AUDIOSCRIPTS

Text 1: First Lesson.

I am English. Are you English? No, I am French. And you? I am Belgian.

Text 2: Are you English? I speak English but I am Irish. And you, are you French? No, I speak French but I am not French. You are Swiss, aren't you? Yes, I am.

Text 3: I have a new car. Is your car blue? No, my car is not blue, it's black. Is your car big? No, my car is not big, but it's very comfortable. Have you a car? Yes, I have a very old Rover.

Text 4: How are you? How is your sister? My sister is ill. She has a bad cold. I am sorry; and how is your uncle? He is much better, thank you. Is he old? Yes, he is ninety-two: but he's still very strong. Lucky man!

Text 6: A VISIT.

Good afternoon, how are you? We are sorry; are we late? No, you are not late; tea isn't ready. Well, we are glad to see you. Is it cold to-day? Yes, it's very cold to-day. And, how is your son? Very well; he's still in Norway.

Text7: A VISIT (continued) Tea is ready. Please sit down here. Thank you. This is excellent tea; it is very strong. Some water or a little more milk? No, thank you, I like strong tea. Here are some cakes. They look very appetizing.

Text8: BREAKFAST.

At breakfast we generally drink tea, and you? In France, we usually drink coffee and milk. Some people have chocolate. In England too, some people drink chocolate. Our English breakfast is very substantial. In France, we eat little at breakfast, and much more at lunch. At breakfast, we often take porridge, ham or bacon, eggs, jam and of course, bread and butter.

Text9: A GOOD HUSBAND.

Jane, Mrs. Green comes back this evening. Are you sure that everything is ready? I hope so, Sir. Is the kitchen clean? Yes, it is, Sir. Have you

washed the linen? Yes, Sir, and I've ironed it too. Have you brushed all the dresses? Yes, Sir, I have. In that case, we can expect a quiet evening.

Text11: LUNCH, TEA AND DINNER.

Lunch is our main meal in France. Here, in England, we have a grilled chop or a grilled steak. Some people only eat eggs and bacon. But they have tea, as a rule. Yes, at four o'clock almost everybody has tea. We rarely have tea in the afternoon. Here, we really consider tea as a meal. With our tea, we eat slices of bread and butter, and sometimes cakes. And at dinner? As a rule, dinner consists of several courses soup or fish, meat and vegetables, salad and dessert.

Text12: Mr. COX, THE GROCER. Good morning Mrs. Brown. Good morning, Mr. Cox. Any butter to-day? Yes, two packets please; have you any Dutch cheese? No, I'm sorry, but I have some Danish cheese. Do you recommend it? Certainly, Madam, it's excellent. How much cheese will you have? Not too much. Have you any jam? Yes, Madam, here is a good one. Anything else? I want some sugar. Here it is. Will you have any eggs? No, that's all, thank you.

Text13: IN LONDON ON BUSINESS. Allow me to introduce my friend, Mr. Grey. Glad to meet you. Is this your first visit here? Yes, it is. I like your city very much. London is most pleasant in June. Yes, but there are too many people. Are you here on business or on holiday? I'm here on business. I want to buy some woollen fabrics. You are sure to find something interesting. Are the prices low? Yes, the prices are very low this year.

Text14: LEARN ENGLISH. Are you learning English? Yes, I am learning English, and you? I am only beginning. Is your method good? Yes, it's very modern: nothing to learn by heart. I can understand the first thirteen lessons, and I can read English fairly well. Do you find English difficult? No, English is easy. Do you study regularly? Yes, I study one lesson every day.

Text16: THE CUSTOMS. Anything to declare? No, nothing. Any spirits, tobacco, perfumes or other dutiable goods? None. What have you got in this suit-case? Only clothes. Will you open it, please? Is this raincoat new? No, it isn't. Any more luggage? I have a trunk in the luggage-van.

Text17: AT THE OFFICE. Please take this Letter, and put these stamps on it. Do I have to post it, Sir? Of course you have to. Do I have to take that parcel too? Yes, of course. Have you got any money? No, Sir, I haven't. Here is some money; don't lose it. Thank you, Sir. And now go to the post office. May I go straight home after that? Yes, you may. Good bye, John. Good bye, Sir.

Text18: HIS PROFESSION. How do you earn your living? I sometimes dress gentlemen's and ladies' hair. Oh, you're a hairdresser. I'm not, I sometimes brush clothes, hats or gloves. I see, you're a servant. No, I make coats, trousers, or skirts. I understand, you are a tailor. You are wrong. I make shoes sometimes. Are you a shoemaker then? I beg your pardon, but I'm not a shoemaker. I earn my bread by making faces. Are you a clown? No, I'm sorry, I am a portrait- painter.

Text19: AT EUSTON STATION

Porter, will you take our luggage, please? Yes, Sir, which is your train? Margate. Six fifty. (A few minutes later…) Mr Brown-Well, Joan, those porters are much stronger than we are. Mrs B. And yet this man is older than you. Mr B. Yes, older, but taller and much bigger. Porter.Here, you are. Will you have these corner seats? Mr B. Thank you, that’s for you. Porter. Thank you, Sir.Mr B. This train is more comfortable than the four twenty-seven. Mr B. And not so crowded.

Text21: SUBURBS. How smoky these suburbs are! Yes, this is indeed one of the gloomiest parts of town. The gloomiest, and probably the poorest. You are right. The people who live here, work in the paper factories which you can see on the left. They do not earn much, as a rule. Oh! look at this nice cottage! It looks completely new and it looks like a diamond among all these grey houses. I hope that we shall never live in such a district, even in such a pretty cottage. A cottage like that cost a great deal of money. And if you earn a lot of money, you are not obliged to live in these suburbs…

Text22: AT THE HOTEL. I have reserved a single room, but my wife has come with me. Can you accommodate us? Certainly. Will you tell me your name? Barnes.Your room will be on the second floor, number twenty-seven. What is the price of this room? 72 pounds. This price includes breakfast. What is there for breakfast, as a rule? Tea, coffee or chocolate; rolls or toast, bacon and eggs, ham or fish, cheese or jam. That seems all

right to me. We shall go to our room. Can you send to my car for our luggage? Certainly sir, will you give me the key? Here it is. What time is dinner? Seven o'clock sir.

Text23: TIME. What day is it today? Today is Saturday. Yes, I know, thank you. But what day of the month is it? Today is the ninth of July. Is this the English way to ask and tell dates? It is, and can you tell me what time it is? Yes, it's almost twelve o'clock. What time is it by your watch? At the moment, it's just twelve by my watch. Either your watch is fast, or mine is slow. My father will arrive at a quarter to one. I shall wait for him.

Text24: AT THE G.P.O. How much does a letter to Norway cost please? lf your letter does not exceed one ounce, twenty- five pence. Will you kindly weigh these letters? I suppose they are overweight. No, they aren't, Madam. What is the extra postage for airmail? There is no extra charge for European countries. At what time is the last collection? A quarter past seven for Scandinavian countries. Thank you. Can I cash a money order? Yes, of course. Please, give me the money order. Here, it is. Thank you. Will you sign in this register please?

Text26: TO DOVER.

What time does this boat leave, please?

Five to eleven, Sir

What kind of passage are we going to have?

Rather rough, I am afraid.

There's a strong northerly wind blowing.

I am a poor sailor as a rule. I am easily sea-sick.

Will you show me my cabin?

This way, Sir. Shall l take your luggage, Sir?

