

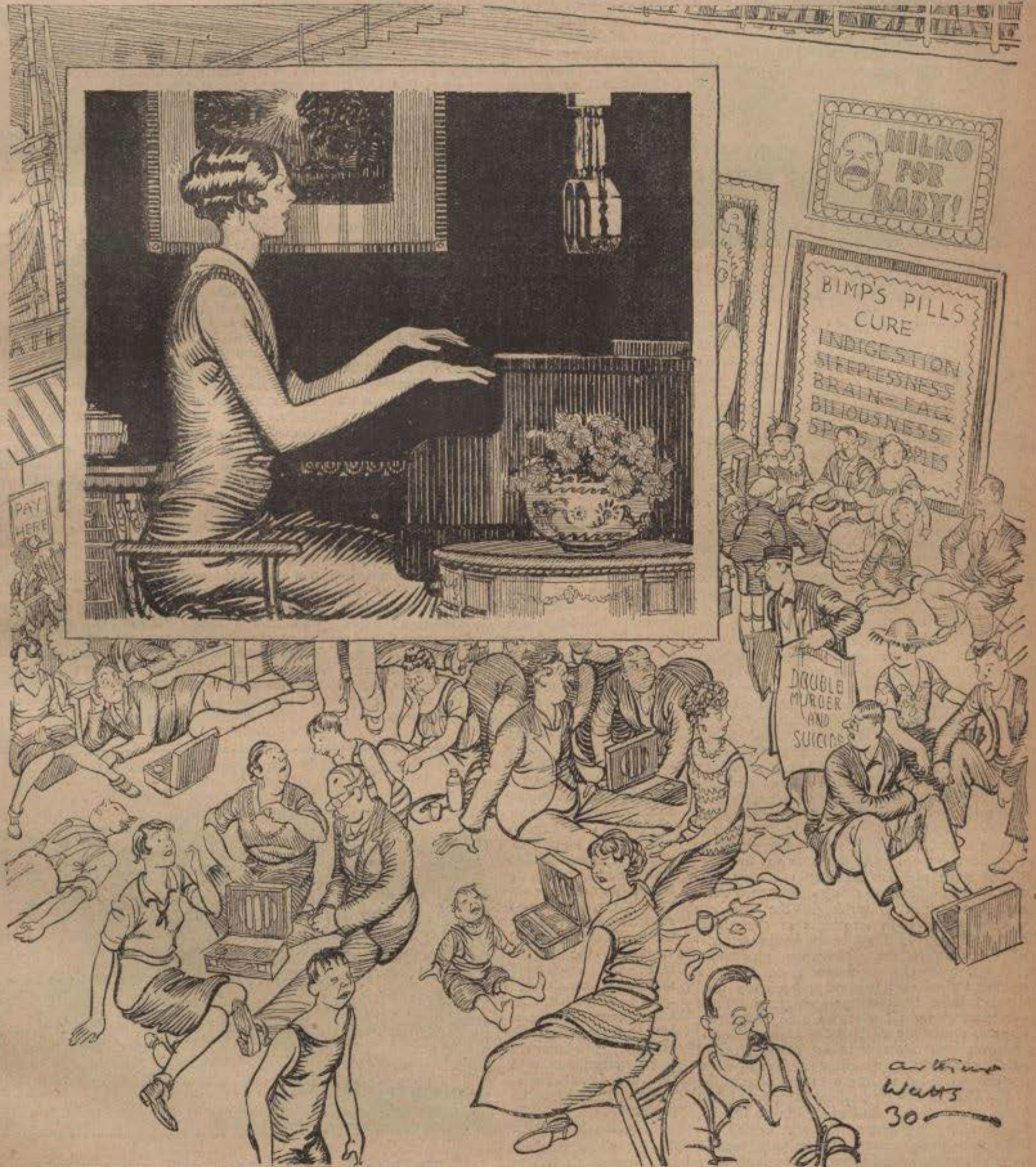
THE RADIO TIMES

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SUMMER NUMBER

Every Friday



Arthur
Watts
30

An Article by Louis Golding which invites to travel. A ROSARY OF LOVELY PLACES



A glimpse of the quiet Bavarian town of Ulm, one of the beautiful scenes of Mr. Golding's remembering.

THIS is the time of the year when readers and listeners will neither willingly read nor listen to the eloquence of other people on the subject of travelling. They will reach for their own walking-stick. They will adjust around their shoulders the straps of their own ruck-sacks. Or, if they are another sort of traveller, they will get a gold-haired secretary to book a seat for them on the Golden Arrow that is to transport them to a gilded bathing-booth in Beaulieu. Or they will wire to the skipper at Falmouth to have their yacht ready for them.

But it is not for them, this second and less blissful sort of traveller, that I weave these memories. What will it mean to them if I recall my voyage among the Æolian Islands on an Italian cattleship? Or that superb day's tramping, fifteen hours of it, from the Greek coast to the mountain citadel of Andritsena, in the heart of the Peloponnese?

It is for the others, the tramps, the steerage-voyagers that, sitting on the beach of this remote Italic village, I am emboldened to be narrative, to be retrospective, to be superlative. I have my back against a purple pine-tree and against ten years of solid and liquid travelling. I look forward towards I know not how many more days or years of travelling, and on a sea I have not yet explored. Before the lands and seas the days and years mingle into each other, I would seek out those cities or landscapes which most dominate that decade. Or rather, as I lean back indolently against my pine-tree, I would bid them come and seek me out.

The most glorious landscapes I have ever seen? It is difficult to set up against each other the grandeur of Gavarnie in the Pyrenees and the hemmed-in sweetness of the glades in the Zillerthal in Tirol, or the level savannahs of Texas or the misty Grampian moorlands. But I propose only to tell of those places or moments which most promptly possess my mind when I think back along those years. Then my most glorious landscapes are: Delphi, in Greece, under the cleft of the Golden Rocks, and you look down upon acres and acres of scarlet anemones, into a silver smother of olive-groves and down at length to the blue rapier of the Gulf of Corinth, where the port of Itea blazes on its hilt. And alongside of Delphi, I remember the thousand times hymned landscape that opens out to you from the Mount of Olives, the domes and towers of the Holy City

swaying slightly as if they were vapours, and the thread of Jordan embosomed in its pink oleanders and the whole crust of the earth crashing down disastrously to the deep sunken trench of the Dead Sea, and beyond, the mountains of Moab and Gilead, carved out of one vast amethyst.

And suddenly, irrelevantly, I find myself transported to a landscape as unlike Delphi or the desert of Jericho as any that exists on this globe. It is the very cogency of the contrast that carries me there, to Lincolnshire, to a land soaked in the smell of waters. Not far off is the sea, and the brine is borne on the slow east wind to mingle with the lush smell of many rivers and quiet pools ringed by hawthorn. Beneath every willow a fisherman sits, his basket beside him and a battered green hat on his head. It is easy to fancy that each fisherman is the same as the last, his reflection cast by some strange mirage of waters under every willow. Sometimes a rod is lifted deftly and the floundering shimmer of silver breaks the trance of sleep. And the willows sway sleepily and the clouds are too lazy to move, and the yellow-hammer, finding it as vain to ask for a little bit of bread as for no cheese, twitters in silence. Only the water-wagtails flicker by the reeds, like a restless thought on the fringes of a dream.

Let me dream in Lincolnshire no more. Enough of landscapes, let us to cities now. Which of the great cities have I found most beautiful? I recall chiefly, not the difficult and subtle beauty of Rome, not the obvious beauty of Venice which hurls itself at you like a scented fountain or a shower of petals from shaken cherry-blossom. I recall New York, climbing hand over fist into the skies, and a certain apocalyptic moment in Sixth Avenue. Immediately above me crashed the trains of the Elevated Railway. Beyond them soared the princely buildings of Fifth Avenue, of which you saw only the rear walls, free from any sort of architectural affectation, as simple and severe as a mountain or a problem in mathematics. Higher still, the antennae of the wireless station on Seventh Avenue probed the morning air. Highest of all, two searchlights converged on a spot high in the heavens where an aeroplane moved between two sliding panels of light.

I recall Berlin in summer, not the Berlin of Unter Den Linden and the Hofkirche, which is like a gilded and frozen Palais de Danse for the goose-step cavortings of Prussian angels; not the Berlin of the frozen vanity of the Siegesallee—but a city of mysterious canals and odd hidden harbours where deep barges unload their odorous heaps of hay; of lime-tree malls murmurous with bees, of broad boulevards muted with greenery.

I recall Madrid, a strange strident moment one New Year's Eve in

the great frozen square of Madrid, the Puerta del Sol; how all the dustmen and scavengers from the narrow streets which go down to the Manzanares, came forth from their hiding-places with broom handles for drum-sticks and dustpan-lids for drums; and how these celebrated the weirdest Saturnalia, under that sky of icy stars, since the days of the Dionysiac revellers, the ear-splitting pipes and reeds and the wild-eyed women.

But if I am to recall cities, let them be rather the smaller, the shyer places, not these caravanserais which are all the world's possession. Do I know any place on earth grander than Castrogiovanni, exalted upon its bleak hill above the heart of Sicily? You gaze from its ramparts upon a vast inverted lily, and that is Etna. Wave after wave of frozen landscape flows to the peacock waters of the African sea. And Ulm comes back to me with its tall dark tower and hurrying streams, and the stained glass in its churches, which seems to give off a steam, as if it were molten. And Verona, where the twilight has a purple quality unknown elsewhere, and in the dark places of the *galleria*, the whispering lovers find it too lovely and too silly to be alive.

And there is Segesta, which is no city at all. I mean that lovely temple over in north-western Sicily. (You can't get free from Sicily once you've gone wandering there. It's like a ghost at your heels, a ghost made up out of flame and the smell of harsh wild flowers, asphodel and comfrey and borage). The temple of Segesta thrusts itself into the heart of the white hills as if to make itself a spectacle rather than a shrine. Far off between the narrow rift of the hills gleams the blue bay of Castellamare. In this place your mind is not distracted even by goatherds nor the silken amber-eyed goats who wander casually into temples elsewhere, to recreate the old poet, Theocritus, with a piping on a fig-tree flute and a sleepy clangour of bells. Your images in Segesta are older than Theocritus. On the banks of the River Crimesus, at the hill's foot, you see the Sicilian-Greek maidens gathering violets and water-cresses, and filling baskets for the altars of Diana. Here at your side her

(Continued on page 237.)



'Verona, where the twilight has a purple quality unknown elsewhere.'

THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE STORY

A Radio Romance. By Harry Graham.

Professor Bouncer and his beard
Were loved, respected and revered,
When and wherever they appeared
Upon the lecture-platform.
The scientific world abroad
Would listen to him open-jawed;
At home the public would applaud
His squat and rather fat form
While he harangued them, hour by hour,
On bird or beast, on fish or flow'r.



Zoologists would gladly walk
A dozen miles to hear him talk
About the Great and Lesser Auk.
Keen Botanists in council
He personally would conduct
To cliffs where stinkwort could be plucked,
Or to some railway viaduct
Where bloomed the rarer groundsel.
With him Geologists left home
To study marl, and mulch, and loam.

So famed, so popular, was he
That, in a year or two (or three),
The pundits of the B.B.C.
Got wind of his existence.
They'd always held peculiar views
As to their mission to amuse,
And such a chance they could not lose
Of getting his assistance
To brighten up their 'Vaudeville'
With talks on 'Bird Life in Brazil.'



They offered him a princely fee—
Five guineas—for a course of three
Brief lectures on whatever he
Might deem a fitting topic,
And though, as he was well aware,
He could not always live on air,
He realized their motives were
So purely philanthropic
That he agreed to add a fourth
On 'Fish Life in the Frozen North.'

So, in the Studio, as planned,
Before the 'mike' he took his stand,
With lengthy manuscript in hand,
The while a young Announcer
Across him most politely leant
And said: 'This is a rare event.
Tonight allow me to present
The great Professor Bouncer,
Who'll tell you things you'd love to know
On "Common Ores of Mexico."'

Professor Bouncer gave a groan
(Much amplified by microphone);
He stood as stiff as stock or stone,
Struck dumb, one may conjecture;
Then whispered: 'Tut! Tut! Tut! I find
I've left my spectacles behind!
Without them I'm completely blind;
I must postpone my lecture!
Tell them I'm sorry and all that!
He looked about to find his hat.

A silence fell, as of the tomb,
While, in an atmosphere of gloom,
From that ill-ventilated room
The old Professor hopped it!
The public who were list'ning in,
Waiting for something to begin,
Might well have heard a falling pin,
Had anybody dropped it.
The T.C.'s Department tore their hair;
They beat their breasts in their despair.

But though the Lecturer had fled,
Did the Announcer lose his head?
'Fear not!' he cried, for sudden dread
Had filled his troubled fellows.
The author's manuscript still lay
Upon the floor in disarray;
He seized it, like a stag at bay
When for his mate he bellows!
The crumpled pages he unfurled,
And read them forth to all the world!

When people talk of Robert Bruce,
Casabianca, Mr. Druce,
Or boid Horatius, I produce
My hero, John McDougall;
For that is the Announcer's name
Who saved the B.B.C. from shame,
Whose voice across the ether came,
Resounding like a bugle,
Till listeners, the whole world o'er,
Sat back entranced, and called for more!

Next day, Professor Bouncer found
His morning mail a snowy mound
Of letters, thick upon the ground,
Both amorous and tender,
From girls who'd heard (or so they thought)
His angel voice, whose hearts were caught,
And who incontinently sought
To make supreme surrender.
With wild entreaties, threats, and pray'rs
They wrote and begged him to be theirs!

The good Professor, let me state,
Had reached the age of sixty-eight,
And though by nature celibate
Was ripe to be converted;
So from his correspondents he
Selected one (aged fifty-three)
On whom his waning charms might be
Not fruitlessly exerted.
They met. They loved at sight. He pounced;
And their engagement was announced.



The wedding presents came in shoals:
Lord Borage sent two salad bowls,
The Wildflow'r League (such simple souls)
A book on British Sorrels;
From Admiral Sir Algae Chubb
(Vice-Chairman of the Fungus Club),
They gratefully received a tub
Of Parasitic corals,
And from the Fellows of the Zoo
A non-infectious cockatoo.

The wedding was a swell affair,
The bride, who looked most debonnaire,
Wore mauve sateen with, in her hair,
A spray of wild tomato.
McDougall, as Best Man, was quite
Undaunted as he sang (at sight)
'Fight the Good Fight!' with all his might
(With organ obbligato).
His voice resounding far above
The choir's, who sang 'O Perfect Love!'



They spent their honeymoon in Spain,
And now that they're back home again
The science world does not contain
A happier couple living.
Professor B. is loath to speak
Of joys that are perhaps unique,
But for the B.B.C., next week,
I understand, he's giving
A special 'talk' to Maiden Aunts
On 'Love among the Fossil Plants.'



'The Broadcasters' Notes on Coming Events

BOTH SIDES OF THE MICROPHONE



We Are Exhibitionists.

TWO talks in next week's programmes take us northward to Scandinavia. Ivor Brown, the dramatic critic of *The Observer*, *The Week-End Review*, etc., is to describe 'A Cruise to the Northern Capitals,' in the series 'Holidays off the Beaten Track' (Tuesday, August 12), while on Wednesday, August 13th, Mrs. Prudence Maufe talks about the Stockholm Exhibition. We shall listen to Mrs. Maufe, for we have always loved exhibitions since the days of Earl's Court, when, elated by the fairy-lamps and the music of the band, we scandalized our nurse by attempting to feed the denizens of the Kaffir kraal with raspberry noyau. And then there was Wembley! How ashamed we were of our fellow Londoners that they should have failed to appreciate the delights of that Imperial paradise. Our nose is still all out of shape, so flattened was it against the glass of the Palace of Beauty—and would that we had now all the money we poured into the pay-box of the Giant Racer! A year or so later there was the *Art Decoratif* in Paris, with lighted pavilions along the Seine, and last year the Polish National Fair at Posnau, where the Merry Village (Polish for Fun Fair) remained open all night and we surrendered so utterly to the charms of the tallest, most rickety water-chute ever invented. There is, we understand, a serious side to exhibitions, full of exhibits, but somehow we never get as far as that.

The Silly Season.

THE month of August is known traditionally as the Silly Season—not that people are any more silly in August than usual, but the newspapers, lacking more important matters, have plenty of space to report their silliness. The Silly Season, it appears, begins a month earlier in the States, where this year's silliness largely takes the form of fruitless tests of endurance. We read, for instance, of Jack Richards, of Kansas City, aged fourteen, who has sat for 140 hours in a tree and hopes to be able to sit for 140 more. The trees round Kansas way are packed with children who hope to outsit him. Four New Jersey boys, riding in turn, have kept a bicycle moving for nine days. They say they will keep it up until the



'Fourteen hours a day for four years.'

bicycle falls apart. Perhaps they will fall apart first, in which case the bicycle, not the boys, will become a national hero. Four St. Louis business men have had a car equipped with only a reverse gear. They intend to drive backwards across America. It all sounds very ridiculous, though more original than our own sea-serpent stories. One of the best Silly Season stories we remember over here had to do with an old lady who claimed to hold the record for listening. She had listened to programmes for fourteen hours a day for four years.

The Immortal 'Nine.'

AS all good listeners know, Friday night is Beethoven night—anyway, until the Proms end. On August 15 (Regional), at the first Beethoven programme, two of the symphonies will be played: the First and the Eighth. What other artist left such an immortal monument behind as these nine symphonies that are the Parthenon of the country of music? It is one of the greatest satisfactions of the Proms that they bring one an annual view of this Parthenon *in toto*. Who, hearing the First Symphony for the first time, would have supposed that on such a foundation presently all the glorious structure of the other eight would presently soar? When it was first performed (soon after its completion), Beethoven was thirty years old: at that age Mozart had already written the whole of his symphonies (except the three masterpieces), and Schubert, with nearly all his music behind him, had only a year to live. That is the difference: Beethoven's symphonies bespeak a richness of experience that neither Mozart nor Schubert was fated to achieve. (Like Shakespeare, there seems nothing in the whole gamut of human experience that he had not understood, and understanding, had not illuminated by his art.) There is no book in the world more precious than those note-books in which, walking the woods, or hearing the post-chaise horn, or listening to some labourer's song outside an inn, he jotted down the themes that were afterwards to be the corner-stones for his glorious temple. If all other orchestral music were taken away, and no more were ever written, while the nine symphonies of Beethoven lasted there would still be more than any of us could ever hope to exhaust.

The Pride of Beethoven.

IT was during the year of the composition of this Eighth Symphony that Beethoven's famous *rencontre* with the Austrian Royal family occurred. He was out walking with Goethe, when the whole Court approached them, the Empress, the dukes, and all. 'Keep hold of my arm,' Beethoven muttered; 'they must make room for us, not we for them.' But Goethe let go of Beethoven's arm and stood in the gutter bare-headed while the Royal party went past. Beethoven, however, folded his arms and walked straight through the bunch of dukes. When the party had gone on, Goethe found the composer waiting for him. 'I waited for you,' he said, 'because I honour and respect you; but you did those yonder too much honour.' For, as he knew in his pride, the world where he reigned was mightier than the world of princes.

Rejected Talks.

ON August 9, 'Beachcomber,' the witty satirist of *The Daily Express*, opens a new series of Saturday talks with the general title of 'Rejected Talks' which evidently takes its origin from the famous 'Rejected Addresses' by the brothers James and Horace Smith, a collection of parodies of Byron, Southey, Scott, etc., which appeared at the beginning of the last century. 'Beachcomber's' contribution will take the form of a burlesque literary talk, the subject under consideration being a recent volume of poems by Mr. O. Thake, a character who, with Saunders, his intransigent valet, is well known to readers of *The Daily Express*.

A Hard Life.

WHEN we were very young every lad of our acquaintance longed to become an engine-driver—all except ourselves, who had ecclesiastical ambitions and used to preach all afternoon to a congregation of chairs. Today boys of character plan to become



'Returning home on the last train.'

Atlantic airmen, dirt-track riders, bookmakers, film stars, and announcers. The last-named career has a special appeal; boys imagine that it consists merely of wearing evening dress from six o'clock onwards and talking easily into the microphone. On the contrary, the post of announcer demands far more solid qualities than suffice for most successful financiers or politicians. The ideal announcer must combine the diplomacy of a Talleyrand, the voice of an Ainley, and the physical fitness of a Bradman. In the course of his duties he has to cope tactfully with angry, nervous, and even ailing broadcasters. He must be prepared to announce with certainty, if not with accuracy, his most unexpected words in the most improbable languages. He spends a large part of his day on the run between one studio and another. If anything goes amiss—a programme runs over its time, an artist is not to be found, a grave SOS message arrives at an inopportune moment—it is he who must decide how best to deal with the situation. Whatever his agitation, he must never disclose it in his voice. He is the ambassador and envoy plenipotentiary of the B.B.C. Despite the dazzling publicity of their office, most announcers are men of naïve and normal habits. They may be seen returning home on the last down-train, along with waiters, chorus-girls, and bus-conductors. No one recognizes them.

A Great Play For the Autumn.

IT is good to hear that Mr. Galsworthy has consented to the broadcasting in October of his industrial drama, *Strife*. Many critics maintain that *Strife* is its author's greatest play—even greater than the more generally known *Justice*, *Loyalties*, and *Escape*—though for some reason the theatrical nabobs refuse to revive it. When *Justice* was produced, in 1910, it led to the reform of certain of the prison regulations. In these times of industrial unrest and misunderstanding, the effect of the broadcasting of *Strife* might well be, if not as immediate and specific, at least as profound. *Strife* is the story of a strike and its settlement; its moral lies in the invariable necessity for compromise as opposed to blind, fanatic obstinacy. Earlier this year the play was given by a touring company of players in certain of the industrial areas where it attracted large audiences. The production in October before the largest audience in the land will be an event of promise and importance.



With Illustrations by Arthur Watts

BOTH SIDES OF THE MICROPHONE



Revival of 'The Silver King'

THE Production Director's plans for the Autumn include bringing to the microphone several stage plays of established reputation. We are to hear *R.U.R.*, *Beggar on Horseback*, *The Silver King*, *Strife*, and *A Winter's Tale*. The two first-named have already been heard from the Studio. *R.U.R.*, which will be again produced by Cecil Lewis, is almost more successful when broadcast than in the theatre; the menacing Robots of Rossum's factory are more real when we cannot see them as mere actors dressed up (nevertheless, it is a curious fact that Herr Capek's play has never been filmed). *Beggar on Horseback*, the American satire on things American, was produced last year by Howard Rose. Its peculiar technique is admirably suited to the Dramatic Control Panel. Everyone will be glad to hear *The Silver King* again, a real 'fruity' melodrama with a story 'you can get your teeth into.' Its performance at Christmas time will take many older listeners back to the Princess's of Wilson Barrett's day. With *A Winter's Tale*, the B.B.C. will add one more to its already long list of Shakespearean productions. It is a play which few listeners can have read and fewer still have seen in the theatre. Much can be done in bringing Shakespeare's lesser-known plays before the public. We ought to hear *Coriolanus*, *Timon of Athens*, *Pericles*, and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, if not complete at least in skilfully 'cut' versions. How skilful cutting can be was shown by the recent production of *Antony and Cleopatra*. *Troilus and Cressida* would 'come over' admirably; its battle scenes make it unwieldy for the theatre, but a little thing like a battle does not worry Savoy Hill.

Loudest Speaker of All.

EACH summer we repeat our appeal to listeners to be considerate in their use of loud-speakers in the open. We are beginning to believe ourselves publicists of influence, for this year has brought far fewer complaints from outraged neighbours. We now hear that a Berlin engineer has invented a loud-speaker capable of flooding a whole city with sound. This instrument, it seems, does not



'Insinuating truths about meat-juice'

bawl away like the *haut parleurs* of the Paris boulevards, but speaks in an intense and penetrating whisper. Its inventor believes that it will open up a new perspective in advertising, since a stationary balloon carrying such an instrument could control the air for many square miles. If anything comes of this man's monstrous ingenuity, we foresee an era when mankind will be at the mercy of anyone who likes to go up in a balloon and whisper insinuating truths about his particular brand of meat-juice or shoe-polish.

The House of Brandenburg.

THREE of the six famous Brandenburg Concertos appear in the Bach programme for the Proms on Wednesday, August 13 (National). They are numbers one, three and six. These works take their name from a one-time reigning duke of the ancient German electorate, which afterwards became part of Prussia. Bach had a cousin who was director of the court orchestra at Meiningen, and on one of his visits there he met the Markgraf of Brandenburg. Those were the days of patronage for the arts; and the courts of Germany provide many instances of music strangely blossoming in a feudal air. The Markgraf appears to have commissioned one or two concertos for his band. Anyway, some years later, Bach sent him a bundle of concertos dedicated to him in rare humility: 'A son Altesse Royale Monseigneur Crétien Louis, Markgraf de Brandenburg.'

A Composer to Watch.

VILLA-LOBOS is an unfamiliar name to most listeners. Those 'in the know,' however, regard this young Brazilian composer as one of the *enfants terribles* of today. Though now resident (we believe) in Europe, he was born in Brazil, and has made a serious study of the South American Indian folk music. His music has only been once before broadcast here, and the occasion ranks in the minds of some as one of the 'red-letter days' of listening. We don't guarantee you will all like Villa-Lobos' music when, on Tuesday, August 12 (Regional), his *Choros, No. 8* is broadcast from the Proms; but that it is music, of a very highly vitalized kind you will probably be bound to confess. Like the one which was previously broadcast, it is based on an old Indian tune. For those who find Villa-Lobos hard to swallow, there will be plenty of more easily digestible fare in the same programme: Tchaikovsky's *Symphony No. 4*, César Franck's *Symphonic poem, Les Djinnis*, and the *Rosamunde* ballet music.

Wrongly Neglected.

IT is a constant wonder to us that composers still neglect the viola, both as a solo instrument and the melodic line in the orchestra. The mellow quality of this instrument surely merits more attention. Brahms was one of the first composers to give the violas a prominent place in his orchestral compositions. Berlioz's *Harold in Italy* (the work in honour of which Paganini presented the composer with twenty thousand francs) gave them almost all the 'limelight.' And Strauss, in his tone-poem, *Don Quixote*, presents them with the Sancho theme. There are, of course, other notable examples; nevertheless, the viola has not had its due. Some of our young composers would seem intent on lending a hand to bring about a change in this state of affairs. At last year's Proms, for instance, we heard new viola concertos by Hindemith and William Walton (the latter to be repeated this season). The great champion of the viola in England for some years now has been Lionel Tertis, to whom, by the way, Benjamin Dale dedicated a sonata for viola that is too seldom heard. This player is giving a recital on Sunday evening August 10 (National).

Return to Broadcasting.

WE welcome back to the programmes Frank Westfield and his orchestra, who are now broadcasting tea-time music every Tuesday from the Prince of Wales Playhouse, Lewisham. About a year ago this combination ceased to broadcast, for the good



'The orchestra arrived every Monday'

reason that the big South London cinema at which it used to play had 'gone talkie' (its orchestra arrived every Monday in a round tin box). Synchronized mechanical music was once attractive for its novelty. Now that novelty has paled, and except in small provincial theatres, where the alternative to a celluloid orchestra would be a cracked piano, there is a greater demand for flesh-and-blood musicians. The Prince of Wales Playhouse has retained Frank Westfield and now gives the B.B.C. the opportunity of reviving a popular item. Several years ago, as many listeners will recall, Mr. Westfield created a precedent by organizing community singing at the Playhouse.

Bards to Broadcast.

WHEN an Englishman speaks with colloquial brevity of 'the National,' he means the Grand National Steeplechase; but when a Welshman uses the words he is referring to the Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales. An Eisteddfod (we believe it to be pronounced 'is-teth-vod') is a congress of bards. This kind of festival of music and poetry originates from the fourth century A.D., when the competition between native singers began. This year's Eisteddfod is one of an almost continuous series dating from the period following the Napoleonic wars, when a vigorous effort was made to revive Welsh nationalism. There are local eisteddfods, but the great event of the bardic year is the 'National,' which is to be held at Llanelli from August 4 to 9. The proceedings commence with the audition of applicants for the degree of 'bard.' Following this, competitions are held in the various departments of writing, composition, and music, including 'pennillion singing.' We are to hear two relays from Llanelli. On Thursday afternoon, August 7, a speech by the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George will be broadcast, followed by the ancient ceremony of Charing the Bard, the bard in question being the winner of the chief competition, the subject of which varies each year. A special pavilion has been built for this year's Eisteddfod. It will hold 20,000 people. The National Orchestra of Wales has been engaged for the whole week of the Eisteddfod. We shall hear it on Wednesday evening, August 6 (National), when it takes part in a concert, with Francis Russell and Arthur Fear as soloists, and the Eisteddfod Choir of 550 voices.

'The Broadcasters'



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THE Promenade Concerts, which open at the Queen's Hall on Saturday, August 9, attract an audience as varied as the larger wireless audience from which it is drawn. Here the whole polite tradition of London concert-going is destroyed at a blow. The tired sophistication of the audience which usually sits in the green and gold arena is replaced by the naive enthusiasm of the young people who rove the promenade like tigers hunting Brahms and Grieg and Beethoven. If the company is less critical, it is more enthusiastic—though criticism is not absent; you will hear the most piercing judgments unconventionally expressed in the promenade. The 'Prom' audiences of today are the children of those youngsters who held Frank Sidgwick's 'Promenade Ticket,' a little wiser, as children are always a little wiser than their parents. Where their forerunners madly applauded the 'Boosey ballads' of 'popular' nights, these will recall Sir Henry time and again for his conducting of Beethoven's *Fifth*. A glance at the prospectus of the eight weeks' season will reveal the development in the taste of the promenade—a sure touchstone this, for it is of the 'Prom' that our conductor is thinking when he designs his programmes; he is discreet even in his innovations; he does not try his followers too hard. On Saturday week, the children of those who thirty-five years ago thrilled wickedly to *Tristan* will be applauding Ravel's *Bolero* as enthusiastically as de Greef's playing of the Grieg Concerto. The clerk in flannels who has hurried in from a tennis match in the outer suburbs, the artist's model in cloak and sandals, the elderly gentleman with the miniature score and the rubber-shod shooting-stick, the coloured visitor in spectacles who claps in the wrong place and cannot blush for it, they will all be there on the 9th—a strange, assorted, rapt audience. There was never such an investment in music and human nature as a 'Prom' ticket.

THE announcement that Mr. John Galsworthy has agreed to the broadcasting of his play *Strife* is one of outstanding importance. *Strife* is one of the greatest plays in the language, which, by reason of its subject, should at the present time be heard by the widest audience possible. Its author, whose name has hitherto been too little connected with broadcasting, is one of the outstanding English writers of our time, and, in the

immense popularity which he enjoys abroad, almost our only literary ambassador to other countries. One reason for the universal appeal of Mr. Galsworthy's writing is that few novelists and playwrights have so exquisitely embodied in their work the English scene and the English point of view; another, admirably exemplified in the play which we are to hear this autumn, his great gift of sympathy, and the scrupulous fairness with which he holds the scales in the consideration of the problems to which that sympathy attracts him.

THE WORLD WE LISTEN IN

Playgoers in this country have a dread of Tchekov's gloom. It is not an unreasonable prejudice. He may be the most delicate artist who ever wrote for the stage, but the Russia of the latter half of the nineteenth century, which

he knew and described, was the most hopeless and unhappy country in Europe. Assuredly one does not go to him for a mental tonic. But the farce which is to be broadcast on Wednesday is an exception. It is a jolly trifle, and it is nothing more. Some might call *The Wedding* a satire on snobbery, but it is too slight and lighthearted for such a label. With the easy naturalism which was the first of Tchekov's gifts, as playwright and storyteller, it sets on the stage a party of very simple people, tradesmen and townfolk, who are celebrating in a restaurant the marriage of their daughter to a bouncing pawnbroker who rejoices in the delicious name of Aplombov. The fun turns on their ambition to lure a veritable general, an 'Excellency,' to grace the occasion. Snobbery is much the same all the world over. To respect distinction may be among the soundest traits in human nature. But the snob does not trust himself to recognize a big man by his stature: he trusts to labels. These differ from country to country—hereditary titles in England, in France membership of some shining company of honour, from the Academy of the Forty Immortals down to the innumerable red-ribboned Legion. In the old Russia, what the snob venerated was rank in the omnipotent bureaucracy. It ascended in parallel ladders, from clerks to governors, from lieutenants to generals, from middies to admirals, and an exact rule of precedence established a nice equation between the civilian and military grades. The most amusing thing that ever came from a Russian pen is Gogol's rollicking satire on this same frailty, *The Inspector-General*. Tchekov's fun is slighter and gentler. The interest of it, indeed, lies chiefly in the light which it throws on his own talent and character. This man was not by nature gloomy. He could write curtain-raisers which set one rocking with laughter.

The unique thing about Tchekov was that he slid so easily from his successes as a writer of short stories, who had no equal in this kind save Maupassant, to his triumphs on the stage. His peculiar skill might have seemed fitted to any medium save the theatre. It consists in revealing people at their most normal moments. Alike in the stories and the plays, they seem

to be doing and saying merely what they do and say every day of their lives. That is not what one expects on the stage. One looks for the tense moment and the high light: one expects struggle, whether it be between contrasted types or opposed views of life: one asks for 'drama,' and that word must surely mean action which shall call forth choice, resolution, will. Of all that there is very little in Tchekov's plays; in the best of them, literally nothing. One feels that if one could have counted the pulse of the persons in *The Cherry Orchard*, or slipped a clinical thermometer under their tongues, neither test would have shown a shade of a variation from the first scene to the last. No one really does anything: no one struggles: no one has a strong desire: no one, in short, has will. That, indeed, is the point of the play. There is something of the same grey atmosphere in Mr. Galsworthy's novels, but his plays turn round actions as definite and moving as those of any conventional classic. Yet, in spite of this handicap, these plays of Tchekov's can grip and haunt you, as few strong 'dramas' do. Nothing has happened, and yet you have witnessed a catastrophe. The lovely cherry orchard is sold, the orchard so famous that it is mentioned in the Russian 'Encyclopaedia.' Its aristocratic owners have sentimentalized over its loss, but they have not lifted one of their impotent fingers to save it. There was no struggle. All that happens is the packing of boxes, a hunt for a lost pair of goloshes, and then, as the futile family drives off to catch the train (which they would miss, but for the certainty that it will be late), you hear the woodman's axe falling on the first of the beloved trees. That is all. And somehow it is doom. It is history. It is the end of an epoch. It would move you less to see the Winter Palace captured by a triumphant mob.

Critics have sought for the key to Tchekov's genius in his gift for revealing character through

A Class as Character

small habitual actions, significant phrases, indeed, the shape of a man's sentences. This gift he possesses, and he uses it with a subtlety and a system which no dramatist before him had approached. He had behind him the trained skill of the Moscow Art Theatre, and he could trust his actors to make all these indications of character tell. How clumsy by contrast is the method of the 'aside' which Eugene O'Neill has revived in *Strange Interlude*! But Tchekov's originality lay in something broader than this. Other dramatists took the individual human being as their study. Tchekov has in reality only one 'character,' and it is a whole society. It is a mistake to think of the sentimental lady, Madame Ranevsky, as the heroine of *The Cherry Orchard*. The 'character' is this whole impotent Russian upper-class, the satellites whom it corrupted and struck with a paralysis as fatal as its own, its tame students, its pathetic servants. They are a single group, the creatures of conditions which have shaped each of them in a fated mould. From first to last, though there is neither preaching nor teaching, neither thesis nor moral, one is made to feel the obscure presence of serfdom. It sapped these people's wills. It made the self-indulgent masters and the devoted slaves. When at the end the sick old butler, the pattern of ancient loyalty, whom his kindly masters had meant to send to hospital but somehow didn't, lies down resignedly to die alone in the locked and abandoned mansion, one catches oneself saying, 'Serve him right.'

H. N. Brailford

TYRANNY AND TANTRUMS OF GREAT SINGERS

A Second Article by Matthew Quinney on 'The Odd Side of Musical History.'

I HAVE lately been reading about famous singers, and the farther I go the more I speculate as to the physical and psychological connection between a high voice and a swelled head. For in compiling even a brief chronicle of the vanities and eccentricities of vocalists one sees that the sopranos and tenors are easy winners.

The memoirs of the well-known operatic impresario, Colonel Mapleson, contain an abundance of examples, and I shall draw chiefly from that source. The reader may be incredulous of some instances; I can assure him that in all cases I quote from reliable authority.

First, a brief and vigorous summing-up of opera singers from an American journalist, quoted by Mapleson.

'The average opera singer is the most trying beast on earth. Male or female, Italian or Greek, German or American, they are all alike. A more obstreperous, cantankerous, and altogether unreasonable being than an opera singer it is hard to find in any other walk of life. The Italian contingent of the guild is the worst to get along with. The Italian singer is improvident, ungrateful, and wholly inconsiderate of his manager. At the same time, he is a vain fool whom a word of flattery will move.'

