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BBC SHORT-WAVE PROGRAMMES FOR THE WEEK, MARCH 2-8— pages 13-18

WINSTON CHURCHILL AT PORTSMOUTH
The words of the very popular song in Britain today—'He's here, he's there, he's every blooming where'—are very applicable to the movements of the Prime Minister, who believes in seeing for himself how Britain's war effort progresses and how the country's defences strengthen from day to day. You see him here shaking hands with 16-year-old George Smith, youngest worker at Portsmouth Dockyard



At the end of the World War Sir Edward Grey said to me more than once, 'We want not a mere peace treaty, but a new method of life.' Sir Edward Grey, the most experienced Foreign Minister in Europe, who had worked the traditional diplomatic system conscientiously and skilfully, decided in the end that this system would not do. It could not produce security. It could not save the nations from constantly recurring threats of war. Nations must find a new method of life. What was the new method to be?

War has always two lessons to teach, and men may take their choice of the alternatives. Either war is the worst thing in the world and you will not touch it except to put an end to it, or war is the strongest thing in the world and you will put your whole faith in it. In other words, nations, if they are to be alive and free, must either learn to keep the peace and be just in all their dealings, or else believe that peace and justice are mere words, and that it is simply the strongest that wins. The democracies learnt the first lesson; the Nazis and Fascists preferred the second.

As we all know, the statesmen of all the democracies met together at the end of the World War and unanimously agreed to the New Method of Life laid down in the Covenant of the League of Nations.

The principle is simple enough: There must be an end of the inter-

national anarchy. There must be some reign of law between countries as well as inside countries. We must recognise that nations do, as a matter of fact, form a Society, constantly trading with one another, communicating with one another, interfering with one another. It is no longer possible for any nation to shut itself off from its neighbours and remain isolated, like ancient China and Japan. They have too many common interests, too many conflicting interests. They need permanent machinery for dealing with both. They all want to put a stop to certain evil things, to plagues and epidemics, to great international scourges like piracy, slavery, the traffic in white slaves and illicit drugs; they all want to organise labour conditions and health conditions, so that no one nation may be able to lower the standards of the rest. Where they have differences, they want to be able to talk them over and settle them peacefully. Above all they want to be saved from war and the fear of war, for unless war is removed nothing else can prosper

who had won the war, and the Germans who had lost it. They argued that war is glorious; those who win a war can do what they like; the splendid policy is to make wars and win them, to enslave the conquered and to divide up the plunder of the world. In Germany especially, a different New Method of Life was started, a new education, almost a new religion, a worship of violence and war.

What is war? 'War is Hell,' said a famous old general. 'In war you should leave your enemies' women and children nothing but their eyes to weep with.' No doubt war had been the chief ambition and instrument of many rulers of Prussia before Hitler, but Hitler was dedicated deeper into the full hellish consequences of these principles. He pledged the whole life of Germany to war. He practised war upon his own people, on Liberals, Pacifists, Trade Unionists, Social Democrats, and above all, on the Jews and his present friends, the Communists.

True to his principles, he trained his German youth in the practice of cruelty. He taught them to despise Christianity. He taught them that what he calls *brutality* is a virtue, that lies are useful weapons and the great lie is better than the small lie. He taught them to spy upon their parents. True to his principles, he has broken all his treaties, he has betrayed and enslaved every nation that trusted him. The horrors committed in Poland have seldom, if ever, been equalled in the whole bloodstained history of Europe. Hitler covered all these crimes with a pretence of patriotism. 'Let us be inhuman!' he said in one of his earliest manifestos. 'If we save Germany, we have done the greatest deed in the world. Let us do wrong. Let us be immoral. If we save Germany, we have swept away the greatest wrong in the world.' A bad enough doctrine if he really was thinking of Germany. But he was not. He filled part of Germany with pride, the rest of it with misery and terror. The Nazis think not of Germany but of themselves.

In 1914 we and the Germans were both living in the same international

anarchy and accepting its conventions. Statesmen often did wrong, but when they did wrong and were found out, they were ashamed. By 1940 we live in different worlds. We British want our New Method of Life. We believe in Liberal and Christian standards and, as Mr. Churchill says, ask nothing of our neighbours but their respect. Nazi Germany is a nation dedicated to conquest and aggression, and the Nazis are proud of it. Their New Method is to reject the idea that Germany is subject to any moral law or owes any duty to man or God. And they are educating half Europe in those principles.

I am a lover of peace if ever there was one. But, I ask, is there any way to peace except by striking down this evil thing? Can we submit, and let the Gestapo come to England and do here what they have done in Germany and Poland and Czechoslovakia? Can we make peace ourselves and leave our friends and allies in Europe to be enslaved, persecuted, and corrupted, we who are now the one hope of the world? Can we even leave the millions of decent Germans, Liberals, Pacifists, Social Democrats, pious Christians, to be held down by terrorism, and their unfortunate children to be trained in Nazi schools?

This nation under Mr. Churchill's leadership is united as I have never known it before; as it was not in the last war, and certainly was not in the South African War. Parties are united. Rich and poor are united. The taxation on the rich is already tremendous; there will be very few rich men left at the end of the war. Yet when the Budget was discussed in the House of Commons—a Conservative House full of rich men—the only criticism made was that the taxation ought to be heavier still. On the other side, the Trade Unions have not merely consented, they have eagerly agreed, to abandon for the time being any of their hard-won privileges which might hinder their country's war effort.

Britain's Two Clear Aims

Meantime we have two clear aims: first, the peoples now held down by Nazi tyranny must be set free. And next, the liberated nations must agree together with us to build some great stable society of free and peaceful nations which will establish the New Method of Life, abolish the institution of war and see that the immense and ever-increasing wealth of the world is used for the health and welfare of the peoples of the world.

That is the hope before us. Meantime we fight on, we peoples of the British Empire, almost alone, the remnants of the conquered countries, with one small brave ally unconquered, one immensely powerful friend in the background, and the eyes of all the oppressed peoples from Poland to China turned towards us and longing for our victory. We fight still against heavy odds, but we mean to win and we are gradually winning. We know that if the bombs beat us, it means that the whole world is handed over to war and terrorism; if we beat the bombs, all the treacheries and abominations that go with them shall be swept off the face of the earth.

We Fight for the New Way of Life

By PROFESSOR GILBERT MURRAY, O.M.

Our distinguished contributor, famous Pacifist and ardent supporter of the League of Nations, here explains why this war must, in Humanity's name, be fought to a victorious conclusion

Lesson of the World War

The League's New Method succeeded in all these enterprises except the last. It did, indeed, keep the peace for ten years, but then it failed. I do not want to discuss the reasons why it failed, except for one thing. Most people now agree that it ought to have been accompanied by a wise economic policy planned at the centre, with a view to the welfare of all countries concerned, instead of which there was a general orgy of economic nationalism and a dreadful game of beggar-my-neighbour between nations, leading to slumps and world-wide unemployment. Without those disasters we should probably never have heard of Hitler.

Still, the Covenant of the League showed the right way. The British took the lead in drawing it up, and every British Government since 1919 has put it in its political programme. The principles of the Covenant as the British and French Governments stated at Geneva in December, 1939, are the only foundation on which civilisation can be based. The only reason has been that, in times of difficulty, some statesmen thought it dangerous for Great Britain to take a strong line, because the rest of the League might not support her, while others thought that if Great Britain gave a firm lead, the hesitations of the others would disappear. On the main issue we are all agreed. We want no selfish advantages. We want no increase of territory, no privileges denied to other nations. But we do want a peaceful and law-abiding world. We want to be free ourselves and to let others be free. And we can only achieve that by friendly co-operation with other nations to maintain justice and prevent aggressive war.

That was the lesson which British statesmen learnt from the miseries of the World War, and gradually during these twenty years that lesson has found its way deep into the heart of the whole people of Britain. But others learnt exactly the opposite—both the Italians and the Japanese

The R.A.F. Never Waste Bombs

By STEPHEN W. SMITHERS

THE Royal Air Force never wastes a bomb. These words are the key to any understanding of Britain's air offensive. Once the fact is understood, the whole range of our operations falls into proper perspective. For it follows that if the Royal Air Force never waste bombs, they certainly never waste bombers and fighters and the gallant men who fly them against the enemy. It is also clear that if some place like Bremen or Hamm or Wilhelmshaven or Mannheim is bombed night after night, our Intelligence people know that concentrated effort is the best way to achieve the end in view.

And it follows that if some sea base like Lorient on the Atlantic coast of occupied France is suddenly attacked time and time again, a particular venture the Germans have begun is being stopped as quickly as possible. In the actual case of Lorient, the trouble was U-boats. At Bordeaux, the menace was a fleet of Focke-Wulff Condors, the very heavy bombers Germany has been using as Atlantic shipping raiders.

Then, apart from the practical value of making every bomb do its job, there is a tremendous moral and psychological importance to Royal Air Force economy. Every man and woman in our munitions works and factories knows what the war is about; they know that defeat would be the end of everything and—what is more—they know that their cause is one of the greatest in history. Day and night, they are turning out the aircraft to win the war, and the bombs, bullets, and torpedoes that go with them.

Think what this all means to the pilot of the bomber, the pilot of the fighter. They have the same cause as the people in the factories. They know, as they roar into the skies, either to the attack or the defence, that theirs are the best aircraft in the world, that their weapons have been made to play havoc with the enemy's war machine.

R.A.F. Strikes Where it Hurts

How different all this is from the jerry-built men and methods of the Goering circus. How often have German hordes of fighters fled in disorder at the sight of a mere handful of our Spitfires and Hurricanes—even when it has meant deserting the bombers they were there to protect? How often have small homes and hospitals been rent asunder in the dead of night by screaming bombs; how often have historic highways been heaped in ruins? This haphazard frightfulness does not win wars—even Germany's kind of wars. In particular, it will never win any war against the British people. It is the very thing that stirs them to anger and to a deep loathing; but it does not deflect them from their course.

The deliberate fire-raid on London in December aroused no country-wide shout that as much and more must be done to Berlin—not, perhaps, because Berlin should be spared through any humane considerations, but because the bombs that would be used on the German Capital can do far more damage elsewhere in the Third Reich. Of course, Berlin has not escaped altogether, nor can it expect to escape. Already its power stations, factories, and communications have felt the weight of our attacks. In fact, they have been severely attacked between thirty and forty times.

But it is in the Black Country of the Ruhr—that same Ruhr which

Haphazard frightfulness doesn't win wars

☆ ☆ ☆

It's an attack that grows ever fiercer, more powerful, more protracted

☆ ☆ ☆

Much of the information that has come out of Germany has revealed a trail of dislocation, damage, and devastation

☆ ☆ ☆

Flights which would have made front-page news in peacetime

☆ ☆ ☆

'You ain't seen nothing yet'

Goering used to say he, personally, had taken steps to defend—in the great ports, and along the whole wide stretch of the invasion coast that our bombers have so far concentrated their attack. It is an attack that grows ever fiercer, more powerful, and protracted. It will go on developing strength until Britain will repay every German attack six or seven times over.

Meanwhile, it is not at all a bad idea to collect and correlate those daily communiqués from the Air Ministry which, singly, often seem to say so little. The fact that, alone, they do yield such slight information is not surprising, for they are really no more than fragmentary pieces which fit into the vast jigsaw of Britain's air-war plans. Take the trouble to see how twenty, thirty, or forty dove-tail together and you get a much better insight to that scheme, especially if you have

a knowledge of Germans and Germany.

Up to now, those communiqués show that more than 270 individual enemy towns and cities with military targets have been bombed. The actual number of targets bombed over the first sixteen months of war exceeded 1,500. The reports which our air crews bring home with them have shown success to be a commonplace. Huge fires, debris flying high into the air, immense explosions—those and many more such phrases have become almost monotonously familiar. But the most any airman can see of the damage his own bombs have done is necessarily limited by factors like the speed of his aircraft, ground mist, smoke from fires, and so on. Day and night, photography before and after raids—often from great heights—helps our experts to assess results; but it may be weeks before the full extent of havoc is revealed by 'inside information' that has escaped, by some means or another, the Nazi net of censorship and suppression.

A Race which Germany Cannot Win

Much of the information that has come out of Germany this way has revealed a trail of dislocation, damage, and devastation among many of the essential components of the German war machine.

There can be no doubt about it—the Royal Air Force is definitely putting a whole lot of spanners into the enemy's works.

One tangible result is that the Germans, always clever at deception and at getting damage repaired, are doing all they can to move many of their more vulnerable factories farther away from our bombs. As they



R.A.F. men at a Service Flying Training School examine the thousand and one intricate details of a bomb-sight



A huge British bomber leaves the hangars for its first test flight. An impressive picture at a factory in the North of England where men and women are working day and night in the production of these machines

are being transferred east, so the Royal Air Force is building up a great force of long-range bombers to go after them—some, as we know, are flying direct to Britain across the Atlantic from America's great aircraft arsenals. It should be a race which Germany cannot possibly win.

Moreover, the Ruhr is likely to remain one of the most bomb-worthy areas of Germany. It is there that the bulk of German munitions are still turned out, where great coal and steel works lie, and where chemical factories and oil plants cluster temptingly together. A hundred miles higher up the Rhine—no distance by bomber—is another heavily industrialised region that certainly cannot be moved like a travelling circus. It stretches from Frankfurt to Stuttgart, with much-bombed Mannheim as its centre.

These regions, with their network of communications—mainly railways and canals—have been ruthlessly attacked time and time again, always with uncanny precision and always with the one object of hitting the enemy where it hurts most. Gas-holders have been blown sky high, railways torn up, factories and warehouses laid waste, oil plants set ablaze. Some of the damage is pretty well irreparable, more is certainly in the 'serious' category, and most of it puts the brake on a machine that has for several years been running at break-neck speed.

Less-apparent Results of R.A.F. Raids

Besides the obvious results of damage to essential services like gas, water, and electricity, slowing up of production and so on, there are many less-apparent results. For instance, if no current is coming through the electric mains the German worker, to whom radio is all-important, cannot hear the gabbles of Dr. Goebbels. Deep shelters, ventilated electrically, tend to become death-traps. If there isn't any water coming through the mains, fires have to burn themselves out. And if there isn't any gas it is difficult for any *hausfrau* to coax a tempting meal out of real food, let alone *ersatz*. But these things are only incidental to the main job our bombers have to do in the industrial regions of enemy country.

They are attacking oil plants, not only in the Ruhr, but others as far afield as Pölitz. Many of these plants are turning coal into the very life-blood of the German fighting forces—oil that simply must be produced at home to supplement even the maximum possible imports. They usually provide a nice sprawling target for our bombs, because the process of extraction is a complicated one and needs a lot of plant. They are also conveniently inflammable.

Germany's great ports—Hamburg, Bremen, and Wilhelmshaven—have been other frequent objectives; together, they have been bombed about 150 times. Hamburg—Germany's Southampton—suffered most heavily at first, and neutral travellers have told many a story of the wastes of ruin in the docks. Generally, the attacks were severe and fairly frequent. More recently the process of reducing Bremen and Wilhelmshaven to charred and twisted wreckage has been more rapid. Each port was attacked through the greater part of three nights by large numbers of bombers. It is apparent, from any map of Europe, that there are some places in Germany within the range only of our heaviest bombers; others within the range of two or three types of bomber; still more within the range of all the bombers we've got. The three ports come within the last category.

Three raids against Wilhelmshaven followed the wanton fire-raid on the City of London, and several facts officially released make some comparisons possible. The Germans dropped 10,000 incendiaries; Royal Air

Force bombers dropped twice as many on Wilhelmshaven the first night. Acres of flame lay beneath them at the end of that raid, and some of the fires were still burning when they went over again for the third attack, loaded this time with heavy high-explosives.

These, like occasional other series of raids, have been spectacular from the German point of view as much as Britain's, but for different reasons.

Our pilots have had to make many flights to Germany and, less frequently, across the French Alps to Northern Italy, in appalling weather conditions, guided through electric storms, snow, and limitless cloud with no stars or moon, no horizon, by the resources which modern science has built into their craft. In peacetime, some of these flights would themselves have made front-page news; in war, they are no more than the prelude to the real effort. That effort itself is invariably carried out in the face of intense *flak*, for the Germans long ago learned the necessity of making the utmost use of their ground defences to check the onslaught. Their attempts have usually been in vain. Our bomber pilots have thought nothing of staying over their targets, in spite of the worst the enemy could do, for as long as an hour to make absolutely certain that the bombs they had carried so far wouldn't hit the wrong thing.

