

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 sighs 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 fail, 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'? Lulli 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 exquisite*? Strauss of the imperial ballroom, the glittering chandeliers, the white uniforms. Strauss who rained his golden bubbles of intoxication over all the lilting 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 glib with my Veracini and my Lulli 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 dreaming 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 Pegasus and his curse,
Flung her lament across the universe.

EDWARD S. 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? Lulli, 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 guv'nor so only yesterday. I said, "Guv'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 214.)



'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 toffee was eight a penny instead of ten, as it was at Jackson's, and you didn't get quite such a big ice 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 proleptic 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 'eleven' 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, ever 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 bale 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 woods 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 ever 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 wheeze 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—*cr—voilà!*

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 leant 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 éclairs to 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 bagged 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 ear-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 Wottie.

However, at the noontide 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 messing 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 Wottie—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 cornfield without falling off, which only shows what absolute panic will do.

We'd recovered somewhat by the time we got back to school and we went and had a long jaw 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 Wottie 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 M^r Nubbins that sister Pall is delivered safely of twins, a he and a she. For which I know not whether to be glad or sorry. Onelie if she have brought 2 little Pepyses into the world (as time alone can show), that shall be not so bad as 2 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 alios* my Lord Arlingbury that hath a lurching tent and bids us thereto beyond my expectioun. 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 reflectioun. 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 comfort in the greater

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

A thing that pleased me this night was listening-in 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 publike by sudden storm, from highest to lowest; and his *intermezzo* so generall a rage, that Grandmother Pepys did once give the milk-boy 1st not to whissel it for a se'nnight, God rest her

July 11.—A sweltering day, with a great heaviness in the ayr; as limpening a day as ever I do remember. Phoans us Squillinger's lady to goe punting with them, my wife and I, to Hampton Court, and to carry bathing cloathes 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 $\frac{1}{2}$ 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 2 little shifting tents and to sett them upp 1 at either end the punt. They hide us to the neck, but have our heads out, and a plaguey yet merrie business it was, shifting cloathes by grasping 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, onelie slip-ons or pull-ons with elasticks to them, so as blind shifting do come easy to them and all 3 back into their cloathes, 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 setts with them, the musique coming to us over the water most sweatly tuneable beyond everything almost. Tee at the *Magpie*. So home, and albeit little discourse with Hannah, did make some pretty changes of eyes with me behind her Japanese umbrelly.



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 grotts 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 Bredon,
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 Ramsgaret 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 lovable 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 shiny,
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 wave
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 keel
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 plaice 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 abaft)
And how I loved her when she chaffed
And said that I was her 'buoy,'
For she was so 'attached' to me !
And when she perched upon my knee,
Just like a mermaid from the sea,
And whispered : 'Atta Merboy !'
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 mem'ry of our time at Brighton ! ‡

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

† 'Neck or Nothing.'

‡ Should this not be 'Margate?'—Ed. No, Ramsgate.—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 *inamorata* 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. Spillikhine 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 Spillikhine, 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 hereinunder.]

* * * * *

IN a few moments I shall commence to broadcast the Chess Championship of the World between Spillikhine and Wackemov, fought under International Chess Championship rules for the belt, presented by Señator 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 Spillikhine 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 Spillikhine. 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. Spillikhine is a slighter figure, but there is a look of steely 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 forehand 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. . . . Spillikhine 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 Spillikhine'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 Spillikhine are growing restive. . . . There is no open barracking, for posses 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. . . . Spillikhine 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 Spillikhine! What has occurred?

I see what it is. Wackemov has seized a black castle and swept it from the board. . . . Spillikhine 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. . . .

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

Interpreters translate it to the polyglot crowd. . . . Spillikhine 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 239.)

INHALING

By Richard Hughes

A Simple Story for your Second Childhood

ONCE there were two children out for a walk by themselves, when they 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 inhaling.'

'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 *will* you do 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.

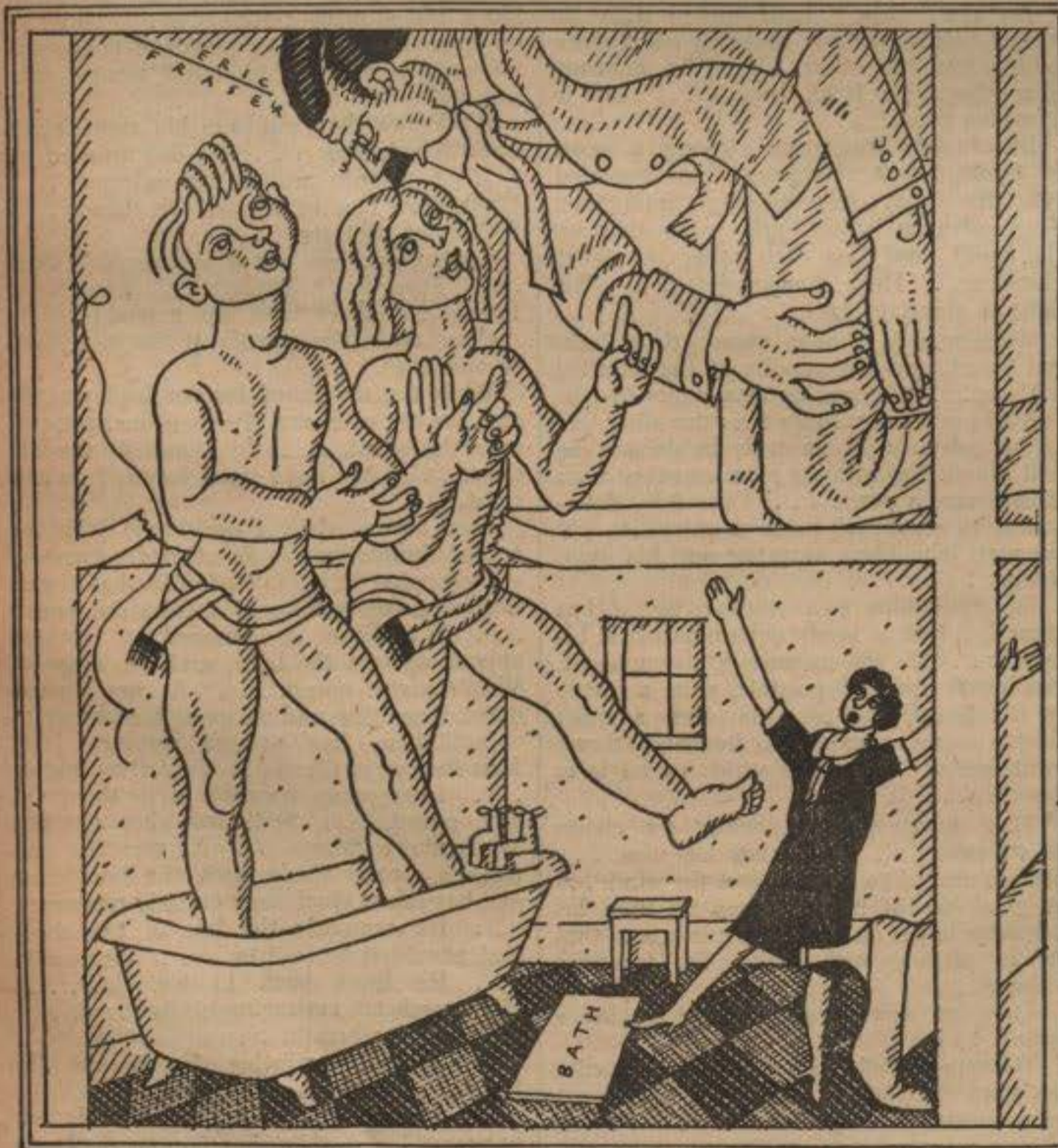
As for baths, they had to go and take cold ones in the pond. It would have taken much too much hot water to fill baths for them in the house.

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 Holtby

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 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 broadcasting—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 these 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 poppies—'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 bluebottle

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 2LO, 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, miss, if you ever did though, of course you never would, being a lady—this fellow from 2LO 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-calling-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. 2LO 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 Tallingford; he's our member on the County Council.' 'No, no, you mustn't drag in personalities,' says Mr. 2LO. '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. 11½d. 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 2LO, '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 Traddle 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. 2LO. 'Is it?' says Hilary. 'Well, everything that seems to happen seems to be either personalities or advertisement. Still, I'd hate to do anything wrong, 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 243.)



'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 stick 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 bean-flowers I speak not, because they are field 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 mints.

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 sit on the earth, needing 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 pea, 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 staked 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, 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 sheeps' 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 sheeps' 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 boil 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 once 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!'

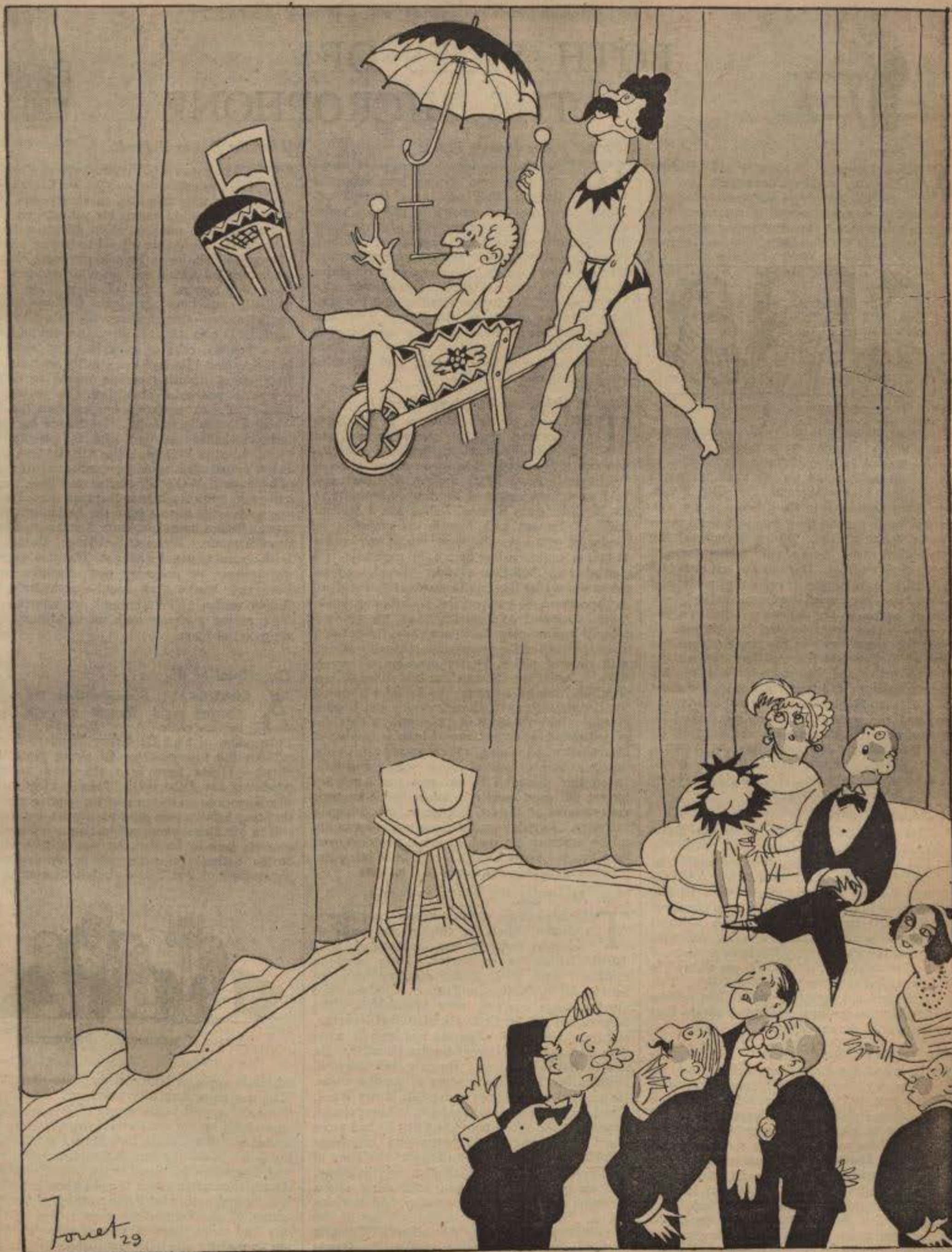
For potatoes Cobbett had no use. He is bound to give so important a root considerable space, but he manages to work in some hard things about it.

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 it, 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 251.)



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 sorely 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—niggers



'Postcard pictures of themselves.'

and pierrots (there were no swell concert parties in those days). No day was complete without a C.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 soubrette—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 wittiest people on earth; and their songs the most tuneful. In former summers we listeners 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 Alhambra 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 (5GB), 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 opinions: 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 Musard 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 'Mons'—an abbreviation of '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 foppish 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. Admission 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 snatching 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 1866 a new series of autumn concerts was inaugurated, with Alfred Mellon as conductor. These concerts continued until 1895, Mellon being succeeded in turn by Ardit, Sullivan, and others. By the middle nineties these 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 opera, 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 its 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 this 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 assured. The tradition of devoting certain nights to definite 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 Bach 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 unique. No other nation possesses such an institution. 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. These 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 audiences: 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!



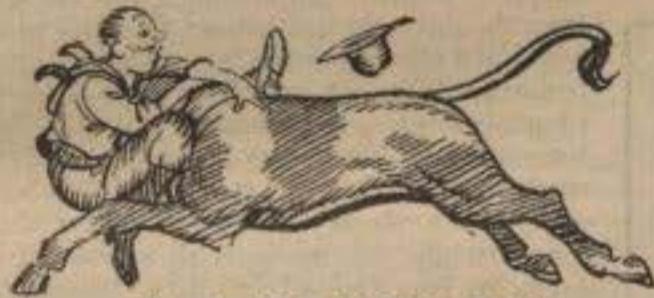


With Illustrations by Arthur Watts
**BOTH SIDES OF
 THE MICROPHONE**



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, CJRM, 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 Lethbridge, Alberta. The station is situated in a hotel. Mr. Sturrock, who runs it, is Programme 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 ranchers. 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 *Push and Go*, *Razzle Dazzle*, *Mary*, and *The First Kiss*. The exact nature of the programmes has not yet been decided—one will probably be on 'nigger 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 *Jutish Medley*, arranged Percy Grainger and played by a Symphony Orchestra under Basil Cameron (Decca A1002); Galli-Curci in Bishop's *Lo, here the gentle lark* (H.M.V. DB1278); the *Valse Triste* of Sibelius, by the Victor Olof Sextet (H.M.V. C1578); *Nichivo (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 996), Danny Small (Piccadilly 315), the Sterno Light Orchestra (Sterno 173), Gabriel Lordy, 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. B5659) by Jack Hylton.

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 makes will represent the various nations—Bentley, Riley, etc. (England), Bugatti and Amilcar (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 Ivanowsky, 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 'collision' 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 finds his experience of the microphone, gained 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 Scheider 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. Helmore, 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 Daventry 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 281.49 miles per hour. Since that date, Major Bernardi (Italy) has flown at 318.62 miles per hour, and Flight-Lieut. d'Arcy 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 Bagshot had always been his favourites—he used to walk in the woods around Princetown reading them as he went. A stylist, then, and a scholar: 'a literary man,' one writer has rather exaggeratedly said of him, 'to his finger-tips.'

Prophecy.

A REDCAR listener, Mr. F. M. Wright, 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 Russia where 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 Chelsea crescent 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 fur-clad announcers 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,' S.B. to all Stations except Aberdeen.' This is a new one on us.

(Continued overleaf)

(Continued from previous page.)

How Mozart Worked.

MOZART wrote music,' said his wife, 'as people write letters.' Bursts of turbulent inspiration, such as some composers 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 improvise 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 miraculously spared 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* cycle in one morning) and then would lapse into songless silence—as if he could not bear the strain of Mozart's continuous living in that rarefied air of music. . . . Tuesday evenings, following the usual scheme of programmes 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 pianoforte concerto by the former (with Harold Craxton at the piano) and the *Unfinished* by the latter.

Experience.

BACH is a remarkable example of the familiar adage that still waters run deep. He was never, despite his association with princes, a public man; the focus of his life was always the home. There are some 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 seldom kind who recognize that 'experience' is spiritual and not physical. In a small corner of Germany, where virtuosi of the day hardly 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 Magdalene and his family about him, Bach attained a quietness of spirit that was like a quiet water wherein the light of the sky shines with doubled intensity. In strong contrast to Bach was Handel, whose music, as a result of his intensely public life, hardly ever attains the intimacy of Bach's. The Bach and Handel night of the Proms, Wednesday, August 14, will be relayed, *via* 5GB. It includes the Brandenburg Concertos, Nos. 2 and 3. Adila Fachiri will play Bach's Violin Concerto, No. 1, in A Minor.

From The States.

A'NOVELTY' down for performance at the Saturday night Prom (August 17, 5GB) is Leo Sowerby's Suite *From the Northland*. This is a first performance in England. Sowerby is an American composer who studied music 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 Time') took as its 'text' a poem by Bliss Carman; whilst this year's piece paints in music impressions of scenes round about the shores of Lake Superior.

'The Second News': Alteration of Time.

THROUGHOUT the 'Proms' season the 'Second News Bulletin,' from London, will be given at 9.40 (approx.) every night of the week except Sunday. A similar alteration will take place on 5GB, when 5GB is broadcasting the 'Prom' concert; otherwise, as usual, at 9 p.m. 'The Second News,' in such cases (i.e., 9.40 p.m.), will be immediately followed by local announcements or shipping, as the case may be; the talk follows 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.



'A Group of Telharmonists'

from the Academy picture by A. Watts

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

(See opposite page.)

Women in the Orchestra.

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 Proms (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.

Chopin: the Complete Romantic.

IT is three-quarters of a century, and more, since Chopin died; but he still remains, *par excellence*, the composer for the piano. Liszt, since then, has written pyrotechnic displays for it; Brahms, gems of flawless beauty; Debussy, a whole repertoire of pastel impressions of Nature; 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 completest 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 piece by Chopin, can conjure up our subtlest romantic moods?—Chopin's music coming over the lawn from the moon-flecked house; Chopin's music heard in a foreign land; Chopin's music caught momentarily as one passed an open window; Chopin's music—as Pachmann played it, say, ten years ago. There may be, as his 'Letters' 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 nowhere more marvelously to be found than in the *Ballads*. Chopin's *Ballads* and *Scherzi*, played by Laffitte, constitute the 'Foundations' for the week beginning August 11.

Chopin and Poland.

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 Aleja, a bold 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.

The Cancer Hospital Appeal.

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.

Canterbury At Its Best.

ALL arrangements are completed for the Canterbury Cathedral Festival which opens on Monday, August 19, and continues for six days. We wish this musical and dramatic enterprise such weather as, at the moment of writing, spreads its blue over Savoy Hill. The charm of the festival will, to a great extent, depend upon fine weather, in the event of which Nugent Monck and his Norwich Players will present *Everyman* and *Dr. Faustus* outside the West Door of the Cathedral. Of the 'serenades' which are to be conducted in the Cloisters by Adrian Boult, one will be broadcast on Friday, August 23. This will be preceded on the same evening by an orchestral concert relayed from the nave of the Cathedral, and followed on the Saturday afternoon by a further concert. Listeners might well take a week's holiday at Canterbury during the Festival.

"The Broadcasters."

THE TELHARMONIC

Entertainments
Guide

WHAT IS TELHARMONY? Gentle Reader, we, who live in an age of Scientific Marvels, have hardly had time to accustom ourselves to the wonders of Steam Locomotion, by land and on the ocean, we have barely begun to avail ourselves of the advantages of the Electric Telegraph, and Gas, when our Scientists tell us that they will soon be able to light our Apartments by the Electric Light, and cure all our ills by the judicious application of Galvanism, or the Electric Fluid. But perhaps, nay, without a doubt, Professor John Smith's discovery of TELHARMONY is the most astonishing Scientific Advance yet made. TELHARMONY is the art of conveying sounds to a distance. By the living Magnetic Affinity which the Professor discovered to exist between the crystalline rocks of a certain formation, we are able to communicate immediately, with perfect results, any sound, speech, song, dust or musical performance to a distance of many miles; so that the happy possessor of a TELHARMONICON can, by applying the ear to a small trumpet, hear all those sounds just as though he, or she (for we have many TELHARMONISTS of the gentler sex) were present at the very occasion. Her Majesty the QUEEN has been graciously pleased to accept a ROYAL TELHARMONICON for use at Buckingham Palace, and the following letter of acknowledgment has been received. "Her Majesty desires me to express Her Majesty's happiness in accepting the Scientific Novelty which you send. Although cares of State have hitherto prevented Her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince ALBERT from testing it in person, Her Majesty feels sure that many of her Loyal Subjects will find the novelty amusing and instructive."

MONDAY, AUG. 5th.

8.30 o'clock - 9.30 o'clock. 'The Shining Hour.'

"Like to the purple flowers, see thou commence
Each shining day with Wisdom and
Good Sense."
—Eliza Cook.

Daily readings from the works of Mr. Martin TUPPER, LL.D.

The reader in this series, gentle listener, is the young Mr. Adolphus Egge, who is, at 26, renowned as the possessor of the most masculine and virile, and yet at the same time the most elegant and sentimental, voice of all public characters in 'this little isle set in the silver sea,' as Shakespeare calls it. Mr. Ruskin said of Mr. Egge's rendering of the proverbial Philosophies of Mr. Tupper:—"I have watched morning break with tenderness among the snow-capped Alps; I have gathered (when I was a boy) a handful of gentian bells from high places where the air was like wine to my young, enquiring spirit; I say I have gathered them, yes, and laid them with affection beside the places which my parents would occupy at the breakfast table; and all this at the hotel, which, built upon the slaty escarpments of the Rimm, hangs in pure air, in the fire of dawn, between the peaks of heaven and the forests of the plain, but the feelings which ran through my young bosom in those far-off days were neither fresher nor more profound than those which moved in me when this young man (i.e., Mr. Adolphus Egge), by his young manliness, first interpreted for me the *delos nua*, the sweet, strong wisdom of Mr. Tupper, a poet who, I confess it with sorrow, had not till then broken through my brittle self-esteem."

1851

9.30 o'clock-10.30 o'clock. Address by Mr. J. Ruskin, the Art Critic, entitled *Calamus Cumulus* or the Art of Rightness. (This Address will only be audible by those TELHARMONISTS who are the happy possessors of the Patent Superior-Calibre TELHARMONICON.)

10.30 o'clock-11.30 o'clock. The FOURTH Tour of the GREAT EXHIBITION, or, as our Gallie neighbours call it, the Palais Paxton. The lecturer will tour the Crystal Palace, passing comments upon the sights of the day all about him. The noise of the visitors will be heard!

We do not mean our lectures to be anything but an incentive to all TELHARMONISTS to visit the Great Exhibition for themselves. To this end, too, we quote the following from an article (which we suspect to have been written by Mr. W. E. Gladstone): "Go again to the building which enshrines the vast collection of human industry. There are no pillars that could be dispensed with, no architectural mannerisms, no effort at effect. All is plain, simple and mathematically severe; yet who can enter that vast interior and not feel his heart swell within him at the solemn and majestic impression which its vastness creates?"

To-day's tour will include an account of the Indian Section, with special reference to the native methods of the manufacture of Opium, in which Her Majesty took so much interest last week.

11.30 o'clock-12.30 o'clock. JOKES, PUZZLES, RIDDLES, CONUNDRUMS, CHARADES, PUNS, and AMUSEMENTS.

We are not (as some critics have said) the enemies of *joie-de-vivre*. There is a time for innocent happiness, and this, we feel, is the time. The morning's studies are ended; the mind benefits by relaxation, although MUSIC would here be out of place. Gentlemen, it is true, will be away at their Counting-houses; but those charming matrons and young ladies, of



[Adolphus Egge Esquire.]

whom we are all so fond, may, in the seclusion of the boudoir, listen and laugh at our drolleries without blush or fear. We print below, at the request of many fair correspondents, two of the most "fetching" of last week's jokes and conundrums. Try these on papa when he returns. He will be amused to death.

NEPHEW: Uncle, do flowers talk?
Wicked UNCLE: Yes, my boy; with their tulips (two-tips)!

Q: Why does a miller wear a white hat?
A: To keep his head warm.

1 o'clock-3.0 o'clock. Two Hours of Pleasant Instruction. Mr. Ruskin will continue his lecture, 'Via Pulveris,' or Art and the Ordinary Listener, with some animadversions upon pictures now to be seen at the Royal Academy. (Audible only on the Patent Superior Calibre Telharmonicon.)

Professor PONDWHISTLE on 'Wonderful Family Customs of the Crustaceans,' a simple lecture for our Young People. Professor Pondwhistle is one of our greatest Telharmonists, whose popular DIALOGUE manner makes him clear and amiable to hear. This is the last of his afternoon lectures.

3.0 o'clock-4.0 o'clock. A vivid description by an eye-witness to be Telharmonised (if we may coin a word) directly from the best CRICKET GROUND in England, the OVAL, Kennington, of the match there proceeding between the Gentlemen of England and the Gentlemen of Kent.

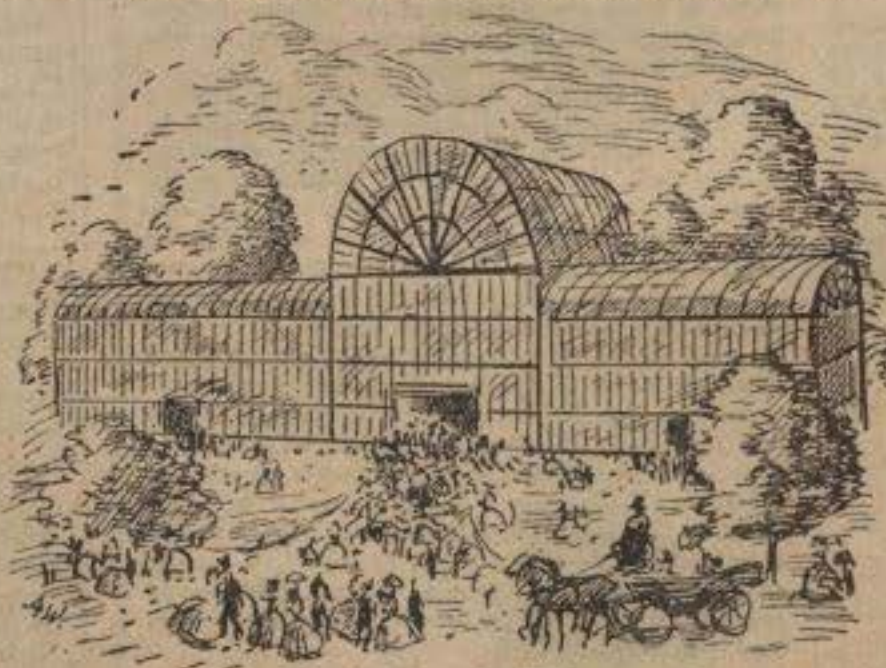
4.0 o'clock-5.0 o'clock. FEMALE FASHIONS AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS. Many delighted fair correspondents have written to us to express (how charmingly they do it, too!) their delight and admiration for Miss Amelia Griggs's lucid instructions on the making of card-baskets with ribbons and pasteboard. These elegant and tasteful little articles now adorn, we believe, every Telharmonist's table. To-day *Aunt Amelia* (for so we love to call her) will begin a series of four conversations upon the making of WAX FLOWERS. This pleasant and intellectual study seems to be rapidly supplanting the hitherto highly-favoured Berlin Wool Working, Tatting, and Shell Work.

We hasten to add a word upon a topic that will send a flutter to many a feminine heart. What are the immediate novelties of Female Attire, what charming adornments are now being devised to enhance the already irresistible attractions of the heartless fair? These secrets will be disclosed by a VOICE this afternoon. Can it be the voice of Cupid (Roman God of the Tender Passion)? Fair Telharmonists, nothing will induce us to pass an opinion, although we have already lost our hearts to the young ladies in the superb engraving.

5.0 o'clock-6.0 o'clock. An Address by Mr. J. Ruskin entitled *Calamus Cumulus*, or The Rightness of Art. Mr. Ruskin has contributed in large measure to the formation of the good taste of TELHARMONISTS, now almost proverbial. This evening he has promised to refer, in no uncertain voice, to two recent publications of Poetry: Mrs. Browning's new book of Italian Poetry, 'Casa Guidi Windows,' and to a new and difficult book by Mr. George Meredith, which, we understand, shows some promise.

6.0 o'clock-8.0 o'clock. A TELHARMONISED extract direct from the meeting of the Sacred Harmonic Society's Performance, at Exeter Hall, of MENDELSSOHN'S 'Elijah.' Vocalists:—Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss E. Birch, Miss Dolby, Mrs. Williams, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Herr Formes. The Orchestra, the most extensive available, will consist of (including 16 double Basses) nearly 700 performers.

8.0 o'clock-8.30 o'clock. From Willis's Rooms. Mr. Bruton's vocal party for glees, ballads, and genteel comic songs. Mr. Bruton will sing (comic). The programme is to be in the nature of



[The GREAT EXHIBITION, or the 'Palais Paxton.']

a surprise, and will be Mr. Bruton's own spontaneous selection.

8.30 o'clock-9.30 o'clock. A Ballad Recital by Mlle. JENNY LIND, the most favourite Ballads of the day will be sung, viz. :-

'O why Do I Weep for Thee' by Wallace.
'These happy Days are Gone!' by Lavenn.
'O Sing to Me!' by Osborn.
'O Summer Moon' (Duet with Miss Green) by Meyerbeer.
'O Lonely Rose!' by Balfe.
'O Take this Love!' by Benedict.
'The World is a Fairy Ring.' Words by Elias Cook, Music by J. P. Keight.
'Ocean Dreams' by J. P. Keight.

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,' 'Melancholy.'

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 Cornopeans, Saxhorns, Concertinas, Flutinas, and the new American Instrument, the PIANO-VIOLO, now being demonstrated at the Crystal Palace.

10.30 o'clock-12.0 o'clock Mid-night. All Telharmonists will have the unparalleled opportunity of hearing Music, and the Noises of the Vast Crowd, from the Licensed Victuallers' Fancy Fair this night at VAUXHALL, upon which occasion, in addition to the inimitable entertainments of this aristocratic resort, there will be a Balloon Ascent by Mr. H. Bell in the new Locomotive Aerial Machine, second appearance of Mde. Antonie, the celebrated Rope Ascensionist, and the eminent Tyrolese Vocalist, M. von Gulpia, who has had the honour of appearing twice, in native 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 lent for this great occasion, and will, while NAVIGATING THE ÆTHER, recount at great length and in detail the whole of his sensations 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

ADVERTISEMENTS.

