ballet* music, Compton Mackenzie told us that he had that same evening been astonished to see a postman riding in a hansom cab. After the broadcast Maurice Jacoby confessed that he also had from time to time observed the same phenomenon. The mystery is explained in a valuable letter from a listener who informs us that, following a custom of the last century, London's postmen, if their load exceeds a certain weight, are allowed to call a hansom and drive to the post office. This regulation does not apply to taxis. The cabbies do not smile upon postmen passengers, for the Post Office pays only the exact fare!

Shakespeare—Fletcher?

THE last of the Great Plays will be heard on Tuesday, August 13 (5.55 P.M.), and Wednesday, August 14. Shakespeare's *Henry VIII* is a much debated play. Did Shakespeare write it? The poverty of the play's construction and the unevenness of its poetry points to a collaboration, probably with Fletcher. This much is admitted by most modern critics. But where did Shakespeare end and Fletcher begin? As Mr. Charles Morgan, *Dramatic Critic* of *The Times*, points out in an admirable article in our issue of next week, the broadcast production of the play will give enquiring listeners opportunity for forming their own opinion: they will hear the play with full attention, undistracted by stage pageantry.

'Proms' before Queen's Hall

WE wonder how many listeners are aware that there were Proms long before the Queen's Hall was even thought of. Though they may not strictly be included under the heading of 'promenades,' the concerts given in the late 18th and early 19th centuries at Vauxhall, Ranelagh and other public gardens were of the same type—popular concerts including a certain number of classical pieces, at which the audience were 'promenaders,' i.e., free to stroll around the platform, listening or not, as they chose. More ambitious and less Bohemian were the seasons given in the thirties by Mursell at the English Opera House, now the Lyceum Theatre, and Valentino at the Crown and Anchor Tavern.

Jewelled Baton and Velvet Armchair.

THE most picturesque figure in the Early Victorian concert world was Louis Antoine Jullien, whom *Punch* in numerous cartoons nick-named 'Monsieur.' From 1842, Jullien, a Frenchman, held an annual season of Promenade Concerts at the English Opera House. Jullien was a brilliant buffoon. Dressed with loquacious extravagance, he conducted with a jewelled baton which was handed to him on a silver salver by a negro page-boy. He studied at the Paris Conservatoire, where he angered the professors by handing in pieces of dance music as 'specimens of composition.' Becoming bankrupt, he crossed to England, where his concerts enjoyed great success for many years. Admiration was a shilling and the programmes, though seasoned with classical pieces, largely consisted of 'quadrilles.' During the Crimean War his 'Allied Armies Quadrille' created a furore; he followed it during the Mutiny with an 'Indian Quadrille and English March.' Jullien's stock of 'platform tricks' included switching an instrument from a member of his orchestra and joining in the climax of a quadrille, finally sinking exhausted into a velvet armchair. Later, this theatrical fellow, who (we must not forget) did great service to music by his frequent performances of Mozart, Beethoven, etc., fell upon evil days. Lavishly produced seasons of opera ate up his fortune; his stock of music was destroyed by a fire at Covent Garden, and, after being imprisoned for debt in France, he died in 1860.

Enter Mr Wood.

THE next home of the 'Proms' was Covent Garden, where in 1861 a new series of autumn concerts was inaugurated, with Alfred Mellon as conductor. These concerts continued until 1895, Mellon being succeeded in turn by Arditi, Sullivan, and others. By the middle thirties three concerts were languishing. The moment was ripe for Henry Wood, Robert Newman, and the Queen's Hall. Newman had been for some time manager of the Covent Garden Concerts. He saw in the newly-opened Queen's Hall the ideal headquarters for a new venture in popular music. He engaged as conductor young Mr. Henry Wood. Wood, who came of musical parents, had been church organist at the age of ten. As a boy he had given organ recitals at the Fisheries and Inventions Exhibitions (it is pleasant to imagine the Titan of the 'Proms' pouring out his soul among the fishes). For six years he had been conducting operas, including the d'Oyly Carte company, and teaching singing (Sir Henry is the author of one of the greatest English books on the subject). Then, in 1895, he began that association with the Promenade Concerts which has so happily continued for thirty-five seasons.

What the Doctor Ordered.

THE first season of 'Proms' was in a measure due to a throat specialist, Dr. George Cathcart, who, following an observation of the effect upon vocalists among his patients, protested against the high pitch to which British orchestras were tuned. The doctor offered to finance a season of concerts if the lower (French) pitch was adopted, an innovation which had much to recommend it from the musical point of view. Mr. Wood gallantly carried out the reform. Cathcart financed the first season—though afterwards Robert Newman carried the sole responsibility. An odd beginning for a famous series of concerts. The popularity of these latest 'Proms' was quickly secured by tradition of devoting certain nights to distinguished composers was soon established. In general, the taste of 'Proms' audiences has remained the same—enthusiastically catholic. The former custom of including ballads as 'jam with the powder' was discontinued in 1927 when the B.B.C. took over. It has had no effect upon the number or enthusiasm of audiences. At the 'Proms,' as elsewhere, various composers and schools have had their day. Wagner was a favourite almost from the beginning. Post-war audiences tended towards Russian, and later, Spanish music. Brahms, Beethoven, Mozart and Liszt remain as popular as ever. This year's season, which opens on Saturday next, includes rather more new works than usual—particularly new British works. The 'Proms' are a national treasure. We are proud of them.

The Appeal of Wagner.

A PROMENADE Season without its regular Monday night Wagner concerts is as inconceivable now as—well, as the Promenades without Sir Henry Wood or London without the Promenades. Of recent years these Monday nights have been the most generally popular nights of the week. There is a tendency to cite Wagner as an instance of the great popularity that may befall a man after his death: but he was still in his fifties when, conducting a series of six concerts here in London, he was greeted with a terrific enthusiasm—expressed in the measured phraseology of *The Times* of that date as 'indis-



* A race of unemotional shopkeepers.

criminate applause bestowed on piece after piece.' That was more than fifty years ago. There is an emotional appeal in the music of Wagner that is appreciable by the most varied degrees of musical undeness; the 'Magic Fire Music,' for instance, is capable of stirring men and women in the same way they would be stirred in the face of some such elemental occurrence as a thunderstorm in a forest. It is, indeed, rather terrifying to think of the sheer amount of emotion that has been evoked by these fifty and more years of Wagner's music: there can be nothing else quite comparable to it. And yet a race of unemotional shopkeepers has made Wagner its musical god for nearly half a century!



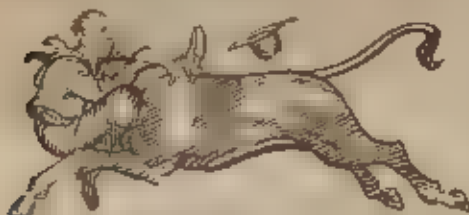
With Illustrations by Arthur Watts

BOTH SIDES OF THE MICROPHONE



Canada Calling!

THE city of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, is anxious that we should tell you all about their first annual Rodeo, organized to bring back the bygone days when cowboys were cowboys. This rodeo was arranged in part by the local radio station, C.F.R.M., from which 'Billy Ward



'Bronk riding at Moose Jaw

the popular sports announcer,' gave a running commentary on the bronk riding, calf roping and steer riding which made up the three days' programme. On the first day a 'gigantic monster Parade' paraded the full length of Main Street. A good, if tough, time was had by all. Other Canadian news includes a letter from Gordon Bryan, the young British pianist and broadcaster, describing his visit to the 'one man' broadcasting station at Lettbridge, Alberta. The station is situated in a hotel. Mr. Sturrock, who runs it, is the same Board Station Director. Chief Engineer and everything else. With one hand he 'controls' the transmission, while with the other he answers the 'phone. The main programme features are news, gramophone records, church services, and advertisements. With advertising fees, etc., the station is now making a profit. Its listeners are mostly ranchmen. The programmes are greatly appreciated on the prairie.

New Kind of Vaudeville.

FORTHCOMING vaudeville will include two programmes of a special type, one on August 13 (5GB) and 14, the other on August 22 (5GB) and 23. These have been 'devised' by William J. Wilson, the American producer who has given London theatre-goers many musical shows, including *Pink and Go*, *Rosita Dazzle*, *Mary*, and *The First Kiss*. The exact nature of the programmes has not yet been decided—one will probably be on 'tigger minstrel' lines and the other a survey of vaudeville the world over. Experiments in light entertainment are always welcome.

Gramophone Records.

AMONG the gramophone records played by Mr. Christopher Stone during the luncheon hour on Friday, July 26, were Master John Bonner in *Liddle's Abide with me* (Col. 9745), a *Julius Medley*, arranged Percy Grainger and played by a Symphony Orchestra under Basil Cameron (Decca A1002), Galli-Curci in *Bishop's La*, here the gentle lark (H.M.V. DB1278); the *False Trade of Sibelius*, by the Victor Olof Sextet (H.M.V. C1575); *Nichino (Nothing Matters)*, sung by John Charles Thomas (Brunswick 10276); *Smile again, my bonnie lassie*, sung by Alexander MacGregor (Dominion A144); and a number of light records by Randolph Sutton (Radio 900), Danny Small (Piccadilly 315), the Stereo Light Orchestra (Stereo 173), Gabriel Lundy, banjo (Parlo, E6176), Gandino and his Orchestra (Imperial 2084), and dance records, *Louise*, by Paul Whiteman (Col. 5456), and *Close Harmony Medley* (H.M.V. B5650) by Jack Hyton.

Bringing the News.

WHEN, on August 17, the world's greatest motor road race, the Ulster Grand Prix, is run over a thirteen-mile course near Belfast, a B.B.C. 'eye witness' will be rushed across to Glasgow by aeroplane in order to broadcast an eye-witness account the same evening. Machine and pilot will be provided by the Scottish Flying Club and the crossing Belfast-Glasgow made in one and a quarter hours. The Grand Prix consists of thirty laps, a total distance of four hundred miles. The race is for standard sports-cars, equipped for touring. The world's most famous drivers will represent the various nations—Bentley Riley, etc. (England), Bugatti and Amiclar (France), Alfa Romeo and O.M. (Italy), Stutz and Ford (U.S.A.), Mercedes (Germany) and Austro-Daimler (Austria). A brilliant galaxy of drivers includes Ivanowaky, Kaye Don, Poppe, Earl Howe and Lieut.-Commander Glen Kidston. The B.B.C. account will be given by Mr. S. C. H. Davis of *The Autocar*, who will be driving in the race. Mr. Davis, it will be remembered, broadcast a thrilling account of the famous 'collusion' Grand Prix at Le Mans in 1927, which he and Dr. Benjafield won in a Bentley.

Gone American.

WE hear that Ivan Firth, who, with Phyllis Scott, has taken part in many vaudeville shows, is now on the New York staff of the *National Broadcasting Company*. He is working in the Production Department where he puts his experience of the microphone to use with the B.B.C. of great value.

America's First Radio News Agency.

NEW YORK has now a special agency for supplying radio stations with news. The American Press does not take this rivalry very seriously—though with a recent 'big story' the radio beat the newspapers by forty minutes—a considerable margin in a high-speed civilization. *The New Yorker*, on its accustomed note of satire, suggests that even if news of the end of the world were received, the radio authorities would scarcely dare to switch off Sophie Tucker or Al Jolson in order to make the 'scoop'.

All England to Follow Schneider Trophy.

THE B.B.C.'s relay of the Schneider Cup race on Saturday, September 7 next, should be as thrilling to hear as it is complicated to carry out. The race is to be flown over a 50 kilometre course between Cowes and the eastern end of Spithead. Competing seaplanes will cover the course seven times. The relay will be given between 2 and 5 p.m. From a B.B.C. observation hut on the end of Ryde Pier, Isle of Wight, Squadron-Leader W. Holman, and Flight-Lieut. R. L. Ragg, A.F.C., will give a commentary on the race, interspersed at intervals of two minutes with the official lap-times communicated by the judge. The commentary will be transmitted by landline to London. Spectators on both the mainland and the Isle of Wight will be able to hear the B.B.C. commentary, picked up from Darenty on a loud-speaker system to be installed at numerous points. The Schneider Cup is the fastest race in the world. The last race, held at the Lido, Venice, in 1927, was won by Flight-Lieut. Webster at a speed of 281.40 miles per hour. Since that date, Major Bernardi (Italy) has flown at 318.62 miles per hour, and Flight-Lieut. d'Arny Greig (Great Britain) at 319.57 miles per hour.

Woodrow Wilson.

THE sixteenth in the series of extracts (August 11) from *English Eloquence* is to be Woodrow Wilson's Congress Speech on the day of the Armistice with Germany. Wilson, with his famous 'Fourteen Points,' will always be associated primarily in the public mind with America's share in the War. When Wilson took the plunge on the grounds that Germany's attitude implied war against the United States, he was not making, by any means, a popular move; nor are his Fourteen Points viewable at this angle with the high hopes they once inspired; but the stature of the man remains on the grand scale. 'He is respected, but I observe he walks alone'; such was the verdict passed upon him by a cab-driver in his own town. His affections and intimacies were essentially reserved for his family; he was not a sentimentalist. As a contributor to English eloquence he was perhaps the last American to be, in the classic sense, a stylist: Burke and Bushnot had always been his favourites—he used to walk in the woods around Princeton reading them as he went. A stylist, then, and a scholar, he is remembered to his finger-tips.

Prophecy.

A REDCAR listener, Mr. F. M. Wood, follows up Hugh Scott's article on Shakespeare's wireless prophecies with a further instance, taken from the Book of Daniel, which, he says, foretells motoring as well as broadcasting: 'Many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased.'

True Story.

IN a certain district in Lancashire the Radio authorities are exploiting the cultural possibilities of broadcasting. A comrade was recently hauled before the courts and asked to explain why he was not in possession of a wireless set. There are several listeners in our humble Cheltenham precinct whom we should like to bring to justice—Dogsbody, for instance, and a lady who let the 'Town or Country' debate rip from a portable set on her window-sill. We should want to know why they were in possession of a wireless set.



'A comrade hauled before the courts.'

A Piece of History.

A JOURNALIST of our acquaintance has sent us the following piece of history which may or may not be true. He asserts that in the early days of broadcasting (when far-club announcements used to address stone microphones) the following note appeared in the columns of *The Radio Times*: 'Spending and Saving Money,' by Mr. —, II, 'How to Save Money' B.B. to all Stations except Aberdeen.' This is a new one on us.

(Continued overleaf)

Mozart's experience, were never his way of working. His greatest works were performed in his mind long before he sat down to write them; he would provide late into the night, searching for and finding those exquisite melodies that later found their way into symphonies, quartets, and sonatas, and even between games of billiards and skittles he would be gathering up ideas for future work. All of which does not mean that he worked easily, being miserably spiced those pains of composition that have so tortured other men; it means no more, perhaps, than that he more continually and literally lived on music—"you know," he once wrote, "that I am, so to speak, swallowed up in music." Schubert, on the other hand, wrote with speed when he did write (he composed, for instance, six of the lovely *Winterreise* (yes in one morning) and then would lapse into songless slumber—as if he could not bear the strain of Mozart's continuous living that refreshed air of music. . . . Tuesday evenings, following the usual scheme of programming for the Proms, will, throughout the season, be devoted to (generally) two composer concerts; on the 13th (London) it is Mozart and Schubert—a symphony and a piano-vocal concerto by the former (with Harold Craxton as the piano) and the *Unfinished* by the latter.

BACH is a remarkable example of the familiar adage that still waters run deep. He was never, despite - necessitation with princes, a public man; the focus of his life was always the home. There are none of us who will chase five thousand miles round the world after 'experience,' only to discover that it lay in front of our door at home. Bach was of that arduum kind who recognize that 'experience' is spiritual and not physical. In a small corner of Germany, where virtuosi of the day barely so much as peeped in for a visit, and where there was little music beyond what Bach and his circle made for themselves, the great 'master' found in music complete satisfaction. It was life. With Anna Magdalena and his family about him, Bach attained a quietness of spirit that was like a quiet water wherein the light of the sky shined with doubled intensity. In strong contrast to his pupil, whose music is a result of his intellect, Bach's music, as we attain the int-

A 'NOVELTY' down for performance at the Saturday night Prom (August 17, 1936) is Leo Sowerby's Suite From the *Walden*. This is a first performance in England. Sowerby, an American, is now in the States in Chicago. During the War he served as a bandmaster, with the United States troops, both here and in France. He is a distinguished pianist; in 1923, when only 23 years of age, he took part in the Festival of Contemporary Music at Salzburg. His music is often written to a programme; a work of his that was performed at last year's Proms ('Comes Autumn Tunes') took as its 'text' a poem by Bliss Carnahan whilst this year's piece paints in music impressions of scenes round about the shores of Lake Superior.

THROUGHOUT the 'Proms' season the 'Second News Bulletin,' from London, will be given at 1.40 (approx.) every one of the week except Sunday. A similar celebration will take place on M.B. when W.I.T. is broadcasting the 'Prom concert; otherwise, as usual, at 9 p.m. 'The Second News,' in such cases (i.e., 0.40 p.m.) will be immediately followed by local announcements or shipping, as the case may be, the talk finishes at 10 p.m. Listeners are asked to remember that it is naturally impossible to be perfectly accurate in respect of the timing of the Second News, since the Prom 'programme may sometimes run over its schedule to the extent of a few minutes.



from the Academy picture by A. Watts

IF THERE HAD BEEN
A 'RADIO TIMES' IN
1851.
(See opposite page.)

TEN per cent. of the projected National Orchestra will, it is understood, consist of women. The news will surely be gratifying to many—and particularly to Dame Ethel Smyth who has spent her energies untiringly in an attempt to secure women 'a place in the orchestra.' This virile composer has always championed the women's cause; she gave her services without stint to the cause of women's suffrage—for which she wrote a memorable tune that was heard in the streets of London, at that time, as an accompaniment to the processions of the Women's Social and Political Union. An unusual energy, in fact, lies behind all she does, whether in things social, literary, or musical. When music it is a predominant trait, and in her prose (she has written two volumes of autobiographical reminiscences that are undeniably the fruit of genius) it is the backbone of her style. Her name is down several times, during the course of this season's *Forms* (once, indeed, during the first week—though not on a broadcast night); and on one occasion she will herself conduct—another instance, as all who have seen her in academic gown will own, of her purposeful vitality. Her early training in music was entirely German; and it was not until comparatively recently that her music was at all adequately performed here in her own country. Her best-known work is *The Wreckers*, a strongly emotional opera of which we are never, alas, privileged to hear more than a prelude or the overture.

It is three quarters of a century since Chopin died; but he still remains, for excellence, the composer for the piano. Since then, has written pyrotechnic display for Brahms, gems of flawless beauty for Debussy, a whole repertoire of poetic impressions for Satie; and Scriabin, a multitude of poems, preludes, mazurkas, and nocturnes 'after Chopin'—but still Chopin himself remains the one composer all pianists must turn to for the example and exposition of their instrument. There is no gradation or tone of musical colour that he does not, at one time or another, call into use in painting his immortal, romantic pictures. What, like a jewel by Chopin, can conjure up our subtlest romantic moods?—Chopin's music coming over the lawn from the moon-bathed house; Chopin's music heard in a foreign land; Chopin's music caught momentarily as one passed an open window; Chopin's music—as Paderewski played it, say, ten years ago. There may be, as his 'Lectures' would indicate, actual 'stories' behind some of Chopin's pieces; but they matter little, for certainly no music is so calculated to evoke its own 'story.' Still, in listening to Chopin's music one should not let the imagination run riot too freely—whatever the temptation: otherwise one may miss the composer's exquisite craftsmanship. Perhaps that craftsmanship is a word to be used a little too loosely to be found in the *opus* of a composer whose *oeuvre* is so small. But, in the *opus*, it is the craftsmanship that constitutes the 'Foundations' for the work beginning August 1.

IN Warsaw they have a fine monument to Chopin in the modern style; we saw it shortly after the unveiling. It stands in the park at the end of the Alja, a bald figure of the musician seated under a tree, the topmost branches of which have burst into golden flame, presumably from the fire of his genius. Children play singing and dancing games round the sandstone base. Chopin's heart, enclosed in a casket, is preserved in the Church of the Holy Ghost. In Poland he is revered with the heroes of war and revolution—Sobieski, Poniatowski and Kosciuszko.

WITH regard to the recent eloquent appeal by Lord Moynihan on behalf of the Cancer Hospital, the address to which contributions should be sent was unfortunately omitted both by the speaker and in our own columns. Contributions will be gratefully received and acknowledged by the Secretary, The Cancer Hospital, Fulham Road, London, S.W. 3.

[illegible]

'The Broadcasters.'

8.30 o'clock 8.30 o'clock. A Ballad Recital by Miss JENNY LIND, the most favourite Ballads of the day will be sung, viz.

[illegible]

After which Signor Marra will play his own New Pianoforte Composition, "Day Dreams," Melodies Without Words, dedicated, by permission, to H. R. H. the Princess Mary of Cambridge.

Contents. - The Shepherd's Song, "Sunset," "The Prayer," "The Warrior's Dream," "Moonlight Waltzer," "The Dance," "The Soldier's Farewell,"
My acknowledgments

9.30 o'clock-10 o'clock, News of the Day, and
Hopes of the Morrow (Copyright)

10.0 o'clock-10.30 o'clock. A Short Concert of popular Ballroom Music, played on the Cornopsean, Saxhorns, Concoctinas, Flutinas, and the new American Instrument, the PIANO-VIOLO, now being demonstrated at the

10.30 o'clock.
12.0 o'clock Mid-
night. All Talhar
inhabitants were given
the unparalleled
opportunity of
hearing Miss, and
John Stokes of the
Yacht "Crow" to
play the Licensed Vi-
olin. Mr. Percy
to his music. A
V. KHALI came
with a collection of
songs on the
subject of the
destruction of his
ancestral temple.
There will be a
Bazaar on the
1st of May at
Mr. H. Bell's in
the new Locomotive
Aerial Machine,
second appearance
of Mrs. Antonio
Ramos, decorated by
Ascension and
the Spanish
Troleuse Vocal.
M. van Gugen who
has had the honour
of appearing twice
in that costume,
before Her Majesty
the Queen at
Buckingham
Palace.

