

large number of small specialist firms, each making their own lines of dolls, toy soldiers or teddy-bears—some still sending work out

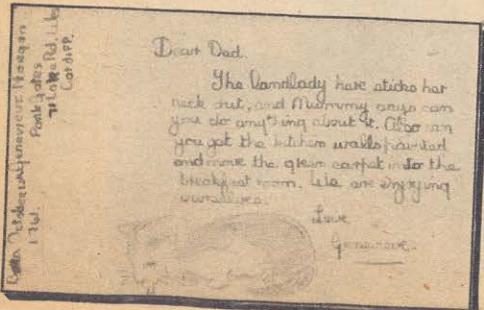
before he died in 1930. which



Drawings by MICHAEL SIMKIN

section: First prize of £5

Genevieve Morgan, Park Gates, 71 Lake Road West, Cardiff.



A. M. Hall, 65 Wake Green Road, Moseley, Birmingham 13.

Overleaf: The Illuminations. Merthyr Tydfil, Glam.

A.M. HALL  
65, WAKE GREEN RD, MOSELEY, BIRMINGHAM 13.

Dear Sir,

We were going  
To Towy,  
But were diverted  
Near Llanwrtyd,  
So at present we are no further  
Than Merthyr.  
If it doesn't stop raining I reckon  
We ought to go on to Llanfairfechan.

Yrs. Taff.

POST CARD

THE ADDRESS SHOULD BE ON THE SIDE



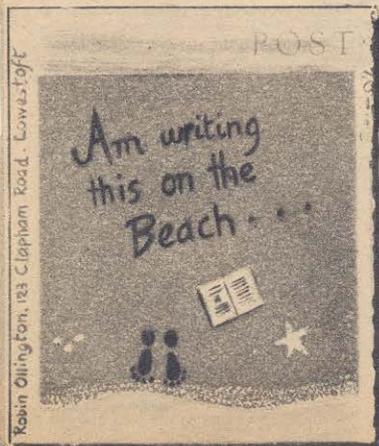
THE EDITOR,  
PICTURE POST

Picture Post-Cards Competition, No. 2

18-21 FURNIVAL STREET  
LONDON, E.C.4

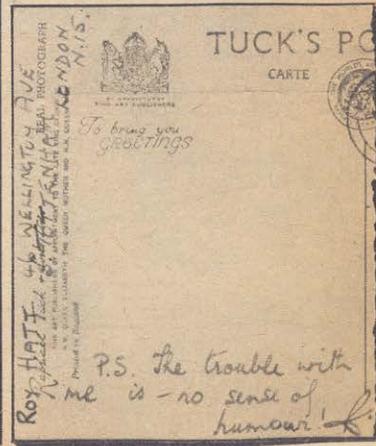
2nd Prize of £15

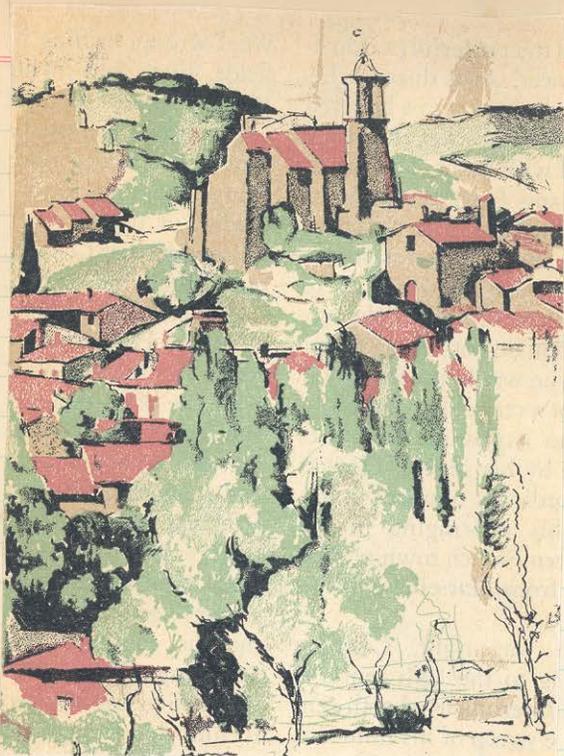
Robin Ollington, 123 Clapham Road,  
Lowestoft.