PORTER'S AROMATIC PASTILLES. Mr. Adolphus Egge, whose sweetly intoned 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, commencing 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 depravity, 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 denizens of cerulean air.' But man, in the person of Mr. H. Bell, has, not impiously, flown. The invention of the balloon is rather, we opine, to be regarded as evidence of human Progress. Can it be asserted that Horses were not designed to draw carriages because their harness is not a natural part of equine physiology? No! The Science of Aeronautics, or sailing in (or upon) the air is but another proof of the superiority of our race over the brute beasts. We ourselves are so convinced of this, whatever the Pope may say, that we venture a prophecy.

'Carriages,' said Mother Shipton, 'shall run without horses, and ships shall fly in the air.' Reader, the first part of this 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 panoply of sail; they rise and sway above the roof of our metropolis, and sail majestically away towards

distant cities and countries, bearing on their decks vast multitudes of travellers. They will fly hither and thither, from one Crystal Palace to another, greatly increasing the commerce, culture and wisdom of the Aristocracy. In this march of Progress Mr. H. Bell takes a leading part, and tonight all Telharmonists may share his dizzy adventure.

N.B.—During the Aerial Display the Band of the Second Life Guards, which was commanded for the dinner party held at Buckingham Palace two nights ago, will play (for the especial benefit of Telharmonists and by the gracious permission of Her Majesty the QUEEN) the programme as it was then played, viz:—

Overture, Fra 'Diavolo' Aubert.
Waltzer, 'Henrietta' Brown.
Quadrille, 'Swiss' Jullien (especially composed).
Marsch, 'Parade' Parony.

Polka, 'Russian Battle'
Gopak, 'Victory'
'GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.'

We have received the following letter from a gentleman correspondent:

Str, 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 regaining 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.



[Some Novelties in Female Fashion.]

ADVERTISEMENTS

ELEGANT PRESENT to a LADY. The LANGUAGE of FLOWERS. The Art of Corresponding in Floral Emblems. Coloured Plates, in Green Watered Silk, Gilt, 10s.

Hot BATHS at HOME. 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 unites 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.

FINE CIGARS. A large stock of CHÉROOTS & CIGARS of every kind at 5s. 9d., 6s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 8s. 6d., per lb., at the warehouses of Messrs. Trowsell and Company, Importers, Eastcheap.

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

PRINCE ALBERT never wears more gentlemanly boots than CRINKELL'S FRENCH WELLINGTONS, the best imported, price 1 Guinea.

THE PRINCE OF WALES and the younger branches of the Royal Family do not wear such stylish shoes as those manufactured at O. S. CRINKELL'S establishment, Haymarket.

DIORAMA! DIORAMA! DIORAMA! EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly. 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 and associates, on Thursday of this Week.

TRULLOR AND DAY, Tailors to the Court, sole inventors and patentees of the INFALLIBLE TROWSER, universally acknowledged the most symmetrical garment ever produced. Three Pairs for 69s.

WHISKERS AND MOUSTACHIOS—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 13s. 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 everyone. Ladies are respectfully invited to hear it performed from 10 to 7 daily, at Webb's Royal Music and Pianoforte Saloon, Sobo Square.

'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. If fifty-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 Galsworthy, 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



tastes are in any absolute way right. When I say that Milton is a better poet than Ella 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 airing in 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, Gladdy 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 poleaxing 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 puritans. 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.



THE ALHAMBRA BALLETS.

I FEEL I must write and say how very much I enjoyed reading the article on the Alhambra of the past. In 1871 I was married in a small market town in Leicestershire and went to London for our honeymoon. My husband took me to see the Ballet, and what I remember of it, it was more than grand. Of course I was at an impressionable age and I thought the dancers' dresses were lovely, but rather on the brief side. In those days moire antique was the fashionable material for ladies' dresses. I must say I do enjoy listening, and how you ever can get such delightful varied programmes I cannot imagine.—*J. H. A., Atherton.*

[Appreciations of the 'Alhambra Ballets' Programme have also been received from Mrs. Margaret James, Mr. F. Seale, Mr. J. Moore, and — Bumer.]

ANNOUNCERS' ENGLISH.

I AM sure the Editor will grant me the courtesy of these columns to enable me to reply to those who have criticised my previous remarks. I refer to two letters in the issue of July 12. Mr. Bonavia-Hunt asks why in the name of common-sense should the 'h' be aspirated in such words as 'white,' 'Whig' and 'wheel.' Because it is there, of course. By the way, why in the name of common-sense should the 'H' be aspirated in 'Hunt,' or is the name pronounced Mr. Bonavia-Unt? Incidentally, has Mr. Bonavia-Hunt ever heard of the fallacy *argumentum ad hominem*? He might look it up, for his own argument is a very fine specimen. Will he tell us why it is a curious notion of mine that the English language should be pronounced correctly?—*F. W. E. Wagner, 50, Castle Road, West Kensington, W.14.*

OF DOGS AND CATS.

THE sensitiveness of the human ear enables us to hear musical sounds varying in pitch, roughly, from 16 to 10,000 vibrations per second. Vibrations having a periodicity exceeding 10,000 per second have no effect whatever on the human ear. It is conceivable that a slight difference in the construction of a dog's ear enables it to hear sounds of a much higher periodicity than that to which the human ear is sensitive. A dog listening to an orchestra, or a band, therefore hears much more than we, due to its longer range of audibility. Probably the additional sounds heard by the dog are those extreme upper harmonies (overtones), which, by virtue of their inaudibility, are ignored in the study of harmony or acoustics. Since the upper harmonies become increasingly discordant as they become more remote from the fundamental tone, the sounds which the dog hears are not harmony, but an ensemble of piercing unresolved discords. Hence the howling.

Though the above explanation is more or less hypothetical, it is rendered more feasible by the following: I once heard of a man who used a specially pitched whistle with which to recall his dog. The pitch of the whistle was so high that people in the vicinity were unable to hear it. Yet the dog pricked his ears, recognised the call, and trotted obediently to his master.—*Crofticus.*

We have five adult cats. When St. Martin in the Fields Sunday services begin, they assemble themselves on the rug (in winter before a fire as hot as Hell), and pray and praise in their own way with the best of them. But, the senior male, a black cat, has a decided preference for the Holy Roman Catholic Church. For him it is the only one, and though he can tolerate St. Martin's and the like, when a Nonconformist service is broadcast, he simply retires in disgust. Will you explain this, please?—*C. G.*

THE FOREIGN TONGUE.

I WONDER if any other Listeners have raised the following query: 'Why do vocalists in the Sunday programmes always choose this day to sing in foreign languages?' For example, on a recent Sunday, from 5XX there is half an hour's song recital in French, and for 5GB there are four songs in Italian. This is typical of the Sunday programmes, only sometimes we get more of it. Sunday is the day when the ordinary English working man can listen, and I maintain that ninety-five per cent. cannot understand what is being sung, and, therefore, switch off. If it is necessary to have songs in a foreign language, I should think week-day mornings and afternoons would be more suitable, as I presume people who do not have to work for their living are more likely to understand foreign languages.—*E. W. Masdale, 65, Grantham Road, Sparkbrook, Birmingham.*

'TRAVELLER'S JOY.'

MR. FRANK KENDON says that the name 'Traveller's Joy' given to Wild Clematis is a mystery. I have heard that the monks used to sow the seeds near by any Monastery so that weary travellers would know they were near a resting place when they saw the graceful flower. Hence the name.—*Caro Ozenjask, 11, Brentford Crescent, Edinburgh.*

'VERSAILLES.'

MAY I tell you how much I enjoyed the performance of 'Versailles'? It was wonderful, one could almost imagine the revolutionary mobs at one's own door, clamouring for admittance. The actors and actresses are to be congratulated on their splendid performance.—*S. L. McGregor, Mayfield Avenue, Chiswick, W.4.*

THE MORNING SERVICE.

As a busy 'home woman,' I am not able to give much time to listening, although there are some items I make time to hear whenever possible, among them the 10.15 Daily Service. Would it be possible for you to convey to those who so feelingly conduct this Service the hearty thanks of one listener, and frequently her friends, who so appreciate every detail of it? We hurry with our work in order to be able to make sure of this 'tuning up' for the day. The hymns sung, especially when without an instrument, are to me, the greatest treat I ever get from the wireless. Thank you all for the pains you take on our behalf.—*M. E. D., Wilt.*

CONTEMPORARY MUSIC.

I SHOULD like to make one remark concerning the broadcasting of contemporary works. A modern composer, writing, say, in Germany, makes a name for himself and becomes recognized by musical critics of his own and other countries, as a musician at all events interesting. Now the popularity of such a composer has nothing to do with the B.B.C. It is a fact which they are bound to accept, and if they are to be at all representative they must give us some of his music. The B.B.C. did not force Stravinsky on the public; he was a *fact*, and as such had to be represented.—*Eric B. Smith.*

SACRED MUSIC.

MAY I, too, put in a plea for more sacred music on Sundays? There must be very many like myself who would like a little wireless music on Sundays, but cannot have it because it is usually secular music that is broadcast.—*Derby.*

LISTENERS' LETTERS.

The Editor of *The Radio Times* is pleased to receive letters from his readers on current broadcasting topics.

But would correspondents please note that:—

1. The Editorial Address of *The Radio Times* is Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2.
2. Communications should be as brief as possible.
3. The name and address of the sender should be included in all letters, although not necessarily intended for publication.
4. Letters on Programme matters requiring a reply should be addressed to the Programme Department, B.B.C.
5. Letters on technical matters should be addressed to the Chief Engineer of the B.B.C. and not to *The Radio Times*.

DANCE MUSIC.

I AM a buyer of records, and the only way I can judge what kind of record I wish to select, is by listening to them through the wireless. I am one of those who prefer 'hot' dance tunes, and am always delighted with good snappy and complicated 'dirt,' but I have never heard one yet on the wireless. If a gramophone company issues a record that is called 'hot,' bet your life you would not hear it on the air, it might shock or upset some narrow-minded, plain-tune, highbrow sort of people, who want all their way.—*Tudor W. Jones, Liverpool.*

[Me no speakee Chinese!—*Editor.*]

THE DISEMBODED VOICE.

IN the final article in *The Radio Times* on the Broadcast Play, the writer gives an excerpt from a play that is to be given in the near future. From the brief synopsis and the selection given it would appear that the bulk of the work falls upon two actors. Are we not to be told who they are? If this is the case I for one shall not care to listen. A spoken or acted play must necessarily involve two arts, the authors and the actors, both, to my mind, equally important to a good performance. As well not tell us who wrote the play, or who is performing a certain piece of music. I wish I could see the difference.—*Margery Home, Tall Stacks, Warrington, Surrey.*

THE WEEK'S GOOD CAUSE.

MIGHT not, on one Sunday in each year, the 'Week's Good Cause' period be devoted to pleading the needs of all general hospitals, each hearer being invited to send a contribution to his or her local hospital? Most hearers would know the address to which the contributions should be sent, and in other cases letters directed The Treasurer, The General Hospital, followed by the name of the town would secure correct delivery. For such a large appeal, which might be Empire-wide, someone very dear to the people (might the help of a member of the Royal Family be sought?) would, I feel sure, be happy to 'announce.' There can be no need to amplify this suggestion. All the hospitals in question have pressing requirements, and in all cases the number of contributors need enlargement. The details of possible development would occupy much space.—*E. L. Martin, Green Leach, Wrotham, Kent.*

WHEN THE 'PROMS.' BEGIN.

I SAW in *The Radio Times* a while back that the Prom. Concerts are to give the whole of the Beethoven Symphonies and that a large proportion of the concerts is to be broadcast. I voice the wish of many listeners in asking for the whole ninth to be broadcast, and if that is not possible, please, PLEASE, do not omit the 'Ninth.'—*C. Roger Jones.*

A CANADIAN OBJECTS.

I HAVE no desire to find fault with the entertainments usually provided by the B.B.C., and from which I derive a great deal of pleasure, but as a Canadian who has lived and travelled in that land, I must protest against the sketch portrait of Canada given this evening. What impression of the Dominion such an absurd performance would give the intending immigrant it is hard to imagine. I should be most grateful if the B.B.C. would explain to me what the extraordinary noises were that continued intermittently from Halifax to Vancouver. Were these merely the lecturer's ideas of Canadian noises, as I could not place any of them myself, and they were certainly bad enough to make any intending visitor decide to go to some place a little quieter. I think it only fair to say I do not refer to the singing. I waited in vain for the clang of the engine bell, and the shout of 'All aboard,' and also the familiar Canadian accent was lacking, and no description would be complete without that.—*M. W. Robins, The Hassocks Orchards, Hassocks, Sussex.*

I SHOULD like to express appreciation of the Dominion Day item from London on the evening of July 1. Would it be too much to expect similar broadcasts in relation to the rest of the Empire? There is ample material for a popular series.—*R. F. B., Weston-super-Mare.*

THE OLD FOLKS' PROGRAMME.

I SHOULD like through *The Radio Times* to congratulate the wireless chorus and orchestra for the splendid programme of Old Folks Songs which they gave on Monday evening. It brought back many pleasant memories.—*E. M. Hain, 60, Stapleton Road, Bristol.*

WE have all heartily enjoyed the last three-quarters of an hour. It was a splendid Old Folks Programme, and brought back happy memories. Would it be possible to have a broadcast of these dear old tunes once every week? We are sure many other listeners would echo this wish. If you run out of supplies, let us have the same programmes over again, for they will bear hearing many times.—*O. G. C., 8, The Mount, New Malden.*

OPERA IS NOT DEAD.

NOW that the Covent Garden season is over, would you kindly allow me to draw the attention of our anti-operatic friends to the wonderful enthusiasm that has been shown and displayed at every performance during the past season? (I need not comment on the exceedingly high standard of the vocal and orchestral portions, also the remarkable transmissions judging from the actual performances.) Must we still accept the belief that opera is dead in England?—*James Rousberry, Wellington View, Perrins Lane, Wollscote, Stourbridge.*

DISCOURAGE THE BAGPIPES!

I WAS surprised and disgusted to read Mr. F. A. Crewe's letter, 'Encourage the Bagpipes' in *The Radio Times*. How Mr. Crewe can compare the bagpipes—an instrument, the music of which consists chiefly of unresolved discords, with the saxophone, I cannot understand. Mr. Crewe is possibly unaware that the great composers Wagner and Thomas both included the saxophone in certain of their orchestrations, the former using a complete quartette of these instruments, and the latter assigning a solo to the saxophone (they evidently did not know about bagpipes). I am aware that it is considered smart by the musically ignorant or the old-fashioned to indulge in cheap sneers at the expense of the saxophone, therefore I hope you will give publicity to these few words in defence of, and in fairness to, this most beautiful instrument. In conclusion, I am sure that I am voicing the opinion of very many modern people when I ask for more sax solos, much more Jack Payne, and less bagpipes.—*Modernist Aged 40.*

COMPLIMENTARY.

FOR myself, I listen to the great classics of the world and thrill; I hear Jack Payne and his fellows—my feet begin to dance; I laugh over the excellent vaudeville; I cheer at football matches; I follow the Boat Race; I listen and smile when Trigo wins the Derby (I do not bet); I listen to the speeches of politicians (soon I shall have a vote); I listen to different talks—they broaden one's views; the man who may eventually take me for 'better or worse' will have cause to bless the cookery talks. Enough! They are endless these blessings offered us by my great friend, 'the B.B.C.' How can people proclaim their own stupidity by writing all this rubbish about them? Why criticise their announcers? I could listen to their excellent voices and pleasant speech for hours—they are human. Not for all the silk stockings in the world would I miss their 'Goodnight, everybody, goodnight.' Long may you prosper.—*C. P., Llanelli.*

ADVICE.

LET the present ideals of the B.B.C. Programme compilers, viz., we must educate, we must save, be abolished. Don't let your artists get their songs, etc., off as they go; two at a time are sufficient, often too much. Get rid of 'bitty' programmes. Give us more Gilbert and Sullivan, even if it costs something. It is worth it to an Englishman. Lastly, adopt as your motto the verse from 'Omar,' beginning: 'Think not existence closing,' etc.—*Chas. L. Franck.*

When

WE WERE VERY YOUNG.

Captain Eckersley, 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 hard-worked editors to find out from me 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 year generally.

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 enthusiast. 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-

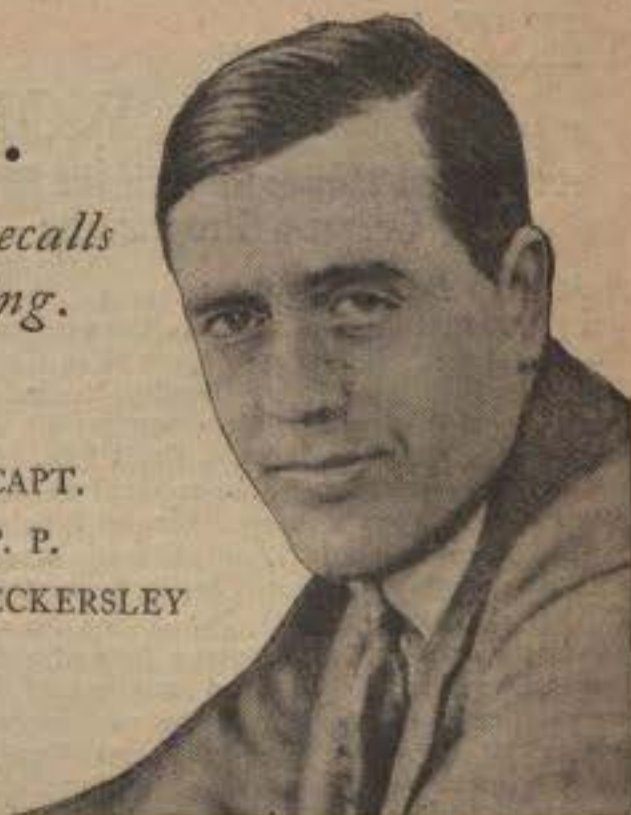
partment responsible . . . 'regrets that the signals complained of were necessary in the interests of maritime traffic, and were designed to assure the maintenance of the safety of human life at sea.' My correspondent replied some days later that he wished they'd 'let 'em drown, he wanted to hear the 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. ff. Bart, Esq., but he has been kind enough to us Misters 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 triangularity 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. No! 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 money, 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 hush, 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—but one envies so foolishly.

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.

SPECIAL 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 Tongham. 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.

MR. 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 Chalfont Whitmore (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 is she impressed by the wealth of beauty—musical and poetical—they contain. She feels that the plucked string tone 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 speak.

A Performance of Oratorio.

THERE is a pathetic interest in the performance of *Emmous*, 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 over,' 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 Macabaeus* (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 9.15 p.m., beginning with *The Bartered Bride* Overture of Smetana. The soloists on this occasion are Jessie Hewson (soprano) and Livio Mannucci (cello).

A Russian Violinist.

ON Monday, August 12, at 6.30 p.m., we shall hear for the first time in the Birmingham Studios the young Russian violinist, Sonia Moldawsky—a pupil of the great Ysaye, 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 cornet and xylophone solos, and the evergreen selection of Sullivan's works arranged by Godfrey.

High-Power Short Waves.

THE Religious Service on Sunday evening, August 11, will be relayed from St. Chad's Roman Catholic Cathedral, Birmingham, 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, Lozells

Picture House Orchestra, conducted by E. A. Parsons, will be heard in a programme of Light Music.

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 Saul—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**

Production

For the Children.

ON August 12 there will be a story 'The Water Wheel,' by Margaret Madeley, Edith James will sing songs at the piano, there will be banjo solos by Victor Sheath, and a talk 'Girls and Buoys' by Nicolina Twigg.

On August 13 a story for the little ones, 'The Green Fairy,' by Gladys Joiner, a talk on 'Lakeland' 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 'Mananan the Magician,' a second story—'David and Puck'—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 Sextet.

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 Alice Vaughan (contralto) and violin solos by Gwen Lones.



SMOOTH CURRENT

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

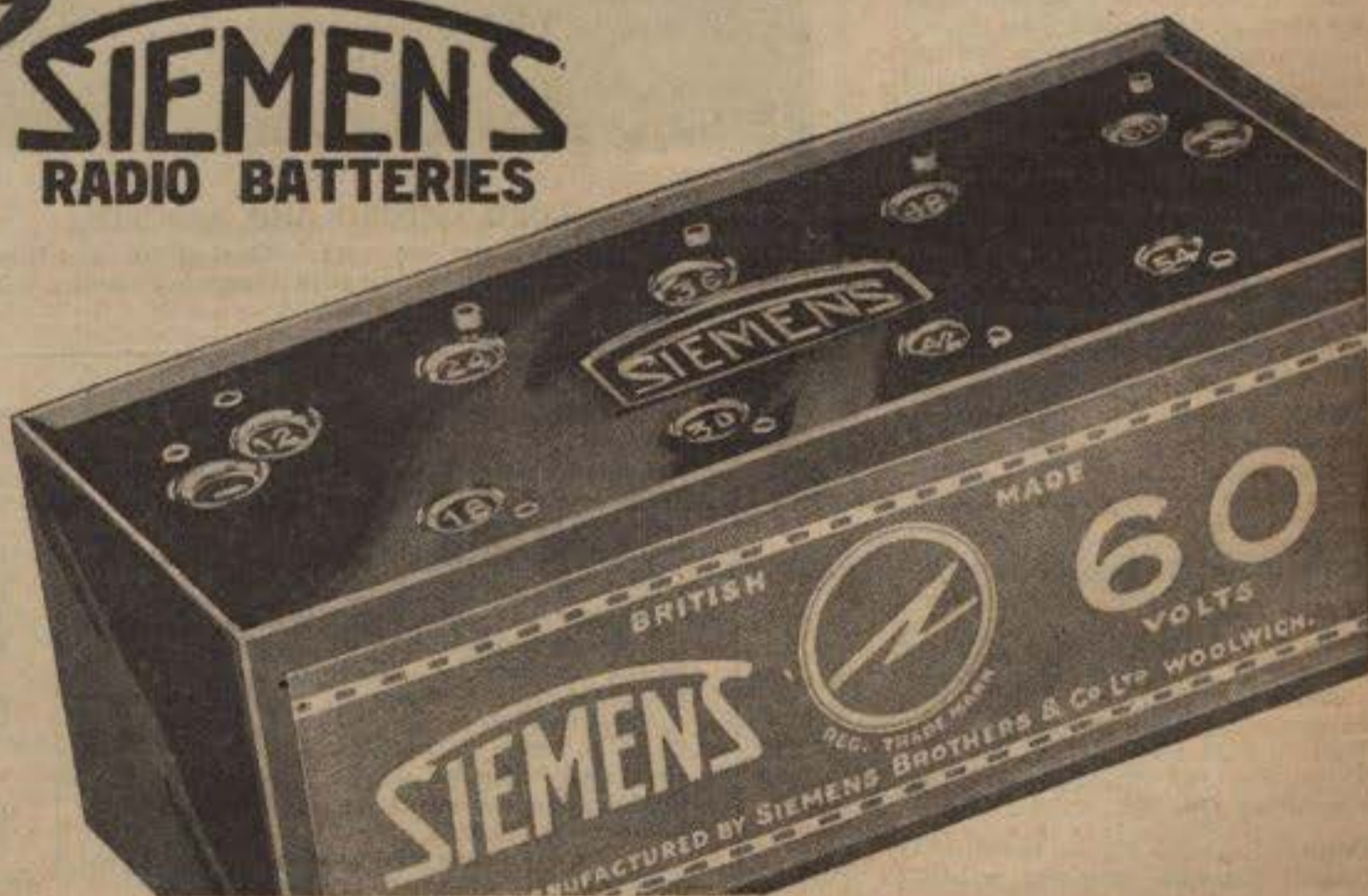
Their design is the result of manufacturing experience extending over the past 50 years, and they represent the best battery value obtainable.

SIEMENS
RADIO BATTERIES

PRICES

- Popular Type
- No. 1200. 60 Volts 8/-
- No. 1202. 100 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

At your Dealers





3.30
BAND CONCERT
WITH
HARRY ISAACS

SUNDAY, AUGUST 4

2LO LONDON & 5XX DAVENTRY

842 kc/s. (356.3 m.) 193 kc/s. (1,554.4 m.)

8.45
AN APPEAL
BY
LORD FITZ ALAN



10.30 a.m. (Daventry only) TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST
(For 11.0-12.0 Programme see opposite page)

3.30 A MILITARY BAND CONCERT

PERCY HEMING (Baritone)
HARRY ISAACS (Pianoforte)
THE WIRELESS MILITARY BAND
Conducted by JOHN ANSELL

BAND
Marche Héroïque.....Saint-Saëns
Overture, 'Macbeth'.....Sullivan
SAINT-SAËNS composed this March in honour of his friend the painter, Henri Regnault, who was killed during the Siege of Paris in 1871. It is not, however, a Funeral March; its name indicates quite clearly the composer's intention, and it does, indeed, embody something of triumph and exultation. Scholarly composer though he was, Saint-Saëns could write thoroughly popular tunes when he chose, and this March is rich in good-going melodies.

There is a very short introduction and then woodwinds play the first main tune, in which the whole band soon joins. A slower section follows with a new tune; the tenor trombone plays it first. There is a return of the opening music and then a quicker section brings the March to an end.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S first success was won with music inspired by a Shakespeare play, *The Tempest*. He composed it during the student years he spent in Leipzig as holder of the Mendelssohn scholarship of the Royal Academy of Music, and it was played soon after his return to London at one of the Crystal Palace Saturday concerts, August Manns being the conductor. It was played again in the following week, a very unusual distinction at these concerts, and soon afterwards the Hallé Orchestra gave it in Manchester. Sullivan's reputation was thus firmly founded.

Throughout his busy life he composed a good deal of incidental music for plays, and even the long series of Gilbert and Sullivan operas had now and then to be interrupted for such work. The Overture and incidental music for *Macbeth*, carried out at Sir Henry Irving's request for a revival at the Lyceum, was composed between *Ruddigore* and *The Yeomen of the Guard*. But in spite of the labours which these and many other enterprises entailed, the *Macbeth* music has much of the spontaneous freshness on which Sullivan could draw so freely.

PERCY HEMING

Love that's true *Handel*
Devon Maid *Harty*
Love went a-riding *Frank Bridge*

BAND

Three Dances ('The Bartered Bride')...*Smetana*

HARRY ISAACS

Prelude in G, Op. 32, No. 5 }
Prelude in G Minor, Op. 23, No. 5..... } *Rachmaninov*
Nocturne in D Flat, Op. 27, No. 2..... }
Waltz in D Flat, Op. 64, No. 1 } *Chopin*
Tango, Op. 165, No. 2...*Albeniz, arr. Godowski*
Seguidillas, Op. 232, No. 5 *Albeniz*

BAND

Second Selection, 'Merrie England'...*German*
Overture, 'Phèdre' *Massenet*

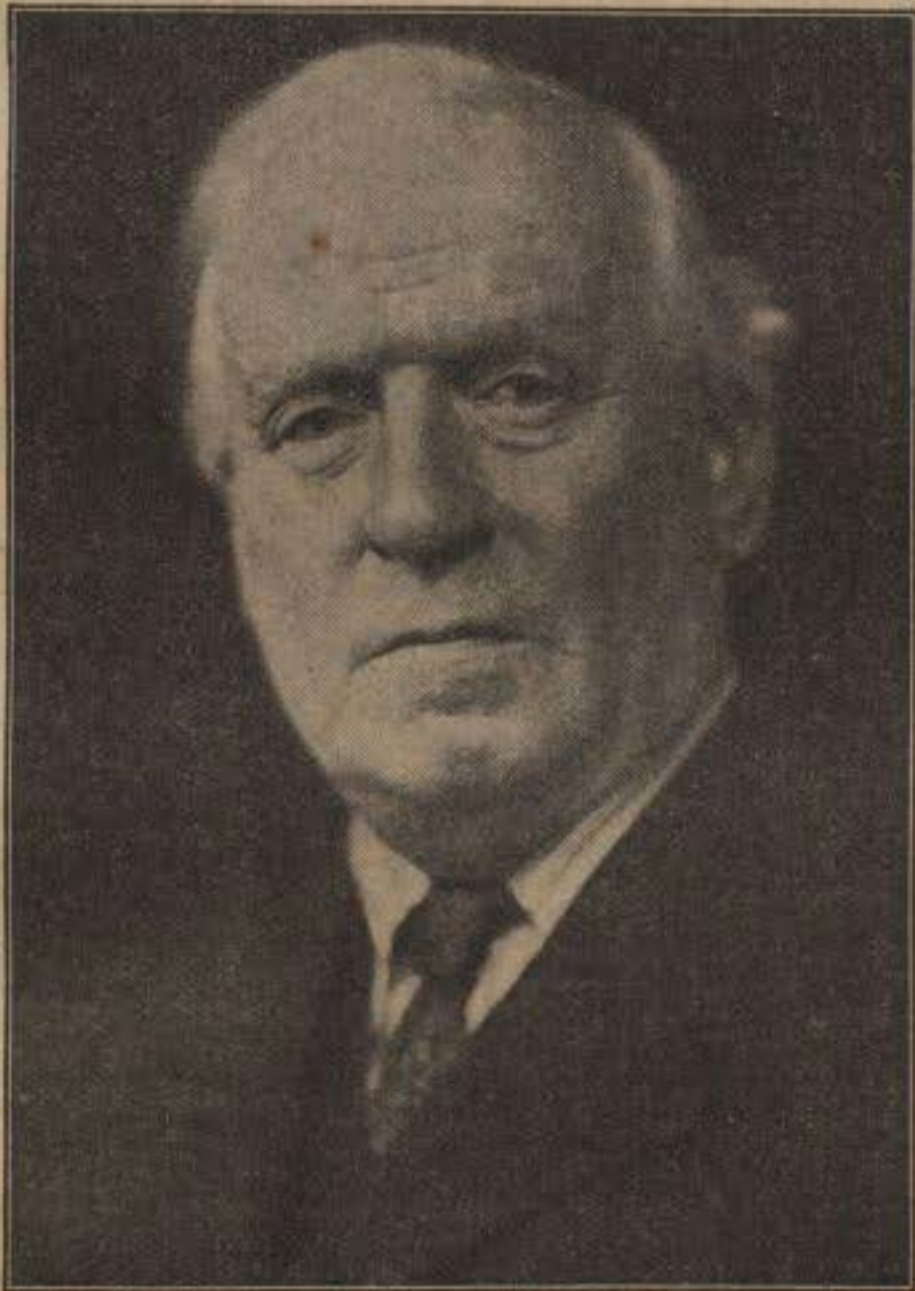
PERCY HEMING

Come you, Mary *Crazton*
She dwelt among untrodden ways *Kelly*
Ship of Rio *Keel*

BAND

Suite (No. 2), 'L'Arlésienne' ('The Maid of Arles') *Bizet*
Slav Dance *Deorak*

(For 5.15-5.30 Programme see opposite page)



G. C. Beresford

The late LORD OXFORD AND ASQUITH, Prime Minister from 1901 to 1916. One of his war-time speeches will be read, in the 'English Eloquence' series, this afternoon.