Probably in these easy-going and uncerimonious days operatic stars arrive and depart with less fuss than in the past, when a kind of state reception was the rule. Perhaps the first to break down the tradition was Sir Michael

Costa. Masini, a famous Italian tenor, born in 1845, won fame in every part of the world save England, in which country he made no stage appearance. How he missed his chance is related by Mapleson, who engaged Masini to sing at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1879. Masini was deeply offended because on his arrival he was not formally met by a kowtowing deputation, with Costa, the conductor, at its head. So, instead of reporting himself at headquarters with the Italian equivalent of a smart 'Come aboard, sir,' he sulked in his hotel. On the day before the performance he was summoned to a rehearsal of the principals. In reply he sent

with a message to the effect that a rehearsal was not necessary; Costa must come to the hotel and receive Masini's instructions as to the tempo and other details in the performance. A musical friend tells me that Costa was a poor conductor. That may be so, but he knew how to handle Masini. Instead of going to the hotel on hands

and knees, he sent a friend who gave such an intimidating description of Costa in a rage that the singer packed up and hurried back to Italy without having sung a note.

I mentioned Masini's staff; it comprised a secretary, an under ditto, a cook, a valet, a barber, a doctor, a lawyer, a journalist, and (last, but very far from least) a treasurer.

As for the formal reception of a principal, Mapleson says that Patti's arrival was always notified to the members of the company, and these mere ordinary folk were expected to meet the train with due salaams.

Patti took the same high line as Masini in the matter of rehearsal. During an American tour of nearly four years she never once stooped so low as to rehearse. An almost incredible state of things arose on an occasion when the opera to be performed contained an unusually large number of principals, and several fresh singers were brought in specially. Some of these newcomers didn't know Patti by sight; in the concerted numbers in which they had to work with her they met the great lady for the first time on the stage at the actual performance. Even Vianelli, the chief contralto, had never set eyes on Adelina until the moment when the pair had to embark on a difficult duet! In Patti's absence at the rehearsals, her part had been sketchily whistled by Arditi, the conductor.

It is no uncommon thing for music-hall performers to squabble—and even go to law—concerning the size of the type in which their names appear on posters; but one is surprised to find Patti bothering her eminent head about such a detail. Nevertheless, at Chicago one day was seen a strange sight: Patti's husband on a ladder measuring with a foot rule the letters giving her name. Not for nothing did he go up that ladder, for the letters were a distinct shade less than they should have been according to the contract. They could not be lengthened; what was to be done about it? Managing an opera company develops resourcefulness, and Mapleson saw the way out. Size, he perceived, is relative rather than positive; so he made the next largest name on the bill a trifle smaller by pasting a strip of paper across its base. Madame's name being thus made to appear of the right dimensions, all was well.

It is not surprising to find that the singer who was so scrupulous over a detail of this kind was far from being easy-going in hard business affairs. Mapleson tells us that her fee for each evening's performance had to be paid in advance by midday. This was no mere matter of form. On one occasion Mapleson could scrape together only eight hundred of the mere thousand



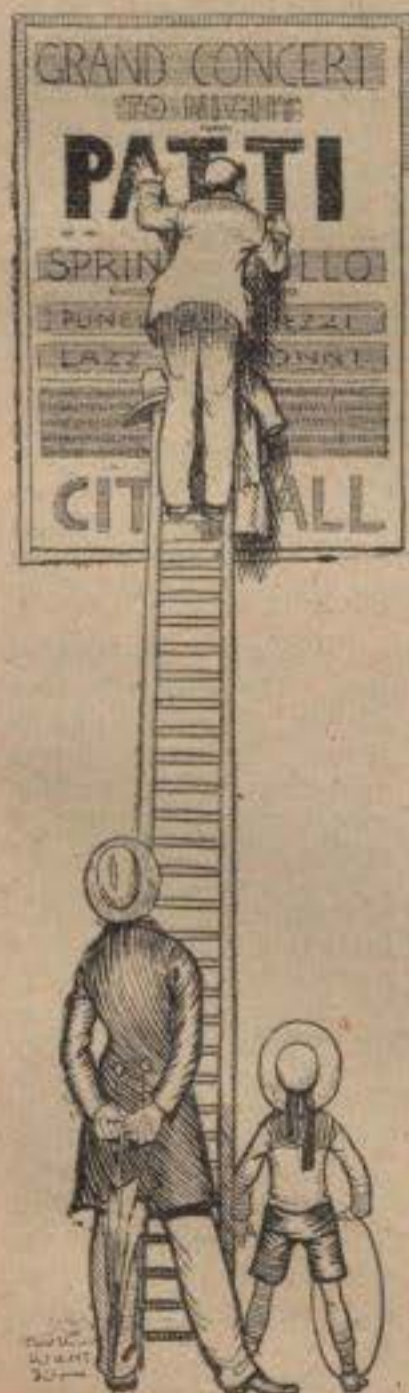
pounds due to Patti for the evening show. Rightly and naturally she protested; still, with the condescension that so well becomes a Queen of Song, she accepted the instalment, with the proviso that the remaining two hundred pounds should be handed over as soon as the doors were opened and cash began to roll in. Soon after the audience began to assemble, she sent her agent to the box-office for the two hundred pounds. By that time, however, £160 had been taken. Would madam accept £960 and give the manager another hour or so to scrape up the odd forty? Madam would not. Back came the agent with a message that ought to be historic: 'Madame has got one shoe on; send the £40 and on goes the other!' And the last instalment was handed over just in time to enable her to step on the stage completely shod.

The clause in Patti's contract concerning the size of the type used for her name suggests that a collection of singers' agreements would make interesting reading. I recently came across a quotation from Caruso's contract during his engagement at the Vienna Opera. Its provisions included 'permission to smoke on the stage until the ascent of the curtain, a fireman standing by to catch the ashes of his cigarette . . . When he is on the stage or behind the curtain no one else shall be allowed there whose presence is not absolutely necessary . . . He shall be accompanied from his dressing room to the stage by a doctor, a prompter, a secretary, an impresario, and a conductor.' All that was necessary to complete the entourage was a man with a red flag.

Is smoking bad for the voice? Most people think so, but I personally know a singer who smokes in one day as many cigarettes as would last most of us for a week; and I learn that the famous Mario disposed of thirty cigars a day. He started No. 1 on opening his eyes in the morning, and threw the juicy remains of No. 30 from his bed at night. (But not always; sometimes he went to sleep with a burning cigar in his mouth.) At the theatre he left off smoking only to sing. Going on to the stage he would place a burning stump in a safe place and resume it on coming off. Even if his stay in the wings was for no more than a few seconds, he would refresh himself with a puff or two. In theory, his voice ought to have been ruined, but it wasn't.

Going back from tenors to sopranos, here's an odd thing about Titiens. She suffered from a vile temper, and used to relieve it by smashing anything that came to hand, crockery preferred. This was expensive, so her sister

(Continued on page 260.)



SHOULD WE TAKE OUR HOLIDAYS ABROAD—

Beverley Nichols says 'Abroad every time!' English seaside resorts are old-fashioned, puritanical, and lamentably devoid of cocktails

I HAVE not taken a holiday at an English 'seaside resort' for several years, for the simple reason that I have managed, by hard work, to make enough money to render any such penance unnecessary. I go abroad instead, and enjoy myself. I would far, far rather stay at home, even if home were in Whitechapel, than be subjected to the unspeakable ennui, vulgarity,

and massed discomfort of those hideous communities on the South Coast of this gem set in the silver, this sceptred isle, this England (I never can remember the quotation).

Nobody has really told the truth about the South Coast towns. Occasionally, one reads in the papers that a child of six has

been sentenced to a long term of imprisonment for appearing on some pebbly beach without a 'top' to its bathing dress. Then, a few arch-fanatics and notorious liberty cranks will write to the papers and say that the sentence was too severe. Or again, the news may leak out that two old maids have been banished from the country for the offence of playing double demon patience for threepence a time in their local lodging house, with the blinds up. That may call forth a fevered protest from one of the old ladies' nephews, who does not wish so frail and potentially valuable a relative to pass out of his sight. People write to the papers, too, complaining of the food, or suggesting that some faint form of illumination might be advantageously supplied in the streets after eleven o'clock at night, in order to allow those abandoned persons who do not go to bed till midnight to find their way home. But nothing is ever done about it.

Now, it should be clearly realized at the outset that since England begins with every conceivable natural disadvantage, as a holiday resort, we should take all the more pains to neutralize those disadvantages by artificial means. I am writing, at the moment, at Juan-les-Pins, where I have been staying for three weeks. No spot of rain has fallen since I arrived. Never for a moment has a cloud obscured the brilliant sun. Yet there has been a perpetual cool breeze every morning and every evening. And so it is, year after year. The weather is certain, fixed, utterly reliable. In England, one may have Arctic weather in July and deluges all August. One usually has to pay for two days' sunshine by at least one day's thunderstorms. Sometimes we're luckier, but at least the uncertainty is there.

Yet in spite of this disadvantage, we still do everything to drive people abroad. We offer them revolting food at exorbitant prices. We tell them that they can only enjoy the amenities of the sharp, pebbly beaches if they are wrapped up from head to foot in Victorian bathing costumes. And we make it illegal for them to get a drink after eleven o'clock—or, I believe, in some peculiarly dour towns, half-past ten. Having thus prepared the ground, we say to them 'Be gay,' and fill the newspapers with pictures of bouncing girls, photographed in Wimbledon studios against papier mâché rocks, and call it 'Folkesmouth.'

On the beach, everybody is drinking 'minerals'—a beverage which has no more exhilarating effect than acute internal uncertainty. Everybody has taken off his or her shoes and stockings, and, by a curious paradox of nature, looks far more abandoned and indecent than if he or she were entirely naked. There is no *haute monde* to compensate for all this drabness—no private beach on which a few exquisites disport themselves in charming costumes.

A French crowd is never like that. One does not see little children paddling with horrible, bunched-up masses of material round their middles, making them look like deformed albatrosses. In France the children simply take their clothes off altogether. And if you don't like it you can look the other way. Nor do they drink 'minerals.' Why should they when all along the *plage* are tiny, gay tents, where one drinks fresh orange juice (not yellow powder mixed with water) or the local wine, or, if you want it, a cocktail? I should be as surprised to meet a cocktail on a South Coast beach as to see a bird of paradise perching on a tree in Pimlico.

Nor do French people wear thick clothes and squeaky boots, nor do they push their fingers into their mouths to make soul-searing whistles. Nor do they giggle shrilly when they see a pretty girl—they see too many. Nor do they point with pride to red, blistered noses, as a form of seaside aristocracy. You may say that I am speaking with an experience of only the expensive places on the Riviera. I am not. I have been to the cheap French places, too. The crowds are just as charming there.

I suppose that one of the reasons why English seaside crowds are so *gauche* and unattractive is that they are surrounded on all sides by architectural abortions of white, staggering ugliness. Sometimes I have leant against a railing on a

South Coast promenade and gazed at a 'shelter' or a lamp-post or a bandstand, merely to realize the depths to which the soul of man can sink. One is baffled when one tries to conceive the mind from which such horrors can emerge. How did the designer ever think of that iron bow, or those steel triangles, or those frantic little painted blobs? From what dark recesses of the intellect did those weird, twisted railings spring? Nobody knows. They are there. And I am convinced that they must have a sinister effect on all who pass them by.

Nor do we offer any sort of compensations for all this ugliness. One of the most charming ways of passing an evening that life has yet devised is to sit outside a café, in some busy street, sipping beer and watching the crowds go by. One cannot do that in England. One can only go into a foul-smelling public-house, or enter some dreary café, order tea, and drink it under the hostile eyes of a waitress. Those lovely, lounging hours in the fresh air are denied us. Why? The climate in Paris is almost identical with the climate in London, except for the fogs, and even at Christmas time one can sit outside at the *Café de la Paix*. Surely, on the South Coast in summer, we might live up the streets a little by a few of these cafés. Or would the police come and move us on? I suppose they would. I think, personally, that it would be illegal for any policeman to move anybody 'on' unless he can suggest a better place for him to move on to.

One of the unhappiest aspects of the problem, in my opinion, is the English ban on casinos. We cannot play baccarat or roulette, or even boule. Why? We do not ban other sorts of gambling. If an Englishman does not back horses, he is rather shamefaced about it, as though he were guilty of an effeminacy. A large portion of the profits of English evening papers is solely due to the racing editions. Women are just as keen. We are a gambling nation. And yet we deliberately ban this form of gambling, which is no more 'harmful,' no more expensive, and far more exciting.

It is so utterly and ridiculously illogical. I could understand a nation that banned baccarat because it disapproved of *all* gambling. It would be a silly nation, but at least it would be a logical one. But when England, of all countries, does it.

You may ask me why a casino is so desirable in an English seaside town. The answer is very obvious. A casino is a social centre. It nearly always makes money, in view of the considerable percentage of profits which it takes. As a consequence, it is in a position to afford to run a first-class restaurant at a reasonable price, to organize attractions, to put life into the whole town. Why should we condemn ourselves to that utterly unsocial form of gambling, betting on horses, when this other delightful thrill awaits us? I cannot give you the answer. It is a dark and irritating mystery to me.

BEVERLEY NICHOLS.



—OR STAY UNADVENTUROUSLY AT HOME?

Beverley Nichols may say what he likes, but Holt Marvell thinks it's better to be comfortable near home than uncomfortable in 'furrin parts.'

ONE of the most miserable days of my life was spent in a Riviera resort. It was August, and raining *chats* and *chiens*. The rain dripped from the shabby palm trees and turned the dust to mud. The lounge of my expensive hotel smelled of moth-balls and stale Turkish cigarettes. Dancing did not begin at the casino until four o'clock—an hour indescribably distant. 'If only—' I mused. 'if only we had been at Margate or Blackpool, we could have gone to the Fun Palace and wasted our pennies playing mechanical football matches or staring at peep-shows of girls in camisoles!' I can assure you, Mr. Beverley Nichols, that when it really *does* rain there is nothing to choose between Bognor and Beaulieu, Morecambe and Monte Carlo, Southend and St. Raphael. And it *does* rain on the Riviera—despite the desperate efforts made to conceal the fact. It rains there like it rains everywhere else, and rain reduces all towns to a sodden common denominator. Last year I was at Cracow, one of the loveliest, most historic towns in Europe. It was Sunday, and it rained. The shops were shuttered, no cinemas opened till the evening—and Cracow looked and felt and smelt and *was* more like Hanley on a wet Sunday than any other town in the world—except, perhaps, Stoke-on-Trent. You may boast about your three cloudless weeks at Juan-les-Pins. We have recently enjoyed six cloudless weeks in England.

Our English seaside has long been the butt of bright young satirists. Mr. Noel Coward made it the subject of an amusing sketch in one of his revues—but he had sense enough to make the other side of the medal as ridiculous. You, Mr. Nichols, have painted—or, rather, overdrawn—a laughable picture of a crowded English resort—all ugly iron architecture, fizzy lemonade and chin-high bathing costumes. Well and good—it is your job to make us smile. But I could, had I the opportunity, paint you an equally ridiculous portrait of a Continental *plage*—all staring stucco, tepid cocktails, and blistered nudity. Crowded, uncomfortable, ill-conducted seaside towns are the same the world over. Juan-les-Pins used to be an enchanting place. I stayed there in 1919, when the pine trees had their toes in the sea and the only hotel was a wooden hut where you could buy sandwiches and lemonade. I stayed there every year until 1926, until they cut down the pines to make room for concrete hotels with three hundred bathrooms, until the air reeked of petrol and the silver beach became so crowded that if you turned over you crushed a film star—then I abandoned Juan-les-Pins in favour of a quiet village in Cornwall with a better beach, cheaper and colder cocktails, and real sea air. You like Juan-les-Pins in 1930. I don't. Each to his own taste.

Your portrait of a nameless English resort curiously resembles a picture from one of the oldest bound volumes of *Punch*. Reading your article, I half expected you to describe with railing bitterness the girls of 1930 being dragged to the water in horse-drawn bathing machines, their 'limbs' (not 'legs'!) swathed in frilly pantalettes. As it happens, you do speak of 'Victorian bathing costumes'—but things have changed since you were a lad; the pretty girls of Margate and Brighton and Southport (yes, there *are* pretty girls there) wear American-style costumes of an almost

unbelievable slightness. How pretty they are! I wish I hadn't got to stay in writing this article—I should like to rush off to see—!

'Minerals,' as you so correctly assert, are still drunk at the seaside. I don't drink them, but some people do. On the whole, they are greatly preferable as minerals to the *limonade gazeuse* which serves the same purpose in France—and a thousand times more to be admired than that horrible French beer which tastes as though it were made by boiling down gunmetal watches in bath-water. And, after all, *are* cocktails so important on a seaside holiday?

'Pebbly beaches' is unfair—definitely. I do not claim that no English beach is pebbly, but the pride of our seaside is its great expanses of firm sand, whereas the whole length of the Côte d'Azur can boast scarcely a dozen patches dignified by the name of 'beach.' Naturally, these rare phenomena are greatly sought after. All through the summer they are lain upon by thousands of pleasure-seekers, cocktails are spilled on them, lipsticks lost in them, they acquire a legacy of a hundred and one perfumes, natural and artificial. The sun beats mercilessly upon them, there is no tide to wash them clean, for the Mediterranean has a rise and fall of no more than a few feet. This tidelessness has another disadvantage; everything which falls upon the bosom of Neptune remains there. Once when I was staying in the South my housekeeper was so discourteous as to forward, among other letters, a communication from the collector of taxes. Tearing this open, I flung it furiously out to the sea and sank once more into Nirvana. A week later, floating on my back a mile from shore, I felt something on the sea's surface tickling my nose, and, squinting downwards, read the loathsome words, 'January to July, 1926.' This, thank God, could never happen in England. Even the opportunity of

seeing children running about naked scarcely compensates for such an indignity.

When we come to architecture, I yield a point to Mr. Nichols. There is no more painful conglomeration of stone pineapples, iron tubing, and sticky asphalt than certain English seaside towns. Even the wedding-cake stucco of a *station balnéaire* is preferable to this. What can be the reason for so much ill-ordered ugliness? There was no reason behind English architecture in the pompous age when the 'resorts' came into being. Here, again, though, let us beware of the generalizations with which Mr. Nichols has weakened his case. Not every English town beside the sea is architecturally a Victorian monstrosity. There are tiled and thatched roofs peering from the trees at the distant sea.

Gambling is, no doubt, a pleasant thing—though whether to sit for hours in the cigar-poisoned atmosphere of a baccarat room, losing a cool thousand (the only cool thing in the room) is preferable to popping round the corner and putting on half-a-crown with the milkman, is to be doubted. Gambling at *chemin de fer* is delightful when you are winning, and an agitating bore when you are losing. If there were any way of insuring that everyone who played should win, I would actively support the institution of casinos at the larger resorts; but it seems to me that most people who gamble lose, which makes them discontented. 'A casino is a social centre'—well, so is a post office—particularly when, in addition to stamps and dog-licences, it also sells bacon, sand-shoes, liquorice, insecticides, and parlour-fireworks.

Mr. Nichols seems to stress unduly the revolting aspect of British holiday-makers. Believe me, almost any one of them is an Adonis compared with some of the chance companions with whom I have shared railway carriages on the line to Monte Carlo. By the time a Frenchman has taken off his collar and concealed it, wrapped in brown paper, in the bowels of a canvas-covered valise, removed his shoes, eaten a foot from a sausage-sandwich three feet in length, sprinkled his corsage with eau-de-Cologne, taken a pull from a half-bottle of flat medicinal mineral water, sealed the carriage windows as near hermetically as no matter, and sunk, snoring, into sleep, I, for one, am sighing for the good lady with seven children—the seven children with sticks of 'rock,' the seven sticks of rock with 'Folkesmouth' miraculously stamped through them from one end to the other. No, Mr. Nichols, your satire is fallacious. A comfortable holiday at home is worth ten of an uncomfortable holiday abroad, though even I am not so insular as to maintain that discomfort in England is preferable to comfort in France.

HOLT MARVELL.





WHAT THE OTHER LISTENER THINKS

Selections from the Editor's Post Bag
Enlivened by George Morrow



THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER.

I HAVE read 'Those Allegros' signed 'con tanta dolcezza.' Without concerning myself with the earlier part of the paragraph, I really must protest against the statement that anyone who is not hopelessly insane can learn the Italian musical terms in twenty minutes. I do not consider myself even on the borderland of insanity, yet I could not learn all the Italian musical terms in use at the present time in twenty minutes. Having studied Italian pronunciation in Italy, I know something about that side also, and consider our London Announcer does extremely well in pronunciation.—*Moderato.*

MAKING HAY OF 'CHARLES AUCHESTER.'

As a novelist who has not (I hope) 'made hay with music,' may I point out to Mr. W. R. Anderson that he himself, in his entertaining article in *The Radio Times* of July 4, has 'made hay' with that curiously fascinating little book 'Charles Auchester,' of which he says 'its hero, Sherwood Burney, was really Sterndale Bennett.' Firstly, Sterndale Bennett is introduced as 'Starwood,' not 'Sherwood' Burney, and, secondly, the hero of the book is Charles Auchester himself, Starwood Burney being a subsidiary character. I trust that Mr. Anderson will forgive me for pointing out this error, and for reminding him on behalf of the novelist tribe to which I belong of a proverb about glass houses!—*K. Rhodes, Staines.*

PAINLESS EXTRACTION.

COULD you possibly arrange for the 'painless extraction' of a very vocal (sic) sportsman in a certain dance band, who frequently assures us that it is 'Onlie mee-ee moanin' fore yew'! As I write he is plaintively howling 'Have or lit'oll fayth in mee-ee.' Another pretty average effort of his has reference to 'Tee-er drops fallin' fore yew like rey-eeen.' I can almost see Mr. St. John Irvine wince! If your Charter of Incorporation precludes interference with the persons of performers perhaps you could send the gentleman a warning post-card, or 'valentine' on my behalf.—*Mac, Hutton.*

TRUTH vs. FICTION.

AN extract from *The Radio Times* of July 11, 'The Broadcaster's Notes': 'Our house is full of tools—our tool shed, shaded by a laburnum tree, has been converted to strange uses. It acts as a dormitory for our cat and her three sons! I read the above today whilst sitting in our small garden listen-



ing in. Facing me was our tool shed; next to it is an old laburnum tree. Inside the shed was our cat with three kittens born yesterday. My family were discussing whether they were 'he's' or 'she's.' After reading the above, no doubts, of course, existed in my mind as to their gender!—*A. Regaldi, Fulham.*

SCONES, SCONS OR SCOONS?

AS regards the pronunciation of 'Scone': some years ago I was staying in an hotel in Perth, and on receiving my plate of porridge at breakfast I discovered that I had no spoon to eat it with. So I said to the waiter, 'Will you please bring me a spoon.' He departed and left me for some five minutes or more, my porridge growing cold and my temper growing hot. Presently he returned and said politely 'I am sorry, madam, we have no scoons this morning.' This seems to show that some Scots, at any rate, pronounce it to rhyme with spoon.—*Merc, Englishwoman.*

A SUGGESTION.

IN order to enable listeners to compare present-day compositions with music of former years, I would suggest that some distinction be made in the programmes of *The Radio Times* between living composers and composers who have 'gone on.' I would suggest that a line be put underneath the name of the composers who are no longer alive.—*E. Gethin Morgan, Radio House, Ystrad Mynach, Glam.*

THE GILBERTIAN WAG.

I HAVE always refrained from writing to you with regard to any constructive criticism I might have liked to offer because I feared that you might publish it in the columns of 'What the Other Listener Thinks.' I have quite regularly read these columns, and from them I can imagine the man who is responsible for their existence as being a waggish sort of fellow, always putting his tongue in his cheek and laughing slyly to himself at the quite sane letters he publishes; altogether a most Gilbertian sort of character. Although this space may be a wonderful playground for our Office Wit, it is most galling for those who would offer suggestions which have cost some thought and consideration, only for the eternal risk of the aforementioned half-wit's bright commentaries.—*W. H. Ford, Erdington, Birmingham.*

Mark your letter 'What the Other Listener Thinks,' or 'Open Letters to Broadcasters,'* and address it to the Editor, 2, Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2.

OPEN LETTERS TO BROADCASTERS.*

TO MR. HAROLD NICOLSON.

DEAR MR. NICOLSON,—May I take this opportunity to thank you for your interesting and invariably instructive talks over the ether. Regularly on Friday nights the normally intensely busy members of our none too illustrious family foregather in front of our ignominious but efficient loud speaker to await your friendly little talk. The sudden silence that reigns when your voice is first heard above the hubbub of conversation is wonderful testimony to your voice magnetism. Upon the informal casting of a family vote to ascertain which variety of talk we like best to hear emanate from your seemingly quite familiar voice, it was discovered that your informative talks of distant climes intrigued our ears the most. Personally, I thought your recent recollections of the late Lord Balfour was a particularly human and understanding appreciation of an admittedly great man.—*C. R. G. Tapper, The Limes, 11, Studley Road, Forest Gate.*

TO MR. A. C. MACLAREN.

DEAR MR. MACLAREN,—We have all enjoyed your daily description of the Third Test Match at Leeds, but (as you are fond of observing) your 'Duckworth, not out, ought' at the end of the second day's play was such a 'loose one' that we promptly hit it for six.—*E. W. T., Loughborough.*

TO MRS. AGATHA CHRISTIE.

DEAR MRS. CHRISTIE,—It gave me quite exquisite pleasure to hear our English language so beautifully spoken when you broadcast your part of the serial 'Behind the Screen.' Not only were your diction and pronunciation almost perfect, but there was not the slightest suspicion of the faults which ruin the broadcast of so many women. You have a really cultured pronunciation and a beautiful voice and style. Thank you for the pleasure you gave me.—*Another Appreciative Listener.*

TO MR. PAUL ENGLAND.

DEAR MR. ENGLAND,—As nobody seems to have complimented upon your invariably amusing and interesting vaudeville turns, may I take up my illustrious pen on your behalf? By a magical method of your own you have contrived to create a sparklingly vital little show which has a charm and personified rarity of magnetism, which should enable you and your little band of effervescent confederates to go far. A variety act, to be popular, must of necessity contain a continuous round of amusing talk, plus a piquant humour whose originality must ever be sustained; and these I am convinced you have successfully introduced into your brilliant company. May I, therefore, express my appreciation of your company's performance and hope that your cheeriness will never fade!—*C. R. G. Tapper, Forest Gate, E.7.*

TO MR. JACK PADBURY.

DEAR MR. PADBURY,—May I express my appreciation of your melodious little band of six really harmonizing musicians? After having recently heard a so-called top-notch 'Yankee' dance band practically shatter the microphone with the fierceness of their musical renderings, it was a pleasure to hear a band play who knew something more about the original and interesting 'modern music' than these blaring American rhythm fiends showed they knew. If dance music is to make a more general appeal to the sensitive ears of the lovers of the 'classics,' it should be played as melodiously as possible; noise is not the first essential of excellent orchestration.—*C. R. G. Tapper, The Limes, Forest Gate.*

TO MR. CHRISTOPHER STONE.

DEAR MR. CHRISTOPHER STONE,—You are a positive joy! Why not make a gramophone record of yourself broadcasting, including all the little, dry asides and sly digs at the B.B.C. pronounciations? I should love it.—*M. Brand, By-Pass Road, Sutton Common.*

TO MR. FRANK HOWES.

DEAR MR. HOWES,—I should like to comment upon your most interesting article in a recent number of *The Radio Times*, to which you give the title 'The War Put an End to Their Music.' You say 'there has been no War music.' Surely you forget the tremendous unforgettable impressions made by Sir Edward Elgar's *Cavillon*, the music which accompanied a recited poem by Casanovarts. Personally, I never remember being more thrilled by any piece of music in my life; it must certainly be regarded as one of Elgar's finest works and no mere 'piece d'occasion.' It will certainly live as a noble musical utterance which was born in a time of great stress and fervour. Again, amongst the names of our composers killed in the War you omit one who was, to my mind, the most brilliantly-gifted of all—and I am not forgetting the genius of Butterworth, who was my own pupil and whose work I know well—this was Francis Purcell Warren, another scholar of the Royal College. Some of his works are well known to listeners, especially his Five Short Pieces for 'Cello, and the Variations for String Quartet.—*T. Dunhill, Platt's Lane, Hampstead.*

WHAT HAPPENED?

I SHOULD like to add my testimony to that of 'An Admirer' of Dr. Dyson in this week's *Radio Times*. 'The piano transmissions during his talks are going from bad to worse, and this evening all the castors off the piano seemed to have come loose and dropped into the microphone. The result was painful to listen to and a cruel distortion of the lecturer's delicate playing. A few minutes later the transmission of Miss Gertrude Peppercorn's playing was an entirely different thing. Why should Dr. Dyson be given so much less consideration?—*H. Gardner, Harrow-on-the-Hill.*

THE UNPAMPERED ACCOMPANIST.

I HAVE been trying for nearly five years to find a cause for complaint against the B.B.C., and I believe I have found one at last! Why are the names of accompanists so seldom mentioned? The accompaniments are nearly always so exquisitely played—as, for instance, Miss Fraser's on Saturday night. I wonder if the soloists realize how much the success of their performance depends on the way in which they are accompanied; it does, you know.—*F. E., Devon.*

A COUNTY NIGHT?

I KNOW that the B.B.C. welcomes suggestions; why not have a 'County Night' each week in the year? Each county in England could surely arrange a fine programme, perhaps typical of its own characteristics.—*F. B., Cornwall.*

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

I THOROUGHLY enjoy your dance music; may I suggest, though, that you employ another official in addition to the announcer? I suggest a beefy and hard-hearted professional footballer, who would probably be glad of regular off-season employment. He should be fitted with boxing-gloves and stationed immediately behind the singers of sloppy waltz songs, particularly 'Memories of Devon,' and scorching about 'Yeours, Body and Soul.' I should then just leave the



rest to Nature. The broadcasting of the impact of leather on flesh would gladden the hearts of thousands of listeners.—*E. J. E., Topham, Essex.*

A PENNY SAVED.

IN the early days of broadcasting the announcers always used to inform listeners of the duration of a pause between two items that did not follow one another immediately. For instance, if the News did not follow immediately after 'Big Ben,' he would announce that the News would follow in fifteen seconds time. Nowadays there are pauses of even the duration of minutes with no announcement. It is said that 'pin pricks' are the things that count in life, and you have no idea how annoying it is to feel that the current in one's only accumulator is being wasted, especially when charging in the country is an expensive and lengthy business, and it is such a simple matter to switch off for even a few seconds. Would it be possible for the announcer to go back to the previous arrangement and announce the length of the silent period?—*Scotman, Devonshire.*

UNCULTURED TASTES.

PLEASE give us more good poetry, read by those who love it. With regard to a letter headed 'Poetry and Misery,' surely death (or undevelopment) is already in the soul of the one who cannot appreciate good poetry. As for the suggestion 'those who like it read it for themselves,' one might as well say that those who are so fond of jazz and vaudeville go where they can get it. We hope the B.B.C. will not be influenced by such uncultured and unlettered tastes.—*M. M. and H. M., Parsley, Devonshire.*

THIS IS A.D. 1930.

I AM sure that A. C. Stevenson of Ferring-on-Sea has never seen the Tourist Trophy races in the Isle of Man, or else he would have different ideas to the ones he gives in *The Radio Times* of July 11. I can just picture him as one of those individuals who, when he sees Motor Cycle Reliability Trials or Dirt Track Racing announced, waves his hands about, shakes his head and says 'What is the World coming to?'—*J. R. Corlett, Pontefract.*

The Story
of a

PERFECT ALIBI

By Anthony
Berkeley

Mr. Anthony Berkeley, one of the most famous of detective story writers, is well known to listeners for his part in the recent broadcast mystery serial and the discussion in which he and Miss Dorothy Sayers revealed some of the mysteries of their craft. He is also the Secretary of that most exclusive body, the Detection Club.



'MURDERS?' repeated Sir Wilfred, reflectively. 'No. We're a peaceful county here, and a small one, too. No, I'm sorry, but we haven't had a case of murder since I became Chief Constable.'

'Oh,' said Roger Sheringham, disappointed. 'Help yourself to more port' the Chief Constable consoled. 'And pass on the decanter,' he added.

Roger fulfilled both behests. 'This is very disappointing of you, Wilfred.'

'Is it? I don't know. Even if we had had a murder or two, I don't suppose they'd interest you much. Murders in the country are usually very obvious, very sordid, and very dull.'

'Are they?' doubted Roger, thinking of one murder in the country at any rate which had been neither obvious, nor sordid, nor dull. 'But perhaps you have had a murder or two, after all, without knowing it,' he went on, brightening. 'That wouldn't be obvious, or dull, would it?'

'If you're suggesting that murder has ever been committed during the last five years right under my nose,' said his host, drily, 'you can hardly expect me to agree to the possibility.'

'But it's happening every day. Must be. Your nose wouldn't be exceptional. Do you mean to tell me you've never had a case at all in which you *knew* murder had been committed, but couldn't bring it home to anyone?'

'Never,' said the Chief Constable, firmly. 'Never a case even in which you *smelt* murder?'

Sir Wilfred hesitated. He sipped at his port. He toyed uneasily with its glass, under Roger's accusing eye. 'Oh, but it's really too absurd,' he said.

'Come along, Wilfred. Out with it, please. We're all alone, so you can be as libellous as you like. You've got to tell me, so you may as well begin now.'

'Mind you, there never was any suggestion of murder,' Sir Wilfred said, hastily. 'Nobody raised the point at all, least of all myself. The coroner never referred to the possibility of

(Continued overleaf.)



- RELF -

(Continued from previous page.)

it being anything else but straightforward accident. In fact, it couldn't possibly have been. You must realize that from the outset, Roger, or I shan't say a word. All that happened was that the merest feeling did occur to me that the accident—

'Begin at the beginning,' said Roger.

Sir Wilfred took another sip at his port and paused. He seemed to be considering exactly where the beginning lay.

'If it hadn't happened to the Allfreys,' he said, slowly, 'I should probably never have had even that amount of suspicion. But I knew the Allfreys pretty well. In fact, they were the only people I knew at all in this neighbourhood before I was posted here, so naturally I got to know them a good deal better; and equally naturally (though I suppose officially it shouldn't have been so) I took a good deal more interest in the case than if it had happened to complete strangers. So you can imagine that if there had been even the faintest suspicion of murder, really, I'd have left no stone unturned to discover the perpetrator.'

'Begin at the beginning,' Roger repeated. 'And try not to use so many *clichés*. I don't like 'em.'

'Eh?' said Sir Wilfred.

'Begin at the beginning,' said Roger.

Sir Wilfred sighed (Roger often seemed to have that effect upon people), and did so.

IT was one June, after I'd been here only four months. I was still feeling pretty new to the job, and this was the—how shall I put it without sounding snobbish?—the first case of sudden death in the class where such things get reported in the newspapers. So, of course, I was out to mind not only my p's and q's, but my a's to my z's.

John Allfrey took up farming after the War. You don't know them, do you? Very good sorts, both of them. He's about forty-five, I suppose, and Ethel, his wife, a few years younger. They've got no children of their own, but John's ward, Elsa Pennefather, lives with them—or rather, did then. She's an orphan, the daughter of an old friend of John Allfrey's, and she was by way of being quite a considerable heiress. When this affair happened she'd just turned twenty-one, so that she'd come into control of her own money; but that apparently was no reason for her leaving what had for years amounted to her own home. The money hadn't spoilt her a bit, either; she was a charmingly-unaffected girl, modest and as pretty as a picture; about as different from the usual painted, brazen hussies of today as—as—

'Chalk from cheese,' suggested Roger.

'Exactly. Chalk from cheese,' agreed the Chief Constable, with relief. 'Well, the Allfreys had a few people staying with them at the time. Not a house-party; nothing so pretentious as that—just a few friends staying at the farm. I don't know that I need describe them in detail, but—'

'In detail, please,' said Roger, firmly.

Sir Wilfred groaned. 'What a devil of a fellow you are. All right, then. There was a married couple, the de Henzys; Paul and Sylvia de Henzey. Know them? No? You haven't missed much. I didn't cotton to them, either before or after. He was English after a fashion, in spite of his name; at least, his mother had been pure English and his father, though French on both sides, had been born and brought up in England. De Henzey was terribly touchy if you hinted he might not be altogether the genuine article. More English than the English, you know. He didn't look the part, though. Slim little fellow, wiry enough but not tall, olive-coloured oval face, little black moustache, and as excitable as any Frenchman ever was.

'His wife was English all right, but she didn't really look the part either. A good two inches taller than him, one of the willowy, queenly kind that make you feel you've got your collar on back to front and forgotten to shave. You know, flaming red hair, though, and the proper green eyes. She always reminded me of a tiger, somehow. She had that sort of sleepy alertness. I believe she'd been an actress before she married, and a pretty good one, too. De Henzey absolutely worshipped her. Used to follow her about with his eyes whenever she moved, as if he couldn't bear to take them off her. Never saw a fellow so infatuated with a woman. And his own wife, too,' added Sir Wilfred, cynically.

'Then there was another couple. Not married this time. Cousins. They'd been brought up together, though, since the girl's parents died, and they were more like brother and sister. Armored and Eric Scott-Davies.'

'Ah!' said Roger, suddenly.

'You knew 'em?'

'I had met him. But I'd heard a good deal about them. In fact, I gathered there wasn't much love lost between the two of them.'

'I said they were more like brother and sister. Well, if you knew him I needn't describe him. Don't expect you had much use for him, any more than I had. A waster and a chaser after other men's wives. Rotten all through.'

'He was a fine fellow to look at,' Roger murmured. 'Six foot, if he was an inch.'

'Oh, yes, and he was a good shot, and had played cricket for Kent, and a thorough sportsman, and so damned good-looking no woman could resist him,' sneered the Chief Constable.

'All that, and rotten to—to—'

'The core.'