There are scores of heroic stories to be told about their operations, of grim struggles against dreadful odds to get a damaged craft home, of victories in the darkness over the occasional night fighters that Germany sends up. The other day the ground staff stood on the flying field at one of our bomber aerodromes keeping a dawn watch for returning raiders. They counted the bombers, one by one, as they landed after many hours in the air over enemy country. One was missing. They waited; still it didn't come in. But, inside the Operations Room was a message that had come from the bomber in the middle of the night—a last message it turned out to be. All it said was, simply: 'Mission completed.' Those two words are an epitaph to any British airman who doesn't get back.

Ever since the first British bomb fell on Hitler's Germany, the Nazis have used all their propaganda wiles to localise the news of damage, so that the people who have actually seen it are too scared to talk of it to their friends. Similarly, German communiqués and broadcasts have reduced the whole damage to an irreducible minimum for overseas eyes and ears. But, as usual, they have made some nasty slips. Only a short time ago they were alleging that one or two British bombs—one or two, mark you—that had unaccountably dropped on neutral territory, had done awful damage. Perhaps they forgot that they were the same kind of bombs which are almost laughably ineffective in Germany.

If Goering has been shocked at the distances over which our bombers can operate, he only shares the sensation with Mussolini. The people of Turin, Milan, Venice, and Naples have all heard the heavy, rhythmic throb of our bombers, and have seen for themselves the effect of our bombs.

Yet the way the Royal Air Force may justly look at their bombing record over many months of war may be very nicely summed up in the phrase so often yelled at us by American talking films: 'You ain't seen nothing yet.'

Greece, Sicily, the Western Desert, Eritrea, Abyssinia, Somaliland, are as familiar with our raiders as are the captains of the few German ships that nowadays sneak out of German ports. And our fighters are building up their offensive week by week.

But these things are other stories.

The Story of 'Waltzing Matilda'

By Dr. THOMAS WOOD,
who has helped to make it the Australian
Battle Hymn

'THE Australian troops went into Bardia singing "Waltzing Matilda." That's official. Doesn't it make your hair curl?'

It was Hubert Foss speaking on the telephone: a trunk call from London. He and I and 'Waltzing Matilda' have been mixed up a good deal together these last eight years. Gradually we have seen this song make friends for itself throughout four continents and the Seven Seas. But promotion to a battle hymn was a step indeed.

My own share in the fame of 'Waltzing Matilda' is modest. Here is its outline. I went to Australia in 1930. Almost the last person I saw before I left was Stephen Jack, the actor. He said to me: 'There's a song out there you ought to get hold of. I know no more than a line or two, but it is a clinker.'

I looked for it; but the problems of trains, transport, dust, and distance got in the way. If you yourself have had to travel in Australia, where the journey of a thousand miles is a commonplace, you will understand. And each day the day's work had to be done. Bits and tags and ends of 'Waltzing Matilda' seemed to be scattered all over the continent, but I found neither text nor tune by such deliberate search as I had time for.

I came across both by chance. This was at Winton, in Queensland, a town that stands up from the plain as rocks rise out of the sea. There's heat in Winton, and sand, and glare; but if you want to know what friendliness can be, go there, and meet Mr. T. J. Shanahan, of

the North Gregory Hotel. He gave me a welcome as warm as the weather, and two words set us on common ground at the start. Those words were 'folk songs.' There are none in Australia. It was settled too late. The one Australian song, I said, that had the right smack was 'Waltzing Matilda.' Did he know it?

Did he not! Out of that evening, and perhaps a can of beer, came this tale—all true

Some forty years ago 'Banjo' Paterson, Australian poet, was staying with his friend Robert McPherson at Dagworth, a sheep station eighty miles out of the town. They were driving into Winton one day in the buggy when they passed a man carrying his swag. 'That's what we call "Waltzing Matilda" in these parts,' said McPherson, and 'Banjo' was so struck with the phrase that he wrote the verses right off, basing them on a Dagworth story of a swagman who did indeed kill a jumbuck (sheep) at a billabong (waterhole), and roused McPherson's fury. 'Banjo's' sister wrote the tune. They sang it in the North Gregory Hotel that night.

When I got back to England, I published, with permission, 'Waltzing Matilda' in a book of mine. Hubert Foss was the publisher. That was in 1934. Since then we have spent some time and energy and goodwill in telling the world that here is a jewel, and helping Australians themselves to see that in 'Waltzing Matilda' they have a national anthem worth the name.



The author

A. F. TSCHIFFELY, the famous traveller, says

'With Every Raid Londoners Toughened'

Our contributor earned international fame as the author of 'Tschiffely's Ride,' an account of his 10,000-mile journey on horseback through the three Americas, from Buenos Aires to Washington. He has written several other popular travel books. In this article, specially written for 'London Calling,' Mr. Tschiffely, as a distinguished foreigner living in London, gives his impartial views of the German air bombardment

WHEN my relatives and friends in North and South America write to me they all express fear for my safety, and some of them appear to think that the greater part of London is in ruins and that I am an unfortunate member of a vast semi-starved and terrified community.

Before attempting to set down on paper how I live, what I have experienced and seen, and what my reactions have been during 'blitzes,' I wish to assure the reader that my article is merely a straightforward account of the experiences of a foreigner who has lived in London for a number of years. I must also point out that during my wanderings through different parts of the vast city of London I went alone, without pass of any kind.

Until last September I took next to no notice of air raids which, up to then, had been carried out on a relatively small scale. When, occasionally, flares were dropped at night, I gazed at them with the curiosity of a child watching a firework display. Then, during a fine Saturday afternoon, came the first really serious daylight raid on the East End of London, resulting in a huge fire in the dock area. This daylight raid was followed by the first large-scale night attack, directed against the greater part of London, including the district where I live.

Down to the Basement

I had just finished eating an early dinner when I heard the already very familiar wailing of the sirens, first faintly in the distance, then rapidly coming nearer until the one closest to my house took up the mournful piercing wail. After a time I looked out of the window to see whether anything was happening. Like so many gigantic white-hot pokers, searchlights were sweeping the sky, and as I watched this grotesque though fascinating display I heard the droning of motors overhead. Suddenly there was an ugly scream as two or three bombs came hurtling down, straight towards my back collar-stud I felt sure at the time. As I hastily withdrew my head from the window, the sound of heavy crunching explosions came to my ears. I pulled down the blinds, collected some cigarettes, a rug and an



A not unfamiliar sight in the morning after a long night 'blitz.' A woman A.R.P. warden is assisting in the removal of clothes and furniture from a damaged house

overcoat and went down to the basement where all the other occupants of the flats in my apartment house were congregated.

Although I had lived in the building for over two years, I only knew four or five of the tenants now assembled in the basement. One of the peculiar effects of the early air raids was to bring people together, for as we sat there, smoking and chatting, whilst occasionally bombs fell so near that the place shook, we discovered that some of us had mutual friends and interests.

Throughout that night German 'planes came over in waves, droning and burring their serenade of death and destruction. At intervals some of us went out into the street to investigate what was happening, but all we could see were the bright beams of searchlights sweeping across a sky which was ominously scarlet in two places, leaving us in no doubt that fires were raging somewhere. By this time some of the company in our basement were sleeping soundly, two snoring melodiously whilst the others conversed in whispers in order not to disturb the sleepers. Only one frail lady—who was dressed in a dark cape with a hood attached to it, making her look like a sinister monk—was visibly nervous, for every time the screaming of a bomb was heard, she bent down and held her head in both hands. Immediately after one particularly loud explosion she heaved a deep

sigh, and with a nervous laugh exclaimed, 'Gosh, this feels just like sitting in a dentist's chair!'

The 'all clear' was sounded at daybreak, and then I went out into the street expecting to see a scene of devastation, but instead I found that all the buildings in the immediate vicinity were perfectly intact, and that people were going about their business as if nothing had happened. Tradespeople were in their shops and at their stalls, and traffic passed along the streets as usual. To my amazement I heard that the bombs I had thought to be coming straight for my back collar-stud had dropped about half a mile from my flat. In one side street I saw a few women sitting on the kerbstone near their ruined homes. They were weeping bitterly while members of the different services worked feverishly and efficiently among the heap of debris and rubble.

The Basement Empties

For several nights my experiences were much the same as during that I have just described, with the only difference that the searchlight beams disappeared. Instead, suddenly and quite unexpectedly, and to the great joy and comfort of the company assembled in our basement, the thunder of seemingly hundreds of anti-aircraft guns shook up the place, completely drowning the annoying sound of German planes overhead.

With every raid Londoners toughened, and by degrees began to take bombardment much as one looks upon a storm or a heavy gale. Gradually



Getting out at the right station during the blackout is quite a problem. The station foreman of Leyton, on the L.N.E.R. line, has solved it



A dog fight is going on overhead, and during their lunch hour some City workers take the opportunity to watch it. From the expression on their faces, there's not much doubt who's winning

our basement company grew smaller as, one by one, its members preferred to remain in their flats. Among them were artists who preferred to work in their studios even during the heaviest raids, with terrific barrages shaking up the place and rattling the windows, some of which were broken by falling splinters of A.A. shells.

Friends sometimes told me that during the previous night such and such a place had got a 'packet,' or that here or there casualties had been serious. However, in all my experience so far, not one person has shown the least sign of fear or despondency, though several people I know have had their homes destroyed, or have had to leave them because of severe damage. All of the many Londoners I come into contact with are taking their lot and punishment philosophically, in many cases even with humour. I must tell you of two amusing incidents of which I was a witness.

The Greengrocer and the Painter

During a daylight 'hit-and-run' attack by a single German plane, an ambulant greengrocer who regularly passes along the streets in my neighbourhood with his wheelbarrow, ran into a doorway for shelter as a number of bombs began to fall unpleasantly near him. Just as he reached what he thought must be a place of safety there was a loud explosion in the street, only a few yards from where his abandoned barrow stood. The blast sent the poor man flying half way up a staircase, followed by many of his faithful potatoes, cabbages, apples, and carrots. The shock of all this had a very peculiar effect on the man, who suddenly rushed out into the street shaking his fists at the invisible plane in the sky, at the same time letting forth a stream of Cockney which, though it was most admirable for its flow and power of expressing deep-felt sentiment, I am unable to repeat here.

The next amusing incident happened outside my house when, a few nights ago, a number of incendiary bombs were dropped. The whole length of the street was littered with fizzing projectiles which gave a very bright bluish-green light. Hardly had they fallen when men and women came rushing out of their homes armed with buckets filled with sand and with long-handled shovels. The dark shadowy figures of women gliding about in the ghostly light brought to my mind stories about witches with brooms on Hallowe'en night. Now in a house alongside mine, there lives a painter whom I could not very well describe as being of masculine appearance.

During the excitement that prevailed when everybody was busy coping with the fire bombs, the artist came running out of his house, complete with steel helmet and a bucket filled with sand. Although the droning of another plane was heard overhead, and everybody expected explosive bombs to be dropped next, no one took any notice, but just continued struggling with the fire bombs. Not in the least afraid, the artist danced from group to group of exceedingly busy people, inquiring: 'Does anybody require a touch of sand?' The humour of the word 'touch' escaped no one who heard it. With much chuckling and giggling all the fire bombs were successfully dealt with, whereafter everybody, including the artist, returned to their homes as if nothing had happened, though the anti-aircraft fire was terrific at the time and other heavy tell-tale thuds could be heard at frequent intervals.

Now, after five months of 'blitz' our basement is empty, even during the heaviest raids.

A word about the food question. As far as my experience goes, I have always had plenty to eat, though I must admit that certain foodstuffs have, at times, been scarce, and some rather expensive. Having to go without meat twice or three times a week does not worry me in the least, especially as a great variety of other good and healthy foods is available. Potatoes, carrots, cabbages, and a number of other vegetables are abundant and cheap.

Every now and again the desire to wander makes me take trips to remote parts of London. Without boasting I can claim to have intimate friends among all classes of Londoners, and in all honesty I must admit that if it is fun and relaxation I seek, I invariably look up old Cockney friends with whom, despite the war, I occasionally do the rounds of the 'locals' where business and fun are carried on as usual, and where humour and good fellowship continue to flourish despite everything else.

Through the City to the East End

London is so vast a city that if anything happens in distant parts of it—I mean in parts distant from the place where one happens to live—these things might just as well be happening in the Antipodes, for even to Londoners certain parts of the city are almost foreign cities.

For this reason, a few days ago, I decided to have a look round the East End and the dock area. Starting from Trafalgar Square I walked up the Strand and Fleet Street where I made little side excursions to see the terrible damage done to some old buildings in the Temple. Many old landmarks dear to my memory had completely vanished—I fear for ever. Passing through barriers, I came to parts where, for destruction and desolation, the very ruins of Pompeii are put in the shade.

Still, serious as the damage is, London can honestly be said only to have been badly gashed, that is when one considers the city as a whole.

But to go back to my walk towards the East End. Having passed the

Bank of England, I halted for a little spiritual and bodily refreshment at *Dirty Dick's*, the famous old public house. The exterior of the place has been badly pock-marked by a bomb, but inside the little crowd appeared to be just the same as it had been three or four years ago when I had last visited the place. The same weird curiosities were hanging on the walls: dried-up rats, cats and other gruesome relics, purported—no doubt for excellent business reasons—to have been found many years ago alongside the decomposed body of 'Dirty Dick,' the first owner of this public house, which was named after him. According to tradition, the 'relics' and walls were covered with a thick layer of dust, soot, and grime, and to me it appeared that the same old customers were standing in the bar-room.

Farther down towards the east, near the dock area, a group of little Chinese boys wearing Wellington boots and imitation flying helmets made me stop for some time to watch them play 'air raids.' Their 'plane' was merely a wooden box with four old wheels that must once have been part of a perambulator. Two small boards, nailed to the side of the 'fuselage' were the wings of this aircraft, the piloting of which the little feline-eyed urchins took in turns, whilst the others ran round it in circles, with outstretched arms—the enemy 'planes, I suppose. With their mouths they imitated the sound of motors, as they banked, dived, and in general went through different antics one would see in a first-class 'dog fight.'

Despite the fact that some of the streets were more or less deserted, a public house I entered was doing a fair trade with sailors who had evidently just come ashore after long voyages. I entered just as a beetle-browed, herculean though somewhat bloated 'chucker-out' yelled in a voice that sounded louder than any fog-horn I have ever heard: 'Time, gentlemen, please!' Taking compassion on me, the landlord asked what I would have. When I replied that it was a bottle of light ale, he said that if I drank it quickly he would let me have it. Without having heard my answer which was drowned by the 'chucker-out' who again bellowed his 'Time, gentlemen, please!' I was handed a glass, the contents of which I swallowed in one long gulp, nearly choking myself in the process.

Dusk was falling on the City of London as I passed St. Paul's Cathedral. High up in sheltered places under the edge of the dome, hundreds of starlings were shrilly chattering their evensong. Suddenly this noise was drowned by the wailing blasts of sirens sounding the 'alert,' and almost at the same time I heard gunfire in the distance.

Down in the Tubes

Soon after I went down into a tube station to take a train towards home. On the platforms of every station, masses of people were bedding themselves down for the night, giving the places the appearance of so many roughly improvised casualty wards. Looking at this pitiful mass of humanity, I wondered whether it is because of a strong sense of self-preservation that most of them take cover as they do, night after night, or whether, perhaps, it is because of herd instinct rather than fear of death or injury.

That night, as I was about to drop off to sleep in my bed I heard the firing of guns, but the last sounds I remembered, though surely it was only of my imagination, were the merry laughter of sorely tried people in the East End and the shrill though cheery chatter of starlings high up near the mighty dome of St. Paul's.



Many famous London buildings have been damaged by German bombs, including parts of the Temple, which is the home of the legal profession. This is Pump Court which has suffered badly



Many improvements have recently been introduced for the benefit of those who seek shelter in London's Underground railways — including bunks, meals, and medical attendance. Here Red Cross nurses are seen on duty at Piccadilly

ONE thing quite clear in the war of the Far East is that the Chinese have their tails very much up, while the Japanese, if they have not exactly got their tails down, are full of anxiety. 'Our Empire today faces the gravest emergency in its history,' said the Premier, Prince Konoye, at the reopening of the Diet a few weeks ago. Mr. Matsuoka, too, the Foreign Minister, struck the same note, as he has done twice before since Christmas. And so did the Minister of War, Lieut.-General Tojo.