5.30 ENGLISH ELOQUENCE—XV.

The last in a series of four speeches made in the capitals of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales on the origin and objects of the War, delivered in Cardiff on October 2, 1914, by the Rt. Hon. H. H. Asquith, Prime Minister, 1908-1916.

As time passes and perspective lengthens, the stature of the landmark formed in all branches of activity by the War becomes increasingly apparent. In literary histories of the future the period 1914-18 will be recognized as a convenient peg upon which to hang the end of a great era in English prose style. Exponents of it survived the War, and of these, the late Lord Oxford and Asquith was one the greatest.

His oratory was formed upon the finest classical models. It is distinguished for terseness, lucidity, and the gracefulness of conscious mastery of his

medium. His speeches at the beginning of the War have been compared with those of William Pitt during the Napoleonic wars. In syntax and idiom there is nothing to differentiate them. They provide perhaps the latest examples of the great tradition of public speaking founded at the end of the eighteenth century; a tradition which is breaking up under the stress of modern methods of communication.

The speech at Cardiff is the last of a series of four speeches, made in the capitals of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, for the purpose of recruiting. They are not the least impressive memorial of a great crisis in the history of the British Empire.

(For 5.45-6.15 and 8.0-8.45 Programmes see opposite page)

8.45 The Week's Good Cause

Appeal on behalf of St. Vincent's Orthopaedic Hospital by the Rt. Hon. the Viscount FITZ ALAN OF DERWENT, K.G., G.C.V.O., D.S.O.

EVERYONE is alive to the importance of early treatment of crippling diseases in children, combined with training in suitable trades to enable them to earn their own living. The open-air wards and workshops of St. Vincent's Orthopaedic Hospital, where boys and girls from a few months up to sixteen years of age are received for treatment, and subsequent training, bears this necessity urgently in mind. The Hospital, which stands on Haste Hill, looking across the valley to Harrow, is under the care of the Sisters of Charity, and among the members of its council are Lady Lovat, Sir James Calder, and Sir Cecil Pereira. There are 140 beds; but the waiting list, especially on the girls' side, where a new ward is urgently required, is a long one. Lord FitzAlan, by making this appeal, carries on the interest which his brother, the late Duke of Norfolk, took in this Hospital in its early years.

Contributions should be addressed to the Secretary, St. Vincent's Orthopaedic Hospital, Eastcote.

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

9.5 Albert Sandler

and the
Park Lane Hotel Orchestra
SILVIO SIDELI (Tenor)
From the Park Lane Hotel

ORCHESTRA

Fantasia, 'Aida' *Verdi*
Love's Old Sweet Song (By request)...*Molloy*

SILVIO SIDELI
'Si vous l'avez compris'
(Violin obbligato)

ORCHESTRA

Dance of the Hours *Ponchielli*
ALBERT SANDLER
Violin Solo, Andante (Concerto in E Minor)
Mendelssohn

SILVIO SIDELI

'La Maison Grise' *Massenet*
'Speak to Me' *Guy d'Hardelot*
(With Orchestra)

ORCHESTRA

Selection, 'Tales of Hoffman' *Offenbach*

10.30

Epilogue
'MEEKNESS'

5.45
THIS WEEK'S
BACH
CANTATA

11.0-12.0 The Boy Scouts
Association
World Jamboree
1929
A Thanksgiving Service
Relayed from the Rally Ground,
Arrowe Park, Birkenhead
S.B. from Liverpool
Processional Hymn, 'All creatures of
our God and King'
Intercessions and Thanksgiving, led
by the Rev. PAT LEONARD, Scout
Chaplain, Church of England
Lesson, read by the Rev. J. H.
BATESON, Scout Chaplain, Free
Church
Scout Law, recited by H. S. MARTIN,
International Commissioner
Prayer
Lord's Prayer
Hymn, 'All hail the power of Jesus'
Name' (English Hymnal, No. 364)
Address by His Grace the ARCH-
BISHOP OF CANTERBURY
Hymn, 'Stand up, stand up, for
Jesus'
Address by the Chief Scout, Sir
ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
The Scout Promise
Special Prayer for the King
The National Anthem
The Blessing, pronounced by His
Grace the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTER-
BURY
(For 3.30-5.15 Programme see oppo-
site page)

5.15 MISSIONARY TALK
The Rev. R. A. C. POOLEY: 'Some
Lights and Shades on the
World's Loneliest Island'
5.45-6.15 CHURCH CANTATA (No.
101) BACH
'NIMM VON UNS HERR, DU TREUER
GOTT'
(*From us, O Lord, in mercy take*)
Relayed from the Midland Institute,
Birmingham
LILIAN COOPER (Soprano)
GLADYS PALMER (Contralto)
TOM PICKERING (Tenor)
ARTHUR CHANMER (Bass)
G. D. CUNNINGHAM (Continuo)
THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIO CHORUS
AND ORCHESTRA
Conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS

English text by D. Millar Craig,
Copyright B.B.C. 1929.

I.—Chorus:

O take from us, Thou righteous Lord,
Thy chastisement, Thy flaming sword
Wherewith for sin we are oppress'd;
Of countless sins we stand confessed
From warfare guard Thy people still,
From famine, plague, and ev'ry ill!

II.—Aria (Tenor):

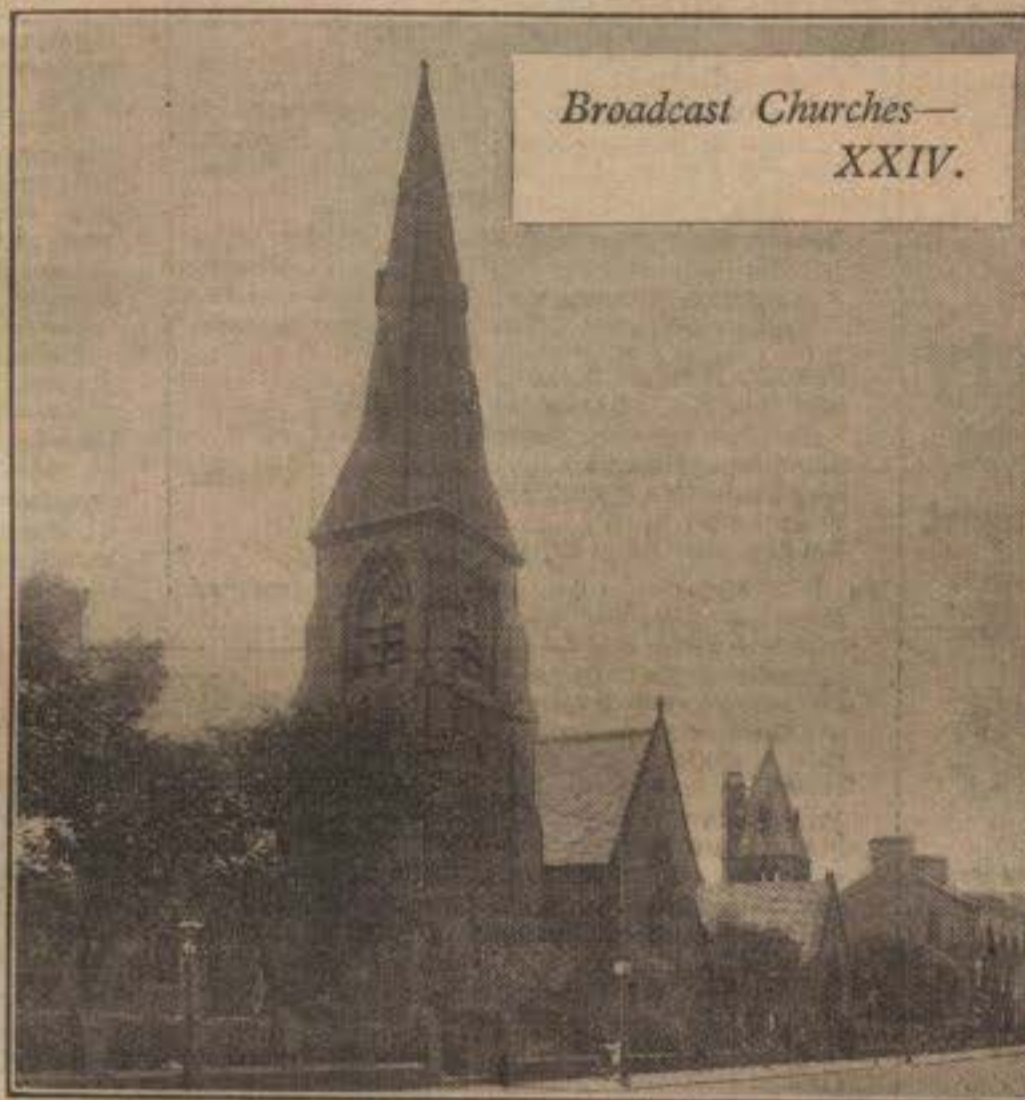
Thou who all our frailty knowest,
Yet to sinners mercy showest,
From us turn Thy wrath away!
Still thy sinful people cherish,
Leave us not in that last day,
Like Jerusalem to perish.

III.—Recitative and Chorus (Soprano):

O God our Lord, Thy mercy show
So shall our country peace and plenty
know.
When angry tempests on us fall,
On Thee O God, All Merciful, our Help
in need, we call;
Thy grace, Thy peace on us bestow!
Against the enemy of mankind, by Thy
great might thou canst defend us.
O grant Thy grace, ev'l tho' we do,
And pardon us who sin anew.

THE DAY OF REST
Sunday's Special Programmes.

From 2LO London and 5XX Daventry.



Broadcast Churches—
XXIV.

ST. JAMES'S PARISH CHURCH,
BELFAST,

By the Rev. P. W. N. SHIRLEY, B.D., Hon. C.F.,
Rector of St. James's

AS a city, Belfast cannot lay claim to antiquity. It is essentially modern, and its history is simply one of industrial progress, extending back no farther than a century. Consequently, its churches are all modern.

St. James's occupies a commanding site at the junction of the Antrim and Cliftonville Roads. At the time it was built in 1870, there were comparatively few houses on the Antrim Road, and Cliftonville Road was little more than a country lane. But the expansion that has taken place was foreseen, and St. James's was one of the seven churches erected in Belfast at that time under the auspices of the 'Church Extension Society.' The disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church took place in 1870, and an interesting feature in connection with the work of church extension was that, in the hour of the Church's trial and difficulty, the building of new churches was carried on with such vigour. The churchmen of that day showed that they had faith in God and in the future, and were not dismayed by difficulties and trials.

St. James's is built in the decorated Gothic style, with choir, nave, and aisles, and its seating capacity is about 1,000. It is open for private prayer and meditation every day, and both parishioners and visitors appreciate this privilege—a privilege all too uncommon in Irish churches. The music has always been a special feature of the church, and under the late Lawrence Walker, organist and choirmaster for forty years, a very high standard has been attained. The present organist, Mr. J. McKeown, A.R.C.O., is imbued with the same high ideals, and is carrying on the work with great efficiency.

The church has been enriched by many gifts from members of the Preston family. Sir John Preston, D.L., presented the east window and the organ; Mr. George Johnstone Preston, D.L., the west window; and Mrs. George Preston the reredos and chancel panelling. The beautiful carved oak altar and the prayer desk were given in memory of the Rev. J. E. M. Watson, M.C., Chaplain to the Forces and sometime curate of the parish, who was killed in action in 1918. A handsome carved oak organ case is about to be erected as a memorial to the late Dr. Lawrence Walker.

The church is admirably suited for broadcasting purposes, and numerous letters have been received testifying to this. Listeners in the West of Scotland and in the North-West of England are very appreciative of the services; and following an appeal from the pulpit for a local hospital recently, a subscription was received from the Island of Mull. Some time ago we were told that the service was much enjoyed by the crew on board a ship off Teneriffe; and a letter has just come informing us that the Easter Day Service was picked up and heard distinctly in Australia.

8.0
ADDRESS
BY THE REV.
B. G. BOURCHIER

From righteousness whose feet are
straying,
And falt'ring eye, Thy Truth gainsaying,
With us in mercy, Lord, abide,
And guide us in Thy way, our sin con-
fessing,
So when at last we come to seek Thy
blessing,
Thy face, in wrath, Thou dost not hide.

IV.—Aria (Bass):

Must yet on us Thine anger fall?
Thy wrath is like a fire that searcth,
My spirit is appall'd, and feareth,
Ah, pity us and bear us call
On Thee our Father, on Thy grace,
Tho' we have sinn'd before Thy face.

V.—Recitative and Chorus (Tenor):

For sin hath brought Thy people low
Not ev'n Thy saints Thy Law are keepin',
They come before Thee sham'd and
weepin':
Thro' Satan cometh nought but woe,
Yea, tho' we know his arts
That poison all our frail and yielding
hearts,
And to destruction seek to bring us,
As tho' to lions he would fling us,
The world and ev'n our mortal clay,
Have led us ever from Thy way,
Temptations of the world about us press,
To lure us from the way of righteousness,
Our trials know'st Thou, Lord, alone:
Thy help alone can reach us,
And strength and wisdom teach us,
Oh take us, Father, for Thine own.

VI.—Duet (Soprano and Alto):

Remember Jesu's bitter death,
O Father, and His Crucifixion,
His grievous wounds, His sore affliction,
He gave His Life for all mankind
That so salvation we might find:
Thro' all my days on earth below,
O God of Love, Thy mercy show,
In grief I draw my ev'ry breath,
Remember Jesu's bitter death.

VII.—Chorus:

O lead us, Lord, with Thy right hand,
Grant peace and plenty to our land;
Give us Thy blessed word to know,
From Satan guard us here below,
And grant us evermore Thy Grace,
That we may stand before Thy Face!

Cantata for next Sunday, August 11, will be
No. 179—

'Siehe zu, dass deine Gottes-
furcht nicht Heuchelei sei!'

'Take thou heed, thy praise of God be
not a false and vain thing.'

8.0 A RELIGIOUS SERVICE

Relayed from St. Jude on the Hill,
Hampstead Garden Suburb

Order of Service:

Hymn, 'How bright these glorious
spirits shine' (Ancient and Modern
438)

Confession (Ely)

The Lord's Prayer

Psalm 46

Bible Reading: Revelation vii,
9-12

Magnificat (Brunnett)

Anthem, 'Crossing the Bar' (Francis
Hamblin)

Address by the Rev. BASIL G.
BOURCHIER

Hymn, 'Saviour, again to Thy dear
Name we raise' (Ancient and
Modern 31)

Blessing

(For 8.45-10.30 Programmes see
opposite page).

10.30 Epilogue

'Meekness'

(For details of this week's Epilogue
see page 243.)

4TH AUGUST, 1914

OUTWARD BOUND—The first hundred thousand.

4TH AUGUST, 1929

JOURNEY'S END—6,000 men in mental Hospitals—32,000 suffering from neurasthenia.

The **Ex-Services Welfare Society**

Devoted solely to the help of Mentally Disabled and Neurasthenic Ex-Service Men

pleads for your Sympathy & Support

NERVOUS WRECKS ARE BEING TRANSFORMED. Many who are unable to compete in industry are living and working under sheltered conditions.

Last year over 10,000 ENQUIRERS were interviewed at Headquarters. £15,000 was spent in giving PRACTICAL HELP, CARE and TREATMENT, and EMPLOYMENT to Ex-Service men. Hundreds of PENSION CASES are investigated annually.

Help to redeem a Debt of Honour

IF you have not yet responded to the BROADCAST APPEAL on July 21st, please send a donation now to the Rt. Hon. SIR FREDERICK MILNER, Bart., P.C., President, Ex-Services Welfare Society (Registered under War Charities Act, 1916), 53, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.1.

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 waterproof cover for use out-of-doors. Both cover and strap are removable leaving the set a handsome drawing room instrument.



CASH PRICE:

£15 Including Royalties.

or 20/- down, and 30/- a month for 11 months. Shorter terms if desired.

NATIONAL ELECTRIC CO.,
10/14, Beak Street, Regent Street, London, W.1.
Telephone: Gerard 6146.

Issued by the Proprietors: Artell Trust, Ltd.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 4
5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

626 kc/s. (479.2 m.)

TRANSMISSIONS FROM LONDON EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE STATED.

3.30
INTERNATIONAL STRING QUARTET

3.30 Chamber Music

ROBERT MAITLAND (*Baritone*)

THE INTERNATIONAL STRING QUARTET
ANDRÉ MANGEOT (*First Violin*); J. ROSEALL (*Second Violin*); E. BRAY (*Vio'a*); J. SHINEBOURNE (*Violoncello*)

Quartet for Strings in E Flat, Op. 76, No. 6

Haydn

Allegretto; Fantasia; Adagio; Menuetto; Presto alternativo; Finale; Allegro spiritoso

ROBERT MAITLAND

Wie Melodien zieht es mir (Soft Melodies flow from my thought).....

Ständchen (Serenade).....

Sapphische Ode (Sapphic Ode).....

Verrath (Betrayal).....

Die Mainacht (May night).....

Brahms

IN *Wie Melodien* a fine song to one of Brahms' noble melodies, the poet

tells how music and fragrance flow in his thoughts, but as soon as he tries to pin them down in words, they vanish like a breath. And yet, he thinks, there may lie hidden in the verses something of what he felt, that may dim the hearer's eye with a little thought of pathos.

Ständchen (Serenade), a simple, happy song which needs no further explanation.

Sapphische Ode (Sapphic Ode). The first verse tells how the singer plucked roses in the night, how their fragrance seemed to him sweeter than ever by day, and how the dew from their petals fell on his face. In the second verse he finds a parallel in the kisses 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 door and saw her bidding farewell to a rival.

Mainacht is a finely lyrical expression of the glamour of a night in early summer.

QUARTET

Three Fantasies..... *Purcell*

ROBERT MAITLAND

Blumengruss (Flower Greeting).....

Der Tambour (The Drummer).....

Anakreon's Grab (Anakreon's Grave).....

Coptisches Lied II (Coptic Song).....

Biterolf (im Lager von Akkon 1190) (In the Camp at Akkon).....

Hugo Wolf

Blumengruss (Flower Greeting) is a delicate, and expressive little song made of the slightest thought. The posy that the singer has plucked is to greet his beloved a thousand times, even as in gathering it he stooped so often, and pressed each bloom to his heart.

In sturdy 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 if only his mother knew witchcraft. Then, he sings, his drum might be a steaming cauldron, his sword a great sausage, his shako a beaker full of wine. Then, these really important matters settled, the drummer thinks his mother might lend him moonlight in his tent and send him his sweetheart.

Anakreon's Grab (Anakreon's Grave). In a very slow and calm measure, the singer of

Anakreon's Grab muses on the beauty of flower and leaf which has grown up about Anakreon's grave.

There is something relentless in the measured rhythm of *Coptisches Lied* (Coptic Song), which tells simply that all men must either climb or sink, reign and grow wealthy or serve and be poor, suffer or triumph, must indeed be either the anvil or the hammer of life.

Biterolf im Lager von Akkon 1190 (Biterolf in the camp of Akkon 1190).

Here a minstrel knight, one of those who appears in the Song Contest in Wagner's opera *Tannhäuser*, sings simply of his thoughts of his homeland. Weary with battle, and far away on an enemy shore, he bids the stars carry his greetings across the sea. Though his heart has no shield against the sorrows of homesickness, he will still bear his part in the Holy War so long as it shall beat.

4.40-5.15 QUARTET

Quartet in G (K 387)

Mozart

Allegro vivace assai; Menuetto, Allegretto; Andante cantabile; Molto allegro

8.0 A RELIGIOUS SERVICE

(From the Birmingham Studio)

Conducted by the Rev. R. H. COATS, M.A. (of Handsworth)

Order of Service:

Hymn, 'Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven' (A. and M., No. 298)

Prayer

Reading

Hymn, 'The King of Love my Shepherd is' (A. and M., No. 197)

Address

Hymn, 'Souls of men, why will ye scatter?' (A. and M., No. 634)

Benediction

8.45 The Week's Good Cause
(See London)

8.50 WEATHER FORECAST, GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

9.0 A Symphony Concert

(From Birmingham)

THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIO AUGMENTED ORCHESTRA

(Leader, FRANK CANTELL)

Conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS

Prelude, 'Romeo and Juliet'..... *German*

LILLIAN COOPER (*Soprano*) and Orchestra

Ave Maria..... *Max Bruch*

ETHEL BARTLETT, (*Pianoforte*), RAE ROBERTSON (*Pianoforte*) and Orchestra

Pianoforte Concerto in E Flat..... *Mozart*

Allegro, Andante; Rondo; Allegro

ORCHESTRA

Symphony No. 8 in B Minor (The 'Unfinished')

Schubert

Allegro moderato; Andante con moto

LILLIAN COOPER

Rose softly blooming..... *Spoer*

To a Nightingale.....

A Lullaby..... *Brahms*

ORCHESTRA

Suite, Three Dances ('The Tempest')

Sullivan

10.30

Epilogue

Sunday's Programmes continued (August 4)

5WA CARDIFF. 968 kc/s. (309.9 m.)

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

3.30 A BAND CONCERT
THE YEovil TOWN SILVER PRIZE BAND
Musical Director, J. B. YORKE

March, 'The Australasian'.....Rimmer
Overture, 'Raymond'
Ambrose Thomas, arr. Bidgood

HILDA BLAKE (Soprano)
O tell me, Nightingale.....Lisa Lehmann
Green Hills o' Somerset.....Eric Coates
The Scent of the Lilies.....G. Cobb

BAND
Descriptive Fantasia, 'A Sunday Parade'
Hawkins
Cornet Solo, 'Shylock'.....Thos. Lear
(Soloist, S. BROOKS)

GLYN EASTMAN (Baritone)
Money, O!.....Head
Your Thoughts.....d'Hardelot
Where be you going?.....Quiller

HILDA BLAKE
A Black bird Singing.....Michael Head
O that it were so.....Frank Bridge

BAND
Selection, 'Mastersingers' Wagner, arr. Rimmer

GLYN EASTMAN
Come, my own one.....arr. Butterworth
The Woman and the Horse.....Mallinson
Lone Dog.....Rupert O. Erlebach
The Ballad of Little Billee.....Graham Peel

BAND
Trombone Solo, 'Lend me your aid'
Gounod, arr. Hume
(Soloist, J. MAUNDER)

Largo.....Handel, arr. Hume

5.0 RENEE SWEETLAND (Pianoforte)
Nalla Waltz.....Delibes, arr. Dohnanyi
Fairy Tales, Op. 28, Nos. 2 and 3.....Medtner
Lotus Land.....Cyril Scott
Rush Hour in Hong Kong.....Chasins

5.15-6.15 app. S.B. from London

8.0 S.B. from London

9.0 West Regional News

9.5 S.B. from London

10.30 Epilogue

5SX SWANSEA. 1,040 kc/s. (288.5 m.)

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

3.30 S.B. from Cardiff

5.15-6.15 app. S.B. from London

8.0 S.B. from London

9.0 S.B. from Cardiff

9.5 S.B. from London

10.30 Epilogue

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 1,040 kc/s. (288.5 m.)

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

3.30-6.15 app. S.B. from London

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

10.30 Epilogue



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

5PY PLYMOUTH. 1,040 kc/s. (288.5 m.)

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

3.30-6.15 app. S.B. from London

8.0 A RELIGIOUS SERVICE
From the Studio

Hymn, 'I heard the voice of Jesus say' (Baptist Church Hymnal, No. 247)
Invocation and Lord's Prayer
Chant, Psalm 23
Scripture Lesson
Anthem
Intercessions
Hymn, 'Nearer, my God, to Thee' (B.C.H., No. 277)
Address by the Rev. P. FRANKLIN CHAMBERS, Minister of Mutley Baptist Church, Plymouth
Hymn, 'Jesus, Lover of my soul' (B.C.H., No. 327)
Benediction and Nunc Dimittis
Organist, Mr. W. TOWNSEND

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

10.30 Epilogue

2ZY MANCHESTER. 797 kc/s. (376.4 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)
ISOBEL L'ANSON (Soprano)
From Liverpool

PERCY BILSBURY (Tenor)
THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
Conducted by T. H. MORRISON
From Manchester

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. MACRAE TOD, assisted by the Rev. L. ROBINSON
Hymn, 'Ye gates, lift up your heads' (Church Praise, No. 634)
Prayer
Lesson, Ephesians vi, vv. 1-18
Te Deum.....Jackson
Prayers
Anthem, 'From the rising of the sun to the going down of the same' (Malachi i, v. 2)
Address
Prayer
Hymn, 'Lord of all Being, throned afar' (Church Praise, No. 25)
Benediction

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

10.30 Epilogue

Other Stations.

5NO NEWCASTLE. 1,148 kc/s. (261.3 m.)
* 11.0-12.0:—Liverpool Programme relayed from Daventry (see London). 3.30-6.15 app.—S.B. from London. 8.0:—S.B. from London. 10.30:—Epilogue.

5SC GLASGOW. 752 kc/s. (398.9 m.)
11.0-12.0:—Liverpool Programme relayed from Daventry (see London). 3.0:—The Band of the Royal Marines, Deal Division. Relayed from the Bandstand, Kelvingrove Park. Director of Music, Lieut. F. J. Ricketts; B.M.: March, 'Old Panama' (K. J. Alford); Overture, 'Triumphale' (Rubinstein); Vorspiel from 'Lohengrin' (Wagner, arr. K. J. Alford); Selection, 'Carmen' (Bizet, arr. K. J. Alford); Finale to the New World Symphony (Dvorak); Cornet Solo, 'Berceuse de Jocelyn' (Godard); Selection, 'The Sorcerer' (Sullivan); Scene, 'Dance of the Hours' ('La Gioconda') (Ponchielli); Norwegian Rhapsody (Lalo). God Save the King. 4.45:—Robert Watson (Baritone): Come not when I am dead, and Margaret (Allison): The Pibroch (Stanford); Money O (Michael Head); Water Boy (Robinson); Five Eyes (Armstrong Gibbs); Yarmouth Fair (Peter Warlock); The Sergeant's Song (Holst). 5.15-6.15 app.—S.B. from London. 6.30-7.45:—Evening Service. From St. Cuthbert's Parish Church, Edinburgh. S.B. from Edinburgh. Metrical Psalm, No. 122. Prayers. Prose Psalm No. 8. Old Testament Lesson. Paraphrase No. 66. New Testament Lesson. Hymn, 'At even, ere the sun was set' (B. C. H., No. 277) The Apostles' Creed. Prayers of Intercession. Anthem. Address by the Rev. W. Holms Coats, B.A. Hymn, 'For ever with the Lord' (B.C.H., No. 589). Benediction. 8.45:—S.B. from London. 9.0:—Scottish News Bulletin. 9.5:—S.B. from London. 10.30:—Epilogue.

2BD ABERDEEN. 895 kc/s. (331.5 m.)

11.0-12.0:—Liverpool Programme relayed from Daventry (see London). 3.0:—S.B. from Glasgow. 5.15-6.15 app.—S.B. from London. 6.30-7.45:—S.B. from Edinburgh (see Glasgow). 8.45:—S.B. from London. 9.0:—S.B. from Glasgow. 9.5:—S.B. from London. 10.30:—Epilogue.

2BE BELFAST. 1,238 kc/s. (242.5 m.)

11.0-12.0:—Liverpool Programme relayed from Daventry (see London). 3.30-6.15 app.—S.B. from London. 6.30-7.45:—S.B. from Edinburgh (see Glasgow). 8.45:—S.B. from London. 10.30:—Epilogue.



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

7.30
VAUDEVILLE
FOR
BANK HOLIDAY

10.15 a.m. THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30 (Davenry only) TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST

11.0 (Davenry only) Gramophone Records

12.0 A Ballad Concert
EVA NEALE (Mezzo-Soprano)
SILVIO SIDELI (Baritone)

12.30 Organ Music
Played by EDWARD O'HENRY
Relayed from Tussaud's Cinema

1.0-2.0 Light Music
LEONARDO KEMP and his PICCADILLY HOTEL ORCHESTRA
From the Piccadilly Hotel

4.0 A Concert
GWENDOLEN COLERIDGE-TAYLOR (Soprano)
DOUGLAS SHARPINGTON (Baritone)
CORELLI WINDEATT'S OCTET

OCTET
Selection, 'Good News' ... *De Sylva*
Indian Dawn *Zamecnik, arr. Windeatt*
You were meant for me ... *Brown*
Spring ... *Grieg, arr. Windeatt*

GWENDOLEN COLERIDGE-TAYLOR
What's in the air today? *Robert Eden*
I know where I'm goin'
arr. H. Hughes

Big Lady Moon ... *Coleridge-Taylor*
DOUGLAS SHARPINGTON

In an old-fashioned Town ... *W. H. Squire*
The Gentle Maiden ... *arr. Somercell*
Tomorrow ... *F. Keel*

OCTET
Selection, 'Rose Marie' ... *Friml*
First Arabesque ... *Debussy, arr. Windeatt*
'Mignon' Gavotte ... *Thomas*

GWENDOLEN COLERIDGE-TAYLOR
Songs my Mother taught me ... *Deorak*
Will o' the Wisp ... *Spross*
Doctor Foster ... *H. Hughes*

DOUGLAS SHARPINGTON
The devout lover
Maud Valerie White
Linden Lea
Vaughan Williams

OCTET
Selection, 'Hold Every-thing' ... *de Sylva*
L'Heure Bleue *Spolianski*
Lover, come back to me
Romberg

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
Being Bank Holiday Monday, 'Erbert takes his Family to the Seaside'
(C. E. Hodges)

6.0 Musical Interlude

6.15 'The First News'
TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.30 Musical Interlude

MONDAY, AUGUST 5
2LO LONDON & 5XX DAVENTRY
842 kc/s. (356.3 m.) 193 kc/s. (1,554.4 m.)

From 7.30 TONIGHT'S VAUDEVILLE To 9.0.

STUART ROSS and
JOE SARGENT *Syncopated Duets.*

BURNS and ALLEN *The Comedy Duo.*

TEDDY BROWN *Xylophone Solos.*

WINNIE MELVILLE and
DEREK OLDHAM *With MAURICE BESLY at the Piano.*

TOMMY HANDLEY *To Compère the Show.*

FLORENCE BAYFIELD and
GEORGE PIZZEY *To Sing Choruses.*

'WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS'
A Sketch by ROGER G. LEVY, with
FREDERICK BURTWELL, ETHEL LODGE and ALICE BOWES.

