

## NOTES FROM LONDON.

# B.B.C.'s Home Expands at Last

## *Death of Neighbour Makes Possible Expansion to Twice the Size—Better Meal Accommodation.*

London, July 10.

FOR some time past Broadcasting House has been too small to house the large staff of B.B.C. employees in London, which now numbers approximately twelve hundred. For some years, the B.B.C. has occupied several other premises in the vicinity of Broadcasting House, and has purchased a number of houses almost adjoining the B.B.C. headquarters. Plans to enlarge Broadcasting House were impeded by the fact that the B.B.C. were unable to obtain possession of premises immediately adjoining. The occupant of these premises has now died, and the B.B.C. has made immediate plans to enlarge Broadcasting House to almost double its present size. It is hoped to start demolition work on the present buildings within the course of the next twelve months. The addition to Broadcasting House will consist mainly of office accommodation for administration staff, but it is probable that one large studio will be constructed below ground-level. The B.B.C. does not propose to relinquish the studios which it has erected at great expense at Maida Vale, and which up to now have given every satisfaction.

One interesting feature of the new Broadcasting House will be a large roof restaurant, which will be available to members of the staff, to artists and others who have business connections with the B.B.C. The present restaurant, which is situated two floors below ground-level, has been found to be too small, and suffers also from lack of adequate ventilation.

### Polo.

IN the last few years polo has been moving out of the cloistered seclusion of the Best Circles and getting into the news. No longer do subalterns of crack regiments fall stunned from their ponies if they see among the spectators a face that was not at Lady Huntanshootin's last night. Polo is getting popular, and this year's international matches for the Westchester Cup aroused quite a lot of interest among men in the street. This Cup, offered for competition be-

tween England and the U.S.A. in 1886, has not been played for in England since 1921. The matches were played at Hurlingham in June, and on each occasion a running commentary on part of the match was broadcast; few games played at such a speed cover so much ground.

### Dialects.

NOW that dialect has so many enemies, it is some comfort to think that the gramophone can preserve the local dialects that are threatened with decay. If the speech of Hollywood or of Kensington ever does become universal in England, we can at least console ourselves by listening to the many dialects that have been recorded by the British Drama League in a unique series of twenty-four records, covering Britain from Cornwall to Lincolnshire, from Sussex to Aberdeen, including North and South Wales, Ulster, and even an excursion to County Kildare. Geoffrey Whitworth, Director of the British Drama League, broadcast some of these records on June 19, so all those people who write to the papers about "B.B.C. English" probably made a note of the date.

### Swimming.

ANYBODY who cared to take a portable set down to the local swimming-pool could have had a first-rate swimming lesson by radio when the London children's hour paid a visit to Wembley for a lesson from Ross Eagle, the celebrated swimming coach. Ross Eagle was the pioneer in this country of the Australian crawl that revolutionised swimming, and incidentally he taught this stroke to



HEADQUARTERS of the B.B.C. in Portland Place, London, Broadcasting House is shortly to be increased to about twice its present size to accommodate its ever-expanding staff. Building on the property adjoining Broadcasting House, was, until the recent death of the landowner, not possible, owing to the obstinacy of that person.

Derek McCulloch many years ago. In the broadcast he had a dozen children in the water, and he guaranteed that he would teach his listeners something, even in one lesson.

### 75 Towels.

I'M still encountering odd sidelights on Broadcasting House. The other night I met a man whose job it is to change the roller-towels in the various wash-places for staff, artists, bands, etc. Every night he changes 75 towels, and at top speed it takes him an hour and a half to get round. Needless to say, somebody else looks after such far-flung dependencies as St. George's Hall and Maida Vale.

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