Thank you.

Is your luggage insured?

No. I don’t think so. Does that cost much?

Only one percent of the value.

Well, will you insure it, please.

Text27: Will you say it once more please? Excuse me, officer, is there a telephone box in this street? Just round the corner. Hullo 071 239 7043? What are you saying? Is Mr. Barton in? Mr. Barton is out at the moment, but you can reach him at his office. Excuse me, will you speak more slowly, I am a foreigner. Mr. Barton has gone to his office. You can ring him up there. Can you give me the number? 081 450 1906.Thank you very much for this information.

Text28: WEATHER. Is it raining this morning? Not yet Sir, but it is very bad weather, stormy I think. After a very warm and dry spring, we shall have a rainy summer. You are right, Sir, it's raining, now. The sky is as black as in winter. And within a month the days will grow shorter. People say we shall have a fine autumn... I think I must get to my office now. It's twenty-five past eight, Sir. The rain has stopped: it was only a shower and there's a rainbow.

Text29: Couple to headwaiter at night club: A table near the waiter, please. New maid using broom: I don't use the vacuum, Madam, ... it spoils the radio programmes for me. Customer: You say these watches cost one pound to make, why, that's the price at which you are selling them. Jeweller: that is quite right. Customer: Then how do you make any profit? Jeweller: By having to repair them. What do you call an ideal patient Doctor? A rich man with an incurable disease.

Text31: LINEN. I have some linen to be washed. I am in a great hurry for it. When can I have it? Your linen can be washed in the hotel. The laundress will return it within 24 hours. (24 hours later) Here is your linen, Madam... .and your list. Is that all right? There's a handkerchief missing. Here it is. My husband's shirts are badly ironed. Look at the collars and cuffs. I'll take them back. Impossible, we must leave at eleven, o'clock. How much is it? I don't know exactly, they'll put it down on your bill, Madam.

Texte32: BEFORE THE HOLIDAYS.

Sue…We shall prepare our luggage before dinner… Yes, Mum; shall I help Mark and Peter? No, please stay here and help me; your brothers will

see to their luggage themselves. Then I shall see to my toilet-bag. Here it is: soap, tooth-paste, tooth-brush, comb, hair-brush and some towels. I'm not taking any make-up. No, you will not have any opportunity to use it, but do not forget your cream. No, I shan't. Please go and fetch Peter's swimming trunks; I am sure he will forget them. Here there are, Mum. Thank you, dear; I shall put Dad's, new trousers in your bag, if you don't mind. By the way, where is Dad? Here he comes.

Text33: THE GOLDEN RULES OF HEALTH. Physician, after examining the patient: Nothing serious, but you'll have to observe some rules about eating. What do you mean, Doctor? You must take care not to overload your stomach. I understand that. Do not swallow your food in a hurry, chew it well. Never eat unripe fruit. Don't eat or drink between meals... As often as possible, have a walk after dinner. However, when walking, take care not to breathe through the mouth, but through the nostrils.

Text34: GOING TO MANCHESTER. I beg your pardon; can you tell me how far it is from here to the station? It is not far. Go straight on, till you come to a large building, a bank... Then take the first street on your left, and then the second turning on your right, and you will see the station. Thank you very much. Don't mention it. (At the booking office in the station). Two second class singles to Manchester, please. Eighteen pounds sixty. Can you change a twentypound note? Yes, I can. Here's your change.

Text36: PETER AWAKES. Peter's mother knocks at his door. Half past seven, Peter. It's time for you to get up. Peter jumps out of bed and goes into the bathroom. There he washes and then dresses in his bedroom. He cleans his shoes and goes into the dining-room to have his breakfast. Will you have tea or coffee? Coffee, please. His mother pours a cup of coffee for him, and he adds some milk. This coffee seems rather hot. It will be better for you in this icy weather.

Text37: JOKES. Fred, what is a synonym? It's the word you use when you cannot spell the other. Guide: I'm sorry I can't show you round the castle just now, because smoking is not allowed. Visitor: But I am not smoking! Guide: No, but I am. Man (who has been knocked down by a motor-car): Where am I? Street seller: Here you are, Sir. Map of the town, price two pounds. Dad, what's a diplomat? A diplomat, my boy, is a man who remembers a lady's birthday but forgets her age.

Text38: TWELVE MONTHS IN A YEAR. As in many European languages, the names of the months, in English, are of Roman origin. October was the eighth Roman month of the year. November was the ninth and December the tenth. January also comes from the Latin. It was the eleventh month and February was the twelfth; it was therefore the last month of the year. This is why it is the shortest. Numa put January in the first position. It was dedicated to the god Janus who was the god of gateways. January opened the door to the year. March owed its name to the god of war and May owed its to a goddess. It was Julius Caesar who gave his name to July. August was thus named in honour of the Emperor Augustus. I have not mentioned April as the origin of its name is uncertain.

Text39: IN A MENSWEARSHOP. Allow me to introduce my elder brother, William. How do you do? How do you do? My brother needs a suit. What kind of suit do you wish to have? I want a nice lounge suit…I'll just take your measurements, if I may. Wil you show me the latest designs? Certainly, Sir.What about this one? It is quite fashionable…I prefer that one. Do you want a loose coat? Yes, I think so. Do you like this one? Yes, very much indeed. Will it be long for the alternations? Does next Thursday suit you? Perfectly.In that case, the suit will be ready for Thursday, end of the afternoon.

Text41: ANOTHER ONE. Mother: Joan, what do you mean by making such a noise? Why don't you play quietly like your little brother? You see, he doesn't make a sound. Joan: Of course not, that's our game. He's father coming home late and I am you. Teacher: Now, children, who can tell me what we must do before we can expect forgiveness of sin. Little boy: Well, first we have to sin. Teacher: Johnny, why don't you comb your hair? Johnny: I have no comb, Sir. Teacher: Can't you use your father's comb? Johnny: No, Sir, I can't. Teacher: Why? Johnny: My father has no comb. Teacher: What? Your father has no comb? Johnny: No, because he has no hair, Sir.

Text42: I MUST GO TO THE SHOE-SHOP.

Good morning, Madam, what can we show you? I wish to see some ladies' shoes, but I am at a loss to know which style to choose. Do you like this model, Madam? These shoes are most fashionable. The soles are too thin…These have thicker soles; will you try them on? They are very

smart, but they are too tight and too small; they hurt my heel. Here is another type of shoe. These are wider. Try these on. Here is a shoe-horn... It’s a model we have just received from Paris. They fit you very well. Right. I think I'll take these ones.

Text43: GEOGRAPHY. Teacher: When my face is turned to the North my back is to the South. On my right hand is the East, and on my left the West…Then the master sees one boy who is not paying attention; so he says: Johnny, what is on your right hand? Johnny: I am sorry, Sir, there is some ink on it, and I can't rub it off. Inspector: Tell me what the axis of the Earth is? Peter: It is an imaginary line running from one pole to the other, and on which the Earth revolves. Quite right. And now tell me, can you hang a hat on the axis? Certainly, Sir. Indeed? How can you do that? With an imaginary hat, Sir.

Text44: THE HORSE AND THE OYSTERS.

On a very cold day, a gentleman, travelling on horseback, comes into an inn. Anxious to warm himself, but seeing no room near the fire, he says aloud: Waiter! Fetch some oysters and give them to my horse. Will your horse eat oysters? replies the waiter. As a matter of fact, he is very fond of them... The people hearing that, run out to see the horse eating oysters, and meanwhile the gentleman takes the best seat. After a few minutes, the waiter comes back, saying: Sir, your horse has not touched the oysters. In that case, I shall eat them myself.