6.45 THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC
BEETHOVEN'S VIOLIN AND PIANOFORTE SONATAS
Played by WINIFRED SMALL (Violin)
and
MAURICE COLE (Pianoforte)
Sonata in A Minor, Op. 23
Presto
Andante scherzo, piu allegretto

7.0 Mr. JAMES AGATE: Dramatic Criticism

7.15 Musical Interlude

one of the great English social festivals of the year; but the importance of the social side should not hide the more serious activity of a Club that has done so much to encourage the sport of yachting in every branch. Cowes is, weather permitting, as gay a feast of colour as England can show—of white sails and sky and water; and it is against this vivid background that listeners must set Mr. Scott Hughes' words this evening.

9.30 Local Announcements; (Davenry only) Shipping Forecast

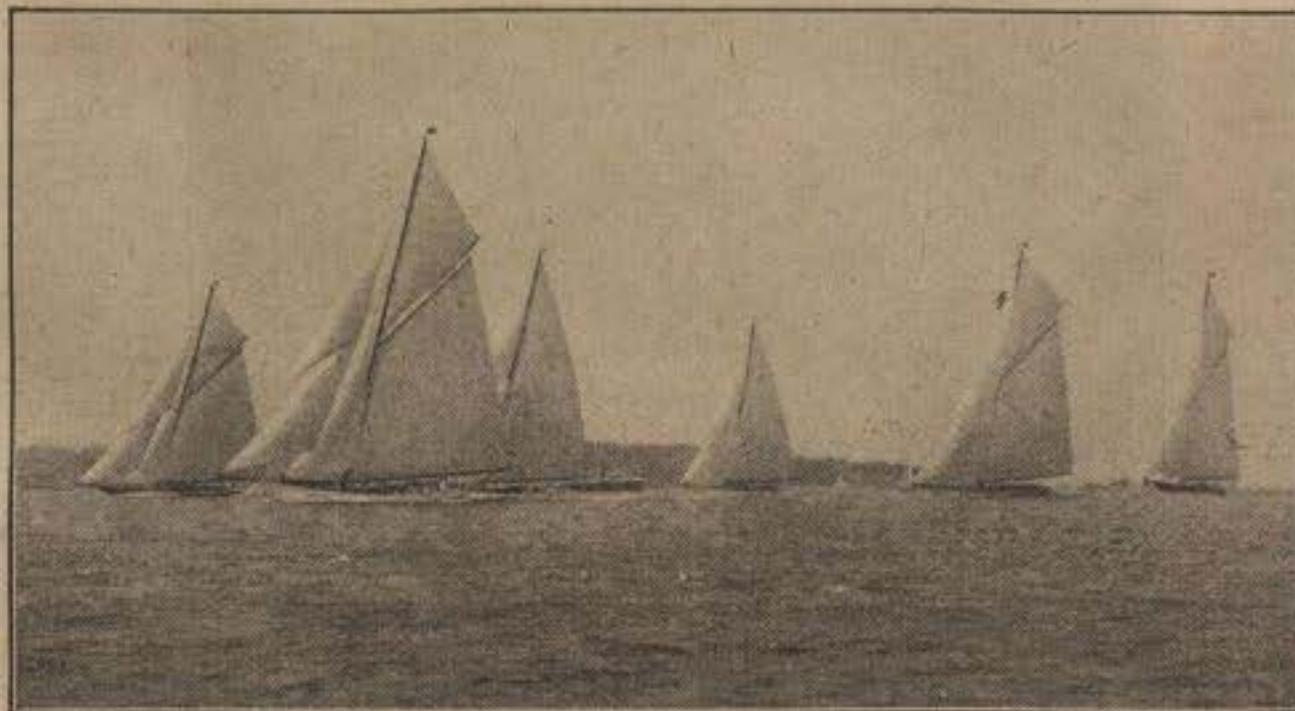
9.35 Some More Suitable Songs

Another Light-headed Programme
Arranged and produced by
Gordon McConnell
NANCY LOVATT
STUART ROBERTSON
JOHN ARMSTRONG
THE WIRELESS CHORUS
and
THE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
Conducted by
LESLIE WOODGATE

10.35 DANCE MUSIC
JACK HYLTON'S AMBASSADOR CLUB BAND
Directed by RAY STARITA
from the AMBASSADOR CLUB

11.0-12.0 REG BATTEN and his BAND from the NEW PRINCES RESTAURANT

12.0-12.15
Experimental Transmission of Still Pictures
By the Fultograph Process



THE RACING THOROUGHBREDS OF THE SEA.
A scene full of the beauty of Cowes Regatta, with the most famous yachts afloat—*Shamrock, Lutworth, Astra, Cambria, White Heather, and Britannia*—running before the wind. Mr. John Scott Hughes will describe today's racing at Cowes in his talk tonight at 9.15.

9.35
LIGHT-HEADED
AND
LIGHT-HEARTED

7.30 Vaudeville

WINNIE MELVILLE and DEREK OLDHAM
with MAURICE BESLY at the Piano
TEDDY BROWN (Xylophone Solos)
STUART ROSS and JOE SARGENT
(In Syncopated Harmony)
BURNS and ALLEN (Comedy Duo)
FLORENCE BAYFIELD and GEO.
PIZZEY
(Singing Popular Choruses)
TOMMY HANDLEY (Compère)

SKETCH
'WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS'
by ROGER G. LEVY
Cast:
Mr. Brown... FREDERICK BURTWELL
Mrs. Brown... ETHEL LODGE
Miss Sprott... ALICE BOWES
Jack Payne and THE B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA

9.0 'The Second News'
WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

9.15 Mr. JOHN SCOTT HUGHES: An Eye-Witness Account of Cowes Regatta. *S.B. from Bournemouth*

ALWAYS the most popular yachting 'festival' of the year, Cowes Week presents an equal attraction to the professional and the mere 'layman.' The festival dates back to 1800 when privately-owned vessels were first raced off Cowes; then in 1815, the Cowes Yacht Club was formed. The event has continually grown in importance until now Cowes Week is

MONDAY, AUGUST 5
5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

626 kc/s. (479.2 m.)

TRANSMISSIONS FROM LONDON EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE STATED.

4.0 LOZELLS PICTURE HOUSE ORCHESTRA
(From Birmingham)

Conducted by E. A. PARSONS

- Overture, 'Libella' Reissiger
- Selection, 'The Merry Widow' Lehar
- Suite, 'A Doll's House' Engelmann
- The Green Baize Lawn; The Blue Boudoir;
- The Miniature Piano; The Sleeping Doll;
- The Clockwork Two-seater.

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

5.30 The Children's Hour
(From Birmingham)

- 'Goldenbob and the Water Sprites,' by Janet Muir
- Songs by DALE SMITH (*Baritone*)
- 'Let's be Snails,' by John Anderson
- SIDNEY HEARD (*Flute and Piccolo*)

6.15 'The First News'
TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.30 Light Music
(From Birmingham)

THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIO ORCHESTRA
Conducted by FRANK CANTELL

EMILIE WALDRON (*Soprano*)
ALBERT MOORE (*Violin*)

ORCHESTRA
Overture, 'The Miller and his Men'... *Bishop*

EMILIE WALDRON
Waltz Song ('Tom Jones')... *German*
By the Waters of Minnetonka

Licurance
A Birthday.... *Concen*
ORCHESTRA
Selection of Irish Melodies, 'The Shamrock' *arr. Myddleton*

7.5 ALBERT MOORE

- Gavotte } *Leclair*
- Giga }
- A Boree } *Moffat*
- ORCHESTRA
- Spanish Scenes *Muller*

EMILIE WALDRON
Cherry Ripe *arr. Lisa Lehmann*
I passed by your window *Brake*
Orpheus with his Lute *Sullivan*
The Fairy Pipers *Brewer*

7.40 ALBERT MOORE

- Serenade *Drda*
- Berceuse (Cradle Song) *Tor Audin*
- The Admiral's Galliard *Moffat*

ORCHESTRA
Dance Suite *Rosco*

8.0 An Orchestral Concert
(From Birmingham)

THE MIDLAND STRING ORCHESTRA
Conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS
DALE SMITH (*Baritone*)

ORCHESTRA
Larghetto and Variations from Concerto No. 12
Handel



Claude Barria

NIEDZIELSKI
will give a pianoforte recital from 9.30 to 10.0 tonight.

DALE SMITH

In a First Performance of A. A. MILNE's and H. FRASER SIMPSON's

'More Songs from "When we were very young"'

- Us Two
- Knights and Ladies
- In the Dark
- Shoes and Stockings
- Forgiven
- Binker
- Nursery Chairs
- Waiting at the Window
- Spring Morning
- The End

(Accompanied by H. FRASER SIMPSON)

ORCHESTRA

Russian Suite *Wuerst*
DALE SMITH

8.0 THE MIDLAND STRING ORCHESTRA

Songs from 'Now we are Six,' by A. A. MILNE and H. FRASER SIMPSON

- The Engineer
- The Friend
- The Emperor's Rhyme
- Cherry Stones
- Wind on the Hill
- Twice Times
- Cradle Song
- (Accompanied by H. FRASER SIMPSON)

ORCHESTRA

Suite, 'Bracebridge Hall'... *Fred Allington*
Prelude: Minuet;
Song: Country Dance (First Performance)
My Old Kentucky Home *arr. Carl Busch*
Variations on 'The Vicar of Bray' *Ernest Austin*

9.30 A Pianoforte Recital

by NIEDZIELSKI
Two Studies, Nos. 10 and 5, Op. 25 } *Chopin*
Nocturne in B }
Contes d'Espagne (Spanish Tales), 2nd

Series..... *Turina*
Cordoue (Cordova) en Fete; Chansons dans la Nuit; Chanson Mauresque; Les Buvvurs de Manzanilla; Promenade; La Mosquee; Tournoi Chavaleresque (First Performance in Great Britain)
Polish Dance *Marczewski-Niedzielski*

JOAQUIN TURINA is only forty-six, but he has already produced an imposing volume of distinguished music—for the stage, for orchestra, chamber music, and many songs and smaller pieces; he also is the author of at least two important books on musical subjects. As a teacher he is recognized as exercising an influence on present-day Spanish composition which is having far-reaching effects, and he is known far beyond the bounds of his native land as a brilliant solo pianist and a conductor.

10.0 'The Second News'

WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

10.15 DANCE MUSIC

JACK HYLTON'S AMBASSADOR CLUB BAND
Directed by RAY STARITA from the AMBASSADOR CLUB

11.0-11.15 REG BATTEN and his BAND
From the NEW PRINCES RESTAURANT
(Monday's Programmes continued on page 238.)

Heaps of vitamins inside



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

HOVIS
(Trade Mark)

Best Bakers Bake it.

HOVIS LTD., LONDON, BRISTOL, MACCLESFIELD, ETC.

Monday's Programmes continued (August 5)

Father says:
Daily Bread needs 'Golden Shred'

The Easily Digested Marmalade
 ROBERTSON—only maker

7% and absolute security

THE FIRST MORTGAGE CO-OPERATIVE INVESTMENT TRUST

offers to small investors an unequalled opportunity to obtain a high rate of interest with absolute security. The funds of this Trust are invested in First Mortgages secured on income-producing properties and in Bonds and Debentures based on similar security.

The Trust issues to investors Ordinary Shares of 2/- each, upon which dividends of at least 7% will be paid.

Preference Shares of £5 each are also issued, and these are withdrawable on one month's notice. Interest at the rate of 5% is paid on Shares held for less than six months, and 5½% when held for longer periods.

The accounts of the Trust are under the supervision of an auditor appointed by His Majesty's Treasury.

DIVIDENDS ARE PAID FREE OF INCOME TAX.

This Trust was formed for the benefit of small investors, under the Industrial and Provident Societies' Acts, and the total value of shares applied for by each individual must not exceed £200.

Full particulars with our booklet, "For Small Investors," will be forwarded Post Free on receipt of the attached coupon.

FIRST MORTGAGE CO-OPERATIVE INVESTMENT TRUST, LTD.
 7, Pall Mall East, London S.W.1.

Please send me your booklet "For Small Investors."

Name.....

Address.....

Radio Times, 2/3/29 [If sent open 1/4 stamp.

5WA CARDIFF. 968 kc/s. (309.9 m.)

- 4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 5.15 The Children's Hour
- 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 6.15 S.B. from London
- 7.45 S.B. from Swansea
- 9.0 WEATHER FORECAST, NEWS
- 9.15 S.B. from Bournemouth
- 9.30 West Regional News
- 9.35-12.0 S.B. from London

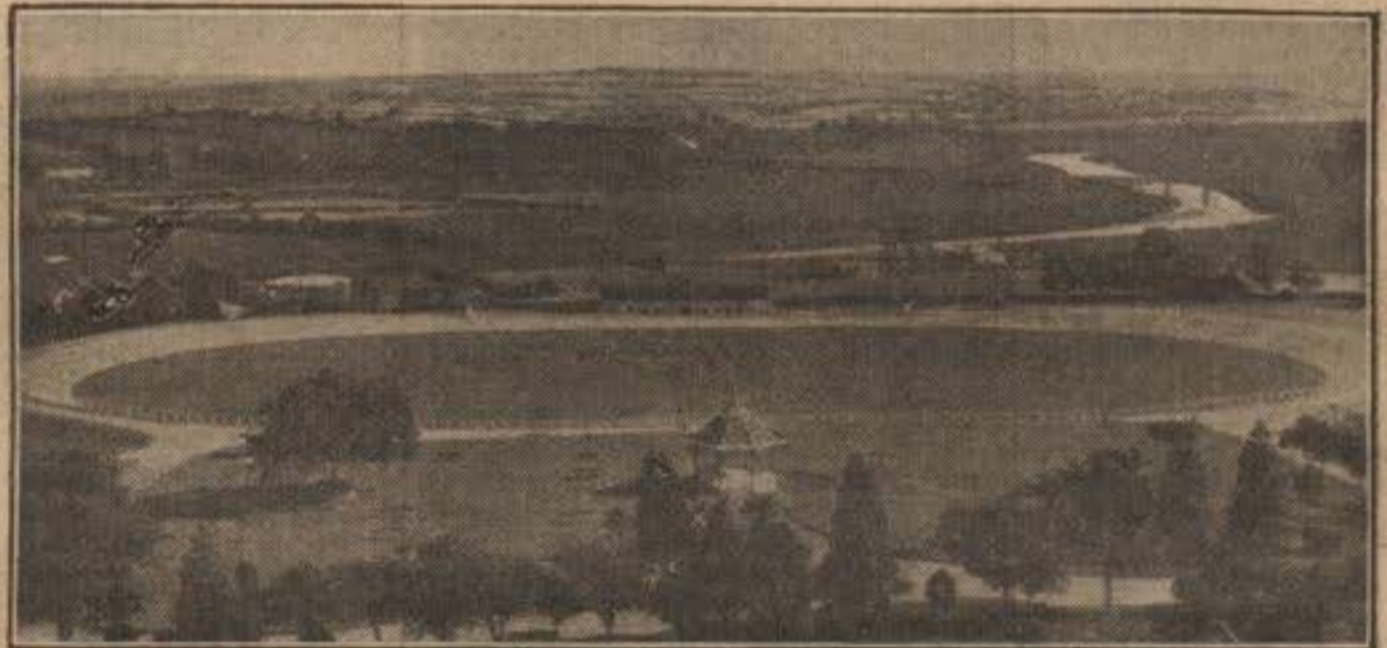
5SX SWANSEA. 1,040 kc/s. (288.5 m.)

- 4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 5.15 S.B. from Cardiff
- 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 6.15 S.B. from London

of relief to the downtrodden and oppressed, and the heroic figure of the young Egmont in Goethe's play, struggling for the freedom of the Netherlands against the tyrant Philip II of Spain, made a strong appeal to his imagination. That the real Egmont, as history's ruthless hand has drawn him for us, was a much less heroic figure than Goethe would have us believe, matters but little now. Posterity owes him thanks at least for a great play, and for some of Beethoven's noblest music.

Composed among the woodlands of Weber's home in Holstein, his opera *Der Freischütz* has always been regarded as a masterpiece, and Wagner's admiration for it is known to everyone. Berlioz was also enthusiastic in its praise, calling it 'Art that is divine.' The central point of the story is a contest of marksmanship, and the plot turns on an old forest legend. It tells of an evil spirit which, in exchange for a man's soul, will give him magic bullets which are bound to hit their mark, irrespective of the aim. *The Seventh Bullet* was the name given to the opera on its first performance here in London in July, 1824, two years before Weber died.

9.0 WEATHER FORECAST, NEWS



Photograph, *Tunbridge Wells*

SEVEN SILVER BANDS IN CARMARTHEN PARK.

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.

7.45 A MASSED BANDS CONCERT

Relayed from Carmarthen Park

The following Bands will take part:

GWAUNCAEGURWEN SILVER BAND, SEVEN SISTERS SILVER BAND, YSTALYFERA TOWN SILVER BAND, MYNDDYGARREG SILVER BAND, BERRY PORT SILVER BAND, BRYNAMMAN SILVER BAND, CWMAMMAN SILVER BAND

Conductor, DENIS WRIGHT, Mus. Bac., Durham

GOD SAVE THE KING

Overture, 'Egmont' Beethoven
 Selection, 'Der Freischütz' ('The Marksman') Weber

Cornet Solo, with Band Accompaniment.
 'Cleopatra' Damare
 (Soloist, MERVYN GRIFFITHS, Ystalyfera Town Band)

Tone Poem, 'Lorenzo' Keighley
 Euphonium Solo, with Band Accompaniment.
 'Kentucky Home' arr. Rimmer
 (Soloist, ROWLAND JONES, Gwauncaegurwen Silver Band)

Selection from the Works of Liszt arr. Rimmer
 Trombone Solo, with Band Accompaniment.
 'The Joywheel'
 (Soloist, B. MERRETT, Seven Sisters Band)
 Welsh Hymn Tune, 'Crugybar'

BEETHOVEN'S sympathy was always readily enlisted in favour of any cause which held out a promise

9.15 S.B. from Bournemouth

9.30 S.B. from Cardiff

9.35-12.0 S.B. from London

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 1,040 kc/s. (288.5 m.)

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15 S.B. from London

9.15 Mr. JOHN SCOTT HUGHES: An Eye-Witness Account of Cowes Regatta

9.30 Local Announcements

9.35-12.0 S.B. from London

5PY PLYMOUTH. 1,040 kc/s. (288.5 m.)

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 The Children's Hour

It is Bank Holiday to-day, so 'Erbert takes his family to the seaside' (C. E. Hodges)

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15 S.B. from London

9.15 S.B. from Bournemouth

9.30 Local Announcements

9.35-12.0 S.B. from London

Programmes for Monday.

2ZY MANCHESTER. 797 kc/s. (376.4 m.)

3.0 The Second Battle of the Roses, 1929
 YORKSHIRE v. LANCASHIRE
 A Running Commentary on the County Cricket Match by Mr. F. R. STANTON
 Relayed from the Bradford Cricket Ground (S.B. from Leeds)
 With Interludes from the Manchester Studio
 5.15 The Children's Hour (S.B. from Leeds)
 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.15 S.B. from London
 9.15 S.B. from Bournemouth (See London)
 9.30 Local Announcements
 9.35-12.0 S.B. from London

Other Stations.

5NO NEWCASTLE. 1,148 kc/s. (261.3 m.)

4.0—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 5.15—The Children's Hour. 6.0—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 6.15—London. 6.30—For Boy Scouts. 6.45—S.B. from London. 9.15—S.B. from Bournemouth (See London). 9.35-12.0—London.

5SC GLASGOW. 752 kc/s. (398.9 m.)

4.0—A Concert of Scottish Music. The Station Orchestra. Margretta Collier (Contralto); Frank Hwing (Recorder). 5.15—The Children's Hour. 5.57—Weather Forecast for Farmers. 6.0—Miss Isobel Macdonald; Queen Margaret—The First Scottish Nurse. 6.15—S.B. from London. 6.30—Grace Gordon (Soprano). 6.45—London. 9.15—S.B. from Bournemouth (See London). 9.30—Scottish News Bulletin. 9.35-12.0—London.

2BD ABERDEEN. 595 kc/s. (501.5 m.)

4.0—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 4.15—Variety. The Massiot Sisters (Syncopated Duettists); George Alexander (Bass); G. M. Hancock (Humorous Monologue); Styx Gibling (Novelty Instrumentalist). 5.15—The Children's Hour. 6.0—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 6.15—London. 9.15—Bournemouth (See London). 9.30—Glasgow. 9.35-12.0—London.

2BE BELFAST. 1,258 kc/s. (242.3 m.)

12.0-1.0—Light Music: The Radio Quartet: Beryl McVeigh (Soprano). 4.0—The New Gracient Four: From the Grand Central Hotel. 5.0—A Violin Interlude by May Nesbitt. 5.15—The Children's Hour. 6.0—Talk. 6.15—London. 9.15—Bournemouth (See London). 9.30—Regional News. 9.35—Chamber Music. 10.35-12.0—London.

THE CHESS CHAMPIONSHIP

By E. V. KNOX

(Continued from page 217.)

unknown in the annals of International Chess. . . .

Diverting the attention of Spillikhine with a feint, Wackemov has made a sideways spring with his bishop, and caused it to leap a castle as though it were a knight! . . . *Offside*, yells Spillikhine. Spillikhine has yelled *offside*. . . .

The crowd is encroaching on the playing arena. . . . Fists are raised. . . . Women tear off their veils. . . . Mr. P. F. Warner has thrown his pen on to the floor. . . . The police are using their batons. . . . Wackemov stands with arms folded, a sardonic smile on his face. . . . Spillikhine confronts him, a menacing finger outstretched. . . .

The board has been knocked over. . . . The pieces are rolling about the ring. . . . Spillikhine has his foot on Wackemov's king. . . .

The match is awarded to Spillikhine on a foul! . . .

Roses are being thrown at Spillikhine. . . . He is chaired from the room. . . . Wackemov is sobbing in a corner. . . . Spillikhine is Chess Champion of the World!

Thank you all very kindly. . . . Good-night.



1/-
 HALF-POUND
 BLOCK

Chocolate? *Oh!* Milk Chocolate. *Ah!* Nestlé's? Why of course. Nestlé's and Milk Chocolate go together just like Devonshire and cream. It's the choc that's choc-full of creamy goodness!

**NESTLÉ'S
 MILK CHOCOLATE**

The twopenny Bars are just as good!

7.45
A LIGHT
ORCHESTRAL
CONCERT

TUESDAY, AUGUST 6
2LO LONDON & 5XX DAVENTRY

842 kc/s. (356.3 m.)

193 kc/s. (1,554.4 m.)

9.35
AN HOUR
OF
CHAMBER MUSIC



MAURICE COLE.
Tonight at 6.45.

EDGAR T. COOK
The Four Winds Alec Rowley
North: South: East: West
Allegretto Grazioso Robert Fuchs
GRACE BODEY
Go, heart, unto the lamp of light Arthur Somervell
EDGAR T. COOK
Trumpet Tune and Air Purcell, arr. Stuart Archer
'Occasional' Overture Handel

1.0 LIGHT MUSIC
LEONARDO KEMP and his
PICCADILLY HOTEL ORCHESTRA
from the PICCADILLY HOTEL

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

4.0 LIGHT MUSIC
JACK PAYNE and the B.B.C.
DANCE ORCHESTRA

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
'But now I am Six, I'm as clever as clever!'
More 'Very Young Songs' (Fraser-Simson), sung
by DALE SMITH
'Busy' and 'The Knight whose Armour didn't
Squeak' from 'Now we are Six' (A. A.
Milne)
'Eeyore joins the Game' from 'The House at
Pooh Corner' (A. A. Milne)

6.0 Musical Interlude
6.15 'The First News'

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



GWLADYS NAISH.
Tonight at 7.45.

10.15 a.m. THE
DAILY SERVICE
10.30 (Daventry only)
TIME SIGNAL, GREEN-
WICH; WEATHER FORE-
CAST
11.0 (Daventry only)
Gramophone Records
12.0 Organ Music
By EDGAR T. COOK
Relayed from South-
wark Cathedral
Suite Gothique
Boellmann
Introduction-Chorale;
Mennet Gothique;
Priere à Notre Dame;
Toccata.
GRACE BODEY
Evening Hymn Purcell

7.0 Topical Talk
7.15 Musical Interlude
7.25 Mrs. MARION CRAN: 'Take a Walk round
my Garden'
MRS. MARION CRAN the *doyen* of all listeners who
are also amateur gardeners, takes us on an
imaginary walk round that garden of hers, in
Kent, about which listeners have already heard
some enticing facts. She will describe the pro-
gress of the garden and tell how well the avenue
of John Downie (a crab-apple) is doing.

7.45 An Orchestral Concert
GWLADYS NAISH (Soprano)
STERNDALE BENNETT (Entertainer)
THE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
Conducted by JOHN ANSELL

ORCHESTRA
Overture, 'The Butterfly's Ball' Cowen
Danse Russe (Russian Dance) Napravnik
GWLADYS NAISH with Orchestra
Una voce poco fa (A voice I heard just now)
(The Barber of Seville) Rossini

ORCHESTRA
Three Famous Cinema Stars Haydn Wood
(First Performance)

STERNDALE BENNETT
Selections from his own Songs

ORCHESTRA
Pizzicato ('The Two Pigeons' Ballet) Messenger
Intermezzo, 'The Yellowhammer' Felix White
GWLADYS NAISH
The Last Rose of Summer (Irish Air)
arr. Harry Stubbs
Thou Charming Bird ('La Perle du Brésil') (The
Pearl of Brazil) Felicien David
(Flute Obligato, FRANK ALMOGILL)

ORCHESTRA
Waltz, 'The Orchids' Luigini

STERNDALE BENNETT
Selections from his own Songs

ORCHESTRA
Spanish Dance, No. 5 Moszkowski

9.0 'The Second News'
WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS
BULLETIN

9.15 Miss MARY ADAMS: 'Are All Men Equal?'
9.30 Local Announcements; (Daventry only)
Shipping Forecast and Fat Stock Prices

9.35 Chamber Music
TATIANA MAKUSHINA (Soprano)
JOHN BARBIROLLI (Violoncello)
ETHEL BARTLETT (Pianoforte)
JOHN BARBIROLLI and ETHEL BARTLETT
Sonata, No. 1, in G Bach
Adagio; Allegro ma non tanto; Andante;
Allegro moderato

The great Bach left six splendid Suites for violoncello
alone, and the violoncellist speaks of these rever-
ently and affectionately as his 'Old Testament.'
But he has laid hands, too, on three Sonatas
which the great Johann Sebastian left for viola da
gamba and cembalo. Adapted for violoncello and
the modern pianoforte, they are much more
often played as if they really belonged to these
two instruments, although their delicacy and
light texture are better suited for the two old-
world instruments, and do not call upon anything
like the full strength of their present-day repre-
sentatives.

The first of three, in G, begins with a gentle
moving Allegro movement, in which the two
players have shares of the same melody, in the
imitative way of such movements in that age.
The little slow movement, very simple, and
built up throughout on one unchanging figure,
is a very beautiful example of the effects which
the great Bach could make from such slender
material: and the third, like the first, is an

Allegro, and makes
similar use of the de-
vice of imitation. It is
brisker and more light-
hearted than the first,
without its suggestion
of quiet meditation.

TATIANA MAKUSHINA
Alle Dinge
haben Sprache
(All things
have tongues)
Fäden (Threads)
Du bist so jung
(Thou art so
young)
Goldene Wiegen
schwingen
(Golden Cra-
dles rock)...

JOHN BARBIROLLI and
ETHEL BARTLETT

Sonata Debussy
Prologue—Serenade—Finale

The six Sonatas, of which this one for violoncello
and pianoforte is the first, are dedicated by the
composer to his wife. This one appeared in 1915.
The first movement, in slow time, is like a Prelude.

It is followed by a Serenade which begins
softly and delicately with the violoncellist playing
plucked notes. Then he and the pianoforte join
in a two-fold theme, the violoncellist being in-
structed to play the beginning of his 'with
irony' and then to become expressive. The move-
ment hurries, to become very vivacious for a
moment, and then gradually slows again to
resume the first speed with an echo of the opening
tune.

Without a break it leads straight into the last
movement, longer and more fully worked out
than the first two, but beginning, like the second,
in a very slight, delicate tone. The violoncellist
soon has a little expressive melody, very high,
and, after a short capricious section, there is
another broad tune, fiery and impassioned. But
the mood still changes more than once, and
towards the end the tune which the violoncello
played in high register is heard again.

TATIANA MAKUSHINA

Dos cantares
populares
(Two Pop-
ular Songs)
Corazon por-
que passis
(Heart, why
must you
pay)

Pano mur-
ciano
(Murcian
Song)
Canto andaluz
(Andalusian
Song)
El Vito
(A Lively
Dance)

JOHN BARBIROLLI and
ETHEL BARTLETT

Sonata Frederick Austin
Tonight at 9.35.

10.45 DANCE MUSIC
THE PICCADILLY PLAYERS, directed by AL
STARITA, and the PICCADILLY GRILL BAND,
Directed by JERRY HOEY from the PICCADILLY
HOTEL

11.0-12.0 THE CAFE DE PARIS BLUE LYRES BAND
from the CAFE DE PARIS



WINIFRED SMALL.
Tonight at 6.45.



JOHN BARBIROLLI.
Tonight at 9.35.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 6
5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

626 kc/s. (479.2 m.)

TRANSMISSIONS FROM LONDON EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE STATED.

4.0 A Light Orchestral Programme

(From Birmingham)

MARJORIE EDWARDS (*Songs at the Piano*)
SEYMOUR DOSSOR (*Tenor*)

THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIO ORCHESTRA
Conducted by FRANK CANTELL

ORCHESTRA

Overture, 'Shamus O' Brien'Stanford

MARJORIE EDWARDS

Tommy didn't careVere
You really needn't bother any morePenso

ORCHESTRA

First Suite of Ballet Airs, 'Etienne Marcel'
Saint-Saëns

THERE are some, especially among the younger generation of musicians, who dismiss most of Saint-Saëns' music with 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 melodious and sparkling ballet music is as stout a witness as any for his right to a place among the composers of really fresh and vivid music.