On the other hand, General Chiang Kai-Shek in his New Year message to the Chinese people bade them be of good heart, for the year 1941 would see momentous events, perhaps even the final victory.

Looking back on the past few months one can see plenty of reasons for China's buoyancy. In the Japanese Diet Mr. Matsuoka has spoken contemptuously of 'the miserable plight of the Chiang Kai-Shek regime, whose resistance has notably declined.' One cannot help thinking that he was principally trying to cheer up his audience. For the plain truth is that in all the encounters since last August, north, east, and centre, the Chinese have generally had the better of things. In November they inflicted a first-class defeat on the Japanese in the Han River valley in central China. And they have had the joy of seeing the Japanese forced to evacuate the whole of the great south-eastern province of Kwangsi. This means new trade routes and resources in raw material for the Chinese, besides the moral encouragement. The Chinese have now 3,000,000 men in arms (these figures are admitted by Japan), and they claim to have abundant munitions. They also feel that they have Great Britain, America, and Russia behind them to an extent that they never had before.

One aspect of China's strength, which is hardly appreciated abroad as it should be, is the extraordinary development of the natural wealth of West China, since the Government moved its capital from Hankow to Chungking three years and three months ago. West, south-west, and north-west China, the parts that make up so-called 'free China' are anything from 1,000,000 to 1,200,000 square miles in extent. It has always been known that they contained great natural wealth. But until recent times this wealth was never properly developed, all the energy being concentrated in the east and centre, which are close to the sea or connected with it by great rivers.

When the Chinese Government moved to Chungking in October, 1938, it had to develop this wealth, partly to carry on the war, partly to find work for the 60,000,000 refugees who had fled from the Japanese in east and central China. The Government, in anticipation of its move, had already carried off every scrap of machinery from the factories of Hankow and Nanking. It has now started new factories all over the west, cottage industries and co-operative societies, and in spite of the war has found large sums to assist them.

The China National Tea Corporation, a semi-Government concern, is founding numbers of model tea colonies with considerable success. Only last week a barter agreement was concluded with Russia by which China supplies the latter with £1,500,000 worth of tea this year against an equivalent amount of munitions.

West China's coal reserves are estimated at 12,000 million tons. There is plenty of iron which the Chinese are smelting: they claim that in the near future they will be self-supporting in steel. They are richer in tungsten than any country in the world. They have large deposits of manganese. And the extremely valuable wood oil, much in demand in America, is a Chinese monopoly. There is hardly any commodity, mineral or agricultural, which West China does not or cannot produce.

One possible weakness in the Chinese Government's position is causing its friends abroad anxiety. That is the undeniable friction between the extreme Left Wing, the Communists, and the more conservative Kuomintang, the central organisation of Nationalism. There was an ugly incident the other week when the Communist troops in the Lower Yangtze Valley were disarmed for insubordination, and some of their leaders were arrested and are to be court martialled.

This friction between Communists and Kuomintang is no new thing. It is the old, universal story of conflict between a popular party demanding better conditions of life for the masses of the people—and Heavens knows the Chinese people need that—and vested interests fearful for their property and privileges. Hitherto General Chiang Kai-Shek, whom all Chinese obey unquestioningly, has managed to keep the balance pretty well between the two factions. And two things may be said. The fact that the Chinese Government published the full story of the disarming of

the Communists suggests that it was not afraid of criticism and that the incident is not really serious. And secondly, whatever disagreements there may be on internal policy, there is none whatever on the paramount need of resistance to Japan.

Now let us look at the Japanese position. It is a very strong one. They are firmly established in all the richest cities of the east and centre and along most of the great waterways and railways. Their army is still far better equipped than the Chinese and has many years' tradition of training and organisation behind it. In the air their superiority is almost unquestioned. Their navy, the third largest in the world, is absolutely unimpaired. And although the Japanese people are suffering great privations, they are so docile, so accustomed to unquestioning obedience and so devoted to their country that there seems no limit to what they will endure. Yet there are visible cracks in this strong edifice, which may easily be deeper than what can plainly be seen.

In the last year before the war Japan's Budget was 2,272 million yen and her National Debt 6,000 millions. With the war the Budget jumped at once to over 8,000 million yen and has risen steadily until this year it will probably be nearer 12 than 11,000 millions. Meanwhile by last October the National Debt was already over 27,000 million yen, which will be increased this year by another 4,000 million at least. This is far ahead of what Japanese economists have always considered the danger point, and the difficulty of getting these loans absorbed in-

creases while taxation has admittedly reached the maximum.

Japan's exports to foreign countries have fallen off year by year. It is true that her exports to China and Manchuria have risen enormously. But these countries are linked with her own currency and thus yield her none of the foreign exchange that she must have to pay for the materials she is forced to buy abroad. For, unlike China, Japan is naturally very poor in metals, coal, cotton, oil, rubber, and other necessities. Actually, too, her big exports to China and Manchuria are a liability not an asset, because the materials of which they are made have to be bought abroad.

Her efforts to make China pay for the war by sending her supplies of iron, coal, and cotton have failed hitherto. She has not got control of the chief iron and coal centres in China and the Chinese guerillas have very largely prevented the farmer from growing cotton for Japan's benefit.

The staple food of Japan is rice, fish, vegetables and pickles. On this simple diet she used to be self-supporting. Now there are food queues outside all provision shops, a thing never heard of before. Last year's rice harvest was at least 150 million bushels short of the annual requirements, owing to lack of labour and fertilisers, all due to the war, and there are no reserves as the harvest of 1939 was short too. Prince Konoye has admitted in the Diet that all commodities are short.

Perhaps the most interesting, most uncertain factor in the Japanese situation is the so-called 'new political structure' introduced by Prince Konoye since he became Premier last July. It is really Fascism, the outcome of the long struggle between the Army and the Diet which began in 1931 when the Army went over the heads of the Government and Diet and seized Manchuria, entirely off its own bat, so to speak.

Weary of the China War

That the Diet has now accepted the 'new political structure' is probably because it is so weary of the war in China, and the failure of four successive Governments to finish it off, that the politicians have jumped at any change just because it is a change.

Yet in fact the new structure has simply abolished the Constitution of 1889. Its chief organ is an Imperial Rule Assistance Association which is supposed to interpret the will of those who govern to those who are governed, and to report the wishes of those who are governed to the Government, which is of course the Army and Navy. The Diet still meets, but all the old parties are abolished; it is no more now than a rubber stamp machine. How long the members will endure this, as they realise their own positions and as public discontent increases at the endless war in China and its many privations is a nice question.

Everything has gone wrong with Japan since she signed up with Germany and Italy last September. She is now in deadly fear either that that treaty may drag her into war with America, or that with America's help Great Britain will defeat Germany, and in that case it is certain that she would be given her marching orders out of China and then goodbye to her dreams of a great Asiatic Empire.

And meanwhile China fights on full of confidence, and with her great natural resources growing daily stronger.

Is the Japanese Empire in Peril?

By O. M. GREEN

'Everything has gone wrong with Japan since she signed up with Germany and Italy last September' says our contributor. In this article he does not attempt to prophesy the final outcome of the war in the Far East. But he shows that at the present China has far less cause to fear the future than Japan

'It's a Grand Life...'

By BERNARD WETHERALL

Our contributor, a London bus driver and an old soldier, says that 'out of the muck of the four years of the Kaiser's war, I find that it is the happy days that have outlived the miserable days.' Here he tells you about his happy days in the Army of 1914-1918



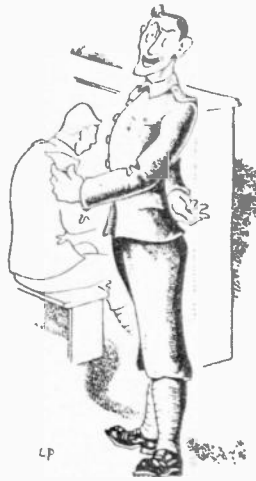
'One of our men slowly wandered towards the door of the pub'

HAVE you ever stood on the pavement and watched a Company of today's young soldiers go swinging by and thought that not so long ago you were doing the same?

I can remember when I was a young soldier, seeing old soldiers wearing ribbons on their waistcoats marching along the roads with us, keeping step, arms swinging, dreaming of the Old Brigade—'Old Soldiers never die, they only fade away.'

But out of the muck of the four years of the Kaiser's war, I find that it is the happy days that have outlived the miserable days. Every battalion, every battery, every squadron contained a born comedian. They were worth their weight in gold, and didn't know it. A platoon of us was marching back to our billets one day, in charge of a sergeant, whom we all disliked. He was in front, and the boys in the rear were picking up little pebbles and aiming them over the heads of the others and hitting him at the back of the neck. He roared out all kinds of vile threats and said to the man on the left of the front four, who happened to be our particular comedian: 'I'll show 'em they can't fool about wi' me!' The answer he got was: 'I don't blame you, sergeant, they think you're silly 'cos you got no sense.' That happened in 1914. Yet it still stands out among the fatigues, route marches, and drills that made up the life of a soldier. I remember, too, one terribly hot day: we had been marching all the morning with full pack and rifle, and nearly every man had his tunic and shirt open at the neck. The battalion suddenly got the order to halt and fall out to the left of the road. Our platoon was halted right opposite one of the loveliest little country pubs you could imagine. There was a picture in the bar window of a chap holding a tankard of foaming ale to his lips. One of our men slowly wandered towards the door of the pub. It was Alf Pierce, our comedian. The same fellow I mentioned just now. But our platoon officer had seen him. He said: 'Where you going, Pierce?' Pierce said: 'Gonna get a penny stamp, sir.' Slowly Lieutenant Clarke approached him and very quietly said: 'I'm so dry, Pierce, I couldn't even lick a penny stamp, and if I were to let you go in there, every man in the battalion would follow you and I'd be shot at dawn.'

What a difference between his method of dealing with men and that of the sergeant. It's a gift, and only a few of us have it. When we were stationed at the White City I remember having some fun with an old portable harmonium which I brought back from home one Sunday night, after a week-end leave. The whole battalion was under one roof—you may have seen those great big buildings which were put up for the old Exhibition at Shepherd's Bush—and most of the fellows were already in bed when we came in. Some were reading, some talking. Nobody noticed two of us carrying a box. Quietly I set it up, and started right away, as loud as I could, with the 'Wee Macgregor—Highland Patrol.' If I had set fire to the place I could not have caused more excitement. In ten seconds there was a mass of men whooping and doing their own pet version of a Highland fling—some of them were only dressed in their shirts. Heads popped over the canvas screens dividing the company lines, and it was the most hectic five minutes I can remember. But the bugle sounded 'Lights out' and, much against their will, the men got back into bed again—back into Kip, as they say in the Army. I remember I had to get into Kip in the dark.



'They used to sing a song called "Thora"'

And the mention of this word Kip reminds me of other Army words: Possie for jam; Rooti for bread; Pawnee for rain; and the cook was called a Bobagee. They tell me these words are Hindustani and became part of the vocabulary of our soldiers who had served in India. The Kaiser's war produced some new words, too. Camouflage was one. Posh, meaning smart, extra good, was another, and Umpteen was another, which, of course, was very useful when you didn't know the exact number. Gadget, for some tool, or device. Then there was a word which came in very handy at times—Ujah-captive. Anything and everything was called the Ujah-captive. If you couldn't remember the name of a thing, it was the Ujah-captive. If anybody was killed—he'd gone West. I think going West originated in the Kaiser's war, but now it applies to anything that is lost or broken. I suppose Hitler's war will produce more words and expressions. Blitz seems as if it has come to stay. This, of course, means anything done with a rush, or intensified. Flak is another war-produced word, meaning anti-aircraft fire. In the Kaiser's war we called the puffs in the sky Archie.

We had our concerts, too, the same as the boys do today. The theatrical people did splendid work and gave us some grand shows. I remember sitting at the back end of a large, draughty hall one bitter cold night listening to a lady—a kindly old soul—who was doing her best, singing 'The Merry, Merry Pipes of Pan.' Somebody came in and left the door open. Right in the middle of the song one of the men at the back shouted: 'Shut that blasted door.' Those up in front, who were out of the draught, shouted: 'Quiet!' and in the confusion 'The Merry Pipes' faded out a bit. But for real fun you couldn't beat the concerts we used to arrange among ourselves. Two or three of us would go round the men and scout for talent. The officers as well as the men would give a turn, and sometimes we would get a real surprise and find we had got a real artist among us. Of course, there was always a certain amount of ragging hovering in the air, but that only increased the enjoyment of it all.

Recitation: 'The Death of Nelson'

There was one chap in our battalion who always managed to get on the programme. He was a miserable-looking bloke, with a thin tenor voice. He always held a little piece of paper in front of him, and after every line or two he would glance down at it. While the pianist was playing the opening bars, he would stand like a statue with the toothache. He used to sing a song called 'Thora.' He seldom got any further than 'I stand in a land of roses' before somebody would shout 'Fine large shrimps.' But he would wade through the lot and make his exit amid wild cheers, whistles, and shouts of *Encore*.

One night we persuaded him to come on again. He said he hadn't the music of his other songs, but he would give us a recitation, and announced the title in a dramatic voice: 'The Death of Nelson.' He got no further than the first line; we could not hear him above the din. He went off quicker than he came on, in a deluge of bits of cheese, vowing never to oblige us again.

How my memory floats back to it all, when I sit at home now in front of the fire and listen to a broadcast of a concert from a camp, or aerodrome 'Somewhere in England.' It seems as though the same voices are roaring out the choruses, and in my mind I look round and see the same happy faces. I think of such songs as: 'When You Come Home at Eventide' and 'If You were the Only Girl in the World,' and 'Take me Back to Dear Old Blighty.'

When I hear these tunes today they always produce a picture, from somewhere at the back of my mind, which turns out to be a misty outline of the place where I first heard them. Like the smell of coffee always reminds me of the interior of a Flanders *estaminet*.

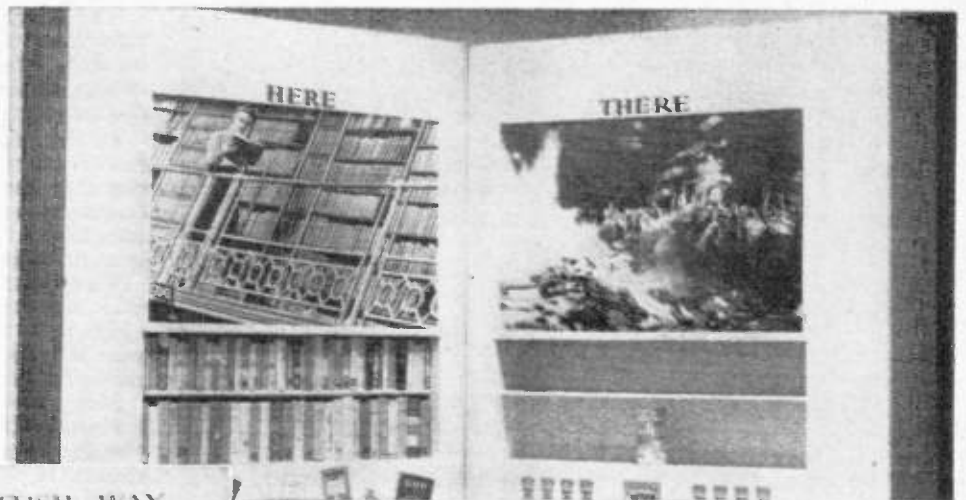
It starts a whole train of thought, and I remember our route marches from the White City, over Hammersmith Bridge, across Barnes Common, and all round. The fun we used to have when we passed a row of shops. Everybody would run out to see us go by, and we would look at the name over the shop and call out: 'How are you, Mr. Jones?' or whatever the name happened to be. The shopkeeper would look at us and wave, and try in vain to recognise who it was. We all looked alike in khaki; and we would pass on, laughing at their bewilderment. They clean forgot their name was over the shop for everyone to see.