Text46: IN A FASHION SHOP. Mrs Wright comes into the shop where she ordered a ladies suit the previous week. Good afternoon. Good afternoon, Madam. Your clothing has arrived. Would you care to try it on? The sleeves are a little too tight… and too short. You are right and I am worried in case the skirt is not wide enough. Do you want to have all these alterations undertaken? Of course. Can you change the band which borders the pockets? I would also like double stitching on this band. When would you like it to be ready? By next Saturday, if possible. Very well, it will be ready by then. Don't let me down now. Don't worry, the clothes; will be ready.

T ext47: BEGINNERS. A young author sends a manuscript to a publisher with a letter in which he states: "The characters in this story are purely fictional and bear no resemblance to any person, living or dead. A few days later,

he receives his manuscript and his letter with this remark: "That’s what is wrong with it!" The new attorney has just opened his office and on the second day has his first client. As the client enters the office, the lawyer picks up the telephone, and after a few seconds, says: Well, tell Sir Arthur Jones I shall do my best to be at the Board of Directors' meeting this afternoon. Then, turning to the visitor, he asks: Now, what can I do for you? For me? Oh! I am just here to connect the phone.

Text48: WOMEN.

Son: Dad, what is reason? Father: Reason, my son, is what enables a man to determine what is right. Son: And what is instinct? Father: Instinct is what tells a woman she is right whether she is or not. Does your wife spend much money? No, she is rather thrifty, and yours? Well, her idea of thrift is saving enough money on one purchase to buy something else. After fifteen years, two old friends meet. One asks: Is your wife as pretty as she was fifteen years ago? Yes, indeed... but it takes her half an hour longer.

Text49: LONDON BRIDGE. Come and see London Bridge. What a crowd there is crossing the Bridge! You see, it's morning, and people are going to their work. They're nearly all going to the north bank of the Thames! The road is also full of cars, lorries and buses. All day long the bridge is never empty, but it is most crowded when people are going to work in the morning or coming back at night. Oh! Look over the wall…how marvellous! Yes, there is always something to look at. The part of the river below us, was once the Pool of London, but it is now being redevelopped. Most of the docks and warehouses are now at Tilbury.This is the site where Jean-Michel Jarre staged his mammoth concert.

Text51: ON THE ROAD.

We have been driving for quite a while and I can no longer see the sign showing the way to motorway. I can see mainly country lanes on either side of this road. I hope we are not lost. Of course not. We are on the right road, you will see. All the same, I'm surprised to see that this motorway is so far from the centre of town. It seems to be right next to it on the map. Perhaps we have made a small detour. It looks as though we are on a broad. No, no, it's a main road. I feel like asking that boy riding on a bike.

Are you going to fill up with petrol before entering the motorway? Yes, indeed. It will certainly be less expensive.

Text52: TWO JOKES. How old are you Bobbie? I am just at the awkward age. Really? And what do you call the awkward age? Too old to cry and too young to swear. A young boy applies for a job in a grocery store, and the manager asks his name. Shakespeare, replies the lad. And your Christian name? William. Well, remarks the manager with a smile, that's a well-known name, isn't it? I expect it is, says the boy. I have been delivering groceries in this district for over two years.

Text53: CINEMA OR THEATRE. What shall we do this evening? Anything you like. Would you like to go to the pictures? What's on? I'll have a look in the paper. Here's The 'Times'. What do you think of "Dangerous spot"? I don't feel very enthusiastic about it. Would you like to go to a theatre? That's a good idea. Would you like to see "You and Me"? It has been running for about six months now and I believe it's a success... Well, if we are not too late, I should like to. The performance begins at 8.15.

Text54: Four-year old Tom, answers the telephone while his father is sleeping. Trying to be grown-up, he asks the caller: Would you like to leave a message? Yes, answers the caller, tell him Mr. Brown called. Tom takes a pencil and paper and says: Mr. Brown? How do you spell it? B.R.O.W.N. A moment of silence, then a very small voice asks plaintively: How do you make a B? When Tommy came home from school with a swollen eye and bruised lips, his mother said reproachfully: Oh! Tommy! Have you been in another fight? I was just keeping a little boy from being beaten by bigger boys he replied. Well, that was brave of you, dear. Who was the little boy? Me, Mummy.

Texte56: SWIFT'S LESSON.

Swift, the famous writer,

was one-day travelling on horseback whith a servant.

It was raining, and the road were very muddy. In the evening, the two travellers came into an inn.

Before going to bed, Swift said to the serrvant:

My boots are dirty, clean them please.

But the servant was rather lazy, and he went to bed, without brushing his master’s boots.

The next morning, Swift saw his dirty boots,

and angrily asked his servant:

Why have you not cleaned my boots?

Well, Sir, as the weather is very bad,

and as we are going to travel again,

if I cleaned them now,

they would soon be as dirty as before.

Very well, saddle the horses, we shall start immediately.

But, please Sir, we have not had our breskfast.

Oh never mind. If you took breakfast now,

you would soon he hungry again.

Text57: ADMIRAL NELSON.

When still quite a child and on a visit to his grand-mother, Nelson went out to look for birds' nests. The usual time for supper arrived, and young Nelson was not yet back. His grand-mother, alarmed, dispatched messengers in search of the boy. He was at length discovered sitting very quietly under a hedge, by the side of a brook. Back home, his grand-mother scolded him and in conclusion said: I wonder, child, fear did not drive you home. Fear? I never saw fear; what is it?

Text58: QUIZZES. A. Is there any difference between an insurance agent and an insurance broker? B. What vertebrate animal lives the longest? C. Was Disraeli a jew or a Christian? D. In what century did Norway become independent? E. Does nicotine turn smokers’ teeth yellow? F. How did the term "X.ray. originate? G. What is the largest bird in the world? Answers A. Yes, there is; an agent is employed by a particular company and a broker is in business for himself and places policies where he or his client desires. B. The giant tortoise, which lives as long as three hundred years. C. He was a Hebrew who received Christian Baptism. D. In the twentieth

(1904). E. No; other substances such as tar, etc., do. F. The discoverer, uncertain of the nature of the rays, called them X, as the symbol of the unknown G. The ostrich.

Text59: SCOTTISH HUMOUR. A French tourist travelling in Scotland had met with very unfavourable weather since his arrival. Rain seemed to follow him wherever he went, and he was compelled to stay indoors. One day at last, the sun shone, and the traveller decided to take a walk. He had hardly been out two hours, when the sky became cloudy and soon the rain was falling in torrents. The unfortunate Frenchman sought refuge in a shepherd's hut. This really is a dreadful climate; does it always rain here? he asked the shepherd who was quietly smoking his pipe. No, Sir, no, it sometimes snows.

Text61: PACKING UP FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Before beginning to pack, make a list.

Take a piece of paper

and write down everything you want.

Suppose you are in bed.

What have you got on?

Pyjamas. Write it down.

You get up; what do you do?

You wash yourself.

With what do you wash yourself?

With soap; put down soap.

Take your clothes:

What do you wear on your feet?

Shoes, socks or stockings. Put that down.

Go on like that up to your head.

That is what I do, I make a list,

I read it over and then of course, I lose it.

Jerome K. Jerome.