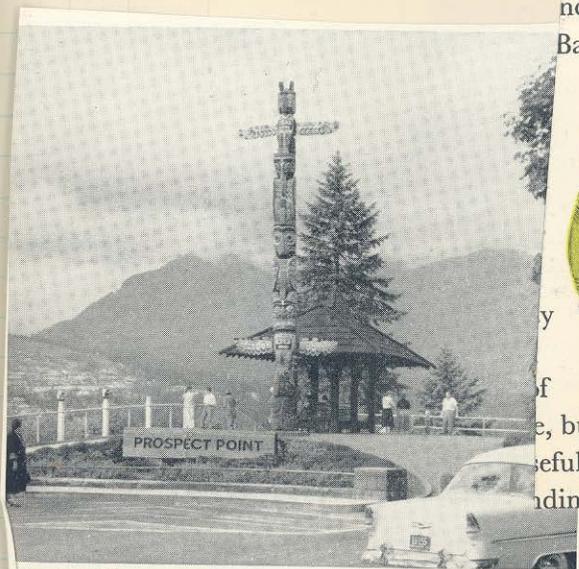
3rd Prize of £5

Roy Hall, 46 Wellington Avenue,  
S. Tottenham, London N.15.

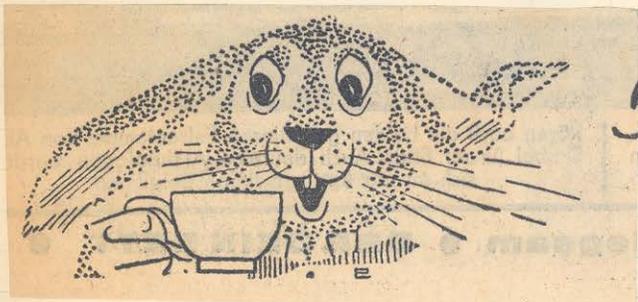




Reproduction of the painting *Village of Gardanne* by Cézanne, courtesy The Brooklyn Museum, New York



totem pole, Vancouver



(in Scotland) and  
benches in Northern  
Banks



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inding Order" service.



# f John Axon'

word to tonight's Home Service broadcast

the powerful steam brake on the locomotive itself, give the driver control. One morning, however—February 9, 1957—just before the train reached the summit, the steam pipe to the brake valve burst, filling the cab with scalding steam and forcing driver and fireman back to the tender.

From then on, events moved with the inevitability of a Greek tragedy. With his regulator wide open, and unable to tell the bank engine of his dilemma, Axon stood helpless while his train, moving at little more than walking pace, was pushed inexorably over the top. He ordered his fireman, Ron Scanlon, to jump, but he himself stayed on the footplate as his train began a nightmare run at ever-increasing speed down the gradient. His hope must have been that he could regain control at a point many miles down the line where there is a momentary check in the precipitous descent.

As Axon stuck to his footplate, so did his guard, Alfred Ball, stick to the brake wheel in his guards-van, until at Chapel-en-le-Frith, moving at a terrifying speed, Axon's train drove helplessly into a preceding freight train, killing its guard and laying waste its trucks and wagons until, after demolishing Chapel signal box, the engine reared up and fell on its side.

In the crash Axon was himself killed. In



May 1957 he was awarded, posthumously, the George Cross.

This then is the man and the story Ewan MacColl and I found ourselves fired to sing about. In tonight's programme you will find that we take liberties with conventions you may cherish, blending jazz and the organum, austere English ballad with banjo, guitar, harmonica; dispensing with acted dialogue or formal narration and relying upon the real people like Mrs. Axon, or fireman Scanlon, to tell their story simply and directly; but yet merging this speech into song and effects sequences so that without specific recourse to flashback the listener can share emotionally in the experience as it is related to him.