And how we used to sing when we were on the march! The more it rained, the more we sang—'John Brown's Body,' 'Tavern in the Town,'

(Continued at foot of page 10)

Mainly About Books

The weekly London Letter
contributed by
MACDONALD HASTINGS



Illustrations showing two of the exhibits at the 'Books and Freedom Exhibition,' organised by the National Book Council. The illustration above is intended to show that in a democracy you can 'Read what you will,' and in a dictatorship, 'Read what you must.' At the top on the right is an actual picture taken when the Nazis burnt publicly books by world-famous authors including Einstein, Freud, Lenin, Jack London, Karl Marx, Upton Sinclair, and H. G. Wells

The illustration on the left appears at the Exhibition under the headings of 'The Nazi Way,' and 'The British Way.' The captions read, 'We must fulfil our destiny: bring up the tough guys'—Dr. Goebbels, and 'Who is the Happy Warrior, who is he that every man in arms should wish to be?'—Wordsworth

Two minutes later, Clementin entered the room. He advanced towards me lightly, stepping on the balls of his feet. The round face with its two chins, familiar from abundant pictures on the screen or in the Press, was paler than I had expected, and there were dark pouches beneath his shrewd brown eyes. His hands were never still for a moment but were constantly playing with the double-breasted coat he was wearing, every button of which was doing its full duty.

The book is dedicated, with a graceful tribute, to Mr. Winston Churchill. As Mr. Churchill consented to the dedication, I wonder whether he noticed any resemblance between this character and a living person:—

I had seen that face hundreds of times in newspapers and on the screen. I had seen it, moreover, not only in pictures, but the face itself—on platforms, in the House of Commons, once in a corridor of the Admiralty. But it was a different thing to meet him in a room, at arm's length. And I stared.

This was the man to whom all England had turned. She had ignored his warnings, distrusted his genius, found no place for him in her hours of illusion. But now she needed faith, courage, imagination, and a tradition which reached back to something more profound and enduring in English life than any of his political contemporaries could supply. Meeting him face to face, I found myself thinking what thousands of my countrymen thought time and again with the last eventful months: thank God for Algernon Woodstock! And it seemed very fitting that the face, from which a large cigar protruded with an indomitably incongruous air, should recall two creatures for which Englishmen have a special affection—babies and bull-dogs.

'So you have been driving a tank, Mr. Orford,' said the Prime Minister to me abruptly after we had shaken hands.

'Yes, sir,' I answered, 'but not very far or very well.' The shrewd eyes above the burning cigar were smiling.

(Continued overleaf)



Macdonald Hastings has just read, and enjoyed, Philip Lindsay's 'Pudding Lane,' a reconstruction of London life during the Great Plague. He says that 'it is no book for weak stomachs'



EVERYBODY is reading. Scarcely anybody is writing. Book sales are booming. Authors are slumping unproductively over their desks. There has never been a time, say the publishers, when the demand for books was greater or the supply of manuscripts submitted for publication less. Most of the established authors say they cannot bring themselves to write. The would-be authors, who cannot write anyhow, have stopped writing too. As Europe rocks on the edge of the precipice, no book seems too trivial to read and no work important enough to write.

Not that there are any signs of a shortage of new books yet. In spite of the fact that three million volumes were destroyed in publishers' and booksellers' warehouses in the great City fire, there is still enough literature coming off the presses to spice the pen of the most acid reviewer and beguile the weeks of waiting for the uneasiest of readers.

The atmosphere is pregnant with great events. But none of the new books ventures to answer the question which rules our lives. Most of them prefer to ignore the menace across the Channel altogether.

A few more manuals for the instruction of Home Guardsmen. A damning indictment of the German people by Sir Robert Vansittart to add to the one hundred and fifty odd works which have been published already on why Britain declared war. A panegyric, with the magnificent title, *Bombers' Moon*, written by the American author, Negley Farson, about London in the air raids (*Gollancz, 8s. 6d.*). And another heroic story or two to add to the saga of the R.A.F.

For the rest, chiefly fiction. No hint as to how the long-awaited offensive will develop, where it will be delivered, or when it will fall. The newspapers are full of it; but the world of books seems almost disinterested. And if, at the moment, reality happens to be more exciting than fiction, it is refreshing to play the ostrich while we are waiting for the next exciting instalment of the real life story to unfold.

★ ★ ★

One of the most diverting of the new books makes the best of both worlds. The background is the history unadorned of the fall of France. The story tells the highly-imaginary adventures of a British secret service agent. But the chief interest of the book is that, although the author protests that his characters are either composite or entirely fictitious, the public figures of that tragic period are disguised only so far as that they have different names. Even the most uninformed in world affairs can scarcely fail to recognise the majority of them, and even the author can scarcely expect the most well-behaved of readers to refrain from drawing their own conclusions as to the real identity of people like this:—

It was Marshal Villebois speaking: 'We shall accept no terms inconsistent with the honour of France. If we seek an armistice, it will be an honourable agreement between soldiers.'

Or this:—

'The Prime Minister will see you,' said the Chef de Cabinet.



On being shown the blackened ruins of London's book centre, Mr. Wendell Willkie remarked that it was symbolic of Hitler's fear of the truth. Here is a photograph of Mr. Willkie getting his ticket from a conductress when he went for a ride on a London bus

'Well enough to inflict damage on the enemy and, as I understand, with a certain relish.'

It is part of the fun of the book that the author has no hesitation in weaving the fictitious adventures of his heroes into the pattern of actual history. The hero is congratulated by the great for his escapades and actually overhears the meeting of the French Cabinet when France decides to surrender. And it is the hero who brings the news of the armistice terms to the British Prime Minister. The book ends with Mr. Woodstock dictating the memorandum which decides the fate of the French Fleet at Oran.

If you like to swallow your history in a coating of sugar, this is the book for you. The title is *Eleven were Brave* (eleven is supposed to be the number of French Cabinet ministers who voted to continue the war at Britain's side). The author is Francis Beeding, who actually witnessed the scenes he describes. For all I know to the contrary, Mr. Beeding himself may be the hero of the book too. (*Hodder and Stoughton, 8s. 3d.*)

★ ★ ★

Modern London can take it, but old London had worse to put up with. As a sedative for war nerves and a certain cure for self-pity, I commend Philip Lindsay's *Pudding Lane*—not a new book but a book new to me. Philip Lindsay—besides being a grand story-teller—is a sound historian. *Pudding Lane* is his reconstruction of London life during the Great Plague in the time of Charles II. Having read it—by the way, it is no book for weak stomachs—I am unperturbed by the prospect of any new horror that Hitler can pit against us. London will never again have to undergo as much as it suffered and survived in the seventeenth century.

Outbreaks of the Plague—a filthy disease carried by a flea, harboured in turn by the now almost extinct black rat—was a recurring evil. But it seems improbable that, at any other time in history, it attained such violence or took such a fearful toll of human life as in London during the reign of the Merry Monarch.

IT'S A GRAND LIFE (continued from page 8)

'Lily of Laguna,' and a song we never hear now, 'Lindy, Lindy, Sweet as the Sugar Cane.' How we used to harmonise these songs. Fine songs for marching!

I don't think the Army of today sings as much on the march. I saw a company of Scots Guards marching along recently. They were talking quietly among themselves, but not a note of a song. Hitler's war has not yet produced a 'Tipperary' or a 'Pack up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit-bag.' Somehow, I think the present Army is different—perhaps it is because it is mechanised.

I often watch with interest and sympathy the New Guard marching along to take over from the Old Guard. The New Guard all spick and span (the Army called it 'spit and polish') and the Old Guard rather tired and weary. It reminds me of one night when I was on guard and the cook-house caught fire. I sounded the alarm bell, and our commanding officer was the first on the scene. The sergeant-major was close behind. Soon there were scores of people around. Everybody seemed to find a fire-extinguisher—there were plenty of those big cone-shaped things hanging about on racks. The first thing they did was to crash in the knob which started the stuff squirting out of the nozzle. The funny part about it was that only one man could get in the cook-house door at a time, and as there was more smoke than fire, there

The King, his court, and everybody who could find the money or a conveyance to get out of the doomed city evacuated themselves to the country. The rest—crowded together in the unspeakable squalor and dirt of a medieval city—watched their flesh and waited for the dread tokens of death to appear.

At the height of the Plague, the recorded death rate was 20,000 in a month; the actual death rate was probably twice as great—and that in a city with a population numbering not millions but a few hundred thousand. Scarcely a single family survived unscathed. Whole streets were wiped out completely. Most of the houses were deserted. The shops and the inns were shuttered. The churches were empty. The life of the city was stilled.

Those who were clean locked themselves in terror in their houses. Those who were touched were forcibly locked up with the other wretched members of their household under guard. The only traffic in the streets were the dead-carts, the only cry the wail of 'Bring out your dead!' as the bodies were thrown up into the carts on hooks.

Many of the stricken went raving mad and rushed frenzied through the streets. Others tried to infect those who were still clean. The primitive theories of medicine prevalent at the time spread the disease rather than checked it.

Nobody had any conception of either the cause or the cure. Most people believed that it was the vengeance of God for the wickedness of the times. But Providence was more merciful than they knew. The ravages of the Fire of London halted the ravages of the Plague.

Personally, I prefer bombs. (*Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.*)

★ ★ ★

If the war has so far failed to produce any good poetry, it is not the inspiration that is lacking but the poets. The urge to burst into rhyme is now in full spate. Every newspaper has been carrying columns of the stuff and readers throw up their compositions by the page. Here is a fair sample:

THANK YOU, UNCLE SAM!

It's good to have you standing at our side,
It's good to know you feel the way we do;
That by the blood of every man who died
Leaving to us the message 'Carry on!'—
By every mother who has lost a son,
By every tear no loving hand has dried,
By every child, left fatherless,
By every heart, left comfortless,
We'll know no rest, nor peace, until we're through.
It's good to have you holding out your hand,
It's best of all to know you understand!

E. S. B.

★ ★ ★

When Mr. Wendell Willkie was shown the blackened mass of rubble which was once the centre of London's book world, he remarked that the ruins were symbolic of Hitler's fear of the truth. The comment was apt. It moves me to wonder whether Mr. Willkie was told that this was not the first time that the Nazis have given a practical demonstration of their creed.

A few months ago, an exhibition organised by the National Book Council—an association of the whole book world from reader to publisher—was also destroyed by a bomb. Reconstructed, the 'Books and Freedom Exhibition' is now touring the country. It has already visited Reading, Manchester, Bath, and Wolverhampton, and plans to visit Scotland also.

★ ★ ★

Question: During the last war, the Shakespeare Society—an association in Germany whose chief object seems to be to convince themselves that the Bard was a German—met every week. Are they meeting now?

were a dozen men with extinguishers all squirting who could not get at the fire at all. Suddenly, from somewhere inside the smoke-filled cook-house, the commanding officer shouted: 'Sergeant-major, you're squirting that confounded stuff all down my back, the fire is over theah.'

But, as I said before, there will always be old soldiers to tell a tale. If you are green when you go into the Army, you are not so when you come out. How many times have I seen the old Rolls-Royce joke worked! The sergeant with a party of new recruits in front of him, some with their puttees round their ankles, others with 'em done up almost over their knees. 'Now, fall out any men who can drive Rolls-Royce cars.' Boys who had never driven anything but a Ford van would eagerly step forward with visions of a soft job driving the General about. 'Right,' says the sergeant, 'Ere y'are, Corp'ral Brown, 'ere's your men.' They get round the corner to find a nice line of wheelbarrows all waiting for a day's work shifting cinders.

Another time it would be fountain-pens. 'Any man use a fountain-pen?' Half-a-dozen would step out, wondering at such a simple request. In five minutes they would be gazing at half-a-ton of potatoes, and the 'fountain-pens' would be the new potato-pee'ers that had just been invented. Yes, we lived and we learned. No doubt the lads of today are having their minds broadened in much the same way. It's a man's life.

The World Today—What Broadcasters have been Saying

Humour from Barnsley, Yorks

All the good stories in the world have come from commercial travellers, according to Colin Booth, who is one. 'I've collected orders and humour in every county in the country,' he said in a recent broadcast talk, 'though actually I have found more humour in Barnsley in Yorkshire than in any other place.' Here are two of his stories.

THREE miners, straight from the pit, came into a well-known jeweller's shop. One of them said: 'We want to see some clocks. We're makin' a presentation to 'im' (pointing to the smallest of the three) 'for 'is Gowden Weddin'.' Quite a number of clocks were placed on the counter, but the little chap couldn't decide which to choose. At last he got it down to two. 'Nay, I can't make up mi mind which o' these two to 'ave,' he said. Then the jeweller had a brainwave. 'Well, look here,' he said, 'there's no hurry. Let your wife call in and decide.' The miner looked up and said: 'Not likely. She's nowt to do wi' it.' 'I like that,' said the jeweller, 'when I've just been given an inscription to put on—'Presented to you on the occasion of your Golden Wedding!' " 'Aye, that's right,' the little chap replied, 'but it's not *her* Golden Weddin—it's *me* wot's been married fifty years—and she's my *third* wife.' And the third wife gave a tea to nearly one hundred people at which the clock was presented, with all solemnity, to the little chap on his Golden Wedding.

This is a true incident from the recent air raid on Sheffield. In one street there stood a motor lorry. Two A.R.P. Wardens, hearing a bomb come screaming down, dashed under the lorry for cover. The bomb exploded some distance away and they scrambled out again. As they were brushing themselves down a soldier came dashing up to them: 'Hey,' he said, 'what have you been doing under that lorry?' 'Taking cover, of course,' they said. 'Crikey!' replied the soldier, 'and I ran as fast as I could to get away from it. I'm driving it and it's full of ammunition.'

★ ★ ★

55,000 Miles in Twelve Months

H. C. Ferraby, 'snooping around naval bases,' recently went on board the 'Manchester,' a cruiser that has seen war service from Colombo in the Indian Ocean right up to the pack ice in Denmark Strait beyond the Arctic Circle. Here is what he learned:—

H.M.S. *Manchester* is an old love of mine, and when the chance came of spending an hour or two on board I jumped at it. There were still many old friends in the ship—officers and men who had commissioned her from the builder's yard in 1938, some, even, who had been 'built in' with her, for they were appointed when she was but a hull, and they had watched over her gradual evolution into a living thing. And now they have had the supreme satisfaction of taking her through a naval battle.

It has only just been disclosed that the *Manchester* was in the van of Admiral Somerville's force in the Western Mediterranean when he chased the Italian Fleet off Sardinia. That action was on November 27, and it is the battle that the *Manchesters* call the Battle of Spartivento. For more than an hour the *Manchesters* kept part of the Italian cruiser squadron under fire. They set one cruiser ablaze. They hit (and probably sank) one destroyer. Some Italian shells fell near the *Manchester*, but none came inboard.

Now that little action, inconclusive as it was, is of real importance in the life of the *Manchester*. Every ship in the Navy, as you probably know, carries a beautifully painted and scrolled board of the Battle Honours of the name—Armada, St. James's Day, Barfleur, St. Vincent, the Nile, wherever a famous ancestor fought, that battle-honour is worn by the modern ship of the same name.

But the *Manchester* has no ancestors in the Navy List. Odd though it seems, so famous a city has never hitherto had a naval namesake. 'Spartivento, 1940,' is the first battle-honour in the history of H.M.S. *Manchester*. And it will not be long before an honours board is fastened to the side of the superstructure, blazoned with that first victory.

But battles are rare incidents in the record of a cruiser's work in wartime. Much of the past sixteen months in the *Manchester* has been spent steaming about on many missions that did not end in action. She convoyed troops through the Indian Ocean in the opening months of the war—troops that have since made history in Libya. She convoyed troops to Namsos and Andaalsnes in the Norwegian operations—and she convoyed them back again. There she did have a spot of bother, for Heinkels had more than one go at her, but got no better than a 'near

miss' that scratched a bit of paint. Whereas the gunner at one of the 4-inch A.A. guns of the *Manchester* got a direct hit on one Heinkel with his second round and blew it to pieces.

Mile after mile after mile the ship has steamed—55,000 miles in twelve months; 7,500 of them in one hectic crowded month of many adventures. She has had many rush orders since the first one in the early part of the war that brought her home at top speed from the East Indies, not knowing what lay in store for her. All that anybody on board knew was that if they whacked her up enough, the ship might well be at Portsmouth by December 25. Pompey, home—and Christmas Day! What a prospect!

They made it, with a day or two to spare. They went up harbour full of glee, and a few hours later were away again, northbound. They spent Christmas Day, 1939, at Scapa Flow. And any old seaman of the Grand Fleet of 1914, 15, or 16, will tell you what sort of an exile that meant, if you can't guess it for yourselves.

★ ★ ★

German Finances

Inflation is a word which conjures up ghosts in Germany, and the latest return of the Reichsbank for December, 1940, shows how far toward inflation the finances of the Third Reich have already progressed. Here is what Jules Menken said about German inflation in a recent broadcast.