Text62: judge - What are you here for? Peasant - For a letter they say I have signed. - Indeed. Is the writing on that paper yours? - It is not, Sir. - Did you not write it? – No, I didn’t. - Who did then? - How can I know? - Did you place this paper in a sealed envelope? - I did not even touch it - Tell the truth; we have two witnesses who will swear you put it there yourself. - You must not believe them, Sir. - Can you say on oath that this handwriting does not look like yours? - Certainly, I can. - Really. And how can you know this? - Because I cannot write, Sir.

Text63: Would you like to go for a trip on the river? Is it possible? Certainly, we shall start from a pier by London Bridge, take an old steamer and pass through the Pool... As I promised you, we are passing through the Pool. And this is the well-known Tower Bridge isn't it? Yes, it is, and our steamer will drop its funnel down to the deck. There is then no need to open the bridge... The river gets wider here and there are more and more ships. Some are loading, others unloading; and do you see those little tugs puffing along? On each side of the Thames are docks; of course, it is easier to unload the ships in the docks than on the river. They can come nearer to the warehouses.

Text64: School teacher to eager children: Did Sherman get to the sea? Did Lincoln save the nation? Come in tomorrow for the next thrilling episode, same time, same place... Johnny came downstairs crying... What's the matter? asked his mother. Dad was hanging pictures, and he just hit his thumb with the hammer. That is not so serious, soothed his mother. A big man, like you, should not cry at a trifle like that. Why didn't you just laugh? I did, sobbed Johnny.

Text66: Sales manager: - How many orders did you get to-day? I received two in one shop. Not bad. What were they? One was to go out of the shop, and the other to stay out. A young husband who had agreed to the purchase of a vacuum cleaner protested when he found that his wife had ordered the luxury model instead of the standard. But dear, his wife explained, it won't cost more. All we have to do is pay a little longer. Definition: Artichoke: the only vegetable you have more of when you finish eating it, than you had when you started.

Text67: TONGUE TWISTERS.

First man - How do you do? I haven't seen you for months. I was told you have been treated for your stammering by a celebrated specialist. What's the result? Second man - Listen: Will real wheels really wheel? First man - It's really astonishing! Second man – Listen: Tying tapes takes time. First man – Wonderful! How did you manage it? Second man - Listen: Any noise annoys an oyster, but a noisy noise annoys an oyster most. First man - I can't believe it. I don't think I could do as well myself. That’s incredible. Second man -It is, b-but, it's not al-not always ea-s easy, to-to bring those sen-sentences into ordi-ordinary con-conversation!

Text68: At the travel agent’s office (1). I would like to reserve a seat on the London-Toronto direct flight, Air Canada’s flight 881, which leaves at 11.20 am. One moment please. Which class? Business class, please. Would you prefer a non-smoking seat? Yes, preferably. I’ll just see. Oh dear! I’m sorry sir, but its full up. Would you like me to see if I have a seat on another flight? Or would you like to go on the waiting list? What have you got in the way of another flight? Well, we’ve got a flight which leaves from Heathrow at 5.40 p.m. but which, unfortunately, is not a direct flight to Toronto.You would have to make a stopover in Montreal.No, I don’t like that, I would rather be on the waiting list. Yes, certainly sir.

Text69: At the travel agent's office (2)- Continued-Can you give me your telephone number in London? Yes, of course. You can call me 0171 385 7906. Oh! one detail: could you order a vegetarian meal for me. Of course. Do you need a return ticket? Yes, but leave it open. I’ll reserve a place at the end of my stay in Toronto. But in that case, you will not benefit from a reduction. It’s a shame, but I cannot choose my date of return right now. Another question: from what point do I have to pay an excess baggage charge? You don’t pay any excess charge unless you exceed 30kg, but you can take one piece of hand luggage with you on board. Very good, thank you. Where can I find the coach timetable linking London with Heathrow? At counter 22, just to the right. Many thanks.

Text71: Lady Stutfield - How very, very charming those gold-tipped cigarettes of yours are, Lord Alfred. Lord Alfred - They are awfully expensive. I can only afford them when I'm in debt. Lady Stutfield - It must be terribly,

terribly distressing to be in debt. Lord Alfred - One must have some occupation nowadays. If I hadn't my debts, I shouldn't have anything to think about. All the chaps I know are in debt. Lady Stutfield - But don't people to whom you owe money give you a great, great deal of annoyance? Lord Alfred - Oh, no, they write; I don't. Lady Stutfield - How very, very, strange! A Woman of no Importance (first act) by Oscar Wilde.

Text72: At the service station. Shall I fill it up, Sir? Yes, please. Four-star lead free. There you are Sir. Would you like me to check your oil? No thanks, it isn't necessary. I've just had an oil change. And what's more, it is often said that this sort of check, isn't much use when the engine is hot... Yesterday, it was at maximum... Okay, okay… I'll just wipe the windscreen a little as it needs it. On the other hand, I won't say no to that. As soon as it gets hot, there are loads of insects which get stuck to the windscreen it's really annoying. It seems the left rear tyre is a little flat. Shall I check the pressure? Yes, thank you, but pleasse check the front tyres too. They're O.K. (Offering a coin) Here! it's for you. Thank you Sir. Have a good journey!

Text73: LOOKING FOR A SEAT.

Traveller - Is this seat occupied? Gentleman - No, it isn't. Traveller - Then will you kindly put that bag on the rack? Gentleman – I'm sorry, but I will not. Traveller (angry) - If you don't take that bag off the seat, I shall call the guard. Gentleman (calmly) - You can call the guard, the driver, and the ticket-collector if you like. Traveller goes out and comes back with the guard. Guard - Why will you not take that bag off the seat? Gentleman - Because it is not mine. Traveller - But why didn't you say that at once? Gentleman - Because you didn't ask me.

Text74: There was once a prince who now and then paid a visit to the chief prisons in his land. One day he saw four prisoners in the prison yard and he asked them how they came to be in jail. I have done no wrong, said the first, but the chief witness against me told a lie. The judge who put me here, said the second, had a grudge against me. I was found guilty through a mistake, the third said. And you? asked the prince, turning to the fourth man, why are you here? I stole a purse, and I dare not ask your pardon. Well, answered the prince, you are not fit to live with such honest men as these, who say they have done nothing wrong. I am setting you free.

Text76: OSCAR WILDE'S HUMOUR. A cynical man is the man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing. I can resist everything except temptation. It is always a silly thing to give advice, but to give good advice is absolutely fatal. Morality is simply the attitude we adopt towards people whom we personally dislike. It is only by not paying one's bills that one can hope to live in the memory of the commercial classes. Good resolutions are simply cheques that men draw on a bank where they have no account. Work is the curse of the drinking classes. The only way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it.

Text77: MUSEUMS AND ART GALLERIES.

Which museums would you advise me to visit in London? There are many museums and galleries which are worth seeing; let us say: first, the British Museum. It contains an unrivalled collection of Roman, Greek, Assyrian and Egyptian antiquities. The library is the largest in the world; it contains over four million books, manuscripts and prints. And the Natural History Museum? This museum cannot fail to delight you. It contains a vast collection of animals, and in many of the show-cases naturel surroundings have been imitated. And what is the National Gallery? As far as painting is concerned, this gallery is the greatest in England. It is situated in Trafalgar Square. What kind of paintings are to be found there? All schools of painting are represented, and generally by the greatest achievements of their best masters. If you like modern paintings, I suggest you to visit the Tate Gallery. Originally this gallery was intended to house exclusively British art, but now it also includes works by the modern French and Dutch painters.