'That's it. The core. And I dare say the girl, Armored, wasn't much better. No, perhaps I shouldn't say that; I never had anything against her. But to tell the truth, I can't stand these crop-eared, lip-sticked, leggy young women,' observed the prejudiced Sir Wilfred, fiercely.

'Well, that's four of 'em; Elsa Pennefather (John's ward, you remember) makes five, John and Ethel seven, and the eighth was a fellow called Pinkerton. I couldn't stand him,' said Sir Wilfred, with candour, 'at any blessed price.'

THERE don't seem to have been many of them you could stand,' Roger remarked.

'Oh, Ethel and John are two of the best. And the little girl. Rest of 'em certainly were a measly bunch. This chap Pinkerton was the worst, though. Last sort of fellow I'd ever have expected to see in John Allfrey's house. Writer of some sort, I believe. Prim, precise, conceited little ass with pince-nez and a dashed superior smile. Didn't shoot, didn't fish, didn't hunt, didn't even play games. Didn't do anything, in fact,' said Sir Wilfred in wrathful reminiscence, 'except try to teach other people their business. About the only good thing Eric Scott-Davies ever did was to chuck him into the swimming pool one night in his dress clothes.'

'Did he, though?' said Roger, with interest.

'So I heard afterwards. Well, that's the whole eight, and I hope you're satisfied.' Sir Wilfred began to toy with his glass again.

'Quite satisfied,' said Roger. 'Thank you, Wilfred. Go on.'

But Sir Wilfred did not go on. He continued to twirl, almost coyly, the stem of his wine-glass.

Roger pressed him.

'Well,' said the Chief Constable at last, with official heaviness, 'I'm not at all sure that I ought to tell you the point I've got in mind at the moment.'

'You tell me,' threatened Roger, 'or I'll tell Agatha what it was you put on top of the

Martyrs' Memorial at Oxford that night. And all the leading citizens of this town, too. That would show up their Chief Constable in a nice light, wouldn't it?'

'I say, Roger, you wouldn't do that?' said the Chief Constable, alarmed.

'I certainly would, if you don't tell me.'

'Then I will tell you,' hastily said Sir Wilfred, who believed his guest quite capable of carrying out this threat. 'It's this. Every single one of those seven people, with the solitary exception of Elsa Pennefather, had a perfectly good reason for wishing Eric Scott-Davies out of this world.'

'And therefore it was Eric Scott-Davies who was killed,' Roger nodded, with approval.

'I don't say "therefore." But it certainly was Eric Scott-Davies on whom the inquest was held.'

'What were the various motives?'

'"Motive" may be too strong a word altogether,' replied the Chief Constable, cautiously. 'I'll tell you what the reasons were.'

IN the first place, the party, innocent though it may have seemed to an outsider like myself, wasn't innocently arranged at all. (I only found all this out afterwards, of course, from John himself; he told me quite candidly.) It had been very cunningly devised by Mrs. Allfrey herself. The facts were these. Eric Scott-Davies, to put the thing shortly, was in a nasty hole; he'd got through nearly all the very respectable fortune he'd stepped into half-a-dozen years earlier, and he was talking of selling Stukeleigh itself. Marvellous old place; I expect you know it; the Scott-Davieses have owned it for the last three hundred years and more. So leaving other men's wives for a time, he was going all out for Elsa Pennefather, the heiress. Everybody except the poor girl herself knew he didn't care two raps for her; she wasn't his type at all—it was just her money he was after. And he'd made good progress. The girl was well on the way to falling head over heels in love with the brute.

Now Ethel Allfrey, as she told me with her own lips, would rather have seen Elsa at the bottom of the sea than married to a fellow like Scott-Davies, because it was obvious enough what would happen when once he'd got her and her money. But she knew well enough that the surest way of driving the girl straight into his arms was to tell her the real truth about Scott-Davies and what she herself thought of any such engagement. So very cunningly she invited him down to the farm to stay, and she invited at the same time one of the other men's wives—Mrs. de Henzey, and her husband.

She knew Mrs. de Henzey, you see, and she knew that Mrs. de Henzey wasn't like Scott-Davies' other conquests, who apparently allowed themselves to be dropped with a thud as soon as the fellow saw fit. Mrs. de Henzey would fight any such proposition tooth and nail, because (really, you know, women are extraordinary!) she really was in love with the fellow. At any rate, she would never allow Scott-Davies to walk off right under her nose with an heiress; and between the three of them Ethel made sure that the girl couldn't help having her eyes opened to the sort of fellow Scott-Davies is. John Allfrey thought the same.

Roger nodded. 'Yes, very sound. But why was the husband asked, too?'

'Well that, I must admit, was in the nature of playing with fire,' replied Sir Wilfred, gravely. 'But the truth was that the Allfreys were getting desperate. The announcement of the engagement was expected at any moment, and once it was made, things might have gone too far for retraction. John told me that they both felt it was no use wearing kid gloves to a situation

(Continued on page 265.)

THE HERETICS

(or, Take it as you please)

A Homespun Allegory by Winifred Holtby



ONCE upon a time there was a Garden Village inhabited only by Progressive People, who wanted to live the Simple Life.

They were so progressive that they all went backwards and disapproved of everything invented since 1776. They disapproved of cinemas and motor-bicycles, and electric light and ready-made clothes, and cheap printing and gramophones, and the commercial press and jazz, and wireless and mass production. They believed that Machinery corrupted Individuality, that the gramophone and wireless destroyed the English aptitude for Chamber Music, that motor tractors ruined the Picturesque Customs of Old English Farming Life, and that the habits of motorists banished hospitality from the Old English Country Inn.

The Garden Village was built of timbered cottages; its clear spring water was drawn from four deep wells; its houses were lit by candles; and it boasted a Village Green, a Hall of Fellowship, a School of Handweaving, eighteen Arts and Crafts Shops, and a Vegetarian Guest House. Its draper's store sold only Humane Fur, and at three different shops could be bought Bulgarian embroideries, Russian blouses, Czech pottery and raffia-worked garden hats. It had also a folk-dancing society, an Individualist Bookshop, a Communistic Bookshop, a Health Food Store, a Sunbathing Brotherhood, a Dress Reform League, a Marriage Reform League, and a League for the Preservation of the Countryside.

Unluckily, it was not possible to escape from all contact with the external world, so every day the male members of the population journeyed by train to a town twenty miles away. There they became distinguishable from the unregenerate clerks, accountants, secretaries, grocers, and journalists among whom they worked, only by their predilection for beards, homespuns, briar pipes, open shirts, and non-leather sandals. Also they commonly ate their midday meal at Health Food Restaurants. But every night they returned to the seclusion of the village, to indulge in recreations that were both entertaining and progressive. They listened to lectures on Free Verse or Vivisection; they sang Madrigals; they sketched in water-colours; they danced Old English Country Dances, and they debated on Serious Subjects in the Hall of Fellowship.

And thus they lived in perfect civic harmony.

Until the Debate.

The Debate was an annual event organized by the Literary and Philosophical Society. All through the year practice debates were held, until the Garden Villagers became most expert speakers. Then once a year they met in friendly combat the rival team from a neighbouring suburb of the Town.

Sometimes they visited the suburb and sometimes the suburban debaters visited them. They thought very poorly of the suburb.

For the suburb represented everything that they condemned in modern life. Its streets were paved with asphalt and lighted by soulless electric light in hard, monotonous standards. Its houses were all built after one labour-saving, vulgar, red and villaish pattern. Its women went up to London for their shopping, and dressed in fashions copied from Society Photographs and Lady Amelia Lightway's articles in *Sunday Sensation*. They had their hair permanently waved; they manicured their nails; they cleaned their houses with electric vacuums; they played mechanical games like Bridge or Tennis; they ate tinned food, drove cars, installed wireless sets in their drawing-rooms, and went at least three times a week to the New Cinema. Its men watched football matches and backed winners; they had a little flutter on the Stock Exchange; they talked about golf handicaps and Test Matches and the insides of motor-cars; they took their opinions from newspapers, their music from gramophones, and their recreation from a box of screws and batteries on wheels.

The Garden Villagers almost always defeated the Suburban debaters, because they had thought much longer and much more earnestly about whatever subject they might be discussing. But one year it happened that the turn of the Villagers came to visit the suburb, and as the visitors had the right to choose their own motion, they chose a subject familiar to them all, 'That true civilization is impossible in a mechanized world,' and they thought 'Ha, ha! We'll give some nasty knocks to these suburban fellows.'

They had to hire a charabanc to take them to the suburb, because though they disliked charabancs and all road traffic except coaches and riding-horses, the trains were inconvenient. Because the charabanc would hold more than the debaters, some of them took their wives and daughters with them. The wives and daughters put on their best djibbahs, their hand-woven cloaks, and their beads painted in the village, and they all set forth.

The charabanc arrived an hour before the debate began, and the suburban families gave hospitality each to a Garden Villager. They gave them tea; they showed them round the garden; they showed the wives their labour-saving houses, their electric cookers, and washing machines, and vacuum cleaners; they showed them the nursery school, the tennis club, the photographs of Ronald Colman outside the Movie Theatre. They showed them the three-valve wireless sets, the copies of *Sunday Sensation* with pictures of the early autumn fashions, and the little cars in which they did their shopping. They were very kind to the Garden Villagers.

The hour for the Debate arrived. The rival teams collected. The wives accompanied them into the Town Hall. The Motion was proposed.

The proposer of the motion was Mr. Podd, one of the most active and progressive of the Garden Villagers. He was chairman of the Pacifist League, of the Humanitarian Society, of the Anti-Urbanization Club, the Anti-Vivisection Guild, the Brotherhood of Ancient England, and the Guild for Promoting Home-Spun Industries. He knew what he was talking about, and he talked. He talked for quite a long while, until the chairman felt obliged to ring his little bell, tactfully but firmly. Mr. Podd sat down. The Villagers applauded. The Suburbanites applauded also, for they were very kind, and also they felt that what Mr. Podd said was very interesting. It had nothing to do with real life, of course, but it was all very refined and cultured and original, and they were very pleased with him.

The opposer spoke. He was an ex-officer, a runner up for the local golf championship, and chairman of the Conservative Association, and he thought that mechanical devices were very fine; but he was a child compared to Mr. Podd. He was a child compared to the seconder of the Motion. The Garden Villagers wiped the floor with the Suburbanites. They left the poor things without a leg to stand on; but, as the Suburbanites did not take the debate too seriously, they did not really mind about their legs.

The set speakers finished; the debate was thrown open to discussion. Then Mrs. Podd rose.

She was a quiet woman. In the Garden Village nobody thought much of her, for she rarely took part in communal activities. She had six children, a cottage right on the outskirts of the village, occasional daily help and a vegetarian husband. She wore hand-woven smocks and her hair hung in an untidy bundle and she had never

spoken previously in public.

'Well,' she said, 'I'm sure we've all been very interested. I must say that this is the first time that

(Continued on page 250.)



THE PROMS BEGIN THIS SATURDAY

A SURVEY OF THE SEASON

BY
ROBIN HEY

FAME is notoriously a cynical affair. Seldom are great men honoured until they are dead. The city that gave them birth probably leaves them to starve while they are alive; but, when they are dead, it will name streets after them, turn the tenements where they were born into museums, and erect marble monuments over their graves. In time, the city may become a place of pilgrimage and comfortably profit thereby. If they were composers, it may even stage an annual festival of their music, inviting all the world to come and hear—thereby profiting still more comfortably. . . . And, indeed, what could be more enticing than to be asked to take your summer holiday in some idyllic city that is *en fête*, touring out into the bright mountains by day, and by night listening to choice music choicely played?

In England, however, we have no equivalent custom. (Some will say it is because we have no composers worthy of such a festival. It may be so.) Nevertheless, at that time of the year when certain Continental cities lure the tourist to a delectable summer feast of music, London is enjoying its festival, too. Not so grandiose, of course, nor advertised so far afield; and, considering the reputation of Cockaigne, characteristically plebeian. I mean the Proms.

London without its season of Proms is, as others have remarked before me, unthinkable. Quite as unthinkable, for instance, as Salzburg without its Mozart festival or as Bayreuth without its *Ring*. The hue and cry of a few years back, when the Proms seemed in danger of ceasing, is still remembered. Fortunately, while the B.B.C. continues its present policy, that danger is no longer a possibility. The only difference, today, is that the Proms are not merely a London festival: broadcasting has made them a national affair. They are not merely the privilege of those several hundreds who, as the clock nears eight, converge upon Langham Place: millions of homes now come within the orbit of that flower-decked conductor's desk that is the focus of the Queen's Hall.

Again, this year, the series extends over eight weeks—eight weeks of consistently good music—time enough, that is, to give anyone a reasonable survey over the whole field of classical orchestral music. From Saturday evening, August 9, until Saturday evening, October 4, such a feast is spread for music-lovers as not even the most eclectic could quibble at. And this year, moreover, Sir Henry Wood (that most genial of hosts) will have at his service one of the best orchestras now in existence. Remarkable, too, is the list of soloists who will sing and play under his bâton. As I run a quick eye over the list, here are some of the names I find: Myra Hess, Irene Scharrer, Lamond, Pouishnoff, Solomon,



Adila Fachiri, Jelly d'Aranyi, and Harriet Cohen; Dorothy Silk, Elsie Suddaby, Astra Desmond, Tatiana Makushina, and Olga Haley; Walter Widdop, Steuart Wilson, Horace Stevens, and the English Singers. And this is not a tithe of them all.

More or less, the 'scheme' follows last year: Wagner on Monday nights; popular classics (like the Tchaikovsky and Schubert symphonies) on Tuesday; Bach or Brahms on Wednesdays; British composers on Thursdays; Beethoven on Fridays; and lighter music (though even here is included such majestic favourites as the César Franck symphony and such novelties as a Prokofieff concerto) on Saturdays. Thus the season covers the whole of the Beethoven symphonies (a Proms convention which we hope will never be superseded), all four of the Brahms symphonies (in addition to the violin concerto, both pianoforte concertos, and the violin and 'cello concerto), four nights of the music of Bach, and eight nights of Wagnerian extracts.

If, among the contemporary works of importance, I pick out certain items as worth particular attention, it is because I feel sure the enumeration of them will mean 'good news' for other musical amateurs, too. It is with the keenest anticipation, for instance, that I read of Vaughan Williams' *London* and *Pastoral* symphonies being down for performance. I regard the *Pastoral* symphony as not only Vaughan Williams at his best, but also as one of the foundation stones of modern English music. Then, again, Elgar is here with both his symphonies, his 'cello concerto, and *Falstaff*. Bax, whom at last we are all delighting to honour, is represented by his first and third symphonies; Delius, by his violin concerto and his violin and 'cello concerto; and Holst by a concerto for two violins. Among the works by our younger composers I notice Constant Lambert's *Rio Grande*; Walton's viola concerto and *Sinfonia Concertante*; Bliss's concerto for two pianos, Goossens' oboe concerto; and John Ireland's concerto for piano. All these are works on the grand scale and serve excellently to show what England is doing to-day. Surely, a country which, within the last quarter of a century, has produced even this representative selection of works, need not be ashamed of its musical reputation.

So I could go on, enumerating one after another of the particular pleasures I see in store, set down here as mere names and one day soon to be transmuted into living sound; and when I had filled a column, the tale would still not be all told. But there are one or two

'novelties' to which I may perhaps profitably draw your attention. It is a very doubtful method of approach to a piece of music to like it for its title; but I confess I am, for that reason, intrigued by a suite which is down for performance on August 30. It is by Elizabeth Maconchy—a name entirely unknown to me. It is called 'The Land' and is inspired, I am told, by V. Sackville-West's poem of that name. Without doubt, 'The Land' is one of the most beautiful longer poems of our time: it is, in effect, a modern English *Georgics*. If the composer has succeeded in catching the spirit of England in her suite as the poet has done in her poem, 'The Land' should be a memorable work; but, as I say, Elizabeth Maconchy's work is quite unknown to me. The Suite is to receive its first performance at this Prom. Another first performance in England that catches the eye is that of Janacek's *Walachian Dances*. Janacek, who died last year in his seventy-fifth year, was a Czechoslovakian composer; so marvellously did he keep abreast of his time, in the matter of compositions, that he was known as the 'oldest young composer'—the Hardy, as it were, of music. America is represented in the programmes by a name new to us: Arthur Shepherd. His *Four Western Pieces for Orchestra* (*Horizons*) will be played on September 30.

I cannot conclude this scanty survey without reference to a name which appears in the Prom programmes for the first time, and which brings to mind one of the rarest moments in my musical experience as a listener. On a certain July evening, last year, without any knowledge of what the programmes for the evening contained, we switched on the wireless: Anthony Bernard's Chamber Orchestra was being introduced by the announcer as about to play Villa-Lobos' *Choros No. 7*. The composer's name meant nothing to us. We waited. The music that followed was like no other music we had ever heard: fierce, dithyrambic, yet strangely orderly in its dissonance, and building up to a climax of sound that left one exhilarated almost to exhaustion. The thing belonged to no civilization of which we had knowledge, its roots (for all its allegiance to modern Western music) were not where the roots of our music are grounded, the tune on which it was based had no affinity with any folk-music we knew. We made inquiries. Villa-Lobos was a young South American living, at the moment, in Paris. He had previously saturated himself with the folk-music of the Indians. It was this strange bed-fellowship of the Old and the New, the Brazilian and the Parisian, that had given so unusual a colour to his music. On August 12 (next Tuesday) another 'Choros' by him (Number 8) will be played. Let me ask you to make a note of the date.



MOZART'S CITY IN THE AUSTRIAN ALPS

Salzburg, where Mozart was born and where, year by year, a festival of music is now held in his honour.

IT is pleasant to sit in the streets of Salzburg at night and watch a searchlight making pictures in the sky. This is all part of the hospitality of Salzburg, and of her pride, too—the same pride that, in the lean years, rejected with scorn the offer of a casino. The searchlight picks out the snows of the mountains, and it is like the wildest vision of a scene-painter. Or it plays on the huge mass of the Fortress, last spar of the Middle Ages rising from a sea of baroque, and you think it an illustration by Doré to all the romances ever written. And it is deliciously child-like. It goes well with a town which is all play and no work, over which the spirit of Mozart broods, and whose employment (save a little beer-making and book-binding) seems to be the entertainment of the traveller and devotion to the genius of Max Reinhardt.

Every August the whole town is handed over to Herr Reinhardt to play with. Imagine yourself in the square of the Cathedral at a performance of *Everyman*. The bells of all the churches have rung you there and heralds are ready to announce the players. They will enter from distant squares and alleys. Before you is the west front, exquisite baroque—the finger of Italy feeling for the North—around you the tall windows of the palace, filled with faces. You can see the tips of the encircling mountains. The silence is intense. All traffic has been stopped, and not only yourself but all Salzburg seems listening and waiting. Death will call to *Everyman* from the summit of the Fortress, and you shall hear him; strange voices, too, from far-away belfries. Up and down those steps the players will go, and the great doors will open and shut upon them; organ and choir will play their part from behind that façade of rose and white marble.

Herr Reinhardt returned to Salzburg, he tells us, in order to recapture his 'sense of play.' In other words, he is back again at his toy-theatre, to the spirit of which every great producer must return, if ever he forsakes it: 'that sense of play (he says) which was so strong in childhood and can not be dispensed with in art, and especially not in the theatre.' He would like the theatre to become a festival again, as it was in the Middle Ages, and not, as in the cities, an entertainment or an amusement. Where could he have chosen better than Salzburg, the holiday-town, with her long tradition of folk-plays and folk-music, her memories that are long also, even among towns that are very old? She stood at the meeting of the great trade-routes. She can remember merchants from the four quarters bringing her news of Cæsar and of the farthest traffic of the world; the monks that gave her back the arts when Cæsar and the protecting legionaries were gone; the coming of the Gothic with the pomp and terror of the Middle Ages; and the flooding of the baroque, making her, as she now stands, so white and elegant and formal. And this beauty of baroque is mirrored in the music of her most famous child, Mozart.

They are to broadcast his music from Salzburg this week; those serenades that he wrote for night-music in the open air. To how many listeners, I wonder, will it bring back memories that are almost too poignant? It will need so little imagination to find oneself again at the windows of that painted room in the Residenz, where the gaiety of a lost century seems only to be sleeping, watching the torches in the great courtyard below, and the violins, breathing the spiced air of the Alpine city, and gathering the crowded experiences of the day—and what day in Salzburg is not crowded with experiences?—into an hour of matchless art. The music of Mozart is nostalgic always; triple-essenced to one who has heard it on a summer night amid the torches and against the background of the Residenz.

The first relay from Salzburg's festival month of music and play is on Thursday next (Regional), when a Mozart Serenade will be broadcast from the Court of the Residenz. Other relays will follow on the 20th (Regional) and the 30th (National)

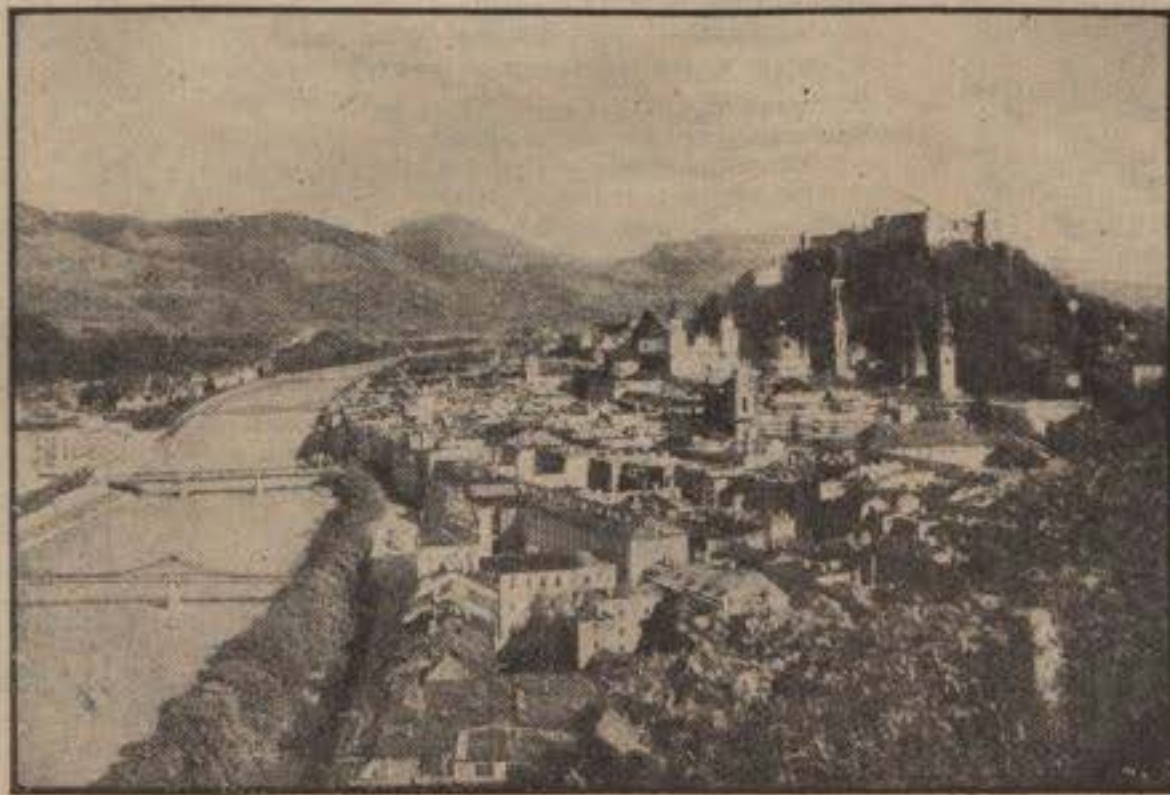
That palace, where the music is coming from, is redolent of Mozart. But what corner of Salzburg is not? You climb the broad staircase of the house where he was born and find the rooms in which he passed his childhood; white, clean, low-ceilinged, like a farm-house. You see him in the trim exactitude of the orangery at Mirabell; at Hellbrunn the impish spirit that tempts you to play with the adorable marionette-theatre there is certainly Mozart's. (We hear that Herr Reinhardt plays with it for hours at a time.) But at the palace he reigns. You forget the Prince-Archbishop, his power which challenged Pope and Emperor, and its symbol in this magnificence; your thought is all for a very subordinate member of his household. As you tour the vast apartments it is not the marvels of tapestry and porcelain nor the miracles of Italian decoration and French furniture that hold you, but the slender, tripping figure of Mozart, hurrying along to what is now the Council Chamber, where the candles are lit and the clavier open and the fiddles tuning up; and a great company of lords and ladies; and the towering figure of the Archbishop, caring

not a whit for the symphony, but in secret tremendously proud of his boy capellmeister who could turn out music as bright and prolific as any in Europe. Mozart hated him. They were both proud men, and in the clash of pride, the Archbishop won. Mozart fled from Salzburg—to be crushed in the end by Vienna. His genius, enthroned in this palace, owns a fealty beyond the dreams of Prince-Archbishop.

And what of the 'Mozart House,' which is Salzburg's Conservatoire of Music? To describe this as 'a modern building in the baroque style' is to do it no justice. It is set among trees like a nobleman's château. Inside is the prettiest series of rooms, upon which a very expert decorator with French sensibilities seems to have worked. The museum, where the Mozart relics are, is as gay as a drawing-room, and the concert-hall with its chandeliers and rococo ornament is surely the most charming in the world. You may spend an hour or two there in the mornings, and an official will show you round with an enthusiasm as if he were doing it for the first time. You are received like royalty, and the proceedings end with a

miniature concert by the students. All this for some minuscule sum which I have forgotten but is less than a shilling. The little concert reveals the Austrian performer in the making, and the extraordinary delicacy of the playing in those delicate sunbathed rooms, Mozart's spirit possessing all, makes one wonder if one has stumbled upon the fountain of Viennese execrancy; the secret of the *pianissimo*, the art of Kreisler and Hoffmann, and Madame Schumann.

Truly does the August traveller find in Salzburg the best of both worlds. In the day-time he goes walking-tours with the best. He is for ever scaling mountain-paths, but always through enchanted woods, for the reward of those Alpine panoramas that are beyond all description and defeat every camera; or he trudges out to one or other of the little 'Versailles' that dot the country round. To Leopoldskron, perhaps, where Herr Reinhardt lives, thankful for one great palace which is not merely a show place. And in the evening, after so strenuous a day of sun and air, there is the Vienna Philharmonic to play to him, or some international quartet, or the Vienna opera, or a notable production of Herr Reinhardt's in the Riding School. Or if he has been steeped in the eighteenth century, at Mirabell or Hellbrunn or Aigen, he may fancy himself some honest citizen of the period who would like his music under the stars. And so he will stroll to the courtyard of the Residenz, where the torches are flaming and the serenades are breathing their enchantment upon the night. Is nothing stirring in that black line of windows whose sight was blinded more than a century ago? Was it a trick of the moon, or perhaps a tail-flick of that searchlight? Or was it the ghost of lovers who listened to that music when it was white as the new baroque, and wove its tenderness into their love; . . . or was it the Master himself, brooding beneficently? W. ROOKE-LEY.



ETHEREAL LIMERICKS

Contributed by our readers and
published with misgivings.

With decorations by Arthur Watts.



S O S.

WILL Alastair Andrew McFee,
Believed to be somewhere at sea,
Go at once to Brazil,
Where his mother is ill
And is constantly asking for he?
H. G. P., Cobham.

STRONG STUFF.

THERE was a strong fellow, Jack Hylton,
Whose music, if cheese, would be Stilton.
Put such on the shelf,
'Twill escape by itself,
For there's life in your music, Jack Hylton.
T. H. W.



IN PRAISE OF SAMUEL.

A WET Friday gives me the crepys,
And I rise with my soul in the depys;
But it all melts away
In that sunshiny ray
That gleams from the pages of Pepys.
P. S. Tondin, Leigh-on-Sea.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

THIS hint to *The Radio Times*
May prove much more forceful in rhymes:
Its diminutive print
Is making us squint,
On the page which rehearses its crimes.
W. J. Goundry, Barrasford.

DOMESTIC SCENE.

WHILE Ellen was listening in
The men came to empty the bin.
Almost roused to hysterics,
She cried 'Curse atmospherics!
I can't hear the News with this din.'
E. M. Ambler, Bradford.

AN EPITAPH.

HERE lies an Announcer called 'Bud,'
Who pleaded 'Not guilty, m'lud';
But for strangling that 'O'
He was sent down below
With the forecast, 'mod'ret to gud.'
F. J. Young, Norwich.



THESE DECLINING TIMES.

I'M a listener, oh, yes! and a highbrow,
And that is the reason I sigh now,
For jazz is the rage
In this decadent age
Which elevates naught but an eyebrow.
L. M. Delinege Downey, Narbury.

MAN SPRICHT DEUTSCH.

DIE deutscher Sprache ist schwer
Für andere, und auch nur
Aber versuchen ich kann
Wenn Herr Otto Siepmann
Ist so freundlich; und will mit mir 'Bear.'*
O. Kempson, Osterley.

* Editorial Note.—Mr. Siepmann has not corrected this!



VULGAH WHIT.

A THIRSTY Announcer from Harrow
Was once almost froze to the marrow,
When he called 'Black and White'
A coster said 'Quhite,
That reminds me to oil my huile-barrow!'
H. H. V., Elephant and Castle.

MUSIC OFF?

THERE'S an English composer called Bax
Who has written enough to fill sacks,
When H. Cohen and he
Play his last symphony*
We whistle the tune that it lacks.
A. T. S.

* Editor's Note.—Even Harriet Cohen cannot join with him in a 'symphony'; but we are sure they will both forgive our lyric correspondent his licence.

GRUESOME DETAILS.

THERE was a young writer called Berkeley
Who looked upon life somewhat derkeley,
In his excellent thriller
One discovers the killer,
After finding the corpse, staring sterkeley.
D. Botterill, Ben-Rhydding.



INEVITABLE.

SAID a rising young tenor named Pryke,
'When I broadcast I'll sing what I like!'
And yet on the day
No songs, strange to say,
But Quilter's were heard by the 'mike.'
B. A. Young, West End Lane.

SILLY GUFFIN!

THERE was a young fellow called Willie
Whose notions on wireless were silly.
He held out his set
Through the window, to get
Peru—but he only got chilly!
E. Kitchen, Pallingham.

THE LOST IS NOW FOUND.

AN eccentric musician named Morgan
Was seated one day at the organ,
When he found the Lost Chord
He was so overawed
That he shot himself with a small-bore gun.
B. A. Young, West End Lane.

"THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU."

OUR favourite Announcer named Hibberd
While broadcasting actually sniggered,
This unseemly mirth
Travelled miles round the earth,
And the Grundys exclaimed, 'Well, I'm jiggered.'
L. Morton, Ealing.



'AND NOW, CHILDREN . . .'

MANY Happy Returns to John Batt,
Who must hunt up his father's old hat;
To Dorothy Pink,
Who must look in the sink—
I think we must leave it at that.
H. G. P., Cobham.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

IT appears, to one who can spot it,
When folks get a thing they think's not it,
They grumble a lot
'Till they get what they've got,
And don't want what they've got when they've
got it.
C. E. Catcheride, Warrington.



TO THE CHIEF ANNOUNCER

YOUR voice, sir, is perfect, yes—quite,
And I listen wrapt up in delight;
But to add to my bliss
Won't you please give a kiss,
With 'Good night, everybody, good night'?

'NEW NOVELS.'

AN author who lives on Ben Nevis
Keeps a shot-gun concealed in a crevice,
Since the day when he heard
That his book 'got the bird,'
Though *ars longa, I fear vita brevis.*
L. Machinnon, Woking.

A LYRIC FOR JAZZ.

MESSRS. Harvey Grace, Newman and Maine
Treat jazz with a lofty disdain.
I can picture their sorrow
(Enlivened by Morrow)
When others find pleasure in Payne.
R. Tattersall, Mill Hill.

PURE ENGLISH.

THE Announcer, one evening, said 'Quate';
Here is the News for to-nate.
A horse in the pairdock
Swallowed a hairdock,
And gave his poor trainer a frate.
M. Walker, Camden Town.



TO MISS TERRY.

A PERFORMANCE that tickled me very
Was *Jolly Old Jail*, 'twas so merry.
Though I've gargled my thorax
With treacle and borax,
I can't reach top 'Q' like Miss Terry.
E. White, Redland.

TALENT GRATIS.

THE EDITOR bent on a freak,
Said 'Talent for nothing I seek;
So send your best rhymes
To *The Radio Times*.'
What unjustifiable cheek!

H. Webber, Bournemouth.
Editorial Note.—They are all so good that we should be ruined!

A further selection of limericks will appear in an early issue.

THOMAS OATES, SOMETIME ANNOUNCER

A Holiday History

By Jonathan Derry

'IF Thomas Oates could see us now!' said my old friend Flaxborough, as the train finally emerged from the gloom of London and burrowed its way into the green fields of southern England.

I crooked my head at the matron on my right and her progeny, strewn around my extremities, and glanced at my watch. In fifty minutes we should be at Bumbleton, Little Bumbleton-on-the-Wither with its golden sands and blue sea and holidays. I looked across at the black and orange checks of Flaxborough's new plus-fours. 'And who was Thomas Oates, if I may ask?' My old friend shifted the attentions of a slumbering neighbour and lit a cigarette.

'Thomas Oates,' he said, 'is, or rather was, an announcer in the B.B.C. He was also my friend. It is a sad story, but you had better hear it.'

I shook my head in sympathy, but made no comment.

'Thomas Oates,' continued Flaxborough, 'was an announcer with as golden a voice as has ever floated through the waves of the ether to fall like dew on the ears of dotting listeners. When Thomas Oates spoke, the most die-hard of oscillators abandoned their dials, and the cats on the housetops sank their differences in rapt attention to the stronger call of the loud-speaker. That,' said my old friend, with a dreamy look at the fitting fields and hedgerows, 'was in the days when phonography was but a word at Savoy Hill, and when the map of Britain lay within the discretion of the announcer's syllables. But never once did Thomas Oates falter. Nimble he leaped over the pits dug by the News Editor, taking Looe and Lympe and Llanelly in his confident stride; juggling with Scottish football teams as a conjurer with knives; dismissing Ebbw Vale and Abergavenny as if they had been his own Christian names. Nor were his qualities exhausted with his golden tones. Something of the irresistible charm that on one occasion caused the celebrated Samsonowitch to drop a whole octave in his presence seemed to have crept into his accents. And the presents he got! You may believe me or not, but I have counted on Thomas Oates' desk, one single morning, twenty-seven boxes of assorted chocolates, three bottles of acid drops, four of fruit pastilles, an armful of blushing red roses, and innumerable envelopes, addressed in delicate, spidery hands and still sweet with their writers' fragrance.' Flaxborough glanced out of the window. Stow-in-the-Bottle and Battle-curn-Whirlpool had already flashed by. The blue waters of the English Channel darted to and fro between the green hills. The smallest member of my matron's family was not feeling well near my left foot.

'I believe you,' I said. 'Pray continue.'

'But all that is changed. The days of red roses and acid drops are over, never to return. If Thomas Oates could see us now! . . . Flaxborough broke off and laughed. 'Thomas, I fear, would not approve of the business on which we are at present engaged. For only one thing can rouse him nowadays from the deadly lethargy into which he has sunk—the idea of holidays. The mildest of men, I have heard him thunder from a soap-box in the Park: "Holidays are the curse of the working classes!

Abolish holidays and——" though he got no farther, he survived with the assistance of the police to preach another day. Four times he has approached the Home Secretary. At Victoria and Waterloo a special detective is detailed to shadow him, whenever he appears. Not that he often resorts to physical violence.

"Second news. Copyright reserved," read Thomas in dead, sullen tones. "Weather today was foul and rotten. Cold winds and incessant rainstorms swept the coasts of the British Isles and brought misery and discomfort to the thousands of foolish folk assembled in search of pleasure. Tonight's weather forecast promises further rain, with the certainty of thunder, lightning, heavy gales, and, if possible, snow. Hotel-keepers at seaside resorts are already complaining of the worst holiday on record. Tomorrow they will be in tears."

Bitter sneers and sinister jibes at the expense of innocent holiday-makers are his weapons, although on one occasion I have myself restrained an angry mob from lynching him as the result of his having thrown a little boy's bucket and spade beneath the wheels of an incoming engine. That is the sort of man that Thomas Oates is today. And all because of a certain August Bank Holiday many, many years ago.

'Thomas Oates had made careful plans that summer. While the president was finishing his broadcast address at the Bottleblowers' Banquet, Thomas described to me the rare virtues of the rooms he had engaged six months previously in the very centre of the esplanade at Bracington-under-Mare. He had been offered ten times

their value by despairing late-comers. But he just smiled and shook his head. Nothing but the weather could spoil Thomas's holiday. And then that nothing happened. You remember the case of William Potts, the announcer, who resigned.

'As a matter of fact, I don't, but——'

'William Potts' resignation took place four days before August Bank Holiday.'

'And Oates had to announce in his place?'

'Precisely. Thomas Oates was condemned to spend his holiday in the torrid heat of the Strand instead of in the very centre of the sunny esplanade of Bracington-under-Mare.