Mr. Bell has been prevailed upon to take with him in the New Locomotive Aerial Machine the necessary instruments, which we have not for the great occasion, and with him **NAVIGATING THE ETHER**, renown of great length and in down he without of his generations of altitude, and the exact appearance of the vast concourse of Vauxhall and the City of London as it lies below him.

This is a momentous occasion, and we cannot refrain from a remark or two they shall not be long pertinent to the event. Ever since the days of Icarus, man has desired to fly in the air. There are

PORTER'S AROMATIC PASTILLES
Mr. Adolphus Eggs, whose sweetly in-
toned readings from the works of Mr
Martin Tupper, LL.D., have charmed
all Telharmonists, writes:

'If there be any beauty in this poor vocal organ of mine I owe its preservation, in moments of embarrassment, entirely to the soothing qualities of

PORTER'S AROMATIC PASTILLES.

Come and enjoy the invigorating prospect and taste the rural airs as you ride.

MR. TIPTON'S OMNIBUS
will make two journeys daily, com-
mencing on August 1st between Ludgate
Circus and Clapham 10 and 2 o'clock

some who feel that such a desire is one more evidence of Man's natural degradation and who assert quite honestly, let it be said, that the absence of even rudimentary wings in the human physiological structure is a proof that the Almighty did not design us to imitate the feathered creatures of earth and air. But man, in the person of Mr. H. Bell, has not suspiciously flown. The invention of the balloon is rather we opine, to be regarded as evidence of human progress. Can it be asserted that Horner was not designed to draw carriage bearings their harshness is not a natural part of equine physiology? No. The Science of Aerodynamics is such a step upon the air is but another proof of the superiority of our race over the brute brags. We ourselves are so convinced of this, whatever the Pope may say, that we venture a prophecy.

Carrages, said Mother Shipton, shall run without horses, and ships shall fly in the air. Reader, this is a part of the prophecy has already been fulfilled. The carriages in which we travel are drawn not by horses, but by locomotives, actuated by fire and steam. We therefore peer into the future; we see huge Aeronautic Vessels rising from Hyde Park, in canopy of sail; they rise and away above the roof of our metropolis, and sail majestically away towards

clashes away towards
distant cities and
resources. Drawing
on their docks vast
multitudes of
traders. They
are by hitcher and
faster, from one
Cruz Pampa to
another, greatly in-
creasing the com-
mune culture and
wisdom of the Avi-
socracy. In this
spirit of Progress
Mr H. B. also a
Founder, has con-
tributed to the
cause of the
and has shown
the way to the
and has shown
the way to the

MR. PERAINO
be Aerial Display
the Band of the
Sergeant Life Guards,
who was com-
manded for the
dinner party held at
Buckingham Palace
two nights ago, will
play for the especial
benefit of Telfar
moments and by the
grace and permission
of Her Majesty the
QUEEN the pro-
gramme as it was
then played, viz. —

Overture, Fish Market
Wallpaper, Herod's Palace
Garden, St. Peter's Basilica
The Great Hall

We have received the following letter from a gentle man correspondent:

St. Permit me, as you are always ready to expose abuse, to direct the attention of the railway authorities, through the medium of your columns, to the following somewhat inconsistent practice.

Arriving at Coventry Station on Saturday evening last with the intention of leaving for Leamington by the 6.25 train, I found it preparing for departure, the first bell having just rung. Hastening to the Booking Office, I motioned the porter who appeared to be starting the train, but upon reaching the platform, was stopped by him with "You are too late, Sir, we cannot keep the train waiting for you. It is now twenty minutes late." With that the train moved off. The next train for Leamington should leave at 7.35, but that, too, was quarter of an hour late. Now, Sir, after both bells had been rung, after the train had started, and proceeded some dozen yards, the engine driver is directed to "hold on," the train is stopped, and a passenger thrust in. It would therefore appear that although a train cannot be kept waiting, be it for 30 seconds only, for one person, it may be stopped, after having actually been started, for another. Such a system needs no comment.

I enclose my card, and am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
FAIR PLAY

FIFTH EDITION, revised by J. VAN DER
TANDEME of FLOWERS The Art of
corresponding in Floral Emblems Coloured
Plates in Green Water-colour. 8vo. 10s.

Hot BATHS & CO. Mr Graves would respectfully draw the attention of the Nobility and Gentry to his PATENT CAST STEEL BATHS, which have already met with distinguished Patronage. The MEDICAL FACULTY writes in praising the benefits that accrue from the new custom of taking a Hot Bath several times a month. GRAVES' PATENT CAST STEEL BATHS (unbreakable) make this wise and pleasant precaution no longer a luxury.

FOR SALE. A large stock of **CHEEROOTS & CIGARS** of every kind at 5s. 9d. 6s. 6d. 7s. 6d., 8s. 6d., per lb. at the warehouses of Messrs. Trowse and Company, Importers, Eastcheap.

THE QUEEN does not wear more elegant or better boots, than may be obtained at CH. N. KELLS for 7s. 6d. per pair.

PRINCE ALBERT never wears more gentlemanly boots than CRINKFILE'S FRENCH WELINGTONS, the best imported, price 1 Guinea and the younger branches of the Royal Family do not wear such stylish shoes as those manufactured at O. S. CRINKFILE'S establishment, Haymarket.

DIORAMA! DIORAMA! DIORAMA!
EGYPTIAN HALL, PHOENIX
The HOLY LAND is at the EGYPTIAN
Hall!

WILLIS'S ROOMS. Mr Thackeray's Lectures on the English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century their lives and writings, their friends

TRULLOR AND DAY, Tailors to the Court,
sole inventors and
patentees of the IN
FALLIBLE TROW-
SER, universally
acknowledged the
most symmetrical
garment ever pro-
duced. Three Pairs
for 60s

WHISKERS AND MUSTACHIOS—The unprecedented success of POOLEY'S MACASSAR OIL in producing these ornaments of Manhood is universally known and appreciated, and is recorded by testimonials certified by the highest authorities. By all Chemists and Perfumers.

PEYRIN'S Patent ventilating Velvet Hats 138
The best that can be made. The method of
Ventilation is simple and efficient. 83, Strand.

BOARD AND RESIDENCE. A Young Lady, or two sisters, could be received in a Ladies' School as ParLOUR Boarders. Terms Moderate and inclusive of Accomplishments, if desired. Address to S. S., Mr. Young's Post Office, Hammersmith.

SPRING SPRING BEAUTIFUL SPRING!
Now Ready price 2s. This is a most charming
Ballad, quite a Lady's song, and pleases every-
one. Ladies are respectfully invited to hear it
performed from 10 to 7 daily at Webb's Royal
Music and Pianoforte Saloon, Sobo Square.



Some Novelties in Female Fashion

From	To	Amount
1911	1912	100.00

[illegible]

'PITY THE POOR Highbrow,' says Raymond Mortimer.

'Live and let live,' he suggests, should be the motto where brows are in question.

THE great fault of democracy is its treatment of minorities. It fits one people in a hundred do not enjoy smoking, they can, under a democratic government, make it illegal for the other forty-nine to light a cigarette. Moreover, apart from laws, no tyrant is more oppressive than public opinion. It was safer to defy Louis XIV than it is to defy the prejudices of one's neighbours. The problem of racial minorities has been occupying the statesmen of Europe ever since the Armistice. I belong myself to the most despised of all minorities, and I think it is time that a voice was lifted to protest against the way that we are treated. More hated than a Jew in Russia, less tolerated than a negro in the United States, I am—dare I confess it?—I am a Highbrow.

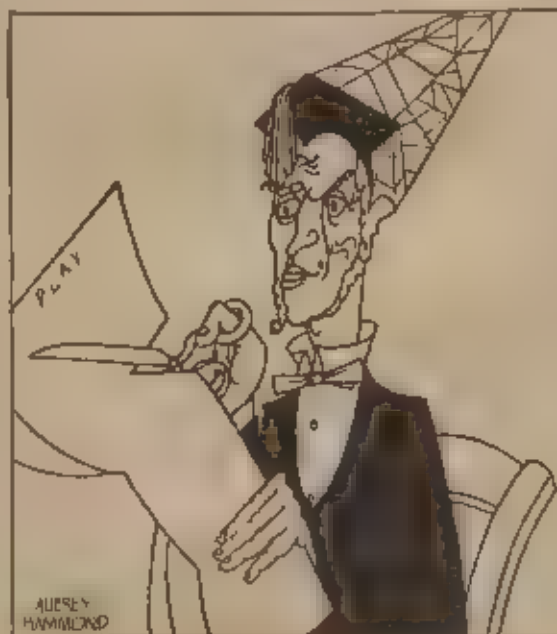
If the majority had the courage of its convictions, I should no doubt, be sent with my misguided fellows to some British equivalent of Devil's Island. It is a wonder that I have not already been lynched. For I daily commit the unforgivable crime: I like things which most people do not, and I do not like things which most people do. This may be my misfortune, but it is not my fault. I may deserve to be put in an asylum, but does my taste really deserve prison? Yet, from the way most people talk, my opinions are not merely insane, they are criminal. To prefer Mozart to Gilbert and Sullivan, to prefer Picasso to Orpen, to prefer Virginia Woolf to Galworthy is regarded as deliberate wickedness. The music of Stravinsky is called degenerate, Cubist pictures are condemned as immoral, and if I dare say that I like them, I am at first stigmatized as a Bolshevik for liking them, and then called a fraud for pretending to like them when I really do not. The two accusations contradict one another. Either I am not a Bolshevik or I am not a fraud. You cannot have it both ways.

I could easily hit back. Academic nudes are obviously far more sensual than any Cubist picture, 'Ramona' is far more aphrodisiac than any highbrow music, Mr. Frankau's novels are infinitely more physical than anything a Sitwell ever writes. But all I plead for is tolerance. At school, I had no objection to other boys playing cricket if it amused them though it seemed to me a deplorable way of wasting an agreeable afternoon. All I asked (in vain) was that I should not be forced myself to indulge in a form of recreation which I found infinitely boring. Similarly, I have no objection now to people going every night to musical comedies. All I ask is to be allowed to see the plays that I like without the Censor interfering. He allows farces which are unsuitable for schoolgirls to be acted. And I am glad of it. Why should he forbid tragedies that are certainly no more unsuitable? The only explanation I can suggest is that, like most of his compatriots, he enjoys persecuting Highbrows. I do not wish to maintain that highbrow



'Let me enjoy my highbrow art in peace.'

tastes are in any absolute way right. When I say that Milton is a better poet than E. la Wheeler Wilcox, I mean that he gives greater pleasure to me, to the people I find sympathetic and, I might add to the people who spend much time and thought on reading poetry. For eventually, highbrow opinion is expert opinion. I think anyone who devoted a large proportion of his time to listening to music would inevitably come to prefer Bach to the author of *In a Monastery Garden*. I, who go to a cricket-match once a year, would not dream of arguing to print my opinion of the respective merits of Hobbs and Sutcliffe. But everyone thinks himself entitled to air his opinions on artistic matters, the newspapers are full of letters about Mr. Epstein's works from people who could not distinguish a Donatello from a Bernini.



'The Censor enjoys persecuting Highbrows.'

An important test of a work of art is the mere quantity of satisfaction to be derived from it. I can re-read with pleasure all Jane Austen's novels every year. Will anyone say the same of Mr. Michael Arlen's? I should like to hear the Ring and Mozart's operas at least twice a year. But how quickly the public tires of the tunes in a musical comedy. I do not wish to force people to listen to *Don Giovanni* instead of to *Rose Marie*. But if they did, they would certainly get more fun out of life.

For the usual idea of a Highbrow as a Killjoy is radically false. Schoolmasters are not Highbrows; they are Lowbrows who have to pretend to like highbrow works for professional reasons. (I am speaking of course, only of the type of schoolmaster from whom thousands of children learn every year to dislike the delightful and indecent works of Aristophanes, Horace, and Shakespeare.) Highbrows are people with a specially strong capacity for enjoyment. Charlie Chaplin, roulette, boxing-matches, Gladys Sewell, Agatha Christie, negro Blues, caviare, the Eiffel Tower, French farces, Low's cartoons, and flying, all give me acute pleasure. What I do not like are things that are not good of their sort, things that pretend to be serious, sentimental works that ape tragedy, inaccurate biographies, Academy pictures which imitate Old Masters, drawing-room ballads, *Punch* cartoons, the new Regent Street.

It is the Highbrow's dangerous privilege to enjoy originality, to like new sorts of painting, and music, and writing, before other people get used to them. And the spectacle of other people enjoying things that one does not enjoy oneself is more than flesh and blood can bear. We are all missionaries at heart, and wish to make everybody as like as possible to ourselves. But civilized people try to control this evangelistic spirit. When I see a queue waiting outside the Gaiety, I do not call upon the police to stop the show there, merely because I do not want to see it. I do not call crack shots blood-thirsty monsters, though I should no more think of shooting a pheasant than I should of pole-axing a bullock.

And, difficult as I find it to understand how anyone can derive pleasure from the music of Saint-Saens or the plays of Mr. Drinkwater, I do not accuse their admirers of insincerity.

If I do not wish to convert people into highbrows, it is because I believe in liberty more than in philanthropy. Let me enjoy my Highbrow art in peace, and other people are free, as far as I am concerned, to enjoy what they prefer. It is their funeral. And what is more, they know it.

The people who attack Highbrows are really punians. They hate pleasure, and they perceive that we enjoy ourselves more than they do. It is useless for them to expect us to give up our pleasures. But they have their remedy. They can become Highbrows themselves.

RAYMOND MORTIMER.

When

WE WERE VERY YOUNG.

Captain Eekersley, Chief Engineer of the B.B.C., 1923-1929, recalls the hard work and humour of the early days of broadcasting.

THERE is an apparent desire on the part of our readers to know what it used to be like in the pale dawn of the broadcasting era.

I am wondering if the picture should embrace the wide landscape of yesterday or focus itself upon a typical close-up of that time. I seem to have done so much of the former lately that I had rather try to paint a day intimately than indicate a vague

I joined the B.B.C. early in 1923. The technical side was being run by the big companies. I was the chief engineer in every sense because I was the only one.

Among the jobs to be tackled immediately was the forming of a staff, the taking of an inventory of all stock, the forming of a policy for future development, fixing conditions of employment, inaugurating a research department and policy, finding permanent offices for the company, moving the London station, finding sites for two more new stations, answering about 300 letters accumulated before I joined (pending the appointment of a chief engineer), dealing with a correspondence of fifty letters a day (mostly critical or technical), giving technical talks, and writing articles for the Press.

Thus dawned a day a few weeks after joining. I lived still in remote Essex, having no time in the hurried change from the Marconi Company to the B.B.C. to find a home in London. It was an early rising to comply with the stern rule of the General Manager that all staff must be in the office by 9.30. But no start is early enough, and along with hundreds of thousands of others whose only habits are bad ones, I find myself trotting half a mile to the station carrying a bag full of papers and a tummy full of eggs and porridge (before the Continent told me that coffee and a bit of bread is the sedentary man's breakfast). A fuggy carriage, blue with the smoke from eight morning pipes, carries me the long noisy way to Liverpool Street. I sit studying mysterious correspondence, trying to decipher the queer caligraphy of the enthusiasts. One letter reads "I heard you give a talk last Tuesday. Why do you say 'er, er, er,' so often? My wife said your brain needed some butter in its works. I forgive you *force majeure*, but—er will you—er—not do—er—it?" I had to answer and defend and be polite and apologize we were always glad to have interest taken in us those days. I replied that I was conscious of my fault, but 'that to er was human, to forgive divine'; would he be divine? And so to someone in Brighton whose reception was entirely ruined by the interruptions from the dots and dashes of a spark station. I became the perfect bureaucrat, and in some finely-worded phrases copied direct from an official communication from the Government De-

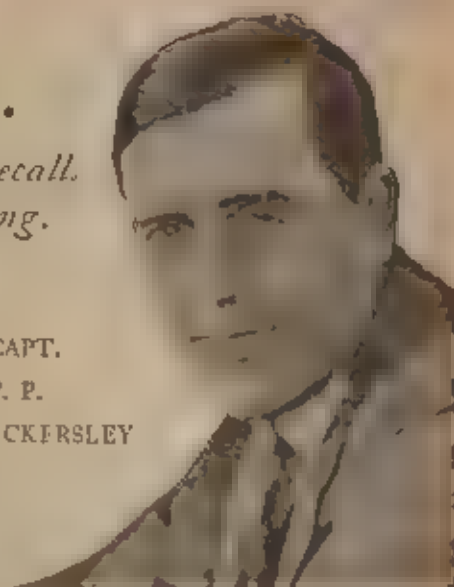
partment responsible . . . 'regrets that the signals complained of were necessary in the interests of maritime traffic, and were designed to assure the maintenance of the safety of human life at sea.' My correspondent replied some days later that he wished they'd 'let 'em drown, he wanted to hear the Savoy.' Someone from Sheffield complains that listening in Sheffield sounds like overhearing an insurrection in hell, and what are we going to do about it? Temptation to try to be funny—resisted—but here's Liverpool Street and the Underground, and one is soon swallowed up by that great cave in the side of Kingsway where two magnets help immortalize Faraday's experimental researches.

Two people waiting. One is a little man whose face is a narrow crack between a forehead and a moustache who wishes me to advise him as to the construction of a crystal set to get the American stations. The other is a very down-at-heel but highly-talkative man who said he helped Marconi in 1900 and now is kind enough to want to help me. Then there's that pile of letters. I try to get some of the more important ones answered, and shout my replies past the noise of ten typewriters and four other people simultaneously dictating (we are all in one room, the whole B.B.C. staff, except that the General Manager has found a cupboard in which to interview people). In today's correspondence there is a letter from a baronet. One would never have known that from his signature, and one would have addressed him as F. St. Bart, Esq., but he has been kind enough to us Masters to enclose a printed card. It's a great encouragement to know that distinguished people are listening, so we do send him the specification of how to use reaction.

There is this business now about lunch and one ought to go and see if one can find a site for the new station. Lunch is dispensed from the canteen, and one eats sandwiches and feels like a balloon, and then sets off to see who owns a tall factory chimney one has spotted from the roof. Arrived after much triangulation of maps, one's card goes up, all beautifully engraved, with Chief Engineer ever so small (and ever so clear) and one sees the charge hand of the power station then on duty. He is quite keen on wireless, and one tells him what one thinks is the best circuit and goes away with the promise that he'll see someone in authority about the chimney.

Back in an office all covered with tea cups now, and the General Manager very much inquiring where one has been. One tells him that one has secured a very good site for the London station, because the chimney is most suitable. Not one has made no contract exactly, but they will be writing. But there is news that the Glasgow

CAPT.
P. P.
ECKERSLEY



station is in real trouble. There have been complaints that no one can hear it at all. People from Dundee, experts, have written saying so. The Chief Engineer's services have been promised. There is an interview fixed up for 9.30 tomorrow morning in Glasgow with the company's Chief Engineer, and, well, it seems obvious that I shall be leaving London tonight. One gets one's rings up for a ticket and, as it's 4 p.m. and the train leaves at 12 midnight, there are still eight hours for work.

The wireless wizard, who always shall be nameless, and who was of such invaluable help in the early days, is found in the studio in Marconi House, playing with a new microphone. The studio looks like a bedroom in the tropics, being hung with mosquito netting. The illusion is helped by packing cases which, tied with rope, should contain (see Plays) dope or whisky, but which actually support the bush, hush microphone. The wizard has a really sad story. Last night he got everything going well, but he used a sixpence for a packing washer for a diaphragm. He spent two hours getting that washer just right. Then he was testing till 1 a.m. An assistant was reading aloud into the mic. The wizard was in another room. The wizard finally gave up testing his circuits, left the building and went to bed. He also left his assistant talking. The assistant got tired about 2 a.m. and came to see his boss—who had gone. The assistant had missed his train, tram, and bus. He had not enough money for a taxi. But yes, he had, all but sixpence! So he removed that washer and went to bed. Now that mic. would not work, and the sixpence, the only sixpence, was spent!

The day ends as one slowly pulls off one's clothes in the little swaying bunk of the sleeper northward bound. Another day dawns, and through the oblong of one's flying window one sees the bare border hills flecked with snow. There's a hard day ahead with interviews and experiments and talks, and it will be the sleeper back the next night and London in the morning. But it's good to be alive, good to be enthusiastic and hopeful for the thing which has become one's life. One envies those who have arrived—

P. P. ECKERSLEY.

5GB Calling!

A WORLD-TRAVELLED BANDMASTER.

Lieut. J. Ord Hume to Visit the Birmingham Studio—To All Who Have Heard of Banbury Cross A Sunday Evening Oratorio Programme More Music from Leamington -A Relay from St. Chad's Cathedral

A Military Band Programme.

SO MUCH interest attaches to the programme at 4 p.m. on Sunday, August 11, in that the Birmingham Military Band is to be conducted by that popular military bandmaster, composer and adjudicator, Lieut. J. Ord Hume. This remarkably versatile musician received the whole of his education in the Army. Born at Edinburgh in 1864 he enlisted in 1877, and at the age of seventeen, was playing solo cornet in the Scots Greys. He left the Army in 1887, but during his comparatively short period of service he had written nearly a hundred military band marches and other compositions. Later he held the post of bandmaster at Aldershot, Farnham, and Tonbridge. He is a most prolific writer of military brass and orchestral music, and it is interesting to note that practically every popular musical play produced in London for many years has been arranged for military or brass bands by him.

His Biggest Task.

MRS. ORD HUME is an accomplished executant of the instruments for which he writes, and it was written of him some forty years ago that he could play any instrument from a Jew's harp to a church organ—one at a time, of course. For over forty years he has remained one of the chief adjudicators of band competitions, and has carried out that work in Australia, New Zealand, and every part of the British Isles. His command over brass bands is unique, his biggest task in this direction being at Masterton, New Zealand, where he conducted forty-two bands en masse. On August 11 the band will be supported by Violet Clive (mezzo-soprano) and Clifton Williams (solo pianoforte). The former, although this is her initial broadcast, is no stranger to Birmingham audiences.

A Virginal Recital.

