

And Now A. J. Alan.

LISTENERS, all of whom are still experiencing the thrill and that satisfied feeling after hearing the B.B.C. recording of "My Adventure at Chislehurst," will be interested to learn that the most popular regular broadcasting artist in Great Britain is shortly to make his debut on the commercial recordings. A recording of the famous Greenwich pageant is also promised, and will be "something different" and full of novelty.

B.B.C.'s Latest.

CENTRALISATION of gramophone record activities is the latest phase of programme direction at the B.B.C. A new department has been formed called the "Gramophone Programmes Section." It constitutes a distributing centre for all gramophone records broadcast, and has a director and a staff of 17 to operate it. All gramophone programmes will be made up at headquarters and the records sent round to various provincial stations as needed. The initial stock of 10,000 records comprises the usual miscellaneous collection, and by all accounts the dance records will have a short life and a gay one, being discarded after a few weeks. The experiment will be followed with great interest by all true gramophiles, both inside and outside the B.B.C.

A New "Record."

THE comic papers have missed at least one gem of sheer inanity. A new record has been established in non-stop piano playing. The champion now is Mr. Charles E. Clark, of Derby. At Ilkeston on Wednesday, March 29, at 12.30 mid-day, he started. He went on through Thursday and Friday, and by 10.30 on Saturday, April 1 (All Fools' Day), his new record was 82 hours. We are told that his manager-companion, Mr. Albert Webster, at some point or other in the proceedings, fell off the platform and was taken to the hospital.

Victorian Candour.

IN Victorian days people were apt to express their opinions and prejudices with a downrightness and vigour. Take, for example, this astonishing passage about Wagner's "Meister-singer" from the mild Ruskin in a letter to Mrs. Burne-Jones, dated June 30, 1882: "Of all the clumsy, blundering, boggling, baboon-blooded stuff I ever saw on a human stage, that thing last night beat — as far as the story and acting went; and of all the affected, sapless, soulless, beginningless, endless, topless, topsituriest, tongs-and-boniest doggerel of sounds I ever endured the deadliness of, that eternity of nothing was the deadliest—as far as the sound went."

Cobber's Bellowing.

I NEVER was so relieved, so far as I can remember in life, by the stopping of any sound—not excepting railway whistles—as I was by the cessation of the cobber's bellowing; even the serenader's caricature twangle with a rest after it. As for the great Lied, I never made out where it began, or where it ended—except by the fellow's coming off the horse block." A modern living critic says Wagner was largely flamboyant and theatrical. He loved pomp and circumstance. He wrote mystically about the music of the future just as Hitler and his associates talk

majestically about the "third realm," meanwhile accompanying it with a show of parades, salutes, storm-troops and other sorts of childish stupidity.

Singing in Dialect.

IN times gone by, the lusty choristers of northern England used to give more distinctiveness to their singing than now, by strictly following out the local pronunciation. On one remark-

"GHOSTED" BROADCAST

Speaker Sits at Home and Hears Himself Over the Radio!



THE editor of "The Home Beautiful" (Australia), who broadcasts a regular Friday night session at 3DB, Melbourne, heard of an amateur radio fan who makes gramophone records. He waited on the disc maker and suggested that he might record for him the talking parts of his (the editor's) regular session. This was done on two aluminium discs each of just two minutes' duration, and introducing a musical number. They were sent in to the broadcasting station and the editor had the unusual experience of sitting by his own fireside 10 miles away and hearing himself talk. In the last of the home-made records the secret was explained to listeners how the session had been "ghosted."

able occasion, indeed, at the Crystal Palace, the chorus singers of Yorkshire and Lancashire introduced some striking features into their vocalism, by adhering to their respective local accents. The chorus, "We Fly By Night," was finely rendered by the alternations of Yorkshire bass voices and Lancashire altos, "We floy by noight!" relayed the former, while the latter broke in with their soft, melodious, "We fleo by neet!"—the effect being, as the musical critics say, marvellous.

"Father O'Flynn."

THE words of this grand old ballad were written by an Episcopal clergyman in Ireland, named Graves. They were set to music by that sound Irish composer, Sir Charles Villiers Stanford. This is a fair picture of the priest, who very often bears the crushing sorrows and shares the little joys of the poor. He is truly the father of his flock and scorns to shirk his traditional duty. Happily his sense of humour enables him to keep a stout heart and wear a smiling face amid a host of perplexities and minor worries.

Irish Wit.

OF these "men of God" many stories are told, one of which is worthy of quotation as it shows the readiness of repartee for which the Irish are justly famous. A priest laboured hard with one of his flock to induce him to give up the habit of drinking, but the man was obdurate. "I tell you, Michael," said the priest, "whisky is your worst enemy, and you should keep as far away from it as you can." "My inimy, is it, Father," responded Michael, "and it was your riverence's self that was tellin' us in the pulpit only last Sunday to love our inimies!" "So I was, Michael," rejoined the priest, "but was I anywhere telling you to swallow 'em?" The two recordings of "Father O'Flynn" that I know best are Reginald Whitehead's on Parlophone (E10575) and Peter Dawson's on H.M.V. (B3838).

A Veteran Recorder.

GEORGE BAKER, the ever-excellent baritone, has been making records for over a quarter of a century, and is one of a quartet of surviving original record-makers, namely, Peter Dawson, Mark Hambourg, Stanley Kirby and himself. "G.B." claims to have sung for about 3000 records, since the early days when he first sang "Tommy Lad," being engaged then as an "extra." His first contract was for "Nellie Dean," and her best seller was "Star of My Soul," from Sydney Jones's "The Geisha." Mr. Baker looks forward to the time when metal strip records will have superseded the disc.

A Vision of Naples.

INCLUDED in 1YA's programme for Sunday, August 27, at 8.54 p.m., is piano recording by William Murdoch containing two Debussy "Preludes." One, "Les Collines d'Anacapri," affords a movement in light, a sunny vision of the hills of Naples; a lively tarantella rhythm rolling along to the nonchalance of a popular refrain, and further, in the words of Alfred Cortot, "The delicious and banal nostalgia of a love cantilena mingles intensely with the vibrations of too blue a sky, wounded by the untiring and piercing animation of a rapid flute." Secondly, there is "Bruyere," "the pastoral and familiar poetry of a thicket where the penetrating perfume of the earth joins the dull splendour of purple patches." In painting these lovely scenes Debussy excels, in reproducing the composer's tone-pictures William Murdoch is equally at home.

FOLLOWING completion of the 500-kilowatt station at Moscow, the Soviet has decided to erect a chain of 200-kilowatt transmitters throughout the land.

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