'And the sun *did* shine. Thomas had no need to be reminded of it. Beads of perspiration glistened on the soprano's forehead as she sucked the last gasp of air from the stifling studio. The trombonist in the military band threw his shirt after his coat and waistcoat, and the new Hungarian virtuoso forgot to ask for his cheque as he melted from the building. But reminded Thomas was. No one saw his expression change as he took up the pages of the 6.15 news bulletin. No one of the listening millions detected a catch in his voice as he related paragraph after paragraph of blue skies and golden sands and happy crowds splashing in the cool waters of the ocean. The News Editor had done his work well. Not a train packed with gay holidaymakers, nor a promise of continued sunshine and heat-waves, did he omit. And in the course of his recitation something must have snapped within Thomas Oates' brain.

'At 9 p.m. he was outwardly the same man. I had walked a little way down the Strand with him myself, and a few minutes later we had walked back. But when he took up the news bulletin—a repetition with certain enlargements of the 6.15 stories—and opened his mouth, I knew that the worst had happened.

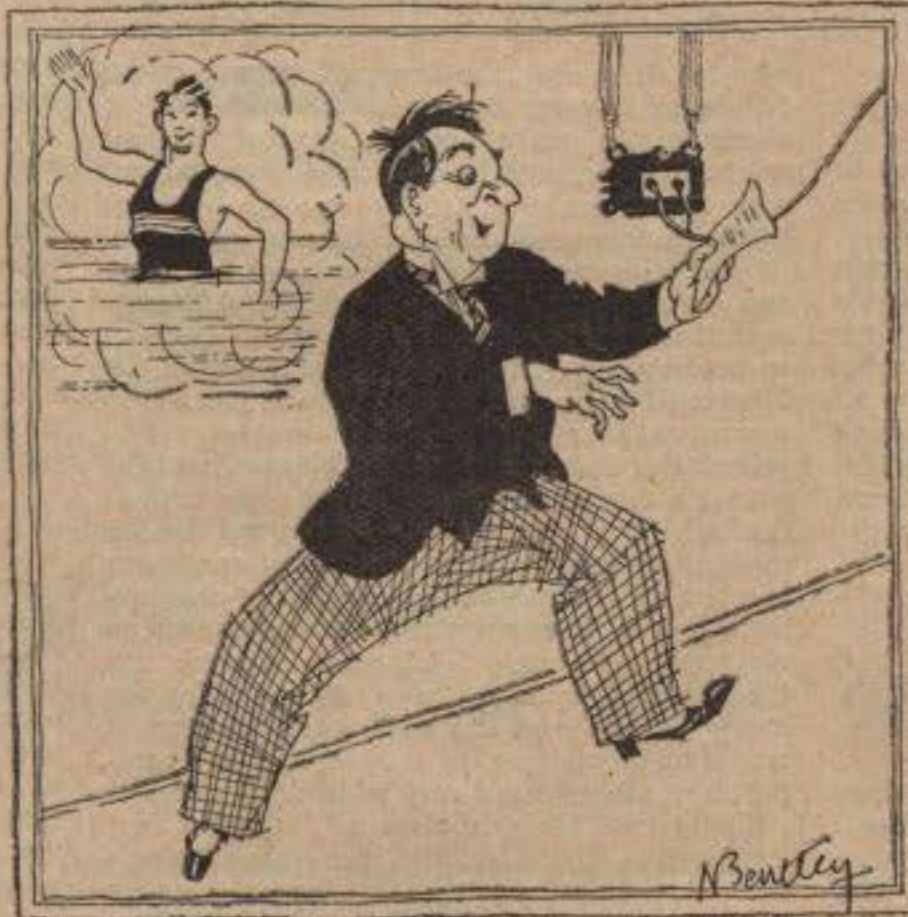
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'And the sequel?' I asked.

'Thirty seconds later the telephone rang, and within the minute Thomas Oates had left the building, the latest addition to the great roll of unemployed.'

'And the odd thing,' said Flaxborough, suddenly, 'was that Oates got his rooms in the centre of the esplanade after all. As the result of his weather forecasts the place was deserted when he reached it next morning. What's more, he was right. It rained and blew for the next ten days. Funny, wasn't it?'

JONATHAN DERRY.



This Week's Music

Notes on the Programmes

THEY SAID BRAHMS' MUSIC WAS 'CRABBED'!

Brahms' Pianoforte Music in the 'Foundations'—An essentially French composer—A concerto by a Belgian—Mozart from Salzburg—A Somerset Rhapsody by Holst—Arthur de Greef at the First Prom.

Brahms' Pianoforte Music.

(*National.* Monday to Saturday, 6.40.)

BRAHMS began his musical career as a pianist, with such success that when he was only ten, an enterprising American tried to carry him off to the States on a concert tour. The offer might have been accepted—to the hard-up Brahms household it was a real temptation—but Cossel, the boy's teacher, put his foot firmly down, and Brahms never ceased to be grateful to him for keeping him to his studies. It was the same Cossel who once said of Brahms: 'What a pity it is! He might be such a good pianist, but he will not leave that everlasting composition alone.' His first works were, naturally, for his own instrument: his Op. 1, published in his twentieth year, is the *C Major Sonata*, dedicated to Joachim, and his last pianoforte pieces appeared forty years later, so that his love for the instrument was an abiding one. It is stamped on all his music for it; even from the outset its idiom is his own, with no concessions to the virtuoso, nor even to popular taste. 'Dry,' 'harsh,' 'crabbed,' 'awkward,'—these are a few of the epithets which have been hurled at it, and one of his contemporaries, himself a prolific composer and the father of fourteen daughters, each one more gaunt and grenadier-like than the last, used to speak of it as 'old bachelor's music.' It must be confessed that it demands an effort from the listener who would understand it fully, as from the player who would give its message aright. But the effort is richly repaid when its seeming austerity reveals a deep vein of sincere poetic feeling and a big loftiness of conception, set forth with a wonderful wealth of tone effects.

Vulcan's Song.

(*London Regional.* Monday, 8.0.)

IN Gounod's *Philemon and Baucis* the ancient Olympic deities are treated with somewhat scant respect, and the author of the libretto shows us them as subject to the usual mortal weaknesses and failings. Jupiter, having to visit the world of men, has brought Vulcan with him, and the armourer has left his underground forges most unwillingly. Ever since he made himself a laughing-stock by his unlucky wooing of Venus he has been shy of facing the other gods, or even mortals, feeling that they must all know of the goddess' scornful treatment of him. In this song he gives vent to his annoyance at having to come to the upper world, and tells how much happier he is in the dark caverns of his underground forge,

'Where loud my heavy hammers sound,
And bright my furnace fires are glowing,
Within my kingdom underground
I reign supreme, no rival knowing.'

In Gounod's orchestral accompaniment, the ringing of hammer on anvil is rhythmically heard almost throughout the song, and sometimes an actual anvil and hammer are specially added for the purpose to the usual orchestra.

Vincent D'Indy.

(*London Regional.* Tuesday, 9.0.)

BELONGING to a rank of society which has given the world only a few great masters of music, D'Indy began his career as a somewhat scantily equipped amateur. When, after fighting through the Franco-Prussian War, he submitted a quartet to César Franck, the master had to point out, very gently no doubt, that it was altogether badly written and badly put together. D'Indy, however, devoted himself with such energy and enthusiasm to serious study that for many years he has held a leading place in the French world of music, as composer, teacher, and author. During his years of apprenticeship he made the acquaintance of such great men as Liszt, Wagner, and Brahms, and was one of the very few Frenchmen



THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

Parry's setting of this old German legend (as Browning told it) will be sung on Wednesday.

who had a hand in the first performance of the *Nibelung's Ring* at Bayreuth. He took a large share in the early presentations of Wagner operas in Paris, and, by way of gaining practical orchestral experience, acted as second drummer in the Colonne concerts for some three years. At the same time he was chorus-master there and organist in a Paris church. He became eventually César Franck's favourite disciple, succeeding him in 1890 as President of the National Society of Music, and two years later was a member of the commission set up to reform the Conservatoire. His biography of his master is one of the finest tributes of its kind in the whole of musical literature, and he has made many other valuable contributions to our knowledge, not only of his own fellow-countrymen, but of Beethoven and other giants of an older day. A man of immense industry and the highest ideals, he has done more for the music of his own day and country than it would be at all easy to reckon, and his compositions range over a very wide field. Essentially French, his music springs from the best impulses of the Romantic movement, though his own character has all along been too strong to be very much influenced from outside sources.

Andre Caplet.

(*London Regional.* Tuesday, 9.0.)

CAPLET was best known during his short life as a brilliant conductor. As winner of the Grand Prix de Rome, in 1901, he made not only the traditional stay in Italy, but visited Germany too, where he learned much from Mottl and Nikisch, and so conspicuous were his gifts as a conductor that at the early age of eighteen he was Colonne's assistant, and three years later Director at the Odéon Theatre. Debussy and he were close friends, and Caplet was chosen to direct the performance of Debussy's *Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian*. In 1912 he came to Covent Garden to conduct *Pelleas and Melisande*, and for four years he was conductor of the Boston Orchestra, introducing much new French music there. His own music is as yet but little known in this country, though, when it is heard, its finely poetic qualities are always recognized. And when he chooses he can present a striking and even bizarre picture, as in this symphonic study for harp and string quartet. It appeared in 1909 at the Colonne Concerts.

Joseph Jongen.

(*London Regional.* Tuesday, 9.0.)

MOST of Jongen's career has been identified with his native city, Liège, at whose Conservatoire he was at different times a student, a professor, and principal. He left it only in 1920, at the age of fifty-seven, for the Brussels Conservatoire, of which he soon afterwards became Principal. During the War he made his home in this country, living partly in London and partly at Bournemouth, and along with two compatriots and Lionel Tertis, formed a pianoforte quartet, which gave many concerts over here. He gave frequent organ recitals, too, during the war years, throughout England. Most of his music, so far as we know it in this country, is for small teams, quartets, trios, and sonatas, as well as songs and solo pieces, but he has besides written for orchestra, including a symphonic poem, *Lalla Rookh*. Showing, in some ways, the influence of César Franck, his music is always thoughtful and restrained, at once dignified and delicate in feeling. The slow movement of this concerto, for instance, is eloquent of a spirit of serene meditation, and the third movement, dance-like and full of vigour, never loses the same quality of refinement.

A Mozart Serenade.

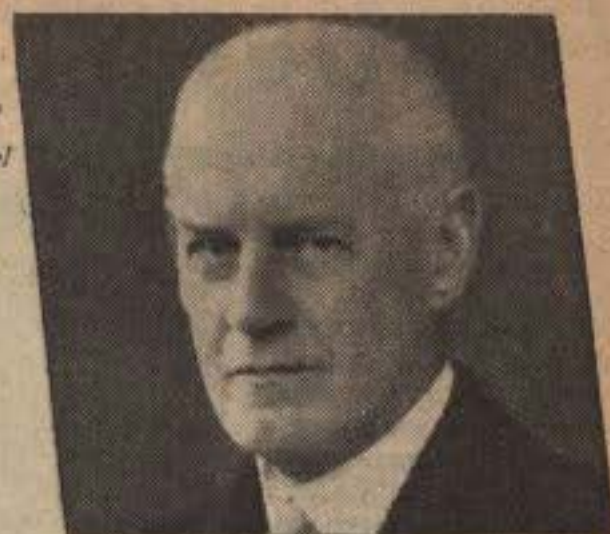
(*National.* Wednesday, 7.45.)

COMPOSED in Mozart's eighteenth year, in the midst of a period of feverish activity, this is one of many Serenades in D Major. The key is one which on the orchestra has almost always a sense of brightness, and that is, as a rule, the mood of the Suites of little movements which Mozart called Serenades, Divertimenti, and Cassations. It was a time when his father was still exercising some supervision over Mozart's work, and the

(Continued on page 238.)

SPECIAL SUMMER FICTION NUMBER

John Galsworthy, who contributes a new Forsyte tale for August
Photo: Raphael



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VAUDEVILLE Stories of the Stars THIS WEEK Told by Rudolph de Cordova

The Quarrelsome Couple.

IT is not given to everyone, as it was to Mr. Claude Hulbert and Miss Enid Trevor, to turn one of those slight domestic altercations which occur in the most affectionate families into a comedy turn capable of interesting and amusing a vast audience as they have done over and over again. It happened one morning on the front of Brighton. Mr. Hulbert was late in meeting Miss Trevor, who in private life is Mrs. Hulbert. Naturally, as is the habit of wives when husbands are late, she began to scold him. Seeing humour in the situation, Mr. Hulbert began to embroider the incident and Miss Trevor, taking her cue from him, started to elaborate it for their own amusement. When they had finished a gentleman sitting behind them bent forward and, evidently believing they had been rehearsing a scene for the concert party with which they were engaged, whispered, 'That has been most entertaining. I've enjoyed it so much. Couldn't you manage to put it on the wireless? I am sure it would amuse everybody.' On their way to their hotel the two young artists laughed heartily at the episode. Suddenly Mr. Hulbert grew serious. 'That's a jolly good idea about broadcasting our tiff. I'll get an introduction to the B.B.C. and see if they'll take it.' He did, they took it. Since then Mr. Hulbert and Miss Trevor, who form part of the well-known act, entitled *Two Pairs*, in which they combine with Mr. Paul England and Miss Paterson, have written and broadcast several other 'tiffs' and they are by no means gruelled for lack of matter for these 'domestic arguments' as they call them to amuse those who listen in on subsequent occasions.

Parrot-Fashion.

WELL known as a singer of songs in French, English, and Spanish, Mlle. Yvette Darnac is making a new departure on Wednesday by playing the part of an Italian girl, in which she will sing two songs, although she really knows no Italian. In doing this she will emulate Mlle. Mireille Perrey, the heroine of *Sons of Guns* at the Hippodrome, who knew no English and learned her part parrot-fashion with Mlle. Darnac, who understudies her. As her name implies, Mlle. Darnac is French, and came to London to learn English, but she had only a vague understanding of the language when she was engaged to play in *The Girl in the Taxi* on tour and got her part by heart through her ear. As an alien she had to register her address at every town in which she appeared—a fact which had tragic consequences when she forgot to do so in Preston. All went well until she arrived at the theatre on Wednesday, when she was startled on hearing that a detective wanted to see her. She was summoned before the magistrate on the following Friday. In the dock by her side stood a giant policeman. 'Don't you know you've committed a grave offence,' shouted the magistrate. Frightened out of her wits, she stood speechless. 'Say no,' whispered the policeman. Mlle. Darnac could only shake her head. 'Don't you know you are liable to six months' imprisonment and a fine of £100?' shouted the magistrate louder than before. 'Say no,' whispered the



WILFRED SHINE.



YVETTE DARNAC.



MICHAEL HOGAN.

policeman again. Again Mlle. Darnac shook her head and fell fainting in the policeman's arms. When she came to she was told, 'They have been quite nice to you, for you have only been fined 10s.' Mlle. Darnac paid the fine, but she was so scared by the magistrate that she refused to take any more chances of forgetting to register and resigned her engagement.

Two Pianos Played as One.

THE duets on two pianos which form the feature of the broadcast of Messrs. Edgar Fairchild and Robert Lindholm are played under novel conditions in the cabarets and theatres in which they appear, for all the lights are put out and only the keyboards of the pianos are illuminated, so that nothing but their hands is visible to the audience. Going home recently to visit their parents in New York after a long absence, they were naturally asked to appear at the concert which is always given during a voyage. The programme began, naturally enough, with a piano solo by the steamer's pianist. It was followed by another piano solo, and after a solo on the violoncello came a third piano solo by a gentleman described by the chairman as a distinguished American concert pianist. He began with a Chopin scherzo which evidently did not win as much applause as he thought he should have, for, rising from his place, he moved over to the second piano which was in readiness for the turn of Messrs. Fairchild and Lindholm, and said, as he seated himself, 'I will play the same scherzo again on this instrument.' He did, and went through a second long piece before he rose. 'And now,' said the chairman, 'I will call on Messrs. Fairchild and Lindholm.' As they took their seats Mr. Fairchild turned to the audience and with a face as serious as a judge, said, 'By way of a change, we will have another piano solo.'

The Waitress-Made Popular Turn.

A WAITRESS brought about that artistic partnership between Miss Mabel Constanduros and Mr. Michael Hogan which has given so many humorous Cockney sketches to B.B.C. audiences. After a rehearsal for a broadcast of Capt. Reginald Berkeley's *The Quest of Elizabeth*, in which they were taking part, they found themselves—not having previously spoken to each other—at separate tables in a neighbouring restaurant. 'Don't sit so far from the radiator,' admonished the waitress, 'it's warmer here,' and she indicated a table. When, in response to her suggestion, they changed their places, she shepherded them eventually to adjoining tables. Her good-humoured loquacity and her naive remarks set them

both smiling, with the result that they began to talk to each other. Their common interest in the forthcoming broadcast later in the evening led to more intimate conversation, and before they left the restaurant they had planned *The Survivor*, one of the few mystery plays done by the B.B.C. In time they developed the comedy side of their art which has not infrequently led to humorous incidents. One day, shortly after Miss Constanduros had broadcast her monologue *Grandma's losing her false*

teeth, a box was delivered to her. On opening it, she found two sets of false teeth and a letter which read: 'So sorry Grandma's lost her false teeth; hope one of these will fit!' If the gift was gruesome, the laughter it produced was as hearty as that of a distinguished musician who had been operated on for appendicitis and who wrote to Miss Constanduros, 'Your sketch made me laugh so much I burst my stitches!'

The Repeating Notice.

IN the days of his theatrical youth, Mr. Wilfred Shine, who tells inimitable Irish stories, was a member of a travelling fit-up company in Ireland. It carried its own scenery which, for economy in cost as well as transit, was painted on both sides. When the play was changed, the company had to assemble in the morning to re-set the scenery. One night, in Killarney, after the performance, Mr. Shine was told by the stage-manager, the eldest son of the proprietor, that he would not be needed next morning, so he went off to revel in the beauty of the Lake. When he returned in the afternoon, he received a message to report to the manager immediately. 'Why weren't you at rehearsal this morning?' asked the manager, angrily. 'The stage-manager, your son, told me I wasn't wanted,' replied Mr. Shine. 'No one takes orders from anyone but me,' shouted the manager, 'and as you weren't here, you're discharged. Sit down and write your notice.' Mr. Shine shook his head. 'You've given me notice so you must write my notice.' The manager flared. 'You know I can't write, so you've got to write the notice.' Mr. Shine did, and the manager put his 'mark' on the paper. Two days later, he sent for the young actor. 'Here's your notice. Tear it up! I've changed my mind. You're not going away.' A few days later someone else annoyed the manager, so he sent for Mr. Shine and again gave him notice, letting him write the memorandum as before. Whenever in future the manager was annoyed by anyone, and he frequently was, he relieved his feelings discharging Mr. Shine. The latter suggested the notice should be printed and he be given a bundle to hand to himself whenever the manager desired. Incidentally, Mr. Shine discovered that beside being unable to write, the manager, who played the star parts, could not read, and learnt them by having them read to him.

Dickens a La Russe.

IN making her debut before the microphone, Miss Ray Litvin, whose parents are Russian, is introducing a novel feature which she has made exclusively her own, viz.,

(Continued on page 260)

'CO-OPTIMISTICALLY YOURS—'

Six of the famous Co-Optimists are to come to the microphone in three shows, in which they will give many of their famous numbers and a few new ones.

Their first broadcasts will be on Wednesday (National) and Thursday (London Regional). They will give their second show on August 13 and 15, and their third on August 21 and 23.



Davy Burnaby

DAVY BURNABY, The Prince of Compères, or Why Balieff Went Back To Russia. The father and mother of the troupe, ever ready with a monologue when the audience seems likely to stampede. Always wears a monocle, and doesn't seem to mind. The backbone of every Co-Optimist show.



Betty Chester

BETTY CHESTER—might be described as the Soubrette. Sings, dances, and does anything else there is to do in the show. Has broadcast several times, and always gone across big. Handwriting shows character, determination, loyalty, generosity, and all the other things they tell you on the pier.



Gilbert Childs

GILBERT CHILDS was the original comedian of the company. 'The Roast Beef of Old England' was one of his great songs—and do you remember 'The Rich Man Drives By in His Carriage and Pair'? Has mellowed a good deal since then, but still sings them better than anyone else.

STANLEY HOLLOWAY is the one they fetch out when they want a good, rich, fruity, straight song. Has worked his way through the manual professions—vocally from 'The Wheel-Tapper' to 'The Steeple-jack,' so now there isn't much further to go. The only one of the lot with a legible signature.



Stanley Holloway



Phyllis Monkman

PHYLLIS MONKMAN, the Girl Who Sits On The Piano. When she gets down she shows some action, and it gets dangerous in the front row of stalls. Began as a dancer, but just wait till you hear her sing! If she plays her Cockney sketch, 'The Pink 'At,' there won't be a dry eye in the house.

HARRY PEPPER, well known to the radio audience as the man who plays the piano in revues. He certainly can coax those melodies out of the keyboard—and when he gets tired in the shoulders he starts composing tunes. Verdict on handwriting—tries to write like Phyllis Monkman, but it's a gift.



Harry Pepper

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AUGUST 3

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SUNDAY

NATIONAL PROGRAMME

10.30-10.45 a.m. app. (1,554.4 m. only) TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST

3.0-3.50 app. **A SERVICE**
 Arranged by
THE OLD CONTEMPTIBLES ASSOCIATION
 Relayed from
ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS
 National Anthem
 Thanksgiving
 Hymn, 'O God, our help in ages past'
 Lesson, Rev. OWEN SPENCER WATKINS
 Hymn, 'Fight the Good Fight'
 Prayers
 Hymn, 'Holy Father, in Thy Mercy'
 Address by the Rev. PAT MCCORMICK
 Hymn, 'O valiant Hearts'
 Last Post
 Reveille
 The Blessing

4.15 **THE GERSHOM PARKINGTON QUINTET**
 DOROTHY BENNETT (*Soprano*)
 FRANK TITTERTON (*Tenor*)

QUINTET
 Invitation to the Dance *Weber*
 Andantino *Lemare*

DOROTHY BENNETT
 Pourquoi rester seulette? (Why remain alone?) *Saint-Saens*
 Fabliau ('Manon') *Massenet*

QUINTET
 The Garden of Count Antoine ('The Garden of Allah') *Landon Ronald*
 Introduction and Humoresque d'Ambrosio Serenade *Toselli*

FRANK TITTERTON
 Sweet Chance that led my Steps ('Songs of the Country Side') *Head*
 My Love is like a red, red Rose *Humphries*
 My sword for the King *Head*

DOROTHY BENNETT
 The Willows *Goring Thomas*
 Nymphs and Fauns *Bemberg*

QUINTET
 Fantasy Suite *Besly*
 FRANK TITTERTON
 Bright smiling Eyes *Alcock*
 The Spanish Lady (Old Song) *arr. Hughes*
 The Yeoman's Wedding Day *Poniatovski*

QUINTET
 Consolation *Liszt*
 Seguidillas (Spanish Dance) *Albeniz*
 In the Gloaming *Lady Arthur Hill*

5.30 **A PIANOFORTE RECITAL**
 by
ISABEL GRAY
 Prelude, Allemande and Courante (Partita in B Flat) *Bach*
 Impromptus in A Flat and F Sharp *Chopin*
 Warum? (Why?) *Schumann*
 Traumeswirren (Dream Perplexities) }
 Waltz, Op. 36, No. 7 *Arensky*
 Kaleidoscope, Op. 40 *Hofmann*

6.0-6.15 **BIBLE READING**
 THE LETTERS OF ST. PAUL—I
 Galatians i and ii
 6.30-7.45 (1,554.4 m. only)
EVENING SERVICE
 (From Edinburgh)
 Relayed from ST. CUTHBERT'S PARISH CHURCH



THE OLD CONTEMPTIBLES.
 Memories of August, 1914, evoked by the service at St. Martin's this afternoon. Above, the Black Watch entraining at Alder-shot for France, and below, some of the first British troops to arrive in Boulogne.

Metrical Psalm No. 148 (Second Version)
 Prayers
 Prose Psalm No. 86
 Old Testament Lesson
 Magnificat
 New Testament Lesson
 Hymn, 'Workman of God! O lose not heart'
 (R.C.H., No. 520)
 The Apostles' Creed
 Prayers
 Anthem
 Address by the Rev. D. M. BAILLIE, M.A.
 Hymn, 'Hark, hark, my soul' (R.C.H., No. 580; E.H., No. 399)
 Benediction

7.55 **A RELIGIOUS SERVICE**
 Relayed from MUSWELL HILL WESLEYAN CHURCH
 Organ Prelude, Grand Chœur in E Flat *Guilmant*
 (Organist, and Director of Choir, Mr. G. SWIDENBANK)

8.0 The Hallowing Introduction
 The Lord's Prayer
 The Thanksgiving
 Hymn, 'Jesus, the very thought of Thee' (Wesleyan Methodist Hymn Book, No. 110)
 Scripture Reading
 Anthem, 'Send out Thy Light' *Gounod*
 A Prayer from Scripture
 The Petitions
 Hymn, 'Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us' (W.M.H., No. 625)
 Sermon by the Rev. COLIN A. ROBERTS
 Hymn, 'This, this is the God we adore' (W.M.H., No. 389)
 Prayer and Benediction
 Vesper, 'Saviour most dear'
 (The text of the above service is based on 'Services for Broadcasting,' No. 7, page 28)

8.45 **The Week's Good Cause**
 Appeal on behalf of the CENTRAL COUNCIL FOR THE CARE OF CRIPPLES by Sir ROBERT JONES, Bart., K.B.E., C.B., F.R.C.S.
 (From Liverpool)
 Contributions will be gratefully received by Sir Robert Jones, Bart., Central Council for the Care of Cripples, 117, Piccadilly, W.1

8.50 **'The News'**
 WEATHER FORECAST, GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN; (1,554.4 m. only) Shipping Forecast

9.5 **Tom Jones**
 and
The Grand Hotel, Eastbourne, Orchestra
 From THE GRAND HOTEL, EASTBOURNE
 WILLIAM DENNIS (*Tenor*)

ORCHESTRA
 Overture, 'Der Freischütz' ('The Marksman') *Weber*
 Romance *Sibelius*

WILLIAM DENNIS
 Non piu Andrai ('Figaro') *Rossini*
 When the King went forth to War
Koenigman

ORCHESTRA
 Ballet Suite, 'La Source' *Delibes*

TOM JONES (*Violin*)
 Midnight Bells *Heuberger, arr. Kreisler*
 Rondino *Beethoven, arr. Kreisler*
 Præludium and Allegro .. *Pugnani, arr. Kreisler*

WILLIAM DENNIS
 Where e'er you walk *Handel*
 The Blind Ploughman *Coningsby Clarke*

ORCHESTRA
 Fantasy, 'Tannhäuser' *Wagner*

10.30 **Epilogue**
 'THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S—THE SUN ARISETH'
 (For details of this week's Epilogue see page 258)

Hear again these Gems

from this week's Programme on

"His Master's Voice"

SUNDAY

Vocal
SERENADE (Toselli) — Gloria Swanson — E5163, 3/-, London Nat. 4.43.

MONDAY

Vocal
HOMING — D'Alvarez — DA700, 6/-, London Reg. 7.06.
VULCAN'S SONG, "PHILEMON ET BAUCIS" — Peter Dawson — B1464, 3/-, London Reg. 8.5.
FLOWER SONG, "CARMEN" — Browning Mummery — C1419, 4/6, London Reg. 8.29.

Instrumental
POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE MARCHES, Nos. 1 and 2 (Elgar) — Royal Albert Hall Orchestra (conducted by Sir Edward Elgar) — D1162, 6/8, London Nat. 8.40.
ENTRY OF THE GLADIATORS — Mando-Lira Concert Society — B3344, 3/-, Midland Reg. 2.6.
"ZAMPA," OVERTURE — Coldstream Guards Band — C1421, 4/6, Midland Reg. 2.5.
UNREQUITED LOVE, WALTZ — International Concert Orchestra — C1838, 4/6, London Reg. 2.8.

TUESDAY

Instrumental
"TANNHÄUSER," MARCH — Chorus and Symphony Orchestra (conducted by Albert Coates) — D1161, 6/8, Midland Reg. 1.12.

WEDNESDAY

Vocal
OH, COULD I BUT EXPRESS IN SONG — Peter Dawson — B2223, 3/-, London Reg. 12.38.
SILENT NOON — Stuart Robertson — B2755, 3/-, London Reg. 1.43.

Instrumental
PRELUDE IN C SHARP MINOR (Rachmaninoff) — Jack Hylton and His Orchestra — C1854, 4/8, Midland Reg. 7.6.
ANITA'S DANCE and IN THE HALL OF THE MOUNTAIN KING, "PEER GYNT" — Royal Opera Orchestra, Covent Garden (conducted by Eugene Goossens) — C1290, 4/8, Midland Reg. 7.5.
TAMBOURIN CHINOIS — Fritz Kreisler — DE107, 8/6, London Nat. 7.10.
CHANSON (Friml) — Reginald King's Orchestra — B3881, 3/-, London Reg. 8.42.
CARMINA — Reginald King's Orchestra — B3051, 3/-, London Reg. 7.10.

THURSDAY

Instrumental
ANDANTE CANTABILE (Tchaikovsky) — Budapest String Quartet — D1634, 6/8, Midland Reg. 7.18.
BERCEUSE DE JOCELYN (Godard) — Casals — DB1038, 8/8, Midland Reg. 7.2.
"FLEDERMAUS," OVERTURE — Berlin State Opera Orchestra (conducted by Ernst Viehbiel) — C1414, 4/6, London Reg. 8.40.

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FRIDAY

Vocal
I'LL SING THREE SONGS OF ARABY — Derek Oldham — B2593, 3/-, Midland Reg. 7.26.

Instrumental
SLEEPING BEAUTY, WALTZ — Royal Opera Orchestra, Covent Garden (conducted by Dr. Malcolm Sargent) — C1413, 4/8, London Reg. 7.48.
"COSI FAN TUTTE," OVERTURE — Berlin State Opera Orchestra (conducted by Dr. Leo Sitch) — D1224, 6/8, Midland Reg. 12.0.
CONCERTO No. 1 in E FLAT MAJOR (Liszt) — Levitzki and London Symphony Orchestra — D1775-6, 6/8 each, Midland Reg. 8.30.
"LE CID," BALLET MUSIC (Massenet) — New Symphony Orchestra (conducted by Eugene Goossens) — C1838-9, 4/8 each, Midland Reg. 8.26.
WAND OF YOUTH SUITES (Elgar) — London Symphony Orchestra (conducted by Sir Edward Elgar) — D1635-8 and D1639-50, 6/8 each, Album Series No. 80, Midland Reg. 8.55.

SATURDAY

Vocal
WHEN THE KING WENT FORTH TO WAR — Chappaline — DB1068, 8/8, London Nat. 4.5.

Instrumental
SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME (Dvořák) — Casals — DB1399, 8/8, London Nat. 4.50.
LOTUS LAND — Cyril Scott — B2891, 3/-, London Reg. 9.25.

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The Gramophone Co., Ltd.

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AUGUST 3

626 kc/s. (479'2 m.)

SUNDAY

MIDLAND REGIONAL

3.30 A Concert by the Band of H.M. Coldstream Guards

(By kind permission of Col. C. P. HEYWOOD, C.M.G., D.S.O.)

Director of Music, Capt. R. G. EVANS

Relayed from the Palace Pier, Brighton
(London Regional Programme)

Overture, 'Tannhäuser' Wagner

Selection, 'Carmen' Bizet

Cornet Solo, Selected

(Sgt. GEORGE MORGAN)

Ballet Suite, 'The Shoe'

John Ansell

Selection, 'Rosa Marie'

Friml

Pot-pourri, 'Old Folks at Home' Roberts

5.0-5.30 London Regional Programme

8.0 A RELIGIOUS SERVICE

For the Holiday

Conducted by the Rev. BENSON PERKINS

Relayed from THE CENTRAL HALL, BIRMINGHAM

Order of Service

Organ Prelude

Hymn, 'Oh, life that maketh all things New,' (No. 321, Songs of Praise)

Reading

Motet

Prayer

Hymn, 'For the beauty of the Earth' (No. 24, Methodist Hymnal)

Address

Hymn, 'All creatures of our God and King' (No. 13, Revised Church Hymnary)

Blessing

At the Organ, GEORGE PLANT

8.45 National Programme

8.50 'The News'

WEATHER FORECAST, GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

9.0 Midland News

9.5 British Composers' Programme

THE MIDLAND WIRELESS AUGMENTED ORCHESTRA

(Leader, FRANK CANTELL)

Conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS

DALE SMITH (Baritone)

ORCHESTRA

Overture to a Comedy Balfour Gardiner

Variations on the Tune 'Sixpence' Hayford Morris

(Solo Pianoforte,

JOYCE JACKSON)



DALE SMITH

sings in the programme of music by British composers to be broadcast tonight at 9.5.

9.25 DALE SMITH and Orchestra

Ballad (for Baritone Voice and Orchestra)

Fred Adlington (First performance)

ORCHESTRA

Symphonic Poem 'Brazenhead'

Fred Adlington (First performance)

(Both conducted by THE COMPOSER)

9.55 Prelude and Nocturno (Ballet Music, 'Night and Morning'); Music for a Greek Tragedy (for Strings and Harp) Frederick Byg

(Conducted by THE COMPOSER)

10.10 Symphonic Variations, 'The Chimes' J. W. G. Hathaway

Serenade for Strings Reginald Redman

10.30 Epilogue

A CHAMBER MUSIC HOLIDAY.

For a whole week last summer one of the colleges at Cambridge resounded from morning till night with the strains of quartets and trios. Over a hundred amateur enthusiasts gathered from all over the country for practice and coaching, at the first Summer School of Chamber Music organized by the British Federation of Musical Competition Festivals. A similar school is being held this year, alongside of one for chamber orchestras, at the Normal College, Bangor, from August 30 to September 6, with Ivor James, Isolde Menges, and other distinguished players and teachers as the coaches; with Isolde Menges as first violin, chamber music concerts will be given to the students every evening. Lawn tennis, golf, excursions, and other open air recreations are available, but if last year's experience be a guide, no one will want to play anything but music. Listeners who are interested can have full particulars from the offices of the Federation, 22, Surrey Street, W.C.2.

AUGUST 3

★ 842 kc/s. (356.3 m.) ★

SUNDAY

LONDON REGIONAL

3.30 A Concert by the Band of H.M. Coldstream Guards

(By kind permission of Col. C. P. HEYWOOD, C.M.G., D.S.O.).

Director of Music, Capt. R. G. EVANS

Relayed from THE PALACE PIER, BRIGHTON

- Overture, 'Tannhäuser' *Wagner*
- Selection, 'Carmen' *Bizet*
- Cornet Solo, Selected (Sgt. GEORGE MORGAN)
- Ballet Suite, 'The Shoes' *John Ansell*
- Selection, 'Rose Marie' *Friml*
- Potpourri, 'Old Folks at Home' *Roberts*



THE BAND OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS, whose music will be relayed from Brighton this afternoon at 3.30, and also on Thursday (National) and Saturday (London Regional) this week.

5.0-5.30 'BEGINNINGS OF CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY'—I

'THE NEW TESTAMENT BACKGROUND'

By the Rev. J. K. MOZLEY, D.D.

7.50 RELIGIOUS SERVICE

Relayed from the Parish Church, Great Yarmouth THE BELLS

- Hymn, 'O Worship the King' (Ancient and Modern, 167)
- Confession
- Magnificat
- Lesson
- Nunc Dimittis
- Prayers
- Anthem, 'God is a Spirit and they that worship Him, must worship Him in spirit, and in Truth' *W. S. Bennett*
- Address by the Rt. Reverend Dr. ASHTON OLDHAM, Bishop of Albany, U.S.A.
- Eternal Father, strong to save (Ancient and Modern, 370)
- Blessing

8.45 The Week's Good Cause

Appeal on behalf of THE CENTRAL COUNCIL FOR THE CARE OF CRIPPLES (National Programme)

8.50 'The News'

WEATHER FORECAST, GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN; Regional News

9.5 British Composers' Programme

(From Midland Regional)

THE MIDLAND WIRELESS AUGMENTED ORCHESTRA

(Leader, FRANK CANTELL)
Conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS
DALE SMITH (Baritone)

10.10 Symphonic Variations, 'The Chimes'

J. W. G. Hathaway
Serenade for Strings *Reginald Redman*

10.30 Epilogue

THE RADIO TIMES.

The Journal of the British Broadcasting Corporation.

Published every Friday—Price Twopence.

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A ROSARY OF LOVELY PLACES

(Continued from page 214.)

brow was garlanded with leaves. This way the beasts ascended to sacrifice. Beyond the booming of bees and the chatter of grasshoppers rises the lowing of the consecrated kine . . .

I recall also a certain landscape, in Germany this time, in which the point upon which my imagination fastens is not the beauty of the place. I was away among those strangely twisted mountains that fringe the River Elbe in the direction of Czecho-Slovakia. I was climbing a dark portentous ravine in a snow blizzard. There was a wailing about my ears as if the world were resolved into chaos again and the titans had at length overwhelmed the gods. The sky throbbed with a lurid, a sulphurous, a really unpleasant light. When I crested that last lost mountain, it seemed as if I was about the only creature left in the solar system, except, perhaps, for a few Eskimos in Baffin's Land. Then my eye suddenly caught sight of a notice-board, stuck into a cleft in the rock: 'Citizens Beware! The Danger is Greater than the Romance. Picture

Postcards and Sausages are on Sale in the Hut ten minutes farther on!