Text78: HAY FEVER, by Noel Coward, Act I. Jackie- Have you travelled a lot? Richard (modestly) - A good deal. Jackie- How lovely! (Richard comes down and sits on form below piano. There is a pause.). Richard- Spain is very beautiful. Jackie- Yes, I've always heard Spain was awfully nice. (Pause) Richard - Except for the bull-fights. No one who ever really loved horses could enjoy a bull-fight. Jackie-Nor any one who loved bulls either. Richard-Exactly (pause) Jackie –Italy's awfully nice, isn't it? Richard - Oh, yes charming. Jackie - I've always wanted to go to Italy. (pause) Richard-Rome is a beautiful city. Jackie- Yes, I 've always heard Rome was lovely. Richard - And Naples and Capri- Capri's enchanting. Jackie - It must be… (pause) Richard- Have you ever been abroad at all?

Jackie - Oh, yes; I went to Dieppe once - we had a house there for the summer. Richard(kindly) -Dear little place, Dieppe. Jackie - Yes, it was lovely.

Text79: HERE IS THE LATEST HEADLINES. This is the B.B.C. Home Service. Here is the time signal for six o'clock. Here is the news. The new bill on Trade-Unions was debated this afternoon. Mr Grant, Liberal, supported the bill, so that it was approved by the Commons. However, the Home Secretary said he was afraid the House of Lords would reject the Common's decision. The Department of Agriculture has worked out a scheme to improve fruit production. At question time, Mr. Davis, Labour, asked the Prime Minister whether the Government intends to open negotiations with India. Mr. Dawn declared there would be no change in Great Britain's policy. Now here is some World News ...

Text81: PAYING GUEST. Ned Bradford-Mustard, please. Mr. Bilby-I'm sorry (passing the mustard). Miss Curr (to Dreux)-May I trouble you for the butter? René Dreux-No thank you (Bob brusts out). Mrs. Bradford-Now, Bob, keep quiet. Bob-I'm sorry, Ma. It's so funny, Mr. 'Droo' refusing to pass the butter. René Dreux (To Miss Curr)-Oh! I beg your pardon (passing the butter). I thought you advised me to take butter with my bacon. Bob (to Miss Curr)- Thanks for the butter. René Dreux- Why? (general laughter). I have put my foot in it again. Mr. Bilby- When I was in your country, I often did. They laughed at me more than once, I can tell you. But I did not mind. Never mind, Monsieur ' Droo'. Go ahead, you 'll soon get on. Your English is very good. I wish I could talk French like that. René Dreux- How long were you in France? Mr. Bilby-I went over several times on week-end trips. Miss Curry- Is this your first visit to England? René Dreux- Yes, Miss (Bob laughs again). Miss Curr- Don't call me Miss. René Dreux- Another blunder. I'm sorry. Miss Curry- So it is; but in this country only the servants would say Miss alone, without adding the name. René Dreux- Yes, of course. I remember now. It was in one of my books. Paying Guest-Second scene by Fernand Herbert by kind permission of the author.

Text82: HERE IS THE NEWS READ BY WILLIAM CARR.

Now, here is some Home news. Yesterday the Prime Minister made a speech at the ceremony, in Westminster Hall, commemorating the Members of Parliament who fell in the two world wars. Now, the news in detail. Here are the football results: Association Football Arsenal one, West Ham four. And now the Rugby league, Portsmouth two, Hull six I am sorry, I shall read it again: Portsmouth twelve, Hull six. That's the end of the Football fixtures for today. This is the end of our news bulletin. The next news broadcast is in thirty minutes' time. This is the B.B.C. in London.

Text83: Mr. Bradford - Fine fellow, that Frenchies, don't you think, Ma? Mrs. Bradford- Yes, quite a gentleman. Don't you think so, Miss Curr? Miss Curr – Yes, he'll be all right soon. Mr. Bradford - What do you object to in him as he is now? Miss Curr- I object to the way he handles his fork. Bob- He puts it down at every mouthful to take a piece of bread. Mrs. Bradford - It's the French way, you know. Miss Curr –Yes, I know but still ... M. Bradford- Don't marry a Frenchman, Miss Curr. Miss Curr- I don't mean to. Mr. Bradford - Not even if this one asked you? Mr. Bradford - Pa!... Miss curr-I'll think it over, Mr. Bradford. René Dreux (entering)- Well! Shall we go? Ned Bradford-Yes, presently. René Dreux-come along, then. Ned Bradford- No, presently, I tell you. René Dreux-What do a mean by 'presently'? Ned Bradford- By and by. René Dreux-Beg pardon? Mrs. Bradford-He means it few minutes; don't you, Ned? Ned Bradford – Yes, Ma. There is no hurry. Paying Guest- Second scene by Fernand Herbert.

Text84: HERE IS SOME OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

On the 15th of May the Queen will be back again in London. Allegations of irregularities in the postal ballot in the Kent County Council election, last June are being investigated by the police. The British Exhibition in Hamburg closed this evening. Sir Thomas Jones has returned to his country from New York. Sir Thomas has been compelled to curtail his concert tour in America on account of an attack of sciatica. A new medium jet bomber will be produced in great quantity at various plants in the U.S.A. Performance and carrying capacity details have not yet been published. Twenty men will appear before an Egyptian military court. They are accused of having taken part in the Cairo riots last

January. The next news broadcast will be in two hours from now. This is B.B.C Radio Four.

Text86: THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST.Cecily- There is just one question I would like to be allowed to ask my guardian. Gwendolen- An admirable idea! Worthing, there is just one question I would like to be permitted to put to you. Where is your brother Ernest? We are both engaged to be married to your brother Ernest, so it is a matter of some importance to us to know where your brother Ernest is at present. Jack (slowly and hesitatingly) Gwendolen… Cecily…it is very painful for me to be forced to speak the truth. It is the first time in my life that I have ever been reduced to such a painful position, and I am quite inexperienced in doing anything of the kind. However, I will tell you quite frankly that I have no brother Ernest. I have no brother at all. I never had a brother in my life, and I certainly have not the smallest intention of ever having one in the future. Cecily (surprised) -No brother at all? Jack (cheerily) – None! The Importance of Being Earnest by Oscar Wilde.

Text87: THIS IS LONDON CALLING. This broadcast comes to you from the B.B.C in London. Good morning everybody. Our programme begins with a few favourite pieces. First, the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra will play 'You and me'. Our next number is 'Somebody loves me' by Franck Sinatra. You are now listening to a programme of dance music. May I remind you that you can hear 'B.B.C. English' at five o'clock. Next in this programme is 'Eight Days a week' by the Beatles. And now, we continue with a tune played by Ted Heath. You have just heard 'The colour of my love' by Céline Dion and 'Solitude' a record of Duke Ellington's. The next part of our programme follows in about five minutes'time. And now the Greenwich time signal for eight o'clock. The first full news cast comes at eight thirty.

Text88: BLERIOT. There was a rumour that a Frenchman named Blériot was to attempt to fly over the Channel. Nobody believed he could. Very few of us thought anything at all about it. … But in case he did! You know our editor. 'I think you had better go', he said. 'He won't get over, but the other papers are sure to be on the spot'. Only the journalists were at Dover, keeping watch. Nobody doubted that the sea was the sea and that

we were still on an island. The morning was misty, with no earthly chance of a miracle, and we were all at breakfast, and I was wondering how the trains returned to London. A waiter put my ham and eggs before me and said: ‘Blériot is on the cliffs, Sir’. Just like that. He was, too, and he hadn’t come by boat. Nobody but the coast-guard and the birds saw him a light on English grass. The chagrin of the journalists was pathetic. We felt as if we had been swindled by this Frenchman. Anyhow, one man had flown across the inviolable sea, a cripple, too, for Blériot had hardly recovered from an accident; a good man, that.