IN the evening of Wednesday, August 14, a novelty is introduced, by a recital of Early English Virginal Music by Elma Baker. Miss Baker tells me that the more she studies the Early English song-writers the more profoundly she is impressed by the wealth of beauty—musical and poetical—they contain. She feels that the plucked string tones of her little virginal exactly suits their quality, and by this recital hopes to make listeners love them as much as she does.

A Good Cause.

THE week's Good Cause appeal on Sunday, August 11, is of special interest to listeners in Banbury and the surrounding district, being, as it is, on behalf of the Horton General Hospital, which places its service at the disposal of patients in that area within a radius of ten miles of the famous Banbury Cross. The honorary medical staff are keenly desirous of bringing the X-ray apparatus and theatre-lighting up to date, and it is mainly for this object that the Honorary Treasurer—Colonel H. E. Du C. Norris—will

A Performance of Oratorio.

THERE is a pathetic interest in the performance of *Esther*, with which we begin the Oratorio Programme on Sunday evening, August 11. Just before his death, the late Sir Herbert Brewer conducted a programme of his own works in our studio and expressed a wish that he might later conduct a performance of this Oratorio. The arrangements for its inclusion were made, but unfortunately Sir Herbert passed on, and so it can be presented only as a tribute to his memory. The orchestration of the work was done by Sir Edward Elgar. The remainder of the programme is devoted to excerpts from *Judas Maccabaeus* (Handel), and Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, the soloists being Kate Winter (soprano), Walter Glynn (tenor), and Howard Fry (bass).

An Orchestral Concert.

THE Birmingham Studio Symphony Orchestra is presenting an attractive programme on Thursday evening, August 15, at 8.15 p.m., beginning with *The Bartered Bride* Overture of Smetana. The soloists on this occasion are Jessie Hewson (soprano) and Lavinia Mannes (cello).

A Russian Violinist.

ON Monday, August 12, at 8.30 p.m., we shall hear for the first time in the Birmingham Studios the young Russian violinist, Sofia Moldawsky—a pupil of the great Ysaÿe, who says of her that she is 'an elect from among the many.' Miss Moldawsky gained at the Conservatoire of Brussels the very highest distinctions, and possesses a very highly developed musical instinct, technique with her being a means and not an end.

Another Military Band Programme.

AT 4 o'clock on Wednesday, August 14, another attempt will be made to transmit the open-air atmosphere with a relay from the Pump Room Gardens, Leamington Spa, of the Band of H.M. Royal Artillery (Portsmouth), by permission of the Commanding Officer and conducted by Mr. G. Landrock. A frankly 'popular' type of programme has been arranged, including some of the best of the modern band works arranged by Landrock.

High-Power Short Waves.

THE Religious Service on Sunday evening, August 11, will be relayed from St. Chad's Roman Catholic Church, Farnham, and will be preceded at 7.50 p.m. by the broadcasting of the Cathedral Bells. The Very Rev. Canon Godwin will conduct the service and give the address.

At 4 o'clock on Monday afternoon, August 12, Lozella Orchestra, conducted by E. A. Parsons, will be heard in a programme of Light Music.

Picture House.

The Light Orchestral Programme which begins at 4 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, August 13, will be performed by the Birmingham Studio Orchestra under Frank Cantell, and will include songs by Samuel Soal—a local baritone—and pianoforte solos by Reginald Paul.

Pattison's Salon Orchestra, directed by Norris Stanley, provides the Light Music Programme at 6.30 p.m. on Tuesday, August 13, with songs by Denham Charles (bass).

Billy Francis and his Band will again be on the air at 10.15 on Wednesday evening, August 14, and at 4.30 p.m. on Saturday, August 17, when Vernon Owens (entertainer) will make his second local microphone 'appearance.'

The programmes on Thursday, August 15, include two organ recitals, one at 4.30 p.m. by Graham Godfrey, which is being relayed from Carr's Lane Church, Birmingham, with songs by Joan Whitehouse, a local contralto, and the other in the evening from the Cathedral, Coventry, when Gilbert Mills will preside at the organ.

'MERCIAN.'

THE PUMP ROOM
GARDENS,
LEAMINGTON SPA,
from which a popular concert
will be relayed on
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14



For the Children.

ON August 12 there will be a story 'The Water Wheel,' by Margaret Madeley, Faith James will sing songs at the piano, there will be harp solos by Victor Sheath, and a talk 'Girls and Boys' by Nicola Twigg.

On August 13 a story for the little ones. 'The Green Fairy,' by Gladys Joiner, a talk on 'Lake and Pond' by J. E. Cowper, and songs by Marjorie Palmer (soprano) and Cuthbert Ford (baritone).

On August 14 there will be a story of the Isle of Man by Greta Costain, entitled 'Mona and the Magician,' a second story—'On a Day in the Park' by Mary Richards, and Elsie Barker (soprano) and James Howell (bass) will sing.

On August 15 there will be a Swiss Travel Dialogue—'Let's Visit a Mountain Valley'—by Mona Pearce, items by the Midland Pianoforte Society.

On August 16 the Human Ark—Walter Lanham—will give animal impressions, E. M. Griffiths will tell the story of 'Adam the Watchman,' James Donovan will play saxophone solos and Jacko will sing.

On August 17 there is a story for the little ones entitled 'Anna May loses the Sun,' by Agnes Taunton, 'A Peal of Flower Bells' by Florence M. Austin, songs by Anne Vaughan (contralto) and violin solos by Gwen Jones.



SMOOTH CURRENT

THE smooth, strong, steady flow of current from Siemens Batteries goes far to ensure the perfect reproduction of every detail and gradation of speech and music.

Their design is the result of manufacturing experience extending over the past 50 years, and they represent the best battery value obtainable.

SIEMENS
RADIO BATTERIES

PRICES

Popular Type
No. 1200. 60 Volts 8

No. 1202. 120 Volts 13

"Power" Type

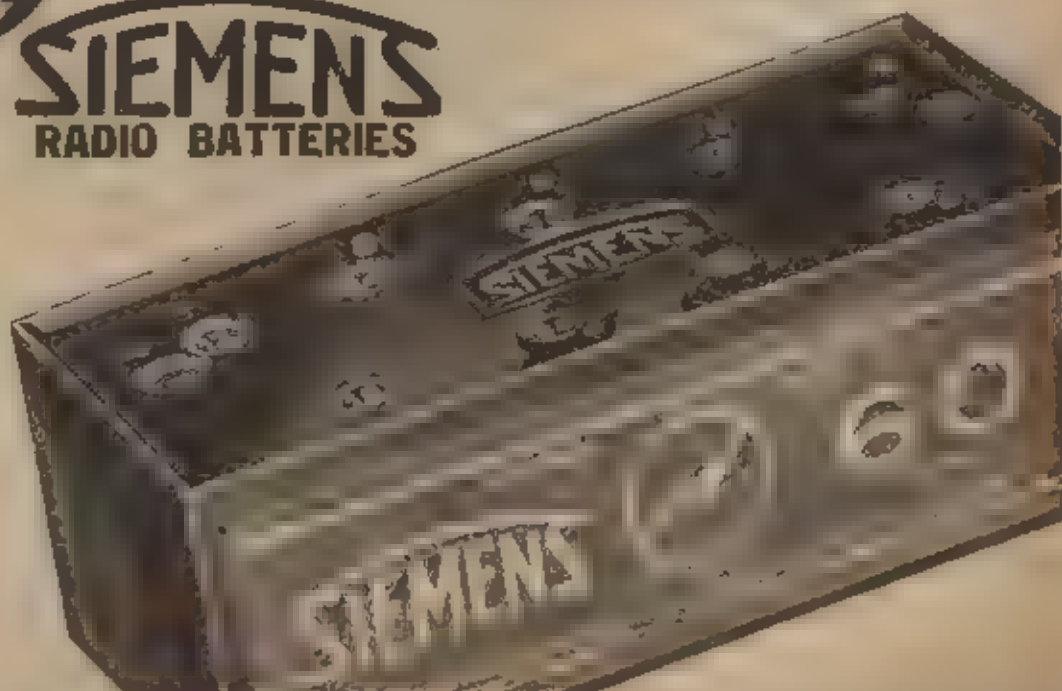
No. 1204. Power
60 Volts 13 6

No. 1206. Power
100 Volts 22 6

Grid Bias

No. G. 9. 9 Volts 1 6

A. S. 1000
Deposits



SIEMENS BROTHERS & CO LTD
WOOLWICH S.E. 14

4TH AUGUST, 1914

OUTWARD BOUND—The first hundred

4TH AUGUST, 1929

JOURNEY'S END—6,000

Hospitals—31,000

The Ex-Services Welfare Society

Devoted solely to the help of Mental Disturbance and Neurotic Ex-Services Men

pleads for your Sympathy & Support

SERIOUS WRECKS ARE BEING TRANSFORMED. Many who are in the industry are dying and being neglected and alone.

Last year over 10,000 EXOTICERS were interviewed at headquarters. 10,000 were sent to giving PRACTICAL HELP CARE and TREATMENT and EMPLOYMENT to Ex-Services men. Hundreds of PENSION CASES are investigated and

Help to redeem a Debt of Honour

IF you have not yet responded to the BROAD-CAST APPEAL on July 21st, please send a donation now to the Rt. Hon. SIR FREDERICK S. M. S. B. B. P. C., President, Ex-Services Welfare Society (Registered under War Charities Act, 1916), 53, Victoria Street, Westminster S.W.

THE NATIONAL PORTABLE RADIO

WITH THE INTERNATIONAL RANGE

brings in dozens of Home and Foreign stations at full loud-speaker strength without trouble. Its tone is clear and true. Its volume is sufficient to fill a hall if desired or can be reduced to a whisper. It is positively the finest value in five-valve portable sets ever offered to listeners.

The National Portable is sold complete in a handsome case of polished oak. It is provided with a strong leather strap and water-proof cover or can be used out of doors. Both cover and set are accessible, leaving the set a handsome drawing room instrument.



CASH PRICE

£15 including Royalties.

or 20% down, and 30% a month for 12 months. Shorter terms if desired.

NATIONAL ELECTRIC CO.,
18/14, Bank Street, Regent Street, London, W.1.
Telephone: GUY 6 40
Travel by the Proprietors. Agents: T. H. 14.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 4

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

526 kc/s (479.2 m.)

3.30 Chamber Music

ANDRÉ MANABERT *First Violin*; J. S. (Second Violin); E. BAY (Viola); J. S.

Quartet for Strings in F Major, Op. 76, No. 3

W. M. (Soft Music)

W. M. (Soft Music)

Sappho Ode (Sappho)

Verrath (Betrayal)

No Man's Land May 1918

IN W. M. (Soft Music) includes, the poems how music and fragrant down the throat.

any variety like a

Leuch. And yet, he

in the

something of what he

to, that they did the

hearer's eye with a little

thought of pathos.

Siddich (Serenade) a

simple, happy song which

needs no further explanation.

Sappho Ode (Sappho

Ode). The first

tells how the

the get passion rises in the

night, how their fragrance

seemed to be

than ever by day.

now the dew from their

petals fell on his face.

In the second verse

he finds a parallel in the

passion which he stole

by night, and the tears which fell from his

beloved's eyes.

Verrath (Betrayal) is a grim song, which goes

forward with relentless steps, and tells of one who

stood in the moonlight before his beloved's

and saw her bidding farewell to a rival.

My only lyrical expression of the

glamour of a night in early

Q. ANDRÉ

These Favourites

ROBERT MATTHEW

Birmingham (Flower Greeting)

Der Tambour (The Drummer)

Anderson's Grave (Anker's)

Grave)

Cytherean Lied II (Cytherean)

Gravel (in Lager von Akkon)

100) (In the Camp at Akkon)

Birmingham (Flower Greeting)

expresses a little song much

thought. The story that the

is to greet his beloved a thousand times, even

as a gathering it be stopped so often, and pressed

each bloom to his heart.

In stately march rhythm, and yet in soft tone

and with a wonderful sense of mystery. Der

Tambour (The Drummer) sets forth the musing

of a drummer on the happy time he might have

only his mother knew witchcraft. The

song, his drum might be a steaming cauldron

his sword a great cauldron, his shako a breaker of

of wine. Then, these really important matters

which the drummer thinks

the

Anderson's Grave (Anderson's Grave). In a

very slow and calm measure, the singer of



Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson will play in the Symphony Concert from Birmingham at 9.0 tonight.

unknown Arab ruins on the

and leaf which has grown up about Anacreon's

There is something of the

rhythm of *Cytherean Lied* (Cytherean Song)

There is something of the

There is something of the

There is something of the

There is something of the

There is something of the

There is something of the

There is something of the

There is something of the

There is something of the

There is something of the

There is something of the

There is something of the

There is something of the

There is something of the

There is something of the

There is something of the

There is something of the

There is something of the

There is something of the

There is something of the

There is something of the

There is something of the

There is something of the

There is something of the

There is something of the

There is something of the

There is something of the

There is something of the

There is something of the

There is something of the

There is something of the

There is something of the

There is something of the

There is something of the

There is something of the

There is something of the

There is something of the

There is something of the

There is something of the

There is something of the

3.30 INTERNATIONAL STRING QUARTET

4.45-5.15 On

Gravitation

Gravitation

Gravitation

Gravitation

Gravitation

Gravitation

Gravitation

Gravitation

Gravitation

Gravitation

Gravitation

Gravitation

Gravitation

Gravitation

Gravitation

Gravitation

Gravitation

Gravitation

Gravitation

Gravitation

Gravitation

Gravitation

Gravitation

Gravitation

Gravitation

Gravitation

Gravitation

Gravitation

Gravitation

Gravitation

Gravitation

Gravitation

Gravitation

8.45 The Week's Good Cause

8.50 WEATHER FORECAST, SERIAL NEWS BTL

9.0 A Symphony Concert

(From Birmingham)

THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIO SYMPHONY

Conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS

Prelude, 'Romance and Lullaby'

1. Lullaby

2. Romance

3. Lullaby

4. Romance

5. Lullaby

6. Romance

7. Lullaby

8. Romance

9. Lullaby

10. Romance

11. Lullaby

12. Romance

13. Lullaby

14. Romance

Sunday's Programmes continued (August 4)

SWA CARDIFF. 598 kc.s. (100.9 m.)

10.15-11.00 *See London*

11.00-11.30 **A BAND CONCERT**
City of Cardiff Town Silver Pipe Band
Musical Director J. B. YORKE
March 'The Australian' ... R. ...
... .. Thomas, arr. Bidgood

MILDA BLAKE (Soprano)
O tell me, Nightingale ...
... ..
The Sound of the Lilies ...

BAND
Descriptive Fantasia, 'A Sunday Parade'
... ..
... ..

LOUIS BASTIAN (Baritone)
Mines O' ...
Your Thoughts ...
Where be you going? ...

MILDA BLAKE
A Blackbird Singing ...
O that I were so ...

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..
The Women and the Horse ...
... ..

... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..



RENEE SWEETLAND
Will broadcast a piano recital from Cardiff this afternoon.

SPY PLYMOUTH. 1,040 kc.s. (282.6 m.)

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

2ZY MANCHESTER. 707 kc.s. (137.6 m.)

11.0-12.0 *S.B. from Liverpool (See London)*

3.30 **An Orchestral Concert**
(Shelley born on August 4, 1792)
(Tennyson born on August 6, 1809)
Isabel L. ANSON (Soprano)
... ..

PERCY BILSBURY (Tenor)
... ..
Conducted by T. H. MOORHEAD
... ..

5.15-6.15 app. *S.B. from London*

8.0 **A RELIGIOUS SERVICE**

Relayed from Prospect Street Free Church, Hull
S.B. from Hull

Conducted by the Rev. D. MACHAT TOTT, assisted
by the Rev. I. ROBERTSON

Hymn, 'Ye gates, lift up your heads' (Church
Prayer, No. 634)

Prayer
Lesson, Ephesians vi, vv 1-18

To them ...

Anthem, 'From the ... of this sun to the going
down of the same' (Church Prayer, No. 2)

... ..

... ..

8.45 *S.B. from London (10.0 Local Announcements)*

10.30 **Epilogue**

Other Stations.

5NO NEWCASTLE. 1,140 kc.s. (267.5 m.)

11.0-12.0 Liverpool Programme relayed from Daventry
(See London) 2.30-3.15 app. *S.B. from London* 3.30-
4.15 *S.B. from London* 10.30 - Epilogue

5SC GLASGOW. 1,040 kc.s. (282.6 m.)

11.0-12.0 Liverpool Programme relayed from Daventry
(See London) 2.30-3.15 app. *S.B. from London* 3.30-
4.15 *S.B. from London* 10.30 - Epilogue

March, 'Old Glasgow' (W. J. Alford)
'Threnody' (Hubert Parry)
Lullaby (Wagner arr. K. J. Alford)

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

5SK SWANSEA. 1,040 kc.s. (282.6 m.)

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..



A THOUSAND MILES FROM ANYWHERE AT ALL.
A typical family group taken on Trisun da Cunha, possibly the loneliest inhabited island in the world. Mr. Pooley will describe life on the island in his missionary talk this afternoon.

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 1,040 kc.s. (282.6 m.)

11.0-12.0 Liverpool Programme relayed from Daventry (See London)

2.30-3.15 app. *S.B. from London*

8.0 *S.B. from London (10.0 Local Announcements)*

10.30 **Epilogue**

2BD ABERDEEN. 80 kc.s.

11.0-12.0 Liverpool Programme relayed from Daventry (See London)

2.30-3.15 app. *S.B. from London*

8.0 *S.B. from London (10.0 Local Announcements)*

10.30 **Epilogue**

2BE BELFAST. 1,040 kc.s. (282.6 m.)

11.0-12.0 Liverpool Programme relayed from Daventry (See London)

2.30-3.15 app. *S.B. from London*

8.0 *S.B. from London (10.0 Local Announcements)*

9 35
LIGHT-HEADED
AND
LIGHT HEARTED

A scene full of the beauty of Cowes Regatta, with the most famous yachts afloat—*Shamrock*, *Lulworth*, *Astra*, *Gambria*, *White Heather*, and *Britannia*—ramping before the wind. Mr. John Scott Hurbert will describe today's racing at Cowes in his talk tonight at 9.15.

Wind	9.15	Process
------	------	---------

MONDAY, AUGUST 5

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

625 kc/s. (479.2 m.)

Transmitted by 5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

4.0 LOZELLE PICTURE HOUSE ORCHESTRA

Conducted by E. A. L. R. S.

Overture, Libella,
The
The
The
The
The
The
The

4.30 DANCE MUSIC
JACK PAYNE and the B.B.C.
DANCE ORCHESTRA5.30 The Children's Hour
(From Birmingham)

GoldenBob and the Water Sprites, by Janet M.
Songs by DALE SMITH (Baritone)
Lillian St. John,
SINNEY HEARD (Piano and Percussion)

6.15 The First News

THE
WITH WEATHER FORECAST
... ..
NEWS BULLETIN

6.30 Light Music

(From Birmingham)

THE B.B.C. LIGHT MUSIC

Conducted by FRANK ...

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..



NIEDZIELSKI

will give a pianoforte recital from 9.30
to 10.0 tonight.

7.0 ALBERT MOORE

Gavotte

Gigue

A

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

DA SMITH

... .. of A. A. MILES and
H. FRANK SIMPSON

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

8.0

THE MIDLAND

STRING

ORCHESTRA

Heaps of

vitamins

inside



The vitamins you need
to keep you in health
are returned in the
manufacture of
HōVIS, and increased
by the addition of an
extra proportion of
the vitamin-bearing
wheat-germ.

HōVIS

(Trade Mark)

Best Bakers
Bake it.

HōVIS LTD., LONDON, BRISTOL, MANCHESTER, ETC.

8.0 An Orchestral Concert

(From Birmingham)

THE MIDLAND STRING ORCHESTRA

Conducted by DALE SMITH

DALE SMITH (Baritone)

ORCHESTRA

DANCE SUITE

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

10.0 "The Second News"

WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL
BULLETIN

10.15 DANCE MUSIC

JACK HYLTON AMBASSADOR ORCHESTRA

Directed by RAY STARITA from the AMBASSADOR CLUB

11.0-11.15 REC BAYLY and his BAND

From the NEW PRINCE RESTAURANT

(Monday's Programmes continued on page 238.)

— 3 —

The Easily Digested Marmalade
ROBERTSON - only maker

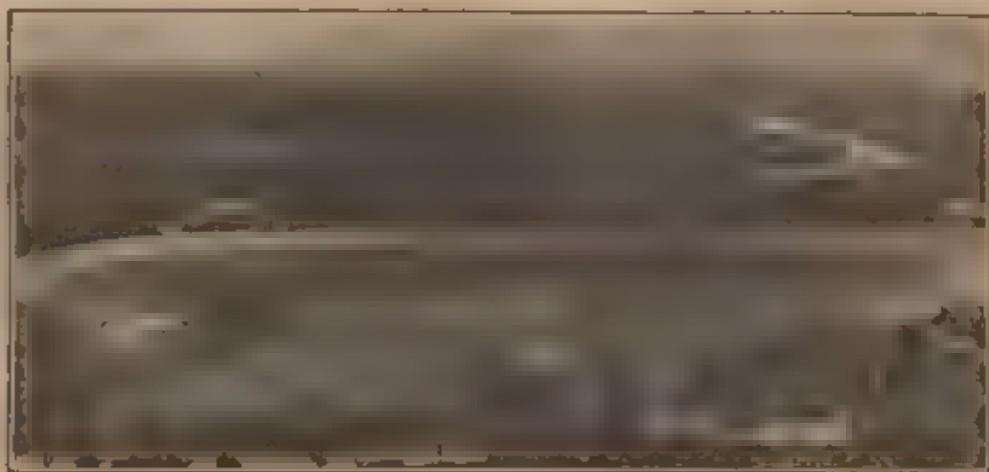
SSX 1D40 ke w
{ 288 5 m }

49. Lanthanum Trisacetic acid see from Division
5. 3 x 11 f. n. x y 0

49. Lanthanum Trisacetic acid see from Division
5. 3 x 11 f. n. x y 0

49. Lanthanum Trisacetic acid see from Division
5. 3 x 11 f. n. x y 0

is the now. Finally owes him the place for a great play, now for some of the most famous of Weber's home life has also been regarded as a masterpiece, and Wagner's admiration for it is known to everyone. He was also entitled to the praise, making it a fact that the central point of the drama is the love and the devotion of the spirit which, in exchange for a new world, gave him magic bullets which are his own mark, irrespective of the sin. The *St. Paul Bulletin* was the name given to the opera on its first performance here in London in July, 1824, two years before Weber died.



