

"ABSOLUTELY NO ADMITTANCE"—but share the magic of my Card . . . Says Jenny-for-Short

ABSOLUTELY No Admittance" is what the little door says leading to 2YA'S Model Studio in the Government Court of the Exhibition. But two wide plate-glass windows—almost as wide as the walls themselves—at either end let you into all the secrets, at least as far as seeing is concerned. And, of course, on the Wednesday when the Exhibition opened, faces were pressed very close, "watching-in" as well as "listening-in" to Aunt Molly's Children's Session.

I went armed with a little card that worked its special magic and made "Absolutely No Admittance" mean nothing at all. If you like getting into places where nobody else is allowed you'd better be a journalist. Then an editor will give you a little card that will act rather like a Cap of Darkness.

Everything Bright and Shiny

I went straight in and sat down. I was glad I was rather early so that I could have a really good look at the Model Studio—with nobody in it—and make up my mind if I liked it.

Everything, of course, is very bright and new. The furniture is mostly Chromium—you know those chairs that look as if they're made out of a simple twist of silvery steel piping instead of legs? The table tops and the concert grand piano are shiny black. The walls and ceiling are cream, and odd mats on the floor are deep rose colour patterned all over with tiny leaves. There are stands for music, of course, because there'll be times when orchestras will play—and odd violinists and 'cellists and trombones and what-nots. And the kind of microphone that stands on one leg and doesn't hang from the ceiling as some do.

The Very First Programme

A microphone is not in the least a terrifying sort of thing, you know. It just stands there, not bothering, and lets you talk on and on.

Well, it was awfully near the time, and there was no sign of Aunt Molly or anybody else, and the men who had to do things with

light and sound switches began to look rather worried. But then, there she was, with her troupe of Sunrays that you all know so well now. They seemed very proud to be the very first programme to go over from the Exhibition Studio.

The Littlest was Late

Aunt Molly hurried and got out a lot of music and gave everybody parts to sing and talk from—they

then that every sound she made—even the tiniest cough or sigh—would go over to thousands of listening ears. But the microphone was really a great help. It just went on standing there—not bothering. So nobody else did.

Sleeping Beauty

Well, and then they did all you heard them do—because of course you listened-in, didn't you?



First programme from 2YA's Exhibition Studio: Aunt Molly's Children's Session

were going to do an Operette—and then it was discovered that the littlest youngest Sunray was missing. Naturally Aunt Molly got rather worried at that, because she had to sing alone near the end, and began wondering which girl she could spare to go and look for her and decided she couldn't spare any. But then, just in time, this young lady arrived—very breathless, with very short socks and nearly red hair.

All this time things were being tested to see if they worked. Lights went on and off and sounds buzzed in and out, and Aunt Molly got ready at the piano and all the Sunrays stood round her, and everybody kept her eyes fixed on a wall light that read "STUDIO ON AIR." Presently it lit up and glowed red and everybody knew

They sang and told the story of their Operette which was all about a Princess who slept—like Sleeping Beauty—for a hundred years, because she forgot to ask her wretched old Godmother to her birthday party. The song I liked best was the one the spiders sang about weaving webs across the room and nesting in beards and things. But there was a very jolly one at the end when the Prince comes to find her and wakes her with a kiss and makes her dream come true.

But I've forgotten, haven't I? Before all this you had Jill and Jumbo giving Birthday Wishes and telling where all the presents were. And Aunt Molly telling Jumbo he'd better have a birthday too and go home and look under his trunk, and

him saying there never was anything there.

Lights On and Lights Off

And in between all these things there were more buzzes and more of the lights-off light-on sort of business. And odd Sunrays sang to you—and the smallest of all, who sang "Who Made Little Boy Blue," had to stand on a chair to reach the microphone, and stood a bit too much on the edge and nearly toppled over. You'd have wondered what the crash was, wouldn't you? And then it was Good-night.

I managed to get a camera in on a magic ticket like mine so that you could see—just for a change—as well as hear. The camera's showing you just about what the faces saw that were pressed against the plate-glass windows, so you're really as lucky as if you were there, aren't you?

P.S.—Oh, I forgot—I meant to tell you I can't go on being Jill because you've got your jill-over-the-air and we keep on getting muddled up. So I'm going to be JENNIFER—will that do?—and sometimes JENNY for short.

For Your Entertainment:

MONDAY

- 1YA: 5 p.m. Coral Cave
- 2YA: 5 p.m. Talk by Ebor on "Romance of Everyday Things (5) Here's an H.M.V. Record!"
- 3ZR: 5 p.m. Legends of Umbopo
- 4YZ: 5.30 p.m. Toyshop Tales

TUESDAY

- 2YA: 5 p.m. Programme from Mrs. Crawford's Studio
- 2YH and 4YZ: 5.30 p.m. David and Dawn and the Sea-Fairies

WEDNESDAY

- 1YA: 5 p.m. Cinderella and Peter
- 2YA: 5 p.m. Uncle Peter and Novelty Trio at Exhibition Studio
- 4YA: 5 p.m. Big Brother Bill and Travel Man
- 4YZ: 5.30 p.m. Coral Cave

THURSDAY

- 2YA: 5 p.m. Nurseryland programme by Sunrays
- 2YH: 5.45 p.m. Coral Cave
- 3ZR: 5 p.m. David and Dawn in Fairyland
- 4YZ: 5.30 p.m. David and Dawn in Fairyland

FRIDAY

- 1YA: 5 p.m. David and Dawn in Fairyland
- 2YA: 5 p.m. Talk on New York Exhibition
- 4YA: 5 p.m. 4YA Botany Club
- 4YZ: 5.30 p.m. Toyshop Tales

SATURDAY

- 2YA: 5 p.m. Programme by Mrs. Isobel Halligan's pupils, from Exhibition Studio
- 2YH: 5.45 p.m. "Westward Ho!"