LIKE all economic statistics published in Hitler's Germany the Reichsbank figures just issued are deliberately incomplete, but their trend and meaning are clear. The critical figures relate to the circulation of banknotes, which rose at the end of last December to a total of 14-billion Reichsmarks and showed an increase of 18.6 per cent over their amount at the close of the previous year. Nor is this the whole story. Statistics showing the circulation of the coinage and of Rentenmark notes have been suppressed: but their outstanding total is known to have increased also.

What is the meaning of a growth of the order of 20 per cent in the German note circulation within a year? It can have only one meaning, that inflation is making hidden, but steady and insidious progress. Note circulations rise only when people are hoarding money, or when more notes are 'humped' out among the public in consequence of unsound methods of Government finance. No one in Germany would be fool enough to hoard Reichsmarks. On the contrary, it has been well known for months that shrewder members of the German public have been seizing every opportunity to invest in every kind of real wealth they could lay hands on. Pictures, antiques, stamps, jewellery—these are some of the things which, when available, Germans have been buying at fantastic prices simply to avoid holding Reichsmark currency which every one feared would again become worthless.

Thus the only explanation left—and the true one—is that the Nazi Government, like the Kaiser's Government in the last war, has been using financial methods which in the end force notes on the public. Fear of inflation was burnt deep into the very core of the German mind by the disastrous experiences of the early 1920's, when the mark fell to such depths that ultimately paper millions were needed to buy a stamp or a glass of beer. The Third Reich has, therefore, taken every possible precaution to avoid both the rapid rising prices and the flight of the mark which characterise inflation at an advanced stage. The most drastic rationing, iron control of prices, wages for all practical purposes fixed by threat of the Gestapo and the concentration camp—these and many similar devices have been invented and applied in order to prevent the consequences of an inherently inflationary policy from appearing.

★ ★ ★

He Preferred the English White Man

A listener in Portuguese West Africa writes from Cassequel, near Lobito, Angola:—

WHILE I was having dinner the other evening I was so anxious to hear the latest news that I simply had to listen in to Berlin in Portuguese at 5.45 p.m. My native boy, who understands Portuguese, looked very stern and shook his head as he listened to the lying propaganda against the British. But, when I tuned in to the BBC, he smiled broadly and heaved a sigh of relief. So I asked him: 'What makes you smile if you don't understand a word of English?' 'Yes, boss,' he answered at once, 'I don't understand, but my heart tells me that the English white man is the one who is speaking the truth.'



This formation of rock in Devonshire is nearly a perfect silhouette of Mussolini

Mussolini's Worst Murder

The story of the events leading to Giacomo Matteotti's murder in 1924

MATTEOTTI, who, recently, was reported to have escaped from the Lipari Islands, is said to be the brother of the Duce's gallant opponent, Giacomo Matteotti, who was taken for a ride by one of Benito Mussolini's gunmen seventeen years ago.

Now if these two reports are true, the one about the dropping of Ciano and the one about the escape of Matteotti, they must surely conjure up a memory in Mussolini's mind of an earlier crisis when he and his régime were on the brink of collapse. (I had not previously heard that Giacomo Matteotti had a brother in Lipari, but whether he had or not the earlier story is worth telling.) I am thinking of the fatal month of June, 1924, when the future of Fascism was in the balance, and the position of the Duce in Italy seemed hopeless. He was not then propped up by German Army divisions and hordes of Gestapo agents.

Our memories are short, but here is the story as told by Italian anti-Fascists who remember the days and are waiting for a chance of finishing off the tyranny for good this time.

In April, 1924, less than two years after the March on Rome, elections were to be held in Italy to confirm Mussolini and his party in power. The country was seething with discontent and the régime could hardly hope to obtain twenty-five per cent of the votes in an open election. Naturally the Fascists resorted to terror and brutal violence. Squadristi, the Italian forerunners of Hitler's storm troopers, armed thugs recruited from the underworld of Italy and led by experienced gunmen brought by Mussolini from Chicago, roamed the country intimidating the intelligentsia, beating up workers and Trade Unionists and threatening to shoot any opposition candidate who dared address his constituents.

Piccinini, a Labour deputy who defied them, was promptly murdered as a warning to others. The poll in spite of this terror showed only four million votes for Mussolini and three million against him. The same thing happened in Germany, when on March 5, 1933, six weeks after Hitler had seized power, the Nazis were only able to brutalise fifty-one per cent of the electorate into voting for their programme.

Matteotti Denounces Mussolini

In May, 1924, the Italian Chamber was due to assemble for its inaugural session. Shortly before, Giacomo Matteotti, a popular leader of the moderate Italian socialists, announced that he had compiled a complete dossier of illegal interference with the vote as practised by the Blackshirts and their special castor-oil thugs. He promised to read this dossier to the House, proving instance by instance that the elections had been faked and that Mussolini's government had no legal foundation.

The Fascists, who were thoroughly dissatisfied with the meagre result of their terror campaign, felt uneasy. Matteotti received threats and warnings to keep quiet. Nevertheless, he kept his word and in a memorable speech from the rostrum of the House of Deputies, flung his accusations defiantly into the faces of a Blackshirt majority, telling Italy and the world that they had no right to represent the Italian people, that they were usurpers who had swindled, blackmailed, and beaten their way into the government, and demanded that the elections be annulled. His was the swansong of Italian liberty. When, after having been interrupted with shouts of 'Our bullets will find you,' he finally sat down among his party friends, he whispered to his neighbour: 'Well, I have made my speech, now you had better get ready with yours for my funeral.'

Later that afternoon there was an angry meeting at Fascist headquarters. Mussolini the boss was there and had to listen to his henchmen airing their anger and fears. 'You had said you'd fix things for us,' the gang remonstrated with the boss. 'Now look where we are. It's all your fault. You should have foreseen it.' 'If I were not surrounded by a bunch

Two recent news items from Italy are significant when read together. The first is the sacking of Mussolini's ministers, including Count Ciano; the second is the rumour that a man named Matteotti has escaped from a concentration camp on the sun-baked Lipari Islands. In this article a man who knows Italy tells the story of another Matteotti, who was nearly responsible for Mussolini's downfall only two years after the Fascist revolution. On that occasion Mussolini did murder. Has retribution come at last?

of pussyfooted rabbits,' Mussolini replied in true boss language, 'the squealer would not have got to the Chamber in the first place.'

The gang took the hint. They let it be known that Matteotti would not appear in the Chamber again. His friends counselled caution, implored him to hide or leave the country. Matteotti shook them off. 'My place is with the people; I am their representative,' he said. And on June 10 he set out to walk to the Chamber to resume work.

A black limousine drew up alongside the pavement half way between his house and the Parliament building. One man sat next to the driver, three in the rear. They were the killers. As Matteotti passed, two jumped out, pulled him in and raced out into the campagna. His body, riddled with bullets, was found three months later.

Meanwhile, however, Matteotti had proved himself more dangerous and powerful an opponent of Fascism than he ever was when he was alive. Like wildfire the rumours spread through Italy: 'They killed him because he has spoken the truth.' The election scandal, Matteotti's fearless indictment of the terroristic methods used by the Duce's gunmen, and now the open accusation that the Prime Minister had arranged for his opponent to be put out of the way were too much. Blackshirts were beaten up in the streets, the lawyer politicians from the urban middle class who had joined the movement for profit were boycotted by their former friends. The workers took courage and defied the Squadristi strike-breakers. Within three days Party Members began to hide their badges, group leaders left Rome and went to the country, to wait which way the political wind would turn.

When things became too hot, Mussolini began to throw off ballast, just as he is doing now. A murder has been committed, he announced; the people are dissatisfied with the police investigations. Very well, the Under Secretary for the Home Office has resigned. He sacked Signor Finzi. He could not sack the Minister of the Interior, but only the Under Secretary, for the Minister of the Interior was none other than himself. The parallel with the present situation is exact. He sacks the Army and Navy chiefs because he is Minister of War and doesn't want to sack himself. He sacks the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, his own son-in-law, Ciano, because he does not want to sack himself. He sacks the Commander in Libya and the Commander in Albania, he sacks the Secretary of the Fascist Party, but not the leader of the Party, because he does not want to sack himself. One day, of course, as in the careers of all dictators, there will come a moment when all scapegoats will have been sacrificed on the altar of despotic self preservation and the people of Italy, remembering Mr. Churchill's words, will decide that one man, and one man alone, remains to be sacked—the Duce himself.

The crisis of 1924 passed. The anti-Fascists, unarmed, and unshaken in their confidence in constitutional procedure, appealed to the King to ask for Mussolini's resignation, but King Victor Emmanuel could not, or would not, decide against his Prime Minister. More minor Fascist leaders were sacked, de Bono, the Police Chief among them.

'I alone assume responsibility'

Months later when the storm had abated and the clouds cleared away, Mussolini having recovered his self-assurance, even appeared in the Chamber and said in the presence of the Assembly and of the whole Italian nation: 'I declare that I alone assume the complete moral responsibility for all that has occurred.' (Hitler copied the model after the 30th of June, 1933.) Thus, showing his open defiance of public opinion and his opponents, Mussolini restored confidence in his own ranks. The killer gangs and the crooked police chief temporarily arrested or in hiding were restored to full honour. Fascism was firmly in the saddle.

It will be up to us to see that this time its shaking foundations will really collapse. In 1924, its opponents were unarmed, its opportunist supporters were only in doubt as to which way they should turn their coats. And no outside force interfered with its desire to retain power. This time Mussolini's opponents inside Italy have allies outside their country. The Duce must feel that the escape of Giacomo Matteotti's brother from the island concentration camp is the writing on the wall, the death knell of his despotic régime.

PROGRAMMES FOR THE BBC's

MARCH 2-8, 1941

North American Transmission

5.20-11.45 EST (22.20-04.45 GMT)

The Wavelengths on which to Listen

North America	GSL 49.10 m.	(6.11 Mc/s)
	GSC 31.32 m.	(9.58 Mc/s)
Western Canada	GSC 31.32 m.	(9.58 Mc/s)
Central America	GRY 31.25 m.	(9.60 Mc/s)
	GSD 25.53 m.	(11.75 Mc/s)
South America	GSC 31.32 m.	(9.58 Mc/s)
	GSD 25.53 m.	(11.75 Mc/s)

Sunday, March 2

- EST (GMT)**
(p.m.)
- 5.20** 22.20 LONDON CALLING . . .
Preview of the day's programmes
 - 5.25** 22.25 THE BBC SALON ORCHESTRA
 - 5.45** 22.45 THE NEWS
 - 6.0** 23.00 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
 - 6.15** 23.15 THE BBC MILITARY BAND
Conductor: P. S. G. O'Donnell
 - 6.45** 23.45 News in French
 - 7.0** 00.00 THE NEWS
 - 7.15** 00.15 A SUNDAY SERVICE
from Woodville Road English Baptist Church, Cardiff.

Address by the Rev. Rowland W. Jones

- 7.45** 00.45 LISTENING POST
- 7.50** 00.50 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 8.0** 01.00 RELIGION UNDER FIRE
A talk by the Rev. W. Sangster
- 8.15** 01.15 STARLIGHT
The Canadians Sing
Compère: Gerry Wilmot
- 8.30** 01.30 BRITAIN SPEAKS
A talk by J. B. Priestley
- 8.45** 01.45 HEADLINE NEWS AND VIEWS

9.0 02.00 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
John Dowland's Dance Suite arranged by Peter Warlock played by the strings of the BBC Salon Orchestra
First violin: Jean Pougnet
Conductor: Leslie Bridgewater
Lachrimae Pavane; Mr. George Whitehead his Alman; The Earl of Essex Galliard; Mrs. White's Nothing; King of Denmark's Galliard

JOHN DOWLAND (1563-1626) was not only a great virtuoso performer on the lute, probably without rival in his time, but he was also a composer who wrote music for the lute and songs with lute accompaniment. It is upon his songs, or 'Ayres,' of which he published several books, that his reputation rests today, and many of these are of singular beauty and originality. Listeners will hear an arrangement for string orchestra of some of Dowland's most characteristic airs; it was made by Peter Warlock, the very talented British composer who died in 1930 at the age of 36.

9.15 02.15 GREAT PARLIAMENTARIANS
John Hampden
A feature programme by Igor Vinogradoff produced by Denis Johnston

JOHN HAMPDEN was more than a great parliamentarian. He was a pioneer of our democracy. The final round in the struggle against Charles I's attempt to set up a Royal Dictatorship in this country had to be civil war. But in the precious years before this it was Hampden and his fellow members of the House of Commons who fought, ceaselessly and without being daunted by threats of punishment, against any encroachment on their parliamentary rights, and made the ultimate success of the Roundhead cause inevitable. It was Hampden who refused to pay Ship Money, because it had been illegally imposed. It was Hampden, and men like him, whom no system of organised suppression could silence. It all happened three hundred years ago. But today we are still fighting for the same cherished rights—free speech, trial by jury, constitutional government. And the menace is far uglier than ever it was. Charles, however misguided his actions, had nobility. By some he is called martyr. But Hitler will never earn that honoured title.

- 9.45** 02.45 TONIGHT WE PRESENT . . .
Polish piano music played by Marie Donska
Theme and Variations }Paderewski
Mazurka }
- 10.0** 03.00 DEMOCRACY MARCHES
A talk
- 10.15** 03.15 AT YOUR REQUEST
Items chosen by listeners
- 10.30** 03.30 RADIO NEWSREEL
- 11.0** 04.00 THE EPILOGUE
- 11.5** 04.05 Interlude
- 11.15** 04.15 BRITAIN SPEAKS
A talk by J. B. Priestley
- 11.30** 04.30 THE NEWS
- 11.45** 04.45 Close down

Monday, March 3

- EST (GMT)**
(p.m.)
- 5.20** 22.20 LONDON CALLING . . .
 - 5.25** 22.25 GRAMOPHONE RECORDS
 - 5.45** 22.45 THE NEWS
 - 6.0** 23.00 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
 - 6.15** 23.15 'HELLO, CHILDREN'
A programme for the children evacuated from the British Isles to Canada and the United States
 - 6.45** 23.45 News in French
 - 7.0** 00.00 THE NEWS
 - 7.15** 00.15 CANADA CALLS FROM LONDON
'With the Troops in Britain'
in collaboration with the CBC

Last-minute changes in programmes are sometimes unavoidable, and listeners should listen each day to 'London calling . . .', a period devoted to news about BBC programmes and to special announcements. Listeners should note that the bold-faced timings throughout the North American programmes are Eastern Standard Time—Greenwich Mean Time is given in light-face type

- 7.45** 00.45 LISTENING POST
- 7.50** 00.50 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 8.0** 01.00 MATTERS OF MOMENT
A talk
- 8.15** 01.15 STARLIGHT
The Walter Chapman Trio
Compère: Gerry Wilmot
- 8.30** 01.30 BRITAIN SPEAKS
A talk by Leslie Howard
- 8.45** 01.45 HEADLINE NEWS AND VIEWS
- 9.0** 02.00 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
Waulking Songs
THESE songs are traditionally sung by the girls in the final 'waulking' or stretching process applied to Harris tweed. Several of them were popular at the time of Bonnie Prince Charlie. They are nearly all cheerful and rhythmic.
- 9.15** 02.15 'MEMORIES'
with the BBC Military Band
Conductor: P. S. G. O'Donnell
Script by Major J. T. Gorman
- 9.45** 02.45 AN ACTUALITY PROGRAMME
presented by Cecil Madden
- 10.0** 03.00 DEMOCRACY MARCHES
A talk by David Low
- 10.15** 03.15 AT YOUR REQUEST
Items chosen by listeners
- 10.30** 03.30 RADIO NEWSREEL
- 11.0** 04.00 THE DAILY SERVICE
- 11.5** 04.05 INTERLUDE
- 11.15** 04.15 BRITAIN SPEAKS
A talk by Leslie Howard
- 11.30** 04.30 THE NEWS
- 11.45** 04.45 Close down

Tuesday, March 4

- EST (GMT)**
(p.m.)
- 5.20** 22.20 LONDON CALLING . . .
 - 5.25** 22.25 DANCE MUSIC
 - 5.45** 22.45 THE NEWS

On Monday in the series, 'The Music of Britain,' at 9.0 EST (02.00 GMT), listeners will hear waulking songs from Scotland. These songs are sung during the final stretching process in the making of the country's famous tweeds: the cloth is placed on the table with women on either side, and the cailleach at the head of the table leads them in old rhythmic songs



Hello Children

in North America!