11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 841. 842. 843. 844. 845. 846. 847

A massed band concert, with seven notable bands taking part, will be relayed by Swansea Station this evening from Carmarthen Park, a view of which appears above.

To 1934-1 from Cumberland Park

3 B. 112. 1471000 *Paludis* *arab.* *in* *l.* *704* 11

CHAINCARGORVEN SILVER BAND, SEVEN HINTER-
 BAND, MYNYODSGARDE SILVER BAND, HIGH
 PORT SILVER BAN AND GOLD BAN
 CHAMMAN SILVER BAND

$\text{Co}(\text{OH})_2 + \text{H}_2\text{O} \rightleftharpoons \text{Co}^{2+} + 2\text{OH}^-$ $K_{sp} = 1.6 \times 10^{-15}$

OF SAFE TIRE KISE

| | | | |
|---|------------------------|--------------|-----------------|
| 4) $\text{Cu} + \text{Fe} \rightarrow \text{Fe} + \text{Cu}$ | $\frac{1}{2} \text{g}$ | Fe | Fe |
| $\text{Ni} + \text{HCl} \rightarrow \text{H}_2 + \text{NiCl}_2$ | Ni | H_2 | NiCl_2 |

$\frac{d}{dt} \left(\frac{\partial L}{\partial \dot{x}} \right) = \frac{\partial L}{\partial x}$

4-10-1968

1968

1. *sol.*, with Budd. A. 1

1911 12 15 1912 1 15 1912 2 15 1912 3 15 1912 4 15 1912 5 15 1912 6 15 1912 7 15 1912 8 15 1912 9 15 1912 10 15 1912 11 15 1912 12 15 1913 1 15 1913 2 15 1913 3 15 1913 4 15 1913 5 15 1913 6 15 1913 7 15 1913 8 15 1913 9 15 1913 10 15 1913 11 15 1913 12 15 1914 1 15 1914 2 15 1914 3 15 1914 4 15 1914 5 15 1914 6 15 1914 7 15 1914 8 15 1914 9 15 1914 10 15 1914 11 15 1914 12 15 1915 1 15 1915 2 15 1915 3 15 1915 4 15 1915 5 15 1915 6 15 1915 7 15 1915 8 15 1915 9 15 1915 10 15 1915 11 15 1915 12 15 1916 1 15 1916 2 15 1916 3 15 1916 4 15 1916 5 15 1916 6 15 1916 7 15 1916 8 15 1916 9 15 1916 10 15 1916 11 15 1916 12 15 1917 1 15 1917 2 15 1917 3 15 1917 4 15 1917 5 15 1917 6 15 1917 7 15 1917 8 15 1917 9 15 1917 10 15 1917 11 15 1917 12 15 1918 1 15 1918 2 15 1918 3 15 1918 4 15 1918 5 15 1918 6 15 1918 7 15 1918 8 15 1918 9 15 1918 10 15 1918 11 15 1918 12 15 1919 1 15 1919 2 15 1919 3 15 1919 4 15 1919 5 15 1919 6 15 1919 7 15 1919 8 15 1919 9 15 1919 10 15 1919 11 15 1919 12 15 1920 1 15 1920 2 15 1920 3 15 1920 4 15 1920 5 15 1920 6 15 1920 7 15 1920 8 15 1920 9 15 1920 10 15 1920 11 15 1920 12 15 1921 1 15 1921 2 15 1921 3 15 1921 4 15 1921 5 15 1921 6 15 1921 7 15 1921 8 15 1921 9 15 1921 10 15 1921 11 15 1921 12 15 1922 1 15 1922 2 15 1922 3 15 1922 4 15 1922 5 15 1922 6 15 1922 7 15 1922 8 15 1922 9 15 1922 10 15 1922 11 15 1922 12 15 1923 1 15 1923 2 15 1923 3 15 1923 4 15 1923 5 15 1923 6 15 1923 7 15 1923 8 15 1923 9 15 1923 10 15 1923 11 15 1923 12 15 1924 1 15 1924 2 15 1924 3 15 1924 4 15 1924 5 15 1924 6 15 1924 7 15 1924 8 15 1924 9 15 1924 10 15 1924 11 15 1924 12 15 1925 1 15 1925 2 15 1925 3 15 1925 4 15 1925 5 15 1925 6 15 1925 7 15 1925 8 15 1925 9 15 1925 10 15 1925 11 15 1925 12 15 1926 1 15 1926 2 15 1926 3 15 1926 4 15 1926 5 15 1926 6 15 1926 7 15 1926 8 15 1926 9 15 1926 10 15 1926 11 15 1926 12 15 1927 1 15 1927 2 15 1927 3 15 1927 4 15 1927 5 15 1927 6 15 1927 7 15 1927 8 15 1927 9 15 1927 10 15 1927 11 15 1927 12 15 1928 1 15 1928 2 15 1928 3 15 1928 4 15 1928 5 15 1928 6 15 1928 7 15 1928 8 15 1928 9 15 1928 10 15 1928 11 15 1928 12 15 1929 1 15 1929 2 15 1929 3 15 1929 4 15 1929 5 15 1929 6 15 1929 7 15 1929 8 15 1929 9 15 1929 10 15 1929 11 15 1929 12 15 1930 1 15 1930 2 15 1930 3 15 1930 4 15 1930 5 15 1930 6 15 1930 7 15 1930 8 15 1930 9 15 1930 10 15 1930 11 15 1930 12 15 1931 1 15 1931 2 15 1931 3 15 1931 4 15 1931 5 15 1931 6 15 1931 7 15 1931 8 15 1931 9 15 1931 10 15 1931 11 15 1931 12 15 1932 1 15 1932 2 15 1932 3 15 1932 4 15 1932 5 15 1932 6 15 1932 7 15 1932 8 15 1932 9 15 1932 10 15 1932 11 15 1932 12 15 1933 1 15 1933 2 15 1933 3 15 1933 4 15 1933 5 15 1933 6 15 1933 7 15 1933 8 15 1933 9 15 1933 10 15 1933 11 15 1933 12 15 1934 1 15 1934 2 15 1934 3 15 1934 4 15 1934 5 15 1934 6 15 1934 7 15 1934 8 15 1934 9 15 1934 10 15 1934 11 15 1934 12 15 1935 1 15 1935 2 15 1935 3 15 1935 4 15 1935 5 15 1935 6 15 1935 7 15 1935 8 15 1935 9 15 1935 10 15 1935 11 15 1935 12 15 1936 1 15 1936 2 15 1936 3 15 1936 4 15 1936 5 15 1936 6 15 1936 7 15 1936 8 15 1936 9 15 1936 10 15 1936 11 15 1936 12 15 1937 1 15 1937 2 15 1937 3 15 1937 4 15 1937 5 15 1937 6 15 1937 7 15 1937 8 15 1937 9 15 1937 10 15 1937 11 15 1937 12 15 1938 1 15 1938 2 15 1938 3 15 1938 4 15 1938 5 15 1938 6 15 1938 7 15 1938 8 15 1938 9 15 1938 10 15 1938 11 15 1938 12 15 1939 1 15 1939 2 15 1939 3 15 1939 4 15 1939 5 15 1939 6 15 1939 7 15 1939 8 15 1939 9 15 1939 10 15 1939 11 15 1939 12 15 1940 1 15 1940 2 15 1940 3 15 1940 4 15 1940 5 15 1940 6 15 1940 7 15 1940 8 15 1940 9 15 1940 10 15 1940 11 15 1940 12 15 1941 1 15 1941 2 15 1941 3 15 1941 4 15 1941 5 15 1941 6 15 1941 7 15 1941 8 15 1941 9 15 1941 10 15 1941 11 15 1941 12 15 1942 1 15 1942 2 15 1942 3 15 1942 4 15 1942 5 15 1942 6 15 1942 7 15 1942 8 15 1942 9 15 1942 10 15 1942 11 15 1942 12 15 1943 1 15 1943 2 15 1943 3 15 1943 4 15 1943 5 15 1943 6 15 1943 7 15 1943 8 15 1943 9 15 1943 10 15 1943 11 15 1943 12 15 1944 1 15 1944 2 15 1944 3 15 1944 4 15 1944 5 15 1944 6 15 1944 7 15 1944 8 15 1944 9 15 1944 10 15 1944 11 15 1944 12 15 1945 1 15 1945 2 15 1945

Selections from the Writings of J. F. Johnson, 1780-1847

$\int_{-\infty}^{\infty} \delta(x) dx = 1$

ROBERT B. MARGRETT, Mayor, City of Kansas
Kansas House, Topeka

BERKHOVEN's sympathy was always readily enlisted

D 15 S.B. from Houchensouth

D. 30 S. B. from Cord II

275-120. 8 R. Group. London.

6BM BOURNEMOUTH 1040 No. 1
(188.5 m.)

1.0 London Programme received from Devon, co

$$k \in \mathbb{N} \quad \text{and} \quad f \in L^1(\mathbb{R}^n) \quad \text{with} \quad \|f\|_1 = 1$$

Q 17. Mr. J. C. SCOTT HUGHES. An Eye Witness
Arresting of Carlos Hezotta

4. In Local Authority system

12.15. 12.0. $8R$ from I_2 and d .

SPY PLYMOUTH. NO40 hp/m. 1988. 1988.

10 London Programming delayed from December

\$19 The Children's House

It is Bank Holiday to day so Robert takes his
 ly to the grounds, C E Hinds

60 London 1 1897 1898 1899 1900 1901 1902 1903 1904 1905 1906 1907 1908 1909 1910 1911 1912 1913 1914 1915 1916 1917 1918 1919 1920 1921 1922 1923 1924 1925 1926 1927 1928 1929 1930 1931 1932 1933 1934 1935 1936 1937 1938 1939 1940 1941 1942 1943 1944 1945 1946 1947 1948 1949 1950 1951 1952 1953 1954 1955 1956 1957 1958 1959 1960 1961 1962 1963 1964 1965 1966 1967 1968 1969 1970 1971 1972 1973 1974 1975 1976 1977 1978 1979 1980 1981 1982 1983 1984 1985 1986 1987 1988 1989 1990 1991 1992 1993 1994 1995 1996 1997 1998 1999 2000 2001 2002 2003 2004 2005 2006 2007 2008 2009 2010 2011 2012 2013 2014 2015 2016 2017 2018 2019 2020 2021 2022 2023 2024 2025 2026 2027 2028 2029 2030 2031 2032 2033 2034 2035 2036 2037 2038 2039 2040 2041 2042 2043 2044 2045 2046 2047 2048 2049 2050 2051 2052 2053 2054 2055 2056 2057 2058 2059 2060 2061 2062 2063 2064 2065 2066 2067 2068 2069 2070 2071 2072 2073 2074 2075 2076 2077 2078 2079 2080 2081 2082 2083 2084 2085 2086 2087 2088 2089 2090 2091 2092 2093 2094 2095 2096 2097 2098 2099 2100 2101 2102 2103 2104 2105 2106 2107 2108 2109 2110 2111 2112 2113 2114 2115 2116 2117 2118 2119 2120 2121 2122 2123 2124 2125 2126 2127 2128 2129 2130 2131 2132 2133 2134 2135 2136 2137 2138 2139 2140 2141 2142 2143 2144 2145 2146 2147 2148 2149 2150 2151 2152 2153 2154 2155 2156 2157 2158 2159 2160 2161 2162 2163 2164 2165 2166 2167 2168 2169 2170 2171 2172 2173 2174 2175 2176 2177 2178 2179 2180 2181 2182 2183 2184 2185 2186 2187 2188 2189 2190 2191 2192 2193 2194 2195 2196 2197 2198 2199 2200 2201 2202 2203 2204 2205 2206 2207 2208 2209 2210 2211 2212 2213 2214 2215 2216 2217 2218 2219 2220 2221 2222 2223 2224 2225 2226 2227 2228 2229 2230 2231 2232 2233 2234 2235 2236 2237 2238 2239 2240 2241 2242 2243 2244 2245 2246 2247 2248 2249 2250 2251 2252 2253 2254 2255 2256 2257 2258 2259 2260 2261 2262 2263 2264 2265 2266 2267 2268 2269 2270 2271 2272 2273 2274 2275 2276 2277 2278 2279 2280 2281 2282 2283 2284 2285 2286 2287 2288 2289 2290 2291 2292 2293 2294 2295 2296 2297 2298 2299 2300 2301 2302 2303 2304 2305 2306 2307 2308 2309 2310 2311 2312 2313 2314 2315 2316 2317 2318 2319 2320 2321 2322 2323 2324 2325 2326 2327 2328 2329 2330 2331 2332 2333 2334 2335 2336 2337 2338 2339 2340 2341 2342 2343 2344 2345 2346 2347 2348 2349 2350 2351 2352 2353 2354 2355 2356 2357 2358 2359 2360 2361 2362 2363 2364 2365 2366 2367 2368 2369 2370 2371 2372 2373 2374 2375 2376 2377 2378 2379 2380 2381 2382 2383 2384 2385 2386 2387 2388 2389 2390 2391 2392 2393 2394 2395 2396 2397 2398 2399 2400 2401 2402 2403 2404 2405 2406 2407 2408 2409 2410 2411 2412 2413 2414 2415 2416 2417 2418 2419 2420 2421 2422 2423 2424 2425 2426 2427 2428 2429 2430 2431 2432 2433 2434 2435 2436 2437 2438 2439 2440 2441 2442 2443 2444 2445 2446 2447 2448 2449 2450 2451 2452 2453 2454 2455 2456 2457 2458 2459 2460 2461 2462 2463 2464 2465 2466 2467 2468 2469 2470 2471 2472 2473 2474 2475 2476 2477 2478 2479 2480 2481 2482 2483 2484 2485 2486 2487 2488 2489 2490 2491 2492 2493 2494 2495 2496 2497 2498 2499 2500 2501 2502 2503 2504 2505 2506 2507 2508 2509 2510 2511 2512 2513 2514 2515 2516 2517 2518 2519 2520 2521 2522 2523 2524 2525 2526 2527 2528 2529 2530 2531 2532 2533 2534 2535 2536 2537 2538 2539 2540 2541 2542 2543 2544 2545 2546 2547 2548 2549 2550 2551 2552 2553 2554 2555 2556 2557 2558 2559 2560 2561 2562 2563 2564 2565 2566 2567 2568 2569 2570 2571 2572 2573 2574 2575 2576 2577 2578 2579 2580 2581 2582 2583 2584 2585 2586 2587 2588 2589 2590 2591 2592 2593 2594 2595 2596 2597 2598 2599 2600 2601 2602 2603 2604 2605 2606 2607 2608 2609 2610 2611 2612 2613 2614 2615 2616 2617 2618 2619 2620 2621 2622 2623 2624 2625 2626 2627 2628 2629 2630 2631 2632 2633 2634 2635 2636 2637 2638 2639 2640 2641 2642 2643 2644 2645 2646 2647 2648 2649 2650 2651 2652 2653 2654 2655 2656 2657 2658 2659 2660 2661 2662 2663 2664 2665 2666 2667 2668 2669 2670 2671 2672 2673 2674 2675 2676 2677 2678 2679 2680 2681 2682 2683 2684 2685 2686 2687 2688 2689 2690 2691 2692 2693 2694 2695 2696 2697 2698 2699 2700 2701 2702 2703 2704 2705 2706 2707 2708 2709 2710 2711 2712 2713 2714

0.15 ΔB from L_{eff} U. 1. S. H. from *Banksia* ...

6.44. $\frac{1}{2} \pi$ from $\frac{1}{2} \pi$ to $\frac{3}{2} \pi$

24. 11.0. S.H. from London

[illegible]

Dividends are paid free of income tax.

[illegible]

FIRST MONTAGE CO-OPERATIVE INVESTMENT
TRUST LTD

7 Pat. Mall East, London, S.W. 1

Please send me your booklet: For Small Investors.

Name _____

4442

TUESDAY, AUGUST 6

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

525 kc/s. 479.3 m.

Transmitted by 5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

4.0 A Light Orchestral Programme

From Birmingham

MARJORIE EDWARDS, *Songs of the Piano*

THE BIRMINGHAM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Conducted by FRANK CANTILL

First Suite

On the "Shamrock O' Brian" Stanford

Man in the Moon

You really needn't bother any more P. H. H.

On the "Shamrock O' Brian" Stanford

First Suite of Ballet Airs M. H.

There are some people among the generation of young men, who dismiss most of the epithet scholarly, as though that necessarily meant dull and uninspired. It is quite easy to find in many parts of his work convincing answers to any such reproach, and this melodic and sparkling ballet music is as strong a witness as any for his right to a place among the composers of a fresh and vivid music. So, too, as a composer for the stage did not come to him by any means easily. His first opera, *The Yellow Prince*, commented derisively to the Paris public of his day that later works by the authorities there. Even the favourite, *Savon and Delilah*, which has since won itself no more a place in the whole world's affections, had to be given first at Weimar through the study offices of Liszt. But from about 1865, his thirtieth year, he went on from success to success and soon won himself as sure a position on the stage as he had already earned both as a solo pianist and as composer of concert music.

SEYMOUR DOSSOR

A Reflection

Act III

O let no star compare with thee Head

The Guest Coleridge Taylor

ORCHESTRA

Fantasy, "The Three Bears" Eric Coates

MARJORIE EDWARDS

Inquest on Ash T. C. Stenhouse Bennett

The Snaggy of a Safety Pin E. A. Foy

SEYMOUR DOSSOR

The Faithful Heart Quicke

We'll go no more a-riding London Ronald

Love went a-riding Frank Bridge

ORCHESTRA

Ballet Music, "Hiawatha" Coleridge Taylor

COLERIDGE TAYLOR's enthusiasm for the story of Hiawatha is probably the best-known thing about him. He composed, as listeners know, settings for solo voices, choir, and orchestra, of three different parts of Longfellow's poem. This Suite, although inspired by the same subject, is not music taken from these choral works. It was originally devised as a separate

8.0

A COMEDY

BY

A. A. MILNE

and dates from the year 1912. The five acts in the Suite are called, respectively:—

1. The Wagon

2. The Wagon

3. The Wagon

4. The Wagon

5. The Wagon

5.30

The Children's Hour

(From Birmingham)

Mrs. Sunderskins on the Phone, by Norman

The

Singers on the Piano, by Mrs. F. W. H.

HAROLD CASEY (Horn)

6.15

'The First News'

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

6.30 Light Music

From Birmingham

Conducted by E. A. PARSONS

Overture, "The Wagon"

First Italian Song, "The Wagon"

First More Doleful Song, "The Wagon"

A Celtic Lullaby, "The Wagon"

The Rustle of the Wagon, "The Wagon"

Song, "The Wagon"

Song, "The Wagon"

Song, "The Wagon"

Song, "The Wagon"

Song, "The Wagon"

Song, "The Wagon"

Song, "The Wagon"

Song, "The Wagon"

7.30 LORELLA PICTURE

HOUSE ORGAN

EDWIN J. GORDON

Coronation March

The Queen's Waltz

Minuet from Symphony

March from Symphony

March from Symphony

8.0

'Wurzel Flummery'

A Comedy by A. A. MILNE

(See centre of page)

9.0

A MILITARY BAND CONCERT

THE WIRELESS MILITARY BAND

Conducted by CHARLES LEWIS

March, "Washington Grays"

Hungarian Overture

Topless Green, "The Wagon"

Sierra Leone (If could the chimes)

Fin a Roamer

BAND

Selection, "The Mikado"

Topless Green

The Lord

The Monkey and the

Little Snowman

BAND

Disembodiment Repugnant

Musical Comedians

10.0

'The Second News'

WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS

11.0-11.15

DANCE MUSIC

THE PICCADILLY PLAYERS, directed by AL STARRA,

and the PICCADILLY GAIL BAND, directed by

JERRY HOBY, from the PICCADILLY HOTEL

11.0-11.15 THE CAFE DE PARIS BLUE LYRES BAND

from the CAFE DE PARIS

(Tuesday's Programmes continued on page 24)

A Private Income

—Not a Salary

£400

A YEAR FOR LIFE for YOU

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

And while you are qualifying for it—to begin with, at age 35, there is full protection for your family £2,000, plus accumulated profits, will be paid to them in the event of your death. Should death be the result of an accident £5,000 plus the profits will be paid. Should illness or accident permanently prevent your earning any kind of living, £28 a month will be paid to you until you are 55, when the £400 a year becomes due. (This applies to residents of the British Isles, Canada and United States)

Every year you will save a substantial amount of Income Tax—a big consideration in itself.

This can all be accomplished by means of a plan devised by the Sun Life of Canada, the great Annuity Company with Government-supervised assets exceeding £100,000,000. This is the Company which, in co-operation with employers, is responsible for protecting thousands of men and women under its Group Life and Pension Policies.

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

THIS ENQUIRY FORM SENT NOW WILL BRING YOU DETAILED PARTICULARS OF A PLAN WHICH WILL MAKE YOU A HAPPIER AND RICHER MAN. POST IT TO-DAY NO OBLIGATION IS INCURRED.

NAME (Mr., Mrs., or Miss) _____
 ADDRESS _____
 OCCUPATION _____
 Exact date of birth _____
 Radio Times, 14-29

[illegible]

The Reproduction of the copyright programmes contained in this issue is strictly reserved

FOUR RELAYS FROM CITIZEN HOUSE.

Students of the Drama

Sleep to Wake

THERE are many people who boast that they can wake whenever they want to without the aid of an alarm-clock. 'I can go to sleep for half an hour,' they declare, 'wake up refreshed and just have time to catch my train. They will then explain that their sub-conscious mind collects the message and acts like a well-trained servant. Perhaps it is a gift, or, perhaps it is a power which can be developed. Mr. Trefoer Jones, who will be heard by Welsh listeners in a group of songs on Thursday evening, August 15, is examining this matter for reasons which the following story will explain. In July, he had several engagements in Scarborough, and one afternoon some friends took him to Flamborough where they had a pleasant little tea-party. Mr. Jones returned to his hotel at 6.30 p.m., and decided to rest for a few minutes before dining. But he awoke at 7.45 p.m., and arrived dinnerless at the concert a quarter of an hour late! On other occasions the truth sounds no inadequate an excuse. It seems to be a real case for pleading, darkly, 'circumstances over which I had no control.'