Text89: HIS IS THE B.B.C. IN LONDON... This is the B.B.C. World Service. We are now transmitting on medium wave at 648 kHz, 463 m. First, a news summary. In Washington, the President of the United States announced at a Press Conference, that the British, American and French Foreign Secretaries are going to discuss a new economic plan for Africa. The Geneva Conference is drawing to its close. This morning in The Hague, the new British Ambassador to Holland presented his letters of credence to the Queen. Reports state that in Egypt the situation is going from bad to worse. Reports from Rome say that the formation of a new cabinet remains as difficult as last week. Here are the headlines again. This is London. Our next transmission in English will be broadcast at nine thirty p.m.

Text91: IN A DISCOUNT SHOP (I).

-Do you want to come in with me? I’ve got some things to buy and I want to try this new shop which offers some good discounts or so I’m told. -What do you want to buy? –I would like to buy a CD disk drive, but I also want to look at the colour televisions. And for my mother, I ‘m going to ask to see their microwave ovens. Hello. What choice do you currently recommend for a colour TV? –That obviously depends upon your budget, but we have got an exceptional model which has a built-in video recorder, stereo sound and an enormous screen. Just look at the quality of the picture, the contrast, the brightness and the high screen resolution. –Yes, it’s quite amazing. Can you give me a leaflet? -Certainly, there you are Sir. But make the most of it as it is currently being sold at the launch price and only until the end of this month. -Very good. Thank you.

Text92: IN A DISCOUNT SHOP (2).

-Could you also show me your new range of hi-fi's?

-Yes, here they are Sir. There's a complete range of equipment over here.

If you would like to take a look and I can provide you with any information that you may require.

Take a good look at this new model.

It has an automatic CD disk loader.

You can put up to 10 CDs at a time into the loader.

That represents hours and hours of music without having to be distrubed.

It also has a CD read-and –write recording facility.

-Really, that's very interesting.

-And I must tell you, that during this lauch period, you can benefit from a 100% free credit facility. You can repay the debt over 6 or 12 months without incurring interest.

-Thank you very much. I'm going to thing about it. Can you tell where the domestic appliances are?

-Just one floor up Sir.What are you looking for exactly?

-I would like to see the microwave ovens, and also the dish washers, refrigerators and washing machines.

-Well, you will find all of them on the next floor up.

Good bye, Sir… and thank you for your visit.

Text93: THE BEGINNINGS OF A CAPITAL.

-Do you know the story of London Town?

-No, I don't; and I should be most interested to hear it.

-Well, listen, this is how the town grew.

London was at first composed of a few huts. I cannot call them houses, as they were very poor places to live in. The walls were made of clay and the roofs were made of the reeds growing on the banks of the thames. The huts had not windows.

-But how could people see in those huts?

-There were small holes to let in the light and to let out the smoke when a fire was made on the clay floor.

-People lived very poorly, I am afraid.

-Rather! From the thames, Britons could get fish to eat and water to drink. But when they wanted meat, they had to hunt in the surrounding woods.

Text94: There, they killed deer and other wild animals. The skins of the deer and wolves were dried and made into clothes.
-In any case, people had a much more wholesome life than nowadays. Yes, a very healthy life, but often troubled. One day, Roman soldiers invaded the country and walked through the river at a place where the Thames was not very deep. Though the Britons were brave, they could not resist the Roman assault, and London was soon a Roman city. The Roman were more skilful than the Britons, and could build houses of brick and stone, with paved floors, shops, churches, roads, and a bridge over the Thames. The Romans remained in London for many years. They made in their home. Yet they never forgot their old city of Rome. So when the news came that Rome was danger, the Romans left London and went to fight for Rome. Then, for a time, the Britons had London to themselves. But the Saxons came to England, occupied all the land round London, and besieged the town. Many Britons left London hoping to find a home in other parts of the country.

Text96: MOTORING.

-What has happened?

-I don't know, my dear. I'll have to look at the engine. (He lifts the bonnet)

Well, as far as I can see, it isn't engine-failure. The spark-plugs look all right, and the carburettor seems to be working normally. There's plenty of petrol in the tank, and the oil-level is satisfactory. We'll have to walk to the next village, and find a garage… (At the garage). My car has broken down a mile away. Could you send a mechanic to repair it? I think the trouble might be in the gear-box, or possibly the clutch.
-I'm sorry sir. I can't send anyone at the moment. There has been a big crash at the cross-roads. –Another of those reckless drivers, I suppose?
- Yes, probably. Thought that crossing should be better sign-posted.
-It looks as if a car had the right of way and the lorry ran into it.
– You are right. What a mess!
The windscreen and the headlights are smashed, the rear tyres have burst, the

bumpers are twisted, the left front wing has been crushed, and the steering-wheel is out of true. I shall have to send for the breakdown-lorry.

Text97: I notice that people always make gigantic arrangments for bathing when they are going to the sea-side, but that they don't bathe much when they are there. I always determine when thinking over the matter in London, that I'll get up early every morning and go and have a dip before breakfast, and I religiously pack a swimming costume and a bath-towel. But when I get to the sea, I don't feel that I want that early morning bathe nearly so much as I did when I was in town. On the contrary, I feel more that I want to stop in bed till the Last moment, and then come down and have my breakfast. Once or twice virtue has triumphed, and I have got out at six, and half dressed myself, and have taken my drawers and towel, and stumbled dismally off, but I haven't enjoyed it. Jerome K. Jerome.

Text98: IF… If you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs and blaming it on you; if you can trust yourself when all men doubt you, but make allowance for their doubting you, if you can wait and not be tired by waiting, or being lied about, don't deal in lies, or being hated don't give way to hating, and yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise. If you can dream
- and not make dreams your master ; if you can think
- and not make thoughts your aim ; if you can meet with Triumph and Disaster and treat those two impostors just the same ; if you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools, or watch the things you gave your life to broken, and stoop and build'em up with worn-out tools. (to be continued).

Text99: IF (continued). If you can make one heap of all your winnings and risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss, and lose, and start again at your beginnings and never breathe a word about your loss; if you can force your heart and nerve and sinew to serve your turn long after they are gone, and so hold on when there is nothing in you except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!" If you can talk crowds and keep your virtue or walk with Kings - nor lose the common touch, if neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you, if all men count with you, but none too much; if you can fill the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds' worth of distance run, yours is

the Earth and everything that in it, and - which is more - you'll be a Man, my son! Rudyard Kipling.

Text101: THE GREAT FIRE.

- What is that column?
- It's called 'The Monument" and it marks the spot where the Great Fire of 1666 broke out. - How did the fire start?
- The fire started in Pudding Lane, in a baker's shop. The shop was full of wood, so the fire flared up quickly. Soon the baker's shop was on fire and the nearby houses as well. The streets were very narrow at that time, so the flames rushed from one side to the other. A strong wind helped the fire to spread. Soon the heat was so great that no one could get near the flames to put them out. People had to blow up houses to make gaps so that the fire could not leap over. In this way, after three days, the fire was ended. Nearly all London was in ashes, and most of the people were without homes and as poor as beggars.