Success as a composer for the stage did not come to him by any means easily. His first opera, *The Yellow Princess*, commended itself so little to the Paris public of his day that later works were definitely refused by the authorities there. Even the favourite, *Samson and Delilah*, which has since won itself so sure a place in the whole world's affections, had to be given first at Weimar through the kindly 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 Reflecton } Cyril Scott
Arietta }
O let no star compare with theeHead
The GuestColeridge-Taylor

ORCHESTRA

Fantasy, 'The Three Bears'Eric Coates

MARJORIE EDWARDS

Inquisitive AnnT. C. Sterndale Bennett
The Soliloquy of a Safety PinEva Floyer

SEYMOUR DOSSOR

The Faithful HeartQuirke
We'll go no more a-rovingLandon Ronald
Love went a-ridingFrank 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

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

1. The Wooing.
2. The Marriage Feast.
3. (a) A Bird Scene.
(b) Conjuror's Dance.
4. The Departure.
5. The Re-union.

5.30

The Children's Hour

(From Birmingham)

Mrs. Smitherkins on the 'Phone,' by Norman Timmis

Songs at the Piano, by MARJORIE EDWARDS
HAROLD CASEY (*Baritone*)

6.15

'The First News'

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

6.30 Light Music

LOZELLS PICTURE HOUSE ORCHESTRA

(From Birmingham)

Conducted by
E. A. PARSONS

Overture, 'Il Guarany'Gomez

First Italian SuiteBecca

Three More Dale DancesArthur Wood

A Celtic IdylShaun Hart

The Rustle of SpringSinding

Scena: The Butterfly ChaseKeler-Bela

Waltz: Tales of the Vienna WoodsStrauss

7.30 LOZELLS PICTURE HOUSE ORGAN

EDWIN J. GODBOLD (*Organist*)

Coronation MarchMeyerbeer

The Queen's WaltzColeridge-Taylor

Minuet from Symphony in DHaydn

From Birmingham. Tonight at 8.0.

'WURZEL FLUMMERY'

A Comedy in Two Acts

by

A. A. MILNE

Robert Crawshaw, M.P.
Margaret Crawshaw, his Wife
Viola Crawshaw, his Daughter

Richard Meriton, M.P.

Denis Clifton

Lancelot Dodd

Act I.

Robert Crawshaw's Town House (Morning)

Act II.

Denis Clifton's Office (Afternoon)

Incidental Music by the

MIDLAND PIANOFORTE TRIO

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 LEGGETT

March, 'Washington Grays'Grafull

Hungarian OvertureKeler-Bela

TOPLISS GREEN (*Baritone*)

Si tra i ceppi (If amid the chains)Handel

I'm a RoamerMendelssohn

BAND

Selection, 'The Mikado'Sullivan

TOPLISS GREEN

The RoadArmstrong

The Monkey's CarolStanford

Little SnowdropStanford

BAND

Divertissement EspagnolDesormes

Masken PolonaiseFaust

10.0

'The Second News'

WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

10.15

DANCE MUSIC

THE PICCADILLY PLAYERS, directed by AL STARITA,
and the PICCADILLY GRILL BAND, directed by
JERRY HOEY, 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 242.)

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, say, at age 55—there's full protection for your family; £2,800, plus accumulated profits, will be paid to them in the event of your death. Should death be the result of an accident £5,600 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.

To J. F. JUNKIN (Manager),
SUN LIFE ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA,
12, Sun of Canada House, Cockspur Street,
Trafalgar Square, London, S.W.1.

Assuming I can save and deposit £.....
per..... please send me—without obligation
on my part—full particulars of your endowment plan
showing what income or cash sum will be available for me.

Name.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address.....

Occupation.....

Exact date of birth.....

Radio Times, 2-8-29.

Tuesday's Programmes continued (August 6)

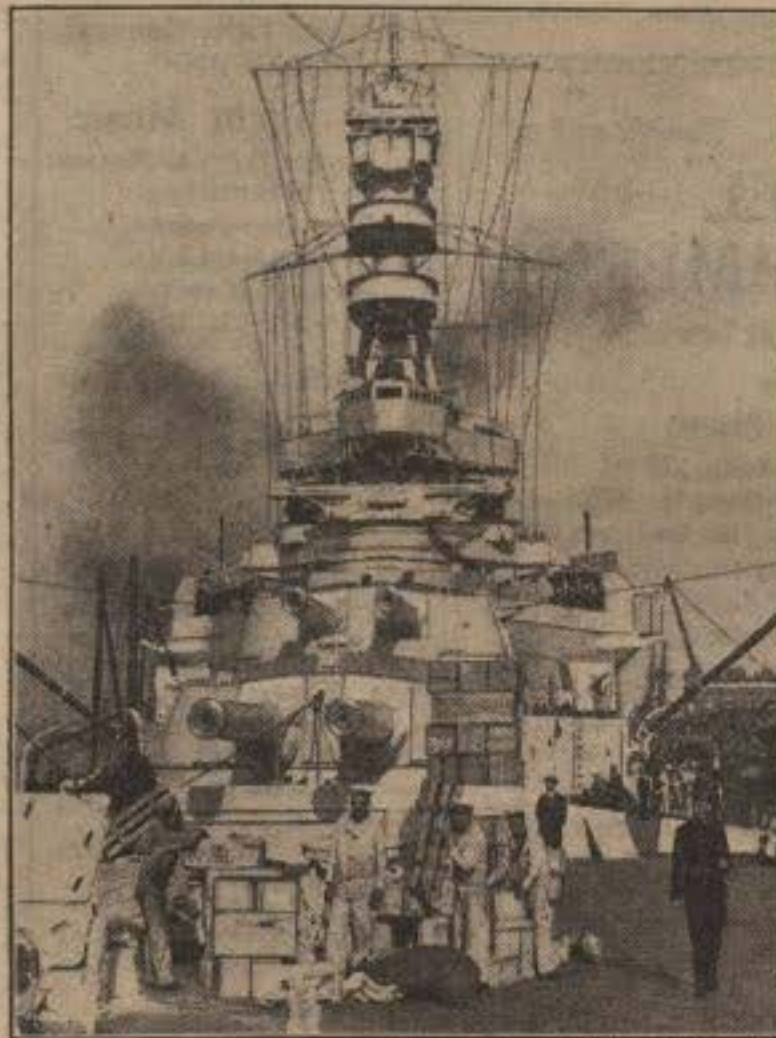
5WA CARDIFF. 968 kc/s. (309.9 m.)
 12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 5.15 The Children's Hour
 6.0 Mr. G. MILFORD: 'Railway Pioneers in South Wales and the West of England—II, Early Railway Projects'
 6.15 S.B. from London
 7.0 S.B. from Swansea
 7.25 S.B. from London
 7.45 S.B. from Swansea

8.0 Holiday Fair
 Relayed from the Pavilion, Landaff Fields
 Presented by REG. A. MADDOX
 Directed by BOBBIE COWGILL
 Holiday Fair
 An Ensemble, 'Sing'
 A Humorous Trio, 'Shout Hip Hip'
 ELSA NORMAN sings and dances 'Me, Me, Me'
 BILLIE WOOLEY and BOBBIE COWGILL in 'This and That'
 EDITH BARNARD sings 'Chiquita'
 A Burlesque
 IRIS NORMAN in a Violin Solo, 'Danny Boy'
 BILLIE WOOLEY, BOBBIE COWGILL and JACK HOWARD in a Nonsensical Trio, 'Ask Him?'
 CELIE WALLIS in a Comedy Study, 'Plain Mary Ellen'
 JACK HOWARD sings 'I can't do without you'
 DICK SIMPSON in Gems of Syncopation at the Piano
 BILLIE WOOLEY in a Comedy Study, 'A Racing Medley'
 THE COMPANY: A Song Scene, 'Lovers' Lane'
 9.0 S.B. from London
 9.30 West Regional News
 9.35-12.0 S.B. from London

5SX SWANSEA. 1,040 kc/s. (288.5 m.)
 12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 5.15 S.B. from Cardiff
 6.15 S.B. from London
 7.0 Egwyl Gymraeg
 A WELSH INTERLUDE
 NANCY HUGHES (Mezzo-Soprano)
 and
 THE STATION TRIO:
 T. D. JONES (Pianoforte), MORGAN LLOYD (Violin), GWILYM THOMAS (Violoncello)
 7.25 S.B. from London
 7.45 THE STATION TRIO
 8.0 S.B. from Cardiff
 9.0 S.B. from London
 9.30 S.B. from Cardiff
 9.35-12.0 S.B. from London

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 1,040 kc/s. (288.5 m.)
 12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.15 S.B. from London
 7.0 Surgeon-Captain L. F. COPE, R.N. (Retd.): 'A Day in the Life of the Navy'
 7.15-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

5PY PLYMOUTH. 1,040 kc/s. (288.5 m.)
 12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry



Stephen Crabb, Southco

HOUSEKEEPING ON H.M.S. RENOWN.
 Taking in stores on a great warship is a large order, as this picture shows. Surgeon-Capt. L. F. Cope, R.N. (Retd.), will describe 'A Day in the Life of the Navy' in his talk from Bournemouth this evening at 7.0.

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 5.15 The Children's Hour
 Here—in the quiet studio—we tell you about 'The Knight whose Armour didn't Squeak' (A. A. Milne), and then resort to a tug-of-war in which 'Eeyore joins the Game' (A. A. Milne)
 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.15 S.B. from London
 7.0 Mr. CHARLES HENDERSON: 'Three West Country Ceremonies—III, The Cornish Gorsedh on Carn Brea Hill, near Redruth, August 30, 1929'
 7.15-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

2ZY MANCHESTER. 797 kc/s. (376.4 m.)
 12.0 Gramophone Records
 1.0-2. The Northern Wireless Orchestra
 Overture, 'The Naiads'..... Sterndale Bennett
 Three Negro Melodies
 Coleridge-Taylor, arr. Fletcher

HILDA BLOOR (Soprano)
 Down in the Forest Landon Ronald
 What's in the air today? Robert Eden
 A Woodland Madrigal Robert Batten
 ORCHESTRA
 Two Syncopated Pieces Eric Coates
 HILDA BLOOR
 Blackbird's Song Cyril Scott
 A Slave's Lament } Phillips
 Sing, Joyous Bird }
 ORCHESTRA
 Selection, 'The Merry Widow' Lehar

4.0 An Afternoon Concert
 THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
 March, 'Youth and Vigour' Lautenschlager
 Scène de Ballet (Ballet Scene) .. Frederiksen
 GEORGE ALTHAM (Pianoforte)
 Waltz in E Minor } Chopin
 Impromptu, Op. 36 }
 ORCHESTRA
 Compass Suite Alison Travers
 GEORGE ALTHAM
 Study in F Sharp, Op. 36 Arensky
 Tango, Op. 165, No. 2 Albeniz
 Novelette, No. 7 Schumann
 ORCHESTRA
 Waltz, 'A Thousand and One Nights'
 Johann Strauss
 The Grasshopper's Dance Bucalossi
 Selection, 'The Lilac Domino' Curvillier

5.15 The Children's Hour
 'Enter these enchanted woods, ye who dare!'
 Songs by BEATRICE COLEMAN
 Stories by JEAN NIX
 6.0 ALAN GRIFF reading his own work: 'In Days Primeval—I, He came'
 6.15 S.B. from London
 6.30 Mr. F. R. STAINTON: An Eye-Witness Account of the Yorkshire v. Lancashire Cricket Match. S.B. from Leeds
 6.45 S.B. from London

7.45 A Musical Comedy Programme
 THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
 Selection, 'No, No, Nanette' Youmans
 MAY TOMLINSON (Soprano)
 Tamarisk Town ('London Calling') .. Coward
 MAY TOMLINSON and HORACE BROWN (Baritone)
 Say no more ('Monsieur Beaucaire') Messenger
 HORACE BROWN
 Sally ('Sally') Kern
 ORCHESTRA
 Selection, 'Lucky Girl' Charig
 Selection, 'The Maid of the Mountains'
 Fraser-Simson
 HORACE BROWN
 Here's to those we love ('A Southern Maid')
 Fraser-Simson
 MAY TOMLINSON and HORACE BROWN
 Whip-poor-Will ('Sally') Kern
 MAY TOMLINSON
 Magical Moon ('A Cousin from Nowhere')
 Kunneke
 ORCHESTRA
 Selection, 'The Five o'clock Girl'
 Kalman and Ruby

9.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)
 11.45-12.0 DANCE MUSIC
 BERTINI'S DANCE BAND, from THE TOWER BALL ROOM, BLACKPOOL

**Programmes for Tuesday
Other Stations.**

5NO NEWCASTLE. 1,148 kc/s. (261.3 m.)
 12.0-1.0.—Gramophone Records. 4.0.—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 4.30.—Organ Music by Herbert Maxwell. From the Havelock Picture House, Sunderland. 5.15.—The Children's Hour. 6.0.—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 6.15.—S.B. from London. 7.0.—Mr. Ewart Kempton: 'The Art of Pre-empting at Auction Bridge.' 7.15.—S.B. from London. 7.45.—Winifred Melville and Derek Oldham. 8.0.—A Concert. By The Municipal Orchestra. Under the direction of Frank Gomez. Relayed from the Spa, Whitby: Overture, 'The Mastersingers'; Fantaisie, 'Lohengrin'; Dreams; Album Leaf; Overture, 'Rienzi'; and Piano Solo, 'Spinning Wheel' (Wagner). (Soloist: Wilfred Wade). Overture, 'Tannhauser' (Wagner). 9.0.—S.B. from London. 9.30.—A Short Address on the Indian Exhibit at the Empire Marketing Board Stand, North-East Coast Exhibition, by Sir Atul Chatterjee, K.C.I.E. (Local Announcements.) 9.35.—S.B. from London. 10.45.—Dance Music from the Oxford Galleries. 11.30-12.0.—S.B. from London.

5SC GLASGOW. 752 kc/s. (398.9 m.)
 10.45.—Mrs. Stuart Sanderson: 'Household Ways and Means—IX, Cold Sweets with Fresh Fruit.' 11.0-12.0.—A Recital of Gramophone Records. 4.0.—A Light Concert. The Station Orchestra: Overture, 'Poet and Peasant' (Suppé). Agnes Ramage (Contralto); Away on the Hill, and A Little Winding Road (Landon Ronald); Lie there, my Love (MacCunn); Cuckoo (Martin Shaw); A Birthday (H. Woodman). Orchestra: Suite, 'Hiawatha' (Coleridge-Taylor). Agnes Ramage: The Sweetest Flower that Blows (Hawley); At the Mid Hour of Night (Cowen); Absent (Metcalfe); All Souls' Day (Lassus). Orchestra: Waltz, 'Espana' (Waldteufel). 5.0.—Dance Music by Charles Watson's Orchestra from the Playhouse Ballroom. 5.15.—The Children's Hour. 5.57.—Weather Forecast for Farmers. 6.0.—Mr. Thomas McLaren, F.S.A.: 'Some Ancient and Royal Burghs of Scotland—IV, Perth.' 6.15.—S.B. from London. 7.0.—S.B. from Manchester (see London). 7.15.—S.B. from London. 7.45.—A Scottish Concert. The Station Orchestra: Three Scottish Lyric Pieces (Moonie) Tom Kinniburgh (Bass): When I think on the Happy Days, and Bonny Dundee (Forster); The March of the Cameron Men (Traditional). The Road to the Isles (Kennedy-Fraser). Sophie Rowlands (Soprano): Within a Mile o' Edinburgh Town; Ca' the Yowes tae the Knowes, and Coming thro' the Rye (Traditional). Jock Walker (Scots Comedian): Maggie Brown (Moran). Orchestra: Ballad, 'The Spirit of the Glen' (Drysdale). Tom Kinniburgh: Gae bring tae me a pint of wine (Burns); The Piper o' Dundee (Traditional); Green grow the Rashes O (Burns); The Wedding of Shon Maclean (Hatton). Sophie Rowlands: Robin Adair (Traditional); Annie Laurie (arr. Iza Lehmann); O Whistle and I'll come teae ye, my Lad (Traditional). Jock Walker: Bed (Walker). Orchestra: March, 'The London Scottish' (Haines). 9.0.—S.B. from London. 9.30.—Scottish News Bulletin. 9.35-12.0.—S.B. from London.

2BD ABERDEEN. 895 kc/s. (331.5 m.)
 11.0-12.0.—Programme relayed from Daventry. 4.0.—Fishing News Bulletin. 4.5.—Dance Music. From the New Palais de Danse. With Studio Interludes by Rita Reith (Soprano). 4.20.—To-day, my Spinnet (Tom Jones) (German); The Brightest Day (Eustache Martin); Arise, O! Sun (Maude Craske Day); Spring Sorrow (Ireland). 4.50.—One morning, oh, so early (Black); Blackbird's Song (Cyril Scot); Love, the Jester (Phillips). 5.15.—The Children's Hour. 5.55.—Fishing News Bulletin. 6.0.—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 6.15.—S.B. from London. 7.0.—S.B. from Manchester (see London). 7.15.—S.B. from London. 7.45.—S.B. from Glasgow. 9.0.—S.B. from London. 9.30.—S.B. from Glasgow. 9.35-12.0.—S.B. from London.

2BE BELFAST. 1,238 kc/s. (242.5 m.)
 4.0.—Light Music. The Radio Quartet: Selection, 'Il Trovatore' (Verdi); Three English Dances (Quilter). 4.28.—Hilda Crook (Soprano): Sweet Suffolk Owl (Elix Poston); A Blackbird Singing (Michael Head); Skylark, pretty Rover (Handel, arr. Bunton); Fairy Voices (Ernest Newton). 4.40.—Quartet: Suite, 'The Two Pigeons' (Messenger); Selection, 'Peggy Ann' (Rodgers). 5.0.—A Vocal Interlude by Christine Moore (Contralto): Secrecy (Hugo Wolf); Rose, softly blooming (Spohr); Magdalena (Caroline Maud); E'en as a lovely flower (Arnold); Love, I have won you (Landon Ronald); A Land of Roses (del Riego). 5.15.—The Children's Hour. 6.0.—Mrs. Ethel Lewis: 'Flying experiences of a Novice.' 6.15.—S.B. from London. 7.0.—S.B. from Manchester (see London). 7.15.—S.B. from London. 7.45.—A Ballad Concert. Dorothy Stanton (Soprano): The Rime of Roses (Quilter); By the Waters of Minnetonka (Learance); At the Well (Hageman); You (Cross); On the Road to Ballyhaee (Leslie Elliott). 7.57.—Harry Birch (Violin): Spanish Suite (de Falla). 8.12.—Harry Brindle (Bass): Lie (Blumenthal); Son of Mine (Wallace); Tavern Song (Howard Fisher); Jennesse (Katherine Barry). 8.24.—Dorothy Stanton: Full Moon (Woolmer); A Mood (Allison Travers); Sunday (Molly Carew); If I were the Man in the Moon (Howard Fisher); Lord of our Chosen Race, from 'Ivanhoe' (Sullivan). 8.36.—Harry Blech: Romance in G, and Rondino (Beethoven, arr. Kreisler). 8.43.—Harry Brindle: Shipmates o' Mine (Sanderson); The Lute Player (Albtsen); The Yeoman's Wedding Song (Poniatowski); Water Boy (arr. Avery Robinson). 9.0.—S.B. from London (9.30 Regional News). 9.25.—Irish Variety. Denis O'Neill (Irish Comedian); R. L. O'Mealy (Ullean Pipes); Ethel Lewis (Folk Songs); David Wilson (Light Ballads); Jeannie Erskine in 'Mrs. McClury of County Down', by Clara Crozier; The Argyll Temperance Flute Band. Comper; Mat Mulcaghey; The Oul' Besom Man from County Tyrone. 10.45-12.0.—S.B. from London.

This Week's Epilogue

'MEEKNESS'

Psalms 130 and 131
 St. Matthew xviii, 1-4 and 10-14
 Hymn, 'Thou did'st leave Thy Throne and Thy Kingly Crown'
 St. Matthew v, 38-42

THE RUIN OF MR. HILARY

(Continued from page 219.)

going on like anything. 'Now a little wooden hut emerges into view, in the wall of which gleams a black chasm. Suddenly at the apparture appears a silvery form—it is a White Wyandot hen. Around her on every side her feathered sisterhood peck daintily at their evening meal.' So the daughter goes in to her sisters and says: 'Dad's not himself; was he down at the Flying Fox tonight?' But they knew it was something worse than beer when he came in for supper and pulled up his chair and said: 'Now I see before me the white cloth laid, the simple fare spread on the table and Maud Ethel.' Well, Maud Ethel told me there was a lot more, but she couldn't rightly remember, being all upset, and no wonder, poor girl, for hardly knowing whether her dad was compos or not compos mentis—if you take my meaning, miss. As for when he was going to bed, they heard him talking over his socks and his waistcoat, and murmuring 'Gent's mercerised cotton handkerchief mauve border at one eleven three. No, no, that's commercial advertisement.'

'Well,' they thought, 'he'll be better in the morning.' But he wasn't. Down in the shop he talked all the time he was serving customers and he'd ask, 'Well, how are you?' And then say, 'No, no, that's dragging in personalities. I'm sorry, I'll start again,' and would go on to describe himself reaching down the canisters of rice or sugar or handing old Mrs. Wallace a postal order for 3s. 6d.

His daughters would beg him to keep quiet, but he would say, 'They told me I must practise. There's all England listening in and I must practise.' Ah, well, all flesh is grass, as I always say.

What's that? Did he broadcast? No, no. On Sports Day, quite early in the morning, they sent down the ambulance from the Asylum. It took four warders to get him away quietly, and him always such a decent little chap. Wouldn't have hurt a fly. And they say he's still making a running commentary up there.

Broadcasting? Talks? What I say is, there's talking enough already, miss, without unnatural encouragement, and if it hadn't been for this progress, Mr. Hilary might be here now, same as you and me, as the saying is.

WINIFRED HOLBY.

No wireless receiving apparatus, crystal or valve, may be installed or worked without a Post Office licence. Such licences may be obtained at any Post Office at which Money Order business is transacted, price 10s. Neglect to obtain a licence is likely to lead to prosecution.



THE BEST RECORDS OF THIS WEEK'S WIRELESS MUSIC

Orchestral and Band.

- SYMPHONY—UNFINISHED** (Schubert). Sir Henry J. Wood and New Queen's Hall Orchestra (Nos. 9513 to 9515—4s. 6d. each.)
- MERRY WIDOW—Selection.** Royal Guards Band (No. 117—4s. 6d.).
- SHAMROCK—Irish Selection.** H.M. Grenadier Guards Band (No. 9246—4s. 6d.).
- THREE BEARS—Fantasy.** Plaza Theatre Orchestra (No. 9499—4s. 6d.).
- WASHINGTON GREYS—March.** Royal Guards Band (No. 1786—3s.).
- MIKADO—Selection.** Court Symphony Orchestra (No. 994—4s. 6d.).
- IL TROVATORE—Selection.** Percy Pitt and B.B.C. Wireless Symphony Orchestra (No. 9185—4s. 6d.).
- PATIENCE—Selection.** Court Symphony Orchestra (No. 997—4s. 6d.).
- TANHAUSER—Overture.** W. Mengelberg and Concertgebouw Orchestra (Nos. L1770 to L1771—6s. 6d. each.).
- SYMPHONY—"From the New World" (Dvorak).** Sir Hamilton Harty and Hallé Orchestra (Nos. L1523 to L1527—6s. 6d. each.).
- GIPSY SUITE (German).** Plaza Theatre Orchestra (Nos. 9241 to 9242—4s. 6d. each.).
- FAUST—Ballet Music.** Sir Henry J. Wood and New Queen's Hall Orchestra (Nos. L1794 to L1795—6s. 6d. each.).
- MARY ROSE—The Call—Prelude.** Norman O'Neill and Court Symphony Orchestra (No. 4360—3s.).
- MARRIAGE OF FIGARO—Overture.** Gaubert and Société des Concerts du Conservatoire (No. L1375—6s. 6d.).
- CAPRICCIO ESPAGNOLE.** Sir Hamilton Harty and Hallé Orchestra (Nos. 9716 to 9717—4s. 6d. each.).
- WILLIAM TELL.** Sir Henry J. Wood and New Queen's Hall Orchestra (Nos. 5058 to 5059—3s. each.).
- ZAMPA—Overture.** Sir Dan Godfrey and Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra (No. 9582—4s. 6d.).
- DANCE OF THE TUMBLERS—"Snow Maiden."** B.B.C. Wireless Military Band (No. 9744—4s. 6d.).
- TOM JONES—Selection.** H.M. Grenadier Guards Band (No. 9297—4s. 6d.).

Instrumental.

- BY THE WATERS OF MINNETONKA.** Cherniavsky Instrumental Trio (No. 3368—5s.).
- ANDANTINO (Song of the Soul).** G. T. Pattman, Church Organ (No. 9135—4s. 6d.).
- HUMORESQUE (Dvorak).** G. T. Pattman, Organ (No. 9181—4s. 6d.).
- MARITANA—Scenes that are Brightest.** J. H. Squire Celeste Octet (No. 9107—4s. 6d.).
- CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA—Eastern Hymn.** J. H. Squire Celeste Octet (No. 3943—3s.).

Vocal.

- TOM JONES—Waltz Song.** Doris Vane, Soprano (No. 3679—3s.).
- I PASSED BY YOUR WINDOW.** Parry Jones, Tenor (No. 2324—3s.).
- ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE.** Dora Labbette, Soprano (No. 9479—4s. 6d.).
- BARBER OF SEVILLE—Una voce poco fa.** A. M. Guglielmetti, Soprano (No. L2951—6s. 6d.).
- I'M A ROAMER—SON AND STRANGER.** Robert Easton, Bass (No. 9210—4s. 6d.).
- INVICTUS.** Norman Allin, Bass (No. 2669—3s.).
- LORRAINE.** W. Heseltine, Tenor (No. 3609—3s.).
- FOR YOU ALONE.** Rex Palmer, Baritone (No. 4502—3s.).
- MARRIAGE OF FIGARO—Voi che sapete.** R. Pampanini, Soprano (No. D1505—4s. 6d.).
- TREES.** Dame Clara Butt, Contralto (No. X337—6s.).
- DANNY BOY.** Dora Labbette, Soprano (No. 9479—4s. 6d.).

Now on Sale at all Stores and Dealers.

Complete Catalogue of Columbia "New Process" Records—sent free—COLUMBIA, 109-108, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

8.15
A BROADCAST
THRILLER
REVIVED

- 10.15 a.m. THE DAILY SERVICE
10.30 (Daventry only) TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH;
WEATHER FORECAST
11.0 (Daventry only) Gramophone Records
12.0 A Ballad Concert
META MURRAY (Contralto)
JAMES TOPPING (Tenor)
12.30 A Recital of Gramophone Records
1.0-2.0 LIGHT MUSIC
FRASCATI'S ORCHESTRA
Directed by GEORGES HANCK
From the Restaurant Frascati
4.0 DANCE MUSIC
JACK PAYNE and THE B.B.C.
DANCE ORCHESTRA
4.45 Organ Music
Played by ALEX TAYLOR
Relayed from Davis' Theatre, Croydon
5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
The Story of 'Uncle Frederick and the Rope-
Trick' (J. M. Rose-Troup)
'Orientale' (Cui) and other Violin Solos played
by DAVID WISE
'Luna the Strong' (Frances Cowen)
6.0 Musical Interlude
6.15 'The First News'
TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST,
FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN
6.30 The Week's Work in the Garden, by the Royal
Horticultural Society
6.40 Musical Interlude
6.45 THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC
BEETHOVEN'S VIOLIN AND PIANOFORTE SONATAS
Played by WINIFRED SMALL (Violin)
and
MAURICE COLE (Pianoforte)
Sonata in C Minor (Continued)
Adagio cantabile; Scherzo (Allegro); Allegro
7.0 Mr. EDGAR WARD: 'Photography—II,
Photography for the Motorist'
LAST week Mr. Ward dealt with 'that holiday
snapshot album,' and no doubt in the intervening
period any number of amateur
photographers have put some of
his advice into practice. This
evening he will pay special at-
tention to the motorist who wants
to use his camera intelligently, and
who, of course, as he has not got to
carry it all the time, can indulge in a
much larger camera, use plates
instead of films, and generally do
the thing in style. Any listeners who
are not already familiar with Mr.
Ward's qualifications to give photo-
graphic advice should look at the sea
coast photograph which forms the
frontispiece to this issue, and they
will realize that he has all the ex-
perience necessary for the task.
7.15 Musical Interlude
7.25 The Rt. Hon. The Lord LUGARD,
G.C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O.: 'Past and
Present in Africa'
7.45 Sing-Song
Relayed from the Duke of York's
Camp, New Romney
The Swazi Warrior
arr. Thomas Wood
I know Where I'm Going
arr. Hughes
The Gentle Maiden (Old Irish)
arr. Thomas Wood
Mowing the Barley
arr. Baring Gould and Cecil Sharp

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7
2LO LONDON & 5XX DAVENTRY

842 kc/s. (356.3 m.)

193 kc/s (1,554.4 m.)

9.35
THE NORTHERN
WIRELESS
ORCHESTRA

The people concerned are:

Robert Carew
Hilda Grant
'Erb
Mrs. Jacks
Singhi
James Spender

9.0 'The Second News'

WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS
BULLETIN

9.15 Topical Talk

9.30 Local Announcements; (Daventry only) Ship-
ping Forecast and Fat Stock Prices

9.35 A Symphony Concert

Conducted by Sir HAMILTON HARTY
S.B. from ManchesterTHE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
Variations on a Theme of Haydn.....Brahms
Concerto for Violin and Orchestra in D Minor
Harty

(Solo Violin, ALFRED BARKER)

Symphony in D Minor Franck
Lento; Allegretto; Allegro non troppo

IN the long and almost cloistered life of serenity
which César Franck devoted with a real singleness
of purpose to music, heedless not only of other
interests, but even of the success or failure, in the
popular sense, of his own works, he made use of
practically every known form. In no one can
he be said to have been specially at home, but of
all it is steadily becoming clearer that he en-
riched and widened their power and scope,
revealing an individuality at once strong and
gracious.

His one Symphony bears the date 1889. It is
unlike the classical models in this, that the princi-
pal theme appears in all the Movements, and in
this, too, that the materials are developed with
a freedom such as the classical masters did not
anticipate.

The first Movement begins with a slow section,
in which the lower strings foreshadow the princi-
pal tune of the main first Movement. There is
another theme which the attentive listener will
recognize as furnishing the material for the chief
tune of the last Movement. After
the first section of the chief part
of the first Movement, in quick
time, the slow tune from the intro-
duction is repeated, and when the
quick part has been heard again,
it gives way to a new theme. After
that we hear the great second tune
which has a large share in the course of the
Symphony. The whole orchestra plays
it with noble emphasis.

In the slow Movement, the English
horn has the first tune, and the
second is really a modification of the
big second tune of the first Movement.
There follows a section which is in form
and tune like a Scherzo with its
alternative Trio, and then the slow
Movement returns. Again the atten-
tive listener will hear two of the earlier
themes played together.

The last Movement begins with a
new tune, a joyous one in the major
mode, but much of the Movement is
based on tunes of the earlier part
of the work, and again the second tune
from the first Movement is promi-
nent.

11.0-12.0 DANCE MUSIC

REG BATTEN and his BAND
from the NEW PRINCES RESTAURANT

THE DUKE OF YORK
with the leaders of his camp.