Where to end? Shall I end in the portal of that little ninth-century chapel near Assisi, contemplating a poster that someone had lately nailed to the door: 'American Language Spoken Here'? Or eating a dish of *couscous* with a Moorish sheikh in Marrakech, attended by three ebony negresses, who stand outlined against the snowy splendour of the Atlas Mountains? No, let me end in Megalospaelion, for I know no place that still so obsesses my imagination. Megalospaelion is a Greek Orthodox monastery at the head of a ravine that thrusts southward from the Gulf of Corinth. The name means Great Cavern, for it is built into the concave enormity of a hollow mountain, and all its contours have cells patched precariously into its crannies, like swallows' nests. There at midnight on the eve of one Easter Sunday we stood, the priests and the novices and I, upon a platform slung high above the profound valley. The conical hats

of the priests were like pillars of black flame, their beards flowed like torrents of broken water. They were rather like black-winged birds than men, their eyes, red with study and fantastic unblinking meditation, gleaming like coals in the star-powdered darkness. And there the youngest of the novices struck a sort of antique gong; and, behold, Christ was born again into that sky-hung eyrie.

It was a strange place; and they were strange people; but it is an odd thing how, after all my wanderings, my mind comes back again to Lincolnshire, to a land soaked in the smell of waters. And beneath every willow there a fisherman sits, a battered green hat upon his head. 'A little bit of bread and no cheese!' cry the yellow-hammers petulantly. But no one takes any notice of them. And the water-wagtails flicker by the reeds, like a restless thought on the fringes of a dream. An odd thing, to keep going back like that to Lincolnshire. But it is so quiet. It is so green.

LOUIS GOLDING.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK

(Continued from page 230.)

original autograph, bound along with several other works in one of the famous blue-grey books, has the title in the elder Mozart's beautifully neat handwriting. There are eight movements in all, interchanging between major and minor keys, following on one another in this order:—a merry Allegro with a short and rather more solemn introduction; a movement in which the autograph has no indication, but which is usually thought of as an Andante; a Minuet and Trio; another movement without indication, but which on the face of it must be an Allegro; a second Minuet and Trio, quite short; a rather more serious Andante; yet one more Minuet and Trio, and a very bustling last movement, in which the good spirits of the whole Serenade reach their merriest point.

The Pied Piper.

(National, Wednesday, 7.45.)

THERE was hardly any side of life which Sir Hubert Parry's great heart and mind left untouched, and there were few sides of music in which he was not at home. For many years works of his appeared with regularity at the big English festivals, and, whether they were devotional music, purely secular, or bubbling over with wholesome laughter and good spirits, they are all rich in beauty of a very shapely and well-ordered design. Often as Browning's 'Pied Piper' has been set to music, its picturesqueness and its fun, as well as its sense of mystery, have nowhere else been quite so happily seized on. Chorus, orchestra, and the two solo voices, tenor and bass, are all used in the most masterly way, and one feels that the composer might himself have been the poet who conceived the story, so well do text and music unite. Most of the narrative is in the hands of the chorus, with orchestral interludes which have a big share in providing the right atmosphere. The Mayor and the Piper himself are the soloists, bass and tenor respectively. The cantata was first sung at the Norfolk and Norwich Musical Festival in 1905, and has ever since held its place among the most popular of Parry's secular pieces.

Holst's Somerset Rhapsody.

(Regional, Saturday, 3.30.)

IT was with this work, on its appearance in 1910, that Holst won his first real success. It was played many times in the next two years, but after that fell into the unaccountable neglect which is sometimes the ill-fortune even of the finest music; only since it was revived two years ago in his native town, Cheltenham, has it again begun to take the place to which it is well entitled. The score is prefaced by a note, which Holst tells us is all the guidance his music needs. 'This Rhapsody was written in 1906 at the request of Cecil Sharp, to whom it is dedicated, and was re-written in the following year. The work is founded on folk-songs collected by Cecil Sharp in Somerset. The first is "The Sheep Shearing Song," a long pastoral melody played first by the oboe and then by violins. This is followed by a marching song, "High Germany"; "O Polly, love, O Polly, the rout has now begun, And we must march away at the beating of the drum." The third melody is "The Lovers' Farewell," played first by the 'cellos. The climax of the piece is reached when "High Germany" is played by all the wind instruments, the strings entering afterwards with another tune to the same words. The "Farewell" is repeated, and as the music becomes quieter the opening "Sheep Shearing Song" reappears. At one point this is combined with the second "High Germany" tune. As the latter dies away the piece ends softly as it began.'

(Continued on page 242.)

AUGUST 3

CARDIFF

SUNDAY

968 kc/s. (309.9 m.)

WESTERN REGION

3.0-3.50 National Programme

4.15 THE YEovil TOWN SILVER PRIZE BAND

Conducted by J. B. YORKE

March, 'Victor's Return'.....J. H. White
Selection, 'Rienzi'...Wagner, arr. J. O. Hume

JAMES HOWELL (Bass-Baritone)

Nest thee, my Bird } William Wallace
Sea Hawks }
An Autumn Thought Massenot

THE BAND

Air with Variations, 'Rockingham'

S. Trenchard

Cornet Duet, 'The Humming Birds' E. Sutton
(HOWARD BALK and GERALD STOREY)

Pot-Pourri, 'Old and New'

Finck, arr. J. O. Hume

JAMES HOWELL

Love Liszt
The Valley Gounod
Song of the Bow Aylward

THE BAND

Descriptive Fantasy, 'The Smith in the Wood'
Michaelis, arr. J. O. HumeNight—Morning, The Cuckoo is heard, cow
lowing, etc; At the Brook, followed by morn-
ing prayer and the Smith at work.Suite, 'A Rustic Holiday' W. Rimmer
In the Cornfields; A Scamper thro' the
meadows; By the old Church

5.30-6.15 National Programme

7.55 National Programme

9.0 West Regional News

9.5 National Programme

10.30 Epilogue

10.40-11.0 The Silent Fellowship

SWANSEA

1,040 kc/s (288.5 m.)

3.0-3.50 National Programme

4.15 West Regional Programme

5.30-6.15 National Programme

7.55 National Programme

9.0 West Regional News

9.5 National Programme

10.30 Epilogue

10.40-11.0 The Silent Fellowship
(West Regional Programme)

PLYMOUTH

1,040 kc/s (288.5 m.)

3.0-6.15 National Programme

8.0 A RELIGIOUS SERVICE

From the Studio

Conducted by the Rev. A. T. ALLWORK, Vicar of
ST. GEORGE'S, STONEHOUSE, PLYMOUTHHymn, 'The Church's Own Foundation' (A. and
M., No. 215)Confession, 'The Lord's Name be Praised'
(Tallis Festal)

Psalm 42 (Foster in E)

Lesson, Isaiah ii, Verses 1-5

Magnificat (Culley in F—Chant only)

Prayers

Hymn, 'Jesu, Thou joy of Loving Hearts'
(A. and M., No. 190)

Address

Hymn, 'The Day Thou Gavest' (A. and M.,
No. 477)

Blessing

Stainer's Sevenfold 'Amen'

8.45 National Programme

9.0 Local News

9.5 National Programme

10.30 Epilogue

BOURNEMOUTH

3.0-6.15 National Programme

7.55-10.30 National Programme

10.30 Epilogue

MANCHESTER

797 kc/s (376.4 m.)

3.0-3.50 National Programme

4.15 A Light Symphony Concert

THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA

Conducted by JOHN BRIDGE

JOHN ARMITAGE (Baritone)

ALLAN B. SLY (Pianoforte)

6.0-6.15 National Programme

8.0 A RELIGIOUS SERVICE

Relayed from BLACKPOOL PARISH CHURCH,
BLACKPOOL

8.45 National Programme

8.50 National Programme

9.0 North of England News

9.5 National Programme

10.30 Epilogue

AUGUST 4

1,148 kc/s. (261.3 m.) ★ 193 kc/s. (1,554.4 m.)

MONDAY

NATIONAL PROGRAMME

10.15 a.m. THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30-10.45 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST

11.0-11.30 Experimental Television Transmission by the Baird Process (356.3 m. Vision; 261.3 m. Sound)

12.0 ORGAN RECITAL

By EDGAR T. COOK

Relayed from SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL

Sonata No. 5 in C Minor *Guilmant*

JOAN ALLEN (*Violin*)

Concerto in E Minor *Nardini, arr. Misha Hauser*

EDGAR T. COOK

Pavanne *Ravel*
Legend *Dvorak*

JOAN ALLEN

Chanson Louis XIII and Pavane

Couperin, arr. Kreisler

Orientele *Cui*
Samoan Lullaby *Tod Boyd*

EDGAR T. COOK

Symphony No. 6 in G Minor *Widor*

1.15 A Concert

by

The National Orchestra of Wales

(Leader, LOUIS LEVITUS)

Conducted by WARWICK BRAITHWAITE

(From Cardiff)

Overture, 'Leonora,' No. 3 *Beethoven*
Valse Triste *Sibelius*
Shepherd's Dance ('Henry VIII') *German*
Overture, '1812' *Tchaikovsky*

2.0-2.30 Gramophone Records

4.0 JACK PAYNE and his B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA

4.30 A Concert

MARGUERITA CARLTON

(*Contralto*)

THE CEMBALO QUARTET

5.15 The Children's Hour

The Story of 'Grump's Poultry'—more about the Gnome Family (*Mabel Marlowe*)

Selections by THE GERSHON PARKINGTON QUINTET

'Roundheads and Green Shoes' (*Marjorie J. Redman*)

5.55-6.40. (See centre column)

6.40 The Foundations of Music

BRAHMS' PIANOFORTE MUSIC

Played by LESLIE ENGLAND

Scherzo in E Flat Minor, Op. 4

Intermezzo in B Flat, Op. 76

Capriccio in B Minor, Op. 78

Capriccio in C, Op. 76



SHADES OF CHEVALIER.

The great coster comedian, as impersonated by EDGAR LANE, will 'compère' *Suitable Songs*, to be broadcast this evening at 7.30.

Between 5.55 and 6.40 will be broadcast THE WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN and

THE ARRIVAL OF MISS AMY JOHNSON

at LONDON TERMINAL AERODROME, CROYDON

Miss JOHNSON will be welcomed by

LORD THOMSON, Secretary of State for Air, and will reply

It is impossible to time this relay with complete accuracy, but an announcement will be made at 5.15 at the beginning of the Children's Hour, giving more definite information.



Topical

WELCOME HOME TO AMY JOHNSON.

The arrival of the sensational girl flyer—here seen greeting Australia on her descent at Port Darwin after her great flight—will be broadcast from Croydon Aerodrome this afternoon. (Relayed to all Stations)

7.0-7.20 'NEW NOVELS' By Miss V. SACKVILLE-WEST

7.30 SUITABLE SONGS

(Part IV)

Arranged by EDGAR LANE and GORDON McCONNEL

'Wot Cher,' all the neighbours cried!

Albert Chevalier

Artists:

Compère, EDGAR LANE (alias ALBERT CHEVALIER)

ANN WELSH

MICHAEL SHAW

At the Piano, WALTER RANDALL

THE CHORUS and the ORCHESTRA

Conducted by JOHN ANSELL

8.30 JACK PAYNE and his B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA

9.0 'The Second News'

WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN; New York Stock Exchange Report; (1,554.4 m. only) Shipping Forecast

9.25 MARY MACCARTHY: 'Bank Holiday at Margate'

9.40 An Orchestral Concert

(From Manchester)

'The Royal Standard'

ENGLAND

THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA

Conducted by T. H. MORRISON

March, 'Pomp and Circumstance,' No. 1 .. *Elgar*

THE CLITHEROE WESLEY MALE VOICE CHOIR

conducted by ERNEST ALLEN

Down among the dead Men

arr. Vaughan Williams

ORCHESTRA

Selection, 'The Rose'

Myddleton

SCOTLAND

CHOIR

Annie Laurie .. *arr. Dudley Buck*

ORCHESTRA

Selection, 'The Thistle'

Myddleton

IRELAND

CHOIR

The dear little Shamrock

arr. Ernest Dicks

ORCHESTRA

Selection, 'The Shamrock'

Myddleton

WALES

CHOIR

Men of Harlech

arr. James Tillard

ORCHESTRA

Selection, 'The Leek' *Myddleton*

10.15-12.0 (1,544.4 m. only)

DANCE MUSIC

BERTINI'S DANCE BAND, relayed from THE TOWER BALLROOM, BLACKPOOL



ALL YOUR BIG FAVOURITES IN

THE WIRELESS PROGRAMMES ARE ON COLUMBIA RECORDS

With a good gramophone—and you can now get a genuine Columbia Portable from 57s 6d.—you can enjoy just when you want them, all the big favourite entertainers in the wireless programmes.

This applies to the higher musical side as much as to "Variety," but in tune with the holiday season you may like to know of the recent records of some of the stars on the "Variety" and lighter side:

JACK PAYNE AND HIS B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA.

"Variety" Novelties: Mysterious Mose (No. CB69—3s.)
You Die if You Worry (No. CB76—3s.)
New Dance Records are also ready to-day.

WILL HAY AND HIS SCHOLARS.

Fourth Form at St. Michael's (No. 5695—3s.)

CLAPHAM AND DWYER.

Making a Talkie (No. DB134—3s.)

NORAH BLANEY AND GWEN FARRAR.

We'll Cling Together and Moanin' for You (No. DB121—3s.)

TOMMY HANDLEY.

Tommy Handley Calling (No. DB9—3s.)

ERNEST JONES (Banjo).

Carry On and Mighty America (No. DB137—3s.)

MR. FLOTSAM AND MR. JETSAM.

Simon the Bootlegger and Song of the Air (No. 5709—3s.)

GILLIE POTTER.

Mr. Potter Has a Brother (No. DB86—3s.)

ALBERT SANDLER AND HIS ORCHESTRA.

Softly Awakes My Heart and Toselli's Serenade (No. DB14—3s.)

J. H. SQUIRE CELESTE OCTET.

Putting the Clock Back (No. DX68—4s. 6d.)

B.B.C. WIRELESS MILITARY BAND

(Conductor: B. Walton O'Donnell).
Black Domino—Overture (No. DB25—3s.)

The Above are Only a Small Selection—

There are numerous other records by each of these favourites, and many other radio favourites, details of whose records will be found in the 320 page Columbia catalogue, post free on application.

AUGUST 4

626 kc/s. (479.2 m.)

MONDAY

MIDLAND REGIONAL

12.0 *London Regional Programme*2.0-3.0 **LOZELLS PICTURE HOUSE ORCHESTRA**

Conducted by ERNEST PARSONS

March, 'Entry of the Gladiators' *Fucik*
Overture, 'Zampa' *Herold*
Waltz, 'Unrequited Love' *Lincke*
Selection, 'Classical Memories' *arr. Ewing*
Entr'acte, 'Narcissus' *Nevin*
Selection, 'Show Boat' *Kern*

5.15 **The Children's Hour**

'A HOLIDAY AFLOAT,' A Talk on Yachting, by
JOHN ANDERSON

Songs and Duets by HERBERT THORPE (*Tenor*)
and FOSTER RICHARDSON (*Baritone*)

ALFRED KIRBY and his Banjo

'Come with me—to a Picnic,' by Florence M. Austin

6.0 *London Regional Programme*

6.15 'The First News'

WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS
BULLETIN

6.40 **THE GERSHOM PARKINGTON QUINTET**ROSALIE GARNETT (*Mezzo-Soprano*)ROBERT BURNETT (*Baritone*)(*London Regional Programme*)

QUINTET

Selection, 'Maid of the Mountains'
Fraser-Simson

ROSALIE GARNETT

Love's Philosophy *Quilter*
Pretty Polly Oliver *arr. Somervell*
Ship of my delight *Phillips*

QUINTET

By the Tamarisk *Eric Coates*
Toreador and Andalouse *Rubinstein*
Brise du soir (Evening Breeze) *Gillet*

ROBERT BURNETT

How do I love thee *Maude Valerie White*
When a maiden takes your fancy ('The Seraglio')
Mozart

The Sergeant's Song *Holst*

7.15 QUINTET

Ballet Music ('La Source') *Delibes*

ROSALIE GARNETT

When all was young *Gounod*
See, where my love a-maying goes *Lidzey*
Homing *del Rio*

QUINTET

Black Roses
The Tryst
Valse Triste } *Sibelius*

ROBERT BURNETT

Three Sea Songs:

Messmates *Lohr*
A Sailor's Prayer *Keel*
The Sailor's Dance *Molloy*

QUINTET

To a Water Lily *MacDowell*
La Cinquantine *Gabriel Marie*
Come into the Garden, Maud *Balfe*

8.0 **A Light Orchestral Programme**

THE MIDLAND WIRELESS AUGMENTED ORCHESTRA

(Leader, FRANK CANTELL)

Conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS

HERBERT THORPE (*Tenor*)FOSTER RICHARDSON (*Bass*)

ORCHESTRA

Overture, 'The Marriage of Camacho'
Mendelssohn

FOSTER RICHARDSON and Orchestra

Vulcan's Song ('Philemon and Baucis')
Gounod

8.15 ORCHESTRA

Ballet Music, 'Sylvia' *Delibes*

HERBERT THORPE and Orchestra

The Flower Song ('Carmen') *Bizet*

8.45 ORCHESTRA

Suite, 'Cephale and Procris' *Grétry, arr. Mottl*

HERBERT THORPE, FOSTER RICHARDSON and
Orchestra

Long live Bacchus ('The Seraglio') *Mozart*
The King of Spain ('Maritana') *Wallace*

ORCHESTRA

Waltz, 'Vienna Woods' *Johann Strauss*

9.15 *London Regional Programme*

10.15 'The Second News'

WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS
BULLETIN

10.30 Midland News

10.35-11.0 *London Regional Programme*

No wireless receiving apparatus, crystal or valve, fixed or portable, 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.

AUGUST 4



842 kc/s. (356.3 m.)



MONDAY

LONDON REGIONAL

<p>12.0 A Ballad Concert ADELAIDE TURNBULL (<i>Contralto</i>) JOSEPH GREEN (<i>Tenor</i>)</p>	<p>QUINTET Selection, 'Maid of the Mountains' <i>Fraser-Simson</i></p>	<p>ROBERT BURNETT Three Sea Songs: Messmates <i>Liber</i> A Sailor's Prayer <i>Keel</i> The Sailor's Dance <i>Molloy</i></p>
<p>12.30 A Recital of Gramophone Records</p>	<p>ROSALIE GARNETT Love's Philosophy <i>Quilter</i> Pretty Polly Oliver <i>arr. Somercell</i> Ship of my delight <i>Phillips</i></p>	<p>QUINTET To a Water Lily <i>MacDowell</i> La Cinquantaine <i>Gabriel Marie</i> Come into the Garden, Maud <i>Balfo</i></p>
<p>1.0 Light Music LEONARDO KEMP and his PICCADILLY ORCHESTRA From THE PICCADILLY HOTEL</p>	<p>QUINTET By the Tamarisk <i>Eric Coates</i> Toreador and Andalous <i>Rubinstein</i> Brise du soir (Evening Breeze) <i>Gillet</i></p>	<p>8.0 A Light Orchestral Programme (From Midland Regional) THE MIDLAND WIRELESS AUGMENTED ORCHESTRA (Leader, FRANK CANTELL) Conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS HERBERT THORPE (<i>Tenor</i>) FOSTER RICHARDSON (<i>Bass</i>)</p>
<p>2.0-3.0 LOZELL'S PICTURE HOUSE ORCHESTRA Conducted by ERNEST PARSONS (From Midland Regional)</p>	<p>ROBERT BURNETT How do I love thee <i>Maude Valerie White</i> When a Maiden takes your Fancy ('The Seraglio') <i>Mozart</i> The Sergeant's Song <i>Holst</i></p>	<p>9.15 JACK PAYNE and his B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA</p>
<p>5.15 JACK PAYNE and his B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA</p>	<p>7.15 QUINTET Ballet Music ('La Source') <i>Delibes</i></p>	<p>10.15 'The Second News' WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN; Regional News</p>
<p>6.15 'The First News' WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN</p>	<p>ROSALIE GARNETT When all was young <i>Gounod</i> See, where my Love a-maying goes <i>Lidgely</i> Homing <i>del Rio</i></p>	<p>10.35-12.0 DANCE MUSIC BERTINI'S DANCE BAND, relayed from THE TOWER BALLROOM, WINTER GARDENS, BLACKPOOL</p>
<p>6.40 THE GERSHOM PARKINGTON QUINTET ROSALIE GARNETT (<i>Mezzo-Soprano</i>) ROBERT BURNETT (<i>Baritone</i>)</p>	<p>QUINTET Black Roses } <i>Sibelius</i> The Tryst } Valse Triste }</p>	

THE PROMS!

The Proms begin again on Saturday, 9th August: the most popular and most famous series of concerts given in London. This is their thirty-sixth season: Mr. Charles Woodhouse is once again principal violin; Mr. Berkeley Mason is organist and accompanist, and SIR HENRY J. WOOD conducts the (permanent) B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra of 90 performers. A full list of the season's programmes can be obtained, post free, of the B.B.C. Bookshop, Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS: SATURDAY 9 AUGUST TO SATURDAY 4 OCTOBER: NIGHTLY (EXCEPT ON SUNDAYS) AT EIGHT P.M.

TICKETS (including tax): Promenade, 2/- (payment at doors only); Balcony, unreserved, 3/-; Grand Circle (numbered and reserved), 5/- and 7/6; Season Ticket (Promenade only, not transferable to higher priced seating), 35/-. Obtainable of usual agents, Chappell's Box Office, Queen's Hall, Langham Place, W.1., and the B.B.C.

at the Queen's Hall, London, W

(Sole Lessees: Chappell & Co., Ltd.)

MUSIC OF THE WEEK

(Continued from page 238.)

The First Prom.

(National, Saturday, 8.0.)

THE first Prom of the thirty-sixth season (the fourth season under the B.B.C.'s auspices) is to be the first public appearance of the newly-formed B.B.C. Orchestra, of which some particulars were given in our last issue. The season opens, as all its predecessors have done, with 'God Save the King,' thundered out with all the strength of the orchestra, a rite which has not yet degenerated into a mere custom: it never will. When its notes have died away, the first concert music of the season is an Overture which has probably been played as often as any in the long series of concerts. Berlioz has told us how, at its first performance, he scored off his rival the conductor Habeneck. Some of the players had been unable to rehearse, and Habeneck, foreseeing catastrophe for the piece, was in great glee. 'When I arrived,' says Berlioz, 'all the wind players surrounded me; they were frightened at the idea of playing in public an overture wholly unknown to them. "Don't be afraid," I said; "the parts are all right; you are all talented players; watch my stick as much as possible, count your rests, and it will go." It did, with such success that it had to be repeated, and Berlioz' delight was all the greater in thinking of the discomfiture of his rival.

Arthur de Greef.

A PROM season without Arthur de Greef and the Grieg Concerto would be sadly incomplete, and the player and the work are equally sure of a warm welcome at the first concert. De Greef is one of the fortunate people who can look back to the inspiring teaching of the great Liszt. A native of Louvain, and for many years Professor of Pianoforte at Brussels—he was appointed at the early age of twenty-three—he is at home wherever in the world good music is esteemed. His distinguished playing and his genial personality have won him affection everywhere, and Grieg was among his staunch friends. He has been looked up to for so many years as the authorized interpreter of the Grieg Concerto that he may well count it as his own. The Concerto itself has always been a favourite both with performers and audiences; its vivid and picturesque themes make it easy to forget that the piece as a whole suffers from Grieg's weakness in developing his subjects. Here, however, the frequent repetitions have all the interest of varied presentment, particularly in the orchestral accompaniment.

Ravel's Bolero.

DEDICATED to the dancer Ida Rubinstein, this musical *jeu d'esprit* is as brilliant a piece of orchestration as even Ravel has ever given us. Spanish dance rhythms have often attracted him, so that there is nothing astonishing in his having selected one of the most popular forms for this display of his gifts. There is only one little characteristic tune used throughout, and the whole interest of the piece lies in the way in which it works up gradually to a tremendous crescendo by the addition one after another of more and more instruments in the orchestra. When it was played for the first time in London at one of the B.B.C. concerts last winter it rather bewildered a number of hearers. It literally takes one's breath away by its bold audacity, but the effect of the long-continued crescendo is mirth-compelling, too. It has been spoken of as a 'caricature,' and the description is a fairly good one; it is certainly drawn with powerful strokes by a real master of his medium. D. M. C.

AUGUST 4

CARDIFF

MONDAY

968 kc/s. (309.9 m.)

WESTERN REGION

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30-10.45 National Programme

1.15 An Orchestral Programme

Relayed from

THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF WALES

NATIONAL ORCHESTRA OF WALES

(Cerdorfa Genedlaethol Cymru)

(Leader, LOUIS LEVITUS)

Conducted by WARWICK BRAITHWAITE

Overture, 'Leonora,' No. 3 Beethoven

Valse Triste Sibelius

Shepherd's Dance ('Henry VIII') German

Overture, '1812' Tchaikovsky

2.0-2.30 National Programme

4.0 National Programme

9.15 West Regional News

9.25 National Programme

10.45-11.0 London Regional Programme

SWANSEA

1,040 kc/s (288.5 m.)

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30-10.45 National Programme

1.15-2.30 National Programme

4.0 National Programme

9.15 West Regional News

9.25 National Programme

10.45-11.0 London Regional Programme

PLYMOUTH

1,040 kc/s (288.5 m.)

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30-10.45 National Programme

4.0 National Programme

9.15 Local News

9.25-10.45 National Programme

BOURNEMOUTH

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30-10.45 National Programme

4.0-10.45 National Programme

MANCHESTER

797 kc/s (376.4 m.)

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30-10.45 National Programme

3.0 A CONCERT BY THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA

At intervals, EYE WITNESS ACCOUNTS OF THE COUNTY CRICKET MATCH, LANCASHIRE v. YORKSHIRE, will be given by Mr. A. E. LAWTON, relayed from THE LANCASHIRE COUNTY CRICKET GROUND, OLD TRAFFORD, MANCHESTER. Sir EDWIN FORSYTH STOCKTON (Chairman of the Lancashire County Cricket Club, will open the broadcast

5.15 National Programme

8.30 A HUMOROUS DEBATE ON CRICKET

entitled

'ASHES OF ROSES'

between GEORGE CARTWRIGHT and LEVI SHAW

9.0 National Programme

9.15 North of England News

9.25 National Programme

9.40 'The Royal Standard'

ENGLAND

THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA

March, 'Pomp and Circumstance,' No. 1 Elgar

THE CLITREBOE WESLEY MALE VOICE CHOIR
Conducted by ERNEST ALLEN

Down among the dead Men
arr. Vaughan Williams

ORCHESTRA
Selection, 'The Rose' Myddelton

SCOTLAND

CHOIR
Annie Laurie arr. Dudley Buck

ORCHESTRA
Selection, 'The Thistle' Myddelton

IRELAND

CHOIR
The dear little Shamrock arr. Ernest Dicks

ORCHESTRA
Selection, 'The Shamrock' Myddelton

WALES

CHOIR
Men of Harlech arr. James Tillard

ORCHESTRA
Selection, 'The Leek' Myddelton

10.45-12.0 DANCE MUSIC

BERTINI'S DANCE BAND, relayed from THE TOWER BALLROOM

(London Regional Programme)

AUGUST 5

1,148 kc/s. (261.3 m.) ★ 193 kc/s. (1,554.4 m.)

TUESDAY

NATIONAL PROGRAMME

10.15 a.m. THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30-10.45 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST

11.0-11.30 Experimental Television Transmission by the Baird Process
(356.3 m. Vision) (261.3 m. Sound)

12.0 A Ballad Concert
MABEL FERGUSON (*Mezzo-Soprano*)
LOUIS GARNETT (*Baritone*)

12.30 EDWARD O'HENRY
At THE ORGAN of TUSSAUD'S CINEMA

1.0 Light Music
LEONARDO KEMP and his PICCADILLY HOTEL ORCHESTRA
From THE PICCADILLY HOTEL

2.0 Experimental Transmission for the Radio Research Board by the Fultograph Process

2.5-2.30 Gramophone Records

4.0 JACK PAYNE
and his
B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA

4.30 THE PRINCE OF WALES PLAYHOUSE ORCHESTRA
Conducted by FRANK WESTFIELD
From the PRINCE OF WALES PLAYHOUSE,
Lewisham

5.15 The Children's Hour
Songs at the Piano by HELEN ALSTON
The Story of 'The Baby Fawds' (*William J. Long*)
'Living in Wales'—according to RICHARD HUGHES

6.0 Mr. P. J. MARDLIN: 'The Post Office (London) Railway'

6.15 'The First News'
WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.40 The Foundations of Music
BRAHMS' PIANOFORTE MUSIC
Played by LESLIE ENGLAND
Sonata in F Minor, Op. 5
Allegro maestoso; Andante

7.0-7.20 'HOLIDAYS OFF THE BEATEN TRACK'—II
Major CHRISTOPHER STONE: 'A Visit to the Outer Hebrides'

7.30 Vaudeville
JACK MORRISON (Impersonations)
JOHN GABALFA ('Cello Solos')
CLAUDE HULBERT and ENID TREVOR
(In some More Nonsense)
THE MASKS
(In Old English Songs)
CAMMEYER'S ZITHER BANJO SOCIETY
DOROTHY McBLAIN
(The Girl who whistles in her throat)
and
GERSHOM PARKINGTON AUGMENTED ORCHESTRA

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

9.15 FOUASSE: 'Humour'

9.30 Tidworth Tattoo
(See Foot of page)

10.0 London and New York Stock Exchange Reports; (1,554.4 m. only) Shipping Forecast and Fat Stock Prices

10.10 The B.B.C. Orchestra
Conducted by JOHN ANSELL
Suite, 'L'Enfant Prodiges' ('The Prodigal Son') *Wormser*

10.15 DENNIS NOBLE (*Baritone*) and Orchestra
A Request } *Franz*
Dedication }
Serenade } *Schubert*
Who is Sylvia?..... }

10.22 ORCHESTRA
Overture, 'Iolanthe' *Sullivan*

10.30 DENNIS NOBLE
The Minstrel } *Delius*
The Violet }

10.37 ORCHESTRA
Scherzo, 'Perpetuum Mobile' ... *Johann Strauss*
Suite, 'Vivo la Danse' ('Long live the Dance')
..... *Finck*

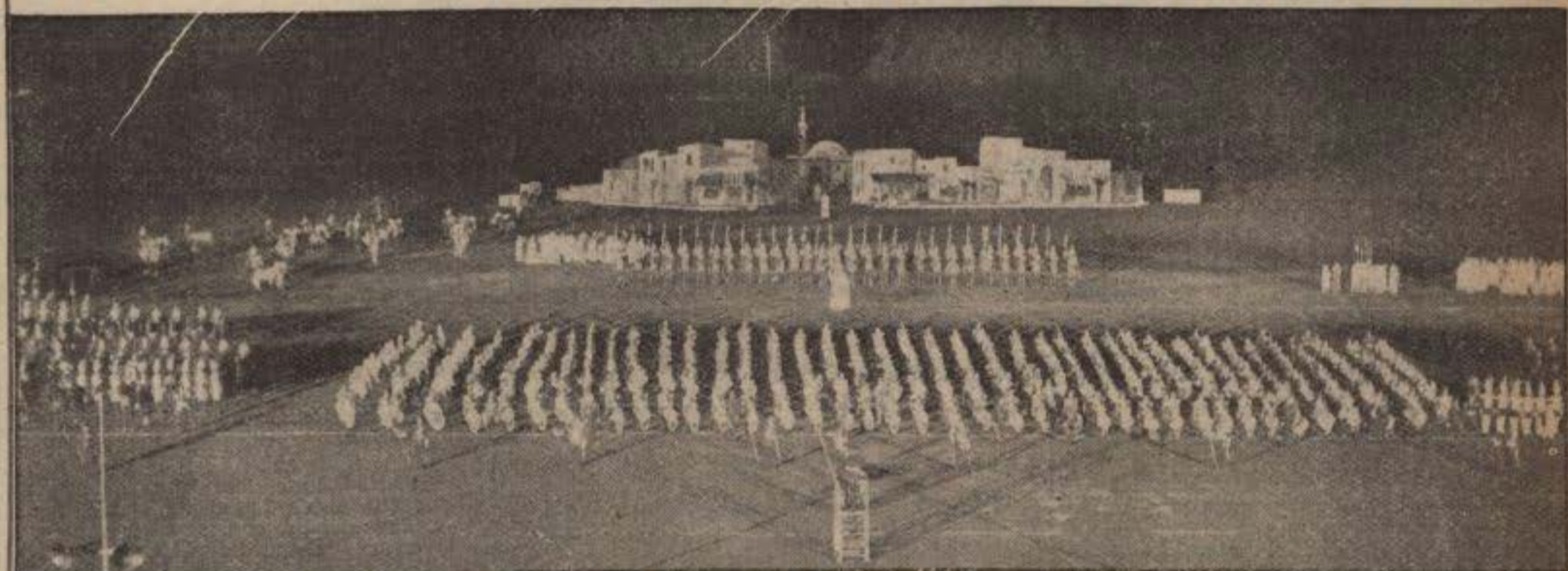
10.55 Tidworth Tattoo
(Part II)

11.20 DANCE MUSIC
HENRY R. HALL'S GLENEAGLES BAND, from
GLENEAGLES HOTEL
(From Glasgow)

11.30-12.0 Tidworth Tattoo
(Part III)

12.0-12.30 Experimental Television Transmission by the Baird Process
(356.3 m. Vision) (261.3 m. Sound)

THE SOUTHERN COMMAND TATTOO AT TIDWORTH



The Southern Command Tattoo will be relayed from Tidworth tonight.
For complete details see foot of page 245

THIS PIECE OF FLANNEL RELIEVED MY RHEUMATISM

Yet I had spent fifty times its cost on medicines. Of course the flannel is special—between its folds is a layer of radio-active powder from Sweden, and its strength, which is everlasting, is certified by the State Geologist of Sweden. The flannel is called Radicura.



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RADICURA SALVE—a quick pain remover for Rheumatism, etc., is also available at 1s. 3d. and 3s. Be free from Rheumatism during the winter by tackling it now.

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(354) 53, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

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NAME

ADDRESS

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AUGUST 5

626 kc/s. (479.2 m.)

TUESDAY

MIDLAND REGIONAL

12.0 London Regional Programme

- 1.0 EDWIN J. GODBOLD
At THE ORGAN OF THE PICTURE HOUSE
Relayed from LOZELLS, BIRMINGHAM
Overture, 'La Gazza Ladra' ('The Thieving Magpie') Rossini
Intermezzo, 'Love's Dream after the Ball' Czibulka
Selection, 'Rose Marie' Friml
March ('Tannhäuser') Wagner
Cavatina Raff
Suite, Intermezzo Rosse

2.0-3.0 Light Music

- THE MIDLAND WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
Conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS
March, 'The 23rd Regiment' Lacalle
Overture, 'Le Caid' Ambroise Thomas
Berceuse (Cradle Song) Frank Bridge
Selection, 'Sybil' Jacobi
Graceful Dance, 'The Mermaid' Eric Coates
The 'Jimmy Sale' Rag Haydn Wood
Fantasy, 'Aida' Verdi, arr. Tavan
Scenes from An Imaginary Ballet Coleridge-Taylor

5.15 The Children's Hour

- 'OVER THE WAY,' a Travel Dialogue, by MONA PEARCE
SARA SARONY will entertain
Musical Selections by THE INSTRUMENTAL TRIO OF THE HILO HAWAIIAN MELODY MAKERS

6.0 London Regional Programme

- 6.15 'The First News'
WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.40 A Military Band Programme

- THE BIRMINGHAM MILITARY BAND
Conducted by W. A. CLARKE
Overture, 'Vanity Fair' Fletcher
JUDITH DE LEEUW (Pianoforte)
Study, Op. 10, No. 4 } Chopin
Study in F Minor, No. 25 }
BAND
Waltz, 'Amoretten Tänze' ('Little Cupids' Dances') Gung'l
ERIC BROWN (Baritone)
Trade Winds } Keel
Tomorrow }
Sea Fever } Ireland

7.10 BAND

- Reminiscences of Offenbach arr. Rivière
JUDITH DE LEEUW
Scherzo, Op. 16, No. 2 d'Albert
BAND
Romance, 'L'Extase' Thomé

7.40 ERIC BROWN

- The Windmill Herbert Nelson
Comrades of Mine William James
BAND
Suite, Alsatian Scenes Massenet



W. A. CLARKE
conducts the Birmingham Military Band in the concert which it will broadcast this evening at 6.40

8.0 DANCE MUSIC

- BILLY FRANCIS and his ORCHESTRA
Relayed from BIRMINGHAM
SARA SARONY
(AN Act of Reminiscences)

9.15 The 'Pro Rata' Concert Party

- Under the direction of BERT GREY
Relayed from THE JEPHSON GARDENS
ROYAL LEAMINGTON SPA

10.15 'The Second News'

WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

10.30 Midland News

10.35-11.0 London Regional Programme

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 Branch, 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*.