Text102: I'M BUYING A COMPUTER.

I would like to see what you have in the way of a small portable computer or an office computer. I haven't made up my mind which, as yet. Certainly Sir. Do you have any particular make in mind?
-Naturally, I would like the most powerful up-to-date one, but with a good quality/price ratio. -If you want a portable computer, I would advise you to take a top of the range model. In fact, if you have a more advanced office computer, as well as your portable, you will not tend to use your portable that much. You will probably find that it is more comfortable to work with your office computer. Nevertheless, if you buy a high performance portable, you won't regret not working on your office machine.That makes a lot of sense. I would like a portable then, with as big a hard disk possible and with a DVD drive.
–Here we are, I think this is what you need. It's a real jewel. The keyboard is highly functional and, as you can see, the screen is very bright. It is almost as readable as an office computer monitor. In spite of its low weight, you have also got a high speed CD-ROM and DVD drive. Needless to say, it also comes with a variety of software packages: word processing, spreadsheet and data base.

Text103: I'M BUYING A COMPUTER (continued).

It means you can start working straight away and solve most of the problems that you are faced with.

-And what would you advise for a printer?

-If you buy this portable, I would suggest that you take a lightweight printer that you can carry with you. Here is very nice model, an ink jet, which will give you quite remarkable print quality especially as far as graphics are concerned. You can take it with you. It's light, it's not bulky and it's very reliable.

-Could you give me some leaflets?

-Here's a leaflet on the portable I've just shown you and also this one which describes the main characteristics of the printer. I've got another colour printer to show you and here is the leaflet for it. This one's a bit heavier, but has its advantages also. -

One other thing, what's the battery life of the portable? - It's excellent, thanks to a new battery type. You've got hours battery life. And when you work from the mains, the transformer is incorporated within the unit, which is an obvious pratical advantage. I forgot to tell you that connection to the internet is incorporated. I hope this answers all your questions, Sir.

-Yes, thank you. I'll be in touch.

Text104: Victoria-How do you begin the day, Lord Melbourne?

Melbourne - Begin it, Ma'am?

Victoria - Yes. What do you do first? - You, who have so many things to do in the day? I find it difficult to know myself where to begin.

Melourne – Well, starting at the very beginning Ma'am, I breakfast - if I may be allowed to say so - in bed.

Victoria - Oh! I would never have thought of that!

Meloume - Try it, Ma'am, try it! It makes an invaluable break between sleeping and waking. Sleeping is one thing: it takes time. Waking is another: it takes more time. Working is another: and takes more time than all the others put together. Victoria - And after breakfast, what then?

Melbourne – Well, let me think!... First, I rise, Ma'am. Over that I need not go into details. Then I ride in the park; when I come home, I write. So I begin with the three R's. Victoria-But 'write' begins with a W.

Melbourne - I am corrected, Ma'am 'write' does begin with a W. Your Majesty is right, as usual.

Laurence Housman, Victoria Rena.

Text106: I was but a child of seven years, when my relations, on holiday, filled my pockets with copper money. I immediately went to a shop where playthings were sold. The tone of a whistle, which I saw in another boy's hand, when passing by, delighted me so much that I offered him voluntarily all my money for this one article. He consented. Well pleased with my bargain, I hastened home, where I whistled through every corner of the house, for my whistle gave me as much pleasure as it caused annoyance to the rest of the family. When my brothers and sisters heard what and exchange I had made, they assured me I had given for the whistle four times as much as it was worth. It only then occurred to me what nice things I might have bought with the remainder of the money, and they laughed at me so much for my simplicity that I began to cry with vexation. Regret for what I had done now caused me more anger than the whistle had given me pleasure. This occurrence, however, made such an indelible impression upon me that it proved most useful in afterlife. Often, when I was tempted to buy something unnecessary, I said to myself: 'Don't give too much for the whistle' and saved my money. Benjamin Franklin (Autobiography).

Text107: CHOOSING A DOLL.

The choice of a doll was unexpectedly difficult. They were thing you didn't usually get a chance to choose for yourself: they arrived as presents, chosen for you by other people, and you had to get to know them and love them as they were. But when you saw rows of them together, it was altmost impossible to be sure which you liked best. Judy explained this to her mother. She eventually managed to narrow her field of choice down to two: a blonde in blue silk and a brunette in pink organdie: but between these she was quite unable to decide. 'Better toss up', said her mother at last. They tossed with Toby's halfpenny, and the blonde doll won.

Judy stood, staring at the two open boxes, her eyes round with surprise. 'Mummy, how extraordinary! I thought I like them both exactly the same, but now I know for certain it's the dark one I want.'

Have you ever noticed that about tossing up?

Jan Struther, Mrs Miniver.

Text108: Good morning, Madam, said Holmes cheerily. My name is Sherlock Holmes. This is my intimate friend and associate, Dr. Watson; before whom you can speak as freely as before myself. Ha, I am glad to see that Mrs. Hudson has had the good sense to light the fire. Pray draw up to it, and I shall order you a cup of hot coffee, for I observe that you are shivering. It is not cold which makes me shiver, said the woman in a low voice, changing her seat as requested.

- What then?

- It is fear, Mr. Holmes. It is terror. She raised her veil as she spoke, and we could see that she was indeed in a pitiable state of agitation, her face all drawn and grey, with restless frightened eyes, like those of some hunted animal. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle - The Speckled Band.

Text109: THE STORY OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

When Robinson Crusoe first appeared, many people believed the story to be true in all its details. A respectable alderman of Oxford, Mr. Tawney, was so fascinated with this admirable book, that he used to read it through every year and though every part of it as true as the Gospel. Unfortunately for him, a friend of his told him, one day, that it was only a novel, that Robison Crusoe had never existed. He explained to him that Scottish sailor, named Alexander Selkirk, had, it is true, been shipwrecked on the island Juan Fernandez, but that the story of this shipwreck had been considerably embellished by Daniel Defoe. – 'Your information', said the alderman, 'may be very correct, but I wish you had withheld it; for, by undeceiving me, you have deprived me of one of the greatest pleasures of my old age'.

Text111: - Do you know, Watson, said Holmes, as we sat together in the gathering darkness, I have really some scruples as to taking you tonight. There is a distinct element of danger. - Can I be of assistance?

- Your presence might be invaluable.

- Then I shall certainly come.

- It is very kind of you.

- You speak of danger.

You have evidently seen more in these rooms than was visible to me.

- No, but I fancy that I may have deduced a little more.

- I imagine that you saw all that I did.

- I saw nothing remarkable save the bell rope, and what purpose it could answer I confess is more than I can imagine to be continued...

Text112: - You saw the ventilator, too? - Yes, but I do not think that it is such a very unusual thing to have a small opening between two rooms. It was so small that a rat could Hardly pass through. I knew that we should find a ventilator before ever we came to Stoke Moran. - My dear Holmes!
- Oh, yes, I did. You remember in her statement she said that her sister could smell Dr. Roylott's cigar. Now, of course that suggests at once that there must be a communication between the two rooms. It could only be a small one, or it would have been remarked upon at the Coroner's inquiry. I deduced a ventilator.
- But what harm can be in that?
- Well, there is at least a curious coincidence of dates. A ventilator is made, a cord is hung, and a lady who sleeps in the bed dies. Does not that strike you? - I cannot yet me any connection.
To be continued…

Text113: My attention was speedily drawn, as I have already remarked to you, to this ventilator and to the bell rope which hung down to the bed. The discovery that this was a dummy, and that the bed was clamped to the floor, instantly gave rise to the suspicion that the rope was there as a bridge for something passing through the hole, and coming to the bed. The idea of a snake instantly occurred to me, and when I coupled it with my knowledge that the doctor was furnished with a supply of creatures from India, I felt that I was probably on the right track. The idea of using a form of poison which could not possibly be discovered by any chemical test, was just a one as would occur to a clever and ruthless man, who had had an Eastern training.
The Speckled Band, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

Text114: THE ENGLISH TEMPER.