CHILDREN'S  
TELEVISION

## 'The Runaway King'

Pieman: 'Come to the Fair to buy your pies. The best, most succulent pies in France. Apple pies, onion pies, meat pies—pies favoured by the nobility and gentry. The favourite pies of your favourite clowns Garguille and Turlupin'

AT 5.20 RJ



THIRTY-MINUTE THEATRE

## 'Digby— a memoir'

BY JUSTIN BLAKE



Narrator..... Lee Fox  
Digby..... Hugh Burden  
Fairbrother..... Anthony Shaw  
Simms..... Alan Laurance  
The Ambassador..... Gabriel Woolf  
Other parts played by Julia Hand,  
Elsa Palmer and members of the  
BBC Drama Repertory Company  
PRODUCED BY R. D. SMITH

at 9.0

# Stravinsky

returns to London this week to conduct two BBC concerts of his music

IN the 1930s Igor Stravinsky visited London almost annually. No concert season at Queen's Hall would have seemed complete without a syllabus including his latest work, and involving him personally, either as pianist or conductor. At that time, he lived in Paris. Since he settled in the United States his London appearances have been extremely rare.

Stravinsky, who conducts four of his works at the Royal Festival Hall on Wednesday (Home Service), and three of them again in the studio on Friday (Third Programme), is now seventy-six, but judging from his exertions when I saw him rehearsing *The Rite of Spring* in Venice this summer, the lithe and gnome-like genius has lost little of his old sprightliness on the rostrum.

The Venice performance was a mellow one—the passage of time has reduced the aggressive element, either in the work itself or in its composer's direction—yet it was a memorable event, as this London visit will be, for, irrespective of what in the music of our time may or may not survive, Stravinsky's influence on it has been greater than that of any other living composer.

## Spanning Fifty Years

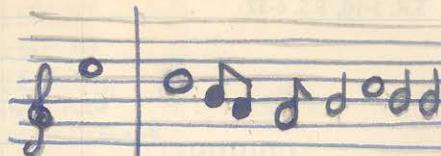
His programme spans nearly half a century, going back from *Agon*, completed last year, to *The Firebird*, which dates from 1909. Both works are in the current repertory of our Royal Ballet, but that makes the sparse and sinewy score of *Agon* no less tough a musical nut to crack. Sections in twelve-tone technique provide a hard shell. Nevertheless, there is a deliciously rewarding kernel in a Galliarde, for flutes, mandoline, harp, piano, timpani, and the lower strings which shows Stravinsky's undiminished wizardry in manipulating musical sounds.

*The Firebird* first made that plain fifty years ago, and although its restless composer has preferred to move on and conquer new



APRIL, 1957

12 FRIDAY



Richter Tanher My Heart and I

c.) 15/-



Classical pianist Yoko Kono appears in "Chelsea at Eight" (8.0)



Classical music, the new and the old



**Ingmar Bergman's 'The Face'**  
 The famous Swedish director's picture is one of the most striking contributions to this year's Edinburgh Film Festival which Robert Reid discusses at 3.35

**'My People and Your People'**



A WEST INDIAN  
 BALLAD OPERA  
 at 7.30



Ballet

**SCRAPBOOK FOR 1908**



**Fifty Years Ago**

THE PAGES TURNED BY FREDDY GRISEWOOD AT 2.0



**'UNDER MILK WOOD'**

BY  
**Dylan Thomas**

PRODUCED BY  
 DOUGLAS CLEVERDON

The songs set by Daniel Jones  
 Children's songs and singing  
 game recorded by children of  
 Laugharne School

A shortened version of the work  
 specially written for the BEC  
 and originally broadcast in  
 the Third Programme.