[illegible]

MANY of our artists are subjected to the effect of music upon special temperaments, of the influence of music upon workers, and of the value of music as an aid to digestion. But of one thing I am sure, dance music is a hindrance to a man trying to paint a dark straight line on a window sash and perched on a high ladder. I saw such a victim at the Coney Beach Dance Restaurant, Portisaw. He was between Scylla and Charybdis, for it was a very hot day and, on the wrong side of the window he was decorating, there was a cool sea-breeze, the tide was coming in and lucky people were going by with purposeful towels round their necks. Behind him the Coney Beach Five discoursed merry music, and



in which programmes will be relayed, in connection with the Summer School of Dramatic Art, on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday next week. The table in the left-hand picture once belonged to Dr Johnson.

A MC NE the interesting stories of early days on the Railway Mr Milford tells the following:—A goods train was running in the Midlands one frosty night, when the engine side-rod broke and one end struck the ground, lifting the engine completely off the rails and taking two or three trucks with it. The front coupling broke and the rest of the train ran past them, proceeding several miles on a slightly falling gradient, until eventually they stopped near a small station. The guard, in his van at the rear of the running train, got out and wanted to know why his train had stopped there: he was quite unaware that anything had happened. A search party proceeded to locate the missing engine and eventually found it lying on its side, the driver and fireman partly buried in snow, but unhurt." Here is another from the store of interesting tales collected by Mr. Milford during his long association with the railway:—What is probably the only case of collision between a railway train and a ship at sea occurred in the early days on the South Devon Railway. One rough winter night, Driver Harris, working a train between Dawash and Teignmouth, ran into the bowsprit of a ship which had been driven ashore by the gale and was projecting across the railway. Both Harris and his fireman had to take refuge on top of the engine boiler from the waves, which rapidly extinguished the fire.

MR. D. RHYS PHILLIPS, who gives the second of a series of talks on 'Old Welsh Customs,' on Monday, August 12, at 4.45 p.m., is a prominent member of the bardic circle, in which he is known by his title of 'Bardd Gynghrair.' He has devoted much of his time to the study of Celtic Folk Lore, and is a recognized authority on the Cromwellian associations of Gower, besides which he is the Joint Librarian for Swansea, and the Historian of the Vale of Neath. His standard work on the 'Vale of Neath' was published by himself in 1925. Mr. Rhys Phillips is giving another talk on Monday, August 12, the subject being 'Old Welsh Drinks.' Wine was often to be found in monasteries in early days, but the drink which the monks extolled was the produce of the wild bee. 'The way to the heart' says a Welsh proverb, 'is through good ale.'

'STEEP HOLM.'

7.30
MILITARY
BAND
CONCERT

10.15 a.m. THE
DAILY SERVICE
10.30 (Daventry only) TIME FROM
GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST
11.0 (Daventry only)
Gramophone Records
12.0 A Concert
LUTHER, J. S. (Organ)
W. L. VAN N. (Piano)
W. L. VAN N. (Piano)

1.0-2.0 Organ Music
Played by ROBERTAL FURST
Relayed from the Regent Picture
Theatre, Birmingham
S.B. from Bournemouth

2.0-2.25 (Daventry only)
Experimental Transmission of
Still Pictures
by the Pullograph Process

3.0 EVENSONG
From Westminster Abbey
3.15 RONALD WATKINS, reading from
Gulliver's Travels, by Jonathan
Swift

This is the first of eight Thursday readings of a shortened version of Swift's immortal 'Gulliver's Travels.' This night readings will complete the whole of this shortened version. Swift's amazing satire has suffered a little in the past. It was written as a fierce and biting satire upon the follies of mankind, and it has, for generations, been given as light reading to children of tender years. The truth is, of course, that in an expurgated version 'Gulliver's Travels' is equally good a story as it is a moral satire, its pure objectivity guarantees that. This reading by Mr. Watkins, who is already familiar to listeners for his poetry readings, should serve to give us an unusually vivid conception of Swift's work.

4.0 A BAND CONCERT
BAND of the
KING'S OWN VICTORIA ART
ILLUSTRATION
Relayed from the Central Bandstand,
North Sea, Coast Exhibition
S.B. from Newcastle

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
The Queen's Award, from Mum
The Queen's Award, from Mum
A dramatic story, with incidental
Music by THE GRAMOPHON PATRIMONY

6.0 Musical Interlude
6.15 THE SIGNAL, GREENWICH
A LUTHERAN SERVICE FOR A CENTRAL
NEWS BULLETIN

6.30 Market Prices for Farmers
6.35 Musical Interlude
6.45 THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC
BACH'S VIOLIN AND PIANO
FIFTH SONATA
Played by WINIFRED SMITH

7.0 Mrs. V. JACKVILLE WEST: 'New
Novels'
7.15 Musical Interlude

THURSDAY, AUGUST 8
2LO LONDON & 5XX DAVENTRY
842 kc/s. (356.3 m.) 793 kc/s. (375.4 m.)



THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

A Comic Opera by W. GRAHAM ROBERTSON

The Music Composed by ALFRED REYNOLDS

TONIGHT AT 9.35

Dramatis Personae

| | |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Joshua Dalebrook, a Farmer | A Dancer |
| Tom Hazel | Mrs. Dalebrook |
| Nicholas Vachery, Clerk and | Daisy, her Daughter |
| Churchwarden | Mrs. Pookford |
| Mark Mugwort, Squire | Kitty Clover, a Village Girl |
| Sir Bullion Blunt, a Financier | Men, Women and Children of the |
| Sam Pookford | Village |
| (Villagers) | |

The Wireless Orchestra and The Wireless Chorus, conducted by
ALFRED REYNOLDS

The Scene is Dalebrook's Farm, near the Village of Yangleby, at the
present time

The book of this whimsical and fantastic tale is by a distinguished artist, who has already won notable success in this direction. He was the author of *Pinkie and the Fairies*, in the production of which he was associated with the late Sir Herbert Tree—a production which is still happily remembered by all who were fortunate enough to see it. In his own part of the country the author takes a leading part in organizing village plays, so that the people whom he portrays in the dialogue and lyrics of his operas are drawn from life in a much more real sense than is at all usual. The whole story is set forth with delightful humour, and the lyrics are not only singable in the best way, but, in the current phrase, 'asking to be set to music', they also are bubbling over with real fun, and with a just in almost every rhyme.

The story deals with the devastating effect of an elixir of youth on the people of an ordinary village. The young heroine's parents are made to become even younger than herself and her lover, with the most awkward results for all concerned.

Listeners will not need to be told how successfully Alfred Reynolds's music is wedded to the text. It reflects the fun and humour in the neatest way, and, as the older people are carried back by the elixir to an earlier age, so the music returns to something of the Victorian spirit and affects a certain sprightly youthfulness. There is a waltz of the good old-fashioned luscious order which has yet a suggestion of twinkling laughter, it is all genuinely English in spirit, with a dash of irony, just as the story is. The chorus is largely used almost all the way through, and there is some finely effective writing for a quartet of voices. But when one says that the music is by the composer of such delightful things as 'The Policeman's Serenade,' listeners know how happily they are being catered for.

The illustration above was specially drawn by the author, Mr. Graham Robertson, for THE RADIO TIMES.

7.30
(Daventry Only)
EISTEDDFOD
CONCERT

7.30 A MILITARY BAND
CONCERT
LEONARD GOWINGS (Trombone)
LEONARD HIRSCH (Trombone)
W. L. VAN N. (Piano)
LUTHERAN SERVICE
VICTOR HALL BUTTERSON

Tragic Overture Beethoven
The Tragic Overture was composed in the same year (1850) as the Academic Festival Overture.

Two chorals from the whole orchestra introduce a typical Brahms theme in a steady tempo. In a slightly changed form the opening is repeated, and then there is a short theme, four bars long, of which the third and fourth bars are the first and second turned upside down. After some development, there is a tune played first by oboes and then horns which tremolos and then carries on. After that the real second theme is heard for the first time, a more serene and happy tune, but soon the music grows more agitated and works up to a climax.

Here, we hear still another new theme before the earlier ones return to form the customary recapitulation. Towards the end there is a little fugato march of a bit of the first theme, and the Overture closes with a coda also built up on it.

LEONARD GOWINGS
From the Land of the Sky Blue
The Devon Maid ... Frank Bridge

Symphony on French Themes
Schubert: over Gerald Williams
Divertissement: Antheus with
Variations Rondo Bruni

LEONARD HIRSCH
Giboulée (A Show) ... Muriel Hirst
Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso

LEONARD GOWINGS
These Axes Ryan ... O. W. Cox
Sealed Orders ... O. W. Cox

8.00 (Daventry only)
Suite (No. 1), 'Lark-Whistles' ('The
Mind of Arles') ... B. C. B. C.
Carnegie

7.30 A Concert
It is a Married Pavilion
Sefton Park, Liverpool
Relayed from Liverpool
Manchester Programme

8.00 WRAP
GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN
8.15 Topical Talk
8.30 Local Announcements (on
try only) Shipping Forecast

9.35 'The Fountain of
Youth'
See centre column

11.5.0 DANCE MUSIC
JACK PAYNE and THE B.R.C.
DANCE ORCHESTRA

THURSDAY, AUGUST 8

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

625 kc. 479 2 m 1

Time 10.10 11.10 12.10 1.10 2.10 3.10 4.10 5.10 6.10 7.10 8.10 9.10 10.10 11.10 12.10

3.0 A Symphony Concert

From Bournemouth

No. XI of the Summer Season

The Bournemouth Municipal Augmented Orchestra

Conducted by Sir Daw Godfrey

Overture, Tchaikovsky
Alegro moderato, Un poco adagio
Symphony, From the New World
Mendelssohn

Two hundred years ago, in 1742, when Wagner was 10, the Flying Dutchman, Wagner's best-known work, was first performed. But the work is still opera in the sense that it consists largely of separate numbers. Wagner made his own libretto for the work, and two of the oldest and most interesting legends in the world.

One was the old story of the sea.

Wagner's work was a masterpiece of music, and it was the first time that the music was written for the stage.

The Flying Dutchman is a masterpiece of music, and it was the first time that the music was written for the stage.

The Flying Dutchman is a masterpiece of music, and it was the first time that the music was written for the stage.

4.30 LOZELLS PICTURE HOUSE ORGAN

From Bournemouth

Wesleyan Music

Organ

Wesleyan Music

Wesleyan Music

Wesleyan Music

Organ

Wesleyan Music

Wesleyan Music

Wesleyan Music

Wesleyan Music

Wesleyan Music

Wesleyan Music

5.30

The Children's Hour
(From Birmingham)

'Learning to Write,' and other verses, by Marjorie Cribble

St. Mary's Church

'Who'd Have Thought It,' by Aveline Lewis

6.15 THE SUNDAY EVENING WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.30

Organ Music

Played by HAROLD B. OSMOND

Relayed from Coventry Cathedral

Overture, Saul, Handel, arr. Ben
Pavane, a N. and D. Dance
Rigaudon
Chant Pastoral
Sinfonia in B Minor
Grand Credo in G

7.0

JACK PAYNE and THE B.B.C.

DANCE ORCHESTRA

8.0 Vaudeville

From Birmingham

LELL and NURAH

(The Lullaby)

ST. SEFTON and BETTY LE BROOK

In a Light Foot

POURCE

LELL and NURAH

(The Lullaby)

ST. SEFTON and BETTY LE BROOK

In a Light Foot

POURCE

LELL and NURAH

(The Lullaby)

ST. SEFTON and BETTY LE BROOK

In a Light Foot

POURCE

LELL and NURAH

(The Lullaby)

ST. SEFTON and BETTY LE BROOK

In a Light Foot

POURCE

9.0

A Studio Concert

GLADYS PARR (Continued)

THE GERRARD PARKINGTON QUARTET

Wesleyan Music

Wesleyan Music

Wesleyan Music

Wesleyan Music

Wesleyan Music

Wesleyan Music

Wesleyan Music

Wesleyan Music

Wesleyan Music

Wesleyan Music

Wesleyan Music

Wesleyan Music

Wesleyan Music

Wesleyan Music

Write Holiday Letters with Waterman's

Be independent of other people's pens. Buy Waterman's, the world's most efficient pen. Waterman's enables you to write when you like and where you like—on the beach, the train, or while resting on heather-clad hills. Far better than having to hurry back to stuffy rooms.

See Waterman's pens. No. 5 and No. 7 in Ripple Ridges. These are beautiful pens. Each has an inlay colour band in cap to denote style of nib fitted. A Waterman idea to save time and trouble.

No. 5 - 27/6

No. 7 (larger) - 37/6

Each with clip and 94 water and

Selection of Stationery, Pens and Folders

The Pen Book, free from

L. G. SLOAN LTD.

The Pen Corner

Kingway London, W.C. 2



USEFUL & VARIED
FREE GIFTS
ARE NOW OFFERED TO SMOKERS OF

SUNRIPE
the 'Quality' Cigarettes

10 for 6⁰ 20 for 1⁰
AND
SUNRIPE

THE 'Out-of-the-rut' PIPE MIXTURE
NOW 10⁰ per oz

ILLUSTRATED
GIFTS LIST
SENT POST
FREE ON
APPLICATION
TO
The Sunrises
Dept. T,
175 SHOREDITCH
LONDON E.C. 2

Thursday's Programmes continued (August 8)

8.55 The Flower of the Forest. Blue
8.55 The Flower of the Forest. Blue
8.55 The Flower of the Forest. Blue

Given by Nona. Josef Holbrooke
Allgrove Apassionata. A lagoon can molto
sublimemente. Allegro moderato con fuoco

5.5 The Flower of the Forest
8.55 The Flower of the Forest
8.55 The Flower of the Forest

8.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
8.15 S.B. from London
8.30 Market Prices for North of England Fat
8.45 S.B. from London

7.30 Eisteddfod Genedlaethol Frenhinol
Cymru Lerpwl, 1929

The Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales
A Concert

Relayed from the Eisteddfod Pavilion

Sefton Park, Liverpool

Relayed from Daventry S.B.

Conducted by Dr. Hopkin Evans

ORCHESTRA (London, VASCO ACKROYD)

Overture, 'The Mastersingers' Wagner

Arranged by the Chairman, Sir ROBERT JONES,

Bart., K.B.E.

Tenor DAVIES (Tenor)

O Paradiso, 'Africana'

DR. HOPKIN

Scherzo, Introduction and Scherzo

R. Maldwyn Price

(Conducted by THE CHORUS)

Two Pieces, 'Caswell Hill at Twilight' Vincent

(An Impression, 1926) 7th

Elegy on a Dead Poet (Conducted by TEN CHORUS)

Tenor DAVIES, Chorus and Orchestra

Spirit of Delight J. Owen Jones

Concerto for Piano and Orchestra

THE COMPOSERS at the Piano

Other Stations.

NO NEWCASTLE
12.0 1.0 2.0 3.0 4.0 5.0 6.0 7.0 8.0 9.0 10.0 11.0 12.0
1.0 2.0 3.0 4.0 5.0 6.0 7.0 8.0 9.0 10.0 11.0 12.0

SSC GLASGOW
11.0 12.0 1.0 2.0 3.0 4.0 5.0 6.0 7.0 8.0 9.0 10.0 11.0 12.0
1.0 2.0 3.0 4.0 5.0 6.0 7.0 8.0 9.0 10.0 11.0 12.0

2HD ABERDEEN
11.0 12.0 1.0 2.0 3.0 4.0 5.0 6.0 7.0 8.0 9.0 10.0 11.0 12.0
1.0 2.0 3.0 4.0 5.0 6.0 7.0 8.0 9.0 10.0 11.0 12.0

2BI BELFAST
3.30 4.0 5.0 6.0 7.0 8.0 9.0 10.0 11.0 12.0
1.0 2.0 3.0 4.0 5.0 6.0 7.0 8.0 9.0 10.0 11.0 12.0

The Fragrance of a Garden.

By HARVEY GRACE

(Continued from page 220.)

Cobbett being what he was, the book is not without some outbursts of Radicalism. For example, after speaking of Bacon, Cowley, and Addison as writers on gardening, Cobbett says that he prefers Sir William Temple. I end by quoting one sentence from his eulogy on gardening—

Gardening is a pursuit not only compatible with, but favourable to, the study of any art or science; it is conducive to health by means of the irresistible temptation which it offers to early rising, and to the stirring abroad upon one's legs. For a man may really ride till he cannot walk, sit till he cannot stand, and be obliged to be cannot get up.

His remark about gardening being favourable to the study of art will be agreed to by the large number of musicians who are keen on the cabbage patch. Only in one matter are we half hearted. Not many of us can bring the right ruthlessness to the war on pests. We cannot screw ourselves up to crush and scald ants, squeeze caterpillars, bisect worms and drown earwigs. We will gladly cheer the birds with black cotton, but we delegate the necessary slaughter to subordinates—mercenaries who bring to their horrid task both the efficiency and zest of a Cobbett.

'RADIO TIMES' COPYRIGHT

All annotations following musical items in the programme pages of *The Radio Times* are strictly copyright. Attention is specially redirected to this fact in view of a recent breach of copyright.



Zeiss Ikon

GARNER & PEELE LTD
Polebrook Road, Gillingham, London W1



One difference between the keen cutting Kropp and ordinary razors is the close, even grain produced by hand-lapping—another cogent reason why the Kropp is paramount.

In case Black Handle .. 10/6
Ivory Handle .. 18/-

From all Hairdressers, Cutlers, Stores, etc.

THE KROPP
never requires grinding

OSBORNE GARRETT & CO. LTD., LONDON, W. (Telephone only)



Trade Enquiries invited

ABERDEEN CALLING!

The "DROME" Extra Air Valve seats only 5/- just cost. Fitted in three minutes to any car with induction coils. BANDS IN SE. Gives more m.p.g. and m.p.h. when engine. Why use petrol, when air can be substituted.

Send Postal Order to
THE DROME MANUFACTURING CO.,
1605, Stratford Rd., Robin Hood, Birmingham

There are tens of thousands of successful SPEEDWRITING SHORTHAND Students, but not enough to fill the gap of actual opportunities for Speedwriters. Either to use AS A DEFINITE PROFESSION OR IN CONJUNCTION WITH OTHER ACTIVITIES learn

Speedwriting

SPEEDWRITING LTD. (Dept. RT1), 76, Strand, London, W.C.2
EARN MORE

8.0
A CONCERT
OF
POPULAR MUSIC

FRIDAY, AUGUST 9
2LO LONDON & 5XX DAVENTRY

542 kc/s. 356 3 m. 193 kc/s (1,554.4 m.)

9.35
VAUDEVILLE
AND
THE PALLADIUM

- 10.15 a.m. THE DAILY NEWS
- 11.30 (Daventry only) TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH, WEATHER FORECAST
- 11.0 (Daventry only) Gramophone Records
- 12.0 A SONATA RECITAL
ROWENA FRANKLIN (Violin)
BETTY UNDERWOOD (Pianoforte)
- 12.30 Organ Music
Relayed from St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate
- 1.0-2.0 A Recital of Gramophone Records
By CHRISTOPHER STONE
- 4.0 DAVID BRYCELEY (Tenor)
- 4.15 LIGHT MUSIC
MUSCATTLO and his ORCHESTRA
From the May Fair Hotel
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
Wherein 'The Wicked Uncle' gets Wedged'
There will also be songs at the Piano sung by
HELEN ALSTON
- 6.0 Mr. A. L. SIMPSON 'Homeland Explorations'
This is the first of a series of four talks in the nature of helpful suggestions for week-end holidays—two of which are to be given by Mr. Simpson, and two by Mr. A. B. B. Valentine. We are all becoming more and more addicted to the "week-end habit," aided thereto both by the facilities offered these days for quick travel and by the increasing distaste in most of us for a week-end under urban conditions. Mr. Simpson's talks will deal more particularly with week-ends given over to walking—not only within near distances of London, but also in parts of the country further afield.
- 6.15 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST; FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN
- 6.30 Ministry of Agriculture
Fortnightly Bulletin
- 6.45 THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC
BETHOVEN'S VIOLIN AND PIANOFORTE SONATAS
Played by WINTYBELL SMITH (Violin)
and
MALBICK COLE (Pianoforte)
Intermission 7.00
(continued)
Arlante con Variazioni
- 7.0 Film Criticism
- 7.10 Musical Interlude
- 7.30 JACK PAYNE and the
B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA
- 8.0 A CONCERT
LILY ALLEN (Soprano)
THE GERSHWIN PARKINGTON QUINSET

The subjects which he chooses for his melodious orchestral suites makes it quite clear that John Arnold, the popular conductor of the London Wireless Orchestra, thinks of music as intended to add to the brightness of

the everyday world. Although in every way a thoroughly equipped musician who is at home in the most serious realms of music, he has no great sympathy with any of the ultra-modern tendencies, nor with music of sombre and gloomy purport. He would have music bring more brightness into the daily round, and his own is all fresh and whole. The subjects he chooses are many and varied, but whether it be the merriment of children, the sea and its dances, or sold or mar, he always leaves his hearers with a happy sense that the world is not so dull a place as they may have thought.

His interest in young folks, and his happy sympathy with them, has found vent in two Children's Suites, both instinct with gaiety and even with laughter when that is called for. They set forth the nursery play-things like dolls, in boxes and coaches, as well as the three stout figures from Noah's Ark. The wicked robbers from *The Hobbs in the Hood* have also a place, and romance is provided by other favourite stories.

It is no disparagement at all to Britto's play to say that it owed a share of its success to Norman O'Neill's effective music. Nor is it the only play which gained a good deal of additional charm from the music which he composed specially for such productions.

Born in London, O'Neill studied there for some time with Dr. Somervell. But the Hoch Conservatorium in Frankfurt claims a large share of the credit for the fine and very thorough musicianship which is the hall-mark of his work. A long and distinguished association with the theatre has marked him out as one pre-eminently well fitted for the task which has so often been entrusted to him, and his music for plays has often outworn the popularity of the dramas themselves. But, though presenting, in the most satisfying way, the atmosphere and the situations which it is illustrating, it is all music of such charm and individuality as to lose but little when divorced from its setting and played on the concert platform.

