



Concerning Avebury—An Acid Test—Josephine—Special Addresses—The Dutchman—Distant Effects.

Concerning Avebury.

WHEN the Marconi Company proposed to erect a high-power station at Avebury, in Wiltshire (where the bacon comes from), a great deal of discussion took place, and there was much opposition to the proposal. However, the Wilts Archaeological Society held a special meeting at Devizes, and examined the plans of the proposed station. When the committee was assured that no attempt would be made to square the Avebury Circle, that the Marconi Company would not devour any pre-historic remains in the vicinity, and that all officials of the company would take off their hats as a mark of respect every time they passed the Circle, the committee withdrew its opposition to the scheme. In fact, the Wiltshire Archaeological Society decided to leave the Marconi Company to its own Devizes.

An Acid Test.

It has been stated that a broadcasting company is to be formed in Germany with the object of broadcasting music among other things. If this company is established and carries out its programme, it will not be the first German attempt at broadcasting music. You remember their pre-war efforts by means of those travelling broadcasting stations known as German bands.

Did you ever as a small boy try the experiment of devouring a lemon in front of the musician tooting the flute in a German band? A schoolboy friend of mine often tried the experiment. He won an M.C. during the war.

I wonder if one of the 2 L O uncles would like to carry out the experiment in front of the worthy fluterer in the wireless orchestra. It might be interesting to listen-in to the effect. We might hear strange and unusual noises, but until television is an accomplished fact, the best part of the performance, the facial contortions, would be lost to us.

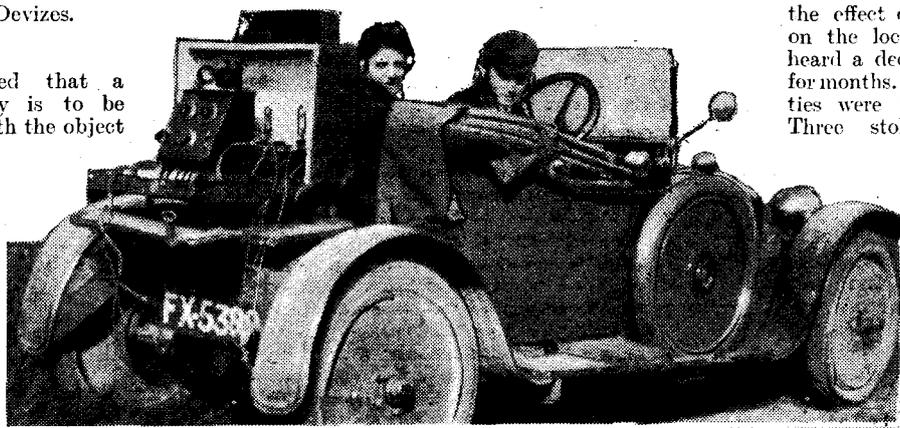
Josephine.

When a loud speaker was tried on various animals in the New York Zoo, the lion showed his disgust for music by roaring like a silly ass. The bear, however, was delighted, and showed his delight by dancing. Very nice of the bear, indeed. Possibly he danced to show his appreciation of the fact that the tuning coils used were of the honeycomb type.

To some of us it would be nothing new to see a bear dance to music. Before the

war, one of the most picturesque sights in an English village was that of a crowd of villagers looking on at a performance of a dancing bear. The owner of the bear was usually a tall, black-bearded foreigner, and the bear's name was inevitably Josephine. I can remember vaguely the curious refrain which the man chanted as Josephine shuffled round at the end of the rope. It was something like this, Yaddy—addy—addy—yom—yom—yom—yay. I wish I could reproduce the triumphant whoop which immediately preceded the throwing of the staff to Josephine to be caught in her front paws.

The days of dancing bears in our villages appear to have gone for ever. Instead of a live bear at the end of a rope, we have a loud speaker at the end of a live wire. The



A neat way of carrying a wireless outfit on a light car. This portable set, built by Mr. E. A. Waddon, 185, Horninglow Street, Burton-on-Trent, fits into the dickey of his car.

effect is much the same. We are entertained and the time passes pleasantly.

Special Addresses.

I have been rather interested in the subjects of special addresses recently broadcast from our broadcasting stations. The latest list I have compiled includes addresses on motoring, dogs, and—ugh!—great snakes. Such addresses, of course, appeal specially to special sections of the great community of listeners-in. I am rather inclined to the point of view that a special address on a particular subject should be quickly followed by a second address on a closely allied subject, with so wide an appeal that everybody would listen to it. As an example of what I mean, the special address to motorists on motoring might have been followed by a lecture entitled "Ford stories, old and new." One does not need to be a motorist to enjoy the latest Ford story.

The talk on dogs no doubt interested all those who are at all doggy in their affections, but there are some of us who love not the

dog. I should like to have seen the lecture on dogs followed by a lecture entitled, "The Canine Peril, with special reference to the Barkers of the Suburbs," and the lecturer would have been a certain suburban postman of my acquaintance who holds the speed record for retreat from a suburban garden.

The lecture on snakes must have sent a shiver through many a telephone and loud speaker. How nice it would have been if such shivers had been dispelled by a little homily on the fascination of snakes—and ladders.

If I may be allowed to throw out a suggestion or two with regard to these special addresses, I would like to hear Uncle Arthur give us a lecture on the art and practice of microphonic elocution. I would also suggest that the inimitable Two Emma Toc humour us with a special address on choke control for the benefit of those who are inclined to cough in church during the sermon.

The Dutchman.

Our old friend, P C G G, has fallen on evil days, temporarily we hope. It appears that the Dutchman's neighbours have complained about the noise of his generators. The neighbours put it to the authorities that when P C G G was transmitting they could not hear themselves think, and that, owing to the effect of P C G G's generators on the local cats, they had not heard a decent bit of caterwauling for months. Of course, the authorities were bound to take action.

Three stolid officials and one small boy, wearing the trousers of the period with the usual coloured after effects, marched up to the transmitting station, and with much ceremony seated up the generators. Poor old P C G G! The sealing on his generators will prevent his waves from bumping up on the Heavside

ceiling for a week or two.

Distant Effects.

Perscnally, I am not very interested in the new German wireless wave which is supposed to stop a motor-car from a distance. You see, I only ride in a Ford which saw service in France, and I am perfectly certain no German wave would stop my Tin Lizzie. Why, a whole flock of sheep couldn't stop Elizabeth. She just jumped over them, and, as for level-crossings, she just revels in making the crossing-gates level.

Somebody might do something useful in this direction, though. Why not a vest-pocket transmitter which would silence a ten cat-power singer from any distance up to twelve feet? Why not a bulkier piece of apparatus which would silence a street piano or a gramophone within half a mile? Such apparatus would be of far more benefit to suffering humanity than apparatus designed to stop the grocer's motor-delivery van or the baker's bread-wagon.