Won't You go my Way?

arr. R. Runciman Terry

London's Burning (Round)

Chestnut Tree Old Jingle, origin unknown

8.15 'Up the Stairs'

(Second Production)

A Broadcast Thriller in One Act by J. JEFFERSON
FARJEON

The scene to be visualized is a large, bare lounge,
hall in an empty house, with a flight of creaking-
wooden stairs.



AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S CAMP.

A group of camp leaders, public school boys and boys from the industrial
areas, with the Duke of York in their midst, taken at the annual camp
at New Romney, from which a sing-song will be relayed this evening
at 7.45.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7
5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

626 kc/s. (479.2 m.)

TRANSMISSIONS FROM LONDON EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE STATED.

3.30
**A FAMOUS
MILITARY
BAND**

3.30 **The Kneller Hall Band**
By kind permission of
Colonel L. M. GREGSON, O.B.E.
Directed by Lieut. H. E. ADKINS
Relayed from Kneller Hall, Twickenham

Overture, 'Academic' *Brahm*^o
Suite, 'Woodland Pictures' *Fletcher*
Waltz, 'Rosenkavalier' *Strauss*
Excerpts from 'Siegfried' *Wagner*
Suite from the Ballet 'Prince Igor' *Borodin*

MALE VOICE CHOIR
There was a crooked man *Hughes*
Whisky Johnny *arr. Terry*

BAND
Italian Caprice *Tchaikovsky*
Salut d'Amour *Elgar*
Flight of the Bumble Bee *Rimsky-Korsakov*
Selection, 'Lilac Time' *Schubert, arr. Clutsam*
Hungarian March, 'Raczky' *Berlioz*

Rule Britannia
GOD SAVE THE KING

5.0 **DANCE MUSIC**
JACK PAYNE and THE B.B.C.
DANCE ORCHESTRA

7.45 **WINNIE MELVILLE AND
DEREK OLDHAM**
With MAURICE BESLY at the Pianoforte

8.0 **'The Fountain of Youth'**
A Comic Opera by W. GRAHAM ROBERTSON
(For details see centre of page)

9.30 **DANCE MUSIC**
JACK PAYNE and THE B.B.C. DANCE
ORCHESTRA

10.0 **WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL
NEWS BULLETIN**

10.15 **DANCE MUSIC**
JACK HYLTON'S AMBASSADOR CLUB BAND
Directed by RAY STARITA
From the AMBASSADOR CLUB

11.0-11.15 **REG BATTEN and HIS BAND**
From the NEW PRINCES RESTAURANT

8.0 'THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH'

A Comic Opera by W. GRAHAM ROBERTSON
The Music composed by ALFRED REYNOLDS

Dramatis Personae:

Joshua Dalebrook, a Farmer	Tom Hazel
Nicholas Vachery, Clerk and Churchwarden	Mark Mugwort, Sexton
Sir Bullion Blunt, a Financier	
Sam Puttock and William Pokeford, Villagers	
A Dancer	
Mrs. Dalebrook; Daisy, her Daughter; Mrs. Pokeford	
Kitty Clover, a Village Girl	
Men, Women and Children of the Village	

THE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA and THE WIRELESS CHORUS, conducted by ALFRED REYNOLDS

The Scene is Dalebrook's Farm near the village of Yongley, at the present time

This Comic Opera will be broadcast from London and Daventry tomorrow night

5.30 **The Children's Hour**
(From Birmingham)
'Ding Dong,' by Juliette Hess
CRISSIE THOMAS and her Musical Glasses
JACKO will Entertain
'There are Smugglers Today,' by Margaret
Dangerfield

6.15 **'The First News'**
TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORE-
CAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.30 **DANCE MUSIC**
JACK PAYNE and THE B.B.C.
DANCE ORCHESTRA

7.0 **A BAND CONCERT**
THE BAND OF THE 7TH QUEEN'S OWN HUSSARS
(By kind permission of Lt.-Col. T. A. THORNTON
and OFFICERS)
Conducted by F. SPENCER
Relayed from the Pump Room Gardens,
Leamington Spa

Champion March *Graham*
Overture, 'Lustspiel' (Comedy) *Keler-Bela*
Waltz-Intermezzo, 'Dream of the Ball' *Joyce*
Selection, 'Il Trovatore' *Verdi*
Xylophone Solo, 'Jongleur' *Dittrich*
(Soloist, A. WALFORD)

Waltz, 'Eton Boating Song' *Kaps*
Selection, 'Patience' *Sullivan*

11.15-11.45
Experimental Transmission of Still Pictures
by the Fultograph Process

(Wednesday's Programmes continued on page 246)

The Listener
THE NEW B.B.C. WEEKLY

Special Features:

'THAT HOLIDAY SNAPSHOT ALBUM'
by
EDGAR WARD

'HOW I DISCOVERED THE POLE'
by
HOLT MARVELL

'RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF
RAMBLERS'
by
A. L. SIMPSON

Will appear in next week's issue.

2d. ON SALE EVERYWHERE 2d.

Take No Risks
—Take
GENASPRIN

The SAFE Brand of Aspirin

"THE LANCET" has
declared Genasprin to be
"particularly pure." Be-
cause of its absolute purity,
Genasprin brings speedy
relief in cases of Headache,
Colds, Rheumatism and
all Nerve Pains without
endangering the heart or
disturbing the digestion.

At all Chemists—2/- per
bottle of 35 tablets.

GENATOSAN LTD., LOUGHBOROUGH.

PROVED BY OVER
25 YEARS USE



NO TEST
LIKE TIME

BROOK MOTORS

**Over 2,000,000 Horse
Power in use.**

Many supplied over 25 years
ago are in

**CONSTANT
DAILY SERVICE.**

NO TEST LIKE TIME.

Supplied by any Electrical
Contractor.

**BROOK
MOTORS
LTD.**

Empress Works, Huddersfield.
Aldwych House, London, W.C.2.
54, Corporation Street, Manchester.
73, Victoria Street, Bristol.
Allen House, Newarke St., Leicester.
62, Robertson Street, Glasgow.

Also at Birmingham, Leeds, Newcastle, New
Zealand, South Africa, Canada, and Australia.

Wednesday's Programmes continued (August 7)

5WA CARDIFF. 968 kc/s. (309.9 m.)

4.0 'THE CONEY BEACH FIVE'
Relayed from The Coney Beach Restaurant, Porthcawl

4.45 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 The Children's Hour. S.B. from Swansea

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15 S.B. from London

7.45 **Two Short Plays**
Presented by
THE BATH 'CITIZEN HOUSE' PLAYERS
Relayed from
THE SUMMER SCHOOL OF DRAMATIC ART,
CITIZEN HOUSE, BATH

'Crabbed Youth and Age,'
by
LENNOX ROBINSON

Characters:
Mrs. Swan, a widow
Minnie Swan } Her daughters
Eileen Swan }
Dolly Swan }
Gerald Booth
Charlie Duncan
Tommy Mims
Mrs. Swan keeps open house on Sunday evening, and three young men come to visit her and her three daughters

'Colombine'
by
REGINALD ARKELL

Characters:
Dan'l, an old man
Nathan'l, a boy
Colombine
Harlequin
Pierrot
A second old man
Dan'l and Nathan'l are on the summit of Cissbury Beacon one evening. It is the site of an old Roman Camp, but a fairy ring occupies the foreground.

9.0 S.B. from London

9.30 West Regional News

9.35-11.0 S.B. from Manchester

5SX SWANSEA. 1,040 kc/s. (288.5 m.)

4.0 S.B. from Cardiff

4.45 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 The Children's Hour

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15 S.B. from London

7.45 S.B. from Cardiff

9.0 S.B. from London

9.30 S.B. from Cardiff

9.35-11.0 S.B. from Manchester

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 1,040 kc/s. (288.5 m.)

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15 S.B. from London

9.30 Local Announcements

9.35-11.0 S.B. from Manchester

5PY PLYMOUTH. 1,040 kc/s. (288.5 m.)

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 The Children's Hour
A day 'All at Sea,' for although we hear of 'The Cruise of the Good Ship Wardour' (Sherrell) a microphone message reads: 'You can't see the sea to-day' (Butler)

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15 S.B. from London

9.30 Mid-week Sports Bulletin; Local Announcements

9.35-11.0 S.B. from Manchester

2ZY MANCHESTER. 797 kc/s. (376.4 m.)

4.0 Famous Northern Resorts
Southport



PIERROT AND COLOMBINE.
Reginald Arkell's play, *Colombine*, will be relayed from Citizen House, Bath, and broadcast from Cardiff this evening at 7.45.

A Municipal Band Concert
Relayed from the Bandstand
THE HORWICH R.M.I. BAND
Conducted by W. WOOD

Overture, 'Peace and War' Round
Selection, 'A Country Girl' Monckton
Soprano Cornet Solo, 'Lizzie' Hartmann
(Soloist, J. BROOKES)

Waltz, 'Thrills' Ancliffe
Selection, 'Lohengrin' Wagner

5.0 HARRY RAMON (*Danjulele*)

5.15 The Children's Hour
S.B. from Leeds
'THE OPENED CHEST,' a Play by M. CHURCHILL,
adapted from an old Arabian Night

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15 S.B. from London

6.30 Royal Horticultural Society's Bulletin for North of England Listeners

6.40 S.B. from London

8.15 'Je T'Aime'
A Modern Pierrot Fantasy in One Act by
EDWARD P. GENN

Mr. Listener
Mrs. Listener
Pierrot
Colombine } (Members of the Spangie
Scandal } Costume Concert Party)
Discontent }
An Intruder (a Theatrical Agent)

9.0 S.B. from London

9.30 Local Announcements

9.35-11.0 **A Symphony Concert**
Conducted by Sir HAMILTON HARTY
Relayed to London and Daventry
THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
Variations on a Theme by Haydn..... Brahms
Concerto for Violin and Orchestra in D Minor
Harty
(Solo Violin, ALFRED BARKER)
Symphony in D Minor..... Franck
Lento; Allegretto; Allegro non troppo

Other Stations.

5NO NEWCASTLE. 1,148 kc/s. (261.5 m.)

4.0:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 4.15:—Music from Fenwick's Terrace Tea Rooms. 5.15:—The Children's Hour. 6.0:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 6.15:—S.B. from London. 6.30:—Royal Horticultural Society's Bulletin. 6.35:—Musical Interlude. 6.45:—S.B. from London. (9.30:—Local Announcements). 9.35-11.0:—S.B. from Manchester.

5SC GLASGOW. 752 kc/s. (398.9 m.)

4.0:—A Granville Bantock Concert. The Station Orchestra: Suite, 'Scenes from the Scottish Highlands.' Nettle Scanders (Soprano); Yung-Yang; A Feast of Lanterns; The Moon Witch; Goblins. Orchestra: Old English Suite. Nettle Scanders: Lament of Ials; The Wishing Ring; The Garden of Bamboos; The Wild Flower's Song. Orchestra: Suite, 'Russian Scenes.' 5.15:—The Children's Hour. 5.57:—Weather Forecast for Farmers. 6.0:—Andrew F. Martin (Baritone): Prologue ('Pagliacci') (Leoncavallo); Fondly complaining (Spagge amate) (Gluck); Who is Sylvia? (Quilter); My Captain (Cyril Scott); Melisande in the Wood (Alma Goetz). 6.15:—S.B. from London. 6.30:—Mr. Dudley V. Howells: 'Propagation of Hardy and Half-Hardy Plants,' and Topical Gardening Notes. 6.45:—S.B. from London. 9.30:—Scottish News Bulletin. 9.35-11.0:—S.B. from Manchester.

2BD ABERDEEN. 995 kc/s. (301.5 m.)

4.0:—Fishing News Bulletin. 4.5:—Steadman's Orchestra. Directed by George Steadman. From the Electric Theatre. 5.0:—J. Livingstone Wright (Tenor): Little Mother of Mine (H. T. Burleigh); I know of two bright eyes (Clubsam); Rose Marie (Molloy); Eleanore (Coleridge-Taylor). 5.15:—The Children's Hour. 5.55:—Fishing News Bulletin. 6.0:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 6.15:—S.B. from London. 6.30:—Mr. George E. Greenhouse: 'Horticulture.' 6.45:—S.B. from London. 7.45:—'WY' the Jocks in France.' Dialogue written by Arthur Black. Presented by F. Elliot Doble (Bass-Baritone), T. Sterndale Bennett (Entertainer). The City of Aberdeen Police Pipe Band and The Radio Players. 9.0:—S.B. from London. 9.30:—S.B. from Glasgow. 9.35-11.0:—S.B. from Manchester.

2BE BELFAST. 1,236 kc/s. (242.5 m.)

12.0-1.0:—Gramophone Records. 4.0:—Light Music. The Radio Quartet: Overture, 'The Arosilians' (Monckton and Talbot); An Autumn Song (Haydn Wood); Suite, 'Othello' (Coleridge-Taylor). Eileen Mason (Soprano). Quartet: Selection, 'The Maid of the Mountains' (Fraser-Simson, arr. Morgan); Three Irish Dances (Ansell). 5.0:—Miss Winifred Rowe: 'Irish Wedding Customs.' 5.15:—The Children's Hour. 6.0:—Organ Music by George Newell. From the Classic Cinema. 6.15:—S.B. from London. 6.30:—Royal Horticultural Society's Bulletin. 6.40:—Musical Interlude. 6.45:—S.B. from London. 8.15:—'All the Best.' A Radio Revue, written by John MacDonagh. 9.0:—S.B. from London. 9.30:—Regional News. 9.35-11.0:—S.B. from Manchester (See London).

THE RADIO TIMES.
The Journal of the British Broadcasting Corporation.
Published every Friday—Price Two pence.
Editorial address: Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2.
The reproduction of the copyright programmes contained in this issue is strictly reserved.

Both Sides of the Bristol Channel.

FOUR RELAYS FROM CITIZEN HOUSE.

Plays and Talks at the Bath Summer School of Dramatic Art—A Favourite Drink of the Bards—More Stories of Early Railway Days—Dance Music from Porthcawl.

Students of the Drama.

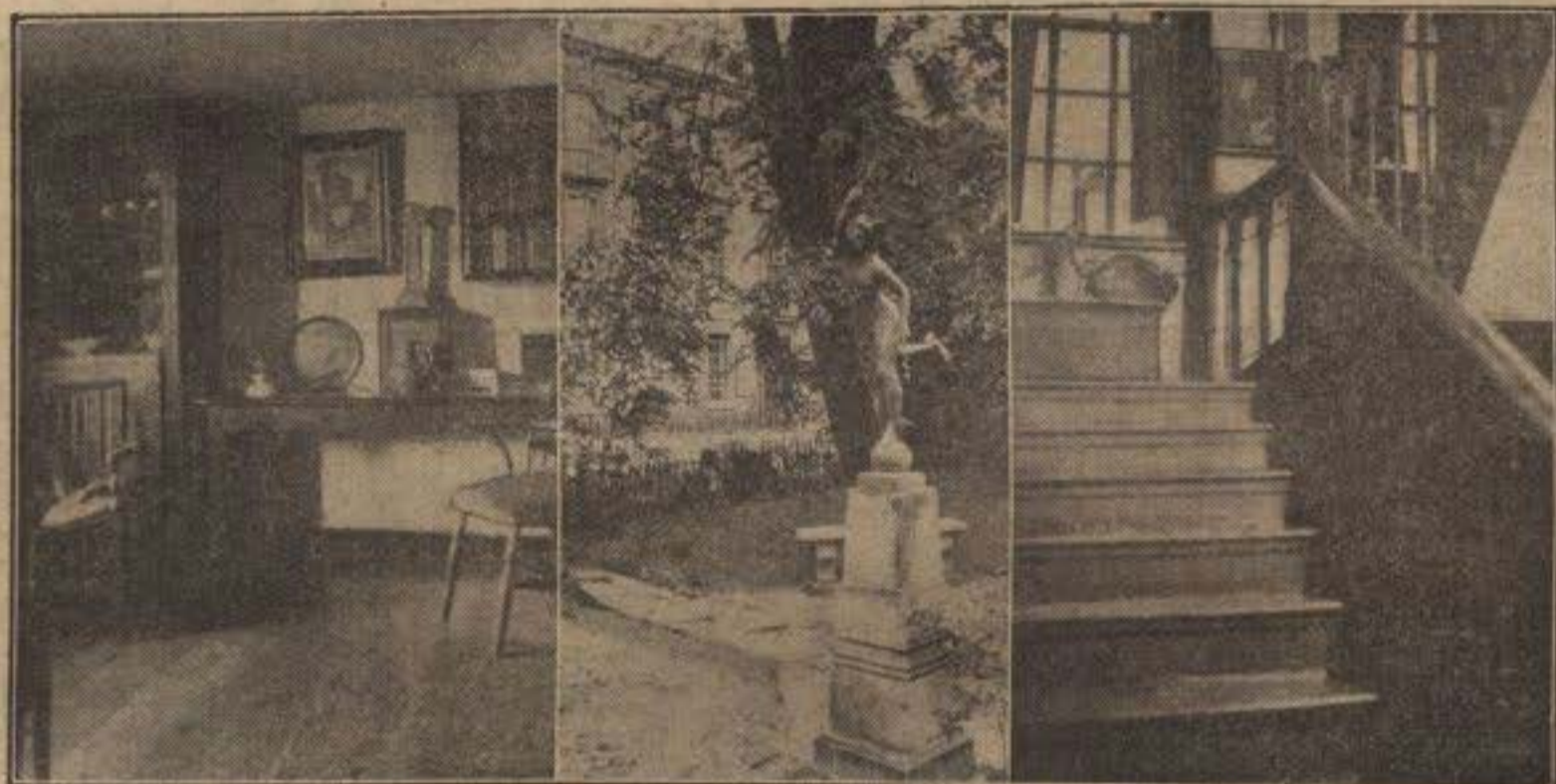
FURTHER relays are to take place from the Summer School of Dramatic Art, Citizen House, Bath, in the second week of this Summer Session. On Monday, August 12, at 8 p.m., there will be a Lecture by Dr. Ivimey, Professor of Music at Marlborough College, and on the following evening, at 7.30 p.m., *The Prince who was a Piper*, by Harold Brighouse, will be presented by the Bath Citizen House Players. *King Lear's Wife*, by Gordon Bottomley, will also be broadcast at 8 p.m. on Thursday, August 15, and at 10.15 p.m. on Friday, August 16, Professor Lewis Horrox will give a talk on Greek Drama, which will be illustrated by excerpts from Greek plays. Professor Horrox tells me that he has lived a most (externally) uneventful life. He says he has spent most of his time in looking, listening, reading, thinking, and teaching. He lectured in English Literature at Cambridge from 1920 to 1924. Since then he has held the Chair of English Language and Literature at Exeter. He dates his interest in Greek Drama from the time when he witnessed Mr. J. T. Sheppard's production of the *Oresteia*, at Cambridge, from when he has grown more and more passionately and deeply interested in it. In 1924 he produced the *Hecuba*, and in 1925 the *Trojan Women*, at Exeter; in 1928 the *Electra* of Sophocles at Bath—all in English versions. This year he hopes to produce Mr. Sheppard's adaptation of the *Cyclops* at Citizen House.

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. Trefor Jones, who will be heard by Welsh listeners in a group of songs on Thursday evening, August 15, is examining the 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 such occasions the truth sounds so inadequate an excuse—it seems to be a real case for pleading, darkly, 'circumstances over which I had no control.'

Railway Pioneers.

WHEN he continues his series of talks on Railway Reminiscences on Tuesday, August 13, at 8 p.m., Mr. G. Milford will tell the story of 'The Battle of the Gauges.' 'The Standard Gauge,' says Mr. Milford, 'is romantic, for it is admitted by all that it is not the ideal gauge. It is, in fact, the gauge of an ordinary road cart.' The reason, of course, is, that ordinary carts were originally used to convey coal from the mines; later it was found that the wheels wore away the road, and timber was laid on which the wheels ran; later still, iron plates with a flange were affixed to these timber rails, the plates gave way to iron rails and the flange was transferred from the plate to the wheel.



THREE VIEWS OF CITIZEN HOUSE, BATH,

from 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 Train and a Ship Collide.

AMONG 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 chain 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 coke, 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 Harle, working a train between Dawlish and Teignmouth, ran into the bowsprit of a ship which had been driven ashore by the gale and was projecting across the railway. Both Harle and his fireman had to take refuge on top of the engine boiler from the waves, which rapidly extinguished the fire.'

Music and Work.

MANY statistics are collected annually of 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 nice dark straight line on a window sash and perched on a high ladder. I saw such a victim at the Coney Beach Dance Restaurant, Porthcawl. 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

I noticed that he worked with feverish energy in the intervals between the items. The large front windows are new in the Coney Beach Restaurant and make the outlook on the sands seem like a scene on a cinema. Music by the Band will be relayed from the Restaurant on Wednesday, August 14, at 4.0 p.m., and again on Saturday, August 17, at 4.45 p.m.

The Musical Burglar.

IT is not often that one hears of attempted burglaries of musical instruments, perhaps because many of them are not portable, but

the pianist of the Coney Beach Five has a pianoforte accordion and when he plays this the trumpeter takes his place at the piano. The pianoforte accordion packs into a very unobtrusive case just like a really expensive suit-case, and the would-be thief tried to walk out of the restaurant at night with it as coolly as if he were carrying his bathing outfit. Fortunately, he was stopped at the door.

Celtic Folk Lore.

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 'Beili Glaz.' 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 bards 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 (Davertry only) TIME SIGNAL GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST
11.0 (Davertry only) Gramophone Records
12.0 A Concert
EVELYN BRYAN (Soprano)
WILLIAM EVANS (Baritone)
MINNIE HAMBLETT (Pianoforte)
1.0-2.0 Organ Music
Played by REGINALD FOORT
Relayed from the Regent Picture Theatre, Bournemouth
S.B. from Bournemouth

2.0-2.25 (Davertry only)
Experimental Transmission of Still Pictures by the Fultograph Process

- 3.0 EVENSONG
From Westminster Abbey
3.45 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.' The eight readings will complete the whole of this shortened version. Swift's amazing satire has suffered a strange handling. 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 YORKSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY
Conducted by C. E. RAISON,
Relayed from the Central Bandstand, North-East Coast Exhibition
S.B. from Newcastle

- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
'The Queen's Sword,' from 'Mumbudget' (Helen Simpson), arranged as a dialogue story, with incidental music by THE GERSHOM PARKINGTON QUINTET

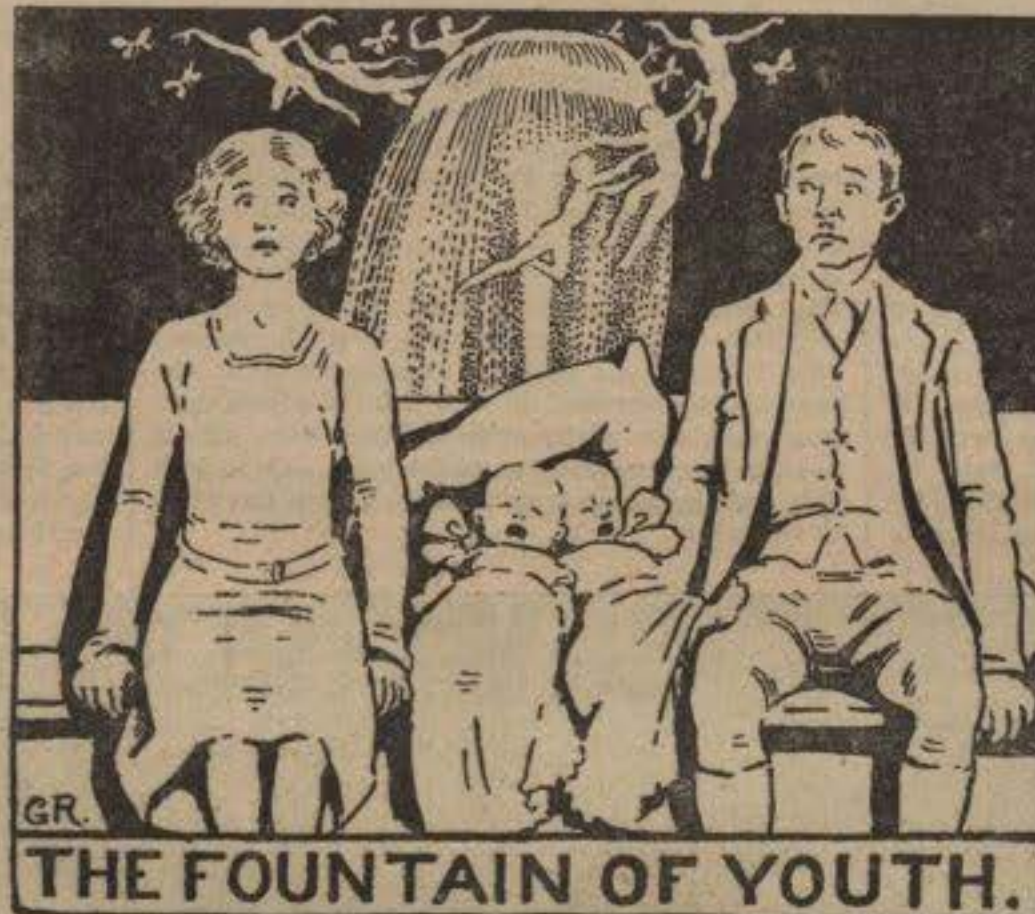
- 6.0 Musical Interlude
6.15 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN
6.30 Market Prices for Farmers
6.35 Musical Interlude
6.45 THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC
BEETHOVEN'S VIOLIN AND PIANO-FORTE SONATAS
Played by WINIFRED SMALL (Violin) and MAURICE COLK (Pianoforte)
Kreutzer Sonata, Op. 47
Adagio sostenuto—Presto

- 7.0 Miss V. SACKVILLE-WEST: 'New Novels'

- 7.15 Musical Interlude

THURSDAY, AUGUST 8
2LO LONDON & 5XX DAVENTRY

842 kc/s. (356.3 m.) 193 kc/s. (1,554.4 m.)



GR.

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 Churchwarden	Daisy, her Daughter
Mark Mugwort, Sexton	Mrs. Pokeford
Sir Bullion Blunt, a Financier	Kitty Clover, a Village Girl
Sam Puttock.	Men, Women and Children of the Village
William Pokeford } (Villagers)	

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

The Scene is Dalebrook's Farm, near the Village of Yongley, 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 this opera 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 jest 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
(Davertry Only)
EISTEDDFOD
CONCERT

7.30 A MILITARY BAND CONCERT

LEONARD GOWINGS (Tenor)
LEONARD HIRSCH (Violin)
THE WIRELESS MILITARY BAND
Conducted by
VICTOR HELY-HUTCHINSON

Tragic Overture Brahms

THE Tragic Overture was composed in the same year (1880) as the Academic Festival Overture.

Two chords 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 trombones and tubas carry 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. There, we hear still another new theme before the earlier ones return to form the customary recapitulation. Towards the end there is a little fugato made of a bit of the first tune, and the Overture closes with a coda, also built up on it.

LEONARD GOWINGS
From the Land of the Sky Blue Water Cadman
The Devon Maid Frank Bridge
Serenade Toselli

BAND
Symphony on French Themes
Schubert, arr. Gerrard Williams
Divertissement; Andantino with Variations; Rondo Brilliant

LEONARD HIRSCH
Serenade Rachmaninov
Giboulée (A Shower) Muriel Herbert
Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso
Saint-Saëns

LEONARD GOWINGS
Those Azure Eyes G. W. Cox
Sealed Orders C. Willeby
Fifinella Herbert Oliver

BAND
Suite (No. 1), 'L'Arlésienne' ('The Maid of Arles') Bizet
Prelude; Minuetto; Adagietto; Carillon

7.30-9.0 (Davertry only)

A Concert
From the Eisteddfod Pavilion
Softon Park, Liverpool
Relayed from Liverpool
(See Manchester Programme)

9.0 WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

9.15 Topical Talk

9.30 Local Announcements; (Davertry only) Shipping Forecast

9.35 'The Fountain of Youth'
(See centre column)

11.5-12.0 DANCE MUSIC
JACK PAYNE and THE B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA

THURSDAY, AUGUST 8
5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

626 kc/s. (479.2 m.)

TRANSMISSIONS FROM LONDON EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE STATED.

8.0
VARIETY
FROM
BIRMINGHAM

3.0 **A Symphony Concert**

(From Bournemouth)

No. XI of the Summer Season

THE BOURNEMOUTH MUNICIPAL AUGMENTED ORCHESTRA

Conducted by Sir DAN GODFREY

Overture, 'Tannhäuser' Wagner
Violin Concerto in E Flat Mozart
Allegro moderato; Un poco adagio; Rondo,
(Soloist, ALBERT VOORZANGER)

Symphony, 'From the New World' Dvorak
Adagio—Allegro molto; Largo; Scherzo—
Molto vivace; Allegro con fuoco

Tannhäuser was completed in 1842, when Wagner was 29. Already in this opera, as even before it in *The Flying Dutchman*, Wagner is beginning to feel his way towards the use of leading motives, but the work is still opera in the sense that it consists largely of separate numbers. Wagner made his own libretto for the work, using two of the oldest and most interesting legends in the German folk lore. One was the old story of the song contest in the Wartburg, a hall which may still be visited today, where the Minnesingers strove for no smaller prize than the hand of the Landgrave's niece, Princess Elisabeth.

The other legend dates back to the very early days of Christianity, when it was a matter of common belief that the old heathen gods and goddesses had taken refuge in remote parts of the world, to which mortals still sometimes found their way. According to the German legend, Venus, with all her attendant nymphs and witchery, had hidden herself amongst the remote mountains of the Harselberg, where she held her court in unfading youth and beauty.