AUGUST 5

★ 842 kc/s. (356.3 m.) ★

TUESDAY

LONDON REGIONAL

- 12.0 A Concert
 - GLADYS NEWTH (Mezzo-Soprano)
 - EDITH LAKE (Violoncello)
 - MIRIAM MORGAN (Pianoforte)
- 1.0 REGINALD FOORT
 - At THE ORGAN OF THE REGENT CINEMA
 - Relayed from BOURNEMOUTH
- 2.0-3.0 Light Music
 - (From Midland Regional)
 - THE MIDLAND WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
 - Conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS
 - March, 'The 23rd Regiment' Lacalle
 - Overture, 'Le Caid' Ambrose Thomas
 - Berceuse (Cradle Song) Frank Bridge
 - Selection, 'Sybil' Jacobi
 - Graceful Dance, 'The Mermaid' ... Eric Coates
 - The 'Jimmy Sale' Rag Haydn Wood
 - Fantasy, 'Aida' Verdi, arr. Taran
 - Scenes from an Imaginary Ballet
 - Coleridge-Taylor
- 5.15 JACK PAYNE and his B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA
- 6.15 'The First News'
 - WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN
- 6.40 A Military Band Programme
 - (From Midland Regional)
 - THE BIRMINGHAM MILITARY BAND
 - Conducted by W. A. CLARKE
 - Overture, 'Vanity Fair' Fletcher
 - JUDITH DE LEEUW (Pianoforte)
 - Study, Op. 10, No. 4 Chopin
 - Study in F Minor, No. 25 Chopin
 - BAND
 - Waltz, 'Amoretten Tänze' ('Little Cupid's Dances') Gungl
 - ERIC BROWN (Baritone)
 - Trade Winds Keel
 - Tomorrow Keel
 - Sea Fever Ireland
- 7.10 BAND
 - Reminiscences of Offenbach arr. Rivicri



STRELLA WILSON, soprano, sings in the concert with the J. H. Squire Celeste Octet tonight at 8.0.

- JUDITH DE LEEUW
 - Scherzo, Op. 16, No. 2 d'Albert
 - BAND
 - Romance, 'L'Extase' Thomé
- 7.40 ERIC BROWN
 - The Windmill Herbert Nelson
 - Comrades of Mine William James
 - BAND
 - Suite, 'Alsatian Scenes' Massenet
- 8.0 THE J. H. SQUIRE CELESTE OCTET
 - STRELLA WILSON (Soprano)
 - OCTET
 - Operatic arr. Squire
 - Albumblatt (Album Leaf) Wagner, arr. Willoughby
 - Dancing Nymphs J. H. Moore

- 8.18 STRELLA WILSON
 - Cool River Turner Layton
 - One Kiss ('New Moccu') Romberg
 - Only a Rose ('The Vagabond King') Frim,
- 8.25 OCTET
 - Nocturne, and March of the Dwarfs Grieg
 - Andante Cantabile (for Strings) Tchaikovsky, arr. Robertson
- 8.40 STRELLA WILSON
 - The Boat Song Harriott Ware
 - Love is the Wind MacFadyen
 - The Birthday MacFadyen
 - The Owl Wells
 - Why? Wells
- 8.48 OCTET
 - The Butterfly Bendix
 - Everybody's Melodies arr. J. H. Squire

- 9.0 Chamber Music
 - THE HARP ENSEMBLE
 - KONSTANTIN KONI (Flute)
 - SYBIL EATON (Violin)
 - EDWIN VIRGO (Violin)
 - RAYMOND JEREMY (Viola)
 - CEDRIC SHARPE (Violoncello)
 - MARIA KORSHINSKA (Harp)
 - Suite en parties (Op. 91), for Harp, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello D'Indy
 - Entrée en Sonate; Air de suite; Sarabande; Farandole en rondeau
 - 9.30 Conte fantastique sur 'Le Masque de la mort rouge' ('The Masque of the Red Death,' by Edgar Allan Poe), for Harp and String Quartet André Uppel
 - 9.50 Concert à cinq for Flute, Violin, Viola, Violoncello, and Harp (Op. 71) Jongen
 - Décidé; Calme; Très décidé
 - 10.15 'The Second News'
 - WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN; Regional News
 - 10.35-12.0 DANCE MUSIC
 - THE GLENEAGLES' HOTEL BAND, directed by HENRY R. HALL, from GLENEAGLES' HOTEL (From Glasgow)

(National Programme.)

THE SOUTHERN COMMAND TATTOO.

By kind permission of Lieut.-General Sir Archibald Montgomery Maunsell, K.C.B., K.C.M.G.

Relayed from the Grounds of Tidworth House, Tidworth, Hants.

PART I.—9.30-10.0

- SOUNDING OF 'FIRST POST' on silver bugles by the Light Infantry Battalions, 3rd Division, and the 2nd Battalion The King's Royal Rifle Corps.
- ENTRY OF THE MASED BANDS of the 2nd Cavalry Brigade, mounted, the King's Dragoon Guards, The Queen's Bays, and the Royal Scots Greys.
- (Under the command of Bandmaster E. Vincent Barwood, The Royal Scots Greys)
- March, 'Under the Double Eagle' Wagner
- Polonaise in E Flat Chopin
- ENTRY OF THE MASED BANDS, R.A. (Salisbury Plain), and Infantry of the 3rd Division
- (Under the command of Bandmaster H. W. Simpson, R.A., Salisbury Plain Band)
- March, 'The National Emblem' Bayley
- ADVANCE OF ALL THE MASED BANDS
- Troop, 'Pageantry' Stanley
- March, 'Sambre et Meuse' Ewiski
- Angels from 'Scenes Pittoresques' Massenet
- March, 'Carry on' Winson

PART II.—10.55-11.20.

- MUSICAL RIDE by The Queen's Bays, dressed in the uniforms of 1752, 1790, 1812, 1832 and 1930
- The movements include making a Maltese Cross, Figures of Eight, Lancer Figures, the Cart-Wheel, the Spiral, and the Incline, and the Ride ends with The Charge
- Regimental Call, 'The Queen's Bays'
- Canter, March, 'Merry Soldiers' Bidgood
- Trots:
 - 1st Fox trot, 'Rio Rita' Tierney
 - 2nd Fox trot, 'Should I' Freed
 - 3rd Fox trot, 'Amy' Nicholls
 - 4th Fox trot, 'Just you, just me' Greer
- Canter, 'Potpourri'
- Bridle Arch, 'Mendelssohn's Wedding March'
- Canter, March, 'Blaze Away' Holzmann
- Lance Exercise, Waltz, 'I'll always be dreaming of Mary' Goodridge and Beresford
- Sword Exercise, Waltz, 'Molly' Goodling and Dougherty
- Canter, March, 'Stein Song' Fenstad
- Charge
- Slow March, 'Soldiers Chorus' from 'Faust'
- Regimental March, 'The Queen's Bays'
- (Conductor, Bandmaster J. A. Thornburrow, L.R.A.M., A.B.C.M., The Queen's Bays)
- ENTRY OF THE MASED BANDS of the 2nd Cavalry Brigade, R.A. (Salisbury Plain), and 3rd Division

- March, 'Les Bugles' Bayley
- Serenade, 'Suzette' Van Blos
- March, 'Nibelungen' Wagner

PART III.—11.30-12.0

- PAGEANT OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY, showing in a few scenes the history of mobile artillery, including 'The Trayne of Artillerie' of Marlborough's campaigns; the British Artillery at the Battle of Minden, fifty years later; the first really mobile artillery; a Royal Horse Artillery Battery in the Peninsular War and the first use of Shrapnel; an 18-pounder gun in the Crimea; and finally, the present-day artillery
- Fanfare by Trumpeters, Royal Artillery
- March, 'Marche Militaire' Gounod
- March, The Royal Artillery Regimental March
- GRAND FINALE, including the assembly of all the units taking part in the Tattoo
- March, 'Phantom Brigade' Myddleton
- March, 'Ensenada' Cole
- Land of Hope and Glory Elgar
- Evening Hymn, 'Abide with me'
- Verse 1 by the Mased Bands; Verse 2 by the Echo Bands; Verse 3 by Bands and Audience
- Sounding of the 'Last Post' on silver bugles by the Light Infantry Battalions, 3rd Division and 2nd Battalion K.R.R.C.
- Sounding of 'Lights Out' by the Light Infantry Battalions, 3rd Division and 2nd Battalion K.R.R.C.
- GOD SAVE THE KING



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PRIZE WINNERS IN THE ESSEX BOARD

Competition for Suggestions

First Prize £10. Mr. C. L. BRIGHT, "Hurst Batch," Wells, Somerset.

Second Prize £5. Mr. F. C. JELFS, 7, Hatherley Place, St. Stephen's Road, Cheltenham.

Second Prize £5. Mrs. E. H. LOWE, 116, Grant Avenue, Wavertree, Liverpool.

Five Prizes of £1 each. Mr. W. V. TILSLEY, 29, Crossefield Road, Cheshire Hulme, Cheshire.

Mr. W. TESH, 2, Tunstall Cross, Wombwell.

Mr. H. WALKER, Gayton-le-Marsh, Alford, Lincs.

Mr. B. A. SHELDRAKE, 46, Milford Street, Salisbury.

Mr. D. A. P. HORSMAN, "Long Eaton," Dove Lane, Potters Bar, N.

Many of our competitors sent in very ingenious and practical suggestions for using Essex Board based on their own experience. You, too, are sure to have a use for it. Essex Board is light, rigid panels of wood fibre. It is used like timber, but it is handier and more attractive. Admirable for lining ceilings and walls; for alterations, repairs and renovations; for cupboards, screens, partitions, doors, etc.

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AUGUST 5

CARDIFF

TUESDAY

968 kc/s. (309.9 m.)

WESTERN REGION

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30-10.45 National Programme

2.5-2.30 National Programme

4.0 National Programme

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
Welsh Stories
AUNTIE DOLL and PARTNER6.0 The Rev. A. STURDY: 'A Tramp Abroad—
Walks in the Rhondda Valley'

6.15 National Programme

7.0 EGWYL GYMRAEG
A WELSH INTERLUDE
Mr. CARADOG PRICHARD
'Yr Eisteddfod Ddoe a Heddiw'
The Eisteddfod Past and Present'

7.30 National Programme

10.0 West Regional News

10.10 Two One-Act Plays

Presented by THE BATH CITIZEN HOUSE PLAYERS

Relayed from

THE SUMMER SCHOOL OF DRAMATIC ART,
CITIZEN HOUSE,
BATH

'The Woman Who Was Enchanted'

by

FROOM TYLER

Characters

David } A Young Married Couple
Celia }
Dewfall, Owner of the Cottage

The Scene is the living-room in a cottage in the remotest part of Exmoorland. It is evening, and through the window and half-open door can be seen a garden brilliant in the light of the setting sun

and

'Legend'

by

PHILIP JOHNSON

Persons in the Play:

Mrs. Reed

Mrs. Walters

The Rev. Mr. Fallows

The Stranger

Scene: The living-room of Mrs. Reed's cottage on the East Coast. Mrs. Reed is a slight, spare woman of 55, with greying hair

10.55-12.0 National Programme

SWANSEA

1,040 kc/s (288.5 m.)

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30-10.45 National Programme

2.5-2.30 National Programme

4.0 National Programme

5.15 West Regional Programme

6.15 National Programme

7.0 West Regional Programme

7.30 National Programme

10.0 West Regional News

10.10-12.0 National Programme

PLYMOUTH

1,040 kc/s (288.5 m.)

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30-10.45 National Programme

12.0-1.0 National Programme

4.0 National Programme

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

'DOWN 'PON OLD DARTYMOOR'

We Hear that 'Julia Goes to Church' (Frederick Chester)

6.0 National Programme

7.0 'FOUR LEGACIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES IN
CORNWALL'—IV

Mr. CHARLES HENDERSON: 'St. Noot Church'

7.30 National Programme

10.0 Local News

10.10-12.0 National Programme

BOURNEMOUTH.

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30-10.45 National Programme

12.0-12.30 National Programme

4.0-12.0 National Programme

MANCHESTER

797 kc/s (376.4 m.)

10.15:—The Daily Service. 10.30-10.45:—National Programme
12.0:—Gramophone Records. 1.0-2.0:—The Northern Wireless
Orchestra. John Peers (Bass-Baritone). 4.0:—An Afternoon
Concert. The Northern Wireless Orchestra. Madge Moritt
(Soprano) (From Leeds). 5.15:—The Children's Hour. 6.0:—
Stories of Northern Towns—I, Miss Christine Strathan: York.
(From Leeds). 6.15:—National Programme. 7.0:—Mr. K.
Russell Brady: 'Getting About.' 7.30:—National Programme.
10.0:—North of England News. 10.10:—Sea Breezes at Black-
pool: A Feast of Fun, from Hors d'Œuvre to Savoury. 10.50-
12.0:—Dance Music. Bertini's Danco Band, relayed from The
Tower Ballroom, Blackpool.

AUGUST 6

1,148 kc/s. (261.3 m.) ★ 193 kc/s. (1,554.4 m.)

WEDNESDAY

NATIONAL PROGRAMME

10.15 a.m. THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30-10.45 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST

11.0-11.30
Experimental Television Transmission
by the Baird Process
(356.3 m. Vision; 261.3 m. Sound)

12.0 Gramophone Records

1.0 Light Music

FRASCATI'S ORCHESTRA
Directed by GEORGES HAECCK
FROM THE RESTAURANT FRASCATI

2.0-2.30 A Ballad Concert

BLANCHE ALLEN (*Mezzo-Soprano*)
J. ALCO THOMAS (*Baritone*)

4.0 A Concert

by
THE KNELLER HALL BAND
Conducted by Captain H. E. ADKINS, Mus. Bac.
(By kind permission of Colonel L. M. GREGSON, O.B.E.)
Relayed from KNELLER HALL, TWICKENHAM

BAND
Selection, 'Il Trovatore' Verdi
MALE VOICE CHOIR
Deep River } Negro
Ain't gonna Study War } Spirituals

BAND
Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2 Liszt
Entry of the Gods into Valhalla Wagner
Selection, 'Dorothy' Cellier
Two Entr'actes from 'Rosamunde' Schubert
Overture, 'Der Freischütz' ('The Marksman')
Weber

RULE BRITANNIA
GOD SAVE THE KING

5.0 Gramophone Records

5.15 The Children's Hour

'THE TALE OF MR. JORDLE PLUNG,' written and
told by RALPH DE ROHAN
Violoncello Solos played by BEATRICE EVELINE

'The Emperor and the Robin' (*Agnes Hart*)

6.0 Ministry of Agriculture Fortnightly Bulletin

6.15 'The First News'
WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS
BULLETIN

6.40 The Foundations of Music
BRAHMS' PIANOFORTE MUSIC

7.45

A CONCERT

at
**The National Eisteddfod of
Wales**

Relayed from EISTEDDFOD PAVILION, LLANELLY
(From Cardiff)

NATIONAL ORCHESTRA OF WALES

(Leader, LOUIS LEVITUS)

Conducted by WARWICK
BRAITHWAITE

Overture, 'Tannhäuser' . . . Wagner

ARTHUR FEAR (*Baritone*) and
Orchestra

Songs

THE ORCHESTRA

Serenade No. 4, in D Mozart
Andante Maestoso—Allegro An-
dante; Prestissimo

'THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN'

A Cantata

by

SIR HUBERT PARBY

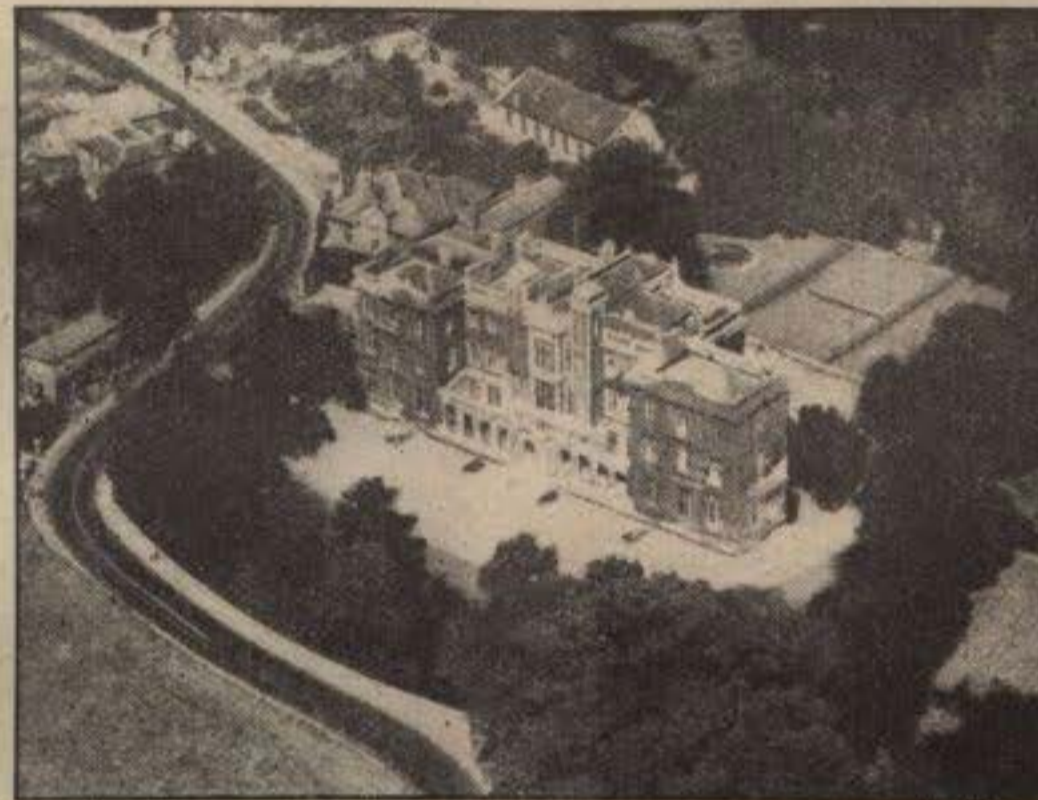
Artists

FRANCIS RUSSELL (*Tenor*)

ARTHUR FEAR (*Baritone*)

EISTEDDFOD CHOIR (500 VOICES)

Conducted by EDGAR THOMAS



THE HEADQUARTERS OF MILITARY MUSIC.

An air view of Kneller Hall, the famous Army band school, from
which a concert will be relayed at 4.0 this afternoon.

Played by LESLIE ENGLAND

Sonata (continued)
Scherzo; Intermezzo; Finale
Intermezzo in A, Op. 18

7.0-7.20 Capt. ROBERT A. L. HARTMAN: 'The
Peaceful Angler'

7.25 A VIOLIN RECITAL

by
ISAAC LOSOWSKY

La Folia Corelli, arr. Leonard
Slav Dance Themes, No. 2 Dvorak, arr. Kreisler
Tambourin Chinois Kreisler

9.0

'The Second News'

WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS
BULLETIN; London and New York Stock
Exchange Reports; (1,554.4 m. only) Shipping
Forecast and Fat Stock Prices

9.25 Talk

9.40

(See foot of page)

10.20-12.0

(1,554.4 m. only)

DANCE MUSIC

JACK HARRIS'S GROSVENOR HOUSE BAND, from
GROSVENOR HOUSE

'CO-OPTIMISTICALLY YOURS'—a show given by DAVY BURNABY,
BETTY CHESTER, GILBERT CHILDS, STANLEY HOLLOWAY, PHYLLIS MONKMAN,
and HARRY PEPPER—TO BE BROADCAST TONIGHT AT 9.40 (see p. 233.)

AUGUST 6

626 kc/s. (479.2 m.)

WEDNESDAY

MIDLAND REGIONAL



**All stations
will
now switch
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please*



/N.C.C.779

12.0 *London Regional Programme*

1.30 **A Light Orchestral Programme**

THE MIDLAND WIRELESS ORCHESTRA

Conducted by FRANK CANTILL

Overture, 'Marinarella' *Fucik*

WINIFRED MORRIS (*Contralto*)

Fairy Roses *Coleridge-Taylor*

Pleading *Elgar*

Silent Noon
Vaughan Williams

ORCHESTRA

Three Irish Dances
John Ansell

ROSALIND BENNETT
(*Pianoforte*)

Waltz in A Flat }
Nocturne in C } *Chopin*
Minor, Opus 48,
No. 1

2.5 ORCHESTRA

Gala Waltz
Allen T. Hussell
Zazra *York Bowen*

WINIFRED MORRIS

The Stars *Phillips*

A Rose in Autumn
Balakirev

Come my Love to me
Chaminade

ORCHESTRA

Selection, 'The Arcadians'
Monckton and Talbot

2.35-3.0 ROSALIND BENNETT

Butterfly }
Little Bird } *Grieg*
To the Spring }
Spring Dance

ORCHESTRA

Suite, 'Stars of the Desert' .. *Woodforde-Finden*

5.15 **The Children's Hour**

'The Woodland Folk go down to the Sea,'

a Fairy Story by Anthea North

Songs by HAROLD CASEY (*Baritone*)

HAROLD PARKER and his Xylophone

'The Week's Sport,' by MAURICE K. FOSTER

6.0 *London Regional Programme*

6.15 'The First News'

WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS
BULLETIN

6.40 **An Orchestral Concert**

THE MIDLAND WIRELESS ORCHESTRA

Conducted by FRANK CANTILL

REGINALD MORGAN (*Tenor*)

ORCHESTRA

Overture, 'Hamlet' *Bach*

REGINALD MORGAN

A Sprig of Rosemary *German*

The Garden of your Heart *Dorel*

If all the young Maidens *Löhr*

ORCHESTRA

Waltz, 'The beautiful blue

Danube' *Johann Strauss*

Prelude in C Sharp Minor
Rachmaninoff

Anitra's

Dance }
In the Hall ('Peer Gynt'

of the Suite) *Grieg*

Mountain

King ..

REGINALD MORGAN

Love is a Sickness

Armstrong Gibbs

In Service *Eric Foggy*

The little Road Home

Brewer

ORCHESTRA

Suite, 'Rustic Revels'

Fletcher



REGINALD MORGAN,
tenor, sings in the orchestral concert
this evening at 6.40.

7.45 *London Regional
Programme*

8.40 *Midland News*

8.45

Vaudeville

YVETTE DARNAC

In French Bergerettes

WILFRID SHINE

Irish Stories

EDGAR FAIRCHILD and ROBERT LINDHOLM

The Famous Duo Pianists

RAY LITVIN

In Dickens' Character Studies

TOM CLARE

Entertainer at the Piano

CECILE PETRIE and PAULINE LESTER

In Songs and Duets

(*London Regional Programme*)

10.15

'The Second News'

WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS
BULLETIN

10.30 *Experimental Transmission for the Radio
Research Board by the Fultograph Process*

10.35-11.0 *London Regional Programme*

AUGUST 6 ★ 842 kc/s. (356.3 m.) ★ WEDNESDAY

LONDON REGIONAL

12.0 ORGAN RECITAL
 by
R. ARNOLD GREIR
 Relayed from ALL SAINTS', MARGARET STREET
 Prelude and Fugue in C Minor *Bach*
 Chant de Mai (May Song) *Jongen*
MONA QUAYLE (Contralto)
 A Soft Day *Stanford*
 The Snowdrop *Harold Craxton*
 The Flower Maiden *Gwynn Williams*
 Dream of little Rhys *arr. Somervell*
 Mifanwy *Dorothy Forster*
R. ARNOLD GREIR
 Symphony in E Minor, No. 2 (First Movement) *Vierne*
 Nocturne in A *Faules*
MONA QUAYLE
 Oh, could I but express in Song *Malashkin*
 A Child's Song of Praise *Dunhill*
 I will make you Brooches *Coningsby Clarke*
 The Dawn *d'Hardelot*
 Teach me to pray *Gwynn Williams*
R. ARNOLD GREIR
 Scherzo in A Minor *Bernard*
 Choral Improvization on 'Ein' feste Burg' *Karg-Elert*

1.0 Gramophone Records

1.30 A Light Orchestral Programme
(From Midland Regional)
THE MIDLAND WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
 Conducted by **FRANK CANTELL**
 Overture, 'Marinarella' *Fucik*
WINIFRED MORRIS (Contralto)
 Fairy Roses *Coleridge-Taylor*
 Pleading *Elgar*
 Silent Noon *Vaughan Williams*
ORCHESTRA
 Three Irish Dances *John Ansell*
ROSALIND BENNETT (Pianoforte)
 Waltz in A Flat *Chopin*
 Nocturne in C Minor, Op. 48, No. 1 } *Chopin*

2.5 ORCHESTRA
 Gala Waltz *Allen T. Hussell*
 Zazra *York Bowen*

WINIFRED MORRIS
 The Stars *Phillips*
 A Rose in Autumn *Balakirev*
 Come, my Love, to me *Chaminade*
ORCHESTRA
 Selection, 'The Arcadians' *Monckton and Talbot*

2.35-3.0 ROSALIND BENNETT
 Butterfly } *Grieg*
 Little Bird }
 To the Spring }
 Spring Dance }
ORCHESTRA
 Suite, 'Stars of the Desert' ... *Woodforde-Finden*

5.15 JACK PAYNE and his B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA

6.15 'The First News'
 WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.40 REGINALD KING'S ORCHESTRA
 Selection, 'Rose Marie' *Friml*
 Chanson (Song) *Friml, arr. Reginald King*
JENNIE BLEASDALE (Soprano)
 Three Songs of England:
 Thro' the Wood *Horn*
 The Garden Gate *Parke*
 Come, live with me *Bishop*
ORCHESTRA
 Réverie du Soir (Evening) *Saint-Saëns*
 La Siesta *Norton*
 Carmina *Reginald King*
 Marigold *Mayerl, arr. Reginald King*
JENNIE BLEASDALE
 Love's Quarrel } *Cyril Scott*
 An old Song ended }
 The Rivulet *Martin Shaw*
 The Voices of the Trees *Percival Garratt*
ORCHESTRA
 Musette *K. A. Wright*
 Suite, 'Hyde Park' *Jalowicz*

7.45 'The Wedding'
 A Farce in One Act by **ANTON CHEKOV**
 Translated by **CONSTANCE GARNETT**
 Arranged by **DULCIMA GLASBY**

Characters in the Play
Yevdokim Zaharovitch Zhigalov (retired Collegiate Registry-Clerk)
Nastasya Timofeyevna (his Wife)
Dashenka (their Daughter)
Epaminond Maximovitch Aplombov (her Bridegroom)
Fyodor Yakovlevitch Revunov-Karauov (retired Naval Captain of the second rank)
Audrey Andreyevitch Nyunin (Insurance Agent)
Anna Martynovna Zmeyukin (a Midwife, about thirty, in a bright magenta dress)
Ivan Milhailovitch Yat (a Telegraph Clerk)
Harlampy Spiridonovitch Dymba (a Greek Keeper of a Confectioner's Shop)
Dmitry Stepanovitch Mozgovoy (a Sailor in the Volunteer Fleet)
 Best Men, Dancing Gentleman, Waiters, etc.
 The action takes place in one of the rooms of a second-class restaurant

'Danger'
 A Play for Broadcasting by **RICHARD HUGHES**
Characters
Jack, a young man } (English Visitors to a
Mary, a young woman } mine in Wales)
Mr. Bax, an elderly man }
 Voices of a party of Welsh Miners, who are heard singing
 The scene is a gallery in a Welsh coal mine
 The Plays produced by **HOWARD ROSE**
(For casts see page 253.)

8.40 Regional News

8.45 Vaudeville
YVETTE DARNAC
 In French Bergerettes
WILFRID SHINE
 Irish Stories
EDGAR FAIRCHILD and ROBERT LINDHOLM
 The Famous Duo Pianists
RAY LITVIN
 In Dickens Character Studies
TOM CLARE
 Entertainer at the Piano
CECILE PETRIE and PAULINE LESTER
 In Songs and Duets

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

10.30-12.0 DANCE MUSIC
JACK HARRIS'S GROSVENOR HOUSE BAND, from GROSVENOR HOUSE

TWO SHORT PLAYS TO BE BROADCAST TONIGHT



ANTON CHEKOV

at 7.45, and again in the National programme on Thursday at 9.40

'THE WEDDING,'

a farce in one act by **ANTON CHEKOV**
 and

'DANGER,'

a play for broadcasting by **RICHARD HUGHES**

FOR FULL PARTICULARS SEE COL. 2 ABOVE



RICHARD HUGHES

THE HERETICS

or

Take it as you please
by WINIFRED HOLTBY

(Continued from page 225.)

I have had the pleasure of going away to visit an opposing team, and a real pleasure it has been to me. But so far as the motion is concerned, there are just one or two things that I should like to say. The first is that it's all nonsense. You all talk about the Simple Life. Well, I've seen the Simple Life to-day for the first time. In my cottage I have to light the fire with wood dried overnight, carry my water from the well, and heat it in a copper cauldron. Here, you switch on a tap and the whole thing is over. At home we have to make our own clothes from the stuff we've woven. We're so busy making them that we never have time to wear them. We are all Food Reformers, but when there are six children in the family and there's no electricity, and the grocer calls only once a week, it isn't the food that wants reforming—it's the kitchen. It's all very well for the men. They get out of the place and off to work in offices with lifts and telephones, and all the rest of it. And they can join in the games and so on when their day's work's over. They can hear music when the Madrigal Society's rehearsing, and they can play string quartets in the Hall of Fellowship if they really want to. But what about us? We haven't time to go out for our music; we can't make it ourselves, and we're all saying that you can't be civilized if you have wireless and vacuum-cleaners, and the rest of it. I say you can't be civilized without them. And I know.

She sat down. There was a breathless silence. Then a Garden Villager, old in tact and wise in strategy, arose courageously.

'I'm sure,' he said, 'we've all been much amused by Mrs. Podd's delightful sarcasm. I wish we had more opportunity to hear the ladies. A little humour does us all good sometimes. Now to return to the main contention as I see it. . . .'

And the incident passed.

But that was only the beginning.

What happened in the Podd household no one ever knew. Mrs. Podd had made her unique protest. After that she was never heard to speak in public again. But there was an uneasy feeling in the village that the Women were no longer altogether Sound upon the subject. A rumour spread that Mrs. Dale was going in for Cross-word competitions; worse, that she had won twenty-five pounds from one in a Commercial Paper with a large, vulgar circulation. Nobody was quite sure, and the heresy was so awful that scandal was only whispered to dear friends. But one morning the Villagers saw, with horror, a wire suspended from the Dales' roof to the Podd's apple tree. Nobody liked to mention it. The orthodox Villagers averted their eyes from the sad spectacle. But late that evening they heard strains of music flowing from the Dales' window out into the village. Said some: 'The string quartet must be rehearsing in the Dales' house.'

Said others: 'I've never heard them as good as that.'

Said a third: 'Couldn't we walk past quietly? Not as if we were curious. But just to see if the curtains aren't drawn across the window.'

The curtains were not drawn. Mrs. Dale was sitting alone, except for Mrs. Podd who had brought the youngest baby, which slept on her lap while she darned some stockings.

(Continued on page 284.)

AUGUST 6

CARDIFF

968 kc/s. (309.9 m.)

WEDNESDAY

WESTERN REGION

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30-10.45 National Programme

1.0-2.30 National Programme

4.0 National Programme

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
'FABLES' by DOROTHY EAVES

6.0 National Programme

7.45 A CONCERT
Relayed from

The Royal National Eisteddfod

At THE EISTEDDFOD PAVILION, LLANELLY
(National Programme)NATIONAL ORCHESTRA OF WALES
(Cerdorfa Genedlaethol Cymru)
(Leader, LOUIS LEVITUS)Conducted by WARWICK BRAITHWAITE
Overture, 'Tannhäuser' Wagner
ARTHUR FEAR (Baritone) and Orchestra
Largo al Factotum ('The Barber of Seville')
RossiniTHE ORCHESTRA
Serenade No. 4 in D Mozart
Andante; Allegro; Andante; Prestissimo'THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN'
A Cantata
by
Sir HUBERT PARRY

Artists

FRANCIS RUSSELL (Tenor)

ARTHUR FEAR (Baritone)

EISTEDDFOD CHOIR (550 Voices)

Conducted by EDGAR THOMAS

9.0 National Programme

9.15 West Regional News

9.25 National Programme

10.20-11.0 London Regional Programme

SWANSEA

1,040 kc/s (288.5 m.)

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30-10.45 National Programme

1.0-2.30 National Programme

4.0 National Programme

5.15 West Regional Programme

6.0 National Programme

9.15 West Regional News

9.25 National Programme

10.20-11.0 London Regional Programme

PLYMOUTH

1,040 kc/s (288.5 m.)

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30-10.45 National Programme

4.0 National Programme

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
A Visit to Topsy Turvy Land, when Mabel
Marlowe gives us an idea of a
'Topsy TURVY BIRTHDAY,' and DOROTHY
FOLKARD is at the Piano

6.0 National Programme

9.15 Local News and Mid-Week Sports Bulletin

9.25 National Programme

10.20-11.0 London Regional Programme

BOURNEMOUTH

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE
10.30-10.45 National Programme
4.0-10.20 National Programme

MANCHESTER

797 kc/s (376.4 m.)

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30-10.45 National Programme

4.0 An Afternoon Programme

THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
CONSTANCE HAY (Contralto)
(From Newcastle)5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
THE STORY BEHIND THE RHYME; No. 1
'Cobbler Cherrycheeks,' a story by MARIAN
V. HAYES. Songs by BEATRICE COLEMAN, and
music by THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA

6.0 National Programme

7.45 A Band Concert

THE BAND OF THE FIRST BATTALION, ROYAL
ULSTER RIFLESConducted by WILLIAM ALLAN
(By kind permission of Colonel D. J. C. K.
BERNARD, D.S.O., C.M.G., and Officers)

Relayed from THE BAND STAND, MORECAMBE

9.0 National Programme

9.15 North of England News

9.25-10.20 National Programme



A FREE PRIZE NO MONEY REQUIRED

This puzzle represents a Chinaman. About him are two faces; find these faces and mark with a cross. To those who are correct and read this advertisement and comply with the conditions here named, we will give a handsome pair of gold lacquered cuff links or this bracelet with your initial set in brilliant and attached to a silk ribbon with an adjustable clasp.



This is a business transaction to gain your assistance in the sale of "BLUEINE," a laundry blue that bleaches the clothes in half the time, with half the labour, being a necessity in every home, it is easy to sell, especially as 6d. purchases eight weeks' supply. With the bracelet or cuff links we send 25 packages of "BLUEINE" on 30 days consignment, which you agree to make an honest effort to sell to your friends at 6d. each, failing to sell it, you return the unsold packages together with the money for any sold. As a reward for selling the 25 packages you get a jewelled lucky ring of unsurpassing beauty, in fact in your unoccupied time you may earn a solid gold watch and other valuable prizes. Send the solution with your name and address clearly written and name the prize desired. Replies from children will be ignored unless accompanied by parents' written consent. Only one reply from a family will be accepted.

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This Photograph was taken on a Zeiss Ikon film. Therefore it is a good one

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DEAF

NO hearing aid ever invented has brought so much happiness to so many deaf people as the new miniature Silver Anniversary "DIME" ACOUSTICON. It has brought unequalled happiness because by its use even very deaf people are able to enter into conversation with the confidence that they will hear correctly all that is said; listen to music without missing the soft passages; and to travel alone, cross the roads, and ride in public vehicles with greater safety and positive freedom from all embarrassment. And the reason is that the new Silver Anniversary "DIME" ACOUSTICON is more powerful than many aids four or five times its size and weight and being actually smaller than a sixpence and capable of being worn beneath the clothing—is, to all intents and purposes, practically invisible. Only by testing this marvellous and entirely different hearing aid can you obtain the slightest idea of how much it would mean to you. Leading ear specialists are sending their patients to be fitted. A free test in beautifully appointed private demonstration rooms is offered to you any day you care to call. There is no obligation.

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Wireless Listeners are due for a special treat. The Odol Company are arranging wonderful Concerts for Sunday nights. These will be given by the Odol Orchestra, supported by well-known artistes. The first Concert will be on—

SUNDAY NIGHT, AUGUST 3 LISTEN TO RADIO PARIS 10 p.m. to 11 p.m. 1725 metres.

Further Concerts will be given from Radio Paris on the following Sundays, August 10th, 17th, 24th, 31st and September 7th. At the Concert on August 10th, full particulars will be given of how to obtain, absolutely free, a 19 Guinea Pye 5-Valve Portable Wireless Set. Be sure you listen-in and get these particulars. Do not miss any of these wonderful ODOL Concerts.

LISTEN TO PARIS ODOL RADIO NIGHT Sunday AUG. 3rd.



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AUGUST 7

1,148 kc/s. (261.3 m.) ★ 193 kc/s. (1,554.4 m.)

THURSDAY

NATIONAL PROGRAMME

10.15 a.m. **THE DAILY SERVICE**

10.30-10.45 **TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST**

11.0-11.30

Experimental Television Transmission by the Baird Process (356.3 m. Vision; 261.3 m. Sound)

12.0 **A Concert**

MOLLY MITCHELL (*Contralto*)
THE RENGES SEPTET

1.0 **REGINALD FOORT**

At THE ORGAN OF THE REGENT CINEMA, BOURNEMOUTH
(From Bournemouth)

2.0 **Gramophone Records**

2.20 **Speech**
by

The Rt. Hon. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

From THE NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD, LLANELLY
(From Cardiff)

3.0 **EVENSONG**

From WESTMINSTER ABBEY

3.45 **A Ballad Concert**

ERNEST GREVES (*Violin*)
OLGA THOMAS (*Pianoforte*)

4.15 **Light Music**

THE GROSVENOR HOUSE ORCHESTRA

Directed by JOSEPH MEEUS
From GROSVENOR HOUSE

5.15 **The Children's Hour**

Selections by GENIAL JEMIMA
'WHAT'S IN A NAME?'—HUGH CHESTERMAN will supply the answer
'AN AFTERNOON IN AN AIRSHIP,' written and told by JOHN HEYGATE

6.0 **Talk**

6.15 **'The First News'**

WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.35 **Market Prices for Farmers**

6.40 **The Foundations of Music**

BRAHMS' PIANOFORTE MUSIC
Played by LESLIE ENGLAND
Rhapsody in G Minor, Op. 79
Intermezzo in E Flat Minor, Op. 118
Intermezzo in C, Op. 119
Intermezzo in B Minor, Op. 119
Ballade in G Minor, Op. 118

7.0-7.20 **'THE CINEMA'**



Tonight **'THE WEDDING'** at 9.40.