at 9.15

- |                             |  |
|-----------------------------|--|
| First Voice.....            | Richard Burton                                 |
| Second Voice.....           | Richard Bebb                                   |
| Captain Cat.....            | Hugh Griffith                                  |
| Rosie Probert.....          | Rachel Thomas                                  |
| Polly Garter.....           | Diana Maddox                                   |
| Mr. Mog Edwards.....        | Dafydd Havarad                                 |
| Myfanwy Price.....          | Sybil Williams                                 |
| Mrs. Ogmores-Pritchard..... | Dilys Davies                                   |
| Mr. Ogmores.....            | David Close-Thomas                             |
| Mr. Pritchard.....          | Ben Williams                                   |
| Butcher Beynon.....         | Meredith Edwards                               |
| Gossamer Beynon.....        | Gwenllian Owen                                 |
| The Rev. Eli Jenkins.....   | Philip Burton                                  |
| Lily Smalls.....            | Gwenyth Petty                                  |
| Mr. Pugh.....               | John Huw Jones                                 |
| Mrs. Pugh.....              | Mary Jones                                     |
| Mary Ann Sailors.....       | Rachel Thomas                                  |
| Sinbad Sailors.....         | Aubrey Richards                                |
| Dai Bread.....              | David Close-Thomas                             |
| Mrs. Dai Bread One.....     | Gwenyth Petty                                  |
| Mrs. Dai Bread Two.....     | Rachel Roberts                                 |
| Willy Nilly Postman.....    | Ben Williams                                   |
| Mrs. Willy Nilly.....       | Rachel Thomas                                  |
| Cherry Owen.....            | John Ormond Thomas                             |
| Mrs. Cherry Owen.....       | Lorna Davies                                   |
| Nogood Boyo.....            | Dilwyn Owen                                    |
| Organ Morgan.....           | John Glyn-Jones                                |
| Mrs. Organ Morgan.....      | Owen Brookes                                   |
| Mae Rose Cottage.....       | Rachel Roberts                                 |
| Gweny.....                  | Norma Jones                                    |
| The three boys.....         | Ian Griffith,<br>John Watts, and Philip Cyster |

[PTO]

rs

OKS



*Dorothy Erskine*

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**ELEGRAM**

FOR POSTAGE STAMPS

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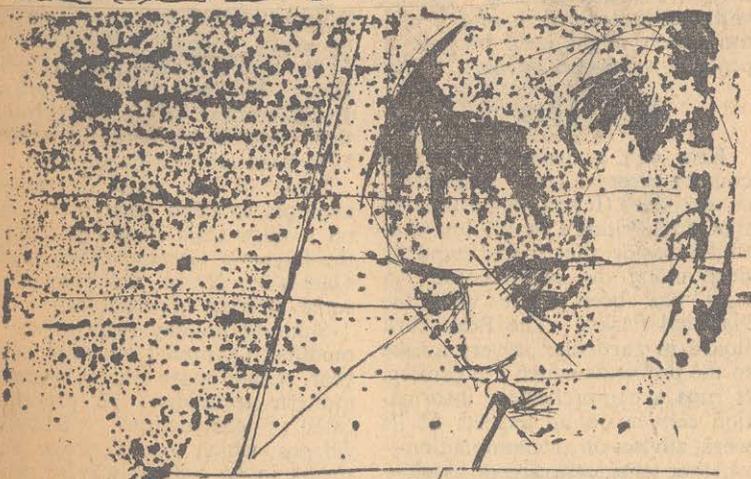
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I LOVE YOU

The particulars on the back of this form MUST be completed.



ANTHONY COLBERT

“... dreamily blowing down a horn, as serenely alone as though he were in mid-desert.”

Michael Redgrave

Fay Compton

Frances Cuka

IN

# 'PEER GYNT'

BY

HENRIK IBSEN

Music by Harald Saeverud

The action begins in the early part of the nineteenth century and ends about 1867. It takes place partly in Gudbrandsdale and the surrounding mountains, partly on the Moroccan coast, in the Sahara Desert, in the lunatic asylum in Cairo, at sea, etc.

AUGUST,  
8 THURSDAY

## 'Call me a liar'

BY JOHN MORTIMER



Sammy Noles lives in a world of his own, a dream world he has created by being something of a stranger to the truth. Then Martha Heinz comes into his life...

AT 8.0

★

Yul Brynner as Dmitri Karamazov, and Maria Schell as Grushenka in 'The Brothers Karamazov.' An excerpt from the film can be heard in the programme of film music this morning...