ENID MAXWELL, organiser of the North American Children's Hour, here tells how parents in Britain come to the BBC to send messages to their children evacuated to North America. 'Hello Children, a programme for British children evacuated to North America, is broadcast on Mondays at 6.15 p.m. EST.

'YOUR PARENTS BROADCASTING MESSAGE TO YOU MONDAY 6.15-6.45 P.M. EST IN CHILDREN'S PROGRAMME NORTH AMERICAN TRANSMISSION ON 25 AND 31 METRE BANDS.'

I often wish I could see that cable being opened. At least twenty of them are delivered to homes in Canada and the United States of America each week and twenty lots of parents in different parts of Great Britain listen eagerly on the 25- and 31-metre bands to hear whether they can pick up their own message and so share the joy of their children at receiving it.

These programmes, which now bear the title *Hello Children*, started in October with the broadcast by H.R.H. the Princess Elizabeth. In January, they were extended to thirty minutes. About half the programme—certainly the half which gives us most work—consists of messages from parents to their children evacuated overseas.

When the service was started, we were quite swamped by the number of applications, and even at the rate of twenty a week it looks as if the war will have to last for several years if we are to get through them all. Up to date, parents in Scotland, Lancashire, Northumberland, Bristol and, of course, London and the Home Counties have all contributed to the programme and yet the files seem as fat as ever.

Recording the Parents' Messages

The messages are recorded: even the most devoted parents prefer not to turn out in the early hours of the morning in a bliz if it can be avoided.

The recording sessions are fun. We ask everyone to come with some idea of what they want to say, but you would be surprised at the number who are struck dumb when they first see the microphone. We have something in the way of a rehearsal beforehand, and during it we try to find out some items of news which would interest not only their own children but other listeners as well. Their inclination is to enumerate all the people who want to send love and then they are surprised to find out that half their precious time has been taken up with that.

Sometimes, of course, we have to be drastic about cutting when the more voluble parents want to cram into thirty seconds what would normally take sixty in the telling, but the warning that the rushed speech is lost in short-wave transmission usually induces them to cross out a few lines. One family broke the record by turning up four strong, including a soldier son home on leave. They all expected to get a message into 30 seconds, and what's more, they did!

The BBC Wants to Know

It is not possible to broadcast plays or the old favourites like *Toytown*, but stories, talks, and Variety make up the rest of the half-hour programmes. Many of the well-known Children's Hour personalities are now doing special talks for the North American Children's Programme. We have got to remember, however, that the ideas of the children are changing in their new surroundings. They have different interests now, and may even be apt to be bored with the old. What we most want, of course, are reactions from the children themselves and from the people with whom they are living. Their comments and criticisms would be most valuable. Do other children in the household listen? Are they interested? Do they enjoy hearing messages from families they have never even heard of?

We want these programmes to keep the children in direct touch with Home, with their parents, but we don't want to tie them to our apron strings and we don't want to make them homesick. Are we succeeding in our object? Do tell us, please.

- 6.0** 23.00 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
A talk by Vernon Bartlett, M.P.
- 6.15** 23.15 HOLST'S 'THE PLANETS'
played by the BBC Orchestra
Conductor: Sir Adrian Boult
Mars; Venus; Mercury; Jupiter; Saturn;
Uranus; Neptune
- 6.45** 23.45 News in French
- 7.0** 00.00 THE NEWS
- 7.15** 00.15 CANADA CALLS FROM LONDON
'Message from Sandy'
Sandy Macpherson at the Theatre Organ sending messages in music from Canadian and American soldiers
in collaboration with the CBC
- 7.45** 00.45 LISTENING POST
- 7.50** 00.50 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 8.0** 01.00 STARLIGHT
Jack Payne and his Band
with Bruce Trent, Anne Shelton, and Georgina
- 8.30** 01.30 BRITAIN SPEAKS
A talk by J. L. Hodson
- 8.45** 01.45 HEADLINE NEWS AND VIEWS
- 9.0** 02.00 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
Piano pieces by Joseph Holbrooke
played by Lydia Stace
- 9.15** 02.15 ULSTER GAZETTE
A miscellany
- 9.45** 02.45 TONIGHT WE PRESENT . . .
Mozart's Oboe Quartet
played by Leon Goossens (oboe), Jean Pougnet (violin), Frederick Riddle (viola), and Anthony Pini ('cello)
- 10.0** 03.00 DEMOCRACY MARCHES
A talk by William Holt
- 10.15** 03.15 AT YOUR REQUEST
Items chosen by listeners
- 10.30** 03.30 RADIO NEWSREEL
- 11.0** 04.00 THE DAILY SERVICE
- 11.5** 04.05 Interlude
- 11.15** 04.15 BRITAIN SPEAKS
A talk by J. L. Hodson
- 11.30** 04.30 THE NEWS
- 11.45** 04.45 Close down
- 7.45** 00.45 LISTENING POST
- 7.50** 00.50 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 8.0** 01.00 THE PEOPLE OF BRITAIN
A talk
- 8.15** 01.15 STARLIGHT
Annette Mills
Compère: Gerry Wilmot
- 8.30** 01.30 BRITAIN SPEAKS
A talk by Lieut.-Commander Thomas Woodrooffe
- 8.45** 01.45 HEADLINE NEWS AND VIEWS
- 9.0** 02.00 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
Popular songs by John Ireland
sung by William Parsons (baritone)
When lights go rolling round the sky; Sea Fever;
I have twelve oxen; Love is a sickness; Vagabond; Santa Chiara
- 9.15** 02.15 FRANK MERRICK (piano)
with the BBC Orchestra (Section C)
conducted by Clarence Raybould
Concerto No. 3 in E flat.....Field
- 9.45** 02.45 TONIGHT WE PRESENT . . .
- 10.0** 03.00 DEMOCRACY MARCHES
A talk
- 10.15** 03.15 AT YOUR REQUEST
Items chosen by listeners
- 10.30** 03.30 RADIO NEWSREEL
- 11.0** 04.00 THE DAILY SERVICE
- 11.5** 04.05 Interlude
- 11.15** 04.15 BRITAIN SPEAKS
A talk by Lieut.-Commander Thomas Woodrooffe
- 11.30** 04.30 THE NEWS
- 11.45** 04.45 Close down

Wednesday, March 5

- EST* (GMT)
(p.m.)
- 5.20** 22.20 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 5.25** 22.25 PROGRAMME FOR NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR
- 5.45** 22.45 THE NEWS
- 6.0** 23.00 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
A talk by Captain Cyril Falls
- 6.15** 23.15 RIDGEWAY'S LATE JOYS—2
A midnight matinee from the basement shelter of the Players' Theatre, London
under the direction of Leonard Sachs
- 6.45** 23.45 News in French
- 7.0** 00.00 THE NEWS
- 7.15** 00.15 CANADA CALLS FROM LONDON
Newsletter in French
followed by
'British Sketchbook'
Sound pictures of everyday life in Great Britain
presented by H. Rooney Pelletier

Thursday, March 6

- EST (GMT)
(p.m.)
- 5.20** 22.20 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 5.25** 22.25 THEATRE ORGAN PROGRAMME
- 5.45** 22.45 THE NEWS
- 6.0** 23.00 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
- 6.15** 23.15 THE BBC NORTHERN ORCHESTRA
Conductor: Gideon Fagan
Outdoor Overture.....Aaron Copland
Nutcracker Suite.....Tchaikovsky
- 6.45** 23.45 News in French
- 7.0** 00.00 THE NEWS
- 7.15** 00.15 CANADA CALLS FROM LONDON
Programme to be announced
followed by
'Les Voix françaises'
French men and women speak from Britain to French-Canadian listeners
in collaboration with the CBC
- 7.45** 00.45 LISTENING POST
- 7.50** 00.50 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 8.0** 01.00 BACH'S ITALIAN CONCERTO
played by Edwin Benbow
- 8.15** 01.15 STARLIGHT
Noel Gay
Compère: Gerry Wilmot

- 8.30** 01.30 **BRITAIN SPEAKS**
A talk by Alexander Keith
- 8.45** 01.45 **HEADLINE NEWS AND VIEWS**
- 9.0** 02.00 **THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN**
The Origin of the Ceilidhe

Ursula Eason presents the story of 'Irish Rhythms'

- 9.15** 02.15 **'MARRIED TO A GENIUS'**
The story of Mrs. Samuel Taylor Coleridge
Production by Stephen Potter

To be the wife of one of the great figures of the romantic movement in English literature was not exactly an enviable lot. For these men, in their quest for what they called truth and feeling, were determined to express themselves romantically in life as well as in art. Their genius was usually inseparable from their weaknesses. This was certainly so with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who was a drug addict and wrote his finest poetry while he was under the influence of opium. But though his fatal fault may have helped him to achieve immortality as an artist, it brought nothing but unhappiness to his married life. It made him improvident and unstable, wild and excessively emotional. It is useless to pretend that he treated his wife and family either generously or well.

The only woman for whom he really cared with a love that went unfulfilled was Dorothy Wordsworth, the sister of William Wordsworth, his fellow poet. Sometimes he used to stay with the Wordsworths in their Lakeland home, and under their influence overcame his craving. But the cure was never permanent. Opium eventually killed Coleridge the man, and so ended the dreamland which it had created for Coleridge the artist.

- 9.45** 02.45 **TONIGHT WE PRESENT . . .**

- 10.0** 03.00 **DEMOCRACY MARCHES**
A talk

- 10.15** 03.15 **AT YOUR REQUEST**
Items chosen by listeners

- 10.30** 03.30 **RADIO NEWSREEL**

- 11.0** 04.00 **THE DAILY SERVICE**

- 11.5** 04.05 Interlude

- 11.15** 04.15 **BRITAIN SPEAKS**
A talk by Alexander Keith

- 11.30** 04.30 **THE NEWS**

- 11.45** 04.45 Close down

Friday, March 7

EST (GMT)
(p.m.)

- 5.20** 22.20 **LONDON CALLING . . .**

- 5.25** 22.25 **'SPEAK OF THE DEVIL'—3**
A serial thriller by J. Dickson Carr
produced by Val Gielgud

- 5.45** 22.45 **THE NEWS**

- 6.0** 23.00 **QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR**
A talk by Oliver Stewart

- 6.15** 23.15 **CANADIAN REGIMENTAL CONCERT**
in collaboration with the CBC

- 6.45** 23.45 News in French

- 7.0** 00.00 **THE NEWS**

- 7.15** 00.15 **CANADA CALLS FROM LONDON**
'Quiz for the Forces'

Friday night at the Beaver Club, London
in collaboration with the CBC

- 7.45** 00.45 **LISTENING POST**

- 7.50** 00.50 **LONDON CALLING . . .**

- 8.0** 01.00 **IN MY OPINION**
A talk

- 8.15** 01.15 **STARLIGHT**
Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon
Compère: Gerry Wilmot

- 8.30** 01.30 **BRITAIN SPEAKS**
A talk

- 8.45** 01.45 **HEADLINE NEWS AND VIEWS**

- 9.0** 02.00 **THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN**
Elgar's Suite, 'From the Bavarian Highlands'
played by the BBC Military Band
Conductor: P. S. G. O'Donnell

1 Dance. 2 Lullaby (In Hammersbach). 3 The
Marksmen (In Murnau)

- 9.15** 02.15 **THEATRELAND**
Songs, scenes, and stories from the show business
past and present

- 9.45** 02.45 **TONIGHT WE PRESENT . . .**
Jam Session
with Sid Phillips's Quintet

- 10.0** 03.00 **DEMOCRACY MARCHES**
'World Affairs'
A talk by H. Wickham Steed

- 10.15** 03.15 **AT YOUR REQUEST***
Items chosen by listeners

- 10.30** 03.30 **RADIO NEWSREEL**

- 11.0** 04.00 **THE DAILY SERVICE**

- 11.5** 04.05 Interlude

- 11.15** 04.15 **BRITAIN SPEAKS**
A talk

- 11.30** 04.30 **THE NEWS**

- 11.45** 04.45 Close down

Saturday, March 8

EST (GMT)

(p.m.)

- 5.20** 22.20 **LONDON CALLING . . .**

- 5.25** 22.25 **WEST INDIAN PARTY**
Commère: Una Marson
with songs, music, and choruses, and messages from
H.M. Forces

- 5.45** 22.45 **THE NEWS**

- 6.0** 23.00 **QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR**
A talk by Lieut.-Commander Thomas Woodrooffe

- 6.15** 23.15 **'IN TOWN TONIGHT'**
Once again we stop the London traffic in order to
introduce to you some of the interesting people who
are In Town Tonight
introducing
Personalities from every walk of life
and
'Standing in the shelter'
(Interviews with the man in the shelter)
Edited and produced by C. F. Meehan

- 6.45** 23.45 News in French

- 7.0** 00.00 **THE NEWS**

- 7.15** 00.15 **CANADA CALLS FROM LONDON**
'Cahiers Français'

A potpourri for French-Canadian listeners
in collaboration with the CBC

- 7.45** 00.45 **LISTENING POST**

- 7.50** 00.50 **LONDON CALLING . . .**

- 8.0** 01.00 **'WATT WAS THE MURDERER'S NAME'—3**
A serial thriller by Eric Bennett
Produced by Howard Rose

- 8.15** 01.15 **OFF THE RECORD**
Gerry Wilmot tells you about lighter London
illustrated with popular music of the moment

- 8.30** 01.30 **BRITAIN SPEAKS**
A talk

- 8.45** 01.45 **HEADLINE NEWS AND VIEWS**

- 9.0** 02.00 **WEEKLY VISIT TO THE AMERICAN EAGLE CLUB, LONDON**

- 9.15** 02.15 **THE HOME GUARD**
A feature programme by H. Rooney Pelletier

- 9.45** 02.45 **TONIGHT WE PRESENT . . .**
'Dancing with the Daffodils'
A spring rondel played by the BBC Salon Orchestra
Conductor: Leslie Bridgewater

- 10.0** 03.00 **DEMOCRACY MARCHES**
A talk by Richard Llewellyn

- 10.15** 03.15 **AT YOUR REQUEST**
Items chosen by listeners

- 10.30** 03.30 **RADIO NEWSREEL**

- 11.0** 04.00 **THE DAILY SERVICE**

- 11.05** 04.05 **LONDON CALLING . . .**
The week's programmes

- 11.15** 04.15 **BRITAIN SPEAKS**
A talk

- 11.30** 04.30 **THE NEWS**

- 11.45** 04.45 Close down

London Presents...

Cecil Madden

on the week's lighter programmes



Noel Gay, composer of the famous 'Lambeth Walk,' appears in 'Starlight' on Thursday at 8.15 EST (01.15 GMT)

IT is a bumper week for *Starlight*. Noel Gay has probably written more song hits than any other British composer of the day. 'All the King's Horses,' 'Something About a Soldier,' 'Hold my Hand,' 'Run, Rabbit, Run,' 'Tondeleyo,' 'You've done something to my heart,' 'Let the People Sing,' 'Me and My Girl,' and 'The Lambeth Walk' are the titles of some of the tunes which he has set the world singing, and he's still adding to the list. Just now his 'Buddy, I'm in Love,' and 'All over the Place' are being played by every dance band.

Other famous artists featured in *Starlight* this week include Annette Mills, composer of 'Booms a Daisy,' which was featured in the Crazy Show, *Hellzapoppin*, in New York, and America's own Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon of *Hi, Gang!* fame. A novelty is provided by Gerry Wilmot who, under the title 'The Canadians Sing,' will introduce star soloists from his popular weekly programme to the Forces, which is given by members of Canadian regiments stationed or training in this country.

★ ★ ★

We had the pleasure of welcoming Beatrice Lillie to our *Starlight* programme the other day—I say 'day,' because *Starlight* is broadcast in the small hours of the morning. 'Bee,' in full stage 'make-up'—she'd come straight from a show for the troops—regaled us at rehearsal with her parody of the sentimental ballad, 'There are Fairies at the bottom of our Garden,' which she has called 'There's a Heinkel at the bottom of our Garden.'

★ ★ ★

George Formby, famous North-Country comedian, recently entertained the American Eagle Squadron at their R.A.F. station. I went along with our recording car, and we took extracts from the show. The house was packed, so much so that George offered a repeat performance next night for the benefit of those who'd been squeezed out. He was in 'champion' form, and ended his solo ukulele turn with the new song, 'Thank you, Mr. Roosevelt,' which went straight to the hearts of British and Americans alike. Afterwards he introduced one of the American Eagle pilots, nicknamed 'Shorty,' who sent a message on behalf of his pals. The station commander replied. George couldn't remember his rank, so he called him quite simply 'Guvnor!'