A FARCE IN ONE ACT BY ANTON CHEKOV

Translated by Constance Garnett. Arranged by Dulcinea Glasby

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY:

Yevdokim Zaharovitch Zhigalov (*retired Collegiate Registry-Clerk*)
Nastasya Timofeyevna (*his wife*)
Dashenka (*their daughter*)

Epaminond Maximovitch Aplombov (*her bridegroom*)
Fyodor Yakovlevitch Revunov-Karaulov (*retired Naval Captain*)
Andrey Andreyevitch Nyunin (*insurance agent*)

Anna Marcynovna Zmeyukin (*a midwife, about thirty, in a bright magenta dress*)

Ivan Mihailovitch Yat (*a telegraph clerk*)
Harlampy Spiridonovitch Dymba (*a Greek confectioner*)
Dmitry Stepanovitch Mozgovoy (*a sailor in the Volunteer Fleet*)

Best Men, Dancing Gentlemen, Waiters, etc.

The scene is one of the rooms of a second-class restaurant.

'DANGER'

A PLAY FOR BROADCASTING BY RICHARD HUGHES

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

Jack, a young man..... }
Mary, a young woman..... } English Visitors to a mine in Wales
Mr. Bux, an elderly man.... }

Voices of a party of Welsh Miners, who are heard singing

The scene is a gallery in a Welsh coal mine

The plays produced by Howard Rose.



7.30 **A RECITAL**

by LAURI KENNEDY (*Violoncello*)
and DOROTHY KENNEDY (*Pianoforte*)

LAURI KENNEDY and DOROTHY KENNEDY

Sonata in G Minor (in four movements) *Handel*

DOROTHY KENNEDY
Two Waltzes } *Brahms*
Rhapsody in G Minor }

LAURI KENNEDY

Sarabande and Bourrée .. *Bach*
(Unaccompanied, from Suite in C)
Vivace *Sammartini*

8.0 **THE BAND OF H.M. COLDSTREAM GUARDS**

(By kind permission of Col. C. P. HEYWOOD, C.M.G., D.S.O.)

Director of Music, Capt. R. G. EVANS
Relayed from the Palace Pier, Brighton

Spanish March, 'La Giralda' *Lopez*

Overture, 'Merry Wives of Windsor' *Nicolaï*

Selection, 'The Three Musketeers' *Friml*
Suite, 'The Dwellers of the Western World' *Sousa*

Selection, 'Fagliacci' *Leoncavallo*

9.0 **'The Second News'**

WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN; London and New York Stock Exchange Reports; (1,554.4 m. only) Shipping Forecast

9.25 **Talk**

9.40 **'The Wedding'**

The Cast will include:

BARBARA COUPER, PHILIP WADE, ERNEST DIGGES, RENEE DE VAUX, DOUGLAS BURBIDGE, DINO GALVANI, JAMES CARRALL, HECTOR ABBAS, HAROLD COLONNA, GLADYS YOUNG, HARMAN GRISEWOOD, SEBASTIAN SMITH, and THE GERSHOM PARKINGTON QUINTET
(See centre of page)

'Danger'

The Cast will include:

LIONEL MILLARD, PEGGIE ASHCROFT, FRANK DENTON, MALE CHORUS, and THE GERSHOM PARKINGTON QUINTET
(See centre of page)

10.35-12.0 **DANCE MUSIC**

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

12.0-12.5 (1,554.4 m.)

Experimental Transmission for the Radio Research Board
By the Fultograph Process

AUGUST 7

626 kc/s. (479.2 m.)

THURSDAY

MIDLAND REGIONAL

3 HALVES OF AN ALLURING MOUTH

$\frac{1}{2}$ a tumbler of water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoon of Milton
 $\frac{1}{2}$ hour while you dress



will kill every germ and thoroughly clean your false teeth—keeping your mouth healthy and fresh, your smile attractive and brilliant all through the day. Milton cannot possibly injure the most delicate dental plate.

MILTON

CLEANS FALSE TEETH

12.0 Light Music
 THE GRANGE ORCHESTRA
 Conducted by HAYDN HEARD
 Relayed from THE GRANGE SUPER CINEMA, SMALL HEATH, BIRMINGHAM
 March, 'Blue Devils' Williams
 Pol-pourri, 'Melodious Memories' Finck
 Overture, 'Raymond' Ambrose Thomas
 The Sanctuary of the Heart Ketelbey
 Waltz, 'Ain't it great to be Home again?'
 Wallace
 Selection, 'Princess Charming' arr. Higgs

1.0 A Ballad Concert
 ALBERT SIDAWAY (Tenor)
 O Vision entrancing Goring Thomas
 Blow, blow, thou winter Wind Quilter

6.40 ORGAN RECITAL
 by
 Dr. HAROLD RHODES
 Relayed from COVENTRY CATHEDRAL
 Fantasy (Sonata No. 3) Buck
 Cradle Song Harvey Grace
 Prelude and Fugue in G Bach
 Pastoral in F Scarlatti
 Second Sonata in D Guilman
 Allegro; Larghetto; Vivace

7.15 THE JAN BERENSKA PIANOFORTE QUINTET
 Waltz of the Flowers ('Naila') Delibes
 Andante Cantabile Tchaikovsky
 Fantasy, 'Samson and Delilah' .. Saint-Saëns
 JAN BERENSKA (Violin)
 Pale Moon Logan, arr. Kreisler



'Great-Grandfather's Song-Book'

A Selection of Popular Songs of 1770

arranged and compered by
 by

WALTER PITCHFORD

IN THE MIDLAND REGIONAL PROGRAMME TONIGHT AT 8.0.
 FOR PARTICULARS SEE BELOW

MAX CREE (Pianoforte)
 Nocturne in F Sharp, Op. 15, No. 2 ... } Chopin
 Study, Op. 25, No. 1 }
 Study, Op. 10, No. 7 }

GERTRUDE ENTWISTLE (Contralto)
 Nay, though my Heart should break
 Tchaikovsky
 Love's Coronation Florence Aylward
 The Moon Fishers May Gravatt

1.30 London Regional Programme
 2.30-3.0 REGINALD NEW
 At THE ORGAN of THE BEAUFORT CINEMA
 Relayed from WASHWOOD HEATH, BIRMINGHAM
 Selection of Scots Airs, 'The Thistle'
 arr. Myddleton
 Serenade Toselli
 Overture, 'Plymouth Hoe' John Ansell

5.15 The Children's Hour
 'The Spell,' a Nature Sketch, by Dorothy Cooper
 Songs by BETTY BOND (Soprano)
 JACKO and a Piano

6.0 London Regional Programme
 6.15-6.35 'The First News'
 WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

QUINTET
 Prælium Järnefelt
 Berceuse ('Jocelyn') Godard
 Slav Dance No. 6 Dvorak

8.0 'Great-Grandfather's Song-Book'

A Selection of Popular Songs of 1770
 Arranged and compered by
 WALTER PITCHFORD

Presented by
 KATE WINTER (Soprano)
 GEOFFREY DAMS (Tenor)
 ARTHUR CRANMER (Baritone)
 THE MIDLAND WIRELESS CHORUS
 THE MIDLAND STRING ORCHESTRA
 Conducted by FRANK CANTELL

9.0 London Regional Programme

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

10.45-10.50 Midland News

AUGUST 7



842 kc/s. (356.3 m.)



THURSDAY

LONDON REGIONAL

12.0 Light Music
(From Midland Regional)

THE GRANGE ORCHESTRA
Conducted by HAYDN HEARD
Relayed from

THE GRANGE SUPER CINEMA,
SMALL HEATH, BIRMINGHAM

- March, 'Blue Devils' *Williams*
- Pot-pourri, 'Melodious Memories' *Finck*
- Overture, 'Raymond' *Ambroise Thomas*
- The Sanctuary of the Heart *Ketelbey*
- Waltz, 'Ain't it great to be Home again?' *Wallace*
- Selection, 'Princess Charming' *arr. Higgs*

1.0 A Ballad Concert
(From Midland Regional)

ALBERT SIDAWAY (Tenor)
O Vision entrancing *Goring Thomas*
Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind *Quilter*

MAY CREE (Pianoforte)
Nocturne in F Sharp, Op. 15, No. 2
Study, Op. 25, No. 1
Study, Op. 10, No. 7 } *Chopin*

GERTRUDE ENTWISTLE (Contralto)
Nay, though my Heart should break *Tchaikovsky*
Love's Coronation *Florence Aylward*
The Moon Fishers *May Gravatt*

1.30 Light Music

MAURICE TOUBAS and his ORCHESTRA
From THE KIT-CAT RESTAURANT

2.30-3.0 REGINALD NEW

At THE ORGAN of THE BEAUFORT CINEMA
Relayed from WASHWOOD HEATH, BIRMINGHAM
Selection of Scots Aids, 'The Thistle' *arr. Mybbleton*
Serenade *Toselli*
Overture, 'Plymouth Hoe' *John Ancell*

5.15 JACK PAYNE
and his
B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA,

A CONCERT FROM SALZBURG

7.20



A Concert by the Vienna Philharmonic Society Orchestra, conducted by Dr. Bernhard Paumgartner (inset) will be relayed from the court of the ancient residence of the Prince Archbishop, at Salzburg, tonight at 9.0. This picture shows a concert taking place on the spot from which tonight's relay will come.

(See foot of page)

8.0 'Great-Grandfather's Song-Book'

(From Midland Regional)
A Selection of Popular Songs of 1770
Arranged and Compered by
WALTER FITCHFORD
Presented by
KATE WINTER (Soprano)
GEOFFREY DAMS Tenor
ARTHUR CRANMER (Baritone)
THE MIDLAND WIRELESS CHORUS
THE MIDLAND STRING ORCHESTRA
Conducted by
FRANK CANTELL

6.15-6.35 'The First News'
WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.40 An Orchestral Concert
WILLIAM MICHAEL (Baritone)
THE B.B.C. ORCHESTRA
Conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS

ORCHESTRA
Opera Bouffe (Overture) *Finck*
WILLIAM MICHAEL
Songs

ORCHESTRA
Idyll, 'Springtime' *A. H. Brewer*
WILLIAM MICHAEL
Songs

ORCHESTRA
Selection, 'In a Persian Garden' *Lisa Lehmann*

9.0 The Vienna Philharmonic Society Orchestra

Conducted by
Dr. BERNHARD PAUMGARTNER
Relayed from SALZBURG

March in D (K.V. 249)
Serenade, No. 7, in D (K.V. 250) } *Mozart*
The 'Haffner Serenade,' composed at Salzburg for the wedding of Elisabeth Haffner in the year 1776.

Played in the court of the ancient Residence of the Prince Archbishop

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

10.45-10.50 Regional News

'CO-OPTIMISTICALLY YOURS'—the show with Day Burnaby, Betty Chester, Gilbert Childs, Stanley Holloway, Phyllis Monkman and Harry Pepper—comes on the London Regional Programme tonight from 7.20 to 8.0.

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Bread
needs
'Golden Shred'
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AUGUST 7

CARDIFF

THURSDAY

968 kc/s. (309.9 m.)

WESTERN REGION

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30-10.45 *National Programme*

2.0 *National Programme*

2.20 Speech
by

The Rt. Hon. David Lloyd
George, M.P.

Relayed from

THE ROYAL NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD OF WALES

At THE EISTEDDFOD PAVILION,
LLANELLY

(*National Programme*)

Chairing of the Bard
Ceremony

Relayed from

THE ROYAL NATIONAL
EISTEDDFOD OF WALES

At THE EISTEDDFOD PAVILION,
LLANELLY

3.0 *National Programme*

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

'A SCRATCH PARTY'

By TONY GALLOWAY

Some Songs by GWLADYS
TREVOR WILLIAMS
(*Soprano*)

6.0 'WINDOWS OF YOUTH'—III

Mr. IDRIS EVANS, President of the Students'
Representative Council of the University College
of South Wales and Monmouthshire, Cardiff

6.15 *National Programme*

6.35 Market Prices for Farmers

6.40 *National Programme*

7.30 A POETIC DRAMA IN ONE ACT
Presented by

THE BATH CITIZEN HOUSE PLAYERS

Relayed from

THE SUMMER SCHOOL OF DRAMATIC ART,
CITIZEN HOUSE,
BATH

'HOLIDAY'

By WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

Characters:

Eva Sparks, a widow
Polly, her younger daughter
Nelly, her elder daughter
Daniel, Nelly's lover

Scene: A room in a tenement dwelling on the evening of Whit-Monday. Eva Sparks is sitting on the bed on which her daughter Nelly lies unconscious, with her eyes open, and her hands moving in a regular succession of mechanical motions. Her second daughter Polly stands near the window looking out into the dismal courtyard.

THE BATH CITIZEN HOUSE PLAYERS
in

A Reading of the POEMS of WILFRID WILSON
GIBSON
including

'SONGS OF THE FAIR' and 'FLANNAN ISLE'

8.0 *National Programme*

9.15 West Regional News

9.25-12.0 *National Programme*

SWANSEA

1,040 kc/s (288.5 m.)

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30-10.45 *National Programme*

2.0 *National Programme*

2.20 *West Regional Programme*

3.0 *National Programme*

5.15 *West Regional Programme*

6.15 *National Programme*

6.35 *West Regional Programme*

6.40 *National Programme*

7.30 *West Regional Programme*

8.0 *National Programme*

9.15 West Regional News

9.25-12.0 *National Programme*

PLYMOUTH

1,040 kc/s (288.5 m.)

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30-10.45 *National Programme*

12.0-1.0 *National Programme*

2.20 *National Programme*

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

'The Hat of Um Wozzabitt' (Margaret Gibbs)
plays a part in today's Programme

6.0 *National Programme*

9.15 Local News

9.25-12.0 *National Programme*

BOURNEMOUTH

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30-10.45 *National Programme*

1.0-2.0 *National Programme*

2.20-12.0 *National Programme*

MANCHESTER

797 kc/s (376.4 m.)

10.15:—The Daily Service. 10.30-10.45:—National Programme. 12.0-1.0:—A Ballad Concert (From Newcastle). Lillian Clayton (Contralto); Alwyn Teasdale (Cornet); Dan Gregory (Bass). 2.20:—National Programme. 3.45:—An Orchestral Concert, relayed from The Pavilion Gardens, Buxton. The Municipal Orchestra, conducted by Horace Fellowes. Dorothy Donaldson (Soprano). 5.15:—The Children's Hour. 6.0:—National Programme. 6.35:—Market Prices for Northern English Farmers. 6.40:—National Programme. 7.30:—An Orchestral Concert. Northern Wireless Orchestra. Dorothy Verney (Contralto); Leonard Hirsch (Violin). 9.0:—National Programme. 9.15:—North of England News. 9.25-12.0:—National Programme.

AUGUST 8

1,148 kc/s. (261.3 m.) ★ 193 kc/s. (1,554.4 m.)

FRIDAY

NATIONAL PROGRAMME

- 10.15 a.m. **THE DAILY SERVICE**
- 10.30-10.45 **TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST**
- 11.0-11.30 **Experimental Television Transmission by the Baird Process (356.3 m. Vision; 261.3 m. Sound)**
- 12.0 **A Sonata Recital**
 ELISA TOOKEY (*Violoncello*)
 JOYCE ROLLETT (*Pianoforte*)
 Sonata... *Henry Eccles* (1670-1742), *arr. Moffat*
 Largo; Corrente; Adagio; Vivace
 Sonata, Op. 6 *Stravinsky*
 Allegro; Andante; Allegro
- 12.30 **ORGAN RECITAL**
 By **LEONARD H. WARNER**
 Relayed from **ST. BOTOLPH'S, BISHOPSGATE**
- 1.30-2.30 **A Recital of Gramophone Records**
 By **CHRISTOPHER STONE**
- 4.0 **Light Music**
THE MAY FAIR HOTEL ORCHESTRA
 From the **MAY FAIR HOTEL**
- 5.15 **The Children's Hour**
 'JONATHAN AND SMILES IN AUGUST,' written and told by **J. C. STOBART**
 'The New Umbrella' (*Besly*), and other Songs by **JOHN BUCKLEY**
 The Story of 'The Doctor' (*Ernest Galloway*)
- 6.0 **MR. CHARLES W. J. UNWIN: 'In the Garden Now'**
- 6.15 **'The First News'**
WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN
- 6.40 **The Foundations of Music**
BRAHMS' PIANOFORTE MUSIC
 Played by **LESLIE ENGLAND**
 Variations—*Brahms, Handel*
- 7.5-7.25 **MR. GERALD HEARD: 'This Surprising World'**



AFTER AMY JOHNSON—LINDBERGH.
 On Monday this week listeners heard Amy Johnson, the heroine of the most spectacular flight yet made by a woman. To-day they will hear Lindbergh, the hero of the lone Atlantic crossing, whose speech on 'International Aviation' will be relayed from New York at 9.25 tonight.

7.30 **Vaudeville**
(See foot of page)

9.0 **'The Second News'**
WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN; London and New York Stock Exchange Reports; (1,554.4 m. only) Shipping Forecast and Fat Stock Prices

9.25 **Colonel CHARLES A. LINDBERGH**
'INTERNATIONAL AVIATION'
 Relayed from New York, by the courtesy of **THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM**

9.40 **Chamber Music**
TATIANA MAKUSHINA (*Soprano*)
THE LONDON PIANOFORTE QUARTET
MAY HARRISON (*Violin*)
BERNARD SHORE (*Viola*)
JOHN SHINEBORNE (*Violoncello*)
ETHEL BARTLETT (*Pianoforte*)
THE LONDON PIANOFORTE QUARTET
 Quartet in G Minor for Violin, Viola, Violoncello, and Pianoforte (K. 478) *Mozart*
 Allegro; Andante; Rondo
TATIANA MAKUSHINA
 Faun and Shepherdess Suite, for Voice and Pianoforte (Text by Poushkin) *Stravinsky*
 The Shepherdess; The Faun; The River
MAY HARRISON and ETHEL BARTLETT
 Sonata No. 1 for Violin and Pianoforte . . . *Debussy*
 With easy movement; With vigour and animation
TATIANA MAKUSHINA
 Luighi sereni e cari *Donaudy*
 J'ai pleuré en rêve *Huc*
 Chevaux de bois *Debussy*
 Complainte *Blushenko*
THE LONDON PIANOFORTE QUARTET
 Quartet, No. 2 in G Minor, for Violin, Viola, Violoncello and Pianoforte (Op. 45) *Fauré*
 Allegro molto moderato; Allegro molto; Adagio non troppo; Allegro molto

11.0-12.0 *(1,554.4 m. only)*
DANCE MUSIC
BILLY MASON and his CAPHEANS from THE CAFE DE PARIS

12.0-12.30 a.m.
Experimental Television Transmission by the Baird Process (356.3 m. Vision; 261.3 m. Sound)



NELLIE O'LIST

TONIGHT'S VAUDEVILLE

(7.30 — 9.0) will include

FRED SPENCER,

the famous Mrs. 'Arris, assisted by Mary Braumer, in 'At the Zoo,' by P. J. Dewhurst

GEORGE ELLIS, entertainer

MABEL CONSTANDUROS & MICHAEL HOGAN in a sketch, 'Poor Old Snell'

NELLIE O'LIST, entertainer

NANCY LOVAT, light ballads

MARIO DE PIETRO, banjo and mandoline solos

JACK PAYNE AND HIS B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA



FRED SPENCER as MRS. 'ARRIS

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AUGUST 8

626 kc/s. (479.2 m.)

FRIDAY

MIDLAND REGIONAL

12.0 Lunch-Hour Music
 THE MIDLAND WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
 Conducted by FRANK CANTELL

Overture, 'Cosi fan Tutte' ('The School for Lovers')..... Mozart
 Selection, 'Virginia' Waller and Tunbridge

THE CLEF TRIO
 Falero-lero-loo Vincent Thomas
 Fly, singing Bird Elgar
 Moontime Brewer

ORCHESTRA
 Suite, 'Four Ways'
 Eric Coates
 Three Holiday
 Sketches..... Lucas
 Morris Dance,
 'Skipton Rig'
 Holliday

THE CLEF TRIO
 The Song of
 Shadow
 Armstrong Gibbs
 The Bells of Aber-
 dovey arr. Fletcher
 The Galway Piper
 Irish Air

ORCHESTRA
 Selection, 'Good
 News' Henderson
 Rustic Dance, 'Airs
 and Graces'
 Monckton



THE CLEF TRIO
 will sing in the concert of lunch-hour music to be broadcast in the Midland Regional programme at noon today.

BAND
 Cornet Solo, 'O dry those Tears' del Riego
 (W. W. STEPHENS)

F. ALISON GREEN
 Songs of Araby Clay
 For you alone Geehl

7.35 BAND
 Selection, 'The Student Prince' Romberg

JACK VENABLES
 Further Syncopated Pianism

BAND
 Patrol, 'The Wee MacGregor'

8.0 London Regional Programme

8.30 An Orchestral Concert

THE MIDLAND WIRELESS AUGMENTED ORCHESTRA

1.15-3.0 London Regional Programme

5.15 The Children's Hour
 'Jill and the Door [Knob,' a Fairy Story, by
 PHYLLIS NORMAN

THOMAS FREEMAN (Violoncello)
 TONY will entertain

'Sharing Friends—a Letter from Cape Province'
 by FRANCES PEARMAN

6.0 London Regional Programme

6.15 'The First News'
 WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS
 BULLETIN

6.40 A Band Concert
 THE METROPOLITAN WORKS BAND
 Conducted by I. PERRIN

March, 'Palmer House' Pettes
 Humoresque, 'Sliding thro' the Rye' .. Truman

F. ALISON GREEN (Tenor)
 The English Rose ('Merrie England') .. German
 Serenade Schubert

BAND
 Selection, 'Iolanthe' Sullivan

7.15 JACK VENABLES
 Syncopated Pianisms

(Leader, FRANK CANTELL)
 Conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS
 ARTHUR ROBERTS (Pianoforte)

ORCHESTRA
 Overture, 'Russlan and Ludmilla' Glinka

ARTHUR ROBERTS and Orchestra
 Pianoforte Concerto No. 1 in E Flat Liszt

ORCHESTRA
 Ballet Music, 'Le Cid' Maassenet
 Second 'Wand of Youth' Suite Elgar

9.45 London Regional Programme

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

10.30 Midland News

10.35-11.0 London Regional Programme

This Week's Epilogue:
 'THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S—
 THE SUN ARISETH'
 Psalm 19, 1-7, 14
 Job xxxvi, 26-32, xxxvii, 14-22
 Hymn, 'Awake, my soul' (A. and M.,
 No. 3)
 Isaiah lx, 19, 20

AUGUST 8

★ 842 kc/s. (356.3 m.) ★

FRIDAY

LONDON REGIONAL

12.0 **Lunch-Hour Music**
(From Midland Regional)
THE MIDLAND WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
Conducted by FRANK CANTELL
Overture, 'Cosi fan Tutte' ('The School for Lovers') Mozart
Selection, 'Virginia' Waller and Tunbridge
THE CLEF TRIO
Falero-lero-loo Vincent Thomas
Fly, Singing Bird Elgar
Moontime Brewer
ORCHESTRA
Suite, 'Four Ways' Eric Coates
Three Holiday Sketches Lucas
Morris Dance, 'Skipton Rig' Holliday
THE CLEF TRIO
The Song of Shadow Armstrong Gibbs
The Bells of Aberdovey arr. Fletcher
The Galway Piper Irish Air
ORCHESTRA
Selection, 'Good News' Henderson
Rustic Dance, 'Airs and Graces' Monckton

1.15 **LIGHT MUSIC**
THE MAY FAIR HOTEL ORCHESTRA
FROM THE MAY FAIR HOTEL

2.15-3.0 **ORGAN RECITAL.**
By LEONARD H. WARNER
Relayed from St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate

5.15 **JACK PAYNE**
and his
B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA

6.15 **'The First News'**
WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.40 **THE VICTOR OLOF SEXTET**
DORIS LEMON (Soprano)
LIAM WALSH (Irish Pipes)

SEXTET
Suite, 'Othello' Coleridge-Taylor

6.55 **DORIS LEMON**
Songs

7.3 **SEXTET**
'The Duenna' Dances Alfred Reynolds

7.15 **LIAM WALSH**
Selection of Traditional Irish Music played on the Irish Union Pipes

7.27 **SEXTET**
Selection, 'Old English Airs'
Lanz Wilson, arr. Hely-Hutchinson



R. O. Goss
ST. BOTOLPH'S, BISHOPSGATE.
Another organ recital will be broadcast from Botolph's this afternoon, from 2.15 to 3.0

7.37 **DORIS LEMON**
Songs

7.45 **SEXTET**
Fantasy, 'Sylvia' Debussy
Waltz, 'The Sleeping Beauty' Tchaikovsky

8.0 **A Pianoforte Recital**
by
FRANK MERRICK
Ruralia Hungarica Dohnanyi
(Seven Pieces for Pianoforte)

8.30 **An Orchestral Concert**
HELEN OGILVIE (Soprano)
MELSA (Violin)
THE B.B.C. ORCHESTRA
Conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS

Overture, 'Raymond' Ambroise Thomas
HELEN OGILVIE
Songs
ORCHESTRA
Selection, Edward German's Songs
arr. V. Hely-Hutchinson
MELSA
Love Song Sammartini, arr. Elman
Hungarian Dance, No. 4
Brahms, arr. Joachim
ORCHESTRA
Suite, 'Le Roi s'amuse' ('The King's Diversions')
Debussy

HELEN OGILVIE
Songs
MELSA
Introduction and Tarantelle Sarasate
ORCHESTRA
Overture, 'The Cingalee' Monckton

9.45 **'Stop Press'**
A Miniature Revue
Book and Lyrics by JOHN WATT
Music by CLIFTON HELLIWELL and PHILIP WHITEWAY
Additional Numbers by HARRY S. PEPPER
Cast
REGINALD PURDELL, FLORENCE BAYFIELD, HARMAN GRISEWOOD, ANONA WINN, PETER CRESWELL, GEOFFREY GIBSON
At the Pianos
HARRY S. PEPPER and DORIS ARNOLD
Produced by JOHN WATT

10.15 **'The Second News'**
WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

10.30 **Regional News**

10.35-12.0 **DANCE MUSIC**
BILLY MASON AND HIS CAPHEANS, from the CAFE DE PARIS



REGINALD PURDELL

TO BE BROADCAST TONIGHT AT 9.45
(and in the National programme tomorrow night)

'STOP PRESS'

A MINIATURE REVUE

Book and Lyrics by JOHN WATT
Music By Clifton Helliwell and Philip Whiteway
Additional Numbers by Harry S. Pepper

IN THE CAST:

Reginald Purdell (left), Florence Bayfield (right), Harman Grisewood,
Anona Winn, Peter Creswell, Geoffrey Gibson,

At the Pianos: Harry S. Pepper and Doris Arnold
Produced by John Watt



FLORENCE BAYFIELD

IN VAUDEVILLE

(Continued from page 232.)

impersonating some of the more famous of the women Charles Dickens has immortalized in his novels, in exactly the same way as Mr. Bransby Williams has done some of the male characters of the great novelist. This happy idea, which includes both tragic and humorous women, ranging from Nancy Sykes to the Marchioness, has been carried out with conspicuous success up and down the land and before all sorts of audiences, who readily respond to the spell woven by the master magician and his interpreter. Miss Litvin has appeared in nearly every prison in the country. Oddly enough, the Dickens spell is as potent over the prisoners as it is over other folk. In one prison she noticed a man with a pale, thoughtful face and long, jet-black hair. 'He must be a poet,' she thought. 'For him I shall recite Milton.' He applauded vociferously, and at the end of the entertainment Miss Litvin asked the warder who and what he was. She learnt he was a thief, but he sold hair restorer for a living, so the authorities allowed him to keep his hair to help his business when he was discharged.

RUDOLPH DE CORDOVA.

MUSICAL HISTORY

(Continued from page 219.)

used from time to time to buy a stock of cheap china, and place it in prominent and convenient positions. Titiens was cured of these goings-on by a nearly fatal end to one of her tantrums. At supper one night, after a concert, she took offence at a remark made by her manager. The nearest missile happened to be a soda water bottle, so she seized it and let fly at the manager. It missed him, passed through the window, and nearly killed a passer-by in the street below. She was so upset by having hit a member of the public instead of the manager that she controlled her temper for ever afterwards.

I end with two stories about Fancelli, whose vanity was so colossal that in this respect he stood out—even among tenors. He described himself as the 'absolute first tenor,' setting great store by the 'absolute.' One day he saw his rival, Campanini, announced in large letters as 'primo tenore assoluto,' and at once set about the poster with his walking stick until he had removed the 'assoluto.'

The other story is also concerned with his favourite word. Fancelli was so illiterate that his writing ability was confined to the signing of his own name in large, schoolboy letters, his correspondence and autographing of admirers' albums being done for him by a member of the chorus. During an engagement at Liverpool he was asked to sign the visitors' book of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society. He managed laboriously to write his name, making only two mistakes (omitting one *l* and one *c*); he then added the words 'primo tenore,' the writing of which he had recently added to his accomplishments. Encouraged by his success, he tried to add his favourite 'assoluto.' He began well, managing the capital *A* beyond his expectations; growing bold, he added 'sss'; this looked wrong somehow, so he got the wind up, scratched out the third *s*, upset the ink over the page, and then gave it up as a bad job. Today, that remarkable signature stands for all the world to see—at once a warning and monument to singers who suffer from tight hats: *Faneli Primo Tenore Ass.*

Matthew Quinney

AUGUST 8

CARDIFF

FRIDAY

968 kc/s. (309.9 m.)

WESTERN REGION

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30-10.45 National Programme

12.0-2.30 National Programme

4.0 National Programme

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

A Children's Play

presented by

THE BATH CITIZEN HOUSE PLAYERS,

Relayed from

THE SUMMER SCHOOL OF
DRAMATIC ART, CITIZEN
HOUSE, BATH

'Helen and Hilary at the
Sea'

By CONSUELO DE REYES

Characters:

The Twins, Helen and
Hilary

Their Cousins, John and
Michael

Father, Mother, Uncles
and Aunts

People on the Sands

Scene: On the Beach

Time: All Day

The Twins Helen and
Hilary introduce them-
selves

They start off for a day
at the Sea

Their adventures by the
way

The first glimpse of the sea
Now for a bathe

Cricket on the sands
Picnic lunch

Building Castles and
Crusaders

The Pierrot Party on the
Pier

Off in the speed boat
Uncle John teaches the

Twins surf-riding

The house that Helen and Hilary built

The Camp Fire
Tea

The Punch and Judy show
The Last Paddle

Home Again

5.50 Birthdays

6.0 Mr. A. G. PRYS-JONES: 'A Holiday with
George Borrow in "Wild Wales"'

6.15 National Programme

9.15 West Regional News

9.25-11.0 National Programme

SWANSEA

1,040 kc/s (288.5 m.)

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30-11.0 National Programme

12.0-2.30 National Programme

4.0 National Programme

5.15 West Regional Programme

6.15 National Programme

9.15 West Regional News

9.25-11.0 National Programme

PLYMOUTH

1,040 kc/s (288.5 m.)

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30-10.45 National Programme

4.0 National Programme

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
'MIGHT HAVE BEENS'

A Long List Awaits You

6.0 National Programme

9.15 Local News

9.25-11.0 National
Programme

BOURNEMOUTH

10.15 THE DAILY
SERVICE

10.30-10.45 National
Programme

4.0-11.0 National
Programme



'HELEN AT THE SEA.'

A play, called *Helen and Hilary at the Sea*, will be relayed from the Citizen House, Bath, and broadcast in the Children's Hour from Cardiff this afternoon.

MANCHESTER

797 kc/s (376.4 m.)

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30-10.45 National Programme

4.0 National Programme

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

EXPLORERS ALL

Songs by DORIS GAMBELL and HARRY HOPEWELL
including some of 'The Hums of Pooh' (Fraser-
Simson)

6.0 'HOLIDAY HOBBIES—IV

Mr. A. A. HARRISON: 'In Pursuit of Medieval
Beauty'
(From Leeds)

6.15 National Programme

9.15 North of England News

9.25-11.0 National Programme

AUGUST 9

1,148 kc/s. (261.3 m.) ★ 193 kc/s. (1,554.4 m.)

SATURDAY

NATIONAL PROGRAMME

10.15 a.m. THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30-10.45 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST

1.0-2.0 **Light Music**
THE COMMODORE GRAND ORCHESTRA
Directed by JOSEPH MUSCANT

Relayed from THE COMMODORE THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH

- Selection, 'La Chauve Souris' *Johann Strauss*
- Song Waltz, 'Meet me in my Dreams' *Nicholls*
- Prelude *Rachmaninov*
- Selection, 'Verbena la Paloma' *Breton*
- Song Waltz, 'Dancing with Tears in my Eyes' *Burke*
- Suite, 'Selected Pieces' .. *Friml*
- The Whistler and his Dog *Pryer*
- Selection, 'Tumble In' .. *Friml*

3.30 **An Orchestral Concert**

HAROLD BELLIS (*Baritone*)
THE B.B.C. ORCHESTRA
Conducted by JOHN ANSELL

- ORCHESTRA
- Festival March *Napravnik*
- Overture, 'Fairy Lake' .. *Auber*
- Berceuse *Bizet, arr. Nemetsi*

HAROLD BELLIS
Songs

- ORCHESTRA
- Suite Ancienne *Hadley*
- Prelude; Menuetto; Air Plaintif; Gigue

HAROLD BELLIS
Songs

- ORCHESTRA
- Suite, 'Etienne Marcel' *Saint-Saëns, arr. Mouton*

4.45 REGINALD NEW
At THE ORGAN OF THE BEAUFORT CINEMA, BIRMINGHAM

Relayed from BIRMINGHAM

- Divertissement, 'A Day in Naples' *Byng*
- Ballad, 'Songs my Mother taught me' .. *Dvorak*
- Polly *Zamcnik*
- Selection, 'The Pirates of Penzance' .. *Sullivan*

5.15 **The Children's Hour**

- Part Songs by THE TEMPLE QUARTET
- The Story of 'the Griffin who was Green' (*Margaret Gibbs*)
- 'To a Tea'— a Personal Adventure, written and told by SIR GEORGE DUNBAR

6.0 Musical Interlude

6.15 'The First News'
WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN; Announcements and Sports Bulletin

6.40 Regional Sports Bulletin

7.30 'Stop Press'

A Miniature Revue
Book and Lyrics by JOHN WATT
Music by CLIFTON HELLIWELL and PHILIP WHITEWAY
Additional numbers by HARRY S. PEPPER
Cast:
REGINALD PURDELL, FLORENCE BAYFIELD, HARMAN GRISEWOOD, ANONA WINN, PETER CRESWELL, GEOFFREY GIBSON

At the Pianos:
HARRY S. PEPPER and DORIS ARNOLD
Produced by JOHN WATT

8.0 The Opening Night of the 'Proms'

THE PROMENADE CONCERT

Relayed from
THE QUEEN'S HALL, LONDON
(Sole Lessees, Messrs. Chappell & Co., Ltd.)

Conductor,
SIR HENRY J. WOOD
THEA PHILIPS (*Soprano*)
ROY HENDERSON (*Baritone*)
ARTHUR DE GREEF (*Pianoforte*)
THE B.B.C. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

(Leader, CHARLES WOODHOUSE)
Overture, 'Carnaval Romain' *Berlioz*

THEA PHILIPS
Scene and Aria, 'Ocean, thou mighty Monster' ('Oberon') *Weber*

ARTHUR DE GREEF
Pianoforte Concerto in A Minor *Grieg*

ORCHESTRA
Suite, 'The Wand of Youth' (No. 2) *Elgar*

ROY HENDERSON
Three Sea Songs:
Drake's Drum } *Stanford*
Devon, O Devon }
The Old Superb }

ORCHESTRA
Bolero *Ravel*



BACK TO THE QUEEN'S HALL

THIS IS THE OPENING NIGHT OF THE PROMENADE CONCERTS,

conducted by Sir HENRY WOOD, at the Queen's Hall.

Tonight's concert will be relayed in the National programme, beginning at 8.0, and further concerts will be relayed next week on Monday and Thursday (National) and Tuesday, Friday and Saturday (London Regional)

The air view reproduced above shows the Queen's Hall immediately behind the spire of All Saints', Langham Place (in front of which is the site of the new B.B.C. building). The line of Upper Regent Street can be followed to Oxford Circus, in the right top corner of the picture.