★

AT 12.25





C. V. L.



ST,  
IDA



Chopin Favorites  
Hector Paganini



HOME  
8.30

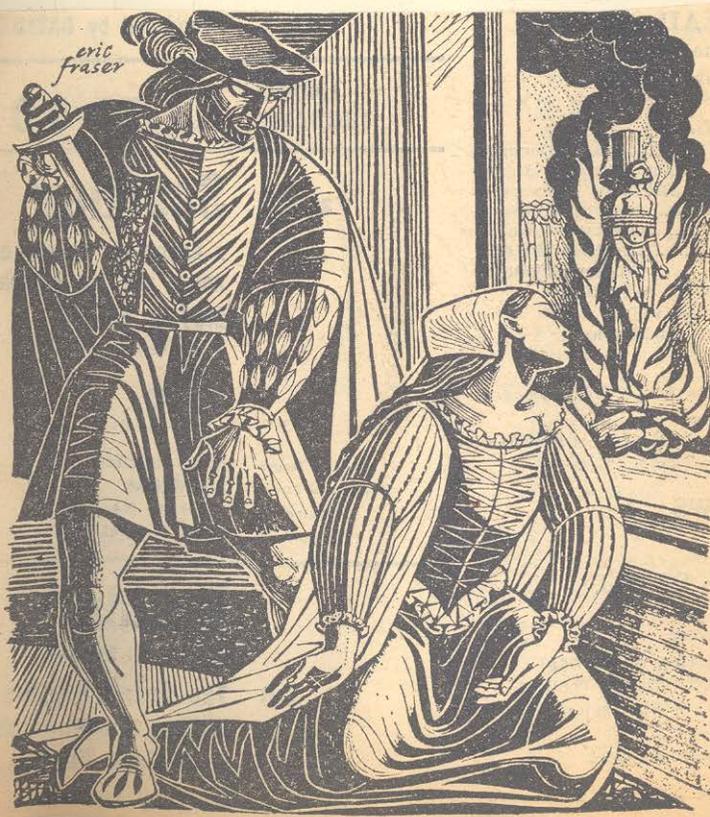
TELEVISION **BBC** AND SOUND

# RADIO TIMES

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and a Carol Supplement

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## Love and Pa

THE prolific Victorian Sar... from the abu... but the truth... work of a ma... that can be... tonight is p... elements whic... basic situatio... patriotism, se... struggle betw... Spanish inva...  
The year is... of the murd... relief of the... leaders, Rys... Prince of O... gates, await... Spanish wife... Karloo who... What will h... been doubly...  
The story... pected endi... crackling fla

LEFT: The castle of Pena—one of the three fascinating castles at Sintra.

RIGHT: A peaceful spot in elegant Lisbon—the lake of the Campo Grande.

CENTRE: One of Lisbon's spacious squares.

EXTREME RIGHT: Seen from the air—the beach of Figueira da Foz and its luxurious new hotel.

ANDRE PREVIN DAVID ROSE

LIKE  
BLUE

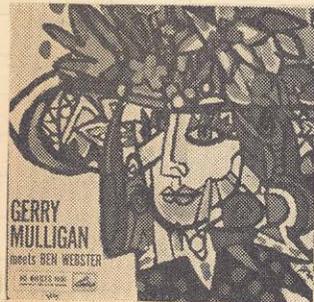
ANDRE PREVIN  
MGM-C-828

THE  
GREAT  
WIDE  
WORLD  
OF  
QUINCY  
JONES



'Waiting for  
Godot'

A tragi-comedy by  
SAMUEL BECKETT



GERRY  
MULLIGAN  
ROBERT BEN WEISBERG  
HE BRINGS US

★  
'He should be here'  
'He didn't say for sure  
he'd come'  
'And if he doesn't  
come?'  
'We'll come back to-  
morrow'  
'And then the day after  
tomorrow'  
'Possibly'  
'And so on'  
'The point is —  
'Until he comes'



Robin  
Jacques





# ZAZIE

Raymond Queneau

Translated by Barbara Wright

"Exactly what foreigners think French novels ought to be—improper, without ever exceeding the bounds of decency."

*The Guardian*

"Brilliant fun for the unshockable."

Raymond Mortimer, *Sunday Times*  
12s 6d

JUL  
14  
4th



## 'Miss Lonelyhearts'



The Miss Lonelyhearts of The New York *Post-Dispatch* (Are you-in-trouble? — Do-you-need-advice? — Write-to-Miss-Lonelyhearts-and-she-will-help-you) sat at his desk and stared at a piece of white cardboard.

at 8.0



then?



## 'EASTER'

by August Strindberg



*Strindberg*  
'As I was passing the Cathedral just now a white dove came flying down on to the pavement with a twig in its beak and dropped it at my feet — it couldn't very well have been olive but I'm sure it was a token of peace'



9/6

## 3.0 'AS I LAY DYING'



by William Faulkner