Extracts from this show have now been broadcast to North America as well as to the Forces in Britain. By the way, Manning Sherwin, composer of 'A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square,' has written a song dedicated to the American pilots with the R.A.F. called, 'When Eagles Fly.' He is an American himself, but it seems that England is his home for the duration.

The BBC Overseas Service

March 2-8, 1941

Programmes for Pacific, Eastern, and African Transmissions

PACIFIC TRANSMISSION 06.10-10.00
Australia ... GSB 9.51 Mc/s (31.55 m.)
New Zealand ... GSB 9.51 Mc/s (31.55 m.)
Oceania ... GSI 15.26 Mc/s (19.66 m.)
Central America ... as for Australia
South America ... GSB 9.51 Mc/s (31.55 m.)
S. and W. Africa ... GSI 15.26 Mc/s (19.66 m.)
Near East (to 07.30) ... GRY 9.60 Mc/s (31.25 m.)
Far East (from 07.30) ... GSF 15.14 Mc/s (19.82 m.)

EASTERN TRANSMISSION 10.55-13.30; 13.45-16.30
India, Burma, and Malaya (to 13.30) ... GSF 15.14 Mc/s (19.82 m.)
Far East (to 13.00) ... GSF 15.14 Mc/s (19.82 m.)
ALL TIMES IN PACIFIC, EASTERN, AND AFRICAN TRANSMISSIONS GIVEN IN GMT

Australia ... as for India
New Zealand ... as for Far East
E., S., and W. Africa (to 13.30) ... GSH 21.47 Mc/s (13.97 m.)
South America ... GST 21.55 Mc/s (13.92 m.)
Central America (from 13.45) ... GSI 21.53 Mc/s (13.93 m.)
North America (to 12.00) ... GRY 9.60 Mc/s (31.25 m.)

AFRICAN TRANSMISSION 16.55-22.00
South Africa ... GSD 11.75 Mc/s (25.53 m.)
West Africa (from 19.45) ... GSD 11.75 Mc/s (25.53 m.)
Near East (to 19.30) ... GRY 9.60 Mc/s (31.25 m.)
Canada and N. America ... GRY 9.60 Mc/s (31.25 m.)
S. and Central America ... GSN 11.82 Mc/s (25.38 m.)
India and Burma (to 18.15) ... GRT 7.15 Mc/s (41.96 m.)

Please Note that . . .

Last-minute changes in programmes are sometimes unavoidable; changes will be announced on Sundays in the Pacific Transmission at 07.30; the Eastern Transmission at 11.45 and 14.15; and in the African Transmission at 18.30 and 21.45.

Big Ben can be heard daily in the Pacific Transmission at 06.15, 08.45, 09.30, and 10.00; in the Eastern Transmission at 13.00 and 16.00; and in the African Transmission at 17.00, 18.30, 20.15, and 20.45 (GMT).

The six-pip Greenwich Time Signal (the last pip denoting the exact time) is broadcast daily at 01.00, 02.00, 03.00, 07.00, 08.00, 09.00, 11.00, 12.00, 15.00, 18.00, 19.30, 21.00, 22.00, 23.00.

Sunday, March 2

21.45 LONDON CALLING . . .
The week's programmes
21.50 THE EPILOGUE
22.00 Close down

PACIFIC TRANSMISSION

06.10 LONDON CALLING . . .
Preview of the day's programmes
06.15 THE NEWS
06.30 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
A talk by Lieut.-Commander Thomas Woodrooffe
06.45 STARLIGHT
Variety
07.00 'IN TOWN TONIGHT'

13.55 LONDON CALLING . . .
14.00 THE PEOPLE OF BRITAIN
A talk
14.15 LONDON CALLING . . .
The week's programmes
14.30 'IN TOWN TONIGHT'
Introducing some of the interesting people who are in Town Tonight
15.00 AMERICAN COMMENTARY
A talk by Professor A. Newell
15.15 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
(see N. American T., Mon., 02.00 GMT)
15.30 A SUNDAY SERVICE
from Woodville Road English Baptist Church, Cardiff. Address by the Rev. Rowland W. Jones
16.00 THE NEWS
16.15 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
16.30 Close down

AFRICAN TRANSMISSION

16.55 LONDON CALLING . . .
17.00 SHEFFIELD TRANSPORT BAND
17.45 'NEWS FROM NEW ZEALAND'
A talk by Sergeant Lawrence Fairhall
18.00 THE NEWS
18.15 AMERICAN COMMENTARY
A talk by Professor A. Newell
18.30 LONDON CALLING . . .
The week's programmes
18.45 A RECITAL
19.00 HAYDN'S 'CLOCK' SYMPHONY
played by the BBC Orchestra (Section B)
19.30 LONDON CALLING . . .
19.45 A SUNDAY SERVICE
from Woodville Road English Baptist Church, Cardiff. Address by the Rev. Rowland W. Jones
20.15 THE PEOPLE OF BRITAIN
A talk
20.30 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
(see N. American T., Fri., 02.00 GMT)
20.45 THE NEWS
21.00 ORCHESTRAL MUSIC
21.30 'ACCENT ON RHYTHM'
with the Three in Harmony

EASTERN TRANSMISSION

10.55 LONDON CALLING . . .
11.00 THE NEWS
11.15 BRITAIN SPEAKS
A talk
11.30 RELIGION UNDER FIRE
A talk by the Rev. W. Sangster
11.45 LONDON CALLING . . .
The week's programmes
12.00 TODAY WE PRESENT . . .
Jack Warner
12.15 'SWINGING STRINGS'
Charles Ernesco and his Sextet
13.00 THE NEWS
13.15 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
A talk by Lieut.-Commander Thomas Woodrooffe
13.30 Interval
13.45 LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC

Monday, March 3

PACIFIC TRANSMISSION

06.10 LONDON CALLING . . .
Preview of the day's programmes
06.15 THE NEWS
06.30 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
06.45 STARLIGHT
Anona Winn (Australian soprano)
07.00 A FEATURE PROGRAMME
07.30 CALLING NEW ZEALAND . . .
A talk
07.45 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
(see N. American T., Thurs., 02.00 GMT)
08.00 HEADLINE NEWS
News Commentary by Cyril Lakin
08.15 THEATRELAND
08.45 THE PEOPLE OF BRITAIN
A talk
09.00 THE DAILY SERVICE
09.05 LONDON CALLING . . .
09.15 TODAY WE PRESENT . . .
Leslie Bridgewater
09.30 RADIO NEWSREEL
10.00 Close down

EASTERN TRANSMISSION

10.55 LONDON CALLING . . .
11.00 THE NEWS
11.15 WORKING TOGETHER
A talk
11.30 'MEMORIES' 19.45 GMT
(see African T., Wed., 19.45 GMT)
12.00 TODAY WE PRESENT . . .
12.15 'HI, GANG!'
starring Bebe Daniels, Vic Oliver, Ben Lyon
13.00 THE NEWS
13.15 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
13.30 Interval
13.45 LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC
13.55 LONDON CALLING . . .
14.00 NEWS FROM HOME
A talk by Howard Marshall
14.15 'DON ROBERTO'
A play

MATTERS OF MOMENT

15.00 MATTERS OF MOMENT
A talk
15.15 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
(see N. American T., Sat., 02.00 GMT)
15.30 ULSTER GAZETTE
A miscellany
16.00 THE NEWS
16.15 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
16.30 Close down

AFRICAN TRANSMISSION

16.55 LONDON CALLING . . .
17.00 CALLING GIBRALTAR
A programme of music and messages to British Forces at Gibraltar
Presented by Joan Gilbert
17.15 'HI, GANG!'
starring Bebe Daniels, Vic Oliver, Ben Lyon
with Jay Wilbur and his Orchestra, the Greene Sisters, and Sam Browne
Additional dialogue by Dick Pepper
Produced by Harry S. Pepper and Douglas Lawrence
18.00 THE NEWS
18.15 MATTERS OF MOMENT
A talk
18.30 DANCE MUSIC
19.00 THE HOME GUARD
A feature programme by H. Rooney Pelletier
19.30 LONDON CALLING . . .
19.40 THE DAILY SERVICE
19.45 FRANK MERRICK (piano)
with the BBC Orchestra (Section C)
Concerto No. 3, in E flat Field
20.15 NEWS FROM HOME
A talk by Howard Marshall
20.30 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
(see N. American T., Thurs., 02.00 GMT)
20.45 THE NEWS
21.00 DANCE MUSIC
21.15 THE MUSIC OF FRANCE
A programme of gramophone records devised and presented by Rollo Myers
22.00 Close down

Tuesday, March 4

PACIFIC TRANSMISSION

- 06.10 LONDON CALLING . . .
Preview of the day's programmes
- 06.15 THE NEWS
- 06.30 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
- 06.45 STARLIGHT
The Walter Chapman Trio
- 07.00 'HI, GANG!'
starring
Bebe Daniels, Vic Oliver, Ben Lyon
- 07.45 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
(see N. American T., Sun., 02.00 GMT)
- 08.00 HEADLINE NEWS
News Commentary by Cyril Lakin
- 08.15 CALLING AUSTRALIA
A talk
- 08.30 'FOLK TUNE MEDLEY'
- 08.45 MATTERS OF MOMENT
A talk
- 09.00 THE DAILY SERVICE
- 09.05 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 09.15 TODAY WE PRESENT . . .
- 09.30 RADIO NEWSREEL
- 10.00 Close down

EASTERN TRANSMISSION

- 10.55 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 11.00 THE NEWS
- 11.15 BRITAIN SPEAKS
A talk by J. B. Priestley
- 11.30 'WORKS WONDERS'
A programme given by munition workers
- 12.00 TODAY WE PRESENT . . .
George Formby with the R.A.F.
- 12.15 THE BBC SALON ORCHESTRA
- 13.00 THE NEWS
- 13.15 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
- 13.30 Interval
- 13.45 LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC
- 13.55 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 14.00 SCOTS ABROAD
A talk
- 14.15 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 14.30 SHEFFIELD TRANSPORT
BAND

Wednesday, March 5

PACIFIC TRANSMISSION

- 06.10 LONDON CALLING . . .
Preview of the day's programmes
- 06.15 THE NEWS
- 06.30 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
A talk by Vernon Bartlett, M.P.
- 06.45 STARLIGHT
Variety
- 07.00 'MEMORIES'
(see Wed., African T., 19.45 GMT)
- 07.30 CALLING NEW ZEALAND
A talk
- 07.45 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
(see N. American T., Mon., 02.00 GMT)
- 08.00 HEADLINE NEWS
News Commentary by Cyril Lakin
- 08.15 THE HOME GUARD
A feature programme by H. Rooney
Pelletier
- 08.45 RELIGION UNDER FIRE
A talk by the Rev. W. Sangster
- 09.00 THE DAILY SERVICE
- 09.05 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 09.15 TODAY WE PRESENT . . .
Mozart's Oboe Quartet
- 09.30 RADIO NEWSREEL
- 10.00 Close down

EASTERN TRANSMISSION

- 10.55 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 11.00 THE NEWS
- 11.15 FROM THE OLD COUNTRY
A talk by Robert Donat
- 11.30 'CARROLL LEVIS
CARRIES ON'

15.00 RELIGION UNDER FIRE

A talk by the Rev. W. Sangster

15.15 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN

(see N. American T., Fri., 02.00 GMT)

15.30 THE IRISH RHYTHMS ORCHESTRA

16.00 THE NEWS

16.15 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR

A talk by Vernon Bartlett, M.P.

16.30 Close down

AFRICAN TRANSMISSION

16.55 LONDON CALLING . . .

17.00 'NEWS FROM AUSTRALIA'

A talk by Colin Willis

17.15 'ONE PIANO, FOUR HANDS'

Duets played by Alec Rowley and
Edgar Moy

17.30 SONGTIME IN THE LAAGER

Liedje-Tyd Op Laer

A programme for the South African and
Rhodesian Forces

with

Leonard Sachs (compère)

François van Reenen and his Laager Kerels

Richard Lilienfeld

and Guest Stars and South African
members of the Forces

18.00 THE NEWS

18.15 RELIGION UNDER FIRE

A talk by the Rev. W. Sangster

18.30 ULSTER GAZETTE

A miscellany

19.00 VARIETY

19.30 LONDON CALLING . . .

19.40 THE DAILY SERVICE

19.45 HOLST'S 'THE PLANETS'

played by the BBC Orchestra

(Section A)

20.15 CALLING AFRICA

A talk by Major Lewis Hastings

20.30 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN

(see N. American T., Tues., 02.00 GMT)

20.45 THE NEWS

21.00 A MUSICAL COMEDY

21.15 THE BBC NORTHERN ORCHESTRA

21.45 THE MUSIC OF FRANCE

A programme of gramophone records
devised and presented by Rollo Myers

22.00 Close down

12.00 TODAY WE PRESENT . . .

Bach's Italian Concerto

12.15 A MUSICAL COMEDY

13.00 THE NEWS

13.15 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR

A talk by Vernon Bartlett, M.P.

13.30 Interval

13.45 ORCHESTRAL MUSIC

13.55 LONDON CALLING . . .

14.00 MY WEEKLY LETTER

A newsletter by Winitred Holmes

14.15 'ONE PIANO, FOUR HANDS'

Piano duets played by Alec Rowley and
Edgar Moy

15.00 LONDON LETTER

A talk by Sir Frederick Whyte, K.C.S.I.

15.15 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN

(see N. American T., Wed., 02.00 GMT)

15.30 A RECITAL

16.00 THE NEWS

16.15 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR

A talk by Captain Cyril Falls

16.30 Close down

AFRICAN TRANSMISSION

16.55 LONDON CALLING . . .

17.00 'SPEAK OF THE DEVIL'—3

A serial thriller by J. Dickson Carr

17.20 JACK PAYNE AND HIS BAND

18.00 THE NEWS

18.15 CALLING SOUTH AFRICA

A newsletter by H. M. Moolman

18.30 GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

19.00 THE BBC SALON ORCHESTRA

19.30 LONDON CALLING . . .

19.40 THE DAILY SERVICE



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(L.C.).....