6.45 The Foundations of Music

BRAMS' PIANOFORTE MUSIC
Played by LESLIE ENGLAND

- Capriccio in F Sharp Minor, Op. 76
- Intermezzo in E, Op. 116
- Rhapsody in B Minor, Op. 79

7.0 Talk

7.20 The Week's Work in the Garden, by the Royal Horticultural Society

9.40 'The Second News'

WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

9.55 REJECTED TALKS—I
Mr. J. B. MORTON: 'Beachcomber reviews Mr. Thake's Poems'

10.10 (1,554 m. only) Shipping Forecast and Fat Stock Prices

10.20-12.0 DANCE MUSIC

THE GLENEAGLES HOTEL BAND
Directed by HENRY R. HALL
Relayed from GLENEAGLES HOTEL (From Glasgow)

SAMUEL PEPYS, Listener, By R. M. Freeman

July 9.—To Reigate to the *Whyte Hart* with Dr. Jelks, at his bidding, to dine with the British Medical Association (Surrey branch), and Jelks carries me thither in his carr. Whereby, dinner being timed for $\frac{1}{4}$ before 7, this means my shifting soon after 5; which is the most outlandish time of day for shifting into evening clothes, and the glare of the afternoon sun to show them upp most damnable, in particular where they be gone shiny-green at nees and elbows.

Soe away, and, priding ourselves ahead of time, Jelks carried me by devious ways through Bletchingley and Nutfield, where I have not been before and he w^d fain show me them. These be sweet villages, and the roads hereabouts mighty pretty but the narrowest and curliest I have ever motored through almost, in particular the steep twirly descent into Red Hill, soe as in going down it I did thank God for Jelks making this bold adventure before dinner, and not after.

Come to the *Whyte Hart*, 'tis a fine old house, with a pleasant garden behind, where we found the diners foregathering, but never a one of them (saving onelie Jelks's brother that hath joined us from Aldershott) is shifted into evening clothes. Hereby we 3, all pretty conscious of our well-worn blacks in the cruel sunlight, did betake ourselves to a shady corner of the garden and there till dinner we hid ourselves, like Adam and Eve.

Presently, dinner announced, we all into the great dining-room that gives on the garden, ab^t 40 of us, and every he present, I believe, a medickal of some sort, bating myself and the Mayor of Reigate, who looks mighty handsome in his chains of office. But of the $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen shes here, whether these were themselves she-doctors, or wives and daughters of the he-doctors, I c^d not be sure.

Dinner simple, yet good, with severall trim wenches to wait on us, and a portly butler to take our wine-orders, whose verie presence did, methought, lend a substantial dignity to our gathering. After dinner Mr. Alderman Powell (of the Surrey County Council), in answering for the guests, did assure us of the Council's being like to maintain the generall practitioner (as heretofore under the Guardians), in their administering of the new Act, both for domiciliary and hospitall matters; which all seemed glad to heare. But gladdest of all was I in observing Jelks, how rigorously he spares the port, and hereby did ease me of anie qualms ab^t the homeward drive, to my great content.

Taking the straight route by Merstham, all was fair running till Coulsdon, where the road is still upp, as it hath been this great while, and soe continues all way to Purley, but, by the look of the excavations, no nearer finishing now than it was 6 mos agoe. Soe when, if ever, they shall have made a compleated job of it, God knows.

July 10.—Walking down The Mall this night, ab^t $\frac{1}{2}$ after 7, 'tis lined the whole South side of it from Archway to Palace with an unbroken string of standing carrs, that await the Court, and some of the young debutantes in them I did observe to be mighty pretty. But Lord! The oopen, ill-mannerly way the passers-by stop to stare into the carrs, especially the women, and my wife little better than the rest of them.

July 11.—Most sad tidings on the wireless from Leeds this night: Australia 458 for 3 wickets down, and boy Bradman 309 not out—the greatest single scoar ever notched in a test match, and may easily enlarge upon it tomorrow. Soe our prospects are verie evill, and onelie persistant rain, I believe, can save us: for which I did petition in my prayers before bed, not, however, pleading the cricquet, but rather the poor gardeners and farmers who soe sorely need it, and may, I think, be righteously praid for in their behalf.

AUGUST 9

626 kc/s. (479.2 m.)

SATURDAY

MIDLAND REGIONAL

3.30 An Orchestral Concert

(National Programme)

HAROLD BELLIS (Baritone)

THE B.B.C. ORCHESTRA

Conducted by JOHN ANSELL

ORCHESTRA

Festival March *Naprawnik*
Overture, 'Fairy Lake' *Auber*
Berceuse *Bizet, arr. Nemethi*

HAROLD BELLIS

Songs

6.45 'From the Light Operas'

THE MIDLAND WIRELESS CHORUS

THE MIDLAND WIRELESS AUGMENTED ORCHESTRA

(Leader, FRANK CANTELL)

Conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS

EMILIE WALDRON (Soprano)

ALICE VAUGHAN (Contralto)

GEOFFREY DAMS (Tenor)

JAMES HOWELL (Bass)

MABEL SENIOR (Soprano)

WINIFRED PAYNE (Contralto)

HAROLD HOWES (Baritone)



EMILIE WALDRON (left), JAMES HOWELL (centre), and ALICE VAUGHAN (right) sing in the programme of music from the light operas which will be broadcast this evening at 6.45.

ORCHESTRA

Suite Ancienne *Hadley*
Prelude; Menuetto; Air Plaintif; Gigue

HAROLD BELLIS

Songs

ORCHESTRA

Suite, 'Etienne Marcel' *Saint-Saëns, arr. Mouton*

4.45 REGINALD NEW

At THE ORGAN of THE BEAUFORT CINEMA, BIRMINGHAM

Relayed from BIRMINGHAM

(National Programme)

Divertissement, 'A Day in Naples' *Byng*
Ballad, 'Songs my Mother taught me' *Deorak*
Polly *Zamecnik*
Selection, 'The Pirates of Penzance' *Sullivan*

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

'Fairy Corner,' including a Story by Mildred Forster, 'The Little People of Kissingtree Hollow,' with Fairy Songs by MARY POLLOCK, and Fairy Dances by HAROLD MILLS (Violin), concluding with a Talk on 'The Grimm Brothers,' by KENNETH LAWSON

6.0 London Regional Programme

6.15 FIRST NEWS, WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.40 Midland Sport

Excerpts will be given from—
I. 'Merrie England' (German)
II. 'The Rebel Maid' (Montague Phillips)
III. 'Tom Jones' (German)
IV. 'Les Cloches de Corneville' (Planquette)

8.0 A MILITARY BAND CONCERT

THE CITY OF BIRMINGHAM POLICE BAND
Conducted by RICHARD WASSELL

Relayed from Cannon Hill Park, Birmingham
Imperial March *Elgar, arr. Godfrey*
Overture, 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' *Nicolai*
Cornet Solo, 'Bird Songs at Eventide' *Eric Coates*
Bourrée and Gigue *German, arr. Godfrey*

8.30 app. PIANOFORTE INTERLUDE
(From the Studio)

8.40 BAND
Selection, 'Reminiscences of Grieg' *arr. Godfrey*
Prelude, Act III, 'Lohengrin' *Wagner*

9.0 SECOND NEWS, WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

9.15 Midland News

9.20-10.30 London Regional Programme

10.30-10.35 Experimental Transmission for the Radio Research Board by the Fultograph Process

AUGUST 9

842 kc/s. (356.3 m.)

SATURDAY

LONDON REGIONAL

3.30 An Orchestral Concert

(National Programme)

HAROLD BELLIS (Baritone)

THE B.B.C. ORCHESTRA

Conducted by JOHN ANSELL

ORCHESTRA

- Festival March.....*Napraevnik*
- Overture, 'Fairy Lake'.....*Auber*
- Berceuse.....*Bizet, arr. Nemets*

HAROLD BELLIS

Songs

ORCHESTRA

- Suite Ancienne *Hadley*
- Prelude; Menuetto;
- Air Plaintif; Gigue

HAROLD BELLIS

Songs

ORCHESTRA

- Suite, 'Elienne
- Marcel'
- Saint-Saens,
- arr. Mouton*

9.45 REGINALD NEW

At THE ORGAN OF THE BEAUFORT CINEMA, BIRMINGHAM

Relayed from BIRMINGHAM

(National Programme)

- Divertissement, 'A Day in Naples'.....*Byng*
- Ballad, 'Songs my Mother taught me'

- Dvorak*
- Polly.....*Zameenik*
- Selection, 'The Pirates of Penzance' *Sullivan*

5.15 DANCE MUSIC

BILLY FRANCIS and his ORCHESTRA

Relayed from Birmingham

6.15 'The First News'

WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN; Announcements and Sports Bulletin

6.40 Sports Bulletin

6.45 From the Light Operas

(From Midland Regional)

THE MIDLAND WIRELESS CHORUS

THE MIDLAND WIRELESS AUGMENTED ORCHESTRA

(Leader, FRANK CANTELL)

Conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS

EMILIE WALDRON (Soprano)

ALICE VAUGHAN (Contralto)

GEOFFREY DAMS (Tenor)

JAMES HOWELL (Bass)

MAHEL SENIOR (Soprano)

WINIFRED PAYNE (Contralto)

HAROLD HOWES (Baritone)

Excerpts will be given from

- 'Merrie England' (German)
- 'The Rebel Maid' (Montague Phillips)
- 'Tom Jones' (German)
- 'Les Cloches de Corneville' (Planquette)

8.0

A Concert by

The Band of H.M. Coldstream Guards

(By kind permission of Col. C. P. HEYWOOD, C.M.G., D.S.O.)

Director of Music, Capt. R. G. EVANS

Relayed from the PALACE PIER, BRIGHTON

- Grand March, 'Le Roine de Saba'

Gounod

- Overture, 'William Tell'.....*Rossini*

- Selection, 'Lilac Time'.....*Schubert*

- Cornet Solo, Selected (Soloist, Sgt. GEORGE MORGAN)

- Selection, 'Cavalleria Rusticana' *Mascagni*

9.0 'The Second News'

WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN; Regional News

9.20-10.30 The Gershom Parkington Quintet

PHYLLIS EVENS (Soprano)

QUINTET

- Suite, 'Sylvan Scenes'.....*Fletcher*
- Lotus Land.....*Cyril Scott*

PHYLLIS EVENS

- Shepherd! thy Demesnoir vary *arr. Lane Wilson*
- I will go with my Father a-ploughing } *Quilter*
- To Daisies.....
- The Maiden.....*Parry*

QUINTET

- Selections from 'The Bohemian Girl' and 'Maritona'.....*Balfe and Wallace*
- To the Forest.....*Tchaikovsky*

PHYLLIS EVENS

- The new Umbrella.....*Desly*
- Young Love lies sleeping.....*Somervell*
- Spring Song ('Hiawatha').....*Coleridge-Taylor*

QUINTET

- Selection, 'San Toy'.....*Jones*
- Whisper and I shall hear.....*Piccotanni*



PHYLLIS EVENS sings in the concert, with the Gershom Parkington Quintet, tonight at 9.20.



All that is seen!

Deaf Ears

come to life again!

If failing eyes are not assisted by glasses, the sight steadily deteriorates. So with defective hearing. If failing ears are not revived and helped to hear, the hearing will steadily become worse.

The discovery of a new principle of sound amplification not only restores full hearing power to failing ears, but has been proved definitely to arrest the progress of deafness and to improve the natural hearing. This is the actual recorded experience of a great number of sufferers from defective hearing.

"Like living again"

"Having the Fortiphone is like living again. My natural hearing has also made a wonderful improvement. I am able to hear things I have not heard for many years." P.S.

Marked Improvement in Natural Hearing

"My Fortiphone is a very great help. There is also a very marked improvement in my natural hearing and the head-noises are less troublesome." V.B.

A Doctor writes:

"My Fortiphone has been a real boon to me. . . . congratulations to you upon the production of so valuable an aid for the deaf." M.D.

Test the NEW 'Universal' FORTIPHONE

in your own home 15-30 days without obligation to purchase!

If you are Deaf, call, phone, or send for Free illustrated catalogue of this wonderful New Invention and particulars of our unique Home Trial Plan, which enables you to make a thorough test of the New 'Universal' Fortiphone in your own home for 15-30 days, without obligation to purchase. This Plan has given back the joy of perfect hearing to thousands of deaf people, very many of whom had given up all hope. Now is offered an unique opportunity to obtain the wonderful New 'Universal' Fortiphone at specially reduced prices. Please call, telephone, write or send coupon to-day! Our offices are on the THIRD floor of Langham House, immediately opposite the Polytechnic in Upper Regent Street.

Don't miss our Special SUMMER PRICE REDUCTION

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THE HERETICS

(Continued from page 250.)

There was no doubt about it. Mrs. Dale had fallen.

After that the infection spread too rapidly to remember the exact sequence of corruption.

Mrs. Bradshaw pestered her husband until he had the telephone laid on to her house, so that she could summon the doctor quickly when little Johnny had his colic. Mrs. Bates bought a vacuum-cleaner, and Mrs. Lee was observed receiving a Sewing Machine delivered at her door in a Plain Van.

Another serial crept out, and yet another. Like weeds in the night, they grew from trees and chimneys. And with the aeriols came other changes. The wives began to make their clothes according to instructions given at the Home Dressmaking Talks; they sent for books from the library recommended by the 'Talks on Fiction'; and on one dreadful day Mr. Podd found his wife writing down a recipe, beginning 'Take two pounds of fresh steak.'

That did it.

A meeting was summoned in the Hall of Fellowship. The heretics were called to attend their trial. Machines, electric batteries, gramophones, and wireless apparatus were collected from the houses and put in a huge pile on the village green. As Savonarola had once ordered the men of Florence to burn all their vanities, so now the zealots of the Garden Village called on the Villagers to sacrifice their machines. Mr. Podd stood with a torch in his hand, ready to set alight the horrid rubbish.

Suddenly he was checked by the voice of the Oldest Villager. 'Stop. It's too late,' he cried. 'No destruction of the machines themselves can eradicate the heresy from our women's minds. Look at them.'

The Villagers looked.

There stood the women, weeping, but undaunted. Their noses were powdered; their hair was permanently waved; they wore dresses after the fashions shown in the *Sunday Sensation*, and made according to instructions from the wireless. The children in their prams were receiving treatment learned in the Talks on Infant Welfare. Back in their homes their kitchens were arranged according to the labour-saving devices of the Household Talks. The damage was done.

The Garden Village was at last committed to live the Simple Life.

THIS WEEK IN THE GARDEN

AMONG the things that give much trouble to gardeners is the difficulty of obtaining supplies of farmyard or stable manure. We cannot get on without it or its equivalent. Those who tell us that we must rely upon chemical manures, overlook the fact that farmyard manure not only adds to the soil materials of which the plant is in need, but also modifies the texture of the soil. But it is little use praising farmyard manure when supplies are so short. We must not mention it, therefore, without saying something of substitutes.

One is to grow a rapidly-growing plant to dig in. The best time to sow such a plant is now. The crops best suited for use in the garden for this purpose are four. Common mustard is probably, everything considered, the best. It germinates quickly, grows quickly, comes into flower before the winter frosts, if sown now, and should then be dug in.

There is no need to dig the ground before sowing the seed. Make a seed-bed by raking, and broadcast the seed, raking it in afterwards. When the crop is in flower, dig it in. Another crop very useful indeed for the purpose is the common yellow lupin, but it is getting a little late for sowing that. The end of June is better.

If the digging of the land can be left until next April, scarlet clover (*crifolium* is the commonly-used name for it) is excellent sown between now and mid-August. Both lupins and scarlet clover, like peas and beans, actually enrich the soil. There is still another crop that may be used to dig in, and it is suitable where the land is not free until September. That crop is rye. Rye may be sown up to the middle of September and left to grow till late March or mid-April, and then dug in.

We cannot well take our pot plants away with us, and we have learned that to stand them in a basin of water until we come home from our holidays is not altogether good for them. The safe way is to take the pots, water them well, and then dig a hole on the shady side of the garden deep enough to stand the pots in up to their rim. Earth them up then, and leave them. They will be safe from all ordinary alarms for a fortnight or three weeks without attention, especially if the soil around is covered with a mulch of leaves.—From the *Royal Horticultural Society's Bulletin*.

AUGUST 9

CARDIFF

SATURDAY

968 kc/s. (309.9 m.)

WESTERN REGION

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30-10.45 National Programme

1.0-2.0 National Programme

3.30 National Programme

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
A COUPLE OF COONS—with Song and Jest
ARTHUR LESLIE'S BOHEMIAN DANCE BAND

6.0 National Programme

6.40 Regional Sports Bulletin

6.45 National Programme

7.0 'AT THE SIGN OF THE BLUE PETER'
AN INTERVIEW WITH A CARDIFF DOCKS' WORKER

7.20 National Programme

10.10 West Regional News

10.20-12.0 National Programme

SWANSEA

1,040 kc/s (288.5 m.)

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30-10.45 National Programme

1.0-2.0 National Programme

3.30 National Programme

5.15 West Regional Programme

6.0 National Programme

6.40 West Regional Sports Bulletin

6.45 National Programme

7.0 West Regional Programme

7.20 National Programme

10.10 West Regional News

10.20-12.0 National Programme

PLYMOUTH

1,040 kc/s (288.5 m.)

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30-10.45 National Programme

12.0-1.0 A GRAMOPHONE RECITAL
A MISCELLANEOUS PROGRAMME

Overture, 'Poet and Peasant' *Suppe*
Duet, 'The Moon hath raised her Lamp above'
..... *Benedict*
Selection, 'No, No, Nanette' *Youmans*
Entr'acte, 'In a Country Lane' ... *Eric Coates*
Selection, 'Tom Jones' *German*

Song, 'A Chip of the Old Block' *Squire*
Waltz, 'España' ('Spain') *Waldteufel*
Chant Sans Paroles *Tchaikovsky, arr. Sear*
Selection, 'Louise' *Charpentier*
Invitation to the Dance *Weber*

3.30 National Programme

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
'HISTORY REPEATED'
We revert to the Commonwealth Days and read
the Story, 'The Book and the Mirror' (*Sercombe*
Griffin)

6.0 National Programme

6.40 Local Sports Bulletin

6.45 National Programme

10.10 Local News and Items of Naval Information

10.20-12.0 National Programme

BOURNEMOUTH

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30-10.45 National Programme

1.0-2.0 National Programme

3.30-12.0 National Programme

MANCHESTER

797 kc/s (376.4 m.)

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30-10.45 National Programme

12.0-1.0 THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
G. HODGKINSON (*Baritone*)

3.30 An Orchestral Concert
THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
HAROLD BELLIS (*Baritone*)

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

6.0 National Programme

6.40 Interval

6.45 National Programme

7.0 BY THE WAY—THREE TALKS FOR MOTORISTS
AND RAMBLERS—II
By Mr. J. T. HALLIDAY

7.20 Royal Horticultural Society's Bulletin for
Northern English Listeners

7.30 National Programme

10.10 North of England News

10.20-12.0 National Programme

'Perfect Alibi,' Anthony Berkeley's Mystery Story

(Continued from page 224.)

so serious. They asked Paul de Henzey with the idea that if things came to their worst, his eyes might be opened first. And the opening of his couldn't fail to open the girl's, because de Henzey would never (as the Americans say) keep a thing like that under his hat.

'De Henzey, you see, knew nothing of his wife's affair with Scott-Davies—though there was hardly a club in London where it hadn't been discussed. A husband who trusts his wife is always the last to hear of anything like that. And de Henzey trusted his wife absolutely. That meant that the explosion, if it did come, would be all the worse; but so long as it blew Scott-Davies away from Elsa for good and all, the Allfreys didn't seem to care what else it blew up, too.'

'Playing with fire, as you say,' Roger agreed. 'Well, that gives four with a motive (including de Henzey, if he ever did learn the truth). What about the other two?'

'Oh, the cousin, Armored, stood to inherit Stukeleigh and anything else that was left, under the terms of her uncle's will; and what wouldn't be enough for him might have been plenty for her. Besides, she wasn't so bad as her cousin. She was really distressed at the idea of his selling Stukeleigh. Thought it sacrilege and all that. As, of course, it was.'

'Well, that was a strong enough motive. And Pinkerton?'

'Oh, well, that was really rather funny. He'd been brought into the scheme by Ethel Allfrey, who told him the whole trouble (he was a very old friend of hers), and asked him to try to distract Miss Pennefather's attention from Scott-Davies. And he'd tried to do it so successfully that he'd fallen in love with her himself. In fact, they're married now, Heaven help the girl! On top of which Scott-Davies had thrown him into the swimming-pool in front of the girl, having warned him privately, and unsuccessfully, off the grass. I worried that out of him myself.'

'I SEE,' Roger said, thoughtfully. 'This is very interesting, Wilfred. How lucky for what a lot of people that Eric Scott-Davies met with a fatal accident! What was the accident, by the way?'

'Shot himself,' the Chief Constable answered, shortly. 'Went out one afternoon with a gun under his arm (sort of fellow who can't walk two yards in the country without a gun, and, of course, John's place is swarming with rabbits), and they found him at the edge of a little clearing in a wood with the back of his head blown off. It was a twelve-bore, and he must have been dragging it behind him by the barrel. A bit of bramble had got inside the trigger guard, and both barrels had gone off.'

'Oh, come!' Roger exclaimed. 'That's a bit thin. Experienced shots don't pull their guns along the ground behind them by the barrel.'

'They don't,' Sir Wilfred agreed, soberly. 'And that's precisely why I'm telling you this story. You asked me if I hadn't even smelt murder. I can tell you, I smelt it pretty strongly down in that wood; and more strongly still when I began to get under the surface of things and learned what I've just been telling you. But it wasn't murder. There's no doubt about that. First of all, there were no finger-prints on the gun but the dead man's.'

'Finger-prints can be wiped off.'

'Yes, I know that,' retorted Sir Wilfred, testily. 'But every single person, except Miss Pennefather, who didn't need one, had an

absolutely perfect alibi for the moment when the double shot was fired.'

'Oh, you know when it was fired, then?'

'Yes, several people heard it. They didn't pay any attention, because there are always odd shots in a place like that; but it was the only one that afternoon, so we were able to fix the time of death precisely. It was seventeen minutes past three, I remember.'

'AS to the alibis, they were unassailable. Ethel Allfrey was in the house, seen from time to time by the servants; John Allfrey was half a mile away, inspecting a field of grass with one of his men; Pinkerton was taking a walk, and was seen by various persons at different points, and he must have been nearly two miles away from the farm at a quarter-past three; Elsa Pennefather was lying in a corner of a field with a rug and a book, waiting for Scott-Davies to join her; the de Henzeys were sun-bathing by the swimming-pool in preparation for Deauville, and confirmed each other's stories absolutely; Armored Scott-Davies was picking wild fox-gloves in the hedge-bottoms on the hillside above the house.'

'Oh, was she? And who confirms that?'

'One of my own men,' countered the Chief Constable, triumphantly. 'By a stroke of luck the constable for that district (and a pretty big beat it is for one man) was visiting the farm that afternoon in connection with some agricultural return or other that Allfrey ought to have sent in. He passed Miss Scott-Davies on his way down to the house, and by another lucky chance he mistook the directions they gave him there, so that instead of going up to the field at the top of the hill, where Allfrey was, he went down the hill and actually saw the two de Henzeys at their sun-bathing, too; so that confirmed what might have been a fishy alibi. Lastly, he was just entering the wood itself, which he had to pass through to get to the field where he thought Allfrey was, when he heard the double shot ahead of him. He didn't pay any particular attention either, but when he reached the clearing two or three minutes later, there was Scott-Davies lying almost across his path.'

'That's pretty conclusive, you see. He must have been within three hundred yards at the outside when the gun went off, probably less. If anyone had been crashing about in the undergrowth he would certainly have heard him; if anyone had run ahead of him along the path he would certainly have been seen by another labourer who was working in the field for which my man was bound. And he establishes the only two doubtful alibis. What about that?'

'It's fairly conclusive, on the face of it,' Roger had to admit. 'At least, so far as the house-party is concerned. But what about a stranger? Or someone from the village? But, of course, none of the local yokels could have had any motive.'

'Well, Scott-Davies had stayed with the Allfreys two years previously, and I heard that it was rumoured at the time that he was going down to the village rather more than he should perhaps have done, but it was all quite indefinite, and no names even were mentioned. No, none of the local yokels could possibly have had a motive. In any case, the great thing is that nobody was, or could possibly have been, at the farm that afternoon except the ones we know all about. There's only one way of approach from the road, and Allfrey's third man had that under observation the whole day;

moreover, he and the second man had each other under observation. It's rather too much to suppose that any intruder swam the stream at the bottom of the valley, which is Allfrey's longest boundary; and that's the only boundary which wasn't observed for its whole length. The place, in fact, was like a fortress, and at 3.17 every single person inside it is accounted for.'

'Besides, one last point: the luck was with us still further, in that it was my man who found the body within a couple of minutes of death. There was an official eye on it, you see, right from the very beginning. Very rare, as you know. Not the faintest chance of anyone monkeying with the body, covering up traces, or wiping off finger-prints.'

'Well, Roger, you're supposed to be pretty strong on deduction in these days, aren't you?' concluded Sir Wilfred, with an impolite grin. 'See what you can deduce from all that.' And he refilled his glass with the air of one who certainly deserved something like that.

'Certainly,' said Roger, promptly. 'I deduce that murder was committed in that wood. Anything more obvious I never heard.'

'But I tell you it's impossible.'

'Were there any signs of a struggle?'

'Not one.'

'Humph! Do you challenge me, Wilfred? I'll take you on. I'll go and have a word with that constable tomorrow and get his version.'

SIR WILFRED looked grave. 'Unfortunately that's out of the question. He's no longer alive.'

'What!' Roger cried in high disappointment. 'The chief witness dead?'

'Yes. It's a sad story. He had a daughter, a charmingly pretty girl; he brought her up himself after his wife died, and she was the apple of his eye. I suppose her prettiness gave her inflated ideas. It's the old tale. She went up to London, and—well, she went to the bad. It broke his heart, and he hanged himself on his kitchen door. I never regretted a man more. A most intelligent chap, and the most conscientious man I've ever had under me. It happened just before the affair we've been talking about, and he killed himself shortly afterwards. He must have been contemplating it then, but, of course, I never had the faintest idea. So I'm afraid you won't get your evidence.'

'Not from him, evidently,' Roger said. 'But after all, it isn't necessary. I'm surprised at you, Wilfred. The thing's perfectly plain.'

'That murder was committed?' said the Chief Constable, incredulously. 'Nonsense, my dear fellow. I keep telling you that everyone on the farm that afternoon had an absolutely cast-iron alibi.'

Roger rose. 'Yes, including the murderer himself. The most perfect alibi I can imagine. Hadn't we better be moving, by the way? I know Agatha will blame me for this.'

Sir Wilfred was gazing at him in bewilderment. 'The most perfect alibi you can imagine? My dear Roger, what do you mean?'

'Why, a blue tunic, of course,' said Roger, briskly. 'And then, like the conscientious fellow he was, he executed on himself the due sentence of the law. Though I'm inclined to think,' Roger added, judicially, 'that there he was a little too conscientious. By ridding the world of the man who betrayed his daughter he did more good than he knew. Come along, Wilfred—for goodness sake don't sit there gaping at me!'



FULL DRESS IN EAST AFRICA.

A native of the country about which Auntie Dorothy will tell a story in the Children's Hour on August 14.

Another Birmingham Organist.

WEDNESDAY, August 13, brings yet another organ recital from the Church of the Messiah, Birmingham, and this time Mr. T. W. North is to be the organist. One of the most popular players in the Midlands, Mr. North is in great demand wherever anything difficult in the way of organ playing is afoot, for he can 'fill in' orchestral parts on his instrument better than any man in the city. On one occasion when the orchestra was absent from a concert performance of Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, he played the score on the organ! It sounded strange in parts, but at least a presentable performance was made possible. Mr. North is also a fine accompanist, and is not averse to handling a bâton now and then.

Auntie Dorothy of Midland Regional.

THE Children's Hour for Midland Regional listeners on Thursday, August 14, is to be 'Auntie Dorothy's Hour,' for there's going to be music by Auntie Dorothy, a story by Auntie Dorothy, and Auntie Dorothy is to chat to the children. It is very astonishing for one person to do so much, but this is how it all comes about. Auntie Dorothy is very clever at writing music. Now it happened that some years ago she went for a long holiday in British East Africa. She saw all kinds of strange things there and made up her mind to put her impressions into music. So she wrote an 'African Suite,' which describes the native life and makes us feel the strange atmosphere of the Big Game Country. Part of the suite is to be played by the orchestra in the programme on August 14. Besides writing African music, Auntie Dorothy has written some wonder stories of native life. The one she will tell on this occasion is about a little fellow who wanted to see over the top of a high rock. After four hours' walking he was at the top, and saw the wonderful valley below. But on the way home he met with an accident and—but, there, I mustn't tell you the end of it or all the fun of Auntie Dorothy's Hour will be spoiled.

A Page of Notes by 'MERCIAN'

MUSICAL COMEDY FOR THE MIDLANDS

'Café-au-Lait' in the Birmingham Studio—Organ Music—Mabel France's Many Microphone Appearances—How Dr. Lyon composed an Operetta.

'Café-au-lait'—A Condensed Musical Comedy.

A coffee-stall at dawn, somewhere 'up West,' presided over by Alf Huggins, coffee-stall keeper in public and hen-pecked husband in private, is the setting for a musical comedy to be given from the Midland Regional station on Tuesday, August 12. The author, Mr. Charles Brewer, has called the comedy *Café-au-Lait*, remembering the old days out in France when the familiar cream and brown tins were part of the scheme of things. Many a soldier will remember the old times—the chilly morning light, fog overhead and mud underfoot, and the cup of steaming café-au-lait just before starting on the route march. Café-au-lait wasn't such fun then as it will be this time with the deck chair in the garden and the 'set' tuned in to Midland Regional, but there will be just the old spirit of making the best of things, though the scene in the play is London instead of 'No Man's Land.'

Robert Maitland.

THE man who sang the 'Black Fiddler' in Delius' *Romeo and Juliet* is to sing for Midland Regional listeners on Thursday, August 14. Robert Maitland must have been a fine 'fiddler' in that most romantic of operas. He is a marvellous singer of Wagner, and has appeared at Covent Garden in the 'Ring' cycle under the great conductor Richter. Mr. Maitland was born in Lancashire, and got much of his musical training in Edinburgh. In this orchestral programme he will sing a Mozart aria and some songs by Strauss.

'Aunt Maria.'

SURELY you have met her at the Midland Regional station—Aunt Maria of the many adventures! If not, you must be introduced on Wednesday, August 13. Her real name is Mabel France, but she's called Maria for short. She came to see me the other day, and told me she had been broadcasting since 1923, had scored 161 appearances, and was not out yet! Of course, she's been in many a bit of trouble during that time, and she probably told you about that as she went along; what with motor-car accidents, adventures in front of the microphone and shopping expeditions, she's had an exciting life. Perhaps she never told you that she did a lot of work for the soldiers during the War. Knitting was not much in Aunt Maria's line, so she went round the military hospitals cheering up the soldiers with stories of her life. Aunt Maria has always been great at telling stories; she used to learn them from books, but it occurred to her that she could tell stories just as good, so she began to make them up herself and call them the 'Aunt Maria Sketches.' They were always tremendously amusing—though you mustn't let Aunt Maria hear you laughing, because she's perfectly serious herself!

Dr. Lyon and His Music.

A SUITE from an operetta written for the composer's little daughter and her friends is to feature in an orchestral concert from the Midland Regional station on Tuesday, August 12. The children wanted something to perform for charity, and wheedled Dr. Lyon into writing a musical play on characters from a pack of cards. The King and Queen were there, of course, together with the rest of the Court, and a charming dairy-maid called Patience. *The Dance of Patience* is one of the most delightful numbers of the suite, with the *Firefly's Dance* running it closely. The operetta, under the title *The Palace of Cards*, has been produced at the Liverpool Repertory Theatre with great success. In another little orchestral work for strings only, Dr. Lyon has painted little tone pictures of the fall of the year. Listeners will notice in the music the touch of wistfulness which we always associate with Autumn. Then come two sections from the opera *La Sirena*, the variations on a Handel sarabande, and a Coronation March by the same composer. A trier at almost every form of music-making, Dr. Lyon's heart is really in opera. He has a fine sense of the stage, and at the Birmingham School of Music, where he is one of the leading spirits, puts on some delightful performances of operas rarely given by the professional opera companies. The composer will conduct the concert throughout.



AUNT MARIA OF THE MANY ADVENTURES. A character study of Mabel France, who will give another of her sketches on Wednesday, August 13.

'STEEP HOLM' Writes on Future Programmes

RADIO STARS AT WESTON-SUPER-MARE

Entertainments for Charity Fête and Fair—More Plays from Citizen House, Bath—Talks on Water Polo—Impressions of the National Eisteddfod

Cinema Fete and Fun Fair.

FOR three years Cardiff Station took part each August in a Sunshine Carnival in aid of the hospital at Weston-super-Mare, and last year the promoters decided to try to raise further funds by a Cinema Fête and Fun Fair. The attendance was 22,000 for the two days. This year the fête will be held on Wednesday and Thursday, August 13 and 14 in Grove Park, and several relays from it will be included in the programmes for Western listeners. There will be the opening ceremony at 2.15 p.m., followed by items by the Bristol City Police Band, and at 2.45 p.m. a performance by Ronald Frankau's Cabaret Kittens. The Police Band will be heard again at 3.45 p.m., after which listeners will hear a variety programme in which the following artists will take part: Patricia Rossborough, Jack Morrison, Albert Whelan, Mario de Pietro, and Joan Revel. Another concert will also be relayed at 7.45 p.m. in which many of the same artists will take part. On the second day, August 14, items will be relayed during the afternoon and at 7.45 p.m., when the artists taking part are Tommy Handley, Norah Blaney, Teddy Brown, and Dorothy McBlain.

Citizen House, Bath.

FURTHER relays from the Summer School of Dramatic Art at Citizen House, Bath, will be heard by West Regional listeners during the second week of the School course. On Monday, August 11, three one-act plays will be broadcast between 10.20 and 11.0 p.m. The first, entitled *Assuming Anna*, is by R. D. Caesar, a promising West Country journalist; the second, *Green Willow*, is by Enid Barr, and the third, *Face to Face*, is by E. S. Darmady, producer to the St. Ives Arts Club, Cornwall. These plays will illustrate the varied nature of the work undertaken at the School, because the first deals with an incident at a modern dance, the second is a love story in the eighteenth century, and the third takes place in a laboratory adjoining a hospital ward. The plays have one common feature, however—the time in each case is after dark.

Songs of the Sea.

ON the following day, Tuesday, August 12, a Masefield programme, under the title of 'Songs of the Sea,' will be relayed from Citizen House between 8.45 and 9.40 p.m. The Poet-Laureate, who has long been interested in the work of the Little Theatre at Citizen House, has given special permission for a broadcast of his poems by students. Yet another relay is down for Friday, August 15, at 5.15 p.m., when a fairy play by the Lady Margaret Sackville, entitled *Madriala* or *The Poet, the Painter, and the Fairy Girl*, will be presented by the Bath Citizen House Players during the Children's Hour. Lady Margaret has promised to pay a special visit to Citizen House for the performance, which she will preface by a short introduction.

Water Polo Topics.

LISTENERS will be pleased to learn that Mr. C. H. Carpenter, of Swansea, who last year gave an interesting series of talks on water polo topics, is to broadcast again on Monday, August 11. Mr. Carpenter is not content to give amiable discourses on the joys of the sport; rather does he strive to raise the standard in South Wales.

Western Area Council.

THE newly-formed Western Area Council has elected as its Chairman Dr. Ludford Freeman, the popular Director of Education for Bristol County Boroughs. The Vice-Chairman and Chairman of Executive is Mr. J. H. Nicholson, Director of Extra-Mural Studies at the University of Bristol. Mr. Nicholson was one of the pioneer experimenters in the formation of listening-groups, and as President of the Bristol Rotary Club and Chairman of many committees of rural community councils he is in close touch with all the organized bodies in the counties of Somerset, Wilts, and Gloucester and the cities of Bristol, Bath, and Gloucester. Those interested in the formation of listening groups are invited to communicate with The Secretary, Western Area Council, The University, Bristol.



LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE

is to visit Citizen House, Bath, on August 15, when her fairy play, *Madriala*, will be relayed during the Cardiff Children's Hour.

For the Children.

THE fifth and last part of 'The Story of Joseph,' by Mr. E. R. Appleton, will be broadcast on the National wavelength on Sunday afternoon, August 10, at 3.55 p.m. The original intention, I understand, was to leave Joseph in the scene where he makes himself known to his brethren, but some of the older children who know the end of the story have written asking that the final scene be given in which Jacob comes down to Egypt. This scene has now been prepared under the title of 'The Reunion.'

The Welsh Interlude.

THE talk in Welsh which Professor Ernest Hughes is to give in the Welsh Interlude on Tuesday evening, August 12, at 7.0 p.m., will be anticipated with especial interest because many listeners are hoping that the professor will give his impressions of the Llanelly Eisteddfod. This year a special prize is being offered at the Eisteddfod for a radio play, and Professor Hughes is one of the adjudicators. Another new feature of the Eisteddfod will be the performance of the first musical comedy in Welsh, an innovation for which Mr. Eddie Parry, well known to listeners for his dramatic work, as well as for his sketches, is responsible.

STARS IN THE FÊTE AT GROVE PARK ON AUGUST 13 AND 14.



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DOROTHY McBLAIN.



TEDDY BROWN



NORAH BLANEY.



TOMMY HANDLEY.



PATRICIA ROSSBOROUGH.

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