LILY ALLEN

Il mio suono (His voice enthralled me!) Ah! spargi il mio pianto (Sorrowful here and lonely) Donizetti

FOUNDED BY Sir Walter Scott's Waverley novel *The Bride of Lammermoor* and *The Bride of the Sea* was one of the favourite operas all over Europe in the first half of last century. Its success depends very largely on the Prima Donna; the part of Lucia is a brilliant and difficult one. It is a good deal of an order which is so long to be found nowadays.

In the last act the unhappy heroine loses her reason and the Mad Scene, as it is called, for which these two numbers are taken, is her great opportunity. At first she recalls the happy days when her own true love was with her. She sings as though he were really there and the first part of the dreamy melody sets forth the happiness she believes is to be about them both. A small, sweet, and tender, she sings in a cadence which is at once brilliant and pathetic, but as her madness grows ever wilder, so the music rises to greater heights of florid brilliancy with passages which are indeed such as to tax the singer's equipment in the most exacting way. None the less, the vocal part has some truly dramatic moments and real lyrical beauty. When adequately sung, the whole scene is tremendously effective.

Q. 17.17

The Lovers' Pledge Strauss
40 Souls Day Strauss
Intermezzo Brahms

LILY ALLEN

Even as a Lovely Flower Frank Bridge
To Daisies Quilter

QUINTET

Selection of Chopin's Preludes

8.0 WEATHER FORECAST
SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

9.15 Topical Talk

9.30 Local Announcements
(Daventry only) Shipp's Forecast and Pat Brook Price

9.35 Vaudeville

SANDY ROWAN (Scottish Comedian)

KENNY SEFTON and BETTY LE BROCK (Pot Poets of 'Much Ado about Nothing')

RENZI LLODI (In English and French Songs)

RENZI REFORMI and BILLY CARTON (In an Instrumental Act)

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

A Variety Item from THE LONDON PALLADIUM

10.45 SURPRISE ITEM

11.0-12.0 DANCE MUSIC
REG BATTEN and his BAND from the NEW PRINCE RESTAURANT

12.0-12.15

Experimental Transmissions of Still Pictures by the Fultograph Process



EVEN MUSICIANS HAVE GOT TO KEEP COOL

The Gershwin Parkington Quintet, who will broadcast from London tonight, are here seen relaxing during the summer months. It will be noticed, however, that even when they are on holiday, work is never very far away.

[illegible]

8.0 Famous Northern Resorts
Llandudno
S. B. from 1.0 to 2.000.

THE LANGLEY PUPP ORCHESTRA
Conducted by JOHN BRIDON
Friday, from the Pier at 8.15
WAGNER TCHAIKOVSKY PROGRAMME

T a n d e m E g e t b y T u h a m k i
C r o c T u M I I I I
W e l l S t a d A f f e T e h o w
T e r s
S t a d J u n i o r a R i m } A n e r

9.0-11.0 S.R. from London (9.30 Local An
nouncements)

Other Stations.

[illegible]

55C GLASGOW.

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| 4.0 | 10.0 | 15.0 | 20.0 | 25.0 | 30.0 | 35.0 | 40.0 | 45.0 | 50.0 | 55.0 | 60.0 | 65.0 | 70.0 | 75.0 | 80.0 | 85.0 | 90.0 | 95.0 | 100.0 |
| 10.0 | 15.0 | 20.0 | 25.0 | 30.0 | 35.0 | 40.0 | 45.0 | 50.0 | 55.0 | 60.0 | 65.0 | 70.0 | 75.0 | 80.0 | 85.0 | 90.0 | 95.0 | 100.0 | 105.0 |
| 15.0 | 20.0 | 25.0 | 30.0 | 35.0 | 40.0 | 45.0 | 50.0 | 55.0 | 60.0 | 65.0 | 70.0 | 75.0 | 80.0 | 85.0 | 90.0 | 95.0 | 100.0 | 105.0 | 110.0 |
| 20.0 | 25.0 | 30.0 | 35.0 | 40.0 | 45.0 | 50.0 | 55.0 | 60.0 | 65.0 | 70.0 | 75.0 | 80.0 | 85.0 | 90.0 | 95.0 | 100.0 | 105.0 | 110.0 | 115.0 |
| 25.0 | 30.0 | 35.0 | 40.0 | 45.0 | 50.0 | 55.0 | 60.0 | 65.0 | 70.0 | 75.0 | 80.0 | 85.0 | 90.0 | 95.0 | 100.0 | 105.0 | 110.0 | 115.0 | 120.0 |
| 30.0 | 35.0 | 40.0 | 45.0 | 50.0 | 55.0 | 60.0 | 65.0 | 70.0 | 75.0 | 80.0 | 85.0 | 90.0 | 95.0 | 100.0 | 105.0 | 110.0 | 115.0 | 120.0 | 125.0 |
| 35.0 | 40.0 | 45.0 | 50.0 | 55.0 | 60.0 | 65.0 | 70.0 | 75.0 | 80.0 | 85.0 | 90.0 | 95.0 | 100.0 | 105.0 | 110.0 | 115.0 | 120.0 | 125.0 | 130.0 |
| 40.0 | 45.0 | 50.0 | 55.0 | 60.0 | 65.0 | 70.0 | 75.0 | 80.0 | 85.0 | 90.0 | 95.0 | 100.0 | 105.0 | 110.0 | 115.0 | 120.0 | 125.0 | 130.0 | 135.0 |
| 45.0 | 50.0 | 55.0 | 60.0 | 65.0 | 70.0 | 75.0 | 80.0 | 85.0 | 90.0 | 95.0 | 100.0 | 105.0 | 110.0 | 115.0 | 120.0 | 125.0 | 130.0 | 135.0 | 140.0 |
| 50.0 | 55.0 | 60.0 | 65.0 | 70.0 | 75.0 | 80.0 | 85.0 | 90.0 | 95.0 | 100.0 | 105.0 | 110.0 | 115.0 | 120.0 | 125.0 | 130.0 | 135.0 | 140.0 | 145.0 |
| 55.0 | 60.0 | 65.0 | 70.0 | 75.0 | 80.0 | 85.0 | 90.0 | 95.0 | 100.0 | 105.0 | 110.0 | 115.0 | 120.0 | 125.0 | 130.0 | 135.0 | 140.0 | 145.0 | 150.0 |
| 60.0 | 65.0 | 70.0 | 75.0 | 80.0 | 85.0 | 90.0 | 95.0 | 100.0 | 105.0 | 110.0 | 115.0 | 120.0 | 125.0 | 130.0 | 135.0 | 140.0 | 145.0 | 150.0 | 155.0 |
| 65.0 | 70.0 | 75.0 | 80.0 | 85.0 | 90.0 | 95.0 | 100.0 | 105.0 | 110.0 | 115.0 | 120.0 | 125.0 | 130.0 | 135.0 | 140.0 | 145.0 | 150.0 | 155.0 | 160.0 |
| 70.0 | 75.0 | 80.0 | 85.0 | 90.0 | 95.0 | 100.0 | 105.0 | 110.0 | 115.0 | 120.0 | 125.0 | 130.0 | 135.0 | 140.0 | 145.0 | 150.0 | 155.0 | 160.0 | 165.0 |
| 75.0 | 80.0 | 85.0 | 90.0 | 95.0 | 100.0 | 105.0 | 110.0 | 115.0 | 120.0 | 125.0 | 130.0 | 135.0 | 140.0 | 145.0 | 150.0 | 155.0 | 160.0 | 165.0 | 170.0 |
| 80.0 | 85.0 | 90.0 | 95.0 | 100.0 | 105.0 | 110.0 | 115.0 | 120.0 | 125.0 | 130.0 | 135.0 | 140.0 | 145.0 | 150.0 | 155.0 | 160.0 | 165.0 | 170.0 | 175.0 |
| 85.0 | 90.0 | 95.0 | 100.0 | 105.0 | 110.0 | 115.0 | 120.0 | 125.0 | 130.0 | 135.0 | 140.0 | 145.0 | 150.0 | 155.0 | 160.0 | 165.0 | 170.0 | 175.0 | 180.0 |
| 90.0 | 95.0 | 100.0 | 105.0 | 110.0 | 115.0 | 120.0 | 125.0 | 130.0 | 135.0 | 140.0 | 145.0 | 150.0 | 155.0 | 160.0 | 165.0 | 170.0 | 175.0 | 180.0 | 185.0 |
| 95.0 | 100.0 | 105.0 | 110.0 | 115.0 | 120.0 | 125.0 | 130.0 | 135.0 | 140.0 | 145.0 | 150.0 | 155.0 | 160.0 | | | | | | |

[illegible]

The personages, too, are so happily con-
trasted, offering splendid scope for what
our men do finely lyrical scenes, that I al-
ways find one of the very best chances here. The
music, even apart from the tale, is all deli-
cious; whether it be the *seidencanta*, sung by
youngsters at the dinner, or the Lord High
Sergeant's *schottische*, or the *M. kaido* &

The success in the immortal series of *Clippers*, it came after *Princess Ida*, which at its production, failed to win the whole-hearted welcome which had been given to the others. It may be that the satire which is the basis was too subtle an order to find favour with audiences which had learned to look for more obvious fun. However that may be, the immediate success of the *Vikings* more than atoned for any lack of appreciation given to *Princess Ida*, and the whole world of music immediately hailed the new work as the best which had yet appeared. Performed on March 14, 1885, it ran continuously for 672 nights, and has since been played more often and in more places, than it would be at any time to-day.

0.5 S.B. from London
 0.30 West Regional News
 0.3 11.0 S.B. from London

5SX SWANSEA. 1,040 Ac/B
(200.5 m)

| | | |
|-----------|------|---------------|
| 6 | S.I. | to Mr Cardiff |
| 6.1 | S.I. | to Mr London |
| 7.45 | S.B. | from Cardiff |
| 9.0 | S.B. | from London |
| 9.30 | S.B. | from Cardiff |
| 9.45-11.0 | S.B. | from London |

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 1,040 kg/ha
[238.5 m.]

40 London Programme received from Daventry
c 15-110 S.B. from London c 39 Lo & Announc-
ments

| | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| DOROTHY ACKROYD (Soprano) | |
| Lucy Song | Bought |
| A Spirit Flower | T |
| A Spring Morning | T |
| | |
| Invetto Canzone | Serge Horkowicz |
| Large | Hinde |
| Dancing Tambourine | Polk |

| | | |
|------------------------------|-------|----|
| Cornell Tico's the Rat | | La |
| Low & the Forest | | La |
| Sing Sweet Bird | | La |
| CINCINNATI | | |
| Su to, ' In Norwegian Fjords | | La |
| March Modley | | La |

5.15 The Children's Hour
S.B. from Leeds
THE ARMY FAIRY AFFAIR

A Story by the Rev. R. T. NEWCOMB:
 Songs by WINIFRED KRAMER and GEORGE LESTER
 At the Home, HUNTS BRANCH

B.D. "Indur... .."
DOES YOUR ...

[illegible]

MR. GIELGUD TO LECTURE

A recent series of articles on "The Worker-Today" has aroused great interest among our workers and has acted a flow of M&S to the Production Department of the B.B.C. These articles were written by Mr. A. G. ... I have been very much interested in them and have been thinking about them ever since. The first article was published in August 6, in the "Hornet" newspaper, near Hastings. It was negative, at which visitors will be welcomed. It is easily accessible from Hastings, frequent buses stop off at Water Lane, Farnham.

FIRM
AS A ROCK!

RIGID
AS A BRIDGE!

**INTERLOCKED
CONSTRUCTION
MAKES COSSOR
THE STRONGEST
AND MOST
DEPENDABLE SCREENED
GRID VALVE EVER
PRODUCED**

This wonderful new Cossor development—Interlocked Construction—eliminates all the inherent weaknesses of valve design. In the Cossor Screened Grid Valve the elements are rigidly locked in position. All through their abnormally long life they retain their perfect alignment. Even the hardest blow cannot upset the performance of this wonderful valve. Use Cossor in your Screened Grid Receiver—no other Screened Grid Valve has such strength or dependability.



Get full details of this wonderful Cossor Valve—write for leaflet L.10.

Made in three voltages for use with 2, 4 or 6 volt accumulators.

Technical Data.

Cosser 220 S.G. (2 volts, 2 amp.)
410 S.G. (4 volts, 1 amp.)
and 610 S.G. (6 volts, 1 amp.)
Max Anode Voltage 150. Impedance
200,000. Amplification Factor 200.
Grid Bias 1.5 volts at max. anode
voltage.

COSSOR
Screened Grid
Valve

*Like
this*



*but
Blue*



Look for this Blue Label when you buy bananas. It appears on every hand of Fyffes' bananas. The Blue Label protects you and guarantees that you really are getting Fyffes' Bananas.

EMPIRE
GROWN BANANAS.

For upwards of twenty-eight years Fyffes have been importing more Empire Bananas from Jamaica and the Empire than all other importers combined.

ELDERS & FYFFES LTD.



FYFFES
BANANAS

The Sure Path to Perfect Reception



SPECIAL UNITS FOR PORTABLE SETS

| | | | | |
|-------------|----------------|----------|---|----|
| PORTABLE 1. | 63 volts 13/6 | Size 6" | 5 | 3" |
| PORTABLE 2. | 99 volts 13/6 | Size 9" | 5 | 3" |
| PORTABLE 3. | 106 volts 15/- | Size 10" | 5 | 3" |

EVER READY

BRITAIN'S BEST BATTERIES

"ALL POSITION"



NON-SPILLABLE

FOR ALL PORTABLE RECEIVERS

Outstanding success of C.A.V. Non-Spillable Accumulators is due to two things **Jelly Acid.** This is prepared by a secret formula known only to our chemists. It has the property of maintaining a semi-solid state giving perfect cohesion to the plates and allows free distribution of the gases on charge and discharge.

Container Design. Specifically evolved for jelly acid, the C.A.V. container ensures complete immersion of the plates and therefore full capacity at all times, regardless of the angle or position of the battery.

For weight, size and reliability C.A.V. Non-Spillable Accumulators are the best. Write for folder No. W 2.

Cavendish & Co. Ltd.
ACTON, LONDON, W.3



FACTON GLASS

C.A.V. batteries are made of facton glass which is chemically resistant to acid and is completely impervious to the action of the acid. The facton glass is also resistant to the action of the acid and is completely impervious to the action of the acid. Popular size 2 AG7. Capacity 100 amp. hours. 11/-.



H.T. HIGH TENSION.

The most perfect design H.T. known by the most ardent Radio Experimenters. 60 volts, 100 millamp hrs. 55/- 50 and 30 volts also supplied.

The Original Jelly Acid Battery

The Wonderful NEW Brown "VEE" UNIT



HERE it is! A British Loud Speaker Unit that smashes all previous ideas of reproduction... the sensational new Brown Vee Unit. Its tone is amazingly pure and mellow. Its volume is astonishingly rich and full. Remember too: Anyone can assemble the Vee Unit to the Brown Chassis and have a complete and better loud speaker in 2 minutes.

The Unit costs Chassis with Cone
25/- 15/-

"AS BRITISH AS BRITANNIA"

Assembled in England by Western Electric, Ltd., London, E.C.4

(See page 10)



WORTHY OF THEIR NAME

MAZDA RADIO VALVES

AVAILABLE IN ALL
TYPES AND VOLTAGES
Made in England

5 5 4

Saturday's Programmes continued (August 10)

| SWA | CARDIFF. | 988 kc/s.
(1009.2 m.) |
|-----------|---|--------------------------|
| 3.30 | London Programme relayed from Daventry | |
| 4.45 | THE CONY BEACH FIVE
From the Cony Beach Restaurant, Porthcawl | |
| 5.15 | The Children's Hour | |
| 6.0 | London Programme relayed from Daventry | |
| 6.15 | S.B. from London | |
| 6.30 | Local Sports Bulletin | |
| 6.35 | S.B. from London | |
| 7.0 | S.B. from Liverpool (See Manchester) | |
| 7.15 | Mr. LEIGH WOODS: 'West of England Sport' | |
| 7.30 | THE CONY BEACH FIVE
Relayed from
The Cony Beach Dance Restaurant
Porthcawl | |
| 7.45 | WINNIE MELVILLE AND DEREK
OLDHAM
with
MAURICE BERRY at the Pianoforte | |
| 8.0 | S.B. from London | |
| 9.55 | West Regional News; Sports Bulletin | |
| 10.0-12.0 | S.B. from London | |

| SSX | SWANSEA. | 1,040 kc/s.
(285.5 m.) |
|-----------|--|---------------------------|
| 3.30 | London Programme relayed from Daventry | |
| 4.45 | S.B. from Cardiff | |
| 6.0 | London Programme relayed from Daventry | |
| 6.15 | S.B. from London | |
| 6.30 | S.B. from Cardiff | |
| 6.35 | S.B. from London | |
| 7.0 | S.B. from Liverpool (See Manchester) | |
| 7.15 | S.B. from Cardiff | |
| 8.0 | S.B. from London | |
| 8.55 | S.B. from Cardiff | |
| 10.0-12.0 | S.B. from London | |

| GBM | BOURNEMOUTH. | 1,040 kc/s.
(285.5 m.) |
|-----------|--|---------------------------|
| 12.0-1.0 | Gramophone Recital | |
| 3.30 | London Programme relayed from Daventry | |
| 6.15-12.0 | S.B. from London (8.55 Local Announcements; Sports Bulletin) | |

| SPY | PLYMOUTH. | 1,040 kc/s.
(285.5 m.) |
|----------|---|---------------------------|
| 12.0-1.0 | A GRAMOPHONE RECITAL
Chamber Music: | |
| | Allegro non assai from Quartet in A Minor <i>Brahms</i> | |
| | Scherzo and Finale from Pianoforte Quintet <i>Schumann</i> | |
| | Allegro, from 'Emperor' Quartet <i>Haydn</i> | |
| | Allegro Moderato from Sonata in A <i>Schubert</i> | |
| | Larghetto from Quintet in A <i>Mozart</i> | |
| | First Movement from Pianoforte Sonata in B Minor <i>Chopin</i> | |
| | Fourth Movement from Quartet in D <i>French</i> | |
| | Allegro from Concerto in D for Violin and Orchestra <i>Brahms</i> | |
| | Parts 3 and 4 of Quartet in G <i>Mozart</i> | |
| 3.30 | London Programme relayed from Daventry | |
| 5.15 | The Children's Hour
Jonathan is with us again. The mouse provides a new experience for him (J. C. Stobart) | |
| 6.0 | London Programme relayed from Daventry | |

| | | |
|-----------|--|--|
| 8.15 | S.B. from London | |
| 8.30 | Sports Bulletin | |
| 8.35-12.0 | S.B. from London (8.55 Items of Naval Information; Local Announcements; Sports Bulletin) | |

| 2ZY | MANCHESTER. | 787 kc/s.
(376.4 m.) |
|----------|--|-------------------------|
| 12.0-1.0 | THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA | |
| | Overture, 'Spanish Comedy' <i>Keler Bela</i> | |
| | Oriental Twilight <i>G. de Micheli</i> | |
| | HAROLD CRICHTON (Tenor) | |
| | A Summer Idyll <i>Michael Head</i> | |
| | Who is Sylvia? <i>Schubert</i> | |
| | Whither? <i>Schubert</i> | |
| | Sigh no more, ladies <i>Aiken</i> | |
| | ORCHESTRA | |
| | Reminiscences of Grieg <i>arr. Gullberg</i> | |
| | HAROLD CRICHTON | |
| | An Uncooth Love Song <i>Walford Davies</i> | |
| | Flower Song ('Carmen') <i>Walford Davies</i> | |
| | The Rose and the Nightingale <i>Keel</i> | |
| | ORCHESTRA | |
| | Two Hungarian Dances <i>Brahms</i> | |

| | | |
|------|--|--|
| 3.30 | An Orchestral Concert | |
| | THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA | |
| | Overture, 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' (Nicolaï) | |
| | Orms of Offenbach's Operas <i>arr. Mason</i> | |
| | TOM TAYLOR (Baritone) | |
| | Give a Man a Horse he can Ride <i>Liddle</i> | |
| | Marching Along <i>Maud Valerie White</i> | |
| | The Crown of the Year <i>Easthope Martin</i> | |
| | ORCHESTRA | |
| | Two Salon Pieces <i>Ireland</i> | |
| | LEVI SHAW (Lancashire Dialect Entertainer) | |
| | ORCHESTRA | |
| | Suite, 'In Days of Romance' <i>Harding</i> | |

| | |
|---|--|
| TOM TAYLOR | |
| The Land of Who Knows Where <i>James</i> | |
| Comrades of Mine | |
| Bush Night Song | |
| The Stock-Rider's Song | |
| ORCHESTRA | |
| Walden (Woodland Whispers) <i>Chapman</i> | |
| Capriccio <i>Brahms</i> | |
| LEVI SHAW | |
| ORCHESTRA | |
| Selection, 'Chu Chin Chow' <i>Norton</i> | |

| | | |
|-----------|--|--|
| 5.15 | The Children's Hour | |
| | 'GREAT CLAUD AND LITTLE CLAUD' | |
| | A Play Adapted from Hans Andersen by M. JEAN NEWELL | |
| | Music by THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA | |
| 6.0 | London Programme relayed from Daventry | |
| 6.15 | S.B. from London | |
| 7.0 | Professor E. ERNST HUNTER: 'The National Histrionical' S.B. from Liverpool | |
| 7.15-12.0 | S.B. from London (8.55 Local Announcements; Sports Bulletin) | |

Other Stations.