The English area heterogeneous and contradictory race with conservative tendencies. While progress is the aim of every Englishman, he nevertheless distrusts and resents change. When he goes to bed, he insists that his mattress shall be supported by a symphony of springs that is the latest word in comfort but when he wakes up in the morning he requires that the view from his bedroom window shall be the same as it

was yesterday and for centuries of yesterdays before that. Thus it is that England is a land in which the past is always becoming present, in which history is part of the picture of to-day, and thus it is that England has become a storehouse of treasure that is both the work of nature and the work of man.

Text116: Lord Goring -Phipps, is there a good fire in the smoking-room?
Phipps -Yes, my lord.
Lord Goring-Come in there, father. Your sneezes are quite heartrending.
Lord Caversham-Well, sir, I suppose I have a right to sneeze when I choose. Lord Goring (apologetically) -Quite so, father. I was merely expressing sympathy. Lord Caversham-Oh, damm sympathy. There is great deal too much of that sort of thing going on nowadays.
Lord Goring-I quite agree with you, father. If there were less sympathy in the world there would be less trouble in the world. Lord Caversham (going towards the smoking-room) -That is a paradox, sir. I hate paradoxes.
Lord Goring-So do I, father. Everybody one meets are a paradox nowadays. It is a great bore. It makes society so obvious.
Lord Carversham (looking at his son beneath his bushy eyebrows): -Do you always really understand what you say, sir?
Lord Goring (after some hesitation)-Yes, father, if I listen attentively.
An Ideal Husband
by Oscar Wilde
Third act.

Text117: This could have occurred nowhere but in England, where men and sea interpenetrate, so to speak, the sea entering into the life of most men, and the men knowing something or everything about the sea, in the way of amusement, of travel, or of bread-winning. We were sitting round a mahogany table that reflected the bottle, the claret-glasses, and our faces as we leaned on our elbows. There was a director of companies, an accountant, a lawyer, Marlow, and myself. We all began life in the merchant service. Between the five of us there was the strong bond of the sea, and also the fellowship of craft, which no amount of enthusiasm for yachting, cruising, and so on can give, since one is only the amusement of life and the other is life itself.

from ‘YOUTH’
by Joseph Conrad.

Text118: Among the passengers who came on board
were two who excited my curiosity.
One of these passengers was Perhaps the biggest-chested
and longest- armed man I ever saw.
He had yellow hair, a thick yellow beard, clear-cut features
and large grey eyes set deep in this head.
I never saw a finer-looking man,
and somehow he reminded me of an ancient Dane.
And, by the way, I discovered afterwards that
Sir Henry Curtis,
for that was the big man’s name,
was of Danish blood.
The other man who stood talking to Sir Henry
was short, stout, and dark and of quite a different cut.
He was broad, of medium height
and rather a curious man to look at.
He was so very neat and so very clean-shaved
And he always wore an eye-glass in this right eye.
Rider Haggard.

Text121: Algernon – Oh! By the way, Lane, I see from your book that on Thursday night, when Lord Shoremm and Mr. Worthing were dining with me, eight bottles of champagne are entered as having been consumed.
Lane-Yes, Sir, eight bottles and a pint.
Algernon- Why is it that at a bachelor’s establishment the servants invariably drink the champagne? I ask merely for information.

Lane –I attribute it to the superior quality of the wine, Sir. I have often observed that in married households the champagne is rarely of the first-rate brand. Algernon-Good Heavens! Is marriage so demoralizing as that? Lane –I believe it is a very pleasant state, Sir. I have had very little experience of it myself up to the present. I have only been married once. That was in consequence of a misunderstanding between myself and a young woman. Algernon –I don't know that I am much interested in your family life, Lane. The Importance of Being Earnest
by Oscar Wilde.

Text122: Hardy- How is the dear young boy? Drinking like a fish as usual?
Osborne - Why do you say that?
Hardy-Well, damn it, it's just the natural thing to ask about Stanhope. (He pauses and looks curiously at Osborne). Poor old man! It must be pretty rotten for you being his second in command, and you such a quiet, sober old thing. Osborne-He's by a long way the best company commander we've got. Hardy – Oh! he's a good chap. I know. But I never did see a youngster put away the whisky he does. D'you know, the last time we were out resting at Valennes he came to supper with us and drank a whole bottle in one hour fourteen minutes - we timed him.
Osborne - I suppose it amused everybody; I suppose everybody cheered him on and said what a splendid achievement it was.
Hardy - He didn't want any "cheering on".
Osborne –No, but everybody thought it was a big thing to do. (There is a pause) Didn't they? Hardy –Well, you can't help somehow, admiring a fellow who can do that and then pick out his own hat all by himself and walk home.
Journey's end - Act I
by Robert Cedric Sherriff.

Text123: Mason -D'you expect the captain soon, sir? The soup's'ot.
Osborne – He ought to be here very soon now.
This is Mr. Raleigh, Mason.
Mason-Good evening, sir.
Raleigh - Good evening.
Mason (to Osborne) – I've 'ad rather an unpleasant surprise, sir.
Osborne - What's happened?
Mason-You know that tin o'pineapple chunks I got, sir?

Osborne – Yes?
Mason- Well, sir, I'm sorry to say it's apricots.
Osborne - Good heavens! It must have given you a turn.
Mason - I distinctly said 'pineapple chunks' at the canteen.
Osborne - Wasn't there a label on the tin?
Mason - No, sir. I pointed that out to the man I said was 'e certain it was pineapple chunks? Osborne –I suppose he said he was.
Mason - Yes, Sir, e'said a leopard can't change its spots, sir.
Osborne - What have leopards got to do with pineapple?
Mason - That's just what I thought, sir.
Made me think there was something fishy about it. You see, sir. I know the captain can't stand the sight of apricots.
'E said next time we 'ad them 'e'd wring my neck.
Journey's End-Act I, by Robert Cedric Sherriff.

Text124: Lord Caversham -Well, sir! What are you doing here? Wasting your life as usual! You should be in bed, sir. You keep too late hours! I heard of you the other night at Lady Rufford's dancing till four o'clock in the morning! Lord Goring - Only a quarter to four, father.
Lard Caversham –Can't make out how you stand London Society. The thing has gone to the dogs, a lot of damned nobodies talking about nothing. Lord Goring –I love talking about nothing, father. It is the only thing I know anything about.
Lord Caversham - You seem to me to be living entirely for pleasure.
Lord Goring - What else is there to live for, father? Nothing ages like happiness. Lord Caversham - You are heartless, sir, very heartless!
Lord Goring –I hope not, father.
Good evening, Lady Basildon!
Lady Basildon-Are you here? I had no idea you ever came to political parties! Lord Goring - I adore political parties.
They are the only place left to us where people don't talk politics.
An Ideal Husband-First Act by Oscar Wilde.

END