4.30 **LOZELLS PICTURE HOUSE ORGAN**

(From Birmingham)

WINIFRED MORRIS (Contralto)

ORGAN

Second Selection, Sullivan's Operas. arr. Higg's
'Salut d'Amour' Elgar

WINIFRED MORRIS

Fair House of Joy Quilter
The Flower Song ('Faust') Gounod

ORGAN

Selection, 'The Quaker Girl' Monckton
The 'Ox' Minuet Haydn
Monsieur Tricotin Rawlinson

WINIFRED MORRIS

Like to the Damask Rose Elgar
Love in the Woods Landon Ronald

ORGAN

From Foreign Parts Moszkowski
Germany; Spain; Italy

5.30 **The Children's Hour**

(From Birmingham)

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

SIDNEY HULL (Banjo)

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

GERALD and PHYLLIS SCOTT will Entertain

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

6.30 **Organ Music**

Played by HAROLD B. OSMOND
Relayed from Coventry Cathedral

Overture, 'Saul' Handel, arr. Best
Prière à Notre Dame Boelmann
Rigaudon Lully, arr. Best
Chant Pastoral Dubois
Siciliana in B Minor Hollins
Grand Cœur in G Salomé

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

8.0 **Vaudeville**

(From Birmingham)

LULU and NORAH
(The Hawaiian Pierrettes)

ERNEST SEFTON
and BETTY LE BROCK

(In a Light Pot-Pourri)

TOMMY HANDLEY (The Wireless Comedian)

GERALD and PHYLLIS SCOTT
(in Old-Time Songs)

EDDIE ROBINSON
(Entertainer)

PHILIP BROWN'S
DOMINOES
DANCE BAND

9.0 **A Studio Concert**

GLADYS PARR (Contralto)

THE GERSHOM PARKINGTON QUINTET

QUINTET

A Gipsy Suite German
Serenade Rawlinson
Andantino Lemare

GLADYS PARR

Nocturne Goring Thomas
Ständchen (Serenade) Brahms
Jingle Gaily on my Timbrel Adolf Jensen

QUINTET

Selection of Victorian Waltzes
Nocturne Borodin
Humoresque Dvorak

GLADYS PARR

Voici la saison ('Tis now the Season) .. Gounod
Jill all Alone ('Merrie England') German

QUINTET

Ballet Music ('Faust') Gounod

10.0 **WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN**

10.15-11.15 **DANCE MUSIC**

THE CAFE DE PARIS BLUE LYRES BAND
FROM THE CAFE DE PARIS.

(Thursday's Programmes continued on page 250.)



Some old-time songs, sung by GERALD and PHYLLIS SCOTT, will be a feature of the Vaudeville programme from Birmingham tonight.

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 latest:—No. 5 and No. 7, in Ripple Rubber. 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 9 ct. gold band.

Selection at Stationers, Jewellers and Stores.

'The Pen Book' free from

L. G. SLOAN, LTD.,

The Pen Corner,

Kingsway, London, W.C.2.



USEFUL & VARIED
FREE GIFTS
ARE NOW OFFERED TO SMOKERS OF

SUNRIPE
the 'Quality' Cigarettes
10 for 6^d 20 for 1/-

AND
SUNRIPE
THE 'Out-of-the-rut' PIPE MIXTURE
NOW 10½ per oz

ILLUSTRATED GIFTS LIST SENT POST FREE ON APPLICATION TO
The Sunripe Smokers
Dept. T,
175 SHOREDITCH LONDON E1



GEMS From this week's Programme on "His Master's Voice"

NOCTURNE IN D FLAT—D. Pachmann—DB850, London, Sunday 4.14
VAL E IN D FLAT—Wilhelm Backhaus—DB929, London, Sunday, 4.30
SYMPHONY No. 8 IN B MINOR—Royal Opera Orchestra, Covent Garden—C1294-6, Daventry 5GB, Sunday, 9.15
BY THE WATERS OF MINNETONKA—Moy's Bennet—B2453, Daventry 5GB, Monday 6.45
SERENADE—Marjorie Hayward—B2140, Daventry 5GB, Monday, 7.40
STUDIES Op. 25—Wilhelm Backhaus—DB1178-9, Daventry 5GB, Monday, 9.30
FANTASY, "THE THREE BEARS"—Hylton's Orchestra—C1309, Daventry 5GB, Tuesday, 4.45
LOVE WENT A RIDING—Browning Mummery—B2756, Daventry 5GB, Tuesday, 5.0
VARIATIONS ON A THEME BY HAYDN—London Symphony Orchestra—D1376-8, London and Daventry, Wednesday, 9.35
SYMPHONY IN D MINOR—Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra—D1404-8, London, and Daventry Wednesday, 9.50
SUITE "L'ARLESIENNE"—Royal Opera Orchestra, Covent Garden—C1319-20, London, Thursday, 7.15
SYMPHONY "From the New World"—Royal Albert Hall Orchestra—D1504, Daventry 5GB, Thursday, 5.0
NOCTURNE—Budapest String Quartet—D1441, Daventry 5GB, Thursday, 9.30
BALLET MUSIC "FAUST"—Royal Opera Orchestra, Covent Garden—C.462-3, Daventry 5GB, Thursday, 9.45
ELSA'S DREAM (Lohengrin)—Margaret Sheridan—DB988, Daventry 5GB, Friday, 8.15
"SUZANNAH'S SECRET" OVERTURE—La Scala Orchestra, Milan—D1488, Daventry 5GB, Friday, 8.20
ARIA "VOI CHE SAPETE"—Elisabeth Schumann—DB946, Daventry 5GB, Friday, 8.30
EASTERN HYMN "CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA"—Turchetti—B2445, Daventry 5GB, Friday, 8.50
CONCERTO IN F MINOR—Molsevitich—B530, London, Saturday, 8.27
TILL EULENSPIEGEL'S MERRY PRANKS—London Symphony Orchestra—D.4.8-9, London, Saturday, 8.40
ARIA "NESSUN DORMA"—Alessandro Valente—B2458, Daventry 5GB, Saturday, 4.45
OVERTURE "EGMONT"—New Light Symphony Orchestra—C1385, Daventry 5GB, Sat. 9.20

"His Master's Voice"

The Gramophone Co. Ltd., London, W.1.

Thursday's Programmes continued (August 8)

5WA CARDIFF. 968 kc/s. (309.9 m.)
 12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 3.45 Mr. LYNDON HARRIES: 'Husbands and Wives in English Literature—II, Noah and his Wife as seen in the Miracle Plays'
 4.0 Newcastle Programme relayed from Daventry
 4.45 BOBBY'S STRING ORCHESTRA From Bobby's Café, Clifton, Bristol
 5.15 The Children's Hour
 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.15 S.B. from London
 6.30 Market Prices for Farmers
 6.35 S.B. from London
 7.30 Eisteddfod Concert Relayed from Liverpool (See Manchester)

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 1,040 kc/s. (288.5 m.)
 1.0-2.0 Organ Music Played by REGINALD FOORT From the Regent Picture Theatre Relayed to London and Daventry
 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 3.45 Mr. GEORGE DANCE, F.R.H.S.: For Gardeners: 'The Kitchen Garden during August'
 4.0 Newcastle Programme relayed from Daventry (See London)
 5.15 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.15 S.B. from London
 6.30 Market Prices for South of England Farmers
 6.35-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

5PY PLYMOUTH. 1,040 kc/s. (288.5 m.)



THE PROCESSION OF THE BARDS, clad in their picturesque robes, on their way to the Gorsedd ceremony at a Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales. A relay from the Eisteddfod at Sefton Park, Liverpool, will be broadcast from Manchester this evening at 7.30.

9.0 S.B. from London
 9.30 West Regional News
 9.35-12.0 S.B. from London

5SX SWANSEA. 1,040 kc/s. (288.5 m.)
 12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 3.45 S.B. from Cardiff
 4.0 Newcastle 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
 7.30 Eisteddfod Concert Relayed from Liverpool (See Manchester)
 9.0 S.B. from London
 9.30 S.B. from Cardiff
 9.35-12.0 S.B. from London

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 4.0 Newcastle Programme relayed from Daventry (See London)
 5.15 The Children's Hour 'Secrets'—but we do not keep them long
 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.15-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

2ZY MANCHESTER. 797 kc/s. (376.4 m.)

12.0-1.0 A Light Concert
 ETHEL SPENCER (Soprano)
 Love, here is my heart
 Silésu

The Dancing Lesson Herbert Oliver
 Dream-o'-Day Jill ('Tom Jones') German
 ETHEL KENYON
 (Lancashire Dialect Entertainer)
 JAMES GREEN (Banjo)
 Speedwell } Grimshaw
 The Kilties }
 A Banjo Vamp }
 ETHEL SPENCER
 My Hero ('The Chocolate Soldier') Straus
 The Songster's Awakening Fletcher
 There are fairies at the bottom of our garden
 Liza Lehmann

3.45 MARGARET MASTERSON: 'Glimpses of Historic Yorkshire'
 4.0 Famous Northern Resorts Buxton
 The BUXTON PAVILION GARDENS ORCHESTRA
 Musical Director, HORACE FELLOWES
 Relayed from the Pavilion Gardens
 Overture, 'William Tell' Rossini
 Hymn to the Sun Rimsky-Korsakov
 (Solo Violin, JOHN HAMILTON)

Thursday's Programmes continued (August 8)

Suite, 'Summer Days' *Eric Coates*
 Moreau, 'Whispering of the Flowers' .. *Blon*
 Melodies from 'Cavalleria Rusticana' *Mascagni*
 Adagio from Sonata Pathétique (The 'Pathetic')
Beethoven
 Irish Pictures *Ansell*

5-15 The Children's Hour
 Dancing through the Ages
 Songs by BEATRICE COLEMAN and HARRY HOPEWELL
 Music by the Sunshine Trio

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15 S.B. from London

6.30 Market Prices for North of England Farmers

6.45 S.B. from London

7.30 Eisteddfod Genedlaethol Ffreahinol
 Cymru Lerpwl, 1929
 The Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales
 A Concert
 Relayed from the Eisteddfod Pavilion
 Sefton Park, Liverpool
 Relayed to Daventry, 5XX
 Conducted by Dr. HOPKIN EVANS
 ORCHESTRA (Leader, VASCO ACKROYD)
 Overture, 'The Mastersingers' *Wagner*
 Address by the Chairman, Sir ROBERT JONES,
 Bart, K.B.E.

TUDOR DAVIES (Tenor)
 O Paradiso ('Africana') *Meyerbeer*

ORCHESTRA
 Scherzo, 'Introduction and Scherzo'
R. Maldwyn Price
 (Conducted by THE COMPOSER)

Two Pieces, 'Caswell Hill at Twilight'
 (An Impression, 1926) } *Vincent*
 Elegy on a Dead Poet } *Thomas*
 (Conducted by THE COMPOSER)

TUDOR DAVIES, Chorus and Orchestra
 Spirit of Delight *J. Owen Jones*
 Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra
 THE COMPOSER at the Piano

Gwyn ap Nudd *Josef Holbrooke*
 Allegro Apassionata; Adagio con molto
 sentimento; Allegro moderato con fuoco

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

Other Stations.

5NO NEWCASTLE. 1,140 kc/s. (261.3 m.)
 12.0-1.0:—Gramophone Records. 3.0:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 4.0:—Band of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, conducted by C. E. Rabson. Relayed from the Central Bandstand, North-East Coast Exhibition. Relayed to London and Daventry. 5.15:—The Children's Hour. 6.0:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 6.15:—S.B. from London. 6.30:—Market Prices for Farmers. 6.35-12.0:—S.B. from London.

5SC GLASGOW. 752 kc/s. (398.9 m.)
 11.0-12.0:—A Recital of Gramophone Records. 4.0:—A Popular Concert. The Station Orchestra. Barbara Smith (Contralto). 5.0:—Organ Music from the New Savoy Picture House. 5.15:—The Children's Hour. 5.57:—Weather Forecast for Farmers. 6.0:—Musical Interlude. 6.15:—S.B. from London. 6.30:—Eveline Stevenson (Soprano). 6.45:—S.B. from London. 7.30:—Eisteddfod Concert, relayed from Liverpool. (See Daventry-5XX.) 9.0:—S.B. from London. 9.30:—Scottish News Bulletin. 9.35-12.0:—S.B. from London.

2BD ABERDEEN. 995 kc/s. (301.5 m.)
 11.0-12.0:—Programme relayed from Daventry. 4.0:—Fishing News Bulletin. 4.5:—Marie Sutherland (Pianoforte). Dorothy Bright (Soprano). 4.30:—Newcastle Programme relayed from Daventry (See London). 5.15:—The Children's Hour. 5.55:—Fishing News Bulletin. 6.0:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 6.15:—S.B. from London. 6.30:—S.B. from Glasgow. 6.45:—S.B. from London. 9.30:—S.B. from Glasgow. 9.35-12.0:—S.B. from London.

2BE BELFAST. 1,238 kc/s. (242.3 m.)
 3.30:—A Religious Service. 3.45:—Reading. 4.0:—The New Gracient Four, from the Grand Central Hotel. 5.0:—A Pianoforte Interlude by Clifton Helliwell. 5.15:—The Children's Hour. 5.0:—Gramophone Records. 6.15:—S.B. from London. 7.30:—A Military Band Concert. The Band of the Royal Ulster Constabulary. (By permission of the Commissioner of Police). A. V. Froggatt (Baritone). Band: March, 'Entry of the Bulgars' (Lottler). 7.36:—Overture, 'Eliza et Claudio' (Mercadante); Spanish Scene, 'Sevillana' (Edgar Barr, Winterbottom). 7.51:—A. V. Froggatt: Song of London (Cyril Scott); Gitta (Taylor); The Swan (Grieg); The Beggar (Cecil Sharpe); Yarmouth Fair (Peter Warlock). 8.3:—Band: Suite, 'Neapolitan Scenes' (Massenet, arr. Godfrey); Walts, 'Toreador' (E. P. Royle). 8.26:—A. V. Froggatt: Down-a-Downe (Pilkington—1005, arr. F. Keel); Come, my own one (Butterworth); Maiden of Morven (arr. M. Lawson); The Wee Toun Clerk (arr. H. S. Robertson). 8.38:—Band: Selection, 'Faust' (Gounod, arr. Godfrey); Hungarian Dances, Nos. 5 and 6 (Brahms). 9.0-12.0:—S.B. from London.

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 lie abed till he 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 cheat 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.



Click!

That's another good picture with

Zeiss Ikon

Roll Films & Film Packs

The Zeiss Ikon emulsion is double speed, and undergoes a special process which prevents scratches and blemishes. Zeiss Ikon films fit all cameras. A splendid camera is the "all focus" BOX TENGOR (3 1/2 x 2 1/2). Price £1.2.6.

Send for catalogue B.
GARNER & PEELING, LTD.,
 Polebrook House, Golden Sq., London, W.1.



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

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

From all Hairdressers, Cutlers, Stores, &c

THE KROPP

never requires grinding

Send postcard for a copy of "Shavers Kit" booklet No. 151.
OSBORNE, GARRETT & CO., LTD., LONDON, W.1. (Wholesale only.)



Trade Enquiries Invited.

ABERDEEN CALLING!

The "DROME" Extra Air Valve costs only 5/- post free. Fitted in three minutes to any car with Induction Screen Wiper. THOUSANDS IN USE. Gives more m.p.g. and m.p.h. with cooler engine. Why use petrol, when air can be substituted?

Send Postal Order to
THE DROME MANUFACTURING CO.,
 1609, Stratford Rd., Robin Hood, Birmingham.

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

Speedwriting

(The Universal Shorthand)

Quickest, easiest and most efficient Shorthand learned. Only using letters of the Alphabet. No mystic symbols. For pen, pencil or typewriter direct. Complete proficiency in 60 hours study. Your wireless can help and be made profitable. Correspondence or School Courses. Write Now for Free Booklet and POSITIVE GUARANTEE.

SPEEDWRITING, LTD. (Dept. R.T.), 76, Strand London, W.C.2
LEARN MORE. EARN MORE.

8.0
A CONCERT
OF
POPULAR MUSIC

FRIDAY, AUGUST 9
2LO LONDON & 5XX DAVENTRY

842 kc/s. (356.3 m.) 193 kc/s. (1,554.4 m.)

9.35
VAUDEVILLE
AND
THE PALLADIUM

- 10.15 a.m. THE DAILY SERVICE
- 10.30 (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 BRYNLEY (Tenor)
- 4.15 LIGHT MUSIC
MOSCHETTO 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
BEETHOVEN'S VIOLIN and PIANOFORTE SONATAS
Played by WINIFRED SMALL (Violin)
and MAURICE COLE (Pianoforte)
Kreutzer Sonata (continued)
Andante con Variazione
- 7.0 Film Criticism
- 7.15 Musical Interlude
- 7.30 JACK PAYNE and the B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA

- 8.0 A CONCERT
LILY ALLEN (Soprano)
THE GERSHOM PARKINGTON QUINTET
QUINTET
Children's Suite....Ansell
Prelude and Call ('Mary Rose').....O'Neil

THE subjects which he chooses for his melodious orchestral suites makes it quite clear that John Ansell, 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 wholesome. The subjects he chooses are many and varied, but whether it be the merriment of children, the sea and ships, dances, or soldier men, 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, musical boxes and soldiers, as well as the three stolid figures from Noah's Ark. The wicked robbers from *The Babes in the Wood* have also a place, and romance is provided by other favourite stories, too.

It is no disparagement at all to Barrie'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 dolce suono (His voice enthralled me;) Aria.
'Spargi d'amaro pianto (Sorrowful here and lonely).....Donizetti

FOUNDED on Sir Walter Scott's Waverley novel 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' Donizetti's 'Lucia' 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, demanding vocal gifts of an order which is seldom to be found nowadays.

In the last act the unhappy heroine loses her reason, and the Mad Scene, as it is called, from which these two numbers are taken, is her great opportunity. At first she recalls the happy time 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. 'We shall meet at the altar,' she sings in a cadenza which is at once brilliant and pathetic, but as her madness grows ever wilder, so the music rises to greater heights of florid brilliance 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.

QUINTET

The Lovers' Pledge.....Strauss
All Souls' Day.....Strauss
Serenade.....Brahms
Intermezzo.....Brahms

LILY ALLEN

E'en as a Lovely Flower.....Frank Bridge
To Daisies.....Quilter

QUINTET

Selection of Chopin's Preludes

9.0 WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

9.15 Topical Talk

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

9.35 Vaudeville

SANDY ROWAN (Scottish Comedian)

ERNEST SEFTON and BETTY LE BROCK (Pot Pourri of 'Much Ado about Nothing')

HENRI LEONI (In English and French Songs)

RENEE RUDARNI and BILLY CARLTON (In an Instrumental Act)

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

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 PRINCES RESTAURANT



W. S. Stuart

EVEN MUSICIANS HAVE GOT TO KEEP COOL!

The Gershom 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.

12.0-12.15

Experimental Transmission of Still Pictures by the Fultograph Process

FRIDAY, AUGUST 9
5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

626 kcfs. (479.2 m.)

TRANSMISSIONS FROM LONDON EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE STATED.

8.0
AN
OPERATIC
EVENING

- 4.0 JACK PAYNE and THE B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA
- 5.30 The Children's Hour
(From Birmingham)
'The Foxglove and the Ragged Robin,' by Ruth Maschwitz
Songs by PHYLLIS LONES (Mezzo-Soprano)
TONY will entertain
'The House of Joy,' by Elizabeth Stanmore
- 6.15 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN
- 6.30 LOZELLS PICTURE HOUSE ORCHESTRA
(From Birmingham)
Conducted by E. A. PARSONS
OSWALD ROGERS (Baritone)
- ORCHESTRA
Prelude } Bizet
Aragonaise ('Carmen') }
OSWALD ROGERS
Eleanore Coleridge-Taylor
Invictus Huhn
- ORCHESTRA
Selection, 'Faust' Gounod
Prize Song ('The Mastersingers') Wagner
- OSWALD ROGERS
Lorraine Sanderson
For You Alone Geehl
- ORCHESTRA
Selection, 'Cavalleria Rusticana' Mascagni
- 7.30 A BAND CONCERT
THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS BAND
Relayed from the North East Coast Exhibition, Newcastle

- 8.0 From the Operas
(From Birmingham)
- THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIO CHORUS
THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIO AUGMENTED ORCHESTRA
(Leader, FRANK CANTELL)
Conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS
MARJORIE PARRY (Soprano)
HUGHES MACKLIN (Tenor)
- ORCHESTRA
Overture, 'Figaro' Mozart
- MARJORIE PARRY and Orchestra
Aria, 'Elsa's Dream' ('Lohengrin') .. Wagner
Ballatella ('I Pagliacci') Leoncavallo
- CHORUS and ORCHESTRA
Prelude to Act III } D'Erlanger
Chorus of Dairy Workers ('Tess') .. }
- HUGHES MACKLIN and Orchestra
Aria, 'When Other Lips' ('Maritana') Wallace
- ORCHESTRA
Prelude, 'Suzannah's Secret' Wolf-Ferrari
- MARJORIE PARRY and Orchestra
Aria, 'Scenes that are brightest' ('Maritana') Wallace
- Aria, 'Voi che sapete' ('Ye who know') ('Figaro') Mozart

CHERUBINO, the page in the household of the Count and Countess, cannot make up his mind, poor lad, whether he is more in love with his mistress or with the maid Susanna. He finds it impossible to speak of either of them without blushing and sighing. He has unguardedly confessed to Susanna that he has written poetry in honour of his lady, and the two chaff him mercilessly. The Countess commands him to sing his ballad while Susanna accompanies him on the guitar. That is the air which is to be sung now, one of

the most wholly delightful of all Mozart's seductive melodies. The gist of the poem is a request to be told the nature of thing love is, so that the singer may know whether that really is the malady from which he suffers so gravely.

HUGHES MACKLIN and Orchestra
Aria, 'On with the Motley' ('I Pagliacci') Leoncavallo

MARJORIE PARRY, Chorus and Orchestra
Easter Hymn, 'O rejoice that the Lord is arisen: ('Cavalleria Rusticana') Mascagni

- 9.0 Lighter English Music
BERKELEY MASON (Pianoforte)
THE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
Conducted by JOHN ANSELL

ORCHESTRA
Overture, 'A Daughter of the Gods' Howard Talbot
Suite, 'Joy of the Ground' ... Herbert Oliver

BERKELEY MASON
The Hurdy-Gurdy Man } Eugene Goossens
March of the Wooden Soldiers }
The Clockwork Dancer }
The Gargoyle }
The Marionette Show }

ORCHESTRA
Two Sketches for String Orchestra .. Adam Carse
A Northern Song; A Northern Dance
Chinoiserie Albert Volonnino
(Conducted by the COMPOSER)

ADAM CARSE is held in the most grateful esteem by music teachers everywhere, for the way in which he has enriched the repertoire of teaching music. He has besides produced important works in many forms, and a number of his bigger orchestral pieces have earned cordial recognition. A native of Newcastle-on-Tyne, he is happily at home in music of the North, as in these 'Two Northern Sketches,' founded on a folk song and a folk dance tune from Northumbria. They were first played at a Promenade Concert in 1924. Neither needs anything by way of explanation for its enjoyment, unless to point out that the song melody in the first is mainly in the hands of the viola, the violoncello reinforcing him from time to time, and that the lively dance tune of the second is given for the most part to the first violin.

BERKELEY MASON
Scherzo K. A. Wright
Souvenir } Percy Pitt
Serenade à la Lune ('To the Moon') .. }

ORCHESTRA
Serenade Entr'acte Hayward Scott
Three English Dances Algernon Ashton

10.0 WEATHER FORECAST; SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

10.15 DANCE MUSIC
JAY WHIDDEN'S BAND from the CARLTON HOTEL

11.0-11.15 REG BATTEN and his BAND
From the NEW PRINCE'S RESTAURANT
(Friday's Programmes continued on page 254.)

Rates of Subscription to 'The Radio Times' (including postage): Twelve months (Foreign), 15s. 8d.; twelve months (British), 14s. 6d. Subscriptions should be sent to the Publisher of 'The Radio Times,' 8-11, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.2.



YOU WOULD NEVER KNOW THIS LADY SUFFERED FROM VARICOSE VEINS

NEW COMPRI-VENA STOCKING
is Light, Rubberless, Comfortable and Invisible

No-one can tell you suffer from Varicose Veins—no-one can tell you are wearing a supporting Stocking—if that stocking is a New Compri-Vena. Worn under the finest silk hose the Compri-Vena is invisible—not a sign of the "bunching," bulk or "knotting" of ordinary elastic stockings. And the New Compri-Vena is a revelation in comfort. Its gentle uplift massaging action has a beneficial effect upon the varicose veins so that not only are they concealed but the "puffiness" is actually reduced and the varicose conditions gradually and surely improve. Compri-Vena Stockings are washable, hygienic and cool. The secret of their success lies in the scientific weave.

Write to-day for booklets and self-measurement form. If possible call and inspect the various qualities. Compri-Vena Limited (Dept. R.T.19), Evelyn House, 62, Oxford Street, London, W.1. (Near Tottenham Court Road Tube Station. Hours 9-6. Sat., 9-1).

Trained Nurses in Constant Attendance.



a professional movie-camera for 10 guineas

specially designed for the use of amateurs by the PIONEERS of Home Cinema apparatus. Hence the efficiency, compactness, simplicity and cheapness of the

PATHESCOPE MOTOCAMERA

Write for particulars to PATHESCOPE LTD., 5 Lisle St., London, W.C.2

Friday's Programmes continued (August 9)

5WA CARDIFF. 988 kc/s. (309.9 m.)

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 5.15 The Children's Hour
 6.0 Mr. W. O. JONES: 'Bee-Keeping in the West'
 6.15 S.B. from London
 7.45 A Band Concert
 Conducted by HARRY BARLOW
 Relayed from the Institution Gardens, Bath
 E. H. HEAD (Tenor)

BAND
 Grand Selection, 'Memories of Mendelssohn' arr. Kimmner
 H. BESWICK and F. GARTH
 Duet for Trombone and Euphonium, 'Excelsior,' Balfe
 Excerpts from 'La Traviata' Verdi
 E. H. HEAD
 Flower and Star Howard Fisher
 Ninetta A. Herbert Brewer

BAND
 The Harmonious Blacksmith (Air with Variations) Handel
 Selection, 'The Mikado' Sullivan

If a vote could be taken with all the Gilbert and Sullivan enthusiasts throughout the world as the electorate, to decide which of the operas was first favourite, there can be very little doubt but that *The Mikado* would come out easily at the top of the poll. The story is one of the most delightfully absurd in the whole series, and the final solution of the awful difficulties in which the characters find themselves is so cunningly delayed until the very last moment, and is then so mirth compelling in its swift cutting of the Gordian Knot, that it never misses its effect of hearty laughter, no matter how often it is heard.

The personages, too, are so happily contrasted, offering splendid scope for whimsical fun and for finely lyrical tunes, that Sullivan had one of his very best chances here. The music, even apart from the tale, is all delightful, whether it be the sentimental airs for the soprano or the tenor, or the Lord High Executioner's whimsical songs, or the Mikado's grim humour.

The ninth in the immortal series of Comic Operas, it came after *Princess Ida*, which, on its production, failed to win the whole-hearted welcome which had been given to the others. It may be that the satire which is its basis was of 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 *Mikado* 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. Produced 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 all easy to count.

9.0 S.B. from London
 9.30 West Regional News
 9.35-11.0 S.B. from London

5SX SWANSEA. 1,040 kc/s. (288.5 m.)

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 5.15 S.B. from Cardiff
 6.15 S.B. from London
 7.45 S.B. from Cardiff
 9.0 S.B. from London
 9.30 S.B. from Cardiff
 9.35-11.0 S.B. from London

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 1,040 kc/s. (288.5 m.)

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.15-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

5PY PLYMOUTH. 1,040 kc/s. (288.5 m.)

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 5.15 The Children's Hour
 ANOTHER 'BRAN PIE'
 The ingredients will be quite fresh and very digestible
 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.15-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Forthcoming Events; Local Announcements)

2ZY MANCHESTER. 797 kc/s (376.4 m.)

4.0 An Orchestral Concert
 THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
 Overture, 'Patrie' (Fatherland) Bizet

6.15 S.B. from London
 8.0 Famous Northern Resorts
 Llandudno
 S.B. from Liverpool
 THE LLANDUDNO PIER ORCHESTRA
 Conducted by JOHN BRIDGE
 Relayed from the Pier Pavilion
 WAGNER-TCHAIKOVSKY PROGRAMME
 Polonaise, 'Eugene Onegin' Tchaikovsky
 Overture, 'The Mastersingers' Wagner
 Waltz, 'The Sleeping Beauty' Tchaikovsky
 Dreams Wagner
 Siegfried's Journey to the Rhine Wagner
 9.0-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)



National Museum of Wales
HOW TO HIVE A SWARM.
 This picture will have a special interest for listeners to Mr. W. O. Jones's talk on 'Beekeeping in the West,' from Cardiff this evening at 6.0.

DOROTHY ACKROYD (Soprano)
 Faery Song Boughton
 A Spirit Flower Campbell Tipton
 A Spring Morning arr. Lane Wilson

ORCHESTRA
 Gavotte Caprice Serge Bortkiewicz
 Largo Handel
 Dancing Tambourine Polla

DOROTHY ACKROYD
 Comin' Thro' the Rue Traditional
 Down in the Forest Landon Ronald
 Sing, Sweet Bird Wilhelm Ganz

ORCHESTRA
 Suite, 'In Norwegian Fjords' Frederiksen
 March Medley arr. Winter

5.15 The Children's Hour
 S.B. from Leeds
 THE AIRY FAIRY AFFAIR
 A Story by the Rev. R. T. NEWCOMBE
 Songs by WINIFRED RANSOM and GEORGE LISTER
 At the Piano, HILDA FRANCIS
 6.0 'Industrial Gardens'—V. Miss ANN LAM-
 FLUGH: 'Does your Garden suit your House?'

Other Stations.

5NO NEWCASTLE. 1,148 kc/s. (261.3 m.)

4.15:—Music from Tilley's Blackett Street Restaurant.
 5.15:—The Children's Hour. 6.0:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 6.15:—S.B. from London. 8.0:—Band of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry. Conducted by C. E. Balson, A.R.C.M., relayed from the Festival Hall, North East Coast Exhibition. 9.0-11.0:—S.B. from London.

5SC GLASGOW. 752 kc/s. (398.9 m.)

4.0:—An Instrumental and Orchestral Concert. The Station Orchestra: Vorspiel und Liebestod (Prelude and Love's Death) ('Tristan and Isolde') (Wagner). Watson Forbes (Violin): Præludium and Gavotte (Bach, arr. Kreisler); Liebelied (Kreisler); Caprice (Eric Fong); Orchestra: Suite, Polonaise, Arietta and Pasacaglia (Handel, arr. Harty). Watson Forbes: Romance in F, Op. 50 (Beethoven); African Dance, Op. 58, No. 1 (Cole-ridge-Taylor). Orchestra: Dances ('Prince Igor') (Borodin); 5.15:—The Children's Hour. 5.54:—Birthdays. 5.57:—Weather Forecast for Farmers. 6.0:—Mrs. Hughes Hallett: 'Home Economy Hints—I. Upholstery.' S.B. from Edinburgh. 6.15:—S.B. from London. 6.30:—Scottish Market Prices for Farmers. 6.40:—Musical Interlude. 6.45:—S.B. from London. 8.0:—Winnie Melville and Derek Oldham; with Maurice Besley at the Pianoforte. 8.15:—Aberdeen. 9.0:—London. 9.30:—Scottish News Bulletin. 9.35-11.0:—London.

2BD ABERDEEN. 985 kc/s. (301.5 m.)