| 5NO | NEWCASTLE. | 1,140 kc/s.
(263.5 m.) |
|----------|--|---------------------------|
| 12.0-1.0 | Music from Fenwick's Terrace Tea Rooms. 3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry. 5.15 The Children's Hour. 8.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry. 8.15-12.0 S.B. from London. | |

| 5SC | GLASGOW. | 755 kc/s.
(397.5 m.) |
|-----------|--|-------------------------|
| 11.0-12.0 | A Recital of Gramophone Records. 7.30 The Vivandiers Concert Party. Relayed from the Bandstand, Kelvingrove Park. Overture by Les Vivandiers Orchestra. Les Vivandiers Introduce Themselves. A Little Harmony with 'The Maggie Blues'. The Sisters Glynis. 'Turn your eyes to the sky'. A Squabble in a Small, Landed Church (Gramophone). 'Sarcophagus' (Hasty Whistler). Della Fredericks and Charles Keel (Duet). 'Cats'. Rich Fairweather. 'I hear you calling me' (Marshall). The Street Musicians. Will Hadeney (singer) and Leslie Cook. Selections on the Banjo and Hawaiian Steel Guitar. Charles Keel. In a Duet by Hadeney. Della Fredericks and Florence Rose. 'Meditation'. Minnie. Alfred Garwood (Violin). 'Anda Lucia' (Tradition). 'Concerto'. 8.0 Margaret B. Mack (Soprano). The Carnival (J. J. Molloy). Absent (U. Y. Glen). 'Sincerity' (B. Clarke). In the garden of my heart (Mrs. Mack). 8.15 The Children's Hour. 8.27 Weather Forecast for Farmers. 8.3 Musical Interlude. 8.15 S.B. from London. 8.30 Musical Interlude. 8.40 Scottish Sports Bulletin. 8.45 S.B. from London. 7.0 Mr. Alex. M. McLeod. 'On the Hot Track'. 7.15 Musical Interlude. 7.55 S.B. from London. 9.55 Scottish News and Sports Bulletin. 10.0-12.0 S.B. from London. | |

| 2BD | ABERDEEN. | 755 kc/s.
(397.5 m.) |
|-----------|--|-------------------------|
| 11.0-12.0 | Recital of Gramophone Records. 4.0 Studio Concert. Edith Beckwith (Contralto). 'Softly awakes my heart' (Samson and Delilah) (Bach). Ave Maria (Lambert). 4.5 Helen Murray (Violin). Scherzo (Debussy). 4.55 Kravitz. Chaconne (Paganini) (Rachmaninov, arr. Dushkin). Dances (Tchaikovsky) (Rachmaninov, arr. Dushkin). Moment Musical (Schubert, arr. Kravitz). 4.22 Keith Beckwith. Melodrama in the Wood (Lambert). Songs my Mother taught me (Dushkin). The Silver King (Lambert). 4.28 Dance Music from the New Palace de Danse. 5.15 The Children's Hour. 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry. 6.15 S.B. from London. 6.20 S.B. from Glasgow. 6.45 S.B. from London. 7.0 S.B. from Glasgow. 7.30 S.B. from London. 8.55 S.B. from Glasgow. 10.0-12.0 S.B. from London. | |

| 2BE | BELFAST. | 1,055 kc/s.
(284.5 m.) |
|------|---|---------------------------|
| 7.30 | Light Music. The Radio Quartet: Suite, 'Dance Music' (Phillips). Pan des Fleurs (Debussy). 7.47 Paul Mackay (Tenor): There's a bower of roses (Standard). Old Irish Air, 'Battle Hymn' (arr. Standard). The Minstrel Boy (Tradition). The Snow-Breasted Dove (Tradition). 7.59 Quartet: Selection, 'The Desert Song' (Rosenberg). 8.15 Howland Carr (Violoncello). Prayer (W. R. Squire). Sambo (Jas. Squire). Romance Without Words (Tchaikovsky). 8.27 Quartet: Four Characteristic Waltzes (Columbia-Taylor). Savoy Scottish Medley (Decca Records). 8.45 Organ Music by George Newell from the Classic Cinema. 8.15 The Children's Hour. 8.0 Gramophone Records. 8.15 S.B. from London. 7.0 Mr. E. Gullberg Brown. Next Week's Music. 7.15-12.0 S.B. from London. | |



WINNIE MELVILLE AND DEREK OLDHAM, stars of the musical stage, will broadcast from Cardiff this evening at 7.45. On Monday night they took part in the Vaudeville programme from London and Daventry, and they broadcast from 5GB on Wednesday night.

Home, Health, and Garden.

CHILDREN'S TOYS AND HOW TO CHOOSE THEM.

By the Hon. Mrs. St. Aubyn.

PLAY remains the prerogative of childhood. We lose, as we grow older, the gift of giving our imagination full play. Our minds are occupied with practical matters and worries—and we live more in this world than in a mind-created world. It is by giving children new toys to play with that we help them most. It is in a way the child's power of concentration that makes his play so vivid. Too many toys weaken and distract from this concentration.

Of course, the makers of toys are grown-up people, and so it is natural that a large number of the toys should be the sort which please the mind of a grown-up more than the mind of a child.

Then again, we are apt to choose toys unsuited to the age and tastes of the child. For instance, mechanical toys that are too complicated for the child to play with by himself. This should be avoided—as such a toy carefully chosen can give so much pleasure, and keep a child quiet for hours.

Another difficulty in choosing a toy for a child is when one of the children has set his, or her, heart on something definite. The only thing to do if you realise your child wants something you cannot get him is to say so quite frankly before he has really set his heart on it too much.

The toys which give most pleasure are the home-made toys. My feeling is that young children, out of ornaments, make the best toys for themselves, and that there is no need to buy them costly presents. Except for a few, such as dolls and toy soldiers, mothers can so easily provide material, such as coloured paper, or a bit of stuff left over from a dress, and so on. Dressing up, or cutting out figures from a catalogue, and painting them, all prove excellent occupation for a wet day.

A child does not really need a very elaborate and expensive toy to stimulate his mind and to give him pleasure. However, as children grow a little older—from, let us say, four years old—they do perhaps need one or two more elaborate toys. Toys which will occupy their minds and bodies. These toys should never be complete in themselves, but the child should have to do things with them. Bricks are an excellent example of what I mean. They can help to carry out the imaginations of his mind. His hands have to make his dreams come true. Sand, perhaps, animals or dolls to be cut out, and beads, all belong to this category.

Play is the main business of a child's first few years of life. It is the overflow of energy and animal spirit. Play is also, as I said, tentative. To a little girl her doll is her baby. To a boy his games are the forerunner of his attitude to life.

What we rarely buy, but should, are toys which help a child learn things. For example: For a girl, a really nice set of doll's cups and saucers. They need not be dull. These she can learn to wash up, to lay out, to clear away. Thus she learns to handle breakable china at small cost to us! Handicrafts belong to this category. A very useful toy for a small child, but which needs some supervision when played with, is a button and lacing frame, in which a child can practise doing up and undoing buttons preparatory to dressing himself. He is not bored with this but absorbed in mastering the difficulties, and feels himself now nearly grown-up. This sort of toy also teaches concentration, orderliness and neatness, as well as the control of the fingers by the mind. Full lists of these can be obtained from any centre of child education, or papers dealing with children.

The doll is the baby of the future. The toy soldier and the game of football are the fight of life.

Therefore we should choose which toys we give our children with discrimination. We should give them very few toys, but make them take care of them, prize them, and be loyal to them. Above all, we should choose those which our children will love and want, and not what we grown-ups think attractive and amusing.

When choosing toys see that they are easy to keep clean, and not full of dust-collecting corners.

For small children they should be strong—without points or springs which could hurt small, inquiring fingers.

They should not be too heavy for their owners. I feel sure all mothers have had to help carry some such toy: so cheerfully brought out, so heavy to carry home!

Celluloid toys, being inflammable, should be avoided for small children.

Let us recapitulate the many points to consider when choosing toys.

First: let them be suitable for the child's age and character.

Secondly: safe.

Thirdly: let them occasionally serve a suitable purpose.

Fourthly: let us remember a well-chosen toy is not necessarily the expensive one.

Fifthly: educational toys need not be dull.

Sixthly: the toy which helps the child to create, or on which he expends his love, is the one which we all want to give him, but which only those with a real understanding and love of the child ever choose.

THIS WEEK IN THE GARDEN.

BULBS such as autumn-flowering Crocuses and Colchicums have now finished their growth, and if it is desired to lift and divide the clumps or to make new plantations, it should be done now. Delay is detrimental to the flowering of the bulbs for the first season. Colchicums grow readily and increase rapidly in any ordinary garden soil, and are valuable for naturalizing in grass. The white variety of Colchicum speciosum is especially beautiful. If planting is done in grass, remember Colchicums make large foliage, which must not be cut until it is thoroughly ripened, and choose a position where it is not necessary to cut the grass for the sake of tidiness early in the season. Colchicum speciosum and its white form are both worth a sheltered nook, where their handsome flowers can be protected from the autumn storms.

Push on with the layering of Border Carnations so that the plants may have time to become properly rooted before planting out in autumn. The usual method is to loosen the soil surrounding the plant, remove part of the old soil, and replace it with a compost of leaf soil and sand. Then cut off the bottom leaves of the shoot to be layered, make an incision with a sharp knife on the lower side through two joints, and peg the layer down

firmly, seeing that the 'tongue' made by splitting the stem is kept open. This can be done by inserting a small stone between the stem and the tongue or by the use of an extra peg. Wire pegs are sometimes used for this purpose, but where bracken or willows are plentiful these will be found quite useful for the purpose.

Seeds of many plants are ripening, and ought to be gathered when dry. The seeds of such plants as species of *Meconopsis* and *Primula* are best sown when ripe, otherwise the germination is irregular.

A sowing of spring Cabbage should be made for planting during autumn. If the ground is dry, the drills should be watered and allowed to drain a few hours before sowing the seeds. Good reliable varieties for sowing for this purpose will be found in 'Harbinger,' 'Flower of Spring,' and 'Ellam's Early.' The exact date for sowing to obtain the best results is a matter of local experience, for if the plants are too forward before Christmas they are liable to frost damage or may bolt badly; if they are too small they will be late in coming to maturity.

Continue to sow plenty of Lettuces and Endives for autumn and winter supplies. There is still time to plant out Kales, Broccoli, and Savoy for winter greens, and this should be done as the ground becomes cleared of early crops.—*Royal Horticultural Society's Bulletin.*

USES FOR HERBS.

Herb Pudding (an old Sussex recipe).

½ lb. of stale breadcrumbs,
3 eggs,
3ozs. of flour,
3ozs. of suet,
1oz. of fine oatmeal,
1 pint of milk,
1 small shallot chopped very fine,
A little salt,
½ teaspoonful of sweet marjoram.
Enough lemon to give a flavour.

Mix all thoroughly well together and not too moist. Turn into a basin or (better) a floured cloth, and boil or steam for three hours.—*Mrs. L. N. Heat, 23, Highlands Road, Fareham, Hants.*

Herb Pudding (another way).

½ cupsful of flour,
1 egg,
Sufficient milk to mix,
1 tablespoonful of dried sage,
Pepper and salt,
1 large onion (chopped or grated).

Make a batter of the flour, egg and milk, then add the sage, pepper and salt, and the onion. Get your dripping very hot in a basting tin and cook like Yorkshire pudding. Turn over to brown both sides, and serve with a good gravy. Beat the batter before adding the onion till the bubbles rise, to ensure lightness.—*Mrs. Hardlock, Bungdon, Park Avenue, New Loughton, Preston.*

North Country Savoury Pudding.

4ozs. shredded suet,
6ozs. breadcrumbs,
Dash of flour,
1 teaspoonful chopped parsley,
1 teaspoonful chopped sage,
1 teaspoonful lemon thyme,
1 large egg (or two small),
Pepper and salt to taste.

Mix these well and put into dripping tin in hot fat, and bake very slowly until firm and brown.—*Mrs. Swardy, Linthorpe, Brookland Close, Golders Green, N.W.*

VEGETABLE BOTTLING.

(Continued from last week.)

MUSHROOMS are quite simple to do, and well repay the time taken. Select good sound ones when they are just fully expanded is best. Cut nearly all the stalk off, and peel, sprinkle with a little pepper and salt, and pack carefully into bottles, but do not add any water. Place in the pan with water up to the shoulders, bring to simmering point and simmer for about an hour, or until they have shrunk down to a level in their own juice, then fill up one bottle from another, put the fittings on, and boil gently for another hour.

Tomatoes must be treated, when bottling, as a fruit. Those that are firm and even in size only should be used. Pack closely into bottles and add half a teaspoonful of salt to each pint bottle, fill up with water, and bring slowly up to 180 degrees and maintain at that heat for from fifteen to twenty minutes, according to size of bottle.

A better way to do tomatoes for general use is to do them in their own juice, usually called pulping. You first of all pour boiling water over them, this enables you to skin them easily; then cut them into halves or quarters, and fill into the bottles. Put them into the pan and pour water in up to the shoulders, and simmer for from half to three-quarters of an hour. Take out and fill up one bottle from another, then put them back into the pan and bring to simmering again for another half an hour; take out and fasten.

Another way is to boil the tomatoes in a preserving pan for about twenty minutes, then pour boiling hot into warm bottles and fasten up at once. Celery is also a very useful vegetable in pulp form for soups, etc. You will first clean thoroughly all but the green parts, and stew until quite tender, using as little water as possible, pass all through a sieve, and put the pulp into bottles, but do not fill quite to the top, as all pulps expand during boiling, so if filled right up part would come out and be wasted; now bring to boil and keep boiling for an hour, then fasten up. The process just described is suitable for any vegetable required in pulp form.—*From a Talk by Vincent Banks, F.R.H.S.*

Notes from Southern Stations.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

Another Talk in Interesting Series for Cardiff Listeners—Philip Mead to Broadcast—The Fundamentals of Amateur Acting—Pageantry and Carnival.

CHAUCER'S 'Wife of Bath' is the type chosen by Mr. Lyndon Harries for the third talk in his series on 'Husbands and Wives in English Literature,' which listeners to Cardiff Station will hear on Thursday, August 15, at 3.45 p.m. Mr. Harries is justifiably proud of the fact that he gave broadcast dramatic recitals before he was seventeen. 'One day my father and mother wished to hear me,' he says, 'and as they were away from home on the day, they went to a wireless dealer's. The shop-keeper politely informed them that I was a frequent broadcaster, and that he knew me very well. Knowing this to be untrue my father asked the man how old he thought I was. "Oh," he replied, "Lyndon Harries is about forty-five!" As a matter of fact he is still at Oxford and he is doing his best to cultivate his sense of humour. "For a time," he said, "I scarcely realized that I had a sense of humour, and then I started writing a romance. I gave it up after completing thirty-one chapters because I hadn't arrived at the plot! A friend told me that a person who would do such a thing must either be mad or must have a sense of humour, so, for the good of my soul, I decided that the latter was the truth.' Apart from his unseen audiences, Mr. Harries has performed before audiences of many different kinds, including Borstal boys, Territorials, farm-hands, colliers, business men, students. He finds they are all much alike in their love of fun and humour. 'The Borstal boy,' he says, impressively, 'is not so far removed from the business man as you might think.'

THE Wife of Bath' is a subject Mr. Harries will thoroughly enjoy, for, as listeners will remember, the worthy woman had buried five husbands, she would allow no other woman to outdo her in Church worship, and she could laugh at a good story with the best of them. In the other talks, Mr. Harries has chosen a married pair, as in the case of Adam and Eve, and Noah and his Wife, but the Wife of Bath could in no wise be omitted, for her views on matrimony were decided and based on a wide experience.

ON Saturday, August 17, at 7.15 p.m., Mr. Philip Mead, the well-known Hampshire cricketer, will give a talk from Bournemouth on 'Reminiscences of a Professional Cricketer.' Mr. Mead has played for England in no fewer than seventeen Test Matches.

THE first of an interesting series of talks, entitled 'Amateur Acting for Beginners,' will be given in the Plymouth Studio at 7 p.m. on Tuesday, August 13, by Mr. Harold Markham, during which he will describe the fundamentals of this most fascinating art. Amateur actors would be well advised to listen to this series, especially in view of the fact that about this time of year the majority of amateur theatrical societies will be settling down to hard work in preparation for their winter productions.

THE homes of yesterday—the ruined castles and ancient manor houses—lack half their charm if one forgets the sort of people who used to live in them. For you will miss the spirit of their age unless you remember the stately ladies who believed in charms and witches while they fortified their fragile selves with great quantities of ale and salt beef, and the housewives who managed to make a home and rear the next generation in spite of civil wars and a scarcity of soap! On Thursday, August 15, at 3.45 p.m., from the Bournemouth Station, Miss Marjorie Simmons will tell of some of these old-time folk and of how they lived, in her talk entitled 'Housewives of Bygone Days.'

ANOTHER Park Bandstand relay will be heard by 5GB listeners at 6.45 p.m. on Saturday evening, August 17, when the City of Birmingham Police Band, directed by Richard Wessell, will perform a popular programme. There will also be songs by Eva Tollworthy (soprano).

PAGEANTRY, which is a matter of cycles, is coming back again. It seems to fit in with the British genius for spectacle so exactly that it would not be improper to say that we do it better than any other nation in the world. Its relation to Carnival and the difference between them will be the subject of a talk from the Bournemouth Station on Tuesday, August 13, by Mr. F. E. Stevens, who was the author of the Pageant of Hampton, one of the first of this year's pageants.

B.B.C. PUBLICATIONS.

'WERTHER.'

On August 28 and 30 there will be broadcast the twelfth of the series of Twelve Well-known Operas, this time *Werther*, 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 *Werther* at 2d. each, (2) the complete series of twelve librettos for 2s.

1. *Werther* only.

Please send me.....copy (copies) of *Werther*. I enclose.....stamps in payment, at the rate of 2d. per copy post free.

2. A Complete Series.

Please send me.....copy (copies) of each of the twelve Opera Librettos as published during the past Series, for which I enclose remittance in payment at the rate of 2s. for each series.

'HENRY VIII.'

Henry VIII, by William Shakespeare, to be broadcast on August 13 and 14, is the twelfth 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 *Henry VIII*, at 2d. each, (2) the complete series of twelve for 2s.

1. *Henry VIII* only.

Please send me.....copy (copies) of *Henry VIII*. I enclose.....stamps in payment, at the rate of 2d. per copy post free.

2. A Complete Series.

Please send me.....copy (copies) of Great Plays Booklets as published during the past Series, for which I enclose remittance.....in payment, at the rate of 2s. for each series.

PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name
Address.....
.....

Applications should be sent to the B.B.C. Bookshop, Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2. Additional names and addresses may be written on a separate sheet of paper, but payment for additional subscriptions must be sent with order. Librettos and Great Plays Booklets can be obtained from your usual Newsagent or Bookstall.

THE MOST FAMOUS OF ALL LOUD-SPEAKERS CELESTION

Now obtainable at big price reductions

| MODEL | OLD PRICE | NEW PRICE |
|----------|-----------|-----------|
| C. 10 .. | £5 10 0 | £3 15 0 |
| C. 12 .. | £7 5 0 | £3 12 6 |
| C. 14 .. | £13 10 0 | £11 0 0 |
| C. 24 .. | £24 0 0 | £20 0 0 |

These substantial reductions are made possible only by reason of the greatly improved production facilities, made available in the new and extensive Celestion factory.

Obtainable from any high-class Radio Dealer.

Write for free Booklet to:
CELESTION, LTD., Dept. A, KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

THE VERY SOUL OF MUSIC

needed in every household
where there is a baby

ROBINSON'S

"patent"

BARLEY & GROATS

Write for free Booklet:
KEEN ROBINSON & CO. LTD.
Dept. RT6, Canine Works, Norwich

BRINGING DEAFNESS TO VANISHING POINT

When you consider that for SILVER ANNIVERSARY ACUSTICOM has created a new and powerful method of curing deafness, it is almost to vanishing point. The cure is so simple and so effective that it can be used by anyone, and it is so cheap that it can be used by everyone. The cure is so simple and so effective that it can be used by anyone, and it is so cheap that it can be used by everyone. The cure is so simple and so effective that it can be used by anyone, and it is so cheap that it can be used by everyone.

Write for free Booklet:
GENERAL ACUSTICOM LTD.
77, WICKMORE ST., LONDON, W.1.



RILEYS CELEBRATED BOWLS

from 25/-
per pair.
made from select-
ed Lignum Vitae.
Superior finish,
perfect running
and true bias.

E. J. RILEY, LIMITED,
MIDLAND MILLS, ACCRINGTON.

Write for free Booklet:
B.C.G.A.B.

The Only World-Programme Paper.

See

WORLD - RADIO

For Dominion and Foreign Programmes.

Every Friday 2d.