- 19.45 'MEMORIES'
with the BBC Military Band
Conductor: P. S. G. O'Donnell
Script by Major J. T. Gorman
- 20.15 SCOTS ABROAD
A talk
- 20.30 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
(see N. American T., Wed., 02.00 GMT)
- 20.45 THE NEWS

- 21.00 TO BE ANNOUNCED
- 21.30 MUSICAL CONTRASTS
Mario de Pietro (guitar), Ted Carr (dulcimer), and Tommy Nicol (accordion)
- 21.45 THE MUSIC OF FRANCE
A programme of gramophone records devised and presented by Rollo Myers
- 22.00 Close down

- 16.15 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
A talk by Oliver Stewart
- 16.30 Close down
- AFRICAN TRANSMISSION
- 16.55 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 17.00 'PEOPLE'S PALACE'
Variety
- 18.00 THE NEWS
- 18.15 WORLD AFFAIRS
A talk by H. Wickham Steed
- 18.30 THEATRELAND
introducing songs, scenes, and stories of the show business, past and present
- 19.00 THE BBC NORTHERN ORCHESTRA
Suite, In Faeryland..... Cowen
Finnish Lullaby..... Palmgren

- 19.30 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 19.40 THE DAILY SERVICE
- 19.45 'MARRIED TO A GENIUS'
(see N. American T., Thurs., 02.15 GMT)
- 20.15 MEET UNCLE SAM
Ed Murrow interviews experts on the U.S.A.
- 20.30 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
(see N. American T., Mon., 02.00 GMT)
- 20.45 THE NEWS
- 21.00 CINEMA ORGAN PROGRAMME
- 21.20 LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC
- 21.45 THE MUSIC OF FRANCE
A programme of gramophone records devised and presented by Rollo Myers
- 22.00 Close down

Thursday, March 6

PACIFIC TRANSMISSION

- 06.10 LONDON CALLING . . .
Preview of the day's programmes
- 06.15 THE NEWS
- 06.30 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
A talk by Captain Cyril Falls
- 06.45 STARLIGHT
Annette Mills
- 07.00 VOYAGES OF THE ENGLISH NATION
(see Sat., African T., 21.00 GMT)
- 07.45 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
(see N. American T., Tues., 02.00 GMT)
- 08.00 HEADLINE NEWS
News Commentary by Cyril Lakin
- 08.15 CALLING AUSTRALIA
A talk
- 08.30 'ACCENT ON RHYTHM'
- 08.45 ON SEA AND LAND
A talk by
Lieut.-Commander Thomas Woodrooffe
- 09.00 THE DAILY SERVICE
- 09.05 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 09.15 TODAY WE PRESENT . . .
Mr. Flotsam and Mr. Jetsam
- 09.30 RADIO NEWSREEL
- 10.00 Close down

EASTERN TRANSMISSION

- 10.55 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 11.00 THE NEWS
- 11.15 MEET UNCLE SAM
Ed Murrow interviews experts on the U.S.A.
- 11.30 THE BAND OF H.M. ROYAL CORPS OF SIGNALS
- 12.00 TODAY WE PRESENT . . .
'Folk tune Medley'
- 12.15 HARRY LEADER AND HIS BAND
- 13.00 THE NEWS
- 13.15 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
A talk by Captain Cyril Falls
- 13.30 Interval
- 13.45 LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC
- 13.55 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 14.00 TO TALK OF MANY THINGS
A talk

- 14.15 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 14.30 THE HOME GUARD
A feature programme by H. Rooney Pelletier
- 15.00 IN MY OPINION
A talk
- 15.15 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
(see N. American T., Thurs., 02.00 GMT)
- 15.30 CALLING BRITISH FORCES IN INDIA
A programme of music and messages with Jack Payne and his Band
- 16.00 THE NEWS
- 16.15 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
- 16.30 Close down

AFRICAN TRANSMISSION

- 16.55 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 17.00 NEW ZEALAND MAGAZINE
A programme for New Zealand Forces in the Middle East with Jack Payne and his Band
- 17.30 'SANDY CALLING'
A request programme for Forces in the Near East
Presented by Sandy Macpherson at the Theatre Organ
- 18.00 THE NEWS
- 18.15 MILITARY COMMENTARY
by Captain Cyril Falls
- 18.30 GREAT PARLIAMENTARIANS
(see N. American T., Sun., 02.15 GMT)
- 19.00 ORGAN RECITAL
by G. Thalben-Ball
- 19.30 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 19.40 THE DAILY SERVICE
- 19.45 THE IRISH RHYTHMS ORCHESTRA
- 20.15 TO TALK OF MANY THINGS
A talk
- 20.30 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
Glee-song by the BBC Singers
- 20.45 THE NEWS
- 21.00 'BAND BOX'
Margaret Heaves and Jackie Hunter with Geraldo and his Orchestra
- 21.45 THE MUSIC OF FRANCE
A programme of gramophone records devised and presented by Rollo Myers
- 22.00 Close down

Saturday, March 8

PACIFIC TRANSMISSION

- 06.10 LONDON CALLING . . .
Preview of the day's programmes
- 06.15 THE NEWS
- 06.30 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
A talk by Oliver Stewart
- 06.45 STARLIGHT
Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon
- 07.00 'PEOPLE'S PALACE'
Variety
- 08.00 HEADLINE NEWS
News Commentary by Cyril Lakin
- 08.15 AUSTRALIAN NEWSLETTER
- 08.30 'WATT WAS THE MURDERER'S NAME'—3
A serial thriller by Eric Bennett
- 08.45 WORLD AFFAIRS
A talk by H. Wickham Steed
- 09.00 THE DAILY SERVICE
- 09.05 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 09.15 TODAY WE PRESENT . . .
Cedric Sharpe (cello)
- 09.30 RADIO NEWSREEL
- 10.00 Close down

EASTERN TRANSMISSION

- 10.55 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 11.00 THE NEWS
- 11.15 DEMOCRACY MARCHES
A talk
- 11.30 CALLING BRITISH FORCES IN THE FAR EAST
A programme of music and messages with Jack Payne and his Band
- 12.00 TODAY WE PRESENT . . .
Haydn Wood's 'Cities of Romance'
- 12.15 'SPEAK OF THE DEVIL'—3
A serial thriller by J. Dickson Carr
- 12.35 DANCE MUSIC
- 13.00 THE NEWS
- 13.15 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
A talk by Oliver Stewart
- 13.30 Interval
- 13.45 LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC
- 13.55 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 14.00 'PEOPLE'S PALACE'
Variety

- 15.00 BOOKS AND PEOPLE
A talk
- 15.15 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
(see N. American T., Tues., 02.00 GMT)
- 15.30 THE BBC ORCHESTRA
(Section C)
Conductor: Sir Adrian Boult
Overture in D..... Haydn
Violin concerto in E flat..... Mozart
- 16.00 THE NEWS
- 16.15 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
A talk by Lieut.-Commander Thomas Woodrooffe
- 16.30 Close down

AFRICAN TRANSMISSION

- 16.55 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 17.00 MALTESE NEWSLETTER
by Joseph Sultana
- 17.15 'WATT WAS THE MURDERER'S NAME'—3
A serial thriller by Eric Bennett
- 17.30 AUSTRALIAN MAGAZINE
A programme for Australian Forces in the Middle East with Jack Payne and his Band
- 18.00 THE NEWS
- 18.15 AIR COMMENTARY
by Oliver Stewart
- 18.30 THE BBC ORCHESTRA
(Section A)
Conducted by Clarence Raybould
- 19.00 THE BAND OF H.M. ROYAL CORPS OF SIGNALS
- 19.30 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 19.40 THE DAILY SERVICE
- 19.45 'IN TOWN TONIGHT'
Introducing some of the interesting people who are In Town Tonight
- 20.15 BOOKS AND PEOPLE
A talk
- 20.30 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
(see N. American T., Mon., 02.00 GMT)
- 20.45 THE NEWS
- 21.00 VOYAGES OF THE ENGLISH NATION
Letters of Marque
A feature programme produced by Francis Dillon
- 21.45 THE MUSIC OF FRANCE
A programme of gramophone records devised and presented by Rollo Myers
- 22.00 Close down

Friday, March 7

PACIFIC TRANSMISSION

- 06.10 LONDON CALLING . . .
Preview of the day's programmes
- 06.15 THE NEWS
- 06.30 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
STARLIGHT
Noel Gay
- 07.00 ORCHESTRE RAYMONDE
- 07.30 NEW ZEALAND NEWSLETTER
- 07.45 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
(see N. American T., Wed., 02.00 GMT)
- 08.00 HEADLINE NEWS
News Commentary by Cyril Lakin
- 08.15 ULSTER GAZETTE
A miscellany
- 08.45 IN MY OPINION
A talk
- 09.00 THE DAILY SERVICE
- 09.05 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 09.15 TODAY WE PRESENT . . .
Bach's Italian Concerto
- 09.30 RADIO NEWSREEL
- 10.00 Close down

EASTERN TRANSMISSION

- 10.55 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 11.00 THE NEWS

- 11.15 NEWSLETTER FOR THE FAR EAST
A talk by O. M. Green
- 11.30 A CONTRAST IN ORGAN MUSIC
- 12.00 TODAY WE PRESENT . . .
'Rhythm on Reeds'
- 12.15 'WATT WAS THE MURDERER'S NAME'—3
A serial thriller by Eric Bennett
- 12.30 THEATRELAND
Songs, scenes, and stories of the show business, past and present
- 13.00 THE NEWS
- 13.15 QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
- 13.30 Interval
- 13.45 LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC
- 13.55 LONDON CALLING . . .
- 14.00 BY THE WAY
A talk
- 14.15 VOYAGES OF THE ENGLISH NATION
(see African T., Sat., 31.00 GMT)
- 15.00 WORLD AFFAIRS
A talk by H. Wickham Steed
- 15.15 THE MUSIC OF BRITAIN
Old keyboard music played by Ruth Holmes
- 15.30 VARIETY
- 16.00 THE NEWS

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The broadcasts listed below—with the exception of the Maltese Newsletter and the French Bulletin at 23.45—are transmitted separately from the BBC World Service in English, and are for reception in areas other than those served by the service for West and Central Europe. The broadcasts shown, therefore, are not necessarily the only transmissions in the language concerned, nor are the wavelengths necessarily the only channels in use

Language	Time (GMT)	Programme	Wavelength (Metres)	Area Served
Afrikaans	16.30-16.45	News	16.84	Africa
	18.30-18.45	News	31.75	South Africa
	(Mon., Wed., and Sat. only) 18.45-19.00	Talk	25.38	
Albanian	18.55-19.00	News	31.32	Albania and Near East
Arabic	05.00-05.15	News	31.25	Near East
	05.30-05.45	News	41.96	
		(2nd reading) Programme	News	31.75
	16.55-17.45		Programme	19.60
Bulgarian	17.45-18.10	News	31.32	North Africa
	19.00-19.15	News	31.32	Bulgaria and Near East
Burmese (Mondays only)	13.30-13.45	News	19.60	Burma, India, and Malaya
			24.92	
Dutch	12.00-12.15	News	19.60	East Indies
Finnish	18.00-18.15	News	31.55	Scandinavia
Flemish	19.00-19.15	Feature, 'Radio Belgique' (odd days of month)	31.75	Central Africa
			25.38	
French	11.15-11.30	News	19.60	Near East & Seychelles
	19.00-19.15	Feature, 'Radio Belgique' (even days of month)	13.86	Mauritius, Madagascar, and Africa generally
			31.75	Central Africa
			25.38	
	19.15-19.30	News	31.32	Near East, Syria, and Seychelles
	19.30-20.00	Programme	25.29	Canada and North America
			19.66	North and West Africa
			31.75	Central and S. Africa, including Mauritius and Madagascar
			25.38	
	21.15-21.30	News	19.66	North and West Africa
31.32			Near East and Syria	
31.75			Central and South Africa	
23.45-00.00	News	24.92	North and West Africa	
		31.32	Canada, N. and S. America	
German	20.00-20.20	News	25.53	South and Central America
			31.25	Central America
			49.10	North America
			31.75	Central and South Africa
			25.38	

Language	Time (GMT)	Programme	Wavelength (Metres)	Area Served
Greek	05.45-06.00	News	31.32	Greece and Near East
	18.25-18.40	News	41.96	
Greek for Cyprus	18.40-18.45	News	31.32	Cyprus and Near East
Hindustani	14.00-14.30	News and Programme	19.60	India, Burma, Malaya
	14.30-15.00	Programme in English	24.92	
Italian	18.30-18.45	News	19.60	East Africa
Maltese (Saturdays only)	17.00-17.15	Newsletter	41.96	These wavelengths are those on which the African Transmission of the World Service in English is operating at 17.00. The wavelength most suitable for reception in Malta is 19.82 m.
			31.25	
			25.53	
			19.82	
Norwegian	17.30-17.45	News	31.55	Scandinavia
	17.45-17.55	Programme (or in Swedish)		
Persian (except Wed. and Sat.)	16.15-16.45	News	24.92	Iran
		Programme		
Portuguese	12.15-12.30	Programme	13.86	Africa
	12.30-12.45	News		
	21.00-21.15	News	31.32	Mozambique and East Africa
	22.40-22.45	Announcements		
	22.45-23.00	News	31.55	South and Central America
	23.00-23.45	Programme (Portuguese and Spanish)		
	00.00-00.15	News	25.38	Mexico
	00.15-01.00	Programme		
01.00-01.15	Programme (or in Spanish)	30.96		
Rumanian	20.00-20.15	News	31.32	Rumania and Near East
Serbo-Croat	15.15-15.30	News	19.60	Yugoslavia and Near East
	18.45-18.55	News	31.32	
Spanish	12.45-13.00	News	13.86	Africa
	13.00-13.15	Programme		
	23.00-23.45	Programme (Spanish and Portuguese)	31.55	South and Central America
	23.45-00.00	News		
	01.00-01.15	Programme (or in Portuguese)	25.38	Mexico
	01.15-02.00	Programme		
02.00-02.15	News			
02.15-02.30	Talk			
Swedish	17.15-17.30	News	31.55	Scandinavia
	17.45-18.00	Programme (or in Norwegian)		
Turkish	05.15-05.30	News	31.25	Turkey and Near East
			41.96	
	18.10-18.25	News	31.75	North Africa
			19.60	Turkey, Near East, and North Africa
			31.32	

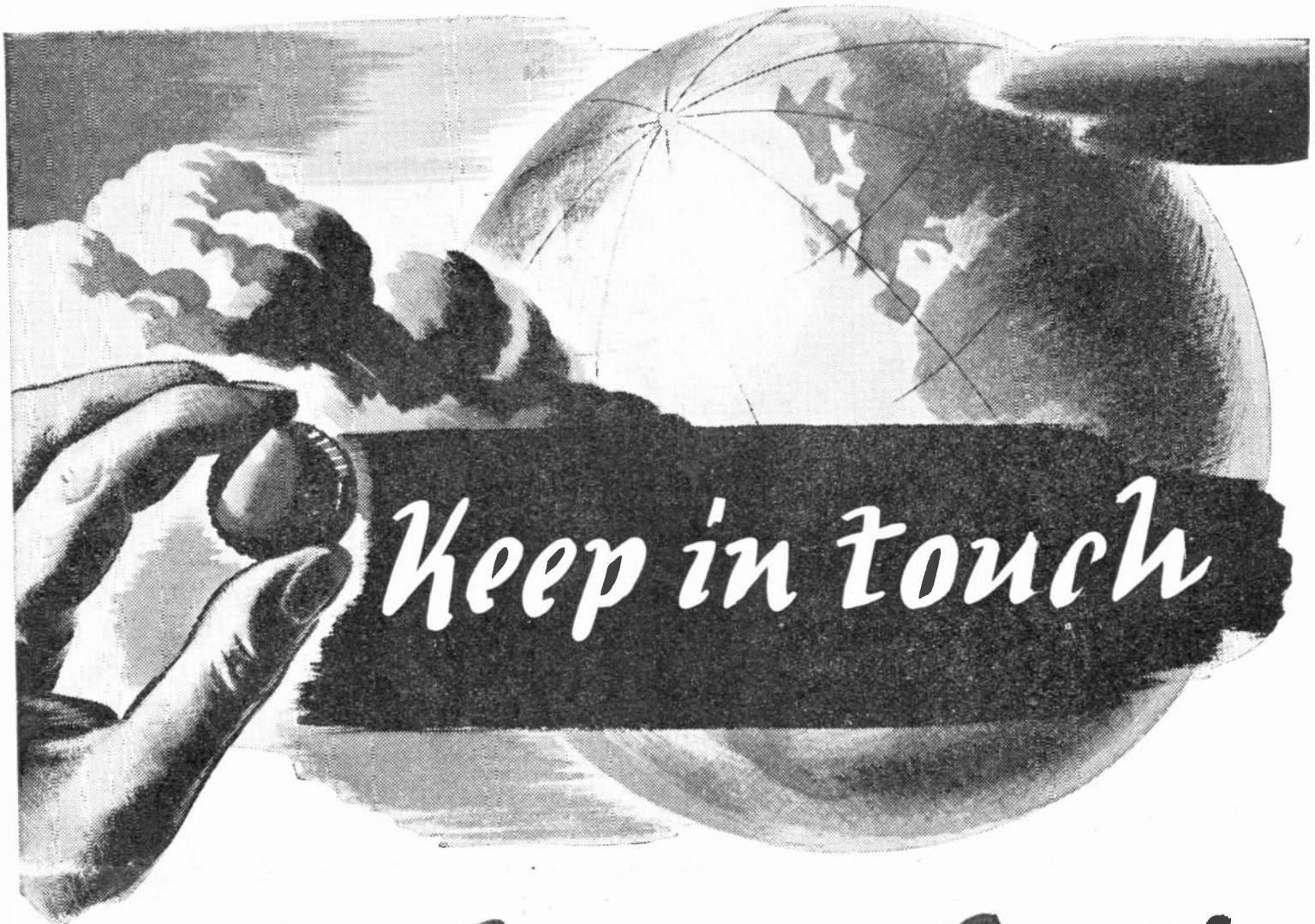


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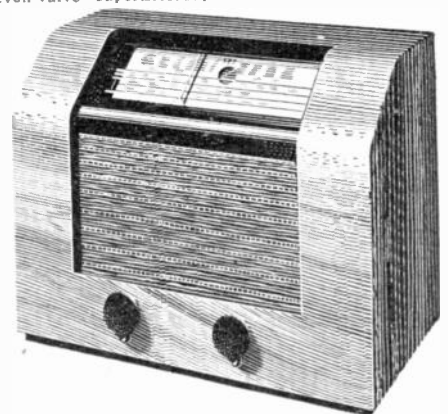
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