4.0:—Fishing News Bulletin. 4.5:—Dances of Thirty Year Ago. Played by Mrs. Shand's Dance Band. T. K. Forrest (Baritone). 5.0:—Mr. G. A. Clarke: 'Are Your Holiday Snapshots Successful?' 5.15:—S.B. from Glasgow. 5.54:—Children's Birthday Greetings. 5.55:—Fishing News Bulletin. 6.0:—Gramophone Records. 6.15:—S.B. from London. 6.30:—S.B. from Glasgow. 6.45:—S.B. from London. 8.0:—Winnie Melville and Derek Oldham; with Maurice Besley at the Pianoforte. 8.15:—Song and Story of the Gael. Phemie Marquis (Soprano). Malcolm McLeod (Reciter). 8.45:—A 'George and Wullie' Sketch. Written by Arthur Black. 9.0:—London. 9.30:—Glasgow. 9.35-11.0:—London.

2BE BELFAST. 1,230 kc/s. (242.3 m.)

12.0:—Organ Music by Herbert Westerby. Relayed from the Grosvenor Hall. 12.30-1.0:—Gramophone Records. 4.0:—Dance Music: Jan Balful and his Band. From Caproni's Palais de Danse, Bangor. 5.0:—Carrodus Taylor (Violoncello). 5.15:—The Children's Hour. 6.0:—'Homeland Explorations,' by Mr. A. L. Simpson. 6.15:—S.B. from London. 7.30:—A Concert. The Mayfair Glee Singers. The Radio Quartet. 9.0-11.0:—London (9.30 Regional News).

MR. GIELGUD TO LECTURE.

A RECENT series of articles on 'The Wireless Play' has aroused great interest among our readers and attracted a flow of MSS. to the Productions Department of the B.B.C. These articles were the work of Mr. Val Gielgud, the Productions Director, who, both as writer and producer, has had considerable experience on the microphone. Listeners who are following the progress of Wireless drama will be interested to hear that Mr. Gielgud is to deliver a lecture on 'The Making of a Broadcast Play' to the Summer School of Drama organised by the British Drama League. This lecture will be given at 7.30 p.m. on Tuesday, August 6, at the Barn Theatre, Fairlight, near Hastings. The theatre, at which visitors will be welcomed, is easily accessible from Hastings, frequent buses stopping at Waites Lane, Fairlight.

**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.

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

**Cossor
Screened Grid
Valve**

3-30
THE
CHELSEA
OCTET

10.15 a.m. THE DAILY SERVICE

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

1.0-2.0 MOSCHETTO AND HIS
ORCHESTRA
From the May Fair Hotel

3-30 A CONCERT
EDITH FURMEDGE (Contralto)
HENRY WENDON (Tenor)
THE CHELSEA OCTET

4-45 Organ Music
Played by ALEX TAYLOR
Relayed from Davis' Theatre,
Croydon

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
'The Noisome Beast'
A Play specially written for broad-
casting by Marjorie J. Redman
Incidental Music by the GEORGIAN
TRIO

6.0 Musical Interlude

6.15 'The First News'
TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEA-
THER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL
NEWS BULLETIN; Announce-
ments and Sports Bulletin

6.30 Musical Interlude

6.45 THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC
BEETHOVEN'S VIOLIN AND PIANO-
FORTE SONATAS
Played by WINIFRED SMALL (Violin)
and
MAURICE COLE (Pianoforte)
Kreutzer Sonata (concluded)
Finale (Presto)

7.0 Mr. HARVEY GRACE: 'Next
Week's Broadcast Music'

7.15 Sports Talk

7.30 'THE WORLD WE LISTEN
IN'

A Miniature Review

By HOLT MARVELL

Lyrics by HOLT MARVELL and
GEORGE POSFORD

Music by GEORGE POSFORD and
THEO V. NORMAN

'PROM.' CONCERTS
WILL BE RELAYED
FROM THE QUEEN'S
HALL ON AT LEAST
FIVE OCCASIONS
DURING EACH WEEK
(2LO or 5GB)

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10
2LO LONDON & 5XX DAVENTRY

842 kc/s. (356.3 m.) 193 kc/s. (1,554.4 m.)



8.0 Promenade Concert

The Opening Night of the Promenade Season
Relayed from The Queen's Hall, London
(Sole Lessees: Messrs. CHAPPELL and Co., Ltd.)
(35th Season)

RACHEL MORTON (Soprano)

ARTHUR FEAR (Baritone)

ANTONIO BROSIA (Violin)

Sir HENRY WOOD

and his

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Capriccio Espagnole (Spanish Capriccio) Rimsky-Korsakov

ARTHUR FEAR, and Orchestra

Three Sea Songs Stanford

Drake's Drum, Devon, O Devon, The Old Superb

ANTONIO BROSIA, and Orchestra

Violin Concerto in E Minor Mendelssohn

ORCHESTRA

Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks Strauss

THE name 'Owl-Glass' ('Eulenspiegel' literally means 'Owl's mirror') is supposed to be derived from the old saying that men are as blind to their own shortcomings as an owl to its lack of beauty when it faces a looking-glass. According to the old legend—for all any man knows, it may well be authentic history—Till was born in Brunswick in 1283, and after an adventurous career, died at Möllo, near Lübeck, where they still show you his tombstone adorned with owl and looking-glass. Damme, near Bruges, however, also claims to be his burial place; there is a tombstone there with an inscription in Latin which records Till's death in 1301.

Strauss' tone poem is rather an epitome of the spirit of mischief than the life story of the legendary hero whose exploits are claimed as belonging to so many times and lands. Several of his escapades are set before us in the music—his wild ride through the market place, his mock sermon, his own unhappy love affair, and, finally, his death upon the gibbet. Even after that, a little epilogue seems to tell us that his laughter-loving spirit still lives on, immortal, unquenchable.

RACHEL MORTON, and Orchestra

Aria, 'Depuis le jour' (Since the day) ('Louise') Charpentier

Louise is a working dressmaker whose parents refuse their permission for her marriage with the young artist Julien. The young couple accordingly set up house without the blessing of the church, and though Louise is persuaded by her parents to return home, she cannot bear to be parted from her beloved, and goes back to him. The Opera closes very effectively with her father standing shaking his fist at the heights of Montmartre, where she lives, crying, 'Oh, Paris!'

She sings this beautiful song to Julien in the little house they have found for themselves in Montmartre. He has asked her if she is happy and this is her reply, a joyous tale of what life means to her now since they have found each other. She sings of her old drudgery having made way for a very fountain of light and happiness.

ORCHESTRA

Overture, 'William Tell' Rossini

7.30
'THE WORLD
WE
LISTEN IN'

Musical Numbers:

Dance for the Pretty Gentlemen

Posford

World we listen in Norman

We'll be happy alone Posford

Too Good to be True Norman

Stiff Collar Blues } Posford

Take a look at me } Posford

Waiting for you Norman

The Revue produced by

THEO V. NORMAN

The music played by

JACK PAYNE and the

B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA

8.0 Promenade Concert

(See centre of page.)

9.40 'The Second News'

WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GEN-
ERAL NEWS BULLETIN; Local
Announcements; (Daventry only)
Shipping Forecast and Fat Stock
Prices

10.0 Mr. JAMES MILNE: 'Summer
in London'

WHEN summer comes, all who can hurry away to the country; but there are compensations for those who remain; and many of us would maintain that the compensations far outweigh the disadvantages of mere heat, mere stuffiness. What of the London parks—than which there are none more attractive, with their bouquets of gay flowers and bouquets of equally gay people? What of the merry glitter of the streets—the red omnibuses, the flashing dresses, and the general air of happy-to-meet-you fellowship? America may boast its iced water in little porcelain drinking-fountains by the roadside; its easier summer clothes for men; and its general summer amenities; but it can never capture the charm of London on a summer's evening—a charm too few are willing to own.

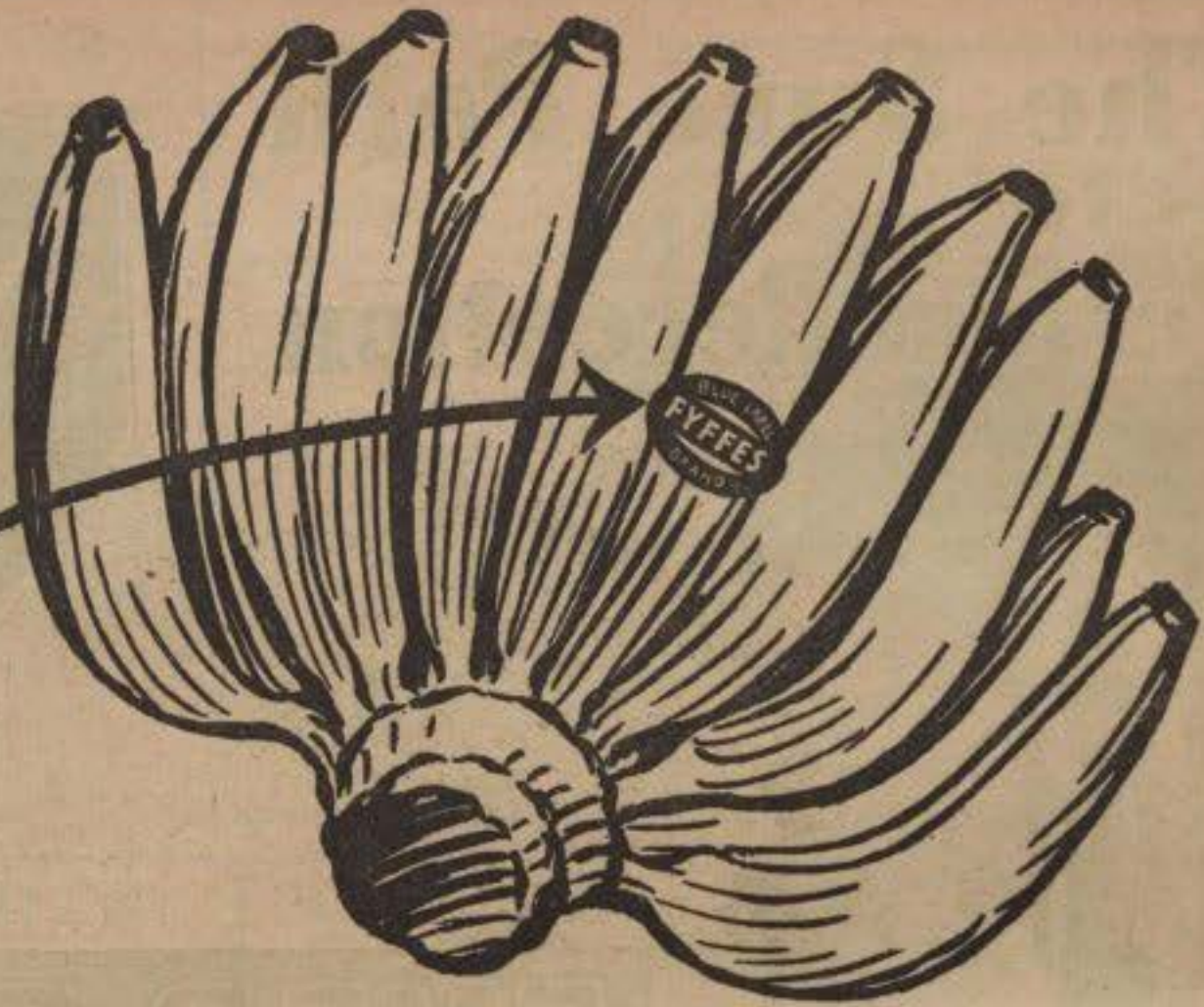
10.15-12.0 DANCE MUSIC

THE PICCADILLY PLAYERS, directed by AL STARITA and THE PICCADILLY GRILL BAND, directed by JERRY HOEY, from the PICCADILLY HOTEL

(Saturday's Programmes continued on page 259.)

THROUGHOUT THE
'PROM.' SEASON
'THE SECOND NEWS'
WILL BE READ AT
9.40 (LONDON) EX-
CEPT ON SUNDAYS

*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.

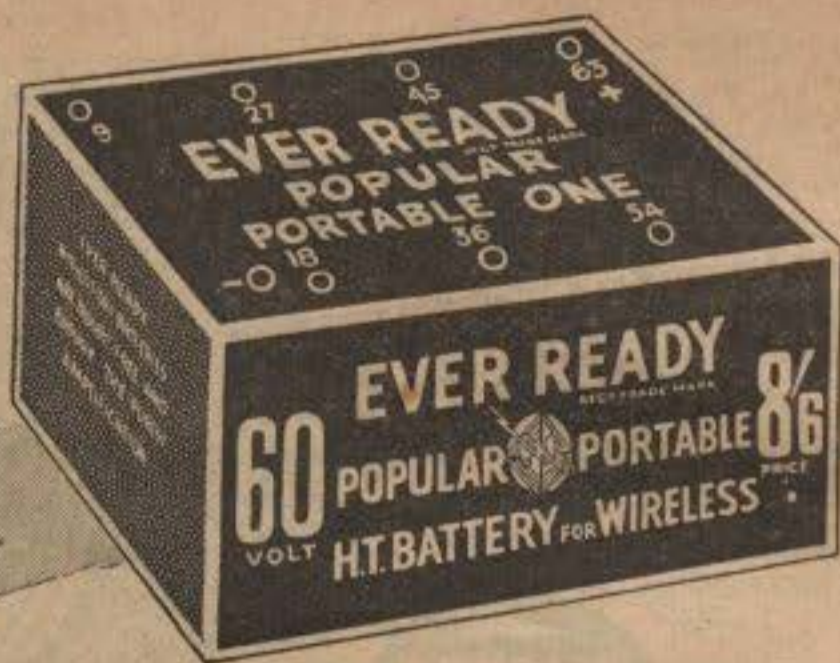
**EMPIRE
GROWN BANANAS.**

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.



The Sure Path to Perfect Reception



SPECIAL UNITS FOR PORTABLE SETS

PORTABLE 1. 63 volts 8/6 Size 6" x 5" x 3"
 PORTABLE 2. 99 volts 13/6 Size 9" x 5" x 3"
 PORTABLE 3. 108 volts 15/- Size 10" x 5" x 3"

EVER READY

BRITAIN'S BEST BATTERIES

"ALL POSITION"

CAV

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. Specially evolved for jelly acid, the C.A.V. container ensures continual 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.

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



"ACTON GLASS"
L.T.

C.A.V. Low Tension Accumulators provide an absolutely reliable and silent source of current supply. They are made in all usual capacities and offer remarkable value. Also obtainable in Celluloid containers.

Popular size 2AG7,
2-volts.
Capacity 16 actual
ampere hours. 11/-



H.T. HIGH
TENSION.

The most perfectly
designed H.T. Chosen
by the most famous
Radio Experimenters.

60 volts, 2,500
milliamp hrs. 55/-
30 and 90 volts, also
supplied.

The Original Jelly Acid Battery

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10
5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

626 kc/s. (479.2 m.)

TRANSMISSIONS FROM LONDON EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE STATED.

9.20
MILITARY BAND CONCERT

3.30 **Thé Dansant**
(From Birmingham)
BILLY FRANCIS and his BAND
Relayed from the West End Dance Hall
HARRY SAXTON (Comedian)

4.30 **An Orchestral Concert**
(From Birmingham)
THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIO AUGMENTED ORCHESTRA
(Leader, FRANK CANTELL)
Conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS
PARRY JONES (Tenor)

ORCHESTRA
Overture, 'The Huguenots'.....Meyerbeer
Berceuse and Dance.....Järnefelt

PARRY JONES and Orchestra

Aria, 'Nessun dorma'
(None shall sleep)
(Turandot) Puccini

ORCHESTRA
Welsh Rhapsody
German

PARRY JONES
The Cloths of Heaven
Dunhill

O that it were so
Frank Bridge
Sigh no more, ladies
Aiken

ORCHESTRA
Second Suite of English
Dances.....Cowen

5.30 **The Children's Hour**
(From Birmingham)
'Fairies of the Sea
Mist,' by Cicely
Fleming
Songs and Stories by
DENIS O'NEIL and
DOROTHY McCLURE
'Paul, the Prentice,' by
Bladen Peake

6.15 'The First News'
TIME SIGNAL, GREEN-
WICH; WEATHER FORE-
CAST, FIRST GENERAL
NEWS BULLETIN

6.30 **Light Music**
(From Birmingham)
THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIO ORCHESTRA
Conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS
LILY HEELER (Pianoforte)
BARBARA FREWING (Contralto)

ORCHESTRA
Overture, 'Zampa'.....Hérold

LILY HEELER
Reflets dans l'Eau (Mirrored in the Water)
Debussy

Serenade d'Arlequin (Harle-
quin's Serenade).....
Tristesse de Columbine ('Carnival Mignon')
(Columbine's Grief).....Schullt
Pierrot Reveur (Pierrot,
the Dreamer).....

ORCHESTRA
Selection, 'The Cingalee'.....Monckton

7.5 BARBARA FREWING
Trees.....Rasbach
Ferry Aboy!.....Brewer
Two Little Stars.....
Little Snowdrops.....} Stanford

ORCHESTRA
Suite, 'From the Countryside' ..Eric Coates

LILY HEELER
Olaf's Dance.....Pick-Mangiagalli
The Elves.....Korngold

7.35 ORCHESTRA
Dance of the Tumblers.....Rimsky-Korsakov
BARBARA FREWING
Danny Boy.....arr. Weatherly
The Lass with the Delicate Air.....Arne
Comin' thro' the Rye.....arr. Clutsam

ORCHESTRA
Selection, 'Tom Jones'.....German

8.0 **Vaudeville**
(From Birmingham)
(See centre of page.)

VAUDEVILLE

RENEE RUDARNI
AND
BILLY CARLTON
In AN INSTRUMENTAL ACT.

THE COBURN SISTERS
LIGHT SONGS AND HARMONY.

LAWRENCE BASKCOMB
COMEDIAN.

WILL DELLER
THE WHISTLING TRAMP.

DENIS O'NEIL
AND
DOROTHY McCLURE
In IRISH SONGS AND STORIES.

The 'MIAMI' DANCE BAND
FROM BIRMINGHAM AT 8.0.

Just because the Violets Kennedy Russell

BAND
Suite, 'Capriccio Espagnol' (Spanish Capriccio)
Rimsky-Korsakov
Cornet Solo, 'Quand tu chantes' (When you
sing).....Gounod
(Soloist, P.C. COOK)

WALTER GLYNNE
Thinkin' of Mary T. O. Sterndale-Bennett
Columbine's Dance.....Bosly
Jeunesse.....Katherine Barry

BAND
Selection, 'I Pagliacci'..Leoncavallo, arr. Wright
Waltz, 'Polar Star'.....Waldteufel

10.20-11.15 **DANCE MUSIC**
THE PICCADILLY PLAYERS, directed by AL
STARITA, and THE PICCADILLY GRILL BAND,
directed by FERRY HOEY, from the PICCADILLY
HOTEL

11.15-11.45
Experimental Transmission of Still Pictures
by the Fultograph Process

(Saturday's Programmes continued on page 261.)



**Particular
people
prefer to say**

*Player's
please*



The Wonderful
NEW Brown
"VEE" UNIT



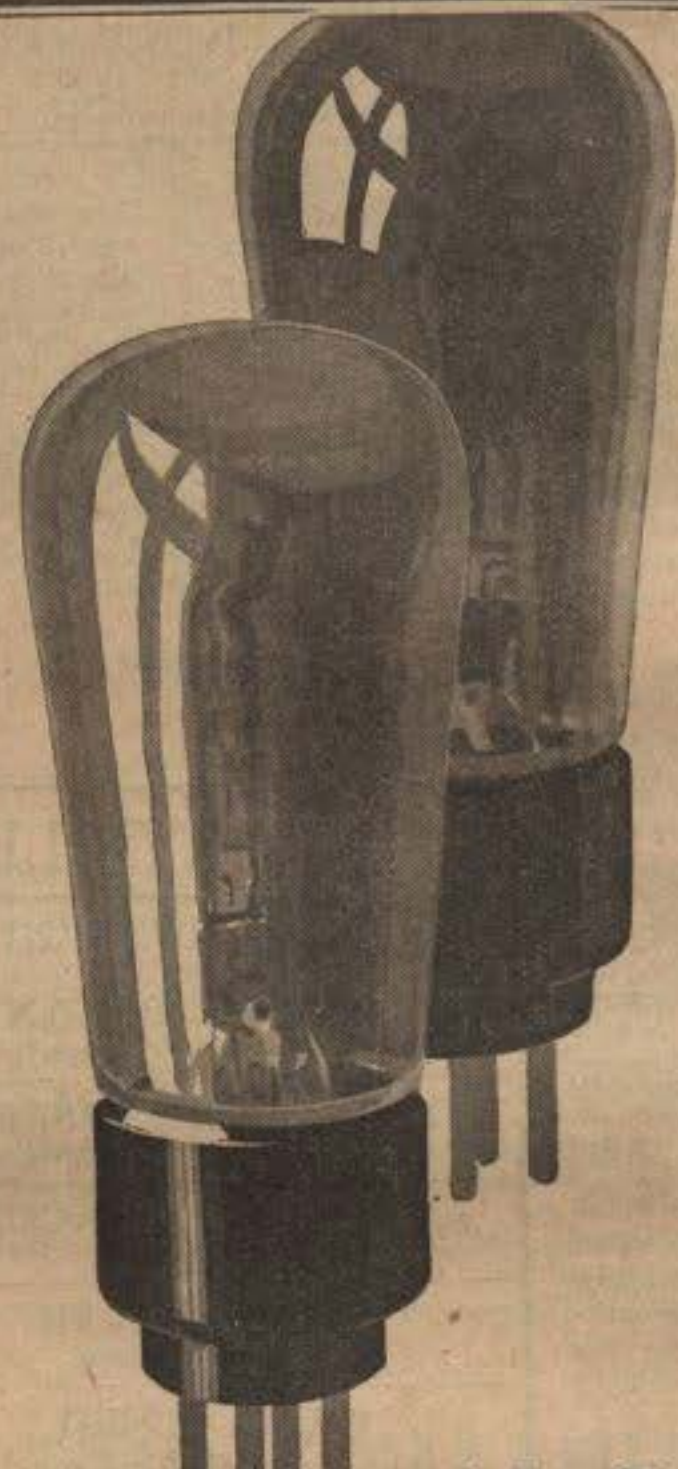
HERE it is! A British Loud Speaker Unit that smashes all previous ideas of reproduction . . . the sensational new Brown VEE Unit. Its tone is amazingly pure and mellow. Its volume is astoundingly rich and full. Remember too: Anyone can assemble the Vee Unit to the Brown Chassis and have a complete and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

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

"AS BRITISH AS BRITANNIA"

Advt. of S. G. Brown, Ltd., Western Ave., N. Acton, W.B.

9000



**WORTHY OF
 THEIR NAME**

MAZDA
 RADIO
VALVES

AVAILABLE IN ALL
 TYPES AND VOLTAGES
 Made in England

3252A

Saturday's Programmes continued (August 10)

5WA CARDIFF. 968 kc/s. (309.9 m.)

3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

4.45 **THE CONEY BEACH FIVE**
From the Coney 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 CONEY BEACH FIVE**
Relayed from
The Coney Beach Dance Restaurant
Porthcawl

7.45 **WINNIE MELVILLE AND DEREK OLDHAM**
with
MAURICE BESLY at the Pianoforte

8.0 *S.B. from London*

9.55 West Regional News; Sports Bulletin

10.0-12.0 *S.B. from London*

5SX SWANSEA. 1,040 kc/s. (287.5 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*

9.55 *S.B. from Cardiff*

10.0-12.0 *S.B. from London*

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 1,040 kc/s. (288.5 m.)

12.0-1.0 Gramophone Recital

3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15-12.0 *S.B. from London* (9.55 Local Announcements; Sports Bulletin)

5PY PLYMOUTH. 1,040 kc/s. (288.5 m.)

12.0-1.0 **A GRAMOPHONE RECITAL**
Chamber Music:

Allegro non assai from Quartet in A Minor *Brahms*

Scherzo and Finale from Pianoforte Quintet *Schumann*

Allegro, from 'Emperor' Quartet *Haydn*

Allegro Moderato from Sonata in A *Schubert*

Larghetto from Quintet in A *Mozart*

First Movement from Pianoforte Sonata in B Minor *Chopin*

Fourth Movement from Quartet in D *Franck*

Allegro from Concerto in D for Violin and Orchestra *Brahms*

Parts 3 and 4 of Quartet in G *Mozart*

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

6.15 *S.B. from London*

6.30 Sports Bulletin

6.35-12.0 *S.B. from London* (9.55 Items of Naval Information; Local Announcements; Sports Bulletin)

2ZY MANCHESTER. 797 kc/s. (376.4 m.)

12.0-1.0 **THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA**
Overture, 'Spanish Comedy' *Kelor Bela*

Oriental Twilight *G. de Micheli*

HAROLD CRICHTON (Tenor)
A Summer Idyll *Michael Head*

Who is Sylvia? *Schubert*

Whither? *Schubert*

Sigh no more, ladies *Aiken*

ORCHESTRA
Reminiscences of Grieg *arr. Godfrey*

HAROLD CRICHTON
An Uncouth Love Song *Walford Davies*

Flower Song ('Carmen') *Bizet*

The Rose and the Nightingale *Keel*

ORCHESTRA
Two Hungarian Dances *Brahms*

3.30 **An Orchestral Concert**
THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
Overture, 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' *Nicolai*

Gems of Offenbach's Operas *arr. Moson*

TOM TAYLOR (Baritone)
Give a Man a Horse he can Ride *Liddle*

Marching Along *Maud Valerie White*

The Crown of the Year *Easthope Martin*

ORCHESTRA
Two Salon Pieces *Ireland*

LEVI SHAW (Lancashire Dialect Entertainer)
ORCHESTRA
Suite, 'In Days of Romance' *Harding*

TOM TAYLOR
The Land of Who Knows Where } *James*

Comrades of Mine }

Bush Night Song }

The Stock-Rider's Song }

ORCHESTRA
Waldestlustern (Woodland Whispers) ... *Czibulka*

Capriccio *Brahms*

LEVI SHAW
ORCHESTRA
Selection, 'Chu Chin Chow' *Norton*

5.15 **The Children's Hour**
'GREAT CLAUS AND LITTLE CLAUS'
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. ERNEST HUGHES:** 'The National Eisteddfod.' *S.B. from Liverpool*

7.15-12.0 *S.B. from London* (9.55 Local Announcements; Sports Bulletin)

Other Stations.

5NO NEWCASTLE. 1,148 kc/s. (261.5 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. 6.0:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 6.15-12.0:—S.B. from London.

5SC GLASGOW. 752 kc/s. (398.9 m.)

11.0-12.0:—A Recital of Gramophone Records. 3.30:—Les Vivandières Concert Party. Relayed from the Bandstand, Kelvingrove Park. Overture by Les Vivandières Orchestra. Les Vivandières Introduce Themselves. A Little Harmony with 'The Maggie Blues.' The Sisters O'Byrne: 'Turn your eyes to the sky.' A Squabble in a Squad. Lenord Church (Saxophone): 'Saxophobia' (Rudy Wiedoff). Della Fredricks and Charles Besti (Duet): 'Cats.' Erich Faversham: 'I hear you calling me' (Marshall). The Street Musicians: Will listeners imagine that they are in a queue outside a theatre? Vi Tempest and Leslie Cook: Selections on the Banjo and Hawaiian Steel Guitars. Charles Besti: In a Duet by Himself. Della Fredricks and Florence Rose: Melodious Memories. Alfred Garwood (Violin): 'Annie Laurie' (Traditional). 'Coontown.' 5.0:—Margaret B. Scott (Soprano): The Carnival (J. L. Molloy); Absent (C. Y. Glen); Sincerity (E. Clarke); In the garden of my heart (Caro Roma). 5.15:—The Children's Hour. 5.57:—Weather Forecast for Farmers. 6.0:—Musical Interlude. 6.15:—S.B. from London. 6.30:—Musical Interlude. 6.40:—Scottish Sports Bulletin. 6.45:—S.B. from London. 7.0:—Mr. Alex. M. McLeod: 'On the Dirt Track.' 7.15:—Musical Interlude. 7.30:—S.B. from London. 9.55:—Scottish News and Sports Bulletins. 10.0-12.0:—S.B. from London.

2BD ABERDEEN. 985 kc/s. (301.5 m.)

11.0-12.0:—Recital of Gramophone Records. 4.0:—Studio Concert. Edith Beck-Slenn (Contralto): Softly awakes my heart ('Samson and Delilah') (Saint-Saëns); Ave Maria (Luzzi). 4.8:—Helen Burnett (Violin): Scherzo (Dittersdorf, arr. Kreisler); Chanson Palestinienne (Kirman, arr. Dushkin); Danse Triganes (Rachmaninov, arr. Dushkin); Moment Musical (Schubert, arr. Kreisler). 4.22:—Edith Beck-Slenn: Melisande in the Wood (Alma Goetz); Songs my Mother taught me (Dvorak); The Silver Ring (Chaminade). 4.30:—Dance Music from the New Palais de Danse. 5.15:—The Children's Hour. 6.0:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 6.15:—S.B. from London. 6.30:—S.B. from Glasgow. 6.45:—S.B. from London. 7.0:—S.B. from Glasgow. 7.30:—S.B. from London. 9.55:—S.B. from Glasgow. 10.0-12.0:—S.B. from London.

2BE BELFAST. 1,258 kc/s. (242.5 m.)

3.30:—Light Music. The Radio Quartet: Suite, 'Dance Revels' (Phillips); Pas des Fleurs (Delibes). 3.47:—Fred Mackey (Tenor): There's a bower of roses (Stanford); Old Irish Air, 'Battle Hymn' (arr. Stanford); The Minstrel Boy (Traditional); The Snowy-Breasted Pearl (Robinson). 3.59:—Quartet: Selection, 'The Desert Song' (Romberg). 4.15:—Rowland Carr (Violoncello): Prayer (W. H. Squire); Sarabande (Jos. Suker); Romance Without Words (Davidoff). 4.27:—Quartet: Four Characteristic Waltzes (Coleridge-Taylor); Savoy Scottish Medley (Debroy Somers). 4.45:—Organ Music by George Newell from the Classic Cinema. 5.15:—The Children's Hour. 6.0:—Gramophone Records. 6.15:—S.B. from London. 7.0:—Mr. E. Godfrey 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 realize 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 oddments, 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, imitative. 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, on 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 me recapitulate the many points to consider when choosing toys.

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

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 Savoys 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. K. Heal, 23, Highlands Road, Fareham, Hants.*

Herb Pudding (another way).

1½ cupfuls 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. Haselock, Bungalow, Park Avenue, New Longton, Preston.*

North Country Savoury Pudding.

4ozs. shredded suet.
6ozs. breadcrumbs.
Dash of flour.
1 teaspoonful chopped parsley.
1 teaspoonful margarine.
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. Swordy, 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 Wassall, 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.