Post your Films
to Will R. Rose
THE SPECIALIST

REDUCED CHARGES FOR DEVELOPING

2 Exposures 3 x 4 6d.
4 Exposures 3 x 4 1s.
6 Exposures 3 x 4 1s. 6d.

Prints and slides in finished form - 6d. per print, 1s. per slide. 12 prints or 6 slides for 10s. 6d. 24 prints or 12 slides for 19s. 6d. 36 prints or 18 slides for 28s. 6d. 48 prints or 24 slides for 37s. 6d. 60 prints or 30 slides for 46s. 6d. 72 prints or 36 slides for 55s. 6d. 84 prints or 42 slides for 64s. 6d. 96 prints or 48 slides for 73s. 6d. 108 prints or 54 slides for 82s. 6d. 120 prints or 60 slides for 91s. 6d. 132 prints or 66 slides for 100s. 6d. 144 prints or 72 slides for 109s. 6d. 156 prints or 78 slides for 118s. 6d. 168 prints or 84 slides for 127s. 6d. 180 prints or 90 slides for 136s. 6d. 192 prints or 96 slides for 145s. 6d. 204 prints or 102 slides for 154s. 6d. 216 prints or 108 slides for 163s. 6d. 228 prints or 114 slides for 172s. 6d. 240 prints or 120 slides for 181s. 6d. 252 prints or 126 slides for 190s. 6d. 264 prints or 132 slides for 199s. 6d. 276 prints or 138 slides for 208s. 6d. 288 prints or 144 slides for 217s. 6d. 300 prints or 150 slides for 226s. 6d. 312 prints or 156 slides for 235s. 6d. 324 prints or 162 slides for 244s. 6d. 336 prints or 168 slides for 253s. 6d. 348 prints or 174 slides for 262s. 6d. 360 prints or 180 slides for 271s. 6d. 372 prints or 186 slides for 280s. 6d. 384 prints or 192 slides for 289s. 6d. 396 prints or 198 slides for 298s. 6d. 408 prints or 204 slides for 307s. 6d. 420 prints or 210 slides for 316s. 6d. 432 prints or 216 slides for 325s. 6d. 444 prints or 222 slides for 334s. 6d. 456 prints or 228 slides for 343s. 6d. 468 prints or 234 slides for 352s. 6d. 480 prints or 240 slides for 361s. 6d. 492 prints or 246 slides for 370s. 6d. 504 prints or 252 slides for 379s. 6d. 516 prints or 258 slides for 388s. 6d. 528 prints or 264 slides for 397s. 6d. 540 prints or 270 slides for 406s. 6d. 552 prints or 276 slides for 415s. 6d. 564 prints or 282 slides for 424s. 6d. 576 prints or 288 slides for 433s. 6d. 588 prints or 294 slides for 442s. 6d. 600 prints or 300 slides for 451s. 6d. 612 prints or 306 slides for 460s. 6d. 624 prints or 312 slides for 469s. 6d. 636 prints or 318 slides for 478s. 6d. 648 prints or 324 slides for 487s. 6d. 660 prints or 330 slides for 496s. 6d. 672 prints or 336 slides for 505s. 6d. 684 prints or 342 slides for 514s. 6d. 696 prints or 348 slides for 523s. 6d. 708 prints or 354 slides for 532s. 6d. 720 prints or 360 slides for 541s. 6d. 732 prints or 366 slides for 550s. 6d. 744 prints or 372 slides for 559s. 6d. 756 prints or 378 slides for 568s. 6d. 768 prints or 384 slides for 577s. 6d. 780 prints or 390 slides for 586s. 6d. 792 prints or 396 slides for 595s. 6d. 804 prints or 402 slides for 604s. 6d. 816 prints or 408 slides for 613s. 6d. 828 prints or 414 slides for 622s. 6d. 840 prints or 420 slides for 631s. 6d. 852 prints or 426 slides for 640s. 6d. 864 prints or 432 slides for 649s. 6d. 876 prints or 438 slides for 658s. 6d. 888 prints or 444 slides for 667s. 6d. 900 prints or 450 slides for 676s. 6d. 912 prints or 456 slides for 685s. 6d. 924 prints or 462 slides for 694s. 6d. 936 prints or 468 slides for 703s. 6d. 948 prints or 474 slides for 712s. 6d. 960 prints or 480 slides for 721s. 6d. 972 prints or 486 slides for 730s. 6d. 984 prints or 492 slides for 739s. 6d. 996 prints or 498 slides for 748s. 6d. 1008 prints or 504 slides for 757s. 6d. 1020 prints or 510 slides for 766s. 6d. 1032 prints or 516 slides for 775s. 6d. 1044 prints or 522 slides for 784s. 6d. 1056 prints or 528 slides for 793s. 6d. 1068 prints or 534 slides for 802s. 6d. 1080 prints or 540 slides for 811s. 6d. 1092 prints or 546 slides for 820s. 6d. 1104 prints or 552 slides for 829s. 6d. 1116 prints or 558 slides for 838s. 6d. 1128 prints or 564 slides for 847s. 6d. 1140 prints or 570 slides for 856s. 6d. 1152 prints or 576 slides for 865s. 6d. 1164 prints or 582 slides for 874s. 6d. 1176 prints or 588 slides for 883s. 6d. 1188 prints or 594 slides for 892s. 6d. 1200 prints or 600 slides for 901s. 6d. 1212 prints or 606 slides for 910s. 6d. 1224 prints or 612 slides for 919s. 6d. 1236 prints or 618 slides for 928s. 6d. 1248 prints or 624 slides for 937s. 6d. 1260 prints or 630 slides for 946s. 6d. 1272 prints or 636 slides for 955s. 6d. 1284 prints or 642 slides for 964s. 6d. 1296 prints or 648 slides for 973s. 6d. 1308 prints or 654 slides for 982s. 6d. 1320 prints or 660 slides for 991s. 6d. 1332 prints or 666 slides for 1000s. 6d. 1344 prints or 672 slides for 1009s. 6d. 1356 prints or 678 slides for 1018s. 6d. 1368 prints or 684 slides for 1027s. 6d. 1380 prints or 690 slides for 1036s. 6d. 1392 prints or 696 slides for 1045s. 6d. 1404 prints or 702 slides for 1054s. 6d. 1416 prints or 708 slides for 1063s. 6d. 1428 prints or 714 slides for 1072s. 6d. 1440 prints or 720 slides for 1081s. 6d. 1452 prints or 726 slides for 1090s. 6d. 1464 prints or 732 slides for 1099s. 6d. 1476 prints or 738 slides for 1108s. 6d. 1488 prints or 744 slides for 1117s. 6d. 1500 prints or 750 slides for 1126s. 6d. 1512 prints or 756 slides for 1135s. 6d. 1524 prints or 762 slides for 1144s. 6d. 1536 prints or 768 slides for 1153s. 6d. 1548 prints or 774 slides for 1162s. 6d. 1560 prints or 780 slides for 1171s. 6d. 1572 prints or 786 slides for 1180s. 6d. 1584 prints or 792 slides for 1189s. 6d. 1596 prints or 798 slides for 1198s. 6d. 1608 prints or 804 slides for 1207s. 6d. 1620 prints or 810 slides for 1216s. 6d. 1632 prints or 816 slides for 1225s. 6d. 1644 prints or 822 slides for 1234s. 6d. 1656 prints or 828 slides for 1243s. 6d. 1668 prints or 834 slides for 1252s. 6d. 1680 prints or 840 slides for 1261s. 6d. 1692 prints or 846 slides for 1270s. 6d. 1704 prints or 852 slides for 1279s. 6d. 1716 prints or 858 slides for 1288s. 6d. 1728 prints or 864 slides for 1297s. 6d. 1740 prints or 870 slides for 1306s. 6d. 1752 prints or 876 slides for 1315s. 6d. 1764 prints or 882 slides for 1324s. 6d. 1776 prints or 888 slides for 1333s. 6d. 1788 prints or 894 slides for 1342s. 6d. 1800 prints or 900 slides for 1351s. 6d. 1812 prints or 906 slides for 1360s. 6d. 1824 prints or 912 slides for 1369s. 6d. 1836 prints or 918 slides for 1378s. 6d. 1848 prints or 924 slides for 1387s. 6d. 1860 prints or 930 slides for 1396s. 6d. 1872 prints or 936 slides for 1405s. 6d. 1884 prints or 942 slides for 1414s. 6d. 1896 prints or 948 slides for 1423s. 6d. 1908 prints or 954 slides for 1432s. 6d. 1920 prints or 960 slides for 1441s. 6d. 1932 prints or 966 slides for 1450s. 6d. 1944 prints or 972 slides for 1459s. 6d. 1956 prints or 978 slides for 1468s. 6d. 1968 prints or 984 slides for 1477s. 6d. 1980 prints or 990 slides for 1486s. 6d. 1992 prints or 996 slides for 1495s. 6d. 2004 prints or 1002 slides for 1504s. 6d. 2016 prints or 1008 slides for 1513s. 6d. 2028 prints or 1014 slides for 1522s. 6d. 2040 prints or 1020 slides for 1531s. 6d. 2052 prints or 1026 slides for 1540s. 6d. 2064 prints or 1032 slides for 1549s. 6d. 2076 prints or 1038 slides for 1558s. 6d. 2088 prints or 1044 slides for 1567s. 6d. 2100 prints or 1050 slides for 1576s. 6d. 2112 prints or 1056 slides for 1585s. 6d. 2124 prints or 1062 slides for 1594s. 6d. 2136 prints or 1068 slides for 1603s. 6d. 2148 prints or 1074 slides for 1612s. 6d. 2160 prints or 1080 slides for 1621s. 6d. 2172 prints or 1086 slides for 1630s. 6d. 2184 prints or 1092 slides for 1639s. 6d. 2196 prints or 1098 slides for 1648s. 6d. 2208 prints or 1104 slides for 1657s. 6d. 2220 prints or 1110 slides for 1666s. 6d. 2232 prints or 1116 slides for 1675s. 6d. 2244 prints or 1122 slides for 1684s. 6d. 2256 prints or 1128 slides for 1693s. 6d. 2268 prints or 1134 slides for 1702s. 6d. 2280 prints or 1140 slides for 1711s. 6d. 2292 prints or 1146 slides for 1720s. 6d. 2304 prints or 1152 slides for 1729s. 6d. 2316 prints or 1158 slides for 1738s. 6d. 2328 prints or 1164 slides for 1747s. 6d. 2340 prints or 1170 slides for 1756s. 6d. 2352 prints or 1176 slides for 1765s. 6d. 2364 prints or 1182 slides for 1774s. 6d. 2376 prints or 1188 slides for 1783s. 6d. 2388 prints or 1194 slides for 1792s. 6d. 2400 prints or 1200 slides for 1801s. 6d. 2412 prints or 1206 slides for 1810s. 6d. 2424 prints or 1212 slides for 1819s. 6d. 2436 prints or 1218 slides for 1828s. 6d. 2448 prints or 1224 slides for 1837s. 6d. 2460 prints or 1230 slides for 1846s. 6d. 2472 prints or 1236 slides for 1855s. 6d. 2484 prints or 1242 slides for 1864s. 6d. 2496 prints or 1248 slides for 1873s. 6d. 2508 prints or 1254 slides for 1882s. 6d. 2520 prints or 1260 slides for 1891s. 6d. 2532 prints or 1266 slides for 1900s. 6d. 2544 prints or 1272 slides for 1909s. 6d. 2556 prints or 1278 slides for 1918s. 6d. 2568 prints or 1284 slides for 1927s. 6d. 2580 prints or 1290 slides for 1936s. 6d. 2592 prints or 1296 slides for 1945s. 6d. 2604 prints or 1302 slides for 1954s. 6d. 2616 prints or 1308 slides for 1963s. 6d. 2628 prints or 1314 slides for 1972s. 6d. 2640 prints or 1320 slides for 1981s. 6d. 2652 prints or 1326 slides for 1990s. 6d. 2664 prints or 1332 slides for 1999s. 6d. 2676 prints or 1338 slides for 2008s. 6d. 2688 prints or 1344 slides for 2017s. 6d. 2700 prints or 1350 slides for 2026s. 6d. 2712 prints or 1356 slides for 2035s. 6d. 2724 prints or 1362 slides for 2044s. 6d. 2736 prints or 1368 slides for 2053s. 6d. 2748 prints or 1374 slides for 2062s. 6d. 2760 prints or 1380 slides for 2071s. 6d. 2772 prints or 1386 slides for 2080s. 6d. 2784 prints or 1392 slides for 2089s. 6d. 2796 prints or 1398 slides for 2098s. 6d. 2808 prints or 1404 slides for 2107s. 6d. 2820 prints or 1410 slides for 2116s. 6d. 2832 prints or 1416 slides for 2125s. 6d. 2844 prints or 1422 slides for 2134s. 6d. 2856 prints or 1428 slides for 2143s. 6d. 2868 prints or 1434 slides for 2152s. 6d. 2880 prints or 1440 slides for 2161s. 6d. 2892 prints or 1446 slides for 2170s. 6d. 2904 prints or 1452 slides for 2179s. 6d. 2916 prints or 1458 slides for 2188s. 6d. 2928 prints or 1464 slides for 2197s. 6d. 2940 prints or 1470 slides for 2206s. 6d. 2952 prints or 1476 slides for 2215s. 6d. 2964 prints or 1482 slides for 2224s. 6d. 2976 prints or 1488 slides for 2233s. 6d. 2988 prints or 1494 slides for 2242s. 6d. 3000 prints or 1500 slides for 2251s. 6d. 3012 prints or 1506 slides for 2260s. 6d. 3024 prints or 1512 slides for 2269s. 6d. 3036 prints or 1518 slides for 2278s. 6d. 3048 prints or 1524 slides for 2287s. 6d. 3060 prints or 1530 slides for 2296s. 6d. 3072 prints or 1536 slides for 2305s. 6d. 3084 prints or 1542 slides for 2314s. 6d. 3096 prints or 1548 slides for 2323s. 6d. 3108 prints or 1554 slides for 2332s. 6d. 3120 prints or 1560 slides for 2341s. 6d. 3132 prints or 1566 slides for 2350s. 6d. 3144 prints or 1572 slides for 2359s. 6d. 3156 prints or 1578 slides for 2368s. 6d. 3168 prints or 1584 slides for 2377s. 6d. 3180 prints or 1590 slides for 2386s. 6d. 3192 prints or 1596 slides for 2395s. 6d. 3204 prints or 1602 slides for 2404s. 6d. 3216 prints or 1608 slides for 2413s. 6d. 3228 prints or 1614 slides for 2422s. 6d. 3240 prints or 1620 slides for 2431s. 6d. 3252 prints or 1626 slides for 2440s. 6d. 3264 prints or 1632 slides for 2449s. 6d. 3276 prints or 1638 slides for 2458s. 6d. 3288 prints or 1644 slides for 2467s. 6d. 3300 prints or 1650 slides for 2476s. 6d. 3312 prints or 1656 slides for 2485s. 6d. 3324 prints or 1662 slides for 2494s. 6d. 3336 prints or 1668 slides for 2503s. 6d. 3348 prints or 1674 slides for 2512s. 6d. 3360 prints or 1680 slides for 2521s. 6d. 3372 prints or 1686 slides for 2530s. 6d. 3384 prints or 1692 slides for 2539s. 6d. 3396 prints or 1698 slides for 2548s. 6d. 3408 prints or 1704 slides for 2557s. 6d. 3420 prints or 1710 slides for 2566s. 6d. 3432 prints or 1716 slides for 2575s. 6d. 3444 prints or 1722 slides for 2584s. 6d. 3456 prints or 1728 slides for 2593s. 6d. 3468 prints or 1734 slides for 2602s. 6d. 3480 prints or 1740 slides for 2611s. 6d. 3492 prints or 1746 slides for 2620s. 6d. 3504 prints or 1752 slides for 2629s. 6d. 3516 prints or 1758 slides for 2638s. 6d. 3528 prints or 1764 slides for 2647s. 6d. 3540 prints or 1770 slides for 2656s. 6d. 3552 prints or 1776 slides for 2665s. 6d. 3564 prints or 1782 slides for 2674s. 6d. 3576 prints or 1788 slides for 2683s. 6d. 3588 prints or 1794 slides for 2692s. 6d. 3600 prints or 1800 slides for 2701s. 6d. 3612 prints or 1806 slides for 2710s. 6d. 3624 prints or 1812 slides for 2719s. 6d. 3636 prints or 1818 slides for 2728s. 6d. 3648 prints or 1824 slides for 2737s. 6d. 3660 prints or 1830 slides for 2746s. 6d. 3672 prints or 1836 slides for 2755s. 6d. 3684 prints or 1842 slides for 2764s. 6d. 3696 prints or 1848 slides for 2773s. 6d. 3708 prints or 1854 slides for 2782s. 6d. 3720 prints or 1860 slides for 2791s. 6d. 3732 prints or 1866 slides for 2800s. 6d. 3744 prints or 1872 slides for 2809s. 6d. 3756 prints or 1878 slides for 2818s. 6d. 3768 prints or 1884 slides for 2827s. 6d. 3780 prints or 1890 slides for 2836s. 6d. 3792 prints or 1896 slides for 2845s. 6d. 3804 prints or 1902 slides for 2854s. 6d. 3816 prints or 1908 slides for 2863s. 6d. 3828 prints or 1914 slides for 2872s. 6d. 3840 prints or 1920 slides for 2881s. 6d. 3852 prints or 1926 slides for 2890s. 6d. 3864 prints or 1932 slides for 2899s. 6d. 3876 prints or 1938 slides for 2908s. 6d. 3888 prints or 1944 slides for 2917s. 6d. 3900 prints or 1950 slides for 2926s. 6d. 3912 prints or 1956 slides for 2935s. 6d. 3924 prints or 1962 slides for 2944s. 6d. 3936 prints or 1968 slides for 2953s. 6d. 3948 prints or 1974 slides for 2962s. 6d. 3960 prints or 1980 slides for 2971s. 6d. 3972 prints or 1986 slides for 2980s. 6d. 3984 prints or 1992 slides for 2989s. 6d. 3996 prints or 1998 slides for 2998s. 6d. 4008 prints or 2004 slides for 3007s. 6d. 4020 prints or 2010 slides for 3016s. 6d. 4032 prints or 2016 slides for 3025s. 6d. 4044 prints or 2022 slides for 3034s. 6d. 4056 prints or 2028 slides for 3043s. 6d. 4068 prints or 2034 slides for 3052s. 6d. 4080 prints or 2040 slides for 3061s. 6d. 4092 prints or 2046 slides for 3070s. 6d. 4104 prints or 2052 slides for 3079s. 6d. 4116 prints or 2058 slides for 3088s. 6d. 4128 prints or 2064 slides for 3097s. 6d. 4140 prints or 2070 slides for 3106s. 6d. 4152 prints or 2076 slides for 3115s. 6d. 4164 prints or 2082 slides for 3124s. 6d. 4176 prints or 2088 slides for 3133s. 6d. 4188 prints or 2094 slides for 3142s. 6d. 4200 prints or 2100 slides for 3151s. 6d. 4212 prints or 2106 slides for 3160s. 6d. 4224 prints or 2112 slides for 3169s. 6d. 4236 prints or 2118 slides for 3178s. 6d. 4248 prints or 2124 slides for 3187s. 6d. 4260 prints or 2130 slides for 3196s. 6d. 4272 prints or 2136 slides for 3205s. 6d. 4284 prints or 2142 slides for 3214s. 6d. 4296 prints or 2148 slides for 3223s. 6d. 4308 prints or 2154 slides for 3232s. 6d. 4320 prints or 2160 slides for 3241s. 6d. 4332 prints or 2166 slides for 3250s. 6d. 4344 prints or 2172 slides for 3259s. 6d. 4356 prints or 2178 slides for 3268s. 6d. 4368 prints or 2184 slides for 3277s. 6d. 4380 prints or 2190 slides for 3286s. 6d. 4392 prints or 2196 slides for 3295s. 6d. 4404 prints or 2202 slides for 3304s. 6d. 4416 prints or 2208 slides for 3313s. 6d. 4428 prints or 2214 slides for 3322s. 6d. 4440 prints or 2220 slides for 3331s. 6d. 4452 prints or 2226 slides for 3340s. 6d. 4464 prints or 2232 slides for 3349s. 6d. 4476 prints or 2238 slides for 3358s. 6d. 4488 prints or 2244 slides for 3367s. 6d. 4500 prints or 2250 slides for 3376s. 6d. 4512 prints or 2256 slides for 3385s. 6d. 4524 prints or 2262 slides for 3394s. 6d. 4536 prints or 2268 slides for 3403s. 6d. 4548 prints or 2274 slides for 3412s. 6d. 4560 prints or 2280 slides for 3421s. 6d. 4572 prints or 2286 slides for 3430s. 6d. 4584 prints or 2292 slides for 3439s. 6d. 4596 prints or 2298 slides for 3448s. 6d. 4608 prints or 2304 slides for 3457s. 6d. 4620 prints or 2310 slides for 3466s. 6d. 4632 prints or 2316 slides for 3475s. 6d. 4644 prints or 2322 slides for 3484s. 6d. 4656 prints or 2328 slides for 3493s. 6d. 4668 prints or 2334 slides for 3502s. 6d. 4680 prints or 2340 slides for 3511s. 6d. 4692 prints or 2346 slides for 3520s. 6d. 4704 prints or 2352 slides for 3529s. 6d. 4716 prints or 2358 slides for 3538s. 6d. 4728 prints or 2364 slides for 3547s. 6d. 4740 prints or 2370 slides for 3556s. 6d. 4752 prints or 2376 slides for 3565s. 6d. 4764 prints or 2382 slides for 3574s. 6d. 4776 prints or 2388 slides for 3583s. 6d. 4788 prints or 2394 slides for 3592s. 6d. 4800 prints or 2400 slides for 3601s. 6d. 4812 prints or 2406 slides for 3610s. 6d. 4824 prints or 2412 slides for 3619s. 6d. 4836 prints or 2418 slides for 3628s. 6d. 4848 prints or 2424 slides for 3637s. 6d. 4860 prints or 2430 slides for 3646s. 6d. 4872 prints or 2436 slides for 3655s. 6d. 4884 prints or 2442 slides for 3664s. 6d. 4896 prints or 2448 slides for 3673s. 6d. 4908 prints or 2454 slides for 3682s. 6d. 4920 prints or 2460 slides for 3691s. 6d. 4932 prints or 2466 slides for 3700s. 6d. 4944 prints or 2472 slides for 3709s. 6d. 4956 prints or 2478 slides for 3718s. 6d. 4968 prints or 2484 slides for 3727s. 6d. 4980 prints or 2490 slides for 3736s. 6d. 4992 prints or 2496 slides for 3745s. 6d. 5004 prints or 2502 slides for 3754s. 6d. 5016 prints or 2508 slides for 3763s. 6d. 5028 prints or 2514 slides for 3772s. 6d. 5040 prints or 2520 slides for 3781s. 6d. 5052 prints or 2526 slides for 3790s. 6d. 5064 prints or 2532 slides for 3799s. 6d. 5076 prints or 2538 slides for 3808s. 6d. 5088 prints or 2544 slides for 3817s. 6d. 5100 prints or 2550 slides for 3826s. 6d. 5112 prints or 2556 slides for 3835s. 6d. 5124 prints or 2562 slides for 3844s. 6d. 5136 prints or 2568 slides for 3853s. 6d. 5148 prints or 2574 slides for 3862s. 6d. 5160 prints or 2580 slides for 3871s. 6d. 5172 prints or 2586 slides for 3880s. 6d. 5184 prints or 2592 slides for 3889s. 6d. 5196 prints or 2598 slides for 3898s. 6d. 5208 prints or 2604 slides for 3907s. 6d. 5220 prints or 2610 slides for 3916s. 6d. 5232 prints or 2616 slides for 3925s. 6d. 5244 prints or 2622 slides for 3934s. 6d. 5256 prints or 2628 slides for 3943s. 6d. 5268 prints or 2634 slides for 3952s. 6d. 5280 prints or 2640 slides for 3961s. 6d. 5292 prints or 2646 slides for 3