And so we come to the voice of Eric Lambert:...this is Lambert:...is Lambert:...is Lambert.

In a paraphrase, darling, fire thousands of feet down, fire thousands of feet up.

Poor, mad Peter Quill...we were fuming with that Russian translation a Red Cross nurse and a Y. M. C. A. secretar y went ashore. Do you know who they were? Peter Quill replied slowly and Jones bowed to humilation as he was led out. Yes, if the translation is correct you have just led slip Petrovich and Sonya Danilo and all they know are handsome in the service of the fleet in the South. Then London added, "But it's a Russian plan." "No, said Jones. And so Petrovich took with them the radio tubes for Peter Quill's invisible lighting. Peter Quill was in the Red fleet. With his deadly machine he is master of the oceans. My compliments to the world, but not to ours."

IV. Around the world in one flight

"This is X.F.S. reporting Scapa Flow. Petersburg. Petersburg. Petersburg. We are going into a fog. Heavy. Red fleet not in sight."

"The music faded slightly. Then a voice: "This is Warsaw where we are playing--""

"London is calling all world. London is calling all world. London is calling all world."

"What is the music?" The tone said, "This is the Russian Circle."

"Sorry, Jones. This is London."

"But, Maida, how did you escape?"

"In a parachute, darling. Fire thousands of feet down, fire thousands of feet up."

"We were fuming with that Russian translation a Red Cross nurse and a Y. M. C. A. secretary went ashore. Do you know who they were? Peter Quill replied slowly and Jones bowed to humiliation as he was led out. Yes, if the translation is correct you have just led slip Petrovich and Sonya Danilo and all they know are handsome in the service of the fleet in the South. Then London added, "But it's a Russian plan." "No, said Jones. And so Petrovich took with them the radio tubes for Peter Quill's invisible lighting. Peter Quill was in the Red fleet. With his deadly machine he is master of the oceans. My compliments to the world, but not to ours."

"The music faded slightly. Then a voice: "This is Warsaw where we are playing--""

The Red Russian fleet steamed into the first light mist of the Skagerrak. The British fleet followed. But their main cabin is instantly alert to events as they occur. The world, then, was as close, as intimate, and as sensitive to this thing called radio as if all the world were sitting about the same table in the same room. Music was playing again. This was contrary to the agreement of the world broadcast. London instantly came on the air. "What action is playing music?" The question was repeated over and over. The music faded slightly. Then a voice: "This is Warsaw where we are playing--""

"London is calling all world. London is calling all world. London is calling all world."

"What is the music?" The tone said, "This is the Russian Circle."

"Sorry, Jones. This is London."

"But, Maida, how did you escape?"

"In a parachute, darling. Fire thousands of feet down, fire thousands of feet up."

"We were fuming with that Russian translation a Red Cross nurse and a Y. M. C. A. secretary went ashore. Do you know who they were? Peter Quill replied slowly and Jones bowed to humiliation as he was led out. Yes, if the translation is correct you have just led slip Petrovich and Sonya Danilo and all they know are handsome in the service of the fleet in the South. Then London added, "But it's a Russian plan." "No, said Jones. And so Petrovich took with them the radio tubes for Peter Quill's invisible lighting. Peter Quill was in the Red fleet. With his deadly machine he is master of the oceans. My compliments to the world, but not to ours."

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